

Transcultural Studies *Newsletter*

No 7

Spring 2022

わたしの研究

渡邊 義浩

The World From My Window

Special Collaboration with Waseda University

Hitomi Yoshio

featuring

JCulP students

& alumni

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論系室から

金 孝珍 藤本 庸裕

多元文化論系 ニューズレター

第七号

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昨年より文学部から文化構想学部に移動し、多元文化に属した。大学・大学院と東洋史に所属し、歴史を研究してきていながら、現在、東洋哲学コースで大学院を担当するわたしには、多元文化論系の多様性が合うように思えたからである。

わたしは、小学校のとき横山光輝の漫画『三国志』を読んで、中国古典の世界に触れ、高校生のときに吉川英治の『三国志』を読んで、歴史を勉強しようと思った。ゲームにもなっているように、「三国志」は戦いの世界である。駆虎吞狼の計や混元一気の陣などの兵法には、たいへん興味を抱いた。しかし、大学に入った一九八〇年には、いまだマルクス主義の唯物史観が幅を利かせ、農業生産力の発展が社会を動かしていくとされており、「日向水」（ひなたみず）という言葉も知らない都会育ちは、馬鹿にされた。小田島さんと、一緒にアルバイトをしていたのも、そのころである。

経済にはどうしても興味が向かなかったので、卒業論文では諸葛亮が劉備を助けて建国した蜀漢政権の権力構造で論文を書いた。中国学者には、三国志を入り口にして中国に興味を持つ者も多いが、普通は好きなことと研究の対象とを分け、三国志を専門とする者は少ない。研究対象にすると、三国志を読んでも楽しくなくなるからであろう。事実、そのころ流行っていた光栄

の「三国志」というゲームを今までわたしは一度もやったことがない。それに関わる仕事は受け、コーエーさんからゲームをいただくこともあったが、研究対象で楽しむという発想にはならなかった。

大学院では、三国時代ではなく、一つ前の後漢の研究をした。諸葛亮が、なぜ「漢」の復興に命をかけたのか、漢字・漢民族という言葉が定着するほど古典となっていく「漢」という国家のあり方を知りたかったのである。研究が進んでいくと、「漢」を理解するためには、儒教が分からなければならないことを知った。ちょうど博士論文を書き終えたことで、視座が一つ高くなったのかも知れない。

そこで『後漢書』を全訳しながら、儒教の勉強を北海道教育大学という最初に勤めた大学で始めた。そうして学位論文をもとに、『後漢国家の支配と儒教』という本をまとめることで、とりあえず儒教の外枠は把握した。大東文化大学に奉職した後には、三国時代に戻り、諸葛亮が建国に尽力した蜀漢政権と曹魏・孫呉を比較しながら、『三国政権の構造と「名士」』をまとめた。すると、おもしろいもので、一つの研究が終わるとさらなる問題意識が生まれ、諸葛亮が学んだ儒教の内容を追究したくなり、それを『後漢における「儒教国家」の成立』に、さらに諸葛亮のライバルであった司馬懿の孫が建国した西晋で儒教国家が再編されることを『西晋「儒教国家」と貴族制』にまとめた。今年、論系演習で扱っているのは、これである。

早稲田に移ってからは、東洋哲学に所属したこともあり『論語』の研究に勤しみ、『『論語』の形成と古注の展開』という『論語』の成立過程と唐代までの解釈史をまとめたほか、西欧という古典古代にあたるものとして、「古典中国」という概念を設定し、その形成に決定的な影響力を持った王莽の儒教理解を中心に『「古典中国」の形成と王莽』、「古典中国」において儒教との関わりの中で、諸文化がどう展開するかを論じた『「古典中国」における文学と儒教』・『「古典中国」における小説と儒教』・『「古典中国」における史学と儒教』を著した。その間、三国志をやらなかったわけではなく、『三国志よりみた邪馬台国』を著し、三国時代の国際関係のもとで、卑弥呼のあり方を考えた。

そこに起ったのが、ロシアのウクライナ侵攻である。もとより「兵は詭道（だましあい）」と説く『孫子』には興味があった。現在は『孫子』を中心に、「武」という文字を戈（ほこ）を止めると解釈する、中国古代の軍事思想の展開を追究している。『孫子』の本文を整え、注をつけて今の読み方を定めたのは、曹操なのである。

