

Egy maszkk vallomása By Yukio Mishima معبد الخصب بحر رباعية الثالثة من الرواية الثالثة قد قرأت سيرته التي امتدت منذ فترة الحرب وحتى العشرينات من عمره، والتي تتمسرح أثناء فترة الحرب العالمية الثانية التي خاضتها اليابان. وفي معبد الفجر، كانت الطريقة التي عالج فيها جسد المرأة، مفعمة بالحسية لدرجة أن المرء لا يمكن أن يخطر له بأن هذا الكاتب . اعترافات قناع كتاب مخضب بالحس المأساوي المتولد من أوجاع ميشيما المازوشية، والفصامية، بين رغبته بالعادية وبين حقيقته كمتلي. وقبل أي شيء، يجيء العنوان اعترافات قناع ليظلل المشهد برمته ويذكرك بزيف حياة الكاتب التي امتدت طوال عشرين عاماً، وما يربوا عن 250 صفحة من القطع المتوسط. العبارة التي استوقفتني، هي قوله بأنه يشعر بأن ثمة صراع بين الروح واللحم يغشي حياته، فبينما يحن اللحم إلى العلاقات المثلية، كانت روحه تتمزق في سبيل تأكيد استقامة ميولها، ورغبته الطبيعية بزوجة وحياة . أعتقد بأن هذه هي الحكاية برمتها، ورغم أنها صيغت بجمل When reading this I was somewhat taken aback by its sheer influence on the world of queer literature. مقتضبة وحذرة، إلا أنني – كقارئ – انتهيت إلى شعور جارف بالمأساة، بفجعية الذات التي لا تتسق مع عالمها

When in search for a normal life he imposes a Spartan-like self-discipline to evade the indulgence his "bad-habit" (masturbation) and his alter ego masquerading in a costume gala establishing a pre-amble to a counterfeit existence. The prose made me furious at times.

Then what right do we have for pompous declarations of 'man being the most evolved species'? Why demean the animals when we bestow the same courtesy to our fellow members? Why do we designate homosexuality as a 'criminal with a death sentence?' The red lacquer is meticulously spread over a snowy visage amid the cries of a featherless parrot chastised for flying with the robins. In narrating his progress from an isolated childhood through adolescence to manhood he exposes his inner life full of repressed homosexual desires and preoccupations with sadomasochism and death. The enduring power of the novel is in part owing to its themes of fantasy despair and alienation its eloquent voice but also its autobiographical nature —the equally enduring fascination with the life and character of one of Japan's most turbulent artists. As part of the new Peter Owen Casd Classics series this special hardback edition carries an elegant dust jacket with a false die-cutting of a mask while printed on the cover board is the work of British contemporary artist Fraser Taylor. Egy maszkk vallomása Saint Sebastian Guido Reni The black and slightly oblique trunk of the tree of execution was seen against a Titian-like background of gloomy forest and evening sky sombre and distant. The one that has spikes protruding from the back of it poised to mutilate the owner's face contorting it piercing its flesh causing infected wounds and ultimately coming very near to destroying it. Being the nigh agonizingly frank reveal of self that it is Yukio Mishima's Confessions of a Mask (published in 1949 while its author was still in his early twenties) has ever since garnered a reputation for being the quintessential 'coming out' novel serving as an inspiration to homosexuals brought up in socially conservative societies everywhere. Of course writings portraying males freely exercising their homosexuality saw a great surge in the post-war years (Gore Vidal's The City and the Pillar and Truman Capote's Other Voices Other Rooms being some of the most notable examples at least in the US). Yet I think a great disservice is done to Mishima's second work to classify it as merely a 'gay' - albeit semi-autobiographical - novel (does anyone else beside me detest the term?). His apparent awe of the soldier's calling and military glory in general (even though he feigned illness to avoid the draft) the appeal he found in suicide which he considered to be one of the noblest actions one could perform are featured prominently. So while I am vaguely curious how his Japanese readership reacted to knowing which gender he turned his affections to I'm even more so when it comes to what in essence amounts to his sadomasochism and worship of death. The book is slightly muddled both structurally and prose-wise (perhaps the translation is at fault here?) and at times was unable to grab me as much as I wanted or expected it to. 9638568054 What a great book! Mishima did a great job of depicting the story of a Japanese adolescent in Japanese society realizing that he is gay and thus having to wear a mask to hide his true self. There is so much mental confusion going through the protagonist's head a great psychological account not only of teen angst but also of realizing you're different in a society that doesn't understand you. 9638568054 Confession as a word has a

