

A W W I N N I O N I

F N T E R ' S  
G H T

A T R A

V E L E R

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT  
A TRAVELER

2010 - 2012

The project was developed over three years and was presented as a work in progress at various stages. It was first shown as a wall based installation comprising of photographs and letters.

The second incarnation was a sculptural installation with objects and a book.

The completed project was shown as an architectural installation; a labyrinth interspersed objects and sounds.



The project in progress was exhibited at

Lipp Family Residence

Bad Homburg, Germany 8. 2010

as a part of Project, potentially no one sees it part 3

Gallery Kurant

Tromso, Norway 5. 2011

as a part of Baby, I lost my handshoes...

Heidelberger Kunstverein

Heidelberg, Germany 11. 2011

as a part of Übermorgenkünstler II

Forum da Maia

Porto, Portugal 6. 2012

as a part of Baby, I lost my handshoes...

The completed project was exhibited at

Kunsthalle Exnergasse

Vienna, Austria 11. 2012

as a part of Baby, I lost my handshoes...

この作品は完成までに3年掛かかり

異なる段階で継続中の作品として展示された。

第一段階は写真と手紙からなるインスタレーション

第二段階はオブジェと書籍からなる彫刻的なインスタレーション

そして最終的にはオブジェと音響を内包する迷路のような

建築的インスタレーションとして発表された。



#### 継続中の作品としての展示

##### リップ家邸宅

ドイツ・バッドホンベルク 2010.8

プロジェクト、ポテンシャル・ノーワン・シーズ・イット パート3  
展覧会の一部としての展示

##### ギャラリー・クラント

ノルウェー・トロムソー 2011.5

ベイビー、アイ・ロスト・マイ・ハンドシューズ… 展覧会の一部としての展示

##### ハイデルベルク・クストフェライン

ドイツ・ハイデルベルク 2011.11

ウーバーモーゲンクストラー2、展覧会の一部としての展示

##### フォーラム・ダ・マイア

ポルトガル・ポルト 2012.6

ベイビー、アイ・ロスト・マイ・ハンドシューズ… 展覧会の一部としての展示

#### 完成作品としての展示

##### クストハーレー・エクスナーガッセ

オーストリア・ウィーン 2012.11

ベイビー、アイ・ロスト・マイ・ハンドシューズ… 展覧会の一部としての展示

In January 1985 the Italian novelist Italo Calvino began work on a series of six essays on literature that he had been invited to deliver later that year as part of the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard. On the night of 6 September Calvino was admitted to the hospital of Santa Maria della Scala in Siena where he died of a cerebral hemorrhage two weeks later. Calvino’s lecture notes appeared posthumously as *Lezioni americane* in 1988 and then in English translation as *Six Memos for the Next Millennium* in 1993. The essays (of which there are in fact only five because of the unhappy timing of author’s death) explore the values of lightness, quickness, exactitude, visibility and multiplicity as Calvino finds them in the work of writers from Ovid and Lucretius to Musil and Gadda. In the fifth essay (on multiplicity) Calvino develops the idea of the novel as the reconfiguration of interrelated fragments subject to a type of combinatorial play, a context in which Calvino says this of his own novel published in 1979 only a few years before: “These considerations are at the basis of what I call the ‘hypernovel,’ which I tried to exemplify in *If on a winter’s night a traveler* (Se una notte d’inverno un viaggiatore). My aim was to give the essence of what a novel is by providing it in concentrated form, in ten beginnings; each beginning develops in very different ways from a common nucleus, and each acts within a framework that both determines and is determined ... My temperament prompts me to ‘keep it short,’ and such structures as these enable me to unite density of invention and expression with a sense of infinite possibilities.”

Japanese visual artist Aki Nagasaka exhibited the first installments of her work *If on a winter’s night a traveler* at Lipp Family Residence in August 2010. Conceived according to a principle of structured open-endedness inspired by Calvino’s novel, the artist added to the work over the course of the following two years during installations in Norway, Germany, Portugal and Austria. At roughly this same time Nagasaka was at work on another major project, *Project T, T for Taut.*, based on the work of Weimar-era architect and urban planner Bruno Taut. Working in Europe since 2007 and the US for almost a decade before that, *If on a winter’s night a traveler* and *Project T, T for Taut.* together constitute something of an endcap to Nagasaka’s time living abroad and working outside Japan. Borrowing from the language of the novel, we can describe Nagasaka’s *If on a winter’s night a traveler* as comprising chapters. The first four of these center on a collection of objects and on the artist’s (real and imagined) recollections of their (personal and historical) provenances. The work’s fifth chapter concerns the telling of the artist’s relation to the work’s 95-year-old dedicatee, Frau Lipp, and the artist’s reflections on the ways in which the entire project passes through Calvino in the form of his characters and his narrative structures. In the paragraphs that follow I add my own reflections to the cork-topped holder of algae, the goblet of candies, the flask of drinking water and the Lomonosov figurine of a fox around which Nagasaka develops the first four chapters of the work.

“Kompeito made in the same atelier,” read Nagasaka’s reflections on the brilliantly colored sugar candy introduced to Japan in the 16th century, “always have the identical shape with the same numbers of protuberances. They are hand made by craftsmen and the skill is passed down among them orally just like how the ancient cult of beekeeping was kept secret in Egypt, Greece, and Rome.” Exhibited

1985年1月 — イタリアの小説家イタロ・カルヴィーノは「文学」を主題にした6つの草稿作りに取りかかり始めた。ハーバード大学に招待された彼は、その年の暮れにチャールズ・エリオット・ノートン詩学講義をすることになっていたのだ。しかし9月6日の夜、カルヴィーノはシエナにあるサンタ・マリア・デッラ・スカラ病院に運ばれ入院する。その2週間後、脳溢血により彼は帰らぬ人となった。残されたカルヴィーノの講義草稿は、筆者の死から3年経った1988年に『*Lezioni Americane*』として出版され、1993年には英訳された『*新たな千年紀のための六つのメモ*』が世に広まった。「軽さ」「早さ」「正確さ」「視覚性」「多様性」「一貫性」。カルヴィーノはこれらを文学における6つの価値としながら（早すぎるカルヴィーノの死により草稿ははじめの5つしか完成されていなかった）、オーヴィッド、ルクレティウス、ムージル、ガッダらの作品に見られる特徴として考察している。5つ目の「多様性」では小説という枠組みの中で、ある種の結合と分離作用のもと、複数の断片が相互的な関係を織りなしながら再構成されていくという、小説における新たなコンテキストが展開されている。これは1979年に出版された自身の著書『*冬の夜ひとりの旅人が*』の中でも次の様に述べられている。「私が『*超・小説*』と呼び、また『*冬の夜ひとりの旅人が*』によってその見本を示そうと試みた提案の基礎にあったのは、このような考察だったのです。私の意図は、小説的なものの本質を長篇小説のいずれも冒頭だけの十篇に凝縮して示すことでしたが、その十篇の小説がそれぞれ異なったやり方で共通の核を発展させ、枠組みに — 十編の物語を限定するものでありながら、またそれ自体それらの物語に限定されている一つの枠組みに — 作用するというものだったのです。・・・気質からして私は『*短く書く*』ほうへとむかいがちですが、こうした構造のおかげで私は創案と表現に集中しながらもそれを無限の潜在的可能性の感覚に結びつけることができるのです。」

