

TORANAGA ON BLAMING

Now under the Yokose' night, the air sweetly cool, Kikusan's music and voice possessing their hearts and minds, Toranaga let his mind wander. He remembered the pride-filled glow that had swamped Gyoko's face and he wondered again at the bewildering gullibility of people. How baffling it was that even the most cunning and clever people would frequently see only what they wanted to see, and would rarely look beyond the thinnest of facades. Or they would ignore reality, dismissing it as the façade. And then, when their whole world fell to pieces and they were on their knees slitting their bellies or cutting their throats, or cast out into the freezing world, they would tear their topknots or rend their clothes and bewail their karma, blaming gods or Kami or luck or their lords or husbands or vassals – blaming anything or anyone – but never themselves.

So very strange!

From *SHOGUN*

By James Clavell