

それは第二の皮膚である  
遠藤薫

「布を切るのは肉を切るのと同じこと」 一田中忠三郎の母

「みんなが爆弾なんかつくらないできれいな花火ばかりをつくっていたら、  
きっと戦争なんか起きなかったんだな」 一山下清

「ね、なぜ旅に出るの？」  
「苦しいからさ。」 一太宰治

「暗い夜は花火が綺麗だ」  
「明る過ぎる夜は心を壊す」  
「生きないと駄目だ、そうしないと死んでしまうから」 一大林宣彦

物質と人の移動、車輪、水車、糸車、北前船、綿布、産業革命、機械化、化学染料、鉄道、戦争。  
これが青森近代化の一端だ。

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第二次世界大戦中の 1940 年、山下清は線路の上を歩いた。道に迷わないように。放浪を続けた理由は徴兵から逃れるためである。

あの日、歩いて来たのか鉄道に乗って来たのか、1956 年に山下清は青森市の或る小学校を訪れ、空襲で亡くなった人たちを偲ぶ”鎮魂の花火の絵”を描き、青森を去った。

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2011 年、大林宣彦監督は長岡の花火と戦争についての映画を撮った。その冒頭に山下清が登場する。爆弾が花火だったら、と彼は例の言葉を口にする。映画の中の重要人物の名前が”遠藤薫”だった。

(と、ここまで記述した人物たちはもうこの世にはいない。私は実際に会ったことのない人の話をしている。当然のように。つまり、私たちはこれからも出会い損ね続ける、だけど、きっと”ここ”で”本当”に出会うことができる。

あまりにも唐突な話し方をしているかもしれない。それよりも、青森の話を続けようと思う。)

展覧会が開くはずだったその前日、大林宣彦監督が亡くなった。長い闘病の末だった。その夜、彼をよく知る或る映画監督とメールを交わした。私のこの作品、裂織の落下傘は”鎮魂の花火”であるということ、彼の映画のことを考えて制作したことを伝えた。

「そう、きっと大林監督は展覧会を観に来て下さるね」と返信があった。体がもう無いのだから、と。

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展覧会が開くはずだった。だけど開かなかった。コロナのために。

開館するはずだったあの日、他の作家の搬入もまだ途中で、”花火の落下傘”だけが会場にぶら下がっていた。開館しなかったのだから、もちろん鑑賞者は来なかった。だけど、本当に誰も来なかったのだろうか。

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あの映画の登場人物が映画の中で言った。空襲で赤ん坊を亡くして以来、花火の音が怖いのだ、と。

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延期の末、開館。

この展覧会を観た青森の人が、親戚も青森市の空襲が花火に見えたらしいよ、と言った。「そうそう私の親戚も言ってたよ」ともう一人が言う。

「山へ避難してたからねえ、遠くからは花火に見えたのだろうけど、戦火の中じゃ爆弾は爆弾よ」

「ああ、そうそう私たちが小学生だった頃、山下清は確かに来たのよ。あの、なんだか快活でないような、だけど立派な画家だって紹介されて、ねえ、”この絵の一体どこがいいのかねえ？”」

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慣れることは怖いことだ、と 95 歳の彼女が言った。

1955 年、青森の三沢米軍基地内で出会った 2 人はベトナムへ赴いた。戦場カメラマンの夫が戦場でカメラのシャッターを切る頃、夫人はホテルで留守番だった。その窓から見える照明弾が花火のようだった、と。

戦場死した夫。全て、慣れてしまう、忘れてしまうのだと彼女は言った。

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「お客さん、さっき山下清って言いました？」

タクシーの運転手が私に尋ねる。まだ青森のリサーチ中だった私がタクシーの中で隣に座る友人になんとか山下清が気になっている、と話した後のことだった。

「あそこに小学校があるのわかりますか？私、あそこの卒業生で、在学中に山下清がやって来て、絵を置いてゆきましたよ？」

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「だけどまあ見る人によっては、ということなのでしょうが、”この絵の一体どこがいいのでしょうか？”」