2010年8月 — 長坂有希はアートプロジェクト『*冬の夜ひとりの旅人が*』の初回展示をリップ家の邸宅で行った。彼女が影響を受けたカルヴィーノ小説の特色であるオープンエンドな構成法をたどるようにして、その後約2年に渡り、ヨーロッパ各国（ノルウェー、ドイツ、ポルトガル、オーストリア）で同プロジェクトの制作を展開し、発表してきた。ほぼ同じ時期に長坂は別の大きなプロジェクト『*Project T, T for Taut.*』の制作を進めていた。それはワイマール共和国時代のドイツ建築家・都市計画家であったブルーノ・タウトを主題にしていた。2007年から約6年間に渡るヨーロッパでの彼女の活動は、10年以上のアメリカでの生活に続くものだった。その長い年月を故郷である日本を離れ、海外を生活と活動の拠点にしてきた彼女自身にとって、『*冬の夜ひとりの旅人が*』及び『*Project T, T for Taut.*』という2つのプロジェクトは、アーティストとしてあるひとつの章を締めくくるエンドキャプと言えるかもしれない。ここで小説の用語を借りるとするならば、長坂のプロジェクト『*冬の夜ひとりの旅人が*』は複数の「章」によって構成されると言えるだろう。初めの4つの章では、彼女により集められたモノが1つずつ登場する。その対象に刻まれた固有の記憶と歴史的な背景を巡り、彼女の鋭い観察と想像的な回想が書き綴られている。第5章では、長坂がこのプロジェクト作品を捧げた相手でもあるリップ婦人（95歳）との関係を主題にし、またプロジェクトが一貫してカルヴィーノの文学的特色と叙述構造を軸にしながらか進展していることが明かされる。以下に続く文章では、長坂の作品に登場するモノたち — 海藻を飲み込んだコルク蓋の器、酒杯に盛られた砂糖菓子、フラスコに密閉された水、ロモノーツフ製の狐の置物 — を中心に、私の考察を綴ることにした。

「同じ工房で作られた金平糖は、」16世紀に日本にやってきた鮮やかな色をした砂糖菓子について、

in the gallery together with the objects they describe, Nagasaka’s observations move back and forth between the formal qualities of objects and the stories of their animation. “Portuguese missionaries landed at Nagasaki in 1543. They brought Kompeito as well as other Portuguese sweets, which Japanese people referred as ‘southern barbaric sweets.’ Nonetheless Japanese people had never seen sugar in such a shape as Kompeito and thus they highly praised it.” The word is a Japanese borrowing from the Portuguese made so long ago that even today it is written with Han characters instead of the katakana usually reserved for words of foreign origin. The candy is sold in train stations. It is given as a parting gift at the Imperial palace. It is thoroughly Japanese. Kompeito is made according to a process of the repeated application of liquid sugar to what was once a hard seed and later a single grain of sugar. Now the candy is made with syrup alone without need for any core at all. Improvements in the technology of the candy’s manufacture mean that the brightly colored sugar crystals no longer develops cherries about their pits or pearls about grains of sand. The kompeito in the crystal goblet are literally decentered and the multiplicity of rounded protuberances that make up the surfaces of the candy are no longer countermanded by an indicator of origin or core.

“On her wedding day Miss Margherita made a commitment to herself and to the nation that she would become the first queen of Italy ... her transformation as the queen was symbolized by her obsession with pearls. Italian people called her the ‘Queen of Pearls’ with admiration.” The website at Christie’s lists 52 lots once belonging to the queen that have sold recently at the company’s auction house in London. An antique mother-of-pearl demi-parure. A collection of French documents. Antique jewels made of tortoiseshell. A coral casket. An ivory box from King Rama V of Siam. But no pearls. Buyers would do better to purchase from the Japanese luxury supplier of cultured pearls first opened by Kōkichi Mikimoto in 1899. Famous especially for the luster of its black pearls, the company’s website lists dozens of pieces made of pearls or pearls and diamonds together. Among them are a pair of black pearl earrings, a morning dew ring of black pearls and diamonds, a three- pearl drop pendant of black pearls, and an avenir necklace of silver pearls and black pearls together. Kōkichi Mikimoto first observed ama divers at work in the waters of Ise Bay. The ama divers of Japan were historically women and it was they who were responsible for the by-hand collection of the thousands of oysters required for the discovery of even a single pearl. This changed with Mikimoto’s invention of the technique of pearl cultivation now used around the world; the ama divers remain now as only an attraction for tourists. Pearls develop as an oyster or other mollusk deposits layers of an iridescent combination of calcium carbonate and conchiolin around an irritant inserted intentionally into the animal or lodged there accidentally. The irritant may be a parasite, a bit of dirt, a particle ingested during feeding or a grain of sand. All pearls develop about such an irritant. All pearls develop about kernel or a core; without a kernel there is no pearl. (As without a core there would once have been no kompeito.) Without pearls Queen Margherita would have been known to history under a different moniker. And her legacy would have been transmitted through a different assembly of objects.

