

The Birth of Modern Japanese Literature (II)

The Creative Exchange in the Letters between the Dying Poet Shiki in Tokyo
and the Future Novelist Souseki in London

HIRAI Masako

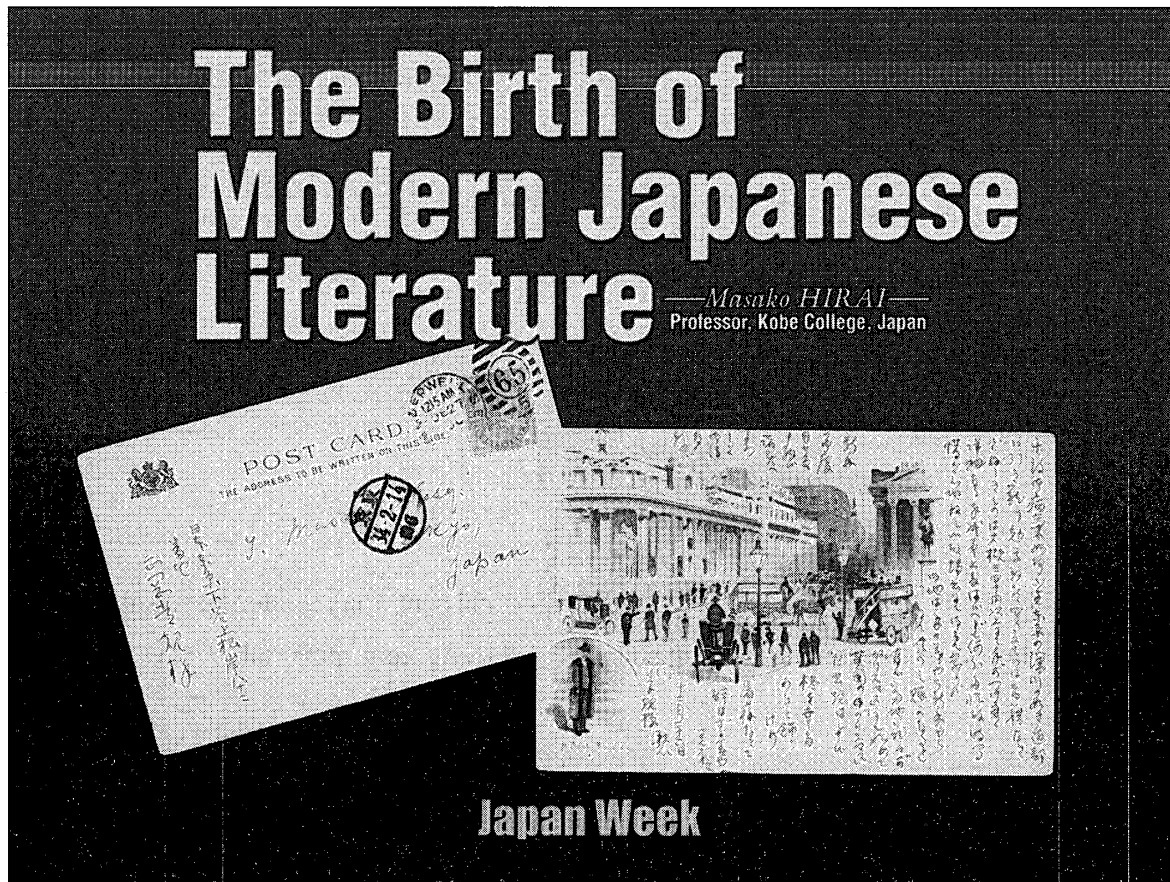
要 約

近代日本文学の誕生（２） 死にゆく子規とロンドンの漱石、往復書簡から創作へ

平井 雅子

明治という時代の誕生と子規、漱石という個人の誕生、その人生は重なる。そして、日本は西洋文明を必死に吸収し列強に屈せぬ力をつけようと、日清日露戦争への道を歩んでいく。その間、松山の元下級武士の子で上京した子規と、江戸の町衆の家に生まれ英語をよくし後に英国留学することになる漱石とは、東大予備門で出会い互いの人柄才能に引かれてから十数年間、書簡を交わし互いの詩文を批評し、影響を与え続ける。二人は生い立ち、性格も異なり、ともに漢文、漢詩をよくし伝統的詩文に才能を発揮しながらも、ことに西洋文化、思想の受容の仕方において、自らの文学の求め方において違いをみせるようである。広く西洋の思想を学ぶ必要を説き、東西文学を公正に批評して文学を求めようとする漱石と、文学の実践創作を重んじ新聞紙上で俳句を中心に和歌の批評と文学運動を展開し、一般の日本人にありのままの生活を写す写生文を広めようとした子規は、しばしば論争を展開する。その子規は日清戦争に従軍しながら帰国路に咯血し、入院後、英語教師として松山にいた漱石の元へ転がり込むが、傍若無人な子規を受け入れながら、このとき漱石が俳句を作り始めた意義は大きい。すなわち、二人の差異と衝突、対話、それを支えた友情の証ともいえる往復書簡の中で、次第にそれぞれの文章の創造的変化、新しい文学が形作られていった。本論文は、二人の文章の中にその軌跡を見出し、その過程を明らかにする。

ロンドンからの手紙は、百年前の世界一の大都市で、英語を自由に話せないストレス、恥辱、偏見、貧窮、疎外感に苦しんだ人間、漱石の姿を伝え、同時に、労働者階級の人々の人間性に触れた漱石の熱い想いやユーモアが脈々として、すでに一卷の文学である。一方、東京・根岸の子規庵で脊髄カリエスの苦しみに耐えていた子規は、ロンドンの漱石の手紙を無上の喜びとし、もう一通こんなのをよこしてくれまいかとねだるが、狭い病床から死の直前まで草花、人間、あらゆる生と青空を見つめ、写生文の中に最後まで命の輝きを求めていた。漱石の主張した「思想」と子規がたどりついた「写生」。すでに英文学者、漱石の皮は破れ、人間小説家、漱石がはじけ出ようとしていた。そこに行くまでの、二人の十数年間の往復書簡が織り成す友愛、尊敬、批評、人間性、その思想と実践がたどった文学創造の過程は、東西を超え百年を超えた意味をもつ。



(This is the manuscript for the special lecture given by the author at Clare Hall, Cambridge, for the Japan Week, May 21-28, 2004. The manuscript is slightly amended for publication, and the pictures could not be printed in colours.)

The aim of my discussion today is to grasp an exciting moment when the drastic modernization of Japan and the introduction of Western culture stimulated the birth of modern Japanese literature. I would like to feel with you the quickening pulse of creative exchange when different minds, different cultures, meet. I am talking about the friendship and the correspondence between Souseki, the future author of great modern Japanese novels, who as a student of English stayed in London from 1900 to 1902, and Shiki, a founder of modern haiku and radical poet-critic, who was confined to his bed for a large part of his youthful but productive career.¹⁾

The Letters between *Shiki* and *Souseki*



(1)

Let us begin by reading one of the long letters Souseki sent from London to his friend Shiki in Tokyo, who was still writing in bed but suffering and dying from spinal tuberculosis.

Quotation 1)²⁾

6 Flodden Road, Camberwell New Road, London, S. E.

April 9, 1901

Sorry I have not written for so long. You are ill and cannot possibly write a long letter. Kyoshi is busy, editing *Hototogisu*,³⁾ so he can hardly do more than send the journal to me, and I knew that even before I left Japan. So I am not surprised no letter has come so far, but I, for my part, have the duty to report to the two of you what I have seen and heard, now and then, once I stepped into this place called London, a sort of world-expo factory or horse-market. It is my duty to write letters not only to give you some diversion to your suffering in bed but to keep my word: I generously granted Kyoshi's request and said, yes, yes, it's my pleasure to oblige you, when he asked me two or three times to write and send him whatever I can. I know it well, but I am very sorry to say I have been obliged to send no letter anywhere. Since I didn't come here to seek pleasure nor to find amusement in the confusion in the unfamiliar streets, I am trying to make the best use of time. For these reasons I intend to spend the whole evening of today, which is April 9, to write a report to please and apologize to you both. I have so much to report. Somehow I have become such a serious man since I came here. Whatever I see or hear makes my mind question the future of Japan. Don't tease me about speaking out of character. It's neither the weather nor the **beef steak**⁴⁾ that makes a person like me meditate on such a matter—it's *ten* [the sky, heaven, providence] that makes me. How prosperous the literature and arts of this nation are and

how much they are influencing the character of the people.... How much progress this nation has made in terms of material civilization, and what a torrent is developing behind so much progress.... In England, the word *samurai* does not exist; instead, there is the '**gentleman**', but what meaning does the word have?... How generous and diligent ordinary people are.... Wherever my eyes fall, it disturbs me to think of the lack of moral education, physical education, and education in the sense of beauty. About such a state, how undisturbed those gentlemen are, and proud... how frivolous, how vain.... How satisfied they are with the present state of Japan, and how short-sighted they are, failing to see how they are drawing the ordinary people towards the abyss of corruption.... Such various complaints stir in my mind.

I have recently written a long letter to my relative about Japanese upper-class society, but I have only become more sensitive to such matters since I came to England.... I will talk about something else. When I try to talk about something, it's difficult to find a subject. All I can do is to write what has happened since I got up this morning in the style of a diary, as *Hototogisu* encourages the readers to do so for its essay contest, and show it to you, though the loafing wizard's life is quite uneventful and commonplace. Nothing so exciting as losing the sight of **Ann on Oxford Street**⁵⁾ or witnessing a duel at **Charing Cross** ever happens in this piteous life, nothing worth describing. But you would be able to see a little what sort of things I've been doing since I came to London. That would be of some interest to people like you who know me.

Last Friday was **Good Friday**, the beginning of the Easter week. Every shop in town is closed, and no shopping is allowed. The next day, Saturday, is normal, but the day after is **Easter Sunday**—again shopping is forbidden. The next day, when I think it's all right at last, they say it's **Easter Monday** this time and close shops again. Only on Tuesday, things come back to normal. During the festival, the couple who run our boarding house spent their holiday with the wife's family in the countryside. Mr. Tanaka entertained the wish to inspect the footsteps of Shakespeare and visited the place with such a long name—**Stratford-Upon-Avon**. That left behind the three of us, the landlady's sister, the maid called Penn, and myself.

When I wake up, the morning sun shines through the shutters and dazzles me. I must have overslept, I think, and draw out my nickel watch from beneath my pillow, only to find it is still twenty past seven. Not yet the time for the gong. No use getting up, but I am not particularly sleepy. So I dare to turn over, away from the wall, and look towards the window. On both sides of the window, some unidentifiable curtains, perhaps golden cloth or linen, are hanging, parted to the right and to the left. Behind the curtains are the **shutters**, and the benevolent Sun is paying his visit through each slit between them. I see, the spring has come

at last and fills me with gratitude. Such weather, I had thought, could not be expected in London, but now that I know it is a human place with people living there, my spirit is somewhat lightened. Next I observe the ceiling, which has cracks and is depressing. Some clattering noise up above... must be the maid putting on her shoes on the fourth floor. The room gets still brighter. No sign of the gong yet. This time I lower my eyes from the ceiling and inspect the room all around, but nothing special to see. What a shameful room! Facing the window is the chest of drawers, which is not worth the name, so I should call it a painted box. In the upper drawer are my long underpants, collar, and cuffs; in the lower drawer is my tailcoat. The tailcoat was not expensive, but I haven't worn it once. I'm afraid I wasted my money. On the box stands a mirror of 1 *shaku* [about 1 foot] by 1 *shaku*, and to the left stands a bottle of **Carls** [?] water. From its side peep the filthy-looking, brown leather gloves. On the left side of the box, line up pairs of shoes, red and black. The pair I wear daily are put outside the door by the maid. Another pair, for formal wear, shining, are put away in the cupboard. As far as shoes are concerned, I am rich like a great swell, I feel, rather proud. If I move from this house, how shall I carry those four pairs of shoes, I begin to wonder. One pair I wear. Two pairs I can put in my suit-case. But the last pair.... I cannot carry them in my hands, I guess. Shall I throw them, unwrapped, into the carriage? But I am sure one pair will be worn through before I leave this house. I don't mind much about the shoes, but the problem is my precious books. They will be such a large load to carry, I fear, looking around over the books on the wooden floor of the room, those on the mantel piece, those on the desk, and those on the book-shelves. The other day Roche sent me their catalogue of old books, which had **Dodsley's Collection**. Seventy yen is expensive, but I want them. And they are bound in leather. **Warton's History of English Poetry**,⁶⁾ which I last bought, was bound in **Giltover**, looking antique, and was a really cheap find. But I cannot buy even books until the money-order comes, I am at the end of my tether. The money-order should come by and by, so no need to worry.... Gong, gong, gong... here is the gong, the first gong. I get up and get myself ready, and then there will be the second 'gong'. Then I will slowly, slowly climb downstairs and eat breakfast, you see. Putting on the long underpants, and testing on my tongue this line—' going to sleep at *ne* [traditional term for 11:00 p.m.] and waking at the gong'—I start grinning to myself. Next I leave my bed and stand before the table to wash my face. Now begins my toilet. In the West, things are not easy like a cat's washing his face. After vigorously emptying the jug of water into the basin and dipping my hands in it, alas, I realize I should take the 'Carles' salt before I wash my face. I take my hands out of the basin, and, not troubling to wipe them, shake them twice, three times at the wall, and begin to prepare the **Carls** salt. I've taken it. Then, wetting my face just a little, I grasp a **shaving brush** and wildly, abundantly paint my face. Shaving is easy because it's a

safety razor. Like a carpenter shaving a board, ever so smoothly I shave myself. It feels good. Then I comb my hair, wipe my face, put on a white shirt, put on a collar and a tie, and when I roll up the **shutter**, the maid bangs my shoes against the floor outside my room and is gone.

Before long comes the second gong, gong. Well timed. Then climbing down two sets of stairs, I enter the dining-room. As usual, I eat **oat-meal** first. This is the daily food of the Scotch. They eat it with salt. We eat it with sugar. It's like barley porridge, and my favourite. According to Johnson's dictionary, '**oat-meal**'... people eat it in Scotland, and horses eat it in England. But it seems quite usual that the English eat it today. The English must have become closer to horses. Then, as a rule, a slice of **bacon** and an egg, or two slices of bacon, come. Besides them, two slices of toasted bread and a cup of tea, that's all. When I have eaten four-fifths of the two **bacons** Mr. Tanaka⁷⁾ comes downstairs. This gentleman came back late last evening from his trip, though the gentleman is always late in the morning, never descending in time from the upper floor. '**Oh, good morning.**' The landlady's sister answered, '**Good morning.**' I said '**Good morning**' in English, too. Mr. Tanaka is devouring his food. I say, '**Excuse me,**' and open the letter on the table. An invitation from **Mrs. Edghill**,⁸⁾ asking me if I could come at three in the afternoon of the seventeenth and grant her request for a leisurely conversation with her. My heart sinks. Even in Japan, I don't care for socialization. Now that I am in the West, I just hate to have any socialization in English in which I am by no means fluent. What's more, London is huge, and socialization, once started, can kill so much time. On top of this, I cannot wear a dirty **shirt**, I must see that my **trousers** are not bagging at the knees, a rainy day is miserable, I have to pay people the complement of arriving in a cab, and so on and so forth, a great deal of stress. It costs money. It kills time. I hate it but cannot help it. Once in a while there is such an eccentric lady that it is my duty to visit her. While I am wondering what to do, Mr. Tanaka starts talking about his trip. Since he says he's going to give me **Shakespeare's** bust in clay and an **album**, I say thank you and receive them. Then he shows me the picture of the inscription on **Shakespeare's** grave, and says, 'What's this? I cannot read the English *kango* [classic Chinese writing for the Japanese].' Then he goes out, to his business office.

Now I start reading **The Standard** newspaper, as usual. Western newspapers have so much to read. From the front page to the last, if I were to read it all, it would take five or six hours. First of all, I always read the article about the incident in Manchuria.⁹⁾ Today there is a commentary from the Russian newspaper against Japan, which says mainly that, if Russia and Japan should start a war, it would be best to decide the campaign in Korea because it is not advantageous to attack mainland Japan. How annoying for the Koreans! Next comes an article about **Tolstoy**. Recently **Tolstoy** was excommunicated for slighting the national

religion of Russia. To excommunicate such a great personality has caused an uproar. If **Tolstoy's** portrait is in some exhibition of paintings, there will be piles of flowers in front of it. Also people are discussing what present they should give **Tolstoy**, the **Tolstoy** group doing their best to put the government to shame. Interesting.

Now it's 10:20 a.m. I have to be at my teacher's¹⁰⁾ house today, according to the rule. First, I go to the toilet, run upstairs to prepare myself, and come downstairs, to see I've still got twenty minutes before eleven. Again I read the newspaper. Yesterday was **Easter Monday**, so here and there were entertainment shows. Miscellaneous information on them. At the **Acquarium** there is a showman who trains a bear to play its tricks. A bear rides a horse and runs around the ring, jumps over the bar, and jumps through a hoop. Sounds interesting. Next I see the ads. At the **Lyceum**, **Irving**¹¹⁾ will play Shakespeare's **Coriolanus**. The other day I saw **Tree's**¹²⁾ **Twelfthnight** at **Her Majesty's**. Much more interesting than to read the script. I would like to watch **Irving's**, too. It's five minutes to eleven. Carrying a book, I leave my house.

The district of my lodging is the equivalent of Fukagawa in Tokyo,¹³⁾ the poorer quarters across the bridge. Since the rent is low, I am stuck in such a depressing place for a while—no, for my whole stay in England, confined. That excuses me for rarely going downtown—only once or twice a week. When I go, however, it is a great task. First, I walk for a quarter of an hour to the place called **Kennington**, take the Underground under the **Thames**, and next, changing trains, go to what they call '**the West End**'.

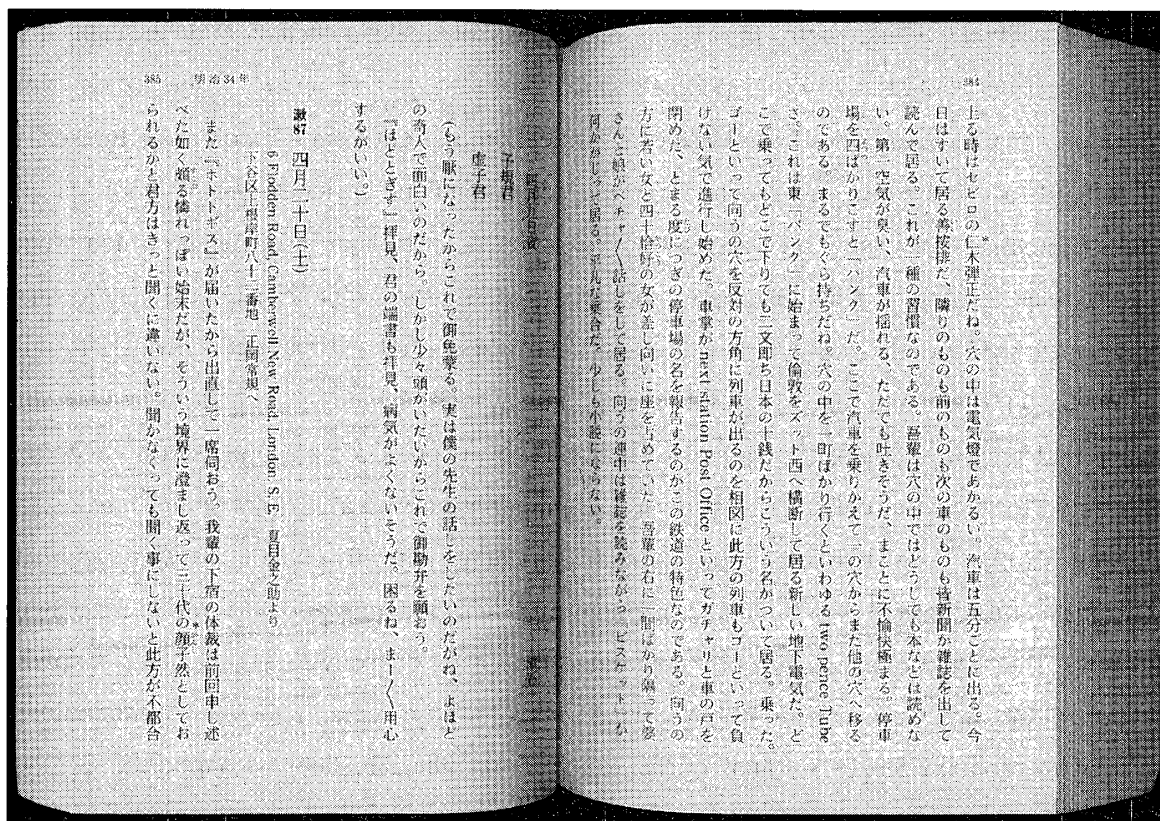
Coming to the stop, I pay ten *sen* [two pence] and take the lift. Three or four other passengers are with me. The station staff shuts the door and pulls the rope of the lift, quite sharp [*'gun'*], and the **lift** goes down, down, down [*'gu-gu-gu'*]. Then we escape to the place under the ground; this is the trick. When we go up, it's like Niki Danjo¹⁴⁾ in his English business suit. The underground tunnel is lit by electricity. There is a train every five minutes. Today, luckily, there aren't many passengers. The next passenger, the man before me, and those in the next compartment, are all reading either newspapers or magazines. It's a custom. I can never, ever, read a book in a tunnel. First of all, the air smells. The train shakes. I feel sick already. I find it extremely uncomfortable. After about four stops comes **Bank**. Here I change trains and move from one tunnel to the other. It's like a mole. I walk for about a *cho* [about 109m] and reach what's called the '**two pence Tube**'. This is the new Underground which starts at **Bank** in the east and crosses the city of London to the west. Wherever you get on or wherever you get off, it costs you two pence, which is ten *sen* in Japan. I get on the train. *Go-o-o*, goes the train in the other tunnel, in the opposite direction, and, taking the cue, this train starts moving, *Go-o-o*, in a competitive spirit. The conductor, saying '**next station Post Office**', closes the door with a click. This is characteristic of the Underground, to

announce the name of the next stop each time it stops. Over there, across each other, sit a young woman and a woman of about forty. About 1 *ken* [1.818m] from me to the right, an old woman and a girl are chatting on. Those people opposite are chewing biscuits while reading magazines. Common passengers... nothing to make a novel.

