Kyle Michael James Shuttleworth
Rikkyō Uiversity
Sayaka Shuttleworth

Middle School

Watsuji Tetsurō 和辻哲郎

ORIGINAL TITLE: 「自叙伝の試み：中学生」[Attempt at an Autobiography: Middle School]『和辻哲郎全集』[Complete works of Watsuji Tetsurō] (Tokyo: Iwanami Shoten, 1961–1978), 18: 266–332.

KEYWORDS: Byron—Fujimura Misao—Himeji—Keats—Meiji literature—Natsume Sōseki—Russo-Japanese War—Tennyson—Tokutomi Roka—Tokyo exposition—Uozumi Kageo—Watsuji Tetsurō—Yosano Akiko

Watsuji Tetsurō

Middle School

Translated by Kyle Michael James Shuttleworth and Sayaka Shuttleworth

After the summer break of Meiji 33 [1900], my older brother, who was a fourth year student at Himeji Middle School, lodged at Gokan boarding house, which was at Hokujōguchi in Himeji, and my older male cousin Kiyoshi in first year started boarding at the middle school. Therefore, it was only myself that commuted on foot every day for the route of about six kilometers. Although I did not feel especially sad, as I was already accustomed to it, it was quite a burden for an eleven-year-old to make a six kilometer round trip every day. Not only was it a burden physically, in terms of time it was more than three hours return, and on days when I was a little tired, it took about four hours. So there was no time for me to play carefree like a child.

This was quite a significant change for me. It had already been a year since I stopped playing with the children whom I was familiar with from my village; even when I returned after a year and a few months, I did not make any effort to restore these relationships. My old classmates had started helping with work around their houses, doing half a man's work, and as such it was impossible for me to play with children my own age. So, even whilst living in my own village, I was not a member of the village children. In fact, I would leave the house at around 6:30 am, reside in the town of Himeji during the majority of the day, and return home tired close to sunset in the evening, so I did not even have the opportunity to actually meet with the village children.

Nor could I join a group of children from Himeji. Indeed, the class of second year students of Himeji Higher Primary School consisted of children from the city of Himeji. Even the children who were not born in Himeji were city boys, even more so than those from Himeji, since they were the children of the people who were working at a school, regiment, or tribunal, and born in Tokyo, Osaka, and the like. Although I only had contact with such children in the classroom, and spent some time with them inside and out of the temple where the classroom was, I had never been to any of their houses or played with them around Himeji city. That is to say, having spent the day time with the city children, I never really got together with any of them. The burden of having to walk home for close to two hours after school prevented me from doing that. Not only did I not go to my new classmates' houses, but I never even called at Gokan boarding house where my older brother was lodging. The reason why I remember the name of the house is because my older brother frequently told me rumors about it. In this way, I was rarely in the city of Himeji after sunset. This meant that I never became accustomed to city life.

In this way, I was no longer one of the village children, nor was I able to join the city children. That is to say, the time and energy that would shape friendships with people around my age was instead spent on the daily commute of over six kilometers. Of course, at that time I never thought about the significance this would have for my personality and fate. Firstly, I never expected that kind of situation to last long enough to influence my personality or fate. After all, I intended to take the entrance examination for middle school in March of the following year. The rule that allowed one to enrol in a middle school after finishing the second year in an upper primary school was first implemented around that year, so the people around me and myself were thinking of utilizing it in the following year. I vaguely expected that once I started middle school, I would be staying in a boarding house or lodging like my older brother and older male cousin before me. However, it did not go as I expected, and after I started middle school in the following year the same situation continued. One reason was because it was bothersome to change the arrangement, but another reason was because my mother preferred it that way. It is not that I did not try to tell her that I wanted to join a boarding house, as I could no longer bear all that walking, but my mother answered that she felt reassured by my presence, even if I was home only

at night, and desired that I continued commuting from our home. As for the help which my parents employed, in that period both males and females were commuting from their own houses rather than staying at ours. So at night, it was only my grandfather in his seventies, my parents, a younger sister of ten years, another younger sister, and myself. If there was a medical emergency in the middle of the night, and someone would wake my father by knocking on our door, my father would get the person who had called to wake the nearby rickshaw puller, and while the rickshaw puller was getting ready, my father would also prepare to go out. After that, my mother would stay for a while next to my grandfather, the two toddlers, and myself. Of course, my grandfather, the toddlers, and I did not wake in such a situation. We would only listen to those noises while half asleep. But in such a scenario, having a boy of already fourteen or fifteen years of age sleeping nearby, was very reassuring for a mother carrying a baby. I finally realized what my mother meant. For the first time, I felt that I could understand what it meant for my village classmates to already be doing half a man's work so well. So, when I heard my mother's wishes, I readily withdrew my suggestion and resolved to continue walking to school from my home. In this way, for a long period of around five and a half years, until I turned seventeen, I spent three or four hours of time and energy on that route every day.

Then, what kind of route was it that I spent a great amount of time and energy on, and which caused me to abandon the opportunity to become a city kid?

Before reaching the plains where the city of Himeji lies, the valley of the river Ichi, which flows through the middle of Banshū, becomes narrow just like the neck of a *sake* bottle. Hills of roughly two-hundred meters in height close in from the east and west, and at no point is the distance between them more than five or six hundred meters, including the width of the river Ichi. Such a narrow passage only continues for about two kilometers from the north to the south: if one heads north, the valley soon widens to three or four kilometers, and further upstream it becomes six or seven kilometers wide, so this narrow section really looks like the neck of a *sake* bottle. My birth village, Nibuno, is placed just before the neck of the *sake* bottle, therefore, looking from the village, the valley of the river Ichi goes far and wide to the north side while the mountains interrupt the line of sight in the nearby south. In terms of landscape, my village is inside the valley. However, when

self-governing villages were created in the Meiji era, my village was connected to the downstream village, not the upstream village. The downstream village is that of Tohori, which lies just on the neck of the *sake* bottle. The south edge of Tohori village was originally extremely close to the town area of Himeji. So now Tohori village is incorporated into Himeji city and the village I was born lies on the north-eastern edge of the city. Therefore, the paths that I walked in the old days are now all within Himeji city. However, this does not mean that the places where fields and forests once spread widely have now become a messy city area, where there is no trace of the old times, as we see in the suburbs of Tokyo. Although it has changed, if one looks for remnants of old times, one can find them.

Speaking of having changed, the main road that was running along the green of the river bank and the foot of the mountains, in order not to waste farming land, has now become a paved road which runs straight through the middle of the fields, and has buses driving along it. The roadside has large factories and hospitals here and there. The number of village houses on the roadside has probably also doubled since the old times. Also the railway, which went into operation when I was a child, and which only did a few round trips each day, is now crossed by trains in both directions, and the number of stations is also increasing. It seems that almost nobody walks, except for short distances.

However, now that I try to remember the scenery of those times, even if the houses on the roadside increased, the countryside scenery of carefully cultivated fields still remains almost the same. Especially from afar, we can say that the change is relatively small. From around my village, looking upstream towards the valley of the river Ichi, you can see several mountains in the distance with Mt Kasagata at their center. Although they are low mountains, of less than one thousand meters, it is still impressive that one can see them from twenty kilometers away. This distant view would disappear once you reach the middle of the above mentioned bottleneck, but before it disappears, from the south entrance of the bottleneck, the outline of White Heron castle [Himeji castle] comes into sight. It became visible around the village of the temple of Takeda Junshin, who was my classmate from Tohori Primary School. Such a distant view cannot be seen when the air is not clear, but perhaps it was the same in the old times too. The shapes of the mountains standing there like a folding screen on the east and west of

the bottleneck have not changed at all, I think. In particular, even if a new road has been built, the path that I walked in those days remains the same, so one could still tread on it just like in the old times.

The path that I walked on after going out of the village was the main road along the edge of the river, on the outskirts of the farmland. I walked with the distant view of Mt Kasagata in the background, looking at the rapid current of river Ichi on the left-hand side, and along the stream of irrigated water of Tohori village. I made a round trip on this path every day for the four years I commuted to the common primary school. Cows that were kept by the village were grazing on the grass that grew up to the river bank. My primary school was just one kilometer away, but it felt much further when I was a primary school student. As the commute to Himeji continued for a long time, I began wishing for a shortcut and some kind of change, and therefore when I walked I would look for alternative routes than the main road. I would sometimes go on the railway line, or other times I would go as straight as possible on the ridge between the rice fields. The kinds of canals which irrigated my village farmland would naturally come into sight.

After passing the primary school, one enters the previously mentioned bottleneck, as the main road passes between houses that are at the foot of the mountain on the west side, it curves quite windingly. So, I would stop walking on the main road in most cases and follow the railway line, or take the narrow country road through the village where Takeda Junshin's temple was, and then head out to the main road on the east side. This main road ran parallel with the main road that ran through my village, leading to Himeji from the north between the villages on the east side of the river Ichi, but the river Ichi flows below the cliff of the mountains on the east side at the previously mentioned narrow bottleneck, and it would be unavoidable to cross to the west side of the river running below the weir on the west coast. No matter which path I chose, it was about two kilometers to the outskirts of the bottleneck. I also sometimes tried to follow the ridge between the rice fields here, but I do not think it was much of a short cut.

On the outskirts of the bottleneck, there is a water-intake of the stream from river Senba that goes out to the west of Himeiji castle. This river seems to have played the role of irrigating the farmland on the outer wall of Himeji city, as well as a canal about four kilometers from the castle town of Himeji and the harbor of Shikama. Although it was no longer functioning as a canal

when I knew it, it was the largest irrigation channel that took in water from river Ichi. So this river was quite prominent. The main roads on the east and west would come close to the river and were only two or three hundred meters away. Therefore, even if you walk along the main street on the west side, or along the railway track, it was normal to move to the main street on the east to cross river Senba at this point.

I think the main street on the east was a little wider than the main street on the west. Without going into the subunit of the village, if you look at the place where they connect, it might have been a new road after the Meiji era. Although there were no other roads around there than the main road, if you go about one kilometer, you will come across a wide riverbank called Dainichi. At that time, there were no buildings around this riverbank, just some grassy wasteland between the sandy beach and grass plots. As the main road diverts into a large semi-circle over the weir, we would leave the main road and cut straight across the riverbank. Since it was about one kilometer, it was a fairly wide riverbank.

This riverbank was wide in the area where the sandy beach and grass plot were, but the area where cobblestones were lined up was also quite wide. At that time, cow-hide was tanned on the riverbank stones, and I think that tanned hide was a speciality of Himeji. I remember hearing the rumor that during the Russo-Japanese War, they took a Russian troop prisoner there who knew well about tanned skin to teach them. Also, after the war, about half of this riverbank became a pig farm and rubbish from Himeji city was taken there. However, until that happened, this riverbank wasteland was a place that stirred-up children's imaginations. In parts of the wasteland, there were traces from when it had been cultivated into a farm, fragments of the weir which seemed to have been built at that time remained. A few years later, I was practicing a handstand and fractured my leg on such fragments from the weir. In this region, uncultivated land is so rare that its crudeness may have stimulated my imagination. I dreamed of constructing a paradise where boys could get together to play pretend wars and run wild, doing whatever they wanted.

If you cut across this riverbank, you would reach the original main road, which bypassed the weir. About a kilometer from there, the main road led straight through the cultivated land to the side of the middle school.

The scenery of these roads would change depending on the season, such

as arable land turning to a paddy field from a wheat field, and from a rice field with waving rice plants back to a wheat field with ridges in orderly lines, but ultimately it is an extremely common road. However, what was worse is that I had no choice but to walk about half of the route on the main road. Although it was of course not paved like it is now, it became solidified by gravel being spread out every few years so the wheels of horse and cattle-led carts would not become stuck. Instead, from the weight of the cartwheels the grey powder of the broken stone and soil covered the surface of the main road with a thickness of several centimeters. If it rained appropriately, it would settle down as a sandy soil, but if the dry weather continued, it emerged on the surface of the road as if it were wheat flower. The powder of the soil seems different only in color to the red clay powder near Tokyo, but the delicate powder grain seemed to be much larger than the red soil powder grain. The proof is that when the wind blows and it soars into the sky, it does not go as high as the powder of the soil in Tokyo. It seems that the powder of red clay of Tokyo is not as small as the yellow grain of China, so compared to the rising cloud of yellow dust of China, the dust of Tokyo might not be special, but even still, when I first came out to Tokyo, I was quite surprised looking at the sky covered in dust from the parade ground of Aoyama and Yoyogi. Although I was used to seeing dust, I had never once experienced it covering the sky. Instead, the leaves of the rice plants in the fields on both sides of the road that were covered with grey dust had become completely white. Of course, our shoes and gaiters became full of dust from walking on the path. Even still, it was pretty easy, as it was the period that bicycles did not initiate dust as now. Additionally, probably because of the size of the dust particles, the nature of the mud when it rained was lighter and easier to deal with than the red clay mud of Tokyo. Not only that, once a little rain falls, the dust on the surface gets washed away, and the gravel and sand starts to show.