“The existence of Marimos is non-logical and out of order from nature. It attests that non-logical,

長坂は語る。「常に同じ形と同じ数の突起をその小さな姿に表す。金平糖は熟練された職人の手によって作られ、古代のエジプト、ギリシャ、ローマで養蜂の術が秘伝とされてきた様に、その技は一子相伝の秘法として口伝えられてきた。」長坂の綴る言葉はその対象と併せて展示され、彼女の観察する視線の先が、対象のもつ形式的な特徴とそれが織りなす物語との間を行き来する。「ポルトガルの宣教師が長崎の地に着いたのは1543年だった。当時の金平糖は、ポルトガルから来た他の品々の様に「南蛮菓子」と呼ばれていたが、その中でも一際目を引いたそのかたちと味は、瞬く間に人々を魅了した。」「金平糖」の語源が外来語（ポルトガル語）でありながらも、漢字表記で今日まで伝えられてきたという事実は、日本に紹介されてからの長い年月と歴史を語る。金平糖は駅で販売されることもあり、皇室の引出物としても長年用いられてきた。この小さな結晶は、まったくもって日本ならではのものだ。その製法は、中心となる核の周りに砂糖を溶かした蜜を少しずつ何層もかけては乾燥させていくことを繰り返す。かつては一粒のケシの実であったその核は、やがて一粒の砂糖に変わり、今ではその核となる「始まり」が無くなった結果、金平糖は完全な蜜の塊になった。製造技術の進歩により金平糖は、さくらんぼが種を、あるいは真珠が一粒の砂を中心としながら生成される仕組みを無くした。クリスタルの酒杯に盛られた金平糖は文字通りその「中心性」を失い、丸みがかった突起で覆われたその表面が、かつてその内側に内包した一点の「始まり」を再びもつことはない。

「マルゲリータ妃は、イタリア王国初の王妃となる覚悟を結婚式の場で自他共に誓った・・・王妃の真珠に対する執着は『真珠の女王』という名を生み、イタリア国民により誉め称えられた。」クリスティーズ社のホームページの情報によると、マルゲリータ妃が所有していた52もの宝飾品が近年ロンドンの美術品競売場で落札された。アンティークのデミ・パリュール、フランス資料のコレクション、ベトナム製のアンティークの宝石類、珊瑚細工の小箱、シャム国王ラーマ5世から贈られた象牙の箱など。しかしその中に真珠は見当たらなかった。真珠に関して言うならば、世界で初めて真珠の養殖に成功した御木本幸吉が1899年に開設した「御木本真珠店」の真珠を取り揃える方が、バイヤー達にとって余程価値があることだろう。ミキモト社のホームページには、ミキモトパールを中心とした何十種類もの宝飾品が取り揃う。真珠とダイヤモンドの組み合わせの宝石類も数ある中、ミキモトならではの黒蝶真珠を取り入れた宝飾類が輝かしく並ぶ。黒蝶パールのイヤリング、3粒の黒蝶パールが連なるペンダント、黒蝶パールとシルバーパールが彩るアベニールシリーズのネックレス。創始者である御木本が、真珠母貝の採取を行う海女達の様子を初めて観察した場所は伊勢志摩の海だった。「海女」という名が語る通り、日本では昔から真珠貝の管理と引き上げの一切を女性が行っており、一粒の真珠を得るために必要とされていた何千個もの母貝は、全て海に潜る彼女達の手によって集められてきた。しかしながら、御木本が成功した真珠の養殖技術が世界中に浸透することによって、この構造は大きな変化を遂げる。残された海女達は、観光客を楽しませる対象でしかなくなってしまったのだ。真珠は真珠貝をはじめとする特定の貝類の中に、偶然あるいは人為的に異物や寄生虫が挿入されることで、体内に真珠層と言われる炭酸カルシウムとコンキオリンの結晶構造が分泌され、それが異物の周りに堆積した結果、形成される。その核となる異物の正体は様々で、寄生虫、ケシ、餌と一緒に飲み込まれた微粒子、また一粒の砂であるときもある。いずれにせよ、全ての真珠は、何らかの刺激物があつて初めてその生成過程を開始するのだ。この様に刺激物を「核」としながら真珠は形成される訳だが、金平糖の始まりが「核」無くしては語れない様に、真珠もまた「核」無くしてはその完成はない。「真珠の女王」と呼ばれるまでに至ったマルゲリータ妃を真珠無くして人々はど

stubborn, persistent, and excessive are the qualities from which beauty emerges. Marimos only exist in a few places in the world and thus aren't in any way popular or common. They live off of photosynthesis, yet like dark and cool places away from the sun. Photosynthesis plants are usually flat or linear to maximize their intake of the sun, and only green on the surface (white inside) to minimize their energy consumption. However Marimos are spherical and thus half is always in shadow, and they are green all the way to the core.” The mossy green balls of seaweed the Japanese call marimo and the Icelanders kúluskítur appear in the first chapter of Nagasaka’s work. The marimo shimmer inside a cork-topped glass jar set atop a gallery pedestal, the hard surfaces of the wood standing in contrast to round and cottony quality of the plants. In her reflections on the marimo / kúluskítur Nagasaka makes resonate the cold waterscapes of island countries separated from each other by the expanse of an increasingly diminished Arctic. When Nagasaka imagines an underground tunnel used by trolls, elves and the marimo as a type fantastic hidden highway, the image makes explicit that many of the most important messages in the work arise not from proximity (whether physical or conceptual) but instead through the invocation of the disparate places or things brought together in the appearance of a single object.

Nagasaka’s If on a winter’s night a traveler proceeds according to a discourse of objects. Round objects made smooth inside the body of an animal. Misshapen objects made bumpy in the application of syrup. Cottony objects held suspended in a jar. Tiny objects imagined at the tip of the tongue. Our encounters with the objects Nagasaka brings together in her work engender in us a network of images active in the mind all at the same time. Differences of shape, centering, placement and meaning are all let to resonate in a collection of shifting stories. We return to Calvino. “Who are we,” Calvino asks in closing Six Memos for the Next Millennium, “if not a combinatoria of experiences, information, books we have read, things imagined? Each life is an encyclopedia, a library, an inventory of objects, a series of styles, and everything can be constantly shuffled and reordered in every way conceivable.” Who are we, indeed, outside the collected experiences the world brings to bear upon us and the stories we choose to write around them?

Trevor Bača

September 2013

Trevor Bača (\*1975) is an American composer of new music. His concerns as a composer include lost and secret texts; broken and dismembered systems; sorcery, divination and magic; and the effects, action and beauty of light. Bača’s scores have been exhibited as art and his music has been played throughout the US, Europe and Japan.