三国志から始まったわたしの研究は、現在も三国志を中心に廻っている。

The World From My Window

Special Collaboration with Waseda University



Hitomi Yoshio
featuring
JCulP students
& alumni

The World From My Window (TWFMW) project is a record of the global pandemic and lockdown of 2020, when everything about our daily lives seemed to change overnight. We were suddenly confined to our homes and estranged from our friends and classmates, and even our closest family members. The project brings together voices from around the world in the form of stories and poems, as we lived through this pandemic in an acutely individual, yet collective way. It's been two years since the world experienced this collective trauma, and as we begin to emerge from the nightmare with the arrival of vaccines, we realize that the way we see the world outside our windows may never be the same.

In November 2020, in the midst of the pandemic, I invited my journalist friend Elizabeth Coll to my “Global Tokyo” seminar to talk about this project, and she created a special video in conversation with the co-founder Dan Boyden and artistic designer Karoline Sato. From this conversation grew a special collaboration with TWFMW and our students at JCulP, some of whom have now graduated. We wanted to showcase the voices of students, who were dispersed around the world during the pandemic year as classes went online—in various cities in Japan, and in countries such as China, Korea, Taiwan, Vietnam, Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore, Kazakhstan, Morocco, France, United Kingdom, and the United States. Here you will read letters from some of those places – a view from their windows.

Homepage: <https://www.theworldfrommywindow.com/>

Arina Simonova (Astana, Kazakhstan)

Pure Beauty

One early morning, using grocery shopping as a reason to go out I felt a strange feeling in my nose and lungs, as if I am in the forest outside the city breathing in pure oxygen from plants and trees. In the middle of spring, when mud from melting snow was everywhere, the air of the capital was never so clean and easy to breathe. It seeped in through the invisible holes of the medical mask, bringing the best pleasure for the body not seeing nature for a while. There was no one around me, the sky purely blue and it seemed like birds returned for the new season. The road in front now looked like the zombie scene that we laughingly watched in cinema so many times.

By the eyes of the isolated, the scene was lifeless and hopeless, but when I looked at a piece of fresh cigarette on the ground, I knew that someone was on the same spot as I am and dropped yet smoldering tobacco on the road. “This isn’t an abandoned city” – told the voice inside me and the things around began to come to life, bursting with memories of people moving, leaving footprints, touching door handles, gazing at waking from winter trees. And so I took the step forward, leaving the traces of mine and disturbing the silence of the new, unknown alien world that we are gradually adjusting to.

Anais Chene (Nanjing, China)

To Become a Superhero

Back when I was in my quarantine hotel room in Nanjing, I watched the world move on from my window without me in it. Everyday people walked their dogs without me, got drunk without me, offended women without me, earned money without me, broke hearts without me. I wondered, what’s my role in all of this?

Fourteen days are an eternity stuck in an eight square meter. I binged eight seasons of Friends in fourteen days. One day I walked 54 steps, or I could say, I peed four times—my daily contribution to society.

But fourteen days are nothing to save the world.

Remember when you dreamed of becoming a superhero? Dressed in a crappy homemade costume and standing proudly in it, we all thought we could be the savior of this vulnerable world. Imagine telling your six-year-

old-self that you have now become the hero you dreamed of, you would be so proud of you.

If you have not yet realized your accomplishment, here's how to become a superhero in 2020, and from now on too.

Stay at home. Understand the impact of your individual actions on the collective. Alone together, we can all be the masked superheroes our younger selves looked up to, though the mask may vary from what we had in mind. Travel in your imagination, let your mind take you on surreal adventures, forge legends in time and write them down. Do all of that on your couch.

Did you know that it was this easy to make a change?

Himari Semans (Saitama, Japan)

Tainted

A girl, or a woman? She herself doesn't know which she is. 19 years old in Japan is considered underage, but if you're a girl and 16 and above, the government wants you to marry and have babies.