I spent a lot of time and energy walking back and forth on these roads every day, but it was not that there was no means of transportation to reduce time and energy. This route was mostly along the Bantan railway line, and there was a railway station in my village and right beside the middle school. If I had used it, I would have been able to eliminate the waste mentioned above. However, in those days, the manager of the railway did not take commuting students into consideration, and it did not seem that the school was

pleased with students using steam trains to commute. This is evident in the construction of the steam trains' timetable. The first train bound for Himeji from Shōno was to arrive at Kyōguchi station near the middle school after school had already began, that is, after 8:00 am. I think it was 8:08 at the earliest. It would not have been much trouble to make it ten or fifteen minutes earlier, but the railway did not make an effort to do so, nor did the school request any such amendment. If I arrived at the station near the middle school at 8:08 am, it would have been easy to arrive at the classroom by 8:10 am with a jog. However, when permission was requested to commute by steam train, the middle school principle, Mr Nagai Michiaki, apparently answered, "That is right, but who can guarantee that the train will arrive on time, and if you are always late, we cannot accept a way of commuting that we must expect you to be late in advance." Principle Nagai was a person who enthusiastically encouraged exercise, so he might have hoped that students would instead walk a route of five or six kilometers.

However, if that was the only reason, even if I could not use the train in the morning, I should have been able to use it on the way home after school, but the reason why I did not do that was because it felt terribly wasteful to use a normal ticket or book of tickets instead of a school commuter pass. Having said wasteful, it was seven *sen* between Himeji and Nibuno in those days, six *sen* between Kyōguchi and Nibuno, and when the price went up later, it was eight *sen* and nine *sen*. Or that might have been the time when the toll was introduced. However, when city trains were built in Tokyo in my third year in middle school, the train fare became the uniform price of three *sen* the following year, so the amount of six *sen* and seven *sen* before that was an incredibly high price. It was after I came to Tokyo that the train fare increased from three *sen* to four *sen*, but that mark-up of one *sen* caused a great deal of commotion. It was like that even in Tokyo, so it is natural that this train fare felt wasteful in the countryside a few years before. In comparison to the price of rice in those days, the transportation fee was much higher than now.

Even if that was not the case, at that time, horse-drawn coaches had been built and trains were starting to be made, but transportation was not developed enough for such vehicles to be used conveniently for commuting to school, and it was not uncommon to walk a route of five or six kilometers to school. Not to mention, it was natural for children to walk to school in

the countryside, as riding a vehicle itself was thought to be wasteful. Also, when it comes to walking, five or six kilometers was not out of the ordinary. In a world controlled by such common sense, neither the school nor the guardians sought to bring about the convenience of trains as a means of commuting to school. So I walked silently every day along the dusty main road parallel to the railway or the narrow path in the paddy field. This was my fate.

However, there were exceptions. Namely, when I went to the wholesale store for ingredients for Chinese medicine on my father's request. At that time, medicine was supplied to my house by Sanada's wholesale store, and sometimes the head clerk would visit to ask for our order and deliver the medicine, but in the case of noticing a shortage, or in the case of wanting to quickly order a certain medicine out of necessity, I was told to call at the store on the way back from school to get the medicine. Anyway, the wholesale store was located between Himeji station and Nikaimachi street, which was the busiest street in the city of Himeji. Although it was over one kilometer from school to the wholesaler, it was a short distance from the wholesale store to Himeji station. So, on the day I was ordered to do this task, I was able to take the train home with great pride.

The trains in those days only ran about three times in the afternoon, one passed around the time class was dismissed, and the last train passed after eight o'clock. Thus, I was only able to take the train that left Himeji station around 5:30 pm. So, on that day, I naturally had to hang around the bustling streets of Himeji for one or two hours. At that time, I was attracted to the bookstore in Nikaimachi. Initially, there was only Kimura Bookstore, but later, Nishimura Bookstore appeared in the neighborhood. As there was only one bookstore in Himeji city at that time, we were greatly excited by the opening of a second bookstore. I think one or two hours passed quickly when I went to the bookstore to look at the books and magazines on display.

Although the bookstores of Himeji used an agency in Osaka as an intermediary to order publications from Tokyo around that time, not all of the publications arrived. In my experience, when I entered upper middle school, there were quite a few things which I wanted that did not appear in the shop front of the bookstore. So, I could not necessarily understand the state of the publishing world at that time just from this shop front. However, as it was a quiet period, books which were published one or two years before

were still displayed on the shelf as new publications. Older publications may even have been mixed in. So I was able to see relatively many books there. Of course, there was no library to that extent in school. It was natural that the detached classroom, that rented a part of a temple, did not have a library, even the library for students in middle school was extremely poor and there was only one bookcase of two shelves with glass doors. In addition, the main content was an anthology of Japanese literature, which was a letterpress version of pre-middle age Japanese classics, so there was almost nothing that a middle school student wanted to read. I did not even use the library until I was a fourth year student, when I was made a member of the library committee. So as far as publications are concerned in those days, I gained an immeasurable benefit from the two bookstores.

This was the main stimulation that I received from the town of Himeji. Compared to the stimulation that children raised in Tokyo received from the bookstores and shops selling picture books, it was truly nothing significant. In later years, I heard a story that Karino Junkichi saw various books while visiting a shop in Asakura when he was a child, and learned various things from the head of the Asakura shop, which greatly stimulated his interest. This was a long time before I was born, but I was still surprised by the tremendous difference in environment. When I was a middle school student, other students of my age in Tokyo would go to Maruzen from time to time. It seems like a completely different world.

Nevertheless, what did not change in terms of quality was Kōbe beef. Kōbe beef was already popular at that time, but there was a shop that sold Kōbe beef near the above mentioned bookstore. On the days when I was going to the wholesale store, it was a custom to buy a sirloin of Kōbe beef from this shop. In comparison to the sirloin of the beef shop that I experienced since coming out to Tokyo a few years later, this meat was superior. In those days, beef was already popular among villages, and they would constantly come to sell it to our village, but such meat was very tough, though the taste was not bad. So Kōbe beef was completely different in terms of quality. However, I think it was about eighteen *sen* per 0.6 kg.

In those days, Himeji Middle School carried somewhat of an authority as the oldest middle school in Hyōgo prefecture. As we entered in Meiji 34 [1901] and were the seventeenth graduates, it was probably at the end of the

first decade of Meiji that it was completed. During our time, Kōbe Middle School was completed in Hyōgo prefecture, but I think it was a new middle school that I had not previously heard of. However, there used to be an old school called Ono Middle School in Hyōgo prefecture and Minobe Tatsukichi was a graduate from there, but for some reason the school was closed by my time. It was a few years after that when Ono Middle was established again alongside the new Tatsuno Middle School. To that degree, Himeji Middle School was still attracting three or four times as many applicants, and the entrance examination was quite competitive. However, I barely remember anything about the entrance examination. Although it is not clear, I think it was at this time that I had to solve four arithmetic problems, such as calculating the values of two unknown quantities from their unit total and the total of one of their attributes, the relation between the ages of parents and children, and other problems that could not be solved by algebra. What I do remember clearly is gathering in front of the school on the day when the results of the examination were announced, as the announcement was at 5 pm. For some reason, the announcement was delayed and it became completely dark. So I started to seriously worry about whether I could catch the last train. At this time, I went to see the announcement by myself, so not even my family, my older brother, or older male cousin were by my side. In the first place, I did everything by myself from the procedure of submitting the application for admittance to the examination and I never had anyone to do it or to accompany me. I felt this was natural. However, if the announcement was delayed and I could not make the last train, I would have to walk back home on the road during the night for about six kilometers on my own. I had never done this before, so it seemed somewhat daunting. I wanted to avoid this if possible. In that case, if the announcement was delayed, I could return home on the last train and come to see the result on the first train the following morning, but I did not have the nerves to calmly wait for a dozen hours until the following morning. I was in two minds about what to do. Having such uneasy feelings, it was probably after 7 pm, when I could still make it to the last train, that I heard the footsteps of the school teachers coming out and whom stuck a piece of horizontally long paper with the examination numbers and names written in a line under the eaves of a corridor on the west side of the school yard. Then the teachers illuminated the results with the light of paper lanterns. Although it is doubtless

that I was happy to pass the entrance examination, more than that, I clearly remember feeling relieved to catch the last train.

When I entered the school, Mr Komori Keisuke, who was highly regarded as an excellent principal, was transferred to the Ministry of Education as a school inspector, and the new principal, Mr Nagai Michiaki, had not yet started his new post. I think he was appointed two or three months later, but it seems that the former principal, Mr Komori, also came to Himeji on that occasion. I only once remember seeing the previous principal passing in front of us whilst we were lining up. I heard rumors that he was a very great person, and I can almost recall the previous principal's appearance if I focus my attention. However, I do not know anything specific about how Principal Komori was great. Perhaps he had the ability to calm student' commotions without overdoing it. The year before I entered the school, that is, when my older brother was in fourth year, there was some kind of issue and a union closure of school was about to take place. There is a small hill called Mt Tegara towards the south of Himeji city, and there is some kind of shrine at the top of the hill. It is right in the middle of a branch temple of Amida Buddha's Original Vow called Hontoku temple in Kameyama and Himeji city. Students apparently gathered in front of the shrine on top of the hill to conspire or make a pledge. At that time, a song called Shinonome Strike was popular, and the word "strike" was already well known to the public, but I think what the middle school students did was not referred to as a strike but as a "union closure of school." I think this form of resistance, for students to submit a request for a union closure of school in response to dissatisfaction with treatment by the school authorities, probably occurred after Meiji, but, when I was a middle school student, I already had the impression that it was an old tradition. It was thought to be a splendid masculine act to bravely show the attitude of resistance without being afraid of expulsion from school. Although I do not remember what kind of issue the resistance movement was based on, when my older brother was in fourth year I remember that he was making the following argument: "Is it not a little ridiculous to copy not wearing *tabi* socks with split toes in mid-winter and not to make men's *hakama* longer than one foot below the knees, saying it is 'simplicity and vigor,' as it is a custom in the country of Satsuma where it is warm in winter?" Something like that might have been the issue as Principal Komori was a Satsuma native. Other than that, according to Uozumi Kageo, who

was in fifth year in those days, Uozumi, alongside Kiyose Ichirō and Kurosaka Sadaji, attacked the administration of the alumni association and the disorder of public finance, and destroyed the alumni association. Also the same Uozumi apparently urged the principal, with the above companions and also Hunabiki Zenkichi and Igarashi Tomehiko, to punish a classmate who performed a martial arts demonstration at the theatre. This martial art demonstration was probably a sword dance. Just around that time, in Nishiki theatre in Kanda, Tōjō Hideki performed a sword dance and gained acclamation, so there may have been some such trend. Then, such a trend was thought to be connected to Satsuma. To connect such things, the problem seems to become clear to some extent. The former principal, Mr Komori probably did not try to protect the style of simplicity and vigor in regard to such an issue. That would have been the reason why he was said to be an excellent principal.

However, in spite of Uozumi devoting himself to that claim, he hated Himeji and left for Tokyo about three months before Principal Komori. For that reason, he had to delay his middle school education for one year, but he wrote that he felt the world had become brighter from this time. From Uozumi's point of view, Principal Komori was not necessarily an excellent principal.

I do not know if there was any association between the above issues and the personal selection of the new principal, but anyway, the new principal, Mr Nagai Michiaki was apparently famous in his former post at Unebi Middle for being very enthusiastic about gymnastics. This became much more prominent at Himeji Middle, and when we were in fifth year, he was ordered by the Ministry of Education to go to Sweden to study abroad to research gymnastics. After returning from studying abroad, he was appointed as a professor of gymnastics at Tokyo Higher Teacher Training College, and was in office until the beginning of the Shōwa era [1926]. We had initially welcomed someone who was a gymnastics expert as our principal. Additionally, it was a few years before the Russo-Japanese War, so it is natural that my middle school became famous for military type gymnastics.

However, I think that during the first year Principal Nagai was appointed, he compromised a lot of the original ways. One of them was the baseball team. When I was a first year student, there was still a baseball team, and I remember going to the parade ground to the south of White Heron castle

as they were going to play a match. The pitcher was a fifth year in the same class as my older brother called Koganei, who later became a military physician. He looked very courageous and like a good pitcher. However, after this fifth year graduated, baseball was banned. One reason might have been that the middle school's sports ground was too small to play baseball. However, the main reason was that Principal Nagai did not like baseball. Instead, the principal encouraged association football and came out on his own during the gymnastics period to explain the rules and let us play a match, with himself acting as the referee, but students were not interested at all. Association football is soccer, which is now popular. It is strange that soccer did not attract the interest of young people at all, but we might be able to say that it is Japanese young people's habit that has changed now, or in the old times that they did not have any feelings towards what was not popular. So what we started doing in school for one or two years instead of baseball was apparatus gymnastics. Principal Nagai personally appeared at the sports ground to enthusiastically instruct students in free-standing exercises, apparatus gymnastics, and military type formation exercise, but of these, only apparatus gymnastics was useful as a game, and as Principal Nagai started to see this tendency he subsequently stopped any encouragement of soccer. As a principle, he received an unexpectedly good result, and must have been pleased with himself.

Another thing is that he abolished the yearly school trip which students very much looked forward to. Until then, when we became higher grade students we were able to travel for one week or even longer. I think my older brother's grade walked from Yamato to Kishū when he was in fourth year. I vaguely remember the figure of my older brother enthusiastically studying the map. Students were expected to go much further in the fifth year, and they must have spent a considerable amount of time planning, but in the autumn of that year, as the first step of abolishing such school trips, Principal Nagai prohibited any trips outside the prefecture for which steam trains were required. Even still, the school trip remained and we went on a two night trip, which mainly consisted of students from first year to fifth year walking together. On the first day, we walked about twenty-eight kilometers and stayed in the town of Miki in Tōban, and on the second day, we went out to Kōbe over Hiyodorigoe. I remember going on a tour of Kōbe's water supplier's purification facility on the way. On the third day, we walked to

Akashi after touring the famous places in Kōbe, but Kōbe Middle, which we visited, was in the middle of a rice field over the forest of Ikuta, and when we crossed over the newly created river Minato towards the west, it was all country paths in the middle of rice fields. It was completely different scenery from now. The only remaining remnant from the old times might just be Ichinotani. We walked in the dust of that coast road quietly assembled in formation. There were fifth year students attached to our formation as squad leaders or platoon leaders. I can recall the two or three fifth year students at that time. These people looked like mature adults. They were all about eighteen or nineteen years old and their bodies had become equivalent to adults, so they might have been about twice our size at that time. Their group also walked with an air of extreme boredom, but since they quietly complied there was no resistance movement, and from the following year in 35 [1902], the regular school trip was completely abolished and they instead did one-day excursions twice or three times per term. Therefore, whilst attending middle school, other than the Kōbe trip, I was only taken on a temporary two night school trip to attend an exposition in Osaka in the spring of Meiji 36 [1903].

