



Frozen Murmur

Frozen Murmur(個展)
Stiching Kaus Australis
ロッテルダム, オランダ

Jan.19 - 25
2009

During my stay here, I often look up at the sky where several jet streams intersect, remembering something that I shared with my friend.

She and I lost our family in the airplane crash in the heart of a mountain of Gunma prefecture. For us, climbing the mountain means visiting our family's grave.

Trees there became tall now

and seem to have forgotten the tragic accident. I had a sense that families were still stay somewhere under those trees, in the "concentrated" air the sunbeam doesn't reach out. Formal occasions such as wedding and funeral give us the opportunity to let us accept any kind of turning point of life. We are in thinking what to do, when people of various religions from different areas come,

together in one place, meet ridges of mountains and pass away. This is also one of the turning.

She said, "If a ceremony is held here, your profession might be just right." and talked about her plan to cover the accident site with snow. Her feeling isn't so far from offering flowers to the dead. Her thought has been dwelling in my mind.

YAMADA, Kenji

copyright © YAMADA, Kenji All rights reserved.