



사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

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서문

김보라
성북구립미술관장

발자크 H. de Balzac, 1799~1850의 『미지의 걸작』에는 17세기 예술가의 은밀하고도 비밀스러운 공간으로 아틀리에가 등장한다. 그 안에서 작품의 완성에 이르는 숨겨진 과정들이 이미지로 드러나며 이 소설은 이전에 미처 인식하지 못했던 예술작품의 모태적 ‘공간’을 향한 신비로운 문을 열게 하였다.

예술가들이 살았던 시대와 장소는 점점 더 선명해졌고 이제 우리는 그 비밀의 열쇠를 가질 수 있게 되었다. 창작의 근원으로서 아틀리에에는 고요한 자연에서부터 아름다운 전원, 도시의 뒷골목 다락방까지 그 모습이 다양하며 각기 다른 분위기를 자아낸다. 이는 그 공간의 터로서 땅의 기운과 끊임없이 축적되는 시간이 어우러져 예술가들의 영감의 원천으로 존재해왔기 때문이리라.

최만린미술관은 조각가의 아틀리에가 미술관으로 변모한 공간이다. 이 곳엔 분명 예술가의 숨결을 품은 독특한 울림이 있다.

어떤 공간을 이해하기 위하여 그 기원과 변화의 과정을 따라가 보는 것은 의미가 있다. 최만린미술관이 위치한 정릉 지역은 북한산 끝자락 자연의 정취가 깃든 곳으로 오래전부터 많은 예술가들이 정착했다. 조각가 최만린 역시 이 곳을 삶의 터전으로 정하고 작업과 생활을 병행하였다. 최만린미술관으로 변모한 공간은 예술가의 마음에 닿아 1988년부터 작가가 아틀리에로 사용하였고 그 이후 거주하게 된 곳이다. 아치형 문, 굵은 나무 계단, 그리고 유난히 높은 천장을 가진 이 집은 그가 안착하여 지속적으로 작업을 할 수 있는 평온한 환경을 만들어 주었다. 그렇게 최만린은 이 곳에서 30여년을 머물며 주요 작품들을 제작하였다. 결코 짧지 않은 시간 동안 조각가는 이 공간에 예술적 고뇌와 환희를, 또한 삶의 기쁨과 절망을 고스란히 담았다.

작가가 떠난 공간은 미술관으로 향하는 여정에 오르며 또 다른 예술적 작업들을 위한 여백이 되고 있다. 최만린미술관은 묵직한 고요와 응축된 기운으로 다가오지만 때로는 빛의 향연이 펼쳐지기도 한다. 그 안에는 보이지 않는 형상이 채워지고 무언의 소리가 흐르고 있다. 공간은 이처럼 시간의 표피를 타고 고유한 색채를 현현한다.

성북구립미술관은 지난해부터 최만린미술관의 공간적 특성의 다채로움을 확장해 나아가기 위하여 공간에 관한 탐색을 지속해오고 있다. 2023년 SMA 공간연구《사이의 리듬들》은 그 두 번째 프로젝트다. 이번 전시는 공간 작업을 지속해 오고 있는 오종과 크리스로, 두 예술가가 최만린미술관 공간을 감각하는 과정 그대로를 담아내고자 기획되었다.

두 작가는 조각가의 아틀리에를 자신만의 방식으로 느끼며 또 다른 예술적 작업으로 새로운 공간을 창출해 낸다. 창조적 영감의 발원지에서 시간차를 두고 조우한 예술가들에게 이 공간은 보다 세심한 감각으로 다가서기를 종용하고 있다.

철학자 말디네 H. Maldinay, 1912~2013는 리듬이 감각에 대한 진리라고 했던가. 또한 리듬은 공간을 끌어들여 생겨나며 공간을 여는 것이라고 말한다. 공간에서 일어나는 감각의 현상들이 예술작품이 될 수 있는 것은 그 리듬의 순간들을 내포하고 있기 때문이다. 이처럼 시간을 머금은 공간은 그대로 작품 속으로 스며든다.

이제 공간의 원형으로부터 변함없이 흐르고 있는 영원의 소리와 기꺼이 마주할 수 있을 것이다.

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Preface

Kim Bora
Director of Seongbuk Musem of Art

In *The Unknown Masterpiece* by H. de Balzac¹⁷⁹⁹⁻¹⁸⁵⁰, the atelier is featured as an intimate and secret space for a 17th-century artist. In it, the hidden processes that lead to the completion of a work are revealed as images, and the novel opens a mysterious door toward a ‘space’ of the genesis of a work of art that has not yet been recognized.

The era and lieu in which the artists lived have turned increasingly clear, and now we became able to have the key to their secret. As the origin of creation, the atelier exists in a variety of appearance from serene nature or beautiful idyll to an attic in the back alley of a city, each in its own atmosphere. This is perhaps because the energy of the earth as the ground of that space is harmonized with the time that has been incessantly accumulated, to exist as a source of inspiration for artists.

Choi Man Lin Museum is a space where a sculptor's atelier was transformed into an art museum. This site definitely contains a unique resonance bearing the breath of an artist.

To understand a space, it is meaningful to trace its origin and the changing process. Jeongneung area, where Choi Man Lin Museum is located, is a zone filled with the ambiance of nature at the foot of Bukhansan Mountain that has been home to many artists since long ago. Sculptor Choi Man Lin also settled in this area for both work and life. The part that has been renovated into Choi Man Lin Museum particularly pleased the artist and he used it as his atelier since 1988 and then as his home. This house, with its arch-shaped door, stout wooden staircase, and unusually high ceilings, provided a peaceful environment that allowed him a stable life and continuous work. Therefore, Choi Man Lin lived here over 30 years, creating his major works. For all these years, the sculptor engraved in this space all his artistic anguish and bliss, as well as the joy and despair of life.

After the artist left, the space is now being transformed into a ground available for other artistic creations on its journey to become a museum. Choi Man Lin Museum first approaches us with its grave silence and condensed energy, but sometimes it shines with a feast of light. It is filled with invisible figures and silent sounds. In this way, the space manifests its unique colors riding the surface of time.

Since last year, Seongbuk Museum of Art (SMA) has continued the exploration on space in order to expand the diversity of the spatial characteristics of Choi Man Lin Museum. The 2023 SMA space research project *A Place Between Rhythm and Rhythm* is the second project of the exploration. This exhibition aims to present the process of perceiving the space of Choi Man Lin Museum by two artists, *JONG OH* and *CHISO*, who have already been working on the theme of space.

The two artists sense the sculptor's atelier in their own way and create a new space through distinct artistic works. These artists encounter each other at this origin of creative inspiration in a different temporality, and this space invites them to approach with more keen senses.

The philosopher H. Maldiney¹⁹¹²⁻²⁰¹³ said that “*Rhythm is the truth of the ‘aisthesis’*”, and “*The rhythm ‘involves’ the space, ‘opens’ the space*”. The sensory phenomena that occur in space can become works of art because they contain the moments of the rhythm. In this way, the space containing time permeates into the artwork just as it is.

Now, we will be able to willingly face the sound of eternity that has continued to flow unchanged from the archetype of the space.

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사이들이 만들어 낸 리듬들

기획글

장유정

성북구립미술관 학예연구사

우리는 일상생활에서 ‘리듬’이라는 말을 자주 사용한다. 보통 리듬은 음악과 관련해서 쓰기도 하지만, ‘생활리듬, 생체리듬’ 같이 인간이나 동식물의 생활이나 신체와 관련해서도, 공간이나 시간을 이야기 할 때도 리듬이라는 말을 쓴다. 어찌 보면 우리가 관계하고 있는 세계의 대부분에 ‘리듬’이 있다고도 할 수 있을 것이다. 프랑스의 철학자이자 사회학자인 앙리 르페브르Henri Lefebvre, 1901-1991는 ‘공간의 시간성, 시간의 공간성’이 변증법적으로 결합된 존재의 지점을 하나로 보여주는 것을 ‘리듬’으로 정의하고, 모든 장소와 시간, 에너지의 소비와 상호작용이 있는 곳이라면 어디에나 리듬이 있다고 말하기도 했다. 낮과 밤, 달과 계절과 같은 거대한 우주의 리듬과 생명의 리듬이 우리의 일상생활 속을 관통하여 흐르고 있고, 그 결과 우리의 일상 속에는 이런 리듬들이 일률적인 시간과 관련된 반복적인 프로세스와 변함없는 상호작용을 하게 된다.^❶

이번 전시에서는 최만린미술관이라는 장소를 둘러싼 다양한 리듬에 관해 이야기하려고 한다. 여기에는 물리적인 ‘공간’과 이 곳에 쌓여 온 ‘시간’이 기본적으로 존재하며, 이 장소의 리듬을 감각하여 작업한 두 작가 ‘오종^{1981~}, 크리스 로^{1976~}’가 함께 하였다.

#리듬 1. 최만린미술관과 리듬분석가 둘

이곳은 최만린 작가가 30년^{1988~2018} 정도 머물며 작업하고 생활했던 공간을 공공미술관으로 조성한 곳으로, 그가 살기 전에는 한 은행가 가족의 보금자리이기도 했다. 이 장소에는 한 일반인 가족의 시간과 최만린이라는 예술가의 시간, 그리고 미술관이 된 이후의 시간이라는 세 겹의 역사적 레이어가 존재하며, 이는 공간의 물리적인 모습에서도 확인해 볼 수 있다. 상세한 변화들은 지금까지 남아있는 세 권의 건축 설계 도면으로 알 수 있지만 현장에서도 부분적으로 살펴볼 수 있다. 집이 처음 지어졌을 1970년 당시의 정방형 거실 공간으로부터, 1988년 최만린 작가가 이사 오면서 증축한 모습, 그리고 그 형태를 대체로 유지하며 미술관으로 바뀐 후의 모습이 공존한다. 처음부터 이 건물을 받치고 있었던 십자형 기둥은 이 모든 변화상을 지켜왔을 것이다.

오종과 크리스 로는 이 공간 자체에 보이는 물리적인 요소들은 물론이고 이곳에 흐르고 있는 다양한 리듬들에 반응하여 작업을 진행했다. 이 장소에 대한 그들의 경험은 각자의 몸을 중심으로 조직되고 표현되었다. 이들은 기존에도 공간에 대한 관심을 가지고 작업을 해 왔던 작가들이다. 오종은 공간의 울림이나 공명을 예민하게 감지하여 현장에서 작품을 제작·설치해왔고, 건축가로서의

경험으로 공간감이 몸에 내재되어 있는 크리스 로도 시공간에 대한 고민들을 작품에 담아왔다. 이들은 이번 전시를 위해 여러 차례에 걸쳐 이곳을 방문하여 온몸으로 이 장소를 들었다. ‘리듬 분석가’는 청중이 교향곡을 감상하듯 집, 도시, 길을 듣는 것이 가능하다는 르페브르의 말처럼, 두 예술가는 ‘리듬 분석가’가 되어 이 곳의 시간과 장소성을 모든 감각을 동원하여 느끼고, 이에 반응하여 작품을 만들었다. 또 리듬분석가는 시인처럼 ‘미학적’ 힘을 갖는 언어적 행위를 수행한다고도 했는데, 이 두 작가도 각자의 시각적 언어를 통해 시적인 미학을 추구하였다. 오종은 이 건축물이 처음 지어졌을 때(1970년)부터 존재했던 높은 나무 천장을 중심으로 선적인 작품을, 크리스 로는 최만린 작가가 확장한(1988년) 공간을 중심으로 면적인 작품을 설치하였다.

#리듬 2. 빛을 발하는 소우주

“하늘의 성좌들을 바라보면서, 우리는 그 별들로부터 하나의 리듬이 오고 있다는 것을 확신한다.

이 리듬은 우리가 추측한 것이다. 각 별들을 따로 고려했을 때보다 더 실제적인, 각 요소들을 조화시키는 ‘무언가’가 ‘저 위에서’ 진행 중이라고 생각하기 때문이다”^❷

오종은 이 장소에 처음 방문했을 때 전체적으로 강한 느낌을 받았지만 무엇보다 천고가 높은 나무 천장이 특히 인상적이었다고 한다. 고요하고 웅장한 것이 우주 같다는 느낌이 들었고, 천장을 우주삼아 하늘의 별, 같은 느낌의 작품을 하면 좋겠다고 생각했다. 기존에 주로 실, 가는 철사, 낚시줄 같은 것으로 보일 듯 말 듯하게 작업했던 그는 처음으로 한눈에 분명하게 드러나는 조명 작업을 시도하였다. 설치 공간에 머물며 관찰하고 고민한 결과였다. 딱 떨어지는 아크릴 관 안에 들어있는 부드러운 빛, 그것은 어쩌면 오종이 이 공간에서 느꼈던 강직함 안의 부드러움인지도 모른다.

“주어진 장소를 가만히 들여다보는 것으로부터 시작되는 나의 작업에서 건축이 가진 ‘공간(空間)’의 울림을 감각하고 이해하는 것은 매우 중요하다. 주어진 건축을 처음 마주할 때 그곳에서는 늘 나지막한 공명(共鳴, echo)이 감지되는데, 아마도 돌이나, 쇠 등의 건축 자재들이 가진 무게 때문이거나, 또는 건축이 가진 직선의 무거운 기하학적 구조, 거기에서 비롯된 묵직한 리듬 때문일 것이다. 그럼에도 그 울림은 장소를 온전히 점유하기 보다는, 공(空)으로서 그곳에 머무는 모든 것들을 감싸고 어루만지며 가볍고 부드럽게 진동한다. 나는 그 진동이 허락하는 자유 안에서 그 음(音)을 완성하듯이 작업을 해나간다.”
- 오종

그는 2주 정도 미술관에 머물면서 현장에서 찾아낸 기하학적인 곡선, 직선, 사선 등의 형태로 아크릴 관을 구부려 조명을 직접 제작하였고, 원래 천장 조명이 설치되었던 곳의 조명기구를 떼어내고 그 자리에 설치했다. 공간에 직관적으로 반응하여 손으로 만들어낸, 심플하지만 완결된 선들이 천장에 매달렸다. 이전 전시에서 그가 설치한 오브제와 공간 사이의 미세하지만 팽팽한 긴장감이 작품을 지탱하고 있었다면, 이번에는 이 집의 일부인 것처럼 천장에 자연스러운 레이어를 더했다. 이 선형의

❶ 앙리 르페브르, 정기현 역, 『리듬분석』, 갈무리, 2020, p.201.

