



Turn over



EXIT



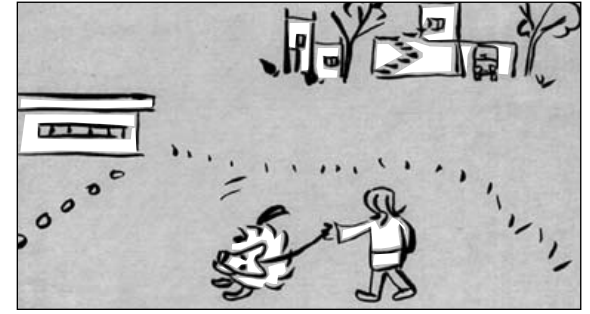
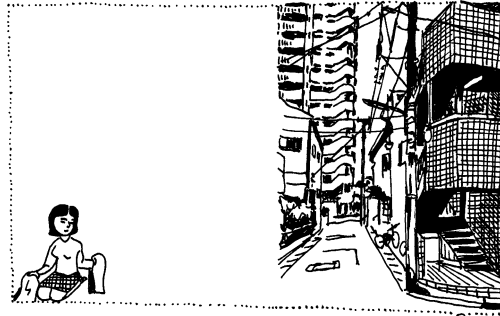
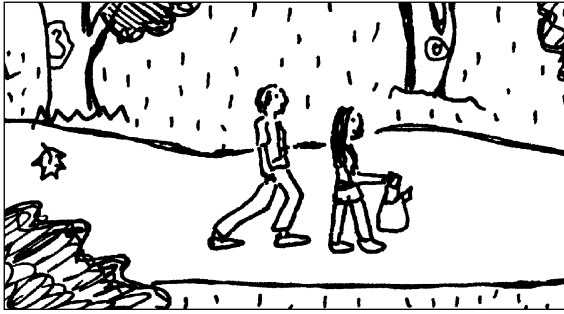


END OF A CENTURY

Tigerboy
in Tokyo

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www.electrocomics.com
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NEO TOKYO

MUKOJIMA
MIDNIGHT

IN THE GARDEN

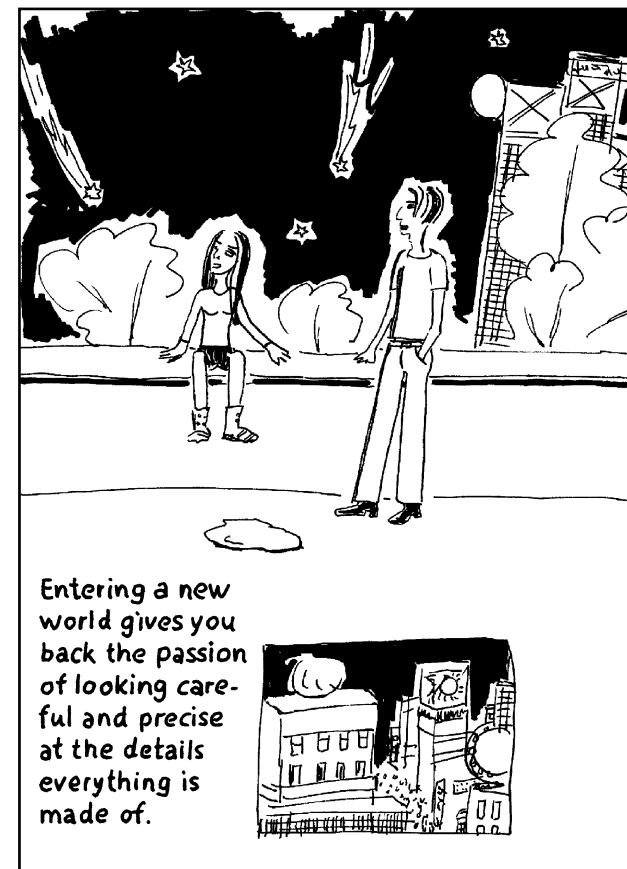
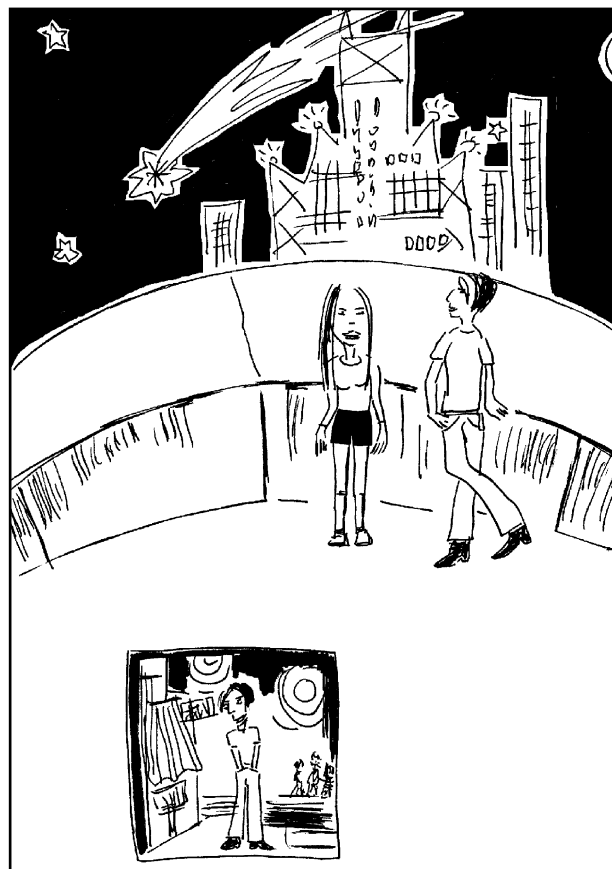
LUNCH BREAK

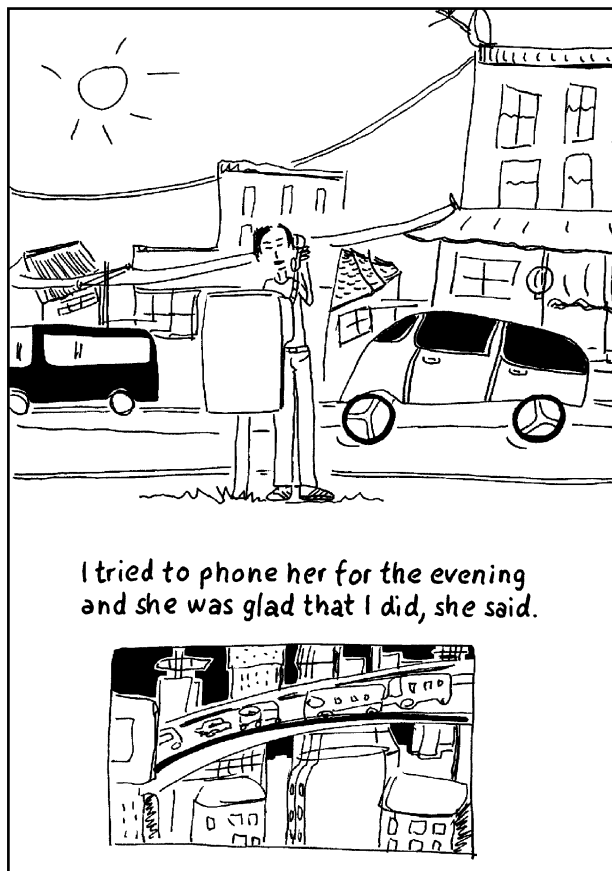
THE GOOD, THE BAD
AND THE UGLY
WEATHER

THE BALLAD
OF THE
SPIDER

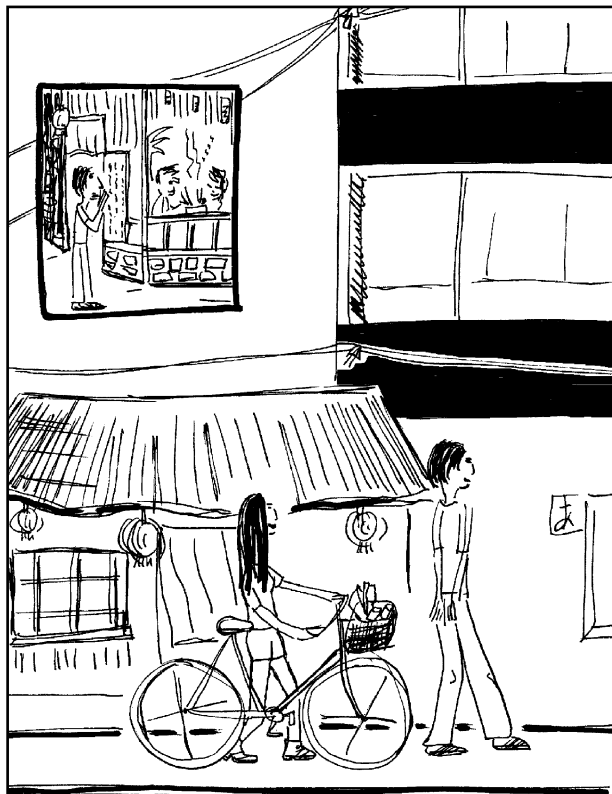


NEO TOKYO

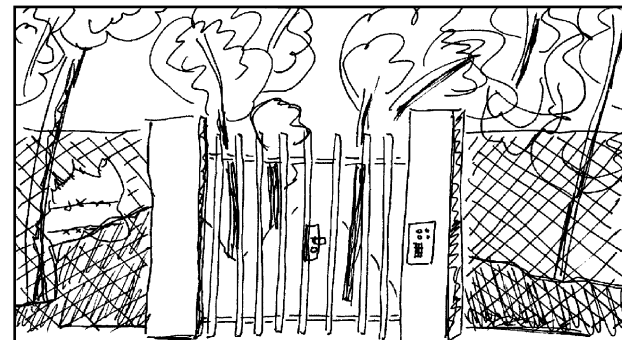




Later we bought fireworks for doing "Hanabi" and some alcohol at the super-market. A very nice evening was starting.



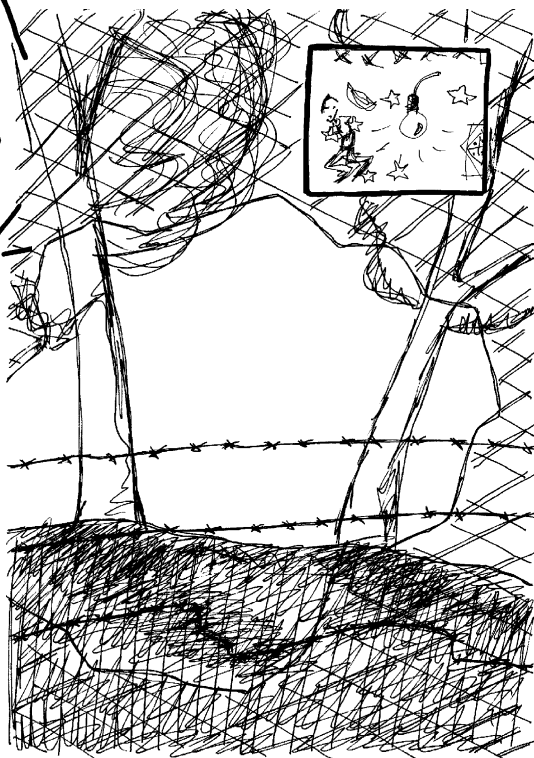
Nice warm air, a little wind from the sea-side and the smell from a japanese soup kitchen were guiding us.



We wanted to go to the same building we watched shooting stars the night before but the entrance was closed.



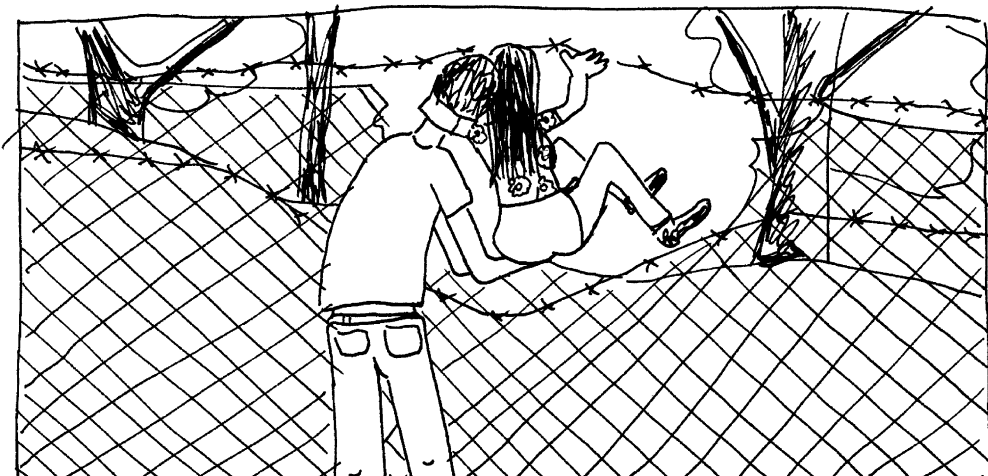
Catch that train!

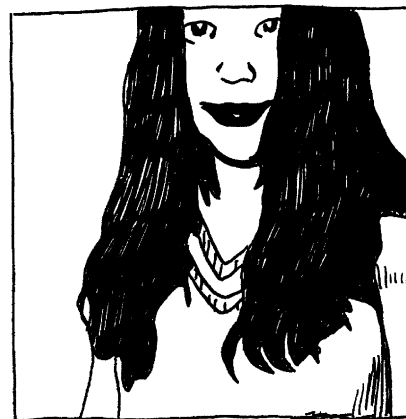
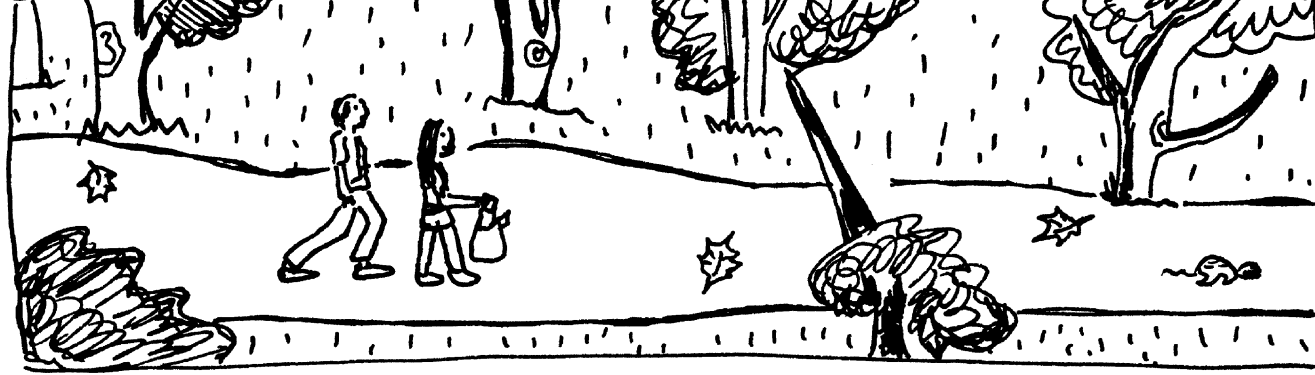


The only possibility to enter was a hole in the wall. It looked a little dangerous.

