EVERYTHING IS IN A MOMENT
A MOMENT IS IN EVERYTHING

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CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

Study of Emptiness and the Sense of Setsuna (a moment)

In My Philosophy of Art

In one day, of 24 hours, there are 6,480,000 *setsuna* moments that exist, that means one setsuna is 0.013 seconds long.

Turning to Zen thought, in Dharuma’s teaching, time is not an objective measurement, but is just “imagination.” For example, I am looking at an apple, but is it the same apple that I was looking at a moment ago? How can I prove that it is the same apple, because of its color or shape or because I didn’t look away? These grounds of reality and time are just *Vijñāna* (consciousness), and human existence is also based on such a concept. Time comes and goes in a moment. Nagarjuna, an Indian Buddhist teacher and philosopher, taught that, “Everything existing is imagination, and substance really exists in a moment (*Setsuna* in Japanese), and disappears in a moment.”

My fundamental concept of “being” and art is, “Everything is in a moment, a moment is in everything.” Nothingness is the opposite of existence, but they also come together. But they are still different factors, retaining their individual identities. The theory of *Ku,*
“Emptiness” transcends confrontation or the opposition between existence and nothingness. Ku is exemplified by this saying, “If There is anything, there is anything. If there is nothing, there is nothing.” It includes everything, and even affirms denial.

When I was 12, I dropped out of middle school, having had difficulties with the established education system in Japan. No one could answer my queries about life and the rationale for existence; no one had any empathy for my distress. My teacher said, “Don’t worry about such things. Now you should just concentrate on passing your exams, get into a good college, get a good job, and marry a nice girl.” I thought, “Is that all there is to Life?” So despite everyone’s objections, and the irony that my own mother was a teacher, I left school. After that, I felt I was finally removed from the whole of society. I wanted to disappear, to get away from everyone around me, my teacher, my friends, my brothers, and my parents.

I escaped to a mountain near my hometown, Ikoma Mountain, and everyday I would wander around in the mountain. I walked into the deep forest from morning till night. One day, I found a cave, and met two old men who were mysteriously inside the cave. They were sitting in zazen postures, and there was only the light of a candle. I decided to join them in their meditation.

Eventually, from morning till night, I had spent four years in the cave, sitting, and sometimes chatting with the two old men. Since I didn’t want anybody to know of myself, I didn’t introduce myself, so they didn’t either. Therefore we spent time together for four years without knowing each of our backgrounds. However, I have lately thought that this was too strange even if I was extremely introverted at that time, because I liked,
respected, and trusted in them after I started sitting in meditation with them. I surely believe that I spent time in that local cave, but also came to wonder if the two old men were in reality, nothing more than an illusion that I had made up because of my overwhelming desperation of being isolated from everything around me. But the four years’ experience absolutely influenced my future. Regardless if they existed or not, In the physical world, I still remember their faces, and voices, and the ongoing discussions that we had.

One day, as usual, we were sitting around the candle, the only bit of illumination in the darkness. One of the old men began to talk to me, and we had the following dialogue:

“When do you know how long the candle will last?” the old man asked.

I answered: “I don’t know, but maybe three or four more hours.”

“Show me then,” he said, and he gave me a white chalk.

So I drew a long horizontal line on a wall in the cave, and vertical lines in a grid, in an order of a measure of time, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Then he asked me, “Where is now?”

I said, “I don’t know, maybe between 3 and 4.”

He asked me: “How can you see that? How can you see the time that you are looking at right now?”

I said, “I don’t really know what you mean.”

He asked me: “How can you see past and future?” “…….”

He pointed to the candle: “What is this that you are looking right now?”

I said, without making any sense, “What I am looking at right now is
what I am looking at right now!”

He said: “You’re right. There is no future or past in time, but just presence. Thus time is not like a line, but like a dot. Like a sewing machine, a needle of time always hits at the same spot. Thus there is not future or past, no matter if you are old, dying or a just-born baby, there is just you, and you would be never changed.”

So for me, my printmaking is “Time is a moment when I printed 100 times.”

Family Lineage and My Life Philosophy

Although I have never consciously considered it, it has been pointed out to me that I come from a rather illustrious family, one with ties to the Nobility of Japan, with consistent and deep connections to the fine world of Japanese Art, Literature and Cultured Society. My mother’s family is the Nizuka Clan – a lineage long connected to the Imperial Family and the nobility of Japan. The historic and ancient Futatsuka Kofun or Futatsuka Mound Tomb in Nara Prefecture, Japan, is part of the matrilineal line of my family. In fact, there was talk of my grandmother marrying into the Imperial Family in recent history, but it was not to be. My mother, a life-long educator, has, ironically, a rather interesting history of being involved with the anti-government student activism of the 1960s, while my father’s line, Takahira, having been researched, is most likely of Chinese lineage that immigrated to Nagasaki many, many generations ago. Both sides of the family have close connections with the refined world of Cultured Japanese, my Nizuka grandfather having studied as a disciple of the famous Japanese novelist, Shiga Naoya, an important figure in the Mingei Movement that revitalized the folk art of Japan.
Those on my mother’s side are avid collectors of Japanese art. One of my Great Aunts was a nun in the Enshoji Temple, a reclusive Buddhist temple in Nara restricted to women of Imperial lineage. Enshoji is one of the three *Yamato Monseki*, or Imperial Temples. This colorful history has indeed shaped the direction of my art and art philosophy, as my art is imbued with a deep link to Zen Buddhism, almost at the subconscious level.

Below I describe an event that shaped the direction of my art. It occurred in Japan, as I enjoyed viewing an ancient ceramic pot that belonged to my family. It is a rather tiny piece, just fitting in the palm of my hand, in the simple shape of an urn, with no embellishments or glazing. A soft, earthy rust color, it is imbued with a sense of quietude and age.

I am holding a pot in my hand. It is no ordinary pot, but one made about 1,000 years ago. It was a gift from my grandmother. I am first impressed by its wonderful condition – it is in perfect condition, without any cracks or chips to mar its line, nor markings on its surface. How could it have passed through so many ages without breaking, I wonder. Second, I find it very impressive that ancient craftsmen could create such a beautifully simple shape. When I pick it up, I feel a very utilitarian shape, and a smooth texture, one that I assume was achieved from being used again and again by hundreds of people for a millennium in time. When I smell the pot, it is like smelling the earth. I look at it, the faded pinkish color of the surface, the color of human skin, along with the slight stain on it that was probably made by many years of use. It all just intrigues me. All of those impressions transport me through time, beyond a thousand years, connecting the potter, his family, and the society of that time to myself. The pot is timeless, no matter when it
was created, it speaks out to the holder.

