

Gnome (2023)

Not published

Fiction, Video script, Fantasy

Exhibition Space AlterSide(Seoul, KR) Artist Competition selected



[1]

[opening sequence]

Looking out the window, one sees a bleak landscape.

Trees are missing their leaves and branches, and there is a noticeable lack of life in the area.

Suddenly, the door opens, and a figure steps inside, immediately leading the group into an unknown destination.

Who, then, will be the next group of gurus staying alive as garden ornaments?

They will be set up in clusters at the bottom of big gardens, shown swapping credit in a perfectly rational market limited to the digital screens in their huts.

They would be placed in the corners, engaging in lively discussions about language, culture, and history.

They could also be asked to teach visitors about the nuances of different languages and how they contribute to the richness and diversity of the world.

Other likely candidates could be historians, philosophers, theologians, and even scientists.

All of them could engage in delightful conversations in the gardens, sharing their wisdom and insight, and providing visitors with a unique perspective on the world.

From the point of "oracles," visitors could get a better understanding of the past, present, and future possibilities.

'Their ends are enclosed by ovoid curves;' 'The outer ends are most emphatic.'

We see a dark, void-like space ahead of us, with only the figure in the foreground and the unknown destination.

Suddenly, the figure turns and leads the group towards a more hopeful destination.

[2]

The floodtide candy bar is a place of celebration, where people come to enjoy sweet treats in the sunshine.

This is a place of escape, indulgence, revelry and laughter.

Here, The collision of sugary treats from the past and present creates a unique experience for all visitors.

As they get closer, they can see that the horizon is dotted with beautiful flowers and trees.

It looks like a palace.

They are greeted by a group who seems to be very welcoming.

And they are led into the palace and shown to their rooms.

It's not necessary to be a fairy but you must live on your own.

Our lives should not be so tough.

However, it is embarrassing if you attend to spend a vacation as a preliminary survey.

You should make a full-time job of seclusion and be able to trust each other completely.

Should I put it as a commercial in a newspaper? or as viral ads? a gnome who takes newspapers and subscribes to the channel is not completely reliable.

Our species is not made in that way.

Garden gnomes have always been fascinating for voyeurs.

The advertiser offers "\$50 a year for life" to someone who lives "seven years underground without seeing a human being." Participants should grow their hair and nails but books, chamber organs, and Celtic harps are allowed. Bells can also ring sometimes for their own "convenience."

[3]

Our synthesis paths exist in every direction, from the void address to the circus.

The sequential flow here can be understood by the superior spirit, and everything longs forever by a wretched worm.

Leave every cupboard and door open.

Turn all the lights on and smash whatever objects on the floor.

And laugh about it.

Because they love it.

And so does she.

Oh, we may not exist.

Where the mind should be, there is a hole in the part of the brain.

My head starts spinning when I start talking backwards.

There's a strange creature in the cellar raising its hand.

He's been doing some singing and dancing and his feet never wear thin.

He's got a spell that he casts on me and I can't keep still.

He brings me away to a place that's called the thrill.

The tile roofs have been cut off.

All the seedlings are dying.

The sun is setting down as the birds sing their last song.

The momentary grace of preventing and delaying a mess comes from sluggish daily life.

The forgiveness that has been honed screams with the happiness. For a moment we live forever.

[4]

We are coated with enamel paint, yet remain hidden beneath shimmering skin and speak softly, in solitude.

We live in a vast area, yet always returning to a warm cabin, carrying various tools in our hands.

We have a figure that stands in the corner of the garden, watching over the plants and animals.

We can be seen in the morning and evening. In the night, we are a silent witness to the stars.

The upper column with the strap decoration stays still to hold up as a carrier.

He's moving the roof slowly to somewhere. To another species, to a constellation outside the horizon that separates our world.

"I tractor, go tricycle and get a big pot! Block the researcher so they can't get out! Request bow tie to land. Request detective clearance. The next dancer will bring a parrot."

**isolated* [Looped for 24 Hours]*

As getting closer to the rampage, humans become like a bull and thus overcome the fear that the world is separated.

All my monstrous memories are fading.

the gnashing of teeth, the hissing of hellfire, the stinking sighs subside.

I go back to the soil to seek some obligation, then I embrace the reality in my arms.

Am I deceived? Well, I shall ask forgiveness for having lived on lies.

Not one friendly hand. Where can I look for help?

It's a real challenge for us to make a tangled lavender plant sprouting crown-like in every direction.

I will seek it in the stars, the heaven, and the depths of my soul.

I will find it from the love of my friends, the kindness of strangers, and the beauty of nature.

Free from the lies, pains, and the darkness.

Free to live, love, and be. Free to be me.

[ending]