う呼ぶのか。おそらく、真珠に代わる何かを王妃と重ね合わせることでしか彼女の名を語り継ぐことは出来ないのだろう。

「毬藻(まりも)という生態は何とも非合理的で、まるで自然摂理の圏外に生息している様だ。その非合理性に加え、頑固さ、根気強さ、そして極端さという特性の中に「美しさ」があることを身を以て証明している。毬藻は世界でも限られた場所にしか生息していないため、一般的にはあまり知られていない生き物だ。彼らは光合成を必要とするにも関わらず、太陽の光から外れた薄暗いひんやりとした場所を好む。他の多くの光合成植物は、太陽の光を最大限に吸収するために体を細い線状にし、その薄い表面を緑色(内側は白色)に染めることで生態としての進化を遂げてきた。一方で毬藻は、その体が球形であることによって半身は常に陰をまとい、深い緑色を中心まで染み通しているのだ。」この不可思議な海藻玉を日本人は「マリモ」と呼び、アイスランド人は「クールスキイトゥル」と呼ぶ。長坂のプロジェクトの第1章で登場したこの生き物は、コルクで蓋されたガラス瓶の中で静かに揺らめいている。また、その瓶が置かれた台座の固い木質とふわふわした丸い生き物の佇まいとが、不思議なコントラストを奏でている。長坂は毬藻という対象を通して、意識の波紋を遠くへ広げていく。海氷の縮小と共に少しずつ縮んでゆく北極圏の冷たい海に浮かぶ島国達の情景。トロールや小人や毬藻達が秘密通路として使った地下トンネル。彼女が回想するこれらのイメージが私たちにある大切なことを解き明かす。長坂の作品がもつ重要なメッセージは、形式的にも概念的にも、対象における中心(近さ)にあるのではなく、むしろ、その周縁に異質のものや離れた(遠い)場所がモノの輪郭を作り上げる様にして集まる中で、浮かび上がってくるのだ。

『冬の夜ひとりの旅人が』は、長坂と希有なモノたちとの対話を通して展開される。生き物の体内で磨かれた丸いカタチ、歪なものを覆う砂糖蜜のデコボコ、瓶に密閉されたふわふわ、舌の先の感覚でとらえる様にして想像が巡らされた極小の世界。それらの対象を目にした時、その一つ一つを捉えようとする私たちの意識の中は、たちまちにして時制を失った複数のイメージが一斉に動き始める場となる。形象、中心性、配置、そして意味における多様性は、複数の物語が移ろいながら展開していく中で多声的な反響を漏らす。ここで再びカルヴィーノに戻ろう。『新たな千年紀のための六つのメモ』を締めくくるカルヴィーノの問いかけを振り返ることにしたい。「私たちは何者なのでしょう？ 私たちの一人ひとり、経験や、情報や、読書や、さらには想像作用などの組み合わせでないとすれば、何者なのでしょう？ あらゆる人生は、それぞれ一箇の百科全書、図書館、物品目録、文体の標本集なのであって、そのなかではたえずすべてが混ぜ返され、あらん限りのやり方で並べ替えられているということもあり得るのです。」私たちは何者なのか。世界からもたらされるあらゆる経験を、私たちが個々の物語としていかに紡ぎ語るかということ以外に、一体何があり得るのだろうか。

2013年9月

トレバー・バチャ

トレバー・バチャ／1975年生まれのアメリカ人現代音楽作曲家。「失われた、もしくは秘められたテキスト」「崩れた、またはばらばらになったシステム」「予示、魔術、魔法」あるいは「光の効果、作動、美しさ」という事象に重心をおいた活動を展開している。バチャの楽譜はアート作品として展示されることもあり、彼作曲の楽曲はアメリカ、ヨーロッパ、日本で演奏されている。

Lipp Family Residence

Bad Homburg, Germany 8. 2010





Gallery Kurant

Tromso, Norway 5. 2011

Heidelberger Kunstverein

Heidelberg, Germany 11. 2011

Forum da Maia

Porto, Portugal 6. 2012





IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT  
A TRAVELER



## For Paula Lipp

### Chapter 1

#### Into a magnifying sphere through a bumpy lava tunnel

As has been said from ancient times, the sum of energy residing us remains constant at all times – all matter can convert back to energy and the energy manifests in different ways creating objects, people, thoughts, and events. It's all about shifting energy from one to another. Like Michael Jackson pulled so many people in and created his era and phenomenon, then the energy shifted from him and will cause another pull of events somewhere else. Like the water was stopped, thus the energy was clogged in the building, and then it caused a flood. It was stopped, shifted, amplified its magnitude, and it perhaps came out as a tsunami along the coast of Japan. I wish I could be contained in a glass jar with a Marimo and stay there as long as I wanted. The place is cool, shaded, and complete. I see things a little obscured through the layers of water and the glass. I hear people and talk to them through the vibration of the layers. There is a little time delay and frequent misunderstandings occur, but that's nice. The irresistible activity in our life is to imagine, to create events in our mind, and to relive other people's experiences through imagination. It's being here and being somewhere else. It's how much distance one can slip. And this action is not a leisure nor a luxury, it is actually the only option left for us. Our experiences are solo acts, our feelings are private, and even languages, which are supposedly there to connect and communicate between us, are private. Then we at least need to imagine we go through events together – getting drunk and dancing under the same music – sharing similar feelings – being fulfilled momentarily. Or instead we fall asleep spooning, smelling the sent of the nape of his neck where hair and skin meet. Icelandic people say when they smell a sweet floral sent in the air that the elves are around.

There is an insanely long underground tunnel connecting Lake Akan in Hokkaido and Lake Miyvatn in north Iceland. Volcanoes exploded and lava flooded. The explosions left craters where water streamed in and created the two lakes. The lava hardened underground and formed the bumpy colorful tunnel. Marimos, elves, and trolls use the tunnel, go through the bubbling hot and freezing cold spots and the dark and narrow parts, and finally reach Lake Akan or Lake Miyvatn. When they arrive at the other lake, it is a place unknown to them but somehow familiar. It feels a bit like visiting a remote relative's house for the first time. You've never met them but the familiar decorations

and the smell of the house – the one on Saturday after lunch – hit your memory so strongly that you feel a bit dizzy, get sucked into a vortex. You feel strangely at home in the foreign place, which makes you feel uncomfortable because it shouldn't be comfortable. So Marimos, elves, and trolls recognize many familiar elements of their home – volcanic energy, hot springs, freezing water, the long winter and its quietness and darkness – but they also realize that people call them different names and that their faces are different.

Another familiar thing for Marimos is weak salt water. Marimo mothers give it to their children as a remedy when they are sick. They tell a story that their home used to be a part of the ocean a very long time ago and they remember the sense of it without consciously remembering it. Marimos no longer know whether that is the reason or because it has been a habit from their childhood, but they still soak themselves in weak salt water when they feel homesick.