There might have been some kind of adverse effect from abolishing the school trips in this way, but I do not remember anything. The Minister of Education intervened regarding a school uproar in Meiji 35 [1902], so it might have been something to do with that. When the interest of baseball changed to the interest of apparatus exercise, and the planning and walking to a different region changed to military style marching, I think the control of Principal Nagai had become quite effective. Even if the way of doing things was different from the past, if physically stronger guys became school heroes and were always placed as commanding officers, so-called campaigners would not take issue or have any hostility towards what the principal was doing. That is to say, that the principal was supported by physical strength. However, not many students were necessarily like that. Military style marching was not very popular, and when it was announced in advance, the number of absences increased dramatically, so the principal thought to announce it suddenly at the starting time on the day, that is, after all the students entered the school gate. Even still, clever students sensed the signs and nimbly hid themselves. In that way, it does not mean there were no complaints at all, but such students did not have enough courage to express their com-

plaints. So on the surface, a great majority of the students went along with the campaigners. Therefore, for the five years that Principal Nagai worked, there was not one resistance movement or union closure. The atmosphere of placing a disproportionate emphasis on gymnastics was unsuitable for fostering interest towards thought and literature. I got into reading those kind of things when I was still at the age when I enjoyed reading exploration novels.

A few months after Principal Nagai, Mr Aida Keinosuke was appointed from September and took charge of Japanese and essays in my class. I think it was thanks to Mr Aida that I first felt the enjoyment of *waka* and classic poetry. As he encouraged us to freely write our impressions in the style of "drawing from nature,"[1] I think free choice of a literary topic, which Mr Aida later became famous for emphasizing, already appeared substantially in practice. As proof of this, what comes to mind is an essay that I wrote after going on an excursion to Mt Shosha in November of that year. In the villages near the foot of Mt Shosha, persimmon fruits grew beautifully. So, I wrote my impression in the essay, with continuous red marks dotted through half a page. The teacher enthusiastically praised it in the classroom, and for a while after that I was referred to as "Persimmon" by my classmates.

The following might have been connected to that episode to some extent. After watching and remembering what my older brother was doing around that time, I did some hectograph printing. In fact, I used vegetable gelatine instead of *konnyaku* [devil's tongue] but in order to print like that, I needed a text to be printed. I do not remember what I wrote, but anyway I think I wrote two or three papers in purple ink for copying. At that time, as there was a little blank space, I vaguely remember writing a poem and a phrase. That is to say, that I learned from the appearance of magazines that was generally done at that time. However, I could not do the printing very well, and I was only able to print three or five copies at most. Moreover, the result was not very good. Still, I made it at great pains, and I think I gave one or two

1. The style of "drawing from nature" (写生) was pioneered by Masaoka Shiki, and emphasized describing the subject rather than devising an abstract account. Moreover, Shiki espoused that haiku should be written from direct experience rather than the imagination. In Shiki's account, there are three stages: beginners copy reality as it is, the advanced select carefully from experience, and masters include the internal, psychological reality of what is truthful (*makoto*).

copies to my classmates with whom I was friendly at that time. It was around the end of the first year, and I think it was around when I turned fourteen years old, but most of my classmates were already sixteen or seventeen and their bodies were much bigger. Those like me, who entered after finishing the second year of upper primary school, were only about ten percent of the students, and we were gathered at the end in a row and were treated as children even by our classmates. So, of course, I did not think I would be noticed by students in higher grades. One reason was because I was receiving indirect protection from my older brother in fifth year, but I felt my attitude was extremely childish, and I did not even notice such things in those days.

However, a few months later, shortly after my older brother graduated and I became a second year student, Fujita Naoichi, who had newly became a fifth year student, gave me a warning on the way to school in the morning: "Some of the upcoming fifth year students have been making a fuss, saying they would impose sanctions on the cheeky students in lower grade. You are being watched by them. They said you are very impertinent to make and distribute magazines. You should be careful." This was a great surprise to me. What these sanctions entailed was being punched or kicked by those who are physically strong, that is, so-called "striking with fists" sanctions, but I could not understand however hard I tried how that unsuccessful *konnyaku* printing was worth receiving such a dreadful punishment. When I thought about it later, it was true that I handed over one or two copies of the *konnyaku* printing magazines to friends, and it is possible that people who seen it judged it to be part of a few dozen. A few years before in this middle school, in a circulated magazine that was made by a club called *Kyōkenkai*, Uozumi Kageo had written an essay that criticized the punishment imposed by upper grade students, but even if I had not written such an essay, compared to a circulated magazine, *konnyaku* printing was more dangerous. So, it seems that making such a thing itself was extremely cheeky. However, there was no way that I could have known at that time, and it seemed like a truly mysterious persecution. From this day, I think that the way I looked at upper grade students changed.

Fujita Naoichi later became a professor in the department of pharmaceutics at Tokyo University. When I think about it later, it seems he was being used as a lackey by another student in the same class at this time. What connected to this wave of physical sanctions was the uproar of those tar-

geted students, and regardless of Principal Nagai's new appointment, the encouragement of sanctions remained to the same degree. Shortly after I was surprised by the encouragement of such sanctions, I noticed that a guy appeared from Fujita's class who tried to be my guardian. That boy was small and did not have a good physique or strength like an athlete, but acted very impudently and kept trying to persistently approach me. I somewhat felt fearful, but the sense of hatred towards that boy sprang up from the bottom of my heart and I even avoided speaking to him.

I think the pressure from upper grade students continued until around summer break, but before long I no longer had to endure it. By that time, the prohibition of baseball and abolishment of the school trip had clearly appeared, so Principal Nagai's encouragement of gymnastics and the new way of taming physical strength would have been effective to repress pre-existing abusive practices. When we became upper grade students, "disciplining" lower grade students was no longer something that was even spoken about. The guys with strong physical strength were busy issuing orders and being put to work by the principal. I think it was around the time when we were second year students that this style of schooling finally started to appear.

Just around that time, I read Tokutomi Roka's *Memoir*[2] for the first time, and I felt like my eyes had been opened.

It was my classmate Shimodoi Yoshiaki who introduced me to this novel. I think he was older than I, but of a relatively small build, and in order of height we were both close to the end of the line, and we often played a lot together. Above all, I remember practicing *sumo* wrestling with Shimodoi. He was not so strong, so I was under the impression I could somehow win, but Shimodoi knew all kinds of techniques and always threw me down easily. Later, he taught me the various moves. As I spoke to Shimodoi about various things at every opportunity, the topic of reading materials seems to have arisen. At that time, I enjoyed exploration novels for boys, but I had not reached other kinds of novels. I read *The Tale of Eight Dogs* one or two years before that, but I knew almost nothing about newly published novels

2. The Japanese title of the book is 思い出の記, and although I have chosen a more literal translation, this book also exists in English under the title *Footprints in the Snow* (translated by Kenneth Strong, 1970).

at that time.[3] In contrast, Shimodoi knew quite a lot more than me by being one or two years older. This was due to the fact that Shimodoi's brother was at Sankō or Kyoto University at that time and had taught him such things. Shimodoi mentioned how *The Cuckoo* by Tokutomi Roka was very popular, and if you read *The Cuckoo* without crying, you are not human; he also mentioned that Roka recently published a novel called *Memoir*, which was even better and that it was a very useful book for us to read. *Memoir* was published as a paperback in May of Meiji 34 [1901], so it seems that it was about one year after its publication. I am not sure whether Shimodori lent me *Memoir*, or if I bought in it a bookstore, but anyway, shortly after hearing the story, I read *Memoir* and felt a deep emotion which was like having my eyes opened for the first time towards life.

The most memorable part of that novel was the description of the protagonist's hometown that appears at the beginning, the depiction of how his older friend who first introduced him to Christianity later died on top of Mt Hiei after being struck by lightning, and the portrayal of the main character achieving romantic fulfilment at Kugenuma in the end.

First of all, the description of the hometown is a natural depiction of a basin in the middle of Kyūshū, which is four kilometers wide and twelve kilometers long. The main character was born in the village of Tsumagome, which is the capital of this valley, and it is said that "the number of households is less than a thousand," but if there are almost one thousand households, it must be said that it is a fine town in such a countryside. However, what the author strongly described in the beginning was the beauty of nature which surrounds such a rural town. Especially the clear water of this valley and the beautiful rice plants. The transformation of the landscape of rice fields from rice planting until autumn harvest was described in a most vivid manner, and the description of how the water springs from the mountains in the four cardinal directions flowing long and wide and becoming a small stream gave the impression that I could hear the sound of water while reading. These descriptions gave me a very fresh and indescribably good feeling.

3. *The Tale of Eight Dogs* (南総里見八犬伝) was a serialized novel by Kyokutei Bakin about eight children, referred to as the eight dog warriors, who are brought together by fate and united by the Satomi clan. The plot is loosely based on the fourteenth century Chinese novel, *Water Margin* (水滸傳).

It might not have been an especially rare description for those who had read *Nature and Life*, which was published before *Memoir*, but I did not know that such an anthology had been published at that time, and even after finding out, I think it was after I started Ichikō when I read it. Therefore, as I started reading *Memoir* I received the same kind of deep impression that the people who are five or six years older than I received from *Nature and Life*. Looking at it now, it does not seem to be a very clear depiction, but as flowery sentences were common at that time, Roka's composition probably gave a truly clear and refreshing impression in contrast to that.

Secondly, the depiction of the approach to Christianity had the strongest influence on me, but from the content rather than the composition. The main character's passion for success in life and ultimate misfortune did not really leave a strong impression, despite the author's effort; but the figure of a Waseda student called Kanetō, who brought the main character closer to Christianity, not only gave the impression of a very likeable character, but his unexpected death on top of Mt Hiei, and the protagonist's subsequent conversion, caused the reader to sympathise. It may have something to do with the atmosphere present in part of the society at that time. It was just around that time that my older brother entered Sankō and started to be close to the Church, and it was just the year before Uozumi Kageo was baptized in Tokyo. The following year, the incident of Fujimura Misao's suicide occurred. In that kind of atmosphere, I think it had already become clear that the awareness of the problem of faith and the meaning of life were much more important than success in life.

Thirdly, the depiction of romance is not intense at all and extremely innocent, but perhaps that was just right for my age at that time. I was fascinated by it, and felt strongly intrigued by the feeling of longing for that kind of love. Perhaps that pulled me away from interest in fairy tales and exploration novels. In this respect, I can say that I started to shift my attention to the adult world when I read *Memoir*.

Just because it was Roka's novel that opened my eyes, it does not mean that I came to like novels from that time. Even though it was a novel by the same author, I did not really like *The Cuckoo*. I do not remember whether Shimodoi also lent me this novel, but I vaguely remember reading *The Cuckoo* shortly after I read *Memoir*. It is true that I felt sorry for the heroine, but as a work I did not really like it. Also, as a novel at that time, Ozaki Kōyō's *The*

Golden Demon was very popular, but I did not really feel like reading it. Teiji, the older brother of my classmate Kurosaka Tatsuzō, was probably attending Sankō at that time and sent *Yomiuri* newspapers to Kurosaka. As *The Golden Demon* was serialized in it, Kurosaka often told me about the novel. When I went to Kurosaka's house to play, I think I glanced at it. However, I was not enthusiastic enough to borrow and read it. Therefore, I think it was one or two years after that when I read *The Golden Demon* for the first time, when the complete works of Kōyō came out. At that time, the text regarding the scenery of Shiohara in that novel was famous as an excellent composition, but I was not really impressed by it. If somebody asked me what other novels I read at that time, I do not think I could recall anything else.

I was interested in new style poetry rather than novels. At that time, I was subscribing to a magazine called *Book Collection* for some reason, and I read the works of Kawai Suimei, Yokose Yau, and Irako Seihaku with pleasure.[4] In addition to poems, *Book Collection* contained short pieces like word pictures, which unified the written and spoken form of language and gave a very fresh impression. Also, I have a feeling that the Japanese Alps climbing records by the likes of Kojima Usui were already serialized there. So my memory of *Book Collection* is not necessarily focused only on poems, but because I was subscribing to *Book Collection* I soon came to subscribe to *Morning Star*.[5] That is to say, when a monthly contracted reader decided to suddenly unsubscribe, the head of Nishimura bookshop recommended that I take over the subscription. If it was not for such an opportunity, it would have been absolutely impossible to see *Morning Star* in a shop front in the town of Himeji. So, after about three years since *Morning Star* was published, I became a subscriber. I was more attracted to new style poetry than *tanka*. I especially liked the poems by Susukida Kyūkin and Kanbara Ariake.

In terms of ideology, there was nothing that impressed me as much as *Memoir*. Just around that time, Takayama Chogyū was praised extrava-

4. *Book Collection* (文庫) was published between 1895 and 1910, and was first edited by the poet Kawai Suimei. As Watsuji acknowledges, the content also included editorials, travelogues, novels, poetry, haiku, waka poetry, and Chinese poetry.

