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Impossible Diplomacies: Japanese American Literature from 1884 to 1938

by

Andrew Way Leong

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction of the

requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

in

Comparative Literature

in the

Graduate Division

of the

University of California, Berkeley

Committee in charge:

Professor Colleen Lye, Chair
Professor Alan Tansman
Professor Miryam Sas
Professor Francine Masiello

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Abstract

Impossible Diplomacies: Japanese American Literature from 1884 to 1938

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Doctor of Philosophy in Comparative Literature

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Professor Colleen Lye, Chair

This dissertation examines writings by and about Japanese men—students, gentlemen, vagrants, and servants—who lived and worked in the United States prior to 1938. I provide a framework for thinking about what Japanese American literature might look like if its basis was not a *subject position*, but a series of *diplomatic relations*. The central motive for shifting the basis of Japanese American literature from a subject (the "Japanese American" as a kind of person) to a set of relations (the "Japanese American" as a description of encounters, contacts, negotiations, and miscegenations) is that for most of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century, the position of the naturalized Japanese American citizen was either impossible or barely imaginable.

The primary argument of this dissertation is that during a time when the "Japanese American" was an "impossible subject" from the vantage of the laws of the United States, Japanese men who lived and worked in the United States staged—through literature—an "impossible diplomacy." The writers I consider—Sadakichi Hartmann (1867-1944), Arishima Takeo (1878-1923), Nagahara Shōson (1901–??), and Katō Saburō (??–??)—were not official cultural brokers, but subjects estranged both from their country of origin (Japan), and the nation where they lived and worked (the United States). As aliens ineligible to citizenship in the United States as a "city" or "republic" of letters, these writers turned to literature as a means to mediate their estrangement from *both* Japan and the United States.

The four chapters trace a historical arc through key shifts in the diplomatic and legal paradigms which regulated the status of Japanese residents in the United States: the Treaty of Amity and Commerce of 1858, the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908, the Asian Exclusion Act of 1924, and the Neutrality Act of 1935.

In Chapter One, I read Sadakichi Hartmann's *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (1895) in concert with Whitman's *Calamus* sequence. I trace how Hartmann adopted Whitman's vision of a democratic, homosocial "engrafting" to stage the terms of his own entry and naturalization into the United States. I argue that Hartmann's adoption of Whitman's description of engrafting—as a form of friendship and "democratic art"—provides a means to explore structural inequalities in the broader discourse of "peaceful trade" which formed the basis of the 1858 Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the United States and Japan.

In Chapter Two, I read Arishima Takeo's *Labyrinth* (1918) arguing that the novel describes an passionate, sentimental economy which reveals underlying contradictions of the Gentlemen's

Agreement of 1907-1908. I turn from the "graft" to Arishima's allusions to Whitman's "tears," exploring how tears provide not only a positive figure for the dissolution of racial and class difference in "oceanic feeling," but also a morbid obsession with the "shapeless" and "lumpen"—particularly in the figure of the unborn, mixed-race child.

In Chapter Three, I recover *Lament in the Night* (1925) a novel written by Nagahara Shōson, a young immigrant who entered the United States ten years after the institution of the Gentlemen's Agreement. I read the novel as a "post-Exclusion" work which turns on the central concern of "the Issei failure"—a generative "failure" barred from (legitimate) biological and literary reproduction. I turn from Whitmanian images of the graft and tears towards a motif geared to the body of the urban vagrant: the pocket. I construct an "epistemology of the pocket" to address the sexual intimacies and exposures of the urban vagrant, a queerness more mobile and less total than can be described through the "closet."

In Chapter Four, I read a short story by Katō Saburō (??-??) titled, "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" (1938). I argue that the story—which foregrounds a homosocial relationship between two domestic servants, one Japanese, the other Chinese—presents diplomacy as a form of "servant's handicraft." This "servant diplomacy," in turn, counters the quarantine on intra-Asian violence imposed by the United States' isolationist Neutrality Act of 1935. Finally, Katō's introduction of a third party—a speaking Chinese subject—opens the field of impossible diplomacy from the bilateral scheme of the Japanese and the American to the multilateral question of Asian American literature.

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Any failures, errors, or infelicities in this work are mine.

List of Abbreviations

ATZ	*Arishima Takeo zenshū*. Tokyo: Chikuma, 1979-1988.
LG	*Leaves of Grass and Other Writings*. Ed. Michael Moon. New York: Norton, 2002.
SM	*Walt Whitman's Songs of Male Intimacy and Love: "Live Oak, with Moss" and "Calamus."* Ed. Betsy Erkkila. Iowa City: Iowa, 2011.
PW	*Prose Works*. Walt Whitman. Philadelphia: David McKay, 1892; Bartleby.com, 2000. Online.

Introduction

This dissertation examines writings by Japanese men—students, gentlemen, vagrants, and servants—who lived and worked in the United States prior to 1938. The goal is to outline what "Japanese American literature" might look like if its conceptual basis was not a *subject position* but a series of *diplomatic relations*. The central motive for shifting the basis of Japanese American literature from an identifiable subject ("the Japanese American" as a kind of person) to a set of relations—the "Japanese American" as a description of scenes of encounter, contact, negotiation, and miscegenation—is that until the latter half of the twentieth century, the position of the naturalized Japanese American citizen was either impossible or barely imaginable. For most of the historical period considered in this dissertation, the courts and legislatures of the United States considered Japanese residents to be "aliens ineligible to citizenship."[1] In other words, Japanese immigrants could not be, or become "American," and thus there could be no such thing as a naturalized "Japanese American."

The central argument of this dissertation is that during a time when the naturalized Japanese American was an "impossible subject" from the vantage of the laws of the United States, Japanese men who lived and worked in the United States staged—through literature—what I term an "impossible diplomacy."[2]Impossible diplomacy is a diplomacy conducted without *diplomata*—the

[1]The Supreme Court did not rule that Japanese were aliens ineligible to citizenship until 1922, in Ozawa v. United States. Prior to this decision, Japanese were denied naturalization on the basis of lower court decisions and administrative interpretations of existing statutes. A few hundred Japanese were naturalized by lower federal courts prior to 1906, but following the passage of the Immigration Act of that year, the Attorney General ordered lower courts to cease issuing naturalization papers to Japanese aliens (Ichioka, 210-212).

[2]The term "impossible subject" derives from Mae Ngai's *Impossible Subjects: Illegal Aliens and the Making of Modern America*. Ngai describes the "impossible subject" as "a *new legal and political subject*, whose inclusion within the nation was simultaneously a social reality and a legal impossibility—a subject barred from citizenship and without rights [...] a person who cannot be and a problem that cannot be solved" (4-5). This dissertation compresses one dimension of Ngai's path-breaking study of the "impossible subject" and expands another. Rather than consider all forms of illegal alienage in the United States, I restrict my focus to the alienage of Japanese subjects. This restriction allows me to expand my study along another axis, broadening the conception of the Japanese American as "impossible subject" from the realms of law and politics into the realms of literature and diplomacy.

The move from the legal/political to the literary/diplomatic induces a slight shift in temporal emphasis. In Ngai's legal-political study, the Johnson-Reed Act of 1924 is a *starting* point, an Act which marked *in law* the end of "open immigration" and the beginning of an "era of immigration restriction" (17). In this dissertation, the Act is a *midpoint*, an inscription in law of forces already in play in the realms of literature and diplomacy. This shift in temporal posts allows the present study to turn to moments when key elements of the restriction of Japanese immigration were not written *in law*—for example, in the context of the unwritten, informal Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908, an agreement which, until nullified in 1924, determined what classes of Japanese could travel freely to the United States.

official documents which authorize their bearers to serve as representatives of a city or a nation. The writers I consider in this dissertation—Sadakichi Hartmann (1867-1944), Arishima Takeo (1878-1923), Nagahara Shōson (1901–??), and Katō Saburō (??–??)—were not official diplomats or cultural brokers, but subjects estranged both from their country of origin (Japan), and the nation where they lived and worked (the United States). As aliens ineligible to citizenship in the United States as a "city" or "republic" of letters,[3] these writers turned to literature as a means to mediate their estrangement from *both* Japan and the United States.

To date, the vast majority of studies of "Japanese American" literature have considered the writings of American-born descendants of Japanese immigrants. Children born to Japanese parents in the United States were American citizens by *jus solis* (right of the soil). In the 1970s, the "grounding" provided by this legal claim to citizenship formed the implicit basis for early attempts to define Japanese American, and more broadly, Asian American literature. In the preface to *Aiiieeeee!* a seminal 1974 anthology of Asian American literature, the editors drew a stark distinction between "Asian-Americans" and "Americanized Asians," a distinction which functionally coincided with place of birth. The editors dismiss writers born in Japan—such as Yone Noguchi (1875-1947, Tsushima) and Sadakichi Hartmann (1867-1944, Dejima)—as figures who "momentarily influenced American writing with the quaintness of the Orient" but who "said nothing about Asian America, because in fact, these writers weren't Asian Americans but Americanized Asians" (xv). Accordingly, the "real" Japanese Americans in *Aiiieeeee!* are all American-born *Nisei* (second-generation) writers: Toshio Mori (1910-1980), Hisaye Yamamoto (1921-2011), John Okada (1923-1970), Wakako Yamauchi (1924–), and Momoko Iko (1940–).

Re-casting the basis of Japanese American literature from a subject position to a series of relations also helps to shift the field's center of gravity towards earlier works written by non-American citizens writing in languages other than English.[4]Thinking in terms of *diplomatic* relations in particular provides an alternative means for thinking through literary works written in

[3]I borrow these terms from Ángel Rama (*La Ciudad Letrada*) and Michael Warner (*The Republic of Letters*)—texts which, despite their different geographic emphases, both provide compelling accounts of the status of "letters" in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries as key elements of the formation of Anglo and Latin American nation-states.

[4]This shift towards recovering and studying non-Anglophone Japanese American literature has been especially pronounced in Japanese-language scholarship. For an overview of early Issei (first-generation) literature written in Japanese and (classical) Chinese, see Yoshitaka Hibi, "Nikkei Amerika imin Issei no shinbun to bungaku" in *Nihon bungaku*, 53 (2004) 23-34. For a theoretical analysis of "reading from the borders" of Japanese American and Japanophone literature, see Hibi's "Kyōiki kara yomeru koto—Nikkei Amerika imin no Nihongo bungaku" in *Nihon kenkyū* 15, (2011) 127-150. For a survey of Japanese-language literary magazines in the United States, see Yamamoto Iwao, et. al. eds., *Nikkei Amerika bungaku zasshi—nihongo zasshi o chūshin ni* (Tokyo: Fuji Shuppan, 1998). For a fascinating set of brief articles on "migrant-land literature," and poetry written by Japanese residents in the United States, see Teruko Kumei's "Zaibei Nihonjin 'Iminchi bungei' oboegaki'" series, published from 2006 to 2010 through various magazines at Shirayuri Women's College.

There has also been a small, but growing amount of English-language scholarship on non-Anglophone Japanese American literature. For an early article in the field see Eri Yasuhara's "Voices from the Margins: A Preliminary Report on Two Issei Literary Journals, 1916-1919" in *Ritsumeikan gengo bunka kenkyū* 4 (March 1993), 97-106. Also see Ted Mack,"Seattle's Little Tokyo: *Bundan* Fiction and the Japanese Diaspora" in *PAJLS*, 7 (2006) 7-16. For two recent dissertations in the field, see Junko Kobayashi "Bittersweet Home: Celebration of Biculturalism in Japanese Language Japanese American Literature, 1936-1952," diss. U Iowa, 2005, as well as Kristina S. Vassil, "Passages: Writing Diasporic Identity in the Literature of Early Twentieth-Century Japanese America," diss. U Michigan, 2011.

both Japanese and English, in Japan and in the United States. Rather than framing this inquiry primarily in terms of the (domestic) laws of one nation (e.g., American exclusion laws), I turn to the *diplomatic* as a means of thinking of the complex negotiations between two nation states.

The pairing of the literary and the diplomatic in this dissertation draws inspiration from a strain of critical international relations theory which reads "diplomacy" as inclusive of more than the actions and relations of official representatives of nation-states. Diplomacy, for these theorists, has many characteristics of the literary—an affinity which is particularly friendly to a dissertation written in the field of comparative literature. This strain of diplomatic theory can be traced to James Der Derian's path-breaking work *On Diplomacy* (1980), which attempted to shift the definition of diplomacy from an emphasis on nation-states towards a "general working definition" of diplomacy as "a mediation between estranged individuals, groups or entities" (6). In a further iteration and complication of Der Derian's expansion of the definition of diplomacy, Costas Constantinou reminds us of an archaic usage of diplomacy as *res diplomatica*—"the business of dealing with archives and diplomas [written documents]" (83). To the extent that literary study concerns itself with archives, the written (and the unwritten), literature appears as the conjoined twin of diplomacy—a remainder left after the late eighteenth century, when "the word *diplomacy* acquires a particular political thematization attached to statecraft and external affairs" (81). Building upon Constantinou's proposal to "noveliz[e] diplomacy" (xvi), I read literature as diplomacy and diplomacy as literature. This dual formulation allows me to trace how literature written by Japanese men in the United States functioned in the domain of *res diplomatica* even if, as impossible subjects, these men were "ineligible for citizenship" in the American *res publica*.

In the opening sentence of this introduction, I refrained from saying "Japanese American literature," relying instead on the longer phrasing: "writings by and about Japanese men—students, gentlemen, vagrants, and servants—who lived and worked in the United States." This formulation is necessary because, depending one one's definitional criteria, the four Japanese writers considered in this dissertation— Hartmann, Arishima, Shōson, and Katō—may or may not qualify as "Japanese American."

Of the four men listed above, Sadakichi Hartmann is the only one who is known to have become a naturalized American citizen. He is also the only writer who is known to have died in the United States. While Hartmann's status as an "American" may be less subject to question, his status as a "Japanese" is more uncertain. Hartmann was born as the son of a German merchant father and Japanese mother on the island of Dejima in the Nagasaki Bay. Hartmann's mother died shortly after his birth, and Hartmann left Japan as an infant, never to return. Hartmann moved to the United States in 1882 and led a diverse and wide-ranging life as a bohemian, art critic, playwright, and film actor before dying in poverty in 1944. . In contrast to Hartmann, who was born on Japan's periphery, Arishima Takeo was born in its metropolitan center: Tokyo. The eldest son of a wealthy official in the Ministry of Finance, Arishima was educated in the most elite institutions of the Japanese nation, attending Gakushuin (The Peer's School) while serving as an official study companion to the crown prince. At the same time, however, Arishima was also exposed to an unusually high concentration of Anglo-American literature and culture: from an early age, Arishima was sent to the home of an American family in Yokohama for immersion in English. As an adult, Arishima attended Sapporo Agricultural College, an institution which still bore the imprint of William Clark (1826-1886), a missionary and former Civil War colonel who

inspired a generation of prominent Japanese Christian intellectuals. Arishima lived in the United States from 1903-1906, studying at Haverford College and Harvard University in addition to working over the summers as a nurse at an insane asylum and a domestic servant on a farm estate in New Hampshire. Upon returning to Japan, Arishima became a well-respected writer. He committed suicide in 1923.

Nagahara Shōson was likely as poor as Arishima was privileged. Born in the mountains of Hiroshima Prefecture, Nagahara emigrated to the United States at the age of seventeen in 1918. Nagahara's father was already working in the copper mines of Utah, and when Nagahara was summoned to the United States he became what was known as a *yobiyose Issei* (a first-generation immigrant "called-over" to the United States by family). While Arishima's life is well-documented, only fragmentary records of Nagahara's life exist. It is likely that Nagahara worked as a migrant laborer throughout the American West in the 1920s before he settled down on a more or less permanent basis in Los Angeles. Once in Los Angeles, Nagahara began a brief, but prolific career as a writer of fiction and plays, publishing several works through regional Japanese-language presses and newspapers between 1924 and 1928. As of this writing, only two of his novels are known to be extant. He likely returned to Japan in 1927 or 1928. Nothing of his life after this year is currently known.

And at the far extreme of lack of biographical knowledge, there is the case of Katō Saburō, a San Francisco resident who, in the late 1930s, became a contributing editor for the amateur literary magazine *Shūkaku* or *Harvest*. At the time of this writing, I do not know where or when Katō was born, or when or where he died. He may have returned to Japan; he may have become a naturalized citizen of the United States. Answers to these uncertainties await further research.

These four capsule biographies reveal the broad range of subject positions that Japanese men occupied from the vantage of Japanese and American law. Some of these men were classified as "immigrants" in the eyes of Japanese and American laws, others were not. Some stayed in the Untied States until their deaths, others returned to Japan after sojourns of three to ten years. The documentary records for some of these men's lives are so fragmentary that we may never arrive at a definitive answer about their "status" as "Japanese Americans."

In the chapters to follow, I argue that the wide range of subject positions occupied by Hartmann, Arishima, Shōson and Katō is reflective of broader Japanese and American diplomatic and legal regimes which regulated trade, commerce, travel, and immigration between the two nations. The four chapters trace a historical arc through key shifts in the diplomatic and legal paradigms which governed the status of Japanese residents in the Untied States: the Treaty of Amity and Commerce (signed 1858, ratified 1860), the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908, the Asian Exclusion Act of 1924, and the Neutrality Act of 1935.

In Chapter One, I read Sadakichi Hartmann's (1867-1941) *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (1895) in concert with Whitman's *Calamus* sequence. The *Conversations* document a series of encounters which took place between Hartmann and Whitman from 1884-1892. I trace how Hartmann—a young Japanese-German emigre—drew on the *Calamus* logic of the "graft" to write himself into the place of Whitman's Japanese student (eleve). I examine how Hartmann and Whitman's descriptions of "manly attachment" and male-male friendship coincided with its contemporary paradigm of Japanese-American relations, a "Treaty of Amity and Commerce"

between the United States and Japan. I argue that even lthough Hartmann left Japan as an infant and had no direct knowledge of Japanese art, the logic of engrafting allowed him to express an imaginative version of Japanese art which served as a perfect complement to Whitman's vision of an American "democratic art." In addition to the basic principle of "adhesive love" associated with the graft, Whitman also saw the process of "engrafting" or democratic instruction in terms of "suggestiveness," a method of "finishing and rounding little" in his poems to ensure that the *reader* would "always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine" (PW 724). In turn, Hartmann cast "suggestiveness" as the central property of *Japanese* art, leading to the conclusion that the "Japanese have realized, as far as it is possible, Whitman's dream of a democratic art" (*Japanese Art*, 218).

In Chapter Two, I turn from the "adhesiveness" and "suggestiveness" described in *Conversations* and *Calamus* towards another Whitmanian motif for democratic union between men: the dissolution provided by *tears*. I examine the writings of one of Whitman's pre-eminent Japanese translators, the novelist Arishima Takeo (1878-1923). Through a reading of *Labyrinth* (1918), a semi-autobiographical novel based upon Arishima's 1903-1906 sojourn in the United States, I trace how Arishima draws on Whitman's poems as a means to articulate an "oceanic passion," a passion which offers, on the one hand, the utopian socialist possibility of an international brotherhood of men, while on the other, the horror of the "lumpen," figured both as a "classless" mass, and as a half-breed "lump," the malformed product of a miscegenous union. I argue that the novel's morbid obsession with the shapeless and miscegenous lump reveals the underlying contradictions of the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908, a diplomatic agreement which restricted the emigration of Japanese laborers.

In Chapter Three, I move from a discussion of how the Gentlemen's Agreement sought to isolate one *gens*(race, nation) from another, to another injunction against miscegenation—what Jacques Derrida terms "the law of genre." Building upon Derrida's argument that the injunction against mixing genres also invokes a contamination of *genesis*, an "invagination" of the edges of beginning and ending, life and death, I turn to works of Japanese-language American literature which have been marked as "failures" in previous generational histories. I recover *Lament in the Night* (1925) a novel written by Nagahara Shōson (1901–), a young immigrant who entered the United States ten years after the institution of the Gentlemen's Agreement. I construct an "epistemology of the pocket" to address the intimacies and exposures of the Japanese American urban vagrant. Through the figure of the pocket, I account for the problem of the "Issei failure," members of the "first generation" who were excluded from both biological and artistic reproduction. The pocket marks a yearning for a return to a point of shared genesis, an impossible desire which *Lament* marks as a failure to recover the intimacy of a shared vernacular.

Chapter Four also focuses upon a "lost" work of Japanese-language Japanese American literature, a short story by Katō Saburō titled, "Mr. Yama and the China Incident." I trace how Katō shifts the terms of the vernacular from a language shared by one *gens* with a shared point of origin, portraying the vernacular as a "servant language" mediated through the "servant's hand." I argue that the story stages a form of "vernacular diplomacy" which counters, through script and gesture, the discourse of "national people's diplomacy" — a campaign orchestrated by immigrant elites and the Japanese government to turn Japanese immigrants into mouthpieces for Japanese imperial expansion in China. I argue that Katō's introduction of a third party—a speaking Chinese subject

—opens the scope of Japanese American impossible diplomacies, providing a means to think of how a Japanese American literature might become an Asian American literature.

Chapter 1

To Engraft a Democratic Art: Sadakichi Hartmann's *Conversations with Walt Whitman*

Sadakichi Hartmann (1867-1944) ends the text of *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (1895) with a single emblem (Figure 1.1). At first glance, we might dismiss this emblem as merely "decorative," but to do so would be to dismiss Hartmann's critical association of the decorative with the *democratic*. In *Japanese Art* (1904)—a two-volume study written for a lay audience—Hartmann describes the "decorative arts" of Japan as "industrial arts." Industrial arts, in turn, are a necessary precursor to "democratic" art. It is this chain of logic which allows Hartmann to make the following claim:

> [O]ne of the principal merits of Japanese art lies in its purely decorative and ideal industrial qualities [...] they present something we Westerners do not possess, do not even understand. At certain periods in the Gothic and Rococo we touched it, but it never belonged to the whole people, as in Japan. *The Japanese have realized, as far as possible, Walt Whitman's dream of a democratic art*, for only an industrial art can be democratic (*emphasis mine*, 217-218).

This chapter explores Whitman and Hartmann's shared "dream of a democratic art," an art both "decorative" and "industrial," an art which could belong to "the whole people." Note that when Hartmann invokes the possibility of a "whole people," his address depends on a position which simultaneously divides and unifies (cleaves) one collective from and to another. On the one hand, Hartmann speaks as a member of a we—"we Westerners"—distinguishing the knowledge possessed in the West from the knowledge and understanding possessed in Japan. (This stance is strange because Hartmann's mother was Japanese; it is not so strange because Hartmann spent most of his childhood in the land of his father: Germany). On the other hand, while speaking as a Westerner who cannot know or understand Japanese art, Hartmann also adopts the position of a knowledgable critic who understands Japanese art as the realization of a democratic art.

Figure 1.1: Emblem from *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (1895)

The conceit of this chapter is that this impossible cleavage—a denial of knowledge and understanding which claims knowledge and understanding, a cleavage which parallels Hartmann's own dual ancestry—can be read through a single decorative emblem: the *graft* which marks the end of Hartmann's *Conversations with Walt Whitman*.

This emblem depicts two species of plant *engrafted* upon a single root. The plant at left, with its long, sword-shaped leaves and phallic, convex (凸) flower, is a calamus reed. The plant at right, with its single, heart-shaped leaf and petaled, concave (凹) bloom, appears to be a morning glory. A simple knot appears below the two plants.

The presence of the calamus reed as a visual emblem should instantly bring to mind Whitman's *Calamus* poems, a sequence which sings songs of the"manly affection" which will "tie and band" "partners" and "lands" with the "love of lovers," forging the bonds of robust "Democracy" (SM, 49-51). The presence of the morning glory and calamus joined at the root points us to the poems of the sequence which celebrate "engrafting" as a key figure for the complex cleavages at the base of any form of democratic education and affection. In particular, we could turn to Poem 42 of the 1860 edition of the *Calamus* sequence:

> To the young man, many things to absorb, to engraft,
> to develop, I teach, to help him become élève of mine,
> But if blood like mine circle not in his veins,
> If he be not silently selected by lovers, and do not silently select lovers,
> Of what use is it that he seek to become élève of mine? (SM, 77)

In this chapter, I take the figure of the *graft* as an emblem of the conversations that took place between a young man—Sadakichi Hartmann—and an elderly Whitman. I read "conversation" in the extended sense implied by Whitman's *Calamus* poems—an intercourse formed not only in words or verse, but an intimate circulation akin to the flowing of common "blood" through shared veins.

In the *Calamus* sequence, the figure of the graft introduces a paradox. On the one hand, the graft suggests a democratic encounter between equals who share the same blood, a manly attachment formed through the reciprocity of simultaneous silent selection. On the other hand, the graft retains a sense of hierarchical division which separates the older man (as teacher), from the young man (as élève or "student"). The paradox of the graft can be restated as a specific instance of a general paradox of democratic education: how can one *teach* democratic equality without re-instating a hierarchical division between the teacher and the student?

The figure of the graft also allows me to read "diplomatically," finding parallels between the paradox of engrafting in Hartmann's *Conversations* with Whitman and contemporaneous relations between Japan and the United States. From 1858 to 1894, the key document defining relations between Japan and the United States was the "Treaty of Amity and Commerce" (日米修子通商條約). While the title of this document implies a system of open friendship and commerce between equals, in practice, the treaty was the first of Japan's so-called "Unequal Treaties" with the West. By historical coincidence, the system of unequal treaties began to unravel in 1894, the same year when Hartmann finished writing *Conversations with Walt Whitman*.[1]

Reading through the decorative figure of the graft allows me to trace the lines of thought and commerce behind Hartmann's declaration that "the Japanese have realized, as far as possible, Walt Whitman's dream of a democratic art." By making this claim, Hartmann could project the possibility of a democratic union between Japan and the United States—a union between two distinct entities which, nevertheless, could "engraft" as equals through the shared "blood" of a democratic art.

The Treaty of Amity and Commerce (1858)

Sadakichi Hartmann was born in 1867, a year before the collapse of the Tokugawa Shogunate and the restoration of imperial rule in 1868. Ten years earlier, the United States and Japan had signed a Treaty of Amity and Commerce; this treaty was ratified by the first Japanese embassy to the United States in 1860. In this section, I lay the ground for Hartmann and Whitman's first encounters almost a quarter-century after this embassy, drawing out the place of "amity" and "commerce" in Whitman's vision of a world "tied and banded" through democratic friendship.[2]

The embassy visited New York on June 16, 1860, and eleven days later, Whitman's commemorative poem—"The Errand-Bearers"—appeared in the *New York Times*.[3] Rather than directly addressing the "swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys," Whitman sings to "Libertad,"

[1] After the watershed of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Commerce and Navigation in 1894, Japan successfully renegotiated its trade arrangements with the United States and other Western powers. After 1894, terms of trade between Japan and the United States continued a process a gradual equalization, which culminated in the 1911 Treaty of Commerce and Navigation.

[2] My reading of "The Errand-Bearers"/"A Broadway Pageant," as well as the broader inspiration to read Whitman through diplomacy and foreign relations are both in debt to Josephine Park's readings of Whitman and Ezra Pound in *Apparitions of Asia: Modernist Form and Asian American Poetics.* For Park's reading of "A Broadway Pageant," see 4-7. For Pound's insistence on the language of diplomacy and foreign relations, see 28.

[3] Whitman changed the title of this poem to "A Broadway Pageant" in the 1865 text of *Drum-Taps*.

focusing not only on the errand-bearers themselves, but the pageant which surrounds them. The advance of the envoys is a "summons," and Whitman and the pageant are the answer:

> When the summons is made, when the answer that waited thousands of years answers,
> I too arising, answering, descend to the pavements, merge with the crowd, and gaze
> with them. (LG, 204)

These two lines recall Whitman's "Song of the Answerer," a poem which declares that the poet "resolves all tongues into his own and bestows it upon men" (LG, 142). Whitman allies the role of the "Answerer" with crafts and trades, declaring: "The sailor and traveler underlie the maker of poems, the Answerer,/ The builder, geometer, anatomist, phrenologist, artist, all these underlie the maker of poems, the Answerer" (LG, 144). In turn, the Answerer becomes an ideal democratic pedagogue, dictating not one specific answer, but sharing the "work" of crafting poetry with "the crowd" who make and receive his gift:

> The words of true poems give you more than poems,
> They give you to form for yourself poems, religions, politics, war, peace, behavior,
> histories, essays, daily life, and everything else,
> They balance ranks, colors, races, creeds, and the sexes,
> They do not seek beauty, they are sought,
> Forever touching them or close upon them follows beauty, longing, fain, love-sick.
> (LG, 144)

In response to the summons of the "Errand-Bearers," the Answerer merges with the crowd and joins the ranks of the pageant. This pageant collapses distance, turning the "countries there" (across the Western sea) into "millions-enmasse" which are "curiously here" (LG, 204). In addition to collapsing distance, the pageant also blurs the line between possessing and being possessed: "[t]hese and whatever belongs to them palpable show forth to me, and are seized by me,/ And I am seiz'd by them, and friendlily held by them" (LG, 204). Whitman imagines this merging and joining of West and East as a peaceful commerce, where the act of "seizing" is not a violent conquest, but a mutual act of friendship.

And yet the paradox of democratic education remains. While Whitman invokes a reciprocal equality ([they] are seized by me,/ And I am seiz'd by them), he also places "America" in the privileged position as the mistress of democracy and Libertad. In the climactic lines of the second section of the poem, Whitman chants his answer:

> I chant the world on my Western sea,
> I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as stars in the sky,
> I chant the new empire grander than any before, as in a vision it comes to me,
> I chant America the mistress, I chant a greater supremacy,
> I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on these group of sea-islands,
> My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the archipelagoes,

> My stars and ships fluttering in the wind,
> Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work, races reborn, refresh'd,
> Lives, work resumed—the object I know not—but the old, the Asiatic renew'd as it
>   must be,
> Commencing from this day surrounded by the world. (LG, 205)

Whitman's play on the front rhyme of *comm*erce and *comm*encing links free trade to rebirth. In these lines, the people of America are imagined as a "new" race which will refresh and revive the [Oriental] "race of eld." Commerce is an awakening which will produce a "new empire grander than any before," and a "greater supremacy."

When considering the horrors of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, it may be difficult to read Whitman's paeans to grand "new empire," "blooming cities," and "steam-ships threading the archipelagoes" without thinking in darker terms about militaristic expansion, bombings of civilian populations, and naval warfare. However, it is important to note that Whitman believed—as many of his contemporaries did—that the American expansion of commerce was fundamentally peaceful. The new empire and blooming cities in Whitman's vision are not necessarily an empire of *American* cities, but rather a new, world-spanning prosperity that renews all races.

The peaceful vision of "Amity and Commerce" concealed a fundamental contradiction. In *Across the Pacific*, historian Akira Iriye traces the American belief that commercial relations with Japan were peaceful by nature to eighteenth-century European thought and its extension through the Jeffersonian dictum of "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations" (14). Iriye notes that the "peaceful" policy of trade required force for its implementation, and that the "prevalent image of American policy in East Asia was evolved within the framework of military collaboration with Europe, especially with Great Britain" (16-17). Whitman's poem tactfully avoids any direct reference to Commodore Perry's gunboat diplomacy. Commerce opens, without any meditation on how this "opening" came into being.[4]

In practical terms, the Treaty of Amity of Commerce enshrined multiple levels of inequality and disparity. Article I of the treaty made provisions for the reciprocal exchange of diplomatic agents, but subsequent articles assumed that all trade between Japan and the United States would

[4]Guns and ships do appear repeatedly in the poem—most notably in a five-line sequence which one might read as an unstated—and perhaps unintentional—transposition of the Black Ships of Uraga Bay to New York Harbor:

> When the thunder-cracking guns arouse me with the proud roar I love,
> When the round-mouth'd guns out of the smoke and smell I love spit their salutes,
> When the fire-flashing guns have fully alerted me, and heaven-clouds canopy my city with a delicate
>   thin haze,
> When gorgeous the countless straight stems, the forests at the wharves, thicken with colors,
> When every ship richly drest carries her flag at the peak[...] (LG, 203).

Whitman's three-fold repetition of "guns" and joyous celebration of their roar, smoke, smell, and haze, fails to recognize how the guns of the pageant might be interpreted by the "swart cheek'd ... envoys," who might recall a similar display of firepower six years earlier. (For a contrasting view of a Broadway parade with *silent* guns which took place only one year later (in 1861), see "First O Songs for a Prelude," in *Drum-Taps*, where the crowds of Manhattan gather for soldiers departing for the Civil War: "(Silent cannons, soon to cease your silence,/ Soon unlimber'd to begin the red business) (LG, 236).

only take place through American merchants based in Japan. (This was a reasonable assumption in 1858 since the Tokugawa government still barred ordinary subjects from leaving Japan). As a consequence of this assumption, Article III of the treaty made no provisions for the potential presence of Japanese residents or merchants in the United States. Article IV ceded Japanese tariff autonomy, a provision which was not fully reversed until 1911. Article VI of the treaty granted American residents in Japan extra-territorial rights, declaring that "Americans committing offences against Japanese shall be tried in American Consular courts, and when guilty, shall be punished according to American law" (Auslin, 218). This extra-territoriality provision was not reciprocal: if a Japanese subject were to commit an offense against an American in the United States, he or she would not be tried in a "Japanese Consular" court.

Although one can criticize Whitman's assumption that commercial expansion was peaceful, it is important to note that the spirit of his vision of "commerce" went well beyond the letter of the Treaty of Amity of Commerce. The primary emphasis of the "Errand-Bearers" is not on the specific *letter* of the envoys' "errand," but on the *pageant* which hovers "above, around, or in the ranks marching." Similarly, when Whitman celebrates the Asiatic "commencing from this day surrounded by the world," he celebrates the potential for a unity that exceeds the letter of any treaty or agreement.

In part, Whitman's skepticism towards the efficacy of treaties, agreements, and arms comes from a belief in the signal importance of bonds of "friendship" and "affection" between men of different states and nations. Treaties, in Whitman's view, are petty formalizations worth nothing in comparison to true bonds of friendship. This stance is especially clear in Poem 5 of the 1860 *Calamus* sequence, where Whitman casts away "agreements on paper":

> States!
> Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers?
> By an agreement on a paper? Or by arms?
>
> Away!
> I arrive, bringing these, beyond all the forces of courts and arms,
> These! to hold you together as firmly as the earth is held together (SM, 49).

Although Whitman's address is directed towards the states of *America*—it is important to recall that Whitman also considered the "America" and "democracy" to be "convertible terms" (LG, 758). As Walter Grūnzweig observes, the central addressee of *Leaves of Grass* is "the common people throughout the world," an address encapsulated in the lines in the poem "L. of G.": "For America– for all the earth, all nations, people/ (Not of one nation only—not America only)" (239). In Poem 5 of the *Calamus* sequence, "these" [leaves] will inaugurate a "new friendship" which will make "inseparable cities, with their arms about each others necks" (SM, 51).

It is this version of open commerce that a young Sadakichi Hartmann would seek in his conversations with Whitman—a commerce where "[t]he dependence of Liberty shall be lovers," and "[t]he continuance of Equality shall be comrades" (SM, 51).

Sadakichi Hartmann, the Japanese-German Émigré

Sadakichi Hartmann was, in a sense, a direct product of Japan's renewed intercourse with Euro-American powers. Hartmann was born in 1867 on the artificial island of Dejima in Nagasaki Bay.[5] During the Tokugawa period, Dejima was to isolate Dutch merchants from Nagasaki proper. Given Nagasaki's prior status as a port open to Dutch and Chinese merchants, it was a relatively easy concession for the Tokugawa government to grant access to merchants from other nations after 1858.

Hartmann's father—Carl Herman Oscar Hartmann—was a German merchant who resided in Nagasaki. Hartmann's mother, Osada, was Japanese, and possibly of the servant class.[6] Osada died in 1868, shortly after Hartmann's birth.[7] Soon after Osada's death, Hartmann, his father, and his older brother left for Germany. Hartmann would never return to Japan.

Hartmann's father remarried, and his half-Japanese children were sent to live with their grandmother and uncle in Hamburg. Hartmann's wealthy and cultured uncle imparted his interest in fine arts to his youngest nephew. In 1881, Hartmann's father sent him to a naval boarding school; Hartmann rebelled against the rigid martial discipline of the school, and ran away. This stunt caused Hartmann's father to send his wayward son to live with relatives in Philadelphia.

In 1883, Hartmann became a naturalized American citizen. In the same year, Hartmann worked as an apprentice at a lithographer's shop and spent his evenings reading art books at the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia. Hearing that Walt Whitman lived across the river in Camden, New Jersey, Hartmann made the first of many visits to Whitman in 1884. Over the seven year period described in *Conversations with Walt Whitman*, Hartmann moved to Boston (1887) and Greenwich Village (1889), conducted multiple trips to Europe (1887, 1888), and began working as an art critic, a playwright, and editor of several short-lived arts journals. He also made an abortive attempt to establish an international Walt Whitman Society in 1887, but the project failed. (Hartmann writes in the *Conversations* that he "acted rather undemocratically by electing the officers of the Society himself" (36)—while neglecting to inform the officers of their nomination and election.) Three years after Whitman's death in 1892, Hartmann published *Conversations with Walt Whitman*. Over the next half-century, Hartmann maintained a diverse and uneven career as a critic, poet, playwright, and film actor.

The main thrust of this chapter is not to recuperate or recover Hartmann's place in a literary or artistic canon—many more detailed and thorough recoveries of Hartmann's writings have already been performed.[8]The central aim of this chapter is more modest: to trace the ramifications of an

[5]The biographical material reviewed in this section comes from two main sources: Harry Lawton and George Knox's editor's introduction to *Valiant Knights of Daguerre*, (Berkeley: California, 1978), 1-31; and Jane Calhoun Weaver's introduction to *Sadakichi Hartmann: Critical Modernist*, (Berkeley: California, 1991), 1-48.

[6]The speculation that Osada was a servant comes from Henry Lawton and George Knox's editor's introduction to *Valiant Knights of Daguerre*, 6. Note that most of Japan's early commercial treaties with Euro-American powers stipulated that foreign residents would be permitted to employ Japanese servants (there were, to my knowledge, no reciprocal provisions guaranteeing that Japanese could employ non-Japanese servants.)

[7]It is possible that the "sada" of Sadakichi is the same "sada" of "Osada," in which case Hartmann's Japanese given name might have contained a wish for Osada's good fortune (*kichi*, 吉).

[8]The last four decades have seen several major efforts to restore Hartmann to a central position in histories of

encounter between Hartmann, a young "product" of Euro-American commerce with Japan, and Whitman—a poet who dreamed of democratic bonds of manly affection which would "tie and band" all nations.

Conversations with Walt Whitman

Hartmann's *Conversations with Walt Whitman* relates a series of encounters between a young Sadakichi and the elder Whitman beginning in November 1884 and concluding in March 1891, shortly before the poet's death in 1892. Written in 1894 and published in 1895, an air of eulogy envelops a text already devoted to remembrance of conversations past. The cover image (Fig. 1.2), designed by Hartmann and revealing traces of his apprenticeship in lithography, presents paired caricatures of Sadakichi, in black, and a Whitman, in white, sitting together in a parlor.

It may seem odd to open a reading with a close analysis of a decorative cover, but there are many reasons for tarrying with this image for a while. First and foremost of these reasons is the relation of the lithograph print and the poster arts to a broader discourse of commerce with Japan and "democratic art" in the the late 1890s. Hartmann's 1904 discussion of Japanese art as a"democratic art" was not without precedent. Shortly after the opening of commercial relations with Japan *japonisme* (a craze for Japanese decorative goods, prints, and crafts) swept through France, Germany, England, and the United States. Since at least the late 1870s, British and American art critics such as Sir Rutherford Alcock, Christopher Dresser, and Edward Morse had made numerous claims about the high place and quality of Japanese decorative arts; for these critics, Japanese arts represented an alternative to the dehumanization of modern industry, a unity of craft, art, and labor which was "democratic" in the sense that it preserved the place of "man" as an artisan-citizen as opposed to a faceless cog in an industrial machine.[9] Art historian Clay Lancaster notes that by the 1860s, visual artists such as Rossetti and Whistler turned to Japanese woodblock prints and found "already in existence, a highly evolved form of democratic art" (33). Gabriel Weisberg, in turn, traces the influence of Japanese woodblock prints on European and American printmakers and poster art through the mediation of Sir Rutherford Alcock:

Asian American literature and American modernist art. The most notable of these attempts to restore Hartmann's place in histories of American modernism are Henry W. Lawton and George Knox's edited volumes *Buddha, Confucius, Christ: Three Prophetic Plays* (New York: Herder and Herder, 1971), *White Chrysanthemums: Literary Fragments and Pronouncements* (New York: Herder and Herder, 1971) and *The Valiant Knights of Daguerre* (Berkeley: UC Press, 1978); and Jane Calhoun Weaver's *Sadakichi Hartmann: Critical Modernist* (Berkeley: UC Press, 1991). Several anthologies of Asian American literature have included Hartmann's poetry as early examples of "Asian American literature," see for instance Julia Chang's *Quiet Fire: A Historical Anthology of Asian American Poetry, 1872-1970* (New York: The Asian American Writers' Workshop, 1996) and David Hsin-fu Wand's *Asian-American Heritage* (New York: Pocket, 1971). Strikingly, despite the enormous volume of gay and queer readings of Whitman's life and poetry, Sadakichi Hartmann has been conspicuously absent from most historical or biographical accounts of Whitman's male companions and lovers.

[9]For an extensive study of the deployment of Japanese art as a polemic against dehumanized labor, see William Hosley, *The Japan Idea: Art and Life in Victorian America*, (Hartford: Wadsworth, 1990). For a detailed account of the relation of commercial negotiations, trade agreements, and merchant-entrepreneurs to the spread of Japanese decorative arts in the United States, see Julia Meech and Gabriel B. Weisberg, *Japonisme Comes to America*, (New York: Harryn, 1990).

> By the mid-1870's, [...] Rutherford Alcock (1809-1897), the first British consul in Japan and a career diplomat [...] helped to formulate a collection of objects from the Far East that could be shown in Great Britain. He saw the decorative arts as being no less serious than painting or sculpture. Indeed, his writings were in the forefront in stressing the essential harmony of all the arts. Fundamental to the visual arts after 1870, this concept took root in Europe as well as in the United States by the early 1890s. In a series of articles published in *The Art Journal* in 1878. Alcock emphasized that the Japanese tended to use "limited light and shade." Often the flatness of their forms and lack of modeling dominated the image. These qualities became important to European and American printmakers and poster designers as they increasingly simplified shapes in order to communicate their message more directly (37).

From Weisberg's analysis of Alcock, we can begin to see the contours of why Hartmann (and Whitman) would have seen the "decorative arts" as the root of a"democratic art." In stressing the equality of all crafts—making everyday objects no less "serious" or "high" than painting or sculpture—one can imagine the possibility of an equality of all people, with no one person or class of persons"higher" or more "serious" than another.[10]

Given the importance of the decorative arts in both an account of "democratic art" and an account of commerce with Japan, it behooves us to closely examine the "decorative" cover of *Conversations with Walt Whitman*.

Figure 1.2: Sadakichi Hartmann, Cover image of *Conversations with Walt Whitman*, (1895).

Hartmann, the figure in black at left, leans forward in white space – the light from a window falls upon him. Whitman, the figure in white, sits in blackness, reclining within a shadowy corner.

[10] Alcock's *Art and Art Industries in Japan* (London, 1878) appears in the bibliography to Hartmann's *Japanese Art*, suggesting that Hartmann was familiar with Alcock's writings at least by 1904. Other works in the bibliography which make arguments similar to Alcock's include: Christopher Dresser's *The Art of Decorative Design* (n.d.), Justus Brinckmann's *Kunst und Handwerk in Japan* (Berlin, 1889). and Edward Morse's *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings* (New York, 1885).

There is no landscape beyond the white planes and black lines of the window. There is no visible vanishing point that provides a fixed "depth" to our field of vision. Everything in this image is surface—surface upon surface—a conflation of surfaces.

Yet consider that this image also has "depth." Although the image does not strictly obey rules of linear perspective, light and shadow, there is still foreshortening. Whitman's chair appears larger than Hartmann's. Its legs are cropped by the bottom edge of the image, making it appear "lower" in the visual plane and "closer" to the viewer.

The image's conflation of surfaces also provides "depth," a depth established, not through linear perspective, but through the play of "white on black and black on white." By the 1890s, Hartmann may have been aware of the Japanese aesthetic term *nōtan* (濃淡)—translated by Arthur Wesley Dow in the textbook *Composition* (1899) as meaning "dark, light [...]the harmony resulting from the combination of dark and light spaces" (67). Dow's second-hand translation does not mention that nōtan also connotes "deep, shallow" where the play of deep/dark tones and shallow/light tones provide a sense of "space."

In this image, the relation between tone and space has "play"—there is no lockstep relation between figure/ground, shallow/deep, white/black. There are both white and black spaces in the image; just as there are white and black figures. This play creates strange asymmetries that resolve into harmonies. The strong black tone of Hartmann's figure makes him "pop" out of white space, creating a sensation of visual proximity which balances against Whitman's foreshortened mass. Space in this image is not only black, not only white – but both. Figures emerge from the play of these spaces.

The nōtan play of dark/deep//light/shadow provides the conditions for a *body language*—a language made visible through the "conversation" of figures in space. Hartmann is erect. He leans forward. Everything is thrust towards Whitman—Hartmann's body, his gaze, even his cigarette at knee level. And everything of Whitman's is turned away—his torso is orthogonal to Hartmann's, his gaze is upon a newspaper, his legs are crossed at the knee. Where Hartmann's buttocks are firmly in line with the seat of his chair, Whitman's seem to curve over his seat. (Closer inspection reveals that this curvature is a result of the drape of Whitman's upper garment). Hartmann's mouth is visible. Whitman's is covered by his hand and the edge of his newspaper.

If the "conversation" of this conversation piece were merely a question of verbal dialogue, it seems that Hartmann is speaking—and Whitman may or may not be listening. (Although strictly speaking, there is no speaking, there are no words in this image—only spaces). But if conversation also entails questions of bodies, surfaces, and spaces, then "reading" the elements of this conversation poses interesting problems of interpretation. Are Hartmann and Whitman's postures significant, or merely accidental? Are there psycho-sexual depths that are (not that far) beneath the play of surfaces and spaces in this image? Or is the conversation of surfaces and spaces all that there is—all that there needs to be, all that it is necessary and sufficient for intercourse to be said to have taken place?

