QUEER TALES FROM THE OLD
VILLAGE HINOZAWA

— A Study of Regionalism in Modernity —

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FOREWORD

When we try to place a few concepts in juxtaposition, we sometimes find that some concept appears to hesitate or dislike a seat we offer for it. It won’t sit next to its neighbour concept. As we watch their interactions, such a discord or conflict among them gradually produces a vague uncomfortable feeling on our part. It is true that a conflict can sometimes be creative. For on rare occasions we see some strange image suddenly burst upon our inner eyes through the maze of the vague uneasy feelings, so suddenly and brilliantly as to burn forth with a hard gemlike flame.

*Kokusaisei* (国際性) appears to be such an example when it is coupled with *chiikisei* (地域性). They are two of the most popular words that our newspapermen have used in their papers almost daily since the end of the last war. Generally speaking, the former means “internationality” while the latter “regionalism”.

The Japanese people no doubt cherish those two words which partially reflect their major contemporary concerns or inclinations, though many of us are aware that from a theoretical viewpoint the concept of regionalism and that of internationalization apparently contradict each other. For the one has a centrifugal movement and the other a centripetal force.

*Chiikisei* sometimes implies the tradition of the national culture and language as well as a provincial community life. *Kokusaisei*, on the other hand, may perhaps mean the practical knowledge of English language for one thing, and connotate modernity like an American or western way of living for another.

Besides these differences, the two ideas have been applied to many other aspects of the Japanese society, so many aspects indeed from global economy to national morality. One example is the ever-lasting controversy on the supply of rice. Regionalist farmers who try to cling to the virtue of self-supporting economy are against the importation of Californian rice which many a resident Japanese at foreign cities prefer buying not only for the sake of convenience but also for its being much tasteful.
To choose either native rice or Californian rice or English bread is certainly a trivial matter on a personal level, but when it comes to the national policy of economy the two words are often employed by each party for or against the importation of rice or foreign goods.

An economist has his own way of analysis and suggestion to offer in order to amalgamate these evidently incompatible ways of thinking and living. Hopefully as a literary-minded English teacher I want to do the same in my own humble way, that is, writing a number of short stories in English.

In these stories I try to be both regional and international at the same time, having the old and the modern ways of the Japanese people in view and hopefully harmonizing or blending them together.

I owe to Mr. Takenobu Arai, author of the booklet titled *Hinozawa Zakki* (Miscellanea Essays on the Village Hinozawa), for informations of the small village deserted among deep mountains, and at the same time I owe to many of my local friends whose ways of living I have the presumption to depict in the style of Arthur Symons' portrait study.

Without saying it, the characters appearing in the stories that follow are all fictitious, including the imaginary hero "I" like a narrator of the Japanese "I" novel, though I hope they may perhaps represent some character types of the ordinary Japanese people living today.

I am heavily indebted to Mr. Anthony Craddock, a young American resident in Saitama and to Mr. Peter Addiman, an English gentleman in Oxford, for their patience to go through the manuscript correcting many mistakes in my queer Japanese-English writing, and for their friendship, making many interesting comments and suggestions.

With much gratitude I remember Mr. Robert Holmes, Birmingham, and his inspiring talk in 1992 about the town of the Gilbert & Sullivan opera *Mikado*, which prompted me to devote some time to produce this background study of the *Titipu* (Chichibu).
CHAPTER 1

THE MASSACRE OF THE NAKANIWA FAMILY

I recall my neighbour farmer, Yasusan, suddenly raising the subject and saying to me one evening in early spring, 1973, while we sat chatting round my iroiri fire-place.  

“Oh, dear, life is infinitely more dreadful than what a novelist could invent. How terrible it was! Sensei, what a shameful crime it was!”

My wife had gone out shopping at the sole department store in the town of Chichibu, so it fell upon me to provide tea and hospitality to the visitor.

Our discussion about the coming village festival had ended. It was followed naturally by those round-the-fire village talks which tend to be as endless and desultory as the countless sips of tea they accompany.

“Sensei, do you know that today happens to be the meinichi of the Nakaniwa family? The day of the massacre…”

Since the question sounded rather like a self-interrogation, I just nodded my head in reply. He meant by the word “meinichi” that it was the anniversary of the hideous massacre of the family which took place in the village about one hundred years ago.

Normally Yasusan is a quiet gentleman of genial disposition. The unusual way of his speaking, then, was a little frightening, though he seemed not to be aware of its effects.

I still remember a certain uncomfortable sensation which slid down my back. I tried hard to contain my surprise.

I felt sorry for him, for I suspected that the bitter taste of the powdered Sayama green tea might perhaps have been too strong a stimulant, not only to his tongue but also to a certain corner of his buried memory.

I forced a smile and offered him another cup of tea.

Yasusan’s tone of voice had changed completely. He kept on sputtering a story
like a terror-stricken child.

"Well, Yasusan, have another cup of tea, please," I whispered at intervals. That was the only interruption on my part during his long monologue.

Yasusan's story of the massacre went like this:

Before the Meiji Restoration our village was called Hinozawa,\(^4\) which was on the land granted by the Shogunate Government to a Mr. Makino,\(^5\) one of the "hatamotos", the titled class of two-sworded samurais who pledged loyalty to the Shogun as his private retainers.

Mr. Makino, typical of the landed hatamotos, preferred leading a life of luxury and culture in the metropolis Edo to governing his province in person.

His village was divided into three parts: the Upper Land, the Mid Land, and the Lower Land.\(^6\) He appointed resident agents called "nanushi"\(^7\) to look after the respective divisions for him.

A nanushi was therefore a headman of the district and was entrusted with something like full sovereign power.

A hereditary nanushi, like a British country squire, usually lived in a big manor house and kept the territory and peasants under strict control. His major concern and duty was to collect products and taxes from the peasants.

The Nakaniwas were one of the rich nanushi families, governing the Mid Land division of the village. The family name was and still is well known in the Chichibu area, not for harsh taxes or cruel treatment of villagers, but for the family's practice of medical service.

Especially notable was Dr. Rankei Nakaniwa,\(^8\) a highly educated leader who made remarkable contributions, medical and cultural, to the community.

Even his given name, Rankei, suggests that he had probably acquired some knowledge of the modern Dutch medicine. For "ran", the first component of his name, signifies "o-ran-da", the Japanese phonetic translation of "Holland".

Dr. Rankei Nakaniwa had an only son named Kenzo.\(^9\) Kenzo learned a lot about Chinese and Japanese classics, in addition to the two main lines of their
family business, under the personal guidance of his eminent father.

Presently succeeding Rankei, Kenzo in turn became a nanushi practicing medicine at the same time.

