

A.W.#3, Artificial Walk #3, Tokyo 20191019
Operation Indigo: Ritual, the best way to wash all.

In the afternoon, Belgian artist Marie creates her performance " A.W.# 3, Artificial walk #3. I went down to the studio, and I couldn't believe that the originally messy house had been converted into an art gallery only in one day. The video, the installation, the exhibition, points in place, and even the windows are wiped to super transparent. I turned my head and said: " This is totally professional!"

Marie invited 8 Japanese residents to join her, to wear a blue tarpaulin and walk from Iwamotocho through the most lively Akihabara, up to 3331 Arts Chiyoda, make a U-turn around the big Camphor tree and then come back along a different path, and have an artists conversation.

Why would it be 8 participants? Marie said there would be a total of 9 people including herself. And 9 represents a complete beauty.

I had to admire her powerful vibe. Everyone was excited about the exhibition, but when Marie appeared in her blue woolen garb, she suddenly brought a sense of solemnity. She first dressed up the performers with a blue tarpaulin mantle, like some kind of ritual, and when it was finished, the whole atmosphere was transformed into a realm of silence and light.

Led by Marie, the team first walked through the residential area, up the flyover, across the bridge over the Kanda river, then through the raging flow of people. Pedestrians were curious to see. Some people quickly take selfies with the blue team in the background, some take a sneaky look and then quickly hide. A hurried bike racer is crossing the team gap. The tourists asked their companions, " What is this?". Partner back: "It looks mysterious, it's supposed to be the making of a movie?"

Because the walk is really long distance, Marie is moving a little faster than she did in the previous editions of the performance. In my opinion, her velocity corresponds to the urban rhythm of Tokyo. Interestingly, although Marie has accelerated slightly, Tokyo's human flow, pedestrian reactions and running speed, the entire performance came into being like a miracle. Photographers and cameramen are in charge, there are always people that run in and out, it was an extremely difficult operation!

Even more interesting, the blue flow is flowing undauntedly and calmly through the Akihabara district. Marie says the blue tarpaulin is like an artificial extension around the human body. When a group of people walk together they generate "A.S., Artificial Spirituality " that is even more necessary than " A.I., Artificial Intelligence".

As the performers walk, the blue mantles drag over the tarmac. I saw a few times people almost stepping on the tarpaulins, but they always realized its presence in time, without ever causing accidents, as careful as they treat another soul.

Finally, the blue artificial spirituality- team returned to the studio, and the participants took off their tarpaulin with the artist's signature on it, they put in their handbag and carried it home.

Marie went in to undress and hung her indigo-blue dress in a corner of the gallery, with her according woolen shoes. Some rituals seem to be completed, but the footprint of the action is revealed in the corner.

The question why I came to Tokyo arose and wanted to be explored this time, I got an implicit answer. But the shock is still too heavy, and it needs to precipitate again.

After the artist's conversation, we went out to eat ramen together and went to the 3331 Art Chiyoda Center for an exhibition opening. Probably too excited by what happened this afternoon, Emily gave me a glass of white wine, before I finished it a relaxed feeling of exhaustion hit me. Having a little chat with an artist, I feel like going home to sleep.

And at this time, in the sea of people, I could feel a pair of eyes gaze. Once back, my Tokyo white rose was glowing in the night, making people want to get closer, but holding back. In a city with no hidden and unseen objects, the strongest feelings are hard to say. The mind can only be fully expressed in the " distance ". The art of distance is the way to love the city. Cling it to your heart tightly, with (between your eyebrows) a layer of glass. We stepped out of the art center and walked. The four of us suddenly were speechless. No one wanted to break that silence. It wasn't until the light passed that Marie started another topic.

And I, in this time of silence, found that my love for Tokyo is real and huge. My heart overflows. This moment, I'm going to remember forever. I won my love back.

Eric Chi-Puo Lin, October 19, 2019

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<https://www.kobo.com/tw/zh/ebook/WsOSjkOTmzy9S2Wf-Y94zA>

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