

Chapter 3 The World of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*

An “Odd Family”

Ozaki Midori continued to travel: from Tottori to Tokyo, from a sedentary life to wandering, from family to individual, from reality to a world of fantasy, from surface to depth, from the novel to a world of inner monologues. One could call it a floating journey from the physical senses to the senses of a different dimension.

What Midori finally arrived at was the world of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*. To enter that world is to be guided by a “girl” whose secret mission is to write “poems reverberating in the human seventh sense” on a journey, just like the alternate selves who accompany Midori’s solitary protagonists on their “walks.”

The readers follow the “girl” with frizzy reddish hair in braids, carrying a “basket” prepared for her by her grandmother in the countryside, into a tiny rented house in Tokyo. That is the house where the “odd family” lives. The oldest brother of the girl with the curly hair Ichisuke, her second brother Nisuke, and her cousin Sata Sangoro all live here, and the girl, Ono Machiko, came to Tokyo to cook for them and become a member of their family.

Ichisuke is a hospital psychiatrist exhausting himself over the treatment of a female patient he is in charge of, and with whom he seems to have fallen in love. Nisuke is a student in the Department of Agriculture and is experimenting, observing, and writing a research paper on the cultivation and breeding of moss. Her cousin Sangoro has failed his entrance examinations for music school once and is now commuting daily to a preparatory school before retaking the exam. An old, broken piano sits in this decaying, dilapidated old house they are renting, and next to the piano is a small “maid’s room.” Machiko, who the men refer to as “our girl,” lives in the tiny “maid’s room” next to that piano.

There is a large desk in the room used by Ichisuke, who is always preoccupied with thoughts of his schizophrenic female patient. The largest room, occupied by the future agricultural scientist Nisuke, has an alcove and is located in the center of the house. Nisuke has created miniature

radish farms and botanical gardens dense with swamp moss in several flat containers laid out on the desk that takes up the whole room, and the strong odor of the radish farm fertilizer permeates all the rooms of the house. Next to Nisuke's room is Sangoro's roughly 1.5 *tsubo* (about 4.95 square meters) room. Here he disturbs not only Ichisuke and Nisuke's studies but the entire neighborhood with the sound of the broken piano. Not only Sangoro and Ichisuke, but also Nisuke himself come to the maid's room next to Sangoro's where Machiko lives to relax and escape from the stink of fertilizer in Nisuke's room, and occasionally even to sleep there. It is a refuge for these young men, suffering from loneliness, anxiety, and melancholy.

They fuss over the girl, trying to take care of her and even cutting her hair. While the girl serves as a "maid" upon whom the men depend for daily meals and cleaning, she is at the same time, as their younger sister, a sort of pseudo-girlfriend, jointly owned and protected by all.

There is no mother or father in this "odd family." The only person connecting the girl to these men is their grandmother. In the grandmother's view, Sangoro, Ichisuke, Nisuke, and Machiko are all grandchildren, and the family are her offspring, not the parents'. The absence of parents blankets the cousins that make up this family in sadness, as though they were orphans. The grandmother is clearly the "original mother," but she is a powerless person, spiritually, socially, and financially unreliable, who worries only about the girl's frizzy hair. In fact, the grandmother is completely irrelevant to the men's jobs, research, experiments and examinations and to the girl's love life and poetry. Theirs is a pseudo-family in a rented house, created of "migrants" from the countryside, a cluster of spiritual orphans.

The absence of the parents further hints that the tale of the sexual maturation and formation of subjectivity for the girl and her brothers and cousin will deviate from the conventional family romance. How will the sexual identities of the girl and the boys form in the absence of a sense of identity with mother or father, and the absence of rebellion, competition, struggle and friction with them as well? How can the daughter become a mother without a mother of her own? How will the sons learn to love the opposite sex in the absence of the father? In this regard, the characters in this novel are all deviants from family norms, foreign elements in society,

and their loves are either one-sided, rejected, or without object. They are people who do not emit a sexual odor. The family romance that develops within this “odd family” will doubtless be an “odd” coming of age drama.

The Freudian model of a “normal family” has a father and son and a mother and daughter, and it has been thought that the children learn to love and write poetry, in other words their writing subjectivity and sexual identity is formed, through rebellious negotiation within that trinity of family relations. But Ozaki Midori’s girl has escaped from this model of the patriarchal family into this “odd family” where she temporarily lives in a dilapidated house and tries to make this vaguely incestuous “odd family” a sort of utopia where all are the same and self fuses with other, in the absence of father and mother.

