

### **Shakespeare Lectures (with Angel Foundation)**

**May 30.** Teaching Shakespeare in Japan. From 1954 to 1962, from graduation at Oxford till teaching at Sophia University, a fallow period (except for book on *Shakespeare and Catholicism*, by H.Mutschmann and K.Wentersdorf, reviewed in article for *Seiki*). During this period, travel to Japan in summer 1954, study of Japanese at Taura 1955-57, study of theology at Kami-Shakujii 1957-61, ordination to priesthood March 1960, tertianship at Hiroshima 1961-62.

Then at last, after 19 years of Jesuit formation, entitled to teach English literature, specializing in Shakespeare, to Japanese students. Material for classes on Sh. Put together in first published book, *An Introduction to Shakespeare's Plays* (Kenkyusha) for fourth centenary of Sh's birth 1564. Then commissioned to organize centenary year with various celebrations, culminating in hospitalization with TB at Sakura-machi for 5 months (May to September). A dramatic reversal, but *fukochu no saiwai* granted sabbatical leave 1965-66, with research fellowship at Shakespeare Institute, Birmingham, enabling me to bring out book on *Shakespeare's Religious Background* (Sidgwick & Jackson, London, Indiana UP, America, Hokuseido, Japan) in 1973.

On reflection, regarding all the plays of Shakespeare from this point of view, one stands out from all others, like Mt Everest among the Himalayas, *King Lear* – to be introduced (mostly) in Lear's words:

Act I. *Lear and Cordelia*. “Nothing. Nothing? Nothing. Nothing will come of Nothing, speak again!” / *Regan*. “He hath ever but slenderly known himself.” / “Who is it that can tell me who I am?” / *Fool*. “Lear’s shadow.” Act III “Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow! You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout,/ till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!” / “Here I stand, your slave,/ A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man.” / “Poor naked wretches, whereso’er you are,/ That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm.” / “Is Man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou art the thing itself. Unaccommodated Man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.” Act IV “I am the king himself.” / “I know thee well enough. Thy name is Gloucester. Thou must be patient. We came crying hither. / I will preach to thee. Mark! / When we are born we cry that we are come/ to this great stage of fools.” / “I am a very foolish, fond old man...Do not laugh at me,/ For as I am a Man, I think this lady/ To be my child Cordelia.” *Cord*. “And so I am, I am.” Act V. “Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stone! / Had I your tongues and eyes, I’d use them so / That heaven’s vaults should crack!” / *Albany*. “O, see, see!” *Lear*. “Thou’lt come no more,/ Never, never, never, never! / Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir./ Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,/ Look there, look there!”