A conversation requires a duration. Although the image is a synchronic instant, a moment "frozen" in time, the ciphers at the upper corners of the image indicate a diachronic passage of time. The years 1884 (white on black) and 1891 (black on white), set the duration of Hartmann and Whitman's conversations.

There is no direct rule of association between these years and the figures in the image. Despite the crispness of the delineations produced by black on white and white on black, this contrast only reinforces a sense of equivocal relation. Does the placement of 1884 above Hartmann make him the youth to Whitman's (1891) age? Or is Whitman on the "side" of the (1891) future – a prophet of the New World sitting before a child of the Old, Old Worlds of Europe and Japan?

By identifying an "equivocal" relation in this image, I call attention to a problem of equality and difference, a problem which appears in the interpersonal exchange of Hartmann and Whitman, but which has political ramifications beyond the interpersonal. The cover image figures Hartmann and Whitman as "equals in difference." Young Hartmann and old Whitman occupy asymmetric, yet equal space and weight in the image. The contrasts in their postures reinforce a sense of difference and individuality that also sets in motion a series of "conversations" across the black and white divisions of the image: youth/age, old/new, interior/exterior, light/shadow. Hartmann and Whitman appear as "equal voices" within the image – speaking, or "figuring" their uniqueness with equal power.

Yet this "equality in difference" could just as easily equal "indifference." The closure of Whitman's body – his inattention to Hartmann's attention – signals a stark disparity. Though Hartmann speaks, Whitman's silence speaks more. The men in this image do not speak on equal terms; they are in different worlds.

There are objects between host and guest – a newspaper in Whitman's hands, books heaped on the floor, and a demijohn (large jug). These objects occupy a medial ground – many of them are "media" – and one should note that the play of text and texture in newspaper and the exterior of the demijohn provide a cross-hatched "grayness" between the extremes of white and black.

These medial objects – book, newspaper, and demijohn – play important roles as disruptions in or mediums across delineations of equality and difference. In a later description of his first visit Whitman's parlor, Hartmann emphasizes the placement of these objects and their relation between "host" (Whitman) and "guest" (Sadakichi).

> Between the host and guest stood a table, actually covered with books, magazines, newspaper clippings, letters, manuscripts. A demijohn, which looked very suspicious to me until I was better informed, occupied a conspicuous place on the table, and during the summer a glass with flowers, brought by some lady friend, was always within his reach. The rest of the room looked very much like the table; a varitable [sic] sea of newspapers, books, magazines, circulars, rejected manuscripts, etc. covered the floor in topsy-turvy fashion, and only here and there odd pieces of furniture, a trunk, a large heap of his own publications loomed up like rocks (6-7).

In his prose description, as in his image of the same scene, Hartmann shifts between immanence and duration, or perfective and imperfective aspect. In the image, the notations "1884" and "1891" suggest that although the scene depicts one moment, it should be taken as representative of the entire seven-year duration of Hartmann and Whitman's conversations. In the prose description, Hartmann at once describes the impression of one visit, but telescopes in and out to various intervals: The demijohn is "suspicious," but Hartmann will later "be better

informed." Sadakichi first visits in November, but Hartmann sees the flowers which will be present in the "summer." And through the extended metaphor of Whitman's parlor as a "sea," a domestic scene recalls the "vast similitude" of a timeless ocean which "interlocks [...] All lives and deaths, all of the past, present, future" (LG, 218).

If we were to judge Hartmann's *Conversations with Walt Whitman* by its cover (image), then we should be primed with an awareness of its strange spatio-temporality. The cover is "flat" – a conflation of surfaces whose play also produces "depth." There are no words, only spaces – but the image also makes visible a language of bodies. The cover image provides a synchronic moment that, through synecdoche, functions as if it represented a "customary" duration. Governed neither by linear perspective or linear time, the cover image produces both perspective and time – a spatio-temporality derived from the equivocal play of sameness and difference: a *conversational time*.[11]

The cover image transforms an instant into a duration, treating a moment of conversation as a synecdoche for a longer relation. The general spatio-temporal form of *Conversations with Walt Whitman* is "curved" – bent by conversational mass or intensity. But these strange deformations and curvatures do not exclude the local possibility of more linear narrative trajectories. The opening section of the *Conversations* follows just such a trajectory – providing a narrative that moves from departure to arrival. The young Sadakichi departs from a constricted domestic space governed by heterosexual marriage; he ventures into exterior, public spaces linked by homosocial association.

The First Visit

The young Sadakichi is a student who lives with his grand uncle and aunt in their small home in Philadelphia. There is no literature in the house – no literature save a curious gift left by a daughter who "had made a good match by marrying lumber." The gift is "cherished accordingly," not as a

[11] The dual association of *surface* with the synchronic and *depth* with the diachronic is not new. Nor is the argument that the abolition of "depth" is a signal characteristic of modernist form. These claims are central to Joseph Frank's elaboration of "The Spatial Form of Modern Literature" (1945). In a comparative study of modern arts – both "plastic" and "literary," Frank contrasts the temporalities of "depth" and "surface" as follows:

> Presenting objects in depth gives them a time-value, or perhaps we should say accentuates their time-value, because it connects them with the real world in which events occur [...] How three-dimensionality accentuates time-value can be understood from a purely perceptual point of view: the representation of objects in depth compels the eye to move backwards and forwards in order to grasp the relationship of objects to each other and to surrounding space; and this series of eye movements, taking place in time, lessens the spatiality of perception in a moment of time. Conversely, when depth disappears and objects are presented in one plane, their apprehension in one moment is obviously made easier (650).

Based on this assumption of "depth" as diachronicity and "surface" as synchronicity, Joseph Frank identifies a common tendency to "spatial form" in the high modernist works of Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, Djuna Barnes, and James Joyce. For Frank, these writers place the reader in the position of "apprehend[ing] their work spatially, in a moment of time, rather than as a sequence" (225).

work of literature, but a material reminder of the daughter's successful marriage: "now and then the mother's hand glided caressingly over the gold embossed covers." The older Hartmann observes (or assumes) that the volume was "never read" (3).

Only Sadakichi can "peruse" what lies beneath the covers. His hands and eyes transform the book from a "gold embossed" symbol of ligneous matrimony into "an edition of [Charles] Stoddard's poems." Hartmann reflects that opening the book is a formative moment – a first step towards Whitman: "I did not know that indirectly through them [Stoddard's poems], I should make the acquaintance of the most American intellectual individuality these States have hitheto produced" (3).

The "indirect" path that Hartmann traces from Stoddard to Whitman is a chain of literary acquaintance and association. Sadakichi ventures out to a Ninth Street bookstore, and while speaking with the "dusty bookseller" there, he "accidentally" mentions "the author of the volume of poetry lying in state in my relative's parlor." This corpus is raised from the dead through the bookseller's reaction: "[he] was highly astonished, that I, only a late edition [sic] to the conglomeration called Americans, knew Stoddard's poems. A conversation ensued, he became interested in me, and introduced me to his acquaintances" (5).

Hartmann's "indirect" path to Whitman adheres the language of "literary interest" to a language of male homosocial fraternity. Hartmann – in rather misogynistic terms – deploys his female relatives as provincial foils to an idealized (male) intellectual society. The daughter-cousin marries not a man, but "lumber," and the mother-aunt caresses "gold embossed covers" but cannot read a book. Hartmann cannot countenance either a female literacy or a female homosociality. He does not bother to consider why the daughter may have given her mother a book of Stoddard's poems; nor does he imagine that the mother may have read the book outside his gaze. Hartmann's priviliged access into a realm of literary acquaintances begins with an implicit denial of women's ability to enter the same realm.

If the female gaze and touch turn Stoddard's *Poems* (1867) into a funereal object – "lying in state" – then it falls to men to restore its "life." A discourse of virility and vitality achieved through male homosocial union is – not coincidentally – a central feature of Stoddard's poetry. To take but one of many examples, "In Conference," the poet dreams of escaping from "this hateful town," and flying for the countryside. Rather than following a patterned association of rolling hills with feminine verdure, Stoddard opts for a scene of masculine camaraderie: "Those robust hills: so resolute/ And satisfied, with brawny shoulders/ Set close together, in their mute/ Firm way" (20). In a gesture that simultaneously personifies and orientalizes, Stoddard describes these men/hills as being "Like Arabs in their cloaks of leather." In yet another double-gesture that links physical intimacy with (men/hills/Arabs) to the transmission of esoteric knowledge, the poet declares:

> I would dispose myself among
> Their surging waves of grain, beseeching
> Some brief translation of their tongue,
> Some knowledge of their healthful preaching (22).

"In Conference" plays upon the multiple senses of "conference" – the "robust hills" are in conference with each other, but they also confer upon the poet. Their "mute" yet "[f]irm" way

draws the poet into a "tryst" that bestows a knowledge or "healthful preaching" – a means of "worship" (23) and vitality that would otherwise be smothered in the "hateful city."

It almost goes without saying that Whitman also frequently associates male-male love with transmission of knowledge and ecstatic union with nature. For a poem which links Whitman to Stoddard's personification/orientalization of California's "robust" hills, consider "A Promise to California" from the Calamus cluster:

> [...] Sojourning east a while longer, soon I travel toward you, to remain, to teach
> robust American love,
> For I know very well that I and robust love belong among you, inland and along the
> Western sea;
> For these states tend inland and toward the Western sea, and I will also. (LG, 111)

Recall from the "Errand Bearers" that the Western sea is Whitman's epithet for the Pacific—the promise to California is both a gesture "inland" and "out" toward the ocean.

All this is to say that when Hartmann ingenuously observes that his "accidental" mention of Stoddard's name causes the bookseller to "become interested" in him, one might wonder after the possible dimensions of this "interest." Hartmann casts this interest, and his own interests, in terms that highlight the "quaint" or the "queerish" (the not quite queer). The associates he meets through the Ninth Street bookstore are odd, but not that (kind of) odd. The proprietor is "dusty like his books, with a rich layer of dandruff on his back and shoulders [...] a man [...] with quite a fierce interesting physiognomy" (4). The most notable "acquaintance" is an "old, well to do Quaker – dressed in old fashioned drab suit, clerical neckwear, and broad brim, exactly as the Friends had walked about Independence Hall a hundred years before" (4). There is also a brief appearance from a "young Jewish lawyer" who remarks "with triumphant glee that he has crossed the ferry with Whitman sitting at his side" (5). These figures make up an odd "conglomeration" – a "dusty bookseller," "an old Quaker," a "young Jewish lawyer," and the Japanese-German Sadakichi. Yet their association is not that odd. Their conferences are not trysts amongst "robust" hills, but "regular little meetings" where they discuss "one literary subject after the other" (5).

It is in one of these "regular little meetings" that the bookseller tells Hartmann that "[Whitman] is living right across the river, in Camden" and that "he likes to see all sorts of people." The pilgrimage to Camden becomes the next stage of Sadakichi's journey from the domestic confines of his "relative's parlor" to what Hartmann charmingly refers to as "a more intellectual society than hitherto had been my deplorable fate to associate with" (4).

Sadakichi's first encounter with Whitman is an extended recognition scene. While a "recognition scene" (cogito) typically comes near the end of forms such as the classical epic or Shakesperean comedy, Hartmann inverts (or condenses) this structure, granting Whitman god-like powers of pre-perception. Sadakichi rings the bell of 328 Mickle Street, and presently,

> An old man with long grey beard, flowing over his open shirt front – the first thing I actually saw of Whitman was his naked breast – half opened the door and looked out.
> SADAKICHI: "I would like to see Walt Whitman."

WHITMAN: “That’s my name. And you are a Japanese boy, are you not?”

(Except very small boys the only person I met in those years who reocgnized my nationality at the first glance.)

SADAKICHI: “My father is a German, but my mother was a Japanese and I was born in Japan” (6).

Although Whitman recognizes Sadakichi at “first glance,” Hartmann’s multiple retrospective reactions and commentaries demonstrate an excess of potential means of recognizing Whitman. Whitman is at once an “old man” but has the unfiltered perceptive ability of a “very small” boy. The first that Sadakichi sees of Whitman is “his naked breast,” an image that suggests a primary encounter with Whitman’s “scented herbage.” Whitman is “above” Sadakichi, such that his eyes, whether raised, or lowered, are at breast-level. Yet it is by no means clear that Whitman is in the position of a long-lost father. Sadakichi already has a father: “My father is a German.” The person who is lost is his mother, who was a Japanese, from the place where Sadakichi was born. Whitman’s powers of poetic perception provide Sadakichi with a moment of maternal recognition. As a transcendent poet who encompasses the multiple positions of old/young/man/woman/father/mother, Whitman grants poetic license to Sadakichi’s desire to be “a Japanese boy.”

The recognition scene of *Conversations* provides a tie to a similar scene of recognition in Poem 41 of *Calamus*, refigured by Hartmann as a scene where Whitman picks out Sadakichi as a unique and identifiable Japanese boy:

> Among the men and women, the multitude, I perceive one, picking me out by secret and divine signs,
> Acknowledging none else—not parent, wife, husband, brother, child, any nearer than I am;
> Some are baffled—But that one is not—that one knows me (SM, 76)

As in the poem, *Conversations* features a scene of mutual perception and recognition, where Whitman “picks out” Sadakichi, while Sadakichi, baffled by Whitman’s complex multiplicity, does not know whether to identify him as an older parent or younger child, a mother or a father.

The multiplicity and power of Whitman’s personality overwhelms Sadakichi’s critical faculties. Hartmann is unable to remember most of the words of his first conversation because, as he puts it, “I was too much impressed with the passive power of his personality” (8). This impressive power forces the young Sadakichi to simply stare in mesmerized fascination at Whitman’s “millieu” and physical appearance. The older Hartmann erects a screen of physiognomic erudition, ostensibly restricting himself to a physiognomic reading:

> There was nothing overwhelming to me in Whitman’s face, but I liked it at once for its healthy manliness. It seemed to me a spiritually deepened image of contemporary Americans: an ideal laborer, as the Americans are really a nation of laborers. Above all else I was attracted by the free flow of his grey hair and beard and his rosy complexion, Boucher like, only healthier and firmer in tone. Of his features

> the large distance between his heavy eyebrows and his bluish grey eyes (calm and cold in their expression) denoting frankness, boldness, haughtiness, according to my physiognomical observations, particularly interested me. His forehead was broad and massive, not furrowed by Kantean meditation, but rather vaulted by spontaneous *prophecies* (in the sense in which Whitman applies this word to Carlyle [...]) (9).

Hartmann's initial denial that "there was nothing overwhelming to me in Whitman's face" is belied by his obsessive attention to every contour, tone, and feature of that face. Hartmann's (sur)face reading is constantly on the verge of falling in to the depths of another kind of reading. Whitman's face becomes a "spiritually deepened image of contemporary Americans." While describing Whitman's "bluish grey eyes," Hartmann carefully restricts himself to what they "denote" – abstract qualities of "frankness, boldness, haughtiness" that belong only to the realm of "physiognomical observations."

Besides providing a defense against falling into Whitman's depths, physiognomic attention to Whitman's face serves an ideological function. It is precisely because Whitman's face is not "furrowed by [critical] Kantean meditations" that Hartmann can assert that it is "vaulted by spontaneous prophecies." For Hartmann – through Whitman – prophecy takes everything that was deep and obscure and reveals it all at once. Whitman's prophetic personality takes everything that was hidden and makes it spontaneously apparent.

To clarify what is meant by "spontaneous prophecies" Hartmann directs us to Whitman's "Death of Thomas Carlyle" in Specimen Days. In this entry dated "Feb. 10, '81," Whitman praises Carlyle for "[h]ow he shakes our comfortable reading circles with a taste of the old Hebraic anger and prophecy." In a parenthetical digression, Whitman explains the proper use of prophecy:

> The word prophecy is much misused; it seems narrow'd to prediction merely. That is not the main sense of the Hebrew word translated "prophet;" it means one whose mind bubbles up and pours forth as a fountain, from inner, divine spontaneities revealing God. Prediction is a very minor part of prophecy. The great matter is to reveal and outpour the God-like suggestions pressing for birth in the soul. This is briefly the doctrine of the Friends or Quakers (PW I: 222).

By turning to the "doctrine of the Friends," or the concept of "continuous revelation," Whitman describes prophecy as a simultaneous act of seeing and making seen. In their pre-nascent state, "inner, divine spontaneities" are "God-like suggestions pressing for birth." Prophetic revelation becomes a question of surfacing these "suggestions" that lie in the depths of the soul: a "bubbling up" and "pouring forth." The object of prophecy is not to furrow the mind with "Kantean meditation," but to vault it, allowing what is "deep" in the soul to "push" and "pour" up and out.

Whitman's account of the upward and outward movement of prophetic revelation lends strange force to the term "suggestions," casting them as both "spontaneities" and latencies ("pressing for birth"). In Whitman's language, a suggestion is a revelation waiting to be born. This idiosyncratic use of "suggestion" reappears in the concluding passage of the "Death of Thomas Caryle" – undergoing a shift from the noun "suggestion" to the adjective "suggestive":

> And now that he has gone hence, can it be that Thomas Carlyle, soon to chemically dissolve in ashes and by winds, remains an identity still? In ways perhaps eluding all the statements, lore and speculations of ten thousand years—eluding all possible statements to mortal sense—does he yet exist, a definite, vital being, a spirit, an individual—perhaps now wafted in space among those stellar systems, which, suggestive and limitless as they are, merely edge more limitless, *far more suggestive systems*? I have no doubt of it. In silence, of a fine night, such questions are answer'd to the soul, the best answers that can be given. With me, too, when depress'd by some specially sad event, or tearing problem, I wait till I go out under the stars for the last voiceless satisfaction (emphasis mine, PW I: 222).

In the above lines, Whitman uses the word suggestive to mean something more than a synonym for "limitless," a word that goes beyond and after the limitless. The suggestive gestures towards a space "eluding all possible statements to mortal sense." The outward birth of "suggestions" from the inner soul makes possible a wordless communion with the "suggestive systems" of outer space: "in silence" the soul can go "out under the stars for the last voiceless satisfaction."

The "passive power" of Whitman's revelatory personality not only transfixes Hartmann's physiognomic gaze, it also sends the surrounding text into a state of histrionic parataxis, where barely remembered fragments of conversation are simply lined up one after the other:

> At that time I was stage-struck, and of course mentioned my intention to devote myself to the histrionic art, I contemplated a special study of Shakespeare's fools (though I was rather to tall for them, they should be played by Marshall Wilders [sic, Wilder].)
>
> WHITMAN: (shaking his head): "I fear that won't go. There are so many traits, characteristics, Americanisms, inborn with us, which you would never get at. One can do a great deal of propping. After all one can't grow roses on a peach tree."
>
> I spoke of Japan, of the beautiful bay of Nagasaki, though I did not know much about it from personal recollection.
>
> WHITMAN: "Yes, it must be beautiful."

A momentary ambiguity inheres in the statement, "[a]t that time I was stage-struck," because it suggests both Sadakichi's immediate condition (being struck by Whitman's presence) as well as a general condition (being passionately devoted to the "histrionic art," or theater). The frequent insertions of "WHITMAN:" and "SADAKICHI:" in this passage and throughout the *Conversations* lend the text the flavor of a histrionic work, where the "stage directions" come from a present narrator attempting to co-ordinate past actions.

However, this narrator seems unable to supply syntactic transitions between different segments of conversation. In this passage, Whitman's comment that one "can't grow roses on a peach tree" precedes Sadakichi's speaking of Japan, but the conversational logic that would connect these two statements is absent. We can infer that Whitman's statement that "Americanisms" are "inborn with

us" is meant to suggest that Sadakichi, "as a Japanese boy," could not successfully enter American theater. Some grafts are impossible: (American) roses cannot grow on a (Japanese) peach tree.

In this passage, the impossibility of a horticultural joining between "roses" and a "peach tree" is paralleled by the absence of a syntactic joining between Whitman's statement and Hartmann's descriptions of Japan. What rejoinder could Hartmann have to a statement that denies the possibility of a "joining"? We could imagine any number of ways to "fill" this syntactic gap. George Knox, for instance, reads Whitman's comment as an anticipation of his "later disparaging remarks on Hartmann's national and racial background" (*Whitman-Hartmann*, 15). We can also imagine that Sadakichi, faced with Whitman's implication that there are "inborn" Americanisms, might feel compelled to supply the "Japanisms" that were his by right of birth in the bay of Nagasaki.

The absence of a join reveals inadequacies both in Whitman's observational power, and in Hartmann's ability to correct these "blur-spots." Whitman is correct that roses cannot be grafted onto a peach tree, but he seems oblivious to the gross inapplicability of this metaphor to Sadakichi – a German-Japanese "hybrid" whose very existence subverts the conflation of nationalities or human races with incompatible "roots or "stocks." If racial stocks were indeed "incompatible" then Sadakichi Hartmann would never have been born. By the logic of "traits ... inborn with us," Sadakichi – born in Japan (or the not-quite Japan of Dejima) – should be able to supply "Japanisms" such as descriptions of the bay of Nagasaki. But Sadakichi's performance of these "Japanisms," despite much "propping," is just as artificial as a performance of "Americanisms" would be. After all, Sadakichi does not know much about the bay of Nagasaki "from personal recollection." Whitman's short response: "Yes, it must be beautiful," recognizes Sadakichi's performance of Japaneseness, but the brevity of the response also marks the performance's inadequacy. How could Sadakichi Hartmann perform "Japanisms" without any opportunity to learn them first-hand?

Hartmann's first visit begins with a scene of spontaneous recognition: you are a Japanese boy. But this recognition is a clumsy misrecognition, replete with the "blur-spots" of an ideology which views the "-isms" of nationality as a collection of "in-born traits." The ascription of nationality as a collection of "in-born traits" sits oddly with the description of the doctrine of spontaneous revelation "of God-like suggestions pressing for birth in the soul." Whitman, on seeing Hartmann's face, sees him as a "Japanese boy." Hartmann, on seeing Whitman's face, sees him as a seer (prophet). On his face, Whitman is a "spiritually deepened image of contemporary Americans," who reveals all (in-born) "Americanisms" all at once, with no "propping." When Whitman sees Hartmann, he sees that the absence of these "inborn" Americanisms. Since Hartmann was not born-in-America, there can be no "spontaneous revelation" of those traits "inborn" within "us" – there can only be "a great deal of propping."

"In the Same Room with You"

After this first scene of initial recognition, Japan does not appear again in the *Conversations*. There is a year-long break in the narrative which spans the time that Hartmann traveled to Germany in 1885 and apprenticed at the Royal Theater in Munich. Upon Hartmann's return, the character of

the narrative shifts. The primary topics of conversation are politics and Whitman's thoughts about other "American literati." The primary scenes of intimacy shift from trans-Pacific recognition between an old American poet and young Japanese boy into ordinary scenes of Whitman's domestic routines.

Sadakichi's growth as an adult and as an independent writer in the *Conversations* depends upon his finding a way to occupy not only the position of the élève, but also the position of the poet, an "I" who can speak for itself. Sadakichi's "seeking out" of Whitman, and his entry into Whitman's rooms inverts the gaze of Poem 43 of the *Calamus* sequence, where instead of a Whitman-I looking at a Sadakichi-You, a Sadakichi-I looks for a Whitman-You:

> O You whom I often and silently come where you are, that I may be with you,
> As I walk by your side, or sit near, or remain in the same room with you,
> Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing within me (SM, 77).

The sections at the heart of the *Conversations* stage multiple scenes of domestic intimacy, where Sadakichi simply comes to sit near, or share a room with Whitman.

Sadakichi's integration into the domestic routines of Whitman's house in turn become symbolic of his integration and education in the odd rhythms and characteristics of the American nation. The domestic sphere of Whitman's house is at odds with a heteronormative image of the late 19th century American household with father/husband, mother/wife, and several children. Sadakichi and Whitman are discussing Lincoln and Washington when the exuberant entry of Whitman's young friend "Billie," (William Duckett) throws us into a scene of domestic repast:

> Then Billie, a railroad newsboy, who boarded with Whitman's housekeeper, Mrs. Davis, came bouncing in, kissed Whitman repeatedly and asked whether luncheon was ready.
>
> Whitman (rising): "Mrs. Davis is out, but we'll manage to get something. Come on, Mr. Sadakichi."
>
> We sojourned into the kitchen. Billie was sent to get a can of lobster, and there was quite a dispute between the two as to what kind they wanted, one being a few cents more expensive.
>
> Then Whitman set the table, and I assisted him.
>
> WHITMAN (limping to the range and frying eggs): "The American nation is not much at present, but will be some day the most glorious one on earth. At first the cooking must be done, the table set, before one can sit down to a square meal. We are now tuning the instruments, afterwards comes the music."
>
> Then he brought out some California claret, and when Billie returned with the lobster, we sat down – several hens running in and out the half open door through which one could catch a glance of the red and green of a sunlit yard – and had a very jolly repast (22).

If we are to take the extended metaphor Sadakichi attributes to Whitman seriously (or not), then Whitman's house becomes a comic stage for an American national *Bildung*, where Whitman,

the aging national poet, limps to the range and fries the eggs, while Billie, the railroad newsboy, fetches the can of lobster, and Mr. Sadakichi, the German-Japanese émigré, helps set the table for a glorious repast. Whitman's California claret and Billie's (Atlantic) lobster span the American continent; and the odd scene of Whitman, Billie, and Mr. Sadakichi eating their made-up luncheon with chickens running through the half-open door suggests a broadly affectionate and "jolly" sense of domestic intimacy.

In a sense, the shorter, younger Billie plays the Shakespearean fool better than Sadakichi, introducing a sense of comic mirth and play into the house on Mickle Street. To aid in this comic scene, the demijohn that first appears in Sadakichi's cover image makes a return appearance. During Sadakichi's first visit, we read that the demijohn occupied a "conspicuous" place on the table and "looked very suspicious" to Sadakichi until he "was better informed" (6). At the end of the jolly repast, we learn the occasion on which Sadakichi gained "better information":

> After we had returned to the front room, Billie came and fondled around him, asking if we could not have a drink of whiskey, he would go upstairs and get it.
> WHITMAN: "Not to day! Not to day!" (and took a drink of the demijohn on the table).
> SADAKICHI: "What is that?"
> WHITMAN: "Spring water."
> When the boy saw that his begging was useless he kissed Whitman several times, and left (24).

The demijohn, a large glass jug typically used for brewing and storing strong spirits, suddenly loses its "suspicious" character, becoming an innocuous container of spring water. And in turn, the domestication of the demijohn serves as a balancing contrast to the madcap quality of Billie's fondling requests for whiskey. Perhaps one can only take the "328 Mickle Street as America" synecdoche so far, but the sum of this scene of odd domestic intimacy presents an image of America that seems broadly accepting of a wide variety of persons and behaviors, an America where an old poet, a young newsboy, and a German-Japanese admirer can gather for luncheon, and perhaps, another time (not to-day), for whiskey.

The Kiss

Sadakichi's experience of Mickle Street America and his vicarious observation of Billie's kisses primes the *Conversations* for a display of Sadakichi's own youthful affection. In a section with the innocuous title, "Another Literary Afternoon," Sadakichi and Whitman sit down to luncheon, this time prepared by Mrs. Davis without the assistance of Billie. After performing a mutual "display" of their "strong healthy appetites" (25), Sadakichi and Whitman discuss Poe, Byron, Taine, and Chinese literature. As the conversation winds down, Sadakichi engages in another bout of physiognomic observation:

> Probably, to protect himself against draughts, he had wrapped a shawl of an Oriental pattern around his shoulders, and with his white beard streaming over the reddish orange cloth, he looked very much like one of those biblical characters, Rubens and his pupils have painted.
>
> SADAKICHI (rising to leave): "May I kiss you?"
>
> WHITMAN: "Oh, you are very kind."
>
> I touched his forehead with my lips. "Thanks, thanks!" ejaculated Whitman. With a blush of false shame I offered him this tender tribute of youthful ardor, ambition, and enthusiasm with which my soul was overflowing; I felt that I had to show to this man some emotional sign of the love, I bore his works or those of any remarkable individuality (26).

The moment that moves Sadakichi to ask, "May I kiss you?" is a moment of artistic association: the Oriental shawl and the white beard on orange cloth suggest, to Sadakichi, a Rubens painting of a biblical scene. This loose association is the only immediate precedent for Sadakichi's seemingly sudden desire to kiss Whitman. Yet this desire is not wholly spontaneous: Sadakichi's blush of shame is "false," and his kiss, preceded as it is by a tentative request, takes on the character of a calculated modulation of the "youthful ardor, ambition, and enthusiasm" that overflows Sadakichi's soul. The awkward pause introduced by the comma after "love" deflects the possibility that Sadakichi had to show some emotional sign of the love he has for Whitman, and directs "the love" instead to "his works or those of any remarkable individuality" (26).

Sadakichi's brief kiss represents the apex of his intimacy with Whitman, and shortly after this scene, the *Conversations* turns from comedy to eulogy. Sadakichi's turn to adulthood corresponds temporally with Whitman's senescence. Adulthood, in Sadakichi's case, stands for the development of an independent personality that no longer succumbs to the suggestive "force" of Whitman's individual presence. This personality is heterosexual, attached to and focused upon women as objects of love and domestic comfort. But this transition into adult heterosexuality and independent personality is paired with a sense of mourning. The final sections of the *Conversations* thus mourn both the loss and impermanence of Whitman as well as the loss and impermanence of youthful homosocial intimacy.

Photographs

One crucial mode for Hartmann's imagining the work of mourning and remembrance is artistic photography. In a sequence that presages Hartmann's future work as a critic of art photography, Sadakichi mourns the loss of the "peculiar atmosphere" of Whitman's domestic milieu through a meditation on a lost, or failed photograph. Soon after his kiss, Sadakichi arrives at Mickle Street with a photographer friend, with the object of taking pictures of the interiors of Whitman's house. Unfortunately, the two negatives "did not come out well, as the shy young man, who felt rather uncomfortable in the presence of a great man, was not far advanced enough in amateur photography" (27). Hartmann's phrasing suggests that it was not only the young man's lack of technical skill, but also his youthful lack of individual fortitude in the face of Whitman's powerful

personality, that causes the poor photographic results. The absent photographs that could-have-been haunt Hartmann's remembrance, prompting him to reflect how, after Whitman's death, the peculiar, living character of his surroundings disappeared as well:

> Now, everything is changed.
>
> A visit to the humble frame building in Mickle Street hardly repays the trouble at present. The almost historically noted room looks like any other ordinary parlor, as everything of interest has been removed, and some new furniture added instead. Some of Walt Whitman's admirers have privately agreed to by the house and hand it down to posterity in its present state, making a sort of Whitman museum of it. How stupid these rooms will look, with well swept floors, solemnly adorned with busts and neatly hung with photographs!
>
> Why not try and be original – original in the manner that Walt Whitman would have liked – and give a perfect fac-simile of the room as it was during the lifetime of the poet – the floor strewn with newspapers, magazines and books; on the table a demijohn with spring water; on the mantelpiece photographs; on the walls pictures of his parents; in one corner a large heap of his own books? It would be the work of an artistic person, who was familiar with Walt Whitman's way of living to rearrange the room; but it could be done and would be unique (27-28).

Hartmann's reflection points to the ways in which historical notation and the orderliness of the museum demolish the individual peculiarities of life. Whitman's parlor, the scene of countless odd conversations and luncheons, has become "like any other parlor." When Hartmann asks the rhetorical question, "Why not try and be original – original in the manner that Walt Whitman would have liked...?" Hartmann implicitly writes himself into the position of the "artistic person" who could reconstruct a "perfect fac-simile" of Whitman's room as it was. The text of Conversations itself becomes a way of reimagining and reconstructing this vanished domestic scene, of imagining a photograph that never was. This act of reimagining might perhaps, retain a trace of the promise that Whitman's rooms once contained, an initiation into a peculiar, messy, but profoundly welcoming America.

While the failed photograph provides a site to remember Whitman's rooms after his death, photographs of (other) beautiful men provide a means for Sadakichi to secure his own heterosexuality by deflecting Whitman's powerful gaze. In a section headed, "Impertinent Questions," Sadakichi asks for Whitman's opinions on the value of his works after his death. Whitman responds "rather growlingly" that, "I never think of that." Immediately after his impertinent question about death, Sadakichi launches into "a still more impertinent topic, on [Whitman's] relation to women" (30).

> WHITMAN (evading the question): "One cannot say much about women. The best ones study Greek or criticise Browning – they are no women."
>
> SADAKICHI (rather brusquely): "Have you ever been in love?"
>
> WHITMAN (rather annoyed by my cross examining): "Sensuality I have done with. I have thrown it out, but it is natural, even a necessity." I do not believe that

> Whitman was ever absorbed in a love of the Petrarch or Dante type, he stood most likely between the ideal free lover and the ideal varietist.
>
> To entertain him I had brought with me the photographs of a number of celebrities I had met in Germany. Showing him a photograph of the German actor, Ernst Possart as Napoleon, he ardently exclaimed: "Very fine – very fine!" Of the others Paul Heyse's beautiful Christ-like face interested him most. He looked at it steadily for at least two minutes, and then with an outpouring of his very soul he uttered a long drawn, "Beautiful – beautiful!" The sound still rings in my ears (30).

Here the conversation about Whitman's relation (or non-relation) to women shifts without an explicit syntactic transition to his gazing upon the celebrity photographs of beautiful men. A connection that might seem blatantly obvious – Whitman's not that into women, but he's really into men – is never clearly stated. Instead, in the stated conventions of love, sexuality, and "sensuality" that Sadakichi and Whitman reiterate in this conversation, women who study Greek are not women, love is paradigmatically directed to ideal women like Laura or Beatrice, and sensuality is a term reserved for conduct between a man and a woman. Whitman's standing or "type" is legible as something "between" an "ideal free lover" and "ideal varietist," but it is left unclear what that "between" would be. Whitman's intense "outpouring of his very soul" upon viewing the photographs of Possart and Heyse is not explicitly registered in the language of love, sexuality, or sensuality. (Sadakichi's kiss was also prompted by an "overflowing" of his soul). Indeed, the description of Heyse as "Christ-like" stages Whitman's ecstasy as more legible as a religious or metaphysical encounter than a sensual one. We might also note the contrast between the negative (x, -x) rhetorical structure of Whitman's "The best ones study Greek...they are no women" and the repetitive (x + x) structure of Whitman's "Very fine! Very fine!" and "Beautiful! - beautiful!". Whitman is so moved that he can do no more than repeat himself, and tellingly, the ardent exclamations of "Very fine! Very fine!" echo Whitman's multiple ejaculations of "Thanks! Thanks!" upon receiving Sadakichi's kiss.

The strategic vagueness of Whitman's replies to Hartmann's "impertinent questions" suggests a tie to the subtler, quieter poems of the *Calamus* sequence, poems which turn away from the ecstatic celebration of manly attachment to expressions of reticence and concealment. For example, Poem 44:

> Here my last words, and the most baffling,
> Here the frailest leaves of me, and yet my strongest-lasting,
> Here I shade down and hide my thoughts—I do not expose them, And yet they expose me more than all my other poems. (77)

This poem, although written before 1860, takes on added resonance when read through the voice of an old and dying man. These *last* words and *frailest* leaves, simultaneously hide and expose: the act of hiding itself reveals the most vulnerable elements of the self.

The Gray Poet

The last sections of the *Conversations* turn to the grayness and vulnerability of age, a turn which calls attention to the growing imbalance between Sadakichi—the young man, and Whitman—the elderly poet. During a visit in 1887, Sadakichi performs another physiognomic observation, but notices a profound change in the aging poet:

> Whitman had not the glance of Indian sadness which in every pain mirrors its own fate, nor the trembling smile which we love in the images of the Greek. He was one of those stoic natures which we find in new countries, who knew how many human sacrifices have to be made, before even the uncultivated soil will yield the bare necessities of subsistence. In his time he had also suffered for others, for few men have looked so deep into human life, and scarcely anything could happen in this wide world of ours which did not awake "recallé's" in him, but his sympathy had become passive, and had dissolved into that peaceful state of the soul that the Germans call 'Lebensruhe,' which Goethe possessed in such an eminent degree (40).

Hartmann portrays Whitman's stoic quietude in terms of a grayness hovering on the edge of melancholy. The grayness of old age, and the grayness of the modern city street converge; grayness also suggests a longing for the comforting and caring presence of a woman, even for the once-cheerful Whitman:

> It was a rather unfriendly day, and as he sat there in his grey suit against the dark grey of the dreary street seen through the dusty window panes – he who had been for so many years not only not understood, but even not misunderstood, and who now in his old age still sat there in world-distracted poverty, secluded from the loud gayeties and soothing comforts of human life – the question: "Do you never long for the company of noble, intellectual, genuine women?" was involuntarily uttered by me. WHITMAN (after a long pause): "Yes, I think old men like me should have a lady to take care of them; just as Montaigne had his Marie." This was the only time that I saw this stoic bent by a despondent melancholy mood. And then it was but a quickly passing cloud as he remarked a few minutes later in a cheerful tone: "After all my staunchest friends have been O'Connnor, Burroughs, and Rossetti in England" (41).

The scene that Hartmann conjures, of grey on grey on grey, emphasizes a sense of loneliness, but also of enclosure and seclusion. The "loud gayeties" of the bright and half-open space of afternoon luncheons with claret and lobster have vanished. The weight of grey moves Sadakichi to "involuntarily" repeat the question about Whitman's desire for women. In contrast to the youthful ardor, overflowings, and outpourings that characterized intimacy among men, the grey years and scenes of senescence become, even for Whitman, a time to wish for a caring woman, "like Montaigne had his Marie." Hartmann asserts that Whitman's turn to a despondent, melancholy loneliness was only momentary, "a quickly passing cloud," but the sudden shift to a "recallé" of past (male) friendships does not seem to fully dispel the greyness that weighs upon the scene.

Whitman's senescence moves in tandem with Hartmann's passage from youth into adulthood. While the first sections of the Conversations stage Sadakichi's youthful "attraction" to the force of Whitman's powerful "individuality," the closing sections stage Sadakichi's disavowal of Whitman's powerful influence. In a parallel meeting with E. C. Stedman, a literary critic and friend of Whitman, Sadakichi introduces himself as a "young fanatic" of Walt Whitman, only to then rigorously deny that he is a "Whitmaniac" (45). Stedman and Sadakichi collaborate to define themselves as true "Whitmanites" who have sufficient power of individuality not to fall into Whitman's spell:

> STEDMAN: "I hope you are not one of those Whitmaniacs?"
> I denied the insinuation.
> STEDMAN (with fervor): "I have no patience with them at all. I mean those men who say Whitman's books are their Bible, who must always carry a copy of Leaves of Grasss about their person, and put it under their pillows when they go to sleep. They are absolutely disgusting to me and I have told them so."
> SADAKICHI: "Yes [...] I have never in my life met a more narrowminded set of philistines than these Whitman worshippers. How they crouch on their knees before him and whine silly admirations in praise of him [...] A true Whitmanite would try to be like Whitman in character and action; independent, not looking up to him as a God.

The distinction between "Whitmaniac" and "Whitmanite" depends separating those who "worship" Whitman from those who attempt to "be like" Whitman. The Whitmaniac expresses his love of Whitman (his works) through inappropriate displays of desire – sleeping with their *Leaves of Grass* - while the Whitmanite strives to be Whitman, cultivating an independent personality.

However, to avoid Whitmania and become a properly formed Whitmanite, Sadakichi runs into an aporia of remembrance. To remember Whitman, he would need to lovingly preserve traces, photographs, and texts of Whitman, but to be like Whitman, he needs to rigorously disavow the "influence" that these traces might have upon him. This aporia cuts to the heart of *Conversations*, which must somehow perform the double duty of remembrance of Whitman and a disavowal of his influence. Thus, the first sections of *Conversations* show Whitman bestowing multiple gifts and tokens to Sadakichi: a carnation, manuscripts of poems, pictures, etc. However, the final sections stage Sadakichi's disavowal of these objects:

> I did not see him again before September, 1889. My feelings towards him had somewhat changed, as I was developing into a writer myself; I feared that Whitman might have too strong an influence upon me, and I had freely given away the various scraps, proof sheets, pictures of him, etc., he had given me, and even disposed of his books, in order not to read them anymore (45).

We should note that in the very staging this scene of disposal, *Conversations* demonstrates the ongoing force of Whitman's "too strong an influence." By attributing so much power to the various material reminders of Whitman, Hartmann concedes a level of vulnerability, or suggestibility in

the face of Whitman's personality. If Hartmann were truly a fully formed and strong individual personality, the material traces of Whitman would not be things to fear, but rather ordinary objects like any other.

Finale

The "Finale" section of the *Conversations* meditates upon the proper formation of memory in response to artistic influence. Hartmann must acknowledge Whitman's influence, but in order to properly remember Whitman, Hartmann must find the ground of his own independent personality and style. Upon hearing of Whitman's death, Hartmann decides against going to the funeral in Camden, and goes alone into New York's Central Park instead. There, he holds "a silent communion with the soul atoms of the good gray poet, a few of which seem to have wafted to me on the mild March winds" (49). By invoking Democritus through Edgar Allan Poe in his imagination of Whitman's "soul atoms," Hartmann suggests a distant absorption of the "movement" of Whitman's once living personality. However, by holding himself apart from the funeral crowds, he also asserts a level of distance. Whitman's soul atoms have dissolved and dispersed, leaving it now to "other poets" to "rise and treat him as he has treated the past" (49). By implication, Hartmann, as a younger and future poet, will have to find his own way to remember, but still move beyond Whitman.

The final scene of *Conversations* takes us back, full circle, to the Philadelphia bookstore and the old Quaker who introduced Sadakichi to Whitman's works. The dispersal of Whitman's soul atoms, from Camden, to New York, to Philadelphia, and perhaps, the world, provides a final but somehow lasting image of vast space filled with potential:

> Nevertheless, what the old Quaker, shortly before his death, remarked about his intercourse with me, I could repeat in regard to Walt Whitman. "When I summon up all the incidents of our acquaintance, it was perfectly satisfactory in every way." I would only add, 'the most satisfactory one I ever had, without exception.' It was calm, invigorating, softly flowing on like a summer day in the open fields or on the ocean (51).

Here, Hartmann's repetition of the Quaker's statement of perfect satisfaction finds an echo in the Whitman's most funereal of the *Calamus* poems, Poem 17:

> And if the memorials of the dead were put up indifferently everywhere, even in the
>   room where I eat or sleep, I should be satisfied,
> And if the corpse of any one I love, or of my corpse, be duly rendered into powder,
>   and poured into the sea, I shall be satisfied,
> Or if it be distributed to the winds, I shall be satisfied. (SM, 63)

Read in relation to this poem, Hartmann's meditations on the conversion of Whitman's rooms into a "memorial" and the image of the dissolution and scattering of Whitman's body into soul

atoms take on added resonance. The voice of the Quaker also recalls the "doctrine of the Friends" which appeared in Whitman's own meditations on the death of Carlyle. There is a marked difference in time and temperature between Hartmann's "summer day in the open fields" and Whitman's "silence, of a fine night [...] under the stars," but this difference is of tone and not fundamental conception. Both speak in a language of "satisfactory" conversation: "intercourse," "acquaintance," and "communion." And both use the syntax of a "beyond the beyond": more satisfactory than perfectly satisfactory, suggestive systems "far more" suggestive than suggestive systems. "Conversation" with Carlyle – or Whitman – becomes more than being with the "chemical" body of another person, but "having one's being" among the "suggestive systems" of the limitless universe: in open fields, on the ocean, or under the starry sky...

Suggestive Systems

To return to the opening conceit of this chapter, the "suggestive systems" of open fields and the ocean stand in balance with a mark of closure: the emblem of the graft — a knot between calamus and morning glory. By choosing this decorative emblem, Hartmann closes his *Conversations* with a symbolic evocation of the complex dynamics of recognition, domestic intimacy, vulnerable suggestibility, and independent personality at stake when one seeks to become élève of Whitman, to engraft, and to learn.

To close this chapter, I return to the opening paradox of democratic education—how can one *teach* equality without reinstating a hierarchical divide between teacher and student, the old and the new?

In the spirit of the "Answerer"—who, when confronted by "what cannot be answer'd ... shows how it cannot be answer'd" (LG, 142)—I turn to a gesture and a form employed by both Hartmann and Whitman—a gesture of suggestiveness. In Whitman's meditation on the death of Carlyle, the suggestive is akin to a "beyond the beyond" an openness which marks the dispersal of an other into limitless infinity. This openness, an open-endedness, is also a central *formal* principle of Whitman's poems, a principle which Hartmann–ever the élève, learns well.

In "A Backward Glance O'er Traveled Roads," (the preface to *November Boughs* (1888)), Whitman describes the open-endedness of his poetry using the word "Suggestiveness":

> I set out with the intention also of indicating or hinting some point-characteristics which I since see (though I did not then, at least not definitely) were bases and object-urgings toward those "Leaves" from the first. The word I myself put primarily for the description of them as they stand at last, is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little, if anything; and could not, consistently with my scheme. *The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine.* I seek less to display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own thought (LG, 480).

In a gesture similar to that found in "Song of the Answerer," Whitman gives the task of "making" or "crafting" the poem to the reader—who "will always have his or her part to do." In an

essay entitled "The Poetry of 'Suggestiveness,'" John Schwiebert presents an elegant summation of the role of "Suggestiveness" in Whitman's poetry and its tie to the formation (or education) of a democratic self:

> [F]or Whitman, the experience of reading [...] is not an end, but like life itself, "a perpetual journey." He emphasizes the poem as a temporal process in which readers read, follow the poem's "faint clews and indirections," and "journey forth (without "cessation") along "the open road" that the poet indicates, thereby discovering and deepening their own individual and democratic identity. Along the way, in the reading, the reader must pay for such growth by giving the poet and the poem persistent attention and concentration; "thenceforward is no rest."
>
> For Whitman this temporal process is not to be started, experienced and concluded in the encounter with a single poem, but is continuous through the reading of many poems [...] A poem, he insists, is complex and suggestive individually and also in relation to other poems. (Hence the arrangement of poems into "clusters," which in turn compose parts of a single master poem, *Leaves*.) Brevity and complexity combine to make the short poem a peculiarly potent medium for Whitman's democratic message. One the one hand, with its brevity, the poem can be read over and over, cementing a deep and powerfully imaginative relationship between reader and poem. On the other hand, not only *can* the poem be read over and over [...] it also *invites* rereading and sustained attention by its complexity and its resonance with other poems, its promise of rewards that transcend the slightness of its appearance on the printed page (13).