While all the members of this family have strong desires for expression, they are all strange: one spends his time more involved with the internal life of a schizophrenic than in society, one shows far more interest in the world of plants and fungi than of humans, and the other two produce only discordant poetry and music. It is hinted that their internal fissures—the split between their existence and their consciousness, their incompatibility with or alienation from the real world—derive from their parentless, malformed family.

Because we are so used to the Freudian family romance, the names of pathologies such as immaturity, frigidity, schizophrenia, hysteria, and melancholy flit through the back of our minds in connection with their deviance, but at the same time we come to understand that the oddballs that make up this “odd family” are outside of the Freudian family romance, or at least aim to escape from it. We come to understand that the form of this parentless family is Ozaki Midori’s strategy.

At this point we suddenly realize that the Grandmother, far away and powerless to be of help in their actual lives, is actually controlling them. The grandmother pours a shamanic, tantric power into them from afar, forever preserving their immaturity. It is possible for the girl to remain a girl because of the grandmother’s presence. She doesn’t have to, or cannot, become a mother. Her kisses with Sangoro are permitted by the grandmother as a sign of compatibility. Incest is not taboo in the grandmother’s world or family. In the grandmother’s world, all are as one, the border between self and other crumbles, and the other disappears. The

grandmother pulls them toward her, emitting her power from far away, as a premodern realm of fusion that precedes the separation of self and other. The mother, who would usher the girl into maturity and modern society, is absent. This is Midori's way, her strategy for guiding her readers into "the realm of the seventh sense."

Mother and father as the force that urges children to differentiate and grow, and grandmother as a force that allows them to continue to want to remain one body, united forever. Placed between these two family powers, the brothers, sister and cousin are split internally. Between the city and an attic room, maturity and girlhood, marriage and eternal one-sided love, a society of others and their four person utopia, the world of five senses and the realm of the seventh sense.

In Kristevan terms, their family is an imaginary realm that pre-exists the modern formation of self, a primeval fusion with the maternal that is rejected during the formation of the symbolic order through the language of logic. At the core of that imaginary realm, namely Midori's "realm of the seventh sense," rather than the mother of Freud's family romance, is the primeval grandmother. According to Kristeva, this imaginary realm, rejected by the symbolic order, can be revived through poetic language.

In this way, the "realm of the seventh sense" is a lost utopia. Though the girl floats in a vast world of mist within her imagination where fine particles, smells, and sounds mingle, and tries to produce poetic language, it is always destroyed through the everyday events of the real world. As a result, the girls' poetry has not yet been born as a text in contact with the "seventh sense." However, the girl has definitely experienced the "realm of the seventh sense." This is the text of the girl who wanders this world, *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*.

One-sided Love and Unrequited Love

One part of this novel was published in February, 1931 (Showa 6) in *Bungaku Toin* (Literature Party Members), a coterie magazine run by Takahashi Takeo and Hodaka Tokuzo, and in June of that same year, the

entire novel with “*Sosaku* Notes (notes on the creation)” was published in *Shinko Geijutsu Kenkyu* (Studies of New Arts), No.2. A masterpiece in which Ozaki Midori’s unique sensibility is most clearly crystalized, it is the longest of Midori’s works and tackles all of the themes and context that constitute Midori’s literature.

Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense is the story of a younger sister who comes to Tokyo from the countryside to take care of the daily chores for her brothers and cousin as they study, such as cooking, cleaning, and washing clothes. It closely parallels Midori’s actual family relations, including her arrival in Tokyo with the help of her older brother and her care for her brother’s illness. The people closest to Midori seem to have been the models for her characters.

Although this novel starts in a very ordinary, realistic setting, from the moment you enter the house where they live, it makes an about-face: like a trompe l’oeil a supernatural landscape spreads out before you and it transforms into a tale set in an alternate dimension. While it is based on Midori’s personal background, her journey, and her feelings of loss, it transcends the individual, specific geographical sites, and historical trauma and loss and becomes, so to speak, a text of modern loss.

Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense is a tale of love, but of one-sided and unrequited love. All the members of the household—oldest brother, second older brother, younger sister, and cousin—are in love, but all are one-sided or unrequited, and will definitely never be fulfilled. Yet all of the men simultaneously feel a form of incestuous, self-indulgent love for the younger sister.