She's not the window gazing type. She avoids the window. Facing East so that it pours in all shades of gold each morning, the window of her bedroom is a place she dreads. Clear glass with no curtains. As generously big as the top of a table seating six. The transparency and dimension add to dread.

What is dreadful is sometimes forgotten, and is remembered when accidentally noticed. She too, forgets to avoid her window, and sees what other eyes don't. Other eyes, looking out her window, would see landscape. Her eyes, see the past that never leaves.

Other eyes would see a telephone pole and the street light strapped onto it. Her eyes see the nights he walked her home and held her underneath the dusty-white street light.

Other eyes would see a concrete road running parallel to the window. Her eyes see the place where she raised her middle finger to another person for the first time, and afterwards asked for forgiveness and begged not to be sent to hell.

Other eyes would see a side walk stained with blue spray paint. Her eyes see the day she and the girls sprayed T-shirts for fun, naively vowing they'd be best friends forever.

She can skip the songs that remind her of him, she can keep her middle finger away, and she can go without spraying garments. But she can't get rid of her window and the gutting past that never moves away from view.

Yvette Capellan (Mandaluyong, Philippines)

sink and swim

Hey, do you have a moment to listen? It's been a while, hasn't it?

The world has become incredibly loud in these months of the pandemic. All the same, it feels like my head is underwater. It feels a little bit lonely here in my head.

Thoughts bounce off of the 4 walls of my room and I drown under their weight. Time seems to pass by in a blink. It's hard to keep track of the time when you're confined within the same space for months. And yet, there are these moments in which I become hyper-aware of the passage of time, of how minuscule my own problems are in comparison to the chaos that's happening beyond my windows. What have I been doing all this time?

The events of this year have felt like a heavy weight that pulls me underwater, head blank and lungs screaming for a reprieve, but I let myself drown because it feels like I don't deserve the things I have. Do you know this feeling too? Do you feel the same as I do?

It's been a rough year, hasn't it? But it will be okay because we're human, we have survival ingrained in our veins down to our very being, we'll swim and reach for the surface and remember the feeling of air in our lungs, we'll remember the warmth of the sun kissing our skin again. Better days will come and they will go, but regardless, they will come. Laughter will ring in the air, and warmth will fill your chest and we won't be so lonely anymore. Don't forget to come up for air. Don't forget that the sun rises, again and again, every day. Be kind to yourself, yeah? Rinse, repeat, until it feels real.

I'll see you again

Kanon Kimura (Tokyo, Japan)

Untitled

16, 18, 41....

67, 107, 124, 131.....

Just to see the numbers.

It is like a daily routine to check the weather forecast every day.

157, 293, 316, 392.....

When I stayed home, I felt a certain distance from the numbers.

It gradually expanded, and sometimes shrunk a bit.

As I got used to have conversations with my friends online, I had to see my own face each time.

I saw my face on the computer screen, and I became more and more objective for myself. I got totally lost in my identity.

It was a disappointing fact for me to know that I am only an image on the screen.

In July, I went outside after a long self-quarantine period.

I went outside wearing a mask, and I realized that I felt much safer with covering my face with the thin cloth. It is not only for avoiding viruses but also for becoming a person with less-identity.

This year, in the period of covid-19, words are as significant as numbers.

New words were created, and I was surprised at how easily I adjusted myself to these words.

We had no choice but to believe anyone's words, so the society itself was constructed with such unfamiliar terms.

The society of New-normal made me reconsidering the term, "normal".

The concept of "normal" seems much more attractive than before.

What is the "normal" situation?

I didn't know, and I still don't know.

Now I just feel that the numbers which increase every day should contain any abnormal meaning.

Someone should be under abnormally heavy pressure. I have to be aware of it more vividly, but I cannot feel that I now suppress someone.

305, 460, 678, 822.....

Today was 664 people.

Today, I am only myself again.

Minami Yoshitaka (Tokyo, Japan)

Starry Sky

20 years old is a meaningful age in Japanese culture.

In simple terms, we officially become adults. We get to be allowed to drink, to smoke, to get married without parents' permission. Another tax to pay, clubs with genuine IDs, and most of all, we have a celebration called Coming-of-Age Day.

