

## KAWABATA

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KAWABATA. This is a very hard, a very lonely time.

All day long, wherever you go, on every screen, you see it replayed: A single act.

At several speeds, from various angles. Slow-motion. Catcher-cam.

"Massive Trauma to the Head." Too much -one must look away.

In the clubhouse, there is steady noise, a constant low hum of conversation.

But I am very fortunate;

My first act in the major leagues was to dismiss my translator. It's served me well.

I know all the English necessary to me:

'Sutoraiku 'Win. Sutoraiku Tsuu. Sanshin. (strike one, strike two. Strikeout.)

Shall I be saying to myself:

"If only that pitch had been less fat, if only I had gotten that third  
out"? No.

Why must things have meanings?

*This* is how I try to be an American: I make my mind a prairie.

I think nothing. I think of great flat stretches of nothing.

*(Kawabata winds up, delivers.)* It soothes me.