

## Afterword

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When I was requested by President Nakamura to edit and publish this *150th anniversary history* as part of the university's 150th anniversary celebrations, I remembered that the university had already published a two-volume history of the university and a one-volume collection of photographs for the 50th anniversary of its founding. This made me wonder what the significance of a separate, new book on its 150 years of history could be.

However, that thorny issue was easily resolved for me in a sense. Just as the shape of the vessel determines the shape of the water it holds, so too the concept of *150th anniversary history* was shaped simply from its appearance and its needs. Aiming to fall somewhere between a massive tome for researchers and a tourist pamphlet, of a size and weight easily able to be taken even on trips overseas, and one that is full of episodes illustrating the university's long history. The goal of our *150th anniversary history* was quickly clarified into informing readers, in a visual style and in clear and simple prose, of the spirit of Kanazawa University, and the temperament of its students.

The design team of Professor Miyashita Takaharu of Kanazawa University, famous for his role in the restoration of the Florentine frescoes, and two graduates of the Faculty of Education (Fine Art) made this concept possible. Take this completed book in your hands. The bold, and at times free, brushstrokes across the cover and on each page inside represent the unbroken flow of time. You might also discover the flowers of the acanthus plant, which are used in the university crest. The book's cover is also designed to be reminiscent of the gold leaf and lacquer that Kanazawa is famous for. The Editorial Committee is very pleased to be able to provide you with a book on the university's 150 years of history with such careful design sense.

Time has passed since then, and we have now reached 150 years since our first roots were planted. In the same way as when a major season changes, we are filled with a pleasant anticipation. Henceforth, each time we attempt to take hold of that future we dream about, we shall continue to feel as if we have awakened from sleep. As a poet once felt...

April is the cruellest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.

*The Waste Land*, T. S. Elliot