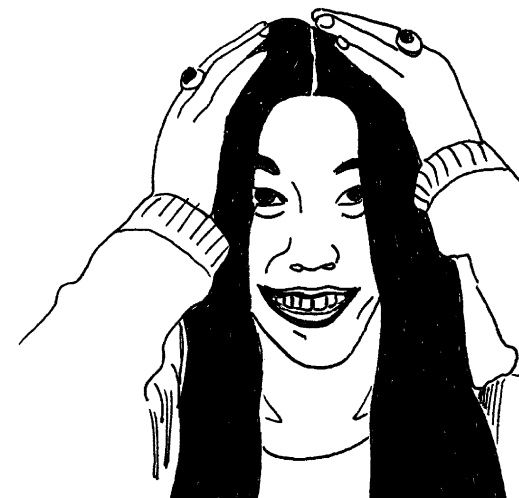
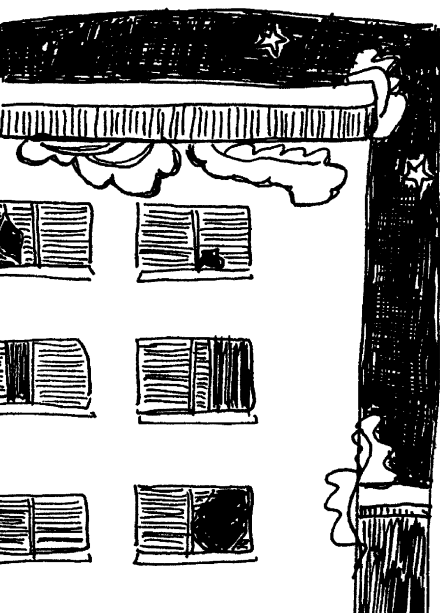


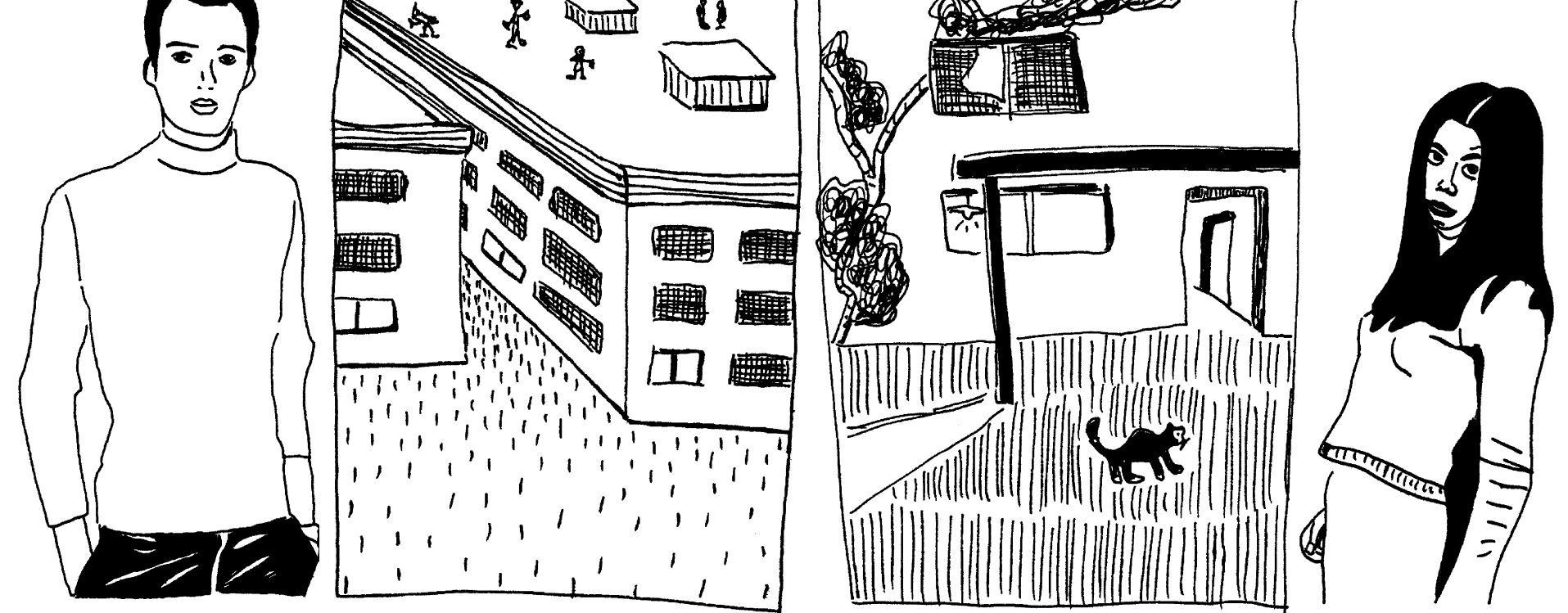
Wind was whistling in top of the big trees. We tried to climb through a hole in the fence, carefully but successful.



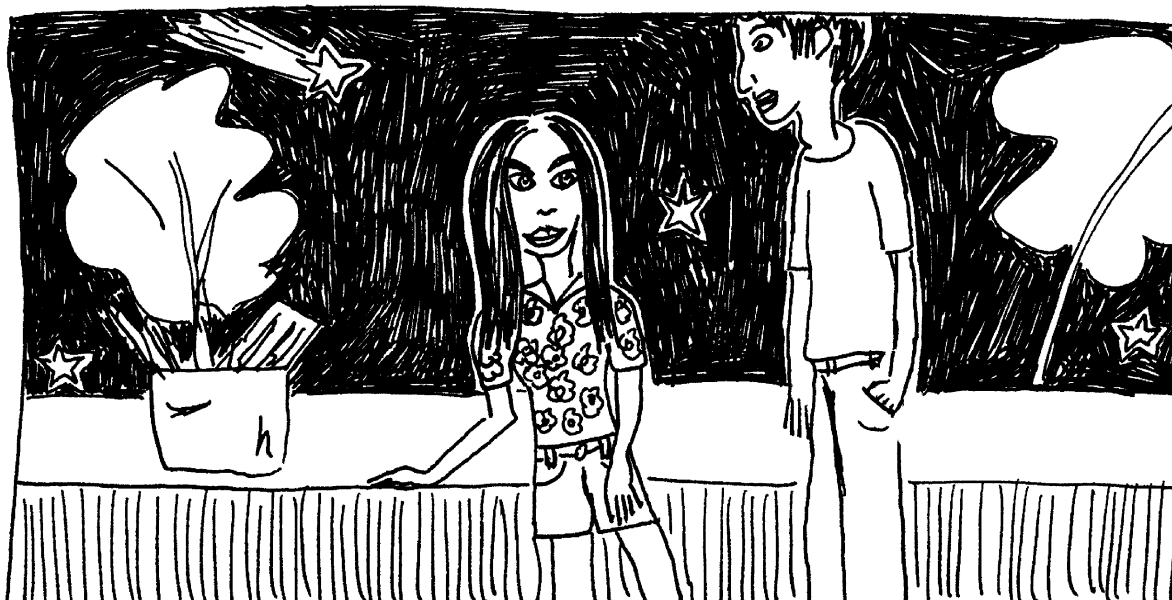


First we were not able to find the right path but we started walking. Some bats were crossing. Some stars were shooting.



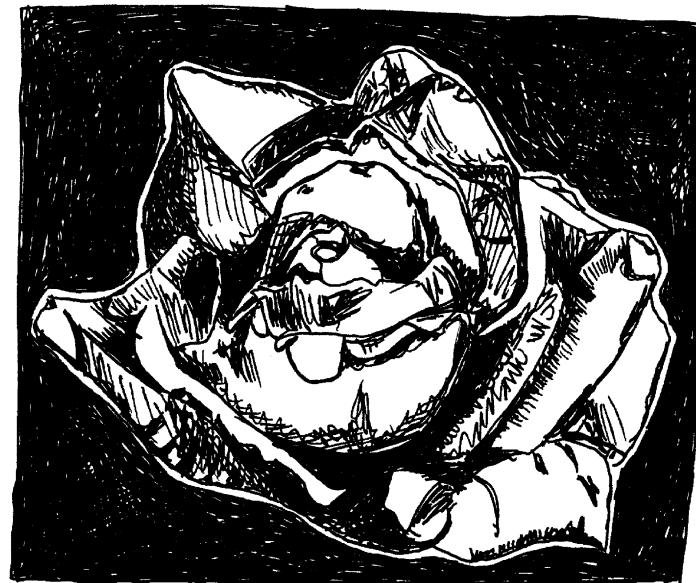
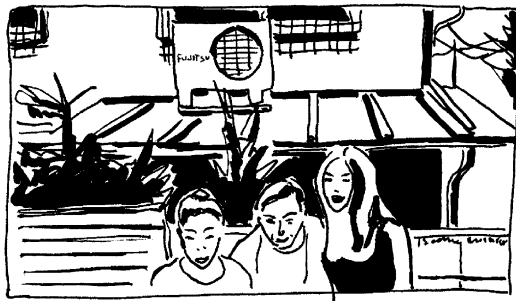
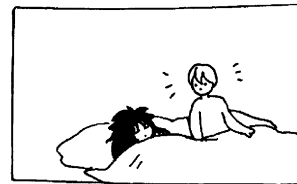


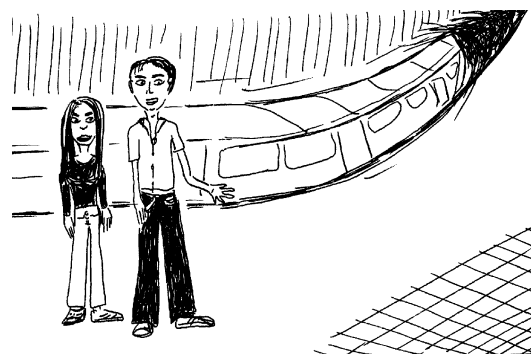
Some leaves were falling and I was able to see a turtle in front. Maybe it was just delusion. The noise of the town was escaping from us. Finally we reached the building where we wanted to go on top for celebrating hanabi. It was an old part of the building of the Tokyo University. Every evening lots of people were around this area. On the roof of the building we could see for miles and miles. The skyline appeared like a 3-D animation. It looked more like childrens toys than it seemed to be real, build by human beings.





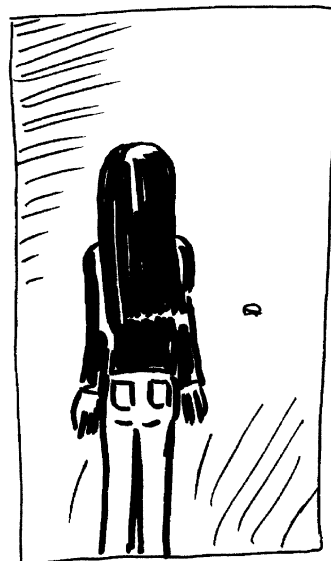
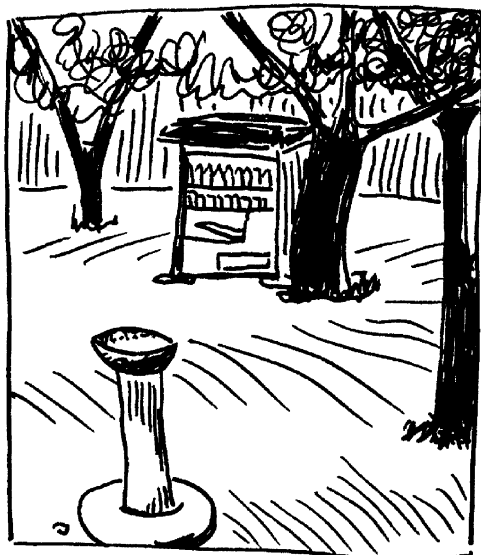
We were talking and started drinking.
We started the fire works and watched
the illuminated sky in the distance and
kissed...

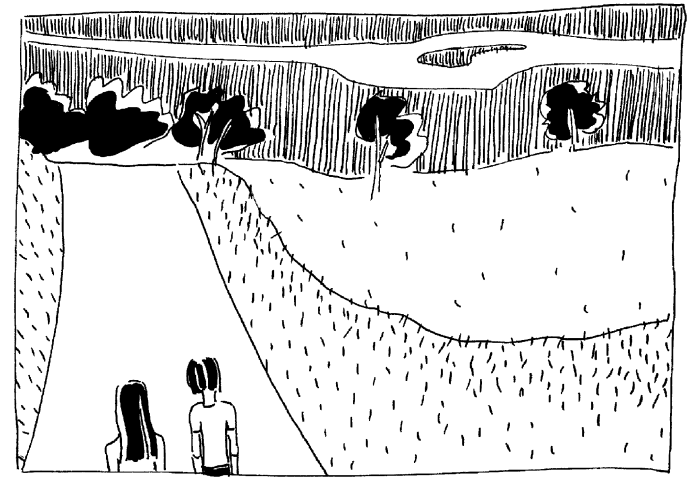
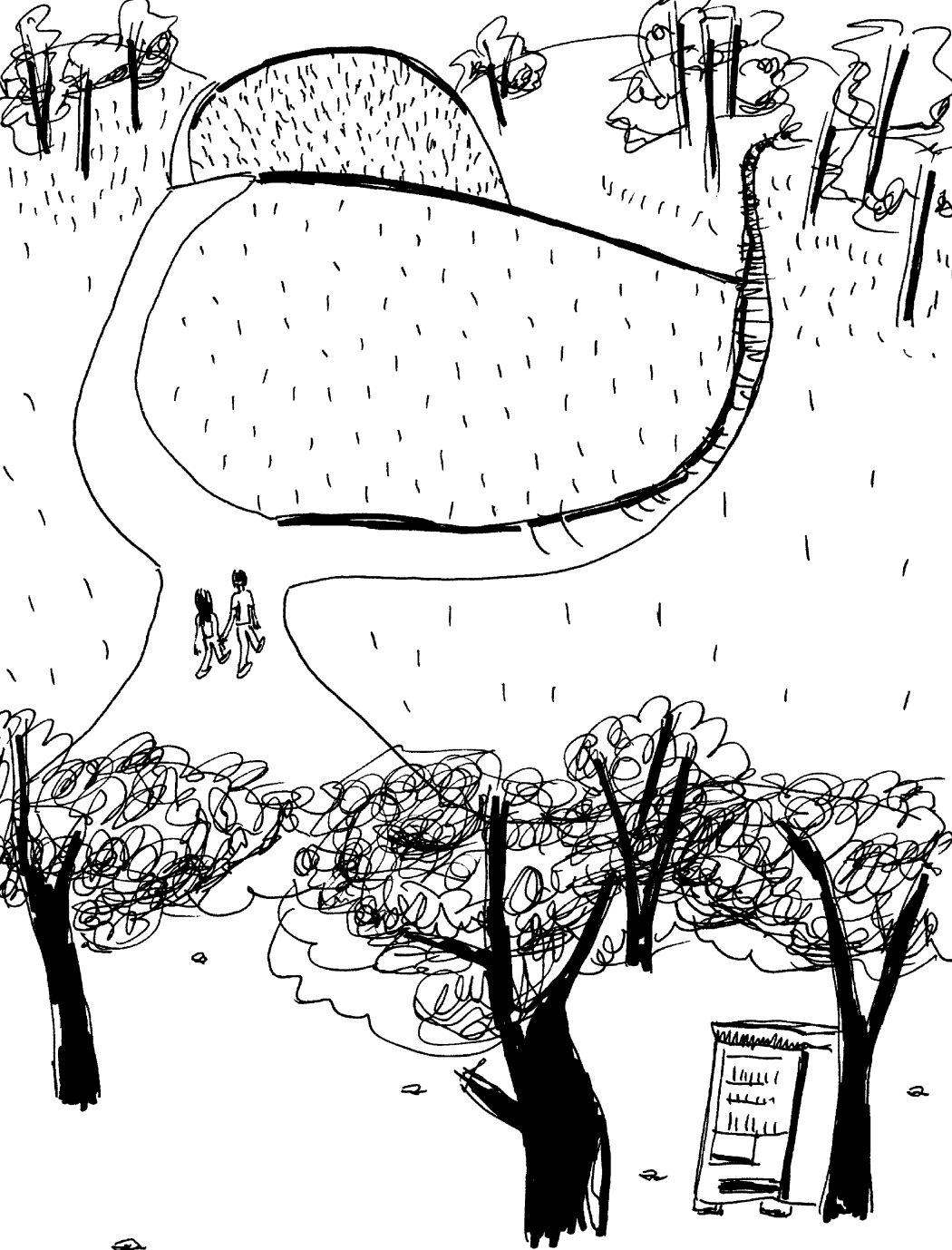




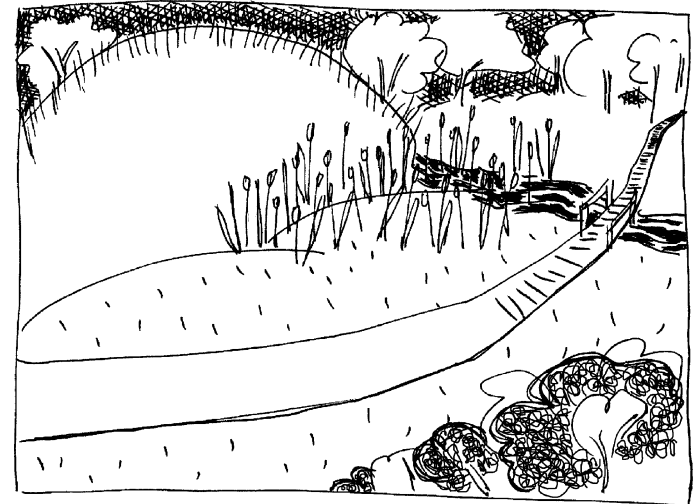
One day we decided to go outside of Tokyo to see some artists doing their work in the nature, in a park. Early in the afternoon we arrived and walked from the subway through the town along a long path with big bamboo plants to the left and the right side. Finally the park area was beginning...

