

1 Oct 2023 ————— 7 Jan 2024

A painting of two people with their lips sealed together, overlaid with the text "Goodbye to Love". The painting is in a realistic style, showing the back of the heads and the hands of the two individuals. The person on the left has their hand on the neck of the person on the right. The background is a plain, light color. There are some green lines on the right side of the image.

# Goodbye to Love

Conversation of  
all those whose  
lips are sealed

# Fragments

Valentijn Byvanck

Love is a challenging subject in a world fond of critical discourse. We save it for our spare time, for our personal conversations, lifestyle magazines, and television shows. Love is not work, it is not politics, nor is it the economy. It seems to belong somewhere else. Or does it?

In her essay *All about Love*, the great critic bell hooks argued that freedom cannot exist without love, and to gain the former, we must find the latter. hooks always emphasized the importance of love as an integral part of our social and political fabric. The qualities we cherish about it — trust, companionship, intimacy, care, commitment — are at the source of all our other endeavors.

In 2022, I saw the film installation *Our Joyful Young Days* by the artist Hyesoo Park. The film was shown in a cozy museum space in Seoul, South Korea. In the film, retired factory workers were interviewed about their first loves. An elderly woman sitting next to me nodded firmly at one of the stories, and she quietly wiped the tears off her cheeks. She added testimony to the struggle of voicing emotions in a strongly patriarchal Korean society, a central theme in Park's oeuvre for which she chose the title *Goodbye to Love*.

If we cannot express feelings in words, we turn to images. Director of SongEun Art Foundation Laurencina Farrant introduced me to the works by Jinju Lee, who titled one of them *Conversation of All Those Whose Lips are Sealed*. Her paintings show introverted landscapes inhabited by figures that are turned equally inward. What moves these people? What is the loss they seem to be contemplating? What are their memories and

the objects strewn about them? The paintings' rich detail and heavy atmosphere trigger in me a sense of quiet alarm: What are we to do when our anxieties become reality?

In the Parc de la Tête d'Or in Lyon, I listened to a work by James Webb. A woman's voice encouraged me to contemplate my place in the world. While I was gazing out over the river Rhône, she made me ponder the ways in which we deal with the outside world as if we ourselves are not part of it. We feel the wrongs of society, but forget that our bodies and our emotions are constantly in the process of designing that same society. Are we experiencing fulfilling lives? Are we pursuing the goals we should strive for? Do we create the space for a shared happiness?

I offer these beginnings, dear reader, knowing full well that they may appear as random fragments. Yet, to me, these works have a common thread. Perhaps it has to do with the sense of loneliness they evoke: the feeling not belonging, the memory of a lost love, the world we live in that never provides enough solace, the fears that feed so many unspoken words, and the fragility of shared lives within the confining structures of society. Trusting intuition more than reason, I leave this thread (and exhibition) open-ended and hand it over to you to find words for it, or, if that is too hard or undesirable, to make it resonate in a conversation of sealed lips.

# Hyesoo Park

## GOODBYE TO LOVE IN THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

Over the last ten years, I made a series of works that can be viewed as an investigation into modern manners and love in a post-industrial society. I loosely labelled this oeuvre *Goodbye to Love*. For Koreans, this project is quite rare since they are not used to talking about love and consider it a courtesy to hide their feelings from others, even when it concerns love. People expect others to understand their feelings without having to express them. The word "emotional" usually has negative rather than positive connotations in Korea. When people conceal their emotions, their faces show no expression. Moreover, Koreans consider marriage more important than love. The interviews I conducted about love invariably ended with "family", and the words "me" and "love" were left out.

For one of the works, titled *Our Joyful Young Days (2022)*, I interviewed retired Korean factory workers from the Youngyiel Precision Company in Seoul's Guro Digital Industrial Complex. When making the film, I saw how uncomfortable and shy the workers were when talking about love and how hard it was for them to answer my questions. Since it was so difficult to have a conversation about emotions or feelings, I decided to focus on the memories of first loves. In Korea, first loves are always about "true" loves, that is, first loves

are often romantic and almost always abandoned for marriages in which romance is replaced by family obligations. Through the workers' stories, we can get a glimpse of the emotions that become lost in the lives of industrial laborers. The subject of the film was not welcomed in the Korean art scene at that time. One critic asked why anyone would go to see a work about love in a world riddled by bigger problems including war, famine, and the climate crisis. Although this has improved somewhat, the subject is still not well received.

