The Sarashina Diary

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN ELEVENTH-CENTURY JAPAN

READER'S EDITION

SUGAWARA NO TAKASUE NO MUSUME

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
SONJA ARNTZEN AND ITŌ MORIYUKI

Columbia University Press

New York

Columbia University Press
Publishers Since 1893
New York Chichester, West Sussex
cup.columbia.edu
Copyright © 2018 Columbia University Press
All rights reserved

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Names: Sugawara no Takasue no Musume, 1008– author. | Arntzen, Sonja, 1945– translator. | Ito, Moriyuki, 1954– translator.
Title: The Sarashina diary : a woman's life in eleventh-century Japan / Sugawara no Takasue no Musume ; translated, with an introduction, by Sonja Arntzen and Ito Moriyuki.
Other titles: Sarashina nikki. English
Description: Reader's edition. | New York : Columbia University Press, [2018] | Series: Translations from the Asian classics | Includes bibliographical references and index.
Identifiers: LCCN 2017031860 (print) | LCCN 2017042590 (ebook) | ISBN 9780231546829 (electronic) | ISBN 9780231186766 (cloth : alk. paper) | ISBN 9780231186773 (pbk. : acid-free paper)
Subjects: LCSH: Sugawara no Takasue no Musume, 1008—Diaries. | Authors, Japanese—Heian period, 794–1185—Diaries. | Women—Japan—History—To 1500.
Classification: LCC PL789.S8 (ebook) | LCC PL789.S8 Z4713 2018 (print) | DDC 895.63/14 [B] —dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2017031860

Columbia University Press books are printed on permanent and durable acid-free paper.

Printed in the United States of America

Cover design: Lisa Hamm
Cover image: A bi-fold screen by calligrapher Shikō Kataoka (1928–2014).

CONTENTS

Preface to the Reader's Edition *vii*

Introduction *xi*

Sarashina Diary
1

Appendix 1. Family and Social Connections *67*

Appendix 2. Maps *75*

Appendix 3. List of Place Names Mentioned in the Sarashina Diary *81*

Notes *85*

Bibliography *119*

Index *123*

PREFACE TO THE READER'S EDITION

The Sarashina Diary: A Woman's Life in Eleventh-Century Japan was published in 2014. We, the joint translators and editors, Sonja Arntzen and Itō Moriyuki, are delighted that the positive reception of the book has warranted the preparation of an abridged version to facilitate use of the work as a textbook in survey courses of Japanese or comparative literature. The complete edition of the book was divided equally between interpretive study and translation of the work. The existence of the full version in libraries and its maintenance in print has allowed a radical condensation of the study section. Any reader or researcher who desires to delve more deeply into the text can refer to that version. Likewise, information about the genesis of the translation project and the collaborative process that produced the book can be found in the full version, while further details about those matters are available in the "author's blog" section on the Columbia University Press website (cup.columbia.edu).

Fortunately, it was possible to leave the translation of the diary itself intact. For the sake of economy in both cost and page space, however, the notes have been shifted from the facing page to backnote format. The removal of all place names to an appendix giving present-day equivalent locations made it possible to reduce the notes significantly. Furthermore, we merged many of the remaining notes into single, longer notes, and, wherever possible, have placed those notes at the ends of discrete passages. Our guiding principle has been to make the trip back to the notes worth the reader's while. Accordingly, the notes generally provide more than just references. As well as giving signposts in objective chronology for events in the diary, they often provide moments for pause and reflection by means of interpretive comment. Passages that were given detailed analysis in the full study are also signaled and referenced to the full version, abbreviated as *SD*.

The base text for our translation remains the Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei edition of the *Sarashina nikki*, edited and annotated by Akiyama Ken (Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1980). We also consulted a photo-facsimile edition of the thirteenth-century manuscript copy handwritten by Fujiwara no Teika, *Gyobutsubon: Sarashina nikki* (Tokyo: Kasama shoin, 1981), and have occasionally opted for readings from the original manuscript. Such deviations are signaled in the notes.

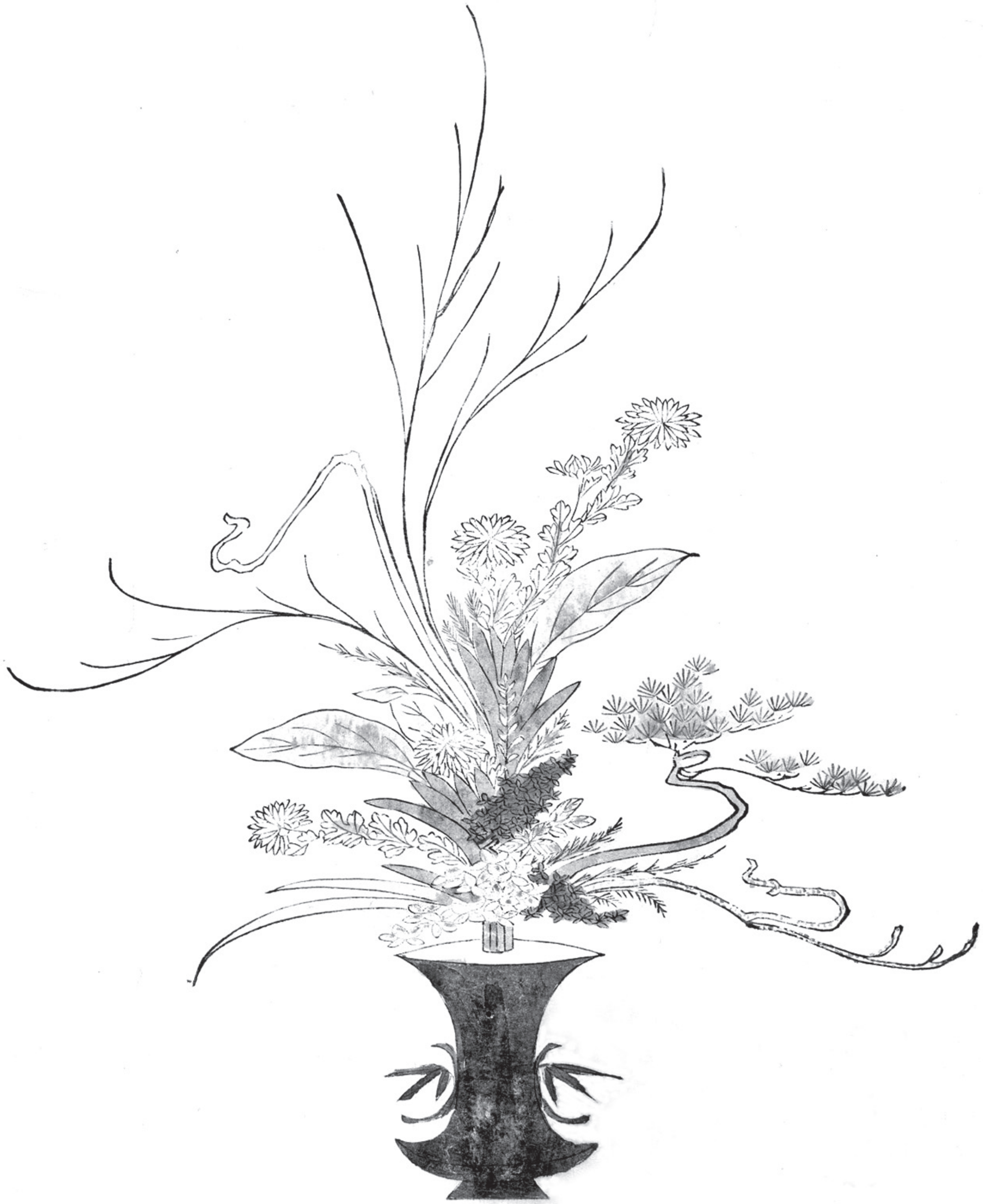
The standard Hepburn transcription system has been used to romanize Japanese terms, proper nouns, and place names in the introduction and narrative sections of the translation, but the romanization of poetry follows the modified historical style that Joshua Mostow developed in *Pictures of the Heart: The Hyakunin isshu in Word and Image* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1996): the hiragana characters of the original classical Japanese have been transliterated directly, thus maintaining the old distinctions between *he*, *we*, and *e*; between *wo* and *o*; and between *wi* and *i*; and also rendering づ as *dzu* and ぢ as *dji*. This romanization style makes the puns in classical verse more visible. The romanization of Chinese follows the pinyin system.