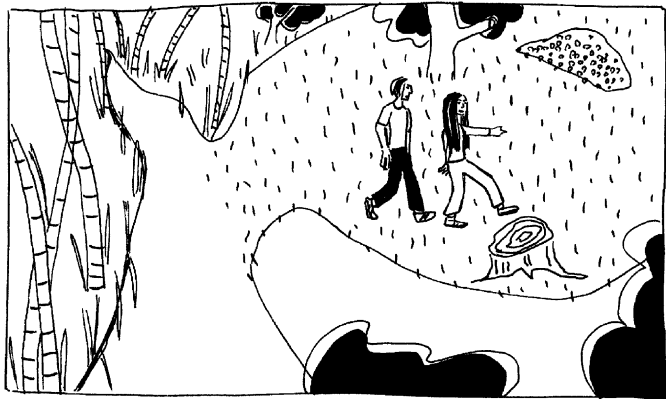
EINSTEIN



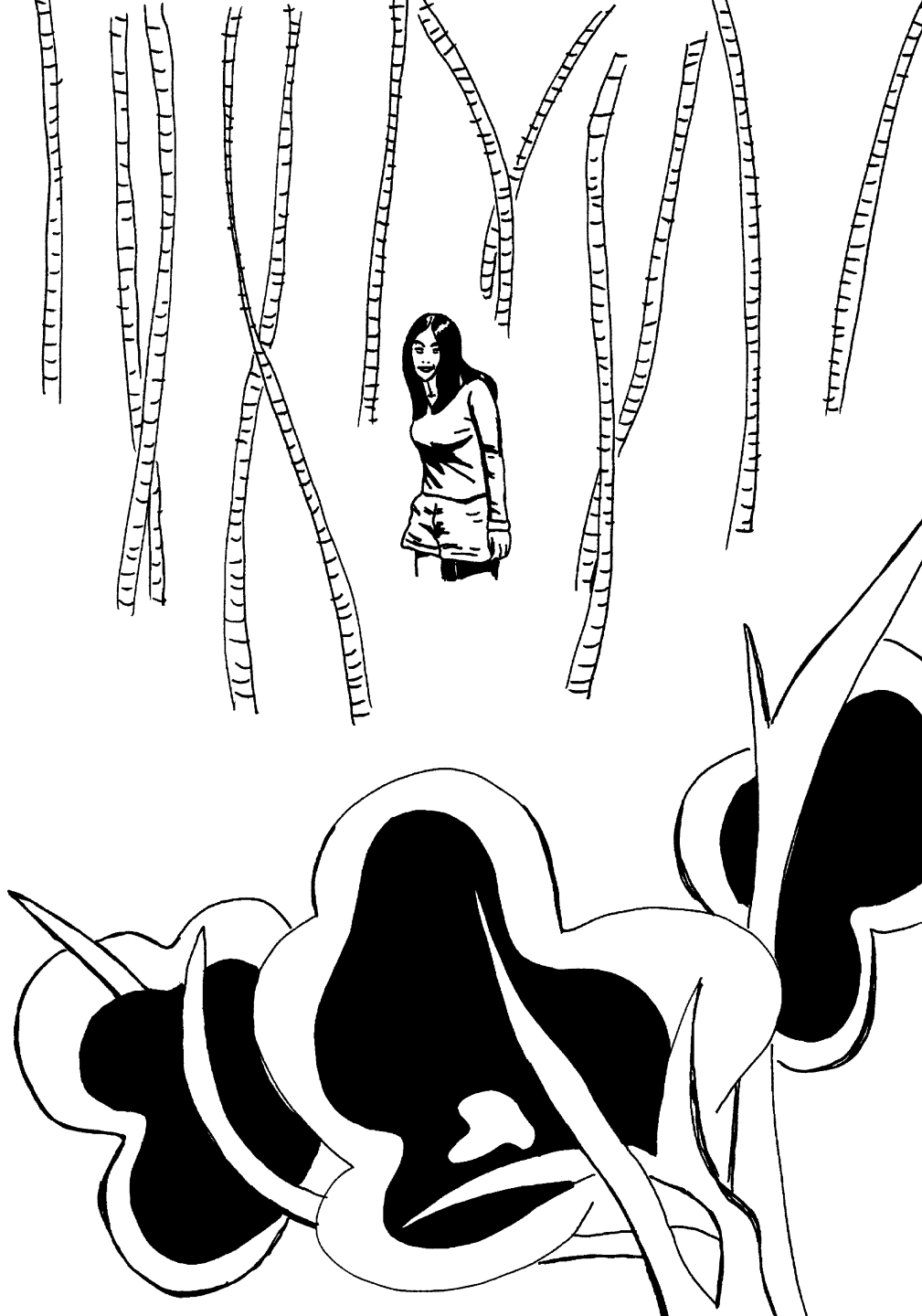
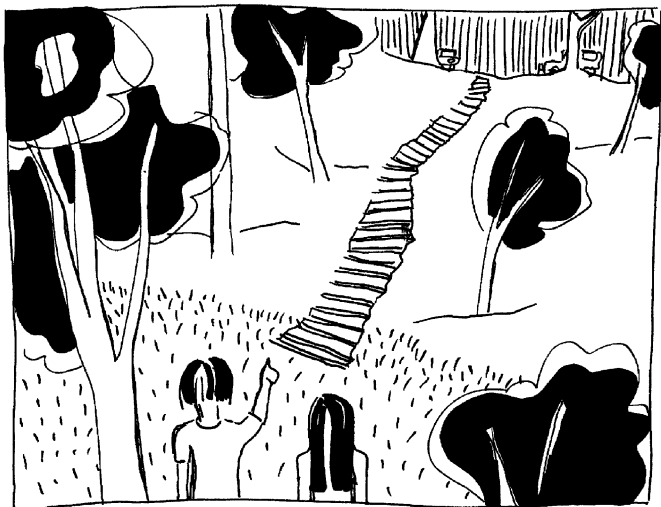


Humid hot weather and not many people were there and so we had a rest at the last automatic soft-drink-machine before nature was catching us completely.

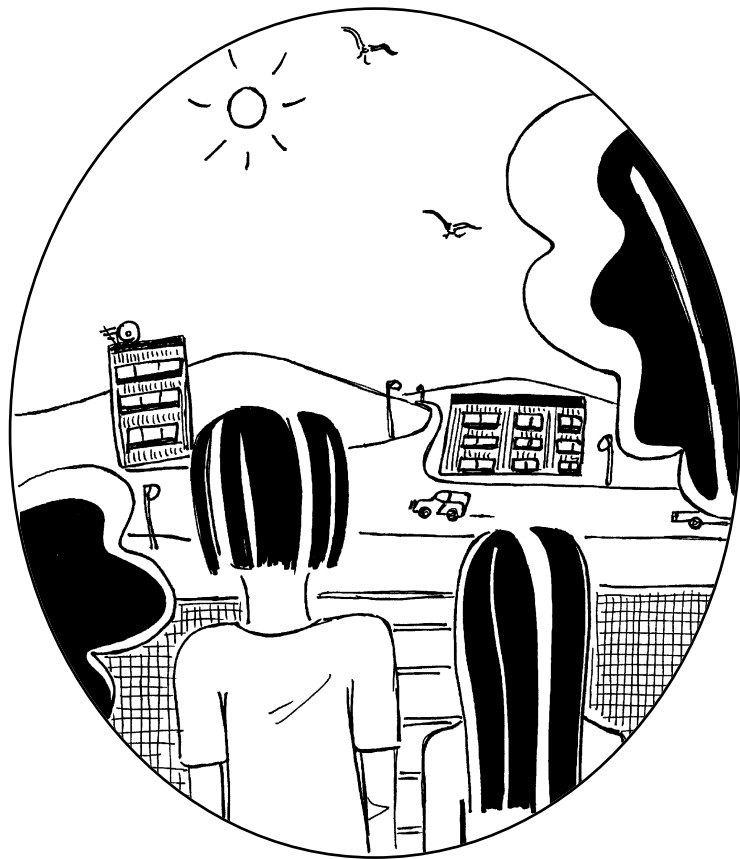




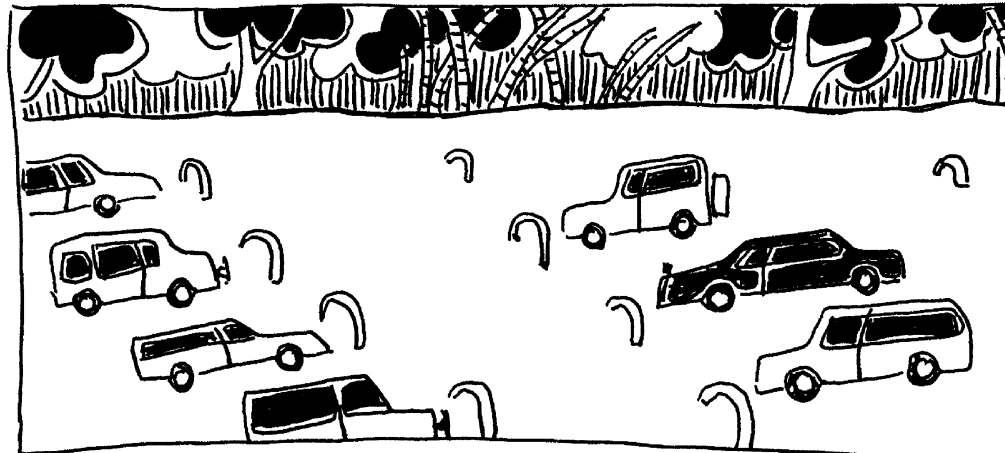
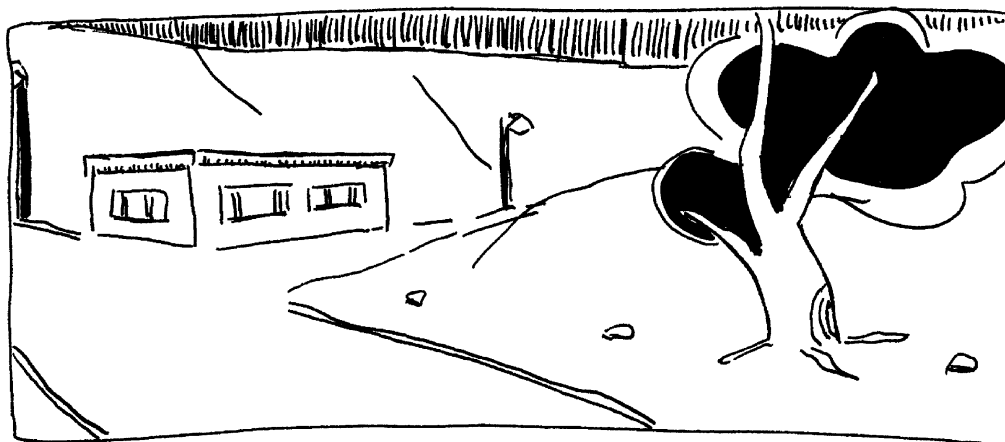
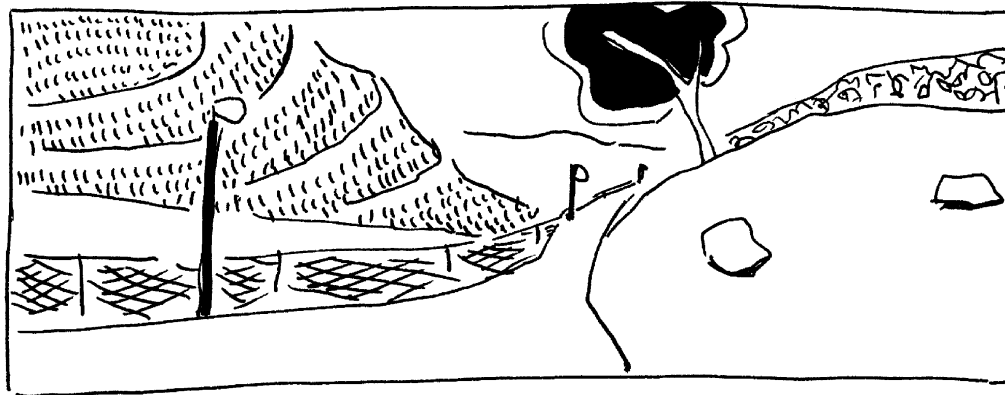
A little wind was coming easily from the coast side.
The paths we were walking on, were filled with a mixture
of sand, grass and old pieces of wood. It was soft to walk.

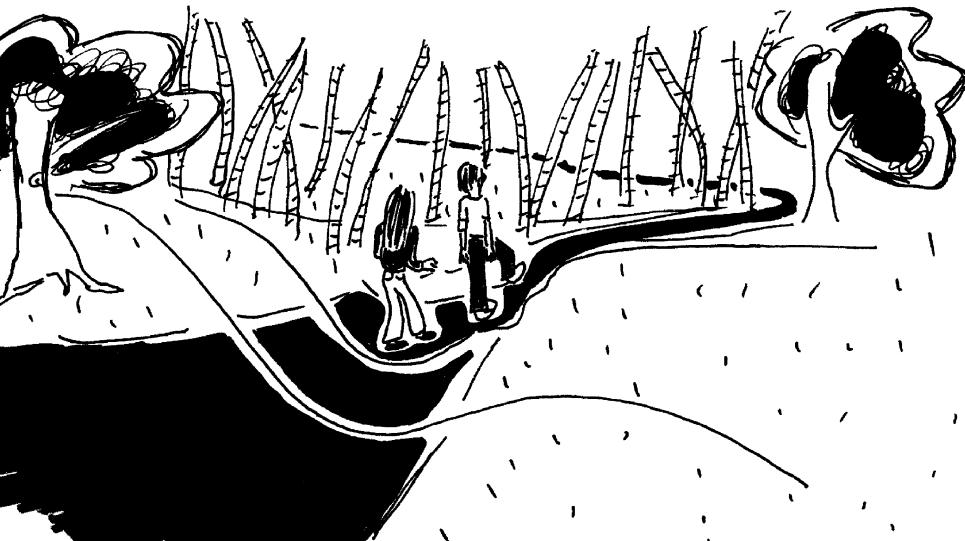


Suddenly we reached an end of the park and there was a possibility to climb up a stairway. On top we came to a parking lot with a view over a typical small part of Japanese landscape.



Simple as it is and not important at all but beautiful in its meaninglessness. Half an hour we spend between simple houses and rice fields before we returned to the parking lot.

