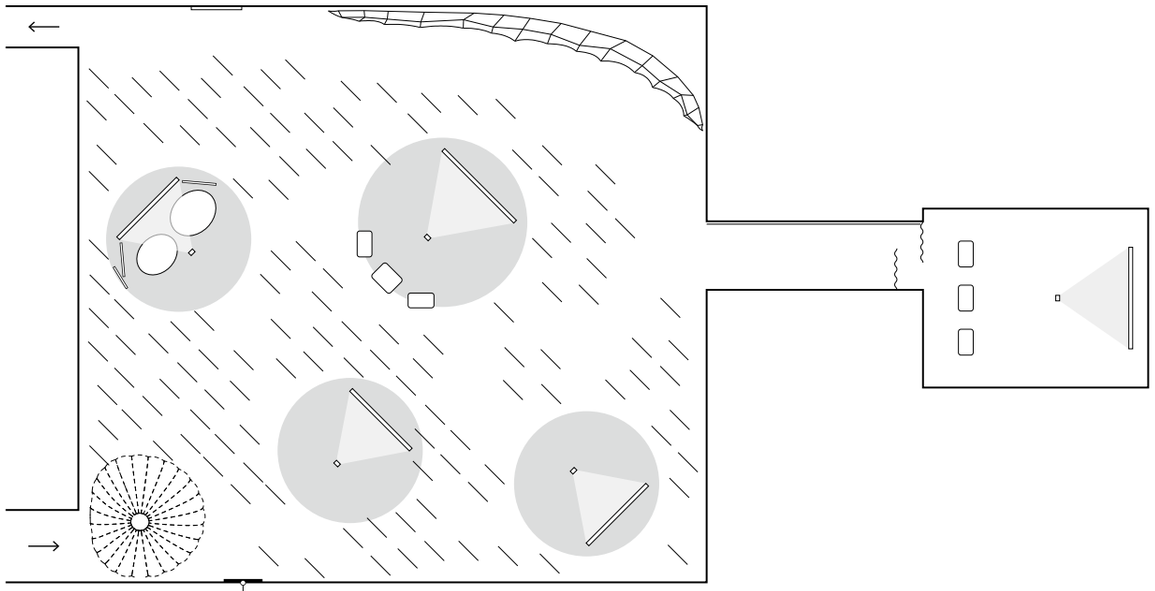
漂着

In the midst of

ARTIZON MUSEUM

6F

01 山城知佳子《Recalling(s)》
YAMASHIRO Chikako, *Recalling(s)*

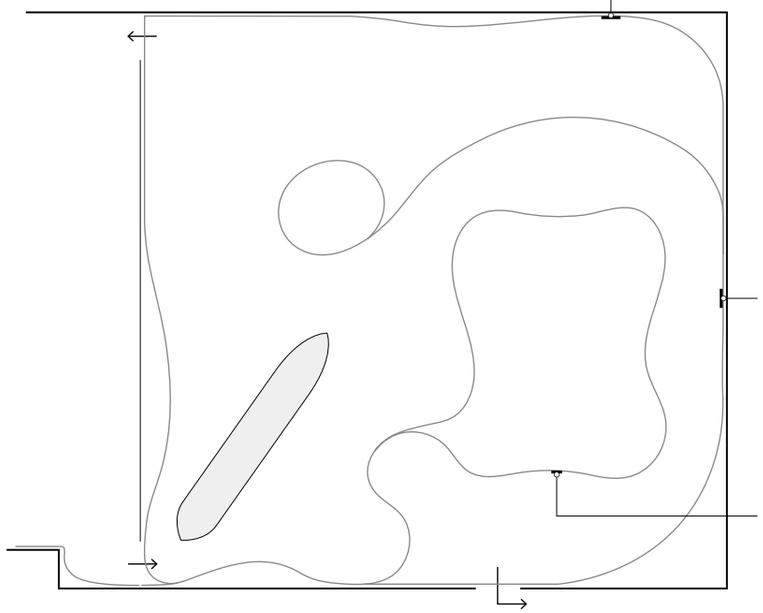


02 ジンジャー・ライリィ・マンドゥワラワラ《四人の射手》
Ginger Riley MUNDUWALAWALA, *The Four Archers*

5F

03 志賀理江子《なぬもかぬも》
SHIGA Lieko, *NANUMOKANUMO, Anything and Everything*

05 瀧口修造《無題》
TAKIGUCHI Shuzo, *Untitled*



04 ヘンリー・ムア《プロメテウスの頭部》
Henry MOORE, *Head of Prometheus*

06 アルベルト・ジャコメッティ《歩く人》
Alberto GIACOMETTI, *Walking Man*

着

ジャム・セッション
石橋財団コレクション × 山城知佳子 × 志賀理江子

Jam Session:
The Ishibashi Foundation Collection × YAMASHIRO Chikako × SHIGA Lieko

