

# Finnish Writers in Youkobo 2017 #2

Finnish Writers in Tokyo in cooperation with the Union of Finnish Writers, Helsinki  
and Youkobo Art Space, Tokyo

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# Foreword

Hiroko Murata

Acceptance of artists and researchers at Youkobo began in 1989, establishing itself as a site of creation and research for foreign artists. In recent years, Youkobo has also accepted artists recommended by international organizations. This program is co-organized by the Finnish Writers Association (UFW, The Union of Finnish Writers, Suomen Kirjailijaliitto), and began in 2016. This is the second year Youkobo is accepting Finnish authors through the program. The first team of writers had stayed for three months last autumn (September to November). This time it was three months in spring (March to May). Staying at Youkobo for consecutive one-month periods, three authors traveled to Tokyo and other regions, gaining experiences of a different culture through daily life that and provided inspiration for their creative activities. We believe it was a mutually fruitful experience. The authors contributed the essays included here after their residencies. The footprints they have left, such as the exchanges of creative ideas with other artists staying at Youkobo, as well as the interactions with Japanese artists, are invaluable and it is my wish that this program continues in the future.

2017 Residents FWU

2017.03.01 - 2017.03.31 Saku Heinänen

2017.04.01 - 2017.04.29 Maria Matinmikko

2017.05.01 - 2017.05.31 Catharina Gripenberg



## Saku Heinänen

Author and illustrator. He has worked previously as a professional type designer and professor of graphic design at Aalto University. He has written and illustrated two successful children's novels, *Zaida and the Snow Angel* (Finlandia Junior nominee 2014) and *Zaida and the Thunderbolts* (Arvid Lydecken nominee 2015).



## Maria Matinmikko

Helsinki-based writer. Her genre lies somewhere between poetry and prose. She has just recently (February 2017) completed her trilogy comprising books *Valkoinen* (White, 2012), *Musta* (Black, 2013) and *Värit* (Colors). *Valkoinen* won the prize for best collection of poetry awarded by the Finnish Broadcasting Company. It was the first time a debut was recognized in this competition. *Musta* also received laudatory reviews. She is Master of Philosophy, her main area of focus being aesthetics.



## Catharina Gripenberg

Born 1977 in Jakobstad, Finland. She writes in Swedish and belongs to the Swedish-speaking minority of Finland. She has published four collections of poetry and written plays for the theatre. Polyphonic or multi-voiced texts and investigating norms and social codes are some of the focal points in her writing. She has a Master of Arts in Literature from the University of Helsinki. Her poetry has received prizes such as the Swedish National Radio's Poetry Prize. She also works as a literary editor at Ellips, a small press specializing in poetry, essays and mixed genre writing. Gripenberg currently lives in Copenhagen, Denmark.

# My Double

Saku Heinänen

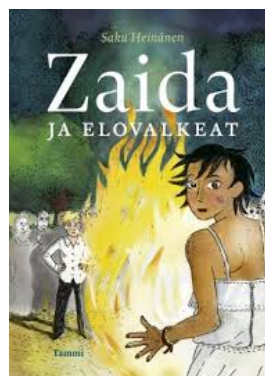
As a writer, I have always been thrilled by the literary theme of double, or as the German term goes, *Doppelgänger*. It is present in many novels, but there are also accounts of authors meeting their doubles, from J.W. von Goethe to Guy de Maupassant. Usually the stories are dark and ominous: seeing your double means either illness or imminent death.

In Julio Cortázar's wonderful short story *The Distances*, Alina Reyez de Aráoz, a young Argentinian woman, a pianist bored with her too-comfortable social life, dreams up her double in wintry Hungary. She marries a man she doesn't really love – rather despises – but who has the means to take Alina Reyez to Budapest. There, she walks over a bridge she has seen many times in her imagination. In the middle of the bridge she meets a poor haggard woman, who forcefully hugs her – and they exchange identities. Alina Reyez is left, horrified, to shiver in broken shoes and worn-out clothes, while the Hungarian beggar hurries away from her, now wearing *her* stylish warm clothes, looking exactly like her...