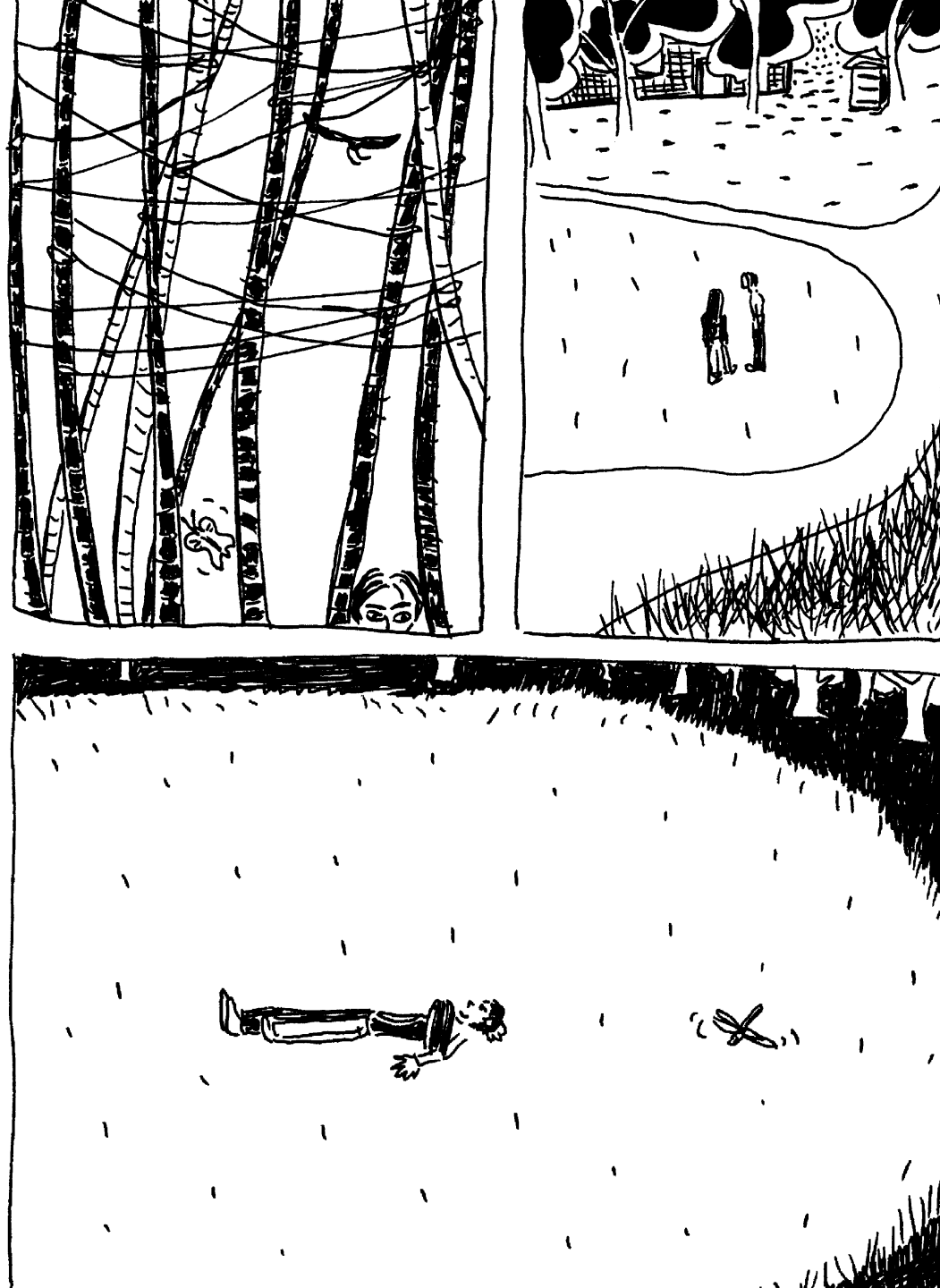


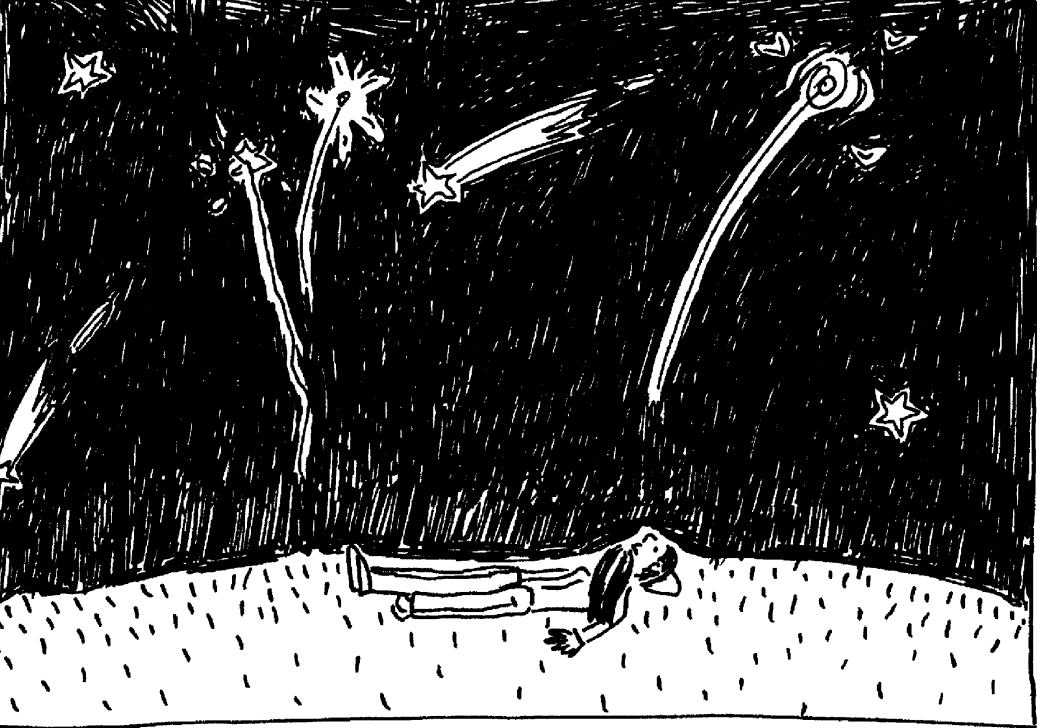


Back into
the park
again we
were
walking hills
and valleys.
Out of the
green into
the dark we
reached an
area where
the trees
were
connected
with ropes.



Maybe it was art, maybe it was defining a special area in the woods. Maybe it had a special meaning or it was only just there like we were just there. Whenever we die, our secrets seem to die within us.





Every one else was already leaving the park and we arrived on a big lawn, laying down and watching the sun disappearing. Every days' hanabi was starting and it was beautiful to watch as always.

And for a short while loneliness lost its meaning.

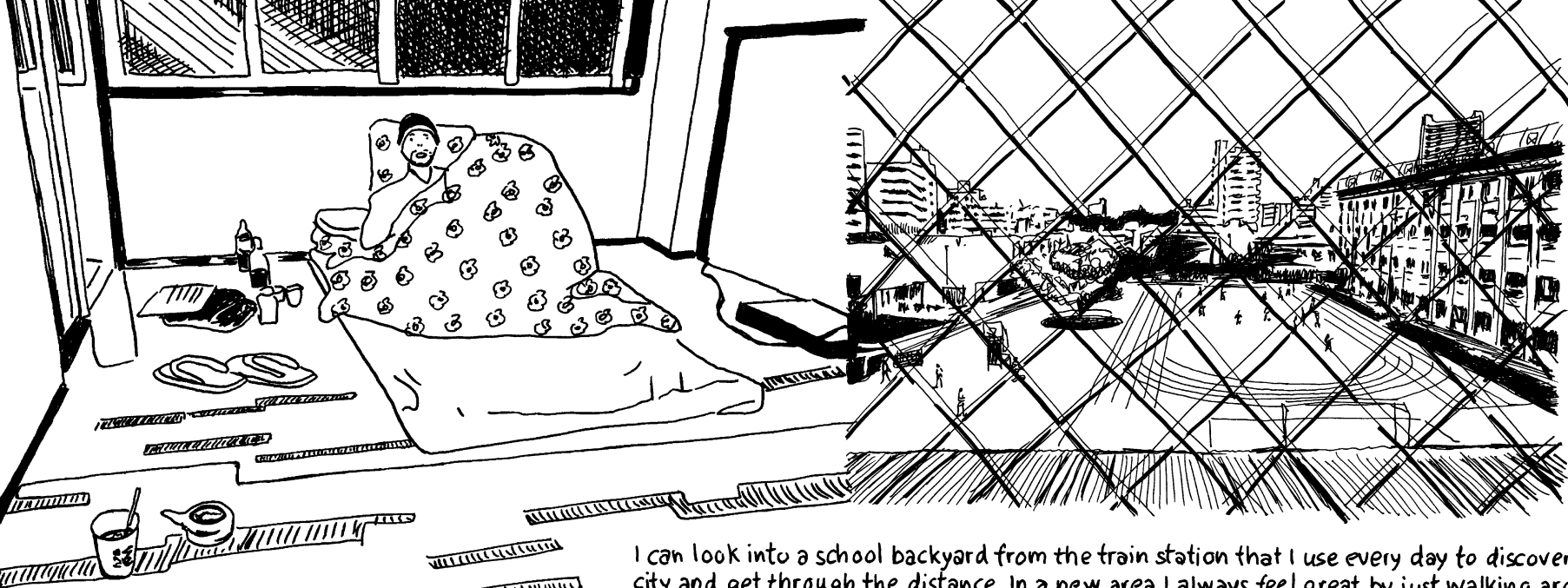


MUKOJIMA
MIDNIGHT

MIDNIGHT



All the newer buildings here seem to be made out of cement. With the ones from the old airport Berlin-Tegel, where we just come from, it is similar. Our new home is a one room apartment and Susanne and me have one for each of us.

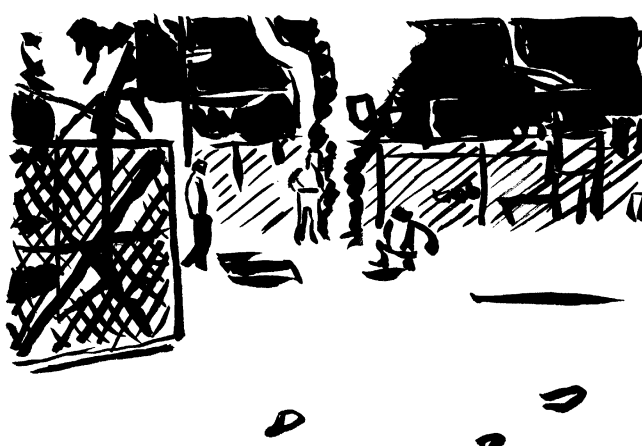


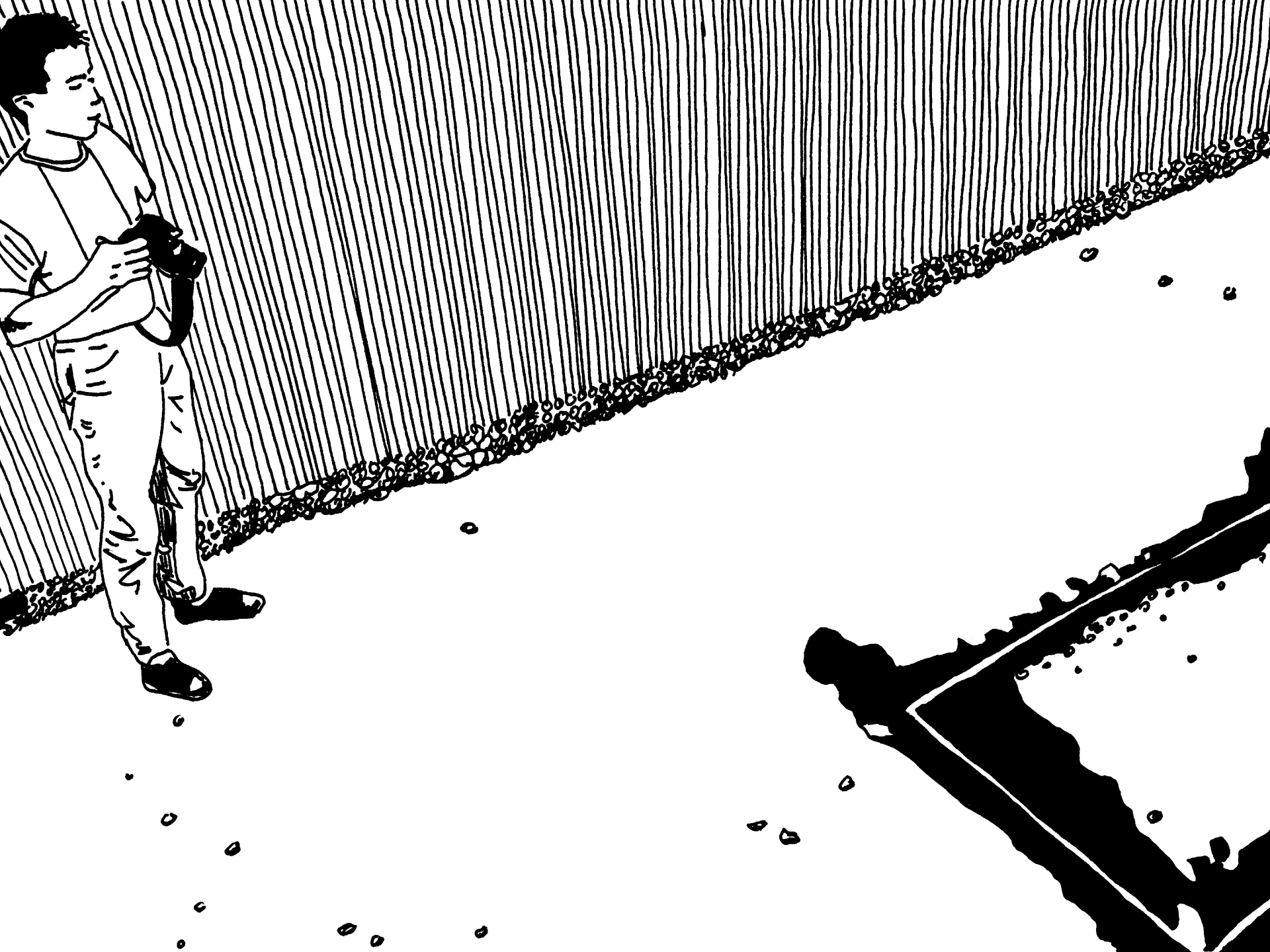
I can look into a school backyard from the train station that I use every day to discover the city and get through the distance. In a new area I always feel great by just walking around with no plan. I don't have to have one.





Nearly every third corner has a police station, designed very logic and clear. The upper half of these buildings often look like tupper ware. We come within 14 hours by plane and end with our complete luggage in the subway where we change the trains for three more times and arrive after 5 minutes of finally walking at our new home for the next six weeks. They are all public places, the artists use for the exhibition, which is the basic reason for our stay. I like the emptiness of places under highway bridges near the riverside. Stone architecture and canalized nature meet in a surprising silence.

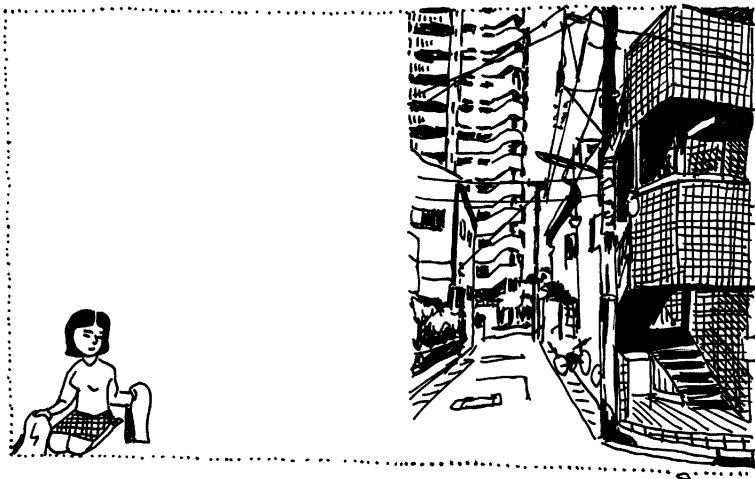




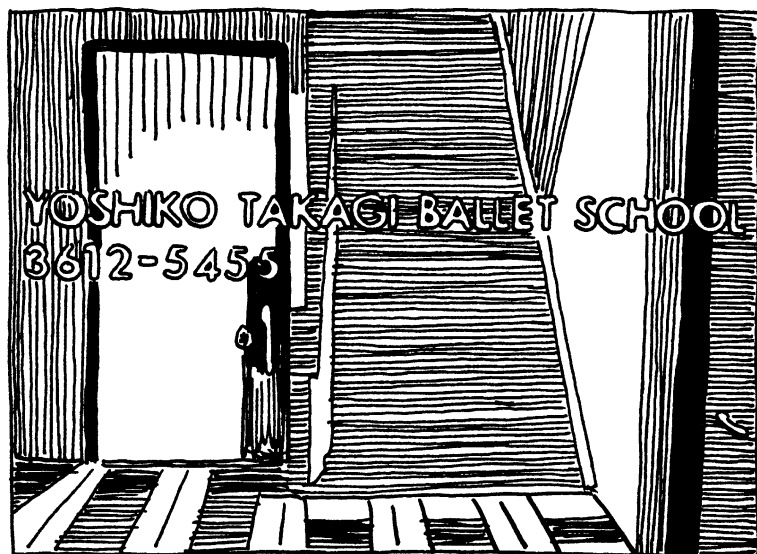


You find air-conditions outside of every building which lives long enough to get modernized. Earthquakes limit their lifetime a lot. Even in old parts of this area, which is dominated by wooden houses, there is asphalt on the ground. Cross iron fences are around the smallest spaces. Flowers and tiny trees live in pots.





