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Stories of fictitious facts...

2010









ing on the same particular, without desiring the
wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between the
Kingdom and the great empire of Japan, and it is
probable that the European authors may have some
account of the strait; but my May (Japan) is so
short, and I was so entirely a stranger to that
that I was not qualified to make any remarks, but I
hope the Dutch upon this point will be correct and
enough to supply my defects.

His Majesty having often pressed me to accept
employment in his court, and finding me absolutely
unwilling to return to my native country, was pleased
to give me his licence to depart, and honoured me with a
letter of recommendation under his own hand to the
Empress of Japan. He likewise presented me with two
hundred forty-four large pieces of gold (this name he
gives to every number); and a red diamond which I
sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 25th day of May, 1790, I took a solemn
of his Majesty and all my French. This prince was so
gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Gilip-
sida, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the
Island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to
Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed
at a small port-town—called Kanauchi, situated on the
south-west part of Japan, the town lies on the waters
which a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of
the nation have officers my letter from the King of
Japan to his Imperial Majesty. They knew the real
The impression was, a King being my own legation from
the court. The magnificence of the town being of my
own with carriage and servants, and here my charges to
Japan, where I was admitted to an audience, and deliv-
ered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony.

and explained to the Emperor by an interpreter, who
then gave me orders by his Majesty's order, that I should
remain in his capital, and whatever I wrote, it should be
sent to him for the sake of his royal brother of Loggong.
The interpreter was a person employed to translate af-
fairs with the Hollanders; he was acquainted by my
acquaintance that I was an European, and therefore re-
quested his Majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which
I spoke perfectly well. I answered (as I had before
mentioned) that I was a Dutch merchant, disappointed
in my trade to a very remote country, from whence I travelled by
sea and land to Loggong; and then took shipping for
Europe, where I knew my countrymen often traded, and
with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of
returning into Europe; I therefore most humbly re-
quested his royal favour, to give order that I should be
admitted in safety to Niogassac. To this I added another
petition, that for the sake of my patron the King of
Loggong, his Majesty would condescend to receive my
petition, and that the ceremony imposed on my countrymen,
of remaining upon the coast, because I had been
driven into his Kingdom by my misfortune, without any
permission of trading. When this latter petition was inter-
preted to the Emperor, he seemed a little surprised, and
asked me to be believed I was the first of my countrymen who
came to his court, and that he began to
greatly value my services in this point, and that he began to
doubt whether I was a real Hollander or not, but rather
suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the re-
ason I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the King of
Loggong by an uncommon mark of his favour, he
would comply with the simplicity of my request, and his
order should be managed with secrecy, and his order
should be communicated to his Majesty, and his order
should be discovered by my countrymen, and his order
should cut my throat in the evening, and his order
by the interpreter for so many days, and his order
trains being at that time, and his order
the commanding officer.

Handwritten notes in blue ink on the left page.

Handwritten notes in blue ink on the right page.

Previous pages (first 3 images):
Installation Shots

Previous image:
Travel into the unknown territory, 2010
photo-documentation of Gulliver's Travels
and wite-out pen
47 cm x 32 cm

Right:
A text from *Mythological relic - Beards of Whale*, 2010

We don't need to kill and eat them at all!
In fact, people were ignorant and people are ignorant, because information is controlled... in other words, "true" information is filtered and manipulated. Or there are not definite truth, but contextualization to justify what each of us believe true...

One time in my life when I was around 7 years old, the whale meat was served at school and I knew it was whale meat but nobody had any clues to judge if it is good or bad to eat. How do we know there is mercury in that? Or back then, there were not much mercury concentration found, if we only talk about mercury level... ethical issues are different subject...

Industrial development, regulations, lack of pollution treatment, because of rapid economic and technological advancement over last 50 to 60 years, all those problems became clearer now, finally now. It is payback by nature, natural order. Not only the case of the whaling but there are so many issues relate to this kind of issues everywhere...

Human beings messed up the balance of the earth.
We just don't know the facts of all these problems, because of our ignorance ~~we are~~ human beings might be too arrogant to think themselves that human beings can solve all those problems. Human beings are also part of the ecological system rooted to the earth. It seems that human beings have been agitating the whole balance of the nature, especially from the last century to now.

