



Water
Marks
Seeping
Through
Concrete

jinseok choi
Jisoo Chung
Woohee Cho

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October 5, 2024-November 30, 2024
Fellows of Contemporary Art

Curated by MOTOR

CONTENT

Curatorial Statement — MOTOR	4
Installation view at Fellows of Contemporary Art	6
<i>In the Marginalia of Water Marks Seeping Through Concrete</i>	14
— Amy Kahng	
Jisoo Chung	22
jinseok choi	46
Woohee Cho	66

Curatorial Statement

MOTOR

Water Marks Seeping Through Concrete challenges conventional narratives on marginalized identities by delving into spaces, languages, and everyday lives shaped by Western hegemony. These historical narratives eliminate the specificities of individuals, cultures, and histories that don't belong to "the norm," leaving space only for further marginalization. The proposed exhibition brings together a collection of creative, adaptive, yet persistent practices that critically examine how those false perceptions about othered beings, such as immigrants and queer individuals, have been perpetuated by authorities. The featured artists interweave layers of power dynamics surrounding naming, physical labor, and institutional space. The exhibition presents creative and poetic approaches to reappropriating remnants from the past and scaffolding alternatives to the concrete norms of contemporary American society.

Through video, sculpture, and installation, Jisoo Chung, Woohee Cho, and jinseok choi intricately merge their own experiences with historical accounts. By unearthing tactile and intimate stories from the past, these artists and works challenge dominant historical narratives and shed light on the marks and traces left by overlooked yet resilient voices.

to page in the
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but I didn't want that to interrupt this relationship.

WC JC
2/17

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We were able to do this - it's been on view at Whitney since Feb 2023.

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He checked and the sticker was still there.
After 1 year and 7 months, I felt connected
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There was some conflict.
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the last day of the exhibition.
When I asked for his thoughts on the work,
he said it felt like watching himself
in a mirror, expand.
I asked if he wanted any changes, and he said
he didn't want to disrupt the piece.
He said he remained anonymous to others,
and described the work as funny, romantic, and beautiful.
He thought I was too on the work, somewhat.
He shared how he actually felt when I first
told him about the context of the work - he didn't
want me to put himself in my work.
That's the time I realized this work
affected our relationship emotionally.



Like: pluck a flower
Love: water flower
daily





Like plus
love: Water
dai



In the Marginalia of *Water Marks* *Seeping Through Concrete*

Amy Kahng

When inheriting books from my undergraduate mentor after his passing, I specifically looked for texts that carried his hieroglyphic-esque, all-caps script scrawled in the margins. I sought after the intimate workings of his mind and physical traces of his presence. It was in these margins that the most personal, emotive, and important pieces of information were inscribed. In the works of these three artists, I am reminded of searching through the marginalia of my mentor's books. I notice a care for and exploration of the potential that emerges in the excess and in the absence. What does one uncover when reading beyond the lines of the text, speculating in the gaps and absences of archival material? What can be created from the remnants of capitalist production? What do we find in the excesses of the "water marks seeping through concrete"?

Delving into these crevices, these artists explore themes of labor, historiography, the public versus private, and the complex sentiments that arise with these themes. Using gay cruising as his central theme, Woohee Cho recounts a personal experience of attempting to cruise in the semi-private space of a museum bathroom, where aesthetic evaluation is crucial both for soliciting a partner and for viewing art. jinseok choi illuminates the invisible labor of Asian American women working in the garment industry, using leftover fabric remnants from clothing production to address the histories of immigrant labor in the United States. In Jisoo Chung's video and paintings, the artist deciphers archival materials to uncover the ironic and orientalizing histories of the "Miss Kim Lilac" flower, focusing on its transoceanic export and re-import journeys.

As I approached the entrance to *Water Marks Seeping Through Concrete*, my vision was immediately filled with white walls. Standing outside, I could glimpse parts of what lay beyond, but the full gallery space remained obscured. This intentional concealment acts as a kind of boundary—a margin through which the "water marks" symbolically seep, connecting the works of the individual artists. Not original to the gallery's design, the wall was deliberately constructed for this exhibition through the collaborative efforts of these artists.

The most immediately visible works in the exhibition are those by Cho. The first work, a vinyl text cutting advertising the artist's desires for a casual encounter, appears on the gallery's glass window. Printed in a subtle white hue, the text almost blends into the wall behind it. Most of Cho's work is positioned in the space in front of the newly constructed white wall. In *Looking For Museum Fun (Whitney with JC)*, Cho explores the semi-private space of a public bathroom in the Whitney Museum of American Art as a site of both production and inquiry. Originally conceived as an invitation for casual encounters with fellow art enthusiasts in this nearly century-old museum, the work ultimately reflects on a more personal moment: a failed attempt to cruise.

For this work, Cho invited JC, a romantic partner at the time, to participate in a cruising encounter in one of the museum's semi-private restrooms, but the invitation was declined. The installation version displayed at FOCA uses false walls installed into the new wall structure to mimic a public bathroom stall. Distinct from the rather sterile space of the museum washrooms, Cho's walls feature small, candid photographs and intimate, handwritten messages that reference his relationship with JC. On the other side of the constructed wall, Cho has inscribed poems into glory holes bore into the structure, which can only be read by crouching and squinting through the openings, creating an intimate experience centered on sight rather than erotic touch. The images and text scattered across the walls go beyond mere imitation of bathroom graffiti. They serve as a meditation on the relationship itself. Through this work, Cho illuminates the heterotopic nature of both the museum gallery and the cruising space of the bathroom. Private acts of creation and pleasure take place covertly within the public space of the museum, a site where sensory experiences and displays are typically highly choreographed and regulated.