The rain season starts one month too early this time and we need all our clothes because it is not warm enough. But it gives you the idea why so many houses look from the outside like bathrooms do look from the inside. If cars have enough parking space, you are in a rich area. If you find a ballet school, it should be the same thing.





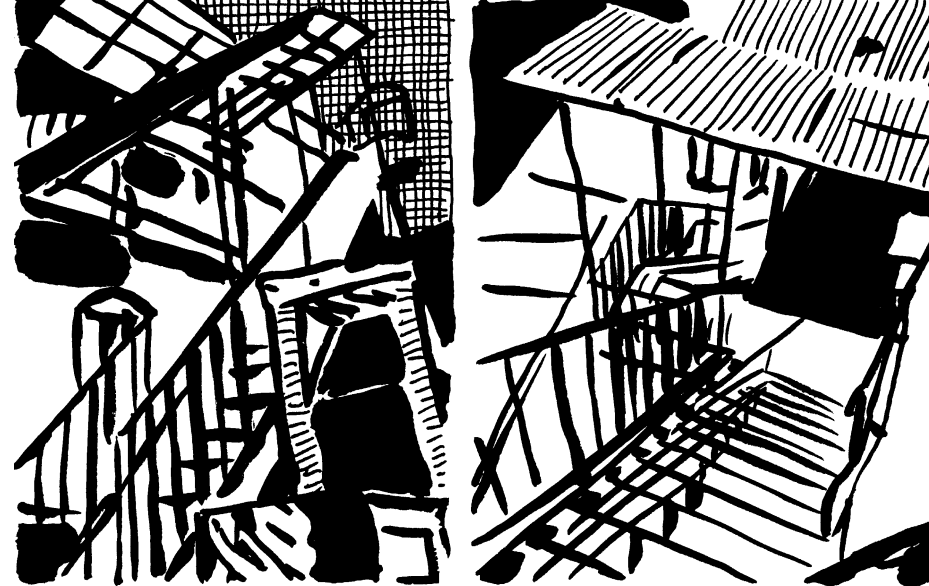
Julei Pano

Fumi Saito



Some places are romantic like if they are made for movies and some other places are tiny as if they come out of a cartoon. Where ever there is space for something to sell, it works with big letters on the signs. We visit some places for the upcoming exhibition in a group. It's nice to get in contact with new people. It's a bit strange, because their profession is art or architecture which is both a little boring to talk about. These things are not for talking, they are for doing.



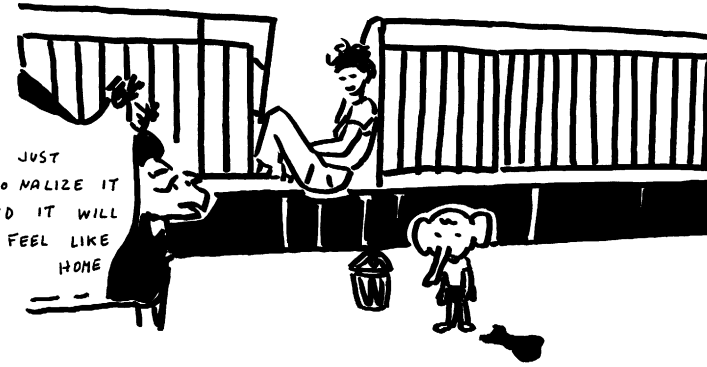


We stay in apartments owned by the family Kondo and have the roof of the building for our work and our rest and we have no shower inside. Sometimes people show up on the roof to meet us. They do it in the small break when the rain stops and the sun appears.

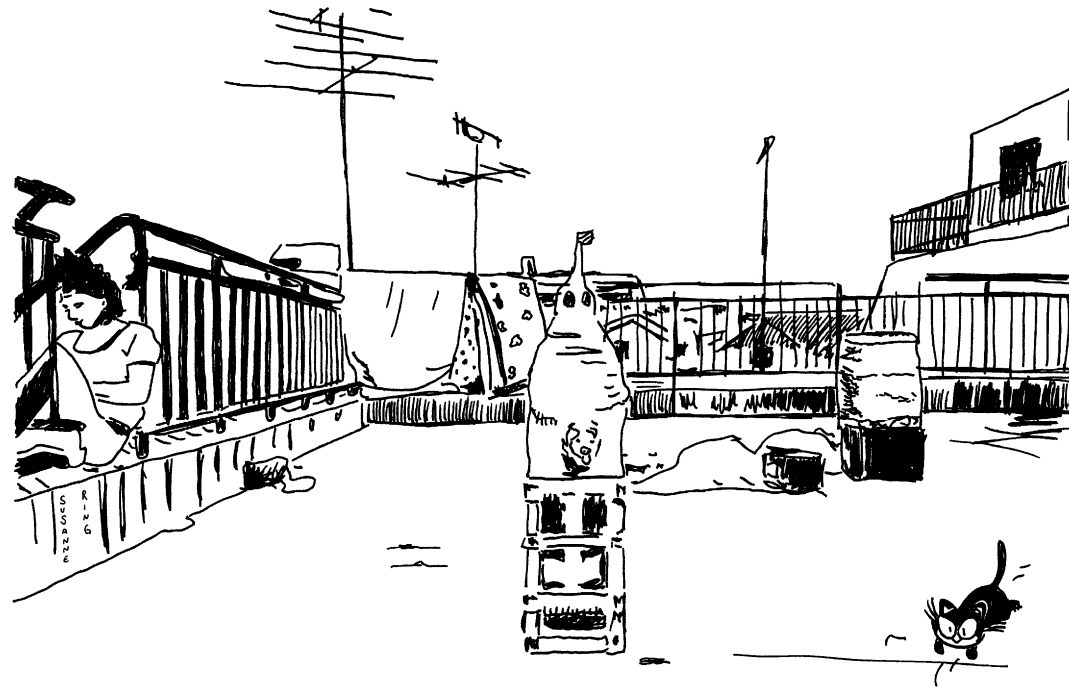




I WILL JUST
PERSONALIZE IT
AND IT WILL
FEEL LIKE
HOME



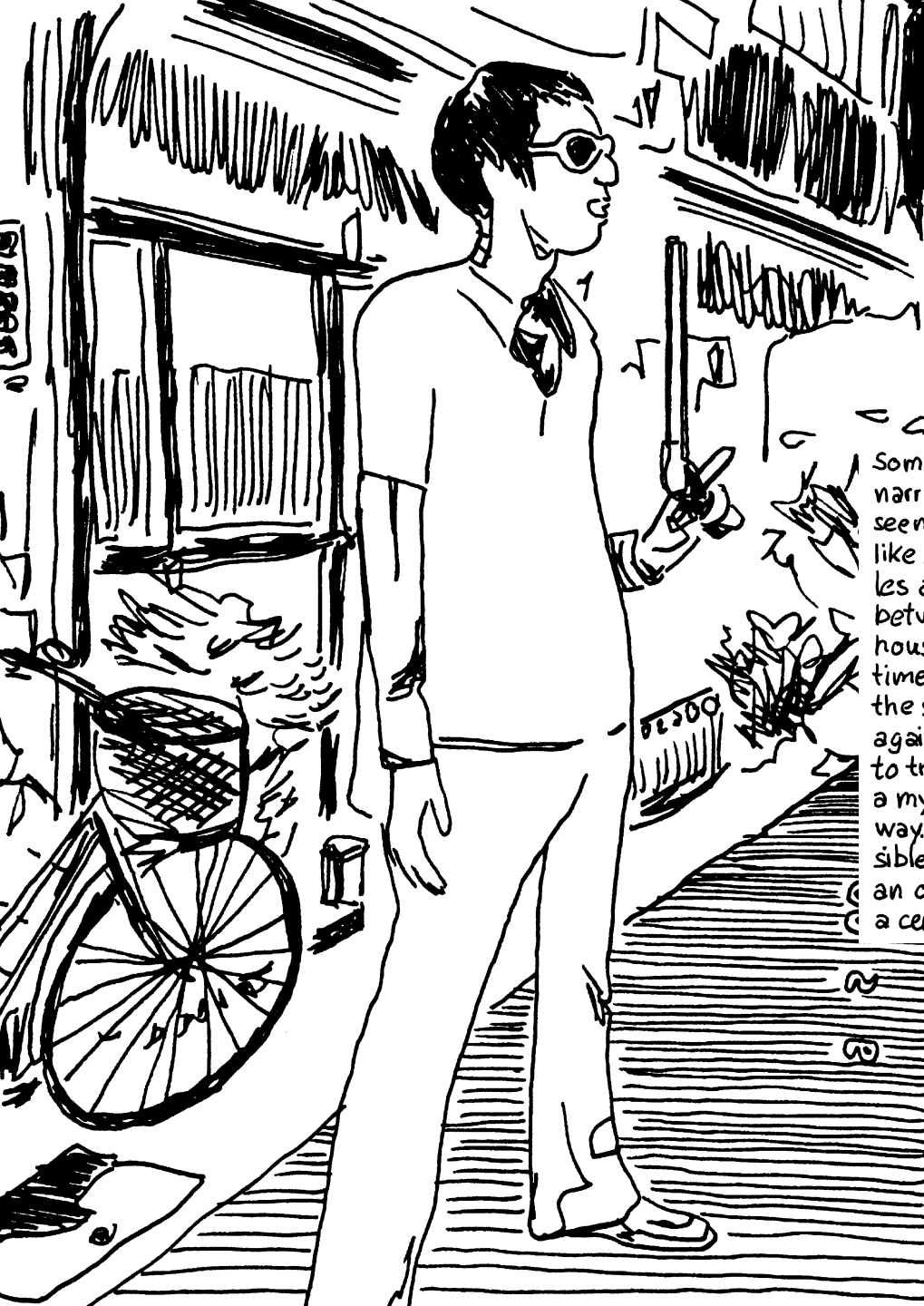
The roof tops are the third walking level of the town. The other two are the ground one and the underground. The most space, you seem to have, is on the roofs. It's funny that they are not connected. But in that way they can't get crowded so easily.



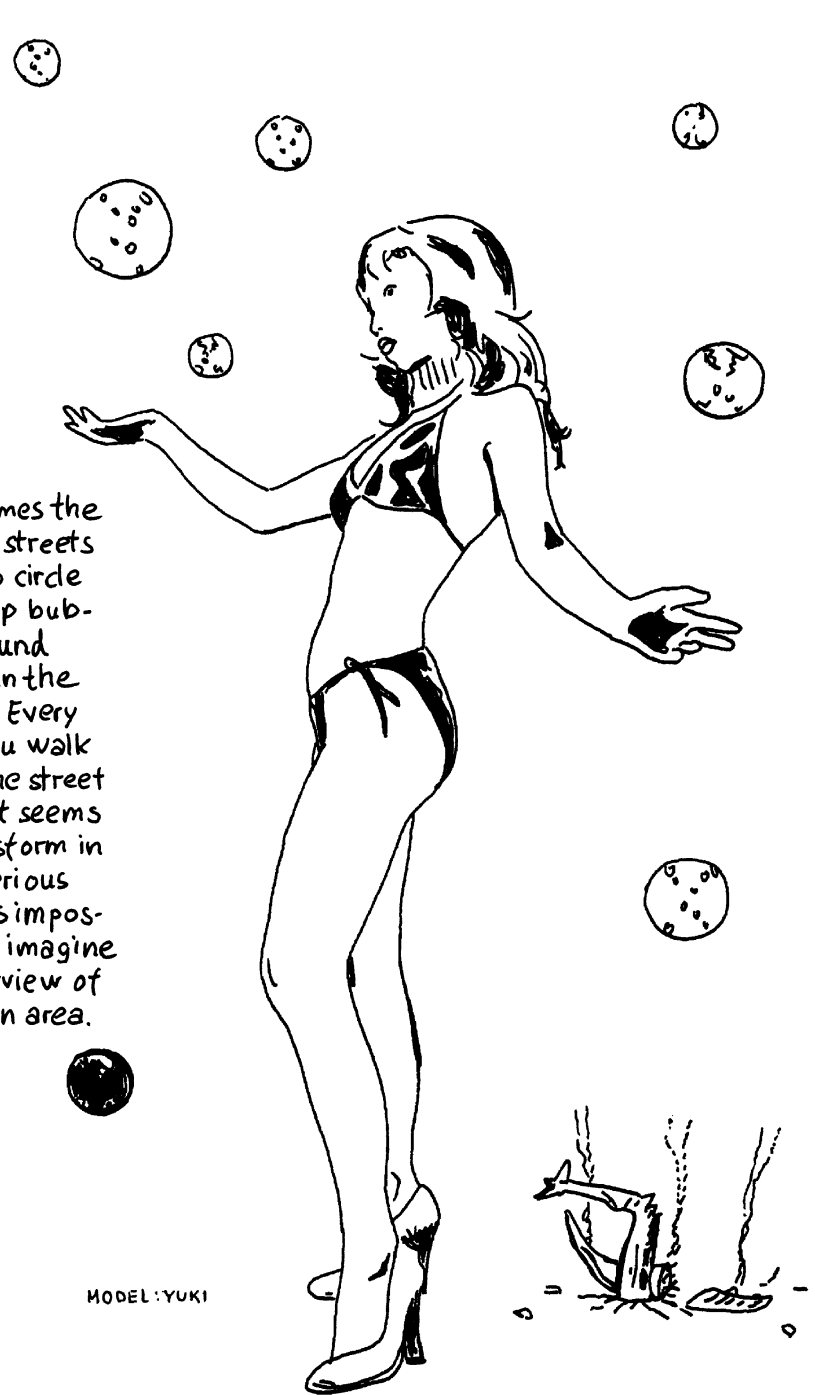


I use a public
coin washing
machine every
second day.
I'm not using a
bike because I
like to walk.

