Where are the Margins of Grossness?

— A Preoccupation with Food in the Works of Kazuo Ishiguro —[1]

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The theme of this paper is food imagery in Kazuo Ishiguro's works. Food in English literature (or even in some arbitrary choice of canonical texts) certainly has quite a history; we may readily recall the nun's "slender meal" in Chaucer,[2] the ambrosial "fruit of that forbidden tree" in Milton, banquet scenes in Shakespeare and his notion of music being "the food of love."[3] There are also frequent scenes of apoplexy in eighteenth century novels and plays, showing bad health of the upper classes from overeating of meat.[4] A handful of Dickens offers a variety of nineteenth century meals and eating habits, as well as show that such characteristics are employed as a mysterious impetus or resolution to the plot.[5] One might also mention the twentieth-century Leopold Bloom and his preference for "grilled mutton kidneys which [give] to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine."[6]

If Ishiguro is not alone in incorporating food imagery, he nevertheless seems to be particular about, perhaps preoccupied, with it. What are Ishiguro's characters hungry for, literally and metaphorically? Are they fed, if they're fed, and what? How?

We encounter food in various ways in Ishiguro's works. In his works set in Japan, we come across noodles and *fugu,* the puffer fish, as well as omelets and spinach of Popeye the Sailorman. In his earlier short stories, we find repeated usage of coffee, or coffee as a pretext for confirming a suspicion that the girl next door just might be a prostitute. Or, in a different story, a boy schemes to let his cat go hungry, poisons the cat food, then poisons the coffee for a girlfriend he is sleeping with.

In this paper I will focus first on the novel *The Unconsoled* published in 1995, and then his TV screenplay *The Gourmet* written and broadcast in 1986. That Ishiguro has produced screenplays may not be so well known; indeed it was another contemporary writer, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, who wrote the script for the movie *The Remains of the Day.*[7] This paper will put aside for now the much discussed Japanese-English cross-cultural-ness in Ishiguro's writings, respecting his deterrence against being looked at as the expert on Japan. That he is not a close follower of Mishima or Kawabata or Oe or any other novelist in Japan, is starting to sink in among critics as well. I will focus on food, a recurring motif which is still only marginally taken up by critics.

Richard Rorty, in his favorable review of *The Unconsoled* did raise the question "Why is Ryder (the narrator) so preoccupied with food?" Rorty did not really develop this however, and merely stated that sometimes all a reviewer can do is express "appreciative puzzlement."[8] Meanwhile another critic, Stanley Kaufman, went a step further and said that "food figures"[9] in Ishiguro's works, and brought up two points regarding the food imagery in *The Unconsoled.*

Kaufmann says that in this novel food does two things: it arouses a sense of homely sensuality, and creates disproportion in the text by emphasizing the incongruence of a particular setting. It is the latter claim I would like to begin with and expand on. How does "food figure" in Ishiguro's texts? Is it the description of food that is incongruent and distorted, or does food somehow distort common sensical values, and push out against margins of normality, acceptability? Is what Ishiguro feeds them edible in the first place?

I wish to look at certain scenes which are food-related and arguably incongruent, or specifically the two breakfast scenes at the end of *The Unconsoled.* Perhaps a summary of the plot leading up to these scenes is required. The main character and narrator is Ryder, an internationally acclaimed pianist who is expected to give an evening performance. The expectation of the whole town hosting the performance has been mounting excruciatingly ever since his arrival. About nine-tenths into the novel, the concert finally begins and on a very disastrous note; but for awhile it is not Ryder's turn. In the meantime, he has an emotional breakdown in the office of a woman who has been assigned to manage his schedule. Why is he crying uncontrollably? Apparently it is because his parents, whom he invited, are no where in sight. All of a sudden someone comes in to this same office announcing breakfast. The schedule-managing woman says, "'Breakfast?'...'It's not supposed to be served for another half an hour yet.'"[10] The attentive reader would wonder: breakfast? Wasn't his performance supposed to be in the evening? Was he crying in the office so long that he missed it? At last Ryder arrives at the stage, but the audience has by then dispersed. He suddenly finds himself bumping into a young man who tells him that *everyone* has gone to the conservatory to have breakfast. Below is the first of the two breakfast scenes. Ryder sees

