

## Hanging Garden (2009)

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My new work 'Hanging Garden' will take place in the attic of an old, yet still-operating distillery in a small village called Zinzow in Germany. Not only lifted up from the earth but also suspended in the ceiling of the attic, it is an interior garden constructed with a wide variety of natural dry plants. The work refers to historical and collective fantasies and desires and deals with timeless personal daydreams and wishes.

Historically, humans have always taken great interest in floating or suspended objects in the air, especially those of which were massive. Our collective interest in floating objects mostly likely stems from our own inability to fly due to the unavoidable downward pull of gravity. The Hanging Garden of Babylon was considered magical; the massive lush garden looked as if it was floating in the sky in the dessert, although it was made possible by the highly developed engineering system of the time.

Before the establishment of the modern science, alcohol distillation was exclusively practiced by alchemists, regarded as a magic. The method to change the states of liquids was completely mystical and the distilled liquors were considered 'water of life' for immortality, which has been always a human desire.

As a child I had dreamed of creating my own world into which I could slip. This assumed different forms such as a hidden hideout in the tunnel, a tent constructed with umbrellas, a few days of living in the closet, and my own version of 'Alice in Wonderland' in my diary. I am still very fascinated with potential spaces and elements that pull me into a world of psychological wandering and wondering.

'Hanging Garden' is one form of the projections of all these fantasies and desires. Given in time to look at suspended and slowly self-rotating plants, their shapes and presence are mesmerizing. Suspension of the plants hints at frozen time and the dryness of the plants suggests distilled, passed time. The potential use of the dry plants suggests the notion of future (when there are no plants outside in the winter.) Between the conjunction of the mixed time and the immersion of hypnotic nature, the viewer can potentially slip into another world of the fantastic. It is surely a magical space for me where my desire and fond memories of collecting the plants in this spring merge.