



PRACTICAL OUTPUT 2017 - 2022

SIN PARK

Being-with the Painting Process

An Exploration of “Spacing” in Painting and Writing

PRACTICAL OUTPUT

2017 - 2022



CONTENTS

FOREWORD (9)

The Stream of Thoughts (Fragments Collected from My Digital Journal)

PAINTINGS (13)

2021 - 2022 (15)

2020 (53)

2019 (66)

2017 - 2018 (84)

WORKS ON PAPER (111)

AFTERWORD (145)

REVIEWS (155)

Review 01 (157)

Review 02 (165)

FOREWORD

The Stream of Thoughts (Fragments Collected from My Digital Journal)

What follows is a fragmentary text about memory, images, and the work of art. It is fragmentary because my own aesthetic practice is organized in a similar manner, and I wish to explore the logic of this. The important idea in this text is not to convey complete thoughts on the idea of the fragment or the fragmentary, but rather to present a serial collection of thoughts and feelings. The heart and the head, discourse, my experience and art practice, landscape, and nature, painting and writing without format.

I have the impression that fragmented text is a form of feeling and that feeling is a form of thinking. These continuous self-sufficient thoughts are not connected structurally to each other directly. There might not be enough explanation at a certain point. It is not just because my mind jumps around, but I have found a beauty in the fragmentary nature of the text, which approaches much more like flicking light than constant sunshine.

The issue of spaces and *spacing* is of primary importance to the fragmentary manner that allows me opportunities to play with this in ways that may surprise a reader. The text itself shifts across vectors of time and style in ways that might unsettle common sense and certainty. The fragmentary is linked to the mediation and mediation is without end. It opens out the possibility of being without end. This is why there is also a quality of drifting.

There is something very distinct about the fragmentary form that indicates gaps, spaces, margins and silences between things. The form itself is experimental because readers have to follow the texts without having complete clarity about their meanings. I deny a process of active

interpretation of my own texts. The fragment is one way of acknowledging the things around me.

Everything is organized with the mystery of writing. This mystery has to be read at the level of why I write, how I write and with what I write. All the questions of writing are right here. The text is as essential as the contents. If my practice output between 2017 to 2022 is a visual activity, I would say this text is a verbal activity.

If there is anything that assumes a persistent status, it is the *spacing* between the elements of text. The *spacing* functions both as exteriority and as a silent interval of speculation, an interval of restless construction of a possible interior relation.

Diego Velázquez, *The Lady with a Fan* ca. 1638–1639
93 cm x 68 cm © The Wallace Collection



I am looking at this glove, well at least a painting of a glove. I am standing next to someone who says that the glove exudes a fetishistic quality. I wonder what that means. Instead of asking about this, I nod my head. The painting is *The Lady with a Fan* (ca. 1638–1639) by Diego Velázquez in the Wallace Collection. All I know is that I am looking at this glove and not at her face. I wonder if I am being led astray. What if nothing had been said?

The question of painting is always related to being with, looking over, residing within an object or attention, but it is also what the subject does, its action on things. The grid of representation looms within this, so is this a process of drawing straight lines, taking a stance, enacting logic, issuing the certainty of identity, circulation, or deduction?

My painting process has gaps in time. There are intensities that happen in a short period of time, and there might be a long delay involved in any given measured time.

From the sense of coming and going, fragments of narratives start to emerge. If a question arises as to whether things are in front of or behind us, instead of an either front or behind state, why not a scattering of all conditions outside of perspective and with this a disavowal of putting things in place? Thus, the curvature of becoming would evoke a state of being with the displacement of measurability.

There is a common perception that if words could describe fully, then there would be no point in painting, but if the point was erased in advance of such a formulation, what then? Surely all that is left over is a state of immeasurability. The curvature of becoming opens out into the continent of immeasurability beyond the representation.

The body is an effective medium. My body forms an intersection with the space of the painting. The body itself functions as a recording machine in which nothing escapes, and thus memory is engraved into it and becomes an intuitive source within the coming to be of the painting.

The question of art is the transformation of “with” into “how”. How to say “art” without art, how to say it without looking at art?

The impossibility of forgetting and the impulse to erase memory are both constant. It is like being pulled two different ways at the same time.

Is there a space in-between these forces?

Is painting that space?

PAINTINGS

Painting travels to its feeling of a threshold and in this way constitutes a limit for itself. This is both a material understanding of a limit and a psychological feeling of a threshold.

2021 - 2022

Stars in the night. A sky of black clouds with no direction. Down near the end of the road oscillating dots appear. The window from my studio closes and simultaneously opens up to the world. The flickering lights from the cityscape are a ballet of colours and their shadows and textures are displaced to this painting.

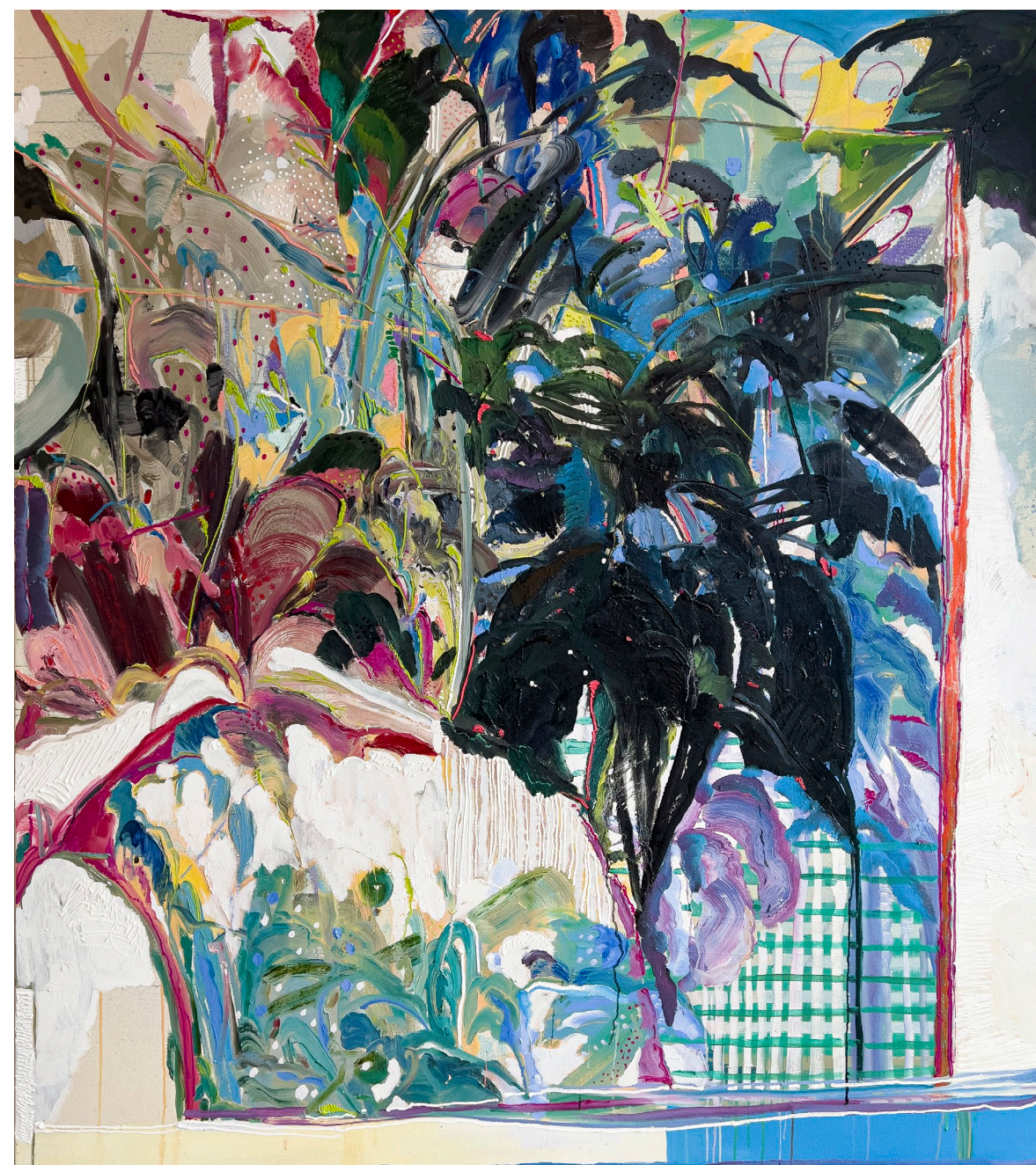
2021 - 2022



Beyond the End of the Road 2018 - 2021
Acrylic, oil pastel and oil on canvas, 180 x 150cm



Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023
Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onca.

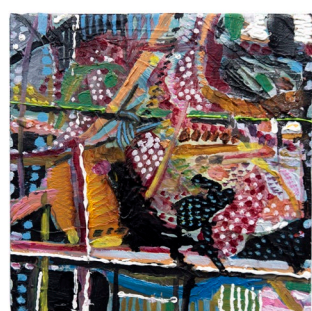
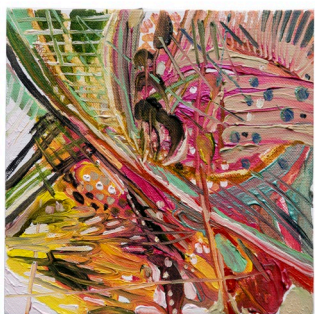
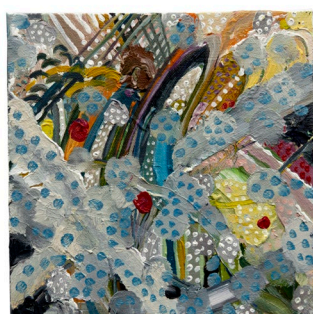
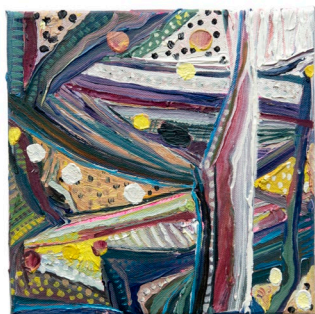
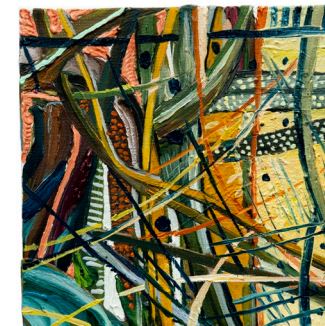
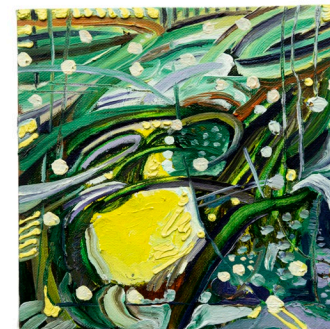
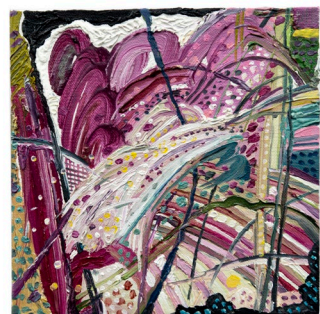
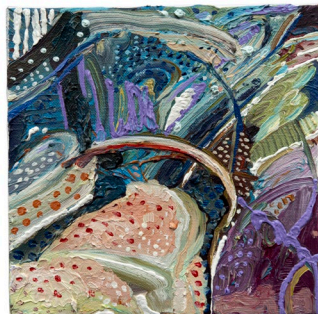
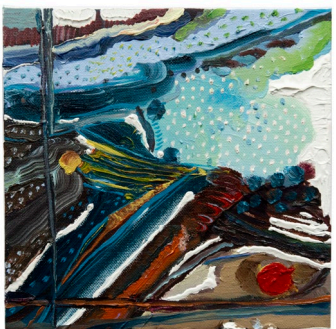
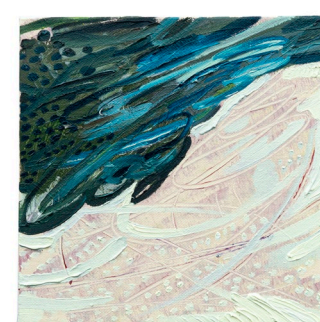
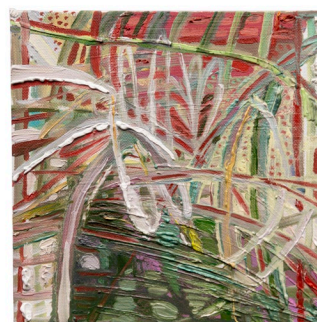
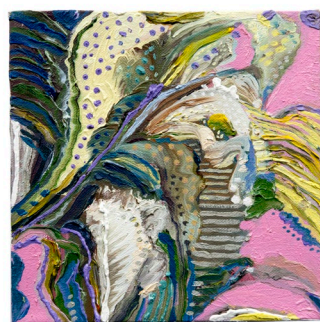
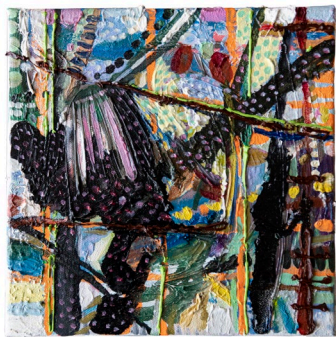




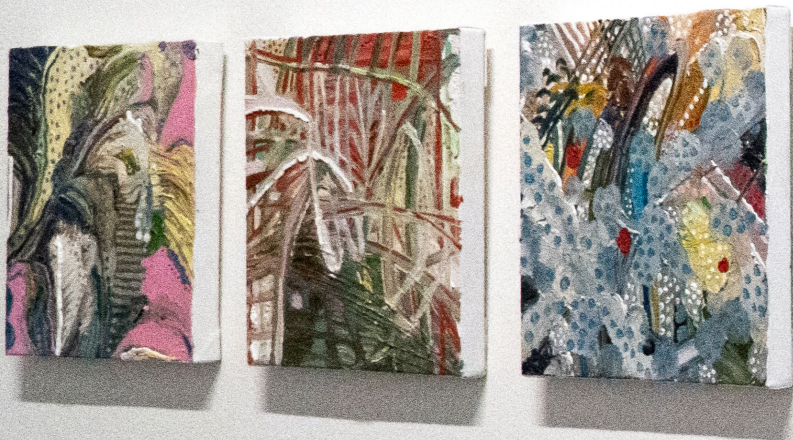
Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023
Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onea.



Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023
Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onea.



The Lost Language of X series 2021
Oil on canvas, 20 x 20cm



Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023
Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onea.



Drama in the Sky 2021
Oil, oil pastel on canvas, 180 x 160cm

Necessary Sequels

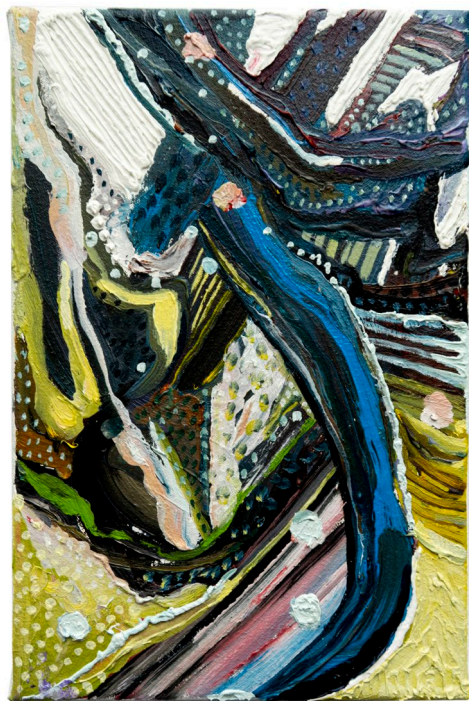
Sin Park

Transition is inevitable. Our lives and relationships within the world cannot remain completely the same, even when we want them to. In this show Sin Park explores a two-year period of transition where new sources of inspiration, like the flickering scenery from her studio window with its 'ballet of colours and textures', are found.

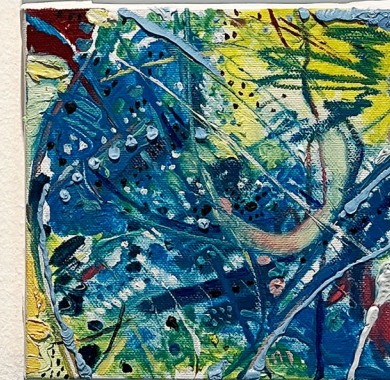
Park's paintings move between chaos and order, in and out of abstraction, as she takes the viewer on a journey through a space that exists between the real and the imagined. Works burst with colour, frantic brushstrokes seem to leap off the canvas, as Park effortlessly captures the raw emotion of the moment. In other works, we find Park in a mediate state as she revisits a memory and employs a more considered and reflective palette.

Necessary Sequels examines the closure of 'what was' and the sequels to bygone relationships of loved ones, friends, books and daily life encounters. As you view the show, we hope you can take a moment and reflect on your own transitions and find some familiarity in Park's work.

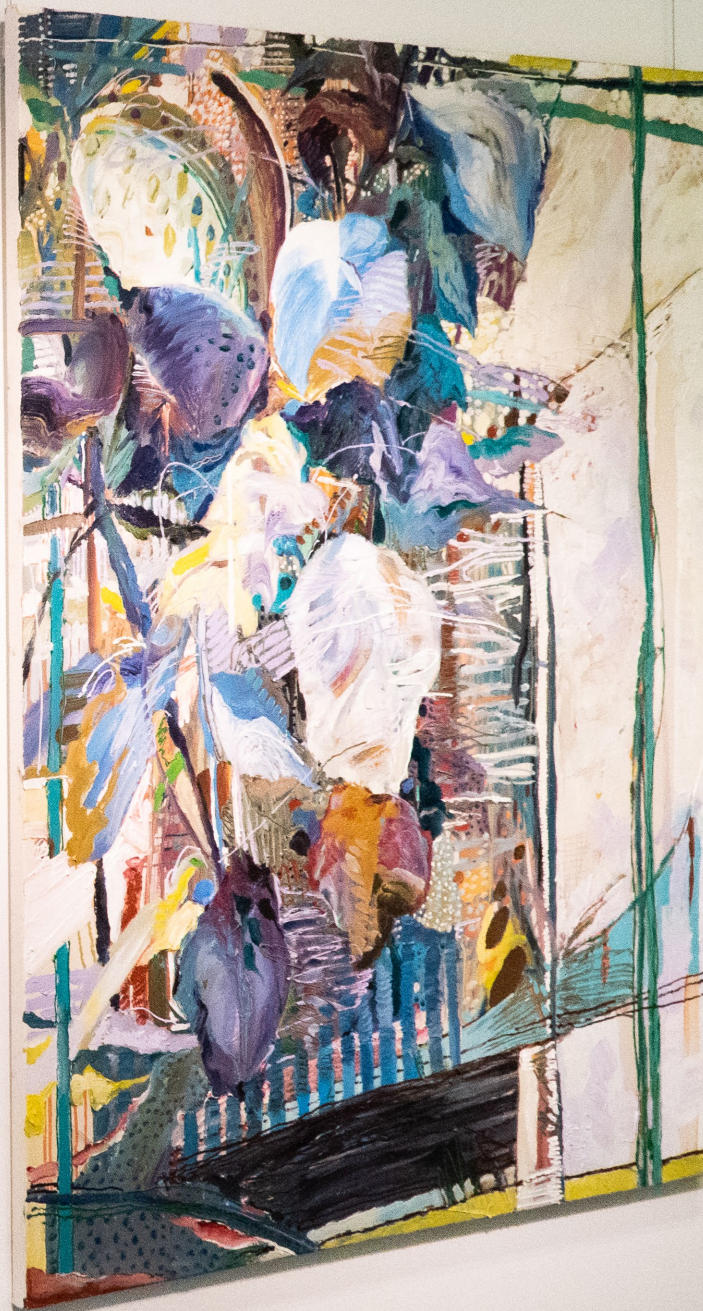




(L) *Midday Landing* 2021 Oil on canvas, 25.42 x 20.32cm
 (R) *Midnight Landing* 2021 Oil on canvas, 29.80 x 19.70cm







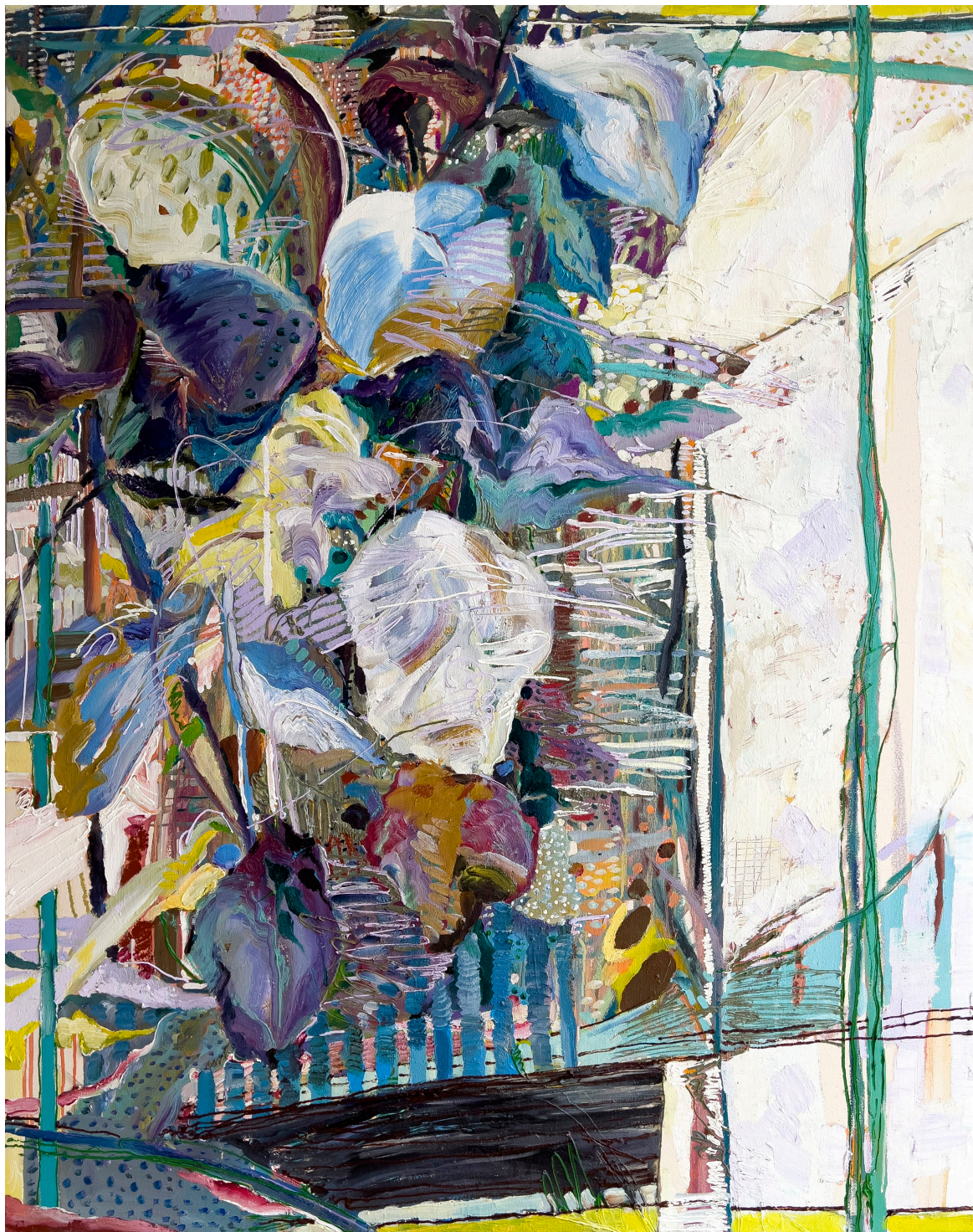
Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023
Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onea.



