Yukio Mishima, the Unambiguous, and Myself: Living through a Writer’s Legacy*

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The recent release by Criterion on DVD of Paul Schrader’s film Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters (1985) and Mishima’s own film Patriotism (1965) has caused the author of this essay to reconsider his relationship with the late Japanese writers’ books and literary legacy. Believing that these fine films’ presence on DVD will stimulate much renewed discussion of Mishima both in the US and Japan, the author recalls his first discovery of Mishima’s existence shortly after his famous suicide in 1970, reading and responding to his literary output, and prodding famous authors such as Tennessee Williams and Cormac McCarthy for their thoughts on Mishima’s influence. The author’s two poems about Mishima are included to illustrate his changing inner perceptions of the internationally famous writer and the (now-fading) adverse reaction to his work in Japan caused by his politics and his virtually public suicide.

Keywords: Mishima; Japanese Literature

Many readers probably remember that Yukio Mishima (1925-1970) was the most popular Japanese writer of his day, that he carried out extraliterary pranks which gave him constant media attention, directed his own art film and starred in commercial movies, wrote as his final work an important tetralogy of novels (The Sea of Fertility, Hojo no umi, 1965-1970), and, most famously, killed himself by committing seppuku (ritual suicide). These are perhaps the most memorable facts, but with the recent release of the Criterion Collection’s DVD versions of Paul Schrader’s Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters (1985) and, more surprisingly, Mishima’s own nearly lost film Patriotism (Yu-koku, 1965), interest in this author, popular in America and Europe but until recently a rather taboo subject in Japan because of his virtually public suicide, should increase worldwide and spotlight other important aspects of his character and writings.

Indeed, my niece-in-law by marriage, a Japanese citizen, was recently impressed with my meager knowledge about Japan and its culture and about Mishima, gained mainly by reading his novels and criticism about them. After I showed her Schrader’s beautiful film and Yasuzo Masumura’s A Man Blown by the Wind (Karakkaze Yaro), in which Mishima starred in 1960, she commented that her generation (born after Mishima’s death) and even younger Japanese were now content to accept Mishima for what he was and to fit him into Japan’s ever more colorful contemporary mosaic. Certainly, in a culture now saturated with images from anime cartoons of “phallic-tentacle cephalopodal monsters raping adolescent helpless virginal girls (Piven, 2004: p. 110),” Mishima’s exploits seem much tamer, especially when most audiences don’t remember the Pacific War. “He’s not an actor, though,” my niece said. “He’s a writer.” She had read none of his books but she could understand the film’s dialogue, and whereas Mishima’s acting looked halfway decent to me (lacking much of the melodramatic, womanish quality described by John Nathan in his biography), she agreed with critics of the time in thinking it “bland.” Mishima’s Patriotism is silent, so this is not a problem there. The surviving production members of that film, interviewing each other on the DVD, seem also to accept Mishima as once again an important figure, not one about whom to be culturally embarrassed.

As many have pointed out, if Mishima were a fictional character no one would believe in him, but as life is almost always stranger and less believable than fiction, and since Mishima was a real and amazing person, we are forced to remember that he lived in our own times and influenced them with his extraordinary and sometimes bizarre art and action.

I had never heard of Mishima until after his death, so what should make me become interested in his work and life to the point that I’ve read, studied, and taught his works, written two poems about him, and now seek to entertain or enlighten an audience concerning my personal relationship with the legacy of this dead author and cultural icon?

First of all, there is an interest I have always had in so-called “decadent” literature and its influence on society. Like Mishima before me, I read Petronius, Lucian, Huysmans, and Wilde (especially Salome) with glee, and I loved fiction alluding to or about ancient history, such as Death in Venice and Memoirs of Hadrian.

