

有島武郎全集

第十一卷

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筑摩書房

有島武郎全集第十一卷

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## 日記 二



## 觀想錄 第九

### To Fanny

Aug. 30, 1906, misty, New York.

My dearest Fanny, the fondest creation of my dream! You are a creature who never breathed in the world. No mortal ever saw you but I, nay, not even I, but I when I am asleep. Still you are real, so real to me. I feel your hands round my neck, I feel your lips on my lips, I feel your heart beating against mine. O my! Is this dream? Is this fancy? Nay! Dreadful reality of the world! Dream exists, and you exist! And you exist, I love you madly! . . . Do you? Do you love me? Your murmur is small, so small, I hardly hear you. What? . . . It sounds afar and chill seizes me. . . . What? what? what? . . . Voice once uttered and unheard! Fanny! Embrace me! So, so, and tight! Oh! God knows what!

Let us die, Fanny, into eternal silence. No-body must know us.

But soft! while you are embracing me so fondly, let me tell you a weary tale. Tale of real life is weary enough for you to make you angry. But pity me, I am a wretched being who lives on bread.

Dearest Fanny, I thought I would begin this diary when I am on the board of Prinzess Irene, but I saw something to-day which made me to dare to talk to you.

I was coming back from Seabright, my dearest, after I had seen and said farewell to my friend, when I saw a beautiful thing in the sky. I was on the board of a ferry boat, which was smoothly ploughing the placid water. I lifted my eyes, and saw pearl, rainbow, opal, hair of maiden and



cheek of baby. Do you call that cloud? Sun was setting, yes, yes, and I saw in the opposite direction of the setting sun a vast curtain of the color of dull lead, suitable drapery for the gate of Death. Do you call that an approaching mist? I simply gazed at them.

Now be easy, my tale has ended. . . . Wait, by the way, do you know Bryan? He reached here by Prinzess Irene day before yesterday. You don't know him? He is a candidate of presidency and a great speaker. His words ring like silver, they say, & his policy too. Somebody may touch this page some thousand years afterward, and he may happen to be a historian. He picks up the name Bryan, and what shall he do with that?

Why? you look bored.

Aug. 31, '06, Fri., fair, N. Y. C.

Dearest Fanny, I have nothing to tell you to-day, as I was just rambling about this noisy city. I bought two books (Patten's "Development of English Thought" and Adam's "Description of Historical Literature"), and sent them to Japan.

Rejoice with me, my angel, because weather is getting fine. Moon is going to be full too. Only imagine a quiet night on the boundless ocean! You will come smiling to me, with that smile you smiled when you gave me a red sage. Let us wait and see!

September, 1906

Sept. 1, fine, Saturday.

My dearest Fanny! My last day in this country has come. Many a recollection sweet and sad oppresses my heart. I must say first of all that it was this country that made me to think myself, to speculate free. I have lived in this country as free as a child and done great deal in the formation of my self and principle. For me nothing is more grateful than this. I have become something different from other, as my face is different from any other else. Life must be distinct. It must have its own beauty

and its own weakness. Better not to live than to lead a life of tracing step by step the beaten track of one's predecessor. This is not life, it is death. Don't you think so, my dear Fanny?

But Fanny, pity me, I have one thing still undone. I tried to be independent in framing my thought, but not my action. I am still a slave of conventionality and tradition. I hate and am afraid of them, because... why, I am very apt to be under the control of them. Oh, with what a joy I should welcome the day when I am independent of action as well as thought. Then, then my aim is attained, and I would cry with ecstasy of joy!

Another thing I must mention here is rather personal, although no less important. Do you remember the night when I first met you? The night when we came back from a walk we took in a dreary winter? When we passed the threshold from outer coldness into warm fireside, you opened the door and let me in first. Since then, Fanny, since then I became your slave, and cried in my inner heart, "I was a stranger, and you took me in!"

Fanny, whatever learned may say, I have realized firmly that there is no boundary whatever in human heart. It is same and one. Vast boundless one heart, all pervading, all permeating. You are sharer of that Heart and so I am. When our soul takes away the clothes of tradition and flesh, then, then, we are one and same. What is nationality, what is family tradition, what is misunderstanding, and what is difference of principle? Those will all fade away before us, and our souls, our characters fuse into unseparable one. Fanny, you must not think it is a fool's dream to foster the hope that sometime in future the real love reveals its real value and it crowns all consummation of human thought and action. Let us strive for this ultimate end.

