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日光 - 寓話

KIKUJI KAWADA

Nikko-A Parable

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川田喜久治

日ごと、龍を食する皇帝の国は栄華きわまりないと「易経」すなわち「転変の書」は伝える。最古の皇帝はみな龍であり、それは知恵をあらわし、エンペラーの象徴でもあった。皇帝の座を龍座、その顔を龍顔、逝去すると龍の背にのって天に昇られたと、民に告げられる。

万物照応をみちびきだした中国の天地創造の話を開けば、二つの互いに補う永遠の原理、陰と陽の、律動的な統合から、あまたの存在がうまれた。女と男、闇と光、同じように、虎と龍は数え切れぬ存在を生み出すための、一つの原理であると。数え切れない存在とは宇宙やこの世界のこのほかにならない。

日いずる神随之国（かんながらのくに）の、とある御代の将軍に龍にもまさる智力の持ち主がいた。

国中に群雄が割拠していたころ、殺戮の続く争いが繰り返されたが、その智力であつというまに鎮めてしまった。のちの将軍の権勢たるや皇帝と見まごうほどであった。

時がながれ、山紫水明、北の霊地に将軍は死後の自分を神と祀るように命じて世を去っていった。

いつしか、その霊廟は深い森の中にたくさんの花が咲き競う装飾と金色絢爛の社殿や鐘楼が極楽浄土を思わせると国中に知れ渡ったのだ。

拝殿の軒下、大広間の天井や壁面いたるところに、名匠たちの手になる無数の龍が描き彫られた。あの龍と虎の聖なる結合からは見たこともない猯や唐獅子、鳳凰、鷹、猫や猿が生まれた。この幻獣たちは日々あたりに生きるべく動き回った。

北極星の光が落ちる冬、雪にかすむ極彩色の宮がカゲロウのように揺らめく。「装飾の帝国」と呼ぶにふさわしかった。夏は降るヒグラシの声に共鳴したあまたの龍が空を飛び交ったのである。

ところが百花繚乱の花たちと幻獣のあいだで争いが起きた。たがいに、見栄と欲望をほしいままにしたのだ。醜い争いが始まったが、最後は龍がこの饗宴の園を制してしまった。いつしか優美な鳳凰も奥の拝殿から姿を消している。三匹の猿が奇しくも残った。見ざる、言わざる、聞かざる、その狡猾が龍の逆鱗をまぬがれたのだ。

それからどこからともなく風評が立つようになった。龍の飾りを一個でも取り去ろうとすれば、拝殿の軒下から血がしたたり落ち、宮はあとかたもなく崩れ落ちるといふ、

秋に紅葉が地に溶けると、カオスの雲が霊山の中腹にある大きな湖に忽然と現れる。龍のちぎれた尾だという者や将軍の溜め息がそうなったともいわれた。湖に架かる朱の橋も未完のまま中空で途絶えている。

だれかがまた囁いている。「橋も宮も完成させるとそのときから崩壊が始まるから、永く残すために途中で止めているのだ、...」と。

日の落ちた黒い森から龍の咆哮が聞こえる。静寂の層は震えながら万象の恐怖を語りかかっている。闇の奥で将軍が孤独な影のように竜頭の岩場に茫然と立ち尽くしている姿を村人は見たという。



Nikko-A Parable

KIKUJI KAWADA

It is told in the "I Ching", namely the "Book of Cosmology", that an empire that eats dragons has to be at the height of its glory every day. The oldest emperors were all dragons — this was a sign of wisdom and was also a symbol of the emperor. Make the emperor's throne a dragon throne, turn his face into a dragon's face, and once he has passed away the people are informed that he has ridden away into the heavens on the dragon's back. If you listen to the Chinese creation story that was derived from the Correspondences, ying and yang are two eternal principles that complement each other and from this rhythmical union many beings were born. just like man and woman or light and dark, tigers and dragons create a countless number of beings — that is the one principle. An untold number of beings is exactly what the universe and this world are.

In the divine land of the rising sun once there was a reigning shogun who had intelligence that was greater than a dragon's.

All over the country as warlords defended their territories, battles and massacres happened over and over, but the shogun used his wisdom to immediately stop the fighting. In his latter days the power of the shogun appeared like that of the emperor's.

Time passed. The shogun ordered that he be buried in the north in a sacred place of great natural beauty, and that he be worshipped as a god, then he left this world.

After a while it became known throughout the land that the mausoleum deep in the forest was decorated by a plethora of blooming flowers, with a dazzling golden temple and a bell tower that reminded one of paradise.

Under the eaves of the outer shrine and all over the ceiling and walls of the great hall are a countless number of dragons engraved by the hands of master craftsmen. From the sacred union of the dragons and tigers, never before seen baku, lions, kirin, phoenix, falcons, cats and monkeys were born. Every day these mythical creatures newly came to life and moved around.

Under the light of the North Star shining in the winter, the richly colored palace is misty in the snow, shimmering like an ephemera. It would be appropriate to call it the "Ornamental Empire". As the summer resonates with the cries of the evening cicada, many dragons fly about in the sky.

Then a rivalry occurred between the flowers in the profusion of blossoms and the mythical creatures. They both gave free play to their desires and to showing off. An unsightly competition began but in the end the dragons took control of this garden of plenty. Before one realized, the elegant phoenix disappeared from the inner shrine. Oddly enough, three monkeys remained. See no evil, speak no evil and hear no evil — that cunning saved them from the dragon's wrath.

And then, from somewhere, a rumor started to circulate. It was said that if one tried to take even one of the dragon's ornaments, drops of blood would fall from under the eaves of the outer shrine and the palace would collapse and leave no trace---

In autumn, when the colored leaves melt into the earth, chaotic clouds suddenly appear on the big lake halfway up the sacred mountain. It was said that the dragon's torn tail or the shogun's sigh had become this. Also the vermilion bridge spanning the lake, in an unfinished state, halted in midair.

Someone is again whispering. "Because their destruction begins from the moment when the bridge and the palace are completed, construction was stopped midway so that they will remain forever---

After sunset, from a black forest, a dragon's roar can be heard. While layers of hushed silence are trembling, trying to speak about the fear of all creation. It was said that the villagers had seen the shogun standing motionless and absent minded on the crown of a rocky stretch, deep in the darkness like a solitary shadow.

English translation by Kevin L. Dunn

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