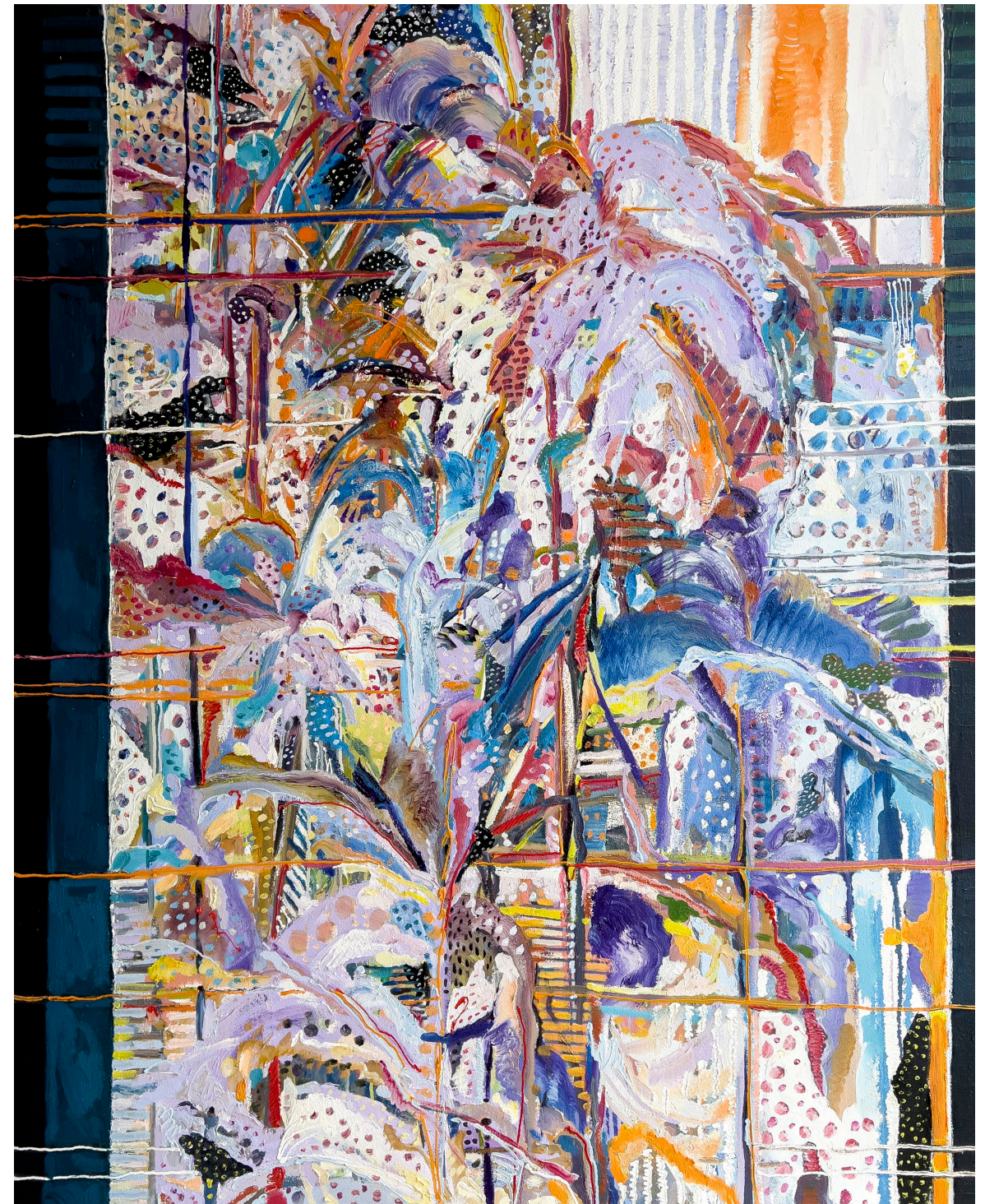
Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023
 Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onea.



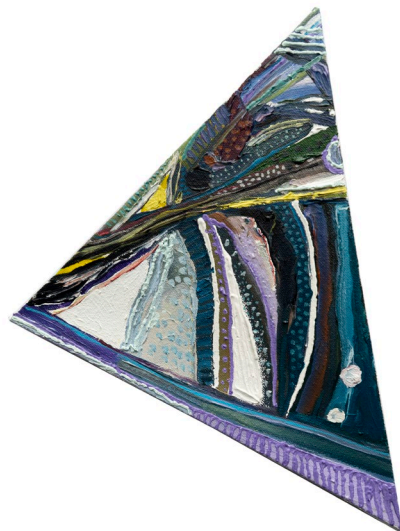
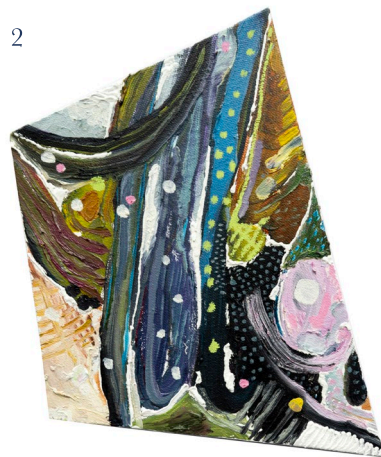
The Lost Language 2021
 Oil, oil pastel on canvas, 150 x 120cm



The Neighbour's Window 2021
Oil, oil pastel on canvas, 150 x 120cm



Dance with the One Who Brought You 2021
Oil, oil pastel on canvas, 150 x 120cm



The Lost Language of X series 2021

(1). 33 x 33 x 37cm, (2). 21.5 x 35.5 x 26 x 22cm, (3). 19 x 26.5 x 30 x 21.5cm, (4). 33 x 33 x 37cm

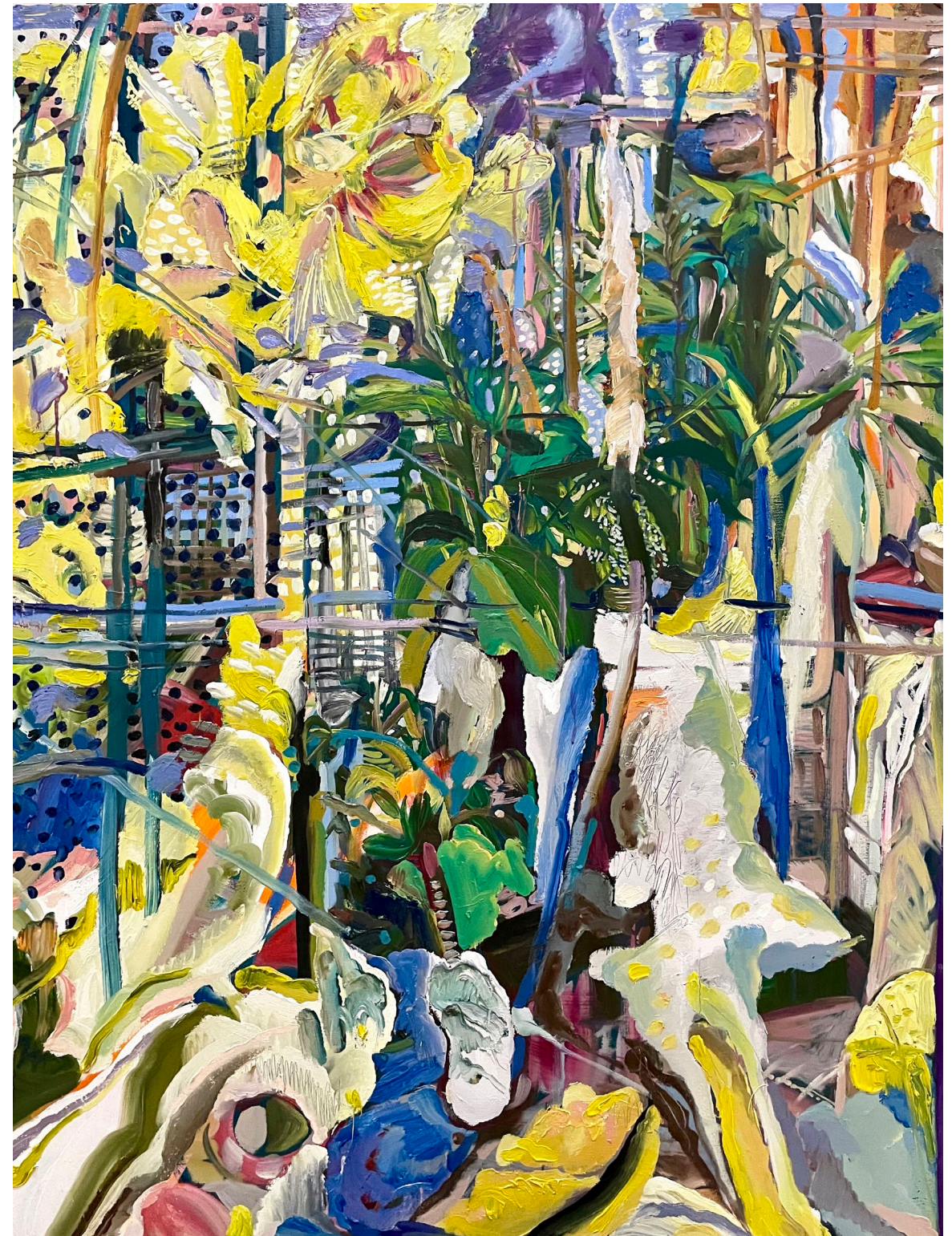


Orb of Light 2018 - 2021

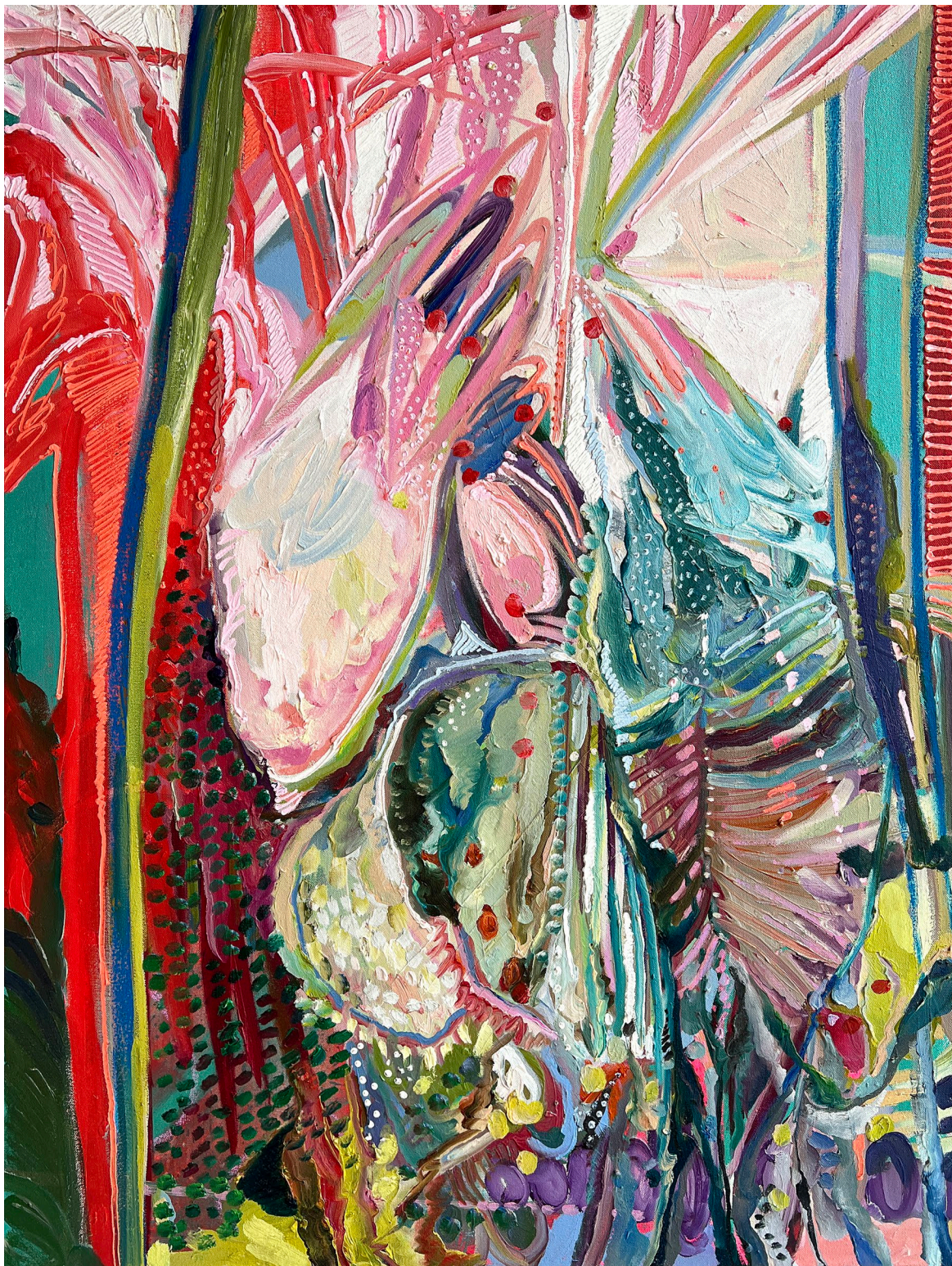
Acrylic and oil on canvas, 150 x 180cm

The colour yellow comes to me quite often. Not the brightness of the colour, the colour has a special meaning to me. I remember yellow. I was in the middle of sleep when I heard a buzzing conversation, and my room door was opened suddenly. I rubbed my eyes. I was wearing a black dress. I moved. I arrived at a white building. Then, I saw a familiar face, a person lying on a cold metal table, but its face, hands, feet were all yellow. Yellow, indeed. Some people were crying, collapsing on the floor, exhausted. I saw dead leaves in people's eyes. And I saw the yellow ... yellow thing that went to the firebox and became a shower of grey blossom.

2021 - 2022



Vintage Shop 2021
Oil on canvas, 120 x 91cm



Sometimes when I am painting, I imagine I am in a labyrinth, and I cannot imagine the way out. This might then give rise to another space, so in one way or another I always have a spatial plan in mind which is not part of the spatiality of the actual painting but is closer to my own imaginary version. From the outside, such visions do not have a visible trace, but nonetheless, they register in my own psyche.

2021 - 2022

2021 - 2022

Lemon yellow is deeply associated with my first encounter with death. The colour yellow is my memory, my perception of death and relaxation from chronic pain, and my irresistible favourite colour of mine.

“All colours are manifestations of light” (Doerner, 1969, p.165). Colour is the light’s stimulation of the eyes that provokes different sensations, and there is no such yellow light as I imagined. “The yellow is a combination of red and green light. There are no yellow receptors in the eyes” (Jarman, 1995, p.72). In the oil medium, by contrast, there is no such way to create yellow by using other colours, which stands for me as untouchable purity.

Painting is the space between what is before representation and what is after it. It provides glimpses into things. It is as much to do with what cannot pass into the image as what passes into it. The painter is that meeting point between emancipation and repression. That is why nothing is straightforward. Straightforward is for straightforward things. The painting exists outside this domain, and therefore it struggles to find a space for itself. The painting exists without the common sense of things, which are straightforward. When I drink my coffee, then I am straightforward because my lips and the coffee need to touch; but when I paint, my memory and the substance of paint should not mix together in any logical manner.

From the start to the end of the process, authorship of my paintings is displaced and replaced quickly and then claims itself as belonging either belongs to me or to the painting. I am trying to make a painting, but the painting is trying to undo this: the power dynamic shifts from one to the other; the secret plays between the two overflows

on the surface. Indirect, informal, and unforeseen conflict within the painting evolves, creating tensions and almost unintelligibly “becoming” something unexpected. A painting is capable of being in time but also being a resistance to that time, which implies that painting is never fixed either in location or time. Therefore, I am able to think of painting as a becoming beyond representation. Thus, painting is a series of folds of space, temporality, affects, inscriptions, intensities, and economies that produce a condition of entanglement outside of a clearly demarcated resolution of all the elements at play. This gives rise to the feeling that painting is close to being a labyrinth composed out of both form and desire, and this extends the life of painting beyond the author.

A painting is a form of full stop and yet retains its becoming of something other. As an object it is never fully itself because it is both an offering and a withdrawal, never fully one thing or the other, but a constant state of looping through such a difference. A painting confronts the idea that it cannot fully know itself because it is not an object of knowledge in the first place. What can be claimed is that it is a putting into form of something, no matter how slight.

So, what are my claims about painting and in particular my painting? Firstly, I would say that painting is the congregation of spaces and forces. Secondly, my claim would be that painting cannot be understood as a form of knowledge production because it is a presentation that stages the drama of becoming. Placed in another context, painting is the entanglement of the subject within an object of attention.

Painting is a distribution of sense that resides in the before and after of signification. I might begin with a signifier, such as plant-like organic forms, only to pass into the feeling of *spacing* between marks that starts a process of departure from naming. Then I might touch upon a passage in which I return to recognition and, with it, a memory form, so I am never far away from either polarity; representation and abstraction: I might call myself an abstract painter who remembers. I think this might be the case with most abstract painters, but they come to this in different ways. In my case, I never lose a relationship to semblance. In this regard, I recall the early paintings of Mondrian, although I am not in search of the pure laws that govern the cosmos leading to a discovery of other dimensions.

We all have a similar repertoire of emotional reactions. However, the outcomes become different shapes depending on what environment surrounds each of our own lives. People see things with their own manner and desire. So, there is no objective landscape in existence. What people see is related to their emotion, circumstance, and surroundings every time they confront the landscape. Spontaneously, I have realized that depicting recognizable landscapes might be misleading in terms of the importance of the landscape.

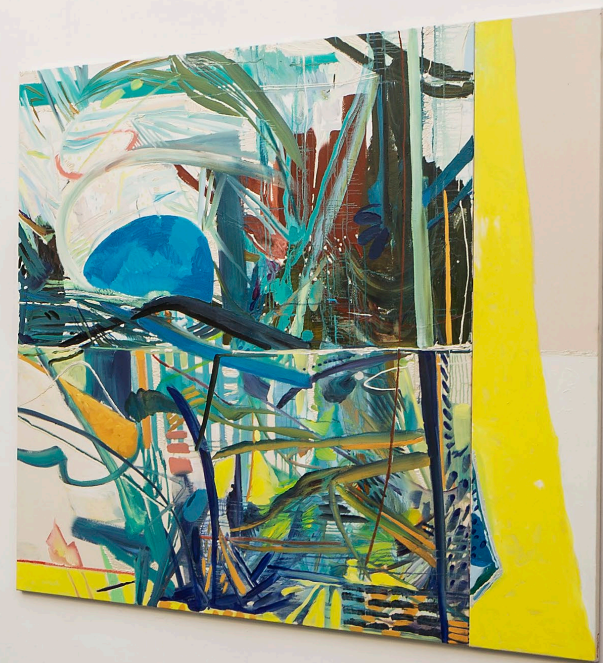
Rupture is like a dissent (disagreement) or discent (going downwards) whereas rapture is assent (agreement) or ascent (going upwards), but either way both extend the sense of spatiality. Rupture is a way of showing visibility by putting more brush marks on the surface, rapture is an invisible outcome of rupturing the surface. When a brushstroke meets past brushstrokes on fabric, it produces an alert signal which then breaks open the space of the painting. This is the moment that the rupture happens in painting, and following this, there might be the possibility of opening out a space of rapture. If rupture is eruption, rapture is explosion in which there is a loss of the containing sense of definite inside and outside. Rupture fuses with chaotic movements, whereas rapture links everything together in order to release energy.

I sometimes think that painting has a hidden relationship to gambling, in that chance is part of the fabric of the painting. It is not clear where chance installs itself, whether it is at the very origin of the painting or towards its completion. In this sense, it has the reality of a virtual element floating within the midst of the material marks. After putting a fresh raw cotton duct into stretchers, I apply transparent gesso to the surface of a canvas. This indicates to me the inaugural act of painting because the canvas starts to have a breath resonance that opens out the mutuality of the body with the painting. Both start to breathe together. This indicates space before any conceptual ideation can begin. Gambling is a gesture of becoming, like throwing all the elements to the wind, and thus it signifies exposure to the outside.

