

Another World – ANYWAY, WE DEPARTED

The 2019 Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions

Festival 11

Special Screening

Another World by Hardcore Ambience

Matsuo Ohno, *Taj Mahal Travelers: On Travel*, + Special Live Concert

16 February 2019

Tokyo Photographic Art Museum

Special thanks to Yasuto Yura, Fukuoka City Public Library, and Gen Umezu

Part 1

Screening *Taj Mahal Travelers: On Travel* / Matsuo Ohno, Director / Original color graded digital version / 1972 / 103 min. / Dialogue in Japanese

Talk Participating Artist: Matsuo Ohno
Moderator: Hiroko Tasaka

Part 2

Solo Live Concert Matsuo Ohno

Live Concert 3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, and Nyantora)
Images by Osamu Kanemura

Super Session Matsuo Ohno + 3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, and Nyantora)

Talk Participating Artists: Matsuo Ohno, Yasuto Yura, and duenn
Moderator: Hiroko Tasaka

Another World – ANYWAY, WE DEPARTED

by Gen Umezu

daen san to iu hito ga irun desu yo...

(there is a person called *da-en...*)

On March 21, 2018, these words spoken by Hiroko Komatsu vibrated both the air and my eardrums. It was received as sound first, and then, a word, with the slightest time lag between the movement of her mouth and the vibration that reached my ears.

da-en?

Although I was grammatically able to understand that the word must be a name of a person, I was completely puzzled by the strangeness of this air vibration. It was the beginning of everything.

March 31, 2018, marked the opening of Japanese photographer Hiroko Komatsu's solo exhibition *marginal disutility* at RAINROOTS and MUNO galleries in Nagoya City, Aichi Prefecture. The event took place in both the open space and inside a vacant store of the Flower Center (the floral wholesaler). I felt lost in there. Then I heard the artist talk by Hiroko Komatsu and Osamu Kanemura begin. The photography critic and writer Kenji Takazawa joined them later on. As the sun began to set, a screening started, projected directly on the storefront shutter, accompanied by live music performed by duenn from inside a garage also on the premises. There were only a few people at the event, however. Perhaps this is true of all truly important events. I was reminded of Nobuo Yamanaka's experimental work, *Projecting the Film of River on the River* (1971), which I only knew of through reviews. I gave in to the sound of the dark and ambient drone music and drifted between a drowsy and awake state. Seduced by the image and sound, I was transported to a deep place.

The sound reverberated like restless waves, urging me to immerse myself in the indistinct images projected on the shutter. Unexpectedly, I found that the shutter was undulating. Not only the sound but also the image had transformed into waves. I was totally captivated by this rare event — the chain of auditory and visual waves — like an air pocket in the larger space. The sun slipped away. We were surrounded by darkness. I understood where I was less and less and felt as if I had left behind the rest of the world. The images projected on the waving shutter were as bright as a window, and the garage, where the music was being played, was as dark as a cave. My consciousness transcended the space-time continuum of what we might call reality. I understand now that the window and cave were the entrance to *Another World*.

I finally met duenn, a musician who resides in Fukuoka Prefecture, through the introduction of Hiroko Komatsu and Osamu Kanemura. He was the answer to my question: *da-en?* duenn. I learned that he was planning to coproduce a special program as part of Hardcore Ambience with Koji Natakatni (also known as Nakako or Nyantora), the former member of the Japanese rock band SUPERCAR, in Tokyo. The legendary sound designer Matsuo Ohno was to be invited as a guest artist. I deeply respected Ohno, who also took part in an exhibition I curated in 2012 called *The 70s in Japan 1968-1982* at The Museum of Modern Art, Saitama. Although I didn't have the opportunity to meet him in person then, I was greatly impressed by Ohno's personality through our

email exchange. With my sincere respect and appreciation for him, I swore to devote myself to the realization of this special program.

But to whom did I swear?

Of course, it was to *Another World*. It sounds contradictory and defies the space-time continuum, because *Another World* did not yet exist. But still, it must be only you, *Another World*, to whom I swore.

Letter #1 to *Another World*

Dear *Another World*,

I wish you were here so I could ask, “Did you really exist?” But you are not, and the question echoes only in my head. If I could, I would choose for you to be erased from my memory. Instead, the question and the intense sustained effect of the sound transform into a roar like audio feedback, the volume cranking up gradually with every repetition, which fills my body. When the volume and pressure of the sound surpass the volume and capacity of my body, I burst from the inside just as I finally meet you in my dream.

