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YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM YOURSELF

by

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(Onoto Watama)

I was tired of writing and sick of New York. I felt like a ~~poor~~ *poor little* human fly caught in the cogs of its mighty machinery. An immense nostalgia took possession of me—a longing for something other than I had known. Writing became a sort of torment—something I had literally to drive myself to. ~~Many a time I have laid my head down among my papers and pencils and cried—hopelessly, for there seemed no escape for me. There were many dependent upon me. I suppose I was in a sort of pathological condition.~~

I had written hundreds of short stories and eighteen novels — all concerned with Japan. I was "labelled" Japanese. The little oriental blood in me did not make me a real "Jap" any more than the drop of French in me made me a Frenchwoman. However, my Japanese stories were enjoying a vogue. One of them sold over 200,000 copies and was translated into nearly every language. Nevertheless, I dreamed of the day when I could escape from the treadmill of writing about a subject I did not love. ~~Editors and publishers discouraged my efforts in other directions.~~ *by write of other subjects* ~~They~~ *editors* said to me: "Stick to your last. You are doing fine!" Perhaps I was, but vogues ~~are~~ *one thing* and my readers probably were as tired of reading about little Japanese women as I was of writing about them.