purpose), but purely because they think he is a terrific writer.

Having spoken with editor Brigid Hughes in New York, I had the impression that the producers of A Public Space simply want the best writing in their magazine: they are not interested in being politically correct, or appearing culturally broad-minded. Likewise, The New Yorker magazine, which has been publishing Haruki’s stories for years and has recently published a story by Yoko Ogawa (and is about to publish another one by her), never makes any fanfare about having a translated story by a foreign writer.

In fact, fiction by Japanese writers such as Ogawa and Hiromi Kawakami have much in common with what many young American writers—Kelly Link and Aimee Bender are probably the best examples—have been producing in recent years, especially in the ease with which they move from seemingly realistic modes to fantastical modes. (Kawakami’s newspaper review of the Japanese translation of Bender’s The Girl in the Flammable Skirt, in addition to being an apt reading of Bender, reads like someone else’s apt review of one of Kawakami’s own books). American fiction and Japanese fiction are increasingly similar—although Americans are, at least as of this writing, much more obsessed with the loss of family than their Japanese counterparts.

Let us hope more journals and publishers will become interested in contemporary Japanese literature. Writers like Ko Machida, with his extremely versatile style, will be a real challenge for translators. But why not try? As far as translation is concerned, where there’s a will (and a passion), there’s always a way. And now, it seems—there might be an audience.

(International subscription of A Public Space can be arranged at the magazine’s website: http://www.apublicspace.com/subscribe.html)

A Further Note on the Interaction between Faulkner and Hemingway

TANAKA Hisao (Hiroshima University)

When I wrote a paper on the interaction of Faulkner and Hemingway, focusing on the former’s “ripple theory” and the latter’s “iceberg theory”—
a paper published in the 3rd issue of *The Hemingway Review of Japan* (2002) —I tried to explore both authors' textual resonances in some details. For at that time I had in mind the observation by H. R. Stoneback in *A William Faulkner Encyclopedia* that “[Thomas L.] McHaney’s argument concerning Hemingway’s presence in *The Wild Palms* needs to be extended to Hemingway’s *The Garden of Eden*, which is, in one sense, a response to *The Wild Palms*” (170). I thought my paper managed to shape into a substantial form the essential points of differences, and similarities, between the two great American modernists.

However, only recently did I recall William Styron’s comment in his interview on Faulkner and Hemingway: “It would be impossible to conceive of a writer who is not deeply influenced by some other writer or writers. Where would Faulkner have been without Joyce? Where would he have been without Hemingway? Read a marvelous story of Faulkner’s called ‘Red Leaves’ which is about the Indians in Mississippi back in the early part of the nineteenth century. It’s a wonderful story, and it’s seriously influenced by none other than Ernest Hemingway” (54). At first I thought Styron had in mind the two works—Hemingway’s “Indian Camp” (1924) and Faulkner’s “Red Leaves” (1930)—so I decided to neglect Styron’s comment as a riddle or probably his misreading, because I could find no correspondence between those two short stories. All of a sudden, then, the idea dawned upon me that Styron might have mistaken “A Justice” (1931) for “Red Leaves,” since both stories, included in the wilderness section of *Collected Stories of William Faulkner* (1950), treat Native Americans (Indians) in Mississippi. If my speculation is correct, then we can detect the interesting textual responses between his two great predecessors.

As to Hemingway’s typical initiation story of Nick Adams, the Indian husband’s suicide is usually considered to be caused by his inability to endure the harsh pain and screams of his wife in labor who suffers from the cruelty of the “Caesarian with a jack-knife” (19) by Nick’s father, but the suicide has haunted me as unnatural for the baby’s “proud father” (20), however hard his wife’s anguish may be in the forced birth without anaesthetic. I was then reminded of some papers discussing Uncle George’s
paternity, suggesting that he is in fact the father of the Indian woman's baby. Kenneth Bernard, for example, convincingly argues: "The baby, a half-breed, is thus a mixture of the two cultures. . . . Nick is not only recoiling from the crudity of the medical details, or from the life and death situation, but also from the cruelty of the cultural caesarian" (291).

In Faulkner's "A Justice" which also employs the frame of an initiation story—a story of Quentin Compson as a boy observer—Sam Fathers is introduced as a son of Crawford, a Chicasaw Indian brave, and a black slave woman, and her real black husband has to accept the fate of a cuckold, just like the Indian husband in Hemingway's story. Sam Father's original name "Had-Two-Fathers" (345), conveying the tragic as well as the comic, is symbolic of "a mixture of the two cultures," or metaphorically a mixture of three cultures because of the suggestion of the dominant white culture embodied by the Compson plantation where Sam is a carpenter and of the Chicasaw [Choctaw] chief Doom's corrupted mimicry of the white man's ways in possessing "the Plantation, the Negroes, [Sam's] mammy" (344). Thus we can easily sense the "influences" of Hemingway on Faulkner, or we should rather say the implications of abundant intertextual resonances between them, which, I argue, will be of further help to the study of their attempt to historicize, directly or indirectly, Native American cultures in their texts.

Works Cited
This past summer I enjoyed a reunion with my old friend Tony Pinkney in Oxford, UK, for the first time in nearly twenty years. Thanks to the mostly magical effect of the Internet, I easily conjured Tony out of the website of the University of Lancaster, his present affiliation. Picking us up at the café on the second floor of the Blackwell Bookstore, he gave me and my wife Mari a wonderful "Inklings" tour, which ended up with beers at The Eagle and Child, where J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and their friends used to flock together.

Since he has consistently focused on British writers and critics such as William Morris, D. H. Lawrence and Raymond Williams, you might not be so familiar with this scholar-critic. We first came to know each other at a monthly meeting of the Tokyo Chapter of ALSJ in the spring of 1983. In the heyday of deconstructive criticism, which reached its climax with the death of Paul de Man in the same year, one of my elder colleagues Prof. Michiko Naka generously introduced me to Tony, who was then a lecturer at Senzoku Gakuen Junior College and the husband of her close friend, Virginia Woolf scholar Makiko Minow Pinkney. We became friends immediately; Tony wanted to share his interests in theory with someone of the same generation, and so did I.

I vividly remember getting together with him often at a pub located in the basement of Parco in Shibuya, discussing subjects ranging from trends in post-Marxist criticism to the frontier of post-Derridean reading. As an avid reader of Raymond Williams and an excellent disciple of Terry Eagleton at Oxford, he was editing and distributing the critical journal *News from*