

divided and
 then intertwined.
 A wave and
 its bubbles.
 Foam that remains,
 current curve
 semicircle.
 Divide the gesture
 in its columns parts.
 Like vertical strips
 Of the horizontal everything.
 Windows between time.
 Distance between one
 time and another time.

Yokohama Biennial: leave my suitcase. Empty. Full? With my clothes.
 Without my clothes? Closed. All the light bulbs of my exhibition space inside.
 Black hole. Dark. Light absorbed by the closed suitcase.

04/12/02

Again the essential question: What gives me existence? Smoking, watching TV, listening to music, breathing, eating, alcohol, and coffee. Nutrients external to the self. The insatiable me. Working towards others, for the others, thinking of giving. Giving is giving.

Everything electronic. Ask for and exhibit every useless electronic thing. Time and technology. Technology becomes handicrafts. Technological objects. Clothes. Ornamental pots. The use.

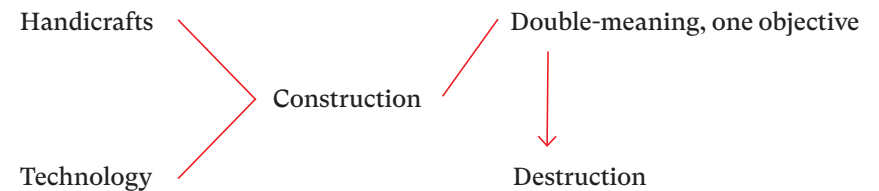
Yokohama Suitcase: a suitcase and darkness container closed and not illuminated. Not indicated. Not spectacular. Like monolith. Minimal. Secret. Silence. Container of silence. Presence. Relation with: *Shoe Box*, *Yogurt Caps*, *ICA Melon*.

Satori: to kick a can.

08/21/02 Tokyo

Views of Edo: a green tea bag rests its humidity lying on a lacquer plate. A millennial canal and a concrete bridge along its length, roofing it. New columns in the ancestral water. Ways. Water.

Japanese scale. Order. The lesser the space, the more the order?



Satori: to kick a can as an answer to the question 'where is Buddha?'

Mirror in front of me in hotel desk: self-portrait. One day video-portrait. Mirror movement.

Return: paper and electronics, handicrafts and technology.

Vaporizer bought in Yokohama.

08/25/02 Yokohama

Today I have more options than before: closed suitcase and small sticker pictures (four images: blue drops, wet trumpet, wheels with rims, wheels with dust). Assembly models (zeppelin, jumbo, Mach 5 submarine). Vaporizer, pot, hourglasses.

I don't like art. So much noise, so much spectacle, so much aggrandizing. So much exaggeration of what's real. And the real continues its way. Subtle and permanent. And our consciousness of its continuity. And of our end. It makes us regain the scale. The human scale. What our body carries. What our mind encompasses, little and everything. Impossible to express with medium aggrandizements, objectual expressionist shouts, false entertainment of what supposedly astonishes. When what's astonishing is how small and how large