



The second quarter of 2024 has continued to enrich the UK's cultural landscape with an impressive variety of books, exhibitions, and events that delve into different facets of Japan. The latest issue of *The Japan Society Review* presents five reviews, each crafted by our dedicated volunteer reviewers, providing insightful reflections on these engaging works.

We begin with Christopher Harding's *The Light of Asia*, a profound exploration of the cultural and intellectual exchanges between Japan and the broader Asian context. Harding's work illuminates the historical and spiritual connections that have shaped modern Japan.

Next, Catherine Butler's *British Children's Literature in Japanese Culture: Wonderlands and Looking-Glasses* offers a fascinating examination of how British children's literature has influenced and been reinterpreted within Japanese culture. Butler's scholarly approach provides a unique perspective on the cross-cultural dialogue between the two literary traditions.

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In *Mongrel*, debut novelist Hanako Footman presents a powerful narrative that confronts issues of identity, belonging, and cultural hybridity. Footman's evocative storytelling captures the complexities of living between worlds and the search for self amidst cultural intersections.

The Meiji Guillotine Murders by Yamada Futaro transports readers to the dark and gripping world of Meiji-era Japan. This historical detective novel intricately weaves mystery and history, shedding light on the sociopolitical turbulence of the time through the lens of a chilling murder investigation.

Lastly, we explore the visual arts with the exhibition *Yoshida: Three Generations of Japanese Printmaking*. This exhibition at the Dulwich Picture Gallery showcases the remarkable artistic legacy of the Yoshida family, highlighting their contributions to the evolution of Japanese printmaking across three generations.

Alejandra Armendáriz-Hernández

Editor

Alejandra Armendáriz-Hernández

Reviewers

Chris Corker, Laurence Green, Kimberley Reynolds, David Tonge and Shehrazade Zafar-Arif.

Image from the exhibition *Yoshida: Three Generations of Japanese Printmaking*

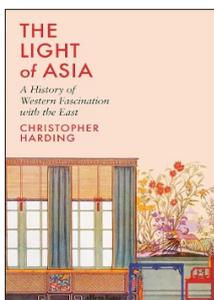
The Light of Asia

by Christopher Harding

Allen Lane (2024)

ISBN-13: 978-0241434444

Review by Laurence Green



'What is real? Who says? How should we live?' - These are the three questions that lie at the core of Christopher Harding's eminently readable effort on Asia, expanding on the Japan-centric scope of his previous two books to now encompass the continent as a whole. Wrapped up in these three questions is an attempt to tease out a broader, all-encompassing narrative that pulls on both history and philosophy as approaches to tell a story fundamental to humanity's existence: what is it about other nations, so far removed from us both spatially and spiritually, that continues to enthrall and fascinate us? Harding seeks to paint this as an enduring pattern, across a vast span of years that takes us from ancient times to the present day, a constant, endless searching for a potential greater truth to the world.

Told over three core parts, the opening movements of *The Light of Asia* - charting antiquity to roughly 1600 - fall very much within the grand historical scope of a type one can imagine from a Peter Frankopan or Simon Schama tome. From the familiar - Marco Polo in China - to the less so - tales of 'Prester John', a mediaeval Christian King believed to reside somewhere in India, the early pages of Harding's narrative dazzle with a wealth of riches; the world map veritably unfurling in real time, as new horizons are unveiled, and new realms (and religions) are revealed to those first Western travellers to the East. The wonder in these early chapters - whether recounting the familiar or unfamiliar - is palpable.

As we move forward in time - the second part of the book taking in the years 1600 to the early 1900s - the fraught history of colonialism and the need for the material riches of Asia rears its head. But more than this, as one chapter puts it, is the 'search for souls' - and it is in this central aspect, the tussling of religiosity and the prospect of converting those in the East to Christianity (but also the concurrent flow back to the West of Eastern thought and early translations of Eastern religious texts), that the book takes up what proves to be its core mantle: spirituality and philosophy. What did the East offer by way of its religions that the West did not? Early comparisons in the vein of we-do-this, they-do-that give way in the Enlightenment, via figures like Immanuel Kant, to a more considered thoughtspace

by which to consider what the likes of Buddhism and Hinduism might offer. To return to Harding's core set of questions: 'What is real? Who says? How should we live?'

