

生きるものを容れるもの

私が学生時代に織物を解き始めたのは、完成することの美しさにはさほど興味がなかったからだと思う。それよりも、強固なものが脆さを見せる瞬間や、完成が成立した瞬間に生成への憧れが消え去る矛盾した感情、つまり静止した作品では表せない動的な事態そのものを、静止した状態で作品化したかった。いっぽう私は江戸から明治への過度な断絶や、その後の波瀾万丈な時代に驚くべき想像力と行動力でものづくりをしてきた日本企業史に強烈に惹かれているが、それらへの興味と、私が織物を解くことも無関係ではない。

都市や国家という、私たちが何気なく口にする言葉が指すものの先には実は実体はなく、いつも壊れたり治ったりを繰り返しながら一向に完成しない柔らかい生命体があるだけだ。私がスーパーで「買い物メモ」を拾う時、顔も知らない誰かと急に密接になる特別な気持ちになるのだが、それは実体がないまま生成を繰り返す器の中に自分がいるということ、少しだけ実感できるからかもしれない。

今回、戸田建設の社史に触れる機会を得たのだが、建物：生きるものを包むもの、を作るのもまた人間であり、大きくて強くて固いものを作るのは柔らかい人間だということに、作品制作の着想を得た。開国直前の江戸の古地図や、大正期の建設現場を表す歴史資料と並置されるのは、小さいながらも、自分の身も心も守るようにして丁寧に飾られたジェルネイルや、毎日スーパーで少しでも好きなものを買って、お金を下ろし洗濯物を干す人々の買い物メモである。お江戸の中心：東京駅のすぐそばで、そんなことを考えながら作られた作品が、この時代を生きる人々にはどのように映るのだろうか。

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Embracing What Lives

When I began unravelling woven fabrics as a student, I think it was because I was never particularly interested in the beauty of completion. Rather, I wanted to capture moments when something strong reveals its fragility, or the contradictory feeling in which fascination with things in the process of becoming disappears the instant completion is achieved. I wanted to render such dynamic states themselves — things that cannot be expressed through static objects — into a fixed form. At the same time, I have long been strongly drawn to the history of Japanese companies, which continued creating things through extraordinary imagination and determination amid the drastic rupture between Edo and Meiji and the turbulent eras that followed. My interest in such histories is not unrelated to my act of unravelling textiles.

Beyond words such as “city” or “nation”, which we use casually every day, there is in fact no fixed substance — only soft living organisms endlessly falling apart and healing, never fully completed. Whenever I pick up shopping notes left behind in supermarkets, I experience a strange sense of sudden intimacy with someone whose face I do not know. Perhaps this is because, for a brief moment, I can feel myself existing inside a vessel that continues generating itself without fixed substance.

This time, I had the opportunity to encounter the corporate history of TODA CORPORATION. From this emerged the idea that buildings — things that envelop living beings — are also made by human beings, and that large, strong, rigid structures are created by soft human bodies. Juxtaposed with old maps of Edo from just before the opening of Japan and historical materials depicting Taishō-era construction sites are carefully decorated gel nails, arranged almost as if protecting both body and spirit, as well as shopping notes left by people who buy small things they like at supermarkets, withdraw money, and hang their laundry out to dry. How might a work created while contemplating such things, in the very centre of old Edo — beside present-day Tokyo Station — appear to those living in this era?

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