

Before 2020

I-i

I-i-1

こづくえ

Kozukue

1979

色紙、ボール紙

Colored paper, cardboard

12.5×10.8×10.0

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

I-i-2

洋裁誌「burda」(1978年8月号)付録の型紙と

そこから選び出した線で構成したドローイング

と

こづくえの構造にそのドローイングの線を反映したマケットのヴァリエーション

Sewing Pattern from the August 1978 Issue of the Fashion Magazine burda

and

a Drawing Composed of Selected Lines from the Pattern

and

Variations of a Maquette Incorporating the Drawing's Lines into the Structure of

Kozukue

ドローイング | Drawing :

1979

インク、和紙

Ink on Japanese paper

マケット | Maquette :

1981-85

厚紙

Cardboard

型紙 | Sewing Pattern : 57.8×85.4

ドローイング | Drawing :

56.2×80.5, 59.0×84.3

マケット | Maquette :

各 | each

10.0×8.0×8.0 (10点 | 10works)

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

I-i-3

あかさかみつけ

Akasakamitsuke

1981

アクリル、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, polyethylene

27.5×25.0×17.5

高松市美術館

Takamatsu Art Museum

I-i-4

うぐいすだに

Uguisudani

1981

アクリル、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, polyethylene

27.5×25.0×17.5

高松市美術館

Takamatsu Art Museum

I-i-5

そとかんた

Sotokanda

1981

アクリル、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, polyethylene

14.1×33×39.5

高松市美術館

Takamatsu Art Museum

I-i-6

かっぱばし

Kappabashi

1981

アクリル、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, polyethylene

25.5×21.0×15.0

池上弥々

Yaya Ikegami

I-ii

I-ii-1

おかちまち 1981-1

Okachimachi 1981-1

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

個人蔵 (横浜美術館寄託)

Private Collection (deposited at Yokohama Museum of Art)

I-ii-2

おかちまち 1981-2

Okachimachi 1981-2

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

個人蔵 (横浜美術館寄託)

Private Collection (deposited at Yokohama Museum of Art)

I-ii-3

おかちまち 1981-3

Okachimachi 1981-3

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

個人蔵 (横浜美術館寄託)

Private Collection (deposited at Yokohama Museum of Art)

I-ii-4

おかちまち a-2

Okachimachi a-2

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

I-ii-5

おかちまち b-2

Okachimachi b-2

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

豊田市美術館

Toyota Municipal Museum of Art

I-ii-6

おかちまち b-3

Okachimachi b-3

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

豊田市美術館

Toyota Municipal Museum of Art

I-ii-7

おかちまち b-4

Okachimachi b-4

1981-1987

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

豊田市美術館

Toyota Municipal Museum of Art

I-ii-8

おかちまち b-5

Okachimachi b-5

1981-2018

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×27.0×11.5

豊田市美術館

Toyota Municipal Museum of Art

I-ii-9

おかちまち d-3

Okachimachi d-3

1987-1989

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×25.0×17.5

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

I-ii-10

おかちまち E-2

Okachimachi E-2

1987-2021

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×25.0×17.5

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

I-ii-11

おかちまち E-3

Okachimachi E-3

1987-2021

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン

Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,

polyethylene

27.5×25.0×17.5

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

I-ii-12

711 6692 Takaban

[凡例]

- 作品情報は、原則として以下の順に記した。
作品番号
作品名 (日英)
制作年
素材・技法 (日英)
サイズ ([縦] × [横]、[高さ] × [幅] × [奥行])
- 特記事項がある場合、末尾に記した。
- 出品番号順は、会場の展示順と必ずしも一致しない。

[Notes]

- Artwork data generally include the following information (in order):
Cat. No.
Title of work (Japanese/English)
Year of creation
Materials and techniques (Japanese/English)
Dimensions
(vertical/horizontal measures, height/width/depth)
- The above basic information is followed where applicable by additional information.
- Artworks are not necessarily numbered in the order of the exhibition.

1982–2014
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン
Acrylic, pigment, polyethylene
28.5×19.0×21.0
個人蔵（豊田市美術館寄託）
Private Collection (deposited at Toyota
Municipal Museum of Art)
—
I-ii-14
711 6692 Kakinokizaka
1982–2014
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
28.5×19.0×21.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-ii-15
3時12分
3:12
1983
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、紙、ほか
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene, paper, etc.
27.0×17.0×17.0
東京都現代美術館
Museum of Contemporary Art Tokyo
—
I-ii-16
3時15分
3:15
1983–1993
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、紙、ほか
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene, paper, etc.
27.0×17.0×17.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-ii-17
17時27分
17:27
1987
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、紙、ほか
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene, paper, etc.
25.0×30.0×16.0
東京都現代美術館
Museum of Contemporary Art Tokyo
—
I-ii-18
あかさかみつけ #10
Akasakamitsuke #10
1987-1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
いわき市立美術館
Iwaki City Art Museum
—
I-ii-19
あかさかみつけ #11
Akasakamitsuke #11
1987-1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
いわき市立美術館
Iwaki City Art Museum
—
I-ii-20
あかさかみつけ #12
Akasakamitsuke #12
1987–1989

アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
いわき市立美術館
Iwaki City Art Museum
—
I-ii-21
あかさかみつけ #17
Akasakamitsuke #17
1987–1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
いわき市立美術館
Iwaki City Art Museum
—
I-ii-22
あかさかみつけ #5
Akasakamitsuke #5
1987–1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
国立国際美術館
The National Museum of Art, Osaka
—
I-ii-23
あかさかみつけ #7
Akasakamitsuke #7
1987–1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
国立国際美術館
The National Museum of Art, Osaka
—
I-ii-24
あかさかみつけ #8
Akasakamitsuke #8
1987-1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
国立国際美術館
The National Museum of Art, Osaka
—
I-ii-25
あかさかみつけ #14
Akasakamitsuke #14
1987–1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
国立国際美術館
The National Museum of Art, Osaka
—
I-ii-26
あかさかみつけ #23
Akasakamitsuke #23
1987–1989
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
国立国際美術館
The National Museum of Art, Osaka

—
I-ii-27
あかさかみつけ #28
Akasakamitsuke #28
1987
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-ii-28
あかさかみつけ #30
Akasakamitsuke #30
1987–2012
アクリル、顔料、ポリプロピレン、ポリエチレン
Acrylic, pigment, polypropylene,
polyethylene
27.5×25.0×17.5
個人蔵（豊田市美術館寄託）
Private Collection (deposited at Toyota
Municipal Museum of Art)
—

I-iii

I-iii-1
Blue Slope
1989
アルミニウム、鉄
Aluminum, iron
195.0×200.0×300.0
千葉市美術館
Chiba City Museum of Art
—
I-iii-2
Yellow Slope
1989
アルミニウム、鉄
Aluminum, iron
215.0×115.0×260.0
千葉市美術館
Chiba City Museum of Art
—
I-iii-3
Carmin / Aureoline / Vermilion
1979–2009
パステル、和紙
Pastel on Japanese paper
378.9×780.7
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-iv

I-iv-1
目の中にあるスクリーンの丸い穴、つまり瞳を通ってくる光だけが目のレンズを通り抜けて、ゼリー状のガラス体を横切って、目の後部のスクリーンの奥にまで、達するのである。
The round hole in the screen in the eye, in other words only the light coming through the pupil, goes through the lens of the eye, crosses the jelly-like corpus vitreum, and arrives at the far side of the screen on the back side of the eye.
1992
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas

116.8×91.2
MTMコレクション
MTM Collection
—
I-iv-2
同じものを作るときには、ナイフを使うことも、やすりを使うこともゆるされてなくてね、たとえば細枝だって手で折らなくちゃならないし、編むときは泥と水の裏打ちを欠かすわけにはいかない。
When you’re making the same thing, they don’t let you use knives or files, and even a thin branch you have to break with your hands. And when you’re knitting, you’re not allowed to do it without lining the back with mud and water.
1992
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
90.8×72.5
個人蔵
Private collection
—

I-iv-3
2、3日中に、お返事をうかがえますか。折り返し電話を下さいと言って下さい。というのも子供のときは、友達に電話なんてかけませんでしたから。
May I receive your response within two or three days. Please have him call me back. You see, when I was a child I never made phone calls to my friends.
1994
アクリル、ロウ・リネンキャンバス
Acrylic on raw linen canvas
116.0×89.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-iv-4
軽くパーマしてください、わたしがそう言うのと、なんてびっくりするような早さに手さばき。わたしはまるで猫の子みたいでした。でも油はつけないでね。
Please give me a light perm, and once I say this, what surprising deftness in her hands. I was just like a kitten. But no oil, please.
1994
アクリル、顔料、ロウ・リネンカンヴァス
Acrylic, pigments on raw linen canvas
116.0×89.0
個人蔵
Private collection
—

I-iv-5
ふわふわやわらかくてさ、思わず撫でながら指先で毛の奥をまさぐってしまう。産毛なのかしら。白い毛が指にひんやり気持ちいい。
It’s so fluffy and soft, I can’t help but pet it and burrow my fingers deep in its fur. I wonder if it’s down. The white fur feels nice and cool to the fingers.
1994
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
116.0×89.0
メルセデス・ベンツ日本合同会社
Mercedes-Benz Japan G. K.
※本作品はメルセデス・ベンツ日本アート・スコープ’ 94でのアーティスト・イン・レジデンスにて制作された。

—

I-iv-6
「では、お返しに手で君の背中を撫ぜてあげる。」ところどころ毛の抜け落ちたその猫は、何に目をくれることもなしに、ただただその子の匂いに魅かれて鼻先をこすりつける。その鼻はとても小さく柔らかい。こどもの額は美しく確かに指をひろげた尋さはあった。決して発育不全ではない。

“So, in return I will pat your back with my hand.” This cat whose hair had fallen out in patches, without showing interest in anything, was simply attracted to the child’s scent, and rubs his nose against him. This nose is very small and soft. The child’s brow was beautiful and indeed had the width of widespread fingers. Certainly not underdeveloped.

1994
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
180.0×210.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-iv-7
中庭に春は閉じ籠もり、他の風景から訣別してしまっているようでした。だから箱型の植木鉢よりも、窓の外の手摺に掛けた鳥籠の方が、わたしたちの目の合図になったのです。嘴はまだ青いくせに一人前の口をきく子どもたちは、水浴び用の器があるのに綺麗な飲み水の中でだけ水浴びをする小鳥から教わったのです。Spring had shut itself up in the courtyard, as if it had parted ways with the other scenery. So instead of the box-shaped planter, the birdcage hanging on the handrail outside the window became our visual signal. The children, whose beaks are still blue and yet who speak as if fully grown, learned this from the small birds who bathe not in the nearby birdbath, but in the clean drinking water.

1995
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
91.0×72.5
個人蔵
Private collection
—

I-iv-8
先のことがわからないで苦しんでいるのは、あなたばかりではないのよ。そう言って女の子は私の額にその胸を押しつけて、食べ物をせがんだ。だから、わたしは、できるだけ食べて、できるだけ健康を保ちたいのです。たとえ日の光が物の影に重なり、円くちがうパターンが映ろうたびに、その物に手を伸ばし、動かしてみる元気はほしいから。

You’re not the only one suffering from not knowing about the future. With that, the girl pressed her chest upon my brow, demanding food. I mean, I would like, to eat as much as possible, and maintain my health as much as possible. Because any time the light of the sun overlaps the shadows of objects and reflects different round patterns, I would want to have the energy with which to reach out and try to move it.

1995

アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
181.8×227.3
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-iv-9
左
すっかり冷えてしまった自分のコーヒーカップに目をやった。ポットに残っているコーヒーを火にぶちまけ、その上に滓を落とす短い間にほんとうに次々いろいろなことが起こった。昔は眠れないときウィスキーを飲んだものだが、どうしても今はホットミルクだ。ミルクを温めてスプーンで表面の膜をすくいカップに注ぐ。冷めるのが待てなくても舌を火傷したりして、せっかくの幸せをぶち壊しにするわけにもいかない。空は灰色に変わり鳥が鳴きはじめている。こうやって僕は待って待つて待ちつづけてきたものだ。それで?

右
蓋が持ちあがって、コーヒーとその滓がポットの外に流れだす。火にかけられたコーヒーを眺めながら、アンズの缶詰をあけてブリキの皿に中身をうつす。カップにミルクを入れ、コーヒーをすこしついで冷ます。回想にふけりながらアンズの実を一個ずつ口に運んだ。眠れないとき、人はなんといろんなことを、次から次へと思いつくものだろう。これだけ疲れていれば、頭の働きのにも待ったがかけられたっていいはずなのに。耳元で一匹の蚊が羽音をたてた。僕は地面に膝をついて、そこにじっとしている。そういえば、

Left
I glanced at my cup of cold coffee. While I dumped the remaining coffee from the pot onto the fire and dropped the grounds on top of that, a great number of things happened one after another, in this short time. In the past when I couldn’t sleep I used to drink whiskey, but now it has to be warm milk. I heat the milk, spoon off the film, and pour it into a cup. Though I am impatient for it to cool, I also shouldn’t ruin this rare pleasure by burning my tongue. The sky turns gray and birds begin to sing. In this way I wait and wait and have continued to wait. And then?

