

physically and mentally who will suddenly collapse when they retire. Why? Because they have not learned to keep their energy in reserve, that is to say, they have never become aware of a plan to retreat while still working. The Japanese fighting men in those days of strife and unrest when they were most strenuously engaged in warlike business realized that they could not go on with their nerves always at the highest pitch of vigilance and, therefore, that they ought to have a way of escape sometime and somewhere. The tea-cult must have given them exactly what they needed. They retreated for a while into a quiet corner of their unconscious symbolized by the tea-room no wider than ten feet square. And when they came out of it, they felt not only refreshed in mind and body, but had very likely their memory renewed of things which were of more permanent values than mere fighting.

What follows is the story of a teaman who had to assume the role of a swordsman and fight with a ruffian.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, Lord Yama-no-uchi, of the province of Tosa, wanted to take his teamaster along with him on his official trip to Yedo, the seat of the Tokugawa Shogunate. The teamaster was not inclined to accompany him, for in the first place he was not of the samurai rank and knew that Yedo was not a quiet and congenial place like Tosa, where he was well known and had many good friends. In Yedo he would most likely get into trouble with ruffians, resulting not only in his own disgrace but in his lord's. The trip would be a most risky adventure, and he had no desire to undertake it.

The lord, however, was insistent and would not listen to the remonstrance of the teamaster for this man was really great in his profession, and it was probable that the lord harbored the secret desire to show him off among his friends and colleagues. Not able to resist further the lord's earnest request, which was in fact a command, the master put off his teaman's garment and dressed himself as one of the samurai, carrying two swords.

いる。なぜか。彼らが精力を貯え
ある。すなわち活動最中において
なかったからである。戦国時代
ながらも、油断なく緊張しきった
いこと、したがって、いつかどこ
とを悟っていた。茶の湯が彼らの
違いない。彼らは四畳半の茶室に
識」の一隅に暫時退くのであった
の思いがするばかりでなく、たん
事柄に関して記憶を新たにしたこ

終りに、一人の悪徒と必死の争
変じたある茶人の話を誌しておこ
ものがいかなる種類の芸術技法を
を処理する場合にも、その赴くま
いう真理、悟りという禅体験の機
ざめが、芸術活動の完成の基にな
るのである。一つの直覚が無意識の
われらは観念の創りかた、一連の
環境に応じてその原則を整えてゆ
あきらかにこの種の「無意識」は
ではない。それは最もふかい意味

十七世紀の末近いころ、土佐ノ
る際、自分の茶の宗匠を連れてゆ
なかった。第一彼は士分の者では
静かな自分の性の合ったところで
にもよく知られ多くの知己もあっ
倒をひき起して、自分のみならず
りそうな気がした。そうとすればこ

While staying in Yedo, the teamaster was mostly confined in his lord's house. One day the lord gave him permission to go out and do some sight-seeing. Attired as a samurai, he visited Uyeno by the Shinobazu pond, where he espied an evil-looking samurai resting on a stone. He did not like the looks of this man. But finding no way to avoid him, the teaman went on. The man politely addressed him; "As I observe, you are a samurai of Tosa, and I should consider it a great honor if you permit me to try my skill in swordplay with you."

The teaman of Tosa from the beginning of his trip had been apprehensive of such an encounter. Now, standing face to face with a *ronin* of the worst kind, he did not know what to do. But he answered honestly:

"I am not a regular samurai, though so dressed; I am a teamaster, and as to the art of swordplay I am not at all prepared to be your opponent." But as the real motive of the *ronin* was to extort money from the victim, of whose weakness he was now fully convinced, he pressed the idea even more strongly on the teaman of Tosa.

Finding it impossible to escape the evil-designing *ronin*, the teaman made up his mind to fall under the enemy's sword. But he did not want to die an ignominious death that would surely reflect on the honor of his lord of Tosa. Suddenly, he remembered that a few minutes before he had passed by a swordman's training school near Uyeno park, and he thought he would go and ask the master about the proper use of the sword on such occasions and also as to how he should honorably meet an inevitable death. He said to the *ronin*.

彼は少しも引受けたくなかった。

しかし、主君はしきりに随従をうとしなかった。というのはこのらだ。おそらくは主君は彼を大名心を懐いていたのであろう。主君の上逆らい難く、宗匠は自分の姿になった。

江戸滞留中、彼は多く主人たる日、主君は彼に外へ見物にゆくは上野不忍池の畔を訪れたが、そ悪い侍を見つけた。彼はこの男のし、避けようもないので進んで行って『貴殿は土佐の侍と、お見受できればかたじけないと存じます

土佐のこの茶匠は旅の始めからのだった。いま、最も質の悪い浪いか判らなかつた。しかし、正直

『私はこういう服装はしているが古を職としているもので、刀の技ができようとは思いません。』し点を知り抜いたこの犠牲者から金土佐の茶匠にいつそう強くせまっ

浪人の悪企みの爪牙からのがれたおれる覚悟をした。しかし、彼はしたくなかつた。不意に彼は、道指南の道場の前を通つたことをのところへ行つて、こういう場合死の立派な遂げかたについて尋た。

"If you insist so much, we will try to skill in swordsmanship. But as I am now on my master's errand, I must make my report first. It will take some time before I come back to meet you here. You must give me that much time."

The *ronin* agreed. So the teaman hastened to the training school referred to before and made a most urgent request to see the master. The gatekeeper was somewhat reluctant to acquiesce because the visitor carried no introductory letter. But when he noticed the seriousness of the man's desire, which was betrayed in his every word and in his every movement, he decided to take him to the master.

The master quietly listened to the teaman, who told him the whole story and most earnestly expressed his wish to die as befitted a samurai. The swordsman said, "The pupils who come to me invariably want to know how to use the sword, and not how to die. You are really a unique example. But before I teach you the art of dying, kindly serve me a cup of tea, as you say you are a teaman." The teaman of Tosa was only too glad to make tea for him, because this man in all likelihood the last chance for him to practice his art of tea to his heart's content. The swordsman closely watched the teaman as the latter was engaged in the performance of the art. Forgetting all about his approaching tragedy, the teaman serenely proceeded to prepare tea. He went through all the stages of the art as if this were the only business that concerned him most seriously under the sun at that moment. The swordsman was deeply impressed with the teaman's concentrated state of mind, from which all the superficial stirrings of ordinary consciousness were swept away. He struck his own knee, a sign of hearty approval, and exclaimed,

"There you are! No need for you to learn the art of death! The state of mind in which you are now is enough for you to cope with any swordsman. When you see your *ronin* outcast, go on this way: First, think you are going to serve tea for a guest. Courteously salute him, apologizing for the delay, and tell him that you are now ready for the contest. Take off your

『それほど強ってといわれる。しかし、私は主君の御用を帯びて来ぬ。ここに立戻って貴殿と会えただけの余裕はぜひ戴きたい。』

浪人は承知した。そこで宗匠先生に火急にお会いしたいと申し、聞いていないのでその頼みを聴き、その言葉にも、どの身の挙動にあらわされているのを読んで、主人

主は宗匠が一部始終を語るのたいと真剣に述べるのを、静かに聞いた。『私のところへくる弟子がいかたであって、死にかたで例です。だが、貴方に死にかたとですから、一服点てて戴きたい。これがおそらくは心ゆくまでこの家の主のために茶を点ててくれた。剣士はじっとこの茶を見た。宗匠は自分の悲劇の近づきの仕度をすすめて、茶の湯の順に、まその一事が陽の下において、唯一の仕事でもあるかのよすがしさをことごとく一掃した。彼は膝を打って心から同感の

『その通りです。死ぬ技など。だいまの御心境はいかなる剣。お会いになったら、こういう茶を点てているのだと考える。参をわび、勝負をする仕度が

haori [outer coat], fold it up carefully, and then put your fan on it just as you do when you are at work. Now bind your head with the *tenugui* [corresponding to a towel], tie your sleeves up with the string, and gather up your *hakama* [skirt]. You are now prepared for the business that is to start immediately. Down your sword, lift it high up over your head, in full readiness to strike down the opponent, and, closing your eyes, collect your thoughts for combat. When you hear him give a yell, strike him with your sword. It will probably end in a mutual slaying.” The teaman thanked the master for his instructions and went back to the place where he had promised to meet the combatant.

