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Zentralstelle des  
Hamburgischen Kolonialinstituts.

Literatur

Signatur:

Lascadio Hearn

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22. 5. 1911.

## Lascadio Hearn: „Buddha“.<sup>\*)</sup>

[Nachdruck verboten.]

Von Karl Gjellerup.

**E**in in Griechenland geborener Engländer, der ein Japaner wird, und dessen Bücher in Amerika erscheinen — das ist ein hinlänglich modernes Phänomen, um auf Erfolg rechnen zu können. Und es hat Erfolg gehabt. Der Mann mit dem griechisch-englischen Namen, wozu sich ein japanischer — Koizumi Jatomu — gesellt hatte, wurde von einigen zum größten — oder wenigstens feinsinnigsten — Dichter seiner Zeit, von anderen zum tiefstinnigsten Philosophen ernannt. Unnötig zu bemerken, daß Lascadio Hearn weder Dichter noch Philosoph war. Aber er war etwas, was viel wichtiger ist, wenn es gilt, in kurzer Zeit ein so laut und wohl klingendes Testimonium von einer zeitgenössischen Presse zu erreichen: er war ein Feuilletonist allerersten Ranges, ja, man kann sagen, er war ein idealer Feuilletonist.

Ideal auch in dem Glück, das er mit dem ihm vom Schicksal zugeteilten Stoff hatte. Denn dies ist Glück und nicht Zufall. Wie sagt doch Rierkegaard? „Für den Edlen ist es eine Freude, dasjenige vereinigt zu sehen, das zusammen gehört. Dies ist das Glückliche — nicht in der Bedeutung des Zufälligen. Das Zufällige hat nur einen Faktor: es ist zufällig, daß Homer in der Geschichte des Trojanischen Krieges den besten epischen Stoff erhielt, der sich denken läßt. Das Glückliche hat deren zwei: es ist ein Glück, daß der beste epische Stoff Homer zuteil wurde. Hier liegt nämlich der Akzent ebenso sehr auf Homer wie auf dem Stoff. Darin liegt die tiefe Harmonie, die in jeder Hervorbringung widerhallt, die wir klassisch nennen.“

Kein Feuilletonist hat aber in diesem Sinne mehr Glück gehabt als Hearn. Sein Schicksal überwies ihm das am meisten feuilletonistische, das heißt, das sensationellste Thema, das zu finden war: Japan. Und noch mehr: während er darüber phantasierte, macht das Thema selber sich noch hundertmal so sensationell und aktuell. Man weiß, daß zu allen guten Variationen über ein Thema ein Triumphmarsch gehört: nun, die Armeen Japans in der Mandschurei besorgten

<sup>\*)</sup> Literarische Anstalt Rüden u. Voening, Frankfurt a. M.

den Triumphmarsch zu dieser unendlichen, bald zart träumerischen, bald heiter tändelnden, bald grüblerisch tiefsinnigen Japanphantasie, die uns Hearn mit virtuosenhafter Kunst vorspielt. Als ein phänomenaler, ja wahrscheinlich beispielloser Unempfänger vermittelte er für uns die Bekanntschaft mit einer gänzlich fremdartigen und in vielen Beziehungen rätselhaften Kultur, auf eine Weise, die sich keinem anderen erotischen Phänomen gegenüber so leicht wiederholen wird. „In vielen Beziehungen rätselhaft“ — man denke zum Beispiel an die Rassenfrage. Wer mit Gobineaus Charakterisierung der weißen und der gelben Rasse im Kopfe Hearnss Skizze „Ein Konservativer“ („Kokoro“) liest, der wird sich fast wundern, in diesem typischen adeligen Japanerjüngling ein vollkommenes Idealbild des Gobineauschen Ariers zu finden, wie man es vergebens heutzutage in Europa suchen würde. Ist nicht nüchterner Utilitarismus das Hauptkennzeichen, das den Gelben eingebrannt wurde? Und hier haben wir ein hauptsächlich gelbes Volk, das die Kirschbäume künstlich dazu züchtet, ihre Kraft in Blüten statt in Früchten aufgehen zu lassen, ein Volk, das zur Zeit der solchermaßen gesteigerten Kirschblüte die Geschäfte ruhen läßt und mit Kind und Regel hinauszieht, um im Freien zu kampieren und so lange in Schönheit zu leben! Sind unsere Begriffe von den Rasseigenschaften noch in hohem Grade einer Revision bedürftig? Oder welche geheimnisvollen Rassekreuzungen liegen hier vor?

Hearn beantwortet nicht diese Frage, aber er weckt sie und viele ähnliche durch die Intensität, womit sein glänzender, biegsamer und sensibler Stil uns all das mitteilt, was sein unvergleichliches Beobachterauge so gesehen hat, wie nur einer sehen kann, der zugleich fremd und einheimisch ist. Wie sehr er das letztere war, in welchem Grade er sich japanisiert hatte, zeigen am besten folgende Worte (aus einer Schilderung des japanischen Interieur „Buddha“, Seite 152):

„Vor fünf Jahren, als ich die japanische Art, Blumen anzuordnen, ein wenig kennen gelernt hatte, schrieb ich, daß mir der Anblick der Vulgarität oder eigentlich Brutalität, die wir im Westen ein „Buket“ nennen, unerträglich sei. Heute will ich hinzufügen, daß ich, seit ich die japanischen Wohnräume kenne, mich von den abendländischen, gleichviel wie geräumig, komfortabel oder reich ausgestattet sie sein mögen, ebenso abgestoßen fühle. Müßte ich jetzt zum abendländischen Leben zurückkehren, mir wäre zumute, wie Ton dem Reimer, der nach sieben Jahren im Märchenland, eine Welt von Häßlichkeit und Kummer wiederseht.“

