

# **20th Century Ecotech Girl**

**The Future That Had No Name**

**Volume 2  
English Edited**

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# **20th Century Ecotech Girl Reloaded**

**Episode III**  
*Flowers Unsettled, Values Unsteady*



## CHAPTER 8:

### FLOWER MAGIC

— *The Ontario Garden of Canada and the Hard-to-Handle Plants* —

**P1: A Garden That Looks the Part**

**Panel ① (wide panel)**

**[Scene]**

A sweeping view of the “Mountain Area” International Gardens — the Ontario Garden of Canada. A staged waterfall flows behind a log cabin, neatly trimmed Trillium bushes, and vibrantly mismatched flowerbeds. In the foreground: a booth handing out “Tongar-chan” stickers. The whole scene feels... curated.

**Hinata (monologue)** “So this is supposed to be the Canada Garden...

But it’s just full of things that *look* Canadian, huh...?”

---

**Panel ②**

**[Scene]**

A cheerful middle-aged man wearing a cap labeled “’80s,” decorated with axolotl and frilled lizard pins. His T-shirt reads *SAILORS* with the mascot “Sailor-kun” on it. He’s thrilled to get a “Tongar-chan” sticker from the booth.

**Hinata (monologue)** “An axolotl... and a frilled lizard...? Totally 1980s fads.... Not a single thing to do with Canada, though.”

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**Panel ③**

**[Scene]**

The same man now slumps on a shady bench, fanning himself with a paper fan labeled *Turkish Bath Maple*, staring tiredly at his Tongar-chan sticker.

**Hinata (monologue)** “Got all excited, now he’s completely wiped out...

Guess nostalgia hits harder than it used to.”

---

**Panel ④****[Scene]**

Hinata crouches beside a garden bed filled with false Solomon's seal (*Maianthemum racemosum*), fountain grass, and tightly trimmed Japanese boxwood. Bright marigolds, begonias, and rainbow-colored lantanas fill the gaps.

**Hinata (muttering)** "They've cranked the colors way up...  
But if you really look close—

---

**Panel ⑤****[Scene]**

Deep in the grass, a modest white flower quietly blooms — *Trillium*. Hinata notices it. A faint aroma wafts through the air.

**Hinata (dialogue)** "...There you are. Trillium-san."  
"A woodland flower from Canada... and no one's even looking."

---

**Panel ⑥****[Scene]**

Hinata gently leans in to smell the flower. The shadow of a log cabin and the sound of a waterfall echo in the background.

**Hinata (murmuring)** "From white... to pink... to purple."  
"It blooms, it fades... but then it comes back again."

---

**Panel ⑦****[Scene]**

Hinata glances back at the man slumped on the bench. Seeing how exhausted he looks, she pulls out a small bottle of aroma oil from her shoulder bag.

**Hinata (murmuring)** "...Maybe I can at least ease him with some scent."  
"Lemon-san, Rosemary-san — I'm counting on you."

**1: "Turkish bath"**

In Japan, this term referred not to traditional hammams but to a form of adult entertainment during the Shōwa era. Following diplomatic protests from Turkey in the 1980s, the industry rebranded itself as "soaplands." Today, "Turkish bath" evokes a nostalgic yet sleazy image of Showa-era leisure culture.

## Page 2: A Difficult Man and the Frilled-Axolotl Combo

### Panel ①

[Visuals] Hinata crouches beside the bench. The man silently rubs the frilled lizard badge on his cap. Hinata pulls a small cloth pouch from her bag.

#### **Hinata (monologue):**

“...The air around here feels kind of clogged.”

---

### Panel ②

[Visuals] Hinata takes out a round ceramic aroma stone and lightly dabs it with essential oil.

#### **Hinata (murmur):**

“Lemon-san... citrusy and bright, with strong antibacterial powers.”

#### **Hinata (murmur):**

“Rosemary-san, aka Mannenrō in Japanese. Helps the brain refresh—brings clarity to the tired mind.”

---

### Panel ③

[Visuals] Hinata gently places the aroma stone between them. A soft scent rises. The man sniffs slightly without a word.

#### **Man (softly):**

“...Smells kinda nice...”

---

### Panel ④

[Visuals] Hinata stares at the flowerbed again, eyes resting on the modest white trillium, contrasted against the flashy lantana.

#### **Hinata (dialogue):**

“Natural flowers... they're beautiful enough as is.  
But humans—can't help wanting to make them louder.”

**Panel ⑤**

[Visual] Close-up of *lantana*. Its mix of red, orange, and yellow appears almost synthetic.

**Hinata (monologue)**

“A chameleon flower... The colors change.  
It’s flashy—but I wonder how it looks to the insects?”

---

**Panel ⑥**

[Visual] Camera zooms in on a *trillium* flower, showing its subtle shift from white to pale pink to deep violet.

**Hinata (whisper)**

“It blooms, it ages, it fades... quietly.  
But if no one touches it—  
it’ll come back again.”

---

**Panel ⑦**

[Visual] The old man lets his shoulders fall, just a little.

Hinata watches in silence. The moment hangs in the air, filled only with scent.

**Hinata (softly)**

“What does it mean... to leave something behind?  
Even without blooming, even without falling—  
these plants... they know how to survive.”

### Page 3: The Power—and Trouble—of Plants

#### Panel ①

*Visuals:* Hinata crouches beside a trillium (a.k.a. Enreisō), gently touching its leaf with her fingertip. A quiet artificial waterfall murmurs in the background.

**Hinata (narration):** “Trillium—called Enreisō in Japanese...

In some regions, folks boil its leaves and eat it.”“It’s got antibacterial powers, antiviral effects...even helps lower cholesterol.”

---

#### Panel ②

*Visuals:* Hinata lowers her eyes to the base of the trillium’s stem. Her voice softens.

**Hinata (murmur):** “But too much of it can mess you up—diarrhea, vomiting...”“Even when they seem quiet and gentle...plants have their own sense of *distance*.”

---

#### Panel ③

*Visuals:* She frowns while looking at the bright lantana flowers beside it.

**Hinata:** “This lantana here...It’s one of the world’s top 100 worst invasive species.”“In tropical countries, you’re not supposed to plant it. It spreads out of control, scattering seeds everywhere.”

---

#### Panel ④

*Visuals:* A sign in the garden reads:

**“Brighten the space with colorful lantana!”**

Hinata glances at it, muttering with a touch of sarcasm.

**Hinata:** “Yeah, it’s flashy and all...But did anyone ever stop to ask—*should it even be here?*”

**Page 3 (continued): The Power—and Trouble—of Plants****Panel ⑤**

*Visuals:* Hinata walks quietly between garden beds. Loudly colored flowers bloom next to more modest plants.

**Hinata (monologue):**

“People always praise the flowers that bloom...

But what about the ones that wither before they get the chance?”

“That’s something that’s always stuck with me.”

---

**Panel ⑥**

*Visuals:* She glances back at the bench. The man is sitting with his back a little straighter now.

**Hinata (softly):**

“Every plant has its rightful place, no matter what kind it is.”

“...If you ignore that, you just end up with a ‘nice-looking future.’”

---

**Panel ⑦**

*Visuals:* Wide shot. Behind Hinata, a Niagara-style artificial waterfall crashes down. Small wildflowers tremble in its noise, almost drowned out.

**Hinata (monologue):**

“Even in silence...

knowing you’re allowed to *be here*—

Isn’t that what coexistence really means?”

#### Page 4: A “Future” Buried in Nostalgia

##### Panel ①

*Visuals:* A grassy bench in front of an artificial “Niagara Falls” pond. The middle-aged man sits slouched, staring blankly, a can of coffee in one hand. His frilled lizard and axolotl badges gleam in the sun.

**Hinata (inner voice):**

“...Frilled-neck lizard-san. Axolotl-san...”

---

##### Panel ②

*Visuals:* Hinata approaches and squints at his hat. The shiny, overly 3D badges look awkward and cheap.

**Hinata (quietly):**

“Those fellas... they’re not from Canada, right?”

---

##### Panel ③

*Visuals:* The man notices her and grins. His hat and shirt are covered in retro stickers. He looks oddly proud.

**Man (smugly):**

“Cool, huh? You know, missy—  
back at the '90 Flower Expo, they had an axolotl exhibit. Limited edition!”

##### Panel ③-2

**Man:**

“EXPO '70 too—ah, the Canada Pavilion back then was *somethin' else!*”

##### Panel ③-3

**Man:**

“Just earlier at the entrance, they were handin’ out ‘Tongar-chan’ stickers—  
super popular mascot!”

“This one here’s a *revival edition*—from the original, beat-up Tongar-chan.  
Made by the Naitō Foundation, y’know?”

**Page 4: A “Future” Buried in Nostalgia (continued)**

**Panel ④**

*Visuals:* Hinata gives a wry smile. Behind her, the artificial Niagara Falls lets out a dramatic *SPLAAAAASH*.

**Panel ④-2**

**Hinata:** “...Still, that waterfall—it’s kinda *too much*, isn’t it?”  
“Is this really what Canada’s like...?”

---

**Panel ⑤**

*Visuals:* The man’s expression shifts—he stares at the falls with distant eyes.

**Man:** “Back then... it *really* felt like the future.”“We believed in it—a country that lives in harmony with nature. Canada was a dream...”

---

**Panel ⑥**

*Visuals:* Hinata glances at the can of coffee in his hand. The label reads:  
*Niagara Blend.*

**Hinata (inner voice):**“...Guess we’ve gotten used to filling everything with something *that just looks the part...*”

---

**Panel ⑦**

*Visuals:* The roar of the waterfall, the humming of the water pumps. Hinata and the man sit in silence.

Around them: revival posters of Tongar-chan, retro panels from Expo ’70’s Canada Pavilion.

**Hinata (inner voice)** :“Is the future just a *rerun* of the past?”“Is this... really Canada?”

## Page 5: A Too-Perfect Forest, and a Real Kind of Longing

### Panel ①

*Visuals:* Hinata and the man sit side by side on a bench in front of the artificial Niagara Falls.

The water crashes loudly, but their faces remain quiet, almost serene.

**Hinata (inner voice):** “The sound of water echoes all around... but the forest doesn’t *smell* like anything.” “Why is it that this ‘future nature’ feels so... quiet?”

---

### Panel ②

*Visuals:* The man stares at the falls, speaking softly—eyes distant, as if seeing something far away.

**Man:** “...You know, Canada—it had a *real* forest.”  
“I saw it for the first time at Expo ’70... It moved me.”

---

### Panel ③

*Visuals:* Hinata looks at him with surprise.

The SAILORS T-shirt he’s wearing—with a Tongar-chan sticker on it—seems to shimmer with quiet pride.

**Hinata:** “A real forest...?”

---

### Panel ④

*Visuals:* The man grins confidently.

His hat gleams with the frilled lizard and axolotl pins.

**Man (boasting):** “You ever see the Canada Pavilion at Expo ’70? ... Nah, I guess you wouldn’t have.”

“It was like a forest. *Inside* the building... there was an actual forest.”

**Page 5: A Too-Perfect Forest, and a Real Kind of Longing (continued)**

**Panel ⑤-2**

**Man:**

“No straight paths. No signs. No directions...”

“You couldn’t tell where anything was—”

“—but it *lived* like a forest.”

---

**Panel ⑤**

*Visuals:* The man smiles faintly, a little wistfully.

The label on his can of coffee, “*Niagara Blend*,” is clearly visible.

**Man:**

“They keep making more ‘looks-like-the-real-thing’ stuff... trimming down the old dreams more and more...”

---

**Panel ⑥**

*Visuals:* Hinata quietly looks at the coffee can and murmurs to herself.

**Hinata:**

“The future just keeps copying the real thing... until there’s no scent left at all.”

---

**Panel ⑦**

*Visuals:* Behind them, the artificial Niagara Falls roars loudly.

But there are no bird calls, no buzzing insects. Not even a breeze stirs the air.

**Hinata (inner voice):**

“That *real forest* the old man once dreamed of...

...maybe it doesn’t live here anymore.”

## Page 6: The Scent That Revives a Real Forest

### Panel ①

*Visuals:* Beside the bench, Hinata crouches and picks up the aroma stone she had placed earlier.

**Hinata (quietly):** "...Oh—this from before."

---

### Panel ②

*Visuals:* Hinata adds one more drop of essential oil to the stone.

The man watches silently.

The scent is a blend of lemon and rosemary.

**Hinata:** "Lemon-san and Rosemary-san." "...Scents that bring memories back."

---

### Panel ③

*Visuals:* The scent gently wafts through the air.

Light reflects in the man's eyes.

For a brief moment, it looks as if his eyes are misting over.

**Man:** "...Yeah..." "Canada—it really smelled good." "Of wood, of forest... of wet grass."

---

### Panel ④

*Visuals:* The man speaks slowly, gazing at the artificial waterfall.

Overlaid is a faint, dreamlike image of the forest from the Expo '70 Canada Pavilion.

**Man:** "When I was young, I wanted to work in Canada."

### Panel ④-2

"I even studied the language... but ended up staying to care for my parents."

"...This scent—it's the first time I've felt it since then."

—— (continued)

**Panel ⑤**

*Visuals:* Hinata listens quietly, her gaze shifting to the waterfall.

Her expression is calm and contemplative, as if something deep inside is being stirred.