This experience made me start to think about “time.” Even though there are a thousand years distance between me and the potter, we can still connect through the pot, as long as I touch and feel it. For me, until I saw this pot, time was an objective phenomenon, as other people normally think of it. That is, time does not go backward, only forward. But in this moment when I touched and felt this wonderful pot, “time” in my mind travels back and forth, disregarding the minute hand of the watch which marks the real passage of time in the present and relentlessly toward the future.

One of my prints for my thesis exhibition, I printed hundred times with multiple colors and images on each time, and the other print has only few layered colors and images, but they were held at the same space at the same time, and were also mysteriously harmonized together. I intended to put together those prints made of different time, different colors, different layers, but also made of the same technical process. Each print’s history is unique by the subtle color difference, and composition of the central dot image, but they are also all similar in the soft color and the dot images.
CHAPTER TWO

EYE: Stabismus

Artist’s Statement on Medical Condition

That Affects Own Artwork

“In optics, defocus is the one aberration familiar to nearly everyone who has ever needed eyeglasses or used a camera, microscope, telescope, or binoculars. It simply means “out of focus.” Optically, defocus refers to a translation along the optical axis away from the plane or surface of best focus. In general, defocus reduces the sharpness and contrast of the image. What should be sharp, high-contrast edges in a scene become gradual transitions. Fine detail in the scene is blurred or even becomes invisible. Nearly all image-forming optical devices incorporate some form of focus adjustment to minimize defocus and maximize image quality.” ¹

¹ Defocus aberration, Wikipedia:
When I look at objects, I have a hard time capturing what I see because of my cross-eyed condition. Every object that I try to see gets doubled. Obscure and ambiguously dizzy images appear before my eyes – images that I can barely define. When I try to focus on what I am looking at, the muscles of my eyes must exert three times the focusing energy of people with ordinary vision. Thus, the result is that I often and easily have severe headaches. In short, my visual perception of the world is out of focus. My current art work strives to capture that moment of vision that I perceive in the infinitesimal blink of an eye. What I am trying to represent is this blurred and undefined ‘landscape’ that is captured within the moment of a blink. The idea of the ‘present moment’ has always been a basic concept of my art. The Japanese proverb, “A moment is in everything, and everything is in a moment,” in a most Zen spirit, captures this heartfelt condition of both my physical and spiritual worlds.

As a printmaker I am interested in the moment of the transfer of an image from block to paper. Like my blinking eye, each layer mysteriously appears in a single print at the moment when the facing surfaces become attached together by pressure. One cannot actually see this transfer, and all the intense, frenetic prior activity, both physical and mental, disappears in this moment of pressure. I feel a sense of great relief, ephemeral and eternal at the same moment. I am one with my art.
Medical aspects of my work and eye condition

“Esotropia is a form of strabismus, or "squint", in which one or both eyes turns inward. The condition can be constantly present, or occur intermittently, and can give the affected individual a "cross-eyed" appearance. Esotropia is sometimes erroneously called "lazy eye", which describes the condition of amblyopia—a reduction in vision of one or both eyes that is not the result of any pathological lesion of the visual pathway and cannot be resolved by the use of corrective lenses. Amblyopia can, however, arise as a result of esotropia occurring in childhood: In order to relieve symptoms of diplopia or double vision, the child's brain will ignore or "suppress" the image from the esotropic eye, which when allowed to continue untreated, will lead to the development of amblyopia. Treatment options for esotropia include glasses to correct reflective errors (see accommodative esotropia below), the use of prisms and/or orthoptic exercises and/or eye muscle surgery.

Accommodative esotropia is often seen in patients with moderate amounts of hyperopia. The hyperope, in an attempt to "accommodate" or focus the eyes, converges the eyes as well, as convergence is associated with activation of the accommodation reflex. The over-convergence associated with the extra accommodation required to overcome a hyperopic refractive error can precipitate a loss of binocular control and lead to the development of estropia.”

“Microtropia: A small-angled (usually less than 6-8 X in angle) inconspicuous

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August 16, 2011
strabismus which is not usually detected by cover test, either because the deviation is too small or because the angles of abnormal retinal correspondence and eccentric fixation coincide with the angle of deviation. There is usually amblyopia in the deviated eye and there may also be anisometropia. The patient with this condition displays nearly normal binocular vision without symptoms. Management usually consists of correcting the refractive error.”

The average length of a blink is 300-400 milliseconds

My stabismus condition is also astigmatic. When I see an object, it appears as a double image, and there is a gap between left and right object. But when I blink, each time, the gap changes without any kind of consistency. Then I started thinking, “When I see something, the same thing, it looks subtly different with each blink, as if the thing was transformed into something different. What is this?” I thought that, “The objective world exists outside of my body. No matter I live or die, Time keeps going on, but that world that I see, slightly changes every second, with every blink. “

When I used to do drawing, I had a complex about my double vision, because I could not depict a single object precisely, as my eyes could not focus on it correctly. But at the same time, I was fascinated by the mysterious world behind my eye condition. When I see things, my vision would capture an object’s colors, rather than its shape, which...
usually seems more blurred and made me a little dizzy to focus on it.

All images of the 15 prints for my thesis exhibition seem ambiguously blurry because they reflected my eyes’ condition. And also, colors of each print are similarly subtle and neutral.
CHAPTER THREE

Printmaking

Printmaking is based on the application of a huge amount of power in the pressing of an image already present on a surface against paper, which then results in the image being transferred onto paper. In a moment, when the surface of the image transfers to the surface of a sheet of paper, there is always great pressure. Thus, this kind of distinctive technique, characteristic of this art form, totally separates “printmaking” as a medium from “printing.”