Nicht der uninteressanteste Teil dieser mannigfachen Mitteilungen aus dem Außen- und Innenleben eines der merkwürdigsten Völker der Erde ist derjenige, der sich auf die religiösen Vorstellungen der Japaner bezieht. Und das Wertvollste hier dürfte wiederum alles sein, was vom Buddhismus handelt. Denn die zweite Religion — der Schintoismus — wahrte auch in Hearnss stimmungsvollen und suggestiven Bildern ihr Recht auf den Ruf, den sie von jeher genossen, daß niemand eigentlich wisse, worin sie bestehe. Die merkwürdigsten Aufschlüsse über den japanischen Buddhismus aber bringt der zuletzt übersetzte Band: „Buddha“. — „Gleanings from Buddha fields“ ist der englische Titel. Zugabe, daß es schwierig sein mag, ihn zugleich korrekt und schön wiederzugeben — jedenfalls hat die Uebersetzerin sich die Sache zu leicht gemacht. Vor allem ist der Titel direkt irreführend. Von einem Buche, das den Namen „Buddha“ trägt, muß jeder erwarten, daß es vom Satversohne Gautama, dem Stifter des Buddhismus, berichtet, während über diese historische Person hier nichts zu finden ist. Aber von ihm können wir ja anderswo lesen. Aus der Feder Hearnss ist uns besser gedient mit solchen Untersuchungen wie der über buddhistische Anspielungen im japanischen Volkslied, die sich nicht in einer Bibliothek schreiben läßt, sondern nur von einem, der durch jahrelangen Verkehr mit dem fremden Volke, das ihm nicht fremd geblieben ist, bezeugen kann: „Noch ist die Sprache des Volkes mit buddhistischen Redewendungen dichterisch ausgeschmückt. Noch überquellen Literatur und Drama von buddhistischen Ausdrücken, und die Alltagsstimmen der Straße, die Liedchen der spielenden Kinder, der Chor der Arbeiter bei ihren Verrichtungen, selbst die Rufe der umherziehenden Straßenverkäufer werden mir oft zu Erinnerungen an Heilige und Bodhisattvas und den Text mancher Sutras“. Noch bedeutsamer ist der folgende große Aufsatz über das berühmteste aller Hauptstücke der buddhistischen Lehre, das Nirvana, wenn

diese auch mehr den Charakter einer gelehrten Untersuchung trägt, die wesentlich aus Büchern schöpfen muß. Um so mehr führt uns das kühne Stück „Katagoros Wiedergeburt“ mitten in die japanische Volkstümlichkeit zurück, während die kleinen Phantasien „Staub“ und „Im Kreise“ mit dem Aufgebot der ganzen schillernden Virtuosität dieses eigenartigen Stil-künstlers gar stimmungsvoll präludieren und nachspielen: „Männer und Frauen arbeiten in jenen Feldern. Farbige Schatten, die sich bewegen; und auch die Erde unter ihnen, aus der sie hervorgegangen und zu der sie wieder zurückkehren werden, ist ein Schatten. Nur die Kräfte hinter diesem Schatten, die bilden und auflösen, sind wirklich — und darum unsichtbar. Gleichwie die Nacht alle leichteren Schatten verschlingt, wird diese Phantomerde uns schließlich verschlingen und dann selbst vergehen. Aber die kleinen Schatten und der Schattenvertilger müssen sicherlich wieder erscheinen — müssen sich irgendwo und irgendwie rematerialisieren.“ (Staub) „Auch anderen“, sagte die göttliche Stimme, „auch anderen war es in diesem Zustande gegeben, etwas von ihrer Präexistenz zu schauen. Aber keiner von ihnen konnte es ertragen, weit zu schauen. Die Kraft, alle früheren Geburten zu sehen, gehört nur denen, die sich von den Fesseln des Selbst für immerdar gelöst haben. Solche existieren außerhalb der Illusion, außerhalb von Form und Namen, und der Schmerz kann ihnen nichts anhaben.“ (Im Kreise) Dieser Hauptteil des vorliegenden Bandes (der auch mehrere Essays enthält, die mit dem Buddhismus nichts zu tun haben) gehört mit den Kapiteln „Die Nacht des Karma“ und „Die Idee der Präexistenz“ in „Kokoro“ zusammen, und die ganze Reihe bildet eine wertvolle Darstellung der buddhistischen Wiedergeburtstheorie, wie sie jetzt in Japan lebt, durchflochten von bedeutend weniger wertvollen selbständigen Raisonnements über verwandte und vermeintlich verwandte Anschauungen unserer modernen okzidentalischen Wissenschaft. — „Die unvergleichlichen Gedankenreihen, in denen tief und schwer zu fassende Dinge wie aus tiefem Meeresgrund ans Licht gebracht und aneinandergereiht sind“, nennt Hugo v. Hofmannsthal in einer Vorrede diese Kapitel, und er fügt hinzu: „Das ist Philosophie, wenn ich mich nicht irre.“ Die letzte Klausel ist nicht überflüssig. Er irrt sich allerdings. Nein, Sacerdote Hearnss völlig naives Umherschwanzen zwischen physischen und metaphysischen Begriffen, ohne sich je Klarheit darüber zu schaffen, oder überhaupt nur zu fragen, wann er sich auf dem einen und wann er sich auf dem anderen Gebiete befindet — gewöhnlich ist er mit dem rechten Bein hier, mit linken dort — das kann selbst den bescheidensten Ansprüchen gegenüber nicht als Philosophie gelten. Viel näher kommt Herr Hofmannsthal der Wahrheit, wenn er dieses Kapitel in der nächsten Zeile als „Journalismus“ bezeichnet. Die allerdings ganz einzigartigen Vorzüge dieser kleinen Aufsätze liegen in der Tat alle auf dem Gebiete des besten und höchsten Journalismus; sie behandeln eine Ideenwelt, die uns sonst nur aus Büchern bekannt ist, und geben uns über dieselbe solche Aufschlüsse, die man nur von einem bekommen kann, der sie aus dem Leben selbst kennt und von ihr ergriffen ist.