The bass note of this novel, as in almost all of Midori’s works, is one-sided and unrequited love. In the works *On the Way*, *Walking*, and *One Night of Anton in the Basement* that followed *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*, the protagonists’ loves all end similarly in heartbreak. The protagonist of *Miss Cricket* is in love with someone on a long journey, with whom she cannot meet, and also at the same time with a foreign poet who she has never seen and who might not even exist. In Midori’s early novels such as *First Love* and *From the Doldrums*, the protagonist feels a forbidden love for a partner she can never have. The reason Midori’s protagonists fall in love with people who are no longer living, imaginary, out of reach, far away, or taboo is because as objects without bodies, their love

cannot be fulfilled. Their love is designed to prevent fulfillment. It is a love without an other, a love for an alternate self.

The cousins Ono Machiko and Sangoro have been close since childhood, frequently exchanging “kisses” on their heads, hair, and cheeks, and it was Sangoro who called the girl to Tokyo. They are soul mates, and Machiko confides her secret desire to become a poet to him alone. Sangoro does not have confidence in his talent and is anxious about his future as a musician, so he stays home from his part-time job and skips the lessons he needs for his entrance examination, hanging around with Machiko and singing comic opera songs. These are very happy times.

When Sangoro falls in love with the young female student in the family of a teacher that moves in next door, Machiko’s heart is broken. However, Sangoro’s love ends soon after when the family next door moves again. Sangoro sings songs of longing for a lost, past girlfriend to Machiko, but they do not heal her broken heart.

Looking for her oldest brother Ichisuke, who is driven insane and doesn’t return home when he loses his female patient to Yanagi Koroku, a friend and colleague at the hospital, Machiko goes to Yanagi’s home. Yanagi tells Machiko that she looks like a foreign poet he likes, and buys her a scarf. Machiko falls in love with Yanagi, who she will never meet again because he is leaving on a journey without destination. Hanging the scarf from her one-sided love on a nail in her room, Machiko “fantasizes about writing poetry of wind and smoke in her attic room,” but somehow is unable to. The “scarf” is both a necessary item for city living and a fashionable item that expresses a young girl’s taste, and it is proof of her lover’s love. But at the same time, it is the “small item” that ushers the girl into the fantasy realm of the seventh sense where particles dance, a stage prop for crossing into this inner world of imagination.

Plant Love

Without the rivalry with Yanagi Koroku, Ichisuke’s love for his female patient cools. Sangoro contemplates moving somewhere he and

Machiko could live together, but Machiko is deep within her longing for the foreign female poet and her one-sided love for the man who bought her the scarf, and stays in her maid's room writing poetry. It is as though she is alone in a utopia of her own love. The girl aims to become a poet, and says she will write "poems that would reverberate in the human seventh sense"—not ordinary poems, but poetry like no one has ever written before. To that end she must understand "the seventh sense." She says that this is the reason she came to their house. But what she writes in her notebook are phrases filled with sadness such as "the one who gave me this scarf is on a journey far away" – in other words, ordinary poems of unrequited love. Although the girl's poetry does not express "the seventh sense," the world of the novel itself is the "realm of the seventh sense" and the girl wanders within it.

Wanderings into the "realm of the seventh sense" are centered around the keywords "unrequited love." The girl, whose heart is empty due to unrequited love, is attracted to the schizophrenia that Ichisuke is studying and the world of moss that Nisuke is researching. On the verge of sleep, she breathes in the opaque, misty air of floating particles produced as the records of patients with suppressed schizophrenia, moss pollen, powder of boiled chestnuts, the odor of red radish fertilizer that fills the rooms, the aroma of boiling medicinal herbs, the smell of sour oranges, the discordant sounds of the out of tune, broken piano, and the strange comic opera singing mix and react. The "realm of the seventh sense" within this mist is a sensual world in which the visual, olfactory and the auditory mingle. As though falling asleep, the girl is led into a microscopic world of mixed senses, a mist-covered psychic realm, the "realm of the seventh sense."

On the verge of sleep, I took a deep breath. While doing so, I dwelled in a mist-like world. There, my senses continued an endless cycle, working separately, melting into one, and then untangling again.

