




# The Eyes of the Prayer

Photographs and Works of  
Shinya Fujiwara

## List of Works | Sat., Nov. 26, 2022 to Sun., Jan. 29, 2023 | SETAGAYA ART MUSEUM

This list includes the following data for the works presented in this exhibition : Thumbnail, Artist's comments, Shooting location, Shooting year, Size(width\*height), Printing method.  
Please note that due to circumstances, some of the works and texts on this list may not be featured in the exhibition.







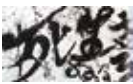








### Prologue

	<p><b>Switch Off</b> Tokyo had entered into its first Covid-19 state of emergency. People disappeared from the streets. The city of Shibuya seen from the viaduct was enveloped in silence, as if some giant switchboard had been switched off. April 6th, 2020, Shibuya (Tokyo)</p>	Shibuya (Tokyo)	2020	2000×1333	Giclee
	<p><b>God</b> God, a mysterious concept created only by humans. Catastrophes of climate change, viruses, war. In times when the world at large finds itself on the verge of death, can we still discern the presence of God? Or is God no more?</p>	Nara	2009	3000×2000	Giclee
	<p><b>The Moment the World Begins</b> In the mountains of Bali. I half immerse myself in an uninhabited swamp, waiting for the lotus flower to bloom in the dark of the morning. As the eastern sky begins to turn red with the sunrise, the lotus petals slowly start to unfold as if in response. I find myself breathtaken by the sheer beauty of this very moment in which the world begins.</p>	Bali Island (Indonesia)	2020	3000×3000	Giclee

### Memento Mori

#### Memento Mori

Varanasi, the spiritual capital of India. A monk, who had completed his pilgrimage across various nations, lay down on the riverbed, sensing his imminent death. One moment in the evening, he raised his hands. Then he made a mudra (symbolic ritualistic gestures) with the fingers of both hands, and extended them out towards the sky. Shortly after, he passed away. I felt that death does not seize man, but it is man who seizes death.

		India	1973	840×560	Giclee
		India	1970	840×560	Giclee
		India	1970	840×560	Giclee
		India	1970	840×560	Giclee
		India	1970	840×560	Giclee
	<p><b>Cremation</b> The banks of the Ganges River. The bodies of the dead are carried in one after another amidst the chanting of spiritual songs. Fire and smoke rise from the corpses, and the smell of burning flesh penetrates my nostrils. The burnt ashes are swept away, and thrown into the river. As I continued to bear witness to this sight day after day, my fear of death had gradually receded.</p>	India	1970	840×560	Giclee
	[Calligraphy by Shinya Fujiwara]	Calligraphy Shinya Fujiwara	2010	3030×1700	Hemp-Paper
	<p><b>A Burning Light</b> On the shores of the Ganges. An old man strikes a match to burn some incense for the dead. The palms of his hands that surround the fire as if to protect it from the river winds, are beautiful like those of a sacred statue.</p>	India	2011	2000×1333	Giclee
	When viewed from a distance, the light emitted by burning humans is 60 watts at most, its radiance lasting for a mere 3 hours.	India	1973	2000×1333	Giclee
	When I saw those human bones, I wished not to die in hospital. After all, death is not an illness.	India	1970	2000×1333	Giclee
	The final part of the spine that remains after cremation. A boy mourner enters the river, and thrusts the bone into the blue sky. It appeared to me like a scene from sports.	India	1970	2000×1333	Giclee
		India	1970	1500×1000	Giclee
	I cast my hand under the moonlight and looked at the lines in the palm of my hand. I could clearly see my life line.	India	1973	1500×1000	Giclee
		India	1973	1500×1000	Giclee
	<p>Humans are liberated in being devoured by dogs The buried dead are washed ashore on the banks of the Ganges River, and devoured by a pack of wild dogs. The sight reminded me of a swarm of ants infesting on a dead insect. At that moment, I was liberated from the burdens of human life.</p>	India	1973	3000×2000	Giclee



[Calligraphy by Shinya Fujiwara]

2022 2500x4000

Tention-Fabric

The Eyes of the Prayer

The accident at the nuclear powerplant following the Great East Japan Earthquake. The Covid-19 pandemic that has invaded the world. Frequent catastrophic floods and severe forest fires. Surging heat waves. Collapsing glaciers. Mammoth typhoons and coral bleaching. Authoritarian oppression and war that continues to infest the human world. The aberration of the world economy caused due to the complex interweaving of such calamities. We now find ourselves in a cataclysmic era rarely observed in the history of humankind. Half a century ago, when I embarked upon a journey to explore the world, it had been a peaceful place. It was still possible to observe signs of human life in harmonious coexistence with nature. I was fortunate enough to have been able to wander through those days—devoting my heart and soul to taking photographs, and expressing my thoughts and experiences in writing. Perhaps the reason I ventured into that world, even at the risk of death, was because I felt an impending crisis and had a premonition that the world that unfolded before my eyes would eventually be lost. In that sense, I believe that for me, the act of taking photographs of the world before my eyes and expressing through words, may have been something akin to a "prayer" of sorts.