5. *Morning Star* (明星) was published monthly from April 1900 until November 1908. It was formed as the literary output for the New Poetry Society which had been founded by Yosano Tekkan in the previous year. And although it began by focusing exclusively on *tanka* poetry, it eventually came to promote the visual arts and Western style poetry.

gantly among the youth, and I think people a little older than us recited his writings. My classmate who was such a senior recited *An Account of my Sleeve*, and let me hear it. However, my older brother did not do things like that, and I did not have the opportunity to experience that kind of atmosphere, so I never had a love for the writings of Chogyū. I think I read a little of Chogyū's writing in *The Sun* in those days, but no impression remains.[6] What I clearly remember reading at that time was *One Year and a Half* by Nakae Chōmin. I was struck by the attitude of this author calmly writing such a composition after learning he did not have long left to live, but I do not think that I received a strong impression from the content. The impression that remained until later was that this author was severely abusing politicians such as elder statesmen. When I searched for it now, I can find the phrase "Yamagata is a little crafty, Matsukata is foolish, Saigo is a cowardly Confucian, and the other elder statesmen who are worthy of sweating the writing brush study English; if Itō and the others died one day earlier, it could benefit the nation for one day." I think I accepted such criticisms as they were. However, in those days I did not at all notice the meaning of the same author only leaving words of praise here and there regarding Inoue Tsuyoshi.

I was fourteen years old in March of Meiji 36 [1903], and at that time an exposition was held in Osaka. This was the Fifth National Industrial Exposition, and I think it was the last of the national expositions that started in Meiji 10 [1878]. Four years later, in Meiji 40 [1907], an exposition was hosted by Tokyo prefecture in Ueno, and quite a strong impression still remains from both of these expositions. It was not because I was still a child, but I think that Japanese society received strong stimulation from such events in those days. At the end of Roka's *Memoir*, the concluding paragraph is recorded in the form of a letter from the main character, which says, "My parents-in-law said next year without fail they would come to Tokyo to see their grandchild's face and sightsee at the Osaka exposition." Although the parents-in-law were from a town of Kumamoto in Kyūshū, it was naturally expected

6. *The Sun* (太陽) was first published by Hakubunkan in January 1895 and continued until February 1928. It mostly contained literary criticism, Japanese literature and translations of famous Western literature. However, it also featured articles on current affairs, including political, military, economic and social commentary.

that spectators would gather from across the nation. However, since Roka wrote this around spring of Meiji 34 [1901], the exposition may have been scheduled to be held at the beginning of 35 [1902]. I do not remember why it was postponed, but anyway it is true that it was talked about two years before the actual opening as above. Regarding the exposition of Tokyo in Meiji 40 [1907], a big deal was made about it in *The Poppy* by Sōseki, who started writing novels for the first time in *Asahi* newspaper in those days. The exposition itself was that stimulating.

I went to see this exposition during the vacation at the end of March, beginning of April. At that time, my older male cousin Inoue's house was still in Nishinomiya, so I got to stay there and we went to see it together. I think we went two days in a row.

When I follow the memory of that time, I only remember a little about the exposition and the phenomenon that is to do with it, but there is no impression of the city of Osaka. I must have been taken to Osaka once before this, but I do not really remember that time. It was probably in the winter of the year when the Inoue family moved to Nishinomiya, I remember feeling very curious upon hearing the sounds of town at night for the first time. Namely, the sound of wooden clappers for fire prevention, and the street vendor's cry of selling *udon* noodles at night. Foreigners often seem to recall the sound of *geta* as the first impression of a Japanese city, I myself felt curious about the sound of *geta* when I read such a description.[7] The sound of *geta* would also be heard in villages, but it is rare to hear them treading busily along a frozen road at night, though we might be able to say that it was a normal occurrence in a city at night. The impression of the night when I stayed in Nishinomiya for the first time like that remained, but in terms of the time when I was taken to the city of Osaka during the day, nothing remains in my mind other than going to Nakanoshima on a rickshaw and eating lunch at Toriya on the street along the moat. At that time, there were no buildings in Nakanoshima that surprised me. I found the hen's eggs in *torinabe* [chicken

7. In Watsuji's essay on Professor Koeber (ケーベル先生) he quotes Koeber's first impression of Japan, where it is stated: "What looked strange in Japan at first was the figure of walking wearing *geta*. I thought how they could walk well." K. M. J. Shuttleworth and S. Shuttleworth. "Professor Koeber Watsuji Tetsurō." *Journal of East Asian Philosophy* (https://doi.org/10.1007/s43493-021-00002-9).

cooked in a shallow pan with vegetables], which were starting to cook, to be more curious.

In this way, at the time of the exposition sightseeing I came into contact with the large city Osaka.

Although it was my first time, instead of having any interest in Osaka as a city, I think I only had eyes for the exposition. Of course, there were no trains in Osaka at that time, and the only form of transportation in the city were rickshaws, so what we used was the steam train running to the outer wall of the city. Changing to Jōtō line at Umeda station, going south of the eastern suburbs, where there still continued to be fields in those days, to Tennōji station, and walked through the fields for a few blocks to the venue of the exposition. That is to say, that we did not pass through the city of Osaka at all.

However, I noticed that this exposition gave a kind of mood of excitement in the surroundings of Osaka city. In those days, bogie cars were still not made for passenger cars in steam trains, and passenger cars were small cars with doors on the side with a capacity for about fifty passengers, but that was mainly carrying the sightseers to the exposition, when we got on in Nishinomiya, it was already crowded and there were many people standing inside the car. Of course, having said crowded, it was no comparison for the people who experienced the crowded conditions after the Great Kantō Earthquake and the Pacific War, but it was a rare phenomenon at the time. Especially for country people, the crowd of people itself looked very stimulating. The crowd of people rushed into the same small passenger car on the Jōtō line in Umeda station, so the normally quiet line that goes around the suburb was very crowded. In this way, one train arrives at Tennōji station, and the passengers that it spat out would walk in a line towards the exposition venue on the path in the middle of the field.

There was a large main gate at the venue, and inside it were various buildings like the industry building, agriculture and forestry building, and mechanical building, which were Renaissance-style constructions and looked very fine. There was also an art museum on the top of a small hill at the front of the main gate, it was the only two-story building and it looked like an especially splendid construction. To talk about the design of the whole venue, this was probably the center of it. Beneath the slope and in front of it, there were ponds with fountains on both the left and right, and

water came out from a moulded sculpture placed inside. On the left side towards it was a statue of Yōryū Avalokiteshvara, which was sitting on the rock island in the pond. Water was flowing out from the jug that this Avalokiteshvara was holding in its right hand, and falling onto a flower basin that a child playing beneath the stone was carrying. This statue of Yōryū Avalokiteshvara looked very beautiful to me. It may be because it was the first time I had just saw a plaster sculpture, but I do not remember seeing a statue of the dragon god in another pond at all, so I think the statue of Yōryū Avalokiteshvara was itself attractive as a sculpture.

There must have been a very large number of works in the art museum, but there are surprisingly few that I clearly remember. Among them, what strangely made a strong impression in my mind was an oil painting with the title "Tree spirit." A half-naked woman was depicted in a forest with wide open eyes, both hands at the back of her ears, her mouth open a little, and a thick tree trunk at the back. It might have been easy to understand the expression was a concrete representation of a tree spirit, but not only that, but the brightness of this picture as an outsider might have caught my attention. Anyway, I received the impression that a new world opened. For some reason, I associated the name of the painter Okada Saburōsuke with the impression of this painting. However, "Tree spirit" was a work by Wada Hidesaku, and I do not know why I made such a mistake. Perhaps there were also works by Okada Saburōsuke on display at this time and I received a strong impression from these works as well. However, I cannot easily remember what it was. As Okada and Wada had returned from Paris in the previous year, "Portrait of a Woman" was a famous work at that time in Europe, so it is possible that painting was on display.

Other than that, there was something like a theatre, and I think I saw a plump western woman do something, but no impression of that remains. What I also saw there and clearly remember was an experiment displaying the perspective from an x-ray. I could dimly see the skeleton of a person who was participating in the experiment, and also how the silver and copper coins in the purse in their pocket looked black. It was eight years since Roentgen discovered x-ray, so it was reasonable that I felt it was very new.

However, what gave a stronger impression was the lighting of the venue that started in the evening. It was called illumination in those days and was one of the main attractions of the exposition. Having said that, it was just

light bulbs which were set up along the contours of the buildings of the exposition and once lit up the outline of the buildings could be seen in the line of light. Moreover, the light bulbs used in the early days were carbon wire, and it can be said that it was at quite a primitive stage in relation to today's standard when the technology of lighting has advanced. However, at that time, electric light was mainly indoors, and people would look at it with the feeling as if they were looking at the palace of the dragon king.

It is not just because I was a child of a rural village who was unaccustomed to electric light. At the exposition of Tokyo, which was held four years after that, this illumination was also the main attraction. At the beginning of *The Poppy*, Sōseki describes a scene in which the main characters go to see this illumination. Young people today might read that depiction and imagine how great the facilities were, but in reality, it was just carbon light bulbs lining the framework of the buildings of the exposition. However, from such illuminations, people at that time received a strong impression as if they were depicted by Sōseki. That's the impression that adults in an urban city like Tokyo received, so, it is not at all amusing if a village child in the countryside felt their spirit was being snatched at the exposition in Osaka four years before that.

When I think about it now, it was also dark at night in cities at that time. The lighting inside houses was normally by oil lamp, and gas lights on the street had finally started. So, even in cities, the distinction between the moon light and dark night was clear, and people in towns did not forget that the moon light was shining. Not to mention in the countryside, we could not walk without lanterns on nights without moon light. To think from that standpoint, the development of the technology of artificial lighting during the succeeding half a century was great. It was apparently the invention of incandescent light bulbs by Edison that marked the development of a new era, but at the time of the exposition, about twenty years after the invention, there was not enough power to exterminate oil lamps and it was in this situation that it was unclear which would win the competition with gas lamps. As I was raised with paper-enclosed oil lanterns, oil lamps felt bright and I was satisfied with the large-mouthed glass oil lamp chimney. So I think that the degree of the light that I was normally used to was in a completely different league from now. Another issue worth considering is how happy people have become because of the advanced lighting technology, but it seems that

the technology of lighting has advanced so much that people are eager for it to be bright as a firefly, even if it is only a little bit brighter. This must have something to do with the use of fire as the basis of human cultivation.

Probably as a consequence of things like that, I think my feeling of longing for the city was greatly fuelled by the sightseeing of the exposition.

Shortly after the new academic year began, I went to the exposition of Osaka once more on a field trip with the school. However, I do not remember if I saw it with my classmates. The lodging house was near Osaka castle and a temple facing a parade ground. On the second day, we walked through to the south through the city of Osaka and went to a beach in Sakai via Sumiyoshi shrine. I think there was an aquarium there and we went to see it. On the way back, we went on a small steamship from Sakai beach and saw the construction of Osaka harbor. It was soon after the long breakwater was completed. An Asama cruiser was anchoring not so far from the entrance of the breakwater. I remember being surprised because it was unexpectedly small. Other than that, what remains in my memory is that we were all making noise from being in high spirits on the ferry. The face of Mr Aida, who was dealing with the noise by adopting a smile, also arises. However, I do not think the field trip left a stronger impression than the first time because of the collective mood.

I was able to be in high spirits and make noise together with my classmates, but that was just during the seven or eight hours in the day time, and I had a lot of time to be alone before and after that, so I felt my mind was gradually being eclipsed by the feeling of longing like above. It directly appeared as a feeling of bottomless dissatisfaction towards the reality of my life. It was not based on a certain cause, such as discontent, which could be satisfied if I did something, but felt like something desirable was always at a distance and lay beyond my grasp, it was like an emotion which was infinitely unfulfilled. I think it was also related to various demands, such as those which were awakened by *Memoir*. I remember walking in the middle of fields with bright wheat and skylarks singing with an indescribably lonely feeling.

At the end of the May, the incident of Fujimura Misao's suicide occurred.[8]

8. Fujimura was a student at Ichikō, and interestingly, Natsume Sōseki who taught at Ichikō also wrote about Fujimura's suicide. In chapter 12 of *Grass Pillow*, Sōseki refers to Fujimura's death as heroic, claiming, "That youth gave his life—a life which should not be surrendered—

At that time, Fujimura Misao was eighteen years old, and I was already fifteen, so the age difference was only three years. (To be specific, it was two years and seven months.) Having said that, Fujimura was a prematurely talented person raised in Tokyo and was hanging out with Uozumi Kageo and Abe Yoshishige, who were six years older than I, I think that our mental age difference was more than three years, even if our actual age difference was no more than two years and seven months, so it is not especially mysterious if I received a strong shock from the suicide of Fujimura Misao. I knew this incident only by newspaper report but the composition "Feelings at the Precipice" instantly left a strong impression in my mind:

> The boundlessness of heaven and earth, the remoteness of past and present, I want to measure these with my mere five-foot body. What authority does Horatio's philosophy have? The true nature of creation, is in one word—"incomprehensible." With resentment in my chest, I have arrived at the decision to die. Standing on a rock on the top of a waterfall, I have no anxiety. I recognize for the first time, great sorrow is the same as great happiness.[9]

This writing might feel a little too pretentious now, but at that time, the writing of Chogyū was praised extravagantly, so we can say it is quite simple for a youth of eighteen years old who wrote in that kind of time. In the *Tribute* of Uozumi, which was written at that time, he mentioned this writing and says, "True feelings are plaintive, brevity of words from sudden thought, if people cried it would not stop. Singing for a long time about a poet's feeling of weakness in society, you gained the true character of bravery," but I think there were many people who read this with such a deep emotion at that time. Uozumi was twenty-one years old when he wrote this, but focusing on youths around that age and about ten years older and younger, there were many people who read this with deep emotion and recited it.