The references for poems in imperial and other important anthologies provide the poem number as given in the *Shinpen kokka taikan* (Tokyo: Kadokawa shoten, 1983–1992, CD-ROM version). The dates for the imperial anthologies follow those in Earl R. Miner, Hiroko Odagiri, and Robert E. Morrell, *The Princeton Companion to Classical Japanese Literature* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1985). The titles of poetry anthologies are given by their common names—that is, omitting the *waka* that is part of their official title (for example, *Kokinshū* instead of *Kokin wakashū*). Unless otherwise noted, the translations of poems from imperial and other anthologies are ours.

The names of Japanese scholars working and writing in Japan are given in Japanese word order (surname first) in both the body of the text and the notes. Names for premodern Japanese people follow the traditional custom of adding *no* (of) after the surname, as in Fujiwara no Teika, or Teika of the Fujiwara clan, and Sugawara no Takasue no Musume, or daughter of Takasue of the Sugawara clan. The ages given for the author of the *Sarashina Diary* and other figures mentioned in the diary follow the traditional Japanese count: that is, at birth a person is considered to be one year old.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The acknowledgment section of our earlier version was two pages long, fitting for a book that was ten years in preparation. In accordance with the intention to keep this work shorter, these acknowledgments will be brief; nonetheless, we want it understood that we are still enormously grateful to all the people, institutions, and funding agencies that made the longer edition not only possible but also worthy of distillation into this "Reader's Edition." We thank early adopters of the first version as a textbook who offered feedback on its virtues and gave advice for abridging it into a more compact and economical publication. The two anonymous readers of the manuscript for this edition validated the abridgment project and provided helpful criticism. We have received encouraging support and expert guidance from everyone involved with the project at Columbia University Press. Last, but never least, we thank our spouses, Itō Takako and Richard Lynn, for all their support both tangible and intangible.



INTRODUCTION

SONJA ARNTZEN AND ITŌ MORIYUKI

A thousand years ago (more precisely, around the year 1020), a literate and sensitive young girl in Japan began composing a record of her life, which she continued for over forty years. As a woman with literary inclinations, she was fortunate to have lived during the Heian period (794–1185), a rare moment in premodern human history when conditions favored women writing.[1] Rather than making her record a daily account of events, she focused on moments of heightened awareness, particularly those that involved the composition of poetry. Her text shows evidence of careful editing aimed at leaving behind a work of literary merit. The author, Sugawara no Takasue no Musume (b. 1008–?), was a direct descendant of Sugawara no Michizane (845–903), one of the most famous literary figures in Japanese history, and although the family held only middling status in her day, she would have been conscious of her distinguished lineage and desirous to produce something worthy of that heritage. She would also have been aware of how autobiographical writing by women in the generation or so before her had achieved fame and had helped the careers of those writers and their family members. Allusions to works of these previous writers in her diary indicate how much those texts were in the back of her mind as she composed her own. Much later in her life, she gave her text a title, the *Sarashina Diary* (*Sarashina nikki*), based on a complex of allusions in one of the final poems in it. While there is no evidence that her work circulated beyond a small circle of family and friends during her lifetime, the inclusion of one of the diary's poems in the imperial anthology *Shinkokinshū* (c. 1216) signals the beginning of the work's wider appreciation. The first annotated manuscript of the text was produced in the thirteenth century and, amazingly, is still extant. Throughout the medieval period (1185–ca. 1600), the diary continued to be mined for poems to include in imperial anthologies. In the early modern period (1600–1868), woodblock print editions were produced and study of the text by *kokugaku* "National Learning" scholars began. In the modern period, the *Sarashina Diary* has been accorded the status of a "classic"—that is, one of the works representing the golden era of Japanese classical literature, the mid-Heian period (early tenth to eleventh century). So although it did not happen in her lifetime, the young girl's literary aspirations were eventually fulfilled well beyond anything she could have imagined. The following sections will place the diary within the context of other works of the period and provide more detailed information about the author and the survival of her text. Finally, we will suggest approaches for the work's appreciation.

THE *SARASHINA DIARY* IN THE CONTEXT OF *NIKKI BUNGAKU* (DIARY LITERATURE)

The *Sarashina Diary* (*Sarashina nikki*) (ca. 1060) is one of six major literary diaries from the mid-Heian period, roughly 900 to 1100.[2] The other five are the *Tosa Diary* (ca. 935) by Ki no Tsurayuki (ca. 868–945),[3] the *Kagerō Diary* (ca. 974) by Fujiwara no Michitsuna's mother (?945–?995),[4] the *Pillow Book* (ca. 1000) by Sei Shōnagon (?966–?1017),[5] the *Izumi Shikibu Diary* (ca. 1008) by Izumi Shikibu (?976–?),[6] and the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary* (ca. 1010) by Murasaki Shikibu (?–?1014).[7] We have chosen the term "diary" to translate *nikki* (literally, "daily record"), even though dated entries are rarely the norm in these texts and sometimes they appear closer to other forms of first-person writing in English, such as memoirs and autobiographies. The term *nikki* is a Chinese loan word, and in a classical Chinese context, it refers to both public and private daily records. In the Heian Japanese context, *nikki* covers a wide range of official and personal court records and even documents like modern appointment diaries arranged as calendars with spaces by each date for recording activities. Writing these kinds of *nikki* in literary Chinese[8] was customary for the male members of the Heian court. In fact, the first *nikki* to be produced in the vernacular Japanese language, the *Tosa Diary* (ca. 935), calls attention to this fact in its opening lines: "They say that diaries [*nikki*] are kept by men, but I will see if a woman can also keep one."[9] This statement is used to announce a female persona for the male author, a persona that, among other things, enabled the author to write in vernacular Japanese rather than literary Chinese.[10] Since this first work of "self-writing" in vernacular Japanese had the title *nikki*, the term was applied to most later texts too, even though their content and form do not conform to the expectations of a daily record. In common parlance in the West, the term "diary" implies a private text and, in most cases, diaries that did become public texts did so only after the author's death and were shaped for public consumption by later editors. Nonetheless, having a concern for the readers of posterity is not unknown. Moreover, we suspect that anyone who has kept a diary will recognize that as one attempts to shape the story of one's experience even for oneself, there is always in the back of the mind the thought that someone else might be moved someday to read what has been written. Curiously, the advent of blogging in recent decades makes Heian diaries and particularly the *Sarashina Diary* easier to appreciate as private texts directed toward a public audience. In the three years that our *Sarashina Diary* manuscript was experimentally shared in successive courses at the University of British Columbia, students kept mentioning that it had the feel of a blog. Although the content was personal and seemingly spontaneous as to choice of material, one could sense the author shaping her story to reach out to unspecified others who might choose to "tune in" to her private world. After debating whether to translate the *nikki* in *Sarashina nikki* as "journal" or "memoir" in order to indicate its difference from a daily record, we finally opted for the simple literal translation of "diary." After all, "diary" in English, just like *nikki* in Japanese, is broad enough to encompass appointment diaries on one end of the scale and works of personal reflection such as *The Diary of Anne Frank* on the other. We have, accordingly, also used "diary" to refer to other Heian texts of the *nikki* genre.

Besides the six major literary diaries produced during the Heian period, several other, lesser-known texts that loosely fit the category have survived.[11] This comparatively large body of works from so early in the history of Japanese writing has resulted in the canonization of the personal diary as a fully accepted genre in classical literature. The early development of the personal diary form and its modern canonization in Japan is an anomaly in world literary history. Now when speaking of literature over that period, it has become a general practice to discuss this group of diaries collectively using the term *nikki bungaku* (diary literature).

Diaries in literary Chinese were only one source for the development of the diary in vernacular Japanese. The first and foremost source was the personal poetry collection, *shikashū*. The tenth century, during which the first diaries in vernacular Japanese were produced, also saw an efflorescence of the *waka* form of Japanese verse.[12] Almost all members of aristocratic society composed *waka* and kept collections of their verse for both their own personal record and posterity. The concern for posterity was connected with the importance of *chokusen wakashū*, imperially sponsored collections of *waka* poetry, twenty-one of which were produced between 905 and 1439. Immense prestige was attached to having one's poems included in an imperial anthology. It was the equivalent of having one's work published by a major press and being reviewed favorably in the *Times Literary Supplement* and *The New Yorker*, a feeling that one had achieved literary immortality. Even if one were not fortunate enough to have a poem included in an imperial anthology during one's lifetime, descendants might still have a chance to submit a copy of one's personal poetry collection for consideration by the compilers of future anthologies. Furthermore, since one member's fame as a poet shed glory on the whole family, personal poetry collections came to be considered family assets.