One of my all-time favourites, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, has written a novella titled precisely *The Double*. This short book precedes his great stories – *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Brothers Karamazov* – and marks Dostoyevsky's turn from a sociological to psychological focus, which he then mastered in those later multi-volume novels. The protagonist of *The Double*, titular councillor Yakov Petrovich Glyadkin – after having been embarrassingly thrown out of a party – encounters his double on a snowy November night by the Fontanka river in Sankt Petersburg. After that they start meeting more and more often until the *Doppelgänger* finally usurps Glyadkin's life and he himself (*sic*) is taken into an asylum.

The ones concerning the authors themselves tend to be grim, too. For instance, Maupassant had been working on his horror story *The Horla* when a figure had entered his study. The person, an exact replica of Maupassant himself, had then dictated the words for him. Shortly afterwards, the writer had fallen seriously ill, descended to insanity, and died. Couldn't there be a *Doppelgänger* story with a happy end?

After completing three novels for young readers, I was working on my first novel for adults in November 2016 when I received an email announcing that I am offered a residency period in Tokyo. I still worked part-time in a university, but my professorship was about to terminate by the end of the year.



I was already looking forward to the beginning of 2017, because for that year I had a 12-month working grant from Finnish Cultural Foundation – final freedom from the teaching job and a blessing for any writer, because the book sales themselves are so modest. I had always dreamed about travelling to Japan, too, but the country had seemed far away and I had never had an incentive to do so.

I was extremely delighted. I now had the opportunity to concentrate on writing in that intriguing, almost mythic country! I became also nervous: what did I need to know in advance, what should I plan to do, see, or eat there? The first draft of the novel, under the work-title *The Shortest and Longest Day*, was proceeding well, and I reckoned that in the full month of March I would be able to work more leisurely. I contacted my friends who had travelled in Japan, colleagues who had worked in Tokyo, and my former students who had been there in exchange (they are many, as Japan is a popular destination for art and design students). I gathered an impressive to-do list: areas and spots within and outside of Tokyo; streets and parks; bookstores; museums; bars, cafés and restaurants.

I arrived at Youkobo on the first of March, 2017. The welcome was hearty and made me immediately feel at home with the hosts, the lovely Muratas, and with their helpful and friendly assistant Makiko. I was shown to my apartment – number three – which was spacious and well-furnished, and even had a large balcony facing southwards over a peaceful lush garden. I also met my fellow residency artists, Nicola from Australia and Xiang Yun from Singapore, with whom I soon become good friends.



My editor had read the first version of *The Shortest and Longest Day* during the Christmas holidays. We had met in January, and I had received her very critical first feedback. I had decided not to touch the manuscript until I was in the solitude of the Youkobo residence, and had instead written some 100 pages of notes, suggestions, and improvement ideas for the novel.

So, my task in Youkobo was to write the second version of the book. It is a one-day novel, set in or split between two days – the Lucia Day, a traditional Scandinavian celebration for the winter solstice, and the Midsummer Day, the summer solstice. The days of the story are 20 years apart, and the parallel narratives take place in two locations in Finland.

After the very first days of my residency I noticed that I not only needed but really wanted to immerse myself in the writing. I was still recovering from the blow of the negative feedback, but agreed with the comments of my editor: the text was imperfect and needed a lot of attention. I had to especially get into the skin of my main character: I had to try to *be* that person, *live* those two days as her – the days that were now so remote not only time-wise but also geographically. I had to use all my imagination, stretch my memory, and sensitize my emotions to the fullest. All this required immense concentration and focusing.

But I also wanted to see Tokyo and Japan! I decided that I needed a double. And so, for the weeks that followed, I divided myself in two.