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Hamburgischen Kolonialinstituts.

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B. M. a.

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Einführungsversuch

**Japan. Ein Deutungsversuch.** Von Lafcadio Hearn. Autorisierte Uebersetzung von Berta Franzos. Frankfurt 1911. Literarische Anstalt Rütten u. Loening. 407 Seiten. M 8.—

Lafcadio Hearn's reifstes Werk in einer deutschen Uebersetzung. Das ist eine Gabe, über die das deutsche Volk sich freuen darf! Wohl niemand hat in den Werken des tiefsten Denkers über das merkwürdige Kulturvolk des Ostens ohne Nutzen gelesen. Wer dieses, Hearn's letztes Werk liest, der darf mehr als von allen anderen von diesem Buche eines bleibenden Eindruckes gewiß sein. Es gibt kein anderes, das den Leser so klar wie dieses in die japanische Volkseele blicken läßt. Es ist ein Buch, aus dem wir deutlich erkennen, daß Hearn nicht nur der Dichter war, für den ihn manche ausgeben möchten, sondern daß er in erster Linie der feine Beobachter ist, der das fremdartige Volk wirklich genauer kennen gelernt und tiefer zu erfassen gewußt hat, als fast alle andern Europäer. Wer die übliche Verständnislosigkeit der Fremden in Japan, auch solcher, die jahrelang draußen gelebt haben, kennt, der wird dieses Lob nicht einmal besonders hoch anschlagen. Wie viele bemühen sich denn überhaupt darum, etwas in das japanische Denken und Fühlen einzudringen? Daß Lafcadio Hearn dies getan hat und mit so gutem Erfolge, daß er uns allen ein so reiches und nutzbringendes Vermächtnis hinterlassen hat, das können wir ihm nicht genug danken. Wer auch nur die Einführung zu dem vorliegenden „Deutungsversuch“ liest, wird daraus reichen Nutzen schöpfen. Sie enthält so viele treffende Bemerkungen, daß Referent sie am allerliebsten im Wortlaut hier wiedergeben möchte. Wahrhaft rührend ist bei aller Berechtigung, die sie im Munde eines Europäers an sich gewiß hat, die Bescheidenheit, mit der Lafcadio Hearn, der so lange Jahre dort gewohnt hat, von sich selbst sagt, noch könne er nicht den Anspruch erheben, viel über Japan zu wissen. „Es ist schon lange her, da sagte mir der beste und treueste japanische Freund, den ich je hatte, kurz vor seinem Tode: „Wenn Du einmal nach weiteren 4 oder 5 Jahren zur Einsicht gelangst, daß Du von den Japanern überhaupt nichts verstehst, dann wirst Du vielleicht anfangen, sie kennen zu lernen.“ Nachdem ich die Wahrheit dieses Ausspruches meines Freundes an mir erprobt, nachdem ich mich überzeugt hatte, daß ich die Japaner überhaupt nicht verstehe, fühlte ich mich eher berufen, mich an diesen Versuch zu wagen.“ — Wie

wahr ist das alles und doch — Hearn war der letzte, der diesen Versuch zu scheuen brauchte. Gerne möchte man ein Hundertstel dieser Bescheidenheit den ungezählten Globetrottern wünschen, die den Büchermarkt mit ihren Reiseberichten über Japan überschwemmen. Wir müssen uns aus Raumgründen leider versagen, eine nähere Kennzeichnung des reichen Inhalts dieses hervorragenden Buches zu geben. Lediglich einige der Kapitelüberschriften können wir hier wiedergeben: Der älteste Kult. Die Hausreligion. Die japanische Familie. Der Gemeindegott. Die Entwicklung der Shintoreligion. Die Herrschaft der Toten. Die Einführung des Buddhismus. Die soziale Organisation. Der Aufstieg der militärischen Macht. Die Religion der Loyalität. Die Jesuitengefahr. Die feudale Integration. Die Wiederbelebung des Shintoismus. Fortwirkende Einflüsse der Vergangenheit. Moderne Beschränkungen. Staatserziehung. Die industrielle Gefahr. Schlußbetrachtung. Herbert Spencers Rat an Japan. — Und nun möge Jeder, der sich für die Bewohner des Landes der aufgehenden Sonne interessiert, das Buch selbst in die Hand nehmen. Für den Japankenner zeigen schon die obigen Kapitelüberschriften, daß Hearn's „Japan“ so ziemlich alle Fragen behandelt, die man zu den wesentlichen zählen darf. Wer sich für das rührige Volk des Ostens interessiert, dem kann man kein wertvolleres Weihnachtsgeschenk in die Hand legen, als gerade dieses Buch des größten Interpreten, den die Japaner unter den Europäern bisher gefunden haben.

