

English

IMEKA

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akemi takeya
writings

Foreword

Akemi Takeya (A/J) / performing artist
born in Japan, residing in Vienna since 1991.

This is a compilation of writings related to my performance pieces from the years 1997 to 2005. In addition to that, I have also included some selected poems from the period when I first moved to Tokyo, where in my early twenties, while employed part-time at an advertising agency, I began to write as my own natural way of expression.

For me, writing documents is a self-identifying autobiographical process, which is absolutely imperative to my “record of the thoughtful body”. Like re-hydration for athletes; water pouring into and through my body as sustenance and as cleanser of remaining thoughts, residue of the fatigue of the physical exercise by myself or alone. It is a pleasure for me to create a private sort of conceptual relationship devoid of faces or the presence of an audience in front of me.

Here are simple notes I made of some thoughts and background for each work:

“**Imeka**” (1997) was my first production of a solo work in Europe. The title was the written opposite of my name “akemi”. Within a basic theatrical scenario, I was to track myself through a labyrinth of different characters. The intention was objective self-observation, to allow me to become more independent in Europe, to identify my mirrored image and to strengthen my individuality. I dedicated this work to my deceased father.

“**bodypoems_REFLECTION**” (1998), readily explained by the title, comprised seven short stories of my untapped fountain of creativity, its activation and a reflection of my inner world. Through movement I interpreted poetry in an unusual mixture of Asian and Western styles.

“Drowning Fish” (1999); upon the death of my friend, I increasingly began to question myself with ever more evasive queries about life and death. It was a metaphorical work, a diary of thoughts and incidents. A disoriented and victimized state of mind led me to an urgent dance towards oblivion, an escape from a painful process. I completely immersed myself in the visual effect of a water-reflection projected onto the floor, metamorphosing in a special journey. “drowning fish” received the Austria Dance Production Award 1999.

“Yuragi” (2000) was a tentative, experimental work in collaboration with three musicians in the form of a jam session. After having again found tranquility and with a renewed urge, I explored various ways of expression through movement and voice. The music I composed, in my special way of improvisation, integrated bodily motion and acrobatic voice, in which one piece followed the other without creating a narrative.

“Black Honey Drops” (2001) undertook an approach to the erotic oeuvre of Georges Bataille. Through meticulous observation of a love relationship, I tried to fathom what would happen when an individual, prompted by a deep-reaching Eros, was maneuvered into a border experience. It was rather my autobiographically based work where I acted out a tragic heroine. Black ink projected onto the floor as a motif within science-fiction visual effects, acted as a symbolic metaphor which transformed elements of Eros, tears, blood.

“Shadow Pieces” (2002) was focused on the theme of solitude, based on my interest in the strange reasons for, and the form of a transparent or even invisible human. A symbol of the other self as my own shadow. I explored showing the essence of transparent solitude by means of “play with the shadow as the other self” and “dialogue with its shadow”, making strong use of nonsense and irony.

“ZZ” (2003) was structured in a geometric cycle of past/present/future with fifteen motifs developed in silence, which transformed the barely audible into space, sound and body, transmitting the sound of my breathing, the smallest

constant of silence. I integrated various themes and forms of expression becoming visible in the shape of interplay. For me, this was a memorable turning point in establishing a new “ME” and at the same time, to say good-bye to the old “ME”.

“Weathering” (2004/2005), a compelling study of elementary human movement: standing, walking, lying down, sitting. With those elements, I made a minimally composed abstract work in collaboration with an audiovisual artist where I intended to lead “the body as a kinetic object” and “the visuals of co-existence = harmony and alienation = disharmony”, in which the electronic space retains its independence, not commenting on the body’s performance. It is an illustration of the ambivalence of nearness and togetherness.

“So What!” (2006) was presented as a self-portrait in trial and error originating from my creative chaos, and reflecting emotion, memories, thoughts, desires, past and expected future life, a “wished for” mirror of our present messed-up world, maintained for myself & others. With this, I asked myself what possibilities were left open for me. In collaboration with the Berlin band “Rechenzentrum” (video & music), my “Stories” as a basic artistic material are partially generated live, exhibited, and reworked & recycled.

I would like to express my sincere appreciation of the continuous support given by the Cultural Department of the City of Vienna and the Austrian Federal Ministry for Education, the Arts and Culture (BMUKK). I am grateful for having met such fortunate circumstances which enable me to create my performance pieces and my writings.

Vienna, December 2007

1997_Imeka

Imeka in twilight

She writes her name. She repeats her name, again and again. She looks at the cloud. They remind her of many different lives of hers, which make her afraid; at this moment she can only hear her heart. Time vanishes, leaving behind the violent beat of her heart.

Night:

*Slowly, silently, now the moon
walks the night in her silver shoes;
this way, and that, she peers, and sees
silver fruits upon silver trees.*

(by Walter de la Mare)

She looks at the moon and drinks its light, she starts to sing, the silver beam of the moon changes the letters of her name into blossoms, into drops, into birds ... Losing herself she sings a song, until her voice breaks, not knowing any more who she is.

The laughing mirror

She catches her ideals, dreams, desires and thoughts out of the air, tastes them. She is turned on. Suddenly out of different directions, mirrors turn to her and show her their characters. One character after the other meets her. Time grows thick gaining speed.

You stink like a broken ego.
You betray my secret.
You will choke by your loose tongue.
You lose your time while you are talking about the past.
You are a patchwork consisting of studied ideals.
You get devoured by silence.
You walk already like an old man, like facing death.

Red to change

A red point which exists in a very faraway world, keeps looking at me. I don't know whether it's coming from far away or whether I am approaching it. I know that a red point has a life of its own. But I don't know whether its life is trying to invade me or whether I am rushing into its life. I know that it doesn't matter if I would have to vomit my shit all over my life while my discontent in daily life licks me when I don't succeed in reaching the red point.

Attention, please! While I'm thinking about this, it's already so near to me.

My breath made of silver sand
my body enclosed by bluish foam
waves lapping around me
I return to the sea
glowing sun gives a new birth to me
as fog drifting in the wind
I rise up
as a cloud
Sun burns me a new dress
so I as an immense bird
appear in the sky

White to disappear

time strikes itself and me ah yes go ahead please strike yourself and me until I fall to pieces I repeat I am here is here I have touched my soul touched my body rising at earth are a lot of people are guilty get their punishment from fate repeat I am here to do

Imeka catches the tears of the world

Tears of seven seas
Falling into my eyes,
Tears of my own
falling into me.