I love America, the land found out by Columbus. There are generosity, robustness, big-heartedness in American people which strike me inasmuch as I lack them. I cannot help but to cherish a heartfelt hope that one day this people will awake from the slumber of ancient tradition and van the progress of universal brotherhood. "State must go" is the necessary

conclusion of every progressive mind of this age. The only question is how and not why. Let America have the honor to solve it, and let history remember her name on that account.

I could not sleep last night, Fanny, and was kept awake incessantly thinking of you. I heard the sound of trolley cars, railroad trains, wagons and carriages all through the night. I saw through the window the beam of electric light, now fading then brightening. This is the monstrous city, that New York is. I listened to the noise, and heard in it the cry of astrayed soul.

I went on board of Prinzess Irene about 9 o'clock of this morning. Weather was quiet, and there was hardly any wind blowing. The deck of ship was basked with the golden beam of autumnal sun. You know I took a first class cabin. Perhaps this trip is the end of my high life. I paid \$90.00 in order to see what is the feeling of first class passenger.

When the ship left the pier, I saw many faces in which the tears were discerned. I thought of myself very happy, as I am always with you, my dear Fanny, and had pity on them all.

Fanny, I will tell you what was most thankful for me to-day. I received a letter and card from Agnes and a card from Mr. Crowell. There are at least a few living souls who would not forget me at this moment. God bless them. It is only two months since I met and parted Agnes. There is nothing very particular in her. Yet I take to her with my whole heart. I am sure, Fanny, she is my lost sister. I will be faithful and kind to her, and I will wish every bit of her happiness. But Fanny, you are my soul, my spirit, and the source of life. Without you I am dead. You must not leave me, Fanny!

We have come already quite far that I cannot see any sea-bird flying round the ship. Air is purity itself.

I am reading Emerson's "English Traits" with immense interest. I have already made a friend of a girl of about 9 years old, witty, mischievous but cute, and beside her many young and old men, but no woman.

Sept. 2, Sunday, fine, ocean, 322 sea miles since 11 o'clock yesterday to

12 o'clock to-day. Temp. 67°F.

The ship is still ploughing the placid water. It may be an old story, but what a wonderfully close resemblance the sea bears of the woman. There is fascinating caresses in the water of calm weather. Every ripple is dimple. The deep blue which unmistakably indicates the depth and quietness embraces your ship and carries it ahead like a beautiful Parisian girl carries away the soul of a youth who drank to the brim from the goblet of Love. There is terrible charm, you hate it but cannot resist. It commands you without raising its voice, but with a bit of its fatal smile—smile which has the depth—the depth which has no bottom!

I was attracted by the sight of two nuns who happened to be on the board. One is old and stout, another is young and slim. The black plain garment is very becoming of both. I feel particular charm whenever I see a nun. The past of her life, whether it is pure or defiled, appeals to my strong imagination. They say that the life of cloister, especially of nuns, is something awful. Unspeakable vice is reigning over there. But when I look at those 2 nuns' face, I hardly can accept this rumor. See, Fanny, what a devotional expression they have got. Their attractiveness decidedly consists of their expression, and not their natural endowment. Perhaps their sole ambition is to become like Virgin Mary, and I seem that I can trace their ideal's feature in their faces. I love to watch them, for, my dear Fanny, through them, I can catch the glimpse of your dear face.

I have met many people and talked many things; but after all they are not worth occupying these pages which were dedicated to you, the dearest of my memory.

I am still reading Emerson's "English Traits," which appeals to me with ever increasing interest. It is by no means profound as his other serious essays, but there is perfect ease and masterly grasp of things in this book. The style is also unpretentious; smooth but never flat. It is most interesting that fascination is always with one who or which is naked.

What Morimoto is doing by this time, I wonder. You pity him, do you not, Fanny? I pity that poor girl left behind him too. I am sometimes suspicious even of prayer, but at the moment when my power has no

avail to do something, my heart swells and articulates a murmur to our heavenly Father. Is this prayer? Then blessed I am.

My friend once said, that he would fain become like a crystal, pure, solid, transparent, if small. Life in the ocean makes you so.