On the day, 20-year-old girls (maybe I should call them "ladies") wear a beautiful Kimono with long sleeves, and gather at halls. Every year, the streets and stations are full of color. Red sleeves sway, gold obi belt shines, white snowflakes fall upon chats and laughter of dressed up ladies.

This year is my turn. The celebration of my city is still to be held after the great struggle of COVID. I was born in 2000, and finally became 20 years old last month. I have been waiting for the day forever because my long sleeved Kimono is beyond beautiful. I don't hesitate to say that it is most elegant among any other girls in Japan. The indigo tie-dyed pattern is as though flowers bloomed on the starry sky. My white obi with golden embroidery is like the milky way on it. The neckband is light orange just like the sun is breaking the night.

What does it mean to grow up in such a chaotic time? How can we find hope to sail for adulthood while weathering the storms through grownups' disappointed faces? I've not found the answer yet. One thing for sure, however, is that I am responsible to make my life deserve my Kimono. No matter what's awaiting, no matter how rough the waves are, I must survive the storm as a mature sailor, so I someday see the orange dawn glow.

Yukina Tsuji (Saitama, Japan)

404 -Not Found-

I fall into the illusion of being a God when I open the Internet. A story of how many people passed away today, a story of Mr. X was sentenced to death etc. Not only local news, but I know world news that I've never been to. But shortly after I see the happiness side of this world. A story of a celebrity getting married, a story of ordinary girls becoming professional idols etc. They make me delusion to be in an amazing world.

Every day, such news illuminating the binary world appears in front of me. Too organized, too intelligible, and too beautiful. So, the world I can see on the Internet looks distorted to my eyes. News that makes me happy, news that is about to pull into the darkness, news that feel how insignificant I am... I pretend to understand this world, but I'm always not there. I don't exist in this "world". I only see the world where I don't live. I'm desperate because I want a place to belong to.

Hilarious

So, close my eyes. Fill my eyes with the warm spring scenery from the window, fill my ears with the refreshing summer sounds from the window, fill my nose with the scent of the arrival of autumn from the window, then, fill my skin with the chilly wind blowing from the window. The same "season" as last year might not come, but I'm in such a world that I can feel from the window. I definitely exist here. Then, think about what to do the next time I meet my loved ones, and what to talk to my loved family when I wake up. Let's live the day like that. Let's love myself in the world of "404" that never appears on the Internet.

Kana Hozoji (Tokyo, Japan) **Counting Lighter Bodies**

There is another side to the window
forgotten in the guarded loneliness I have spent
counting the numbers of passengers on trains,
the rumbling sound softer, the car lighter
florescent lights shining through, too empty to contain within itself

I am now the number
the number increasing without hesitation
because we all have places to be and things to do
just me and so many more others
and faces remain unrecognizable

Announcements sing
warning, caution, advice
recordings enough we can recite

but can't
we are too tired to hear
we have places to be and things to do
and that
hasn't changed

Thin layers of light escape the cars now,
inviting slices of rain and cold air
I let circle around me
bodies can't leave here
there are too many of them.

Rena Nozawa (Tokyo, Japan)
Time Flies and So do I

People fly by my sight, like the vast majority.
Happy lights twitch in the pitch-black sky.
No one to see them. No one to clean them.
Money, flies with white wings,
Buzzing, the mosquito sounds.
Only for the plants.
Yes, I know
the toxic ones.

Warm lights for people who sit on the high chairs.
Cold lights for people who move with the heart.

As an adult,
I thought I couldn't hear them anymore
But, I guess I was wrong,
I can hear them when I want to.
I can hear them buzzing around my head.
Round-and-round
But, I don't know how much that will last.

As the snowflakes dry away,

I will walk down the long corridors of the sparkling clean towers
Looking down, seeing the fast-moving tinny city,
I will say,
"Good thing I studied hard"
and feel my mask, wet with tears

I see myself smiling
But our eyes never meet
I look again,
My fake eyes,
Made of brown lenses and liner and shadow
and that ink I put on with my black fluffy worm

I look at the eyes
And, it looks away.
I look at the one eye, on the top of my device
And finally see my straight face

I look down and see my bandaged fingers.
My short bony fingers,
placed on the keys like two claws.
I hated these once.