> ...people drinking coffee and fruit juice, others from plates or bowls, and as we made our way through the crowd I caught in turn fresh aromas of fresh rolls, fish cakes, bacon.... There was little point in my attempting to address this crowd, let alone in asking them to return to the auditorium for my recital. Feeling suddenly tired and extremely hungry, I decided to sit down and have some breakfast myself. When I looked about, however, I could see no free chairs anywhere.... I thought that sooner or later a waiter would spot me and come rushing up with a plate and a cup of coffee, perhaps show me to a seat. But though on few occasions a waiter did come hurrying in my direction, each time he pushed past me and I was obliged to watch him serving someone else.... My hunger growing ever greater, I made my way towards [the catering trolley] and was just about to tap the waiter on the shoulder when he turned and rushed past me, his arms burdened with three large plates—upon which I glimpsed scrambled eggs, sausages, mushrooms, tomatoes.[11]

Ryder sees the food, but there are no empty chairs, and waiters push past him and do not serve him. His hunger grows even greater, and still, food fly past him.

Ryder, therefor, is still hungry. He has not been "fed." He has certainly not had the "pleasure" of giving a performance, which he had been very anxious about anyway. Too much distraction and obstruction, such as unexpected encounters with a woman who *seems* to be his wife, or random appointments with a number of townsfolk who all have personal favors to ask of him. Such things have gotten in the way of proper piano practice. No chance to perform must mean no chance to "fulfill" the need of the townsfolk, who were depending on him to heighten

their sense of culture, to illuminate them with some deeper meaning in life. Essentially Ryder has *failed* to feed them. The waiters fail to feed *him*. Perhaps the one energy source he has to feed off from — namely his ego and the flattery he has been showered with by the townsfolk — is becoming threateningly low. The waiters and the others enjoying breakfast do not even care to offer him any flattery now, let alone an invitation to eat at their table.

In the end his patience runs out, and he tries to serve breakfast himself. But this is only after he has privately consoled himself. "Of course," he says, there was a certain "disappointment about the evening...but if a community could reach some sort of an equilibrium without having to be guided by an outsider, so much the better."[12] But the consolation does not bring him any closer to eating his breakfast. His attempt to console his disappointment takes on the appearance of a man taking the evening's fiasco in a civil, mature way, but apparently he is also being evasive about dealing with his humiliation. In the meantime he has reached out a for a plate and utensils, but tries to hide the fact that he has been trying to serve himself when he is suddenly surrounded by some people. These people are pressing to know if he has carried out a promise made to them earlier. But of course Ryder has not. So what does he do? He thrusts back the empty plate to a waiter rushing past him and says: "The catering this morning has been appalling."[13] And rushes off somewhere outside.

In effect, Ryder is still going on on an empty stomach, by all means unsatiated. He did not perform, no one seems to care, his parents did not come, the waiters ignore him. But Ryder is then immediately given a second chance to eat breakfast, and of all places, on a busy tram. Having thrust the empty plate at the waiter and rushed outside, Ryder finds himself running, and then catching up with a tram carrying his wife and step-son. This is in the hope of apologizing to his wife for lack of commitment and offering condolences for her father's death. But his wife refuses any kind words from him, and with her son hops off the tram. Just then a stranger approaches Ryder and attempts to console him.

> But it all passes, nothing's ever bad as it looks. ...why don't you have some breakfast...like the rest of us. You're bound to feel a little better then... Go and get yourself something to eat. [14]

Please recall that Ryder is still *on the tram*. As for this stranger who seems to be an electrician of some sort, he is someone who Ryder started talking to right after hopping on the tram. The electrician had moved on to the subject of parents, and Ryder had seized the opportunity to inquire about his own parents, who supposedly had visited the town years ago.

Consequently, Ryder is already in a somewhat flustered state about his parents when he approaches his wife, and gets rejected in the face. As for his breakfast? He *does* not get to eat this time either. This may seem a surprise, since the very last image we have of Ryder is of him eating.

