シェイコフのはしごはぐもをぬけイヴォンのゆかはつちをおりる

いつかのてまねきがせめてきみなら

2016.6.4 - 9.4

美術振興による展覧会愛展
Hisachika Takahashi by Yuki Okumura

LEFICRUM
D.B. でもなぜローマに？
H.T. ミラノのこと？
D.B. ああミラノか
H.T. なぜかというと
　まさかのイタリアに住んでいたから
　1972…いや1962年から
　とにかくその…アシスタントだったので
D.B. ルーチョ・フォンタナの？
H.T. そうそう
D.B. フォンタナと共作したというのは実話？
H.T. もちろん
　まず彼が描いたキャンバスがあって
　裏面がパターンで覆われた作品
　そのころ取り組んでいたスタイルでした
　彼はただそこにカットを加えた
　ヒュップ
　それで僕たちの共作が完成

D.B. Why did you stay in Rome?
H.T. Milan, I think
D.B. Oh, Milan, sorry
H.T. Because
　Well, I was living in Italy
　From 1972… oh no, 1962
　Because… anyway, I was an assistant
D.B. Of Lucio Fontana?
H.T. Yeah, yeah
D.B. Is it true that you did a work together?
H.T. Yes, yes
　I made a canvas itself
　I made it into a pattern painting
　The type of painting I was working on around that time
　And he just cut it
　Swish!
　Then it became our piece
FROM MEMORY DRAW A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
A collaborative project conceived by Hitoshi Takakshi with 22 artists
1977–79
Reed and Birls Himes Collection
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
Dinah Lee Tabak
FANTASTIC NATIONAL BANK OF AMERICA
All of us

Jasper Johns

James Rosenquist

Robert Rauschenberg
あおの
きさらぎのひかり

きった
きさらぎのひかり

まだらかひきとりたんでしょね
うみのゆうか

ぐだたたガラスにきみのけら
こののはしをつむぎたまのはたたき

まばゆいのもとてもみえる
おおけまでのものしあ
ゆめであたるかも

とてもであたるのも
おおけまでのもし
ゆめであたるかも

ジェイコブのししよくもみぬけ
オヴォンのゆうかをふうくする

いつかめのまねがけてきなから

いつかめのまねがけてきなから

いつかめのまねがけてきなから

いつかめのまねがけてきなから

いつかめのまねがけてきなから

いつかめのまねがけてきなから
That day
Lone orange light
You leap out the window and sink
Beyond the sea
In shattered glass pieces of you
Asleep under the vision
Candle burning into morning
To meet in dreams maybe
By now
A blazing bird of life
You pierce the darkness in your climb
Up the sky's edge
Whorling wings enfolding the earth
At the window eyes closed
The brush lasts until tomorrow
To meet in dreams maybe
Jacob's ladder breaches the clouds
Yvon's floor drops into the ground
Would that it were you beckoning that day
Asleep under the vision
Candle burning into morning
To meet in dreams maybe
作品リスト / List of works

高橋尚愛 / Hisachika Takashashi

pp.12-17
メモリー・オープン・ノーメモリー
MEMORY OF NO MEMORY
1973
和紙にカランチュッシュのカシロン
Camel's hair thread on Japanese rice paper
各63.5×97.2 cm, 11枚
63.5×97.2 cm each, 11 pieces

pp.19
レフイオペー・フロム・イズ・クライン・アンド・ミー
LEFTOVER FROM YVES KLEIN AND ME
1982
錫箔、合成樹脂、天然スポンジ、BL、鉄鉛
Dry pigment, synthetic resin, natural sponge, tin, lead
14.5×39×9.5 cm
Collection of Agathe Bonnet

pp.24-29
フロム・メモリードロハイ・ア・マップ・オブ・ザ・ユニテッド・ステイツ
FROM MEMORY DRAW A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
1976-
水彩、鉛筆、33 枚のパチル
Twenty-three drawings on handmade Japanese paper
各46.5×57.8 cm, 13张
46.5×57.8 cm each, 13 pieces
Ricola and Boris Hines Collection