It was toward the end of the feudal Edo period, which was a turbulent crisis in Japan's history. Armed rebels running East and West throughout the country were actively engaged in schemes to terminate the ancient regime.

Poor peasants, more or less independent farmers, rich merchants, under-privileged samurais of proud poverty, all of whom had been oppressed for hundreds of years by the upper classes, rose against their sovereigns and wanted to have their complaints and opinions heard.

The village of Hinozawa was not excepted from these activities. Dr. Kenzo Nakaniwa was about seven and twenty years old when he experienced a minor disturbance prior to the massacre.

A number of angry young men formed a rebel group opposed to Kenzo.

They dared to present a formal letter of petition to the county authorities, in which they complained about the cruelty of tax collecting. Kenzo was deeply hurt.

A nanushi, agent for the hatamoto, Kenzo, had given, he thought, the most careful attentions to the welfare of his villagers.

He actually had made his best efforts to make tax rates as low as possible. So upon hearing the news of the disloyal petition, he made a firm resolution.

One night, Kenzo took several volumes of account books with him and went alone to the secret haunt of the young rebels.

They were surprised at his unexpected call, but undoubtedly much more amazed at what he had come to say:

"I am ready to resign the nanushi position anytime. Here are the account books which you may wish to study before handing them to a new nanushi. Appoint any person you deem worthy, and don't forget to give these documents to him. Good night, gentlemen!"

The group of young men there were taken aback by such frank nonchalance and open-mindedness on the part of their resident sovereign. They were made
conscious once again of what a great responsibility it was for them to nominate a villager to the nanushi position.

Early the next morning, arguing through the night, a few leading rebels took the account books to the Nakaniwa manor house and begged Kenzo’s pardon.

“Now let’s forget all about it,” said Kenzo, nanushi once again.

For the time being, it was a happy end to the rebellious mood, but the incident turned out to be a prelude to the disaster which was to befall his family a few years later.

The restless young men gave a clear voice to the idea of freedom from the drudgery of their peasant ancestors, who had long scratched and squeezed a hard living out of the sterile slopes along the Chichibu valleys.

Some dark desire for liberation remained smouldering in the hearts of the insurrectionists and their blind followers. As time went on, it eventually caused the Chichibu Rebellion of 1884. (14)

It was impossible to extinguish this revolutionary sentiment, which kept on looking for an outlet, even after the feudal system of the Shogunate Government had been superseded by the modern parliamentarianism of the Meiji Restoration Government.

When the new national government introduced a number of revolutionary land policies, the former divisions within each of the nation’s villages were to be abolished and re-organized into larger-scaled divisions or entire villages.

It meant a threat to the more or less privileged class of local nanushis, who wanted to keep their former divisions and titles. They became jealous of each other and many attempted in various shameful ways to outdo the others.

In the third year of the Meiji period, the Mid Land and the Lower Land divisions in the Hinozawa village were, according to the governmental decree, to be amalgamated into one jurisdiction. And only one nanushi was to be elected for the two divisions.

Dr. Kenzo Nakaniwa, representing the former Mid Land division, got more votes than the other candidate, who was the ex-nanushi of the former Lower Land
division.

The massacre took place shortly after the general election, rumours suggesting the opposing candidate and his followers might have had something to do with the crime.

Kenzo and his family made it a rule to sleep on the upper floor, in order to avoid the attacks of burglars or assassins.

They always took precautions to the extent to raise the ladder at nights, thus disconnecting the upper floor from the ground.

On the night of the massacre several men somehow sneaked into the upper floor to slaughter Kenzo’s family. They killed Kenzo, seven-year-old son,¹⁵ and his pregnant wife.¹⁶

The old doctor, Rankei, was visiting some other place on business that night, so he didn’t meet with the same misfortune. His wife, who slept on the ground floor, was unobserved by the perpetrators.

Rankei had lost his successor.

In facing the disaster and family crisis, the old doctor is said to have exerted the religious power of self-discipline and integrity he possessed as a Pauline leader and principal spokesman for the new Shinto sect, which its founder Masakane Inoue originally called “The Tohokami-ko” and currently is known as “The Misogi-kyo”.¹⁷

The Misogi sect, under the local guidance of Rankei Nakaniwa, is said to have influenced even some leaders of the Chichibu Rebellion.

Taiji Murakami is an example.¹⁸ Rankei gave spiritual training to his relative and disciple, Murakami, who grew up to become a Shelleyan figure, dying young and hard in advance of the Chichibu Rebellion.

Therefore it is not surprising to find that Rankei, as a pure-hearted leader of the Misogi, prohibited his relatives and Misogi followers from retaliating against their apparent enemies — the suspected murderers.

“Since my family, Nakaniwa, has long served the hatamoto family as one of their hereditary nanushis, either intentionally or without knowing it my ancestors must
have visited unreasonable cruelties upon our peasants," said Rankei.

He continued, "Over the years, my nanushi ancestors are undoubtedly guilty of many instances of bad conduct. Perhaps my God made Kenzo and his family pay the penalties on their behalf. Let us exorcise the sins of my family. Please, no more sinful acts."

At the end of the admonishment he prayed to his God to perform a "misogi harai" and exorcise the evil spirits from himself and his followers.

A sad story it is. To this day I well remember tears running down the sun-burnt face of genial Yasusan while he told me about the respectable life and misfortunes of Dr. Rankei Nakaniwa.

An iron tea kettle over the irori had been making rhythmical music. As I silently listened to Yasusan's story I kept pouring hot water from the kettle into the tea pot. This I did I don't know how many times.

It is strange to say, but nevertheless a truth, that a sweet cake such as a yokan does not taste so good as usual, nor does it help to relieve a sad recollection of its bitterness.

Hot water was good enough to cheer us up, while bitter green tea and salty radish pickles were appropriate companions for a story of misfortune like this one.

Yasusan gulped the remains of them all together, bitter tea and pickles. Then, as if in a melancholy trance he stood up and slightly bent the upper part of his body down toward me.

He put one hand over his mouth, in order to keep the pickles inside, and silently waved his other hand to ask me to remain seated by the fire.

So I remained alone, listening to his foot steps outside dying gradually into the as yet raw crisp air of the early spring.

Now, looking back over the years past, Yasusan seems to me to have behaved rather strangely on that evening. I am sure that the sudden recollection of the "meinichi" disturbed him too much.
I have since heard almost no mention of the episode either from Yasusan or from other villagers. But on one occasion I had a chance to visit the Nakaniwa family graveyard.

The inscriptions on the back of the big tomb stone for the late Mr. and Mrs. Kenzo Nakaniwa and their son are testimony to what a tearful Yasusan felt compelled to tell me.