When Marres commissioned me to create a work within this series, I was concerned about how I would approach the theme in Europe, since there are such differences with Asia. I decided to focus on love in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. I believe that the development of digital technology has made serious relationships rarer, and the kind of love people now have seems quite different from love in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Marres issued an open call for Maastricht residents over the age of 50 who were willing to talk about love. We interviewed six people ranging from 50 to 97 years old. I asked them about the love they have known. I composed a video comparing their love to an imaginary flower that is described to have a human soul: Yutzpracachia. This flower first appeared in a novel written by Hain Kim. The flower is highly vulnerable to any contact, so if anyone touches it, it wilts and

dies. It is described as a flower of the human soul because it survives when only one person keeps taking care of it. As I connected the stories of factory workers' first love with portraits by the artist Mina Ham in *Our Joyful Young Days*, I intended to convey the fading of a generation and the sense of regret with this mysterious flower that secretly blooms. The work is called *Flower in Love (2023)*.

The Maastricht interviewees showed emotions of joy, sadness, and happiness during the interview. They were certain of their thoughts on love, honest about their emotions, and never hesitated. I learned the meaning of the expression "to have butterflies in your stomach". Even though the people interviewed were older, they still expected and enjoyed the feeling of love. I envied their passion for love, felt sorry for their generation fading away, and was worried that, as ardently as they had loved someone, they might feel terribly lonely in the absence of their loved ones. Nonetheless, I was certain that their love stories would make me and others feel romantic again, and, on the other hand, I was afraid love would soon be extinct in the world. Albert Camus once said, "What determines a successful life is not what we have achieved, but what we have lost."



*Our Joyful Young Days* (2022) focuses on stories of first love. I ask workers in industrial districts (including Seoul's Guro Industrial Complex) about their memories of their first love. The workers — essential to the manufacturing industries that were Korea's mainstays during the 1970s and 1980s — recall their youth as they talk about how they started working at the factory. When they are asked about their experiences of their first love, they smile and respond bashfully as they talk about their

first time they saw their first love, how they met, how it felt to be in love, and the painful experience of parting. Images of the painter Mina Ham, who interprets the objects and landscapes of the stories, are interwoven with the testimonies.

At the end of the film, we hear the song *Sangnoksu* (translated as *Evergreen*). The song is said to have been written by the singer Kim Minki in 1977 for use at a joint wedding ceremony for workers he had been teaching every morning while working at a factory in Incheon.