From the gallery entrance, viewers can also see one of choi's sculptures, installed above eye level on the right wall. In choi's abstract sculptures, bodily forms emerge organically from scraps of fabric, stitched

together—a colorful patchwork of waste produced by Los Angeles garment factories. By connecting the irregular edges of these discarded shapes, choi creates new forms that both adhere to and exceed the original pattern lines. Through this engagement with the “negative space” of the clothing patterns, the artist calls attention to the broader context of garment production, highlighting the invisible and oft-exploited feminine and Asian labor that sustains this industry.

While the shapes of the scraps are left unaltered, the artist rust-dyed the fabrics using railroad spikes—industrial artifacts that symbolize the American railroad, which was built largely by Chinese migrant labor in the nineteenth century. This distinctive dying process further links choi's sculptures to the historical erasure of Asian labor. Resembling organs, these sculptures are fitted with mechanisms that fill and empty them with air, creating the effect of breathing lungs. The invisible animating force acts like a ghostly presence, evoking the repetitive movements of the laborers behind the fabric.

Both Cho and choi play with the porosity of the wall itself. Rather than merely placing works on the surface, their pieces intertwine with the built structure, nestling into holes and crevices bore into the walls. These built walls flank the entrance to the larger gallery space. On the back side of the left wall, Cho's poems are embedded in two glory holes. On the right wall, Choi's sculpture “breathes” in its compartment, periodically revealing the cavity in which it rests as it deflates.

While Chung's work is not physically embedded in the walls, the entrance portal between the flanking walls acts as another type of opening, only offering glimpses of the artist's work. After passing through this threshold into the larger gallery space, Chung's video installation, *Miss Kim Lilac*, along with a painting series is revealed. The video plays on a television screen that appears to float weightlessly in front of a luxurious velvet curtain. The heavy, draping fabric mirrors the spatial divisions created by the constructed walls.

In *Miss Kim Lilac*, Chung investigates the colonial and orientaling histories of the indigenous Korean plant known as the Miss Kim Lilac. Accompanied by a whimsical score, her video work traces her archival research on the flower. She chronicles her research into the plant's migration history, focusing on the role of American botanist Elwin Meader, who is credited with introducing the flower to the U.S. and naming it "Miss Kim Lilac" after the "beautiful Misses Kims" he encountered in Korea.

The work blends narrative text, historical media, and archival documents, alongside the artist's own footage from on-site research. Interspersed throughout are uncanny, lilac-hued staged scenes featuring the latex-gloved hands of a "botanist" constructing artificial flower cuttings. In her *Letters* series of paintings, Chung challenges the arbitrary and colonial nature of naming practices by Westerners who "discover" indigenous plants. She invited Korean women and nonbinary friends and family to write speculative letters to the plant, renaming it based on their impressions. These playful letters serve as an act of reclamation, with each writer's imagined characterization of the lilac reflected in the artist's paintings. Chung painted these descriptions atop transferred photographs of the plant specimen and archival documents from the New Hampshire University Research Farm. Like Choi's sculptures, Chung's works address the abstraction of unnamed Asian women, upon whom Western empire and production are built.

What else exists in the margins and connects these artists' work across disparate themes? While I am always hesitant to directly address racial and ethnic identity—particularly when it comes to Asian American artists, whose work has often been reduced to the politics of representation—it would feel disingenuous, even misleading, to overlook one of the strongest ties between these artists: friendship, solidarity, and camaraderie. *Water Marks Seeps Through Concrete* was conceived by three artist friends of Korean descent who studied in Los Angeles and are

now building their careers there. As a Korean American arts professional who has lived and worked in LA for many years, this exhibition is emblematic of the Korean American arts community in the city—a community where those on the margins support each other and create together, navigating the space that exists beyond the frame.



Jisoo Chung

Miss Kim Lilac

Letter from Dajin - Untitled

Letter from Jeeho - Fiddlehead Hands

Letter from Stevie - National Gymnastics

Letter from Chaeyoung - Kim Hwa Won

Letter from Jungmok - Trumpet Playing Babies

Letter from Mom - Milky Way Flower Leg

Miss Kim Lilac is a story about a lilac tree called ‘Miss Kim’ that was brought to America from its native Korea in 1947 and was named by an American scientist. The plant was cultivated to grow smaller and resistant to the pesticide which became popular in the garden industry. Korea started reimporting Miss Kim Lilac in 1974 with the name Miss “Gim” Lilac, since Kim is pronounced close to ‘Gim’ in Korean. The plant’s original Korean name, Su Su Kkot Dari, has been replaced with Miss Kim and changed again to Miss Gim. The multiple names of this plant are an imprint of the political dynamic, the commodification of nature, and the identity of female migrants. In the twenty-minute experimental documentary film, *Miss Kim Lilac* (2023-24), Chung visits New Hampshire University Woodman Research Farm where she finds the early Miss Kim lilac specimens collected by the American scientist. This footage intersects with the lilac’s history that unfolds through the lilac’s first-person perspective and is reenacted by the artist’s performance. If the name is the most fundamental linguistic framework to recognize oneself, will Miss Kim be able to find herself who is lost inside her multiple names? *Miss Kim Lilac* traces its history and questions the paradoxical link between the name and the object.