［会期］2025年10月11日–2026年1月12日
［会場］アーティゾン美術館
［主催］公益財団法人石橋財団アーティゾン美術館
［Exhibition period］October 11, 2025 – January 12, 2026
［Venue］Artizon Museum
［Organizer］Artizon Museum, Ishibashi Foundation

本展タイトル「漂着」は、外から流れ着くものと内から押し出されるものが交わる場を示す。その交わりの瞬間には秩序や物語がゆるみ、異なる要素が触れ合うことで新たな関係が生まれる。情報や経験が均質化されやすい現代において、「漂着」は揺らぎや変容の力を取り戻す比喩でもある。沖縄を拠点とする山城知佳子と、東北・宮城を拠点とする志賀理江子。地理的にも文化的にも異なる場に立つ二人は、それぞれ土地に刻まれた記憶や災害、移動や再生に向き合い表現を育んできた。二人の新作とコレクション作品が出会う会場は「漂着」の場となり、来場者は揺らぎの中に身を置き、変容の契機を体感するだろう。

The title of the exhibition in English *In the midst of* and *Hyochaku* in Japanese (漂着, literally 'drifting') evoke a place where things that have drifted in converge with things that have been cast out. At such moments, the established order and narrative loosen, and new relationships and meanings emerge through encounters with heterogeneous elements.

In today's society, the rapid circulation of information and images often reinforces the systematization and standardization of experience. *In the midst of* thus becomes a metaphor for recovering the subtle fluctuations and transformative forces that tend to be smoothed away. Based respectively in Okinawa and Miyagi, Yamashiro Chikako and Shiga Lieko have developed their practices by engaging with memories inscribed in the land, from disasters, migration, and regeneration. The exhibition space, where their new works intersect with pieces from the collection, becomes a site of "drifting," inviting visitors to immerse themselves in instability and to experience the potential for transformation.

凡例：
作品データは以下の順で記載。出品番号、作家名（生没年、山城と志賀を除く）、作品名、制作年、素材・技法、サイズ、所蔵。なお、都合により展示の内容および順番が異なる場合があります。

Notes:
Listed in the following order: Number, Artist Name (Dates of birth and death, except Yamashiro and Shiga), *Title*, Date, Technique/Material, Size, and Collection. Works of exhibits and the order of display may change.

発行日：2025年10月11日　Published on 11 October, 2025

公益財団法人石橋財団
アーティゾン美術館

MIX Paper FSC® C132616

01 山城知佳子
Recalling(s)

2025年、インスタレーション（6チャンネル映像、音響、布）
サイズ可変、作家蔵（本展新作）

山城の新作《Recalling(s)》は、父・達雄（1936–）の記憶を起点としつつも、それにとどまらず、沖縄に生きる人々の戦後史や体験、さらには沖縄に限らない戦争の痕跡と記憶を交錯させたインスタレーションである。幼少期に達雄氏がパラオ・アンガウル島へ向かう船上で体験した、鳥を指して沖縄の言葉で「とぅいや」と呼んだ際に、同船者から標準語へと「直された」出来事は、言語とアイデンティティの揺らぎを象徴する。同時にその出来事は、他の人々の語りとも重なり合う。達雄氏が幼少期に目にしたパラオの風景を再び見たいと願い、現在のパラオや劇場内をさまよう姿は、同じ時代を生きながら交わることのなかった人々の存在と記憶を回想の中で交差させる空間を生み出す。作品タイトルRecalling(s)は「思い出す／呼び戻す」を意味するrecallの現在分詞複数形に由来し、複数の記憶が循環し、交わりながら結晶化する運動を映像空間として立ち上げている。

6階大部屋では複数の映像が展開し、パラオの風景に加え、占領下で基地クラブに立ったシンガー斎藤梯子（1935–）やドラマー金城吉雄（1935–）の軌跡、米軍統治下で祈りを通じて抵抗した牧師・平良修（1931–）の演説、東京大空襲の体験と苦悩を語る亀谷敏子（1931–）の声、そして喜納昌吉（1948–）が演奏する、悲惨な沖縄戦の影を背景とした「ハイサイおじさん」の響きが織り込まれる。これらの体験はそれぞれ独立して存在しながらも、書く・歌う・演奏する・祈るといった行為を通じて交錯し、多層的な場を形成する。出口近くの映像では、若い世代から年長の世代へ、沖縄に漂着した軽石を焼成したガラス玉が手渡され、継承の姿が示される。さらに小部屋では、映像編集技師・洲﨑千恵子が入念なリサーチと現地体験を経て再編集した山城の過去作品約90分を映し出し、既存の作品群もまた呼び戻して《Recalling(s)》の一部として再構成した。