There was the hermit who enclosed himself into the apartment number three; who woke up at the sunrise and took the coffee-pot to the writing desk; who hastily fried some tofu and cooked rice for meals; who drank the cheap local whisky and worked until midnight, went to bed and turned off the light – and repeated this day after day.

There was also the outgoing student and explorer of Japan, who visited the museums, bookstores, and temples my friends had recommended; who ate out and tasted the local food; who followed the Youkobo staff and the other artists to exhibition openings, art fairs and other events.



The hermit wrote the second version of the novel, finishing right on the second-last day of his residency: he then had one more day to read it through, to make some cosmetic changes, and to send it to the editor. It took several packs of coffee, a couple of whisky bottles, and uncounted beer cans and crisp bags – nothing very Japanese.

The active visitor met: an acquaintance from book publisher Nishimura happened to live close by and invited him to her home to meet her family and her international friends; his fellow artists introduced him to their colleagues; translators, artists and art students came to Youkobo's openings. He learnt a bit of Japanese. He shared lunches and dinners and enjoyed the local cuisine in many forms; became finally a real tourist and ventured outside of Tokyo, rode the Shinkansen train to Kyoto... wait, or did he?

Anyway, they were both happy. But things had to come to an end. After the month had passed, they were standing at the Narita airport. Through the passport and security check they couldn't go separately, so the hermit and the tourist twins needed to merge to my one old self. With conflicting emotions, I settled in my seat of the long Japan Air flight, shed a tear, and waved goodbye to Japan that I already missed.



# BEING IN AND OUT

Maria Matinmikko

I spent April 2017 in Youkobo. I applied the residency via The Union of Finnish Writers. Fortunately I was chosen and everything was perfectly arranged by Youkobo and the Union.

Tokyo's first kiss was rather chilly and rainy but the weather was soon getting warmer. April is also the season for world famous cherry blossom so the cold surprise was soon forgotten and painted in pink. When arriving I was worried about finding my way to the residency but already at the airport I understood that everything is well marked in Tokyo. The welcoming by Youkobo staff was kind and cheerful. The other artist in April was Norwegian visual artist Espen Iden. It was a pleasure to meet him, his work and spend a bit of time with him during the month.

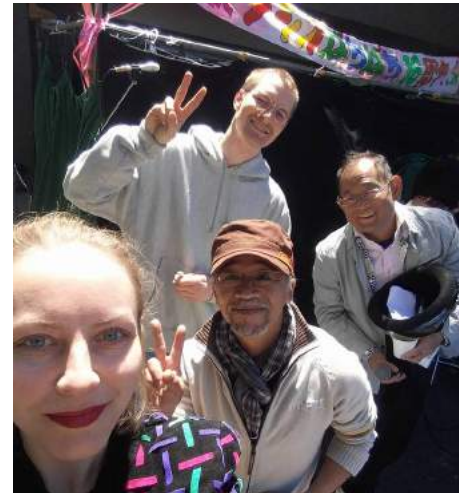


I managed to work on the two projects I had in mind. First of all I worked on my fourth book called *Kolkka* (Corner). At the beginning of the book the main character arrives to a land that does not exist. The book examines among other things the cultural-related ideas about right and wrong, purity and impurity by distancing the narrative to an imaginative land. My texts always hold a great understanding about the bodily existence; everything that happens to a person, happens also the person's body and the body is always located in a physical environment. The book challenges the reader by mixing (world)views, landscapes, manners and affections. In its own way the book is a journey to our global time.

The other project is a collaboration with a Finnish author and researcher Markku Eskelinen. The project is "a time-fiction". It will be realized in virtual form being part of post-Oulipo anthology written by a group of Finnish writers. The anthology will be published at the spring 2018.

It was easy for me to plan my days. Several days in a week I went to downtown but I also did spend days working in Youkobo. Being a writer is a very independent task so I am used to do things on my own. The amount of people in the city did surprise me. Many times I got very tired only by visiting the downtown. In the whole Finland there is 6 million people and only in Tokyo there is more than 13 million people. I thought that my body and mind is not used to deal with such a big amount of people – but this was not actually a problem, it was only different and also interesting. I rested by sleeping well in Youkobo. The location of the residency being far from downtown required effort to travel but on the other hand the hassle did not reach Zempukuji.