Following from Schwiebert, it is possible to read the properties of "suggestiveness" evoked by the "graft." Whitman's "propping up" of Hartmann can be read as a subtle challenge for the young man to develop what is already "inborn" within him. The *craft* of poetry, as a democratic art, requires the full and equal participation of poet and reader. Years after Whitman's death, by re-staging the claim that Japanese art is *already* democratic, as democratic "as possible," Hartmann asserts a pre-existing equality— a common "blood" which circles in his veins as well as Whitman's.

It is fitting that Whitman's discourse of "suggestiveness" itself bears the trace of a circulation through multiple sources and outlets. To cite but one example, Betsy Erkkila, in *Walt Whitman among the French*, traces one potential source of Whitman's interest in suggestiveness to the literary criticism of Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869). Whitman read and copied down the following excerpt from an English translation of Sainte-Beuve which appeared in the January 1869 *North American Review*: "The greatest poet is not he who has done the best; it is he who suggests the most; he, not all of whose meaning is at first obvious, and who leaves you much to desire, to explain, to study, much to complete in your turn" (as quoted in Erkkila, 47).

Hartmann, for his part, would return to the trope of suggestiveness throughout his career as an art critic. By 1902, in a *History of American Art*, Hartmann would identify "suggestiveness" as "one of the leading characteristics of Japanese art" (269). And in the estimation of art historian Jane Calhoun Weaver, the "suggestive" came to serve as Hartmann's primary means of identifying, in the visual arts, a mode of "poetic mysticism and psychological intensity," employing "delicate

colors, and sketchy form" while resting on "canons of ancient oriental art that called for a repetition of both subject and object painted with 'slight variations'" (27).

Given the open-ended, unceasing nature of the suggestive, one could proceed in any number of ways from Whitman and Hartmann's invocations of a suggestive, democratic art, open to all in perfect equality. We could turn towards the French Symbolists (Erkkila), or to American modernist visual arts (Weaver). For the moment however, having established the democratic potential of the logic of the "graft," we will turn to its darker dimensions, a "becoming one" formed not through firm joins and propping, but the dissolution of tears.

Chapter 2

The Gentleman in Tears: Oceanic Passion in Arishima Takeo's *Labyrinth*

This chapter grows out of the "graft" of Whitman and Hartmann and dwells on dynamics of dissolution and dispersal, "into open fields or the ocean." The task of this chapter is to trace the specific form of an "oceanic feeling" formed through tears—tears which dissolve the boundaries between men. The central figure of this chapter is Arishima Takeo (1878-1923), a figure as canonical to modern Japanese literature as Hartmann is marginal to the canons of modern American literature and art. The initial aperture of this chapter is a 1912 essay entitled "A Profile of Walt Whitman," (ホキットマンの一斷面). The central focus is *Labyrinth* (迷路 (1918)—a semi-autobiographical novel based on Arishima's three-year sojourn in the United States from 1903 to 1906.[1]

Through these two texts I trace a form of "oceanic feeling" that draws on the "general passion" of nineteenth-century utopian socialists, particularly the utopian socialism of Henri de Saint-Simon (1760-1825). I think of Arishima's oceanic feeling as consonant with Saint-Simon's "general passion," and will henceforth refer to the specific form of oceanic feeling found in Arishima's writings as an "oceanic passion." I read Arishima's oceanic passion as a miscegenous, utopian passion. His oceanic passion is miscegenous because it aims to dissolve the *gens* of race and nation. It is utopian in its desire to displace history without recourse to violence.

[1] In this chapter, all translations of quotations from "A Profile of Walt Whitman" are mine. The source text I use is Volume One of the 1924, Sobunkaku Zenshū. For all other texts by Arishima, I use the more recent Chikuma Zenshū. For the English translation of *Labyrinth*, I have consulted *Labyrinth*, trans. Sanford Goldstein and Shinoda Seishi, (New York: Madison Books, 1991). For convenience, quotations below have page number references to both the Chikuma Zenshū and to the Goldstein and Shinoda translation. However, because Goldstein and Shinoda's translation frequently errs on the side of simplifying and naturalizing Arishima's Japanese to produce a more fluid English text, their translation is not well-suited for close reading. Accordingly, I have extensively modified their translation to produce more accurate, if less smooth, renditions for the English reader.

A Profile of Walt Whitman (1912)

In a short essay entitled "A Profile of Walt Whitman," Arishima Takeo recalls the fall of 1904, when he spent nights in passionate, poetic communion with another man:

> 私は何時でも涙を溜めてでなくては聞く事が出來なかつた。彼れも涙を頬に傳はらせながら恥じかしげもなく讀み續けた。涕をかむ時のみ歌が途切れる。何時でも彼れが此の魔杖のやうな本を閉ぢる時には、彼れと私は同じく人になつて居た。ホヰットマンになつて居た.
>
> Every time I heard these poems, I could not help breaking into tears. Tears would fall on his cheeks too, but he would continue to read, without shame. The song broke only when he paused to swallow his tears. Every time he closed this magic wand of a book, he and I became the same man. We became Whitman (I: 451).

The path Arishima took to becoming Whitman was a circuitous one. In July 1903, nine years prior to writing "A Profile," Arishima traveled to the United States "holding on to established traditions, manners, and faith as if they were precious pearls" (在來の傳習と形式と信仰とを珠のやうに抱ひて)(PWW, 449). He passed his first year in the United States studying at Haverford College in Pennsylvania, still "living in, or rather, constricted, in the dreams [he] had in Japan" (日本での夢が其のまゝに——と云ふより寧ろ引き締まって) (I: 450). However, in his second year, after the onset of the Russo-Japanese War, Arishima suffered a severe mental crisis—"a difficult transformation in the depths of my mind which I fought with silent dread" (心の領土には容易ならぬ變革で、私は默つて恐れ戰いた) (I: 450). Over the summer of 1904, Arishima found work as a male nurse at a Quaker insane asylum in Frankford, Pennsylvania, and for two months he read Tolstoy, Dante, and George Fox, struggling with demons of the spirit and mind while Japanese troops lay siege to Port Arthur. Arishima tells us that at the end of these two months, he had left behind his "so-called faith," but in lieu of explaining his apostasy in his own words, he relies on the words of another nurse, writing of another war:

> つい先頃はスクタリ衞戍病院にゐる土耳古の高級看護婦が、バルカン戰爭の悲慘を描いた一文を英國の雜誌に寄せたのを讀んだ。その中に「若し基督教と云ふ名が人道と云ふ名で替へられたてあつたなら、十字軍と銘を打つこの戰爭はなくまでの悲慘を盡しはしなかつたらうに」と云ふ風に書き現がされた文句を見た (I: 450).
>
> Just recently I read a letter describing the horror of the war in the Balkans, a letter which was sent to a British journal by a Turkish nurse working in the field hospital at Scutari. In this letter I saw this sentence: "If the word 'Christendom' had been replaced with the word 'Humanity,' then this tragic war, launched in the name of a holy crusade, would never have happened."

These words invoke a common humanity against the "name" of Christianity, a name which defines one *gens* (race, nation) against another. This invocation of a common humanity gestures toward the universalism which Arishima finds in (becoming) Whitman. The Balkan War, like the Russo-Japanese War, was a war fought between representatives of the "Christian" west and the "pagan" east. Against this Orientalist divide, Arishima holds out the possibility of a common humanity, a commonality which, paradoxically, depends upon strengthening awareness of the self: "I realized that I had to awaken my self from all the soothing, comforting illusions that had lulled me to sleep" (今まで内外からすかしたりなだめたりして居た假睡の私は私相當の自覺を自分に強ひた)(I: 450).[2] This moment of incipient awakening is the moment when Whitman appears.

It is fall, and Arishima has moved to Boston and begun a "life of co-habitation" (共同生活を營んで) with Peabody, a lawyer, "born in New York, who possessed a profligate, if beautiful, soul" (451). Every night, the two men sit in Peabody's parlor, and the lawyer pulls out a "book the color of grass." In a voice that is "both manly and sentimental at the same time," (男らしく張りのある同時に感傷的な聲) the lawyer reads poetry. Eight years later, Arishima still feels a "delightful shiver" when he recalls listening to these poems. He repeats their lines verbatim, with no translation:

> Out of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop gently to me,
> Whispering *l love you, before long I die...*(I: 452)

Of all the poems Arishima could have recalled, "Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd" best captures the "oceanic feeling" of becoming one with another man, of becoming one man in Whitman.[3] There is no mention of race, nation, creed, or any other variation of the *gens*. The only trace of *gens* to be found is in the gentle coming of the drop, which rolls out of the ocean, the crowd of humanity, and touches an other. Arishima has traveled across an ocean and a continent to reach Peabody's parlor, a distance foretold by the words of the drop to the poet: "*I have travel'd a long way merely to look on you to touch you.*" Consecrated through shared tears, sealed with the invocation of a "magic wand," this moment of poetic communion offers to dissolve, all at once, the burdens and boundaries of history.

There is nothing new about the desire to short circuit the contentious divides of history through the magical invocation of poetry. Paul Ricoeur, for instance, identifies this desire as a central feature of the pacifist, utopian socialism of Henri de Saint-Simon(1760-1820). Writing in the decades after the Reign of Terror, Saint-Simon turned to the imaginative faculties of the poet

[2] Arishima's analysis of the Russo-Japanese War and the need to awaken the self are strongly influenced of Leo Tolstoy's pacifist manifesto, "Bethink Yourselves!" (1904). (Arishima's diary indicates that he read this essay in English translation in July 1904). Tolstoy opens the essay by questioning how (Japanese) Buddhists "whose law forbids the killing, not only of men, but of animals" and (Russian) Christians "professing the law of brotherhood and love" are able to "kill, torture and mutilate each other in the most cruel way" (3). To oppose the justification of sending men to slaughter in the name of the nation, Tolstoy invokes the higher law of a kingdom of God, a law which can only be found by "each individual man with himself, that is, in that portion of the universe which alone is subject to his power" (34).

[3] Arishima's recollection of Whitman anticipates Freud's later description of an"oceanic feeling." In *Civilization and its Discontents* (1930), *ozeanische Gefühl* is a state akin to love, where "the boundary between ego and object threatens to melt away," "a feeling of an indissoluble bond, of being one with the external world as a whole" (2).

and the artist as possible means for imagining a revolution without bloodshed. Poets and artists would use their talents to "impassionate the general society for the improvement of the fate of mankind," creating a "general passion" which would dissolve the "differences which exist between religious opinions" (as quoted in Ricoeur, 296). Ricoeur observes that Saint-Simon's invocation of a "general passion" relies upon "the magic of the word, a shortcut between the outburst of passion and the revelation of truth" (296). Arishima, like a twentieth-century Saint-Simon, sees Whitman's poetry as a means to dissolve the historical differences between religions and nations. And Arishima's oceanic feeling, like Saint-Simon's general passion, must confront a similar problem, an "underestimation of the real forces of history" and an overestimation of the ability of poets to dissolve the violence of nation-states (298).

Arishima was well aware of the consonance between his utopian desires and those of Saint-Simon. We know, for instance, that near the end of 1904, Arishima closely read Fredrick Engels' critique of Saint-Simon in "Socialisms: Utopian and Scientific." This connection is even more explicit in Arishima's 1918 novel *Labyrinth* (迷路), a semi-autobiographical work set during the middle two years of the author's 1903-1906 sojourn in the United States. In *Labyrinth*, the protagonist "A" is repeatedly mocked for being a "young Saint-Simon."

In the introduction to this chapter, I wrote that Arishima's oceanic passion is miscegenous becomes it aims to dissolve the *gens*, and that it is utopian because it aims to displace history without recourse to violence. In addition to being miscegenous, and utopian—or rather because it is miscegenous and utopian, Arishima's oceanic passion is also a queer passion.

In placing the miscegenous and utopian before the queer, I do not mean to imply that queerness is a secondary effect—e.g, Arishima's oceanic passion "happens" to be queer. Instead, I aim to think of queerness as a means to value Arishima's "oceanic passion" even if, (or especially because), it seems committed to underestimating the "real forces of history." On the one hand, Arishima's poetic communion in a Boston parlor seems completely tangential to to the (real) passage of history. The moments of oceanic passion recounted in "A Profile of Walt Whitman" did nothing to stop the slaughter of thousands at Port Arthur, nor did it prevent "Yellow Peril" fears of immanent Japanese invasion from seizing the American populace, nor did it prevent restrictions on Japanese immigration to the United States, etc.

The value of Arishima's "oceanic passion" may not be measurable in its concrete effect, but rather in its imaginative transgression of the "natural" bounds of the nation and history. Ricoeur notes that the result of "reading a utopia is that it puts into question what presently exists; it makes the actual world seem strange." The utopia, "introduces a sense of doubt that shatters the obvious ... [t]he order which has been taken for granted suddenly appears queer and contingent" (300). For Ricoeur, this queering may be the "main value" of utopias, especially at "a time when everything is blocked by systems that have failed but which cannot be beaten" (300).

In the years between Arishima's sojourn in the United States and the publication of *Labyrinth*, there was one signal agreement which marked a blockage in the definition of "gentlemen": The Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908. The very name "Gentlemen's Agreement" suggests a "coming together" of two gentlemen to become one, an arrangement that should be wholly compatible with the unifying communions of oceanic passion. However, the essential aim of the Gentlemen's Agreement was to guard against the threat of shapeless dissolution by clearly

demarcating the boundaries between one class of men and another. In August of 1908, the U.S. Ambassador to Japan declared, "it becomes a serious question to determine where the line between laborer and gentlemen must be drawn."[4] Only months before the ambassador's statement, the governments of Japan and the United States had just concluded a series of exchanges about how to effect this line. The precise contents of the letters and cables were kept secret, but their results were made public. The government of the United States would pressure the School Board of San Francisco to rescind its policy of requiring Japanese and Korean children to attend a racially segregated "Oriental School." In turn, the government of Japan would not issue passports to ordinary laborers wishing to emigrate to the United States. Gentlemen–or "non-immigrants"—would continue to be allowed entry into the United States. Finally, the American government would also continue to permit the immigration of spouses and children of Japanese already resident in the United States. Left unwritten and never ratified as a formal treaty, the Gentlemen's Agreement was a paradoxical instrument that appealed to a common code of "gentlemanly" behavior while drawing lines which negated the full potential of this commonality.

In an era marked not only by a catastrophic war, but also an exaggerated return to the courtly protocols of "gentlemen," Arishima's *Labyrinth* explores the utopian possibility of agreements formed not through words, but through the passionate exchange of tears. Arishima's city of weeping men is a *polis* submerged in "oceanic feeling," a community where copious tears dissolve the boundaries between men—boundaries of race, nationality, and class—forming a shapeless, amorphous unity.

Tears! Tears! Tears!

Before turning to *Labyrinth*, it is worth returning to Arishima's reflections in "A Profile of Walt Whitman." The language of tears which Arishima employs in *Labyrinth* owes much of its character to Whitman, and following Arishima's readings of Whitman will help to clarify the terms of this lachrymal language.

In "Out of the Rolling Ocean the Crowd," it is important to note that the ocean which offers "the cohesion of all" also separates and divides. Whitman's poem as a whole depends upon a recurring ebb and flow of union and dispersion (a dynamic which bears the trace of the poem's original placement in the *Drum-Taps* sequence, a sequence which dwells on the unions and divisions of the American Civil War). The ocean of Whitman's "oceanic feeling" has powerful currents which tear men apart as easily as they draw men together:

> But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate us,
> As for an hour carrying us diverse, yet cannot carry us diverse forever (LG, 92).

In the first of these two lines, the poet divides a unified "we" into a "me" and "you" whom the sea will separate. He then reverses this separation, declaring that the sea cannot "carry us diverse

[4] As quoted by Jordan Sand, "Gentlemen's Agreement, 1908: Fragments for a Pacific History," in *Representations*, Vol. 107, No. 1 (Summer 2009), p. 91.

forever." Whitman reinforces this sense of reversal through the use of an ABBA chiastic structure in the second line: *As for an hour* (A) *carrying us diverse* (B), yet cannot *carry us diverse* (B) *forever*(A). These upheavals of unity and division at the level of the line extend to the structure of the poem itself, and perhaps, to entire sequences and clusters of Whitman's poetry. The "oceanic feeling" of Whitman's poems is profoundly ambivalent, a union which tends to division which returns to union—a turbulent movement through extremes of solitude and communality.

In "A Profile of Walt Whitman," Arishima's attention to the oceanic and his frequent repetition of the word "tears" (涙・涕) should alert us to intertextual ties to poems in Whitman's *Sea-Drift* sequence, in particular, the poem "Tears." In this poem, the salty "drop" of the rolling ocean reappears as one of many tears shed in solitude. Here, oceanic feeling is not a form of peaceful, ecstatic bliss, but a turbid sublimity. Tears are linked to the chaos of storm and sea, a turbulent darkness where the boundaries of the body dissolve into chaotic shapelessness. The poem in full reads:

> Tears! tears! tears!
> In the night, in solitude, tears,
> On the white shore dripping, dripping, suck'd in by the sand,
> Tears, not a star shining, all dark and desolate,
> Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head;
> O who is that ghost? that form in the dark, with tears?
> What shapeless lump is that, bent, crouch'd there on the sand?
> Streaming tears, sobbing tears, throes, choked with wild cries;
> O storm, embodied, rising, careering with swift steps along the beach!
> O wild and dismal night storm, with wind—O belching and desperate!
> O shade so sedate and decorous by day, with calm countenance and regulated pace,
> But away at night as you fly, none looking—O then the unloosen'd ocean,
> Of tears! tears! tears! (LG, 215)

Arishima first translated "Tears" into Japanese in the July 1913 issue of the magazine *Shirakaba*. Arishima's translation freely omits and condenses several lines, deformations which have the effect of reinforcing patterns of deformation already present within the original. In Arishima's translation, the "shapeless lump" of the eighth line disappears, dissolving and re-emerging in the previous line. Arishima renders the"form in the dark, with tears" as 暗闇の中で涙を流す異形, where the word 異形 (*igyō*) denotes a "strange form" and has strong connotations of a perverse, grotesque abnormality. Arishima's translation of the "storm embodied" strips away most of Whitman's personification. The storm no longer "caree[rs] with swift steps along the beach," but instead "rages along the shore" (海沿を吹きまく). If Arishima's translation deprives the storm of its "steps," it re-imagines the storm in terms which seem more malevolent than Whitman's; the storm may not be fully "embodied," but its "countenance" or "form" (形相, *gyōsō*) is "terrible" or "dreadful" (すさまじく).

The negative potentials of "oceanic feeling"—the terror and dread associated with the turbulent and the shapeless—are already present in Whitman, but made even more apparent in Arishima's translations. The blissful possibility of a passionate, poetic communion with Peabody—

an “agreement” between gentlemen—maintains as its inevitable counterpart or “shade” the half-hidden possibility of a violent “unloosen[ing]” of the “calm countenance and regulated pace” of everyday life. The push and pull of oceanic feeling—its ceaseless gyre of harmony and discord—is the primary dynamic of Arishima’s *Labyrinth*. It is also the underlying dynamic of Japanese American relations in the first decade of the twentieth century, a dynamic which governed the relations between Japanese and American men as surely as it governed the relations between their nations.

Young Arishima

Writing of the oceanic and the national in the same moment is a difficult task; the oceanic tends to dissolve the boundaries which make terms such as “Japanese” or “American” distinguishable. This difficulty is particularly evident when speaking not on the grand scale of literal oceans, but on the fine scale of tears between men. In the immediate case of Arishima and Whitman, we know that Arishima’s most passionate engagements with Whitman’s lachrymal poetry took place after 1905. Yet it was not as if it took Whitman for Arishima to know what it was to weep, nor, for that matter, what was to weep for the sake of another man. One could turn to Arishima’s pre-1905 writings in search of a virginal “Japanese” consciousness which would be shocked by a wholly novel “American” voice. However, such a search for indigenous purity would be in vain, since Arishima’s early writings, especially his (bilingual) diaries, reveal a consciousness thoroughly steeped in Anglo-American letters. In a sense, Arishima was a “Japanese American” in thought and feeling before he even read Whitman, and well before he ever set foot in the United States.

Born in 1878 in Tokyo as the eldest son of a senior official in the Ministry of Finance, Arishima attended the finest schools which money and privilege could buy. When Arishima was four years old, his father was transferred to the treaty port of Yokohama, where he was appointed head of the customs bureau. This post required frequent contact with foreign dignitaries, and likely instilled in Arishima’s father a keen awareness of the difficulties involved in learning Western languages and customs. Accordingly, Arishima’s father took extreme measures to immerse his children in the English language. At the age of five, Arishima and his sister were sent to the home of “certain Americans where they remained from morning to night” (Morton, 13). Arishima also attended primary school at Yokohama Eiwa Gakkō in the heart of Yamanote, a district which—at the time—was almost completely inhabited by foreign diplomats and merchants.

Arishima’s exposure to American and other foreign influences did not come at the expense of his “Japanese” education. As the eldest son of a former samurai family, Arishima was subjected to an intense training regimen in swordsmanship, horse riding, archery, and the Chinese classics. Through the influence of his grandmother, a devout Buddhist, he also acquired an interest in Zen Buddhism.

At the age of nine, Arishima was sent away to Gakushuin (The Peer’s School), an elite educational institution founded in 1842 as a school for the sons of higher aristocracy. The Gakushuin campus was in the Kanda district of Tokyo, a substantial distance from the Arishima household in Yokohama. Arishima lived in the school dormitory as a boarding student, and in

later years, Arishima would recall the "fierce pressure of homosexual advances, directed at him by older boys" which began as soon as he entered the dormitory (Morton, 16).[5] A year after entering Gakushuin, Arishima was appointed as an official "study-companion" of Crown Prince Yoshihito (the future Taishō Emperor).

Arishima graduated from Gakushuin in 1896. Although most Gakushuin graduates entered the Imperial University in Tokyo, Arishima took the unusual step of heading to Japan's recently colonized northern frontier, matriculating at Sapporo Agricultural College in Hokkaido.

By the 1890s, Sapporo Agricultural College had long been a center for colonial development and Japanese Christianity. The dual emphasis on cultivation of the soil and the soul owed much to the efforts of the American missionary William S. Clark (1826-1886), who served as head teacher of the College for eight months in 1877. Clark, a Union colonel during the American Civil War, promoted a doctrine of masculine self-cultivation and moral development. When asked to supply a conduct code for the College, Clark is said to have replied that the motto "Be Gentlemen," was sufficient, since moral behavior would follow as a natural consequence of this imperative. During his tenure, Clark converted thirty-one students to Christianity, a nucleus of believers which nurtured a generation of prominent Christian intellectuals. This cohort, known as the "Sapporo Band," included such figures as Ōshima Masatake (1859-1938), a professor at Doshisha and the Tokyo University of Education; Miyabe Kingo (1860-1951), a biologist who catalogued Hokkaido's flora; and Uchimura Kanzō (1861-1930), founder of the non-church movement.

Arishima was most directly influenced by another member of the Sapporo Band, Nitobe Inazō (1862-1933). Nitobe had been a student at the College in the late 1870s. In 1884, Nitobe traveled to the United States to study at Johns Hopkins University, where he became a member of the Baltimore Religious Society of Friends. After completing a doctorate in Germany, Nitobe returned to the United States in 1891 and married a fellow Quaker, Mary Patterson Elkinton (1857-1938). Upon his return to Japan, Nitobe became a professor at his alma mater. When Arishima came to Sapporo Agricultural College in the fall of 1896, he lodged in the Nitobe household.

Arishima's immersion in Christian thought and practice occurred not only through the influence of the Nitobes, but also through his passionate friendship with another young student at the College, Morimoto Kōkichi (1877-1950). A careful study of Arishima and Morimoto's relationship is beyond the scope of this biographical sketch. However, the complex intertwining of sexual passion and religious fervor in their friendship provides important context for understanding the persistence of similar dynamics in Arishima's *Labyrinth*.

In an autobiographical essay affixed as a preface to his *Life of Livingstone* (リビングストン傳, 1919), Arishima describes his first encounter with Morimoto. In 1897, Arishima was attending a Zen temple in Sapporo on the advice of his grandmother. However, after several months of religious training, Arishima began to " feel a sense of disappointment" (失望し始めてゐた). It is at this moment that Morimoto arrives in his life:

> 或る日私を誘つて——その日は今でも忘れない、雨のそぼ降る陰鬱な日だつた——附屬農場の奥の糧秣小屋の中で、牧草の中に臥ころびながら、君が告白し

[5] For a more detailed exposition of schoolboy sexuality in the late Meiji period (1890-1912), see Jeffrey Angles, *For the Love of Boys: Origins of Bishōnen Culture in Modernist Japanese Literature*, 16-20.

た所によれば、君は以前から私に眼をつけてゐたのださうだ。而してある機會にふと私のした事が私を胸友として君に選ばしめたのださうだ。君はその日宗教的探究の道伴れになれと、私に勸めた。その熱意は私を動かした。私は決心してそれを承諾した。而してその日から私の宗教的生活を廻轉した。(*ATZ*, 7: 366)

One day he invited me to join him—even now I cannot forget that day, a gloomy day of drizzling rain. We were in a small storage shed in the middle of the farm attached to the school, sprawled out in the hay. He confessed to me that I had caught his eye some time ago. Something I had done by chance had caused him to choose me as his friend. It was on that day that he asked me to join him on the path of religious inquiry. His ardor moved me. I made up my mind to accept his request. And from that day forward, my religious life underwent a complete revolution.

In this scene, the language of religious initiation draws on language strikingly similar to the language of sexual attraction and seduction. The verb "to invite" (誘う) has a wide range of meaning, including "to seduce," or "to move (emotionally)." The repetition of markers of seclusion and interiority—*in* (中) a storage shed ... in the *middle* (奥) of the farm ... *in* (中) the hay—suggests successive layers of interiority, a cocooned space in which secret confessions and compacts between believers/lovers can be formed, removed from the gaze of others. In a sense, Arishima and Morimoto only have eyes for each other; the exact nature of the "something" which Arishima "had done by chance" is left as an intimate secret between the two men.

The point of these observations is not to assert that religion was only an illusory surface which covered "real" or "deeper" sexual desires. Rather, the point is that Arishima and Morimoto's relationship was governed by a dynamic where religious and sexual "ardor" (熱意) were, as Leith Morton argues, "inextricably entangled" (31). From 1897 to 1898, Arishima and Morimoto engaged in heated debates over the nature of sin and redemption, as well as the control and disposition of bodily passions into spiritual attainment.

The diaries which Arishima kept during this period reveal that he wrote in what we might call a "language of tears" well before his engagement with Whitman. In December of 1898, Arishima and Morimoto decided to undertake a spiritual retreat to Jōzankei, a hot springs resort near Sapporo. In an diary entry dated December 30, Arishima writes of a crisis prompted by an unspeakable act which had taken place the previous night. This act, which Arishima could not, or would not name, has no visible remainder in writing. Only *tears* remain:

昨夜ハ余ト森元君ニ取リテ實ニ非常ナリ時ナリキ。余ハ其時ノ出来事ヲ日記ニ載スルモ厭フナリ。嗚呼若シ余ニシテ平生毅然タル丈夫ノ心アラシメバ森元君ヲシテカゝル挙動ニ出デシムルヿハ夢之レナカリシナリ。畢竟余ガ鍛錬ノ至ラザル罪遂ニ累ヲ森元君ニマデ及サシメヌ。余ハ秀麗貧夫モ其心ヲ正フスベキ此定山渓の山水ニ対して此事アリシヲ痛ク恥スルモノナリ。余ハ再ヒ山水ヲ観望スルノ勇気ナキニ至リヌ。涙ハ余ガ此日終日ノ侶伴ナリキ。

Last night was, for Morimoto and me, truly a moment of crisis. I hesitate even to mention what happened in this diary. Oh, if only I had the customary boldness of a manly heart, then Morimoto would never have dreamed of letting himself act as he did. In the end, it was my lack of discipline that caused Morimoto to do it. For me, it is a truly shameful thing that this happened among the beautiful hills and waters of Jōzankei, which are said to purify the hearts of even the poorest men. I no longer have the courage to look upon these hills and waters. Today, all day, tears have been my only companion. (ATZ, 10:110)

It is clear that *something* triggered this "moment of crisis" (非常ナリ時), but Arishima refrains from any direct description of what the act was.[6] The act is an absent, unspeakable void. And even the cause for the act is an absence—an absence of masculinity. Arishima places the blame on himself, for what is lacking in himself: the manly heart (丈夫の心) and the "discipline" or "toughness" (鍛錬) needed to restrain Morimoto. The shame of the unspeakable act is magnified by its setting. Not only are the hills and waters of Jōzankei "said to purify the hearts" of even the "poorest of men" (貧夫), but it is also the end of the year, a period associated with the cleansing of physical and spiritual impurities. The shame of the unspeakable act deprives Arishima of the "courage" (勇氣) to look at any reminder of the clean or the pure. He cannot look at the waters and hills of Jōzankei; he cannot even look at Morimoto. Arishima's only possible "companion" (侶伴) is his tears.

Arishima's dual associations of hot springs and the end of the year with spiritual cleansing draw upon conventions that long pre-date the 1854 arrival of Commodore Perry's black ships. However, it would be a mistake to interpret this scene as representing a purely "Japanese" affair untainted by contact with foreign elements. In the diary entry dated December 29, the night when the unspeakable act occurred, Arishima writes that he and Morimoto spent the day bathing, taking walks, and reading—activities well within the scope of acceptable "spiritual retreat" behavior. Yet the texts which Arishima reads disrupt his emotional equilibrium. Arishima and Morimoto read hybrid tracts written by Japanese steeped in a (recently assimilated) Protestant tradition: Matsumura Kaiseki's *The Foundation of Self-Development* (立志の礎, 1889) and Uchimura Kanzō's *Records of the Search for Salvation* (求安錄, 1893). Arishima's intense reactions to these texts, particularly Uchimura's, entangle passions of the spirit and of the body, the pure and the profane:

夜ニ至リテ興益ゝ多く而モ心ヲ刺戟セラルゝヿ實ニ一ニシテ足ラズ。戰々トシテ身ノ震フヲ覺エズ。嗚呼余何ニ足ラザル所アリテカクハ眞理ヲ求マルヿ渴スルガ如キヿ能ハザルカ。何ヲ苦ンデカ獨リ岐路ニ迷フノ愚ヲナスカ。[...] ○此夜默想ノ時初メテ森元君ノ前ニ(否人ノ前ニ)余ガ 祈禱ヲ發聲シタリ。余ハ求安

[6] In subsequent diary entries, there are repeated references to the "disagreeable passion" (好しからざる情) which comes over Morimoto and to which Arishima at times succumbs. Arishima never reveals or records the exact nature of the "sinful," "evil," "unspeakable," or "disagreeable" acts prompted by "passion" (情); indeed, to do so would only compound the sin of the act. Scholarly opinion (or speculation) about the acts in question leans toward the conclusion that the "disagreeable passion" is a euphemism for homosexual activity. Leith Morton notes that some conclude that Arishima and Morimoto were "only" engaged in mutual or non-mutual masturbation (tacitly assuming that such acts are not "truly" homosexual) (31). (See Sasabuchi Tomoichi, *Meiji Taisho Bungaku no Bunseki*, (Meiji Shoin, 1970) 703ff.)

> 碌ニ非常ナル感動ヲ受ケタレバナリ。願クハ此感動ニシテ永ク心中ヲ支配セヨ。
>
> When night fell, my enthusiasm grew and grew, and it became impossible to control all the things exciting my mind. I could not stop myself from trembling. Oh, what is it that is lacking within me? Why do I search for truth but lack the ability to satisfy this thirst? What is troubling me? What has led me to stand alone, lost at this crossroads? [...] Tonight, when I began to meditate, I prayed aloud for the first time in front of Morimoto (no, in front of another). When I read *Records of the Search for Salvation*, I was struck by a profound emotion. I prayed that this emotion would rule in my heart forever (ATZ 10:110).

In this passage, religious joy or "enthusiasm" (興) takes over Arishima's body. He experiences this joy as a doubled lack, a foreshadowing of the unspeakable act caused by absence. Not only does Arishima lack something, he lacks the knowledge of what this something is. Arishima has yet to associate this doubled lack with a lack of phallic masculinity—there are not yet any words about the absence of a manly heart or disciplined toughness. Instead, Arishima attempts to fill his lack through knowledge provided by another man, through the "profound emotion" generated by Uchimura's text. Note that when Arishima prays that this emotion "will rule my heart forever" (永ク心中ヲ支配セヨ), his act of prayer is an exact inverse of the *unspeakable* act which Arishima regrets the day after. The latter act cannot be spoken, but the act of prayer *must be spoken*. Overwhelmed by "enthusiasm," Arishima interrupts a silent meditation (默想) and, for the first time in his life, prays *out loud*. The parenthetical correction—"in front of Morimoto (no, in front of another)"—marks Arishima's attempt to find a communal passion, a passion shared not only with Morimoto, but also Morimoto as a representative of all other men. Only prayer, a prayer spoken out loud, in front of another man, offers a salve to the terrible solitude of standing alone "lost at this crossroads."

If the spoken prayer prefigures a desire for the oceanic feeling of communal passion, then the key phrase "lost at this crossroads" (岐路ニ迷フ) also prefigures the titular concern of *Labyrinth* (迷路). The trope of the "crossroads" or the "labyrinth" suggests a dense entanglement where it is impossible to find one's way—either "back" to an originary "home," or "forward" to a utopian future where communal, general passions erase the suffering of alienation. Arishima's youthful confusion of passions—the religious and the sexual, the pure and the profane—is strikingly homologous to the complex entanglement of the indigenous and the foreign, the Japanese and the American in Arishima's consciousness. Prior to arriving in the United States, Arishima had already been immersed in the English language through his childhood in Yokohama, New England conceptions of "gentlemanly" masculinity through the pedagogy of William Clark, Quaker theology through Nitobe Inazō, and a heady mixture of Protestant religious passions and homosocial intimacy through his enthusiastic readings of Uchimura Kanzō with Morimoto Kōkichi. Already entangled in the myriad contradictions and confusions of Japanese and American contact, Arishima would move from the difficulties of (mostly) intellectual contact to crises prompted by the specter of (physical) miscegenation.

Labyrinth『迷路』

> LONG, too long, O land,
> Traveling roads all even and peaceful, you learn'd from joys and
> prosperity only;
> But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish—advancing,
> grappling with direst fate, and recoiling not;
> And now to conceive, and show to the world, what your children
> en-masse really are;
> (For who except myself has yet conceiv'd what your children
> en-masse really are?)
>
> Walt Whitman, "Long, Too Long, O Land," (1865)

Arishima Takeo chose the lines above as the epigraph to the June 1918 edition of his novel, *Labyrinth*. This epigraph suggests that the "roads" (路) of *Labyrinth* (迷路) are roads which are not "even and peaceful," but tortured paths formed by "crises of anguish." In selecting this epigraph, Arishima also chose to return to the 1865 version of the poem, not the 1881 version whose first line reads, "Long, too long, America." In choosing to return the poem to its more general invocation, Arishima implicitly expands the range of the poem's historical and geographical associations. No longer restricted to one land and one war (the American Civil War of 1861-1865), Arishima's epigraph invites the reader to consider the lessons of other lands and other wars. *Labyrinth* contains several explicit references to one war: the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905. Yet this war is not the only "crisis of anguish" which informs the architecture of the novel. The novel's foregrounding of homosocial agreements between (Japanese and American) gentlemen raises the possibility of thinking about another crisis, the diplomatic crisis in Japanese American relations marked by the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908.

The highly irregular structure of *Labyrinth* (indeed, its very title) suggests that it does not lend itself to a linear, or straightforward account of its dense network of intertextual relations, or its specific relations to "actual" history. Previous English-language scholarship has generally avoided taking these intertextual or historicist approaches to *Labyrinth*, and for good reason. Paul Anderer argues that *Labyrinth*, like much of Arishima's fiction, is not concerned with mimetic representation of the external world (63). Accordingly, Anderer tends to de-emphasize the novel's ties to actual geographic locations or historical events. Similarly, while Anderer carefully pursues Arishima's various allusions to the Bible, Carlyle, Whitman, and Goethe, he also concludes these allusions fail to come together or cohere, proving to be "so much flotsam in an unsteady sea" (64). At a further extreme, Leith Morton, in his detailed biographical study of Arishima, acknowledges giving *Labyrinth* only "cursory treatment" due to the fact that "the novel is generally considered a failure [...] because of its unwieldy structure, its deficiencies in plot and character, and its uneven style" (65).

The reading I attempt here departs slightly from the approaches taken by Anderer and Morton. Rather than considering "flotsam in an unsteady sea" to be a metaphor of incoherence, I see it as a description of a terrifying hyper-coherence: an ocean of tears in which everything comes together,

but in which nothing and no one can be fully distinct. Similarly, the qualities by which Morton describes *Labyrinth* as a failure are, in my reading, precisely the qualities which make the novel interesting. A work which possessed a unified plot, consistent characterization, and an even style might be a better novel, but it would be an abject failure as a *Labyrinth*. This is not to say that *Labyrinth* lacks any form of structural cohesion or "shape," but rather that its queer form relies on other principles: the associative linkage of motifs (especially the motifs of tears), as well as an underlying and recurrent architecture of homosocial co-habitations. This internal architecture, while uneven, provides an uncannily accurate (synecdochic if not mimetic) portrait of Japanese-American relations at the turn of the twentieth century.

The seemingly irregular structure of *Labyrinth* is due in part to the fact that Arishima wrote and published the novel in bits and pieces over several years, from 1905 to 1918. The genesis of the novel dates to Arishima's 1903-1906 sojourn in the United States. Arishima and Morimoto traveled together to the United States in August 1903. However, they soon separated and studied at different educational institutions. Morimoto went to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, while Arishima went to Haverford College, a Quaker institution just outside Philadelphia. Within a year, Arishima completed his master's thesis, and for summer employment, began working as a male nurse at the Friends' Asylum for the Insane in Frankford, Pennsylvania. In the fall of 1904, Arishima moved to Cambridge and became a student at Harvard University. It was during this period that Arishima met Kaneko Kiichi (1875-1909), a Japanese socialist activist. Through Kaneko's introduction, Arishima took up residence in the apartment of Peabody, the New York lawyer possessed of a "profligate, if beautiful soul."

The first kernel of the work which would become *Labyrinth* were the diary entries which Arishima wrote during the summer and fall of 1904. From Arishima's diaries and other writings, we know that the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War provoked a profound spiritual crisis. In his autobiographical preface to *The Life of Livingstone*, Arishima writes that the Russo-Japanese War revealed to him the "underside of Christian nations."[7] He observed that people of the Christian nations of Europe generally saw the Japanese as " people of a different race and different beliefs," and as a result, viewed Japan with unconcealed jealousy. In addition, even those people who refrained from feelings of racial jealousy tended to look on the horrors of the war "as if it were a game," looking on the war as the entertaining spectacle of a "small dog beating a large one." These observations filled him with unease, and caused Arishima to doubt that the "spirit" of Christ dwelled in the hearts of people in so-called "Christian nations." He saw no difference between the "morality" of the (Christian) Euro-American nations and the "morality" of the (pagan) Japanese nation, and could not avoid doubting the entire edifice of Christian belief (7:373).

Ten years after returning to Japan, in March 1916, Arishima published heavily modified versions of his 1904 diary entries in the journal *Shirakaba*.[8] Arishima titled these entries "Departures" (首途). The next year, in a loose continuation of "Departures," Arishima published a story entitled "Labyrinth" (迷路) in the November 1917 issue of the magazine *Chūō Kōron*. In this story, Arishima shifted from the first-person diary style of "Departures" to third-person narration.

[7]For a more extensive English translation and analysis of the relevant passage from the Preface to *Life of Livingstone*, see Morton, *Divided Self*, 61-63).

[8]The *Shirakaba* journal was the central publication of the *Shirakaba-ha* or "White Birch Society," a group of poets, artists, and writers formed in 1910 by alumni of Gakushuin.

Two months later, in the New Year's edition of the magazine *Shinshōsetsu*, Arishima published a work entitled "Darkness Before Dawn" or 曉暗. These three works were subsequently collected into the single novel *Labyrinth* in the fifth volume of *Collected Works of Arishima Takeo* (有島武郎著作全集), published by Shinchōsha in June 1918.

Table 2.1: Publication Dates of *Labyrinth*

Date	Title	Publication
March 1916	"Departures" (首途)	*Shirakaba*, Vol. 7, No. 3.
November 1917	"Labyrinth" (迷路)	*Chūō Kōron*, Year 32, No. 12.
January 1918	"Darkness Before Dawn" (曉暗)	*Shinshōsetsu*, Year 23, No. 1.
June 1918	***Labyrinth* 『迷路』**	***Collected Works of Arishima Takeo*, Vol. 5.**

It is easy to see why many readers view the structure of *Labyrinth* as "unwieldy." The protagonist, known only by the initial "A," seems to wander through intensely convoluted paths, both in his patterns of thought, as well as in his physical transits through a wide assortment of constrained spaces: the Friends' Asylum in Frankford, various railroad cars en route to different locations, the cramped apartment of a lawyer known as "P," and the stifling quarters of a Japanese socialist known as "K." However, the surface layer of convoluted wanderings occurs over an architectural framework which is surprisingly even. When following the minutiae of all of A's various wanderings, the novel seems chaotic, but if one keeps track of A's primary place of residence, then the novel neatly divides into four sections of approximately equal length. In "Departures" or the preface to the novel, A resides at the Friends' Asylum in Pennsylvania. In the first eleven chapters of the novel proper, A co-habits with two men: the Anglo-American lawyer P and the Japanese socialist K. A moves out of P's apartment after confessing to having had sexual relations with P's estranged wife. After a subsequent falling out with K, A takes a job as a domestic at a farm estate in the countryside. (This period corresponds to biographical reality; in the summer of 1905, Arishima moved to a farm in Greenland, New Hampshire). A's primary residence is at this farm even as he returns to Boston to attend to K, whose death from tuberculosis marks the end of the novel.

Table 2.2: Sections of Labyrinth and A's Place of Residence

Chapter Numbers	Section	Location	A's Place of Residence
Preface	"Departures"	Pennsylvania	Friends' Asylum
Chapters 1-5	"Labyrinth"	Boston	P's Apartment
Chapters 6-11	"Labyrinth"	Boston	K's Apartment
Chapters 12-19	"Darkness Before Dawn"	[New Hampshire]	Farm Estate

In addition to the underlying structure provided by A's place of residence, there are also recurrent patterns in A's seemingly convoluted relationships with other characters. A is the only character who appears in both the Pennsylvanian and Bostonian sections of the novel. However, there are striking parallels in his interpersonal relationships in both locales. In both the Friends'

Asylum as well as in Boston, A co-habits with men and forms intense, if fraught, homosocial bonds with these men. In addition, A develops intense desires (variously Platonic and ephebophilic) for young women, who are in all cases the daughters of men who occupy positions of authority over A. The following tables summarize A's major relationships in Pennsylvania and Boston, respectively:

Table 2.3: A's Pennsylvanian Relations

A's Relationship to Character	Character Name and Description
Works for	**Dr. Hall** (superintendent)
Co-habits with and serves as nurse to	**Dr. Scott** (a patient who commits suicide)
Becomes obsessed with	**Lily** (Dr. Hall's daughter)

Table 2.4: A's Bostonian Relations

A's Relationship to Character	Character Name and Description
Works for	**M** (a professor at "H" University)
Co-habits with and is expelled at gun-point by	**P** (a lawyer separated from his wife)
Co-habits with and (informally) nurses	**K** (a Japanese socialist who dies of tuberculosis)
Becomes obsessed with, and is rejected by	**Julia** (M's eldest daughter)
Transfers his obsession with Julia to	**Flora** (M's youngest daughter)

Although A's relationships to most characters in Boston are pre-figured by his relationships at the Friends' Asylum, there is one set of relationships that breaks from this pattern: his relations with the members of the "P" family. P and Mrs. P are estranged, but due to the difficulties of securing a divorce in their home state of New York, they move to Boston. The state of Massachusetts in turn requires the Ps to be residents for three years (3:240, 43). A is appointed to chaperone the Ps' young daughter, Margaret, when she walks to her parents' separate residences. A is seduced by Mrs. P, and they have—in A's delightfully euphemistic terms—"more than friendly relations" (3:267, 76). A's relationships with the Ps deviate from the age patterns of his ephebophilic attachments to Lily, Julia, and Flora: Mrs. P is older than these girls, and Margaret is younger. While none of A's desires for Lily, Julia, and Flora are consummated, his miscegenous relations with Mrs. P raise what—in the terms of the novel—is the nightmarish prospect of a "mixed-blood" pregnancy (3:337, 161). Throughout his co-habitation with K as well as his retreat to a farm in the New England countryside, A is consumed by thoughts about the "lump of flesh" (肉塊) growing in Mrs. P's womb (3:322, 143).

The half-breed child as "lump of flesh" introduces a darkly ironic twist to Whitman's line: "And now to conceive, and show to the world, what your children en-masse really are." Recalling the "shapeless lump" on the shore of "Tears," the fleshy body of the mixed-blood child appears as the shadowy twin of "oceanic feeling." A straightforward reading of Arishima's epigraph would tie it to the Russo-Japanese War contemporaneous to the action of the novel. However, A's morbid obsession with the mixed-blood lump, as well as the underlying homosocial architecture of *Labyrinth*, suggest ties to the "crises of anguish" which immediately follow the action of the novel.

Labyrinth is a novel structured around agreements between co-habiting gentlemen; it dwells upon the utopian potential of an oceanic passion just as it conceives the product of this passion as a shapeless, mixed-blood lump. For these reasons, *Labyrinth* provides a striking description of the sentimental economy underlying not only the Russo-Japanese War, but the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908.

Departures「首途」

To follow the sentimental economy of *Labyrinth*, we must first identify the primary motifs which drive this economy. "Departures" sets in motion a description of "passion" as an undifferentiated heat, or force, which exceeds the bounds of exchange. The protagonist, A, is locked in a confused state which we might call an impassionate fugue. In English, the word "impassionate" is, appropriately enough, a word which is its own antonym—a word which means both *too* passionate and *not* passionate. A's confusion over being too hot or too cold, too passionate, or not passionate enough, throws his perceptions into a fugal confusion. A becomes unable to distinguish not only heat from cold, but also the distant from the close, interior from exterior, and darkness from light.

