

2005_weathering

Weathering_Documentation by Akemi Takeya

_Standing. Standing still. Head wind. Supporting the body of the man standing up. It's alive. The pulse is transmitted. Standing still. Head wind. A body hanging from the earth, head down. Dangles. Rocks to and fro. Flesh that glides down my neck from my head which always lists to the left, becomes a wound. The blood flowing from the wound where the piece of flesh is missing, spreads out over the white skin in inky waves. Wild flowers. Red waves along the skin. Wild flowers. The physical body caves in into its interior which is turned around by an energy like that of a spinning-top. Is sucked into the hole of the wound and disintegrates into its parts. Weathered body. My self tries to fit into its own body. Misshapen. The spinning energy continues, directed at a point inside the body. Emptiness. You can hear the sounds of the disintegrating body. Supporting the body all out. By and by, the surface of this other skin peels off. Emptiness. I'm sitting down, and dried-up skin and dried-up flesh falls from the feet. Emptiness. Kneeling. Just a last remnant of flesh clings to the bones of the legs. But still the bones are moving. Crawling with the last power left in the bones. The upper body's power's already down to zero. Reverse, driven by the wind. The feet so powerless that going forward is impossible. Emptiness. End of movement. A few single hairs remain on the thin skin of the head. **_Sitting.** Sitting down. Glancing towards the sky, head inclined 30 degrees upwards. Arching the spine like that of a cat. Spreading the legs to shoulder width. Then putting both palms onto the knees. The palms touch the knees. The soles of the feet follow the traces their contact with the ground has left.

The feet continue to trace the ground. Follow the images of cart tracks. The feet are ground down by the writing movements on the ground. The feet continue to trace the ground. By and by the feet become less. It's very easy up to the toes. Then suddenly the feet have disappeared up to the ankles. When the middle of the shins is gone, the upper body shifts its balance and leans forward. The feet continue to trace the ground. The bottom sitting on the ground slips. The bones in the buttocks touch the ground. The bit of meat stretches backwards. Throwing the stumpy legs forward. Keeping this position up with both hands on the ground. The extended spine slowly begins to fold at the hip, one after the other the vertebrae bend to form a bow. At the same time, the desiccated flesh becomes dust swirling through the air. Sight dwindles. **_Lying.** Gravity pulls the back towards the ground. Pain in the left half of the back. Consciously gathering all the power in this place and feel the centre of the pain. The pain spreads out from the left elbow. Paralysis. Extends into the tips of the five fingers, jumps to the horizon. Imagining the whole body from outside. As if you wanted to trace the lines of the body. Quiet. Turning around to the right while sleeping, very slowly returning to the round position of the embryo. Becoming small, as small as possible. Naturally only as far as the real body allows. When the effort of becoming small has reached the point of highest tension, it changes to relaxation quite naturally. The ends of the head, the fingers, the toes are turned towards the ground and extending. Tightly entwined things dissolve in each other, the relaxed body quietly lies down on its side. The flesh sinks into the ground, the bones softly touching it. Now that my tailbone touches the ground, my energy ebbs into this point. At the same time, the skin clinging to the body peels off and glides into this centre. The pubic bone points upward perpendicularly. Convulsively, starting from the tailbone, upper and lower body are drawn into the centre by some

force of suction. When eventually the knees, lower legs, feet and head entangle with each other, it can't go on. Time passes. Dampness. Draws stripes into the skin of the face, like a pattern of the wind in the sand. **_Sitting.** Sitting up. I notice the heaviness of the face. That the head is hanging down like this makes me sleepy. All tension has dissolved. Sapless, invalidated. Saliva drips out of the mouth. Drips and drips. **_Standing.** Seeing the wind. The wind enters the body and perforates it. The holes gradually widen, creating innumerable little tubes. The outer shell of the body is preserved, a tender breeze permeates the body. Only the hull remains. A hollow shell. **_Sitting.** Stone. Waiting. Stone. Becoming a statue. Absolute immobility! Air beats the body, air fills the body, air crashes the body together, air chafes the body ...

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