> ...peering over their shoulders I saw a large buffet presented in a semi-circular arrangement directly beneath the rear window of the tram. There was on offer virtually everything one could wish for: scrambled eggs, fried eggs, a choice of cold meats, sausages, sautéed potatoes, mushrooms, cooked tomatoes. There was a large platter with rolled herrings and other fish preparations, two huge baskets filled with croissants and different sorts of rolls, a

> glass bowl of fresh fruit, numerous jugs of coffee and juices...I took a plate...and could feel my spirits rising yet further. Things had not, after all, gone so badly...I started to serve myself of everything. As I did so, I began to picture myself, already back in my seat, exchanging pleasant talk with the electrician, glancing out between mouthfuls at the early-morning streets...The buffet too was clearly here to stay for some time yet, so that we would be able to break off from our conversation every now and then to replenish our plates...We would go on sitting there together, eating...[15]

The point in going over this passage is to see that the text does give the impression that Ryder is eating. We are given a picture of how he is glancing out between mouthfuls, and how they are recommending to each other to go back for seconds.

An attentive reader would notice, however, that the text implies that it is all in Ryder's imagination. Although he does serve himself a little of everything, he does also say that "I *began* to picture myself...," "we *would be able to* take a break...," "We *would* go on sitting...," *et al.* Obviously, these moments of fulfillment and satiation are *yet* to come. In the next paragraph, which is the very last paragraph of the book, Ryder *does* fill his coffee cup; but before he gets to take a sip, the narrative ends. Again he is left un-fed.

Through interviews Ishiguro has replied that his focus has moved from putting together fragmented memories of a Japan he remembers from childhood, to trying to prove he could write without setting it in Japan, and then on to the theme of what he calls appropriation. Appropriation, according to the *OED,* refers to "taking as one's own or to one's own use." Another dictionary explains that the word denotes the act of taking, or of "mak[ing] use of exclusively for oneself, often without permission."[17] In Ishiguro's context, the term is used to explain what Ryder is doing when he indulges in five-page monologues or divines other characters' thoughts. "This character," Ishiguro says, "appropriates people, the people he runs into stand for various parts of his life. They exist in their own right, but they are also being used to tell the narrator's story."[18]

Couldn't we argue that eating is an act of appropriation? We take what is not ours, and by consuming it we literally make it a part of ourselves, our being. According to some discussions among experts in gastronomy, eating is of course a biological act, but it is also so much more; food crosses the border between 'outside' and 'inside,'[19] perhaps bodily and culturally. They say that eating employs what might be called a 'principle of incorporation,' in the sense that when we incorporate or absorb food, we "seize the opportunity to demarcate their own and the other group. People eating similar food are trustworthy, good, familiar, and safe; but people eating unusual food gives rise to feelings of distrust, suspicion, and even disgust."[20] Moreover, they say that food and its eaters are given a place in the world by the way they formulate food taboo. Eating, they claim, involves categorization and representation, and hence operates, essentially, in the "register of imagination."[21]

In short, gastronomists integrate the issue of food with identity, be it personal or collective. What catches my attention the most is this idea of eating occurring in the "register of imagination," for then for the time being, we can put aside the issue of whether this act of eating is a physically real one or purely fictional. The question I would then like to raise is: what if some much desired food is the meat of something that is not of this earth, or more specifically, the meat of a ghost? In Ishiguro's earlier work called *The Gourmet,* the main character pursues,

finally captures, cooks, and eats, a ghost. What are the implications here? What is this gourmet doing? What is Ishiguro doing? And how does he rework, develop, re-employ this motif of hunger, of being un-satiated with the present, with the past, of being unconsoled?

The Gourmet is perhaps one of Ishiguro's not-so-well-known or accessible works. The story is simple. The central figure is Manley Kingston, a man who has a passion for experimenting with the accepted norms" of what [does] and...[does] not comprise the edible."[22] He has a driver and a Rolls Royce. The setting is London, 1985. He recalls a dinner scene somewhere in South America. The guests at this dinner eye each other with curiosity and disbelief, for the main course turns out to be, suggestively, human flesh. The dinner's host, a man named Rossi, offers Manley a private deal. If Manley agrees to acknowledge Rossi as his mentor, then in return he will pass on to Manley" the process by which one consumes a ghost."[23]

Manley, now back in London, arrives at the church where the ghost is supposed to appear. For a moment the worth of the rare delicacy is undermined; he sees that there are some homeless people already waiting in line. Wasn't he the only person besides Rossi who knew? In time he finds out that the homeless are only there to get their simple charity meal of bread and baked beans. With the help of a friendly homeless man Manley enters the vestry, and after much waiting finally succeeds in capturing, cooking, and eating the ghost.