I find Marimos compelling and beautiful. The existence of Marimos is non-logical and out of order from nature. It attests that non-logical, stubborn, persistent, and excessive are the qualities from which beauty emerges. Marimos only exist in a few places in the world thus aren't in any way popular or common. They live off of photosynthesis, yet like dark and cool places away from the sun. Photosynthesis plants are usually flat or linear to maximize their intake of the sun, and only green on the surface – white inside – to minimize their energy consumption. However Marimos are spherical and thus half is always in shadow, and they are green all the way to the core. An analogy would be a loser husband who spends more money on gambling than he earns and doesn't even make much money to begin with... Marimos don't have roots and thus drift and are rotated by water waves. This keeps Marimos in their spherical shape, it is not by their effort but as a byproduct of other forces. Marimos may seem extremely lazy up till now, but they are also amazingly patient – they spend a few hundred years growing to a sphere one to two meters in diameter – and greatly stubborn not to change their attitude. This trait gives Marimos a sense of dignity, even makes them heroic and beautiful. Also, Marimos behave like a time capsule absorbing and distilling time inside themselves. They take out small portions each time and give it to us when we look at the Marimos, and thus we gain a portion of time, making us feel relaxed and grounded.





## Chapter 2

### Sliding down the gorge of crystal protuberances

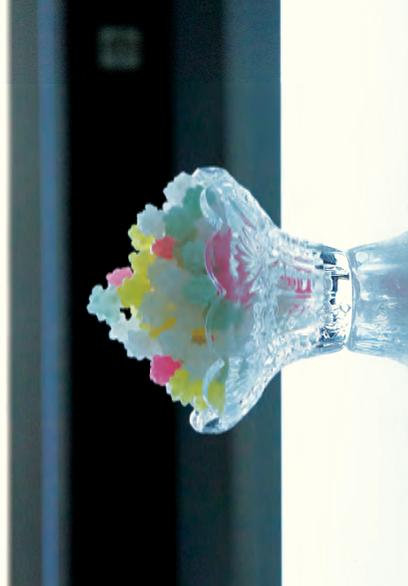
While sugar refinement was being invented in Arabia, the crystal landscape was starting to be formed in a hot steamy cave in Mexico. The Portuguese ship in the middle of the Indian Ocean went through many storms and wild waves while sailing towards the east. Men in all times seem to attempt to conquer unknowns – people, land, sea, and themselves – which have created many histories as well as tragic stories. I don't fully get the men's romance and I don't like ships because of my terrible sea sickness. I rather end up wondering how many times the Portuguese sailors puked into the sea from the edge of the ship.

The Kamishibai drama "The Portuguese Trick or Treat" is about to take place here. Portugal among other European countries was going through the Age of Discovery and they were sailing toward the east to colonize new lands and to spread Christianity. While aiming to reach China a storm hit the Portuguese ship and the Portuguese missionaries landed at Nagasaki in 1543. They brought Kompeito as well as other Portuguese sweets, which Japanese people referred as "southern barbaric sweets." Nonetheless Japanese people had never seen sugar in such a shape as Kompeito and thus they highly praised it. The missionaries gave Kompeito to General Nobunaga as a gift to ask for a permission to spread Christianity. Kompeito's charm worked on Nobunaga till his successor decided to ban Christianity and limit foreign entrance into Japan. The making of Kompeito had initially been all a mystery but by this time the Japanese craftsmen had appropriated the skill. They further developed and perfected its shape and quality. Meanwhile Kompeito was commonly spread and adopted as a "traditional" Japanese sweet.

My mother was too hung over the next morning from the exquisite French dinner and the bottle of Saxony red wine of the night before to visit the Green Vault, so I went there alone to see the treasures of August der Starke. It is insane what enormous wealth sometimes manifests into – such an extraordinary obscure dreamland both inward and outward. The cherry pits have 360 or so minute faces sculpted on them. I imagine putting the pit into my mouth, rotating it slowly, and examining the facial expressions on the pit with my tongue. It never melts so I have to spit it out some point. Yuck! . . .

They're not faces, but Kompeito have twenty-four protuberances over their surface. Kompeito made in the same atelier always have the identical shape with same numbers of protuberances. They are hand made by craftsmen and the skill is passed down among them orally just like how the ancient cult of beekeeping was kept secret in Egypt, Greece, and Rome. They say it takes at least twenty years to master the skill and almost twenty days to make one kind of Kompeito. The Kompeito craftsmen seem to possess the same kind of pride and men's romance as the sailors.

Resting in its glass base, a Kompeito asked me "Do I belong to art or nature?" I wanted to avoid such a heavy-handed question and just wanted to assure that it is art because I say so. Yet it demanded more of me and left me in a gloomy, blurry field with an Oscar Wilde flashlight as a navigation tool. The Oscar Wilde flashlight was probably not meant to illuminate Kompeito to begin with and I didn't know how to use it either. Ahh!... I switched it on and it shed a light: 'Life imitates art far more than art imitates life.' Kompeito was created by human imagination, hands, and lucky accidents, not owing to ideas from nature. But when it reaches its most perfected form the complexity is highly organic and it seems to belong to nature again. The queer shape of Kompeito even became a heated subject in science in the 1980s. Fractal and Chaos Theories explain that while the sugar is getting crystallized, unevenness of distribution occurs. This noise created by uneven waves gets exaggerated through the process. This creates the unique shape of Kompeito, yet they can't explain why it always has uniform protuberances. Science usually takes its subject from nature, thus suggesting that Kompeito is nature, but it fails in the total explanation, which automatically leaves Kompeito in art.



The water fountain at the station plaza in a new suburban district of Osaka, the water was shut off a long time ago and it became an anti-climax monument. The water in the oasis in the Taklamakan Desert disappeared and the town became a ruin. A new water source was found in Orezza and the spring was brought back to life again.

In Haruki Murakami's Wind-Up Bird Chronicle Malta Kano has a spiritual psychic power which she gained through contact with a very pure water sprang in the deep mountains of Malta island. That's how she chose Malta as her spiritual name. On our long night walk in Malta we saw rows of Arabic bay windows and an old water distillery built in 1881. Malta was supposedly among the first nations to distill fresh water from sea water. Malta's sister is called Crete Kano and she wears a thick make-up resembling that of the 1960s. She could easily be a character in George Lucas's American Graffiti popped out in the Japanese reality. She helps Malta as her medium. She can go through people like water goes through their bodies and becomes a part of them. Or it's as if she was a very good silky greenish olive oil, which can be mixed and become the delicious smooth consistency of Pesto Verde. Crete gives a birth to a baby – of unknown sex – and calls it Corsica. A filthy dog with dirty teeth shouts and barks: "No man is an island!"

A volcano exploded in the Rapaggio region of Corsica and a gigantic cake appeared, baked by the heat of the explosion. It is a vast, fertile land formation called Mont Blanc, covered with contour layers of marron creams on top, brandy flavor fresh cream inside, and a moist sponge cake at the bottom. The monument of Marron Glace stands at the peak of the land covered with mesh sugar. From one place between the crusts of the marron cream layers an Orezza geyser shoots up in the air. It creates clouds of mist, which end up creating the mesh sugar on the marron monument. The geyser water streams into the low land creating a fresh sparkling spring. People enjoy bathing, spa treatments, snorkeling to explore under water, and peddling a white swan boat. It was once a popular utopian wellness destination for the mainlanders from the late 1800s till World War II. It was forgotten, but it is now a hidden spot for the local people in Corsica.

## Shooting up the circuses above the Atmosphere of Venus

While sitting in my back room at the Oranienplatz apartment, looking straight at the ivy wall outside the window and hearing the kids playing in the playground, I concentrate my thoughts on how one can tell multiple stories simultaneously without having any sequential order. Why am I thinking about such a concrete matter on such a brilliant sunny day? I should call Laura, walk to Engelbecken, and lay on the grass beside the water. But . . . stories by their nature have linear durations and thus they take up time. And since they take up time they have to be told in sequence . . . I remember a painting by Jan Van Eyke – the one with two people

in the ceremony of a marriage or some unification.

The painting is like a field with many landmarks, each of the landmarks pointing to a suspended frozen story. These frozen stories don't seem to converge at one point but rather stay co-existing and interrelating like looking a section view of underground mole nests. Painting might be a good vehicle for me, I hurry myself to cycle to the Gemäldegalerie at Potsdamer Platz.

I pass by Mies's glass box, saying hello to it in my mind, I walk into the Kulturforum, and go directly to the deserted long corridors of the painting gallery. It's completely still and cool despite the warmth and life outside in the city. I walk toward a painting – not too big, looking Flemish or Dutch, a figure seemingly in her domestic interior. I try to look at it closely and carefully.

The surface of the painting, glazing, and overall presence of air and humidity in the painting: *On a muggy summer evening's stroll along the river bank a young man saw the most beautiful, elegant woman standing alone, wearing a brilliant red peony patterned kimono*

In the shadows, away from the violent sun of North Africa, French soldiers cured their thirst and exhaustion with Orezza water during the combats of World War II. A small group of Japanese soldiers were caught by Russian and Mongolian soldiers in the wintery desert of Mongolia close to Manshu in Wind-Up Bird Chronicle. The Mongolian soldiers kill their prisoners in a very brutal manner. They don't shoot them nor kill them immediately, instead they peel their skin slowly, leaving human bodies like blocks of meat. The prisoners die eventually by the loss of blood. The last person left was Officer Mamiya. Instead of peeling his skin the Mongolian soldiers forced him to jump into a deep dry well in the desert and left him there. Officer Mamiya spent the next few days at the bottom of the well in the darkest darkness and insane fear. But for a few minutes a immense existence of light veiling him, taking him to the highest of one's sensation and rapture. When he was rescued he realized that he lost all senses and felt numb to everything in his life. While we aim to reach this state to experience the highest moment, this place is where one should never reach perhaps. The place is empty in reality, and we cannot bear it.

An old German lady sits in her kitchen, drinking a bottle of Orezza water. Actually she is not German, she is an Austrian from Kärnten. She lives in a renowned Baden town of Germany, but she hasn't visited the springs for a long time. Actually she no longer goes out of her house. She sips prickly chilled Orezza water and remembers different events from her life. The time she and her girlfriends climbed the mountains in the summer in Kärnten. The time she moved to Germany after her marriage and found the houses very peculiar. The time she and her husband were separately put into English war prisons after the war. The time she gave birth to her daughter and the time her daughter gave birth to her grandson. The time she and her husband celebrated their silver anniversary. She has many memories to re-experience while sitting at home, and no longer needs nor desires to go out. She is utterly beautiful and serene. I wonder if she also experienced the immense rapturing sensation in her life and continues living while bearing the emptiness of life as well.

*with an exquisite pearl hairpin above her ear. He was struck by her stunning allure, he approached her nervously and asked her name. "Oyoshi," she answered with her plum voice. She invited him and entertained him with different stories of foreign places. He felt as if he was sucked into a daze, completely losing his sense of time and place. As the morning star appeared above the horizon Oyoshi told the young man "I must leave now." With these words she turned into a female fox, bowed to him deeply, and jumped away into the bushes.*

The painting hanging on the wall at the left back side of the painting: *With the new discovered alchemy of transforming clay powder into white gold, Meissen menagerie was set up in the Zwinger Palace. Exotic animals such as elephant, lion, tiger, monkey, rhino, fox, parrot, flamingo, and many more pose elegantly on the pedestals, all glazed pure white and completely still, reflecting the glare of the chandeliers on the palace ceilings. August der Starke and his family would meander through the safari with their ornate long dresses sweeping the floor.*

The antique figure on the desk at the right front side of the painting: *The sisters of the Lomonosov foxes escaped discreetly from the abandoned, much destroyed Oranienbaum Palace in St. Petersburg and made their way to Germany. They are tinted, unlike the Meissen white fox. They were raised in the Russian royal court and they have been a part of countless glamorous balls and parties in the palace. They have learned the skill of disguise as well.*

The telescope also on the desk at the right front side of the painting: *One of the many accomplishments Mikhail Lomonosov made in science and art was the discovery of the atmosphere of Venus. Venus appears the brightest in the sky after the Sun and the Moon thus it is also called "Lucifer" – light bearer, or simply "Golden Star." It is also the only planet referred to femininely in the solar system. The very dense, high-pressure, and high-temperature atmosphere*

## Being a companion of Pesto Verde, Mont Blanc, and a block of meat



*of Venus could be the strong aura of a brilliant bewitching woman, with its substances being exceptional talent, sensitivity, intelligence, charisma, and magnanimity, which add up to compelling beauty. A vigorous presence pulling people in, folding them into her atmosphere.*

The figure in the middle of the painting: *On her wedding day Miss Margherita made a commitment to herself and to the nation that she would become the first queen of Italy. The white embroidered wedding garment, a pair of long silk gloves, and the intricate patterned lace veiling her face and shoulders transformed her into an elegant bride. But mostly the magnificent diamond, ruby, and pearl jewels she wore – partially as presents from her soon-to-be father-in-law, Victor Emmanuel II, and partially from her mother, Princess Elizabeth of Saxony – gave her a sublime weight as the future queen. She stood with her husband, Umberto I, on the balcony of the Palazzo Reale, waving to the citizens who came to celebrate their wedding, she took her roll closer. She sat next to Umberto I in the horse carriage, going through the wedding march in Turin, she took her roll even closer. Her transformation as the queen was symbolized by her obsession with pearls. Italian people called her the "Queen of Pearls" with admiration. This appellation was not merely because she wore many chains of pearl necklaces and big drop earrings but because of her delightful presence, which made her people adore her, long for her, and fall in love with her. Her lustrous presence helped the young country, Italy, to be brought as one and united.*

