I love you grandmother
infinite synthesis: intro

can be recycled to share a story of love, sadness and rage

imagination is the only limit
communicate this thought of how everyone has a place where they are meant to go.

scent

sweet smell of sunshine

then I sit and think of a smell, the smell of a certain image that reminds me of the sun.
INFINITE SYNTHESIS: SADNESS

ONE DAY
MY LIFE CAME TO A PAUSE
I HAD TO FIGHT OFF
THE DEMONS IN MY HEAD
I HAD TO CHOOSE WHAT TO
LOSE AND WHAT TO KEEP

COUNTER STANCE
I felt as if I disappointed the world into thinking I was someone worthwhile.

Everyday was like night. The silhouette of myself hid itself behind the total eclipse. I was nobody.
I woke up today to find myself in the other place with the trails of my footprints from where I ran away.
INFINITE SYNTHESIS: LOVE
BEAUTIFUL DAMAGE

Peel off the skin
knowing everything is going down
hide in the fire
and we'll watch our shadows grow upon
i want to kill away the rest of what's left
and i do

damage
When I feel inside her
I feel my blood is getting thinner
I try to wash you out, but like they say
The hate is thicker
Captivate the words unspoken
You're not worth my heart
Started off with promise broken
You just wasted my life away
Vegas

sex in your sole existence
violates my mind
and haunts me in the present
thinking everyone
is just like you
ALL THE PROPOSED LIES

AND MY NAIVITY

EXIT

OUT

OF

LOVE
Was it just lust or love?

That day I became nothing.
this machine is obsolete

SOmewHAt dAMAgEd

iNFiNiTE SYNTHESIS! Fury

IS obSOLeTE
IN THE DAWN

IN THE BACK
OFF THE SIDE
AND FAR AWAY
IS A PLACE
WHERE I HIDE
WHERE I STAY
Broken

B R R O U K I E S N E D

F O R G E T T E N

try to say, try to ask

I needed to, all alone

I needed to, all alone

by myself, where were you?
HOW COULD I EVER THINK
IT'S FUNNY HOW EVERYTHING YOU
SWORE WOULD NEVER CHANGE
IT'S DIFFERENT NOW
LIKE YOU SAID
YOU AND ME, MAKE IT THROUGH
DIDN'T QUITE, FELL APART
WHERE THE F**K WERE YOU?

NOW I AM
NOTHING
Infinite Synthesis: Memory
s l e e p
sickened in the room
you still tell me you love me
and you held me in your arms
and said my life is just okay
mother you know,
you know i'd never wish this on you
you're still alive in my eyes
SO SLEEP, SLEEP, SLEEP

JUST LEAVE ME, IF IT FEELS GOOD

I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF CRY ANYMORE
Dear Mother

losing all hope
through my own eyes
nothing more than me crying
just a sudden movement of my heart
and I know, I know I'll have to watch you pass away
just get through this day
give up my hope, you could be resting
give up my way,
and lose myself,
just for you
there's too much hope to shed
sickened in the room
you still tell me you love me
and you held me in your arms and
said my life is just okay
mother you know,
you know I'd never wish this on you
you're still alive in my eyes
give up my hope, and you could be anything
I'll pave my own way
without crying to you,
cry...
cry out
cry out
cry out loud
to sleep, sleep, sleep
just leave me, if it feels good
I can't hear myself cry anymore
you left me
but I'm older now
and I am anything but a baby
I demanded your response
but don't worry about me breaking down
I'll found my way out
and you won't feel pain again
INFINITE SYNTHESIS

DREAM INFINITY STUDIOS VERSION 1.0
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ALL DESIGN, ANIMATION, PHOTOGRAPHY AND CONTENT:
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HEADER SYNTHESIS:

There were different designs for each page on dreaminfinity.com. Once the visitors clicked on one of the tiny squares on the corner of each page, a pop up window appeared with each photograph being synthesized with typographic designs.
remember where you came from
remember what you are
you just fucking do what you want
when I felt inside her, I felt my blood was getting thinner,
she tried to wash it out but like they say, the hate is thicker
if you love me don't find me,
no matter how far I have gone
the farther i fall
i'm besides you
as lost as i get
i will find you

suddenly
you have
somewhere
to be
CHRISTOPHER TAKAKURA

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“BEAUTIFUL DAMAGE”
WRITTEN BY: CHRISTOPHER TAKAKURA

“CURSED”
WRITTEN BY: CHRISTOPHER TAKAKURA

“NOTHING”
WRITTEN BY: EMILY WATTSON

“SLEEP”
WRITTEN BY: CHRISTOPHER TAKAKURA

“THINNER”
WRITTEN BY: JENNIFER LEIGH ADAMS

USED WITH PERMISSION
IN MEMORY OF MITSU KUSAKABE, MY MOTHER, MY MENTOR, MY GRANDMOTHER. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH AND THERE ISN’T A DAY THAT GOES BY WITHOUT ME THINKING ABOUT YOU. I MISS YOU DEARLY AND THIS BOOK WOULDN’T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT YOUR CARE AND DEDICATION IN MAKING ME WHO I AM TODAY.

LOVE YOU