“Oblivion” has such a violent and cruel connotation. I want to write about you, *Another World*, but oblivion is the only clue that I remember about you. I can neither think nor write any further. *Did you really exist?* I repeat the question, it causes feedback, a storm of noise. I wish you could undo everything all at once, including oblivion, the lingering scent of you, your roaring sound. I am stuck in the limbo of an infinite loop of unforgettability. But, your cruelty teaches me that if my body bursts with sound, then oblivion is the only gift — a merciful needle of the one shot from heaven — which could erase everything.

An infinite feedback, a HEAVEN-less blackout, a vision of darkness, a world of roars, *Another World*...

My consciousness, which had faded as I succumbed to the roar and flickering lights, slowly comes back to me as if in a gentle curve. It feels similar to restless waves breaking and receding at the beach. The American composer Steve Reich talks about music by comparing it to the idea of the wave. He is observing the wave, but you, *Another World*, don't allow me to do the same. I am standing on the beach, looking down at the waves washing over my feet. As the waves pull sand from under my feet, they also take something from me. The roar, sound, sound wave, waves, vibration, sympathetic vibration and resonance. And suddenly, there is no more sand left under my feet and I cannot keep standing. At that moment, you take my memories away, and I forget that I am forgetting myself.

Part 1

Screening *Taj Mahal Travelers: On Travel* / Matsuo Ohno, Director /

**Original color graded digital version / 1972 / 103 min. / Dialogue
in Japanese**

Talk **Participating Artist: Matsuo Ohno**
Moderator: Hiroko Tasaka

The space/time continuum folds in on itself. *Another World* emerges in front of me with its overwhelming presence on February 16, 2019. The waves in *Taj Mahal Travelers: On Travel* (hereafter referred to as *On Travel*) that are projected on the screen are images of the past, yet they are the same waves that reached my feet that day at the beach. The performance recorded in the film is by the Japanese experimental music ensemble Taj Mahal Travelers, founded by the musician and composer Takehisa Kosugi. It is a performance from the past, but its sound waves are delivered to my ears as sound in the present. The visual waves and auditory waves shift my perception, creating an endless chain reaction with my brain waves. *Another World* is an event produced by an infinite chain that has as its origin the wave. Therefore, I must start with Matsuo Ohno.

Another World, the special event of Hardcore Ambience, begins with the screening of *On Travel*, directed and produced by Ohno. After the screening, I experience a strange, trippy feeling that the musicians' journey still continues and anyone can join at any time. An essay about this screening, by the art critic Noi Sawaragi, published in the 15 May 2019 issue of *artspace*, is also filled with such a feeling. Sawaragi's essay is like a journey or a dream, giving readers the impression that they too are traveling with the Taj Mahal Travelers.

When the words "ANYWAY, WE DEPARTED" are projected on the screen, viewers instinctively include themselves as part of that "WE." Because the sequence of the film does not unfold chronologically, it triggers a feeling of disorientation, where space and time are distorted, as if one were traveling through an alternate dimension or stepping into a dream world. Thus, "WE" in the space/time of the trip within the film (ie, the members of Taj Mahal Travelers) and "WE" in the space/time outside the film (ie, the audiences) are fused together. In light of the theme of the 2019 Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions — transposition — this fusion can also be expressed as a transposition between the space/time of the travelers and that of the audience. How were these mystical sounds and images conceived?

For now, I can speak of two hypotheses. First, the music and sound dominate the space/time of the film more than the images do. This characteristic is influenced by the fact that Ohno is a sound designer and worked for movies early in his long career. Second, Ohno didn't physically travel with the Taj Mahal Travelers. The footage was filmed by Yutaka Yoshii and others who actually accompanied the musicians on their journey. I believe that, because Ohno didn't travel, the focus of his film edit is about exploring the possibility within the images themselves rather than recreating and evoking the actual trip. For more details, please refer to the liner notes written by Koji Kawasaki inserted in the DVD of *On "Tour"* (Disk Union). In his writing, Kawasaki follows the events of the musicians' journey from Europe to the Taj Mahal in India closely and chronologically. Thus, his notes serve as an accurate document of the actual pilgrimage by the Taj Mahal Travelers.