O. N.



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Hamburgisches  
Welt-Wirtschafts-Archiv

Signatur

Datum 16 Sept. 1911

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY,

Nr. 11

**Japan and Lafcadio Hearn.**

There is happily a growing recognition in Japan of the debt which the country owes to Lafcadio Hearn. At the "Coronation" ceremony just before the war posthumous honours were conferred on him. Now the Department of Education has introduced into its middle school text-book of English a long appreciation of "Koizami Yakumo," by Professor Kuriyagama, who was one of Hearn's pupils at Tokio University. It is curious that the fact that Hearn was married to a Japanese should have been omitted from this sketch. Mrs. Hearn and her family are happily in a comfortable position financially, Hearn's investments in Tokio property having proved advantageous.

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*Lafcadio Hearn*

Hamburgisches  
Welt-Wirtschafts-Archiv.

Signatur *P*

Datum *6 Sept.* 192*4*

## New York Evening Post



LAFCADIO HEARN. Drawn by Krieghoff

A new collection of Mr. Hearn's writings will be published this fall under the title "American Miscellanies" (Dodd Mead).



## The Japan Advertiser (Tokio)

Nr. 10 427

Lafcadio Hearn Remembered  
In America As Restaurateur

Lafcadio Hearn is as indissolubly associated with New Orleans as with Japan. It is less well known that his activities in the old French city included running a five-cent restaurant and writing verses to advertise it.

Hearn had had five years' experience as a successful feature writer in Cincinnati, but the late hours coupled with the strain on his one myopic eye from continuous writing by the light of flickering gas jets had undermined his nerves and health. In addition an unfortunate entanglement had created complications and all these things together resulted in a terrible dislike for Cincinnati. His wanderlust, heritage from a gypsy ancestor and never dormant for long, boiled over and he decided to go to New Orleans.

He arrived there on a Mississippi steamboat in November, 1877, and for seven months led a hand-to-mouth existence, unable to find a job by reason of a terrible yellow fever epidemic which was ravaging the city.

Finally, when he was quite desperate and harbored thoughts of suicide, he got a position as assistant editor of *The Item* at the munificent salary of \$10 per week. But the return to the old hated newspaper routine made him very rebellious and an overwhelming desire to be independent, to travel, to have leisure, to write, flamed up and he cast about for ways of accomplishment.

During his first hard seven months in New Orleans, Hearn had met in cheap restaurants, on park benches, and in grimy lodging houses all sorts of down-and-out sharpers. One of these had suggested at that time that money could be made by opening a cheap eating joint. The idea had fascinated Hearn, and he had written to his friend, Mr. Watkin, the old English printer in Cincinnati, asking his advice as to whether he should go to Texas to start a cheap "bean house" with his "pard," of course the plan had to be abandoned, for both of the partners were dead broke and did not know where their next meal was coming from, let alone two tickets to Texas. Nevertheless the idea continued to germinate in Hearn's brain, and he wrote again the following June to Watkin saying there were some businesses that would pay in New Orleans, "a cheap restaurant, a cheap swimming bath or a cheap laundry"; and later in August that "money can be made out of the poor. People are so poor here nothing pays except that which appeals to poverty. . . . Now one can make thirty biscuits for 5 cents and eight cups of coffee for 5 cents."

## Hearn Becomes Enthusiastic.

Evidently, "pard" sensed Hearn's

deavors should be New Orleans—not Texas. The impractical, gullible Hearn became wildly enthusiastic; and the shrewd, lank, cynical Yankee and the sensitive, intellectual boy must have been a remarkable sight as they bent over a guttering candle, in some smelly restaurant, discussing their plans and wondering about the profit on each unsavory dish they ate.

Their undertaking had come to nothing before because of lack of capital, so Hearn set himself to work to remedy this defect. He took a dingy, shabby room in the northern end of the French Quarter and here, by doing his own cooking, he was able to cut his expenditure for food to \$2 a week and save three-fourths of his salary, which at that time was \$20. By these grim economies he amassed \$100. This accomplished, he wrote his friend Krehbiel: "Will start a little business for myself next week. I have an excellent partner—a Northern man—and we expect by Spring to clear enough ready money to start for South America."

Afternoons after his work at the office was finished Hearn used to meet his "pard" and they combed the city for a suitable location for the new venture that would be sufficiently cheap.

They finally decided upon a tumble-down disreputable one-storied brick house in a sordid back street with a misleading name—160 Dryades. Then followed some hectic weeks of preparation. Together they soon exhausted the \$100 buying thick clumsy chinaware, cheap table utensils and paint. "Pard" attended to cleaning up the place and painting while Hearn inaugurated a publicity campaign by having yellow hand bills printed which read:

## The 5-cent Restaurant.

This is the cheapest eating house in the South. It is neat, orderly and respectable as any other in New Orleans. You can get a good meal for a couple of nickels. All dishes 5 cents. Everything half the price of the markets."

When he actually saw the finished dodger, however, the name The 5-Cent Restaurant did not appeal to him. It seemed to lack distinction or imagination, so, after much serious discussion, it was decided to rechristen the experiment *The Hard Times*—an ominous name whose evil portent was perfectly realized later.

Finally, the stage was all set, and on the second of March, 1879, *The Hard Times* was opened for business and on that same day a laconic little advertisement in *The Item* averred that "The Hard Times, 160 Dryades, satisfies hunger for one nickel."

which it was to furnish funds will never be known. His partners' thoughts were probably different. He had nothing to lose, so if the project failed, he was out nothing; if it succeeded, he felt sure that dealing with a man so impractical as Hearn, he could find a way in which to obtain a lion's share of the proceeds.