In *Letter* series, I asked multiple Korean women, mostly my friends or family members, to give a new name to the plant, Miss Kim Lilac. I also asked them to write a letter to the plant, including the stories and the reasons behind the new name. Based on the new names that were given by the participants, I drew an imaginary botanic illustration on top of the photo-transferred image of Miss Kim Lilac’s herbarium specimens that were first collected at New Hampshire University Woodman Research Farm by Elwin Meader between 1950 to 1953. This drawing series attempts to reclaim the history and the scientific evidence of Miss Kim Lilac and divides the singular authority in the act of naming into multiple.





Jisoo Chung
Miss Kim Lilac, 2023-24
4K single-channel video
18 min 50 sec



1848
No. 100
The first specimen of this plant was collected by me in the month of June 1848 in the mountains of the State of New York. It was found growing in a rocky crevice, and was the only one of its kind that I saw in the whole range of the mountains. It is a very rare and interesting plant, and I have the honor to send you a few specimens of it for your collection.

1848
No. 101
The second specimen of this plant was collected by me in the month of June 1848 in the mountains of the State of New York. It was found growing in a rocky crevice, and was the only one of its kind that I saw in the whole range of the mountains. It is a very rare and interesting plant, and I have the honor to send you a few specimens of it for your collection.

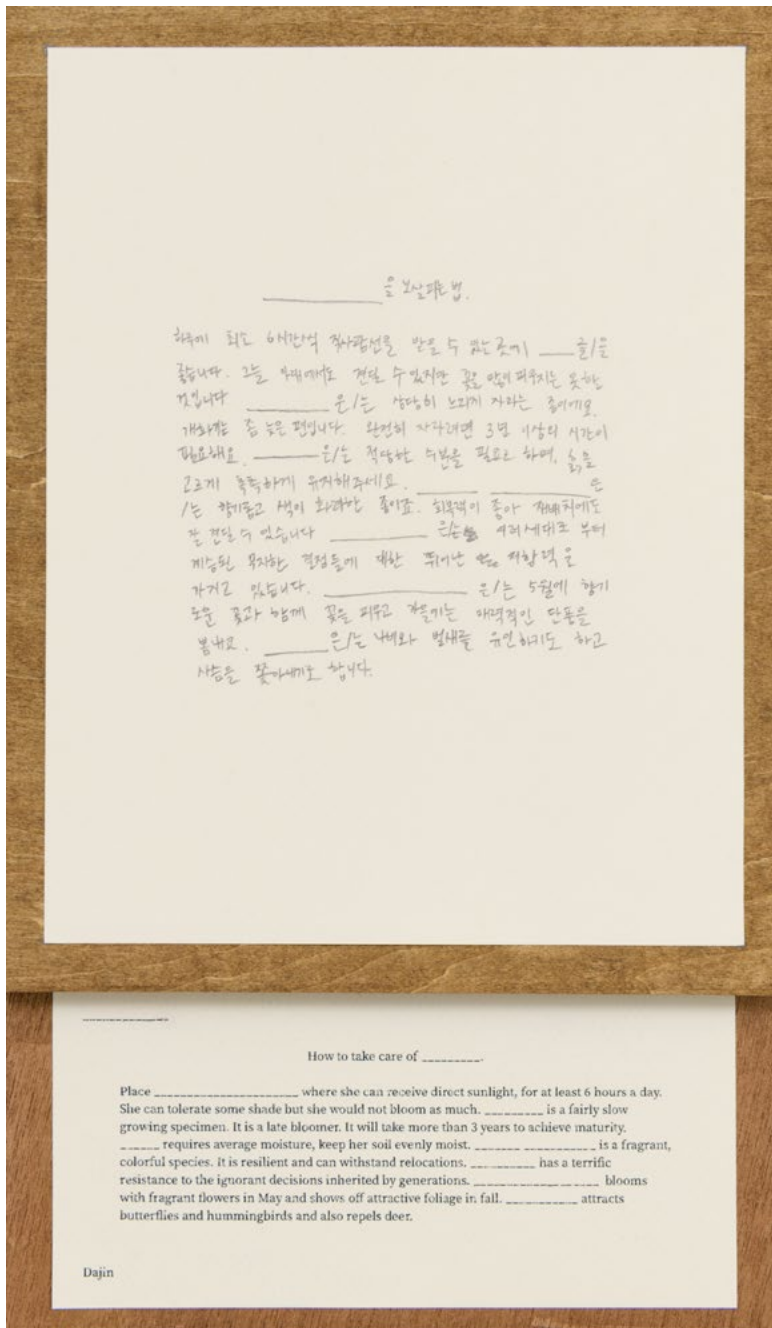
1848
No. 102
The third specimen of this plant was collected by me in the month of June 1848 in the mountains of the State of New York. It was found growing in a rocky crevice, and was the only one of its kind that I saw in the whole range of the mountains. It is a very rare and interesting plant, and I have the honor to send you a few specimens of it for your collection.

1848
No. 103
The fourth specimen of this plant was collected by me in the month of June 1848 in the mountains of the State of New York. It was found growing in a rocky crevice, and was the only one of its kind that I saw in the whole range of the mountains. It is a very rare and interesting plant, and I have the honor to send you a few specimens of it for your collection.

1848
No. 104
The fifth specimen of this plant was collected by me in the month of June 1848 in the mountains of the State of New York. It was found growing in a rocky crevice, and was the only one of its kind that I saw in the whole range of the mountains. It is a very rare and interesting plant, and I have the honor to send you a few specimens of it for your collection.