He scrupulously followed the advice given by the swordmaster with the same attitude of mind as when he was serving tea for his friends. When, boldly standing before the *ronin*, he raised his swords, the *ronin* saw an altogether different personality before him. He had no chance to give a yell, for he did not know where and how to attack the teaman, who now appeared to him as an embodiment of fearlessness, that is, of the Unconscious. Instead of advancing toward the opponent, the *ronin* retreated step by step, finally crying, “I’m done, I’m done!” And, throwing up his sword, he prostrated himself on the ground and pitifully asked the teaman’s pardon for his rude request, and then hurriedly left the field.

As to the historicity of the story I am in no position to state anything definite. What I attempt here to establish is the popular belief underlying the story cited here and others of similar character; this is that, underneath all the practical technique or the methodological details necessary for the mastery of an art, there are certain intuitions directly reaching what I call Cosmic Unconscious, and all these intuitions belonging to various arts are not to be regarded as individually unconnected or mutually individually unrelated, but as growing out of one fundamental intuition. It is indeed firmly believed by Japanese generally that the various specific intuitions acquired by the swordsman, the teamaster, and masters of other branches of art and culture are not more than particularized applications of one great

羽織を脱いだらこれを注意しように、その上に扇子をお置き袴の股立^{ももだち}をお取りなさい。ことができました。刀を抜いて頭意をし、眼を閉じて闘うためいたら、その刀で相手を打つでしょう。』茶人は主人の教えた場所に立ち戻った。

彼は剣士の与えた忠告を周きと同じ心構えをとった。立ったとき、浪人は目前にまける機^{かり}がなかった。どこから判らなかった。茶人はいまやの体現者として現れた。浪人^{あまたずき}後退^{あはれ}って、ついに叫んだ。『参身を地に平伏して、無体な願でその場を立ち去った。』

この話の史的根拠について。自分がここで確実にさせ同じような性質の話の基をなすの熟達に必要なあらゆる実際分のいわゆる「宇宙的無意識種芸術に属するこれらの諸直に無関係なものを見なすべきから生ずるものと、見なすべきそのほかの各種芸道の師匠た覚は、要するに、一つの大きな事実、日本人一般からかたく

experience. They have not yet thoroughly analyzed this belief so as to give it a scientific basis; but the experience is acknowledged to be an insight into the Unconscious itself as source of all creative possibilities, all artistic impulses, and particularly as Reality above all forms of mutability beyond the *samsara*-sea of birth-and-death. The Zen masters, ultimately deriving their philosophy from the Buddhist doctrine of *Sūnyatā* and *prajñā*, describe the Unconscious in terms of life, that is, of birth-and-death which is no-birth-and-death. To the Zen masters, thus, the final intuition is the going beyond birth-and-death and attaining the state of fearlessness. His *satori* is to mature to this, when wonders are accomplished. For the Unconscious then permits its privileged disciples, masters of the arts, to have glimpses of its infinite possibilities.

はこの信念を徹底的に分析し
には、まだしていないが、この
芸術的衝動の根源、とくに、
かにある「実在」たる「無意識」
いる。禅匠たちは究極において
(智慧)の説から得て、生命、
をもって、この「無意識」を
後の直覚というのは生死を越
ることである。彼の「悟り」
もろの驚異がなし遂げられる
ある弟子たち、諸芸の師匠た
許すからである。

対訳
禅と文化
日本と文化
Zen and Japanese Culture

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