The final chapter of the book's second part draws us into the world of famed mystic Madame Blavatsky, the Russian-American who through her writings and founding of The Theosophical Society in 1875 caught something of a vogue for Eastern 'inspired' spirituality, spurred on by trips to India and Tibet. Following in this vein, the book then doubles down on this interwoven trend for guru-like figures bringing the East to the West; with a number of chapters dominated by an account of Alan Watts - the man who perhaps more than any other, helped to popularise the image of Buddhism in the West. As philosophy meets psychedelics in the heady counterculture of the 1960s, the cultural exchanges spurred on by this Eastern fascination find new and intriguing outlets; chief among the examples cited here being sitar-featuring Beatles tracks like *Norwegian Wood*. These pop-cultural 'moments' serve well to punctuate the more 'thinky' philosophical thread of the book's final third, and if anything emphasise just how much the broader sense of what we now see as commonplace and part of the fabric of Western culture - mindfulness being one of the particularly astute examples presented here - are now subverted and wholly absorbed from their original Eastern point of origin.

Impressively ambitious in its mission, *The Light of Asia* both stands and falls by its variety - the cornucopia-like approach offering up fascinating tit-bits of memorably witty narrative, but always in an attempt to map one to another, to thread the needle through them all toward a possible end goal. Fans of Harding's previous books may find their mileage varies here: does the material on Germany's 'oriental renaissance', or trippy 60s beat philosophy, hold as much of a pull as the analysis of the Portuguese Jesuit's earliest efforts in bringing Christianity to Japan, for example? Imagined as a three-part documentary series, perhaps, it's easy to see the volume's punchy narrative hitting home, and the storytelling is never anything less than crisp and lucid - but there is a lot going on here, and the deeper the book gets into the inner philosophical workings of its comparative subject matter - moving from the exterior to the interior, in other words - the more onus it puts on the reader to believe in and keep pace with the importance of these connecting links.

Fascination abounds here though - and one imagines that prompted by one of the many pieces

singled out for analysis here, whether it be Victorian poet and journalist Edwin Arnold's titular *The Light of Asia* - from which Harding's book gets its name - or

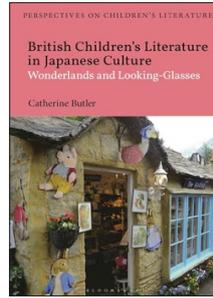
the Hindu *Bhagavad Gita* itself, like so many who have come before, the sparks of a deeper exploration will be kindled here. §

British Children's Literature in Japanese Culture: Wonderlands and Looking-Glasses

by Catherine Butler

Bloomsbury Academic (2023)
ISBN-13: 978-1350195479

Review by Kimberley Reynolds



It has been a very long time since I admired and enjoyed an academic publication as much as I did Catherine Butler's study of the long relationship between British children's books and Japanese culture. The book is meticulously researched and draws on a wide range of academic disciplines, but it is so engagingly written that it will be as accessible to lay audiences as to specialists in the field. I have been fortunate in having worked with several Japanese scholars and students over the years and in visiting Japan several times, but I learned more from this book than I have done even from these rich experiences. Butler draws on literary, scientific, biographical, autobiographical, historical, political and many other sources to construct a framework through which we can understand the appeal of British writing for children to people in Japan.