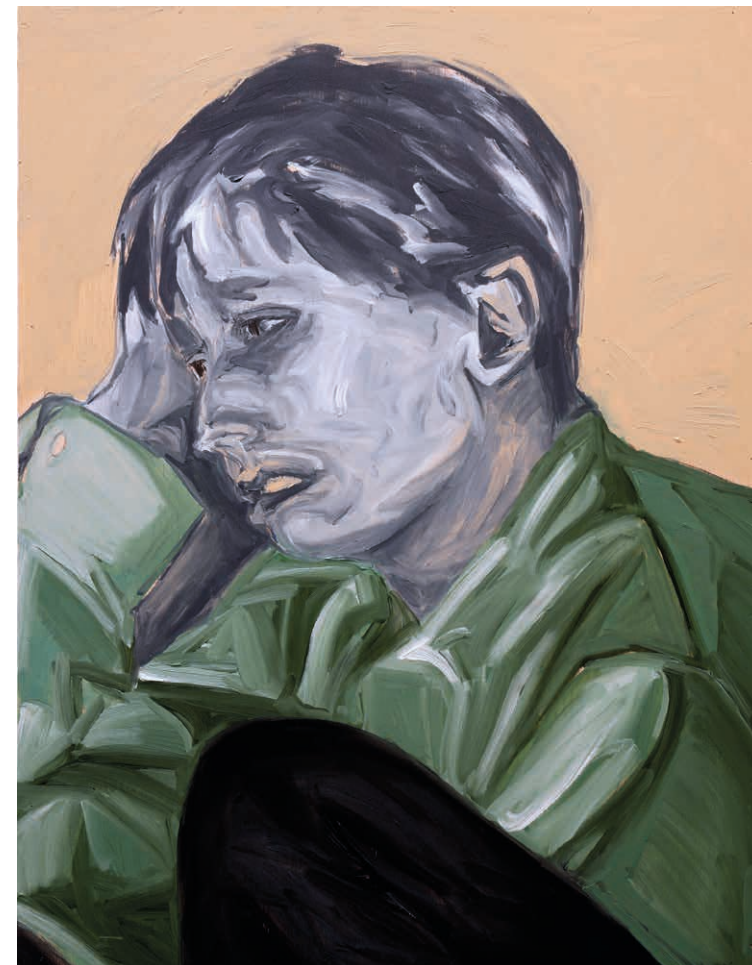
# Our Joyful Young Days

2022, Two-channel video, 25 min., co-directed by Kang Yeeun, commissioned by MMCA. Seo-SeMA Collection, MMCA Image Courtesy

*Our Joyful Young Days Series*  
Mina Ham  
2022, Commissioned by Hyesoo Park. Photo by Anbuh. Courtesy of the artist, Art Centre Art Moment, Anbuh Image Courtesy

- *The Man Who Made a Woman Cry* [top]  
Oil on wood panel, 40.9×53 cm
- *A Waiting Man* [bottom left]  
Oil on canvas, 40×40 cm
- *A Wedding Cake* [bottom center]  
Oil on canvas, 53×72.7 cm
- *Dream* [bottom right]  
Oil on canvas, 53×72.7 cm
- *Love Letter*  
Oil on wood panel, 41×61 cm
- *Pink Dress*  
Oil on canvas, 91×117 cm
- *First Love*  
Oil on canvas, 91×117 cm
- *A Smiling Woman*  
Oil on canvas, 22×28 cm
- *You In My Dream Last Night*  
Oil on canvas, 130.3×162.2 cm

In this collaboration with the painter Mina Ham, I interviewed the factory workers' first love, shared the stories with Ham, and asked her to recreate the worker's first love in painting.



# Goodbye to Love I – Light of Illusion

2017, 3,000 gold origami cranes, variable dimensions

When I first started the survey *Memorabilia of Broken Heart* in 2013, the most impressive item was 1,000 origami cranes. Until fairly recently, Korean and Japanese suitors would traditionally fold 1,000 origami cranes to present to lovers as a gift. When lovers break up, these origami cranes are sold on eBay at a bargain. I bought 1,000 colorful pieces of origami cranes for only 3 euros, and when I asked the seller about the price, the answer was: "5 euros seem expensive and 3 euros seem cheap".

I have folded thousands of origami cranes using gold paper, unfolded them again, and then stuck them together. The shape of the crane has disappeared, but there are still traces of love that do not fade on the paper, like the scars of a past love. In this Marres exhibition, 3,000 paper cranes and Mina Ham's paintings are placed together to evoke memories of love gone by.



For the new work *Flower in Love* (2023), I wanted to focus on love in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. I believe that the development of digital technology has made serious relationships somewhat rarer, and the kind of love people have now seems quite different from the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Marres issued an open call for Maastricht residents over the age of 50 who were willing to talk about the love they have known. I then composed a video comparing their love to a flower with a soul of love, in which I tried to represent the fading love of old times with the Yutzpracachia – an imaginary flower that first appeared in a novel written by Hain Kim. As I connected the stories of factory workers' first love with portraits by the artist Mina Ham in *Our Joyful Young Days*, I intended to convey the fading of a generation and the sense of regret with the mysterious flower that secretly blooms.