**Hinata (inner voice):** “So that ‘real forest’ he dreamed of...  
...was a place he longed for, but never reached.”

**Panel ⑥**

*Visuals:* Amid the lingering aroma, Hinata mutters to herself.

In the background, an artificial flower bed—too perfectly maintained.

**Hinata:** “Even wild flowers are beautiful just as they are.  
Trying to improve them... that’s just human ego, isn’t it?”

**Panel ⑥-2**

**Hinata:** “Wildflowers might live short lives, maybe they look plain...  
—but that’s only *from a human’s perspective*, right?”

“For insects, wild flowers might be the most beautiful thing in the world.”

**Panel ⑦**

*Visuals:* In the corner of the frame, a child is drinking Canada Dry Ginger Ale.  
Hinata catches sight of them and smiles softly, then glances back at the man.

**Hinata:** “...Y’know, I don’t think Canada’s just some ‘place to escape to.’”  
“Maybe—it’s still waiting for you.”

**Panel ⑧**

*Visuals:* The two sit quietly on the bench, enveloped in scent.

The artificial waterfall murmurs in the background.

Artificial flowers stand still—but it feels as if a soft breeze just passed through.

**Hinata (inner voice):** “The forest he once dreamed of...  
...maybe it was filled with flowers that didn’t bloom *for humans* at all.”

## Page 7: Who Do These Flowers Bloom For?

### Panel ①

*Visuals:* Hinata slowly stands up and walks toward the artificial waterfall. Behind her, the man remains seated on the bench. A faint trail of fragrance follows her in the air.

#### Hinata (inner voice):

“What *real* even means...  
I’ve been thinking about that this whole time.”

---

### Panel ②

*Visuals:* Beneath the artificial waterfall is a meticulously arranged flowerbed. Every plant stands evenly trimmed, rigid. But in one corner, a single wildflower, slightly wilted, sways gently in the breeze.

#### Hinata:

“A little wildflower, swaying where no one’s looking...  
—maybe *that’s* what’s truly real.”

---

### Panel ③

*Visuals:* Hinata’s gaze aligns with the little flower. She smiles faintly, then glances back at the man on the bench.

#### Hinata:

“Only praising the flowers that bloom big and bright...  
That just doesn’t feel right to me.”

**Axolotl (ウーパールーパー):** A neotenic salamander (*Ambystoma mexicanum*) nicknamed “Wooper Looper” in Japan. It became wildly popular after a Japanese TV program introduced it in the early 1980s, spawning merchandise, songs, and even school curriculum references.

**Page 7 Who Do These Flowers Bloom For? (continued)****Panel ④**

*Visuals:* The man gives a small nod in the distance.  
He listens quietly, eyes softened, as Hinata's words linger in the air.

**Man (softly):**

"Yeah..."

You got me remembering those days again."

---

**Panel ⑤**

*Visuals:* Hinata turns back toward the bench with a faint smile.  
Her face says, "I'm glad he still remembers."

**Hinata (inner voice):**

"They act like they've forgotten..."

But deep down, everyone still remembers."

---

**Panel ⑥**

*Visuals:* A few fallen leaves scatter at their feet.  
A faint breeze brushes through the scene.

**Hinata (inner voice):**

"Even the grasses that wither before they bloom..."

I want to give them names, too."

**note:**

**Frilled Lizard** : Known for its dramatic neck frill, this Australian reptile became a household name in Japan after appearing in a 1984 TV commercial. Its unique look and defensive display made it a popular mascot during the economic bubble era.

## Page 8: To Name Something — That's Where the Future Begins

### Panel ①

*Visuals:* Hinata returns to the bench and sits beside the man.  
A soft scent lingers between them from the aroma stone.

#### Hinata (quietly):

"...Hey, mister...  
What's your name?"

---

### Panel ②

*Visuals:* The man chuckles shyly.  
His frilled lizard and axolotl pins catch the light.

#### Man:

"Hmm... anything's fine.  
Call me whatever you like, Hinata-chan."

---

### Panel ③

*Visuals:* Hinata stares at him seriously for a moment... then grins.  
She points at his pins with a sly smile.

#### Hinata:

"Well then, it's settled."

---

### Panel ③-②

*Visuals:* Same shot. Hinata delivers the nickname with mock solemnity.

**Hinata:** "You're officially... Erimaki-Toupao. "

#### Note:

Though both animals are non-native, they were embraced in Japan's mass culture as adorable, exotic, and slightly absurd figures—symbols of a playful, consumerist kind of nostalgia.

In this zine, Erimaki-Toupao emerges not just as a joke, but as a memory-stitched persona—a creature born of forgotten dreams, displaced ecologies, and the longing for a "real" future that never came.

**Panel ④**

*Visuals:* The man bursts out laughing, shoulders shaking.  
He wipes away tears, his face filled with genuine joy.

**Erimaki-Toupao I:** “Haha! That’s way too long!  
But... I love it.”“Been a long time... since someone gave me a name.”

**Panel ④-②**

*Visuals:* Hinata responds with a grin, teasing but firm.

**Hinata:**“ Well, it’s too late now.That’s your name forever.”

**Panel ⑤**

*Visuals:* Hinata looks a little shy, but proud.  
In her hand is a small petal she picked up earlier.

**Hinata:** “Even flowers that don’t bloom... they still have names.”  
“It’s not about whether they bloomed or not.It’s about the fact they were *there*.”

**Panel ⑥**

*Visuals:* The two look toward a single, small wildflower swaying in the wind.  
In the background: the artificial waterfall—but in the foreground, something *real*  
is quietly alive.

**Hinata (monologue):** “To give something a name...is to promise you won’t  
forget it.”“Maybe that’s where the *real* future begins.”

**Panel ⑦**

*Visuals:* Hinata and “Erimaki-Toupao I” sit side by side on the bench, laughing.  
Their shadows stretch out a little longer now.

**Hinata (monologue):** “I truly believe that.”

**Note:**

Erimaki-Toupao is a fictional hybrid character created by the protagonist as a playful  
nickname for an old man she meets at the garden. The name combines two animal icons  
from 1980s Japan:



## CHAPTER 5

### Let's Sing a Song

— NIGHT × Kō (Fragrance / Incense / Echo) —

## P1: The Sound Fades, the Scent Begins

### Panel ①

*Setting: Inside the Ginkgo Pavilion, right after disco time ends. Confetti scattered on the floor. The mirrored ball's glow dims.*

**SFX:** Silence, with echoes of fading bass.

**Monologue (Sachiko):** "Even after the music stops—...the scent remains."

---

### Panel ②

*SFX: Clack... The sharp echo of heels on floor. A pair of black PRADA stilettos. MAI makes her entrance.*

---

### Panel ③

*Mai slowly removes her black CHANEL sunglasses, cool and deliberate.*

**Mai:** "...Still warm in here."

**Sachiko:** "Again with the flashy outfit, huh?"

---

### Panel ④

*Sachiko stands in uniform, in another section of the building, tidying up a **kōdō** (traditional incense ceremony) display.*

**Sachiko:** "I was on scent duty today—y'know, the incense exhibit. They call it a wind shield or somethin'."

---

### Panel ⑤

**Mai:** "I stopped by on my way to the new Night Pavilion preview. The Ginkgo Pavilion's *much* better after dark, don't you think?"

---

### Panel ⑥

**Sachiko:** "...Yeah, but the night has its own kind of scent, don't it?"

## P2: The F.L.A.G. Nana-Iro Project——

### Panel ①

**Mai:** “Our foundation’s new product—perfume *Nana-Iro TYPE-04*. Sold over 10,000 bottles.”

**Sachiko:** “Wooow... business is boomin’, huh.”

---

### Panel ②

**Mai:** “Refined, blended, perfectly engineered. We even genetically recreated the flower itself.” (In the background: the Nana-Iro Flower exhibit, prior to its relocation to the Night Pavilion)

---

### Panel ③

**Sachiko** (*looking down*): “...That’s the phantom flower, right? The one that bloomed at Expo ’70?”

**Mai:** “That’s right. We bought the company. Acquired it outright.”

---

### Panel ④

**Sachiko:** “If *Run-Run* saw this... she’d lose her damn mind.”

---

### Panel ⑤

**Mai** (*holding up four fingers — an implicit buraku code gesture*): “She still doesn’t know...?”

---

### Panel ⑥

**Sachiko** (*visibly disturbed*): “...Some things, it’s better not to know.”

#### Note: Run-Run

(*nickname for Hinata Agui — a cheerful and earthy-sounding Japanese pet name derived from the onomatopoeia for a skipping or carefree mood; used affectionately by close friends*)

### P3: To “Listen” to Scent

#### Panel ①

*Sachiko gently unfolds a sheet of washi paper containing incense.*

**Sachiko:** “Our *fragrance* ain’t from test tubes. You don’t sniff it—you *listen* with your heart.”

---

#### Panel ②

**Mai:** “*Monkō*—‘listening to scent.’ I’ve read about it. *Kōdō* is a training in sensitivity, right?”

---

#### Panel ③

**Sachiko:** “It’s the things you can’t see that hold real value.”

---

#### Panel ④

**Mai:** “But to communicate the unseen, you need a label. Perfume creates a scent that *anyone* can understand.”

---

#### Panel ⑤

**Sachiko:** “‘Anyone,’ huh...But is it really for *everyone*, though?”

#### Note:

“Four-finger gesture” (with either the thumb or pinky folded) has been historically used in Japan, especially in the Kansai region, as a covert, discriminatory hand sign against people from buraku communities.

The meaning is not literal, but rather symbolic—functioning as a form of coded prejudice or social marking.

#### P4: Ranjatai and the Corporate Code

Panel ①

**Sachiko:** “Hey... you ever heard of *Ranjatai*?”

**Mai:** “Of course. That incense wood from the imperial collection, right? They kept records of every person who ever shaved it.”

---

Panel ②

**Sachiko:** ““It’s a culture that remembers *who* listened to the scent. The exact opposite of your corporate codes.”

---

Panel ③

**Mai:** “F.L.A.G. NANA-IRO Type-04—that’s our company’s fragrance tracking code.”

---

Panel ④

**Sachiko:** “But just keeping a *name*...doesn’t mean the *scent* gets passed down.”

---

Panel ⑤

**Mai (quietly):** “*A scent not recorded... is a scent that never existed.*”

---

Panel ⑥

**Sachiko:** “Scent fades—but it *lingers* in someone, somewhere.”

**Page 5: The Soul of a Scent, the Weight of a Commodity****Panel ①**

**Mai:** “To survive in the market, you can’t afford to cling to sentiment. Memories and emotions—everything has to be turned into something that sells.”

---

**Panel ②**

**Sachiko** :: “But before a flower’s scent becomes a product, it’s already part of someone’s memory.”

---

**Panel ③**

**Mai:**  
(holding up four fingers, casually—unaware of the gesture’s deeper meaning)  
“...You mean Rurun?”

---

**Panel ④**

**Sachiko** : (sighs)

“Yeah. That girl talks to every plant like it’s a person—adds ‘*san*’ to their names and everything.”

---

**Panel ⑤**

**Mai:** “If I’d ever tried talking to her... she probably would’ve pushed back.”

**Page 6 Precision and Afterglow****Panel ①**

A massive *NANA-IRO* flower—F.L.A.G. “NANA-IRO” Type-04—stands tall in the center of the Ginkgo Pavilion exhibition hall.

**Mai:** “This flower was engineered with 80 different genes. 90% accuracy—it’s the *correct* flower.”

---

**Panel ②**

**Sachiko** : (gently performs the traditional *listening* gesture with the incense)  
“But you know...what does it mean when a scent is just ‘correct’?”

---

**Panel ③**

**Mai:** “People are suckers for stories—‘A flower that only blooms once in a century,’ ‘the flower of the future’—easy to market.”

---

**Panel ④**

**Sachiko:** “A product always cuts off the *afterglow*. The lingering notes, the subtle waver... that’s the part that matters most.”

---

**Panel ⑤**

**Mai** : “But if it’s not measurable, it doesn’t count. Shareholders, customers, regulators—they all need numbers.”

---

**Panel ⑥**

**Sachiko** : (quietly) “Funny...I’m living off nothing but that afterglow.”

Page 7 The Act of Choosing

**Panel ①**

**Mai** :“Sachiko, what if *you* could reconstruct the scent of the Nana-Iro Flower—what would you do?”

---

**Panel ②**

**Sachiko** (*pausing to think*):“...I wouldn't choose to. The real scent only exists in someone's memory.”

---

**Panel ③**

**Mai** (*her expression softens slightly*):“I see. Then you and I are exact opposites.”

---

**Panel ④**

**Sachiko**: “But maybe it only means something *because* both sides exist.”

---

**Panel ⑤**

**Sachiko** :(Monologue)“On this night—when unseen scents cross paths.”

**Page 8 Disco of Scent and Memory**

**Panel ①**

*The lights in the Ginkgo Pavilion dim.  
A wisp of incense smoke rises through the dark.*

**Panel ②**

**Mai** : *(pausing mid-step)* “This pavilion? I produced it myself.  
The concept: *Artificial Pleasure.*”

**Panel ③**

**Sachiko** : “Kōdō is more like Artificial Emptiness. Both manmade,  
yeah—but different in kind.”

**Panel ④**

**Mai** : *(soft chuckle)* : “Interesting. Let’s talk again sometime,  
*Sachiko.*”

**Panel ⑤**

**Sachiko** : “Mind if I bring Run-Run?”

**Panel ⑥**

**Mai** : “I’m used to being disliked. By then, I’ll show her the  
Nana-Iro Flower—fully restored, 100%.”

## **P9: The Scent That Lingers After Departure**

### **Panel ①**

*Mai walks away, the click of her PRADA heels echoing behind her.*

### **Panel ②**

*She gets into a sleek black Pontiac.*

**KITT:** “Naitō Mai. Login confirmed. Olfactory response mode—activated.”

### **Panel ③**

*A swirl of incense smoke drifts in the air.*

**Mai:** “Take me home, KITT.”

**KITT:** “Destination: Night Pavilion. Route calculated.”

### **Panel ④**

*Sachiko gently reaches her hand into the remaining trace of smoke.*

### **Panel ⑤**

#### **Sachiko (monologue):**

“Even if the scent fades... it still lingers somewhere deep inside your memory.”