Each of the five chapters introduces a new body of work and way of understanding the impact and reception of British children's books in Japan. The Introduction is titled, 'Writing from the outside in', which I think captures the essence of this book: Catherine Butler may have begun her research as an interested outsider, but through close study of Japanese culture and language she has found a position at the intersection between British children's books and Japan. While alert to what she can never fully know or fully understand and the way her thinking is inevitably shaped by earlier Western analyses of Japanese culture, she is nonetheless illuminating about the texts, institutions, films and places she discusses. The book is principally concerned with Japanese responses to British children's books, but from her position between the two cultures, Butler frequently provides what she describes as a 'looking-glass' in which British readers will find attitudes to and assumptions about children and their books reflected

in not always flattering ways. I was particularly struck by nineteenth-century accounts of Japan as a 'Paradise' for children and babies. The approach to raising children was so different from that in middle-class British homes that several commentators write about it with a kind of awed surprise. One example is the writer Mary Crawford Fraser, whose husband was an attaché there in the 1890s. In *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan: Letters from Home to Home* (1898) she observes, 'It is, to me, most comforting to see that all that is desirable in the little people's deportment can be obtained without snubbings or punishments or weary scoldings. The Love showered upon children simply wraps them in warmth and peace, and seems to encourage every sweet good trait of character without ever fostering a bad one' (p. 25).

That discussion of childhood forms part of the first chapter, where Butler illustrates the emergence of the relationship between Japan and Britain through the lens of children's books. This is followed by a chapter that looks in more detail at the way a British presence in Japan – not least in the form of missionaries – helped bring about a body of writing for children of the kind that had evolved in the West. In other words, it resulted in the creation works by individual authors specifically for children's edification and entertainment as opposed to traditional tales for a general audience including children. Butler discusses these books as part of the drive to modernise Japan. Many of the first children's books were translations of Western classics including *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Don Quixote*. Delightfully, the Japanese love of Beatrix Potter, I learned, came from the publication of *Peter Rabbit* in an agricultural journal! I was very pleased to see that unlike so many scholars, Butler pays fulsome tribute to the translators who underpinned – as they still do – the process of introducing books from other countries.

Chapter Three takes us to the spine that supports the literary relationship between Britain and Japan by examining the creation of what Butler identifies as a Japanese canon of British children's literature – a canon that diverges significantly from the one that prevails in the UK. Japan, in fact, has preserved many texts that are now completely forgotten in their country of origin. This point is well exemplified by the case of Ouida's *A Dog of Flanders* (1872). As well as looking at well-

loved British texts such as *Tom's Midnight Garden*, *The Children of Green Knowe* and *Charlotte Sometimes*, this chapter introduces Japanese books that were inspired by such classics as Lewis Carroll's Alice books. At this point Butler moves beyond traditional printed texts to discuss adaptations and repurposings of British works in the form of anime, manga, TV, music and advertising. Logically, then, Chapter Four is a detailed case study of Miyazaki Hayao and British children's literature, culminating in extended readings of some of Studio Ghibli's brilliant animated adaptations of British children's books.

Chapters Four and Five, which covers children's literature tourism in Britain and as the inspiration for popular children's book-based theme parks across Japan, are probably the two that will be of most interest to general readers. Not all the theme parks are exclusively dedicated to British landscapes or books, but Butler's careful discussions of these elements once again make us reflect on the respect and emotion

garnered by these works abroad. (Children's books, I believe, are a too little recognised form of soft power.) Butler's photographs of these locations illustrate the chapter. She has also provided images for other chapters and the book is quite generously illustrated throughout. The quality of the reproductions is my only serious criticism of this fine volume, which concludes with a brief but thoughtful reflection on what the use of British children's books in Japan might signify. In their Japanese contexts, the reworkings of British books are affectionate, knowledgeable and deeply respectful, and yet they change the books for those British who encounter them. Similarly, Japanese tourism in Britain has changed the places they visit, as sites 'cater to Japanese fantasies of Britain...shaped in no small part by children's literature' (p. 180). This relationship is long, enduring, valuable and fascinating, as *British Children's Literature in Japanese Culture* makes beautifully clear. §

Mongrel

by Hanako Footman

Footnote Press (2024)

ISBN-13: 978-1804440438

Review by Shehrazade Zafar-Arif



Hanako Footman's debut novel, *Mongrel*, follows parallel stories of three Japanese women: Mei, biracial and living in Surrey with her white father and stepmother, grieving her Japanese mother as she navigates her identity and sexuality. Yuki, who leaves the Japanese countryside to pursue a musical career in London, where she becomes romantically entangled with her older teacher. Haruka, who runs away from her grandparents' home to become a hostess in a seedy Tokyo club after her mother's mysterious death.