Another particular feature of printmaking is its “physicality.” When one surface gets pressed to another surface, there is a huge power application that occurs between the surfaces. We cannot really see the power in the moment of printing, but there are always some traces of the power applied that is left on the paper, such as breakthrough ink, plate marks, and light or deep wrinkles, all of them residual proof of the power of the pressure that had been applied to the tooth of the paper fibers. For instance, the color of the ink used for lithographic printing seems apparently quite different before and after printing. The color of the ink becomes approximately 0.5 to 1.5 time darker because the ink is not just applied on the surface, but penetrates deeply into the paper, a phenomenon caused by the application of great pressure in the printmaking process.
My fundamental concept of “being” and art is, “Everything is in a moment, a moment is in everything.” Nothingness is the opposite of existence, but they also come together. But they are still different factors, retaining their individual identities. The theory of \textit{Ku}, “Emptiness” transcends confrontation or the opposition between existence and nothingness. Ku is exemplified by this saying, “If There is anything, there is anything. If there is nothing, there is nothing.” It includes everything, and even affirms denial.\footnote{Nakamura, Hajime \textit{Nakamura hajime senshū.} 22, \textit{Kū no ronnri} Tokyo: Shun-ju-sha, 1994, pg. 75}

In my works, after printing a hundred layers of colors with spinning images, some images of the unseen appears, while some “already seen images disappear. I used a rather milky color for my prints. Then I printed on the same paper a hundred times. In the first few layers, colors seem more obvious and vivid, but during the process, the colors gets mixed together, and becomes much more ambiguous, a sort of colorless color. What happened was that the various distinct colors disappeared into the hundred colors but at the same time, a subtle three-dimensional depth of color and spin images that were made by the hundred layers appeared. I realized the printing process follows the concept of “Ku”, “everything is here; everything is gone.”

“Everything is in a moment, a moment is in everything.\footnote{Nakamura, Hajime \textit{Nakamura hajime senshū.} 22, \textit{Kū no ronnri} Tokyo: Shun-ju-sha, 1994, pg. 75}
CHAPTER FOUR

Influencing Artists

There are five artists who have directly influenced the development of my own work, resulting in abstract print art. There are six figures, themselves infused with Buddhist Zen concepts, who share my interest in Zen art: Hideo Kobayashi, Warren Mackenzie, James Turrel, Iida Shoichi, John Cage, a musician, and Hajime Nakamura.

Hideo Kobayashi (April 11, 1902 – March 1, 1983)

Japanese author

“There is no beauty of a flower, but there is just a beautiful flower.”

Hideo Kobayashi is a Japanese author, who established literary criticism as an independent art form in Japan. He said, “There is no beauty of a flower, but there is just a beautiful flower. Beauty has the power to make people silent. This is the fundamental power beauty owns, and its basic quality. To understand art is nothing else but experiencing to put up with the silence.” Kobayashi’s articles on Japanese and Western literature were written with an intuitive perception based on his lifelong concept of
“Emptiness.” Kobayashi had an artist’s view of life as something transient and empty. During his years of writing, he became thirsty for something, not intellectually conceptual, but purely perceptual. So although he was a writer, from the late 1930s to the late 1950s, Kobayashi had become obsessed with collecting Japanese and Korean pots, to the extent of neglecting writing articles on literature. These antique pots fascinated him not only for their beautiful form, which was molded and glazed in the old-style craftsmanship, but also for their acquired beauty. These ceramic pieces had acquired a special sheen, having passed through the ages, and being used for a hundred years or more. Kobayashi didn’t just collect ceramic pots, but also used them in his everyday life.

Relationship to myself:

Like Kobayashi’s stance on writing, which was not planned by researching books or preparing intellectual structures, my work is also intuitive, improvisational, and unpredictable. Kobayashi says, “With beauty, there is power that makes the viewer silent. This is a fundamental power that beauty has, and it is part of its basic element. Thus, real understanding of art is to go through the experience of art appreciation, being patient with the silence.” When the silence comes, every sound gets interrupted. “Ma” happens between sound and sound. “Ma” is a Japanese term that has many synonyms, many meanings, such as “emptiness”, “moment”, “space”, and “between.”

The concept of Time is deeply ingrained in my art works. In developing my artwork of my thesis exhibition, everyday I would continue using the same procedure.
Based upon using the same printing technique each time, I would slightly alter the results by changing the use of colors. Also although I sued the same technique of making circles on each sheet of paper with a bamboo brush spun by a drill gun, the results would necessarily be random. At once similar while paradoxically each one being unique. By the end of this ongoing process of repetition, I had made about seventy-five prints. They are all the result of the daily printing project of repetition and uniqueness. For example, one print has just a few layers of colors with circles, while another has a hundred colors and circles.

Warren Mackenzie  (b. February 16, 1924 )
Potter, Professor Emeritus of Ceramic Art at the University of Minnesota
Mingei Art: craft of the ordinary man

In an interview, Mackenzie describes his ceramic works as “functional pots.” He comments, “I think people in the Midwest understand better what my works are for, because they use my pots for their daily life, but people in the East or on the West Coast think that my works are more artistic, not utilitarian but appreciated as collective items.”

Mackenzie studied with Bernard Leach, the famous “Japanese” potter, from 1949 to 1952. His simple, wheel-thrown functional pottery is heavily influenced by the Oriental aesthetics of Hamada Shoji and Kawai Kanjiro, who were original members of the important “Mingei” (Japanese folk art) movement.
The philosophical pillar of “Mingei” is in its meaning of being “hand-crafted art of ordinary people.” Yanagi Sōetsu, the founder of the Mingei Movement, discovered beauty in ordinary, everyday and utilitarian objects that were created by nameless and unknown craftsmen. According to Yanagi, utilitarian objects made by the common people are “beyond beauty and ugliness.”

Below are some of the criteria of classification of mingei art and crafts:

1. Made by anonymous craftsmen.
2. Produced by hand in large quantities (rather than being one-of-a-kind works).
3. Inexpensive.
4. Used by the general populace (rather than being exclusive to high society).
5. Functional in daily life.
6. Representative of the region in which it was produced

Mackenzie is attributed with bringing the Japanese “Mingei” style of pottery to Minnesota. Thus, his work is fondly referred to as the "Mingeisota style. Mackenzie is a prolific creator. From the early 1950s, he has made more than 3000 pots every year. Creating literally tons of pots for over 60 years has made him less intentional as he works. He just feels the clay by his hands and creates spontaneously. MacKenzie has described his goal as the making of "everyday" pots. Accordingly, although his pots are found in major museums and command high prices among collectors, MacKenzie has always kept his prices low and for various time periods in the 1970s and again during most of the decade of the year 2000, did not sign his work. Recently, at the end of 2009, he resumed the use of his chop to sign his works. Most of his output is produced in stoneware, although he has worked in porcelain at times during his career.
Mackenzie said,

“I love old Japanese and Korean pots, because they show the beauty of organic form, handmade without excessive elaboration, rather than showing high skilled craftsmanship, which is perfectly formed or shaped.”

