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TAYAMA KATAI AND HIS NOVEL ENTITLED
FUTON ("THE QUILT")

MOTOKO B. REECE

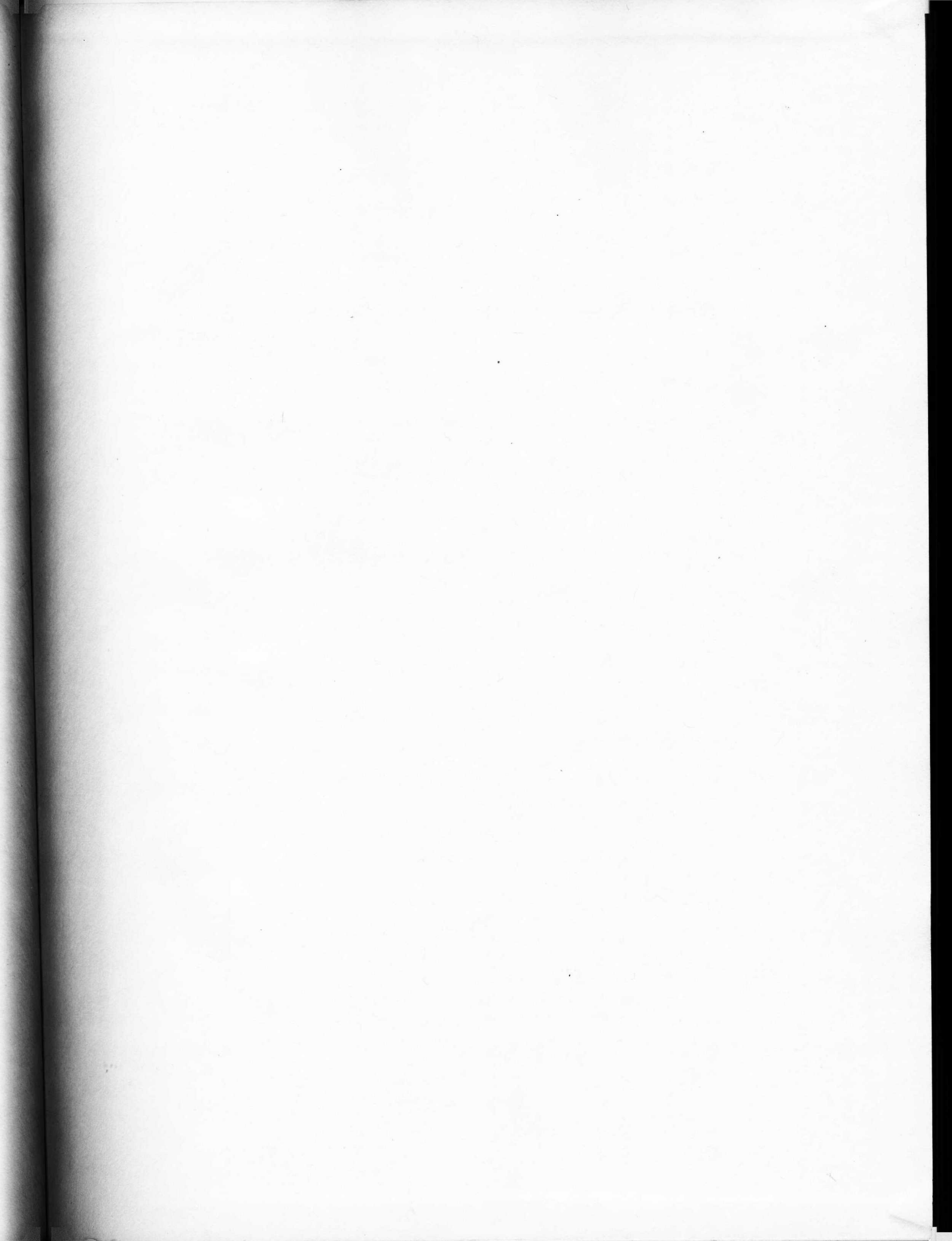


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Tayama, Kati

Master of Arts

September 1, 1971

THESIS

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Submitted to the faculty of the graduate school in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree in the Department of East Asian Languages and Literatures by Kati Tayama as satisfactory by the following members of the Faculty Committee:

by

Motoko B. Reece

Kati Tayama

Motoko B. Reece

James H. ...

Submitted to the faculty of the graduate School
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Arts in
the Department of East Asian
Languages and Literatures,
Indiana University
September 1, 1971

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ENTITLED FUTON ("THE QUILT") submitted by Motoko B. Reece in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree in the Department of East Asian Languages and Literatures has been accepted as satisfactory by the following members of her Faculty Committee:
by

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Kenneth K. Yasuda Chairman
Kenneth K. Yasuda
Kenneth R. R. Gros Louis
Kenneth R. R. Gros Louis
Gerald B. Mathias
Gerald B. Mathias

Submitted to the faculty of the graduate School
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September 1, 1971

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

DATE: September 22, 1971

During my graduate studies I became interested in the works of
Tayama Katai and what prompted him to follow the course that led to
the writing of Futon. I conceived right from the start the possibility
of making Futon the subject of my thesis.

This is to certify that the thesis TAYAMA KATAI AND HIS NOVEL
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Dr. Yasuda approved and out of our many talks grew this paper.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the members of my thesis
committee. The Chairman Dr. Kenneth K. Yasuda willingly spent a lot
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Kenneth K. Yasuda Chairman
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he kindly corrected the text of my translation
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Kenneth R. R. Gros Louis
Kenneth R. R. Gros Louis

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Gerald B. Mathias
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Historians of modern literature have generally used the year 1885 to mark the inception of western style fiction in Japan. For it was in that year that one of the pioneers of Meiji literature, Tsubouchi Shōyō, published Shōsetsu Shinzui, or The Essence of the Novel, which contained the first literary theory that set forth the basic ideals of modern literature.¹

Shōyō, deploring the poor quality of Japanese literature of his time, sought to improve this situation by adopting realistic approaches to the western point of view by abandoning gesaku, or the demi-novel, as an instrument of didactic intent.

The contribution of Shōsetsu Shinzui to the development of modern Japanese literature was profound. Shōyō enhanced the status of the novel as one aspect of the fine arts, and by rejecting any didactic purposes utilized by the Tokugawa regime, paved the way for his fellow writers. His introduction of the literary techniques of Scott, Lytton, Smollet, Fielding, and others is well taken for illustrating his theory of "mosha," or "copying" of human behavior. Shōyō put into practice his theory of realism by writing his own novel Tōsei Shosei Katagi, or The Character of Modern Students, but "the material was still of the old gesaku genre, and his literary expression on many

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When I first met him in January of 1886, he was perhaps our leading authority of Russian literature. Among critics, he favored Belinsky, and among authors, he was fond of Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev, and Goncharov. Of these, he esteemed Turgenev and Goncharov most highly.... His very personality was markedly influenced by Russian literature.

I myself was quite inexperienced at the time. I had been made to read the standard classics at the university, but my own favorites were primarily from English nineteenth-century fiction. I was just beginning to read the great popular writers from Scott, Lytton, and Dickens to Dumas and Marryat. When I encountered Futabatei, I heard completely new literary theories and saw a completely new type of personality.²

Shōyō's reminiscence of Futabatei elucidates the stature of Futabatei and outlines his Russian literary theory. Futabatei's knowledge of Belinsky and Kalkov imprinted so striking an impression

¹Okazaki Yoshie, ed., Japanese Literature in the Meiji Era, trans. by V. H. Viglielmo (Tokyo: Ōbunsha, 1955), p. 119.

Bakin was a novelist who, before he died, was the accepted leader of Edo literature. His favorite genre was the moralistic novel.
²Tsubouchi Shōyō, "Futabatei no Koto," translated by Marleigh Grayer Ryan in Ukigumo of Futabatei Shimei (New York: Columbia University Press, 1967), pp. 74-75.

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on Shōyō that he encouraged Futabatei to publish his theory.¹ Futabatei's explanation of "idea" and "forms" will permit us a glimpse into his theory which inspired Shōyō.

. . . the idea is present in all material objects and abstract concepts, and that it expresses the true nature of those things. The Idea is eternal and immutable and would exist even without any Form. The outward Form assumed by objects or concepts, in fact, tends to disguise the Idea and prevents our being clearly aware of its universality. Man is compelled by his nature to search out the unchanging factor among all the changing Forms of the world; scientists and scholars do this with the aid of their intellect, artists with their emotions or instincts. Both methods are necessary for complete understanding, but it is the great gift of Art that it can make the existence of the universal Idea, buried as it is in an infinite amount of Forms, clearly apparent to the most ordinary human being. . . . Its function is rather to perceive the Idea in all the numberless Forms in the world directly, instantaneously, and to transmit this perception to mankind. Realism, the only technique which can achieve this, should be adopted.²

In "Shōsetsu Sōron" Futabatei theorized on the realism advocated by Shōyō through the adoption of the concepts of "idea" and "forms" of the Russian realists, who in their turn were inspired by Hegelian philosophy. Futabatei's Ukigumo was his experimental novel using this new theory. His purpose in writing Ukigumo was, therefore, not merely to describe characters, as was the case in Shōyō's Tōsei Shosei Katagi. On the contrary, Futabatei was trying to find an eternal "idea" which was manifested in his characters. He analyzed

¹Futabatei translated Vissarion G. Belinsky's "The Idea of Art," and an essay by Mikhail N. Kalkov's "A popular Explanation of the Art of Kalkov" before his own theory of the novel "Shōsetsu Sōron" was written in 1886. These Russian critics' literary theories were the backbone of Futabatei's "Shōsetsu Sōron," as well as his Ukigumo.

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in Ukigumo the social effects of the Meiji Restoration on the lives of ordinary people. The main character, Utsumi Bunzō, a son of a former warrior, finds a civil service appointment after graduating from a college where he had been sent on a scholarship. For the sake of convenience Bunzō decides to leave his widowed mother in their home in Shizuoka Province and take up temporary lodgings in his uncle's home in Tokyo until such time as he finds a suitable home to which he can bring his mother. Most of the time his uncle, who is a brother of Bunzō's father, is away from home managing a business in Yokohama, leaving his wife O-Masa and their daughter O-Sei at home. Soon Bunzō and O-Sei are attracted to each other; this situation pleases both the uncle and aunt as they hope to marry their daughter in the not too distant future to their educated and filial nephew. But this desire for their daughter's marriage to Bunzō cools after the aunt hears that Bunzō has been discharged from his position. She now thinks that Honda, a co-worker of Bunzō, a man of pleasing manners and practical outlook, might perhaps be a better suitor for O-Sei.

At this point in the story Futabatei clearly shows the characteristic differences between Bunzō and his fellow worker Honda. Honda, while appearing to be a good fellow, has in reality an underhanded disposition, as he is shown to be constantly praising his superior and placing him on a pedestal. Sometimes Honda will even overpraise his superior for the most trivial matters. This attitude enables Honda to improve his position; he receives a promotion. Futabatei, while criticizing Honda, brings out the good points of

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The story of Ukigumo, after the setting and atmosphere are introduced, can hardly be said to have a plot. The efforts of Futabatei, as a writer who had studied Russian literature, seem to be placed on his observations and externalizations of the various psychological aspects of his characters as they react to constantly changing daily situations. The feelings of these people are well expressed by his use of colloquial language, as well as by his close observations of their behavior; consequently, the images of his characters take their own shapes organically as time progresses. These characters, in turn, realistically reflect life in the early Meiji era, progressively changing from a feudalistic to a capitalistic society, and its effects on their ideas of integrity, regarded as one of the virtues of the warrior in a feudalistic society. It would appear that Futabatei conveyed in his Ukigumo conditions as they existed by skillfully capturing man's fundamental problem, which was manifested in his characters: the struggle to maintain one's integrity despite the trend towards materialism of that time.

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attempts. He did not give the necessary finishing touches to Ukigumo in spite of the popularity it had achieved. He finally accepted a position in the civil service in August, 1889. It was about this time that Shōyō also gave up his aspirations to become a novelist and turned his efforts to education and the translation of the works of Shakespeare. The meetings between Shōyō and Futabatei gradually became less frequent as each man followed his own interests.

The leading role in the westernization of Japanese literature was taken up by the writers of the Ken'yūsha, who followed in the footsteps of Shōyō, but they, like Futabatei, failed in their endeavors. Their failure was partly due to their following too closely Shōyō's theory of realism.

As previously noted, Shōyō's ideals concerning modern literature were sound, but unfortunately, his literary theory contained many inarticulate ambiguities. This evaluation is further confirmed by Dr. Kawazoe Kunimoto.

... the ambiguity of the content of Shōsetsu Shinzui can be surmised from the fact that the persons who were inspired by this book included Futabatei Shimei and Ozaki Kōyō [a founder of the Ken'yūsha] who were diametrically opposite in their literary attitudes. Had Shōyō been more thorough in implementing his theory of realism, he could have written in a manner of orthodox realism similar to that of Futabatei's Ukigumo. But some pre-modern commonplace elements to be seen in Shōsetsu Shinzui, which he had not been able completely to eradicate, were accountable for Shōyō's [later] unsuccessful semi-drama-like Shosei Katagi, and its simplistic comprehension of realism accounts for the production of neo-Genroku literature of superficial description by the Ken'yūsha.¹

¹Kawazoe Kunimoto, Nihon Shizenshugi no Bungaku ("Japanese Naturalism in Literature") (Tokyo: Seishin Shobō, 1957), p. 4.

²Yōsō Bungaku is a derogatory term used for Japanese writers who imitate western diction in their semi-classical style of writing, just as men of the Meiji era imitated western clothing.

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¹Kawasoe Kunimoto, *Nihon Shisenshugi no Bungaku* ("Japanese Naturalism in Literature") (Tokyo: Seishin Shobō, 1957), p. 4.

As Dr. Kawazoe states, the Kenyūsha showed respect for the demi-novel genre and they seemed to be working towards its restoration, although, at first, their attitude was a reaction against the awkward style of foreign literary translations. Nevertheless, the failure of the Kenyūsha resulted from their misconception of what Futabatei really tried to accomplish--the creation of a new form of narrative. There is no doubt that the Kenyūsha used a more plausible plot, discarding supernatural elements in their stories, and that they sought to renovate their writing by traditional rhetoric; however, these efforts could not meet the demands of modern literature. As a matter of fact, these new techniques were acquired as a result of having been in contact with western literature. Therefore, the writings of the Kenyūsha were ridiculed for containing such a term as "Yōsō Bungaku"¹ by a group of writers who had been striving on their own accord to assimilate western concepts into their writings so as to liberate themselves from conventionalism. Tayama Katai was one of those writers who had accepted ideas from western literature as a means of awakening his mind.

In the preface of No no Hana, or Flowers of the Field, written in 1901, Katai points out that the literati of his day were "too romantic," emphasizing that "Nature is offered as a sacrifice for the sake of an author's trivial subjectivism," and he praises the writings of Maupassant and Flaubert, advocating his ideas in the following statement:

I wish Meiji literature would become a little less romantic and write more freely even of the secrets of human

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life and even of the whisperings of the devil. If they do, I think the outlook of nature will become visible, even though vaguely, among Meiji literary circles.¹

The expression, "too romantic," which Katai used in this preface, boils down to "excessive embellishments" or "employing too much artifice," and his protest was directed against the leading novelists of his time, Kōyō and others of the Kenyūsha, without stating their names.

Three years later in an essay "Rokotsu naru Byōsha," or "A straightforward description," Katai reaffirmed his previous statement in the preface to No no Hana and advocated rejection of "mekki bungaku," or "belle-lettres," and the adoption of non-embellishment for the purpose of writing freely about one's feelings.² This essay was Katai's second challenge to some leading novelists of the Kenyūsha who withheld their true feelings for the sake of imitation. Katai urged these writers to follow the European exemplars "Ibsen, Tolstoy, Zola, Dostoevsky, D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Halbe, and Holz," whose descriptions were frank, true, and natural.³

This "straightforward description" illustrates Katai's determination to depart from the traditional prose forms of his predecessors

¹Tayama Katai, "No no Hana Jo," in Shizenshugi to Han-Shizenshugi, ed. by Nakamura Mitsuo and Yoshida Seiichi, Vol. II of Gendai Bungakuron Taikei (8 vols.; Tokyo: Kawade Shobō, 1953), pp. 10-11.

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and to adopt European authors' techniques in order to westernize Japanese literature and reflect the true feelings of the author. Katai executed this literary theory in Futon, or The Quilt, as mentioned in his essay "My Anna Mahr;" he conceived the idea after reading Gerhart Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen, or Lonely Lives.¹

Despite the evidence of Katai's essay suggesting that Futon was patterned after Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen, scholars and critics had given relatively little attention to the comparative aspects of this work. Up to now the attention received by Futon has dealt mainly with its biographical allusions and historical meanings relating to other authors. With the appearance of Fūzoku Shōsetsu, or the Criticism on Modern Realism, by the critic Nakamura Mitsuo, it became evident what Katai had adopted from Einsame Menschen in Futon. Dr. Nakamura states:

First of all what becomes clear after reading Futon and from Katai's above cited statement² is that he was inspired by and imitated Johannes who was portrayed in the drama, but it was not Hauptmann who wrote this drama.³

But Dr. Nakamura's criticism of Futon fails to show the relationship between Futon and Einsame Menschen, despite the fact that

¹Gerhart Hauptmann's third drama, Einsame Menschen, spread his fame beyond the boundaries of his own country. In Japan the name of Einsame Menschen was mentioned in a December issue of a literary magazine Mesamashisō by Mori Ōgai in 1899. (See, Ōgai Zenshū: Chosaku Hen. Vol. XX. pp. 323-26.)

²Dr. Nakamura is referring to Katai's statement that Futon was directly patterned after Sabishiki Hitobito [Einsame Menschen] by modeling Katai's principal character after Hauptmann's Johannes and his heroine after Anna Mahr.

³Nakamura Mitsuo, Fūzoku Shōsetsu Ron, op. cit., p. 39.
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he stresses the importance of this comparative study "in order to comprehend the characteristics of the Japanese modern novel in its initial formation."¹

The purpose of this thesis, therefore, will be to study what Katai could have learned from Einsame Menschen and to discover to what extent he applied this new knowledge when writing Futon.

In view of the fact that most of the Japanese books which will be used in this study are not available in English translations, quotations cited in this text will be translated by the writer unless otherwise noted. My translation of Futon from the Japanese book Futon is attached in Appendix A for reference. An English version of Einsame Menschen translated from the German by Mary Morrison will also be used for this comparative study.

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When he was eleven Katai went back to school in his home town in Gunma to improve his education, as he found that he was not cut out for the type of merchant's work he was doing in a bookstore. He studied literary Chinese under Yoshida Rōken, formerly a teacher of several feudal lords. Three years later his family went to Tokyo where his brother Miyato had secured a position.

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CHAPTER II

KATAI'S LITERARY BACKGROUND UP TO 1907

Tayama Katai was born near Tokyo in Gumma Prefecture in 1872, four years after the Meiji Restoration.¹ His given name was Rokuya and he was the fourth of five children. His father Shōjurō was a lower class samurai and his mother Tetsu was a daughter of Tayama Gazō of a related samurai family. When Katai was five years old, he lost his father who had been a metropolitan police officer. His father was killed in Higo during the Satsuma Rebellion of 1877 in a fight between the government forces and the samurais; as a result of this misfortune Katai completed only three years of elementary schooling. When he was nine years old, he went to Tokyo with his grandfather to work as an apprentice in a bookstore.² About a year later Katai, due to some wrong doing on his part, was sent home to Gumma prefecture accompanied by his elder brother Miyato.

When he was eleven Katai went back to school in his home town in Gumma to improve his education, as he found that he was not cut out for the type of merchant's work he was doing in a bookstore. He studied literary Chinese under Yoshida Rōken, formerly a teacher of several feudal lords. Three years later his family went to Tokyo where his brother Miyato had secured a position.

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It was about 1885 when Katai started to send poems composed in Chinese to the magazine Eisai Shinshi, or New Magazine for Talented Men.

Katai writes about Eisai Shinshi in Bunshō Sekai, or The World of Writing.¹

About that time [1833-35] I attended the elementary school at Kanrin [Gumma Prefecture] where I learned Chinese. Studying Chinese was regarded as more important at that time than nowadays. Therefore, I learned to compose Chinese poems . . .

As in the case of all contributors, when I saw my poems in the magazine [Eisai Shinshi], I was very proud. I showed my poems in the magazine to everyone. I was interested in composing poems and was permitted to buy the magazine by my family who said it was better to spend my money in this way than for some other useless purposes, even though my family was so poor that they could barely afford the two pennies for one copy of the magazine. This magazine could be regarded as becoming my sole consolation and moral support. I looked forward to the publication of each issue of the magazine and I was disappointed when my poem was not printed; however, generally speaking my compositions were printed in the magazine and I was flattered.²

At seventeen, he started to study waka under Matsuura Tatsuo, a disciple of the Keien school of waka.³ Katai later affectionately recalls his teacher Matsuura in his memoirs.⁴ Katai learned from Matsuura the most important attitude of a poet for composing poems, the precept of

¹Tayama Katai, ed., Bunshō Sekai, Vol. III, no. 13, Oct. 1908, quoted in Yanagida Izumi, Tayama Katai no Bungaku ("The Works of Tayama Katai") (2 vols.; Tokyo, 1956-58), II, 85.

²Ibid.

³A school for waka, or Japanese poetry, founded by Kagawa Kageki, a critic of the late Tokugawa period. He attempted to restore the poet's simple and original style as was the case of Japanese-forms of poetry of the Heian period that appeared in Kokinshū, the first imperial anthology collected around 905. The basic form of Waka consists of 31 syllables arranged in 5-7-5, 7-7.

⁴Tayama Katai, Tokyo no Sanjūnen ("Thirty Years in Tokyo"), Vol. XCVII of Gendai Nihon Bungaku Zenshū (99 vols.; Tokyo: Chikuma Shobō, 1953-59), pp. 304-05.

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the Keien school: "Kanjyō o itsuwaranai," or "Be true to your emotions." Matsuura's quiet personality and his realistic principles of art inspired Katai to write about ordinary daily events as his emotions dictated.

At the age of eighteen, Katai began to study English from Nojima Kinhachirō, the son of a former clansman, whose father was working at the Ministry of Home Affairs in Tokyo, and from whose library Katai borrowed European books.

He continued to study English at Meiji Gakkan, a private school, for about three years. During this time Katai stayed with his elder brother Miyato.¹ In 1891 Katai wrote in his spare time his first story Uribatake, or the Melon Field.² Uribatake is a short story written in the Saikaku style.³ The principal characters in this story are three children of ten and eleven years old. They go to a farm field to steal melons. They succeed, only after receiving a beating by the field keeper, but the melons are not yet ripe and are tasteless. The story is simple but it is noteworthy because Katai has written in Uribatake about his own personal experience, which often was his source in later stories.

From 1892 to 1899 Katai wrote twenty short stories. He studied the Japanese stories of Saikaku and Chikamatsu⁴ as well as the Russian novels of Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Gorky at the Ueno Library

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³Ihara Saikaku. Seventeenth-century prose stylist and haiku poet. His style was both elegant and colloquial.

⁴Chikamatsu Monzaemon. Eighteenth-century playwright. His plays are characterized by a refined style and deep insight into psychology.

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Katai's works written from 1900 to 1905 reflect his leaning towards European naturalism. No no Hana written in 1901 shows this inclination, as does his essay "Rokotsu naru Byōsha," written in 1904.

During the Russo-Japanese War Katai participated as a private photographer in a compilation of A Pictorial Report of the Russo-Japanese War for a publishing company called Geographical Description of Japan.

In January 1905 Katai published an account of his war experiences, Dainigun Jūsei Nikki, or The Diary of the Second Regiment. In June he wrote Nabari Shōjo, or Girl of Nabari, for a literary magazine. In July he published travel sketches Kusamakura, or The Grass Pillow.

Bunshō Sekai, or The World of Writing edited by Katai, was published in March 1906, and in June his travel sketches Tabisugata, or Traveling.

¹Tayama Katai, Tokyo no Sanjūne, op. cit., pp. 292-93.

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In May 1907 he wrote Shōjo Byō, or The Maiden's Malady, in June Negi Hitotaba, or A Bunch of Green Onions, and in September Futon.

To recapitulate, then, Katai's literary career before the publication of Futon can be broken down into three periods according to the nature of his work and his intentions: (1) His early period began in 1885 when he started composing Chinese poems, as befitted the son of a samurai, and ended in 1889, the year he married. (2) His formative naturalistic period ended in 1905. (3) His experimental stage began in 1906. In September 1907 he was recognized as a naturalist with the publication of Futon.

(1) The characteristics of Katai's early works were those of a "nature" poet who was taught to express his emotions freely.

(2) Katai started as a writer at an early age, but during this period he had not grasped an understanding of the prose medium. It was in this formative naturalistic period (1900-05) that Katai was inspired by Maupassant's works. Katai relates his impression of Maupassant in his memoir Tokyo no Sanjūnen:

How my mind, eyes, and body were struck with wonder at these twelve volumes of exciting After-Dinner Series!¹ I had previously been deeply moved by Emile Zola's Térèse Raquin but my wonder at After-Dinner Series was not at all that sort of thing. . . .

Perhaps my state of mind might have reached the right sort of transitional stage. In any case I was completely changed by these After-Dinner Series.²

Katai was searching for a new descriptive style, a new path initially opened up by Zola's naturalism, but it was Maupassant who

¹Maupassant's short stories were compiled and published under the title of After-Dinner Series by Mathieson & Co., London, England, in the years 1896-97.

(Tokyo: Shibunō, 1966), p. 163.

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spired by Maupassant's works. Katai relates his impression of Maupas-
sant in his memoir Tokyo no Sanjūnen:

How my mind, eyes, and body were struck with wonder at
these twelve volumes of exciting After-Dinner Series!
I had previously been deeply moved by Emile Zola's Téressé
Raquin but my wonder at After-Dinner Series was not at all
that sort of thing. . . .

Perhaps my state of mind might have reached the right
sort of transitional stage. In any case I was completely
changed by these After-Dinner Series.²

Katai was searching for a new descriptive style, a new path
initially opened up by Zola's naturalism, but it was Maupassant who

¹Maupassant's short stories were compiled and published under
the title of After-Dinner Series by Mathieson & Co., London, England,
in the years 1896-97.

²Tayama Katai, Tokyo no Sanjūnen, op. cit., pp. 335-36.

decisively pointed Katai in a new creative direction. The following description of Katai's state of mind upon reading Maupassant's After-Dinner Series supports this point in more detail.

Until then I had yearned only after Heaven. I didn't know about earthly things. Absolutely nothing. I was a shallow idealist! From now on I would become a child of the earth. I would no longer disdain to creep on the ground like an animal. Rather than dreaming in vain of a star in Heaven. . . .¹

Another characteristic of this naturalistic period was his publication of travel sketches. Katai by nature liked to travel and seemed to enjoy writing with what he called "Heimen byōsha," or "Plain delineation," of what he saw and heard.² For example, from January 1901 to April 1902 Katai wrote eighteen essays, two poems, and forty travel sketches for publication in his employer's newspaper Taiheiyō, or The Pacific.³

(3) It was after the year 1906 that Katai's naturalism became assertive. He advocated naturalism through his literary magazine, Bunshō Sekai, founded in 1906. The characteristics of Katai's works of this period can be summarized as follows: among the fourteen stories that he wrote during this time, seven are subjective narrations, wherein the author uses the first person singular, and an equal number are objective descriptions, wherein the principal character is referred to in the third person; however, the subjective narrations show a gradual

¹Tayama Katai, Tokyo no Sanjūne, op. cit., pp. 335-36.

²Plain delineation means a method of relating, with no subjectivism, the author's experiences in the real world just as they had been when he had seen, heard and felt them.

³Wada Kingo, Shizenshugi Bungaku ("Naturalism Literature") (Tokyo: Shibundō, 1966), p. 168.

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³Wada Kinzo, Shizenhugi Bunshū ("Naturalism Literature") (Tokyo: Shūhō, 1966), p. 168.

decrease in romantic sentimentality, while the objective descriptions tend increasingly to take up the problem of sexual desire. These two tendencies gradually blend together and finally completely merge in the form adopted in Futon.¹

It must have been Hauptmann's Seltsamkeit Hitobito [Einsame Menschen] which suggested to me most of the ideas for writing Futon. Needless to say, if my own Anna Mahr had not shown up in my actual life, Futon would not have been written even though I already had that idea.

From this statement it seems that when writing Futon two conditions were necessary for Katali. First, it was necessary to have Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen as his reference. Second, it was advantageous for Katali to have met Michiyo who became Katali's counterpart to Anna Mahr in Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen. Therefore we should trace how and when these conditions came together in Katali's thoughts.

Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen was published in 1891. Katali says it was about 1899 or 1900 that he first heard the name of Hauptmann mentioned among the literati.² However, the actual date when Katali read Einsame Menschen is not known. Yet as far as can be ascertained, there is evidence that Katali had a copy of Einsame Menschen which he showed to his friend Tōson as mentioned in a letter from Tōson to Katali dated October 26, 1901.³ In this letter it is clear that Tōson is

¹Tayama Katali, Yaga ("Seated All Night Without Sleep") (Tokyo: 1925), quoted in Wada, op. cit., p. 159.

²Tayama Katali, Chūhen Shōsetsu no Kenkyū ("Study of Novels") (Tokyo: 1925), quoted in Wada, op. cit., p. 160. (See additional information, footnote 1, p. 9.)

³Shimazaki Tōson, Shimazaki Tōson Zenshū, (19 vols.; Tokyo: Shinzō-sha, 1951), XII, 49-50.

¹Wada Kingo, op. cit., pp. 154-58.

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tend increasingly to take up the problem of sexual desire. These two
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¹Wada Kingo, op. cit., pp. 124-28.

CHAPTER III

KATAI'S MOTIVE FOR WRITING FUTON

Katai reminisces about his motive for writing Futon in his memoirs:

In every respect, it must have been Hauptmann's Sabishiki Hitobito [Einsame Menschen] which suggested to me most of the ideas for writing Futon. Needless to say, if my own Anna Mahr had not shown up in my actual life, Futon would not have been written even though I already had that idea.¹

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² Tayama Katai, Chōhen Shōsetsu no Kenkyū ("Study of Novels") (Tokyo: 1922), quoted in Wada, op. cit., p. 160. (See additional information, footnote 1, p. 9.)
³ Shimazaki Tōson, Shimazaki Tōson Zenshū, (19 vols.; Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1921), XIX, 49-50.

commenting on Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen by his use of the names of the characters and their relationships in the play. It is not known whether Katai read an English or German version of the drama. An examination of Katai's biography shows that he started to learn German in 1893;¹ however, in Tōson's biography we have no evidence that he could read German. On the other hand there is evidence that Tōson was well qualified to read English. It is known that Tōson taught English at Meiji Girls' School after graduating from Meiji Gakuin, a missionary school in Tokyo.² Judging from Tōson's language background, it can be surmised that if Katai knew Tōson could not read German, he would not have lent him a German version of Einsame Menschen. Therefore it is logical to assume that it must have been a copy of the English version of Einsame Menschen that Katai lent Tōson. Additional evidence which further strengthens this assumption is the fact that Johannes Vockerat's wife was referred to as "Kitty" in the above cited Tōson's letter to Katai. It can be further noted that the name "Kitty" was used extensively in Mary Morrison's English translation of Einsame Menschen, while in the German version her name appears as "Käthe."³

¹This information was furnished by Senuma Shigeki in Katai's chronological personal history listed in Nihon Gendai Bungaku Zenshū (Tokyo: Kōdansha, 1962), XXI, 469.

²Shimazaki Tōson, Shimazaki Tōson Zenshū, *op. cit.*, XIX, 6-7.

³Käthe is pronounced like /Keite/ in Japanese. As to the probability of Katai's reading a Japanese translation of Einsame Menschen, this is out of the question as the first Japanese translation by Mori Ogai was published from February 16 to April 25, 1911, in the newspaper Yomiuri Shimbum and by this time Futon had been available for nearly four years.

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From the above explorations, it can be established that Katai could have read Einsame Menschen before October 1901, and that being the case he must have read an English version.

Katai's Onna-Kyōshi, or The Woman Teacher, written in 1903 closely follows the same theme as that of Einsame Menschen, but his attempt fails. A critique appearing in Teikoku Bungaku, or Imperial Literature, severely criticized Katai's superficial description and his lack of analyses of the characters' emotions which created conflicts in the development of his story.¹ Taking into account this critique I surmise that the superficial description and inadequate character analysis was due to Katai's lack of imaginative power in creating characters endowed with vivid individual personalities and also to his inability to detail their motivations as required in plausible fiction.

While Katai failed in his characterization in Onna-Kyōshi, he appeared to be able to remedy these shortcomings in Futon by actual experiences with Michiyo Okada, as he reminisces in his memoirs: "Needless to say, if my own Anna Mahr had not shown up in my actual life, Futon would not have been written even though I already had that idea."² Let us examine if what Katai states in the above quotation can be borne out.

Michiyo, a graduate of Kobe Women's College, was living with her parents in a small village in Hiroshima Prefecture.³ Her parents

¹Yoshida Seiichi, Shizenshugi no Kenkyū (2 vols.; Tokyo: Tokyodō, 1964), I, 320.

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were well-to-do. Her father, Okada Hanjurō, was one of the founders of a local bank. Her only brother Sanemaro, after graduating from Dōshisha, went abroad to complete his studies at Harvard. On his return he became a professor at Daiichi Kōtōgakkō.

In the fall of 1903 Michiyo, feeling the desire to become a writer, contacted Katai with a heart-rending letter asking him to be allowed to study under his tutelage. Katai did not reply; however, this did not deter Michiyo who again wrote at great length explaining her desires. Katai, on his part, replied in a manner that he hoped would dissuade her from following out her plans to become a writer. The receipt of this discouraging letter in no way dampened Michiyo's spirits and she once more wrote laying out her plans and imploring his help. By now Katai could see that Michiyo's letters were well written and had a winning flair; he then agreed to her appeals and advised her that he would accept her as his pupil. Michiyo, accompanied by her father, came to Tokyo in February 1904 and was permitted to live in Katai's home.¹ Such was the way Michiyo came into Katai's life.

Katai's lonely life appeared to be brightened by the presence of Michiyo; however, this situation lasted only a little over a month as Katai left to join the Second Regiment of the Army in the Russo-

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Japanese War in March 1904.¹ It is recorded that on August 15, 1904, Katai was hospitalized in Manchuria, with the suspicion of having contracted typhoid, and a month later he was shipped back to Tokyo.² Michiyo stayed with Katai's sister-in-law, while Katai was in Manchuria, and attended Tsuda Woman's College. In the meantime Michiyo fell in love with Nagashiro Shizuo, a student at Dōshisha.³ She planned to live with Nagashiro; however, her plans came to naught when her father abruptly took her home. The noticeable influences of Michiyo on Katai's life that were later incorporated in his heroine, Yoshiko, were now terminated as far as they relate to Futon.

From the foregoing observations it can be readily seen that Katai already had a model for his heroine when he was writing Futon. This model can be identified as Michiyo Okada, whose personal background was closely related to the story of the heroine Yoshiko in Futon. However, an analysis of how much Michiyo's presence in Katai's life actually influenced his use of her as the model for his heroine in Futon cannot be conclusive as there are no substantiating documents to confirm or refute this aspect of study.

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After returning home Michiyo sent two short stories--Ippon Enoki, or A Lone Hackberry, in June 1907 and in July Itoko, or Cousins--to a competition in the literary magazine Bunshō Sekai which Katai was editing. Both stories were selected by the magazine with Katai's compliments in his acceptance letters to Michiyo.

About this time Katai appeared ready to commence writing Futon; however, he wavered in his decision whether or not to write this novel.¹ One of his desires was to retain the respect of Michiyo by not revealing his love for her in his story, and another choice was to fulfill his literary ambition by writing Futon. He took the middle road of these two options when he wrote Shōjo Byō in May 1907. In this story Katai exposes candidly his hero's pining for a young and beautiful woman. The hero of Shōjo Byō is modeled after himself, although the story is written in the third person. It is interesting to note that in this story we can observe his naturalistic attitude of "straightforward description" of his real experiences, except that in this case the hero dies at the end of the story.

The publication of Shōjo Byō was not well received by his contemporaries and did not produce the expected encouragement for Katai. To make the situation more untenable for him, two of his friends, Tōson and Doppo, were already recognized as the writers of Hakai, or The Breaking of the Commandment, and Doppo Shū, or Doppo's Anthology. Unfortunately Katai had not, up to this time, written anything of literary value similar to that of these two close friends; therefore, Katai felt he was "left all alone."²

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It was during this distressing mental state that Katai was asked to write a novel for a literary magazine, Shin Shōsetsu. Katai thought that he must write something that would be recognized in literary circles. This thought constantly occupied his mind even while he was walking on the road, but his intentions did not produce any worthwhile writing. He was disappointed and very irritated, but at last a decision was reached as stated in Katai's essay "My Anna Mahr":

It was about that time that I was deeply stirred by Gerhart Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen. The loneliness of Vockerat seemed to resemble my own state of mind. Besides, both with regard to my family and with regard to my work, I had to break the existing patterns and open up new roads. Fortunately I had acquired the new foreign trends of thought--especially those of Europe--distorted though they may have been, from my voluminous reading. I had the feeling that the shape of fin de siècle suffering was clearly revealed even in the thoughts of Tolstoy, Ibsen, Strindberg, and Nietzsche. I, too, wanted to walk a hard road. I determined to fight courageously not only with society but also with myself. I thought I would like to bring out into the open things which I had kept hidden, things I had covered over, even things which might destroy my own soul were I to disclose them.

I determined to put into writing my own "Anna Mahr" who had been causing me anguish since two or three years earlier--the spring before the Russo-Japanese War began.¹

Based on the foregoing statements of Katai, it can now be seen that Katai's motive for writing Futon was to fulfill his literary aspiration to write something of value that would advance his stature to that of those acknowledged writers such as Tōson and Doppo. In addition to this factor, Katai felt that the time was now ripe "to break the existing patterns and open up new roads" in Japanese literature, which he had advocated doing since 1901 in his essay No no Hana, which was inspired by the works of European naturalists. Finally he clearly sees what, in his opinion, is to be desired from a writer.

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It was during this distressing mental state that Kawai was asked to write a novel for a literary magazine, Shin Shōsetsu. Kawai thought that he must write something that would be recognized in literary circles. This thought constantly occupied his mind even while he was walking on the road, but his intentions did not produce any worthwhile writing. He was disappointed and very irritated, but at last a decision was reached as stated in Kawai's essay "My Anna Mahr":

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¹Tayama Kawai, "My Anna Mahr," op. cit., p. 347.

CHAPTER IV

A COMPARISON OF FUTON AND EINSAME MENSCHEN

In undertaking this comparison I will not seek to establish parallels between Futon and Einsame Menschen, but I will compare the works of these two writers according to their common elements, namely, the themes that the authors intended to develop in their stories, and the characters, who are the vehicles for development of these themes, together with techniques that unite their themes and characters in a synthesized relationship to form complete stories. In doing so, I can discuss profitably what Katai learned from Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen and discover to what extent Katai applied this new knowledge when he was writing Futon. Following out my plan I shall take the first step toward ascertaining Hauptmann's theme for Einsame Menschen, then compare and evaluate how Katai adopted Hauptmann's prevailing theme in Futon.

1. A Comparison of Themes

Johannes Vockerat, the protagonist of Einsame Menschen, is studying to be a theologian, when a trend to the modern scientific era of Darwin and Haeckel's theories forcibly attracts his attention. Johannes forsakes theology and becomes a philosopher of the psycho-physiological school. His parents, who are wealthy farmers, grieve at their son's change in his religious beliefs. Their domestic tragedy centers around a parents-and-son relationship that derives from their different religious faiths. In the following passage between Johannes and his mother, Hauptmann presents the confrontation of traditional value with modern scientific skepticism through his observation of the religious views of Johannes and his mother.

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act I. pp. 26-27.

²Ibid.

A COMPARISON OF FUTON AND EINSAME MENSCHEN

In undertaking this comparison I will not seek to establish parallels between Futon and Einsame Menschen, but I will compare the works of these two writers according to their common elements, namely, the themes that the authors intended to develop in their stories, and the characters, who are the vehicles for development of these themes, together with techniques that unite their themes and characters in a synthesized relationship to form complete stories. In doing so, I can discuss profitably what Katal learned from Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen and discover to what extent Katal applied this new knowledge when he was writing Futon. Following out my plan I shall take the first step toward ascertaining Hauptmann's theme for Einsame Menschen, then compare and evaluate how Katal adopted Hauptmann's prevailing theme in Futon.

I. A Comparison of Themes

Johannes Vockerat, the protagonist of Einsame Menschen, is struggling to be a theologian, when a trend to the modern scientific era of Darwin and Haeckel's theories forcibly attracts his attention. Johannes forsakes theology and becomes a philosopher of the psycho-physiological school. His parents, who are wealthy farmers, grieve at their son's change in his religious beliefs. Their domestic tragedy centers around a parents-and-son relationship that derives from their different religious faiths. In the following passage between Johannes and his mother, Hauptmann presents the confrontation of traditional value with modern scientific skepticism through his observation of the religious views of Johannes and his mother.

John: Religion, religion! I certainly don't believe that God looks like a man, and acts like one, and that He has a son, and so on.

Mrs.

Vockerat: But, John, we must believe that.

John: No, mother! We can have a religion without believing such things. [In a rather declamatory tone.] Whoever seeks to know Nature seeks to know God. God is Nature.

"What were a God who ruled his world only from without? In space mechanically whirled the universe about? 'Tis in the heart of things that He must live and move and rule."

That's what Goethe says, mammy, and he knew more about it than all the pastors and priests in the world put together.

Mrs.

Vockerat: O boy, boy! When I hear you talk like that, I... It's a sad pity that ever you gave up the Church.¹

As the quotation from Goethe's discourse gives us a clue, Hauptmann condemns dogmatic Christianity which belittles human Nature. Here in the above passage, the theme of Einsame Menschen seems to spring to life, as Hauptmann, for the first time, champions Johannes's side of the issue, "Whoever seeks to know Nature seeks to know God. God is Nature."² The above statement contains all that is required of a well-constructed theme: characters, conflict and conclusion. In other words, it seems to allude to the theme of Einsame Menschen which we are seeking: the contrast and tension between the natural and the unnatural, with a strong implication that nature is best, or at least that it is preferable to follow nature. Will this be the theme of Einsame Menschen? We are unable to reach a definite conclusion until we read to the end of the story. Let us examine

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act I. pp. 26-27.

²Ibid.

John: Religion, religion! I certainly don't believe that God looks like a man, and acts like one, and that He has a son, and so on.

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¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act I. pp. 26-27.

²Ibid.

whether this possible theme will fit into the further development of this story.

For years Johannes has been very discouraged about his inability to complete a psycho-physiological treatise; however, concerning his literary work, his family offers no assistance to him whatsoever. Johannes' mother, on her part, positively hates the very sight of his manuscript. Nothing would give her greater pleasure than to put it into the fire. His manuscript also causes his father to be distressed. Johannes' wife, Käthe, tries very hard to assist him, but Johannes knows that her help is of no great value. Taking everyone into account, he cannot expect to get any encouragement from his family. As a matter of fact, his family hinders rather than helps him in his work. And in addition to this family trouble, even his childhood friend, Braun, does not show the slightest appreciation for Johannes' work.

Under these distressing circumstances Johannes meets Anna Mahr, the heroine of Einsame Menschen. Anna is a "new woman" who is intelligent and emancipated. She, like Johannes, has been studying psycho-physiological philosophy at a university in Zürich. Johannes' appreciation and respect for Anna's understanding of his work grows into love. As time goes on, the relationship between Johannes and Anna develops into "a new and a nobler state of fellowship between a man and a woman."¹

Johannes' love for Anna is initiated when she becomes an intellectual ally in his struggle for social recognition. His interest in Anna is, at first, only to forward his career. However, Johannes'

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act V, p. 159.

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Under these distressing circumstances Johannes meets Anna Mahr, the heroine of Einame Menschen. Anna is a "new woman" who is intelligent and emancipated. She, like Johannes, has been studying psycho-physiological philosophy at a university in Zürich. Johannes' appreciation and respect for Anna's understanding of his work grows into love. As time goes on, the relationship between Johannes and Anna develops into "a new and a nobler state of fellowship between a man and a woman."¹ Johannes' love for Anna is initiated when she becomes an intellectual ally in his struggle for social recognition. His interest in Anna is, at first, only to forward his career. However, Johannes'

¹Hauptmann, Einame Menschen, Act IV, p. 140.

parents regard the relationship between their son and Anna as unforgivable. To their way of thinking, "He that looks on a woman to lust after her," is committing adultery and Johannes has forgotten his duty and the honor bestowed on him as the head of his household.¹ They regret that they have looked on in silence and have allowed their son gradually to stray further and further from God and the right path. Now they feel that they are being punished by God. Their solution to the problem is to pray to God humbly in the hope of bringing back their son into God's grace according to the traditional doctrines of Christianity. But Johannes takes his stand on quite different grounds as we have observed in the exchange between Johannes and his mother. He denies his parents' conventional doctrines. Johannes declares to his parents that he has a pure, platonic relationship with Anna and that he has determined to continue this friendship with her in spite of all their arguments to the contrary. In Johannes' last confrontation with his father he desperately tries to convince his father of his stand and of his firm beliefs.

John: Well, father, I differ from you. We don't understand each other. In this matter I don't suppose we ever shall.

Vockerat: [Struggling to maintain a friendly tone.] It's not a question of understanding. You mistake the position--yes, yes! That's not the position in which we stand to each other at all, as you used to know very well. It's no question of coming to an understanding.

John: Excuse me, father, then what is it a question of?

Vockerat: Of obeying, it seems to me.

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act V, p. 159.

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¹Hauptmann, Einame Menschen, Act V, p. 129.

John: You think that I should do what you wish, even if it seems wrong to me?

Vockerat: You may be sure that I'll not advise you to do anything wrong. I'm sorry that it should be necessary to say this to you. . . to remind you. . . how we brought you up--not without toil and trouble and many a sleepless night. . . we did it all willingly, gladly.

John: Yes, father, and I am grateful to you for it.

Vockerat: So you say, but these are words, and I want to see deeds, deeds. Be a good, a moral man, and an obedient son--that is real gratitude.

John: Your love has been my destruction.

Vockerat: I don't recognize you, John--I can't understand you.

John: You are right there, father. None of you ever did or ever will understand me.¹

Due to the obviously strained relationship between Johannes and his parents, Anna decides to leave Johannes' home earlier than planned. The only feeling left in Johannes' heart after Anna leaves is that of disgust for life. Johannes can no longer face life and in despair drowns himself.

From the above outline of Einsame Menschen it became clear to us that the development of the whole story verifies this theme. Therefore, we conclude that the theme of Einsame Menschen is "the contrast and tension between the natural and the unnatural, with a strong implication that nature is best, or at least that it is preferable to follow nature." Now, let us proceed to the next step comparing and evaluating to what extent Katai adopted the prevailing theme of Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen in his Futon.

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From the above outline of Ethnische Menschen it became clear to us that the development of the whole story verifies this theme. Therefore, we conclude that the theme of Ethnische Menschen is "the contrast and tension between the natural and the unnatural, with a strong implication that nature is best, or at least that it is preferable to follow nature." Now, let us proceed to the next step comparing and evaluating to what extent Katal adopted the prevailing theme of Hauptmann's Ethnische Menschen in his Futon.

¹Hauptmann, Ethnische Menschen, Act V, pp. 161-62.

Tokio Takenaka, the principal character of Futon, is a novelist. He is assisting in the editing of geographical books as a part-time employee of a publishing company. Although he engages in this work by claiming to have an interest in geography, in his mind he does not feel at ease with this kind of employment. Needless to say, when he reflects on his lagging literary career, he cannot help but feel bitter about his job. Tokio realizes that he is sacrificing his literary ambition solely to earn a living for his family; however, it worries him to know that his wife does not understand his work nor does she take time to appreciate what he is trying to accomplish. Their children are the main concern of his wife and she, in turn, is the only one who is loved by their children. Tokio cannot find peace in his home nor contentment in his work. This situation results in his being unable to throw himself wholeheartedly into his lifework, writing.

This outline of Futon shows that Katai has adopted conditions for his character, Tokio, similar to those used by Hauptmann in creating Johannes Vockerat before Johannes met Anna Mahr. The difference is in their treatment of themes. Hauptmann treats emotional conflicts among individual members of the Vockerat family with equal weight, while Katai solely describes the mental state of his principal character Tokio. In delineating Tokio's lonely life, Katai seems to be trying to demonstrate that ambition and striving for fulfillment are quite natural and that the constant drudgery imposed upon a bread-winner is very unnatural and depressing. He asserts that if a man is compelled to take a job for the support of his family, and if his wife never shows any appreciation for his efforts on their behalf, then it is a natural consequence for him to start looking for consolation from others.

³Ibid. chap. 11, p. 16.

⁴Ibid. chap. iv, p. 32.

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The following excerpt from Futon implies Katai's tacit agreement with Hauptmann's concept of natural human emotions, as described in the relationship between Johannes and Anna.

Not that he [Tokio] was comparing himself with Johannes, he was deeply moved by Johannes' love for Anna and thought that if there were such a girl as Anna, it would be a natural consequence to fall into such a tragedy.¹

Tokio falls in love with Yoshiko who has shown respect for his literary work. In the following passage, Katai reiterates his previous comments relating to the natural behavior of a lonely man.

As was the case with Johannes in Einsame Menschen he began to realize that having a 'housewife' was pointless. His loneliness--this lonely situation was broken by Yoshiko. Who would not fail to be moved by such a beautiful and stylish pupil who honored him by calling him "Sensei" "Sensei!"² as if he were the greatest person in the world.³

Katai seems to justify Tokio's admiration for Yoshiko by taking Tokio's side of the issue: "Who could not fail to be moved by such a beautiful and stylish pupil who honored him. . . as if he were the greatest person in the world." But unlike Johannes, Tokio was restrained by the traditional ethics which prohibit him, as her mentor, from openly expressing his affection to Yoshiko. Tokio is only able to love Yoshiko in a platonic manner. While Tokio is pondering how to overcome this obstacle, Yoshiko falls in love with a young student named Tanaka. On being informed of her love affair Tokio was filled with mixed emotions and felt as if a burning fire was raging through his mind and body. He became unable to control himself and cried out: "Nonsense! How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil!"⁴

¹Katai, Futon, chap. i, p. 11.

²A title of honor given to a teacher.

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Tokio's above outburst discloses in a sudden flash the potential theme of Futon: a mentor falls in love as others do, and if a mentor falls in love with his pupil, how can love be prohibited between them? This statement contains all that is required for a theme: characters, conflict and conclusion. The question that should be asked now is whether this tentative theme is justified by the rest of the story of Futon or not. All indications lead us to conclude this is the theme of Futon.

Our next step is to evaluate to what extent Katai adopted the theme of Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen in his Futon. On the surface these two themes appear to embody different conceptions, but careful examination indicates that they are in reality closely attuned to each other. The ensuing comment by Johannes to Anna gives a clue to this similarity.

John: . . . And is one really to sacrifice everything that one gained to this cursed conventionality? Are people incapable of understanding that there can be no crime in a situation which only tends to make both parties better and nobler? Do parents lose by their son becoming a better, wiser man? Does a wife lose by the spiritual growth of her husband?¹

Is this comment by Johannes in accord with the convictions of Tokio: "Nonsense! How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil!"² Yes, it is. Both statements were made by married men who believe in new theories of a naturalistic philosophy which does not inhibit friendship with another woman, and who are attempting to destroy the conventional conception which disapproves of their opinions.

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act IV, pp. 138-39.

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Is this comment by Johannes in accord with the convictions of Tokio: "Hörsenst! How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil!"² Yes, it is. Both statements were made by married men who believe in new theories of a naturalistic philosophy which does not inhibit friendship with another woman, and who are attempting to destroy the conventional conception which disapproves of their opinions.

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²Katal, Futon, chap. iv, p. 32.

From the foregoing analysis, it becomes evident that Katai did indeed adopt a portion of Hauptmann's principal theme of Einsame Menschen: "The contrast and tension between the natural and the unnatural, with a strong implication that nature is best, or at least that it is preferable to follow nature." Katai differs noticeably from Hauptmann in his treatment of naturalistic philosophy by confining himself to "microcosm," whereas Hauptmann applies his new ideas to "macrocosm," and criticizes dogmatic Christianity through the tragedy brought about in the Vockerat family.

2. A Comparison of Characterizations

In this section we shall examine how the characters of Futon are related to the characters of Einsame Menschen, indicating their similarities and differences, after which we shall interpret reasons why Katai made changes.

The ensuing list of characters of Futon and Einsame Menschen suggests that their relationships in each story are nearly identical.

<u>Futon</u>	<u>Einsame Menschen</u>
Tokio Takenaka (hero) a novelist an individualist	Johannes (John) Vockerat (hero) a philosopher an individualist
Mrs. Takenaka wife of Tokio a traditional woman	Käthe (Kitty) Vockerat wife of Johannes a traditional woman
Yokoyama Yoshiko (heroine) a student	Anna Mahr (heroine) a student
Mr. & Mrs. Yokoyama Yoshiko's parents well-to-do provincial banker traditional and religious people	Mr. & Mrs. Vockerat Johannes' parents well-to-do farmer traditional and religious people

From the foregoing analysis, it becomes evident that Katal did indeed adopt a portion of Hauptmann's principal theme of Einame Menschen: "The contrast and tension between the natural and the unnatural, with a strong implication that nature is best, or at least that it is preferable to follow nature." Katal differs noticeably from Hauptmann in his treatment of naturalistic philosophy by confining himself to "microcosm," whereas Hauptmann applies his new ideas to "macrocosm," and criticizes dogmatic Christianity through the tragedy brought about in the Vockerat family.

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Käthe (Kitty) Vockerat wife of Johannes a traditional woman	Mrs. Takenaka wife of Tokio a traditional woman
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Mr. & Mrs. Vockerat Johannes' parents well-to-do farmer traditional and religious people	Mr. & Mrs. Yokoyama Yoshiko's parents well-to-do provincial banker traditional and religious people

Futon

Tanaka Hideo
 Yoshiko's sweetheart
 a student
 Mrs. Tagawa
 Mrs. Takenaka's sister

Einsame Menschen

Braun (Breo)
 former boyfriend of Anna Mahr
 and Johannes' friend
 an artist
 Pastor Kollin
 trusted pastor, friend of
 Johannes' parents

The principal characters of both Futon and Einsame Menschen are, in each case, the heads of households who are stimulated by the new theories of naturalistic philosophy and who attempt to bring their innermost feelings out into the open. Their wives are completely absorbed in bringing up their children and do not understand their husbands' work. This situation creates dissatisfaction for both the husbands and their wives. Under these circumstances, the heroines in both stories are able to satisfy with their modern ideas the emotional gaps existing between these husbands and their wives. Love by the main character for his wife was dispelled in each case by the appearance of a heroine. The main characters of Futon and Einsame Menschen are superficially very similar; however, images of these characters unrolled at the close of each story show that they are endowed by quite different personalities.

Tokio lectures Yoshiko on his views relating to an emancipated woman:

"It's time women should be aware. It's no good for a woman still to be so weak-minded as to depend too much on others. As Sudermann's Magda said if a woman is so lacking in courage as to allow herself to be transferred immediately from the hands of her father into the hands of her future husband, she is worthless. As one of Japan's newly awakened women you must think and act on your own initiative."¹

¹Katai, Futon, chap. iii, pp. 18-19.

Einsame Menschen

Futon

Braun (Breo)
former boyfriend of Anna Mahr
and Johannes' friend
an artist

Tanaka Hideo
Yoshiko's sweetheart
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¹Katal, Futon, chap. III, pp. 18-19.

But in reality, Tokio is a man who takes the middle of the road in spite of his ideals which advocate an emancipation from convention. His ideals cannot penetrate into the very core of his being where it may turn these concepts into action. Tokio explains his irrationality in the following paragraph:

He possessed a certain strength which did not permit indulgence. Even though he regretted being controlled by this innate strength of character, he eventually gave in to it. On account of this strength he experienced the bitterness of being excluded from fortune, but people regarded him as a righteous and trustworthy man.¹

Tokio's rationalization is self evident in that he is still oppressively governed by traditional values which inhibit the expression of affection towards his pupil; therefore, he does not have the determination to go his own way like Johannes. Tokio oscillates between the two poles of duty and love.

Tokio was worried. His thoughts wavered in judgment several times a day. One time he thought he was prepared to sacrifice himself for their sake. Another time, he thought that he would stop her love affair at one stroke by revealing the true situation to her parents. But, in his present state of mind he could not venture to select either of these plans.²

Unlike Johannes, Tokio is in reality a man who upholds traditional ethics. The following paragraphs elucidate this characteristic of Tokio.

He worried seriously about Yoshiko's love affair and her subsequent life. He compared their ennui, weariness, and callousness, after living together, with his own experiences. And, he sympathized with a woman's pitiful situation having submitted to a man's will. A pessimistic view of life for the dark mystery hidden in the innermost

¹Katai, Futon, chap. iv, p. 25.

²Ibid, chap. vi, p. 48.

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He worried seriously about Yoshiko's love affair and her subsequent life. He compared their ennui, weariness, and callousness, after living together, with his own experiences. And, he sympathized with a woman's pitiful situation having submitted to a man's will. A pessimistic view of life for the dark mystery hidden in the innermost

¹Kasai, Futon, chap. iv, p. 25.

²Ibid., chap. vi, p. 48.

depth of nature suddenly assailed Tokio.

Tokio had a desire to find a just solution to their problem. It struck him that his behavior until now had been very unnatural and insincere. That night, Tokio wrote a serious letter to Yoshiko's parents. . . .¹

Contrary to Tokio's indecisive mental state, Johannes possesses

qualities and elements in his personality that are lacking in Tokio.

Johannes loves himself all the time and absolutely rejects conformity which denies the rights of an individual. He likes his parents but disagrees with their religious views, as we have already seen. He is fond of his wife, but he is not a family man like Tokio who takes up part-time employment to support his family. This characteristic of Johannes is borne out in his retort to his wife.

John: Kitty! Kitty! It's perfectly miserable, this constant talk and worry about money--as if we were on the verge of starvation. It's unendurable. It actually gives one the impression that your whole heart and mind are set on money, nothing but money. And I with my high ideal of woman. . . . What is a man to love?²

In addition to his not being a family man, Johannes is a self-centered man, although I might add that he has a tender heart. He loves his wife but when by chance he meets Anna Mahr, who is a more congenial companion than his wife, he falls in love with Anna. Johannes's conscience does not hurt him as does Tokio's, because Johannes firmly believes that his affection for his wife has grown deeper and fuller as the result of his acquaintanceship with Anna, as is shown in the following talk between Johannes and Anna.

¹Katai, Futon, chap. vii, p. 63

²Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act II, p. 80.

³Katai, Futon, chap. i, p. 11

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¹Katze, Einmal, chap. vii, p. 63
²Hauptmann, Einmal, Act II, p. 80.

John: . . . Do you, for instance, feel anything for Kitty but the warmest affection? Is my love for her less strong than it was? On the contrary, it has grown deeper and fuller.

Miss Tanaka, and we decided that we would not reveal, under

Mahr: But will you get any one, except me, to believe this? Will this prevent Kitty's grieving herself to death?¹

These characteristics of Johannes, which differentiate from those of Tokio, can be reduced to one basic factor: that is, Johannes trusts in his convictions and goes his own way to the extent of opposing the wishes of his wife and his parents. He believes in psycho-physiological philosophy and is determined to change the evils of traditional values by scientific methods. On the other hand, in the case of Tokio, he is well aware of these characteristics of Johannes from reading Einsame Menschen²; however, he is still cherishing the traditional values as we have previously examined in the evaluation of his character.

As for Yoshiko, in her appearance she is no doubt a "new woman," but can she compare in worldly affairs to the same degree as Anna? Of course not, as Yoshiko has not had the same worldly experiences as those of Anna. It should also be remembered that Yoshiko's behavior is restricted by her parents, whereas Anna is an orphan and decides her own destiny regarding her friendship with Johannes. The following letter from Yoshiko to her mentor reveals her weakness.

Dear Sensei,

I am a depraved girl student. Taking advantage of your kindness, I deceived you. I am convinced that my apologies would be very inadequate for so great a sin. Sensei, please take pity and regard me as a very weak-minded individual.

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act IV, pp. 140-41.

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²Katal, Futon, chap. 1, p. 11

I failed to carry out the duties of the new women of the Meiji era of which you taught me. I'm, after all, an old-fashioned woman, and did not have the courage to put the new ideas into practice. I have talked this matter over with Tanaka, and we decided that we would not reveal, under any circumstances, our secret to any other person. We promised that we would, from now on, keep company only in a spiritual way since what had been done could not be undone. However, when I come to think that your anguish is my fault, my conscience makes me restless, and I have worried all day over this. Please, Sensei, have mercy on this pitiful woman.

I have no other choice but to rely on your mercy.

Respectfully yours,

Yoshiko¹

Tokio's wife, however, does not show any noticeable change.

As a matter of fact her attitude towards Yoshiko becomes more friendly after she hears that Yoshiko has a boyfriend, but her basic feeling of disgust for Yoshiko wanting to be a novelist remains unchanged. In Einsame Menschen, however, the developed character of Johannes' wife shows great changes from the initial stage to the conclusion of the play, as Käthe is not really a woman who upholds traditional ideas as does Mrs. Takenaka. In her heart, Käthe agrees with Anna's views that women live in a condition of degradation, but in reality her mother-in-law will not allow her to discuss the matter. In fact, Johannes' mother threatens that if Käthe wants to please her, she would be well advised not to meddle with these new ideas, as they will do nothing but confuse people and destroy their peace of mind. Käthe reluctantly obeys her mother-in-law.

In connection with the analysis of Käthe's character, I discovered striking similarities between Käthe and Tokio. Both are

¹Katai, Futon, chap. ix, p. 79.

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¹Katal, Fulton, chap. IX, p. 79.

restrained from acting by traditional ideas and both suffer from their indecision to carry out what they really believe in. The intensity of Käthe's anguish resembles that of Tokio with one exception, that is to say, Käthe's love for Johannes was intensified during the time Anna was staying in their home, while in Tokio's case his love was tormented by jealousy of Tanaka, to whom he lost Yoshiko.

The minor characters in both Futon and Einsame Menschen remain unchanged and appear to be conventional.

As the result of the foregoing analysis, it becomes discernible how the main characters differ. Let us now interpret why Katai made some changes from Einsame Menschen when he wrote Futon.

Katai characterizes Tokio as an intellectual married man who is bored with the environment of his work and home life. Thus far the situation of Tokio before he meets Yoshiko is similar to that of Johannes; however, the developed character of Tokio does not have Johannes' strong-willed power to carry out his desires. Our question is, why did Katai make this modification in Tokio's personality? In order to answer this problem, let us return to the theme of Futon and reexamine whether or not it requires this change. The answer is positive, as we note that the theme calls for Tokio to fall in love with Yoshiko, that is all, and in no way does it require Tokio to have a similar positive attitude to that of Johannes. It could, therefore, be interpreted that Katai removed from Tokio the characteristics of Johannes' decisive attitude for the sole purpose of emphasizing the effects of Tokio's torment caused by his oscillation between the two poles of duty and love.

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Regarding the characterization of Yoshiko, Katai presents her as a "new woman" in the initial stages of Futon but in the final analysis Yoshiko reveals that she is not a "new woman" as compared to Anna. Why, then, was Yoshiko not portrayed like Anna? To find the key to this question it would be advantageous to analyze once more the theme of Futon and uncover what were the latent characteristics of Yoshiko so that we might be able to perceive the reason for her behavior as portrayed in this story. On examination it appears that she possesses an unusual amount of personal charm, since she attracts such a disciplinarian who was himself doomed to be burdened by tradition. This being the case, let us now ask ourselves if she possesses this presupposed magnetic attraction attributed to her? The answer appears to be in the affirmative. The next question is who is the leading character according to the theme of Futon--Tokio or Yoshiko? The answer is Tokio; therefore, we can say that Yoshiko should not have the same or stronger personality than that of Tokio who is the principal character.

In summation it is to be noted that Katai partially adopts those conflicting situations from Einsame Menschen and uses them with his main characters in Futon. In other words, Katai did not follow closely any characters from Einsame Menschen in Futon as our foregoing character analysis of both stories confirmed. As a result, this analysis establishes that all the characters in Futon are of Katai's own creation as set forth in his theme: "A mentor falls in love as others do, and if a mentor falls in love with his pupil, how can love be prohibited between them?"

A mixed company! I suppose these are--pf, pf!--your old professors, Dr. Vockerat? Well, well!

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 3. A Comparison of the Techniques of Darwin:

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 Both Futon and Einsame Menschen depict daily happenings that make their readers feel as if these characters were actually living in their midst. How is this close feeling between a reader and the characters brought about? Is it not possible that this resulted from the authors' ability to portray situations similar to some that have taken place in the reader's life? Let us examine these principle characters, who are vehicles for the development of the authors' themes. First we shall analyze Hauptmann's technique of revealing his protagonist; then, we shall compare these findings with the technique Katai uses for his principal character.

John: ... The whole thing is hateful to me!
 From our previous analysis of the theme and characters of Einsame Menschen we know that Johannes takes his life at the end of the play; therefore, we can assume that Johannes might have had that idea right from the beginning of the play. Let us find out how this idea is developed.

Einsame Menschen consists of five acts. All scenes take place in Johannes' house in a Berlin suburb. The First Act begins right after the christening of Johannes' and Käthe's first son. In a gay atmosphere, Hauptmann skillfully presents each member of the Vockerat family and the related characters of the play. Johannes' parents and their close friend Pastor Kollins are jovial until the Pastor sees the portraits of Darwin and Haeckel.

Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act I, pp. 16-17.
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John: [Slightly embarrassed] Yes, sir, they are...that
 is...of course, with the exception of Darwin.
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 Kollin: [Peering closely at the picture] Darwin? Darwin?
 I see--Darwin! Yes, yes, hm! Well, you know!
 [He spells out] Ernst - Haeckel. Autograph, too,
 no less! Pf, pf! [With a touch of irony] And so
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 John: [Quickly and rather fiercely] Yes, and I am proud
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In the above cross-talk between Johannes and Pastor Kollin,
 Hauptmann at this early stage brings to light conflicting views on life.
 Johannes' parents are embarrassed. Käthe tries to cheer her husband but
 without much success. Johannes regrets the rude manner in which he an-
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John: . . . The whole thing is hateful to me! . . .
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This constant conflict of new and old ways of thinking clouds over
 Johannes' daily life. In time, his constant grief is transformed into
 self-pity. The following outburst by Johannes bears out this point:

John: If only one person in the wide world cared
 about me at all! It's not much I ask for.
 The least little bit of appreciation, the least
 little scrap of understanding of my work.³

In the Second Act, Anna Mahr's appreciation of Johannes' work
 changes his suppressed outlook on life to one of tranquility: Anna de-

John: Of course I have. Certainly. That is...Miss
 Anna! I know you will not misunderstand me. I
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John:
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You know how attached I am to them all. But, in what concerns my work, my own people are of no assistance to me whatever. . . And that's why I have lived in a sort of seventh heaven since you have been here, Miss Anna. It is the first time in my life that any one has taken an understanding, what may be called a professional, interest in my work, in any possible achievement of mine. It gives me fresh life. It's like rain on the dry ground. It is. . .¹

In the Third Act, his mother is demanding that Johannes terminate his friendship with Anna by asking her to leave his house. The misjudgment of his behavior with Anna by his mother and Braun prompts Johannes to go his own way regardless of their opposition:

John:

I really think you have gone off your head. Are you all determined to talk me into believing in a conflict of interests which does not exist? What you say is not true. There is no decision required. The bond between Anna and me is not the same as the bond between Kitty and me,-- there need be no clashing. It is friendship, damn it all!

. . . It is you people who do not know what you are doing, I tell you. . . If you care for me at all, do not interfere with me. You don't know what is going on in me.

. . . I am ruled by a different spirit; you and your opinion have lost all power over me. I have found myself, and intend to be myself-- myself in spite of all of you.²

In the Fourth Act, the alliance between Johannes and Anna develops into a nobler state of fellowship:

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. . . Friendship is the foundation on which this love will arise, beautiful, unchangeable, a

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act II, p. 72.

²Ibid., Act III, pp. 122-23.

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¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act II, p. 75.

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John: miraculous structure. And I foresee more than
cont'd this--something nobler, richer, freer still.¹

In the Fifth Act, Johannes' mind is made up. Johannes' tirade to his mother bears out this point:

John: She is going. You have worked and worked to
 bring it about. But I tell you this--she'll go
 over my dead body. You see this revolver?²

On the verge of destruction, Johannes' depressed mental state is described below:

John: Help me, Miss Anna! There is no manliness,
 no pride left in me. I am quite changed. At
 this moment I am not even the man I was before
 you came to us. The one feeling left in me is
 disgust and weariness of life. Everything has
 lost its worth to me, is soiled, polluted, de-
 secrated, dragged through the mire. When I
 think what you, your presence, your words made
 me, I feel that if I cannot be that again, then
 --then all the rest no longer means anything
 to me. I draw a line through it all and--
 close my account.³

By tracing all the sequences of Johannes' actions which led to his self-imposed destruction, it becomes evident that the prime mover of the play is hidden in Johannes' character: Although he is loving, submissive, and obedient, there are in his spirit traces of independence, rebellion, and stubbornness. All these things were discernible in his behavior at the beginning of the play. He has brought everything that has happened upon himself. These things were in his character and they necessarily directed his actions. In other words,

¹Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act IV, p. 140.

²Ibid. Act V, p. 157.

³Ibid. Act V, p. 167.

¹Katai, Futon, chap. 1, p. 8.

²Ibid., chap. iii, p. 20.

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³Ibid., Act V, p. 167.

Johannes' growth is organic. We can watch his hate changing to self-pity, then to friendship, followed by his friendship sinking into desperation, and finally his desperation leads to his destruction. The climax leaves him at first numb, then he slowly understands his position. He makes his final irrevocable decision, a decision that is as logical as the blooming of a flower, a decision which is the result of a steady, persistent evolution.

Having observed how Hauptmann unrolled the mental progression of his protagonist, I will now proceed to analyze the technique of Katai in the development of his principal character Tokio.

In Futon all main events take place in Tokio's house in a Tokyo suburb. The first chapter opens with a flashback while Tokio is walking down a gentle slope.

*That puts an end to the relationship between us. When I think of how I considered such a thing in spite of my thirty-six years of age and having had three children, I become disgusted. And yet...and yet...could this really be true? Could it be that all the affection she showed me was merely affection and not love?*¹

The edge on Tokio's words creates the tone and emotional rhythm of Futon. Tokio's thoughts dwell on his experiences with Yoshiko.

Young women's hearts are easily carried away. One minute they seem to be gay but the next minute they are depressed. They are easily excited by trifling things, and equally readily hurt by matters of no importance. Tokio was ceaselessly perplexed over Yoshiko's gentle attitude that neither seemed to be one of love, nor yet not of love. The power of morals and the restraints of customs can be more easily destroyed than torn cloth, given the opportunity. What does not come readily is the opportunity.²

¹Katai, Futon, chap. iii, pp. 22-23.

¹Katai, Futon, chap. i, p. 8.

²Ibid., chap. iii, p. 20.

⁴Ibid., chap. vi, p. 48.

Johannes' growth is organic. We can watch his hate changing to self-pity, then to friendship, followed by his friendship sinking into desperation, and finally his desperation leads to his destruction. The climax leaves him at first numb, then he slowly understands his position. He makes his final irrevocable decision, a decision that is as logical as the blooming of a flower, a decision which is the result of a steady, persistent evolution.

Having observed how Hauptmann unrolled the mental progression of his protagonist, I will now proceed to analyze the technique of Katal in the development of his principal character Tokio.

In Futon all main events take place in Tokio's house in a Tokyo suburb. The first chapter opens with a flashback while Tokio is walking down a gentle slope.

That puts an end to the relationship between us. When I think of how I considered such a thing in spite of my thirty-six years of age and having had three children, I become disgusted. And yet...and yet...could this really be true? Could it be that all the affection she showed me was merely affection and not love?

The edge on Tokio's words creates the tone and emotional rhythm of Futon. Tokio's thoughts dwell on his experiences with

Yoshiko.

Young women's hearts are easily carried away. One minute they seem to be gay but the next minute they are depressed. They are easily excited by trifling things, and equally readily hurt by matters of no importance. Tokio was ceaselessly perplexed over Yoshiko's gentle attitude that neither seemed to be one of love, nor yet not of love. The power of morals and the restraints of customs can be more easily destroyed than torn cloth, given the opportunity. What does not come readily is the opportunity.²

¹Katal, Futon, chap. i, p. 8.

²Ibid., chap. iii, p. 20.

The story begins with a smooth rhythm through which one can barely perceive the conflicting undercurrents in Tokio's mind.

. . . Although he [Tokio] had hesitated to grasp at the opportunities twice, he was waiting for a faint hope, in the bottommost reaches of his heart, of the possibility of a third or a fourth opportunity, then starting a new life.

. . . Love! love! love! To think that even now he was at the mercy of such a passive fate; his heart ached to the core at his lack of spirit and his hapless destiny.¹

These reflective intonations and unhurried cues break quickly and naturally when Tokio mutters the following words:

Nonsense! How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil!²

Behind all this is the emotional rhythm of the scene, which emerges to enrich and refine the general tone of the story:

Sad, very sad. This sadness was not the type experienced by youth, nor merely, sadness of love between men and women, but it was the profound sadness which lay hidden in the depths of human life. The flow of running waters, the falling of blooming flowers--when one realized the irresistible power that lurked at the innermost depth of nature, nothing was so ephemeral as human beings.³

What has been below the surface and what we have partly suspected in Tokio now becomes apparent. It is the conflict between responsibilities as a mentor and his natural desires as a man:

Tokio was worried. His thoughts wavered in judgment several times a day. One time he thought he was prepared to sacrifice himself for their sake. Another time, he thought that he would stop her love affair at one stroke by revealing the true situation to her parents. But, in his present state of mind he could not venture to select either of these plans.⁴

¹Katai, Futon, chap. iii, pp. 22-23.

²Ibid., chap. iv, p. 32.

³Ibid., chap. iv, p. 33.

⁴Ibid., chap. vi, p. 48.

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¹Kasai, Futon, chap. III, pp. 22-23.

²Ibid., chap. IV, p. 32.

³Ibid., chap. IV, p. 33.

⁴Ibid., chap. VI, p. 48.

His conscience as a mentor suddenly assailed Tokio and he was saddened at the turn of affairs affecting Yoshiko in her daily life.

He worried seriously about Yoshiko's love affair and her subsequent life. He compared their ennui, weariness, and callousness, after living together, with his own experiences. And, he sympathized with a woman's pitiful situation having submitted to a man's will.¹

Opposed to his conscience, Tokio suffers intense agony with suspicion of having being deceived by Yoshiko. Tokio gets steadily angrier because he has tried with sincerity to help Yoshiko's love affair with Tanaka. Tokio seems to assert that a mentor is no different from an ordinary man who is disturbed by this type of situation.

In that case--Tokio was no longer required to honor her virginity as she had already given herself to Tanaka. He might as well have gone ahead and obtained satisfaction for his own lust. When Tokio thought along these lines, Yoshiko, whom he had placed on a pedestal, now seemed to him like a streetwalker, and he began to think that not only her body but also her refined manners were distasteful.²

When Yoshiko disclosed in a letter to Tokio that she is a de-
praved student and deceived him, Tokio springs up holding her letter,
and speaks to Yoshiko. In Tokio's subsequent outburst, he seems to have
no room for considering the reasons why Yoshiko has made such a daring
confession to him:

"Once things have gone so far, there is no more hope. I can't help you any more. I return this letter to you and swear to keep this matter secret. In any case, your attitude of trusting me as your mentor is nothing to be ashamed of in a modern Japanese woman. However, seeing that things have gone so far, you ought to go home."³

¹Katai, Futon, chap. vii, p. 63.

²Ibid., chap. ix, p. 77.

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⁴Katai, Futon, chap. x, p. 82.

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When Yoshiko disclosed in a letter to Tokio that she is a divorced student and deceived him, Tokio springs up holding her letter, and speaks to Yoshiko. In Tokio's subsequent outburst, he seems to have no room for considering the reasons why Yoshiko has made such a daring confession to him:

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The day after the above incident took place Tokio had had time to reconsider and ponder over his recent outburst to Yoshiko; however, the ensuing description of Tokio's mental state confirms that, after all, he is a man who upholds traditional values and is no different from other men.

Tokio was still angry but he was in a better mood than yesterday. He felt on the one hand a sense of indescribable loneliness when he considered that he would not be able to see her beautiful expression as they would be separated by a distance of about 500 miles. On the other hand he felt at least relaxed when he thought that he had transferred Yoshiko from the hands of his rival to those of her father.¹

As we progress by analyzing the development of Tokio's mental state towards the end of the story, it becomes clear that Katai is adopting a similar technique to that of Hauptmann in revealing his protagonist: the prime mover of the story is hidden within Tokio's character as was the case with Johannes. Because this technique is used, the story of Futon develops organically, wavering back and forth between traditional values and Nature, returning at the end to its original starting point where Tokio is a respected mentor, as was expected from a person of his calibre.

The foregoing analysis establishes that both stories develop organically without the intrigues, chance meetings and unnatural plot devices which had been adopted by the authors' predecessors. Because of these techniques, which portray the characters in a natural way, readers are lead to believe that these characters are part-and-parcel of their own lives. But there are differences in the literary forms that each author adopts. Hauptmann chooses a play as his form of expression, while Katai selects the novel as his form.

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CHAPTER V

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FUTON

In Chapter II we concluded that Katai's prime motive for writing Futon was to fulfill his aspirations to create something of literary value superior to those of his friends Tōson and Doppo. Did Katai achieve his goal by writing Futon? Our comparative study of Futon and Einsame Menschen establishes that Katai advantageously adopted the prevailing novel elements--theme, characterization, and techniques--from Einsame Menschen. As a result Katai was able to write Futon reflecting the new sensibility of a modern man as found in European literature of the late nineteenth century, which aim, it should be remembered, was sought after as a means of westernizing Japanese novels by Tōson, Doppo, and Katai when they were striving to write better novels than those of the Kenyūsha writers. On the basis of these findings may we say that Katai achieved his goal in writing Futon.

With the publication of Futon, Katai was recognized as a first-class writer among the literati. What appears to have made Futon prominent and to have excited his contemporaries was Katai's sincerity and his "straightforward description" that was demonstrated in practice. Since a few examples on this point have already been cited in the observation of Katai's character development on pages 45 to 48, they will not be repeated; however, the ensuing passages are quoted to further demonstrate the outstanding characteristics of Futon. In these passages Katai describes Tokio's mental state after he lost Yoshiko.

. . . Tokio went upstairs where everything had been left undisturbed since Yoshiko's departure. Overwhelmed with longing for his beloved woman, he tried to recollect his faintly lingering image of Yoshiko. It was one of the days when the cold wind blows briskly from the Musashi plains. He could hear a tremendous noise like roaring waves from the branches of the old trees.

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When Tokio opened a shutter of an east window as Yoshiko did on the day she departed for her home, light streamed into the room. . . . It seemed as if his dear one had, as usual, gone to school. Tokio opened a drawer in her desk. He found there an old discarded ribbon which was soiled. Tokio picked it up and sniffed its fragrance. After a while, he stood up and opened the sliding door. There were three big wicker trunks tied with rope and ready to be shipped to Yoshiko; piled beyond them were Yoshiko's daily used futons. . . . Tokio pulled them out. His heart throbbed with indescribable emotions on smelling the oily and sweaty fragrance of his beloved one. Pressing his face on the stained velvet neckband of the counterpane, he smelled his dear one's odor to his heart's content.

The mixed emotions of sexual desire, sadness, and despair suddenly attacked him. Tokio spread out the mattress and put the counterpane on top; he buried his face in the cold and soiled velvet neckband and cried.

The dimly lit room--outside the wind was blowing hard.¹

In the above passages Katai describes both the inner and outer observations of his character. Katai's minute description of Tokio reminds a reader of the similarity to Hauptmann's portrayal of Johannes' state of mind when he hears the noise of an approaching train on which his departing friend Anna is on board:

[. . . John opens the verandah door and stands listening there. The sound grows louder, and then gradually dies away. The station bell is heard. It rings a second time--a third time. Shriill whistle of the departing train. John turns to go into his room, but breaks down on the way; sinks on to a chair, his body shaken by a convulsion of weeping and sobbing. Faint moonlight on the verandah.]²

The significance of Futon appears to be manifested in these passages transcribing the feelings of a man in the full reality of his existence. For the purpose of further elucidating this point let us examine how Kōyō, who was the leading novelist of the Kenyūsha, describes a similar situation to that of Tokio. The following excerpt is selected from Kōyō's masterpiece Konjiki Yasha, or the Gold Demon, with the hope

¹Katai, Futon, chap. xi, pp. 87-88.

²Hauptmann, Einsame Menschen, Act V, p. 171.

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of illustrating the significance of Futon by comparing the narrative techniques of Katai to those of Kōyō. In the ensuing passages Kōyō describes his principal character's (Kwanichi) mental state after he has lost the woman he loves (Miya) to a man of wealth.

Being left alone in the wide, wide world, with no ties of kindred, and without meeting affection, Kwanichi was like a lonely stone in a wilderness not even haunted by beast or bird. The happiness he experienced, whilst living at the Shigisawa's, from the tender love of Miya, had been the cause of his seeking no other pleasures. His love for Miya was not like the usual love of a youth for a maiden; Miya was to him what the manifold ties of a family are to others, she represented the love of parents, sisters and brothers; she was indeed all in all to the poor Kwanichi; not merely love's young dream, but the substance of what the love of a united family would be. He had regarded her as his wife, and the lonely stone in the wilderness had gradually become warm under her genial influence. We can imagine then, under these conditions, what his feelings were, when he was robbed of his only treasure, when the girl to whom he had poured forth his whole heart, whom he had trusted as himself, to whom he had been faithful even in every thought, was untrue to him, deserting him and marrying another, leaving him stripped of everything and hopeless for the future.

He had now, not only the old loneliness of having not a tie in the world, but his heart was full of resentment and disappointment. The lonely stone was now covered with frost, the biting wind flew over it, the bitterness of his life had entered into the very marrow of his bones. Since Miya had been taken from him there was nothing left for him to live for.¹

As can be seen from the above passages the narrative technique of Kōyō is that of a storyteller. He is totally detached from his story and describes the feelings of his principal character with elegant diction written in the pseudo-classical style of the late Edo period. In marked contrast to Kōyō's literary diction, Katai uses a colloquial style throughout his story. Katai, like Kōyō, primarily depicts his characters in the third person, but the difference between Katai's and

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Kōyō's techniques is that the former views his characters through the eyes of his principal character Tokio, while the latter observes his characters, all the time, in a manner similar to a storyteller, totally detached from them. The diction of Kōyō is polished but his character Kwanichi lacks animation, in marked contrast to the passages quoted from Futon on pages 49 and 50. Why is it that Kwanichi in Konjiki Yasha is the hero of his story in name only, like a puppet, and fails to have the reader understand his sadness; while on the other hand, Katai in Futon was able to bring out his hero's despair, enabling the reader to share in Tokio's experiences? Was it not because Kōyō's descriptive efforts were evenly placed in his rhetoric from start to finish? In other words, Kōyō's diction is smooth, but too monochromatic. Katai's endeavors, however, were concentrated on describing natural feelings of Tokio. It can be further noted that Katai's minute-by-minute observations of Tokio were solely carried out to convey to his readers what is taking place in Tokio's mind in situations similar to those that were affecting Kwanichi. The significance of Futon written in narrative form is that it enabled Katai to describe successfully the details of his characters as if they were living in our own world. In this respect, Katai's friends, Tōson and Doppo, at this stage of their careers, could not fully achieve the lively characterization of modern men because they, like Kōyō, failed to reveal their characters' subconscious feelings to their readers. From a historical perspective, the significance of Futon lies in its contribution to westernizing Japanese literature, which was initiated by Shōyō in his Shōsetsu Shinzui in 1885, and followed by

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From a historical perspective, the significance of Futon lies in its contribution to westernizing Japanese literature, which was initiated by Shōyō in his Shōsetsu Shinzumi in 1885, and followed by

Futabatei's Ukigumo. In the case of the Kenyūsha writers, who succeeded Shōyō, their most praiseworthy qualities lie in the polish of their descriptions, and in their elegant diction, although we must concede that this phase of discipline should be in order when writing a literary work, although this is only one aspect of the efforts that are expected from a writer. The writers of the Kenyūsha were, however, primarily concerned with art and purifying processes and had taken little interest in the raw materials of life. At this juncture Katai was able to fill in the deficiencies of the Kenyūsha writers by taking preference to frank transcriptions of his experiences over a generalized and an objective presentation of a situation. In doing so Katai found in Futon a new way to narrate a story, as we have already observed in Chapter IV. Katai's narrative techniques no longer required unnatural plot devices of the traditional modes of telling a story, rather Katai made his story develop itself according to its natural sequences. As a result, these characters in Futon reflect, on their part, situations of the early period of the twentieth century of Japanese society, bringing the reader back directly into the inner lives of his characters without any interventions in the way of explanation or commentary on the part of the author, and uncovered the most intimate thoughts of his characters, those which lie nearest unconsciousness. It can be observed that Katai succeeded in Futon by describing his main character Tokio's experiences with Yoshiko, thereby bringing into focus one of the fundamental problems of our lives: the fact that ambition, sensitivity, and the striving for fulfillment which these entail, are very natural and are inhibited not by nature, but by the unnatural morals of society.

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The above literary pursuit in which Katai describes human behavior, not for the sake of "mosha," or "copying," but for the purpose of bringing out an eternal "idea," through his characters, is closely associated with the chief reason that Futabatei wrote Ukigumo using western techniques. In this sense, Katai can be regarded as the successor to Futabatei, and his Futon, following in the footsteps of Ukigumo, is an epoch-making contribution to the westernization of Japanese literature.

we also noted that Katai did not employ this theme of Hauptmann's exactly in the same sense as that used in Einsame Menschen. Katai's characters, who are to be the vehicles of his theme, are Japanese whose problems would be naturally different from those of Hauptmann's characters in Germany; therefore, it became clear when we had completed our analysis that the final theme for Futon led to the following: "How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil?" The comparative character analysis between Einsame Menschen and Futon establishes that Katai did not, in all respects, model his main character, Tokio, after Johannes, nor did he pattern his heroine, Yoshiko, after Anna, as Dr. Nakamura mentions.¹ Our examination further shows that Tokio and Yoshiko were partially patterned after Johannes and Anna respectively, and surprisingly enough it would appear that it is rather Johannes' wife Käthe with whom Tokio's personality is in accord and not Johannes.² This analysis has been carried out in Chapter IV, under section 2 and there is, I believe, no need for further examination.

¹See p. 9.

²See pp. 38-39.

The above literary pursuit in which Katal described human behavior, not for the sake of "copying," or "copying," but for the purpose of bringing out an eternal "idea," through his characters, is closely associated with the chief reason that Futabatei wrote Ukiyomo using western techniques. In this sense, Katal can be regarded as the successor to Futabatei, and his Futon, following in the footsteps of Ukiyomo, is an epoch-making contribution to the westernization of Japanese literature.

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CHAPTER VI

CONCLUSION

From the foregoing examination several observations might be made by way of conclusion. Let us first observe what Katai could have learned from Einsame Menschen and to what extent he applied this new knowledge when writing Futon. By and large our observations lead us to believe that Katai successfully adopted in Futon a type of theme very similar to that of Einsame Menschen, namely, the eternal human problem of the conflict between human nature and man-made traditions. At the same time, we also noted that Katai did not employ this theme of Hauptmann's exactly in the same sense as that used in Einsame Menschen. Katai's characters, who are to be the vehicles of his theme, are Japanese whose problems would be naturally different from those of Hauptmann's characters in Germany; therefore, it became clear when we had completed our analysis that the final theme for Futon led to the following: "How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil?"

The comparative character analysis between Einsame Menschen and Futon establishes that Katai did not, in all respects, model his main character, Tokio, after Johannes, nor did he pattern his heroine, Yoshiko, after Anna, as Dr. Nakamura mentions.¹ Our examination further shows that Tokio and Yoshiko were partially patterned after Johannes and Anna respectively, and surprisingly enough it would appear that it is rather Johannes' wife Käthe with whom Tokio's personality is in accord and not Johannes.² This analysis has been carried out in Chapter IV, under section 2 and there is, I believe, no need for further examination.

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Our findings of the comparisons of these authors' techniques show that Katai, like Hauptmann, successfully utilizes the techniques of writing modern fiction which bring to his reader a convincing rendering of life. We concede that Katai employs in Futon techniques similar to those used in Einsame Menschen, and that the driving force of Katai's theme is implanted within his characters. As a result, his story progresses naturally, without any conspicuous plot devices and as his characters act in a manner appropriate to their own time and space. Our analyses show that Katai applied this technique exclusively when he wrote Futon.¹ This technique, which Katai seemed to have learned from Hauptmann, is one reason why the themes of Einsame Menschen and Futon differ at their completions, regardless of the fact that Katai got his original idea for his story from Einsame Menschen. Another major technique that Katai appears to have adopted from Einsame Menschen is the minute observation used by Hauptmann. Let us look at an example of this aspect of Katai's technique cited on pages 49 and 50. In this passage Katai describes the inner and the outer life of Tokio in minute detail, which in turn allows his readers to experience Tokio's reactions by keeping the readers in step with Tokio. Because Katai utilizes this technique of the minute observation of his characters, his readers are able to share the experiences of these characters in Futon. Also, by using this technique, Katai aptly illustrates in Futon how to write a novel which is, in reality, a work of fiction.

On the basis of the above findings--treatment of his theme, development of his characters, and techniques used in Futon--can we infer

or "A Joint Review of Futon," in Waseda Bungaku, Oct. 1907, appeared in Waseda University Journal, XIII of Kokugo Kokubungaku Kenkyushi Taikei, ed. by Yoshida Saichiro and others (15 vols.; Tokyo: Sansaido, 1965), p.204.

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On the basis of the above findings--treatment of his theme, development of his characters, and techniques used in Futon--can we infer

¹See p. 48.

that Futon is not an imitation of Einsame Menschen, despite the fact that Katai stated that he was initially inspired by this play? The reason for this conclusion is that Futon, on close examination, proves to be a work of literary art by using "realistic" artistic devices for creating the impression of stark reality--something that has no counterpart in Einsame Menschen. For this reason, I am of the opinion that Futon is fiction that was concocted by Katai, in spite of our findings that Katai actually had similar experiences to those of his hero, Tokio.

I am aware that my view differs somewhat from those of many of the leading critics of the Meiji era. Shimamura Hōgetsu praised Katai's Futon, saying: "This piece is the bold confession of a flesh-and-blood man, a stark-naked human being," and Oguri Fūyō, one of Kōyō's disciples, also concurred with his evaluation of Futon: "I regard the attitude of the author [Katai] who was able to confess and publish without misrepresentation or embellishment his psychological and emotional life as sincere." The novelist Masamune Hakuchō likewise expressed a kindred view to that of Hōgetsu in saying: "[Katai] is without affectation opening his heart," and Chikamatsu Shūkō, another novelist, also approved: "[Katai] depicted natural emotion."¹

Before hastening to proceed to our next observation, let us stop and contemplate what Katai really wanted to set forth in Futon, as such a review might shed some light on evaluating Hōgetsu and the other critics' points of view in variance with our finding on this matter.

¹All the above comments on Futon are compiled in "Futon Gappyō," or "A Joint Review of Futon," in Waseda Bungaku, Oct. 1907, appeared in Tōson. Katai, Vol. XIII of Kokugo Kokubungaku Kenkyushi Taisei, ed. by Yoshida Seiichi and others (15 vols.; Tokyo: Sanseidō, 1965), p.204.

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First of all, we can bring to mind that Katai wrote in his essay "My Anna Mahr" that "I determined to put into writing my own 'Anna Mahr' who had been causing me anguish since two or three years earlier--the spring before the Russo-Japanese War began."¹ If we were to read the above motive of Katai for writing Futon without considering the rest of the context, we might be tempted to assume that Katai was going to write a confessional story in Futon. But on close examination of Katai's statement in the proper context, it becomes clear that what Katai intended to write in Futon is mentioned in the following lines of his same essay "My Anna Mahr," as he reminisces about his feelings when he was asked to write a novel for Shin Shōsetsu, a literary magazine: "It was about that time I was deeply stirred by Gerhart Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen. The loneliness of Vockerat seemed to resemble my own state of mind."

Judging from the context of his essay "My Anna Mahr," Katai's intentions in writing Futon were to present the theme originally inspired by Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen: the contrast and tension between the natural and the unnatural, with a strong implication that nature is best, or at least that is preferable to follow nature. After re-examining Katai's motive for writing Futon for the evaluation of the nature of this work, I am still of the opinion that Futon is not a confessional story as Hōgetsu and other critics evaluated it.

The following statement by Katai, which was made about twenty years after Futon was written, and which appeared in his discussions on how to write novels, might coincidentally be in accord with our findings:

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[Futon] was not a confession, nor did I deliberately select such ugly facts. . . . I only disclosed certain facts, which I had discovered in life, in view of the reader's eyes. . . . The writer only gave consideration to how well he had described his discovered facts and how near he had approached truth.¹

Up to now we have observed what Katai might have learned from Einsame Menschen and how he adopted this knowledge in Futon. Let us now turn our attention to what Katai did not use from Einsame Menschen in Futon. In this connection, we have already noted that Hauptmann employed a drama form to bring out his theme of conflict between nature and traditions; on the other hand, Katai used a novel form to express a very similar theme to that of Hauptmann's. Why then did Katai use a novel as a means of expressing his theme, instead of using a drama form? Are we not in order when we assume that the novelist has the advantage of being permitted to speak directly to his readers about what his characters think and do? This requirement can be readily noticed in the case of Tokio whose inward thoughts are different from his outward actions; therefore, in this respect the novel form has a very decided advantage when Katai elucidates the psychological aspects of his characters, particularly with the presentation of the elusive portions of Tokio's thoughts which cannot often be expressed in concrete form in drama. Since the novelist is allowed to portray freely both the outer and the inner life of his characters, was not Katai's selection of the novel as his form justifiable? Actually, apart from the above speculations, what primarily concerns us now is to find an answer to our question--why did Katai select a novel as the form for Futon? According to our findings, it would seem that Katai wanted to

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be a novelist and desired to write a novel that was better than the works of Tōson and Doppo. This, we feel, is the basic reason why Katai did not employ the drama form of Einsame Menschen.

Another reason why Katai selected a novel form could be that he wanted to renovate the prevailing literary technique in the novel form of the Kenyūsha writers. This aspiration of Katai is also manifested in the lines from his essay "My Anna Mahr" quoted earlier: "Besides, . . . with regard to my work, I had to break the existing patterns and open up new roads." This attitude of Katai towards the Kenyūsha could be comprehensible from our observation of Katai's literary background before he wrote Futon. Katai was right from the very start a "nature" poet who expressed his emotions freely. This attitude of a poet was favorably advanced by learning the composition of waka as a pupil under Matsuura Tatsuo of the Keien school. The name of this school brings to mind that its precept was: "Be true to your emotions." We also recall that Katai was inspired by the works of several European naturalists, particularly the works of Maupassant, and their influence determined him to write a "realistic" novel expressing "freely even of the secrets of human life and even of the whisperings of the devil." Katai's travelling sketches, in which he wrote stories about what he had seen and heard on his nationwide travels, served to put his aspirations into practice. In addition, his participation in the Russo-Japanese War gave him profitable experience by enabling him to write about actual incidents that had taken place on the battlefield. When we trace through the literary background of Katai we can readily see that Katai's sole aspiration was to write a novel, not a drama, which would in effect "break the existing patterns and open up new roads."

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As to observations on the significance of Futon, we shall conclude with answers from these outstanding characteristics of Futon which we have just observed in this chapter. The most significant aspect of Futon lies, I believe, in Katai's discovering in Futon how to write a "realistic" novel. Our reason being that these techniques of Katai--treatment of the theme, development of the characters, and straightforward description--gave a tangible format to his fellow writers who had been seeking new forms and who had been moving away from the old abstract literary theories of Shōyō. We all know that it is the talent of a writer to be able to find the best way to express what he wants to say, and that in order to do so he must be able to select the most effective method from available sources. It should also be borne in mind that the selection of suitable methods is just a preliminary task for a writer. In addition he must know how to utilize to his best advantage these available techniques. Needless to say techniques are only tools and they themselves do not have any literary value unless they are used in the right place and in the right context of any piece of work by a writer who knows how to avail himself of their best use. In Futon Katai demonstrates his ability to use all available techniques of both the Orient and the West to draw his readers into his story, where, as the story unfolds, his readers are able to sense the experiences of Katai's characters. These characters, in turn, reflect the society of the early twentieth century in Japan, which professed one set of traditional values from which his characters suffered.

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These writing techniques of the novel which Katai employed in Futon were immediately adopted by many contemporary writers and contributed to the later development of new genres, shinkyō shōsetsu, or mental life novels, and shishōsetsu, or I-novels, which analyse a novelist's own self-consciousness.

As he started down the gentle slope which leads from Kirishitan Hill in Koishikawa to Gokurakuzui, he reflected. That puts an end to the relationship between us. When I think of how I considered such a thing in spite of my thirty-six years of age and having had three children, I become disgusted. And yet...and yet....could this really be true? Could it be that all the affection she showed me was merely affection and not love?

Many passionate letters--the relationship between the two people was by all standards extraordinary. He had a wife, he had children, there were reputations to maintain, there was a mentor-pupil relationship between them, and for just these reasons they had not dared to fall into ardent love with each other but behind the throbbing of their breasts while they were talking, and the sparkling of their eyes when they looked at each other, there certainly lurked a violent storm. Had they but chanced upon the opportunity, it seemed that their storm deep within them would immediately have gained strength and in an instant torn away any concern for wife and children, reputation, morality, and the relationship between mentor and student. At least he had believed so. Yet even so, judging from the incidents of the last two or three days,

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The remainder of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is too light to transcribe accurately.

APPENDIX A

FUTON ("The Quilt"), a novel by Tayama Katai

Translated from the Japanese by Motoko B. Reece

I

As he started down the gentle slope which leads from Kiri-shitan Hill in Koishikawa to Gokurakusui, he reflected. *That puts an end to the relationship between us. When I think of how I considered such a thing in spite of my thirty-six years of age and having had three children, I become disgusted. And yet....and yetcould this really be true? Could it be that all the affection she showed me was merely affection and not love?*

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she had definitely sold her emotions by false pretense. On several occasions he thought that she had deceived him. However, as he was a man of letters, he could afford to analyse his own mind objectively. A young woman's mind is not easily judged. Her warm pleasing affection was perhaps a natural development characteristic of the expression of her eyes which looked beautiful, her attitude which seemed gentle was perhaps all unconscious, and unintended like the kind of solace that the wild flowers give to the person who looks at them. To concede a point, even if she loved me, I am her teacher and she is my student; I am a married man who has a wife and children while she is a beautiful flower in her prime; then what good would it have done for us to be increasingly conscious about each other? Wait, going one step still further, when I received that passionate letter complaining implicitly and explicitly of her mental anguish, transmitting the last of her emotions, just as if the power of nature would oppress my person, I did not solve her riddles for her. With her modest woman's nature, how could she press more frankly for an answer from me? Having been disappointed from that kind of mental state, she might have created the recent affair.

"Anyway, the time has passed. She already belongs to another!" he inwardly screamed as he walked along, and he tore his hair.

He wore a striped serge business suit with a straw hat; and he went down the slope bending forward slightly and using a walking stick of wisteria vine. It was mid-September. Although the lingering heat was still unbearable, the sky was filled with a serene autumnal tinge, and the strikingly deep blue color stirred the man's feelings.

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A fishmonger, a wine shop, a variety store, and beyond them stood the gate of a temple as well as rear tenements, and in the lowland of Hisakata Machi, the smoke stacks of many factories were overflowing with black smoke.

An upstairs-room in western style in one of those factories was where he went in the afternoon every day. A big table was stalled in the center of an approximately ten-mat room [each mat measures 3' x 6'] and beside the table stood a tall European bookcase. In the bookcase various kinds of books on geography were tightly packed. He was engaged in assisting in the editing of geographical books as a part-time employee of a publishing company. A literary man editing geography books! Although he willingly engaged in this work by claiming an interest in geography, in his own mind, needless to say, he could not content himself with this kind of work. While he was aware that some day he would achieve his goal, he could not help but feel bitter when he reflected on his lagging literary career, his irritation at writing only short stories, and not yet having a chance to display his capacities to their fullest, and the pains from criticism of him that appeared monthly in a youth journal. Society progressed daily. The streetcars had completely changed the traffic conditions of Tokyo. Girl students had gained influence; there was no hope of seeing an old-fashioned girl like those of the days when he had been in love. Young men of today have also changed their attitude completely in regard to the manner they talk about love, literature, and politics; and he felt that it would be forever impossible for them to find rapport with those of his own generation.

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And...everyday he went down the same road like an automated machine, entered the big gate, threaded his way through the narrow way where the shaking noise of the rotary machines and foul-smelling sweat of the workmen mingled in the building, nodded to the people in the offices, plodded up the long narrow staircase, and finally entered his office; but this room which opened on the east and on the south was indeed intolerably hot because of the strong afternoon sunlight. Added to this he felt uncomfortable on finding white dust covering the table as the apprentice was lazy and did not clean the room. Sitting down on a chair, he had a smoke, and then got up to take out a thick book on statistics, a map, a guidebook and a book on geography, and then calmly began to work from the place where he had left off on the previous day. However, he found it difficult to continue writing as his mind had been hazy these last two or three days. He would stop writing after one line and ponder over what had been passing through his mind. Again he wrote one line, and stopped, and so on--writing and stopping. In the meantime the thoughts which flashed through his mind were fragmentary, violent, precipitous, and full of desperate elements. By some chance association, he recalled Hauptmann's Einsame Menschen. Before things had turned out this way he had thought that he might use this play as a daily lesson for her. He wanted to teach her about the mental state and sorrow of Johannes Vockerat. Although it was three years ago when he had read this play, at a time when he had not the slightest notion that she even existed, he had been a lonely man since those days. Not that he was comparing himself with Johannes, but he was deeply moved by Johannes' love for

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Anna and thought that if there were such a girl as Anna, it would be a natural consequence to fall into such a tragedy. He heaved a sigh at the thought that from now on he could no longer play the part of Johannes. Though he did not teach Einsame Menschen to her, he once taught her Turgenev's short story, Faust. In the well-lit four-and-a-half-mat study her expressive eyes glistened with ever deeper meaning, while her youthful heart filled with admiration when she listened to the colorful love story. The lamp threw its light upon her upper body, her fashionable low pompadour with its comb and ribbon, and when her face came closer to the book on the table, he smelled the indescribable scent of her perfume, the scent of flesh, her womanly scent--his voice trembled when he lectured on the passage in which the hero of the story read Faust to his sweetheart.

"But, everything is finished!" Again he said this tearing his hair.

II

His name was Tokio Takenaka.

Three years ago his wife gave birth to their third child and they were at the stage when the pleasures of their honeymoon had a long time ago subsided. He found no significance in daily happenings in the world, nor did he have the courage to throw himself into his lifework, he had gotten tired of a monotonous daily life --getting up in the morning, reporting to the office, and returning home about four in the afternoon and seeing his wife's face day

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His name was Tokio Takemasa.

Three years ago his wife gave birth to their third child and they were at the stage when the pleasures of their honeymoon had a long time ago subsided. He found no significance in daily happenings in the world, nor did he have the courage to throw himself into his lifework, he had gotten tired of a monotonous daily life--getting up in the morning, reporting to the office, and returning home about four in the afternoon and seeing his wife's face day

after day, only to be followed by having supper and going to bed. He tried changing houses but it did not make him any happier than before, talking with his friends did not please him, nor did reading through foreign novels give him any satisfaction. Nay, even the very conditions of nature--the growth of the garden shrubbery, the drops of rain, the bloom and fall of the blossoms--seemed to him to make his humdrum life all the more humdrum, and he was so forlorn he did not know what to do with himself. He keenly felt that he would like, if possible, to make a new love with the young and beautiful woman whom he always saw on the road.

At the age of thirty-four to thirty-five, as a matter of fact, everyone has this type of anguish, and though there are many men around this age, who play with low-grade women, they are after all, hoping only to assuage their loneliness. It is in this age group that there are many men in the world who divorce their wives.

On the way to the office, he encountered every morning a beautiful woman teacher. At that time, he took meeting this woman daily as his only pleasure and gave free rein to his imagination about her. Suppose a love affair materialized, and he took her to a cozy room in nearby Kagurazaka where they could secretly enjoy themselves. . . . What if the two of them took a walk in the suburbs without letting his wife know. . . . No, why stop there, since his wife was, at that time, pregnant, suppose by chance she dies from a difficult delivery, then what if he replaced her with this woman. . . . Would he be able to casually have her as his second wife? He considered such things as he went along.

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thinking It was about that time that he received a letter filled with admiration from a girl named Yokoyama Yoshiko who was a student at a girls' school in Kobe; her birthplace was Niimi-Chō, in Bitchū, and she was an admirer of his work. As the pen name of Takenaka Kojō who wrote ornate styled novels was more or less known in society, he had received a fair amount of letters from his admirers in the provinces before. Since many people requested that he improve their compositions or allow them to become his pupils, he could not take care of their individual requests. Therefore, even though he had received the girl's letter he did not send a reply as her letter did not stir his curiosity. However, now that he had received three ardent letters from the same person, even such a person as Tokio could not but take note. She was nineteen years old, but judging by the word phrasing of her letter, her skills of expression were very amazing, and her wish was to engage in literary work as her lifetime vocation after becoming by all means and conditions his pupil. Her handwriting was elegant and it seemed that she was very stylish. He wrote his reply in the above-mentioned upstairs-room of the factory. On that day he left off writing his daily quota of two-pages on geography and sent Yoshiko a letter which was more than two feet in length. In this letter he warned her of the inadvisability of a woman engaging in literary work giving as his reason that a woman should fulfill her physiological duties of motherhood. He also explained in detail about the danger facing an unmarried woman who aspires to work in the literary field and wrote a few abusive words as to her ambitions. After writing the long letter Tokio smiled,

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thinking that she would abandon her ambition feeling disgusted with him. Searching for a map of Okayama Prefecture, he took it out of his bookcase and investigated the location of Niimi-Chō, Atetsu District, which was located over ten miles from the Sanyō Main Line up the Takahashi River valley. He was surprised to find that a stylish woman such as she was living in this type of remote mountain region; nevertheless, Tokio was somewhat beguiled, and studied in detail the mountains, rivers, and the general topography of the vicinity of her home town.

Well, he thought that she would not reply; but on the contrary, on the fourth day, he unexpectedly received a thick envelope which was even thicker than the previous letters. It was a three-page letter written horizontally in small characters with purple ink on western-style paper which had blue lines. She repeatedly asked him not to give her up as his pupil. She wanted to come to Tokyo and enter an appropriate institute after obtaining her parents' approval. Her honest desire was thoroughly and diligently to study literature. Tokio was deeply moved by the girl's ambitions. Even in Tokyo-- even those girls who were graduated from girls' schools failed to appreciate the value of literature, yet the content of her letter indicated that she knew everything about literature which prompted him to decide to form a mentor-pupil relationship; thereupon he immediately sent her his reply.

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letters in one corner of his letter to send him her photograph, but later he smeared it out with ink. Good looks are essential for a woman. A man ignores an ugly woman, no matter how talented she may be. In his heart Tokio thought that she must be ugly as usually is the case of a woman who wants to study literature. Yet, he hoped that, if possible, she would be a woman of acceptable appearance.

Having obtained permission from her parents, Yoshiko, accompanied by her father, visited Tokio's home in February of the next year; it was just the seventh day after Tokio's third son was born. In the room next to the drawing room, Tokio's wife was still lying in confinement and upon being told by her elder sister, who was staying in their home to help her, that the young pupil was beautiful, Tokio's wife was not a little troubled. Even the elder sister felt some uneasiness wondering what her brother-in-law was doing having such a young and beautiful woman as his pupil. Tokio, facing Yoshiko and father who were seated side by side, talked in great detail concerning the life of literary men and their purposes, and sounded out in advance her father's views on her marital problem. Yoshiko's family was one of the three wealthy families in Niimi-Chō, both of her parents were devout Christians, particularly her mother who was an outstanding devotee and who was said to have once studied at Dōshisha Girls School. Her elder brother had been a professor, since returning from England, of a certain national university. Yoshiko, upon graduating from an elementary school in her home town, went to Kobe, and entered a women's college in that city, where she enjoyed a fashionable campus life. Those girls' schools which were founded

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on Christianity were liberal in all respects compared with other girls' schools. In those days although girl students were prohibited from reading Makaze-Koikaze ("The Winds of Demons and Love") and Konjiki Yasha ("The Gold Demon") before the Ministry of Education intervened, girls in her school could read any type of novel as long as it was not in their classrooms.¹ Having experienced the benefits of prayer, the enjoyment of Christmas Eve, and the cultivation of ideals in the college chapel, Yoshiko became one of the group who would hide what is base and parade what is beautiful in man. When she came to Kobe she keenly missed her mother and home town, but in no time she forgot all these things and became more interested in enjoying her dormitory life than anything else. Living with a group of girl students who used to tease the cook by pouring soy sauce over the rice and protesting that the cook had failed to prepare delicious pumpkin for them, learning to say one thing and mean another according to the eccentric moods of their elderly house mother, how could they see things as plainly as girls who were reared in their own homes? Before Yoshiko knew it, she had been influenced by these tendencies--to be beautiful, to foster ideals and to be vainglorious--and fully shared all the merits and demerits of the girl students of the Meiji era.

He began to realize that having a "housewife" was pointless.

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To say the least Tokio's lonely life was changed by the presence of Yoshiko. His present wife had once been his former sweetheart. She had certainly once been his sweetheart, but now Tokio's feelings towards her had changed. For the past four or five years, with the sudden rise in women's education and the establishment of women's colleges, girl students had begun to wear fashionable low pompadour hair styles and long skirts of reddish-brown color, and no girls were bashful when they walked side by side with their boy friends. For Tokio, to be living meekly in this era with a wife who wore the old-fashioned married women's hairdo, who walked like a duck, and knew nothing but obedience and virtue was the most wretched thing of all. Walking on the street, he would meet a man strolling happily in the company of his beautiful and stylish wife; when he visited his friends, he saw their wives joining in with their husbands and enlivening things with an easy flow of conversation; but when Tokio compared these women with his wife, who did not even care to read his novels that were written with a great deal of effort, and was utterly unconcerned about her husband's worries, and felt she had only to raise their children satisfactorily; his soul could not help but scream with loneliness. As was the case with Johannes in Einsame Menschen he began to realize that having a "housewife" was pointless. His loneliness--this lonely situation was broken by Yoshiko. Who could not fail to be moved by such a beautiful and stylish pupil who honored him by calling him "Sensei" "Sensei!"¹ as if he were the greatest person in the world.

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For about the first month Yoshiko temporarily stayed at his home. What contrast to his former solitary life it was to have around her gay voice and her charming figure! She helped his wife, who had just recovered from her confinement, by knitting baby socks and mufflers, sewing kimonoes and playing with the children. Tokio felt as he had during his early marriage, and his heart beat excitedly every evening as he drew near his front gate of his house. As he opened the front door, there would be Yoshiko's pleasing smile and her gaily-clad figure. What a contrast--up to now his wife had always slept awkwardly under an absurdly bright electric lamp in a six-mat room with their children, which situation had all the more increased his loneliness. But, now the situation has changed. No matter how late he returned, Yoshiko would be waiting up for him under the lamp, her white hands skillfully moving, and a colorful ball of yarn on her knees. Joyful laughter filled the brushwood-wattle-fenced premises in the residential district of Ushigome.

However, in less than a month, Tokio realized that he could not have this charming pupil stay any longer under his roof. His obedient wife did not dare to complain about Yoshiko, nor did she show her feelings, but she gradually became moody. He noticed a feeling of anxiety creeping into her laughter. Tokio became aware that their problem was being discussed among his wife's relatives.

After serious consideration, Tokio finally decided that Yoshiko was to stay, for a time, with his wife's sister, who was a soldier's widow living on a pension and earning additional money by sewing, and he had Yoshiko commute from that house to a women's college in Kōjimachi.

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And, as soon as Yoshiko, a prospective woman novelist, returned from

III

school, she spent most of her time writing letters instead of turning out compositions. This resulted in her having many boy friends. It was noticed that a large number of the letters she received were in masculine handwriting. A student of a teachers' college and a student of Naseda University, among her boy friends, were said to have occa-

Since then one year and a half had passed until the present event occurred. During that time Yoshiko had returned twice to her home. In the meantime she wrote five short stories, one long novel, and scores of literary essays, as well as some new-style poems [free verse]. She occasionally visited her lodgings.

During that time Yoshiko had returned twice to her home. In the section of Dote Sanban-Chō in Kōjimachi where Yoshiko lived, there were not many girl students who were as stylish as Yoshiko. In this neighborhood there were many old-fashioned merchants' daughters. Some distance from Yoshiko's present lodging, in the direction of Ichigaya Miyuki, Tokio's wife's parents lived. Her first visit to her home was during the summer vacation; the second visit was on the advice of a doctor to recuperate from a nervous breakdown in the quiet mountain village of her home.

The house where Yoshiko stayed was located at Dote Sanban-Chō in Kōjimachi, close to the dyke where the Kōbu Line passed. Her study was a room of eight mats. It was the inner guest room of the house, but the neighborhood was quite noisy, as the house faced a heavily travelled street where men were passing by and children played noisily.

Today my sister was telling me again that Yoshiko-san is such a troublemaker. She doesn't mind her boy friends coming to see her but she says they go out together to visit the temple of Fuchū [Acaia] in the evening, and she doesn't return home until late at night. . . . Of course, Yoshiko-san won't misbehave, but she can't stand the neighbor's gossiping, she says." Whenever Tokio heard this sort of grumbling, he always took

cure nagging headaches that were caused by her nervousness. In her bookcase, one could find the complete works of Kōyō, the ballad dramas of Chikamatsu, and some English textbooks; particularly noticeable were the complete works of Turgenev which she had recently bought.

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During that time Yoshiko had returned twice to her home. In

the meantime she wrote five short stories, one long novel, and scores of literary essays, as well as some new-style poems [free verse]. She excelled in English at the women's college, and she bought the complete works of Turgenev, selected by Tokio, from the Maruzen Bookstore. Her first visit to her home was during the summer vacation; the second visit was on the advice of a doctor to recuperate from a nervous breakdown in the quiet mountain village of her home.

The house where Yoshiko stayed was located at Dote Sanban-Chō in Kōjimachi, close to the dyke where the Kōbu Line passed. Her study was a room of eight mats. It was the inner guest room of the house, but the neighborhood was quite noisy, as the house faced a heavily travelled street where men were passing by and children played noisily. In her room, there was a bookcase, which was smaller than Tokio's bookcase that was used for western books in his study. By her bookcase there was a desk of lacquered paper-mache, and on it was a mirror, a powder plate, a bottle of white lotion, as well as a large bottle containing potassium bromide, which, according to her, was used to cure nagging headaches that were caused by her nervousness. In her bookcase, one could find the complete works of Kyō, the ballad dramas of Chikamasa, and some English textbooks; particularly noticeable were the complete works of Turgenev which she had recently bought.

And, as soon as Yoshiko, a prospective woman novelist, returned from school, she spent most of her time writing letters instead of turning out compositions. This resulted in her having many boy friends. It was noticed that a large number of the letters she received were in masculine handwriting. A student of a teachers' college and a student of Waseda University, among her boy friends, were said to have occasionally visited her lodgings.

In the section of Dote Sanban-Chō in Kōjimachi where Yoshiko lived, there were not many girl students who were as stylish as Yoshiko. In this neighborhood there were many old-fashioned merchants' daughters. Some distance from Yoshiko's present lodging, in the direction of Ichigaya Mitsuke, Tokio's wife's parents lived. Therefore, Yoshiko's modern style that she had learned in Kobe, had all her neighbors raising their eyebrows. Tokio often heard about Yoshiko's behavior from his wife who quoted her sister as follows:

"Today my sister was telling me again that Yoshiko-san is such a troublemaker. She doesn't mind her boy friends coming to see her but she says they go out together to visit the temple of Fudō [Acala] in the evening, and she doesn't return home until late at night. . . . Of course, Yoshiko-san won't misbehave, but she can't stand the neighbor's gossiping, she says."

Whenever Tokio heard this sort of grumbling, he always took Yoshiko's side replying, "Such old-fashioned persons as you just can't understand Yoshiko's feelings. People seem to think it suspicious if they see a man and woman so much as strolling or talking together, but, after all, thinking or speaking like that is in itself old-fashioned.

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Nowadays since women are self-aware, once they have made up their minds to do something, they just go ahead and do as they please."

Tokio proudly lectured Yoshiko on his views relating to this controversy, "It's time women should be aware. It's no good for a woman still to be so weak-minded as to depend too much on others. As Sudermann's Magda¹ said, if a woman is so lacking in courage as to allow herself to be transferred immediately from the hands of her father into the hands of her future husband, she is worthless. As one of Japan's newly awakened women you must think and act on your own initiative." Tokio advised her along these lines, and further explained his point of view by taking as examples Ibsen's Nora² and Turgenev's Elena³ to illustrate how Russian and German women had an abundance of volition and emotion. Then, Tokio paused a moment and further cautioned Yoshiko by saying, "But, when I speak of self-awareness, it also includes self-examination. That is, I don't mean that you can indiscreetly persist in your own ways. You must be prepared to take upon yourself all responsibility for whatever you do...."

This lecture by Tokio sounded more meaningful to Yoshiko than anything else, and her esteem for him increased. It seemed to her that his teaching was more liberal and authoritative than that of the Bible.

¹A heroine in Herman Sudermann's drama, Heimat.

²A heroine in Henrik Ibsen's drama, Et dukkehjem ("A Doll's House").

³A heroine in Ivan Turgenev's novel, Nakanune ("On the Eve").

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For a student at a woman's college, Yoshiko's attire was too flashy. Her slender figure was tied with a beautiful obi which was of the latest fashion, a gold ring adorned one of her fingers and her overall appearance was enough to attract people's attention when she was walking on the street. Her face could not be considered so beautiful as it was expressive. Sometimes it seemed extremely beautiful, but at other times it seemed somewhat plain. Her eyes twinkled expressively and they were constantly on the move. Women up until four or five years ago could only express their feelings when they were upset, or when they were smiling, and so forth. They were limited to three or at the most four facial expressions. Now however, the number of women who expressed their emotions had increased. Tokio thought that Yoshiko was one of these modern women.

The relationship between Tokio and Yoshiko was too familiar for simply that of a mentor and a pupil. A woman who could not mind her own business had observed Yoshiko and Tokio and said to his wife, "Tokio-san has completely changed since Yoshiko-san came to your home. Looking at the way these two people are behaving, it would seem as if their two souls are absorbed in each other. You had better be on your guard." There was no doubt, of course, that this affair would look that way seen from the outside. But were they actually so intimate?

Young women's hearts are easily carried away. One minute they seem to be gay but the next minute they are depressed. They are easily excited by trifling things, and equally readily hurt by matters of no importance. Tokio was ceaselessly perplexed over Yoshiko's gentle attitude that neither seemed to be one of love, nor yet not of love.

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The power of morals and the restraints of customs can be more easily destroyed than torn cloth, given the opportunity. What does not come readily is the opportunity.

Tokio thought in his heart that such an opportunity had come close at least twice during this year. One time was when Yoshiko sent him a thick letter in which she had written, in tears, that she was so incompetent, and that she could not reciprocate her mentor's great kindness, and that she was going home to become a farmer's wife, and retire to the country. The second chance was one night when Tokio dropped in unexpectedly on Yoshiko who was alone taking charge of the house during the landlady's absence. The first time, when Tokio received the letter from her, he understood clearly the significance of her letter. He did not sleep all night worrying how he should write but a reply. Glancing several times at the face of his wife who was sleeping peacefully, he censured himself as to how badly his own conscience had been paralyzed. And, as a consequence, the letter he mailed the next morning revealed the attitude of a strict teacher. The second time was on a spring night about two months after the first chance, when he unexpectedly dropped in to see her. Yoshiko was sitting all alone in front of a hibachi, her face beautifully made up with white liquid make-up.

"What's the matter?" Tokio asked.

"I'm taking charge of the house."

"Where's my sister-in-law?"

"She went shopping at Yotsuya," she said and gazed at Tokio's face. She looked very bewitching. Tokio's heart leaped with excite-

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ment, helpless before the power of her glance. Although they exchanged a few words about unimportant matters, they both seemed to realize that their idle chatter was not so idle at all. What would have happened to them, if they had kept on talking together for another fifteen minutes? Her expressive eyes twinkled; her words were captivating; and her deportment was indeed extraordinary.

"You are made up very prettily tonight, aren't you?" He said deliberately.

"Thank you, I just had my bath a short time ago."

"No, I mean your face is made up so white. . . ."

"Oh! Please stop joking, Sensei!" she smiled coquettishly inclining her body.

Soon Tokio left. Yoshiko asked him to stay a little longer, but as he insisted on going home, she regretfully saw him off, accompanying him for a short distance under the moonlight. He was sure that her white face reflected something mysterious and profound.

Sometime in April Yoshiko turned pale from an illness and developed an extreme case of nerves. She complained that she could not sleep well, even though she was taking large quantities of potassium bromide. Ceaseless desires and the force for reproduction entice a marriageable woman without let up. Yoshiko made a habitual practice of taking various kinds of medicine.

She returned home in late April, then came back to Tokyo in September. It was then that the event of present concern took place.

What is called the event of present concern is nothing more than that Yoshiko found a lover. On her return to Tokyo, she had

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stopped over together with her lover for two days at Saga in Kyoto. As the two days' journey did not tally with the number of days that she should have taken between her departure date from Bitchū and her arrival date in Tokyo, Tokio, after an exchange of correspondence with her parents in Bitchū, interrogated her and found the reason for her delay. Yoshiko told Tokio that she and her sweetheart were in love, she meant pure love. They had never committed any sin, however, in the near future they hoped at all costs to get married. Tokio, as her mentor, now knowing of their affair, was obliged to play the role of a go-between.

Yoshiko's lover was a student at Dōshisha University and was a promising young man who attended the Kobe church. His name was Tanaka Hideo. He was twenty-one years of age.

Yoshiko gave her solemn word in front of her mentor that she had not committed any sinful act. She defiantly denied having ever being engaged in any disgraceful acts although her parents back home accused her of a debased mind saying that she, who was still a student, had secretly stayed for two days with a man at Saga. She said it was after they had parted at Kyoto that they mutually realized that they were in love. On her return to Tokyo, she found an ardent letter from him. And only then did she promise him that she would marry him some time in the future; therefore, she said to Tokio in tears, she had not misbehaved. Tokio had no choice but to help them succeed in what they claimed to be their sacred love, although in his heart he felt it an extremely great sacrifice on his part.

Tokio suffered intense agony. Being deprived of what he had

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Tokio suffered intense agony. Being deprived of what he had

loved depressed him to the highest degree. Of course, he had had no intention to set out to make his girl student his lover. If he had had such definite intentions, he would not have been reluctant to grasp at the two opportunities which had already come within his reach. But, how could he bear to have his beloved student, this Yoshiko who had added beautiful colors and endless vitality to his lonely life, be suddenly snatched away by another? Although he had hesitated to grasp at the opportunities twice, he was waiting for a faint hope, in the bottom-most reaches of his heart, of the possibility of a third or a fourth opportunity, then starting a new life. Tokio was distressed and distracted. Feelings of jealousy, pity and regret blended together, swirling around in his brain like a cyclone. Mixed with these feelings, was a sense of his moral responsibility as a teacher which erupted into a fit of brief madness. Apart from these feelings, a sense of sacrifice for the sake of his beloved pupil's happiness, all the more distracted his mind. As a result, he consumed a large amount of saké at dinner from which he fell into a sleep.

The next day was a rainy Sunday. The noise of rain pattering on the grove in the backyard caused him to feel more forlorn. He could not help but wonder at the density of the rain falling against the old zelkova tree and how long it lasted falling boundlessly from the sky. Tokio had neither the spirit to read nor to pick up his pen. It was now autumn and while he lay on a rattan chair which felt chilly to his back and watched looking at the downpour he reflected upon his past life leading to this recent affair. He had gone through several such experiences before. He constantly tasted the bitterness of the

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lonely anguish of always being one step away from being able to enter the realm of fortune and being left standing outside. It was thus for him the case when he realized that socially. Love! love! love! To think that even now he was at the mercy of such a passive fate; his heart ached to the core at his lack of spirit and his hapless destiny. It occurred to him that he was Turgenev's so-called "superfluous man" and thought of the hero's empty life.

Being unable to stand his desolation, he began to ask for saké in the afternoon. Complaining that his wife was slow in preparations and the side dish for saké on the table did not taste good, he got angry and drank in desperation. Emptying one saké bottle after another, Tokio, in no time, got drunk as a stone. He stopped complaining about his wife. He only hollered "saké, saké" whenever the jug became empty, then, he emptied the new container, gulping the saké down. The timid maid looked aghast at her master, wondering what had gone wrong with him. At first, he had been fondly hugging, patting, and kissing his five-year old son, but when the child, for some reason, began to cry, Tokio lost his temper and spanked him on his buttocks. Three of his children were afraid and perplexed looking at the red face of their father who was not like the father that they used to know. After drinking nearly a shō¹ he finally sprawled out drunk, not caring even when he overturned the table, and he then began to sing slowly, with an odd beat, a puerile free verse poem which had been popular some ten years before.

You must think that it was only a windstorm

That swirled alone in front of your gate

¹One shō equals 1.92 U.S. quarts

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being excluded from fortune, but people regarded him as a righteous
 and trustworthy man. After three days of torture, he came back way
 the wind-blew. The relationship between Yoshiko and him was finished.
 From now on, as her teacher, what remained was for him to plan Yoshiko
 and Tanaka's happy marriage. This was quite unbearable, but such was
 life! Thinking along these lines, he arrived home.

He stopped in the middle of the tune, and suddenly stood up,
 still covered with the futon which his wife had placed over him, and
 lingering heat was still unbearable, his underwear was soaked. He
 went like a small moving hill into a drawing room. His wife followed
 him asking "Where are you going? Where are you going to go?" but
 he ignored her and tried to enter the privy without removing the futon.
 She said in consternation, "I don't like you drunk. Do you know that
 you are in the lavatory?"

Suddenly she pulled the futon from behind, and it was left in
 her hands at the entrance of the lavatory. Tokio staggered dangerously
 as he relieved himself, but as soon as he was done he suddenly lay down
 and fell asleep. His wife, scandalized, tried over and over again by
 shaking to wake him up, but Tokio made no effort to move or to stand up.
 In reality, he was not asleep but was gazing at the pouring rain outside,
 with his big sharp eyes wide open in a face like red clay.

IV

At his regular hour Tokio returned to Yarai-Chō, in Ushigome.
 For three days he had fought with his anguish. He possessed
 a certain strength which did not permit indulgence. Even though he
 regretted being controlled by this strength, he eventually gave in to
 it. On account of this strength he experienced the bitterness of

Blowing up dust from off the street,

More violent than the windstorm

More turbulent than the dust

Goes a broken-hearted corpse

Wandering through at break of day.

He stopped in the middle of the lane, and suddenly stood up,

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On opening his gate Tokio's wife came out to greet him. The lingering heat was still unbearable, his underwear was soaked. He changed into a starched plain summer kimono, and sat in front of the hibachi in the living room, when his wife, as if by chance, suddenly remembered taking a letter off the wardrobe and said, "A letter from Yoshiko-san." She gave him the letter.

Hurriedly he opened the letter. Judging from the thickness of the roll, he thought that this must be something to do with her recent affair. Tokio read it carefully to its end without pausing.

The letter was skillfully written in colloquial style.

Dear Sensei,

To be frank with you, I had intended to discuss this with you, but since it was so urgent I took the matter into my own hands.

I hope you understand how shocked I was when I received a telegram from Tanaka at four o'clock yesterday of his arrival at six o'clock at Shimbashi Station.

As I had trusted that he was not such a thoughtless person who would pay me a visit for no valid reason, I was all the more worried. Sensei, please forgive me. I went

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to meet him. Having talked with him, I found that after reading my letter in which I gave him full particulars of what had happened he became exceptionally worried that if I was forced to return home because of our affair, he would not be able to forgive himself, and forsaking his studies came to Tokyo. He said that his purpose was to confess to you frankly our relationship, apologize, throw ourselves on your mercy, and ask your help to bring everything to a satisfactory conclusion. In return, I told him in detail what I had explained to you, about your kindness, that you would be ready to stand as a witness to our later marriage, as well as acting as our guardian in the coming years. He was deeply grateful for your kindness and shed tears of gratitude.

Tanaka seemed to be so alarmed by my flustered letter that he came expecting the worst. If the worst should happen, he planned to ask a friend who went with us to Saga to certify as to our unstained relationship; in addition, I confided to you our mutual love which we both felt after parting, and appealed that you inform my parents back home in detail that we wanted to marry. But, how could I dare ask further favors, as I had recently hurt their feelings by my reckless conduct.

We agreed to keep silent for a time, concentrating on our studies, taking hope in each other and waiting for a chance--it might be five or as many as ten years--then open our hearts to my parents. I told Tanaka of your advice.

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best to send him home, but, seeing how exhausted he was, I had no heart to send him home right away. (Please forgive my weakness.) Although I intended to abide by your advice that during my studies, I should not experiment with my ideas dealing with love, I suggested, without thinking, that he stay for one day at an inn, and go sightseeing, as he was a stranger in Tokyo. Sensei, please forgive me. Although we are now in the throes of passion, as we are endowed with reason, we will not repeat our conduct which lacked common sense as in Kyoto causing misunderstandings. Upon my oath, this will never happen again.

Kindest regards to your wife.

Respectfully yours,

Yoshiko

During the reading of this letter, he was filled with mixed emotions, and felt as if a burning fire were passing through his mind. Tanaka, a young man of twenty-one, was actually in Tokyo. Yoshiko met him. Who knows what they did. What she recently said to me might have been complete lies. They might already have had relations when they met at Suma on their summer vacation. Was not their conduct in Kyoto to satisfy their desires? Was not Tanaka's present behavior due to his longing to see her resulting in his following her to Tokyo? He might have clasped her hands and embraced her. What they did upstairs in an inn, under no supervision, was anyone's guess. Whether she was soiled or not was in doubt. While thinking of these things,

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Tokio became unable to control himself and cried out in his mind, "This whole affair is related to my responsibility as her teacher!" He thought that he could not let matters stand as they were. He could not give such freedom to a woman who was so changeable. He must supervise and protect her. Her letter said that both of them were passionate but had reason. What did she mean by the words "both of us"? Why didn't she write "I"? Why did she use the plural? Tokio's heart beat with excitement. It was six o'clock yesterday when the young man arrived; if Tokio wanted he could go to his sister-in-law's house to find out what time last night Yoshiko returned home; but he wondered what she was doing today, or what she was doing at the moment.

At the dinner table, he found fresh sliced raw tunny together with cold bean-curd spiced with beefsteak plant, which his wife had carefully prepared, but he did not enjoy them, instead he drank cup after cup of saké.

After putting their youngest child to bed, his wife sat down in front of the hibachi. When she saw Yoshiko's letter by her husband's side, she said to him, "What did Yoshiko-san say?"

Tokio, without replying, threw her the letter. While receiving the letter, she threw him a searching glance realizing that her husband's mood was taxed, like the calm before a storm.

She finished reading the letter. Rolling it up, she said, "He came here didn't he?" "Um. . . ." "Will he stay in Tokyo for a long time?" and I, will not be able to help you.

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"Will he stay in Tokyo for a long time?"

"Didn't she say in her letter that she would have him leave right away?"

"Will he go home?"

"Who knows!"

At the severe tone of her husband's voice, she kept quiet. After a while, she said, "That's why I really dislike a young woman wanting to become a novelist. Not only the person wishing to become a novelist, but also the parents who sent her are disgusting."

"Still, I bet you're relieved," he was about to say to his wife, but stopped, and instead said, "Well, anyway that doesn't matter. In any case you would not understand. . . . Instead of talking, how about serving saké."

His obedient wife picked up a saké bottle and poured the saké into a ceramic saké cup filling it to the brim. Tokio drank saké continuously, as if without saké he could not be relieved of his worry. At his request for the third bottle, his wife became anxious and said, "What has happened to you recently?"

"Why?"

"You have been drinking too much."

"What's wrong with drinking too much?"

"Because you have something to worry about, haven't you? You have no need to worry about Yoshiko-san, or do you?"

"Nonsense!" Tokio scolded her, but his wife was not put off and said, "But if you drink too much it will harm you. It's time you stop. If you go into the lavatory and again go to sleep there, because you are so heavy, two of us, O-Tsuru (the servant) and I, will not be able to help you."

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"Let's forget it, and let me have another bottle." And...he drank half of that bottle. The liquor seemed to show its effects. His face took on a red-copper color, and his eyes became slightly set. He suddenly stood up and said, "Hey, bring me an obi!"

"Where are you going?" "I'm going to Sanban-Chō."

"To my sister's house?" "Um. . . ." "You better not go, as you're in no shape. . . ." "Never mind, I'm all right. Being entrusted with someone's daughter, I can't neglect the situation. How can I remain indifferent, when her sweetheart comes to Tokyo, goes around doing something with her. Since I can't feel easy about leaving her in the care of Tagawa (his sister-in-law), I'm going there, and if possible, I'll return with Yoshiko. You'd better clean up the upstairs rooms."

"Are you going to have her with us again?" "Of course." As his wife was not willing to prepare his kimono and obi he said, "All right, all right, if you don't want to do it, I'll go out as I am."

He quickly went out as he was, wearing a white plain summer kimono with a soiled crepe silk sash around his waist, and without a hat. His wife's voice could be heard trailing after him, "I'll be ready in a minute. . . . Really I don't know what to do with you."

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in every household, and the white painted faces of the young daughters could be seen at the entrances of their houses. There were boys throwing balls. He encountered several couples, the gentlemen with thin moustaches who seemed to be government officials, accompanied by their young wives, wearing modern hairdoes, were strolling towards Kagurazaka.

As Tokio was affected by an angered mind and a drunken body, everything around him seemed to be of another world. He also felt that the houses standing on both sides of the road were in motion, the ground seemed to be sinking under his feet, and the skies over his head seemed to engulf him. He was, by nature, not a heavy drinker but as he had drunk saké recklessly, the liquor, at once, began to show its effects. He suddenly recalled the low-class Russians who were affected by liquor, falling down and sleeping by the roadside. And he recalled having discussed with a friend that the Russians were great because if they wanted to practice indulgences, they really did so to the limit. "Nonsense! How can love discriminate between a mentor and his pupil!" These words slipped out his mouth.

When he walked up Nakanezaka, and came to Sanaizaka at the rear of the military officers' school, night had fallen. A large number of people passed by wearing light-colored kimonoes. A young wife was standing in front of a tobacco shop. The curtains of an ice shop were fluttering in the cool evening breeze. While Tokio was looking with bleary eyes at the summer evening scene, he sometimes hit a telegraph pole and nearly fell down; sometimes he fell

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into a ditch and hurt his knee-caps, and was abused by factory workers who said, "Drunkard! Walk steadily!" Suddenly regaining his consciousness, he turned to the right at the top of the slope and entered the precincts of the Hachiman Shrine in Ichigatani. No one was in the desolate compound. A big zelkova tree and some pine trees overlapped each other. In the left-hand corner of the compound, there was a large and dense coral tree. All-night lamps, placed here and there, began slowly to burn. As Tokio felt difficulty in breathing, he suddenly hid himself under the coral tree, lying down on the ground by its roots. His excited mental condition, the pleasant sensations of uncontrollable passion and sadness, were developed to their fullest limits; he was on the one hand carried away by the anxiety of keen jealousy and on the other hand, he calmly observed his own condition.

Of course he did not have such an ardent passion as he had experienced in his first love affair. He was able to reflect, at this time, on himself rather than resigning himself to fate. His mental condition had a kind of strangeness, tied firmly with twisted threads of passion of ardent subjectivity and criticism of cold objectivity.

Sad, very sad. This sadness was not the type experienced by youth, nor merely, sadness of love between men and women, but it was the profound sadness which lay hidden in the depths of human life. The flow of running waters, the falling of blooming flowers--when one realized the irresistible power that lurked at the innermost depth of nature, nothing was so ephemeral as human beings.

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Suddenly, something entered his mind. Tokio stood up and began to walk. Night had fallen. All-night lamps, placed here and there, in the compound, shed their light, and he could clearly read on the surface the three characters for "All night light" written on them. These characters "All night light" moved him indescribably. Hadn't he once been deeply agonized on seeing these three characters? When his wife was still wearing the maidenly momoware coiffure¹ and lived in the house just below the shrine, he used to climb the small hill to this Hachiman Shrine hoping to hear, however faintly, the delicate sound of her koto. With his ardent passion, if he had not married her he would rather travel around in the colonies of the South Seas, and thus he used to ponder gazing at the shrine gate, the long stone stairway, the main shrine building, the hanging lanterns on which the haiku poem was inscribed and these three words "All night light." Below the shrine compound, his wife's home was still there as in the past; its windows were brightly lit, even though occasional sounds of streetcars now broke the silence. What a faithless mind was his! Who knows how he has quite changed during a period of only eight years? He could not understand why their happy life had been changed to such a recent dreary life, nor how it came about that he began to desire a new love. Tokio realized the fearfulness of the power of time. Yet, incredibly the present realities in his heart remained unshaken.

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Tokio again prostrated his lanky body on a nearby public bench as if oppressed by the unbearable power of nature. When Tokio looked up he saw that a big dimly-lit moon of red-copperish color had risen over the pine trees by the moat of the shrine. Its color, its shape seemed very lonely. When Tokio thought its isolation was well matched with his own present loneliness, once again unbearable grief filled his mind.

He was now sober. The evening dew had begun to form.

He arrived in front of his sister-in-law's house at Sanban-chō in Dote.

He peeped in but he could not see any light in Yoshiko's room. It seemed that she had not yet come home. Tokio's brain was again on fire. On this night, this dark night with her sweetheart, just the two of them! Who could tell what they were doing? What did she mean by daring to act like this, their action lacked common sense, yet she insisted that their love was untainted. What rights did they have to defend their unblemished behavior?

He thought of entering the house without wasting any time, but believing that it was useless since Yoshiko had not returned home, he passed on by the house. Each time he passed a woman, he carefully scanned her face to see if it was Yoshiko. He prowled around the dike, through the pine trees, and the corners of the main street so much that he aroused the suspicions of passers-by. It was nearly nine o'clock. No, close to ten. Say what one would about it being a summer night, there was no reason for her to be walking around so late.

Thinking it was about time she should have been home, Tokio turned

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back to his sister-in-law's house, but Yoshiko had not yet returned.

Tokio entered the house.

As soon as he entered the inner six-mat room, he called out, "What's happened to Yoshiko-san?"

So surprised to see that Tokio's kimono was badly soiled with mud, his sister-in-law was unable to answer his question right away, and said, "Oh! Goodness gracious! What happened to you, Tokio-san?"

Sure enough, upon a closer look under a bright light, mud was everywhere on his plain white kimono from his shoulders to his waist, and down to his knees.

"Nothing, I just stumbled there. . . ."

"But, you've got mud all the way to your shoulders! You're drunk again, aren't you?"

"Never mind," Tokio smiled and thus evaded replying.

Then, wasting no time he said to her, "Where did Yoshi-san go?"

"This morning, she went out saying she was going to take a walk to Nakano with a friend, and hasn't been back since. She should soon be back. Do you have something in particular that you want to talk to her about?"

"Yes, something. . . . Did she get home late yesterday?"

"No, she said she was going to meet a friend at Shimbashi Station and left the house after four and got back about eight."

Watching Tokio's face she said, "Is something wrong?"

"No. But sister. . . ." Tokio's voice became formal.

"To be frank, if I leave Yoshiko under your care and something like her recent affair in Kyoto should happen again, I would be embarrassed; I'm thinking of keeping Yoshiko in my house so that I can

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completely supervise her conduct."

"Oh? That's a good idea. To tell the truth, since Yoshiko-san is such a strong minded person, an uneducated person like me can't...."

"No, I didn't mean that. I don't think it'll be good for her, if I let her have too much freedom; therefore, I'm going to carefully control her behavior by letting her stay in my house."

"That's will be better. For Yoshiko-san, too. . . . she has nothing unusual for these times, and she has no particular faults, but the only thing wrong with her is that she goes around casually strolling with her boy friends in the evening. I keep telling her, 'If you would just stop doing this one thing. . . .' At which Yoshiko-san always starts to laugh and says, 'Here we go again with your quaint ideas.' The other day I heard that a plain-clothes policeman from the police station at our corner got suspicious of her and her boy friend's behavior because they were so frequently walking around the neighborhood and stood watching in front of our house. Of course, since she has done nothing wrong, it doesn't matter."

"When was that?"

"I believe it was towards the end of last year."

"It's too bad she has to be so untraditional," Tokio said.

Looking at the hands of the clock which pointed to half-past ten, he continued, "I wonder what's the matter? Such a young woman to be walking around alone so late."

"She will be back soon."

"Does this sort of thing happen very often?"

"No, it seldom happens. It's a summer night, she probably thinks it's still early evening."

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Looking at the hands of the clock which pointed to half-past ten, he continued, "I wonder what's the matter? Such a young woman to be walking around alone so late."

"She will be back soon."

"Does this sort of thing happen very often?"
"No, it seldom happens. It's a summer night, she probably thinks it's still early evening."

His sister-in-law did not stop sewing while talking to him.

There was a big board made of ginko wood in front of her, with pieces of silk cloth, threads, and a pair of scissors that were scattered around in a disorderly manner on it. The mid-september night had grown late, it was somewhat chilly; a terrific vibrating sound was heard when a freight train of the Kōbu Line passed along the dike back of the house.

Each time he heard the sound of wooden clogs he hoped that this time it would be her! Soon after the clock had struck eleven, he heard quick light steps echoing from a distance in the quiet night.

"Surely, this time, it must be Yoshiko-san," his sister-in-law said.

Indeed the footsteps stopped in front of the house, and the lattice door was opened with a rattling sound.

"Yoshiko-san?"

"Yes," her charming voice replied.

A beautiful figure wearing an uplifted hairdo slipped into the room from the entrance hall.

"Oh, my! Sensei!" she said. Her voice contained mixed feelings of surprise and embarrassment.

"I am sorry, I am so late," she said, coming to the threshold between the inner drawing room and the living room. She bent down slightly to glance quickly at Tokio's countenance and then immediately she pulled out something that was bundled up in a purple crepe wrapper, and slid it without speaking towards her landlady.

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"What's this, a present? You shouldn't have done that."

"Don't mention it, as I'm going to eat some with you," Yoshiko said cheerfully. Then, as she started to go into the next room Tokio told her to sit down in a corner of the living room under a dazzling bright light. With her beautiful figure, fashionable hairdo, pretty flannel kimono with an olive-colored summer obi which was tied in an appealing shape, and seated slightly sideways--she was indeed charming. Seated facing her, Tokio felt indescribable satisfaction and almost forgot the worries and pains which had, up to now, occupied his mind. It is always the state of mind of one who loves that provided he could only capture his loved one, he would be satisfied even if he had a powerful enemy.

"I'm sorry about coming home so late," she apologized to him awkwardly.

"I hear that you strolled over to Nakano, is that so?" Tokio asked her abruptly.

"Yes. . . ." Yoshiko again quickly tried to read Tokio's expression.

His sister-in-law served them tea. Opening the present, she found some of the cream cakes which she liked so much. "Oh! my! How delicious they are," she joyfully said. For a time everyone's attention was diverted to the objects of her remark.

After a while Yoshiko said, "Sensei, were you waiting for me to come home?"

"Yes, yes, he has been waiting for you for about an hour and a half," replied her landlady, who was seated alongside of Yoshiko.

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"Yes, yes, he has been waiting for you for about an hour and a half," replied her landlady, who was seated alongside of Yoshiko.

And then, he brought the matter up. He said that he came with the intention of taking her to his home that very night, if it was convenient for her--her luggage could be sent later. Yoshiko listened to what he had to say nodding her head. Without doubt she must have felt a sense of oppression in her heart but consciously in her mind, she did not feel any particular suffering in returning to his home--she trusted him absolutely, as he had shown whole-hearted sympathy for her in her recent love affair. To tell the truth, she had felt for some time discomforts in living with her landlady in this type of old-fashioned house, and she had been hoping if possible to return and live as previously in her mentor's house; she would have been overjoyed with his suggestion under different circumstances. . . .

Tokio was impatient to inquire about her lover. Where was he now? When would he return to Kyoto? These inquiries were indeed matters of great concern for Tokio. But, as he could not ask her frankly in front of his sister-in-law, who did not know anything about the situation, he could not say a word about these things that night. They talked about routine topics until late in the night.

Tokio wanted to go home that night but his sister-in-law suggested that as it was already midnight it would be better to take her home the following day. And, although he wanted to go home alone to Ushigome that night, feeling somewhat uneasy he decided to make an excuse of the late hour, and stay overnight at her house leaving with Yoshiko early the next morning.

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Tokio spread his bedding beside that of his sister-in-law in the six-mat room; Yoshiko slept in her eight-mat room. In a short while he heard his sister-in-law faintly snoring. The clock audibly struck one o'clock. He heard occasionally from the eight-mat room a deep sigh indicating Yoshiko was unable to fall asleep. A freight train of the Kōbu Line passed by with a terrific rumbling sound. Tokio could not sleep either.

V

The next morning Tokio took Yoshiko to his home. As soon as he was alone with her he was anxious to have an explanation of the previous day; but seeing Yoshiko following him dejectedly with her head down, he felt some pity for her, and walked on in silence holding back his growing irritation.

Tokio and Yoshiko walked up a slope of Sanaizaka; few people were on the street. Tokio suddenly looked back and asked her point-blank, "What's happened since then?"

"What?" Yoshiko replied frowning.

"I'm talking about yesterday's affair. Is he still here?"

"He's going to return home tonight on the six-o'clock express."

"In that case, don't you have to see him off?"

"No, it's all over now."

They stopped talking and went on walking silently.

Tokio's home at Yarai-Chō had two upstairs rooms--a three-mat and a six-mat--that had been used as storerooms; these were cleaned up and made tidy for Yoshiko's use. These rooms had been used a long

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Tokio's home at Yatai-Chō had two upstairs rooms--a three-mat and a six-mat--that had been used as storerooms; these were cleaned up and made tidy for Yoshiko's use. These rooms had been used a long

time for storage and children's play rooms, the dust was mountain high. But these rooms took on a surprisingly new appearance after they were cleaned and mopped; the shōji which had been torn and soiled by rain were repapered. The grove of big trees in Sakai graveyard back of the house shaded the rooms with their green leaves. One could see a grapevine trellis, poppies blooming beautifully mixed with weeds in a neighbor's neglected garden. Tokio selected and hung in the alcove a scroll depicting a morning glory drawn by a certain artist, and placed late summer roses in a hanging vase. In the afternoon Yoshiko's belongings arrived--a big Chinese trunk, a wicker trunk, a cloth holdall, bookcases, a desk, and bedding. It was a hard task to take these articles upstairs. Tokio had to take a day off from his work to help her move.

He placed her desk under the south window, the bookcases to its left; a mirror, a powder plate, and bottles were placed on the desk. He set the China trunk and the wicker trunk in one closet. When he placed a set of futon, made of chintz in an another closet, the lingering smell of Yoshiko entered his nostrils and he felt queer.

About two o'clock in the afternoon her room, for the time being, was put in order.

"What do you think? This place won't be too bad for your study, will it?" Tokio proudly said with a smile. "Stay here, and study diligently. It's really no use getting involved in real-life problems and being needlessly hurt."

"Yes, I believe so. . . ." said Yoshiko looking down.

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"Yes," said Yoshiko raising her head, "Therefore, Sensei, we decided along those lines. At the moment we both will be concentrating on our studies and hope to obtain our parents' approval in the future."

"That's better. If you made too much fuss now, other people and your parents would misunderstand and you would not be able to achieve the earnest desires which are so precious to you."

"That's why, Sensei, I intend to study seriously. Tanaka also said so. He told me he would not excuse himself if he was not able to see you and express his gratitude in person. He asked me to give you his kindest regards."

"There is no need for him to do that."

Tokio felt displeased by her use of the plural "we," and also when he heard her speaking as if they were already betrothed. He wondered how an unmarried girl of only nineteen or twenty was freely using these words as if for the first time. Tokio felt keenly how the times had changed. He realized the difference between the temperament of girl students of today and the disposition of girls of his time when he had fallen in love. Of course, it was true that from the viewpoint of his ideals and taste, he regarded with favor the present temperament of girl students. If a modern girl were educated as in the past, she could not possibly succeed as a wife in the Meiji era. It was his cherished belief that women should also be able to stand on their own two feet and sufficiently cultivate their own will power. He advocated these cherished principles quite often to Yoshiko. But, in spite of his beliefs, when he saw

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the ultramodern actions of this new group, he could not help but frown at their behavior.

A post card bearing a Kōzu cancellation arrived from Tanaka informing her he was en route home and was delivered the next day to Yoshiko by her former landlady at Sanban-Chō. Whenever Yoshiko was called, she came at once from her living room upstairs. They enjoyed her company at their daily meals. At night seated around a bright lamp, they merrily conversed in a lively manner. She knit socks for them. At all times she had a pleasant smile. Having completely taken charge of Yoshiko, Tokio, in any case, felt a sense of relief and satisfaction. His wife, on finding out that Yoshiko now had a lover, was completely relieved of any feelings of danger and anxiety.

Yoshiko could not endure living apart from her lover. She wished that he lived in Tokyo where she could see his face and talk to him from time to time. But she knew that, at this time, it was nearly impossible. She thought that she should concentrate on her studies, supported by an occasional letter from him, until he graduated from Dōshisha in a couple of years. In the afternoons she attended, as before, a certain private school that taught English; Tokio, as usual, went to his office.

In the evening Tokio called Yoshiko from time to time to his study and lectured on literature, novels, and love. And he gave Yoshiko warnings against possible dangers. During his lectures, his manner was unbiased, straightforward, and sympathetic, and no one could ever think of him as a man who had been drunk, slept in a

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And Yoshiko trusted her mentor. She even thought that when the time came for her to divulge her love affair to her parents, she would be satisfied if she could obtain the consent from such a kind mentor even if the old-fashioned ideas of her parents and her modern thoughts collided.

September was over, October set in. A lonely wind was whistling through the forest in back of the house, the color of the sky was deep blue, sunlight penetrated through the crystal clear air, and the evening shadows had begun to become darker. All day long the rain was steadily falling on the few remaining leaves of the sweet potatoes; mushrooms appeared on the greengrocer's shelves. Chirping sounds near his fence died away; the leaves of the paulownia tree in his garden were falling. For one hour in the morning, from nine to ten, he lectured on novels of Turgenev; Yoshiko gave attention to the long, long story of Turgenev's On the Eve while seated sidewise at her desk under her mentor's intense eyes. How much was she moved on hearing of Elena's ardent passion and strong-willed character and of her tragic death! Comparing herself with Elena in the love story, Yoshiko put herself in the heroine's place. The heroine's merciless fate in love, without any possibility of seeing her lover, and the entrusting of her whole life into the hands of a stranger, was exactly the same as Yoshiko's present emotions. She had never dreamed that a post card depicting a lily which she had received unexpectedly at Suma Beach would lead to her present fate.

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Yoshiko reflected upon her fate from various angles while walking towards the forest where it was raining, and the moon was dimly shining. She recalled the night train from Kyoto, the moon at Saga, the evening sunset reflected all over the lake when they stayed at Zeze, and bush clover flowers blooming in profusion as if they were in a picture, in a courtyard of the inn. She thought that their stay of two days was really like a dream. She recollected the time when she was not in love with him, sea bathing in Suma, the moon over the mountains of her home town, and when she thought of the agony of the time before she became ill, her cheeks became flushed for no apparent reason.

Dreams after dreams, and before she knew it her dream turned out to be a long letter and went to Kyoto. Thick letters arrived almost every other day from Kyoto. The affection of these two people for each other which could not be exhausted by any amount of writing--as their letters were too frequent, Tokio waited for a chance when Yoshiko was not at home and, restraining his conscience under the excuse of being her guardian, secretly searched her desk drawers and her letter box and what have you. He glanced very quickly over a couple of her lover's letters that he found.

These letters were full of sweet words as often is the case between lovers. However, Tokio took great pains trying to unearth a certain secret beyond their sweet words. He tried to detect any signs of kissing or sexual desires. He tried to perceive if their relationship had progressed far beyond pure love, but what was not revealed even in their letters was the true fact of their love.

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But he One month passed without an incident.

Then, one day Tokio received a post card addressed to Yoshiko. It was written in English. On casually reading this post card, he found out that Tanaka was coming with provisions for about one month, and after that he was going to try, one way or another, to find a job in Tokyo to cover living expenses. Tokio's heart pounded. His peace was all of the sudden ruptured.

After supper, Yoshiko was questioned about the post card.

Looking embarrassed Yoshiko said, "Sensei, I really don't know what to do; Tanaka says he is coming up to Tokyo. . . . I've told him not to two or three times, but he says that prompted by this recent affair, he is tired of engaging in religion and living under pretence, and nothing is going to keep him from coming up to Tokyo."

"What is he going to do in Tokyo?"

"He wants to study literature."

"Literature? What do you mean 'literature'? Does he want to write a novel?"

"Yes, perhaps so. . . ."

"Ridiculous!" Tokio snapped out in a loud voice.

"I really don't know what to do."

"Didn't you encourage him to do so?"

"Never," she said vigorously shaking her head.

"I never said such a thing to him. The other day I wrote to him, when he mentioned this for the first time, telling him to give up any such idea at least until he graduates from Dōshisha, as under the present circumstances it would be embarrassing for me.

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But he had already made up his mind. . . . He said what had been done could not be undone. . . ."

"Why?"

"A Christian named Kōzu got Tanaka a scholarship on behalf of the Kobe Church. Tanaka told this man that since he could not devote himself to religion he wished to make his way in literature in the future, and asked Kōzu to send him to Tokyo. Kōzu got very angry on hearing this, and said, 'If that's the way you want it, do as you please.' So Tanaka made all arrangements to act on his own. . . . I really don't know what to do with him."

"Nonsense!" Tokio said, "Try once more to stop him. Even if he wants to establish himself as a writer, he can't do it; it's only an illusion, one of the worst kinds. And not only that, if Tanaka comes to Tokyo, it'll be exceptionally hard for me to supervise you. Since I'll not be able to take care of you any more, you had better tell him sternly not to come!"

Looking all the more embarrassed, Yoshiko said, "I'll try to stop him, but I fear my letter might miss him. . . ."

"Miss him? You mean, he's already on the way?" Tokio opened his eyes in amazement.

"In his last letter, he said that it would be useless for me to write to him as he would be already en route to Tokyo."

"His last letter? You mean, another one came after the post card?"

Yoshiko nodded.

"Too bad. That's why I always say a young daydreamer is hopeless."

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The peace was again disturbed.

VI

Two days later she received a telegram advising her that he would be arriving at Shimbashi Station at six o'clock in the evening. Yoshiko held the telegram, at a loss. But as Tokio could not permit a young girl to go out alone at night, he did not allow her to meet him at the station.

The following day she visited her lover saying that she would caution him about his ideas and then suggest that he return to Kyoto. He was staying at the Tsuruya Inn which was just in front of the station.

When Tokio returned from his office, he was welcomed at the entrance hall by Yoshiko whom he thought would not have yet returned. According to her, Tanaka would not return to Kyoto, since he had come up after making complete arrangements. Yoshiko had argued to the point of nearly quarreling with him, but he gave her a flat refusal. After Tanaka heard my opinion, he understood the position, although originally he had come up to Tokyo to seek the help of Tokio. He well understood that his presence in Tokyo would be awkward for Tokio's supervision of Yoshiko. But he said that since he could not go home, after all his arrangements, he had no alternative but to seek by all means a job and try to live independently carrying out his objective. Tokio felt uneasy.

Tokio thought to let him do as he pleased, and it would be best to leave him alone. But how could he remain completely indifferent to him as one of those concerned? There were no signs of her

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visiting Tanaka for a couple of days after that; Yoshiko came home on time from school, but Tokio's heart burned with jealousy and doubt thinking that she might have dropped in to see her lover on the pretence of going to school.

Tokio was worried. His thoughts wavered in judgment several times a day. One time he thought he was prepared to sacrifice himself for their sake. Another time, he thought that he would stop her love affair at one stroke by revealing the true situation to her parents. But, in his present state of mind he could not venture to select either of these plans.

Tokio's wife chanced to whisper to him, "She's upstairs. . . ." Imitating sewing with her hands and she continued in a low voice, "I'll bet. . . . she is going to give it to him--a navy blue student's haori coat with a white splash pattern! She even bought a pair of long white cotton tassels."

"Is that so?"

"Yes," his wife smiled.

Tokio had not the least desire to smile.

Blushing, Yoshiko said to Tokio that she would be a little late returning from school that day.

He asked, "Are you going to his place?"

She replied, "No! I'm just going to drop by a friend's place to talk about a small matter."

That evening, Tokio determined to visit Tanaka at his lodgings.

Tanaka made a formal apology in an eloquent and oratorical tone, "Sensei, I really don't know what excuse to make." Tanaka, who

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was of medium height, a little stout, and of a light complexion, said this with prayerful eyes, as if he sought sympathy.

Tokio, who was very angry, said, "But, if you understand the situation, why don't you do something about it? I'm speaking out of concern for both your futures. Yoshiko is my pupil. As a matter of my responsibility, I can't allow myself to let her give up her studies. If you insist on staying in Tokyo, I must choose one or the other plan: Either Yoshiko returns home or I disclose to her parents your relationship and seek their permission for marriage. I don't think that you are such an egoistic man as to force your loved one, for your own advantage, to be buried in oblivion in the mountains. I hear that you are tired of engaging in religion on account of this recent affair but that's merely one way of thinking; if only you have patience and remain in Kyoto, everything will turn out satisfactorily, and your relationship will have hopes for the future."

"I understand very well what you mean."

"Yet, you can't do it?"

"I'm terribly sorry....I'd not be able to go back there now, even if I wanted to do so, as I have sold my school uniform and hat."

"In that case, are you going to force Yoshiko to go home?"

Tanaka did not reply.

"Shall I inform her parents about this?"

He still kept silent. After a while Tanaka said, "I have no intention of connecting my coming up to Tokyo with making such a choice. Even if I stay here, there will be no trouble between the two of us."

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"Of course, you may say so. But, if you stay here, I'll be unable to supervise her, as one can never tell when love might not be able to be controlled."

"I'm sure, such a thing will never happen to us."

"Are you able to swear to that?"

"If I can just study quietly, nothing will happen."

"That's what worries me."

For a long time they had been seated facing each other repeating this rambling conversation. Tokio encouraged him in various ways to return home by pointing out the advantages for their future, the manly sacrifice he would be making and how it would expedite their progress towards marriage. Tokio saw that Tanaka was neither the handsome man nor the intellectual that he had imagined. What made an immediate impression on Tokio when he first met Tanaka in a sultry room having three walls at the inn located in Sanban-Chō in Kōjimachi was his thoroughly unpleasant attitude, fostered by Christianity, which was too smug, and unsuitably mature for his age. His speech smacked of the Kyoto dialect, his face was pallid--he did have a certain gentleness about him, but what had moved Yoshiko to choose him from all the young men there were was a mystery to Tokio. What Tokio found the most unpleasant about him was his lack of simple-hearted frankness, and his attitude to justify, for form's sake, his own sins and shortcomings by making various excuses. However, to tell the truth, these impressions were not perceived immediately nor clearly reflected into his passionate brain; on seeing a small traveling bag lying in a corner of the room and a pitifully worn out plain white

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summer kimono, Tokio recalled dreams that he had had in his younger days, and felt compassion for Tanaka who was also troubled over his love affair.

They talked for over an hour, sitting without crossing their legs in this sultry room. To the very end their talk got nowhere. At last Tokio left for home, saying in parting, "Anyway, think it over."

He felt somewhat ridiculous. Thinking he had done a foolish act, he scoffed at himself. He remembered paying empty compliments to Tanaka and in order to conceal his own secret, promising to become a cordial guardian of their love. He also remembered saying that he would take the trouble to introduce him to a certain person who, in turn, would find him easy translation work.

He rebuked himself for being too weak-spirited and too much of a good fellow.

He often wondered. Would it be better to let her parents know? But it was of great importance to him to decide what attitude he should take before informing them of it. Tokio felt a very heavy responsibility as he believed that he held the key to their love affair. He could not bear to sacrifice Yoshiko's love for his improper jealousy and unjustified love, nor could he bear to assume a virtuous air as in his own words "a cordial guardian." On the other hand, he was afraid that Yoshiko's parents might get to know of her love affair and she would be taken home for her parents' sake.

The next night Yoshiko came to Tokio's study, looking down-cast, and explained her hopes in a timid voice. She said to him that no matter how hard she urged Tanaka, he would not return home.

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Nevertheless, if she informed her parents about her love affair it was obvious that they would not approve, and might, if the time was right, come at once to get her. She swore that as Tanaka came up to Tokyo after a lot of trouble and since they had not fallen in love casually nor was theirs superficial love as might be the case of love between worldly men and women, they would never commit a dishonorable act nor indulge themselves. Literature was a difficult road to follow; Tanaka might not be able to support a family by writing novels; however, if they were going to progress along the same road in the future, they would like to work together. She begged that Tanaka be allowed to remain in Tokyo for the time being. Tokio could not give a flat refusal to her urgent request. He did have doubts as to her chastity based on her behavior at Saga in Kyoto, but on the other hand, he believed her explanation and trusted that no such thing had taken place between the two of them. Reflecting on the experiences of his own youth, he realized that platonic love could be attained, but carnal love could not be so easily put into practice. Whereupon Tokio said if they would not yield to temptation, he could leave the situation alone for the time being, and gave her lessons in great detail on spiritual love, carnal love, and the relationship between love and human life, as well as on the duties which educated and modern women should accept. He explained to her the reason the ancients cautioned women about their chastity was not moral sanctions but to protect women's independence; if a woman once allowed a man to have her body, she would completely lose her freedom; since western women fully understood this condition, there could be no objection to their

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social intercourse with men; and Japanese modern women should follow in their footsteps. Although these were the themes of his principle lessons, he put particular emphasis on matters concerning modern women.

Yoshiko listened with her head bowed.

Driven by interest Tokio said, "Well then, how is he planning to make a living?"

"He has a small amount of savings, I believe it will last for a month or so...."

"I hope he'll find some appropriate work...." said Tokio.

"To tell the truth, he came up to Tokyo although he had no acquaintances here hoping to depend on your help....so he was very much disappointed...."

"But he's too reckless. I thought so when I met him the day before yesterday, too. In any case, if he acts like that he's helpless," Tokio laughed.

"Please reconsider helping him. Although I have no excuse for giving you more trouble...." Yoshiko blushed and begged for help.

"Better not to worry, it'll come out all right."

After Yoshiko left, Tokio's face suddenly became grim. "Can I handle this love affair? Can I...?" he cross-examined himself.

"A young bird should be mated with a young bird. A person of my age no longer has beautiful wings to attract this young bird." When he thought this, he was overcome with an indescribable loneliness.

"People say that wife and children are the pleasures of the family, but what meaning do they have? The wife who is living for her children

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will have a meaning for her existence, but how can the husband who is deprived of his wife by his children, and deprived of his children by his wife help but be desolated?" Tokio stared fixedly at the lamp.

Maupassant's Stronger than Death was open on his desk.

A couple of days later, when Tokio came home from his office at his regular hour and sat down in front of the hibachi, his wife said in a low voice, "He's here today." "What happened next?"

"Who?" though O-Ishuru told her that she would go for her,

"Upstairs....Yoshiko-san's sweetheart," his wife smiled.

"Is that so...."

"Today about one o'clock, some one came to our front door.

When I went out I found a student who had a round face, wearing a haori with splashed patterns, and a white-striped hakama.¹ I thought that he might be another one of those students who come with their manuscripts, but he asked if Yoshiko-san was living here. I thought it strange, but when I asked for his name, he replied that his name was Tanaka. Then I realized he was Yoshiko-san's fiancé. He seemed an unpleasant person. I can't understand Yoshiko-san's whimsical mind selecting such a student for her fiancé, when there are so many nice men around. He's hopeless."

