individual representatives are to be arranged. One name and another are now shunted into this group and now into the next. Not only does he not take exception to my remarking disrespectfully that the whole thing reminds me of a shunting yard, but he breaks into what Herr Fischer-Barnicol referred to as his laughter "without a sound."

Undated

In speaking of his translation of Goethe's essay, "On Granite," Sensei mentions that one passage made a particular impression on him. He leaves the room, as I hear him climbing the stairs. He returns with the opened volume of Goethe in his hand, makes himself comfortable, lights a cigarette, and reads: "Sitting on a high, bare mountain peak overlooking a wide vista, I can say to myself: Here you rest directly upon a piece of ground that reaches down to the deepest layers of the earth . . ."

3.1.83

A memory of his childhood on the Noto peninsula. Still vividly present to him is the image of the delicate twilight after the snow stops falling.

Anecdotes that Now Seem Ancient

Shimomura Toratarō

Around the time we graduated from Kyoto University, Nishida Kitarō, Tomonaga Sanjūrō and Tanabe Hajime were professors in the Philosophy Department of Kyoto University. Hisamatsu Shin'ichi, Kimura Motomori, Kōsaka Masaaki, Nishitani Keiji and Tosaka Jun were students in the senior class. I think that the so-called Golden Age of the Philosophy Department was a result of being blessed not only with fine teachers but also with excellent students such as these.

At that time it was customary for the students to address professors using the polite suffix "san," and for senior students to address each other as equals, using the polite suffix "kun." Kimura Motomori, who was magnanimous and outspoken, always addressed Nishitani Keiji as "Oshō" ("Priest" or "Abbot"). Nishitani had that sort of personality even in those days.

Nishitani always dressed in the Japanese style. It was about the time when it was decided that he would go abroad to study in Germany that he started wear-

ing western-style suits. I know that because I am the one who took him to a western tailor shop to buy his clothes. It was operated by a Chinese tailor of high repute. I heard later, however, that Nishitani still wore his padded lounging kimono (*dotera*) in his dormitory in Germany. He was proud of the fact that the first time he went to the dining hall in his *dotera*, his western dormitory mates remarked on it, saying, "Silk! Silk!" and came up to touch it.

Before he left for Germany he was given a farewell party. It was arranged by Professor Kojima Yūma. On that occasion Professor Kojima warned Nishitani to watch out for *goma no hae*, an obsolete word that refers to petty thieves who disguise themselves as travelers and prey upon people they encounter on the road. He advised him to read *Hizakurige* ("Shank's Mare")[1] before he left. This now seems like something that happened a hundred years ago.

When a series of works on Western philosophers was being planned under the supervision of Tanabe Hajime, Nishitani volunteered to do the book on Bergson. Anticipating that this would certainly be an original interpretation of Bergson, I waited impatiently for it to appear, but he never seemed to finish it. He finally decided to undertake the work after he got to Germany. When later he did send the manuscript, not one page of it ever reached us. So when the series appeared, volume by volume, twenty-three volumes in all, volume nine, on Bergson, went unpublished. All the works in the series were done by young graduate students in Kyoto, which serves to illustrate the number of outstanding young thinkers present at that time. The mere fact that twenty-three volumes were published marked it as a grand event, but even more remarkable was the large percentage of fine works among them, further testimony to the time as a "Golden Age."

The work that brought fame to Nishitani was his *Shimpi shisō-shi* ("The History of Mystical Thought," 1932). At least, it was the work that established his reputation in academic circles. It is generally agreed that his early writings are difficult. There is a "legend" that even Professor Tanabe had to read his graduate thesis twice.

Once I spent a summer vacation with Nishitani and Kōsaka Masaaki in Oiwake in the mountains of Nagano. Each morning Kōsaka would study for a while and then go out for a stroll and drop in at my place just after I had finished breakfast. The two of us would then visit Nishitani's house, usually to find that he had just gotten out of bed. So it turned out that Kōsaka was the

[1] *Tōkaidōchū-hizakurige*. A well-known picaresque novel written in the early 19th century by Jippensha Ikku that recounts the humorous experiences (including encounters with *goma no hae*) of a licentious chestnut vendor and an itinerant actor who travel the length of the Tōkaidō (Eastern Sea Road) together.