## Flower in Love

2023, Single channel video, 30 min., commissioned by Marres

*Flower in Love Series*

Mina Ham

2023, Commissioned by Hyesoo Park. Mina Ham Image Courtesy

– *Hug (Mrs. Herben)* [bottom left]

Oil on canvas, 22×28 cm

– *Eternal Photograph* [bottom right]

Oil on canvas, 22×28 cm



# Memorabilia of Broken Heart

2023, Survey archive

The survey that began in 2013 was conducted in art museums, residencies, and public organizations, in print and on the website [goodbye2love.com](http://goodbye2love.com). In Korea, typewriters were installed in art museums to distribute paper questionnaires and collect survey responses. In the Marres exhibition, we use a web survey to collect people's stories and items. The various items collected in Maastricht will be displayed like relics in a museum, as a record of a past era.



# James Webb

When thinking about love and good-byes, I am drawn to the opening line of Jungian psychologist Dr. James Hollis's *The Eden Project: In Search of the Magical Other* (1998): "All relationships begin and end in separation." It is a clear and crushing truth: every moment and every choice is a play of attachment and loss. I wonder who we are in and amongst these connections and separations. What persists? Where do our losses take us? How do we find ourselves when love is unrequited or when things don't make sense?

Some strange visitors have arrived at Marres. One is in the garden, its song rich and melodic, harking to an elsewhere. But what is that elsewhere, and why would this song now be heard in Maastricht? There is a note of magic here: something that is seemingly impossible being made manifest. The other visitor is a display of alien plants and weeds placed together in an Ikebana arrangement. These visitors bring questions. How do we work with our untamed feelings and uprooted desires? How do we present them to others so that we can be understood and accepted?

We are all familiar with images of displacement: a sense of longing and trying to resolve ways of relating to an *other*, even if that *other* is ourselves. The Imam's disembodied voice in the film *Le Marché Oriental* is calling the faithful to pray, but in its political context — the original

inhabitants of the historical home of District 6 in Cape Town were removed because the district was classified as a "Whites Only" area — the absence is overwhelming. How do our feelings of love and their ability to connect our lives act as a narrator through these challenges? What parts of us last through these changes?

By turning to words — the words of others, detailing passions and experiences — we can try and orientate ourselves and give form to our own uncertainty. Words enter through the eye and ear, but what if a text could take on the properties of water and enter the body through the mouth like a medicine or a potion? What if words could be spilled, splashed, and soaked in? This might allow us to get drunk on literary images. And, if so, then the images contained in these liquid texts will inebriate the drinker as they speak of love in its wild and intoxicating forms, of craving and satisfaction, loss, and desperation.

A voice interviews an aged mirror. It probes, searches, and speculates as it inquires after the object's memories, longings, and opinions. Over centuries, this mirror has been part of society's creation of an idea of the self. We become a witness to a conversation between voice and object, and we linger with these questions and what we think the mirror might answer, all the while allowing these questions to reflect on us too. The voice creates a

pathway for the audience to enter the looking glass.

What did the world look like when you were young?  
Whose vision of the world was the most alluring to you?  
What memories still cling to you?  
Whose need for affirmation could you not satisfy?  
What suffering has been kept from you?  
What might your prejudices make you see?  
Whose friendship do you miss?  
Who do you yearn for?

JAMES WEBB was born in Kimberley, South Africa, in 1975. He lives and works in Stockholm, Sweden. He is an artist known for site-specific interventions and installations. His practice often involves sound, found objects, and text, invoking references to literature, cinema, and the minimalist traditions. By shifting objects, techniques, and forms beyond their original contexts and introducing them to different environments, Webb creates new spaces of tension. These spaces bind Webb's academic background in religion, theatre, and advertising, offering poetic inquiries into the economies of belief and dynamics of communication in our contemporary world.

James Webb is represented by blank projects and Galerie Imane Farès. [www.theotherjameswebb.com](http://www.theotherjameswebb.com)

All artworks courtesy of Galerie Imane Farès and blank projects.