❷ Julio Cortázar, Les Gagnants, trad, p.54. / 앙리 르페브르, 앞의 책, p.99.에서 재인용

조명 오브제들은 관객의 움직임에 따라 서로 만났다 멀어졌다 하면서 새로운 형태를 만들기도 하고, 의도된 각도로 균형을 잘 맞추어 놓은 때문인지 흔들림 없이 고요한 느낌을 준다. 마치 잔잔하게 빛을 발하는 고요한 소우주인 듯하다. 작은 우주에 떠 있는 별 같은 오종의 작품을 통해 공간 자체에 내재되어 있던 리듬이 모습을 드러냈고, 작품 자체의 리듬과 함께 조화로운 음이 만들어졌다.

#리듬 3. 움직이는 고요함

“이 움직이는 고요함에 대해 생각할 때 저는 침묵이나 고요함, 그리고 그것이 때때로 공간에서 어떻게 자라날 수 있는지에 대해서도 생각했습니다.” - 크리스 로

한편, 크리스 로는 이 장소에 들어와서 고요와 침묵을 마주했는데, 뭔가 아름답고 영적인 고요함이 이 공간을 움직이고 있다는 느낌이 들었다. 입구를 통과하자 넓어지는 공간에서 느낀 웅장함이나 시간이 지남에 따라 확장되고 추가된 공간들에서 보이는 이 건축물이 가진 레이어에 매료되기도 했다.

“제가 존경하는 건축 이론가 중에 ‘크리스토퍼 알렉산더’가 있습니다. 모든 종류의 공간에 대한 그의 가장 큰 신조 중 하나가 공간의 레이어링 능력입니다. 이 공간은 확실히 많은 레이어를 가지고 있고, 이것이 바로 이 공간이 깊어질 수 있는 이유라고 생각합니다.” - 크리스 로

그는 한동안 미술관에 조용히 앉아 공간과의 대화를 시도하기도 했고, 이 안을 거닐기도 하면서, 이 공간에 반응하면서도 자연스럽게 공간의 일부가 될 수 있는 작업을 만들어야겠다고 생각했다. 그 결과 ‘레이어, 움직임, 고요함’ 등이 이번 작업에서 시각화되었다. 이 중 ‘레이어’는 크리스 로의 기존 작업 과정에 있어서도 중요한 개념의 하나인데, 기계로 사전 작업된 정보들을 실크스크린으로 화면에 옮기고 그 위에 자유로운 손 드로잉을 더하는 작업 과정 자체가 레이어를 계속 얹는 것이기도 하다. 그렇게 시간이 더해진 물질의 레이어 때문인지 평면의 작품 속에 움직임이 느껴지는 공간이 만들어졌다. 작품의 재료도 투과성이 좋은 폴리카보네이트를 사용하여 레이어가 잘 표현될 수 있도록 했다. 폴리카보네이트는 원래 건축 자재이지만 빛이 적당히 반사되면서도 잘 투과되고, 빛에 따라 주변 풍경의 그림자까지도 화면 위에 중첩되기도 한다. 또, 이 공간의 고요함을 표현하기 위해서 흰색을 주요색으로 사용하되 핑크나 블루 같은 색 작업을 통해 시각적인 리듬을 주기도 했다. 이번 전시에서는 설치 또한 그의 작업에 중요한 요소였는데, 벽 한쪽 구석이나 큰 창 의 모서리에 설치한다거나, 간이 벽 앞에 공간을 띄우고 매달거나, 공간을 사선으로 가로 지르도록 세워서 설치하는 등의 다양한 변주는 공간에 새로운 레이어와 리듬을 더하는 또다른 요소가 되었다.

최근 들어, 크리스 로는 시각적인 작품을 만들면서 그와 관련된 이야기를 쓰는 작업을 함께 하고 있다. 최근의 개인전 《우리 같은 도둑》^{d/p, 2021}이나 《도둑은 도둑처럼 도둑을 안다 늑대는 늑대처럼 늑대를 안다 돌은 돌처럼 돌을 안다》^{새공간, 쉬, 2022}에서도 시간, 돈, 저작물, 감정 등을 훔치는 다양한 도둑들에 대한 이야기를 같이 쓴 바가 있다. 이러한 글쓰기는 그의 생각의 근거가 되기도 하고, 그의

작품을 확장시키는 역할도 한다. 이번에도 고요한 공간에서 특정 인물이 어떻게 공간(대기)의 일부가 되어가는지, 그 공간에서 조용함을 자라게 하는 지에 관한 이야기 「공기 같은 사람, 사람 같은 공기」를 함께 써서 이 공간의 고요함에 대한 다양한 상상을 해 볼 수 있는 기회를 마련했다.

#리듬 4. 조화된 리듬

이 전시의 기저에 흐르고 있는 것 중의 하나는 다양한 사이들의 ‘관계성’이다. 50년 넘게 존재해 온 공간과 작가들의 관계, 두 작가 사이의 관계, 작가들이 설치한 작품들 사이의 관계, 그리고 작업을 통해 공간을 경험하는 관객들과의 관계 등, 이 전시에는 다양한 관계들이 내재하고 있다. 선적인 요소가 강하지만 주변 공간까지 아우르며 입체적으로 드러나는 오종의 작품과 면적인 요소가 중심을 이루지만 자유로운 선과 함께 움직임을 만들어내는 크리스 로의 평면 작품은 때로는 독립적으로, 때로는 서로를 간섭하기도 하면서 자연스럽게 자리하였다. 세 겹의 시간이 이질적이지 않게 누적되어 있는 이 공간처럼 이 둘의 작업도 적당한 긴장감과 균형감을 가지고 이 공간에 새로운 리듬을 만들었다. 또, 관람객들도 설치된 예술작품들을 보면서 공간을 새롭게 경험하게 되었을 것이다.

크리스 로 작가님과 작업 과정에 대한 대화를 나누었을 때, 비슷한 부분이 많아서 놀랐습니다. 선을 사용하는 부분에서 연결되는 지점도 있었습니다. 그렇지만 저는 주로 딱 떨어지는 곡선이나 직선을 사용해서 격자 구조 안에서 배치한 반면, 크리스 로 작가님은 좀 더 자유로운 선을 사용했다는 점에서 서로 다른 면들도 있어서 흥미로웠습니다. - 오종

시각적으로는 어떤 면에서 저희 둘 다 선과 면으로 작업하고 있다고 생각합니다. 오종의 작품은 매우 섬세하고 아름답게 만들어진 선을 가지고 있습니다. 그리고 이 공간은 그의 바탕 면이 되었습니다. 저는 이 레이어링에 대한 아이디어와 평면과 선의 병치가 좋다고 생각합니다. 이 긴장감은 제가 항상 매료되었던 부분이기도 합니다. - 크리스 로

이 전시를 통해 최만린 작가가 활동했던 당시와 미술관으로 바뀐 후의 공간이 후대 작가들의 해석을 거쳐 어떤 새로운 리듬들이 만들어졌는지 느껴볼 수 있는 좋은 기회가 되었을 것이다. 이층집 공간, 그 공간을 흘렀던 50년이 넘는 시간, 최만린과 오종, 크리스 로 세 작가의 공명, 그리고 거기에 관람객들의 관계가 더해져 그 사이들의 리듬은 더욱 다채로워졌을 거라 기대한다. 그리고 이 경험을 통해 자신들의 본연의 리듬을 찾게 될지도 모르겠다.

표면적인 것을 넘어 대상들을 더 오래 살펴보면 대상들을 교향악적으로 보게 될 것이다. 그리고 대상들을 뛰어넘어 자신만의 시간을 지닌 각각의 존재자, 각자의 몸을 따라가게 될 것이다. 모든 것은 자신의 근접 과거, 근접 미래, 그리고 먼 장래와 함께 자신의 공간, 자신의 리듬을 갖는다.③

③ 르페브르, 앞의 책, pp.115-116.

Rhythms Created by Relationships

Curatorial Statement

Jang Youjung

Curator, Seongbuk Museum of Art

We use the word ‘rhythm’ often in our everyday life. We usually use it in relation to music, but the term is also used in other fields such as life and body of humans, animals, and plants (e.g., ‘life rhythm’ and ‘biorhythm’) as well as space and time. In some ways, we can even say that most of the world to which we are related has rhythms. The French philosopher and sociologist Henri Lefebvre¹⁹⁰¹⁻¹⁹⁹¹ defined rhythm as one point of existence revealed by dialectical relation of the ‘temporality of space and the spatiality of time’, and also said that “*Everywhere where there is interaction between a place, a time and an expenditure of energy, there is a rhythm.*” Cosmic rhythms such as day and night, the moon and the seasons, and the rhythms of life, run through our everyday life, and as a result, such rhythms constantly interact with the repetitive processes associated with uniform time in our everyday life.^①

This exhibition aims to talk about the various rhythms surrounding the place which is Choi Man Lin Museum. This is based on the physical 'space' and the 'time' that has been accumulated here, and two artists, *JONG OH* b.1981 and *CHISNO* b.1976 came to perceive the rhythms of this place and work with them.

#Rhythm 1. Choi Man Lin Museum and Two Rhythm Analysts

Choi Man Lin Museum is a public art museum renovated from the space where artist Choi Man Lin stayed for his work and life for about 30 years¹⁹⁸⁸⁻²⁰¹⁸, and before he lived there, it used to be the home of a banker's family. There are three historical layers in this place: the time of an ordinary family, the time of artist Choi Man Lin, and lastly the time after it became an art museum, which can also be recognized in the physical appearance of the space. The detailed changes are described in the remaining architectural design drawings of three volumes, but we can also witness some parts of the changes on site. Starting from the square living room space made when the house was first built in 1970, an extension added in 1988 when the artist Choi Man Lin moved in, and the new appearance as an art museum with its original form largely maintained all coexist there now. The cross-shaped column that has been supporting

the architecture from the very beginning must have contemplated all these changes.

JONG OH and *CHISNO* proceeded with their works responding to the physical elements observed in this space itself, as well as the various rhythms running through it. Their experience regarding this site was organized and expressed particularly through their own bodies. These artists have already been interested in the theme of ‘space’ in the past. *JONG OH* has been creating and installing works by sensitively detecting the echoes or resonances of space on site, and *CHISNO* has also put his concerns about space and time into his works, based on the sense of space ingrained in his body through his experience as an architect. They pre-visited the site several times for this exhibition and tried to listen to this place using the senses of their whole body. Like Lefebvre's statement that a 'rhythm analyst' can listen to a house, a street, a town, as an audience listens to a symphony, the two artists became 'rhythm analysts' and felt the time and place of this site with all their senses and created their works in response to what they perceived. It is also said that a rhythm analyst performs linguistic acts that have 'aesthetic' power like a poet; likewise, these two artists also pursued poetic aesthetics through their respective visual language. *JONG OH* created a linear installation work centered on the high wooden ceilings that have existed since the building was first constructed in 1970, and *CHISNO* a planar installation work focusing on the space that was extended by Choi Man Lin in 1988.

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

#Rhythm 2. A Microcosm Emitting Light

“When we look at a constellation, we are certain that a rhythm comes from the stars, a rhythm that we suppose because we think that there is ‘something’ ‘up there’ that coordinates these elements, and which is more substantial than each star taken separately.”^②

When *JONG OH* first visited this place, he was struck by its overall powerful feeling, but the high wooden ceiling was more impressive than anything else to him. So serene and majestic, it felt like a cosmos, and he had the idea of using the ceiling as the cosmic background to create a work feeling like a constellation in the sky. Unlike his previous works that he produced mainly with barely visible materials such as thread, thin wire, and fishing line, here he attempted for the first time a lighting setting that was clearly visible at a glance. It was the fruit of his observation and reflection, staying in the space given for the installation. The soft light in the solid and neat acrylic tube may be the gentleness within the uprightness that *JONG OH* felt in this space.

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

②

Julio Cortázar, *Les Gagnants*, Gallimard: Parks, 1961, p.54, quoted in Henri Lefebvre, op.cit., p.99.

①

Henri Lefebvre, *Rhythmanalysis: Space, Time and Everyday Life*, trans. Jeong Giheon, 2020, Galmuri Books, p.201.

"In my work which starts with looking calmly into the given place, it is particularly important to sense and understand the resonance of ‘space’ that the architecture holds. When I first encounter a given architecture, I always sense an underlying echo there, which is perhaps generated due to the weight of the building materials, such as stone or steel, or the heavy geometric structure of the straight lines of the architecture, and the grave rhythm coming from the structure. Nevertheless, the echo vibrates lightly and gently, embracing and caressing all the existing objects as a void, rather than fully occupying the place. I work within the freedom allowed by that vibration, as if I complete the musical note."

– JONG OH

Staying at the museum for two weeks, he produced his own lights with acrylic tubes that he bended into the forms that he found on site, such as geometric curves, straight lines, and diagonals. He removed the existing ceiling light devices from the place where they had originally been installed and replaced them with his own lights. Created by hand in an intuitive response to the space, the simple but well-completed lighting lines are hung from the ceiling. If, in his previous exhibitions, the works were sustained by a subtle but tight tension between the installed objets and the surrounding space, this time he added a natural layer to the ceiling, as if it were part of the house. These linear lighting objets keep creating new forms while they join each other then move away from each other again, according to the viewer’s movement and change of viewing angle. And the objets look calm without wavering, probably they are in good balance set at the intended angles. It looks like a quiet microcosm that emits a gentle light. The work of JONG OH reminding of stars floating in a small cosmos revealed the rhythm inherent in the space itself, and harmonious notes were created along with the rhythm of the work itself.

#Rhythm 3. Silence in Movement

"When I was thinking about this silence in movement, I was also thinking about silence or stillness and how it can sometimes grow in a space."

– CHSRO

On the other hand, when CHSRO entered this space, he faced stillness and silence, and felt that some beautiful and spiritual stillness operates the space. He was also fascinated by the grandeur of the space that suddenly widens after the entrance, and the layers of this architecture shown in the spaces that have been extended and added over time.

"One of the architectural theorists I admire is Christopher Alexander. One of his greatest creeds for any kind of space is the layering ability of a space, and this space definitely has a lot of layers, and I think that is why it can be deepened."