Ohno admits that he deliberately ignored the chronological sequence of the physical journey. Therefore, his desire to create a completely new space/time experience in *Another World* with images and sound eclipses traditional expectations of a documentary film. The characters and landscapes in the film are vivid and graphic, as if glued directly on the screen, and the sound is

heard as if it is a live performance. Within this environment, audiences project their own interior space and time perspective. Perhaps, that is why anyone can join the pilgrimage. The ultimate destination for *ANYWAY, WE DEPARTED* is *Another World*.

Ohno mentions in his artist talk that one of the original members of the Taj Mahal Travelers, Takehisa Kosugi, passed away during the preparation of this program. Consequently, *Another World* can be perceived as a tribute to the memory of Kosugi. While I am basking in the afterglow of *On Travel*, I think of the albums *LIVE IN STOCKHOLM 1971, July 15, 1972*, as well as *CATCH WAVE* (the solo album of Kosugi). I feel dizzy and faint. Abruptly I am brought back to myself by the words “air raid,” as Ohno talks about the city of Ebisu — where the Tokyo Photographic Art Museum is located — and the destructive fires from the bombing of Tokyo. I feel the fire is a requiem for Kosugi. Subsequently, I recollect the scene of waves in *On Travel*, and, suddenly, a song — “C.M.C” by the Japanese rock band The Roosters — starts to play in my head.

Perhaps Ohno’s story of the bombing of Tokyo along with the raging noise performed by 3RENSA, the ensemble of the three musicians Merzbow, duenn, and Nyantora — particularly the thundering roars reminiscent of the gunfire and bombing in the song “Mix 3: Merzbow” on the album *3RENSA* — are linked to the nightmarish lyrics of “C.M.C”: *400 bombers approaching the summer beach*. The chain reaction continues. The detached tone of Ohno’s voice as he says, “I know it may sound imprudent, but the fire caused by the air raids was beautiful,” makes me replace “bombing” with “firework.” Now, “Indian Summer” by the Japanese musician MariMari starts playing in my head, and just as quickly the piece changes to “Endless Summer” by the Austrian electronic sound producer and guitarist Christian Fennesz. The flood of noise attacking the sweet acoustic melody next brings me to the Scottish band The Jesus and Mary Chain and eventually to “Aoharu Youth” by SUPERCAR.

I recall the rehearsal of 3RENSA. Koji Nakamura (Nyantora) of SUPERCAR is performing with Masami Akita (Merzbow) in front of my eyes. A miracle is happening. It is happening because of duenn’s artistic talent which is like a catalyst for the band. “Aoharu Youth” and *Another World* transposes to “Aoharu World” and “*Another Youth*.” There is no wonder that Nakamura and Akita meet, through duenn, and depart on the endless journey of music.

The 11th Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions

Special Screening *Another World* by Hardcore Ambience:
Matsuo Ohno, *Taj Mahal Travelers: On Travel* + Special Live Concert

16 February 2019

Tokyo Photographic Art Museum

Another World was a special program designed specifically for the framework of the Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions. I believe the festival was an ideal framework for this event. To consider this, first I would like to separate the Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions from the Tokyo Photographic Art Museum. Generally speaking, a museum is an institution consisting of exhibition spaces and curators who are art specialists responsible for the

museum's collection and exhibitions. A museum is a facility in which numerous programs are organized, with museum curators in charge of overseeing such programs. When a museum lacks an understanding of this basic function and is careless about the relationship between curators and exhibition spaces, the outcome is disappointing. In other words, any program organized in such an environment merely caters to itself. In principal, an exhibition space and a curator must be accessible and open for criticism from the public, and when a museum fails to recognize these possibilities, an exhibition will end up lacking focus and critical inquiry of its theme.

While the majority of the festival's staff belonged to the Tokyo Photographic Art Museum, the curators of the Yebisu International Festival were transparent in their methodology and open to input by all involved. Numerous programs were held in venues not only limited to the Tokyo Photographic Art Museum but also in nearby cultural facilities and galleries as a regional partnership. This approach gave the event great potential to be a vital and even revelatory project in contrast to the flood of aforementioned weak and meaningless exhibitions. I write "potential" because there is always a risk of missing the mark if a museum fails to make the best use of an exhibition or falls into the relativism in the name of meeting cross-genre or diversity goals. Fortunately, the festival succeeded on all levels.

The Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions travels in an elliptic orbit through two focal points — the image in the time axis and the image in the spatial axis. The image in the time axis is an image that is seen as a screening in theaters and suggests the duration of time from the beginning to the end. On the other hand, the image in the spatial axis is based on a different principal. It is an image that is projected in exhibition spaces and encourages the exploration of the formal possibilities in visual expression by looping an image, experimenting with an installation, etc. In this sense, the Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions stands out as a rare project because it embraces both the image in the time axis and the spatial axis. Therefore, it is able to include various forms of expression and the nuances found in both axes, which are often difficult to divide or define in art.

The reason why the Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions immediately came to my mind when duenn consulted with me about the plan for the program, was because I vividly remembered the striking, live performance by Atsuhiko Ito at the monumental first Yebisu festival. Based on additional past experiences from previous years of the festival, I felt that the theme and exhibition programming worked especially well in 2019. "Transposition" was a broad yet linguistically clear theme and fully functioned as a framework that appeared and disappeared within the placement of the exhibition programs and in how they resonated with each other. I strongly believe that the reason why *Another World* was able to be realized so fully was because of this framework.

Part 2

Solo Live Concert

Matsuo Ohno

Live Concert

3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, Nyantora)

Images by Osamu Kanemura

Super Session

Matsuo Ohno + 3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, Nyantora)

Talk duenn

Participating Artists: Matsuo Ohno, Yasuto Yura and

Moderator: Hiroko Tasaka

Matsuo Ohno is performing a solo concert. The trippy feeling that I experienced with *On Travel* — the feeling that I am transcending space and time — is now amplified even further. “YURAGI #10” (UNKNOWNMIX 11 / HEADZ 153) was released in 2011. It is the original sound source, reconstructed from Ohno’s 2009 live performance at Sogetsu Hall in Tokyo through the use of instruments including a reel-to-reel audio tape recorder. I highly praise HEADZ / Atsushi Sasaki for this accomplishment. Ohno explains that he made this sound source by deliberately disrupting the phase and therefore disabling the localization of the sound. With this action, the audience experiences the unique floating feeling of surround sound. Ohno also recommends listening with speakers rather than headphones to amplify the experience. This floating feeling of transcending the space/time continuum by means of the deliberate disruption of the phase gives me a glimpse of Ohno’s singular originality and the reason why he is considered a true innovator of future sound/space sound. It follows that the images in *On Travel*, which were conceived by the deliberate transposition of the time axis and the spacial axis, can be considered future images/space images, that is to say, the unseen *Another World*.

The reason why I refer back to *On Travel* is because I am thinking of Takehisa Kosugi, who worked as Ohno’s assistant on the legendary TV animation series “Astro Boy,” Ohno’s most famous work as a sound designer. After the screening of *On Travel*, Ohno talked about Kosugi. Now Ohno is performing. I am deeply moved as I witness this miraculous event. When first created, “Astro Boy” was the future for Ohno, who experienced the bombing of Tokyo and watched Tokyo burn to the ground. Thus, the sound of “Astro Boy” is the sound of the future from the past.

In the hall of the Tokyo Photographic Art Museum now, Ohno’s sound, reminiscent of the footsteps of “Astro Boy,” echoes from the past as a seminal achievement of Japanese electronic music. At the same time, the sound, with its characteristic feeling of suspension, is produced by Ohno’s extraordinary technique of DJing on a reel-to-reel audio tape recorder, and it is as if he is casting a spell over the audience. The past and the future spark like a cross-counter punch, crash together, and the sound of the future from the past fills up the distorted space/time. Eventually, an alternate dimension — *Another World* — emerges from the saturated and distorted space/time. I come to realize that the trippy feeling is recognized as the most distinct characteristic of Ohno’s sound. Indeed, his sound will take us on a journey to... *Another World*.

While I watch Ohno on stage, I am filled with deep emotions, and the question comes to my mind: How can he create the sound so naturally? Ohno uses his equipment as if it is a part of his body. As well, his body is like an apparatus, an external extension for his equipment. In short, Ohno and his equipment are turned into a sound-generating unit, the system of Ohno. The system of Ohno, an anachronistic device like a relic of the past, generates sounds that no one has ever heard or even knew existed before, as if it is coming back from the future. Needless to say, the system of Ohno is not a fixed device and has been modified and updated repeatedly in order to discover and develop new sound-generating techniques and performing skills. It will continue to do so and, thus, never get old. The filmmaker Yasuto Yura plays an important role in creating the system of Ohno.

