

furu's work

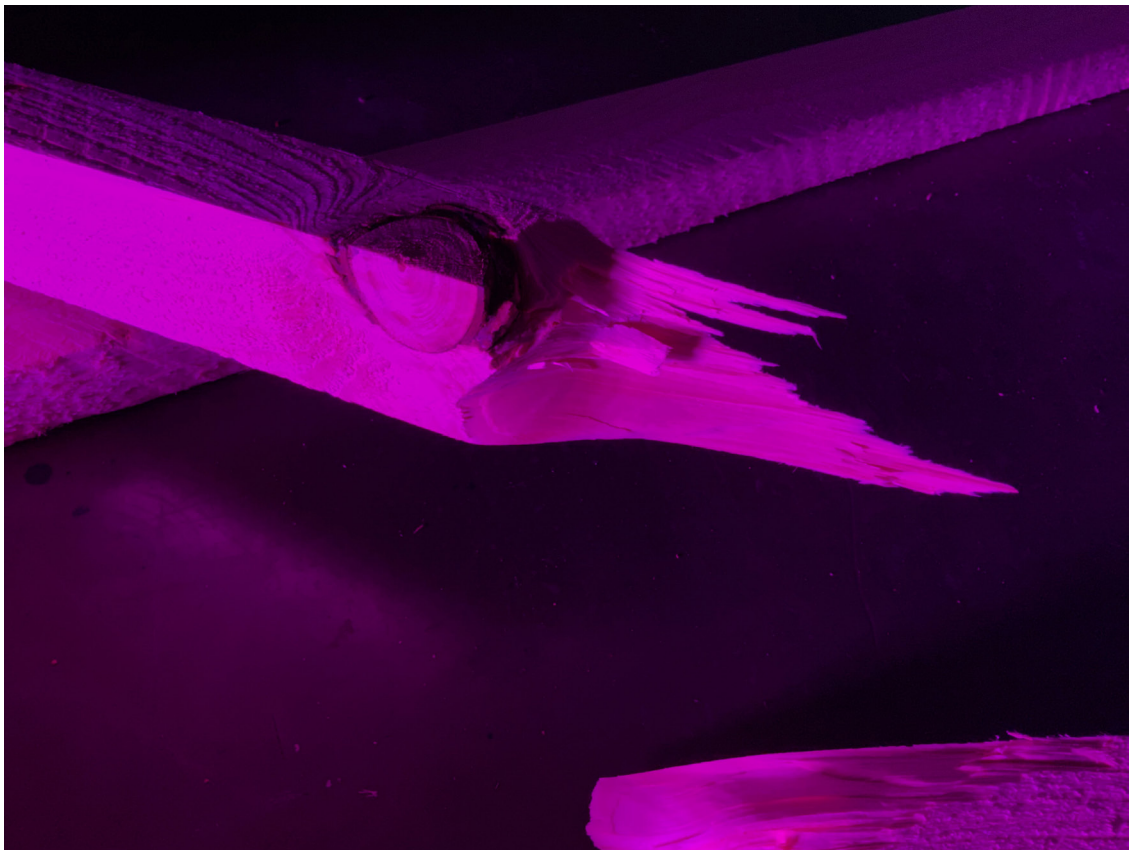


Photo: Michiyasu Furutani

A channelled piece of experimental text written with eyes closed. This text was written a few days after the presentation of a work in progress by Michiyasu Furutani at the end of his one month research residency at Flutgraben in December 2021/January 2022, Berlin.

i close my eyes.

i'm writing this with my eyes closed. surely there will be many typos. and mistakes.
but i'm closing my eyes because now, as i sit on my little chair, i choose to channel the evening.

furu comes down t pick us up, concrete and some of us are wearing masks. we go in the large room, it's warm and other people are there. maybe 12 or ten. each of them magnificent human beings who are alive with thoughts and memories and opinions and emotions and histories.

also in the room, it stretches far down from us, planks of wood. are they square or or flat? square. yes. arranged tatsetfully, occupying the large space gently, just objects. wooden. furu says opening words and invites us to enter the space. i keep my mask on and walk forward, i feel good. it's warm and the room feels good.

little wood on rotating machine feels that i'm moving past it, zzzzzzzzzh
dlihtful game like children, furu at the end of the room, always catching my eye.

furu on the bench, i reflect on how efficient and skilled his smallests movements are. it's grey.

there's greyness and light pale brown and in all the space and the simplest of lines, there's really enough room to witness the tiniest movement of the figners.



Photo: Evgenia Chertverkova

we watch a journey which is being. being with us, being with the objects.
he leaves the room after a while and the energy shifts -

audience pump!pump! funning fun they

there's a screen, a monitor did i say already?

and we see our selves on the screen, camera some sort of body mapping, it's cool but i prefer to watch the people triggering the sounds and moving little wooden and jumping. it's a lfurry.

when the axis left the room, a flurry of acitivity in the twelve or so of us left in the room, tickle tackle what hehehe huh?

and then furu comes back, wearing different clothes now. he looks great.

a watch his effort, his work in picking up the very long (like i donno 10 m?) of wood.
effort is the thing that comes to mind. mind it's like the mind becomes the whole body thinking through something wholly with effort.

this is what we must do, play with effort and think with the whole body,
and be earnest and be earnest about how we play and be intentional and take seriously the play and the space that we make,
making it carefully and playfully and with thought.

furu is listening a lot.