These old ceramic wares that he loves were made by unknown potters, pure craftsmen, and those bowls or jars were used by ordinary people in their everyday life. Mackenzie found beauty in the ordinary pots, not highly decorated, but such simple forms without pretense. He said, “My favorite pots are those that have allowed me to discover their surprises and hidden beauty only after many years of daily life.”

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Process, losing intention, and working on it without conscious effort

Mackenzie’s influence on me was in his continuing practice of making pots, and the modest attitude of the creation process, which is not to show himself off, but just the purity of making ordinary, daily functional, and just pretty pots. Mackenzie’s creativity in his pots deeply related to people as they were able to use his inexpensive, but pretty ceramic works in daily life. His modesty made me consider the relationship between my

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work and viewers. For my show, I tried to set up my gallery space as less decorative, but more quiet, and a purely simple arrangement in which people could concentrate on just “seeing.” I believe that the relationship between the viewer and my works could be developed more strongly by this action, of purely “seeing.”

Shoichi Iida  (September 13, 1941 – June 5, 2006)

Surface is “between.”

Printmaking is a way of thinking about between (emptiness?)

Iida Shoichi’s art involves a melding of Eastern traditions with a truth to materials common to Western Minimalism. The link between the two is nature. Iida has for many years worked on a series titled, "Surface is the Between," about which he explained in an interview published in the Hara Museum Review, Spring, 1987, the following:

The "Surface" can be the paper or canvas or whatever; it is the point of contact between me and the ideas I am working on or the other materials I am working with. Or, an easier way to understand this might be to say that while we are talking now, there is a space between us where communication takes place. That space is important to appreciate — but you can't really see it, it's just air. You can't see the wind either, but if you look at the branches of a tree moving, you can see the force of the wind. Through my work I try to make invisible phenomena visible by showing the point of contact. I have sought to create something with a sense of
tension rather than something beautiful. I have been standing by, watching and waiting, without adopting any simple aesthetic format (between surface and surface, point and point).\textsuperscript{7}

The Surface is “between.”

Printmaking is a way of thinking about “between-ness” (emptiness?)

A friend of Iida had visited the Straits of Dover and brought him back a stone, which Iida placed on a piece of paper. Some years later, when he had almost forgotten about it, he lifted the stone from the paper. The paper bore an imprint from the weight of the stone. With this, Iida noticed that surfaces are constantly changing and became fascinated with the relationship between vertical and horizontal zones. Surfaces are in constant change, he realized, because they exist in the interval between one thing and another. Prints are the medium that bears this out most clearly. The surface of the paper onto which the printing plate is pressed exists in the interval between the plate and the paper. The printed work arises from application of vertical force, and in that very moment, the area that was in-between becomes the surface of the work.

As a printmaker, I understand Ida’s strong curiosity of the sense of between and surface. For me, printmaking is a complex medium combining very carefully planed processes and phenomena, with totally unpredictable results. Even with a great basis of

\footnote{Shoichi Ida, Bellas Artes: http://www.bellasartesgallery.com/ida_bio.html July 14, 2011}
knowledge and the skills of printmaking, one could barely predetermine what kind of image will result after it’s pressed. During the time when an image is printed by pressured inks, you cannot perfectly know what is really happening, and also you can hardly guess whether or not you would be happy or very disappointed with the results.

James Turrell  (b. May 6, 1943)
American Installation Artist

James Turrell seems to suggest that the extraordinary qualities of art align the art world with the uncommon aspects of a religious experience: both can involve enlightenment. In such terms, the traditions of Zen Buddhism are also relevant to Turrell’s work. During the late 1960s, he was personally involved with Zen and practiced meditation. Melinda Wortz in her discussion of Turrell, asks an important rhetorical question about the perception of his light works, particularly the “Space Division” pieces: “How can we reconcile what we are seeing-density, substance, fullness-with what our intellect tells us- that space is empty, not full?” Her answer is couched in Zen Buddhist terms:

Oriental mystics have less difficulty reconciling contradictory opposites.

Indeed, a Major goal of Zen training is to bring about a direct experience that fuses dualistic concepts such as forms and emptiness.
She then quotes Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki:

The highest stage of Buddhist experience is reached when a man comes to realize that things are devoid of a self-substance [form] or that they are not after all final, irreducible realities.... Reality as it is, or Mind in itself, is also called the suchness (tathata) or sameness (samata) of things, as herein are unified all forms of antithesis [i.e., form and formlessness] which constitute our actual world of sense and logic.

Although Turrell’s relationship with such ideas is direct, his opinions about the influence of Eastern thinking on his art are qualified in much the way they are expressed in regard to Quakerism. Zen Buddhism is more a concurrent interest than a source for his art work. As with generalized approaches such as “greeting the light,” he sometimes uses Zen vocabulary and refers to his works as “visual koans.” He also expresses an interest in creating a quality of “wordless thought” in his light images. The desire for nonverbal insight is not wholly unrelated to Zen and its intuitive search for the realization of truth through meditation.

At the end of January, 2007, I first saw Turrell’s work, “Blue Planet Sky,” also known as “Turrell no Heya” or ”Turrell’s Room” (in Japanese), at The 21st Century Museum of Contemporary Art, Kanazawa. It had a profound impression on me, the subtle utilization of nature in space and time, something that I also attempted in my own exhibition. At Turrell’s exhibition, when I entered a square room surrounded by bleak gray walls that reminded me a funeral hall, I perceived light, and looked up to the sky, framed in a rectangular hole in the center of the ceiling. The light was daylight. This also
made me feel like I tripped into another world, because I could see the sky, but it was framed like a big screen at a movie theater. And inside of the room it was so quiet though I could see the sky, which is also unusual because when I looked up to the sky from right under it, I was transported to the outside and heard some sounds, people talking, birds singing, car driving, and wind blowing. But this silent room made me feel as if I had been transported to a totally different space.

I was amazed how the big sky landscape in the frame moved silently, and ever so slightly. Although the space was the same, and sky was continuously being viewed right above my head, the impressions that I got from seeing the shifting landscape were all different. Turrell created the natural phenomenon based on nature. What I did for my thesis exhibition was also to create natural phenomenon, although my images with multiple colors were printed on paper, and those prints were displayed in a gallery space. It was not quite the creation developed by natural resources as Turrell had set up.

Turrell describes his installation works as virtual reality, but this reality is not like the information one receives from a TV screen. It is more like shadows, transporting your image, like a daydream that you saw, remaining in your brain and transmitted to other people’s brains at the same time.