Our activity, good or bad, is inseparable to maintain the way people live now.
It is easy to insist but it is not easy to change... the way we live...

One other aspect is that documentary films can portray the incident as close to the fact that the filmmakers experienced. But there is always distance between the others and themselves, filmmakers. The way ~~was~~ was filmed looked one-sided documentary to justify their own stance. I wanted to know more neutral ground to understand the both arguments. Most Japanese people who were documented in the film were labeled or portrayed as kind of evil or bad people without having in-depth understanding of their background culture and history. It is kind of dismissal or cultural crash.

I don't usually feel conformable to agree with the government decisions or most likely we don't get informed enough to understand what is really going on and to form critical opinions about the subject presented...

So, what kind of action can we make by knowing this?





Left:

Mythological relic - Beards of Whale, 2010

Found images, a text, brush, wood pedestal, white paint,
plastic bag and photographs

Dimension variable





Left:
Close up images of
Mythological relic - Beards of Whale, 2010



Left page::
Installation shot

Left:
Authenticity of the Auther, 2010
Custom flag made in China, documentation by printing
company in China, shipping package
182 cm x 121 cm

Post-Contemporary
Music

... 197295

non-Utopian alternative

idealism...

Voyage
to New World
the unknown
New Horizons



000 t e y c e s s

3-10-1901
-Veopian

Previous pages and right:

Close up images of

Museological Ritual to the secret society, 2010

Mirror, Bicycle rim, photograph, found block, drywall, pencil drawing
and gold spray

Dimension variable





Left:

Museological Ritual to the secret society, 2010

Mirror, Bicycle rim, photograph, found block, drywall, pencil drawing
and gold spray

Dimension variable



Left :

Worshipping the image of Geronimo, 2009

Mirror, florescent light, bronze, American Spirit cigarette boxes, copies of American Spirit cigarette boxes, cigarette, cigarette butte, photograph, styrofoam, a sheet of glass, plastic wrap, pop cone and a book
Dimension variable



Left :

Close up image of

Worshipping the image of Geronimo, 2009

Mirror, florescent light, bronze, American Spirit cigarette boxes, copies of American Spirit cigarette boxes, cigarette, cigarette butte, photograph, styrofoam, a sheet of glass, plastic wrap, pop cone and a book

Dimension variable

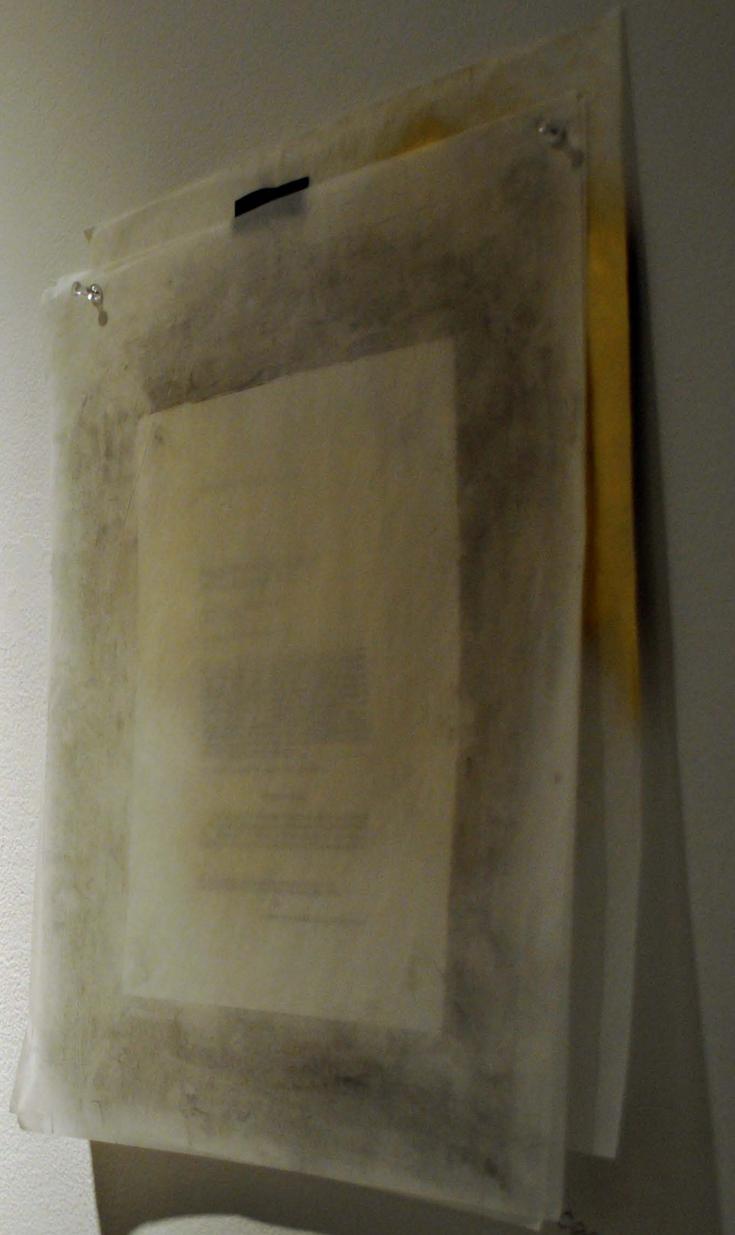
Right:

Above ground of the Rice Country, 2009

A plastic battleship model of USS Missouri, small rake, red spray paint and stones from Japan and the West Texas

Dimension variable





San
Teresa
Fuscona

1904

1904

1904

Previous pages:

Instruction for the relocations..., 2010

Graphite on tracing paper and wall

36 cm x 43 cm each

Texts taken from following sources

Page 384 and page 385 from *A different Mirror - A History of Multicultural America*
by Ronald Takaki, 1993

Executive Order 9066 (Instructions to all persons of Japanese Ancestry), 1942

Japanese Monkey Group Translocation: Effects on Seasonal Breeding

by Harold Gouzoules, Sarah Gouzoules and Linda Fedigan, 1980

Right:

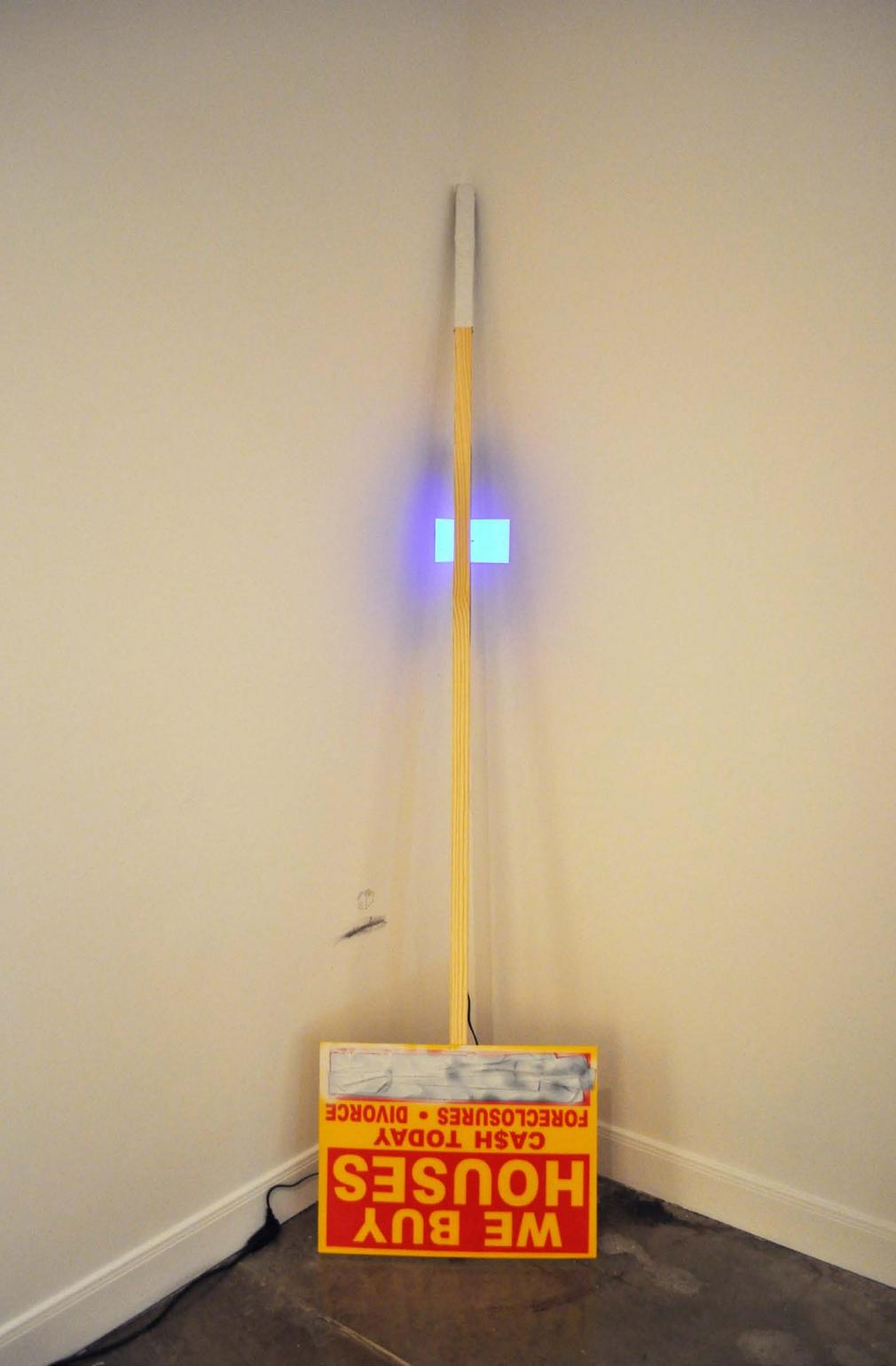
Untitled, 2010

graphite on wall and a burned mark by cigarette

Dimension variable

this wall is fake

Bullet ~~x~~ → 



Left:

Street sign - foreclosure on the White House, 2010

A found street sign, wood, black light, \$5 bill, envelope,
duct tape and graphite on wall

Dimension variable

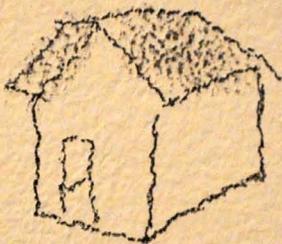
Right:

Close up image of

Street sign - foreclosure on the White House, 2010