02 ジンジャー・ライリィ・マンドゥワラワラ（1936年頃–2002）
四人の射手

1994年、合成ポリマー絵具・カンヴァス
186.0×233.0cm、石橋財団アーティゾン美術館蔵

本作は、マンドゥワラワラの母系に伝わる創世神話をもとに、オーストラリア北部リムメン・バイト川河口の地を描いたものである。二対で一体の蛇〈ガリマラ〉が大地を形づくり、四つの赤く大きな風化岩が織りなす大地が生まれたと伝えられる。鳥の形をした精霊〈ナック・ナック〉がその地を見守る姿は、鮮やかな色彩と鳥瞰的な構図によって表されている。マンドゥワラワラの絵画において土地は個人の所有物ではなく、祖先や共同体と結びつく精神的な場となる。それは山城知佳子の新作《Recalling(s)》に登場する「鳥」とも呼応し、土地と記憶、霊性をめぐる対話を促す。特定の土地に深く根ざしながらも普遍的な感覚を呼び起こす表現は、マンドゥワラワラと山城の作品を静かに交差させている。

03 志賀理江子
なぬもかぬも

2025年、インスタレーション（写真、ターポリン、音響ほか）
サイズ可変、作家蔵（本展新作）

志賀の新作《なぬもかぬも》は、拠点を置く東北各地での撮影や取材をもとに構想されたインスタレーションである。タイトルの「なぬもかぬも」は主に宮城県周辺の地域で使用される「何もかも」を土台とする言葉で、しかし使う人や場面によって意味を自在に変える。志賀は、この言葉をフロントガラス前面に大きく掲げたトラックに出会い、その多義性に惹かれて聞き取りを重ねる中で、東北の風景を捉え直していく。その過程で、「臍」という現在はもう使用されていない環境依存文字を名前に授ける、宮城県周辺にしか存在しない風習と出会う。胎児と母体をつなぐ臍帯に首が絡まり、脳に酸素が行き届かず生死をさまようような状態で産まれることは「襲がらみ」と呼ばる。志賀はそのことを、自らの無意識なる回転で己の首を締めてしまう悲しみと運命、しかしそれでも血の通った因果としての「人間の道」の比喩として捉え直し、現実と幻想、過去と未来、出来事や物質をつなぐ架空の存在「襲男」を創出した。

会場入口には、原子力船「むつ」をもとにした全長約11メートルのターポリン製の船が横たわり、技術立国の夢と不安を象徴する。さらに、同じ素材に刷られた全長200メートルを超える写真絵巻が迷路のような空間をつくり、来場者を誘い込む。その中には多数の「私」の声が、「襲がらみ」の墨文字と化した物語と共に描かれていく。

会場全体には蛙の声が響く。蛙は地球上で初めて声帯を持った生き物であり、水辺と陸地を行き来しながら生きている。その鳴き声は私たちの身体に、人と自然、知と身体、記録と物語の境界を攪拌するように訴える。本作は、来場者を既存の秩序とは異なる世界へ導き、他者や世界との関係を捉え直す契機となり、次なる旅路の手がかりとなっていくだろう。

04 ヘンリー・ムア（1898–1986）
プロメテウスの頭部

1949年、鉛筆、クレヨン、水彩、グワッシュ、インク・紙
35.6×27.4cm、石橋財団アーティゾン美術館蔵

本作は、ギリシャ神話で人間に火を与え、神々から罰を受けたプロメテウスを主題とする。火は文明や技術の象徴であり、戦後1949年に作られた本作には希望と危機の両義性が刻まれる。ムアはゲーテの詩『プロメテウス』仏訳版の挿絵を依頼され、本作はその原画として制作。鉛筆と水彩を用いた素描は、硬質さと柔らかさが入り混じり、力強さと不安を同時に映す。怯えを含んだ眼差しや震える唇は、英雄的な姿とは異なる人間的な弱さを浮かび上がらせる。顔を走る分割線は古代の仮面と近未来的造形を重ね、創造の光と矛盾の影を示す。人間から乖離しつつある技術とどう向き合うかという問いを投げかける点で、志賀理江子の《なぬもかぬも》と共鳴する。

05 瀧口修造（1903–1979）
無題

1972年、デカルコマニー（水彩）・紙
19.5×13.8cm、石橋財団アーティゾン美術館蔵

本作は、批評や翻訳を通じて日本にシュルレアリスムを紹介した瀧口が、1950年代後半以降に「書く」から「描く」へと重心を移すなかで生まれた。理性や言語を手放し、無意識的で身体的な応答に開かれる姿勢を示す。技法はデカルコマニーで、水彩を塗った紙に別の紙を押し当ててはがし、偶然の像を定着させる。水彩のにじみが導く形象は、植物や地形、心象の断片を思わせ、作為を超えて感覚を喚起する。こうして現れる像は、人間の深層や物質の原初的な力を映し出し、制御されない手の動きと「見る」経験を交差させる。偶然と必然のあわいから立ち上がる探究は、志賀の新作とも響き合い、世界と出会い直す契機を示している。