– CHSRO

For a while, he sat quietly in the museum, trying to have a conversation with the space, and also walked through it, until he had the idea of creating a work that responds to the space, but also becomes a natural part of it. Eventually, he ended up with a work that visualized the factors such as ‘layers, movement, and silence.’ Among others, ‘layer’ is one of the important concepts already in CHSRO's working process in the past: his working process - transferring information pre-processed by machine to the screen by silkscreen technique and adding free hand drawing on top of it - is itself a continuous layering. It was perhaps those layers of material accumulated over time that created a space where we can sense the movement even in two-dimensional work. As for the material of the work, the artist chose polycarbonate with high permeability, so that the layers can be clearly revealed. Polycarbonate is originally a building material, but it transmits light well while also properly reflecting light. Moreover, depending on the light, even the shadows of the surrounding scenery can be superimposed on the surface. As for the color, the artist used white as the principal color to express the tranquility of this space, but also created visual rhythm by using colors such as pink and blue. The installation was also an important element of his work in this exhibition, of which variations added new layers and rhythms to the space, such as installing works in a corner of a wall or on the edge of a large window, suspending them in front of a temporary wall with a gap in-between, or erecting them so that they are put diagonally across the space, etc.

Recently, CHSRO has combined visual works with writing stories related to them. In his recent solo exhibitions *Thieves Like Us*^{d/p, 2021} and *A Thief Knows A Thief Like A Wolf Knows A Wolf Like A Stone Knows A Stone*^{New Space, Shhh, 2022} as well, he has written stories about various thieves who steal time, money, copyrighted works, and emotions, to accompany the visual works. This kind of writing makes a basis for his thoughts and also expands his work. This time again, he wrote *Air Like People. People Like Air*, a story about how a person becomes a part of the space (air) in a silent space and makes the silence grow in that space, providing us with an opportunity to attempt imaginations about the silence of this space in various ways.

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythms

#Rhythm 4. Harmonized Rhythm

One of the underlying themes of this exhibition is the 'relationship' between various elements. Various relationships are inherent in this exhibition, including the relationship between the artists and the space that has existed for over 50 years, the relationship between the two artists, the relationship between the works installed by the artists, and the relationship with the viewers who experience the space through the works. The work of *JONG OH*, which has a strong linear character but is also presented with a three-dimensional sensation by encompassing the surrounding space, and the two-dimensional work of **CHSRO**, which is focusing on its planar character but creates movement with free lines, were naturally put together, sometimes independently and sometimes interfering with each other. Like this space where three layers of time are accumulated without sense of incongruity, the works of these two artists created a new rhythm in this space with an appropriate level of tension and balance, and the viewers would also experience the space in a new way by appreciating the installed artworks in this exhibition.

“When I talked to artist **CHSRO** about our working process, I was surprised to find a lot of similarities between us. The use of lines also somehow connected us. But it was interesting to see some differences in that I mostly used solid and neat curves or straight lines and arranged them in a grid structure, while **CHSRO** used more free lines.”

– JONG OH

“In some visual aspect, I think we are both working with lines and planes. and the work of artist *JONG OH* has very delicately and beautifully created lines. And this space served as his background plane. I love this idea of layering and the juxtaposition of planes and lines. This tension is something that has always fascinated me.”

– **CHSRO**

This exhibition must have been a great opportunity to appreciate new rhythms created through the interpretation of artists of later generation, in this space once used by artist Choi Man Lin and now turned into an art museum. With the space of the two-story house, the time of over 50 years that have passed in the space, the resonance between the three artists Choi Man Lin, *OH JONG*, and **CHSRO**, as well as the relationship with the viewers visiting the exhibition, I expect that the rhythms between all of these must have become even more diversified. And through this experience, they may come to find their own rhythms.

“Continue and you will see [...] the objects (which are in no way things) [...] symphonically. In place of a collection of fixed things, you will follow each being, each body, as having its own time above the whole. Each one therefore having its place, its rhythm, with its recent past, a foreseeable and a distant future.” ㉓

㉓
Henri Lefebvre,
op.cit., pp.115-116.

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

Everywhere where there is interaction
between a place, a time
and an expenditure of energy,
there is a rhythm.

Henri Lefebvre

장소와 시간,
에너지의 소비의
상호작용이 있는 곳이라면
어디나 리듬이 존재한다.

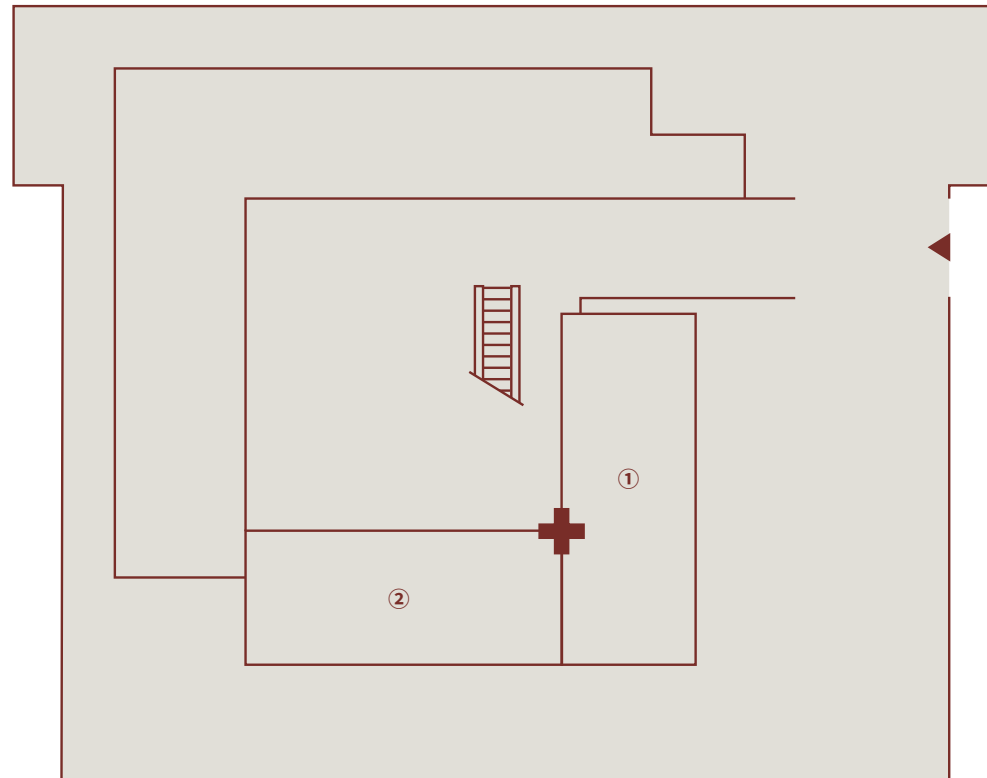
앙리 르페브르

최만린미술관과 두 작가

Choimanlin Museum and Two Artists

공간

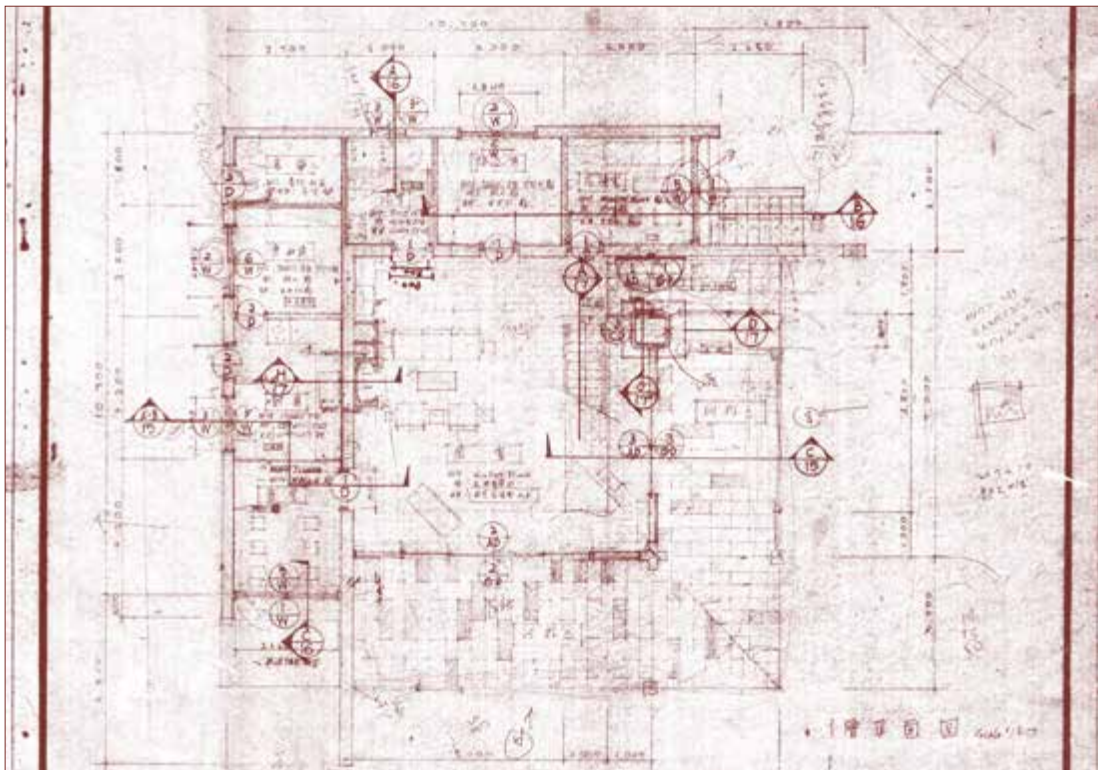
성북구립 최만린미술관 건축물은 1970년 정릉 주택가에 지어진 양옥 건물로 지상 2층, 지하 1층의 복층구조로 되어있다. 이 곳은 건축한 이후 미술관으로 조성되기까지 세 번의 공간 변화를 거쳤다. 초기 개인주택으로 지어진 건축물은 1988년 최만린 작가가 구입하면서 작가의 아틀리에로 이용되었다. 최만린은 이 곳에서 다수의 조각 작품을 만들었는데 그의 대표작 <0>시리즈가 시작되기도 했다. 최만린은 이 곳에서 30년간 작품 활동을 이어갔으며 이후 성북구립미술관 분관으로 개관하였다. 당시 설계를 맡았던 EMA 건축사사무소는 기존의 건축물의 모습을 유지하면서도 미술관으로 기능할 수 있도록 최소한의 변화를 통해 공간을 재구성 했다. 아래 도면의 ①, ②는 미술관으로 바뀌기 전 방으로 사용되었으나 확장하여 전시공간으로 활용하고 있는데, ①, ② 공간이 겹쳐지는 십자기동을 중심으로 공간의 용도 변화가 있었음을 확인할 수 있다. 이 건축물의 특징인 붉은색 벽돌과 사선형 나무 천장, 나무 계단, 아치형 문 등은 초기 건축 당시 모습을 그대로 유지한 채 성북구립 최만린미술관을 상징하는 건축요소로 자리하고 있다.



성북구립 최만린미술관 1층 평면도



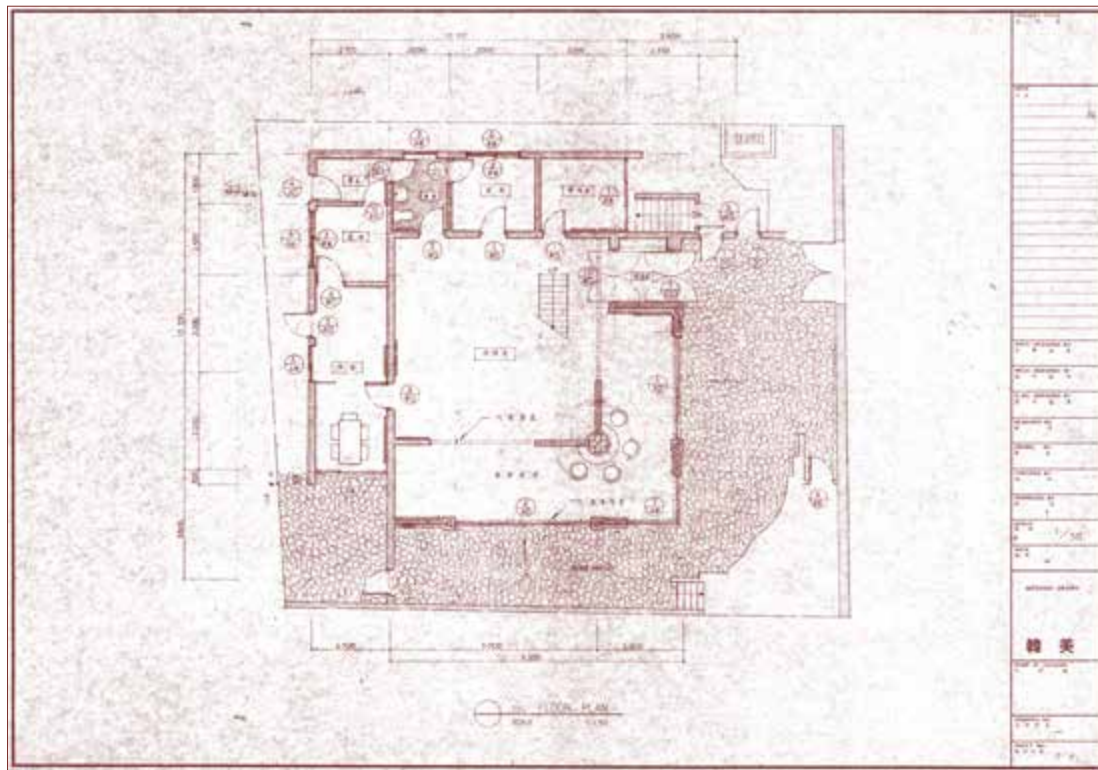
공간 아카이브 설치 전경 ©최요한



1970년 설계도

강차장 댁 신축공사
건축가 미상

은행가였던 강차장의 가족들이 살았던 이 집은 1970년 정릉 주택지가 한창 개발되기 시작할 때 지어졌다. 높은 홀, 목재 천장과 계단, 아치형 문 등이 특징적인 이 건축물은 상당히 특이한 공간 구조를 가지고 있는데, 아쉽게도 설계자를 알 수가 없다.

