

I start with what I once ate for breakfast and what I usually see outside my window, as an answer to Sinziana's text. GOTHENBURG

#### Rainbow after my breakfast

Objects at a great distance can appear romantic and appealing. The opposite applies to the things in our everyday sphere – it is always darkest just beneath the lighthouse. Using my mobile phone camera, I have taken photos of these views in my daily life that are not of spectacular character. Physically being away from my country and having a nomadic lifestyle gave me a perspective towards the everyday. I came to observe what is considered ordinary and may appear insignificant within this realm that is so close to us, playing with the gaps and distances between us and the surrounding world.

I once travelled to Gothenburg for a presentation and I stayed overnight at a hotel alone. In the morning I went down to have breakfast in the hotel restaurant. The hotel had a buffet, and I could see many people taking too much food and leaving chaos behind, it looked disgraceful. When I finished my breakfast, I saw some fruit rinds left on my plate. I arranged them in colour order, and all of a sudden they appeared as a rainbow to my eyes. I wanted to share this view on my plate, but since I was eating breakfast alone, I took a photo of it with my mobile phone camera and sent it to my friends as a picture message with my mobile phone. They responded with remarks saying, 'beautiful!' and 'it is so you', which made me happy. I decided to put the rainbow on my plate back to its original location – in the sky. I printed the image on transparent adhesive sheet so that I could put it on the window, integrating it with the view outside.

Some people asked me for this sticker so that they could have it on their window. I liked the idea of sharing my rainbow with people in different parts of the world, and I started to send the sticker with a letter telling my story and giving some instructions for installation. At the end of the letter I asked them to send me a photo documenting the rainbow and the view outside of their window. The archive of the photos capturing what used to be leftovers is growing. In the documentation photos from all over the world, I see different landscapes seen from a certain viewpoint reflecting the personality of each rainbow owner.



### Beautiful distance

When some people talk about beauty, they often mean visual aesthetics. My works may not inherit beauty of an immediate kind, like in visual language in advertisements; I am interested in finding beauty in relationships and/or in-between spaces rather than in objects.

Receiving letters and postcards from my relatives abroad, I was dreaming of different places in the world during my childhood in Japan. When I first moved to Europe, I lived in Amsterdam where people are direct and close. I like their straightforwardness but it was different from the manner in my native Japan: Leaving enough personal space for other people means a sign of respect in my culture. We also appreciate things that are distant and ephemeral, and they are often subjects in traditional art forms, such as literature and painting.

In our life, there are many distances: physical and psychological distances, as well as distances in time/age. Since I have been living in foreign countries for my art practice, I have faced many cultural, social and language barriers. It was natural to use my viewpoint as an expatriate or a stranger in my practice, and negotiate these distances. Because of invisibility and inaccessibility, you imagine, you dream. It becomes sublime, psychologically close and present, despite physical distance. Distance creates a delicate diplomacy and poetry between objects. Though the word distance may give a negative impression, I look at positive qualities in distances that should be kept: There is beauty in distance.

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KUWAIT  
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ETHIOPIA  
JAPAN  
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*My dearest*

*It is enough.*

*You always kept me waiting. Sometimes you missed our appointment and never apologised to me.*

*You never looked me in the eye when I mentioned the things which mean a lot to me. You laugh at that moment there was nothing funny to laugh at.*

*These kinds of attitudes irritate and confuse me. I have the impression that you did not take anything seriously and neglected.*

*Do not stand in my way. It is none of your business.*

### Travelling light

The romantic quality in travelling may also be invisible beauty, which might be shaded by global mobility in our contemporary life. I was dreaming of different places in the world when I received letters and postcards from my relatives abroad during my childhood in Japan. When I started to travel abroad myself, I also started collecting postcards, some are views of the places I visited, and some are reproductions of art works from museums and galleries that I like.

When I could not travel out of Sweden for nine months due to my visa status, I got an idea for a project that I am working on – to make an assortment of postcards with the reproduction/documentation of other artists' work that I love, which deal with travel and views. Travel can be a long journey, but also a walk in the neighbourhood or a mind trip. Artists' works include contemporary art as well as literature, a global archive by a philanthropist, and a performance to walk 40 metres of which preparation took six years. But a single image on a postcard requires an immense fantasy to envision the original works. I want to focus on the quality in communication, travel and art experience where imagination plays an important role in the negotiation of distance. I also see this project as an experiment to find new methods to express my thought in relation to my nomadic life.

One of the artworks I want to bring into this project is *Correspondence*, a story by Tove Jansson that was published in a book, *Travelling with Light Luggage*, a collection of short stories. Last year I found the Japanese translation at Stockholm City Library and read it for the first time. The piece takes the form of letters sent to Tove Jansson from a Japanese girl who admires the writer. There are poetic descriptions of an ephemeral nature from different seasons in Japan, and a strong admiration and longing for the distant – an old writer who lives on a remote island in Finland. When I read the story, I recognised my roots, my background culture, and my starting points in my art practice and life. But when the story ended, I learnt that I am taking an alternative path the protagonist might have wanted to take; being free, not rooted, and always 'on the way'.

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