strong connotation - prelude to its utterance is a hesitation and that hesitation alone is sufficient to engulf the confession-maker with an odour that reeks of both delay and guilt. His impressionable juvenile mind that refuses to be grinded between familial ties bordering on love and authority surrenders to erotic one-upmanship of images on discarded and hidden magazines because he is behind a mask. His hasty dubious shot at making a girlfriend and heaping her with a partner's touch despite wriggling out of it mentally (and physically) continues to go unreprimanded because he is behind a mask. Were it not for the arrows with their shafts deeply sunk into his left armpit and right side he would seem more a Roman athlete resting from fatigue leaning against a dusky tree in a garden. This journey turns daunting because during it he encounters not just his homosexuality but his homosexuality hanging as an ugly prop over the backdrop of a war-ravaged land in WWII. And later as I looked down at the city from a window of the elevated train the snow scene not yet having caught the rays of the rising sun looked more gloomy than beautiful. The snow seemed like a dirty bandage hiding the open wounds of the city hiding those irregular gashes of haphazard streets and tortuous alleys courtyards and occasional plots of bare ground that form the only beauty to be found in the panorama of our cities. In his account of beauty and love affection and bravery friendship and isolation lies a seething pain that is not hungry for an antidote; instead it breathes on its charred body heavily and without restraint. His obsessive relationship with the nature of his confessions which emerge dyed in dark dingy varnishes but then wondering if they were being tricked they would look distastefully at the pallid face of that unchildlike child. Mishima's later life is even more startling than the story of his earlier one; worldwide celebrity shots at the Nobel fame as actor/model and for a plot to overthrow the government ending in ritual suicide at the headquarters of the army. 9638568054



An autobiographical novel about a boy struggling to come to terms with his sexuality in wartime Japan Confessions of a Mask reflects on what it means to conceal desire and deviance while coming of age. The author-narrator focuses on his childhood in the novel's first half his teenage years in the second; a failed romance with a friend's sister structures the last third of the story. 9638568054 "What we call evil is the instability inherent in all mankind which drives man outside and beyond himself toward an unfathomable something exactly as though nature had bequeathed to our souls an ineradicable portion of instability from her store of ancient chaos. The naked flesh bled to the wraith of arrows and while tranquility festooned youthful fragrance the insect stirred a storm that thundered as cloudy-white patches filled the empty spaces. The musty smell of the ejaculated sperm mingled with the stale cigarette stink that dangled between the tender lips of an eight-year old squatting on the broken stairs smoking the discarded stub wondering if she could touch the voluptuous breasts of the woman who smiled at her. Upstairs a man admired the lacy lingerie beneath his striped shirt and the adored swell of the breasts hid under the layers of a tightly woven bandage far from the reach of the little girl. If so then why are we adamant to categorize this amorphous divinity with standardize regularities? What is "normal love"? Who decides its normality stance? We the so called societal gurus ; prisoners of our very own sins. The night-soil man in his dark-blue trousers the smell of sweat that reeks from the marching soldiers Omi's armpits filled with copious youthful hair fishermen with their naked torsos; seductions that enhanced his puberty. So how dare the heterosexuality elites try to shackle a shadow? If "normal love" only flourishes through the sole act of a viable reproduction Kochan had an affinity to grief with death being the ultimate

