

작 품

Works

화가의 심장 & 화가의 손
Heart of Artist & Hand of Artist

눈먼 자들
Blindness

마스크
Mask

맨드라미
Cockscomb

이름도 없는...
Sad Evaporation

얼굴들
Faces

안창홍 70's-80's
Ahn Chang Hong 70's-00's

화가의 심장 & 화가의 손

Heart of the Artist
& Hand of the Artist

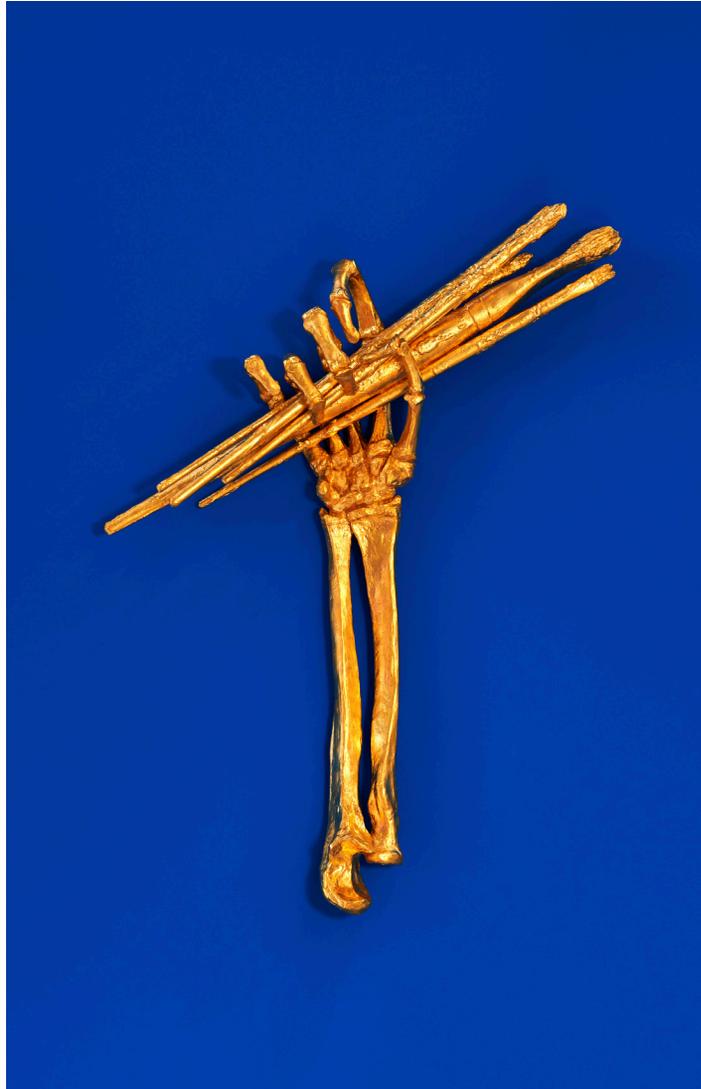
2019

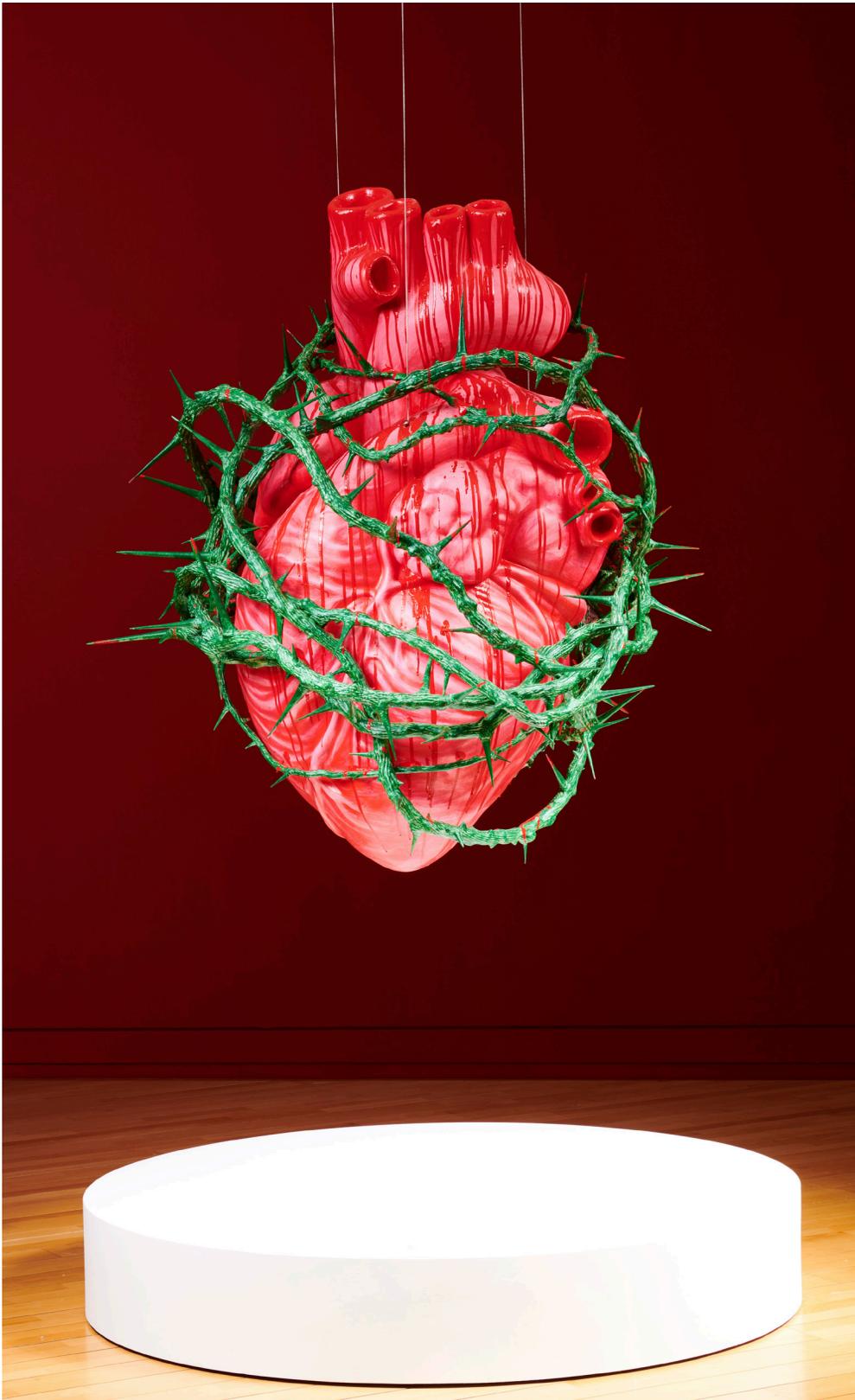


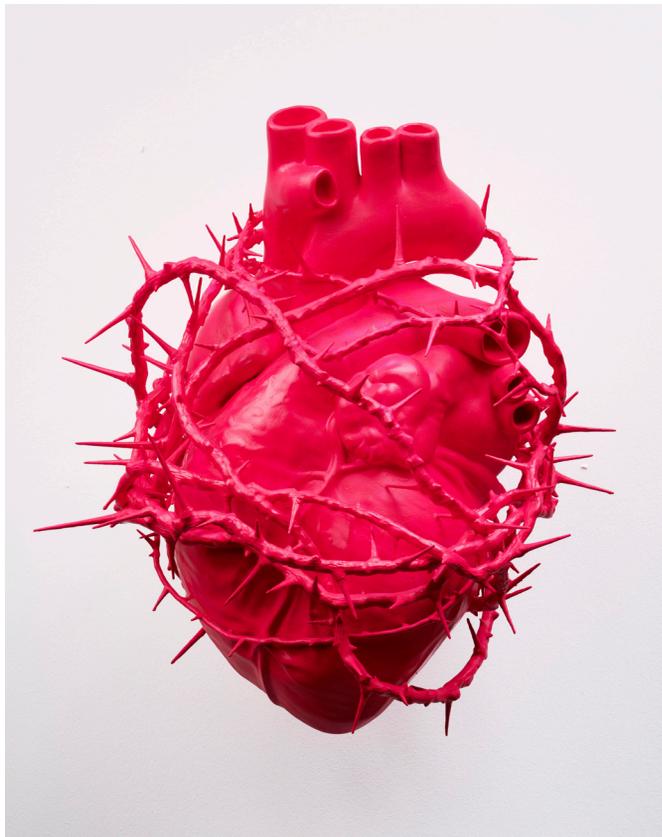






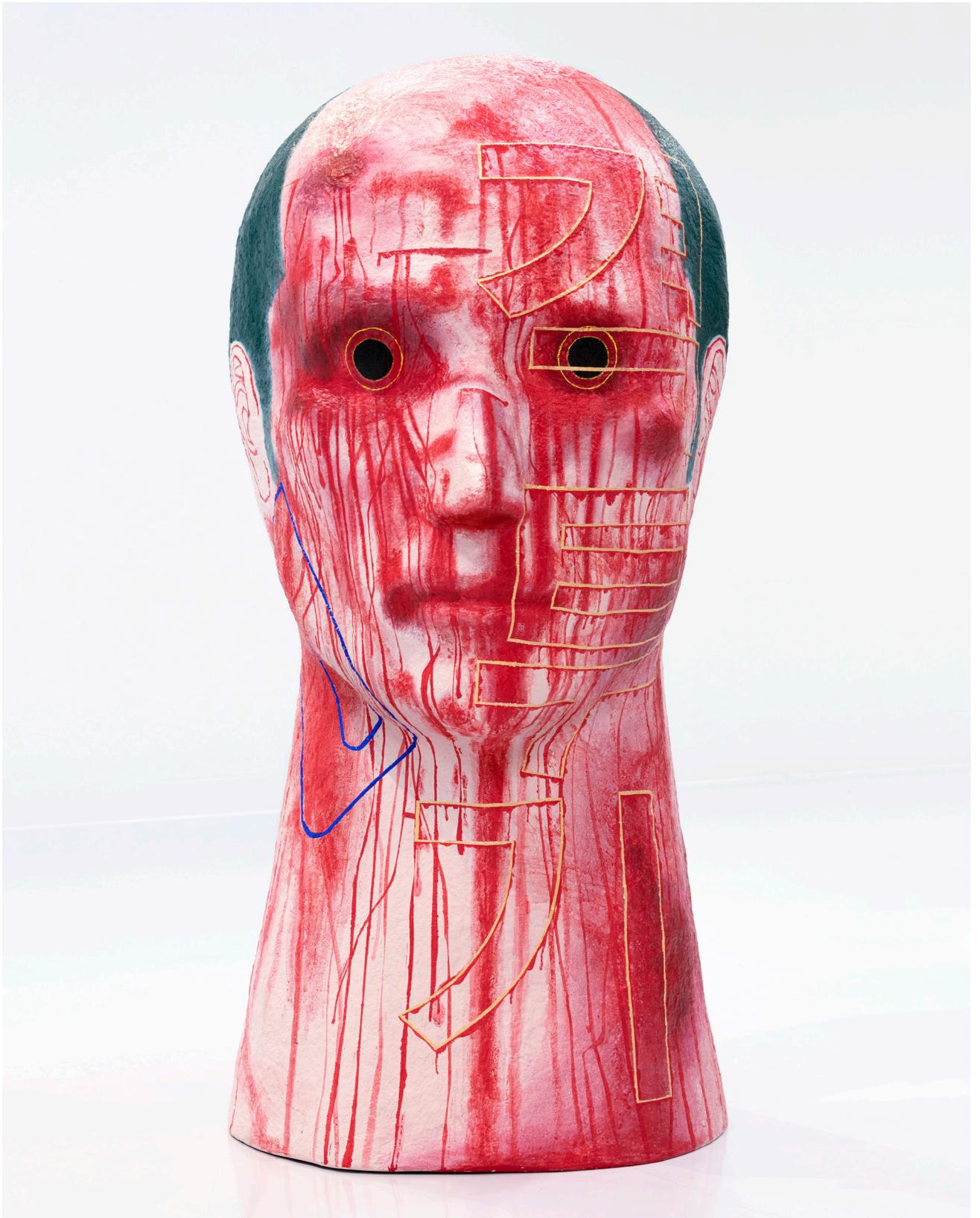










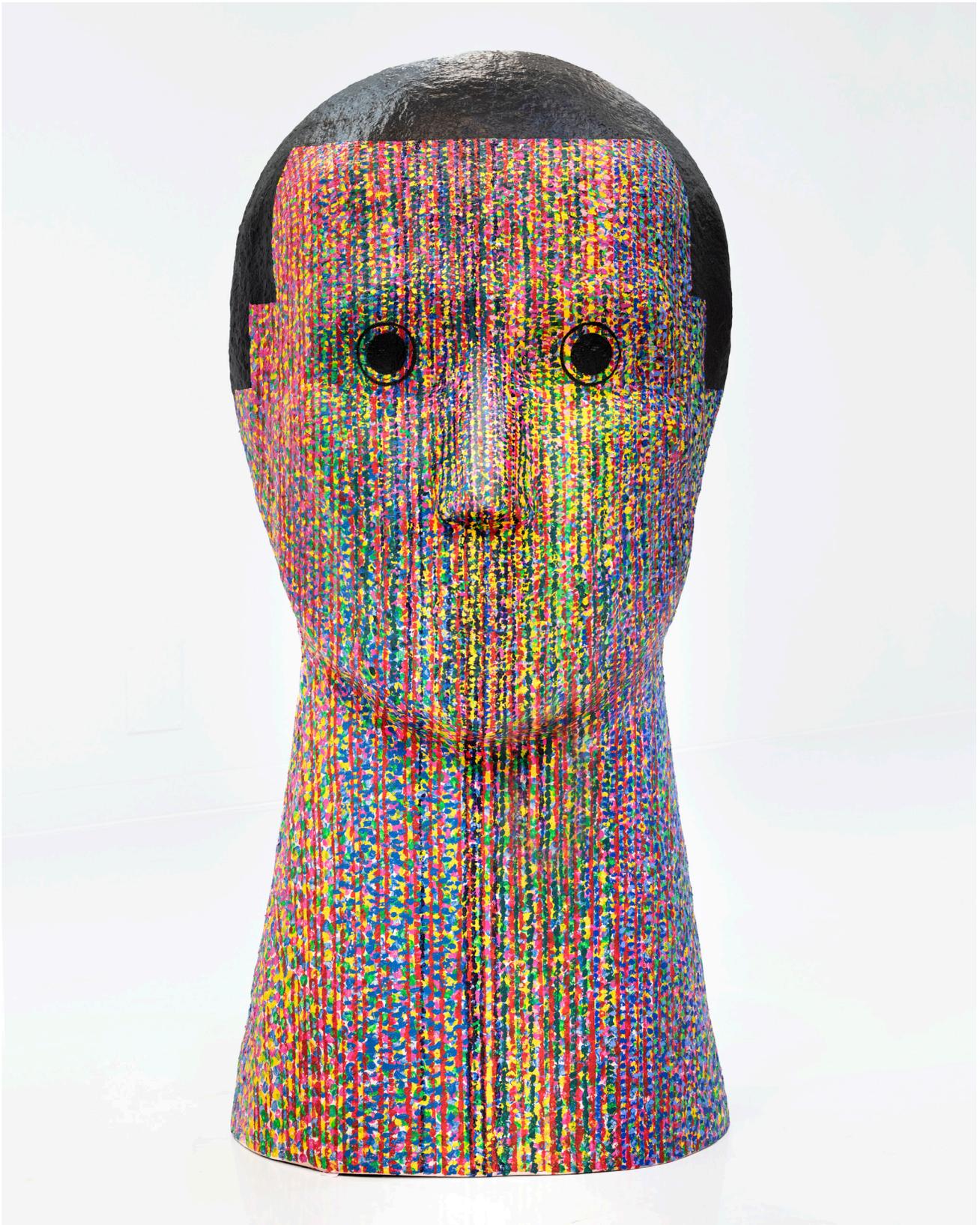


















2014년은 나에게 가혹한 해였다. 아프가니스탄 아이들의 무차별적인 학살, 여객기피격으로 사망한 259명의 사람들, 이라크 내전, 슬픈 아프리카 빈국들의 끝없는 전쟁과 살육, 에볼라로 사망한 5000여 명의 사람들, 전 세계를 수렁으로 내몰고 있는 이 모두가 피도 눈물도 없는 약육강식의 경제 논리가 모든 가치의 우위에 있는 광기와 탐욕의 결과물들이 아닌가! 그리고 잊혀질까 두려운 세월호 사건.

세월호에 갇혀 197일 동안 바다 속에 수장되어있던 지현이가 열여덟 번째 생일날 부모님의 품으로 돌아왔다는 소식을 접하는 순간 가슴에서 통증이 느껴졌다. 이렇게 슬픈 생일이 이 지구상에 또 있을까? 갓 피기 시작한 꽃망울이 대다수인 302명의 목숨을 수장시킨 이 잔혹하고 슬픈 사건이 개인전 준비를 하는 동안 나를 단 한 순간도 내버려 두지 않고 괴롭혔다. 세월호 사건이 처리되어가는 과정을 지켜보며 밀려오는 자괴감, 어른으로서의 수치심과 부끄러움을 어떻게 말로 다 표현할 수 있으랴. 힘겨운 나날들이었지만 잊혀지는 것보다는 차라리 나왔다. 간혹 마음이 평온해지는 날은 마치 지은 죄가 들킨 듯이 심장이 느닷없이 쿵쾅대곤 했다. 그런 슬픔과 우울이 몇몇 작품 속에 고스란히 녹아들었고 또 그렇게 그리려 애를 썼다. 여름 내내 땀 흘리며 무겁고 우울한 큰 그림들을 마무리하고 나니 에너지가 소진된 듯 몸이 말을 듣지 않았다. 앓아눕기를 여러 번, 그 와중에도 소품들은 밝고 따뜻하게 그리려 나름 애를 쓰며 아침부터 이른 새벽녘까지 그리기에 열중했다. 커다란 두상도 입체로 한 점 만들었다. 제목을 ‘눈먼 자들의 도시’라 붙였다. 영화 제목에서 따온 것이다. 영화 내용은 사람의 피를 먹고 사는 좀비들의 세상 이야기이다.

얼마 전 새벽녘 취중 문자를 카톡으로 몇몇 친구들에게 날렸다. 다음날 읽어 보니 이런 글귀였다. 빛과 그늘의 틈, 욕망과 절제의 틈, 물질과 정신의 틈, 선과 악의 틈, 이곳과 저곳의 틈, 이 세상의 모든 상반된 가치의 경계. 예술은 규범과 단정의 부산물이 아니라 모호함과 불안함과 갈등의 긴장 속에서 피어나는 꽃이라야 더욱 아름답다.

- 작가 노트 중에서