The book starts out slow and a little meandering, and I found my attention wandering, until the three storylines start to merge and you realise how the characters are connected. This happens subtly, with vague hints and throwaway comments, which makes the twist feel earned rather than melodramatic. This revelation immediately quickens the pace of the book, paving the way for new questions and mysteries, and made me far more invested in the story and the characters.

That's not to say that the characters aren't compelling on their own, even when we're just receiving snapshots of their lives. Each woman's voice

feels unique, despite many of the similar themes explored by their perspectives around sex, sexual violence, racial identity, and a longing for one's homeland. Their different backgrounds and lived experiences allow them to shed light on these issues from varying angles: Mei as a biracial woman raised in predominantly white Surrey, Yuki as a Japanese immigrant in London, and Haruka as a Japanese woman in Tokyo. I enjoyed reading all their points of view, and was never disappointed when one character's chapter appeared over another's, but I'll confess I found Haruka the most interesting. This was partly because her setting was the most fascinating, from the lush descriptions of her grandparents' farm to the metropolitan frenzy of Tokyo, but also because she, compared to Mei and Yuki, seemed to have the most agency in her story. She is loud, unapologetic, and delightfully hedonistic, with a caustic charm that made her chapters fresh and entertaining, even when they were exploring dark themes.

What also made the merging storylines so enjoyable was the opportunity to see the protagonists from each other's perspectives. When Haruka and Mei meet, we see their thoughts overlapping simultaneously with each other's, each woman marvelling at how the other is prettier than her, finding beauty in each other's insecurities. After being embedded in each character's internal landscapes for so long, it was refreshing to see them in a new light. In contrast, however, the minor

characters often felt flat and were largely unlikeable, except for Haruka's grandparents, who made up some of the most emotional and endearing moments of the novel.

Footman's writing is lush and lyrical, with descriptions soaked in specificity and detail, particularly when portraying the Japanese countryside or describing Japanese food. These details make the world of the novel immersive to readers who aren't familiar with Japan and deeply evocative to those who are. In contrast to the wistful beauty of these depictions, Footman does not hold back when it comes to the ugliness in the novel, with descriptions of sex and the body that are jarring and visceral, and which make the scenes of sexual assault all the more harrowing. While uncomfortable to read, they serve as an unflinching examination of the three women's complex relationships with sex, with their bodies, and with womanhood.

One noteworthy technical feature is the lack of dialogue tags - instead, dialogue is represented through italics, in an almost poem-like fashion. Initially, this took me out of the story somewhat, and made reading the dialogue a bit jarring to follow. However, it feels appropriate in a novel with vastly less dialogue, where the majority of the story is internal, and we spend more time in the characters' thoughts and feelings than in the external world. As such, there is a strong sense of *feeling* throughout the story - when the characters feel something, they feel it a thousand times over, feel it in their body, and this feeling spills over into the language. This raw, dense writing fits well with the novel's intensity of topics and themes, but it sometimes tips into overly sentimental prose and rambling internal monologues that tend to arrest the progression of the plot.

Another clever device used by Footman, to integrate Japanese folklore into the novel, is the imbedding of three Japanese folktales into the story, with each one having clear allegorical parallels to the three women's lives. They're woven seamlessly into

the story, an allusion to the book of Japanese fairy tales Mei owns but cannot read, as if we the readers are witnessing her own interpretation of them.

At its heart, the story is a compelling exploration of Japanese identity both within Japan and outside it, and more broadly of the immigrant experience. Mei's struggles with her identity as a *hafu*, half white and half Japanese, and her regrets about how much she has tried to assimilate into English culture, symbolised by her infatuation with her white best friend Fran, would resonate with many biracial or second generation immigrant readers. All three women face the intense scrutiny of the male gaze, particularly the exoticization and fetishization of Japanese women as objects of desire. In contrast but also in parallel, we see a great deal of internalised racism and self-hatred through references to women trying to stretch their eyes or envying Mei's paler hair and Westernised features.