The shadow of a figure suggesting the presence of the painter at the left front side of the painting: *In his petite atelier in Paris with disco music and pornographic images pinned on the wall, Mr. Pearl continues to make corsets for special people and special occasions. The corsets he creates are said to be a permanent embrace on the body, which makes the body more palpably present through its presence.*

The presence of the outside viewer for whom the painting exists: *Margo sits in her sky garden with Romulus on her lap. The last bit of sun casts the long shadows of her succulents and the evening star rises. She is a pearl and a child of light.*



F. Koffler  
L. Tobino

## Bouncing through the lattice Calvino has set up

Frau Lipp lives in a stone house. The walls are very thick, shutting out the city noise and preventing iciness seeping into the house, making it difficult for anything from outside to invite itself into the house. She has a punctual daily schedule reading the newspaper, doing a crossword puzzle, and watching the symphony play on television. And she has another routine practice, that of observing the objects that surround her through a monocular. This is her way of working towards her desire to be set free one day. Until then, she restricts herself from going outside of the house, even to the balcony or to the different floors of the house. This limitation indeed brings her closer to the state she wishes to reach. She is responsible, always trying to be self-sufficient, even considering the things people will have to take care of after she disappears. She doesn't wish to cause grief to her loved ones, she has experienced it, she knows what suffering it can be. She is careful to maintain a distance from her surroundings, not to be too close with them carelessly, although she desires to have some sort of tie, to have some company with her. She decides to get a canary, but she doesn't want the canary to feel lonely or left alone when she goes away so she buys a pair of canaries. The pair of yellow canaries in the cage – whether sisters, a couple, or complete strangers – fly along, sing together, and sleep side by side. She gains company, yet the pair of canaries accentuates the missing partner that would complete a pair with her. She looks at the feathers of the canaries through her monocular, and she slips into her upstairs bathroom, in her memory lemon-yellow tiles cover the floor and walls. The bathroom physically above her head but separated by the ceiling is as remote as anything in the universe, it exists out of the boundary she has established. At the same time, it is there instantly, like all the things imagined in her mind.



Mr. Palomar appears. He is a considerate person who also keeps his distance from people, preferring to spend time alone, reflecting on matters and himself. He has been thinking for a long time without communicating his thoughts. He believes that matters exist though they might not take any shape or be able to be received

longer for it to be Palomar." Frau Lipp doesn't sleep much. While she lays in bed in the middle of the night the moon appears in the stained glass ceiling, shining into the glass, making it a prism. This transforms their bedroom into the Blue Mosque, with its gorgeous geometric patterns, flooding blue whiteness, and solemm air. The moon passes beyond the frame after ten minutes, their room turns back into a dark bedroom. A large white flower on the chest still holds a dim whiteness. Is it the moon or is it the smooth skin of woman, are the veins on the petal the veins on her hand?

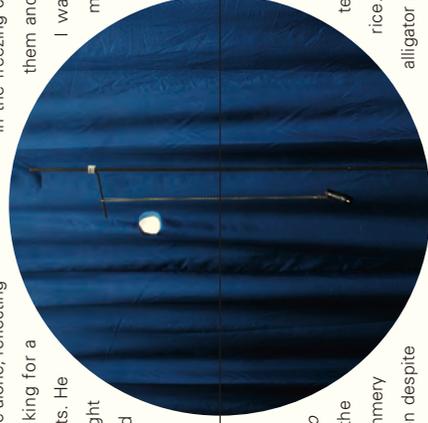
In the steamy glass dome of the greenhouse Frau Lipp and Mr. Palomar stop at a placard: *This tropical garden, known as the Banana Alligator Garden, is heated entirely by geo-energy from the surrounding hot springs. Visitors may think the location and existence of this facility odd, with its wide variety of different tropical species of fruits and plants and the largest numbers of alligators and lesser pandas in the world – all in a seaside town in Japan. Yet this peninsula was once an island on the north tip of the Philippine tectonic plate, until the plate shifts pushed it north and connected it with the mainland. This explains the distinct ecological system of this peninsula. Though the historically renowned sea explosions caused by the underground hot springs which gave this area the name "hot sea" have calmed down, there are countless hot springs in the area,*



or perceived some day. When two similar characters encounter each other, it is natural and instant that they begin spending time together and sharing things, enjoying their companionship while appreciating the appropriate distance to keep. They plan a trip together and call it a silver moon. "How perfect it is to embark on a silver moon and thankfully not a honey moon! The distilled time and accumulated memories residing in us make our moon lighter and more romantic. Will you go on the moon with me, Frau Lipp?" asks Mr. Palomar gentlymanly. "Delightedly, Mr. Palomar. Two conditions I wish to ask you though. One, we ought to use my monocular as our vehicle through the moon. I cannot abandon my practice in the middle of the way. Two, we ought to be tasteful of our decisions and things we surround ourselves." Mr. Palomar replies "Did you call upon me knowing me as the remarkable telescope of the last century? I am grateful for being older, to acquire some taste and roundness around myself." They set out on their moon with carefully packed suitcases. In Frau Lipp's white leather suitcase: a white pleated dress, a pair of white lace gloves, a sun-shade umbrella, a black-and-white patterned shawl, a wrist watch, a handbag, a little compact with powder, cream, a soap box, a toothbrush case, a shoehorn made of cast enamel, and an alarm clock. In Mr. Palomar's dark brown leather suitcase: a light grey suit with a white handkerchief in the pocket, two neckties, white pressed shirts, a straw hat, a camera, a radio, a timetable, and two brands of cigarettes (Hope and Camel).

Frau Lipp: "Wouldn't you like to go to the beach to observe the stars? It is said to be famous for its clear air, good view, and quietness." Mr. Palomar: "No, I don't need to go out to the beach to look at the stars. I look at the stained glass ceiling of our bedroom and see the intricate patterns and lines intersecting with the transparent colors on the sky as the background. I see the fragmented sky, I sleep, I dream about the devoted astronomers on Mount Palomar, sitting in the sack of the 200-inch telescope, trying to see the unseen edge of the universe, in the freezing coldness with their hands feeling numb. I trust them and leave all the new discoveries in their hands.

I wake up and see the row of pigeons on the mountain rim, from which Mount Palomar got its name. I don't have to be there myself any



Japanese specialty of steamed eel before teriyaki sauce is applied, served on a bowl of rice. Mr. Palomar bends his knees to look the alligator in the eyes and thinks of the albino gorilla he visited in the Barcelona Zoo. He tells both white animals that they are not alone, or that, though they are still alone, they are not the only one who is alone. They proceed to the tropical parlor for refreshments.

