We have all sorts of documentation of the student protests of 1968–69, but so far as I've seen, at least, there are none that mention male-female relationships behind the barricades.

That is most unfortunate. Documentation should definitely have been left concerning male-female relationships and sexual activities behind the barricades. Information to the effect that rough sex was taking place behind the barricades has been leaked by the enemies of the fighting students, but so long as those involved keep silent, it won't be possible to learn the truth. Looking around me, however, I see the vacant eyes of those who participated in the protests and who now lead the lives of average citizens. I also see the silhouettes of groups of students for whom no trace of the barricades remains, but who have instead been silently sucked back into campuses with new, higher, prisonlike fences. It is then that I want to think that something took place behind those barricades after all. And it would be good if it had been rough sex. In fact, I think it has to have been.

The other day a friend of mine appeared at a student gathering on the theme of freedom and made the young people uncomfortable by saying, "You have everything here, but you don't have unrest." Apparently he also actually thought, "You have everything here, but you don't have sexual freedom," and that night he slipped into the room of the high school girl next door, creating a fuss and ending up playing out a comedy in which he was forced to take a self-critical stance.

The other day I was a guest on a television program that gathered 150 young men and women together for critical discussion of the state of things. One young person suggested, "Instead of having this ridiculous debate, let's unzip our pants and..." He put his hand in front of his pants and not a single person responded. He didn't have the courage to do it alone, so he ended up wilting there on the spot. Judging from these incidents, I think that there must have been not a hint of rough sex, even
in a situation as close to the ideal as behind the barricades. Rough sex probably chooses its time and place. That is precisely why whether there was rough sex behind the barricades is an important question.

I am using the words "rough sex" here because I want to risk being sensational; however, the words "group sex" could be substituted. The times when group sex can take place are good times, and the places where group sex can take place are good places. Wouldn't the time when there were barricades have been a good time and the place have been a good place?

I am now thinking about sexual abundance, because I usually think about sexual poverty. We are inundated with information about sex, and there are exhaustive descriptions of images of apparent sexual abundance, depicted in as much variety as possible. Of course, as I implied when I said "apparent" sexual abundance, most of those images are false. Perhaps we can call the main current of those false images "sexual GnPlsm" or "sexual careerism."

The issue of sex has been narrowed down exclusively to a matter of sexual organs and sexual pleasure. The majority of stories in the popular weeklies and middlebrow novel magazines and the supposed "sex education pages" that fill the women's magazines all concentrate on totally fragmented issues, such as the size of the sexual organs, the intensity of sexual feeling, and the frequency of sex. Praise is given to those who can accumulate the greatest number of sexual encounters, increase their sexual sensitivity, and have the largest sexual organs; efforts to achieve these goals are applauded. This is exactly the same phenomenon manifested by postwar Japan when it turned unquestioningly and single-mindedly toward economic prosperity, proceeding blindly toward a prosperity based exclusively on numbers.

This sexual GnPlsm or sexual careerism is the flip side of what should be called the sexual militarism of the prewar era. I immediately think of the sordid story I heard during my boyhood about General Nogi, in which he says, "Let me do it—for the sake of your country," and then rapes his wife. This story is too clever to be true, and I later learned that in his youth Nogi frequented the red-light district enthusiastically. However, the thought that he really did behave that way toward his wife has always remained fixed in my mind. That is how I got the idea that all people involved in sex are dirty and that it is only permissible when it is for the sake of the country—when it is carried out to further the goal of procreating subjects, particularly soldiers, to serve the country.

Before the Meiji period [1868–1912], this type of sexual militarism consisted of imposing the morals of the warrior class on the people at large. It is easy to see how it was used to implement the Meiji political strategy of "A Rich Nation and A Strong Army." We can conclude that this alone has come to dominate the way sex has been perceived in Japan ever since.

Does this mean that in pre-Meiji Japan people thought differently about sex and had a different sexual culture? During the Edo period [1600–1868] a free sexual culture centered on the pleasure and entertainment districts that were the world of the townspeople, and a culture of communal sex also existed in the folk customs of the farm villages. Not being a researcher, I can't produce definite evidence of either of these, but above all, I do know is that both sexual cultures were crushed in the process of modernization during the Meiji period and later.

Despite this a sexual culture like that the Edo townspeople had in their pleasure and entertainment districts has managed to survive in one corner of Japanese society as an institution bequeathed from the past, but its existence has served only to reinforce the facade of sexual militarism. Meanwhile, the communal sex culture of the farm villages was quite consciously emasculated as the farm villages became the strongest base of Japan's militarism.

With Japan's defeat in the war, the sexual militarism that had completely negated sex was thrown out effortlessly in a kind of inevitable upheaval. It was superseded by sexual GnPlsm, or sexual careerism, which affirmed sex completely. That this transformation of values took place without a single ideological struggle on the part of the Japanese determined the form of sexual GnPlsm or careerism of today. Even though they were told that sex is good and to enjoy it to the fullest, the Japanese, who had known how to think of sex only negatively, didn't know how to enjoy it. Those who asserted that in the past Japan's farm villages had a communal sexual culture and that free sex bloomed in the world of the Edo pleasure districts were being frank despite the atmosphere of sexual conservatism.

In the midst of the modernization of the Meiji era and afterward, however, those things either no longer existed or did so only in a different form and on a smaller scale. Society therefore turned instead to models that had no connection whatsoever to the past. People imitated Western, particularly American, sexual culture extremely superficially. A Japanese youth who became depressed and committed suicide after comparing the size of his sexual organ to those of the Western men cited in the Kinsey Report is a symbolic example. Because they were totally ignorant that sexual culture is a true culture, the Japanese imitated theories of sexual behavior with a crazed passion. The Japanese are probably the world's most fanatical students of sex today, too. Their perversion resembles that of the students who pre-
told unashamedly as dirty stories. I scorned those older friends of mine from the depths of my soul. I wasn’t alone: all my peers did so too. Needless to say, that was the flip side of a feeling of inferiority.

My older friends were clearly superior to us in that they had fully absorbed the sexual customs of the intellectual elite who had lived during the days of sexual militarism. As a result, we weren’t included in their dirty stories. We told dirty stories among ourselves that we thought were more stylish. We did nothing comparable to visiting the red-light district in a group. Of course, individuals might have gone quietly on their own. For us, though, not being able to get a woman unless you went to the red-light district was a source of shame.

We each had our own regular partner. We didn’t tell each other what level of sexual intimacy we had reached with those “regular partners.” At the least we would all say something like, “We do it, of course,” or assume an attitude along the lines of, “If I want to, I can do it anytime.” The truth, however, must have been pitiful. While men were dragging behind them the old idea that sex was something to be ashamed of and kept hidden, women were deep in the grip of the ideas inherited by sexual careerism from sexual militarism: the prizing of virginity and the fear of pregnancy. Because the ideas of each side prescribed rules for and tied down the other, the self-proclaimed champions of the new sexuality of the supposedly free new age lived with an inner reality that was miserable when compared to the splendor of their outward appearance and spoken views.

I and others like me exposed the prewar notion that sex was something to be ashamed of and kept hidden to mystify sex. With the loss of the war, when the power of all mysterious things came crashing down to earth, sex was one of them. We were of course taught that sex ought to be glorified and enjoyed to perfection as the most beautiful act of mankind, but, for me at least, the feeling that something formerly mysterious had been exposed to the bright sunlight and revealed as a mere thing overwhelmed that lesson.

The people I saw during and after the war, the image of the streets as they appeared to me then in the form of literature and chronicles taught me that human beings are a thing and, accordingly, sex, which is one part of them, is also a thing. You might say that I scorned all human beings, including myself. I scorned sex, and so I scorned the sex of my women friends, the objects of my sexuality. Now I am able, sorrowfully, to understand this, but at the time I gave it no thought whatsoever. I was proud of myself for scorning sex, and that pride kept me going.

Precisely because of that pride I was able to survive among the ruins of Japan’s defeat in the war. And wasn’t that true of many Japanese? Self-scorning was the only way...
the prideful Japanese could survive the shocking reality of defeat. Like starved animals, the Japanese had no choice but to live scorning themselves in order to fulfill that hunger. That was already the very road that headed straight to GNPism; in a sexual context, it had a direct link to sexual careerism.

However, Japanese society did not lack a movement that sought to drive a wedge into that trend. And I was also present in one corner of that movement. The human relationships in that context—the man-woman relationships, to be precise—were far removed from this type of scorn, because they had to be carved out on a basis of human respect and freedom. At least, that was superficially true of the culture held sacred by the movement. The reality was different, however.

The fetters of sexual militarism and sexual careerism bound the activists in the movement even more firmly than they did in everyday life. I saw women willing to throw themselves at those in power in the movement and men keeping women on the pretext that they were leaders of the movement. When I saw all of this being carried out under the pretext of "the protest" or "the revolution," I knew intuitively that there couldn't possibly be either a protest or a revolution as long as the evils of the present reality were dragged unchanged into the sexual realm.

I think I was a bit of an idealist and a bit of an introvert. I thought that we needed to establish a new logic—one that was separate from the rules of reality—regarding protest, revolution, and sex. The way I dealt with sex in that context was unreasonably poor. The power of that realization has remained unchanged through today in this age of the overflowing of images of sexual abundance. At the same time in the midst of this abundance, there is definitely the scent of falsehood.

The other day at a large meeting of hard-core members of the National Federation of Students' Self-Government Associations I heard that the women activists furiously accused the executive committee or all of the male activists of discrimination against women within the movement and denounced their lack of awareness of this. I am not at all closely connected to that organization, so I receive all of my information about it secondhand, but when I hear sharp words like "you fence in your own women. What is activist about that?" I feel a combination of despair—that just as it was twenty years ago when we were in the movement, even the center of the movement today is supported by the many evils of the reality that it is trying to overthrow—and a quiet hope that a voice was raised attacking it.