only one who was able to get any work done. I recall that in Oiwake, Nishitani was reading Dedekind's famous work, *Was sind und was sollen die Zahlen?*[2] Those who know Nishitani only in his later years will probably be surprised by this. Although at that time, before he had decided to specialize in religious philosophy, it is not so unusual that he would have a wide range of interests. What might be hard to imagine, however, is that this range would extend as far as mathematical philosophy. In reality, he was a man of extremely wide-ranging interests and tastes. In those days I was a specialist in mathematical philosophy and so, for me, Nishitani was more than a good listener: he became a unique conversational companion. To me, more edifying than anything else were the questions he would ask, and from directions I never expected. They were usually in areas totally unrelated to mathematical philosophy, and they came at me like surprise attacks. And though it may well be that Nishitani himself wasn't aware of their effect, they were profound and instructive suggestions for me. Looking back on it, I can see that they were attributable to his uniquely creative wit and intellect.

Conversations with Nishitani were always fresh and pleasurable. Every time he came to visit, we would usually stay up until almost dawn. We talked, of course, about scholarly matters, but our chats extended to a multitude of other interests as well, music, literature and art. Speaking of music, Nishitani was the only one of my colleagues who could read music. Once, more than forty years ago, he played an old record of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony for me. It was conducted by the great nineteenth century conductor Nikisch, who is said to have been the first professional orchestra conductor. The record was a genuinely rare item. As might be expected, the sound was less than perfect. It seemed as though we were listening to a small chamber group performing in the next room. Even so, I was moved by the sublimity and intensity of the performance. It remains etched in my memory even now. At one time I even harbored thoughts of somehow getting my hands on that record. A few years ago, it was reprinted in a series of historical recordings and I was able to listen to it once again. I was a bit disappointed, however; I have probably been spoiled by the great strides that have been made in musical reproduction. Still, I don't think that the inspiration that I felt when I first heard it was mistaken. The enjoyment of music—not only music, it is true of the arts, in general—is probably a one-time, once-in-a-lifetime thing. Burckhardt said, "The eternal nature of the arts is not in preservation; it is in prominence." He said that an outstanding tune from even a folk song by an unknown composer was something created by the genius of one person at a certain time in a certain

[2] "The Nature and Meaning of Numbers," in *Essays on the Theory of Numbers* (Chicago and London, The Open Court Publishing Company, 1924), pp. 31–115.

place. He also stated that in his later years he disliked having his writings published and read by readers about of whom he had no fixed idea. He derived his greatest fulfillment from talking with small groups of students.

I once divulged to Nishitani that upon hearing the music of an outstanding conductor it suddenly occurred to me that in my next life I wanted to become a conductor. He said, "I want to become a composer."

The Spirit of Poverty

Takeuchi Yoshinori

I think it was the autumn of 1947 when I visited Sensei's home to talk with him about a request he had made asking me to write a paper on the subject of "religious poverty." He had been asked to do it but he said that other commitments and deadlines had piled up to the point that he would be unable to get around to it. The subject was unfamiliar to me, so I was hesitant about accepting the task. But in the end I agreed. Sensei lent me a number of books for reference, and I began to study up on the subject. I was at the time writing my doctoral theses on primitive Buddhism, and I found the research I did on the spirit of poverty unexpectedly useful in elucidating the spirit of the Buddha. In retrospect, I realize that Sensei's real purpose was probably to try to broaden my field of vision as I pursued my study of religion. The subject of religious poverty led me inevitably to the Christian saints, and in particular to Francis of Assisi. This is the area which Sensei, with his characteristic indirectness, must have wanted to open up to my narrow scope of interest. Anyway, although I was unable to clip off more than a branch of the large tree that is Saint Francis, my real harvest was not merely the look I got at that single branch; it was seeing a place beyond the hilltops burst into view.

As my study of Saint Francis progressed, I felt as though I had encountered a living Buddha. I recently read an essay Nishitani Sensei wrote in which he said, "Before I began to study philosophy under Professor Nishida, the writers who captured my heart the most were Nietzsche and Dostoevsky, Emerson and Carlyle, as well as the Bible and Saint Francis." What strikes me now in reading Nishitani Sensei's writings is that for him too the encounter with St. Francis began to function as a kind of axis or fulcrum. He even reexamined his understanding of the Bible from that vantage point. The structure of Sensei's thought is magnificent. The outlines of its system are at once