The novel begins with a diary entry describing an August morning at the Friends' Asylum. A's initial description relies on what Sadakichi Hartmann would characterize as an "aerial" conception of depth. Instead of describing space in a linear perspective toward a central vanishing point, A describes space as an immersive, oppressive atmosphere in which distant objects are obscured from sight. While setting the tables in the dining hall for breakfast, A pays extraordinary attention to objects close at hand, an intense focus which seems to veer into the realm of hallucination. A stares at bread-crumbs, scattered on the floor, and they seem to speak to him, whispering the command, *think of impermanence* (無常を思へ). A describes no other specific object in the dining hall, noting only that the morning breeze "like water—had silently filled the spacious room." In his description of the watery, submerged space of the dining hall, A mixes expressions which connote both refreshing cool and suffocating heat, producing a sense of haptic confusion. If the primary attribute of water is that it is cooling, then the air is "bracing" and causes his "body to tense" (體がひきしまる). If, on the other hand, the primary attribute of water is that it is suffocating, then it "fills" or "smothers" (こもる), with a humidity that makes A dread the heat that will come at mid-day (晝の暑さ).

The subtle sensory confusions of the opening paragraph become more and more extreme as the entry continues. When A walks outside, the brightness of the day robs A of the ability to see objects at a distance. He can only see shadows, tints, and surfaces in a shallow field:

> 患者達はこの強い光の中にも薄い影を草に染めて、羊のやうに默つたまゝ、立つたり居たりしてゐる。噪狂患者の病房からは、室内に閉ぢ込められて、炎熱に昂奮の度を增した男女の叫聲が、何か恐ろしい運命の警告でもあるやうに、おどおどした僕の心を脅かして時々響いて來る。眼には哀れにやつれ果てた患者の痛ましい姿を見、耳には獸のやうに恐ろしいその呻聲を聞きながら、僕の魂はまだ本統に眼を覺まさうとはしないのか。僕は祈りたい。然し祈れな

い。死刑の宣告を受けながら、その事柄の重大過ぎる爲に、はつきりと自分に迫りつゝある恐ろしい運命を見極める事の出來ない囚人のやうに、僕は唯わくわくと的もない事を思ひ惑ひながら芝生のうえを行つたり來たりする。如何かしなければ生きながら、死んでゐるのも同然だぞと、胸の中で煮えくりかへるやうに逼つて來るものがある。然し僕には如何していゝのか全く見當の附けやうがないのを如何しやう。(3:207)

In the intense sunlight, pale shadows of the patients tinted the lawn. Like sheep, they silently stood or sat in their places. Occasionally I heard the far-off screams of men and women who had been confined in the manic-depressive ward. The extreme heat had inflamed their hysteria, and their shouts — which sounded like warnings against some dire fate—menaced my trembling mind. My eyes saw the emaciated, pitiful figures of the patients, and my ears heard their terrible, bestial cries. Was my own soul still on the verge of opening its eyes? I wanted to pray, but I could not. Like a convict who had been sentenced to death, but who—because of the enormity of his situation —could not comprehend the terrible fate awaiting him, I paced nervously back and forth on the surface of the lawn (1-2).

Instead of *seeing* figures at a distance, A can only *hear* their "terrible, bestial cries." Deprived of external vision, A becomes unable to distinguish the hysterical cries of the patients from the internal anguish of his own soul. A turns inward, wondering if these cries will cause his own soul's eyes to open. Wanting to pray, but unable to pray, A feels trapped within himself; he paces the constrained surface of the lawn as if it were a prison yard for a condemned man.

The infernal surroundings and sensory extremes of the asylum raise A's internal reflections to a fever pitch. A reflects that he has grown distant from God, but that this distance is a function of having tried desperately to approach Him. It is precisely at the moments when he is most conscious of "drawing near to God" (神に近づいて) that the "devil of carnal desire" (肉欲の惡魔) seizes A and tears him away. In language that seems reminiscent of a disquisition on thermodynamic exchange, A describes the "work of youthful passion" (情熱の仕業) as if passion were an undifferentiated force. As force, "passion" can be directed equally to God or to women—A laments that through a failure in character, he chose to direct his passion to the former and not the latter.

凡ては若い情熱の仕業だつたのだ。僕は女を戀する代わりに神を信じたのだ。若い、華やいだ、平和に育つた心が、如何して生に對する不安を信仰となるまでに感じ得よう。[...] 女のやうに内氣で物にこだはる僕は、何事につけても心のまゝに振舞ふ放膽さがなくつて、動ともすれば、獨りで何事も胸の中に收めてものを思ふやうな青年だつた。その結果僕の情熱は内面的な信仰の方へよ牽かれて行つた。　僕は戀人の胸に流す涙を、寢前の祈禱に流してゐた。戀人の手を撫でるやうに、獨り山の奥に分け入つて、白樺の滑らかな幹を撫でた。愛したい、命をかけて愛したいあの力強い衝動を、僕は一人の女に與える代わりに、神の名いよつて無暗にまき散らした。愛の浪費———そこには如何して癒やす事の出來ない一味の物足らなさが伴ってゐたけれども、全く浪費しない苦しみには代へがたい事だったのだ。(3:208-209).

All of it was the work of youthful passion. Instead of desiring a woman, I believed in God. How could a mind in the flower of youth, raised in times of peace, feel such unease about life that its thoughts turned to faith? [...] I was as timid as a woman, cautious in everything. There was never a trace of boldness in my conduct, and I was the kind of youth who kept everything to himself, lost in his own thoughts. As a result, my passions were pulled in the direction of an interior faith. The tears which should have fallen on the breast of a lover fell in my nightly prayers. As if to stroke the hand of a lover, I went alone into the mountains and stroked the soft bark of a white birch. The desire to love, the desire to love with my whole being — that powerful urge — instead of channeling it towards a woman, I scattered it blindly in the name of God (3).

In A's lament, "belief in God" or "turning to faith" are symptoms of a malformed masculinity, the result of being "timid as a woman, cautious in everything." Through his use of parallel devices (i.e., variations on the word "instead" (代わり), repetitions of the verbs "fallen/fell," "stroke/stroked"), A implies the existence of an economy of passions. The "breast of a beloved" and "nightly prayers," "the hand of my beloved" and "the velvety bark of a white birch" are exchangeable objects of attention. A's lament is that he formed attachments to the wrong objects, expending his tears and caresses on prayers and white birches.[9]

While the first lines of A's lament maintain a logic of simple exchange, he establishes this logic only to illustrate an excess which transcends the limits of a closed system of exchange. All the objects and energies of passions can be easily exchanged, but there is something *more* which is difficult, if not impossible to exchange:

愛の浪費———そこには如何して癒やす事の出來ない一味の物足らなさが伴ってゐたけれども、全く浪費しない苦しみには代へがたい事だったのだ。(3:209)

The waste of love (*ai no rōhi*)—in that [waste] there is a particular kind of dissatisfaction which can never be cured, but that is because it is a difficult task to exchange (*kaegatai koto*) the agony of not wasting at all (*mattaku rōhi shinai kurushimi*) (3).

Goldstein and Shinoda render this critical line as if it were a paraphrase of Tennyson's (*'Tis better to have loved and lost/ Than never to have loved at all*), resulting in the phrase: "a love totally wasted [...] was better than no love at all." This translation, while more fluid than the above, loses the crucial double-genetive quality of the phrase "waste of love" (*ai no rōhi*). One can waste love, but love is also always already wasteful. Love is inherently an extravagant expenditure of passion, an expenditure which exceeds the bounds of simple, one-to-one exchange.The excess (浪費) of love is precisely the quality which invokes a "particular kind of dissatisfaction," because love always exceeds the bounds of what can be satisfied. This excess is also the reason why the agony of *not* wasting (loving) (浪費しない苦しみ) is something which is difficult to exchange (代へがたい事).

[9]Recall from above that Arishima's notions of youthful "spiritual retreat" and prayer are intertwined with the intensely homosocial and possibly homosexual passions. The white birch is also potentially significant as an allusion to the community of the *Shirakaba-ha* or White Birch Society.

In keeping with a narrative based upon the alteration of sensory extremes, A describes the interior landscape of his soul in terms which invert his previous description of the exterior landscape of the asylum. If A's previous description of the asylum depends upon aerial perspective, A's description of his interior landscape is strictly linear. In an odd bid to calm his mind, A opens his copy of Dante's *Inferno* and the "endless, frozen plain of the ninth circle and hell — cold and vast — stretches out in front of [his] mind's eye" (第九の地獄の果てしもない氷原が寒く廣く僕の想像の眼の前に展けて來る) (3:210, 5). In contrast to the barely visible shades and tints of the asylum yard, everything in Ptolomea is visible and distinct: "the figure of Fra Alberigo comes *clearly* into view" (フラ、アレウベリーゴの姿がまざまざと現はれる)(3:210, 5, emphasis mine).

In a striking inversion, A finds a different site of suture into the narrative of Fra Alberigo, identifying with the perspective of the damned friar instead of the perspective of Dante. A notes the specific nature of Fra Alberigo's sin and punishment—for betraying his guests (massacring them at a banquet in his own home)—Fra Alberigo's soul is cast down without "waiting for the shears of Atropos." Fra Alberigo's still-living body is condemned to play "host" to a demonic spirit while his soul suffers in hell. In A's imagination, the separation of Alberigo's soul from body parallels A's own state of alienation:

> 僕の五體も去年の形を少しも變えてはゐない。人は僕の姿だけを見て、心の奥で戸板を裏返へしたやうに行はれた恐ろしい叛逆の苦しみ悲しみを如何して察し得よう。(3: 210)
>
> My body is no different from what it was a year ago. People look at my outward appearance, and they cannot even guess at the sudden transformation backstage: the sadness and anguish of the rebellion occurring in the depths of my heart" (5).

Like Alberigo, whose body is condemned to wander the streets of Genoa, A sees his own body as nothing more than a "hollowed-out house" (見る影もないあばら家) (3:209, 4). Through his identification with Alberigo, A narrates the scene from the friar's impossible perspective. This perspective is impossible because the friar's soul is condemned to blindness:

> 沍寒の地獄では熱い悔恨の涙も亦氷るのだ。茵陳のやうな苦しみ悲しみ吐き出さうとして、涙堂のしぼり出す涙は、流れる間もなく睫に凍りついて、厚い皮痂(かさぶた)のやうに視力を奪つてしまふのだ。(3: 210)
>
> In the freezing cold of hell, even burning tears of remorse turn to ice. Wrung from glands beneath the eyes, tears try in vain to disgorge sorrows bitter as wormwood, but before they have time to flow, they freeze on the lashes like thick scabs, robbing the eyes of sight (5).

In A's re-telling of this scene, he attempts to make an impossible demand from an impossible perspective. Fra Alberigo begs Dante, for the sake of compassion, to clear away the ice from his eyes so that he can shed tears once more. A writes that he "too wish[es] to make this request with

Alberigo" (僕もアルベリーゴと一緒になつてさう頼んでやりたく思ふ。). However, Dante angrily refuses the position of compassion, declaring ""For him, incivility itself is the highest civility!" (無禮こそは彼に對する最上の禮儀なれ).[10] Alberigo's crime against cortesia, or "civility" (reigi) is so severe that Dante concludes that "incivility" (murei) is the only appropriate response. Yet A responds otherwise, imagining an impossible civility toward and among the damned, a compassion which exceeds the limits of the appropriate or the just. The position of this impossible civility also invokes an impossible perspective. A describes the end to this scene in a manner which, implicitly restores sight (and the ability to weep) to Fra Alberigo. A sees as Alberigo would if he could: he vast expanse of that frozen plain — no heat, no light — is closed again in eternal silence as the small, seemingly motionless shadows of Virgil and Dante fade imperceptibly into the distance (熱のない、光のない一面の氷原は、また永劫の沈黙に鎖されて、バーヂルとダンテの小さな後影が動くともなく遙かのあなたに遠ざかつて行く……。)

There is a shadow of the Gentlemen's Agreement here. Dante speaks for all gentlemen, declaring that the rule of *cortesia* demands that he be uncourteous. Yet A wishes to intervene, calling for a civility that Dante deems uncivil. If the Gentlemen's Agreement's draws the line between those worthy of civility (gentlemen) and those beyond civility (the laborer), then A's intercession on behalf of the soul of the alienated body lodges an impossible demand from an impossible perspective.

A's confusion of the line between civility and incivility parallels a confusion between aerial/exterior and linear/interior perspective. A's internal reverie collapses when he is suddenly brought back to "reality" by the voice of his superior, Dr. Ludlum. However, A remains in a "dreamlike" sensory fugue, unable to distinguish exterior from interior landscapes:

> 太陽からまともに來る琥珀のような光が、綺麗に苅り込まれた芝生を眩しい程に照らしてゐる。僕はあの物凄い氷原とこの爽やかな日光とのどちらが夢であるかを思ひ惑つた。(3:210)
>
> The amber-like light coming *directly* from the sun shone with such an intense glare that the freshly-cut lawn looked dazzling. I could not tell which was the dream: that dismal frozen plain or this invigorating sunlight (6).

The same "light" reappears throughout "Departures" variously figured as the external light of the sun or in terms of an "inner light" of revelation. [11] A describes the experience of religious passion as an all-consuming ecstasy, a divine, inner light:

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[10] In A's Japanese translation, the terms I have rendered as incivility (無禮) and civility (禮儀) are more closely related than in the original Italian phrase: *e cortesia fu lui esser villano*.

[11] The concept of "inner light" is especially important to the doctrine of the Quakers, and is referenced in Whitman's discussion of Carlyle (see Chapter 1). Morton provides an excellent analysis of the appeal of Quaker thought to Nitobe Inazō, and by extension, Arishima. (See *Divided Self*, 34-38). One particularly intriguing aspect of Nitobe's Quakerism is his association of the concept of "Inner Light" with Buddhist conceptions of Nirvana. Morton quotes Nitobe as follows:

> The starting point of Quaker teaching is the belief in the existence of the Inner Light, the Light that lightens everyone coming into the world. It is given other names, such as the Seed, the Voice, the

凡てのものは流れる。眩しく流れる。信仰に立つと思つてゐた僕の心には赫燿とした光明があつた。その光に照らして僕は凡てのものを見る事が出來た。又戀よりも強く清くみえる戀のようなものがあつた。自分の罪と定めたものを悔んでも／＼足りない苦しみもあつたが、同時にダビデと一緒に裸で踊りたいとおもふ程の法悦にひたる瞬間もあつた (3: 213).

Everything is flowing. Blindingly bright, it flows. When I thought I was standing in faith, there was a brilliant light shining within me. I could see all things in that glorious light. There was something in that light that was like love, but stronger and purer than love. I suffered in agony over what I had decided were my sins, but I also felt moments of such intense ecstasy that I felt like dancing in the nude with [King] David. (9)

For A, the past, ecstatic highs of inner light come at the cost of his present depression. A wonders if any trace of the divine light is left within him. A writes that "all the sounds and colors have become nothing but a chaos encroaching upon the shrine of my heart" (凡ての音響と色彩とは唯雜然として僕の心の宮を犯して來る) (3:213, 9). The past experience of religious ecstasy has exhausted A's ability to order his present sensory experience. Without God, A can only rely upon himself. A describes this reliance upon the self, or self-awareness (自覺), as a "resolution" (覺悟) which is both "proper and manly" (當然な、而して潔い). However, A still imagines self-reliance and self-awareness as a painful estrangement from God:[12]

以前には泣くと救ひの手が現はれた。今は泣いても僕を省るものはない。僕は泣かうとして思はず苦い涙を飲み込んでしまふ。泣くのも亦無益だと知るからだ (3:212).

In the past, a hand would appear to save me when I cried. Now when I cry there is no one who looks out for me. When I feel like crying, in spite of myself, I swallow back my bitter tears. I know, after all, that there is no point in crying. (9)

The image of the hand which "appear[s] to save me" is uncannily similar to a hand found in Arishima's essay, "An Aspect of Whitman." Recall that in "An Aspect of Whitman," sharing tears is

Christ, and so on. Whatever the name, it means the presence of a Power not our own, the indwelling of a Personality other than human, in each one of us. Such a doctrine is not at all new. It is as old as the oldest form of mysticism. George Fox knew perfectly well that this was not his own discovery or invention. It is an idea that comes to every mystic soul in any clime. Perhaps it has developed more in the East. Socrates' *daemon* must have meant something very much like it. Buddhism is full of references to it. [...] Now you see the reason why I was particularly drawn to Quakerism. When I began in my boyhood to hear Christian sermons and read Christian books, including the Bible, I confess that they were not at all convincing to me. Only in Quakerism could I reconcile Christianity with Oriental thought" (as quoted and translated in Morton, 36).

[12]Note that in *Labyrinth*, unlike "A Profile," the tie between estrangement from God and the Russo-Japanese War is never made explicitly.

not “useless,” but is a means of overcoming the agony of solitude. By weeping with Peabody, Arishima becomes one with Whitman. In the same essay, Arishima also recounts a spiritual crisis similar to that suffered by A. Arishima describes a crisis in faith brought on by his observations of Christian believers during the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, a set of observations which causes an “alarming upheaval” (容易ならぬ變革) in the depths of Arishima’s mind (1:450). Like A, Arishima observes that the collapse of his faith in God coincides with a simultaneous realization that he has to build his own sense of self. It is at this moment that Arishima encounters Whitman’s “hand”:

> 私は明かに自己の分離を自覺せねばならぬはめに這入つた。今まで内外からすかしたりなだめたりして居た假睡の私は私相當の自覺を自分に強ひた。その頃にホヰットマンは突然その大きな無遠慮な手で、惡戯者らしく私の肩を驚くほど叩いたのだつた (1: 450).
>
> I had reached an impasse where I could not help but recognize the split within my self. Until then, I had allowed myself to be lulled and comforted to sleep, but now I realized that I had to strengthen my own awareness of myself. It was at that moment that, like some kind of prankster, Whitman surprised me by slapping his great, unreserved hand on my shoulder.

In contrast to the almost terminally melancholy A, the Arishima in “Aspect” has more of a sense of humor, and is susceptible to Whitman’s “pranksterly” (惡戯者らしく) slap. Whitman’s hand is not a hand of paternal, divine salvation, but the hand of a comrade—a self who gives cheer to another self. Poems such as “Walt Whitman,” which “shines as brightly as the sun as it sings the self” (自分を歌つた太陽のやうな大きな輝いた) are precisely the poems which bring Arishima to tears. In becoming “An Aspect of Whitman,” Arishima, paradoxically, finds himself.

The Parlors of the Ps

Since the biographical Arishima in “An Aspect of Whitman” finds his self in tears with Whitman, one might think that the fictional A of *Labyrinth* would find the same solace in Whitman. The novel has a lawyer, P, who loosely corresponds to the actual lawyer Peabody. However, in the fictional world of *Labyrinth*, the scenes which take place in P’s parlor are a far cry from the ecstatic scenes of oceanic passion found in “An Aspect of Whitman.” The P of *Labyrinth* is a twisted, nightmarish version of P; still a devotee of Whitman, he is a profligate sex maniac who conducts an extramarital affair with a younger woman. In turn, P’s wife and A engage in an affair of their own, a loveless relation based purely on carnal desire. Arishima’s diaries contain no record of either of these affairs, so one is left to wonder if they only have the status of dark fantasies, lines of thought pulled out from the fabric of fact. In any case, the middle sections of *Labyrinth* see Arishima descending into (and indulging) the ugliest reaches of human sexuality. If *Labyrinth* maintains ties to Whitman, it does so to Whitman at his most dark and turbulent, the shapeless, “belching and desperate” Whitman of “Tears” rather than the Whitman who shines as brightly as the sun.

In a striking inversion of the usual script of the white (Christian) simultaneously horrified and fascinated by the sexuality of the Oriental (pagan), A is unable to restrain himself from morbid fantasies about P's "abnormal" sexual activities. P is separated by his wife, but every Tuesday he entertains a "friend who is a lady" (友達といふのは一人の婦人だ) (3: 240, 43). When P retires to his study with his friend, A is able to overhear their conversation from his bedroom across the hall. At first, the voices are loud and boisterous "as in a conversation between friends," but A soon hears them become "stifled, a rapid staccato, heated." The third-person narrator informs us that A had, up to this moment, "guarded his virginity" (童卓を守り通して), but as a result of his inexperience A's imagination takes him to a "realm beyond reality" (事實以上の境まで). The virginal A is both horrified and aroused by P's intercourse with a friend who is not just a friend. A attempts to direct his carnal desires elsewhere by thinking of serious political matters – of "even a single Russian or Japanese fighting in Manchuria" (3:241, 4). But these efforts fail, and P gives into voyeuristic temptation and sexual desire, tiptoeing to the keyhole of P's bedroom to listen in on P and his friend. The next morning, the friend has mysteriously disappeared, and, for all intents and purposes, it seems as if P and A were the ones engaged in sexual congress, with A deflowered by P:

> その翌朝Pは、彼の機嫌を取る積りを手傳つてゐたのだらうが、すつきりした氣分で、四十男にも似ず子供のやうにはしやいでゐた。それに反して彼れの險しく澄んだ眼のまはりは紫色に黒ずんで、口の中は物をいふさへ苦しい程乾き切つてゐた。而して自己に對して暴虐の限りを盡くした頭は、泥のやうに濁りながら痛々しく傷いてゐた。彼れの感じ深い心は、今まで自分でも知らなかつた醜さをしみじみ怒つたり恐れたりした (3:242).
>
> The next morning, P, perhaps out of an attempt to humor [A], was in fine spirits and as playful as a kid, even though he was a man of forty. On the other hand, there were deep purple circles around A's grim, blank eyes, and his mouth was so dry he could not even speak. His head, which had put itself through all manner of atrocities, was throbbing painfully, as if it had been clogged with mud. His mind was consumed by indecencies which he had never known before, indecencies which filled him with anger and dread (45).

The indecencies which consume A's mind take the form of uncontrolled fantasies—A imagines sexual depravities occurring at every imaginable place and time. The result reads like a morbid parody of Whitman's "From Pent-up Aching Rivers." While staring at the dark stream of the Charles River, A enumerates a Whitmanian tally of sexual bodies—but instead of "singing the phallus" or "singing the song of procreation," A recoils in abject horror:

> 「この瞬間に」と彼れは思つた、「また次の瞬間に、Pの今しつゝあることが地球の表面にどれ程行はれてゐるか。夫婦の間に、その時まで童卓であつた男女の間に、凡ての醜行に飽き果てた娼婦と放蕩者の間に、自然に、不自然に、而して強迫的に、……。」彼れの心の眼には、色々な忌むべき場面が、眼まぐるしく次から次へと折重なつて現はれ出た。顔や手に蚊の來るのも忘れたやうに、彼れは身動きもしないで、その奇怪な幻影を見入つてゐた。世界のどんづまり

の姿それのやうに思へた。彼は恐ろしい欲望にさいなまれて、わなわなと戰いてゐた (3:243)

"At this moment," A thought, "and in the very next moment, how often is the act which P is now committing taking place on the surface of this earth? Between husbands and wives, between young men and women who had been virgins up to this moment, between whores and playboys who've grown tired of every conceivable form of sordid act; naturally, unnaturally, and by force...." His minds eye was consumed by all kinds of abhorrent scenes, one scene appearing after another in bewildering succession. Oblivious to the mosquitos biting his face and hands, he stood without moving, his gaze transfixed upon these bizarre fantasies. He thought that this must be what the end of the world looked like. He trembled as he fought against the torture of these terrible carnal desires (47).

In a further departure from the Whitmanian song of the body, A's fantasies about bodies cause him to *forget* his own. He stands "oblivious" and unmoving. The disjoint between A's (internal) mind and (external) body recalls a similar dynamic in "Departures" where A's "outward appearance" gives no sign of the "transformation" occurring "backstage." A imagines himself to be in the position of Fra Alberigo, a soul split from its body—tortured by desires invisible to those observing his "outward appearance."

The external/internal divide between body and soul directly parallels the structure of A's resentment towards P. Strangely, A is less concerned with P's sexual acts than P's attempt to draw A into the *secret* of the acts. A sees himself being coerced into an unspoken agreement, wherein P knows that A knows what goes on behind closed doors, while expecting A to act as if he does not. A does *not* blame P for his "intimacy with another woman." A understands that P is separated from his wife and that this is essentially equivalent to being divorced (3:244, 48). A resents "only that [P] tried to keep it a secret" (たゞその事を祕密に). Since A co-habits with P and is aware of the nature of P's relations with his Tuesday friend, the secret has no function but to coerce A into a twisted gentlemen's agreement: P knows A knows, but expects A to act as if he does not know. The disjoint between internal knowledge and the external appearance of not-knowing reinforces the condition that already is at the root of A's "torture": a split between an internal soul afflicted by uncontrolled passions, and an external body which appears to be completely unchanged or unmoved.

In a perversely appropriate balancing of psychic accounts, A compensates for the stress of maintaining P's secret by having sexual relations with P's wife. (In a euphemistic phrasing that preserves the structure of the transparent secret, the narrative refers to these relations not as "sexual relations" but as "more than ordinary relations" (唯ならぬ關係) (3: 261, 69).) The narrative's description of their first sexual encounter is a confused affair where A's consciousness is weirdly detached from his body:

哀れな未經驗者なる彼れは、知らない中に、夫人のかけた陷穽に段々近づいて行つた [...] パロの妻に對してヨセフがしたやうな潔い態度を取るべき時が來て

ゐるのを十分知つてゐた。然し知つてるだけだつた。彼れの全身の血は彼れを憐れむやうに、勵ますやうに沸き立つた。彼れはよろよろとよろけた——而してそれが思ひもかけず夫人の方に。しまつたと思つて立ち直らうとすると又そつちに引きつけられた。夫人と彼れとが、どつちからともなく身を近けた次ぎの瞬間に、彼れはあらん限りの力を籠めて、たゝきつけるやうに夫人を床（ゆか）の上に突放してゐた (3:262).

Poor, inexperienced A, without realizing it, drew closer and closer to the trap that she had set. [...] He knew full well that the time had come when he should adopt the manly, upright attitude Joseph maintained toward Potiphar's wife. But this knowledge remained only that. All the blood in his body surged in pity, in encouragement. Without realizing what he was doing, he staggered towards Mrs. P. He cursed himself and tried to get back to his feet, but again he was pulled toward her. He could not have said whether he, or she, was the one who brought their bodies together, but in the next moment, he threw her with such force that she fell to the floor (70-71).

The narrative veers between inconsistent declarations of A's innocence and "inexperience" to his "full" knowledge of the "trap" which Mrs. P sets for him. The confusion of agency in this scene makes it unclear whether A, or Mrs. P is the "first to bring their bodies together." In a variation on kettle logic, A does not know what is going on, and even if he did, this is only knowledge, which is useless because he does not have control of his own actions. Even if he did have control over his own actions, this is irrelevant because it is Mrs. P who acts.

If the object of kettle logic is to maintain multiple (contradictory) layers of defense, where the legitimacy of any one exonerates the defendant, then this structure also parallels the maintenance of multiple, contradictory layers of interiority/exteriority in A's secretive relations with the Ps. A already experiences a split between his interior mind and exterior body, a split exacerbated by Ps secret, which demands that A act as if he does not know when he does. A's "more than ordinary" relation with Mrs. P is an extension of the strange indeterminacy of Ps secret, in which A knows and does not know what Mrs. P is doing, and in which A is and is not responsible for his relations with Mrs. P. A eventually comes to the realization that all levels of interior/exterior divide and secrecy are tied to his status as a foreigner. In A's understanding, *none* of these layers of secrecy would be possible without the essential condition of his being an alien in a foreign land. Recalling words spoken to him by his socialist friend K, A sees the parallels in his relations with both of the Ps:

Pが外國人を選んで共同生活をしてゐる事について、Kのいつた言葉などが思出された。それはPの性的生活の祕密を保障する爲めには同國人を寄留さす事が不利益だからというたのだつた。彼れは同じ理由をP夫人にあてはめて考へたりした (3:263).

A remembered what K's words about why P had chosen to co-habit with a foreigner. The reason was that it would be disadvantageous to live with a fellow countryman if he wished to preserve the secrecy of his sex life. A realized that the Mrs. P could have followed the same reasoning (71).

A realizes that P and Mrs. P both make use of him for his perceived *inability* to disclose a secret. Although P draws A into a secret which takes the form of an agreement between co-habiting gentlemen, the security of this agreement is based on the fact that P does not regard A as belonging to the same *gens* (race, nation). It is precisely because A is *not* a gentleman that P chose to co-habit with him. Similarly, Mrs. P seduces A not only because he is a foreigner, he is not quite a "man." His "inexperience" and his inability to maintain a "manly, honorable attitude" (潔い態度) mark him as easy prey. Even if A were to disclose his secrets, he cannot disclose them *to* any one who matters—the "fellow countrymen" of the Ps.

Humiliated at being used as proxy and patsy of both the Ps, A attempts to break the structure of the secret by openly confessing his affair with Mrs. P to P. A reflects that "because of his hatred of Ps secrecy, he has no choice but to disclose his own secret" (3:263, 72). By throwing what is "backstage" into open view, A hopes to collapse all levels of secrecy and free himself from the "torture" of his overlapping alienations—the alienation of his mind from his body, the alienation imposed by maintaining the Ps secrets, and the alienation of *being* an alien in a foreign land.

The confession scene itself reads like a dark, farcical play; a histrionic display in which even the players seem to be aware of the ludicrous nature of the action. A arrives in Ps parlor while P is entertaining an elderly man from the Whitman Society. The elderly man tells tales of his conquests among the "remarkable number of women" in the Society, describing a retreat with one particular younger woman to a "seaside resort" in which he spent the night in "intimacy greater than that between man and wife" (3:265-266, 75). After the elderly Whitmanian leaves, P is inspired to read poems from *Leaves of Grass*. In a twisted re-staging of the scene from "An Aspect of Whitman," P reads several poems for A. When P sets this book down, rather than becoming one man in Whitman, A chooses this moment (of all moments) to confess his affair: "I am having more than friendly relations with Mrs. P" (僕はP夫人と友達以上の關係を結んでゐる) (3:267, 76). P's attempt to conceal his dissatisfaction at the thought that "[his wife] had been conquered by a man from an inferior race, a yellow-skinned ape" gives A a perverse form of pleasure: "A had to suppress the unexpected urge to laugh" (3:268, 77). In a strange narrative interjection, we are told that P was "rumored to be actor in his youth," and accordingly, P takes the over-dramatic step of seizing a revolver and pointing it at A. As if delivering a line in a play, P declares "It's a shame I don't have two pistols, or we could have a duel. It's lucky for you that I only have one. I expect that you know what you should do now" (3:268, 77). At this, A leaves feeling vaguely unsatisfied, as if a "kind of performance had ended, but that the action had been too simple, too prosaic" (3:269, 78). Rather than finding a moment of genuine communion which dispels layers of secrecy and alienation, A finds himself immersed in the sordid mediocrity of bad melodrama.

The histrionic conclusion of A's living arrangement with P foregrounds the hollowness of both A and P's performance of masculinity. A acts the part of a virile younger lover, claiming to have "conquered" P's wife, when he, in fact, had substantially less agency in initiating the affair. P acts the part of an angry husband, raising the prospect of a duel. Yet neither P, nor A, is working with a full set of pistols. The forthright, honest, and manly sexuality implied in readings of Whitman appears to have little effect on P and A.

It would go too far to suggest that A and Ps tacit "gentlemen's agreements" offer a precise allegory to *the* Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908. However, there are some parallels. In the

initial secret between A and P, the outward form of a homosocial agreement between gentlemen depends upon the fact that A is *not* a gentleman (a man of the same *gens*). The same holds for A's affair with Mrs. P which "does not count" because A lacks any standing to recount the affair in any way which matters. When A does attempt to break the bounds of these tacit agreements, the only result is a performance of masculine umbrage which reads as hollow and ineffectual to everyone involved. The structure of the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908 is uncannily similar to the tacit agreements between A and the Ps. The written text of the agreements were kept secret, even while their content was obvious to everyone. The primary reason for this secrecy was not to keep a secret, but to instill and maintain a division in sovereignty in which neither the United States nor Japan could enforce a claim upon the policy of the other. Rather than instituting an official treaty, the agreement was left as an unstated agreement which presumed on nothing more than the "gentlemanly" conduct of both nations, a construct denied by the attempt to maintain clear lines of division between one *gens* and another.

Labyrinth does not provide a direct critique of the Gentlemen's Agreement so much as an exploration of the turbid chaos which lies beneath a surface of "external harmony." By presenting extremes of inter-racial or inter-national desire (for complicity in secrets, for sexual union, etc.) *Labyrinth* exposes the prospect of miscegenous unions which the Gentlemen's Agreement sought to contain.

Tears for K

In *Labyrith*, the tears which should have been shared in the parlors of the Ps are shed elsewhere. While the biographical Arishima and Peabody may have found communion in Whitman, A finds this lachrymal communion through another man: the Japanese socialist K. It is through K that A explores the possibility of dissolving the class line which divides the "gentleman" from the "laborer."

K's role as socialist/worker hero is first established through a contrast with a foil, a Japanese man named M. A, in the throes of his frustrations with P, seeks out the company of M, a passing acquaintance whom he once met in Japan. M is a perfect caricature of the wealthy son of privilege. M has never worked a day in his life and is supported in luxury through a generous allowance provided by his father. When A visits M in his sumptuous apartment, M chides A for deigning to work (and hurting his reputation among other Japanese students at "H" University):

> 「貴方は勞動なんどせんでもいゝでせうね。もう一人Kとかいふのも勞動してゐるさうだが、西部とちがつてこゝでは……[...]、おやめになつたら如何です。お父さんの顔もある事だし、こゝにゐる日本人達も面白くは思つとらんやうだから」(3: 246)
>
> "You don't have to work, do you? I heard that there's another [Japanese] man named K who also works. It would be one thing if we were out west, but things are different here...[...]. So why not stop working? You have to consider the matter of your father's face, and you don't seem odd to the other Japanese here" (50).

M's reference to the Japanese "out west" is a snide comment on the lower class status of Japanese students on the west coast of the United States. Most of the Japanese in New England were elite students on government scholarships, or the sons of wealthy families; in contrast, Japanese students "out west" tended to be poorer students who had to work their way through school.[13] M, in effect, accuses A of soiling the good name of Japanese "gentlemen" by acting like a "laborer."

The initial terms of K and A's relationship are founded upon their shared identities as "workers" interested in socialism. After M's passing introduction of K as another "worker," K runs into A in the "H" University library reading Webb's *Industrial Democracy*.[14]. After a friendly exchange in which K advises A not to get caught in "Webb's cobwebs" (ウイェッブのコッブヱッブ), K invites A to a political meeting. K later explains to A that the reason he sought him out was because he too lived with P, and found it "odd that a man with your background is living with P" (3:256, 63). K interprets A's decision to live with P as an odd departure from his upper-class "background" and a sign of shared political sensibilities.

A, for his part, finds in K the potential for true fraternity, a brotherhood of men united by the tears of shared passion. When A attends K's speech at the political meeting, A is not moved by K's words. He recognizes that most of K's words are "the empty expressions used by political agitators" (扇動者の常用する空虚な表現)(3: 254, 60), Instead, A is moved by the communal passions which K is able to excite among an assembly of men from different nations:

> 彼れは是れまで、互に噛み合ふ勞動者を見てゐた。然しKの演説が濟んでからの聽衆の親しさは彼れを涙ぐました。大學の老教授も、有名な雜誌記者も、大商店の管理人らしい人たちも、賃金によつて生活する勞働者の一人として、普通の勞働者と隔意なく話し合つてゐた。演説中互に激しい言葉でいひ罵つゐたものも、今はてを取り交して打解けてゐた。彼れは始めてこゝに力なり合つてゐる勞働者の群れを見た。而してその後ろには大きな實生活といふ大事のある事を深く感じた。彼等の親しみは、主義から來たのでもなく、趣味から來たのでもなく、生命の根柢を形造くる生活の必要から來たものだと思ふと、彼れは人の心の土臺を手の平(ひら)で撫でゝ見るやうな氣がした。それが彼れを涙ぐました (3: 254).
>
> Before now [A] had only seen laborers gnashing their teeth at each other. But the intimacy among the audience after the end of K's speech moved him to tears. Old university professors, famous journalists, men who looked like managers of large stores—all of them spoke to each other without reserve, as laborers who made their living as wage-earners, as ordinary laborers. Those who had been attacking and cursing each other during the speech were now shaking hands. It was the first time he had ever seen a crowd of laborers coming together as one. He felt deeply that there was something of great importance in these gestures, something derived from the

[13] For more detail on class divisions and regional distribution of Japanese students in the United States, see Yuji Ichioka, *The Issei*, 7-16.

[14] Sidney Webb (1859-1947) was an early member of the British Fabian Society and co-founder of the London School of Economics

> essence of real, everyday life. The intimacy among them was not the result of political ideology, or of shared interests, but came, he felt, from the necessity of giving shape to the basis of life itself. This thought caused him to feel as if he had brushed his hand against the very foundation of the human heart. It was this feeling that had moved him to tears (60).

In this passage, any reference to nationality drops away, in contrast to earlier passages where the men heckling K are identified as the voices "of various nationalities shouting out in broken English" (色々な國籍の人達から蕪雜な英語で) (3: 251, 57). From A's point of view, language and speech are hindrances to the "intimacy" (親しさ) which takes over the audience. In a foreshadowing of a general, or oceanic passion, A sees laborers "coming together as one."

A's vision of the crowd unified not through ideology, or interest, but *passion* is a utopian vision —"utopian" in the specific sense of being "utopian socialist." Note that A's conception of the "worker" or the "laborer" does not resemble the classical Marxist account of a working proletariat, but is more akin to earlier conceptions of industry and idleness used by the utopian socialist Henri de Saint-Simon. Under a Marxist understanding, the "laborers" in the audience are, at best, members of the petite bourgeoise—university professors, storekeepers, journalists, and other (educated) wage-earners. Paul Ricouer, in his *Lectures on Ideology and Utopia* identifies the key difference separating a Saint-Simonian conception of the "industrious" from the Marxist conception of "work." Saint-Simon, unlike Marx, did not see "industry" as a "class concept that opposes the bourgeoise and the working class, but on the contrary as a concept that encompasses all forms of work and opposes itself only to idleness" (289). Accordingly the main opposition in Saint-Simon is not between labor and capital, but between "industry and idleness." Thus, "[i]dle people—priests, nobles—are contrasted to industrious people" (289). The reason why A can see himself and K as "workers" is not because he is a Marxist, but because he conceives of "work" in an expansive, Saint-Simonian sense of "industry." A, K, and the assembled men all "work for a living," while M, a caricature of the idle gentleman, does nothing.

The basic consistency between A's outlook and an outmoded utopian socialism can also be found in his treatment of passionate feeling as a force which short circuits speech, language, nationality, ideology, (class) interest, and the political violence inherent in class struggle and revolution. A believes that the "intimacy" (親しさ) of the crowd is not formed through K's speech, because A recognizes that K's speech consists mostly of empty political slogans. A observes an intimacy that dissolves previous divisions of language and nationality—the assembly of men of different nationalities speaking in broken English becomes weirdly homogenous, an undifferentiated mass of men suddenly speaking without distance or reserve (隔意なく). A insists that this intimacy comes not from "ideology" (主義) or "interest" (趣味), but is instead derived from the very effort of "giving shape to life itself," an (e)motive force which lies at the "foundation" of the human heart. A's emphasis on passion is exactly consonant with a similar emphasis in the writings of Saint-Simon and his close contemporary, Charles Fourier. In Saint-Simon's utopian vision of a "New Christianity," artists and poets are assigned leading roles precisely because they can "impassionate the general society for the improvement of the fate of mankind" (quoted in Desroche, 76). Ricouer observes that Saint-Simon's account institutes passion as a "shortcut in time," where if "there is suddenly this kind of fire, this explosion of emotion created by the artists,"

then a sudden, and peaceful transformation in society will occur (295). This utopian shortcut denies the historical "logic of action," imagining that harmonious unity can occur all at once, without any obstacles:

> Present is the magic of the word, a shortcut between the outburst of passion and the revelation of truth. The logic of action takes time, and it requires us to choose between incompatible goals and to recognize that any means we choose brings with it some unexpected and surely unwanted evils. In utopia, however, everything is compatible with everything else. There is no conflict between goals. All goals are compatible; none has any opposing counterpart. Thus, utopia represents the dissolution of obstacles. This magic of thought is the pathological side of utopia and another part of the structure of imagination (296).

In A's vision, the outburst of intimate passions in the crowd reveals a glimpse of the "foundation" of the human heart itself. All the divisions between the men of the crowd seem to dissolve, an occasion which A marks by collapsing into tears. This tearful passion is broadly similar to the oceanic passion found in Whitman. It also recalls the impossible tears A wishes to shed with Fra Alberigo in Ptolomeia—tears which dissolve the boundaries imposed by divine justice and civility. Arishima's decision to transpose these tears into the realm of (utopian) socialist politics opens up another array of questions, questions about the *political* relation of tearful passions to history.

From Arishima's diaries of December 1904 and January 1905, we know that he closely read Fredrick Engels' "Socialism: Utopian and Scientific," (10: 519). Arishima would thus have been aware of Engles' primary critique of Saint-Simonism—that an emphasis on poetry and passion underestimates the "real" or "scientific" forces of history. Where Engels saw the necessity of violent, revolutionary struggle to resist the violence of state power, Saint Simon's turn to the passions was a pacifist attempt to dissolve state politics through poetry (Ricouer, 298). In turning to oceanic passion, Arishima's *Labyrinth* holds open the utopian possibility of a pacifist, passionate dissolution of the violence of the Russo-Japanese War and other crises between nations.

"A Twentieth Century Saint-Simon"

After A is expelled from P's parlor, A moves in with K, a new co-habitation arrangement which, at first, offers A an escape from his sordid affairs with the Ps and an entry into the world of politics. In an almost absurdly over-determined scene, A's settling into K's apartment marks his entry into a "new age" of historical and political awareness. Appropriately enough, this entry into the properly historical is marked by the striking of the clock at the university which "sharply marked the advance of time" (前後を截然して)(3: 271):

> 　Aはストーブの傍に椅子をよせて、Kから受取つた、ロンドン、タイムスに發表したトルストイの平和論を讀み進んでゐた。讀んで行く中に、彼は、自分が大事にやうに考えて今まで没頭し切ってゐた事件が、彼れの全努力を必要とするものであるにも係らず、小つぼけな波瀾に過ぎないと思つた。トルストイが達

した水準まで行くだけにも、彼れには見極められない程の遠さがあつた。然し兎に角あの老年な思想家が、世界を向うに廻はずやうな意氣組で自信を述べてゐるその思ひ入つたAを勵ました。感激から感激に飛躍してゆく彼れの心はその特異な眼の中に炭火のやうに閃いた。彼れの脣は折々痙攣的に震へた。
それは野木軍とステッセル軍とが、旅順要塞の内外に肉迫して、國家の存亡をそこに進めて戰つてゐたその夜の一つだつた。新しい次の時代を生み出す陣痛のやうな、重い、形のない自然の力がこの小さな部屋には濃く立ち籠つた (3: 271).

A drew his chair near the stove and continued to read the article K had given him, a Tolstoy essay on peace published in the *London Times*. As he read, A realized that the affair [with the Ps] which he had been immersed in, which had absorbed all of his strength, was nothing but a tempest in a teapot. The standard which Tolstoy had reached seemed far beyond what A's ability to comprehend. But in any case, the fervor with which the elderly thinker had declared his convictions, contending against the opinions of the entire world—this fervor encouraged A immensely. The dancing leaps from one excited notion to the other that were taking place in A's mind showed in the strange gleam in his eyes—which sparked like burning coals. His lips quivered spasmodically.
On this night, the armies of Nogi and Stessel were in pitched battle over the fortress of Port Arthur, a confrontation which would determine the fate of nations. Nature's heavy, formless power filled the air of the tiny room, as if it were in the throes of giving birth to a new age (80-81).

The "dark" and "formless" passions which A once wasted on God, and later wasted on the Ps, seem, in this passage, to be directed to the properly political. A reads Tolstoy's essay on peace and his body betrays the signs one associates with passionate fervor and excitement—his eyes gleam "strangely" (特異な) and his lips quiver "spasmodically" (痙攣的に). [15] In a bizarre metaphor, A's impassionate state charges the room with a heavy, shapeless "force" which is described as"like the throes of giving birth" (生み出す陣痛のやうな).

Labyrinth continues to play on the slippage between political and sexual/reproductive passions, describing A and K's illicit *political* activities in terms which could also be used to describe illicit sexual relations. This slippage is compounded by the fact that in the 1918 edition of the novel, the text censors (or self-censors) the name of A and K's politics, referring to it as "XXXism" (〇〇主義). This politics which cannot be named furthers A's estrangement from his family, who disown him for publishing XXXist essays in Japanese magazines. The Japanese Association at the university blacklist A and K, and one professor refuses to allow A to attend his lectures. Exiled from proper society, A finds illicit, underground spaces with men who share his passions:

彼れは、隱れてでなければ、這入つてならない幾軒かの家を知るやうになつた。それは多く地の底では藥品が調合された。空の上では活字が激しい思想を

[15] Tolstoy's essay is most likely "Bethink Yourselves!" translated by V.G. Chertkov and published in the June 27, 1904 issue of the *London Times*.

まき散らすた爲めに働いた。そこに住む人は狂暴だつた。然しその涙腺は普通の人より大きかつた。物の釣合ひといふ事を知らなかつた。然し一番重いものと一番輕いものゝ何であるかを知つてゐた。さう彼れには思へた。彼れは自分の心に最も近い雰圍氣をそこに見出したのだつた (3: 273).

> [A] came to know several houses which he could not enter unless he did so in secret. The places underground were places where chemicals were being mixed together. The places above ground were rooms where people were dedicated to printing and distributing radical thought. The people who lived in these places were violent, but their tear ducts were larger than those of ordinary men. These men didn't have any sense of balance, but they did know what matters were the most important and which were the least. That was what A thought. He saw in these places an atmosphere that was closest to what was in his own heart (84).

The strange line—"their tear ducts were larger than those of ordinary men"—makes little sense without considering the novel's early association between tears and passion. The "violence" of these XXXist men is tempered by their odd tendency to weep more than ordinary men. These abnormal, tear-prone men form a community which is the closest to what A's own impassionate frame of mind.