Even so, it is very interesting that the women's accusations about sex came at a time when the movement is ebbing, because I think that the movement at its height embodied even more images of sexual abundance.

“The greater your labor of love, the more overwhelming your desire for revolution. The more you revolt, the more overwhelming your desire to engage in a labor of love.” This graffiti, written on a wall at the Sorbonne during France's May Revolution, is an extremely true expression of this. At such times, one person's sexuality becomes linked to all humanity. A sexual relationship with another brings about a connection with all humanity: by embracing one person, you are able to embrace all humanity. Even if I did not attain perfect joy, even if my sensation was slightly distorted, I experienced something close to that. I can't believe that sort of thing didn't take place behind the barricades in 1968 and 1969. I brazenly asked about that when I used the words "rough sex." Is sex really an individual issue? The concrete act of sexual intercourse definitely takes place between two individuals, but I believe through union with another individual one is attempting union with all of humanity and all of nature. When one falls prey to the delusion that the essence of sex exclusiveness—because at the moment of their union individuals are exclusionist—one becomes an eternal prisoner of the societal structure behind mistaken idea.

For nearly every moment of our daily lives, we are that sort of pathetic prisoner. Instinctively, however, people try to escape the fetters of such a delusion. Anticipating that, society creates purely technical escape routes, such as swapping partners and sex outside marriage. Insofar as these escape routes do not aspire to break through the myth of sexual exclusiveness and possessiveness, however, they have no essential power.

Looking back, I wonder if my group's nonstop telling of dirty stories, our sleeping together as a group, and our visits to the red-light district weren't a distorted expression of the desire for union through sex. The custom of group sex that almost certainly existed in Japan's farm villages prior to the Meiji period and the Okinawan custom of "playing in the fields" by young men and women must have been less distorted forms of safety valves, offering release from the frustrating fetters of the concept of sexual exclusiveness.

Today, too, many types of communities are instinctively created by young people who sense the falseness of the concept of sex socially imposed on them. What kinds of sexual relationships will be forged in these communities? When one distances one's self from sexual careerism and mutual possessiveness, things can begin anew.

Would it be possible, though, to build a sexual community where all of humanity were one? It is always easy to start something, but it is difficult to make a special
moment last. Even if you extend the time by means of drugs, who can guarantee that the monopolization of woman by man or a man by woman will not occur? If so, have we any choice but to be perpetually renewing our sexual communities? The country we now live in isn't even a republic.

(Perspectives, October 1971)

At hot times like this, even thinking about "it" is disagreeable. I don't know how much of their lifetimes people spend thinking, but I sometimes wonder how much of that time is spent thinking about "it."

Of course, when one is young there are even times when one spends the whole days thinking about "it." But if this condition were to persist for one's whole life, wouldn't that be a bit abnormal?

But there really are people like that in the world. Sex scholars and sex researchers think about "it" all the time without getting bored.

The late Professor Takahashi Tetsu appeared in some of my films, and I spoke with him on a number of occasions. One time, while drinking small glasses of sake, he talked at me passionately in waves that ebbed and flowed, practically pounding on the table. "Hey, Oshima. There are many unfortunate people in the world who go to their graves with complexes about sex," he said, with a poignant expression. I was suddenly at a loss for words, and although I didn't say it, I felt, "What? Is that all? Isn't it their own business if they die with a complex?"

Although surprised, I couldn't help feeling moved somehow by Professor Tetsu's excessive thoroughness. But the dislike and suspicion I always feel for the professors in this world who research and debate about sex is rooted in the question of whether they are really able to think seriously about "it" for an entire day or an entire lifetime. If they really can, isn't that abnormal?

Not that in itself the anomalous is bad. I have a friend who was ordered by his company to make a porn film as his first film. He made the film based on a crucial decision—that he had to shoot the anomalous. I think he was right. If you intend to pursue sex directly, you have no choice but to make some sort of anomaly your theme.
For example, the majority of Nikkatsu’s so-called roman pornoro (pornographic novel) films take sex as their subject matter but not as their theme. The themes of their most highly regarded films tend to be something like adolescent rebellion; sex is merely the seasoning. This old method has been used for a long time; it is precisely why these films are attractive to superficial critics and young film buffs.

Unfortunately, the film that my friend made with sex as its direct theme was unsuccessful. It contained some breathtaking fresh descriptions, but overall it was incomprehensible. The anomaly was not expressed in physical terms. For example, in the script he writes, “Then the three have sex using all of the body’s orifices.”

I understand the feeling he was trying to convey, but this is not something that can be captured on film. It is also questionable whether the actress who played the heroine would actually have been able to engage in abnormal sex practices.

My friend told me after he made the film that he knows a genuine masochist and that he probably could have made a far better film by shooting his friend’s sexual activities with several cameras.

That probably would result in something powerful. But when you ask yourself what is being expressed in a film like that, you don’t come up with anything substantial and you still feel that particular dislike and suspicion of sex researchers and sex theories.

Pornography probably was invented as a way to avoid thinking about sex directly. If you think about “it” too intensely and become depressed, you certainly won’t feel like doing “it,” will you? Pornography restores sexual energy by eliciting them into a state of mind in which laughs foolishly about sex instead of thinking about it seriously.

In that respect, The Paper Lining of the Sliding Doors of a Four-and-a-Half-Mat Room is a little too refined. It fails to realize the effect of pornography. Since the authorities would presumably be in a bind were people to lose the desire to do “it” and stop having children, they probably did not mean to ban pornography; rather they were concerned about its becoming too refined. That may be why this film was offered up as a sacrifice.

(Half-Kidding, October 1975)

1. Reference to a Kumaishi Tatsumi film, The Paper Lining of the Sliding Doors of the Four-and-a-Half-Mat Room. Kumaishi joined the Shochiku Kyoto Studio in 1947 and transferred to the Nikkatsu Studio in Tokyo in 1949. His directorial debut film was A Life of the Front Row of the Theater (Kaburitsukai jinsei, 1968), which dealt with the lives of strippers and their milieu. After Nikkatsu launched the roman pornoro (roman pornographique) line, his career started to bloom with The Wet Lips (Nureta Kuchibira, 1972) and Ichijo Sayuri: Wet Desire (Ichijo Sayuri: Nureta Yokujo, 1972), among others.
In the Realm of the Senses became the perfect pornographic film in Japan because it cannot be seen there. Its existence is pornographic—regardless of its content.

Once it is seen, In the Realm of the Senses may no longer be a pornographic film. That may happen in Europe and the United States, where it can be seen in its entirety.

In Japan, however, there is no hope now of its being shown in public in full. Thus, even if it can be seen, In the Realm of the Senses will continue to be a pornographic film.

That it couldn’t be seen established it perfectly as a pornographic film, though that was not intentional on my part. I wasn’t thinking that far ahead when I set out to make In the Realm of the Senses. The revelations always come after I make a film.

To begin with, when a film director sets out to make a film, he does not know what type of film he will want to make.

When I made my second film, Cruel Story of Youth, in 1960, I was already engaged to my wife. I hear that when her oldest brother saw the film, he said anxiously, “I wonder if Aiko will be treated like that too?” That was probably because of the scene where Kawazookusa rapes Kiyoko Miyuki at the big timber yard in Tokyo.

I am not compelled to say so at this point, but the fact is that I didn’t take Koyama Aiko violently. However, the first sexual images to appear in my films were inextricably linked to violence.

It was publicized that Honoo Kayoko, the female star in my next film, Tomb of the Sun, said, “I love having sex,” which seems to have given my films an even deeper sexual coloring.

Shortly before that, Honoo had been involved in a double suicide attempt with a youth of eighteen, one year younger than she. Deep down, we were afraid there might be an incident during the filming. Nothing happened, however.

But the night we shot the love scene in the grasslands with the woman on top of the man, against a background of a burning sunset, was the first night she didn’t return to the hotel. I don’t know what happened. But in the back of my mind I knew that she had clearly been sexually aroused during the shooting, and I wondered why it isn’t permissible for real intercourse to take place at such times.

I hear that Honoo Kayoko is now happily married.

Matsui Yasuko appeared in In the Realm of the Senses. Long known as the “Pink Queen,” she now has the dignity of being the “Pink Empress Dowager.” At one time
she was the "Princess of Acting" at Shochiku’s Kyoto Studios. During the shooting of *Tomb of the Sun*, the "princess" came to me for an interview. More than ten years later, she told me her impression of that day, so vividly that it was as if it had happened yesterday. We were at an inn called Shinjuku in the Tennoji section of Osaka. She came lightly up to the room at the top of the stairs into which the crew was crowded. I was in the middle of the room, half-naked, and Watanabe Fumio was next to me. I wanted to give her the role of a student who goes mad after she and her lover are attacked during a rendezvous: he is killed and she is raped. She was perfect for the role. At that moment, the future "Pink Queen" had wept unrestrainedly, saying that playing that role upset her.

"I didn’t even have to go naked. All I had to do was have my chemise ripped—that was all," said the "Pink Empress Dowager," laughing animatedly as she concluded her reminiscence. She didn’t forget to add one thing: "Unlike now, though, in those days both you and I, Director, were really thin."

*Tomb of the Sun*, which featured at most a ripped chemise, was closely scrutinized by the Motion Picture Code of Ethics Committee. Sex in my films always invites warnings from the committee that are excessive because they go beyond what is shown on the screen. This was the first such instance.

I heard recently that the same thing had happened to *Tomb of the Sun* on the other side of the world, in Brazil.

In Brazil in those days, Japanese films were shown in their original language in the Japanese community. Young Brazilian film lovers would go to see these unsubtitled films. *Tomb of the Sun* caught their attention. They tried to get it shown at a regular Brazilian movie theater, but it was difficult to get it past the censors.