See Picture 1

The letter sounds depressing, but it is also full of interesting details which make Souseki's life in London seem 'real', as if we are sharing his experience. This is the experience of an intellectual Japanese, solitary, stuck in the lodging in a working-class district of London with hardly enough money to buy books. Back in Japan, he was married and lived in a house with a garden, being respected as a teacher of English, either in one of the quiet historical towns in the country or in Tokyo where he grew up, which was still a curious mixture of traditional *Edo* culture¹⁵⁾ and the rapid introduction of Western civilization. Souseki had a sense of humour as well as the critical faculty for watching the city of London, to distinguish between what appealed to his curiosity, to his intellect and to his sense of beauty, and what disturbed him, behind the superficial prosperity and modernization. Although he said his life in London had 'nothing to make a novel', paradoxically, he was already writing a humorous prose-work which could soon turn into a novel.

Picture 1



Shiki died in the same year. Then facing what seemed to him the unbridgeable gap between the cultures of the East and the West, and suffering from neurosis, Souseki returned next year (1902) to Japan, and soon, in 1904, he was to write *I Am a Cat*, which through a cat's eyes describes the ironically 'uneventful and commonplace' life of a university lecturer of English. Like Souseki, he seems to have nothing better to do than taking a nap and talking with eccentric friends who, though they can discuss sophisticated cultural topics, seem equally unable to produce anything meaningful. This humorous but tacitly satiric fiction, which started as Souseki's attempt at self-therapy, in order to recover from his nervous-breakdown, was first written for *Hototogisu* at the request of Kyoshi, and became a best-seller, eventually enabling Souseki to become a professional novelist.

It is important to notice that Souseki recorded the small events of his daily life, meaning 'to write what has happened since I got up this morning in the style of a diary. Shiki himself wrote *shasei-bun* (prose sketching and recording real life) 'in the style of a diary', and encouraged the readers to write a similar sketch of their own life and to send it to the *Hototogisu* journal—the diary of a farmer, the diary of a fish-seller, the diary of a weaver.... The letter shows Souseki's clear intention of practicing Shiki's idea.

It also seems to me that this 'idea' has its origin back in the high-school days of Souseki and Shiki, when they started exchanging letters and showing each other what they were writing, so documenting changes and development during the thirteen years of their friendship. The idea of *shasei* itself, which today seems almost a commonplace in *haiku*, went through subtle changes in Shiki's work, both through his practice of making *haiku* and through the classification and criticism of other people's *haiku*, from the period before Basho to his own contemporaries. In spite of the huge tasks of classification and criticism he took upon himself, I find it hard to classify him as an academic. He was a man full of ideas, and as soon as he sensed something interesting, he was ready to 'experiment' with it in his writings, which were so various as to include Chinese poetry and prose, classic-style Japanese poetry (*waka* and *haiku*), new-style poems (which recent poets have just started experimenting with), travel-writing, fiction, diary, and letters, as well as critical essays which were often radical appeals for change and renunciations of the 'orthodox' views. Both his practice as a poet and his reading contributed to the development of his ideas, but primarily he was a *challenger* and *artist* who acted on his own instinctive sense and passion for beauty. With his challenging spirit, guided by his instinct for the real and beautiful, he discovered new openings and was free to renounce old views. That is not to say, he was by any means 'adoptive' or ready to accept other people's criticism of his own views. Far from it. Yet what seems to me a remarkable, almost miraculous sense of freedom in Shiki's spiritual quest, which I will illustrate later, is supported by the freedom of exchange between the two young genius-writers—the exchange of different ideas

and works in prose and poetry, criticisms, jokes, advices, confessions and remonstrations—so that I am tempted to say that they *together* formed and developed Shiki's ideas, poetry and prose, and that they *together* wrote Souseki's novels.

(2)

The correspondence between Souseki and Shiki started in 1889 when they were 22, attending the 'old-system' high school or pre-university course for Tokyo University, and it lasted for 13 years until Shiki died in 1902, at the age of 35.

The two protagonists of today's discussion form an interesting contrast. They had much in common as well as large differences in their temperament, mentality, social background and physical condition which made them live and work in worlds apart. They were both born in 1867, the year of drastic change from the Edo era (the *samurai* regime of Tokugawa *shogun*, feudal and limiting communication with the outside world) to the Meiji era (the Imperial regime which abolished the feudal system and quickly introduced Western military, political and educational systems to modernize the nation).

Although they grew up in different areas and cultural climates, they both had somewhat lonely family circumstances. Shiki was born in Matsuyama, a feudalistic castle-city in the countryside, as the son of a former *samurai* of the feudal lord disfavoured by the new regime. His father died when Shiki was five. His mother raised him and his sister on the small pension given by the lord, with some patronage from her own father, a renowned Confucian scholar, who taught Shiki to read classic Chinese writing.

Souseki was born right in the downtown of Tokyo, the son of a community head and townsman, but since he was the fifth son and his mother was sick, Souseki was adopted by another family. His real mother died when he was 14, and when he was 20, two of his elder brothers died, which made Souseki return to his original family.

After Shiki came to Tokyo to study as an ambitious youth, they both entered the same 'old-system' Pre-University or 1st High School, and subsequently the Imperial University, which are now joined as Tokyo University. They struck up friendship on their common interest in literature and the comic variety hall, the traditional entertainment of downtown folk. Their mutual respect and correspondence developed as they exchanged and commented on their writings in Japanese and Chinese, in prose and verse. They were versed in the classics of Japan and China, but already seeking to invent their original rhetoric and style, writing in a variety of lively, witty or picturesque manners in both languages.

See Picture 2

The picture shows *Nanakusa-shu* (see the top two columns), the book which Shiki personally made and handed to Souseki for review (Souseki signed it on its last page), and also *Kikuzu-roku* (see the bottom column), the book which Souseki composed on his trip to Bousou Peninsula, in response to Shiki's book. The title of Shiki's book, *Nanakusa-shu*, means 'A Collection of Seven (*nana*) Plants (*kusa*)', and it had seven chapters, each written in a different rhetorical style. For instance, '*Ominaeshi-chapter*'¹⁶⁾ (See Picture 4) is a collection of his waka (the poem consisting of 31 syllables, which is read as 5-7-5-7-7 syllables). These convey scenes of seasonal changes, such as *samidare* (rain in May) rippling and darkening the Sumida River, or the singing voices of friends appearing through *kiri* (mist) to visit him on a river-boat, and wishing the river-wind to knock on the rustic gate on the day of a rare visitor. The '*Kudzu-chapter*'¹⁷⁾ (See Picture 5) is a topographical research essay in a logical sequence, on the association between place-names in Tokyo and the formation of island-deltas on the Sumida River now invisible and forgotten, which applies his scientific information freely to his knowledge of Japanese poetry, history and folk-writings. The composition of such a book, such an experiment with different styles of writing, was Shiki's original idea. Souseki was struck by his friend's originality and talent, and immediately responded with a review in his own brilliant style, in Chinese prose and verse, which greatly impressed Shiki in turn. Before long, Souseki produced another response to Shiki, an original work of his own written in classic Chinese, which was *Kikuzu-roku*.

See Picture 6

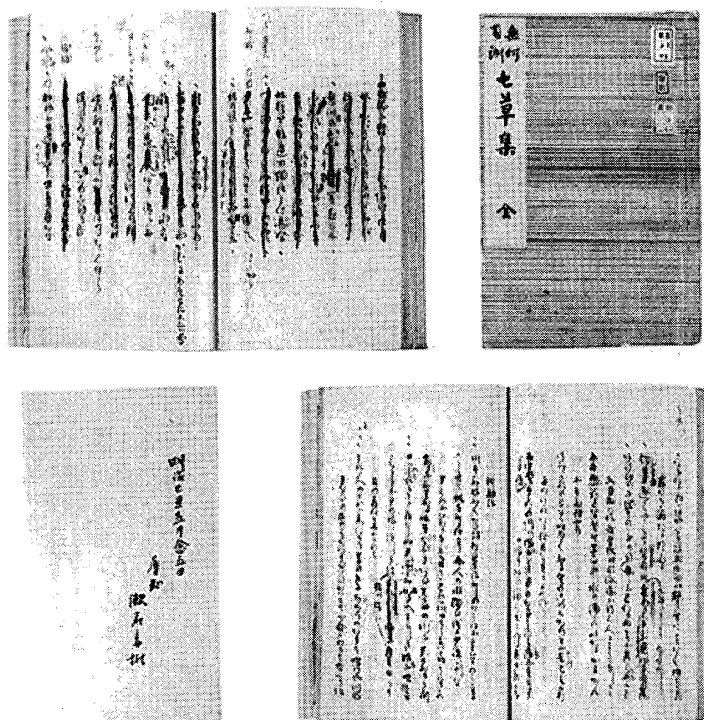
This is a passage from *Kikuzu-roku*:

Quotation 2)

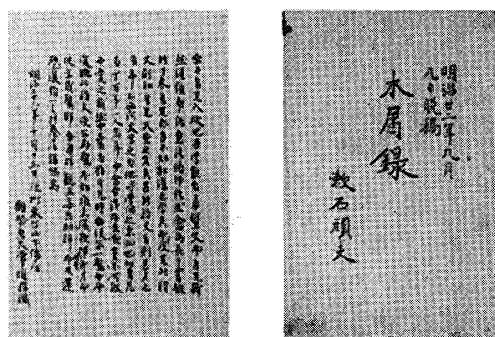
In Tokyo I have heard much about the extraordinary scenery of Tainoura. Now we hire a boat and set off. About a few *cho* [a few hundred metres] from the bank, is a great, threatening reef, which strikes against the boat. The meandering tides, broadening out, strike the reef and go mad, trying in vain to drive it away. Instantly, the tide leaps high over the reef, white spray rises up, mirroring the azure waves, to produce a rainbow spanning from the land. On the reef stands a bird, with a crimson crown and blue legs, its name unknown. When the great wave comes, it flies up with a single beat, glides low in a circle, waiting for the wave to recede, and relights on the reef. I and my friends cry out, amazing! and extraordinary!

The boatman laughs, saying, 'This is nothing. I will show you gentlemen something

Picture 2



『七草集』表紙と本文(明治21年~22年) [東北大学附属図書館蔵]
さまざまな文学のジャンルを試作した、七つの巻から成る子規の文集。
友人に回覧して評を乞うた。漱石は評の末尾に「辱知 漱石妄批」と
記している。本文は「芒乃まき」と「女郎花の巻」の一部。



『木屑録』表紙と子規評(明治22年)
子規の『七草集』に刺激されて漱石が子規に見せるために書いたもの。
22年の夏に房総方面に旅行した際の記録。漢詩を含み、漢文で書か
れている。評の末尾に「獺祭魚夫常規謹識」と子規は記している。

Picture 3



ominaeshi

Picture 4

夕ぐれにいほりを立ち出でて見れば川のけしきいとをかしかりければ

（ことごとく）
家々にふすぶる蚊遣なびきあひ墨田の川に夕けぶりたつ

（入り）
日はくれてまだ夜ならぬ夕すずみかたへすずしき風ぞ吹ける
（もこそ吹く）
さなきだに夕の風は涼しきを縦の梢に月も出けり
（かぜだにそへて）
くれ行くままに

友の尋ね来にければ

（あらん）かぎり（は）
まれ人のけふは来にけり草の戸にちからのかぎり吹けや川風

まなびの友のうちつどいいいあわせて小舟にのりて我かり住居をおとないけるが
（つれ）（へ）
帰る時にも同じ舟にのりて漕ぎ去けれバあと見送りてよめる

（のち）
帰りにしあともなつかし水の面にありありのこる船の路哉
（波）の船路

（ることに）
都鳥を見 ては何とな く昔の事の思いいでらるれば
（れけ）
（おのがむかしを）

かりの名もまこととなりぬ都鳥いざこと問んそのかみの事

桜の餅をあきなう主人に代りてよめる

（さ）
花の香を若葉にこめてかぐはしき桜の餅家づとにせよ

木もて作りし浅草の富士の山のいただきに電気灯となんいうものをともしつらねければ
はれながらてる稲妻八月のいろといづれまさると光あらそふ

流灯会

ながしやる火影のうすくなるままに我身につもる罪やけぬらん

Picture 5

ルトコロノ向島近地ノ地形ノゴトキモマタコノ法ニヨルモノナレバ マズ本題ニ入ルニ先ダチテ
一、二ノ例証ヲ挙ゲ モツテソノ憑拠トナサント欲スルナリ

ソレ河流ノ泥沙ヲ流スヤソノ量莫大ナルモノナリ シコウシテ、ソノ河口ニ至ルヤスナワチ滞留
シテ島ヲナス イワユル「デルタ」ナリ（「デルタ」トハ希臘文字ノΔヨリ来レリ ケダシ島ノ形
多ク三角形ヲナスモツテナリ）ソノモットモ著名ナルハナイール河口ノ「デルタ」ナレドモライン、
ダニユーブ、ヴォルガ、ガンゼスソノ他イズレノ河（アマゾン河ハ少シ例外ナレドモ）ニテモコレ

ナキハナシ ワガ国ニテハ大阪ノゴトキモツトモソノ著シキモノナリ 瀬河口ニハ今日トイエドモ
非常ニ多量ノ泥沙ヲ滞ラシムルユエニ 時トシテ船舶ヲ膠スルコトアルヲ見テモ知ルベシ」オオヨ
ソ世界ノ商業ヲモツテ有名ナル都府ハ多ク河口ニアリ コレモトヨリ交通運送ニ便ナルノ致ストコ
ロナルベシ。シタガツテ「デルタ」（三角洲）ノ上ニアル都府モマタ多キ訳ナリ マタ昔ハ海辺河口
ナドニアリシ都府モ「デルタ」ナドノ年ヲ追ウテ増加スルニ從イ河口ハ段々ニ海中ニ進出スルニ
至リ 今ハ全ク海岸ヲ離レタル内地ニアルモノ少ナカラズ（名古屋ノゴトキモ昔ハ海ニ顔セシトイ

ウ）我謂エラク東京近地モマタソノ一例ナリト

東京近地ニオイテコレヲ駁セント欲セバマズ現時墨田川ノ形勢ヲ見ヨ ソノ河口ニアル佃島、石
川島、ハコレイウマデモナクコレ「デルタ」ナリ シコウシテ、今日トイエドモナオ漸次ニ河口ヲ
浅クスルノ証拠ハ 墨水ノ常ニ濁リタルト埋地ナルモノノ増加スルヲ見テ知ルベシ ソノ繁糸、急
絃ノ音、紅灯華燭ノ光 人ヲシテ童官カ不夜城カト疑ワシムルノ洲崎モ 昨日マデハナオ寒風波ヲ
驚カシ怒潮岸ヲ打ツノ音ノミ喧シカリニシ 地ナレバ、ソノ浅クナリ洲トナルニ從ウテツイニハコノ小
楊州ト変ジタリ。今日カクノゴトシ、今日ヨリ以前マタカクノゴトクシテコノアタ
カクテ 今モ段々ニ埋地ノ類ヲ生ズル訳ナレバ 今日ヨリ以前ニモ、ヤハリ同具合ニテ
リノ地ヲ成シタリトイウ 必ズシモ誤謬ナラザルベシ 試ニ地圖ヲ披キテ深川区ヲ見ルニ 平井新
田、砂村新田、石小田新田、千田新田、海辺新田、等ソノ他数多ノ新田ナルモノノ重々相接スルヲ
見ル ケダシ新田ナルモノハモトヨリ新池ヲ開キテ田トナセシモノノ称ナレバ コレハハ皆海浜ノ
浅クナルママニ段々田地トナセシモノナルベシ マタ海ニ突出シテ越中島ナル処アリ モトヨリ島
ニハアラヌモノカラ ソノ嶋トイウ名アルトソノ地勢トニヨリテ考ウレバ コレモ昔ハ一ノ小嶋ス
昔ハコレモ

木屑錄

夏目漱石

余兒時誦唐宋數千言喜作為文章或極意彫琢經旬而始成或咄嗟衝口而發自覺澹然有模氣窃謂古作者豈難臻哉遂有意于以文立身自是遊覽登臨必有記焉其後二三年開篋出所作文若干篇讀之先以為極意彫琢者則頗驕驕然以為澹然有模氣者則飢餓渴之入一如妓女奄奄無氣力一如頑兒倖倖傲凌長者皆不堪觀焚稿扯紙面發赤自失者久之窃自嘆曰古人說万卷書又為万里遊故其文雄峻博大卓然有奇氣今余選要超超徒守父母之鄉足不出都門而求其文之臻古人之域豈不大過哉因慨然欲曳屣遠遊未能果志而時勢一變余挾蟹行書上于鄉校校課役不復暇講鳥迹之文詞賦簡牘之類空束之高閣先之所謂纖桃飢餓者亦將不得為又安望古作家哉明治丁亥遂担簦登富岳越函嶺行白雲蓬勃之間脚底積雪數尺蹣蹣指駝通瞰八洲之山如培塿豪氣稜稜欲凌雲然不能一篇以叙壯遊今茲七月又與季兄遊于興津地為東海名區滯留十餘日蕭散無聊而遂不得一詩文嗟乎余先者有意於為文章而無名山大川播瀉其氣者今則覽名山大川焉而無一字報風光豈非天哉八月復航海遊於房洲登鋸山經二總瀨刀川而歸經日三十日行程九十余里既歸會秋雨連日閑居一室懷旅中快榮辛酸之事有不堪其情者乃執筆書之積至數葉窃謂先之有記而無遊者與有遊而無記者庶幾于相償焉然余既絕意於文章矣且此篇成于閑適之余則其纖桃飢餓勿論耳命木屑云者特示其塵陋也

余以八月七日上途此日大風舟中人概皆眩怖不能起有三女子坐于甲板上談笑自若余深愧鬚眉漢不若巾幗者流強倚欄危坐既欲觀風水相闔之狀躊躇而起時怒濤掀舟舟欹斜殆覆余失步傾跌時盲風森至奪帽而去顧則見落帽飄飄回流於跳沫中耳舟人皆拍手而大笑三女子亦驟然如噉余亡狀為之忸怩

余自遊于房日浴鹹水少二三多次至五六次浴時故跳躍為兒戲之狀欲健食機也倦則橫臥於熱沙上溫氣浸腹意甚適也如是者數日毛髮漸緒面膚漸黃旬日之後緒者為赤黃者為黑對鏡爽然自失

興津之景清秀穩雅有君子之風保田之勝險奇峻峭酷似奸雄君子無奇特驚人者故婦女可狎而近奸雄變幻不測非卓然不群者不能喜其怪奇峭曲之態也嘗試作二絕較之曰

水底螺石布列如可捫而觀焉倒竿而測其深則至沒竿水觸手而不能達也蓋潮水澄清日光透下而屈曲故水底之物浮浮焉如在近而其實在數尋之下矣余觀其風物之冲融光景之悠遠心甚樂焉乃執筆為之記而亦不能無嘆也嗚呼天下之奇觀亦多矣雖甚好遊者不能盡觀而盡記也而其平居登臨焉往來焉者概皆樵夫牧童不能記其奇而傳之天下後世也幸而遊者至矣而其文或不足信既足信矣而或成於流離困苦竄謫之余怨憤淒惋徒藉山水而洩其鬱勃不平之氣是特幸乎作者而不幸乎山水耳至其幸乎山水者則非心無憂愁身無疾病陶然而樂悠然忘歸而其文亦卓然足為水光風色吐其氣者不能也豈不至難哉今余之境足陶然樂之悠然忘歸而文章不副焉可悲夫

誕生寺在房之小湊北華宗祖曰蓮生于此後人建弘利於其廬址故名曰誕生寺寺負山面海潮水滄漭漭而復狀所謂鯛浦是也余在京聞鯛浦之奇熟矣乃賃舟而奔距岸數町有一大危礁當舟濤勢蜿蜒延長而來者遭礁激怒欲攫去之而不能乃躍而超之白沫噴起與碧濤相映陸離為彩礁上有鳥赤冠蒼脰不知其名濤來一搏而起低飛回翔待濤退復于礁上余與諸子呼奇不歇舟人笑曰此不足道也使客觀更大奇者乃令一人持杓立礁自在鱸操杓杓方五寸盛鱸數百柄長五尺立者持其端如將揮杓投鱸於水者疾令未發舟人乃顧余曰客但觀水余因凭舷俯凝視頃之舟人呼曰鱸四散斥聲而下忽有綺紋生於水底簇簇然而動既漸近諦觀之則赤鱗無數排波騰上以爭鱸也時日方午炎暉射波波光燦爛鱗赤亦出沒於其間或潑洩露鱗或躍躍出頭胸彩耀然環舟數步間一時皆為黃金色矣舟人曰漁父舟行十里始能捕鱸鱸魚今此水距岸僅數丁而斯魚群生既奇矣爭鱸不畏人更奇矣若夫濤礁相噴風水相闔則所至而有安足為奇哉既捨舟步抵于誕生寺觀其所藏書畫數十幅日蓮所書最多僧云高祖生時其家人得鱸鱸二尾釣磯上明日亦得焉如此者七日自是土人以高祖故不敢捕此魚又崇稱明神不稱其名或有窃捕而食者焉必病瘧死

自東金至銚子途上口号

風行空際亂雲飛雨鎖秋林倦鳥歸一路蕭蕭荒野晚野花香灑綠蓑衣
賃舟溯刀水舟中夢鵲娘鵲娘者女名而非女也

扁舟行尽幾波塘滿岸新秋芳草長一片離愁消不得白蘋花底夢鵲娘

天明舟達三堀旗亭即事

烟霧夢夢見不看黎明人倚碧欄干江村雨後加秋意蕭瑟風吹衰草寒

客中憶家

北地天高露若霜客心虫語兩淒涼寒砧和月秋千里玉笛散風雁兩行他國亂山愁外碧故園落葉夢中黃何當後苑閑吟句幾處尋花徒繡床

別後憶京中諸友

魂飛千里墨江湄湄上画樓楊柳枝酒帶離愁醒更早詩含別恨唱殊遲銀缸照夢見蛾聚素

much more extraordinary.' He makes one of us hold a dipper and stand on the prow, himself pulling the oar at the stern. The dipper is five *sun* [15cm] across, holding hundreds of sardine, on a pole five *shaku* [1.5m] long. He who holds the end of it and stands, looks about to tip the dipper and throw the sardine into water, but waits for the order. The boatman looks at me and says, 'Just watch the water, Sir.' So I lean against the side of the boat, and bend down to watch. After some time the boatman cries, 'Sardine!' At the cry, the sardine shoot in all directions and dive. Immediately, some beautiful pattern rises from the bottom of the water, moving in a turmoil. Already, and at last, it has come close. Abstracted, I observe a host of red fish leap up, shattering the waves, to fight for the sardine.

The noon day is at its height. Its flames shoot into the waves, and lights glitter on the waves. In their midst, the splendors of brilliant scales and scarlet ribbons appear and disappear, here revealing the fins in vivid action, and there the heads sticking out in liberating leaps. Dazzling, brilliant colours! In a few paces around the boat, everything becomes golden for a time. The boatman says, 'A fisherman has a good catch of thorny bream only after sailing for ten *ri* [40km]. Now, this water is only a few *cho* [a few hundred metres] from the land, but these fish live in great colonies here. An extraordinary sight in itself. They do not fear people, fighting for sardine. More extraordinary. The reef and the waves, eating each other, or the wind and the water, fighting each other, that is a sight to be seen in many places. So how can it be called extraordinary?'

(Souseki, *Kikuzu-roku* (1889), Shiki and Souseki, 56–57)

This must have been one of the passages which made Shiki praise the book like this, also in classic Chinese:

See Picture 7

Quotation 3)

A good fisherman does not try hard to catch fish but fish fight to be on his hook. A bad fisherman chooses bait and moves from place to place, seeking in vain to catch fish.

You make poetry and prose, not necessarily with hard training and effort, not necessarily with will and effort, but your prose is woven in splendid threads, your poetry, a work of gems. Descriptions of mountains and waters are natural and simple, or flow free and are agile; mountains leap up on the paper, and the sea roars up at the tip of your writing-brush. Records of fish and sketches of birds are detailed but not wordy, concise and easy to understand. (Western paintings are amazing for their detail; Chinese paintings are striking for their divine notes.)

How did you reach this stage, with what learning, what skills? Old masters surely read

「木屑錄」評

子規

巧於釣者不強求釣而魚爭上鉤拙於釣者則撰餌換地銳意求釣而魚終不上鉤吾兄成詩文不必鍊磨彫琢不必用意勞心而其文也錦繡其詩也珠璣叙山狀水或流暢平易或奔放峻拔紙上山羅筆端海湧記魚形鳥精緻而不冗簡雅而易解洋面驚其詳密漢面驚其神韻嗚呼吾兄修何學得何術而至此域耶古人說万卷書又為万里之遊真如吾兄所謂雖然吾兄未說万卷書也而其所作詩文未曾不得古人之真髓吾兄未為万里遊也而所記詩文未曾不豪壯雄健與泰山高與江河長嗚呼吾兄修何學得何術而至此域耶開書說焉庶人可為公卿就師學焉白痴可為碩儒若夫不學不修而臨機則金句玉章爭上筆端者則先天之性使之然也如吾兄不言天稟則將何言耶余自幼好文屬詩未曾顧技課也而時欲叙景勝懷胸懷千思万考費日徹夜而墨滯筆淡漸所得者則不過蕪詩惡文比之吾兄豈啻釣者之巧拙而已哉余知吾兄久矣而與吾兄交者則始于今年一月也余初來東都求友數年未得一人及知吾兄乃竊有所余知吾兄長于英文也久而見吾兄漢文則始于此木屑錄也余與吾兄入校也共學缺舌草蟹文而吾兄豁然現頭角話語猶邦語然余以為長于西者概短于東吾兄亦當不知和漢之學矣而今及見此詩文則知吾兄天稟之才矣其能詩文者則其才之用耳不必問文字之自他與學問之東西也如吾兄者千万年一人焉耳而余幸得接咳嗽豈可不敬而愛之哉然而曩者接吾兄時余使余一驚而今復說此詩文使余再驚不知後來欲復揮何等奇才而使余幾驚耶余辱拜觀且妄為批評今及還璧復題一言於卷尾請恕焉

明治二十二年十月十三日夜於東台山下僑居

賴祭魚夫常規謹識

hundreds of thousands of books and traveled for hundreds of thousands of miles, as you say. However, though you have not yet read hundreds of thousands of books, your poetry and prose have already acquired the essence of the old masters.... It is a born nature which makes you write so, with beautiful words and passages fighting for your brush. How can I but call you a genius!... Since I came to Tokyo, I had sought for friends for years, but not a friend was found. When I became acquainted with you, I entertained a secret wish. But now that I really know you, I realize that my discovery today is greater than my expectation yesterday. For the first time in my life, I have gained a valuable friend. Imagine my delight!

I have known you long as an excellent scholar of English, but this *Kikuzu-roku* gives me the first opportunity to see your Chinese writing.... Since people who are versed in Western literature are generally weak in Eastern literature, I expected you to be unfamiliar with Japanese and Chinese literature. At the first glance at this poetry and prose of yours, I discover a heavenly genius in you, my brother.

A person who writes poetry or prose well, needs nothing but talent. The difference of language or scholarship between the East and the West does not necessarily matter. A person like you is one of those born in ten million years. Yet I had the fortune to meet you. Ah, how could I not respect and love you so!

(Shiki, 'Review on *Kikuzuroku*' (1889), *Shiki and Souseki*, 64)

From that time, they became valuable friends, whether praising or criticizing each other's writing.

In the same year, Souseki wrote to Shiki, who was back in Matsuyama for a time:

Quotation 4)

31 December 1889 (Souseki to Shiki)

How was your home-coming? How fares your illness? How is your reading? How is your writing? How are you shortening these long months and days? Today being New Year's Eve, the whole house is in a great commotion, while the fortune of my miserable life leaves me free from duties, so that I just read books and eat during the day, and hide in bed during the night.... During this holiday I read an essay by **Carlyle**.¹⁸⁾ A few days ago, I started reading what's called **Literature and Dogma**¹⁹⁾ by **Arnold**. Have you started writing the novel you have been dreaming about? What narrative style do you think you should use this time? Though I'm going to try a detailed criticism when I see you, I should say generally your writing is delicate, still amateurish like a lady's style. Although of late your style has become closer to Kouson,²⁰⁾ changing your old habit, it still lacks true panache and so rarely provides the passages that make the reader clap hands and cry out 'Good!' Excellence in writing always lies with the unadorned, simple, plain, direct description of one's philosophy. That is why knocking down a pitcher and getting wet from head to foot will produce no emotion. Not worth mentioning the man who has no philosophy in his bosom but only plays with words on the page. As for the man with a philosophy, too, if he only concerns himself with the minor details of his writing, showing no trace of spontaneity, he can hardly hope to move the reader. Today, those who call themselves novelists have no original philosophy but regard themselves as great for polishing and criticizing the mere elements of style.... So in my view, if you wish to fly your banner in the literary world for thousands of years, you should do nothing but concentrate on nourishing your philosophy. Once your philosophy matures and fills your body, you should directly start writing, and the description of your thought will burst like stormy rain and flow like a great river into the sea. Things such as the beauty of writing and the rule of phrasing can come only next, or still next, or still next, for they never affect the value of the '**Idea itself**'. You, too, must have realized this, but, writing on and on from morning till night, you would have no room for cultivating your Idea, I fear. Certainly, if writing is your pleasure, I would not try to force you to stop, but writing on and on every day and night, just like a child's writing-practice, could never bring the **original idea** out of the page.... I pray you (not a joke), please stop writing-practice for a bit, and with your extra time concentrate on reading. You are an invalid. It seems cruel to hurt an invalid by forcing upon him what he does not like to do, but it is not worth living, doing writing-practice.

Would it not be better to gain **knowledge** and die?

(*Letters between Souseki and Shiki*, 28–30)

Then, in reply to Shiki's remonstrance, Souseki wrote another letter to explain what he meant by 'the idea' and 'the rhetoric'.

Quotation 5)

Beginning of January 1890 (Souseki to Shiki)

My own definition of *bunshou* [literature or writing] is as follows:

Bunshou **is an idea which is expressed by means of words on paper**; therefore, in my view, **idea** is the **Essence** of *bunshou*, and what **arranges words** is an **element** of *bunshou* but not so important as the **idea** which is the **essence**. Just as, in economics, **raw material** and **labor** are required to make wealth in economics, whereas this labor merely **modifies raw material** without which, to start with, no skillful **labor** can do its work, so the **arrangement of words** makes no sense without the original **idea**.

Here comes an analysis of the best *bunshou*.

Best *bunshou* is the best idea which is expressed in the best way by means of words on paper.

This **underlined** part means that the *bunshou* should express the **idea** itself and make the reader feel the **exact (no more nor less)** meaning, which alone is what **rhetoric treats**. Therefore, *bunshou* does not mean **Rhetoric** alone, please understand.

Therefore, to cultivate this **idea**, **Culture** is essential, and next required is experience. However, if one stays in the field of one's experience, the field for getting **Idea** remains narrow, and that is why I say **Culture** is essential.

Then, what is **culture**? It is **knowing the ideas which have been said and known in the world**.

(*Letters*, 36–38)

Then Souseki provides some formulas, to illustrate his points about the importance of the original 'idea' over 'rhetoric'.

(Idea=best) + (Rhetoric=0) make up no *bunshou*

(Idea=0) + (Rhetoric=best) no *bunshou*, imaginative case

(Idea=best) + (Rhetoric=best) best *bunshou*

(Idea=bad) + (R = bad) bad *bunshou*

(Idea=best) + (R = bad) ordinary *bunshou*

(Idea=bad) + (R = best) bad *bunshou*

I made an interesting discovery, trying to translate Souseki's Japanese words into English, and also trying to grasp the meaning of his **English** words (which he wrote in block letters)—the English words which Souseki himself put in. I found that he was already struggling with the gap between the Japanese (Eastern) and English (Western) cultural terms such as 'thought', 'philosophy', 'idea', 'culture', 'experience', 'practice', 'writing', and 'rhetoric'. 'A thought in one's heart' in English would sound strange.²¹⁾ English people would normally talk about 'a thought in one's mind'. To put it simply, there is a tradition in Japanese and Chinese ways of grasping 'thought' which emphasizes the role of practice, and physical understanding and which aims at the revelation of 'knowledge' where body and spirit are one and indistinguishable. In translating the Japanese word '思想 (*shisou*)' here, I used the word 'philosophy' because it can be more easily associated with the Eastern philosophy. Souseki writes in the same letter:

思想中に熟し腹に満ちたる上は、 . . .

Once your philosophy matures and fills your body,...

Souseki's frequent use of English words, '**Idea itself**', '**Idea**', and '**original idea**', suggests that Souseki himself understood or intended the word 'idea' to mean the Japanese word '思想 (*shisou*)'. At the same time, however, his immediate purpose of writing to Shiki was to encourage him to read more books and to study Western ideas, such as those of Carlyle, Arnold, Tolstoy..., and so, even in translation, to cultivate his own ideas about '**Culture**'. In his January letter, Souseki values '**Culture**' more highly than 'experience' because 'if one stays in the field of one's experience, the field for getting **Idea** remains narrow'.

See Picture 8

The meaning of words like 'idea' and 'rhetoric', I think, was a focus point of contention not only between Shiki and Souseki but also between East and West. That is an important way in which their friendship and correspondence stimulated change and development in their original ideas and writings.

For example, I cannot help thinking that it was mainly Souseki's influence that provoked Shiki's interest in Herbert Spencer's *Philosophy of Style*, which was their textbook at school in 1888. It caused him to apply Spencer's 'evolutionary' theory to styles of writing in his later analyses of *haiku* and its critical defence. Although Shiki, not so good at English, could hardly be expected to have read or understood Spencer's total 'evolutionary' view, he was attracted to Spencer's idea of 'the economy of mental energy'. As part of his 'science' or 'psychology' of

Picture 8

明治二十三年一月十八日 夏目金之助宛 東京市牛込区喜久井町一番地（封書）
松山市湊町四丁目十六番戸

Rhetoric 輕面 Idea 重乎 突如 而來 未 有 無 Rhetoric 之 文章 也 頭 足 下 謂 Idea good 而 Rhetoric bad 則 不 過 good idea 為 bad rhetoric 幾 分 所 愛 也 引 用 他 書 餘 來 而 何 不 謂 Good idea expressed by bad rhetoric 与 Bad idea expressed by good rhetoric 其 價 值 略 相 等 耶 諸 快 若 由 正 當 論 理 學 的 法 則 論 之 兩 者 未 可 比 較 也 諸 難 無 於 文 學 尤 重 Rhetoric 乎 更 進 一 步 況 詩 文 之 才 多 出 於 天 才 乎 更 進 一 步 雖 然 一 語 有 千 鈞 之 力 僕 豈 謂 有 天 才 乎 乎 乎 豈 謂 只 自 勉 勉 我 天 真 而 不 必 依 賴 古 人 之 遺 書 耳 步 東 台 山 下 共 吟 敗 荷 寒 鷗 墨 陀 江 畔 相 携 步 月 醉 花 之 日 將 在 近 書 余 讓 面 晤 子 規 拜 具 一 結 怨 悔 却 以 贈 文 字 結 之

右千古の迷文 斎戒沐浴して誤熟読奉願候 此文のミにても小生の手際可相分候 阿々
同学生近況今更の様に耳新しく覚え候 我文科誕生已米夙二一個の親鸞上人あるを知る一個の達磨
大師あることを知らざりき 開明の今の世の中、坐禪の節ハ尻の下に空気枕をしく様御注意奉願候
哲学世界一個の生臭坊主を出す未だ喫驚するに足らざる也 文学世界一個の音楽師を出すと思ひ
の外のことに御坐候 朝露昼露に浩然の氣を養ふ処如何にも美術家の本分にて未だのもしく存候

我々ハ到底世に時めく身の上ならねバ若シ山川、鬱憂病ニテ眼もつづれ候ハバ小生ハ大の代りに同
人を導き一個の月琴ニ兩人の口を嘲し可申候 未頼母數とハ此事に御坐候 大兄も余り世渡りニ上
手ならぬ御方と見受け奉れバ嘸御同感と存候 山川に御面会の節ハ小生よりほめつかわす旨御伝声
被下度候

女義太夫鶴蝶とか余程絶伎之由（尤山川よりハ一段下るべくと存候）おまけに絶品とか別品とか
申事、四国仙人千里外より垂涎、久米仙人宜敷といふ姿に御坐候 大兄の御眼鏡なればよもや違
ひもあるまじく御熱心の程ハ小川亭遠出張の一事にても奉推察候 芸と顔とハ Concomitant
variation をなすや否やとの御下問、名前通りの野暮流に如何でか分り申べき、さりながら一事の
御注意可申事の候 そハ外ならず芸がよいから顔がよいのか、顔がよいから芸がよいのか、原因
と結果とを御間違へ被成ぬ様奉願候
小生二十一日当地御発聲 中国へ御廻り被遊作州ニ腦病子を吊ふ積りニ御坐候へバ東京への御入り
ハ遅くも二十七八日頃と存候 先ハ右御報知 旁如斯御坐候 六かしく

一月十八日 四国仙人
漱石 大先生 野暮流 拝啓

虎皮下 大兄虎皮を御持参なりや否やハ忘却仕候間違たらバ御免被下度候

letter from Shiki to Souseki (18 January 1890)

literature, this stresses the economical use of intellectual energy. Language and writing should concentrate on controlling the reader's attention and on economizing the reader's energy spent on reading. In 1891, Shiki wrote an English essay on *haiku* and the poet Basho, which begins as follows:

Quotation 6)

If the rule that [the] best is the simplest holds good in rhetoric, our literature Japanese *hotsku* (pronounced 'hokku') [*haiku*] must be [the] best of literature at that point. *Hotsku* which is composed of 17 syllables, should perhaps be the shortest form of verses in the world.

(Shiki, 'Baseo as Poet', quoted in Toshihiko Matsui, *Masaoka Shiki: Man and Work* [Tokyo, 1973], 25)

Shiki seems to have had to struggle with Spencer because, though the 'economy of intellectual energy' could justify the short form of *haiku*, Spencer also held that the more advanced the civilization is, the longer poetry becomes. The mainstream of the poetic tradition in Japan had

been *waka*, which consists of 31 syllables, ever since *The Manyō-shū* (an anthology compiled in the 8th century), and it was still dominant in Shiki's time. He had to say that, with the appearance of 'hotsku' or *haiku* and Basho in the Edo era, an even shorter form of Japanese verse developed. *Kanshi*, the Chinese verse, had an equally long tradition in Japan, but Shiki found there, too, that most of the poems were short. So far as poetry was concerned, the form of Japanese literature up to Shiki's time showed no inclination to get longer as civilization advanced.

On the one hand, he justified this by explaining that civilization, producing more complicated human relationships, could best be expressed in the novel but that poetry, at least Japanese and Chinese poetry which describes scenery rather than human relationships, has a single thought and is expressed in a short form. Especially in the case of *haiku*, the very few words can express a deep meaning. On the other hand, he was caught by a foreboding that *haiku* was approaching its end, not only because modern civilization developed more complicated human relationships but because the number of possible combinations which the words in *haiku* could produce seemed arithmetically limited, because it has only 17 syllables.

In the course of making, collecting, classifying, and criticizing *haiku*, Shiki struggled with Spencer for several years, seeking a Western discipline to support his views. But he was a man who could often radically revise his ideas when his instinct and practice pointed another way, and he outgrew his own ideas as well as his 'infatuation' with Spencer.

From the early stage, Shiki also tried to write a novel, admiring Shouyou Tsubouchi's *The Essence of the Novel*. From Shouyou Shiki learned the idea that the novel is a refined work of art, that its essence should be human feeling, that the state of society should be the subject of literature, that the representation of reality is important, and that noble taste is required, and consciousness of style. Behind the ideas of those intellectual Japanese writers, was a strong influence of Fenollosa, Bulwer Lytton, Thomas Macaulay, and other British authors.²²⁾ Yet Shiki's attempt at writing a novel was not successful. His intention to study philosophy, too, collapsed when he tried to read Hartmann's aesthetics in German.

(3)

The two Japanese writers' temperaments and courses of life differed: Souseki was always top of his class and excelled in English, a great reader, though he often referred to his own habit of 'taking a nap', 'being lazy' and 'being depressed', compared with Shiki who was always active, writing or voicing his radical views on literature. However, Shiki was often absent from classes and was always in danger of having to repeat his course, and only saved by friends like

Souseki and the professors' generosity.

Quotation 7)

27 September 1889 (Souseki to Shiki)

Your request about the marks—don't say it all, I know it, trust me, nothing is impossible for this resourceful man. Watch what a dandy from *Edo* can do, I say, thanks to my lack of business, delighted with an unexpected job. Immediately I resorted to all my secret skills and caught the hermit of Kume²³⁾ alive, to my relief. As for the negotiation with the boorish soldier whose hands, rubbed against his gun..., are covered with skin as thick as 1 *shaku* [30 cm], I am too much a city-dandy of slender build to cope with him, I retire—so I would have declined, throwing my shoulders back, had it not been for you, nay, for my beloved mistress. I am such a kind man as to offer two or three lives before you, if they were replaceable, so I did not flinch but stirred up a courage never known in history, to make two or three combats, which again ended with the victory of this great lord. Therefore, the young lady's body is free to travel from left to right or top to bottom in the classroom of Department 1 Grade 1 Class 3.

You must be saying,

'What a reliable man! This fellow, Kin-san, is a real man, though you wouldn't think so from the look of him.'

Thus thinking, I am advertising the great lord's fame and feat in capital letters in this manner.

September 27, evening

From your man,

To my mistress

P. S. When this letter arrives, you must be on your way to Tokyo. If you are dallying and sticking to home, get up and run, for Tokyo, as soon as you see this letter.

(*Letters*, 26–27)

Shiki was absent from classes partly as a habit, partly due to his passion for making and discussing poems, especially *haiku*, with those attracted to his criticism and personality, and partly for his fever, head-aches and exhaustion which turned out to be the symptoms of tuberculosis. He fell one year behind Souseki and finally quitted the university when the newspaper *Nippon* offered him a post to write a column of *haiku*. He proceeded to classify numerous poems and to present his critical views of *haiku*, of Basho, Buson and contemporary poets, as well as editing his readers' *haiku* and, later, also waka and prose.

It was in his daily practice of writing, criticizing and editing *haiku* that Shiki was ultimately to find his own talent, while his radical criticism and warm personality attracted people around him for *haiku* meetings. Shiki was a man full of curiosity, ambition, and challenging spirit. At

first he wanted to be a politician. Sensing his illness, he wanted to be a philosopher. He wanted to be a novelist. He gave up those ideas and also quit the university, due to his illness and his growing amount of work on *haiku*. His work at the newspaper *Nippon* gave him the opportunity to send his radical messages to the public, to provoke traditional poets, to start new movements, and to make literature and *haiku* a popular art. When the Sino-Japanese War started, Shiki wanted to go to China as a war-correspondent, though his physical condition hardly permitted him. He wanted badly to 'see' what he would never again have the chance to experience before his death. He did go, towards the end of the war, and vomited blood on his return to Kobe, which eventually confined him to bed and made him slowly die.

There were accidental elements which made Shiki give up his study of Western ideas, even his desire to see the worlds outside Japan, and concentrate on his 'practice' of writing and criticizing *haiku*. But this gave him the uniquely real or creative ground for developing the 'idea of modern rhetoric' in Japanese literature. I wonder if it was such concentration that Souseki in London regretted he did not have, though he studied English, read many Western books, and could in London see the wider world. I ask this question, though the West was the world which Shiki wished so much he could visit for himself. I ask this question in spite of the fact that Shiki, until his death, remained curious for world-news, and passionate enough to try and enjoy new styles, new food, new plants, and particularly the Western art of water-colour after much discussion with the painter Fusetsu, which persuaded him that Western painting is superior to Japanese and Chinese painting. Shiki's mind was open to the West, but his knowledge was limited. He had a sort of window-view of the world from his bed in Tokyo.

All the same, it was not just illness which caused Shiki to look more towards Japan than Souseki. Already in 1891, when Shiki seems to have objected to Souseki's praise of Ougai, who was to be another great novelist, Souseki sensed the difference between their tastes, adding his reflection that he should perhaps study more literature of his own country.

Quotation 8)

3 August 1891

Although I have not read more than two short stories by Ougai and cannot see his image whole, I think he is surely one of the remarkable writers of our day. Let me try a criticism of his work: the structure is acquired from the West, the idea is acquired from his learning, and the rhetoric, impregnated with *kanbun* [Chinese writing for the Japanese], combines both classical and popular Japanese. To me those elements, together, seem to produce a character of strange, melancholy grace. However, one's taste depends on the accidental course of one's education (even in literature) and is so various that even when one is sure of presenting a fair criticism, another person may find it the argument of a crank. Even though I

have no sense that I am infatuated with Western books, you may find it so. It was a shock to me, to see how our tastes differed! Thinking it over, however, perhaps our originally shared tastes have changed according to our courses of learning, which makes me more determined to get universal learning so that I may avoid the trap of prejudice. To think further, if I were unfamiliar with the value of the literature of my own country, I should not only be ashamed before you who are fond of Japan. If I went so far as to be infatuated with Western books, given the existence of such good literature in Japan, I should not only be a thousand times a fool. To command the study of all Western literature is a dream beyond me and my ability, as I have recently discovered, so I should, from now on, follow your advice and study Japanese literature as much as I can. Yet how ignorant I have been, seeing myself in my boyhood as one of the leading talents and deceiving my mortal self! I am ashamed to think of it. Being naturally a man of many passions, I put my hands to many things but fail to accomplish any of them. Much as I regret it, however, I have to accept it that this is also the result of our time.

(Letters, 89–9)

This is a curious, interesting letter, partly a remonstrance, partly a justification, and yet partly a confession of himself as ‘a man with many passions’ who put his ‘hands to many things but failed to accomplish any of them’. This was also true of Shiki. They shared the times in which they lived, Japan in the pains of rapid modernization, which both stimulated and handicapped talented young men, eager to learn from the East and the West and yet anxious to produce their original ideas and language for modern Japan. Their difference lay in Souseki’s determination ‘to get universal learning so that I may avoid the trap of prejudice’ and also his reflection that his ambition was ‘beyond’ him and his ability. Obviously, his determination and his habit of reflection were forces working against each other. Reading the earlier part of the same letter, I find that the gap, and the torment which resulted from it, was interwoven with his sense of loss, of death, and particularly of the death of his sister-in-law, who was for him the ideal woman, who represented justice, honesty, equality and generosity which he regretted the loss of in his modern Japan.

Quotation 9)

The unhappy event was no other than the death of my sister-in-law. Since the middle of April, she seemed pregnant but suffered from toxemia, gradually getting worse, and the baby passed from one darkness to the other, and the mother left her transitory world of twenty-five years for the world of the dead. Life-span is providence, life and death is a normal event, they say, I know, but I truly, truly regret... such a person as could hardly ever be found, even

among men, perhaps never among women. As a wife towards her husband, she may not have been perfect, but as a human being and element of society, she was a truly admirable lady. First her noble integrity which goes without saying, her nature so impartial and honest, and her heart so open and untroubled with small things, made me suspect she possessed the knowledge of an old, enlightened priest, such as I could never hope to reach, being only a half enlightened, self-deceiving thinker with a beard....

(*Letters*, 85-86)

The letter implies his deep affection for his sister-in-law, coupled with his tragic sense of death. His real mother had died in 1881, when he was fourteen, and two of his elder brothers died, both in 1887, which caused Souseki to return from his adoptive parents to his original family. It seems as if Souseki, who found a wise, sympathetic soul of his own age in his sister-in-law, felt the greater blow upon her death. Deep-rooted in Souseki's pathos, and anger, I find his sense of justice, honesty, equality, and humanity, for which he most highly valued integrity and generosity in an individual.

How strong Souseki's sense of this was could be found in his sharp attack on Shiki for his prejudice in his articles in the Yomiuri newspaper (July 1-Nov. 20, 1891), entitled 'The Heroes of the Meiji Period'. To Souseki, Shiki's idea of the 'samurai spirit' seemed carelessly to disregard the meaning of 'integrity' as well as 'equality' among people of different classes:

Quotation 10)

Now and then reading your articles, I had wondered if those were the actions of heroes... but I must say it was neither admiration nor respect that made me read through the articles yesterday. Since those people's actions were so radical and extreme as to make me suspect a trace of madness, it was mere curiosity which led me through this review of a limited group of natural eccentrics. When I ask myself if those people move my heart and deep feelings, I find nothing which leads to the noble or graceful.... What is 'the heroic spirit'? It is to have one's own philosophy, to apply it even in times of crisis, and to live through one's life with integrity of mind. Therefore, without a sense of his past and future, an individual's spirit cannot be judged; nor is it possible to tell if his action accords with his principle.... I think the spirit does not belong to one's emotions, nor to one's will, but to one's intellect, but the 'great spirit' belongs to the great philosophy which covers life.... I do not support the equality which fails to distinguish between wisdom and stupidity, or high and low. I would not fail to regard as wise the man wiser than I, nor as high the man higher than I. But how many of those people listed in your articles are wiser than I, or higher than I, so that I would wish to worship them? Even if there were some, what your argument attempts to encourage is spirit

in the abstract, not the substantial harmony of one's speech and action....

You write in your article:

Look at school children: many children of craftsmen and merchants sit at the head of the class, many children of *samurai* sit at the bottom. But once they are out of school, the children of craftsmen and merchants always give up their seats to the children of the *samurai* class.

Now, is this based on your experience alone or on any statistics? (I have said this before), so it must be your own opinion. However, at my school the children of the *samurai* family always occupied seats above those of the children of craftsmen and merchants. Such a conflict with facts does not make a ground for argument. Moreover, in what points do the children of *samurai* excel the children of craftsmen and merchants, once they are out of school? In learning? In the skill of living in society? Or in what you call 'the spirit'? As for learning, merchants and craftsmen, occupied in their own business, cannot concentrate on the pursuit of learning. Since there are many among the *samurai* children who seek their living by their learning, it is obvious that merchants and craftsmen cannot compete with them. As for the skill of living in society, it is difficult to tell. Among merchants and craftsmen, many may skillfully adapt to the world and survive through life, but also among the children of *samurai* I see millions of people who, stroking their beard, concentrate on the art of flattery and prosper in the world. And as for 'the spirit', do not easily assume that the children of merchants and craftsmen are cowards. They all have a backbone, each according to their position. Obviously, it is as difficult to expect great philosophy in uneducated craftsmen and merchants as to make a baby do a postman's job. But among what they call 'gentlemen' today, many are frivolous in their actions, and their origin is usually the *samurai* class. At any rate, whether one does or does not have spirit, depends on one's education, and the children of craftsmen and merchants would not be inferior to the children of *samurai* families if they were given education and the nurturing of philosophy. At this time it looks as if spirit is the property of the children of *samurai*, as if children of craftsmen and merchants could hardly dream of it, but this is not due to their lack of spirit but merely due to the lack of opportunities for them to nurture their spirit.... Your argument sounds as if they have no spirit because they are the children of craftsmen and merchants, as if the four classes divide the nobility or vulgarity of human beings. Why do you talk like that about aristocracy? If you take that line, I will fight and speak for the craftsmen and merchants.

...Goodness beyond reality, goodness higher than the world, that is the ideal you have in your mind. If you judge people, using this scale, there would be nobody to meet your demands.... In the human world, it would be egoistic to divide the good from the bad and assume that the person in the sphere of the good would never see anything bad and that the

person in the sphere of the bad would never know anything good in his life. Everybody has some admirable point, as well as a detestable point. Since your mind is open to goodness, you should not but be tolerant towards an element of evil.

(*Letters*, 93–102)

Shiki was the only son of a *samurai* family who were poor, like many other low-rank families in the province not favoured by the national government. But his widowed mother with the help of her father, a Confucian scholar who also lived in Matsuyama, educated Shiki in the morality of proud and noble-spirited *samurai*. The equivalent in the West would be the '*noblesse oblige*' of English 'gentlemen', so ironically referred to in London in the first letter we saw. In his own way, Shiki, like many other young intellectuals of *samurai* origin in the Meiji period, was fighting against the inequality, the monopoly of power, the corruption of traditional values, and the slow development of new ideas, which made only the minority and a few *han* (feudal clans) of old, prosper under the new regime and which prevented cultural revolution. In fact, 'Democracy' was the key-word which stimulated Shiki to give political speeches in his youth—the word which he learned from such thinkers as Chomin Nakae and through him Rousseau, and which accorded with his sympathy with the Chinese philosopher Soshi whose ideas of nature were implicitly anarchist. However, Souseki's criticism, for which Shiki seemed totally unprepared, pointed out his limitation, his identity with *samurai* and his unconscious prejudice against the other classes. Shiki must have taken to heart his 'valuable friend's' words. This seems to lead to his subsequent literary campaigns for the popularization of *haiku* and modern prose 'in the style of a diary', so that a farmer, a fisherman, a postman, a pot-seller, a dress-maker or just anybody may write a sketch of his or her life and his or her daily occupation.

As Souseki pointed out the faults and goodness of humanity which combined in an individual, he not only urged Shiki to step out from abstract ideas into the real world and to test his words against his action from which some 'substantial' discovery might be made. Souseki was also moving forward from his own earlier self who had written to Shiki nearly two years before: 'You should do nothing but concentrate on nourishing your philosophy.' In the meantime, Shiki had practiced and spread *haiku* to a growing number of people including the poets-to-be from Matsuyama, Kyoshi and Hekigodou, apparently easy-going young men for whom Shiki felt increasingly responsible as their role-model. Shiki's 'practice' of *haiku*, though it differed from the ordinary practice of business and competition in the modern world, was developing its unique form on which he based his ideas and confidence. Souseki, too, had started practicing *haiku* and sending them to Shiki for criticism. This letter of Souseki's contained a lesson for both of them about 'practice', in a way which combined Souseki's intellectual knowledge and moral integrity with Shiki's challenging spirit, inventiveness,

spontaneous passion and taste for beauty.

(4)

See Picture 9, 10 and 11

Picture 9



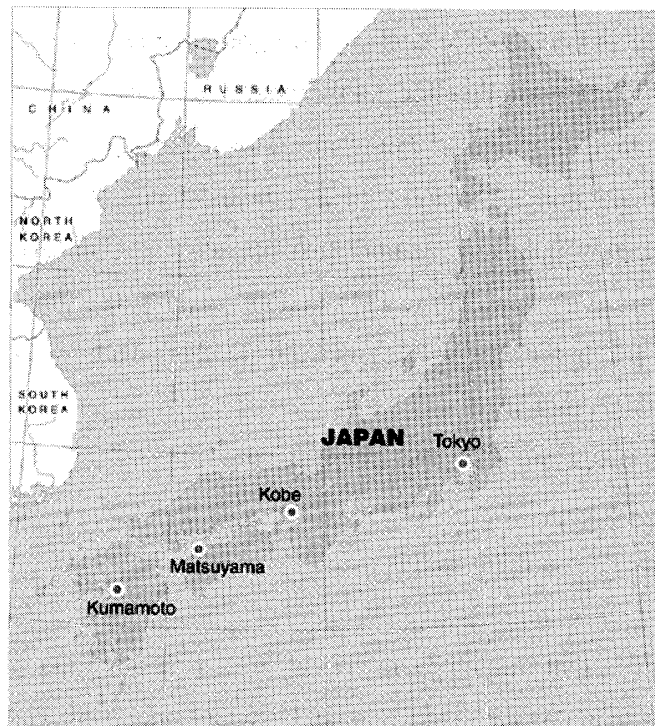
young Shiki introducing baseball
to his friends in Japan

Picture 10



Souseki as a student

Picture 11



Now, as I have said, the two writers' temperaments and courses of life differed—so much so that they formed a contrastive pair. The contrast often stimulated and helped them both, with such awakening as strong medicine can bring, and as only a strong body can take. Although Shiki had a sharp, even venomous tongue and provincial *samurai* arrogance, almost like a child, his naive, gregarious personality attracted literary society around him, both junior and senior, who were willing to listen and to be 'taught' by him. Souseki was an aristocratic, academic-minded intellectual with tastes formed in Tokyo, lonely and neurotic, though he had a few friends, like Shiki, to whom he was generous and humorous. As soon as he graduated, Souseki was appointed a university lecturer, but he disliked bureaucratic authority and quit the job, to become a high school teacher in the country, first in Matsuyama (on Shikoku Island) and later in Kumamoto (on Kyushu Island).

See Picture 12

Quotation 11)

9 August 1890 (Souseki to Shiki)

My eye-trouble is not getting better.... These days I cannot stop myself hating the world, despite all my efforts. Yet I lack the courage to commit suicide, which perhaps is a sign of my humanity, I think, with a bitter smile, recalling **Goethe's** work where **Faust** prepares poison and brings it to his mouth, only to fail to drink. I have grown up without particularly feeling ill at ease. I have never been in such difficulties as wandering south on the ship and north on horseback. It was not until about seven or eight years ago, when my face got scorched by the oven as I cooked for myself, and I got a stomach upset in the dormitory, and we had an eating-contest on the first floor of the boarding house. I have lived such a carefree life. Now I have got tired of it and lie about in my own house, but, still not having traveled half the journey of the normal life-span of fifty years, I am already out of breath. I am ashamed of myself before you, but I cannot help it, suffering from **misanthropy**. Hard as I may try, to think there is equality, no discrimination, there is discrimination, it's funny. Cool as I may be, saying '**life is a point between two infinities**', it's no good, I cannot give up.

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of [on]; and our little life

Is rounded by a sleep.

I have known already such a thing as this.

When Souseki was in that misanthropic and frustrated mood, Shiki would joke about him and infuriated him. But such anger saved him, as he wrote back with vigor. Shiki, as a way of

ぬ粟をちらすを実の餌と思ひて雀の群がりて拾ふを見るに付諸鳥獸は馬鹿な者だと思へどさういふ人間も矢張此雀と五十歩百歩なれば悪口はいへず朝旦も取りつく枝なければ所々這ひ廻つた末漸々松の根形にある四角張たる金灯籠に纏ひ付かなし氣にたつた一輪映きたるは錆びつきて見る影もなき灯籠の面目なり。病み上りの美人が壮士の腕に寄りけるが如しとても評すべきか何々。先づ庭中の景は此位にておやめと致すべし。

此頃は何となく浮世がいやになりどう考へても考へ直してもいやでいやで立ち切れず去りて自殺する程の勇氣もなきは矢張り人間らしき所が幾分かあるせいならんか「フアウスト」が自ら毒藥を調合しながら口の辺まで持ち行き遂に飲み得なんだといふ「ゲーテ」の作を思ひ出して自ら苦笑ひ被致候。小生は今迄別に氣兼苦勞して生長したといふ訳でもなく非常な災難に出合ふて南船北馬の間に日を送りしこともなく唯七八年前より自炊の竈に顔を焦し寄宿舎の米に胃病を起しあるいは下宿屋の二階にて飲食の決闘を試みたり。それはそれはのんきに月日を送り此頃は其にも倦きておのれの家に寐て暮す果報な身分でありながら定業五十年の旅路をまだ半分も通りこさず既に息竭き候段貴君の手前はづかしく吾ながら情なき奴と思へどこれも misanthropic 病なれば是非もなしいくら平等無差別と考へても無差別でないからおかし。Life is a point between two infinities とあきらめてもあきらめられないから仕方ない。

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of; and our little life

Is rounded by a sleep.

といふ位な事ハ疾から存じて居ります。生前も眠り死後も眠りなり生中の動作ハ夢なりと心得ては居れど左様に感じられない処が情なし。知らず生れ死ぬる人何方より来りて何かたへか去る又しらず飯の宿誰が為めに心を悩まし何によりてか目を悦ばしむると。長明の悟りの言は記憶すれど悟りの実ハ逆方なし。是も心といふ正体の知れぬ奴が五尺の身に蟄居する故と思へば悪らしく皮肉の間に潜むや骨髄の中に隠るるやと色々詮索すれども今に手掛りしれず。只煩惱の焰燄にして甘露の法雨待てども来らず愁海の波險にして何日彼岸に達すべしとも思はれず。已みなん已みなん目ハ盲になれよ耳ハ聾になれよ肉体ハ灰になれかし。われハ無味無臭な物に化して

I can fly, or I can run,

Quickly to the green earth's end;

Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend;

And from thence can soar as soon

To the corners of the moon.

と申す様な氣な身分になり度候。あゝ正岡君、生て居ればこそ根もなき鷗鷺に心を勞し無実の憂に氣を揉んで鼠糞梁上より落つるも胆を消すと禪坊に笑はれるではござらぬか。御文様の文句ではなければど二ツの目永く閉ぢ一つ息永く絶ゆるときは君臣もなく父子もなく道徳も權利も義務もやかましい者は滅茶滅茶にて眞の空々眞の寂々に相成べく夫を樂しみにながら居候。棺を蓋へ

口ぐせに「詩人ハ生る作られず」とか、それハ法螺とした所がエマーソンも左の如くいへり。

* In poetry, where every word is free, every word is necessary. Good poetry could not have been otherwise written than it is. The first time you hear it, it sounds rather as if copied out of some invisible tablet in the Eternal mind, than as if arbitrarily composed by the poet. The feeling of all great poets has accorded with this. They found the verse, not made it. The Muse brought it to them.

そこでどういふ風にしたら詩神にインスパイアせられるかといふに世俗を棄てて塵外に遊び時候の善き処景色のよき処を撰ばざるべからず。詩歌的小説を作るもまた同じ理也(詩歌的小説ハ世俗的小説に対していふ)。淵明冠を掛けて菊を東籬にとらずんば歸去來の賦なかるべく、式部、石山寺に籠りて山光水色を眉端にながめざれば「源語」の妙辭を作る能ハざりしなるべし。市にある者塵を避けんとするにハ仕方なく大酒を食ひて酔郷に遊ぶ。この国や天地渾沌として善もなく惡もなく塵もなくほこりもなし。故に詩人も妙句を得、小説家も奇辭を得。長安市上の醉李白が三斗合自然といひしもの懐とハ知られたり。『礼』にはく溫柔敦厚而不愚則深於詩者也(溫柔敦厚にして愚かならざれば則ち詩に深き者也)と、溫柔敦厚、格別むつかしき事に非るが如しといへども能く我身の所行を顧みれば一点の汚濁なき時ハ少なし。塵の中にまじりてあれバ俗務にあふてうるさいと思ふこともありつまらぬ些事がふと心を激するの種となるなど狐禪。生悟りの人にハ免るべからざる事ども也。我らとても塵の中にすめバこそ無垢清浄なる名文をも得ざるなれ。もし我をして深山幽谷の中にをらしめバ我文ハ巍々然々たらん。もし我をして大河巨海のとりに住ましめバ我詩ハ滔々洋々たらん。これ即ち詩神が不知不識の間に与ふる所の賜物也。目にて見るにあらず耳にて聞くにあらず筆のさきに落ちて心の底にはいるにやあらん。仏偈を借りていハバ、

若以色見我 以音声求我

是人行邪道 不能見如来

(若し色を以て我を見/音声を以て我を求むれば/是の人は邪道を行ふなり/如来を見ること能

giving his friend a piece of advice, wrote about the need to take a trip and to find a landscape in which to be ‘inspired by the Muse’.

See Picture 13

It was then that Shiki, following his own advice, took a trip to Bohsou and wrote *Kakuremino*, a literary journal composed of a prologue, a diary in *kanbun* (classic Chinese) with some *kanshi* (poems in classic Chinese), a series of *haiku* (5-7-5 syllables), some *waka* (5-7-5-7-7 syllables), and even an English poem.

See Picture 14

Souseki respected his friend’s taste in poetry and learned to make *haiku* under his guidance. The cultural climate of Matsuyama, which was Shiki’s home, did not agree with Souseki’s city-bred temperament, intelligence and liberal ideas. But, having a house there, he could invite Shiki to stay with him for two months to rest and recover, after Shiki came back from China in 1895, vomited blood before landing on Kobe, and was hospitalized there for three months. While Shiki stayed with Souseki, the young poets of Matsuyama gathered around Shiki. Souseki grumbled it was too noisy for him to read, and it was then that Souseki really started practicing haiku with him.

And Shiki had returned to Tokyo, Souseki’s letters to him enclosed many *haiku*, with earnest, heart-warming desire for criticism:

Picture 13



Shiki on his trip

(1)

かくれみの句集

三月二十五日

眼鏡橋にて友に別る

ふりかへる顔もかすむや柳原

市川

落ちゆけば隣の国や揚雲雀

菅笠に題す

道づれは胡蝶たのむやひとり旅

一むねは花にうもるや山椿

わらしの緒結ぶや笠にとぶ胡蝶

すげ笠の著工合わるし揚雲雀

はしよつたる裾のゆるむや春の旅

馬の背に菅笠広し揚雲雀

馬の背に手を出して見る椿哉

馬の背に雲雀は高く麦低し

陽炎や草の中なる馬のくそ

馬ほくほく吹くともなしの春の風

菅笠の影の細さよ原三里

(一作、笠の影の細
うなりけり原三里)

一十六日

鶯や窓をひらけば竹の藪

揚雲雀下に葉ばたけ麦畠

宗吾のやしろにもうでて感涙とどめあえず、思えばむかしの人のなつかしきよ、今

の代議士は何する者ぞ、感慨のあまりに 二首

梅散りて何をささげん神の前

我なりもむかしに似るか菅の笠

電信をはなれた道やとぶこてふ

成田不動

筆にせよ我ものみたき御つるぎ

あるあきうどの発句せよといければかきて与えける

珍宝、王位はついに臨んで随わずときば宰相の栄、陶朱の富も何にかはせん、

笠をぬぎて賤の女に道をとうも斗米のために腰を折るにましてんや

世の人にふまれながらや花葎

(2)

来り上る 房州第一峰

長空 海に連なりて孤鶴を看

雨は仏衣を蝕んで苔迹密なり

倏然として雲起ちて風氣腥し

岡巒 環拱す 碧千重

金石 山を成して老松無し

花は仙洞を蔵して露痕濃し

何処の陰崖か 臥竜有る

(3)

The Violet

To kiss the violet's lips

In bed of grass I've lain

And cover'd her with sleeves,

A night's shelter from rain.

(4)

「かくれみの」評

漱石

(明治二十四年稿)

冒頭の自序先年拝見したる文章とはまるでちがひ、句々力ありて大によろし。しかしあまり念を入れ、あてもない、こうでもないといふと氣を揉みすぎたため、かえつて艱澁の非難を免れざるところあり。西鶴の文は当時の俗文にもせよ、明治の世には一種変ちきりんな文体なり。西鶴は読むべく摸すべからず、誦すべく字ぶべからず(但しその長所をとつて他の短を補うはこの限にあらず)僕君が明治の西鶴ならずして冥土の西鶴の再生たらんとするを惜む。勿論かかる小品文の遊戯の余にいつるものはどうでもよけれど、他日君が真面目に筆を授つて紙に對するときは何卒僕の忠告を容れたまはんことを願う。漢文日記まことに面白し。君が才にあらずんば誰かこの思いつきあらん(ひやかすにあらず、ほんとうだよ)俳諧は分らないなりに点をつけたら、まちがったところが御

四月十八日

平凸凹 妄批

Shiki's *Kakuremino*, with *haiku* (1), Chinese verse (2), English verse (3)...,
with Souseki's critical comment (4)

Quotation 12)

6 November 1895 (Souseki to Shiki)

Please make a severe criticism of the bad *haiku*, as usual. The severer, the better. It would give a stimulation to my poetry.

[followed by 18 *haiku*] (*Letters*, 167)

22 November 1895 (Souseki to Shiki)

I am sending all I have made. Do read them as such. Criticize the bad ones without reservation. To make up for it, praise the good ones a little bit, please.

[preceded by 47 *haiku*] (*Letters*, 175)

18 December 1895 (Souseki to Shiki)

It's quite distressing you lost the manuscript of my *haiku* which I took the trouble to send. I will copy the old manuscript and send it again, so please check it when you have a chance.

The other day I wrote to Kyoshi, and he answered and praised my *haiku*, to my great pleasure and gratitude which made me blush... [after listing his 61 *haiku*]

P. S. I wouldn't like it if you should lose this manuscript. Indicate the bad *haiku* with the sign of a triangle or a square.

(*Letters*, 187-192)

See Picture 15 and 16

Souseki continued to send *haiku* in this way after he moved further south to a high school in Kumamoto on the Kyusyu Island.

By the time Souseki was sent by the government to study in London, Shiki was already writing for the newspaper *Nippon* and also for the *haiku*-journal *Hototogisu* which was, spiritually, *his* magazine, though published by his disciple Kyoshi.

See Picture 17

Shiki was suffering most painfully in bed, in his small house with a small garden in Tokyo, but he continued to write criticism, poems, essays and diaries and also painted pictures, till the last day of his life. In those days when it took at least a month to travel from Japan to England and when it was usually the government's special order which sent people abroad, Souseki's departure for England meant to Shiki and himself that they would never be able to see each other again before Shiki's death.

In those circumstances and with such a history of friendship and exchange between the writers, Souseki's letters from London must have been written both to give pleasure to his dying

Picture 15

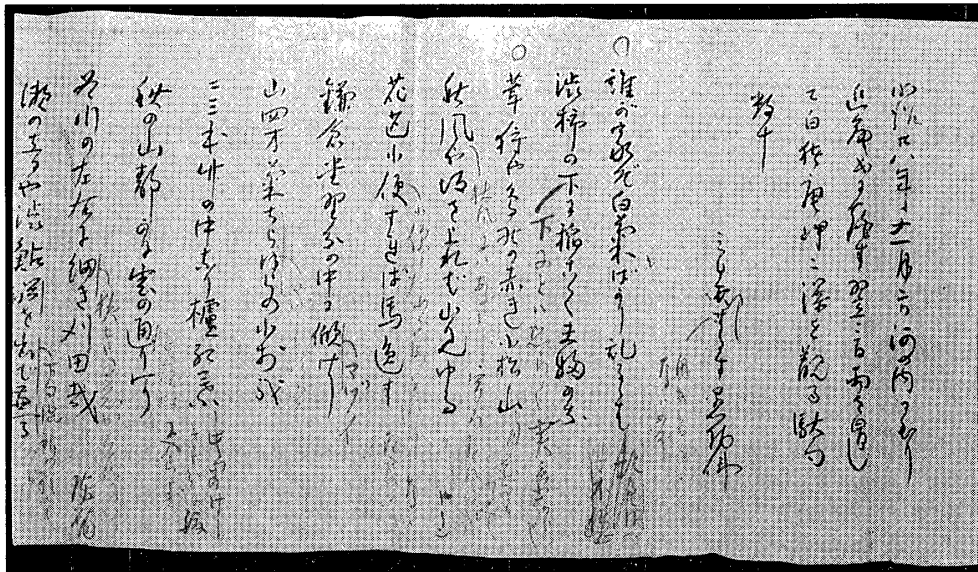


photo of Souseki's *haiku* with Shiki's critical notes

Picture 16



Souseki's portrait for finding a bride

Picture 17



Shiki in bed at Shiki-an

friend Shiki and to relieve himself from his terrible confinement in misanthropy.

(5)

Souseki's letters reveal his frustration in modern London which looked so blank and unsympathetic to the short and ugly, poorly, stammering and apparently uncivilized Japanese. The second long letter goes like this:

Quotation 13)

6 Flodden Road, Camberwell New Road, London, S. E.

20 April 1901

Another *Hototogisu* came, so I must write again. As I reported before, my boarding house has such a pitiful appearance, so that you must wonder how a gentleman in his thirties could stay there with any face.... Listen, first. The government's scholarship for study abroad is a lamentably small sum. In London, it is even more lamentably small. Still, if I put all the money into clothes, food and housing, even I could manage a bit better life.... However, I am doing all I can to economize, and suffer such a miserable state of living, first, because I feel I am not the man who I was in Japan but a mere student here, secondly because, coming all this way to the West, I want to buy as many books in my field as I can. Forgetting that I had a house of my own as well as maids, I recall the days in the university dormitory when I ate 'beef-steak' as hard as the heel of a clog, and find it a bit better?—well, just a bit better than that. People may laugh that I am smoldered in such a poor neighborhood as 'Camberwell' but I do not care. Even in such a squalid place, I have not got acquainted with criminals, nor exchanged words with a prostitute. Although I cannot guarantee the purity at the bottom of my heart, at least in action I am as virtuous as a man of honour can be. What honourable integrity! I say, to console myself.

However, when in the winter night the wind blows with a piping sound and makes the smoke come back from the stove to fill the room with black soot, or when the icy wind ruthlessly enters through the gaps in the windows and sliding doors and makes my thighs and hips unbearably cold, or when the wooden chair is so hard that I feel as if I have colic pain in my bottom, or when I feel that, as the colour of my clothes gradually begins to fade, so I begin to go down in my moral state, there are times when I just wonder why I live such a thrifty life. Ah, what do I care? I don't mind if I cannot buy books, but I should dump all the postal notes into the rent and live a human life, I come to feel. Then I go out for a walk, waving my stick. Over there in the street, everybody I meet is extremely tall. Besides, their faces lack any engaging fault. In such a nation, if they put a tax on people's height, they would for economy produce smaller animals, I imagine, but such a thought is a case of sour grapes. To be fair, they look more grand, I must admit. Somehow I feel I cannot hold my head high. From over there comes an extraordinarily short fellow. Good! I think, and, passing him, I find he is about 2 *sun* (6cm) taller than I. Next comes a dwarf with a strange-coloured face, I think, but it turns out to be my own reflection in the mirror. I cannot help smiling a bitter smile, and he also smiles a bitter smile.... In this country one cannot tell people's classes from their clothes. A milkman on Sunday would wear a frock-coat and looks smart. In general, their manners are good. Nobody grabs me and abuses or curses me. Nobody even

pays attention to me. Here it is essential for a gentleman to look generous and cool at all times. It is vulgar to watch for details, like a pickpocket, and to stare curiously at somebody. Especially for ladies, it would be vulgar even to look back. It would be extremely bad manners to point at somebody. Such being their habit, and London being the expo-factory of the world, they would not be curious enough to make sport of foreigners. And most people are extremely busy. Their minds are so full of money that they have no time to make fun of a Japanese, and we are the yellow people—they named us well, the yellow people, we are yellow, indeed. When I was in Japan, I thought I had an ordinary human complexion, though not so fair-complexioned as others, but in this country, I realized I have to admit, my colour is outside humanity, in a word, a self-deprecating colour—and that yellow person is allowed to strut in the crowd or to see the entertainment show. But now and then there are people who take an interest and comment on my nationality behind my back. The other day I stood in front of a shop-window, and two women passed by, saying, '**least poor Chinese**'—'**least poor**' is a strange adjective phrase. In a park, I heard a couple arguing, it's a Chinese, no, a Japanese. Several days ago I was invited somewhere and went out in my frock, when two men walking the other way, perhaps factory-workers, said, '**a handsome Jap**'. Am I to feel gratified or abused?...

Taking a walk can brighten my mind. This way of life is for two or three years. Once I return home, I can wear an ordinary man's clothes, eat an ordinary man's food, and sleep in an ordinary man's house. Have patience for a time, patience, patience. So saying, I fall asleep. It's all right when I fall asleep, but sometimes I cannot, and start thinking over. To say 'Patience!' is the result of the fact that I am not content with the present—things are getting complicated—I lose patience because I suffer from poverty. Where are the principles of life which I formed in my mind and which I have practiced despite some faults? Cut off the past and the future. Do not get attached to the past. Do not entrust your hope to the future. Work for the present with all your might. Those are my principles. Yet what is this idea of having patience with the hope that I will be in comfort when I go home? Merely vain.... Moreover, there is no virtue in working for a reward. It is as vulgar a rationale as to do good in this world in order to enjoy nirvana and sit with frogs on lotus leaves in the future. More degrading than that! During the five or six years before leaving Japan, such a vulgar idea never occurred to me. I just acted in the present, did my duty for the present, and felt sorrow or delight or worry or pain in the present, without meaningless worries or doubts or complaints, either on my tongue or in my mind. I was getting a bit proud of this and confident that I could live in a carefree, stylish, calm manner on a box of food and a gourd of drink, whether I go abroad or get short of money. How conceited!

(*Shiki and Souseki*, 306–310)

Picture 18

んな下宿料にぶち込んで人間らしい暮らしを仕様といふ気になる。夫からステツキでも振り回して其辺を散歩するのである。向へ出て見ると逢ふ奴も逢ふ奴も皆んな厭に背が高い。御負に愛嬌のない顔ばかりだ。こんな国ではちつと人間の背に税をかけたなら少しは儉約した小さな動物が出来るだらう杯と考へるが、夫は所謂負惜しみの減らず口と云ふ奴で、公平な処に向ふの方がどうしても立派だ。何となく自分が肩身の狭い心持ちがする。向ふから人間並外れた低い奴が来た。占たと思つてすれ違つて見ると自分より二寸許り高い。此度は向ふから妙な顔色をした一寸法師が来たなと思ふと、是即ち乃公自身の影が姿見に写つたのである。不得已苦笑ひをする向ふでも苦笑ひをする。是は理の当然だ。夫から公園へでも行くと角兵衛獅子に網を被せた様な女がぞろぞろ歩いて居る。其中には男も居る。職人も居る。感心に大抵は日本の泰任官以上の服装をして居る。此国では衣服では人の高下が分らない。牛肉配達杯が日曜になるとシルクハットでフロツクコート杯を着て澄して居る。然し一般に人氣が善い。我輩杯を捕へて悪口をついたり罵つたりするものは一人も居らん。ふり向いても見ない。当地では万事塵揚に平氣にして居るのが紳士の資格の一つとなつて居る。無暗に巾着切りの様にこせこせしたり物珍らしそうにじろじろ人の顔なんどを見るのは下品となつて居る。殊に婦人杯は後ろを振りかへつて見るのも品が悪いとなつて居る。指で人をさすなんかは失礼の骨頂だ。習慣がこうであるのにさすが倫敦は世界の勸工場だから余り珍らしそうに外國人を玩弄しない。それから大抵の人間は非常に忙がしい。頭の中が金の事で充滿して居るから日本人杯を冷かして居る暇がないといふ様を訳で、我々黄色人——黄色人とは甘くつけたものだ。全く黄色い。日本に居る時は余り白い方ではないが先づ一通りの人間色といふ色に近いと心得て居たが、此国では遂に人間を去る三舎色と言はざるを得ないと悟つた——其黄色人がボクボク人達の中を歩行いたり芝居や興行物杯を見に行かれるのである。然し時々是我輩に聞えぬ様に我輩の國元を氣にして評する奴がある。此間或る所の店に立つて見て居たら後ろから二人の女が来て、'Least poor Chinese' と評して行つた。'Least poor' とは物乞い形容詞だ。或る公園で男女二人連があれは支那人だいや日本人だと争つて居たのを聞いた事がある。二三日前去る所へよばれてシルクハットにフロツクで出掛けたら、向ふから来た二人の職工みた様な者が a handsome Jap. といった。難有いんだか失敬なんだか分らない。先達て或芝居へ行つた。大入で這入れないからガレリーで立見をして居ると傍のものが、あすこに居る二人は葡萄牙人だらうと評して居た。——こんな事を話す積りではなかつた。話の筋が分らなくなつた。一寸一服してから出直さう。

先散步でもして帰ると一寸氣分が變つて来て暗々する。何こんな生活も只二三年の間だ。國へ帰れば普通の人間の着る物を着て普通の人間の食ふ物を食つて普通の人の寝る処へ寝られる。少しの我慢だ、我慢しろ我慢しろ、と独り言をいつて寝てしまふ。寝て仕舞ふ時は善いが、寝られないで又考へ出す事がある。元來我慢しろと云ふのは現在に安んぜざる訳だ——段々事件が六づかしくなつて来る——時々やけの氣味になるのは貧苦がつらいのだ。年來自分が考へた又自分が多少実行し來りたる処世の方針は何処へ行つた。前後を切断せよ、妄りに過去に執着する勿れ、徒らに将来に望を屬する勿れ、満身の力をこめて現在に働けといふのが乃公の主義なのである。然るに國へ帰れ

letter from Souseki to Shiki (20 April 1901)

See Picture 18

In this way, Souseki, feeling lonely, cold, insignificant and degraded in London, confessed his honest thoughts to his friend. He was also conversing with himself, letting his more genuine, nobler self speak against his pessimistic, self-deprecating or complaining self. Souseki seemed to be looking towards the genuine light of the youthful present which he once shared with Shiki, not knowing how much it would mean to him at the time and later. He also seemed to be getting closer and more sympathetic to the English people around him, living a perhaps more dismal, lonely life in poverty and inequality in London, 'the expo-factory of the world'.

Quotation 14)

This was not a boarding-house from the start. Until last year it had been a girls' school. The lady here and her sister, without experience, without property, and without future vision, started the awkward business, neither elegant nor vulgar, to support themselves. They are not bad people. They walked on the right path and worked as hard as they could. But the Christian God can be disappointing, and does not know how to help people on such an

occasion. So they got behind with the rent—it's high in London—they got a loan. Fever spread among the boarders. A student left. Another student left. In the end, the school was closed.... Things went just as they say: fortune turns its wheel the other way around. Those winsome ladies—I shouldn't say 'winsome' because neither of them fits the image—well, eh, pitiful—those piteous women were determined to fight the difficulties and at last started a boarding-house. The house had just opened, hot with the steam, when I jumped in. After jumping in, as I listened to their story by and by, I secretly prayed hard that this time those two girls, no, women about 3 *sun* (9cm) taller than I, would be granted success.... Since I have not made friends with any God, I just blindly prayed.... No lodger came. 'Mr, Natsume, don't you know anybody who would be interested in coming?' 'Yes, I feel very sorry and would like to help, but I have no friend in London....' Yet there had been another Japanese, up till recently. This gentleman was such a cheerful fellow he did not suit this house. This was the man who saw me reading *Hototogisu* and asked, 'Can you do that business of Emperor Tenchi?'²⁴ That Japanese man had at last run away. I became the only one left. They have to close the house. So they started discussing they should move now to the outskirts of London in the south—the outskirts, London being huge and boundlessly growing, must be such a remote place. There is a pretty little new house, just right, over there, so let's move there, they said. One day, when the lady and her husband had gone shopping, her sister and I were having lunch, sitting opposite each other, and she said in a gloomy voice, 'Would you please come with us?' This 'Would you please...?' is not the romantic, novelistic 'Would you please...?' It is the utterly unromantic, old-wifely 'Would you please...?' When I heard those words, I found them both disagreeable and pitiful at once.... If I had had a speck of chivalry, I would have said: yes, I will go wherever you go. But it seems I didn't. There is a reason why. Although this sister surely is a shy, quiet and quite stolidly religious person with whom I don't mind sharing a house at all, her elder sister is a bit of a tomboy. I won't go into her history which I have heard, but I will list the points I don't like about her. First, she is impertinent. Secondly, she behaves as if she knows everything. Thirdly, she makes a trifling use of English and asks, do you know this word? Examples are countless. The other day she asked if I knew '**tunnel**'. And she asked if I knew '**straw**'. A foreign student majoring in English literature would be too discouraged to get angry. Now she seems to have got some sense, and no longer is so rude. Her general attitude has grown much politer. This is the conquest of the saucy woman which Souseki made without a word of quarrel.

(*Shiki and Souseki*, 310–312)

Souseki was getting more interested, even involved, with the individual people who lived around him. He felt pity and the sense of injustice in the state of life in which those people,

'without experience, property or future vision', were struggling for financial success. Yet it was not just pity or sympathy but the sense of gap Souseki could not help feeling towards them. The gap was partly the barrier of language, and as Souseki repeatedly pointed out, what he lacked was fluency in English, rather than knowledge or reading-ability.

See Picture 19

Quotation 15)

...women in this country, especially old women, perhaps out of old-womanly kindness, have the habit of adding explanatory notes to their English without my asking, and of asking if I knew certain words. The other day I was invited somewhere and had a conversation with the lady. She happened to be such a devoted Christian that her speech on God's virtue struck me like a torrent which does not stop. She is such an elegant, gentle old lady. Then she asked me: do you know the word 'evolution'? 'Things in the world look disorderly and have no rules, but if you look closely, everything is ruled by the logic of evolution... evolution... do you understand?' As if she had been giving a lesson to a baby. Since the lady was explaining out of kindness, all I could say was yes, yes.... It's true I cannot talk so eloquently as this old

Picture 19

さいいますか」といつた。此「下さいいますか」が色気のある小説的の「下さいいますか」ではない。色沢気抜きの世帯染た「下さいいますか」である。我輩が此語を聞いたときは非常にいやな可愛想な気持ちで居た。元来我輩は江戸っ子だ。然るに朱引内か朱引外か少々暖味な所で生れた精か知らん今迄江戸っ子のやる様な心持ちのいい慈善的事業をやつた事がない。今何と答をしたか慥かに覚えて居らん。苟も一遍の義侠心があるならば、うんあなたの移る処ならどこでも移ります、と答へる筈なのだ。さうは答へなかつたらしい。茲にさう答へられない訳がある。成程此妹は極内気な大人しい而も非常に堅固な宗教家で、我輩は此女と家を共にするのは毫も不愉快を感じないが、姉の方たるや少々御転だ。此姉の経歴談も聞きたるから抜きにして、一寸小生の氣に入らない点を列挙するならば、第一生意氣だ、第二知つたか振りをする、第三詰らない英語を使つてあなたは此字を知つて御出ですかと聞く事がある。一々勘定すれば際限がない。先達でトンネルと云ふ字を知つて居るか聞いた。夫から即ち蘆といふ字を知つて居るか聞いた。英文学専門の留学生もかうなると怒る張合もない。近頃は少々見当が付たと見えてそんな失敗な事も言はない。又一般の挙動も大に町々になつた。是は漱石が一言の争もせず冥々の裡に此御転を屈伏せしめたのである。——そんな得意談はどうでも善いとして、此国の女殊に婆さんとくると、所謂老婆親切と云ふ訳かも知れんが、自分の使ふ英語に頼みもせぬ註解を加へたり、此字は分りますか杯といふ事が沢山ある。此間さる処へ呼ばれて其所の奥さんと談しをした。すると其人が大の耶穌信者だからたまらない。滔々と神徳を述べ立てた。まことに品の善い、しとやかな御婆さんだ。然る処、evolutionと云ふ字を御承知ですかと聞かれた。世の中の事は乱雑で法則がない様ですがよく御覧になると皆進化の道理に支配されて居ります……進化……分りますか。丸で赤ん坊に説教する様だ。向は親切に言つてくれるんだから、へーへーと云つて居るより仕方がない。それは此婆さんの様にべらべら饒舌る事は出来ない。挨拶杯も只咽喉の処へせり上つて来た字を使つてはつと一息つく位の仕儀なんだから向ふで此方を見くびるのは無理はないが、離れ離れの言語の数から云へばあなたよりも我輩の方が余計知つて居りますよといつてやり度位だ。其れからよく御婆さんを引合に出すが、もう一人御婆さんがある。此御婆さんが先達て手紙をよくして其中に「お」といふ字を使つてゐる。只使つてゐる許なら不思議はないが、其字に foot note が付いて居る。是は英国古代の字なりとあつた。「ノート」を自分の手紙へつけるのも面白いが、其ノートの文句が猶更面白い。此御婆さんと船へ合乗をした時に、何か文章を書け、直してやるといふから、日記の一節を出して宜敷御頼まう事にした。すると大変感心したといつて二三所一二字添削して返した。見ると直さなくつても決して差支のない所を直して居る。そして飛でもない間違つた事が例のノートの形で書いてある。此御婆さんは決して下等な人でない。相応な身分のある中流の人である。かくの如き人間に邂逅する英国だから、我下宿の妻君が生意気な事を云ふのも別段相手にする必要はないが、同じ英国へ来た位なら今少し学問のある話せる人の家に居つて、汚ない狭い苦にならないから、どうか朝夕交際がして見たい。かう云ふ望があるから、へー行きませうとは答へなかつたが、自分の望み通りの人下宿人を置く処があるか夫が頗る疑はしい。広い世界にはあるだらう。けれども夫に逢着するの

part of the same letter

lady. Even my greetings are like words coming up to my throat which at last I let out with a sigh, so I can see why they underestimate me. But if you look at the number of single words in the vocabulary, I know more than you do, I would be tempted to say... and there is another old lady. This old lady gave me a letter the other day, in which the word '**folk**' was used. To use it alone was nothing strange, but she added a '**foot note**' to the word. This is a word from Old England, it said. To put a 'foot note' on one's letter is interesting enough, but the words in the 'note' are still more interesting. When this old lady and I got on the same boat, she told me to write something so that she might correct it, so I submitted a passage from my diary for her kind inspection. Then she said she was greatly impressed and handed back my passage with corrections on two or three parts, and one or two words. I found those corrections utterly unnecessary, and there are glaring mistakes in her writing in that style of foot notes. This old lady is not of the lower class. She is a respectable middle-class lady. As England is the place where I meet such people, I should not mind that the lady of my boarding-house speaks impertinent words. But, now that I have come all the way to England, I would like to stay in a more learned, sensible person's house and to get acquainted with him in the morning and in the evening. Having that wish, I did not reply, yes, I would like to go. But it's quite doubtful there would be such an ideal person running a boarding house. There must be one in the whole world, but it would be most difficult to come across one.

(*Shiki and Souseki*, 312-314)

The reference to 'evolution' is particularly interesting as it was Spencer's stylistic application of evolution that Shiki seized upon in developing his criticism of *haiku*, and both Darwin's theory and Spencer's ideas became current cultural topics for intellectuals in Japan, as well as in Britain. Those episodes also imply that what could pass as clever or well-informed among the 'educated' class might be superficial, insignificant and sometimes absolutely mistaken. What they lacked, above all, was the sense to see that Souseki was a sensitive, intelligent soul.

See Picture 20

Still, unwilling to give up his wish to find 'a more learned, sensible person's house and to get acquainted with him', Souseki looked for the ads in 'the **Standard** newspaper' to which he had switched from 'the **Telegraph**', thinking that the ads in the 'elegant' Standard could be trusted. He registered but was not interested in such ads as 'facing Hyde Park, three minutes to the Subway, five minutes to the Tube, convenience for meeting ladies' and 'billiards any time, the piano, **gay society, late dinner**', and at last wrote to 'the widow and her sister, with a grand room, looking for a gentleman of simple taste'. The answer came in a purple envelope 'with four corners tinted in violet colour', and the 'lady' (underlined) replied that the rent was

'33 yen a week'. Since the 'tomboy' lady, her husband and her sister were eagerly expecting him to come with them, Souseki ended up telling them that he *would* comply because '33 yen a week' was above his means. When the husband stuck his head round the door and smiled, 'Thank you, Mr. Natsume, thank you,' Souseki 'felt a bit happy, too.'

Picture 20

其夜の十時頃自分の室で読書をしてゐると、室の戸をコツコツ叩くものがある。『Come in.』
 といったら宿の亭主がニコニコして這入つて来た。『実はあなたも御承知の通り此度引越す事に極
 でしたが、どうでせう、向ふはここよりも大分奇麗で且器具杯も余程上等にしますが、来て頂く訳
 には参りますまいか。』夫は君の方で僕に是非来て呉れと言ふのなら……『イエ是非といつて御無
 理を願ふ訳ではありませんが、御都合がよければ——実は御馴染にもなつて居りますし家内や妹も
 大変夫を希望致しますから。』君の新宅へ下宿人を置き度といふ事は僕も承知して居ますが、あな
 がち僕でなくとも善いだらうと思つてね。』と実は是々と話すと、亭主の顔が少々陰気になつて
 来た。我輩も少々手持無沙汰である。『夫ぢやかうし様、いづれ先方から返事が来る。来れば一先
 づ行つて室を見て、夫が気に入らなかつたら君の方へ行くとし様、外を探す事はやめにして。あ
 の手紙を出す前に君の方の希望がどの位の程度だか分つて居れば、聞き合せる迄もない御望みに応じ
 たのだが、かう成ては仕方がない。先づ先方の返事次第ですね。其代り外は決してさがさない。あ
 れがいなければ乾度君の方へ行きますよ。』亭主は御邪魔様といつて下りて行つた。
 朝になつて食堂へ行くとも誰も居ない。皆んな飯をすました後である。ああ今日も寝坊して気の毒
 だと思つて『テーブル』の上を見ると、薄紫色の状袋の四隅を一分許り濃い紫色に染めた封書が
 ある。我輩に來た返事に違ひない。こんな表の状袋を用ゐる位では少々我輩の手に合はん高等下宿だ
 など思ふから『ナイフ』で開封すると、『御問合せの件に付申上候。此家はレデー（此レデーといふ
 字の下に棒が引いてある）の所有にて室内の裝飾の立派なるは勿論室々は悉く電氣灯を用ひよき召
 便を雇ひ高尚優雅なる生活に適する様に意を用ひ候。宿料は一週三十三円に御座候。或は御氣に召
 さぬかと存じ候へども、御出候下候へば喜んで室々御案内可仕候。敬具。飯を食ひながら呼
 鈴を押して宿の神さんと呼んだ。『どうとうあなたの方へ行く事にしましたよ。一週三十三円の下
 宿料なんか到底我輩には払へんから君の方へ行きませうよ。』はあそうですか、どうも難有う、可
 成氣を付ますからどうぞ左様願ひたいもので。細君が出て行つた後から亭主の首が半分戸の間か
 ら出た。Thank you, Mr. Natsume, thank you. と言つてニコニコ笑つた。我輩も少々嬉しい様
 な心持がした。細君と妹は引越しの荷（し）らへで終日急がしい。七時に茶を飲むときに食堂で逢つ
 た。『今日は飼つて居た鸚鵡を売りました』と妹がいつた。姉もまげずに『前使つた学校の招牌も
 売りました。十円に買つて行きました』と云つた。
 運命の車は容赦なく回転しつゝある。我輩の前と彼等二人の前には如何なる出来事が横はりつ
 つあるか。我等は三人ながら愚な事をして居るかも知れぬ。愚かも知れぬ。又利口かも知れぬ。只
 我輩の運命が彼等二人の運命と漸々接近しつゝあるは事實である。後を顧みてかの薄紫の貴女及び
 其妹の事と其門構付の家を想像し、前を見て此貧困なるしかし正直なる二人の姉妹と其未来の樂園
 と予期しつゝある格子戸作りを想像して、兩者の差違を趣味ある様にも感ずる。又貧富の懸隔は斯
 様に色気なき物かとも感ずる。又ミカウパーと住んで居つたデヴィッド、カツパーフィールドの様
 な感じもする。四月二十日。

part of the same letter

Quotation 16)

The wheels of fortune are turning. What lies before me and the two ladies? The three of us may be doing something stupid. Maybe stupid, maybe wise. What is certain is that my fortune is getting close to theirs. Looking back, I imagine the purple lady and her sister and their house with a gate, and looking ahead, I imagine those two honest ladies and what they expect to be their future paradise with the lattice door, and I find the contrast between them somehow intriguing. At the same time, I am shocked to see the lack of romance in the gap between the rich and the poor. Also I feel like **David Copperfield** living with **Micawber**.

April 20

(Shiki and Souseki, 316)

What Souseki as a future novelist instinctively sensed here was the exotic, oriental or alluring

gap between rich and poor which was developing in metropolitan London. At the same time, he lamented the total lack of 'romance' in the gap between the rich and the poor, which he physically felt in his cold room, as well as in the 'totally unromantic, old-wifely "would you please...?"'. He almost seems to foretell E. M. Forster's creation, Leonard Bast, in *Howards End*. Souseki's feelings, too, were ambiguous. It was not just pity or sympathy but the sense of gap Souseki could not help feeling towards these people in that unattractive part of London. But there was perhaps one exception. The following passage, I think, is the hallmark of Souseki's letters from London.

See Picture 21

Quotation 17)

...having described my companion two sisters in some detail last time, I have one more companion whom I respect most and who exasperates me most. The family name is Penn. The nick-name is '**bedge pardon**'. About this saint I cannot but give a special report.... First of all, the reason why I gave this nickname to our maid Penn: this good person, either because his [her] tongue is too short or too long, unable to articulate his [her] speech

Picture 21

三

朋友其朋友と共に我輩が生活を共にする所の朋友姉妹の事に就ては前回少しく述ぶるところあつたが、此外に我輩が尤も敬服し尤も辟易する所の朋友がまだ一人ある。姓はペン、渾名はbedge pardonなる聖人の事を少しく報道しないでは何だか気が済まないから、同君の事を一寸御話して、次回からは方面の変つた目撃談觀察談を御紹介仕らう。抑も此ペン即ち内の下女なるペンに何故我輩が此渾名を呈したかと云ふと、彼は舌が短かすぎるのか長すぎるのか呂律が少々廻り兼ねる善人なる故にI beg your pardonと云ふ代りにいつでもbedge pardonと云ふからである。ベツヂ、パードンは名の如く如何にもベツヂ、パードンである。然し非常な能弁家で、彼の舌の先から唾液を容赦なく我輩の顔面に吹きかけて話し立てる時杯は滔々滾々として惜しい時間を遠慮なく人に潰させて毫も氣の毒だと思はぬ位の善人且雄弁家である。此善人にして雄弁家なるベツヂパードンは倫敦に生れながら丸で倫敦の事を御存じない。田舎は無論御存じない。又御存じなさり度もない様子だ。朝から晩迄晩から朝迄働き続けに働いて夫から四階のアツチツクへ登つて寝る。翌日日出ると四階から天降つて又働き始める。息をセツセとはずまして——彼は喘息持である——はたから見るとも氣の毒な位だ。左り乍ら彼は毫も自分に対して氣の毒な感じを持つて居らぬ。Aの字かBの字か見当のつかぬ彼は少しも不自由らしい様子がない。我輩は朝夕此女聖人に接して敬慕の念に堪えん位の方がない。日本に居る人は英語なら誰の使ふ英語でも大概似たもんだと思つて居るかも知れないが、矢張日本と同じ事で、国々の方言があり身分の高下があり杯して、夫は夫は千違万別である。然し教育ある上等社会の言語は大抵通ずるから差支ないが、此倫敦のコツクネーと称する言語に至つては我輩には到底分らない。是は当地の中流以下の用ふる語ばで字引にない様な発音をするのみなら

part of the same letter

properly, always says '**bedge pardon**' instead of '**I beg your pardon**'. **Bedge Pardon**, true to his [her] name, is just **Bedge Pardon**. But the person is such an eloquent speaker, and when the person speaks to me, spraying his [her] spits out of his [her] tongue ruthlessly over my face, he [she] is such a good person and eloquent speaker that he [she] does not a bit feel sorry for talking on and on and forcing me, without any reserve, to kill my precious time. This eloquent speaker and good person **Bedge Pardon** is a native of London but knows nothing about London. Nor about the countryside, of course. Neither does he seem to care to know. From morning to night and from night to morning he works on and on, and then he climbs up to his attic on the third floor to sleep. The next morning, when the sun rises, he descends from the third-floor and begins to work again. He breathes hard—having asthma—making any observer feel sorry for him. However, he has no idea he should feel sorry for himself. Having no idea whether it is A or B, he shows no sign of hardship. I meet this woman-saint in the morning and in the evening, and feel overwhelmed with respect for her. But whether I am fortunate or unfortunate when I am caught and spoken to by this Penn—somebody else should judge for me. People in Japan might think that English, spoken by anybody, is more or less the same. However, just as in Japan, there are dialects and different classes, so the language has so many varieties. Although I can generally understand the language in educated good society, I can make neither head nor tail of this so-called **Cockney** English. This is the language spoken by the people below the middle class. It not only uses such pronunciation as does not appear in the dictionary but is spoken so fast that there seems no break between the words. I always have a difficult time with **Cockney**, but **Bedge Pardon's Cockney** transcends my difficulty and I have to meet it again. When I was still new here, I was frequently attacked by Penn and had to put up a white flag. Reluctantly I reported this piece of news to the lady. She gave such a scolding to poor Penn, who was given no chance to remonstrate. How can you behave so rudely to our guest? You had better behave yourself from now on. Since then, our obedient Penn has never spoken to me. However, Penn never speaks only when the lady is at home; once the old *missis* is out of the house, the old Penn is back again. The old Penn, after the abstinence from speech, comes back with the force of somebody who strives in chagrin for the opportunity to get both the principal and the interest at once. It is like a master who has been forced to fast for a week but on the eighth day dashes out with a tub of rice.

On coming back from my usual walk on Denmark Hill, I was met by Penn who opened the door for me and immediately began to talk. To be sure, everybody else in the house was gone to the new house to sort out the luggage, and what remained in the empty hall were only myself and Penn. He [She] spoke fast and fluently for a quarter of an hour without a stop, but I did not understand a word of it. The eloquent speaker was about to step on the

accelerator with the speed which did not allow me to put in a question. Giving up the effort to understand his [her] story, I started examining Penn's face. For a while I watched, abstracted, the affable eyelids with folds, the nose whose tip slightly curled back to its root, the thoroughly rosy, healthy complexion, the wild tongue which enjoyed the full freedom of exercise, and the white spit flowing along the sides of the tongue, but eventually a kind of pity or sympathy or comic feeling was stirred up in me, like *gomoku-zushi* [*sushi* dish mixed with vegetables, eggs and other ingredients]. To express this feeling I curled my lips and let out a little smile, which the innocent Penn would never have the sense to understand. Seeming to judge that I was so much drawn into his [her] story as to let out my smile, Penn made dimples on his [her] cheeks and burst into crackling laughs. This strange development, far off the mark, made me feel curiouser and curiouser, and 'Penn' became more and more enthusiastic, and there was no way to stop it. Gathering from one word he [she] said there and one phrase I caught here, I roughly understood as follows: Yesterday the house agent came. Our ladies, too much embarrassed to see him, sent him away, pretending to be out of the house. It was Penn who carried out this business of turning him away from the door. Penn didn't like to tell a lie. He [she] would be sorry to God. But the mistress's order could not be disobeyed, and so he [she] could not help telling a lie. Roughly this much content I guessed, as if watching a fire in the distance, and at last retired to my room. My trunk and books had been carried out by the master, at three o'clock in the morning, so what was left was only my body. I felt a strange melancholy. About eight o'clock in the evening a knock on the door, and entered—that Penn—with the report that the agent came four times. Then he [she] said something I did not understand at all. Being rather fed up, I made random remarks and sent him [her] away.... About ten o'clock Penn came again, to consult me this time about what to do if the agent should come again. Don't worry, I said, and sent him back. At half past ten, still the people did not return. If the master should be a swindler and had left me, taking my luggage, it occurred to me, I would be such a nincompoop, and people would laugh at me. Eventually the gate opened with a click. At least I was not made a nincompoop. Feeling grateful, I went to sleep. (*Shiki and Souseki*, 316–319)

In those days the Japanese pronoun 'kare' ('he'), first introduced in translation and slightly stylish for conversation, was used in writing to represent both man and woman. Perhaps gender was not important, but the brevity and coolness of the word adds to the power of this humourous, realistic passage. But this poor, uneducated maid, Penn, is also given a most remarkable name. Why did Souseki give her the nick-name 'Bedge Pardon'? Because Souseki, somehow, felt deep sympathy with her, as his soul-mate, 'brother' or affable 'saint'. Because he

both admired Penn as an innocent, honest, hard-working, naturally happy human soul, and, having a sense of the comic tickling him for his exasperation with her Cockney speech and manners, still pitied her more deeply for her fixed low place in society, about which she did not seem to mind. In fact, with Bedge Pardon, the language-barrier between her and Souseki was the widest. Yet instinctively the lonely Bedge Pardon picked up Souseki as a sympathetic audience whom she trusted as a friend, a sincere, warm-hearted, intelligent man. Although Penn in her innocence, trust and helplessness was like a child, Souseki, too, suddenly realized how he himself was innocent, trustful and helpless in this rather dangerous, greedy City of London, where ordinary but crafty little swindlers like the master and the lady who ran the boarding-house, moved their furniture after three o'clock in the morning in order to prevent it from being seized by the agent. Since the sisters had not been able to pay the house-rent for the past seven years, the house-agent had his eyes on the husband's furniture, and the husband had the wit to make use of the law which prohibits legal seizure after sunset. It was a battle for survival, in which people struggled, getting worldly-wise, and innocent people like Penn or Souseki could be only grateful if their body, and their belongings, were safe.

The wonderfully realistic, yet poignant charm of Bedge Pardon depends on her innocence and affability. She was happy in her little world with nothing but work all her life, and she did not care to see the world outside her attic and outside the ugly small house where she worked from morning till night. Souseki was different. He had the intelligence to see the world and the people. He had the intelligence to compare the rich and the poor. He had the intelligence to look before and after. He had the intelligence to see his own helplessness against the ominous, foreboding future of people in London, which was also the modern, competitive, uncommunicative urban civilization that was beginning to master first the Western world and then Japan and other Asian nations. However, when he heard in the new house that his 'respected and exasperating Penn' had been fired, presumably without any notice, Souseki 'felt strong anger' and moodily 'imagined what future' would meet Bedge Pardon'. I believe that in such anger and moody imaginings remained the core of Souseki's innocence and love of humanity, which continued to infuriate him but kept him alive, with a purity and humanity which matches Shiki's own. I also find it interesting that Souseki used the word 'the saint' both for his beloved young sister-in-law, generous, intelligent and sympathetic, and for the poor, uneducated, exasperatingly common but undaunted Cockney woman, who was generous, innocent, trusting, hard-working and affable. He wanted to fight for those generous women, for the generosity whose value was not recognized but quickly disappeared from the world before his eyes, both in England and in Japan.

Now, here is Shiki's response to Souseki's letters from London.

See Picture 22

Quotation 18)

6 November 1901

82 Kami Negishi, Simoya-ku

(from Shiki to Souseki)

I am no good any more. Only every day I cry my heart out without reason, so do not write a word for the newspapers or journals. Stopped writing letters. That's why I haven't written to you for so long. Tonight, I suddenly wanted to write, so this is a special letter I'm writing to you. The letter you sent me some time before was extremely interesting. It is the one best thing which has delighted me for some time. You know how much I have wanted to see the West since our early days. Now that I have become an invalid like this, I feel so sorry, I cannot bear it, but your letter makes me feel as if I were traveling in the West, and I am overwhelmingly amused. If you could, could you please send me another letter while my eyes are still open? (I know it's too much to ask.)

I certainly received your picture-postcard. I want to hear what the baked potatoes in London taste like.

Fusetsu²⁵⁾ says he is taking his lessons with Collin.²⁶⁾... Kyoshi had a baby boy. I named him Toshio.

Renkyou is dead, Hifu is dead, all dead before me.

I don't think I shall see you again. If I should, I wouldn't be able to speak, I imagine. To tell the truth, I find it painful to live. In my diary, you can find the words: 'Kohaku called, "Come."'

Although I want to write about many things, I have too much pain, please excuse me.

Meiji 34, Nov. 6, Written under the light

From Tokyo, respectfully, Shiki

To Souseki, my brother in London

What Souseki's letter did to Shiki, suffering and dying in bed, was to 'delight' and 'amuse' him with the realistic, humorous, melancholy as well as sharp and witty, story of his life in London. It gave such delight to the man confined to bed, who had wished so much 'to see' the West through his own eyes, that he felt as if he had been traveling in London himself.

Picture 22

明治三十四年十一月六日 夏目金之助宛
在倫敦（封筒欠）
東京市下谷区上根岸町八十二番地

僕ハモ一ダメニナツテシマツタ、毎日訳モナク号泣シテ居ルヤウナ次第ダ、ソレダカラ新聞雑誌ヘ
モ少シモ書カヌ。手紙ハ一切廃止。ソレダカラ御無沙汰シテスマヌ。今夜ハフト思ヒツイテ特別ニ
手紙ヲカク。イツカヨコシテクレタ君ノ手紙ハ非常ニ面白カツタ。近來僕ヲ喜バセタ者ノ随一ダ。
僕ガ昔カラ西洋ヲ見タガツテ居タノハ君モ知ツテルダロ。ソレガ病人ニナツテシマツタノダカラ
残念デタマラナイノダガ、君ノ手紙ヲ見テ西洋ヘ往タヤウナ氣ニナツテ愉快デタマラヌ。若シ書ケ
ルナラ僕ノ目ノ明イテル内ニ今一便ヨコシテクレヌカ（無理ナ注文ダガ）
画ハガキモ随ニ受取タ。倫敦ノ焼芋ノ味ハドンナカ聞キタイ。
不折ハ今巴理ニ居テコランノ処ヘ通フテ居ルサウヂヤ。君ニ逢フタラ饅頭一本贈ルナドトイフテ
居タガモ一ソソナ者ハ食フテシマツテアルマイ。
虚子ハ男子ヲ拳ゲタ。僕ガ年尾トツケテヤツタ。
鍊郎死ニ非風死ニ皆僕ヨリ先ニ死ンデシマツタ。
僕ハ逆モ君ニ再会スルコトハ出来ヌト思フ。万一出来タトシテモ其時ハ話モ出来ナクナツテルデア
ロ。実ハ僕ハ生キテキルノガ苦シイノダ。僕ノ日記ニハ「古白日来」ノ四字ガ特書シテアル処
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モ少シモ書カヌ。手紙ハ一切廃止。ソレダカラ御無沙汰シテスマヌ。今夜ハフト思ヒツイテ特別ニ
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残念デタマラナイノダガ、君ノ手紙ヲ見テ西洋ヘ往タヤウナ氣ニナツテ愉快デタマラヌ。若シ書ケ
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僕ハ逆モ君ニ再会スルコトハ出来ヌト思フ。万一出来タトシテモ其時ハ話モ出来ナクナツテルデア
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ガアル。

letter from Shiki to Souseki (6 November 1901)

He *was* in fact writing to Souseki because he ‘suddenly wanted to write’ to his friend, with the faint light over his painful body, lying on one side, with seven open wounds oozing with pus. He mentions his ‘diary’, which he had started writing two months earlier (September 2, 1901) and continued to write for nearly a year (till July 29, 1902; he died on September 19).

See Picture 23

He named it *Gyōga-Manroku* (*A Poet’s Record of Lying, Viewing and Wondering in Bed*). He sought a personal delight, in writing the diary which was full of ideas, impressions, news and pictures, even childish restricted to his own physical experiences, by recording what was ‘amusing’ or beautiful through his eyes, taste, touch, emotion, and curiosity. He delighted also in the artistic challenge for new styles of writing and painting and the resulting discoveries in life, which he had the special pleasure to share with his friends who had the uncorrupted passion for delight—for delight and the reality of life, which Shiki sought to combine.²⁷⁾

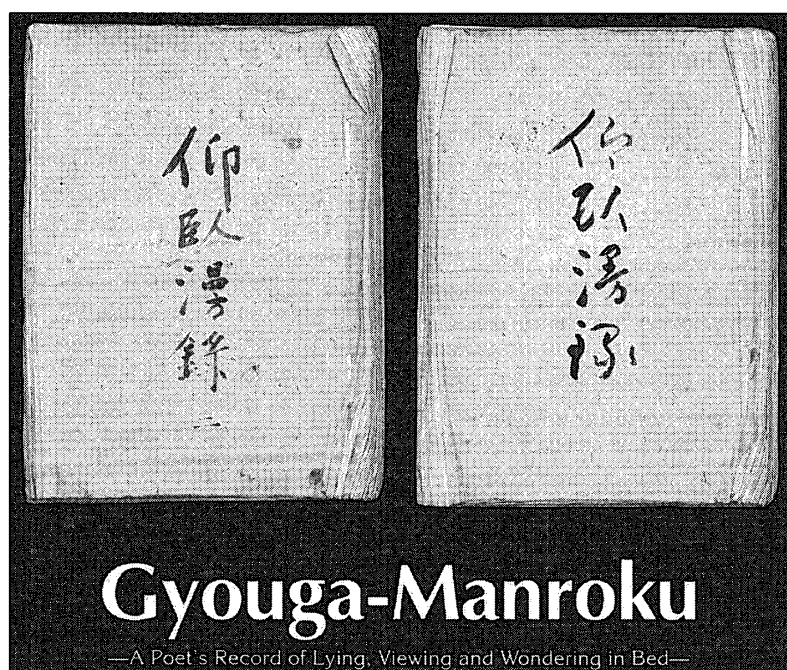
See Picture 24, 25–31

In his last letter to Souseki in London, Shiki referred to his words in the diary:

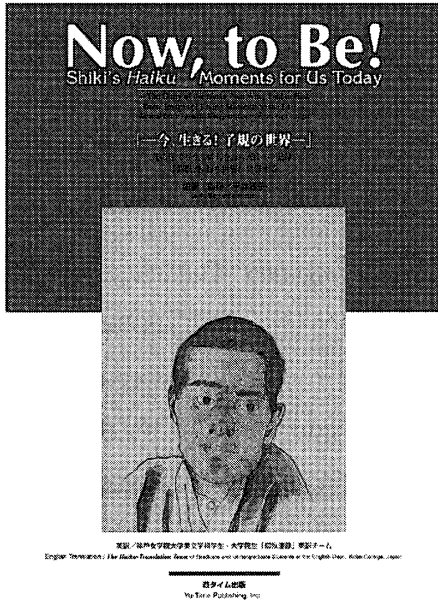
Kohaku called, ‘Come.’

Kohaku was Shiki’s cousin who had earlier committed suicide, having tuberculosis himself. In Shiki’s dream, Kohaku appeared and beckoned him to come. In his diary which his mother and

Picture 23



Picture 24



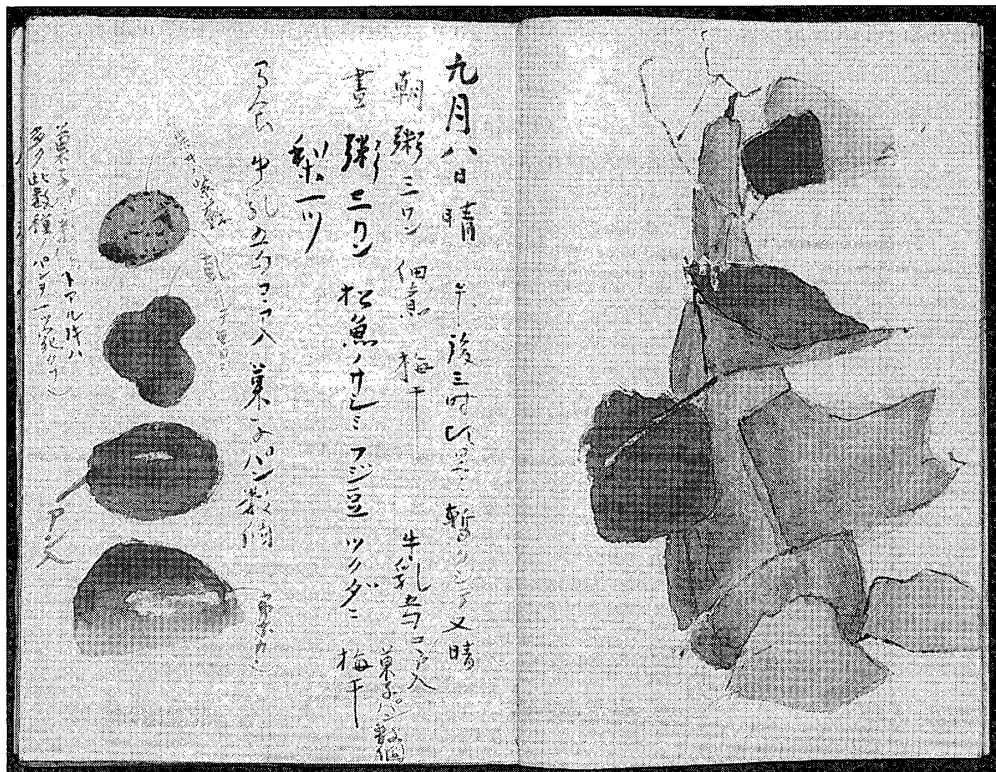
Gyōga-Manroku in English and Japanese,
ed. by Masako Hirai

Picture 25



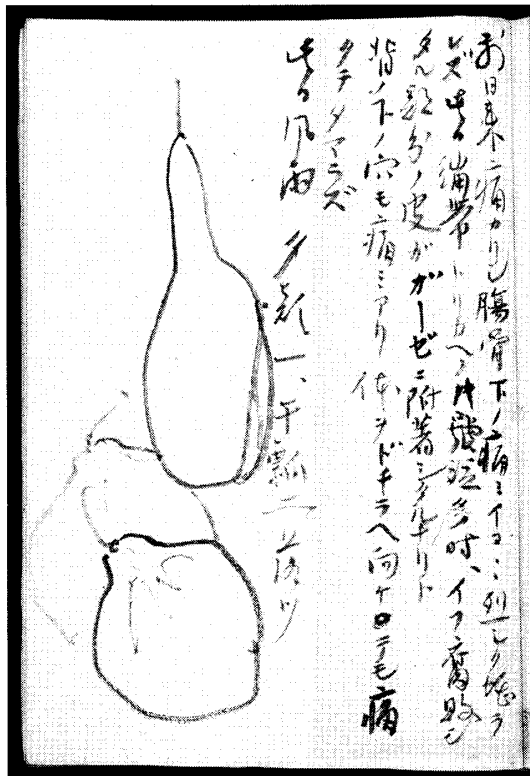
the neighbor's daughter's visit in Korean costume
(*Gyōga-Manroku*)

Picture 26



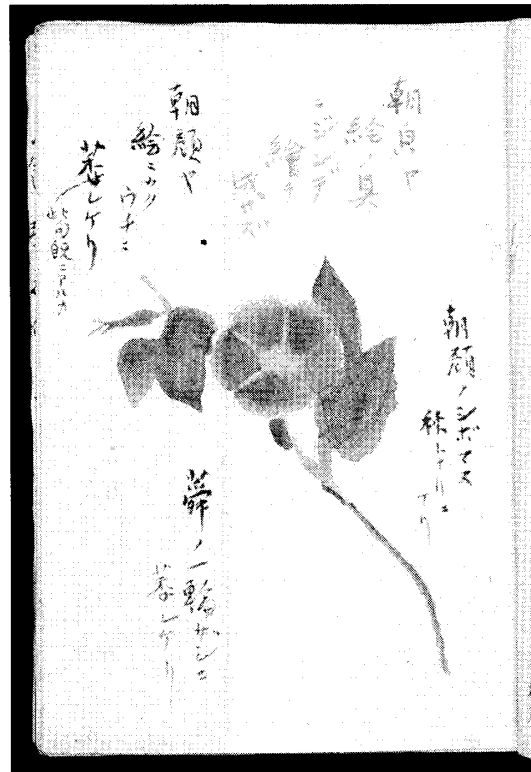
Shiki's menu of breakfast, tea and lunch, and a gourd (*Gyōga-Manroku*)

Picture 27



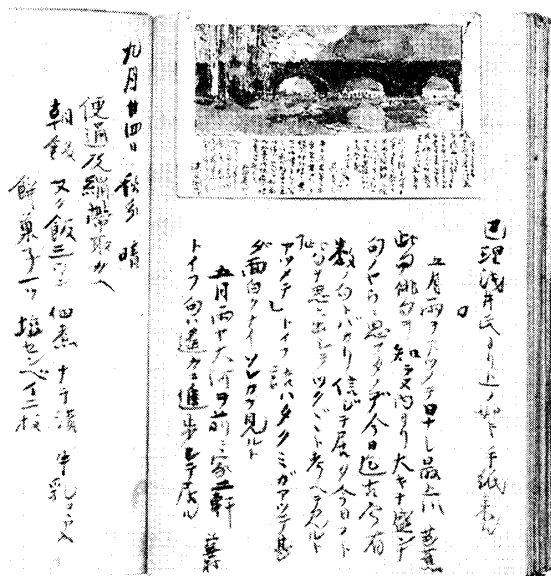
description of unbearable pains, and notes on the fall of gourds (Gyōga-Manroku)

Picture 28



morning-glory and haiku (Gyōga-Manroku)

Picture 29

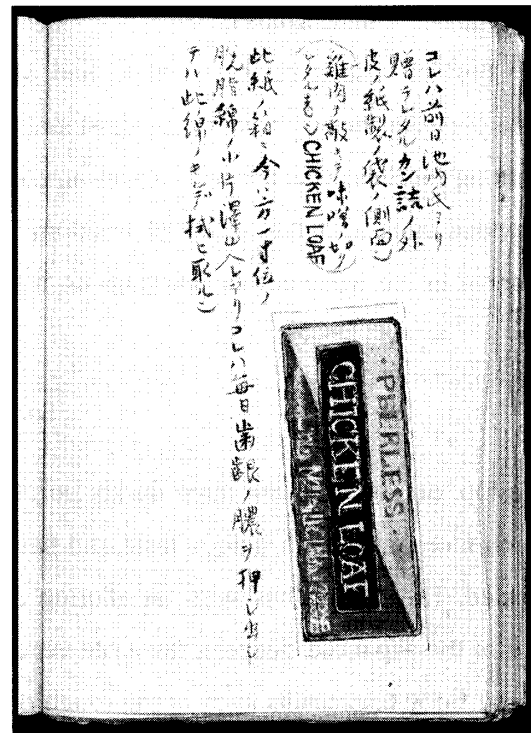


The letter above came from Mr. Asai in Paris

■ 巴黎漢井氏ヨリ上の如キ手紙来ル

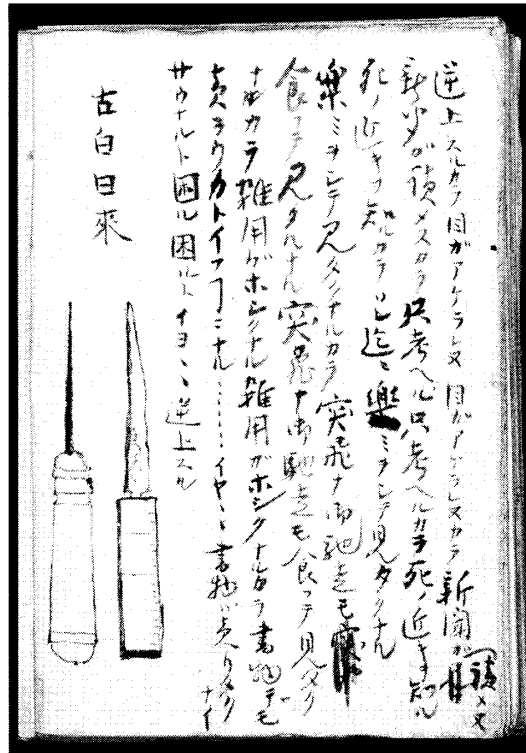
(Gyōga-Manroku)

Picture 30



wrapping paper of chicken-loaf, a present (Gyōga-Manroku)

Picture 31



Kohaku called, 'Come'
(Gyōga-Manroku)

sister could read, Shiki rarely admitted his death-wish—only this time, when he felt tempted by the knife and the bodkin before his eyes but gave up, knowing himself not strong enough to give himself a fatal wound.

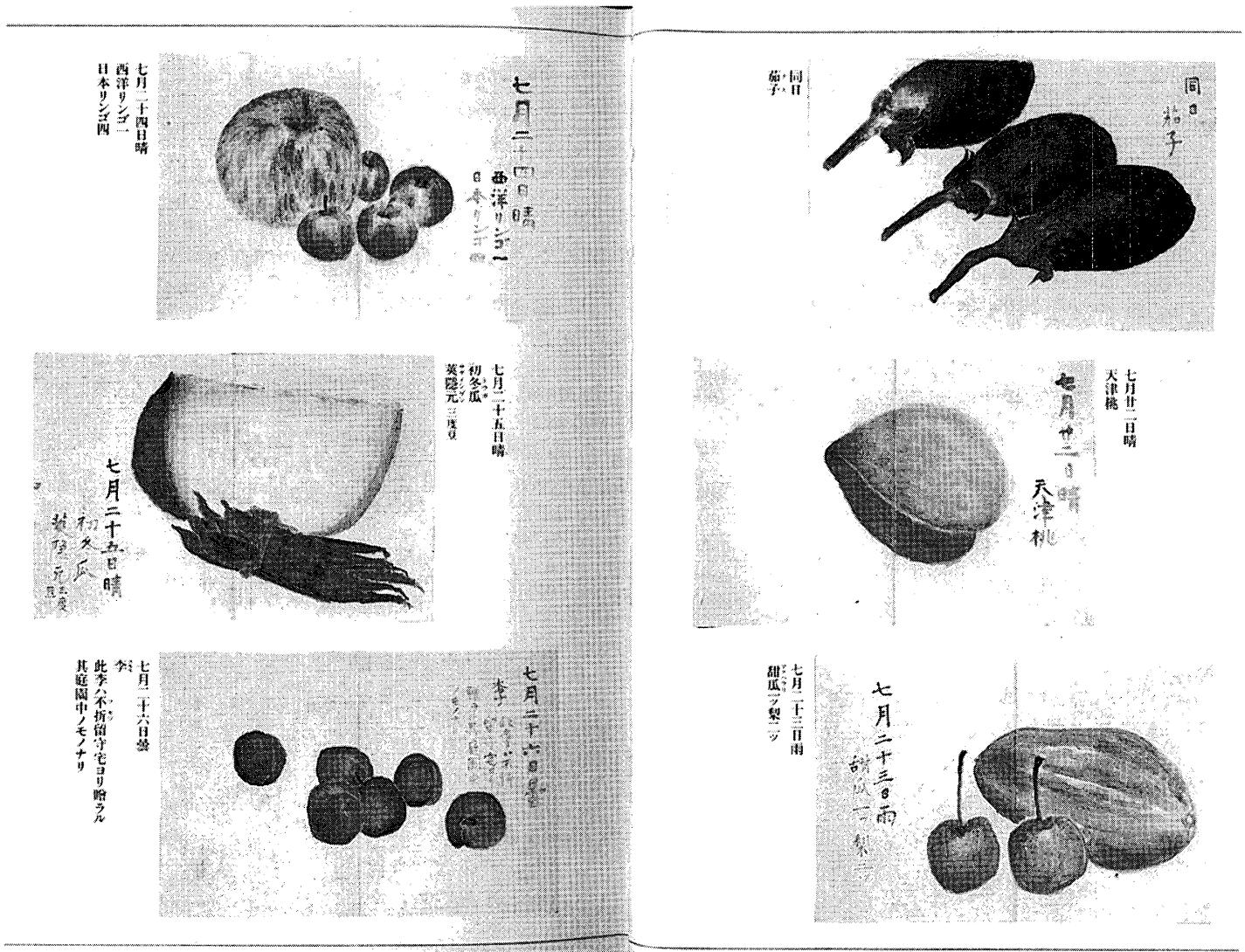
Besides writing his diary, Shiki had also started making water-color sketches and found pure pleasure there. Unlike his professional work with words, which required conscious control, painting for Shiki was the work of an amateur who could be utterly absorbed in its pleasure. It provided him with the sense of freedom and the unique sense of visual reality, which we observe in the water-colour paintings he made between June and August in the last year of his life.

See Picture 32

The top, on the right, are three darkly purple Japanese *nasu*, neither egg-plants nor aubergines, much more juicy, with unique taste and flavour, and they are delicious when cooked, grilled or pickled. The picture has such an alluring colour and fresh-and-plumpy reality. *Nasu* has been one of the Japanese people's favourite vegetables, for its colour, its taste, and the feeling when its soft body releases its juice at the touch of our teeth.

At the top, on the left, is the arrangement of a big Western apple and some small Japanese apples (the sizes, now, seem the other way around).

Picture 32



Kudamono-cho ('A Sketchbook of Fruits')

Look at the vegetables under them: *Saya-ingen*, or Chinese haricot-beans in sheafs. There is reality, even humorous reality, in their green, rough and bulky but orderly grouping in a bundle. What is perhaps more striking is the contrast between the green skin and the almost dripping, juicy whiteness of the slice of *touga*, which is one of the many kinds of Japanese gourd, a vegetable which used to be cooked as a refreshing, ordinary summer dish but which is not so often seen in cities now. There is a similar reality in the picture of a cut *kyuri* (Japanese cucumber, another kind of gourd). 'To represent a cut section of a Japanese cucumber... and to take such pains to represent the freshness as if beady juice is just oozing from it, is what a professional painter would never dream of!' commented the influential painter Chu Asai with a deep surprise, when he returned from Paris and saw Shiki's water-colours, *Kudamono-cho* ('A Sketchbook of Fruits'). 'This is why a professional cannot despise an amateur!' Shiki smiled, very happy.

Shiki painted more water-colours, and here is a picture from *Kusabana-cho* ('A Sketchbook of Plants and Flowers').

See Picture 33

This again looks different. A morning-flower he loved so much is represented with the best colour he could produce, and with elegant and graceful, natural lines and curves.

From all those experiences of writing letters, his sick-bed diary, his *haiku*, *waka*, and water-colours, Shiki gained new freedom, new stimulation, and he did write some prose and put it in print, even after writing 'I am no good any more.' How did he gain power? And what did he see, lying in his bed, and looking at his room, his small garden, and whatever came into his view?

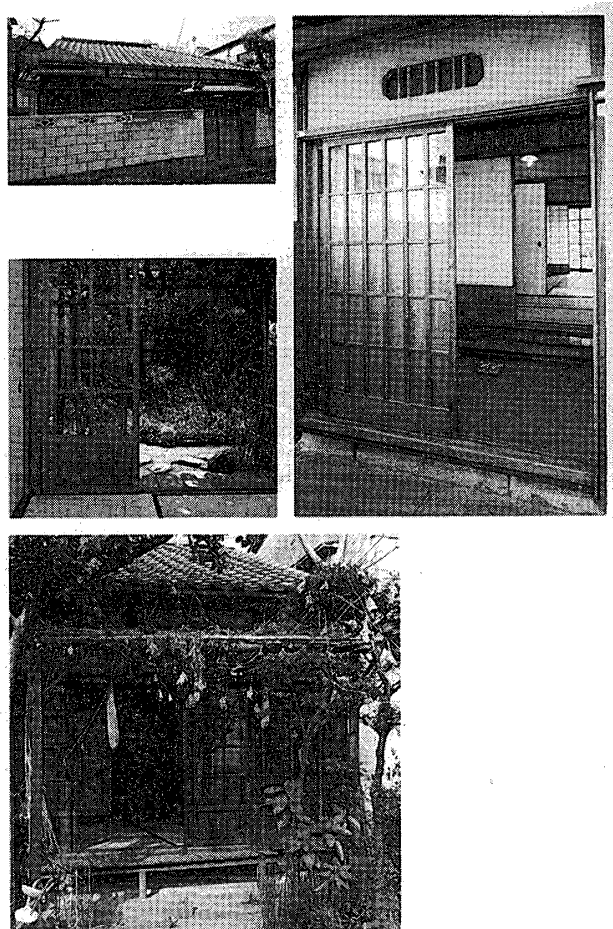
To find the answer for it, I felt I had to visit Shiki's house in Tokyo, where he lived, wrote, painted and died in bed.

See Picture 34

Picture 33



Picture 34



子規庵
東京都台東区根岸2丁目の子規旧居。ここで歌会や句会が行われた。

Shiki-an, his final home

* * * * *

(What follows is the quotation from Masako Hirai, 'The Sky from Shiki's Room', *Now, to Be!*, pp. 52-55.)

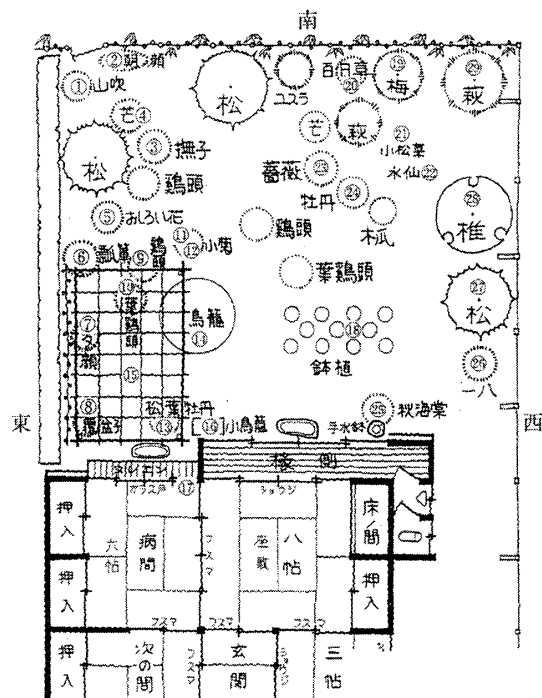
Shiki's last house at Negishi, Tokyo, was located in the quiet traditional neighbourhood of small houses, between the Ueno mountains and the traditional entertainment area, and the subway on the Yamate line could be heard intermittently even during Shiki's days. The house was one of the coupled buildings for rent, which used to be inhabited by lower-class *samurai* during the Edo Era²⁸⁾ which immediately preceded Shiki's time. It had a sitting room, a small bed-room (Shiki's room), two more still-smaller bed-rooms (his mother's and his sister's), a tiny kitchen and a modest little garden with a few trees and plants, which Shiki cared for. Shiki was twenty-eight when he moved into this house, having quit Tokyo University and started his career as a journalist and critic two years earlier, and here he spent his last eight years, except during his brief visit to China as a war-correspondent which ended with his coughing up blood, his hospitalization at Kobe, and several months' rest with Souseki at Matsuyama. Soon after he returned to Tokyo, Shiki was forced to stay in bed, so for six and a half years he lay and suffered increasing, almost interminable pains. He continued to write *haiku*, essays and criticisms which laid the foundation for modern haiku and influenced poetry in general, and he made those water-colours, whose secret I wanted to find in his room.