Left:
Close up image of
Street sign - foreclosure on the White House, 2010



White House



Left:

Untitled, 2010

Wood, cardboard, texts and packing material

35 cm x 35 cm x 20 cm





Previous pages:

Counter evolutionary - smell of the death, 2010

Alligator head, Plastic wrap, insulation foam and electric tape

Dimension variable

Right:

Anthropomorphic spirit, 2010

Appropriated video

1:00 minute

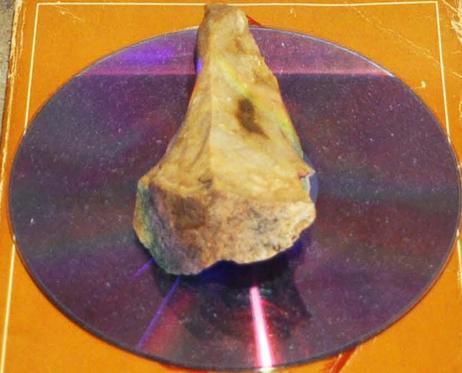


1960s
1960s
1960s

Keijiro Suzuki

Decoding the independent land, 2010

Stone from West Texas, DVD, and book



ARCHAEOLOGY
A BRIEF INTRODUCTION
Brian M. Fagan



I am not original.
Are you?

Previous pages (left):

Decoding the independent land, 2010

Stone from the West Texas, DVD disk and book

Dimension variable

Previous pages (right):

Untitled, 2010

A note

Dimension variable

- my presence reminded him of ~~the~~ a soldier who came to his town to kill his people.
- my presence reminded him of a soldier who came to his town to kill his people.
- he strapped my face

My presence reminded him of a soldier who came to his home to kill his people.