In Tokyo I ate a lot of sushi, tasted some strange unknown meals and some fantastic meals, drank a bit of sake, enjoyed the politeness, sun, onsens and experimental fashion, was mesmerised by the Shibuya crossing, read a book of Kawabata and another book about the aesthetics and culture of Japan, read Irigaray on my phone in metros, bought a book of koans, celebrated and experienced a private karaoke room, met some locals, loved the cherry blossom, progressed with my book and found some new ways to write, was glad to meet three young Finnish woman working at The Finnish Institute In Japan, grew the confidence in myself when orienteering, went to see the astonishing Mt. Fuji from the Lake Kawaguchiko, took some photographs, made notes and observations, saw myself and my western background once again in a new light, was very delighted by the kindness and helpfulness of the Youkobo staff.



During my stay I was inspired by many museums (Museum of Photography, National Museum of Tokyo, Roppongi Mori Art Museum, National Museum of Modern Art, Ota Memorial Museum, Tokyo Metropolitan Art Museum), parks (Jindai Botanical Garden, Gyoen Park in Shinjuku, Meiji Shrine in Harajuku), areas (Kichijoji, Shibuya, Shinjuku, Harajuku, Asakusa, Nishi-Ogikubo) and onsens (in Ogikubo, Shimura-Sakaue and Lake Kawaguchiko near Mt. Fuji). I have visited Japan once before (Kyoto, Nara, Osaka, Kinokuniya Onsen) so it was not my first time in the country. I also did observe the manners, mentalities, structures and atmospheres in Tokyo. It was interesting and fruitful – knowing of course all the time that the perception and interpretation was made by my personal consciousness. Sometimes I felt being an outsider and not connected, sometimes I felt being in the pulse of the city and tuned into the right frequency. These are both valuable experiences. As a writer I want to be in and out. The residency period was successful.

When leaving Tokyo, summer had arrived. I had three flights also when going back. After Tokyo Helsinki felt almost deserted, grey and boring. Few days after arriving to Helsinki it was snowing! What a shock. Now that I have been already several weeks in Helsinki, I somehow still can feel the Tokyo in me. I miss the food, the colors of Tokyo and surprisingly I miss the feeling of metropolis.

# Suginami notebook

Catharina Gripenberg

[Take off]

A swarm of symbols, syllables, approaching, starting to mount around me, scaffolding I'm climbing, unable to read, but climbing vertically, horizontally, Japanese characters.

[Flight mode]

Awake over northern Siberia, next to a brain scientist from Lithuania. The brain scientist has a fever and a cold. Steering in over China, along the closed North Korean airspace, moving in over territorial waters. Before departure I downloaded an earthquake alert app, and was simultaneously suggested one that guides you to the nearest earthquake shelter. But I doubted I would be able to find them, in the different numeric street system. Decided instead to seek writing desks, open spaces, sports fields, parks, temple yards. (But, during my Japanese stay, the earth lay meticulously motionless.)

[Landing]

Descending through the sound-absorbing terminal. At the baggage belt I watch a group of Japanese women bid farewell to each other, bowing deeply, their heads and backs in a straight line, like illustrations in a guide to Japanese bowing (*"It may help to imagine that you're standing with your legs flush against a wall when you begin your bend"*). The brain scientist is welcomed by her husband, who tenderly covers her nose and mouth with a surgical type of mask. Fall asleep on the bus, wake up when it crosses a bridge and Tokyo's skyscrapers are rising on the other side. Bend into the urban woods. From Kichijoji station a taxi with lace curtains and a white-gloved elderly taxi driver. The Youkobo sign comes into view, and a smiling waving Makiko. I meet the other artists-in-residence, Dan (from Tokyo), Richard (New Zealand) and Jean-Baptiste (France), and Youkobo's Hiroko, Tatsuhiko, Makiko and Jaime, for a welcome dinner in a nearby restaurant. We enter shoeless through a slide door into a room with a lowered table. Servers slide the door open with happy high-pitched howls and small plates with dishes. We toast. I taste fermented chicken liver. Bedtime, all the nights of the time zones, now layered in my sleep.