If I had to pick one word to describe the tone of the novel, it would be longing. Throughout there is a great, painful sense of longing: for home, whether it's Mei's rose-tinted memories of the Japan of her childhood or Yuki's fear of forgetting her homeland, so much so that she doesn't want to eat the food her mother has packed for her because it's her last link to Japan. This longing is represented, in large part, by a longing for one's mother, which is a sentiment that drives both Haruka and Mei in their choices and the way they view their lives. The figure of the mother is one that haunts the novel even when she's not on the page.

It's because of this preoccupation with grief and longing that I could forgive the book's occasional meandering and oversentimentality. Both were symptomatic of its complex, raw subject matter and the struggling psyches of its characters, as was the beautifully layered, nested structure of plot and perspectives, stories within stories, interwoven to reveal the unexpected but delightful connections between characters that culminated in a startlingly hopeful message in an otherwise bleak story. §

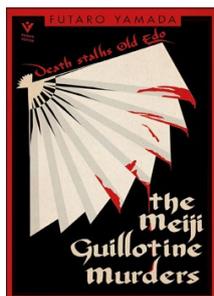
The Meiji Guillotine Murders

by Yamada Futaro
Translated by Bryan Karetnyk

Pushkin Vertigo (2023)
ISBN-13: 978-1782278887

Review by Chris Corker

Yamada Futaro (the pen name of Yamada Seiya) was discovered by Edogawa Ranpo, arguably Japan's most



famous and prolific writer of detective fiction; Yamada, however, went on to produce an impressive body of work and became a renowned writer in his own right. A large number of his stories concern the (often sneaky) exploits of ninjas. Indeed, if he is known today to English-speaking audiences it is likely by those familiar with the adaptations of his Kougou Ninja epic, including *Basilisk: The Kougou Ninja Scrolls* in its 2003 manga and 2005 anime forms, as well as the 2005

live-action *Shinobu: Heart Under Blade* adapted from the same material. Cinephiles (and incognito-window browsers) may also indirectly know his 1962 novel *Hitsugi no Naka no Etsuraku* by its transformation into Oshima Nagisa's sexually-explicit 1965 film *Pleasures of the Flesh*.

Published through Pushkin Press' Vertigo label, which in recent years has delivered translations of a number of Japanese detective stories, this first English translation of 1979's *The Meiji Guillotine Murders* gives readers a chance to experience Yamada's work directly. Set in 1869, two decades after the Black Ships forcibly lifted Japan's policy of isolationism and Western ideas began to flow into the country, the story takes place in a fraught but fascinating time of clashing institutions and ideologies. Amongst this culture of disarray, detectives Kazuki and Kawaji, part of a newly-formed police force that aims to tackle governmental corruption, are assigned to investigate a number of strange murders that seem to have no connection to one another. Fighting duplicitous officials and mediating civil unrest, the pair also struggle with their own conflicting opinions on the direction this new Japan must take.

While Pushkin recommends Yamada's novel to fans of other Japanese mystery writers such as Yokomizo Seishi, *The Meiji Guillotine Murders* is not your typically breathless thriller. On the contrary, the pace can sometimes feel leisurely, with the wider historical picture and its implications referenced throughout in authorial asides. Perhaps this is an acknowledgement of the sheer amount of instrumental changes occurring during the early-Meiji period, in which Japan, but also the very notion of what it meant to be Japanese, was evolving. While much of this was in response to a foreign threat, the country was also still reeling from a bloody civil war that re-instated the emperor as the centre of the nation after two and a half centuries of Tokugawa rule. If this snapshot of history seems a little overwhelming, then strap yourself in, because Yamada's novel delves even deeper, offering up a list of names, places and government bodies that could leave readers unfamiliar with Japan's Meiji history a little nonplussed. In fact, reading *The Meiji Guillotine Murders* it's hard to shake the feeling that the work is only really one part detective story and two parts historical fiction.