The coincidence between A's understanding of tearful passion and the utopian XXXism of Saint-Simon are only a subtext in the novel until K brings this similarity into the open. K assigns A the nickname "young Saint-Simon," (3: 273, 82) which, on its surface, serves as a reminder of A's upper-class origins. (Saint-Simon was a French count). However, K uses the nickname in a pejorative sense, mocking A for his tearful, passionate excesses. It is important to recall that nineteenth and early twentieth century, being called a "Saint-Simonian" was not only an attack on one's socialist credentials, but also an attack on one's manhood.[16] By describing A as a "Saint-Simonist," K mocks him as a holdover from early nineteenth century utopian socialism. K draws on a common caricature of the Saint-Simonist men as a group committed to celibacy so

[16]Saskia Poldervaart, a Dutch queer theorist, notes that the later disciples of Saint-Simon were mocked throughout French society for their "feminine" behavior:

> [I]n their public lectures [...] the Saint-Simonians recognized that being caring and sensitive were qualities that every individual should strive for, and the importance of domestic chores was also discussed. [...] Men who attended these meetings were enjoined to scrutinize and modify their own intimate lives so they could learn to acquire "feminine" qualities; there was crying, and an intimate feeling of belonging developed [...] The Saint-Simonian men wanted primarily to deepen their insight into "what it is to be a woman" by practicing celibacy, opening up their political feelings by means of continuous introspection and discussions, and handling all domestic chores themselves. [...] For French public opinion, the execution of household chores was perhaps even more "contrary to nature" than their celibacy. Cartoons and satirical songs were distributed on a large scale throughout France. The cartoons showed men washing dishes and kitchen utensils, scraping carrots, and doing the laundry. The best-known cartoon shows them fastening each other's waistcoats, the buttons being on the back side. This image referred to the suit designed by Enfantin in accordance with the Saint-Simonian principle that honest socialists should "associate" even when they dressed or undressed (56).

they could harness the "power" of (sexual) passions for "practical use." After A receives a letter from Mrs. P informing him that she is pregnant with his child, A confesses to K that even though he has no love for Mrs. P, he feels an indescribable love for the "fruit of that attachment" (3:309, 127). K, on the other hand, declares this attachment to be irrational and sentimental, based solely on an attempt to give meaning to an excess expenditure of passionate energy:

> おい、サン、シモン。[...] 魚の卵を見給へ。五匹か六匹の魚を造るために幾萬といふ卵を用意するといふのが、何によらず自然のやり方だ。人間の生活だつて同じ事ださ。僕等の生活は勢力の過剰でふうわりと包まれてゐればこそどうかかうか成立つんだ。所が君は馬鹿だから、過剰勢力まで生活の本體だと思ひ込んだり、向不見だから、過剰勢力を生活の中に引張り込まうとしたりするんだ。考へても見給へ、次伸をするたんびにふんぞり伸ばす腕の力を無駄にせずに、實用的に使はうといつたつて、無理だらう、それをしようとする人間に限つて、愚圖々々物に拘泥して、世界中の不幸を一人で背負つたやうな面をするもんだ。全く君は二十世紀のサン、シモンだよ (3:311-312)

> "Hey, Saint-Simon! [...] Think about fish eggs. Do you know how many tens of thousands of eggs are needed just to make five or six little fish? That's nature's approach to everything. The exact same thing is true of human life. It's only because our lives are enveloped by a surplus of energy that we somehow manage to exist. But because you're a fool, you're stuck on the idea that this surplus energy is somehow the essence of life itself. [...] Think about it. If you were to try to make practical use of the power generated by stretching your arms when you yawn, that would be ridiculous. People who try to do this are obsessives who worry about every last little thing, who look like they're carrying all the world's misfortunes on their backs. You really are a twentieth century Saint-Simon!" (128).

In terms analogous to the "waste of love" (愛の浪費) used in the "Departures" section, K describes reproductive drives as excessive or wasteful expenditures of energy, 過剰勢力. K's reference to the excess of piscine reproduction makes a dark mockery of A's obsession over the "accidental lump" in Mrs. P's womb. Sexual reproduction, whether performed by fish, or by humans, is simply the result of nature's proclivity for excess. Attempting to channel the "excess" of carnal passions towards social change is as absurd as attempting to harness the energy of a yawn. In attacking A for his "obsessive" (lit. "caring about mud" 拘泥) sentiment over an unborn child, K attempts to cajole A into being a man, telling Mrs. P to abort the child, and thereby "crush, as nature does, that which your surplus energy will produce" (君の過剰勢力が生み出さう物を、自然がするやうに一とつぶして).

K and A's vertiginous conflations of sexual and political passions set the stage for the final section of the novel, in which the "half-breed" lump in Mrs. P's womb serves as the excess or "waste" of A's desire for oceanic dissolution of the bounds of racial and national identity. A desires an oceanic passion which would spontaneously dissolve the basis for international conflict and war. A's excessive attachment to the lump as a "waste of love" or "surplus of energy" is, strangely, an attempt to retain the utopian, pacifist possibility of dissolving the lines between nations.

The Half-Bred Lump

The strange conflation of A's attachment to the "accidental lump" and A's utopian desire for a dissolution of national identity comes to a head during his attempt to retreat to the countryside. K's insults prompt A to take a job doing housework for the "family of a large land-owner fifty minutes from Boston by train" (3:314, 133). However, A is unable to let go of his attachment to the "lump of flesh" in Mrs. P's womb (肉魂)(3:222, 143). A request's time off and returns to Boston by train, only to find himself surrounded by white passengers speaking excitedly about President Roosevelt's attempts to end the Russo-Japanese War. In a nightmarish turn of events, the curious passengers fix their attention on A. He is accosted by one old man who excitedly shakes his hand and proceeds to "compliment" A with an impressive display of oblivious American paternalism:

> 「小さな勇ましいJapのために三度萬歳！私の國とお前の國とは提督ペルリ以來の親友だ。私はお前の國の武士道も將軍もちやんと知つてゐ。[...] 私の國は義侠心が強い。いつまでも小さいものに加勢するのを忘れやしない。ローズベルトは何んといつても世界一だ。心配せずに私の國に任せておきな。こゝにゐる人たちは皆んあお前に同情してゐるんだからな」(3:326)

> "Three cheers for the tiny, courageous Japs! My country and your country have been close friends ever since Commodore Perry. I'm quite familiar with your bushido and shogun. [...] Our country has a strong sense of chivalry. We never forget to cheer on the small man in a fight. Roosevelt is the best in the world! Don't worry. Everyone here is sympathetic to your cause, so just leave it to us!" (148).

The old man's political mania introduces a profoundly hollow sense of "friendship" and "sympathy" built less on genuine regard for the other and founded almost entirely on self-aggrandizement. The magnanimity of Roosevelt and the American people appears through the contrasting figure of the "Japs" as "tiny" underdogs who require assistance and sympathy.

Being hailed as a "tiny, courageous Jap" causes A to realize a parallel between his view of himself and his attachment to the "lump." A's inability, or unwillingness to see himself as a "courageous Jap" unmoors him from a sense of national identity.

> 彼れはいつの間にか國籍のない浮浪人と同様になつてゐる事に氣が附いた。彼れは國の區別を立てゝ人に接ぐ事を忘れてゐた。彼れの前には人は人としか寫らなかつた。[...] P夫人に對して、この心持ちで二人の造つた悲しい結果を眺めるやうに、口に出さなかつたが、要求してゐた (3: 326).

> He realized that, at some point, he had become like a nationless vagabond. He had forgotten how to treat others based upon national distinctions. He could only see people as people. ... It was this feeling that he had demanded from Mrs. P—even though he never said it out loud. He wanted her to have this feeling when she looked at the sad product they had made together (149)

In seeing himself as a "nationless vagabond," A recognizes his desire for Mrs. P to regard their unborn child without national distinctions. However, A also realizes that this desire, which seems "natural" (自然な) to him is "unnatural" (不自然な) to most everyone else, (including Mrs. P.). A's confused reaction to the old man's address, and his inability to play the part of the "courageous Jap" results in A being described as an adult version of the "accidental lump." The scene concludes with an on-looker calling A (in English) a "confounded freak" which the original Japanese edition helpfully glosses as (手の付けられない變物奴), or more literally "a strange creep that you can't get your hands on." The onlooker turns away in a huff, like "someone who didn't get her money's worth for a boring carnival sideshow" (下らない見世物に高い金を拂つたやうに) (3:327, 149).

The description of A as a "confounded freak" foreshadows A's own fantastic projection about the future life of the "half-breed lump." A's morbid fantasies about his child draw out one of the unspoken, but patently obvious anxieties driving the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908– the terrifying prospect that unchecked "passions" and racial mixing could produce untold numbers of lumpen half-breeds, human waste that would degrade the racial purity of Japanese and American "gentlemen."

A's most lurid fantasy about the future of the half-breed occurs at the farm, where A is tending to breakfast bread baking in the oven. As A absent-mindedly turns the coals in the oven, he indulges in a daydream about his unborn, half-breed child. He imagines the midwife gasping in shock when she lays eyes on the mixed-blood newborn (3:336, 160). The midwife's right hand would clench a handful of gold coins (as renumeration for keeping the birth a secret), while her left hand—"baptized in the poisonous flames of hell"—would press on the infant's nose and mouth to smother it to death (3:337, 160). This nightmarish scene of infanticide then turns, impossibly, to the prospect of the child growing up. In a strange conflation of the lump and the *lumpen*, A imagines the half-breed child growing into what Marx would call the "scum, offal, and refuse of other classes":

> 哀れな混血兒は育つて行く。黑い硬い眞直な髮毛と、青い眼と、白と黄との漆喰をこね合はしたやうに澤のない濁つた皮膚と、病的痩せこけた體格を持つた哀れな混血の私生兒は育つて行く。彼れを見る眼はどれもこれも彼れを爪彈きする。彼れに當てへられた食物は彼に穢太臭い勞動を要求する。見世物小屋の舞臺か、靴磨きの臺の下か、孤兒院の臺所か、感化院の矯正室か、監獄か、火葬場か、……それ等か、彼れには一番似合つた背景なのだ。彼れの奇怪な眼は、人を空睨みする奇怪な眼となり、彼れの物いはぬ口は、呪咀だけをそいふ物いはぬ口となるのだ。誰にも愛されない彼れは、憎む事すら知らないで針で行くだらう (3: 338)

> The pitiful half-breed would grow up. A bastard child, he would have black, stiff, straight hair and blue eyes. His lusterless skin would resemble a cloudy mixture of yellow and white plaster. His body would be sickly and thin. All eyes that saw him would turn away in scorn. To be thrown scraps of food, he would be forced to do the filthy work of an outcast. The stage of a show tent, a shoeshine stand, the kitchen of an orphanage, the detention hall of a reformatory, a prison, a crematorium, ... these

> would be the surroundings that fit him best. His unearthly eyes would turn into eyes that looked on other people with vacant hatred. His unspeaking mouth would mutter only curses. Loved by no one, he would die without even knowing what it was to hate (162).

In a darkly humorous foreshadowing of the ultimate fate of the "bun in the oven," A lets the coals in the oven grow too cold, resulting in a half-baked mess:

> 麺麭は碌々脹らみもしないで眞粉(しんこ)のやうににちゃにちゃと固まつてゐるに違いない。[...] 彼は又舌鼓をうらながら、急いで石炭をオーブンにくべた。而して恐る恐るブリッキ箱の入れてある方の蓋を開けて見た。箱から膨れ出た麺麭の頭はまだ黄色くもなつてゐなかった (3: 339)

> The dough had not had time to plump out, and was probably as sticky and viscous (nicha nicha) as rice paste. [...] Clicking his tongue, he quickly threw some more coals into the oven. He cautiously opened up the lid of one of the tinplate pans. The top of the loaf hadn't even turned yellow (163).

Utterly incapable of minding the bread, A is also incapable of detecting Mrs. P's duplicity. At the end of July, A returns to Boston. K's tuberculosis has gotten worse, and he is bed-bound in a charity hospital. A asks K about Mrs. P's delivery, and K replies: "You fool! You saw her in the beginning of July and you still didn't notice the shape of her belly?" K informs A that Mrs. P was likely never pregnant, that it was all an elaborate fiction. (Other possibilities – that Mrs. P had an abortion, or miscarriage, are left unmentioned, but could lead to alternate interpretations of the text). Deprived of the fantasy of the half-bred child, A returns to his original role as nurse – attending to K on his deathbed. K's death marks the end of the novel, and the last opportunity for an articulation of utopian desire:

> 「人間は……人間は……」と二言云つたKは人間と云ふものについて何を彼れに教へようとしたのだらう。Kの意志は永久に閉されて、彼れはKの心の程を推し測る事すら出來ないのだ。さう思ふと彼れの心は不意に氷のやうに固く冷たくなつてしまつた。(3: 352).

> "Humanity... humanity..." He said this word two times, but what did K mean to tell him about humanity? K's intention was forever sealed, and A could not even guess what he had in mind. The thought made his heart become cold and hard as ice (181).

The phrases "forever sealed" and "cold as hard as ice" return us to the initial scene of Fra Albergo in the frozen plains of Ptolemea. K's final words–"humanity...humanity" – are spoken, but their precise meaning is "forever sealed." K is the one who has died, whose intention has been closed, but A is the one whose heart feels as cold as ice, as if he too had been sealed in the frozen plain. If the novel ended in this moment of closure, then A would join the ranks of the eternally damned.

But A is still alive, his mind is still restless. He repeats his refrain to himself: "Be still ...... be still...," (静かに……静かに)—a doubled counterpoint to K's "Humanity...... Humanity." And in this moment, A receives a minimal confirmation that he has not yet joined Fra Albergo among the ranks of the damned. Here are the concluding lines of the novel:

> その闇の中で、逸る心をぢつと押鎮めようと努めて、Aは又幽かにかうさゝやいた。
> その時まで火のやうに乾いて燃えてゐた彼れの眼から、Kを悲しむのか、自分を憐むのか、熱い涙が流れ出ようとした。Aは歯を喰ひしばつてそれ呑み込んでしまつた。喰ひしばつた脣がぶるぶると震へた (3:352)

> In that darkness, he whispered again and again, trying desperately to tamp down the restless turnings of his mind.
> Until that moment, his eyes had burned as dry and hot as fire. Whether out of sadness for K, or pity for himself – hot tears began to flow. He clenched his teeth and swallowed them. His clenched lips were quivering (181).

The force that will not be stilled continues to work. The phrase "eyes...as dry and hot as fire" is parallel to the "heart ... as cold and hard as ice." Unlike Fra Albergo, A can still weep. The line "sadness for K, or pity for himself" is a pathetic, but minimal reminder of the passions of friendship. In friendship, it is difficult to know one's self from one's friend. K cannot speak because he is dead. A cannot speak because his teeth are clenched, his lips are clenched. Tears – exchanged from love for a woman, to faith in God, to friendship with humanity – are the only thing left.

But A's tears are far from being an unambiguous demonstration of the florid excess of humanity and love. Although Fra Albergo's crimes against humanity are such that he cannot weep, A desires to share the same punishment. Rather than letting his tears fall, A attempts to retain their force. He clenches his teeth, he swallows, his lips are clenched. By holding on to his tears, he hopes, against all possibility, that his friend can speak again.

Under one reading, the death K radically narrows the scope of ocean passion as a miscegenous or utopian potentiality. Unlike the oceanic reveries described by Hartmann at the death of Whitman, or Whitman at the death of Carlyle, the "ocean passion" of A's tears for K provoke no feelings of bliss or "satisfaction." A has an intense *desire* which cannot be satisfied, a desire to be one with K, to know his "intention" and to speak his words as if they were his own. The possibility or productivity of a miscegenous union seems to drop away—K, like A, is Japanese. The half-bred lump remains unborn and effaced, revealed to be nothing more than an attachment within A's imagination. The utopian collapses to a single, repeated word, "humanity," whose meaning is lost.

What we are left with, perhaps, is an impasse—A as an impassionate gentleman—a man with too much passion but not enough, a man who cannot achieve the full satisfaction of an oceanic feeling with other men. One response to this impasse—"a time when everything is blocked by systems that have failed but which cannot be beaten"—is to turn, with Ricoeur, to the queerness of utopia, the introduction of a "sense of doubt that shatters the obvious."

Another, closely related approach, is to turn in on the site of the impasse, to search out the desire to hold on, to enfold and retain the force of tears, speech, and passion. This is the approach of the next chapter, which turns to the moment when the Gentlemen's Agreement collapsed, and to an alternate figure of miscegenation: *the pocket*.

Chapter 3

Epistemology of the Pocket: Nagahara Shōson's *Lament in the Night*

Nagahara Hideaki, (Shōson). Yoru ni nageku [Lament in the Night]. Los Angeles: Sodosha, 1925. 110pp.

A novel with the hero as a petty thief and penniless bum. An example of the rarely mentioned Issei "failure."

Yuji Ichioka, et. al., *A Buried Past*, 1974.

Genres are not to be mixed.
I will not mix genres.
I repeat. Genres are not to be mixed. I will not mix them

Jacques Derrida, "The Law of Genre," 1980.

In *A Buried Past: An Annotated Bibliography of the Japanese American Research Project*, the genres of bibliographic annotation and tombstone epitaph mix against the "law of genre." The twenty words of the first epigraph read like an epitaph: *Here, in a buried past, lies a rarely mentioned Issei failure.* The epigraph and the epitaph—both forms of writing on (or in) the surface— mark the temporal edges of beginning and ending. The epigraph opens a corpus. The epitaph buries it.

The second epigraph establishes as two, repeated propositions, the "law of genre." If we recall the shared roots of *genre* and *gens*, then we can recognize that the law of genre is functionally similar to a law against miscegenation: *gentes*, as well as genres, are not to be mixed. In Arishima Takeo's *Labyrinth* the law of miscegenation appears through various gentlemen's agreements and interracial desires. But there is another form of miscegenation, a miscegenation which fuses beginnings and ends, collapsing and unwinding the edges of *genesis*. In considering this form of miscegenation, it should come as no surprise that a novel entitled *Lament in the Night* should offer a complimentary image to a book called *La folie du jour*—the novel by Maurice Blanchot at the heart of Jacques Derrida's essay on "The Law of Genre." The epigraph/epitaph which opens onto

and buries *Lament in the Night* dissolves the edges between beginning and ending in much the same manner as the first line of *La Folie du jour*. Derrida describes this dissolution as follows:

> [T]hese first words mark a collapse that is unthinkable, irrepresentable, unsituable within a linear order of succession, within a spatial or temporary sequentiality, within an objectifiable topology or chronology. One sees, without seeing, one reads the crumbling of an upper boundary or of the initial edge in *La Folie du jour,* uncoiled according to the "normal" order, the one regulated by common law [...] Suddenly, this upper or initial boundary [...] is forming a pocket inside the corpus. It is taking the form of an *invagination* through which the trait of the first line, the borderline, splits while remaining the same and traverses yet bounds the corpus (70).

This chapter is about pockets where the edges between death and generativity, beginning and ending, crumble and uncoil. It is about "pockets" in time and space which are not situable within a "linear order of succession." This is an "epistemology of the pocket" in the sense that I attempt a somewhat unholy miscegenation of Derrida's account of the invaginated pocket and Eve Sedgwick's *Epistemology of the Closet*. In shifting from the closet to the pocket, I wish to recast Sedgwick's epistemology in a manner fitting to urban vagrants (petty thieves and penniless bums) who may lack walk-in closet space, but carry their closets closer to their bodies.[1] The pocket, paradoxically, is both a smaller and larger version of the closet. A pocket is smaller because it is a place *on* the body in which total concealment of the body is impossible: you can hide a body in a closet but not a pocket. At the same time, even though the pocket is *on* or *in* the body, it also marks an edge which "traverses yet bounds" the body (corpus). In Derrida's phrasing, invagination works by a "principle of contamination" (which we can treat as a principle of miscegenation). This law, which is a "law of a law of genre," is "a sort of participation without belonging–a taking part in without being a part of ... an internal pocket larger than the whole" (59). The task of this chapter is to read this "sort of participation without belonging" through the figure of the Japanese vagrant in American urban space—a being within the city who is ineligible to citizenship, but whose very being transcends yet bounds what is meant by citizenship.

Genres, like *gentes*, are "not to be mixed," yet the epitaph/epigraph from *A Buried Past* mixes *genre* and *gens*, leaving an ambiguity between a socio-biological form and an artistic one:

> A novel with the hero as a petty thief and penniless bum. An example of the rarely mentioned Issei "failure."

In all likelihood, the phrase "Issei failure" refers to Ishikawa Sakuzō, the petty thief hero of *Lament in the Night*. For Sakuzō to be only "an example" means that the "Issei failure" is a classification of a general social *type*, a species akin to "the bum," "the drunk," or "the gambling addict." Yet the note's ambiguous phrasing makes the antecedent of "the Issei failure" unclear. The "Issei failure" could just as easily be a description of the novel itself. Certainly *Lament in the Night*, like most Issei

[1] Sedgwick helpfully includes an archaic definition from the Oxford English Dictionary of "closet" as a "private repository of valuables" (*Epistemology*, 66).

novels, has been "rarely mentioned." And if *Lament in the Night* is but "an example" of the Issei failure, then the Issei failure could refer to an entire *genre* of rarely mentioned novels. What if "the Issei failure" is not merely an individual type, but a *generational* failure, the collective failure of a generation to leave behind a single successful novel? Is an "Issei novel" even possible?

The notion of an "Issei novel" is problematic because it mixes a socio-biological form—a *generation*, the *first* generation—with a literary form—a *genre*, the novel. Using the socio-biological concept of "generation" as a way to classify novels borrows from an established method of narration, a method used by most accounts of Japanese American history. These accounts narrate the progression of time as a "linear succession" through numbered generations. Ticked off like the hours on a clock, there are the *Issei*, then the *Nisei*, the *Sansei*, *Yonsei*—first, second, third, fourth, etc.[2]

Although these generational terms are often taken for granted today, they do not appear even once in Shōson's novel. Indeed, *Lament in the Night* turns on crises of generational failure in *both* the realm of biological reproduction as well as the realm of artistic reproduction. The petty thief hero has an adulterous affair with a bar hostess, Otatsu, an affair which has no apparent future: Otatsu will not leave her husband, and Sakuzō cannot escape from a downward spiral of gambling, alcohol, and theft. Sakuzō's only remaining friend, a young artist named Shimomura, seems to be the character with the best hope of achieving "success" in the realm of art. Yet Sakuzō is emphatically *not* Shimomura—lacking his youth, education, and talent, Sakuzō will generate nothing of artistic worth. If Sakuzō could be called an "Issei" at all, he is an "Issei" who will leave no "issue" (either biological or artistic).In crude terms, he is a member of a generation who fails to generate. He is an "Issei failure" who is "rarely mentioned" because he does not, and cannot, fit into a progressive, clockwork account of generational history.

A similar problem of generational failure applies to Shōson's novel itself. Calling it an "Issei novel" suggests a straight line of literary succession that would run parallel to lines of biological descent. The "Issei novel," in other words, should "give birth" to the "Nisei novel" and other related forms such as the "Nisei short story." However, the fact that Shōson's novel was "rarely mentioned" indicates that this potential line of descent was never realized. If Nisei prose writers like Toshio Mori, Hisaye Yamamoto, and John Okada were directly influenced by Shōson and other "Issei novelists," these influences have yet to be documented. Even if the "Issei novel" did exist in some form, it failed to generate the Nisei novel.

In short, as a description of a socio-biological and literary form, "the Issei failure," is a contradiction in terms: a non-generative generation. As a description of a socio-biological type, "the Issei failure" uses the framework of generation to classify a group of people who failed to produce a subsequent generation. As a description of a literary form, "the Issei failure" describes a genre that failed to generate any works in its wake.

[2]The use of "generation" as a central means of periodization in Japanese American history and literature can be seen in the titles of several paradigmatic works. There are, for instance, at least three books with the title *Issei*, including Kazuo Itō's *Issei: A History of Japanese Immigrants* (1973), Nobuya Tsuchida's *Issei: The First Fifty Years* (1975), Yuji Ichioka's *The Issei: The World of the First Generation Immigrants* (1988). There are multiple works with variations on "Nisei" and "Sansei" including Monica Sone's novel *Nisei Daughter* (1979), David Mura's memoir *Turning Japanese: Memoirs of a Sansei* (1991), Bill Hosokawa's *Nisei: The Quiet Americans* (1969), and Jere Takahashi's *Nisei Sansei* (1998).

At the same time, “the Issei failure” is a contradiction in terms in the other direction: a generative non-generation. Although *Lament in the Night* failed to generate literary works in its wake, this failure is itself generative. The long “burial” of this novel, consigned to archival obscurity for decades, forgotten on both sides of the Pacific, creates a strange opening—an invagination, a pocket, which invites recovery.

This double chiasmus—non-generative generation/generative non-generation—reflects the broader problematic of this dissertation as a whole. Textual recovery, which re-covers even as it un-covers, operates in a temporality which is “unsituable within a linear order of succession,” and “unthinkable” within a strictly generational account of history. Recovering *Lament in the Night* is not a question of restoring the text to a generational history. It is a question of identifying the contours and edges of a text which disrupts the lines between generativity and death—of tracing the text as a pocket.

The Asian Exclusion Act of 1924

Lament in the Night was published in October 1925 by Sodosha, a Japanese-language press affiliated with Bunkadō, a bookstore in the heart of Los Angeles' Little Tokyo. The novel was published in the immediate aftermath of the Asian Exclusion Act of 1924, an act which banned all further Japanese immigration to the United States. In this section I consider the Exclusion Act as another figure for the “Issei failure,” a failure which defines the Issei as a generation not by marking its “beginning,” but by marking its end.

As a means of understanding why the term “Issei” has had such a powerful effect on the writing of Japanese American history, we might recall the full title of historian Yuji Ichioka's seminal work, *The Issei: The World of the First Generation Immigrant (1885-1924)*. In a riff on the *sei* (世) of “Issei,” Ichioka's title suggests that even if the first generation lived beyond 1924, their “world” (世, *yo*) functionally ends with the catastrophe of the Asian Exclusion Act. In the concluding chapter of *The Issei*, Ichioka writes:

> In the final analysis, the 1924 Immigration Act signified the *complete failure* of the Japanese immigrants' struggle against exclusion. The Supreme Court had upheld their ineligibility to citizenship as well as the constitutionality of the alien land laws. In retrospect, Japanese immigrants realized that all of their efforts to adapt themselves to American society and to demonstrate their assimilability had been in vain (emphasis mine, 253).

If the Exclusion Act “signified” the “complete failure” of struggles against exclusion, it was also a failure which signified the “completion” of the Issei, marking the “end” or “death” of the Issei as a generation with its own futurity. It might seem excessive to describe the passage of the Act as a world-ending catastrophe, but even if it did not signify the end of *the* world, it did mark the end of *a* world (世) —the world of the Issei (一世). After 1924, as far as anyone could know, there would be no new Issei. (The ban was not repealed until the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952).

The terminal failure of one generation placed the burden of futurity on the *next* generation. Ichioka writes that after the Exclusion Act, it was "difficult for the immigrants to conceive of any real future for themselves in this country" (6). Indeed, the only future they could conceive (know) was a future through (reproductive) conception: "The only future they saw was that of their American-born children, the Nisei" (6).

Although this singular form of reproductive futurity was "conceivable" for some Issei, for many others it was "difficult," if not impossible, to conceive. Even before the formal passage of Exclusion, both the Japanese and American governments sought to restrict the reproductive potential of Japanese immigrants in the United States. In a bid to stave off the national humiliation of total exclusion, the Japanese government bartered off the reproductive futurity of Japanese immigrants in bits and pieces. In 1915, the Japanese government required immigrant bachelors to prove savings of $800 before they could summon wives. In 1920, through the so-called "Ladies Agreement," the Japanese government unilaterally banned the emigration of all picture brides. Ichioka estimates that in 1920, there were approximately 24,000 single, adult males, "doomed to perpetual bachelorhood," who were unable to marry or bring their wives into the United States (175). In addition to restrictions on immigration, many state anti-miscegenation laws in the United States barred Japanese men from marrying white women. And under the Women's Citizenship Act of 1907, any American women who did marry Japanese men forfeited their American citizenship.

In the terms of a linear, generational history, those "doomed to perpetual bachelorhood" might be considered as a group of "Issei failures" *within* the broader, "complete" failure signified by Exclusion. Perversely, these bachelors bore the burden of the "failure" which defined the "Issei" as a generation. Barred from any form of (legitimate) reproductive futurity in the United States, the Issei bachelor was an Issei who, by definition, could produce no Nisei. The status of the Issei bachelor raises the question of what "generation" could mean for a group barred from reproductive generation, a generation with "no real future."

Since Shōson's novel was published in the year following Exclusion, we might regard it as belonging to a *post*-Issei literature, written after the "end" of the Issei "world." Under this interpretation, "the Issei failure" becomes more than an aberrational, "rarely mentioned" socio-biological type. The "Issei failure" becomes the figure that exemplifies the catastrophe of Exclusion, the apocalypse which marked the end of "the world of the first generation immigrant."

Nagahara Hideaki, the Lost Issei

> You are all a lost generation.
>
> Gertrude Stein, *The Sun Also Rises*, (1926)

In addition to considering Shōson's novel as a "post-Issei" novel, we might also consider the generational status of Shōson himself. By historical coincidence, Gertrude Stein, through Ernest Hemingway, describes a "lost generation" only one year after the 1925 publication of Nagahara

Shōson's *Lament in the Night*. It is likely that neither Stein, nor Hemingway imagined the scope of their "lost generation" to include another "lost generation" from the Land of the Rising Sun, set adrift in the nation which Stein, and Hemingway, had left behind.

To describe Shōson as one of a "lost generation" requires tracing the strange temporality of being "lost." Shōson's literary works have been lost for decades—virtually unread for eighty years. Records about Shōson himself are also lost. At present, we know very little about the life of Nagahara Hideaki, the man who took the pen-name "Shōson." We do not even know why Hideaki chose to adopt the name Shōson (宵村) or "twilight village." As of this writing, I have only been able to find a handful of immigration and census records.

In a twist of historical irony, the little we know about Nagahara's life begins with a document designed to restrict and control his presence in the United States. Under the Immigration Act of 1917, ships bound for America were required to collect information about any "alien" passengers on board. Immigration officers would use these passenger manifests to screen incoming aliens, denying entry to "idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, epileptics, insane persons... paupers, professional beggars, vagrants ... polygamists ... prostitutes ... contract laborers ... persons likely to be a public charge" and all "Asiatics" except for subjects of the Japanese Empire and Filipinos.[3] These documents were also kept as proof of legal entry, and aliens applying for re-entry permits would have to wait for immigration offices to check the original manifests before receiving permission to leave and re-enter the United States. It is thanks to the Immigration Act of 1917 that we know Hideaki's place of birth, the name of his father, and his physical description. He was "five feet, two inches," and had a "trace of [a] scar on his left fore-finger." [4]

Nagahara Hideaki was born in 1901 in Yama-no-uchi-nishimura, a small farming village in the mountains of northeastern Hiroshima prefecture. There are no records of his childhood or his education. Some time prior to 1918, he moved to the household of his paternal grandfather, "R. Nagahara," in Ushita-mura, a neighborhood in the northern section of the city of Hiroshima. On August 9, 1918, Hideaki boarded the Manila Maru in the port city of Kobe. Eighteen days later, at the age of "seventeen years, seven months," he made landfall in Seattle, Washington.

Hideaki was able to enter the United States in 1918 because his father, Kiyomaru, had already immigrated at least a decade earlier. Under the terms of the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908, the Japanese government stopped issuing travel documents to ordinary citizens wishing to work in the United States. For its part, the American government agreed to continue to permit the immigration of immediate relatives of Japanese who were already United States residents. The exact year when Kiyomaru arrived is unknown, but he probably came prior to 1907. As a resident, Kiyomaru would have been able to secure permission for his son to join him. In this fashion, Hideaki became a *yobiyose issei*, a first-generation immigrant "summoned" to live in the United States.

In demographic terms, Hideaki was both a young and a late Issei. By 1918, there had already been three decades of large-scale Japanese immigration to the United States. Even though Hideaki was of the same immigrant generation as the men and women who preceded him, in terms of age,

[3] United States Statutes At Large, Vol. 39, 1917, p. 874-898 (Section 3).

[4] Seattle, Washington. *Passenger and Crew Lists of Vessels Arriving at Seattle, Washington, 1890-1957.* Micropublication M1383 35.

he was young enough to be the child of most of the pre-1907 arrivals. Besides being younger than most of his "generation," he was also one of the last Issei to arrive prior to World War II. Only six years after his arrival in the United States, the Asian Exclusion Act of 1924 effectively banned all further Japanese immigration.

When Hideaki landed in Seattle, his father was working as a laborer for the Utah Copper Company in Magna, a mining town several miles outside of Salt Lake City. Although the passenger manifest of the Manila Maru lists Hideaki's occupation as "student," he probably began working for the mine shortly after he joined his father in Magna. The listing of "student" may have been a tactical maneuver; students were subject to less scrutiny from immigration officers than unskilled laborers. Magna played an important role in turning Nagahara Hideaki, the young immigrant, into Nagahara Shōson, the dedicated novelist. (There is a reference to Magna in *Lament in the Night*; Sakuzō and Shimomura worked together at the Utah Copper Company a few years before the events of the novel)(19).

A Utah mining camp might not seem like the most promising place to begin a career as a writer, but in the late 1910s and early 1920s, Magna was a hotbed of literary activity. There were only a few hundred Japanese in the work camps surrounding the mine, but there were enough aspiring literati to support the formation of an amateur literary coterie and journal. This journal, *Magna*, was first published in the spring of 1915 and is one of the earliest extant Japanese-language literary journals in the United States. Shōson's name does not appear in any of *Magna*'s extant issues. However, given the relatively small size of the Japanese community in the area, it is likely that he would have known some of the journal's regular contributors.

Nagahara may also have known a young vagabond named Hasegawa Kaitarō (1900-1935). In the winter of 1920, Hasegawa wandered into Magna in search of work and shelter. Five years later, he would return to Japan and become not one, but three best-selling authors, writing under the pen-names Tani Jōji, Maki Itsuma, and Hayashi Fubō. Even if Nagahara and Hasegawa never met in person, a memorial article published after Hasegawa's death in 1935 provides a glimpse of what a literary life in Magna would have been like. The author of this memorial article, Morimoto Hideaki, recalls how, besides sharing his bed with Hasegawa (the two men had different shifts), he also shared his copies of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and an English translation of Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. As fierce Wasatch winds whipped across the high plains, Morimoto and Hasegawa would huddle around their barracks' stove, discussing the writings of Schnitzler, Longfellow, and Schopenhauer.[5] In the afterword to *Lament in the Night*, Nagahara states that he was sixteen when he "started to have an interest in writing" (111). It is not difficult to imagine him spending his days in Magna in a manner similar to that of Hasegawa and Morimoto.

At some point in the early 1920s, Nagahara began traveling throughout the American West, and possibly as far east as Pittsburgh. A 1920 census record lists a "Nagahara H." living in a boarding house in Los Angeles with several other Japanese railroad workers. Nagahara would eventually settle in the Los Angeles area on a more permanent basis, finding work as a gardener.

Nagahara's extended sojourn in Los Angeles marked the height of his activity as a writer. It was no accident that Shōson's arrival in Los Angeles coincided with an explosion in his output as a

[5] As quoted in Yūkō Deguchi, *Tani Jōji tekisasu mushuku/ Kiki*, (Tokyo: Misuzu Shobo, 2003) p. 271-272.

writer. The city offered him the opportunity to interact with a much wider range of literary and artistic communities than could be found in Magna, Utah. There were bookstores where he could find the latest literary journals and books from Japan. He also had access to new English translations of books written in other European languages.

In the years before he wrote *Lament in the Night*, Shōson completed five novels (or novellas) and around ten short stories. The titles for two of his earlier novels are known, but copies of these texts have yet to be found. In the *Hundred Year History of Japanese Americans* (米國日系人百年史, 1961), there is a bibliographic reference to a novel called *Home of the Swallow* (雀の家, 1924?). A review of *Lament in the Night* published in the *Rafu Shimpo* (a Los Angeles Japanese-language newspaper), also mentions a serialized novel entitled *The Wilderness* (荒野, 1924?). We also know that Shōson prepared a translation of Knut Hamsun's *Pan*(1894), but the sole manuscript was destroyed at the publisher's office in the fires following the Great Kantō Earthquake of 1923. Shōson never published any of his short stories; he burned all of the manuscripts.

Lament in the Night was published in October of 1925 by Sōdosha, a publisher affiliated with Bunkadō, a bookstore in the heart of Little Tokyo. After its release, the novel received substantial attention from the regional Japanese-language press. The *Rafu Shimpo*, a daily newspaper with a circulation of several thousand readers, published not one, but two reviews of *Lament*. The first of these reviews, written by Kodama Hatsuichirō, was published the day after the novel was released. The second, by Minezawa Tsutomu, was published a month later. Kodama's review was positive, praising Shōson for his skillful portrayal of the despair felt by many young men following the "prohibition of picture marriage." Minezawa's review was negative, performing a chapter-by-chapter dissection of the novel's perceived aesthetic faults. In any case, the attention garnered by *Lament in the Night* – both positive and negative – may have prompted the *Rafu Shimpo* to offer Shōson a six-month contract to produce a serial novel. The title of this serial novel was *Osato-san*)(お里さん). Published from November 1925 to May 1926, *Osato-san* was featured on the front page for every day of its publication.

Shōson's literary activity demonstrates how he benefited from his status as a young, late arrival to the United States. Shōson was able to enter a Japanese immigrant community that already had well-established literary networks and institutions. By 1910, newspapers throughout the Pacific Coast and Mountain West had extensive literary sections. At least a decade before Shōson first arrived in Los Angeles, Japanese vernacular newspapers such as the *Rafu Shimpo* and *Asahi Shimbun* provided a forum for the publication of serial novels, short stories, poetry, criticism, and even the occasional drama. The names and works of early Los Angeles-area writers and poets such as Shimoyama Issō, Takahashi Hasei, Kubo Ayako, Hasegawa Sakiko, Jikihara Toshihei, and Ohta Kōson have been all but forgotten, but their works helped lay the foundation for a Japanese literary community in Southern Calfiornia.[6] Without the literary infrastructure established in the 1910s, Shōson would not have been able to distribute his novel as widely as he did in the mid-1920s.

In addition to Shōson's two extant novels, *Lament in the Night* and *Osato-san*, there is also a three-act play, "The Ones Who Leave" (去り行く者) which appears in the *Japanese Literature of North America Anthology* (北米文藝選集, 1928). This play is the last of Shōson's known works. The last trace I have been able to find of Nagahara Hideaki is a brief annotation in his immigration

[6]See *Beikoku Nikkeijin hyakunenshi*, Katō Shin'ichi, ed., (Los Angeles: Shin Nichibei Shunbunsha, 1961) 136.

record: “Verified PJ 12-22-27.” This note indicates that Nagahara applied for a re-entry permit in December of 1927, suggesting that he planned to return to Japan in late 1927 or early 1928 and wished to leave open the option of coming back to the United States.

The current, fragmentary state of records of Nagahara’s life makes it difficult to know for sure if he followed through on his intention to return to Japan, or if he did, whether he ever re-entered the United States. If Nagahara continued to write or publish in Japan, these texts have yet to be discovered. The date of his death and the location of his final resting place are also unknown.

The uncertainty we face in the present about Naghara’s ultimate fate is the archival afterimage of the uncertainties that many Japanese immigrants faced in the past. Today, we do not know for certain whether Nagahara returned to Japan; in 1925, Nagahara might not have known if he would ever return. In his postscript to *Lament in the Night*, Nagahara writes that all his close friends had returned to Japan and left him alone in the United States (111). This sense of being stranded or “lost” in a foreign land is the central concern of *Lament in the Night*.

You are not dead, only lost...

> *Tu non se’morta,*
> *ma se’ismarrita;*
> *Anima nostra, che si ti lamentie.*
>
> Dante Alighieri, epigraph to *Lament in the Night* (1925)

These words, presented in the original Italian, with no translation, are the epigraph to *Lament in the Night*. At the outset, *Lament* begins with a confusion between death and “being lost,” of singularity and commonality: *you are not dead, but only lost awhile: our soul who laments so*.

At the risk of digression, let us follow the trace which Shōson leaves us. Intentionally or not, Shōson’s citation of Dante echoes Arishima Takeo’s invocation of Fra Alberigo in the Friends’ Asylum. The phrase *ma se‘ismarrita* could also be translated as losing one’s senses, of “going mad.” This is the manner in which Kodama Hatsuichirō translates the epigraph in his *Rafu Shimpō* review of *Lament in the Night*:

> 先づ開巻すると氣持よかつたは序文に替へて地中界邊逆捲く怒濤の様な壯觀偉大なる古今を通じて大志作家ダンテがHellの中の「お前は暫時狂ふて居るのだよ、死んではゐない」の一句が伊太利の原語で載つてゐる事であつた。
>
> First, there is the agreeable way in which he begins the work. Instead of a preface, [Shōson] begins with an epigraph from a work that sent waves surging across the Mediterranean Sea, a verse from Dante’s *Hell—You have only lost your mind for awhile, you are not dead*.[7]

[7] Kodama Hatsuichirō, “Nagahara Shōson-shi no kincho [Yoru ni nageku] wo yomu” [Reading Nagahara Shōson’s Recent Work, Lament in the Night] in *Rafu Shimpō*, October 11, 1925. p. 1.

Kodama's translation, in turn, seems similar to a translation which appeared in November 1925, on the first page of *Songs of Wandering*(放浪の歌), an anthology of Japanese-language poems written by a group of Southern California poets. The epigraph to this anthology reads:

> O soul of mine so piteously lamenting,
> Thou art not dead but only stunned awhile.[8]

This English language translation is an exact match to one found in Virginia Pope's 1924 translation of Giovanni Papini's *Un uomo finito* (1913). In a Borgesian coincidence, Pope's English translation of Papini's title is *The Failure*.

Looking back over the digressive path that takes us from the "Issei failure" of *Lament in the Night* to Papini's *Failure*, we see a claim to literary affinity that crosses continents, oceans, and centuries. This claim to affinity makes impossible, implausible demands on Dante's original text—not the *Inferno*—but the *Convivio*, or *The Banquet*. Just as A wishes to weep with Fra Alberigo in a civility beyond civility, Shōson inscribes a desire for an impossible conviviality. Shōson, with Kodama, and the Wandering Poets, lodge an implicit claim of living in the city of Papini, who in turn, as a Florentine, claims descent from Dante, the poet of Florence.

We do not know how thoroughly Shōson read the *Convivio*, but it is worth noting that for Dante, conviviality is most evident in the bonds of friendship and the vernacular. For Dante, the vernacular *is* a friend, the *first* friend which connects him to all other kin, friends, and fellow citizens:

> And so a man's vernacular is closest to him, since it is the first and sole language in his mind before any other; and it is [...] connected to those nearest to him, his kin, his fellow citizens, and his people. Such is one's own vernacular, which is not merely close but supremely close to all. Therefore, if closeness is the seed of friendship [...] clearly it has been cause for my love of my language, which is closer to me than others. The cause mentioned above, namely that what exists first and alone in the mind is most nearly related to it, led people to make the firstborn their heirs by custom, since they are the closest, and being closest the most loved. Then, the vernacular's virtues make its friend.[9]

Here Dante links the love of one's own language—the vernacular—to the logic of proximate genesis. The generational logic that views the "firstborn" as the "closest" also treats the "first" language as the closest friend.

Shōson's epigraph animates the problem of how one can claim "kinship" or "conviviality" in *another* language. Can Shōson be "close" to Dante, a friend, or kin?[10] Does friendship require the

[8] Yamazaki, Isshin (ed.), *Hōrō no uta*, iii.

[9] Dante Alighieri, *The Convivio*, Trans. A.S. Kline (2008) *Poetry in Translation* Online.

[10] For an extended discussion on the problem of "kinship" in American literature through a reading of Dante, see Wai Chee Dimock. *Through Other Continents: American Literature Across Deep Time*, 84-90.

possession, or the creation, of the bond of a shared vernacular? How can Shōson address those close to him (his kin and friends), when they are in a distant homeland?[11]

The epigraph to *Lament in the Night* signals another dimension of generative failure. There can be failures in biological and artistic reproduction, but there is also the prospect of *failing to find a friend*. This (homo)social failure is the third dimension of the Issei failure. Sakuzō, the petty thief hero, cannot find others who speak his vernacular, he cannot befriend those few who do, and he cannot live with the friends he once had. Sakuzō cannot even be his own friend—he is unable to live with himself.

Lament in the Night expresses these compound failures by presenting Sakuzō's inability to reconcile interior and exterior space and internal and external time: Sakuzō cannot live in the same space or in the same time as anyone else in the novel. In the reading to follow I argue that these failures coalesce within a single compound motif: the *pocket-watch* (かくし時計). Roughly speaking, the *pocket* is an index of space while the watch is an index of *time*. However, the figure of the pocket-watch also signifies the dissolution and unwinding of one dimension into the other as space-time.

The Pocket (隠し)

The opening of *Lament in the Night* establishes the importance of Sakuzō's pockets by making them the focal points of a shift from past to present tense. Shifts from the past to present tense are fairly common in Japanese narrative prose, and Japanese-to-English translators (for the sake of readability) often convert present-tense clauses into the past.[12]. In the opening passages of *Lament in the Night*, however, it is important to note that the use of present tense creates a sense of temporal retardation, where time seems to slow and intensify at the edges of the protagonist's pockets. As a convenience to the English-language reader, I have italicized present tense verbs that appear at the ends of phrases in the original Japanese:[13]

> M.N.街のとあり薄暗い露路口に立止まつた彼は小さな財布を取り出して中をしらべて見る事にした。何はもはいつてはゐない筈である。念のために財布をさかさにして強く振つて見る。不幸にも金の音はしなかつた。彼は失望しながらも一應かくしと云ふかくしを全部探つて見る事にした。チヨツキのポケツトの中に手を觸れた時である。何かまるい物が指の先きに當つたので、彼は飛び上つた。そしてそのまるい物をぐツと指の先きで摑むと、眼を閉ぢて意味の取れない事を短かく呟くと、ニヤリと笑ひながらその小さなまるい物を引き出して堅く握りしめると、傍のアーク燈の下まで歩いて行つて手のひらを開けてみた。
> それはたゞの一仙銅貨に過ぎなかつた。

[11] Shōson's dedication to the novel reads「故郷の親しき人々へ」: To those who are close to me back home (iv).

[12] In my translation of *Lament in the Night* forthcoming through Kaya Press in Fall 2012, I generally chose to convert present-tense passages into the past, with few exceptions. In this chapter, which emphasizes close reading over "readability," I translate in a more literal fashion

[13] Japanese is a subject-object-verb language where the main verb usually appears at the end of a phrase or sentence

> Stepping into a gloomy alley off M. N Avenue, he pulled out his tiny coin purse and took a look inside. Not that he *expects* to find anything. Just to make sure, he turned it upside down and *tries* giving it a good shake. Not a sound. Frustrated, he began to rifle through his pockets, one by one. When he got to his jacket pocket and the tip of his finger brushed against something round, he jumped. He *grips* it firmly between his fingers, and closing his eyes, he *mumbles* an indecipherable word or two for luck. Grinning as he pulls it out, he *clenches* it in his fist. Walking into the light of a nearby arc lamp, he opened his hand.
>
> Just one lousy copper penny (1-2).