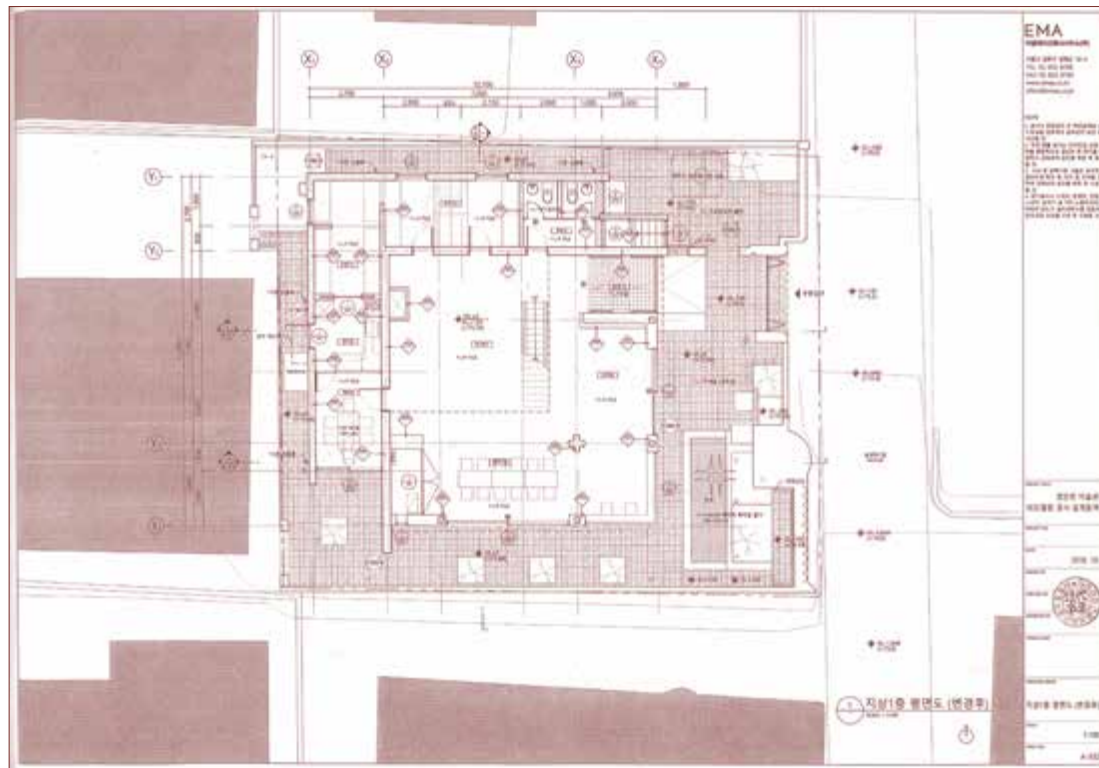


1988년 설계도 사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

정릉 최교수댁 보수공사
한미디자인

최만린 작가는 1988년에 이 집을 구매하고 일부 증축하여 30여년 동안 작업과 거주 공간으로 사용했다. 이곳에서 <O>시리즈 작업이 시작되었고, 80-90년대 중요한 작업 대부분이 만들어졌다.

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm



2018년 설계도

최만린미술관 리모델링 공사
EMA 건축사사무소

1988년부터 2018년까지 최만린 작가가 거주하며 작업했던 공간을 2019년 리모델링하여 성북구립 최만린미술관(성북구립미술관 분관)으로 조성하였다. 리모델링 설계를 맡았던 이엠에이건축사사무소는 건축물의 원형을 최대한 살리되, 막혀있던 공간을 열어내어 옥외공간과 연결성을 가질 수 있도록 하였다.

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

두 작가

오종 JONG OH

오종은 홍익대학교 미술대학 조소를 전공하고, 뉴욕 스쿨 오브 비주얼 아트 순수미술과에서 석사를 마쳤다. 그는 건축물 안의 시간, 빛, 흔적 등을 통해 공간을 이해하고 공간 속 요소에 직접적으로 반응하여 작업한다. 공간에서 느껴지는 감각을 얇은 줄과 나무, 종이 등 재료의 물성을 이용해 공간 속에 입체 조각을 만들어 낸다. 미니멀한 그의 작품은 공간과의 사이에서 팽팽한 긴장감을 자아내며, 작품을 둘러싼 공간까지도 작업으로 끌어들이는다.

티모시호킨슨갤러리로스앤젤레스, 2023, 원앤제이갤러리2022, 씨알컬렉티브2022, 두산갤러리2021, 마크스트라우스갤러리뉴욕, 2021, 서울시립미술관2018 등에서 개인전을 개최했다. 그 외에도 성북예술창작터2020, 송은아트스페이스2020, 뮤지엄 산2019, 디코르도바 박물관매사추세츠, 2018, 아트선재센터 등 다수의 단체전에 초대되었다. 제33회 김세종 청년 조각상2022, 제20회 송은미술대상 우수상2021을 수상하였으며, 두산 레지던시뉴욕, 2021, 크린진거레지던시비엔나, 2014, LMCC 레지던시뉴욕, 2012 등에 참여하였다.

Jong Oh majored in sculpture at College of Fine Arts, Hongik University and obtained an MFA Fine Arts at the School of Visual Arts, New York. He perceives space through time, light, and traces in architecture and works by directly responding to the elements in the space. Using the physicality of materials such as thin strings, wood, and paper, he transforms the sensation of space into three-dimensional sculptures in space. His minimalist works create a high tension between the work and the space, involving even the surrounding space in the work.

His solo exhibitions were held at Timothy Hawkinson Gallery Los Angeles, 2023, One And J Gallery 2022, CR Collective 2022, Doosan Gallery 2021, Marc Straus Gallery New York, 2021, and Seoul Museum of Art 2018, etc. Furthermore, he has been invited to participate in numerous group exhibitions held at places such as Seongsbuk Young Art Space 2020, Song Eun Art Space 2020, Museum San 2019, DeCordova Museum Massachusetts, 2018, and Art Sonje Center. He was awarded the 33rd Kimsechoong Sculpture Award Young Sculptor part, 2022 and 20th Song Eun Art Award Excellence Prize, 2021, and has participated in the Doosan Residency New York, 2021, Krinzinger Residency Vienna, 2014, and LMCC Residency New York, 2012.

크리스 로 CHRIS RO

크리스 로는 시애틀에서 태어나 UC 버클리에서 건축을 전공하고 로드 아일랜드 스쿨 오브 디자인 (RISD)에서 그래픽디자인 석사를 마쳤다. 이후 샌프란시스코, 함부르크, 베를린과 뉴욕에서 그래픽 디자이너로 활동하였으며, 현재 한국에 거주하며 홍익대학교 시각디자인학과 교수로 재직 중이다. 그래픽 디자이너이자 그래픽 아티스트로 활동 중이며, 국제 그래픽 연맹 AGI Alliance Graphique Internationale 멤버이다. 그는 건축과 그래픽디자이너로서의 경험을 바탕으로 공간을 다른 시각으로 바라보고 이를 추상적인 평면 작업으로 표현한다. 그는 평면 안에 새로운 움직임을 만들어 내며, 시적인 분위기를 만들어낸다. 최근에는 시각 작업의 연장선으로 글쓰기를 병행하고 있다.

쉬갤러리2023, 새공간2023, d/p갤러리2021, 17717갤러리2019에서 개인전을 했으며, 제 17회 베니스비엔날레 국제건축전2021, 반스 프로젝트2021에 참여하였다. 그 외에도 인천국제공항2022, 라인호텔로스앤젤레스, 2022, 스페이스 B-E2022, RYSE호텔2021, 플랫폼-L2021 등 다수의 단체전에 초대되었다. 주요 소장처로는 빅토리아 앤 알버트 뮤지엄, 뮌헨 국제디자인박물관, 국립한글박물관, 서울대학교미술관 등이 있다.

Born in Seattle, Chris Ro majored in architecture at UC Berkeley, and obtained an MFA in graphic design at the Rhode Island School of Design (RISD). He has since worked as a graphic designer in San Francisco, Hamburg, Berlin, and New York City, and currently lives in Korea, where he works as a professor of visual design department at Hongik University. Active as a graphic designer and graphic artist, he is a member of the Alliance Graphique Internationale (AGI). Based on his experience as an architect and graphic designer, he explores space from a distinct perspective to express it in his abstract two-dimensional works. He creates new movements on the plane, as well as a poetic atmosphere. Recently, he has extended his visual work to be combined with writing.

He has held solo exhibitions at shhh Gallery 2023, New Space 2023, d/p Gallery 2021, and 17717 Gallery 2019, and participated in the 17th Venice Biennale, Biennale Architettura 2021 and Vans Project 2021. He has also been invited to numerous group exhibitions held at various venues including Incheon International Airport 2022, Line Hotel Los Angeles, 2022, Space B-E Gallery 2022, RYSE Hotel 2021, and Platform-L Contemporary Art Center 2021. His major works are collected by the Victoria & Albert Museum, Die Neue Sammlung design museum in Munich, the National Hangeul Museum, and the Seoul National University Museum of Art.

주어진 공간을 처음 마주할 때
그곳에서는 늘 나지막한 공명이 감지된다.
나는 그 진동이 허락하는 자유 안에서
그 음을 완성하듯이 작업을 해나간다.

오종

When I first encounter a given
architecture, I always sense an
underlying echo there. I work within the
freedom allowed by that vibration, as if
I complete the musical note.

Jong Oh

빛나는 소우주
A Microcosm Emitting Light

오종 1981~ Jong Oh



작가의 말 1

작가의 말 Artist's Statement

최만린미술관을 처음 방문했을 때 가는 길부터 굉장히 인상적이었어요. 좁은 골목길을 지나서 미술관에 도착했는데 나무 대문을 열어주어서, 누군가의 집에 초대받은 기분이었죠. 그리고 안으로 들어서니 내부공간도 매우 인상적이었습니다. 사선으로 뻗은 나무 천장과, 아치형 문, 나무계단, 그리고 콘크리트 벽면이 시선을 한눈에 사로잡았죠. 개성이 강한 공간에, 무언가 압도당하는 기분을 느꼈어요. 이상하게도 공간은 굉장히 강력한 인상을 주는데 기분은 편안했습니다. 뭐랄까, 강직함 안에 부드러움이 느껴졌죠. 가장 매력적으로 다가온 부분은 이곳이 복층 구조라서 계단을 오르내리며 공간을 볼 수 있다는 것이었어요. 무언가 공간이 확장되는 느낌이었습니다.

저는 작업하기 전, 오랜 시간동안 공간을 들여다보고 감각에 의존해서 작업을 이어갑니다. 이번에도 몇 번에 걸쳐 최만린미술관 공간을 체감하는 과정을 통해 작업에 대한 고민을 이어갔습니다. 이 공간은 고요하면서도 웅장하고 특징이 강한

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

When I first visited Choi Man Lin Museum, I was already impressed by the paths that I passed through to get there. I walked through a narrow alleyway leading to the museum, and they opened the wooden gate to receive me, so I felt like I was an invited guest to someone's house. And when I stepped inside, the interior space was very impressive, too. The wooden ceilings running in diagonal, the arch-shaped doors, the wooden staircase, and the concrete walls instantly caught my eye. I felt overwhelmed by that space full of strong character. Strangely, while the space gave a strong impression, I felt cozy. I could sense a sort of gentleness within the rigor. The most fascinating part was the duplex structure that allows me to appreciate the view of the space going up and down the stairs. It felt like the space was expanding.

Usually, I spend a lot of time looking into

Artist's Statement 1

공간이다 보니 어떤 작업을 해야 할지 고민이 많았습니다. 공간을 들여다보고 공간과 대화를 나누면서 특히 천장에 끌렸습니다. 사선으로 뻗은 나무 천장이 시공간을 초월한 우주처럼 느껴졌어요. 그래서 천장을 중심으로 작업을 진행하기로 했습니다. 그동안 저는 공간 속에 스며들어 보일 듯 말 듯 한 세밀한 작품을 주로 했었는데, 이 공간에서는 기존 스타일의 작업을 할 수 없다고 판단했습니다. 많은 고민 끝에 빛을 가지고 작업을 해보면 어떨까 생각했어요. 제가 느낀 우주의 느낌을 공간에 담아내 보기로 한 거죠. 우주인 듯 밤하늘인 듯 그렇게 하늘을 밝혀주는 작업을 진행하기로 했습니다. 빛을 이용한 작품을 처음으로 시도하게 된 거죠.

빛을 가지고 작업하기 위해서는 전선을 사용해야 했는데, 이곳이 작가가옥미술관이라 전선을 활용할 수 있는 부분이 제한적이었어요. 그래서 기존의 조명 위치를 대체하여 작업을 진행했습니다. 원래 조명들이 있던 자리가 여섯 군데였기 때문에 그

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

the given space before I start working, relying on my senses to guide me in the working process. This time as well, I tried several times to experience the space of Choi Man Lin Museum to develop my thoughts on the work. Since the space is serene, yet imposing with strong characteristics, I had challenging time to decide what kind of work I should do with it. As I looked into the space and tried to converse with the space, I was particularly drawn to the ceiling. The diagonal lines of wooden ceiling felt like a cosmos beyond time and space. So, I decided to develop my work centering upon the ceiling. Previously, I had been focusing on detailed works that permeated in the space almost on the verge of invisibility, which I thought would not match this space. After a long consideration, I had the idea to work with

여섯 점을 기준으로 잡았어요. 그 고정된 점들이 별자리처럼 느껴졌는데, 그 점들을 공간 안에서 저만의 방식대로 드로잉을 하듯이 작업을 이어갔습니다. 최만린미술관의 공간 속 요소들을 차용하여 드로잉을 하고, 그것을 LED와 아크릴관을 활용해 곡선이나 사선, 직선의 조명으로 구현했는데, 완벽한 선이 나올 때까지 여러 번의 수정을 거쳤습니다. 이 작품들은 주변 공간에 따라서 공간의 모서리를 향하기도 하고 관객의 위치에 따라 작품의 곡선이 문의 곡선과 만나기도 하고 멀어지기도 했어요. 어떤 지점에서 보든지 간에 리듬이 부드럽게 흘러야하기 때문에 이 공간을 계속 돌아다니면서 하나씩 하나씩 조율하며 만들어 나갔던 것 같습니다.