1848
No. 105
The sixth specimen of this plant was collected by me in the month of June 1848 in the mountains of the State of New York. It was found growing in a rocky crevice, and was the only one of its kind that I saw in the whole range of the mountains. It is a very rare and interesting plant, and I have the honor to send you a few specimens of it for your collection.

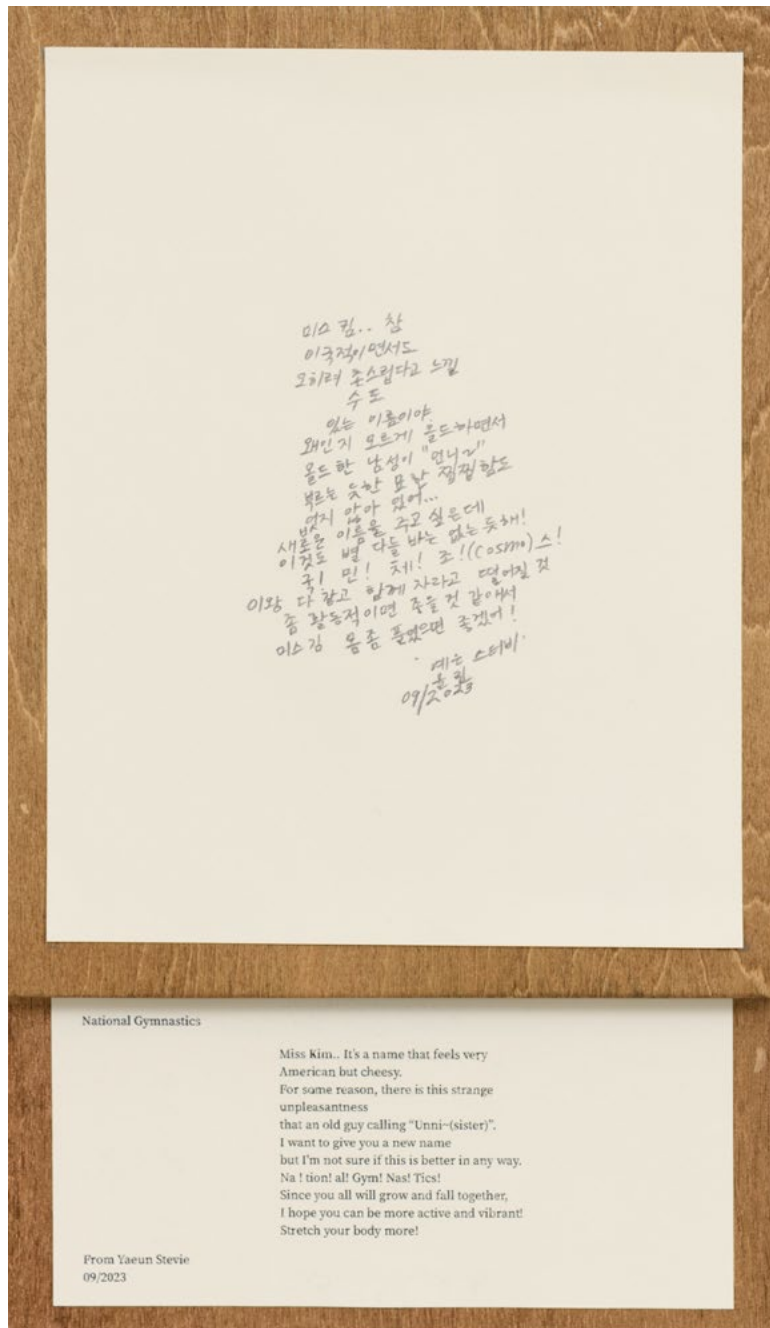




Jisoo Chung

Letter from Dajin - Untitled, 2024

Acrylic gouache on top of image transferred photo of Miss Kim Lilac
 herbarium specimens, aquarelle paper, pencil, wood
 Diptych: 13.5 x 8 x 1 in; 16 x 12 x 1.5 in each



Jisoo Chung

Letter from Stevie - National Gymnastics, 2024

Acrylic gouache on top of image transferred photo of Miss Kim Lilac herbarium specimens, aquarelle paper, pencil, wood
Diptych: 13.5 x 8 x 1 in; 16 x 12 x 1.5 in each

金化願에게

안녕하세요. 또 다른 김이로서 어떤 이름을 붙여주면 좋을까 꽤나 고민
했습니다. 알라꽃이 단닥다닥 떨어지는 모습이 문득 비단가 버섯에 꼭 닮은
꽃은 (그런 쪽 사귀는) 불꽃 막대(?)를 연상시키거든요.
불꽃 '불꽃'이라는 한자에 '꽃'이라는 단어가 같이 있다는 사실이 더욱 매력있게
 느껴졌어요. 저는 한라산 갈 모르지만, 저의 절친 할라 씨에게 비추어받은 애정도
 '꽃'은 잘 여러 한자에도 쓰이니까... 라는 생각을 했습니다. '꽃(화) + 願(원)
화(원) + 願(원) 등.

金化願씨, 저는 당신이 이름에 '원'라자를 47번 결정했습니다.
감은 어쉴수록 당신이 이름에 ^원의 의미가 중요하다고 했고, 그러다보니 자연스럽게
그 김 아무개씨는 어떤 존재가 되고 싶었는지, 어떤 사람이 되기를 원하고, 어떤 사람이
되었을지라는 ~~변화~~ 생각하게 되었기 때문입니다. 덧붙여 애정 어린 아저는 사랑들과
불꽃 막대들 깨우며 소원을 빌던 마음들 떠올리며, 어떤 존재가 관찰자라는 ~~원~~ 마음들
당아 원노원, 기원노원, 그러게 화, 원, 이라는 게요. 부디 아들에게 들었던
원입니다.