Right
The lid lifts, and coffee and its grounds flow out of the pot. While watching the coffee on the fire, I open a can of apricots and transfer the contents to a tin plate. I pour milk in a cup, and cool it by adding a little coffee. While indulging in reminiscences, I brought the apricots to my mouth one by one. What a great many things people think about when unable to sleep, one right after another. Being this tired, you would think that my mind would put a hold on things. A mosquito buzzed by my ear. I kneel down on the ground, hold still. Speaking of which,

1997
アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
180.0×130.0
個人蔵
Private collection

—
I-iv-10
左
「きみにはわからないわね。こどもだもの」こどもはもじもじしながら、しばらく顔をうごかしていただけども、ふいに視界からこどもの姿が消えて、ちらりとお尻が水面をよこぎり、もう次の瞬間、水中には白っぽい影があって底に向かって沈んでいった。澄んだ水面に、ひとつぶ雨が落ちたように、幾重にも同心円がひろがっていく。今気づいたのだが、奇妙なことは何ひとつなかった。たぶん真夜中でも眼は見えるのだろう。昼と夜は分かちがたく繋がっていたのだし、涙でガラスが曇ってしまっても眼鏡に臉はないのだから。「涙でぜんぜん見えないや。だから手を伸ばし、なるべく近くの物を掴んでみるよ」

右
「あなたなら聞こえるでしょう。おばさん」婦人はもの思いにふけるかのようにおし黙っていたけれど、ついに彼女は壁に向かって大きなあくびをしよう。その口を瞬く間に彼女自身の手が蓋をする。壁には月光をあびた窓の形がくっきりと浮きでている。葉を落とした木々の裸の枝組みがかすかに揺れながら、その上に影を落とす。遠くで電話が鳴り、壁一枚隔てた隣室から誰かの声が聞こえた。同時に同じ場所のふたつの相反する悩みに心が奪われているだろう。自分の顔が見えたら、すべては理解できるはずなのに。「自分の名前まで忘れちゃった。でも、この部屋に誰が住んでるのかは知ってるわ」

Left
“You wouldn’t understand. You’re only a child.” The child, fidgeting, wriggled his face for a while, but then suddenly disappeared from sight; his bottom flashed across the water surface for a moment, and then the next instant, there was a whitish shadow in the water and he sank towards the bottom. In the clear water surface, like a drop of rain had fallen, layers of concentric circles spread out. I just realized this now, but there was not a single strange thing about it. Even in the middle of the night you can probably see. Day and night were indistinguishably connected, because even as my tears clouded the glass, my glasses had no eyelids. “Can’t see a thing through my tears. So I’ll just reach my hand out and try to grasp the things that are close by.”

Right
“I imagine you can hear it. Lady.” The woman was stone quiet as if about to lose herself in her thoughts, but at last she faces the wall, letting out a big yawn. During this blink of the mouth, her own hand serves as the lid. On the wall is the clear outline of the window bathed in moonlight. Swaying gently, the bare groupings of branches from leafless trees drop their shadows above it. A telephone rings in the distance, and a voice can be heard in the room on the other side of the wall. My heart must be torn between two conflicting concerns at the same time and place. If only I could see my own face, I should be able to understand everything. “I even forgot my own name. But I do know who lives in this room.”

1997

アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
80.0×130.0
豊田市美術館
Toyota Municipal Museum of Art
—

I-iv-11
左
背後から火事が迫ってきたとでもいうの、この顔の青さは普通じゃないわ、どうしたの？ ぼつりと答えます。「惜しいと思うほどの物は捉まえようと追いかけて、一生惜しんで思い出せるようにしておいたほうがいいんだよ」。そうか。胡瓜の漬け方を、老婦人から習ったときみたいに、熟した実がひとりでに落ちる音を聞いた。

右
屋根の熱気に吹きつけられ、祖父の顔は頭蓋骨のようにもう色褪せて見える。ところで彼は何といったのでしたっけ？ 灼熱の焼きごてを眼に入れられようとしたときに。「僕の美しいお友達、火よ。もう少しやさしくお願いします」。大丈夫。安心なさって。姉は日傘を取りにいき、祖父は指先をまるく尖った舌で冷やしていた。

Left
Are you trying to tell me that a fire came chasing you from behind – this blueness of your face is not normal, what happened? You simply answer, “If there’s something that dear to you, you shouldn’t try to chase and catch it; it’s better to be able to remember it regretfully the rest of your life.” Oh. Like the time I learned from an old lady how to pickle cucumbers, I heard the sound of a ripe cucumber drop, all on its own.

Right
Blasted by the hot air on the roof, my grandfather’s face looked faded like a skull. And what was it he said again? When he was about to get a burning branding iron put in his eye. “O fire, my beautiful friend. A bit more gently, please.” No problem. Don’t you worry. My sister went to get the parasol, and my grandfather was cooling his fingers with his round, pointed tongue.

2002
アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
180.0×130.0
東京国立近代美術館
The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo
—

I-iv-12
左
山の向こうの中腹のちっぽけな村はすで見えなくなり、ふたたび春が巡ってきた。葡萄の木はあたかも塀の笠石の下を匍う病める大蛇のように見える。生あたたかい空気のなかを褐色の光が動きまわっていた。似たりよったりの毎日が作りだす空白は伐り残した若木まで切り倒すだろう。日々の暮らしのなかで樹木の茂みは岩のように突き出ている。

右
自分の暮らした村がこんなに小さく思われたことはない。太陽が姿をみせた。背の高いボプラの林は風に吹き動かされる砂浜のような格好をしている。切れ目のないその連続を見ているだけで眼がくら

んでくる。 vari 映え しない 日々 の 連続 に 酔 う こと が でき た なら 象 や 蛇 を し と め た 気 に も な れ る 。 蝶 が 舞 う よう に そ な 風 に 彼 は も の を 識 っ た の で あ る 。

Left

The little village on the far mountainside was already out of sight, and spring was coming around again. The grape trees were like large ailing snakes creeping under the coping stones of the wall. A brown light moved about in the tepid air. The void created by the selfsame every day is likely to chop down even the young trees that were left behind. In this everyday life, a thicker of trees protrudes like a boulder.

Right

The village I lived in has never been thought of as so small. The sun showed itself. The tall poplar forest looks like a beach being blown about by the wind. I grow dizzy just watching that seamless succession. If I can manage to get drunk on the succession of unchanging days, I can also grow to feel like I have taken down an elephant or snake. He differentiated things this way, like a fluttering butterfly.

2002

アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)

Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)

各 | each

180.0×130.0

東京都現代美術館

Museum of Contemporary Art Tokyo

—

I-iv-13

左

「ずいぶんと小柄だし、それに平べったい」しかしながら、その先には辿りつけない。鴨が水から(または蜜蜂は巣から)離れられない場合には何を見ているのか？ 答えは、熱帯にいながら樫の木を想像するのと似て、信仰の支えというべきもので管理されています。こうした不確実な寛容さによって、日々の疑いと絶望からわたしたちも守られている、そう彼は言うのである。

右

「なんてすべすべしているの」って、はしゃいでいる場合かしら。手に持っているバランス棒を固定されてごらんさない(たとえ軽業師だって)落ちてしまうのに。極端なものから逃れるのに必要なのは、まず不機嫌さ。獲物を狙う鷹の優柔不断もまた同様。二重の作用とでもいうのかしら。生きていくうえで頼りになるのはこんな正確なる変数だけよ、彼女はそう論しました。

Left

“Really quite small, and flat, too.” However, I still can’t get beyond that. When a duck can’t get away from the water (or a honeybee from its hive), what is it looking at? The answer, like imagining an oak tree while being in the tropics, is maintained by something we refer to as the comfort of faith. Because of this uncertain tolerance, we, too, are protected from our daily suspicions and despair, or so he says.

Right

Is this any time to get excited over “how smooth it is”? If the balancing bar in your hand were to be pinned down (even if you were a tightrope walker), you know you’d fall. What is necessary in order to escape

the extremities is, first of all, a bad temper. Same goes for the indecisiveness of a hawk hunting its prey. Maybe this is what they call a double effect. The only things you can count on in this life are these accurate variables, she admonished.

2004

アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)

Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)

各 | each

180.0×130.0

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

—

I-iv-14

左

石がとどく距離なら、隈なく見渡せるさ。よって、剥き出しになった骸に気づかぬ者—水を目の前に、乾いた口で飢えを我慢するような者は、だれもいない！ 悲しみは消えず、きつと肌の上に残るだろう(だから)、いつまでもきりなく泣くことはない。奇麗な死を願うのであれば(食われなくては)。海綿と水を用意し、今すぐ洗濯に出かけたまえ。

右

遠く投げた石によって、少年の肩の筋と骨とは粉々に砕かれた。距たりゆえにこの男—ダレモイナイ、自身は、自分が何をしたのか知ることもない。同じ母から生まれた者を殺したというのに。見える通りその肌はつるつる、滑らかなまま。けれど(だから)心が晴れることはもうないだろう。感じられるのは右脚のくるぶしの痛み。その痛みに大粒の涙を流す、ダレモイナイ。他国のものよ、この男と戦うつもりなら、その鼻と耳を削ぎ落とし、犬に食わすことさえも躊躇うことないぞ。

Left

If it’s within a stone’s throw, I can look over every nook and cranny of it. There is no one who would, accordingly, not notice the bare corpse – and deny one’s thirsty mouth while facing water! Sadness will, instead of disappearing, remain on the skin (and so), there’s no point into continuing to cry forever. That is if you wish for a beautiful death (if you wish not to be eaten). Go get yourself a sponge and some water, and set out right away to do laundry.

Right

Because of the stone he flung far away, the muscles and bone of the boy’s shoulder were crushed to pieces. As a result of the distance, this man – nobody’s home – himself never even learns what he had done. Though he had murdered one who was born to the same mother as he. As you can see his skin remains silky smooth. However (because of this) he will probably no longer feel cheer in his heart. All he can feel is the pain in his right ankle. He sheds giant teardrops from this pain, nobody’s home. You from a foreign land, if you intend to fight this man, you must not hesitate to shave off your nose and years, and feed it to the dogs.

2005

アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)

Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)

左 | Left

72.5×91.0

右 | Right

160.0×220.0

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

—

I-iv-15

左

この方角がわたしにとっては、いつとはなしに生きる方角になっていたというわけだ(彼らが近づくくと消えてなくなる水!)。衰弱していたので海までは出られない。わずかに見える地平線、光線の具合か、砂漠に反射するまぶしい光がはくらの目を灼く。わずか一滴でも砂の底から草の芽を、緑の火花を誘い出す水。その残してきたすべてを飲み干す。

右

北へ向って五時間歩いたら景色が変わった。なにしろできるだけ遠くまで行き(ぼくらは大股に！ 歩いた)何もみつからなかったら日没までに戻らなければならない。真昼に消えて夜にはまた生れるあの雲の、日中のさいごに残る積雲の影。そのひとつひとつが、水の動きと水の深さをそなえた森の茂みをあらたに作り出すのだ。見わたすかぎり忙しなく。

Left

Hard to say since when, but it turns out that this direction has become to me the one in which I live my life (water that disappears when we approach it!). I was weakened and couldn’t get all the way out to the ocean. By some circumstance of the light rays or the barely visible horizon, the blinding light reflected on the desert burns our eyes. Water which, with just one little drop, lures out green sparks, a sprout of grass, from far beneath the sand. I drink down all that was left.

Right

After walking north for five hours the scenery changed. At any rate if we go as far as we can (with long strides! we walked) and still find nothing, we must get home by sundown. The cloud which disappears in midday and is reborn at night, that shadow of this cumulous cloud that remains at the end of the day. Each and every one of them create anew the thickness of the woods equipped with the movement and depth of water. Without a single hurry as far as the eye can see.

2005

アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)

Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)

各 | each

180.0×130.0

BLUM Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York

Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los

Angeles, Tokyo, New York

—

I-iv-16

「火は高い場所へと向かい、水は低い場所へと流れる」。「だが、しかし」、強い腕で相手を掴み、がっつきと組みあう二人の力士の姿は、空高く大工が風の力を防ぐよう組み合わせ切り妻屋根の垂木のよう。もし彼らが馬であるなら彼らは動物であるが、彼らは馬でないから動物でもない。運動によって力を与えられれば水も揮発し、上に向かうのである。「しばらくすれば下にあるものはひっくりかえって、上になるだろう」。「とはいえ」、互いの力でひどく引き締められ、みしみし鳴られる二人の背中は、一定量の音にしか耐えられずに喘ぐ、楽器のよう。汗

は滝のごとく流れ、赤く充血したみみず腫れがいくつとなく脇腹に浮き上がる。もし昼であるなら夜ではない。昼であるから鎧戸も閉じられる。

“Fire travels upwards, and water flows downward.” “However, but,” the sight of the two sumo wrestlers grappling firmly against each other, grabbing with strong arms, is like rafters in a gable roof interlocked high in the sky by the carpenter to fend off the forces of the wind. If they were horses they would be animals, but because they are not horses, they are not animals either. If force is applied through movement, even water will vaporize, and head upwards.

“After a while, what is on the bottom will flip to the top.” “Nonetheless,” the backs of the two people, pulled tightly together to the point of creaking by each other’s strength, are like an instrument, which pants, only able to manage a certain sound. The sweat runs down like a waterfall, and several red, swollen welts pop up upon the side. If it is afternoon, it is not evening. Because it is the afternoon, the shutters may be closed.

2005

アクリル、カンヴァス

Acrylic on canvas

148.0×91.0

作家蔵

Collection of the Artist

—

I-iv-17

左

おサカナたちは成長してゆくご自分の姿などにはお気づきにならない、だからこそは思う壺。誘いの水が水なのだから(地理には明るい)。海の下だろうと雪の中だろうと違わない(魂は舞いはじめ先へ急ぐ)、もう目覚めることもないだろう。

右

淡水水産物つまりおサカナ、といつても人の放流したアユやニジマスを穫って暮らしている。水面から水の裏を見透す(背後に食客三千)。水を飲み、水を食べる暮らしと違わない(水は凍って大きく膨らむ)、だからサカナたちから税を奪う。

Left

The fish are unaware of the sight of their own growing selves, which is exactly how we want it. Because the inviting waters are water (there is a brightness in the geography). There is no difference – under the ocean or in the snow (the soul begins to dance and rush ahead); they are likely to never wake again.