CHAPTER 2

THE VIRTUE OF ONE MORE SIP OF TEA

Since moving to the village Hinozawa in 1962, I have noticed that the villagers here will often mention the virtue of one more sip of tea when they offer another cup to a visitor to detain him.

The villagers seem to believe that a thing no less trivial than one more sip can prove to be of great help to you, even to the extent that it may perhaps even save your life.

In this connection I recall a late afternoon tea which I had with Kenchan Ichiki, my landlord and owner of a silk factory named the Arakou. It was a few weeks after moving from Tokyo to the farm house.

Kenchan invited my wife and me for the afternoon tea at three o'clock, and while serving us he kindly asked how we had managed to "survive in a small hamlet like this" (his words).

"Survive" sounded to me then like too severe a word, and I supposed that Kenchan himself used the word as a joke. For actually we were enjoying the change of air very much.

My wife told him that she had had no trouble so far in getting whatever she needed for her kitchen. The neighbours were so kind as to bring her an abundance of fresh vegetables and even chicken meat almost daily.
Some villagers were thoughtful enough to drive a complete stranger like her to town to go shopping. No difficulty indeed and no worry on her part, she said.
I also wanted to convince the generous old man of our comfort in the midst of his vast mulberry plantation.
And then I said to Kenchan I loved the old fashioned farm house which I rented from him, especially my studio room.
I had got one of the silkworm nursery rooms made into an art studio. Some day, I told him, I may produce a masterpiece there, a prospect he seemed to enjoy.
After spending approximately two hours with Kenchan and his wife, I motioned to my wife that it was nearly time for us to go home. I thanked him for his tea and started bowing towards him.
Kenchan was not yet ready, however, to let us go. He had nothing important to tell us, but wanted to enjoy the conversation a little longer.
He remained seated and violently waved his arms, wishing us to stay. While reaching for the then brand new type of hot water container called a “magic pot” and evidently intending to pour more tea for us, he let one of his favourite sayings slip out of his mouth.
“Sensei, kindly allow me to remind you of the merit of one more sip of tea,” said he.
That expression, whose meanings were not fully understood by us at that moment, sounded like an irresistible command to us. We were new to the village customs anyway.
We readily accepted his invitation to one more, yes, I do not know how many one more, sips of tea.
Then between sipping and swirling tea, Kenchan told us, for the first time in our village life, a strange story or village legend in connection with that expression which is so prevalent throughout this country.
I learned that “one more sip of tea” has a certain specific meaning to the village.
In their minds the expression is always associated with a case of patricide.
The patricide in question happened more than two hundred years ago. The time was the mid-18th century, during the Enkyo era of the Tokugawa period,\(^{14}\) and the place was Narao in the village.\(^{20}\)

The perpetrator’s given name is not known nor is his surname. It is surprising that the expression derived from this much anonymous murder has been in constant use over such a long expanse of time.

The murderer was a young gambler, they say, who became irrationally angered by his father’s repeated admonishments. One day he shot him with his gun and killed him.

The village legend says that he intended to throw the corpse into the big river, Arakawa, and that he carried it on his back in the pitch darkness as far as Kashiwagizawa.\(^{21}\)

While resting beside a huge rock and taking time for a smoke, a strange thing happened to him and his surroundings.

The darkness cleared, and a strangely brilliant daylight illuminated everything around him. The light made him keenly conscious of the corpse of his father and of his irretrievable sin.

The murderous son, who got crushed by the weight of his sudden guilty consciousness, scurried back to the village. He repented of his sinful act and appealed to the nanushi of his division, a Mr. Kadohira,\(^{22}\) for help.

For some unknown reasons the nanushi hesitated to inform the police of the crime immediately. He was at a loss as to how to manage the case.

So he asked the other nanushis of the village to visit him right away for consultation.

The nanushi of the Mid Land division, Mr. Nakaniwa, rushed to the Kadohira manor house.

The other nanushi, of the Lower Land division, was Mr. Asami,\(^{23}\) and the village legend says that he was cunning enough to avoid getting involved in the dangerous scheme which was in progress.

On the way to the manor house, he took the trouble to visit an acquaintance and
accepted his host's invitation to cups of green tea.

"Mr. Asami, just one more cup of tea does not make much difference, sir. So please make yourself at home, and stay a little bit longer," said the host to him as usual.

Mr. Asami was able to pretend that he was detained by the earnest host, and actually he spent several hours enjoying many successive cups of tea. His journey to the manor house was thus equivocally much delayed.

In the meantime both Mr. Nakaniwa and Mr. Kadohira put their heads together to discuss ways of saving the life of the murderer.

Before daybreak they managed to bury the corpse in a certain obscure place. They ordered the murderer to return home and forget all about what he had done and seen.

Mr. Asami, the clever nanushi, was likely to have heard something about the murder, but he had nothing to do with the burial. He reached the manor house very late indeed.

If all the people concerned could have kept their promise of secrecy, both the sinful crime and the illegal burial might not have surfaced to the attention of the higher authority.

The fact is, however, that the very person whom the two nanushis tried to save found it hard to keep the secret to his bosom. It was not his virtuous uneasiness but too much sake that affected him, they say.

The murderer was arrested and summarily beheaded. Next was the poor gentleman, Mr. Nakaniwa, who was exiled for ten years to the then lonely island of Sadogashima, off Niigata.

Mr. Nakaniwa actually stayed there for seven years, and was allowed to return to his village to resume his nanushi position.

The punishment given to Mr. Kadohira was to deprive him of the nanushi title and source of income. He was forced to move to a place called Dokyo (24) in the nearby village of Minano. (25)

However, almost no punishment was given for Mr. Asami.
The villagers learned a lesson, and they have since reminded each other that one more sip of tea can be helpful.

Enjoy one more cup of tea and stay with me a little longer, please! Villagers today often say this.

Especially in these days of haste and uncertainty, it is no less wise a policy now than it was for the old villagers, and after all the Sayama green tea is an excellent companion for conversation and contemplation.

No hurry, my dear readers, please sip one more cup of tea with me, and *carpe diem*!

CHAPTER 3

THE 34TH TEMPLE ON THE PILGRIMAGE

Memories of childhood occasionally surge forth to my surprise, bursting into an eruption as beautifully as the active volcano, Sakurajima, of my native town Kagoshima.

When I used to enjoy pub-crawling in Tokyo more than thirty years ago, I often heard some friends of mine talk about the images of childhood, and they appeared to cherish their own "ecstatic moments of recollection" like French poets. (24)

I do not care so much about the memories of childhood as my friends would seem to, but I have noticed one particular feature of my own "recovery of childhood". (27)

For whenever I confront a sight so strange that I am made keenly aware of its being inexplicable in usual terms, I find myself turning my eyes inward to a similar scene that I saw in childhood.