무언가 진짜를 보기 위해서는 절대적인 시간이 필요하다고 생각합니다. 공간도 마찬가지죠. 공간과 시간을 쌓으면 평소 보이지 않던 것을 발견하게 되고 느낄 수 있어요. 또한, 공간과 자신의 몸의 관계도 새롭게 보인다고 생각합니다. 이번 전시는 몸의

감각으로 느끼고 보는 전시가 되었으면 좋겠어요. 제가 그랬듯이 관람객도 온전히 공간을 감각으로 느끼면 좋겠습니다. 제가 공간을 통해 느낀 것을 표현하여 이 공간에 또 하나의 레이어를 쌓았다면, 그 다음은 관람객의 몫인 거죠.

이번 전시를 통해 만난 크리스로 작가님과 대화를 처음 나눌 때, 유사한 부분들이 많아서 놀랍게 생각했어요. 성장 과정과 작업 방식 등에서 공통점이 있었죠. 공간을 느끼고 감각에 의존하여 작업하는 방식이 무언가 저와 닮아있었어요. 작업이 진행될수록 그가 표현한 선과 제가 공간에 그린 선들이 어떤 부분에서 연결되는 지점들이 있었고 또 대비되는 부분이 있었습니다. 또한 크리스 로 작가님의 선들은 너무 자유롭고 즐거워 보였어요. 크리스 로 작가와 함께한 공간의 대화는 굉장히 흥미로웠고, 그 결과로 나온 작업들도 공간과 조화를 잘 이루었다고 생각합니다.

light. It was an attempt to embody in this space the sensation of the cosmos according to my perception. I decided to light up the sky as if it were the cosmos or the night sky. It was the first time I tried to work with light.

In order to work with light, I had to use wires, but since this is a museum converted from an artist's house, the usage of wires was limited. That is why I started from using the existing light positions for my work. Since there were six points where the lights were originally located, those six points served as the reference points for my work. Those fixed points felt like constellations for me, and I developed the work as if I did some drawing in the space with those points in my own way. I borrowed some elements from the space of Choi Man Lin Museum for my drawings, and then used LEDs and acrylic tubes to visualize

curves, diagonals, and straight lines of light. I repeated rectifications until I obtain the perfect lines. Some works head for the corners of the space, to follow the adjacent space, or some other works have curves that look connected to curves of doors or separate from them, depending on the viewer's position. Since the rhythm should flow smoothly no matter which position you take to view the work, I kept moving around the space, making meticulous adjustments one by one for the work to look perfect from everywhere.

We may need a certain absolute amount of time to see the real aspect of something, The same goes for space. When space and time is accumulated, we can discover and feel things that we do not usually perceive. In addition, I think the relationship between the space and our own body also look in a new way. I hope

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

this exhibition will be seen and felt through the senses of your body. As it was so for me, I would like the viewers to fully experience the space with all their senses. I first have added another layer to this space by expressing my own perception inspired by the space, then the next step is up to the viewer.

When I first talked to Chris Ro, the artist whom I met through this exhibition, I was surprised to know that we had a lot in common. We had similarities in terms of our growing process and working methods, etc. His way of working based on feeling the space and relying on the senses is somewhat similar to mine. As the work has progressed, we could find some points of being connected or contrasted between his lines and my lines drawn in the space. On the other hand, the lines of artist Chris Ro seemed so free and delightful.

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

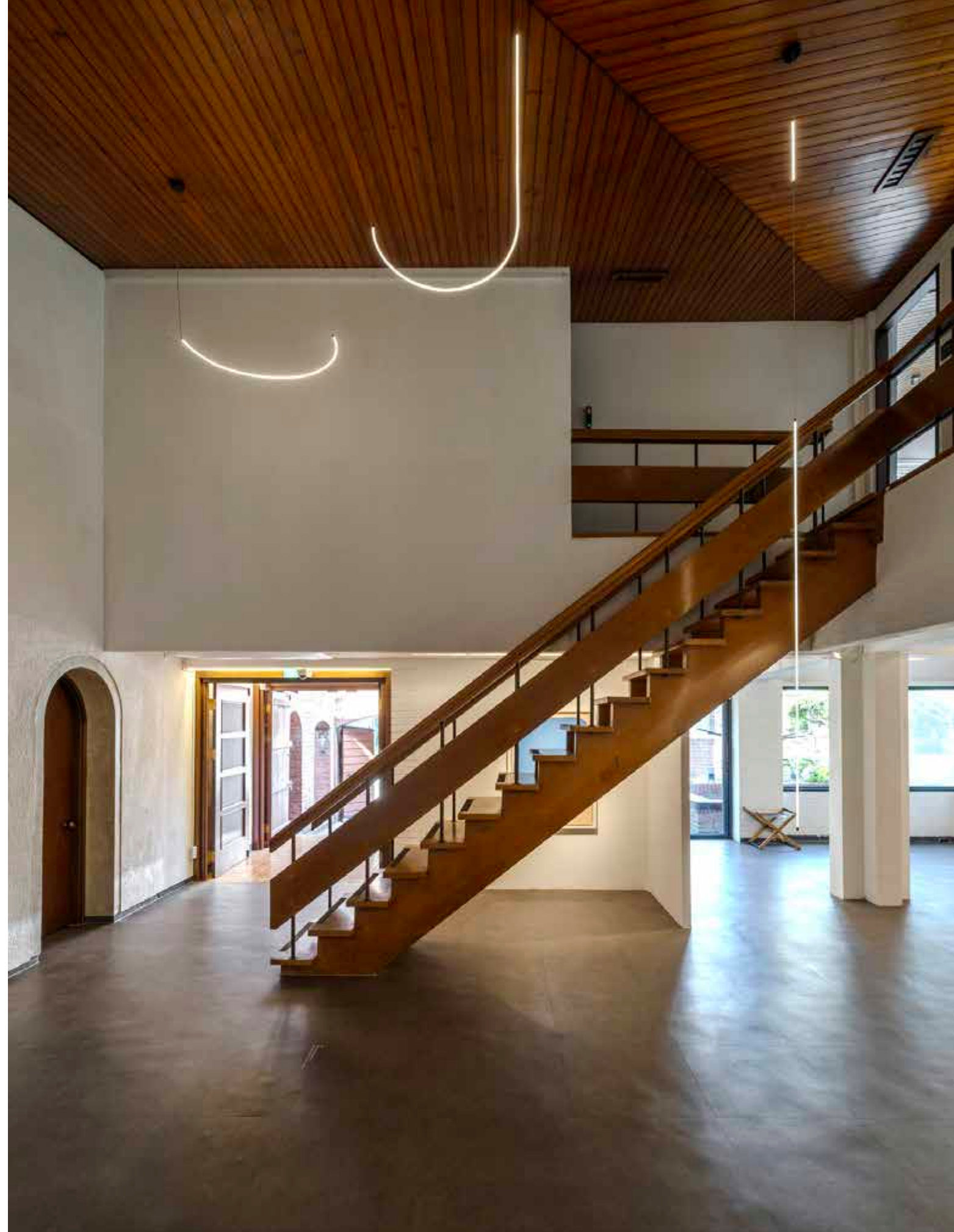
The conversation about space with him was highly interesting, and I believe the completed work as the fruit of our collaboration was well harmonized with the space.





오종, Room Drawing (light) #1(부분),
 2023, led 조명, 와이어, 전선, 가변크기
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오종, Folding Drawing #73,
2023, 나무판, 페인트, 철사, 연필선,
27.2×9.4×5.2cm ©전병철

오종, Room Drawing (light) #1(부분),
2023, led 조명, 와이어, 전선, 가변크기
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When I was thinking about this silence
in movement, I was also thinking about
silence or stillness and how it can
sometimes grow in a space

Chris Ro

움직이는 고요함에 대해 생각할 때
침묵이나, 고요함, 그리고 그것이
때때로 공간에서 어떻게
자라날 수 있는지에 대해서도 생각한다.

크리스 로

움직이는 고요함
Silence in Movement

Chris Ro 1976~

크리스 로



작가의 말 2

작가의 말 Artist's Statement

제가 이 공간을 처음 마주했을 때 고요함 또는 침묵의 느낌이 들었던 게 뚜렷하게 기억납니다. 일종의 몸으로 느껴지는 무언가였던 것 같아요. 글이나 말로 구체적으로 설명할 수 없지만 거의 영적이라고 할 수 있는 아름다운 고요함이 존재한다는 걸 확실하게 느낄 수 있었습니다. 평온함도 이 공간에 들어왔을 때 느꼈던 또 다른 단어입니다. 특히 큰 입구와 넓게 열린 공간에 들어서면 뭔가 웅장하고 인상적인 느낌이 들었습니다. 그리고 시간이 지남에 따라 추가되어 온 이 공간의 다양한 레이어도 매우 흥미로웠습니다. 이러한 공간의 특성들은 제가 이 프로젝트를 위해 제작한 작품에 대한 접근 방식에 분명하게 영향을 미쳤습니다.

앞서 언급했듯이 이곳에 있는 고요함이나 침묵은 어떤 면에서는 움직이는 고요함처럼 느껴졌습니다. 고요함이 공간을 움직이고 있다는 느낌이었어요. 그리고 이로부터 많은 아이디어가 떠올랐습니다. 이번 전시회를 위해 만든 작품도

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

'stillness, or silence. This can be best described as a bodily feeling, something felt or sensed. And it is something that you can't specifically describe with text or words. I think there is a kind of beautiful stillness that exists here that can almost border on being spiritual. Serenity is another word that I feel when I encountered this space. Particularly when I enter the large entryway and the even larger, expanded open space, something feels both magnificent or impactful. Layers, there are lots of different layers to this space. There is something about these layers that have been added over time that is both fascinating and enchanting at once. The space definitely had an influence on my approach to the work.

As I mentioned earlier, there is this stillness or silence that can be felt here. But in some ways, I felt it could perhaps even be

Artist's Statement 2

마찬가지로, 움직이고 반응하며 공간의 일부가 될 수 있는 고요함에 대한 생각으로부터 나온 것입니다. 요즘 저는 시각적이고 추상적인 작업과 함께 글쓰기를 많이 하고 있습니다. 글쓰기는 어떤 면에서 제 생각의 근거가 되기도 하고, 종종 조형 작업과 개념적 사고 사이를 오가는 다른 생각으로 이어지기도 합니다. 이번에 움직이는 침묵이나 고요함이 때때로 공간에서 어떻게 자라날 수 있는지에 대해서 생각하면서 “공기 같은 사람, 사람 같은 공기”라는 짧은 이야기를 함께 썼습니다. 특정 인물, 가상의 인물이 어떻게 장소의 일부가 되는지에 대한 내용인데, 특정 요소, 특정 사람, 특정 인물이 공간의 매우 활동적인 구성원에서 장소의 일부가 될 수 있을 거라 생각했습니다.

대화는 흥미로운 단어입니다. 대화는 항상 해왔지만 이번 프로젝트 전까지 공간과의 대화는 생각 해본 적이 없었어요. 큐레이터들이 이 공간과 대화하면 어떨까를 여러 번 물어봤어요. 그리고 이 공간에서 실제로 어떤 대화 과정이 일어났는데, 웬지 이 공간이

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

described as a moving stillness. But I felt that there was a way that the stillness was moving around the space. And this thought led to many more ideas and concepts. With the work that I created for this exhibit, I thought very much of this stillness that can move, react and later, become a part of a space

These days I am doing a lot of writing in tandem with my more visual and abstract work. The writing grounds my thinking in some ways and often leads me to other thoughts that go back and forth between my form making and conceptual thinking. I thought about silence or stillness and how it can sometimes grow from a space. And how a space, certain elements, certain people, certain figures can go from being very active members of a space to becoming a part of the atmosphere as well. To become moving, silent members of a particular

저에게 말을 걸어온 것 같았습니다. 이 공간은 계속해서 저를 처음의 대화로 이끌었어요. 그리고 작품 배치와 작품에 대한 생각은 공간과의 첫 대화와 거의 변하지 않고 유지되었습니다. 이번 작품들을 통해 특별히 전하고 싶은 메시지는 없지만, 사람들이 이 공간에 들어왔을 때 느낄 수 있는 물질적이고 분위기 있는 무언가가 있다고 생각합니다. 다만 사람들이 그런 것을 느꼈으면 좋겠습니다. 그들이 무언가를 느낄 수 있다면 그것은 우리와 방문객 사이의 완전하고 멋진 대화라고 생각합니다.

레이어는 수년 동안 제 작업 과정의 일부였던 개념입니다. 그리고 이 집과 이 공간, 시간이 지남에 따라 레이어가 쌓이는 것은 저를 계속 매료시키는 요소인데, 이 공간에 또 다른 레이어를 추가한다는 아이디어가 마음에 들었습니다. 제가 오랫동안 존경해온 온 건축 이론가 중에 ‘크리스토퍼 알렉산더’가 있습니다. 모든 종류의 공간에 대한 그의 중요한 신조 중 하나는 공간의 레이어링 능력입니다.

알렉산더는 이 사회에서 잘 나이 들어갈 수 없는 공간을 만들어내고 있는 것은 레이어가 부족하기 때문이라고 이야기합니다. 이 공간은 확실히 많은 레이어를 가지고 있으며, 이것이 바로 이 공간이 깊어질 수 있는 이유라고 생각합니다. 그리고 오종 작가와 저는 여기서 이런 레이어 방식으로 작업을 했습니다.

제가 처음 이 창작 과정을 시작했을 때, 오종 작가와 제가 느꼈던 감정이 비슷했던 것 같아요. 저는 매우 편안함을 느꼈고, 우리가 만든 것이 무엇이든 좋은 방식으로 함께 작동할 것이라는 느낌이 들었습니다. 어떤 면에서는 시각적으로 저희 둘 다 선과 면으로 작업하고 있다고 생각해요. 그는 매우 섬세하고 아름답게 만들어진 선을 가지고 매우 아름답고 입체적인 방식으로 작업을 계속해 왔고, 이 공간은 그의 평면이 되죠. 저는 이 레이어링에 대한 아이디어와 평면과 선의 병치가 좋다고 생각합니다. 이 긴장감은 제가 항상 매료되었던 부분이기도 합니다. 그리고 이 프로젝트에서 흥미로웠던 점은 제가 주로 평면이나

space. I did some writing about a particular figure, a fictional figure and how this person transforms.