Shinya Fujiwara



Memento Vitae

Memento Vitae

Countless lives shine dazzlingly in the light of the scorching sun. People's cheerful voices and their smiles; their anger, surprise, joy, sadness and the myriad of other emotions, are all likely gifts from the sun above.



India 1973 1030x686 Giclee



India 1973 1030x686 Giclee



India 1973 1030x686 Giclee



India 1973 1030x686 Giclee



India 1973 1030x686 Giclee



I saw many lives nestled within the giant Banyan tree. I saw a huge rain cloud rising behind it. I saw a fierce elephant putting up a fight against humans. I saw a gallant boy conquering the elephant. I saw the tall forest enveloping the elephant and the boy. The world was good. The earth and wind was wild. The flowers and butterflies exuded an air of beauty.

India 1973 1030x686 Giclee



Calligraphy

I wrote calligraphy on the streets of various parts of Japan, mainland China, and India. In the spiritual capital of Varanasi in India, I abruptly laid out a sheet of calligraphy paper on the ground, and wrote the word "Daichi" (earth). Crowds of people started to gather around, staring intently as if watching a street performance. I thought the police would usher me away, but instead they regulated the traffic along the street and watched on as I wrote. What surprised me above all is that no one was taking photographs with their mobile phones. Everyone was trying to see what was happening before them with their very own eyes. These countless raw gazes became a source of energy for my endeavor.

India 2011 2250x1500 Giclee

[Calligraphy by Shinya Fujiwara]

2011 2000x3000

Hemp-Paper



India 2011 3000x2000 Giclee



The foolishness of believing. The wisdom of believing.

India 1973 3000x2000 Giclee



Sadhu (a holy person) was eating a watermelon spliced into a crescent shape, from its skin of all places. It was the first time I'd seen a person eat a watermelon from its skin first. But then I suddenly asked myself, whose to say that you shouldn't eat a watermelon from its skin?

India 1971 840x560 Giclee



India 1973 840x560 Giclee



Is it he who is upside down, or is it I?

India 1973 840x560 Giclee



India 1973 840x560 Giclee



India 1973 840x560 Giclee



India 2011 840x560 Giclee

Tibet



The Sky (Tibetan Plateau)

I found myself gazing up at the sky, while engulfed in the maelstrom of life that unfolds upon the Indian subcontinent. From the land of the living to the afterlife. A solitary tour of the heavens. The Tibetan Plateau, a vast expanse of 4000 meters. Silence fills my ears, as if I have lost all sense of hearing. The sky is a deep azure, that it almost instills me with an air of melancholy. The white clouds float like planets against the blue. There is zero humidity in the mountains and valleys. The mouths of reticent peoples continue to chant a mantra. "Om mani padme hum." A monk gazes into the void. Spending a night in a temple of a thousand years, I dreamt a dream without color, shape, or sound.

Tibetan Plateau

1975 1500x1000

Giclee



The people of the Tibetan Plateau, encountered by the Polaroid  
I traveled to the Tibetan Plateau with my Polaroid SX-70 camera, which attracted much attention upon its release. I took two photographs of the indigenous peoples, giving them one as a gift, and keeping the other for myself. The encounter between latest technology and native people gave rise to a peculiar sense of tension.

Tibetan Plateau 1975 1800x800 Polaroid



A person's time on earth is limited, like the finite life of cut flowers.

Tibetan Plateau 1975 3000x2000 Giclee



Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



The human body already contains the image of the Buddha within.

Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



I am brought back to my senses, as I am encompassed by the light.

Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



Kushok Bakula Rinpoche  
Kushok Bakula Rinpoche is a great man who led the people and had memorized the entire Tripitaka (ancient collections of Buddhist sacred scriptures) upon fleeing from Tibet to the Union Territory of Ladakh. With the aid of his attendant, I took a staged photograph reminiscent of a raigo painting depicting the Amida Buddha and entourage descending from paradise.

Tibetan Plateau 1975 2000x1333 Giclee



Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee



Tibetan Plateau 1975 483x322 Giclee

## Shoyoyuki

A journey through the East Asian cultural sphere.

On my way back home to Japan after traveling to Isanbul, India, and Tibet, I took a leisurely tour through the East Asian cultural sphere. Those nameless places I encountered permeated with an atmosphere reminiscent of Japan.

