

# Spaces around dining tables

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When I wake up in the morning and go to the communal dining room on the fourth floor, I am sure to meet pigeons that have flown in through the window. With the pigeons by my side, I eat breakfast while listening to my friends humming as they cook. The table is littered with plastic clips for closing the bag, twisted rubber bands, spilled cereal, and banana peels. The view of Les chambres you see in front of you now is a kind of parallel world that reconstructs my daily life around my dining table.

My work is a reflection on things that are ubiquitous, unglamorous, and visible but unacknowledged. They are never unique but appear repeatedly in ordinary days, crossing time, space, and sometimes even countries and eras (which is why they are often trivial, unimportant, and dirty. Or perhaps because of their weakness and fragility, they needed to multiply.) To be many, not one. And to be reproduced again and again. I believe that the way of democratic art is to differentiate your everyday life through plurality and reproducibility.



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***Ghost of Copy (Pigeon)*** On tables in the restaurant

Black-and-white photographs in which the subjects are repetitions, reversals, and reflections. Positives and negatives are gently flipped in the pictures, creating a mixture of real and virtual images.

The main subject of the *Ghost of Copy (Pigeon)* series is pigeons. They are like stones or shadows, existing everywhere and anytime, ignored by people, and colored in monochrome. Furthermore, when the pigeons are in flocks, their presence is like a copy-and-paste, the real and the virtual seeming to come as close as possible.

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***Humming*** Inside the gallery door

*Humming* is a one-minute hum created at the caprice of the artist. There is no good or bad in a humming sung for oneself. If there is a sudden modulation or a long silence, it is all correct to them.

We can find the singer's habits in it as we listen to the humming repeatedly. And when we remember private hums by others and unconsciously hum them as our own, does the essence of "humming" remain in it?

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***Twisted Rubber Band (combination)*** Next to the counter

The elastic 'line' exists in three-dimensional space, the 'zero' indicated by the doughnut shape, and the 'square' created by the cross-section. Although it is a 'mass product' consisting of a tremendous number, it has a deep relationship with our 'hands' and is easy to get to know.

*Twisted Rubber Band* is an instantaneous sculpture expressed by rubber bands that include various elements.

In the *Twisted Rubber Band (combination)*, twisted and chopped rubber bands are arranged inside a circular rubber band, like a small dish created on a cracker.

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