2020



Her Blue Sky 2020
Oil on canvas, 180 x 195cm

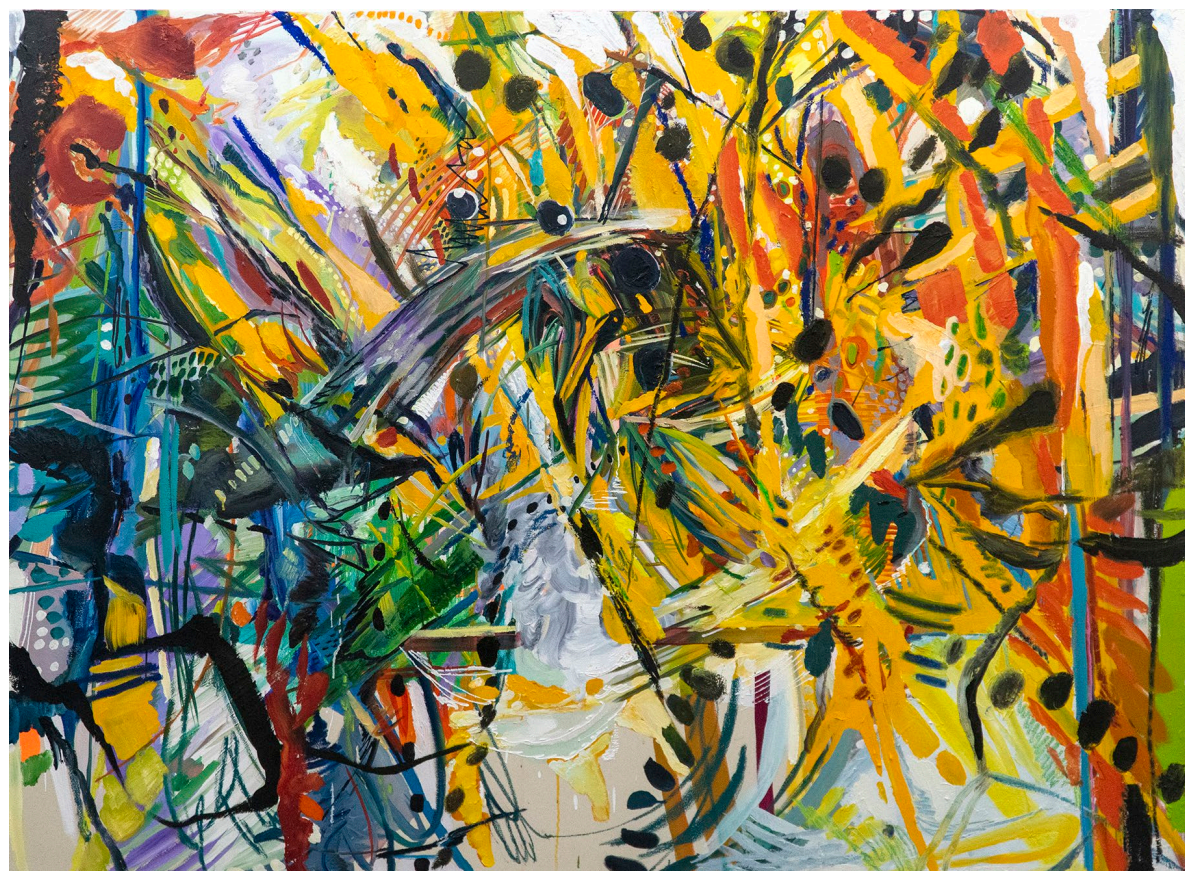


Dance with the One Who Brought You, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 9 December 2021- 30 January 2022
Courtesy of Patricia Fleming Gallery, Photo: Keith Hunter.



Her Window 2020
Oil on canvas, 150 x 120cm





Leave a Light on 2020
Oil and oil pastel on canvas, 150 x 200cm



Sweet-toned Voice 2020 Oil on canvas, 30.5 x 40.6cm
Under the Bridge 2020 Oil on canvas, 30.5 x 40.6cm

Painting is an art form in that it is its own object which circulates around its own condition. In this, it offers itself to visibility; but as a counterforce, there is invariably something that is concealed as well, something that cannot be shown. Both these forces are locked together.

Painting issues out of the space between visibility and gesture, and as such it is closer to a pulsation. That is why it is possible to feel a way forward rather than to see it clearly. The space of painting can also have qualities such as smoothness. Such qualities might be translated into the feeling of texture, which relates to touch. Touch gives rise to immersion and proximity, but then there might be a touch that is concealed below this first order of texture, a space where things are translated into forces. This interior space is the space of circulation, and there is within this circulation a meeting point with what is outside of its domain. It is here that the work coheres and that inscription, gesture, materiality, impulse, temporality, and imagination discover relation.

The entry and exit points for the viewers of a painting are invariably unstable and in part this instability adds to the dynamism of a painting. It might be a certain intensity of colour or the viewer's gaze that invite entry, but there is always a cardinal point of engagement followed by an indeterminate passage and then a point of release.

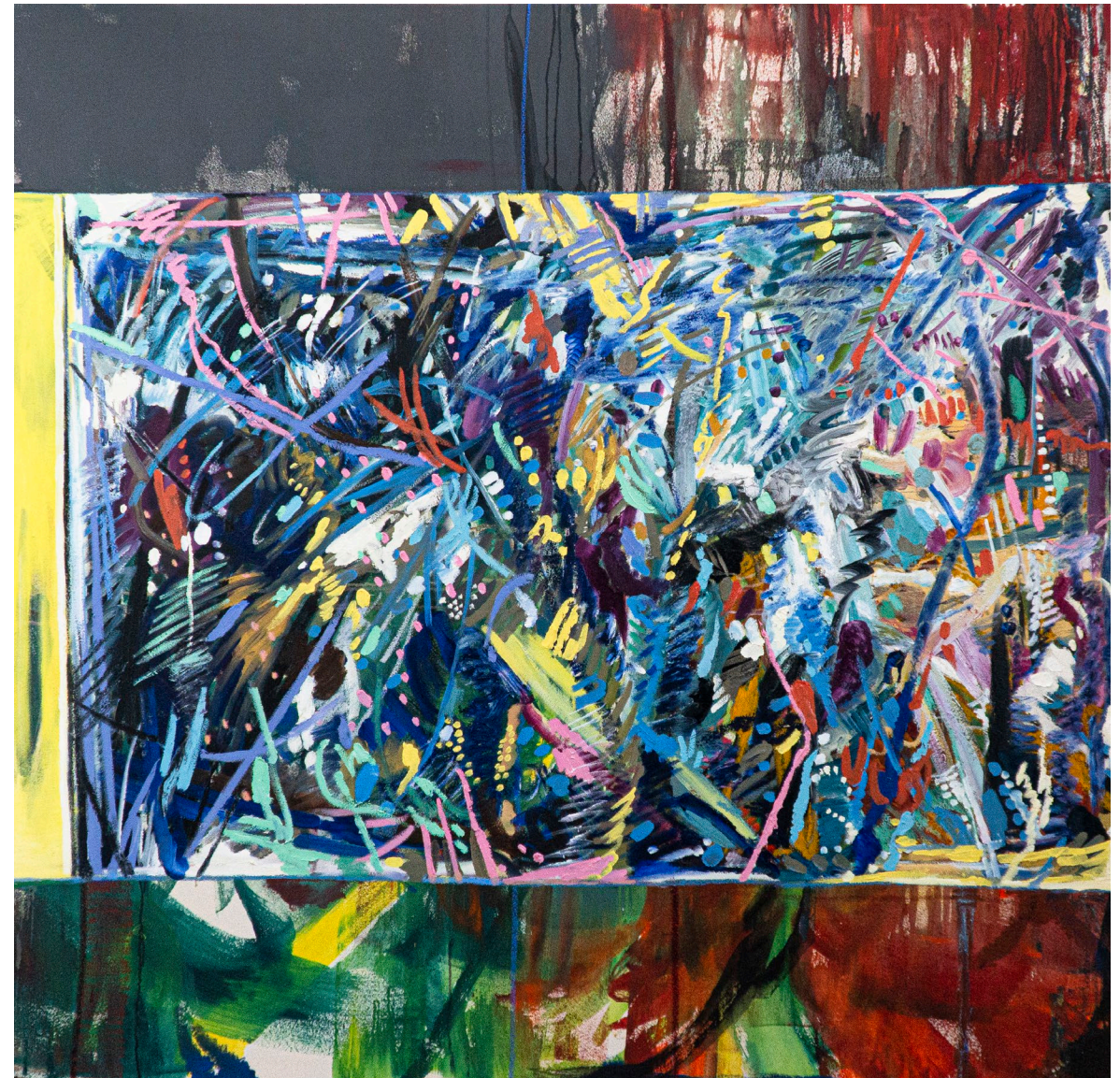
My paintings certainly have a "look" or visual identity, but the route by which I might arrive at this is neither systematic nor programmatic. That is why painting is not a form of knowledge but is instead a disclosure of being.

As a painter, I add up or subtract but I can never claim to generate the right answers because that is not the kind of outcome that I have designed. If I could reduce painting to an equation, I think that would stop me; but that is not to say that I don't have procedures. Procedures, though, should not be conflated with method. Method is designed for repeating the experiment in such a way as to get the same result, whereas art is the production of difference.

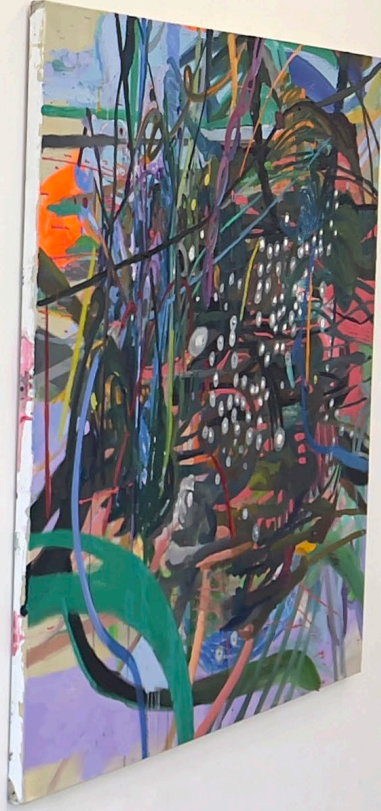
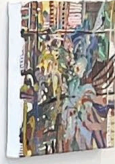
Most of the time I am in the middle of things, somewhere between system and chaos. Mondrian can be seen as a systematic painter whereas Pollock might align more closely with chaos, but this is a superficial polarity because both painters aspired to enter a higher dimension of abstraction. By being in the middle of such dualities, I stay flexible rather than rigid. I like the idea that my paintings are alert to movement in all directions at the same time. Another way of being in the middle pertains to my identity as a Korean artist painting in the West. I draw equally from both without having the aim of being a synthesizer of the two.

Once inside of painting, mark-making can proceed, so a brush dipped in pigments embraces the surface without much by way of anticipation. So, we can imagine brilliant pink saturating the surface in order to create the ground. It is as if such a gesture has a voice, but this is a voice which cannot be possessed as such, so let us claim that this is a private language that occupies an unknowable space in which voices are submerged. And this voice is, in a way, written like calligraphy with marks.

2019



Closing Ceremony 2019
Oil and oil pastel on canvas, 180 x 190cm

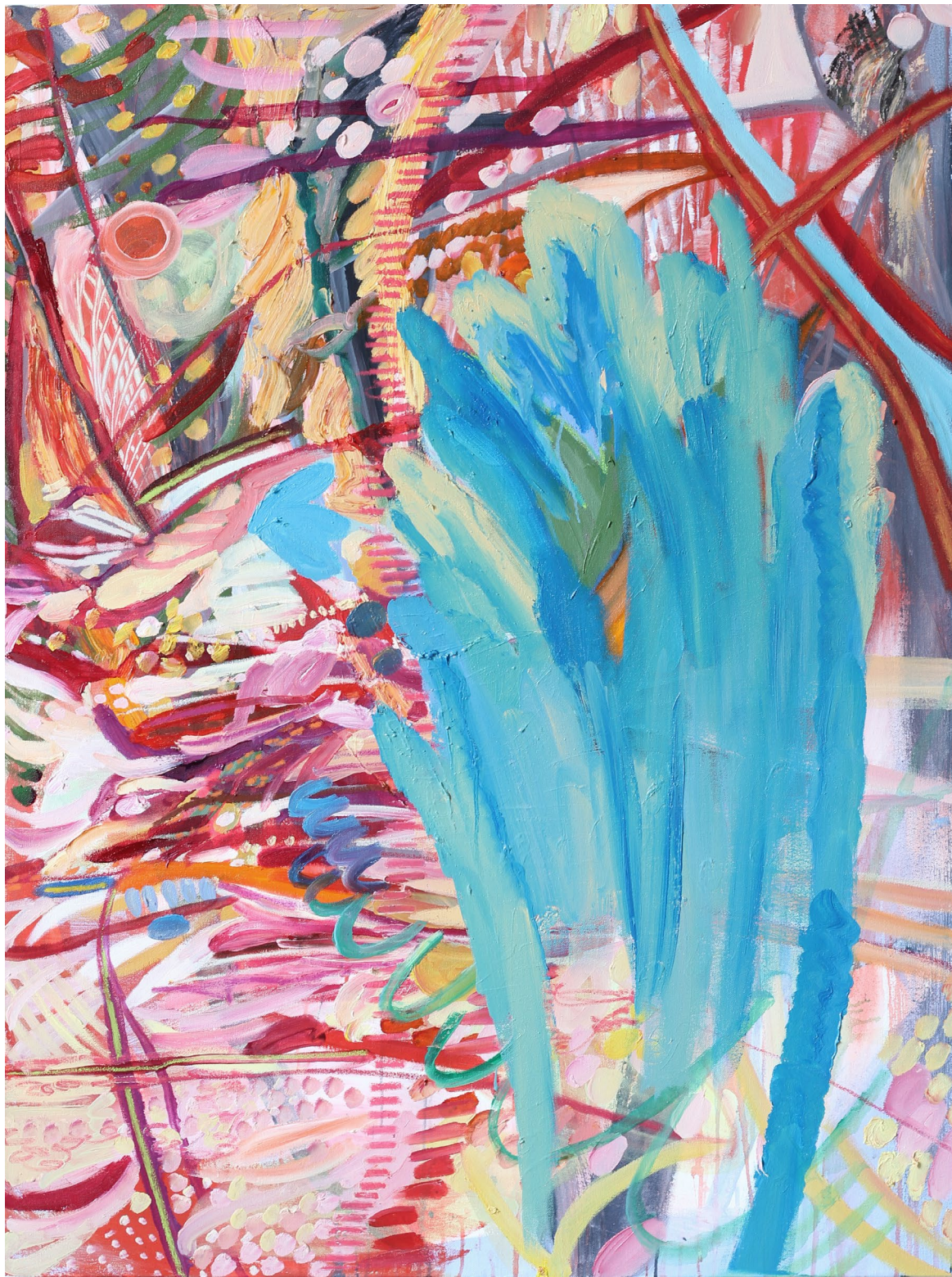




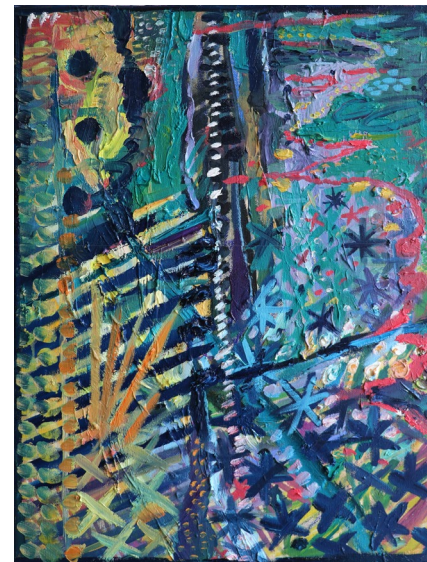
Blinds 2019
Acrylic and oil on canvas, 75.5 x 101.2cm



Cherry Blossoms 2019
Acrylic and oil on canvas, 130 x 130cm



Splash 2019
Acrylic, oil pastel and oil on canvas, 121 x 91cm



One to Another 2019 Acrylic, oil pastel, oil on canvas, 39.5 x 30cm
Fig 2019 Acrylic and oil on canvas, 13 x 13cm





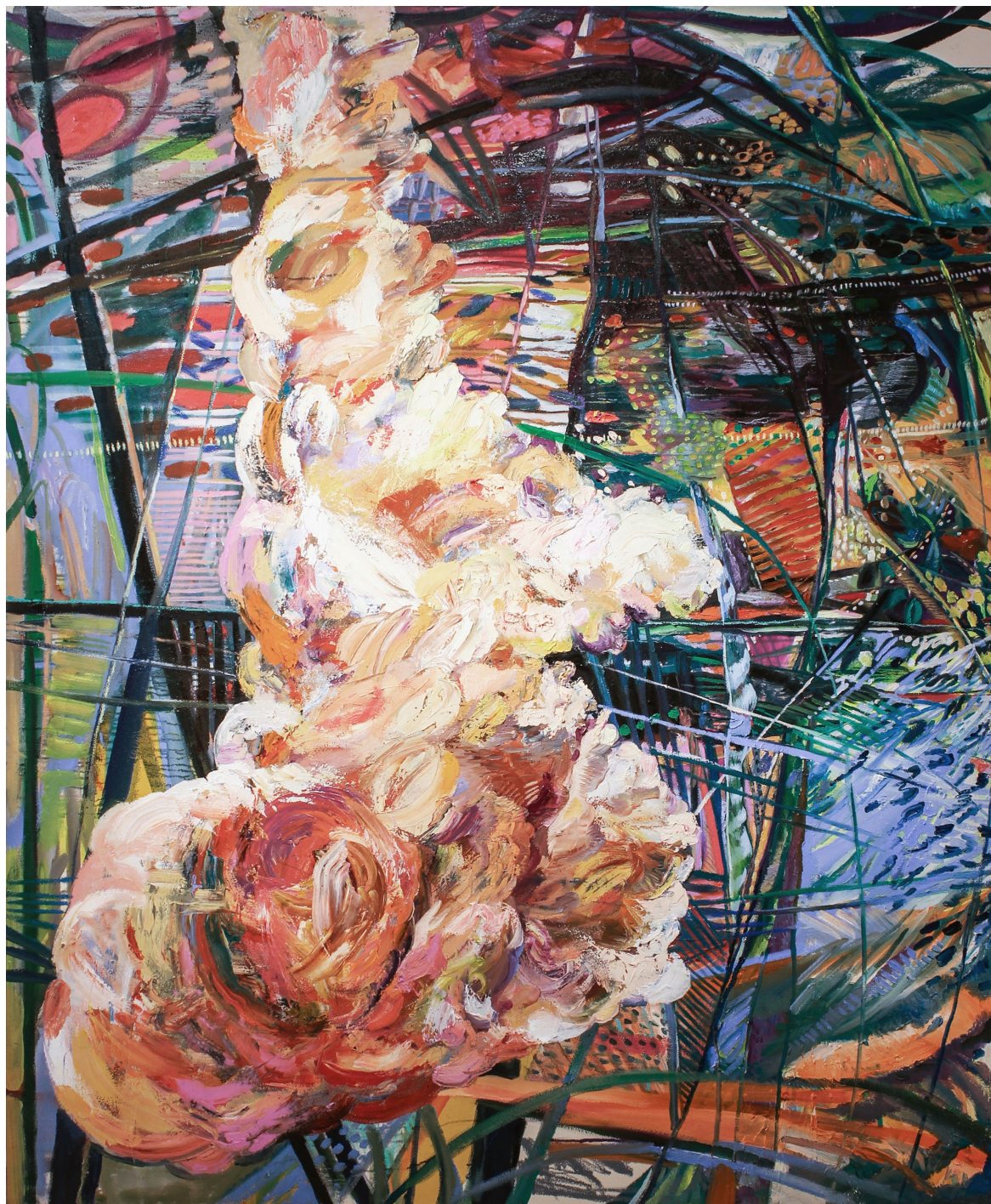
Artist residency, 189 Gloucester Place, London, 15 February 2019 - 1 April 2019

Most of my paintings are bigger than my physical height, and yet my body can enter the space of painting as if the various dimensions of both are not relevant to this entrance, which is the essential first step in the inauguration of the painterly process.

2019



Cheese Grater 2019
Acrylic and oil on canvas, 150 x 200cm



Like a Puff of Smoke 2019
Oil on canvas, 230 x 190cm

2019

There has been a recent reappraisal of the work of Helen Frankenthaler, not only because she provides a link between generations of painters but also because of the way in which she gives agency to materials, especially in regard to the use of stain. This appeared to transform the space of painting away from the more heroic economy and gestural distribution within abstract expressionism. Her technique involved employing thinned-down paint that would literally soak into the canvas and give rise to a feeling of painterly immanence, a process of layering which creates a sensation of pulsation and rhythm. With this intuitive response to a painterly space, there is an emergence of a distinct feminine identity and a sensation of jouissance which exceeds more straightforward erotic designation. This in turn gives rise to a complex play of the conjunction of materiality and subjectivity. This conjunction might also be seen in work done during the late 1950s by Willem de Kooning. At this time he temporarily abandoned his signature styles of human figures and used urban landscape in an abstract manner. The freshness of bright colours and reduced brush strokes in his canvases communicates a sense of landscape. It is charged with different energies, though, due in part to his employment of large house-painting brushes and with this the sensation of a sweeping dynamic. The soaking feeling of Frankenthaler's use of paint is expressive of a relationship between the subject of perception and the object of attention which appear to conjoin, thus dissolving the figure-ground relationship.



Paolo Uccello
The Battle of San Romano Lady with a Fan
ca. 1438-1440, 182 x 320cm
© The National Gallery, London

My painting has embedded a certain memory that is not necessarily a memory of representation or subject matter. It can be the memory of a painting's colour, impression, and surface. *The Battle of San Romano* (ca. 1438 - 1440) by the Florentine painter Paolo Uccello in the London

National Gallery depicts events of the battle between Florentine and Sieneese forces in 1432. The surface of the delineation progressively interweaves several main figures. This painting teaches us not just the historical events but also how to be with forms and colours and how to encounter the series of effects of depth and surface: affects defined by Deleuze and Guattari as “becomings”. The historical recording of the event also becomes a blurred impression of the pinkish ground littered with arrows. It is as if the painting is organized with different levels of representation, formal organization, and impressions of the surface. As such, the composition introduces different variants of dimensions, colours, patterns, geometry, and depth within the image that appeal both to abstraction and figuration. It is as if the coming to be of the painting is still being realized, so although it depicts a geographical location and a precise event in history it also has a destiny outside of that location. This implies that it extends beyond representation, and it is this dimension that is a source of fascination for me. In this way, I am looking at the painting twice over: once as a history painting and then as a painting that opens my senses to quite another mode of seeing within the scope of the late modern framework. This could be a paradox embedded in the art of painting that relates to an ability to fold time in ways that present invisibility within the visible. As a viewer, it is not possible to see time; nevertheless it can be felt or experienced as a force, so, in turn, my own perceptual faculty is made aware of the special weaving of the dimensions of visibility and invisibility.

