

thirdworld, (1997, 17 min)

- 1 . It was like wondering...
- 2. ...whether it was a boy or a girl.
- 3. There was another scary story... my brother's son.
- 4. He was like a lump of meat, the size of a rat...
- 5. ,with a baby's head.
- 6. His limbs were mashed together like a ball of chopped pork.



The screen draws black like curtains
or perhaps our eyes have closed
or the light's gone out

It happens here.
It was like another country.
We understand.

But why do we need a flashlight
to see,
when we were so enjoying the dark?

Empire, (2010, 2 min)

Has the diver been looking for something and has someone else found it?

Emerald, (2007, 11 minutes)

In *The Pilgrim Kamanita*, a Buddhist novel written in 1906 by the Danish writer Karl Gjellerup, the protagonists are reborn as two stars and take centuries to recite their stories to each other, until they no longer exist. Like *Kamanita*, the unchanged *Morakot* is a star burdened with (or fueled by) memories.

JEN
Tong...Tong... Goh
Are you two here?
You look handsome today.
I dreamt about going home to Nong Khai.
It was raining so hard. The electricity was out... It was pitch black.

My Mother's Garden, (2007, 7 min)

I often took a refuge in the orchid house when the heat was unbearable. The shades and shadows inside made the air cool and the earth smell like rain. The rocks were soft as they were covered with green moss. The ground was filled with burned chaff that looked like black sand. There were armies of black ants and white termites who ruled the ground. Nearby, the grasshoppers camouflaged themselves in the bushes of Chinese Rose. In the evening, a German Shepherd barked incessantly as my mother walked home. The smoke was creeping from the back kitchen. The rows of orchids' gray roots were touching my head as I was walking towards the exit. The roots were tentacles that absorbed the visitors' memories and fed them to the flowers above. Dinnertime arrived with the setting sun. The orchid flowers stood poised, digesting the recollections of the day.

Ghost of Asia, collaboration with Christelle Lheureux, (2005, 9 min)

00:00:17:17 , 00:00:19:23 , - I want to play. | - This is a squid.
- Quiero jugar. / -Esto es un calamar.
00:00:20:17 , 00:00:22:18 , - Draw. | - Draw a tree.
- Dibuja. / - Dibuja un árbol.
00:00:22:22 , 00:00:24:21 , Draw... a football.
- Dibuja... un balón de fútbol.
00:00:25:00 , 00:00:28:03 , I want you to draw a tree. |
I want you to draw...
- Quiero que dibujes un árbol. / Quiero que dibujes...

Monsoon, (2011, 3 min)

A man is Skyping to the other side of the world. He discovers a firefly and shows it to his partner.

This video is a lullaby for a monsoon night, for a loved one far away, and for an empty field outside the window.



Luminous People, (2007, 15 min)

The white dust merges with the muddy water. The boat makes a u-turn at the bridge that links two countries. The passengers are tired and start to drift off into their own world. The film disintegrates. The crew and the cast wander off in the river of simulation. The border links the worlds of the dead and of the living.

Nimit, 2007, HD, colour, sound, 16 min

Inside our house there was a calendar with an image of the king. It was by the door for ones to see when entering the house. Years later, we moved to a new house, a concrete one. The king followed with a new calendar year, a new design, and a new kind of paper. In retrospect, he remains a fixture that relates to time. Somehow the familiar image of the bespectacled man is still linked with the lights of my childhood years. Other than that, I only know him through various images and stories from the news, presumably much of those were approved and issued by the Palace. They contain a different kind of value – a more polished one. Through the years, the physical quality of these images has been transformed – from the grainy analog video to a hi-definition digital format. Obviously the technology miraculously rids the artefacts and makes the images clearer. But the more polished the value, the more it manifests its opacity.



Blue, 2018, DCP, colour, sound, 12.16 min

A woman lies awake at night. Nearby, a set of theatre backdrops unspools itself, unveiling two alternate landscapes. Upon the woman's blue sheet, a flicker of light reflects and illuminates her realm of insomnia.

A Letter to Uncle Boonmee (2009, 18 min)

/tc 01:00:19:13 01:00:20:19
/file 0001
Uncle

/tc 01:00:20:23 01:00:24:11
/file 0002
I have been here for a while.

/tc 01:00:25:05 01:00:27:07
/file 0003
I want to see a movie about your life.

/tc 01:00:27:12 01:00:31:14
/file 0004
So I proposed a project about your reincarnations.