06 アルベルト・ジャコメッティ（1901–1966）
歩く人

コンテ・紙
51.3×33.4cm、石橋財団アーティゾン美術館蔵

本作は、ジャコメッティの代表的なモチーフ「歩く人」に連なる小さなドローイングである。コンテ（カーボンチョーク）のわずかな線で人の姿が描かれるが、簡潔な描線には否定しがたい存在の強さや時間、空間の手応えが宿る。ジャコメッティは、目の前の人物を捉えようとするほど輪郭が遠のく感覚を語っており、細部と全体を行き来しながら像を結ぼうとする営みが制作の根底にあった。彫刻に比べ即興的な本作にも、存在の「通過」や「軌跡」が刻まれ、壊れやすい身体が一歩を踏み出す姿に人間存在の強度がにじむ。だがそれ以上に本作と志賀の実践が重なるのは、確かな像を求めつつ、つかもうとした瞬間に遠ざかる不確かさに向き合い続ける姿勢にある。

01 YAMASHIRO Chikako, *Recalling(s)*

2025, Installation (6-channel video, sound, cloth)
Dimensions variable, Collection of the artist (commissioned for this exhibition)

Yamashiro's new work *Recalling(s)* takes as its point of departure the memories of her father, Yamashiro Tatsuo (1936–), but extends beyond them. It interweaves the postwar histories and lived experiences of people in Okinawa with traces and memories of wars beyond Okinawa. As a child aboard a ship bound for Angaur Island in Palau, Tatsuo once pointed to a bird and called it *tuiya* in Okinawan, only to be "corrected" as *tori* in standard Japanese by a fellow passenger. This episode, which reveals the instability of language and identity, resonates with other people's narratives as well. Wishing to see once more the landscapes of Palau he had glimpsed in childhood, Tatsuo wanders through present-day Palau and within the theater space, where the presence and memories of those who lived the same era but never met intertwine in recollection. The title *Recalling(s)* derives from the present participle in its plural form of "recall," evoking a cyclical process in which multiple memories are summoned, intersect, and crystallize into video installation space.

In the main gallery, multiple video projections unfold in parallel: the landscapes of Palau; the trajectories of singer Saito Teiko (1935–) and drummer Kinjo Yoshio (1935–), who performed in U.S. base clubs under occupation; the prayers and speeches of pastor Taira Osamu (1931–), who resisted U.S. military rule through prayer and his life; the testimony and anguish of Kameya Toshiko (1931–), a survivor of the Tokyo air raids; and the music performance of Kina Shokichi (1948–), whose "Haisai Ojisan" resonates against the backdrop of the tragic Battle of Okinawa. Each of these experiences exists independently, yet through acts of writing, singing, performing, and praying, they intertwine to form a layered space. Near the exit, another video depicts the passing of a glass bead — fired from pumice that had drifted ashore in Okinawa — from a younger to an elder hand, embodying a gesture of inheritance across generations.

In an adjacent room, an about ninety-minute video re-edited from Yamashiro's earlier works is presented. Edited by Suzaki Chieko after extensive research and direct engagement with sites and communities in Okinawa, this reconfiguration recalls and reorganizes Yamashiro's existing body of work, further extending the cyclical movement at the heart of *Recalling(s)*.

02 Ginger Riley MUNDUWALAWALA (ca.1936–2002), *The Four Archers*

1994, Synthetic polymer paint on canvas
186.0×233.0cm, Artizon Museum, Ishibashi Foundation

This work by Ginger Riley Munduwalawala is based on the creation myth passed down through his matrilineal line, depicting the mouth of the Limmen Bight River in northern Australia. According to the myth, the land was shaped by the Garimala, a pair of snakes that gave rise to four large red weathered rocks. Perched atop one of these rocks, the sea eagle Ngak Ngak, a guardian spirit, watches over the land. With vibrant colors and a bird's-eye composition, the painting conveys these stories as landscapes woven from ancestral lore.

In Munduwalawala's works, land is not a commodity for private ownership, but a spiritual and communal setting tied to ancestors and shared across generations. The presence of the bird, for example, also resonates with Yamashiro Chikako's new work *Recalling(s)*, prompting dialogue around land, memory, and spirituality. While deeply rooted in a specific place, both artists' expressions awaken universal sensibilities, quietly intersecting across distance.

03 SHIGA Lieko, *NANUMOKANUMO, Anything and Everything*

2025, Installation (photographs, tarpaulin, sound, and other materials)
Dimensions variable, Collection of the artist (commissioned for this exhibition)

Shiga's new work *NANUMO KANUMO, Anything and Everything* is an installation conceived from her photography and fieldwork across various regions of Tohoku, where she is based. The title phrase, *nanumo kanumo*, used mainly around Miyagi Prefecture, derives from the colloquial equivalent of "anything and everything," yet its nuance shifts freely depending on speaker and context. Shiga first encountered the phrase emblazoned across the windshield of a truck, and was drawn to its polysemy, she pursued further interviews, gradually reframing the landscapes of Tohoku. In the process, she came across the obsolete character *ena* (臍), once given as a name in a custom unique to the Miyagi region. A baby born with the umbilical cord entangled around its neck, deprived of oxygen and hovering between life and death, was described as *ena-garami* — "entangled with ena." Shiga reinterpreted this not merely as an ominous condition but as a metaphor for the sorrow and destiny of unconsciously strangling oneself, while at the same time embodying a blood-bound causality — a "human path." From this she created the imaginary figure *Enao*, a connective presence linking reality and fantasy, past and future, events and matter.