pp.45, pp.48-51
サンセット・ハイチェア
SUNSET HIGH CHAIR
2016
竹、青銅、アルミニウム、カランチュッシュのカシロン
Bamboo, copper, aluminum, camel's hair thread, camel's hair crayon
サイズ可変 (幅52×60×65 cm)
Dimensions variable (Width 52×60×65 cm)

pp.54
アイ・ラブ・マイセルフ
I LOVE MYSELF
2016
木
Wood
18.5×66×15.9 cm

作村雄樹 / Yuki Okumura

pp.3
作村雄樹による作品
Hiroshi Takahashi by Yuki Okumura
2015
ラミネートプリント
Laminated print
38×57 cm
Photo: Yuichi Tamura

pp.8-7
高橋尚愛との対談: ダニエル・バウマンによるインタビュー
Who is Hisachika Takashashi? An Interview by Daniel Baumann
2015
HDビデオ 14:30分再生
HD video, 14:30 min looped
カメラ: Yuichi Tamura
Camera: Yuichi Tamura

pp.20-23
イスラエルの高橋尚愛
Hiroshi Takahashi in Israel
2016
部分的に消された写真2枚（イスラエルのラウンシュバー）/イスラエル美術館（1975年）
Partial-washed-out shots (from Rauschenberg in Israel, published by the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, 1975)
各16.5×22.8 cm, 2枚
16.5×22.8 cm each, 24 pieces

pp.32-41
協働のコラボレーション
Choreography of Collaboration
2016
インクジェットプリント、アルミフレームにドライアウト
Inkjet print mounted on aluminium
148×146.6 cm
Photo: Yuichi Tamura
Painting: Hisachika Takashashi with Lucio Fontana, COLLABORATION (formerly known as Concreto Spaziale, Attiva), 1966, synthetic paint on canvas, 82×50 cm
Location: “Thomas Demand, L’image visible,” Fondazione Prada, Milan
Courtesy of Guggenheim Collection

pp.42-47
サンセット・ビーチ
Sunset Beach
2016
カランチュッシュのカシロン
Camel's hair thread
Guran's Achi crayon
サイズ可変
Dimensions variable

pp.48-71
サンセット・ハイチェア
SUNSET HIGH CHAIR
2016
竹、銅、アルミ、カランチュッシュのカシロン
Bamboo, bronze, aluminum, camel's hair thread, camel's hair crayon
サイズ変動制約 (幅56×60×65 cm)
Dimensions variable (Width 56×60×65 cm)

pp.54
アイ・ラブ・マイセルフ
I LOVE MYSELF
2016
木
Wood
18.5×66×15.9 cm
僕と君のはざま
アンドリュー・マークル
テキスト：加藤夏子

母からその電話を受けてから、僕は中国語を学ぶため京都にいた。友人が死んで、ビルの屋上で身を投じ、年齢は21。
いかに死象をつかないか。ショックだった。問題があることに気がつくと、男は夢中で進む。しかし夢中で進むと、気をつけていくと、ある時、僕たちは新たな興味や気分を持つ。

しかし、僕たちは友人の死を忘れていた。結局、友人が死んだら、僕たちはまた新たな興味や気分を持つ。それは本当かどうか知らなかった。

水たまりを書いたもののは、泉山のもの、こたつのもの、手芸のもの、たきものだ。この泉山は、普通のもの、こたつのもの、手芸のもの、たきものだ。この泉山は、普通のもの、こたつのもの、手芸のもの、たきものだ。この泉山は、普通のもの、こたつ

（第56ページ）
在纽约，我看到了真正的中国，当我从母亲那里得到的书。我的朋友，故土，被我所珍视。我曾在美国度过一段时间，其中的回忆和体验被我珍藏。我珍视与父母的交谈，以及与朋友共度的时光，这些都成为了我生活中宝贵的财富。
brother's place, in Sebastian's place. Through the poem, he is in multiple places at once. There are three lines that specifically repeat once after the introduction, and again at the very end: "Asleep under the vision / candle burning into morning / to meet in dreams maybe."