But now, with nobody to see them,
I don't mind at all.

They see me.
From the perfect angle
Perfect as I will ever get

And

I am here
Just being me.

Just being Female.

Mirabelle Long (Chengdu, China)

untitled

February 14th, 2020 Chengdu, China

I am trying to think, what I am pretending:
To be a butterfly and look away from a rose,
Or whether I have been hiding.

The dew on the rose was shining—
I talked myself through it and believed that my heart certainly knows.
I am trying to think, what I am pretending.

Stepping forward without a clue of direction is nothing but frightening.
Am I open to it yet reacting too hard to expose?
Or whether I have been hiding.

It could be a rose and anything.
There is no more truth in my sorrows.
And I am trying to think, what I am pretending.

I hate to admit, I am a coward shivering,
for I have lost and let my confidence froze,
Or whether I have been hiding.

I hate myself for long, for I have stopped trying.
My clouds blocked my butterfly and anything that glows.
I am, honestly, trying to think, what I am pretending,
Or whether I have always been hiding.

Note: I am just as confused as the poem and had no choice but to compose it before the sunrise of the Valentines', 2020. Night has been eating away my sleep these days. I know I am all messed up for now, I won't be when I am out there on my own. I love a person, "but only on my own" (this is for Eponine and myself).

My Dearest

April 26th, 2020 Chengdu, China

Thought I was crying, crying for you
A spell of winter which the twig of greens couldn't broke
It turned out I knew, to where the line drew

The season wouldn't risk to miss its cue
While the ladybird was hiding under that oak
I thought I was crying, crying for you

Warmness sneakingly grew
Wind-chime was flushed in dawn, and suddenly I awoke
It turned out I knew, to where the line drew

I heard a whisper waving me adieu
Drawing down the curtain, I did quietly invoke
Thought I was crying, crying for you

So far like a rainbow, yet as near as glistened dew
I attempted, with smile, to choke
It turned out I knew, to where the line drew

There was an impetuous youth fallen through
The most colourful plate after the last brushstroke
Thought I would be crying, crying for you
It turned out I already knew, to where the line drew

論系室案内

33号館9階にある多元文化論系室は、東京の東側が一望できる素晴らしいロケーションとなっているだけでなく、皆さんの学習をお手伝いする様々な制度・設備が整えられています。ここではそれらについて簡単に説明します。

制度編：Learning Assistants (LA)

2017年度より設置されたLA制度は、論系室に大学院生が常駐し、学生の皆さんの日々の学習やレポート、ゼミ論、卒研の執筆をサポートすることを目的としたものです。多元文化論系という論系で学ぶ学生の興味関心が実に多様であることを受け、LAの大学院生の専門も文学、史学、哲学、表象関係と多彩なものとなっています。大学での学習についての疑問から留学、大学院進学との相談まで、幅広く学生の皆さんのお役に立てるはずです。LAの勤務表については、論系室の扉に掲示してありますので、ぜひご確認ください。

設備編：

パソコン（Windows3台、Mac1台）、プリンタ、コピー、スキャナ、書籍、DVD —— これらは、ゼミや演習でのレジュメの作成、レポートの作成、ウェブ上での諸手続き等様々な目的で利用できます。また、電源や作業スペースも十分にあるので、自分のPCで作業することもできます。

論系室の利用について気になることがあれば、常駐のスタッフにお気軽にお尋ね下さい。

論系室スタッフ：小二田 章（講師）、藤本 庸裕（助教）、金 孝珍（助手）



論系室から

はじめまして。2021年4月に助手に着任した金孝珍です。早稲田大学の戸山キャンパスでお世話になるのはもう13年目ですが、流石学者への道は厳しく、未だ一人前の研究者になるための修行中です。

