

*"You will walk into this house. A man will greet you. He is old. First he will take you into a dark room.  
Follow him wherever he goes. "*

I step into the house. I am greeted in Japanese  
by a very old man. He has a crooked back.

I do as I am told. I walk after him. He leads the  
way through a narrow corridor and we pause in  
front of heavy iron door.



He opens the door.

It is not a dark room. It is the blackest room  
I have ever visited.









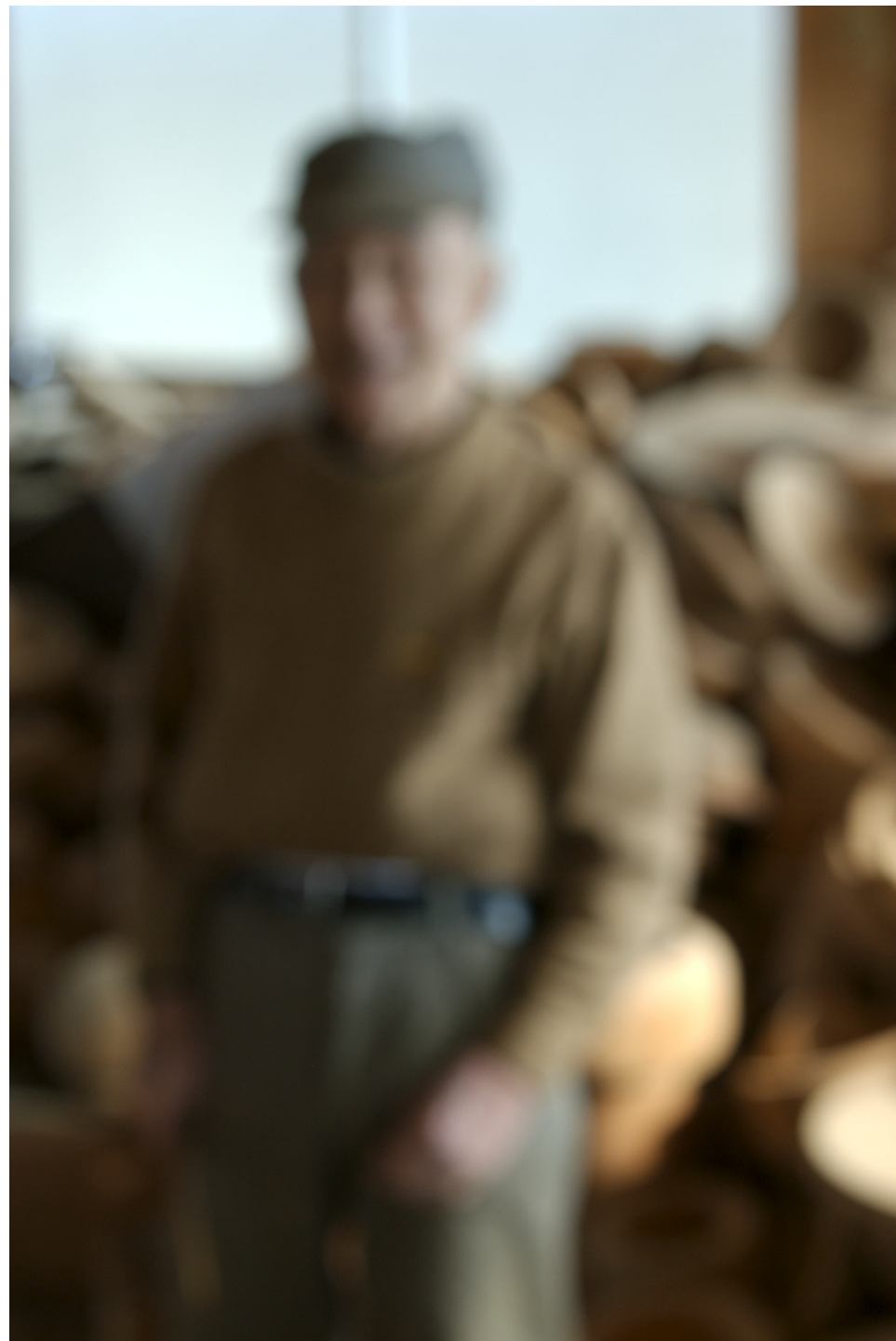


The walls are glistening from thick layers of black paint. The black can only be seen if it is lit.

I make a couple of exposures of the blackness.  
The room reeks from smoke. It is a fumatorium.  
It seems to be a completely air-tight chamber.

The man speaks to me. I listen and nod as though I understand every word he says. Connection has no language. The sparks of light from the light bulb hits the surface, like stars illuminating the night sky.

I follow him as he slowly walks up the stairs.  
He wants to show me his space. It is full of his life's work. He is a maker of bowls. They are completely covering the floor. The same shape multiplied to the infinite. He takes off his shoes and sits down in a lotus position on the floor. Then searches for the proper tools. He continues to work on yet another piece with only the sound of the lathe in motion interrupting our silence.







I watch him work. His fingers gently touching the wood. I see him beautify nature transfixed as I am, following his graceful movements. His hands seem to belong to a much younger man. Then all of a sudden he pauses, gets up and prances around in his space. He makes a sign and walks out of the room.

I follow him as he walks slowly up the stairs to another floor. The space is completely filled with his life's work. It seem to continue beyond the visible walls. Wooden bowls, that at some point of their exixtence have been carved by his tools, touched by his careful fingers. They flood out of the door ways, from every room in the narrow corridor.

He makes a grand sweeping gesture with his hand. Says something in a soft Japanese. I am pretty sure it is something very humble, said with a lot of pride. I agree with whatever he has to say, bowing my head in Japanese.







