

Single Line and Broad Loop: Fragments for I/O

I/O: I for Input, O for Output.

I/O: I for sIngle lIne, O for brOad lOOp.

I/O: I for ImmedIacy, O for the seasOn Of the Orion.

I/O: LIght and sOund. The lIght of the Instant, a sOlemn sOund.

I/O: The Indian Ocean.

I/O: 1 and 0. Mischievous 1 and 0.

*

Sumida River

Which leads to the Bay of Tokyo

Which leads to the Indian Ocean. The fourth floor of a building

That stands along a walkway in Asakusa,

Commanding a view of the river. December.

*

From here to there

From over there to over here

From afar to even further away

Waves are being passed on.

Waves of sound. Waves of light. Waves of water.

The air quivers; particles shift.

Clouds come into being.

*

I for ImmedIacy, O for the season of the Orion.

Large and empty, bare concrete.

Hint of an activity that ceased a long time ago, lingering in the room.

Hint of an activity that is about to begin, filling the room.

We spent a few days of December in this room.

*

The Skytree was framed by a large vertical window with white, crudely made handrails. At the Tree's root is a row of Tokyo buildings lining up like so many acorns. In front of it the expressway, and below it the river, cuts across. Even though the river surface undulates, there is no telling in which direction the water flows. In the left-hand corner of the visual field, an open-air pool full of quiet water.

Look, a bird!

*

I/O: I for sIngle lIne, O for brOad lOOp.

Two wooden frames floating in the room.

Waves reach the white paper loops drooping from the frames.

Waves of sound, waves of light.

Waving sound, waving light.

*

Dust and scraps fallen on the floor are waiting for the white paper to touch the ground.

Like the earth's surface waiting for clouds to come down.

Like a pencil waiting for an idea to occur.

Carried by the rails

Coursing through the loops

Brushing the floor

The white paper continually gets inscribed

With a language still unknown to us.

*

Motherboard and censor.

Something like sensitivity.

*

A row of blinking light bulbs.
Filaments whispering to each other.
Irregular flashes of light.

*

On the floor cavorting feather dusters
Rolling around frolicking with each other
Mimic a bunch of dog's tails.

*

A chirping glockenspiel.

Its cute steels driven slightly mad
Fondled by binary fingers.

*

Gears moving white clouds
From left to right of me lying down
From the western sky to the eastern sky.

*

A walker strolls on the opposite bank. On this side of the river, one or two slightly faded evergreens, one or two broad-leaved trees colored sweater orange, and beside them a greater number of far shorter, bare winter trees look cold.

The sun rises from between buildings.

*

I for Input, O for Output.

The light of the Instant, a solemn sound.

This Orchestra in the immediate presence.

1 and 0 1 and 0 1 and 0—the breathing of it.

I/O

Sculpture: Yuko Mohri

Poetry: Sayaka Osaki

Video

Director: Woomin Hyun

Narration: Kei Hagiwara

Sound: Ryota Fujiguchi

Filming location: nomena

Installation

Design: nomena, Atelier Setsuna

Construction: HIGURE 17-15 cas

Crew: Riori Ito, Koshiro Shikine

English translation: Gaku Kondo

Production management: Takahiro Kanashima + FUJIHANE