I belonged to the youngest among that age group. I think I learned the words "Horatio's philosophy" and "authority" for the first time from Fujimura's composition. Because of that, the idea that Horatio's philosophy did not have authority felt profound and mysterious. Then an interest in the drama *Hamlet*, in which Horatio appears, became strongly planted

for all that is implicit in the one word 'poetry.'"

9. Before committing suicide at Kegon Falls in Nikkō, Fujimura removed a piece of bark from a nearby tree and engraved this poem on the tree trunk.

in my mind. I think an interest in the study of philosophy also occurred through "Horatio's philosophy." It was the writing of Fujimura Misao that awoke reflection about the meaning of life in my immature mind. During the summer vacation of that year, I remembered that composition as I lay on the outdoor table every night, looking up at the stars in the sky. Words like "incomprehensible" and "anxiety" repeatedly appeared on the surface of my consciousness. That feeling of dissatisfaction that appeared in spring and the bottomless feeling of dissatisfaction towards reality were both connected to reflection on the meaning of life.

However, this kind of feeling is not suffering or misfortune because of something specific, so it was very incoherent. So I do not think I discussed such feelings with anyone. On the summer break, my older brother, who had finished his first year at Sankō returned, but I do not have any memory of discussing such things with him. It was my older brother who gave me *An Outline of the History of Western Philosophy* by Professor Hatano Seiichi, but I feel like it was one or two years after this time. The impression that my older brother gave me during this summer was that he was very much enjoying high school life in Kyoto. He entered Sankō together with four or five classmates from middle school and also made new friends there, so I think it was in fact fun. I remember one such friend, Iwamura Kinzaburō who came to play that summer. He was a nephew or younger male cousin of Iwamura Tōru, who was famous for his art criticism at that time, and later succeeded the family of Dr Hirai Ikutarō of Kyoto University School of Medicine. He was very cheerful and good at watercolor painting. I think I just watched aimlessly on the side, not able to speak much.

However, in the atmosphere of Sankō that my older brother brought about, what impressed me the most was the translation of Keats' *Lamia* that was in the Sankō alumni association magazine. I do not remember who the translator was, but it was prose translation. It was a work that you would not understand unless you know at least a little about Greek mythology or Greek epic poetry, but I do not clearly remember the degree of background knowledge I had. Anyway, I felt a very strong attraction reading this prose translation. What especially felt indescribably charming was the depiction of Lamia's nymph standing on a mountain road, which leads to Corinth from the harbor of Cenchreas on the side of the Aegina bay, in the evening after being changed from a snake back to the figure of a woman, waiting for

their beloved youth Lycius to return, and the depiction of going into the castle gate of Corinth with this youth after capturing the mind of Lycius. In this way, I felt like my eyes were opened for the first time to the beauty of Western poems, which stand on a Greek foundation.

At that time, a series for getting boys closer to world literature was published and Masamune Shiratori wrote a simple translation of Homer's *Iliad* and Nakashima Kotō translated Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Other than that, I think *Shakespeare's Tales* was published by Lamb's Books as a source book. I cannot clearly remember if I read them before Keats' *Lamia* or after that. That is to say, it is unclear whether I was attracted to *Lamia* with those books as background knowledge, or whether being attracted by *Lamia* inspired me to start reading those books. However, it is certain that both of these things were after I started worrying about the meaning of life.

Among the series of introductions to world literature, the introduction to *Divine Comedy* by Nakashima Kotō left an especially strong impression. This work should not be understood by a boy of that age, but apart from the ideological content of that work, if we only follow the fantasy tour of hell or the world of cleansing sin, we can say that it is unexpectedly easy to understand, even for children. The scene of listening to a memory about Francesca's unrequited love of is one of them. Dante, who was listening to it falls off saying "amen" out of pity. This word is not in the original poem, but I remember for some reason that the word "amen" was used and at that time it felt very effective.

As Meiji 36 [1903] was the year before the Russo-Japanese War, warmongering and pacifism were already rampant before Fujimura Misao's suicide, but I think the debate began to heat up just after that incident. It was not until June that Kōtoku Shūsui, Sakai Kosen, and Uchimura Kanzō actively advocated pacifism within *Yorozuchōhō* newspaper, it was also in June when the seven professors of Tokyo Imperial University's Department of Law united to propose their opinion to the government that war was inevitable. At this time, pacifism was not oppressed as anti-war ideology. Rather, we even received the impression that the government had a weak attitude and looked at warmongers as trouble. So, the proposal of the seven professors seemed to represent the general public's opinion. I think this kind of feeling was even higher when the Russian army invaded Korea in autumn. In

October, the *Yorozuchōhō*, which was a vanguard of pacifism, abandoned its standpoint. Pacifists such as Kōtoku, Sakai, and Uchimura resigned. It was at this time when Kōtoku and Sakai started publishing the weekly *Heimin* newspaper.

For some reason, I started subscribing to *Heimin* newspaper and continued until it was discontinued in October of the following year. The position of socialism was clear, but the tone was not so radical. I remember reading about universal suffrage and the family life of English labourers in this newspaper. The author was Sakai Kosen, if I remember correctly. At the time of the first issue, it proclaimed its position of pacifism, but I did not start subscribing to this newspaper because I sympathized with pacifism. On that point, I think I sympathized with the belief that war was inevitable. However, this was not from the feeling of desire for war or liking wars. My juvenile mind was very concerned about what would happen to Japan if we were to fight against a powerful nation such as Russia. However, Russia's aggressive attitude since the Triple Intervention, after the First Sino-Japanese War, gave the feeling of oppression to my juvenile mind. I felt that we had to resist this at any cost. I remember writing an essay of such enmity in school. It was close to one year since the war started when the feeling of pacifism started to occur.

Just as I was pulled in the direction of the theory of war, which was the prevailing attitude of society, I began to adapt to the feeling at school under the influence of my classmates and became engrossed in apparatus gymnastics. After lunch, when all of the students were gathered at the sports ground, the senior students who were good at apparatus gymnastics would show off on the horizontal bar. Looking at this display, the desire to participate arose. To do that, you had to be able to do handstands very well. So, I started practicing handstands as if I was possessed. I became able to do a handstand on a shelf and jump off the shelf by leaping with my hands, or go down drawing a semicircle with my legs while using my hands, but I was still too scared to do a handstand on a beam.

One day in such a situation, I think it was at the beginning of December, if I am not mistaken, together with my primary school classmate Takeda Junshin, I approached Dainichi Kawara Park. There was an embankment about thirty centimeters high, which seems to have been originally a weir and fragments of which still remained. When I saw it, I immediately felt like doing a

handstand, so, asking Takeda to wait, I climbed up on the embankment. For the first handstand I jumped off, leaping with my hands. At the time of the second handstand, I went under the embankment drawing a semicircle with my legs, but in the moment before my legs touched the ground, I somehow felt "Ouch." In the next moment, I felt a severe pain in my right ankle as if I was biting into the ground and was shouting, "It hurts! It hurts!" It hurts!" The root of the embankment was on a little bit of a slope, and I must have thrust my ankle into it. Although it was just the one bone on the outside that had fractured, the pain was the most severe I had experienced. I have never experienced such pain after that either. I might have fainted if it was more than that. Fortunately, I was with Takeda who went to a town quite far from the embankment to get a rickshaw. By that time, the severe pain had subsided. I returned home instead of going to a doctor in town. As my family were doctors, we both thought it was natural.

When I returned home, my father treated me. Since he did not have materials for a plaster cast, he just stuck a bandage on a board like a *kamaboko* board. Probably because of that, my right ankle was bent outwards a little, but there was no other damage, and I was able to go to school limping after about fifty days. At this time, I was allowed to commute by steam train as an exception.

Not only had I given up on the horizontal bar because of this fracture, but I became accustomed to engrossing myself in reading poetry and novels while recovering for almost two months. Even so, I hardly remember what I read whilst recovering. Just around that time, people such as Maeda Ringai, Iwano Hōmei, and Sōma Gyofū separated from *Morning Star* and started a new magazine called *White Lily*, as I remember the first issue gave me a very fresh feeling, I might have been reading that kind of magazine. At that time, I think poetry was more attractive than novels.

It was about two months, from December of Meiji 36 [1903] to January of 37 [1904], when I was recuperating after fracturing my leg, during that time I have a memory of feeling that I was suddenly changing. Before long, at the beginning of March, I turned fifteen years old, so it might be because of the apparent age or the particular phenomenon of the recovery period from the injury, but anyway, around this time, I think my interest in literature

and ideology suddenly increased. It may have helped that I was permitted to commute by steam train for three months after being able to finally walk.

It was at the beginning of February when my father bought me commuter tickets for the steam train, after obtaining permission from the school. This was probably the only case when he took care of something related to school. As it was rare, I can remember my father's facial expression at that time. However, I do not think he went to school to negotiate. He probably asked Mr Hagiwara Tsunekichi, who was teaching mathematics at my school. Mr Hagiwara's house was in a village across the river called Shigekuni, and he was commuting to school from there, or lodging in Himeji, but at that time he was commuting from home. He would go out to the station passing near my house. In addition, my father constantly visited Shigekuni village for house calls. So, it was easy for my father to get in touch with Mr Hagiwara. I did not necessarily confirm that, or remember something about those things, but we probably asked Mr Hagiwara to deal with various things.

What I can remember clearly about that time is a scene on the morning of Empire Day on the 11th of February, a few days after starting to commute to school. I met Mr Hagiwara at the station and heard about the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. I think the imperial edict outbreak and sinking of a Russian warship in Incheon were reported together. At that time, many people feared the outbreak of war with the mighty Russian Empire, but the report that the Russian warship was easily sunk helped to calm people's feelings. I vaguely remember the expression when Mr Hagiwara, who does not normally get excited, was constantly talking about such things.

I was taught maths from first year until the end of fifth year by Mr Hagiwara. I was never once troubled by maths as it was very clear and easy to understand. Geometry was especially clear and I think it was easy to memorise. Mr Hagiwara was apparently very fond of me, and my friend told me his words which conveyed such a meaning. However, I think it was only once, around the spring of the year when I fractured my leg, that another teacher took charge of algebra. He was a tall lieutenant with a handlebar moustache, who just came out of the military. I did not necessarily think the teacher's explanation was hard to understand, and I seemed to have understood just as well as with Mr Hagiwara, but for some reason, I made mistakes in the examinations. After that, I revised much more than when I was being taught by Mr Hagiwara, but I still made mistakes in the examination.

I did not have any idea why. I thought it was shameful that I always gained full marks in examinations of teachers who favoured me, and always made mistakes in those of teachers who did not, but it was hopeless. Fortunately, this teacher soon disappeared, probably due to the war, and Mr Hagiwara returned to being in charge of algebra as before. Then I stopped making mistakes in examinations. In the end, I think Mr Hagiwara's way of teaching was good. Thanks to that, when I took the entrance examination for high school a few years later, although I made mistakes in English, I did not make any mistakes in maths. So I passed comfortably.

After that, when I returned home during the summer break after finishing my first year in Ichikō, I told Mr Hagiwara about Mr Sudō Onosaburō's lecture on the "concept of irrational numbers." Mr Hagiwara became very interested in it and asked me to show him my notebook and took it home. I received the impression that he was a studious person. In the next academic year, I heard a lecture on non-Euclidean geometry by Mr Sudō but it was so difficult that I could not digest enough. So I do not think I could report to Mr Hagiwara either.

However, this was fifty years ago. Mr Hagiwara has had a long life and is still in good health, but in the later years he was devoted to Dōgen and apparently grasped something very deep both in terms of religion and the understanding of ideology. When I saw him a long time after the war and heard that kind of story from the mouth of my eighty year old teacher, I was very surprised at first. However, if I think about it calmly it was not mysterious at all. The temple in his village, which I think was called Endō-ji, was a branch of the Sōtō sect, and his family supported that temple. So it was a natural course of events that he gradually started to have a deep interest in Dōgen, the founder of the sect, as he grew older.