私の専門は文化人類学で、インドネシアにおける少数民族のエスニシティと民族アイデンティティの動態を研究しています。人類学的研究は、文献調査は言うまでもなく、フィールドワークと民族誌記述という経験的調査手法の上に成り立っています。身を以て調査地に赴き、現地の人々に混ざり、時と場を共有しながら学ぶこと、それが正に人類学の醍醐味と言えます。そこで実は、私も一昨年度の秋頃からインドネシアのある島で、約1年間に及ぶ現地調査を行う予定でした。修士過程の院生の時から何回も訪れた地ですが、今度は現地所在の大学でカウンターパートも見つけ、訪問研究者として共同研究を行うために、インドネシア科学院からの調査許可取得を進めていたのです。ところが、新型コロナウイルスの感染拡大という未曾有の事態に陥り、調査は中止を余儀無くされ、普段アクティブな私は自宅に閉じこもって過ごす時間が多くなりました。非常に悔しさの残る展開でしたが、そのおかげで積んでいた本を読むことや、これまで収集した民族誌的調査データに照らして再分析を行うことができ、更には多元文化論系の助手として皆さんに出会えるようになったので、今改めて考えると、まさに「災い転じて福と為す」でした（「禍を転じて福と為す」とでも言うべきでしょうかね！）。

こうした経験は、物事は目に見えているものだけの一面的ではなく多面的であること、そして、人間の捉え方次第で物事に対する考え方も変わるということを改めて私に実感させてくれました。一見失敗に見える瞬間も、その状況から少し離れたところで別の視点から見れば、それをより客観的に見つめることができるので、失敗と思って挫折することなく、かえって選択肢を増やせたりもするのです。つまり、構想や発想の転換により、物事や状況が好転することや、新しい機会が見つかることなんてあり得る、ということです。ある現象や物事の多面的な部分を見抜いたり想像したりする力は、学問の追求においても、人生の生き方においても、とても大切です。そのような、物事をあらゆる方向から見る「多面的な考え方」、またひとつの物事を様々な角度から分析する「多角的な捉え方」を学べること。正しく多元文化論系の魅力はそれに尽きます。

きっと多元文化論系の学生の皆さんの中にも、この前代未聞のコロナ禍の影響で様々な困難に直面した方々がいると思いますが、成功か失敗か、順風か逆風かは見方次第であり、今の努力が必ず将来自分の糧になるということをはげまして、「ピンチをチャンスに！」してみてください。ようやくコロナ禍も少しずつ落ち着いてきているようなので、いつか論系イベントなどの場で皆さんに会えることを楽しみにしています。

金 孝珍（多元文化論系 助手）

長らく続いてきたコロナ禍もようやく落ち着きを見せ始め、大学のキャンパスは学生で溢れかえるようになりました。対面での交流も徐々に増え、皆さんの中には海外留学を計画している人もいないのでしょうか。

私は2019年から2020年にかけてドイツのハンブルクに留学していました。冬にはクリスマスマーケットを渡り歩いたり、地方都市を観光したり、研究会や国際学会に参加したり、色々と満喫した生活を送っていました。が、3月中旬に突如コロナが襲来。スーパーマーケットの棚からはパンとパスタとトイレトペーパーが消え、レストランは2ヶ月以上閉鎖しました。大学の授業などもすべてオンラインのZoomに切り替わり、その影響はまだ続いています。まさかドイツにまで来てパンデミックや買いだめに出遭うとは夢にも思いませんでしたが、街中であらゆるヨーロッパ人がマスクを着けているというのなかなか見るのできない貴重な光景でした。

こういう経験が積めるのも留学の醍醐味の一つです。皆さんも思い切って海外に飛び出してみましょう。私も微力ながらお手伝いします。

藤本 庸裕（多元文化論系 助教）

[編集後記]

第6号の発行以来、1年半ぶりの発行となります。コロナ禍の始まった2020年度に第5号・第6号と、多元文化論系の先生方にコロナ禍の中での対応や感想を記していただきました（本号でもJCulPによるユニークな取り組みについての記事が主な内容となっています）。その後2021年度はニューズレターを発行することができませんでした。それは編集担当であるわたしの怠慢のためであることはもちろんなのですが、もともとこのニューズレターが、論系室に日頃集まる多元文化論系の学生やTA・LAのみなさんと、論系室スタッフを中心とした教員との交流のなかから生み出されるものだったからでもあります。まだまだ先行き油断はできませんが、にぎやかな論系室の雰囲気が復活することを祈念しつつ、ニューズレター第7号をお届けします。[源]

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