2014 was a cruel year for me. The indiscriminate massacre of Afghani children, 259 people killed in an attack on a passenger plane, the civil war in Iraq, the endless wars and carnage in the sad, impoverished countries of Africa, more than 5,000 people dead on account of the Ebola virus—all these events, pushing the whole world into a chasm, are the natural result of the madness and greed justified by the coldblooded economic logic that now reigns, based on the law of the jungle. There was also the Sewol ferry incident, which must not be forgotten.

The moment I heard the news that Jihyun, submerged underwater in the Sewol ferry for 197 days, had been returned to her parents on her 18th birthday, I felt sharp pain in my heart. Could there be such a sad birthday anywhere else on earth? This brutal, sad incident that took 302 lives, the majority of them buds yet to bloom, tormented me every single moment that I was preparing for my solo exhibition. How could I ever put into words the sense of shame that washed through me as I watched the way the Sewol ferry case was being handled, the mortification and embarrassment of being an adult? They were difficult days, but perhaps that was better than to forget. On days that my mind regained peace, my heart would suddenly pound, as if a sin I'd committed had been discovered. Thus, sadness and melancholy melted into some my works, which I tried to paint in that way. As I completed the big, heavy, sad paintings during that summer, while dripping with sweat, my body seemed to malfunction as if my energy was exhausted. I lay sick in bed many times, but even during such times I tried to paint the smaller works with brighter and warmer tones, focusing on my work from morning to early dawn the next day. I also made a large sculpture of a head, and named it *Blindness*, after the title of a film. The movie was about zombies that lived on people's blood.