Right

They call it freshwater marine products, or fish, but really we just catch and live off of the smelt and rainbow trout that people have stocked in the water. Look through the water surface to the backside of the water (with three thousand freeloaders at our backs). It’s not very different from a life of drinking water and eating ice (the water freezes and expands), and so we take taxes from the fish.

2008

アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)

Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)

各 | each

91.0×72.7

作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-iv-18
左
死者はきっと到着できますか(天の光は出口の合図)? 肉体もなく翼も必要ない魂だって、こんなに上まで飛びつづけられないわ。かつて川の畔に一本の高い高い木があり(それを猿のように攀じ、鳥のように枝うつりし) 未来の故郷へ行けると教わりました(勉学の手引!)。木は朽ち、膝を草叢につくと「これはスマレ」。わたしはその名を知っています。

中央
光にとって空気は透明ではない(侵入の妨げ)。だから天空には星! つまり窓が開き、夕方には眩しい光(言葉でなく)が地上へとどく。

右
空の国も(地上と似て) 樹木と花々に満ち、動物も鳥も(もちろんアヒルも兎も)いて、みんな地上より美しい! それらは確かに存在する! 空の青さを見なさい。遠くに存在する、ものはなんでも青、と見えるのだから。

Left
Will the dead be able to arrive (is the light of the heavens the sign of an exit)? A soul with no flesh, and no need for wings, can't go on flying this high forever. Once there was a single tall, tall, tree on the causeway of the river (and if you climbed it like a monkey, hopped its branches like a bird), I was told that you could go to the birthplace of the future (study guidelines!) The tree rots, and bends its knees down to the grass, saying, “This is a violet.” I do know that name.

Center
Air is not transparent to the light (an obstruction of invasion). So in the air, stars! That is, the windows open, and in the evening a dazzling light (not words) arrive upon the earth.

Right
The country of the sky (similar to the earth) is abloom with trees and flowers, and there are animals and birds (ducks and rabbits too, of course), and they are all more beautiful than on the earth! They indeed exist! Just look at the blueness of the sky. That which exists in the distance all looks blue, it seems that way.

2008
アクリル、カンヴァス(3点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 3)
左 | Left
228.0×140.9
中央 | Center
141.1×87.4
右 | Right
142.0×141.0
国立国際美術館
The National Museum of Art, Osaka
—
I-iv-19
左
憂さ晴らし、気晴らし。人の持つ胃袋そして良心(逆さまにすれば、笑いの種)。「くだらぬことばかり!」犬に蚤を噛ませ、牡蠣殻をあがめ、焼鳥を空に飛ばす。ツアラアトがみえますか? この舌がうまいと言うのは(どれもこれも) 死骸ですよ!魚

の死骸、鳥や牛豚の死骸だよ。罪から離れ(魂が離れ)、土に近いものがうまい。

右
菠薐草と牛乳。博識と食い意地に上下はない。(ひっくり返すのは葡萄酒!)「いたい何がいたい?」逆さに流れる川、燃え上がる海。鼻にラテン語、鸚鵡からシネクドキを教わるみたい。ゆえに他人の舌に耳を傾けない。菠薐草を食べ牛乳を飲む! 牛乳は甚大な数の牡蠣の消化を助ける。だから(海から離れ) 畑に貝塚がある。

Left
A distraction, a diversion. The stomach and conscience belonging to people. (If you put it backwards, a laughing matter). “All nonsense!” Make the dog bite its fleas, revere the oyster shell, and fly chicken skewers in the air. Can you see the tzaraath? What this tongue thinks is good is (all) carcass! Fish carcass, bird, cow, pig carcass. What has distance from the crime (and the soul is distant), and what is close to the earth, is what tastes good.

Right
Spinach and milk. There are no highs and lows when it comes to knowledge and gluttony. (What gets spilled over is wine!) “Just what is it that you want to say?” A river that flows backwards, an ocean that burns up. Owls and their Latin, like learning synecdoche from a parrot. And so you don't lend your ear to another person's tongue. Eat spinach and drink milk! Milk helps to digest a great number of oysters. And so (away from the ocean) there is a shell mound in the field.

2008
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
180.0×130.0
個人蔵
Private collection
—
I-iv-20
左
あなたがたの考え(善悪) は紙に書かれる。この紙きれを火にくべよう。紙が燃えたらその考えこそ過ちとなる。紙は炉に投げ込まれ、しばらく火の中にあったが、やがて焼けも焦げもせずふわり、ふわりと飛びだしていく。楽園に神が生ぜしめた(花も葉もめだたぬ) 善悪を知る一本の木。その木から(禁じられた果実と同じく) 紙きれも作られたのである。

中央
天使は翼があるから鳥という。顔かたちは玉のように清らか、声のささも女のよう。心を寄せても返事は文ばかり、耳に入るは羽音だけ。

右
野には(この世界では見えぬ) 育ちも摘まれもしない無数の種子が眠る。言葉は種子である。あなたの見る水は、いつのまにか漲り濁れる河のように水蒸気を作るのではない。地の底から、泉のように想起されるのである。

Left
Your thinking (good and evil) is written on a scrap of paper. Let's say we throw this paper into the fire. If the paper burns, we will know that those thoughts were mistaken. The paper is tossed into the

fireplace and rests a while in the fire, but eventually floats gently, lightly away, without being neither burned nor charred. A single tree that knows good and evil, that God created (where flowers nor leaves barely stand out) in the pleasure garden. The scrap of paper is also (like the forbidden fruit) made from that tree.

Center
Angels are called birds because they have wings. The shape of their faces are pure like a ball, and their voices are like that of women. If you bare your heart to them you only receive a response in letters, and all you hear is the sound of wings flapping.

Right
In the field, countless seeds (invisible in this world) that neither grow nor are picked are sleeping. Words are seeds. The water you see is not made by water vapor, like a river that out of nowhere overflows and runs dry. From the bottom of the earth, it is recalled like a fountain.

2009
アクリル、カンヴァス(3点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 3)
左 | Left
228.0×141.0
中央 | Center
141.0×87.0
右 | Right
141.0×141.0
愛知県美術館
Aichi Prefectural Museum of Art
—
I-iv-21
左
宙空の箒／アウフヘーベン
右
あなたはこの水を乾かし、あるいは飲み干すだろう。けれど決して水は減びない。水は姿を変え移動しただけである。水は乾くことなく、水がのどの渇きを癒すのだ。と似て、わたしの指一本いや手足を切り落とそうと、わたしは切り落せない。姿を変える勝手気ままが水ではなく、わたしの(赤い水、血)ではない。水の中に水の姿に関わらぬ何か、として水の霊が宿っている(水が弾きだす波と早合点しないように。波は音楽のようにあちこち拡がり増えたり減ったりするが、水の霊は増減せず分割もされない)。わたしは水の中にあり、泳ぎ、まどろみ、そして目覚める。

Left
Broom of empty space/ Aufheben
Right
I suspect you will dry out this water, or otherwise drink it down. But the water will absolutely not perish. The water simply changed form and moved on. The water does not dry up, but relieves thirst. Similarly, I try to chop off a finger, or my hands and feet, but I cannot. Freely changing appearances is not water, is not my (red water, blood). In the water there is something that exists in spite of the form of the water; the spirit of the water dwells there (not to be too quick to jump into the waves expelled from water. The waves spread all over and increase and decrease like music, but the spirit of the water neither fluctuates nor divides). I am in the water, I swim, nap, and awaken.

2016
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
210.0×260.0
右 | Right
25.0×18.0
桶田コレクション
OKETA COLLECTION
—
I-iv-22
左
野は緑、小鳥が歌い、露が輝き、煙がたち昇り、そこここに見えるのはみな「だれか」だった。光のなかで姿を現し姿を変える、心を打つものすべてはきっと「だれか」の所為。もし植物たちが感情を持たなかったら、地上を充たしている感覚も乏しく疎らとなるだろう。花の回りを飛び交う昆虫のかたちをした、心もきっと孤独のはず。森のなかを駆ける獣たちの目にも耳にも何一つ触れるものがない。けれど水たまりの前で、獣がにわかに渇きを覚えるとき、その渇きこそ「だれか」である。ハシバミの枝々は動き、日は西に沈む。潮かぜ海かぜ、何を求めてさまよい歩く。

右
さざなみが大海原に生じ、葉が木に生えるように、ぼくらは世界に生れた。さざなみは光を各々、別の斜面において捉え、煌めき、枝が動かずとも木の葉は戦ぐ(耳や目をそばだて)。それは目にも耳にも手にもまるで別の事件として生じる。然るに意識が世界を掴むとき体は引き潮のように背景に退く。わたしは言う(だから耳目に頼らず) 起きなさい。

Left
The field is green, the little birds sing, the dew shines, the smoke rises, and everything that can be seen here and there was “someone.” Everything that touches the heart, that appears in light and transforms, is surely the deed of “someone.” If plants did not have emotions, the senses that fill the earth would become scant and sparse. The heart in the shape of an insect that flies around the flowers must also be lonely. There is not one thing that touches the eyes or the ears of beasts that run through the forest. But when the beast suddenly becomes thirsty in front of a puddle, that very thirst is “someone.” The branches of the hazel move, the sun sets west. Salty wind, sea wind, wander around in search of what.

Right
Like ripples occur in the vast ocean and leaves grow on trees we were born in the world. Each ripple grasps light in a different slope, flickers, and tree leaves sway even when branches do not move (pricking up ears and eyes). It occurs as a completely different incident for the eyes, ears, and hands. Thus when consciousness grasps the world, the body retreats to the background like the ebb tide. I say (therefore without relying on ears and eyes) wake up.

2016
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
210.2×259.7
右 | Right

73.0×91.4
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
I-iv-23
青い胡桃、酸っぱい花梨、吹きとばせ。わたしの口にもう水分はなく、わたしの舌は吹きかけられた言葉の火の中で蠟燭のように溶けていました。そのあと六十五回も居眠りをしたので、自分の頭蓋のうらを舐め、意識の内側に滴り落ちる雫の甘さを識ることができたのです。どうと風が霧を裂き、さっと日の光が射し、草からきらきら雫が落ち、すべて葉も茎も花も多様な姿かたちを満たしているものはみんな一つの完全なる甘露でした。
Green walnut, sour quince, blow them away. There is no more moisture in my mouth, and my tongue melted like a candle in the fire of language that blew upon it. Afterwards I took sixty-five naps, and so I licked the inside of my skull, and was able to know the sweetness of the dew trickling down in the interior of my consciousness. A gust of wind tore apart the fog, a ray of light streaked in, the dewdrops sparkled off the blades of grass, and what fulfilled the various shapes of all the leaves and stalks and flowers was a single, complete nectar.
2017–2019
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
160.0×260.0
中尾浩治
Koji Nakao
—
I-iv-24
左
静かな場所だった。聴こえているのは存在しない音楽。賑やかなのはわたしの耳のせい。波止場のざわめきは遠く、しとやかに聴こえる。まごまごしてここに迷い込んだ。眩しい光。こまごました磯の香り、イナサの風。あの島に行くつもり？ 舟の名は？ アイオロス、一緒についていくさ。
右
小さな鳥は北のほうから海上をかなり低く飛んできた。舟のへさきに止まった彼女はずいぶん疲れている。「旅ははじめてかい？」言葉が伝わるよりも速く鳥は飛ぶ。言葉が消えぬ間に波は静まり太陽も戻ってきた。わたしはもう夢を見ることはない。けれど臉の上に鳥が飛んでくる。青空にみるみる白い雲が棚引き、朗々たる声がはらはら雪のようにふってきた。「あの歌は誰が歌っているの」。砂浜にライオンがいる。「きみは幾つ？」ライオンは微笑む。ごらんさない、ごらんさない、わたしは幸せです。いつも挨拶を交わしていたけど、話をしたのははじめてなのです。
Left
A quiet place. I hear music that doesn't exist. Bustling only to my ears. The commotion on the wharf sounds calm in the distance. Being anxious, I lost my way in here. Blinding light. The complicated scent of tide pools, Southeastern wind of Inasa. Headed to that island? And the name of the boat? Aiolos, I am coming along.
Right
A small bird flew from the north rather low

over the ocean. Perched at the bow of the boat, she is exhausted.First journey?” The bird flew faster than the words being said. The waves calmed and the sun returned before the words dissipated. I no longer dream, but birds still fly over my eyelids. Against the blue sky, white clouds form and flutter, as the ringing voice falls slowly like snow. “Who is singing that song?” I notice a lion on the beach. “How old are you?” The lion smirks. See, look, I am pleased. We've always exchanged greetings, but this is our first conversation.
2019
アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
210.0×130.0
右 | Right
210.0×260.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-v
—
I-v-1
もともとの場所への回帰 (空の袋)
Return to the Original Location (Empty Bag)
2005
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
23.5×16.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-v-2
左
同じ名をもつ堅さと重量 (頭陀袋)
右
軟膏に気づかず (万一に備え)
Left
Firmness and Weight of the Same Name (Duffel Bag)
Right
Upon An Unguent Quest
2005
アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas
左 | Left
17.0×23.0
右 | Right
17.0×22.8
個人蔵
Private Collection
—