It was almost 60 years ago.

He was 15 years old and now he is 78 years old.

He asked me "Do you remember?"

He saw ^{presence of} the soldier in my presence.

I don't remember.

I don't know who he was.

He but he remember him through me...

I don't experience it. I wasn't born...

I am 28 years old. The soldier must be my age then.

Left:

Untitled, 2010

A note

22 cm x 30 cm



Left:

Ghost shoe and Rainbow shoe, 2009

Color rubber bands, shoe, aluminum foil, matt white spray paint and marks on wall

Dimension variable

Next page:

Untitled, 2010

Blown up copy of Executive Order 9066

Dimension variable



Stories of fictitious facts...

This story is not a real one; it is completely fictional. It relates to the reality that we experience or we construct. This story concerns our life or our life is part of the story. This story relies heavily on the actual presence of my visual work in my presentation. This story begins with spirits coming out of the air.

Spirits are constantly around us all the time. We cannot see them. Many people wish to see them but they cannot see them without instruction from spiritually empowered people or shamans.

Shamans capture the spirits and store them in their bodies as a source of their power. They absorb the spirits. They concentrate the spirits in their bodies until their bodies cannot hold them. When they reach their limits, they release the spirits through their unique rituals, dances and gestures. These rituals are peculiar, very powerful and seductive. The spirits yell aggressively and move intensely. They are what some old wise people called “the spirits of the air”...

The shamans understand the form and the structure of the spirits and translate the spirits into voices and into other forms, like gesture and picture. These forms are medium that the spirits communicate to regular people. But, most people believe that the representations alone indicate the presence of the spirits. For example, shamans draw arrows over fish as a metaphor to catch the fish. Some other shamans draw a Sun on the ground to transfer the power of the sun to themselves. Some shamans invent new alphabets from such signs and marks. They also set the structure and the use of these languages that are ruled by a “grammar.” Most people didn’t understand this at all because they believe that the representation and its power rule over them. Power of ruling, power of command, power of spelling...

On one level, spelling refers to the correct order of letters to make words. On another level, it is also implicitly associated with “magical power.” This may be the reason that language can be a controlling mechanism.

It is said that human beings are the extended relatives of monkeys. But how do we measure the evolution of mankind? Based on form? Or Time? There are some creatures on the earth that have barely evolved over 200 million years or so. The alligator is the good example to question the theory of evolution. They are stubborn and “counter-evolutionary.” They are called “living fossils,” because they barely evolved. Yes, they are alive but they are fossils, living fossils; they are old stones, so to say. The question is why did they not evolve? According to paleontologists, they might have evolved but we didn’t notice it at all. On the contrary, the evolution of mankind might be illusionary. It may be true that alligators were not able to capture spirits. Perhaps, they did formulate them in a completely different way from our own.

Alligator never knew the shape of the continent or even their own environment. They may not know their own appearances. But still, they were born on a particular continent and they belong on the land, not in the air. While the continent transformed its shape, they failed to adjust their own bodies to the environment. But they did become smaller and short-lived, devolution... Such a sad story, isn’t it? Or who cares!

Shamans who lived on this continent found the way to enter a secret society. But to be honest, how can we know if there ever was a secret society if it was secret!!! Somebody must have spilled the beans! If something is a secret and somebody gets to know the secret, that somebody could be cheating or lying. Cheaters always know truth of their own actions. Or, they may not know how to keep a secret.

Shamans know how to control the flow of information. For shamans, the secret societies are considered the highest spiritual societies. They practice dances and chants to enter this secret society by communicating with “something”, perhaps spirits. I wish I know how to spell “something.”

There is a place referred in Gulliver’s Travels by Jonathan Swift called “JAPAN.” I don’t know if this refers to the same Japan that we normally know. According to Swift, this island exists in the unknown territory on the map that Gulliver navigated. The incredible ability of Gulliver was that he and his crew knew how to read sun, stars, winds, waves, crowds, codes, signals, signs and instructions.