Good night, Fanny!

Sept. 3, Monday, morning fine, evening cloud and wind; ocean, 357 s. m., 75°F.

The ship is still going, going on. The morning I spent on the back deck with few of young men. Our talk was common place enough to give you yawn. The most interesting talk I can have is with an old clergyman who has such an extensive knowledge and also acquaintance with Emerson, Lowell, Parker, Longfellow, and so forth. If his practical is not, his opinion on religion is very tolerant. I like him very much.

I also like to watch the steerage where 700 Italian laborers are enjoying smooth voyage. They told me that they acquired plenty amount of money that enables them to go back to Italy to see their old place where the fond memory is still lingering. They are extremely jolly. There peeps from their rugged faces an innocent expression of child. Such a simplicity, and you know simplicity is an element of beauty. A youth with felt hat on the back of his head plays bugpipe, then crowd gathers around him leaving a round space among it. Two men appear in it, and dance a most primitive and quaint dance. Everybody's face shines with its peculiar broad smile, laughter mingling with chatting noise. Why are they happier than those in first class cabin? One of our passengers contemptuously told me that they can enjoy the life so because they are simple and very easily satisfied. Are simpleness and meek spirit sin? First class passenger has a very strange logic.

There are distinctively three societies in this ship, and they strictly separated from other. The first class passengers are the aristocrats. Music, swell dinner and meaningless chat are with them. If you ask one of them where is his destination and how long he is going to stay, he is quite at sea. There is not definite aim for their travel. They go where

pleasure leads them. They occupy the middle part of ship where the rolling and pitching are least felt.

Then comes second class. They live in the rear of the ship. They are those who calculate the plan of their travel to such a minute point that they know the tonnage and speed of the ship, consequently the time when the ship reaches its destination. Their talk is not vain, but full of practical interest and calculation. They behave independently. Their ambition is to be first class passengers some day in future.

The third class comes last according to my description. They are chaos. They hate order because they know order is mechanism, and in mechanism there is little room for free display of instinctive sentiment. They enjoy present moment. They don't care for to-morrow. They are like the lily of the field. They are no idealist. They may not have beautiful dream, but they have life of life. They know the veil of death comes sooner or later, so they adopt themselves to nature. What an ease and naturalness!

And to be strange, those 3 classes are strictly marked by the amount of money which they paid for voyage!

In night the sea began to rage. The sea became masculine. I remain until 11 o'clock watching the mysterious display of waves and clouds.

Dearest Fanny, I love you!

Sept. 4, Tuesday, cloudy, ocean, 384 s. m., 78°

When I awoke I felt headache. The air was close and damp. The ship entered the Mexican current.

It was a starry night of November, when I rambled with you an un-beaten path of ——. The grasp of your hand was felt tight in my hand. Your occasional glance revealed the glimpse of heavenly gleam. The chill of wintry air gave us the proof of intensity of the warmth of our heart, and I told you a story of a little girl who pointed a star and called it her deceased sister. You liked me at that very night. Since then, my beloved Fanny, our affection increased as the time advanced. You sealed your love into your inner heart, and I did the same. Nobody knows what happened between us. Is it only a passing incident, that you shed secret

tears when we parted? No. Tear is not to be shed in vain. Fanny, your precious tears dropped into my innermost spot of heart, and there they created a sacred memory. The world may go, but you are with me! Show me the lover who loved the most in the history of love, and I can show him that I loved deeper than him, if not better nor wiser. Oh, God! Keep my heart strong, lest the fire of love burns my whole frame. I love her to bitterness. To think of her is to cry. Who heals this wound? Year after year it cuts in deeper till I die of love, yes, till I die of love.

Pshaw! a nonsense again. I know that the words are but a poor messenger of love, and hence I should not have said anything of you, Fanny!

Yesterday I told you that the sea was getting rough. Today the more. She casts away her garment, and lo and behold, she reveals another beauty. But her rage is not quite enough. To tell you about her bold display of nakedness I must wait some other more stormy day.

The pitiful sight you can see at steerage. The spray of water covers whole deck and passengers are soaked with its drip. A woman who is badly sea-sick is lying on that wet deck, a man, probably her husband, nursing her tenderly at her side. I was attracted by this sight, and peeped in there now and then. Every time I saw the man beside her. If you were here, you would go down right away and tell steward, with your dove-like eyes wet with the indignant tear, to carry them up to the best part of 1st class cabin.

