

Knowledge Transfer across Borders
14-16 Januar, 2015
Old Observatory, Göttingen

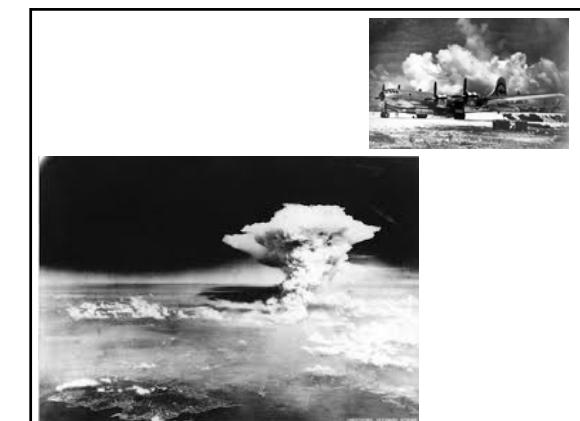
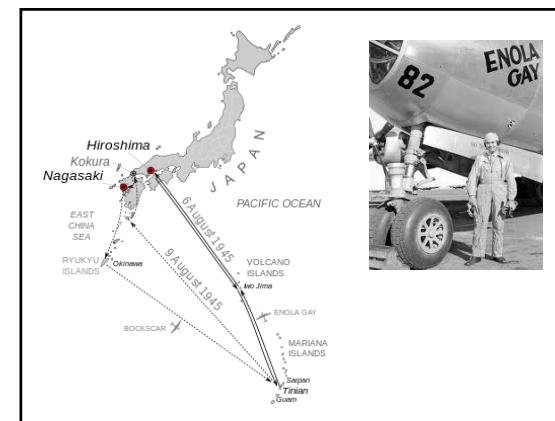
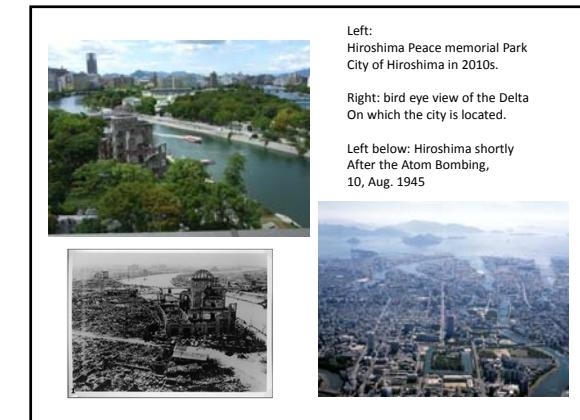
Heritage Management as an Act of Compensation

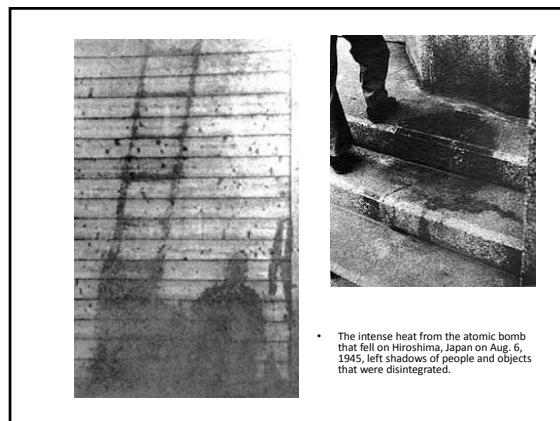
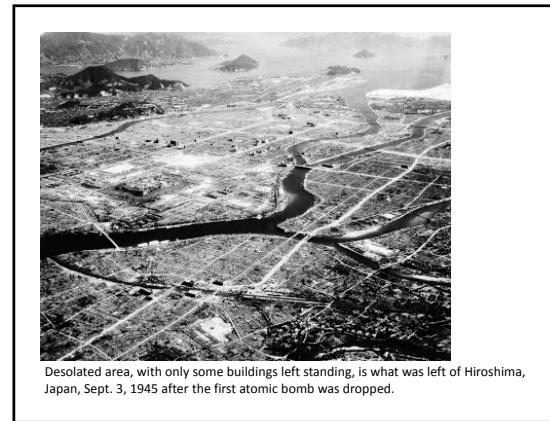
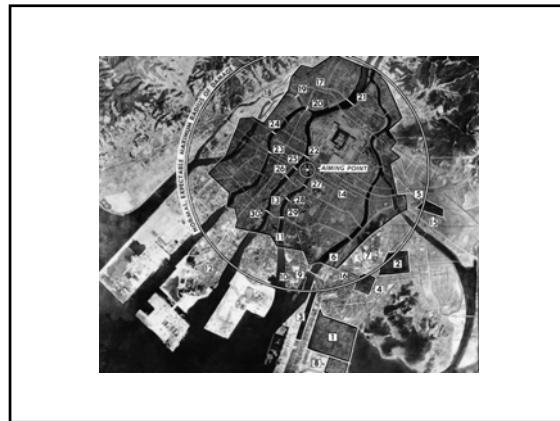
From the Loss of Tradition
to the Tradition of Loss
Across the Borders of the Living and the Dead

A New Insight into Knowledge Transfer?