seducer of his sensualities. At times death becomes the ultimate escapism; a respite to his chaotic predicaments and then there are moments when the thought of death compels him (Kochan) to ponder on the possibilities of an honorable life. Similar to the face of a Kabuki actor that metamorphoses with each dab of paint into a supernatural being the snippets of death from Kochan's empathetic soul transcends death to be the pinnacle of eroticism. "Although war might bring the annihilation of human prejudices with life then becoming the utmost valuable thing yet the very origin of war lies in festering prejudices and sadistic verdicts. Given that this book is also perceived as a semi-autobiographical sketch of Mishima one can notice glimpses of Kabuki ; a theatrical art that Mishima often viewed as a child along with his grandmother. This may be naïve of me but I find it hard to believe that a sentence as wooden as The pleasure you experience at this moment is a genuine human feeling could be anything but a failure of translation. But how? To begin living my true life...even if it was to be pure masquerade and not my life...The price of that decision at least in part is paid by the author himself: in 1970 at the age of 45 the real flesh and blood Mishima took a knife sliced open his stomach and as required by the rite of seppuku was decapitated. We know what he did with the 'sword' - here is what he could do with the pen: [at a train station after an air raid]As we went along the passageway we did not receive even so much as a reproachful glance. A man who died trying to rescue his sweetheart was killed not by the flames but by his sweetheart; and it was none other than the child who murdered its own mother when she was trying to save it. His crowning achievement the Sea of Fertility tetralogy—which contains the novels Spring Snow (1969) Runaway Horses (1969) The Temple of Dawn (1970) and The Decay of the Angel (1971)—is considered one of the definitive works of twentieth century Japanese fiction. His crowning achievement the Sea of Fertility tetralogy—which contains the novels Spring Snow (1969) Runaway Horses (1969) The Temple of Dawn (1970) and The Decay of the Angel (1971)—is considered one of the definitive works of twentieth century Japanese fiction. In 1970 at the age of forty five and the day after completing the last novel in the Fertility series Mishima committed seppuku (ritual suicide)—a spectacular death that attracted worldwide attention:

Run like a treasured vinyl but repeated runs rob it of its haunting melody and its crushing palpability: لم يخطر ببالي بأن ميشيما يمكن أن يكون مثلياً. مثليّ، وهذه نقطة لصالح ميشيما الروائي، القادر أبداً على الانسلاخ عن حقيقته والتخلق داخل أبطاله: عادية! أن تطمح بالعادية ويخذلك الواقع . قوله عن حزنه كان بعيداً عن الدرب المطروق للانفعالات الإنسانية وقع على رأسي مثل صاعقة، قراءة اعترافات قناع تجربة مؤلمة، ومهمة - أزعج - لكي ننسلخ عن أنفسنا قليلاً 9638568054 ونجرب آلام الآخر: For many years I claimed that I could remember things from the time of my birth. Whenever I said so the grownups would laugh at first.

Is a coming-of-age story of a young boy who struggles with his queerness. When Kochan happens upon a reproduction of Reni's Saint Sebastian in a book he is immediately drawn to the overt homoeroticism of the work, The perfect male physique paled with the gashes and wounds of the arrows implanted within his torso act as a mirror for the novel itself: For the two main themes of Confessions (and quite a lot of Mishima's other works) are male queerness and sadomasochism, The idea of being a stranger in a crude savage land seemed more plausible for an unflustered life: The commencing of a platonic love affair with Sonoko further propels Kochan's remorseful conscience in a claustrophobic existence: The desire of an impassive kiss from a woman; the desperate need for an embryonic feeling of heterosexuality, "It was in death that I discovered my real 'life's aim': "The gory images of mutilation and blood filled hallucinations had always ravaged Kochan's mind: Right from his childhood.

Confessions of a Mask tells the story of a Japanese boy's development towards a homosexual identity during and after the Second World War, A remarkably handsome youth was bound naked to the trunk of the tree: His crossed hands were raised high and the thongs binding his wrists were tied to the tree. No other bonds were visible and the only covering for the youth's nakedness was a coarse