Prints for my thesis exhibition were displayed horizontally, and they were equally 5 prints held on each of three walls. When you look at each print next to next, you see very similar, but also subtly different nuanced colors and uniquely arranged dots, like sifting layout of frames. Even though you already passed the last one, and are looking the next, color of the last print still remains in your visual perception, melts into the next by next all colors are finally consolidate as one cohesive language as if you
perceive color in the air. This is my definition of the natural phenomenon occurred in my exhibition.

John Cage (September 5, 1912 – August 12, 1992)
Artist, Music composer

Cage came relatively late to producing artwork, although he had been in contact with the art world since the late 30s – most significantly, in the 50s and 60s, when there was a strong bond between the ‘New York School’ of Music and Abstract Expressionist painting. Although Cage started painting in his youth, he gave it up in order to concentrate on music instead. Since chance procedures were used by Cage to eliminate the composer's and the performer's likes and dislikes from music, Cage disliked the concept of improvisation, which is inevitably linked to the performer's preferences. However, in a number of works beginning in the 1970s, he found ways to incorporate improvisation. In “Child of Tree” (1975) and “Branches” (1976) the performers are asked to use certain species of plants as instruments, for example the cactus. The structure of the pieces is determined through the chance of their choices, as is the musical output; the performers had no knowledge of the instruments. In “Inlets” (1977) the performers play large water-filled conch shells - by carefully tipping the shell several times, it is possible to achieve a bubble forming inside, which produced sound. Yet, as it is impossible to predict when this would happen, the performers had to continue tipping the shells - as a result the performance was dictated by pure chance.
Cage’s first mature visual project, “Not Wanting to Say Anything About Marcel,” dates from 1969. The work is comprised of two lithographs and a group of what Cage called “plexigrams”: silkscreen printing on plexiglass panels. The panels and the lithographs all consist of bits and pieces of words in different typefaces, all governed by chance operations.

He later credited Abstract Expressionism, and the work of his great forebear, Marcel Duchamp, with showing him the possibility of an uncentered work of art determined by the chance of a moment. The earliest prints exhibited here were made in 1969 in response to Duchamp’s death: the influence of Robert Rauschenberg’s late 1950s screenprints is evident in the pile-up and layering of visual data, but they seem undeveloped in comparison to the later works on display. Nonetheless, they give a good indication of how Cage would redeploy the aleatory techniques he had used for so long in composition in visual art. The purest and most fascinating manifestation of that approach is the smoke drawings, prints and paintings. Cage or his students would hold paper over a fire just long enough to leave the surface dappled with carbon, the hand of the flame leaving patterns more complex, more delicate, than any human intervention could create. To these, Cage generally added very little, though what he did generally enhances the finished work; the aquatint series, “Stones” and watercolor series, “River Rocks and Smoke” reveal an inordinate richness in austere gestures – a brushstroke describes a stone’s contours, thin smears of colour hanging in an emptiness that, like the silence at the heart of 4’33”, is never empty but buzzes with a life distant from the Western conception, of strife and activity.

Between 1979 and 1982, Cage produced a number of large series of prints:
“Changes and Disappearances” (1979–80), “On the Surface” (1980–82), and “Déreau” (1982). These were the last works in which he used engraving.[89] In 1983, he started using various unconventional materials such as cotton batting, foam, and so on, and then used stones and fire, in such works as Eninka, Variations, Ryoanji, to create his visual works. From 1988 to 1990, he produced watercolors at the Mountain Lake Workshop. The only film Cage produced was one of the “Number Pieces, One11,” commissioned by composer and film director, Henning Lohner who worked with Cage to produce and direct the 90-minute monochrome film. It was completed only weeks before his death in 1992. “One11” consists entirely of images of chance-determined plays of electric light. It premiered in Cologne, Germany, on September 19, 1992, accompanied by the live performance of the orchestra piece.

For Cage, as for so many postwar artists, the garden of the Rinzai Zen Buddhist temple, Ryoanji was an important source of inspiration. Its apparent randomness and its emptiness of anything but gravel and a few rocks appealed to him. Ryoanji contains fifteen stones. Cage used fifteen stones in composing his own Ryoanji series of etchings, drawings, and music, the same fifteen each time.

For graphite drawing in one of his Ryoanji series, Cage would place each stone on the paper, its location determined by chance, and trace around it a certain number of times, also determined by chance, until the paper carried the tremulous images of all fifteen stones. Their shapes overlapped. Cage liked that, for, at Ryoanji, “the stones are arranged in such a way that there appears to be thirteen there, but in actuality there are fifteen.” In the end, this meditative process was all about perspective between the Ryoanji Garden and its stones, the relationship between the mind and its objects, and the
mutable, elusive nature of both.8

Although I intentionally prepared how my process of printing would result to be, I would also intentionally leave some possibilities would be appeared by themselves in the process. I used be struggle how I was easily restricted by rules of printmaking processes, considering filling ink, making right pressure, setting up perfect registration with border of a image, signing my signature and edition number etc. When I visited Ryoanji garden, I was highly impressed by how the fifteen stones were randomly, but also rightly arranged in a carpet of little stones because I could see some beauty of phenomenon as “letting things go” in the highly sensitive consideration by the anonymous artist, and it’s also related Cages idea “Let things to be free.” For prints of my thesis exhibition, I used just a one block, repeatedly rolled hundred color inks on it, left hundred spinning images created by a bamboo brush with Sumi-ink, inserted a drill gun, and printed hundred paths for each time. After printing more and more colors on a paper, some indefinable color showed up, that I would never expect, I had never seen before, and spinning image also ended up with more depth of layers on layers. That is a beauty of uncontrol, which I learned from Cage.

A stream, as it flows under the water, rolls, and burnishes a stone day by day, and little by little, the shape finally gets rounded into an oval or circle. The shape of the stone shows how long the water has passed over it. Even though the substance has changed, the stone is just here, because there is no substance. For me, a stone is symbolic of the space between abstraction and reality, going back and forth. Time just passes; once it’s

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Nakamura Hajime was a scholar of Sanskrit and Pali, and among his many writings are commentaries on Buddhist scriptures. He is most well-known in Japan as the first person to translate the entire *Pali Tripitaka* into Japanese. This work is still considered as the definitive translation against which later translations are measured. The footnotes in his Pali translation often refer to other previous translations in German, English, and French as well as ancient Chinese translations of Sanskrit scriptures.

Because of his meticulous approach to translation he had a dominating and lasting influence on the study of Indian Philosophy in Japan at a time when this field was establishing itself at major Japanese universities. Nakamura also indirectly influenced the secular scholastic study of Buddhism throughout East and South Asia, especially Taiwan, Korea, Japan and recently China. China is the only area in which all major scriptural languages of Buddhism (Chinese, Tibetan, Sanskrit and Pali) are taught and studied by scholars of Indic Philosophy. Existence and Nothingness are opposites, but also equal, and thus are inseparable. Nakamura Hajime writes:

Does the “human-self” exist? This question has been the biggest issue from ancient times, how to confirm the human-self. General philosophers in India have accepted the concept of the human-self, in *atman* (innermost
in Sanskrit), but the teachings of Dharma denies it. In the human conscience, there has been acceptance of the consciousness of human existence, saying “I am here,” but it does not prove that the self exists, and also it is just considered as a vision. According to the teachings of Dharma, Bonno (Klesha in Sanskrit, “worldly desire” in English) occurs in the human mind because human beings are obsessed with the concept of self. Therefore, consciousness of a self-existence must be denied in order for the teaching to be true, because it would create self-obsession. Also in the teachings of Buddhism, substance is denied.9

Here is an example of a Tanka (traditional Japanese poetry form, which consists of five stanzas), that expresses this Principle of Buddhism:

Clapping hands,
The carp hear “feeding”,
birds fly away,
the maid is called for tea,
at the Sarusawa Pond.

A single action evokes these various reactions depending upon the listener’s own conditions and situations, or state of mind. Everything in the world is perceived differently because of differences in the receiver’s consciousness, depending on how they

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9 Nakamura, Hajime, Indo shiso no shomondai
Tokyo: Shunjusha, Showa 42 [1967]
are conceptualized. This idea is called “yuishiki” in Japanese (“VijJapti”=”maatrataa” , “Yogacara” in Sanskrit; “Yoga practice” in English), which emphasizes phenomenology and ontology through the interior lens of meditative and yoga practice.

Making prints for my thesis exhibition, I used the same woodblock, printed the same color with a spinning image on 100 papers for each path. But all prints are uniquely different because some of them I left only few layers, and others I left 10 to 100 layers. And also spin images created by sumi-inking bamboo brush with a drill gun resulted different images each time because each spin made various appearances with the black splashes and the circular images. This means to me “a single action evokes various reaction.”

Time passes, things change in this every single second, they come and go as long as I am here right now.

I believe, even after I die, the world that other people live in will still continue to be because the world exists as much as people who live. The most important thing is that I live in this moment, presence, and this moment I live is everything.
CHAPTER FIVE

SATOSHI TAKAHIRA

MFA THESIS EXHIBITION “Portrait”

October 24th through 29th, 2010

A. Gallery Description

1. Layout

When you come into the gallery, on the left wall, there is large letter stating my artist’s statement, and right next to it, there is a grayish white label with the title of this exhibition: “Portrait.”

There is a wall in center of the middle of the gallery space, which is 24feet, 11 inches long. It is placed horizontally alligned to the back wall and parallel to the front window, a wall of glass facing east towards the interior of the Department of Art and Art History first floor. The outside of the gallery is rather dimly lit, due to the large bamboo forest growing there. There are five prints arranged to hang on the back wall, another five prints on one side of the middle wall, and the other side of the wall also has five prints against the front window. In total there are fifteen prints hanging in the small gallery space. Basically there are three parallel walls upon which my art prints are hung, five on each wall.

2. Hanging
Each print is attached to the wall simply by the use of acid-free tape. The scale of each of the prints are almost the same dimension, at 46”x40” long, except for five prints on the inside middle wall against the back wall, which are 36”x30” in size. All the prints were hung at the height of five feet, adhered in the center of the print using a circle that was imprinted on each print as the guide mark. Regardless of the scale or size, whether 36”x 30” or 46”x40”, each print’s image is generally the same: a singular dot on the surface placed in the middle of the print with subtle, and multiple layers of color. There are five exceptions that hang on the wall facing the window. These have different appearances, different positioning of dots or multiple arrangements of plural dots.

3. Lighting

Since all of the colors on each print are very subtle, direct lighting on each print must be avoided. Rather, weak illumination provided by the slanting rays of light from a beam of light that is high above at a diagonal angle, focusing little upon the prints is ideal. In other words, sensitive, subtle, indirect lighting is necessary to view the subtle color variations and differences and patterns of each print.

4. Views: Inside / Outside

From the outside, the five prints on the wall facing the window are obvious to viewers, without entering the gallery. The exhibition title, “Portrait” with my name on the sidewall connecting the front door and the back wall, and the five prints on the back wall are also seen diagonally, obliquely. Inside the gallery, most viewers started their
experience by looking at the internal space, those prints hung on the back wall or on the side wall facing the back wall. The internal space between the two walls is much more meditative, calm, quiet, and little darker compared to the location of the prints installed on the front wall facing outside. Of course those prints hung facing the outside show easily through the window, and present a more lively viewing for the public. The prints facing outside also reflects on the window from inside of the gallery, and the reflected images also creates another “between” space, besides the space between the back and the central walls, five prints on the each wall facing, that enhances visual efficacy of the illusional mystery.

5. Night versus Day: Visual Impressions

The time of the day impacts the prints, adding a very subtle dimension of time, space and light. As I mentioned previously, the physical setting of the gallery evokes a sense of calmness and quietness as the tall bamboo forest just outside and adjacent to the gallery provides not only shade and dappled light, but soft acoustical moods with the winds gently rustling the leaves of the large bamboo grove. In the morning, from about nine to eleven, natural daylight slightly illuminated the prints against the back wall. Daytime is probably the best time for the presentation of the show. Daylight didn’t diminish the subtle colors, but reflected on the prints evenly, equally, and any shadows or illumination that came through the window didn’t overpower the prints.

At night, however, the shadow of the margins of the window fell over the prints on the wall facing the window. This shadow was a distraction to the works, negating the subtle coloring and patterns of the prints.
Concept: The Philosophical Nexus

My prints shows blur, double visioned, slightly shifted colored images, and they are based on the sense of vanity of life, but it’s not just Zen style like, but also result reflected from more practical sense of my perspective for Japanese society as inconsistent society that I have seen the rise of the economic nation and the decline aftermath.

Of course I was highly influenced in my life’s outlook by my chance meeting with the two old men in the cave, but other factors have directed my outlooks well. I have come to realize that the environment of my age, my generation caused my work to become introspective, silent, modest, personal, and meditative, instead of one that expresses strong opinions or sensational messages of political or social involvement.

Kyo-ga totemo tanoshi-ito       Today is very enjoyable.
asumo kitto tanoshikute        Then surely, tomorrow will be too.
sonna hi ga tuzuiteku...       I hope such days continue on...

Ayumi Hamasaki: “SEASON”

This is one phrase of a song from the Japanese pop singer, Ayumi Hamasaki. Even though I don’t really like her songs and the culture of a pop singer icon, I still have some sympathy with the contents of the song, being of the same generation. This ordinary pop

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10 Ayumi Hamasaki-LIVE-Seasons, Youtube: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TnBUAWJgYHU  December 1, 2011
love song made me aware of the huge gap in social awareness of different generations, the gap between my age and the age before us. Our generation, born 1980 through 1985 in Japan, is called the “Lost Generation.” Mainly growing up during the 1980s to early 2000s, we have lived through the peak of an economic boom turned into bust in the well-developed economic “bubble” society and the aftermath of its disintegration in Japan.

In May of 1997, a 14-year-old boy was arrested for the status of murder of a 12-year-old boy. The criminal choked the boy’s neck until his death, cut the head off with a saw, and left it on the pole of a gate at the nearby elementary school. Before his arrest, he sent a letter to a local newspaper company. In his letter, one phrase shocked me because I felt some strange sympathy with his statement when I read it, even though I totally couldn’t understand his irregularly cruel murder. The phrase said, “I am transparent, thus I want you be aware of my existence, even just for a little moment in this time.”

At the time, I was just so exhausted being alive after I dropped out of school. It was overwhelming to be exposed to prejudice from teachers, old classmates and my family. They told me it was only “practical sense” to go to school, in other words, schooling was necessary to survive in society. When I listened to that song, I felt exactly the same sympathy as I did for the 14-year-old boy’s statement:

“Kyo-ga totemo tanoshikute” (Today is very joyful),

“asumo kitto tanoshikatta” (Tomorrow should also be joyful)

“son-na higa tuzuiteku...” (I hope such days continue on…)
After I started writing my thesis, I have started struggling writing more about Zen that was based on my spiritually meditative experience with the two old men in the cave, and it had become my central topic of my artwork. By trying to remember my experience in the cave, and dig it up more deeply, I have also started doubting my experience of the two old men. I began to doubt whether they really existed though I am still sure that I had gone to the cave and spent time there for four years, from the morning till night. I could clearly remember the musty smell, the silent darkness, the coolness in the cave, the old men’s faces, voice, dirty clothing, and the large-boned hands. But in the fact, we were always there by ourselves, which means there were no others who could prove my experience. And also, it is too odd that I hadn’t known who they were, how they were there, and where they were from, during the four years.

Recently, I remembered that one-day local kindergarten students and teachers accidentally came into the cave. They all were frightened by us sitting there in front of a candlelight, but the gap here is the fact that I don’t remember, or just didn’t see how the two old men reacted, and that was only time that the others came into us. I thought that they were there whenever I went up there, but I don’t remember them when the other people showed up in front of us. After that, I have wondered if the old men were an illusion that I made up at the time, to fill up my empty blank mind, and to help myself put up with the overwhelming solitude of separating from the society that I used to belong to.

Now I assume that the overwhelming situation of being isolated from society, which I used to belong simple and without any doubts dropping out of school, made me build up two imaginary friends in the cave. However, the old men were beyond just friends: they were like my mentors as inspiring charismatic figures that I used to dream of studying
with. Yet I still don’t know how I learned by myself all wisdoms and concepts of
teaching of Dharma (way of Universe) that I believed I learned from the old men. But
whenever I think about it, one phrase of an anonymous ancient poem always crosses to
my mind, “Since he forget the hurt, he could continue to live.”

Disconnecting to the society ended up constantly questioning myself, “who am I?”
“Where am I?” and that has motivated me making artworks instead killing others though
the starting point as the inducement of the expression by the 14-year old boy and me is
almost the same.

In my thesis exhibition, I displayed 15 different layered prints by the same printing
process. During the process, the prints’ color started from simplicity of single or few
layered, but ended up complexity of many layers by printing hundred times one after
another. It’s also metaphor of my search of relationship between myself and the society I
once dropped out of. Single color is usually brighter, and more vivid, but the hundred-
printed color looks muddy, neutral, quieter, and inorganic. The circular image and color
started from single and simple, but after getting layer and layer by hundred times of
printing, they became ambiguous complexity, colors got muddily mixed, neutral and the
circular shape became more illusional depth. Paradoxically, I found that the process
seemed erasing old colors and images as much as I printed next by next. It somehow
went back to be simplicity after going through such a labor-intensive manner of the
printing process. And I also realized that the whole process shown on each print
resembled a process of my experience in the cave, confronting my nihilism of being out
of the society and loss of my identity, after encountering a hardship conflicting teachers,
friends, my family, and everything else in this world, besides myself. In my thesis exhibition, almost all images of the 15 prints are unique, but also have common features, dots printed in the central space of each print, which is also equalizes myself as metaphor. All prints are portraits of myself, and they show processes of developing color printed over one after another, from organic simplicity through inorganic complexity. After printing 100 colors, you almost cannot the fast single color that seems vanished, but there is very subtle but the trace still remained, and I think this is one of strengths about printmaking.

My parents’ generation was active in the 1960s, a time of social unrest. My mother, in particular, was involved in pro-Communist student activity, a rather radical movement in Japan in the 1960s. Since she was a pre-school teacher, there were many, hundreds of picture books for children on the book shelf in my house. However I always found some political books stuck beside them, written by Western or Eastern leaders of Communism, such as Karl Marx, Vladimir Lenin, Leon Trotsky, Mao Zedong, and Kenji Miyamoto (Postwar President of the Japanese Communism Party). Many young people of her age were aware of their own social existential crisis, not only in Japan, but in the world.

*Tomoyo, kono yami no mukou niwa*

(Comrade, beyond this deep darkness)

*Tomoyo kagayakeru ashitaga aru*

(Comrade, there is a glorious tomorrow)
Yoake wa chikai, yoake wa chikai

(The dawn is near, dawn is coming soon)

Tomoyo tatakai no hono-o wo moyaseyo”

(Comrade, let us burn the flame of the battle)

Nobuyasu Okabayashi & Tomoya Takaishi: “Tomoyo (Comrade)”

This song, composed by Nobuyasu Okabayashi and Tomoya Takaishi, who were both ironically post-war protest folk singers, was symbolic of its time, which typically influenced my mother’s generation involved in the disruptive Japanese student activity movement of the late 1960s.