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- Heritage and inheritance are not always examined in relation to the idea of compensation. In the Japanese language, however, these ideas are closely interrelated.
- The verb "tsugu" means "succeed," i.e. transmitting a heritage from one generation to another; while the verb "tsugunau" means "compensate."
- If "compensation" implies a loss, the idea of "succession" also presupposes a loss; Succession is an act of selection which inevitably excludes what one cannot transmit.
- Heritage management should be redefined from this insight: knowledge transfer cannot preclude the loss of knowledge; on the contrary, the loss is the initial condition on which heritage management is to be constructed.
- The paper will analyze this anomalous condition by focusing on several cases of knowledge transfer in the field of "intangible cultural heritage."

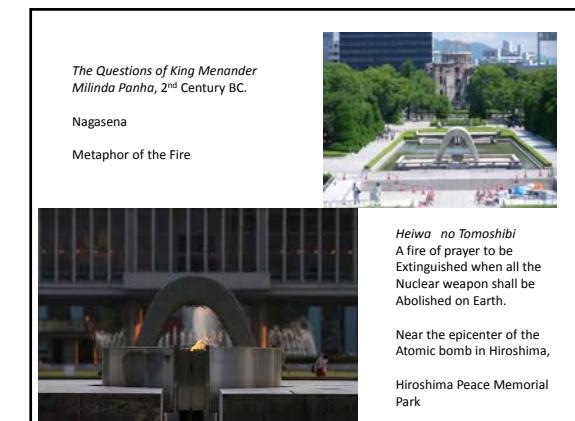


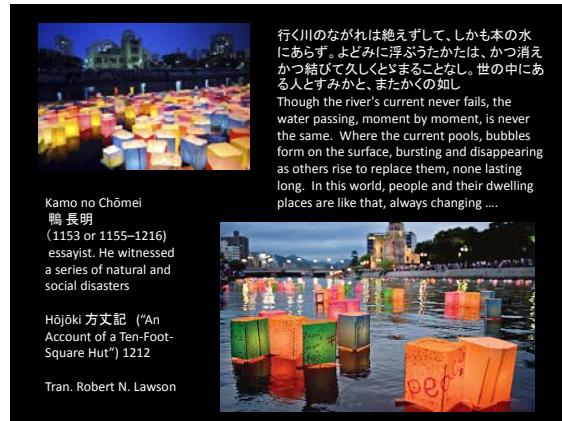




2. Transfer of Knowledge or a Witness of Loss

- Any knowledge transfer by the human species cannot be exempt from this fate: what is transferred from one generation to another is like a shadow of the disappeared;
- it eloquently and cruelly shows the amount of the sacrifice that the transfer cannot help but make as its inevitable side-effect. What we can transfer as knowledge may well be no better than the by-product of the loss that it entails.
- This recognition of the inevitable loss allows us to regard human heritage as a struggle to compensate what we are not capable of compensating.





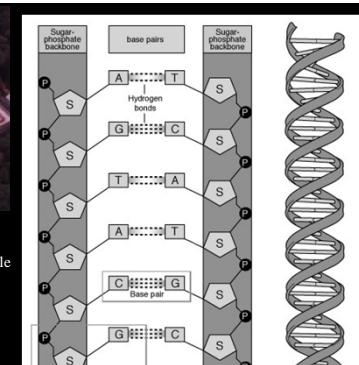
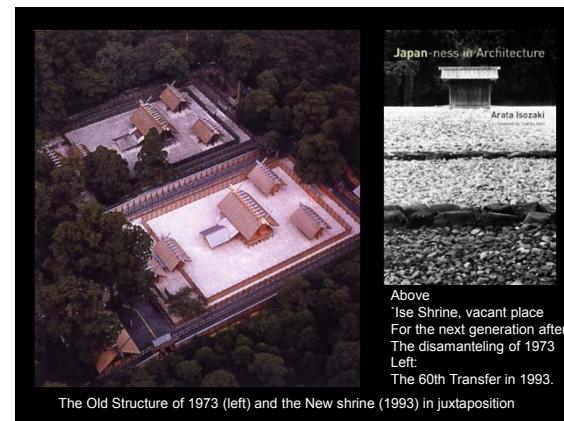
行く川のながれは絶えずして、しかも本の水
にあらず。よどみに浮ぶうたかたは、かつ消え
かつ結びて久しうどまるこなし。世の中にある人とすみかと、またかくの如し。