The program that follows is the live concert by 3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, Nyantora) with images by Osamu Kanemura. I am lost for words to describe their overwhelming performance. After a considerable amount of time passes, I finally come up with the phrase “transparent noise.” The sound echoes clearly despite the layer of noise. And my vision becomes clearer, even while exposed to the intense images. I have never had such an experience before. Later, I say to the performers and members of the audience at the event, “You can’t remember noise.” For example, is it possible to hum *Information Overload Unit*, the album by SPK? Maybe someone like the eccentric (it’s a compliment) artist Masaru Aikawa could do it, but, in general, it is not possible, just like with songs such as “cream soda” or “Lucky” by SUPERCAR. Noise can be experienced in real time in each moment, but it is hard to preserve its musical identity as an experience. With a sound storage medium such as the vinyl record, the DNA of recorded signals can be preserved, but the likeness to the experience of listening remains uncertain. The live concert on that day is etched in my heart as an overwhelming experience, yet it is nearly impossible to recall its sounds and images. What my acquaintance expresses about it — *It is an experience* — is apropos.

Hypothetically, the same experience would not be reproduced by listening to the recorded sound source. That transparent noise I am overwhelmed by is reminiscent of the album *fb05* by 3RENSA. Correctly speaking, *fb05* is the sound source made from a remix of the remix of the remix of the album *3RENSA*. Although it is noise, it is tranquil and refined. Furthermore, the debut album of 3RENSA, *REDRUM*, also contains a similar transparent noise.

I am astonished by the drum performance by Masami Akita in *REDRUM*, which is occasionally reminiscent of *hyper music*, an earlier release from when Akita was still going by the name MERZBOWS (the plural form of MERZBOW). I can imagine 3RENSA as a band if I consider duenn as the bassist because of his sustained tone of drone and Nyantora, who is still hip and sexy even with the experimental sound, as a guitarist. However, I have no such time for reflection. In reality, I am intoxicated with the overwhelming immersive sound experience, the noise like thunderous carpet bombings.

When noise generated from electronic devices is layered, it often turns into white noise, resulting in a uniform sound regardless of the different performers. Nevertheless, on this day, 3RENSA maintains their transparent noise, no matter how high they increase the sound pressure. I perceive the vibration so clearly through my ears and body. No matter how much time passes, I cannot find words to express this compelling listening experience. This live concert is the rare experience in which listening means erasing (also considering “oblivion” is a key word of this text), hence, it is impossible to describe in words.

The projected images by Osamu Kanemura are phenomenal. My feelings of erasure and oblivion accelerate further with the chain of sound and image. Not only does it give me chills, I also feel clearly that something is leaving my body. I have never had such an experience before. Before this, I have often contemplated the state of suspension that occurs in the transition of perception to recognition. Now this thought is completely banished. It is not that the accumulated visual and auditory information is suspended, but that the accumulated information actually takes something away from my brain, namely, recognition, notion, memory, etc. Therefore, watching and listening are oblivion in themselves, and, of course, I remember nothing. Kanemura himself often talks about oblivion. The phrase “visual castration,” which crossed my mind when I watched Kanemura’s solo video exhibition in 2018 at The White art gallery in Kanda, now is completely real to me. I had no idea that sound by 3RENSA and images by Osamu Kanemura would connect so well.

Spinning off from 3RENSA, I would like to mention two artists, Takashi Makino and Toshiko Okanoué. *Endless Cinema* by Makino is a three-channel video installation in which three projections on separate screens slowly shift and overlap into one projection and then return back to three separate projections. I saw this work at the Tokyo Metropolitan Teien Art Museum, and the sequence of the three projections was extremely inspiring. Makino is also participating in the 2019 Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions with a collage work, which brings me to Toshiko Okanoué. I cannot think of any better way to describe the reflective nature of collage than Toshiko Okanoué's expression "restrained by accident." Perhaps 3RENSA's sound and Kanemura's images are collage after all. But the creators are absent in these works. Each image, like a piece of material comprising a collage, spontaneously contributes to the final form. Is such a thing possible? The answer is yes, and it occurs in 3RENSA's live concert. Their live performance and Kanemura's projected images truly achieve restraint by accident at a miraculous level.

The Super Session by 3RENSA and Matsuo Ohno begins. Although there are no images projected on the screen, I can still see them. Kanemura's images from the prior program flash back to me because there is no projection. Wait. No, it's not really true. My eyes project the images onto the wall behind the musicians where the images were previously projected. My brain is the playback device and my eyes are the projection device. Now, it totally makes sense why I felt something was coming out of me. My earlier experience of watching Kanemura's images was a rehearsal for this. When the Super Session ends, I hear someone's voice wishing that it included a projection. I feel that too. However, at the same time, I am glad there wasn't any projection because instead I acquired the rare experience of projecting an image from inside of me. Certainly, this experience was triggered by sound.