사랑을 당아,
金採奕 원.
2023년 9월 4일

To 金化願 (Kim Hwa-won)

Hello. As another Kim, I've been thinking for a while what name to give you. The look of your leaves and flowers cluttered closely with one another reminded me of the firecrackers at the snack bar on a beach that was always sold (and what I always bought).

Bul Kkot (Firework). I found it interesting that the word, Bul Kkot, contains the word, Kkot (flower). I don't know Chinese characters that well, but recollecting my limited knowledge, I realized that the sound Hwa in Chinese character holds many different meanings. Fire-Hwa(火), flower-Hwa(花), becoming-Hwa(化), etc..

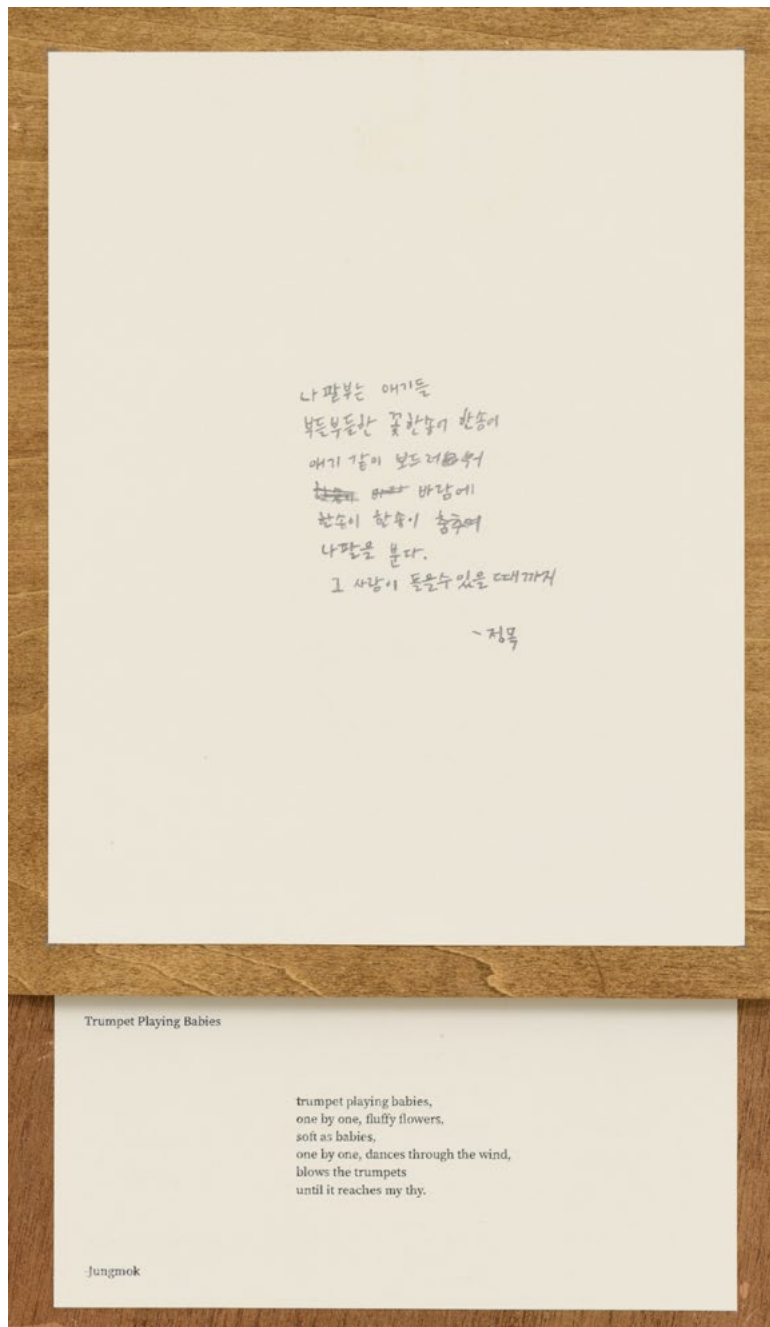
Dear Hwa-won(化願), I decided to use the Chinese character, becoming-Hwa(化), in your name.

As a fellow Miss Kim, I was curious about you, Miss Kim. I thought about who Miss Kim wanted to be, who she was becoming, and who she had become. I recalled the moments of playing firecrackers with people I loved and cared for, and I named you Hwa-won(化願), using the character wishing-won(願) to wish for your will to exist and become a being. I hope you like it.

With love,
from Kim Chae-young, September 4, 2023.