"Then, what happened?"

"Although Yoshiko-san was delighted, she seemed to be embarrassed. When I brought up tea for them, Yoshiko-san was sitting in front of her desk. He was facing her. They abruptly stopped talking when they saw me. I thought it strange, and at once came downstairs. Isn't it strange? How can young people do such things nowadays! In

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"Such things don't matter. What happened next?"

"Even though O-Tsuru told her that she would go for her, Yoshiko-san said that was quite all right, she would go by herself. She went out, bought some bean-jam cakes and baked sweet potatoes to treat him. O-Tsuru was chuckling to herself. She told me they were really enjoying the baked sweet potatoes when she brought them hot water for tea."

"Tokio could not help but laugh."

His wife continued to talk. "And they were talking for a long time in loud voices. Sometimes they appeared to be arguing and Yoshiko-san seemed able to fend for herself."

"When did he leave?"

"Just a little while ago."

"Is Yoshiko home?" "No, she went a short distance with him to show him the way."

Tokio frowned.

Yoshiko came in through the back door while they were eating supper. She was breathless and she seemed to have hurried home.

"How far did you go?" Mrs. Takenaka asked.

"To Kagurazaka...." she replied, and turning towards Tokio, she welcomed him in her usual manner; then without stopping clattered

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upstairs. They expected her to come down soon, but some time went by and still she did not appear. "Yoshiko-san, Yoshiko-san," Mrs. Takenaka called out. A drawn-out "Ye-es" was heard in reply; yet still she did not come down. O-Tsuru went upstairs to get her. At last, she came down and sat sidewise by a hashira [a column] leaving her supper untouched.

"Don't you want to eat your supper?" Mrs. Takenaka asked Yoshiko.

"I don't feel like eating, as I feel full...."

"That's because you ate too many sweet potatoes."

"Oh, dear! That's mean, Oku-san!" Yoshiko replied, pretending to chide her.

Mrs. Takenaka smiled, "Yoshiko-san, what's the matter?"

"Wh--y?" she replied in a drawn-out voice.

"You should know."

"Never mind, Oku-san." Again she looked sharply at her.

Tokio silently observed their banter. Of course he was disturbed. A sense of discomfort overwhelmed him. Yoshiko glanced at Tokio's face and realized that he was in a bad mood. Thereupon, she promptly changed her attitude and said, "Sensei, Tanaka visited me today."

"So I heard."

"Tanaka said he must personally see you and express his gratitude; he will pay you a formal visit. He asked me to convey his regards to you."

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Even if Tokio supervised Yoshiko by having her live upstairs in his house, he could not feel easy as long as her lover was going to stay in Tokyo. It would be absolutely impossible for him to prevent the two from meeting. He could not forbid them to write letters, nor could he say anything when Yoshiko openly gave him advance notice by saying, "Today, I'll be one hour late, as I'm dropping by to see Tanaka." Nor could Tokio now prohibit Tanaka's visits, although he felt exceedingly uncomfortable about them. Before he knew it, Tokio found himself taken by these two as a "cordial guardian" for their love.

Tokio was always restless. He had various kinds of papers to work on which he was requested to complete by his publishing company. He wanted to earn money. However, no matter how hard he tried, he could not concentrate on writing compositions. Even though he forced himself to write, his ideas rarely settled into shape. He tried to read a book but could not concentrate for more than two pages. Every time he saw the passionate behavior of these two lovers, his blood boiled with anger, and he vented his rage on his innocent wife by drinking saké. Occasionally he kicked over his small dining table saying that he did not like the meal which his wife had prepared. Quite often he came home drunk after midnight. Yoshiko was quite worried about his disorderly behavior and said apologetically to his wife, "As I gave him cause to worry, I'm to blame." Yoshiko tried as much as possible to hide her exchange of letters with Tanaka and one of every three visits with him she made by secretly cutting classes. Upon noticing Yoshiko's secretive behavior Tokio's anguish increased all the more.

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It was late in autumn and a cold winterly wind began to blow over the fields. The leaves of the ginko trees in the grove behind the house had turned yellow and looked beautiful against the evening sky. The curled dried leaves that had fallen tumbled with a rustling sound against the fences along the road. The shrill voices of butcher-birds were heard. It was about this time that the love affair between Yoshiko and Tanaka at last began to attract undue attention. Unable to refrain from interfering because of his supervisory duties, Tokio urged her to write her parents back home in detail about her love affair. Tokio also sent a long letter to Yoshiko's father about her affair. Even on this occasion Tokio tried to win Yoshiko's gratitude for himself. Tokio congratulating himself for his heroic sacrifice, took on the role of a "cordial guardian" of their love affair.

Several letters reached Tokio from the Bitchū mountain region.

VII

In January of the next year, Tokio was away on geographical business to the banks of the Tone River that formed the border of the upper region of Musashi. As he had been there from the end of the preceding year, he was worried about things at home--especially Yoshiko; however, he could not neglect his official business to return home. On the second day of the New Year he made a hurried trip to Tokyo. At that time he found his wife and Yoshiko anxiously nursing his second son who had a toothache. Asking his wife how Yoshiko's love affair was going, he heard that their infatuation for each other had further intensified. Tokio also heard that Tanaka could not find a means of living, and not even able to return to his lodgings, he had slept on an all-night streetcar on New Year's eve; his wife had quar-

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reled with Yoshiko after giving her oblique warning that these two lovers were seeing each other too frequently; and various other things. He was very annoyed. Tokio slept at home that night, returning the next day to the banks of the Tone River.

It was the night of January fifth. The dimly-ringed moon in the vast sky was reflected on the central surface of the river which broke its glistening light into pieces. Tokio was cogitating over the contents of a letter from Yoshiko that was spread out on the desk, which had been delivered to him a short time ago by a maid at the inn.

Dear Sensei:

I am truly sorry. All my life I will never forget my obligation for your sympathetic understanding of my troubles, and even now when I think of your many kindnesses, I am moved to tears.

My parents are reacting as expected. In spite of what you told them, they are old-fashioned bigots, unwilling to understand our desires. I appealed to them with tears but still they would not grant our marriage. Reading my mother's letter I could not help but cry, but I do wish she was able, even a little, to understand my feelings. Now I fully realize how tormenting love can be. Sensei, I have made up my mind. Just as the Bible says a woman should forsake her parents and follow her husband, I intend to follow Tanaka.

At last Tanaka has yet to find a means to make a living. His savings have already been used up, and he had a wretched ex-

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 savings have already been used up, and he had a wretched ex-

istence in the closing days of last year. I cannot endure standing idly by and watching his discomfort. Even if I do not receive any assistance from my parents, Tanaka and I will try to live in this world as far as it is possible by ourselves. I am truly sorry to cause you so much worry. It is natural for you to worry about me as my guardian. However, regardless of your efforts on our behalf and your explanations to my parents back home about our desires, the reaction of my parents was only one of senseless anger, and it is really inhuman of them to take no heed of our feelings; I do not care even if I am disowned. Although my parents criticize us as if we are depraved and say we have scarcely reached marriageable age, but how could our love be such a frivolous affair? Besides, they say that I should take my family status into account, but I hope you will agree with me that I am not such an old-fashioned woman as to select a husband for my parents' convenience. Sensei, my mind is made up. Yesterday, at Ueno Library I saw an advertisement for a woman apprentice, and I am going to apply for the position. I believe if we work hard we will not starve to death. As I have been staying in your house under these conditions I have given you and your wife a lot of worry for which I am truly sorry. Sensei, please forgive me for my decision.

Respectfully yours,

Yoshiko

At last the power of love had pressed them down into indulgences. Even though it was winter, it was rather warm when the moon had risen. Tokio felt that he could not afford to let things stand as they were. He thought of his position as a "cordial guardian," which attitude he

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 Tokio felt that he could not afford to let things stand as they were.
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had taken in order to win Yoshiko's favors. The chief purpose of the letter which he had sent to her father in Bitchū was to do all he could to protect their love and persuade her father to grant Yoshiko and Tanaka's wishes. Tokio knew that Yoshiko's parents would never consent to her desires. He had hoped that his suggestion would be flatly rejected by her parents. As he expected, her parents were still dead set against Tokio's suggestion. They even said that if she did not obey their orders they would disinherit her. This meant that the two lovers had received a just reward due to them. Tokio defended Yoshiko with all his might, saying that their love was not for indecent purposes, and asked one of her parents to be sure to come up to Tokyo to solve this problem. However, her parents back home rejected his request saying it would be of no use to come up to Tokyo--that Tokio who was supervising Yoshiko had a fixed opinion in the young couple's favor, and that they could never personally permit this marriage.

Tokio deliberated about the letter sent to him by Yoshiko.

By this time, the situation of the two lovers had become precarious. Tokio sensed that there were a large number of alarming elements in the bold words which indicated Yoshiko's desire to leave his supervision and live with Tanaka. Nay, he thought they might have already gone one step further. On the other hand, he became furious by her decision to disregard his whole-hearted efforts and good will on her behalf and he thought it was best to let her have her own way since she was ungrateful and senseless. Trying to calm his emotions, Tokio took a walk along a bank of the Tone River under a dimly-shining moon. Even though it was winter, it was rather warm when the moon had rings

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around it; the peaceful glow of lights was shining through the windows of the houses under the bank. A thin layer of mist hung over the river; from time to time, one could hear the creaking sound of oars of a passing boat. Some one from downstream calling "Ahoy!" could be heard. The sound of wheels echoed when passing over the bridge, then once more all was silent. Walking along the bank, Tokio reflected on many things. He felt the sense of homesickness more keenly than any thoughts about Yoshiko's trouble. The pains of living which men and women over thirty-five to thirty-six years of age experience most frequently--worry about their work, and sexual dissatisfaction--all these lay heavily upon his mind with tremendous pressure. Yoshiko was both flower and nourishment for his humdrum daily life. Through her bewitching power, flowers bloomed in Tokio's heart which had been like a barren wilderness; and a rusted bell was again on the verge of ringing. Because of Yoshiko Tokio had been instilled with the vigor to again start life. After that, to be obliged to return to his previous lonely and wretched daily life! Hot tears, which were hotter and more profound than discontent or jealousy poured down his cheeks.

He worried seriously about Yoshiko's love affair and her subsequent life. He compared their ennui, weariness, and callousness, after living together, with his own experiences. And, he sympathized with woman's pitiful situation having submitted to a man's will. A pessimistic view of life for the dark mystery hidden in the innermost depth of nature suddenly assailed Tokio.

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Tokio had an urgent desire to find a just solution to their problem. It struck him that his behavior until now had been very unnatural and insincere. That night, Tokio wrote a serious letter to Yoshiko's parents in the Bitchū mountains describing in detail how Yoshiko and Tanaka were getting along and enclosed her recent letter to him. In concluding the letter he wrote:

The time has finally arrived for all of us--you as father, I as teacher, and the young ones--to seriously discuss this problem face to face. You have your own opinion as a father, Yoshiko on her part has her right to freedom, and I have my own opinion as her teacher. I am sorry to intrude on your precious time, but I do hope that you will be able to come up to Tokyo.

Tokio put the letters into an envelope addressing it to Mr. Heizō Yokoyama, Niimi-Chō, Bitchū Prefecture. He laid it down by his side intently gazing at the envelope. He felt that this letter held her future. With a determined mind he called a maid and handed it to her for mailing.

Tokio imagined how the letter in one or two days would be delivered to her father in the Bitchū mountains. This was a small country village entirely encircled by mountains; a large white walled building stood at the center of the village; when a mailman delivered the letter, a man working in the shop received it and took the letter to his master in a back room. The master [Yoshiko's father], who was tall and had a moustache, read the letter--the moment of decision drew nearer by the minute.

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"They're calling you."

VIII

On the tenth, Tokio returned to Tokyo.

The next day, he received a reply from Bitchū informing him that Yoshiko's father would leave for Tokyo within a couple of days.

Yoshiko and Tanaka seemed to be expecting her father's arrival in Tokyo, and did not show any visible surprise at this news.

Yoshiko's father, on arriving in Tokyo, reserved a room in Kyōbashi; it was at eleven in the morning of the 16th when he paid a visit to Tokio's house in Ushigome.

Fortunately it was Sunday; Tokio was at home. Yoshiko's father was wearing a frockcoat and a medium-high hat, and he appeared to be tired after the long trip.

On that day, Yoshiko had gone to a doctor. About three days earlier she had caught a cold and had a little fever. She had been complaining that she had a headache. After a while she returned home. When she was by chance entering through a back door Tokio's wife said to her, "Yoshiko-san, Yoshiko-san, guess what? Your father is here."

"My father?" replied Yoshiko taken aback.

She went directly upstairs and remained there.

"Where is Yoshiko?" A voice was heard calling out from an inner room. Tokio's wife called her downstairs, but there was no reply. On going upstairs, she found Yoshiko with her face on her arms on the desk.

"Yoshiko-san!" No reply came from Yoshiko. When Tokio's wife came close to her, and again called her name, Yoshiko raised a pale face.

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"They're calling you."

"I know it, but how can I face my father?" She was crying.

"But it has been a long time since you've seen your father. In any case, you can't avoid meeting him. Come now, you don't need to worry so much. You'll have no trouble."

"That's what you say, but Oku-san...."

"I assure you everything will be all right. Come, come, pull yourself together, and talk to your father frankly. I promise you there'll be no trouble."

At last Yoshiko presented herself to her father. On seeing her father's beloved bushy-beared face which looked dignified, though there was something tender-hearted in his appearance, Yoshiko could not hold back her tears. Her father was an old-fashioned and stubborn man who did not understand the feelings of young people; nevertheless, he was her tender-hearted father. Her mother was attentive about everything and took good care of Yoshiko's needs, but somehow Yoshiko liked her father more than her mother. Yoshiko surmised that her father might be moved in her favor if she appealed to him about her present predicament and explained at great length the seriousness of her love affair.

"Yoshiko, It's been a long time since I last saw you. Are you in good health?"

"Father...." Her voice choked in her throat.

"When I was coming up," her father turned to Tokio, who was seated beside him, "something happened to the train between Sano and Gotenba, and we were detained for about two hours. I heard that the engine had broken down."

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engine had broken down."

"Oh, my!"

"As the train was running at full speed, it suddenly tilted to one side and went backwards making a great deal of noise. I wondered what had happened. I was later told that the engine had exploded and two stokers were instantly killed...."

"Ah! That's very dangerous!"

"We were detained for over two hours until they brought another locomotive from Numazu. In the meantime I thought if anything should happen to me during my journey," turning to his daughter, he said, "Yoshi would feel sorry for her brother."

Drooping her head Yoshiko kept silent.

"How serious! I'm glad that you escaped injury," Tokio said.

"Thank you...."

Mr. Yokoyama and Tokio talked for some time about the engine explosion. Suddenly interrupting them Yoshiko asked, "Father, how's everyone at home?"

"They're all fine."

"And mother?"

"Yes, she's fine. I asked your mother to come up to Tokyo instead of me as I was busy, but in the long run we thought it best if I came up to Tokyo...."

"How's my brother getting along?"

"Nowadays he's just settling down."

Meanwhile, lunch trays were brought in. Yoshiko returned to her room. After lunch, Tokio continued to talk with Mr. Yokoyama about the pending problems over a cup of tea.

"Oh, my!"

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Meanwhile, lunch trays were brought in. Yoshiko returned to her room. After lunch, Tokio continued to talk with Mr. Yokoyama about the pending problems over a cup of tea.

"In any case, do you still disapprove of their marriage?"

"It would still be out of the question whether I agreed or not. Suppose I permit their marriage: He is only 22 years old, and still a junior student at Dōshisha...."

"Yes, you are right, but after you have interviewed him, and if he meets with your expectations, would you promise that they might marry some time in the future...."

"No, I'll not make any promise to that effect. I've never seen him, nor do I know anything about him, but I think a man who took advantage of my daughter and made her break her journey en route to Tokyo, and deserted a benefactor in the Kobe Church to whom he had been indebted for a long time, is not worth talking about. The other day, in her letter to her mother, she said that as Tanaka was suffering from lack of money, please take this into consideration; it would be all right to her even if her tuition were reduced, if he were given the money so that he could continue his studies at Waseda. I have a feeling Yoshiko has been taken in by some such scheme."

"I don't think there has been any deception."

"There's something questionable about him. Right after he became acquainted with Yoshiko, he gave up religion at once and became attached to literature. It's even more strange that he followed my daughter and stayed in Tokyo, disregarding your advice, even though he found it very hard to make both ends meet. I have a feeling that there is something queer about his behavior."

"It could be interpreted in his favor since it might be his all-absorbing passion for love...."

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"It could be interpreted in his favor since it might be his

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"Even so, it has nothing to do with whether I give my permission or not, as a promise of marriage is of the greatest moment. Before we consent to their marriage, we must first investigate his social standing, and compare if our status are compatible, and we have to check his lineage. Above all, his character is of the most importance. With what you've seen of him, you seem to regard him as an able student, but...."

"No, I might have made a mistake about the boy."

"Then, tell me what you really think about him?"

"I understand that your wife is better informed...."

"No, my wife doesn't know him well; she met him only once or twice at the Sunday school at Suma. They say he was quite a talented person in Kobe; Yoshi has known him since she was in a girls' school there. I understand he showed promise in preaching and praying which could not be matched by his elders."

Tokio now understood why Tanaka spoke in oratorical and perfunctory tones, and why his unpleasant upturned eyes always expressed supplication. Tokio felt distaste at the idea that Tanaka had captivated a young woman with such a displeasing expression.

"Then, what do you propose to do about it? Are you going to take Yoshiko-san home?"

"Well...I hope that I'll not have to do so. If I suddenly took her home, it would be too conspicuous and therefore undesirable. As both my wife and I are engaged in many charitable organizations in our village and we hold some honorable positions, we would be very embarrassed if the news of my daughter's return spreads around."

"Even so, it has nothing to do with whether I give my permis-

sion or not, as a promise of marriage is of the greatest moment. Before we consent to their marriage, we must first investigate his social standing, and compare it our status are compatible, and we have to check his lineage. Above all, his character is of the most importance. With what you've seen of him, you seem to regard him as an able student, but...."

"No, I might have made a mistake about the boy."

"Then, tell me what you really think about him?"

"I understand that your wife is better informed...."

"No, my wife doesn't know him well; she met him only once or twice at the Sunday school at Suma. They say he was quite a talented person in Kobe; Yoshi has known him since she was in a girls' school there. I understand he showed promise in preaching and praying which could not be matched by his elders."

Tokio now understood why Tanaka spoke in oratorical and perfunctory tones, and why his unpleasant upturned eyes always expressed supplication. Tokio felt distaste at the idea that Tanaka had captivated a young woman with such a displeasing expression.

"Then, what do you propose to do about it? Are you going to

take Yoshiko-san home?"

"Well... I hope that I'll not have to do so. If I suddenly

took her home, it would be too conspicuous and therefore undesirable. As both my wife and I are engaged in many charitable organizations in our village and we hold some honorable positions, we would be very embarrassed if the news of my daughter's return spreads around.

Therefore, I'll follow your suggestion and send Tanaka back to Kyoto, if possible, and I would like to ask you to keep my daughter under your care for another couple of years."

"That's a good idea," Tokio said.

They also conversed on one or two things relating to Yoshiko and Tanaka. Tokio told Yoshiko's father about their stay at Saga in Kyoto, and developments since then; he concluded by saying that it was his belief that only platonic love had been established between them, and they had had no disgraceful relationship. On hearing this, although Yoshiko's father nodded and said, "Even so, I must assume a disgraceful relationship has taken place between them."

All too late, her father's mind was filled with remorse concerning his daughter. He had sent Yoshiko to live in a dormitory of a fashionable girls' school in Kobe out of a provincial's vanity, by granting her earnest desire to study writing, he had agreed to send her to Tokyo. He did not hold too strict a control over her actions and allowed her to have her own way because of her delicate health. These things recurred in his mind.

An hour later, Tanaka, who had been summoned, entered the room where Tokio and Mr. Yokoyama were seated. Yoshiko seated herself beside Tanaka and listened, with her pompadour head leaning forward, to what they were talking about. From the start, her father's impression of Tanaka was not very favorable. The shabby appearance of Tanaka, who wore a white-striped hakama and a navy blue haori with white splashes, induced feelings of disdain and abhorrence in Yoshiko's father's heart. His sense of resentment against Tanaka for stealing

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one of his precious possessions was very similar to the feelings Tokio had had when he first met Tanaka.

After adjusting the pleats of his hakama, Tanaka sat the whole time in an upright position, staring most of the time at a point about two feet in front of him on the tatami. His attitude clearly indicated resistance rather than an air of obedience. He was much too stiff, and seemed to feel he had a certain right to possess Yoshiko of his own free will.

Their talk was serious and heated. The old man did not dare to accuse Tanaka to his face for his shameless behavior, but from time to time he spoke to him with occasional irony. At the start Tokio took command of the talk, but later the discussion was mainly taken up by Tanaka and the old man. Yoshiko's father's intonation was very skillful as would be expected of a former member of a prefectural assembly; even Tanaka, who was well accustomed to oratory, was once in a while silenced. The question of whether or not to permit Yoshiko and Tanaka's marriage was raised but it was rejected by the old man on the grounds that this subject should not be taken up at this time; their talk turned to the more pressing problem of Tanaka's return to Kyoto.

This separation appeared to very hard for these two lovers--especially for the young man. Tanaka insisted repeatedly that it was impossible for him to return to his home on the grounds that he had completely lost his faith in religion, that he had no house to live in there and no home town to go to, and that he could not bear to give up his hopes when he saw a bright future after two to three months of suffering in Tokyo.

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The old man constantly tried to dissuade him from his plan.

"You say that it's no use for you to return to Kyoto, and I think you may be right. But I'm saying you could make a sacrifice for my daughter. You say you're unable to return to Kyoto, but you can go back to your home town in the country, can't you? You claim if you leave Tokyo, you'll not be able to carry out your plans, but I'm asking you about that point. I'm saying that you could make a sacrifice on this point."

Tanaka, hanging his head, kept silent. He did not appear to be ready to yield to the old man's arguments.

Tokio, who had been silently listening for some time, suddenly raised his voice, as Tanaka seemed to be too stubborn, and said, "Look, I've been listening for some time, but can't you understand even when he has gone into such great detail to explain his point of view to you? He's not accusing you. He is saying that regardless of your sins and your shameless behavior if things work out that way in the future, he won't forbid your marriage. You're too young; Yoshiko-san is also still in the midst of her studies. Can't you get it through your head that for these reasons he wants you to leave unresolved, for the time being, the problem of marriage, and wait and see how the future turns out? Under the present conditions, you and Yoshiko can't stay together in the same town. One of you must leave Tokyo. With regard to leaving Tokyo, it's proper that you should do so first. The reason being that you followed Yoshiko to Tokyo."

"I understand very well," Tanaka answered.

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"Since I'm to be blamed for everything, I should be the first to leave. Just now you, sir, said that Mr. Yokoyama was willing to grant our marriage at a later date, but according to what he himself said just now, it appears that he is still dissatisfied."

"What do you mean?" retorted Tokio.

"He means that he's not satisfied because I didn't make a firm promise," the old man cut in. "But I thought that I had fully explained that point to Tanaka just now. Under the present conditions, I'm unable to consider whether or not I can grant this marriage. I'm not inclined to trust you when you say you will make a living for two when you are still a student who can't at this time make enough money to even support yourself. Therefore, I believe it's best for both parties involved to study for the next three or four years. You should be able to understand that much if you seriously consider the points I made. If I were to deceive you at this time and marry Yoshi to another man then you would be dissatisfied. But I swear to God, I say in the presence of Mr. Takenaka, I do not have the remotest intention of giving Yoshi away for at least three years. A man's world is always at the mercy of Jehovah; we sinful humans are destined to wait for his powerful judgment. I can't promise you that I'll give Yoshi to you. My conscience at this time doesn't permit me to do so. I don't believe that this recent affair meets with God's wishes. I can't predict in three years whether or not your desires are suitable to God's wishes. But I believe that if you are truly sincere and serious this marriage will surely please God's will."

"You can't. Both of you can't stay in Tokyo because it'll conflict with my supervision of Yoshiko and your futures."

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"Mr. Yokoyama is quite reasonable," said Tokio taking up the old man's words. "He said he would wait three years for your sake. For him to say he will grant you three years sufficient time for you to prove your sincerity is indeed the greatest favor that could be bestowed on you, Tanaka. Even if he said a man who seduced another man's daughter need not talk seriously about marriage, and unknown to you he took Yoshiko home, you would have no just reason to grudge him for his action. But he said that he would wait for three years, and would not give Yoshiko to another man until you've had the opportunity to show your honest sincerity. His words do indeed show benevolence. They're more generous than if he had said that he might approve your marriage. Can't you understand that?"

Tanaka lowered his head and frowned, and tears poured immediately down his cheeks.

Silence reigned over the room. Tanaka wiped away his tears with his fist. Tokio taking quick advantage of the situation, said, "How about it? Give us your answer!"

"I don't give a damn what happens! Go ahead and bury me in my home town!" Again Tanaka wiped away his tears.

"Shame on you. There's no use talking so defiantly. The purpose of this meeting is for us to talk frankly from the bottom of our hearts and settle the problem to everyone's satisfaction. If you unreasonably insist on not going back to your home town, then there's no other alternative but that Yoshiko must return to her home."

"Is there any chance for Yoshiko and me both to remain in Tokyo?"

"No, you can't. Both of you can't stay in Tokyo because it'll conflict with my supervision of Yoshiko and your futures."

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"In that case, I'm willing to be buried in my home town!"

"No, I'll go home," Yoshiko said tearfully in a quivering voice, "I'm...a woman. If only Tanaka succeeds in his future plans, I'm quite ready to be buried in the country. I will return home."

Dead silence again prevailed in the room. After a while, Tokio said, changing his tone, "Let that be as it may, why can't you return to Kyoto? You can go back to Dōshisha after explaining about the situation to your benefactor in Kobe, apologizing to him for your past misbehavior. There's no logical reason for you to try to become a literary man, just because Yoshiko-san is hoping to become a writer. You could once more become a religious man, a theologian, a minister."

"I've no claim to become a religious man. I'm quite unfit to preach....Besides, what make me have regrets is that at last after three months of suffering, with the help of my friend, I have found a means of living....I can't bear to be buried in my home town."

The three talked on. At last their talk, for the present, came to a halt. Tanaka left saying he was going to consult that night with his friend, and would give them a definite answer the next day or the day after that. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, the winter day was coming to a close, and the sunlight which had been shining into a corner of the room had already disappeared.

Mr. Yokoyama and Tokio were left alone in the room.

"Tanaka seems to be an indecisive character, doesn't he?" The old man insinuated to Tokio.

"He's unduly formal and his talk is too vague. I do wish he would speak a little more frankly with us...."

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"He's unduly formal and his talk is too vague. I do wish he would speak a little more frankly with us...."

"The trouble with the people of the central part of the country appears to be their inability to speak frankly. They're small in caliber, resort to petty tricks, and are ready to eat crow. People from the Kanto and the Northeastern regions are quite different from them. They express their thoughts frankly, calling what is good "good," and what is bad "bad"; that's why I like them. But those of the central part of the country are indeed crafty. Tanaka is tricky, has lame excuses, and weeps like a woman...."

"Tanaka does seem to have that sort of fault."

"Wait and see, I'm sure he'll not agree with our terms tomorrow. He'll make various excuses to delay returning home."