"But we did our best and pushed it through. That incident clearly marked the turning of a new page in sexual expression in the Brazilian film world," I was told by Glauber Rocha, who was then a young film lover and is now a representative of Brazil’s *Cinema novo*. Rocha was staying at the same cheap hotel where I was staying in Paris’s Latin Quarter. His story had a point.

"After that we waited for more than ten years, but no films directed by Oshima came to Brazil. We figured that Oshima must have been an old man who died after *Tomb of the Sun*."

Censorship in Brazil is strict. Rather than merely banning the showing of a film, its director is thrown in jail. I am depressed to see that in recent years Rocha’s work has been done chiefly in Europe.

I might have been mourning if I had died around the time of *Tomb of the Sun*. Some might have rejoiced. But I didn’t die. I left Shochiku with *Night and Fog in...*
Japan, after which I made The Catch, and then, at Toei, Amakusa Shiro Tokisada. After that there was a three-year period during which I wasn’t able to make a film, but even so I didn’t die.

In 1965, when I had read Yamada Futaro’s novel, Pleasure inside the Coffin, I was given another opportunity to make a film. Shochiku insisted that it be an original work. The story is as follows. A man commits murder for the sake of the woman he desires. His crime is witnessed by an absconder of public funds, who coerces him into keeping his money for him until he leaves prison. When the woman marries, the man decides to use up all of the money and to die before the end of the embezzler’s three-year prison term. He uses the money to buy one woman after another.

Taking a hint from posters and newspaper advertisements, I thought of these phrases: ‘Let’s buy somebody. Let’s buy a woman. Grab it: the joy of sex!’ For the title, I decided on Pleasure of the Flesh, suggested by Daiel’s Mr. Suzuki, always my best adviser. At the time of the shooting, this sexual expression was news, and the film was a big hit, but for me it was a film of many regrets.

On the one hand, during the writing of the script I was asked not to stray too far from the original work, while on the other I was compelled to omit important episodes. As always, I received excessive warnings from the Motion Picture Code of Ethics Committee before the fact, and they cut it to pieces. But more than that, I regret that my abilities were by no means equal to the task of coping with these problems.

By ‘my abilities,’ I mean things that are expressed in terms of vectors such as energy, sharpness, and courage.

My biggest regret about Pleasure of the Flesh related to the casting of the female roles. We should have used so-called pink actresses. I thought of that a number of times. But I hesitated each time.

Takachi Tetsujirô had already made Daydream and Dream of the Red Chamber. I don’t remember whether it was before or after this that I met Wakamatsu Koji at

the nostalgic, triangular-shaped "Unicorn" building in Shinjuku, but his name was already familiar to me. The new “pink” wave in film was already making ever-increasing inroads into Japanese film.

I shouldn’t have hesitated. Using the so-called pink actresses would have forced a resolve on my part—a resolve to forge ahead in the direction of complete expression. The resolve itself would have brought direction.

At that time, however, I was ultimately unable to muster the resolve. In a word, I wasn’t able to lower myself that far. I hadn’t the courage to take the plunge. Another ten years would pass before I again faced that plunge and made the necessary decision.

After Pleasure of the Flesh, my films were usually sex films. I also made films about the “Daylight Demon,” Ri Chin’û, and two major postwar sex criminals. I carefully avoided the kind of filmmaking that makes the sexual act its central concern, however. The wound from Pleasure of the Flesh was deep.

I had resolved not to make that kind of film if there were no possibility of complete sexual expression. Sexual expression carried to its logical conclusion would result in the direct filming of sexual intercourse.

I forget who said that films are desires visualized, but for me, at least, film is the visualization of the director’s desire. But the director’s desire doesn’t appear in the film directly. It appears in all kinds of convoluted forms. My fear that my desire will appear in my films has always caused me to be extremely wary of making films, hasn’t it? Haven’t I made films to hide my desires instead? Trying to hide them made them appear even more vividly.

Other desires must also burn deep in the heart of any director. Film directors want to shoot the dying. And they also want to shoot men and women (or men and men, women and women, or people and animals) having sexual intercourse.

The other day I participated in a symposium with the director Shindo Kaneto. He said, in a voice full of emotion, that he envied what I had done in In the Realm of the Senses. His eyes were wide and shining, the way children’s are when they discover something they want, and a strange energy radiated from his small body.

It was Saro Kei who said, ‘When I learn that I’m dying of cancer, I’ll let you film my death, Oshima.”

1. Takachi Tetsuji came to public attention by a “radical” theory and staging of the Takachi Kabuki in Osaka. He turned suddenly to filmmaking with The Night of Japan: Woman, Woman, Woman Story (Nihon no Yoru: Onna Onna Onna Monogatari, 1962). In the following year he made Daydream (Nakajima, 1963), which deals with a woman patient’s fantasy of rape by a dentist while undergoing treatment, and Dream of the Red Chamber (Koromo, 1963). It was his fourth film, Black Snow (Kuroi Yuki, 1964), with its repetitive scenes of sexual intercourse and of a girl’s nudity outside the U.S. Yokota Air Base and its appeals to anti-Americanism, that attracted widespread attention and generated debate. The result was indictment on a charge of obscenity. Nevertheless, he went on to make, in rapid succession, The Tale of Genji (Genji Monogatari), Stories of the Postwar Cruelties (Sango Zamokku Monogatari), Stories of Cruelty of the Ubuyo-e (Ubuyo-e Zamokku Monogatari), and The Lady of Scandal (Scandal Fujin). His publications include The Date

of the Kabuki (Kabuki no Reimei), Tradition and Disruption (Denjû to Danjutsu), Mishima Yukio: His Death and His View of the Kabuki (Mishima Yukio: Shi no Tabi to Senjû Monogatari), and Eros Accused (Sukakuru Ero).
I should have had Sato Kei and Watanabe Fumio rape Yokoyama Rei in reality. If I had done so, something would definitely have come of it. This was at the time of *Diary of a Shintoku Tsuboi*.

At that time, it also would have been all right had Taura Rolko and Mihirou Mihirou done it. It was the kind of atmosphere in which it would have been totally all right. Rolko was the kind of man who could make love any time, and Mihirou was that kind of woman. I would have had to say only, "Do it for real." But I didn’t say it, and though they actually did touch each other’s genitals, they didn’t do it, and Mihirou died, jumping from the roof of an ordinary building in Atami.

"Even so, I wonder why Anatole Dauman thought he wanted to have you shoot pornography?" I was startled when someone said that to me. I hadn’t been asked that sort of question before. Nor had I thought about it myself.

Whether because of my own unworthiness or for some other reason, I don’t get work from Japanese producers, but fortunately I get offers from Dauman and others in foreign countries. Thinking about it, though, the pornography suggestion is most unexpected. What made Dauman think of that?

I was disconcerted by Ogi Masa’s excellent question.

"Hmm. Perhaps it’s because it isn’t a discipline I excel in?

"Why would that be?"

"Hmm. Then it’s his instinct as a producer."

I can’t forget it. It was the end of the summer of 1972. I had stopped over in Paris on the way home from the Venice Film Festival, where I had taken *Dear Summer Sister*. Dauman suddenly came out with it in the anteroom of a small private showing room called the Club 70.

"Let’s collaborate on a film, a co-production. A porno. I’ll leave the content and the actual production all to you. I’ll pay for it, that’s all."

Working with him for the first time and hearing him talk about all kinds of things during the process, I gradually came to see that Dauman’s greatness as a producer lies in the fact that after proposing a project he leaves everything to the artist.

That may make him sound like an articulate, administrative kind of person, but, to my dismay, Dauman, originally an artist himself, would make a suggestion of this magnitude while laughing as though it were a joke. When he finished talking, he snickered and stared at me with his big eyes. I was completely at a loss.

The only thing to do was to smile and agree. I answered that I’d definitely like to do it, but my words lacked conviction. To cover up for that, I smiled with all my might. However, that expression was far from what you’d call a smile; it was closer to a very untidy smirk. Our interpreters, Shibata Shun, president of a French film company, and Kawakita Kazuko, were probably even more at a loss than I.

In spite of that, soon after I returned to Japan I sent two sets of plans to Dauman. One was the story of Abe Sada.

Dauman replied immediately, saying, "I want to go with Sada." Over the next three years, however, I dissolved Sozohsa and fooled around.

Three years is the same interval that passed between *Amakusa Shiro Tokisada* and *Pleasure of the Flesh*. That three years was long. I was always irritable. But the three months between the time that my first work, *A Town of Love and Hope*, earned me a demotion from the company’s executive offices and the time that I made *Cruel Story of Youth* was even longer. I spent my days and nights worrying, thinking despondently that I would never be able to make another film.

If the three years between *Dear Summer Sister* and *In the Realm of the Senses* seemed short it was because of my age, unfortunately. When I was young and always irritable, the movement of time actually felt sluggish, but now that I am in middle age, at peace with myself and free of care, time flies by like an arrow.

If a director doesn’t enjoy making a film, it cannot be interesting to its viewers. I had firmly resolved not to make any films that I could not enjoy making.

I wrote several scripts. I enjoy writing scripts, but when I am finished I feel that I needn’t go any further. I don’t have the bounce needed to leap to the next level and fix it on film.

Dauman continued to press me. During that time he must have been steadily accumulating successes, for the amount of money he offered increased little by little.

When Shibata and Kazuko left for the 1975 Cannes Film Festival, their parting words to me were, "But isn’t this about the longest Dauman will wait?" They were headed for the third Cannes with no Oshima films to sell, even though they had sold Oshima films to the world ever since the 1968 Cannes Film Festival, interrupted by the May Revolution but at which they had sold *Death by Hanging* to Anatole Dauman. Instead, they left carrying *Akae: Mano? I Can Penetrate*, directed by Kumashiro Tatsumi. They wanted to take *The Paper Lining of the Sliding Doors of a Four-and-a-Half-Mat Room*, but they avoided it because it had too many black masks.