The night was dreary. I felt sad and remembered those names carved closely to my heart. Just handful of those names! This is the source of my earthly life. I live for them and nothing else.

I am ashamed of my character. I am weak. Fanny, pity me.

Sept. 5, Wednesday, little cloudy, ocean, 372 s. m., 75°

To-day perchance my eyes met with those of young nun's. Her expression was ever single and mild, which made me embarrassed with shame. But it is only she who attracts me.

The more you closely watch the deeper you are convinced of the good-nature and big heart of the 3rd class passengers. They are simply charm-

ing. I saw a young woman with chestnut hair and blond complexion, evidently not thoroughly Italian blood, staying in steerage just like other people. Which rugged face has had such a fascinating power over her that she contentedly suffers all those intolerable circumstances the 3rd class passengers must undergo? My fancy draws an interesting picture of her life round her. But, Fanny, it is too long a story to tell you in writing.

I was through with Emerson's "English Traits." I thought it was extremely interesting and instructive. His style in this book, in its ease, thoroughness, and common sense, resembles some of Tokutomi's best works. But it is doubtful that whether it is worth for him to spend whole lot of time for writing this kind of book. To my impression, he should have not needed to take up that job himself. Another impression I have got after reading this book is that of difference between sages of West and East. How the sage of Concord is full of sane common sense! While any sage of Orient is bound to be endowed with and proud of absurd eccentricity! Mrs. Crowell said there is none more absurd habit than to let nails grow and be proud of not working. This is candid. The sage of Orient is the by-product of this absurd custom, and so much detestable.

I wrote letters to Morimoto, Agnes and Mr. Crowell. Last night the air was close and my sleep was full of dream. I dreamt of Morimoto and of you, my dearest Fanny!

Sept. 6, Thursday, fine, ocean, 350 s. m., 76°

The weather has returned to its fairness. We did not have magnificent display of waves after all.

Nothing particular has happened to-day. The life in ship is getting monotonous. The passengers have begun to take to chess, cards, shuffleboard and those, and also most of them are getting to show their naked character. In night the behavior of some of ladies reminds me of "geisha." They sing the song which repeats "I love you," hugging around the neck of slightly acquainted gentleman, and call it "humanity's national air." Humanity!



I have commenced to read W. Penn's "No Cross No Crown." It is rather a heavy reading for one who is traveling. But it is serious enough to warn my somewhat loosened spirit. No matter whether, heathen, atheistic, or agnostic, the honest thought is as worth as honest deed.

Probably we will catch the first sight of European land to-morrow morning. Good night, my beloved dove!

Sept. 7, Friday, very fine, ocean, 355 s. m., 76°

When I awoke and got up the deck, I saw before me the big form of an island. People were already gathering on deck and gazing at it as if they were fishes who wonder at the sight of New York. The island is called Faial, being the west-most one of the Azores group, which belongs to Portuguese. Presently we saw in further east a dead volcano raising its head abruptly to 7000 feet from the sea level, the head of which being majestically crowned by the ring of snowy cloud. It instantly reminded me our Fuji. Curious but strong is the impression that one gets when one is child. All associations go back to childhood, and there they find most suitable object.

According to the chart, the group consists of 5 islands—that is, Faial, Pico (where we saw the lofty volcano), San Jorge, Graciosa, Terceira, San Miguel, and Santa Maria. San Miguel is said to be the largest island, inhabited by more than 10,000 people. The soil does by no means seem very rich, and they have to make a bank at the slanting side in order to prevent the running down of rich soil on the surface of land. Judging from as my eye observation goes, the main crops they cultivate seem to consist of corn, wheat, and some fruit-trees, especially of oranges. When we passed between San Jorge and Pico, the ship ran very close to San Jorge, that enabled us to see plainly the quaint, clean little town of . All buildings were very characteristic Spanish. White wall and red tiles gave such an agreeable contrast to the surrounding where the red soil covered here and there with deep green grasses and groves. But suppose, Fanny, do you not mind to live here your whole life? I am sure you would not, or you would say you would if I were with you. But why you should prefer