I-v-3
くしゃみ (心を口の中に入れておく)
A sneeze (keep my heart in the mouth)
2010
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
14.5×20.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-v-4
左から
出来／ルーテルの食卓
河内 (ハノイ)／地球上ではじめての聲
瑠璃／西方の澁刺

戸口／雑巾と棕櫚の靴拭い
From Left
Descartes / Luther
Descartes / Hanoi
Descartes / Lapis Lazuli
Descartes / Doorway
2015
アクリル、カンヴァス (4点組)
Acrylic on canvas
各 | each
24.3×18.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-vi
—
I-vi-1
ひとのよはおしよせるこうずい、たて、あんかんといえにざしてはならぬ。れんれんとこのよにとりゅうをきめこむな。すくいのはしがけきりゅうにのみこまれぬうちにいさぎよくたびたて。あついじんあいにおおわれたこのよに、こころをあわそうとはおろかなこと。ゆれうごくどだいにあしをとどめてはならぬ

いこうべきいかなるかげもおちていないまひる、ちかくにみずわきいで、てんがいさながらかたどられたいけ、かうせるか。みどりのくさがもえ、すずしげなみなも。さばくをはしりまわったあしをやすめ、ぎんようにあいたくちをとざす。いちわのからす、きぬのうえにおかれたこくようせき。だれのためにもにふくす

2011
釉彩セラミックタイル (144点組)
Hand painted ceramic tile (set of 144)
360.0×360.0×1.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-vi-2
いまはわたしをあらうときです、とみずにみをなげた。こんなうつくしいひとがあざらしにたべられてしまふ、とひとびとはなきさげんだ。みをなげるといわずまがおこり、いなずまをみてあざらしはみずにうかんだ。ひのくもがとりかこみけものたちがふれることもそのはだかのすがたをひとにみられることもなかった

はじめててんちがしゅつげんするよりもまえ、まだなにももかたちをなしていなかったとき、いきるものはただおおみずのうえをただよっていた。かみのことばによっててんちがあらわれてからはいきるものはき

のうえにずっととどまっている、だからいきるものがうごくたびに、このきからみずがながれてでくるのだ

2013
釉彩セラミックタイル (144点組)
Hand painted ceramic tile
360.0×360.0×1.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-vi-3
g e o s / o r g e
2019
釉彩セラミックタイル
Hand painted ceramic tile
59.0×59.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-vi-4
e m u s / h u m s
2019
釉彩セラミックタイル
Hand painted ceramic tile
59.0×59.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-vii
—
I-vii-1
かたがみのかたち 01
The Shape of a Pattern 01
1979
綿、和紙、墨
Cotton, Japanese paper, sumi ink
83.5×66.0
豊田市美術館
Toyota Municipal Museum of Art
—

I-vii-2
かたがみのかたち 03
The Shape of a Pattern 03
1979
綿、和紙、墨
Cotton, Japanese paper, sumi ink
87.5×68.0
豊田市美術館
Toyota Municipal Museum of Art
—

I-vii-3
かたがみのかたち 04
The Shape of a Pattern 04
1979
綿、和紙、コート紙、墨
Cotton, Japanese paper, coated paper, sumi ink
91.0×72.5
豊田市美術館
Toyota Municipal Museum of Art
—

I-vii-4
川に水を運ぶ
Carrying Water to the River
1986
綿布、絹
Cotton cloth, silk
218.0×170.0
富山県美術館
Toyama Prefectural Museum of Art and

Design
—
I-vii-5
木灰木を育てる
Growing a Tree out of Wood Ash
1986
綿布、絹
Cotton cloth, silk
209.0×159.0
千葉市美術館
Chiba City Museum of Art
—
I-vii-6
斧を磨いて針にする
Polishing an Ax to Make a Needle
1986
綿布、絹
Cotton cloth, silk
213.0×170.0
高松市美術館
Takamatsu Art Museum
—
I-vii-7
まだ早いが遅くなる
Early Now, But Will Be Late
1986
綿布、絹
Cotton cloth, silk
224.0×176.0
公益財団法人大原芸術財団 大原美術館
Ohara Museum of Art, Ohara Art
Foundation, Kurashiki
—
I-vii-8
洋裁誌「burda」(1983年10月号)付録の型紙と
そこから選り出した線で構成したドローイング
Sewing Pattern from the October1983 Issue
of the Fashion Magazine burda
and
a Drawing Composed of Selected Lines
from the Pattern
ドローイング:
1979
インク、和紙 | Ink on Japanese paper
型紙 | Sewing Pattern : 56.0×86.0
ドローイング | Drawing : 84.3×59.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
——

I-viii
——
I-viii-1
海の水はしおからく河の水はあっさりしている。鱗のあるものは水に潜って羽のあるものは空を飛ぶ。
Sea water is salty, and river water is light.
Those with scales dive in the water, and those with wing fly in the sky.
1999
セラミック
Ceramic
47.0×43.0×25.0
MTMコレクション
MTM collection
—
I-viii-2
テウミンとたみをとむらって バツサイとつみをきりしは
Mourn the people as TEUMIN Cutting off

the crime like BATSUSAI
2000
セラミック
Ceramic
35.5×81.0×41.0
東京国立近代美術館
The National Museum of Modern Art,
Tokyo
—
I-viii-3
ロラのうさぎうま ドクトクのこうしのこ
Donkeys and mules of ROLA Calves and
bulls of DOKUTOKU
2000
セラミック
Ceramic
37.0×50.5×26.5
作家蔵(東京国立近代美術館寄託)
Collection of the Artist (deposited at The
National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo)
—
I-viii-4
ケウシュとてをあげ トンソクとあしをかたぶけて
Hands up high like KEUSHU Feet
stamping like TONSOKU
2000
セラミック
Ceramic
34.5×42.5×32.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-viii-5
ハンバウとそむきにぐるものを ホクワくとらへえたり
Runs away like HANBAU
Gets captured as HOKUWAKU
2000
石膏
Plaster
26.5×77.0×51.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-viii-6
エンディミオン
Endymion
2003
粘土
Clay
21.8×23.3×30.4
和田章一郎
Syoichiro Wada
—
I-viii-7
燃えさかるぼろ布をやつぎばやに背中に何回も打ちつけられても、手は凍えて、ほとんど指を動かすこともできない。あるいは、長いあいだ何もしないでいたために体が物質に吸収されていたのか。皮膚は紫色に腫れ上がり、その場所から離れない。
Even if they repeatedly pound a blazing rag on my back in rapid-fire succession, my hands are frozen, and I can barely move my fingers. Or it could be that because I hadn't done anything in so long, my body had been absorbed into an object. My skin swells up purple, and does not go away from there.
原型：1994
再型抜き：2024
セラミック

Ceramic
38.0×110.0×62.2
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
——

I-ix

——
I-ix-1
『かく』原画
Original picture for *Kaku*
1983
色鉛筆、水彩、インク、クレヨン、紙、ほか
Colored pencil, watercolor, ink, crayon,
paper, etc.
各 | each
30.5×45.0 (21点 | 21 works)
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-ix-2
「文学マンガ」原画(『美術手帖』連載)
Original picture for Bungaku Manga
(Literary Manga) (serialized in *BT: Monthly Art Magazine Bijutsu Techo*)
1986–1987
インク、色鉛筆、クレヨン、紙
Ink, colored pencil, crayon, paper
24.0×21.0, 21.0×24.0, 20.8×30.0 (2点 | 2 works)
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-ix-3
谷川俊太郎(文)、おかざきけんじろう(絵)
『ぼばーべばびばっぶ』クレヨンハウス
Shuntaro Tanikawa (text), Kenjiro Okazaki (picture), *Popāpe Popipappu*, Crayonhouse
2004
21.6×21.6
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-ix-4
ばくきょんみ(文)、おかざきけんじろう(絵)
『れろれろくん』小学館
Park Kyongmi (text), Kenjiro Okazaki (picture), *Little Lellolello*, Shogakukan Inc.
2004
24.5×18.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-ix-5
おかざき乾じろ(文・絵)『ねこかしら』オライビバアフ
Kenjiro Okazaki (text and picture), *Who Knew Cat Nowhere*, Oraibi Paahu
2024
17.5×21.2
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
——

I-x

I-x-1
「雪と霧の公園」マケット
Snow and Fog Park Maquette
2023

MDF、木、毛布、アクリル
MDF, wood, blanket, acrylic
9.5×140.0×156.0
加賀市教育委員会事務局
Kaga City Board of Education
—
I-x-2
《Mount Ida——イーデーの山(少年パリスはまだ羊飼いをしている)》(1994)アーキタイプ
Mount Ida—The Mountain of Ida (The boy Paris is still shepherding)
2025
タモ
Wood (ash)
各 | each
54.6×289.7×87.4
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

I-x-3
四谷アート・ステュディウム関連印刷物
Printed Materials of Yotsuya Art Studium
2004–2014
紙、布
Paper, fabric
各 | each
88.0×62.6 (24点 | 24 works)
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-x-4
なかつくにリュケイオン(灰塚アースワーク)
撮影・編集：灰原千晶
Nakatsukuni Lykeion (Haizuka Earthworks)
Filming and Editing : Chiaki Haibara
2025
ビデオ
Video
14 min 57 sec
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-x-5
さまざまなプロジェクト(1)
・回想のヴァイトゲンシュタイン | Ludwig Wittgenstein, A Memoir / Trailer (1988)
・Bulbous Plants (1991–)
・Caput Mortuum (1993)
・偏見と標準——差別とその凡例 | Standard Discrimination Standards (1993)
・子ども空想美術館 | Museum of Children’s Imagination (1981)
・はじまるよ、びじゅつかん | If “ifs” and “buts” were colors and shapes, there’d be no need for museums
(「おとなも子どもも考える ここはだれの場所?」展での発表 for the exhibition An Art Exhibition for Children Whose place is this?, 東京都現代美術館 Museum of Contemporary Art Tokyo, 2015)
Photo: Keizo Kioku / Shu Nakagawa
・れろれろくん | Little Lellolello (2004)
・ぼばーべばびばっぶ | Poppape Poppi Pappu (2004)
・ブランカッチ礼拝堂 | The Brancacci Chapel (2001) © Yasuyuki Nakamura
企画・制作：有限会社オライビバアフ
編集：中川周、稲垣晴夏
Planning and production: Oraibi Paahu
Editing: Shu Nakagawa, Haruka Inagaki
Various projects 1

2025
ビデオ
Video
19 min 01 sec
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-x-6
さまざまなプロジェクト(2)
・時のザウルス | Toki no Zaurus (1987)
・東京都立国際高校 | Tokyo Metropolitan Kokusai High School (1988)
・碇の原っぱ (1996-97)
・ヘルメスの耳朶、くるぶし、踵(すでにここにはいない)。(2008)
・海市 | The Mirage City – Another Utopia – (1997)
・甲羅ホテル | Khora Hotel (2005) Photo: BankART1929
・To (2003)
Photo: Kazuo Fukunaga / T. Sakashita
・カラスヤマの家 [M邸] | Karasuyama House [M Residence] (2008) © Takeshi YAMAGISHI
・Blockhouse Sunagawa (2010)
・Oraibi Paahu (2011)
Photo: Shu Nakagawa / Toshihiro Kajiwara
・柴さきの家 [U邸] | Shibasaki House [U Residence] (2011)
・ミルチス・マチョル | Mirsys Majol / Planetary Commune Mirsys Majol / Planetary Commune (2019)
Photo: Shu Nakagawa
企画・制作：有限会社オライビバアフ
編集：中川周、稲垣晴夏
Planning and production: Oraibi Paahu
Editing: Shu Nakagawa, Haruka Inagaki
Various projects 2
2025
ビデオ
Video
18 min 41 sec
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-x-7
さまざまなプロジェクト(3)
・アトピックサイト | Atopic Site (1996)
・アンチノミー展 | Antinomy (2003)
・ET IN ARCADIA EGO 墓は語るか 彫刻と呼ばれる、隠された場所 | ET IN ARCADIA EGO The Hidden Place Called “Sculpture” (武蔵野美術大学 美術館・図書館 Musashino Art University Museum & Library. 2013) Photo: Shu Nakagawa / Ken Kato
・岡崎乾二郎の認識 抽象の力——現実 (concrete) 展開する、抽象芸術の系譜 | The Insight of Kenjiro Okazaki Abstract Art as Impact——How Abstract Art can become Concrete Tools (豊田市美術館 Toyota Municipal Museum of Art, 2017)
Photo: Kenji Aoki
・坂田一男 捲土重来 | Sakata Kazuo: Recoup Lost Ground (東京ステーションギャラリー TOKYO STATION GALLERY, 2019)
© Hayato Wakabayashi
・四谷アート・ステュディウム | Yotsuya Art Studium (2004–2014)
・批評のオリンピック | Critical Olympics (2007)
・タンツシアター | Tanz Theater (2005)
・Experiment show (2007)
・D. D. D. Bot (Dancing with Desk