と校長先生は校長室にかけられた花火の絵を眺めながらそう呟いた。

あの日、タクシーの中で運転手も言った。

「だけど、”あの絵の一体どこがいいのでしょうか？”」

校長先生は続ける。

「とはいえ、この絵をここへ観に来た人はあなたが初めてですよ。でも、どうやってこの絵のことを知ったんです？」

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そうして山下清の肉筆画は、本展覧会会場に展示された。あの映画の脚本は青森の劇作家である長谷川孝治さんが手がけている。長崎で被爆する登場人物の”遠藤薫”という名前は俺が考えたんだよ、と笑う彼。青森を中心に、様々な地域から集められた布を裂いて織って縫い合わせてできた、大きな裂織の落下傘。この地に古くから引き継がれている、体が織り機の一部になるような腰機で 50m 織った。腰は痛い。日本各地からいただいた着物からは饅えた匂いがする。老いの匂いなのかタンスの匂いなのかわからなくなって、どうして、どこも同じような匂いがするのだろう。私のタンスの中の着物もいずれそのようになってゆくのだろうか。広義としての”裂織”とは物資の乏しい地域に見られる技法であり、特定の地域だけにあるものではない。「布を裂くことは肉を裂くと同じこと」。大きい裂織のために、たくさんの布を裂く。青森以外の空襲があった場所からも布を集めた。100 年前の布から現代的な布も、もういなくなった人たちの着物も、きっと花火を見た浴衣も、何人も見送ったはずの喪服も、そして偶然、あの映画で登場人物が着ていた浴衣と同じ柄の布も、ここに集まった。それらの布は人々の生に寄り添ったそれぞれの”第二の皮膚”だった。それらを裂いた時に空中に舞う繊維を、大勢の生の残り香を、たくさん吸い込んで喉が痛い。あの頃、山下清は日本中を行脚した。迷わないように線路を辿る。徴兵から逃れるために。鉄道は動脈のように国土に張り巡らされ、鮮烈な赤い化学染料の綿布は青森にもたらされる。空襲、国土のいたるところで爆弾は降り注ぐ。コロナウィルスの蔓延、そのために本展覧会は会期を遅らせた。物質の移動/我々とあらゆる生物の発展/時は過ぎる/我々とあらゆる生物の衰退。それらは同時に起きている。きっと全てが無関係ではない。そう思いながら、いつか多くの日本兵の命が落とされた八甲田の雪山を私は走る。鹿は鉄砲で撃ち抜かれ、その血が雪に舞う。その肉を食らい、私は今、雪山を走っている。織り上げた裂織の落下傘を持って何度も走った。”鎮魂の花火”を開かせるために。

だけど、どうしても”裂織の花火の鎮魂の落下傘”は、雪山で開かなかった。

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「絵の一つ見ただけで何もかもを判るわけがないじゃないか」と誰かが言った、気がする。  
だからもう一度目を凝らすけれど、見えない。本当に大事なことは、目に見えるものではないのだと思う。  
なのに、「百聞は一見にしかず」と、また別の誰かが言ったのだ。そうだとも思う。  
もしかしたら、と前置きをして出鱈目なことを言ってみる。  
「あらゆる眼球たちは、見えているのだけど気がついてなくて、見えていないのだけど見た気になっているのだ」と。

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私はしばらく考えて、本当みたいな言葉をここに記しておくことにした。  
『いつかまたここで会いましょう』

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「百年たったら帰っておいで 百年たてばその意味わかる」 一寺山修司  
今はもういない、青森の劇作家の言葉だ。

展覧会『いのちの裂け目一布が描き出す近代、青森から』青森公立大学 国際芸術センター青森 [ACAC]/ カ  
タログより抜粋

- 1/ 田中忠三郎『物には心がある。消えゆく生活道具と作り手の思いに魅せられた人生』（2009 年）より
- 2/ 山下清が長岡の花火を見たときの感想、『裸の大將放浪記』（1979 年）より引用
- 3/ 終戦間際に書かれた、太宰治「津軽」（1944 年）より
- 4/ 監督・大林宣彦、脚本・長谷川孝治、映画『この空の花ー長岡花火物語』（2012 年） 台詞より
- 5/ 寺山修司の遺作、映画『さらば箱舟』（1982 年） 台詞より

*It's a Second Skin*  
ENDO Kaori

"Tearing cloth is just like tearing flesh" - TANAKA Chuzaburo's mother

"If everyone were making beautiful fireworks, instead of making bombs, then there would have been no war. " - YAMASHITA Kiyoshi

"And why are you making this trip?"