Jisoo Chung
 Letter from Chaeyoung - Kim Hwa Won, 2024
 Acrylic gouache on top of image transferred photo of Miss Kim Lilac
 herbarium specimens, aquarelle paper, pencil, wood
 Diptych: 13.5 x 8 x 1 in; 16 x 12 x 1.5 in each



Jisoo Chung

Letter from Jungmok - Trumpet Playing Babies, 2024
Acrylic gouache on top of image transferred photo of Miss Kim Lilac
herbarium specimens, aquarelle paper, pencil, wood
Diptych: 13.5 x 8 x 1 in; 16 x 12 x 1.5 in each

은하수 꽃다리

1년 내내 다른 나무들 사이에서 존재감이 있다가
작은 꽃들은 무르드 따위 꽃대발들은 이루어졌어
밤하늘의 은하수 같아
작은 꽃망우리 모양을 보면 공기가 낮것같지만
초사 아반 같은 향기와
우아하고 경쾌한 빛깔의 꽃무리로,
감지 않는 기간동안 강한 존재감을 드러내는 너는
봄이 주는 선물아구나

추운 겨울을 보내고 꽃들이 분소식은 전환대
지난 겨울도 무척히 잘 지냈었지? 기대하며
너의 향기를 너의 빛깔 빛 꽃대발들을 기다리게된다
강하게 살아주셔서 고맙다

2023.7 수완

Milky Way Flower Leg

All year long having no existence among other trees, then suddenly little flowers come out in a stampede to form a bouquet like a Milky Way in the night sky. The shape of your small flowers seems to make a sound of a bell, but rather than a sound, a deep scent, and cheerfully elegant colors come out instead. Showing a strong existence for a short period of time you are a gift from spring. When the flowers delivered the news of spring after the cold winter, I'm waiting for your scent and the purple bouquet again and say, "You must have been well last winter?" Thank you for living a strong life.

2023.7
수완 (Sook-wan)



Jisoo Chung

Letter from Mom - Milky Way Flower Leg, 2024

Acrylic gouache on top of image transferred photo of Miss Kim Lilac herbarium specimens, aquarelle paper, pencil, wood
Diptych: 13.5 x 8 x 1 in; 16 x 12 x 1.5 in each



In the *Creatures* series, the remnants of everyday physical labor—fabric scraps from Los Angeles garment factories and railroad spikes—are brought to life through their materiality and physicality. In garment production, layers of fabric are cut away, leaving behind scraps, the negative space of the final products. These remnants serve as tangible proof of factory labor. They are rust-dyed with railroad spikes, recalling the exploited Chinese immigrant laborers who built the transcontinental railroad. Sewn edge-to-edge, the irregular shapes of the fabric scraps form unexpected, somewhat monstrous three-dimensional shapes. Through the hum of vacuum pumps and the breathing movements, the invisible—working-class factory workers, largely immigrants—return, resist, and reclaim.



jinseok choi
Creature 1, 2024
Rust-dyed fabric scraps, electronic parts, vacuum pumps, silicone hose, brass fittings, inflatable
Approx. 30 x 11 x 11 in (Approx. 76 x 28 x 28 cm)





jinseok choi
Creature 1, 2024



jinseok choi
Creature 5, 2024
Rust-dyed fabric scraps
Approx. 21 x 27 x 12 in (53 x 69 x 31 cm)



jinseok choi
Creature 3, 2024
Rust-dyed fabric scraps
Approx. 19 x 17 x 10 in (48 x 43 x 25 cm)





jinseok choi
Creature 4, 2024
Rust-dyed fabric scraps
Approx. 14 x 17 x 17 in (36 x 43 x 43 cm)





jinseok choi

Creature 2, 2024

Rust-dyed fabric scraps, electronic parts, vacuum pumps,
silicone hose, brass fittings, inflatable

Approx. 11 x 12 x 6 in (28 x 31 x 15 cm)





Woohee Cho

Looking For Museum Fun (Whitney with JC)

Looking For Museum Fun (recruiting for Hammer)

A hole, A hole (Dear Newborn baby)

Looking For Museum Fun (Whitney with JC) originally stemmed from the idea of an uninvited cruising performance at the Whitney Museum of American Art, where I would meet other queer folks, appreciate an art exhibition, and explore queer intimacy within the museum's toilet. After meeting JC, who became my participant, the work naturally evolved into a reflection of our relationship. This bathroom stall installation, constructed from insulation foam, houses JC's handwritten reflections on relationships, alongside documentation of my planning, struggles, failures, and negotiations—both within the relationship and the intended performance. Two gloryholes in the stall become access points to two pairs of photographs on the wall representing our relationship. At similar heights and sizes on the other side of the wall, two gloryholes create a portal to my poem *Dear Newborn Baby*. On the outside window, *Looking For Museum Fun (recruiting for Hammer)* invites a participant from LA for this ongoing project, which reimagines the art institution as a site for queer cruising.