On April 26 of that year, France launched a complete legalization of pornography. Cannes, naturally, was overflowing with it.

3. Used to cover up sexual organs. This would have attracted the attention of the censors.
June 15: Shibata and Kazuko return. June 17: I hear about Cannes from them. I hear that all of the young directors are acting in their own scenes of sexual intercourse. They were scolding me for not shooting pornography immediately.

That evening I write in my notebook that I will make a "pornographic film"—not an average "film," a "pornographic film" all the way.

To me, a pornographic film was a film of sexual organs and sexual intercourse. A film that broke taboos was to me, a pornographic film.

I would import the film stock from France, shoot it in Japan, and send it back to France for developing. That way, I could shoot everything I wanted to shoot. That is the basis on which the direction of the film was decided.

If the method of making films doesn't change, the films won't change. A new film will not emerge without a new production method.

This is how the pornographic film In the Realm of the Senses came about.

"If, hypothetically, we were to take a step back (No, go forward!) and think that our works and our actions are 'crimes' worthy of being called obscene, as in the indictment, I would probably shed tears of humiliation. They are just not worthy of that grand title, no matter what." So said the director Yamaguchi Seiichiro, defendant in the Nikkatsu "roman pornography" case.

His intention and his feelings are clear. "If these films are repressed on the pretext of obscenity, the most effective way of fighting back would be to respond to working to make the concept of obscenity meaningless, that's by creating works that are even more obscene." His words communicated his bitter conviction that the work for which he had been arrested was not sufficiently "obscene."

Is that right? It probably is.

For the present, "obscene" is a legal term. To fight a legal term, one must travel the convoluted road of making it meaningless.

My question, though, is whether an artist can truly attain "obscenity." Of course, it is easy to attain "obscenity" in a legal sense. If the point is "creating works that are even more obscene," as Yamaguchi says, In the Realm of the Senses is clearly "more obscene."

4. Yamaguchi Seiichiro's first film, Love Hunter (Koi no Kariudo: Love Hunter, 1972), was suppressed during its first-run distribution. Prints were confiscated and the director was arrested. While the case was pending, he made Love Hunter: Desire (Koi no Kariudo: Yokubō, 1973) in which the heroine, a student stripper, is arrested by the Tokyo Municipal Police on the same charge of "obscenity in public" for which Yamaguchi himself was indicted. Nikkatsu has not employed him since then, but he directed Kihara Tokoku: My Winter Song (Kihara tokoku: Watashi no Uta) in 1977.

But I don't feel at all as if I have attained "obscenity." I think this is no different from the Yamaguchi's feeling that on his arrest for Love Hunter. Which leads me to think that, generally speaking, nothing that is expressed is "obscene." Isn't "obscenity" contained in that which is not expressed, not seen, hidden? And in the part of the human heart that responds to these things?

I daresay that internalized taboos make for the experience of "obscenity." Children, on the other hand, don't feel that anything they see is "obscene."

The concept of "obscenity" is tested when one dares to look at something that he has an unbearable desire to see, but has forbidden himself to look at. When one feels that everything that one had wanted to see has been revealed, "obscenity" disappears, the taboo disappears as well, and there is a certain liberation.

When that which one had wanted to see isn't sufficiently revealed, the taboo remains, the feeling of "obscenity" remains, and an even greater "obscenity" comes into being.

Thus, pornographic films are a testing ground for "obscenity."

If that is the case, then the benefits of pornography are clear. Pornographic cinema should be authorized, immediately and completely.

Only thus can "obscenity" be rendered essentially meaningless.

As of now, fewer than two hundred people have seen In the Realm of the Senses, but nearly all the male viewers, who constitute the majority, comment that the moment they see O-Sada cut off Yoshizo's penis, they feel pain in their own sexual organ.

At the first invitational preview in Paris, a famous scholar (male, of course) paled instantly, grabbed the hand of his boyfriend, who was sitting next to him, and didn't let go of it until the end.

When the men are talking to each other about that painful sensation, Kawakita Kazuko, pointing out that she has screened countless scenes in which a woman has a light bulb or a pole stuck up inside her, said, "I bet you guys never felt pain then." And she is definitely not a feminist.

By the way, I never feel pain when I see In the Realm of the Senses. It may be that I am a little strange. But why not? I can't explain it.

And because it is galling to feel oneself strange, I have decided to think that I don't feel pain because I made the film.

Filmmaking is a very self-liberating occupation.

Previously, at the Venice Film Festival—I forget which year—I was interviewed by an extremely obnoxious German youth. "Why do you make films?" he had the
nerve to ask. I realized that the only way to answer such an inane question was to say anything that popped into my head, but his attitude rubbed me the wrong way. It made me hunger for a battle of wits, so I answered extremely affably, "To find out what kind of person I am."

"Is that all? If that's all it is you might as well make them with 8-mm film rather than in wide screen and color."

I was irritated to find myself at a loss for an answer. Thinking about it now, though, there was no reason for me to feel stuck for an answer. Finding out the kind of person you are is something you do by finding out about your desires, and, insofar as those desires will naturally be related to beauty, then wide screen and color is the inevitable choice.

The desires and moods (chiefly playful ones) of myself and of art director Tada Shigemasa show through abundantly in In the Realm of the Senses. That's because we confronted the project feeling sufficiently free.

We felt like joining hands in a prayer of thanks for the two or three actors willing to do a scene involving real sexual intercourse. That was really a good feeling. Of course, we had no idea whether it would actually be possible, but we felt completely free when they said to us, "Let's do it."

Before we reached that point, we interviewed countless men and women. But it was not in vain.

At first it was exciting when the young women said, "I don't mind doing it," but we soon realized that this was natural. I was surprised when Koyama Akiko said, "I don't mind doing it if you can't find anyone else," and there was no point in her saying it, but later I realized that it was important both to the film and to us as a married couple.

The problem was the man. Nearly all the men flinched at the idea. They all said, "I'm afraid I won't get an erection when the time comes."

"You have a big one, don't you?" I asked audaciously over and over.

"I'm confident that it'll be big at the crucial moment, but I think that normally it may be a little smaller than most people's." Eight out of ten men gave that response.

Two out of ten said theirs was average. I considered them to be the confident ones.

I am one of those lacking in confidence, but I was delighted to find out that there are so many of us.

Let me take this opportunity to apologize sincerely to all of the timid fellows to whom I spoke about appearing in the film. I caused you unnecessary anxiety.
Please try to forgive me. I hope that all of us will find liberation from the grim reality of timidity.

It was unreasonable from the beginning to ask that the flow of acting be interrupted for sexual intercourse.

It happened, though. Furthermore, I think that the fact that it was done by a famous actor with a normal family must be considered not only significant in the history of film, but also as the beginning of a new chapter in the annals of the history of sexual love in Japan or perhaps the world—because the taboos surrounding sexual intercourse that derive from the sacralization of monogamy system were thereby broken.

No one spoke of the scene's great significance on the set, but the atmosphere was solemn, as if we were all naturally aware of it. It was not the gravity that comes from tension, but that which comes from liberation.

Everyone on the stage gave more than 100 percent. That came from the atmosphere of liberated solemnity.

I am grateful to fate, to the actors, and the crew for allowing me to live amidst this solemnity.

"You are fortunate, aren't you?" said Komatsu Hosei when we had finished watching the film.

But I do want to make one more pornographic film, completely different in format from In the Realm of the Senses.

(text extracted from the book containing the script and stills from In the Realm of the Senses, June 15, 1976)

by Defendant Oshima Nagisa

Here is my view of the indictment.

I would like to make two of my assumptions clear before I begin. One is my basic attitude toward this trial. I completely oppose the viewpoint so often evident in past trials involving Section 175 of the Criminal Code and the question, "Is it art or is it obscenity?" I have absolutely no intention of asserting, "Because this is art, it is not obscene."

To my mind, "obscenity" does not exist to begin with. If "obscenity" does in fact exist, it is only in the minds of the police and the public prosecutors who try to control it. It seems that the police, the public prosecutors, and some judges have concocted a sort of definition of "obscenity". Just how nonsensical this definition is will become sufficiently clear in the course of this trial, but for now I will clearly state that, even if that definition were acceptable, "obscenity" is not criminal.

To put it in terms of a catchphrase, my basic attitude toward this trial is "Obscenity: What's wrong with it?"

A second point that I wish to make clear at this time is that the film, In the Realm of the Senses, on which the book indicted as "obscene" is based, is being shown freely all over the world.

It is common knowledge from reports in the press that the film In the Realm of the Senses contains depictions that are much more—to borrow the words of the indictment—"frank" than those in the book.

Since September 15, 1976, when the film was released in Paris, it has been shown freely in theaters in the European countries of France, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, West Germany, Switzerland, and Austria; the North American countries of the United States and Canada; and, in the southern hemisphere, in towns throughout the various states of Australia. It has also been shown at film festivals in Italy, England, and Spain, where it will soon be released to the general pub-
Please try to forgive me. I hope that all of us will find liberation from the grim reality of timidity.

It was unreasonable from the beginning to ask that the flow of acting be interrupted for sexual intercourse.

It happened, though. Furthermore, I think that the fact that it was done by a famous actor with a normal family must be considered not only significant in the history of film, but also as the beginning of a new chapter in the annals of the history of sexual love in Japan or perhaps the world—because the taboos surrounding sexual intercourse that derive from the sacralization of monogamy system were thereby broken.

No one spoke of the scene's great significance on the set, but the atmosphere was solemn, as if we were all naturally aware of it. It was not the gravity that comes from tension, but that which comes from liberation.