A protective instinct is at work, I suppose, reacting in this way to establish reason for my disturbed emotions.
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One example of this experience is the comparison of some graveyards here to those of Kagoshima. What a remarkable contrast!

Everything in our lives, whether of good or evil, affects us most by contrast.

In Kagoshima almost every tomb stone was and still is decorated with seasonal flowers. No wonder that Kagoshima has one of the best flower markets in Japan. In Chichibu, however, most of the tomb stones receives no flowers except on a few ceremonial days.

We have a famous temple in the village, the Suisenji Temple. \(^{28}\) It attracts many tourists and pilgrims, for it is listed among the destinations of the traditional Buddhist pilgrimage.

As a matter of fact, to the Suisenji is allotted the very last, terminal point, in the journey of the famous one hundred temples which are specifically nominated for the nationwide pilgrimage comprising the Bando, the Saigoku and the Chichibu routes.

In the local pilgrimage course for the thirty four temples in the Chichibu area the Suisenji is the 34th temple and final destination.

As I have passed this temple and others repeatedly, almost daily I should say, I am afraid that my comparative reaction to temples has been consolidated by now into a sort of conviction that the temples in Kagoshima have flowers while those in Chichibu have none.

At the same time I have reached an explanation for the difference too, and feel more comfortable about it than before: whether a graveyard is flowery or plain merely reflects different styles of ancestral worship.

It has nothing to do with the inward respectfulness of people. Witness the large number of pilgrims visiting Chichibu, who are dressed in white and elbowed along by the crowd of colourfully dressed tourists, and we can see that our village temple has a real attractive power to them all.

The plainness is a religious style of the Suisenji Temple and the other temples in the Chichibu area.

And that may perhaps make the local worshippers feel more congenial than
would the flowery style of the southern people.

Every early spring when the south wind starts warming the Chichibu valleys, the Japanese pilgrims, as if to follow the famous example of Chaucer’s Canterbury pilgrims, set forth on a long walking journey to Chichibu.

The traditional costume of a Japanese pilgrim is all whiteness from head to foot. A white robe and a long stick in a white-gloved hand.

Over two hundred years ago, in Teramoto in the neighbourhood of the Suisenji Temple, there were three humble inns to accommodate pilgrims: Fujiya Inn, Minatoya Inn, and Araiya Inn.

A priest of the Suisenji then had such a large crowd of pilgrims that he wanted to excavate the hill in front of the temple so as to open a circuit for them.

Oginsan, wife of my landlord, who was once an enthusiastic pilgrim herself, told me another story in connection with the popularity of the temple in her young days.

Her maiden name is Yoshiwadou, a local family made prosperous by the liquor industry. Mr. Nakashisan Yoshiwadou, her father, had a dear old servant named Takakobo, who has been dead for over forty years.

Takakobo made it a practice to sell rice-cakes of his making to pilgrims each day during the spring time.

Pilgrims, having left their inns early morning before walking drudgingly for several hours, naturally got very hungry and thirsty on the long way to the Suisenji.

Takakobo carried his wooden boxes of sticky rice-cakes on his back, and cried “Mochi, mochi, and fresh water!” to every tired-looking man and woman on the pilgrimage road.

He was a good worker at the Yoshiwadou Brewery, but Oginsan remembers that her father used to tell her laughingly that Takakobo was a better salesman than a brewer.

He usually started selling near one of the village inns and found his four boxes
empty before he reached the temple. About two hundred rice cakes of the currant
bun size would be sold out.

That Takakobo was a skillful brewer and a good salesman is beyond doubt. I
think that the episode is further evidence of the Suisenji’s popularity, for so many
pilgrims craved his fresh water and cakes.

I do not know why Oginsan took the japanned wooden boxes of Takakobo with
her to the house of her husband. Certainly not as a part of her bridal outfit.
Oginsan and Kenchan still keep them in the doma,32 the dirt doorway of their
farm house.

A momento of her humourous gentle father Nakashisan and his dear old
servant Takakobo, perhaps.

CHAPTER 4

A PRINCELY GIFT TO THE ASAMIS

One afternoon last summer my dear boy Michan visited me. I always call him
“my dear boy”, though he has his own parents and even his own family now, a wife
and two beautiful daughters.

I know that. My wife and I have no children of our own. We have cherished our
Michan ever since I accepted him into my art studio as the sole disciple.

Michan is the only son of Mr. and Mrs.Wassern Takano. They are our very
special family friends.

In fact the life-long friendship between Wassern and I dates back to our college
days before his marriage to Miss Olive Matsumoto.

And it was Wassern who invited me to live in the village. A long story indeed,
and I hope to write about the “history” of our friendship someday.

I remember the day when Michan was brought by his father to my studio for an
interview. I had seen the boy many times before, but instantly I liked the silent and
clever movement of his hands and eyes when making a wooden toy at my request.

Michan was just over five years old then. As he stayed with us every weekend for about ten years and grew up under my guidance in art training, we naturally adopted the dear name for him.

I am very proud of my talented disciple and his recent accomplishments in the fields of sculpture and wood-block engraving. My admiration for his works could be more vocal but I have tried to keep it to myself.

The admiration of a master can be an encouragement to his disciple, of course, but not always. Actually I have given it to Michan from time to time.

What concerns me, however, is a kind of vanity which sometimes creeps into a dashing young artist. I have been most careful to prevent that, for I do not like to spoil my dear boy with loud indulgence.

Back to the hot afternoon last summer.

While I was having a bowl of cooled somen noodles my wife had prepared for lunch, he gave me a telephone call.

Michan said that he was coming to my house with his wife in about an hour and that his wife needed my help.

Of course, I like to see the couple as frequently as possible. So I cheerfully invited them to visit me, though wondering at his rather serious tone of voice.

Resuming my usual corner round the irori fire-place and asking my wife for another bowl of noodles, I told her that Michan and his wife were visiting us soon and that she had some favour to ask of me.

Michan’s wife is a fine artist as well. She completed a four year course in art at one of the big universities in Tokyo, taking lessons mainly in the water colour painting but showing her remarkable talent in the field of Japanese folk art, especially in creating modern versions of traditional paper masks.

The fact is that about seven years ago Michan fell in love with her artistic animal masks on exhibit at the gallery corner of the Prof.Yatchan Toyotsuka’s coffee shop The Titipu Opera House.
It took some time, besides enormous courage, for him to find out about the unknown artist whose marvellous masks fascinated him.

I recall a hearty laugh which my wife and I shared immediately after Michan had excused himself and gone to the gent's while visiting us one weekend.

For he had just finished telling us of his recent nightmares, in which weird faces of various sizes and shapes grew out of the darkness, one after another, to haunt and chase him.

