

有島武郎全集

第十二卷

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筑摩書房

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觀想錄 第十四卷

June, 1908

Sapporo.

June 20, Satur. 1908.

Awful wind, confound it. Morning an examination of Pre. I. Attended to the class room from 8½ to 12½, meanwhile reading Gontcharof's "Common Story." Very interesting indeed. His pessimistic and misanthropic vein is most bitingly sharp. It almost kills you. I would like to translate it and fling it to the reading public of to-day, who are so taken to the unrestrained sentimentalism, or "outpouring." Piotr Ivanitch would say. Really they need some kind of cooling medicine. They would not listen to moral or religion, nor are they bound themselves to the prevailing custom of to-day. Only way to awake them up to the reality is to give them the sight to the seamy side of what they think most and only precious thing in the world. I really would like to translate it for them.

After-noon was spent in reading Vol. II of Brandes' "The 19th Century Literature," which contains the history of German Romanticism. Ever interesting and instructive.

By evening took a walk through Museum ground, decked thickly with green leaves and grasses. Beautiful and reposing. Many a spot of it have so many associations to my past history. I seem to be familiar with almost every spot.

Night again Brandes and English Review and Reviews.

Brandes supposes that the most conspicuous characteristics of German Romanticism of the 19th century were the utter indifference to the exist-

ing political condition (such traits are very remarkable in Goethe's life and writing who is one of the most prominent pioneer of the movement, and even Schiller, who is considered most historical and philosophical poet in Germany, was by no means concerned to the political movement of the age), and another is the boundless expansion of Ego, which took its origin from the philosophy of Fichte. So one can easily imagine the German Romanticism is another name of fantastic literature. In it the intellect and imagination were so fused together that one can hardly notice that imagination is never creative, but reforming and remodelling faculty of production, etc. etc.

The wind stopped to blow in night, and it was quiet, so quiet. What is my unknown yearning? I am ever uneasy. I don't know what to do. I am still building my house upon the sand. Where is rocky foundation? If I only could live my life with an unflinching life purpose! How mighty will it be ! Till then, farewell to happiness.

June 21, '08, Sun.

Most strong south wind, clear. How I detest the wind without rain! It reminds of harsh temperament, merciless scourge, biting sarcasm, sneering cynicism, desperate jealousy, tearless sob, coquette's laughter, and above all, it hurts my eyes fiercely.

Morning went to church, and took photograph of sunday school children. Met Mr. Kuroiwa, that sturdy manly man. Went to botanical garden with Morimoto and Tanaka; could not enjoy it because of wind.

I evidently caught cold. I felt sick head-ache and sore throat. Afternoon is spent in reading Turgenieff's "House of Gentle folks," which I think little bit dull for his work; but he attracts us in singular figure of musician Lemm. He is splendid. Read also Common Story.

Night sleeping fit, went to bed at 10½. Oh! what an easy fellow you are! You fall into sluggish ennui whenever you have not any pressing business. Stir up your spirit and do go ahead with all your might.

June 22, '08, Mon.

South wind blew hard as yesterday, clear sky. Anniversary holiday of the Univ. Morning celebration at the Library. Then all faculties and clerks went to Nishinomiya near Nakajima to have garden party. Flat.

Upon return home commenced to read Goncharof's *Common Story* and finished it. It was great. I have never read such kind of novel like this. His cold impartiality sometimes makes you bored of his writing. It sounds cynicism. But after I read it through, I was inclined to believe that he is not misanthropic, but the real meaning is that he lacks a peculiar fire which is so common among the artists, so he necessarily must appeal to readers by his clear insight and logical development of events. Those writers like Tolstoy or Turgenief or Dostoevsky have a fire which carries you with their idea in spite of your showing dislike to their production. For instance, there are many who denounce Tolstoy's "Resurrection" as an old hag's preaching of moulded Christianity in form of novel, or Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" as a tasteless exhibition of the psychology of abnormal, or Turgenieff's "Clara" as powdered rudiment of the orthodox Romanticism. Still, when they once begin to read them, notwithstanding their distaste for them, they cannot help reading them through, sighing and smiling as events claim to. But this is not the case with Goncharof. In spite of his warm intention and artistic zeal, he fails to take his readers by enthusiasm. So only way left to him is leave his readers in cool attitude towards his product and allow them to follow his idea by critical standpoint of view.

This is the great drawback of Goncharof, for he very apt to induce his readers into elaborate speculation and lose them from his literary spell. Otherwise his description of man and nature is as graphic and mastery as Turgeniev or Tolstoy, his psychological treatment is as profound as Dostoevsky. He is first rate in that respect. Anyway, I was most enlightened by reading him.