I look and look
Until I'm gone.

All written in summer of 1977

1998_Bodypoems REFLECTION

Reflection

My eyes have time to open. In the morning I am a silent object, covered with frost. There is a wide, white, shining desert with many hills. A woman is walking alone, leaving her footprints on a slope. She is crossing a hill to get to the sea. Sand in the wind, with memories of ancient times, blows across her face again and again. Suddenly a single snowflake falls on her lips, moistening them slowly. "... The thread of a sigh flutters in the wind ..." Reaching the top of the hill, the sunshine makes her stagger. At this moment a picture of a sand-woman, exactly like herself, reflects in her eyes:

She is made of sand
Laying on the shore
With her sand-body putting out to the sea
Again and again
Many spirits, floating on the wave
are coming too close
Sea froth, like their breath
touching her sensuous sand-body
from her head to her toes
..... The thread of a sigh flutters in the wind.....

The sadness of her heart
tired of hatred will pour back into
the seven seas with the tide

She is made of sand
melting into time and disappearing
with one of the spirits
which she hangs on the wave
with her lost self
now, in the sea

she is a sandstorm
Dancing with time in brilliant chaos

Forever ...

Now all the frost of the desert has already melted. It's time to wake up in the morning at Universe Street 36 in Vienna.

Semidream

I was born
Because I have forgotten all

I live as I sleep
I speak the way I fantasize

I am here
Because I have forgotten all

August 1994

Modern Ball Dance

The sky

That I've seen
Once upon a time
in Aomori
Was the most
Brilliant
Clear
Blue

September 1997

Clock

Look at me! Now I'll extinguish an unbearable being. Attention, please!
I'll present you a thrilling show. Are you ready?

Matt, matt, matt, matt, matt, matt ... mattscreen!
My heart beats like a stubborn morningalarm.
For such a long time I've hidden myself in frosted eyes.
I'll wake up slowly and now I'll take a deep breath.
Though, I don't feel better. Yes, because I didn't breathe out the right way.
Well, so now, I'll breathe out again.

Somebody says: "Time comes, time goes, time comes, time goes ..."
My heartbeat knocks, will I go crazy, yes, crazy?
For such a long time I've kept the breath.
I know that I should not do any more theater.
So tired I am, so tired. Please give me a cup of tea and yellow love with it.

Time comes to me, time passes by, ...
My heartbeat knocks and it fades away.
For such a long time it took to be able to turn it off.

I finally went stay in silence. Please, quiet, and leave me alone.

*Now, the full moon shines into my navel.
In the cave a butterfly sleeps.
Slowly, slowly it wakes up and carefully opens its red shiny wings.
Dripping wings reflect a dream of which nobody knows where it comes from.
Does it come from the past or the future?*

*With a movement of the wings which is a little bit heavier than loneliness
and a little bit lighter than love the butterfly tries to fly.
The full moon shines on the brilliant red dust in the cave.
Little by little it shines brighter and brighter.
The butterfly's body starts to tremble, nevertheless, its wings keep moving.
Not the butterfly, but it's words want to fly.
Moving wings sound still in the moonlight.*

November 1997

Autumn Sales Assistant

The autumn wind comes from a red temple
in the north and it whirls around me

I'm selling autumn

"Do you smell the autumn wind?"

"Do you want to taste an autumn flower?"

I am the autumn seller

Before the autumn leaves completely burn me

Bring me a dress made of the blue sky

Bring me a pair of shoes made from water of the lake

After that

we are going together to the red temple

There I will tell you

the price of autumn.

May 1997

Moon Moss Blossom

The tear falls
.....
..... and falls.
.....
.....
.....
..... The seed

May 1997

Be-(s)ie's-Nein-D-ung

The innocent driving force stumbles.

May 1997

1999_Drowning Fish

Drowning Fish

The thinking being which is my self is searching for words, for I am caught in a thundering maelstrom which never stops asking me questions. The self which clandestinely stares at me through a peeping-hole from inside this maelstrom, and the self which is entangled by this inner maelstrom, both exist in different spheres, again and again colliding within me.

I am an object which reacts, a body shivering with cold, sweating and flaccid in the heat, bleeding when hurt. A body continuously used and moving on and on, until there comes the time when it disintegrates to ashes.

Doesn't this at the same time mean that we become ashes even while we are living? Naturally, we can't see these ashes, but the ashes are falling and dancing in the wind.

The ashes are blowing
All over the world,
Falling down into small puddles,
Into every hole,
Into every emptiness,

Some fell down into a lake.
There is a fish with kaleidoscope eyes,
Following the ashes while sinking down
With a spiral trace deeper and deeper.

One day the fish will come up,
Vomiting the ashes it has drunk
For as long as it lives.

Across The Border

I'm flowing into another world. Using my whole body, I am writhing through thick, transparent oil. I must get through it. I feel dizzy and I experience a body without heat, a body without breath, a body without a heartbeat.

In the viscous space, rays of light collide with each movement, they are refracted and reflected. The rays of light alter direction and pattern, they gain in intensity. They become dazzling and I can only keep my eyes open with great effort.

The rays of light begin to flicker around me as if they were sucking up my brain tissue. The light penetrates to the outside in all directions. The space begins to drone and to vibrate in delicate waves. The droning rises to the sound of heavy friction. I cannot remain here any longer.

I am looking at the image of myself in an abstract form and with a feeling which is something other than sight, a physical experience comparable to the memory of one's own birth.

This birth-like sensation overwhelmed me whenever I was ill as a child and my dreams were delirious from fever. Each time the pain became intolerable I began screaming soundlessly in desperation until my voice finally wrested itself free of my throat. "Mother" was the sound that finally emerged. That is my only childhood nightmare. My birth was as painful for my mother as it was for me.

Juju Joi's monologue

Shaking, the woman called Juju Joi is still singing in the bamboo grove to this day. In reality, perhaps there are two of me. Perhaps I am merely an illusion of hers.

*Her cells rub against each other
until they become inflamed
so strong she trembles, trembles, trembles.
Is the fire on yet?*

The unforgettable dreams I had back then re-emerge unexpectedly as daydreams. Like a daydream coming from nowhere. One of these is as follows:

I am entirely encased in the body of a suffocating fish. It has exactly the same sized body as mine. It is lying on the dry earth on the side of the path, it is impossible to see whether it is alive or dead. Steam rises in spirals from the carcass, which is being dried by the sun. Completely unable to move, I see the world through the gaping mouth. With one eye half opened, I steal a glimpse at the situation outside; with one eye half closed I observe myself. I am right in the 'middle'. The hard outer skin and what little meat there is stuck to the inside tremble under the vibrations while having no direct relationship to it. The

carcass itself is empty though. This emptiness slowly fills with a strange droning, the cause of which is unknown.