As he talked he really looked like a possessed soul, and my sharp eye had noticed the two blue rings around his eyes.

My wife and I agreed that those dark haloes were nothing but a manifest symptom of his sleepless nights and definitely the sign of a love-sick boy.

Approximately half a year after the nightmare episode, he succeeded in winning her hand. I rejoiced at my dear boy's happy union with the nice lady, Nonchan, and to this day I well remember the delightful wedding party for the new couple.

Nonchan is really a sweet lady: cheerful, fresh, pretty, refined, sophisticated, wise, and a promising artist, too. Her maiden name is Yokofune. She has two elder brothers but is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rubon Yokofune, of the famous silk weaving establishment in the Takashino district in the neighbourhood of Chichibu.

My sole disciple has been a great joy to us both, and I am so proud of him that I often repeat one of my favourite sayings over a nightly sake, to the annoyance of my wife. That saying is something like the following:

"Michan, who at first was fascinated by Nonchan's artistic works, ended by being fascinated by Nonchan herself, and this shows what a sensible boy he was. If a young boy is to yield to fascination, it is much wiser to begin by being fascinated by a girl's beautiful work and then transfer this admiration to the girl who created it, than to begin by being fascinated by the pretty girl and her slim body before knowing whether she is able to create any beautiful artistic work at all." (33)

Again back to the hot summer.
Nonchan’s reason for the afternoon visit turned out to be a pretty simple one, actually not so serious as I had suspected. She had a commission from a big publisher in Tokyo to produce a picture book for children.

At the end of May the publisher had sent her a letter of enquiry. They asked if she was interested in creating an illustrated story book in the style of Beatrix Potter.

Her reply was that although she had bought a few of Beatrix Potter’s books for her daughters and had learned the tale of Peter Rabbit almost by heart, she had no knowledge of the British authoress - illustrator.

Nonchan did not hear from the publisher until the beginning of July. Finally they replied that they were still more interested in publishing her picture story book of animal masks à la Potter and that they wanted to apologize for the delayed reply.

She was pleased to discover that they had spent the silent interval looking for a biography of Beatrix Potter at foreign bookstores in Tokyo, and that they were enclosing it for her reference.

Nonchan thought the publisher very kind to do so, and she felt that she did not want to disappoint them.

When she took the enclosure out, she found it to be an English book and thus a big problem to her.

Michan and Nonchan both asked me to read the English biography for her.

Nonchan said that she did not want to return the book to her kind publisher without reading it, and Michan supported her by saying that it might take a few months for either of them to read through the book while I might perhaps be able to manage it in a couple of days.

Well, it is not such an easy job for me to read English or French books as my friends and wife are apt to suppose.

I normally spend one hour on the average for each twenty pages of an English novel in the Penguin edition, which means that the 165-page English biography of Beatrix Potter by Margaret Lane demands at least eight hours of labour at my
esdesk.

I said to myself, "O.K. then, it's a sacrifice of one day's average working hours only, and I understand how busy Nonchan is, simultaneously doing her art work, child care and housekeeping."

It is good for a master to serve his young disciple sometimes, I thought.

I accepted the labour of vicarious reading and sent the couple off right away, for I did not like to witness what usually follows this sort of apparently fine brave decision. I mean those hot words of gratitude which can be very embarassing to me.

To keep my promise I spent two whole evenings and finished reading through the book, which I found a rather penetrating psychological study of the lonely artist.

A few days later I asked Nonchan to visit me. She was delighted at my summary of the book.

I was happy to find that I helped her in understanding the publisher's intention and that she was able to produce the superb picture story book that they had in mind. Her book was published just in time for the Xmas season last year.

Personally, it was nice to come across an unexpected passage in the book. I have since recalled it whenever the family name of the Asamis is mentioned by the villagers.

For it is an interesting coincidence that both the ancestors of Beatrix Potter and the Asami family once possessed the relics of princely gifts.

According to the passage, the Cromptons on Beatrix's maternal side had a family legend connected with relics of royalty, which consisted of "a few large linen table-napkins with the royal arms of Scotland woven into them and 'C.P.' embroidered in cross-stitch near one of the borders". (34)

In the case of the Asami family, there survives a village legend of similar nature, also concerned with the relics of royalty. The legend is as follows:

In the early years of the Meiji Restoration, the new government promoted a
series of revolutionary policies, first abolishing the long-established feudal system and secondly introducing the modern civilization of the western countries into the Japanese life style.

One of their most important policies was this abolishment of the feudal class structure, which led to the loss of privileges on the part of the previously titled classes like the two-sworded samurais. It also affected the Buddhist and the Shinto priesthood, as priests belonged to the titled classes as well.

The Meiji Government struggled to unite the many sects of the Shinto priesthood, for example. The nationalistic Shinto religion that was thus consolidated was put under the control of the newly-founded national society of Shinto priests, to whose presidency Prince Arisugawa was appointed. (35)

Amid these vigorous changes in politics and society, the Asamis of Uenohira (the Upper Land division), who had enjoyed good days of comfort and luxury as one of the distinguished nanushi families in the Hinozawa village, did not lose time in protecting their privileges of birth.

For one thing, Mr. Iori Asami, (36) at that time the family head, somehow obtained an honourable position in the new national Shinto priesthood. Villagers whispered about it, and a few of those opinions have survived.

One opinion reflecting the dismal mood of disappointed villagers says,

“Well, it’s another form of class structure, isn’t it?”

“Alas, no change to our life of impoverished slavery!” says another.

“No revolution, but instead a disguised class structure under the new government of the Satsuma and Choshu fellows…”

An interesting rumour describes how influential the Asami family could be with the royalty, specifically with Prince Arisugawa who was to make a personal gift of a nobleman’s costume to Mr. Iori Asami.

As the rumour goes, the Asamis, aside from performing the duties of a resident nanushi, used to run a few commercial businesses, one of them being banking services for feudal lords.

The sort of banking conducted by the Asamis was called “daimyou
gashi", (37) meaning money-lending to those provincial feudal princes who used to own and govern the people and products of their clan territories.

A branch of the royal family called the Shoren-in (38) in Kyoto monopolized the privileges of the daimyo-gashi business. They in turn conceded their right to certain families of humbler origins to act for them as agents. The Asami family was one of them.

In those days when the Asami family was acting as an agent for the royal banker, each successive head of the family enjoyed the luxury of being conveyed in a hago, that is a traditional carrier, shouldered by several coolies and available only to the titled classes.

The family business of banking was undoubtedly more remunerative than were the duties of a rustic nanushi, and it brought Mr. Iori Asami into contact with important noblemen in Kyoto and retainers of feudal lords.