white cloth knotted loosely about his loins, The arrows have eaten into the tense fragrant youthful flesh and are about to consume his body from within with flames of supreme agony and ecstasy, But there is no flowing blood nor yet the host of arrows seen in other pictures of Sebastian's martyrdom. Instead two lone arrows cast their tranquil and graceful shadows upon the smoothness of his skin like the shadows of a bough falling upon a marble stairway. That day the instant I looked upon the picture my entire being trembled with some pagan joy. The monstrous part of me that was on the point of bursting awaited my use of it with unprecedented ardour upbraiding me for my ignorance panting indignantly, My hands completely unconsciously began a motion they had never been taught, I felt a secret radiant something rise swift-footed to the attack from inside me: Suddenly it burst forth bringing with it a blinding intoxication : It can be argued that human identity is composed of a plethora of masks each and every one carefully crafted and subsequently picked out for any occasion that might arise: Some are most comfortable to wear fitting smoothly on that most expressive part of our bodies the human face: Others might bring about some slight initial discomfort but on the whole are quite innocuous even lending a thrill here and there, Those the user will come to realize sooner or later can be worn for a limited period of time, They quickly become menacing existential threats and have to be dispensed with ere the abyss opens up before him and swallows him whole, There are multiple layers of his psyche explored here themes touched upon which all would play out in his later work - and most tragically life as well. These passages provide a clear hint for what was to follow: Also disturbing is the supreme titillation Mishima found in the convergence of male youths torture and death by all manner of gruesome ways. One imagines detailing these grotesque erotic fantasies could either make or break a budding author from the moment he admits to them: Confessions of a Mask is a brave and powerful piece of detailed rather Freudian self-examination: Throw the clear influence of Huysmans's decadent hero Des Esseintes in there and you end up with an intriguing recipe for a novel: Alas this is not the fully-formed masterful Mishima I first encountered in his stupendous Spring Snow : All the elements of his future masterpieces are patently present but he hadn't arrived at a controlled fruitful synthesis of those yet, Yet contained within are some truly gorgeous descriptive passages to immerse yourself in which prefigure that older Mishima I cherish so much. His soaring ambition and talent must be obvious to anyone who reads him: It is quite impossible to deny even by his most ardent detractors, As for me I can't wait to continue my - roughly chronological - exploration of both the man (in all his glorious complexity) and the writer. I've read quite a bit on Yukio Mishima and he seems to have been an interesting intelligent and complex character: But Mishima's protagonist can take the liberty because he is behind a mask. His frail body that fails him in school denigrating his boyish flavour to a handful of jokes holds up its masculine remnants at nights because he is behind a mask. His unexpected but secretly nurtured corporeal attraction towards his senior Omi survives the onslaught of conservatives because he is behind a mask: It is not pain that hovers about his straining chest his tense abdomen his slightly contorted hips but some flicker of melancholy pleasure like music, I had a presentiment then that there is in this world a kind of desire like stinging pain, Looking up at that dirty youth I was choked by desire thinking I want to change into him thinking I want to be him. But masks fall and with them fall something that cannot be defined in lumps of clay or words: Mishima's tale is an exploration undertaken by a young man into the lanes of his sexuality, Part-autobiographical part-allegoric Mishima rips open his heart to bare his innermost battles and jumps in its midst as the lone wager from both sides, Even in his salacious exploits one can notice his disdain towards the outcomes of war: I was the only one who did not have genuine lung trouble, His initiation of the reader into the Tokyo of 1940s is authentic and unenthused and thus not without merit, The beauty captured in his language dances to its master's intent which is yet again expectedly tainted with hues of melancholy and unfulfillment, The narrative turns in time raucously masochistic and this is precisely where I leave his company for my errands. For over a year now I had been suffering the anguish of a child provided with a curious toy. This toy increased in size at every opportunity and hinted that if rightly used it would be quite a delightful thing. But directions for its use were nowhere written and so when the toy took the initiative of wanting to play with me