In 2011, the same year as the aforementioned "YURAGI #10," the reissue of Matsuo Ohno's stellar first album *I Saw The Outer Limits* (1978) by TOHO Records was released. The music critic Itaru Mita wrote an exquisite review about it, in which he says, "Ohno created a new and extraordinary form of sound effect for listening" and gave it an honorable mention in his "The 3 Best Reissues of 2011" that appeared on the web magazine, *ele-king* powered by DOMMUNE (16 January 2012). This review ended with the prophetic words: "I feel like it directly suggests the possibility of a remix." In *Another World*, with 3RENSA, Ohno performs an extraordinary Super Session jam that surpasses a remix.

If Takehisa Kosugi and Matsuo Ohno are about the wave, 3RENSA is the sand. The noise erases everything, the sand under my feet disappears, and the waves float in zero gravity. I feel the sand return under my feet with the Super Session. Or perhaps it is not sand but ashes that come back. The ashes of Ebisu, which was destroyed in the fires from the bombing of Tokyo, travel beyond the space/time continuum and appear under my feet. So begins another chain reaction series. Ashes link to "Ashes to Ashes." "Ashes to Ashes" link to "Ashes and Diamonds." And diamonds, as in a diamond stylus, bring back the needle of the one shot from heaven — Needle and Diamond.

Letter #2 to *Another World*

Dear *Another World*,

Hoping to find another clue rather than the oblivion, I open up the exhibition catalogue *The 11th Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Vision*. On page 53, I see your appearance is

noted down by a printed character string and icons:

「スペシャル上映」、「Hardcore Ambience 企画」、「Another World」、「大野松雄《タージマハル旅行団「旅」について》+スペシャル・ライブ」、「大野松雄」、「3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, Nyantora)」、「金村修」

“Special Screening” “Hardcore Ambience” “Another World” “Matsuo Ohno, Taj Mahal Travelers: On Travel + Special Live Concert” “Matsuo Ohno” “3RENSA (Merzbow, duenn, Nyantora)” “Osamu Kanemura”

Even so, how can I believe that you did actually exist only from ink on paper as proof? There is a fictional article in the magazine HEAVEN! To believe in the existence of an actual event by means of letters and symbols is similar to believing in the exchange value of currency that relies on trust and promise. I want to believe your existence as a substantial and tangible entity, which has value in itself, not as a symbolic idea like exchange value — although it is wrong to expect this in the first place, because you are not an object but an event.

I wish, at least, that you would hurt me before you are gone, so I can remember you by the scar you make. It is so cruel of you, suddenly appearing with dazzling lights and images, drawing me into a whirlpool of roaring sounds, then just leaving me without a scratch. Not only that, by using me as a medium, you take something away from me. I have never felt such a sensational experience before. You are supposed to send something towards me. Instead, you take something away from me. I merely surrender myself helplessly to the lights and roaring sound emitting from you. I barely remember this experience with my body. I cannot even say what exactly is taken. I intuitively understand that oblivion is your true nature. Oblivion is the feedback, the storm of noise, and the infinite loop, starting over again.

How can I be certain of your existence? Memory? No, it is too vague and has nothing to prove. Belief? Is that all? Is it so fragile? I am stuck. I want to talk about you, *Another World*. Nevertheless, as soon as I start to question “Did you really exist?,” my thought causes a howling noise and my question is erased by its roaring sound. In search of another clue, I ask an acquaintance at the event, who tells me: “It is an experience. I wish I didn’t hear someone say the word ‘incredible.’ It doesn’t possibly come close to expressing this overwhelming experience.” I totally agree. The word only makes you fall into the same category as other ordinary events. You are at a completely different level, because you make me feel as if my body is bursting and some mysterious element of mine is coming out from inside.

I finally realize that this is neither a delusion nor illusion. It is something that actually happens. You take out an element of mine. All I can do is let you to do it at your will, without any resistance. Now you are making a collage with the elements you take from me. In this collage, I am looking at me, whom I have completely forgotten. However, I have no idea how to find myself anymore. If this is what “transposition” truly implies, I should have already known.