Once Mr. Iori Asami the banker offered a personal present to the Prince Arisugawa, who accepted the family treasure of the Asamis. It was one of the rare swords made by the master Masamune.

In return for that sign of Mr. Asami's devotion, the Prince rewarded him first with the position of a priest and then with a nobleman's formal costume.

That is the end of the rumour, but there is another rumour saying that Mr. Iori Asami the priest used to do himself proud by appearing in the aristocratic apparel on occasions of village festivals. Villagers whispered that the blue blood, even in appearance only, costs quite a lot.

Some time ago I had a chance to catch sight of the princely gift. Having heard of my interest in the gift, Yasusan, my genial neighbour, took me to the house of the village high priest, Mr. Arai.

Mr. Arai the high priest was refinement itself. My intuitive artist's perception told me that he was a gentleman of self-imposed spiritual discipline.

On the way back home Yasusan explained to me that Mr. Arai's grandfather had been asked by the descendants of Mr. Iori Asami to preserve the costume as a keepsake of their old friendship.
CHAPTER 5

ODD VILLAGERS

Yasusan, Kenchan Mr. Rubon Yokofune, Prof. Yatchan, Wassern, Michan, and a few other younger friends of mine hosted a party for my wife and me, where many villagers kindly gathered to celebrate the thirty year anniversary of our "survival" in the village.

The party, which was held at the Nokyo hall of the Hinozawa Farmers Union, was a splendid one indeed, attended by our local friends, young and old, male and female, all together.

It pleased me very much to see that the party delighted my wife and her lady friends: Oginsan, Nonchan, Olive and her beautiful nieces Makochan and Yukasan, and many others.

Thirty years is, as Wassern said, quite a long time for any person. Wassern really is a born orator, whose speeches, as I recall, always captivated a very large audience of students on our campus. And what a nice speech he kindly made for us at the party!

I picked up that familiar word, "survive", in his speech. Wassern presented it so impressively that everybody there gave a laugh at it.

Since Wassern and I survived the days of angry young men in the nineteen fifties together, the expression has associations of victory and misery common to both of us.

Failures in love, awards of scholarship to study in the States, etc. etc. Between us, Wassern, let us leave them untouched within our memories now, for we shall have a chance to give them a decent re-burial some day, hopefully, before the last of our dim days.

"Survival" certainly conveys an appropriate picture of my village life. At the same time, however, I feel that I must always remind myself of the old proverb, "Art is long and life is short."

- 1 6 6 -
I have survived physically, yes, for the last thirty years in the village, but I fear that I still have a long way to go before I may be able to produce a masterpiece.

The village of Hinozawa is roughly less than two hours' train journey from the central parts of the metropolis. Art dealers and students, magazine editors and so forth sometimes visit me. Most of them sigh aloud while I show them around our village. They always marvel at the quiet and beautiful scenery here.

Well, possibly, this peaceful village life was not a bad choice, but who knows the end of it? I can hear my inner voice responding to the echoes of the Goddess Muse, "Art is long and life is ..."

Hopefully a great moment in my life lies ahead just around the next corner, but I am not sure of it. I may perhaps be required to struggle for another thirty years to achieve my life work. This lesson is my personal anniversary gift to my other self.

I have long avoided what are called "noises of the metropolitan life." I do not watch television programmes, except news, for an example.

It is not surprising, therefore, that I am such an ignoramus as far as the topics of currently popular interest are concerned. I am indebted to my dear wife, Naomi, for a variety of interesting information.

I need hardly mention that women's talk is not always instructive. I hesitate, however, to call it tiresome rubbish, because I really mean it when I say I owe much to her for a great deal of varied information and enlightenment.

What follows are some of the old village rumours of which Naomi has been a chief source for me. It seems that while I am absorbed in art production in the studio, she enjoys going out to chat with the wives of my village friends.

I am going to transcribe a few of her stories that I found interesting enough to note down in my diary during these survival years.
AN AMATEUR WRESTLER CALLED “GOSUKE THE BADGER”
AND HIS SUMO TRICK OF LANTERN-FOLDING

Toward the end of the Edo period there lived in the Hinozawa village a Mr. Gosuke Koike. Villagers liked to refer to him by a nickname, “Gosuke the Badger,” for he was a man of extraordinary size and power.

Many stories of his prowess have been circulated by generations of villagers. One story goes like this:

When a group of sumo wrestlers from Edo was visiting the village to show their professional skills, Gosuke the Badger volunteered to compete with them.

He was merely a silent man of awful power without any training in the tricks of sumo wrestling.

All he could do with the skillful wrestlers was grasp their shoulders and just push them down. It looked like someone smashing a hot potato.

And in this way he overpowered all the sumo professionals of Edo one after another.

Some fashionable wrestlers who were under the patronage of feudal lords were chagrined by their failures. They hated to admit that they were defeated by a provincial amateur.

So they pressed him angrily for an explanation of his winning trick.

They stated, to the large gathering of villagers there, that they had mastered all the eight and forty orthodox skills, but that the rustic fellow named the Badger was guilty of employing a secret trick.

“What is the name of your amateurish trick? We have not seen it before in Edo,” asked a leading sumo wrestler.

Gosuke the Badger had never given a thought to his simple technique, and he felt at a loss. But soon an idea occurred to him.

“Well,” he replied cheerfully, “it’s a lantern-folding, sir!”

The villagers who had been staring at him cheered loudly, while the professionals prepared themselves for the journey back to Edo.
QUEER TALES FROM THE OLD VILLAGE HINOZAWA

Some of the crest-fallen professionals wore ironic smiles. Some comforted themselves by whispering to each other.

"What a surprise!"

"Smashing a man down like folding a lantern... Never heard of such a strange technique!"

Gosuke the Badger became a legendary figure, his name signifying a man of power. Even today the locals like to repeat the well-known expression of his, "Well, it's a lantern-folding, sir" whenever they talk about such and such an extraordinary exploit of a gigantic villager.

TOMIRI SENSEI THE ODD PRIEST

Mr. Tomiri Takahashi who lived at Nekoya was an odd intellectual. He had been a Buddhist priest at the Jifukuji of Tomihira until the new religious policy of the Meiji Government necessitated his change of profession.

Tomiri Sensei got a position in the newly organized Shinto priesthood and served at two shrines — the Sennomiya Shrine at Nekoya and the Imamiya Shrine in the town of Chichibu.

His name was and is also well known in the local education field, for he had the honour to work as the first principal of the Shimohinozawa Primary School for a few years between 1874 and 1876.

According to the traditional ethics of the Japanese people, his social positions, either as a Shinto priest or as a school master, prescribed a certain behaviour.

Tomiri Sensei was, however, a sort of grown-up enfant terrible, whose queer love of mischievous acts disturbed many of the other grown-ups.

