Entry by: Kazutoshi Ito

Kazutoshi Ito’s Campus City Festival concepts are based on powerful personal memories, media images, and traditional mythologies of water, wind, tree, light, fire, dream, and wood. A water-based element is the Ocean-Theater, for instance, a floating chain of events surrounding the city on its waterways. Tree, fire, and wood are the themes creating new civic “places of the mind.” There is the City of Fire, for instance, the concept of a cyclical event, whereby trees would be grown, which every 30 years become the construction material for world exposition pavilions. These pavilions, in turn, would be incinerated, and the remaining carbonized site used to grow a new generation of trees.

You are watching fireworks while thinking about the exhibition that ran until yesterday. You chuckled as you thought about the fact that the International Information Exhibition would end with an old-fashioned fireworks show. The “fire festival” will again take place in 30 years. You imagine a monument of the next festival. The thought occurs to you—“you want to participate in the festival one more time. Will people 30 years from now still think the burning monument beautiful?”

Award: Third Runner-up and Mainichi Newspapers Award

Ito cautiously maneuvers among the end results of the media age: its images, events, the possibilities of crafting forms. Function and content of the new media networks are presumed as given. Whatever they are, they will not be so different from what current trends suggest, and, in any events, will require the engaging art of the choreographer, the stage designer, and the art director. Place-making in the advanced information society is cyclical and recycling: physical observations are transformed or exaggerated into the world of media images, which in turn seriously affect form and function of the built environment. Timing and staging are no longer exclusive attributes of the construction process: place and event converge, and the edifice, the manufactured environment, has sprung to life.

You got off an old-fashioned festival bus and started walking. A breeze from the sea blows through the floating island park. Something flashed through the pines, and then the Space Ark Theater appeared before you. “It’s a ridiculous name,” you thought to yourself. You stared for awhile at the theater that reflected the afternoon sun. You didn’t even hear the plane coming down second by second. The past ran through your mind. “I remember I was born in a factory named the city’” The early summer sea slowly ruffled time.