### **Panel ⑥**

*The black car disappears into the distance. The license plate reads:  
“F.L.A.G.”*

#### **Note:**

#### **F.L.A.G.**

Short for **Foundation for Laboratory of Aromatic Genetics**, a fictional corporate think tank in *20th Century Ecotech Girl*. The name is also a nod to *Knight Rider*’s “Foundation for Law and Government (FLAG)”—referencing the talking car “KITT.”

In this narrative, “F.L.A.G.” represents the intersection of biotechnology, branding, and memory engineering through scent.

## P10: The Scent of the Future

### Panel ①

*Sachiko gently closes the empty packet of incense.*

### Panel ②

**Narration (Sachiko):** “In kōdō, there’s no such thing as ‘reproduction’ or a ‘correct answer.’ Only a scent that blossoms briefly—in someone’s heart, in that moment.”

### Panel ③

*As the fragrant smoke swirls in the air, a faint vision of Hinata (“RunRun”) appears like a mirage.*

### Panel ④

**Sachiko (softly):** “...RunRun. I’m glad you weren’t here for this... truly.”

### Panel ⑤

#### Title Card:

『NIGHT × KŌ』 — Scent is something one “listens to.”

#### Note:

**Kōdō** (香道) is the Japanese art of appreciating incense.

Unlike perfumery, it is not about wearing scent, but *listening* to it — quietly, intimately, and with full presence.

Often translated as “the Way of Fragrance,” kōdō involves the ceremonial “listening” to subtle incense aromas, evoking memories, emotions, and awareness of impermanence. In kōdō, fragrance is not judged by intensity or popularity, but by the depth of what it awakens within.

It is said: “*Fragrance disappears, but its trace lingers in the soul.*”



## CHAPTER 6: La Boutonnière II

### — Showdown! Shibu-kaji vs. DC Brand

*The Otaku at the Floral Dome Always Wore Stonewashed Jeans*

## ① Opening Narration

In the *Urban Zone*, there stands the **Flora Dome**—a fully immersive 360° color projection theater operated by the Ministry of Posts, NTT, and KDD.

A breathtaking audiovisual experience where you feel as if you've stepped inside the future itself.

Here, a stage has been set with the theme:

**“Dreams of the Bride of Tomorrow.”**

But beneath the floral motifs lies a fierce, silent war of aesthetics—  
a ruthless fashion showdown dressed as innocence.

**Shibu-kaji, DC brands, and anime culture** collide,  
forming a warped bouquet of consumerist dreams—  
a distilled image of Japan's **bubble-era bloom**.

### ◆ Shibu-Kaji vs. DC Brands

A tale of two fashion tribes in late-80s Japan

Shibu-Kaji (Shibuya Casual) and DC Brands (Designer & Character Brands) symbolized two competing fashion aesthetics in Japan's late-1980s bubble era. Both reflected the desires and contradictions of a generation caught between tradition, affluence, and rapidly shifting identities.

### ◆ Fashion as Identity in 1990

this aesthetic rivalry is not just about clothing—it reflects deeper societal tensions:

- Conformity vs. Individuality
- Pop accessibility vs. subcultural resistance
- What is beautiful? Who gets to decide?

Both styles are nostalgic and deeply political in hindsight—Shibu-Kaji as the “safe” memory of youth, and DC Brands as the forgotten edge of rebellion.

---

\*This chapter alludes—indirectly—to the 1989 Tsutomu Miyazaki case and its aftermath: the suppression of expression in Japanese society, growing hostility toward subcultures, and the complex tension between anonymous pain and the right to self-expression.

## P2: DC Brand Fashion Show

### Panel ① – Venue depiction

Fashion models walk across a stage beneath a giant mirrored floral arch. Crowd murmurs and camera flashes. Each look references a real Japanese brand:

- ▶ **COMME des GARÇONS**: A model in a deconstructed black asymmetrical dress.
  - ▶ **BA-TSU**: A glowing neon-pink cropped jacket and metallic tights.
  - ▶ **Y's**: Military-style tailored jacket with a slouchy beret.
  - ▶ **JUNKO SHIMADA**: A floral print kimono-style dress with matching jacket.
  - ▶ **MEN'S BIGI**: A Shibu-Kaji-inspired blazer paired with casual loafers.
- 

### Panel ② – Hinata's monologue

*"It's supposed to be a flower-themed show... but this is starting to feel more like a 'runway flowerbed' of avant-garde."*

---

### Panel ③ – Female MC (voiceover)

*"Today's fashion theme: 'The Brides' Manifesto!' Brought to you by the future-forward bridal designers of the Expo!"*

---

### Panel ④ – DC brand girl chatter (dialogue bubbles from off-stage models):

- *"These puffy sleeves? Totally like Yawara-chan's judo uniform. Iconic!"*  
( Note: "Yawara!" 1989 anime about a high school judo girl)
- *"Pink House makes me feel like an actual rose fairy—like, for real."*

Note:

**Shibukaji** : "Shibuya Casual," a more muted, urban fashion trend that contrasted with flashy styles. Popular among men in 90s Tokyo.

**DC brands**: Short for "Designer & Character brands," such as COMME des GARÇONS and Y's. Represented high-concept fashion in 80s Japan, often seen as artistic and elitist.

### P3: Otaku Out of Place?

#### Panel ① – Hinata guiding guests / a clearly-out-of-place otaku guy enters

Hinata (in flower expo companion uniform) is guiding visitors. A nerdy guy in scuffed leather shoes and *stone-washed jeans* bursts in, excited. He's wearing a “**Mado King Granzort**” T-shirt, holding a paper fan with *Legendary Idol Eriko* and a paper bag with *Dirty Pair* on it. Tissues are stuffed in his nose.

---

#### Panel ② – Hinata (smirking)

“Hey bro, that’s a Granzort tee, huh? Good taste... but you kinda stand out here.”

---

#### Panel ③ – Otaku guy (nervously)

“W-Wait... am I not supposed to be here? Is this place off-limits for otaku or something...?”

**Hinata (laughs softly):** “Not exactly... but yeah, you’re definitely deep in enemy territory.”

---

#### Panel ④ – Hinata (internal monologue)

“Why is every Flora Dome otaku an Eriko stan? Don’t tell me... we’ve got a Youko faction too...?”

---

#### Panel ⑤ – Crowd of cosplayers gathering in the audience area

The “flower stage” is getting hijacked by full-on cosplay fans:

- ▶ Shinobube *Himiko* from *Mashin Eiyūden Wataru* (1988, fantasy anime)
- ▶ *Rakshū of Mount Hōrai* from *Tenkū Senki Shurato* (1989, spiritual battle anime)
- ▶ *Enma* from *Madō King Granzort* (1989, mecha anime)
- ▶ *Ryo of the Wildfire* from *Yoroiden Samurai Troopers* (1988, armor hero anime)
- ▶ A duo in school uniforms: •Saki Yamamori and Yōko Tanaka from *Idol Tenshi Yōkoso Yōko* (1990, idol anime)

**Hinata** (awed whisper): “Yokkyun... girl, you really are an angel.”

#### **P4: Runway Hijack—Otaku Style!**

##### **Panel ① – Sudden intrusion: a cosplayer rushes the stage**

An *Eriko* cosplayer (from *Legendary Idol Eriko*) runs onto the DC Brand runway stage, grabs the mic dramatically and shouts:

**Eriko Cosplayer (yelling):** “Starlight, give me strength! No one can stop a dream!!!”

---

##### **Panel ② – Emotional monologue turns into song**

**Eriko Cosplayer (teary):** “It’s because of all my fans... I can stand here now! I feel your love!!” Then she starts singing: ♪ “Namida no Hanbun” (Half My Tears)

---

##### **Panel ③ – DC Brand models react, confused and irritated**

**Model ①:** “Um, what the hell is this!?”

**Model ②:** “Eriko...? My kid sister used to watch that anime...”

---

##### **Panel ④ – Cosplayer bows cutely and pumps her fist**

**Eriko Cosplayer (brightly):** “Thank you sooo much! I’m chasing my dreams full speed!! ☆” “Next up is my debut song—Locomotion Dream! Sing along, okay?” ♪

---

##### **Panel ⑤ – Flustered MC trying to regain control**

**MC (off-screen, panicked):** “Um—this was not part of the scheduled program, folks—!”

---

##### **Panel ⑥ – More chaos: impromptu crossover karaoke**

Behind Eriko, two more cosplayers (Shurato & Wataru) join in, locking arms as they belt out *The Tree of Hitachi* CM song with passion.

---

##### **Panel ⑦ – Hinata watches, amused and reflective**

**Hinata (monologue):** “They didn’t come to see flowers or trees. They’re wearing the ‘selves’ they want to become.” “And maybe—cosplay is way closer to the future than any of us thought.”

## P5: Hinata's Herbal Intervention

### Panel ① – Scene shift

The “Eriko” performance ends, but now the entire runway has morphed into a chaotic cosplay fashion show.

---

### Panel ② – Hinata notices a sneezy, pollen-sensitive otaku

Hinata offers a cup of tea to the guy in a *Granzort* T-shirt, who's sniffing with tissues up his nose.

**Hinata:**

*“Here, big bro—herbal tea. It's a blend that works for hay fever.”*

**Hinata (whispering):**

*“Hay fever's just your nose reacting to the future, y'know. Time to rinse it out—with herbs.”*

---

### Panel ③ – Otaku reacts, surprised and awkward

**Otaku Guy:** “W-wow... thanks... I've never had herbal tea before...”

---

### Panel ④ – Hinata, smiling warmly

**Hinata:** “This one's got elderflower-san and peppermint-san in it. They're great for clearing up your throat and nose.”

---

### Panel ⑤ – Close-up on the tea steam, drifting like magic

**Hinata:** “Elderflower-SAN known as the fairy's tree in old Germanic legends.”“And peppermint-SAN That one's a pro at soothing your sinuses.”

**Note:**

**Elderflower:** Traditionally linked to fairies in European folklore; used for cold & allergy relief.

**Peppermint:** Common herb for decongestion and digestive clarity.

**“Hay fever as a reaction to the future”:** metaphorical framing reflecting the theme of overstimulation in modernity / Expo settings.

**Yokkyun:** A fan nickname for *Yōko Tanaka* from *Idol Tenshi Yōkoso Yōko*.

A beloved 90s anime character, often symbolizing pure-hearted idol aspirations

## P6: Hinata's Language of Flowers

### Panel ① – Otaku guy offers a flower

*Shy and blushing, he hands Hinata a single sunflower.*

**Otaku Guy:** “U-uh... That stage was amazing... um, this is... a boutonnière. For you...”

---

### Panel ② – He struggles to speak

**Otaku Guy:** “I-I mean... I've always kinda... admired you, Ms. Agui...”

---

### Panel ③ – Hinata laughs softly and accepts the flower

**Hinata:** “Aww, boutonnière sounds sweet, but just so you know—traditionally, it's something *women* give to *men*.”

**Hinata (continued):** “And sunflower-san? Its meaning changes depending on how many you give. One flower means ‘love at first sight.’”

---

### Panel ④ – Otaku panics

**Otaku Guy:** “Wha—?! I didn't know that...!”

---

### Panel ⑤ – Hinata, straight-faced, teaching

**Hinata:** “Sunflowers mean ‘I only have eyes for you’ as a whole. Almond-san stands for *thoughtlessness*. Begonia-san? ‘Unrequited love.’”

---

### Panel ⑥ – Hinata, with a kind but firm smile

**Hinata:** “—So don't go putting me on a pedestal, okay? Some flowers have meaning just by *blooming quietly where they are*. Find your own soil. Grow roots there.”

Note:

“**Hanakotoba**” : The Japanese tradition of assigning symbolic meanings to flowers, similar to the Victorian “language of flowers.”

•“**Namida no Hanbun**” (**Half of My Tears**) and “**Rokomōshon Dorimu**” (**Locomotion Dream**)→ These are actual songs performed by Eriko Tamura, a real-life Japanese idol who debuted in 1989.

**Hitachi Tree Song**→ A famous corporate jingle from Japanese commercials symbolizing harmony with nature, widely known in the late Shōwa era.