Night Turgeniev's "House of Gentle Folks."

Shall I publish the translation of "Fathers and Sons"? What are you afraid of?

June 23, '08, Tues.

Wind whole day. By evening it brought cloud, and when it ceased to blow, it began to rain. It rained like shower. Oh! such a delight! It fell on everything on the ground like a mother's kiss fell upon the forehead of her baby. Everything looked up, and smiled. I too. Then after rain the twilight glow behind Mount Teine was splendid. I have never experienced such a soothing sensation for a long while. The air must have been entirely purified.

Spent the day in reading and correcting the examination papers, which is such a tedious work. Read Turgenev's "House of Gentle Folks" in interval.

Received a letter from Ito and a card from Arthur Crowell and Mibuma. How sweetly he writes. Every word of his writing sounds with sense. God bless him.

June 24, '08, Wed.

Wind, but less than yesterday. Spent whole day in room without going out at all. I am getting to be a strange fellow. Looked over some examination papers, and read Turgenev's "House of gentle folks." His spell upon me seems to be in disperse. I no more feel interest as intense as before. There are plenty of artificiality in his writing which is so skillfully wrought out so that ordinary readers are to take it for unmistakable stamp of writing of genius. But after examining it very closely one is aware of his painting and powering. Nevertheless, I don't mean to deny his genius entirely. What I mean is that he has abundant genius, and besides some quantity of very skilled—so much the worse—artificiality of French temperament. As soon as one finds it out, his interest flags.

Evening Otake came to talk with me on account of the case of Iwakura. The latter seems devoid of qualification to enter the academic study. Poor victim of aristocratic life!

Then the meeting of Fishery department at meeting room. They are very good boys.

It is beautiful to look at the green leaves through the window. How

fresh and how refreshing!

June 25, '08, Thurs.

Fair, little windy, but not much. Thank Heaven. Morning examinations of Engineering class. After-noon was spent in reading Turgenev. By evening Mr. Suita came to see me. We talked lot of things till 7, then we went out to Ariai restaurant to take supper, and then again went to Suita's and stayed there till 10½, talking arts, life, and moral all the while. The only person with whom I can talk of such topics with confidence and zeal is he. He has got a rather subtle nature in spite of his appearance, and has some insight into the matters. I was very much interested with him.

Conflict of religion and arts. How can we reconcile them? Only probable solution is to advance the religious faith to the point of art, or to ennoble artistic conviction to the level of faith.

Is suicide sinful in itself? No. Sinfulness of suicide is consisted by the accessory circumstances. To neglect the one's duty and commit suicide—one cannot help being accused as coward.

Love and friendship. There is an element much more enduring in friendship than in love. Love, self-sacrificing egotism, friendship, egoistic self-sacrifice. I may be accused to seek too much nicety in defining thus, but I am sure that there is something true in it, is it not?

What do you call such faith that is influenced and sometimes changed its form by the advance of intellect? Is this to be called a faith or no? If faith cannot be changed by the change of intellect, then faith itself has nothing to do with intellect. Can that be so?

It is so nice to dream from beginning to end. It may be bearable not to dream from beginning to end. But what is unsufferable is to dream sometime & awake from it other, and what is worse is the dream is getting scanty as the age advances, at last it vanished altogether, and there only remain corpse or sad recollection of dream.

I want to touch something very very vital.

From one's experience one ought to be very sceptic to put entire confidence in his wife or her husband. What they call fidelity is surely hypoc-

risy in rather extensive sense. One discards one's infidelity and lays claim upon other's fidelity. The other does the same in his turn. Thus the life goes peacefully and splendidly. Great God!

When A congratulates B, A mocks B.

June 26, '08, Fri.

Fair, windy. Morning studied at home, and read the articles written by Mr. Suita. Some are very cleverly written.

After-noon fare-well meeting of Osaka and Matsumoto. I talked to them about Goncharof's "Common Story." They were impressed, I am sure.

Upon return home, Okuma, Maekawa and Iwakura paid me a visit. Iwakura consented to our offer. But I cannot exactly see whether his decision is thoroughly considered or not.

Night last meeting of Dormitory. I talked to them about my career in summer during my stay in America.

Received a card from Mushakoji telling me that he will arrive here on the 28th.

June 27, '08, Satur.

Fine, cool. Morning spent in reading Turgeniev. The last part of it (Liza) is very subtle. After-noon farewell meeting of graduates of Pol. Economy at Hohei Kwan.

Evening lectures upon Sun-day school system at our church. Ukai and Tamura were lecturers. The former was rubbish, the latter was very good.

Strange thought has entered in my head. I cannot shape it in concrete form, though. Star-lit heaven was beautiful and mysterious. I wished to linger little more if I was not escorting 2 women who were silently following me.