Everyone on the staff gave more than 100 percent. That came from the atmosphere of liberated solemnity.

I am grateful to fate, to the actors, and the crew for allowing me to live amidst this solemnity.

"You are fortunate, aren't you?" said Komatsu Hosei when we had finished watching the film.

But I do want to make one more pornographic film, completely different in format from In the Realm of the Senses.

(text extracted from the book containing the script and stills from In the Realm of the Senses, June 15, 1976)

by Defendant Oshima Nagisa

Here is my view of the indictment.

I would like to make two of my assumptions clear before I begin. One is my basic attitude toward this trial. I completely oppose the viewpoint so often evident in past trials involving Section 175 of the Criminal Code and the question, "Is it art or is it obscenity?" I have absolutely no intention of asserting, "Because this is art, it is not obscene."

To my mind, "obscenity" does not exist to begin with. If "obscenity" does in fact exist, it is only in the minds of the police and the public prosecutors who try to control it. It seems that the police, the public prosecutors, and some judges have concocted a sort of definition of "obscenity". Just how nonsensical this definition is will become sufficiently clear in the course of this trial, but for now I will clearly state that, even if that definition were acceptable, "obscenity" is not criminal.

To put it in terms of a catchphrase, my basic attitude toward this trial is ""Obscenity: What's wrong with it?"

A second point that I wish to make clear at this time is that the film, In the Realm of the Senses, on which the book indicted as "obscene" is based, is being shown freely all over the world.

It is common knowledge from reports in the press that the film In the Realm of the Senses contains depictions that are much more—to borrow the words of the indictment—"frank" than those in the book.

Since September 15, 1976, when the film was released in Paris, it has been shown freely in theaters in the European countries of France, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, West Germany, Switzerland, and Austria; the North American countries of the United States and Canada; and, in the southern hemisphere, in towns throughout the various states of Australia. It has also been shown at film festivals in Italy, England, and Spain, where it will soon be released to the general pub-
llc. Its showing has been banned only in Belgium, and in one or two countries it suffered minimal cutting, but the cuts were made because of violence, not “obscenity.”

In today’s world, then, the film In the Realm of the Senses is accepted in what are called the advanced nations—the free world. In spite of that, in Japan, where the film was made, it is being blocked by the censors on the basis of Section 21 of the Fixed Tariffs Law—notorious for its reputed unconstitutionality—and barely permitted to be shown even after we allowed one-third of the entire film to be edited. The book, moreover, has been called “obscene” and indicted. Where might you find an equally ludicrous situation? This really has to be a historic example of absurdity.

There is something even more ironic. The long run of In the Realm of the Senses continues even now, seventeen months after its release in Paris; over 350,000 people have seen it. How many of those people do you think are Japanese? According to Anatole Dauman, producer and distributor of the film, Japanese viewers of In the Realm of the Senses number seventy or eighty thousand. Three hundred thousand Japanese visit Paris every year. That means that one in four sees In the Realm of the Senses. And not only in Paris. Many Japanese are seeing this film in Frankfurt, Zurich, Los Angeles, New York, and Honolulu. Today, 1.3 million Japanese travel overseas each year. That means that hundreds of thousands of Japanese will ultimately see In the Realm of the Senses. Twelve or thirteen thousand copies of the book will be published at most.

Isn’t it ludicrous that the same Japanese who are unable to see something in Japan are able to see it in a foreign country?

And I have a further question. Why is something that is not considered “obscene” in a foreign country considered “obscene” here? Isn’t Japan one of the advanced countries? Isn’t Japan part of the free world?

Lately I often hear the following: “The world is one family; we are all brothers and sisters.” That’s right. There were people on earth before there were nations. Laws are the result of an attempt to solve problems of human relationships through logic and evidence, rather than by violence. Nations and laws are justified only if they follow universal principles of humanity.

Today, the universal principles of humanity are progressing in the direction of freer sexual expression toward the goal of general freedom. The fact that the film In the Realm of the Senses is being accepted in countries throughout the world makes this obvious.
I recognize no necessity to prove that the book *In the Realm of the Senses* is not "obscene." The world and the fundamental principles of humanity have already accepted *In the Realm of the Senses*.

On the contrary, the prosecutors who have indicted me must convince me; they must use arguments and evidence to the fullest possible extent to convince me of the reasons for my guilt. They have to convince not only me, but the world.

Having explained those two assumptions, I will proceed to outline my position. I will first discuss the photographs that are termed "obscene." According to the indictment, there are twelve. However, on July 28, 1976, the National Police Agency cited only eight of them as "obscene." That will be clear from a look at the newspapers of the time, for example.

I don't know which eight photographs they were and which four were added later; I would like to be informed of that during this trial because I would like to understand the standards used by the police and the public prosecutors to determine "obscenity."

Apparently the public prosecutors say that the determination of "obscenity" will be left up to the court. It can't be that they are leaving the judgment entirely up to the court while prosecuting and indicting everything and everyone. The police and the public prosecutors must be making their own judgment.

Based on what "judgment" was the number increased from eight to twelve? Does the fact that those four that were originally "judged" not to be "obscene" were later declared "obscene" mean that the first "judgment" was a mistake?

I would really like to have this explained by the police and public prosecutors in charge of my prosecution, Interrogation and Indictment. Their explanations may convince me of my guilt and at the same time teach me how to avoid being prosecuted and indicted in the future.

However, the mere fact that the number changed from eight to twelve clearly shows the ambiguity and haphazard nature of "obscenity" regulation.

As a citizen of a law-governed country and a defendant being judged according to a criminal code that is supposed to apply the principle of *nulla poena sine lege*, I strongly request from the police and public prosecutors who prosecuted, interrogated, and indicted me the following explanations regarding the photographs that are said to be "obscene."

---

1. The principle that a prohibitory norm must exist before an act can be prosecuted or punished.

2. The indictment reads "obscene color photographs depicting poses of male-female sexual intercourse and sex play." Of the twelve photographs, which show "sexual intercourse" and which show "sex play?"

3. Is it correct to interpret "sexual intercourse" in terms of the usual definition—as the insertion of the male sexual organ into that of the female?

4. Do "sexual intercourse" and "poses of sexual intercourse" mean different things?

5. Are "sexual intercourse" and "poses of sexual intercourse" "obscene" in themselves? Is it possible for there to be "sexual intercourse" or "poses of sexual intercourse" that are not "obscene"?

6. Are all photographs of "sexual intercourse" or "poses of sexual intercourse" "obscene"? Or is it possible for photographs of "sexual intercourse" or "poses of sexual intercourse" not to be "obscene"?

7. A lawyer has already pointed out that there is no definition of the word "sex play" in any Japanese dictionary. What on earth is it?

8. Are all instances of "sex play" and all "poses of sex play" "obscene"? Is it possible for there to be "sex play" or "poses of sex play" that are not "obscene"?

9. Are all photographs of "sex play" or "poses of sex play" "obscene"? Or is it possible for there to be photographs of "sex play" or "poses of sex play" that are not "obscene"?

10. Can "obscenity" exist without there being "sexual intercourse/sex play" or "poses of sexual intercourse/sex play"? In what instances is this possible?

11. If those "instances" are photographed, would all of them be "obscene"? Or would it be possible for some of the "instances" to be photographed and not be "obscene"?

I wish to be informed of the principles underlying these eleven instances. I would like an explanation, based on those principles, of why those twelve photographs are "obscene." If there is no explanation, not only will I not be convinced of my guilt, I won't even be able to avoid committing another crime.

I have heard that the criminal code exists to punish crimes and also to prevent crime and educate criminals. If I do not receive a convincing explanation, the police and public prosecutors clearly will have neglected crime prevention and the education of the criminal.

Unlike text, photographs are a very concrete form of expression. As I said earlier, "obscenity" exists only in the minds of the police and public prosecutors who
control it, so that there is no "thing" in the world that is inherently "obscene." But if the police and the public prosecutor adhere to the idea that a "thing" can be inherently "obscene," then photographs are a "thing" and a mode of expression that demonstrate an extremely clear standard for "obscenity." That is precisely why I am making a very strong appeal for the setting forth of a standard. If you can't set forth a standard for photographs, how can you be expected to establish one for more abstract, more complicated modes of expression?

I would like to make another important point about photographs. In photography there is the practice of cropping, which is the cutting off of one part of a photograph and using only the part that remains. Today cropping is a commonsense technique employed not only by professional photographers but also by amateurs. It would not be an exaggeration to say that nearly all photographs that are exhibited are cropped.

I would like to ask the police and the public prosecutors what sort of cropping I would have to do to make the twelve "obscene" photographs no longer "obscene." I will not accept, "They'd be obscene no matter how they are cropped." For example, there is the photograph that is referred to as "the reverse side of no. 2." A man and a woman are facing each other. I don't know if this is designated "sexual intercourse" or "sex play." The only thing I can say with certainty is that if you cut this photograph into a top half and a bottom half and exhibit just the top half, it would be almost impossible for it to be called "obscene." If that is the case, then what is "obscene" is the bottom half of the photograph. Let's say that the bottom half is cropped further. The candle and the brazier behind the man probably wouldn't be considered "obscene." You keep cutting away the parts that are not "obscene." Then the part that the police and public prosecutors consider "obscene" would necessarily be left.

Why don't we give that experiment a try?

Stop talking in ambiguities like "Male-female sexual intercourse/poses of sex play!" Say clearly that it is "obscene" because it shows this, that this part is forbidden! It is only then that a discussion of why "this" or "this part" is "obscene," why it is forbidden, can finally begin. Insofar as the court is the proper place for an exhaustive discussion of this issue, I strongly request that the public prosecutor first specify the standards for "obscenity" in the photographs, a mode of expression in which "obscenity" should be very easy to identify. That will be the starting point for all of the discussions.