At their core, stories contain an inherent emptiness. They are like shifting compartments—drawers, or sometimes closets or even rooms—in which we can momentarily insert ourselves to share the experiences of others, and which we can open to others so that they may share our experiences. They allow us to slide in and out of different subjectivities, and also to recognize and appreciate our differences. I tried putting myself in Yuki’s place, and thought of J.’s story. I couldn’t imagine what it is like to lose a brother, so I tried imagining what it is like to lose someone who is, relatively speaking, like a brother—someone I let down, maybe, but also someone who, in the end, didn’t ask for pity. The thing about stories is that they are made up the moment we begin to tell them. Did I really have a friend named J.? Did I truly feel the way I say I did, or am I just molding my feelings to the context? Doesn’t my telling of the story in some way disavow what actually happened? Maybe J.’s story is not mine to tell, but if not mine, who else? The empty space that allows others into our subjective experiences is itself the space of fiction, and of translation, where every truth has a parallel truth, and one word can always be replaced by another. It is the same space between artist and artwork, artwork and viewer. More than Evening Falls, the precondition here is, “Ceci n’est pas une pipe.”

Going back to see the exhibition on another day, I stood once more in the room and read the poem on the wall. It seemed to me that it was not necessary to know the backstory to appreciate the poem. The afternoon light filtering through the glass bricks of Renzo Piano’s architecture played upon the text. The poem is about the setting sun, which, for those with knowledge of Greek myth, also brings to mind the doomed trajectory of Icarus, slipping through the heavens, or Phaethon, Helios’s son, careening about in his father’s burning chariot, only to be struck down by a thunderbolt from Zeus. They died, but were immortalized in stories. “Jacob’s ladder breaches the clouds / You’re not in 1958 anymore / if you were, you’d be bashing that day.” The glass bricks give the illusion that the building is floating in the clouds. Shifting and diffuse, the light that spills through them fills the space with a plentiful emptiness, generic, here and now—time itself.

It is in this emptiness that I notice the voices that echo throughout the entire exhibition on a continuous loop. They come from the video on the opposite side. Who is Hisachika Takahashi? An interview by Daniel Baumann (2015), in which Yuki responds to questions from the Swiss curator Daniel Baumann as if he were Hisachika. “Memory has no form.” Yuki says as Hisachika, “But by giving it form or materializing it, then you can share it with people.” Although it is conducted as a more or less conventional interview, the video is surprisingly captivating. As Baumann asks questions about Hisachika’s life, Yuki’s preoccupations and mental slips, far from betraying the lie, actually reinforce the artifice. Suggesting the effort of a man struggling to recall his memories against the handicap of a second language, they help to create a character who is distinct from Yuki, even if he is not quite Hisachika, either.

There is a sly humor to the camerawork and editing, too, as in one scene where the topic of Hisachika’s floral-print shirt comes up, and the camera cuts to a close-up of Yuki’s shirt, with its garish sumo wrestler motif in gold on a navy ground, or another where mention is made of the small bottle of Bob’s ashes that Hisachika carries with him to his exhibition openings, only for a small bottle of pills to suddenly appear on the table. Throughout, the lines between the staged and the natural, the spontaneous and rehearsed or edited are constantly blurred. At the beginning, Baumann says of Hisachika’s past, “The whole thing could be like a storyteller, and it’s somebody else.” Toward the end, there is a sequence where Yuki speaks as Hisachika speaking as if he were Yuki.

This nested distancing or alienating effect is at play throughout the exhibition, Hisachika Takahashi is proposed in a way as a subject, but we mustn’t take the subject at face value. A temporary structure has been set up in the near gallery: a circuit of walls that create a “museum-like atmosphere.” Those familiar with Le Forum would notice it right away, but even first-time visitors get an inkling of the intervention from the exposed plywood frames on the backside of the walls, along which one must pass to reach the displays, Hisachika’s works are treated with reverence, but we are also made conscious of the façade that supports them, and the production behind it.