# I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds

2023, Texts transcribed with ink on soluble paper, dissolved in water, and presented in glass vials

What if a text could take on the properties of water and be able to enter the body through the mouth like a medicine or a potion? What if words could be spilled, splashed, and soaked in?

The texts collected, transcribed, and dissolved in this artwork look at love through its ecstasy, madness, and hallucinogenic powers. These are the words and literary images that, in turn, become ways that we can use to navigate our own experiences of love. As opaque liquids, we can imagine them being consumed and working their magical madness from the inside of the body.

*— I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds (Openings to ecstasy)*

Glass vials, dissolved paper, ink, water

Written depictions of ecstatic desire transcribed with ink on soluble paper, dissolved in water, and presented in found glass vials.

*— I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds (Let the night open your ears)*

Glass vial, dissolved paper, ink, water

Yasunari Kawabata's unsent letter to Hatsuyo Itō transcribed with ink on soluble paper and presented in a single glass bottle with a silver stopper.

*— I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds (6 offerings to the 10th Muse)*

Glass and crystal decanters, dissolved paper, ink, water

Six individual translations of Sappho's *Fragment 31* transcribed with ink on soluble paper, dissolved in water, and presented in found crystal and glass vials.



## Le Marché Oriental

2009, HD film, audio, duration: 00:03:00

*Le Marché Oriental* films a two-minute intervention inside Cape Town's disused Oriental Plaza, an Apartheid-era shopping mall designed to control the trading opportunities of disenfranchised Islamic communities with links to District Six. On the fourth day of Ramadan, 2008, Sheikh Mogamat Moerat of the Zeenatul Islam Majid mosque next door to the plaza, was invited to sing the Adhan (call to prayer) inside the empty remains of the building a few weeks before it was demolished to make way for luxury apartments.

District Six is one of the most politically-charged areas in South Africa. Created as the Sixth Municipal District of Cape Town in 1867, its central location and proximity to the harbor made it the home of many merchants, freed slaves, and immigrants. It was a racially mixed neighborhood comprising a high percentage of Malay people, who were brought, along with Islam, to the Cape Colony by the Dutch East India Company.

On the 11<sup>th</sup> of February 1966, under the Group Areas Act, the Apartheid government declared District Six an area for the use of whites only. Over the next few years, 60,000 people were forcibly removed from their homes and relocated to distant areas such as the Cape Flats and Endabeni. Much of the rezoned land was bulldozed, leaving only the places of worship. These included the Zeenatul Islam Majid mosque, one of the oldest in the country.



# Untitled/Entitled (The heart does not ask permission)

2023, Plants



Weeds presented in an Ikebana arrangement.

Ikebana (literally, "making flowers alive") is a meditative, Japanese form of flower arranging originating from floral offerings made at altars. This series started in 2010 and is remade site-specifically in each iteration.

Ikebana designer: Qiran Xu

In this ongoing series, started in 2016, spoken questions are posed to selected objects; in this instance an 18<sup>th</sup> century mirror. A mirror is a place of secret looks, confessions, rehearsals, and compositions. Mirrors have played a great role in the creation of a social self in our civilization, and their production is connected with trade, wealth, and class. What might a mirror have witnessed over the course of its life? What are its feelings about what it has had to reflect?

English voice: Andrew Sutherland  
from Bigmouth Studios  
Dutch voice: Guido Wevers  
Proofreader: Bettina Schultz

## A series of personal questions addressed to a mirror, previous owner unknown

2023, Mirror, speaker, audio,  
duration: 01:30:00

# There's No Place Called Home (Maastricht)

Songs of a Peruvian meadowlark broadcast from speakers concealed in a tree in the garden of Marres.

In the garden, songs of a Peruvian meadowlark (*Leistes bellicosus*) can be heard. For those unfamiliar with this bird, it has an iconic, blood-red throat and breast, and its range is restricted to western South America. Its mellow song is a peculiar, other-worldly sound to encounter here in Maastricht. Birdsong is territorial and used for the purposes of mating and maintaining identity, so why can we hear its song right here? Was it love that made it flee or land? Or is it something else? An omen with the bird as a messenger?