Personal poetry collections often included prose headnotes recording the occasions of their composition, which made them a kind of diary. Since *waka* were often exchanged with others, the poems of others became part of one's personal record. Short narratives resulted from these sequences of exchanged poems: "On such and so occasion, I sent X this poem. He replied with that poem. I replied in turn . . ." and thus a story line would emerge. It might be one of a developing love affair, the disillusionment of professional hopes, the deepening of friendship, or the process of coping with grief and disappointment. Thus, just as the personal poetry collection overlapped with the diary form, both the collection and the diary had much in common with the genre of prose fiction. For example, Ki no Tsurayuki, the author of the *Tosa Diary*, even adopted a female persona when writing his work, something more associated with prose fiction than with diaries.

Monogatari, "tale" literature written in vernacular Japanese, also flourished in the Heian period. This, after all, was when the great *Tale of Genji* was composed. Although tale literature was officially denigrated as fit only for the amusement of women and children, such disparagement did not hinder its popularity. Since Heian prose fiction tended to focus on human relationships, it naturally included exchanges of poetry. Thus both diaries and tales contained exchanges of *waka* poetry. This promiscuous mingling of diary, fiction, and poetry has blurred genre distinctions in the writing of this period, which is evident in the slippage of titles for some works that are known alternately as *nikki* or *monogatari*. Of course, genre categories were created much later by literary scholars in an attempt to impose order upon chaos, a situation further complicated by the genre definitions, which themselves originated in very different literary traditions. Suffice it to say that a creative blending of genres characterizes the literary production of the Heian period.

This situation helps explain why, from the beginning, the vernacular Japanese diaries of the Heian period display a more literary character than one would expect, judging solely from the development of the diary form in Western literature. Our simple definition of "literary" is the conscious aesthetic shaping of the text for the eyes of others, which might seem surprising in an era well before any form of print culture. In the Heian period, even though works were circulated only in handwritten copies, they nonetheless circulated, and there is clear evidence that the authors of Heian diaries wanted their work to be read by others.[13] The fact that all Heian diaries contain greater or lesser amounts of poetry also contributes to their literary quality. In sum, the evolution of the diary form side by side with fiction led to a cross-fertilization between the two, which also tended to push the diary in a literary direction.

The Heian diary thus represents an exception in world literary history, in which at least until the modern period, the general trend has been for diaries to be kept distinct from fiction and poetry. A further anomaly is that five of these six canonized texts were written by women. Japanese literature is unique in having so many female authors in the critical stages of its early development.

Although diaries continued to be written in the following Kamakura period (1185–1333), the texts of the Heian period have received the most constant interest and high evaluation. Since the writers of three of these Heian-period diaries—Ki no Tsurayuki, Murasaki Shikibu, and Izumi Shikibu—also are famous writers in the genre of *waka* poetry (and in Murasaki Shikibu's case, fiction too), the fact that they left behind diaries of high literary worth as well as historical interest is another reason their works have continued to attract readers.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE *SARASHINA DIARY*

The *Sarashina Diary* is the last of the six major diaries of the Heian period, coming nearly ninety years after the *Tosa Diary*, fifty years after the *Kagerō Diary*, and about one generation after the other three texts. Given the textual evidence in the *Sarashina Diary* and the fact that Takasue no Musume was linked through family connections to at least three of the other authors, it is reasonable to assume that she was aware of and had read all these earlier texts.[14] The *Sarashina Diary* covers the longest span of all the diaries, forty years, and its content displays a mixture of the elements within them. Takasue no Musume records the experiences of both being locked in a household, as the author of *Kagerō Diary* was, and serving at court, as the memoirs of Sei Shōnagon and Murasaki Shikibu describe. The *Sarashina Diary* also contains extensive accounts of travel, as do the *Tosa Diary* and the *Kagerō Diary*. In one significant episode, the *Sarashina Diary* records a romantic encounter and poetry exchange worthy of the *Izumi Shikibu Diary*. At the same time, three defining features of the *Sarashina Diary* set it apart from its cohorts.

First is its portrait of the writer as a reader. Takasue no Musume gives us a firsthand glimpse into what it was like to be in the second generation of readers of the *Tale of Genji*, the first generation being

Murasaki Shikibu's contemporaries at court. Her work bears witness to the mesmerizing quality of that epic tale and, on a personal level, its influence on her relation to language and reality (always so closely entwined), for both good and ill. Her aunt, Michitsuna's mother, began the *Kagerō Diary* with an attack on the "old tales" as just "so much fantasy."[15] Takasue no Musume begins her diary with an open declaration of her desire to read all the tales in existence, including the one about the "Shining Genji." Moreover, by means of a subtle allusion in the opening passage to the character of Ukifune in the *Tale of Genji*, with whom Takasue no Musume comes to identify most closely when she finally gets to read it, she asserts her affinity for this tale above all others. It is as though she is speaking across the decades to her aunt, "You lived before this great tale was written; this work of fiction changed everything." This opening passage sets up a pattern that recurs throughout the work, where a surface reference to *Tale of Genji* in the gushing voice of a naïve fan at the same time entails an allusion to a more sophisticated understanding, hidden, as it were, for the reader who had read the tale as carefully as the author.[16] A close reading of the *Tale of Genji* reveals that its enchanting evocation of courtly romance is undercut by a critique of its illusory nature. For example, none of the couples in its great romances end up "living happily ever after." We posit that Takasue no Musume never parades her deeper understanding of the *Tale of Genji* on the surface of her narrative not only from an innate tendency toward reserve but also because she had learned from her reading of the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary* how dangerous it was in the hothouse atmosphere of court society for a woman ever to openly reveal the depth of her intellect and discernment.[17] The *Sarashina Diary* gives a compelling account of the powerful effect of reading on one's perception of oneself and the world, a phenomenon found in all literate cultures.

Second, the *Sarashina Diary* stands out as the work of Heian self-writing most concerned with the role of religious belief and practice in a person's life. From the opening passage, in which the author describes setting up her own votive image of the Healing Buddha, to the last poem, in which she evokes the "final renouncement" of a nun's vocation, aspects of Buddhist practice are threaded throughout. In this respect, the work almost presages a medieval consciousness.

Nowhere, however, are the hopes and fears that Takasue no Musume entertained with respect to Buddhist devotion more concentrated than in her accounts of her dreams. All together she records eleven dreams, more than in any of the other Heian diaries, and all but one have religious import. The dreams of her youth generally have an admonitory aspect to them. She is repeatedly told to give up her frivolous attachment to fiction and poetry in favor of memorizing the *Lotus Sutra* or worshipping this or that deity. (The conflation of Buddhist and Shintō deities in her dreams bears witness to the syncretism of Heian beliefs.) Just as repeatedly, and despite the careful recording of the dreams, she protests that she paid no attention to them but carried on in her careless way. Later in life, when she undertakes more pilgrimages on her own, some of the dreams have an auspicious cast. Indeed, the most obvious narrative line is her trajectory from youthful infatuation with romantic illusions fueled by her reading of fiction to the disillusionment of age and a concern for salvation. Yet, her life story contains many passages that deflect that narrative line and even appear to erase the dichotomy between literary illusion and religious truth.[18] Often, these counterpoint passages are lyrical in character and contain some of the most memorable writing in the entire work.[19] The author remained infatuated with fiction and poetry her whole life. On the other hand, if the core truth of Buddhism, indeed the seed of enlightenment, is to recognize the suffering in human existence, then perhaps Takasue no Musume gained her sensitivity to the inherent sadness of life not only from her own experiences of loss and loneliness but also from empathizing with the tribulations of others in works of fiction and poetry. Birth, sickness, old age, and death inevitably produce suffering, but to be able to write, to bring the magic of imaginative language to bear on this pain, may provide as much consolation as religious faith itself. This message would also seem to be embedded in the *Sarashina Diary.*