"Because things are getting me down." - DAZAI Osamu

"The darker the night, the more beautiful the fireworks."

"Nights that are too bright break one's heart."

"You have to keep on living because otherwise, you'll die."

- OBAYASHI Nobuhiko

Movement of matter and people, wheels, water wheels, spinning wheels, *kitamaebune* cargo ships, cotton cloth, the industrial revolution, mechanization, chemical dyes, railways, war. These all played a part in the modernization of Aomori.

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In 1940, during World War II, YAMASHITA Kiyoshi walked the railroad tracks to not get lost. He kept wandering as a vagrant to evade military conscription. Whether he walked or took the railroad that day, YAMASHITA Kiyoshi ended up at an elementary school in Aomori City in 1956. There he created the *Picture of Fireworks as a Requiem* in memory of those who died in the Aomori air raids. Then, he departed, leaving only his painting behind.

YAMASHITA Kiyoshi appears at the beginning of OBAYASHI Nobuhiko's 2011 film on the Nagaoka fireworks, repeating his usual saying: "If only the bombs were fireworks..." And as chance would have it, a major character in this film shares the same characters in my name—ENDO Kaoru.

(The people I describe here are no longer with us. I'm talking about people I've never actually met as if I knew them. Though I'll never meet them, I believe that it is here we will be able to meet in the truest sense. Perhaps this is all a little too abrupt. Let me keep talking about Aomori instead. )

The day before my exhibition was scheduled to open, director OBAYASHI Nobuhiko died after a long battle with illness. That night, I emailed a director who knew him well. I told him that one of my works, a sakiori parachute, represented fireworks as a requiem and that I had created it with director OBAYASHI Nobuhiko's movie in mind. Theis film director replied saying, "Is that so? I'm sure he will come to see the exhibition." He said that OBAYASHI would be able to come because he no longer had to worry about the limitations of his physical body.

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The exhibition was scheduled to open. But it didn't. All because of the coronavirus. On the day the exhibition was supposed to start, the other artists' works were still being brought in, and only my parachute of fireworks hung in the gallery. The ACAC wasn't open to the public, so naturally, there were no visitors. But I can't help but wonder if maybe someone did come.

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That day, curator KEINO Yuka and I put up a stream of the gallery space online during the hours that the ACAC was supposed to be open.  
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One of the characters in the movie spoke. She said that she had been scared of the sound of fireworks ever since she lost her baby in an air raid.  
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After a postponement, the exhibition finally opened. A visitor from Aomori mentioned that her relatives who lived through the Aomori City air raids had also said that the bombs looked like fireworks. “Oh yes, my relatives said the same thing,” someone else chimes in. “They probably looked like fireworks from a distance, especially for the people who sought refuge in the mountains, but in the ravages of war, a bomb is still a bomb.”