In his first enthusiasm Hearn wrote to Watkins: "The Raven" (he called himself that to Watkins) "keepeth a restaurant in the City of New Orleans. It is secretly in business for itself. It is also in the newspaper business. The reason it has gone into business for itself is that It is tired of working for other people. The reason that It is still in the newspaper line is that the business is not yet paying, and needs some financial support. The business is the cheapest in New Orleans. All dishes are 5 cents. Knocks the market price out of things. The business has already cost about \$100 to set up. May pay well; may not. The Raven has a partner—a large and ferocious man, who kills people who disagree with their coffee. . . . It is constantly suspicious that Its partner may go back on It. It is of a suspicious character. It has debts on Its mind, but prefers to look after Its own interests at present—until it can buy some clothes. It also proposes to establish another five-cent house here in the French quarter, sooner or later, if this one pays. . . . The Raven may succeed right off. He may not. But he is going to succeed, sooner or later even if he has to start an eating house in hell."

His impatience for returns would not let him look idly on, but forced him to take a personal hand in the running of the place. He described his own activities in a letter to Krehbiel saying: "I have become a restaurant proprietor, doling out coffee and hot rolls, beefsteak and soup, cold tongue and stew. It is the cheapest restaurant in New Orleans. We have one room for colored folks in the back part, one for white folks in the front part, opening on the street with a swing door. Profits are about 300 per cent. But the tax collector has not been around yet."

Every day modest little advertisements had been appearing in *The Item* and their general spirit was an accurate barometer of the varying success of *The Hard Times*. At first they were simple statements calculated to appeal to the man of large appetite and lean purse—as,

The best coffee and the biggest biscuits in town, 5 cents at *The Hard Times*.

As customers seemed slow in arriving, Hearn became argumentative—and the advertisement asked:

Why pay 40c. when you can get a good steak for 5c. at 160 Dryades?

As trade began to look up, a note of the pride of possession began to creep in and he spoke from his own experience:

Five-cent restaurants are often shabby, dirty places, but you ought



## Lafcadio Hearn Remembered In America As Restaurateur

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### Hearn Becomes Enthusiastic.

Evidently, "pard" sensed Hearn's receptive mood, and so resurrected the idea of starting a cheap restaurant; but for obvious reasons, connected with the fact that Hearn was now drawing a salary, he suggested that this time the scene of their en-

deavors should be New Orleans—not Texas. The impractical, gullible Hearn became wildly enthusiastic; and the shrewd, lank, cynical Yankee and the sensitive, intellectual boy must have been a remarkable sight as they bent over a guttering candle, in some smelly restaurant, discussing their plans and wondering about the profit on each unsavory dish they ate.

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All the hopes of freedom that Hearn planned on this enterprise, all the castles in Spain for which it was to be the foundation, or all the journeys and adventures in foreign lands for

which it was to furnish funds will never be known. His partners' thoughts were probably different. He had nothing to lose, so if the project failed he was out nothing; if it succeeded, he felt sure that dealing with a man so impractical as Hearn, he could find a way in which to obtain a lion's share of the proceeds.

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As trade began to look up, a note of the pride of possession began to creep in and he spoke from his own experience:

Five-cent restaurants are often shabby, dirty places, but you ought to see 160 Dryades!

Finally, when success seemed almost certain the advertisements shouted with assurance:

Whoever does not go to 160 Dryades has an empty belly and an empty

Wander



purse.

The next one stated pugnaciously, We can whip all creation for 5-cent grub, 160 Dryades.

Of course Hearn could not long avoid giving them a literary turn, and his enthusiasm bubbled over in such picturesque statements as

Solomon was a wise man.

He would have boarded at 160 Dryades.

The Queen of Sheba would have been more pleased with 160 Dryades than with Solomon.

and,

The devil fears the wise man; you can become wise by going to 160 Dryades.

Even the Bible was pressed into service to aid in securing patronage:

The Lord my pasture shall prepare. That refers to the next life.

In this go to 160 Dryades.

Up to March 22 the advertisements had been appearing new each day, improving in flavor, so to speak, and literary picturesqueness. But on that day the iron must have entered into Hearn's soul, for he had not the heart to invest anything new; he merely copied one of the earlier and most uninteresting of the ads. On March 23 the end came, and the very last advertisement was merely a repetition of the first.

The inevitable had happened. Hearn was devoid of all business sense; his partner, brutally practical, was devoid of all morals or kindness. The earlier suspicions were well founded; "Pard" had suddenly disappeared with all the cash and the cook, leaving Hearn to hold the bag and shoulder the debts.

Profoundly discouraged and with a

bitter feeling of impotence and defeat, Hearn settled back hopelessly to his newspaper drudgery, but he never became reconciled. From time to time notions of other business ventures occupied him, and he nourished the idea of a cigar store in the West Indies, of second-hand book shops in San Francisco and St. Augustine, and even of becoming a bouquinist in New Orleans. These fanciful projects never progressed beyond the conversational stage, however, for, luckily for him, the memory of The Hard Times stood like a guardian angel to deter him from further attempts at accomplishing his fantastically impractical plans.

