

Postscript

I believe that Ozaki Midori continued to embrace the schism in her inner self throughout her life. I also have the feeling that it might have been a relief to quit writing, a release from the pain of continuing to write while taking drugs and damaging her nerves. However, I do not think that Ozaki Midori solved the schism between “to write” and “to live” by choosing life. Because the schism that results inside when you have glimpsed this deep divide is not solved by choosing one or the other. And because it is creative writing itself that reveals that rupture, and the only way to transcend it.

For modern women writers, that schism itself is what roused them to a new self-consciousness and spurred them to experiment with becoming those new selves in various ways, beginning with writing. This schism is not easily solved, because it is both the point of departure and the foundation for the goal of a modern female subjectivity. Without it, none of the expressive activities of modern women or the social activities that aimed at independence and self-realization, would have been possible. This is the extent to which the contradiction between being a woman and writing, the schism between existence and consciousness, was a fundamental issue.

I don't think there was any way other than “writing” or “expressing” for Ozaki Midori to deal with her schizophrenia: in other words, to make it a literary theme. By making schizophrenia a theme, she was able to grasp the time and sensibility of the present (modernity), and it was also her only sure way to transcend the modern. I think Midori tried to allow her alter-ego to continue to live as a shadow existence.

Midori never went to Tokyo again. Why not? Because Tokyo was where her alter-ego continued to live, where her wandering alter-ego always returned when a journey ended. Perhaps a hesitation to disturb the wandering journeys of her alter-ego was stronger than any fear of running into that alter-ego. And, in reality, Midori probably sensed that the “field” that made floating possible, and the cosmopolitan “modernity” that she sought, no longer existed in the actual city of Tokyo, made provincial by history and the war defeat. The time and sensibility of modernity, finally returned to Tokyo in the 1950s and 60s during the world-wide second wave of modernist expression (i.e. Beckett and so forth, and in Japan, the post-

war “wasteland” group and others), but it was too late for Midori.

Perhaps it is a writer’s fate to continue writing or to be driven by the urge to write, but can there be any greater joy for a writer than to be loved by readers and make a name for herself in history with a single novel? Could we not call a writer who leaves behind one novel and then, after damaging her own nerves, is released from writing and lives an everyday life without regret a rare person who exhausted her luck as a writer and reached the pinnacle of happiness? Wasn’t it the knowledge that her alter-ego was still on her journey that made it possible for that person to live a carefree life?

Ozaki Midori, including the traces of her life and her works, is now only a text to us. In order to approach the Ozaki Midori within her works, we must faithfully read her works (her text). In the same way, we cannot directly grasp the Ozaki Midori who lived as aunt in her last years except through the text of her life. These are clearly divided. An attempt to forcibly connect them, to carve out some sort of unified image as a whole, would only be an act of criticism from one’s own imagination, without much actual evidence.

My Ozaki Midori is also an act of criticism with weak evidence, but I enjoy imagining Midori in her later years of life, allowing Midori’s “writing subject,” who wandered the realm of the seventh sense, to continue wandering as she was. Ono Machiko, of *Wanderings in the Realm of the Seventh Sense* is still on her journey. The fact that Midori allowed her odd girl to continue her endless journey renders the long second half of her life when she did not write brave in my eyes. When her “alter-ego” comes back as us, it will definitely be the reader’s time and the critic’s time. Through the compilation of various “auto-biographical” critiques relating to Midori, her works have become true modern texts that transcend Midori as individual and the historical and geographical reality of Tokyo.

It has been a long time since I decided to write about Ozaki Midori. My trip to Tottori and contemplation of Midori’s “Tokyo” reconfirmed to me how strongly “place” serves as emotional source. In the future, I would like to continue to work on Poe and Ozaki Midori, on prewar modernist poets, and on modernism, the city, and gender through painting and film.

As there are no new materials or texts by Midori herself, I have

relied mainly on the *Complete Works of Ozaki Midori* published by Sojusha, made possible through the detailed research and scrupulous editing of Inagaki Masami. I remember as though it were only yesterday meeting Tamai Goichi of Sojusha and hearing about the difficulties of publishing this collection. At Tamai's office, I also met Yamazaki Kuninori, who was at that time in the midst of producing the film *In Search of a Lost Writer*. Yamazaki told me about his ambitious plans for the film and the difficulties of the production.

Sojusha's *Complete Works of Ozaki Midori* was handed over to Chikuma Shobo, and Sojusha no longer exists. Since then, many researchers have found materials on Ozaki Midori, and research and criticism continues from various viewpoints. Research on Midori is even popular among the students at my graduate school. Today, Midori is famous in her home town in Tottori. It seems that there are many fans and researchers who become indignant at arbitrary criticism of Midori or misunderstandings of her life, despite the extent to which she was ignored and forgotten until now.

However, the *raison d'être* of criticism, analysis and editing is to elicit counterarguments and give rise to further work. Even if today's gender critique is critical of the work of our predecessors, it remains the fact that Ozaki Midori was revived for us today due to the groundbreaking, arduous work of those critics, editors, and publishers. At the same time, the fact that criticism of Ozaki Midori tends to become an autobiographical, personal text written in poetic language that reveals the critic herself, is the source of an inexhaustible attraction to the text of Midori. When I think that many texts of Ozaki Midori criticism will be produced in the future, I am excited by the possibility of further encounters with an unknown Midori.

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