*There's No Place Called Home (Maastricht)* contains audio recordings of Peruvian meadowlarks made by Niels Krabbe used under the Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-SA 4.0) licence; Andrew Spencer, used under the Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 2.5 Generic (CC BY-NC-ND 2.5) licence; and by Santiago Barreto, Guy Kirwan, John V. Moore, Cristian Pinto, and Fabrice Schmitt, used under the Attribution-Share Alike 4.0 International (CC BY-SA 4.0) licence; in these last recordings time has inserted between the songs to lengthen the tracks, and a light equalization was used.

2023, Tree, speaker, audio,  
duration: variable

During the autumn, *There's No Place Called Home (Maastricht)* by James Webb will also be exhibited at Kasteel Wijlre as a parallel intervention.



# Jinju Lee

Dear Valentijn,

The subtitle of our exhibition, *Conversation of All Those Whose Lips Are Sealed*, is not only a title for a single artwork, but also a significant concept in my works. I have long been thinking about something beyond language, something that cannot be spoken but can be shared, something about latent existences that cannot be articulated. Therefore, when you expressed your desire to use the subtitle *Conversation of all those whose lips are sealed*, I thought it was good, and I believed that I could convey many stories to the audience through my artworks under this subtitle.

I created *Layers of Daytime* in 2014. The piece depicts the landscape of my neighborhood in Paju, which is the closest area to North Korea from Seoul. The Imjin River, which flows into the West Sea, marks the boundary between my neighborhood and North Korea, and it is only 2.1 km away. As someone born in 1980, I belong to the generation that regards the Korean War as an abstract event. However, I have noticed blocked paths and roads in the tranquil scenery of my neighborhood, which adds an atmosphere of uncertainty and tension. Although the reality of a divided country may seem abstract to me, the mood it creates in my day-to-day life in Paju adds to my sense of

unease and disorientation. This feeling of uncertainty became the backdrop for my artwork, which depicts the mundane events of my daily routine and the bleak happenings around the world that I witnessed.

*Darken* is a piece that shows the things that have been locked away and sealed. As you may already know, my earliest memory is of being abducted. As a child, I was grabbed by a stranger in a field who tried to force-feed me a strange, red and black fruit. Luckily, I was able to return home unscathed, but I have kept this memory with me for almost thirty years without telling anyone about it. The title *Conversation of All Those Whose Lips are Sealed* is a reminder of this event, as I use my art to express things that exist but cannot be talked about. Through my art, I was able to confront this memory. However, even after all this time, whenever I see a red and black fruit on the side of the road, I feel a chill run down my spine. *Darken* depicts the weight of something that suddenly sharpens the senses of the body.

*Four Questions* is a work that connects two different landscapes in one piece. It is divided into two canvases that, when joined together, create a larger whole. Through this piece, I wanted to explore the idea of perceiving two different scenes

simultaneously, even when only one is in front of us.