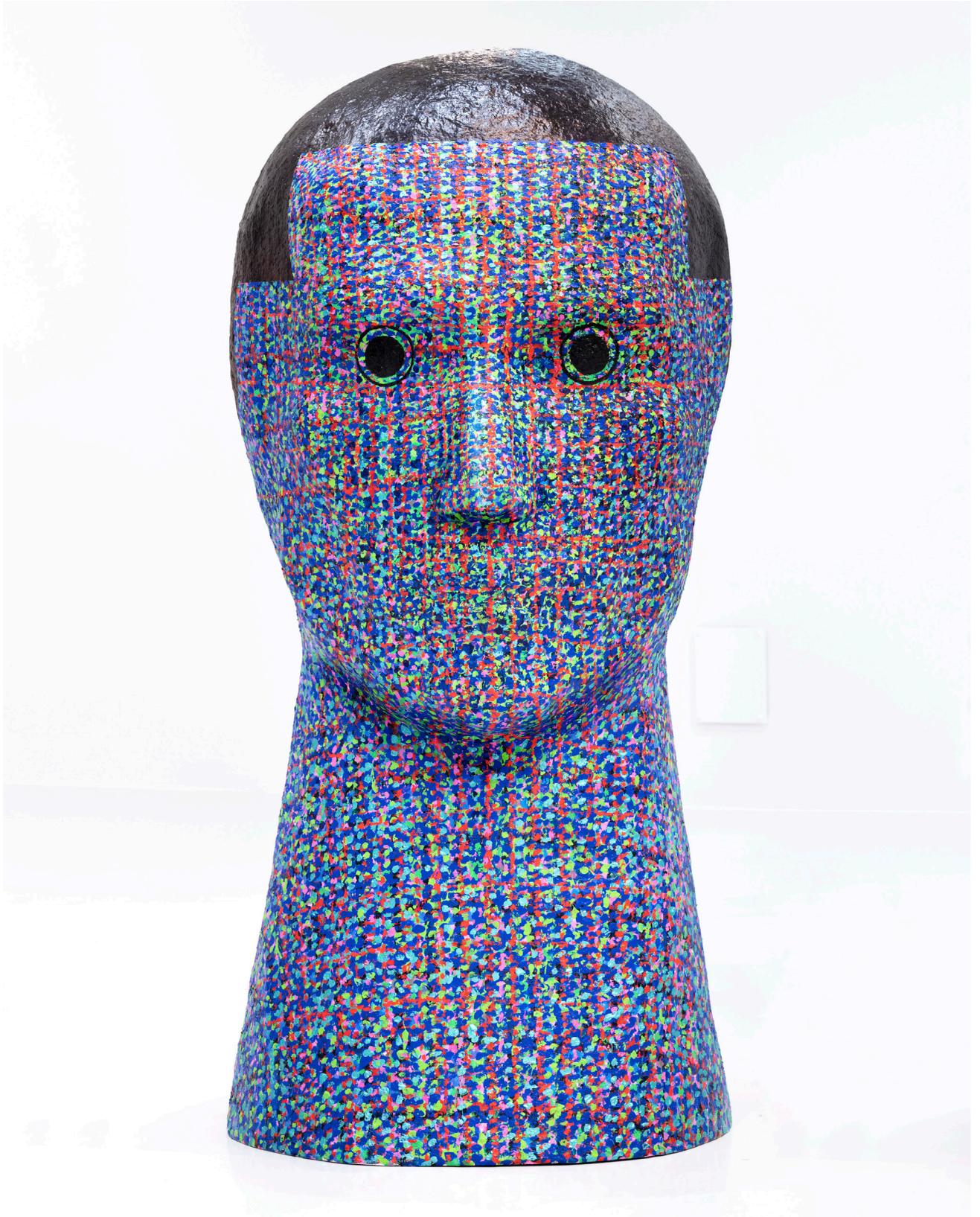
Recently, in a drunken state at dawn, I sent a text message to several friends. When I read it the next day, I found I had written the following: The gap between light and shade, the gap between desire and restraint, the gap between here and there, the borders between all opposite values in this world. Art is not a byproduct of norms and conclusions, but a flower that blooms more beautifully amidst the tensions of ambiguity, instability and conflict.

— on an Artist's Note





















단지 이름만 없는 이들이 아니라 존재 자체가 묻혀버린 익명의 인물들.

— 작가 노트 중에서

Not those only without names, but the anonymous ones whose very existences
have been buried.

— on an Artist's Note





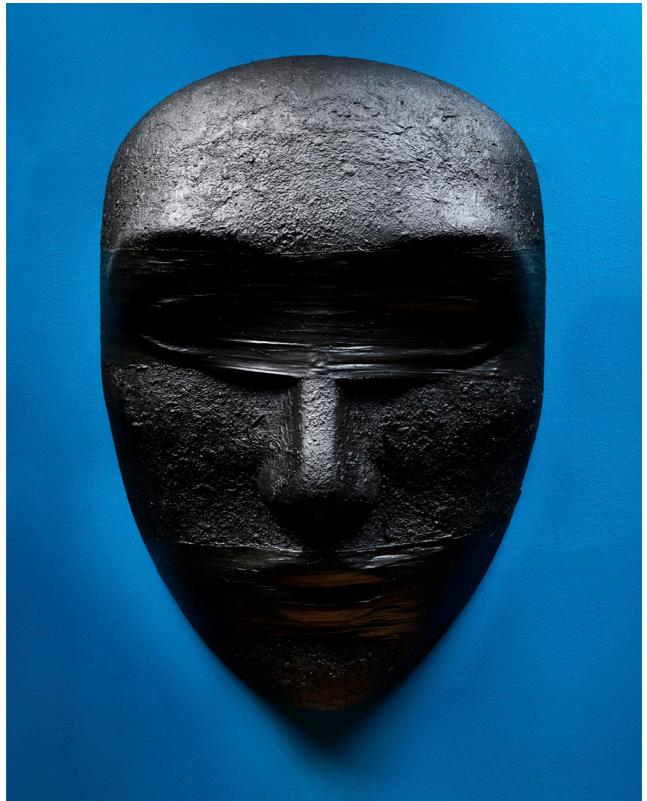
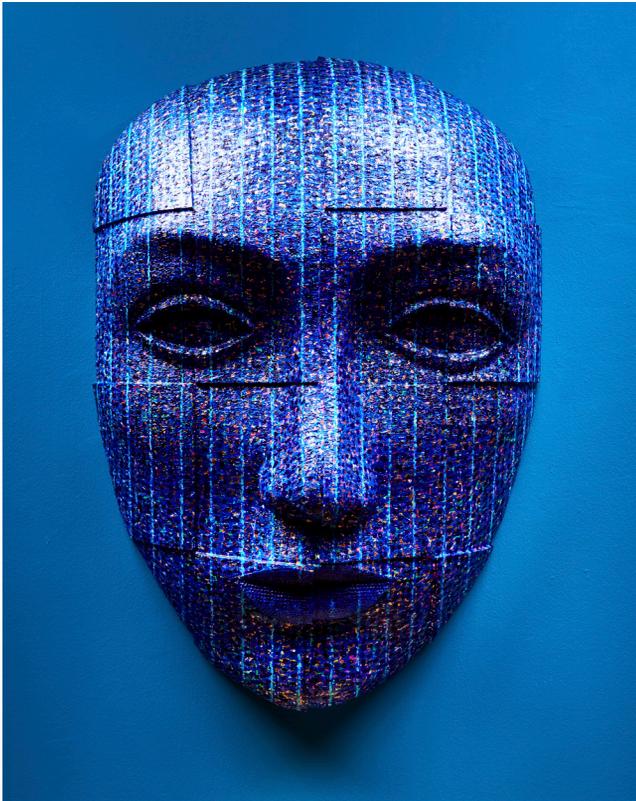