See Picture 35 and 36

It was a cloudless day both on the fourth and fifth of May, when I visited Shiki's house which is now a museum. I carefully took off my shoes and stepped up into the small entrance. Right in front, I could see the sitting room, which must have been packed when as many as 22 people gathered to make *haiku*, as in Izan's picture. From this sitting room Shiki's bed-room could be observed, but on the threshold stood the sign, "Do Not Enter." It was a sacred room where the poet died. Fortunately, I was granted special permission to enter the room after the museum was closed.

As soon as I entered the room, I lay down, first imitating Shiki's posture in the photograph on display. He was lying on his right side, as his left side and hip finally had seven open wounds oozing pus, while his left knee, bent, could never be stretched for the pain. From this terribly limiting position I first observed the blue, blue sky which took up as much as two-thirds of the view, both from the open-space and through the glass slide-doors which Kyoshi managed to get for him. Since his padded bedding was laid out flat on the *tatami* floor, he looked up and had a view which was unimaginable to anybody in the

Picture 35



Picture 36

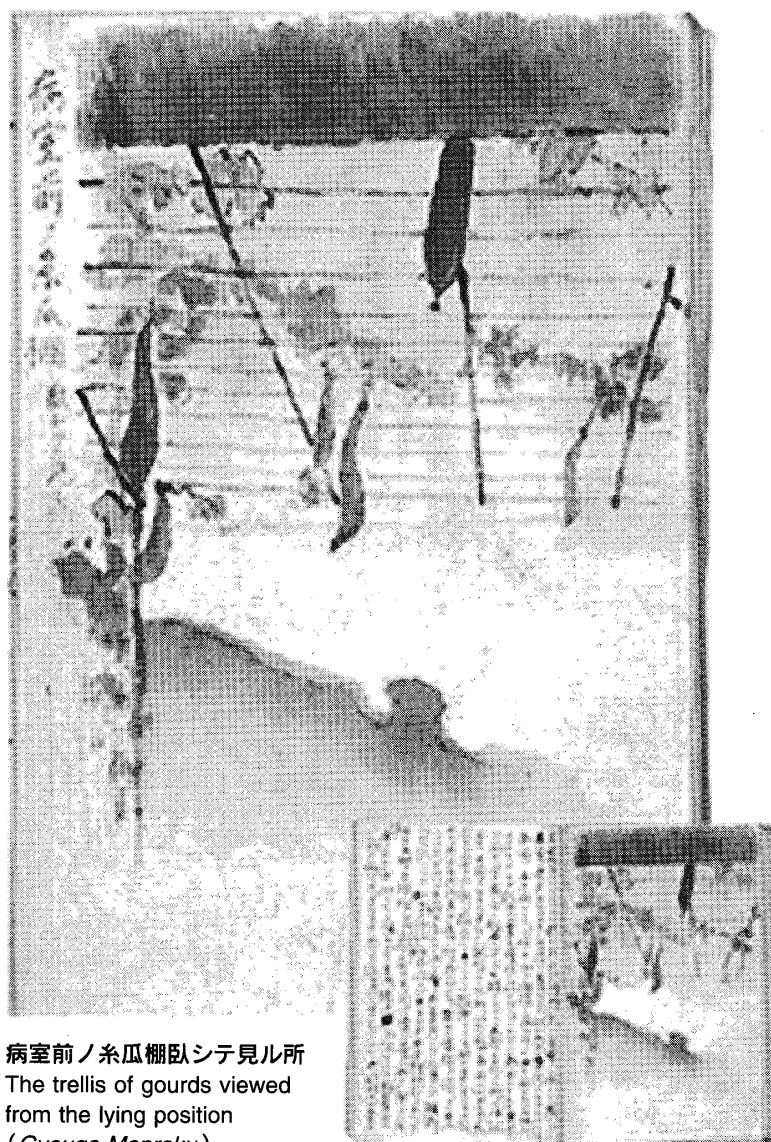


standing or sitting position in the room, or to anybody outdoors for that matter. I took out my notebook and a fountain-pen, but my right hand was numbed by pain from being pressed against the *tatami*-matted floor. I decided to lie back, slightly lifting up my left side and hip.

See Picture 37

In this way I observed and sketched the sky, the over-hanging trellis of bamboo branches

Picture 37



病室前ノ糸瓜棚臥シテ見ル所
The trellis of gourds viewed
from the lying position
(*Gyouga-Manroku*)

which cut out triple rows of blue squares or trapezoids in the sky, which must have impressed Shiki with the perspective, the square window-panes which also lined up neatly to show the blue sky, and the green shrubbery which looked so low and small though it was near. The room was half in shadow, with slanting sunbeams lighting up, as if to carve out, the rush mesh of the *tatami* and emphasizing its black-cloth borders which divide the floor. What was most amazing was the blueness and brightness of the sky which seemed to come through the great space full of light dancing in the breeze. Something shook in the sky—only a few leaves on the trellis, but, oh, how they danced in the breeze, so free and full of light.

All this while I sketched, holding my notebook tightly in my left hand. To keep it up required an effort. If Shiki wanted to draw a flower, he held it together with his drawing board in his grip. My drawing was frequently interrupted by the drying-up of the pen because I had to hold it upwards, lying back on the floor. Constantly I had to shake the fountain-pen

to let the ink down. Shiki must have had a similar problem, and I realized how much trouble and patience went into Shiki's dipping his brush or asking somebody else to do it for him. My neck and shoulders began to ache, and my hands and elbows were getting stiff, but I was determined to sketch at least for half an hour so that I could have an inkling of what it must have been for Shiki to 'lie and record'—the meaning of *Gyōga-Manroku*.

See Picture 38 and 39

Then I recalled that in his self-portrait Shiki drew himself on his hands and knees,

Picture 38



Picture 39



holding up a brush, to paint a picture. He also painted a mantis which, with big eyes, long, shackled knees and a large bottom showing through its wings, held up its sickle-hand as if about to bring it down—a symbolic resemblance of his own painting figure. Facing the garden, I lay on my front and raised myself a little, dragging the stiff and crooked knee which, I knew, gave Shiki so much pain. My hands, supporting most of my weight, it seemed, soon got numbed, and sharp, electric pains ran through the elbows when I pulled each out, one at a time, to shake it. If he took up this position during the earlier period of his lying-and-painting, he could not do so towards the end, when his sister or friend had to hold up a drawing board for him.

There are contrastive views of Shiki's diary. Some people are attracted by his cheerfulness, simplicity and courage. Others emphasize the long suffering, loneliness and self-pity which illness brought. A critic points out its painful effect as Shiki's 'freezing detachment', even in his essay on his once favourite walk. An earlier romantic critic, some twenty years after Shiki, interpreted the effect as the "beautiful refraction" of his eyes which turned his illness into a symbolic sacrifice to the spirit of his age: the devotion of his finer, poetic talent to the 'almost-futile effort' of living in an age which demanded prose, the Meiji Era with its symbolic Emperor demanding service. Unfortunately, I do not have space to discuss the historical context, but I have something to say about Shiki's life which cannot be written off as a heroic, romantic sacrifice. It is not the 'distortion' of his vision but his simple, straight communication with the sky that I observed from his prostrate position in his room. This was no escapism, nor mere naivete, as I shall illustrate below.

I find a terrible simplicity both in *Gyōga-Manroku* and some other essays in which Shiki describes his illness and the view from his room.

I lie down again, exhausted by having the bandages changed. 'Today is so warm, shall I clean your room?' Mother asks. I agree. Mother lays out another bedding in the sitting room, and says, 'You go.' The mere distance of 2 yards seems like 4,000km, which daunts me. Eventually I make up my mind, raise myself and manage to be on all fours. But my left leg is immovable because of the pain. I put a 'foot-pillow', about the size of a foot, under the left knee-joint, and drag myself thus, inch by inch. Having crossed the dangerous threshold, I meet no accident on the way before I reach the bedding in the sitting room. I climb into the *futon*²⁹⁾ and lie down, this time putting my feet towards the paper slide-doors [towards the garden] and my pillow in the north. After this unusual exercise I suddenly feel hunger, I am glad. Mother stands abstracted on the edge of my room, looking outside, with a broom in her hands with which she meant to sweep the floor. 'I hear the voices of the athletic meet at Ueno,' she mutters to herself.

(Shiki, 'My Illness'—translation, mine)

Here is something like a magnified view of a wounded fly, doing a desperate exercise to reach his goal. No heroism, no romanticism, not even self-pity exists in this simple recording of details, though they appeal to us as powerful reality. What a sigh of relief and achievement when he reaches the *futon*! Not far from him, his mother stands abstracted, looking outside with a broom in her hands, and mutters half to herself about the voices of young athletes she hears in the distance. Something in this mother, and in the space behind her, surpasses all ideas and sentiments. She has stood by and watched, helplessly, all the sufferings and endeavours her son has gone through. She no longer cries dramatically at loss or gain, but simply cares for her son and takes and feels each day as it is given. It is the voice and soul of such a mother we hear in the words: 'I hear the voice of the athletic meet....' Are the mother and the son jealous of the athletes? Do the young voices give them pain and despair? I do not think so. As if forgetting his daily pains and crumpled-up state, the mother and the son look up at the brilliant sky, breathing the air through which the voices come. There are ripples of freedom and gratitude in the air. The moment must have dropped upon Shiki's extraordinary simple, human mind which could be 'glad' with the 'hunger from this unusual exercise'. The mother's abstracted figure, her simple words, and Shiki's eyes which involuntarily follow her eyes into space, I believe, compose one of the most memorable images in Japanese prose.

In another essay Shiki describes his garden. At first the garden was small and almost bare, with a few ordinary trees and flowers brought by his neighbours, but he calls it 'my heaven and earth' when he returns to it after a year, having survived serious hemoptysis on his return from China. He also names his last short essays 'Sick-Bed, 6-*syaku*' (about 6 feet) to signify his world, now confined to the size of his bed.

The garden now has a more appealing shade, than last year, and one or two crooked clumps of white chrysanthemums bloom in their wild fashion. Facing this view and recalling the days gone by, I am overwhelmed with emotions. My frail body overcome by the joy of simply having survived, I mutter a chanting-prayer, but tears fall unawares. These ordinary flowers, and this little, cramped garden—how could I dream of their moving me so much!

(Shiki, 'My Little Garden'—my translation)

On the one hand, his world is extremely small; on the other, he claims he has found 'heaven and earth' in his garden. I believe it was not only the relief of his survival that made

him think so. Neither did he escape into a sentimental or aesthetic world centred on himself. Some of us have had the experience of watering a flower-pot which looks dead, just continuing to tend it in case it is alive, and oh! The surprise and joy one day when we notice a young shoot, frail but with tiny green leaves. “Well done, little plant. You are beautiful!” we cry. Here is a cue to Shiki’s experience.

In those ‘one or two crooked clumps of white chrysanthemums’ Shiki discovered heaven and earth, for “recalling the days gone by” also meant recalling the days when those chrysanthemums persevered through the seasons, living unknown, and bloomed with such ‘wild’ vitality, to meet his return. He wept because he was moved. In those one or two chrysanthemums Shiki found eyes to see all life on earth, which breathes in the air and light under the unbounded sky.

Obviously Shiki did not always see the blue sky. *Gyōga-Manroku* records his death-wish, in the drawing of a knife and an awl, with the words, ‘Kohaku says, Come.’ However, the sky he saw, lying and recording it, was spacious, vivid and full of light. Breathing this light and this air of freedom, Shiki’s flowers and his literature *lived*.

* * * * *

Here, I find Shiki’s response to Souseki’s earlier claim that ‘the Idea’ (思想) is more important than the rhetoric. This *was* ‘the Idea’ which Shiki’s literature expressed.

(Conclusion)

The difference between the characters of Shiki and Souseki, in the thirteen years of their correspondence convinces me that Shiki was primarily a man of ‘experience’ rather than of knowledge or ‘ideas’ which one gets from books. Certainly Shiki read a great deal of literature, especially a great number of poems, both old and contemporary. Certainly he wrote criticisms and essays which proposed radical ideas for modern *haiku*, modern *waka*, modern prose... but they also seem to me primarily the means and products of his experience. In a way, Shiki did have an ‘idea’ or many ‘ideas’. He was a man of ‘ideas’, but they were the ideas which came from his experience, from his inspiration, and from his reaction to other ideas and styles of art.

When I say, in a way, Shiki did have an ‘idea’, what I consider most important is his idea of ‘shasei’—to mirror life, to catch the image of life in nature. It almost became equivalent to ‘recording life’ because the experience of recording or sketching real life in nature could absorb his mind and heart so much that there was *nothing in his mind or heart to obstruct his vision of life*. I would call that poetic state of mind ‘mushin’ (nothing in mind or heart).

Although the word comes from Buddhist religion, it could be used for the artistic state of mind as such. 'The mind and heart with nothing to obstruct the vision of life' can catch or mirror the image of life. That could be called Shiki's final answer to Souseki's earlier criticism that Shiki's writing had no 'idea' but only rhetoric.

As Shiki developed his idea of 'shasei', so Souseki discovered his idea of 'tolerance' or 'generosity', as the essential meaning of 'humanity' which, he believed, belonged to everybody in the East and the West, or in Japan and in England. 'Humanity' is a Western idea, and so is 'democracy' or 'equality', though he must have sought something similar in downtown Tokyo where the traditional *Edo* culture had matured and produced arts which represented certain elements of human emotions and voices against social restrictions and where modernization was spreading most quickly. In Tokyo itself, however, he could not help finding a large gap between traditional culture and modernization, which, if Japan was to proceed towards hope in the future, must follow the essential or real 'ideas' of Western culture, rather than its superficial prosperity or power-struggle which produced injustice and inequality. Once out of Tokyo, he found the larger gap between the cultures which produced no good results. Those were his daily experiences outside his books, and we can see how much he needed, or wished he had, 'tolerance' in this world of confusion, injustice and superficiality. The irony is that, when he went to London and had the chance to observe Japan from outside, he had the worst experience of meeting the gap between the cultures, because what Western culture *could be* was nowhere to be seen in London. What he experienced, Western culture *as it was*, was worse to him because it made him feel as if even 'the idea' of equality did not include the Japanese, the Oriental, and the poor. Even so, as a naturally intellectual person, he struggled to find a bridge, something which could support his strongest, almost instinctive belief in 'humanity', and was almost torn apart between the cultures—not necessarily between England and Japan nor simply between the Japanese tradition and the new English ideas, but between what the Western and Japanese ideas *could be* and what modern culture was heading for. However, the bridge he did find in London, which appeared in an unexpectedly unrefined, yet 'honest' and 'affable' human shape, was again 'tolerance' and 'generosity', which he might not have discovered to himself if he had not written that letter to Shiki, and if he had not developed the 'habit' of 'simply recording the image in his mind' in *haiku* particularly, and seeking Shiki's guidance in practice. (The End)

注)

- 1) Souseki Natsume (1867–1916) is the great novelist of the Meiji period, whose works remain living classics of the modern Japanese novel. His fiction begins with *I Am a Cat*, a witty, satirical novel based on his life as a misanthropic university lecturer, and includes romantic-comic autobiographical novels,

philosophical travel essays, and still more sophisticated, psychologically complex novels, such as *Wayfarer* and *Light and Darkness*, which portray modern man's moral and emotional struggles.

Born in downtown Tokyo as the youngest son, Souseki was adopted by another family but later returned to his parents. From early on, he loved Chinese classics but studied English in the high school and university (Tokyo University), where he met Shiki. Souseki, after lecturing in a university in Tokyo and then in high schools away from Tokyo, was sent to London for several years to study English. He was a professor of English literature in Tokyo University before he became a novelist.

Shiki Masaoka (1867–1902)—‘Shiki’ was the poet’s pen-name, meaning ‘*hototogisu*’ (little cuckoo). He started using this name after he coughed up blood from tuberculosis and identified himself with the bird which sings until it bleeds to death. He is generally regarded as the founder of modern *haiku*, in that he emphasized the importance of ‘sketching natural life’, though earlier Basho (1644–94) had established *haiku* as an aesthetic and meditative art. Following Shiki’s advice, his disciple Kyoshi started the nationwide literary journal *Hototogisu* in 1897, which heralded the beginning of modern *haiku*. Shiki could be a forerunner of modern Japanese literature as well as modern *haiku*, because he wrote for the public on newspapers and journals, presenting his original ideas against orthodox views, and stimulated his readers, in different parts of Japan, to write *haiku* and prose in the manners he proposed.

- 2) All the following quotations are the translations, from Japanese to English, by Masako Hirai. The text of the letters used here is from Shigeki Wada, ed., *Souseki-Shiki: The Letters Between* (Iwanami Books, 2002).
- 3) The nationwide literary journal, started in 1897 by Kyoshi, Shiki’s disciple, with Shiki’s general leadership and advice.
- 4) Souseki wrote English words, sometimes using *katakana* (one of the two styles of Japanese writing which represent the mere sounds or pronunciation of words) as here, and at other times spelling them, using alphabet, as in ‘Good morning’, and ‘two pence Tube’.
- 5) C. f. De Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*
- 6) Thomas Warton, *The History of English Poetry, from the Close of the Eleventh to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century*, 4 vols. (London: Dodsley, 1774–81)
- 7) Koutaro Tanaka (1872–950), son of a merchant in Yokohama, who was studying the practice of international trade in Europe in 1901. Returning to Japan, he established a trading company.
- 8) Mary Edghill (1854–?), author of *The Crown of Women, and Other Sacred Songs*, and several other books, married to a clergyman of the army.
- 9) The revolt in Manchuria against the Japanese control in 1900.
- 10) At first Souseki became an auditor at University College, London, but before long he opted for taking a private lesson once a week from Dr. W. J. Craig (1843–1906), a Shakespearean.
- 11) Sir Henry Irving (1838–1905), the top Shakespeare actor of the time; Lyceum Theatre, mentioned before, was made famous by Irving and Ellen Terry.
- 12) Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the Shakespeare actor who could rival Irving
- 13) In his letter to his wife (Dec. 26, 1900), Souseki reports that he has moved from what’s the equivalent of Koishikawa to what’s the equivalent of Fukagawa, both of which are far from the city-centre, that is, he has moved from the north-west to the south-east.
- 14) In one of the major repertoires of *kabuki* (the classic Japanese popular theatre), *Meiboku-Sendai-Hagi*, the ferocious-looking Danjo, plotting to take over the lord’s castle and men, makes a dramatic appearance up through a hole on the stage, with an invisible lift below.
- 15) The *Edo* culture, belonging to the period ruled by the *samurai*-class *bakufu* located in *Edo* (the former name for Tokyo) was a productive mixture of merchant-class and popular culture such as exquisite

arts of carpentry, woodwork, metalwork, textiles, *kabuki* (it has been compared with Shakespeare theatre), *yose* (comic dramatic speech, music and other art performances), *yoruri* (puppet-drama and chorus-music), which represented ordinary people's sense of justice, sympathy and passion, and the ethical education of *samurai* through the study of *kanbun* (classic Chinese philosophy and literature in the original text but read out and pronounced as part of Japanese—a sort of simultaneous translation which literally follows the text but changes the word-orders). At its best, the spirit of the *Edo* culture was the honesty, generosity and quick action of the ordinary people and the *noblesse oblige* of the samurai-class which, however, was criticized for its corruption towards the end of their rule.

- 16) 'ominaeshi', with yellow blossoms, grows wild in the field and along the brooks and is a poetic image in Japan as one of 'the seven plants of fall'. See Picture 3.
- 17) a 'kudzu' vine which grows on the mountain-paths and valleys, from which starch is made to produce cakes and gruels
- 18) Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881); Souseki this year wrote an English composition, 'My Friends in the [sic.] School', which mentions he met Carlyle in his dream.
- 19) Matthew Arnold, *Literature and Dogma* (1873) was in Souseki's library.
- 20) Kouson Aeba (1855–1922), a novelist and drama critic, writing satiric and humorous pieces in a style close to traditional popular writing
- 21) C. f. 'Ruskin was one of the most remarkable of men, not only of England and our time, but of all countries and all times. He was *one of those rare men who think with their hearts*, [italics, mine] and so he thought and said not only what he himself had seen and felt, but what everyone will think and say in the future.'—Tolstoy
- 22) See Toshihiko Matsui, *Masaoka Shiki: Man and Work*, 27–57.
- 23) Professor Kume; another teacher is compared to a boorish soldier.
- 24) To modern Japanese, the most popular anthology of *waka* (poems consisting of 5-7-5-7-7 syllables) is *Hyakunin-issyu* ('One Poem Each by A Hundred Poets') which starts with the *waka* by Emperor Tenchi (626–71), so every educated individual, without any particular interest in poetry, knew at least Tenchi's poem. When this businessman asked, 'Can you do that business of Emperor Tenchi?' he meant 'Can you make *waka*?', but the impact on Souseki was ironic.
- 25) Fusetsu Nakamura (1866–1943), a painter and calligrapher, and a friend of Shiki's
- 26) Raphael Collin (1850–1916), a French painter who applied the Impressionist technique for representing the outdoor light. Kiyoteru Kuroda, Keiichiro Kume, Fusetsu Nakamura and other Japanese painters studying in France at the time took his lessons.
- 27) See the book, *Now, to Be!: Shiki's Haiku Moments for Us Today* (U-Time Pub., 2003), edited by myself, which contains Shiki's 'sick-bed diary' with his water-colour sketches, my students' English translation, and my essay on Shiki's prose and view of life from bed. See Picture 24.
- 28) Edo Era (1600–1867)—The Tokugawa government of *samurai* leaders ruled Japan.
- 29) *futon*—bedding padded with cotton and covered with cloth, to be laid on *tatami*

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