This zone between wakefulness and sleep is the same that which Poe established both as drug hallucination and as the entryway to the realm of the subconscious. Through the senses of this intermediate zone between

sentience and sleep, she sees the moss in the containers on Nisuke's desk expand like a swamp deep in the forest while above it, a mist filling the room forms varied cloud shapes.

The "realm of the seventh sense" is a psychic world, but it is not a human world. Because it is a world of plant senses that transcends the reality of the five human senses, love arises in the sensual world of plant eros and sexual desire for a member of the opposite sex with an actual physical body vanishes. Love in *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* is spoken of and sensed through a romantic love for the moss that Nisuke is cultivating.

Tonight, on top of Nisuke's desk, the moss fell in love. In the pot on the far right side of his desk. Nisuke grew the moss in that pot, always giving it steaming hot fertilizer. The hotter the better. Tonight, all of a sudden there is a lot of pollen in that pot.

He'll probably stay up all night tonight. Nisuke's moss fell in love this evening. I'm sure to be forced to work all night as Nisuke's assistant. Good night.

This kind of night, is sort of... to be an assistant to plant love, well... I mean, it's no fun. But, well, actually, moss love is really weird. Good night.

In the central room of the old decaying house, under seven tiny light bulbs hung over his miniature swamp, Nisuke tries to witness the process of moss love up through to the dispersal of pollen. In the next room, Ichisuke searches for the heart of the female schizophrenic who has renounced language and sunk into the depths of silence, as though for an alternate self. Sangoro, unable to find an exit into the real world, remains in his world of discordant sounds from the broken piano. And the girl with braided hair wanders the "realm of the seventh sense." All of them are failures in love, poets, foreign elements in this world.

All of the men—Ichisuke, Nisuke, and Sangoro and their friends, the

psychologist Yanagi Koroku with whom the girl of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* fell in love, Koda Tohachi of *Walking* who left the girl who fell in love with him after they read together the dramatic lines, “Ah, Mr. Humor, you have already gone,” and Tsuchida Kyusaku, who wrote poems about the one-sided love of tadpoles—live through a “sixth sense” beyond the usual five senses, and they are all the same kind of person as, or alternate selves of, the one who lives in the decaying house and embarks on a long, aimless journey seeking the “realm of the seven senses.”

Just like the girl, their poetry will never reverberate with the “seventh sense,” but the world they search for and wander in is bright and vast, a world where moss pollen dances in a “complicated” mist. It is a world of chaos, like the realm of a schizophrenic, where visual and olfactory sensations, sounds and smells, mingle with sadness and longing. At the same time, it is a world where all of these elements attract and repulse each other and fuse into one, where alternate selves unite. This is the subliminal world the girl spies from her small attic window, the vast, bright “outside” that Midori glimpsed while addicted to *migrenin* powder.

Although it is a world of chaotic fog deep in the subconscious like a bottomless well, it is also a bright world of pure particles of light that break through. It is not what Midori calls “a world that smoothly revolves according to the laws of gravitation,” it is the world of the seventh sense. It is a world on the other side of the screen, a world inside a particle of light, within a fog, where the outlines of characters projected on the screen overlap with themselves behind and become unclear. An alternate dimension fused together by multiple sensory layers. The characters of Midori’s texts are all of the same “tribe,” and are all alternate selves of “the girl,” in a landscape that is projected on a thin screen and then disappears.

An Endless Cycle

The “realm of the seventh sense” is grasped through the senses of “the girl,” who escapes the world of actual, sexual love by wandering in this realm, desiring instead a world of eros for an undefined sexual other that transcends sexual difference, and will eventually become a poet who writes poems reverberating with “the seventh sense.” Wandering in “the realm of

the seventh sense” is the girl’s method and path to the formation of sexual identity and subjectivity as a poet. However, *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* ends without resolution. The poems remain unwritten, each unrequited love leads the characters into long, aimless journeys and further wandering, and we are never told where they wind up, or whether the girl becomes a poet or anyone other than a girl. It seems the wandering will continue and “the realm of the seventh sense” will slip in and out of view. Thus, the end of one drama is not a true ending, but an endless cyclical journey in which the end returns one to the beginning.

In her essay, “The Structure of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*, and Other Matters,” Ozaki writes that although she had planned a cyclic structure for *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*, whereby the final scene would return to the first two lines of the novel, she ended up deleting that final scene and the first two lines and stretching the circular map into a straight line. As she still had a lingering attachment to the cyclic structure however, she wanted to return the story to a circle in the future.