### Taiwan



Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Ripples of the South Seas, Taiwan  
Waves gently crashing against the bay. A rich green expanse filled with rice plants. A boy holding an umbrella in the misty rain. Fields of flowers seen through the window as the train passes by. A cat under a clouded sky. A town at dusk. An empty canteen. Staying at a cheap inn in such a town, I feel a sense of relief that I am unknown.

Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Taiwan 1976 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed

### Hong Kong



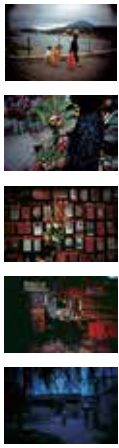
Hong Kong 1977 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed

Hong Kong, a human melting pot  
The inland sea is stagnant with drainage. A large sculling boat glides across the surface of the water. The sound of paddles, like bones rubbing against each other. A baby's cries can be heard from a tent boat. The stains of a hundred years, cling to the walls of the buildings. The heads of smiling pigs line the storefront. The birds that hang above them. The sounds of gamblers. The scraps of Shanghai crabs. The putrid odor of Pi Dan (century eggs). Snake soup. Garbage thrown out of building windows. Barracks of smugglers. A woman stands as she eats. A man stares into the void. Photographs of the dead fill the walls of the temple. The scent of incense sticks. The nostalgic chaos of the Hong Kong that is now no more.

Hong Kong 1977 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Hong Kong 1977 528x426 Frame size Giclee Framed



Hong Kong	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Hong Kong	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Hong Kong	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Hong Kong	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Hong Kong	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed

## Korean Peninsula



In the Korean Peninsula, I hear the sounds of a lullaby  
 On this side of the gently sloping mountains of the Korean Peninsula, I always come across mothers carrying their child on their backs. Such "forms of love" —this unity of mother and child, stand at the foot of mountains, riverbeds, fields, markets, roadsides, and everywhere across the peninsula like statues of tutelary deities .

Korean Peninsula	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Korean Peninsula	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Korean Peninsula	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
Korean Peninsula	1977	528×426 Frame size	Giclee Framed
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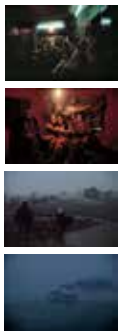
## Istanbul

Istanbul  
 I board the ferry from Greece. I cannot see the opposite shore in the snowstorm. The fog whistle sounds, and the ship sets off on sail, departing the Greek shores. Halfway across the straight, I hear some cries. It was the howling of wild dogs. All of a sudden I am filled with nostalgia. In these cries of the wild that I had never encountered in Europe, I had heard the voice of Asia. Before long, a faint spire appears on the other side of the blizzard curtain. A mosque. The prayers of Allah Akbar that flowed from the spire, coalesced with the howls of wild dogs.



Humans are flesh. They're filled with emotions.

Turkey	1979	2000×1333	Giclee
Turkey	1979	2000×1333	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee

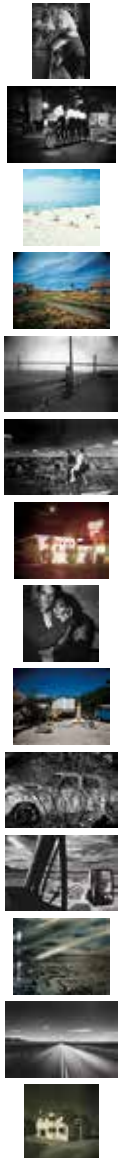


Turkey	1979	2000×1333	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee
Turkey	1979	600×400	Giclee

## America

### America

1989. I spent nine months traveling across the United States in a motorhome. California, as light-hearted as popcorn. The vast upcountry was replete with savagery and ignorance. Endless desert roads. New York, a simmering melting pot of ethnicities. Florida, a frivolous paradise. Over the course of this intense journey, I had witnessed over ten year's worth of what there was to see in this country.