[3.5]

Elderly uniformed men, along the sidewalk, waving me over quiet crossings. I arrive smoothly at the local supermarket's fruit mountains and cooling temperatures, the unfamiliar fishes, sashimi portions, sections with long rows of soy sauce, sake cartons and bottles in different sizes, bento lunchboxes, the supermarket jingle played on repeat through the loudspeakers.



Lunch in a ramen shop. The cook acknowledges every customer with a hello and goodbye, a mild phrase that is repeated in the room. Unable to read the Japanese menu on the ticket machine at the entrance, I push the same button as the woman before me. Nobody is really talking to each other. Here I could spend my residency, in the pot steam, in the small undecorated room, with the customers, the solitary eaters, sitting around a bar, and watch the ramen cook's repetitions of movements and the stream of the guests. My fellow eaters are slurping politely. I try too, but it seems like you need some practice.

In the afternoon Tatsuhiko shows me the nearby Shinto shrine. Visitors walking up the stairs, bowing, and clapping their hands together. Wishes written on small wooden bricks clattering.

[6.5]

The (brain scientist's?) cold and fever caught up with me. Lying in bed for the past couple of days with a high temperature, filling the wastebaskets with paper napkins that I bring down to the carefully time scheduled trash and recycling station at dusk. Have felt ashamed of my red nose, among passersby wearing surgical masks. I bought myself a set in the supermarket's wide mask selection, but when wearing one my breath steams my eyeglasses, making the view dim. Have been listening to Tokyo move outside, and to the evening song that is played every day at 6 pm from the neighborhood's loudspeakers, for the children, telling them that it's time to go home, to quit the games, that evening has come. But I'm already lying in my bed, called into my neighborhood.

[8.5]

Feeling better, I make slow walks in the area. Solid-looking houses, as if drawn sharply with a pencil, built for an unpredictable ground, compact homes, squeezed in along the roads, trees and plants pushing out of the narrow gardens. One wooden house, deserted, with a bigger garden growing wildly over it, different from the newer ones made of concrete. In the afternoon I bicycle up to Shakujii Park: tall trees, wooden promenade jetties along the lake, several shrines in the greenery, one hidden uphill, in solitude, apart from a man briefly making a stop to pull the rope of a bell, and a woman walking up, kneeling on the stairs.



[11.5]

Evening, take the bus down to Nishi-Ogikubo with Dan, J-B and Richard, where we meet some of Dan's friends. We continue to a gallery, run by one of Dan's acquaintances, and buy small sake bottles in a kiosk on the way. The gallery is tiny, a blanket is laid on the floor where we all pack in. We sing for Dan, it's his birthday. Some are painting portraits of each other in the ring we're sitting in, knee-close. We look at an artist's pictures of a simple wooden house in Fukushima, torn down by the tsunami, a temple, which he has rebuilt, and painted clear blue lines around. Walk at midnight through the calm streets, early summer green leaves. The deal with Dan: he'll teach me a Japanese word every time we meet.