How does Manley actually go about the task? In Ishiguro's script, it says that we are to see Manley "unfurling his net."[24] In the film we see him unfurling a net attached to a long stick, by all means confident that a net is the most appropriate thing to use. As to *what* he catches, we must take a closer look at the scene where the ghost appears. Manley and the friendly homeless man have been waiting, for sometime, in the vestry. Suddenly the candle by Manley's foot goes out, and it appears as though something moved. A middle-aged, talkative tramp appears in the dark doorway. "We happen to be waiting a highly important event," Manley cries out, "and you, my man, are *in the way.*"[25] The tramp apologizes, but goes on to assert his right to be there as well. In the midst of this dialogue, the tramp suddenly goes up in flames. Manley, realizing that this tramp is indeed his ghost, unfurls the net at the fire. Manley is then seen cooking the meat which look like white, fat, oily, squirming worms. Manley's hands tremble as he tries to stab the meat with his fork. He slurps noisily as he gobbles it down. The oil, the juice, the salva, or whatever it is drool down his chin. It is not a pretty sight; but he *has* eaten his supper.

He then goes outside and joins another group of homeless men tending a small fire to keep warm. Manley is sick; he is on the verge of vomiting, perhaps he already has. A man by the fire says to him: "a bit too much of the old..." and makes a drinking gesture.

> HOMELESS MAN BY THE FIRE: Over did it did we?
> MANLEY: What?
> HOMELESS MAN BY THE FIRE: Bit too much of the old..."
> MANLEY: I was hungry. I ate. Now I am sick.
> HOMELESS MAN BY THE FIRE: Right, right. See what you mean.
> MANLEY: You see what I mean? I very much doubt that. How could *you* ever understand the kind of hunger I suffer?
> HOMELESS MAN BY THE FIRE: Well, we all get hungry, don't we?
> MANLEY: You have no idea what real hunger is.[26]

Whose hunger is more *real* here, the upper-class Manley's who has the luxury of being a professional gourmet, or that of the homeless man's? Is Manley simply referring to the kind of hunger for a delicacy that only a connoisseur would have first-hand experience of? As the homeless man by the fire was saying, "we all get hungry, don't we." But eating, as the gastronomists would say, is never only about filling the stomach; it is a way of coming to terms with or at least dealing with one's social class, financial situation; it involves keeping up appearances, accepting one's resources, or even hiding them. If we go on to say that eating is not only a physical but a mental or a spiritual act as well, the immediate response may be to think of religion and its function; but curiously enough, there is a problem here. On one hand, it is almost as though the element of religion, perhaps for example Christianity, is curiously left aside in Ishiguro's world, as Professor Takeshi Onodera points out in his book *Eikokuteki Keiken*.[27] He says that the notion of the original sin, latent almost in any aspect of European culture, is not to be seen in Mr. Ishiguro, or at least that he is curiously "different" from other twentieth-century English, or even Irish novelists who, like him, write, with meticulous realism, the consciousness of the characters. In my words, Ishiguro's characters seek spiritual fulfillment, and yet musings on or internal conflicts with religious principles are not narrated. In effect, what these characters are fed with seem to be essentially not associated with Christian wine or bread.

On the other hand, however, there *are* obvious "Christian elements" in *The Gourmet,* for example. Here the setting includes the crypt of a church, the vestry, and the old reverend, though he does not make an appearance, is mentioned, and a woman does cross herself at the dinner scene suggesting cannibalism. I should add that Ishiguro's scrip starts out with the following quotation from Matthew: *I was hungered and ye gave me meat/ I was thirsty and ye gave me drink/ I was a stranger and ye took me in.* Even though in the film version this quote is dropped altogether, we do see Manley drinking a glass of red wine in the vestry. Is it a sacred scene? One may hardly say so, for he drinks it in the manner of an ultimately secular man impatient for his entrée. Because this glass of wine is a theatrical prop included only in the film, the hungry man in Ishiguro's script is arguably less concerned with the blood of Christ. But I am not certain how such obvious Christian references, or lack of them, in themselves determine how embedded in Christianity his text may be.