America	1989	1500×1994	Giclee
America	1989	1030×703	Giclee
America	1989	1183×1183	Giclee
America	1989	1500×1183	Giclee
America	1989	1030×703	Giclee
America	1989	1030×703	Giclee
America	1989	1500×1183	Giclee
America	1989	1500×1183	Giclee
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America	1989	1030×703	Giclee
America	1989	1030×703	Giclee
America	1989	1500×1183	Giclee
America	1989	1030×703	Giclee
America	1989	703×703	Giclee

## The Umbrella Movement

### The Umbrella Movement

I traveled to Hong Kong. From early morning until late at night, I ran around the city taking photographs. After returning to the hotel at night, I would have a quick dinner and then spend time editing the several hundred photographs that I'd taken. I scribbled down some words directly onto the photographs that I'd saved onto my tablet. I immediately shared these online. People were able to bear witness to the events that took place on that day, more or less in real-time. It was the most optimal way to inform people of this "movement." By the final days of my endeavor, I felt like I was working together with the students. However, the Chinese government suppressed and cracked down on the movement. Today, Hong Kong's youth are living their days in frustration, in a cold yet peaceful world as if nothing had happened. Nevertheless, the fact that the city was once filled with the fearless and unyielding passion of youths reminiscent of the 1960s, is truth that will never disappear.



### Agnes Chow

Agnes Chow came to Japan once a year, from the end of the year to the New Years. Each time she would visit my studio, where we also enjoyed some meals together. After meeting her many times, I realized that she was not driven by ideology, but was instead simply a normal person voicing what she believed was wrong. I am sure she is fully aware of the presence of the huge authoritarian nation that looms behind her, preparing to strike at any moment. However, she showed no signs of anxiety. Here I felt the core strength of those living in the continent, a kind of mentality different from Japanese girls. She is currently placed under 24-hour surveillance by the authorities. I sincerely hope that she, who is nothing but an ordinary woman, will be freed as soon as possible.

Hong Kong	2018	1500×1000	Giclee
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Shinya Fujiwara has been photographing the Shibuya Halloween for the past several years. However, feeling that it would be boring to merely cover the event as an outsider, he himself also participates in costume. In 2015 he dressed up as a yakuza, and in 2020 amid the Covid-19 pandemic, he wore a full protective suit as if reflecting the times.

Shibuya (Tokyo)	2015	450×300	Giclee
Shibuya (Tokyo)	2015	450×300	Giclee
Shibuya (Tokyo)	2015	450×300	Giclee
Shibuya (Tokyo)	2015	450×300	Giclee

Movie

## Now

### Now

In these times. After returning from a long journey, I decided to confront the reality of Japan. The very first photograph I took captured the beginning of a family breakdown.



The house with the metal baseball bat  
On November 29th 1980, a boy who was caught up in the fierce examination war, killed his parents. The case came to be known as the "Metal Baseball Bat Murder Incident." After returning from my trip across Asia, I headed to the site with my large format camera. Under the sunny sky of the calm after the storm, I shot the house using a technique similar to that used when taking a photograph for a real-estate advertisement. I did so because the house was nothing special, but was an "ordinary house" that harbored possibilities that anyone could succumb to. Kawasaki (Kanagawa Prefecture), 1980

Kawasaki (Kanagawa)	1980	1500×1170	Giclee
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"Tokyo Drifting Bus Tour"  
drawn by Kintaro Fujiwara. (Shinya Fujiwara)

Un-known	500×360	Art-Works
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Shibuya (Tokyo)	2008	900×600	Giclee
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Chiba	2002	900×600	Giclee
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Chiba	2002	900×600	Giclee
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Don't Die, Live  
Human life is prescribed with a time limit of 80 years. Life is short, and you only live once. Don't live a lifeless life. With the intention of communicating this wish, I wrote the words "Don't Die, Live" in calligraphy, and screened it on the digital signage above the Shibuya scramble crossing. Soon after, a huge tsunami hit Eastern Japan, and this wish came to take on a different meaning. Ten years later, as we find ourselves living in a pandemic, the words "Don't Die, Live" delivers a more urgent and compelling message. Shibuya (Tokyo), March 2010

Shibuya (Tokyo)	2010	800×600	Giclee
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Haruko Obokata  
Biologist Haruko Obokata, who had caused public controversy for suspicions over the falsification and fabrication of her STAP cell research, held a press conference at a hotel in Osaka. The reporters spent three hours asking questions about the presence or absence of STAP cells in an attempt to expose her lies. To me, it was a wasted three hours. For those three hours, I simply focused on her facial expression. When I was about to leave the venue once the conference had finished, a television crew turned their camera towards me and asked for my opinion. As I left I said, "She's not lying. You can tell by the look on her face."