I will now proceed to the second part of my piece. This consists of my thoughts about the fact that when I was prosecuted by the police, I was told that only the photographs were "obscene," but the indictment also cites the text of the script as "obscene."

Before I go into my thoughts on the subject, I must confess that I made a big mistake when I was questioned by the police and the public prosecutors. I said just a little too much.

Of course, I answered no questions about my films, and I refused to give any explanation about the content of the photographs. I spurned the question, "What makes you think that this is not obscene?" by saying, "Unless you, who say that it is 'obscene,' first give me your reason, there is no need for me to say anything." And I refused to consider their modest request that I give them my thoughts on the subject of obscenity by saying, "That isn't something to be discussed in the interrogation room." In what respect did I say too much, then? I explained to them that they couldn't find me guilty merely by declaring my photographs to be "obscene." What do I mean by that?

The photographs in question are stills from In The Realm of the Senses, a film I directed. I call them "stills" here because in the Japanese film world, photographs made for purposes of publicity are conventionally termed "production stills" in contrast to "films," frames, or moving pictures. Naturally, these stills are taken on the set by a photographer. I am not the author of these stills.

It is obvious that in copyright law the "author" of photographs is the person who took them. But there is some doubt as to whether the author of film stills can, unconditionally, be considered the one who took them.

By this I mean that, even if the person who decides the composition of the still and presses the shutter were the photographer, there is a collaborative aspect to it in that the director stages the scene that is the subject of the photograph, the photography and lighting engineers control the lighting, and the art director oversees the design, makeup, and props.

On the other hand, according to the Section 16 of the Copyright Law, the author of a film is "the person responsible for the production, direction, acting, photography, and art and who does much to contribute creatively toward the entire form of the cinematic work."

The problem is whether this provision also applies to the author of the stills. If it does not apply, and stills are like other photographs, with the cameraman being the sole author, then I have absolutely no responsibility for the photographs in question. Only if it does apply am I included as one of the collaborating authors.

However, although Section 16 of the Copyright Law does make stipulations about films, Section 29 says, "the copyright of a film... reverts to the film producer."
In this case, the film producer means the company that produced the film. The authors of the film—for example, the producer, director, cameraman, and artist—have no copyright.

If Section 16 applies to stills, Section 29 must do so as well—in which case the copyright to the stills belongs neither to the director nor to the still cameraman, but only to the company that produced the film. That would mean that the copyright to the stills of In the Realm of the Senses belongs only to France’s Argos Films, the producer of the film and actual possessor of the negatives of the stills.

Needless to say, only the copyright holder has the right to use a work freely. Although I may possibly be one of the authors of the stills of In the Realm of the Senses, I am definitely not the copyright holder. Accordingly, I would naturally have no responsibility for the photographs.

The police haven’t the slightest knowledge of these sorts of copyright law issues, so they probably included me in the indictment on the basis of some crude reasoning along the lines of “It’s Oshima’s film, so Oshima must also be the author of the stills.” But no matter what instinct may have been at work, at the time they did not prosecute me as a conspirator with Takemura Hajime, but only as an abettor.

In fact, the only relationship I had to the photographs was to be asked by Takemura whether I could get them and to ask Shibata Shun—the president of France Films, the French film company coordinating the joint project—to contact Argos Films for me. I didn’t look at the stills that were sent over, and I don’t even know what was done in the way of cropping by Takemura or anyone else at San’ichi Shobo. I saw them for the first time when the book was published and Takemura brought me a copy. Anyone can see that on the back of the book jacket it says “photographs provided by Argos Films.”

I explained the copyright law to the police and public prosecutors who interrogated me, asking how they could possibly find me guilty, even of abetting, when I had no rights to or responsibility for the photographs. In retrospect, I went too far.

There was, however, some historical background to this. For nearly ten years before the enactment of the new copyright law on April 28, 1970, as a director and managing director of the Japan Film Directors Association, I had worked with my elders in the field and my friends in an attempt to prevent the copyright law from being enacted in a form that would be disadvantageous to film directors. The result, however, was defeat. We were unable to prevent the worst possible result, which was that the law made film copyrights revert automatically to the film company rather than to the director, the actual author of the film.

Bitterness over that defeat and pride in being one of those best informed about film copyrights led me to make that explanation of the copyright law. I learned from that experience that people make mistakes in those areas in which they are the most knowledgeable. I was also concerned about the effect of this unbearable accusation of a director based on the film stills on the members of the Directors’ Association.

At the time I thought that if explaining the copyright law meant that I wouldn’t be indicted, that was what I wanted.

What really mortifies me now is that I thought the public prosecutors—if not the police—would understand the logic behind the copyright law. Being indicted led me to discover the true essence of the matter.

The police wanted to prosecute me in any event, as did the public prosecutors. With the indictment, the public prosecutors expanded the bases for their action beyond the photographs to include the citation of nine places in the script for “obscenity” as well. This was no doubt because they were uncertain about whether they could prove me guilty based on the photographs alone. They probably thought they couldn’t even indict me on that basis.

I think that it was my explanation of the copyright law that caused this. If not for that, the public prosecutors might have indicted me on the basis of the photographs alone. In that sense, I made a mistake—a big mistake. But it was also a valuable mistake, because it clarified the intentions of the police and the public prosecutors, who wanted to indict me no matter what. That was all.

I will now present the third point of my argument.

I seek an explanation of what it is about the passages that have been designated “obscene” that makes them so. The indictment says that in nine places, “There are obscene passages in which male-female sexual intercourse or sex play is described frankly.” It would be acceptable for it to read that way if, at the time I was prosecuted by the police, they had firmly believed that the passages were “obscene.” But that wasn’t the case. Instead, because they wanted to indict me no matter what, they must have selected passages in haste. The designation of these “obscene” passages is crude in every way, as nonsensical.

The clearest indication of this absurdity is that all of the “obscene” passages are designated in terms of pages. Everyone knows that sentences don’t always begin and end cleanly in accordance with page breaks. There are places where a page begins
in mid-sentence, and places where it ends in mid-sentence. This is the rule rather than the exception.

The indictment says, for example, that "from page 29 to page 31" constitutes an "obscene passage." But page 31 ends in the middle of a speech by a maid named Matsuko: "Because the mistress told me to take the sake bottle to," with "told" being the last word on that page and "because" being the first word on the following page.

If you take the indictment seriously, then, all the text to the word "told" is "obscene," and "because" isn't. Could anything be more stupid than this? As long as something is called a sentence, it is one sentence with a beginning and an end. Could there be anything more frivolous than chopping it in the middle and coolly designating it "obscene"?

Moreover, between pages 29 and 31 there is a passage that says, "In the garden at night. The mistress, Toku, casually glances over to the annex." This is one independent sentence. In film or script terms, it is an independent scene, scene 17. According to the indictment, however, this too is an "obscene passage." The next scene, scene 18, is similar: "The annex. The sound of the shibari and of Sada's singing voice can be heard." This is also an "obscene passage." Isn't there something wrong here?

This probably wouldn't have mattered to the public prosecutors. I have no doubt that they designated the "obscene" passages based on this kind of thinking: "We're going to indict him, regardless." "We're going to cast the widest net we can," "We're going to cast a lot of nets, and in doing so we should catch at least one small fish." That is why sentences are cut off in the middle and why there will be a sentence in the middle of a page cited for being "obscene" that can't possibly be considered "obscene."

To be indicted on such a haphazard basis is intolerable; it would be even more intolerable to be found guilty. The basis for a determination of "obscenity" in the text must also be clarified, and I strongly request that the public prosecutors who indicted me explain the following:

1. The smallest unit into which a sentence can be broken is a word. Is it possible for one word to be designated "obscene" by itself? If so, what are the words?

To add a brief note of explanation to this, based on my own experience, I believe that for young people it is possible for one word to be quite stimulating sexually.

2. Are there words spoken in the work that are "obscene"? If so, what are they?

3. Similarly, are any of the words expressing sounds uttered by the characters "obscene"? If so, what are they?

4. Are there sexual acts in the work that will invariably be considered "obscene" if described? If so, what acts are they?

5. Are there sexual moods in the work that will invariably be considered "obscene" if described? If so, what sexual moods are they?

6. The indictment says, "There are obscene passages in which male-female sexual intercourse or sex play is described frankly." What is meant by the word "frankly"? Semantically speaking, the opposite of "frankly" appears to be "euphemistically." A euphemistic expression is one that uses a different word to describe a thing or an act instead of a simple word, for example, saying "hair" or "thicket" or "mount of Venus" instead of pubic hair. Ikeda Masuo, who won last year's Akutagawa Prize for the novel Offered to the Aegean Sea, disliked all these words and says he hit upon the phrase "the underground sea" while he was thinking about it. If, for example, "pubic hair" is "frank" and "the underground sea" is not "frank," then I think there would be absolutely no problem if I said "metropolitan police headquarters" in place of "male sexual organs" and "public prosecutor's office" in place of "female sexual organs." Give me the basis on which the "frank" "pubic hair," "male sexual organs," and "female sexual organs" are considered more "obscene" than "the underground sea," "metropolitan police headquarters," and "public prosecutor's office." Why is "frankness" "obscene"?

7. There are intricate descriptions and simple descriptions in the text. In descriptions of "scenes of male-female sexual intercourse/sex play," which type of description has the strongest possibility of being designated "obscene"? Why?

8. Among the descriptions of "scenes of male-female sexual intercourse/sex play," there are four types of sentences: those with intricate, frank descriptions; those with intricate, euphemistic descriptions; those with simple, frank descriptions; and those with simple, euphemistic descriptions. Among these four types, is there any type that will always be considered "obscene"? If so, which is it? Which has the strongest possibility of being designated "obscene"? The weakest? Rank them.
9. Into which of the four categories above do the sentences designated as "obscene" in the indictment belong? Why?