my bewilderment was inevitable, But most people do not become obsessed with the idea at any rate not as early as I did, By the end of childhood I was firmly convinced that it was so and that I was to play my part on the stage without ever revealing my true self, Contrary to my expectations that everyday life which I feared showed not the slightest sign of beginning, Instead it felt as though the country was engaged in a sort of civil war and people were giving even less thought to tomorrow than they had during the real war. *****Yukio Mishima was drafted in 1944 and narrowly missed fighting in the Philippines due to a failed medical exam. He wrote this novel shortly after he graduated law school in 1947: After a year he quit his job at the Ministry of Finance and became a full time writer, He was already published in high school receiving recognition but his father opposed writing as a career. 'Confessions Of A Mask' released in 1949 became a bestseller: Although written as a novel this book is a barely fictionalized autobiography of Mishima's life from birth in 1925 to age 24: An imagined life and affinity for myth make it anything but a literal account, Kochan a form of the author's given name recalls his postnatal bath and naming ceremony at one week old, Picture books of Joan of Arc movies of Cleopatra fairy tales of Andersen kabuki and magicians fill his dreams, He begins to dress up like the feminine characters he has seen, He sleeps in the sick room of his aristocratic grandmother his grandfather a failed businessman. His father is a bureaucrat always away mother busy with his siblings, Slayers of dragons endure torture ordeals awakening masochistic yearnings. Frail in health forbidden to play with boys he spends his days with nurses and maids, As he gets older he is expected to display a more masculine side an imposition he sees as a masquerade, In games with girls of make believe war he pretends to die in battle: At twelve he begins to notice the half naked bodies of men at processions and seashores of samurai warriors and sumo wrestlers, Moving back to his parents home he discovers the art of Greece and Rome and ultimately the martyrdom of St: Sebastian as his grandmother grieves for the loss of her boy. In middle school Kochan falls in love with his classmate a mature but delinquent youth yet jealousy overcomes his infatuation, Instead he attempts to conceal from himself the nature of his desires. War begins as he enters high school military drills de rigueur; smoking drinking dirty jokes and adolescent urging to kiss his friend's elder sister, Near the end of the war his father insists he attend college a futile pursuit as he expects to die in battle his family in air raids, Kochan convinces himself he can fall in love with a woman without feeling passion a concept of platonic love in conflict with his basic instincts. Rather than a glorious end he is sent to work building Zero planes in an industrial cult of suicide. He lies about his health in an army examination and is filled with shame. In the bombing of Tokyo buildings are knocked down to control the flames: The sister of a friend leaving for the war is led on by him and he becomes anxious to escape. In a letter to his publisher Mishima had vowed to be as 'precise as possible' and to make himself both the 'executioner and executed': He delivered as was promised with painful and searching detail. It is a document of his suffering and self discovery and one that may have hurt others along the way: Many growing up have experienced some similar struggles although perhaps not as dramatically as told in this account. His literary career encompassed 35 novels 50 plays 25 short story collections and 35 books of essays before his death in 1970 at age 45, As a modernist writer in postwar Japan he delved unsparingly into the psychology of his fictional self. The novel follows Kochan a queer male from birth to young adulthood as he realizes and reckons with his sense of difference from most boys: Influenced by the work of French modernists the novel forgoes conventional plot and instead fictionalizes the author's personal history. In precise elevated prose Mishima sketches Kochan's interiority with great sensitivity over the course of a few hundred pages, Disturbing sadomasochistic fantasies art criticism and philosophical musings recur throughout the book and the Japanese political climate is periodically referenced but not considered at length. 9638568054 It is crazy to think that next year we will be celebrating Confessions of a Mask's 70th birthday. Mishima's queer classic his second novel (written in his early 20s) and earliest currently available in English particularly in the works of Edmund White. I was not aware of just how much of A Boy's Own Story owns a debt to Confessions: In fact nearly all major coming-of-age queer tales seem to eventually trace their genealogy back to Kochan, An engrossing and influential tale Confessions of a Mask is still as fresh (and shocking) in