## The Japan Advertiser (Tokio)

Nr. 11478

**Lafcadio Hearn Died in Tokyo 23 Years Ago;  
Aged Widow Treasures Memory of Writer****Quiet Memorial Service  
Will Be Observed  
Monday****HOME IS IN SUBURB****Mrs. Yakumo, Who Rarely  
Sees Reporters,  
Grants Interview**

The twenty-third anniversary of the death of Lafcadio Hearn will be observed quietly next Monday by the nearest relatives of the famous writer at their home in Nishi-Okubo, a Tokyo suburb, where Hearn lived and died.

Hearn died on September 25, 1904. The day of the month is marked with a family reunion every year. A few intimate family friends who had been the pupils of Hearn in former days when he had been teaching at the Tokyo Imperial University are the guests. It will be a homely affair, the members of the family, including Mrs. Hearn, Japanese wife of the eminent writer, three sons and their wives, a daughter, granddaughter and the family friends, partaking of a dinner in the room which used to be Hearn's study.

Hearn's study has been converted into the family living room since the great earthquake of September, 1923. In the room there is a family Buddhist temple in which the posthumous tablet of Lafcadio Hearn is consecrated. The incense is daily burned before the tablet and offerings and fruits are placed there. On Monday a special dinner will be spread before the family temple and the members of the family and the guests of the day will while away the evening over the memory of the dead.

Hearn's high desk where he sat to write and a few relics are still in the living room. Most of the books which Hearn had accumulated since he came to Japan have been removed from the room. Mrs. Hearn gave them to the Higher School in Toyama prefecture where Hearn taught for two years not long after he came to Japan.

**Hearn's Japanese Name**

"After the earthquake disaster of 1923," said Mrs. Hearn, or more properly Mrs. Setsuko Koizumi, as this was Hearn's naturalized family name, "I thought it would be best to contribute all my husband's books to some institution where they might be kept in safety. I finally decided to give them to the Toyama Higher School where he taught for two years from 1892 to 1894. I am informed that the school established a Hearn Library."

married in 1890. His given name, Yakumo, is a part of the first line of an old short poem known as tanka, meaning eight-fold clouds. It is a beautiful poem which is supposed to have been composed by Susano-no-mikoto, a semi-mythological figure, who is said to be the younger brother of Amaterasu-Omikami, sun goddess. The poem is said to have been composed by Susano-no-mikoto after he rescued a princess from an attack by a huge serpent and finally married her. He composed the poem in praise of the home life he established in Izumo. The poem reads in full as follow:

Yakumo tatsu,  
Izumo yaegaki tsumagome no,  
Yaegaki tsukuru  
Sono yaegaki o.

Mrs. Koizumi is living a quiet life in the secluded district in Nishi-Okubo with the eldest son's family living next door. Her daughter, who is weak physically lives with her. The large wooden gate in front of her house is always closed. High on the right gate post there is posted a tablet bearing the name Setsu Koizumi. There is something of a forbidding atmosphere around the house. As a matter of fact, it is not an easy matter to obtain an interview with Mrs. Koizumi. She and her family almost fear the publicity that comes to them because of Hearn's great fame. Under the circumstances, a photograph of the members of the family never has been given for inclusion in a newspaper or magazine. Even Professor Tanabe of the Peers' School, who is one of the most intimate friends of the family, was refused when he requested a family photograph which was to be inserted in the biography of Hearn he was writing.

**Beautiful Japanese Garden**

The approach to the house within the gate is a genuinely Japanese garden of about 20 tsubo, arranged with remarkable horticultural precision. The ancient stone lantern under the shadow of maple trees that spread their branches toward the bamboo fence on the side of the entrance to the house is inspiring of repose and silence.

The entrance and the guest room in the house have been preserved perfectly since the death of Koizumi Yakumo. The guest room remains today practically just as it was when Hearn was accustomed to receive his guests. Mrs. Koizumi said in an interview with a representative of The Japan Advertiser. It is a 10-mat room with tokonoma beautifully decorated with a pair of hangings and ornaments which Hearn had cherished while he still was living.

"I am sorry that I have kept you waiting so long," Mrs. Koizumi said as she entered the room. One is struck with the dignified and yet graceful manner in which she addresses her caller. She is taller than the average

courteously bowed, saying a greeting appropriate for this time of the year. There is no light-heartedness and only the trained eyes of a Japanese can detect a tender regard in her noble feature which bespeaks of her being the daughter of a samurai family.

"I was about to go to the Zoshigaya cemetery to attend to the grave of Yakumo," said Mrs. Koizumi courteously, offering a cup of tea a maid brought in. I make a pilgrimage to Yakumo's graveyard on the 26th every month. But once a year, on September 26, which is the anniversary of the death of my husband, we hold a special dinner party inviting a few family friends in front of the family Buddhist temple.

"It is 23 years since Yakumo died and the environment of the house has been altered considerably. The site here is about 800 tsubo (two third of an acre) and the garden was much larger when my husband was still living. Since the earthquake of September, 1923, a part of the house was altered and the garden was made much smaller to have several houses built for renting purpose. This small hill of the veranda, stone lantern and all three trees are practically untouched since the death of Yakumo.

**Many Relics Given Away**

"Many relics of my husband have been given away from time to time to the family friends who are particularly interested in his work. In Matsuyae, Izumo, in Shimane prefecture, there is an organization called Yakumo-kai which was formed by those who are particularly interested in the life and work of Yakumo. To this organization I sent several things which belonged to my husband.