i know this from witnessing him in other contexts.

improvisation is listening and here we are listening to listening and witnessing the whole body become an ear that is listening to a room that is a song that is a message.

we don't have to take it too seriously, we don't have to find the deeper meaner.

we can enjoy the images that are made, we are given gifts because tonight we are a kind of audience and furu allows us to witness his effort and play and the large sticks become legs, and machines, and opinionated sometimes reckless personalities who are so compeltely unto themsleves together in the collective and that maybe maybe maybe is what furu is listening to.

i worry about furu's back because i know furu's back is someitmes in pain but i also know that performance can take pain away and peformance can magic make magic enter.

we have to play and give space to our spaces.
we have to listen to our spaces.
the spaces we occupy are the selves we occupy,
they sing each other into being and the song happens in the body.
furu's body has a clear, strong voice and it's very much without granduer or fanfair or ecxesss
but it's clear and like a note or a bird that lands elegantly
or the ball that catches itself in your hand without trying.

even though there's a lot of trying.

wood that shares its opeion with us.

furu's work, with others,
makes me think of :

the vibrancy of black and white colours,
how vibrant grey can be.
if line was a song, someone pointing
to a picture and then, oh - i guess . no,

wait. i opened my eyes uickly
to look at all my mistakes.

furu's work takes its mistakes
and folds it into itself and the mistakes
add magical texture to the song.

furu's work, says
"you don't have to get it
because it's gotten by it's itness"

and that delights me. i am delighted. a puzzle, a boardgame, a joke that makes itself real
through the figuring out of being it and being with it.

a task - a task of being through with in open ways and tapping higher planes, as in the ceiling.
lift a piece of tall wood up to the ceiling and see waht's there. oh its m etouching the floor
from the top and a speck of dust in the eyes makes me laugh. a small laughter of effort and
the joy in the work in the magic of listening to all the beings togeher, bringing us around the fire
but the wood isn't crackling and burning in the way we usually understand it to be, instead, it's
announcing decrees and becoming trees as we forest our ferns into watching throghugh light
green.

that's all.

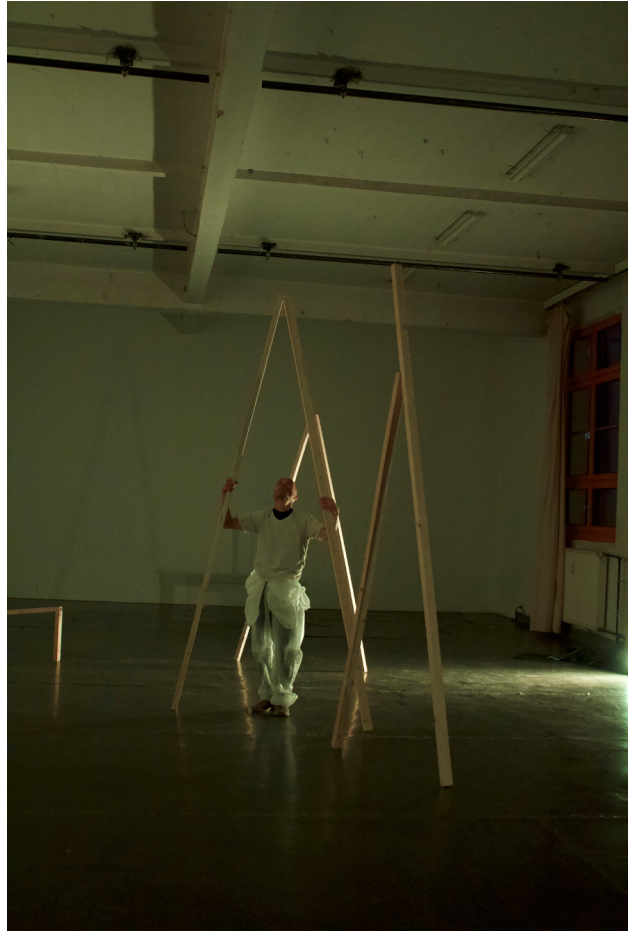


Photo: Evgenia Chertverkova

(the author sends the above text to Michiyasu Furutani, who replies
and the author feels it's necessary to include his reply below:)

hey nicola,

*nice idea and i like it that you were traveling again that
night with your imagination, with the effect of a night.*

*as i was reading through, i felt your perspective,
approached your thoughts, but not settled down your
imagination, i thought because your imagination is
yours. if i dipped myself deep into the imagination, i
might leave a stain in it.*

*your writing was light, freathery, pristine. i didn't
stepped into with my foot, maybe only with my toes
or heels like a ladrón.*

*i'm grateful to see the word axis , which i guess
derived from the shape of the wood. certainly they
stimulated your imagination, cool.*

*also i am very happy to see the words such as
zzzzzzzzzh, listening, effort, task, and song, but
foremost, i like the way to wrap up the writing with
"that's all."*

*this "that's all." makes a seemingly clear line to refresh
readers mind to go back ordinary life from your
tasting words created a wonderful journey, but also,
at least for me, it realized me that there was a vast
open space between paragraph and paragraph, line
and line, words and words to imagine, to listen, to
identify where the presentation was. The "that's all."
created other spaces within the presentation by the
closure effect that the word holds. It means for me
that the presentation became to embrace alternative
spaces by your "that's all.". this is great feedback or
great reviving words. thanks so much!*

*big hugs and kisses,
furu*