

New York. Harlem. The old red brick apartment. Black iron outside stairs. The frosted glass in the window of the semi-basement room is broken. The desolate sidewalk. The stone stairs in front of the entrance hall have a handrail. There are 7 steps of stairs. An Afro-American sits down. His hand has small BLUES HARP. The wavering distortion of the reed is a half-step down, it's supposed to feel like realistic metallic material, mixed with a tin-plate-like high note and a low metallic note like a broken tuba, it's unstable in pitch. The sound that it is dry out, and there was no depth, no the softness and no moisture, and an outline was severe, and existence became clear. The sound that turns the stopper of the old tap that makes the deafening shriek of the languid stillness of the early afternoon of the midsummer.

ニューヨーク New York, ハーレム Harlem. 古い赤煉瓦のアパート。黒い鉄製の外付階段。半地下の部屋の割れた曇りガラスの窓、寂しい歩道。手摺のある玄関前の石段。七段あり、黒人が坐っている。手に小さなブルースハープ Blues Harp リードの震えのひずみは、半音下がった、即物的な、かん高いブリキ音と、ぶち壊れたチューバのような低い金属の音の雑ざったような、不安定な、揺らぐ音程。乾き切った、深みやまろみや潤いのない、輪郭のきつい、存在のくっきりしたサウンド Sound。真夏の昼下がりの、気怠い静寂を裂帛する、古い蛇口の栓を捻るような、響き。