"I was born in Izumo where Hearn first lived when he came to Japan in 1890. He loved the place but the winter was rather hard on him because there was no stove in the Japanese family. As it is well known, he preferred to live in a Japanese family. As it is well known, he preferred to live in a Japanese way in every respect. The Japanese food, however, did not agree with him at first and he suffered from an internal disorder. Under the circumstances I tried to get foreign food for him but it was a difficult task because there was only one foreign style restaurant in town. We had a cook come to our home to make food for my husband, but the difficulty was again the lack of a stove. Under such inconveniences, I had foreign food cooked by the man over the fire brazier.

"He was very fond of Japanese food and ate practically every thing that the Japanese people ate. The raw fish was one of the favorite dishes for him. He relished a little hot sake when he ate his Japanese dinner. When he ate a foreign style dinner he



# Lafcadio Hearn Died in Tokyo 23 Years Ago; Aged Widow Treasures Memory of Writer

## Quiet Memorial Service Will Be Observed Monday

### HOME IS IN SUBURB

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"After the earthquake disaster of 1923," said Mrs. Hearn, or more properly Mrs. Setsuko Koizumi, as this was Hearn's naturalized family name, "I thought it would be best to contribute all my husband's books to some institution where they might be kept in safety. I finally decided to give them to the Toyama Higher School where he taught for two years from 1892 to 1894. I am informed that the school established a Hearn Library."

Hearn's naturalized name is Koizumi Yakumo, placing the family name first as is the proper way of reading a Japanese name in full. Hearn adopted the family name of his wife when he

married in 1890. His given name, Yakumo, is a part of the first line of an old short poem known as tanka, meaning eight-fold clouds. It is a beautiful poem which is supposed to have been composed by Susano-no-mikoto, a semi-mythological figure, who is said to be the younger brother of Amaterasu-Omikami, sun goddess. The poem is said to have been composed by Susano-no-mikoto after he rescued a princess from an attack by a huge serpent and finally married her. He composed the poem in praise of the home life he established in Izumo. The poem reads in full as follow:

Yakumo tatsu,  
Izumo yaegaki tsumagome no,  
Yaegaki tsukuru  
Sono yaegaki o.

Mrs. Koizumi is living a quiet life in the secluded district in Nishi-Okubo with the eldest son's family living next door. Her daughter, who is weak physically lives with her. The large wooden gate in front of her house is always closed. High on the right gate post there is posted a tablet bearing the name Setsu Koizumi. There is something of a forbidding atmosphere around the house. As a matter of fact, it is not an easy matter to obtain an interview with Mrs. Koizumi. She and her family almost fear the publicity that comes to them because of Hearn's great fame. Under the circumstances, a photograph of the members of the family never has been given for inclusion in a newspaper or magazine. Even Professor Tanabe of the Peers' School, who is one of the most intimate friends of the family, was refused when he requested a family photograph which was to be inserted in the biography of Hearn he was writing.

#### Beautiful Japanese Garden

The approach to the house within the gate is a genuinely Japanese garden of about 20 tsubo, arranged with remarkable horticultural precision. The ancient stone lantern under the shadow of maple trees that spread their branches toward the bamboo fence on the side of the entrance to the house is inspiring of repose and silence.

The entrance and the guest room in the house have been preserved perfectly since the death of Koizumi Yakumo. The guest room remains today practically just as it was when Hearn was accustomed to receive his guests, Mrs. Koizumi said in an interview with a representative of The Japan Advertiser. It is a 10-mat room with tokonoma beautifully decorated with a pair of hangings and ornaments which Hearn had cherished while he still was living.

"I am sorry that I have kept you waiting so long," Mrs. Koizumi said as she entered the room. One is struck with the dignified and yet graceful manner in which she addresses her caller. She is taller than the average Japanese woman. There is something noble in her bearing that is inherent to a high born person. As she sat on the mat by the center table, she

courteously bowed, saying a greeting appropriate for this time of the year. There is no light-heartedness and only the trained eyes of a Japanese can detect a tender regard in her noble feature which bespeaks of her being the daughter of a samurai family.

"I was about to go to the Zoshigaya cemetery to attend to the grave of Yakumo," said Mrs. Koizumi courteously, offering a cup of tea a maid brought in. I make a pilgrimage to Yakumo's graveyard on the 26th every month. But once a year, on September 26, which is the anniversary of the death of my husband, we hold a special dinner party inviting a few family friends in front of the family Buddhist temple.

"It is 23 years since Yakumo died and the environment of the house has been altered considerably. The site here is about 800 tsubo (two third of an acre) and the garden was much larger when my husband was still living. Since the earthquake of September, 1923, a part of the house was altered and the garden was made much smaller to have several houses built for renting purpose. This small hill of the veranda, stone lantern and all three trees are practically untouched since the death of Yakumo.

#### Many Relics Given Away

"Many relics of my husband have been given away from time to time to the family friends who are particularly interested in his work. In Matsuyae, Izumo, in Shimane prefecture, there is an organization called Yakumo-kai which was formed by those who are particularly interested in the life and work of Yakumo. To this organization I sent several things which belonged to my husband.

"I was born in Izumo where Hearn first lived when he came to Japan in 1890. He loved the place but the winter was rather hard on him because there was no stove in the Japanese family. As it is well known, he preferred to live in a Japanese family. As it is well known, he preferred to live in a Japanese way in every respect. The Japanese food, however, did not agree with him at first and he suffered from an internal disorder. Under the circumstances I tried to get foreign food for him but it was a difficult task because there was only one foreign style restaurant in town. We had a cook come to our home to make food for my husband, but the difficulty was again the lack of a stove. Under such inconveniences, I had foreign food cooked by the man over the fire brazier.