Third, Takasue no Musume's work is noted for beginning with a long description of a trip she took at the age of thirteen from Kazusa to the capital in Kyoto, which took three months and marked her coming of age as a self-conscious individual. She records that journey with the fresh eyes of a child, and indeed, a significant part of the appreciation for this text in Japan has been closely connected with the transparent innocence of the narrator's viewpoint in this opening travel account. At the same time, the account is constructed in a self-consciously literary way and sets up important motifs that recur throughout the work.[20] Moreover, by starting with the eyes of a child and ending with the eyes of an old woman, the work as a whole demonstrates how the child shapes the adult and remains part of the self to the very end. Even the descriptions of pilgrimages from much later in her life, taken ostensibly for religious aims, are animated by a seemingly youthful curiosity, as though she felt most herself when she was on a journey and that self was the same one she began to record as a child.[21]

The three preceding features—a focus on reading as a powerful shaping force in a woman's life, a persistent concern for religious practice, and the wide-eyed innocence of the narrative voice established through the travel record at the beginning—are all generally acknowledged in the critical literature as setting the *Sarashina Diary* apart from its cohort of texts. To these three, we would add a fourth. Of all the diaries of the Heian period, the *Sarashina Diary* reveals the most sophisticated orchestration of seemingly random fragments into a structure that we contend actually conveys the deeper meaning of the text. We will return at the end of the introduction to briefly address these issues of content choice, narrative structure, and meta-meaning as an approach for appreciation of the text, but first we will provide more information about the author's family background, a synopsis of her life, and an account of the transmission of her diary.

FAMILY BACKGROUND OF SUGAWARA NO TAKASUE NO MUSUME

The author's name literally means "Sugawara no Takasue's daughter." We do not know her personal name. While women would have had personal names for use by family members, particularly during childhood, women's names were generally not recorded in genealogical records (except in the case of imperial consorts). This is why we do not know the personal names of any of the other women diary authors of the mid-Heian period. The absence of most women's personal names from public records may be taken to reflect the lower status of women in that patriarchal society. Nonetheless, there also seems to have been a cultural practice of avoiding personal names. In their own texts, women did not use them when referring to either themselves or other women. Instead, they used nicknames, usually derived from the court offices held by their male relatives. Even in works of fiction, women characters are never referred to by their personal names but by nicknames based on the name of their living quarters, or, often in the *Tale of Genji*, from the title of the chapter in which they first appear. What we want to stress here is that the name Sugawara no Takasue no Musume does not make the author "anonymous" in any sense. On the contrary, as mentioned in the opening to this introduction, Sugawara was a distinguished surname that identified her as a direct descendant of Sugawara no Michizane, a famous statesman, scholar, and poet of Chinese verse. The fact that allusions to Michizane's Chinese verse figure prominently in the *Tale of Genji* attests to the longevity and widespread knowledge of his poetry into the author's time. Heads of the Sugawara family had served as rectors of the court university for generations. Even though the author's father, Takasue, was not an illustrious member of the family and did not assume the position, her elder brother, Sadayoshi, reclaimed that family honor and was noted in literary circles as well. In any case, the author's membership in the Sugawara family would have been noted by her contemporaries, but the full name of Sugawara no Takasue no Musume was for official records and not what her intimates would have called her. What that name was, we simply cannot know. Her name during her court service might have had the province name of Hitachi in it, because her father's last major post was as provincial governor of Hitachi.[22] In this book from here on, we will refer to her by the name that links her to her father, Takasue no Musume.

The author's father, Takasue, had a decent career as a provincial governor. Thus, like all the other women diarists of the Heian period, Takasue no Musume came from the *zuryō* (provincial governor) class, which occupied the middle rank of Heian aristocracy. Properly speaking, these men served as assistant governors for high-ranking nobles who held the governorship of the province as a sinecure. Although there was no prestige in leaving the capital to actually do the practical work of overseeing distant provinces, such posts usually produced substantial financial rewards. For example, Takasue must have

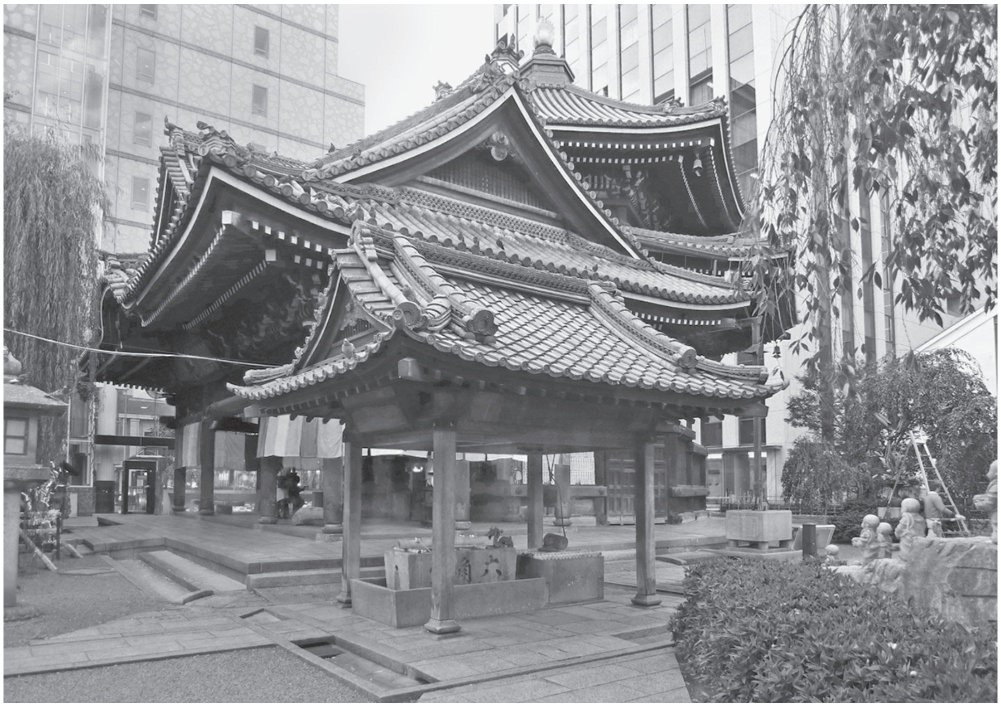


FIGURE 1 The Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō) at Chōhō Temple.

profited very well from his governor's post in Kazusa, his posting at the opening of the diary, because when the family returned to the capital, they moved into a residence on a large property situated between the mansions of two imperial family members and just two blocks up from the important temple, the Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō) (figure 1).[23]

The author's mother was a younger sister of Michitsuna's mother, author of the *Kagerō Diary* (ca. 974). The siblings' relationship would not have been close since, in addition to not having the same mother, Takasue no Musume's mother was thirty-six years younger. In fact, the two sisters may never have actually met in person.[24] Nonetheless, the family connection would have provided a conduit for the passage of a manuscript copy of the *Kagerō Diary* into the hands of Takasue no Musume.

Takasue no Musume also had a stepmother from the age of ten to thirteen, when her father took her and her elder sister to Kazusa for the duration of his service there as the provincial governor. Takasue no Musume's birth mother stayed at home in the capital, presumably to oversee the family assets, so the father invited a young woman at court, with whom he was on intimate terms, to accompany him to the provinces and to assume the role of stepmother to his two daughters. A marginal note in the earliest extant manuscript of the text identifies the stepmother as the daughter of Takashina no Nariyuki, a middle-ranking courtier from a family of some scholarly renown. Although the "wicked stepmother" scenario was stock material for fiction in the Heian period, the relationship between Takasue no Musume and her stepmother did not fit that stereotype. Although only briefly sketched, their relationship appears to have been exceedingly warm, as exemplified by their exchange of poems on key occasions. Moreover, the opening of the diary credits the stepmother's oral renditions of episodes from the *Tale of Genji* and other tales with initiating the author into the enchanting realm of prose fiction. The fact that the stepmother had served at court explains her familiarity with the literature of the day, and her own literary skills are attested to by the inclusion of one of her poems in the *Goshūishū* imperial anthology (1086).[25] In the first exchange of poems between the author and her stepmother, the stepmother alludes to a poem in the *Shūishū*, an imperial anthology produced around 1006 under the sponsorship of Emperor Ichijō, in whose court the writers Murasaki Shikibu, Izumi Shikibu, and Sei Shōnagon were all employed. Her ability to allude to a poem in that recent anthology shows how up-to-date she was with contemporary poetry. Also significant is the fact that the stepmother's uncle was married to Murasaki Shikibu's daughter. Thus it is possible that Takasue no Musume gained access to a copy of the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary* through her stepmother.