Since I was a child, I was constantly looking over the river at the outline of this temple and felt a certain feeling. The temple was probably fourteen or fifteen blocks north east from my village, but I could see a white-walled fence on the terrace that was somewhat higher than the paddy field that stretched across the river. It was my father who taught me that it was a Zen temple. My father was rather apathetic about religious things and was never sympathetic towards my grandfather's enthusiastic faith in Shin-Buddhism, but he sometimes talked in a respectful tone and with interest about the chief priest of the Zen temple. I think he told me some stories of

the chief priest, saying he called at the temple and was deep in discussion. However, I did not learn that the temple belonged to the Sōtō sect in Zen Buddhism and it was Dōgen that developed the Sōtō sect in Japan at that time. Or maybe I was taught, but it did not remain in my head. It was fifteen or sixteen years later, and by an extremely coincidental opportunity, that such a name started to become important to me. However, Mr Hagiwara was born into a family that supported the temple. Even if he did not say a word about Dōgen or the Sōtō sect at the time when I was taught maths, it would not have been because he did not have that kind of thing in his mind. For Mr Hagiwara, he had a connection with Dōgen without having to wait for a coincidental opportunity. It must have become a subject of deep interest which gradually came to mature with age. In comparison to that, I only glanced from outside the gate on a chance occasion. It might have been a little funny that I felt surprised hearing the name of Dōgen from the mouth of Mr Hagiwara for the first time.[10]

As I write about maths teachers, I also remember many other teachers. I was taught English by Mr Waki Toyokura and Mr Fukazawa Yūjuro; Mr Waki served as a principal of Himeji Middle for a long time after that, and Mr Fukazawa became a professor of Waseda University after being a lecturer at Sixth Higher School. Among them, Mr Waki taught me English basics and Japanese-English translation. Mr Waki, who was a small, extremely gentle person, enthusiastically made an effort to teach us English pronunciation. I feel like I can still hear the repeated voice of "It is not A, not E, but æ" while trying to teach us pronunciation that we do not have in Japanese. However, in the countryside, where we did not have an opportunity to hear such pronunciation outside of the classroom, I did not feel the importance of such memorization, lacked the natural enthusiasm, and was not able to master it. In that respect, I think it is completely different from people who

10. Watsuji's surprise undoubtedly came from the fact that he was unaware that the teacher he admired had devoted himself to Dōgen, whom Watsuji himself had composed an influential text on in 1923 (沙門道元). Indeed, Dōgen's writings had previously been privy to Zen practitioners and practically unknown outside of these inner circles. As Thomas Kasulis makes explicit "[Watsuji's] *Shamon Dōgen* radically altered Dōgen's status in Japanese intellectual history, transforming him from being a revered and little-read patriarch of Sōtō Zen Buddhism into one of the major philosophers of East Asian Buddhism." *Purifying Zen: Watsuji Tetsuro's Shamon Dōgen*, translated by Steve Bein (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press. 2011), x.

learned a foreign language by being in contact with foreigners from childhood in Tokyo.

Mr Fukazawa was always dressed in Japanese clothes and was almost always sitting in the chair at the podium and rarely used chalk. Instead, I think he told various interesting stories related to the contents of the textbook. Using a Tokyo dialect that stood out, mixing in puns and sarcasm he sometimes raised my spirit. I borrowed an English novel from him and read it, but I do not remember what led to this. Perhaps I went to ask about reading materials. The first book which I borrowed was an American detective novel. This was also the first book that I read in English, but I do not remember the title or the name of the author at all. What I remember is the use of "revolver" instead of "pistol," and the main character was a detective who tracked down a criminal, pointed a revolver, and said, "*Hold up, or I'll shoot you*" (I think). At that time I did not yet know of the noun "hold up" meaning to forcibly stop someone. However, I was able to finish reading it in one go, so I gained courage from it and read *Jane Ayer* by Charlotte Bronte that Mr Fukazawa loaned to me. This was very interesting and I think I read it through, thrilled until the end. I think it was the summer break of 37 [1904].

I do not remember what other books I borrowed from Mr Fukazawa or what kind of things I learned about British literature at all, but it was probably after Mr Fukazawa taught me when I subscribed to English magazines published by Tsuda English study cram school by Sakurai Ōson, and bought and read books on the history of British literature published by Waseda University Press around that time. The editorial office of Sakurai Ōson's magazines sold English books as an agent for the convenience of local readers. Having said English literature, they were cheap editions such as a series of poetry by Routledge, the *Albion* series by Macmillan, and the *Aster* series by Crowell, which were popular in Japan. For those of us who did not have any other convenient way of buying English literature, we were very pleased with this agency sale. However, there must have been something which led to the choice of obtaining the collection of poems by Byron, Keats, and Rosetti in this kind of way. However, I do not remember hearing about such poets or collection of poems directly from Mr Fukazawa. I think that such knowledge was gained from Horiuchi's *History of British Literature*. It was quite a thick book with a chrysanthemum label on the thin brown cloth cover. I

have a feeling that Shōyō was not used as the name of the author, but it was Tsubouchi Yūzō. As I read this book with great interest, I have the impression that this was the best of all the Shōyō books that I read after that. As there were no other literary works of this type, I might have valued it in that sense, but it can also be said that the scholarly passion in the younger days of Shōyō actually brought vitality to this. At least I received a very strong impression from this book. It was not only that I roughly learned about Shakespeare for the first time, who wrote *Hamlet*, which was the object of my interest since I learned the phrase "Horatio's philosophy." Other than that, *Canterbury Tales* by Chaucer, *Pilgrim's Progress* by Bunyan, *Paradise Lost* by Milton and various other things came into my range of vision and started to strongly stimulate my interest. The eighteenth century did not much appeal to my interest, but Romanticism of the nineteenth century appealed strongly to me. Poets such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats started to reflect in my eyes as great writers. I wrote before that I was strongly enchanted reading the translation of Keats' *Lamia*, but I think that I came to like Byron, not by attraction to his work, but based on the description in Horiuchi's *History of British Literature*, who described this poet's wild life rebelling against convention with a sympathetic style of literature, especially the last action of this poet who participated in the Greek War of Independence. Later, when I acquired the collection of poetry by Byron, in the series of poets by Routledge, I got to like it more by looking at the portrait of Byron that was placed on the opening page and which had a sidelong glance showing the whites of his eyes. Anyway, the most important works such as *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and *Don Juan* were very difficult and hard to digest, but I was somehow attracted and bit into it without knowing the flavour. Around that time, Kimura Takatarō started translating Byron, and I remember worrying about not being motivated. Then, at the end of 37 [1904] or beginning of 38 [1905], I ended up translating Byron's poem *The Prisoner of Chillon* and published it in the middle school alumni association magazine. Chillon is the name of a castle on a rock placed at the east edge of a lake in Geneva and it was François Bonivard, who disobeyed Prince Savoy in an attempt to protect the freedom of Geneva, who was held captive there for six years. I was not particularly interested in Geneva's annals or the roles served in the Reformation, but I chose this poem based

on it being easy to understand and not so long. Moreover, I thought that seven-seven style would be good for translating Byron's poem into Japanese.

Although I did not particularly like Tennyson as a poet, poems that are understandable are certainly better than poems that I could not comprehend, so, in the end, I think I spent the most time reading Tennyson's poems. In particular, I read the poem about King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table with great pleasure. I was attracted by this tale of the middle ages, but the main reason was that it was easy to read and understand. It was not only short poems such as *Princess Charlotte*, but it was the same for a longer pieces such as *King's Pastoral Poem*. Not only that, but I think the beauty of Tennyson's short poems captured my mind quite strongly. For example, I do not know how many times I repeated the lullaby that begins with "sweet and low" that comes at the beginning of the third chapter of *Princess*.

I think I started reading Tennyson in the *Handbook of the History of British Literature*, but it might be connected to my prior interest in Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the feeling of adoration towards long poems such as those by Susukida Kyukin and Kambara Ariake. In particular, Ariake was a poet who adored Rossetti, so there would have been stimulation from that direction as well. In this way, I was constantly absorbed in reading Byron, Tennyson and Rossetti around the autumn of Meiji 37 [1904], but the memory that reminded me that it was just in the middle of the Russo-Japanese War remains as well.

Around that time, other than the magazines such as *Book Collection*, *Morning Star*, *White Lily*, and *New Voice*, I subscribed to *Imperial Literature*, which was stimulated by the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War and published poems and writings about the war by professors of Teikoku University. I think it was around May before the summer break. Before long, Natsume Sōseki's *Military Service* was mixed in. It was a long poem of seven clauses of six lines each, with the tones of "I have an enemy, battleships roar, do not forgive the enemy, the spirit of man." For me, who felt charm for the poems of Kyūkin and Ariake in those days, this poem was very unsatisfactory. However, it is not clear why I only remember this poem and not anything written by the other professors. I remember it was half a year later, when I read *The Tower of London* in *Imperial Literature* in the following new year of 38 [1905], that the existence of Natsume Sōseki started to reflect clearly in my eyes, but thinking about *Military Service*, I was supposed to

already have looked at Sōseki with a certain expectation. Perhaps I got to know about Natsume Sōseki, who newly returned to Japan, and had some kind of expectation.

What was that expectation? I wonder if I was seeking something that would solve the problem of the meaning of life which was smouldering in the darkness since the previous year. Anesaki Masaharu, who also returned to Japan in the previous year, similarly published *Resurrection of Dawn* at the beginning of this year. I clung to this book enthusiastically with a very high expectation, but I felt disappointed from not being able to understand the content very well. The only thing I remember about this book was a picture of Burne-Jones's painting of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, which was inside the book and the discussion of the looks of such people. Burne-Jones was a disciple of Rossetti and an influential member of the Pre-Raphaelite School, and this painting was also very Pre-Raphaelite, which covers the tales of knights in the Middle Ages. Judging from this painting being in a book of someone newly returned from abroad, it seems that the Pre-Raphaelite School must have been at the center of attention at the beginning of the twentieth century. The longing for the Middle Ages which is shown there had appeal for those who seek the meaning of life.

Sōseki's *Military Service* did not answer this kind of expectation, but I think *The Tower of London*, half a year later, strongly fulfilled that demand. When I read that work, I experienced a very strong feeling of ecstasy. It was like directly realizing the meaning of life, rather than making us hear it. It is not unrelated to the fact that Sōseki's creative power exploded there and that work had such power. Furthermore, Sōseki began writing *I Am a Cat* around the same time. That is to say, that the creative power of Sōseki exploded in the autumn of Meiji 37 [1904]. Why did that happen in the middle of the Russo-Japanese War, moreover during the general offensive of Lüshunkou? Why was Sōseki, who sang, "if you swear to heaven, you can even pass through rocks, listen for one meter, the sound of running scabbards" in *Military Service* able to create something like *The Tower of London* a few months after that?

I cannot help but recall how different the period of the Russo-Japanese War was to the recent period of the Pacific War. There was a large number of people killed in the Siege of Port Arthur, but even at that time, people's freedom and energy were never deprived due to the pressure of the war. A good

proof of this is Yosano Akiko's *Thou Shalt Not Die*, which was published in *Morning Star* in September within a few months of Sōseki's *Military Service*. This poem was written when Ms. Akiko's younger brother, who was an Imperial Bachelor of Engineering, or a Doctor of Engineering, was called up as a reserve officer to go to war. I think it frankly declared feminine emotion, and was a very pleasant poem. In those days, soldiers did not apply pressure to others by declaring such free expression to be anti-military ideology. Instead, nationalists among scholars and journalists spoke out. Ms. Akiko received attacks from such people, if I remember correctly, and was called an unpatriotic individual. However, Ms. Akiko did not flinch from it at all and I think she stood firmly on the firing line of such patriotism.

When I read this poem, I did not yet feel sympathetic towards pacifism. It might have been because this poem came out around the time when the spirit of enmity towards the Russian Empire reached its climax. That is to say, I heard the history teacher Mr Takatani Zenkichi very efficiently summarize the history from the beginning of the Russian Empire's Siberia invasion to building a naval port at Lüshunkou, and I remember receiving a very strong impression. I thought the lecture was somehow Mr Takatani's "inaugural speech," but Mr Takatani was called up to go to war that September and there was a farewell ceremony, so the above speech was most likely his "farewell speech." The excitement that comes from going to war might have awakened such eloquence. I vividly remember the flashy moving face of Mr Takatani who was talking at the lectern at that time. Around when he advocated that the Russian Empire's invasion gradually approached Japan through the construction of the military port at Lüshunkou, his face gradually started to shine with an increasing redness. I listened to it as if I was drunk. Then I felt the spirit of enmity spring out from the bottom of my heart towards the Russian Empire's strong colonialism invasion. That feeling might have been the same as Sōseki wrote about in *Military Service*. However, I have never felt that feeling expressed in *Military Service* before or after. As a poem, I rather sympathized with Ms. Akiko's *Thou Shalt Not Die*. This seems somewhat contradictory, but it is a feeling that I can understand. It is extremely natural that a woman would possess the emotion which Ms. Akiko expressed at the time of her family member going to war, and also, even if such natural emotions were expressed as they were, the spirit of enmity which sprang up from the bottom of my heart was not

necessarily erased. More than that, praying silently, "thou shalt not die" and saying you are prepared for your death in battle on the surface is unnatural and contradictory. At the time of the Russo-Japanese War, the military authorities did not force the nation to adopt such an unnatural contradiction. Rather, there were scholars or journalists who forced this line and tried to welcome the idea of military authority. In comparison to that, the attitude of Ms. Akiko can be said to be loyal to oneself. I think that made a good impression on me.

When Akiko's anthology *Dishevelled Hair* came out, I was still an admirer of exploration novels and I was not interested in new poems. After that, I started subscribing to *Morning Star* where I learnt about the existence of *Dishevelled Hair* and wanted to acquire it, but there was no way of obtaining it in the countryside. Also, no one had this anthology within my range of contacts. Even still, as it was quoted in various other people's writings, I knew the kinds of poems such as "You who speak of morality, do you not long to feel the hot blood of this soft skin?" and "Two stars deep in heaven, the whisper of love behind the curtain of night, those of this world lie with their hair in gentle disarray." Also, I think I read somewhere and knew around the time when Akiko got married to Tekkan. I remember reading somewhere that the poem "Tekkan" was from during their romantic period, which goes like "The collected poems in hand, two people's intimacy, Kii's haze is darker than Izumi." As I was interested in Akiko in this way, I acquired the second anthology *Little Fan* as soon as it came out, but I did not really receive any deep impression from this book. It might have been because I was more enthusiastic about *tanka* than *waka*. All the more, the long poem of *Thou Shalt Not Die* gave me a strong impression.

