



dancing is little too romantic for me

by Kimberly Zumpfe
Satoe Fukushima



for me...

little too romantic

dancing is

Missed conversation. *dancing is a little too romantic for me* is a performance and text developed from a dialogue of speech, sound, and images between artists Satoe Fukushima and Kimberly Zumpfe. This dialogue revolved around obvious, subtle, and conjecture of cross-cultural influences between Japan and the United States, particularly late 20th century recurring and overlapping pieces and parts of culture, and therefore, our lives. And we asked ourselves, What do we see? What do we expect to see? How does misreading these cultural cues impact self-structuring and quality of lived experience?

Anti-production. The work is an extension of our discussions, including the inter-relationship between the economic boom of good times and wealth in post-war Japan with the Cold War production of the United States. People in both countries



These people watch and wait, they want to be next

were having expectations of “the end,” visions of the bomb’s impact on bodies, quality of life, history, and the future that influenced visual and aural culture. Haunted by this mutually shared historical precedent, both countries infused a subconscious terror into popular culture, produced escapist activities, created pseudo-psychedelic avoidance tactics of political and domestic realities, and celebrated excess as ritualized activity in the face of potentially unlivable futures. What does it feel like to have expectations of impending outcomes? How does this impact bodies, sound, and visibility? What happens when contemporary events that are delivered to shock excessively and grievously, and yet don’t designate significant change, are without rituals to contain loss and grief? What kind of mood can possibly contain these real and assumed losses?

Composing under duress. Distraction. Sounds fill, sounds of daily life, sounds of cities on the move, sounds of incoming and outgoing, sounds of pigeons that live with people, sounds of bodies moving, sounds of protest, sounds of the law. What is this distraction? Sounds created for interior spaces, sounds of the Miracle Industry, sounds that mechanically calm the nervous system. What are distracted bodies? What do they experience? Women voice - words of naming and things and origins and fruit and laughter.

A performance for performers. Masks temporarily reject recognition. Masks of color craft cuteness. Masks of prisoners. Masks of freedom. Masks of struggle. Masks accumulate. Masks change time. Masks. Masked and partially blinded performers disperse and claim a location. They watch. They are watchers. They have anonymity and voicelessness. They control the lights. Who are they? What do they want? Who are they performing for? Occasionally, they put down the lights and stand, moving in slow motion, a motion so slow that is unidentifiable, and achingly familiar. What do you see? What do you expect to see?



Asian women demonstrate how to continue to be happy urgent consumers of standard goods for American audiences that have lost their shopping inferno

ic for

sing is two

Things I Never Talk About More

by Satoe Fukushima and Kim Zumpfe

Look look look at those mules with no heads, horses used as sub-tools to prove strength and vitality. The knots in the wood are still exactly in the same place as before. How can that be? They make horses exactly like they used to. I guess nobody patented those, nobody can patent a never non-mule. Its gotta be long over the limitations of exclusivity, or post-innovation, pre-exclusive, outer-genetic, unbound from the law. a hand poised forever ready to crack into the same piece of wood.

me...



The American military reinforces their own fantasies of the destruction of the white nuclear family with two husbands



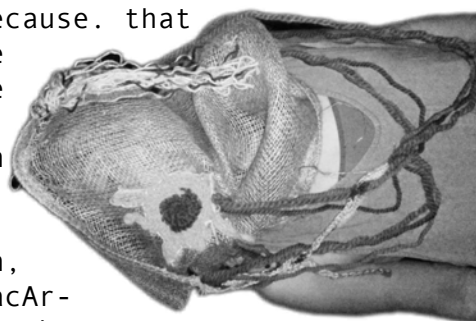
He won the beauty pageant, not her even though she is centered. He never got the stains out of his prized winners sash

Look at you, you made yourself a brand, a non-person person by choice, if you were Japanese you would be expansive and collective, but as Americanese you are less than one with a style beyond a subject --done up, just right, just that way, just that way when you look in the mirror you like what you see, on display for a public ready to eat your non-person image, backgrounds and foregrounds all branded with blankness. Self-branded so you don't lose yourself, your non-person image, branded to show a surface with marks, identified as supra-individual.

with a fireplace in my new apartment, I was singing "chim~ chimney~ chim~ chimney~ Chim~ Chimney," and you asked. I thought it was a universal language, so associated the chimney with Christmas Tragedy. I never had one in my dwellings, but now I have it for the first time in my life, but weirdly homey, weirdly emotional, all those childhood memories with my fireplace.