**LOVE
GOD**
THE GIRL
OF
DESTINY



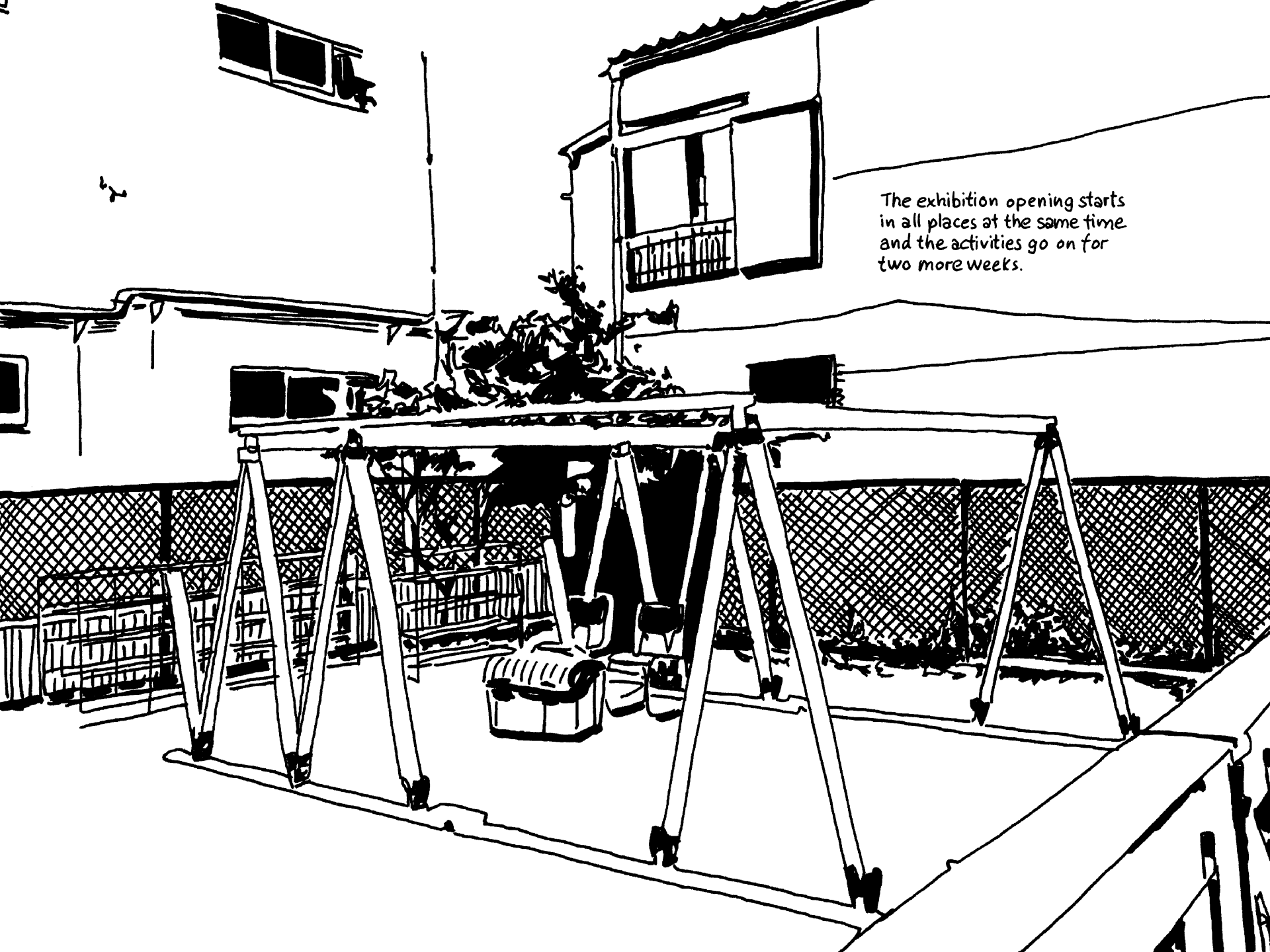
Sometimes the narrow streets seem to circle like soap bubbles around between the houses. Every time you walk the same street again, it seems to transform in a mysterious way. It's impossible to imagine an overview of a certain area.



MODEL: YUKI



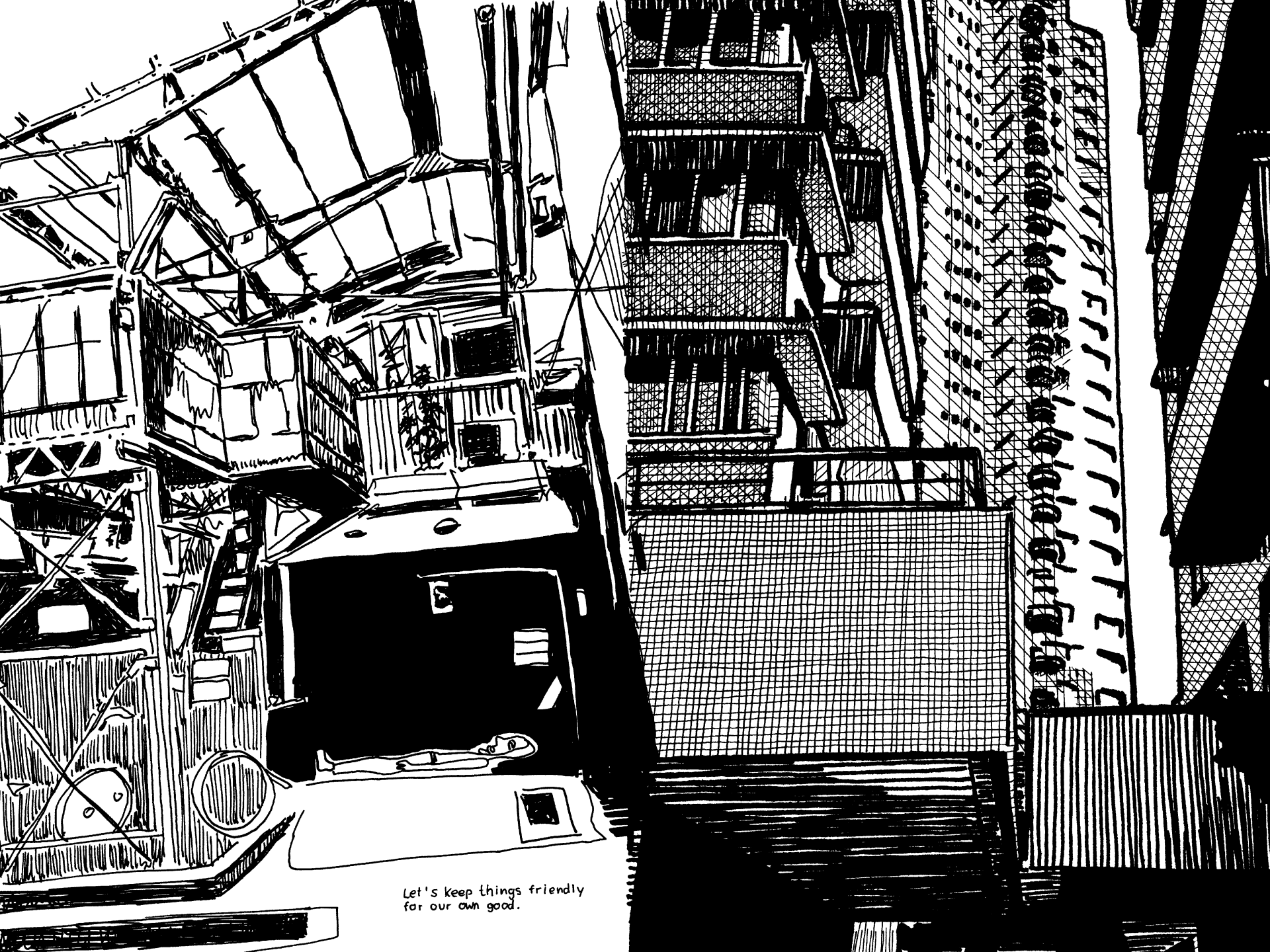




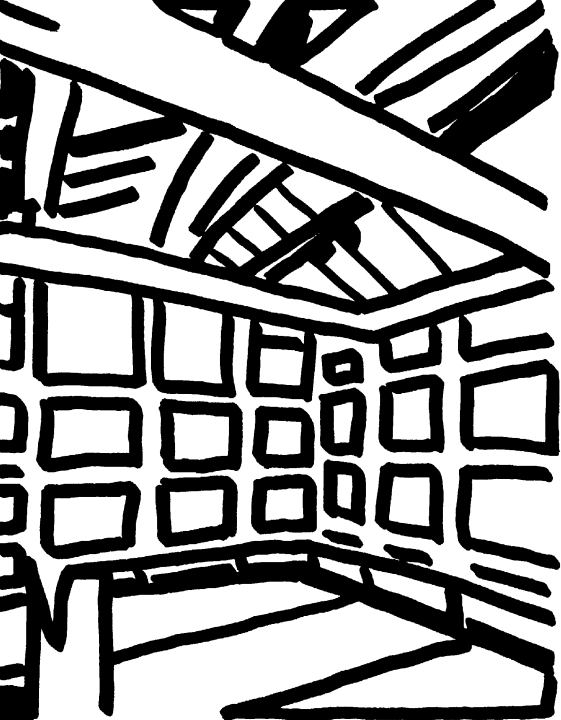
The exhibition opening starts
in all places at the same time
and the activities go on for
two more weeks.



I'm more fascinated by the unpersonal parts of the town with its newer buildings. The old areas, where we have to spend lots of our time, seem to be too human. The newer buildings just seem to be there for practical reasons. I guess the human being itself is the only place for human behaviour. To make your surrounding like that, seems to be kind of an useless effort.

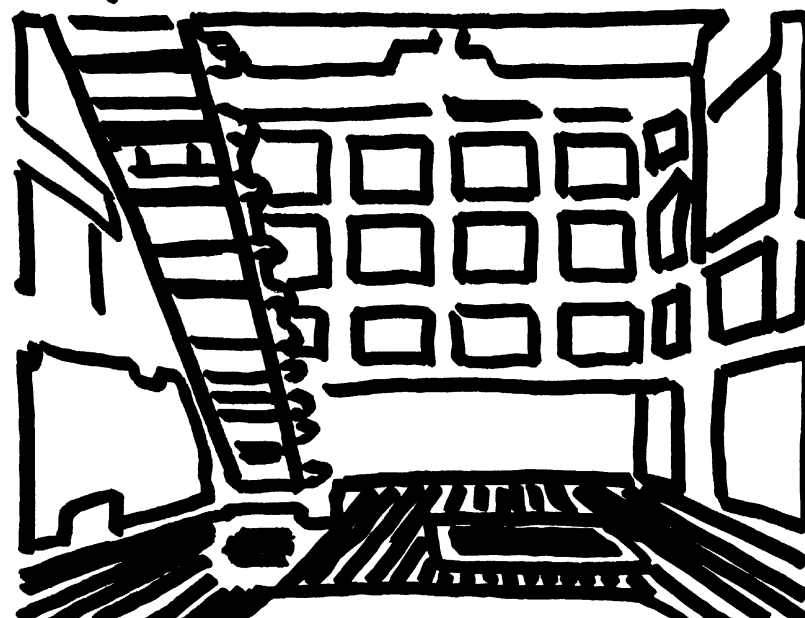


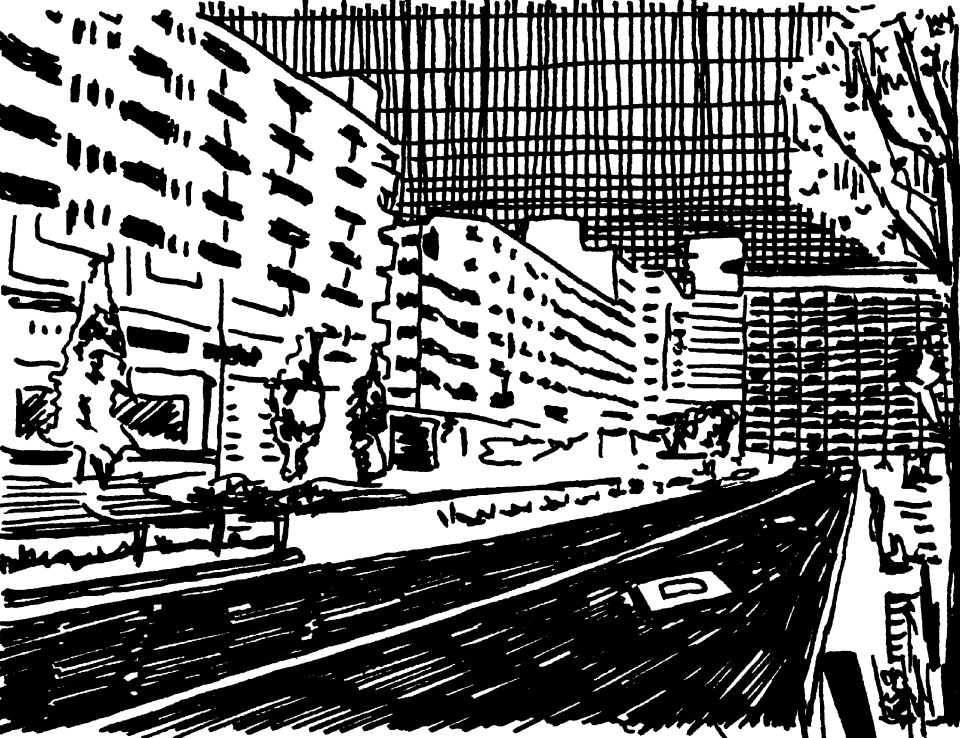
Let's keep things friendly
for our own good.



Finally there comes the time where we have just one more week left of our stay and Susanne and me are making the very lucky and charming contact to the people of Gallery Et and to an orthopedic shoe-maker, named Oliver, who has his store near the gallery in Asakusa.
It's a nice thing to get an art contact and a high-tech orthopedic foot check at the same day.

Gallery ēf





Wind is waving softly and on this sunny day I walk with my last instant camera along hotels and wooden houses into an apartment block system from the seventies. It's closed in itself with a small forest, sports places for athletics, tennis, baseball and shops, surrounded by the building complex.



It has balconies on the one side and an outdoor staircase interrupted by terrasses on the other side. It feels anonymous and empty but it should be crowded sometimes. The long balconies are clean and people put flowers and little trees outside in front of their apartments. Wet clothes hang on a line to dry in the sun and peaceful like it is, I can spot a monstrous highway in the far distance.



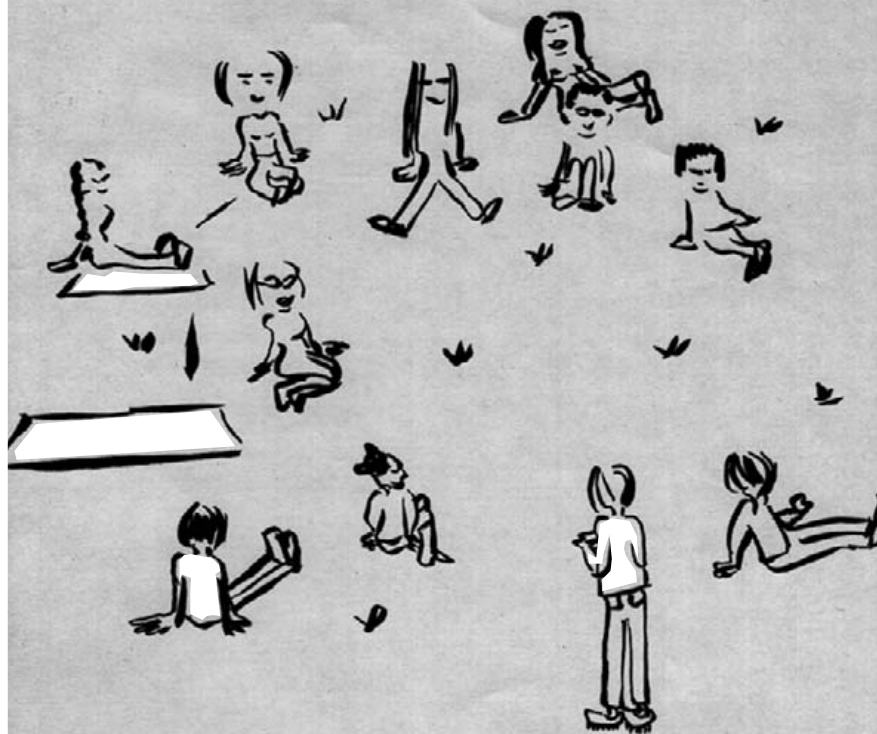
Before leaving for our flight home we overpack our luggage completely and get lots of small presents from the family Kondo which we are nearly not able to carry home.



With my last view back I feel a little bit hurt but I'm alright, because underneath there is a light. We will be back one year later.