Thinking, creating, inventing, and processing are all part of the brain functioning, but what happens when cognitive capacity is diminished? When a subject has a pronounced skill but becomes subject to altered or diminished changes in cognitive ability, their experience of the world is likewise transformed. Things that would normally be automatic become awkward or even forgotten, and this can manifest on the deepest level of bodily reaction. When Willem de Kooning started to suffer

from dementia, he continued to paint. He did not recognize himself, but he kept painting. He was still Willem de Kooning as an entity, but his power of cognition had become diminished to the point of erasing a large part of residual memory. Thus, his paintings appeared to not really develop in any consecutive manner but rather float within a suspended space outside of accumulated memory. The question I have is whether his paintings constitute another form of automatism. Certainly, they lacked the fluidity of the movement between bodily experience, the sensation of the space, and the encounter with the fluidity of the landscape formations. Instead, there is a static feeling which repeats rather than develops, but it is hard to know what he was thinking about because there are no documents which record this. Another case is the painter, Per Kirkeby, who had a fall and damaged his skull. This affected his brain and left him partially paralysed. He suffered a stroke and was not able to recognize faces, and the vision in his left eye was occluded. Still, he attempted to move his body, for instance by hanging in a harness to create works, and his automatic set of gestures suggested to me that they were ingrained in his hand and wrists. Mechanical movement took over his sight and emitted immersive body energy; the ocular boundaries became unbounded.

There is a polarity in my painting: one part of my painting is under control, and the other part is testing out the sequence of seriality happening within the realm of the unconscious, chance, and improvisation. Surprise occurs when I lose control of the brush and colours mix together on the surface. I am caught up in the loop, losing power to control and control to lose power. My mark-making tries to evoke the subject or atmosphere with minimal use of details: there is no outline or colour emulation of the object, and there is no such concrete indication of depiction; in so doing, I am aiming to trigger memory inside of any viewer's mind. The above examples of De Kooning and Kirkby are related to the lack of cognitive process. However, there is a chance aesthetic in this automatism

that I want to cite from the work of two Chinese artists. One is from the Song Dynasty (960 - 1279), Liang Kai, who is known as a Chan Buddhist painter. In the painting *Drunken Celestial* (fl. late 12th - early 13th c.), the monk is depicted in a sketch (Kai's technique is known as *xie yi*, is translated as "sketch style" or "splashed ink style"). There are very subtle gradations of tone, which shows the artist's concentration and his tolerance of the beauty of accidental effects. He let brushes to go free on the paper on the clothes of the monk, whilst simultaneously depicting his face in detail.

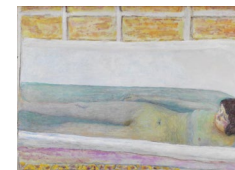


Liang Kai, *Drunken Celestial*, fl. late 12th - early 13th c.
48.7 x 27.7cm, © National Palace Museum, Taipei



Liu Xiaodong, *Weight of Insomnia*, 2018
© Lisson Gallery

Painting by the contemporary Chinese artist Liu Xiaodong, *Weight of Insomnia* (2018), were exhibited at the Lisson Gallery in 2020. Xiaodong started a completely unprecedented new media project in 2015, in which a computer-programmed machine painted on his behalf non-stop for three months, day and night, in iconic locations in different cities (Beijing, Shanghai, Jincheng, Gwangju, Berlin, Karlsruhe, Sydney, and London). Surveillance cameras set up at the spots took a live feeds, which streamed data on people and the flow of movement and transcribed it onto the canvas with abstract marks, producing machine-manufactured paintings. Xiaodong controlled only the location and the colour of the paint, whilst the machine controlled all of the painterly gestures and sensations. This contrast between two different frameworks by which automatism might be understood shows how persistent this approach to pictorial language is within various cultural matrixes. In a way, I think that my work draws upon the principle of both examples without in any way having the look of either.



Pierre Bonnard, *The Bath*
87 x 120.6cm, © Tate
CC-BY-NC-ND 3.0 (Unported)

Pierre Bonnard is one of the artists I like to look at without thinking of the subject matters or themes. His painting *The Studio with Mimosa* (1935) depicts outside scenery from his studio window. It seems to be painted around noon, relaxed, at the site under his direct observation. The overall curatorial purpose of the show where I saw this painting, as stated by the lead curator at the Tate, Matthew Gale, was to "pin him down in time", and it was successful. Bonnard's colour-play and mark-making, which do not dominate but are visible enough, always decide the atmosphere of the painting, the density of the trim colour enabling people to see new things repeatedly. Almost every painting one of his paintings has a variety of marks, sometimes precise oval shapes but different sizes or not precisely the same. This repeated quality of patterns creates a chaotic and extremely tactile effect, not loud, but definitely a movement. It was perfect timing that I had a similar-size balcony window in my short-term studio, and I was predictably inspired by his painting and followed this domestic theme. It has to do with the fact that Bonnard's subject matter deliquesces into this radiant sense hovering on the edge of the form and formlessness.



Pierre Bonnard, *The Studio with Mimosa*, 127.5 x 127.5cm, © National Museum of Modern Art

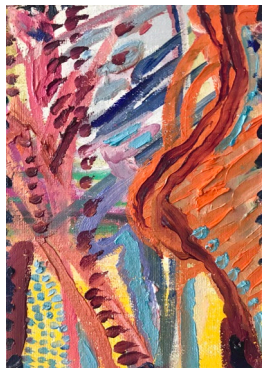
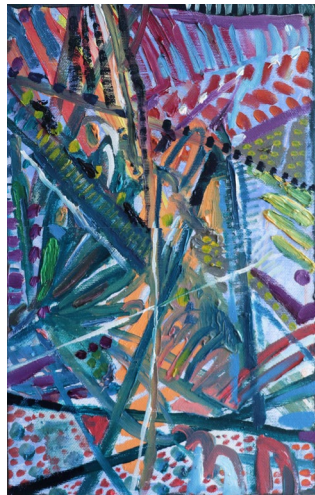
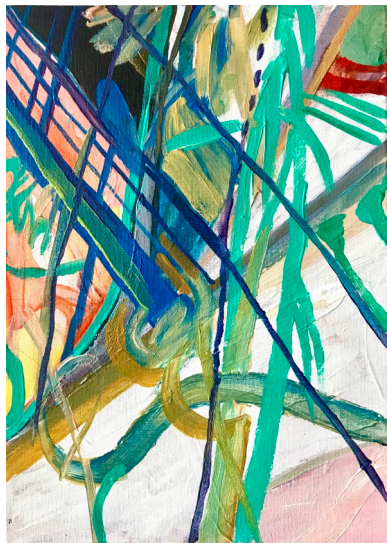
Some paintings appear to rest in time, whereas others project restlessness which never appears to settle within any given register of time. A painting that opens some unique vantage points is Bonnard's *The Bath* (1925), which is based on perception of time and image. In his time, Bonnard might have been viewed as a conservative painter in terms of strict modernist criteria, so his work is surprising in that it maintains contemporary aliveness. Painting a woman lying in the bath is passing to somewhere that is not represented. I lost the images I have. In the end, I was lying in the bath. It was the moment, a passively absorbed vision into the self, a slow mingling of the sense of what is there. It is being with a slow mutation as the subject disappears and the object disappears.

Failure will show a much better way to deal with
the work, and listening to the error is the way to
conquer the mistakes.

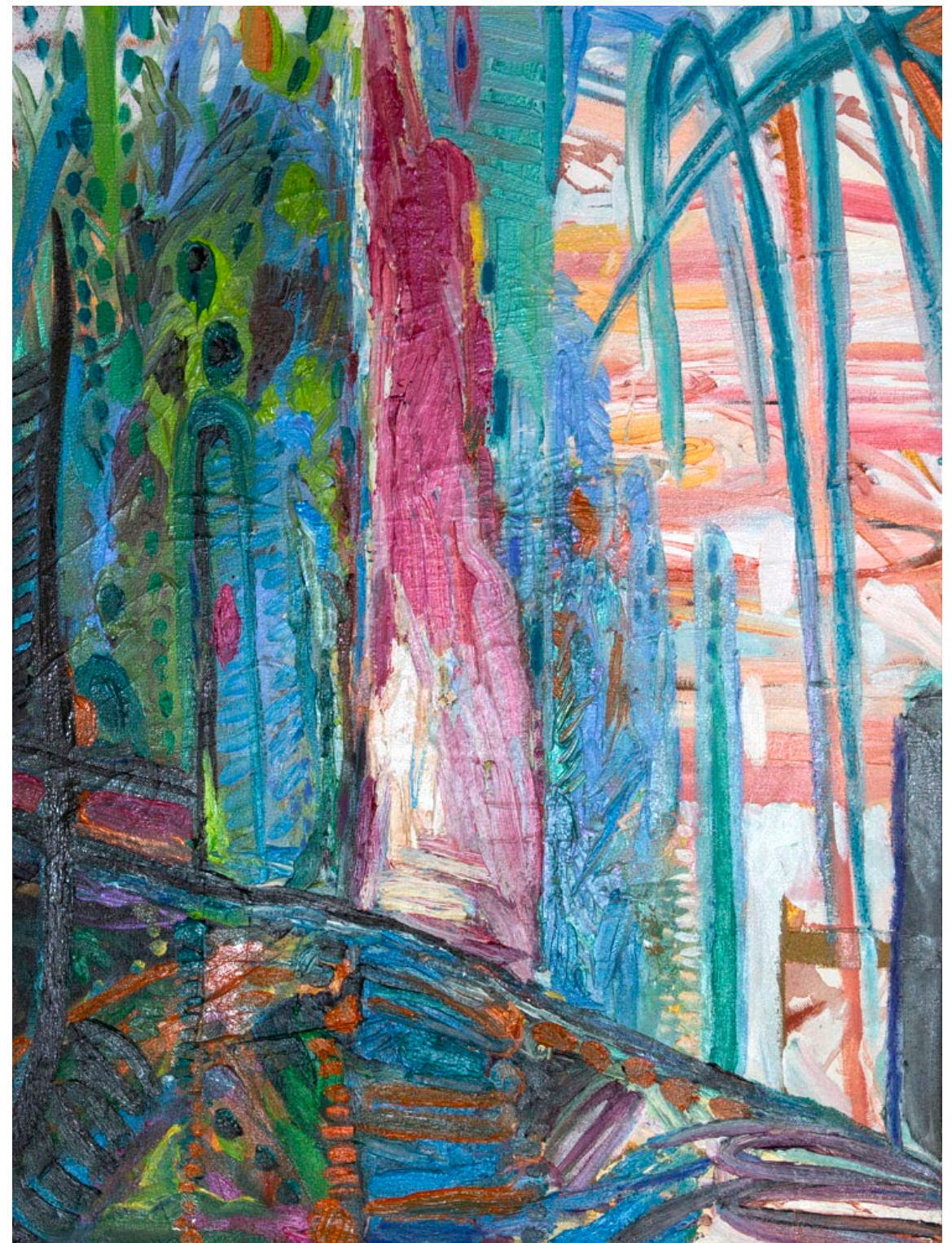
2017 - 2018



Clearing 2018
Acrylic, oil pastel and oil on canvas, 180 x 190cm



Indoor Garden 2018 Acrylic on canvas board, 35.5 x 25cm
Sky 2019 Acrylic and oil on canvas, 2019, 30 x 20cm
Orange 2019 Acrylic on canvas board, 17.5 x 12.5cm



Cloud Dance 2018
 Acrylic, oil pastel, oil on canvas, 80 x 60cm

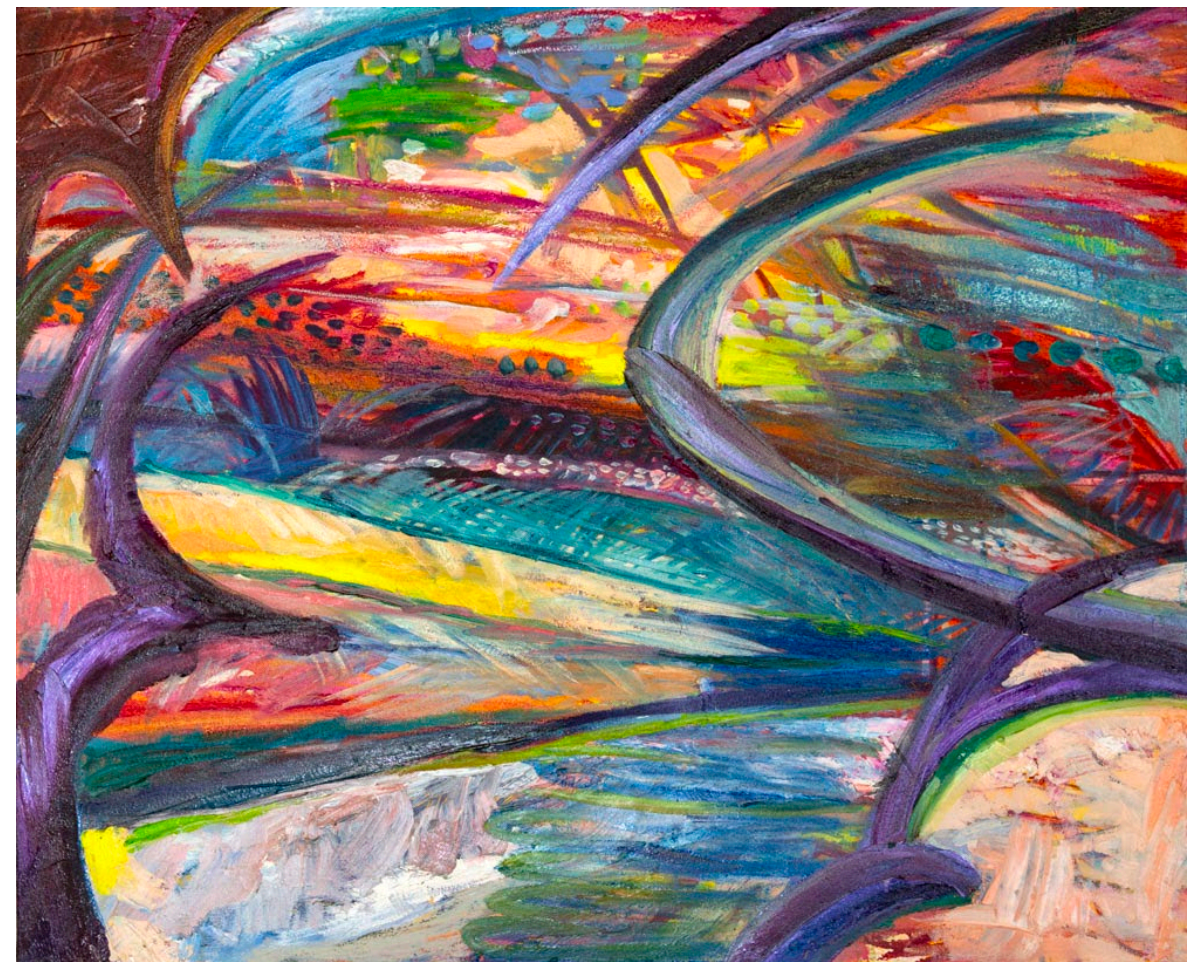
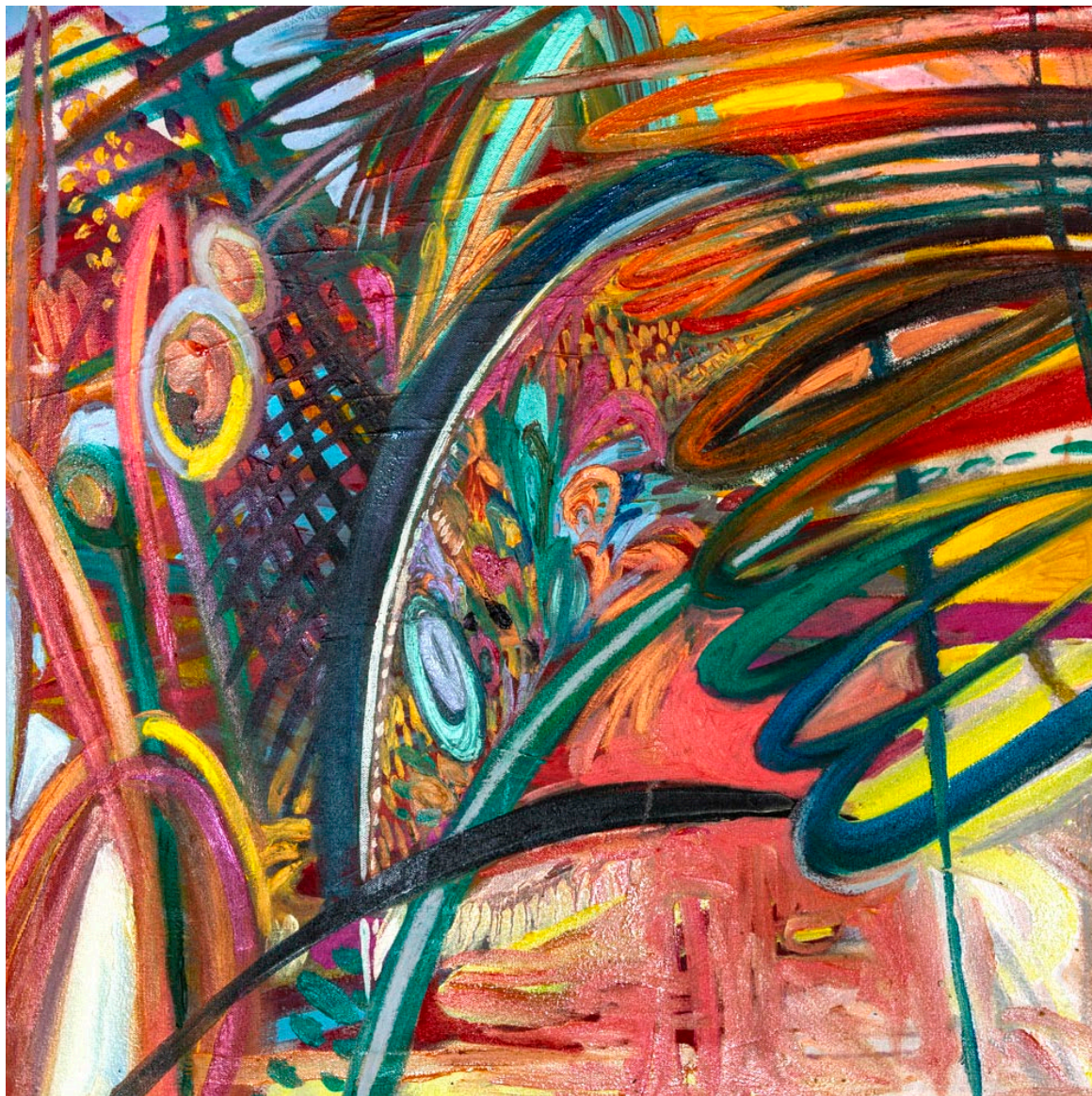