Osaka	2014	2200×1466	Giclee
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Momoe Miura  
Momoe Yamaguchi stood before the camera only once after becoming an "ordinary person," following her retirement from her substantial career in the world of entertainment. Appearing somewhat teary-eyed, her expression seen through the viewfinder, had fluctuated ever so slightly. Such fluctuations seemed to reflect both her anxiety and anticipation of having left the world of entertainment to step into a new and unfamiliar life of raising a family. Momoe mentioned that this one shot which captured the subtleties of these emotions, was one of the most important photographs of her life. Tokyo, 1983

Tokyo	1983	2500×1500	Giclee
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Yuko Oshima  
All of a sudden the clouds gathered in the sky, bringing with it the wind and rain. She, who until then had sat smiling on the sunny platform bench as if on her way to a picnic, completely changed her expression as she stood in the pouring wind and rain, even without my instructing her to do so. Yuko Oshima wore a look of agony and perplexity on her face. One could tell that such expression was not a result of any artifice or acting, as it seemed to be informed by her past experiences, and thus gave rise to a sense of authentic documentary. She embodied the theory that regardless of whether or not those experiences had been bitter or painful, they indeed aid her in her development as a performer.

Tochigi	2010	1030×686	Giclee
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Rino Sashihara  
Opening the curtains on the living room window one morning to find that the town was devastated as far as the eyes could see. Far away in the distance, the chimney of a crumbling nuclear power plant was puffing up radioactive smoke. This was dream seen by a woman of the same generation as Rino Sashihara. Right before the shoot, I whispered in her ear and asked if she could imagine this dreamscape. She lightly closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, she was gazing at this scenery. The fact that the reality of that dream had resided deep within her, who is always cheerful and smiling, seemed to be a testimony that they were living in this very same moment in time.

Tokyo	2015	1030×686	Giclee
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Shiori Ito  
The media transforms a person into an image. The first impression she had made in front of the media as an accuser of the date rape drug was extremely powerful, and the calm and composed manner by which she carried herself served to shape her image as a strong woman. Later, when she visited my workplace for an interview, she unexpectedly mentioned that she had been alone and depressed as a result of this incident, which led her to make countless phone calls to the "Inochi-no-denwa" lifeline service. However, being unable to get through, she thought to herself, "there must be so many people in the world who wish to die." Shiori Ito, who before gaining attention from the world, had been caught up in an incident and wandered alone in the abyss of suffering and anxiety, like all young women, was an ordinary woman with both insecurities and weaknesses.

Tokyo	2017	1030×686	Giclee
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## A pilgrimage across Japan

A pilgrimage across Japan

True beauty lies hidden within ordinary everyday life.



Signs of summer along the path of rape blossoms.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Love.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



The birds fly in haste through the pouring rain.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



The boundless power of the Shikoku region that makes an orange look like a saint.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



The light strokes its fur.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



A midsummer's dream at one's feet.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



I am content with a lunch set as my last meal in life.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



A dog Jizo.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Large flowers.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Under the eaves of rain, taking a break from life.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Many springs have passed,  
Many springs remain.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



The coldness in the cherry blossom season. I warm my hands with the heat from candles.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Back in those days.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



They blossom to adorn the skies,  
shed their petals to adorn the ground.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



The moment of dusk, longing for the company of those in the afterlife.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



A bashful reunion with a Jizo.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Smiling in decay.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



Life, adorning one another.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed



A butterfly among the flowers.

Shikoku

2009

630×528  
Frame size

Giclee  
Framed

## Great East Japan Earthquake



[Calligraphy by Shinya Fujiwara]

1989

680×1340

Imitation-  
Paper



Ishinomaki  
(Miyagi)

2011

840×560

Giclee



Ishinomaki  
(Miyagi)

2011

840×560

Giclee



Miyako  
(Iwate)

2011

840×560

Giclee





**A Child's Drawing**  
When I set foot in a house in the city of Miyako that had been destroyed by the tsunami, I found a child's drawing covered in sand among the scattered pieces of furniture on the floor. "Grandma Miyako" So it was written in a child's faltering handwriting. I hoped that they were alive. I pressed the shutter, and put my hands together in prayer.  
Miyako City (Iwate Prefecture), 2011

Miyako (Iwate) 2011 840x560 Giclee



Fukushima 2011 840x560 Giclee



**Cherry Blossoms**  
One of Japan's leading cherry blossom viewing spots, is always filled with rows of sightseeing buses every year when the cherry blossoms are in full bloom. However, there was not a soul in sight in the vicinity. I was overwhelmed by the rich florescence and colors that I was seeing for the first time. On my way home I stopped at a nearby shop and complimented the flowers, to which I was met with the unexpected response, "I've been in business here for 30 years, but this is the first time I've seen the cherry blossoms blooming so well in such a vibrant color." I approached the cherry blossoms and held out the dosimeter. The readings showed an abnormally high level of cesium. It must be a hormesis effect. Radioactivity temporarily stimulates and activates hormones in plants. I climbed the hill and took a photograph of the cherry blossoms. They permeated with a mysterious air of beauty, as if lending themselves to the end of a life-threatening crisis.  
Miharu (Fukushima Prefecture), 2011