Drumming Robot) (2007)
・ユーロペラ 5 | Europera 5 (2007)
・I love my robots (2007)
・T. T. T. Bot (Turning Table Tripod Robot) (2015–)
企画・制作：有限会社オライビバアフ
編集：中川周、稲垣晴夏
Planning and production: Oraibi Paahu
Editing: Shu Nakagawa, Haruka Inagaki
Various projects 3
2025
ビデオ
Video
27 min 25 sec
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-x-8
さまざまなプロジェクト(4)
・Mount Ida ——イーデーの山 (少年パリスはまだ羊飼いをしている) | Mount Ida —— The Mountain of Ida (The boy Paris is still shepherding (ファールレ立川アートプロジェクト Faret Tachikawa Art Project, 1994)
photo: Risaku Suzuki
・雪と霧の公園 | Snow and Fog in the Park (2023)
企画・制作：有限会社オライビバアフ
編集：中川周、稲垣晴夏
《Mount Ida——イーデーの山 (少年パリスはまだ羊飼いをしている)》ダイアグラム制作：栗田幸之助 (TSCA)
Planning and production: Oraibi Paahu
Editing: Shu Nakagawa, Haruka Inagaki
Diagram production: Konosuke Kurita (TSCA)
Various projects 4
2025
ビデオ
Video
3 min 21 sec
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

I-xi

——
I-xi-1
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
有賀文昭
Fumiaki Ariga
—
I-xi-2
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-3
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper

29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-4
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-5
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-6
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-7
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-8
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-9
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-10
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection

—
I-xi-11
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-12
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-13
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-14
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-15
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
富井大裕
Motohiro Tomii
—
I-xi-16
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-17
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-18
ポンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)

2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
末永史尚
Fuminao Suenaga
—
I-xi-19
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
松本玲子
Reiko Matsumoto
—
I-xi-20
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-21
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-22
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-23
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-24
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
秋本将人
Masato Akimoto
—
I-xi-25
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5

秋本将人
Masato Akimoto
—
I-xi-26
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-27
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-28
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-29
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
千葉真智子
Machiko Chiba
—
I-xi-30
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-31
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-32
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection

—
I-xi-33
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-34
ボンチ絵
Punch (Punctured Picture)
2014
色鉛筆、紙
Colored pencil on paper
29.0×40.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
—
I-xi-35
T. T. T. Bot (Table Turning Tripod Robot)
辻田勝吉との共同開発 | Developed in collaboration with Katsuyoshi Tsujita
2015—
コンピュータ、モーター、アルミニウム合金、スレンレス、FRPほか
Computer, motor, aluminum alloy, stainless steel, FRP, etc.
66.7×45.0×45.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
I-xi-36
Physiognomy
2016
アクリル、紙 (16点組)
Acryli on paper (set of 16)
各 | each
56.0×40.0
タグチアートコレクション / タグチ現代芸術基金
Taguchi Art Collection / Taguchi Art Foundation
—
I-xi-37
who’s who
2017
アクリル、紙 (19点組)
Acrylic on paper (set of 19)
57.2×41.7 (5点 | 5 works)、41.7×57.2 (14点 | 14 works)
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—
I-xi-38
Man / It Our
Rain / Um To
Atom / Ruin
Air / Tom Nu
Arm / In Out
2018
アクリル、紙 (5点組)
Acrylic on paper (set of 5)
各 | each
81.4×57.9
大林コレクション
Obayashi Collection
—
I-xi-39

Cereal leaf beetle 金花虫
Cereal leaf beetle oat
Cytokinesis / Psychokinesis
Psychokinesis / Cytokinesis
De fructus autem sicientiae - boni
De fructus autem sicientiae - malum
Ndpaeh
Pdneha
Hnpaed
Black Sea deluge hypothesis I
Black Sea deluge hypothesis II
Black Sea deluge hypothesis III
Manthan Kurma
Manthan amrta
Manthan Halahala
Tornade / Tritylodontidae (三つのこぶのある歯をもつ生きもの)
Android / Tritylodontidae (三つのこぶのある歯をもつ生きもの)
Odorant / Tritylodontidae (三つのこぶのある歯をもつ生きもの)
Tonality / Tritylodontidae / Tritylodontidae (三つのこぶのある歯をもつ生きもの)
2019
アクリル、紙 (19点組)
Acrylic on paper (set of 19)
58.1×42.5 (7点 | 7 works)、42.5×58.1 (12点 | 12 works)
KANAZAWAコレクション
KANAZAWA COLLECTION
—
I-xi-40
若草 / 二八十一不在國・kusa
若草 / 二八十一不在國・kawa
巻きそめ / 二八十一不在國・hama
巻きそめ / 二八十一不在國・kiji
手枕 / 二八十一不在國・tama
手枕 / 二八十一不在國・kura
2019
アクリル、紙 (6点組)
Acrylic on paper (set of 6)
各 | each
41.3×56.5
個人蔵
Private Collection

interlude

頭のうえを何かが
Ones Passed Over Head
2021–2022
色鉛筆、紙 (40点)
Colored pencil on paper
18.2×28.4 (2点 | 2works)、30.5×42.0 (38点 | 38works)
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist

After 2022

II-i

II-i-1
木に坊さんが登って木の上から見物していた。うとうと、落ちそうになって、はつと目を覚ます事を繰り返す。見ていた人が「ばかだなあ、あんな枝の上で居眠り

して」と笑う。私も死の到来が今の今かも。それを忘れて笑ってる。呑気だね。「念仏のとき眠くなってしまうて、よく行ができません、どうすればこの邪魔を防げましょうか?」と問うと、「目が覚めたら念仏をなさい」と答えられた。じつに尊かった。往生は確実なものと思えば確実であるし、不確かと思えば不確かである。A monk climbed up a tree and watched from the trunk of the tree. He would doze off, almost fall off and then wake up again. People who were watching him would laugh and say, “What an idiot, dozing off on such a branch”. We may be on the verge of death right now, too. We forget that and laugh. We’re just fools.

“I get sleepy during the Nembutsu and cannot do my prayers well, how can I prevent this disturbance?” When I asked him, he wisely answered “When you become aware, start Nembutsu again.” This was truly noble. If you believe that rebirth in the Pure Land is certain, it will be certain, and if you believe it uncertain, it will be uncertain.

2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-i-2
彼女は最初、聖母が奇跡を起こしたと思いました。けれど再び見ると子供の頃の夢と乙女の幻が満ちた家はもう色褪せています。もう何もやることはない、だから朝食を準備しました。奇妙ですが、彼女は静かで、そして笑い出したかった。奇跡はなかった。お日さまが昇り、素晴らしい朝を約束していました。そよ風が心地よく涼しい。東の空では星が消えかかっていた。雄鶏たちが一番大きく美しく鳴けるかを競いあって鳴いている。彼女はできるだけ静かに出かけました。Her first thought was that perhaps the Virgin made miracle. But when she look again, the house wherein had faded her childhood dreams and her maiden illusions. There was nothing to do but go, so, began to prepare breakfast. Strange, she was calm, she even had a desire to laugh! There was no miracle—the sun was rising and promised a magnificent morning, the breeze was delightfully cool, the stars were paling in the east, and the cocks were crowing as if to see who could crow best and loudest. She went out with as little noise as possible.

2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-i-3
数週間が経つにつれて、彼の人生の目的についての私の関心は高まっていきました。人柄や風貌は何気なく、観察する人の目を釘付けにするようなものでした。彼の手はいつもインクで滲み、薬品で汚

れてましたが並外れて繊細でした。月が天に輝くと小夜啼鳥はバラの木に飛んで、胸をいばらに当てました。一晩中、鳥は胸を棘に当てて歌い、冷たい水晶の月は身を乗り出し耳を傾けました。棘はどんどん胸に深く入り込み、月は自分に言い聞かせた「形はある、でも感情は?」As the weeks went by, my curiosity to his aims in life, gradually deepened and increased. His person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the casual observer. His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, but he possessed an extraordinary delicacy of touch. The Moon shone in the heavens. The Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, the thorn went deeper and deeper. The crystal Moon leaned down and listened. “She has form,” the Moon said to himself, “but has she got feeling?” 2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
Collection of Yoosun Hwang & Dongsun Kim
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-i-4
ジャガタラ。バナナから生まれた。ある日イノシシの牙に引っかかったココナツを見つけた。持ち帰ったココナツを庭に埋めると数日で大木に育ち、花が咲きました。花をとうろうと彼女は木に登り、指を切り、その血が花に落ちました。ジャータカ。かつて菩薩は泥水を泳ぐ力強い魚でした。干ばつがありました。ルビーのような目を開き魚は言いました。助けを求めている世に如来が雨を降らせるのは初めてではありません。洪水が起こって、甘い花の香りが漂いました。Jagatara was born from a banana. One day she found a coconut caught in a boar’s tusks. She took it home and buried it. A tree soon grew and flowered there. Jagatara climbed it to pick the flowers, cut her finger, and her blood fell on the flowers. Jataka. The Bodhisattva was once a powerful fish swimming in muddy water. There was a drought. Opening his ruby eyes, the fish said. This is not the first time that the Buddha has sent rain to a world in need of help. There was a flood and the fragrance of sweet flowers.

2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
Collection of Hyesun Lee
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-i-5
草原の蜚の光は牧場のかがり火に 夕暮れの雨は風に吹かれる木の葉の嵐に似てます。野鳥の囀りが父か母の声に聞こえ、岩山の裂け目に近よると人里が遠くにあることが沁みます。老人たちと語り合うために焚き火をたてるのです。薪にところどころ白金や金粉のようなものが付いていて薪を焚べればそれが舞う。それが不思議。山に薪が乏しくなれば古い寺に行つて仏像を盗み引き千

切つて壊す。己の身は己の身ならずして門の外にいるならば泣くこともなし。Fireflies over the prairie flicker like a bonfire on the farm. Evening rain resembles a storm of leaves blown through trees. Birdsong evokes the voices of fathers and mothers. Approaching the rocky cleft, you feel human villages fall away. You build a fire to speak with elders. The firewood glitters, flecked with platinum, gold dust. Burning, the specks dance, a wonder to behold. When wood grows scarce on the mountain, people steal from temples. Smashing Buddhist statues to fuel the fire. If your body is not your own, you stand outside the gate, no need for tears. 2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-i-6
また不思議なことがありました。森は嵐が訪れるときの前の深い静けさに包まれていました。すると鳥たちが一斉に歌声を上げはじめた。その信じがたい喜びと陶醉と熱狂、鳥の歌声が彼女にそれが来るとを告げているのでしょうか。彼女の頭は地面に向かって傾き、もの思いに浸りこみ、世界も自分も消えてしまったかのようにでした。あ、不思議なもの、白い影が草の上を滑るように向かってくるのが見えました。その影の白さは、私を知る色の白さとは違っていました。Another strange thing. The wood had been smitten with that deep stillness which comes when a storm-cloud darkens a forest. Now all the birds burst forth into song, and the joy, the rapture, the ecstasy of it was beyond belief. Had the song of the birds told her it was coming? Her head was bent a little toward the ground, and her air was that of one who is lost to thought, steeped in dreams, and not conscious of herself or the world. Ah, I noticed a strange white shadow sliding across the grass. Its whiteness was unlike any color I knew.

2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-i-7
岸に打ち付ける波が高くなると、船は上下に揺さぶられ、扇の的も揺れています。一瞬風がおさまった隙に弓を引き絞り、矢を放つ。矢の立てる口笛のような音が海辺一帯に響き、扇は空中にしばらく舞う、みるまに春風に煽られ海へ墜ち、千丈の高さから飛沫を散らし落ちる滝には、心を貫く厳肅さを湛えている。貴賤上下の信仰の聖地である。など思い起こし、しばらく舟を漂わせ、誰か浮き上るかと思つたが浮き上がらなかった。経を読むうちに、海の上にも夕暮が訪れた。

Waves lap the shore grow higher, rocking the boat, swaying the fan target. Seizing a momentary lull in the wind, he draws and looses the arrow. Its shrill whistle echoes across the sea. The fan dances briefly, as if blown by a spring breeze, it tumbles into the sea. The waterfall splashes down from a height of 1000 feet with a severity that pierces the heart. Sacred place of faith, for the high and low. Recalling this, I let the boat drift waiting for it floating up, but no-one floated. As I read the sutra. someday dusk came over the sea. 2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of Art Intelligence Global
—

II-i-8
The place where Bee built its nest was somewhere that wouldn’t interfere with humans and wouldn’t be noticed by children. Bee toiled from dawn to dusk, indifferent to the world’s happenings. One day, tragedy struck: Bee’s nest was destroyed. Heartbroken, Bee wished to leave the nest. Bee envied a blooming rose’s serenity. “You’re lucky,” Bee said. “We’re hated without cause.” Rose replied, “Your look explains why.” Ashamed, Bee gazed into a puddle. “Bizarre face—so this is a bee.” The sun smiled. Next day, the rose was gone, cut. Bee thought, “Fate treats all the same.” 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and galerie frank elbaz, Paris
—

II-i-9
“To the air which we below call clear and transparent—the pure heaven—’what a difference the east wind does make to some people!’—It is the sun, with its coppery glow, sent forth no rays while our earth lay wrapped in an orange-colored mist. The rainbow spread from the dark through the blue air. She heard the song of the birds but dreamt nothing about going out to the wide world. It never entered her mind. The scent of apple orchards was charming, she seemed to taste its sweetness.” 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-i-10
“What secrets lie within!” Moon pearls crowned garden walls. “Look how shadows dance!” Hark, Wind whispered phantom tales.” Stars sang memories deep. “Time weaves silver dreams!”. she shouted joyfully, ‘He lives!’ And from the mountains

the echo came back upon her, ‘he lives!’
“Is the spring coming?” Dawn mist cloaked emerald hills. “Do you have a garden?”
Roses climbed ancient walls. “What makes the grass grow?” Rain whispered to the earth. “Where do old tales rest?” Time slept in shadows where moorland flowers bloom and fade.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-i-11
At that moment, a golden-gleaming green lizard runs along the edge of the iron cage. The roses the boy was gathering gleamed like rubies. “Oh, Mama, this little heart of tears, love, and death that you just gave me is truly a terrible flower. Finally, the child brought a rose and then said the beautiful child had given it to him. “Can you smell the scent of storm, tears, and happiness?” As the sun dipped below the horizon, while painted the sky in hues of orange and red.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-i-12
I follow the dog along the path, neither looking at the scenery nor thinking, just walking, lost in daydreams. Sometimes I look up at the clouds. From beneath the bushes, water flowed out in a ribbon-like stream, sparkling in the sunlight. I feel drawn.