Waves in the Air 2018
Acrylic, oil pastel and oil on canvas, 150 x 170cm

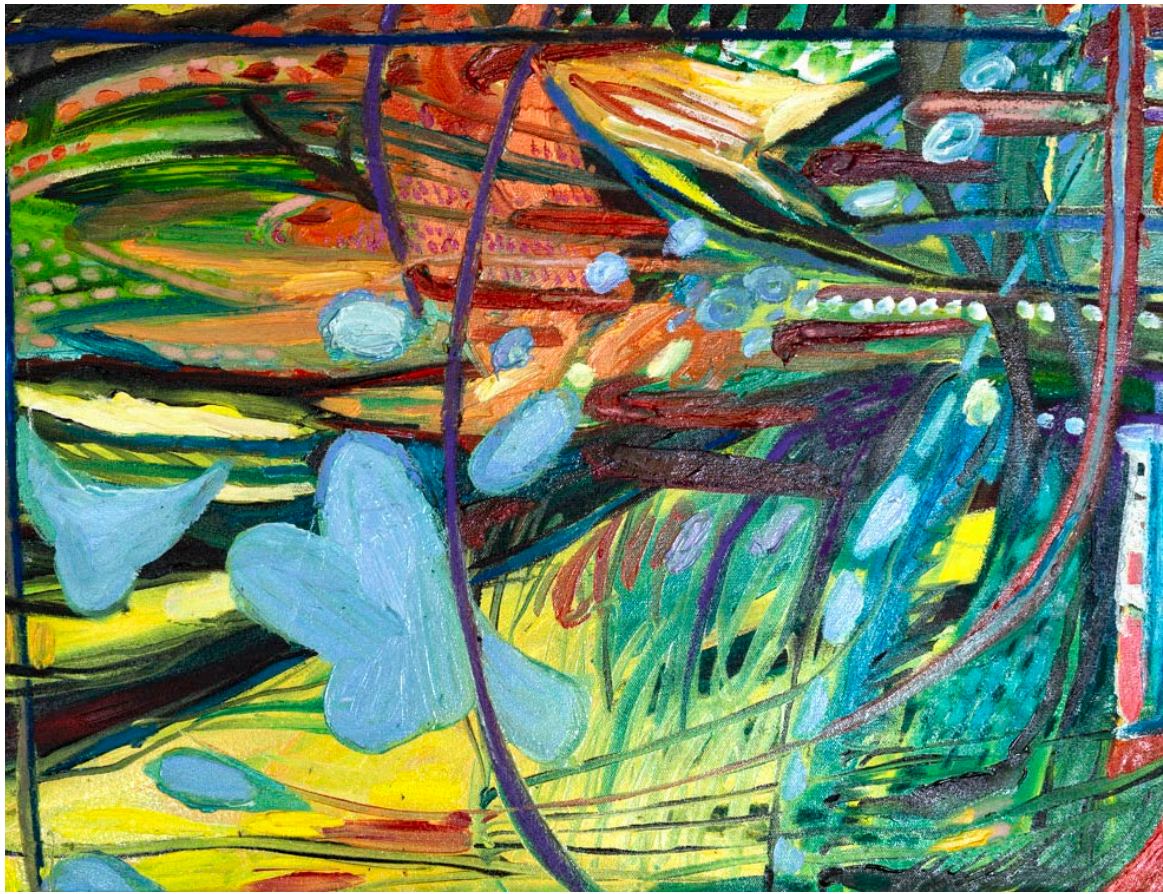


Whispering Wind 2018
Acrylic, oil pastel and oil on canvas, 60 x 80cm









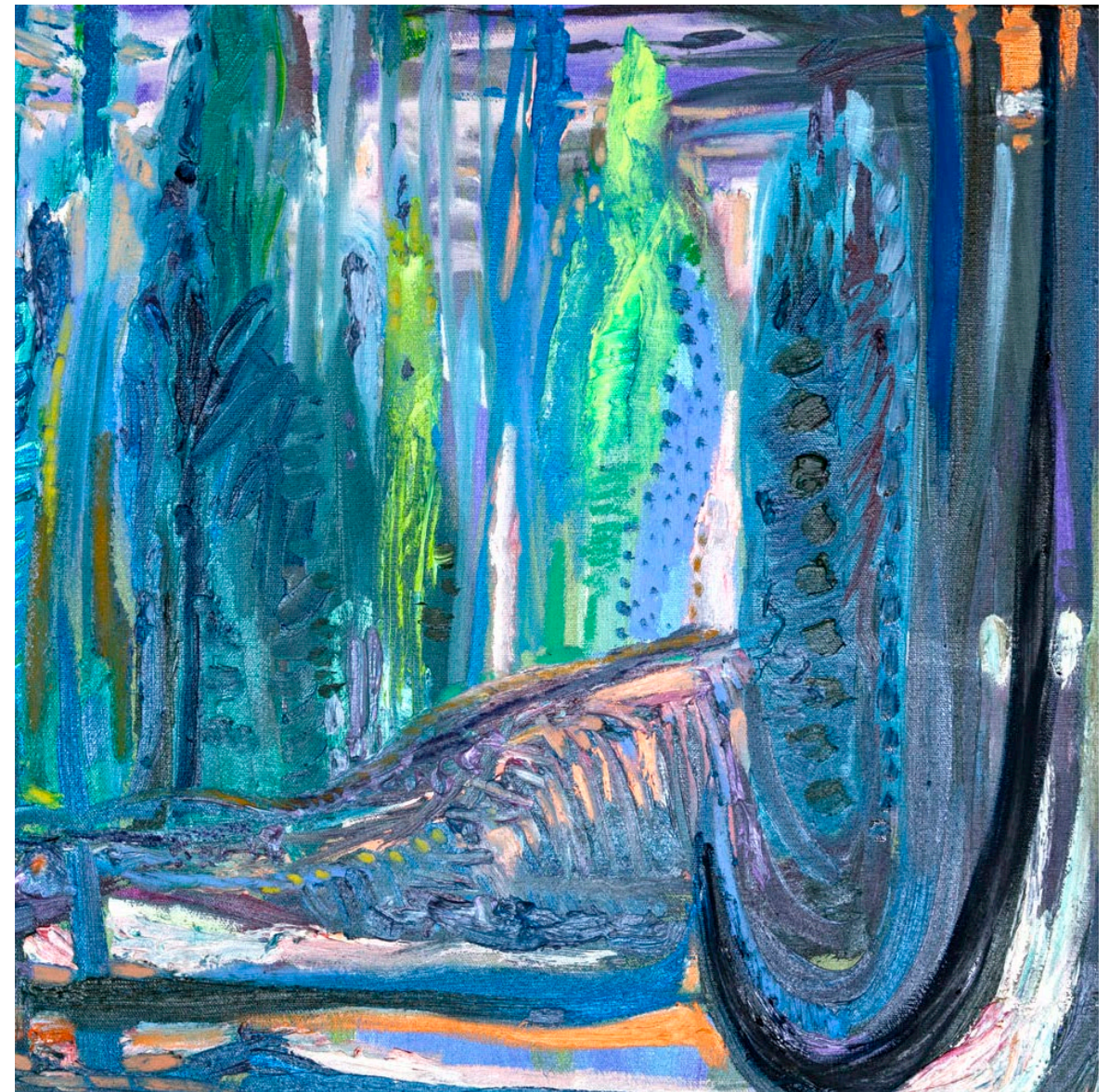
Whispering Leaves 2018
Acrylic, oil pastel and oil on canvas, 60 x 80cm



Whispering Lake 2018
Oil pastel and oil on canvas, 102 x 76cm

My aim is to discover something that appears to be in waiting as a destination, only there are no signs that are in place for such an outcome. That is why the idea of having to break through or break out has currency when describing the activity of painting.

2017 - 2018



Whispering Wind 2018
Acrylic, oil pastel, oil on canvas, 60 x 80cm

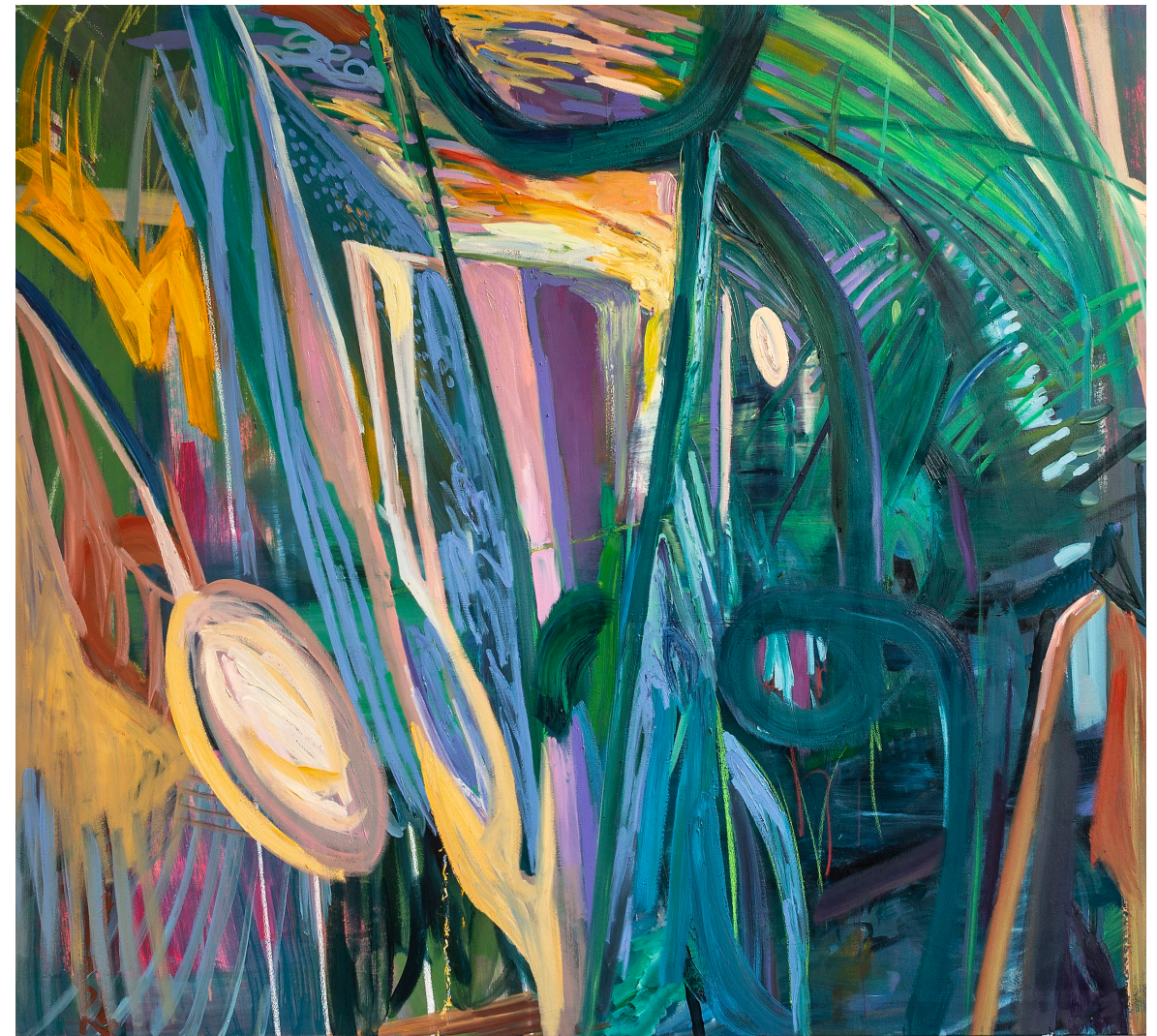


Artist residency, Summerhouse, Düsseldorf, 12 August 2018 - 1 September 2018



The body provides links to passages that link physicality, sexuality, energy, and painting. On a concrete level, I work out at the gym every morning to physically create energy throughout the day. Weightlifting and dancing require certain ordered tension between body parts which flows through a performed aesthetic and spurts of energy, alone or gathered.

2017 - 2018



Timeless Night 2018
Acrylic and oil on canvas, 180 x 200cm



2017 - 2018

My painting is constructed around a network of memories, memories of other paintings, of light, intervals between marks, and the meeting points of sensations; nothing appears to escape these forms of attention. Memories are not specifically inscribed into the surface of the painting. Memories both surface and soak into the fabric of the work; they appear and disappear intersecting the gestural autonomy of my painting. For instance, choosing colours might be predicated on the memory of the previous painting, or it might be associated with the sensation of looking at another work. Colour also anticipates the coming to be with a new imaginative matrix that is linked to desire. Parallel to the lines that I might draw there is also a network of lines that are created from within my impulse to create, and this serves as the intersection of the visible and invisible. This is the way of mapping the relationship of movements and psychological inscription.

My practice begins with no preconceived notion of the final outcomes. I am guided by a series of intuitive decisions and improvisations.

The meaning of duration in painting is a flow of time which goes with thinking and being in the process of painting. Within this, direction functions as a wheel to become something to set out its accomplishment. Painting simply preceeds until it either finds or loses its direction. It can be the sum totality of both, finding itself only to lose itself but again discover itself in rotation until declared finished. That is why the process can be associated with exasperation or emancipation.

The flow of decisions and the intuitive choices of the colour palette draws on an otherworldly balance between chaos and order. The symphony of colours in turn serves to act as a counterpoint to the tendency to be overtaken by chaos. It is as if the painting process itself is an arresting of the tendency towards entropy which threatens the entire process. In this way, two opposing forces are always rubbing up against each other without the sense of one achieving final dominance.

The reality of not knowing is a part of the operating system of the painting. I go to the studio without knowing what to do, but there are mediums, brushes, canvases, sketchbooks ready and waiting for my action. Painting as a process invariably has a subject matter and an impulse. When I create lines, though, these lines are drawn in many directions, often without anything in mind; but the body falls metaphorically into the space of the canvas as if it is drawn into the interior. It becomes like a form of weaving in which many lines, traces of thoughts, memories, and visual sensations all start to cohere together. This is when the surface of the painting is formed. This is a critical passage because it starts to anticipate the future of the painting, but also opens out fissures, breaks, and ruptures.

Desire never completes itself but rather gives rise to the next desire, forming a chain of incompleteness. Therefore, desire is like an open-ended pursuit or even restlessness that keeps alive the process of making and floating between the orders of absences and presences. Always in advance of itself, and yet behind everything, it touches both memory and the future, almost becoming a vehicle of mediating the connection between the two, by becoming the memory of the future. Thus desire is never fixed at a given point, instead slipping, and sliding between appearance and essence to undo the dualism of such

categories. If we can say that the future is the secret of the present it is because at the heart of this secret is the working of desire and, with it, the working of its doing process. We could therefore claim that desire is the work of the negative. I could not imagine the act of painting without the working of desire, but at the same time, it is difficult to identify with this because it undoes a stable identity. Desire does not believe in full stops or in completion that could be figured as an entity.

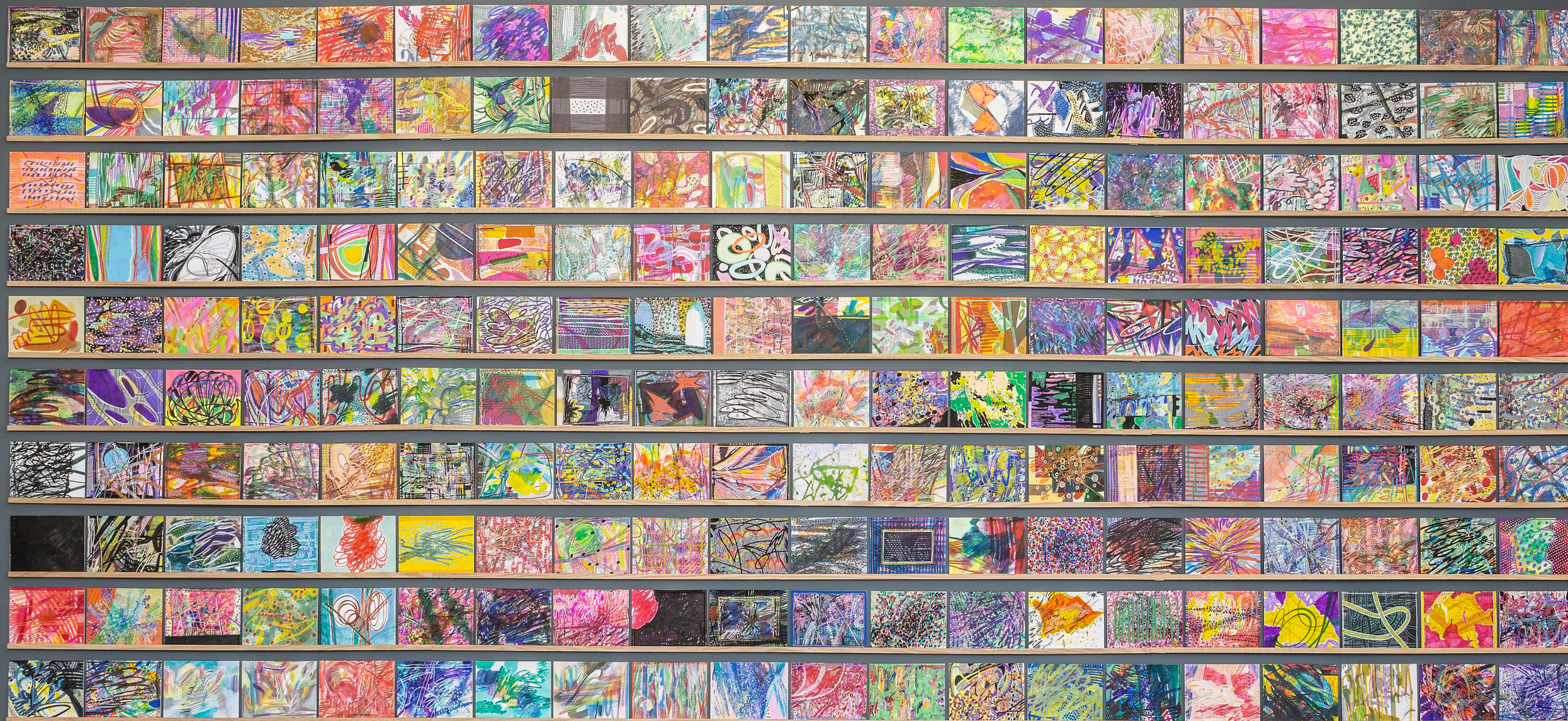
There was a delusion I had that a brushstroke could be replicated in an exact manner. I realized that tracing a mark is not authentic. Transcription processes that appear to mimic previous marks are not only inauthentic but also a betrayal of the gestural space of painting. The act of painting is in some way a resistance to bodily space because of its opposition towards the process of transferring or mirroring. This is not to say that the body is absent from painting, but rather that it stages a relationship of both yielding and resisting without the foreknowledge of such difference. Without this contradictory relationship, the production of the new would not occur and with it the event of newness. In other ways, this strife of the body and painting is the combination of chance and “repetition” and, with this, a sensation of rising and falling. This then opens out the possibility of a unique signature becoming untouched by predictability and the certainties of knowledge.

Painting might aspire to be its own object, but it can only fail in this venture. To be such an object would transform it into an object of knowledge alien to the subject that gave rise to it in the first place. This in turn would imply a process of calculation and circulation mediated by the law of value. By escaping this mediation there is a side stepping of measurement that opens out the exposure to the principle of immeasurability: so even though a painting might acquire the status of a super-commodity, this is because it opens out a disavowal of measurement.

WORKS ON PAPER

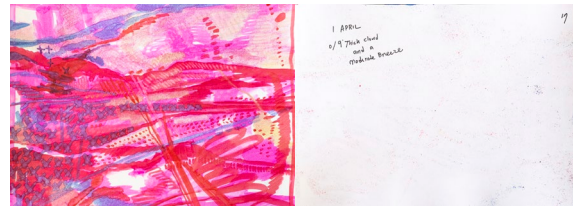
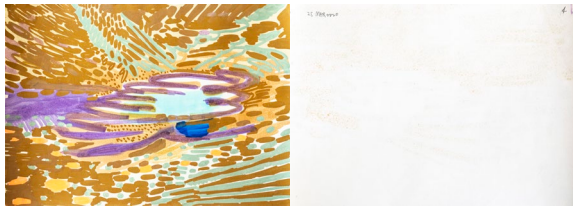
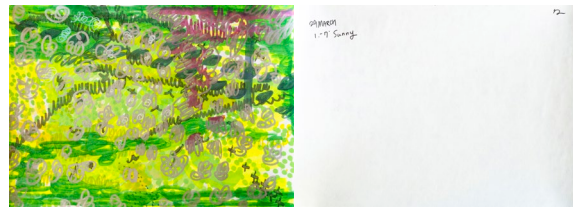
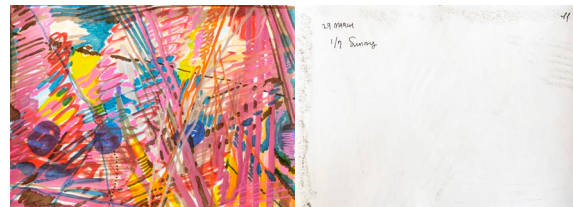


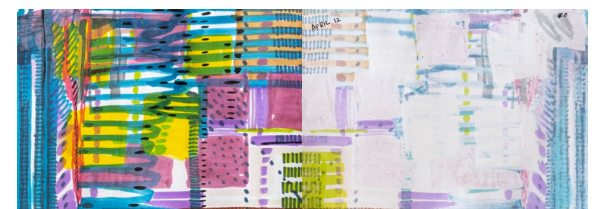
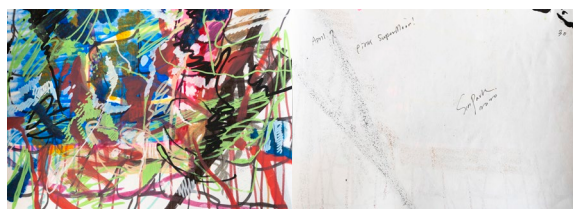
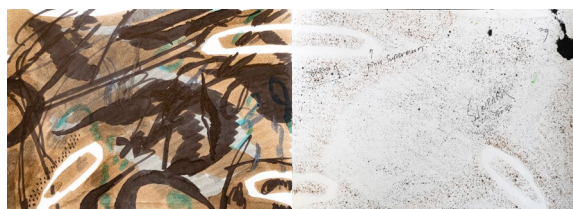
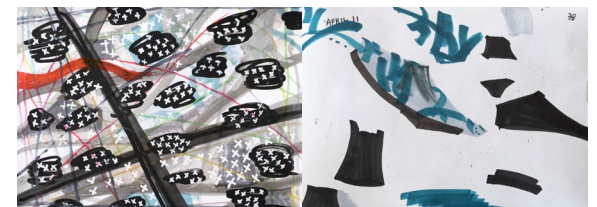
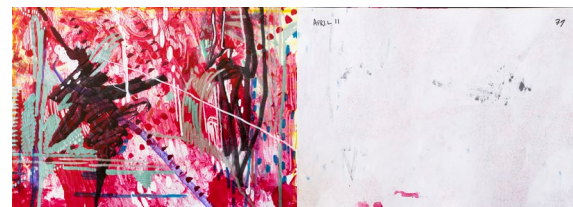
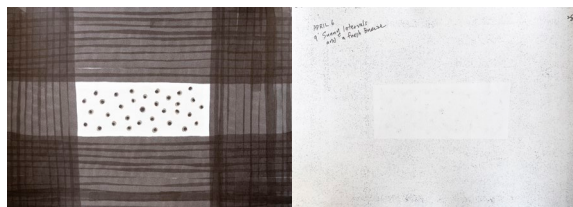
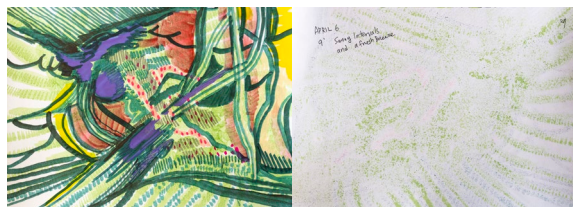
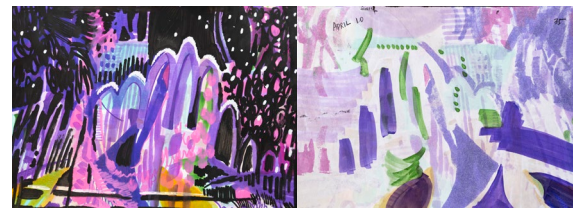
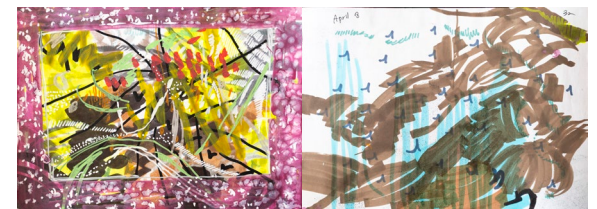
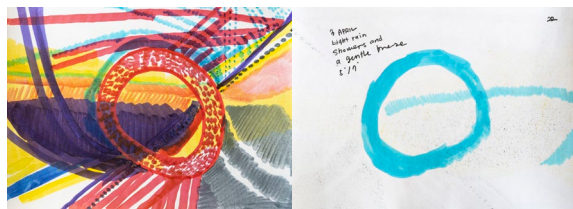
One Afternoon 2021 Markerpen and colour pencil on paper, 15 x 10cm
Night Sky 2021 Markerpen and colour pencil on paper, 15 x 10cm
Night Sister 2021 Markerpen and colour pencil on paper, 15 x 10cm

