Gen Morimoto

森本 玄

I suddenly realized that an unfamiliar tree had taken root in my garden on its own.
In a few years, it had grown much taller than it should have been.
It was a large thorny tree, which, upon examination, turned out to be a plum.
I pruned it a bit, let it lie for a year, and sawed the dead branches into small pieces for burning.

Before burning the branches, I numbered them one by one and placed them endlessly to record their history. The order in which they were arranged was fixed.
As they piled up, it became chaotic, as it was no longer possible to trace how they were arranged without numbers.

If we try to go back by speculation, one situation will differ depending on the viewer, such as Ryunosuke Akutagawa's short story - *Yabu no naka* "In a Grove", and will allow multiple interpretations.

I made the monotype works while pondering the indivisible events, the time of accumulation and its irreversibility. The silver leaf represents the memory of the last branch I placed.