Another female relative, Lady Emon no Myobu, is mentioned in the diary as a source of reading material. Lady Emon served Princess Shūshi, daughter of Empress Teishi, in whose employ Sei Shōnagon had produced the *Pillow Book*. The author mentions that Lady Emon gave her a set of *sōshi* (booklets) that the princess had "deigned to pass down." Sei Shōnagon's *Pillow Book* (*Makura no sōshi*) was probably in that set. Furthermore, a nameless aunt "from the country" is credited with finally obtaining for the author a complete copy of the *Tale of Genji*. In this way, a picture emerges of a family and social network in which prestige and economic standing passed to the author through the male line and access to vernacular literary works came through the female line.

SYNOPSIS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

Since the diary itself only rarely mentions specific dates and omits or makes only scant reference to events that a modern audience would consider important milestones, it is helpful to get a sense of the objective chronology of the author's life before reading her much more subjective account. Takasue no Musume was born in the capital in 1008, coincidentally the same year that the *Tale of Genji* began to circulate as a completed manuscript. From the age of ten to thirteen, she lived in the province of Kazusa in the East Country, where her father was serving as provincial governor. Upon returning to the capital in 1020, she lived with her family at a large residence on Sanjō Avenue until 1023, when their house burned down. It is not clear where the family lived during the next few years; in her diary, the author mentions living in temporary places. Other misfortunes plagued the family after the fire. In 1024, her elder sister died in childbirth. In 1025, her father, Takasue, failed to obtain a provincial governorship. This must have been a period of financial difficulty for the family, and it was likely the reason the author, already eighteen years old in 1025, did not get married. Heian aristocratic women did not normally leave their family home when they married but were instead visited by their husbands in their own homes. Without a suitably grand residence, the father would not have been able to arrange a good marriage for her. In any event, her father did not receive another provincial governor posting until 1032, when the author was twenty-five years old, and that was in Hitachi, again far away in the east. This time, the author stayed with her mother in the capital, with her future still more or less on hold. Four years later, her father returned. The family was reunited and lived briefly in the suburbs of the Western Hills.

When they moved back into the capital, her mother became a nun, but, as was the common practice among aristocratic women, she remained in the household. Taking the tonsure meant cutting her hair short, retiring from wifely duties, and devoting herself to religious practice within the home. At this point, the author likely assumed the duties of mistress of the household for her retired father. In 1039, the author received an invitation to serve as a lady-in-waiting in the entourage of the infant Princess Yūshi (1038–1105). Princess Yūshi's mother, the consort of the reigning Emperor GoSuzaku (1009–1049), had died, and the princess was being raised in the Takakura Palace owned by her grandfather Fujiwara no Yorimichi (992–1074), who held the powerful post of regent. Service in this household would have brought the author in contact with the highest-ranking members of Heian society. She was thirty-two years old, a little old to start a career at court, and her diary records her lack of self-confidence. Only a year later, however, as the author puts it, her parents "ended up shutting me away at home." In other words, they arranged a marriage for her. Her husband was Tachibana no Toshimichi (1002–1058), a middle-ranking aristocrat. The year was 1040, and the author was thirty-three, a very late age for marrying when marriages were often arranged for both boys and girls in their early teens. Despite her age and the fact that Toshimichi left the capital to serve four years as provincial governor in Shimotsuke in 1041, she bore at least two, possibly three, children. Her marriage did not end her court career entirely. She continued to serve from time to time and even with some regularity when she was asked to present her niece at court. During one of these periods of service in 1042, Takasue no Musume had an encounter with the high-ranking and talented courtier Minamoto no Sukemichi (d. 1060). This marked the high point of her court career because on that occasion, she was able to converse and exchange poetry with someone who fulfilled the ideal of the courtly gentleman as portrayed in tale literature. Although she could not have foreseen it, the poem she produced in that encounter secured her a place in the *Shinkokinshū* (1205), one of the two most prestigious imperial anthologies of all time.

Takasue no Musume's middle years appear to have been spent in relative comfort. She records numerous pilgrimages, even to temples as far away as Hase (figure 2), and one trip to the province of Izumi at a time when her brother would have been serving as provincial governor there. In 1057, the author's husband, Toshimichi, was appointed governor of Shinano Province, present-day Nagano Prefecture. He probably fell ill shortly after arriving because he was given leave to return home that autumn, and he died the following spring. The author lived on after her husband's death, but we do not know for how long. The last entry in her diary seems to have been about a year later.

FIGURE 2 An overview of Hase (Hatsuse) Temple.

At this point, we should note that neither the dates nor any of the proper names in the preceding account are noted in the diary itself. We have this solid historical information because of the existence of an annotated copy of the diary handwritten by Fujiwara no Teika (1162–1241). Indeed, the survival of the text itself into the modern period is due to Teika's manuscript copy. It is to the story of this manuscript that we now turn.

LIFE STORY OF A TEXT: FUJIWARA NO TEIKA'S *SARASHINA NIKKI* MANUSCRIPT

Fujiwara no Teika was one of the most famous poets of his day, and he has the distinction of being the only poet to have participated in the compilation of two imperial anthologies. He was a member of the committee that compiled the *Shinkokinshū* (1205) and was the sole compiler of the *Shinchokusenshū* (1235). He wrote works of criticism on *waka*, and was also, in a sense, the first scholar of "Heian literature." His life spanned the cusp between the Heian period (794–1185) and the Kamakura period (1185–1333), not that he himself would have been aware of such period designations, which, like genre distinctions in literature, were created long after the fact. Nonetheless, with the establishment of a warrior government in Kamakura in 1185—ostensibly to assist the civil government in the capital but actually to control the country in all important economic and military respects—aristocrats like Teika were aware that their world had shifted significantly. At that point, the world of the past, in which the capital had been the only center, was imbued with a sense of nostalgia. Teika was one of the first to realize the importance of preserving the literary past, and he spent a great deal of his life collecting, copying, and collating manuscripts of works he considered important. This was especially significant for the *Tale of Genji*, which, as we know from an entry in Murasaki Shikibu's own diary, had begun to circulate as a draft copy rather than a final clean copy because her employer, Fujiwara no Michinaga, too impatient to wait for the clean copy, had stolen a draft from her room to give to his daughter.[26] From that point, the *Tale of Genji* itself began to circulate in pieces, and people made copies for themselves. By Teika's time, many variant versions existed, and it was Teika who painstakingly compared all those he could obtain and decided on the best text. His version remains the foundation for all modern editions. He did the same for the *Kokinshū* and *Ise monogatari* (Tales of Ise). Indeed, Teika played a preeminent role in preserving and transmitting the Heian texts that have come to constitute the canon of Japanese classical literature.

The *Sarashina Diary* is one of those texts. Teika not only copied the manuscript but also provided appendices and marginal notes. The appendices contain a short biography of the author and longer career résumés for her father, her husband, and the courtier Minamoto no Sukemichi, with whom the author had a brief encounter. Marginal notes on the manuscript itself identify the author's stepmother and the household in which the author served as a lady-in-waiting. Without these fruits of Teika's scholarly research, our knowledge of the objective facts about the author and her family would be very sparse indeed.

Teika's colophon to the manuscript attests to the vagaries of manuscript transmission during this period:

> Some years ago, I was able to acquire this book. That copy was borrowed by someone and lost. That is why I have now made this copy from a copy made by someone else from that earlier one. In the process of this transmission, many errors have occurred. I have marked in red various places that seem doubtful. If I ever am able to get a reliable copy of the work, I would like to compare it and make corrections. In order to collate the historical dates, I have appended some excerpts of old records.[27]

Tamai Kōsuke, who produced the first modern edition of the *Sarashina Diary*, advanced the hypothesis that the phrase "some years ago" may refer to the time around 1200 to 1215 when Teika was assembling material for the *Shinkokinshū*.[28] Teika was known to be a good friend of Sugawara no Tamenaga, a direct descendant (sixth generation) of the author's father, Takasue.[29] It is even possible that Tamenaga lent Teika the author's original manuscript, or a copy made from the original manuscript. Teika was avidly searching for new material for this ambitious anthology, and all his friends must have been happy to lend him works from their household libraries in the hope that a relative's poem might be included in the new compendium. This hypothesis is supported to some extent by the fact that the first appearance of a poem by Takasue no Musume in an imperial anthology occurs in the *Shinkokinshū*.