I did not discuss such a thing with anyone at that time. I do not even remember discussing Byron or Tennyson with my closest friend, Kurosaka Tatsuzō. At that time, there was a newspaper-sized magazine called *Success*, which encouraged young people to be successful in life, and the two of us talked about that magazine. Also, I do not know if I knew it from this magazine, but we took the popular book called *The Strenuous Life* by American president Theodore Roosevelt as an issue between the two of us. However, the tale of The Knights of the Round Table probably did not attract Kurosaka's interest at all. What captured Kurosaka's heart at that time seemed to be the more pressured issue of a life plan. Whenever I had free time, I was

reading Byron and Tennyson, and Kurosaka was reading books on English grammar and asking Mr Waki to look at the practice questions which he had carefully written. I did not know that he was doing this for a particular purpose, as he was such a studious person, but around the end of 37 [1904], if I remember it correctly, he confessed that he was in fact planning to go to Tokyo to take an entrance examination to transfer to the fifth year of middle school at the beginning of the following school term. He said that he had to finish school even one year earlier and cannot leisurely attend school due to his family circumstances. I finally understood how important this was for Kurosaka a few years later, though I did not really feel any significance at that point. At that time, it was popular to enter a higher school without graduating from middle school, cutting short for one year, and my older male cousin Kiyoshi had taken an examination for Kōshō in Hitotsubashi during the first school term in the fifth year about half a year before that, and quickly entered the school. I thought Kurosaka was doing the same kind of thing.

At that time, I was a committee member of the library club at the alumni association, so I was close to Matsuzaki Tatsurō, a fifth year committee member who later became a soldier, and was kind to me in various ways, but I do not remember discussing poems, songs, or ideology. The job of the library committee was to distribute the *Nihon* newspaper of Tokyo, which the school received in the corridor of the student waiting area every morning, to keep watch of the library after school a few times in a week, and to edit the alumni association magazine once a year, but I think I was mostly entrusted with such things. Since I entered the middle school, *A Drop of Black Ink*, *Random Comments whilst Reclining*, and *Six Foot Sick Leave* by Masaoka Shiki were published in *Nihon* newspaper, and I remember reading them, but it was more than one year since Shiki's death that I displayed it every morning. I do not remember what was in the paper at all. The best I could do was to quickly paste the newspaper on the wooden wall, I do not think I even had time to read it. Compared to that, keeping watch of the library was easy. It was a small room on the second floor of the main building which was at the end of the school gate, though having said a library, there was just one bookcase of two shelves which had a fitted glass door. Moreover, the only books that were inside there were the complete set of Japanese literature by Hakubunkan, and no other outstanding books. So there were

few visitors and the library was like my own private reading room. The editing of the alumni association magazine was also entrusted to me, which was easy because I did not need to consult with anyone. For that reason, I translated *The Prisoner of Chillon* and put it there. I do not have any memory of discussing the translation of this poem with anyone. I do not think that it was even on my mind that there would be people among my classmates who might read it.

In this kind of situation, I read *The Tower of London* by Sōseki in the New Year when Lüshunkou fell, and felt a strange fascination. However, I do not have any memory of discussing it with anyone at all. Thus, I never had the opportunity to learn about Sōseki from my friends. Sōseki had written the novel *I Am a Cat* in the February or March edition of *Morning Star* and which I learned about became interested in from the essay Ōtani Masanobu wrote. So I made an effort to acquire the magazine *The Cuckoo*, which had Sōseki's work in it, but not one copy had arrived in Nishimura Bookstore. I asked the head of the bookstore to order the magazine, but it was apparently not easy to obtain because the order had to go through an agency in Osaka. The magazine probably sold out because *I am a Cat* was popular and they did not have enough stock to satisfy the order. Because of that, I could not read *I Am a Cat* until it was published as a book. I think *Shield of Illusion* was the same. I was only able to read *Imitation Cry of the Koto* when it was in the magazine. That was because I was subscribing to a magazine called *Seven People* which was published in the autumn of the previous year.

It was not long before my classmate Kurosaka Tatsuzō, who went to Tokyo in the third semester of the fourth year, let me know that he graduated from Ikubunkan Middle School in Hongō, the Battle of Mukden ended in victory on the 10th of March, and I think it was at the end of the month. In the letter, I strangely remember that he used the expression "Footprint of *geta* on the first snow" referring to his result at the time of the graduation. Even though I have an extremely dull intuition for such expressions, I was able to understand the meaning, so perhaps I was taught the phrase by someone that goes, "The first snow, two figures, two figures, the trace of *geta*" before that, but what surprised me was not that Kurosaka was freely using such an expression, but that my fellow fourth year middle school student from the country, suddenly jumped into the fifth year of middle school in Tokyo, and

graduated with a good result of second place. This somewhat gave me the impression of a fairy tale.

I found out later that the top student was Sugita Naoki, and once entering Ichikō in the following year he was one grade above me in group three. Haruyama Takematsu, who also graduated from Ikubunkan in the same grade, became the same grade as I in Ichikō, and I started to keep close company with Sugita, but Sugita also continued to be a top student in Ichikō. In fact, he was a person with an unprecedented talent. If I had known those kind of things a year and a half ago and saw Kurosaka suddenly catch up from one grade below to Sugita, my surprise might have been ever greater. However, even without knowing those things, it is true that I received the feeling that it was somewhat like a fairy tale.

Another thing I found out later was that Ikubunkan backed onto Sōseki's villa. I received a very deep impression reading *The Tower of London* by Sōseki in that New Year, and around February or March I knew the same Sōseki had written *I Am a Cat* in *The Cuckoo* and was troubled to somehow acquire a copy of the magazine. Around that time, there was a vacant lot facing the school yard of Ikubunkan that had seven or eight camphor trees in a row which surrounded the north side of Sōseki's villa, where students of Ikubunkan freely entered to eat *bentō* or to gossip. If I was a student at Ikubunkan at that time, I would probably have entered the vacant lot to try to take a peep at Sōseki's villa. I did not check if Kurosaka and Sugita did such things, but we can almost guess that the number of students who entered there gradually increased as *I Am a Cat* became popular. In September of that year, Sugita entered Ichikō and Kurosaka entered a foreign language school, so they were not in the group of people causing an uproar, but Haruyama remained in the Repair Department or something, and apparently ended up in the middle of a scandal. The uproar eventually came to be described as the "Hall of the Descending Cloud incident" in chapter eight of *I Am a Cat* that appeared on New Year's Day the following year.[11]

11. In chapter eight of *I Am a Cat*, there is one scene which involves an individual student from "Hall of the Descending Cloud." In this scene, Sōseki "captures" a student for invading his garden to retrieve a baseball without permission, and demands that a representative from the school come to resolve the issue. It is highly likely that Haruyama is the student in question whom Sōseki reprimanded.

The officials at Ikubunkan would have frowned upon such an incident, but the bad students seemed to have applauded this wildly. Due to that, Haruyama was reading *I Am a Cat* very intently. He memorised almost entirely what Waverhouse did here or what kind of pun he said, or what Mr Sneaze did there. In the autumn of that year, when I first met Haruyama in the dormitory of Ichikō, he showed me around not only Sōseki's villa and Ikubunkan, but the various places depicted in the novel as if it was his territory. Kurosaka was probably not that much interested, but he would have known the situation. So, if I had asked Kurosaka about *I Am a Cat*, or to ask to acquire the magazine, I would have learnt a lot immediately. But, I do not have any memory of discussing such issues with Kurosaka at that time. So in the end, I could not read *I Am a Cat* until it was published as a book in the following year.

I do not remember clearly if Kurosaka's move to Tokyo stimulated my desire to travel, but I went to Kyoto for spring break that year. It was the first time when I saw Kyoto. My older brother was a third year student at Sankō, and my uncle had just become a professor of medicine after returning from Germany in the previous year. I stayed at that uncle's house and went around famous places in Kyoto every day with my older brother as a guide. However, not many of my first impressions seem to clearly remain. What I can somewhat specifically remember was after walking up to Mt Hiei from the river Kitashira, and looking at Shimeigatake and Konpon-chūdō, and that we went down towards Sakamoto on a canal boat from Ōtsu, passing north of Yamashina going in and out of tunnels and returned to the incline by Nanzan temple. The experience of using a canal was only at this time, so it is certain that my memory is from then. At that time, it was common to use steam trains to go to Kyoto from Ōtsu, as the Kyoto train was of course not constructed, the railway track diverted from Yamashina to the south to go out to Kyoto basin around the south of Inari shrine, so it was a lot further in distance than the current railway track, and so the canal was in fact a shortcut. In addition, I think going through tunnels and going down the canal by boat itself excited my interest. So, there were an incredibly large number of passengers on the canal boat.

As for the impression of Kyoto at that time, we can say that the canal and train were more memorable than the famous places. As trains were operating from earlier than in Tokyo, what I came in contact with for the first

time coming to Kyoto was this rare train. I think it was called Shichijō station, but as we got off the steam train there, we were able to get on the train in front of the station. I think it went up towards the north of the town of Kawara before the town street widened, and through to the Shimogamo bridge, passing the east side of the old Imperial Palace. I have a feeling it took almost one hour to reach the final destination. The body of the car was very small, but even still where the town width was narrow, the train passed almost touching houses. However, around that time, that kind of width for a road felt normal, so I did not necessarily receive the impression that it was particularly narrow. My sense of speed and the width of roads was completely different from now. More than that, the train itself was rare.

Around that time, my uncle's house was placed in the town of Tōnodan Sakuragi, so I think I was on the train on the first day until the final destination or until one station before that. Then, I forget if it was that day or the next day, I got to know that my older brother was interested in Dōshisha and he took me to the front of it, and while we were there we entered Shōkoku temple through the back between the school buildings and turning to the right from around the front of Hondō, if I remember it correctly, and guided me towards Tōnodan on the road in the middle of a wide bamboo grove. My uncle's house was placed on the north of Futasujime near the bamboo grove. I think it was perhaps a newly opened area from the exposed bamboo grove. When I went to look around at the end of the Taishō era, after I started living in Kyoto, it had become quite far from the bamboo grove. Most of the original bamboo grove would have been cut down to become a town. When the story came out at Mr Konishi Shigenao's house around there, Mr Konishi talked about how a bamboo shoot sprang up from under the floor of his study and broke through the floor.

In the previous year, shortly after the Russo-Japanese War began, a military transport ship called Hitachimaru was sank in the open sea of Genkai. Just before that, my uncle had returned from Germany on a ferry that passed by the Hitachimaru. So it had been more than a year since he returned from abroad during this spring break. In the garden of the house in Sakuragi, a small two-story western-style house was newly constructed and downstairs was used as a reception room and upstairs as a study. A sofa, armchair, and large desk were set up there, but such western furniture was very curious to me.

At that time, my younger male cousin Haruki had just entered second

year in middle school in April, and three of my younger female cousins were all in primary school. The youngest boy, Hiroki had not yet been born, but his mother was in her last month of pregnancy. So my uncle bought a book of fairy tales with pictures as a souvenir, and my younger female cousins explained various things whilst on the sofa. It was a story of "Max did this" or "Hans did that." My younger female cousins who talked about that story had very beautiful Edo dialects. During the time when my aunt was alive, who was the daughter of a lower ranking vassal, the children did not pick up a Kyoto dialect even though they lived in Kyoto. Although the children became familiar with regional words, I think their mother was constantly correcting them. During the few days when I was staying, I remember my aunt taking something out from a small cabinet whilst saying to the children in a joking tone, "Look. Tetsurō uses the proper words that way. Children, if you use strange words, one by one you will fault.... No, that's not right, fault-will-be-found-with-your-words" and laughed very openheartedly. I do not clearly remember what kind of wording I used at that time, but it was probably in contrast to the beautiful Edo dialect that my aunt and younger female cousins were using, so I would have made an effort to use Tokyo dialect that I read and knew so as to adapt the style as much as possible. My aunt probably sympathized with my consideration like that. Even though I only saw them once when I was an infant, I think it was because of my aunt's attitude that I felt very comfortable in my uncle's house at this time.

I do not remember what I talked about with my older brother during the few days when he showed me around the famous places of Kyoto, but I remember asking why he was boarding instead of staying at my uncle's house. My older brother explained that as they have many children it would be very difficult to look after one extra person. However, I could not really understand it well. I think I was still immature regarding things in society to that extent. Although I forgot most other things, and especially remember this question, the atmosphere of my uncle's house which I came in contact with was probably very comfortable for me. Having said that, the only memory I have of coming into contact with my uncle at this time was when we had dinner together surrounding a pot of beef *sukiyaki*, other than that, I only remember repeatedly looking at various albums that he brought home from Germany without being bored. This leaves a deeper impression than the sightseeing of famous places.

I think that the reason I went to Kyoto for spring vacation was because of the stimulation of my classmate Kurosaka leaving for Tokyo, and to make up my mind about going onto higher school, but at this time the main issue was how to prepare for the entrance examination for high school after graduating from middle school, though I did not really think specifically about that. My older brother had aimed for Sankō from the beginning, but I think he went to Tokyo for the examination preparation and also took the examination in Tokyo. There were no facilities for preparing for examination in Kyoto. So, it was decided that I would similarly go out to Tokyo at the end of March of the following year and study in some school until the entrance examination in July.