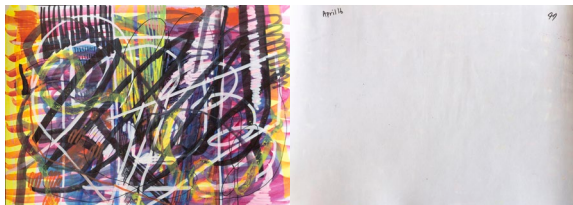
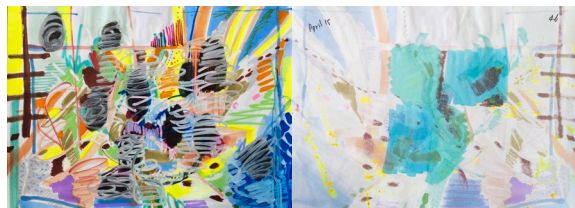
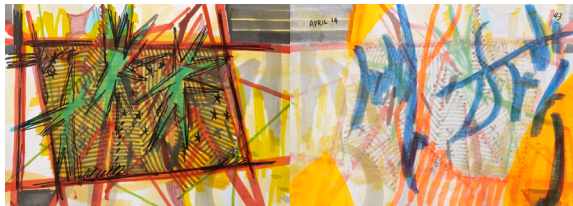
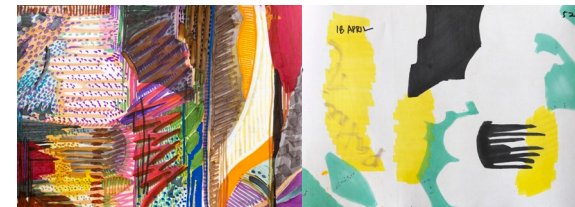
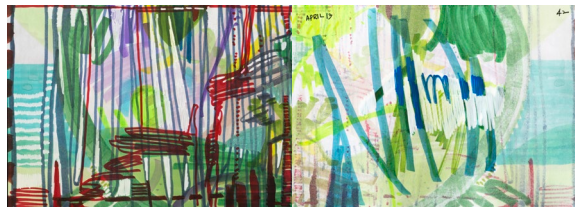


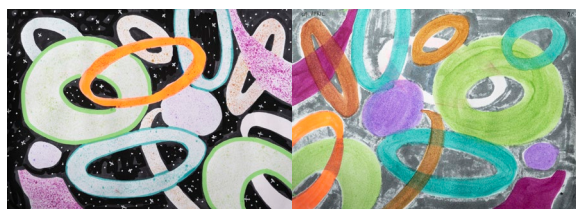
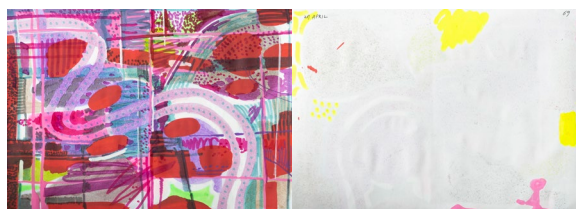
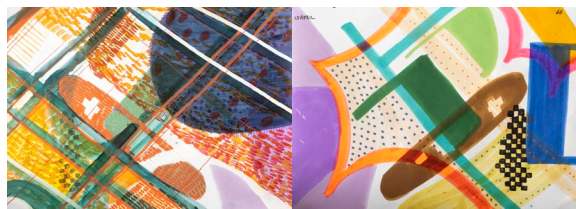
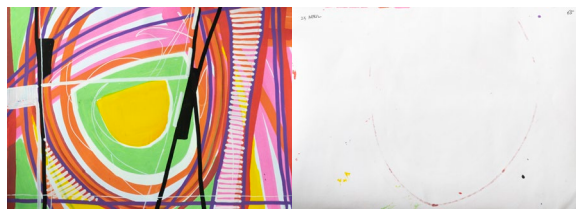
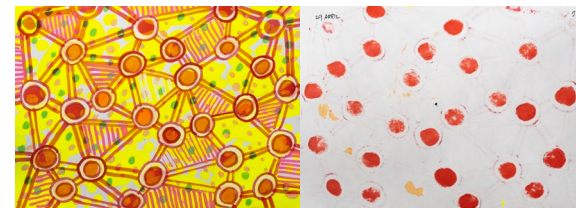
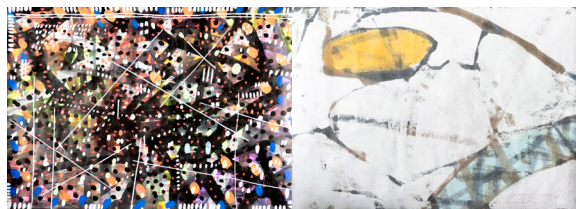
Dance with the One Who Brought You, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 9 December 2021- 30 January 2022

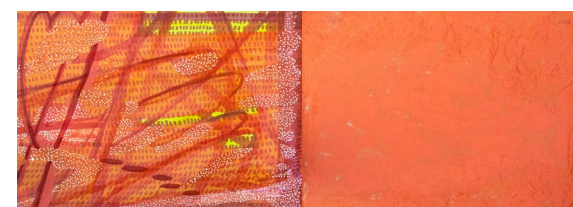
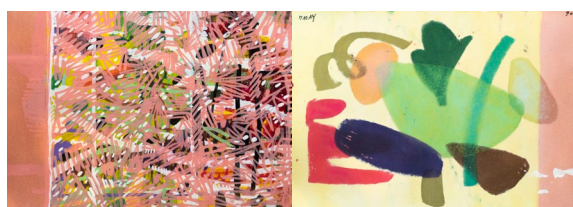
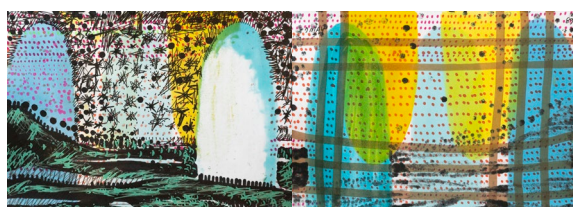
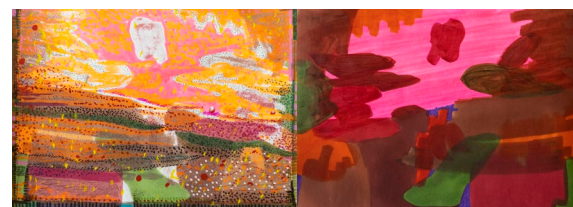
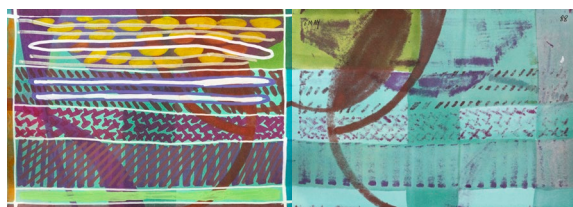
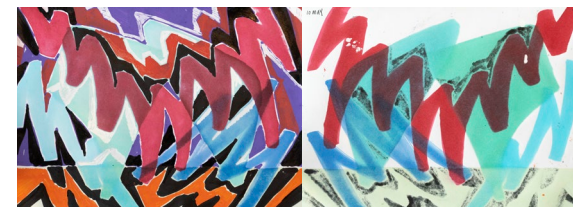
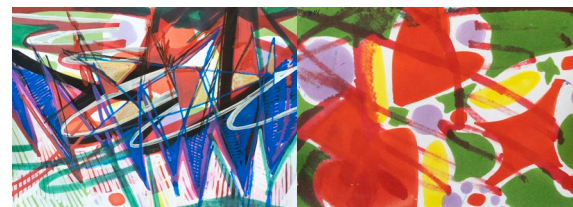
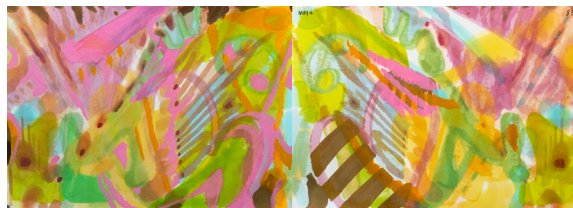
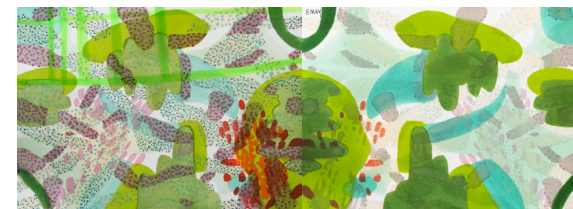
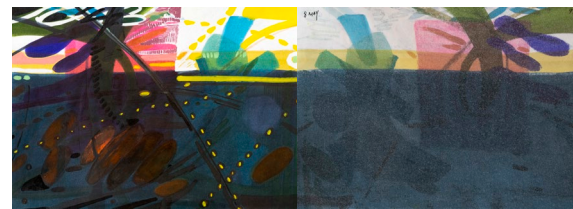
Courtesy of Patricia Fleming Gallery. Photo: Keith Hunter.

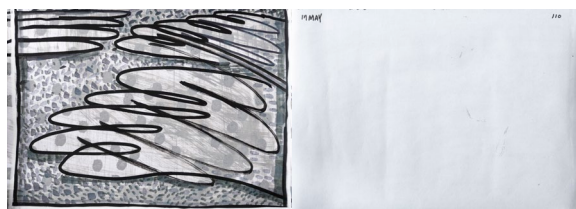
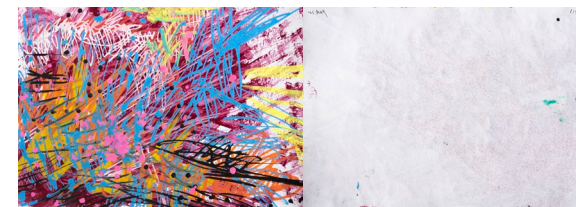
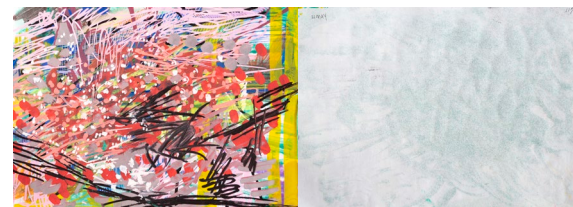
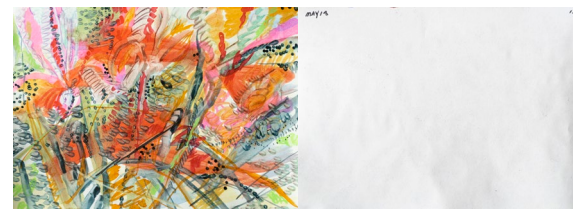
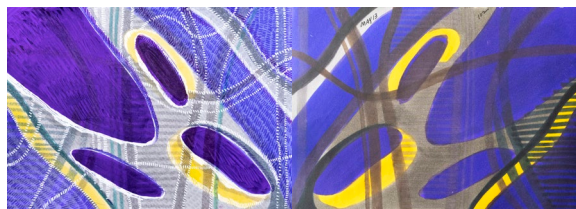


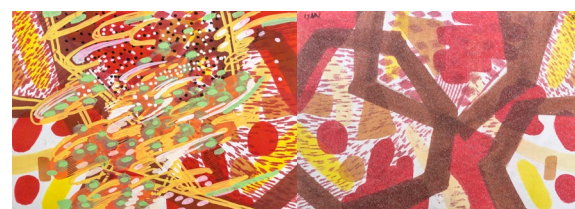
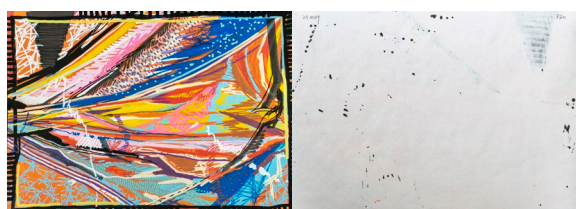
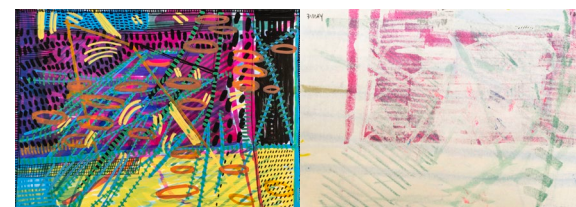
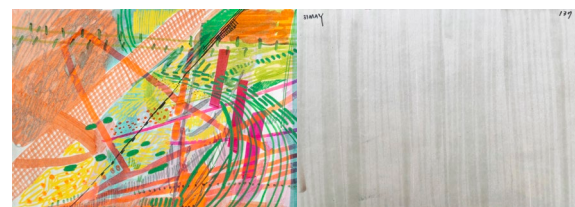
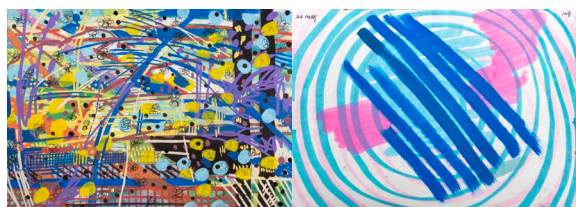
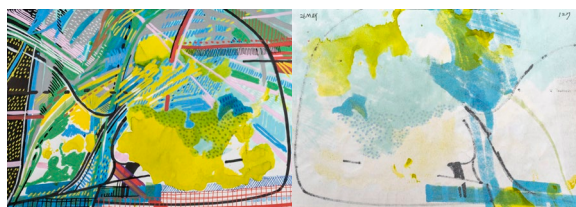
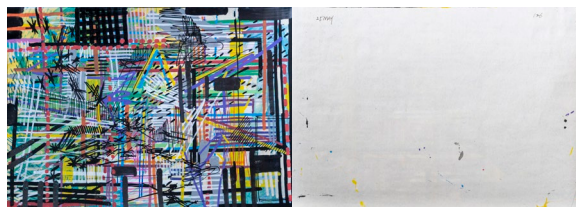
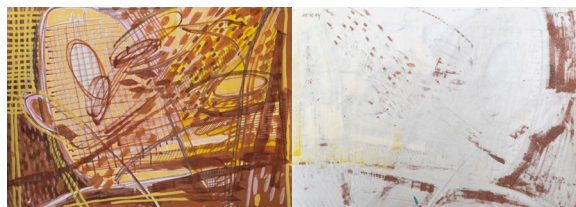
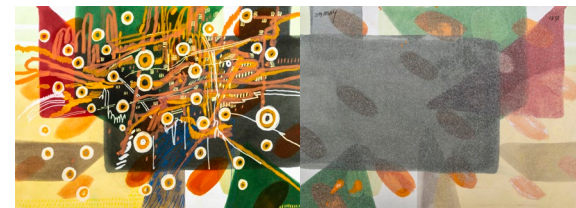
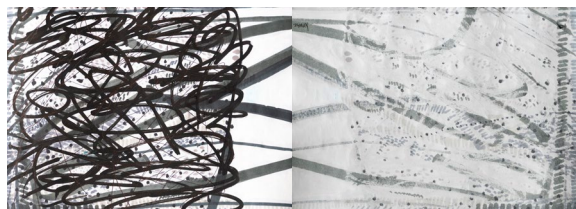


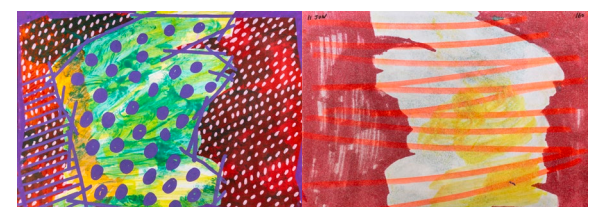
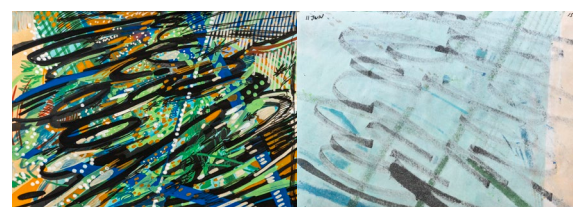
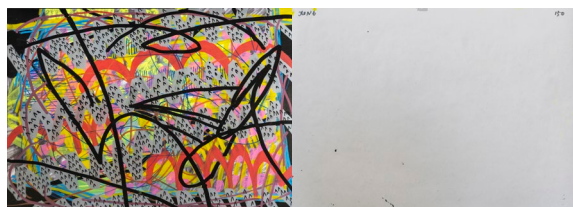
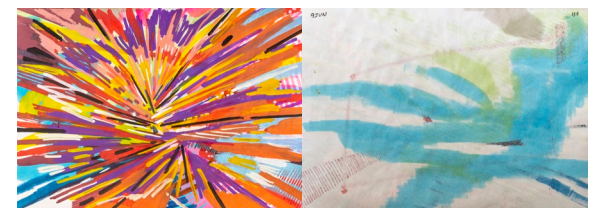
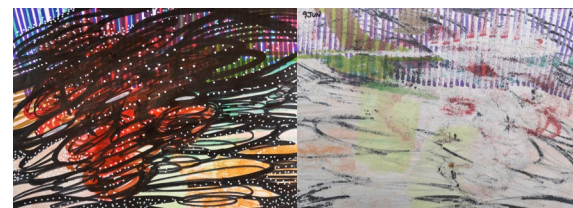
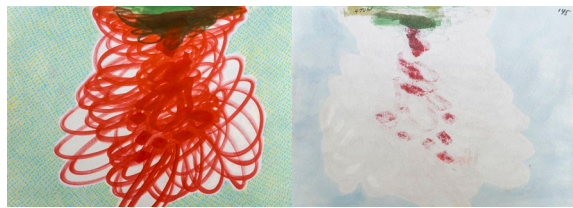
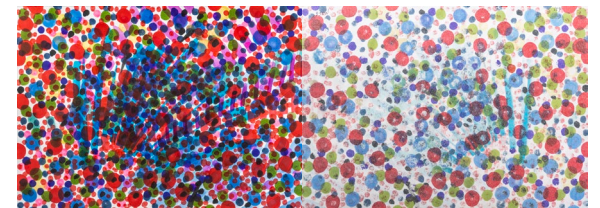
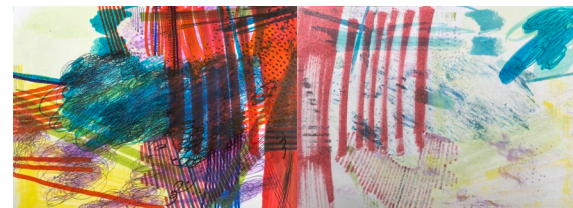
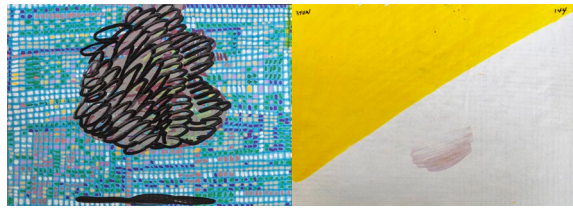


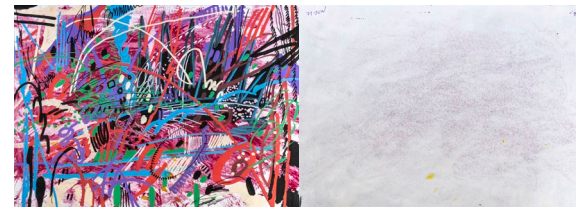
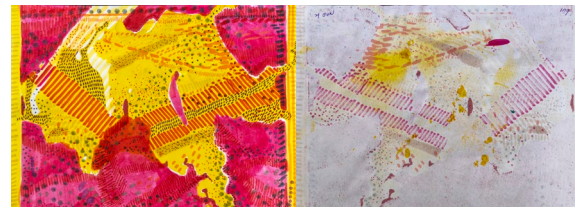
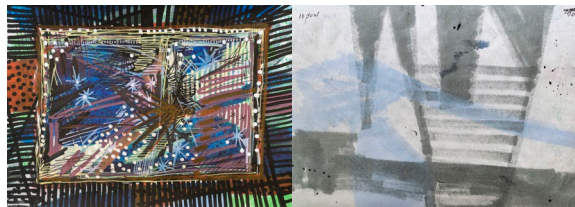
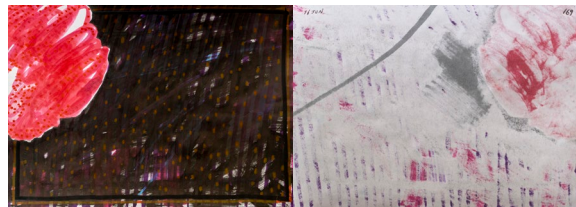
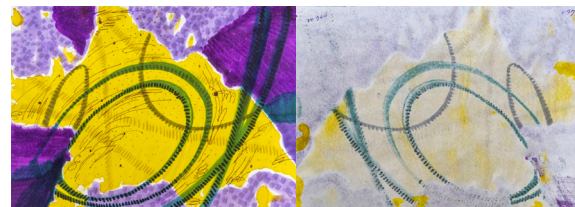
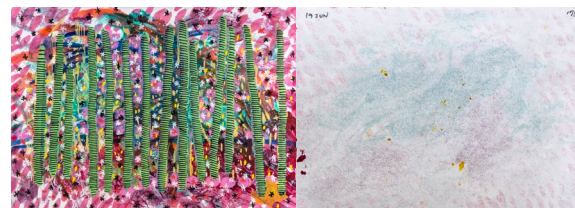
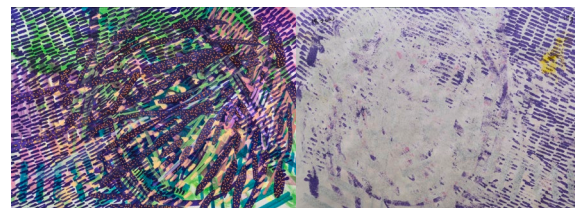
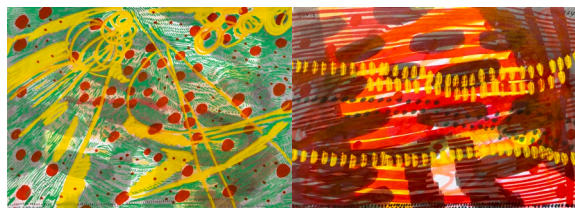