Teika may have read the *Sarashina Diary* even earlier. His biographical note about Takasue no Musume states that she was also the author of the *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* (*Tale of the Hamamatsu Chūnagon*)[30] and three other works of fiction. The full list includes the titles *Yowa no Nezame* (Tale of Nezame), *Mizukara kuyuru*, and *Asakura*.[31] Teika himself was particularly drawn to the Hamamatsu tale and used it as a model for his own work of fiction, the *Matsura no Miya no monogatari* (Tale of Matsura).[32] Given that he was so impressed by the *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari,* he would have been interested in other works by the same author as well. Since he wrote the *Tale of Matsura* while he still held the title "Lesser Captain Teika" (1189–1202), he might have read the *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* and the *Sarashina Diary* around the same time.

Regardless of exactly when Teika first read the *Sarashina Diary*, the loss of the first copy of the work to come into his hands was an unfortunate accident of history. Teika's surviving manuscript remains the best text available, but even he was aware that copyists' errors had already marred it. This was not the only misadventure, however, to befall the text.

In the seventeenth century, Teika's manuscript ended up in the library of the imperial household. Sometime before the manuscript had arrived, the threads holding it together had disintegrated, and it had been rebound with its pages out of order. Consequently, although woodblock print editions based on copies of the Teika manuscript were produced during the Tokugawa period (1600–1868), early modern scholars and readers had difficulty appreciating the text as a whole. In 1924, the scholar Tamai Kōsuke discovered the physical reason for the seemingly chaotic order of the text,[33] reconstructed the page order, and accordingly laid the foundation for all modern scholarship on the work.[34] Tamai used the metaphor of a broken pot to describe the text before its reconstruction, and yet, the beauty of the individual pieces had been appreciated for almost three hundred years even without the benefit of their placement within a unifying design. We believe that one of the reasons readers could not easily divine the diary's overarching structure was that it was so complex. Had the design painted on the shards been simple, it would have been easy to fit the pot back together. But since the patterns created by the individual episodes are finely delineated and independent of the work's main narrative line, the pieces could fit together in different ways. The appreciation of individual sections is thus linked paradoxically to what we see as the subtle structure of the whole, about which more will be said at the end of this introduction. [35]

APPROACHES FOR APPRECIATION

Choices Made About Content

Life stories are constructed from memories, and although memories have a relationship to facts, they are not the same. That is, the reconstruction of the past always entails the participation of our imagination. Although this is true in our day-to-day exercise of memory, imagination is even more involved in an autobiographical narrative. While any telling of a life story inevitably requires selection, Takasue no Musume's choices have a great impact on both the work's aesthetic quality and its ultimate meaning. The choices result in a particular structure that emerges into view when one focuses not only on what the author chose to include in her narrative but also on what she omitted. First, Takasue no Musume makes no reference to being a direct descendant of Sugawara Michizane or to her family's connection with literary scholarship. Because she devotes great attention to detailing her attachment to poetry and fiction, the fact that the Sugawara family could boast such literary fame and the fact that Chinese poems by Sugawara Michizane are alluded to in important scenes in the *Tale of Genji* could not have been meaningless pieces of information to her, yet she makes no allusion to any of this. In this respect, the *Sarashina Diary* differs markedly from the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary*, which contains a comparatively detailed account of the education that Murasaki Shikibu received at home from her scholarly father.

Furthermore, Takasue no Musume devotes almost no space to such topics as her marriage or the birth of her children and their upbringing. Since marital relations and children are important themes in other diaries of the same period, such as the *Kagerō Diary*, the lack of attention to these matters stands out.

One of the most striking omissions in the *Sarashina Diary* is the author's silence on her own writing of fiction. In his biographical note on the author, as noted earlier, Teika credits Takasue no Musume with writing the *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* and three other works. Although literary scholars over the years have debated the reliability of these attributions,[36] today, comparative research on the *Sarashina Diary*, *Yowa no Nezame*, and *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* tends to confirm Teika's attribution.[37] Indeed, we wonder why twentieth-century scholars bothered to question the veracity of Teika's assertion at all, given that he was born only about one hundred years after the completion of the *Sarashina Diary* and had personal contact with direct descendants of the Sugawara family. Ironically, it is the particular nature of the *Sarashina Diary* itself that likely gave rise to these doubts.

Although the *Sarashina Diary* records the greater part of the author's life from youth to old age, not once does she mention her own composition of tales. Given that the author conscientiously portrays herself as a dedicated reader and that the relationship between literature and a person's life is an important theme throughout the *Sarashina Diary*, it seems odd that she does not mention her own creative efforts with fiction. This silence with respect to a clearly important aspect of her life is perhaps one of the most troublesome riddles connected with interpreting the *Sarashina Diary*. It is related to the difficulty of discussing what she "tells" on the basis of what she "did not tell." We assert that these "purposeful omissions" in the *Sarashina Diary* are closely connected with the distinctive character of the work.

Although a number of intentional omissions appear to be built into the structure of the *Sarashina Diary*, unless one has a specific interest in the chronology of the author's life, one will not necessarily be bothered by them. Since the text is an assemblage of numerous, discrete fragments, the richness of the information about the human experience from so many different angles ends up obscuring the gaps in the narration. At the same time, this particular character of the text also gives rise to conflicting perceptions of the author and the meaning of the work. Japanese scholars of the *Sarashina Diary* are divided regarding the author's development as a character in her own text. On one side, such scholars as Ikeda Kikan and Ienaga Saburō view the work as an account of the author's progress from the delusion caused by her infatuation with fiction toward a religious awakening.[38] On the other side, Yasuda Yojūrō sees in it a "pure voice" that does not change throughout the text. From his point of view, the diary displays no development or change in religious consciousness; rather, it is "a poem of one person's life."[39] How can such contradictory views of the same text be explained? We believe the work supports both these readings. The main narrative line undeniably describes a process of disillusionment. Yet many passages appear to work at cross-purposes to the main story line. These passages tend to focus on poetry and so probably gave rise to Yasuda's impression of the poetic character of the text as a whole. We believe, however, that it is in the interplay between these two types of passage that the deeper meaning of the text is revealed.