Miharu (Fukushima) 2011 840x560 Giclee



**A World Without Sound**  
I walked through the uninhabited town of Namie. I could hear the sound of my own footsteps. It was an eerie silence. I recalled the words of a photographer who was the first to enter the epicenter of the Hiroshima atomic-bomb blast. "It was all so quiet, and I couldn't hear anything at all." It began drizzling in the street. Through the eerie silence, I could even here the sound of the misty rain. The silence of the epicenter and the silence of the radioactivity contaminated area are both new and peculiar forms of nature that have emerged as a result of human actions.  
Namie (Fukushima Prefecture), 2011

Namie (Fukushima) 2011 840x560 Giclee

### The Light that Envelops All

The full moon illuminates the scenery of death on earth that has emerged in the wake of the Great East Japan Earthquake. The morning sun casts its light upon Mount. Osore, a bridge leading to the dead that reside in the afterlife. The light illuminates all earthly life and death. In my eyes, it at times was a cruel and unmerciful light, while in other moments it appeared to be imbued with an air of compassion.



**Kannon (Bodhisattva of Compassion)**  
The full moon has risen. A blue light illuminates the devastated ground. For a moment, I turn my thoughts to the cruelty of the full moon. If it were on a dark night of the new moon, I may have avoided witnessing such a tragic sight. However, as I stood there gazing for some time, the faint light--a mere one millionth of that of the sun--began to look like the light of the Bodhisattva of Compassion, gently comforting us and our grief-stricken spirits with its tender luminescence.

Ishinomaki (Miyagi) 2011 2000x1333 Giclee



**The Eye of the Sun**  
Mount Osore. Early morning, May 2016. A thick morning fog lingered in the air. I turned around to see the white sun afloat in the sky. It looked like an eye, gazing upon me and all that existed in the world.

Mount Osore (Aomori) 2016 2000x1333 Giclee



Yamaguchi 1992 840x560 Giclee

## Jakucho



Kyoto 2012 2200x1466 Giclee

### Jakucho's Tears

I first met Jakucho thirty-three years ago, in 1989.

Since then I have met her countless times, and have had countless occasions to sit at the table and eat with her. Each time, she had welcomed me with her cheerful smile and voice. I secretly nicknamed her "the laughing bodhisattva." This is because joy and pleasure, as a matter of course, has always enveloped all of human hardships through laughter. In this day and age, as we find ourselves wandering through a world of abyss, the voice and very presence of "the laughing bodhisattva" had lit up people's hearts. Due to her many years of extraordinary activity however, she had occasionally fallen ill in her later years. Nevertheless, Jakucho managed to revive herself each time. She was like a phoenix, rising from the ashes. However, when she collapsed on one occasion, her condition was extremely serious. She was worn out both physically and mentally, and for days she was unable to leave her bed. One day, a certain editor visited her in Kyoto, and visited me once they returned to let me know how she was. They showed me a photo of her that they had taken with their phone. She had an unbearable look of exhaustion on her face. The editor asked me, "Would you like to visit her?" I thought for a moment and said, "I'm not going." No matter how old she may get, she is still a woman, and I am sure that she wouldn't want any man to see her distressful and weary-looking face. I don't know if I was right in thinking this way and making the decision to not visit her. Of course, these are my thoughts and not hers. In the midst of all this however, I did indeed wish to reach out to her. Or to be precise, I wanted to communicate with her in writing, because she is a person of words. I ground some ink with my ink stone, picked up a palm-sized cahier that happened to be right next to me, and quickly started writing. I was completely absorbed. Driven simply by the desire to communicate something, the words started pouring out. I think I had sat there writing with my brush in hand for around two or three minutes. An unstoppable rush of words had emerged from within the abyss.

### People

May break one's arm  
May break one's leg  
May feel depressed  
May become wisened  
May experience sadness  
May have anxiety  
May be torn by bitterness  
May be swayed  
May lose heart  
May slump one's head  
May stagger  
May be discouraged  
May feel sorrow  
May shed treasures  
May be trapped in loneliness  
May lose their mind  
May be heart-broken  
May be crushed  
May be dismayed  
May fall into the abyss  
May lose their dream  
But even so  
They live  
live  
and are alive

The editor took this cahier and headed for Kyoto. They then handed it to Jakucho in her sickbed, and quietly watched on from afar. Jakucho sat up in her bed and started turning the pages of the cahier. "I could see Jakucho's glistening eyes from afar, filled with tears." The tears of Jakucho, the laughing bodhisattva. It's a sight one cannot imagine. I imagine that perhaps that editor was the only person to have ever seen "Jakucho's tears." I, who had wrote to her, never witnessed those tears. Whether that was a good thing for both her and I, I still don't quite know to this day.