Interesting things happened in the past. One thing is “relocation” of people and the other is “relocation” of monkeys who share an ancestral land, Japan, even though they were not sure who came first. Were people first? Or Monkeys first? That’s why other people make an association between the two by calling both of them “Japanese” to clarify their origins.

The other day, I learned that somebody distributed a paper that stated: “Instruction to All Persons of Japanese Ancestry.” According to this instruction, people of “this land of the free” who happened to have Japanese ancestry had to be interned in a concentration camp. So, they didn’t enjoy the promised freedom for the period that they were interned. Or, the promised freedom was interrupted and suddenly became illusional. On the other hand, approximately 100 Japanese monkeys also known as “Snow Monkeys” were brought to the middle of hot, dry and flat Texas. They were about to be killed in their homeland but they were rescued and adopted by people of Texas. They were lucky to survive and gain their freedom to enjoy their lives and the land! Liberation!!! The promised freedom!!!! But it wasn’t really easy for them, because there were

bobcats and cougars protecting their territory and occasionally there were hunters targeting them. So, they needed to engage in territorial warfare between themselves and the natives to secure the territory. Tora, Tora, Tora!!! to the Pearl....

AL-TAH-JE-JAY, AL-TAH-JE-JAY, AL-TAH-JE-JAY!!! to the Sulfite...

The question is posed, “so, who really owns the land?” or “is it really possible to own the land?” There are so many places that human beings have never reached or explored. Moreover, the earth is constantly transforming its shape!!! So, how come you can own a land that is changing all the time! Some areas expand and others contract. People who own the land have always risked losing it. As for the concept of ownership, I guess this must be magic, black magic, white magic, etc. Again, I believe there must be the spirits in charge and they give us trouble. Some people understand the power of words and they invented the power of “the contract” and mystified the whole notion of “ownership.”

Speaking of “ownership,” when you walk around your neighborhood you sometimes find street signs saying “WE BUY HOUSES, CASH TODAY, FORECLOSURE, DIVORCE.” So, this sign is asking somebody to sell their houses. This company must be looking for any houses. Seriously, I know where there is a beautiful and authentic looking house called the “White House.” It seems that no one has ever tried to buy the house yet. Has anybody tried to buy the house? Maybe, it is available. The White House must be made out of concrete or brick or something very strong. It is strong enough to protect you from bullets and, maybe, bombs. But, how much is the “White House” really worth? Can we foreclose on the house? Or is it better not to buy it? I guess no one really cares or this may not sound logical to anyone at all. Yeah, let’s dismiss this...

A similar story is about people crossing the border and working here. I heard that there is a factory manufacturing American flags in this country. But this company hires people from the other side of the border. They sew flags that are sold to people here. So, the flag that you purchased 8 years ago and the one that flies over your entrance for a national holiday might have been made by one of the illegal workers. This sounds true...yeah... but can be a lie!!!

This raises a question about what is really logical and authentic in your life, or what is really true? Logic works because of the logic of rules or the rules of logic, no? Rhetoric rules the world, although you don't have to follow the rules of rhetoric. But, you understand it as the inescapable magic of rhetoric.

We are all familiar with the fact that the whale resembles a fish, but whales are mammals. They relate to us, because of their biological structure. They have eyes, mouth, lungs, heart and so on. But somebody misunderstood one of its physical traits. You might have heard of this... "Beard of whale." Yes, like the hairy one that people have. So, it's not too ridiculous to believe that whales relate to humans based on this observation. But, the beard of whale actually refers to whale's "teeth." You might not believe it because it really looks like a beard but biologically it is teeth!!! Association is the way to connect what something is and what something looks like for human beings to understand the world. It is difficult to avoid this kind of mistake between appearance and actuality. Mankind invented the way to explain, "what it is" with letters, symbols and whatever. I still think a whale looks more like a fish than like a human being or a monkey. Association of forms and association of colors are actually matters to direct people's interpretation and understanding about things. There is a word called "albino." That word refers to lack of color pigments. Most

likely, most people think "albino" refers to white. But thinking about this color and theory of the color prism, white is not really white. White pigment absorbs all the other colors, and it bounces white light back to eyes. That is why it looks white, and black is not black because black pigment absorbs all the other colors, and it bounces black light to eyes. That is why we see the colors, though if we see things in complete darkness color doesn't matter. The color we see is not there, but in fact it is in your eyes. All colors reflect into your eyes to see, to understand, and to believe... This is how the spirit of light, color of illusion, and light of the spirits, works.