IN THE GARDEN

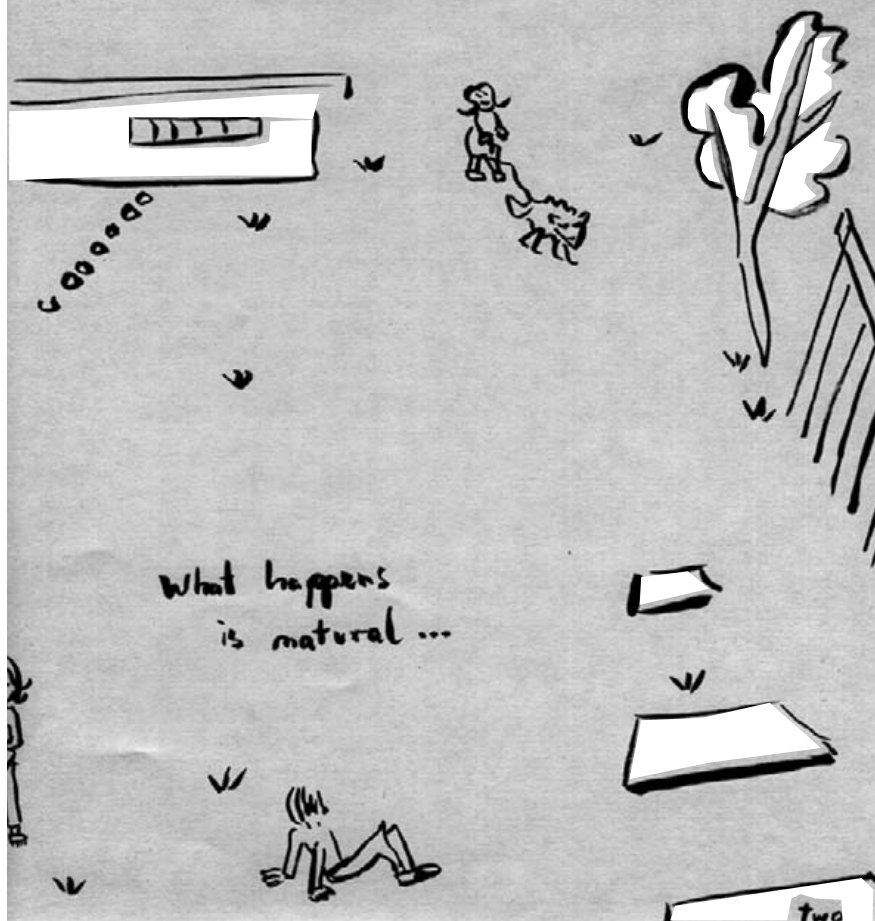
Things that happen in Mukojima in
May of the year 2020.



People are sitting on a grass hill in
the neighbourhood to discuss things.

one

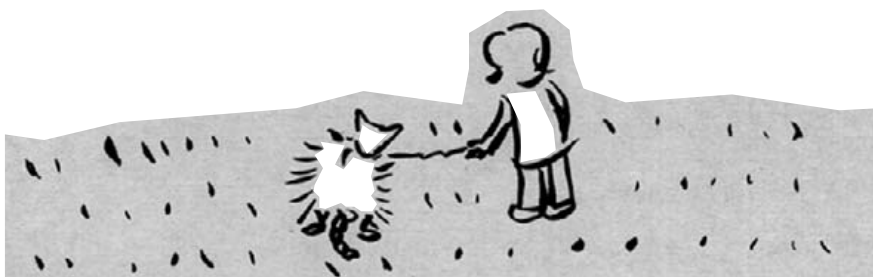
Grass is rare these days so dogs
come to grass fields.



What happens
is natural ...

two

Dog is shitting on grass



People are watching
the dog shitting.



Suddenly the dog is making a yawning
noise which is breaking the beautiful
silence of the Mukojima network
neighbourhood meeting...

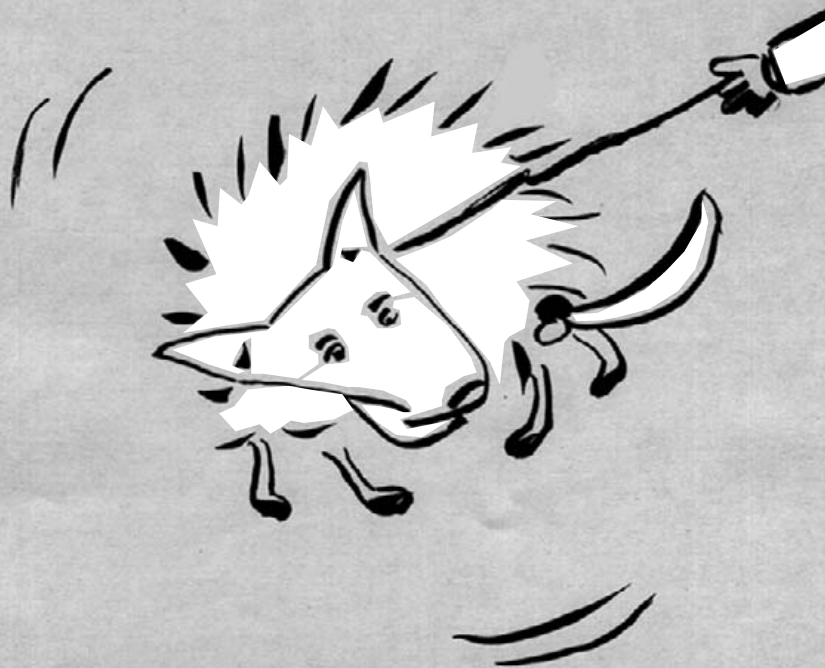


... and is starting to circle
around it self.



four

It definitely reminds us
of a raindance.

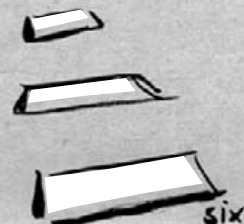
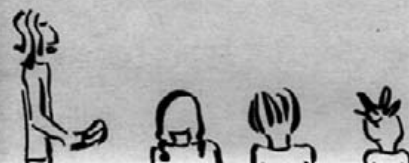


five

Rain is what we don't need and the old
woman is taking the dog away.

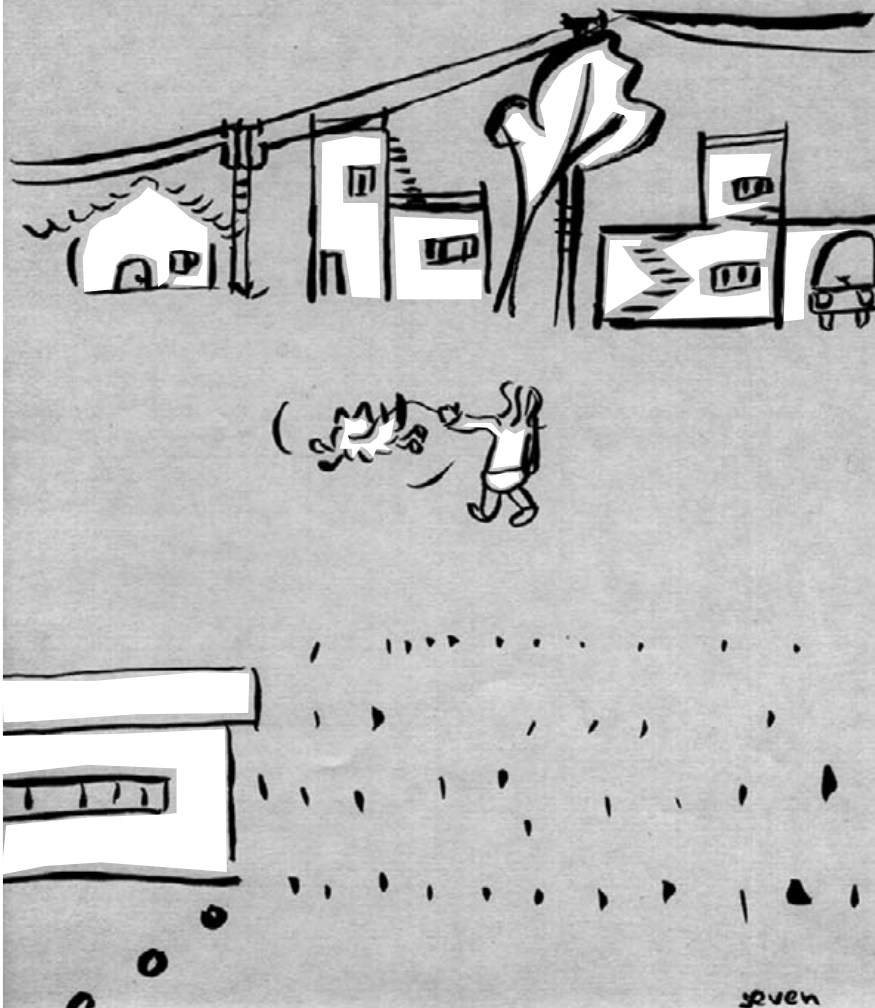


But the dog is still
moaning and circling.

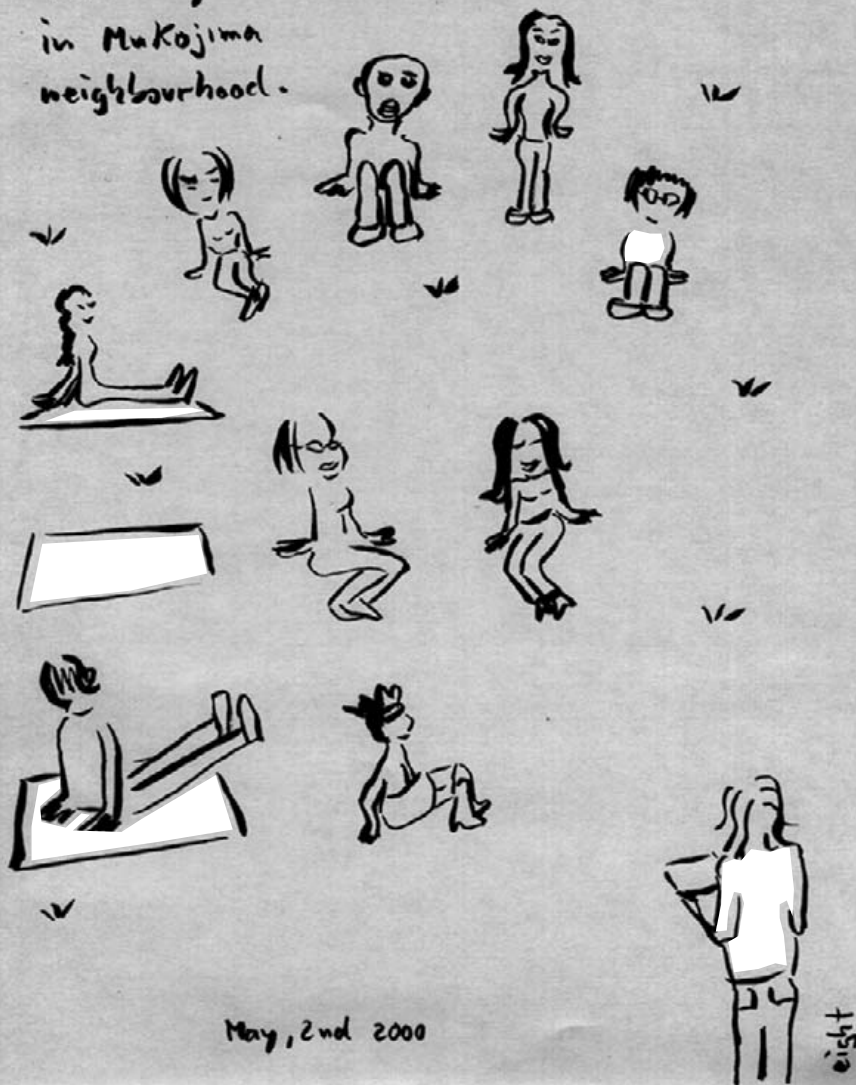


six

The one of you who likes to walk
with shit on his or her butt should
throw the first stone.



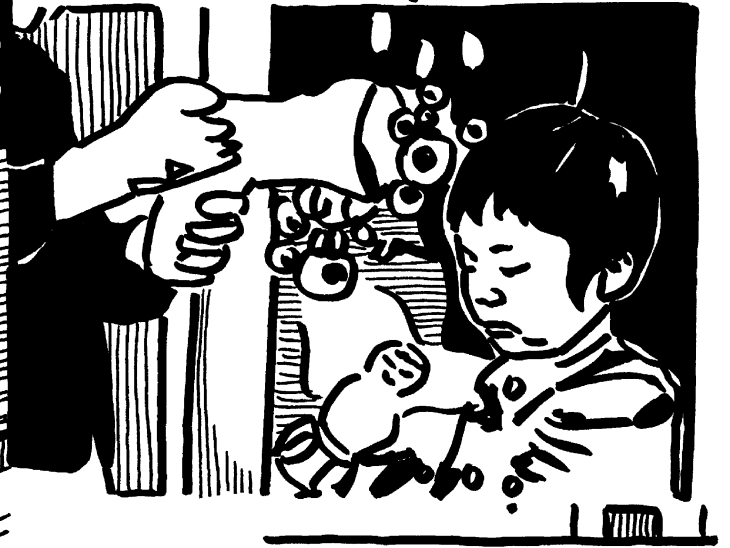
But all in all it is peaceful
that day on the hill
in Mukojima
neighbourhood.



LUNCH BREAK







THE GOOD, THE BAD
AND THE UGLY
WEATHER

The Good:

Blue sky and baby clouds, 22 degrees (Celsius) in September and a little breeze. It's t-shirt weather. I walk the streets easy. The sun makes a nice contrast between buildings and the free garbage spaces and parking lots. The air is so clear that you can see very sharp into an endless distance.



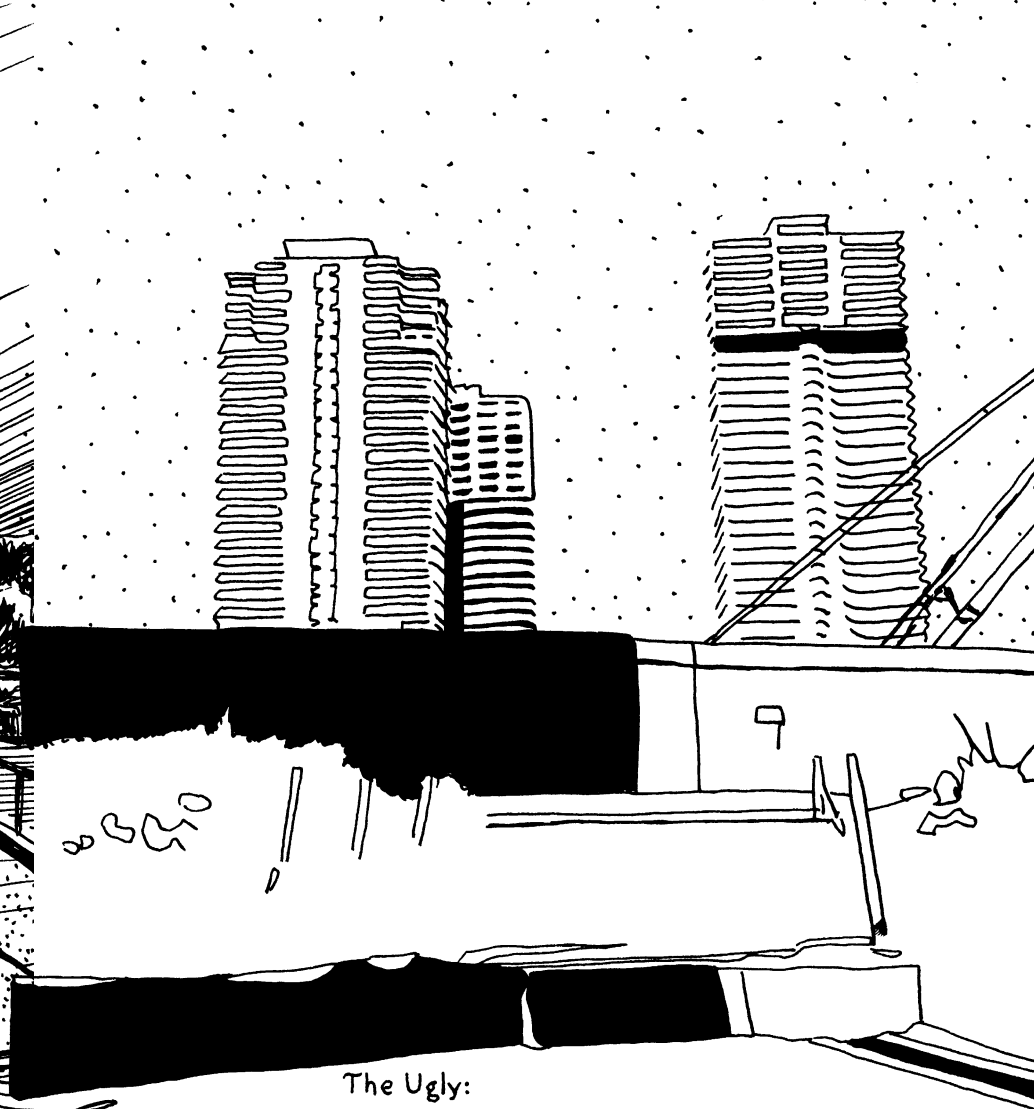


The Bad:

Grey sky and rain, 15 degrees (Celsius) and upcoming wind. Everyone holds his umbrella at a height, where they might be able to pick out my eyes. In fact, my umbrella is so small that I get wet in front or in the back or/and on the right or the left side of my shoulder. The pastel coloured houses seem to be a little bit more pastel through the raindrop filter. The water is constantly dripping slowly which is very different to my north-german-sea-rain-weather-experience, where it falls sharp and heavy.







