

英語で描く

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四季折々にあれこれ心に浮かぶ泡沫を英語にして楽しんでいる。まず、心の奥底からわき上がるものを張り絵にする。新聞や雑誌の綺麗な紙を千切って指と糊ではり重ねながら描く。自己流の指先画法だが、結構楽しい。そのとき、いろいろ思いつくままにノートに書き留めておく。絵が完成すると、ノートの所感を短歌や随筆にする。そして、張り絵を眺めながら英文随想に取り掛かる。もう少ししたら“O.Takuro's Short Stories”を上梓したい。我が自叙伝になりそうだ。間もなく、創刊号ができ上がる。やっと、長年の夢がかなえられる。

孫たちのすくすく育つ笑顔から

元気の元を分けてもらいぬ

[1] The Dancing Moon

Spurred on the burning sky, I took a stroll along a grove of pine trees and felt a hint of mid-autumn chill in the air. The color gradually changed into a pale-pink mixed with blue and golden crimson. The outline of houses was clarified by the dim light, just like a shadow-picture, and blended into the background. I was rapt in the banquet of colors overflowing in and around the sky. Just then, behind the shade of the houses and trees, the harvest moon showed up in company with twinkling stars. I felt as if I were stepping into a galaxy of the moon and stars. The number of stars steadily increased, until at last I could not count them, and I was entranced by the dancing moon.

The moon was walking gracefully in golden shoes across the sky with the fairy stars following behind her. The full moon stood just

behind a tall tree, and slipped up the tree in the way that we fly a kite as I went forward on my bicycle. The moon slipped up and down the tree, synchronized to the speed of my movement. When I turned to the left, the moon also turned to the left in order to keep up with me. The moon often hid herself behind a building for a few minutes as if we were playing hide-and-seek. The moon slipped, smiling gently at me over the roofs at the same speed of my bicycle. The moon and stars were shining and twinkling over the housing complex, shutting out the dreamy world

The moon disappeared into another sky below the horizon, and the rising sun was sprinkling his fiery crimson in the east. A big airplane was flying silently, reflecting the sunbeam behind the clouds. A big noise was following the plane, angrily cracking his whip. The moon and stars in silver clothes and golden shoes danced gracefully into another world. To our great sorrow, our globe has been getting polluted by human beings. The moon now seems to be stifled with smog from selfish people.

(The End)

[2] Franz Liszt

According to a book, Liszt and Chopin were good rivals as highly-gifted pianists. Mr. Liszt threw large audiences into a state of feverish excitement, while Mr. Chopin fascinated people in a salon. Liszt continued to practice playing the piano with a special keyboard even

when in a carriage. He made a rule of training the fingerwork of both hands. Though they always played the piano only by right hand, he challenged to play the piano with both hands. And he grew up to be a great and excellent pianist. I am an ardent admirer of Liszt because he made every possible effort to realize his ambition.

These days I strongly feel that we Japanese are lacking in Liszt's enterprising spirit. Is it because we have been unable to overcome our very strong insularism? This is why we Japanese used to be called "Oriental Mimic Monkeys." Dr. Shirakawa, Nobel prize winner for chemistry, said "My prize would surely help to strike out the criticism that Japan always makes profits from the basic research of Western countries." At the height of "*Baburu Keiki*" or a bubble boom, some scholars insisted that Japan had nothing to learn from the West.

They should keep in mind that intellectual modesty is essential for real research work.

Strangely enough, why is it that such a pianist as Liszt or Chopin has not been born in Japan? There are a lot of good pianists, and yet none express themselves by their own melodies. They are only "parrot pianists", who are proficient in modeling themselves on others. It goes without saying that it is very important to improve something, but we should also try to create something exciting from nothing. It is a profound mystery that nobody should jump over Liszt and Chopin. I hate to be an expert at mimicking another's way. I am firmly determined to make every effort to be an English teacher, not an excellent teaching machine. I really want to fight my way just like Mr. Liszt.

(The End)

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