The narrow path slopes gently downward and winds sharply at times. Suddenly, a wildflower catches my eye. I pick it and hold it to my nose to smell. The phrase “mingled within the forest” fits perfectly here. I walk along, twirling it between fingers.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-i-13
Beautiful papers remained untouched.’Oh, how my heart leaped up with joy!’Curtains tore open three sides. So every-day talent will pay. Here was a well-known face at last—a round,Her scissors slashed night air. Spider webs caught moonlight. Stars exploded through bamboo. “‘But it was not this very velvet!’Her scissors sliced thick air.Shell-carved eyes pierced darkness.’ ‘It looked so, and yet it did not,’ Beautiful papers folded into dreams.“I’ve been in Upsala,” said the Moon: “I looked down upon the great plain.”

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas

208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-i-14
We ran into each other unexpectedly at the intersection of hedge-lined paths. Magnolias held up their cups. One day I wore a handsome cotton-silk jacket. His mother said, “It’s too good for you!” Our First High School formalities shifted to something more casual comfortable.

Daphne released its fragrance while titmice called through shimmering heat. Iida handed me fabric, saying, “Wear this in Ginza and women will fall for you.” Being provincial by nature, I tucked it away. Komae-san brought an elegant gauze coat. Both kept egging me on.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-i-15
“You don’t see far, and you don’t see clearly,” said the Moon, “In the little petty whirl here below.” Lute strings trembled moonlight. Gossamer threads caught starlight. Moments dissolved beneath crystal waters. “She wept for the world’s depravity, unheard by the ears of men.” Constellations pierced bamboo grove. Coral pendant caught lamplight. ‘There,’ she exclaimed, ‘there!’ and she knelt and kissed the purple carpet. Evening frost kissed pale skin. Temple candles flickered worlds. Ivory doves scattered dreams. I think she was actually weeping. Dawn shattered like sea glass.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-i-16
Amethystine colors danced in the flames as petals transformed into genuine wings. “When darkness falls, they frolic about charmingly.” Sleep and Death waited within those mystic cups. “Would you honor me with a dance?” “Indeed, dancing with you would be quite marvelous.” “How fragrant!” “Last night they were beautiful, but now every petal has wilted.” “Flowers cannot dance.” “But indeed they can.” Butterflies—red, yellow, white—were once flowers detached from stems. “The breeze speaks their language, just as we have ours.” “In summer, we shall grow again, more beautiful.”

2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
208.0×117.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist

—
II-i-17
左 | Left
The air is moist, and the lights gleam with dampness. Hazy “My heart says nothing.” The candle burned on the table. After five minutes,
The clouds of confusion dissipated. Beyond the high wall with its anti-climbing spikes, nothing obstructed the view except the horizon itself. “I’m coming now, please,
右 | Right
Wait for me.” Afternoon nap. The sunflowers bloom resolutely amid light and heat, with the brilliance of freshly polished copper basins. O apricot tree, burn, Bright. May the tatami mats be as cold as ice. “What does your heart say?” April progressed into May. It was a brilliant, serene,
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
160.0×152.7
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-ii

——
II-ii-1
40 days after the Resurrection／マリ
ア・オラン
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
25.2×17.1
作家蔵(東京国立近代美術館寄託)
Collection of the Artist (deposited at The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo)
—

II-ii-2
Arab Horseman attacked by a Lion／
とうもろこしのような顎髭
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.1×24.8
作家蔵(東京国立近代美術館寄託)
Collection of the Artist (deposited at The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo)
—

II-ii-3
愛着の土地を離れ／Leave Behind
Shore (to thee so dear)
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.0×23.1
作家蔵(東京国立近代美術館寄託)
Collection of the Artist (deposited at The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo)
—

II-ii-4
The souls of men still shine with heavenly fire／ひしめきあう庭の植物
(かれの容貌)
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.0×23.0
作家蔵(東京国立近代美術館寄託)

Collection of the Artist (deposited at The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo)
—
II-ii-6
Pittura Senza Disegno／風景のなかの
聖母子／Altarpiece
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
25.2×18.4
作家蔵(東京国立近代美術館寄託)
Collection of the Artist (deposited at The National Museum of Modern Art, Tokyo)
—

II-ii-9
手のひらを向け／Spread your hands
to the side. And elbows to the side of
your body
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
17×19.8×3
個人蔵
Private Collection
—

II-ii-10
The rolling hills and The clouds／王
莽がときのとちのき
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
20.8×16.4
個人蔵
Private Collection
—

II-ii-11
魚ヲ得テ筌ヲ忘ル／The Long Ears Of
A Rabbit
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
16.6×20.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-ii-12
Weak Stem／草叢で血を流す／
Creepingalong a Surface of the
Armor
2021
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.5×25.3
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-ii-13
你放心／Dearest Sister, Pause But
a Moment. Just One Word - Before
You Go
2021
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
25.1×15.3
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-ii-14
左 | Left
囚われの鳥／With a Cherry and
Berries on Leaf Platters／妖精たちのお
気に入り
右 | Right
Eat Toasted Toadstools／火のよう

に赤い目玉、大口あけて欠伸する／
KnickerBockers
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
25.2×18.4
右 | Right
20.5×16.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—
II-ii-15
左 | **Left**
Isidore of Miletus / Taught
Stereometry and Physics
右 | **Right**
Jīvaka Komārabhacca／得叉尸羅の賓
迦羅に医術を学ぶ
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
25.2×18.4
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-16
左 | **Left**
Bulto Santo／色あかき世界の真昼
右 | **Right**
Bulto Santo／青き葉の銀杏の林
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
25.2×18.4
竹内菜々子
Nanako Takeuchi
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-17
左 | **Left**
Événets des Colonnes d'Eau,Mélangées d’Air
et de Vapeur / Voyageait dans un Fourreau
d’Éclairs
右 | **Right**
Il Regardait de ses Énormes Yeux
Fixes à Teintes Glauques / Le Voyage
sous des Icebergs
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
25.2×18.4
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-18
左 | **Left**
Χρυσόμαλλο δέρας／まだ牛し
か羊は見えていません、金の羊の夢を見ま
した。
右 | **Right**
Planta Tartarica Barometz／地面に種
えた羊のヘソ 水をそそぐとメエと鳴く。
2022

アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
20.6×16.6
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-19
左 | **Left**
月花 (Ipomoea alba)／No idea why I
was going there／あるいは空中の椰子果
右 | **Right**
あお空の奥か(le bleu du ciel)／Seen
with an ideal, Out the window／きた
いの中に溶ける魚
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
20.4×16.5
右 | Right
25.1×18.2
植島美術館コレクション
UESHIMA MUSEUM COLLECTION
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-20
左 | **Left**
The Feast of Saint Nicholas / Je hebt het
goed gedaan dit jaar. Ik kreeg cadeautjes,
waaronder een pop
右 | **Right**
The Merry Family / Soo de ouden
songen, so pijpen de jongen
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
20.5×16.4
右 | Right
20.5×16.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-21
左 | **Left**
Suspended Bodegón／樹上坐禅／
Breaking the Six-Year Fast
右 | **Right**
Rest on the Flight into Egypt／樹下
観耕／Throw Out His Body to Feed
the Tiger
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
25.3×18.4
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-22
左 | **Left**
Morpheus / I have gret wonder, be this
lyght,How that I live, for day ne nyght, I
may nat slepe wel nigh noght
右 | **Right**
Phantasos /And yit she sit so in myn

heret,That, by my trouthe, I nolde noghte,
For al this worlde, out of my thoght
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス(2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
左 | Left
20.5×16.5
右 | Right
16.5×19.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-23
Ángel Arcabucero／天使の火縄銃／
The Advancing Flame Creates the
Gap in Time=Luminosity
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.4×25.2
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-24
Soft breezes blowing in Campagne / A
Summer Place
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
25.2×18.4
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-25
Om Ah Hum Vajra Guru Padma
Siddhi Hum／Reach the Stage
Where There Is No Turning Back／
羅刹国
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
25.2×18.3
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-26
Sar-i Sang Mines／東方浄瑠璃
(Eastern Pure Lapis Lazuli)／om
huru huru caṇḍāli mātaṅgi svāhā
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
25.2×18.4
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los
Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—
II-ii-27
朝の青はや、眉せまる／Refresh Until
Flashbacks Awaken
2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.3×25.0
作家蔵

Collection of the Artist
—
II-ii-28
My Verses Are Light Green, But
They Are Also Flaming Red／傷つい
た鹿のような鳥
2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.3×25.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-ii-29
Une Larme pour une Goutte d’ Eau
／ただ一つの慈悲
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
16.5×20.4
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-ii-30
露歯而笑／クロッケを食べるDavy
Crocket.または口笛をふくJiminy
Cricket
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
16.3×20.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-ii-31
The day of the Sun／С о л н ц е с м
о т р и т／陽の日
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.8×25.7
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-ii-32
To the Lethean peace of the skies／
冥王星にさまよう妖怪
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
18.1×25.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-ii-33
物質の隔たり、魂の繋がり／Noli me
tangere
2020
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
17.2×25.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii
—
II-iii-1
左
「へんでこな木の目玉、なぜそんなに見つ
める!」嫌になって、今度は鼻を作った。
鼻はできるやいなや、みる みる伸びだ
し、切っても切っても伸びていく。うんざ

りし、今度は口を作った。口もできるやいなや、笑い出す。「笑うな!」彼が雷のように怒ったら、口は笑うのをやめ、長い舌を出しました。

Left
“You weird, wooden eye - why do you stare so much!” In disgust, he next made a nose. As soon as the nose was made, it began to grow and grow, cut after cut. Fed up, he made a mouth. As soon as the mouth was made, it began to laugh. “Don’t laugh!” When he got angry like rolling thunder, the mouth stopped laughing and put out its long tongue.

右 | Right
Pinocchio／100 杯の水と一杯のミルク
2022
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
左 | Left
91.0×72.7
右 | Right
25.2×18.3
松本達
Itaru Matsumoto
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—

II-iii-2
思考でないものはすべて純粋な無ではないし、私たちが考えることができるのは思考だけだし物事を語るために使う言葉はすべて思考しか表現できないのだから。従って思考以外のものがあると言うのは何の意味も持たない断定にすぎません。私たちが外的物体として指すことができるのは自分の身体だけです。私たちは空間すべての物を測る体系として、いつも自分の身体を持って歩いているようなわけです。それがそれ自身に提示してるのはチョークで黒板につけた白い斑点や白い紙にペンでつけた黒い斑点であって感覚にその物体が与えた印象でも物体自体でもない。

時間の信者には奇妙な矛盾だが、地質学的歴史は生命が二つの永遠の死の間のほんの短い逸話に過ぎないと示している。この逸話の中でさえ、意識的思考はほんの瞬間、持続するに過ぎず、これからもそうだろう。思考とは長い夜の中の煌きなのです。

Everything that is not thought is just pure nothingness, because only thought can think and all the words we use to talk about things can only express thought. Therefore, to say that there is something other than thought is just an assertion that has no meaning.

The only external object we can refer to is our own body. So it’s as if we’re always carrying our own body around as a standard for measuring everything in space. What it presents to itself is a white speck on a chalkboard or a black speck on a white paper with a pen, not the impression it gives to the senses or the object itself.

A strange contradiction for a believer in time, but geology shows that life is but a brief anecdote between two eternal deaths. Even here, conscious thought only lasts for a brief moment and will continue to do so. Thought is a glimmer in the long night.

2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
224.0×363.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-iii-3
円を描き終え始点に戻れば曲線はそれ以上進まない、夕日を浴び鳥は翼を畳み人は言葉を失う。大地を照らした太陽が姿を消しても太陽は変わらずに在る。

ある皿には桜桃、別のはは無花果、また別の皿に葡萄が描かれている。無花果の皿に光が当たると、何かが星のようにきらめいた。世界は存在しなければならないのだ! 木々はだれにでもわかる言葉でささやく。猜疑に悩まされて過ごす夜。問いが解かれる朝。

五感が失われても彼のまわりの花瓶、赤いガラスの水差(朝の光に白い窓枠が、なめらかな曲線をなして映っている)、その延長上に配列された世界が存在する。Circles drawn complete, returning to their starting point, curves end their progression. Birds bathed in the sunset fold their wings, and humans lose their words. The sun, having lit the earth, disappears, yet the sun itself remains unchanged in place. One plate shows cherries, another figs, and yet another grapes. When light strikes the fig plate, something twinkles like stars. The world must exist! The trees whisper in a language all understand. Nights spent plagued by doubt. Mornings where questions are answered. Even with his senses lost, the world exists around him: the vase, the red glass water pitcher (the morning light reflecting in smooth curves on the white window frame), and the world that lies beyond them.

