

last year, on the very last day, i woke up early and without really planning,

went around the city to register the last day of the first year of the pandemic.

it was somewhat symbolic— to record as much as possible of tokyo— as the world held its breath—

not knowing what was expecting us on the other side of the calendar.

i must have taken over one hundred photos that day.

the very last one is one of a woman standing on an empty train platform with a massive musical instrument on her back.

that day i posted that photo somewhere and wrote: "and on the last day, a sign of joy, with music making its way through this silent metropolis."

## [you can see it on the next page]

this year, it was a bit different, it was planned.

there was an alarm clock set and a full day— where i went to the very same neighborhoods from last year.

and one year later, the city was still quiet—but different—less silent than one year ago.

different from back then, most places were open. there is also more color, more people, more normal.

not normal— but more normal.

and at the end of the day, this time, i didn't see music going places.

but i saw optimism the same way.

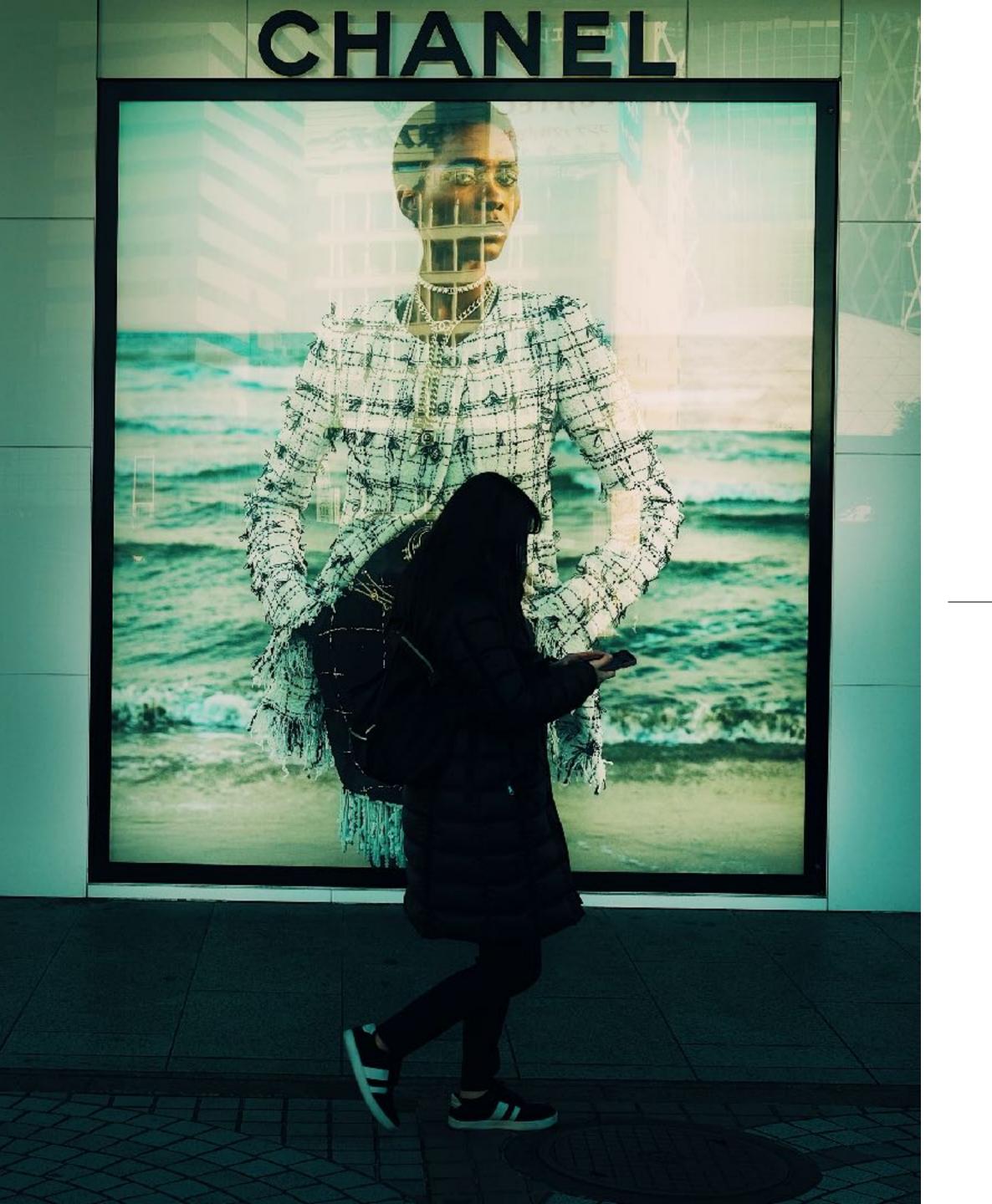
in the form of two friends.

they looked really happy mid-conversation. you could see them smiling from under their masks as they walked past me.

i looked back and saw them making their way towards a temple located at the end of the street.

they entered, made their wishes, bowed and went their way.

and I love to think that [their wishes] had something to do with a new year that is for the first time in years, **new**.



9:36 am 31/12/2021



10:04 am



10:31 am 31/12/2021



11:17 am 31/12/2021



11:51 am 31/12/2021



12:28 am



12:40 am 31/12/2021



1:19 pm 31/12/2021



2:01 pm



2:15 pm 31/12/2021



2:59 pm



3:16 pm 31/12/2021



3:17 pm 31/12/2021



3:52 pm



4:07 pm 31/12/2021



4:29 pm



4:42 pm 31/12/2021



5:18 pm



5:24 pm

5:37 pm

happy new year