Conversation is an interesting word. Dialogue is an interesting word. Actually, I have always had dialogue or conversations with spaces but I never knew it, or thought about it until this project. The curators had asked several times what would a conversation with this space be like? And when I sat in this space and I tried to think about a conversation, some conversational processes actually happened. I think somehow this space did speak to me. And this conversation was the beginning of a kind of unusual relationship that we formed. And it kept guiding me back to our very first conversation.. And the positioning of things and the thoughts behind such positioning almost maintained quite true to this initial dialogue with the space.

I don’t think there is a particular or specific message that I would like to convey here. But I do think that when people enter the space there is something physical and atmospheric that people can feel. But if they can feel something then I think that makes for a total and wonderful dialogue between us and the visitors.

I think that layers is a concept that has been part of my process for many years. And I think this house, this space and the layering over time is something that continually fascinated me. I like this idea that we are adding another layer to this space. There is an architectural theorist, Christopher Alexander, whose writing I’ve long respected or acknowledged. And one of his big tenets for any kind of space is the ability for it to layer And I think this space definitely has lots of

2차원 프로세스를 통해 작업을 해온 것과 비슷한 관계가 만들어졌다는 점입니다. 그리고 이것이 꽤 조화롭고 아름답게 서로 작동하고 있다고 생각합니다.

*크리스 로의 영문 작가노트를 바탕으로 하되, 글의 분량을 조금 줄이고 자연스럽게 정리했습니다.

사이의 리듬들 A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

layers and that is why and how this space can age. Alexander talks about spaces that can age and how in this society we are creating all these spaces that cannot age. Spaces that cannot grow over time and that later need to be destroyed or just die. And the reason for this is because of a lack of layers. And I think these layers are a natural extension of this space. But here Jong Oh and I are working in a very layered way.

When I first started to begin this creative process, I think Jong and I were feeling kind of some of the same things. I somehow felt very comfortable. And I had a feeling that whatever we made would somehow work together in a nice way. I think visually in some ways we are both working with line and plane. He has these very delicate, very beautifully crafted lines. And space sometimes becomes his plane.

And I think for me, this layering, this idea of layering and the juxtaposition between plane and line. This tension is something that I’ve always been fascinated with. And I think what is interesting with this project is we’ve somehow formed a similar relationship where I’ve done mostly things with the plane or through two dimensional processes. And he has continued with his line work in a very beautiful, three dimensional way. And I think together, it is working quite harmoniously and in my humble point of view, quite beautifully as well.

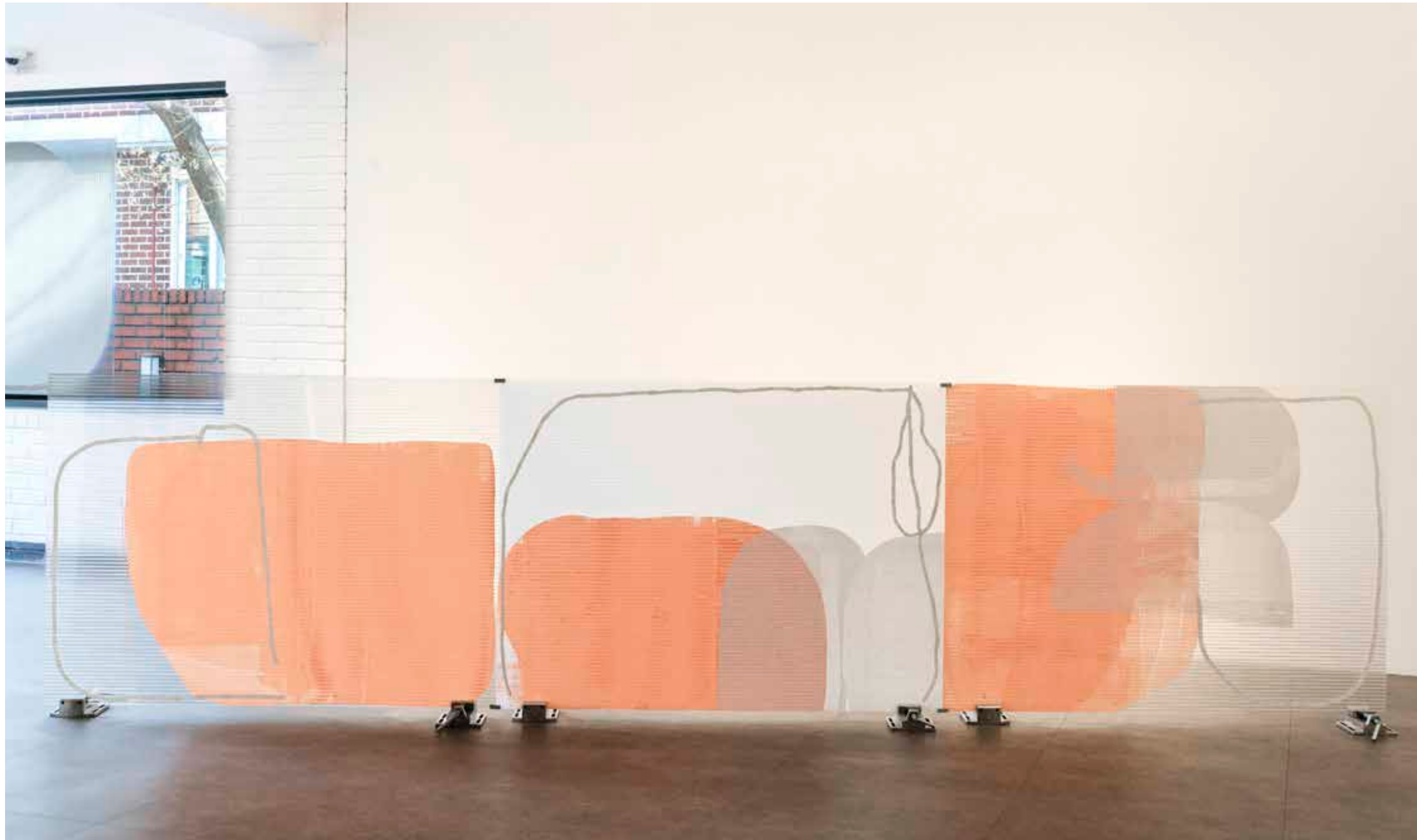
사이의 리듬들 A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm



크리스 로, A Make Believe Family And Pretend Friends, 2023, 폴리카보네이트 위에 아크릴, 125×90cm ©최요한



리틀 3 : 움직이는 고요함



크리스 로, The Opposite Of Ideas
Of The Opposite Of Thoughts.
2023, 폴리카보네이트 위에 아크릴,
95×375cm ©최요한



크리스 로, Paper Father. 2023,
종이에 아크릴, 109.2×80cm ©최요한



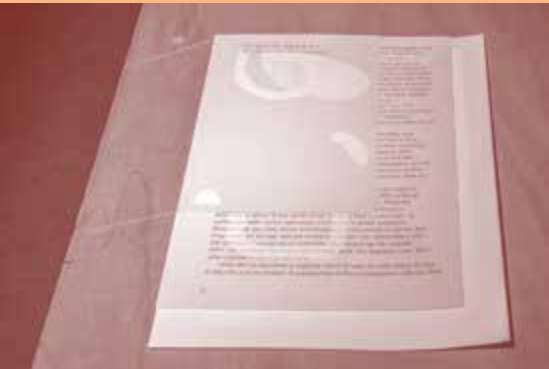
크리스 로, A Silence That Has Grown
Larger Over The Years, 2023,
종이에 아크릴, 56×47cm ©최요한



크리스 로, The Things We Think But
Sometimes Do Not Say,
2023, 폴리카보네이트 위에 아크릴,
137.5×280cm ©최요한

크리스 로, There But Not There To Be
There Not To Be There,
2023, 폴리카보네이트 위에 아크릴,
205×140cm ©최요한





크리스 로, Air Like People. People Like Air,
2023, 종이에 인쇄, 47.5×34cm, ©최요한



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He was like air. He was there. Physically. Skin, heartbeat, organs. For sure he was there. But you could never be quite sure. Sometimes you could. But sometimes not. But if you had to guess, you could safely guess that he pretty much was there. But that is air. Or air-like. Or, perhaps those are air-like qualities. You know it is there. It surrounds you. It is always there. But you can never be entirely sure. And, he, like air, well, you could never be sure he was actually there. A presence that was not present. An unpresent presence. A present unpresent. He was for sure, somewhere, somewhere there. Always around. Somewhere. Someplace within this house. He was always there. You could find him. He had no other place to go.

By day, he was a “register” man. A cash register man. The person who took care of the cash register. Took care of transactions. Purchases. Credit card payments. Cash payments. Handling signatures for any purchases over 50,000KRW. It was a simple job. It was his job.

On paper, he was an owner of a restaurant. It actually was his wife’s restaurant. But on paper, it was his name. This was a piece of paper. In actuality it meant very little. Very little meaning. For even as an on paper owner, he was just the register man. Typically, in any restaurant in any place around the world, the register was just one of the many things a typical employee would handle. Not him. All he was doing all day, was taking care of that register. He was that register. Taking care of transactions. One by one. One by one.

He had created a little home-like space around the register. A dwelling, for himself. A comfortable office chair. With a floral pillow to cushion the seating area. He had pictures. Pictures of hiking trips. A vase for flowers when there were flowers and empty when there were none. He also had a computer. A computer with some computer connectible small speakers. Sometimes you see these computers in restaurants in Korea. Are they used for things related to the business? No.

Most likely not. He needed a computer to complete this dwelling. He needed WIFI. He needed this because he was, well, the register man. Men who register need computers.

How did he become a register man? It was, as with many things in his life, not by choice. It was purely of the conclusive evidence that he could not do anything else. He was one of those unfortunate souls who some might call unusable. Useless. Unable. Inable. But how does one become unusable? Birth order.

He was the first son. In a family of five. As with many young men in Korean society, the first son takes a unique, almost dignified position in any household. This first son more often than not becomes a semi-prince. A quasi-prince. A prince-like being. A prince-like figure. A prince that is would be as prince-like as a middle income family can afford. Royalty in a non-royal family. He was coddled from minute one, on day one, in year one. Coddled since this day he was born. He was never to touch the dishes. Never to enter the kitchen. Never to do anything overly labor oriented. Or something not becoming of him. Things that first borns should not do. If things needed to get done, well, he had his younger siblings. They had the unfortunate fortune of being born later. A year later. A few years later. This gave them the unfortunate role of server. Service. Hands for the prince. People for the prince. Service meets people. Those who would and could do things for him. Run errands. Make things. Do things for him.

And he, being born into this system, well, it was so easy to fall into the normal behavior of such a system. He would almost never go and do anything himself. He would almost always task his younger siblings to do anything and everything. Buying things at the grocery? Nope. No sir. Send the younger brother to go do that. Pick up the newspaper from the newspaper stand? Not today. Not tomorrow either. Send the younger sister to do that. None of my business. This was life as he knew it. He knew no other way. And, nobody actually said anything otherwise.

What happens to the products of such systems? The byproducts? Those who go through this system? Royalty or royalty in a non-royal family? Lots of things could actually happen. Lots of things could have happened. For semi-royalty, the potential for life altering experiences is endless, correct? But for the most part, the reality is, for these almost royal offspring, sometimes nothing happens at all. A whole lot of nothing. As this almost royal system would have it, a young man growing up under such circumstances can often become an adult with very little effort and action on his part. He could grow up not having actually done anything. Everything would be done for him. Everything would be done without his effort. And when there is no action, no effort, there can be no experiences. No learning. No input, no output.

And so by doing nothing, by acting upon nothing, by making no choices on his own, a young man like this could easily become similarly nothing. Similarly, zero. A person that came into being and fast forwarded immediately to the end of the story. The story had finished in chapter one. Some might say this person might become atmospheric. Air-like. There but not there.

He grew into adulthood with little ability. Little understanding of the world. Little understanding of anything. He was lacking all of the basic experiences that often shape human beings. Shape the lives of human beings. Everything had been done for him. Everything. And he had almost nothing to show for this upbringing. Almost nothing to show at all. He had been living in an incubator. And he had yet to step out. One might say, he was air. Nothing. Nothing-like. There but not there.

His marriage did not help. Did not help the situation. In actuality, he was extremely fortunate to marry. Guys like him could easily have struggled to persuade somebody for marriage. But somehow he did it. And he just happened to marry somebody who perhaps, further exacerbated his nothingness. He

had married an extremely capable woman. Extremely. Capable.

If the theory of birth order has any merit, any meaning, any legitimacy at all, one could apply similar logic to how she became so capable. She was the second youngest of seven. Meaning, compared to his prince-ness, she was on the other end of the spectrum. She was the non-royal. She was the younger sibling who would often be tasked with the errands of the house. She would be the one to figure out things for the older siblings. She was often on her own. Independent. Completely independent. But this independence in turn, creates independence. Self-sufficiency. She could do all things. She could do everything. She was handy. Extremely handy. She could figure out anything. The ability to figure things out came often as she had at one point or another, been tasked to do something she had never done before. More often than not, doing things you have never done before means intense and very productive learning. She could do it all.

So this self-sufficient, capable woman had somehow met air. She had met sky. She had met clouds. She met this man. Who was like air. Nothing. Somehow this air-like man had met this earth-like woman. And because of this, for better or for worse, the air would continue to be air. His state of being air would be sustained. Could be sustained. He married a woman who could do everything. And would end up doing everything. Leaving him again, in his all too familiar position of doing nothing. Of being nothing. He was air. There but not there.

Patriarchal society. A Confucius based, unofficial societal system that still maintained strong footing in Korea. In this system, he literally would, for a majority of the time, really do nothing. Nothing needed to be done because she would do it all. From managing the bank accounts, the savings, taxes, to the daily activities of the house. Raising the kids. Laundry, cooking. She did it all. And here, in all of these situations, he was, as always, just

there. He was air. Somehow he was one half of this married couple. Somehow a part of this team. Somehow a member of this household. But he was just there. He was air. Perhaps a part of this home. But at the same time, not a part of this home either. He was air.