Needless to say, what is designated "obscene" in the indictment is one part of the script of the film *In the Realm of the Senses*. This will be the first time that a film script is tried in a Japanese court. In issuing the indictment, did the public prosecutors give sufficient consideration to the special characteristics of the prose used in the script genre?

Naturally, the public prosecutors, who high-handedly added the script to the reasons for the indictment in haste to indict me, certainly could not have given this adequate consideration. If they had, they wouldn't have been able to indict me.

Or the public prosecutors would say that the fact that it is a script doesn't change the fact that it is prose. However, that is not true. Prose differs according to the purpose for which it is written and the form in which it is written. Novels, plays, scenarios: they all differ. Verse, such as poetry, *tanka*, and *haiku*, and prose, such as essays, reportage, and travel writing: they all differ. It is extremely arrogant to accuse prose of a crime without knowing its special characteristics.

What are the special characteristics of the script form? The first is the purpose for which scripts are written: to make films. Consequently, they are not written for publication. Of the scripts that have been written since the invention of the film, 99 percent have not been published.

The script is written for an extremely small number of readers. It is written for the executive offices of the film company, the director, the crew, the actors, and a few others. In Japan, scripts written for film productions are usually printed and reproduced, but at the most one hundred copies are made. Seventy copies were made of *In the Realm of the Senses*.

If the script for *In the Realm of the Senses* is "obscene," it would have been appropriate for those seventy copies to have been seized and indicted when they were printed and distributed. However, the fact that they were not seized indicates that the police and the public prosecutors did not consider the distribution of only seventy copies to a small circle to constitute publication.

That is, in fact, true. The executive offices of the film production company, the director, the crew, and the actors are the kind of people who read the script, but they are not merely readers. They have the job of making a film based on that script. Would it be possible to write a script that "stimulates the sexual appetite" with those people in mind? First of all, if the crew and the actors were sexually excited by the script, the job wouldn't get done, would it? I'm not kidding.

Furthermore, in the case of *In the Realm of the Senses*, I myself am the director, the most important reader of the script and the only absolutely indispensable reader of it. The script is nothing more than my own notes. It is merely my showing of my notes to the producer, Anatole Dauman, and crew and actors. In which case, why would it be necessary for me to put material that stimulates me sexually into a script consisting merely of prose written only for me?

As I have said from the beginning, I don't think "obscenity" is a bad thing, and I don't think sexual stimulation is a sin. Even if—giving them the benefit of the doubt—the police or the public prosecutors were sexually stimulated by reading certain parts of this script, it is only too clear that, given the purpose for which it was written, that was not my intention.

Film scripts have another special characteristic that is a natural result of the purpose for which they are written. The usual length of a film is from about one and a half to two hours, and the length of the script is limited accordingly. It is usually about one hundred pages long in Japanese, on standard paper of 400 characters per page. At that length, one can't include detailed descriptions.

Writers can, of course, describe what happens within a given period of time either simply or in detail, and one characteristic of writing is this freedom in terms of length, but the script presents certain limitations.

Films, particularly dramatic films, employ a mode of expression that consists of describing things by means of human activity. In concrete terms, human activity is speech and movement. To give a certain speech takes a certain amount of time, and to complete a certain movement takes a certain amount of time. If a film is about two hours long, the total time allotted to the speeches and movements in the script can't exceed that. Those are the natural limitations on a script's length.

In spite of that, you might say, why couldn't you write as much as it takes to communicate a person's psychology and mood? That, however, would be a hindrance. If you included psychology and mood in the script, the imagination of the director, the crew, and the actors would be inhibited, and the film would lose its originality. Writing only the speeches and movements simply stimulates the imagination of the director, the crew, and the actors and brings forth positive results. A director, crew, and actors need fertile imaginations if they are to excel. A good film or a pleasant film can result from the same script, as can a bad or boring film. This is because of individual differences in the imaginative powers of the director, crew, and actors.
Moreover, it is not true, as the indictment says, that Takemura Hajime of San’ichi Shobo and I “conspired” to sell this book. The only one selling the book is San’ichi Shobo; I have nothing to do with the sales.

Or perhaps, as was determined in an earlier trial based on Section 175 of the Criminal Code, when a publisher requests a translation with the intention of selling it, and the translation is done because of that request, a conspiratorial aroma is not altogether absent.

In this case, it was San’ichi Shobo who thought of publishing this book and selling it and he did sell it; all I did was sell Takemura Hajime a script that had already been used to make a film. I’ll say this half jokingly, but you asked Takemura’s opinion at the first public hearing, didn’t you? Do you think it would be possible to enter into a “conspiracy” with someone who has that strong a will?

Moreover, I speak as someone who does not make his films in “conspiracy” with anyone and who has made a number of films, based always on his own individual ideas, for which he is solely responsible. On Takemura’s honor as a publisher, I am saying, as he did, that there is absolutely no “conspiracy.” Even if I am said to have “sold” it, I have no knowledge of having done so, and as for being told that I “possessed it with the intention of selling it,” I don’t even know where the book was. For the person who “possessed” it to not know where it was “possessed” is utterly nonsensical.

**Conclusion**

The photographs and the passages called “obscene” in the indictment cannot possibly be “obscene”; therefore, the book containing them, *In the Realm of the Senses*, is not obscene.

As is clear from what I have already said, you have no right to accuse me of any crime regarding the content of the book or the way in which I handled it. In spite of that, why did the police insist on prosecuting me, and why did the public prosecutors insist on indicting me? This point will be the most problematic for the court.

I’ll come out and say it: This prosecution and this indictment constitute repression of the film *In the Realm of the Senses*. The book has been its scapegoat.

As you know from the press reports, the film *In the Realm of the Senses* was made jointly by Japanese and French artists. The film was imported into Japan from France, shot in Japan, and sent back to France to be developed, edited, and completed. By so doing, it was possible to develop the sexually expressive scenes that
of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers as a so-called self-regulating organ. After the occupation ended, Eirin was, as its name implies, the only organization that regulated film, but it gradually began to come under pressure from the government, the police, and the public prosecutors. Particularly noteworthy was the fact that in 1956, in connection with the problems of the "sun tribe" films, Eirin received a government-initiated drubbing by the public and was compelled to reorganize and enact a new code of ethics for motion pictures.

However, until that time the police and the public prosecutors had not been directly involved in repressing films. They first did so when they prosecuted Black Snow in 1965. Black Snow was indicted but found not guilty the first time, and this verdict was upheld the second time when it was said that "there are pictures that are 'obscene' according to the Criminal Code, but it has passed Eirin and the defendant had no criminal intent." The next instance of repression began in 1972 with the prosecution of four Nikkatsu films of the so-called roman porno [pornographic novel] genre. This year the court is finally moving toward its first decision in the case. One notable feature of this case is that in addition to the people responsible for the film at the company and its director, Eirin's examiners are also on trial.

Considered in this light, the history of the repression of films by the police and the public prosecutors is one notable aspect. One is that sexual expression in film is always seized upon when it marks the beginning of something new. That was true in the case of the sun tribe film series; Black Snow was made at the height of the small-production film called the "pink film"; and the Nikkatsu roman porno films were made at a time when Nikkatsu, one of the big film companies, suddenly put all of its energy into pornographic film production.

Also worthy of note is the fact that the police and the public prosecutors have been steadily gaining ground. Essentially, their position is that if Black Snow is not guilty because it passed Eirin, then, in the case of roman porno, Eirin examiners will also be brought in as accomplices. It seems that the metropolitan police headquarters' goal of making Eirin their subcontracted censorship organ is gradually succeeding. As for the stunts from the book In the Realm of the Sensa, Eirin responded submissively to the questions of metropolitan police headquarters about whether each one would have been permissible.

5. A short story by Kikuchi Kan, who embraced popular literary forms. In this he differed from contemporaries such as Akutagawa Ryunosuke and Kume Masao, who were committed to "pure" literature. A film of the same title, The Second Kiss (Dann no Suppan, dir. Shimizu Hiroshi, script Hasebe Keji, 1953) was made after the war.

6. Oddly enough, The French Revolution: The Final Days of Louis XVI was distributed after the title change as The Story of the North American Monte Cristo. Because it was a silent movie, the benihi (narrator/commentator) provided another story.

7. Established in 1949 in accordance with the GHQ directive, the committee was composed of six representatives from each of the six major film production companies, five producers, four distribution/presentation division representatives, one independent theater owner, four film artists, and four third parties working in film. It underwent organizational and ideological changes in the late 1950s.

8. Acronym of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers. Gen. Douglas MacArthur. The Office of SCAP was located at GHQ in Tokyo. Media-related matters were handled by the CIE (Civilian Information and Education) Section of the Civilian Division at GHQ during the occupation (1945–1952).
The repression of the film *In the Realm of the Senses* has something in common with the repression of films in the past.

First of all, the repression of *In the Realm of the Senses* was a prompt attack on the new method of using a collaboration with a foreign country to exceed the limits on sexual expression. In addition, the repression effort is attempting to extend its reach by assailing everything from the style to the script. In particular, the fact that the police seized the script must be seen as a major development. The script of *In the Realm of the Senses* was published in book form after the film was made, but, considering that some scripts are published in film magazines before and during production, it would not be an exaggeration to say that the prosecution of the script paves the way for advance censorship of films in the future.

I am now approaching the last section of my conclusion. I have argued that the prosecution and indictment of the book *In the Realm of the Senses* is completely groundless and was merely a matter of the authorities wanting to prosecute and indict me. In its prosecution and indictment, the book has served as a scapegoat for the film. Considered in light of the history of film repression in Japan, the repression of the film *In the Realm of the Senses* was inevitable.