Best regards,  
Jinju

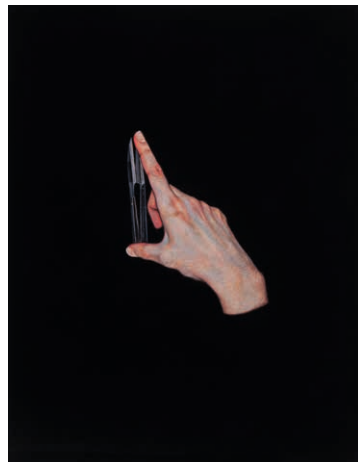
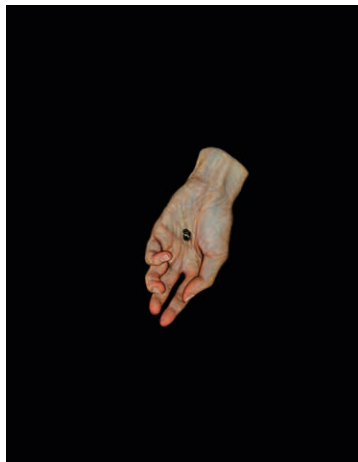
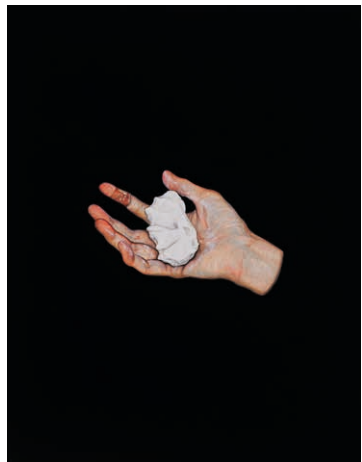
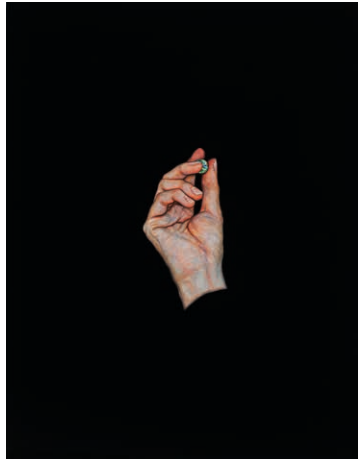
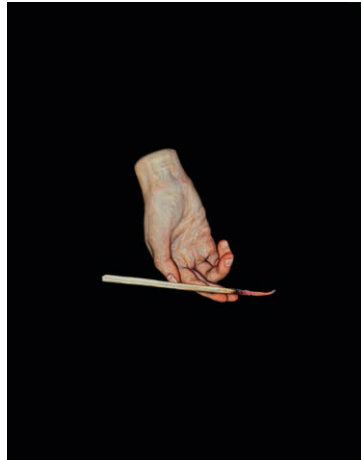
# Black Painting Series

From left to right and top to bottom:  
*One, Initial, All, Whole, Just, Only*

2023, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 44x34 cm

My *Black Painting* series reveals a distinct structure that differs from the characteristic arrangement of densely packed, enigmatic narratives within a vast landscape that my previous works displayed. Instead, it reveals a hidden and yet unmanifested structure where many events and relationships remain concealed in darkness. Only fragments of the body, hands, and certain objects are revealed within the darkness. I believe that hands, just like a person's face, can express a multitude of emotions and situations. The delicately depicted hands or objects reveal the temporality that can be acquired through prolonged observation of the subject. I hope that viewers will spend a significant amount of time in front of these works, immersing themselves with the image that

confronts them. However, it is not solely the representation of the subject itself that is important but rather its function as a symbolic representation serving as the starting point for poetic expression. Furthermore, I hope that viewers can imagine the space of infinite possibilities and events concealed within the encompassing black void. I named the black ink which possesses a high purity of saturation and matt texture as *Lee Jeongbae Black* in honor of my husband, artist Lee Jeongbae, who developed it. The essence of the *Black Painting* series lies within the black void.



## Between

2015, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 55.5x35 cm

Painted in the year when my father fell ill and died. *Between* expresses dejection and sadness. Ironically, I was already feeling the moment of death before it actually occurred, and after my father's passing, there were many times I felt as if he were alive. It was a time when I felt strongly that life and death were intertwined.



# Such

2023, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 44x34 cm



2023, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 44x34 cm

*Once* is a recent painting inspired by the Covid-19 period. The world I still experienced was full of absurd and selfish aspects, but in it, we deeply felt and appreciated each other's consolation, hugs, interests, and vitality. With that in mind, I drew *Act* (the campaign image of our exhibition). *Once* and *Such* both depict a small object, but they also represent the season where you can feel the fresh and intense power of green onions, while red threads underline their intertwinement. *Such*, a painting with cut branches, rubber bands, and colored tape, similarly portrays vitality. When I think of separation and loss, I think also of their opposite: will and a certain warmth.