2018 as it was in 1949: It was the foundations upon which Mishima planted his immense literary legacy: The air grew heavier as the blood soared; the sensuality insect crawled with an unprecedented ardor blinding the intoxication that arose from a monstrous swell. A topless Barbie lay besides the naked breasts of a doll immersed in nicotine fumes: A worn sponge was being a dutiful servant to the slapping fingers; white mist covering a bare face: "Indeed of all kinds of decay in this world decadent purity is the most malignant, Love is a shapeless sensation that at times normalizes irrationalities. Love has always been an anomalous creature; sensuality flooding sanity into passionate disorders, 'Confessions of a Mask' is a convoluted mêlée of a remorseful conscience between the standardized societal normality and abnormalities. "How would I feel if I were another boy? How would I feel if I were a normal person?" Kochan keeps referring to himself as an abnormal person. For Kochan the sensuality of a woman is equated to the same emotion that arises from viewing a "broom" or a "pencil": He was fascinated with "tragic lives"; a feeling of nothingness that emerged from self-renunciation captivated Kochan: Masturbating to the vision of a young male teacher and not to the thought of a naked woman made Kochan question the legitimate normality of his pubescence, Mishima keeps homosexuality afloat in the stormy waters of social mores, In a homogeneous spiritual Japanese society the existence of homosexuality was even more unimaginable than an actor's factual face in a Kabuki theatre. The protagonist's continuous struggle is heartbreaking to read particularly to glimpse a world ridden with hypocrisies of insecure minds: A world where rape incest is placed on a identical immoral dais as homosexuality is certainly a malignant society, A man should not be made to feel guilty if his heart craves the touch of another man. Love is a warm shadow where we find refuge from our own wars. It was as if fate had made him fond of the sinister dwellings of death; a sort of an admonition of his burdensome future: The salient features of the ongoing Japanese war further enhance the foundation of death, Death becomes a coveted symbol of equality demolishing societal discrepancies and at the same time a harbinger with a prejudicial mask, "With the beginning of the war a wave of hypocritical stoicism swept the entire country", "The condition they has faced and fought against there --- that of a life for a life had probably been the most universal and elemental that mankind ever encounters, ""Life for a life"; the Hammurabian ethics that rule the entire system of a war exemplifies the sadistic hypocrisy that thrives in the human society. In order to validate the significance of our own lives and its choices we condemned the lives of others and curse their preferences, Mishima compares the absurdities of the war with Kochan's dissolute commotions. In a peculiar way the onset of the war brings a solace to Kochan with the hope of an annihilation of his secret life: Whereas the restitution of a peaceful aftermath evokes a personal conflict that Kochan would have to face in on a daily basis: Mishima gives an enlightening inference of how assorted masquerades of life are vanished when humanity dwells at the gates of death, "In the fire these miserable ones had witnessed the total destruction of every evidence that they existed as human beings, Before their eyes they has seen human relationships love and hatreds reason property all go up in flame: "And at times it had not been the flames against which they fought but against human relationships against love and hatreds against reason against property: At the time like the crew of a wrecked ship they have found themselves in a situation where it was permissible to kill one person in order that another might live, War had become an identical apologetic entity of auto-hypnosis and self-deceit that Kochan himself had metamorphosed into, In order to save a life it was permissible to kill another, In order to keep a façade of "normality" it became permissible to obliterate the true-self. It is not surprising to spot the element of death taking the centre stage at many instances, Being Kawabata's protégé Mishima employs similar philosophies seen in Kawabata's prestigious works - Beauty in death and its opulence lost in its own excessiveness, In Seppuku a suicide ritual also exercised by the author himself; the samurais embellished their faces with subtle make-up before succumbing to the self-inserted sword. The samurais ached that their death would restore the very same honor and beauty that life had stolen from them: The decorated mask-like visage being a significant representation of this ancient Japanese art: It viciously smiles in nostalgic moments of twelve year boy masturbating to the standing picture of St. Sebastian and the nascent obsession of an eight year old girl: It howls

as it hypnotizes the soul into a mass of self-deceit in a machine of falsehood. Similarly as the ownership of a travel is lost with its commencement the journey of mask becomes a reckless place for riots and revolutions. "Why is it wrong for me to stay just the way I am now? I was fed up with myself and all for my chastity was ruining my body: Even if it was to be pure masquerade and not my life at all still the time had come when I must make a start must drag my heavy feet forward. Be Strong!!" At the end of the day the mask had cursed the face, I think the model here is Marcel Proust's *In Search of Lost Time* with a bit of André Gide thrown in. I'm afraid the narrator has also read far too much Freud, It's a wonder then he didn't know something more about the concept of projection. For the early memories recounted here those of a child three or four years old are clearly imbued with the erotic sensibility of an experienced adult. You might argue that the novel is pretentious—and oh God it is!—but it's also a work of burning ambition and monumental talent. So a problematic but fascinating novel especially for those interested in the issues homosexuals have historically faced in Japanese society: A novel of inner turmoil and a study into the nature of desire. 9638568054 A book can be a doorway into another human heart - that is the power of reading. The price of entry however is sometimes high - what we find can be so disturbing that we question if we really want to go there even for a visit: *Confessions of a Mask* takes us to some dark places, Living without any form of protection would be living with an open skin: But our masks are usually light easily taken off or exchanged as need be: The title seems to imply a promise - all will be revealed - because after all it is the mask who is confessing: Written under a pseudonym Yukio Mishima we are given what seems to be a story about a youth named Kochan. But surely it is the secret memories feelings and pain of one sad little Kimitake Hiraoka: Yes it is told in a disarmingly simple style that can be easily breezed through however you'll want to pause reflect study it - a careful reading is very enlightening: Obsession with death - the painful knowledge of the impermanence of life and the need to control it - is the true face underneath the mask. The one way to do that is to exit life on one's own terms, And also there's the desire to control beauty - and the strongest power over beauty like life is to destroy it: For many years I claimed I could remember things seen at the time of my own birth: And as it turns out there is the imagination that like the *Little Prince* or *David Copperfield* is larger than the grownups around him can handle: She was from a Samurai family and she implants pride and purpose in him, He obsesses over books pictures - and on one in particular of a beautiful knight. When he found out that it was Jeanne D'Arc not a man why did that knock him flat? ...the sweet fantasies I had cherished concerning his death were now gone, When he was about 12 years old and a certain 'toy' made its wishes known to him, It raised its head toward death and pools of blood and muscular flesh. Sebastian and he develops a strong attraction to a boy named Omi. In his mind he invents a murder theatre (in one scenario a student is violently murdered put on a table at a banquet and then I thrust the fork upright into the heart. Holding the knife in my right hand I began carving the flesh of the breast gently thinly at first...): He becomes disgusted with my true self and feeling the urge to begin living, His ideal was 'bunbu ryodo' the way of the pen and the sword, Our very existence was obliterated by the fact that we had not shared in their misery; for them we were nothing more than shadows, I was emboldened and strengthened by the parade of misery passing before my eyes: I was experiencing the same excitement that a revolution causes: In the fire these miserable ones had witnessed the total destruction of every evidence that they existed as human beings, Before their eyes they had seen human relationships loves and hatreds reason property all go up in flame. And at the time it had not been the flames against which they fought but against human relationships against loves and hatreds against reason against property, At the time like the crew of a wrecked ship they had found themselves in a situation where it was permissible to kill one person in order that another might live. The condition they had faced and fought against there--that of a life for a life--had probably been the most universal and elemental that mankind ever encounters: *Confessions of a Mask* by Yukio Mishima 9638568054 Yukio Mishima (三島 由紀夫) was born in Tokyo in 1925. He graduated from Tokyo Imperial University's School of Jurisprudence in 1947, His first published book *The Forest in Full Bloom* appeared in 1944 and he established himself as a major author with *Confessions of a Mask* (1949). From then until his death he continued to