Kunikida Doppo is dead.

June 28, '08, Sun.

Fair, windy. Attended to church. There was a meeting for the sunday school teachers from 3 o'clock at Congregational church. Attended. Mrs.

Kawai and Tamura talked. Tamura's talk was interesting as before. Night meeting again at Methodist church.

My melancholy days seem to have come. Poor fellow! When will it be that you get rid of all doubt and live your life serenely like the sun goes forth?

June 29, '08, Mon.

Fair, windy. The day for grading marks. Went to office at 8½ and worked there almost whole day. Mushanokoji has come midday. I thank God for his coming, otherwise I shall have had horrible gloomy day.

Shizuko San sent me flowers with futon. Warmth of heart revives us ever!

June 30, '08, Tues.

Breezy fine weather. Spent whole day in grading mark. Confounded work!

By evening took a long walk with Musha to Maruyama Park. Deep green reigns everywhere now. 夕暮ノ風、飛ビ交フ虫等、寂寞、溫情。

Night discussed many things till it passed 2 o'clock.

July, 1908

Sapporo, Asahigawa, Kaributo

July 1, '08, Wed.

Fine weather. Received a letter from Mrs. Kono, in which she mentions that Nobuko is not well ever since & must go to Hospital or change place. This news shocks my inmost heart. Let Fate decide our destiny. I don't know myself what to do.

Professors' meeting from 8½, and lasted till 1 o'clock. After-noon returned room and had a talk with Musha, when suddenly summoned by the president to attend to the Faculty's meeting, which I forgot to take place this after-noon. President asked me to write his message to the graduate students.

By evening took a walk to Museum park. Then Mr. Morgan's, studied together Burns' "For a'that and a'that" and "To the mouse."

Upon return home Notomi and Hirano talked about the case of Teramoto. Poor fellow, he failed at last in the "struggle for existence." What is the struggle of existence? The society is constructed strictly according to its taste, and if one appears who is unable to adapt himself to that taste, he then fails in the struggle of existence! Think of this matter little more. What is remedy.

What a solitary existence I am leading! I really pity myself.

July 2, '08, Thurs.

Fine weather. Nothing particular happened.

July 3, '08, Fri.

Fine weather. By evening welcome meeting of Tadokoro (Sanjikwan of the Ministry of Education) at Hoheikan. I was watching with ironical interest the rising man treating his hosts with condescending magnanimity.

It was almost 11 o'clock when returned home.

July 4, '08, Satur.

Fine, windy. Graduation day. Musha went out to trace up Toyohira river. The ceremony was taken place with simpleness. Saw off Morimoto couple at the station. Then welcome meeting of graduate students at Hoheikan. Talked till very late with Notomi and Hirano on account of Teramoto, who is making lot of trouble.

Two cards from Mibuma. He is taking a trip round Rouen. I envy him. I wish I could accompany him.

〔二行消〕 Nobuko is sick in brain, and 〔一語不明〕 by doctor to enter her fool!

July 6, '08.

Fine. Took a little trip with Musha to Kamikawa. Stayed one night in Asahigawa.

July 7, '08.

Fine. Morning visited Mr. Uchida at his farm. Entertained by him and Mrs. Uchida whole day. Enjoyable day we had. Evening came back to Asahigawa and visited Wagano. Their little girl grown up beautifully. Came back to Sapporo late in night.

July 8, '08.

Fine. Stayed whole day in home. (I have moved to Morimoto's during his absence.) Took Musha to Toyohira school.

July 9, '08.

Fine. From this day on, I have to assist Dr. Miyabe in entrance examination.

神ヲ知ラザルガ故ニ信セザルハ瀆神ニアラズ。神ヲ知リテ信セザル神ヲ知ラズシテ信スル之レ瀆神ナリ。

信スル迄デニ疑フモノハ少シ疑フ迄デニ信スルモノハ更ラニ少シ。

July 11, '08, Satur.

Morning Musha left Sapporo. The sky got cloudy and it sometimes rained. It is long long since we had rain. I was rejoiced with it immensely. The air got purified. This is capital of all.

I felt very sorry that I cannot entertain Musha as I had expected. And Musha's character is something else than I expected. He is nursery plant after all, but with rare gift of penetration and blending power of sentiment and reasoning.

July 12, '08, Sun.

Rainy. Morning church. After-noon Sun-day school teachers' meeting in my house. Takezaki, Ikeda, Hayakawa and Isahaya attended to. Miss Isahaya is a very sensible and considerate girl.

A letter from Fanny! I trembled all over. How she strongly entrapped me! Dearest girl.

Commenced to read Hugo's Les Miserables.