Woohee Cho

Looking For Museum Fun (Whitney with JC), 2023-

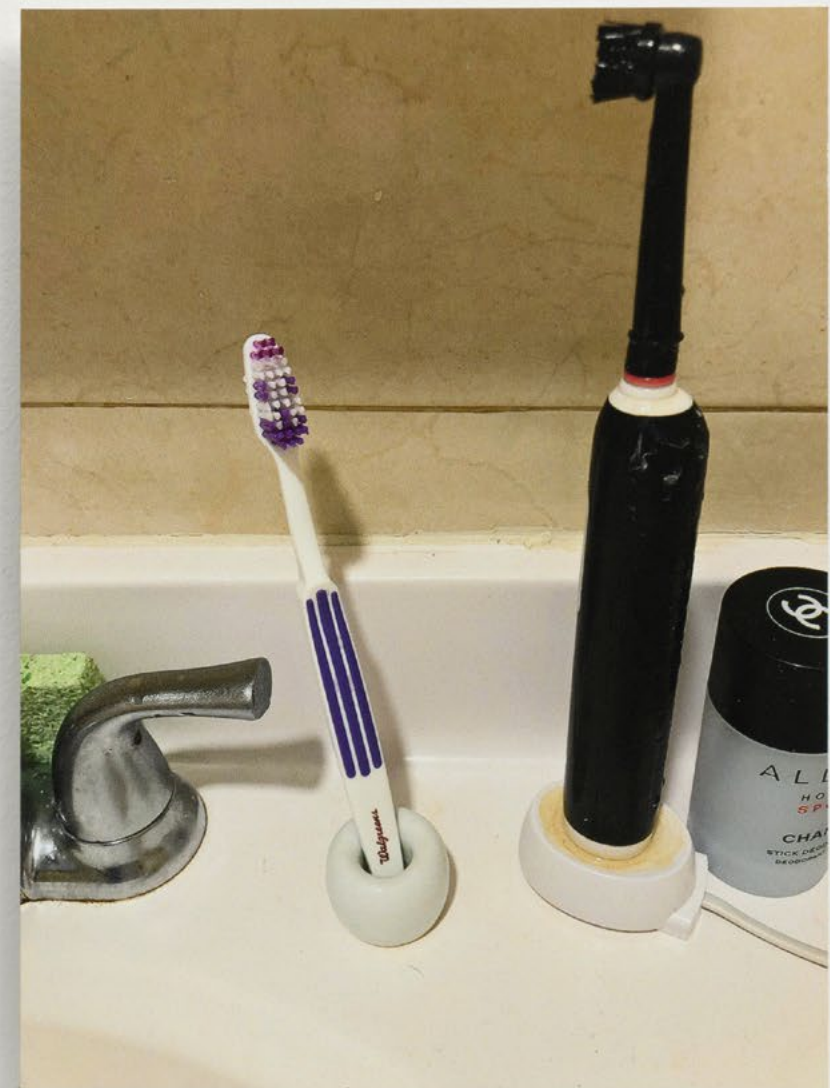
Insulation foam, photographs, pen drawing, socks, sticker

Four parts: 84 x 48 x 4 in; 84 x 48 x 2 in; 5.4 x 9 in; 5.4 x 9 in;

installation dimensions variable







I originally planned to engage w multiple participants for this body of work. After meeting JC, this work naturally became about him.

I got extremely anxious. I knew I wanted to do this work, but I didn't want that to interrupt this relationship.

I planned a performance w JC
The first part involved seeing a show together
and installing my sticker that references Whitney's admission ticket.
We were able to do this—it's been on view at Whitney since Feb 2023.

The second part of the performance was meant to take place
in the museum toilet, where I intended to spend "intimate time" and
photograph our bodies. JC didn't want to participate in this part.
Instead, I suggested we take photos of our ears in the museum lobby.

There was some conflict.
JC didn't attend the opening but came on the last day of the exhibition.
When I asked for his thoughts on the work,
he said it felt like watching himself in a mirror, exposed.
I asked if he wanted any changes, and he said
he didn't want to disrupt the piece.
He said he remained anonymous to others,
and described the work as sweet, romantic, and beautiful.
He thought I was too, so the work showed that.
He shared how he actually felt when I first told him about the concept of the
work—he didn't want me to put hurtful feelings on my work.
That's the time I realized this work affected our relationship eventually.

As I prepared to present this work in LA, I asked JC to check on the sticker
at Whitney. He checked and the sticker was still there.
After 1 year and 7 months, with this work, I felt connected in a different way.



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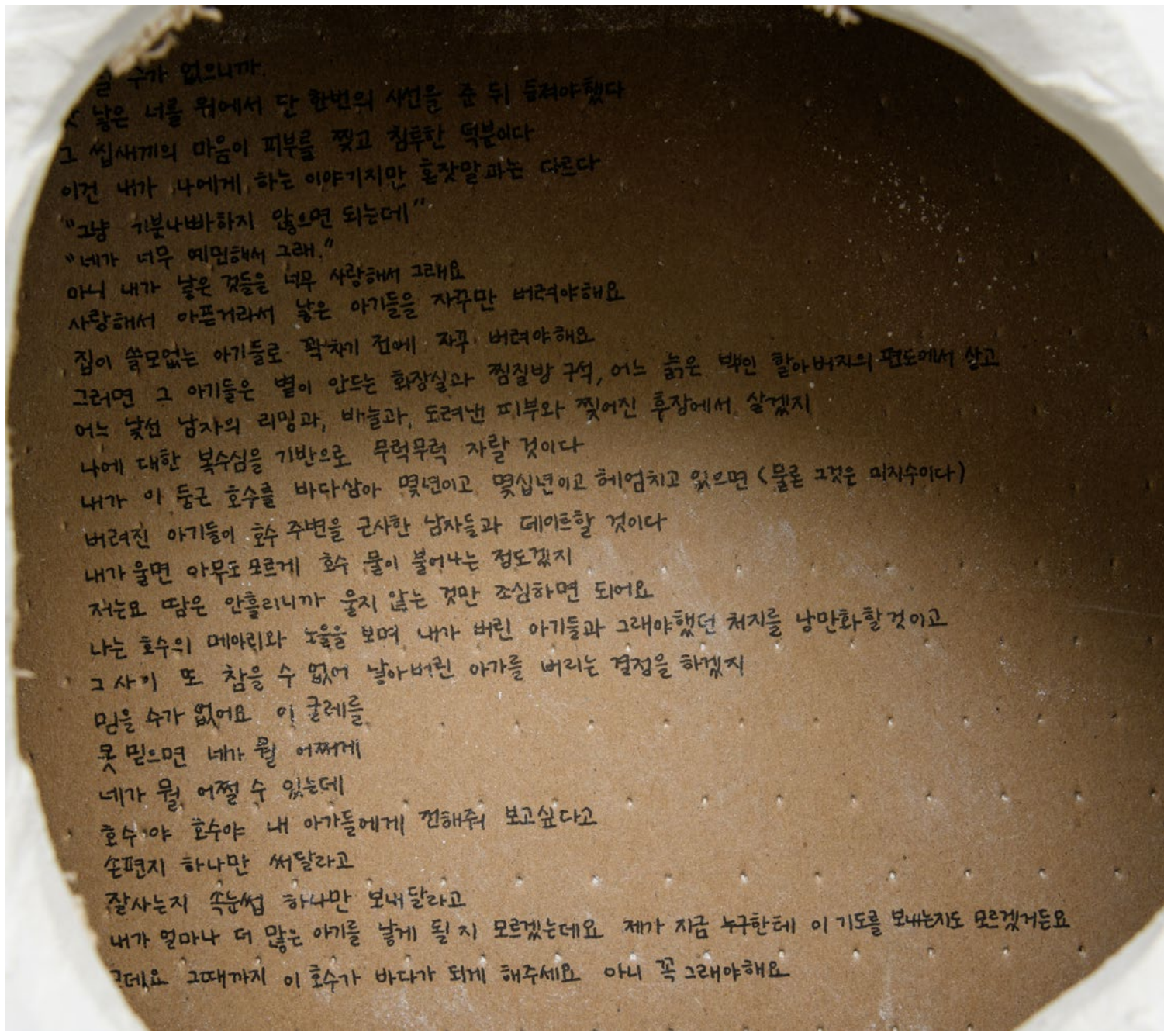
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Woohee Cho
a hole, a hole (Dear Newborn Baby), 2024
Hole, poetry on drywall
Two parts: approx. 6 x 6 in (15 x 15 cm) each; installation dimensions variable