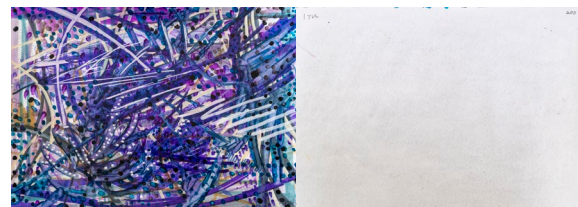
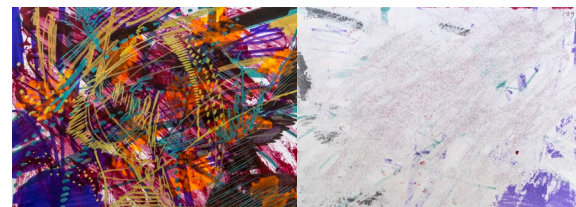
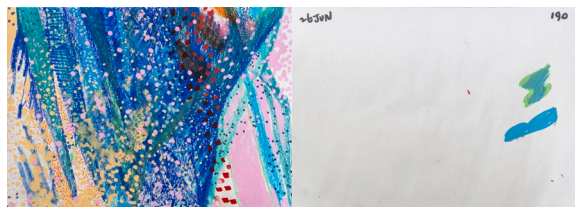
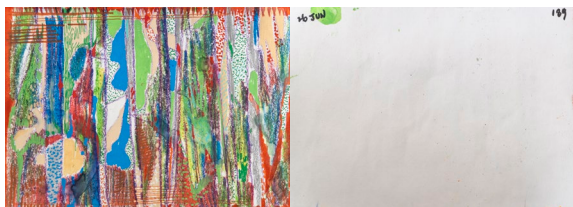
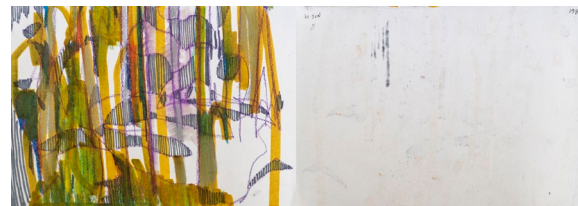
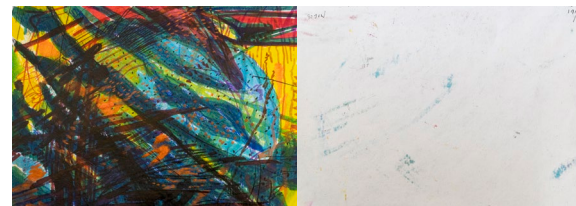
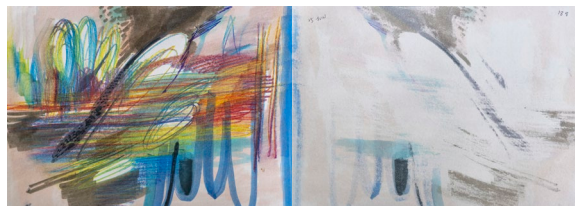
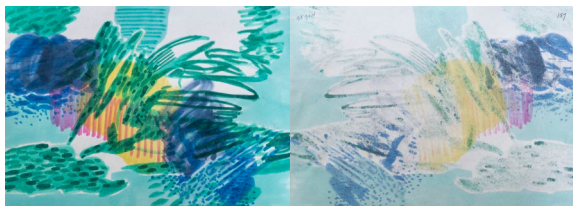
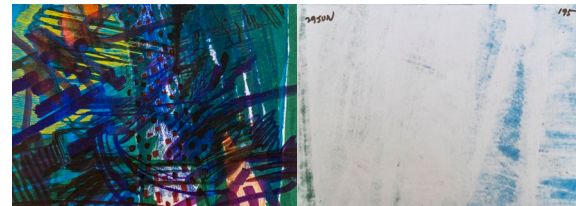
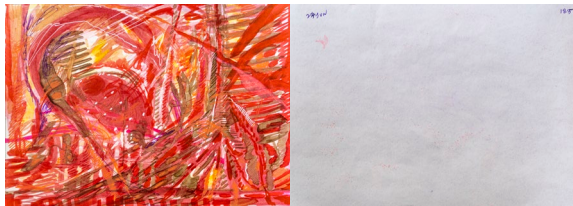
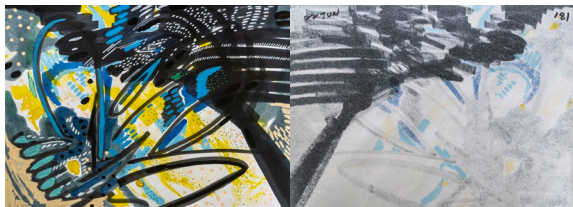


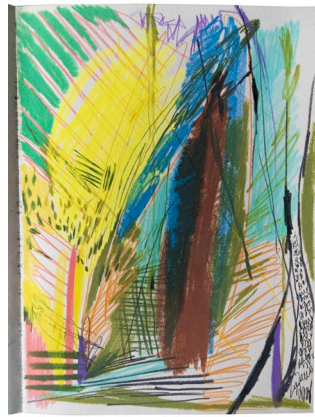
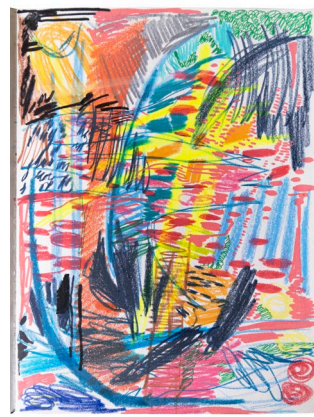
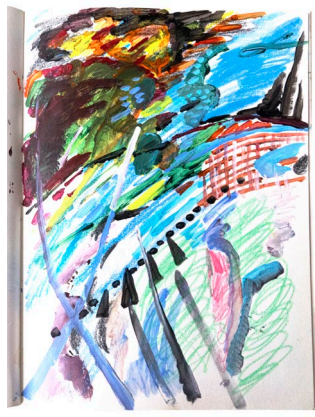
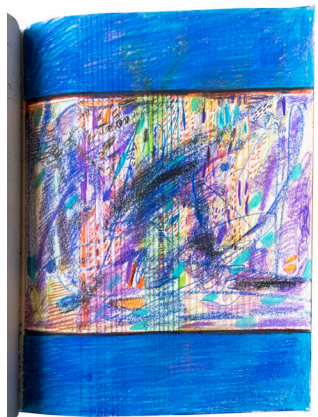
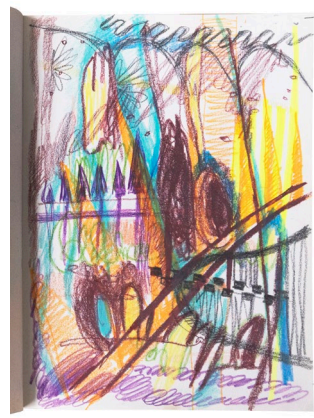
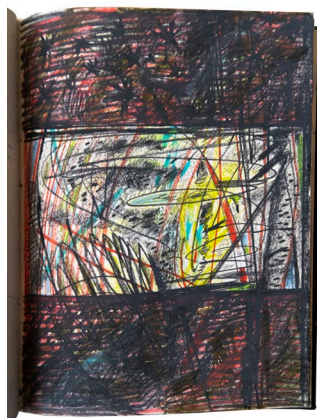
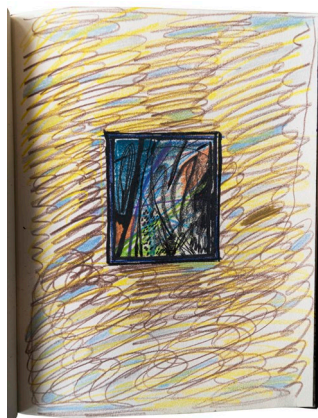
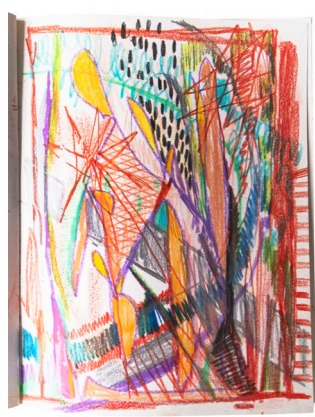
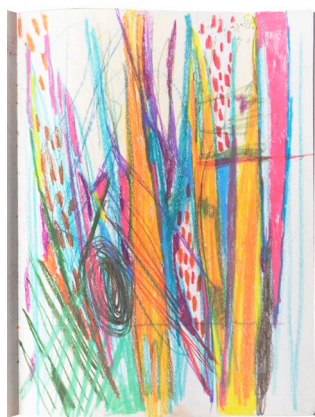
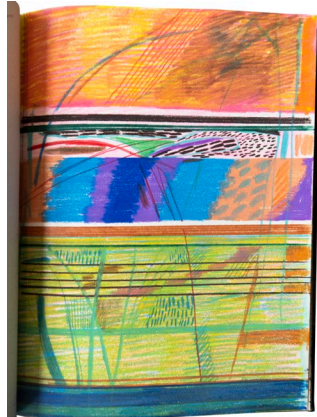
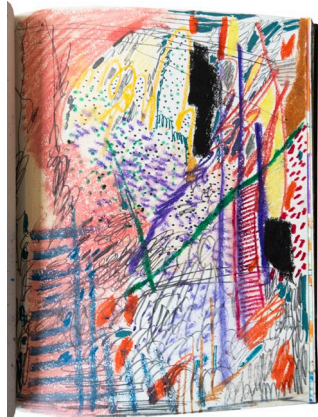
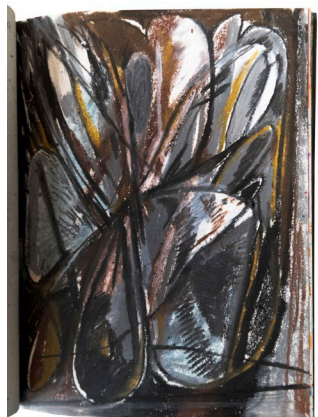


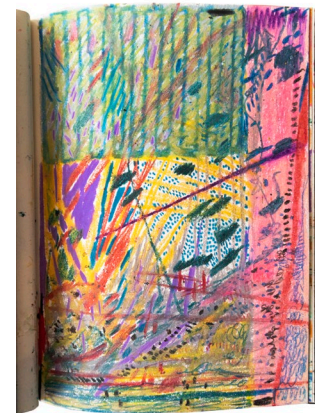
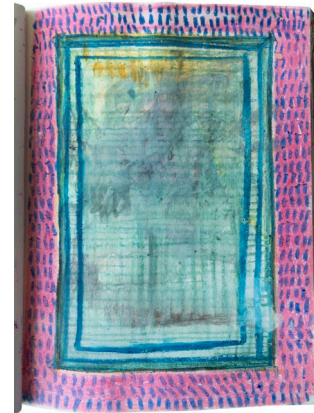
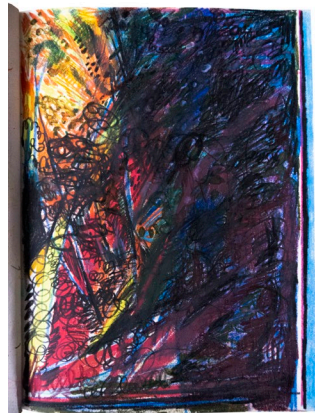
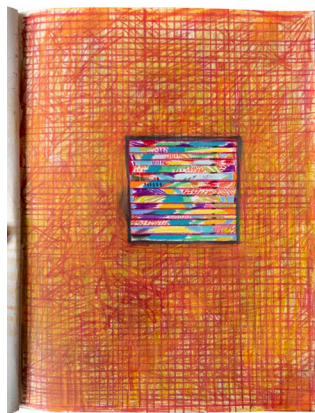
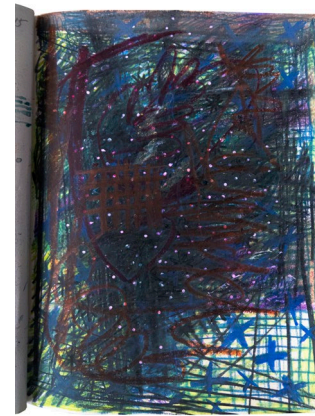
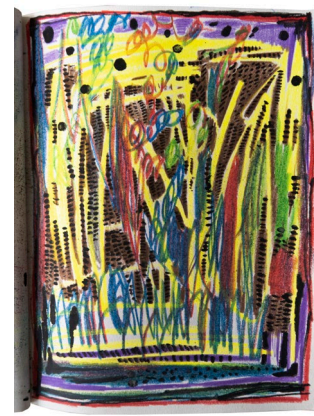
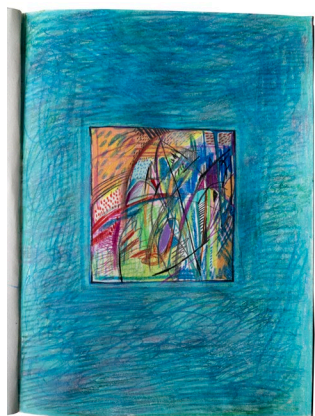
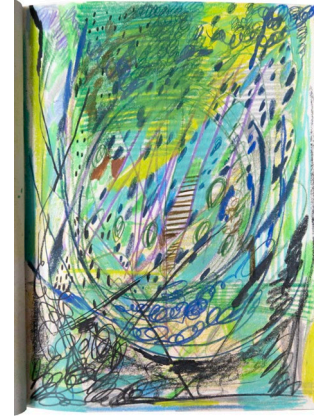
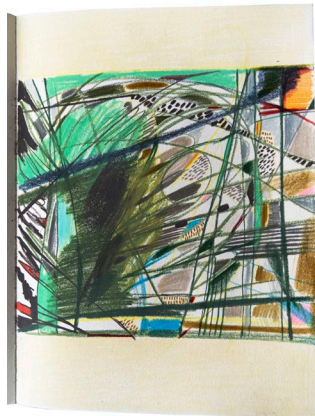
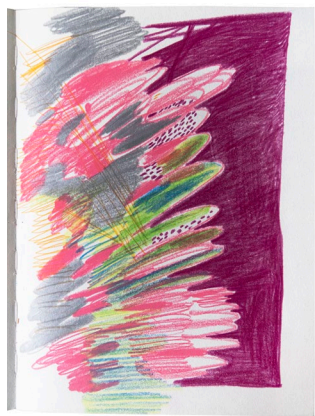


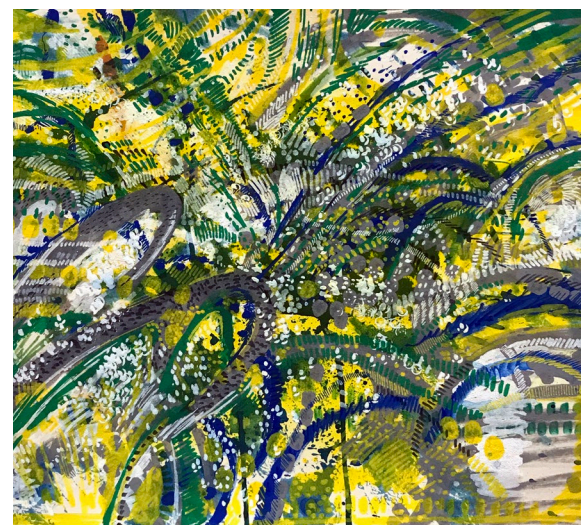




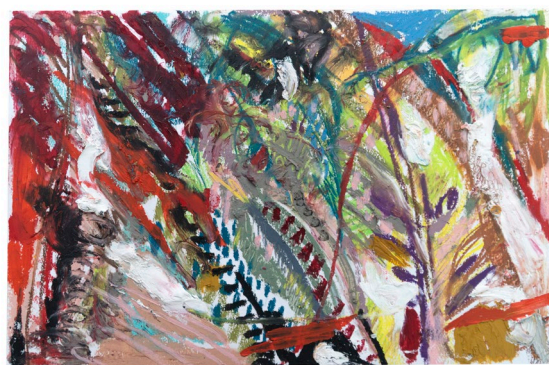












AFTERWORD

As I noted at the beginning, there is no conclusion, just a kind of drifting through my thoughts on fragments: to write and to know that one is a fragment, and that it takes time, decision making, imagination, and typing, and to see that there's a sky above, a chair, a laptop, that there's breathing while writing, and an inhaling of fresh air and a breeze visiting like grace, and there are little signs called letters, longer ones called words, and thoughts under the appearance of lines.

It is just after 3:00 a.m. I am about to hear the newspaper deliveryman coming. I am walking around my studio just before dawn. I squeezed paint tubes onto palettes. I then began reciting why I do art, what is my goal in the future: I paint myself out of my nightmares and into my fantasy. I paint out of my resentment and into my passion. I paint because it allows me to confront the truth, which I haven't thought of, or which I do not want to face. I paint to quell the pain. I paint because I do not need to speak, as painting itself is a language. I paint to have conversations with people, the unknown, friends, and family. I paint in the solitude that originates from being surrounded by a lot of people. I paint to mollify the voices shouting inside me, outside me, all around. I paint to create connecting links in a world that often appears as two opposite poles, day and night, bright and dark. I paint to help people view the world differently. I paint to provide answers even though these answers could make me feel worried. I paint to remember. I paint to be remembered. I paint to forget. I paint to understand people's abnormal actions which in term helps me understand the hidden secrets that those people try to hide. I paint to know better about humans that I cannot control at all. I paint because I believe art is powerful but at same time, I also know that it

is sometimes powerless. I paint because art is a paradox. I paint to deliver beauty. I paint to surprise - with the belief that art could be magical.

This is a series of murmurings on fragmented, ruptured memory, compiled from wondering, confession, obsession, and fantasy, which inevitably have parallels with books, films, experiences, life, painting, and my practice. It explains how memory, imagination, emotion, desire, and loss are interwoven. Additionally, it is about how we identify with it within wider ranging implications of memory as fragmented stories. Painting is, therefore, is not simply what we repeat from our past as a thought or an image, but more a way of revealing. We see it with our eyes but interpret it with our minds, and in the end it recalls engraved memory like a piece of rhythmic mystery.

To be is a process that I am searching for while it is already here. I am looking at the outside, the inside, the memory, and the voyage.

Are these all a dream, fiction, a nightmare, or satisfaction?

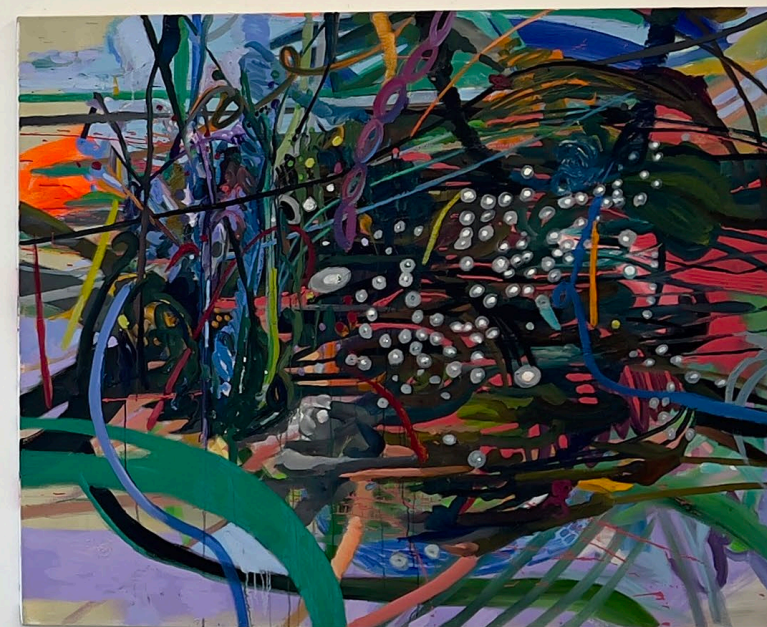
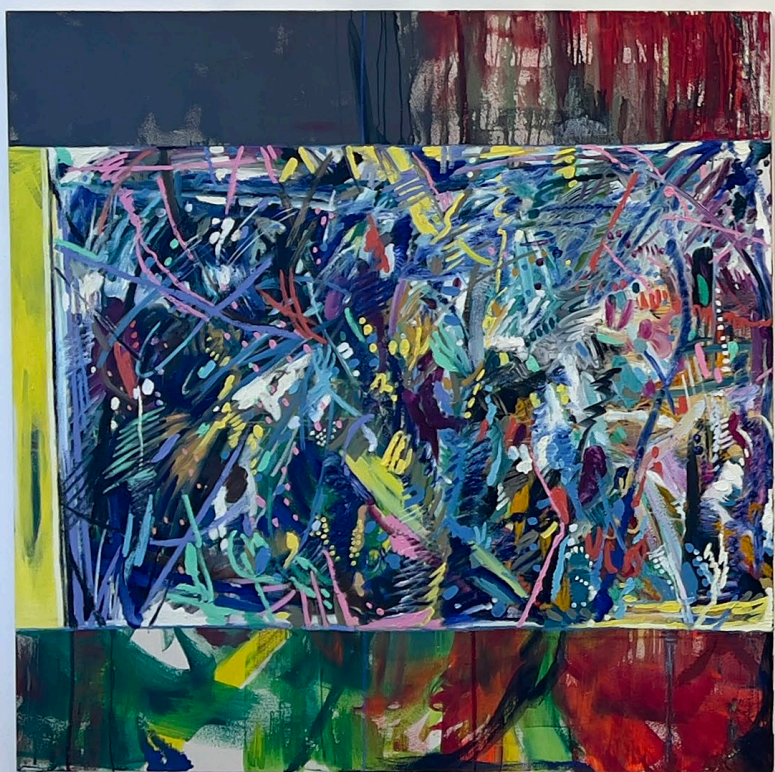
Everything disappears as it appears.

Painting disappears.

It appears.



Viva Voce, Stow Building, Glasgow, 9 March 2023





Viva Voce, Stow Building, Glasgow, 9 March 2023



REVIEWS

Necessary Sequels

Detour and Memory¹

Jonathan Miles,
Regarding Sin Park's paintings

"The eroticism that belongs to whatever is living is scattered in the air, in the sea, in the plants, in us..."

Clarice Lispector, Agua Viva

Things are never straightforward with painting, lines never quite reach their destination, densities never recess as deep as their promise, and yet with all such things, something comes into the light in ways unexpected. This is the beginning of being thrown out of the process of being able to add up, or assemble evidence, to become face-to-face with obscurity rather than banality. Yet there is only paint and canvas, nothing much to act as a support for the daily application of yet more matter. Then there

are all those long passages of not adding up. How to make an account of this?