Tomiri Sensei had a disciple, Mr. Morio of Shigeki. On a certain new year's day, Tomiri had a fancy to surprise his disciple. A brilliant scheme occurred to him as he hurried on his way to the Morios'.
Meeting a village beggar named Shinbo, Tomiri Sensei asked him to exchange clothes. Shinbo himself was said to be a funny fellow, and he delighted in the proposed scheme of Tomiri’s.

Tomiri Sensei gave the beggar his formal costume, called "montsuki - haori - hakama", which people were most likely to set aside for special ceremonial occasions like the new year’s day or a wedding party.

The beggar with dirty hair and hands was thus transformed into a finely dressed gentleman, and he proceeded to the Morios’ accompanied by the shabby figure of Tomiri Sensei who in turn had wrapped himself with Shinbo’s smelling tatters.

At the gate they cried aloud, “A happy new year to Mr. Morio and his family!”

The host recognized the voice of his master and rushed to the front door to greet him.

Mr. Morio became terribly upset at the sight of the two strangely dressed guests. He could find no words to address his shabby genteel master, and merely stood there for awhile with his mouth open.

Being fooled like this at the outset of the new year, Mr. Morio closed his mouth a second and then scolded his master for the first and only time in his life, saying that the propriety of formal dressing had religious connotations as well as social significance.

Tomiri Sensei was too intoxicated with both the happiness of the day and his no less happy mischief to worry at all about a social etiquette.

Sometimes the naughty fancy of Tomiri Sensei was carried to excessive heights, especially when he drank too much sake.

One summer evening, he visited a geisha house in Minano to enjoy himself. The “Tanabata” festival day was coming soon, so he asked a few geisha girls in attendance to bring him a branch of bamboo.

Then Tomiri Sensei took out all the yen bills in his possession and told the excited girls to decorate the bamboo with them.

The poor girls got more and more excited at the successive oddities of the old
who next proposed that he exchange his professional costume of the priesthood for their perfumed and many-coloured kimonos.

All the geishas of the house, young and old, were then invited to join Tomiri’s party and enjoy the playful antics together. They were skilled entertainers, whose funny tricks increased the excitement and mischievousness of Tomiri Sensei.

Taking off kimonos to exchange for the priest’s costume in turn, they drank sake, sang and danced with the odd gentleman cheerfully.

In time all the people there at the wild party were possessed with a sort of Dionysian madness.

Seeing that they drank sake and danced to their full satisfaction, Tomiri Sensei said to them, “Young ladies, do you mind if I ask you to accompany me to the village river?”

They all cried together, “Why not!”

Tomiri the high priest in colourful kimono then walked out to the main street, leading the procession of wildly dancing girls.

The madam of the geisha house volunteered to hold a big lantern to light the way for the noisy procession.

Some young girls carried the bill-decorated bamboo in their hands, and the rest danced and sang funny songs to the accompaniment of their stringed shamisens.

Traditionally, the next step on “Tanabata” was to throw the decorated bamboo into a river, but this particular one in the hands of the girls was too expensive to be dedicated to a river goddess. The geishas said that they wanted to share the money with her.

Tomiri Sensei let them do as they wished, and delighted in watching them madly snatch the bills from the bamboo.

Thus ended his celebration of the Tanabata night.

The village policemen, however, heard of it later, and harshly criticized his disregard for the bills. Tomiri Sensei was reminded that the banknotes were issued by the national government and that they were not for decoration nor for drowning but for circulation.
Mr. Sonoda, the distinguished superintendent of the district’s Shinto priests, also got extremely angry at Tomiri Sensei’s irreverent treatment of the professional uniform. ($1$)

Geisha girls in the sacred costume of a priest were an unpardonable sight, Mr. Sonoda said to Tomiri, who was made conscious of the danger of being excommunicated.

And so, a repentant Tomiri Sensei made a promise of respect to his duties and decided to give up mischievous antics for ever.

The final words of Tomiri Sensei in this connection were “Bacchus has played the fool with me, sir.”
NOTES

1 新井武信著『日野沢雑記』 (昭和49年発行、私家版).
3 irori 灶廻: a hearth sunk in the floor of a Japanese living room.
4 sensei 先生: usually means a teacher, doctor, and master but sometimes this is just a polite way of signifying a superior or respectable person.
5 meinichi 命日: the Buddhist anniversary of a person’s death.
6 The massacre actually took place on April 6, 1870.
7 Sayama green tea 狭山茶: one of the most popular tea in Japan, which they say Chuhachi Yoshikawa 吉川忠八 and Morimasa Murano 村野盛政 introduced to the vicinity of Sayama-shi in the Bunka-Bunsei period (1804～1829).
8 Hinozawa 日野沢: used to be a separate village, but now it is a part of Minano-cho 皆野町.
9 a Mr. Makino 牧野高女: see a local history book『日野澤村誌』 (Hinozawa-mura Education Commitee, 1955).
10 the Upper Land, the Mid Land, and the Lower land 上郷 (上日野沢), 中郷 (重木・小松・沢辺), 下郷 (下日野沢一部).
11 nanushi 名主: a wealthy resident farmer in charge of the village administration on behalf of his titled master.
12 Dr. Rankei Nakaniwa 中庭蘭溪 (兵左衛門・保道・通所): medical doctor, priest, and nanushi, born at Mitagawa-mura in 1816, died on Sept. 14th, 1883.
13 Nakaniwa Kenzo 中庭諦三 (安貞): medical doctor, priest, and nanushi, born in 1843, died in 1870.
14 the Chichibu Rebellion 秩父事件: the riot is widely known in Japan under the specific place name, while it seems that in England they preferred a more general terminology like “Disturbance in Saitama.” I found it very difficult to locate in English sources, both primary and secondary, a contemporary reference to the farmers’ rebellion, but the two pieces that follow might be of
some interest to local historians. One is from Foreign Office papers held in Public Record Office, London, and the other is from an article in an English science journal.

Reference (1):
PRO/FO/46/316/No.210 Confidential/ Plunket to Granville/p.86
Tokio, November 5, 1884.
My Lord,
The enclosed Memorandum by Mr. Hall gives a short summary of the reasons which he gathers to have led to the late troubles in the neighbourhood of this Capital.

I have the honour to be —— &c.

Enclosure/ Confidential/ Memorandum by Mr. Hall Memorandum.

Within the past few weeks two local outbreaks on the part of the country people have occurred in the prefectures nearest to Tokio. In the Ibaraki prefecture the ceremony of opening a new Government office had to be deferred in consequence of the discovery of a plot to assassinate, by means of dynamite, not only the Prefect, whose oppressive rule had made him unpopular, but also the Prime Minister and Councillors of State, who were to take part in the ceremony. The design miscarried owing to a premature move on the part of some of the more indignant members of the conspiracy, who set fire to the Police Office and took advantage of the confusion to steal money from the houses of some of the richer town people. Sixteen arrests have been made in connection with this affair, although it is believed that a much larger number were implicated......