# Layers of Daytime

2014, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 160x179 cm

This work portrays the scenery of my neighborhood in Paju, which is the closest city to North Korea from Seoul. The distance between Paju and North Korea, facing each other at the end of the Imjin River flowing to the West Sea (also known as the Yellow Sea), is merely 2.1 km. As someone born in 1980, I belong to a generation that perceives the Korean War as an abstract event. In the midst of a quiet, rural life in my neighborhood, the traces of history and political circumstances of Korea inherent to the country once in a while appear and materialize momentarily. This place conceals elements like barbed wire fences, screens, and hidden bunkers in the mountains, waterways, tunnels, and military installations, like hidden pictures. On a serene day with falling snow, while taking a walk in my neighborhood, I sensed an eerie ambiance as

I gazed upon the roads, waterways, and the river. It prompted me to envision scenes where elements of reality are juxtaposed in an unreal manner, intensifying uncertainty and tension. The reality of the divided South Korea, which I perceived like a history of a distant land, infiltrated my day-to-day life in Paju with an unsettling unease, as I wandered amidst numerous paths without a set destination. This feeling of uncertainty became a theatrical backdrop, and even though I was unaware of it, I wanted to theatrically portray the essence of these emotions; the emotions that an ordinary small individual feels towards a certain structure of the world that is still intact. It depicted an ordinary occurrence in my everyday life while embodying the somber events of the world that I had witnessed.





# Four Questions

2019, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 202.5x437 cm

*Four Questions* is a work that connects two distinct landscapes into a single piece. It is divided into two canvases that come together to form a cohesive whole. Through this work, I wanted to explore the idea of perceiving and portraying different scenes coexisting within a single space and time, using a painterly

approach. In my early works, I focused on specific memories, traumas, and memories or imagination triggered from everyday landscapes and objects. However, over time, my interest shifted towards exploring the relationships and structures within those elements. What is the true landscape that we see? Why do

our consciousness and perception not merely rest on the immediate phenomena before our eyes, such as in photographs, but rather intertwine with various thoughts perceiving complex and diverse scenes? *Four Questions* is designed to present hidden and concealed events from completely different backgrounds,

colliding within a single work, unveiling and listening to various stories.

# Darken

2014, Powdered pigment, animal skin glue, and water on unbleached cotton, 55x53 cm

*Darken* is a work that depicts long-suppressed elements of my past. It delves into my earliest memory, which revolves around my personal experience of abduction. As a young child, I lost my way in a field and was apprehended by a stranger who bound my hands and feet, forcing me to consume dark red fruits. Though I managed to eventually return home unharmed, I kept this haunting memory concealed within me for almost 30 years, never sharing it with anyone. The title of my second solo exhibition in 2008, *Conversations of All Those Whose Lips are Sealed*, originated from this event, inspiring

me to create an artwork that could express the existence of unspoken things. Through my artistic endeavors, I found the courage to confront this unsettling memory. However, even after so much time had passed, the sight of dark red fruits by the roadside still sends a chilling shiver down my spine. It compels me to ponder the enduring presence of things that never truly vanish. In *Darken*, the object of my first memory emerges directly in front, vividly portraying the weight and intensity of a sudden sensory experience.



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Thank you to everyone who opened their hearts and shared their love stories, memories and memorabilia.

Hyesoo Park – *Flower in Love*  
Stories by:

Dyana van Breemen, Leny Herben, Joseph Humblet, Jan Koster, Aline Ploeg, Erna Verdurmen

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Team Marres:

Valentijn Byvanck, Lisa Alzer, Julie Cordewener, Oonah Duchateau, Rosa van der Flier, Anneke Haane, Tineke Kambier, Ilse van Lieshout, Alejandra Murillo, and all of our volunteers

Marres  
House for Contemporary Culture

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Tuesday – Sunday  
12 – 5 PM

Marres is located in the heart of the old town of Maastricht. It develops a new vocabulary for the senses in collaboration with artists, musicians, designers, and performers. In addition to bringing a lively program of exhibitions, presentations and performances, Marres also features a beautiful garden and a wonderful restaurant.

Share your photos of the exhibition and tag us!  
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## COLOPHON

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Curator: Valentijn Byvanck

Head of production: Rosa van der Flier

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# Marres