"He was very fond of Japanese food and ate practically every thing that the Japanese people ate. The raw fish was one of the favorite dishes for him. He relished a little hot sake when he ate his Japanese dinner. When he ate a foreign style dinner he

Monday

## Where Lafcadio Hearn Lived in Tokyo

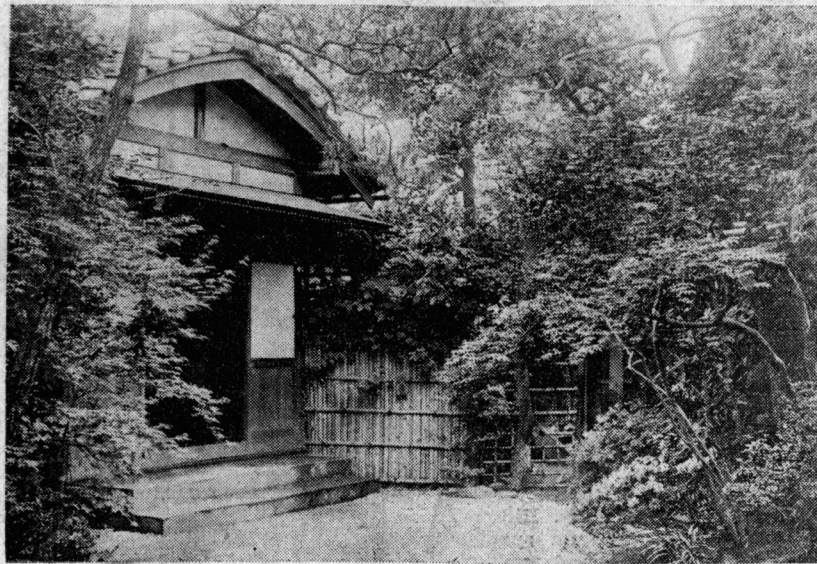
relished a small amount of liquor such as whisky.

### Had Own Language

"My husband was not proficient in speaking the Japanese language and I could not speak English. Nevertheless we never had any trouble of understanding each other because we had a language of our own. My husband disliked to hear a Japanese woman speak English. One day we went to Ueno for shopping. When a saleslady spoke to Yakumo in English, he was so disgusted that he simply walked away without buying anything. He used to say that if I had time to study English, I should teach him Japanese.

"Throughout his life in Japan, Yakumo lived in the regular Japanese way. He sat on the mat, slept in the Japanese bed, wore kimono and smoked Japanese tobacco in the way that all Japanese people did in those days. Only when he did his writing did he use his desk. When he came back from school, he immediately changed to kimono as any Japanese professor does. He always told his American or European friends that he would be glad to have them providing that they would put up with the Japanese way of living. It is only since the death of Yakumo that we installed some foreign furniture such as chairs."

Mrs. Koizumi has three sons and one daughter. Her sons are all married. The eldest son who is now living next door to her house is Mr. Kazuo Koizumi, who is 35 years old. He is a graduate of Waseda University and is interested in literary work. The other sons are Mr. Iwao Koizumi and Mr. Kiyoshi Koizumi, both of whom are interested in somewhat similar work. The eldest son of Hearn was born on December 20 and Hearn, according to Mrs. Koizumi, complained that his son was said to be two years old when New Year's first came because her mother counted the age of his son according to the Japanese way.



Above is a view from the garden of the house where Lafcadio Hearn lived in Tokyo. The second room to the right, closed by the shoji, was Hearn's study. The middle photograph shows the entrance to



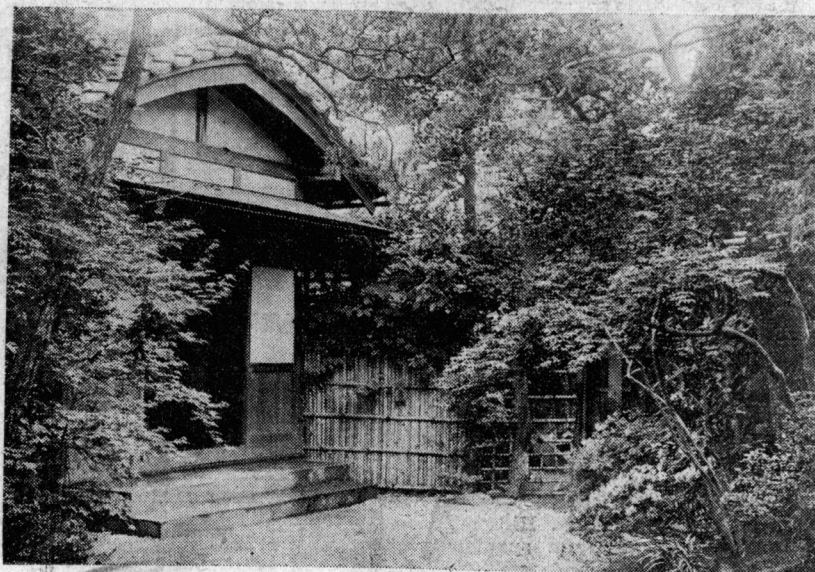
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Above is a view from the garden of the house where Lafcadio Hearn lived in Tokyo. The second room to the right, closed by the shoji, was Hearn's study. The middle photograph shows the entrance to the Hearn home and, below, the simple column which marks the resting place of the noted writer in a Tokyo cemetery. On the column are the characters "Koizumi Yakumo" the name which Hearn took when he became a naturalized subject of Japan.