[Calligraphy by Shinya Fujiwara]

2010 1940x3720 Folding-Screen

## Bali Island

### Serene Essencia of Bali

The sea, mountains, rivers, clouds, sky, and flowers. Everything is a miracle. The earth is an alchemist of beauty, and the 200,000 different kinds of colorful flowers are the result of the earth's 4.6 billion years of history. Mammals, birds, insects, plants, and 100 million species of living things have all contributed to the alchemy of the earth's beauty. However, human beings, who are but one out of a hundren million living creatures, are trying to destroy the beauty of the earth that has been cultivated over the past 4.6 billion years.



The eyebrow dog is cute. The eyebrow dog is shy. The eyebrow dog is friendly. The eyebrow dog is amicable. The eyebrow dog is sad. The eyebrow dog is timid. The eyebrow dog raised its ears. The eyebrow dog can read ones feelings. The eyebrow dog looks lonely. The eyebrow dog has no name.

Bali Island (Indonesia) 1998 1030x686 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 1000x1000 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 3000x3000 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

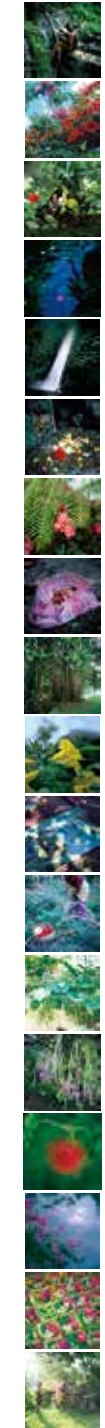
Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee

Bali Island (Indonesia) 2000 600x600 Giclee



## The sacred Forest



Okino Island (Fukuoka) 2014 Ajustable (4 out of 6) Ink-Jet
















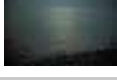
## The Personal World of Shinya Fujiwara

A person's upbringing more or less intervenes with their expression. My father Shintaro, who was born in the Meiji era and had lived a dynamic life, was 24 years old when he fought with mounted bandits from Northern China in Manchuria. I was also 24 years old when I left Japan and set out on a journey across the Indian subcontinent. My past of being born to an inn in a port town where travelers came and went, and later losing my family home and hometown due to bankruptcy, may have indeed been one of the factors that served as an incentive for me to embark upon my journey. A person's present is a product of their past. The journeys from age one to boyhood, "Primal Memories." My father Shintaro's last hours, "The Final Smile." The memories of those long journeys are dazzlingly sweet.

### Primordial Journeys

I was born in the port town of Moji in Kitakyushu. In the time between my infancy and boyhood, I went on three significant journeys. One of them was a trip to Tsubashiki in the Yamaguchi Prefecture along the coastline of the Sea of Japan, where I had evacuated to when Moji Port was hit by air raids during the war. I vividly remember the scenes from this journey back when I was one years old. In particular, the scenery of the quiet sea of Tsubashiki is deeply engraved within my mind and body as an original landscape. The second journey was to Yanai in Yamaguchi Prefecture during the summer vacation when I was in fifth grade. In Yanai, there was a hospital that had converted a former barracks into a ward to isolate patients with pulmonary tuberculosis. My mother's older sister Haruko, who had cared for me as if I were her own child, was hospitalized in this ward after being informed by doctors that she was dying. Delicately slender and fair like a lily, Haruko's skin had become white like porcelain in a manner characteristic of tuberculosis patients, and her sheer beauty had been etched into my young eyes. I recall that the picturesque scenery of the Seto Inland Sea that spread out before the hospital, had overlapped with my thoughts of Haruko's death. The third is a journey to the hot springs of Kannawa where my family had arrived at penniless when I was 16 years old, after the family business had gone bankrupt. Having lost the place one called home as well as one's hometown and friends, the young boy who had moved into a tiny room a little over nine square meters in size, sought comfort in the kindness of the people of the hot springs, and the clouds of steam that rose here and there.

In the summer of 2022, I visited three locations that served to form my own sensibilities as a photographer, when being filmed for NHK's television program "Sunday Art Museum," which was broadcast in correspondence to this exhibition. However, the changes in society and the environment after the war had dramatically transformed the landscape of Japan to the extent that one could not help but mutter, "I have nothing to photograph." Nevertheless, as if trying to find a needle in the sand, I turned my lens to the small things of beauty. "I will also try to live without giving up." Such were the words of a young woman in her twenties who had witnessed my endeavors on television. She continued, "Today, everything in the world is falling apart. I cannot find any hope to live on. However, after seeing you amidst these lost landscapes, in the rain, covered in sand, crawling on the ground and pointing your lens at a lily growing on the beach, and bearing witness to that miraculous moment when a grasshopper landed on the white petal from across my television screen, I thought that I too would like to try and live without giving up."