At the entrance to the exhibition lies a tarpaulin ship about eleven meters long, modeled after the nuclear-powered vessel *Mutsu*, a symbol of the dreams and anxieties of a nation aspiring to build itself on science and technology. Further inside, a photographic picture scroll printed on the same material stretches over two hundred meters, forming a labyrinth that draws visitors into its folds. Within it, multiple voices of "I" are depicted, intertwined with stories rendered in bold ink as *ena-garami*.

Throughout the venue resound the calls of frogs — the first creatures on earth to have developed vocal cords, moving between water and land. Their voices reverberate within our bodies, stirring the boundaries between human and nature, knowledge and the body, record and narrative. *NANUMO KANUMO, Anything and Everything* leads visitors into a world apart from existing orders, prompting them to reconsider their relations with others and with the world itself, and offering a guide toward future journeys.

04 Henry MOORE (1898–1986), *Head of Prometheus*

1949, Pencil, crayon, watercolor, gouache, and ink on paper
35.6×27.4cm, Artizon Museum, Ishibashi Foundation

This work takes as its subject Prometheus, the figure in Greek mythology who gave fire to humankind and was punished by the gods. Fire here symbolizes civilization and technology, and in the context of 1949, only a few years after the war, it embodies both hope and peril. Moore was commissioned to produce illustrations for the French translation of Goethe's poem *Prometheus*, and this drawing was created as one of the original designs for that project. Executed in pencil and watercolor, it combines hardness and softness, conveying at once force and unease. The fearful gaze and trembling lips reveal a fragile humanity at odds with the heroic image of the myth. The dividing lines across the face evoke ancient masks while also suggesting futuristic forms, overlapping the light of creativity with the shadow of contradiction. Raising questions about how humanity might live with a technology increasingly estranged from the human, the work resonates with Shiga Lieko's new installation *NANUMOKANUMO, Anything and Everything*.

05 TAKIGUCHI Shuzo (1903–1979), *Untitled*

1972, Décalcomanie (watercolor) on paper
19.5×13.8cm, Artizon Museum, Ishibashi Foundation

Takiguchi Shuzo, who first introduced Surrealism to Japan through criticism and translation, created this work as he shifted from "writing" to "drawing" in the late 1950s. It reflects his stance of letting go of reason and language to open himself to his unconscious, bodily responses.

The technique is décalcomanie: watercolors are applied to paper, another sheet pressed on top and then peeled away, fixing accidental forms. The shapes generated by the blotting and bleeding of the pigments resemble fragments of plants, landscapes, or inner visions, stirring sensations beyond intention. These images expose both the depths of human interiority and the primal energies of matter, intersecting uncontrolled gestures with the act of "seeing." Emerging in the interstice between chance and necessity, Takiguchi's exploration resonates with Shiga's new work, offering an opportunity to reencounter the world anew.

06 Alberto GIACOMETTI (1901–1966), *Walking Man*

Conté on paper
51.3×33.4cm, Artizon Museum, Ishibashi Foundation

This work is a small drawing connected to Giacometti's representative motif of the "Walking Man." With just a few strokes in Conté (carbon crayon), the human figure is rendered, yet within the economy of these lines resides an undeniable sense of presence, as well as responses to time and space. Giacometti spoke of the sensation that the more he tried to capture the contours of the person before him, the more they receded, and his practice was grounded in moving back and forth between detail and whole, striving to bring an image into being. Compared to his sculptures, this drawing is more improvised, yet the "transit" and "trajectory" of existence are etched in its lines, and in the fragile body taking a step forward is suffused the intensity of human existence.

More than that, what overlaps with Shiga Lieko's practice is the stance of continuing to engage with uncertainty — the way a form slips away in the very instant it seems graspable — while still seeking a reliable image.

I've passed away.

Hello everyone, my name is Utsumi Enao.

Today I will tell you how I, this blessed and cursed being, came to be.

I am the only one left alive. The others are all gone.

I was born on Watanoha Bay and have been a fisherman all my life.

My story began in 1927, when I entered this world with the umbilical cord looped around my neck.

I descended through my mother's birth canal in a state of *enagarami*, entangled before I had even drawn breath.

Born in the shadow of suffocation, I came into the world able to see the invisible.

With prayers for my safety, the cord was seen as a Buddhist *kesa* ceremonial robe, and I was given the name Enao—"man of the umbilical cord."

Mother always told me I was special.

Each day, in the dim light of morning, I went to sea with my father.

I was still small, and these early morning fishing trips made me unbearably sleepy.

To keep me from dropping the oar from my drowsy hands, my father talked to me without pause, telling me where each creature lived, how to catch a big haul of fish, what the underwater world was like.

All his experience, everything that made him a fisherman, was in those words.

That is why I understand the sea as if I were a fish myself.

Just before dawn, the scent of brine would rise from the water and fill the air, and I would breathe it in.

This salty air woke me and kept me alive.