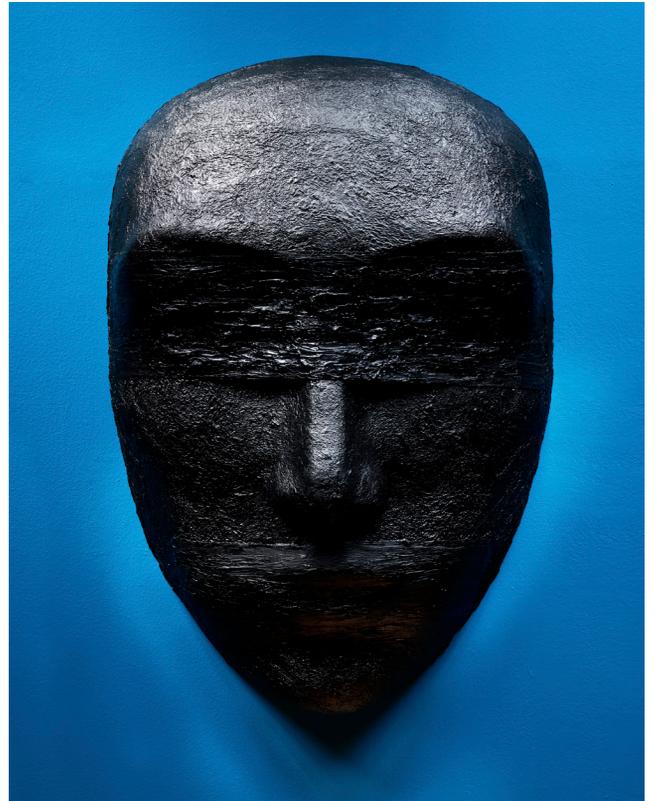


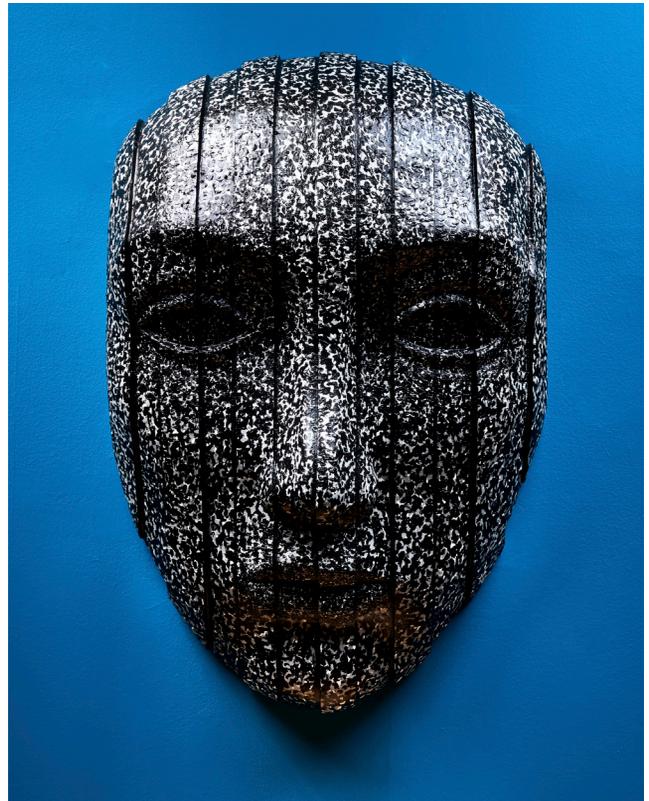
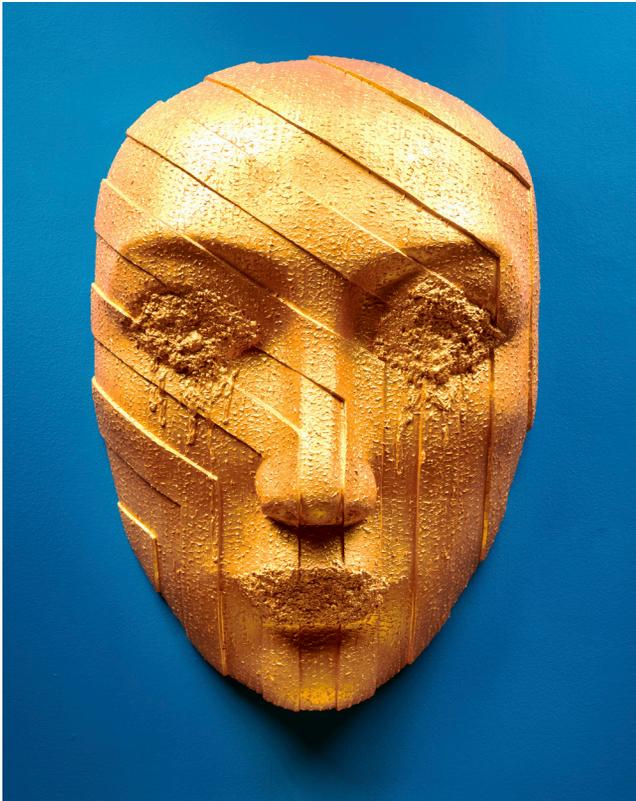


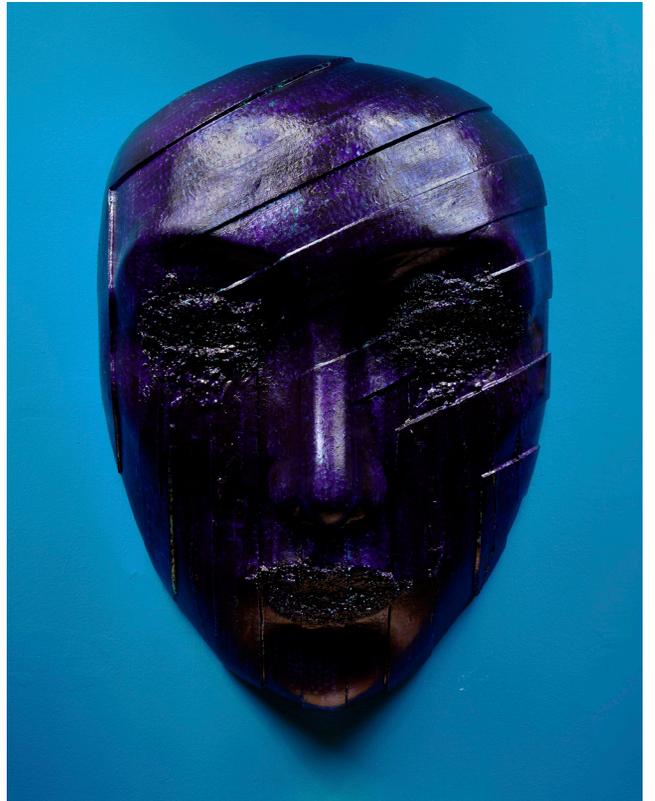


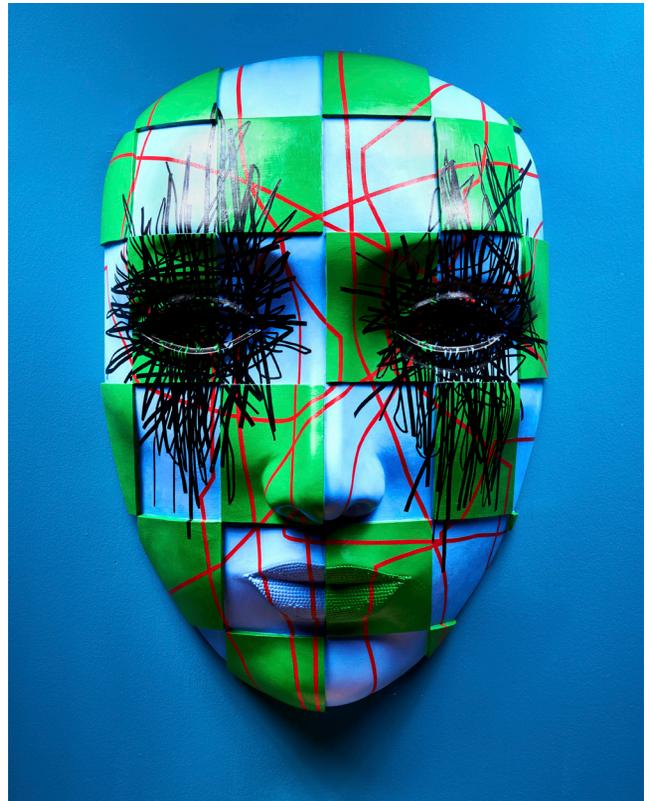


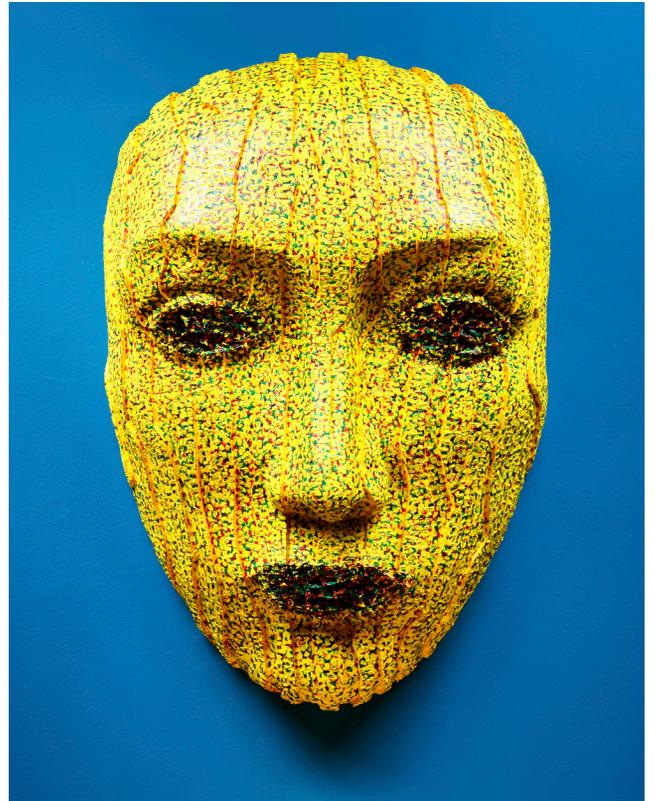
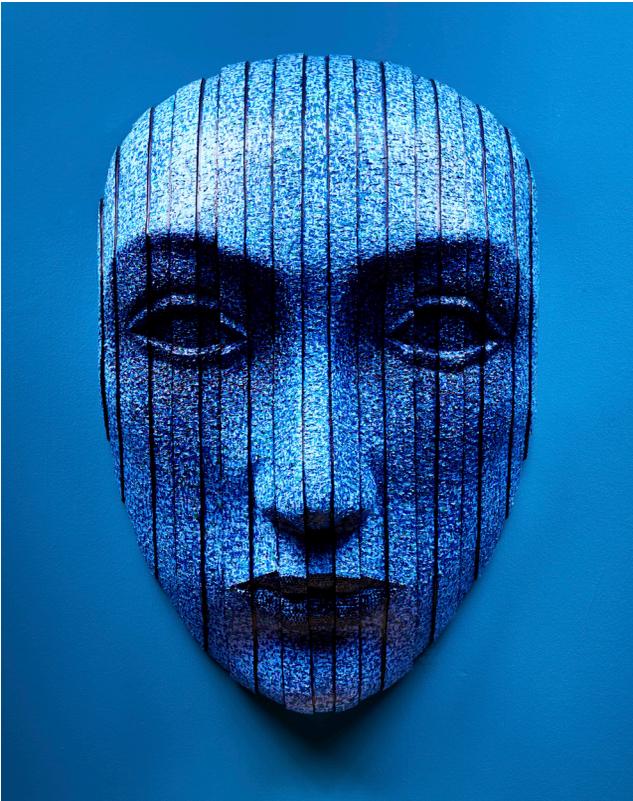