The walls open onto a semi-enclosed chamber with some works by Hisachika, Memory of No Memory (1973) and Leftover from Yves Klein and Me (1982). In the former, Hisachika made a series of stage drawings of his favorite red hunting hat, which he replaced every six months with an exact replica. The idea of doing a forragette of something as soft and lumpy as a hat, and in turn the idea of a hat as a marker of time, is a bit absurd, but each six-month period, starting from 1970 through to 1973, has its own hat, with blank sheets prepared up to 1975 still waiting to be filled in. Encased in a Plexiglas box, the latter work is a sculpture Hisachika made by cutting open a can of leftover International Klein Blue pigment that he inherited from the Belgian artist Jef Verheyen, who set up his exhibition at Wide White Space in Antwerp in 1967. It’s quite funny: a squashed disc with two recrinfo metal tabs extending from its side, a kind of rusting Petri dish with an encrustation of mesmerizing blue sprores proliferating from it. Deeper in, there are two rooms dedicated to From Memory Draw a Map of the United States (1971–72), a collaborative instruction piece for which Hisachika had 22 artists, including Bob and Gordon, perform the titular action on sheets of paper he provided them. It’s amusing to read the personalities of the artists in their maps, as with Joseph Kosuth, who simply put two circles on either end of the paper, one labeled “Los Angeles,” and the other “New York.” The maps visualize how we share ideas; how a shared idea is held and expressed differently by each person.

Then the voices interrupt again, “First he asked me, ‘What do you think about death?’ And I was like, you know, I’m not interested in death. I’m interested in life.” Is Yuki using his collaboration with Hisachika to critique himself? It’s easy to forget that this is not just a straightforward exhibition, that there is another mechanism at play. Back in the semi-enclosed space there is a table with images cut out from the photobook Robert Rauschenberg in Israel, published on the occasion of an exhibition at the Israel Museum in 1975. As Bob’s assistant, Hisachika was also there, and he appears in numerous photos. After Bob’s Erased de Kooning Drawing (1953), Yuki has gone through and erased all the details of the photos except for Hisachika’s image to create a new narrative: Hisachika Takahashi in Israel (2016). Both forragette and erasure entail the same mechanics, and maybe the results are not so different. Both share a sense of uncovering something latent within the paper itself. In erasing the surrounding details, Yuki creates entirely new images. They appear almost digitally altered, as though Hisachika were dropped in there with the click of a button, like some joke Internet meme. But there is also a disconcerting echo of the doctoral history photographs that occurred during the Stalinist purges in the Soviet Union, and a reminder of the pitfalls of rewriting history. I know it’s just a trick of the imagination, but I think for a moment that the young Hisachika resembles Yuki.

“I think I— not that I know how, but a bit better than before,” Baumann says to conclude the interview. In the same way that the horizon line and the high chair slide between two and three dimensions in the other room, so too does the exhibition as a whole slide across multiple registers, between Hisachika and Yuki, the individual and collaboration, the personal and the historical or meta, past and present, memory and projection. Some people might come away thinking the entire thing is an elaborate ruse, too real to be true. Is Yuki even-identifying with Hisachika? And is it possible to appreciate Hisachika apart from the history through which he lived? How to establish the proper distance?

It’s strange to start with death when discussing an exhibition that is really quite humorous. (The last work visitors see before getting on the elevator to leave is Hisachika’s slg-shaped chunk of wood with the words “I love myself” carved into it.) But I think the undercurrent of mortality is what gives the project its criticality, saves it from becoming laudatory or fannish. It establishes the stakes: we are all headed for obsolescence—even if, as Yuki/Hisachika says, death is just a transformation, to turn a cliché, it gives the project its mono no aware. Or put another way, its vitality. (Umberto Eco’s theory is that comedy is the “quintessential human reaction to the fear of death,” and that, as such, it casts “a diabolical shade of suspicion behind every proclamation of truth.”) When I imagine climbing Hisachika’s Sunset High Chair, I also recall Yves Klein’s Leap into the Void.

“At the window eyes closed / the hush lasts until tomorrow / to meet in dreams maybe.” J. was a young man who felt his life falling apart, and grabbed himself in despair. If I could speak with him today, I would say, let your dreams be.
銃砲箱（けんじゅうけん）

稲垣圭一

When I recall my past self, that person is someone else.