While the short introduction by Bryan Karetnyk, whose translation is accessible and reads well, does help to foreground some of the key issues of the time, this is perhaps a novel that would have benefited from more thorough notations, particularly with reference

to certain names that leave characters in the novel in awe (such as, for example, Fukuzawa Yukichi) but would likely underwhelm a reader not fully-versed in Japanese early-modern history. Elsewhere, uncommon government titles and items of clothing are left in the original Japanese but seem little more than exotic dressings. Perhaps for a story that bills itself as a pacey whodunit it might have been better to offer English alternatives to facilitate such a flow.

"There came a noise that defies description: the hiss of iron, and then a cry that mixed with wonder and horror."

Where the novel excels is in its central motif of the guillotine. An import from France where it was used to instigate a revolution, here it is brought in by the Japanese authorities to administer state justice (though who and what are really running the state is still somewhat vague). The guillotine is lauded by its proponents as a more humane alternative to the sword, the most common method of execution until the point—but the dispassionate manner in which its dispatches criminals lends it an air of sterile cruelty. A "grim spectre" that leaves criminals and prosecutors alike frozen to the spot, what the guillotine embodies is the fear of those who believed an adoption of modern western techniques was simply an unnecessary switch of processes that did nothing but dilute the cultural character of the Japanese. While the sword was considered to be a vital part of the one who wielded it (however romantically-skewed that notion may), the guillotine is a machine that seems to take the human out of the equation altogether. This sense of modernity eliminating the communal human is one that endures in Japanese cultural criticism today, finding hearty echoes all over the world. Just as the guillotine separates head from body, so a rampant pursuit of modernity can be seen as a mechanism that severs the human subject from its culture.

Sometimes in *The Meiji Guillotine Murders* there are scenes in which characters act or speak in a way as to make their personalities and foibles quite clear, only for the author to describe these traits unequivocally in the next paragraph. Exposition like this is quite common in the novel and indicative of the sort of work that readers should expect going in. While some of the characters and situations are intriguing, the prominence of the bigger picture, enduringly referenced, relegates these events, and characters especially, to the paraphernalia of a nation-defining epoch. This is a novel for those who like their history at the front and centre of their historical fiction. Similarly,

those fans of detective fiction prepared to sit patiently through historical detail to reach a conclusion that may resonate more for their efforts will also be content. *The Meiji Guillotine Murders* is undoubtedly a historical

novel, but detailing as it does a period of near-unique rapid modernisation and cultural transformation, it is a historical novel on one of the most interesting periods of not only Japanese but world history. §

Exhibition - Yoshida: Three Generations of Japanese Printmaking

at Dulwich Picture Gallery
(19 June - 3 November 2024)

Review by David Tonge

Many of us will be familiar with the printmaking of Hokusai, Utamaro and Hiroshige. But few will have had the opportunity to explore the work of the Yoshida dynasty of artists, so I will get right to the point by saying this exhibition was not what I expected, is an absolute treat and one you shouldn't miss.

If you don't know the Dulwich Picture Gallery, it's 10 mins or so by train from central London and then a short walk via Dulwich village. I am particularly fond of it because I live close by and with its leafy streets, cafes and village atmosphere you would never know you are in London. It's somewhat of a hidden gem.

But more importantly, founded in 1811 it is the world's first purpose built public art gallery. The patron's goal being to exhibit the old masters 'for the inspection of the public'.

So, it's no surprise Yoshida Hiroshi, a man with a desire to learn and be influenced by the West, had read about and visited the Dulwich Picture Gallery in 1900. It's at this point that the story begins with his signature in the preserved visitor's book of the day. The simply laid out exhibit consists of a collection of rooms each of which, aided by simple (*noren*-like) hanging graphic panels, maps the eclectic creative directions the Yoshida family pursued while maintaining the family print making business.

The star of this show is the artwork much of which is on loan from the Fukuoka Art Museum. In viewing this work, we can immediately understand the unique personality of successive generations of the family and how they might compare to their contemporaries. If you expect a 36 views of Mount Fuji kind of exhibit, you might be disappointed (although there is a 10 views of Mount Fuji) but if you are interested in how Japanese artworks can be simultaneously Japanese and Western then you will be excited by this collection.