“Oh yes, when we were in elementary school, YAMASHITA Kiyoshi did indeed come to our school. He was introduced as a great painter, but one who wasn't very cheerful...So, what's so good about this painting anyway?”  
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It's a scary thing, to get used to something like that, said one 95-year-old woman. In 1955, the couple, who met at Misawa Air Base in Aomori, ended up in Vietnam. While her husband, a war photographer, took to shooting the battlefield, she was left alone at the hotel. The flares outside the hotel window looked like fireworks. Her husband died on the battlefield. She said you get used to it and forget it all.  
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“Excuse me, did you just say YAMASHITA Kiyoshi?” The taxi driver asked. I was still mid-research at the time and had just mentioned to my friend sitting next to me that YAMASHITA Kiyoshi was on my mind. “Do you see that elementary school over there? I graduated from there. I remember that YAMASHITA Kiyoshi came for a visit while I was in school and left a painting there.”  
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“Yes, I suppose it all depends on the viewer, but what's so good about this painting anyway?” The school principal mutters, looking at the picture of the fireworks hanging in his office. That day, the taxi driver had also said the same thing: “But what's so good about that painting?” The principal continues, “Anyway, you are the very first person who has come here to see this painting. How did you find out about it?”  
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YAMASHITA Kiyoshi's original paintings were on display at the exhibition. The script for that movie was written by HASEGAWA Koji, a playwright from Aomori. He laughs to himself about thinking up the name “ENDO Kaoru” for a character who fell victim to the atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki. A large sakiori parachute made by tearing, weaving, and sewing together cloth collected from various regions around Aomori. It was woven together using a backstrap loom, a traditional loom used in the area since ancient times, the weaver's body becoming part of the loom in the process. My back hurts. A sour smell comes from the kimonos, which were sent from all across Japan. Maybe it's the smell of old age or the drawers where they have long been kept, but why do kimonos from different places all smell the same? Will my kimono eventually smell like that, too? Sakiori, in a broad sense, refers to a technique found in areas where materials are scarce. It is not unique to a specific location. “Tearing cloth is just like (≡) tearing flesh.” Large amounts of cloth must be torn to make a large sakiori work. We collected material from Aomori as well as other places where there were air raids. From century-old material to modern cloth and kimonos of those who have

died, there were yukatas that must have seen fireworks and mourning clothes that have undoubtedly witnessed the passing of loved ones—all were gathered together here. And by chance, we found the same design as the yukata worn by a character in the film. These clothes were all essentially a “second skin,” traveling through life together with those who wore them. When I tear them, I inhale the fibers released into the air, and my throat begins to hurt, stung by the residual raw scent of life. At that time, YAMASHITA Kiyoshi traveled all over Japan on foot. The railroad tracks run like arteries throughout the country, bringing to Aomori cotton material dyed red with chemicals. Air raids. A rain of bombs falls across Japan. The spread of the coronavirus delayed the opening of the exhibition. The movement of matter / The evolution of humans and of all living things / The passing of time / Our decay and that of all living things. They all happen in unison. Surely they are not unrelated. I drive through the snow in the Hakkoda Mountains, where many Japanese soldiers’ lives were lost in the Hakkoda Mountains incident, with all of this in mind. A deer, shot with a rifle, stains the snow with its blood. I eat its meat and now drive through the snowy mountains. I drove this road many times with my sakiori parachute to open my requiem of fireworks. But my sakiori parachute never opened.

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I have a feeling that someone once said, “You can’t understand everything just by looking at a single picture.”

So I squint again, but I can’t see it. I don’t think that what is really important is actually visible to the eyes.

But someone else said, “A picture is worth a thousand words.” I also think that’s true.

I try making a haphazard remark, premised with a “perhaps.”

“Every eyeball can see but is unaware. Every eyeball thinks it has seen, yet it has not.”

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After thinking for a while, I decided to write something that sounds real: ‘Let’s meet here again someday.’

“Come home in a hundred years. In a hundred years, you will understand what it all means.”

- TERAYAMA Shuji

These are the words of an Aomori playwright who is no longer with us.

1. From Things have a heart. A Life Fascinated by Disappearing Life Tools and the Ideas of their Creators (Mono niwa Kokoro ga Aru. Kieyuku Seikatsu Dōgu to Tsukurite no Omoi ni Miserareta Jinsei) by TANAKA Chuzaburo (2009)
2. YAMASHITA Kiyoshi’s impressions when he saw fireworks in Nagaoka, quoted from The Wandering Record of The Naked General (Hadaka no Taishō Hōrōki) (1979)
3. From Return to Tsugaru (Tsugaru) by DAZAI Osamu (1944), written just before the end of World War II
4. From the script of the movie Casting Blossoms to the Sky - The Story of the Nagaoka Fireworks (Kono Sora no Hana - Nagaoka Hanabi Monogatari). Directed by OBAYASHI Nobuhiko and screenplay by HASEGAWA Koji (2011)
5. From TERAYAMA Shuji’s posthumous movie Farewell to the Ark (Saraba Hakobune) (1982)