Note how the action of looking into the purse triggers a shift in the verb phrases "expects" (*hazu de aru*) and "tries giving it a good shake" (*tsuyoku futtemiru*). Similarly the action of taking the round object out of his jacket pocket sparks a paratactic chain of verbs in the present tense: grips and mumbles and clenches (*…tsukamu to, … tsubuyaku to, … shimeru to*). The intensity and immanence of these actions draws us into Sakuzō's keen focus – time seems to slow down at the thresholds of his pockets (his coin purse and his jacket pocket). Here, Sakuzō's intense desire to find something, anything, in his pockets comes from his extreme hunger: he's starving, and when he picked up a piece of watermelon off of the ground, he got food poisoning and severe diarrhea (1). By focusing upon his pockets, we, and Sakuzō, momentarily forget his cramps and agony and become caught in moments of expectation. Maybe Sakuzō still has something hidden away, hidden even from himself, that could save him from his despair.

One of the words that Shōson uses for "pocket" in the passage above is *kakushi* a word that strongly connotes hiding and concealment. Although *kakushi* appears in the hiragana syllabary throughout Lament as かくし, *kakushi* is often written as 隠し, the substantive of the verb *kakusu* (隠す, to hide, conceal, keep secret). A *kakushi otoko* or *kakushi onna* is a secret or hidden lover (male/female), a *kakushi kotoba* is a secret language or code, etc.

Throughout the novel, Sakuzō is embodied through his pockets. We do not get physical descriptions of Sakuzō's face, height, or body. Our sense of his external appearance comes mostly from descriptions of his sweat and his clothing:

> 背筋にかけて暑苦しい汗がたらたら流れた。[…] 醤油色に染まつたアンダ、シヤツが、随分ともう永い事一度も洗ひ浄められた事もないオーバ、シヤツの數多くのほころびの下からはみ出すのだつた
>
> Warm sweat spilled from his shoulders along his spine. […] His undershirt, stained the color of soy sauce, unwashed for who knows how long, was visible through the open seams in his shirt (40).

The mixture of Sakuzō's sweat with his clothing has turned them into another (unwashed) layer of skin. And like his clothing, Sakuzō's pockets become akin to another part of his body. There are at least eleven instances in the novel where Sakuzō "thrusts," "stuffs," or "slips" his hands or other objects into his pockets, or roughly one insertion every ten pages. Unable to satisfy his deeper

hunger (for food, sex, and friendship), Sakuzō compulsively fills the prosthetic cavities of his pockets.

The acute narrative focus upon the insertion and withdrawal of Sakuzō's hand/fist from his pockets in the opening scene of the novel is merely a prelude to a much more elaborate scene of pocketing and un-pocketing. Sakuzō walks past a diner run by a Japanese couple, and entranced by the smell of meat on the grill, he steps inside "without thinking" and orders a plate of pork chops and a cup of coffee (3-4). Ordering the food without anything in his pocket (except for one penny) prompts Sakuzō to construct an elaborate performance of proper etiquette and decorum. In the passage that follows, there are several words that signal attention to politeness and propriety:

> 大皿の上には豚の骨が行儀悪く取り殘されてゐる。で、彼はその豚の骨に鹽を降りかけては一本一本丁寧にしやぶり出した。いゝ加減にしやぶり終へると、三本の中の一番大きいなさうな骨を行ひを見てゐるものはなかつた。作三はホツと胸を撫でおろした。紙ナフキンに包まれた豚の骨は素早くパンツのかくしにしまひ込まれたのだ。
>
> The only thing left on the dinner plate was an *unseemly* pile of gristly pork bones. He shook some salt on the bones and then he picked them up one by one, *carefully* sucking them clean. Then, he selected the largest of the three bones and *neatly* wrapped it in a paper napkin. Thankfully no one was watching what he was doing. He let out a deep sigh, contentedly patting down his chest. He then quickly slipped the paper-wrapped pork bone into his pants pocket (emphasis mine, 5).

The bones on Sakuzō's plate are "unseemly" (*gyōgi waruku*) in the more literal sense that they show "bad manners" (*gyōgi ga warui*). The adverb "carefully" (*teinei ni*) plays on the double sense of Sakuzō's "scrupulous" attention to getting every bit of meat off of the bone and the somewhat difficult feat of "politely" sucking a bone. When he "neatly" (*taisetsu ni*) wraps the bone in his paper napkin, he does so as if it were a "precious" (*taisetsu na*) object or gift. Yet the actions he is performing (*okanai*) are fundamentally impolite; so much so that they must occur outside public view. Sakuzō's actions beg a basic question about what purpose propriety serves if no one is watching, and one's actions are irredeemably "improper." We could say that even though Sakuzō has no property (other than the clothes on his back, a penny, and a paper-wrapped pork bone), he still maintains his outward form of propriety. This outward form of propriety itself acts as a pocket, a *kakushi* that screens his poverty and hunger from public view. However, maintaining an outward form of propriety while hiding an absence of property compromises Sakuzō's character. He can "pass" or maintain an act, but not without feeling the shame of betraying an inner sense of self. When it comes time to pay the bill, Sakuzō resorts to a performance of propriety:[14]

> 作三は先づポケツトを探る眞似をしなければならなかつた。今更何もある筈はない。あればさつきの一仙(ペニー)銅貨位ひのものだ。でもその一仙銅貨を今この場合出したら芝居は出來ぬ。彼は斯うした場合には立派な役者になる事が出來た。彼は以前と探る眞似を續けた。

[14] I thank Mayumi Takeda for her insights on the performance of politeness in this scene.

> First, Sakuzō was obliged to pretend to search through his pockets. Of course he knows he won't find anything. The only thing in his pockets is the penny he found earlier. But if the penny were to show up now, it would only ruin his act. At times like this, Sakuzō could become quite the performer. He continued pretending to search through his pockets (5-6).

Here the penny stands in for the minimal amount of self-awareness that Sakuzō possesses that his act is fake. Note how the pork bone has suddenly disappeared. This disappearance could be a simple continuity error, or a problem in translating from Japanese to English (*poketto* could be plural or singular). However, it is also possible to read the "forgetting" of the bone as a sign that Sakuzō's skill as a "performer" is questionable. One would think that the largest of three pork chop bones in a pants pocket would be rather noticeable. When the waitress, and then the cook and his wife all "believe" Sakuzō when he says he lost his wallet, there is a strong possibility that everyone else already knows Sakuzō's secret – they are merely going along with the show.

Although Sakuzō realizes that others might know or suspect the truth, he is unable to suspend his performances: he is unable to "come out" and say what he is. Nor can he disgorge what is actually *in* his pockets. When panhandling, Sakuzō resorts to rather transparent lies such as, "I was in such a rush this morning that I forgot my wallet [...] could you lend me money for streetcar fare?" (15). The structure of this lie describes a material truth (Sakuzō has no money in his pocket) but wraps this truth in a false guise of propriety (i.e. 'like all men with jobs, I have to rush to work and I forgot my wallet'). Sakuzō reveals what's not in his pocket, but he encloses this revelation in a pocket made of words. As readers, we are privy to Sakuzō's feelings of self-disgust and his own frustrated attempts to get past the words coming out of his mouth. He knows he is fooling no one, but he is unable to get past the thin veneer of his "cheap" show of self-respect:

> 彼はさう云ひながらも、つまらぬ事を云つてるものだなアと思はずにはゐられなかつた。何故正直に何も彼も打ち明けて二三十仙乞はないのだ。相手次第なら呉れないとも限らない。彼は自分の安價な自尊心が尚抜けきれない事につくづくと愛想をつかした。どうせ乞食をしてゐるのだ。乞食をやつてゐるのなら乞食らしくあつても結構だ。でもさう氣がついた時にはもうおそかつた。青年が彼の手に五仙白銅（ニツケル）を一枚渡してしまつたからである。彼は白銅をしツかと握りしめた。

> Sakuzō realized how stupid the words coming out of his mouth were. Why couldn't he just be honest, tell the truth and ask for twenty or thirty cents? The kid might have been willing to give him more. Why bother holding on to some cheap show of self-respect? Disgusted, Sakuzō realized that he was already a beggar. And as long as he was begging, he might as well act like a beggar. But this realization came to him too late. The young man had already placed a nickel into his palm. Sakuzō grasped it tightly (16).

In the examples above, Sakuzō lies to strangers, but his greater failing stems from his inability to speak the truth with the only two people in the world who could be his friends: his former friend, Shimomura; and his former lover, Otatsu.

It is telling that the first three things Sakuzō says to Shimomura are lies or misleading partial truths. When Sakuzō runs into his estranged friend in a diner, he says he's already eaten (complete lie), that "things are the same as always" (partial truth – things are the same, but not in the implied sense of being "fine"), and that "he's just been fooling around" (partial truth – he hasn't been working, but not in the implied sense of having fun) (18-19). After lying three times, Sakuzō "wanted to break into tears" (19), but he hides his emotions. The narrative does not explicitly state what causes Sakuzō to feel like crying, or why Sakuzō would feel it necessary to hide his tears. Instead, the narrative cuts away to a description of Shimomura and Sakuzō's shared past. Shimomura and Sakuzō used to be close friends because of their proximate origins: "Their hometowns were different, but they were from the same prefecture, so strangely enough, they became good friends" (生まれ故鄕は違つてゐたけれども、同じ縣の者だつたので不思議にも仲がよかつた)(19).

Here we should read recall Dante's comments on the vernacular. In a period when Japanese regional dialects and vernaculars were much more pronounced, being from the same prefecture implied a linguistic bond. This linguistic bond was also strengthened by living and working together for several years in mines in Utah and Idaho, and as migrant farm laborers in California (19). In other words, Shimomura and Sakuzō became close friends because they could talk to one another and because they had lived together. For Sakuzō to lie to Shimomura is a betrayal not only of the truth, but also a betrayal of the closeness implied by their shared lives and language.

Death in a Foreign Land (客死)

To get a better sense of why Sakuzō feels compelled to lie to Shimomura, we should also note that *kakushi* – 隠し, a pocket, a hiding place – is a homophone for *kakushi* – 客死 or a death while on a journey, a death in a foreign land.[15] Sakuzō does not merely lie to his friend out of a misguided attempt to hold on to some form of propriety. He lies because he is afraid to face the prospect of his own death far from home. Shimomura's familiar presence offers, not comfort, but a reminder that Sakuzō is far from home and has no chance of going back.

Shimomura's familiar presence causes Sakuzō to reflect upon his own "buried past." Focused through Sakuzō's heightened emotional state, the narrative's description of Shimomura emphasizes his youth and artistic talent almost to the point of absurdity. Shimomura, through "art" has the future that Sakuzō can never have:

> 下村はまだ若かつた。二十五六になるかならぬ若者であつたが、早熟な彼はともすると三十過ぎに見せた。一口に云へば彼は眞面目な青年で、學問も相當ある上に名高いP州の美術學校も卒へて將來を約束された程の立派な洋畫家でも

[15] Reasoning by homophone is a perilous procedure given the large inventory of homophones in Japanese. Note that the *kakushi* meaning "pocket" and the *kakushi* of "death in a foreign land" are not etymologically related. The former derives from the Japanese *kun* reading of the character 隠 while the latter derives from the Sino-Japanese *on* readings of the characters 客 (guest, visitor) and 死(death). It is unclear if Shōson intended to produce a pun on *kakushi*,. However, even if this correspondence is purely coincidental, the salience of "death" in association with Sakuzō's pocket "compels" me to pursue this line of analysis.

> あつた。藝術家としての彼の存在は最早アメリカに居る日本人の間では相當有名にもなつてゐた。マチセや、ピカソや、ゴーガンの好きな彼は好んで彼等の流派のいゝと頃を擇んでじゃ描いてゐた。彼の描く繪は誰の眼にも新しいものに映つた。從つて其處には力があり、熱がありユニイツクな處があると彼の繪を愛する人達は皆な云つてゐた。日曜は雨さへ降らなければ、きつと朝早くから野外寫生に出掛けて行つた。さうして夕方おそくなつて一枚のスケツチを仕上げて戻つて來るのが常だつた。
>
> Shimomura was still young. He couldn’t have been more than twenty-five or six, but he had a mature air about him and he looked like he was thirty. To put it simply, he was a *serious young man with a good education*. He had graduated from the prestigious ”P”-State Academy of Fine Arts and *had a promising future* as a Western-style painter. He was already well known for his art among the Japanese living in America. Shimomura admired painters like Matisse, Picasso, Gauguin, and he chose what he liked most out of each of their styles for his own work. Everyone who looked at Shimomura’s paintings saw that they captured something new. They all said that there was an energy, a passion . . . there was something *unique* about his work. Every Sunday, as long as it was not raining, he would get up early in the morning to go outside and sketch from nature. He would often stay out until dark, putting the finishing touches on one last sketch before returning home (emphasis mine, 19-20).

Shimomura seems like a character straight out of a late-nineteenth century bildungsroman. A serious youth (眞面目な青年) from the country goes to the metropolitan center (or in this case, America), and through hard work and diligence, matures and learns about the ”modern” world and the redeeming power of art, especially modern art. Since this description of Shimomura condenses the plot of a bildungsroman into a single page, the language is somewhat hyperbolic. We should note the liberal name-dropping of European artists, the use of the loan-word *yuniikku* for unique and the art-speak of “captur[ing] the new” and “sketch[ing] from nature.” As much as any bildungsroman hero, Shimomura embodies ”the success of modernity.” He is the perfect embodiment of true education (學問) and ”fine art” (藝術). He is a man with a promising future.

Shimomura is the foil who reveals the depths of Sakuzō’s failure. Sakuzō was lazy, not serious. And he lacks both the education and the artistic cultivation deemed necessary to secure a promising future in a modern world:

> 下村に較べて作三は何かにつけて貧弱であつた。彼は小學校をすら完全には出てはゐなかつたので、これといふまとまつた學問のあらう筈はなかつた。おまけには極端な怠け者だつた。ロツキー山東や山中部をさすらつてゐる時分はさうでもなかつたが、加州に來てからは直ぐ樣賭博をおぼへた。料亭といふ處も知つて、女も拵へた。酒を飲む事も、女郎買うひもおぼへ込んでしまつた。
>
> Compared to Shimomura, Sakuzō was inferior in every way. He hadn’t even finished elementary school, so his education left much to be desired. What’s more, he was an extraordinarily lazy man. While he was wandering around the Rocky Mountains this

> wasn't a problem, but as soon as he came to California, he got caught up in gambling. He got to know all the local watering holes and fooled around with women. The only things Sakuzō had mastered were the arts of drinking sake and buying whores (20-1).

Where Shimomura's encounter with the American metropolis occurs through a prestigious university, Sakuzō's encounter with the Californian city results in his falling into a trinity of vice – drinking, gambling, and buying (women), or *nomu, utsu, kau*. Sakuzō's awareness of this difference causes him to think about his inevitable fate: "He knew that his time was running out. He knew that in the end, he would be all alone" (彼は自分の近き將來に起こりくるだらう處の終わりを知つてゐた。寂しかるべきおのれの終わりを知てゐた)(21). Sakuzō's belief that he has no future, or no "time," is the motivation for his lies: "That's why he didn't reflect on his actions – he didn't want to think of himself as a bad man, a lazy good-for-nothing" (だから進んで自分の行爲を反省してみる事もなければ、強いて自分を悪人とも怠者だとも思ひたくはなかつた) (20).

When Sakuzō leaves the diner, his self-disgust reaches a momentary climax. This climax is dramatized through a literal ejection of the contents of his pocket. Unable to speak truthfully to his former companion, restoring their former vernacular bond, Sakuzō can only rely on a violent, wordless, physical reaction:

> かくしの底で昨夜やしまひ込んだ豚の骨が指先きに氣味わるく觸れる。作三はむらむらと癪に障つて來たので、やにまにそれを引ツ張り出すと、 歩道(サイドウオーク)の上にしたゝか投げつけた。茶褐色に染まつた紙ナフキンが歩道の上を低く朝風に吹き飛ばされて行つた。
>
> 何も彼も斯ふした調子で無茶苦茶だつた。
>
> He stuffed his hands into his pockets and started to walk down the street. His fingers slid unpleasantly against the pork bone he had stashed away the night before. Suddenly overtaken by a wave of disgust, he yanked it out and threw it to the ground. The paper napkin, now stained brown with grease, flew off and tumbled down the sidewalk, caught by the gentle morning breeze. Everything he did was just like that, an utter mess (24).

Sakuzō's unpleasant (氣味わるく) touching of the pork bone renders it abject, a skeletal remnant that confronts Sakuzō with a material reminder of death. Sakuzō attempts to relieve his disgust by yanking the bone out and throwing it to the ground, but this action fails. The wind carries away the bone's funereal wrappings. The white paper napkin, now stained, flies off the bone.

The narrative's elaborate descriptions of the preparation, concealment, forgetting, ejection, and revealing of the bone suggest that for Sakuzō, this bone is not just a bone. We should note that, as in English, the word "bone" (*hone*) has secondary connotations of masculinity and strength: a *hone ga aru otoko* is a "man with a spine" whereas a *hone no nai otoko* is a spineless, emasculated "wimp." Similarly, the expression *hone nuki* (de-boned), though typically used in reference to fish, is also used as a figurative expression to describe a condition of flaccidity, emasculation, or powerlessness. The crucial point here is not that the bone signifies Sakuzō's masculinity, but

precisely the opposite: the abject marks a breakdown in signification.[16] It would be far too simple to interpret this scene as a straightforward act of auto-castration, where the bone "is" Sakuzō's own abject phallus.[17] From the outset, it is unclear whether the bone is really Sakuzō's to begin with. (He acquired it illicitly, on the sufferance or gullibility of others). In addition, Sakuzō completely forgets about the bone in his pocket until he is prompted to remember it by the proximity of his former companion, Shimomura. A breakdown in signification occurs because it is impossible to specify what causes Sakuzō to feel such intense and violent disgust when confronted by this bone. Is he disgusted by his own abject masculinity? Is he disgusted by his conduct in the restaurant the night before? Is he disgusted by his inferiority vis a vis Shimomura? Here the bone "signifies" neither skeletal death, nor masculine generativity. The bone provokes a failure of signification where the boundaries between death and generativity dissolve and congeal into an abject, incoherent "mess" (*muchakucha*).[18] Is this what "the Issei failure" looks like?

The Watch

The "mess" of "the Issei failure" could leave us in an abject impasse. But the structure of "the Issei failure" is more than the contents of Sakuzō's pockets, and more than the spatial relation of exterior and interior. Although the "pocket" is a central spatial motif of Lament in the Night, its temporal correlate is the "watch." We have already seen intimations of this motif in the bending of time around pockets, and the description of Shimomura as having more time than Sakuzō. Sakuzō does not own a watch, and his own sense of time is profoundly out of sync with the time of the world around him. He encounters time as an imposition from the external world – almost always as an obstacle or an unpleasant shock. Sakuzō's movements through the city seem to occur outside history. While Shōson's latter two works contain specific references to world events (such as World War I), laws (e.g. the Alien Land Law Act, Prohibition), or calendar years, *Lament in the Night* contains no direct or specific reference to any year, law, or major historical event. The events that

[16] Julia Kristeva argues that the "abject" does not signify death, but confronts us with a traumatic materiality that shows us our death:

> A wound with blood and pus, or the sickly, acrid smell of sweat, of decay, does not signify death. In the presence of signified death—a flat encephalograph, for instance—I would understand, react, or accept. No, as in true theater, without makeup or masks, refuse and corpses show me what I permanently thrust aside in order to live. These body fluids, this defilement, this shit are what life withstands, hardly and with difficulty, on the part of death (3).

Julia Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*, Trans. Leon Roudiez, (New York: Columbia UP, 1982).

[17] For some, auto-castration can serve as a means of mastering the self, but Sakuzō's actions do not appear to result in any form of self-mastery. For a reading of auto-castration of the abject phallus as an act of self-mastery in the fiction of George Bataille, see Keith Reader, *The Abject Object: Avatars of the Phallus in Contemporary French Theory, Literature, and Film*, (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2006) p. 55-62.

[18] The specific materiality of the "greasy bone" as abject phallus prompts a series of questions about the curious absence of male ejaculate in Kristeva's lists of abject body fluids and excrement. For a discussion of the status of semen as "clean" versus "abject" see Elisabeth Grosz, *Volatile Bodies: Toward a Corporeal Feminism* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana, 1994), p. 192. For a reading of how the mixture of semen with other fluids and excrement (saliva, mucus, shit, etc.) constitutes a form of "waste" arguably similar to abjection, see Leo Bersani, *Homos* (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1996), p.157-161.

occur in a larger public world have nothing to do with Sakuzō. In the opening chapter of the novel, we receive the following indication that Sakuzō lives on the periphery of events that hold the interests of larger society:

> 彼は兩手を汗に染つた黃色な勞動パンツのかくしにだらしなく突ツ込んで、M.N.街を南に下つて行つた。郵便局の前に人だかりがしてゐる。立ち止まつてみるだけの好奇心も別に起こらなかつたので、見向きもしないで、彼はその群集の横を過ぎて行つた。
>
> He carelessly thrust his hands into the pockets of his yellowed, sweat-stained work pants and headed south down M. N Avenue. There was a crowd of people gathering in front of the post office. He wasn't the least bit curious about stopping to see whatever it was they were staring at, so without even turning to look, he circled around the side of the crowd and continued on his way (3).

Here Sakuzō's "careless" thrusting (だらしなく突ツ込む) of his hands into his pockets signals an attempt at introversion, a turning into himself which ignores the crowd and whatever the crowd might think of his appearance. Through the course of the novel, the reader never finds out why the crowd was gathering, and thus this scene might seem to be completely unmotivated. However, Sakuzō's brief detour around the crowd perfectly illustrates Sakuzō's relationship to any sense of broader communal events or shared time. The events that appear in the news or post have nothing to do with him. An unusual occurrence that might attract the attention of a crowd holds no interest for him. While Sakuzō is willing to stop in the alley to finger his "round object," he has no interest in stopping on the main road to commune with others around a shared event. Sakuzō's daily cycles and routines are profoundly out of sync with the rhythm of the city around him. He hums a rice-planting song – a springtime work song – in the middle of autumn as a way to pass the time (9). He wakes up early in the morning bursting with energy, but he watches the "dahlias, zinnias, and asters blooming underneath the cypress trees" in the yard behind his boarding house and daydreams for "five ... ten ... twenty" minutes, staring off into space (10). By the time he gets to the employment office, he is the last in line, dozens of other men have arrived before he has. He looks up and sees that it is "six o'clock" and mutters "Late!" to himself "as if it were a curse" (11). And throughout the novel, visual and aural emblems of time seem to surround Sakuzō: steam whistles (13, 27), chimes (17), clock towers (41), watch stores (47), etc. The city of *Lament* is often described as if it itself were an enormous, finely tuned watch. Note how in the following scene, the steam whistle that signals the beginning of a morning shift seems to announce a flurry of movement and activity:

> 朝の市は活氣づき初めてゐた。工場の汽笛が太く吠えて青物屋の店先きには最早生々した野菜や果實(ふるつ)が竝べられてゐた。どの電車を見ても皆な滿員だ。若い勤人、美しい女給、青服を着込んだ勞動者、年老いた女工の群れが步道の上を幾組となく續く。

> The city was coming back to life. A factory steam whistle sounded its deep bellow. Fresh vegetables and fruits were already lined up in front of the produce stalls. The streetcars were packed full with passengers. Young office workers, beautiful waitresses, laborers in their blue uniforms, middle-aged factory women — surged along the sidewalk in one continuous stream.
>
> (14).

Sakuzō is fundamentally out of sync with all the elements presented in this description. He has no work, so the steam whistle holds no direct meaning for him. He can neither buy, nor eat any of the vegetables or fruits in the stalls. He cannot afford to board a streetcar, and if he could he has nowhere to go. The people on the street are one continuous mass, but Sakuzō can do nothing but "walk alone," "bending his head and shuffling miserably down the street" (しよんぼりと頭を垂れて歩かねばならなかつた (14).

While Sakuzō "shuffles" out-of-sync with the rhythms and movements of the city and crowds around him, Shimomura is fully "with the times." He enters the diner "exactly" at the moment when a clock chimes seven-thirty (17). In a later encounter, Sakuzō wanders aimlessly through Japantown and runs into a crowd of Japanese Christian missionaries. While Sakuzō is stopped in front of "XX Watch Store,"[19] unable to make heads or tails of what one of the young missionaries is saying, Shimomura appears at exactly the right moment to save Sakuzō (47-48).

These atmospheric associations of Shimomura with clock time and watches become explicit when Sakuzō later notices Shimomura's *pocket watch*. Shimomura places the watch in Sakuzō's palm (a parallel of earlier gestures of Sakuzō palming his penny, and the young man placing a nickel in Sakuzō's palm). In a brief passage of free indirect discourse, we hear Sakuzō's thoughts: "What a wonderful piece! Pure gold" (何と云ふ素晴らしい品物だらう！純金だ) (52). When Shimomura explains the monetary value of the piece (one-hundred thirty dollars),[20] Sakuzō is forced to hide his intense jealousy: "He spoke as if it was no big deal, but in his heart Sakuzō's was rattled. Somehow, he was envious of the younger Shimomura. He was jealous" (作三の心は亂れた。何となく年若の下村が羨ましかつた、ねたましかつた)(53). The pocketwatch becomes an emblem of all that separates Shimomura from Sakuzō: modernity (it is recently bought), wealth (it is pure gold),and youth (it shows the time that Shimomura has but Sakuzō does not).

Although Sakuzō's discovery of the pocketwatch could have triggered another scene of abjection, Shimomura and Sakuzō's second encounter ends with the temporary recovery of a vernacular bond. (It helps that this time Shimomura picks up the check for Sakuzō's lunch). Despite the differences between Shimomura and Sakuzō's in terms of economic status and synchronization with modern time, both men are first-generation aliens ineligible to citizenship, and both men face limited prospects for marriage. When Shimomura and Sakuzō walk out of the restaurant they are passed by a small group of "American-born Japanese girls" who are "chattering

[19] The XX indicates that the "real" name of the store has been obscured.

[20] Assuming that the events of the novel occur around 1925, $130 adjusted for inflation would be equivalent to approximately $1600 in 2010 dollars. A more cynical reading of this price is to read in terms of the $800 savings threshold set by the Japanese Foreign Ministry in 1915 for permitting prospective grooms to bring over picture brides. Shimomura's $130 watch means he is at least 16.25% of his way to getting married. A "wonderful piece" indeed.

away in English" (54). This brief encounter prompts the following exchange between Shimomura and Sakuzō:

> 「アメリカ生まれだね？」と、下村が云つた。
> 「さうだよ。お轉婆やな…」二人は申し合わせたやうに立ち止まつて、後ろを振り向いた。
> 「あの腰の振り方はどうや」
> 「素敵だなア！」
>
> "American-born?" Shimomura asked.
> "Yeah. A little tomboyish..."
> Shimomura and Sakuzō stopped in their tracks, as if by spoken agreement, and turned to look over their shoulders.
> "What about that way they're swinging those hips?"
> "Wow. Spectacular!" (54).

Needless to say, the sexual politics implied by this brief scene of intergenerational cruising are not typically addressed in most historical accounts of Issei-Nisei relations. We should note that neither the narrative nor the two men use the generational terms Issei and Nisei. The narrative describes the women not as "Nisei" but as "American-born" (アメリカ生まれ). This description places emphasis not on age but on place of birth, an emphasis that follows from the fact that although the age difference between the two "generations" in this scene may only be five to ten years, the difference in birthplace signals a difference in citizenship. "American-born Japanese" were citizens while Japanese born outside America were declared to be "aliens ineligible for citizenship." The girls' English chatter prompts Sakuzō and Shimomura to chatter away in their own vernacular. The use of the coarse expression "*otemba ya na*" ("tomboyish") and the synchronized manner ("as if by spoken agreement") in which Shimomura and Sakuzō stop to check out the swinging of the girls' "spectacular" (*suteki*) hip movements, reinforce the impression that the two men achieve a temporary homosocial bond by exoticizing the American-born girls. Yet this temporary solidarity comes about because Shimomura and Sakuzō are also exoticized subjects: as aliens ineligible for citizenship, even if by some miracle they were actually able to act upon their gaze, the American-born women they married would automatically lose their citizenship.[21] The temporary solidarity that Shimomura and Sakuzō share does not last for more than a brief moment. Shimomura invites Sakuzō to "come over to [his] place" (俺の處へ遊びに來るか) but Sakuzō declines the offer, and the two "part ways at the crossroads" (二人はその辻で別れた)(55).[22]

[21]The Married Women's Citizenship Act of 1907 declared that American women who married foreign nationals automatically lost their American citizenship. Married women could not apply for naturalization independently of their husbands. The Cable Act of 1922 reversed this statute except for American women who married "aliens ineligible for citizenship." Thus, any American woman who wished to marry an Issei man faced the automatic loss of her citizenship. The Cable Act was repealed in 1936. For an extensive history of women's naturalization and citizenship rights in the United States, see Martha Gardner, *The Qualities of a Citizen: Women, Immigration, and Citizenship, 1870-1965*, (Princeton, NJ: Princeton UP, 2005).

[22]Note the slight difference in the ways in which Shimomura and Sakuzō respond to the American-born women. Shimomura elicits Sakuzō's opinion, while Sakuzō uses coarse declarative statements about how the women look. Given Shimomura's attempt to get Sakuzō to come over to his place, one wonders whether Shimomura might be more interested in Sakuzō than in the women.

Otatsu and the Onsen

Sakuzō can no longer form a lasting bond with his former companion. Shimomura is a man in sync with the movements of modern time, but Sakuzō is constitutionally unable to live within this time. Sakuzō's only other option for a lasting relationship is with his former lover, a married bar hostess named Otatsu. If Shimomura represents the future that Sakuzō could have had if he had been a "serious young man," Otatsu represents a return to an idyllic past, a life free from the shocks and pressures of the time of the modern city. When Sakuzō first steps into Otatsu's restaurant, the Sengetsu, he finds a cool space away from the heat of the city. She feeds him, and while Sakuzō lies to Shimomura, Sakuzō seems to feel no need to lie to her. He is completely honest about not having eaten for days (31), and when Otatsu begins to annoy him by praising Shimomura's work ethic, Sakuzō does not hesitate to express his irritation (32).

What differentiates Shimomura from Otatsu, besides an obvious difference in gender, is a difference in proximity. Shimomura and Sakuzō are only from the same prefecture, but Otatsu was born in the "same prefecture, the same district, the same village" (同じ縣の、同じ郡の同じ村) (34). Sakuzō is closer to Otatsu because she has "known him since childhood"(少年時代の作三の事をよく知つてゐた)(34). The strong implication from these descriptions is that in another life, Sakuzō and Otatsu could have been husband and wife. At the very least, Otatsu is the one person that Sakuzō can speak to honestly and frankly. Otatsu and Sakuzō share the secret vernacular of lovers, but this vernacular also betrays the impossibility of a return to the language of an idyllic past or shared childhood. Although Sakuzō broke off their relationship prior to the events of the novel, Otatsu and Sakuzō quickly return to old habits and speak about plans for another romantic interlude:

> お龍さんが首を突き出して小聲で云ひ出した。
> 「あのね、妾今度の日曜あたりから溫泉に行くつもりなのよ」[...]
> 「何處へ?」
> 作三はさうきゝ正した。
> 「溫泉へ…」
> 「何處の?」
> 「ラヂユーム溫泉」[...]
> 「何日位ひ」
> 「さあ…二日三日…どうも脚がわるくツて仕様がないから」
> 作三は彼女にリユウマチの氣のある事を以前から知つてゐた。[...]
> 「獨り?」
> 「多分(めーびー)」
>
> Otatsu leaned forward and whispered, "You know, I'm thinking about going to the onsen this Sunday.... " [...]
> "Where?" Sakuzō asked.
> "I'm going to the onsen.... "
> "Which one?"

”Radium Onsen” [...]

”For how many days?”

”Hmm ... two, maybe three ... it’s the only way to get my legs to stop aching.” Sakuzō knew from past experience what her ”rheumatism” really meant. [...]

”By yourself?”

”*Maybe....* ” (36-37).

It is worth noting that Kodama Hatsuichirō, in his 1925 review of *Lament*, points to the dialogue in this scene as “perfectly capturing the mood of the downtown district” (あの描寫は可なり下町情調がよく出てゐる)(2). If we were to pursue what marks this dialogue as “downtown” speech, we could point to the highly “flirtatious” (氣のある) nature of the language being exchanged. In the dialogue above Otatsu’s “leg pain” or “rheumatism” is thinly-veiled code for a tryst. The fact that Sakuzō knows “from past experience” what this means suggests that the onsen (hot springs) had been a previous rendezvous, which makes the questions about “which” onsen Otatsu means a flirtatious form of feigned ignorance.[23] An important feature of Otatsu’s “downtown” or *shitamachi* vernacular is her more frequent use of English or highly Anglicized Japanese. When Otatsu replies “maybe,” she does so in English, not in Japanese. This serves as a foreshadowing that although Otatsu and Sakuzō come from the “exact same” village in Japan, they no longer speak quite the same language. Otatsu and Sakuzō might have shared a vernacular in the past as children, and later as lovers, but Otatsu’s use of English suggests that her language has “moved on” – while Sakuzō might desire a return to an idyllic past, the language of that past is already lost.

In another sense, Sakuzō and Otatsu have already lost their chance. Otatsu is married to another man, and the narrative suggests that Otatsu has her own secrets. The reasons why Otatsu left Japan and married her husband are never explained, but they are cast into doubt:

> アメリカに來てから彼是、もう彼女は十二年にもなると云ふ。彼女の亭主は有名な博打者(ばくちうち)で、加之酒癖がわるいので、お龍さんと始終仲が悪い。亭主は大阪の生まれで、彼女と歳が二十三も違つてゐる。二人がどうした譯で一緒になつたのか彼女は一度も作三等に話した事がなかつた。
>
> She had been in America for around twelve years now. Her husband was a notorious gambler and worse, a complete drunk. Their marriage had been a disaster from the beginning. He was from Osaka, and twenty-three years older than she was. Otatsu had never once told Sakuzō, or anyone else, why she and her husband had gotten married (34-35).

[23] Radium Onsen was a hot springs resort popular among Japanese in the Los Angeles area. Established in 1915 by Tojuro and Tajimi Tagami on land owned by Ramón Sepúlveda, it was also known as White Point Radium Hot Springs. The Long Beach Earthquake of 1933 collapsed the sulfur vents that fed into the hot springs. The White Point Hotel continued to operate in a diminished capacity until the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. The U.S. Army subsequently seized the resort’s land, demolished the spa, and fortified the area with gun emplacements to defend Los Angeles Harbor.

The final sentence of this description suggests both that Otatsu has never told Sakuzō the reasons behind her marriage and that Sakuzō may never have asked. This implied arrangement of "don't ask, don't tell" undermines the possibility of lasting trust between Otatsu and Sakuzō. Although Sakuzō does not ask Otatsu, he probably questions why she married a man from another prefecture twenty-three years her senior. He also might question why Otatsu would choose to stay with her husband if he was a gambler and a drunk.[24]

Beyond not understanding why Otatsu married her husband, Sakuzō seems to be perplexed by the "marriage script" itself. Financially and legally barred from any realistic prospect of legitimate marriage, Sakuzō finds the "marriage plot" incomprehensible. After Otatsu gives Sakuzō ten dollars to tide him over until their onsen rendezvous, Sakuzō wanders into a movie theater:

> 彼は八時頃S.M街の活動寫眞を見に行つた。ちつとも面白なかつた。上流家庭に起こつた悲劇もので、美しく着飾つた歳若の妻が、胡麻鹽頭の亭主を 短銃(ピストル)で打殺してから、家を飛び出して行くと云ふ筋らしかつた。不幸にも作三はタイトルの英語が讀めなかつたので、どうした 理由(わけ)で妻が亭主を殺すやうになつたのかちつとも合點がおかなかつた。加之だらだっらと長くつて退屈で仕方がなかつたので、ものゝ 三十分もしない裡に 劇場(こや)を飛び出した。
>
> Around 8 o'clock, Sakuzō went to S. M Street to see a moving picture. It was boring beyond belief. The story had something to do with a tragedy in an upper-class family – the young wife, good-looking, well-dressed, shot and killed her salt-and-pepper haired husband with a pistol, and then she ran out the door. Unfortunately, since Sakuzō couldn't read the English titles, he didn't have the slightest idea why the wife wanted to kill her husband. The movie dragged on and on. It was so dull that eventually he wasn't able to take it anymore. He had been in the theater for less than half of an hour before he ran straight to the door (46).

Although Sakuzō's inability to read English is the most immediate reason why he cannot understand the movie, the actions themselves are incomprehensible. Sakuzō is strikingly unable to find a place of suture within the fabric of the marriage plot. Sakuzō cannot imagine any reason why the young wife would kill her older husband – melodramatic possibilities such as the wife

[24] We should not view Otatsu's relationship with her husband with too much of a presentist bias. Divorce, adultery, and running off with a lover (*iederu*) were conceivable actions within Japanese American communities in the early 20th century, but the degrees of moral sanction and disapproval applied to these actions were much more severe than in American society of the early 21st century. Yuji Ichioka documents how Japanese-language newspapers would print public notices by husbands who had been "deserted" by their wives, and news articles frequently appeared that publicly shamed the "adulteresses" and "immoral hussies" who left their marriages (*Issei*, 169-170). Ichioka argues that, in addition to the immigrant press, Japanese associations served as "moral watchdogs" of Japanese communities in America. Japanese associations published guides reminding women traveling to America that they had "a 'responsibility' of never revealing 'domestic scandals' to Americans, for such scandals were sources of 'embarrassment' to all Japanese" (*Issei*, 171). Eiichiro Azuma takes Ichioka's argument further, proposing that measures taken against "adulterers," "gamblers," and other "moral deviants" in Japanese communities in America were part of a broader apparatus of disciplinary and social control installed by Japanese diplomats and immigrant elites to manage the morality, gender, and sexuality of the larger population of Japanese immigrants (11).

wanting to be with her lover or the older husband having an affair do not even enter Sakuzō's mind. It is as if Sakuzō could not even conceive of the possibility of a young wife (Otatsu?) choosing to kill her older husband over an affair. Despite the dynamic action of the film, Sakuzō thinks that it "drags on and on" and eventually has to run out of the theater. Thrust outside the (English-language) "script" of marriage, Sakuzō finds it impossible to imagine a credible plot where a young wife would leave or kill her older husband.

The fact that Sakuzō cannot suture himself within the terms of a marriage plot is also reflective of the fact that the primary romantic triangle in *Lament* is not the one among Sakuzō, Otatsu, and her husband. Throughout the novel, Sakuzō never seems to consider Otatsu's husband as a romantic rival or as an object of intense emotional attention. In fact, Otatsu's husband does not appear even once in the entire novel and is typically mentioned only in passing.

The primary romantic triangle in the novel is among Sakuzō, Otatsu, and *Shimomura*. There is no specific evidence in the text that Otatsu is also sleeping with Shimomura, and the text never shows Sakuzō explicitly thinking that Otatsu might be sleeping with his friend. However, Sakuzō's intense jealousy of Shimomura seems to follow the emotional logic that if Sakuzō were Otatsu, he would choose Shimomura. In the back of his mind, Sakuzō must wonder why Otatsu would choose him over the taller, younger, more educated man. Sakuzō's conversations with Otatsu always come to a standstill when the topic of Shimomura comes up. When Otatsu mentions Shimomura's education and painting, Sakuzō yells (in a manner that reveals both his ignorance and indignation) "What's education?! What's painting?!"(學問がなんだ、繪描きがなんだ！) (33). Otatsu responds to Sakuzō's anger by infantilizing him, teasing him for "acting like a child" (34). This only further serves to undermine Sakuzō's self-esteem. Only the prospect of temporarily escaping the city allows Sakuzō to avoid thinking about Shimomura.

This trip to the onsen presents the promise of recuperation for Sakuzō - not only because of the medicinal properties of the hot springs, but because of the possibility of escaping the city center and traveling to the outskirts of the city. His trip takes him rushing down a highway through "verdant green countryside and groves of eucalyptus and poplars, past a crude white-washed church tower, along vegetable fields and hay ranches on a shimmering hot and clear summer day" (59).[25]

The natural landscapes of the beachside resort and the close proximity of the ocean bring Sakuzō and Otatsu's intense desires for return to a head. On their first evening at the resort, the Pacific Ocean offers Sakuzō and Otatsu a chance for a romantic walk:

[25] Kodama's 1925 review points to this description as evidence of Shōson's own painterly tendencies and associations:

> 茲の描寫は何人も追從を許さない宵村獨特の境地で輕妙なる筆であると思ふ。[...] 宵村氏は文人より畫家の友が多い樣に語つたがある。實際宵村氏の書く時の心地は畫家の心持ちでゐると思ふ。
>
> In this scene I think we see the light touch that characterizes Shōson's original and distinctive style. [...] I have heard that Shōson keeps company with painters more than writers. In truth I think that when Shōson writes, he does so with a painter's frame of mind (2).

小さな出鼻の岩の上に二人はまもなくして竝んで腰をおろした。比較的高いその岩の上から溫泉宿の燈影の搖ぎが闇の中に見られ、荒い波の上を傳つて近所の港からの船の汽笛がとぎれぎれにきかれて來た。

「早やう日本（ジャパン）に歸りたい」

お龍さんが作三の手をとつて、潤んだ細い聲でさう云つた。彼女は言葉を續けていふーー「お袋さんや、姉さんに早やう會ひたい」

彼女は沖の彼方に凝乎（じつと）眼を据へた。黒い闇の海のみが、彼女の眼の中にあつた。たまらなく寂しくなつてくる。斯う身體ががたがた震へる。彼女は作三にしがみついて行つて膝の上に彼女の顏を突ツ込んで、さうしてすゝりあげる。作三は彼女の身體をぐツと引き寄せて、肩に兩手を懸けていたわつてやつた。彼女は泣きやまない。岩の下の波が夜眼にも白く碎けて、岬の燈臺が一直線の燈影が波の上に無數の銀鱗を投げかける。

數分間は無雜作に經つた。

「おい、もう歸らう」作三は彼女を促した。

お龍さんは手の甲で涙を拭きながら、岩の上から立ち上つた。二人默つて歩き出した。

They sat down side by side on a cliff above a small headland. They were relatively high up, so they could see the soft, wavering light of the paper lanterns below them. Above the sound of the ocean, they heard the intermittent sound of ship's horns from the neighboring harbor.

"I want to go back to Japan."

Otatsu took Sakuzō's hand, and spoke in a low, tearful voice. She continued – "I want to see my mother and my sister." She stared into the distance beyond the shore. Her eyes found only the black darkness of the ocean. It was unbearably sad. Her whole body trembled. Clinging tightly to Sakuzō, she burrowed her face into his lap and sniffled. Sakuzō pulled her body close and placed his arms around her shoulders. She couldn't stop crying. In the darkness, one could see the white of the waves crashing into the cliffs. The single beam of light from the lighthouse on the cape made the tops of the waves look like countless silver scales. They stayed there for some time.

"Hey, let's go back," Sakuzō said.

Otatsu wiped her tears with the back of her hand and stood up. Once again they began to walk in silence.(65-66).

When Otatsu says "Japan" she uses the Anglicized term *Japan* and not terms *Nihon* or *Nippon*. Thus, when Otatsu declares her intense desire to return to her "home" (*Heim*), she cannot avoid using the "unhomely" (*Unheimlich*) word "Japan." The internal doubling of Otatsu's utterance expands when we notice that Otatsu and Sakuzō use the same verb for "to go back": *kaeru* (*japan ni kaeritai/ oi, mou kaerou*). The repetition of this verb allows for a brief moment of ambiguity, a pocket where the edges of one utterance might fold into the other. When Otatsu says, "I want to go back to Japan," and Sakuzō says "Let's go back," one might imagine that Sakuzō is assenting to Otatsu's desire for return. Of course, he means "let's go back to the resort." This failed call and response circuit follows the form of Otatsu's failed gaze. She stares into the distance (toward

Japan), but the only thing that fills her eyes is the black darkness of the ocean (*kuroi yami no umi no mi ga, kanojyo no me no naka ni atta*). One might think that the light of the lanterns and lighthouse offer some rays of hope, but the lantern light is feeble and distant, and the single beam of the lighthouse illuminates nothing but the white froth and surface of the waves.

Here the darkness of the ocean which "fills" Otatsu's eyes provides another form of "pocket," a blurring of the line between interior and exterior. The repeated references to Otatsu taking Sakuzō's hand into her own, and Sakuzō placing his arms around hers suggests a hope that the embrace might work as a "mutual pocketing," that Otatsu and Sakuzō might join in, and around, each other, if not in marriage, then in what Derrida terms the *hymen*—a word tied to the questions of "generation difference, sexual difference between the feminine and masculine genre/gender ... of a relationless relation between the two" (74)[26]. If we recall Arishima's treatment of oceanic passion, we see here another moment of "shapeless" dissolution—an invagination which splits and bounds the difference of masculine and feminine gender.

For at least one of Shōson's contemporary readers, this scene of oceanic passion is striking because *Otatsu cries like a man*, marking an unacceptable confusion of the gestures distinguish one gender from another. Minezawa Tsutomu, in a harshly negative review published a month after Kodama's,[27] seizes on this scene's description of Otatsu's hand and tears as evidence of Shōson's incompetence:

> お龍さんは手の甲で涙を拭きながらと云ふのがある。作者は人間の身の始末に對して餘程鈍感であるものに異ひない。料理屋の女將、色氣を賣物にする女がたとへ手の甲で涙を拭いたとしても手の甲で拭くとなると、怎うしても英雄豪傑の落涙をおもはせる。或は熊谷直實(くもがえなをざね)が敦盛(あつもり)の首を切る場面の涙。もしくは箱根峠の雲助の涙を拭き振りである。
>
> Otatsu wipes her tears with *the back of her hand*. From this description it is clear that the author is completely insensitive to the movements of the human body. It is absolutely ridiculous to imagine that a restaurant hostess—a woman who treats sexual allure as a selling point—would wipe her tears with the back of her hand. This gesture makes her seem like she's some kind of great, heroic warrior. These are the tears in the scene where Kumogai Naozone takes the head of Atsumori. This is the way a thuggish litter-bearer in Hakone Pass would wipe his eyes.[28]

Minezawa's criticism of back-handed tear-wiping as an unconscionable affront to femininity might seem absurd to some audiences, but for the moment, let us take this criticism with a seriousness it

[26] Derrida goes on to cite Pillipe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jean Luc-Nancy's *L'Absolu littéraire*, gestures to an etymological relation in German between genre (*Gattung*) and marriage *gattieren* ("to mix," "to classify"), *gatten* ("to couple"), *Gatte/Gattin* ("husband/wife").