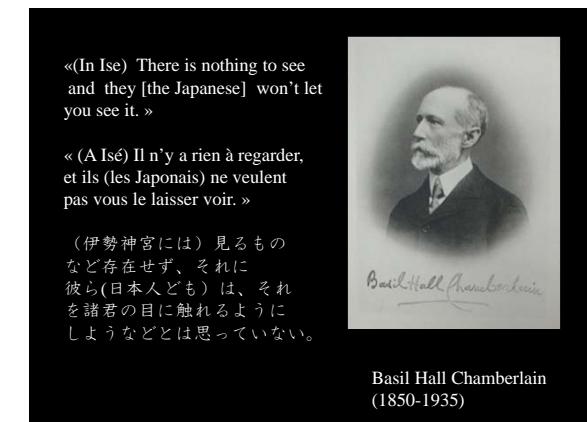
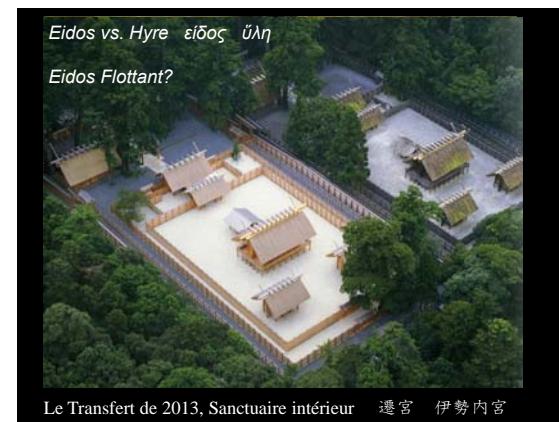
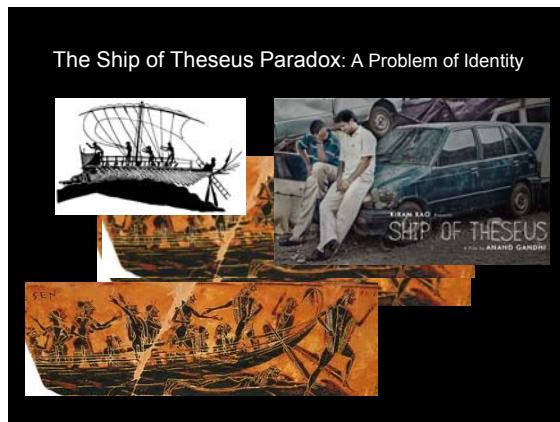
Though the river's current never falls, the
water passing, moment by moment, is never
the same. Where the current pools, bubbles
form on the surface, bursting and disappearing
as others rise to replace them, none lasting
long. In this world, people and their dwelling
places are like that, always changing

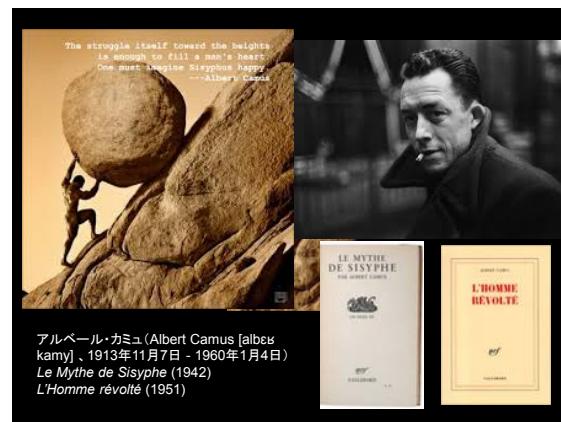
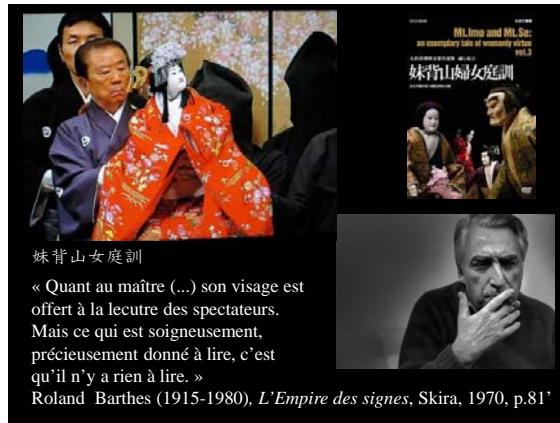
- Defluentes amnes cursu non cessant,
quorum aqua vero pristina non exstat. In
stagnante quae fluctuat spuma modo
solvitur, modo creatur, nec diu remanet
umquan. Hujus mundi homines
habitationes que non aliter esse constat.