2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-iii-4
天頂には巨大なたてがみのような雲が。空間の至る所に光の振動と混ざり合って黄金の塵が漂い、あらゆる獣や、地をはうもの、鳥がいた。空気が震えて声が聞こえた。野菜と動物も分別できません。ポリパリスは枝に腕を持っています。二枚の葉の間に毛虫が見えるけれど、それは飛び立つ蝶です。灰色のバツタが飛んだ。あそこの低木にバラの花弁のような昆虫がいっぱい。蟬の抜け殻の破片が土壌の上に雪の層を作ります。長い髪で長いあご髭を生やした聖アントニオは、山羊皮のチュニクを纏い、あぐらをかいて地面に座っている。地平線を見つめながら、やがて、深いため息をついた。In the zenith floated clouds like gigantic crests. Golden dust mingled with vibrations of light, and all beasts, creatures of the earth, and birds were there. The air quivered

and voices could be heard. I cannot distinguish between vegetables and animals. The polypody has arms on its branches. Between leaves a caterpillar, butterfly poised to fly. A gray grasshopper flew by. On that shrub are many insects like rose petals. Fragments of cicada shells form a layer of snow over the soil. Saint Anthony, who has a long beard and long hair and who wears a tunic of goatskin, is seated on the ground, crosslegged, utters a deep sigh and gazes upon the horizon. 2023
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-iii-5
My stomach is growling. We’re lucky. They say you always realize the terrible things after they’ve passed, like puddles after a typhoon. Our misfortune has been completely cleared away. The heavens somersaulted! I heard there’s a short book that never ends, and although I haven’t read it, I asked for a copy. Stories of bird horns, flying fish, seashells, and clay dragons started forming a chain in my mind like beads. But they kept swirling, and I couldn’t get them out of my mouth. Half-dreaming, a green sandy plain spread out before me, and above my head was a deep, clear sky with a perfectly round, golden-colored full moon floating in the middle. It’s not like there’s nothing in the sky. Music comes from everywhere. The insects ‘ensemble is a strange, buzzing sound between the rooms, among the grass, on top of the trees. Even the snakes join in, hissing and chirping harmoniously with the insects... Then, a sudden evening shower pours down, and now the whole garden is a puddle, with everyone swimming, diving, flapping their wings, and giggling. 2024

アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
224.0×363.5
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and galerie frank elbaz, Paris
—

II-iii-6
陸と海が不均等に分布していることは一見して明らかです。この分布は偶然に支配されているように見えるかもしれませんが、よりよく観察すると、地球の固体表面と流体表面の間に存在する関係の基盤に整合的な秩序があることが洞察できます。波が四方八方から飛び、クジラが向かう方向は、尾が水面を激しく打ってきた幅1竿ほどの白い泡の道に示されています。彼は再び船の下を通り、風下に去りました。風向きが変化していない朝8時頃、ボートに水がすごい勢いで浸水してくるのに気づきました。数分のうちにみるみる水

量は増え、もはやボートは安全ではありません。船はミルクの中を航行しているようだった。水面を泳ぐ無数の小さな白い動物が水の色合いに混じって起こす現象である。紅海とよばれる海の独特な色は、海面に浮かぶ微細な藻類の存在による。美しい赤い色の印象はその驚異的な繁殖力をも隠す。The unequal distribution of land and water is evident at first glance. Though it may appear that this distribution is dominated by blind chance, a closer look reveals that an orderly rationale underlies the existing relationship between the solid and fluid surfaces of the Earth. Waves flew in all directions as the whale churned through the water, its course marked by a rod-wide trail of white foam left by the thrashing of its tail against the surface. It passed beneath our ship once more before heading downwind and out of sight. Around 8am, before the wind direction had changed, I noticed water was quickly flooding into the boat at an alarming rate. Within minutes, the water level rose rapidly and the boat was no longer safe. The ship seemed to sail through milk, due to the immense number of tiny white creatures on the surface, concealing the water’s hue. The Red Sea’s distinctive red color, from which the name comes, results from a microscopic alga floating. The allure of that red color conceals the exuberant life activity. 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
224.0×363.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery
—

II-iii-7
耳を押し当てその向こうの気配を探る。ペールは柔らかな髪を作って、顔に落ち、神秘的で触れられない何かを感じさせる。花嫁のペールほど美しいものはない、透明で儚く脆いのは純粋だから。次の日、彼女は花嫁のペールを買いに行った。雨が降れば夏になる。丘の頂から潮が見えた。夏はどこにいるのだろうか。見晴らしてもすべては春のまま。スミレの花びらは雨を欲して萎れ、身を窄めていた。何週もの遅れを取り戻そうと冷たい春のあと、暑い夏が慌てて訪れる。リネンの清らかな香りは婚礼のための白い布の束、仕上げのアイロンがけを待っている。石畳の街に、太陽が降り注いでも石は決して花に変わらず、白壁の家が緑に覆われるわけでもない。太陽は街のあちこちの小さな公園にただ夏の装いをさせる。夏は公園の芝生にも自由に伸びることを許さず、いつも短く刈り揃えられていた。2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
224.0×363.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist

—

II-iii-8

After a storm, the shoreline’s appearance changes completely. If she were a jewel, I could weave her into my hair. The Milky Way might be a flow of milk where stars float like tiny oil droplets. Souls are believed to dwell in different materials beforehand. Stones are representative vessels, especially those resembling gods. She gives me abundant moonlight. Various objects wash up from distant places. Wagtail claimed river stones are round because of their tail movements. Frog insisted stones are round because they rolled them from far away. Some objects considered “tama” are animal fangs or horns. Stone declared its roundness ancient. I wish mother were still. Each tiny star corresponds to a grain of sand at the bottom of a cosmic river. Grandmother gathers fireflies from her palms pressed together like peach fruits. Japanese poems relate shores to jewels through unique soul-finding experiences. When these special events were sung, jewels appeared.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
224.0×363.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-iii-9

But in truth, the first creatures were driven from the sea. They fled. That’s why so many of us get seasick. A mudskipper crawled onto the beach, raising its head. “Look,” he said, beholding the vast expanse. “Thousands of miles of flat nothing.” Fish swim through water endlessly; no end to the water they swim. Birds fly through sky ceaselessly; no end to the sky they fly. There is no reason. We skipped the light fandango, though in truth we were at sea. She said, “I’m home” leaving for the coast. Darkness covered the empty earth; The Spirit hovered over waters. Let there be waters teeming with life, birds multiplying on earth. All that moves in sea and sky, each according to its kind, merely drifted through the world. Evening fell, then dawn broke.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and galerie frank elbaz, Paris
—

II-iii-10

The fish moved as one synchronized entity, swaying collectively left and right through azure waters. When a single fish veered sideways, fearing isolation, all others followed instinctively, making individual escape from this mesmerizing aquatic ballet seem utterly beyond possibility’s reach. When I questioned the head, “What creature are you?” surprisingly, the tail answered, “I am a salamander,” bewildering

me completely. Within the soul’s depths dwells an unfathomable truth whose profound mystery surpasses even the abyssal realms of ancient whale songs. Two water striders danced across the pond’s mirrored surface, the smaller perched delicately upon its larger companion. Startled by sudden ripples, they fled in erratic zigzags as a vigilant frog emerged, breaking the stillness with its triangular snout before submerging. 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iii-11

Like Dante guided by Virgil, I explored magnificent architecture and lush gardens where exotic birds roamed freely among vibrant blossoms. The splendor of these ethereal sights surpassed description, leaving their true beauty to flourish within the reader’s own vivid imagination. The golden-haired beauty blinked her sapphire eyes, her lips forming a delicate smile as my body turned to frozen stone. He transformed repeatedly through mystical forms, ultimately embodying the wild creature from Scheherazade’s most enchanting and exotic midnight dance tale. Silver-scaled creatures leapt dolphin-like through shimmering waters, revealing themselves as beautiful women with gleaming mail covering their lower bodies. Upon seeing us, they raised their hands in unison, releasing joyous cries before gracefully bounding onto shore stones where they frolicked.

2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iii-12

瞳の明りが私を暴く。涙が溢れるも許され、薔薇の香りが唇に移り、機知と若さ、愛が運命のように私を潰す。高貴な炎で拵げられ、魂は栄光へと向かう。愛を本当に知るためにはどんなことでもやれるさ!思いこがれていたものとともにあることの言葉にならない悦びを思い描けば。天国の高貴な法でも、あなたの魂の動揺をなだめることはできなかった。ああ、あなたは解放されたのだと思いこんでいたのに。薔薇の木が花を咲かせた。春のこと。花の中に白い鳥が一羽、天国から来た天使のように歌った。鳥は靴修理屋の店先に飛んでいって、そしてまた歌った。Your bright eyes reveal my thought. A tear falls and is forgiven. A fragrant rose blooms on your lips. Wit, youth, love shine, fate pressed me, I gazed, undone. The noble

fire died, its flame expanded my soul, drove glory. What wouldn’t I have given to know love! Imagine the unspeakable pleasure of being near the dear object of desire! Have not the gentle rules of peace and heaven driven this passion from your soft soul? Alas! I believed you free. One day, the rose tree flowered. It was spring, and there among the flowers was a white bird, and it sang, like an angel out of heaven. Away it flew to a cobbler’s shop and there it sang. 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York
—

II-iii-13

Modern pathways now weave through once-isolated Highland domains, connecting travelers to rugged shores where authentic clans endure. Each route offers reliable passage across rain-swept moors and wave-sculpted coastlines that have silently witnessed centuries of resilient Highland life with stoic dignity. This landscape transcends mere severity and desolation, offering more than sleepy forests or verdant pastures fading into distant horizons beyond. “Shelter here until skies clear,” whispered the ivy leaf. “Meadow flowers have withered, await sunshine before flying village-ward again safely.” Beneath jagged peaks, miners extracted coal from earth’s shadowed depths. Trolleys descended with rhythmic percussion, bearing ebony treasures that glistened like polished obsidian, each fragment seemingly rejoicing in its liberation from darkness into daylight’s revealing and transformative golden embrace above. 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-iii-14

Consciousness returned slowly, my strength fading as blood trickled away. This cherished flower brought comfort merely through its presence. Yet the arrow piercing my flesh drew no visible crimson drops, while my heart bled silently from wounds no eye sees. Firelight illuminates half my wife’s face grotesquely. From shadows, a cup cradles roses suffering in smoke’s relentless worm-like embrace silently. A magnificent rose blooms atop its cross-shaped stem, crimson petals unfurling against verdant green, enticing two honeybees toward sweet nectar. Through May’s dreamy haze, I wandered amidst joyous spring, where every hedge and bush adorned itself with fresh verdure. She of precious worth, deserving love’s

fullest measure, earned the name Rose—a truth I believed completely five years before today’s disillusionment. 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-iii-15

地球の中が熱くなりすぎて、毛布みたいに海が滑り落ち、肩がはみ出したみたいに陸地になったんだって。貝殻を探しに行きましょう。あの小さな洞窟はありそうよ。洞窟は貝殻なんてなく、難破船の錨はつるはしの折れた柄の端っこだった。洞窟の中は、海辺じゃないから、砂は喉を渴かせるんだ、レモネードを食べに家に帰ろうよ。英語で言うと Sand-fairy は砂の妖精のこと。今見たのにわからない? もちろん今あなたを見ているのでわかります。礼儀が正しければあなたと会話もできますよ。さあ話して。They say the earth got too hot underneath, so the sea slipped off like blankets, leaving the land sticking out like shoulders. Let’s go look for shells. That little cave looks promising. The cave was disappointing. There were no shells. The wrecked ship’s anchor turned out to be just the broken end of a pickaxe handle. The cave made us thirsty since it’s not by the seaside. Someone suggested we go home for lemonade. In plain English, a Sand-fairy is a fairy of sand. Can’t you tell a Sand-fairy when you see one? Of course, I can tell you are one by looking at you. If you are reasonably polite, I may converse with you. Now, say something. 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×216.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—

II-iii-16

Heads poking out, a shape with lion body and man’s head. A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun. Embankment crowded, a vast image troubles my sight. Everyone shouting, voices affectionate, half-crying. We’re all gonna die. Darkness drops again. I heard ducks floating. Black rocks absorbed light. Was I all along born on the far shore? Cave pitch dark. Colors fade. Stretch out a hand. World already ended. Spread legs. Never to perish again. Only a presence - the subtle movement of air as someone searched. Solely ephemeral presence lingers. I remember who I am. Earthquake shook. Sun black as sackcloth. Moon like blood. Stars fell to earth, fig tree dropping unripe fruit. Sky split apart, mountains and islands moved. Kings, slaves shouted, “Hide us from the throne, from the Lamb’s wrath.” Their day has come. I’m gonna faint! 2024
アクリル、カンヴァス