Magnetised shortly before the explosion. I attract the separated spaces and the air particles. The skin of the 'empty' body is perpetually changing. Shortly before the explosion.

Explosion. Here is a woman who calls herself Juju Joi. Her age is unknown, speaking in an unknown language. Her voice sounds like a breeze passing over fish's tongue, a weird noise. She is speaking; to a fisherman listens very tolerantly to what she says in her fish language.

I stumbled over a very hot stone on the street beside Mr C. I was about to fall into a puddle, my one foot held me on the brink between earth and water, and my other foot was swinging in the rain. At this moment my eyes met this puddle's surface, and I was slowly going to dive, and disappear into the water. It was a deep blue lake 5000 years old. The water of the lake reflected the blue sky, located at the top of the mountain. There was an old man fishing in a boat, fishing all his life, all day long, every day. All at once I jumped up onto his boat, and while drowning, I came to myself, I metamorphosed into a woman.

The moment she saw the bamboo valley during her endless story about herself, she stopped talking and bounded towards it with a powerful jump. She landed, caught in the bamboo branches. During this time, the fisherman went home with some fish in the twilight as usual.

Now she is hanging on the bamboo. Every time the full moon comes, she gets very sleepy like a hypnotic, and then starts singing with a trembling voice in the mystic moonlit night, for a yellow love. She will never stop singing her whole life. While she is singing tearing the sky with tremulous sounds, her double leaves her body to look for the yellow love. But, on the other side, the sky is laughing like loud crying. Only the sky knows where the yellow love is.

Well, the man I was walking with in the autumn rain, is dead.

All written in July 1999

Holy Tree

I have been standing a long time.
Facing, looking at a tree
From a close distance,
Which is still growing straight
Up to the sky.
My eyes turn
And my lips shut
As if I'm waiting for a kiss.
Crossing shadow and light in the forest
Illuminates an Asian face.
I'm drawing in the soul of a tree,
Squeezing it inside with a warm breath
In the silent forest.

Look at me!
Body changing, mind unfolding.
Look again!
Feet are roots, my hair is green,
And legs are already wood.

Jan. 2000

Strange Forest

The flower of her brain is half-open still. Her white petals overlap in innumerable layers pervaded by the wind. This brain flower's fragrance attracts bees yearning for her nectar.

A girl strays through the wood - It is evening and quite dark by now. She has glimpsed something she should not have seen. What she saw begins to dissolve her brain, her cells, her thinking. Mad blooming, brain flower fragrance throughout the forest. The girl is dazed by the fragrance, goes into trance, one of the bees has stung her brain. Her brain is pervaded by the bees' poison. For a while, she lies in the open field and talks as if in a fever. (Return to the embryo's dream: entrusting oneself to the slippery amniotic fluid, shedding one's skin.)

The girl who eats earth - For many years I have felt a kind of kinship with the figure of Rebecca from García Márquez' "A Hundred Years of Solitude", although I have to confess that in reality I could never touch damp earth and that I nearly faint whenever I see an earthworm or a slug.

The girl being attacked by something - I believe that I still was in my teens when I saw a TV drama which got itself deeply etched into my memory. Without knowing why, a girl becomes the cause for her father's outburst of rage. For a trifling reason, he hits her. With toneless voice, she calls out to him: "Kill me, if you must kill me!" I remember that this scene incited my imagination so that I began to be interested in the motives of murderers.

The girl wanders through space with all of her body - As if she were following – or causing – the traces of the wind. Suddenly, she finds herself in a labyrinth. Eyes closed, she feels the darkness in the darkness. The only thing able to enter is her breath. Whether the wind is generated by her or whether she is sucked into the hole of darkness: she can do nothing but leave herself to the wind's play. A shadow-like creature changing its shape, a picture without lines, a picture one must not draw; only when you don't try to draw it, its outlines become clear.

The wind - *Head wind, dead calm, whirlwind, draught, breeze, vortex, breath of air, driven by the wind. Stepping into the wind, riding on the wind. Buffeted by the wind. Being torn away by the wind. Dancing to the wind's music. The girl regains consciousness, she feels how her breath becomes wind, animatedly charges through the air and becomes a transparent veil enveloping her.*

The girl feels hungry and remembers that she has to go home.

Feb. 2000

The Ball / Directions

1.
Take part of our energy and hold it in your hand like a ball.
2.
Caress it with both hands and let it roll. It is not necessary to see it with your eyes.
3.
Stroll around and caress it until you can divine its colour, its material, its weight and its size by feeling. But you can stop walking now and then.
4.
When you have reached a point where you cannot say any more whether you're leading the ball or are led by it, try to follow the line drawn by the ball without losing sight of its direction.
5.
Continue until you forget yourself, until the evening sun sets or the morning sun rises.

Attention:

1.
Don't forget to express your esteem and your love for the ball by a smile.
2.
Finally, ask the ball what it found trying and what it would like.
3.
Don't forget to bring the ball carefully back to where you took it from.

Jan. 2000

2001_Black Honey Drops

Terror by a blind stranger

A blind stranger has forced himself into me. In front of his persistent threat I close my eyes. I flow into the darkness, into his darkness, dragged into the world of his blindness by him – and I conceal myself in it. He, who has lost me, loses his head and he starts to pursue me while keeping his blind eye open. He wanders around in me. Now there's no more chance to go out of me. He reaches the last place and sits down. He wants help. His slender voice that comes out with great effort reaches my brain, his sounds gain intensity over the limit of my hearing. His voice keeps my body vibrating as a vessel. While I hesitate whether I should kill him or help him, I leave myself in the vibration of the blood within my body. I continue trying to take off his voice which is entangling my brain, still hesitating whether I should help him or kill him.

Tokyo, 17.12.2000

On the run

On the run. Surrounded by black mist, shaken by poisoned blood, with uncertain steps. The poison becomes stronger, spreads out. In a labyrinth without a way out, the tortured body hits the walls again and again. Like a rabid dog. Instinct and intuition cease to work precisely. In a state of trance, an erected part of the body touches all the holes in the wall, penetrating them. Friction – continued into infinity. Intoxication – into the forgetfulness of time. Flight – calmness of the mind = ignorance of feeling, which knows nothing of its finiteness. Carcasses stuck to the wall, as it were the death of a mind that cannot develop. Holiness and profanity all in line on the same plane. Artificial laughter, pretended in a state of paralysed feelings – the camouflage of existence – the last vanity. Without knowing that this laughter makes the mind decay, exuding a putrid stench. And that one can clearly see the mouldered ego behind.