Midori’s adherence to that cyclic structure is clearly indicated by the identical cyclic structures in the other novels she wrote intensively around the same time, such as *On the Way, Walking*, and *One Night of Anton in the Basement*. Not only do the themes and characters in these novels overlap, but all include a character who accompanies the protagonists on their lonely walks, and the settings are recycled down to the smallest detail, such as the attic rooms where the characters live, the bizarre inner décor of basement rooms, and the smells and sounds that fill these spaces.

In any case, *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* is her greatest work of modernist literature. The urban modernist sensibility in its depiction of homeless individuals who float about the city with no place to rest, her imaginative power and engagement with the supernatural, its internal fragmentation and descent into a deep psychic world, its mix of humor and shock, her rejection of traditional aesthetics in favor of the grotesque in her enumeration of discordant sounds and disharmony, her interest in experimentation and observation in the natural sciences such as medicine, agricultural chemistry, botany, and mycology, her rejection of realistic description, her use of an avant-garde structure and visual, cinematic language to deconstruct narrativity and meaning, and a critical

and deconstructive gaze directed outside of the structure of gender culture, with a sensibility that includes critique and destruction...and so forth.

Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense is a masterpiece of pre-war modernist literature, a much shorter-lived movement in Japan than in Europe, but what is of particular note is how Midori's literature shook the surface layer of culture and shattered conventional concepts of value, and then gathered up all that arose through the cracks, namely the sexual fantasies and desires that had been suppressed by gender culture and locked away in the deep subconscious, to construct the core of her works.

Perhaps Midori did not do this consciously. However, it is the very structure of gender, which occupies a firm position at the center of all social institutions and cultures and is therefore perceived as self-evident, that male modernist artists have grappled with but failed to problematize. For example, surrealist poets and painters have drawn suppressed sexuality and eros through the faults created by their own destructive modes of expression, but this has only resulted in a longing for a sexual muse, a new fantasy woman. Their modernist expression and consciousness did not leave the realm of conventional gender structure.

It is not that female poets did not write modernist poetry. Over the course of her short life, Sagawa Chika exhausted her weak body and delicate nerves creating works in which the form of a profoundly eerie and unique sensual world can be clearly seen, though engulfed in a floating terror, crystallized in a world of images that transcend the physical eros of reality. Ema Shoko, along with Ono Juzaburo and Kitazono Katsuei, continuously produced poetry within the modernist poetry movement. Ueda Shizue, who published *Futari* (Two People) with Hayashi Fumiko, also wrote poetry in the pre-war current of modernist arts such as Anarchism, Dadaism, and Surrealism. I expect that Ozaki Midori will also be positioned within modernist literature given her relation to the imaginative powers and expressive practice of these female modernist poets. Amongst them, Midori's works go the furthest to suggest the fundamental importance of subject formation within the structure of gender.

The development of the expressive practice of women in the prewar era proceeded in parallel with the development of a genre of colloquial poetry and prose that directly expressed female sensitivity, experience, and physical sensations. Yet at the same time, because modernist poets did not

like to foreground female experience and emotions in their works and renounced sentimentality and lyricism, preferring to try to express a modern sensibility through metaphor and experimental language that transcended individual or female expression, female expressive practice tended to be divided between modernism and women's literature. Ozaki Midori made a representation of the structure of gender possible by employing cinematic methods to create a new subject of modernist literature that would bear a woman's narrative, and the viewing gender structure through that subject.

The starting point of Ozaki Midori's modernist literature is the modern woman's sensibility, her independence from the patriarchal family. For Midori, a woman with a modern self-consciousness trying to free herself from the standards of patriarchal society and struggling with the contradiction between "to be a woman" and "to write," avant-garde literature was a weapon she took up in order to express a divided self. Midori's incompatibility with gender norms and her criticism of a modern gender culture that prevents women from living and writing as individuals form the core of her modernist expression.

A woman's separation from her family leads directly to the lack of a place to stay in the city. The protagonists gathered in the decrepit rental house in *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* are only a pseudo-family, a collection of parentless roommates connected by a temporary, unreliable bond, like orphans, vagabonds, or boarders in a lodging house. They are all wanderers without a permanent home. This novel depicts the aftermath of the breakup of the family, and in that sense, it is a story that has already ended, a story without a story, told only in fragments. It is the counter-narrative to the patriarchal family.