I’m also able to remember dates and personal events very
easily and clearly. Mishima’s thoughts and motivations are ambiguous, perhaps, but not his words, actions, and the dates that he undertook them or foresaw them undertaken. Let’s look at a few coincidental examples where his works and my life overlapped, as in Mishima’s last novel, The Decay of the Angel (Tennin gosui, 1970), which begins on May 2, 1970, a day I remember very well: it was my twenty-fifth birthday. The first time I ever heard of Mishima was one or two weeks after his death when I saw that event covered on the NBC Nightly News, David Brinkley’s naturally deep voice even rising a pitch in reporting that one of Mishima’s comrades had “sliced off his head.” This certainly intrigued me, unambiguously, but I did nothing about it. However, in the summer of 1970, a colleague of mine at Alma College, Dr. Timothy Thomas, had voyaged to Japan with his wife. In 1971, he told me that on the same ship were Tennessee Williams and a handsome Japanese boy, a student at UCLA, obviously an object of homosexual desire, though he was not the dramatist’s lover. Williams was going to Tokyo to revisit Mishima, among other things. 1 This meeting and Mishima’s response to Williams and the uninhibited Japanese student were later recounted in Esquire magazine in 1972. In January 1973, I noticed a new copy of Runaway Horses (Honba, 1968) in my local public library. Remembering how much Mishima’s death had interested me I picked it up and read the dustjacket, thinking that I now needed to read some of this man’s works, but in order. Over the next weeks I checked out and read Confessions of a Mask (Kamen no Kokuhoku, 1949), Thirst For Love (Ai no kawaki, 1950), Forbidden Colors (Kinjiki, 1953), Spring Snow (Haru no yuki, 1966) and Runaway Horses. I loved the poetic and “decadent” aspects of these works, missing too many of Mishima’s philosophical ideas then, but glorifying in the fleshly formulations of Confessions and in the fever pitch pace of Runaway Horses, leading to the hero’s suicide in that sublime last sentence, translated as “The instant that the blade tore open his flesh, the bright disk of the sun soared up and exploded behind his eyelids.” It reminded me of the gorgeous synesthesia of Hart Crane’s lines “...carbonic amulet/Sere of the sun exploded in the sea.” At Christmas 1973, my wife gave me hardcover copies ($7.95 each!) of Runaway Horses and The Temple of Dawn. I did not reread the former but plunged into the lush, jungly, sexually exciting interior of The Temple, unobored by the arcane Buddhist ideas, and fascinated by the poetic, the sensual, the voyeuristic. In January 1974, a group of Mishima’s books appeared in inexpensive paperback form ($1.25 each) from Berkley. On the tenth of that month, I bought several. July 3, 1974, I acquired Henry Scott-Stokes’ The Life and Death of Yukio Mishima. This was an inflammatory reading that inspired some ridiculous hero-worship as well as formal appreciation of Mishima’s writing skills (could I compare him to Berlioz, whose biography I had just finished reading? Yes!). To me he was a romantic hero, like Berlioz or Byron, not a political figure I found possessing any credibility. Then on May 18, 1975, I entered a bookstore and there sat the final novel of Mishima’s tetralogy, The Decay of the Angel (not Five Signs of a God’s Decay, as had been its earlier announced title). Had I known that various events at the novel’s conclusion had not even taken place yet, Mishima having ex-

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They had met once before, in the 1950s.

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answered was mostly a brief summary of elements related in the *Esquire* article, but at the end he at least enlightened us about something that happened after their dinner together. The next day, he recalled, Mishima telephoned him and said “Tennessee, you know I really like you, but you really shouldn’t drink so much,” an unsurprising comment from a novelist who is reputed to have gotten drunk only once in his adult life.

Their meeting had come only three months before Mishima’s death on November 25, 1970. Why, many have asked, did he choose that date? It was probably not because he had started *Confessions of a Mask*, his first successful novel, on November 25, 1948, or because he had finished the first novel of his tetralogy, *Spring Snow*, on November 25, 1966, and would die after he finished the last on the same date in 1970. Nor was it because the next day was Thanksgiving (Mishima did enjoy celebrating some Western holidays). No, more likely, two other factors played into his selection of the date.

First, in his final letter to his parents, Mishima had said that he wanted “to die not as a literary man but entirely as a military man (Rayns, 2008).” While this seems fairly ridiculous and mere fantasy in spite of the fact that Mishima had organized his own private army, his last months were indeed devoted to military endeavors, such as training his group with the *Jieitai*, the Japanese Self-Defense Forces. This would point to a historical significance for November 25, such as that November 25, 1941, was an important day for the Japanese military and national spirit because it was the day on which the Japanese fleet’s strike force received its orders to refuel and move into position to attack Pearl Harbor.

Second, Mishima’s ashes were placed in his family burial plot on January 14, 1971, forty-nine days after his death. The belief is that the spirit of the dead person departs for reincarnation at that time. This might be unremarkable except that January 14 is Mishima’s birthday. He would have been forty-six. Had Mishima planned this birth/death ceremony to coincide when arranging for his final day? Surely it makes sense.

In my first letter to Cormac McCarthy in January of 1987, I included my first Mishima poem and asked if he had any thoughts on the matter. He replied that though he had seen the famous photograph of Mishima’s severed head in *Maga*, he thought that time would quickly erase most of Mishima’s concerns as well as our concerns about him.

When I finally met Mr. McCarthy on May 23, 1989, I gave him a copy of Schrader’s film *Mishima*, which he thought would “never get to El Paso.” He highly approved of it.

In these same late 1980s the anti-Mishima sloganeering and propaganda were in full swing among Japan’s younger fiction writers. Professor Susan Napier recounts published discussions between Masahiko Shimada and Akira Asada in 1988. Here Shimada references Mishima as “an artificial [horror] that resists to die” (Napier, 1995: p. xvi) and finally says “I think that Mishima might come back as a monster...like an AIDS virus (Napier, 1995: p. xvii).” Reading this I was annoyed and decided to let Mishima indeed come back, in a poem, only he was not be an AIDS virus but the most representative Japanese monster in modern history: Godzilla (*Gojira* in Japanese). It was time for Japanese intellectuals, I thought along with Napier, to stop ignoring or trashing Mishima because he represented aspects of Japanese society they would prefer to remain buried (Napier, 1995: p. xvii). Thus “Yukio Mishima Returns as Godzilla” emerged from the abyss in slithery free verse to deconstruct Tokyo all over again.