Acrylic on canvas
260.6×268.2
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and galerie frank elbaz, Paris
—
II-iii-17
The hunger of the mind is easier to satisfy than that of the body. As you wander the streets, you are surrounded by buildings—modest yet appealing from the outside, and adequately furnished within. You may encounter polite, well-dressed individuals who tactfully avert their gaze. The sound of rain blended with their splashing, and a long-drawn sigh seemed to float above the overturned skiff—the endless, labouring sigh of earth. Embracing her knees with hands, resting chin upon them, on the pale patch of her face they seemed immense, because of blue marks below them. The rain fell in thin, cold threads, each drop tracing its path down my skin. Her breath, warm and alive, brushed my cheek. The wind rose wild, untamed, howling as if a creature in pain, while waves surged and broke against the skiff, restless at sea.
2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
260.6×268.2
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-18
My appearance and hairstyle are always comme il faut, proper and presentable. Yellow caterpillars seep into the soil, evening primroses wilt and turn white. When I woke up, it seemed this lake had suddenly dried up or been absorbed into the ground. Rain falls softly, scattering on the sandy beach garden. Why? It's because I work, because I feel things deeply. Rain falls softly on the green pine needles. Wouldn't it be good to visit a hot spring somewhere? Under the causeway, a wounded dog stares intently. If one drinks like this, the deity called Ibukido who dwells in the breathing door will release breath to the Underworld. Paulownia, fir, fig, artificial bonsai plum trees—all like violated young girls, lying down crying without a sound. The idea that a path to the distant island of death across the sea passes through the seabed transforms into the concept of a country existing beneath the ocean. Too quiet, except for Seno who, in the agony of ritual disembowelment, throws off his shoulder garment.
2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
260.6×268.2
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-19
The aged fish cast a vast, faint shadow on the pond's bottom, its silhouette wavering like a mirage in the sunlight. The

water's slight murkiness and the shadow's immensity rendered it imperceptible to the smaller fish, who swam on, oblivious to the ancient presence above. Daily, the old fish approached the shore, gazing skyward. It sampled the bitter earth, musing, "With time, I'll adjust." It longed to scale the bank, envisioning the wonders beyond: distant mountains, rivers, and luminous nighttime cities. The mysterious terrestrial world beckoned, teeming with countless unseen marvels.
2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×144.0
Collection of Vanessa Bruno & Frank Elbaz, Paris
Courtesy of the artist and galerie frank elbaz, Paris
—
II-iii-20
Fish never rise to the water's surface during daylight, for the day is too frightening. At night, however, they venture to the boundary between water and air, where they can sense the moon, stars, wind, air, and the soft, ethereal whispers of plants. Nothing disturbs this underwater realm save for the fish. Reeds sway in the breeze, creating soft, flute-like sounds underwater. As night deepens, dew falls, making faint noises on the silent surface. Apart from these gentle disturbances, only the voices of insects can be heard.
2024
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×144.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and galerie frank elbaz, Paris
—
II-iii-21
左 | Left
Clouds, like torn fragments, hang motionless above the forest. "Is thought merely a design?" The tree branches rustle with commotion, as if suddenly remembering something. His eyes fixed on nothing, though directed toward the pagoda trees. A single tone spreading through air heavy with rain. "Thus far you may come, but no further," declared roots.
右 | Right
The flourishing trees halted devastation from coastal sand and dust. It was tranquil. "What truly should be planted are trees." "Even if commanded, this mountain will surely move," he whispered. Though his ears were vacant, he listened for a cicada somewhere in the garden. Silence. "I seem to have lost my way for a moment.
2024
アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
182.0×163.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist

—
II-iii-22
左 | Left
Amid the sea's savage darkness, the little bird glimpsed a single piercing ray of light. What could it be? Awakened, it flew through the storm. Fish, enduring these raging waters, seem stronger, wiser than humans. Beyond twenty feet, wave-roars silence human speech. Reefs transform: slippery, spiked, twisted, sharp—their endless forms leave me utterly lost.
右 | Right
The roar of waves and wind deafens me. In reef shadows, I hear phantom whispers, mysterious sea flutes. Mesmerized by the rainbow sheen of fresh fish, divine rapture overtakes me. Sinking through swirling waves, consciousness dissolves. A voice echoes through silver air, "Wild storm! Yet garden, sea, sky—all ablaze." Pale fingers now grasp, cradle.
2024
アクリル、カンヴァス (2点組)
Acrylic on canvas (set of 2)
各 | each
182.0×163.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-23
The faithful brown eyes closed in eternal sleep as the wind created an eerie howl. Through tall reeds, something leapt into deep water. "My brother, Follow the path to that volcanic pit," I whispered. Animals absorb earth's scent into their flesh; cubed meat wafts soil's aroma. A large dun-colored beast moved at considerable speed across the green hillside. The stiffened limbs of our prey ceased their natural service. "It was bluish clay," he muttered, tracking another creature. We glimpsed porcupines, an anteater, and a wild pig with curved tusks. After hunting for over an hour without securing a shot, darkness fell swiftly.
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×216.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-24
The Kingfisher flew vigorously, her wings strong. She had rested in the quiet ark, consuming provisions. Upward she soared, beyond clouds, into blue ether above. Suddenly, her gray plumage transformed to brilliant blue, colored by the clear heights she reached. Blood rushes to her head. Wrinkles form around her beak. Nearly exploding with anger, she snaps her tail-feathers and turns. Beak cutting wind, wings flat, it strides swiftly forward. Passersby dare not stop it, frightened by its unnatural quick gait. Come here, darling, please approach. Emerging from shadows, somersaulting, briefly gleaming in sunlight before returning to shade. "Viens mon gros loulo" echoes

repeatedly. This is how doves cry—an ancestral call, as if something remains lodged in their delicate feathered throats.
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-25
Evening fingers lingered near mountain peaks. The boy's earlobe sensed autumn's approach clearly. When they sang, no one noticed at first. Quietly falling forward, voices overlapped like gentle waves. A sharp "Stop it!" pierced the air. One started the chorus, making everyone turn immediately. Calls echoed from delicate moments. Others followed till evening. I felt time's approach, while others noticed. Suddenly, everyone froze as silence pierced reality. "Ah, what big ears you have" May arrived abruptly, as hands plunged into dinner's center. I felt remarks deeply when they noticed such things. Cicadas sang "min-min" while my blood rushed to my head. That long "jeeee" pierced through July 13th completely. Nothing upset me more than people mentioning ears. Summer arrived late this chilly year, murmurs filling depths. A burning blow struck, instantly confusing all my senses.
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
182.0×261.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-26
The flame flickered precariously, appearing on the verge of extinction. She believed that as the light remained visible, her beloved still lived; should it extinguish, he would no longer exist in this world. Observe how the flame rises, gradually diminishing, and finally extinguishing itself. "We are together. We are together," sang voices, now audible from a higher place than before. And why does it extinguish? Not because it lacks air, for the jar remains as full now as before; rather, it requires pure, fresh air. Then with sacred ointment the father anointed the young man's face to protect him from intense flames, and encircled his hair with the sun's rays. Like a fledgling bird that flaps its wings whether it can fly or not, persistence develops skill despite inability.
2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
260.6×268.2
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
—
II-iii-27
左から | From Left
On Ohrid Lake's rocky shore, an ancient sage meditated, his bird-like face carved by time and fasting. Swallows skimmed

waters. The novice’s azure beads glistened. “Master,” he murmured, “your strength wanes like autumn light.” Behind them stood a monastery, half-hidden among olive trees, its burned walls whispering tales of sacrifice.

At night, Master, I see them: Hellenic maidens weaving flower crowns with blue wildflowers, their hair flowing with their hearts’ rhythm.” The youth’s voice trembled. Through azure darkness, mysterious figures like shadows - Macedonian shepherds driving boars through olive groves, Dryads herding pearl-white goats, laughter echoing across deep blue Aegean waters.

Lilies and roses, planted by long-departed Orthodox monks, wove through the garden where ferns advanced like silent armies. “The ancient Thracian gods still walk here,” the old man murmured, eyes gleaming. Beyond the flower-strewn ruins, cypress groves stretched toward horizon, harboring secrets of Cyclopes and Thessalian nymphs dancing in moonlight.

“I seek the moment when immortal spirits sing,” the sage revealed, clutching his cypress staff. “When the sun passes between Ram and Lion, their song trembles through creation. Tomorrow at dawn, I shall hear it.” His eyes blazed with ancient wisdom, reflecting centuries of searching through Byzantine and Delphic lore.

The youth gathered roses bright as rubies and lilies white as pearls, weaving them through rushes as the last grains of sand fell. “You’ll find me young again,” the master had promised. When dawn painted the walls with clear light, he sat motionless, embracing the dewy flowers, his quest ended.

2025
アクリル、カンヴァス
Acrylic on canvas
各 | each
160.0×130.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv

II-iv-1
考える、あし
Think on One’s Feet
2023
陶土
Clay (ceramic clay)
35.0×25.0×13.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-2
手ごわい、あい手

Heavy-Handed Handsome
2023
陶土
Clay (ceramic clay)
28.0×21.5×12.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-3
The subject is neither special nor possesses closely related characteristics or an organized essence／非特殊无本质／たいしょう
2023–2024
陶土／人工大理石(2点組)
Clay (ceramic clay) / Synthetic marble (set of 2)
各 | each
17.0×29.0×14.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York

II-iv-4
The objects that make up the world cannot be divided and will not change unless they all dissolve into nothingness／世界物不分变，非尽归无／いったいぜんたい
2023–2024
陶土／人工大理石(2点組)
Clay (ceramic clay) / Synthetic marble (set of 2)
各 | each
22.0×23.0×20.0
個人蔵
Private Collection
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-5
Like Facing The Deep, Like Treading Thin Ice; Early To Rse, Warm And Cool／臨深履薄，夙興溫清
2023–2024
人工大理石
Synthetic marble
43.2×51.0×62.6
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and BLUM Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York

II-iv-6
Examine The Tone And Reasoning Too; Consider The face, How It Changes Hue／聆音察理，鑒貌辨色
2023–2024
人工大理石
Synthetic marble
45.2×60.0×47.5
桶田コレクション
OKETA COLLECTION
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-7
Bones Dirty, Long For Bathing Pool; Too Hot to Handle, Wish For Cool／骸垢想浴，執熱願涼
2023–2024

人工大理石
Synthetic marble
43.4×57.5×60.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-8
Far And Near, They Joined As One; All Followed, Rallied To The King／遐邇一體，率賓歸王
2023–2024
人工大理石
Synthetic marble
40.4×90.2×69.0
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-9
A Sword Is Styled “Excalibur”; A Pearl, the “Gleam of Night／劍號巨闕 珠稱夜光
2023–2024
人工大理石
Synthetic marble
60.0×69.9×76.5
大林コレクション
Obayashi Collection
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-10
yrh zbh šmš, bmtn’ bbtb／太陽祭月，寺庙祭祀.
2023–2024
ブロンズ
Bronze
19.0×20.0×13.0
白石正美
Masami Shiraishi
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-11
wšnt lm’š ’lm bbtý šnt km h kkb m ’l
／韦国王创建
2023–2024
ブロンズ
Bronze
30.0×25.0×21.0
植島美術館コレクション
UESHIMA MUSEUM COLLECTION
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-12
Who Knew Cat Nowhere
2023–2024
人工大理石
Synthetic marble
17.5×8.3×21.2
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-13
The Salt Of The Sea, Rivers Fresh, Scales Lurking Below, Wings Soaring Above／海鹹河淡 鱗潛羽翔
2024

人工大理石
Synthetic marble
89.5×118.9×108.4
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of Pace Gallery

II-iv-14
チューリップの爪さき／The tiptoe of a tulip
2024
陶土
Clay (ceramic clay)
12.7×13.4×23.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-15
Hullabaloo on a Hand／てんやわんや
2024
陶土
Clay (ceramic clay)
6.9×16.3×20.8
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-16
PHANTASM／インド象の印象
2024–2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
131.9×119.8×254.9
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-17
PHANTOM／象の微
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
139.4×113.7×154.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-18
TELEPHANT／抽象の現象
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
148.1×98.1×254.3
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo

II-iv-19
The Upturned Waters Froth About as Home the Arms Are Borne／松柏不凋緑
2025
陶土／人工大理石(2点組)
Clay (ceramic clay) / Synthetic marble (set of 2)
各 | each
12.0×26.8×11.0
作家蔵

Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-20
A Pine-Tree in the Hand of Him
Leads On and Stays His Feet／松風
鳴幽谷
2025
陶土／人工大理石 (2点組)
Clay (ceramic clay) / Synthetic marble (set
of 2)
各 | each
13.0×21.5×12.6
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-21
They never seemed to move slowly.
／犀牛転地, 泥涂其身／Call me the
tumbling dice
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
70.0×99.0×86.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-22
簫管一聲秋月白／The Goat-Footed
One, Two-Horned, Lover of Noise,
Who Through Wooded Meadows
Wanders Together with Dance-
Loving Nymphs.
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
66.3×140.0×100.3
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-23
I Was Once a Horse, My Body, Now
Decaying Timber. Bees Build Hives
on What Remains.／吞噬你们蜂巢
的, 正是我, 这头熊。／Forgive Me.
Can My Tears Repay? As Honey's
Sweetness Returned, the Bear Smiled
One Last Time.
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
70.0×154.5×101.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-24
Leading Ahead in the Dark, and
Coming Out in the Day - More than
Sunlight in Their Bodies／黒雲壓城
城欲摧 甲光向日金鱗開
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
77.7×190.0×152.7
作家蔵

Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-25
With every veil of mist drifting
through Saho's peaks／沸爵注温乳与
血／Finally proclaimed a resounding
farewell
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
58.0×250.0×195.5
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-26
Hear the Breakers' Deepening
Roar／气喘如牛, 舳舻摇曳倾海／
Trampling, Trampling, Trampling,
to Overwhelm the Shore!
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
100.0×116.4×105.9
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-27
A Sensation Which Will Admit of
No Analysis, for Which Futurity
Itself Offers Me No Key／中央の帯は
住むには暑すぎ、外側の二つの帯は氷と
雪で冷たすぎる
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
150.0×190.1×200.8
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-28
O GREAT IN OUR DULL WORLD
OF CLAY／秋風悠悠動輕波
THE MAID OF BUDA AND THE
CARVEN WOOD／伐木之樵切水之魚
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
180.0×233.0×396.6
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo
—

II-iv-29
Heaven's Path Dim—Threads Rise to
Light, Lines Seek the Deep／諒天道之
微味, 仰飛纖纖, 俯釣長流
2025
樹脂、UV耐性コーティング
Resin, UV-resistant coating
155.0×173.8×138.1
作家蔵
Collection of the Artist
Courtesy of the artist and Takuro Someya
Contemporary, Tokyo