The girl in Midori's novels is awkward and comical, a sign that she is not a 'woman' within patriarchal society, and probably expresses Midori's recognition that the model woman of patriarchal society cannot achieve subjectivity. She is both a representation of the cultural alienation of women and an intentional rejection of maturity and becoming "the child-bearing sex." *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* is the tale of her escape from patriarchal society and the family. Midori formulated this "odd girl," immature and "unusual," as her protagonist because it was the only way a woman could be a subject.

According to Hanada Kiyoteru, the “brightness” on the surface of this work is a thin membrane of light, much like the mist of moss pollen that covers its reverse side, Midori’s inner darkness. Midori’s mode of expression that criticizes modernity and destroys cultural norms has an obscure brightness arising from its clairvoyance of the future and its transcendence of the present. This is the fruit of Midori’s sensitivity and her modernist imaginative powers: she constructed a text where people live like asexual moss and embark on endless journeys into a realm outside of gender culture. I think that Midori’s keen modernist sensibility and her avant-garde mode of expression in *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* allowed her to form this text as a literary space in which light and darkness coexist. Lacking a story and much like a film constructed of a variety of scenes or a single performance overflowing with multiple layers of information, the text of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*, continues to resist interpretation. It transcends meaning, attracting readers directly, seducing them with a world sculpted from light and shadow.

Looking for “Miss Cricket”

What has become of the circular structure that Midori couldn’t complete in *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* in her final masterpiece, *Miss Cricket*?

The protagonist of *Miss Cricket* is introduced by the narrator as a pessimistic “fragile creature” who does not venture out of doors and has very few friends and almost no acquaintances. Since she is misanthropic and devious, it’s hard to get a look at her, and even if you do see her, you have to be careful and follow her quietly or you will soon lose sight of her.

She is also addicted to a “brown powdery drug.” Since the clamorous thoughts of the world have deafened her, she might be taking this drug to save herself from the melancholy of deafness. Or perhaps she is taking it to become deaf. Those clamorous thoughts are probably related to the ideology of militarism. Because Miss Cricket, unable to bear children and without the tough patriotism of a mother on the home front, a headache sufferer and a drug addict, is first on the list of women who will be weeded out in the age of militarism. In any case, the drug that Miss Cricket uses is some kind of tranquilizer, and as a side effect she comes to

hate crowds and the noonday sun. At night, she recovers her human characteristics and can even go out. She lives in a rented second floor room. As common to drug addicts, it seems she does not want anything that is actually available to her but longs for things that are far away, and she apparently fears and despises the real world around her while finding imaginary worlds in library books or on the movie screen far more comfortable.

Although she really should receive help for her drug addiction, time passes and the narrator is unable to visit. At some point Miss Cricket begins to visit the library regularly. However, the narrator says, all of this information is only hearsay, no more than vague rumors and gossip that she heard somewhere.

Miss Cricket is a tale of the wind. A tale told by the wind, borne on the wind. The existence of the protagonist, “a living being, whether her name is disclosed or not,” and her story simply entered the narrator’s ear as the wind blew past. To begin with, the protagonist goes into the field lured by a scent borne on the wind, and walks back and forth to the library lured by a longing for a foreign poet borne by the wind from afar. Further, she lives as the wind carries her, while “walking with the wind, the wind on her face.”

Miss Cricket is a young woman who walks between her rented room and the library. Here, she is no longer called a “girl” and she no longer lives with an “odd family,” she lives alone. One day in May, Miss Cricket is attracted by the scent of paulownia flowers after the rain, and heads to the library. Wearing a faded coat and holding an old bag even more worn out than her coat, she lacks youthful freshness, a far cry from an image of spring. It is spring, but the paulownia flowers have passed their peak and their aroma too is close to that of seasonal exhaustion and decay. From behind, Miss Cricket shows signs of withering, and looks more suited to standing in an autumn breeze, her youth having passed.

Far from the image of a young girl, Miss Cricket is actually the image of an old maid. Like her namesake, a small animal in a wide field, living for only a short season while crying out in a weak voice, she is an old maid on the verge of the end of her season. The smell of death, of nearing the final curtain and facing one’s final moments, surrounds Miss Cricket. The cricket will wither and gradually disappear. After continuously and

weakly crying alone with no one listening.

