

Nanami Hori

*Which rice bowl?*

Notes

## A. Viruses, hooks.

Cutting the self-repeating loop of “escape”.  
The cut surface becomes a hook, with a pointed tip.

How a hook-and-loop fastener is made.  
Imitation of a burdock seed (biomimicry),  
bristled hair,  
burr.  
Seeds can stick, or can fall apart.

The acquisition of an ecological niche?

When threatened by an epidemic, even asking a stranger for a light, the possibility of life and death / the question of the probability of death comes to mind: one bets on either action.

However, consciously choosing all actions being impossible, one must keep betting on and believing in the “safer” action (or intuitively avoiding the less safe action): this results in the expansion of tolerance. Expanding while allowing intrusion.

The spreading of personal contracts, in the manner of viruses or plants. This can also be ignored.

Faces can spread by open source (feelings of facial deficiency). Infection. Like parts of yourself get shared without your knowledge. The finite nature of matter. The Internet does not seem to be extensive.

Question mark, interrogative form.

“An adventure more wonderful than a kiss”

What is discarded, and what is stylized and kept:  
how those appear in a character.

## B. 'Donburi': the rice bowl.

At the beef bowl restaurant, a stranger asks me:

“Which rice bowl?”

I answer:

“Green onion and egg bowl.”

(It's obvious if you looked: my bowl has green onion and egg on it.)

The best situation might be one where we don't know what's inside.

Asking what kind of rice bowl it is:

X bowl = Main ingredient / Rice

Unrevealed Main ingredient = Secret bowl

Revealed = Mixed and assimilated inside the intestines.

### C. Home, land.

Destruction (disruption) and reshaping of fabric patterns from home. (The pattern is resurrected through its destruction and dismantling.)

How can the patterns of kinship be disrupted?

→ No longer feeling the need to destroy.

Stress makes me redecorate, give the room a make-over.  
I can't stand the furniture staying in a certain position,  
so I rearrange it.

Affirmation and support for the powers of memory,  
as consolation for death

→ Dementia appearing as tragedy (Kazuo Ishiguro)

→ Wanting to comfort memory loss

→ Affirmation of memory loss?

→

The optimism of *The Grudge*,  
the house moving along different axes,  
horizontal propagation like the video in *The Ring*.

The preacher in Kiyoshi Kurosawa's *Cure*,  
ghost stories,  
viruses too?

“Horizontal spreading of genes”  
→ Spreading more than horizontally. Fabricating, leaping.

Dynamic equilibrium:  
prioritizing decomposition over synthesis.  
The more knots the better.  
“Horror: a strange form of hope that even a stranger can  
become a resource you have, and vice versa”



Keeping the body of the deceased in the house for a few days;  
feeling the heat after the cremation on my face.  
The ghostliness of the house is revived.

Not *having* a sickness or *getting* sick;  
rather, *becoming* sick, *being* the sickness.

Alzheimer's: the accumulation of waste proteins.  
Collapse of identity & formation of another identity.  
Plasticity (the property of receiving, giving, neutralizing a shape). (Catherine Malabou)  
Destruction generates formation. (Catherine Malabou)  
= due to entropy that cannot be discarded.  
Breakdown cannot keep up.

The gestures remain.

Atrophy of the endoreceptive network = loss of the sense of self. A "self-system".

Little by little, you become a stranger.

Derivatives = capturing local changes;  
Integrals = handling the global accumulation of local quantities.

## D. Yaoi.

[Yaoi, also known as “Boys’ Love” or “BL,” is a genre of fictional media originating in Japan that features homoerotic relationships between male characters. It is typically created by women for women and is distinct from homoerotic media marketed to gay men.]

Ya O I:

*Yamanashi* (no climax),

*Ochinashi* (no point),

*Iminashi* (no meaning).

↓

Yaoi (thinness, self-torment)

and catharsis (positive use for defecation).

*Fafner in the Azure*,

meat lumps in erotic video games,

‘Babiniku ojisan’ (virtual-beautiful-girl-incarnated guy).

Assimilate and become one soul;  
cooperate and live as two souls.

A (straightforward) mindset of trying to understand the enemy  
by touching the same material as them. (like in *Arrival*)

Donna Haraway:

“How can people rooted in different practices ride the same  
carriage?”

“Rather, what feminists explore is how things work, who is in  
the action, and what is possible.

How can real world actors hold each other accountable and  
love each other in a non-violent way?”

*(The Companion Species Manifesto)*

The mother-child relationship in “derivative work” as an extension of the diary.

Feeling like “derivative work” = turning everyday life into gags.

“I’m your worst nightmare”

as a vocalized response to “Who are you?” (from *Rambo III*)

“Someday we’ll shine together”

as an unvoiced expression of hope (from the last episode of the 1997 anime series *Revolutionary Girl Utena*).

Utena creator Kunihiko Ikuhara’s various metaphors:

“revolution of a (parallel?) world”,

“transferring fates like train lines”.

The concept of slipping out from the inside to the outside.

In the follow-up movie *Adolescence of Utena*, main character

Utena transforms into a sports car: in the end, Utena and

partner Anthy lie down naked on two wheels, and kiss.

The place of contact between  
“I’m your worst nightmare”  
and  
“Someday we’ll shine together”:  
to be your nightmare and to someday shine together,  
like a utopia in classical Yaoi.

How do two people become each other’s nightmare,  
form a good kinship,  
transform?



## E. Sleep, memory.

Recording sleep, consistency of memory and time. Dates (data).

Dreams = accumulating small increments of detachment?

Changing one's name depending on their age and position, as in the Buddhist orders, might be akin to derivatives in mathematics.

A gameplay that consists of repeatedly erasing your own existence.

The brain learns, but can humans also consciously erase learning?

→ In fact, what remains is the accumulation of small increments of erasure.

Maybe I just want to look at dementia in a positive light. If the situation of “long-term memory not being retained, and only gestures remain” is troublesome, it’s because of the relationships that have been established until now.

Wouldn’t it be nice if this social structure that depends on constructed relationships was no longer the dominant form?

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Bel Ami  
709. N Hill St.  
inside Asian Center  
upstairs suite #105  
Los Angeles, CA 90042 USA