By the way, referring to colors and forms, flags symbolize a lot about representations of a particular people. Each color is supposed to represent the idealized characteristics of the people as a whole, people who belong to a certain country. A country is a political system and a territory with a boundary. It is a combination of physical boundaries, structure of laws and rhetorically constructed stories, or truths. The idea of country symbolizes separation, independence or isolation from others. Separation is important to independence. Independence is important to originality. Isolation, however, is not a good practice, because it can lead to self-righteousness and close-mindedness. Most people don't like the idea of walls and borders. But, territory actually changes because of ownership or conquest. That is why the landlords and the government are always sensitive about redrawing the borders.

As for a story about association and assumption, I have a small stone from the West Texas. This stone's shape is like an irregular triangle. It has strong edges. It seems that this stone can function as a knife for domestic use. But I have no idea if this was really made to be a knife or if this happened to be this shape. The shape made me assume the presence of a creator, even though I don't know if the creator of this "artifact" was the creator... The question is: if this stone is independent or does this stone belong to the creator? Accord-

ing to the “written” history of the area where I picked up this stone, the area used to belong to the Mogollon people in the earlier time. They were the people who inhabited this continent at the same time as the Anasazi people (“Anasazi” actually is a Navajo word means “enemy ancestors” or “ancient people who are not us”). The area used to be associated with the Mogollon, then with Spaniard, then with Mexicans, then with Texans and now with the Americans. But this unidentified stone doesn’t necessarily belong to the land anymore, since it has been separated from the earth. The stone itself is an individual entity, like a baby born out of its parent. If somebody asked where the stone came from? It came from a land went through all of the territorial changes. The stone itself carries the idea of land and the reflective idea of ownership. Does this stone belong to the territory itself or does it belong to history? However, I have it with me now. I possess this fragment of American territory! If you want to buy it, I can sell it to you...!

There are so many stories from everyday life that we often take for granted as true. How can we distinguish the presence of individual in actual life and the presence of individual through a fiction? Some people still believe that some shamans from this land retreated deep into the mountains and deserts. Most people cannot find them or cannot meet them easily. One of the familiar stories narrates the incredible individual named Geronimo. Who has ever really seen Geronimo? The real Geronimo!!! I know his presence only through stories accompanied with a picture of Geronimo and his description. But how can we know if this is the actual Geronimo? Or, it might be true that the guy is Geronimo but there is also a possibility that there were so many other Geronimos, like so many John Smiths. I can worship the spirit of Geronimo, like I do the spirits of my old ancestors who I have never seen but who I can connect with only through stories. I worship the spirits but not the picture. As long as I can

connect myself with the spirits, it doesn’t matter if the image is fake or not, because the image is just a representation, reminder, or just completely different from the original, even if it is an original fake...

My grandmother told a story about a camera. She believed that a camera captures spirit of person, because the camera transfers the spirits of the person on a film as a negative of one’s presence. Many old people were afraid of being captured by the camera.

Only one thing that I can tell is that the actual spirits exist somewhere between rainbow and ghost. People like to find out where rainbow begins. People try to get “there.” But by the time they get there, the rainbow has already moved ahead. We can never reach rainbow. But in the meantime, a ghost is following us. We don’t see it, because it usually appears during night, but we all know that a ghost is always behind us. We know it is “there.” So, that’s why we keep walking... walking... and walking... to catch up the rainbow and to escape from a ghost. It is matter of time, either catch the rainbow or be caught by the ghost, if we can see...

Anyway...

This is just a story...

But also a metaphor of life...

Oh, yes, this is just a narrative...

A fictitious story that we experience everyday...

to the secret society.....

/ Stories of fictitious fact... / 2010 /

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