Almost nothing he did in his life was by choice. He had fallen into pretty much everything. He had fallen into marriage. He had fallen into fatherhood. He had fallen into this restaurant business. He had fallen into college. College. How could an air-like man gain admission into college? His college was not a good school by Korean standards. It was a typical four year university, but one on the outskirts of North Gyeongsang province. A little north of Andong city. If you had asked ten Koreans if they had heard of his school, there was a high probably that zero out of the ten would know this university. It was a school known for nothing. A school nobody knew of. Was this his choice? First choice for school? He had no choice. Very little options for college. Only this kind of school would accept him. His prince-like upbringing had again produced a young man with very little motivation. Very little ability to study. Very little will to learn something on his own. He had just barely gotten by.

He majored in sociology. A safe major he thought. Rumor was, at this particular school, it was the absolute easiest major to graduate with. And he, like all things, had fallen into this major as well. Not much thought. Not much thinking to it. It was a major recommended by an older friend. Not out of that friend enjoying this particular major. This older friend, similarly had learned it was easy. An easy way to graduate. And it was recommended purely for these reasons.

Sociology. A stress free major. Particularly at this institution. With little to no effort, he did graduate. But transitioning from sociology to a real job in the real world was abstract at best. Not sure where to apply to. Not sure what kind of jobs to look for. What kind of companies would want a sociology major. And after months of looking, well, nothing. Nothing. No

job offers. No real offers of any kind to speak of. He had been fortunate enough and born into a relatively financially stable household. A household that continued to support him despite not having any real income. Or any real jobs. What do families like this do when their precious offspring are unemployed. Unemployed with little to no prospects for employment? No hope? They recommended that he keep studying. Go to graduate school, they said. Education, always a good thing. Societal respect. Always the right thing to do.

He did it. He did just that. He went back. He was back at this same school, same program. Now in the graduate department for sociology. It was a program perhaps, sadly, a bit worse off than his undergraduate program. Very few applicants. Very few students. Every semester, perhaps three or four students were admitted. Three or four students amongst three or four applicants. Definitely not a competitive pool. Similar to him, these other applicants were almost always equally poor, lost souls. Lost kids who had also graduated from the same undergraduate program. Like him, they were lost graduates who could not get employed and had further delayed their entry into the real world. With a masters degree in hand, the world could now become that oyster, correct? That was the dream. That was the intention. That was the hope.

Two years in, with masters degree in hand, a sad reality had met him again. Sadly, more of the same. Two years later, now a master. A master of sociology. And still, no work. No work. Nothing close to anything resembling job prospects. Two years later and back a very similar place. In actuality, in truth, perhaps, the issue was not only the lack of job prospects. Perhaps the larger issue was that he just had no idea what to do. Or what could be done. Or even the will to do something. Or the will to get something done. Unemployed and unsure, his family, as they had done since his birth, would continue to coddle him. Continue to support him. For he was their golden child. That first born son, who would take care of them. Do great things.

Like trilogy of films, he found himself being urged yet again, to go back to school. One more time. A third time. Again, not by his choice or thinking. The family. The family, as many families of this time might think, well, they thought now that he had a masters degree, it made absolute sense that he should now obtain a doctorate degree. More studies. More wisdom. Excellence in society. Fear not, they said. They would support him again. They would pay his tuition. It was time to become a doctor.

Like wildebeest on the Serengeti, he made an all too familiar pilgrimage. Back to a familiar place. One more time. Back to that place. That place he knew so well. Back to that school. Back to that same program. He became one of the only applicants to a doctorate program that was now just four years old. A doctorate program nobody had heard of. A program with almost no applicants during this time span. A program that was on the verge of merger with another department or closure altogether. He was now that proud student who had come back to his alma mater. Again. Again. Again. He ended up taking almost the same classes he had taken during his graduate program days. This doctorate program, again, with no students, had created what were known as “graduate plus doctorate” courses that could be taken by both levels of students. A means to create a program without the faculty or facilities to do so. And so he was back. Hearing the same lectures. Getting that same education yet again. To become a doctor. To make that family proud. Air. Air can do without doing. Air can be without being.

A doctor of sociology. His parents were under the often misguided impression that with a doctorate degree, he could go on to potentially teach at a university. A professor. A doctorate degree would equal faculty job offers from institutions of higher learning they thought. And this might have been the case thirty years before. Such things could have actually happened back then. But his school was an unheard of institution. And this was now a time when there were many graduates

with doctorate degrees like him. Everywhere. Doctorate degrees from questionable institutions in questionable universities all throughout Korea. He was just one of them. One of many. He had no teaching experience. No academic research besides a dissertation that was a slightly expanded version of his graduate dissertation. He would apply to the one or two listings that were posted throughout all of Korea for a professor of sociology. And obviously, he would never hear back.

The degree, although providing nothing more in terms of employment, was perhaps the saving grace for a man who would otherwise potentially be unable to marry. In this kind of situation, the degree helps. Definitely helps. He was unemployed but his then fiancé’s family was ecstatic to have a doctor as a son in law. A doctorate degree. This would be a first in their family. A doctor. Polite. Not handsome. But not intolerably ugly. Kind. Well-mannered. It did not matter to them that this thirty something year old man had never held a job in his life. He was a doctor. They welcomed him.

Two years into marriage and the cold reality that their son-in-law was extremely unemployed became reality. With no job prospects. Lots of staying at home. Lots of television. No plan. No activity. No potential. When things get bad, when things go for worse, sometimes the very last choice is to assemble some old savings, some cash and start some kind of business. A loan here, a loan there. A recommendation from a friend. An idea for a business here, there. Sometimes, like miniature franchises, businesses were shared from family member to family member. Or knowledge of running a business that is. Enough to help those with no concept of the business at all. His wife’s aunt had run a “goohk bahb(rice soup)” restaurant. It was not fancy at all. But it was steady. Consistent. It paid the rent. Paid the bills. And without any career prospects. Without any future prospects, this just seemed like the right thing to do. Open a restaurant. Make some

money and finally enter the real world. Finally become real adults. Real human beings.

The aunt would come everyday. She would come and explain everything. All of the minutiae required to make it work. To make a restaurant business work. Every detail. This was exciting. They were excited. This was hope. After all these years of zero income, perhaps this could actually be something. Something meaningful for them. She had educated them in every possible aspect of the ins and outs of the restaurant business. He was there for every orientation. All the prep work that had to happen. All of the nitty gritty. He was at every session to learn everything that was needed to make this thing work. But sadly, he was still that prince. The prince who had learned very little. Learned little of learning. And knew little of doing. Knew little of action. When it came to execution he was ill-prepared. He was not ready. He was not up to the standards needed to maintain a professional business. His pace was snail-like. His preparation techniques were painful. His preparation time was painful and worse yet, time consuming. Painfully four times longer than the normal human being. Prep time with an emphasis on time. Prior to this, he had never held a knife. Never used a knife. Never cut vegetables. Never cooked anything other than the occasional ramen or microwavable dish.

There were so many things he could not do. Sadly so many things. The list was long. The list went on. And on and on. The things he could not do. The things he could not do properly. Ironically, the man with no job offers, could also not keep a job in this restaurant. His own restaurant. He would go from demotion to demotion. Even the things one would think could be handled by anyone could not be handled by him. The dishes were tough. A restaurant needed clean dishes. But he had somehow created a kind of magic act with these dishes. A magical ability to somehow magically always have three out of ten plates remain ever so slightly unclean. Every so slightly enough for customers to complain.

He was again, gently removed from this role and task. What was next? Bussing. Bussing dishes. Bussing silverware. He began bussing. But even so, as easy as this might seem, he also could manage to not do this well. In a restaurant, speed is paramount. Speed is everything. As soon as one dining party leaves there would be another party entering to take their seats. And he was unable to keep pace. Unable to match the pace of customers.

He had tried. Well, as much effort as was possible for him. He tried every possible role of assistance that was possible in the restaurant. But after being raised in a manner that resulted in pretty much doing nothing for so long, it became obvious to everyone that it might be better for him to remain doing nothing. To continue doing nothing. For that was about the only thing he could do well. Do nothing. He was, again, air.

Nothing. The next closest thing to nothing in a restaurant perhaps is handling the register. A job that has now been taken over by electronic kiosks, well, this was pretty much a nothing job. And he could handle this right? He could. Handle that register. The last and perhaps only thing he could possibly do was be responsible for that cash register. He became the register man. The one who would ring up patrons. Not because he was particularly talented at this. The transaction process was so streamed down and simplified that there was actually now so very little that he could mess up. A man of no ability, could actually handle this. He had somehow found his place. It was pretty simple. Identify the items that had been ordered. Punch them into the screen. Recite the final price to the patron. Ask the patron to swipe or insert their credit card. Sign. All done. He could handle this. He could do this. And he did this. For years. There was very little else he could do here. But this. This felt right to him. He was, after all, the quote, unquote boss. Even though it was his wife’s family that had put up most of the money and the know-how to make this restaurant run. He was, somehow, the face of the restaurant. Right? The man in front. The man who would process

transactions. He had to be the owner right? The boss? For doing nothing, for contributing nothing, this felt right to him.

He had also fallen into fatherhood. And similar, to pretty much everything in his life, fatherhood was not by his choice obviously. Everybody else was doing it. His peers, his colleagues, his friends. So it just felt like the next thing to do. They had two children. Two kids who were both preparing for college. One towards the end of high school and the other in the beginning of high school. They were nice kids. Polite. Well-behaved for the most part. Children with a future. But he actually knew very little about them. He had seen them all these years. He had watched them grow up. But he knew nothing of them. One might say, they were closer to his wife. In every possible way. One could even say they were friends with his wife. It was his wife they sought for everything. Assistance with homework. Transportation. Life questions. Clothes. Materials. And he would just watch as he always did. From a distance. He would just be there.

It was not that he did not want to be involved in their lives. But this, like so many other things in his life, was not in his control. He had somehow fallen again. Fallen out of their lives. Similar to his adventures in the restaurant business, it became apparent to these kids that he was of not much use. Useless. He could not help with their homework. He was more often than not, completely unable to answer any of their homework related questions. He could not cook any food. He was not good for any kind of conversation, casual or otherwise. He was just not much of any use in anything. This was life, they supposed. He was their father. But it sometimes felt like he was more a concept of a father. A representation of a father. A father perhaps on paper. Or a father in theory. And perhaps not in practice. He was there. He lived there. He lived at their house. He would sometimes take them to school. And he was, what appeared to them to be the “owner” of their family business.

They had no relationship with him. But they were not resentful. They had not known anything different from this? Beginning about four years ago, it became an automatic process for them to come home, go straight to their rooms and lock their doors. And then quiet. Silence. Pure silence in this house.

They had a typical apartment layout. One living room, one kitchen and three rooms. The two rooms their children occupied were almost always shut. The doors that is. These doors would occasionally open for restroom breaks. But just as quickly, those doors would close again. He knew nothing of them. He knew certain given things. Age. Year in school. He had a general to sparse comprehension of their interests. Things they were into. Trends. Media and tv interests. But that was about it. They equally knew little of him too. It was a mutual understanding of little to no understanding. Or more so, little to no interest. From either party. Either half. Did he not desire to talk to them? Or did they not wish to talk to him? Nobody can be quite sure. But this was his life. This was him. He was air. There but not there.

The house’s most common noise was no noise. The house’s most common noise was silence. Probably 94% of the time, the house was more or less silent. You could hear the dust. You could hear gravity pulling the dust into new places. New places to gather and mingle. It was silent. And it had been like this for quite some time. Dinnertime had ceased any form of conversation. They had become that family. The family with the data plan and smartphones that had increasingly become much more appealing than any real human contact. They had given up. Given up trying to be a normal family. It was no longer rude for everybody to pull out their phones and be in their own worlds while they ate dinner. Or while they were around the house. The smartness of these phones was just that much more interesting. No need for humans. No need for conversation.

Conversations with his wife had slowly, but surely disintegrated as well. Evaporated, perhaps. Like small water drops meeting the sun. A slow, steady and sure process. Every phase of their marriage had something for conversation. Not much, but at least something for discussion. Phase one: the common interests of newlyweds. Discovery. Curiosity. Care. Phase two: their shared stake in their restaurant business. The financial implications. Small methods for improvement. Improvement of the system and profits. Phase three: the early decisions made for their children. Education. Institutes. Spending. And now, it seemed that they were at a phase four or five. Air. Silence. His wife was making almost all of the decisions regarding their children. Education, after school schooling, etc.. He just followed along. As he would. As he always did. And without any opinions, thoughts or contributions, their conversations had truly reached an impasse. A lull. A place where the dead do not return.

And so he came home. He came home to silence. Silence was perhaps the only thing greeting him when he came home. He knew it would be there waiting for him. As it did everyday. And compared to years past, the silence had become a larger part of their lives. The silence had grown. And he would often wonder to himself, how did such silence form? Was there some kind of biological process to the formation of silence? Was it like mold? Over time, it just forms? Was this some kind of deterioration or rotting? Or was it the natural course of things. An inevitable silence? A silence that was years in the making? Something that could not be stopped. He wondered about other homes. Were they equally silent? He would come home to a dark house. More often than not, every room would be closed, with an occupant per room. The only light would be the singular line, at the bottom of the door. The light that would indicate there was life inside. His daughters, as they always did, would arrive, enter their respective rooms, close the doors and only exit for food. Or for water. His wife, had years earlier began to follow suit. Their

bedroom, was now her room. And she too, would immediately enter that space. It was her sanctuary. A television installed there and now, no reason to leave. For there was nothing outside of that room that made exiting that room necessary. And here he was. In this house. The living room, more or less, now, a space for him. The irony of this all was that the living room was originally designed as a space of gathering. The largest space in the whole house. A large space where the family would share. Share their time. Share their stories. Share their lives. Here, the living room was dead space. A space where everybody would pass. But never enter. The house was silent.

He could sometimes not help but think, might he be the reason for this silence? All these years of coddling had not created a completely ignorant human being. He knew the truth. He knew his deficiencies. He knew his inabilities. He had a slight feeling or gist of the things that were his reality. But perhaps the difference was, he was less bothered by them. Less bothered by such shortcomings. Less bothered than perhaps normal people. So was it him? He could not help but think that perhaps it was. But a sadder realization, despite this awareness that it might be him, was the fact that there was no turning back. He knew he was in a cave. He was sinking. Or falling into the darkness of this cave. It was a bottomless cave and if he looked up, there was a small speck of light. A speck of light that showed the point from where he had entered. But this speck was so far away. And it was growing smaller, oh so slowly. It was impossible. Impossible to go back. He had fallen into this cave. Fallen into this cave just like everything in his life. He had fallen into this space. And it was now, a slow fall. A slow motion fall. He was falling. He would only fall. Falling as he always had been. Falling further into the darkness.