And in my folly I permitted it to take hold in me. A strange being – from curiosity, I wanted to keep it awhile. Inside me, the odour of another, slaving being is spreading. A creature without nerves and without sensitivity is spreading this odour. Paralysis – my sense of smell, of seeing, my hearing, my senses of touch and taste are not working well. Unnoticed, an alien being has united with myself. It isn't my fault at all – it is no different from a black wind being permeated by a transparent wind. I didn't have the strength to flee quicker than

that. My holy passion permeated by profanity. From that time on, I was hard pressed by something to love it. That love which hadn't been present originally, became true through hypocrisy – the flow of time in myself has changed. Evil has penetrated me. Reality and illusion become identical in a world without borders.

The monstrosity of that love, created through hypocrisy – its breath and its pulse are like the sounds of the wind wafting through a haunted house. Paranoia breaking out – jealousy? As I cannot accept a passion which might be jealousy, I subtly begin to exchange it for some higher emotion. Regardless of the dangerous state of mind I'm sliding down into. Bloodlust. Unbridled bloodlust. The strange being is on the run. Its wheel tracks under control. I notice that it is dissolving. My bloodlust is useless. A diffuse object in the dark – symptom of autism, symptom of alienation, symptom of a split personality, adult child symptom, egotism, individualism, liberalism, hedonism, opportunism, fetishism, etc. A creature whose passions, whose heart and whose head are not connected with each other. It is emitting irregular statics in this and that direction. These statics are its existence. It smashes against the wall built of the same statics it has dispersed.

It is stupid. Although it has received the darkness, in order to feel sensitively it is rolling into a kaleidoscopic world of the print of knowledge acquired by reading. Sometimes it gets accosted, but the language of humans remains unintelligible to it. Their heart, too, remains unintelligible to it. If one doesn't get on friendly terms with it, one is in danger of getting sprayed – it is able to employ the special endowment of its poison glands to make everything black. A dried-up squid in a cave? A kraken on firm ground? – A kind of unnaturally deformed mollusc?! Pain! It attaches its suckers to my skin. No way. It is a lonesome fugitive. Possible that it is myself! Idiotic, simply idiotic! Oyoyoyoyo!

27.1.2001

The legendary flower

There's this man who covets the legendary flower which only grows under the surface of the ground. He snuggles up to the soil, crawling on all fours – to find the legendary flower's bud.

His eyes blind, his nose full of fragrance, and his ears ringing with the sound of blossoming flowers – he scratches the earth away with careful fingers. There are buds everywhere. He unearths them cautiously, carefully and gently. But then – you know what he's doing? – he deliberately peels off leaf after leaf of the still tightly closed young buds.

The spirit of the flowers is destroyed. Does he believe he can find the secrets of life in the bud? What in the world is he searching for? Nothing – there is nothing! What's there is his voluptuous soul, drenched in his saliva. His eyes were injured by that poison. Being blind, he is overcome by the fragrance of the shedding bud, enraptured by the extreme passion of dying alive. But eventually he begins to search for another bud, breaking it open again. One leaf, two leaves, three leaves ... he is yearning for the flower that grows to enormous dimensions while it is blooming.

Rain. A short break. But the sun comes back. The man puts his ear to the ground, listening. He detects a new bud – his pulse rises. Again, a bud gets peeled.

Attracted by the sweet odour of the earth, the man with the diseased eyes is roaming around endlessly. Trusting in body and mind, he continues his search for the bud.

But – hey man, get up!

April 2001

I wanna be a dog

I wanna be a dog.
Give me some drink, give me some food.
I am just sitting and waiting.

I wanna be a dog.
Hit me, bebe! Hit me!
I am just sitting and waiting.

I wanna be a dog.
I am allowed to sleep beside you.
I am allowed to open my legs in front of you.

I wanna be a dog.
I lick your head; I suck your eyes.
And I bite your tailbone.

I wanna be a dog.
Touch me, bebe! Touch me!
I am just sitting and waiting.

I wanna be a dog.
I adapt myself to you.
I laugh as you laugh.

I wanna be a dog.
Give me some drink, give me some food.
I am still just sitting and waiting.

April 2001

The weathercock

The weathercock
Is flying over your head

Co co co co co cock cockke co

Having brilliant shining feathers

The weathercock
Loves to bark at the moon

Guwa guwawa gugu wawawa

With fully opened wings
And wild stroking
Sometimes it's going to fly off
Leaving, without any words
Suddenly it comes flying back drunk
While it's flying zigzag

Zigzag zagzag zigzag zag

With dirty spots
Of vomit on the feathers

Oh! It's falling down
Oppola! It's swooning

Oct.2000

The human flesh core snowman murder case

After drugging the victim with medicaments, it is undressed. The victim is bound in an upright position and thereafter transported to the wintery mountains. There, one builds a snowman, using the tied person as its core. After that, the person is left in this condition for a while, and one looks after the snowman daily by carefully sprinkling it with water – patiently, until it is hard as rock. Then one saws off the snowman's neck.

Nov. 2000

It's so foggy ...

that incredibly ugly tongue-twitching laughter. that must come from a reaction of the spasm in the brain muscle and the emotional confusion, without the original function to laugh from the stomach. how does that happen? the fragments of that laughter are still hooked in me. i'm so confused between the pros and cons, spending time for nothing. oh, i can still hear that laughter. i thought it had exploded the whole illusional matter, clinging to my delusion. that's the imaginal explosion created by me. after that my sight gets foggy and i can't see at all, so i can only stand still. dust covers my face. it even covers my shame. i'm already about to scream to heaven "drag me with my bottomless obsession and let me drown!" but i never wanna be a stupid tragic drowned heroine, so i tell myself that it's okay.

now there is no way to see, no way to be seen. i hear that laughter a bit from afar. that indefinable thing is still laughing. anyway, it's unbearable to know that we are in the same space. it is like the last breath of a dying bat. it's flying upside down in a cave without sun, spreading all the virus. it's so damn funny to see such a dying bat! but that's a kind of nightmare. it's not that impressive, compared with anything i have seen, but it leaves such an unbearable sensation in me. can you imagine how he is laughing with such a dying sound? – " ***! ~^^.....! ***! ~^^... " that's enough. i don't want to hang out with nightmares any more. it was my fault to play around with them. now is the time. i'm gonna delete them. i need to be sterilised!