Mishima Returns as Godzilla

“...I think that Mishima might come back as a monster...”
—Masahiko Shimada

Slickly ascending, godlike, from Tokyo’s harbor, Mishima returns in a gray rubber Godzilla suit—his face, grinning, shines through the open mouth. A stride a titan leather rhinoceros, animate, he guides the creaking, bloated creature with his knees to crush Big Cedrics, Nissans, Coke cans, blue and orange-haired teens, and whipping his tail overhead stomps for the cemetery where he may avenge himself on Grandmother’s ashes.

*Gojira! Gojira!* scream the crowds, some running away, blindly, others desperately grabbing the rhino’s legs, humping frantically as they stand on its toenails—humping away as it reaches the Ginza where gay bars empty: some denizens fall prostrate, some kneel, shrieking the bitter glory of their savior-avatar; others recoil at such tacockness, yet the fronts of their pants jerk like creatures vomiting: a handful are raptured, ascending to Fuji’s tip—flesened of snow, it erupts, but no one sees this now. *Toris* snap, powerlines stretch, dragging intestinelike, kicking, squelched humans by their headphones, their teeth showing sparks.

Right wing morons emulate the homosexuals, throwing themselves forward in worship under the clublike feet; mashed to stubber they squirt out, splash in the eyes of *yakuza*, nose-bound politicians, into the mouths of skinny housewives receiving the slime shamelessly, invigorated as they swallow. The Self-Defense Forces (SDF) cannons fire again but Mishima is wounded no more than Godzilla, past or present.

Litery critics, pixilated novelists attack from the rear, throwing silicon implants, *kasutori* dregs, computer mice and Barbie dolls, only to drown, squabbling, morcellized in a mild tsunami of *Bad-ah Taste-ah*! Mainland and Hong Kong businessmen, US Airmen engaged to lissome Japanese girls place gallons of liquor they’ve hand-carried in from China (the kind with the snake curled in the bottle’s bottom) before the creatures—“*Kong Long* spare us,” they cry. The rhino scars them all up, crunching bones and bottles together in its Triceratopsian beak. Mishima snorts, howls, inhales its ebriate breath. *Hentai* tentacles slurp from his back, ears, asshole—

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1 An assertion authoritatively debunked in *Persona: A Biography of Yukio Mishima* by Naoki Inose and Hiroaki Sato (2012).
grabbing thugs, waiters, and would-be ninjas alike, zaibatsu and
rough trade together, he lifts them, impaled in all orifices, to
his mouth where he lectures on Beauty and post mortem conversations
with Marlon Brando, then eels out of them with resonant farts.
They fall, damaged but enlightened. “I am now what you wanted
me to be,” the tongued tentacles shrill. They slither back, disappear.

Now the tyrannical two sweep around the Imperial Palace, carefully
avoiding damage: twin salutatory flames rip from Mishima’s nostrils,
collide over the palace and fall like fireworks. Man and monster
swag for the cemetery where the SDF will make a last stand. Their
plans are known, or at least guessed—fountains of cyanide, arsenic,
thallium and rat poison are prepared, ready to spew. Surely these will
panic the thing that rides the rhino. Alas, Godzilla-fire vomits from his
ejaws this time, scorches the poisons to powder, harmless, slues
onward over the mossed gravestones, splitting a certain urn atwain:
the rubber suit spins around, gelatinous humid urine erupts from its
vent, soaks and sears the ashes, which implode to void.
Suddenly somebody notices Fuji, points—what first seems lava
resolves to more tentacles: flaring from the mountain
they rise, curl into a uroboros round the sun, and Mishima
acknowledges, smiles: the leather rhino inflates like a sleek
mushroom cloud—Mishima towers—then pops, utterly gone.
Not falling, man and rubber suit soar, higher, aiming for
the mountain’s turbulence, which seeks them out, but

Godzilla’s simulacrum falls away, fleers to the waves, vanishes.
Mishima, embraced by Fuji’s limbs, is drawn over and down to the
writhing summit...is sucked inside, along with the apotheosized
gay revelers...the tip glazes as before:
Mishima, at long last, has returned to his country.

When the wreckage has settled and microphones proliferate like mould
out of the growing dusk, and the spotlights shudder, the SDF commander says, “It could have been worse.
It could have been Godzilla returning as Mishima.”

Big Cedric: a model of Japanese car
Gojira: the Japanese name for Godzilla
toriis: ceremonial Japanese gates
yakuza: Japanese gangsters
kasutori: a cheap liquor, full of impurities, made from sake dregs
Kong Long: the Chinese name for Godzilla
hentai: tentacle sex, as in Japanese anime cartoons
zaibatsu: Japanese industrialists

In the form of his newly re-released movie Patriotism Mishima has indeed returned, and his fans as well as his critics should see it, but I would prefer that audiences turn to his literary works rather than his final performances (both cinematic and actual) to realize that, as I have seen over 43 years of reading, observing, and living through my encounters with his legacy, Yukio Mishima is a poetic, persuasive writer, one steeped in ideas unambiguously vivified: thought and word made flesh.

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