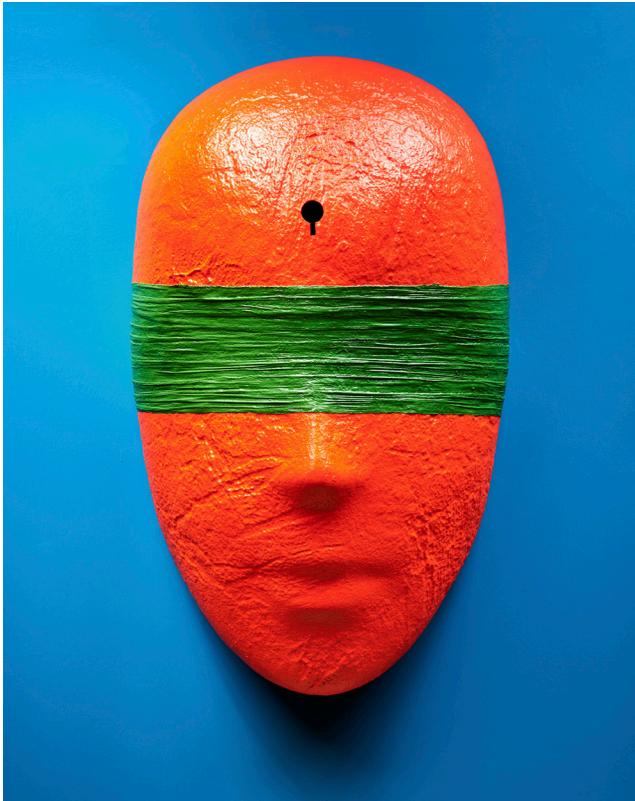


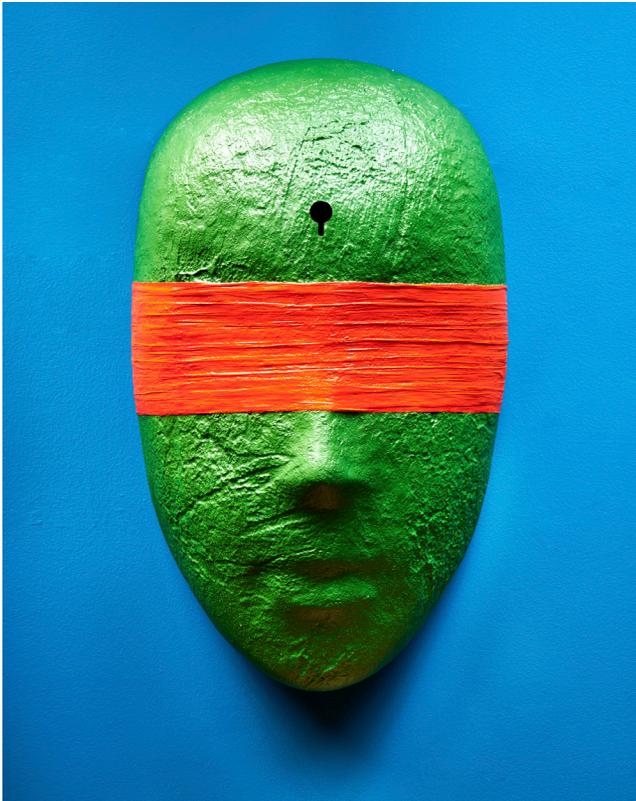


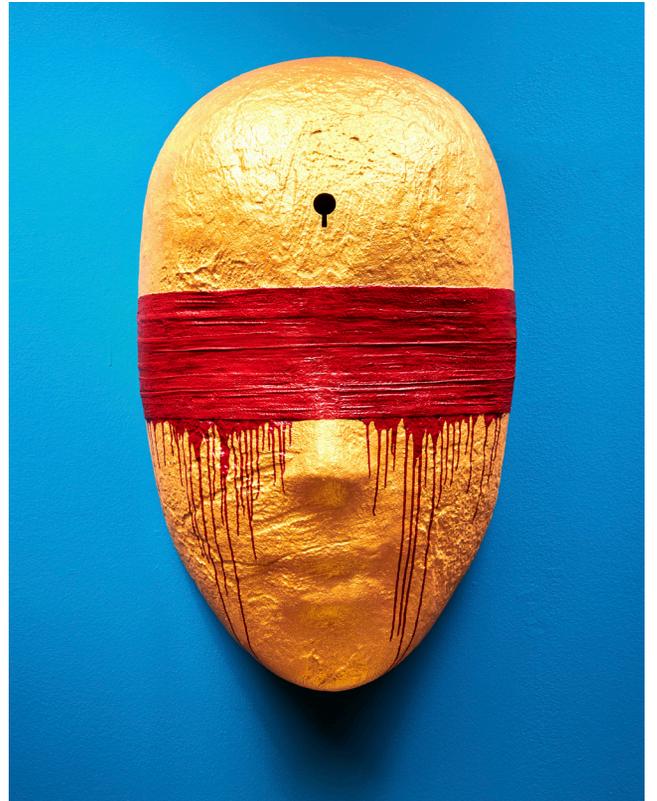
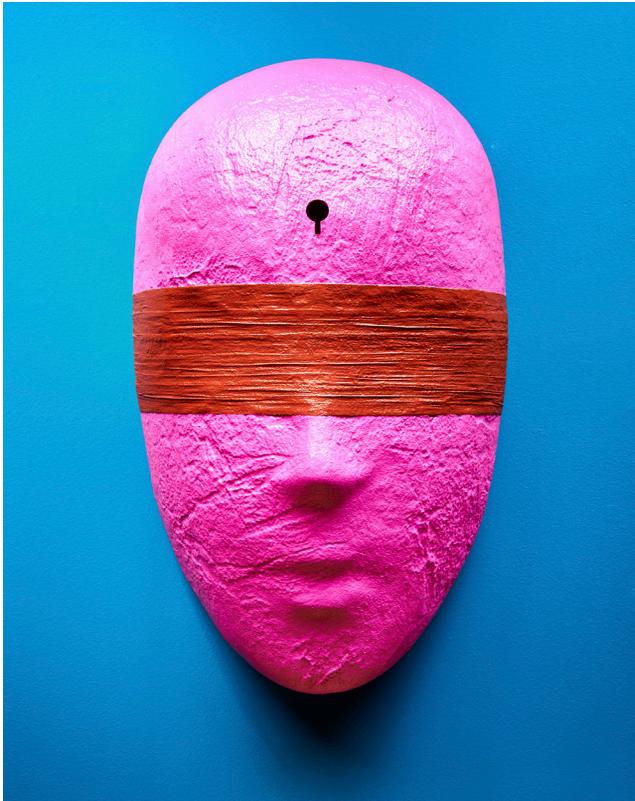


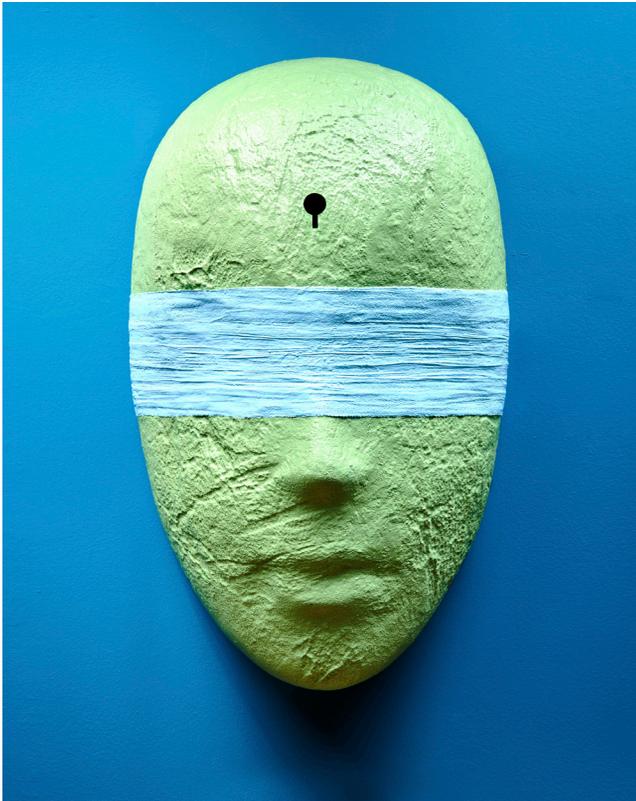


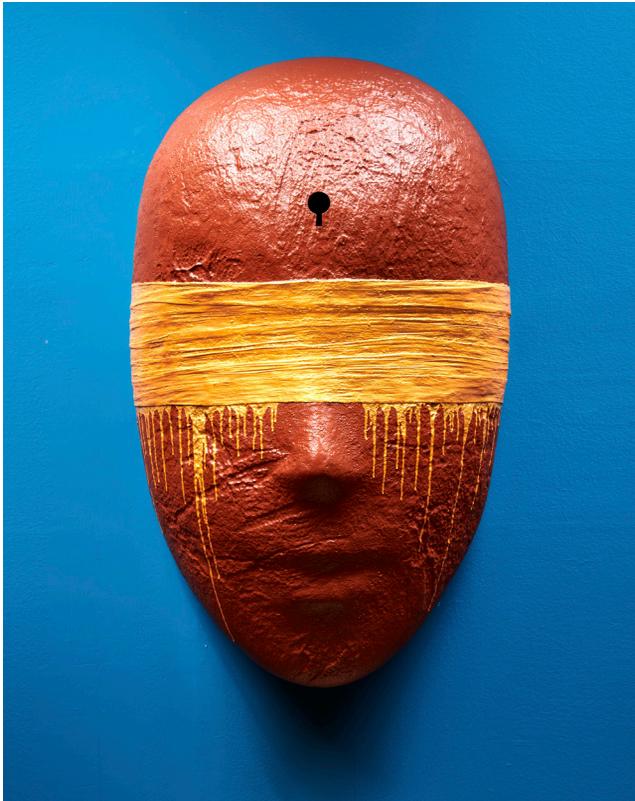


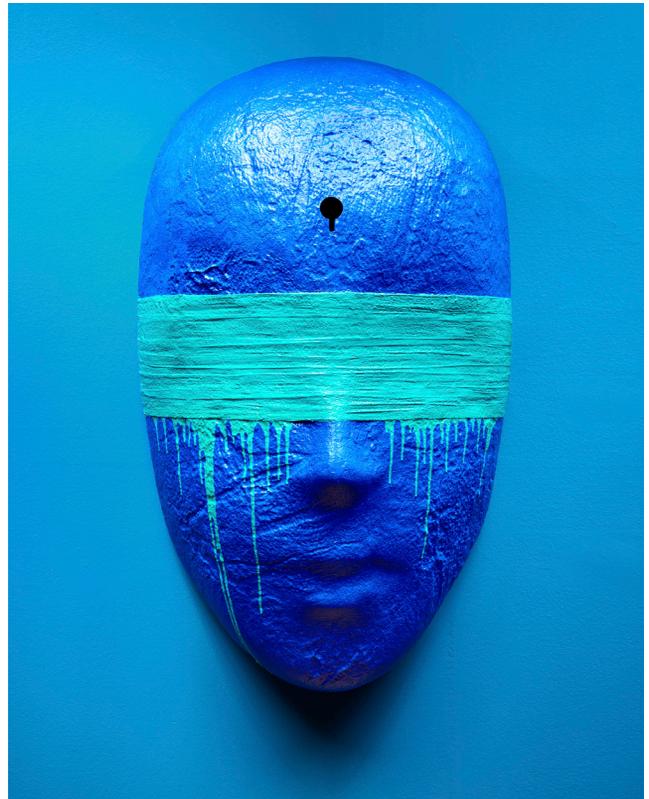






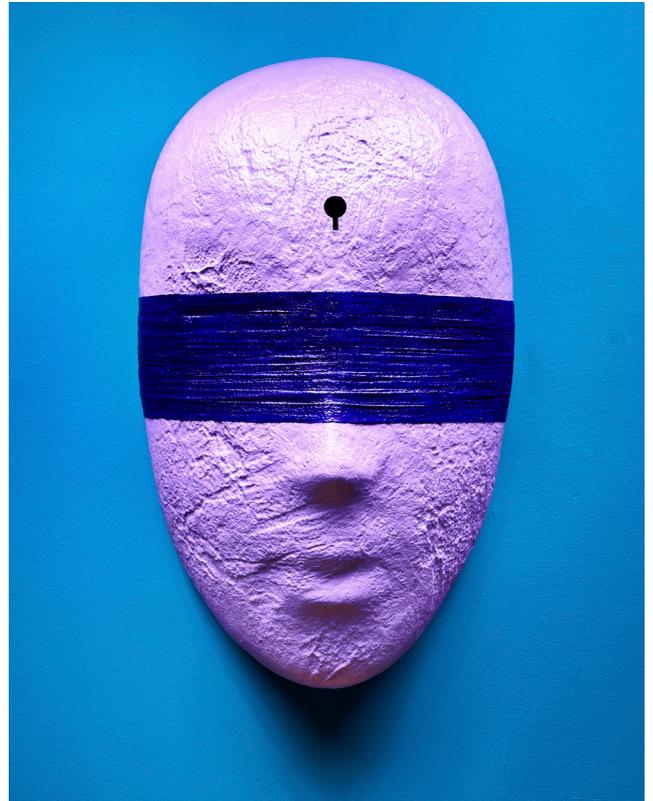
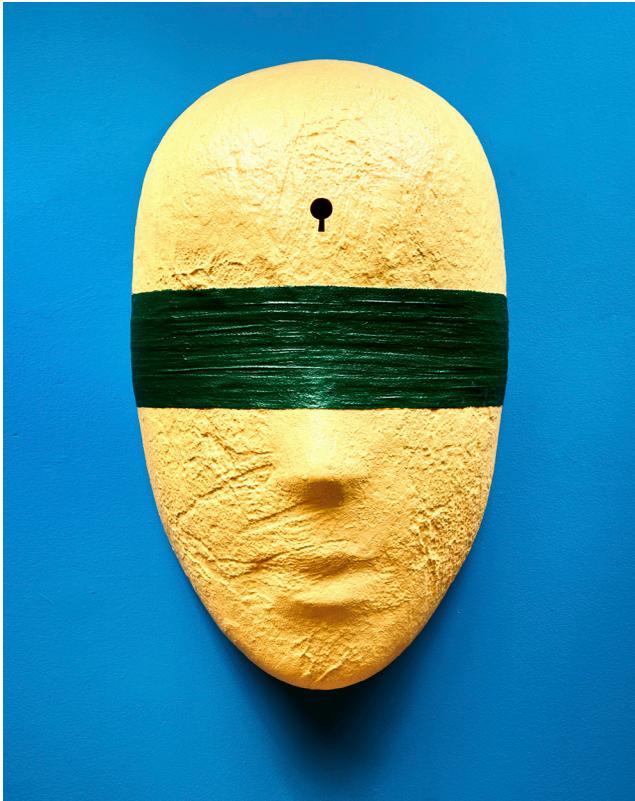


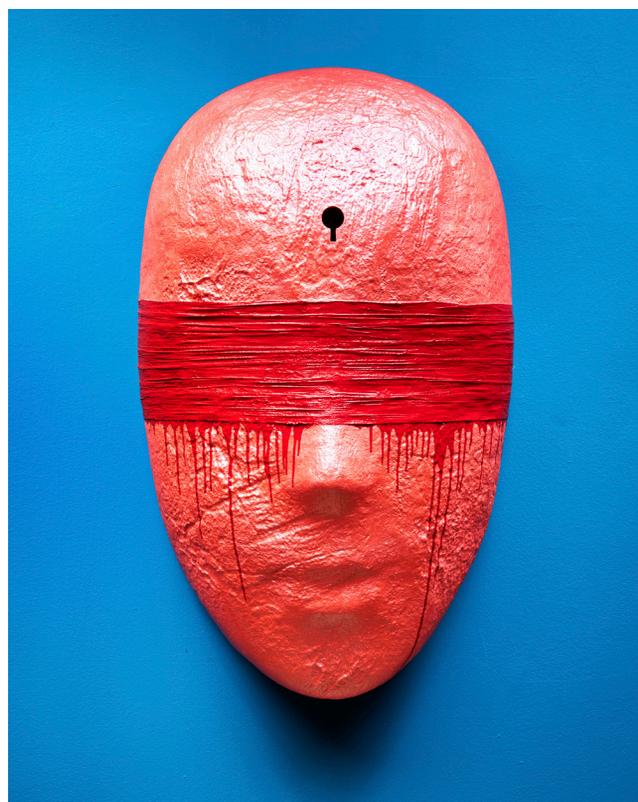




















Oil on Canvas
97 x 162.2 cm

맨드라미 - 고야의 1808년 5월 3일을 생각하며
Cockscomb(Thinking of El tres de mayo de 1808)

2014



1.

내가 원하는 그림을 그리기 위해 작업실 앞마당을 가꾸는 데만도 2, 3년이 걸렸다. 그 때문에 몇 해 전부터 이른 봄이면 마당에 나가 한두 달씩을 흙에 코를 박고 살았다. 부드러운 흙을 몇 차 실어와 마당 한켠에 부어놓고 직접 퍼다 나르느라 비지땀을 꽤나 흘렸다. 물론 1주일에 한 번 반찬거리 챙겨서 들어오는 아내의 도움도 많이 받았다. 흙을 퇴비와 섞고 펴고, 여러 종류의 화묘와 씨앗들을 정성 들여 심고 물을 주고 가꾸기를 몇 년, 첫해에는 겨울이 오기 전에 구근을 미처 캐내지 않아 몽땅 얼어 죽게 한 일도 있었고, 앓은뱅이 연한 풀꽃들이 드새고 웃자라는 키다리 꽃들의 그늘에 가려 펴보지도 못한 채 창백하게 시들어버리는 일들도 있었다. 이렇게 몇 차례의 시행착오를 겪으며 철마다 피고 지는 꽃들의 영고성쇠를 관찰하였다. 처음, 꽃밭을 만들며 머릿속으로 그려보던 상상 속의 ‘뜰’과는 전혀 다르게 꽃들은 스스로 번식하고 소멸하며 제각각의 생존방식으로 치열하게 서로의 터를 잡아갔다. 꽃 한 송이, 풀 한 포기 존재하기 위해선 얼마나 많은 다른 생명들이 서로 뒤엉켜서 치열한 생존의 몸부림으로 뒹굴어야 하는지 나의 잔머리가 이런 이치를 깨닫는 데는 시간이 그리 오래 걸리지 않았다. 바람, 햇살, 습기, 풍뎅이, 벌, 나비, 지렁이, 너무나 많은 벌레들, 작은 새들, 그리고 모든 것을 통제하는 시간! 마치 인간의 세상사를 옮겨놓은 듯한 이 흥미롭고 변화무쌍한 뜰의 생태를 관찰하느라 꽤 많은 시간을 할애했다. 비록 작은 터의 꽃밭이지만 그곳에서 일어나는 자연의 생태는 거칠고 완고하면서도 섬세하고, 잔인하면서도 아름다웠다. 그리고 공평했다. 그렇게 관찰만으로 2, 3년을 보냈다. 나는 꽃밭을 통해 내가 바라보는 세상사를 녹여내고 싶었고, 또 작업 방향을 그렇게 끌고 갔다. 노력을 기울이는 만큼 감정의 파노라마는 자연의 형태 속으로 스며들었다.

2.

내 눈에 의해 관찰된 맨드라미는 느낌이 식물이라기보다는 동물에 가깝다. 마치 정육점 진열장의 붉은 조명등 아래 놓여진 살코기 같은 느낌! 꽃의 형태 대부분이 좌우가 비대칭이고 괴이한 데다 원초적 느낌의 현란하고 강렬한 붉은 빛, 질긴 생명력이 느껴지는 다양한 모양의 억센 줄기와 다양한 색의 잎들. 온몸으로 죽음을 맞이하는 듯이 시들어갈 때의 처연함. 망연자실, 꽃이긴 한데 꽃이 아닌 듯한 느낌.

- 작가 노트 중에서

1.