## P7: After the Show – Hinata’s Words

### Panel ① – End of the show

*The DC-brand girls and cosplay girls shake hands lightly and exit the stage together.*

---

### Panel ② – The MC wraps up

**MC:** “ ‘I’m not a substitute for anyone else’—That’s what fashion is all about: expressing your feelings and letting your heart bloom!”★

*Hinata, watching from the side, gives a wry smile and hands the otaku guy another cup.*

---

### Panel ③ – Hinata’s herbal advice

**Hinata:** “Here—eyebright-san tea. Good for swollen noses and tired eyes. After all that stage flashiness... might even help with the existential void. Maybe. I dunno.”

---

### Panel ③-2 – Hinata’s metaphorical encouragement

**Hinata:** “Hey, maybe you’ll rev your *‘Future Rocket’* one day and become someone folks need—just like elderflower-san.”

---

### Panel ④ – Hinata, warmly

**Hinata:** “Being someone others need? That’s just doing a little bit of what you can, every day. That’s your very own *boutonnière*, right there in your chest.”

**Otaku Guy (teary-eyed):** “*Hinata-san...!*”

#### Footnotes:

**Eyebright-san:** In Japanese, Hinata attaches *-san* honorifics to herbs and flowers, treating them like people. This reflects her respect for nature’s quiet healing power.

**Boutonnière:** A symbolic flower often pinned to the chest at formal occasions—here repurposed as a metaphor for inner dignity.

**Flora Dome** A real event stage space at EXPO '90 in Osaka, designed for fashion shows, concerts, and floral-themed performances. In this story, it becomes a symbolic arena for cultural collision—between DC brands, idol anime, and ecological protest.

## P8: Ending Cut

### Panel ① – Twilight outside the stage

Surrounded by fans from the “Eriko Royal Guard,” the cosplayer dressed as Rei Asagiri (from *Idol Densetsu Eriko 1989*, idol anime). They harmonize to: a tight bodycon sings ““Anata wa Anata no Mama de Ii” (You’re Fine Just the Way You Are) shouting with pride:

**Eriko Cosplayer:** “You’re fine just the way you are! And I’ll sing just the way I am!”

---

### Panel ② – Hinata’s quiet gaze

While the chaos continues, Hinata’s eyes drift to a small patch of weeds blooming at her feet.

**Hinata:** “Herb-san blooms where no one sees. And yet—they heal.” “They stay close to the people who truly hurt.”

---

### Panel ③ – Hinata’s conviction

**Hinata:** “‘Healing,’ ‘the future’—if it’s just flashy looks, it doesn’t mean a thing.” “If it doesn’t reach the ones who really need it... then what’s the point?” “That’s my *boutonnière*.”

---

### Panel ④ – Reflection

**Hinata:** “Amekaji, Shibukaji, DC Brands, otaku—all thrown together in wild bloom.”

“But my ‘scent’... was always a little off-beat.”

---

### Next Chapter Teaser:

#### CHAPTER 6 – La Boutonnière,

Location: EXPO’90 Hitachi Pavilion. Witness the world’s largest high-definition theater...

and the Gulf War, through garnet and dokudami herb.

#### Note:

The former EXPO’90 site in Tsurumi later became a cosplay holy ground: “*Tsurumi Cosplay Day*” (*TsuruKosu*)



**CHAPTER 7: White Communication — New Bonds**

**Episode 1:**

**“The Flower of Reunion, the Fragrance of the Future”**

## Page 1: The Bike and the Invitation

### Panel 1

*Early morning. Jason Suzuka kick-starts her FLH in a dimly lit garage.*

**Monologue:** “Once again, I ride into the future.”

---

### Panel 2

*The rumble of her 1968 FLH Harley echoes under the morning sky. She wears a WWII-era ARNOFF MFG. COMPANY AN-J-3A flight jacket (CONTRACT NO. N288 S-24248, made in 1944). On the right chest: a leather patch engraved ‘JASON’. On the left: the 98th Infantry Division patch – ‘IROQUOIS’. (Jason’s father had worn this as part of the occupation forces in Osaka. She inherited the jacket.) Underneath: a grey vest, crisp white shirt, slim-cut suit pants, and cowboy boots.*

**Monologue:** “It’s my commute, my husband’s keepsake, and a machine that cuts across time.”

---

### Panel 3

*Suzuka checks an envelope bearing the crest of the Naitō Foundation.*

**Suzuka:** “...That girl’s name.”

---

### Panel 4

*She tightens her red BUCO helmet strap.*

**Suzuka:** “A ‘Future of Medical Science’ exhibit at the Expo... huh. With fragrance, no less.”

---

### Panel 5

*She rides off. A beam of morning light cuts across her back.*

**Monologue:** “But the future... it ain’t no damn showroom.”

---

### Panel 6

*Arrival at the Naitō Pavilion. Towering above is the revival of the Seven-Tiered Tower — once part of the Furukawa Pavilion at Expo ’70.*

---

### Panel 7

**Suzuka (dryly):** “They brought this back too, huh... the Tower of Death, packed with rebar and asbestos.”

**Page 2: Mai's Pavilion****Panel 1**

*The entrance to the Naitō Pavilion. A sleek info panel reads:*

**“F.L.A.G. Nana-Iro Project / Special Exhibit: The Recreated Flower of the Future.”**

---

**Panel 2**

*Inside the exhibit, a faint trace of CHANEL perfume lingers in the air.*

*Suzuka sniffs quietly.*

**Suzuka:** “...Synthetic perfume. A scent that smooths over memory.”

---

**Panel 3**

*Director Mai Naitō enters in a sharp black CHANEL suit and PRADA heels.*

**Mai:** “Dr. Jason Suzuka... welcome. To the ‘Future’.”

---

**Panel 4**

**Suzuka:** “Mai... been a while.”

**Mai:** “It’s ‘Naitō’ now. That girl doesn’t exist anymore.”

---

**Panel 5**

*Mai narrows her eyes as she glances at Suzuka’s outfit.*

**Mai:** “...Still riding, I see. That red helmet—same as before.”

**Suzuka:** “That helmet’s proof that someone who died once... actually lived. You think I could just leave it behind?”

---

**Panel 6**

*Suzuka stares into Mai’s face.*

**Suzuka:** “...You’re still shaking, aren’t you?”

### P3: Memories of the Past

#### Panel ①

*Flashback: late 1970s, Amagasaki. Young Mai undergoes a medical examination. Her body is covered in bruises.*

**Suzuka (monologue):**

*“I examined her... that bruised little body.  
But I couldn’t protect her.”*

---

#### Panel ②

*Back to present time.*

**Suzuka:** “Back then... you were carrying something you couldn’t tell anyone, weren’t you?”

**Mai:** “The record existed. But no one can say they truly ‘knew’.”

---

#### Panel ③

*A moment of silence hangs between them.*

**Mai:** “But now, I have a future.”

---

#### Panel ④

**Suzuka:** “What does ‘future’ mean to you?”

#### Note:

##### **AN-J-3A Flight Jacket (Contract No. N288 S-24248)**

A WWII-era U.S. Army Air Forces leather flight jacket, issued in 1944.

Originally worn by Suzuka’s late husband, an American soldier stationed in postwar Osaka.

Now worn by Suzuka, the jacket bears two patches: “JASON” – A stitched leather nameplate (her husband’s name) 98th Infantry Division “IROQUOIS” – referencing the unit deployed during the U.S. occupation of Japan

#### P4: The Value of Scent

##### Panel ①

**Mai:** “Tangible results. Scents that sell. Flowers reproduced through genetic design.”

##### Panel ②

**Suzuka:** “But scent doesn’t leave a trace in numbers or records. Still... it lingers inside people.”

##### Panel ③

**Mai:** “Even if it lingers, what’s the point if you can’t prove it? The world doesn’t run on sentiment.”

##### Panel ④

**Suzuka:** “Maybe so... but is that really enough?”

##### Panel ⑤

*The display of the recreated Nana-Iro-no-Hana — F.L.A.G. “NANA-IRO” Type-04 — glows under the spotlight.*

**Suzuka (monologue):** “I wonder whose memory this flower will truly bloom in —”

##### Note:

“F.L.A.G. NANA-IRO Type-04” refers to two distinct entities in the story:

**Perfume:** A fragrance extracted and blended from the genetically recreated flower. Over 10,000 units were sold commercially. → **Nana-Iro Type-04**

**Exhibit:** A large-scale artificial flower, standing 2 to 3 meters tall. A symbolic reconstruction of the legendary “Seven-Colored Flower” from EXPO '70.

→ **F.L.A.G. “NANA-IRO” Type-04** Though both share the same origin—the mythical flower of EXPO '70—one is a “fragrance worn,” the other a “memory seen.” Each serves a different symbolic role.

## P5: Scent and Proof

### Panel ①

**Mai points to the displayed “Nana-Iro Flower.”**

**Mai:** “This exhibit—F.L.A.G. NANA-IRO Type-04. We’ve replicated 90% of the flower’s genetic sequence—all for the sake of the perfume.”

---

### Panel ②

**Suzuka:** “It’s... huge. But as long as you say ‘nearly,’ that scent’s still outta reach.”

---

### Panel ③

**Mai:** “I’m aiming for 100%. Any past can be managed—if you translate it into data.”

---

### Panel ④

**Suzuka:** “But see... scent only stays because it escapes.”

---

### Panel ⑤

*Behind the display, the reconstructed flower sways faintly under the light. Visitors’ shadows flicker past.*

**Suzuka (monologue):** “I wonder who this flower was meant to bloom for—”

### Note:

#### **BUCO Helmet**

A classic American motorcycle helmet brand from the 1960s–70s, widely favored by riders for its solid fiberglass shell and iconic streamlined design.

In this story, Suzuka wears a bright red BUCO as a symbol of her resistance to commodified futures—carrying the memory of the dead, rather than discarding it.

## P6: Perfume and Memory

### Panel ①

〈Mai pulls out a perfume bottle labeled “F.L.A.G. NANA-IRO Type-04.”〉

**Mai:** “This scent—F.L.A.G. NANA-IRO Type-04. We extracted it from the same genetic sequence as the exhibition flower. It wasn’t sold as a ‘memory,’ but as a ‘product.’ Ten thousand bottles sold.”

---

### Panel ②

**Suzuka:** “So you bottled up a memory and put a price on it?”

---

### Panel ③

**Mai:** “It’s a visualized memory. Numbers move people more than vague feelings ever could.”

---

### Panel ④

*Suzuka stares at the perfume bottle in Mai’s hand.*

**Suzuka:** “Yeah, but tell me— whose scent is that, really?”

### Note:

#### “Nana-Iro no Hana” (Seven-Colored Flower)

A legendary artificial bloom Suzuka once saw at Expo '70—a symbol of wonder, and of unease toward a fabricated future.

Now it returns, not as a memory, but as a F.L.A.G. “NANA-IRO” Type-04 product.

**Page 7: Life and Replication****Panel 1**

**Mai:** “The owner of the memory doesn’t matter. What counts is the *replicable data*.”

---

**Panel 2**

**Suzuka:** “Thinking you can break a life down into ingredients and code... That’s a terrifying kind of arrogance.”

---

**Panel 3**

*Mai smiles faintly.*

**Mai:** “That’s very you. But me—I want a future that can be *proven*.”

---

**Panel 4**

*Suzuka lowers her gaze slightly.*

**Suzuka:** “Scent doesn’t leave records. But it lingers. Inside someone.”

---

**Panel 5**

**Mai:** “Lingering isn’t enough. If you can’t prove it, it’s meaningless. That’s how the world works.”

---

**Panel 6**

**Suzuka:** “Maybe so... But is that *all* there is?”

**Page 8: On the Eve of Tomorrow****Panel 1**

*Suzuka glances back. Behind her, staff members prepare for the Expo's opening. The towering silhouette of the F.L.A.G. "NANA-IRO" Type-04 flower looms in the background.*

**Monologue (Suzuka):** "Tomorrow, this place will bloom with 'futures' once again. But whose future are we being shown, really?"

---

**Panel 2**

*Mai walks away, her back turned. A faint trace of CHANEL trails in the air.*

**Mai:** "The *real* future is already built. You just haven't noticed yet."

---

**Panel 3**

*Suzuka narrows her eyes, gently.*

**Suzuka:** "Maybe so... But if the future's not smiling, I can't wave back at it."

---

**Panel 4**

*The exhibition hall darkens. A single spotlight flickers on, illuminating the artificial flower in solitude.*

**Monologue (Suzuka):** "The future has a scent. You can smell whether it's real—or just a replica."

**Next Episode: "The Dissection Table Called Exhibition"**

*To be continued...*

# **20th Century Ecotech Girl**

**Episode III:  
Greetings from the Country of the Blind**



# [CHAPTER: The French Pavilion]

**Scene: Bread, Butter, and the Illusion of Culture**

Suzuka wandered alone through the Expo grounds during her break from duties at the Japan Pavilion.

What caught her eye was the long line curling outside the French Pavilion.

**“Well,” she muttered, “might as well try it. When in France... baguette, right?”**

Inside, the warm aroma of freshly baked bread drifted through the air—thin layers of butter, a crackling crust, and beneath it, the faint sweetness of the dough.

And yet, it felt less like a taste of France, and more like a reenactment of one.

A kind of *“France, as seen on television.”*

Not far away, a family was eating yogurt from the Bulgaria Pavilion.