That was when MC Hammer went samurai, then she looked to the left with a pose intended for an invisible camera, clearly posed by somebody else, with khaki pants that turned two legs into one leg with two feet, with some post-ge-ta shoes that deceptively look like flip-flops - they are not because. because. that alleyway isn't the place for beach shoes. But the alley is not the place this person stands, even if they stand within it.

THE CCD GHQ SCAP G-2... oh, yeah, just, only that MacArthur guy. He was the one that led battles as aaarghhh a perfect vision of the cowboy with his corncob pipe and hands always in his pockets. never trust a man who doesn't show his hands. Sunset pretzel.



Fake bleeding heart. bump. Seamless plant sets. nix. Heart stickers. off. An open range (stove) ready to jump off the butte overlooking the deep blue expansive sea. nix. A woman touches her naked ass. pop. Bushido. off. Shark bag collections available in realistic detail. trans. A kiss under a pink umbrella. bump. F*cking ninjas. cam. Kitty cat meow meow meow. trans. Spaced-out dreads. nix. Slash-knife stand. trans. Expressive mode with tail attacheé. cam. Twerk team group pose. pop. Multi-animated christmas fireplace. trans. Steampunk ballet shoes. off.

I was 19 when I started watching looking - I really hadn't seen much - wasn't exposed to much outside of my white middle american homogenical madness. I hated that Samurai trilogy but clearly HE loved westerns more than I did, you know, growing up in the wEST where every man in boots dreamt himself inside of a horse on top of his car, you know, in the 90's, when Japanese movies from the 60's were still idolized, before the world ended and everything became idolized.

what SHE said. Los M Mazaco. Miloco Eyorque St. the streets are always wet there. water was cheap then and concrete could be treated like plants.

obsessed with blood. Heart Mountain. always an



Newly suggested Harajuku style

enemy just under the surface pumping probing pumping. a small writing, an afterthought, printed on yellow cracked newsprint - in the annals of digital informational in accessibility - is a declaration of alliance through death. Final proof of the other type of lawful ancestry is falling in action. Their hands rest loosely on their knees while they wait.

big image of a geisha on the surface of a building in the near future, floating cars in the air, all those billboards and neon, lights in little windows in the distance, crazy urban planning went wrong, so wrong just like Osaka. Remember you asked me if this was a Japanese movie.

you are an old soul. My first introduction to buddhism in americanese was that little man child (who should have lived forever), although I always preferred the supra-mythological proportions of Augra with her anger and recognition of stupidity and end times. A karate master (who never ages) keeps saying "boys are much easier" was - maybe - a far second - if, even if the air was already infused with an array of capitalistic versions of eastern ideologies. "you are an old soul" you have an old soul
you are an old soul have an
old soul old soul nobody
has said that to me in
so long so old. older, my
old soul has withered, it
no longer conforms to capital, no more ease and satisfaction old soul old soul where have you gone. Satoe, where is your old soul? What do you call it?

I didn't know this four-eyed Gaijin, he wears a Kimono, holds a scroll, tells us life is Delicious. Delicious is the sense we all feel intuitively. But I need an explanation. Delicious life explained by this white guy, seemingly straight, short, and skinny. Later I saw him screaming, "Because it's made in



Sing for me Queen Bitch

Japan!" making an excuse for his gadget. he failed to fly away to make an escape from villains. What did he think of signing the contract with Japan, who made his escape impossible 10 years ago? He even hates to get on airplanes. Did he flatter himself with a visit to a Japanese CEO of a department store, equivalent of Macy's, to be asked for the campaign?

you cut off the same

finger again?