publish novels short stories and plays each year. In 1970 at the age of forty five and the day after completing the last novel in the Fertility series Mishima Yukio Mishima (三島 由紀夫) was born in Tokyo in 1925. He graduated from Tokyo Imperial University's School of Jurisprudence in 1947. His first published book *The Forest in Full Bloom* appeared in 1944 and he established himself as a major author with *Confessions of a Mask* (1949). From then until his death he continued to publish novels short stories and plays each year. But one doesn't discard such souvenirs because. The moment for parting stood waiting eagerly. A vulgar blues was being kneaded into time. 9638568054 . Both are explored beautifully through Mishima's unflinching prose. Death being the only rescue..... My blood soared up; my loins swelled as though in wrath. . Yet there exists another more treacherous type of mask. Fortunately for Mishima it made him an international phenomenon. And for good reason. As a full-length novel it falls short a tad. He was just too young. *Forbidden Colours* is next on the list. I look forward to reading more of his works. I was pretending instead that I had a bad heart. In those days one had to have either medals or illness. Everyone says that life is a stage. It was translated to English in 1958. Kochan's family life mirrors Mishima's. From his gate he watches the soldiers march by. Smelling their sweat he has fantasies of death and blood. This breakthrough novel is brilliant and disturbing. Moving and well worth reading. An essential book in the queer canon." - Stephan Zweig. "Lust they say corrupts the purity of love. Puberty brings lust; maturity bestows love. A woman should not be ostracized for loving another woman. Death plays a dual role in Kochan's clandestine existences. War being the perfect example of fading allure of death. The seducer being deceived by it own seduction. "Everyone says life is a stage." The freshly sculpted mask stares ardently into the mirror. I had thought that with earnestness". "I was feeling the urge to begin living my true life.". 9638568054 Second reading. A portrait of the artist as a solipsistic young queen. This aspect of the novel seemed strange to me. I am not sure why the author wanted it. Mishima was 24 when he published the book. I do long for an alternate translation. And the book is rife with such sentences. But not a political novel. We all have masks of course. This mask is made of stone. Well this exposé is more apparent than real. And yes there is violent homo-eroticism in *Confessions*. That I think is a mask within masks. This is a person with a very strong death drive - i.e. a desire to take power from death. This is an opening sentence packed with meaning. There is some ambiguity in the word 'claimed'. There is the very stubbornness of the claim. Kochan was an unchildlike child. His childhood was largely spent in his grandmother's sickroom. There's another image he obsesses over St. His fantasies go beyond mere sexual attraction. A fountain of blood struck me full in the face. He believed they could join only at the moment of death. We were ignored. In spite of this scene something caught fire within me. {site_link}.