Perhaps the most important thing is that the main character, the gourmet himself, is not in the least made self-conscious because of such "Christian elements." Is his more of a spiritual pursuit or a physical one? I can only answer this by saying it is less a serious transgression of religious, ethical taboo, than it is a fine caricature.

Regarding other differences between the film and the script, I should point out that Manley's words of confirmation "I ate. Now I am sick." in the section quoted earlier is specified in the screenplay that he say this "with dignity," while the film has dropped the phrase altogether. Underlying this excision is possibly the generic difference involved in representation through screens and through printed texts. Moreover, that such an excision was called for perhaps indicates that Ishiguro's play with the notion of dignity, or with its imperviousness and fragility, is already in progress.

Dignity, hunger, and sickness is a continuous cynosure. The convulsion of Stevens in *The Remains of the Day* takes on the form of irrepressible waves of emotion and tears, while Manley's is a literal disgorge. Unlike Stevens, Manley is hardly self-deceptive and much more admitting to his desires, needs, hunger. In contrast to the post-Stevens character Ryder in *The*

Unconsoled, Manley is given the chance to swallow his food and also does not mask his disappointment. For the very last lines Manley says are: "You may like to know... I achieved what I set out to do last night... Not as quite as extraordinary as one may have expected... A disappointment in all... So dreary... Life gets so dreary once you've tasted its more obvious offerings."[28]

It is interesting to note that Manley's rudimentary frankness is contrived of various margins that Ishiguro hinges his food imagery upon. This is a story of a pursuit for that "which is not of this earth." Manley is a man on the 'verge' of going mad, in the sense that he willingly recommends the food thrown away in a refuse bin because it becomes a "stewing pot of randomness...that produces recipes far beyond the capabilities of ordinary imaginations."[29] One could say that he is that much a serious connoisseur pursuing the 'limits' of taste. The margins of the edible and the non-edible are implied, as well as the margins of social class. This work which begins with a phrase from the Bible, about taking care of the stranger, by the end has an ironic ring of class cannibalism: the upper eating the lower. The upper-class Manley ruins his poor assistant's one and only jacket; and even the ghost that he eats is the ghost of a homeless man who was murdered, about a century ago, by some people of power wanting his organs for research purposes.

As for the phrase "it's more obvious offerings," I should point out that in the film it has been changed to "life's more obvious pleasures." Perhaps this gives freer reign to Manley's gluttonous hunger, while dropping or at least weakening the Christian connotation of food as an offering. The pleasure of food, the sexual neutrality of food, the pleasure of a text, the gourmet amongst literary critics- I turned to Roland Barthes's *The Pleasure of the Text* and found him asking the question: "Why this curiosity about petty details: schedules, habits, meals, lodging, clothing, etc.? Is it the hallucinatory relish of "reality" (the very materiality of *"that once existed"*)?"[30]

This paper started off by asking how does "food figure" in Ishiguro's texts? What are his characters hungry for? Are they fed? and if so, with what? How does he rework this motif of hunger, of being unsatiated with the present, or the past? In discussing these questions I focused on the breakfast scenes in *The Unconsoled,* in which the narrator is left ultimately un-fed, and the TV screenplay *The Gourmet* (1986), in which the main character, an upper-class gourmet, does actually eat the ghost meat of a murdered pauper.

Ishiguro has indicated in interviews that his focus has moved from putting together fragmented memories of a childhood Japan, through an emphasis on proving he could write in other settings, towards an experimentation with the narrator's *appropriation* of the lives/stories of other characters. *The Unconsoled* is a work which Ishiguro himself refers to as the novel in which he attempted to break away from his three earlier books, from those works he wrote "figuring himself out" and were "all extremely similar." He has drawn a line, and perhaps is more or less finished with piecing together fragmented memories, or as Rushdie would say, working with broken mirrors and imaginary homelands. This paper explored how eating might be an act of appropriation in itself, how it occurs in the register of imagination, and how the margins of grossness and acceptability, the edible and the non-edible can be used to explore the limits of fictional writing.

Notes

(1) This paper was originally given at the 73rd General Assembly of The English Literary Society of Japan (19–20 May 2001) at Gakushuin University. Some revisions have been made and footnotes added.