It took two to three years just to cultivate the front yard so that I could paint the painting I wanted. To this end, starting from a few years back, I would go out into the garden in early spring and live with my nose in the dirt for a couple of months. I sweated a lot, transporting several trucks of soft earth to be dumped onto one side of the yard, and personally shoveling and moving it to the garden. Of course my wife also helped me a great deal, with her weekly visits bringing food supplies. For the past few years I have worked diligently, mixing the soil with compost and flattening it, carefully planting various types of seedlings and seeds, watering and cultivating. During the first year the bulbs all froze to death, as I had not dug them out early enough before winter; and sometimes the tender lower flowering plants became pale and withered without a chance to bloom, shaded by the tough tall-growing flowers. Going through such trial and error, I observed the prosperity and decline of the flowers blooming and falling in each season. Unlike what I had imagined when I first began to plan the flower garden, the flowers established their places there through fierce survival tactics, propagating and perishing on their own. It did not take long for me to realize how many different lives have to roll around entangled with one another in a struggle to survive, for a single flower, for one head of grass, to exist. Wind, sunshine, moisture, beetles, bees, butterflies, worms, so many insects, small birds, and time, which controls everything! I spent quite a lot of time observing this intriguing and ever-changing ecology of the garden, which resembles a miniature of the human world. Though it was a flower bed in a small lot, the natural ecology taking place there was rough and stubborn, yet delicate; cruel, yet beautiful. And it was fair. I spent two or three years just observing. I wanted to dissolve the worldly affairs I saw into images of the flower garden, and this was the direction in which I carried out my work. Matching the extent of my efforts, a panorama of emotions permeated into the shapes of nature.

2.

The cockscomb viewed through my eyes feels like an animal, rather than a plant—like a piece of meat placed below the pink light in the butcher's showcase! Most of the flowers are asymmetrical and grotesque in shape, and are a dazzling, intense red that has a primitive feeling. Tough stems of diverse shapes give the sense of a tenacious life force. The leaves are various colors. There's a sadness when they wilt, as if to meet death with their entire bodies. There's a stupefaction, the feeling that it is a flower, but then it is not.

— on an Artist's Note













1911
Pink Flowers



1912
Pink Flowers

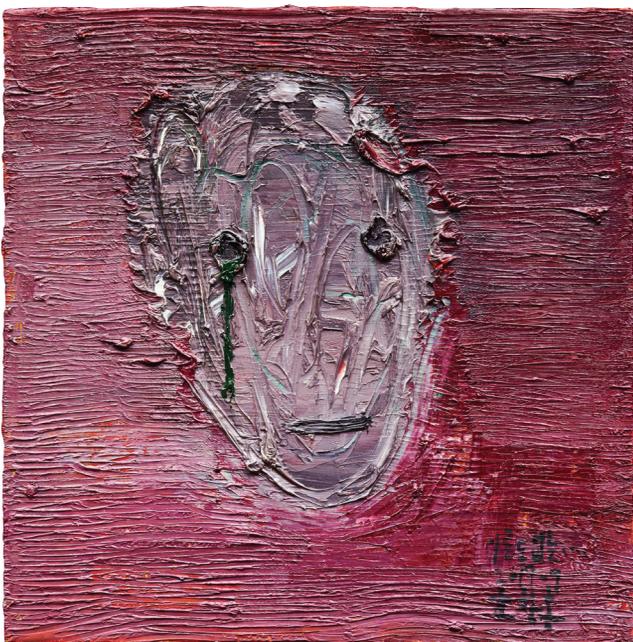








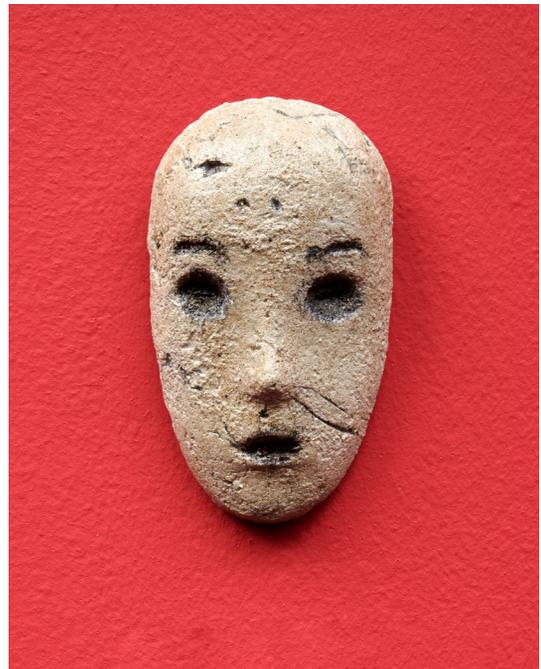
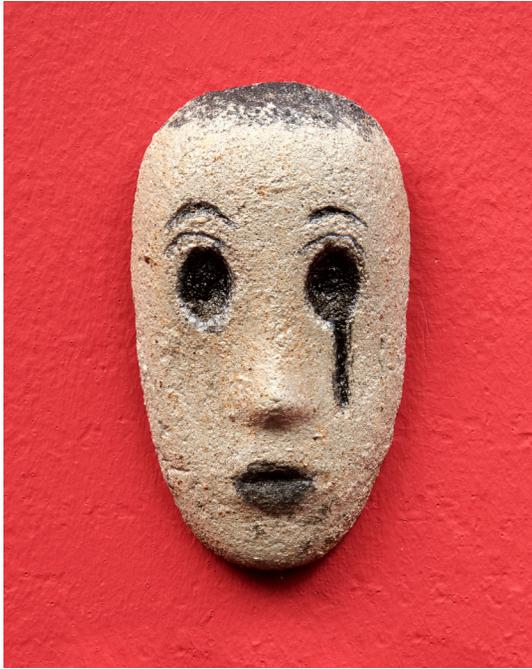




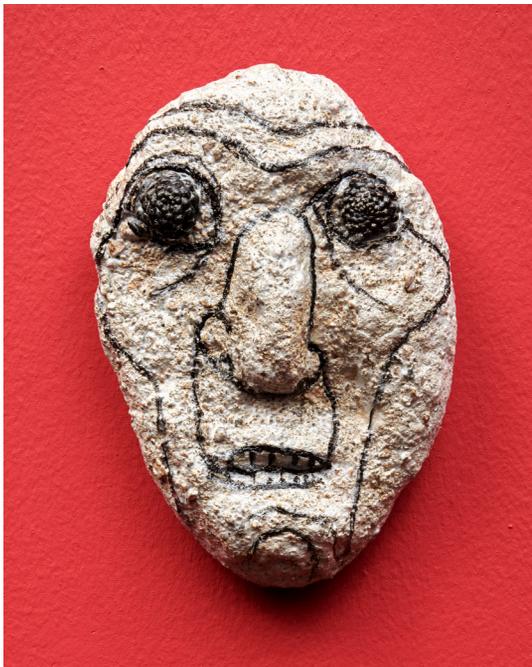


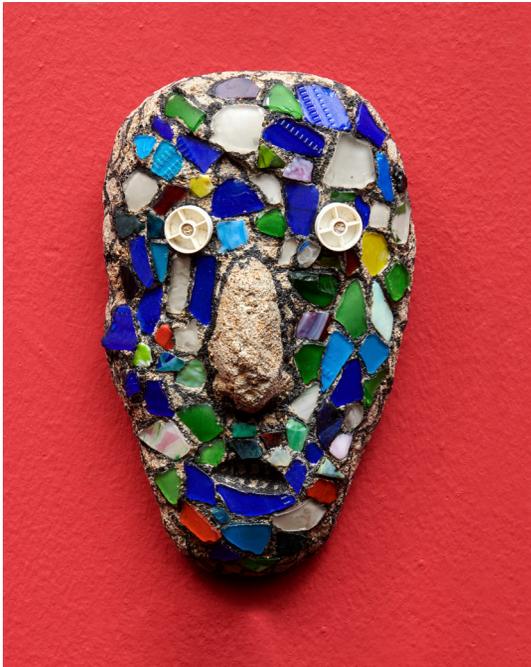


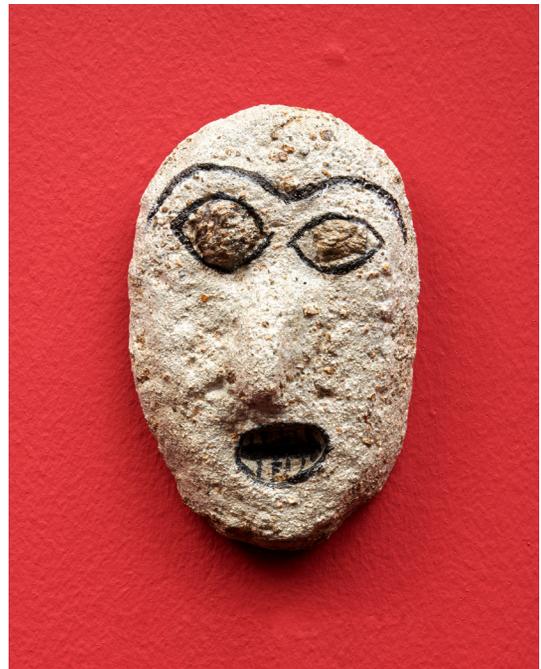
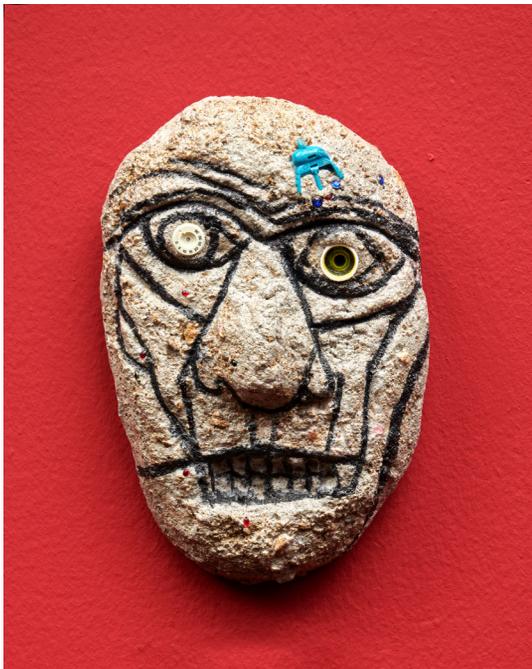
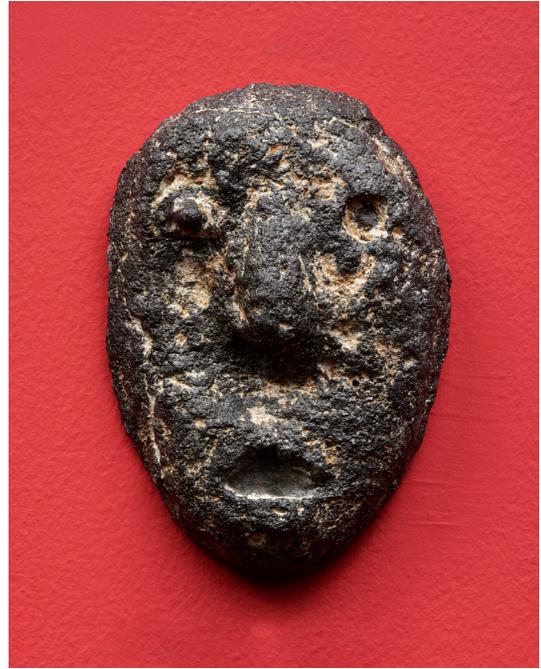