In the past, the past is present.
And my past self is someone I have loved.
But even that is just something I glimpse in a dream.

Ricardo Reis

Andrew Marvell's excellent critical essay, literary in nature and comprehensive in its discussion of the exhibition, leads us to the scene of the Sunset Chair: Memory of No Memory. Florida at sundown, the lone orange light of that day fading into orange, the Porfírio shifts, constantly overwritten and updated by someone else's memories.

The Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa published literature not only under his own name but also as a series of fictional authors he called "heterarchies," which had not only different names but also their own distinctive personalities. Yuki Okumura's focus on the issues of authorship and the "I" as subjects to be explored, in a different form, investigation of multiple "heteronymous" authorship that runs as a constant thread through Pessoa's oeuvre. By becoming someone else, or multiple people, through the use of names, both create new layers and disruptions in the concepts of the artist and the work. A phrase from Pessoa's prose urges the reader to "be multiple, like the universe," and this resonates with the title of Okumura's 2012 work Canned Multiverse.

Hисаки Tахасхi by Yuki Okumura is an experimental exhibition that superposes two artists on one another, and can be interpreted as either a solo Okumura exhibition or a solo Takashiki exhibition. The show arose out of interactions between the artists that began in 2013, and unfurled under the guidance of Okumura's narrative Me­mories of Hisakichi Takashihi", which tells of how Okumura encountered the older artist after discovering his archive of the same name, how they both moved into a room that continues to this day, the surface of the exhibition, and his interpretations of Takashiki's work.

In this exhibition, Okumura will attempt to act as a host for Takashiki, Okumura replicates Takashiki by letting the senior artist inhabit his own body, while on the other hand Takashiki also acts as a host allowing parasitic inhabitation by the mediator, one could say that over his 40 years as the artist's assistant, while remaining an artist in his own right, Takashiki existed as part of the heteronym "Robert Rauschenberg."

Takahashiki's landscape

The early 1970s American scene evoked by Takashiki's hand-drawn map project FROM MEMORY DRAW A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES (1971-72) is an interlude to the 170 years of art and the American experience. It is not that we are suddenly reminded of something different.

The deliberate attention to the nature of the diagram, drawing, painting, and the process by which they are created, offers a glimpse into the mind of the artist, and the way their thoughts are reflected in the image.
in many projects thus far Okamura has acted as if he were leading away authorship while at the same time creating a new author, medium, and commentator. These tactics thrill us and may confuse us at times. However, they also create hubristic possibilities for the whereabouts of the “I” and only for a fleeting moment, enable us to seize the controls of the “I” and hurdle through the space between artist and medium and the interstices of history. Criticism of a single, specific “author” is performed by the chain of subjectivities we call the “I” which also includes the viewer.

In this exhibition, the overlap and disconnects between these two artists take on an entirely new dimension. Sunset High Chairs and Sunset Song are mutual images through the memories. They represent new, shared endeavors arising from the dialogue between Okamura and Takahashi in recent years.

Memory can disappear very easily. But if you have some kind of project for memory, you can go back the rest of your life. It’s nice to have an image intact. New, memory can be just facts.36

The high chair looking out over the sunset is derived from Takahashi’s memories of a chair in front of Rauschenberg’s studio in Florida. A horizon line in Caran d’Ache crayon can be seen. After a long deliberation, Okamura has given form to “language,” the medium that he has employed very often in his practice, with form. As in a trance state, fragments of others’ memories meet with his own, drifting across a white wall like musical notes, speaking directly to the ear like words inspired by birth. I am trying to make a foliage rubbing of the future, superimposing the figures of the two artists on my afterimage of the sunset. How did the two of them recall the landscapes of their own pasts through another one’s work, and what words did they exchange?

While vicariously experiencing the time that the two artists undertook together, I came to think in terms of a single, united artist rather than in terms of specific authorship or work of art. When I really feel like making something, I just do it.45

Leaving this essayUntitled to the end is a way of inattentionishing for the answers to the various questions that the two artists thrash at us.

In closing, we would like to thank Rocio and Boos Himma for kindly lending the work from their valuable collection.