The Ugly:

Typhoon weather. A big white circle appears on the satellite photo. The rain is flushing so constantly for days without a break that you must be able to walk over water. Time slows down while the gravitation seems to rise. You can eat the air like cake. It feels like the lung has only 10 percent of its' original size. The blood is pumping like artificial flavoured marmalade through your veins. Children play outside, but not many.

The crows, which normally
take a bath in the fenced
wire, strangely disappear
in such days.



The clouds stand like trees on every corner. Every step of your own is a small earthquake in your head. I wonder how the teams will make it in the soccer world cup under such conditions.



My attention is so limited that I probably could meet myself around the corner and would not notice it. The river is next to me and on a higher level is the motorway. Homeless people live in self-made cages under it. Lots of their cages are built half a meter above the ground to be safe against more upcoming rain.





At daytime cars, the noise
and the weather seem to
deconstruct not only the
motorway but the complete
area. At nightttime
the construction workers

rebuild not only the motorway
but the complete area again.
Parallel, on the ground,
is the house park line,
where I do my running,
once a week,

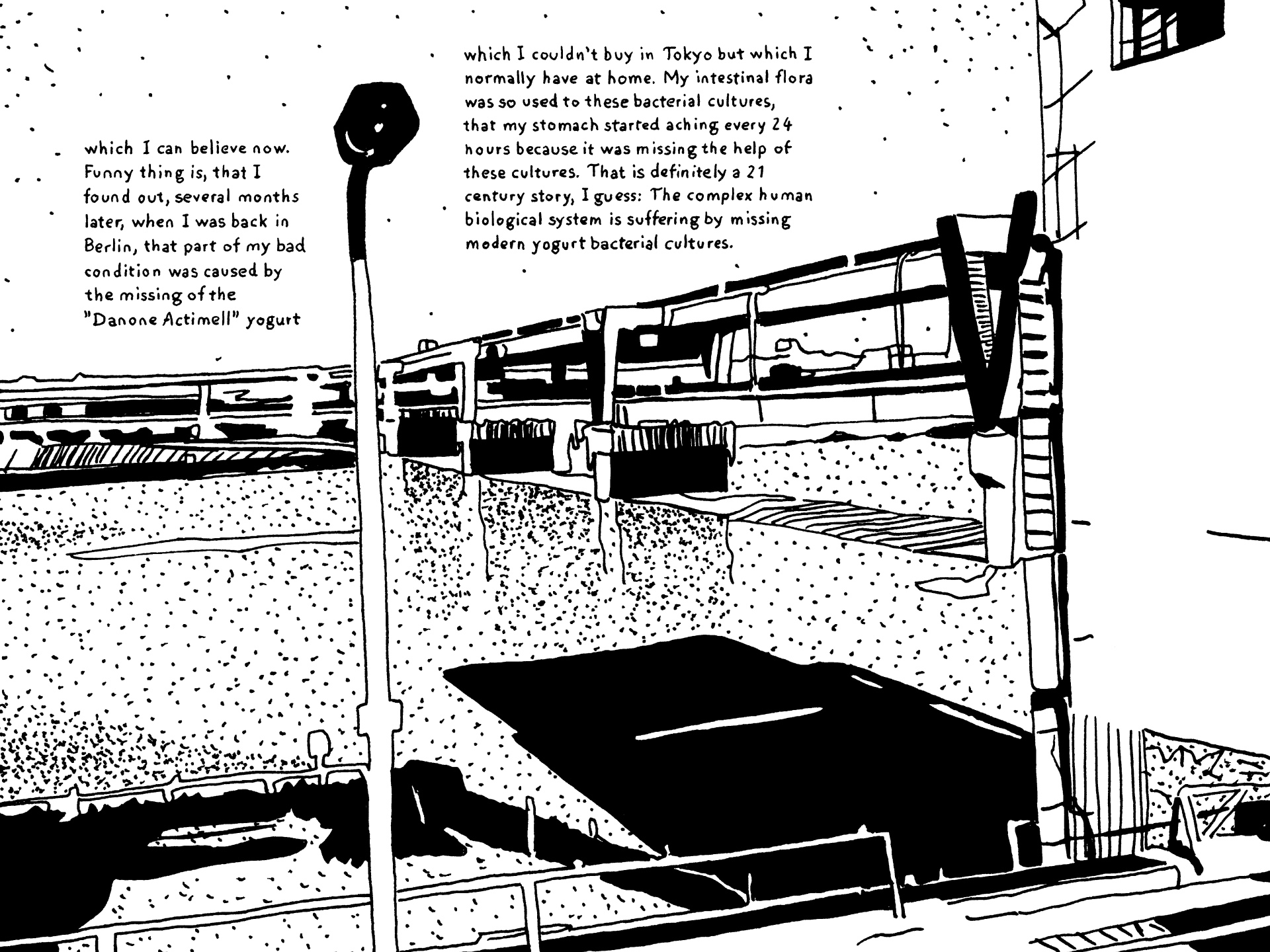


onto the 1 kilometer asphalt alley. This time the baseball field and the tennis court are not used because the typhoon can cause asthma, people told me,



which I can believe now. Funny thing is, that I found out, several months later, when I was back in Berlin, that part of my bad condition was caused by the missing of the "Danone Actimell" yogurt

which I couldn't buy in Tokyo but which I normally have at home. My intestinal flora was so used to these bacterial cultures, that my stomach started aching every 24 hours because it was missing the help of these cultures. That is definitely a 21 century story, I guess: The complex human biological system is suffering by missing modern yogurt bacterial cultures.





SAFARI

NISSAN



It's not the end of the
world as we know it
but simply the world
we live in.



THE BALLAD
OF THE
SPIDER

Some people say, that the spider awakes when the last person is long gone.

I think, being awake is not a question of moving.

When it was born, it lived in the park near by. It saw the people but the people didn't see it. It watched the buildings around the park and got an impression of scale. It realized, to get noticed by others, you have to have a certain scale.

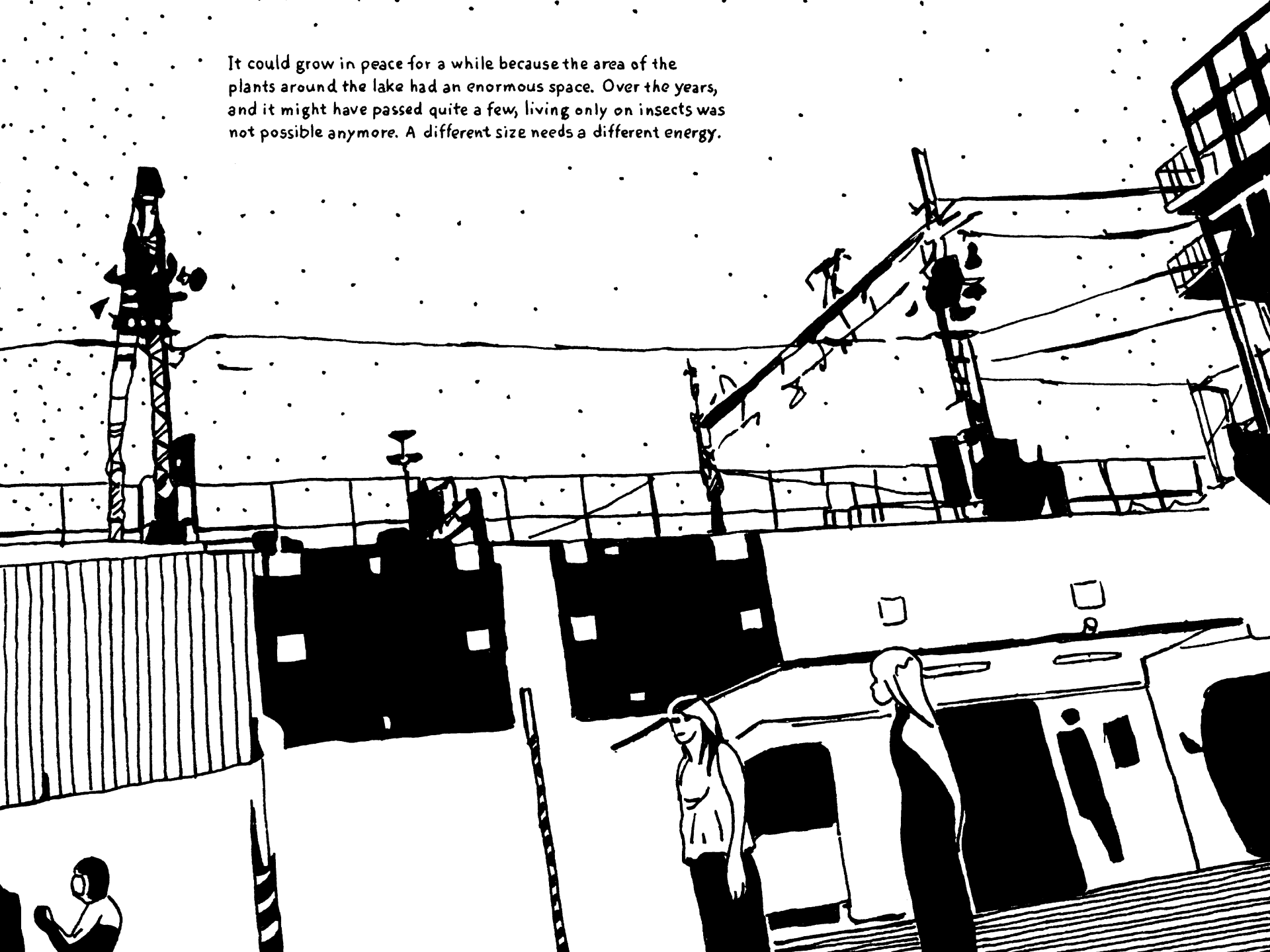
I think, getting noticed by others, must not be connected with the scale.

By getting older and bigger, it moved between the plants near the lake. It realized that the confrontation with a certain scale could be seen as a danger by the people.

I think, any confrontation in a direct way, can be seen as a danger by some people.



It could grow in peace for a while because the area of the plants around the lake had an enormous space. Over the years, and it might have passed quite a few, living only on insects was not possible anymore. A different size needs a different energy.



Some people say, that modern society causes mutation to people, animals, insects and nature. I think, it's just evolution.

One night it took all his fate and moved onto the traffic crossing near the park, recognizable for everybody now, it thought, but still the people were not able to see it.



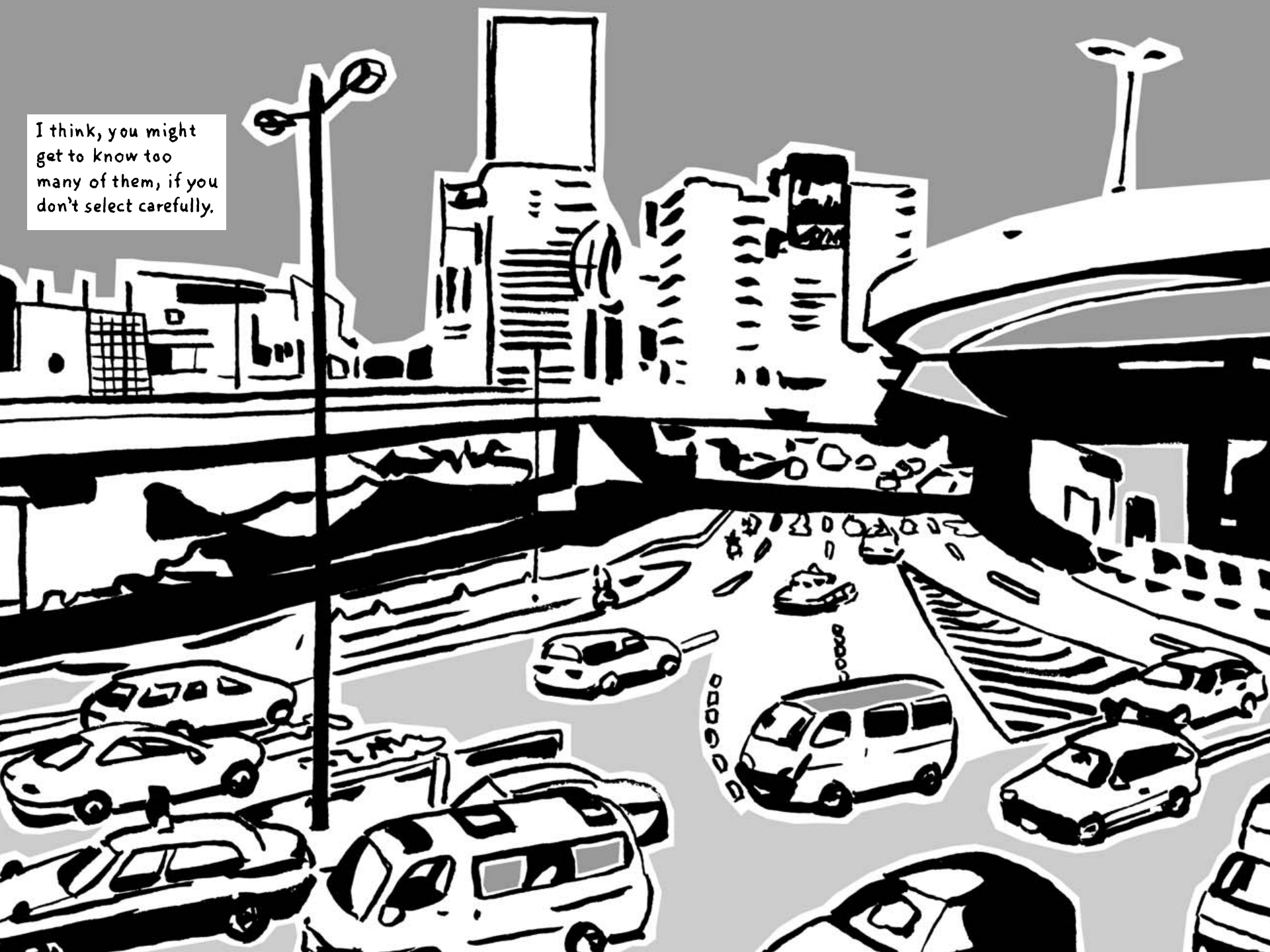


Today it lives over their heads and they also use it as a staircase to walk the crossing. It lives now by the energy it gets from the thousands of people passing this place every day.



Some people say, that
modern society can turn
living creatures into stone.

I think, you might
get to know too
many of them, if you
don't select carefully.





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