there's no other way
after giving you, my newborn, just one good look from above, i had to turn away
thanks to that fucker's organ tearing and seeping into my skin
i'm talking to my, self, and that's different from a soliloquy
what else can i do?
- don't take it personally, it's nothing to do with you
no, it's because i love them too much, those i've given birth to
it's that love that hurts. i have to throw away my babies over and over
before the harbor is cluttered with useless, fruitless, jobless, motherless babies, i have to throw them
then, they'll end up in unsunned public toilets, dark corners of k-spa, an old white man's tonsils,
some random guy's rimming, needles, scraped flesh, and bleeding assholes
driven by a thirst for revenge against me, oh, they will thrive
if i swim in this round lake, making it my ocean for years or decades (who the hell knows),
those castaway babies will have a date with the finest men around the lake
if i cry, the water in the lake will swell only a bit, unnoticed by anyone, including him
okay, so i don't sweat, so i just need to be careful not to cry
i'll romanticize the echoes and sunsets of the lake, the agony of abandoning my offspring, and in between,
i'll make the gut-wrenching decision to discard yet another baby i can't bear not to give birth to
i can't believe this cycle, hon
well, what can you do?
they will thrive!
lake, dear lake, tell my sweet baby angels i miss them,
to write me just one single letter,
send me one tiny lash to show they're alive
many more babies i'll bring into this world, nor to whom i'm con
turn this lake into an ocean. this has to becom



미움을 수가 없으니까.
 그 낯은 너를 위해서 단 한번의 사진을 준 뒤 들쳐야 했다
 그 십새끼의 마음이 피부를 찢고 침투한 덕분이다
 이젠 내가 나에게 하는 이야기지만 혼잣말과는 다르다
 "그냥 기분나빠하지 않으면 되는데"
 "네가 너무 예민해서 그래."
 아니 내가 낯은 것들을 너무 사랑해서 그래요
 사랑해서 아픈거라서 낯은 아기들을 자꾸만 버려야 해요
 집이 쓸모없는 아기들로 꽉 채기 전에 자꾸 버려야 해요
 그러면 그 아기들은 별이 안드는 화장실과 짐질방 구석, 어느 늙은 백인 할아버지의 편도에서 살고
 어느 낯선 남자의 리빙과, 배늘과, 도려낸 피부와 찢어진 후장에서 살겠지
 나에게 대한 복수심을 기반으로 무럭무럭 자랄 것이다
 내가 이 둥근 호수를 바다삼아 몇년이고 몇십년이고 헤엄치고 있으면 (물론 그것은 미지수이다)
 버려진 아기들이 호수 주변을 근사한 남자들과 데이트할 것이다
 내가 울면 아무도 모르게 호수 물이 불어나는 정도겠지
 저눈요 땀은 안흘리니까 울지 않는 것만 조심하면 되어요
 나는 호수의 메아리와 노을을 보며 내가 버린 아기들과 그대야했던 처지를 낭만화할 것이고
 그사이 또 참을 수 없어 날아버린 아가를 버리는 결정을 하겠지
 미움을 수가 없어요 이 쿨레를
 못 믿으면 네가 쿨 어찌게
 네가 쿨 어찌할 수 있는데
 호수야 호수야 내 아기들에게 전해줘 보고싶다고
 손편지 하나만 써달라고
 잘사는지 속눈썹 하나만 보내달라고
 내가 얼마나 더 많은 아기를 낳게 될지 모르겠는데요 제가 지금 누구한테 이 기도를 보내는지도 모르겠거든요
 그러요 그때까지 이 호수가 바다가 되게 해주세요 아니 꼭 그래야해요



Woohee Cho

Looking For Museum Fun (Recruiting for Hammer), 2024

Vinyl letter on window

15 x 5 in (38 x 13 cm)



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