[12.5]

I try the train lines for the first time. A man comes up to me on the platform, asks where I'm going and travels a couple of stations with me. At Shinjuku he leads me to my connecting line, and hands me a better train map. He gives me his business card (it says he's a hairdresser) and leaves as friendly and swiftly as he occurred. Walk among the lit showcases in silent rooms at the National Museum. In the museum bookshop I buy a translation of a seventeenth century Ninja training manual, the *Shoninki*, which I think of using somehow in future writing:

*"One of the shinobi skills is to sometimes vary their footsteps in the dark [...] There are ten variations of this type of deceptive stepping: 1. Nukiashi – Stealthy footsteps where you pull up your feet. 2. Suriashi – Sliding your feet along the ground. 3. Shimeashi – The tip-toe gait, this is where you restrain your footsteps or tighten your walk. 4. Tobiashi – A form of bounding. 5. Kataashioto – A limping walk. 6. Oashi – Walking with long strides. 7. Koashi – Walking with short strides. 8. Kizamiashi – Chopping steps. 9. Hashiriashi – Running. 10. Tsunenoashi – Normal walking."*

*"Well-traveled roads taste salty, remember this if you taste them."*

[13.5]

I attend a poetry reading in Japanese in Nishi-Ogikubo. Steady rain throughout the day, the tabi-shoes stays wet. I listen, read faces and intonations. The event seems local, and the performing poets appear to know each other. One poet reads an English translation, so I will be able to get an idea of something. The group will arrange a new reading on Saturday and welcomes me to participate.

[15.5]

I bicycle to Kichijoji and Inokashira Park. Tree crowns mirrored in the evening lake. A performer doing illusionary tricks for children. Unfamiliar hoots from the nearby zoo. I continue, trying to keep the way back in my head, while the neon signs are starting to light up, and all the small eateries place fluttering curtains in front of their entrances. Izakayas, twinkling karaoke bars and game arcades. The train line running overhead. I circle around and take photos in the evening darkness. Have a long lost-in-translation conversation with a guard sitting under the train line, watching over an adjoining gated bicycle parking lot. But somehow I (think I) understand his extensive explanation in Japanese, or imagine a translation to follow.

[17.5]

Visit the book town, Jinbōchō. Streets with adjacent bookstores, most of them second hand, some antique, with expensive script rolls and old maps. Book piles from the floor to the roof, and outside in the streets, stacked along the fronts, a beige tone along the papery streets, like walking in a book. And inside, behind the piles, the bookshop keepers, who look like they have been sitting there for decades.



[18.5]

Visit the National Museum of Modern Art. See Ueda Shoji's photos of groups of people arranged in the sand dunes outside of his hometown, Kikuchi Keigetsu's "Hakurome, woman who dyed her teeth black" and Yozo Hamaguchi's mezzotinted nightly watermelon. Continue to the Crafts Gallery, but I'm walking too fast, impatiently, like I have to fill my eyes up to the brim with objects in too short a period of time. *Oashi* walking with long strides through the Palace Garden in rain. Passing Ginza's hard shopping boulevards, *hashiriashi* running, escaping out. In the Tokyo Station's underground, ink walking along arrows drawn on a station map by information desk staff, until I find the westbound blue train line. Office people on their way home, some holding on to their briefcases as they sleep, which seems to be timed according to when they have to get off.

[19.5]

I hold a presentation at Youkobo about my writing. Afterwards we visit the gallery fair of a cultural institute. Outside in the street a fire brigade is having a rehearsal, hollering, running, stretching out fire hoses on the asphalt, like a self-styled art installation. We have dinner in a nearby restaurant (the fire brigade as well), and later take the train towards Nishi-Ogikubo, where J-B, Richard and I spend the rest of the evening in a bar with a former professional kick boxer in a suit now working for Google, a French-Moroccan couple living in Tokyo for ten years, and the other customers. A Japanese couple is leaning over the counter like they are in a deep sleep, before they stumble out and sway from one side of the pedestrian road to the other on their way home, holding on to each other affectionately.

[22.5]

+28°C, I sit behind the curtain working, waiting for the day to cool. The balcony door open, the mosquito net door closed, the green inner yard, the waving big banana leaves. Late afternoon I take the train lines, get off on random stations, walk through neighborhoods, walk along a long canal. Walk to a huge bookshop, Daikanyama Tsutaya, three annexes with different sections. A shelf with Japanese modern poetry (no translations, unfortunately). See people being squeezed into the trains during rush hour by white-gloved guards.