Suddenly suspicion regarding the relationship between Yoshiko and Tanaka flashed through Tokio's mind. Tanaka's attitude and his vigorous declamations as if he had the right to possess Yoshiko as his very own prompted Tokio's suspicions.

"And how do you see their relationship?" Tokio asked the old man.

"I wonder. I suppose I must assume that they had had relations."

"At this juncture, I think, we need to find out for sure. Shall I have Yoshiko explain her trip to Saga? Because she said she first felt her love for Tanaka after she left Saga, I believe she will have some letters to prove this point."

"No, I don't think it's necessary to go that far...."

While Mr. Yokoyama believed that they had had relations, he nevertheless seemed afraid to have it proven true.

Unfortunately, at that point Yoshiko came bringing tea.

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Tokio stopped her as she was about to leave and pressed her to show them Tanaka's letters dating from before and after her trip to Saga, to prove her innocence.

On hearing this, Yoshiko suddenly blushed. Her face and attitude clearly revealed that she was very much embarrassed.

"I recently burned all his letters from those days," she said in a low voice.

"You burned them?"

"Yes." Yoshiko hung her head.

"Burned them? I don't believe it."

Yoshiko blushed all the more. Tokio could not hold his temper. The reality forcefully stabbed his breast.

Tokio stood up and went out to the lavatory. He was irritated and felt dizzy. The realization of having been deceived by her intensely pierced his mind. When he came out of the lavatory he found Yoshiko nervously standing outside of the sliding door.

"Sensei...honestly, I burned them all...."

"Don't lie!" Tokio said in a tone of rebuke and slamming the sliding door he went back into the room.

IX

After being entertained to supper, the old man returned to his lodgings. Tokio's anguish that night was very great. With thoughts of having been deceived, he could not refrain from getting exasperated. Tokio got angrier as he had tried with sincerity to help Yoshiko's love affair in spite of her having lost her virginity to a young student. In that case--Tokio was no longer required to

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honor her virginity as she had already given herself to Tanaka. He might as well have gone ahead and obtained satisfaction for his own lust. When Tokio thought along these lines, Yoshiko, whom he had placed on a pedestal, now seemed to him like a streetwalker, and he began to think that not only her body but also her refined manners were distasteful. Suffering with intense agony, he hardly slept that night. Tokio, hands folded on his chest, reflected: He might as well carry out his desires. In any case, she was not what she had been. The way things were, by sending her boy friend back to Kyoto and taking advantage of her weakness, he might have his way with her. Suppose he had stealthily crept upstairs to the room where Yoshiko slept and told her of his helpless love, what might have happened? She might suddenly sit up and admonish him, or she might have screamed and called for help, or she might have sympathized with his passion and sacrificed herself to his desires. But suppose she had agreed to his lust, how would she be able to meet him next morning? She would no doubt be unable to endure meeting him face to face in the clear light of day. She must be sleeping late in the morning without eating breakfast. As these thoughts passed through his mind, he recalled Maupassant's short story The Father. He remembered how keenly he was moved particularly by a scene where a young girl wept bitterly after surrendering to a man's will. On the other hand, another power seized him and fought furiously against his gloomy imaginations. Worry after worry, anguish after anguish, he tossed around in his bed; he heard the sound of the clock striking two, and then three.

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Yoshiko too must have been tormented. Her face was pale when she got up in the morning. She had only a bowl of rice for her breakfast. She seemed to be avoiding Tokio's face as much as possible. Yoshiko's anguish seemed to be not so much for having her secret found out as for realizing that she had been wrong in keeping it hidden. In the afternoon she mentioned that she wanted to go out for a short time, but Tokio, who had not gone to work, refused her request. The day passed in this way. No answer was received from Tanaka.

Dear Sensei:
 Yoshiko, saying she had lost her appetite, did not eat her lunch or supper. A depressed atmosphere hung over the house. Mrs. Takenaka worried about her husband's bad mood and Yoshiko anxiously pondered what to do about this situation. Just when, judging from yesterday's talks, she had thought that everything was progressing in a satisfactory manner! Mrs. Takenaka went upstairs to persuade Yoshiko to have something to eat feeling that she might be hungry as she had skipped two meals that day. At twilight, in a very gloomy atmosphere, Tokio was drinking saké with a sour face. After a short time, Mrs. Takenaka came down. When Tokio asked her what Yoshiko was doing, she replied she was lying prostrated, face downward, on the desk with a partially finished letter in front of her, not even bothering to light the lamp in the dim room. On hearing the word "letter" Tokio got excited, wondering to whom she was writing a letter, and went noisily upstairs intending to state that it was a waste of time for her to write such a letter.

"Oh, please...." He heard her pleading voice. Yoshiko still had her face resting on the desk.

Respectfully yours,

Yoshiko

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"Sensei, please leave me alone for a little while. I'm going to tell you something in my letter...."

Tokio returned downstairs. Sometime later, the maid went upstairs to light the lamps as asked by Mrs. Takenaka. When the maid came down, she brought a letter from Yoshiko, which she handed to Tokio.

Tokio avidly read the letter.

Dear Sensei:

I am a depraved girl student. Taking advantage of your kindness, I deceived you. I am convinced that my apologies would be very inadequate for so great a sin. Sensei, please take pity and regard me as a very weak-minded individual. I failed to carry out the duties of the new women of the Meiji era of which you taught me. I am, after all, an old-fashioned woman, and did not have the courage to put the new ideas into practice. I have talked this matter over with Tanaka, and we decided that we would not reveal, under any circumstances, our secret to any other person. We promised that we would, from now on, keep company only in a spiritual way since what had been done could not be undone. However, when I come to think that your anguish is my fault, my conscience makes me restless, and I have worried all day over this. Please, Sensei, have mercy on this pitiful woman. I have no other choice but to rely on your mercy.

Respectfully yours,

Yoshiko

"Sensei, please leave me alone for a little while. I'm
 going to tell you something in my letter..."
 Tokio returned downstairs. Sometime later, the maid went
 upstairs to light the lamps as asked by Mrs. Takenaka. When the
 maid came down, she brought a letter from Yoshiko, which she handed
 to Tokio.
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Yoshiko

Now Tokio really felt as if his body would sink into the depths of the earth. Holding her letter, he sprang up. In his enraged heart there was no room for understanding the reason for Yoshiko's daring to make this confession--her attitude of completely baring her heart and leaning on him. Stamping noisily Tokio went upstairs and sat down alongside Yoshiko's desk, where she still hid her face and said.

"Once things have gone so far, there is no more hope. I can't help you any more. I return this letter to you and swear to keep this matter secret. In any case, your attitude of trusting me as your mentor is nothing to be ashamed of in a modern Japanese woman. However, seeing that things have gone so far, you ought to go home. Tonight--now, let's go immediately to your father's lodgings. It would be best to tell him everything, and arrange to return home right away."

As soon as they had finished supper, they got ready and left the house. Although various kinds of dissatisfaction, complaints, and grief filled Yoshiko's heart, she could not disobey her mentor's stern order. They took a streetcar from Ichigaya. They found seats along side each other, but did not exchange a word. Getting off at Yamashitamon, they went to the inn in Kyōbashi; fortunately her father was at the inn. After they explained the whole story in detail her father did not appear to be particularly angry. It seemed that he only wanted to evade as much as possible from returning to his home with Yoshiko, but there would be no choice except to do just that. Yoshiko neither laughed nor cried, but only appeared to be taken aback by the irony of fate. Tokio assumed she would be disowned and asked Mr. Yokoyama if he would entrust Yoshiko to his care. Mr. Yokoyama replied as far

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as he was concerned if Yoshiko of her own will gave up her parents it would be a different matter, but he would not permit it under normal conditions. Besides, Yoshiko was not yet determined to refuse to return home at the risk of deserting her parents. Tokio left Yoshiko in the care of her father and went home.

X

The next morning Tanaka paid a visit to Tokio. Not knowing what had already been decided, he tried to fully explain the reason why it was not suitable for him to return home. As is usually the case with lovers who have given their bodies and souls to each other, Tanaka tried hard not to be separated by any means from his loved one.

A flush of victory rose on Tokio's face.

"No, that problem has already been settled. Yoshiko confessed everything. I realized both of you had deceived me. Now, wasn't your love 'pure' and 'innocent'!"

Tanaka's face suddenly paled. A sense of shame, rage, and desperation clutched at his soul. He was speechless.

"Well, everything is over now." Tokio continued to say, "I can't any longer be involved in your love affair. No! I'm very disgusted. I returned Yoshiko to her father for supervision."

Tanaka sat quietly. One could clearly see the flesh of his pale face trembling with fear. Suddenly bowing, he left Tokio's house, as if he were unwilling to let things stand as they were.

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About ten o'clock in the morning Mr. Yokoyama accompanied by Yoshiko came to Tokio's house. Finally they had decided to leave Tokyo on the six o'clock Kobe Express that evening; they wanted only to pick up her personal effects, requesting that Tokio later ship the rest of Yoshiko's luggage to her home. Yoshiko went upstairs to her room, and at once started to pack her belongings. Tokio was still angry but he was in a better mood than yesterday. He felt on the one hand a sense of indescribable loneliness when he considered that he would not be able to see her beautiful expression as they would be separated by a distance of about 500 miles. On the other hand he felt at least relaxed when he thought that he had transferred Yoshiko from the hands of his rival to those of her father. Tokio cheerfully devoted himself by talking on various topics with Mr. Yokoyama. Mr. Yokoyama, as was the case with country gentlemen, had a hobby of collecting art objects. He favored the paintings of Sesshū, Ōkyo, Yōsai, and the calligraphies of San'yō, Chikuden, Kaioku, and Sazan; he possessed many hanging scrolls by these artists. Consequently, their talk centered around art objects. Their casual talk about art brightened up the atmosphere of the room for the time being.

Tanaka arrived and asked to see Tokio. Tokio met him in the eight-mat room after closing the sliding door between the eight and six-mat rooms. The old man remained in the six-mat room. Yoshiko was upstairs in her room. Yoshiko, whose eyes were swollen from crying, "Is he going home?" The smell of dust hung in the air stinging "Yes, in any case he's going home." gloomy was the present situation "Is Yoshiko-san also going?" when she had arrived three years

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"Is he going home?"

"Yes, in any case he's going home."

"Is Yoshiro-san also going?"

"I imagine so."

"Could you tell me at what time they will be leaving?"

"Unfortunately, at present, I can't tell you that."

"In that case, would I be allowed to see Yoshiko-san--just for a minute?"

"I'm afraid that'll not be possible."

"Where is her father staying? I would like to have his address."

"That's also impossible, as I don't know whether or not they want me to give you their address."

Tanaka was left utterly helpless. He sat there for a while in silence and after bowing he left the house.

Shortly after Tanaka left individual lunch tables were set up in the eight-mat room. Tokio's wife had taken special pains in preparing the food and saké as this was to be a goodbye party. Tokio hoped to dine with them as a token of farewell. Unfortunately, Yoshiko persisted in saying that she did not want to eat. Tokio's wife tried to persuade her to join the party, but she did not come down. Tokio then went upstairs himself.

In her dimly-lit room, where only a shutter facing the east was open, Yoshiko's books, magazines, kimonoes, obis, bottles, a wicker suitcase, and a Chinese trunk were scattered all around leaving no space in which one could step. Yoshiko, whose eyes were swollen from crying, was arranging her baggage. The smell of dust hung in the air stinging the nostrils. How distressing and gloomy was the present situation as compared with the time when she had arrived three years

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ago in Tokyo full of ardent and youthful hopes. When Tokio thought of Yoshiko's fate of having to return to her home town like this without producing a single item of art worth mentioning, he felt that it was only natural for her to feel unbearably sad.

"Since my wife has specially prepared lunch for you why don't you come and eat? Besides, we'll not be able to eat together for some time."

"Sensei..." Yoshiko began to weep.

Tokio was also moved. He intensely examined himself as to whether he had done his best for her with kindness and responsibility as her mentor. He too felt forlorn enough to cry. He could find no words to assuage the sorrow of the girl he loved having to return home, there in the dimly-lit room among the scattered wicker suitcases, books, etc. Three rickshaws arrived at the house at three o'clock in the afternoon. The wicker suitcase together with a Chinese trunk and a carry-all that had been placed in the entrance hall were loaded into the vehicles by the rickshawmen. Yoshiko, with eyes puffy from crying, wore a light chestnut colored coat with a white ribbon tied in her hair. Yoshiko firmly held the hands of Tokio's wife, who came out to the gate to see them leave, and said, "Oku-san, goodby. I'll come back, I'll come back, I simply won't stay away."

"Sure, please do, please be sure to come back about a year from now."

Tokio's wife, her eyes filled with tears, squeezed Yoshiko's hands in return. A woman is susceptible and a feeling of compassion filled her heart.

¹This hair style was named after a decisive land battle that took place on a hill, 203 meters high, during the Russo-Japanese War.

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It was a rather chilly winter day. The rickshaws set out from Yashiki-Chō in Ushigome in the following order: In the first was the old man, in the next was Yoshiko, and in the last was Tokio. Tokio's wife and their maid were sorry to see them go and stood at the gate watching the procession slowly fade from view. Behind them stood a neighbor's wife wondering what had caused this sudden departure. Further behind at the corner of a side street stood a man wearing a brown hat. Yoshiko looked back at this man two or three times.

While the rickshaws were proceeding from the street of Kō-jimachi to Hibiya, Tokio thought of the girl students of the present day. Yoshiko, who rode in the rickshaw just in front of his, was wearing a "Hill-203" hairdo¹ with a white ribbon and had a slightly stooped figure; there must be many girl students in this same type of outfit and similar situations who are taken back home by their fathers. Even Yoshiko with her strong will had fallen to this fate. No wonder educators talked at great length about the problems of women. Tokio imagined the pains the old man must be feeling, and Yoshiko's tears over her desolated life. Among the passers-by some looked knowingly at the girl student, beautiful as a flower, going along under the watch of her father and a middle-aged man, with a full load of luggage.

After reaching the inn at Kyōbashi, the old man collected his luggage, and paid the bill. This was the same inn that Yoshiko and her father had stayed at three years ago when they first came

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to Tokyo. Tokio had once paid them a visit at this inn. These three people were full of deep emotions, contrasting the past and present situations, but they each tried to avoid letting them show on their faces. At five in the afternoon, they all left for the Shimbashi Station and entered the second-class waiting room.

Confusion and more confusion, crowds and more crowds, both those who were leaving by train and those who had come to see them off looked absent-minded; and the sounds echoing from the ceiling reached all the louder into the travelers' hearts. Sorrow, joy and curiosity were swirling everywhere in the station. At every moment crowds gathered; the crowd of passengers for the six o'clock evening Kobe Express was especially large, and in no time the second-class waiting room was an arena of jostling elbows. Tokio bought two packages of sandwiches at the Tsuboya upstairs and handed them to Yoshiko. He bought two train tickets and one platform admission ticket. He checked their luggage. Everything was ready, all they had to do was to wait for the time of departure.

All three wondered if they might see Tanaka among this crowd, but they could not spot him.

The bell rang. The crowd rushed towards the ticket gate. It burned with the desire not to lose an instant in boarding, and it fretted, and there was no little confusion. The three barely managed to slip through to the wide platform, then went into the nearest second-class coach.

Passengers continued to get on the train. There was a merchant who was preparing to sleep during the long journey, a field

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officer who appeared to be returning to Kure, a group of women busily chattering in the broad Ōsaka dialect. Yoshiko's father spread a white blanket lengthwise on the seat on which he and Yoshiko sat, placing his small case between them. An electric lamp in the interior of the coach shone on Yoshiko's face, which glistened as if carved in relief. Mr. Yokoyama came to the window of the coach and several times expressed his great gratitude to Tokio, requesting that he take care of everything that they had left behind in Tokyo. Tokio kept standing near the window of the coach, attired in his silk haori and a brown-felt hat. *He blew his whistle for the train's departure.*

The time of departure drew near. Tokio thought of the coming journey and Yoshiko's future. It seemed to him that there was an everlasting bond between Yoshiko and him. No doubt, Tokio would have married Yoshiko if he did not have a wife. Yoshiko might have been willing to become his wife. She would have been able to comfort him in the unbearable agonies of creative writing, helping his literary work and fulfill his ideals. Yoshiko might have been able to comfort his present desolate soul. Tokio recalled Yoshiko's words to his wife, "Why wasn't I born a little earlier? Had I been born in the same period as you, I would have been much happier..." Was it possible that fate would never allow him to call Yoshiko his wife? Would he never be able to call her father his father-in-law? Life is long, fate has strange powers. In view of the fact that she had lost her virginity--after she had broken her chastity, this might make it easier for her to become the wife of a middle-aged man who had many children. Fate and life--Tokio remembered having once *and ask your pardon, but I was so depressed I even refused*

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lectured to Yoshiko on Turgenev's Punin and Baburin. At long last, the meaning of life described by the great Russian writer came home to him.

Behind Tokio there was a group of well-wishers. Near a pillar stood a man wearing an old felt hat who had come unnoticed onto the platform. Yoshiko recognized him, and her heart began to beat with excitement. Her father looked offended. However, Tokio who was absorbed in daydreaming was unaware that this man was standing behind him.

The conductor blew his whistle for the train's departure.

The train started to pull out of the station.

XI

Lonely life, dreary life again returned to Tokio's home. The loud scolding voice of his wife, unable to control their children, pierced Tokio's ears and irritated him.

His life was back in the same old pattern of three years ago.

On the fifth day, he received a letter from Yoshiko. Her letter, in the ceremonious epistolary style, not in her usual friendly colloquial style, read as follows:

Please set your mind at ease as yesterday evening we returned safely home.

I really do not know how to apologize for causing you so much trouble at a time when you were very busy.

I apologize again and offer you my sincerest regrets.

I had intended to extend my gratitude before I left and ask your pardon, but I was so depressed I even refused

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to have that last meal with you. Please make allowances for my feelings at that time.

I still vividly remember our parting at Shimbashi Station. Every time I stand in front of a window, I feel as if I see you standing on the platform wearing your brown hat.

The snow had started to fall in the mountainous regions. For the 40 miles of road from Tatai, I could do nothing but feel sad; Issa's famous haiku of

Well, at last

This is my home

In five feet of snow

struck sharply home.

One of these days my father would like to write a letter to you expressing his gratitude; it is difficult for him to leave his business today, as it is a market day.

Please accept my deepest apologies on behalf of my father who sends you his kindest regards.

I have still many things that I would like to write you about which would be distasteful, so I will finish my letter at this point for today as my heart is still throbbing in anguish.

Tokio visualized a 40-mile-long mountain road covered with deep snow and a country village in the mountain region buried under the snow.

(1907)
Tokio went upstairs where everything had been left undisturbed since Yoshiko's departure. Overwhelmed with longing for his beloved woman, he tried to recollect his faintly lingering image of Yoshiko. It was

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Tokio visualized a 40-mile-long mountain road covered with deep snow and a country village in the mountain region buried under the snow. Tokio went upstairs where everything had been left undisturbed since Yoshiko's departure. Overwhelmed with longing for his beloved woman, he tried to recollect his faintly lingering image of Yoshiko. It was

one of the days when the cold wind blows briskly from the Musashi plains. He could hear a tremendous noise like roaring waves from the branches of the old trees. When Tokio opened a shutter of an east window as Yoshiko did on the day she departed for her home, light streamed into the room. Her desk, bookcase, bottles, and powder plate were left as before. It seemed as if his loved one had, as usual, gone to school. Tokio opened a drawer in her desk. He found there an old discarded ribbon which was soiled. Tokio picked it up and sniffed its fragrance. After a while, he stood up and opened the sliding door. There were three big wicker trunks tied with rope and ready to be shipped to Yoshiko; piled beyond them were Yoshiko's daily used futons--a yellowish green mattress with an arabesque design, and a similar patterned, thickly wadded bed counterpane. Tokio pulled them out. His heart throbbed with indescribable emotions on smelling the oily and sweaty fragrance of his loved one. Pressing his face on the stained velvet neckband of the counterpane, he smelled his loved one's odors to his heart's content.

The mixed emotions of sexual desire, sadness, and despair suddenly attacked him. Tokio spread out the mattress and put the counterpane on top, he buried his face in the cold and soiled velvet neckband and cried.

The dimly lit room--outside the wind was blowing hard.

(1907)

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APPENDIX B

A List of Japanese Persons Mentioned in This Text

Bakin. See Takizawa Bakin.

Chikamatsu Monzaemon 近松門左衛門 (1653-1724). The leading dramatist of his time. He wrote 120 Kabuki and Jōruri plays before he died. They are characterized by realism and a refined style with deep insight into psychology. Some of his plays have been translated into English by Donald Keene.

Chikamatsu Shūkō 近松秋江 (1876-1944). A novelist. His real name was Tokuda Hiroshi. A graduate of Waseda University (1901) where he took a course in English literature.

Doppo. See Kunikida Doppo.

Futabatei Shimei 二葉亭四迷 (1864-1909). Early Meiji novelist and translator of Russian literature. His real name was Hasegawa Tatsunosuke. He became famous with his epoch-making Ukigumo, the first novel written in colloquial Japanese analyzing human psychology using western methods.

Hōgetsu. See Shimamura Hōgetsu.

Ihara Saikaku 井原西鶴 (1642-1693). Seventeenth-century prose stylist and haiku poet. One of the great literary figures of the Tokugawa period. Some of his works have been translated into English.

Kagawa Kageki 香川景樹 (1768-1843). A waka poet who advocated a plain style of waka. He founded the Keien school of waka. Among his works are theories on waka and a commentary on Kokin Wakashū.

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- Bakin. See Takizawa Bakin.
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Kawazoe Kunimoto 川副國基 (1896-). A scholar of modern Japanese literature. His books include Nihon Shizenshugi no Bungaku ("Literature of Japanese Naturalism") and Kindai Nihon Bungakuron ("The Theory of Modern Japanese Literature").

Kōyō. See Ozaki Kōyō.

Kunikida Doppo 國木田獨歩 (1871-1908). A novelist. His given name was Tesuo. He attended Tokyo Senmon Gakkō but left to become a teacher, without graduating. Later he joined the editorial staff of Kokumin Shimbun. He was a skilled short-story writer, having the ability to give his story the lyrical quality of a long poem in prose. The influence of English literature, particularly the poetry of Wordsworth, is apparent in his work. His Gyūniku to Bareisho ("Beef and Potato"), Musashi-No, and Gen Oji ("Old Gen") were translated into English.

Masamune Hakuchō 正宗白鳥 (1879-). A novelist. His given name is Tadao. After graduating from Tokyo Senmon Gakkō (1901) he became a literary critic for the Yomiuri Shimbun newspaper, but later resigned from this firm and devoted his full time to creative writing. In 1950 he was awarded an order of cultural merit. Among his many works are Torō ("Futility"), and Bikō ("Faint Light").

Mori Ōgai 森鷗外 (1862-1922). Litterateur. His given name was Rintarō. After graduating from Tokyo University with a degree in medicine (1881) he was appointed surgeon to the Imperial Army and soon after he was sent to Germany for further studies (1884).

- Kawazoe Kunimoto 川島國基 (1896-). A scholar of modern Japanese literature. His books include Nihon Shizenshugi no Bungaku ("Literature of Japanese Naturalism") and Kindai Nihon Bungakuron ("The Theory of Modern Japanese Literature").
- Kōyō. See Ozaki Kōyō.
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Mori Ōgai--cont'd 田五右衛門 (1871-1927). A poet. He graduated

Although Ōgai was a doctor by profession, he is best remembered as a man of letters. Among his works are Maihime ("Dancing Girl"), Gan ("Wild Geese"), and translations of German literature. Gan was translated by Kingo Ochiai and Sanford Goldstein and published by C. E. Tuttle Co., in 1959.

Nakamura Mitsuo 中村光夫 (1911-). A literary critic. His real name is Kiba Ichirō. Graduating from the French Literature Department of Tokyo University (1935), he went to Paris (1938) as a scholarship student of the French Government. Among his works are Flaubert and Maupassant, and Fūzoku Shōsetsu Ron.

Okazaki Yoshie 岡崎義恵 (1892-). A scholar of Japanese classics. A graduate of Tokyo University (1917). He was the first scholar to systematically study Japanese classics from the viewpoint of genre. His books include Nihon Bungei no Yōshiki ("Genres in Japanese Literature") and Nihon Geijutsu Shichō ("Ideas in Japanese Arts").

Ōhashi Otowa 大橋乙羽 (1869-1901). Writer and publisher. His real name was Watanabe Matatarō. He was adopted by Ōhashi Sahei, the founder of the Hakubunkan Publishing House. It should be noted that Tayama Katai was employed by this house at the time he wrote Futon. (1871-1918). Literary critic

Oguri Fūyō 小栗風葉 (1875-1926). A novelist. His real name was Kato Isoo. He was a disciple of Ozaki Kōyō. His Seishun ("Youth") was acclaimed. (1884), he lectured

at Waseda University and wrote novels and criticism for Waseda Bungaku. He studied in Britain and Germany.

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Ōta Gyokumei 大田王茗 (1871-1927). A poet. He graduated from Tokyo Senmon Gakkō. At one time he was a reporter of the Kabuki Shimpō. In his later years, he was a resident priest in a Buddhist temple. He was a brother-in-law of Tayama Katai.

Ozaki Kōyō 尾崎紅葉 (1867-1903). A novelist. His given name was Tokutarō. He attended the Literature Department of Tokyo University but left it without graduating to become a novelist. After organizing the Kenyūsha society of writers (1888) he started the magazine, Garakuta Bunko. He was a giant among the novelists of the Meiji period. Among his disciples were such well-known writers as Izumi Kyōka and Oguri Fūyō. Kōyō's style was polished and elaborate. His masterpieces include Tajō Takon ("Tears and Regrets") and Konjiki Yasha ("The Gold Demon"). Konjiki Yasha has been translated into English.

Saikaku. See Ihara Saikaku.

Senuma Shigeki 瀬沼茂樹 (1904-). A novelist-critic. His real name is Tadanao Suzuki. Among his books are Kindai Nihon Bungaku no Kōzō ("The Structure of Modern Japanese Literature") and Shimazaki Tōson.

Shimamura Hōgetsu 島村抱月 (1871-1918). Literary critic and writer. His given name was Takitarō. He was adopted by the Shimamura family (his former name was Sasayama). After graduating from Tokyo Senmon Gakkō (1884), he lectured at Waseda University and wrote novels and criticism for Waseda Bungaku. He studied in Britain and Germany.

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Shimazaki Tōson 島崎藤村 (1872-1943). Poet and novelist.

His given name was Haruki. He graduated from Meiji Gakuin (1891) and taught for one year, during which time he wrote Wakanashū ("Young Greens Anthology"). His Hakai ("The Broken Commandment") established him as a novelist. A partial translation of Hakai (Chap. VII) by Edward Seidensticker is available for English readers.

Takase Bunen 高瀬文淵 (1864-1935). A critic. His real name was Kurokawa Yasuji. He had great influence on inspiring Tayama Katai's literary aspirations.

Takizawa Bakin 瀧澤馬琴 (1767-1848). A novelist in various fiction genres who, before he died, was the accepted leader of Edo literature. His favorite genre was the moralistic novel.

Tōson. See Shimazaki Tōson.

Tsubouchi Shōyō 坪内逍遙 (1859-1935). Litterateur. His given name was Yūzō. After graduating from Kaiseikō (predecessor of Tokyo University) he was appointed as an instructor at Waseda University. His Shōsetsu Shinzui established his fame. He translated the complete works of Shakespeare.

Yanagida Izumi 柳田泉 (1894-). Litterateur. A graduate of Waseda University with a degree in English literature (1918). Among his works are the Complete Works of Carlyle, Study of Greek Ideas, and Essays on Meiji Literature.

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