[27] Minezawa Tsutomu (峯澤邁), "Nagahara Shōson-shi no 'Yoru ni nageku' o yomu" [Reading Nagahara Shōson's *Lament in the Night*] in *Rafu Shimpo*, November 1, 1925. p. 5.

[28] Kumogai Naozane (1141-1207) was a warrior who fought for the Genji clan during the Genpei War (1180-1185). Taira no Atsumori (1169-1184) was a beautiful youth from the opposing Taira clan. The death of Atsumori is a famous scene in *The Tale of the Heike*. Hakone Pass is a mountain pass to the southwest of Tokyo. Litter-bearers in the Hakone Pass were seen as brawny ruffians with dubious morals.

may not deserve. If Otatsu is, indeed, wiping her tears like a "great, heroic warrior" the question becomes *why* she wipes her tears in a "masculine" fashion. Minezawa is oblivious to a larger context where Shōson establishes that Otatsu is *not* a paragon of Japanese femininity and composure. We are told that she is short, not that pretty, and that even though she is a restaurant hostess, she is unable to play the shamisen — a three-stringed instrument often played by female entertainers (49). In addition to not filling the idealized role of the alluring restaurant hostess, Otatsu's *hands* frequently move in a manner that troubles constrained notions of feminine passivity. In the scene above *she* is the one who takes Sakuzō's hand. She is also the one who orchestrates the rendezvous in the first place. When Sakuzō first leaves the Sengetsu, Otatsu slips a ten-dollar bill into *his* palm, an action which causes Sakuzō's hand to tremble uncontrollably (39). Otatsu has no need to "sell" sexual allure. She is in the position of the *buyer*.

Although Otatsu's back-handed tear-wiping might offer a queering of the law of marriage, a mixing of the gestures of the feminine and the masculine, this moment does not last. When Otatsu and Sakuzō return from the dark ocean and its liminal shore, they overhear the screeching of a violin playing in the room of a newlywed couple (66). Although the sound of the violin is "awful" (下手), this sound serves as an aural reminder that Sakuzō and Otatsu are barred from (legitimate) marriage.

Sakuzō's Conversations with Otatsu

Sakuzō and Otatsu can never speak of the barred possibility of their own marriage, a blockage which channels all speech (言, *gen*) about marriage to the third corner of the Sakuzō/Otatsu/Shimomura love triangle. This blockage in speech is particularly problematic because Sakuzō thinks of his relationship with Otatsu primarily in terms of conversation, a conversation which relies upon the shared bond of a common vernacular. When he contemplates going to see Otatsu again at the Sengetsu, he thinks of going, even if her husband is present, because "he wants to have a conversation with her" (彼女に合つて話がして見たかつた). As we have seen in the previous discussion of Sadakichi Hartmann, the semantic range of "conversation" is quite wide, and Sakuzō certainly desires more than an exchange of words. That said, it is worth considering "conversation" in its narrower sense. Sakuzō's desire to "have a conversation" with Otatsu is inextricably entangled with his desire to maintain a vernacular bond with someone from the same point of origin:

> 彼の少年時代を知つてゐるものはこの廣いアメリカでお龍さんだけぢやアないか。たゞさうした意味の上から云つても、彼にはお龍さんの事が忘れられない。事更二人の關係に考へ及んで見る尚更であつた。船月へ出掛けて行きさへすれば、作三は別に飢へる必要もなかつたらう。
>
> After all, Otatsu was the only person in all of America who had known him since childhood. Even if that was the only thing holding them together, there was no way that Sakuzō could forget Otatsu. The more he thought about their relationship, the more he wanted to see her. If only he could make it to the Sengetsu, then maybe he wouldn't have to worry about being hungry anymore (98-99).

In an intertextual allusion to Dante's metaphoric link between "the banquet" (*Convivio*) and the *conviviality* of the vernacular, Sakuzō links hunger for food with hunger for *conversation*. Otatsu feeds Sakuzō sashimi, rice, and sake, but she also fulfills his desire for someone to speak with. Sakuzō can never return to Japan, but he *can* (it seems) return through Otatsu—the one person in all of America who has known him since childhood.

Sakuzō's dependence on Otatsu for conversation makes the blockage of speech over marriage particularly problematic. By the principle of proximate genesis, Sakuzō and Otatsu *should have been* or *could have been* married, but this possibility no longer exists. A few weeks after their hot springs rendezvous, Otatsu tells Sakuzō that Shimomura seems to be planning to return to Japan. This news prompts the following exchange—ostensibly about Shimomura, but also *between* Otatsu and Sakuzō:

> 「女房が欲しゆうなつたのさ」
> 「それもあるだらうだけど...」と、彼女は云ひ淀んだ。さうして間を置いてーー「それに實際排日やなんかでアメリカは面白くはないからね」と付け加えた。
> 「それやあ面白くはない。でも日本に歸つても別に面白くはないからな。こつちで面白くないやうぢやあ日本に歸つたつて面白かあない。どこへ行つたつて住みよい處アない、人間の住んでゐる處は皆んな面白くはねい。日本が住みにくいからと云つてアメリカ三界さ渡つて來て、 そのアメリカが面白ろくねいからと云つて。日本さまたいゝ處だア、面白いだアと云ふのは蟲がよすぎらあ…諦めがいゝ。何處へ行つたつて地獄だア、娑婆に居る限りやあ苦勞のたヘツこうはねいのだ」
> 作三は國の訛をまぜてさういつた。
> 「それやあさうだけど…」
> 「何が…諦めやう一つだあ」
> 「でも矢ツ張りね」
> 「愚癡は云ひこなしだ。どうせこの世は地獄ぢやあないか」と、作三は吐き出すやうに云つた。
>
> ”Probably wants a wife.”
> ”That's true but... ” Otatsu hesitated a moment before starting to speak again. ”It could also be that because of all the anti-Japanese sentiment, America isn't really a good place to be right now.... ”
> ”You're damn right that it's not that nice here, but going back to Japan's not particularly good either. It things aren't good here, then they're not gonna be good in Japan either. No matter where you go, life ain't good. Everywhere people end up, things ain't good. We left Japan because we thought things were hard and came all the way out here to America (*Amerika-sangai*), but this here America ain't so good either. It's damn silly to say Japan's a nice place, a good place. Give it up already. No matter where you go it's hell. There ain't no end to suffering, living in this world (*shaba*).”
> Sakuzō had started to slip into his regional dialect.
> ”That's true, but.... ” Otatsu replied.

> ”What? Just give it up already!”
> ” ... but I still feel the same way.”
> ”Quit your whining.” Sakuzō spit the words out. ”What, you still think this earth ain’t hell?” (98-99).

Sakuzō’s statement about wanting a wife opens into Otatsu’s hesitation and silence. Unable to broach the subject of their own relationship, Otatsu deflects this to a discussion of the general state of anti-Japanese sentiment (排日やなんか). This statement is the closest the *Lament* comes to an explicit reference to Exclusion. Shimomura’s artistic talent and industry (technical reproduction) grants him the ability to return to Japan, a return which is also tied to the possibility of marriage and (socio-biological) reproduction. As if to compensate for Otatsu’s silence and hesitation, Sakuzō fills the exchange with an excess of speech. By slipping into or “mixing” (まぜて) his regional dialect into his speech, Sakuzō draws upon his vernacular bond with Otatsu—they are from the same village, they have known each other since childhood—they should speak the same language. Sakuzō’s unconscious return to village vernacular—a 方言 (*hōgen*) which marks Sakuzō and Otatsu’s shared *genesis*—runs counter to Sakuzō’s diatribe about the futility of return. This is another pocket, where the very language which denies the possibility of a return cannot help but invoke it. By describing every place on earth as “hell,” Sakuzō denies particularity, but his own tongue betrays him, marking his own ties to a particular place. Every place may be hell, but only one hell is “home.”

In a reflection of the difficulty of rendering (spoken) dialect legible, the written text requires the insertion of the explanation “Sakuzō had started to slip into his regional dialect.” The only other mechanism the text has for representing the (village) vernacular is the repeated insertion of “a” (あ) vowels, turning *da* and *na* into *daa* and *naa*. Otatsu echoes this elongation, saying *soreyaa sōdakedo* instead of the more standard *soreya sōdakedo*. Yet this momentary echo turns again into ellipsis and silence. Sakuzō’s emphatic appeal in a shared vernacular collapses; Otatsu and Sakuzō may have shared a language, but this bond cannot be translated into the *legible*, written law of marriage.

The Pocket-Watch

Unable to reconcile his unstable relationship with Otatsu, Sakuzō eventually tries to meet with Shimomura. The calculus of Sakuzō’s decision — moving from Otatsu and Shimomura — turns, not on (or not only on) sexual desire, but a desire to find a *friend to speak with.*

> お龍さんの處が駄目だとすると、さあ何處へ遊びに行つたらいゝものだらうと、彼は少時(しばら)く思案した。不幸にも彼はこれと云ふ友達を持つてゐない。強いて友人はと探し求めれば下村位ひの者である。さうだ！下村がゐる、彼は突嗟に下村の處へでも話に行かうと思ひ立つた。
>
> If he couldn’t see Otatsu, then where else could he go to have some fun? He thought about this for a moment and realized that, unfortunately, he didn’t really have any one

> he could call a friend. If he were forced to name someone, well, there was only Shimomura. That was it! There was Shimomura. He would go right over to Shimomura's place and speak with him (107)

In Sakuzō's thought process, Shimomura is a second-best alternative to seeing Otatsu. Given limited options, Shimomura is "close enough," the closest thing Sakuzō has to a friend with shared history. Sakuzō makes his way to Shimomura's apartment uptown. He finds the apartment door unlocked, and steps inside to find that Shimomura is not there. Having missed his last friend, Sakuzō has nothing to fill his "pockets," his unfulfilled desire to be with another human being. As usual, Sakuzō arrives at the wrong time, out of sync with the only other man who could be his friend.

The final scene of the novel unfolds with a conjunction of the "pocket" and the "watch" in the emblem of Shimomura's pocket watch:

> 彼は部屋を出やうと思つた。無駄骨を折つた事が今更らながら悔ひられた。
>
> それは電燈の燈を消さうと思つて、左手が上に伸ばされた時だつた。彼の視線が下に動いて、寝床の上に投げ出されてゐる金側時計に注がれたのは。彼は差し伸した手を急に引き下すと、寝床の傍にやつて行つて、その懐中時計を手にとつてみた。改めて見るまでもなくそれは此夏下村の懸けて居た懐中時計だつた。手のひらの上では側(ケース)の金が氣味わるく光つて、尺に餘る純金の鎖が蛇の如くうづくまつた。百三十弗の素晴らしい品物だ。下村は何と云ふ不注意な男だらう。
>
> Discouraged, Sakuzō thought it best to leave. He regretted all the more this pointless waste of effort (*mudabone*).... Sakuzō stretched out his left hand leaned forward to turn off the light. His gaze turned downward, and he caught sight of a gold pocket watch lying on top of Shimomura's bed. Sakuzō quickly pulled back his outstretched hand and walked over to the bed. He picked up the watch and looked it over. As he examined it, he realized it was the same watch that Shimomura had shown him earlier that summer. The gold case glinted eerily in the palm of his hand. The solid-gold chain was about a foot long, and uncoiled like a thin snake. A genuine one hundred thirty dollar specimen. What a careless fool that Shimomura was (109).

In a subtle hint of a prior scene of worthless bone-pocketing, when Sakuzō regrets the "pointless waste of effort" the phrase used is more literally "breaking a worthless one" (*mudabone o otta*). Caught in a moment of lack, Sakuzō suddenly finds himself in a bedroom scene of elaborate temptation. What starts as a considerate gesture (turning off a light), turns into a paralyzing moment of irresistible attraction. Unable to be Shimomura and possess his education, art, and seriousness, Sakuzō turns towards a symbolic emblem that represents everything that Shimomura has that Sakuzō does not: modernity, wealth, and youth. The pocketwatch turns into a fetish, a displaced phallic object (about a foot long, uncoil[ing] like a thin snake). Sakuzō's contact with the

greasy bone and the gold watch both produce an "unpleasant" or "eerie" (氣味悪く) sensation; a sensation which dissolves the edges of signification. The sliminess of the bone and the shininess of the watch produce a similar, uncanny, unaccountable feeling. Sakuzō cannot help himself. He returns to old habits:

> 作三は慄へた。身も心もがたがた震へてゐた。彼は其懐中時計を一體どうしやうと云ふのだ？それは殆ど無意識に近い行爲ではあつたが、その素晴らしい懷中時計は、見る間に作三の上衣のかくしにねぢ込まれたのだつた。彼は一應あたりを見回した。誰もゐない。彼の眼は血走つてゐた。彼は小羊のやうに慄へた。さうしておのれの行ひの善惡を冷靜に顧る餘裕の與へられない以前に、燃ゆる恐怖に包まれた盜人作三の姿が、再び寂しい夜の通りに見ひ出されるのだつた。
>
> Sakuzō was trembling. His body and mind shuddered uncontrollably. What was he going to do with that watch? Almost unconsciously, that marvelous watch, right before his eyes, found its way into his coat packet. He looked around. There was no one there. Blood rushed to his eyes. He trembled like a tiny lamb. And as always, giving no thought to the difference between good and evil, wrapped in burning dread, Sakuzō the thief walked back onto the road into the dark and lonely night (110).

Sakuzō does not assume responsibility for the theft of his friend's watch: the watch "found its way into his coat pocket." This is the same coat pocket that was the subject of intense attention at the beginning of the novel – and Sakuzō fills this cavity with a much bigger and more valued "round object." However, it is clear that this is an inadequate substitution – he has replaced his friend with a fetish. Possession of the watch will not save Sakuzō from his fate. He returns to where he started, back on the road, but it is a "bad return," not a return to home, but another turning of a downward spiral – Sakuzō is now definitively a "thief," more broken and alone than he ever was before.

As readers, we can return to the epigraph: you are not dead but only lost awhile, our soul who laments so. Returning to the epigraph provides a minimal hope, that Sakuzō, though "lost" is not yet dead – perhaps, in some future, he can be found again. The movement of the character and the novel could both be read as following the path of "the Issei failure": a tragic process of disconnection from "living with others," out of sync with broader movements of time and hidden from view. Certainly, for decades, *Lament in the Night* has been "lost" – but it is not dead, and we need not "lament so." Sakuzō, a character who would otherwise be forgotten – cut off from all friends and family - lives on in the possibility of future readers who might remember him. When we return to *this* lament in the night, we also give "the Issei failure" its chance and its future.

Chapter 4

The Servant's Handicraft: Katō Saburō's "Mr. Yama and the China Incident"

[I]f ordinary people were invisible because they are powerless, then why do they, or their hands, actively exert so much power?

Bruce Robbins, *The Servant's Hand*, ix.

[F]or the purposes of this chapter, the hand's significance is in they way it indicates diplomatic themes forgotten or neglected in the policy-oriented rendition of diplomacy. The crafts of the hand attempt to interpret diplomacy differently, suggesting that the crafts of the state were not and so should not be the only way one explains or thinks about diplomacy.

Costas Constantinou, *On the Way to Diplomacy*, 70.

In the previous chapter's epistemology of the pocket, I explored the "vernacular" as a language tied to the intimacy of proximate genesis. In Shōson's citation of Dante, the vernacular, as the first language, is the closest language, and therefore the most loved. When Sakuzō thinks of Otatsu and Shimomura, he thinks about speaking with them in a shared vernacular, of filling the emptiness of his many pockets with the conviviality of a common language. Yet perhaps what was missing all along was not oral, but manual; not the mouth, but the *hand*—Otatsu's hand as it places objects in his hand, Otatsu's hand as it wipes away tears, the trace of Shimomura's hand on the case of a pocket watch.

This chapter turns away from Dante's description of the vernacular as a sign of proximate genesis towards an association of the vernacular with what Bruce Robbins has termed the *servant's hand*. (This move is a doubling back on the genesis of *vernacular* as a word—its root in the Latin *verna*, a servant estranged from his or her nation, working in the household of another *gens*). Rather than imagining the vernacular as a common language shared from birth, I wish to return to a notion of the vernacular as a language which is already marked by estrangement and alienation: a language of *vernae*. The central text of this chapter, "Mr. Yama and the China Incident," is a short

story whose two central protagonists are both male Asiatic servants in an Anglo-American household. The situation of the protagonists—Asiatics who work and reside in an Anglo-American household but speak and read in Asian languages—loosely parallels the displacements evident in the publication history of the text itself. The story was originally published in the June 1938 volume of *Harvest* (收穫, *Shūkaku*). Although *Harvest*'s contributing writers and editors all lived in the United States, the journal itself was printed in Japan and then sent back to the United States for distribution. The multiple scripts, languages, and places of "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" and *Harvest* place tremendous pressure on the notion of a single, shared, and unified "vernacular."

Turning from a conception of the vernacular as "shared speech" to a conception of the vernacular as the "servant's hand" provides one means of studying a form of vernacular which is defined, not by shared and unitary meanings, but by complex doublings. For Robbins, the servant's hand marks the general exclusion of "ordinary people" from the (Western) literary tradition. The servant's hand is a "mark of absence, an area of non-representation" (ix). Barred from full representation, the people only appear through the attenuated position of servants, "mere appendages of their masters" (x). Instead of fulfilling the conditions of "representation," servants in literature function as "rhetorical doublings" of their master/protagonists, serving as "expository prologues, oracular messengers, and authorial mouthpieces" (x). The provocative question of *The Servant's Hand* is to account for *why [these] hands exert so much power* (ix).[1]

Political theorist Costas Constantinou suggests one way to route Robbins' question about the power of servant's hands. It is not only the hands which serve, but *all* hands which exert surprising power in language and thought. In his description of why diplomacy might be productively considered a "handicraft," Constantinou quotes at length from a key passage in Martin Heidegger's *What is Thinking?*:

> The craft of the hand is richer than we commonly imagine. The hand does not only grasp and catch, or push and pull. The hand reaches and extends, receives and welcomes—and not just things: the hand extends itself, and receives its own welcome in the hands of others. The hand holds. The hand carries. The hand designs and signs, presumably because man is a sign. Two hands fold into one, a gesture meant to carry man into the great oneness. The hand is all this, and this is the true handicraft. [...] [T]he hand's gestures run everywhere through language, in their most perfect purity precisely when man speaks by being silent. And only when man speaks, does he think

[1] A subsidiary task of this chapter is to revisit Robbins' discussion of the "Western" servant and his citation of Edward Said's description of the "Orient" in *Orientalism*. Robbins argues that the servant—like the Orient—"does not speak for itself, and that is why it is represented by others" (8). He later argues that, *unlike* the situation of the Arab in Orientalist discourse, servants in the Western novel were not merely "spoken of" but "spoken to," making the "representation of the people [as servants]" distinct from the "absoluteness of solipsistic projection" found in Orientalist discourse (19).

The figure of the *Oriental servant* found in "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" troubles the distinction between the (merely) "spoken of" and the "spoken to." On the one hand, as servants within an American household, the protagonists of "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" are not only spoken of and spoken to, they also speak. On the other, as Orientals, the Japanese and Chinese protagonists of the story cannot count on automatic inclusion in the general category of "the people." There is also the additional complication of representing "speech" in multiple competing languages: English, Japanese, and Chinese.

> —not the other way around that metaphysics still believes. Every motion of the hand in every one of its works carries itself through the element of thinking, every bearing of the hand bears itself in that element. All the work of the hand is rooted in thinking. Therefore thinking is man's simplest, and for that reason hardest, handiwork, if it would be accomplished at its proper time (as quoted in 74).

Following Heidegger's argument that language precedes thinking, and that language in turn is predicated by the inscription of the hand (as handwriting) Constantinou reconsiders the craft of diplomacy. Diplomacy was never the pure realm of disembodied, "heads" of states; diplomacy has always been contaminated by the touch and inscription of *hands*. After all, diplomacy, as "diplomatics," was once the study of documents and handwriting. Based upon this recuperation of the hands of diplomacy, Constantinou argues:

> If thinking is a handicraft, and if the study of diplomacy is also peculiarly linked to the study of handwriting, then one ought to consider not only how diplomacy can be rethought in terms of handicraft, but also how thinking can be rethought in terms of diplomatic practice—to show, in other words, how thinking involves duplicity (double writing, double reading) and truth-making [...] (75).

In terms which complement Robbins', Constantinou points to the "rhetorical doublings" of diplomacy. The diplomat's hand and the servant's hand are not so far apart, they may "fold into one." The diplomat is a servant and a servant is a diplomat. Neither are central, or unified protagonists. They are expositors, messengers, and mouthpieces in the craft of "double writing" and "double reading."

The aim of this chapter is to trace the gestures of "vernacular diplomacy" in "Mr. Yama and the China Incident," a short story by Katō Saburō. This story was published in the June 1938 volume of *Harvest* (収穫, *Shūkaku*), a (mostly) Japanese-language literary journal which was printed in Japan, but edited and distributed in the United States. Almost all of *Harvest*'s contributing writers were based in the United States.

In keeping with the principle that the discursive "place" of servants is marked by "rhetorical doubling," I dedicate the bulk of this chapter to marking the various layers of "context" which not only surround the story, but are also cited or re-capitulated within the story itself. This effort of contextualization is, on a very pragmatic level, an attempt to *place* the story in a broader field of Japanese-language literature written by Japanese residents in the United States. For the moment, however, lest the *text* of "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" get lost in a sea of its contexts, I want to take up a scene of vernacular diplomacy at the heart of the story.

The Sino-Japanese Agreement

> The presence of servants signifies the absence of the people.
>
> Bruce Robbins, *The Servant's Hand*, 27.

Mr. Yama (a Japanese laundryman) and Wong (a Chinese cook) are both servants, domestics who live and work in a wealthy San Francisco household. After working and living together for years, they have a long-standing arrangement, which they term the "Sino-Japanese Agreement" (日支協定). The terms of this agreement (which are neither written, nor spoken) are as follows. Yama pilfers cigars from the master's laundry, and Wong steals alcohol from the master's liquor cabinet (as the cook, Wong has the key). Wong does not drink, and Yama does not smoke, but in a classic example of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need," the two men routinely exchange the objects of their vices. After the fall of Nanjing (in December of 1937), Yama and Wong's Sino-Japanese Agreement collapses. The following passage recounts the diplomatic gestures by which Wong and Yama re-establish their Agreement and their friendship:

> 一週間間程經つた夜、ヤマのテーブルの上にウイスキーが置いてあつた。彼は好機逸すべからずと、早速一と飲みに干して葉卷は副えずにカツプ丈ウオングのルームの上に返しておいたが、ウオングも先日の事があるので何とも云わなかつた。丁度明日は日曜でウオングのオフデーだと云ふ晩、ウオングはドライジンをパイントのビンにつめて何時になく笑顔をつくつてヤマのルームにやつて來た。
> 「ヤマ、葉卷を持つてゐるか」
> 「ウム、三本あるよ」
> 二三日前、二階のリビングルームからこつそり持つて來た葉卷を渡した、物々交換が終わると、ヤマは口を切つた。
> 「ウオング、戰爭は戰爭でお互いに仕方がねえ、俺達はどこまでも友達だらうなあ」
> 「勿論、二人は最良の友人さ」
> 「それなら何でも今迄通りに仕樣ぜ」
> 「勿論」
> ウオングは、齒糞のたまつた黄い齒をむき出しに笑ひ乍ら消えた。其の後この日支協定は忠實に履行されて行つた

> After about a week, one night, there was a whisky on Yama's table. Not one to waste a good opportunity, Yama polished it off. He didn't put cigars into the cup when he returned it Wong's room, but Wong also did not to say anything about what had happened earlier. The next day was Sunday, Wong's day off, and that night, he came into Yama's room with a big smile on his face, carrying a pint bottle of dry gin.
> "Yama, do you have any cigars?"
> "Sure, I have three."
> Yama handed over the cigars he had picked up a few days before from the second floor living room. After the exchange of goods was completed, Yama began to speak.
> "Wong, war is war, and there's nothing we can do about it, but we'll (*oretachi wa*) still be friends, right?"
> "Of course. We're best friends."
> "Then no matter what happens, let's keep things like they've always been."
> "Of course."

> Wong laughed, showing his yellow, rotted teeth, as he turned and left the room.
> After this, the Sino-Japanese Agreement was faithfully executed by both parties (76).

Note that the first and most important actions of this scene of rapprochement are actions of the *hands*—the placement of the whisky on the table, the return of the empty cup, and the bringing together and handing over of goods. These gestures are an example of "speech" occurring most eloquently when the two men are silent. It is only *after* the "handover" of goods is completed that the words of friendship are spoken out loud. And it is only after this handing and speaking, that the thought of the "Sino-Japanese Agreement" returns into being.

Several senses of the "vernacular" are at play in this scene. First, the sense of *domestic servitude*: Yama and Wong are both servants estranged from their nations. Second, the sense of the *low*: Yama and Wong speak in a resolutely low (lower-class) register. No group of gentlemen diplomats would refer to themselves as an *oretachi* (a coarse, informal, masculine "we"). Nor would gentlemen employ casual verb endings like *motteiruka*, *darōnaa*, or *shiyōze* in formal negotiations. Third, the sense of the *quotidian*: not only is Yama and Wong's speech a language of daily use, but their speech turns on profoundly ordinary objects—gin, cigars. Yama and Wong speak, gesture, and *think* in a language of the regular and the ordinary, rather than in the language of crisis and emergency. Note that none of these senses of the "vernacular" involve the tie of proximate genesis—Yama and Wong are not from the "same prefecture, the same district, the same village," they are not even from the same *country*. Their vernacular comes from another form of proximity—*two hands folding into one*.[2]

The very writing of the "Sino-Japanese Agreement" however, introduces a problem of incommensurability between the agreement of Yama and Wong, and the war between Japan and China. The vernacular, in this case, marks the sites of disjuncture between the Sino-Japanese Agreement (日支協定) and the simultaneous Sino-Japanese War (日支戰爭). As domestic servants, Yama and Wong are neither soldiers nor statesmen—they lack the *diplomata* which would authorize them to function as representatives of their nations. Placed at the lowest rungs of power, Yama and Wong have, at best, only partial dominion over the smallest of territories—the laundry room, the kitchen, their basement living quarters. The restricted scale of their individual lives is orders of magnitude removed from the mass bloodshed of the war occurring across an ocean. And the mundane language of their every day lives concerns the most trivial, and ordinary of objects—objects far removed from discussion of arms embargoes, naval blockades, and mass slaughter.

[2]My understanding of the vernacular of vernacular diplomacy is indebted to, but at slight variance from, the "vernacular modernism" described by Miriam Hansen. In "Mass Production of the Senses: Classical Cinema as Vernacular Modernism," Hansen notes that describing a specific kind of modernism as "vernacular" serves as a means to "avoid the ideologically overdetermined term "popular"" while drawing on the "dimension of the quotidian, of everyday usage, with connotations of discourse, idiom, and dialect, with circulation, promiscuity, and translatability" (60). While Hansen's treatment of the vernacular may be fitting in the context of imagining global Hollywood as mass entertainment—where the "lowness" and "everydayness" of vernacularity are most salient—I wish to retain more of a sense of the restricted position of servitude, a position of constraint that may restrict "circulation, promiscuity and translatability." The vernacular—as a servant language—is not necessarily a "mass language." Its commonality and everydayness may be restricted to a very small community of the estranged and the isolated. Hansen's description of the vernacular is, however, quite apt for the discussion of the "vernacular newspaper" which follows.

The method of this chapter is to find traces of the "hand," the servant's hand, the diplomat's hand, from the highest to lowest scales of address. I begin by thinking of the place in the hand in terms of script, the ways in which the "hand" appears in titles and names from the lowest to highest, or smallest to largest levels of representation. I then turn to the problem of "contextualizing" Katō Saburō's short story in a broader historical field of texts and events, proceeding from the international scale of total war, to the sub-national scale of people's diplomacy, to the local and regional scale of the "vernacular" newspaper, and then to the finer-grained scales of the coterie journal and individual short story. My close reading of Katō Saburō's story doubles back on this chain of descending scales, tracing how the servant's hand offers a "diplomacy from below," a counter-discourse which speaks back (through gesture and script, if not in speech) to the "highest" levels of power and classification.

The Script of Titles: "Mister Yama" and the "China Incident"

> [The] decision to classify types of script by nationality is a crucial one, for it meant that the scientific study of handwriting, known as *diplomatica*, was considered capable of separating, say, Germanic from Roman writing and German from Roman hands. Even in writing the same language, Latin, the hands of the scribes were proposed as having distinctive national features and techniques of writing.
>
> Constantinou, *On the Way to Diplomacy*, 79

Without making any claims for the commensurability of Germanic and Roman scripts with Japanese and Chinese ones, it is worth pursuing, for the sake of diplomacy, a brief analysis of the scripts of "Mr. Yama and the China Incident."[3]

The title "Mister Yama and the China Incident" (ミスターヤマと支那事變) combines three scripts. "Mister Yama" ミスターヤマ is written in *katakana*, a phonetic script used to represent words of "foreign" (non-Japanese) origin. The conjunctive particle と or "and" is written in *hiragana*, a phonetic script typically used to represent grammatical particles and words of "indigenous" (Japanese) origin. "China Incident" 支那事變 is written in *kanji* or Chinese (Han) characters.

The use of these three different scripts is, by itself, not particularly unusual. Most modern Japanese texts contain some mixture of all three scripts. What *is* notable, however, is the way in which the deployment of these scripts coincides with a radical difference in magnitude. The title "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" pairs two names which operate on completely different scales—the name of one man, and the name of an event which consumed the lives of millions. In this title, at least, *katakana* corresponds with the "low," *kanji* with the "high."

[3]For a provocative analysis of the "hand" in pre-modern Japanese letters, see Thomas LaMarre, *Uncovering Heian Japan: An Archaeology of Sensation and Inscription*, (Durham: Duke UP, 2000).

The first name, “Mr. Yama,” is a curious name for a servant. The phonetic transcription *misutaa* comes from the English honorific title, “Mr.,” but Yama is a master of no one and nothing. He serves at the pleasure of his white employers, who, in the text itself, have the privilege of never being addressed by name. Yama’s employers are neither “Mr.” nor “Mrs.” (nor ミスター nor ミセス). They are always addressed (in *kanji*) by the titles 主人 (*shujin*, master) and 主婦 (*shufu*, mistress).

The effect of these conventions of title and script is a crossed linguistic system: Japanese is the “dominant (master) language” of the text, but the masters of the household economy are Anglo-American. The servant is addressed as “mister,” but in a language system in which this exotic title marks a distance from the status of “master.” This inversion of the linguistic system results in an estrangement where Mr. Yama appears as an exotic outcast in the terrain of (what should be) his own language. This effect is particularly marked in the original Japanese, where the repeated intrusion of the six-character ミスターヤマ stands out from the graphical “field” of the surrounding text. In effect, Mr. Yama appears as a protagonist (主人公, *shujinkō*) estranged from the position of master (主人, *shujin*).

The name “Yama” itself reads as a diminutive nickname used in the place of a proper name. Many common Japanese family names begin with *Yama* (e.g., Yamamoto (山本) Yamada (山田) Yamaguchi (山口) Yamazaki (山崎), Yamashita (山下), etc.) “Yama” on its own, however, seems like half a name, the kind of patronizing abbreviation used by domestic masters who find one or two syllables “too difficult” to pronounce and thus feel no need to accord servants the effort or respect of proper address.[4] Written in *katakana*, Yama’s name loses its ideographic signification (probably “mountain,” but without the proper characters we cannot be sure). “Yama” is placed in the position of servitude, becoming nothing but a (foreign) sound in someone else’s mouth.

The estrangement of Mr. Yama’s improper name calls attention to the strange improprieties of the second name:“The China Incident” or 支那事變. Even though the term 支那 (*Shina*) is written in *kanji* (Chinese [Han] characters), the characters are used only for their Japanese phonetic values, stripping away any ideographic content. In the crossed linguistic system in which 支那 was employed as a sign, *Shina* invokes an estrangement in which “China” itself is exiled from (what should be) its own (written) language. As Lydia Liu explains in *The Clash of Empires*, the use of the sign *Shina* was inextricably tied to logics of racial marking and Euro-Japanese colonizations of China. 支那 can only be understood as one element in the chain of a “super-sign” of multiple scripts and languages:

> The characters for *Shina* represent a modern Japanese [...] imitation of the pronunciation of the European terms for “China” that quickly evolved into a racial marker in Meiji Japan. *Shina* copies the foreign sounds of “China” into the Japanese pronunciation of the written Chinese characters; its enunciation was designed to supersede the established Japanese toponyms for the Central States such as Tō (Tang), Todo (Tang tu), Chūgoku (Zhongguo), Chūdo (Zhong tu), and Chūka (Zhonghua) and to estrange the written characters—since *shi* and *na* drop their ideographic

[4] The surname “Yama” (山) does exist, but is rare. Yama is listed as a surname in *Japanese Names*, P.G. O’Neill, ed. (1975), but not in the *Shinpen Nihon seishi jiten*, Chiba Takuho ed. (1997).

etymologies when serving as mere sound tokens for a loanword—to name China for the purpose of colonial conquest. The renaming literally inscribed the desire of imperial Japan to mimic Western civilization by mimicking Western imperialism. The mirror of colonial mimicry captured the object of its imitation with a faithfulness that cast a sinister light back on the exemplarity of the Western powers that pursued imperialism in the name of civilization (79).

In a reversal of the manner in which the title *misutaa* calls attention to the impropriety of *Shina* as a sign, Liu's "mirror colonial mimicry" casts a sinister light back on the title "ミスター." Perhaps, Mr. Yama does not resent being called "mister." Perhaps he takes pride in the title, taking pleasure in a phonetic mimicry where he can be a "Mister/master" in a world of Western masters..[5] The phonetic improprieties of 支那 place the load of ideographic meaning on the word 事變 (*jihen*, incident), a term which should also be understood as a sign within a chain of multiple national mediations. Although 事變 is the only term in the title which retains ideographic meaning, it is also the most euphemistic. While Yama and Wong can agree that "war is war" (戰爭は戰爭で), the word *jihen* bears the trace of a war that, for reasons of law, could not be declared a war.

Although the Marco Polo Bridge Incident of July 7, 1937 marked the rapid escalation of military hostilities between Japan and China, both nations refrained from formally declaring these hostilities a "war." (This state of undeclared war persisted until December 9, 1941, when the Republic of China declared war against Japan, Germany, and Italy). The primary law which restrained Japan and China from declaring a state of war was not a law internal to Japan or China, but a law promulgated by the United States Congress: the Neutrality Act of 1935. This act required the United States to impose military sanctions on all parties to a war, making it "unlawful to export arms, ammunition, or implements of war" to *all* belligerent states in a war.[6]In 1937, Japan still viewed the United States as a key supplier of raw materials and and machines (Iriye, *Across*, 194). Accordingly, the Japanese government did not wish to risk incurring an automatic American arms embargo. China, on the other hand, wished to secure American financial and military support to resist Japan—declaring war would have blocked this avenue of potential assistance. President Roosevelt, for his part, chose to follow the letter of the law. Since no formal war had been declared, it was perfectly permissible to direct weapons to China through British ships (Powaski, 72). Thus, at the highest levels of inter-state diplomacy, it suited all major parties to maintain the euphemistic fiction that there was no war—only an "incident."

The strange agreement between two hostile parties with and through a "neutral" party to maintain the flow of "goods" is an odd doubling of the "Sino-Japanese Agreement" effected by Yama and Wong. Yama wants his liquor, Wong wants his cigars—and for the purposes of securing these goods from their American suppliers, Yama and Wong maintain their agreement. This odd doubling across widely divergent scales brings us to the problem of contextualization. How does the writing of events at the highest, or widest scales of international relations translate "down" to

[5]Liu notes the strange contradiction in Chinese objecting to 支那 as pejorative when uttered or inscribed by Japanese, but failing to object to European utterances or inscriptions of "China" (79). It is an open question whether Katō Saburō would have known that many Chinese found the use of the term 支那 offensive.

[6]"Neutrality Act" of August 31, 1935. 49 stat. 1081; 22 U.S.C. 441 note.

the lowest, and narrowest scales of the interpersonal? Conversely, how can the lowest, and narrowest forms of writing double, or double back upon all the levels of scale "above"?

"Mr. Yama and the China Incident" in Logarithmic Scale

The numerical extremes of the Sino-Japanese War and Yama and Wong's Sino-Japanese Agreement make it tempting simply to speak in terms of the "highest" and the "lowest," vague terms which provide a measure of comforting insulation between the mass violence of total war and the constrained security of Yama and Wong's basement servant quarters. However, any attempt at a more rigorous contextualization of the "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" also enters into the dangerous terrain of numerical calculation, of filling in the scales and mediations between the "highest" numbers and the "lowest."

In the field of Japanese American diplomatic history, Masuda Hajimu repeatedly invokes the epithet "the numberless, nameless people of Japan and the United States" (1) as a formula to turn the gaze of history from the highest echelons of power to the lowest. Although I am inspired by the spirit of this invocation, I invert its treatment by letter and its number. The problem is not that "the people" are without number, or without name, but that their numbers and names are *too many* to count. In this respect, counting, though it may be an impossible gesture, may be an important one.[7]

As a means of thinking about immense numbers of people which seem to defy counting (the kind of counting one does by hand), there is the technique of counting by *logarithmic scale*. When counting by logarithmic scale, one counts by orders of magnitude—not one million, but ten to the *sixth* power, not a hundred thousand, but ten to the *fifth* power, and so on. This is the kind of scaling and counting I will use to contextualize "Mr. Yama and the China Incident."

Another reason for employing this method of logarithmic contextualization is to mark a necessary divergence from the other methods of contextualization I have used this far. In the previous three chapters, I turned to *biographic* contextualization, relying on previous biographical studies of Hartmann and Arishima, as well as reconstructing a biography of Shōson. As of this writing, I have been unable to collect sufficient information to construct a biography of Katō Saburō. Unlike Nagahara, Katō is an extremely common Japanese surname; this has made it difficult to determine which one of many Katō Saburōs is *this* Katō Saburō.

In the absence of biography, I turn to the logarithmic scales of demography, attempting to locate the "place" of Katō Saburō and "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" in declining "layers" of mediation. Starting from the "highest" scale of the Sino-Japanese War, an international conflict which affected millions ($>10^6$) of people, I turn to the sub-national. For the population of Japanese residents and persons of Japanese descent in the United States (approximately 150,000 in 1935 or $>10^5$), the Sino-Japanese War was mediated through a broad policy known as "people's diplomacy" (國民外交). People's diplomacy consisted of a series of campaigns orchestrated by Japanese immigrant elites and foreign ministry officials which sought to mobilize the entire Japanese

[7] I thank Neville Hoad for introducing me to this mode of thinking about counting in a talk on the representation of the numbers of South African HIV patients

American populace as an adjunct diplomatic corps—representatives of the nation who could convey the "true" story of the war against the "lies" of Chinese Americans and the anti-fascist leftists of the Popular Front. In turn, since there was no "national" Japanese American press (print media which could reach all Japanese residents in the United States), people's diplomacy depended on the mediation of regional and local Japanese-language newspapers, otherwise known as "vernacular newspapers" (邦字紙, *hōjishi*). These regional and local papers had circulations in the thousands (10^3). Japanese-language coterie journals (同人雑誌, *dōjinzasshi*) constituted a smaller level of discourse below the scale of the regional or local newspaper. The circulation of these literary journals was typically restricted to members of the literary coterie, and print runs were on the order of the tens or hundreds (10^2).

"Mr. Yama and the China Incident" was published in the coterie journal *Harvest*. This journal was unique in that its circulation was not tied (as was previously the case), to one locality (e.g., Magna, San Francisco, Seattle, etc.). Historian Junko Kobayashi describes *Harvest* as a "trans-local" coterie magazine to emphasize its unique character as a magazine assembled by an alliance of smaller literary coteries in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, and the Mountain West (22-23). Within the journal itself I isolate a subset of three stories which share similar themes of servants attempting to make good on the imperatives of "people's diplomacy." And at the lowest level of scale (the bottom of a long funnel), I situate "Mr. Yama and the China Incident."

Table 4.1: **"Mr. Yama and the China Incident" in Logarithmic Scale**

Scale of Population	Qualitative Scale	Political Event or Literary Object
$>10^6$ people	International	Sino-Japanese War
$>10^5$ people	Subnational	People's Diplomacy
$>10^4$ people	—	—
$>10^3$ people	Regional/Local	"Vernacular Newspapers"
$>10^2$ people	Trans-Local Coterie	Coterie Journal
3 stories	Subset	Stories about Servant Diplomacy
1 story		"Mr. Yama and the China Incident"

The Sino-Japanese War and People's Diplomacy

Dating the beginning of the Second Sino-Japanese War is somewhat problematic since neither Japan nor China formally declared war until December of 1941. By convention, most historians mark the beginning of the war with the Marco Polo Bridge Incident of 1937 (also known as the July 7th Incident). However, there had been sporadic skirmishes between Japanese and Chinese forces in Northeastern China since the 1920s. The most serious outbreak of hostilities before 1937 took place during 1931 and 1932, when Japan invaded Manchuria and established the puppet state of Manchukuo. The genesis of Japanese American "people's diplomacy" can be dated to this earlier period.

Although the Sino-Japanese War was an international conflict on the scale of millions of people, it also had a profound effect on a sub-national group: the population of Japanese and persons of Japanese descent living in the United States. Following the founding of Manchukuo in 1932, Chinese residents in the American West initiated boycotts against Japanese-owned businesses, and white labor unions and leftists organized pickets and demonstrations around Japantowns (Azuma, 171). The campaign of "people's diplomacy" was, in part, a response to these boycotts and demonstrations.

The term translated as "people" is 國民, a term which more literally means "people (民) of the nation (國)." The trace of the nation in the inscription of the "people" is important here because it registers the means by which the "people" of people's diplomacy were already envisioned in terms of the "nation." Historian Eiichiro Azuma describes the early contours of people's diplomacy as a strange outgrowth of Wilsonian democracy which staged ordinary members of the Japanese American populace as diplomatic "actors":

> In partnership with the Japanese consulates, many Issei took on new roles as agents of the so-called people's diplomacy (*kokumin gaiko*). An extension of the Wilsonian vision ... that notion envisioned that Japanese immigrants, as popular diplomats, would spearhead the promotion of U.S.–Japan friendship and peace as well as interracial harmony. Diplomacy now called for more than power politics based on military might and economics for "people" had become an important part of the political landscape in the post-World War I years. According to this democratic theory, each and every one of the Japanese in America was entrusted with the mission of educating white Americans about Japan and the "truth" about the East Asian situation. [...] If Japanese residents explained Japan's political position to ordinary Americans, they would be able to reach the misguided public and improve its view of the Japanese people, including Japanese Americans (171-172).[8]

For the purposes of tracing the "servant's hand" the invention of "people's diplomacy" marks the first "hand-over," a diplomatization of the Japanese American populace as the distant hands of Japanese Empire. As a gloss to Azuma's detailed discussion of people's diplomacy in *Between Two Empires*, I wish only to comment on the repeated tropes of the hand and the folded document (*diploma*). Azuma describes the example of one Seattle consul who, in March of 1932, stressed the limitations of his elite *speech* in contrast to what could be left to the *hands* of Japanese immigrants and laborers:

> The Seattle consul candidly admitted that his message did not permeate to Americans of the "lower class," among which anti-Japanese propaganda from the Chinese and leftists had taken *a strong hold*. Local Japanese should *carry out this work*, he argued, for it was these "immigrants" who dealt with common laborers and other "lower-class" citizens in their daily interactions.

[8]Note that the Wilsonian vision can, in turn, be read as an extension of the Whitmanian vision. See especially Walter Grünzweig's "'For America–For All the Earth': Walt Whitman as an International(ist) Poet" in *Breaking Bounds*.

> This diplomat had the immigrant leadership prepare a leaflet in language simple enough for ordinary people to understand. Issei small-business owners *handed out leaflets* to their customers, while laborers *passed them* to coworkers and employers. Christians *distributed leaflets* to white churchgoers, and Nisei schoolchildren *gave them* to classmates and teachers. In this way, the Japanese consulates brought Japanese immigrants, as well as their American-born children, into the official propaganda apparatus in the United States (173).

In a dark parody of the Whitmanian—*take my leaves America*—the Seattle consul envisioned a diplomacy effected through the hands of the "servant," members of the lower strata who would act as the leaflet-bearers of official propaganda.

Based upon the prior experience of diplomatic mobilizations in 1931 and 1932, the Japanese American populace was primed to respond to the outbreak of total war in 1937. Japanese American associations printed English-language pamphlets and domestic servants and gardeners "armed themselves with the material to present Japan's position to their employers" (Azuma, 181). 1937 also marked a dramatic shift in official diplomatic policy—Japanese authorities began to view the *material* goods and remittances sent by Japanese Americans to the warfront as far less important than the *diplomatic* function that the Japanese American populace could provide within the United States. In July 1938, the Los Angeles consul recommended that the Foreign Ministry issue a statement, "that while it was laudable for overseas Japanese to contribute money to Japan's war effort, it was by far better for them to use such funds to educate the citizens of their [adopted] country about Japan's policy" (as quoted in Azuma, 181). This recommendation became policy the next month. What is striking about Tokyo's shift in policy is that in the context of total war, the Japanese American's capacity as "people's diplomat" outstripped in priority and significance any form of financial or material support for the war effort.

The Vernacular Newspaper, 邦字紙

Although the campaign of "people's diplomacy" sought to diplomatize the entire populace of Japanese residents in America, there was no single, or central institution, through which this diplomatization could take place. Tokyo did not have a direct means of addressing the entire populace of Japanese residents in America. Communicating a directive to the entire Japanese American populace required the diffusion of this directive through multiple consulates, and through the distribution of local and regional Japanese-language newspapers that had circulations on the order of thousands of readers.