Businessmen in suits stood sipping canned UCC coffee from paper cups.

The Expo resembled a *global tasting fair*—a buffet of borrowed flavors.

**“So this is what they mean by ‘the richness of the future’...?”**

She tore off a piece of bread, deep in thought.

**“French fragrance.”**

**“The health of yogurt.”**

**“The convenience of canned coffee.”**

Each carried the scent of *otherness*, of *the future*—but they were really just souvenirs,

prepackaged fragments of culture, flattened into symbols.

As if tasting the world could somehow mean understanding it.

But all it really did was skim the surface—

a shallow graze across centuries of stories, boiled down into edible slogans.

**“Are we really eating anything at all...? Or are we just consuming?”**

Suzuka sat down on a nearby bench and cracked open the pull-tab on a can of coffee she'd just bought.

“...This is basically coffee-flavored milk.”

Sweet. Nostalgic.

But in that gentleness, a quiet loneliness seeped through.

The *real bitterness* had been pushed somewhere far away.

Just like this Expo itself—

a sweet, easy-to-swallow future, crafted from someone else's ideal.

**“Maybe... I'm just tired of the taste of the future.”**

Gourmet foods, curated experiences, exotic attractions—the Expo felt like a department store of “pretend worlds.”

But everything felt like play, like simulation—

never quite touching the *real thing*.

Nearby, a little girl squealed, “*It's Frenchie Time~!*”

She wore a red ribbon and a short white skirt—not so different from Suzuka's own uniform.

**“I guess I'm no different,”** Suzuka thought.

Pretending to be part of a real future,

but really just consuming a packaged dream inside a festival.

She wrapped the half-eaten piece of baguette and gently tucked it into her bag.

It was a taste she somehow wanted to hold on to—

even if she wasn't sure whether it was *real* or not.

That night, lying alone in her bunk at the dormitory, Suzuka found herself recalling the flavors of the day.

The crusty hardness of the French bread.

The tangy sourness of the yogurt.

The cloying sweetness of canned coffee.

Each one felt strangely vivid—  
like *play-acting the future*,  
memories from a tomorrow that hadn't happened yet.

—And yet,  
**maybe it's from within those little acts of make-believe**  
that we start to feel the pull of something real.

• **Note:**

• **French Bread provided by DONQ:**

Founded in Kobe in 1905, DONQ was among the first bakeries in Japan to specialize in authentic European bread.

At Expo '70, DONQ supplied French baguettes to several international pavilions, introducing visitors to "modern bread culture" as part of a Westernized lifestyle.

It played a major role in popularizing crusty bread in Japan—moving away from soft, sweet white bread toward "shokutaku no kokusaika" (internationalization of the dining table).

• **Bulgarian Yogurt :**

Introduced to Japanese consumers as a symbol of health, longevity, and scientific nutrition. Later commercialized by Meiji Co. as "Meiji Bulgaria Yogurt" in 1973, with the blessing of the Bulgarian government.

Its connection to Expo '70 marked the start of a "probiotic future."

• **UCC Canned Coffee :**

Launched at Expo '70, this was the world's first canned coffee.

Marketed as a symbol of modern efficiency and convenience, it became a quiet revolution in Japanese vending-machine culture.



[Chapter: Québec Pavilion]

## Québec Pavilion – Special Day

Thursday, June 25, 1970 Rainy / High 21.0°C, Low 19.0°C

### A Quiet Scent, A Nameless Revolution

#### ● Structure

The building looked like a pair of prisms,

skewered through by four vertical cylinders.

The prisms themselves floated—or at least gave the illusion of floating—above a reflecting pool in the center of the site.

This geometric design was a modern reinterpretation

of Québec's traditional gabled roof structures.

Beneath it, a sunken garden spread in quiet symmetry.

#### ● Material Memory

Along the wooden deck, panels of reddish-brown timber lined the path.

*Western Red Cedar*, the sign said.

When I touched it,

my fingertips came away slightly oily. The scent was warm. Sweet.

And underneath it all, a subtle trace—something like smoke that had long since drifted away.

“This is the memory of Québec's forests,”

said the Japanese hostess quietly. That was all. No sounds. No moving images. Just silence.

#### — Footnotes / Contextual Annotations —

**Western Red Cedar:** A native species to the Pacific Northwest and parts of Québec, known for its scent and longevity. Used in indigenous and settler architectures alike, its smell often evokes memory, ritual, and forest life.

- **Floating prisms:** The architectural metaphor of suspended language or culture. In 1970, Québec was at the height of its *Quiet Revolution*, a movement centered around secularism, linguistic identity, and cultural sovereignty.
- **“A Nameless Revolution”:** Refers not only to Québec's political movements, but also to the deeper theme of this zine—how some traumas, memories, and bodies resist being named, recorded, or translated.

### 3rd Floor – “The Lives of Québec’s People”

#### Exhibit Room

There it was. A single Brabham BT23B, sitting quietly in the corner.

Canada Grand Prix, 1969. A tiny frame.

Thin tires.

As if someone had polished the trace of a spark—a memory of speed, smooth and untouched.

#### Wood and speed. Forest and race.

As a concept,

it was... well put together. Maybe too well put together.

White letters floated on the wall:

#### Révolution tranquille The Quiet Revolution——

They reclaimed education from the church. Took down the English signs.

Rewrote their towns in French. And yes—maybe this was a future they had won.

#### —— Footnotes / Contextual Annotations ——

- **Brabham BT23B (1969)**: A Formula 2 racing car, often symbolic of engineering elegance and danger. Its placement in a cultural exhibit links personal memory to national progress, speed to sovereignty.
- **The Quiet Revolution (Révolution tranquille)**: A socio-political movement in 1960s Québec. Marked by secularization, educational reform, and linguistic resistance, it redefined identity in a post-colonial frame—without war, but not without rupture.
- **“Too well put together”**: This line hints at a discomfort with aestheticized narratives—when history is displayed too neatly, the messier truths may be erased.

**But—**

The name I'd seen in the papers—FLQ—  
was nowhere to be found here.

Still, I could tell

**something was being hidden.**

What's truly silent often has the strongest scent.

This wood—

it's probably soaked in the smell of fire.

But right now, it says nothing.

Maybe it won't speak

until long after this exhibit is gone.

Maybe then, its scent will explode.

It was a beautiful smell. But the longer I inhaled it,  
the more I felt like I might stop asking questions.

Maybe this is how

**the most frightening silences**

remain:

Not in what's told. But in what's left unsaid—becoming the strongest scent of all.

— **Footnotes / Contextual Annotations** —

**FLQ (Front de libération du Québec):** A radical separatist group active in the 1960s–70s, known for using violence in pursuit of Québec's independence. The group's absence from the pavilion speaks volumes about curated silence and sanitized narratives.

- **"Scent of fire":** A metaphor for suppressed unrest. While the exhibit celebrates peaceful revolution, the wood and silence suggest a memory of something still smoldering.
- **"Becoming the strongest scent of all":** An echo of the zine's recurring motif—that unspeakable pain, erased stories, and unrecorded truths often leave the deepest impressions.



[Chapter: British Columbia Pavilion]

**Friday, July 3, 1970 Cloudy / High 23.1°C, Low 17.8°C**

**Voices Were Spoken—But Whose Mouths Did They Come From?**

A towering “fir tree” stood in the center—evoking the vast, ancient forests of Canada. (Technically, **Douglas fir**.)

Some of the trees were over 270 years old, rising more than 39 meters high. The pavilion’s peak reached beyond 50.

---

At the entrance to the indoor theater, totem poles welcomed the visitors. A film played—scenes of wilderness, unmapped landscapes, modern life, and Canada-Japan cooperation.

---

● **Room Two: The World Beneath Water**

Hundreds of acrylic spheres filled the ceiling and walls, each holding a ripple of water. With special lighting, they shimmered like floating orbs. The floor itself—rafts suspended on a gentle platform—made it feel like we were drifting on a lake.

---

On screen: Glaciers melt. Rivers form. Conifers. A scale model of a pulp factory. Above us, glowing text:

**“A Society in Harmony with Nature.”**

Beneath it: a carved cedar canoe. The bones of a whale. A narrator’s voice: “Traditional ceremonial whaling practices of Indigenous peoples.”

---

And I thought—Did they really catch that whale in their own words?

*These voices we’re hearing—whose mouths are they coming from?*

*\_Was this made **for** them? Or was it made to **display** them?\_*

— **Footnotes / Contextual Annotations**

**Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga menziesii*):** Often mistaken for true firs, they symbolize British Columbia’s timber industry as well as its contested natural heritage.

**Totem poles:** Sacred art forms originating from Pacific Northwest Indigenous nations. Their placement at Expo ’70 was often symbolic—but sometimes aestheticized without consent or proper cultural context.

**“In their own words”:** A refrain questioning representational authority—are Indigenous cultures allowed to speak for themselves, or are they translated, mediated, and aestheticized by settler institutions?

**Whose display?:** The exhibit stages “coexistence,” but the speaker senses an asymmetry—where Indigenous presence is used to validate national narratives rather than voice Indigenous sovereignty.

### “A Nation That Loves Whales” — But For How Long?

“This is a nation that loves whales,” the sign said.  
 But it never mentioned how long that love lasted.  
 I read somewhere—the last whaling station on this country’s far western coast  
 closed in 1967.  
 No mention of the time when whales were hunted only for oil,  
 the rest thrown away. That part was absent.

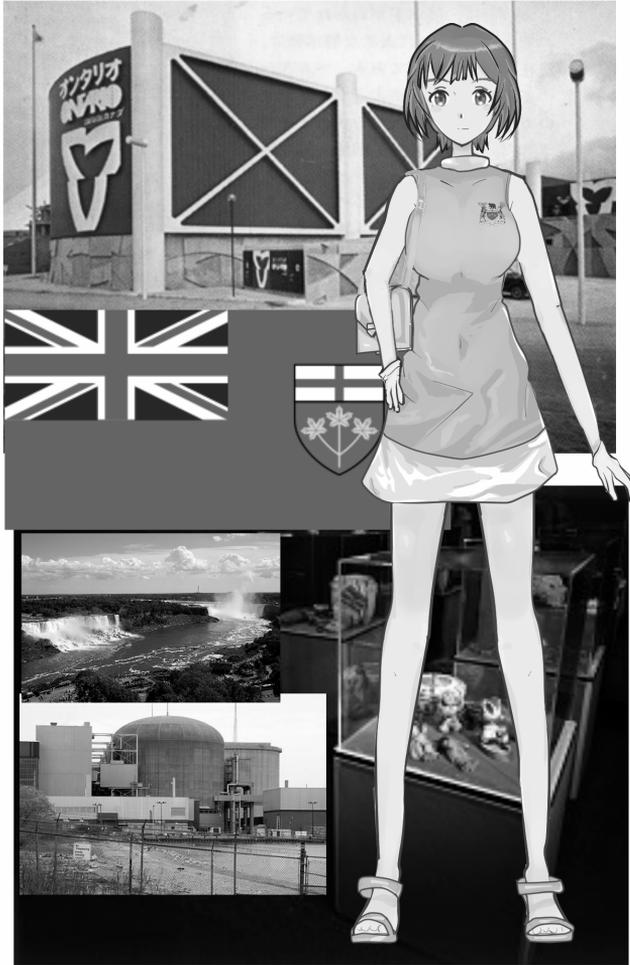
I once heard—  
 there used to be a Japantown in Vancouver.  
 A port city. The smell of fish in the air, mixed with miso and soy sauce.

But when the war began, they called them “enemy aliens.” Took their boats, their  
 homes, their land.  
 Sent them inland. Internment camps. They never returned.  
 It wasn’t just whale bones that were left behind. It was people’s lives. Their names.  
 The scent of the sea. All scrubbed clean. Polished. Turned into something else.

They say this country now believes in multiculturalism. Maybe someday that’ll be  
 true.  
 But not until the bones learn to speak again.  
 In Japan, we never wasted the bones. We took everything—skin, bristle, organs.  
 Turned them into medicine. Prayed. Not to consume the creature, but to keep its life  
 present  
 in every part. Itadaki—to receive something sacred from the gods.  
 The whale bones here were polished smooth. But they no longer sang.  
 Even the voices that should have cried out had already been silenced.  
 When a state speaks of “nature” or “multicultural harmony,” you can be sure—it’s  
 performing.  
 The more curated the voice, the more I begin to wonder whose mouth it really came  
 from.

#### Footnotes

1. **Japantown (Vancouver):** A once-flourishing Japanese Canadian neighborhood dismantled during WWII. Over 22,000 people were forcibly relocated to internment camps, and most were never able to return to their homes or reclaim their property.
2. **Whaling Station (1967):** Canada’s final commercial whaling station, located in Coal Harbour, British Columbia, closed in 1967. Earlier practices often involved extracting oil and discarding the rest of the whale.
3. **Itadaki (いたゞく):** A Japanese expression meaning “to receive,” especially from someone of higher status. When used before meals, it acknowledges the life taken and expresses spiritual gratitude.
4. **Multiculturalism:** Officially adopted in Canada in 1971. While often celebrated, it has been critiqued for masking colonial structures and the suppression of Indigenous and immigrant histories.



