

Courier-art presents  
Happy Hour



# 02 fairytale

20.11.2003  
at Hat On Wall  
London, UK

2nd part of Happy Hour project subtitled “**Fairytales**” was held at Hat On Wall, bar and art space in London. At this event, people were asked to write their happy stories (real or imagined) on a specially designed coaster at the bar. These coasters then be exchanged for a piece of Noriko Tanaka’s edible installation in the gallery.



A tent, created in the previous Happy Hour event in Rotterdam, was hung in the gallery. Inside, Tanaka had prepared a large cake, and she made candyfloss. The audience were asked to make their own *sweet landscape* from these ingredients. The exchanged coasters were displayed in a cabinet of the gallery.



I will be happy one day when I can speak Japanese to all my Japanese friends.

When it landed, it did it on the mud. As I took it, it was a beautiful little girl. I showed it to my friend. When it landed, I had seen it on the road, I had wished for it to land on me. It landed on my feet. When I took it it was free, it was love.

Happiness is not a warm gun, but Wilko Johnson's gun-guitar when playing Dr. Feelgood's oldies goldies (yes it is)

John Steinbeck's wife was presented with a leather bound book when she visited Japan in honour of her husband. She received it and was curious because the title read "The Angry Raisin". After some discussion the correct translation surfaced: "The Grapes of Wrath"

My happy moment was when I rode a scooter at sunset to the next village along the sea road where I was staying in Greece to buy some feta cheese and bread for my friends who were on the beach waiting.

Happiness: no complete tales, but perhaps those rare, brief moments of freedom from the cares and woes of existence...sad but true!

I was walking up a tall hill. It was really hard work & I couldn't see anything in front of me except trees and more hill ahead. Eventually the hill suddenly finished and I realised I was on the top with a fantastic view. I felt like a cloud - so light I could just float off the peak.

I went out on my own for a walk and bumped into an old friend and we went for a drink. Nice.

It is actually quite difficult to think about happy story. It doesn't really come to my mind right now. I guess I'm just happy like this and I will realise "happiness" when I encounter "unhappiness". So my happy story is me, myself at this moment...

My happy moment is when I read a book listening to my record collection in the middle of night.

I bought a lovely blouse for £8.50, original price £40.00. It made me happy!

The remedy for my best friend's illness will be invented, he becomes healthy again and be able to travel to Japan - that is my happy story.

When it landed, it did it on the road. As I took it, it was a beautiful little girl. I showed it to my friend. When it landed, I had seen it on the road, I had wished for it to land on me. It landed on my feet. When I took it it was free, it was mine.