He was a part of this family. And yet he was not a part of this family. He was a part of this house. And yet, he was never part of this house. He was actually never there. He had never been there. He was air.



리듬분석가는 우선 자신의 몸을 통해
리듬을 배운 후에 외부의 리듬들을 파악한다.

앙리 르페브르

Rhythm analysts first learn rhythms
through their own bodies
and then identify external rhythms.

Henri Lefebvre

리듬 워크숍

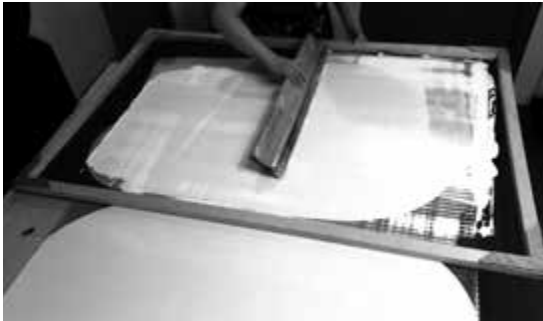
2023년 1월부터 약 3개월 동안 작가, 기획자 워크숍을 진행하였으며, 작가들은 이 과정을 통해 공간을 이해하고 경험하는 시간을 가진 후 작품을 제작하였습니다.



공간과의 대화



작품 제작 과정



사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

설치 과정



사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

공간 퍼포먼스

마디, 점선, 괄호(2023)

전시연계 프로그램으로 진행된 창작 무용 퍼포먼스로 공영선 안무가가 기획 및 안무를, 홍초선 음악감독이 사운드 디자인을 하였습니다. 신체-공간-시간에서의 '사이'를 달리 표현하는 언어들로 구성된 퍼포먼스는 각각의 사이에서 일어나는 운동성과 운동성에 담긴 리듬을 표현했습니다.

• 공영선 | 안무가

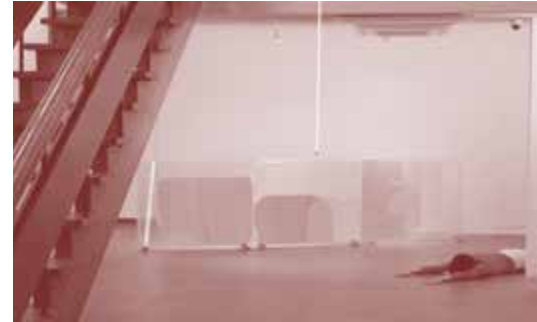
이화여자대학교 무용과와 한국예술종합학교 무용원 전문사를 마치고, 다양한 공연과 안무, 기획, 전시 등에 참여하고 있다.

대표적인 안무 및 전시로 《20△▲(이십삼각삼각)》국립현대무용단, 세종문화회관씨어터, 2022, 《말 못 할 꿈》국립현대무용단 안무랩, 2022, 《내일 부서지는 무덤》여다함 개인전 협업작, 아트스페이스 풀, 2019, 《꿈에서 왕으로》유망예술지원사업DOT 선정작, 서강대 메리홀 대극장, 2018 등이 있으며, 대표적인 공연 경력으로는 《포스트 아파트》두산아트센터, 2019, 《1과 4, 다시》플랫폼L, 2018, 《풍정, 각》국립현대미술관, 2017, 《75분의 1초》서강대 메리홀, 이윤정 안무, 《꽃과 물고기》리움 미술관, 노경애 안무 등이 있다. 《해매고 찾고》2009로 SPAF 제 3회 댄스컬렉션 최우수상을 수상한 바 있다. 서울기독대, 숙명여대, 서울예대 등 출강하였다.

• 홍초선 | 음악감독

소리와 공간 및 환경과 사람들 간의 소리로서의 이해관계를 연구한다. 소리의 실체는 눈에 보이지 않지만 물체의 진동이 공기 속에서 퍼져 나가는 파동에서 비롯된 자연의 소리, 일상의 소리에 변형을 주어 새로운 소리를 만들고, 소리가 공간과 장소의 형태를 연상하게 하는 작업을 진행하고 있다.

《침》홍제유연, 2020, 《Reflecting Memory》Weather, 당신의 날씨는 어떤가요?, 2018 등의 작품을 통해 수년간 채집한 자연의 소리를 실제적 공간에서 사람들의 침을 위한 소리로 연출하였다. 현대미술가 및 안무가 등 여러 장르의 아티스트들과 협업해 오고 있다. 영상 안의 소리뿐만이 아닌 공간에서의 Space sound design 작업을 하고 있다.



공간의 언어

에필로그

김다영

성북구립미술관 어시스턴트 큐레이터

성북구립 최만린미술관을 방문했던 이들은 이곳에서 느껴지는 공간의 특별한 인상에 대해 들려주곤 한다. 1970년에 지어진 미술관 건축물은 세워진지 53년차를 맞이하였지만, 초기의 모습을 유지하고 있으며, 공간은 3번의 역할 변화를 겪으면서 쌓아온 그간의 시간과 기억을 담고 있다. 특히나 30년이란 긴 시간 동안 조각가의 창작공간으로 사용되었던 이곳은 보통의 미술관과 차별화된 장소성을 가지고 있다. 최만린미술관은 이러한 장소성을 기반으로 전시를 기획하여 공간의 의미를 제고하는 시간을 가져왔다. 작년에 진행된 《감각의 시어》전에 이어 올해는 공간을 중심에 두고 동시대 작가 2인과 함께 공간의 리듬에 주목하고자 하였다.

공간의 리듬을 발견하기 위해서는 공간 속 시간과 에너지를 감각하고 들여다보아야 한다.

시간-공간-에너지 그리고 율(律)은 리듬을 구성하는 요소이다.❶ 이러한 요소들이 만들어낸 리듬은 몸의 감각을 통해 읽힌다. 순환적 요소에 해당하는 건축 재료, 빛, 에너지 등과 선형적인 요소에 해당하는 인간의 활동, 행위, 동작들, 그리고 이러한 것들의 반복은 공간의 리듬을 만든다. 전시에 초대된 오종과 크리스 로는 여러 차례 미술관에 방문하여 비어있는 미술관의 공간을 탐색하는 시간을 가지며 공간의 리듬을 읽어 나갔다. 머리가 아닌 몸으로 공간을 체험하고 공간과의 대화를 이어나갔다. 비어있는 미술관 공간은 전시 중 일 때와 다르게 오롯이 공간만을 들여다 볼 수 있게 한다. 작품의 언어가 아닌 공간의 언어를 들을 수 있는 것이다. 참여한 작가들은 혼자 혹은 함께 공간의 탐색을 이어가고 기획자와 함께 모여 자신이 체감한 공간의 언어를 자신의 언어로 풀어냈다. 이렇게 여러 번의 워크숍을 통해 작가들은 이곳의 시간과 에너지를 체감하고 공간에 시간을 쌓으면서 리듬을 찾아갔다. 그리고 이러한 과정 속에서도 인간의 활동에서 비롯되는 리듬을 발견할 수 있었다. 공간 속에서의 깊은 사유와 대화는 최만린이 이곳을 아틀리에로 사용했을 때부터 쌓여진 행위로 시간의 차이를 두고 후대 작가에 의해 반복되며 생성된 리듬을 느낄 수 있었다.

공간은 공간의 언어로 말을 하며 공간과의 소통은 몸의 감각을 통해 이루어진다. 그것은 침묵이지만 모든 것이 담겨있다. “형상은 침묵하고 침묵하면서 무언가를 말하고 있다.”❷고 한 막스 피카르트Max Picard, 1888-1965의 말처럼 공간은 침묵하지만 그 안에 과거, 현재, 미래가 병존하면서 형상으로 인간에게 전달된다. 미술관을 경험한 두 작가, 그리고 기존에 미술관을 방문했던 이들이 들려주는 미술관의 장소 형상을 언어로 모아보면, 고요함, 숙연함, 강직함 등을 말할 수 있다. 이러한 형상은 무엇으로부터 형성되었을까 추론해 볼 때 최만린이 이곳에 쌓아온 삶과 에너지가 아닐까 하는 추측을 해본다. 그의 대표작 <0>시리즈가 시작된 곳이자 오랜 시간 창작의 공간이었던 이곳에는 최만린이 자신의 예술세계를 위해 쏟았던 그의 에너지가 쌓여있다. 끝없이 비워내고, 마치 수행자처럼

오랜 시간 작품을 향했던 에너지와 시간들이 이곳에서 고요함과 숙연함, 강직함을 느끼게 하는 것이라 생각한다. 전시에 참여한 두 작가는 최만린 작가의 시간을 추적해보면서 이어간 공간과의 대화를 작품으로 표현했다. 오종은 이 공간에서 느꼈던 우주적인 형상을 미술관의 나무 천장에 LED 조명을 활용하여 별이 반짝이는 밤하늘처럼 펼쳐냈으며, 그의 작품은 공간을 아우르며 보는 각도에 따라 다른 리듬감을 느끼게 해준다. 크리스 로는 공간에서 느낀 ‘고요함 속 움직임’을 실크 스크린 기법으로 폴리카보네이트 위에 담아냈다. 평면 위에 표현된 그의 모티브들은 빛과 영향을 주고받으며 고요함 속 리듬을 만들어 낸다. 공간 속에 완성된 두 작가의 작품이 만들어낸 리듬은 음악처럼 공간을 차지하며❸ 새로운 리듬을 만들고 그들이 만든 리듬으로 공간속 하모니를 이루었다. 그리고 또한 이번 전시를 통해 미술관을 방문하는 이들 역시 공간의 리듬을 읽어보고 체감하고, 이러한 것의 반복은 전시의 또 다른 리듬을 생성할 것으로 기대한다.

❶

막스 피카르트, 최승자 역
『침묵의 세계』, 2022,
까치글방, p.30.

❷

막스 피카르트, 최승자 역
『침묵의 세계』, 2022,
까치글방, p.30.

❸

막스 피카르트, 최승자 역
『침묵의 세계』, 2022,
까치글방, p.30.

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

사이의 리듬들

A Place between Rhythm and Rhythm

❶

막스 피카르트, 최승자 역,
『침묵의 세계』, 2022,
까치글방, p.102.

Kim Dayoung
Assistant Curator, Seongbuk Museum of Art

Those who have visited Choi Man Lin Museum established by Seongbuk-gu District often recall the special impression of its space. Built in 1970, the architecture of the museum is now a 53-year-old building, but it preserves the time and memories by still retaining its initial appearance while its role and purpose has undergone three times of changes. In particular, this site used to serve as a sculptor's atelier for no less than 30 years, which has given this space a siteness differentiated from ordinary museums. Based on this siteness, Choi Man Lin Museum has programmed exhibitions to enhance the meaning of the space. Following last year's Poetics of Senses, this year's exhibition centers again upon the space, but highlighting this time the rhythm of space with two contemporary artists.

To discover the rhythm of space, we need to sense and look into the time and energy in the space. Time-space-energy, and yul (律, order, meter) are the elements that compose rhythm.^① The rhythm created by these elements is perceived through the senses of our body. Cyclical elements, such as building materials, light, and energy, and linear elements, including human activities, actions, and movements, and the repetition of such elements create the rhythm of space. Two invited artists to participate in the exhibition, JONG OH and CHISO pre-visited the museum several times to spend time exploring the empty spaces of the museum, reading the rhythm of space. They experienced the space with their bodies, not their minds, and continued the conversation with the space. Unlike the exhibition period, the empty space of a museum lets us concentrate on the space. We can hear the language of the space, not the language of the artwork. The participating artists continued to explore the space either individually or together and also discussed with the curator to translate the language of the space they experienced into their own language. Through these multiple workshops, the artists accumulated their experiences on the time and energy of this space and have found the rhythm by adding layers of time on the space. And even in this process, they could also discover the rhythm generated by human activities. Thinking and conversing in depth in this space are the acts that have constantly been around since the era when Choi Man Lin used the site as his atelier, and the repetition of those acts in a different temporality by the artists of younger

generation also came to create a rhythm of this space.

Space speaks the language of space, and communication with space is realized through the senses of the body. It is silent but implies everything. "*Image is silent, and it says something in silence.*"^② As Max Picard¹⁸⁸⁸⁻¹⁹⁶⁵ said, space is silent, but it is conveyed to humans as images, where past, present, and future coexist. If we put together the images of the site of Choi Man Lin Museum to be described in language told by the two artists who experienced the museum, as well as those who have visited the museum in the past, the words like silence, solemnity, and uprightness will top the list. What would have started to generate such images? I assume that they are first derived from the life and energy that Choi Man Lin has accumulated in this space. This is the place where O series, his representative works, began, and is also his long-time workspace filled with his energy that he invested for his art world. The energy and time that he has poured in work for a long time, as if an ascetic infinitely emptied himself out, must be the origin of the above-mentioned impression of silence, solemnity, and uprightness. Tracing such time of Choi Man Lin, the two artists who participated in the exhibition have felt the space with their bodies and communicated with the space. And they embodied what they experienced in the space in their works. JONG OH unfolded the cosmic image of this space like a starry night sky in his work, through the LED lights applied on the museum's wooden ceiling. His work encompasses the space, allowing the viewers to feel a different sense of rhythm that varies depending on the viewing angle. CHISO captured the ‘movement in the silence’ that he felt in the space on polycarbonate using the silkscreen technique. His motifs depicted on the flat surface generate rhythms in the silence where the motifs affect the light and vice versa. The rhythms revealed by the works that two artists completed in the space occupy the space like music^③ to create new rhythms and to weave a harmony in the space thanks to those rhythms. Furthermore, when visitors to the museum also read and experience the rhythms of the space through this exhibition, another layer of rhythm of the exhibition is expected to be born from the repetition of those acts.

① Henri Lefebvre, *Rhythmanalysis: Space, Time and Everyday Life*, trans. Jeong Giheon, 2020, Galmuri Books, p.65.

② Max Picard, *The World of Silence*, trans. Choi Seungja, 2022, Kachibooks, p.102.

사이의 리듬들
A Place between Rhythms

③ Ibid., p.30.



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2023 SMA Spatial Study
A Place Between Rhythm and Rhythm
March 30- June 3
Choi Man Lin Museum

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