**[Chapter: Ontario Pavilion]**

**July 16, 1970 (Thursday) / Cloudy / High: 29.1°C, Low: 23.9°C**

**“Frozen Steps, and the Illusion of a Future in Motion”**

A white trillium bloomed across the pavilion’s outer wall.  
The official flower of Ontario.  
Its meaning: *wisdom, modesty.*

At the entrance, footage of Niagara Falls was playing.  
A roar so loud it filled the space—  
screens surrounded us from all directions.

Tour boats surged through the mist.  
Overhead views of hydroelectric facilities. The scale was overwhelming. Truly impressive.  
But it was so perfectly staged, I found myself holding my breath.

Was this even *real* nature?

Then came the narrator’s voice:

“This waterfall is the ultimate symbol of Ontario’s power.”

The image cut—beneath the roaring water, a glimpse of the Pickering Nuclear  
Generating Station, still under construction. Apparently, this was the future: “clean  
energy.”

Water and electricity. Flowers and factories. Nature and progress. I suddenly remembered  
that accident...

It was still early in the Expo—March.

The moving walkway malfunctioned. Seventy-five people injured.

I watched the news from a hospital break room. A domino collapse.

Someone on TV had called it

“A triumph of human progress.”

“A future where you don’t even have to walk yourself.”

But watching it, I couldn’t help but think:

“Being able to move forward while standing still”—was that really  
progress?

If people collapsed the moment the walkway stopped, maybe we  
weren’t the ones not walking.

Maybe it was **the future itself** that wasn’t moving.

I suddenly remembered that accident...  
 It was still early in the Expo—March.  
 The moving walkway malfunctioned. Seventy-five people injured.  
 I watched the news from a hospital break room. A domino collapse.  
 Someone on TV had called it

“A triumph of human progress.”

“A future where you don’t even have to walk yourself.”

But watching it, I couldn’t help but think:

“Being able to move forward while standing still”—was that really progress?

If people collapsed the moment the walkway stopped, maybe we weren’t the ones  
 not walking.

Maybe it was **the future itself** that wasn’t moving.

Where I come from—Kansai—we treat moving walkways like **speed boosters**. You walk  
*on them*,  
 not *because* of them. Stopping on one? That’s just a performance. Something done to be  
 seen.

But Ontario’s future—what it showed me—was the opposite.

“You don’t need to walk. Just let it carry you.”

The future on screen didn’t feel like motion. It felt like drift.

The nation’s greatest industrial province was showing me flowers and waterfalls,  
 whispering

*“Look how elegantly we’ve advanced.” But under the trillium flower was a hydro plant  
 wrapped in concrete. A dam beneath the roar.*

And I wondered—If that’s “progress,” is it something we’re meant to walk through?  
 Or just look at from afar, like a painting behind glass?

## Footnotes

1. **Moving walkway accident (March 1970):** One of the first major incidents during Expo ’70. A sudden stop in the moving sidewalk system caused a crowd surge and injured 75 visitors. It raised questions about automation, mass movement, and spectacle infrastructure.
2. **Kansai culture and walking:** In western Japan, including Osaka and surrounding areas, it is customary to walk briskly on moving walkways, often keeping left. Standing still is considered inefficient—or even inconsiderate. This contrasts with Expo’s vision of passive movement.
3. **Trillium and hydroelectric symbolism:** The white trillium is Ontario’s official flower, often used to soften industrial messaging. The juxtaposition of natural imagery and energy infrastructure (like Niagara Falls and Pickering Nuclear Station) was common in Expo displays, reinforcing the illusion of harmony between nature and state-led development.

Then suddenly, in a quiet corner of the exhibit,  
I saw a headline in Japanese:

“Premier of Ontario and Spouse Visit Pavilion Today”

Smiling photo. Right in front of the waterfall footage. And I thought—

**what exactly are they celebrating here?**

---

Climbing the stairs toward the exit, another memory surfaced—the hostess from the Québec Pavilion.

That marijuana possession case.

Late-night raid. Foreign staff dormitories. “Guides to the future” in handcuffs.

And I wondered:

*Is showing the future really such a clean, beautiful thing?*

---

I looked up at the white flower on the wall.

“That waterfall’s still making noise,” I thought. “But someday, someone will probably say it’s too loud—

and even the sound of nature will be erased.” When that time comes, I guess the flower will simply fall,

**modest and silent.**

## Footnotes

1. **“Premier of Ontario and Spouse” headline:** Official visits by state leaders were common during Expo '70 and often highlighted in national or pavilion-specific media to symbolize political alignment with progress narratives.
2. **Québec Pavilion hostess arrest:** In March 1970, a hostess from the Québec Pavilion was arrested for marijuana possession, prompting heightened surveillance of international staff. The media largely downplayed the event, but among staff, it raised questions about who controlled the narrative of “the future.”
3. **“Modest and silent” flower:** Refers back to the *white trillium*, Ontario’s official flower, earlier described as symbolizing “wisdom” and “modesty.” Its silence here contrasts with the roaring waterfall, hinting at the gradual erasure of natural and dissenting voices alike.



[Chapter: Canada Pavilion]

**May 27, 1970 (Wednesday) / Cloudy / High: 27.3°C, Low: 18.0°C Canada National Day**

**Hall of Mirrors, and the Goldfish That Never Stop Swimming**

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The pavilion's theme was "**Discovery.**"

Its outer walls were covered with over 40,000 mirrored tiles. My own face reflected back at me—again and again. And I thought:

*Which one of these is the real future?*

---

Outside, rainbow-colored spinners turned slowly. The tallest was 19.7 meters high. At the top of a mirrored column, an umbrella 11.8 meters wide rotated once every minute.

The underside of the umbrella was painted in seven colors. They said it represented "the vitality of a young nation—Canada."

But honestly, those colors didn't feel like a rainbow. They looked more like traffic signs.

---

Beneath the spinner, at the base of the mirrored tower, there was a round pool filled with goldfish.

Four hundred of them. Their gold and red bodies flickered in the water, catching the sunlight from above. And I thought—Where do they go when it's time to go home?

**Footnotes**

1. "**Discovery**" **theme:** The Canada Pavilion emphasized exploration and national identity, reflecting a post-colonial narrative of "newness" that often omitted deeper historical and cultural complexities—especially those of Indigenous peoples.
2. **Mirrored tiles:** Over 40,000 small mirrors created a self-reflective façade. Expo visitors often described the visual effect as disorienting or performative—raising questions about national image and individual identity.
3. **Rainbow-colored spinner:** Designed as a kinetic sculpture, the spinner was meant to symbolize diversity and youthful energy. Its resemblance to traffic signage subverts the intended optimism, hinting at regulation rather than freedom.
4. **Goldfish in the pool:** 400 live goldfish swam at the pavilion's base. While decorative, their presence—confined, beautiful, and directionless—echoes broader themes of displacement, spectacle, and ornamental nationalism.

They said the goldfish were descendants of ones born in Japan.  
 Now, their children live in Canada.  
 Swimming beneath a future built in Osaka.

“These goldfish were originally gifted from Japan over a hundred years ago,”  
 the Canadian companion explained. “They were specially flown in for the Expo.”  
 It felt like they’d been brought to this polished-up version of the future just to swim  
 in place forever.

And yet...there was something anxious in the way they moved. I saw one bump into  
 the edge of the pool. Then again. And again.

---

At the entrance, a popular mascot was being handed out:

**Tongar-chan.**

Kids swarmed around the Canada Pavilion companions, asking for autographs.

---

Inside, the space was flooded with psychedelic lights and sound.  
 Screens spun in circles. Red and blue lights flashed. The floor felt like it was tilting.  
 Apparently, it was a hit with young people. But I started to feel queasy.

---

On the mirrored wall, a forest, a sky, and a flag appeared.

That red **maple leaf**—it really was striking. But I remembered something:  
 that flag? It only became Canada’s national flag in **1965**.

This was the first time Canada appeared on the world stage under its **new flag**.

Maybe that's why—every part of the pavilion seemed to demand attention. As if shouting:

*This is Canada!*” It had only been three years since the Expo in Montreal. But the “future” we saw back then...in Osaka, in 1970—it already felt like a product.

The maple leaf flag. The images of tomorrow. All polished and packaged.

Just like the Japanese pavilion at Montreal—where the “future” was lined up like showroom samples.

Now it's Canada's turn: same photo, new frame. And they're saying:

*“Looks good, doesn't it?”*

---

#### A note reads:

“They call it a ‘nation moving toward the future.’ Or a ‘people full of youth.’

But honestly? The goldfish were saying more than anyone else. “Swimming because if they stop, they'll die. And still—not knowing where home is.

---

The spinner keeps turning. But in the tank below, the goldfish just keep swimming.

To the music of the future. Still not knowing

**where to return.**

#### Footnotes

1. **Canada's flag debut:** Expo '70 was the first world's fair where Canada appeared under its new national flag, adopted in 1965. The maple leaf became a symbol not just of identity, but of national branding.
2. **From Montreal to Osaka:** Expo 67 in Montreal emphasized visionary futures. By 1970, much of that futurism had been re-marketed as digestible visuals. The narrator's critique echoes Expo's shift from “imagination” to “presentation.”
3. **Same photo, new frame:** This metaphor underscores the repetition of visual spectacle between expos. The future isn't remade—it's re-staged.
4. **The goldfish metaphor:** As throughout this chapter, the goldfish represent displaced beauty, circular labor, and a mute resistance to narrative. In their silence, they speak the most.



**[Chapter: The Japanese Garden]**

A gentle breeze brushed softly across the surface of the water.

From west to east, the entire garden flowed like time itself—  
Asuka, Kamakura, Edo, Showa.  
A thousand years expressed in stone, water, and trees.  
Quite the feat.

At the very back, the present day.  
Inside a sleek, modern glass greenhouse bloomed “the flower of the future.”  
Its petals shimmered in seven strange colors,  
the hues bleeding together like overmixed paint.

“This flower symbolizes the future,”  
boasted a lab-coated guide with pride.  
“The latest in hybrid engineering—resilient, adaptive, and ornamental.”  
—Is that so?  
To me, it just looked toxic.  
A national dream pinned to a blossom steeped in endocrine disruptors.  
What hope can grow from poisoned soil?  
“So this is the future?” I murmured.

Jason tilted his head beside me.  
“Beautiful, but artificial... like a dream made of plastic.”

His words struck me harder than I expected.  
“I can’t follow a dream like that.”

“Then let’s grow a real one.  
A flower that doesn’t lie.”

For just a moment,  
our silhouettes reflected in the greenhouse glass  
seemed to believe in a different kind of future.

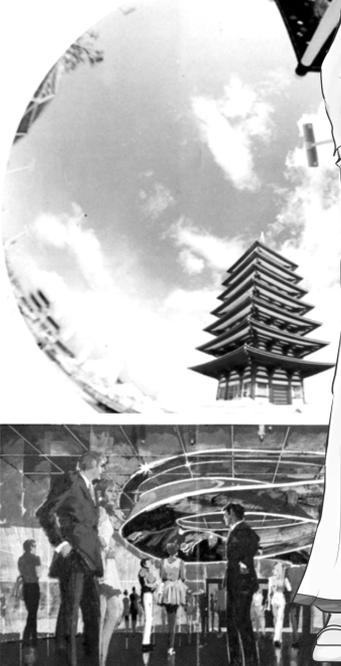
—

The unease Suzuka felt in that moment  
would one day bloom as a seed of thought in her daughter Hinata—  
a journey in search of the truth behind the Seven-Colored Flower.



EXPO '70

日本万国博覧会  
古代の夢と現代の夢  
**古河パビリオン**  
東大寺七重の塔とコンピュータ





七重の塔の基壇はコンピュータシアへの入口があります。

第一室 導入部

①テーマディスプレイ“メビウスの環”  
無限に広がるふしぎなコンピュータシアのイメージを象徴します。

第二室 実験劇場

②コンピュータ・ハンド・ゲーム  
声で動く魔法のスクリーン  
③電車の運転テスト  
実際に運転するのと同じ経験ができます  
④家とコンピュータ  
コンピュータがお相手します  
⑤コンピュータ・ドレス・デザイナー  
お望みのファッションを即座に  
⑥キャッシュレス・ショッピング  
あなたの声の印かんがわり

第三室

⑦コンピュータ・ミュージカル・ホール  
すばらしい即興音楽会

テレビ電話コーナー

七重の塔の前庭にあり、古河パビリオンの説明、会場説明などをします。

テーマディスプレイ“メビウスの環”

## [Chapter: Furukawa Pavilion]

Ancient dreams and modern dreams.

A seven-story tower of reinforced concrete, 86 meters tall.

Inside, a vision of “Computopia”—a world made fun and convenient by computers, complete with cashless shopping and videophones.

They showed off the structure of the tower,  
a massive golden hunk of metal, gleaming under the lights.  
“Look, this is the future!” they seemed to say.

But no matter how much it shines,  
I couldn’t see *our* future reflected in it.

Floating above the entrance, a hologram shouted:

“Metal builds the future.”

But whose hands were doing that *building*, really?

It was our hands.

The hands they always called dirty. Polluted.

Hands burned by heat, blackened by coal soot.

And now they polish them up, put them on display as “the pride of the nation.”

Copper. Iron. Aluminum.

Those sparkling metals under the exhibition lights...

Truth is, the old men in my neighborhood smelted those,  
starting fires before dawn, getting covered in soot, day after day.  
They were the ones who forged this so-called “future.”