	Asking the clouds for directions.	Tsubashiki (Yamaguchi)	2022	A2	Giclee
		Moji (Kitakyushu)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Moji (Kitakyushu)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Kanawa (Ooita)	2022	A3	Giclee
	I turned my lens to photograph your eyes looking at my life	Moji (Kitakyushu)	2022	A2	Giclee
		Moji (Kitakyushu)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Moji (Kitakyushu)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Moji (Kitakyushu)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Kanawa (Ooita)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Kanawa (Ooita)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Kanawa (Ooita)	2022	A3	Giclee
	Amid the vast scenery the presence of two small pulses	Yanai (Yamaguchi)	2022	A2	Giclee
		Yanai (Yamaguchi)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Tsubashiki (Yamaguchi)	2022	A3	Giclee
		Kanawa (Ooita)	2022	A3	Giclee
	Alas! The world of the afterlife extends before my eyes	Tsubashiki (Yamaguchi)	2022	A2	Giclee

### A Boy's Port

When I was in my second year of high school, my family's business went bankrupt. As a result, I left my hometown, and never returned for the next thirty years. However, once my journeys of wandering around the world had come to an end, I found myself setting foot in my hometown again, like a bird of passing seeking a perch on which to rest its wings. The passage to the city, which to me was already a distant and foreign place, was like a journey in itself. During this trip, I saw my own boyhood in the sight of a young boy who stood with his back faced to me on the ferry. I walked the streets of my hometown while reminiscing my childhood memories. The port. The roaring sea. Seagulls. Heimin Shokudo. Omurice. Anzen Nyusen Shokudo. Ramen. Napoleon Shokudo. Cutlet. The sports ground. A white call soaring high into the sky. The terminus.

The long straight platform at Moji Port Station. I recall the station platform from my boyhood. A steam locomotive pulls into the platform with a loud squeak of brakes. A man emerges from a cloud of steam spewing out from the steam locomotive that has come to a halt. He is my father. When the father approaches, he silently strokes the boy's head. The initiation of that vision of my father's hand. A Port town. Moji Port.



Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	1100×2000	Silver halide Print-roll
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	1100×2000	Silver halide Print-roll
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed
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Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed
Moji Port (Fukuoka)	1991	458×538 Frame size	Silver halide Acrylic framed

## Father

### The Final Smile

My father was born on June 20th 1890 at Kobo-ji Temple in Kagawa Prefecture. He lived to be ninety-nine years old. When he was young, he traveled around Onomichi, Hiroshima, the Korean Peninsula, Dalian, Manchuria, and so forth with only his kitchen knife as his companion. After that, he went to Miyajima and Shimonoseki, and finally set up a ryokan near Moji Port during Japan's era of postwar prosperity. He earned a fortune that eventually enabled him to own a baseball team, yet he later became bankrupt along with the decline of Moji Port. Penniless, at the age of 70, he began working at Kannawa in Beppu. He made a painstaking effort and worked hard to support his family, and eventually opened his own small restaurant again in Kannawa. He quit his job when he turned 90, and moved to Tokyo. After living in retirement, he died peacefully surrounded by his family. The doctor was seated on the tatami with a stethoscope around his neck, and while holding my father's wrist to check his pulse, looked at me and whispered, "it is time." With my camera in hand, I approached his bedside and said, "Say cheese!" The doctors and nurses nearby seemed stunned. My father had led a full life, and was about to pass away peacefully. Although realizing that it was an impossible wish, I hoped that he would smile one last time. However, something unbelievable happened. My father, who seemed to have lost consciousness, responded to my words. He slightly opened his lips, and then his mouth. He opened his mouth wide without saying a single word. He had laughed. Then, he slowly closed his mouth, and in an instant, the look of death was upon his face. I captured the changes of each and every moment through photographs. The elderly doctor uttered in soliloquy, as if contemplating his own memento mori. "It was a truly remarkable passing."



Chiba	1988-1989	640×792 Frame size	Silver halide Framed
Chiba	1988-1989	426×528 Frame size	Silver halide Framed
Chiba	1988-1989	426×528 Frame size	Silver halide Framed
Chiba	1988-1989	426×528 Frame size	Silver halide Framed
Chiba	1988-1989	426×528 Frame size	Silver halide Framed
Chiba	1988-1989	426×528 Frame size	Silver halide Framed
Chiba	1988-1989	426×528 Frame size	Silver halide Framed