Furthermore, it was inevitable, historically speaking, that the police and public prosecutors would prosecute and indict me.

However, is it acceptable that these things be allowed to happen? I have heard that the most important principle to be upheld by those in the judiciary is to "hate the crime, not the person." In this instance, however, the police and the public prosecutors have turned these words around.

There is no crime here. The police and the public prosecutors fabricated a crime out of hatred for a person.

The police and the public prosecutors hated the person who made a film that went beyond the confines of sexual expression in Japan by means of an international collaboration. That person was also a witness for the defense in both the Black Snow and the Nikkatsu roman pornino trials, where he asserted the innocence of the defendants. Furthermore, that person boldly asserted in the book containing the script and film stills at issue here that Section 175 of the Criminal Code was a meaningless, bad law. Out of hatred, the police and the public prosecutors fabricated a crime.

This indictment resembles a false accusation. A false accusation—not to mention crime that doesn't exist—occurs when the true criminal in a real crime is not found and one who is not guilty of the crime is accused instead.

In the past, when trials were carried out in the name of the emperor, the Japanese police and public prosecutors charged many people falsely. Our hearts ache when we hear the stories of the pain-filled lives of people like Yoshiya Ishimatsu and old Kato Shin’ichi. There have even been false accusations in postwar Japan: the Matsukawa incident, the Yakaimon incident, and the incident of the murder of the Hiroaki University professor’s wife, in which innocence was recently confirmed. Many other such incidents are now before the courts.

Why do false accusations occur? They arise from the police’s anxiety about their reputation when a crime has taken place and the perpetrator has not been prosecuted. Even when they learn that a suspect is not guilty, they can’t make that information public because to do so would have an adverse effect on their reputation. In nearly all cases, the public prosecutors tend to work on aspects of the case that preclude any adverse effect on police reputation. And so the web of lies grows thicker and thicker. At times the courts, too, have as their chief aim the preservation of the reputation of the police and the public prosecutors. This is how false accusations are set up.

The case of *In the Realm of the Senses* is also one of false accusation. That is the point that I most want to stress. At least in the case of the film *In the Realm of the Senses*, even the police were not able to establish any crime. Nevertheless, the police still wanted a criminal. Because for a film like *In the Realm of the Senses* to be made and there to be no criminal would have damaged the reputation of the police.

Therefore the police fabricated the “crime” of “obscenity” regarding the photographs in the book.

In the case of a false accusation, when a crime exists and no criminal can be found a criminal is fabricated. In the case of *In the Realm of the Senses*, the criminal existed but there was no crime, so the “crime” was fabricated. In that sense, this false accusation is worse than most. But what the two have in common is that the “crime” or the “criminal” is fabricated because the police’s reputation is threatened. That is why I call my current predicament a false accusation.

Should we allow the perversion which fabricates a criminal in the absence of a crime?

In reality, however, the police and the public prosecutors often engage in such perversion. In essence, you can replace the words “police and public prosecutors” with the word “authority.” I won’t say that they constitute all authority at all times. However, even when there is no necessity for its display, decaying authority wants to demonstrate its own power. The display of authority becomes its only reason for
being. This is perversion. The easiest way to display authority when there is no crime is to fabricate a criminal and attack him.

Japan's postwar constitution prohibits censorship and authority has lost a way to display its own power over expression. All that remains is Section 175 of the Criminal Code, which was left by mistake. It is not unreasonable for authority to cling to Section 175, because it has no other way to display its strength with respect to popular expression.

In that sense, Section 175 is no longer a regulation controlling "obscenity." It is meaningless to control "obscenity" when there is no defendant. All "obscenity" cases are cases of false accusation. All "obscenity" defendants are falsely accused. Under Section 175—which exists only so that authority can display its power and say, "Hey, people, we're not going to let you get away with doing just as you please"—the defendants are not actually "obscenity" defendants but are instead judged as rebels against authority.

I now stand before this court as such a defendant. Thus I wonder if my being here was inevitable.

I think now of two of my teachers who had the strength to make me choose this kind of life. They are Professors Masaki Hiroshi and Suekawa Hiroshi.

When I entered the law school of Kyoto University in 1950, the Compendium of Laws that I carried was Iwanami's Student Compendium of Laws, edited by Professor Suekawa. Today, as I have set forth my opinion, I have kept one hand on that student edition. I was poor when I was in college, so I wasn't able to buy a larger Compendium to replace it, and after graduation I left the law, so I had no occasion to buy a new one. The preface Professor Suekawa wrote for the student compendium has provided moral support for many years, however. In the preface, Professor Suekawa quotes from the beginning of Thuring's *Fights for Rights*:

> The goal of law is peace, and the way to accomplish this is through conflict. As long as the law has to be on guard for violations by the unlawful—and that will probably continue for as long as the world exists—the law will not be able to avoid conflict. Conflict is the livelihood of law, the conflict of all kinds of nations, national powers, classes, and individuals.

Professor Suekawa wrote that every individual's interpretation of these words would be different. When I read these words, I decided that I would be a fighting man with respect to the law. I decided to become someone who would always be involved in law-related conflicts for the freedom and liberation of mankind.

In the course of my student council activities at that time, I met Uchida Takehiro, who is my chief counsel in this trial. For us, student council activities truly were a struggle for the freedom and liberation of mankind.

Nearly thirty years have passed since then. I have observed him only from a distance, but it appears to me that Uchida has followed through on his youthful aspirations and devoted much of his energy to fighting for human freedom and human rights in Japanese judiciary circles. Having my defense handled by Uchida and his trusted colleagues is a very high honor.

Looking at myself, though, I am plagued by shameful thoughts about whether I am worthy of that honor. I don't believe I have deviated from the path of fighting for the sake of human freedom and liberation, but I think that I have accumulated many mistakes along the way.

My biggest mistake was probably my tendency to think that freedom and liberation are imposed from above. I tried to accomplish mankind's freedom and liberation on the basis of the ideas and logic I learned at the university known before the war as the Imperial University.

In recent years, I have become somewhat free of that mistake. Now I don't want to get my ideas from anywhere except the pain experienced by the women who live in the lowest depths of society.

I made *In the Realm of the Senses* with that in mind. The heroine of *In the Realm of the Senses*, Abe Sada, kills her lover because of love, cuts off his sexual organ, and goes around wearing it next to her body. The heroine of my new work, called *The Ghost of Love* (the French title of which is L'Empire de la passion), also kills her husband for love. She and her lover are haunted by her husband's ghost. The heroine, Sakata Seld, a poor farm woman of the Meiji period [1868–1912], is ultimately arrested and given the death penalty. The "passion" in L'Empire de la passion can be translated either as "passion" or as "love and hate," but it also means "suffering." Now I think only from the viewpoint of "suffering" women like O-Sada and O-Seld.

Accordingly, I am now standing trial because I believe in freedom of expression, and I am certain that my trial is meaningless unless freedom of expression is considered and argued about in conjunction with the freedom of people to listen to and read that which is expressed. Formerly I prided myself on being an expressive person, but now I am rather ashamed of it. I find the lives of the anonymous people
who go to their deaths without expressing themselves at all and without making any pronouncements are far nobler than my own.

Those who express themselves and their work shine in the light of the lives led by silent people like O-Sada and O-Seki, unable to articulate their difficulties. We must not be confused about the relative importance of freedom of expression.

In that sense, I am struggling in this trial to expand freedom of sexual expression, however minimally. But more than that, I am fighting for the freedom of people to see, read, and listen to expressions of sexuality.

Earlier, I said that I am on trial as a rebel against authority. Certainly that is how it must look from an authoritarian point of view. But that is not really the case. Now, at the very end, let me speak the truth.

I am here for love—out of love for suffering women like O-Sada and O-Seki. I firmly believe that it is precisely for the sake of women like them that freedom of sexual expression must be expanded and, eventually, totally secured.

I am standing in this court right now with my left arm around O-Sada and my right around O-Seki.

Honorable Presiding Judge and Judges:
History's last judgement will be a court of love that embraces not only the human species but all living things. I believe that when this final judgement comes—as it one day will—it will seat us on clouds of light, crown us with flowers, and lead to the heights of heaven.

However, the happiness of Japanese now living in Japan is important. I would like to end my opening statement by expressing my earnest hope for a trial in which the public prosecutor and I and the lawyers can sincerely offer arguments and evidence regarding the rights of Japanese citizens as free individuals to see what they want to see, hear what they want to hear, and read what they want to read—never for myself alone, but for the sake of all Japanese.

(February 27, 1978)

Speaking at a preview of *Japanese Summer: Double Suicide*, I said that in the future films may come to be shown accompanied by an interpretation. I also asked that people who felt that a film was hard to understand after seeing it once see it two or three times. I was criticized for these comments in several weekly magazines and newspapers.

Naturally, I didn't say these things in complete seriousness. I have become thoroughly accustomed to being criticized for the incomprehensibility of my films, and I have no intention of raising my eyebrows and getting into a debate about that. I meant only to express my feelings in a slightly ironic way. However, as long as there are people who will criticize me for this again, I have to speak directly.

First of all, it is only natural that the day will come when films are shown with an accompanying interpretation. Not that all films will be that way, although even now interpretations appear with the classic films shown by all types of film clubs. The future of the film lies in the hands of young people who read these interpretations with great interest and stare intently at the screen. People who feel that interpretations are unnecessary should go to these places.

And just as some novels are accompanied by interpretations and some are not, there are novels that you read once and don't want to read again and those that you read two or three times. The same holds true for films. Who ever said that films were a one-time thing? This holds especially true for the critics. In what other discipline are there critics who write reviews after coming into contact with their subject only once? Why are film critics allowed to be called critics when their viewing practices are no different from those of the general viewers? I don't understand this.