In 1947, following World War II, the Constitution of the Nation of Japan was newly constructed by the American GHQ (General Headquarters), under the United States Government, lead by General Douglas MacArthur, as SCAP (Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers). As history well documents, MacArthur was given authority to exercise new Allied programs through the Japanese government machinery, including control and reorganization of the Japanese political system, and control of the Showa Emperor during the Allied Occupation of Japan.

Following the newly created Constitution, the Treaty of Mutual Cooperation and Security between the United States and Japan was signed in Washington DC in 1960. It

11 友よ / 岡林信康 / 高石友也, Youtube: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d-9Ciu4ciqY
June 7. 2009
served to strengthen Japan's ties to the West during the Cold War era. The treaty also included general provisions on the further development of international cooperation and on improved future economic cooperation between the two nations. Many young college students, who were also part of the post-war baby boomer generation, stated their opposition to the treaty, including the occupation by American military on Japanese soil:

Yutaka Ozaki: “Scramblin' Rock'n'Roll”

Jiyuu ni nari tku nai kai (Don’t you wanna be free?)
Atsuku nari tku wa nai kai (Don’t you wanna be stirred up?)
Jiyuu ni nritaku nai kai (Don’t you wanna be free?)
Omou you ni ikitaku wa nai kai (Don’t you wanna live how you want to?)
Jiyuu te ittai nan dai (What the hell is freedom anyway?)
Do-surya Jiyuu ni naru kai (What must I do to become free)
Jiyuu te ittai nan dai (What the hell is freedom anyway?!)
Kimi wa omou yo-ni ikite iru kai (Are you living how you want to?)

My older brother, five years older than myself, used to be obsessed listening to songs by Yutaka Ozaki, who was a charismatic figure for teenagers in the mid-1980s through the early 1990s. He also protested modern Japanese society, mainly, having extreme irritation and anger against adults who had become machines for society, who worked like robots and melting down, disintegrating, into ordinary daily life without any sensibilities. During this era, the Japanese economy expanded to its highest level ever, the

majority of Japanese citizens enjoyed an upper middle-class life, but they just seemed as well-fed people from Ozaki’s perspective. What makes Ozaki as a different protest singer from Okabayashi, or Takaishi, in the late 1960s to early 1970s, is that Ozaki’s critical statement of society was always based on his anxiety of being alone, but there weren’t any friends join his war. The lyrics of his songs always show his struggle and suspicion in connecting to others, which also tells that human relationships in modern society had become more and more difficult, although his solitude in society had evoked sympathy from so many young people at that time.

No matter if there was co-operation or one was alone, Okabayashi, Takaishi, and Ozaki still had something to say, and actively questioned modern society. But the words of Hamasaki’s song, like a personal diary opening, were words between “you and me,” a passive attitude towards ordinary daily life, found in the personal consciousness towards society. We Japanese witnessed a huge depression suffered by this society after the bubble burst, yet no one would take the risk of challenging this society. Why? Because we have seen that almost all young activists before our age have already done it, and always failed or compromised their values on the way. They were just absorbed back into society automatically, and finally just exploded as a part of it. We are just pieces of scum from the explosion. Therefore there is nothing to argue with this boring world since we are just transparent. That is how people of my age are called the “Lost Generation.”

In 1967, Japanese novelist, also known as turning to be an extreme nationalist in his later life, Yukio Mishima (January 14, 1925–November 25, 1970) contributed “25 years
of my insight” as 25th anniversary following the World War II. In the last sentence, he writes, “I assume that Japan will disappear, and instead, there will be empty, inorganic, neutral, intermediate color, wealthy, and a watchfully big economic power left at the corner of the Far East.”13 It was four years before his suicide committed at garrison of the Self-Defense Forces of Japan, after he entrenched on the garrison, kidnapped the general, and addressed a inflammatory speech in front of Self-Defense Forces Personnel, for leading them to pull off a coup for re-building Japanese nation, and it’s gone unsuccessfully.

Even with extremely radical development of postwar Japanese economy, Mishima had despaired how Japanese people had become soulless in exchange for their wealth as a gift of sifting to a highly systematized capitalistic nation.

Unlike Kenko Yoshida (1283 – 1350), Japanese author and Buddhist monk, who wrote “Tsurezuregusa” (Essays in Idleness) in 1330 and 1332, calmly detached from worldly things, “To sit alone in the lamplight with a book spread out before you, and hold intimate converse with men of unseen generations - such is a pleasure beyond compare,”14 my isolation from society was not based on an intellectual exercise in Zen philosophy as Yoshida chose to do, but due to what I perceived to be the inadequacy of modern society, and my conflict with what I perceived as its superficial values. So in other words, my “escape” was in actuality a personal inner search for self, and true meaning of my own existence.


The “Lost Generation” influence on my own psyche was heavily nihilistic, and I had nothing to live for in my future after I dropped out school, but later I could admit my nihilism in a positive way, and it has encouraged me to continue to live. According to the Zen philosophy of Emptiness, *kuu*, which says, Zen philosophy states that, “Everything (yuu) is nothing (muu), nothing (muu) is everything (yuu).” Paradoxically, because “emptiness” includes the whole spectrum of “everything” - “nothing” – “yuu – muu – kuu” at the same time, it encompasses all consciousness, from the material being to the spiritual negation of being. I am totally wrapped up in this philosophical nexus; it pervades my art in every aspect of its thought, development, execution and everything in between.

I believe, even after I die, the world that the other people live in will still continue to be because the world exists as much as people who live. The most important thing is that I live in this moment, presence, and this moment I live is everything.
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Author: Yukio Mishima; Jun Ishikawa; Shoishi Saeki  Publisher: 新潮社, Tokyo:
OCLC Number: 8429230  Description: 36 v. : ports. ; 20 cm.

Title: Essays in idleness; the Tsurezuregusa of Kenko.

Author: 吉田兼好; Kenko Yoshida  Publisher: New York: Columbia University Press,
Appendix

Prints from Exhibition

Plate 1
Plate 4
Plate 5

[Image of a painting with a central point and radial lines emanating outward, set against a pale background]
Plate 6
Plate 11