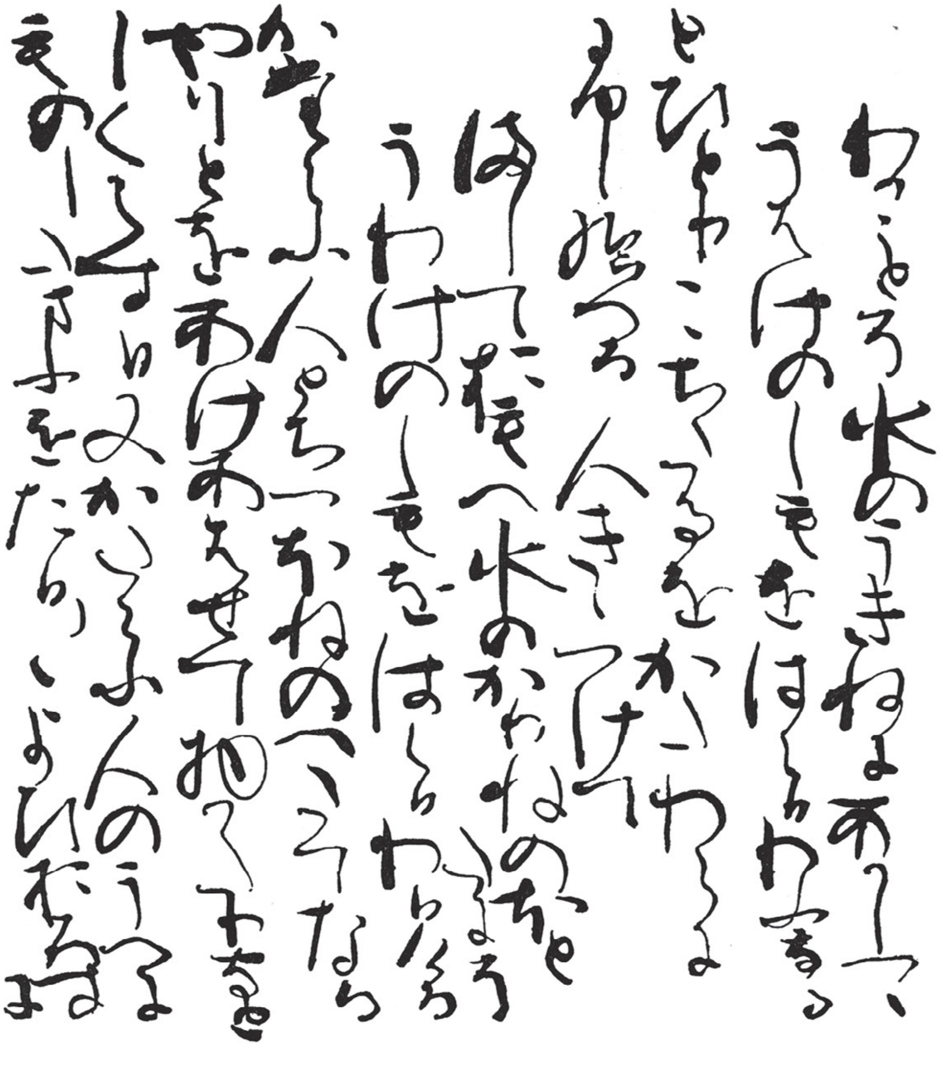
Structure and Meta-meaning

Although the individual units in this autobiographical narrative are engaging on their own, their ordering enables a meta-layer of meaning. Through the repetition of motifs and especially through the juxtaposition of contrasting elements, Takasue no Musume constructs a complex, multidimensional network of signification. This pattern of contrasting elements allows her to capture the multiplicity of life's experience. For example, the author narrates a process of disillusionment with fiction by means of retrospective passages placed strategically throughout the work. Within those passages, she dismisses her preoccupation with tales and poetry as frivolous and deluded. This may be the principal reason she could not mention her own fiction writing: it would have been too blatant a contradiction of her overarching story line. That story accorded with the generally pejorative attitude toward fiction in her time. Take for example the words in *The Three Jewels* (*Sambōe*), a tract of religious instruction written around 984, "there are the so-called *monogatari* [tales], which have such an effect upon ladies' hearts. . . . Do not let your heart get caught up even briefly in these tangled roots of evil."[40] At the same time, the many lyrical passages that the author intersperses through the diary undercut that story line and demonstrate over and over again the consolation of literature. We suggest that the juxtaposition of retrospective passages decrying literary delusion with passages that amply demonstrate how a love of literature enriches life actually allows the author to paradoxically both deny and affirm the value of literature. Both positions were true for her. The human heart is not always consistent.

There are other recurring oppositional pairs that both unify the diary and render its meaning more complex.[41] One is the counterpoint pattern of light and dark in the work. The moon is mentioned so often throughout the narrative that it becomes almost a leitmotif. Sometimes the image of the moon is connected with feelings of joy and rapture, but not always; other times it conveys eerie foreboding. Moreover, some of the most ecstatic scenes in the diary occur in pitch darkness. The poem just before the end of the work, from which the title was derived, evokes a night of no moon, but, by means of allusion to a famous poem and a tale associated with it, lets the light of the full moon over Sarashina illuminate her text from within.[42] The symbolic value of the moon is not fixed, any more than that of darkness itself. Both seem to signify something beyond themselves, but as with the use of symbols in modern symbolist poetry, the meaning evades definition.

It will likely have become clear by this point that our approach in this book focuses on the diary as a literary creation rather than as an unmediated record of the author's life. We see the author as an artist who creates different personae in this work to capture the full complexity of her life. In his first book on the *Sarashina Diary*, Itō adopted the metaphor of a crystal to communicate his view of the diary as a complex and multifaceted work of art.[43] Although the text may appear transparent, it is not a simple transparency. Like the facets of a crystal that reveal different colors, each facet of the text offers different perspectives of meaning, depending on the angle from which it is viewed. After years of reading the text together, we came up with a second metaphor, that of musical counterpoint, to convey how the patterning of contrasting motifs and intertextual references in the text brings its meta-meanings into play. We hope that together the introduction and the translation with its annotations will help readers to figuratively see the color and hear the music in Takasue no Musume's remarkable work.

Sarashina Diary



SARASHINA DIARY

As a girl raised in the back of beyond, even farther than the end of the road to the East Country,[1] how rustic and odd I must have been. But however it was that I first became enthralled with them, once I knew that such things as tales existed in the world, all I could think of over and over was how much I wanted to read them. At leisure times during the day and evening, when I heard my elder sister and stepmother[2] tell bits and pieces of this or that tale or talk about what the Shining Genji[3] was like, my desire to read these tales for myself only increased (for how could they recite the tales to my satisfaction from memory alone?). I became so impatient that I made a life-size image of the Healing Buddha,[4] and, performing purification rituals when no one else was around, I would secretly enter the room. Touching my forehead to the floor, I would pray with abandon: "Please grant that I should go to the capital as soon as possible where there are so many tales, and please let me get to read all of them." Then the year I was thirteen,[5] a transfer up to the capital did come about, and on the third day of the Ninth Month, we made a preliminary start by moving to a place called Imatachi [Departing Now].[6]

At sunset, a heavy, unsettling fog drifted in and covered the house where I had been so used to playing for years; it was turned inside out with the goods all dismantled and scattered about in preparation for our departure. Looking back, I was so sad to leave behind the Buddha standing there (where I used to go when no one else was looking and touch my forehead to the floor) that, without others knowing, I burst into tears.

The place to which we decamped had no protective enclosures; it was just a temporary thatched hut without even shutters and the like. Bamboo blinds and curtains had been hung. To the south, one could gaze out far in the direction of the moor. To the east and west, the sea was nearby, so fascinating. Since it was wonderfully charming, when the evening mists rose over the scene, I did not fall into even a shallow slumber, so busy was I looking now here, now there. I even found it sad that we were going to have to leave this place. On the fifteenth day of that same month as rain poured out of a dark sky, we crossed the provincial border and stopped at a place in Shimōsa Province called Ikada [Raft].[7] Indeed, the rain fell so hard it seemed as though our little hut might float away. I was so frightened that I could not sleep a wink. In the middle of the moor was a place with a small hill on which only three trees were standing. We stayed the day there, drying out the things that had been soaked in the rain and waiting for the others in our party who had got off to a later start.[8]

We left early on the morning of the seventeenth. Long ago, a man named Manoshitera[9] lived in Shimōsa Province. We crossed by boat a deep river where it is said there are the remains of the house where he had tens of thousands of bolts of cloth woven and bleached. The four large pillars standing in the river's flow apparently were the remnants of his old gate pillars. Listening to the others recite poems, I composed to myself,

kuchi mo senu	Not rotted away,
kono kaha bashira	if these pillars in the river
nokorazu ha	did not remain,
mukashi no ato wo	how could we ever know
ikade shiramashi	the traces of long ago?

That night we stayed at a place called Kuroto [Black Beach]. On one side was a wide band of hills, and where the sand stretched white into the distance, groves of pine grew thickly; the moon was shining brightly; the sound of the wind was thrilling and unsettling. Moved by the scene, people composed poems. I composed this:

madoromaji	I will not sleep a wink!
ko yohi narade ha	If not for this evening, then when
itsuka mimu	could I ever see this—
kuroto no hama no	Kuroto's black beach beneath
aki no yo no tsuki	the moon of an autumn night.

We left there early the next morning and stopped at a ferry landing called Matsusato on the upper reaches of a river on the border of Shimōsa and Musashi called Futoigawa [Broad River];[10] the whole night through, our goods were ferried across by boat. My nurse, whose husband had died, was about to give birth here at this border, so we were to leave her behind and go on up to the capital.[11] Since I loved her so much, I wanted to visit her, so my elder brother[12] carried me on horseback to her side. It could be said that our whole party was staying in temporary huts with only curtains hung up to try to keep the wind out, but because she had no husband accompanying her, this shelter for my nurse was ineptly constructed and rude. It had only one layer of reed screens that had been woven together; the moonlight poured in. She was covered with a scarlet robe and, bathed in moonlight, was lying there in some discomfort. For one in such a state, she was brightly lit[13] and looked white and fair. Moved by the rarity of the moment, she stroked my hair and cried. Although I found it painful to abandon her, I could not help feeling pressed to return; my regrets were hard to bear. I was so sad when I recalled her face that, not even feeling anything for the beauty of the moon, I lay down in a gloomy frame of mind.

