

っぽい (A) LIKE

~POI! Inviting!

~POI! Irritating!

At home, trying to sit on two stools at the same time, living in the cultural clothing/crack.

Not one and not the other, not getting up in one place and not really arriving in the other, sometimes becoming a stranger to oneself, not having the answer on the tip of the tongue, being outside the sphere of influence and living on shifting ground, putting different things together and blending them, consciously and maybe even unconsciously. Enjoying the ambivalence, the mix. Tokyo: absolute BLEND.

The mind takes a walk between the worlds, sometimes hard, and then very easy. The breaths alternating between Western lungs and Eastern gills. A creative conflict situation. Quick, the scissors! Maybe it's good that the right hand doesn't always know what the left is doing. If you are not careful the delivery will be difficult! Scissors, the scissors! It looks easy afterwards, but there were a lot of detours getting there. New patterns, trying to find interesting combinations: a thing like a *happi* jacket, a little cloth knapsack on the back of a dress – looks a bit like an *obi* and that? trousers??... a skirt??... a hybrid like a *bakama*, “it's like...” but also “it's different than...”, never “just like”. That's right, ~POI. You have to like ~POI, it works, it vibrates!

The East is reflected in the West – in the East... The West is reflected in the East – in the West... You see something unfamiliar in what is familiar.

Somehow like... It is somehow like the “combined fragrance of a cherry blossom and a plum blossom on the same twig”, as an anonymous Japanese poet once wrote.

A glance back in time: not only does *kimono* literally mean “something to wear”, the German word *Tracht*, used for traditional clothing, comes from the word *tragen*, to carry, and the English word *garment* comes from *garnish*, to adorn.

And how could one better translate *bakama* than with the old-fashioned word *breeches*? There were times when today's pencil trousers seemed funny; they were reserved for the clown in the *Commedia dell'arte*...

In the West, the tailor pays attention to human anatomy, cutting and piecing the cloth to create hollow forms into which the body should fit. In the East, including Japan, one is satisfied with geometry, the cloth remains uncut in its rectangular lengths, the fitting is done on the body. This creates room for improvisation: there is quite a lot of freedom for the garment to be completed by the person wearing it. Room for a “personal ~POI” is the nuance we are looking for...

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