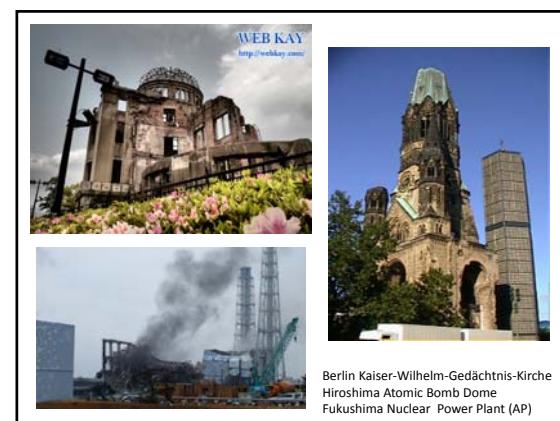
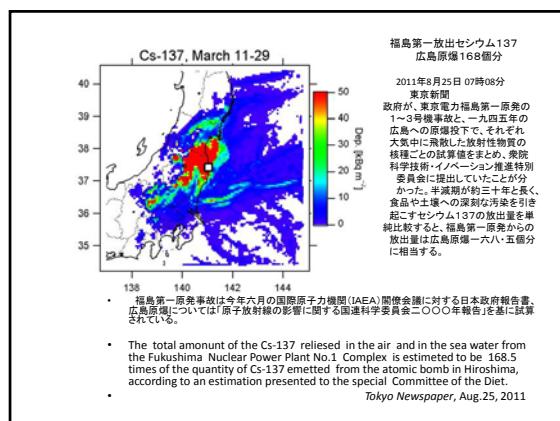
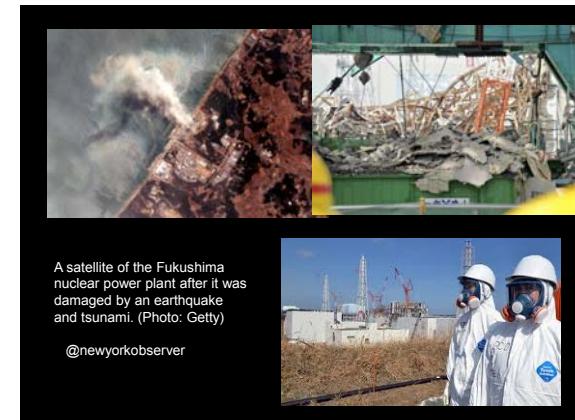
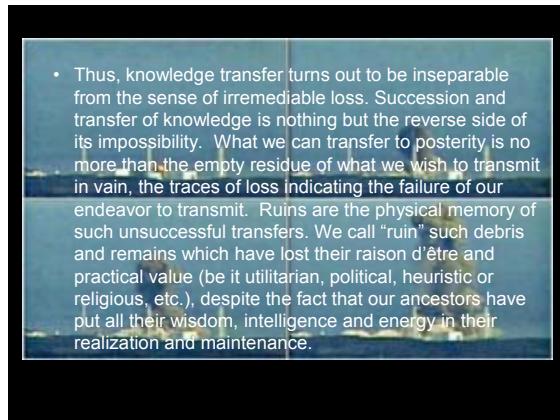
- Eremitorium (Hojoki), e lingua japonica in latinam vertit Christopherus Ferrarius,
- edendum curavit Alexander Ricius, Lutetiae Parisorum MMVIII.

- Tradition
- 伝統 transmission + lignée
- 伝燈 transmission + lanterne









Let's stop worrying about the probability of our own survival rate.
For the last one who can happily survive is not the "I" who am alive.
It is only where the not-survived have given their place to the survivors,
That the sunlight reaches, and the darkness is wiped away to nurture new lives.
Just like the stump of a cut-down tree which put forth the new crimson buds,
Just like the carbonized stubbles nourishing the green sprouts on the burnt field.

Death is not the enemy of Life; it is a seedbed, a cradle for Life,
The dead provide us with the vigor, blessing us with the chance to live.
The mindful thought of the non-survivors is bestowed upon our lives.
It is our duty to accomplish this entrusted life, a gift sent from the dead.
And let us share our suffering of Life, in token of our respect to the Dead.

Facing the calamities beyond description, words fail us, we are kept voiceless.
Yet the voiceless silence gives birth to voices;
words are spun again into a yarn of stories.
Yet the reanimated words will one day fall on the ground again, like the dead leaves;

And the leaf mold heaps up slowly and silently at the bottom of an unknown lake.
The soil accumulates annual sediment, while the trunk of a tree ages year by year.
The layers preserve the traces of climate mutations & earth-tectonics of the millennium.
Like the archival documents, the sediment of soil composes the chronicle of the planet.

The patterns of Lives are woven in the layers of fossilized terrain to record
The irreplaceable Chain of Being for eternity,
Crossing the animated and the inanimate.

The dignity of a soul lies in its transmigration, beyond individual Life & Death.