

**MY IDEALED  
JOHN BULLESSES**

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My idealed John Bulleses by Yoshio Markino

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JOHN BULLESSES**



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# MY IDEAL JOHN BULLESSES

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BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON"

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

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1912

## INTRODUCTION

**J**OHAN BULLESS is my home-made English for the English woman! It was such long, long ages ago when most of my worshipful John Bulless friends were not yet born, and I too was such a little kid, that my father went to Kobé or Yokohama (I forget which) and brought back a chromolithograph picture. So far as I remember, it was given him by some Dutch officer.

The picture was a portrait of a most beautiful girl of about eighteen. Her chestnut-coloured hair was divided in the middle and waved down on both sides of a well-formed white forehead. She opened her big round and blue eyes and looked a little sideways, while her crescent-like eyebrows came down nearly to the level of her eyelids. Her nose was short and high with such a nice form—perhaps a little turned up, what the Parisians call *Le Nez Montmartre*. Her rosy lips were broken with a sweet smile and showed her white teeth inside.

My father framed this picture and hanged it on Tokonoma. This was the very first European



picture of any sort to have invaded into my village. All the villagers used to come and beg us, "Please honourably allow us a glance upon that honourable foreign young lady." My father told every one of them, "You see this young lady is half naked, because she is going to have a bath." But now I know she was in an evening dress.

The men and women, young and old, rich and poor, all of them worshipped this picture. Some of them exclaimed, "Could it be possible that such a beautiful woman is existing in the same world where we live? Could she be an ordinary human? No, she must be either goddess or witch!" My father often said, "I am glad we haven't such a girl in our village, or else whole villagers would be turned into insane, through the girl!"

I myself was only six or seven, but I could not get away from this picture. It seemed to me this girl was always beckoning me, whenever I looked at it from distance, and I always went under the picture and bowed down to pay my homage to her.

A little later on, my house was almost bankrupted and I had to depart from my dear home. I don't remember what has become of this picture then. Anyhow, my life began so busy for studying as well as for struggling against my own poverty. At the same time I began to forget this picture altogether.

Strange to say, my childish impression on that picture has been strongly revived again ever since I came to England. Indeed, some John Bulleses are more beautiful than that picture, and moreover they have wonderful intelligence and Sweet Sympathy. I feel much flattered to be befriended by many of these John Bulleses.

My childish Ideal is realised by them at last! That is why I call this book *My Idealed John Bulleses*. My chapters will be exclusively about my own personal friends.

There are two ways to observe this world. One is to see everything all over, but very roughly. Those tourists often do this way when they travel all over the world in a short limited time. Another way is to limit the ground of observation, but to see every detail very carefully. I always choose the latter way. It is just like an astronomer surveying the sky from the inside of a well. He cannot observe the sky more than that circle of the size of the well. But the sun, the moon, and the stars which he sees from the well are the same sun, moon, and stars you see on the open field.

The British Empire is very large, while my own social circle is as small as the size of a well. I sincerely admit my observation is so narrow. The Reader, you may laugh at me. There must be many other kind women in England whom I so

unluckily have not yet met. But if any John Bulless has passed within my own small circle, I have never been too lazy to observe her. This is another reason why I call my book *My Idealed John Bullesses* and I dare not call it *All English Women*.

Generally I write down the full names of all my friends in my book. But exceptionally in this book I omit their names, for I know most of my John Bulless friends would be too much bashful if their full names were spoken, and that is the sweetest part of the woman's nature. How could I be so savage to injure their sweet nature?

Only one thing I want to tell the reader. In this book, there will be no dummy figure or my own hypothesis whatever, but they are all sketches from the real living John Bullesses who are sisters to you.

When the above introduction appeared on *The English Review* some friends brought me a Press-cutting. It was a criticism on this preface. It ran thus :—

“*The English Review* publishes a quaint article by Mr. Yoshio Markino, who styles it ‘My Idealed John Bullesses.’ By this account Japanese men, and women also, feel an instinctive admiration for English beauty. Mr. Markino tells how his father