The term in use for "Japanese-language newspapers" during the late 1930s was hōjishi (邦字紙) a term that has often been translated into English as "vernacular newspaper." This translation strikes me as somewhat inaccurate, since the *hō* of 邦 by itself means "[one's] nation" or "[one's] country." In Japanese, the character 邦 and the character 國 can both be read as *kuni* (country, nation) although the ideographic connotations of both characters are slightly different. the *hō* of *hōjishi* as "vernacular" is somewhat problematic, because *hō* does not refer to a generalized sense of the "vernacular." *Hō*, like the pronoun "I" is deictic—changing its meaning depending upon

who utters it. If a person of Japanese nationality were to write 邦字紙, he or she would mean a "Japanese-language" newspaper. If, on the other hand, a person of Chinese nationality were to write 邦字紙, he or she would mean a "Chinese-language" newspaper.[9].

Rather than abandon the translation of "vernacular" for 邦, I would like to note it as marking another hand-over from one level or scale of discourse to another, from the 國民 (people of the nation) to the 邦字 ([one's] nation's writing). The "vernacular" in this case marks a place of enunciation, the location or ground from which words can be disseminated.[10]

As a practical matter, the vernacular newspaper provide a key layer of mediation between the official policy and propaganda of Tokyo and the diplomatization of the Japanese American populace. Leaflets and pamphlets did not emerge out of thin air, but were often produced on the same presses that produced the vernacular papers. In March 1932, the San Francisco *Shin Sekai* produced a special English section designed to provide readers with easily distributable public relations material about the war in Manchuria, and several other newspapers followed suit (172). Beyond the provision of English language materials for direct distribution, the vernacular press was also the primary means through which Japanese immigrant readers received "fair and balanced" (i.e. not anti-Japanese) coverage of the war in China.

While the vernacular newspaper served as a means to transmit and distribute information from Tokyo to Japanese living in the United States, it also served as a critical site for the emergence of Japanese-American literature, both in Japanese and in English. (Recall from the previous chapter that Nagahara Shōson was able to flourish as a writer in the mid-1920s because of the existence of a vernacular print culture in Los Angeles). The literary columns of the vernacular paper provided one means for amateur writers and poets to "write back" to the paper in relative safety. Historian Junko Kobabyashi characterizes the field of Japanese-language Japanese-American literature as a "closed genre" (33) in which sentiments that could not be expressed to a wider English-speaking public could be expressed within the confines of a restricted Japanese-language audience. If the vernacular newspaper's culture page was a relatively restricted public, compared say, to the broader field of all English language speech and writing in the United States, then we should also turn to an even more restricted field, an audience even smaller than that of the U.S.-based Japanese-language newspaper.

The Coterie Journal, 同人雜誌

If the vernacular newspaper addressed publics on the order of thousands, the Japanese-American coterie journal addressed a highly restricted public of tens, or at most a hundred. The journal in which "Mr. Yama and the China Incident" was published, *Harvest*, was one such coterie journal. Rather than working on the scale of the "national people" (國民) or "vernacular print" (邦字), the

[9] I thank Ted Mack for introducing me to this problem in the translation of *hōjishi*

[10] According to the *Kanjigen* dictionary, the character 邦 is a mixture of a left-hand phonetic element with the sound *hō*, and a right-hand element meaning a mound or rise of earth where a sovereign would issue a declaration of dominion. Alternatively these mounds would be placed at the boundaries of a territory and marked with the sovereign's official seal 封. While 邦 is more tied to a place of enunciation or declaration, the character 國 (a halberd guarding an enclosure or borders) is more closely associated with the boundaries of the nation or territory.

journal worked among on the level of a club or coterie (同人). The costs of Harvest's production were paid by member subscriptions, and subscribing members were, for all intents and purposes, the main public of the journal.

Six volumes of *Harvest* were published in a period from November 1936 to June 1939. All of the contributors to the journal were based in the United States, mostly along the West Coast, although the journal itself was printed in Japan before being sent back for distribution in the United States. *Harvest* was thought to have been lost until the mid-1990s when, thanks to the archival recovery efforts of Japanese scholars Yamamoto Iwao and Shinoda Satae, a complete set of Harvest was discovered and reissued in a reprint edition. Although *Harvest* had a wide geographic range of distribution, it still addressed a relatively narrow collection of coteries – a public that maintained the character of the local while going beyond its immediate bounds – a trans-local public. This literary public, oriented around the general purpose of "developing" literature featured an extensive amount of criticism, as well as stories that appeared to be written in direct response to each other – either in imitation or as critique. This community within a community of "response" characterizes the bounds of the next level of scale—a subset of three stories which recapitulate discourses in the scales above them: of the vernacular newspaper, of public diplomacy, and of the Sino-Japanese War.

A Subset of Stories: Servant Diplomacy Fiction

Within *Harvest*, there are two stories which share similar elements with "Mr. Yama." Each of these three stories contains four common elements:

1. The *protagonist* is a Japanese domestic servant in an American household. The household typically serves as a microcosm of the broader state of U.S. – Japanese relations. The Japanese servant is usually noble and dutiful. The servant becomes the victim of Chinese and American anti-Japanese propaganda. This victimization often comes at the hands of family members of the American household.

2. The *plot* features speech failures of the protagonist in the face of anti-Japanese or pro-Chinese sentiment. The plots of these stories turn upon the anxieties that the servant-protagonists have on fulfilling their roles as public diplomats, performing their "true patriotic" duty of representing Japan.

3. There is a *scene* which turns on the presence of a *vernacular newspaper*. Each of these stories has at least one scene featuring the display or hiding of a Japanese-language, or a bilingual Japanese-English newspaper.

4. The stories *end* with a final recuperation of Japanese sentiment. The servant-protagonist overcomes his or her anxieties about performing as a people's diplomat on behalf of the Japanese side of the Sino-Japanese War. The End.

"Mister Yama and the China Incident" belongs to the subset of Japanese American servant diplomacy fiction, but to get a sense of the literary milieu in which "Mister Yama and the China Incident" would have been read, it behooves us to look briefly at the other two stories in this subset.

The first of these stories is Tamaki Matsuno's "Wartime Scenes" (戰時小景, *Senji shōkei*). "Wartime Scenes" appeared in the April 1938 volume of Harvest, six months before the publication of "Mister Yama and the China Incident." The protagonist, Sumie, is a housemaid in a white household. Helen, the employer's teenage daughter, criticizes Sumie for Japan's barbarism in China. Sumie's English is too limited for her to respond, and she feels that she cannot fulfill the role of public diplomat. Sumie feels embarrassed about opening the Japanese language newspaper in the bus because white people will stare at her, and react poorly to the nationalistic images. She regains her sense of belonging to the Japanese nation after receiving a letter from her brother asking her to return as he has been drafted, and someone needs to take care of mother. Sumie decides to go back and fulfill her duty to her mother, and also her motherland. This functions as revenge against Helen. She imagines her parting words to Helen will be "Hire a Chinese girl to take my place ... but before a year's up you'll know whose side the Chinese are really on" (51).

Six months later, a story with a similar collection of elements appeared in the October 1938 volume of *Harvest*. In Mimi Matsuoka's "Kimigayo," the protagonist, Mimi, works in the house of an elderly white woman. The white woman brings an American newspaper to Mimi and asks her to explain why the Japanese are committing so many atrocities in China. Mimi tries to use the English section of the Japanese newspaper to show how the reports of atrocities are lies. This strategy fails to work, so Mimi goes onto the back porch where she hears a male Japanese servant from another household play "Kimigayo" – the Japanese national anthem. This causes Mimi to break into tears as she feels a reassuring uplift of patriotic feeling. The end.

Both Matsuno and Matsuoka's stories lack much in the way of formal complexity and interest. They follow a simple pattern of crisis and resolution, where anxieties about being able to fulfill a patriotic duty to communicate the "Japanese side" of the Sino-Japanese war are resolved by re-inscriptions into the Japanese national community (whether by a letter from home, or the national anthem). The most that can be said for these stories is that they provide a response or re-presentation of the multiple levels of human scale that precede them. By reading from the position of an individual servant, to the scale of the vernacular newspaper, to the scale of people's diplomacy, and then into the larger scale of the Sino-Japanese war, "Servant Diplomacy Fiction" recapitulates the various scales of public that interpolate individual Japanese American subjects.

Katō Saburō's "Mister Yama and the China Incident" is much more formally complex than the stories that preceded it. While the writings of Matsuno and Matsuoka seem relatively amateurish, Katō's work is much more polished. Katō had a senior editorial role in the San Francisco branch of Harvest's trans-local network, which suggests that he was respected as a senior member with more literary experience than other regular members of the various local coteries. Since Katō's general role as an editor was to provide criticism – often published in the final pages of the volume, we might also read his story as a kind of criticism in the form of fiction, a response to the weaknesses of the two stories that preceded Katō's own entry into the genre of servant diplomacy fiction. The central departure that Katō's story makes is to include a speaking Chinese character in the narrative. The inclusion of a speaking Chinese character shifts the genre of servant diplomacy

away from a purely bilateral Japanese and (White) American dialogue, into a complex mediation among three parties: Japanese, Chinese, and American.

With this logarithmic contextualization of the "place" of Katō Saburō's story at the bottom of a chain of discursive hand-overs—from the Sino-Japanese War, to public diplomacy, to the vernacular newspaper, to the coterie journal, to a set of stories within the journal—I now turn to a close reading of "Mr. Yama and the China Incident"

Mr. Yama and the China Incident

- 「ガッデームよ、おばさんステーキの大きな奴を一つ、それに銚子を一本、早く頼むよ。」
- *Gaddeemuyo, obasan suteeki no ōkina yatsu o hitotsu, sore ni chōshi o ippon, hayaku tanomu yo.*
- Goddammit! Obasan, a steak – make it a big one, and gimme a bottle too. Hurry up already, I'm ordering here! (72).

"Mr. Yama and the China Incident" begins with an utterance, and the speech genre of this utterance inaugurates its own sense of space and time. Only some kinds of people, in a certain kind of space, at a certain kind of time, would speak this way. The short expression, *gaddeemu yo* tells us a lot, because most Japanese speakers don't swear against the Christian God, and for most English speakers "goddamn" doesn't end with a *mu* or, for that matter, with the Japanese emphatic particle *yo*. *Gaddeemu-yo* belongs to a fairly narrow Japanese American vernacular. Yama's request for steak and a bottle quickly clarifies the type of space around him – a restaurant. Yama grandstands over the word *steeki*, adding that his steak should be a big one – an *ooki yatsu*. In contrast, his demand for alcohol comes quickly. He does not bother to clarify what kind of alcohol he wants when he says *chōshi wo ippon* – or one bottle, because it is already assumed that the bottle will be filled with warm Japanese sake. The way Mister Yama asks for these two items – the extra-ordinarily big American steak and the so-ordinary-it's assumed bottle of sake, provide a vivid condensation of the relation of two languages. In one utterance, Yama states his demands. He wants the outsized, authoritative posture of English – *gaddeemu, steeki* – and the intimate familiarity of Japanese – *yo, obasan, chōshi*. And he wants them all at once. He's asking here. *Hayaku tanomuyo*.

If Yama's opening utterance serves as any indication, then the "vernacular" might seem to be a very strange place to imagine anything like a diplomacy. Yet coarse and familiar as Yama's vernacular utterance is, it still inaugurates a space and a time, a space and a time that awaits the response of another, the obasan. And the obasan does not disappoint. She is more than capable of meeting his level of coarseness and familiarity: "What's got you so riled up, huh? And what's this with steak all of a sudden? Always going on about how there's so much meat over there at the white people's place, how they even feed it to the dogs" (6). (何そんなに腹をたてゝゐるのさあ、それに珍しくステーキだなんて、白人の所に居るとミートは食い飽きてらあ、そんな物、犬

が食ふもんだなんて、言つて居たくせに). The obasan knows Yama's habits, she doesn't take him that seriously – she cooks for him and serves him food, but that doesn't mean that she's about to bend over backwards to accommodate him. The obasan's restaurant is technically a public space, but it is also familiar, a public space in off hours, a kind of home a little off-center from what a home should look like. This sense of off-centered homeliness is precisely captured by the obasan's parting utterance:

- 「ゴーホームでも食つたの、この不景氣に泣きつらに蜂じやないのさあ」
- *Go hoomu demo kutta no, kono fukeiki ni nakitsura ni hachi jyanai no saa.*
- So you got a go home did you? Guess in these hard times the bee really does sting the crying face (72).

What does it mean to *kuu* or eat, or get a "go home"? Here is an instance where the disciplinary language of white, English-speaking bosses has crossed into the vernacular of Japanese American domestics and laborers. "Eating a go home" means getting cussed out, told to leave, fired. In these hard times, "the bee really does sting the crying face, they really do kick you when you're down."

There are many ironies encoded in the Japanese American vernacular citation of the English "go home" – Mister Yama has no home of his own in the United States, and if he were to really eat a "go home" and lose his job, he would never be able to afford to return to a home in Japan. And yet, the restaurant with its coarse familiar obasan becomes a home: a rather strange home, perhaps, the home one goes to after getting a "go home" – but a home nonetheless. Yama relaxes when he hears the obasan's rude, but ultimately familiar treatment. The narrative voice sums up the strange mood of this place and time with the following sentence:

- なんだか日本の場末のイカモノヤと云ふ感じの店である。
- *Nandaka Nihon no basue no ikamonoya to iu kanji no mise de aru.*
- Somehow, this restaurant had the feeling of a strange place on the outskirts of [some city in] Japan (72).

The word *basue*, meaning "outskirts," or perhaps, "end-of-the-road," places the feeling of this space and time somewhere on the periphery of the city, or even, perhaps, on the periphery of Japan. And the word *ikamonoya* could be loosely translated as a "dive" or as a "strange," "suspect" place. An *ikamono* is "a fake thing, a counterfeit thing" a thing that is like something else, but is not quite that other thing. Thus, the space of the *ikamonoya* invokes a feeling that is like Japan, but not quite Japan. It is like a home, but not quite home.

It is in a strange mood of not-quite-homeliness that Yama happens to pick up the hōjishi or the vernacular newspaper:

抗日の首都、南京陷落
皇軍 の 歴史的勝利
敵 死 傷 十 數 萬

ANTI-JAPANESE CAPITAL, NANKING FALLS
IMPERIAL ARMY'S HISTORIC VICTORY
ENEMY CASUALTIES OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND

The headlines of the paper invade the story. No phrase like "Yama began to read" buffers us from this condensed block of text. This vernacular newspaper finds its way even into the most isolated reaches, the strange ikamonoya, the end-of-the-road place at the far periphery of Japan. The flimsy walls of the ikamonoya are no match for the paper. The paper marks the day, December 13, 1937, when Nanking fell, it marks the beginning of months of arson, torture, rape, and mass murder – a chaos of atrocity that we now address as the Rape of Nanking.

Yama can not yet know the scope and scale of Nanking, and perhaps because of this ignorance, Yama is able to respond. This is his response:

- 「これだから、ウオングの奴不機嫌になるのも無理は無えが、癪じゃねえか。」
- *Koredakara, Uongu no yatsu fukigen ni naru no mo muri wa neega, shaku janeeka.*
- I can see how this might put that guy Wong in a bad mood, but what a pain in the ass... (72-73).

The term "understatement" comes to mind here. If, as Wai Chee Dimock proposes, the question of reading through continents is a question of scale, then here the scalar relation takes on an ethical dimension. How could it possibly be appropriate to respond to the slaughter of hundreds of thousands at the level of a "bad mood"? Certainly, as a public response, Yama's response is wildly inappropriate, but on a more intimate scale, at the scale of the ikamonoya, at the scale of Yama's relationship with that guy Wong, this response may yet find its measure.

Vertical Scale - Pacific Heights and the Servant Basement

The story elaborates the conflict between the scale of geopolitics and the scale of the "strange place on the outskirts of the city" by showing the disjoint between high-literary description and the low-reality of Yama and Wong's actual living conditions. In the next section, we receive an elaborate description of the Pacific Heights mansion where Yama lives:

> もと博覽會のあつたマリナの街を足下に見下し、左手は樹木鬱蒼と繁つたプレシデオ兵營を越して、ゴールデンゲートブリツジの鐵柱が宇に聳え。夜となれば橋の兩側に燈されたヲレンヂ色の燈火が幾百となく、ゆるい弧を描いて對岸につゞき、黄色の虹のやうに壯觀を呈するといふ。右手にアルカトラス島や天使島が繪のやうに浮かび、サウスリート通ひボートが間斷なく白ゐ姿を見せ、對岸のリツチモンド、バクレイ、オークランドの家々がマツチの箱の樣に小さくそれもはつきりみると言ふ...

> Looking down the hill towards Marina Street (where the World's Fairgrounds used to be), on the left hand were the verdant woods of the Presidio, and beyond, the steel towers of the Golden Gate Bridge, soaring into the sky. At night, he would say, both sides of the bridge are bathed in the light of hundreds of orange streetlamps, offering the incredible sight of a golden rainbow curving out to the opposite shore. On the right hand, like in a painting, were Alcatraz and Angel Islands, rising out of the bay. And there, an unbroken stream of white boats heading for Sausalito. And on the other side of the Bay, you could clearly see houses in Richmond, Berkeley, Oakland, like little matchboxes...(73).

Compared to the coarseness of the previous section's language, this passage has an over-abundance of refined vocabulary. The description of the Presidio covered in luxuriant, verdant woods (*jyumoku ussō to shigetta*) the description of the Golden Gate offering the vision (*sōkan wo teisuru*) of a delicate golden rainbow, the reference to the painting-like quality of Alcatraz and Angel Islands, etc. all contribute to a sense of elaborate, panoramic beauty.

The continuation of this passage reverses the tone. With the concluding phrase, *to iu hanashi de aru ga*, (at least that's how Yama told it), we learn that all of the above was simply the story that Yama tells in order to obscure the actual conditions of his life. The incredible scope and beauty of this view, and the high-register language that you could use to describe it, are both beyond his reach. The passage continues as follows,

> …と云ふ話であるが。それは主婦達の居室や、一番上の玉臺やピンポンなどが据えてある所からの眺望であつて。ミスターヤマの寢起してゐる所は四階建の一番下のベスメントで左手が洗濯場に連らなり、その隣は晝よるの差別なく工場のやうにゴーゴーと不氣味な音を立てゝゐるボイラールームが續いてゐる。窓はたつた一つ申譯けのやうに附いてゐるが、表側んいは盗難除けに小指大の針金で網が張つてあつて、初めて彼氏を訪問する者はきまつて「刑務所みたいじやあないか」と、笑ふ。窓越しに外を見ると、海は勿論橋も見えない、窓際からガーデナーが續いてゐて、一陣の風に綠の波を打たせる位が關の山で、向かふは殺風景な隣の黑色屋根が見える丈けである。ガーデナーが施肥でもした當分は、海から吹き上げる潮風に、プーント惡臭の空氣が窓から流れ込んで來る。それは夏の夕方二三時間僅かに陽の射す彼氏の居屋は、その自慢話をは相當かけ離れたものである。
>
> ミスターヤマとウオングは、壁一重隣りに、こゝ數年起居してゐた。

> ...at least, that was how Yama would tell it. But that was the view from the master bedroom, or from the room on the very top floor, where the owners of the house kept the pool table, the ping pong set, and other games. Mister Yama's room was in the basement at the very bottom of the four-floor house. On the right, his room connected to the laundry room; it was like living next to a factory. Day and night strange groaning noises would come from the boiler room—*gō-gō-gō*.There was one window, put in as an afterthought. Thick iron netting had been pulled across the burglar bars, and the first time anyone visited him, they would always laugh, "Nice cell

> you got here." Outside the window, there was, of course, no view of the ocean, or ships. The garden was next to the window, but the most Yama ever saw of it was a little flicker of green when the wind blew. The only other thing he could see was the barren black roof of the house next door. Whenever the gardener spread fresh manure, the salt-breeze off the ocean would carry the stench, and it would stream into through the window. To top it all off, even in summer, sunlight entered his room for only two or three hours around dusk. It was nothing like what Yama would boast about in his tall tales. Mister Yama and Wong had been, for many years, neighbors, separated by only a single wall (73).

This half of the passage almost perfectly inverts every element of the description in the first half. Instead of the heights of the Golden Gate Bridge, we see basement servant quarters connected to a laundry room. Instead of the soundless tranquility of an open view, we hear the relentless groaning of a boiler room. Instead of a panoramic view, we see a pathetically narrow window. Instead of the verdant Presidio woods we see a pathetic little flicker of green when there's a breeze. And the only "unbroken stream" we encounter in Yama's room is the smell of garden manure that blows in with the ocean salt wind off.

The scene concludes with a short sentence, "Mr. Yama and Wong had been, for many years, neighbors, separated by only a single wall" (73). As long time neighbors, they share the same (literally) shitty view. Yama and Wong are excluded from view in a double sense. They are placed out of sight, and they are placed where they cannot see. The vernacular architecture of the San Francisco mansion places the masters bedroom in view, with view, while the domestics, the servants are out of view, without view. The structure of view here parallels the structure of speech within the San Francisco household. The domestics are placed in a position where their "views" cannot be spoken. Neither can fully access the "high" language of literary description and panoramic vision, but now the question is what the single wall between them signifies. Is the shared wall a symbol of their status as neighbors, comrades that can share the same low language of everyday life? Or, is the wall a barrier, a physical manifestation of the inability of Yama and Wong to connect?

Sino-Japanese-American "Trouble"

The story's two previous scenes carefully provide a sense of the multiple registers, scales, and views that determine Yama and Wong's location in the San Francisco mansion in which they live. This degree of specification provides the essential stage for the most important utterance of the story, an utterance that comes not from the Japanese Yama, but the Chinese Wong.

The next scene places Yama and Wong together, in the same physical position. They eat their dinner silently in the kitchen while the owner of the house and his friends carry on a dinner party conversation.

> 支那事變が中南支へ波及せず、まだ北支事變と呼んでゐた頃、此處の主人が四五人の知人を招くいてパーティを開いた、主客達の話題は自然と時の問

題、日支紛爭に入つたらしい、ジヤパン、チヤイナ、バンプとかウヲーとかの聲が、時々ケツチンで食事をしてゐる、ヤマとウオングの耳に入つた。二人は默つた儘フオークを動かして居たが、暫らくして食べ終えたウオングは急ぎ足で食事歡談中のダイニングルームに躍り込んで、

Before the Chinese Incident had spread to central and southern China, back when it was still called the North Chinese Incident, the master of the house had four or five of his acquaintances come over for a party. Their conversation naturally turned to current affairs, and it seemed like they had started to talk about the Sino-Japanese conflict. *Japan, China, Bombs* [? - *banpu*], and *War...* every now and then their voices would reach the ears of Yama and Wong, who were eating in the kitchen. Yama and Wong moved their forks in silence, but then, Wong suddenly stopped eating. He stood up and rushed to the door, bursting in on the gentlemen in the dining room... (73-74).

The narrative constructs its sense of time by pointing to a world event: the spread of the "(North) Chinese Incident," but then switches scale to a scene that seems to have absolutely nothing to do with the Chinese Incident – the gentleman's party held by he master of the house. To describe the party, the text switches into a more formal, upper-class language (quite removed from what we encountered in the *ikamonoya*). The phrase, *koko no shujin ga yon go no chijin wo maneite* - "Sir invited four or five of his acquaintances" could have been written about gentlemen in Japan. The use of *koko* (here) to locate the *shujin*, suggests some trace of formal, well-mannered oral speech – rather than refer to the *shujin* by name, the text gestures towards where he is – (the master of this place). The imprecision of the phrase, *yon-go* (four or five), suggests that it might not be the narrator's place to presume to know how many guests there were.

As readers, we share Yama and Wong's vantage point. We can only catch fragments of the English conversation that drift into the kitchen: *Japan, China, Bombs, War*. Here physical distance also marks a social and linguistic distance. Neither Wong nor Yama can enter the dining room conversation; neither Wong nor Yama are native speakers of gentleman's English.

Wong's sudden movement into the dining room thus breaks the physical, linguistic, and social division between master and servant languages and locations – the place of the servant is to eat in silence the kitchen, and the place of the master is to have elegant mealtime discussions.

Wong then launches a vigorous tirade against the evils of the Japanese. This tirade obviously breaks the class barrier between kitchen and dining room, low and high, but it also introduces a problem in the representation of speech in writing. Wong's speech against the Japanese is written as if he is speaking *in Japanese*:

ジヤツプが悪いんだ、ジヤツプが。幾萬と支那の市民を殺したか知れない。奴等は貧乏で、剛慾で、野蠻で、支那の鐵や石油や石炭が欲しんだ。それで無理矢理に戰爭をおつぱじめたんだ。アメリカだつて何時奴等から攻められるか知れない。俺たちから取つた鐵や材料で軍艦や飛行機をうんと造つて、きつとこの桑港もジヤツプの爲に叩きこわされるんだ。

> The Japs are evil, those Japs. We'll never know many Chinese civilians they've killed. Those barbaric, greedy, thieving bastards wanted China's steel and oil and coal. That's why they started this damned war. Don't you realize that sooner or later America's going to get attacked by those bastards? They're going to use all the iron and raw materials they took from us, make a whole mess of ships and planes, and then even San Francisco will be destroyed by the Japs (74).

The narrative doesn't supply Wong with a Chinese accent, but renders all of his words as if he were speaking in fluent (though aggravated) lower-class Japanese vernacular. If anything, Wong speaks exactly like Yama does. The content of Wong's speech, of course, is resolutely anti-Japanese – from the use of the pejorative *jyappu* ("Jap"), to the description of Japs as thieving bastards. When Wong says "us," he clearly means "us Chinese." But the way he says "us," using the informal Japanese male second-person plural *oretachi*, makes Wong sound like Yama would. Wong's insistent repetition of the strongly emphatic *-nda*, and his extremely casual use of the verb *oppajimeru* (a regional and lower-class word you can't find in a dictionary of standard, polite Japanese) are all characteristic of the Japanese speech of farmers or working-class men.

Of course, Wong wouldn't have spoken in Japanese to his master and his master's guests. He would have spoken in English, perhaps a broken English. By rendering his (directly quoted) speech in Japanese, the text works under the following logic: Yama and Wong's physical and social situations are identical, so why not their languages? We read this scene as Yama might have heard it, since Yama is the only consciousness present in the scene that could plausibly process and understand Wong's speech in or as informal Japanese vernacular.

Perhaps Wong spoke excellent English, or maybe broken English, or perhaps his emotions got in the way. We cannot judge from the master and guest's response, because they merely respond with dumbfounded silence before shoving him forcefully back into the kitchen. We can however, point to the possibility that Yama, through long experience living with Wong, somehow shares a language with him – a shared "servant's language," which appears in translation as the Japanese that Yama would have spoken in Wong's place.

Everyone around Wong interprets his actions as uncivilized and barbaric. Yama thinks to himself that Wong's outburst just goes to show that "the Chinese race as a whole lacks culture." Wong breaks the barrier of civility by speaking in a low register to his social superiors, for crossing into the dining room in the first place. And yet, I would argue that Wong is actually the most civilized character in the entire story. Wong's utterance is profoundly egalitarian - he dares to address his putative social superiors as social equals, inviting them to speak in response as equals. Wong also inverts the architecture of view, suggesting that even though the gentlemen have expansive views of the Pacific from their lofty "heights" – they are actually unable to see the world. The San Francisco they see around them will be destroyed just as surely as Nanking.

Wong's speech takes on particular prominence in this section because his words are the only ones that appear in direct quotation. The voices of the gentleman are disembodied fragments in the background, and in the second half of the passage, the voice of the mistress of the house appears without quotation marks:

翌る朝、主婦はヤマとウオングの二人を呼んで、昨夜の事について語りはじめた。ーーそして、これからうちでは絶對に戰爭の話はしない事にした。支那には支那の言ひ分があり、日本には日本の意見があるだらう、そうゆう譯で今後戰爭が長く續いてヤマとウオングの間にツラブルが起きたら自分達も非常に不愉快であるからお互いに仲好くして欲しい。若しツラブルがあつた場合ば二人共働く事を止めさせるからそう思つて居てもらいたい。それに昨夜のウオングは氣狂ひにでもなつたのかと思つた、主人は暇を出せと言ふて居たが、永年働いて氣心も知つてゐるので此の度び丈けは許してやると言ふやうな譯だつた。

The next morning, Ma'am called for Yama and Wong, and began to talk about the night before. —- So, from now on, there is to be no talking about the war. China has its part to say, and surely Japan has its own opinions, so there is every reason to believe this war will continue for a long time. But, if there were to be any trouble between you two, we would be very unhappy; we want you two to treat each other like good friends. If there were to be any trouble, I need to tell you that we'd have to let both of you go. Last night, after Wong lost his temper, my husband said that we would have to let you go, but you've worked here for so many years, and we know you're a good man, so just this once we'll let it go (74).

The narrative adds to the sense of distance created by indirect quotation by the way it renders the mistress' upper-class English. The text moves away from the hybrid vernacular of Yama, Wong, and the obasan, and instead turns it into more standard, elegant-sounding Japanese. The mistress' level of speech seems typical for an upper-class woman in an analogous situation in Japan. The only word that stands out as non-standard Japanese is the word "tsuraburu" (trouble), but this euphemism, unlike the use of English in Yama and the obasan's vernacular, serves to accentuate the genteel equanimity of the mistress' speech. The mistress avoids stating explicitly what she means by "trouble," just as she avoids dwelling on the reasons for why Japan and China are at war. This lady does not dwell on the gritty details of fratricidal inter-Asian war, just as she does not dwell on the disagreeable conflicts that might exist between her servants.

We should note that the mistress also occupies the position of a "rhetorical double" to her husband—a diplomatic figure who repeats and transmits the speech and feelings of the "master" (主人). In addition to doubling the voice of her husband, the mistress also doubles the prevailing discourse of American neutrality. Recall that the Neutrality Act of 1935 required formally "equal" treatment of all parties to a war. Recall also that the perverse effect of the Act was that the parties to the war both agreed to not speak of the war as if it was a war. The mistress' injunction against "trouble" has a similar function—a stance which bars any *speech* about the "war" lest this speech also contaminate the pristine neutrality of the American household.

In the household economy of the San Francisco Mansion "intra-Asiatic speech" is functionally equivalent to "trouble." The mistress' threat of "giving leave" ironically addresses Wong and Yama as if they were already a couple – inseparably "bound" by their Asiatic domestic status. Wong and Yama are thus bound in a "civil union" of sorts, where the threat posed by their potentially troubling intra-Asiatic speech to the overarching "civilization" of the household demands a regulatory threat against Wong/Yama as a singular "civil unit." Unable, or unwilling to arbitrate

between the Chinese and the Japanese – the Missus (as allegorical avatar for the mediating authority of the Euro-American powers) – merely instructs the two servants to keep it to themselves otherwise both will suffer the consequences. Her vague and unbounded prohibition against "trouble" restores a "civility" that is transparently uncivil – a civil society that uses the construct of a compulsory Asiatic "civil union" as a way to exclude "troubling" forms of linguistic intercourse. Never mind the fact that the gentlemen's conversation was in its own way profoundly uncivilized. They were thick-headed boors who operated under the elite presumption that gentlemanly words circulate only among gentlemen. They were utterly oblivious that casual observations about Japan, China, and war, might pose their own form of trouble to servants listening just behind another door...

In contrast to Wong, Yama finds himself unable to speak properly, and recapitulates the anxiety of the servant who cannot act as a reliable Japanese people's diplomat. He stutters, he tries to deny his compulsory link with Wong, but finally gives up.

> ヤマは主婦に、日本でも通州と言ふ所で三百人程の婦女子が支那兵の爲に虐殺された事變を話し、それに日本は隣邦支那の赤化を非常に怖われて、支那から赤色思想を驅逐する爲に今度の戰爭が起きたのだと。ブロツクの英語ながら説明して引き下がつた。
>
> Yama told the mistress that in a place called Tsūshū (Tongzhou), some 300 Japanese women and girls were massacred by Chinese soldiers. Also, Japan was afraid the Reds would take over its neighbor, and the war had started to drive Red ideology out of China. He couldn't explain using his broken English, so he gave up (73-4).

To convey the patterns of broken English, the narrative interferes with the fluency of his speech through the use of awkward-sounding quotatives, like *to iu toko*, *o hanashi*, and *no da to*. Wong only ends his valiant speech after the master and his guests force him back into the kitchen. Yama, under no such pressure, cannot manage to speak properly, and resigns in defeat.

Ordinary Things in Ordinary Times

The mistress' total prohibition of any speech about the war sends Yama and Wong's conversation underground. Neither Yama and Wong can talk openly or freely because of the risk that these conversations could escalate and be interpreted as trouble. Instead, Yama and Wong communicate through non-verbal means invisible to the eyes of their masters. We learn of a few of these channels of communication. First, Yama and Wong can partially read each other's newspapers due to commonalities in the Japanese and Chinese written languages. Second, after years of living together, Yama and Wong can easily interpret each other's moods and non-verbal gestures. Third, because of a long history of shared everyday routines, breaking these routines can function as non-verbal signs.

The story briefly introduces the first channel of communication – partial reading of each other's newspapers – in the next scene. We learn that Yama can read Wong's Chinese newspaper,

the *Xiaonian Zhongguo* (Young China), but Yama dismisses its articles as falsified demagoguery (*dema*) (74). This plays into the second channel, where Yama can observe the effects that reading these articles have on Wong's mood. When the newspaper reports the war going well for the Chinese, Wong's mood improves, and the reverse happens when events in the war turn against the Chinese (75).

The third channel, based on variation in long-established routines and non-verbal exchange of objects. Is referenced in the "preamble" of this chapter. The story could presumably have ended here, with this resolution and reaffirmation of friendship and intimacy, and more importantly a restoration of ordinary time – where "every thing is just like always." This ordinary time concords with ordinary things: Yama and Wong both refer to their cigars and gin bottles as *rei no mono*, the usual thing, the ordinary thing.

The story gives us one last hopeful look toward a peaceful past, prior to the escalation of the war. In the penultimate scene, Yama walks through San Francisco Japantown. Militarist and patriotic anthems and signs saturate every part of the street:

> 邦人街には戰時色たつぷりの軍歌や、愛國行進曲が、ラウドスピーカーを通じて夜となく晝となく道行く人の耳に流れてゐた。日本人は誰れ彼れの區別なく非常時を身一ぱいに感じながら要所／＼にはられた戰報を丹念に讀んで居た。例年ならば四五六の三ヶ月の毎日には海岸や草原で各團體の野遊會が催れるのだか、今年は總べてそうしたものは中止され、その經費は國防、恤兵金として、どし／＼獻金された。まだ故國を知らぬ第二世の子供達も日本の爲に、通學の往復や、或は繁華な街をあるき乍ら、捨てられた煙草の袋の銀紙を拾ひて貯めてゐた。
>
> In Japantown (*hōjinmachi*), wartime military songs and patriotic marches played day and night through loudspeakers, filling the ears of passers-by. All Japanese, without exception, felt the sense that this was a time of crisis, and everyone read every bit of war news they could get. In a normal year, for the three months of April, May, and June, every Sunday different groups would go on outings to the seashore or grassy parks, but this year, all the events were cancelled, and the money went to donations to the National Defense Fund, or the Soldier's Support Fund. Even nisei children who had never seen their homeland would, for the sake of Japan, pick up and hoard the silver paper from empty cigarette boxes they found on their way to school or while walking on busy streets (78).

The Japanese military songs and patriotic marches are literally unavoidable, their sounds, like the boiler room furnace, continue relentlessly through the night and day. The daily routine of reading the Japanese-language newspaper now becomes an act of feeling at one with the national body and the time of crisis. The narrative juxtaposes the images of this time of emergency *hijōji* with the happenings of usual years – *reinen* (an echo of the earlier *rei no mono*). Routine outings to the seashore or the park now become money sent toward the National Defense. The playtime of children, walking to and from school, now becomes a part of a war machine, and an innocuous

ordinary *rei no mono*, cigarette wrappers, becomes the raw materials for shell casings or other munitions.

Instead of getting caught up by the relentless wave of Japanese patriotic, nationalist feeling, Yama turns to the memory of a happy scene with Wong.

> ヤマは昨年、或る學園の野遊會で、ウオングの支那服と靴や帽子等を借り、辨髪をつけて假裝行列に出た。そして見事一等賞をもらつた、彼はその賞品をウオングと山分けにしたウオングも珍しく喜んで居たが、今年彼には支那服を貸せと云ふても決して應諾はしないだらう、支那服を着て出た所で、賞には入らないだらう。僅か一年の間にこれ程の感情のくぃちがいを生じた事も夢のやうだし、お互い相手を敵視してゐながら、壁一重隣に住んで居て、生活の爲めとは云へ、それをどうする事も出來ないのも避けられない、宿命のやうに思えてならなかつた。

> Last year, for a costume contest at one of these spring outings, Yama borrowed Wong's Chinese clothes, shoes, and hat (to which he attached a long queue). Somehow, he won first prize, and afterwards he split the winnings with Wong. Wong had been unusually happy about the whole thing, but this year, Yama didn't think Wong was likely to let him borrow his clothes, and even if he did wear Chinese clothes, he probably wouldn't win a prize. In just one year, things had changed so much; it was impossible to connect in the same way. It was like a dream. How could they look at each other as enemies, even though there live only one wall apart? They had to live together, but how could they? Yama had not choice but to accept what was happening as an inevitable twist of fate (78-9).

By depicting Yama performing (or being seen as Chinese), the narrative balances against the earlier representation of Wong speaking (or being heard as speaking) Yama's vernacular Japanese. Although this exchange requires the carnivalesque context of a spring costume contest, it still works – both men end up happy. The suspension of these *reinen* (regular) outings in war-time closes down a channel where Yama and Wong can share, and mutually profit from, a performance that crosses the thin wall between Japanese and Chinese identity.

The Triumph of the Newspaper

The newspaper occupies a troubling place in the vernacular, or daily life of Wong and Yama. It seems like an ordinary object, but it is an extremely strange one. During their temporary suspension , Wong and Yama strategically place their respective Japanese and Chinese language newspapers in places where the other is sure to find them. Given the fact that both Wong and Yama are both semi-literate in each others' languages, these "placed papers" take over the function of everyday speech. Unlike cigars, gin, and clothing, the newspaper cannot be so easily reconciled to the intimacy implied by shared life. The vexed nature of the newspaper as a daily-life object in

relation to the other “usual objects” defines the conditions for the culminating tragedy of the story, a loss of vernacular speech and gesture, and its replacement with the vernacular newspaper.

The closure of channels of communication and exchange between Yama and Wong (through the master and mistress’s quarantine on trouble, and the strident wartime rhetoric in the Japanese-American public sphere), make it impossible for Yama and Wong to honestly share their feelings and thoughts. The final scene solidifies the sense that Yama and Wong’s servant language, accords, and friendly exchanges cannot last. The scene begins with Yama apprehensively reading Wong’s Chinese newspapers: the war is going badly for Japan. But on May 19th, events shift decisively...

> 五月十九日の夕方、ヤマはすつかり其の日の仕事が終へて、鼻歌まじりに洗濯場からケツチンに昇つて來ると、ウオングは一生懸命に邦字新聞を判讀してゐた。
> 『何かあつたのか、ウオング』
> と、云ひ乍ら彼の肩から覗き込むと、
> **正義の鋭 今や敵の心臓を貫き**
> **暴支抗日の牙城徐州遂に陥落!**
> の、特大號の活字が、ヤマの目を射つた。彼はとつさに、何んとウオングに云ふていゝのか言葉に迷つた、同情の言葉は此の際馬鹿にしてゐると取られるかも知れないし、それに彼等としては徐州が陥落する等とは夢にも思つて居ないのだ、うつかり『氣の毒』等と云ふものならきつと、此の記事は出鱈目だ、と、口角泡を飛ばして長廣舌を振ふに違ひないし、さりとて『ざまを見ろ』とは云ひ兼ねて、彼は邦字紙を讀みたい心を押しかくして、ウオングから逃げるやうに、二階の書齋に走つて、此の日英字紙の夕刊をさがした。

> On the evening of May 19th, Yama has just finished with his day’s work, and hummed as he walked up from the laundry room to the kitchen. Wong was trying his best to figure out what was written in the Japanese newspaper (*hōjishinbun*).
> ”Did something happen, Wong?” he asked as he looked over Wong’s shoulder.
>
> **BLADE OF JUSTICE PIERCES ENEMY’S HEART**
>
> **ANTI-JAPANESE STRONGHOLD, XUZHOU, FALLS AT LAST!**
>
> ... the extra-large print shot straight into Yama’s eyes. He was instantly at a loss for what he could say to Wong. Sympathetic words would probably be taken as insulting mockery. And there was no way that the Chinese could believe Xuzhou had fallen. If he just said ”what a shame” or something, then there’d just be a long, loud, frothing-at-the-mouth argument about how the article was hogwash; but on the other hand, he didn’t want to gloat and say, ”I told you so.” Hiding his desire to read the Japanese paper, Yama slipped away from Wong and ran up to the second-floor study to find the evening edition of the English paper (80).

Compared to the relatively compressed headlines quoted at the beginning of the story, these headlines seem longer, more strident, and more hostile. Instead of the more technical *kōgun*

(Imperial Army), we read the rhetorically-charged *seigi no ei* (blade of justice). The first headlines refer to Nanking as an enemy capital, but do not contain any reference to anything as graphic as the "enemy's heart." None of these kanji would be particularly difficult to read for a literate Chinese person, and it seems unlikely that Wong would not have understood the general gist of these headlines. All of this makes Yama's tactic of silence seem suspect. Yama fears having to confront Wong so he says nothing, and instead runs off to his master's study to read the English newspaper.

When Yama does so, he first can't find any news of the fall of Xuzhou. Yama panics, thinking, for a moment, that the Japanese article might not be true. However, he eventually finds a small article buried on the second page. This causes Yama to reflect on where American sympathies lie:

> 南京が陥落した時も、バネー號事件の方にお株をとられて、日本人には癪にさわる位ニュースとして虐待されたのに、支那機がたつた一回臺北を盲爆した時は地圖入りでデカ／＼とフロントページに報導してあつた。やはり米國人の同情は支那にあるのだ、日本に不利な事は僅かな出來事でも針小棒大に報導するのだと、優者の悲哀を感ずるのだつたが、徐州陷落が事實だと云ふ自信が出來たので、又ケツチンに戻つた。
>
> It was like when Nanking fell, the sinking of the Panay got all the attention - a total insult to the achievement of the Japanese. But when a few Chinese planes made a blind bombing run against Taipei, it was all over the front page—there was even a map to go with the article. The sympathies of Americans were definitely with China. Minor losses for the Japanese were described as if they were major defeats. Yama felt the sorrow of the victor (*yūsha no hiai*) but he was now sure of the fact that Xuzhou had fallen, so he returned to the kitchen (80).

Yama's ambiguous emotional response, encapsulated in the phrase *yūsha no hiai*, (the sorrow of the victor), confuses the positions of victor and victim, superior and inferior. The phrase acts as a pivot between two thoughts. The sorrow of the victor could be a response to the American refusal to recognize Japanese military achievements; Yama feels sadness in the fact that America refuses to recognize the Japanese as victors (*yūsha*). Or, the sorrow of the victor could be a response to the expectation of meeting with the defeated Wong, and having to tell him that Xuzhou had fallen.

"Mister Yama and the China Incident" ends in the suspended ambiguity of *yūsha no hiai*. We cannot know what Yama would have said to Wong, or what Wong would have said to Yama had they talked more about the fall of Xuzhou. The linguistic space for Wong and Yama's servant's accords evaporates, and the story ends in near-silence.

> ウオングはもうケツチンに居なかつた、ヤマはウオングの讀み捨てた新聞を持つてベスメントに降りた、ウオングのルームの前に來ると室内からガサ／＼と、紙の音が聞こへた。支那新聞を讀んでゐるのだな、と感づくと、ヤマは言葉もかけずに自室に入りベツドの上にゴロリところがつて戰勝記事をむさぶり讀んだ。

> Wong was already gone, so Yama took the newspaper that Wong had left behind, and went down to the basement. As he walked past Wong's room, Yama could hear the faint *gasa-gasa* sound of rustling paper. "He must be reading the Chinese paper," Yama thought, and Yama, without a word, entered his own room, stretched out on his bed, and read the article in triumph (80).

The last sentence suggests an exaggerated sense of victory, he flops down on his bed and reads the newspaper "in triumph" (*musaburi*). Technically, the story ends with the same kind of reintegration into the Japanese nation featured in earlier servant diplomacy fiction. However, this patriotic reverie seems somehow forced and hollow when juxtaposed to the sense of distance and loneliness created by the previous sentence. Yama follows Wong into the basement, but stops when he hears the sound of rustling newspaper. Yama doesn't say a word, and retreats to his own room. The rustling paper has even taken over the domain of sound. From prior description, we know Yama's room is a prison cell – a strange place to gallantly celebrate a "victory." "Mister Yama" begins with a blast of coarse and vibrant oral vernacular, and ends in silence, with two men reading their own newspapers in their own separate rooms.

Response

Though the newspaper "wins" in the San Francisco mansion, we need to think through how the story as a whole re-capitulates and responds to the levels of scale above it, working back through all the various "hand-overs" from one level of discourse to the next. In silence, the hand speaks, and though Yama does not speak to Wong, Wong is still in Yama's head – Yama still imagines what Wong would do or say. Their long years of intimacy of sharing one wall between them mean that Yama's vicarious "national victory" seems hollow in comparison to the loss of his one true friend. That this loss is remembered rather than denied and forgotten, is a crucial first step towards a discourse of wartime responsibility.

Perhaps Yama cannot respond to Nanking – the scale is too enormous for response. But in his intimacy with Wong, he still finds himself called to respond. Here, in this reading of "Mister Yama and the China Incident," we find another location for the possibility, and necessity of response. In the language of servants, in the vernacular. What could Yama have said to Wong? Can we still imagine that something could have been said?

The need to invent a language, a vernacular to express this response is the precondition to an "Asian-American literature" (as opposed to a merely Japanese or a merely Chinese American literature). It is the precondition to an Asian-American literature that remembers and responds to Nanking, as opposed to forgetting it in the name of false unity. This is the risk, and the responsibility entailed by a historical recovery of a Sino-Japanese-American vernacular diplomacy.

"Mister Yama and the China Incident" also introduces a third position to the diplomacies of Hartmann, Arishima, and Shōson. The diplomacies of Hartmann, Arishima, and Shōson are mostly bilateral in nature—relations with white Americans, or fellow Japanese. Whether figured through engrafting, the dissolution of tears, or the invagination of the pocket, each of these means

of articulating the promise and peril of a diplomatic, democratic union all posit a relation with *one* other. The open and future question posed by Katō leads toward the impossible diplomacies of Asian American literature, not with one other, but with *many*.

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