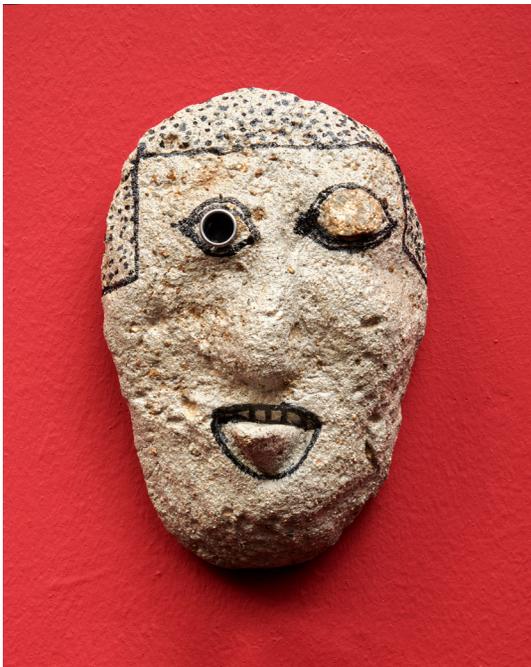


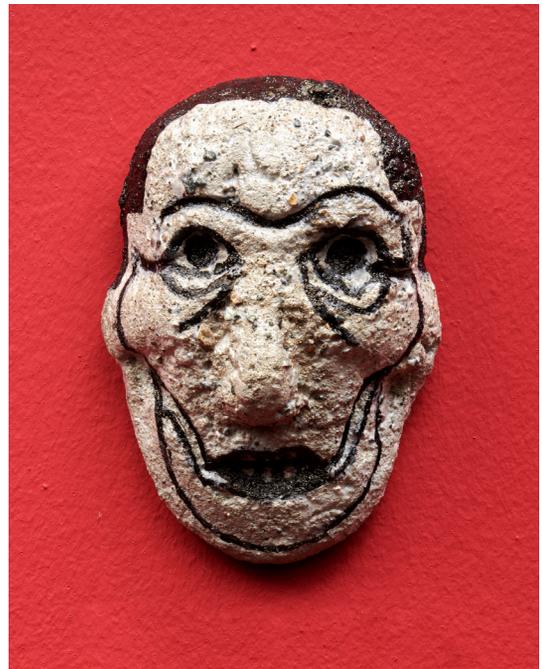
















안창홍
70's-00's

Ahn Chang Hong 70's-00's

1973
-2004



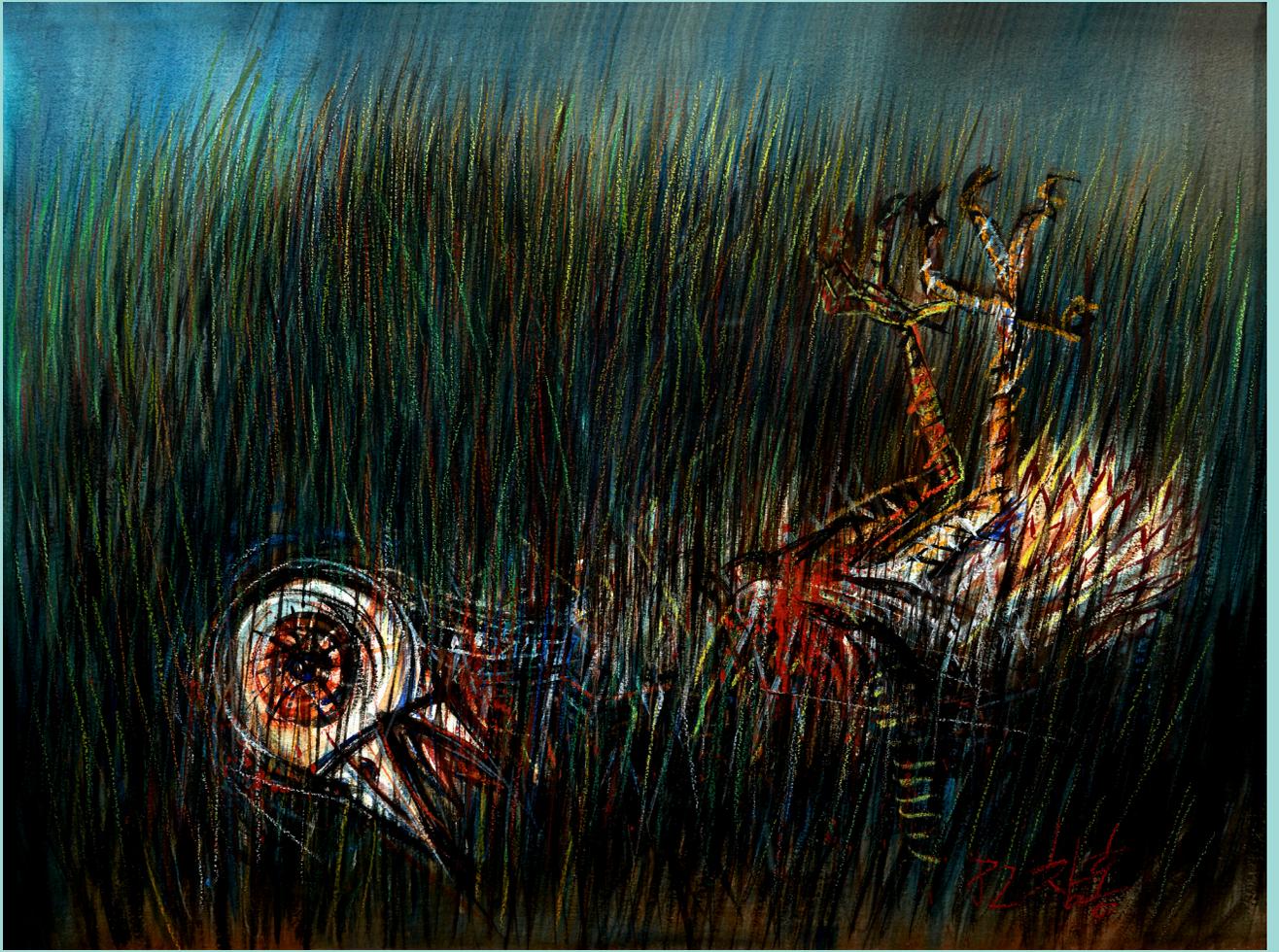
Oil on Canvas
130.3 x 162.2 cm

가족사진 Family Portrait
1980



우주의 심장 Heart of the Universe
1973

Oil on Canvas
72.7 x 90.9 cm



Oil, Pastel, Colored Pencil and Watercolor on Canvas
56 x 74 cm

새 Bird
1982



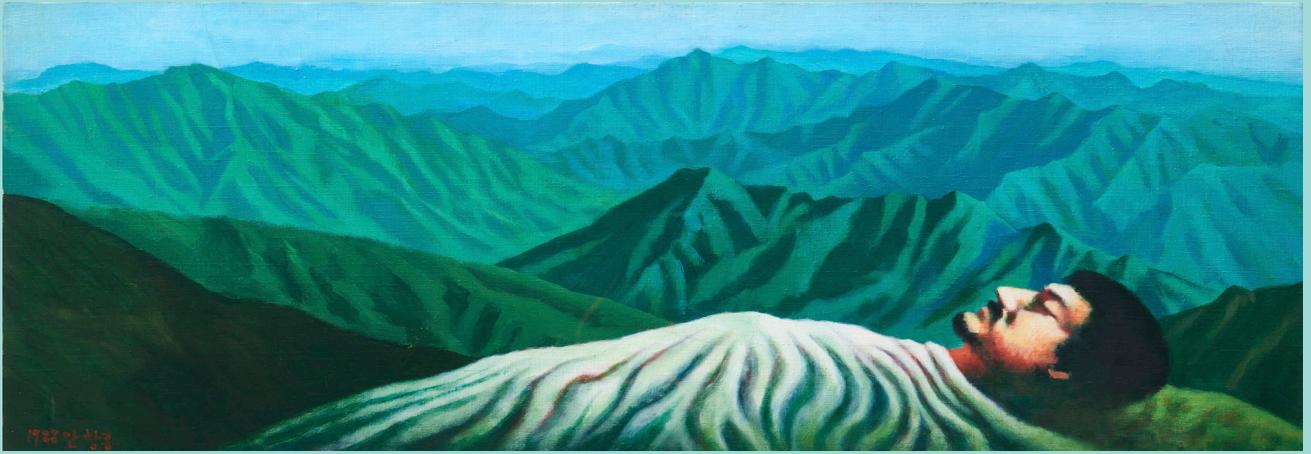
인간이후 After Man
1982

Acrylic, Oil on Whatman
120 x 180 cm



Mixed Media on Paper
63 x 38.5 x 13 cm

용사 Warrior
1986



거인의 잠 Giant's Sleep
1989

Acrylic on Canvas
32 x 93 cm



Acrylic on Canvas
90.9 x 72.7 cm

우리도 모델처럼 3 Act Like a Model 3
1991



봄나들이 2 Spring Picnic 2
1990

Mixed Media on Paper
109.5 x 79.5 cm



Korean Ink on Paper
35 x 28 cm

자화상 Self-portrait
1990



어둠 속에서 - 2마리의 개 In the Darkness
1992

Acrylic on Plywood
43.5 x 74.5 cm
Private Collection



Mixed Media on Photograph
109 x 75 cm
ARARIO Collection

49인의 명상 Forty nine People's Meditation
2004



윤사
Warrior
2006, Mixed Media on Paper
63x38.5x13cm



윤사
Warrior
2006, Mixed Media on Paper
63x38.5x13cm

