

Work

Chiyu Uemae

Since before history, human beings have lifted their eyes to the stars. Even now, when I behold that boundless field drawn in scattered points of light, the affairs of human society fall away, and I find myself wrapped in a quiet, graceful stillness.

Large drops of rain begin to fall, one by one, pricking dots across the black tin roof rising from the dry earth. Soon, the dimming air is filled with tens of thousands of translucent lines. Then a sudden gust drives them slantwise; the lines thicken into torrents, bursting into spray as they strike the roof. Each drop resounds like several machine guns fired at once, drumming fiercely against the metal sheets. At last, the wind and rain subside, and the evening sun breaks through. When I step outside, the road is strewn with gravel of every size, their small faces peering up to catch at my feet. From the dense leaves of low trees, droplets spill and gleam like gold, falling into the shadowed tanks of a goldfish shop. A few among the cluster of red dots covering the water's surface quiver, and their color grows all the more vivid.

No one had yet perceived the value of the dot. By turning away from literary elements, I began by placing a single dot.

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