

Kei Hagiwara's voice, reading the title aloud

Single Line and BrOad LOOps

Fragments for I/O

Video

The title in white letters on a black background, and on the lower right:

Poetry: Sayaka Osaki Narration: Kei Hagiwara

Video

Interior of a room in a building.

Bare concrete walls with six large windows. Outside the window, a dimly lit sky.

The flooring is hardwood.

Two wooden frames hung near the window facing the camera.

From each of the frames, a long, white band of paper droops down to form two loops, so that the whole resembles a letter W.

The room is cluttered with various filming equipment.

Hagiwara reading

I/O: I for Input,

O for Output.

I/O: I for single line,

O for brOad IOOp

Video

Smooth straight lines and curves of the long white bands of paper

Hagiwara reading

I/O: I for Immedlacy,

O for the seas On Of the Ori On

Video

Five electric bulbs connected to each of the wooden frames

blink on and off like twinkling stars

Hagiwara reading

I/O: Light and sound.

The light of the instant

a solemn sound.

Video

View outside the window.

Under the predawn sky, a row of buildings.

An expressway running along the Sumida river.

On the turnpike, headlights of occasional cars.

Hagiwara reading

I/O: The Indian Ocean.

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

Video

A glockenspiel—a musical instrument with metal pieces that look like a lute—is placed next to the wooden frames.

On the floor near the window are black feather dusters, with what seems to be weights attached, suddenly sitting up straight and immediately falling back down.

Outside the vertical window, the wide blue sky above tall trees with leaves turned red.

On the expressway, a constant stream of cars.

Video

The bare concrete walls with six large windows. The Hardwood floor.

All that's left now is the two wooden frames with drooping paper strips and five electric bulbs attached, one glockenspiel, and three feather dusters with weights on the floor in front of the vertical window facing the camera.

Hagiwara reading

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.

Video

*As the camera showing the room dollies back,
the vertical window at the opposite end recedes further from us.*

Hagiwara reading

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.

Video

The camera (now back to its initial position) slowly pans from right to left to scan the room.

The Skytree's midriff and its intersecting diagonal steel beams appear in the vertical window before disappearing again.

The camera dollies back once again to reveal the entire room.

Feather dusters raise their head and collapse back down.

Hagiwara reading

I for Immedlacy, 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.

Video

The interior, dark after the sunset.

The only light is the lingering glow of the evening sky.

A left to right tracking shot.

The feather dusters by the window sit up and fall, looking busy.

Two electric bulbs, connected to the wooden frame on the right, glimmer.

The Skytree appears partially again outside the vertical window.

Hagiwara reading

In the left-hand corner of the visual field, an open-air pool full of quiet water.

Look, a bird!

Video

The view outside.

A Row of buildings of similar height stand along the Sumida river.

Their windows are lighted.

An expressway runs parallel to the Sumida, cars moving on it reflected on the water surface.

In front of the river is an outdoor pool.

The pool's surface, too, reflects trees.

*

Video

The room filled with the evening light.

From the two wooden frames, the bands of paper drooping down forming a letter W.

Hagiwara reading

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

Two wooden frames floating in the room.

Waves reach the white paper loopss drooping from the frames.

Waves of sound, waves of light.

Waving sound, waving light.

Video

The shot showing the room along the length of the room. There are three vertical windows on the bare concrete walls.

As the camera moves, the wooden frame with the glockenspiel attached comes into view.

Drooping down from its point of origin, the strip of paper forms a letter U, then after passing through the wooden frame, another U, a long one that almost reaches the floor. It is 21 cm wide.

All the five electric bulbs are lit.

On the other wooden frame as well, all the five electric bulbs are lit. The curves of the five cables connecting the light bulbs and the frame intertwine with one another.

The light from the window creates shadows on the paper loops. The window's sash pull and railing, too, cast their shadows.

Cut to the paper loops seen from a different angle.

They look like rectangles stacked upon one another, with a thick horizontal shadow forming a stripe on them.

A buzzing sound can be heard somewhere in the background.

The motor hums and the paper band begins to come down slowly.

Hagiwara reading

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.

Video

*The loose paper curve inches toward the floor ever so slowly,
and when it touches the floor, trembles gently.*

Even more slowly, it lands on the floor as if to lie down there.

Hagiwara reading

Motherboard and censor.

Something like sensitivity.

Video

Five black vertical rectangular motherboards are attached to the white wall.

On each white light flickers on and off.

Motherboards are connected to each other by a belt made up of thin cables.

At a point the belt sags, bending the cables into a wave-like formation.

Hagiwara reading

A row of blinking light bulbs.

Filaments whispering to each other.

Irregular flashes of light.

Video

Darkness inside the room.

The focus is on the light bulbs, the window and outside landscape in the background a blur.

The lightbulbs have a retro vibe, with their round glass and clearly visible filaments.

The view outside the window appears blurry through the bulbs' glass.

A buzzing sound is heard again and the entire room is shown.

The light bulbs turn on and off randomly.

Hagiwara reading

On the floor cavorting feather dusters

Rolling around frolicking with each other

Mimic a bunch of dog's tails.

Video

Placed on the floor near the window are four black feather duster, equipped with an actuator called solenoid.

Out of blue, they jump to their feet, sitting up straight, then fall back down each time with a little thud.

Hagiwara reading

A chirping glockenspiel.

Its cute steels driven slightly mad

Fondled by binary fingers.

Video

It's the glockenspiel next to the wooden frames that is making the buzzing sound

Close-up on the glockenspiel. The battered steel keyboard bears a few markings.

Five vibration motors hanging in front of the keyboard.

Hagiwara reading

Gears moving white clouds

From left to right of me lying down

From the western sky to the eastern sky.

Video

Engaged with each other, large gear and small gears are rotating on a metallic plate,

from behind which a bundle of electric cables extends.

Hagiwara reading

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.

Video

The view outside.

The sky where the clouds seem to be illuminated by the morning light.

The camera shifts its point of view, as though panning 180 degrees to scan the city.

A group of buildings, two expressways of different heights in the distance.

Behind the turnpikes, buildings stand as though lining up in a row.

The Sumida river flows in the foreground.

The Skytree's intersecting diagonals come into view.

Hagiwara reading

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.

Video

The morning sun shining in from the window, casting the handrail's shadow on the paper band.

The dawning sky, showing a gradation from lilac to pale orange.

Against the sky buildings emerge as though in a shadow play.

In front of them, the expressway cutting across, cars running on it.

The electric bulbs randomly turning on.

A long shot showing the whole room. The light shining in from the window flashes a diamond-like shape.

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