(2) Cf. "And there she ate full many a slender meal; There was no *sauce piquant* to spice her veal, No dainty morsel ever passed her throat... She drank no wine, nor white, nor red had got. Her board was mostly served with white and black, Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack..." Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Nun's Priest's Tale," *The Canterbury Tales* (London: Penguin, 1977) 233.

(3) Cf. The famous incipit of *Twelfth Night*: "If music be the food of love, play on,/ Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,/ The appetite may sicken, and so die." William Shakespeare, *The Arden Shakespeare: Twelfth Night,* ed. J. M. Lothian and T.W. Craik (London: Routledge, 1991) 5.

(4) The middle and upper classes in the reign of Elizabeth seem to have suffered from bad teeth as a consequence of addiction to sweet food. Not enough vegetable was eaten in proportion to meat at the time, and many also suffered from skin infection. According to Gillie, salads entered the diet among these classes in the seventeenth century, and by the eighteenth century among all classes. For more information see the section under "Food" in Christopher Gillie's *Longman Companion to English Literature* (London: Longman, 1972) 522.

(5) E.g. "the heavy grubber" Magwitch in *Great Expectations*: "He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, greedy. Some of his teeth had failed... and as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog." Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations* (Essex: Longman House, 1988) 325. Another Dickensian example may be a transformed Scrooge generously proposing "a bowl of smoking bishop" in "A Christmas Carol," *The Christmas Books Vol.1* (London: Penguin, 1971) 133. Note 32 of this text adds that "Bishop is made by pouring heated red wine over bitter oranges and then adding sugar and spices. The liquor is purple, the colour of a bishop's cassock, hence the name."

(6) James Joyce, *Ulysses* (London: Penguin, 1992) 65.

(7) Ishiguro has actually written two TV screenplays, *The Gourmet and A Profile of Arthur J. Mason. Arthur J. Mason* was written five years prior to *The Remains of the Day,* and is also about an English butler, a proto-type Stevens as it were.

(8) Richard Rorty, "Consolation Prize," *Village Voice Literary Supplement,* October 1995, 13.

(9) Stanley Kaufman, "The Floating World," *The New Republic,* 6 November 1995, 45.

(10) Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Unconsoled* (London: Faber and Faber, 1995) 518.

(11) Ishiguro, *The Unconsoled* 523–524.

(12) Ishiguro, *The Unconsoled* 524.

(13) Ishiguro, *The Unconsoled* 527.

(14) Ishiguro, *The Unconsoled* 532–533.

(15) Ishiguro, *The Unconsoled* 534–535.

(16) Cf. *OED*: *appropriation* 1.The making of a thing private property, whether another's or (as now commonly) one's own; taking as one's own or to one's own use; *concr.* the thing so appropriated or taken possession of.

(17) Cf. *appropriate* (*v*) 2. in *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1978).

(18) Julia Llewellyn Smith, "A Novel Taste of Criticism," *The Times,* 3 May 1995.

(19) Claude Fischler's argument explained by Peter Scholliers in "Meals, Food Narratives, and Sentiments of Belonging in Past and Present," *Food, Drink, and Identity,* ed. Peter Scholliers (Oxford: Berg, 2001) 8.

(20) Scholliers 8.
(21) Scholliers 9.
(22) The line is said by Dr. Grosvenor, a character who "may be a wealthy doctor in private practice" and who "performs shady operations." When Kingston stops by his office to collect the necessary utensils, Dr. Grosvenor praises Kingston's past activities: "You see, I've always found something noble in your career. Noble in the most fundamental way. In the primitive world, man was obliged to go out into an unknown wilderness and discover food. He was unbound then by prejudices about what did and did not comprise the edible... You, Mr. Kingston, are one of the few in modern times worthy of our great pioneers of taste." Kazuo Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* (filmscript), *Granta 43: Best of Young British Novelists 2* (Middlesex, England: Granta Publications, 1993) 98, 99-100.
(23) Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* 106.
(24) Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* 123.
(25) Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* 122.
(26) Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* 125.
(27) Takeshi Onodera, *Eikokuteki Keiken* (Tokyo: Chikuma Shobo, 1998) 204.
(28) Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* 126.
(29) Ishiguro, *The Gourmet* 111.
(30) Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text,* trans. Richard Miller (New York: Hill and Wang, 2000) 53.

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