The waves in *On Travel* and the waves of sound echoing from Takehisa Kosugi’s album *CATCH WAVE* are your avatars. You have emerged in this world in the form of waves and as a phenomenon that can be sensed. It takes me a long time to realize it. When the images are projected onto the screen of the undulating shutter and the sound echoes from the garage like a dark cave at the Flower Center in Nagoya, I catch a glimpse of you. With this glimpse imprinted into my subconscious, I crave grasping the whole picture of you. You know that, driven by desire, I will act in order to realize the event where your soul takes the shape of *Another World*. I see now that I have simply been playing into your hands all this time. Yet at the end of the day, I think it is for the best. I have always believed that most people’s motives are superficial, which is a convenient preconception, but what makes this event happen is the desire of the phenomenon itself. If waves are what you really

are, I do not desire to remember your appearance. It is just that my skin, remembering your waves, still aches from time to time.

Hardcore Ambience

In the middle of my trippy dream, the waves transform into a fountain. Water jets out and falls, forming a ripple. Concentric ripples spread out across the surface of the water. I look down at this from above and realize that it resembles something familiar. It's a phonograph disc record — the flat disc also known as an analog record or a vinyl record. I'm wondering if *Another World* is scratched on its surface like a spiral. Here is a mystical object that traces the scratch and reproduces your vibration — a tiny-tipped diamond. If I am allowed to metaphorically substitute “hardcore” for “diamond” and “ambience” for “rotation,” perhaps Hardcore Ambience means a combination of a stylus with a diamond tip and a phonograph disc record in which a sound source is inscribed. Thus, from the phrase, Hardcore Ambience, the spectacular sound that includes all the phonograph disc records existing in the world will echo into outer space.

In the middle of my trippy dream, the fountain leads me to the Flower Center in Nagoya, and I wander in. Inside the empty garage, dust floats in the air. Soon I realize that it isn't dust but ashes. I feel sand under my bare feet and bend down quickly to touch it, hoping for there to be a trace of waves — *Another World* — remaining. But instead of a trace of waves, I touch sand and ashes only, which cover the entire floor. I feel something faintly at my fingertip. Brushing away the sand and ashes, I find a medium-sized square of cardboard.

I recognize it intuitively as a vinyl record sleeve by its familiar square shape and size. I lift it up gently, brushing away sand and ashes. The record sleeve is inscribed with “Another World, 16 February 2019/Yebisu International Festival for Art & Alternative Visions 11: The Art of Transposition.” When I try to remove the record from the sleeve delicately, loose paper fibers from the sleeve mix with sand and ashes rising up from under my feet and together they float in the air like dust lit up by a ray of sunshine.

The ray of light falling from the sky looks like an infinitely long needle of the one shot from heaven. An arm of a record player is attached to the tip of the needle, and a diamond crystal is attached to the tip of the arm. Did ashes and diamond transform into needle and diamond? I am fascinated by the light. I remove the vinyl from the sleeve and discover a translucent thin plastic inner sleeve sticking to the vinyl with static electricity. I blow air into it, slowly remove the record, and place it on a record player. I press the On switch, and the record begins to spin. I raise the tonearm, move it to the outer edge of the record where no sound is inscribed, and gently lower it down. Faintly, I hear not the replay of the recorded sound, but the noise caused by the friction of the stylus on the record.

Suddenly, I recall the incredible photobook *stylus & groove* by Keigo Saito and imagine that the groove cut in the record is also waving. Alas! *Another World*, which disappeared before my eyes, has transformed into waves inscribed on the surface of the record that was covered with sand and ashes, waiting quietly to be discovered by someone. As the stylus gradually meets the groove where the sound source is recorded, the movement of the tonearm slows down. My auditory senses tense up immediately as I know in any minute the sound will be replayed. The sharply cut diamond crystal follows the uneven undulating groove of the record. Its physical vibration converts into electrical energy and is amplified, finally vibrating the speaker cone.

The vibration of the speaker cone vibrates the air, the vibration of the air vibrates my eardrum, and, at last, it is delivered to my brain as sound.

daen san to iu hito ga irun desu yo...

(there is a person called *da-en...*)

Afterword

Falling into a half-sleep, I meet Agi Yuzuru.

I am grateful for the distortion of space and time.

He asks if I can stop the music in the coffee shop.

Then he says, “I can do it. By pressing the emergency button.”

He points to the red button of the fire extinguisher system.

It is Agi Yuzuru, who sends out the smoke and ashes...