But Miss Cricket still has the heart of a girl, and is pursuing something that is not there and cannot be seen. She is searching for the Irish poet “Fiona McLeod” she adores and learns that this mysterious woman poet, who no one has ever seen, is a phantom created through the imagination of the poet “William Sharp,” his nonexistent alter-ego. Miss Cricket remains obsessed with this schizophrenic Doppelganger (alter ego). The woman poet, enshrouded in a shadowy mist like a fragment of disappearing cloud, is also Miss Cricket’s “doppelganger.” The schizophrenic poet, “William” and “Fiona,” is Miss Cricket herself. They are alternate selves with both male and female sex, united with Midori. Here the alternate selves have fused into one rather than splitting and conflicting with each other. Midori’s alter-ego is her shadow, not an other or the opposite sex, it is herself, both man and woman.

Is Miss Cricket the end of the girl of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seven Sense*? Did that girl leave the dilapidated house and set off on a long and aimless journey? And did she then settle alone in a single rented room and begin walking back and forth between her room and the library? The girl of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* might have been alone after escaping from her family, and the field where Miss Cricket lives might be the home where this girl, who moved from her natal home in Tottori to a decaying house in Tokyo and then embarked on a long journey, settled as a grown woman. While the library is an external world that lures Miss Cricket from her room, it is really the entryway to an imaginary world of fantasy. Miss Cricket travels between her rented room and the library, but her real dwelling place, where she became a cricket, is the “field.”

Certainly, the room that Miss Cricket lives in is not the same as the maid’s room of the dilapidated house where the girl lived with two brothers and a cousin. But Miss Cricket continues to have the heart of a girl. She has not changed at all. Her awkward, unshapely appearance in the old coat, her shabbiness—it’s all the same.

Miss Cricket, who seems to live on the mist, gets unbearably hungry and buys a twisted bread stick at the women’s cafeteria in the library. In one corner of the library, there is a young woman studying midwifery. During this era of “give birth and multiply” (a pro-natal government slogan of the military age), becoming a midwife would have guaranteed a young

woman's livelihood. A library is a place where it would not be strange to see dead crickets lying in the corners. When Miss Cricket's headaches become severe, she takes the brown powdered drug.

Isn't this comical, pathetic figure identical to the girl in *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense*? If so, the cyclic structure of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* is made complete in *Miss Cricket*, and everything returns to the beginning. The girl still hasn't written the record of her long journey or the poems of wandering the "realm of the seventh sense."

Maybe the long, aimless journey and the wanderings of the girl in *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* are internal: like Miss Cricket, she wanders about an internal field, led by scent and blown by the wind.

Miss Cricket is the end of that girl, but also her original form. The rented room in the fields is a world of her own, the room of her own that the girl arrives at, and a cyclic world in which she wanders unceasingly but always returns to her starting point. The essence of the *topos* of Tokyo has been a "field" to the girl from the beginning. Therefore, perhaps *Miss Cricket* is a connective work, where the beginning and ending of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* come together.

Wandering in the "realm of the seventh sense" is an endless, cyclic journey, eternal repetition. As in Poe's world, this cycle becomes a vortex, a descending spiral. At the end of the summer, facing the approaching winter. This is almost too apt a symbol for Midori's life as a writer.

Miss Cricket allows a life-size image of Midori at the age of 36 to wander. Midori gave up writing after *Miss Cricket* and *One Night of Anton in the Basement*. Was the long, wandering journey her creative process? A metaphor for creation? Or was her long life after abandoning her writing the same? We cannot truly know the nature of her journey, we only hear unreliable rumors borne on the wind.

I wonder if Midori's life after returning to Tottori remained a long, aimless journey of wandering in the "realm of the seventh sense," a long autumn journey that lasted until winter, or if it was a journey with a new destination, a terminal station that was not the literary creation of "poems reverberating in the human seventh sense." In any case, it seems to us a long journey in silence. Maybe Midori silenced her protagonist, her own

alter-ego, and sent her wandering in the “realm of the seventh sense,” reproducing the silence of the female patient that Ono Ichisuke was treating for suppressed schizophrenia.

If so, was it a good choice? Or would it have been better to go on a journey with a different destination? That depends on our own internal destinations and on the things each of us has found in our search for Midori.