A large poster of a beautifully drawn woman is taped onto an electric pole at the edge of the neon-lit arcade. It captures the essence of a woman more than a real woman would, and more moisture than the actual air can hold before making water drops. A petite European young lady dressed nicely with a pink felt hat passes by. She walks zigzag, carrying a sushi box in a plastic sack, walks off into the darkness. Frau Lipp is content to be European as well.

The arcade is lit with neon though it's completely deserted. This seaside town is past its time and decaying slowly. Mr. Palomar mixes the decaying town with himself and feels desolated that he is no longer the biggest, the most bright, pushing the boundary. "It still doesn't change the fact that you are a sensible, refined, reflective, and tasteful person," Frau Lipp crosses her arm with Mr. Palomar's.









At the beginning of winter, a few years ago, I was invited to the ninety-fifth birthday of a woman whose grandson I was dating at the time. I had heard about her before. I had heard that she spent her teenage years in the mountains of Austria, got married, and moved to Germany during the World War II. That she injured her legs when she was young and had not gone out of her house for more than ten years since she started using a wheelchair. That she had wished to die after her husband passed away. When I finally met her she was an elegant, dignified lady, sitting beautifully with her back straight. Surrounded by her family she cracked up witty jokes and made them laugh. While eating the birthday cake she said sincerely and deftly, 'My birthday wish is to die. But I cannot help that the time has not come yet.' Despite of my poor German, I was struck by her intelligence, directness, and lightness which seemed to have been acquired from the accumulated experiences and the distilled time.

I imagined a project as an excuse to get to know her better. How could it be possible that a person with such a brilliant brain and an active sprit like hers could stay inside the house for so long? What had she seen while wishing for a death to take over her life? I desired to collect her stories before her consciousness and memory completely disappeared. I also hoped to send something to her that might activate her sense from the outside world. I organized an exhibition at her home where no one other than her family could view. With a help of a German friend who translated for me I proposed that, "Even though we both remain in our own life routines let's embark on a journey together through the exchanges of letters and objects. The person who sends a letter becomes a guide and the object alongside the letter becomes our destination. We would take turns and continue the journey till one of us wished to terminate the journey."

Although our journey was supposedly a two-person journey there was always a translator in-between us, and as such she became our travel companion along the way. And one other person who was always present in our journey, this was Italo Calvino. Her presence often reminded me of the qualities Calvino's writings possess - lightness, quickness, exactitude, whimsicalness, and humor. For over three and a half years since I started the project, I had been taken by the opportunities to get to know her, to share such a personal connection and experiences beyond the languages and generations. At the same time, I felt the difficulty of transforming my personal experiences into an artwork and defining a fair boundary between private and public matters. I felt a great pressure to use storytelling as an expression for the first time, however, I also felt a large responsibility to complete the project. It was where all these feelings were intertwined that the work came into the shape slowly.

By quoting Calvino's lines from the original book "Find the most comfortable position: seated, stretched out, curled up, or lying flat. Flat on your back, on your side, on your stomach. In an easy chair, on the sofa, in the rocker, the deck chair, on the hassock. In the hammock, if you have a hammock. On top of your bed, of course, or in the bed. You can even stand on your hands, head down, in the yoga position," I hope this publication invites the readers to an unique experience of their own rather than it remaining as memoir of our journey or a record of the exhibitions.

Aki Nagasaka  
September, 2013





数年前の初冬、当時付き合っていた彼の祖母の九十五歳の誕生会に連れて行ってもらった。彼女の話は以前から少し聞いていた。第二次大戦の最中にオーストリアで少女時代を過ごし、戦中に結婚、ドイツに移り住んだ事。若い時分に足を悪くし、車椅子をいただいたこと十数年は、あまり外出をしていない事。彼の祖父が亡くなって以来死ぬ事を切望している事など。いざ会ってみると座っていても姿勢の良さが窺える、綺麗な凛とした女性であった。家族に囲まれ鋭敏な冗談を飛ばし、周りを笑わせていた。ケーキを食べながら、「誕生日の願い事は死にたいんだけど、まだだから仕方がないわね。」と真摯にしかしさりとて言いきった。ドイツ語が十分でない私なりに、時間と経験を積んだ女性から発せられる言葉の知的さ、率直さ、軽やかさを感じ、彼女の雰囲気魅了された。

私はプロジェクトを口実に彼女の事をより知りたいと思った。こんなに活発な精神と明瞭な頭脳を持つ人が何十年と家の外に出ていない事。切に死を願いつつ彼女は何を眺めているのか。鮮明な意識、膨大な記憶が閉じてしまう前に聞き出したい。彼女の生活に外界から感覚に響く何かを送り込みたいとも思った。そして彼女の家で、家族以外は観ることの出来ない展示会を開く事にした。ドイツ人の友人に通訳をしてもらい私は提案した。「それぞれがそれぞれの生活にしながら手紙を通してやり取りをし、その手紙に同封された物を通して旅に出しましょう。手紙を送る側が旅の案内人で、送られた物が旅先になる。順番で送りあい両者がもういいという所まで続けましょう。」

私達の手紙のやりとりは常に翻訳家を介しているため、本来は二人旅にも関わらずいつも彼女の存在がどこかにあった。そしてもう一人、いつも私の中で彼女と重なって見えていた存在が、イタロ・カルヴィーノであった。彼女のあり方は、私にカルヴィーノの小説から受ける印象「軽やかさ、敏速さ、精密さ、そして気まぐれと笑い」を思わせた。プロジェクトを始めてからの約三年半、彼女と知りあえた事、世代や言語を越えたごく個人的な経験の共有に圧倒された。それと同時に個人的な体験を作品に昇華させ、成立させる事、倫理的な公私の境界を図る事などの複雑さと、初めて物語を書く無謀さ、しかしどうしても作品にしなくてはという責任感、そのような事象が混濁する所から作品ができていった。

カルヴィーノの言葉を借り、「楽な姿勢で、座るなり、横になるなり、身体をまるめるなり、寝そべるなり。仰向けに横たわるなり、横向きに寝るなり、うつぶせになるなり。ソファの上なり、長椅子なり、揺り椅子なり、安楽椅子なり、クッション椅子の上なり。ハンモックがあれば、その上なり。もちろんベットの上なり、その中なり。あるいはヨガのポーズで、逆立ちの姿勢になるなりで」、この冊子が私達の旅の記録でも展示の記録でもなく、読者にとって一つの体験になればよいと思う。

2013年9月

長坂 有希

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2012-13 文化庁新進芸術家海外研修制度を受け、ロンドンで研修、制作を行う。

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A TRAVELER

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