Yoshida Hiroshi developed a complex method of creating prints, by using many more layers of colour than those before him had attempted. He wanted, according to printers who worked with him, to express emotions



and natural elements such as the air and humidity. To achieve this effect, the layering of one colour on top of the other again and again was employed.

This means that if we look at, for example, the night scene of 'Kagurazaka Dori' from his *Twelve scenes from Tokyo* series, we can see the shimmering lights in the wet road as clearly as one might in a photograph. Compared, for example, to Hokusai's ukiyo-e style prints, which are beautiful as an ethnography of Japanese life, Yoshida's work has a depth and complexity that promotes a deeper engagement with the viewer. Or is this just a Westerner's response?

Hiroshi and his wife Fujio travelled extensively in the US, Europe and Africa. Hiroshi painted some stunning images of *El Capitan* in California, *Athens at night* and the *Matterhorn*. All of which are curiously and delightfully both Japanese and Western in style.

Fujio was a force of nature. She was one of the first Japanese women to study Western art styles and one of the first Japanese women to become internationally renowned. Quite a thing in male dominated Japan – even today. Her prints from the 1950's, featuring vivid and tightly cropped views of flowers such as *Gladiolus* or *Nasturtium*, do not feel Japanese at all. They are bold in composition and colour and feel both like ad agency spreads and Georgia O Keefe's rather sexualised interpretations of the same subject matter.

In rooms two and three of the exhibit we encounter the work of Yoshida Toshi & Hodaka the two sons of Hiroshi & Fujio and then Chizuko, Hodaka's wife. In very simplistic terms the further you move away from Hiroshi the more influenced by Western art movements such as Abstract, Modernism and Pop the work becomes, but perhaps for market necessity these are peppered with returns to classic Japanese subject matter and styles.

Toshi's abstract pieces such as *Bruges* and *Misty Dance* sit happily alongside the more traditional *Stone Garden* or his overseas studies such as San Francisco and the stunning *Camouflage* where grass turns into a dynamic foreground pattern from which two tigers wait on their prey. I can't help but think his moving from one style to another positively influenced, improved and advanced the other.

Hodaka, the younger son and seemingly the rebel, was a pioneer of Japanese modernism. His work was conspicuously not Japanese in flavour, breaking both from the mainstream and with the family printmaking tradition. His 1950's work such as *Woods* and *Kite* are more about self-expression than documentation, whereas his work in the 1960's was heavily influenced by the Pop Art of Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns and Warhol. In the 1970's he went on to create prints based on photography yet returning to a connection with the ukiyo-e tradition in his use of black outlines on people and buildings and in the bokashi gradients in the blue skies of his *Mythology of the Outskirts of Town* series. Here Hodaka creates a bridge to both his brother and father's work.

Chizuko was one of the most innovative Japanese printmakers of the second half of the 20th

century. She was constantly shifting stylistic direction, unhindered by finding and maintaining a marketable style. Her early prints are quite delicate compared to Hodaka's work and have an illustrative rather than painterly flavour. But for me the stand outs are her later work such as *Cool Breeze* and *A View at the Western Suburb of the Metropolis*. Both of which are hazy blue abstracted landscapes and somehow again connect beautifully with Hiroshi's work and the tradition of Japanese printmaking.

The final room is a large-scale installation by Yoshida Ayumi, Hiroshi's granddaughter whose work is another departure from her parents and grandparents yet is an evolution of the family print making legacy, aesthetic and processes. Her work has a different emotional impact on the viewer, you are inside it, not viewing it and in this exhibit neatly brings the dynasty's connection to Western art and the Dulwich Picture Gallery full circle.

The Yoshida family were and are groundbreaking in the context of Japanese printmaking and art more generally. Please go and see it, enjoy the lovely atmosphere and brilliant curation of the Dulwich Picture Gallery where art is 'for the inspection of the public'. §