That is why I could never leave this place, not even for a single day.

Without this air, I would wither.

This is the fate that binds my life.

In my world, everything was in its place.

Dozaemon: when a drowned body surfaces, a man will float face down, a woman will float face up.

Nanumokanumo —— it feels like a sigh from the bottom of the sea.

In the world of men, there was a war.

I went to school, but learned nothing, only practiced killing with bamboo spears.

On the shores of the Oshika Peninsula, I saw the human torpedoes, machines that would ram into enemy fleets, the pilot's life was given up for the cause.

I was seventeen in 1945.

Don't go, come back.

As the eldest son, I was destined to become a fisherman.

From the moment I was born, my life was bound to the sea.

My father gave me a blade called a *makiri*.

Fishermen always carry one at their waist.

You can never be without it, for to a fisherman it is life itself.

When fishing, if by accident a rope or net wraps around your leg and starts to drag you into the sea, you use this blade to cut yourself free at once.

Then you will not be swept into the sea.

One more thing I was taught: you must never drop a *makiri* into the sea, for it would bring grave misfortune.

The gods of the sea dislike it when shining metal falls into the water.

So you must say at once, "I did not drop this, I presented it to you as an offering."

Then draw a picture of the lost metal object and dedicate it at a shrine.

A bad premonition turns into worry, and if you do not drive it away at once, it settles in your chest, a sense that things will not go well.

Bad luck must be turned into good luck, its meaning inverted in an instant.

We know how fragile life is, what thin ice we tread upon.

That is why fishermen have keen instincts.

We closely watch the spray as waves crash against the breakwater, the shifting of the white foam as it leaps into the air.

From the changing scent of the mist, we can tell what kind of rain is on its way.

If our instincts fail, in a single careless instant, the sea will take us.

We watch the clouds move and feel on our skin how the wind will turn.

This is called *kanten boki*, reading the sky and watching its signs.

There are omens in all things.

What is it that invites death?

You must face it before cause and effect are set into motion.

The sea is one with life itself.

Spring comes to the sea before the land.

Mantis shrimp begin growing around February, when snow is still falling on the waves.

Push, pull.

Sea cucumbers cling tightly to the seafloor, as if they were rooted there.

They don't swim around like fish.

So how do you catch them? You drag a chain along the bottom to stir them up.

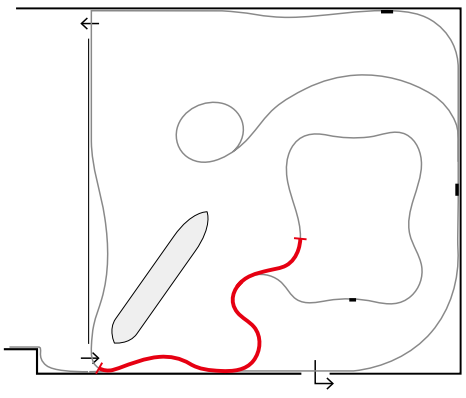
Sometimes we double up the chains.

It's all handmade, every part of the rig is our own work.

You have to study and figure things out, because sea cucumbers, octopuses, even fish are clever.

They're smarter than we are.

MAP:



Turn the rudder all the way to the right.

Full speed ahead.

What we feared was the south coastal low pressure system.

Massive, frenzied waves came crashing down.

We had to avoid this pressure system at all costs.

In the past, there were days when a hundred died.

Fall into the sea in winter and your body stiffens immediately, hypothermia sets in, and you die in less than ten minutes.

Even after boats became motorized, even when we watched the weather with care, we faced storms again and again.

There was no way to avoid them all.

When the boat tilts to forty-five degrees, it capsizes.

I gripped the wheel and steered with all my strength.

It was so hot I took everything off and steered completely naked.

Wave after wave came crashing in.

The other fishermen, knowing death was near, began swilling sake and eating with abandon.

We're done for.

Here, wrap this around yourself.

The elder fishermen taught me to call out to a body floating on the sea:

"We will now pull you from the sea.

In return, we ask that you watch over our safe voyages and plentiful catches."

Then the one tending to the body would take on the voice of the dead and call back:

"Yes, I will surely watch over you. You can rely on me."

Flipped ship *DAIGORO*.

You would have to ask a midwife, only she would know about that.

Those women hold life and death in their hands.

When the vagina becomes a birth canal, it opens wider than ever before.

It is made of soft, supple muscle.

At that moment the uterus turns inside out, the inner becomes the outer, and it feels as if the whole world were wrapped within a single body.

I wandered blindly for a time.

The midwife carefully untangled the umbilical cord and said: it's *enagarami*.

Enasuke, Enaji, Enajiro, Enaomi, Enakichi, Enamatsu, Enazo, Enao, Enazo.

Bad luck into good luck, may you live long and in good health.

Uterine inversion.

Something I've never seen before.

Please, step inside me.

At the foot of that white, transparent mountain surface, a red ruby lake spreads out.

The blood will overflow and nourish me.

I am born here again and again.

Please, cut the umbilical cord with this *makiri*.