Sinking into, reaching beyond, circulating around, going before, breaking out of, spreading across from, displaced by so many movements, attached to so many gestures. Gesture is an indication² of what is elsewhere, an excess that cannot be contained, so is related to the re-imposition of directions and is in turn connected to the act of disfiguration. So, it could be claimed that this is like a surge of becom-

¹ "Memory is the real name of the relationship to oneself, or the affect on self by self.... But time as subject, or rather subjectification, is called memory." Gilles Deleuze, Foucault, Bloomsbury, p.88

² "The gesture re-imposes directions and dimensions on space, turning out of its course the teleology of time: past, present, future. It unfolds again the in-stance that it is sub-jacent to ecstasies. It confounds the erection of the transcendental. It makes turbulent what should remain unmoved in and for the commemoration of Being. It neutralizes the neuter/neutral character of a there is on which basis everything would be given – given back. Intact. Disfiguring the order of language." Luce Irigaray, The Forgetting of Air Continuum, p.169

ing that becomes manifest in densities, inscriptions, patches, stains, intensities, accidents, and traces. The question then is that all, because equally such states might be drawing into nothing much at all. Such is the risk in painting!

Trying to write is a task of relating what is seen with what is spoken. The conversation drifts this way or that, but the paintings are steadfast and still. They simply look back. Perplexed and yet fascinated, nothing comes easily as words both sink and spin when all that is asked is that they sit on the page and cohere into a pattern. As paintings, they are nothing other than a meeting point between energetics and memory.

They follow the markings of the body, but a body that is hidden and thus disguised. There is the sense that something is happening, but the question that might be in circulation is what? There are no Baroque folds of the body, no Rococo flourishes of flesh, so nothing that points to rhetoric of sexuality. The encounters that are rendered are much closer to the lives of plants, but this might be the way these paintings detour around themselves. There is within this something that lurks,

and this announces a potency, as opposed to a sensuality. So, the detour takes the viewer away from the human realm, into the potentiality of the vegetal realm only to discover a bodily realm hidden within the undergrowth. Thus, they not only record detours, but they also contain the secrets of the undergrowth.

It is strange the references that are accumulated, the fascinations, and the admirations, all drawn from the past, sunk into the patina that time generates. Looking she says is the process of removing dust from history, or even to realise that history is a form of dust. Art in its ahistorical aspect is related to its shine³ which resists the grain of history or is the residue of this resistance.

There is an insistence in these paintings of the relationship between space and forces that are held in contest by a network of memories. Memory is in the spacing between things, the meeting point of sensations, and that which gives texture to interval. The play between what soaks into the surface of the painting and what erupts from it, and in this, it gives rise to the push and pull within pictorial space. Whereas the drawings of

Tracey Emin figure bodies within states of spasm and rapture, these paintings disfigure the body into networks of forces that are hidden within the elsewhere of appearance. Instead, there is the entanglement of space, memory, forces, and energetics in which there is a struggle to make manifest the irruption of desire within patterns of being with. Nothing is known in advance, so the encounter is therefore raw or stripped back to a drama of becoming. This implies an undoing of stable identity which is one of the main cornerstones of representation. The paintings become cyphers of action but not the action that is unleashed by Abstract Expressionism that gestures a liberation of spatial encounter rather than a sense of action that loops back upon itself to present its own process of entanglement. On the other side, it references Far Eastern Zen aesthetics only in passing as if there is no longer a space of discovery between these two conjunctions. In effect, it is a mode of abstraction that cannot be deduced from such models.

The term abstract subjectification was muted, it drew upon an inward breath and then vanished into vapour. Vapourised ab-

stract subjectification. Somehow this became attached to Sunday but not just Sunday but 5 pm on Sunday. Vapour, memory, scent, and subjectification all mixed within the pull of sensuality at that juncture.

Sundays come and go, but the memory of that Sunday lingers, turning into an object of attention or persistence. This is what provides tone or even mood to the situation. Repetition is occasioned by tonal reserve recording something that has gone missing. The painting is a fold of passing time and the impossibility of its retention as a figure but there is an eruption of this fold with visibilities coming into free play. It is neither celebration nor lament, but instead pure contingency of the release of space emerging from immanence that knows nothing of the difference of the beautiful and the sublime that is in turn predicated upon different temporal orders. This is an empty form of time that implodes before and after manifested as caesura which is an outcome of an event that cuts into time in order that the new might occur rather than a dulling repetition.

Each painting records a series of entrances and exits. Bodies cannot be seen but

³ Hegel said that the beautiful is a sensuous appearance or shining of the idea.

⁴ In Jean-Francois Lyotard's writing the figural both pertains to the force of figuration and dis-figuration, a force that is linked to desire. This is linked to Freud and the idea that the dream thoughts figure in ways that make them appear as things. If the dream is the work of desire, then it is also the place where desire dis-figures itself and hence it is both a process of absenting and presenting.

the trail leaves marks of passage. Doors and windows are opened and shut. Something is going on, but what? There is little by way of any evidence, no bed to couple with dreams.

What is being presented in these painting is a struggle for and a resistance to the construction of an abstract space of painting that retains the play of figural memory with the encounters presented. Therefore, they keep alive the difference of the two plains of abstraction and figuration, but without the recourse to synthesis, and it is this turning away from resolution that gives rise to the sensation of always being on the edge.

One moment opens the drama in the sky, the next looking through or into a window, each painting collects its referent, only to lose the temporal fixity that gives rise to them in the first place. Within this the image and the impulse collide in order that the difference between these registers is kept alive, serving as the creative tension within the painting process.

Between one painting and the next spacing occurs. Between is also a time for experience outside of painting and this forms a chain consisting of being in and

out of space. One moment or passage in the studio might be a form of refuge but the next be an invitation for experience to enter but never in ways that are predictable. The painter might be beside her or himself, absorbed within, or estranged from but whatever the posture, dealing with what comes along. There is always the open possibility of having a different relationship within the pursuit of an outcome.

We are not left with the choice between them being splendid or forlorn on the level of affect. because they entice us into a depth where such distinctions do not come into play. Instead, they are closer to orgasmic or semiotic⁵ release of the force of dissolution or pulsation. In this, they are outside of a formal procession of abstract painting based upon a currency of negation but instead re-distribute sense in ways that enable the disclosure of surprise. Of being exterior to such distinction. The disclosure of surprise is related to the way that desire secures mobility across the surfaces and within the depths, and if things are on the move in this manner, then no fixed viewpoint can be secured in ways that establish signification. Subjectivity is not a passage or securing of the self but instead is attached to tem-

poral flux in order that it is opened to a state of perpetual becoming. This is the root of the abstraction that is at play. Anything else is the pragmatics of craft which provide for the touch-feel of disclosure. The painter wakes up with craft and tasks but closes the day with visions of difference. This exhibition enters and exists its space through abandonment of strategies to control the outcomes of such mobility.

Three words jut out: vapourised abstract subjectification. Somehow this combination of words sublimates the gap between seeing and saying. The subject is never quite settled as a subject facing an object as both circulate around the other but is the inauguration of a process of overcoming such a distinction. Painting coheres around the splintered debris born out of this overcoming or is a fabulous fragment of it. In turn it is an assertion of a possibility that is not automatically given. Painting comes out of painting but also derives from a confrontation with the otherness of a process that wishes to assert its autonomy.

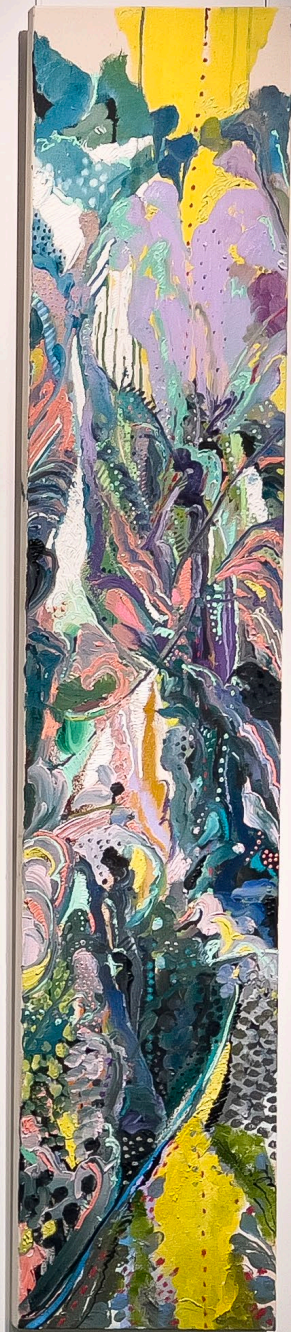
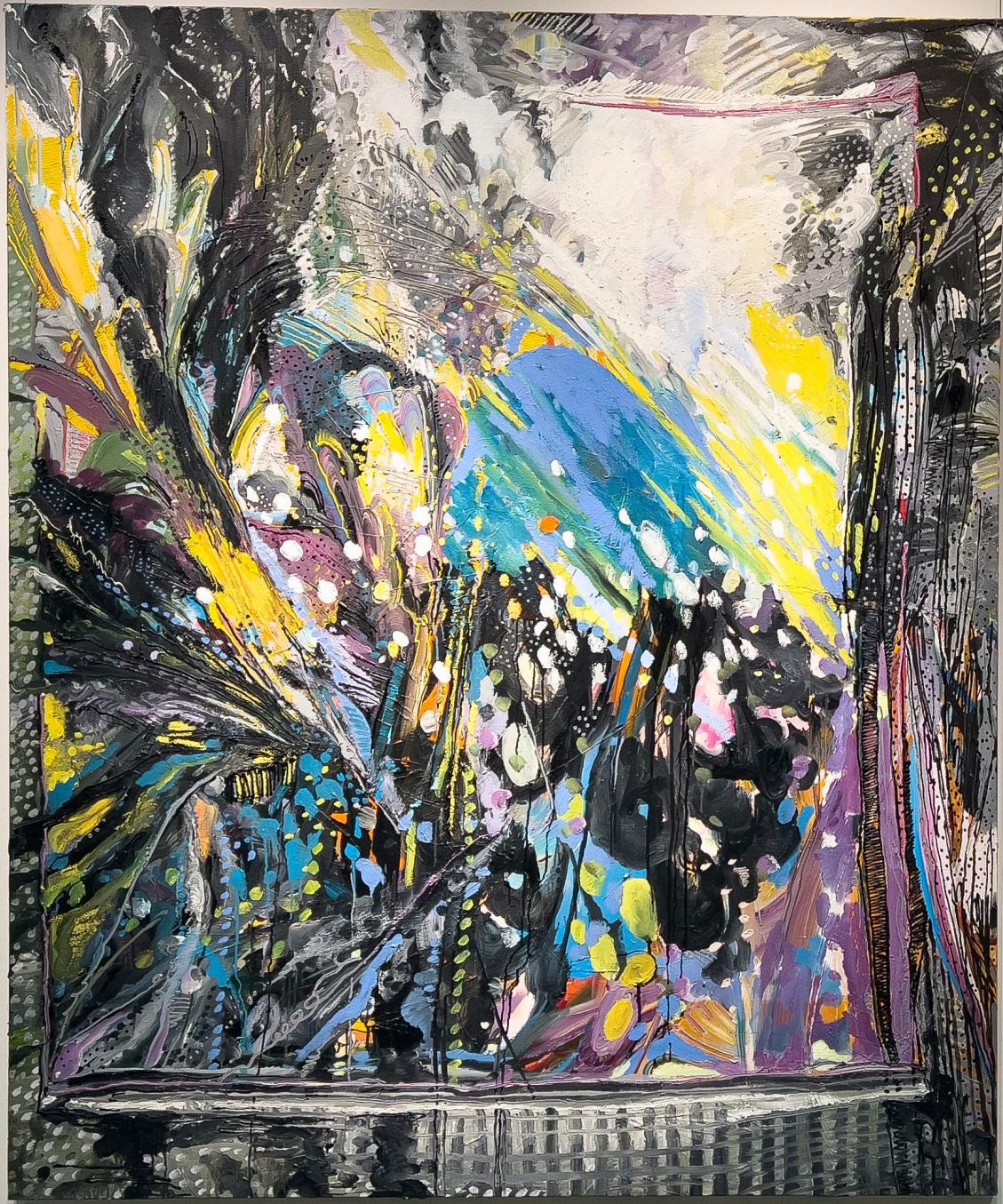
On completing an abstract within the research process, the idea is that the greatest degree of condensation has been achieved. In the case of these paintings, there isn't a closure around the idea of

being abstract rather it acts as a cypher for heterogeneous encounters that are unbounded by a regulative idea. Each painting functions in part as a gap that is left in waiting, a residue for what is left unsaid or of something that cannot be completed, like the title for the exhibition which is a fragment of yet another fragment.

Here painting presents itself as a scattering in which identity is "swallowed up in difference" so as to leave "the domain of representation", in order to become experienced. Nothing is left over, no solid lumps, no certainties, but instead the persistence of a pulsation that endures, and from within this a surge becomes manifest as a force. All this is gathered on either side of there being nothing much at all, this being the risk of such painting, visibilities passage closes to the threshold of its disappearance.

⁵ Julia Kristeva claims in 'Revolution in Poetic Language' that "the semiotic is articulated by flow and marks" and the "cutting up of the corporeal and social continuum." (Revolution in Poetic Language, p.40)

⁶ Gilles Deleuze, Difference and Repetition, Continuum p.68



Necessary Sequels, HSBC Space, London, 13 October 2022 - 13 April 2023

Courtesy of HSBC Space. Photo: Maria-Christina Onca.

Dance with the One Who Brought You

by Greg Thomas

Fleming Collection (Feb 04), 2022

(9 December 2021 - 30 January 2022, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow)

During the Covid-19 lockdown, the Glasgow-based painter Sin Park (b. 1987) received a welfare visit from her landlord: “she told me that the previous tenant of this flat was an old lady. She was quite alone: she didn’t have family or friends. But she always looked happy. So, my landlord would ask her, what’s your secret? And she said – there’s a long motorway outside my window – she said she saw the cars as her friends. And she observed little changes in the landscape. It sounded a bit creepy initially, but then I realised that’s exactly what I was doing. I was looking outside and trying to capture the drama in the sky, in the traffic, small changes in the colours of the leaves...”

Thrown back like so many of us on solitary routines and coping strategies, South-Korean artist Park also found herself without the space or materials to create her signature, large-scale abstract oils. All she had was the shifting view from her one large window – high up in a central Glasgow apartment

block – and an A5 sketchpad with coloured markers. The window became a “portal”, as she puts it, the flickering cityscape a ballet of colours and textures that inspired her Drawings from Isolation: 1-200. Underpinning the process was that sense of emotional attunement to inanimate objects and processes that kept the previous resident’s spirits up. I even gather in interview that the title of Park’s recent show at Patricia Fleming Gallery, ‘Dance With the One Who Brought You’, expresses a sense of gratitude to the cars, trees, and other surroundings of her flat, as if they were faithful friends deserving thanks.

Drawings from Isolation unfolds a kaleidoscope of colour and pattern, at once joyful and subtly manic-seeming. Larger shapes and motifs suggest window panes, air vents, or quivering leaf cover, but they overlap with, and unfold into, luminous depths of texture—dots, squiggles, stripes. The almost synthetically bright colour palette is continuous with that of Park’s larger works. She puts



Dance with the One Who Brought You, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 9 December 2021- 30 January 2022

Courtesy of Patricia Fleming Gallery. Photo: Keith Hunter.

her tonal range down to the ambient effects of social media, and the McLuhanite digital soup more generally: “whenever we scroll we see a thousand colours. Everything is flickering. Whenever you see TV, Instagram, internet, you are exposed to a lot of colours. That certainly influenced my paintings.”

Park’s story begins with a set of more homely recollections, however. In Seoul, her father was an amateur art collector and friendly with many calligraphers, painters, and architects. The artist remembers as an eight- or nine-year-old being woken up by a raucous party and coming downstairs. “Everyone was so drunk! There was one man—a calligrapher, but to me he looked like a hobo. He had a beard and very long hair. He asked me to bring the soy sauce over, so I said ‘OK’. And he kind of used his hair as a brush, dipping it in the soy sauce and drawing a big dragon on the back of a calendar. That was a really eye-opening experience. I thought ‘oh my god, I want to be like him! I want to make something out of nothing’.” There are also memories of hiking in the mountains next to her home: “I would often go there and see the organic movement of the sky, the trees, leaves. Every day I was taking the same route but it was different scenery, different impressions.”

Park’s painting is concerned with memory, and with biographical narrative more generally: the

creative processes by which we draw meaning from them, but also the ways in which they emerge from, and recede into, a morass of disconnected thoughts and feelings. According to an artist’s statement, “I am interested in notions of memory and not-knowing as methods for approaching painting...Predetermined actions set against the potential of active eruptions...moments in which the activity stretches into a space that is not known.” Critical reference-points for this way of thinking have been established during an ongoing PhD at Glasgow School of Art. Perhaps especially significant are Bergson’s theories of perception and the role of images in memory formation.

It’s equally interesting to see how the above dialogue plays out in the paintings, however. In larger works from the recent show, such as *Her Blue Sky*, *An Attempt at Dialogue* and the title-piece *Dance With the One Who Brought You*, it’s possible to identify an underlying architecture of larger, horizontal and vertical coloured planes, or to pick out features of landscape, flora, or architecture. But these are often obscured by an overlaid meshwork of thin scribbled lines that have less formal regularity, sometimes seeming to push the whole composition towards the edge of collapse. It’s as if moments of coherent reminiscence or symbolic gesture were seguing in and out of a more automatic, abstract mark-making process.

The orthographic or writerly qualities of these marks are interesting to consider—the method approaches asemic poetry at points. Park mentions a discussion during a recent residency with a technician, who suggested she apply some of her oils with a syringe, “almost like hand-drawing, or using a pen.” She also recalls her training in calligraphy at school: “whenever you do calligraphy, there’s a moment when you put in a lot of strength, and then you release the power. There is a certain fluidity. Now, whenever I put a brush mark on the surface I think ‘ok this bit needs more power, this needs less’. So there is probably a co-relationship there.”

Then again, an equally important feature of many of Park’s works is that they start from pictures of things, and therefore offer an implied viewing position. I put it to her that she’s part of a new generation of painters (also including artists such as Jadé Fadojutimi and Rachel Jones) for whom abstraction does not necessarily entail that impulse towards pure impersonality or objectivity, stereotypically ‘male’, that defined the New York School. Abstraction can now be about biography, personality, and identity: perhaps especially identities that have been ignored in the past. “I don’t know...I’m aware there’s a certain trend... Some of the painters who are now well-known from that generation are my friends...But I’m not following any particular current.” The re-

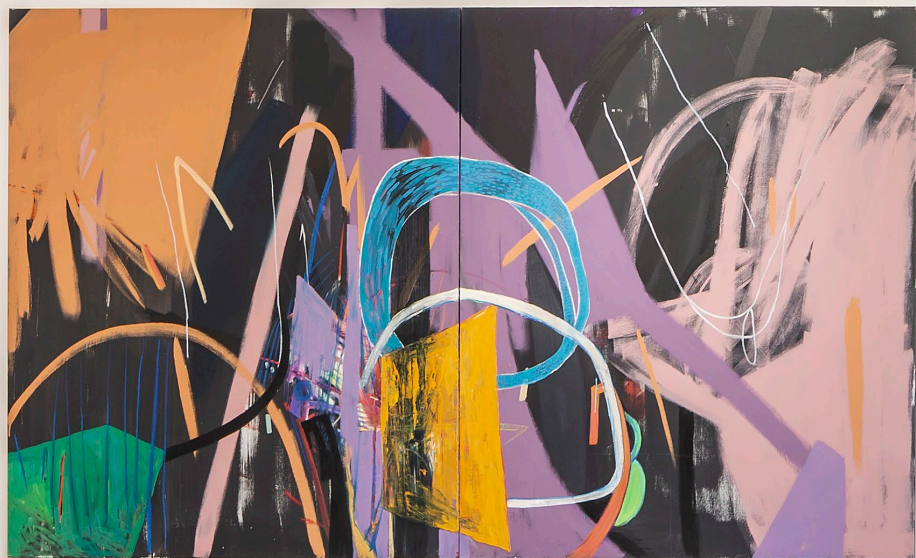
framing of historical narratives of abstraction, including by emphasising the role of women, has been more important: “Hilma af Klint, Lee Krasner, people like this have been put in the spotlight with shows over the last couple of years, and I was really keen to learn about that.” Amy Sillman and Clarice Lispector are also cited as influences, for their writing as much as their visuals.

If nothing else, Park’s painting anchors the unknown and the dreamlike in a bedrock of familiarity, even domesticity (to risk a term best used sparingly in relation to women artists). This is painting with a vaulting spirit but its feet on the ground. “The main purpose of the art is knowing myself better,” she says, “by saying something that’s not quite knowable.” A familiar story made new.



Dance with the One Who Brought You, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 9 December 2021- 30 January 2022

Courtesy of Patricia Fleming Gallery. Photo: Keith Hunter.



Dance with the One Who Brought You, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 9 December 2021- 30 January 2022
Courtesy of Patricia Fleming Gallery. Photo: Keith Hunter.

REFERENCES

Bonnard, P., Gale, M. and Tate Modern (2019). Pierre Bonnard : the colour of memory : the CC Land exhibition. London, England: Tate.

Doerner, M. (1969). The materials of the artist and their use in painting. Hart-Davis.

Jarman, D. (1995). Chroma a book of colour. London Vintage.

Paintings produced for this thesis have been exhibited in the interim before submission. The exhibitions were presented at:

HSBC HQ, London, 2022 – 2023, Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, 2022, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 2021, Royal Academy, London, 2021, Grove Collective, London, 2021, Brownsword Hepworth Gallery, London, 2020, Square Gallery, London, 2020, Elephant Lab, London, 2020, The Art Space, Glasgow, 2019, Summerhall, Edinburgh, 2018



Dance with the One Who Brought You, Patricia Fleming Gallery, Glasgow, 9 December 2021- 30 January 2022
Courtesy of Patricia Fleming Gallery. Photo: Keith Hunter.

SIN PARK

PRACTICAL OUTPUT 2017 - 2022

A portfolio of works submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Sin Park (Sin Young Park)

Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

School of Fine Art

Glasgow School of Art

studiosinpark.com
studiosinpark@gmail.com

© Sin Park 2023

All rights reserved