Beautiful long skin, flawless tour. One vis-daughter Naomi model. The life is chal-

limbs, vacuuming dark wineglass body con- it at this salon, your becomes Naomi the super again of mediocre class now drastically changed and lenged. Beautiful short limbs, vast yellow skin, flawless kimono-ready body contour.

all leaning to the right with left foot forward moving forward left foot first to stroll. All nearly the same, in a cluster, a walking clump. This is not a march, tho, no, nor a funeral procession, just a rank of men with finely tailored hair, a necessary (?) walk with fine leather shoes all the same, black suits covering skin that exposes, and sunglasses to keep the sun off their eyes, preparing for some serious event where they need un-sunscorched eyes. They are serious looking men. no smiles there no - walking - clumped

Delicious life

I don't know why you won't answer my questions?
I sing for you on my tiptoes at the top of my lungs and you return all my efforts with silence a silent blue stare.

a little for me



Another Fine Edition of Atomic Boy

Those plastic eyes. I swear I saw it happen.
That plastic skin. I don't remember when that
happened to them. I swear.

From his stuffed potato in his crotch as King
to his shoulder pads, we all went crazy over
his accomplishment to be un-human. We all went
crazy when he was a vulnerable alien, mutilat-
ed and unable go back to his planet and see his
family never ever again, because we were weirdly
satisfied that, he, too, had to be bound in
living hell. Every morning we wonder what we
did so wrong to deserve this inhumane treatment
from the world just to commute in over-stuffed
trains, where we lose respect for our bodies.

Being an American, you are automatically the
sound of reason, the sound of assurance, the
sound of the right side. If you are Japanese,
who can afford to hire an American to tell the
public anything, you are the Man.

mmmmm-mmm --- that Chinese restaurant looks
soooo good I want to eat there --- I can tell
by the red authentic signage with at least
one word ending in 'ng' just how good good
is. Where I grew up, all the authentic Chinese
restaurants were owned and run by Vietnamese
people. I could never find out where they lived
and was afraid to ask.

That older Japanese woman on the bench is



clearly looking at the white woman trying not to look looking trying not to look trying not to look looking to the side trying to look not looking. I can see her eyeballs under her nearly closed eyelids. That white woman is not performing for her. I wouldn't understand the white woman without her looking not looking look not seeing look.

Look at you, you made yourself a brand, a non-person person by choice, if you were American you would be glory and power, but as Japanese you are less than one with a style beyond a subject --done up, just right, just that way, just that way when you look in the mirror you like what you see, on display for a public ready to eat your non-person image, backgrounds and foregrounds all branded with blankness. Self-branded so you don't lose yourself, your non-person image, branded to show a surface with marks, identified as supra-collective.

Christmas is the time of musicals, when everyone sings all the sudden. Made me embarrassed for them. I couldn't watch straight. Stop! You are embarrassing me. I look away. Look at the pattern on the carpet. Trace with my index finger. I can't stop paying attention to the rhythm, thinking no one here bursts into

singing and dancing. No one speaks in perfect
Japanese and sings in perfect English. Even the voices of
characters are all changed;
the quality of the sound is

changed.
they will
sing-

We

know when

burst into
ing, be-
cause
we
a

hear
faint
sound of
change.

We watch
same video-
sette over and
so we know when they
anyway. I knew I was supposed to look at the
screen, because I didn't understand what they
were saying. I was supposed to read what they
were singing. I couldn't read all the Japanese
yet, even if I could, I didn't know the meaning
of some words. Did she finish singing? Oh,
now, all the characters are singing. I look up
the tube that blinks, that red light moves back
and forth, towards the plastic Christmas tree,
looking at the cotton, imitating the snow, on
the huge green plastic tree, proudly, remember-
ing how I put them there better than last year.
Oh, I remember that I watched the same musical
last year thinking the same thing. Wait, I
didn't put the snow on last year, but I put the

the
cas-
over,
will sing



The bun is in the oven

ornaments that look like present boxes. I have never gotten a present that looks like that. I wanted one with the red shiny wrapping paper with green ribbon with gold lines in it. I know I won't get one that looks like the ornament, because it only happens where people speak in perfect Japanese and sing in English. Because no one here bursts into singing and dancing, but in America, they burst into singing and dancing. Here she sings with the villain guy I was afraid of so much. They are now friends and all is okay because they are singing together in the language I don't understand, in the country where I know it exists.

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A typical Japanese-American family goes for a picnic

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You wouldn't know it, but they are here for you



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