All-seeing eyes.

If this flame goes out, I will forget everything.

Now, on the sands where I was born, a nuclear power plant stands.

Its flame seeks to burn for all eternity.

Beyond lies the Nashirazu Pass, on the Oshika Peninsula.

It was a truly terrible summer.

Things have changed completely in the time I've been alive.

Here, memories still linger of starvation, when the cold Pacific summer winds blew without end, not enough crops could grow, and so many animals and people suffered and starved to death.

From here, you can see clearly how the sea and the mountains are connected.

It was a truly terrible summer.

This is my land.

Did the Maki clan, the clan of demons, truly live in these mountains?

Those who had lived here from the beginning would never have called themselves demons.

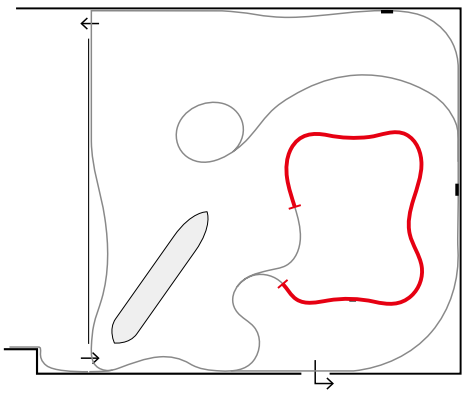
They were slaughtered, and afterward, fearing a curse, their killers sealed the spirits away in shrines made to look solid and solemn, changing even the names so future generations would never know what they had done.

It's true: history is written by the victors.

Who are we?

Where does this road lead?

MAP:



We are all bound together by fate.

I remained asleep,

continuing to drift for a long time.

In June 1969, the nuclear-powered ship *Mutsu* was launched from its home port of Ominato in Mutsu City, Aomori.

On August 28, 1974, the nuclear-powered ship *Mutsu* achieved its first reactor criticality, becoming the world's fourth nuclear-powered vessel.

Then on September 1, a radiation leak occurred.

I dream of perfect control.

I headed for the ocean with a nuclear reactor in my arms.

My brother died young. I read the books he left behind, learned to navigate, and became a sailor, venturing to distant seas.

Only one among them stayed sane.

My ship and I are bound by fate.

Whether on land or at sea, you've got to know where you are to know where you're going.

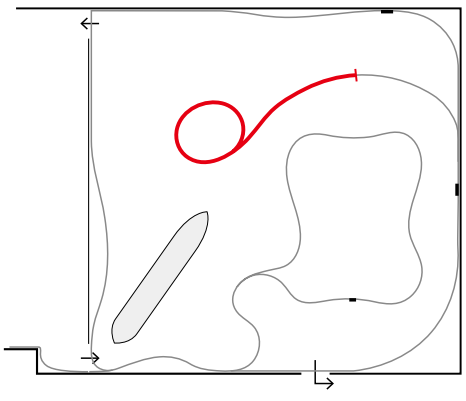
To steer a true course, calculate each angle precisely, again and again, or you will lose the flow of the tide.

The sea is never still.

But the ship keeps moving, too.

You search for the point where the sun meets the horizon and measure it at a right angle.

MAP:



That's what the sextant is for.

There is only one point where a right angle touches something round.

On this earth, there is always only one place where the sun strikes at a right angle.

There is the sun above us.

And the earth is round.

The Marshall Islands are a nation of coral atolls scattered across the central-western Pacific.

On March 1, 1954, the United States carried out a test detonation of the hydrogen bomb *Castle Bravo* at Bikini Atoll in the Marshall Islands.

One hundred and sixty kilometers east of ground zero, the *Daigo Fukuryu Maru* (*Lucky Dragon No. 5*) was showered with nuclear fallout, which they called deadly ash, and all twenty-three crew members got acute radiation sickness.

The 1,422 ships in the surrounding waters, along with the fish and other living things, were also exposed to radiation.

From 1946 to 1958, during the Cold War, the US conducted sixty-seven nuclear tests here.

The US continues to acknowledge radiation damage only at four atolls: Bikini, Enewetak, Rongelap, and Utrik.

Residents of several atolls are still unable to return to their home islands.

"You should be proud of your contribution to freedom and democracy."

We were drawn by the lights of Brown Island, stopped there by chance, and that spared us.

All the ships that did not were exposed to radiation.

The *Daigo Fukuryu Maru* was exposed two days later, on March 1, 1954.

"When you return to Japan, do not tell anyone about this. Swear on that, or we won't let you leave here."

"What are you doing here anyway? This is where America tests nuclear weapons. Get out of here right now."

The next day, a man who had been a barber in Okinawa was brought along as an interpreter.

Then we were taken back to Brown Island.

A helicopter came flying up from behind, and they were shouting, "Stop, stop!" Five American soldiers with guns boarded the ship and demanded, "Where did you come from? Go back."

We approached and saw a large island called Brown Island.

As evening fell, many lights came on, and I thought, this is a big island, if anything happens, we can anchor here. So we drew a little closer.