[24.5]

Daytime, work. Evening, dinner in Richard's flat. Dan and Richard's New Zealand-Japanese food. In Richard's studio the clay that he kneads every day at a certain time when the sunlight falls in in the same angle, in the video he's recording for the Youkobo exhibition, the clay shaping, and at the end of each clip being molded into itself again, resting on the table, in a pause under a cloth, like now.

[25.5]

Visit the Mori Art Museum. Sit in the museum café on the 52<sup>nd</sup> floor next to the tall windows, leaning out over the office buildings, elevated highways, the view almost hurting the eyes, the daylight, the city continuing. Return in the evening to Kichijoji and an izakaya, drowning in talk, surrounded by all the noisy "after work" people. Walk through the residential streets up to Youkobo, the stillness, now, here, on the other side of the planet, a thrilling stillness, of walking home, over here.



[27.5]

Farewell tea in the Youkobo office. In the evening I visit an onsen in Ogikubo with our French-Moroccan acquaintance. We sink into the pools. The first one with hot blackish volcanic water. One is carbonated, like floating in a bowl of sparkling water. A Finnish sauna (with a TV inside, very unfinnish), a Korean sauna, and an empty room with a floor covered with heated orange crystalline stones, where we lay down. We have a meal with the cucumber-like knobby and bitter vegetables on Fuji mountain patterned plates in a small place run by a woman from Okinawa. I make it to the last bus towards Youkobo before midnight.

[29.5]

Evening after work, I bicycle east, remembering my route with the help of the sound of the train line, roll through quarters, streets and alleys, new luminous city centers appear, the sound of the train in the dark, the light from the bicycle dynamo sweeping over the road, my own *Tokyo by night* light source.

*"If you come to a crossroads [...] and do not know which way to take, instead of dwelling on it you should recite an old verse, the first one that flashes into your mind. Then count how many syllables in the verse and choose to go right if it's odd and go left if it's even and do not have any doubts about the decision in the end."*



[30.5]

Cleaning day. When my traces are sponged away, I bicycle to Nishi-Ogikubo with Dan, Richard and J-B for dinner. In Dan's studio now a plastic pool to be filled with water, hoses and painted canvases that will be rinsed out in a circulation of water. Later we lead the bikes along the long straight road leading up through the villas. Some office people walking home with their briefcases, figures in the warm evening, moving silently after one another, disappearing behind the gateways, into the dense gardens.

[International air space]

Russia opens its Siberian drapes. Pictures flutter through the head: The trains trembling under and above the city, out of one district, into a new scenography. The north, west, east, south, northeast exits and exits to other exits of underworld train stations. The lights in the night, rolling out into the distance like a glittery carpet. The ramen shops. The pitched female voices. The birds that wake up at dawn sounding like old enraged men. Bicycling in Kyoto from one world heritage to another, seeing Sanjūsangen-dō's rows of 1001 sooty Kannon statues, and uphill, to Otagi Nenbutsu-ji's stone figure's moss covered faces, and at night time through the Imperial Palace Garden, the wall stretching for blocks, the dynamo light sweeping over the gravel. Tokyo's citizens, leading you, with or without translations.

[Return]

*Suriashi* walking in the Nordic light summer still in Tokyo's night. I sleepwalk through the June greenery. Suddenly the night spills in, and I could sleep for hours, but set the alarm ten minutes forward. During ten minutes I sleep for hours. The day has a slit where the night planet spins. I walk in light day in a far away night, shipping a time zone still in deep sleep.

*Suimin*, sleep

*yoru*, night

*wakusei*, planet

*jitaku*, home

*kōbō*, studio

*kōbō*, play, curtains opening,

*Youkobo*.

\*<sup>1</sup>Antony Cummins and Yoshie Minami: *True Path of the Ninja*, Tuttle Publishing, 2011

