

Tomorrow

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I am a person who enjoys the present to the maximum, buried in memories of the past. And... the fantasies about people periodically blooming on top of the time of today, I think, are the most future-esque acts that exist within me.

"Tomorrow" is a story of fantasies about neither the past nor the present, but tomorrow.

The heroes of the fantasies are those who exist closest to me. Family, friends, fellow artists, puppies, and so on.

My head, which could not find specific work to do, naturally falls into fantasies.

Since I am fantasizing alone, nobody would ask for what reason the heroes are in such situations. But I insist on fantasizing after first figuring out the basis and reasons for such situations. This is the most troublesome part each time I start a fantasy, but I cannot enjoy a fantasy that is completely groundless. Perhaps that might be a bit because of the hope that they might happen even once.

There are a man and a woman for whom the love of mountains is the only commonality between them after thirty-six years of marriage. The husband likes Mt. Bukhan, which always stood by his birthplace, and the wife likes Mt. Seorak, which resembles the landscapes she used to paint.

A dissimilar man and woman stand in dissimilar mountains together but differently. They say: husband and wife look in the same direction and live in parallel instead of facing and clinging to each other.

My nieces, whom I meet on big holidays, have an ongoing silent struggle over territory, stemming from their attachment to their possessions. The little one, like shallow waves crawling through, erodes her big sister's territory with her pretty face and antics.

Abandoned dogs, gathering increasingly in my father's small backyard, were shivering with an equivocal attitude, neither leaving behind humans nor sticking near them. When I went to a village somewhat like a ghetto, I witnessed jolly stray dogs visiting one another. To them humans are necessary beings. However, the dogs are beings too dignified to be created or abandoned at humans' whims. So I pictured a village where jolly and dignified puppies prevail without humans in an environment created by humans.

A long time ago, a man from Sang-Baek-Li, Hap-Cheon, ran off with the dream of studying in Seoul. But the man who had to return to Sang-Baek-Li and farm because of his father's opposition sent his first son rather early to Seoul to study. The man, who planted chestnut trees

for his son, and raised black goats for his daughter-in-law, saddened by the son's failure at college admission, drinks, drives a tractor, and gets into a fatal accident.

And the time goes by... Sang-Baek-Li is created in the middle of Jong-No-Gu. Black goats pitch a camp in front of the tractor of the man, who goes to work after lunch, so that the bus may not come any closer. His wife, who is over seventy years old, smiles at her husband's back as if commending the black goats.

A woman with rosy cheeks like apples and a man who loves smelt fishing got married. But after the husband went to study abroad, the woman learned of her pregnancy and gave up her studies. So a daughter was born and grew up pretty with rosy cheeks like Mom's. After a while when the father returned, he was unfamiliar to the daughter. The daughter carefully steps onto the ice, that is, her Dad's world, unfamiliar but yearned for ... in order to find the smelts hidden in herself with red apples.

The time of class of Goyang studio has passed. For a year, artists with marked individualities lived, playing and working together like family, melted and friendly.

We are going separate ways after Open Studio 3, but Open Studio 3 will continue forever in our minds.

In this way, there are always people at the center of my fantasies. The longer and the deeper I know them, the more their everyday lives become embedded in my head as images. Such images build up to start a fantasy, and the fantasy deepens into a photograph. They are ordinary yet unique, and splendid yet lonely. That might be life. These images are of course compiled entirely as I like, but I was sitting by them all throughout the work process planting symbols in each and every one of them.

These fantasies are likely to continue for a rather long time. For there are so many interesting people bustling around me, and my time spent fantasizing is getting longer in proportion to their number.