**Note:**

The “Seven-Story Tower” referenced here was part of the Furukawa Pavilion at Expo '70.

While it borrowed the form of a traditional Buddhist pagoda, it was rebuilt not as a religious monument, but as a **futuristic concrete structure** symbolizing industrial progress.

This contrast between spiritual yearning and industrial pride created a deep ideological tension—particularly for those who had hoped for the pagoda’s wooden reconstruction as a symbol of cultural healing.

"Metal in our lives," the display said.

But no—**it ain't just in our lives. It's under our lives.**

Down in the dirt.

In the hands we burned and blackened to keep climbing, keep surviving.

None of that weight was written anywhere.

Just hollow slogans slapped onto shiny panels.

And then the diorama.

"Mining Development!" "Technological Innovation!"

A mountain blasted open.

Tunnels bored through.

And the veins of industry—**called "the arteries of the future."**

But I'm a doctor.

And let me tell you, I've never once looked at a bleeding vein and thought,

*"How beautiful."*

Blood is something you stop.

Wounds are something you sew shut.

"Arteries of the future"?

More like the blood-soaked veins of extraction.

No names .No faces. No graves.

Just empty light pouring down from the ceiling onto a steel floor,

and a silence so thick, even memory couldn't break through.

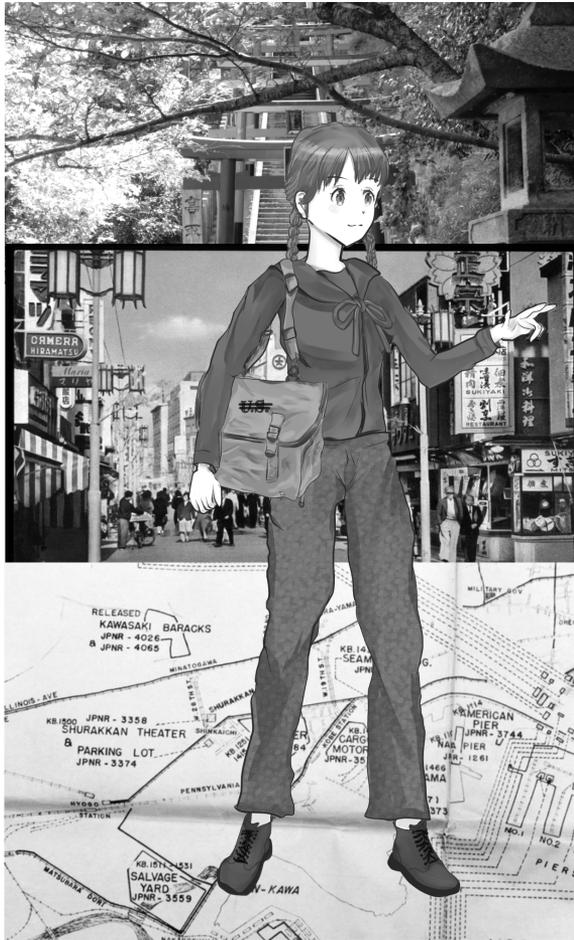
And hanging in the air, like perfume gone sour:

**"A future that shines."**

...More like a corporate festival dressed up as destiny.

# **20th Century Ecotech Girl**

## **Episode I The Pain of the Mute**



## Chapter 5: The Wedding of a Sister Erased by Her Name

*Evening, behind the row houses*

Suzuka, still in junior high, walks home alone. The alley walls are covered in graffiti, and the setting sun casts long shadows.

Ahead of her, she spots “Nei-chan from 2-chome”—Yoshiko—walking hand in hand with her lover. On her right ring finger glints a small silver ring.

“Nei-chan—Yoshiko-san from down the street.

Ever since I was little, she used to make picture-story shows for us kids. She was kind and creative.

But people around here were whispering—saying she was seeing some high-up man.”

---

A few days later, the adults are in an uproar.

“That wasn’t a real wedding.”

“What’s that guy thinking, messing around with a girl from the buraku...”

“His parents freaked out—tore the place up, apparently.”

“He tried to elope with her, but they caught ‘em right away.”

“They say they jumped into the Minatogawa River with their arms tied together...”

---

The next day, in the alley behind the row houses—

Yoshiko’s body comes back, wrapped in black cloth.

No one says a word. Suzuka watches from afar.

“Nei-chan came back from the river, bloated and silent.

But her right hand... it was gone.”

---

**Note :**

**土左衛門 (Dosaemon) :**

A Japanese slang term referring to a drowned body, swollen from prolonged exposure to water. The name derives from a rotund kabuki character named Dosaemon, whose physique came to be associated with such corpses.

**vening, in her room. Suzuka sits at her desk.**

She scribbles the name *Yoshiko* in her notebook—then quickly erases it.

“I heard what happened.

*They said the ring on her right hand... it was cut off.*

*‘You can’t make a Buddha out of that,’ the father spat.”*

“The right hand—that’s the hand we write with.

The hand that records. The one we use to write our names.”

---

**In the classroom, beneath the chalkboard, the teacher’s voice fades into background noise.**

Half the students are local. The others from “outside.”

Suzuka sits silently in the corner, eyes down.

“To *name* yourself... is to be *seen*.

To be *made visible*.

But what’s truly frightening—

is when they won’t let you name yourself at all.”

---

Back home, Suzuka kneels before the family altar—a quiet corner for the dead.

She brings her hands together in prayer, palms touching, head bowed.

Her eyes drift to her own hand—her right hand, just slightly lifted above the left.

The one she holds her pencil with.

***“I have to be... on the side that records.***

***Not the one whose name gets erased.***

***But the one who leaves the names behind.”***

Note:

**Nei-chan:** Kansai dialect (Osaka area) for *nee-chan* (ねえちゃん), an informal and affectionate term for “older sister” or a close older female figure.

**Kamishibai (紙芝居):** A traditional Japanese form of street theater using illustrated storyboards. Performed mostly for children, the storyteller narrates while sliding pictures in and out of a small stage-like box.



**Chapter 6:**  
**The Nameless Years**

The graduation ceremony had just ended.  
A group of girls in *monpe work pants* walked together down the back alley of the nagaya housing block.

Suzuka stood slightly apart, alone by the riverbank.  
A gentle breeze stirred, rustling the *fukinoto sprouts* at her feet.

“When I told Mom I wanted to become a doctor, she cried.”  
“She said, ‘Girls don’t say things like that,’ and ‘Forget high school—start working now.’  
I guess that was just... the way things were back then.”

She remembered the one person who had told her something different—her teacher.

“You have a responsibility,” he said.  
“You can’t turn your eyes away from what you’ve seen.”

✧

At home in their dim leather workshop, lit by a single bare bulb, Suzuka sat at her desk with a notebook open.

Next to it was a *cold brown-rice rice ball*, untouched.  
In the margin of a copied textbook from the rental bookshop was a small scrap of paper that read,

“*Equivalency Exam.*”

“A middle school girl trying for med school... there was no one I could tell.”  
“But those words stuck with me—‘I want to treat people, not their names.’ That was the one thing that kept me going.”

✱

Even after getting into med school, I never really belonged.  
Surrounded by suits and starched uniforms, the only thing that kept me grounded  
was that *graduation photo in monpe*.

I had never worn anything like those school uniforms—  
no pleated skirts, no sailor collars, no blazer jackets.  
Not even the “girlhood” they seemed to represent had ever been given to me.

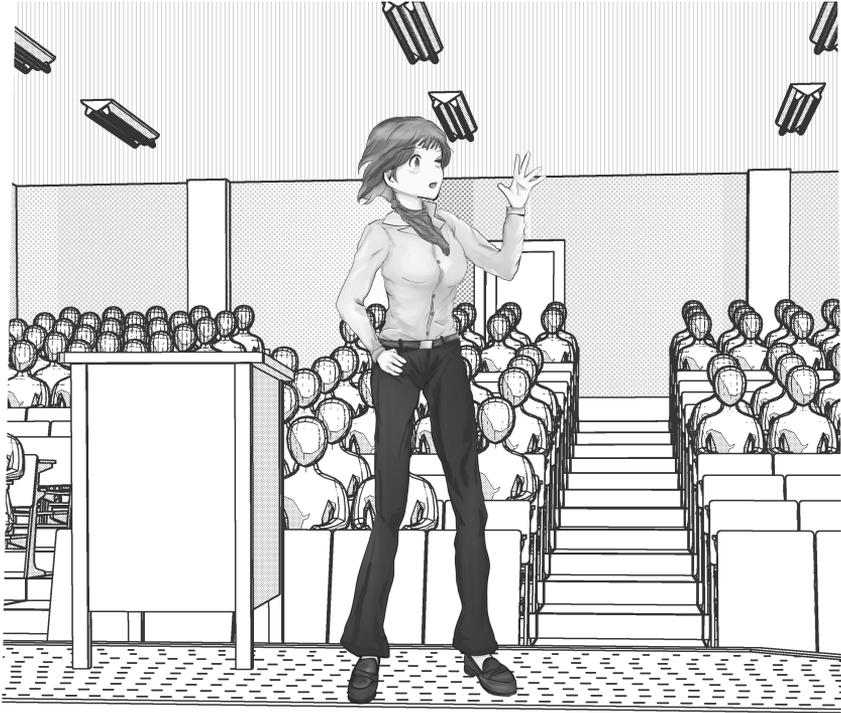
Someone’s glance.  
Someone’s laughter.

— In the corner of the lecture hall,  
Suzuka sat with her eyes lowered as a group of male students passed by, chuckling.

“A girl named *Agui*?  
How the hell did *that* get through the exam?”

“To ‘speak your name’ —  
it’s always just one step away from being laughed at...”

“But what’s really frightening...  
is not being allowed to say your name at all.”



**Chapter 7:**  
**The Cost of Being First**

The auditorium stage.

Names of top-ranking students are read aloud.

—“Suzuka Agui, valedictorian.”

Sparse applause echoes through the hall.

The school director, gripping the mic, grins.

**Director:**

“Take a good look, everyone.

The top student... is a *buraku* girl.”

His voice ricochets off the wooden beams of the ceiling.

**Director:**

“In this country, there is an order to things:

bloodlines, gender, social standing.

When education disrupts that order, it drives people mad.”

A chill floods Suzuka’s chest.

Beneath the glaring lights, stares from unfamiliar students pierce her skin like needles.

*Note:*

*“Buraku” refers to a historically marginalized community in Japan, subjected to discrimination based on ancestral caste-like status. Further details are provided in Volume 1.*

### After the Ceremony: A Residency Assigned

After the commencement ceremony, inside the faculty office.

A professor handed Suzuka a plain brown envelope.

**“You’ve been selected for a targeted field rotation. It’s designed to match your... unique background.”**

She opened it.

The scent of oil and rust seemed to rise from the page itself.

Typed on an aged document was a list of placements—each labeled under “*clinical fieldwork rotation*”:

Industrial zone medical station, pulmonary disease cluster (78% prevalence)

Fuchū District, Toyama — cadmium contamination zone (*Itai-itai disease hotspot*)

Mobile trauma unit, Vietnam War field hospital (*unilateral humanitarian partnership*)

•Minamata, Kumamoto — neurological syndrome cluster linked to methylmercury  
(*Chisso Minamata Plant*)

Okinawa, off-grid site — unofficial containment of dioxin (TCDD), legacy of Operation Ranch Hand

Yūbari, Hokkaidō — North Coal New Mine (*monthly fatal incidents, limited emergency infrastructure*)

These were not elective rotations. These were **exile postings**—

assigned to the periphery of the periphery. No one chose them. Few came back.

The medical jargon blurred. Her palms were sweating. The paper crinkled.

**“Is this a public health practicum?**

**Or just a controlled exposure to human collapse?”**

The question reached her lips—but never escaped.

—

Out in the corridor, her classmates were laughing.

They clutched sealed offers from Tokyo’s top university hospitals, global fellowships, prestigious NIH labs.

Their joy, distant as it was, pushed her back—into the margins.

**“Top of my class...But this isn’t a posting. It’s a purge.”**



**Chapter 8:  
Gloves in the Smoke**

***Yokkaichi, Mie Prefecture — Petrochemical Complex (Night), Early Summer, 1967***

Just behind the refinery, the view from the clinic window is a haze of yellow skies, white smoke... and acidic seawater.

A worker lies on oxygen support. Suddenly, a stretcher is rushed in—another laborer, forehead split open by a fallen steel beam.

Suzuka stifles a cough as she threads the needle and sutures the wound.

**Worker** (face-down, short of breath): “Doc... how do you even work in all this smoke?”

**Suzuka** (dryly): “Right back at you. You’re the one out there breathing it.”

As he leaves, another man steps in, pressing his chest and chuckling through a cough.

**Worker**: “Feels like this place hands out stitches and cough meds in the same breath.”

**Suzuka**: “As long as we’re breathing the same air... you’re all my patients.”

Outside the window, another smokestack releases its plume.

The sound swells—morphing into the roar of molten steel pouring into a blast furnace.