ever since then, the obsessive indefinable love in me has lost its power and is about to go far away by turning into a tornado. but it's still there. it has no direction. i wish it would leave sooner, but this natural phenomenon is not listening to me. again the noise has started. that tornado spreads out black drops all over. is that a special spinning technique of an idiotic octopus? i never imagined that the sky around me could be covered with black humid fogs like this. damn! please wash me away. doesn't matter whether it's black or white. you, whirlpool, please speed up a bit more and splash more. oh no, i think i'm going to puke. ok. that wasn't the love in humans. was that simply an idiotic octopus? well, i know it was only a damp shadow.

now the cracked mouth of that whirlpool has opened, seeming to laugh. alright. go away. at the end of these unbearable breathing difficulties, i'm so close to puking, but i'm holding it back. oh, you are stuck at a dead-end. i have no time to kill, looking down that whirlpool, but i wanna check it out, so stay there a bit. while i do other errands, you can keep spinning. whirl on and on!

inhalation. the head of this tornado's whirlpool is like a human figure, cut and split in two. that skull has some black rash. these aren't black pearls. they're a mixture of rotten evil ugly spirit and nicotine. that erected corpse with its eager popping eyes. oh wow, you still have a hard-on. hey, tell me where your buddy is! that erected corpse is still laughing. smiling with his cavities apparent!

time passes. the shadow of that gigantic monster spreads out on the ground with the morning glow. well, why don't you wait till noon? peace is almost there. right there! soon that shadow will be burnt by the sun. heaven rules.

30.12. 2000

* *Octopus* in Japanese is also used to designate a stupid person, like the English *ass*.

2002_Shadow Pieces

Untitled

And then it clings to me. As always, it buries itself deeply in my flesh. Stuns my centre of perception which could make an end of those fantasies, which could react to that pain. I come to a standstill, whatever the clinging thing may do with me. Inside me there is no harmony with the outer world left, no ability to react. My emotions, my vitality cannot get up any more. Why do I hesitate in this impossible place? That's not a wall one can climb over but a wall one has to circumvent. Why do I walk around with a wall right in front of my head? Limit. In utter calm, there's nothing left for me but to turn around until I disappear in my own whirlwind.

Time passes. The shadow clock sounds. My shadow-self. My self-shadow? Wandering about in search for the right body. I'm dangling from the sounds which chop up time, in harmony with time.

By the way, today I'm veiled in flesh which has swollen like candy floss. A fragile existence without body sensation. At the touch of saliva I'll dissolve immediately. Down to the bones. If somebody sucks me I'm done for. There, it's begun already, down to the bones. In that moment, an explosion – sudden awakening from a dream. The fragments scattered by the explosion gently fall to the ground. White dust falls gently. Snow.

In that moment, when the explosion pulverises my bones, the shadow being takes their place. Instantly the shadow has transformed into the shape of my bones. It seems as if I've got a filling. This time, the shadow is the filling, but my exterior view doesn't exist anymore. I've taken on a transparent, gaseous state. Somehow this went pretty well!

It's no mistake, this filling consists of shadow. I'm standing there. And I feel the gently falling white powder of my bones incessantly accumulating on my bare, vulnerable surface. Armour congeals on the transparent surface of my body. An armour made of my bones.

And again a shadow forms. What kind of a thing is this?

p.s.: December 2012, between Christmas and New Year's Eve. Once again, I'm wedged in a hole. Not fallen in – wedged.

December 2001

2004_ZZ

III_remain in the time in tokyo

PROLOGUE

„I, I, I“ – Egotism, egocentrism, egomania. My strong and stubborn self-doubts: a never-ending series of attempts at self-definition. – „I, I, I“. Forever caught in conflicts with myself. *There's so much I don't understand.*

1.

I escaped, left my family behind, my childhood. My place of refuge was Tokyo.

„I, I, I“ immersed myself in the world of traditional Japanese music. Practising from early morning on until late at night; practising in order to teach the body to dance; practising in order to be entirely present. In the evenings, practising in the park: Insects fluttered about the wan spot of street lighting, cast confusing shadows onto my drunken body.

Again and again addicted to love, the desire for the blue veins of a male arm. Nothing, just desire.

In the middle of a hot Summer I washed myself in a coin-box shower, one hundred Yen for five minutes. My self was like an insect and experienced ultimate bliss.

There's so much I don't grasp.

2.

„I, I, I“ struggled to make my self forget. I improvised on the piano like mad. An immense pleasure, an immense satisfaction. The neighbour abruptly ended my transcendence.

„I, I, I“ tore along the highway as fast as possible with my bicycle, constantly overtaken by cars. The cars were faster than me. I didn't stop.

„I, I, I“ – no one could give me an answer. But Tokyo put me into a state where it didn't matter what was right and what was wrong. In the iridescent metropole, I very much enjoyed incessantly giving my „I“ other names, other faces, another body.

3.

In the 51-story skyscraper in Shinjuku I was singly and solely obsessed by making money, making money out of myself. Then the brief earthquake in this building. I wondered at the long-lasting vehemence of my heartbeat.

„I, I, I“ – Egotism, egocentrism, egomania. Always caught in my strong and stubborn self-doubts: a never-ending series of attempts at self-definition.

Epilogue

My self, which noticeably becomes older and older, kills my „I, I, I“ like annoying flies, squashes them bloody against the wall, but does it silence them?

There's so much I don't yet understand.

Nov. 2003

2005_Weathering

Weathering_Documentation

_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 ...

Nov. 2004

2006_ So What!

Dialogue

I don't understand this!

I don't understand this. What is it I don't understand? If I cannot put into words that which I don't understand, I stand still and look up into the sky or observe the movements around me. Staring at the revolutions of the washing in the washing machine, following the trails of the ants, taking a peek into an ununderstandable German book. And time goes on, time goes by. Time has passed. Here I am, beaten by non-understanding. Oh yes, time can only pass. So, eat quickly and quickly, quickly begin.