The other disturbance, that in the Saitama prefecture, is still going on within less than fifty miles of the Capital. It is on a much larger scale than the outbreak at Ibaraki; and a battalion of infantry has been sent to aid the local

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police in the putting it down. It will no doubt be suppressed without much
difficulty, as the insurgents have neither leaders nor organization. But the
most significant fact in connection with this outbreak is the behaviour of the
press with respect to it. Although a meeting of hundreds of farmers armed
with hoes and bamboo spears was held on the banks of the Tonegawa on the
20th ultimo, and some fifty or sixty of the leading men were arrested and
thrown into prison before the police succeeded in dispersing the assemblage,
not a syllable respecting either the assemblage or the arrests appeared in the
Tokio newspapers until a renewal of the outbreak ten days later and the
despacht of arms and troops from Tokio made it impossible to preserve
silence any longer. Even then the only information the public is permitted to
receive of it consists of a few meagre telegrams issued in a small hand-bill
sheet by the leading Government organ.

So far as at present known this outbreak is due mainly to agricultural
distress. The heavy Government taxes necessitate borrowing on the part of the
farmer, and between the tax gatherer on the one hand and the village usurer
on the other he feels himself being ground between the upper and nether
millstone. It is distinctly stated that the mob seized and burnt both title deeds
of land and money securities for debts. But as in the previous case political
discontent is supposed to have taken advantage of an economic grievance to
forment an outbreak. The Government organs do not shrink from hinting that
members of the liberal association are at the bottom of all the trouble. Before
the Saitama outbreak occurred, it was known that the Ibaraki prisoners were
to be tried on the charge of treason. There is no doubt some connection
between these local outbreaks and the recent dissolution, by its own leaders, of
the liberal association; but owing to the stringent repression by the
Government of anything like free discussion of public affairs, the connection is
as yet difficult to trace.

(signed) J.C.Hall
5th November, 1884.
Reference (2):
“The Japanese National Survey, under the superintendence of Dr. Naumann, formerly Professor of Geology in the University of Tokio, has during the period above mentioned been progressing.....
“In 1884 when disturbances broke out in the Saitama prefecture, the military authorities discovered their lack of maps, and they were compelled to obtain maps of the district from the Geological Survey.”

Shigemaro Nakaniwa 中庭重麻呂.

Semuko Nakaniwa 中庭勢直子: b. 1840, d. 1870.

Masakane Inoue (1790～1849) 井上正鉄: toward the end of the Edo period, Inoue founded a Shinto school in Edo, and perhaps in the 8th year of Tenpo (1837). Inoue visited Chichibu, then called Oomiya, to preach his teaching of *Tohohamiko* 吐音加美講. One of his disciple named Masayasu Sakata 坂田正安 accompanied him and stayed with the Nakaniwa family. A few years later (the 14th year of Tenpo, 1843) when Inoue was criticized and persecuted by the Shogunate Government he escaped to the Nakaniwa’s but in a year’s time he got arrested and exiled to Miyake-jima. Though he died on the lonely prison island and his followers lost a founder, it was in the 5th year of Meiji (1872) that the new national government allowed them to restore the school, which under the leadership of Sakata has prospered to this day. It is known today as *Misogi-kyo* 曝教.

See 坂田和亮編著『曝教の研究』（みそぎ文化社、昭和47年）

Taiji Murakami 村上泰治: born in 1867, died on June 18th, 1887, follower of Itagaki Taisuke 板垣退助.

Enkyo 延享: 1744 - 1748.

Narao 奈良尾: today it is a part of Minano-cho.

Kashiwagizawa 柏木沢: a part of Minano-cho, near the rivermouth of Komatsuzawa 小松沢.
QUEER TALES FROM THE OLD VILLAGE HINOZAWA

22 a Mr. Kadohira 門平某.
23 Mr. Asami 阿左美十左衛門.
24 Dōkyo 土京.
25 Minano 皆野: today Minano is a township with the population of 12,762.
26 See N. Lawall's *Critics of Consciousness* (Harvard Univ. Press, 1968)
28 The Suisenji Temple 札所三十四番・水潜寺.
29 Teramoto 寺元: place near Sawabe 沢辺.
30 In this connection it is interesting to note that Ernest Satow refers to Minano in his guide book, as follows.

"Route 19. Tokio into Shin-Shiu or Ko-Shiu by way of Chichibu.

"Minano (Inn, Kado-ya, poor) where a road on the left branches off to Mizawa, distances 30 ch., practicable for kuruma. From Minano the way lies across a richly cultivated tract of country. Tobacco and vegetables are grown in large quantities, and mulberry - trees both line the road on either side and form the divisions between the fields. Beyond the hamlet of Kuroya the road descends and crosses the Kuroyagawa by a wooden bridge, then winding to the left it ascends steeply, and continues almost on a level to Ono - bara, where it joins the road from Kawagoe (see p.216). The scenery during the latter part of this route from Minano is especially fine; Rio - gami San, Mitsu - mine and Buko - zan being prominent features of the prospects."


31 mochi 餃: rice cake.
32 doma 土間.
33 This saying is quoted in a slightly changed form from a William Guilbert's corrected typescript:

34 Margaret Lane's *The Tale of Beatrix Potter*, London, Frederick Warne, 1946, p.25.
35 Prince Taruhito Arisugawa (1835〜95) 有栖川織仁親王．
36 Mr.Iori Asami 阿左美伊織．
37 daimyou - gashi 大名貸し．
38 The Shorenn - in family 青蓮院の宮．
39 the Nokyo hall 日野沢農協会館．
40 Gosuke the Badger 穴熊の五助．
41 a lantern - folding 提灯縮め．
42 Mr.Tomiri Takahashi 高橋宮里: Buddhist and Shinto priest, school master．
43 Nekoya 根古屋: a part of Minano - cho today．
44 the Jifukuji temple 慈福寺: the temple does not exist any more．
45 Tomihira 富平．
46 the Sennomiya Shrine 千楽宮．
47 the Imamiya Shrine 今宮神社．
48 Mr.Morio of Shigeki 重木の守尾氏．
49 montsuki - haori - hakama 紋付き羽織袴: a traditional formal dress for a man．
50 Tanabata 七夕: the Star Festival is still celebrated on the 7th day of the 7th month according to the lunar calendar．
51 Mr.Tadayuki Sonoda 園田忠行: high priest (Chichibu Shrine)．