I was a navigator on a longline vessel, and we had decided to fish near Bikini Atoll, a ring of coral reefs.

In 1977, major nations established fishing zones extending 200 nautical miles from their coasts, and Japanese fishing boats could no longer operate freely in the coastal waters of other countries.

Offshore fishery catches rose for a time, but soon fell sharply, and deep-sea catches dropped dramatically.

I ended up boarding a one-man vessel, a boat that runs on land.

I had no choice but to drive a truck.

I had to leave the fishing boat behind.

Day and night, I just kept driving.

Nanumokanumo —— it means he'll haul anything and everything

Where was my next meal coming from?

That became my whole world.

I did whatever it took to eat.

What's the right thing to do?

The trolley brakes have failed, and there's a group of people on the tracks.

Pull the lever to switch tracks, and one person will certainly be run over.

Don't pull the lever, and five people will be run over.

No matter how you shout, your voice will not reach them.

And a runaway trolley is coming.

You are standing at a fork in the tracks.

"The road residents have sought for many years"

Nanumokanumo —— this is beyond what we could have imagined

Stop.

I can see them, the pulverized faces of my compatriots.

My mother, charred to a crisp.

Sorrow becomes justice.

Love becomes hatred.

Safety, cleanliness, convenience, comfort. No one says no to these things.

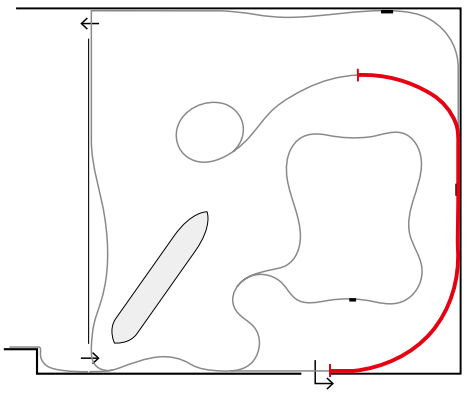
And then victims become perpetrators.

Advertising becomes incitement, so quietly you don't even notice.

The front line of development is always dual-use.

Disaster mitigation becomes defense.

MAP:



Might becomes justice.

I can't see it, but I can feel it very strongly.

A light I have never seen before.

No one's going hungry in the nuclear industry. No worries there.

Once a nation has nuclear power, it must be watched over for all eternity.

To leave it unwatched would be too dangerous.

This naturally creates jobs, and preserves the power of the state.

The exposure of workers in uranium mines to radiation, the exposure of indigenous peoples and local residents from environmental contamination caused by waste soil, and many other hidden issues are already factored in from the start. In fact, without these oppressions and sacrifices, the nuclear industry would not be be able to survive in the first place.

Nuclear reactions continue to produce energy. It continues to powerfully drive the economy. It also produces a large amount of waste, but that can be managed. If we use it in peace, we're told, this power will be ours forever.

No matter what, we need this power.

Stop —— it's hopeless.

In the end, war will break out again. That's how money works.

Nanumoigasu —— no need to worry about me

So my country's purpose is to help us move out of the dark chamber of horrors into the light, to find a way by which the minds of men, the hopes of men, the souls of men everywhere, can move forward toward peace and happiness and well being.

Dwight D. Eisenhower. "Atoms for Peace" December 8th, 1953.

As if no one were there at all.

- 1946 The U.S. conducts Shot Able of Operation Crossroads, its first postwar nuclear test, at Bikini Atoll in the Marshall Islands.
- 1948 US military conducts shot Yoke of Operation Sandstone at Enewetak Atoll.
- 1951 The U.S. conducts nuclear detonation, Operation Ranger Shot Able, at the Nevada Test Site.

Without a moment's pause.

- August 6, 1945: Uranium bomb *Little Boy* dropped from a B-29 over Hiroshima.
- August 9, 1945: Plutonium bomb *Fat Man* dropped on Nagasaki.
- July 16, 1945: Humanity's first nuclear test, the *Trinity* test, in New Mexico.
- July 1944: Bretton Woods Agreement pegs currencies to the dollar.
- 1896: Henri Becquerel accidentally discovers that uranium compounds can fog a photographic plate.
- 1895: Wilhelm Röntgen discovers X-rays.
- August 24, 2024: Radiation-contaminated water, accumulated after the explosion at the Tokyo Electric Power Company (TEPCO) Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant, released into the ocean.

The plant lost power following the massive tsunami caused by the Great East Japan Earthquake.

The water was discharged as ALPS (Advanced Liquid Processing System) treated water.

Why? Why is it always all about money?

We are watching.

Nanumokanumo —— anything and everything

Ishinomaki, Nagatsura bay, fisherman's hut of drifted objects.

Push, pull.

Minami-Sanriku, Mitobe fishing port, *Muenbotoke* (unclaimed remains).

Suffering, sorrow, turmoil, anger, indignation, despair.

Nothing can be undone. Nanumokanumo Nanumokanumo.

The seabed churns, everything mixes together. Cauldron of life.

MAP: