

タイトル	Beyond the Practicality of Time and Materialism of Life
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引用	北海学園大学学園論集(151)： 1-15
発行日	2012-03-25

Beyond the Practicality of Time and Materialism of Life

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Introduction

It was like any other disaster that occurs, in which no one can tell what will happen until it happens. As we look back at last March 11th, we were in peace following our daily routines until that fateful moment. No one knew what would unfold until that hour struck. In reality, compared to the power of nature, we can never know, what will happen next. Being human, we cannot tell the time and place or size of the calamity or the time of our own demise. It is in the sphere and domain of nature.

At that moment, both children and adults came face to face with this life and beyond. Is it possible for us to learn to listen to the signs when nature speaks?

Can we to live in harmony with nature? Is there any way to control nature, as people might like? In this article I would like to look more closely at our capacity to live in harmony with our natural world and what may lie beyond.

To be able to cope with the world we live in, our youth need to have faith to move forward with their lives. In the old days, people had more time to spend with youth, to share knowledge of the past, to pass on their folklore and legends and such, from their own cultural history, so that their youth could take steps to cross the bridge to the adult world. If today's youth are ignorant of what went on before in history, they may then lack the knowledge to live their lives wisely, relying on only information from the internet and computers, which are not enough to make a complete life in the world as a well-rounded person.

Now, our modern childhood, as we know it, is very different with that of the past. Adults can no longer guard their children and protect them throughout their years growing

up. They are faced with a flood of information from other people and the media.

“Does the new literature call for different standards of judgment from the past? At first glance its characteristics may seem to call for a new approach. But any such attempt turns out to be illusory. The best books stand up to objective scrutiny according to age-old literary standards, while the poorer ones do not.”⁽¹⁾

Today, more than ever before, we are confronted with whether or not we will be identified as mere numbers or be considered as individual human beings. Do we have enough power of thought and vision to see through the quagmire of information surrounding us? Does an adult have enough space and time to communicate with children and youth about their own story in their own words? Having their own space means being able to listen and take in the words of others.

The Expanses Unknown to the People

Aldo Leopold, born in Iowa (1887–1948) is often compared to authors like Rachel Carson, David Thoreau, and John Muir. As a U. S. Forest Ranger who dedicated his life to game management, he wrote about his own experience in his “A Sand County Almanac”, which is the Bible for Ecology.

“One hundred and twenty acres, according to the County Clerk, is the extent of my worldly domain. But the County Clerk is sleepy fellow, who never looks at his record books before nine o’clock. What they would show at daybreak is the question here at issue.”⁽²⁾ Leopold states that at daybreak he is the sole owner of all the acres he and his dog can walk over. What disappear are not only the boundaries but also the thought of being bounded. “Expanses unknown to deed or map are known to every dawn, and solitude, supposed no longer to exist in my county, extends on every hand as far as the dew can reach.”⁽³⁾ The view and space one experiences, though it maybe owned by someone else, may lead us in solitude with nature to a world beyond, beyond worldly ownership.

The final proof of spring in May in Wisconsin pastures, is the arrival of the upland plover from Argentina. They arrive with a flight-song for new season. They have flown 4000 miles “to reassert the title he got from the Indians, until the young plovers are a-wing, this pasture is his, and none may trespass without his protest.”⁽⁴⁾ And for the upland plover

American hemispheric solidarity is nothing new. People fall far from the nobleness that birds share. And thus, we may not know that “one skein of geese, cleaving the murk of a March thaw is the spring”⁽⁵⁾ If the cardinal or the chipmunk come out and make a mistake thinking it is already spring, they can return to their nests, but for the migrating geese there will be no return. “But a migrating goose, staking two hundred miles of black night on the chance of finding a hole in the lake, has no easy chance for retreat. His arrival carries the conviction of a prophet who has burned his bridges.”⁽⁶⁾ These geese are aware of many things including Wisconsin statutes. They know in November that every marsh and pond is full of guns aiming at them.

These southbound November geese pass over high and haughty. However, March geese know that a spring truce is in effect. “They wind the oxbows of the river, cutting low over the now gunless points and islands, and gabbling to each sandbar as to a long-lost friend.” These birds are keenly aware of everything that surrounds them. Have we, as humans, lost our senses to live in this way? Have we lost our sense to live listening to what the nature tells us, and seeing how it would guide us? Surrounded by so many so-called useful new media, the internet and other gadgets, are we not in need of using our own senses?

We are too busy doing things, following others and following the rules, which control us more tightly. Are we losing our ability, which other living things have, to allow our senses to follow nature? Are we no longer able to live within our natural surroundings on our own? Life is such that whatever our interests are and wherever our inner pulse bends, that is what we receive in return. For the extinction of a species, like the passenger pigeons, Leopold states, “the gadgets of industry bring us more comforts than the pigeons did, but do they add as much to the glory of the spring?”

J. R. R. Tolkien (1892-1973) wrote in “Smith of Wooton Major” that a boy in the town was chosen to be able to visit the Land of the Faery. Every twenty-four years in the village of Wooton Major the Feast of Good Children was held and a Great Cake was to be prepared for the twenty-four children who were invited. In the cake, there were little trinkets and little coins and a fay-star. Any child who swallowed the fay-star would be able to gain entry into the Land of the Faery. Smith’s son swallowed it without ever noticing it, and it had remained with him until the appropriate time came. On his tenth birthday, the boy got up before dawn. The time just before the daybreak is entirely another world, a completely

different world from that of morning after the sunrise. This quiet predawn world is like a world without any noise, a silent world awaiting something to begin, a new world expectant that something may soon occur. Then with a breeze the world awakens light blue and color pink. “Then the dawn came, and far away he heard the dawn-song of the birds beginning...”⁽⁷⁾ The boy said, ‘It reminds me of Faery’, and he began to sing, in the strange words of the Faery. Few of us can visit that land. So it is told in Michael Ende’s (1929–1995), *Neverending Story*, when Mr. Coreander tells Bastian, “that ‘there are many doors to Fantastica... there are people who can never go to Fantastica,’ said Mr. Coreander, ‘and others who can, but who stay there forever.’ And there are just a few who go to Fantastica and come back.”⁽⁸⁾

“Fantasists wrestle with the great complexities of existence—life, death, time, space, good and evil—and a child’s struggle to find its place within these awesome concepts.”⁽⁹⁾ We need time and space to grow up maturely as humans. We need time to enrich and train ourselves. We need to grow up physically and inwardly with the things we can see in our own world, and with the things that we can not see with our eyes. Everything in this world we share, whether they are animals or plants or whatever exists in the world and in the universe. Then when we look back our own country, we should be so proud to have our own special poet who has the appreciation of man, nature and the universe.

Brotherhood with Nature

Kenji Miyazawa (1896–1933) is best known for his poems “Not bending to the Rain nor Wind” and other stories for children, like “Acorn and Wildcat,” “A Restaurant with Many Orders,” “Cello Player Goosh,” and many more.

Among them let’s take up his “The Night of Milky Way Railroad,” (Ginga Tetsudo no Yoru). The story setting is located in the small riverside town of Hanamaki near the Kitakami River. And it was around the time of the Tanabata matsuri. It was in the afternoon class in the school. The teacher said, “Now then, boys, this vague white blur that, as I’ve just told you, people used to say was a river, or a “Milky Way”—do you know what it really is?”⁽¹⁰⁾

The teacher pointed to the whitish Milky Way zone stretching from top to bottom of the star map that hung over the blackboard. The two boys, Campanella and Giovanni were in

the class. Though they knew the answer somehow, they were not able to answer the question.

As no one could answer, the teacher announced that “If you looked at the pale white Milky Way through a powerful telescope, it would appear as a great number of little stars.” In short, the teacher continued, “And if you ask what compares to the water or milk of the river, we answer, ‘the speed of light ‘the vacuum.’ The sun and the earth are floating in it.”⁽¹¹⁾

After school, Giovanni had to hurry to his job at the printing shop. He had to support his mother, who was not well, his father, being a fisherman, was away at sea, and it was not known whether he was alive or not. His best friend was Campanella. But Giovanni feels sad when his best friend joins others in jokes that his father would get him “an otter-skin jacket” as though to poke fun at him. “The otter coat’s on the way,” they teased him.

Geovanni felt lonely and sad. He went toward the hill alone, where was hung the Great Bear in the sky, and it seemed lower and more vague than usual. And away from all dark pines and oaks, he came into the opening where he could see the Milky Way from South to North. There were wildflowers like bellflowers and daisies. He lay himself down in the grass. There he relaxed and looked at the sky which seemed like “the longer he looked the more he became convinced that it was a great stretch of countryside with little woods and pastures and the like.”⁽¹²⁾ Then he heard the sound of train nearby and soon he was asleep.

In his dream, Giovanni travels with his best friend Campanella, around the Milky Way by a special train, which carries people who have finished this earthly life and are now able to go beyond this world to live in the Milky Way. Somehow Giovanni finds himself on the train and finds Campanella wearing a wet looking jacket. So the two of them pass through the Milky Way stations... There they meet the passengers who get on and who get off at the special stations. In reality, Campanella was on board for he had drowned already and was on his way to get off at Ginga Station. Campanella asks Giovanni, “do you think my mother will forgive me? ... I’ll do anything if only it would make mother really happy.”⁽¹³⁾ The answer Kenji Miyazawa gives is doing something really good is what makes you most happy.

In Japanese there is the word “jihi”. Whether “jihi” is the right word or not, it means

putting oneself in the other's situation. With "jihi" Kenji says he wouldn't mind giving the bird-catcher, complete stranger though he was, everything he had—his belongings, his food, anything. "If it would really make him happy, he wouldn't mind standing there on the shining bed of the Milky Way for a hundred years if necessary, just catching birds for him..."⁽¹⁴⁾

And in another part, Giovanni states, "Campanella, we're alone again, aren't we? Let's go on together, on and on forever. You know, I feel like that scorpion: if it would really make people happy, I wouldn't care if my body was burned a hundred times over."⁽¹⁵⁾ In this story Kenji suggests the oneness of the world of death and of this world.

Being a profound believer of Buddhism, his belief is imbedded in his famous poem, "Amenimo Makezu". There are quite few different translations in English:

neither yielding to rain
nor yielding to wind
yielding neither to
snow nor to summer heat
with a stout body
like that
without greed
never getting angry
always smiling quietly
eating one and a half pints of brown rice
and bean paste and a bit of vegetables a day
in everything not taking oneself into account
looking listening understanding well ...⁽¹⁶⁾

Today's youth now say that they have most of the material things that they want; yet they still feel a thirst for something ... for something, which may not be bought. Some youth are aware of this need, and say it is the thirst for wanting to receive the stories from their forefathers. I wonder, then, are we becoming too busy to share? Are we not handing down the knowledge and experience of the past? So Kenji writes in his preface of "The Restaurant with Many Orders" as such.

Let me translate it:

Preface

We do not need to have all the sugar candies

We can eat clear and lucid wind,

And can drink peach colored beautiful morning sunlight

And I have seen often that some ragged clothing turning into most

Amazing velvet or woolen or into stitched together jewels

I like these foods and clothing

These stories in here are all come from the rainbow or the moonlight in the woods,
the fields, and the railroads...

some passages you may find it difficult to understand...such a passage,

I too don't understand.

But I hope earnestly that some of these short stories in the end

you may find as lucid and as real as food.⁽¹⁷⁾

Kenji has written stories like "Night Train to the Milky Way," but he also has written many stories, which are very charming and playful. Among them, "The Acorn and Wildcat."

A strange postcard had arrived at Ichiro's house on a Saturday afternoon. It said:

Mr. Kaneta Ichiro September 19

I hear you are doing fin, that's good.

Because we do a complicate trial, tomorrow, pleas
come. *Don* carry a shootin tool.

Sincerely Wildcat⁽¹⁸⁾

Let me translate some passages. The letter read like that. The writing was poor and the ink (gasagasa) stuck to his fingers. Still Ichiro was so happy to receive the letter. He placed the postcard softly in his school bag and was so happy that he just couldn't help but jump up and down around the house. Even after he was in bed, he couldn't get to sleep thinking about the meow face of Wildcat, and the image of the difficult decision stayed in his mind. The next morning when he got up, outside was already bright with the morning sun.

When he stepped out of the house, the mountains around him looked as though all the mountains were just being born (uruuru) up under the blue sky. In haste, he finished breakfast and alone up he went along the mountain stream... The lucid and clear wind (za-) blew the chestnuts trees, which dropped their nuts. Picking them up, Ichiro asked looking up at the chestnut tree, “‘Chestnut tree, chestnut tree, didn’t you see Wildcat passing by?’ The chestnut tree kept his mouth shut for a while and said, ‘Well, yes, the Wildcat did go toward the east early this morning. He was in haste and was on a carriage.’”⁽¹⁹⁾ A difficult decision had to be made about who was greater among the acorns. Ichiro was able to give the right answer and the problem was well settled.

For a reward, the Wildcat asked Ichiro whether he would like to have “golden acorn or salty salmon head?” Wildcat was happy that Ichiro did not choose the salmon head.

So Wildcat called carriage servant, “Bring large cupful of the acorn. If there are not enough golden acorns, you can mix it with the fake ones.” When he returned home, the golden acorns faded in color to ordinary brown ones. Kenji knew the real enjoyment he experienced. He wanted to sing about what he sees around him, really seeing the things alive and stones and what might not be alive. In them, Kenji was able to see lucidity of the air, and the lively beauty of the things alive around him. To Kenji, recognizing them was itself an appreciation.

Though there was much sadness in his family upon accepting the death of his younger sister, and the difficulties the farmers were facing, he was able to see with his eyes the conditions, too, and the happiness brought to him in his life.

Miyazawa was born the son of well-to-do family and graduated from Morioka Daiichi High School (now) and entered Agricultural Department, at University of Iwate (now) entering as top student. He received his master’s degree (equivalent now) in “Geography”, and “Geology” was his final report. Kenji was born in 1896 but about two months before Kenji was born a great disaster occurred, which was the Sanriku Earthquake and the Tsunami that it caused. And shortly after he was born, there was also the Rikuu Earthquake. Though he was born in a family well off, it is said that he had seen many poor farmers fighting for their survival. He was much concerned about the cold weather damage and crop failure in farming. And, as he became a Buddhist, his sense of brotherhood with every living thing was strengthened even more.

In 1934, a year after Kenji's death, Takamura Kotaro, who had a remarkable presence as a painter, sculptor, art critic, and poet commented that "someone who has a cosmos within himself escapes a locality no matter where he may be in the world, no matter at which periphery he may be ...Miyazawa Kenji, was one of the rare possessors of such a cosmos."⁽²⁰⁾

Rachel Carson (1907-1964) talks about our only chance for survival on this earth is not to go along with the fast paced progress for at its end lies disaster. "It took hundreds of millions of years to produce the life that now inhabits the earth, eons of time in which that development, evolution, and diversification of life reached a state ...time is the essential ingredient; but in the modern world there is no time."⁽²¹⁾

Saving time and losing time

These days, we say we are too busy, and we say we are in haste not to waste our time. Why is saving time considered so important? "Time is life itself, and life resides in the human heart."⁽²²⁾ Are we simply too busy?

Momo, by Michael Ende (1929-1995), takes place in the ruins of an old amphitheater. She has the special talent of being able to listen to people and, just by talking to people, find the answer. "Momo listened to everyone and everything, to dogs and cats, crickets and tortoises - and all of them spoke to her after their own fashion."⁽²³⁾

However, soon, they found that men in grey were roaming the city in multitudes.

They were inconspicuous, that is, they were hard to notice. They had to find people who wished they had more time. If they found a person such as that, they would go to the front of their house. "The men in grey drove through the streets in smart grey limousines, haunted every building, frequented every restaurant. From time to time they would jot something down in their little grey notebook."⁽²⁴⁾ Even their faces were grey. These grey men knew about the time that people have and they wanted to take over. The people in grey can live only when they can collect the time people save and deposit it in their bank called the Timesaving Bank.

The men in grey were waiting for the people who wished they had more time.

Mr. Figaro was the barber who was well respected, neither rich nor poor, an ordinary man working in his barbershop with an apprentice. But one day he wishes he had more time

to have a more luxurious life. So he says that ‘the trouble is,’ he thought sourly, “my work leaves me no time for that sort of thing, and you need time for the right kind of life. You’ve got to be free, but I’m a lifelong prisoner of scissors, a lather and chitchat.”⁽²⁵⁾ This kind of remark was that the men in grey were waiting for. So at the right moment the men in grey entered the shop. They counted up his time schedule and they told him that he could save. So if he could save two hours a day, they said, “After another 20 years, we arrive at the handsome figure of one hundred and five million one hundred and twenty thousand seconds.”⁽²⁶⁾ And, he says Mr. Figaro will receive all that sum and more with interest. He would end up more than he had put in. So as the days go by, more and more people joined the Timesaving Bank. People did not waste their time because they wanted save time so that they can get later with much interest. Maybe in Mr. Figaro’s case, he had to save the time like mad for 20 years or longer to enjoy his time later.

However, until that time, these savers did not have time to waste, or so they thought. Time must be saved and time must be spent for earning more money. More money and less time should be spent. Soon adults were busy and had no time to spend with the children. Once we become part of the patterned habit, it is very easy to depend on a tight schedule. “They earned more money and had more to spend, but they looked tired, disgruntled and sour, and there was an unfriendly light in their eyes.”⁽²⁷⁾ In such a way of doing things, life became more monotonous and dry. In reality, people were losing their time saved. They were cheated out of time by seemingly doing the precise and practical thing. No longer could they use their own minds.

Have we been led astray? We may give what have bought to our children instead of giving them time to share. If things continue like this, soon people will forget what the important things are in life. Life is becoming “poorer, bleaker and more monotonous.”

Soon Momo’s friends stopped coming to talk to her. No more time to be spent for such nonsense as talking to Momo, when it doesn’t earn any time. The world of children and youth changes readily with a shift taken by adults who share their values. Certainly, the world now created by adults is that of a fast-paced society. The young ones too are busy even when they are still in diapers. We engage with rapidly moving computers and smart-phones that give us easy access to information. Our mind is directly connected to the electric mind, which accelerates the pace. Human contact can do away the machines. “You remember where the hour-lilies were growing?” Professor Hora said. ‘I told you then

that everyone has a place like that, because everyone has a heart. If people allow the men in grey to gain a foothold there, more and more of their hour-lilies get stolen. But hour-lilies plucked from a person's heart can't live, either, because they've been parted from their rightful owner.'”(28) Ende said in the ETV Special program in 1986 when he visited Japan, to attend Children and Youth meeting in Tokyo, that when he was about 15 years old, he had to flee from the Nazis because they were told all the boys around that age were to become soldiers after only a day's training to fight against the American armies in Germany. He ran away walking only at night to his father's house in the country. Though he was able to escape, the historical realities of that day completely changed his view of life.

It is often said, that in the darkest situation, a man will see light shining beyond and above it all. The senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling are all sharpened according to what is close by. When pressed to live in the dark hours, we eventually view the joy that shines ahead. This vivid awareness comes to us depending on our contact with nature and the sensitivity we have to it.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), was the first recipient for the Nobel Prize for Literature in Asia in 1913 for his *Gitanjali: Song Offerings*. Let me cite the first few passages.

Thou hast made me endless, such is
Thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou
emptiest again and again, and fillest it
ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast
carried over hills and dales, and hast
breathed through it melodies eternally
new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands
my little heart loses its limits in joy
and gives birth to utterance ineffable.
thy infinite gifts come to me only
on these very small hands of mine.
ages pass, and still thou pourest, and
still there is room to fill.⁽²⁹⁾

Tagore's poem was commented on by Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, himself, recipient of Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923. He states Tagore follows "an innocence, a simplicity that one does not find elsewhere in literature and makes the birds and the leaves seem as near to him as they are near to children, and the changes of the seasons great events as before our thoughts had arisen between them and us."⁽³⁰⁾

When Tagore visited Japan in 1917, he said "what has impressed me most in this country is the conviction that you have realized nature's secrets, not by methods of analytical knowledge, but by sympathy. You have known her language of lines, and music of colours, the symmetry in her irregularities, and the cadence in her freedom of movements; you have seen how she leads her immense crowds of things yet avoids all frictions; how the very conflicts in her creations break out in dance and music; how exuberance has the aspect of the fullness of self-abandonment, and not a mere dissipation of display...A mere knowledge of things can be had in a short enough time, but spirit can only be acquired by centuries of training and self-control."⁽³¹⁾

Japan's relationship with the world is the deeper relationship of heart which would harmonize man and nature. "This spiritual bond of love she has established with the hills of her country, with the sea and the streams, with the forests in all their flowery moods and varied physiognomy of branches; she has taken into her heart all the rustling whispers and sighing of the woodlands and sobbing of the waves; the sun and the moon she has studied in all the modulations of their lights and shades, and she is glad to close her shops to greet the seasons in her orchards and gardens and cornfields. ... It is a civilization of human relationship."⁽³²⁾

Even though, there were times when an understanding between the countries may have been difficult for Tagore and Japan, Tagore showed that he had great understanding of Japan, both its strong points and weak points. Most of all, we can appreciate this, knowing that Kenji Miyazawa and Tagore had shared the same understanding about the human heart, nature and the universe - that it was important to look into the beautiful and the good that human beings and other living things possess.

In his essay, below, Tagore wrote that in this life on earth, he had at some moments of bliss had recognized as he watched sky intently the relatedness of himself, nature and

universe as one.

The same stream of life that runs
through my veins night and day runs
through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.
It is the same life that shoots in joy
through the dust of the earth in
numberless blades of grass and breaks
into tumultuous waves of leaves and
flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in
the ocean-cradle of birth and of death,
In ebb and in flow.

I feel my limbs are made glorious by
the touch of this world of life. And my
pride is from the life-throb of ages
dancing in my blood this moment.⁽³³⁾

Conclusion

What is shown in the world today is what is reflected in the world of the children and youth. Today, there are many children and youth who are not able to think about their future, not knowing what to do with their lives. When material things become the main stream that seems to cover the world, there is a need for real food and real water. If we ignore the importance of real food and water for both the body and the soul, nature will not be felt as it is or as it could be. At such a time, sadly, there will be no more joy on the earth. As we read today's realistic fiction for children and juveniles, we often see the problem novel, which shows how youth are coping with today's world. However, perhaps what is most important is that youth are able to move forward in the world as complete human beings. As Miyazawa Kenji showed the role of guiding adults is one not to be forgotten. Can we adults provide our youth with 'real food and real water?'

"Of all our natural resources water has become the most precious... In an age when man has forgotten his origins and is blind even to his most essential needs for survival, water along with other resources has become the victim of his indifference."⁽³⁴⁾

NOTES

- (1) Egoff, Shila. *Thursday's Child* (Chicago: American Library Association, 1981) p.301, Egoff writes in the Epilogue, "Judging from the past, one can expect that what is truly literature will keep its place — those books that are central to a cultural heritage, those that present the coherent and unifying power of human sympathy in vivid images."
- (2) Leopold, Aldo. *A Sand County Almanac* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1949) p.41, Leopold adds in foreword, from his experience that "Like winds and sunsets, wild things were taken for granted until progress began to do away with them. Now we face the question whether a still higher 'standard of living' is worth its cost in things natural, wild, and free."
- (3) Ibid, p.41
- (4) Ibid, p.35
- (5) Ibid, p.18
- (6) Ibid, p.18
- (7) Tolkien, John R. R. *Smith of Wooten Major* (London: HarperCollins Pub., 1967) p.18, A book remind us of a folk-tale which will be remembered from time to time.
- (8) Ende, Michael. *Neverending Story* (London: Penguin Books, 1979) p.444
- (9) Egoff, Sheila. *Thursday's Child* (Chicago: American Library Association, 1981) p.80
- (10) Miyazawa Kenji. *Night Train to the Stars* Trans. John Bester. (Tokyo: Kodansha International Ltd., 1992) p.7
- (11) Miyazawa Kenji. *Milky Way Railroad* Trans. Joseph Sigrist and D. M. Stroud (Berkeley: Stone Bridge Press, Inc., 1996) p.21
- (12) Miyazawa Kenji. *Night Train to the Stars* Trans. John Bester. (Tokyo: Kodansha Ltd., 1992) p. 27
- (13) Ibid, p.34
- (14) Ibid, p.54, here, the feelings Giovanni had was explained as such. "Without knowing quite why, Giovanni began to feel terribly sorry for the bird-catcher next to him. The way he's said so happily that it was "a load off his mind" because he'd caught some herons; the way he'd wrapped them round and round so carefully in white cloth; the way he stole startled glances at people's tickets, then hastily started to praising them."
- (15) Ibid, p.86
- (16) Sato Hiroaki. *Miyazawa Kenji Selections* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2007) p.218
- (17) Miyazawa Kenji. *The Restaurant with Many Orders* (Tokyo: Kadokawa Shoten, 1996) p.3
- (18) Sato Hiroaki. *Miyazawa Kenji Selections* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2007) p.231 Here the translator said, "I italicized one spot...'*Don*' ... indescribable feeling, as if I rapped l-i-i-ghtly 'the door to a dream'..."
- (19) Miyazawa Kenji. *The Restaurant with Many Orders* (Tokyo: Kadokawa Shoten, 1996) p.10, See for more poems and stories translated in Miyazawa Kenji. *A Future of Ice* Trans. Hiroaki Sato (San Francisco: North Point Press, 1989)
- (20) Sato Hiroaki. *Miyazawa Kenji Selections* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2007) p.3, see also Long, Hoyt. *On Uneven Ground* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2012) p.182, it is stated that "For Miyazawa's part, an extensive background in soil science and geology likely suppressed the kind of ideological abstraction that reduced the complex and variegated composition of the earth into a unified essence. This proclivity for viewing the phenomenal world through

the objective lens of scientific knowledge must also be taken into account in his references to the cosmos and the Milky Way.”

- (21) Koyama Ki, Itoga Kozo, Yamazaki Fumio. *Readings-Life and Nature* (Tokyo: Kodansha Scientific, 1995) p.9
- (22) Ende, Michael. *Momo* (London: Penguin Books, 1985) p.68, in the Kawamura Atsunori and Group Gendai. *The Last Words of Ende* (Tokyo: Kodansha, 2011) there are discussions about money game that played on people.
- (23) *Ibid*, p.23
- (24) *Ibid*, p.40
- (25) *Ibid*, p.56
- (26) *Ibid*, p.62
- (27) *Ibid*, p.66
- (28) *Ibid*, p.214
- (29) Tagore, Rabindranath. *Gitanjali: Song Offerings* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1917) p.1,
- (30) *Ibid*, p.xxi William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) is commented as “Yeats probably was the major poet in English of the twentieth century surpassing even Thomas Hardy, Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, and Hart Crane. One might have to turn to William Wordsworth to find a more eminent poet.” See Bloom, Harold’s *The Best Poems of the English Language* (New York: Harper Perennial, 2004) Actually it was he who introduced Tagore to the West which resulted his receiving Nobel Prize.
- (31) Tagore, Rabindranath. *Nationalism* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1917) p.88, In his last days Tagore confessed “that his life was the story of his losing trust in the Western culture but still he said he will not commit a sin as to distrust mankind.” See Tagore, Rabindranath. *Works of Tagore Volume 8* (Tokyo: Daisan Bunmeisha, 1987)
- (32) *Ibid*, p.90
- (33) Tagore, Rabindranath. *Gitanjali: Song Offerings* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1917) p.64
- (34) Carson, Rachel. *Silent Spring* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1962) p.39, in her book, she pays tribute to three persons: to Albert Schweitzer, Keats, and W. B. White. W. B White wrote “I am pessimistic about the human race because it is too ingenious for its own good. Our approach to nature is to beat it into submission. We would stand a better chance of survival if we accommodated ourselves to this planet and viewed it appreciatively instead of skeptically and dictatorially.”