Ms Takeya speaks, and she says:

First,

- Your head is completely inflated by the idea of not understanding something. Please explain exactly what it is that you can't understand. (Lufthansa machine, going to Tokyo, Seat 30G, aisle. Total confinement.)
- *I'm struggling with the feeling that in everyday life I always experience uncomfortable things which I think are unjust.*
- Would it be possible that you're under stress?
- *That's possible, yes. For example, when I'm arguing with other people, am discontented, have existential fears, how shall I solve all those problems?*
- Always the same. You're thinking too much about unimportant things, and then forget how to laugh, don't you?
- *No, I don't understand that. I don't understand because I can't laugh anymore.*
- Ah yes. Then tell me, what do you understand right now?
- *The noise of this jumbo jet paralyses my brain. I cannot see, cannot hear, cannot recognise what I don't understand.*
- Now it's getting clear. But don't you get mixed up with all the questions you're asking yourself, which self asks the questions and which one gives the answers?
- *As soon as I try to be clever I get mixed up. But when I'm starting a dumb argument with myself it works.*
- What exactly do you mean by "a dumb argument with yourself"?

- *A good question! But I really don't know how my self defines itself.*
- Why don't you try describing yourself – without any airs?
- *Uhh ... no airs? That's pretty hard.*
- Do you notice the change in my self which believes that you are you?
- *Do you mean myself? Or yourself? Whom?*
- Yes, myself.
- *No, yes, myself.*
- Eh? Who of the two of us? Who's asking the questions here?
- *You're answering me? Or am I answering you? Do you know?*
- (Both talk simultaneously at highest speed) This is the speed of my change. This moment of change, or the moment when understanding of the world builds up from a single word, a single language, and then breaks up like thin ice on the lake, or falls apart like the sparks of fireworks, causes the sudden change which makes me disappear.
- I'm asking you once again. Do you notice the continuous change in my self which believes that you are you?
- *Do you mean myself? Or yourself? Whom?*
- Yes, myself.
- *No, myself.*
- Eh? Who of the two of us? Who's asking the questions?
- *Are you answering me? Or am I answering you? Do you know?*
- (Both talk simultaneously at highest speed) This change, the changing self, probably is the superego observing and controlling itself.
- Listen, I get the willies when you're talking about the superego as if you wanted to take a dive into the world of psychology. Who are you anyway?
- *I am you.*
- I wanted to ask you a question but I lost the thread.
- *Oh, yes?*
- Our dialogue is getting ridiculous.
- *Never mind. Go on, ask me.*
- Who are you who believes to be you?
- *Eh ... I am the self that shits.*
- Meaning that because you're shitting you're different from me?
- *Somehow I'm not getting it anymore. The difference between you and me is disappearing.*
- You're the one who's shitting, therefore you should know the difference much better than me. You should answer instead of me. What do you think about that?

- *Somehow we're approximating to each other. Ho about listing the differences?*
- Yes, why not? I have a self which has an obliging tone of conversation, and another which doesn't. What do we do now?
- *I don't know. I can't understand anything anymore. Maybe there is a third person?*
- That's impossible! If we include it we can't ask each other questions anymore, not to speak about answering.
- *Yes, I know that. At the moment, our conversation is such that neither questions nor answers come up. We should make a fresh start.*

Second,

- Your head is completely inflated by the idea of not understanding something. Please explain exactly what it is that you can't understand. (A provincial town in Denmark, in the youth hostel of Vordingborg)
- *You're thinking too much about the nonsense, and because you want to decipher something meaningless and give it a meaning, you don't understand anymore.*
- I've said it before: Give your answers as an idiot and not as an educated person. This is slowly getting on my nerves.
- *Well, I don't know what I should answer. I cannot understand that I don't know what I don't understand, and eventually I can't understand myself who lets herself get mixed up by these questions.*
- Not understanding. If one were to treat this term with an echo effect or delay it electronically or scratch it, it wouldn't be anything but a bunch of noises.
- *In truth, you're just putting on a primitive argument, aren't you?*
- Yes. As I said, empty of content.
- *Indeed, empty of content!*
- (They yell at the same time) The flatulence comes from the fat hallucination!
- (Silence)
- No further questions can follow that.
- *We need a short break.*
- We could do with a bit of sleep.
- *You think so?*
- Yes, I do.

(7 hours have passed.)

- Good morning. Hey you. It's morning already.
- *Are you well?*
- Alas, no. My head is more hardened than empty. And you?
- *I feel bad because I'm hungry. Can there be any questions in a situation like this?*
- (Simultaneously taking on a courteous tone) What did you dream?
- *Eh, I have to recall my dream first. Just a moment, please. (Goes into the kitchen to brew some tea.) Doesn't work. I'm not present.*
- (Both at the same time) But that's bad!! I don't understand that.s
- Well, let's skip non-understanding. I will ask you another question, ok? Your head is completely inflated by the idea of not understanding something. Please explain what it is that you can't understand.
- *I'm sorry, but I can't answer you because I have to take a shit urgently.*
- Listen. I want you to give me a decent answer.
- *Well, didn't you say before that one has to be stupid instead of acting like being clever?*
- It is possible that I may have said so.
- *It's asking too much to carry out a self-analysis when I don't have any basic knowledge in psychology at all.*
- Why, then, are you so hot on staging the issue as trickily as possible?
- *I don't understand you. I don't understand this.*
- Instead of being stupid, we should state our own now truthfully like children. Just like that. After you.
- *Why not. Only I'm having second thoughts whether my answer to my questions is valid as an answer.*
- You fear public opinion?
- *I'm afraid of people.*
- What people?
- *(Both at the same time) These people!*

April 2006

Well, Dance is

Mr H. said:

“Dance is the dying body to be erected.”

Mr M. said:

“Dance is the craving of the foundling child to impress.”

Ms P. said:

“Dance is the lust of the old lady at death to exhibit.”

Mr S. said:

“Dance is the erected spirit to be burned.”

Mr G. said:

“Dance is the daydream of drowning fish as it heaves a sigh.”

Mr F. said:

“Dance is the perfect crime of the sleepwalker in darkness.”

Ms Z. said:

“Dance is the assignation of angel and demon.”

Ms T. said:

“Dance is the human bonsai, which walks on by.”

Ms W. said:

“Dance is the daily exercise of the whale in backstroke.”

Mr C. said:

“Dance is the phantom tail to be wagged.”

July 2006

Untitled (spoken text)

1.

We remember that we were always denied.

When we were a child, we were not allowed to do what we wanted. So we were alone in our struggle, which was just one of survival and dreaming of escape.

We remember that inside our emotions moved back and forth between fear and intense anger. But outside, we were a remote-controlled pretty doll, hiding our emotions. We held back our tears and refused to cry, because we did not want to show our defeat.

At five, she even wanted to learn the piano; but, she was denied.

I remember that she was hitting her head onto the piano keyboard in kindergarden, in order to take out her aggressions. Well, she knocked out herself. Well done!

At seven, she even wanted to learn classic ballet, to be like a ballerina of the Japanese TV series "Red Shoes"; but, she was denied.

I remember something about the ballerina; she was trying to stand on her toes with her kitchen slippers in the kitchen. Her mother thought it was just funny, cooking beside her and laughing for nothing! *I remember* that a ray of light from the sunset shone into the kitchen beautifully. Super shot!

Anyway, all her wishes were not at all to her father's taste, completely denied by her father, he was simply opposed to her artistic preferences, except Japanese calligraphy. *I remember* that she was switching between 2 different worlds; the extreme hard-core macho world & the brilliant innocent children's world.

She often felt dizzy.

At nine, she even wanted to be a Japanese pop singer. She no longer told her father. Every day at home she just sang pop songs. Very loud. *I remember* that her father enjoyed it very much. He was her first crazy fan. *I remember* that one day she gave him an autograph. It was in a pair of white socks as a birthday present to him. Well, he appreciated it very much.

At 16, she wanted to be an actress. Sure! She was ready to go away from her family. *I don't remember* anything about that; maybe she wanted to be a porno star, never mind! So at 20, she left home. Finally her life had started.

2.

I remember that she was always silent. When she was a child, she was used to doing things in a crouching position every day; playing, eating, reading, fighting, washing, watching & thinking. She was always thinking. She often felt dizzy.

In the crouching position she felt very safe and free.

Thinking while shitting, shitting while thinking, thinking while shitting, shitting while thinking, thinking while shitting, shitting while thinking. She had to digest her thoughts! Pshaw!

I remember the wind! The wind blows through an asshole, she is breathing in and out through her asshole. Looking and looking at the world through the asshole.

I remember a beautiful mountain; there was this mountain in the tiny window, which is one of the images she will never forget. The sight was changing every moment of every day ...

Now I still keep breathing in and out through the asshole.
I think the show must start.

July 2006

Others

Wonder Love

They deeply loved each other
Without confirming a misunderstanding about that.
They deeply loved each other
Because of concocting a proof about that.
They deeply loved each other
While having self-complacency about that
And then they died while making love
They succeeded to play together the greatness of the ideal as love.
Bravo, have a good journey! "NA MU A MI DA BUTSU"

"Thousands of years had passed, the current of time is forever"

Ages ago the discovery of a bizarre "mummy couple", joined at the sex organs shocked the world. They are currently being kept in a showcase at the national Lovelore Museum and curiously enough, they are apparently still fucking at an extremely low velocity of .0000001 million strokes per millennium. One special project organized by NASA designed to record their performance parameters will also publicly display the above on a huge panoramic screen, to be mounted on top of The Cosmic Trade Center which is the world's highest skyscraper. A frenzy of reporting due to the couple's imminent climax has suddenly taken another turn because of alleged pregnancy findings by NASA. To the bewilderment of certain sectors of the public who may find coverage of the event replacing their usual midnight TV sign-off for precisely 8 minutes, the rest of us are quite amused.

As the event continues to overtake and bombard worldwide press, people's reactions range from crying to praying to yawning and so on. Additionally, according to the latest statement of the famous but deceased Aphrodite, human beings now have a renewed opportunity to review what love is. She suggests a special meditation in which we ought to pore on an aspect of love, then sink our eyes down to the navel while stopping the breath just after we have watched all this on TV. Then if you are so inspired, feel free to venture an opinion or reaction accordingly. Unfortunately there will probably be some adversely affected victims, because she didn't state when and how to recommence breathing yet.

"Thousands of years would pass in a keeping breath, the current of time is forever"

October 199

BU-LA DA ME-LADA

May I touch you?
Oh, your Adams's apple tasting the sky
Oh, your back clothed in it
How close is the sky to you?

May I touch you?
Oh, your pleasure that you keep within your ecstasy
And your sighs as you listen to your navel

May I touch you?
May I untie your tangled legs?
Please open your half-closed eyes and answer me!

BU-LA DA ME-LADA
BU-LA DA ME-LADA
BU-LA DA ME-LADA
BU-LA DA ME-LADA

Summer 1999

Improvement Recipe for the Burnt Heart

1. Once a day sit down in front of the mirror.
2. Look into your eyes.
3. Listen to your heartbeat.
4. Relax.
5. Wait for a drop of tears.
6. Repeat for seven days.

Attention!
Do not forget to smile at yourself after that.

October 1998

Breakout

Moonlight become poisonous gas fills the body. Spit out the poison, let your eyes bulge out, show your horns! Show your talons! Show your wings! Breakout from the body!

In sheer confusion this birdlike creature leaves the earth, leaps onto the Moon. All undecisive wishes and desires suddenly become clear due to its rocket-like speed. Its images shoot away through the brain. Normal physical reaction can't keep up with the speed of its changes. It takes transcendental abilities. The body can't keep up with the thoughts, the words cannot follow the thoughts. What to do? Breakout from the self?

There, the statics! Statics! Statics! Statics!

July 2002

The yellow bloke

The bloke who slipped into me
In that moment of brief slumber
He is sitting on my soft lips –
Hopping, jumping he begins to play.
Suddenly he locks onto my eyes and says;
“I am the yellow elf, sprung from the Mother Sun
Your power is highest, highest your power
When the black of your eyes turns into yellow.”

When the earth lets fall the black curtain
My scenery becomes the canvas of dusk –
A whiff of sky, no the sea in the dusk
Is reflected on it – the sea.
We have to fly to the sea, on the jumping rope
Again and again stomping our feet
I'm flying through the power of my endlessly stomping legs.

Beyond the sky – the boundless sea driven
By the wind which blows in our direction
We are flying, heedless of fatigue.
And finally the sea through the transparent mist
Softly undulating the sea.
Just the boundless deep there
The boundless yellow
No opacity no dust

Into the depth of the sea he dives –
Dwindling but merely pointing at my innermost
It showed me the source of my power
Behold! The yellow become so sacred to me,
The yellow in me.

Tokyo 1981

More Light

To live in fetters
only from light

An object,
remote-controlled by light.
the dignified beauty of a still-life

Break it and bark.
Breaking out from the earth,
assault on the moon

Breaking out at maximum speed,

which lets fly
my longing, my desire.

But alas,
still I am here.

Light!
I'm lacking light.
I need more light.

The tail of a vision, of an illusion is floating in the space. I pursue it, and confused I ask myself whether it will be in vain, or possible after all? I reach out for the tail like for the string of a lamp in dark night. Whether the horizon will now break all of a sudden, and I'll be able to enter into the other world? Or will the ceiling fall down the moment I'm pulling at the string? There's neither success nor failure. Inevitably, a heap of debris piles up. One can see it clearly.

Well, I need more light.

September 2002

Goddess

Above your head is

Always

Always the white cloud

That is your sigh

By the way

Are you suffocating?

Then look up the sky!

The goddess is flying in the sky
With a pure white cloth in her hand

So, clean your hand with that cloth

Before the night falls

Right away!

Tokyo, 1986

Boy 1

He knows
Of the angle of his beautiful profile

He knew
Of the angle of the sunlight to shine the beauty

Within the space where the time is ticking,
Leaving his own sign of life,
That vague afterglow of such life,
He throws all of his cells
To stretch out the threads of sighs

The full sigh shines
And his gaze, so transparent, loses direction.
Observing the thunder falling into its youth,
He struggles within the entangled threads.

Losing the sights of the other side,
He closes his eyes,
And he can only stay still.
The darkness moves itself.
The darkness is shaken.

The boy sees
Within the sudden nausea
The bottomless light of the darkness
And he finds the way to stay awake in limbo.

Perhaps he was only picturing the sea
Or was he dreaming of being awake?

The boy with the beautiful profile
Is intoxicated with the afterglow of close death,
He entangles and plays within his own sighs,
And keeps gazing at the flutter in the sky.

Tokyo, summer of 1986

Boy 2

The boy, almost losing reality,
stays inside of his inner atelier away from the daylight
And keeps pasting piece after piece
Of his loneliness cut up in the blue sky
Flying with the wind, looking out of the inner weather,
he keeps pasting them

The boy, already having lost the reality,
Dreams in the particles
Of light coming through the cut-out picture
And in the back of his eyes

The boy, long time having forgotten reality,
Stays inside of his inner atelier away from the daylight
And keeps floating piece after piece
Of his loneliness cut up in the blue ocean
Flying with the wind, looking out of the inner weather,
He keeps floating them

The boy, long time having forgotten the reality and his self,
Dreams in the droplets
Of the blue ocean within the cut-out picture
And in the back of his eyes

Tokyo, 1986

Wind Cat

Windcat is elaborately made of purified human breath, rushing around the surface of the earth.

Windcat freely goes everywhere, requiring no passport or I.D. card.

Windcat easily shifts from the right to the left hemisphere of the human brain at will.

Windcat joyously attacks any creature in the world, without making any noise.

Windcat cheerfully expands with the universe, while pumping pleasure into its body.

Windcat flexibly changes the size of its ego, adjusting itself to the size of the human ego.

Windcat skillfully inserts a small soap bubble into the big one, using supernatural power.

Windcat deliciously sucks the candy of Eros, constellating the number of the pascal's triangle..

Windcat casually pictures naked bodies concealed under clothes, using clairvoyant power.

Well, it is rushing around terribly fast. Something special has to happen, in order to make it stop.

Feb.2000

I, the super woman

I, the super woman

Demolishing all the trouble of the world

All

Kicking over the earth

Colliding it with the sun

Or before that

Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter

Saturn etc, I try to kick them all

That is the soccer of the galaxy

I, the super woman

The destroyer

In the room with the morning glow of Tabata, Tokyo

June 1981

The inaudible sound from here that could be almost heard

The sound of moon in the wane:

I have heard it while thinking of the half of the moon split in two

The sound of the sun going down:

I have heard it on the crossover bridge, being roasted by the sunset that may burn the earth

The sound of the earth revolving:

I have heard it while feeling the hunger

The sound of plants shooting:

I have heard it in trance with the fragrance of spring

The sound the blood swinging:

I have heard it at the moment where the menstrual blood running through my body

The sound when the sweat becomes cloud:

I have heard it while struggling in the unbearably hot summer of Tokyo

The sound of the trembling baby hair:

I have heard it while being attracted to the golden baby hair in the sun

The sound of the cloud sliding:

I have heard it while playing with how to objectify the abstract

The yawn choir:

I have heard it in the state of half asleep, right before the lonely sleep

The sound of the shadow of the cloud passing a town:

I have heard it while exhaling at the end of a day

Mejiro, Tokyo 1985

I, the Surume (Japanese dried squid)

I could cry whenever I want to cry,
But no more the tears for crying
Blocked up the tears for crying
And frozen the tears for crying
There is no way for the tears to cry

What on earth is happening now?
I just want some water.
“Only a drop of your tears
Your warm breath may melt my frozen tears”
God, I cannot be saying such an embarrassing word
But are there anything, I, the Surume can do?
There is no way for a surume like me to swim in the ocean
That is already an impossible story
“I, the Surume” can only devote myself into dreaming, forever
I can simply keep swimming

Huh?

Wait a minute.
Am I to be roasted now, mister?
No way

Vienna, 12.11.2002

** Surume is dried and pressed squid. When preparing it for a meal, it is grilled shortly and then beaten to make it soft again. Surume is best eaten with mayonnaise and soy sauce, accompanied by a cup of Sake.*

Toward the Neighbors in the Dark/ Dedicated to Yoko Ono

To those not knowing whether they are being or existing

Try to breathe

Make a window facing south or east

Request the connection of the line to an electricity company

To those who find that they are being

Have a mirror in the house

Regard your figure in it

Sketch out your own shadow

To those who find that they are existing

Give your shadow a life and let it walk

Let it knock on the door

Receive a gift of the shadow's glance

Near Yasukuni Shrine of Tokyo 1984

Strange Forest

That seems to be covered by a transparent film,
The white and shiny hill of ribs and skulls,
That is the graveyard of the anonymous.
Every time I come here,
The wing is coming up,
The hair is growing up,
And the flesh is rising up.
This is no more a hill, but
The strange forest.
Now , Please!
Don't make a noise!
Be quiet!
Don't say a word!
Hold your breath!
Don't move at all!
Do nothing!
Please!

March 1999

The Dance to Death

Breaking up the ceiling of the theater,
Allowing the snow to blow through it.
While the snow falls to the stage,
The dancer will dance till frozen to death.

The audience would make a donation
As they find an appropriate worth,
On the condition that they can never go home
Till the dancer will die in there.