---

**Footnotes / Historical Context:**

- **Yokkaichi Asthma** : A severe respiratory illness caused by sulfur dioxide and petrochemical pollution in Yokkaichi, Japan. Officially recognized as a pollution-related disease in the 1960s. Many workers in industrial zones were simultaneously laborers and victims of environmental degradation.
- **“Stitches and cough meds in the same breath”**: This remark reflects the overlap between **occupational injury** and **pollution-related illness**—a hallmark of Japan’s high-growth-era industrial zones. Clinics in areas like Yokkaichi served both trauma and chronic respiratory patients under constant strain.
- **“Same air... all my patients”**: This line encapsulates **Suzuka’s philosophy of universal care**, particularly in communities where boundaries between worker, victim, and resident blur.
- **Medical setting**: The depicted clinic functions as both **first-response trauma center** and **primary care outpost** in an under-resourced, high-risk area—common in Japan’s 1960s heavy-industrial zones.

***Yawata Steelworks, Kitakyushu, Fukuoka Prefecture (Night), Rainy Season, 1967***

Even on a clear night along the harbor, the “seven-colored smoke” hangs dull in the air.

From beyond the massive blast furnaces, iron dust drifts down like rain.

Yawata has the highest **particulate emissions** in Japan. The ground is rust-colored, and the air feels gritty.

Workers and medics alike never remove their goggles.

**Suzuka**, peering through government-issued goggles, flushes a patient's eyes.

His corneas are laced with micro-abrasions from iron filings. Even as she rinses them, fresh dust continues to fall.

**Worker** (goggle marks still etched into his face): “**Even at night, it falls like this... Can't even crack the windows at home.**”

**Suzuka**: “**Still—can't replace your eyes, can you. Hang in there.**”

Iron dust piles on the infirmary floor, shed from discarded work uniforms.

The fan just stirs it around—after an hour, it's back again.

She finishes the rinse, covers the eye with gauze. Nearby, a dockworker lies coughing with asthma. Open the window? You get black smoke and oil fumes. Close it? Can't breathe.

**Worker** (in a faint Kitakyushu accent): “**Doc... no matter what, my chest keeps wheezing...**”

**Suzuka**: “**Then let's up your oxygen just a bit.**”

The night shift ends.

Above them, the morning sky glows with a **seven-colored haze**—not light, but pollution.

---

**Footnotes / Contextual Annotations:**

**Yawata Steelworks** : One of Japan's largest postwar steel producers. Its emissions—particularly **fly ash** and SO<sub>x</sub>—made Kitakyushu one of the most polluted cities in the 1960s.

“**Seven-colored smoke**” : A real colloquial term used by locals to describe industrial emissions mixing with humidity—iron oxide, chemical fumes, coal particulates—which visually produced iridescent smog.

**Ophthalmic damage in industrial zones**: Chronic **corneal abra**

## Kyoto — The Director's Office

Having returned from Yokkaichi and Yawata, **Suzuka** stood before the school director. He gave her a thin, knowing smile—then, turning toward his staff, spoke loud enough for her to hear:

**Director:** “So, she still comes back in one piece... Not tough enough yet.” “Next time, give her a real battlefield—Okinawa, or some half-collapsed coal mine. Let her choose.” “National scholars are worth something *only after they survive the purge*. Those who remain—that’s who we call the nation’s doctors.”

Suzuka said nothing.

There were no words sharp enough to match the grit in her palms.

Iron dust and smoke still felt embedded in her skin.

### Contextual Notes

#### 1. “decaying coal mines”

Refers to aging, hazardous mines on the brink of closure in 1960s–70s Japan. These sites were notorious for poor safety conditions, frequent cave-ins, and fatal industrial accidents—yet were still used as de facto “training grounds” for young medical staff and interns.

#### 2. “nation’s doctors”

A loaded phrase used sarcastically in the narrative. Ostensibly a patriotic honorific for elite medical professionals, it masks the brutal system of state-sponsored medical rotations that “tested” loyalty by sending top-ranking students into dangerous, marginal regions.

#### 3. “iron dust and factory smoke embedded in her skin”

A metaphor expressing how industrial pollution leaves not just physical but psychological residue. Suzuka’s silence reflects the trauma of having worked in toxic environments where medicine and exploitation coexisted.



## Chapter 9: The Collapsing Mine

***Yūbari, Hokkaidō – Hokutan New Coal Mine / Autumn 1967***

Summoned by the head nurse at the clinic, Suzuka had come to the site to perform pneumoconiosis screenings.

The beam of her helmet lamp caught the slick black walls, the ceiling that swallowed light, and the puddles on the floor where coal dust floated like oil.

A young miner coughed uncontrollably. Beside him, an older man clutched his back in silence.

When Suzuka placed the stethoscope on their chests, she heard it again—that faint scraping sound in the lungs, the same one she'd heard in Yawata and Yokkaichi.

She let the brand-new dust mask hang loosely from her neck and gazed into the shadows of the mine.

Their guide wore only a tenugui cloth over his mouth.

"Once you get used to it," he said with a dry chuckle, "this is all you need."

That laugh was drier than the autumn wind.

---

**Deeper into the mine**

The sound of chiseling echoed through the tunnel, blending with the smell of coal dust.

Beyond the reach of the light, fine particles floated like snow.

Suzuka scribbled down the work procedures in her notebook, suppressing a cough.

Then—a **rumble**.

The support beams groaned. A thick cloud of dust cascaded down like an avalanche.

**"Get out—now!"**

A miner's shout cut through the dark. At that moment, the tunnel entrance **collapsed** behind them.

---

Dust choked the air, searing their throats and stealing their vision.

Suzuka yanked off the dust mask hanging from her neck and pressed it into the hands of a coughing miner.

**Miner:** "There are still people deeper inside!"

She flung open a tool shelf, rummaging through grime and grease for any old masks. The rubber had gone stiff. The filters were damp, discolored. But it was better than nothing. "Wet a towel with your canteen water until you get a mask. And don't breathe in too deep—if it gets in your lungs, even if you make it out, you won't survive." Somewhere, a low voice whispered, **"A kid's still in there..."** Another man clutched cough medicine in his pocket. Suzuka handed out the old masks one by one, her hands trembling. Her lungs burned with every breath.

---

#### **Hours later—**

The distant sound of drills.  
 The collapsed rubble began to shift, little by little.  
 Cold air rushed in through the cracks. Even as daylight broke through, the soot-blackened faces of the miners didn't smile.  
 Figures staggered out, coughing, illuminated by the pale light at the mouth of the shaft. As Suzuka was pushed out into the open air, the mountain wind struck her cheeks like needles.  
 The town below was utterly still.  
 "...We finally made it out,"  
 someone murmured, their voice vanishing with a cloud of white breath.

---

#### **The Next Morning**

The entire town seemed to be holding its breath.  
 Even the sound of footsteps felt muted.  
 Midday came, but only a stray dog and a pair of elementary schoolers walked the street. After the ambulances and media vans had gone, only silence remained.  
 A soft wind swept down the shopping street, where a single white sheet flapped on a shuttered storefront.  
 [Mine Closure Notice]

The edge of the paper curled in the breeze.  
 Deep inside, she could still hear the coughing in the dark.  
 Suzuka clenched her used mask in her hand and began to walk, silently, into the autumn wind.



## **Chapter 10: The Silent River and the Diagnosis**

**Niigata Prefecture — A coastal fishing village at the mouth of the Agano River, winter 1967**

*To diagnose someone... is to give their pain a name.  
But some names—can't be spoken.*

A small village facing the Sea of Japan.  
Gray skies. Bitter wind.  
Fishermen quietly mend their nets.  
The price tags on the fish at market have been corrected by hand—"Origin: Toyama."

**Suzuka (monologue):**

"There was a rumor going around at the Kitakyushu hospital.  
'It's showing up here, too,' they said.  
I couldn't ignore it. So I came. On my own.

But this village... it's keeping quiet.  
They say, 'If the word gets out, no one will buy our fish.'"

*Inside the clinic, midday.*

An elderly woman stares blankly as Suzuka examines her trembling fingers.  
Her legs wobble when she stands.  
A relative, seated nearby, interrupts:

**Relative:**

"It's just old age. No need for a hospital, alright?"  
Suzuka says nothing. She gently wraps the woman's hand in hers.  
That hand—there's something familiar about it.  
"Just like the children I saw last summer...twitching fingers, seizing limbs.  
Back then they called it 'a curse' or 'poison' or both...But if there's a war in this country  
—maybe this is what the battlefield looks like."

*Later, at the fish shipping depot (evening).*

Polystyrene boxes packed with fish are lined up for transport.  
Nearby, a few fishermen speak in hushed tones.

**Fisherman 1:** "She's back again. That doctor. If she writes something strange, we're screwed."

**Fisherman 2:** "If someone says 'Minamata,' no one will touch our fish. One diagnosis for a dying old lady—and the whole village sinks."

—

**Night. A dimly lit corner of the clinic.**

Under the glow of a desk lamp, Suzuka opens her notebook.

She writes:

“Numbness in limbs. Speech impairment. Constricted vision.”

Beneath it, in pencil: Minamata-like symptoms?

Her hand pauses. Then—she draws a line through the note and adds:

“\* Do not record.”

“The factory says it was pesticides, leaked into the river during the Niigata earthquake.” “I’m just an intern. Maybe I’ve got no right to question anything... But if I don’t leave at least one trace of doubt—someone else is going to die.”

---

**The next morning. The freezing port.**

An old woman’s body lies wrapped in cloth, in the shadow of a fishing boat.

Villagers murmur quietly:

“Just a cold.” “Old age. That’s all it was.”

“What I really want... is to give her a proper diagnosis. But if I name it, if I write it down... then the illness becomes real. Then the whole village—the fish, the people—are ‘sick.’ The real sickness here... is this silence.”

---

**Later. Suzuka walks alone along the port.**

Tucked into the pocket of her [NAVAL CLOTHING FACTORY] peacoat: her folded notebook. The wind lifts its corner—

And just for a moment, the words “*Minamata-like symptoms*” flicker into view—  
Before blurring in the sea breeze and fading into the sound of waves.

Note:

**Niigata is often referred to as “the second Minamata.”**

In 1965, a chemical factory in Niigata’s Agano River basin discharged methylmercury into the water system, leading to an outbreak of mercury poisoning among local residents—similar to the original Minamata disease incident in Kumamoto.

While the first Minamata case revealed the devastating effects of industrial pollution, the Niigata incident highlighted how such tragedies could repeat, especially when corporate responsibility and governmental oversight failed.

Despite mounting medical evidence, many residents and officials in Niigata remained silent—fearing the social and economic consequences of being labeled “sick” or “contaminated.”

This silence, in turn, became part of the disease itself.



## Chapter 11: China Beach

— *Vietnam, 1968. Just before the Tet Offensive.*

**[Background note]**

Suzuka is in her final year of medical school, dispatched to Vietnam as part of a humanitarian internship under the Japanese Red Cross and an academic exchange program. Officially labeled “medical support,” it is in fact a politically ambiguous mission.

---

A U.S. Army physician, a First Lieutenant in a faded **Utility Shirt, Durable Press, Army Shade 507** and **Women’s Utility Slacks OG-507**, offers a faint smile as he greets her:

“Welcome to China Beach, Doc.  
Some people come here to heal... others, to forget.”

This was **My Khe Beach**, a stretch of sand near Da Nang, known as a U.S. military R&R (Rest and Recuperation) zone.  
Peaceful at a glance—but just behind the trees stood the **510th Evacuation Hospital**, where young men from the front lines clung to life at the threshold of death.

Suzuka, sleeves rolled up on her **Jungle Fatigue Jacket (late model: COAT, MAN’S, COTTON, W/R, RIP-STOP POPLIN, OG-107, CLASS 1: DSA-68)**, pressed down on blood-soaked sheets.

A young Black soldier was rushed in.  
Both legs were gone.

There hadn’t even been time for proper triage. The stench of burnt metal, mud, and seared flesh filled the air.

“...Girl... name...?”

He whispered through cracked lips.  
Suzuka couldn’t answer.  
All she could do was grasp his cold, fading hand.

A nurse in a **blue ARC (American Red Cross) dress** by **MERCANTILE UNIFORMS**, known among the troops as a “Donut Dolly,” leans in quietly.

“He’s mute. Shrapnel near the spine. Lost his voice in the blast.”

“...He can’t speak at all, huh...”

Suzuka, frowning slightly, disinfects her hands as she studies the boy’s abdomen—a deep laceration.

Splashes of mud stain the sleeve of her fatigues.

“...How do you heal someone who can’t speak...?”

“How do you make your voice reach someone who has no voice...?”

---

“I thought I was stitching up the future of a country.

But maybe... maybe what I’ve been trying to sew back together—is a past that’s already gone.”

---

On break, Suzuka stands on the shores of **My Khe Beach**.

American soldiers lounge in the sand, cracking open cans of beer, surfboards in tow. Pin-up posters flap on canvas tents, catching the sea breeze.

“Doesn’t even feel like there’s a war going on over here...”

But the smell of seared flesh still clings to her senses.

The rotor thump of the UH-1 Iroquois—nicknamed “Huey” by the troops—kept echoing in her mind.

There was  
Chaina Beach  
in Japan.



Sachiko: **Kōdō** style

*All fragrance carried itself into an  
unnamed tomorrow.*



**20th Century Ecotech Girl**  
**The Future That Had No Name    Volume 2**

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■ Includes content from EP1 & EP2

■ Japanese edited version