So, I had not yet arranged the consultation during spring break, but I think the desire to enter to humanities instead of medicine in the future was already present at this time. It was about half a year later in the autumn when I made up my mind to write a letter of consultation to my older brother, but during that time I thought and worried about various things. One of them was the problem of school expenses that Kurosaka threw at me. We cannot say that it was a problem unrelated to me. I probably heard from my mother that my grandfather said that they would let my older brother go to university so the younger brother would be fine with Okayama, where there was a medical college at that time. I knew my parents did not have that idea, so I thought I would naturally be able to proceed to a senior high school, but because it seemed that my grandfather said things like that due to the issue of school expenses, and as my mother never forgot to warn me to be modest every time she complained to me, I felt like seriously reflecting upon the extent that my future school expenses would cause trouble for my parents. In that respect, I think the situation is very different in the city, where they were used to monetary economy, but in the countryside, which was terribly troubled with the cash payment of land tax, things circulated more actively than money. Even though there was plenty of food to eat, there were many cases where there was no money. In that regard, they would feel the payment of only twenty *sen* or thirty *sen* was a great pain. From the perspective of life in an agricultural village, the monthly school tuition of fifteen *yen* (that is to say, the amount of money that I was sent as a monthly expense when I entered Ichikō, and I think it was the price of a year's supply of unpolished rice) was an incredible burden to send to the son. So, I became concerned

and wanted to know the financial situation of my house, but I could not ask such a thing directly, so I secretly estimated various incomes. What I could see clearly was the rice paid as rent, which was brought in every January and stored in the rice granary, and various products that people brought every season. It was enough for the family to eat, but I did not know how much cash was coming in. In the end, I gave up trying to determine the financial situation and was satisfied with the conclusion that as long as we do not live in luxury we would have enough for my school expenses. Then, during the six months after that, my desire to enter the humanities in Ichikō in the following year began to increase.

It was of course the stimulation from *Memoir*, the suicide of Fujimura Misao, poetry of Byron and Tennyson, and recently Sōseki's *The Tower of London* that caused my desire for the humanities, but another reason was seeing my father's work as a doctor, I deeply felt that I could not do such a thing. My father mostly abounded his own enjoyment and was fighting illness silently. I truly admired his attitude, so whatever I was asked to do, I tried to accomplish it as well as possible. Not only did I go to the pharmacy to collect medicine, but I also did the work of processing medicine in various ways. What I thought was particularly useful was the stool examination, which we do with a microscope to find hookworm eggs. In the agricultural village at that time, there were many of these parasites, so there were many people who had a yellow face with anaemia. My father had poor eyesight, so he asked me to do the job of looking into the microscope as I was young and with good vision. I can still vividly remember the shape of the eggs under that microscope, but when I took a specimen and looked in, it was usually pinworm eggs that were noticeable at first. There were not so many hookworm eggs, and I could not find them unless I took an incredibly long time to search. Probably because of that, in comparison to pinworm eggs, the shape of hookworms felt very slim. However, even in the case of a patient's initial medical examination, it could be found in the first specimen. What was painstaking was the stool examination of patients in recovery, and the work of estimating that there would be no more hookworm. For that, I looked carefully using many specimens. Even when I reported that there were none, there were many cases that I was told to search again. Although I did such work enthusiastically, it was not because I liked the work of medical science. It was just from the feeling that I wanted to help

my father. So, while helping with such jobs, I gradually solidified my desire to enter humanities at Ichikō in the following year.

The Battle of Tsushima occurred at the end of May of that year, and a victory was achieved that can only be considered as "God's blessing," but a little before that, my aunt in Kyoto passed away from typhoid fever after delivering her son Hiroki. This news was very hard to endure, as I had been in contact with my aunt for a few days during spring break when she was in good spirits. After the funeral, I clearly remember the scene of my uncle Inoue coming with my aunt's ashes for the burial. I silently looked on from the side, but my mood was melancholic. It seemed that something very ominous was starting to occur. When I think about it now, the sudden death of my aunt had a huge impact upon the life of my uncle and my younger cousins, especially the life of my younger male cousin. The impact was unexpectedly big.

Baby Hiroki, who was born soon after, was taken as a foster child to a neighboring village with the assistance of my father. So I remember the figure of Hiroki well, being held by a nursing mother and drinking breast milk. Fortunately, Hiroki grew up safely and joined Asahi newspaper after finishing university, but he passed away at the same age as his mother at thirty-three years old. However, among the siblings, it was only Hiroki who did not have any memory of his birth mother, in that respect he might have been rather happy.

During the summer vacation of this year, I lodged close to the harbor of Shikama with five or six classmates and did *kankairyū* swimming, which was an extracurricular activity at middle school. This lodging was a rare experience for me.

It was Principle Nagai who instigated the *kankairyū* swimming, and I think it started when I was in third year. That year, I attended by commuting via steam train, but I discontinued after about three days due to being stung and a stomach pain, which was an inconvenient and unpleasant experience. In that year, if we did not like it we were allowed to wilfully withdraw. In the following year, I think participation or non-participation was free as well. However, when I was in fifth year, everyone had to join in this extracurricular activity. In this circumstance, we were allowed to lodge.

It was my classmate Ishikawa, who was commuting to school from the

town of Shikama, who found the lodging house. It was an old house near Shikama harbor of two elderly women for whom the large house was too much. They apparently said they would look after young people with pleasure. So five or six students soon arrived. I think Fukuda Tokujirō and Iwasaki Eiji were in the group. Both of them later became doctors. Fukuda is still in good health, but Iwasaki passed away early on. He was a good person with a particular personality.

Minato was the name of the old harbor, which was of a geometric shape with a rectangular shaped inlet, and the beach was enclosed by stones. Then, a tea house and a brothel were lined-up on the north and west sides. Going through there, on the south side was a wide field with a strip of pine trees and a shallow-sea spread below the cliff. We would do preparation exercises in the pine grove and then go into the sea, but as I could swim from the start, I was able to memorise the frog swimming style of *kankairyū* quickly and I passed examinations for three blocks, five blocks or ten blocks with ease; however, I felt empathetic towards the old teachers who could not master swimming as easily as the young students, and were struggling to swim only three blocks, but had to attend because the principal was enthusiastic. However, those people might have been doing it with the desire to learn how to swim, even though it was late in life, or they were doing it with students because swimming in the ocean, which was newly popular in those days, was good for one's health; but I could not help but somehow think that the despotic pressure of the principal was creating the unusual swimming style of those people. This way of feeling might have been an indication of my antipathy towards Principal Nagai's first doctrine of physical education.

We were very cheerful at the lodge. One evening, when we had went out together for a walk after dinner, we had passed in front of the brothel in Minato without compunction; however, someone had noticed us there and created a rumor, and we received a warning from the teacher in charge, but we did not do anything and we did not quarrel either. One of the reasons why the lodging went well was probably because both of the elderly women in the lodge, who had apparently lost children, were very kind and looked after us very well.

In this way, days passed quickly and soon the day of examination for first rank in the senior class of *kankairyū* arrived. The examination was a long distance swim of fifty blocks. Unfortunately, it was cloudy on that day,

the clouds were low, and there were a great many jellyfish floating on the surface of the sea which annoyed us with stinging. Even still, I was able to continue swimming without too much difficulty. It is probably like that for long distance swimming, but it is especially so for *kankairyū*, it was very easy because all I had to do is to float while doing a frog swim slowly. However, on that day, perhaps due to the bad weather, everyone had to go up onto the boat once on the way and we were made to drink hot sugar water. At that time, I tried to go up as usual, by holding the side of the boat with my hand, but my body was so heavy that I could not climb up on my own no matter how hard I tried. Only then did I realize that long distance swimming is in fact very tiring.

The long-distance swim was completed safely, and I passed the first rank, so I think the dinner on that day was very satisfying. However, in the middle of the night I was attacked by a violent gastrospasm. The pain was severe and I could not put up with it and continued moaning loudly. I remember Fukuda and Iwasaki worried terribly and looked after me for a long time, but I do not remember clearly if a doctor came and calmed the pain. Anyway, thanks to that, I was left alone in the lodge to sleep on the following day. When the spasm was gone I was completely fine as if nothing had happened, and I felt like I was able to go into the sea in the afternoon, but the old women in the lodge stopped me and said that there were various books piled up in the storehouse and I could freely pull out anything I liked and read them, so I sneaked inside the storehouse and spent my time looking at various works written in the Edo era. There were books with pictures which were very rare for me. Compared to the long-distance swimming on the day before, the situation became completely different.

Due to things like that, I naturally gave up long-distance swimming above the first rank, but it was not at all regrettable for me. I think there were fourteen kilometer and twenty kilometer long-distance swims that year, if I remember it correctly, but I think I was rather pleased with no longer having to do it, thanks to the illness. What was regrettable was that I did not have enough time to search through all the books in the storehouse. The regret remained until the distant future.

This lodging was very pleasant for me, but I think it was probably due to reflection, in the autumn of that year, Iwasaki Eiji invited me for a one night trip with the five or six students from the boarding house. River Ibo, near

the town of Tatsuno, was twelve or sixteen kilometers and flowed towards west Himeji; on the upstream of the river, which is about four kilometers deep in the mountains from Tatsuno, there is a mountain village that is said to be where the soldiers of Heike fled. We went to see that. On Saturday afternoon, we went upstream to the valley of the river Yumesaki, which is immediately west of Himeji, and on that night we slept in a shrine in the middle of the mountain, or on straw in a barn and went out to the village on the following day. It was a village which felt detached from the world.

As it was the first time for me to do this kind of trip, it was very interesting, but everything, such as the plan to go and see that kind of village, researching of the route, and the schedule of time and food, was left to others and I only tagged along. I think the leader was Iwasaki. On the way back from the village, we walked lively for about forty kilometers to Tatsuno along the river Kiho, but when we arrived at Tatsuno in the evening, I remember Iwasaki said we had walked about forty-eight kilometers.

Lodging and participating in this kind of trip was a new trend when I became fifth year, and just as an indication of that, I was made a company commander during firing practice at school that summer. As it was an opposition practice of the troops, both company commanders were supposed to get to the prime location. Matsuzaki Tatsurō, with whom I was a committee member of the library club, was the other company commander, but he was an athlete and a person who later became a soldier, so I thought it was very suitable, but I felt somewhat unsuitable to be made a company commander as I was not an athlete. I could not help but guess that there was some other kind of consideration of the principal and teachers in charge.

Since I was a child, I have never wanted to be a general or a cabinet minister. In the case of thinking about the future, I aimlessly thought I would be a doctor, as I am the child of a doctor. Finally, in recent years, I started to hope to proceed to humanities instead of medical science, but I had never specifically thought about what kind of profession I would like to do. Therefore, I think that the desire to be in the position of controlling people never crossed my mind. Probably because of that, I felt annoyed that I was made to be a company commander, but I never spoke out to decline, and eventually came to accept the role and gave commands with my sabre on the day of practice.

In middle school, there were not enough Murata rifles, so I think it was

only those over third year who carried rifles. In total, there were about two-hundred who had rifles and two-hundred without. The company commanders each took half and spread them out among their troops, the physical education teacher lead one platoon as the advance guard, and all the company commander had to do was just take the main unit to a certain region. The gymnastic teacher instructed me in advance, that the region was a weir of a pond at the foot of whichever mountain. Thinking that it would not be so difficult, I began with a relatively carefree feeling.

However, the difficulty occurred at an unexpected place. The two or three year older athletes were not pleased with the mediocre practice of just walking to the weir of the pond calmly carrying a rifle, and instead wanted to run around between fields and hills. Then, when we came close to the mountain after doing a little marching, subordinate platoon officers and squad leaders raised various requests to let them patrol towards that mountain or let a squad deploy on the mountain ridge. Refusing their requests, I marched on the main road quietly, but such requests were persistently repeated. The platoon officer Mitsumata Sōnoshin, who was close to six foot tall was especially persistent. While such a condition continued for about one hour, the weir of the bank that the gymnastics teacher described started to come into view. Then, I probably felt relaxed and finally could no longer refuse their requests, so I said they could advance towards the mountain ridge, but that they should come down towards the weir of the pond from there, and attached one squad to Mitsumata, the tall platoon officer. This was the beginning of disorder. After that, there was no control and platoon officers and squad leaders started to act, leading their subordinates one after another. When I stood on the weir of the pond as planned, I was alone, and I felt disappointed.

I felt very embarrassed about this failure, and the gymnastic teacher apparently thought it was quite unpleasant, but I did not explain why I failed and the teacher did not seem to notice at which point I had trouble. So, he did not give a warning to platoon officers or squad leaders. Then, at the return exercise in the afternoon, he similarly advised me to withdraw to whichever river, take a position of attack at the weir there, and not to release the subordinates as in the morning. On the way back, I was determined not to compromise this time, but because the platoon officers and squad leaders did not think they failed in the morning practice, they hung on to the

company commander much more persistently. In the end, I submitted just the same as in the morning. By the time when the gymnastic teacher pulled up to the weir leading the rear guard force, Mitsumata's platoon was still on the other ridge.

From the experience at this time, I fully realized how unsuitable command or control was to my nature. I think this experience had a considerable influence when I decided my future aspirations. It was after that when I sent a letter of consultation to my older brother, stating that I wanted to study humanities. My older brother agreed and encouraged me, so when I proposed that to my father, he approved extremely easily. In that period, parents disliked the idea of their children becoming scholars of literature, indeed in other families there were disputes between the parents and children, but I did not experience any such unpleasant feelings.

Just around that time, Principal Nagai decided to go to Sweden to study abroad in order to research gymnastics, and started attending our English period to constantly study the language. He was the sort of person who could do such a thing extremely innocently. Whether it was the influence of such a change in the principal's circumstances, or making me a company commander was done under such a pretence, at the end of the school term in that December, my result for physical education became unusually high. Although the principal changed to Mr Hirasawa Kanenosuke from the following year, my gymnastics score was still high at the time of graduation in March. It was something that had never happened until I was in fourth year. However, because I felt my role as a company commander was a terrible failure, I remained unconvinced about my physical ability.