The next morning, the carts were lashed to boats and ferried across and then pulled up onto the other bank; those who had sent us off to this point all turned back.[14] We who were going up to the capital halted until those returning were no longer in sight; those going and those staying behind all were in tears. Even my young heart felt this very poignantly.

So now we were in Musashi Province. There was nothing especially charming to be seen. There was no white sand on the beaches. It seemed very muddy, and although there was a moor on which I had heard the purple-rooted gromwell[15] grew, there were only tall rushes and reeds growing so thickly and so high that one could not even see the tips of the bows of those mounted on horses. Parting our way through its midst, we went along and came to a temple called Takeshiba. In the distance there were the remains of buildings in Hahasō.[16] When I asked, "What kind of a place is this?" someone told this story:

"Long ago there was a place here called Takeshiba Slope. A man from this area was sent to be a fire keeper for the palace's fire huts.[17] Once when he was sweeping the imperial garden, he murmured to himself this complaint: 'Why, oh why, have I met such a cruel fate?

On the seven, on the three,
saké vats of my home country
lie straight handles
of gourd ladles.
South blows the wind,
they drift to the north;
north blows the wind,
they drift to the south;
west blows the wind,
they drift to the east;
east blows the wind,
they drift to the west.[18]

None of which I see, just stuck here like this.' At that moment, the emperor's daughter (a much treasured person) was standing by herself at the edge of the bamboo blinds. Leaning against a pillar, she gazed out and was much moved by the serving man's solitary complaint. What kind of gourd ladles were they? How did they drift one way and another? Becoming curious about this, she raised the bamboo blinds and summoned him, 'You over there, come here.'[19] When, full of trepidation, he came over beside the balustrade, she ordered him, 'That which you just spoke, repeat it one more time for me.' And so he repeated the words about the saké vats one more time. At this point, she ordered him, 'Take me there and show me these things; I have a reason for saying so.' Although he felt terribly afraid (was this not something fated to happen?),[20] he carried her on his back down to his home country. Now, thinking that surely they would be followed, that night he set down the princess at the foot of the Seta Bridge and destroyed a whole section of it. Leaping back over it, he hoisted the princess on his back, and seven days and seven nights later,[21] they arrived in the province of Musashi.

"The emperor and empress were distraught when they realized the princess had disappeared. When they searched for her, someone said, 'There is a manservant, a fire keeper from the province of Musashi, who flew away with a very fragrant bundle around his neck.' When they inquired after this manservant, he was gone. Surely he must have returned to his home province, they thought. But when the members of the court's envoy expedition who were chasing after him found the Seta Bridge broken, they could not continue. Three months later, when they arrived in Musashi and found this manservant, the princess summoned the imperial envoy into her presence and made the following pronouncement: 'I, for it seems to have been meant to be, became very curious about this man's home, and when I said, "Take me there," he brought me here. I find it very pleasant here. If this man is punished for having committed a crime, then what about me? For me to have sought out this country must be a fate determined in a former existence. Quickly return to the court and report what has happened.' There was nothing he could say, so the envoy went back up to the capital and reported to the emperor, 'It is such and so.' It was useless to say anything; even if this man had committed a crime, it was not as though the princess could be removed now and brought back to the capital. So, the emperor issued a proclamation putting the Takeshiba man in charge of Musashi Province for as long as he lived and exempted the province from public taxes and corvée duties, in effect making the princess the patron of the province. At that time, the man's house was converted to a palace. Now, this house where the princess lived was turned into a temple after she passed away, and that is why it is called Takeshiba Temple. All the children born to the princess were given the surname Musashi, just like that. From that time forward, it is said that the imperial palace fires were attended by women."[22]

There was nothing in particular to note as we passed through rushes and reeds, over moors and hills. Between the provinces of Musashi and Sagami is a river called Asuda (this is the river called

Sumida in the *Ariwara Middle Captain Collection*),[23] and where as he crossed it, he composed the poem "Then I would ask you something . . ."[24] When we crossed over it by boat, we were in Sagami Province.[25]

The mountains of a place called Nishitomi look like beautifully painted screens standing in a line.[26] On one side was the sea, and the lay of the beach, as well as the waves rolling in, was terribly lovely. At a place called the "Chinese Plains," the sand was amazingly white, and it took two or three days to pass by. Someone remarked, "In summer, Japanese pinks bloom all over here; it looks like lengths of brocade in deep and pale colors. But since it is the end of autumn, we can't see them." Nonetheless, still here and there were specks of color where they bloomed charmingly. "How about that, on the Chinese Plains, Japanese pinks are blooming all around." People found this amusing.[27]

The mountains called Ashigara loomed menacingly on the horizon for four or five days.[28] Once we entered the foothills, we could not even see the complexion of the sky clearly, and the trees were indescribably thick; how frightening it was! On a dark night with no moon, when anyone would lose his way in the darkness, out of nowhere appeared three women entertainers.[29] One was about fifty, one about twenty, and the other about fourteen or fifteen. In front of our lodging they set up a large umbrella and sat down. When our servants brought torches so that we could see, one of them said, "We are the descendants of the famous Kohata of the old days." The women's hair was very long with lovely sidelocks hanging down; their skin was white and clean. Much impressed, people said, "They hardly seem suited to this sort of life. Why, they would not be out of place as maidservants for the nobility." The women's voices were incomparable as they sang wonderful songs that seemed to ring clear in the sky. We all were very moved and had the women move closer, so excited we were. When they overheard someone say, "There couldn't be entertainers as fine as these in the West Country," they sang in a splendid way: "When you compare us with those of Naniwa . . ."[30] Their appearance was unsullied, and when they sang, their voices could not be matched. When they rose to go back into the mountains that were so menacing, everyone regretted their going and broke into tears. In my young heart, I regretted even that I would have to leave this temporary lodging.

At the first light of dawn, we crossed the Ashigara Mountains. There is no way to describe how even more frightening it was in the middle of them. Why, the clouds—we walked upon them. Right in the middle of the mountains in a small space under the trees were just three stalks of the *aoi* shrub.[31] When someone said, "Here in a place like this isolated from the world, I wonder how it has managed to grow?" people found it very poignant. The river of that mountain flows in three branches.

Finally we crossed those mountains and stopped at the mountain barrier station. From here on, we were in the province of Suruga. Beside the Yokohashiri Barrier[32] was a place called Iwatsubo [Rock Basin]. In the middle of an amazingly large, square rock was an opening from which flowed water that was extremely cold and clear.

Mount Fuji is in this province. It is the mountain we could see to the west of the province where I grew up. It looks like nothing else in the world. Among its unusual features are that its flanks are as though painted a deep indigo blue; and since snow always covers its summit, it is as though someone is wearing a white short robe over an indigo gown; and from the mountain's slightly flat top, smoke rises. At dusk, one can even see flames shooting up.[33]

Because the sea and several buildings are on one side of the Kiyomi Barrier, the station forms a crossbar up against the sea.[34] Might smoke be rising to meet smoke?[35] I thought; the waves at the Kiyomi Barrier seem to be high indeed. It is an endlessly fascinating sight.

At Tago Bay, the waves were high, and we rowed around in a boat.[36]

At the river called Ōi, there is a ford. The water of that river is unusual; it is as though a lot of rice flour has been dissolved in it, and the white water flows very rapidly.

The Fuji River is so named because its water flows down from Mount Fuji. A person from that province came out and told us the following story:

"One year some time ago, when it was very hot, I sat down to rest by the edge of this river and saw a yellow object coming down in the river's current. It caught on something and when I looked at it, I discovered that it was discarded paper. I picked it up and noticed that there was formal writing in deep red ink on the yellow paper. Thinking this very strange, I read what was there and found that it contained the names of those to be promoted to provincial governor in the next year's round of appointments. Our province's governorship was coming vacant that year, and on the spot noting the governor's name, two names were side by side. Thinking this strange and unsettling, I took the paper with me, dried it, and put it away. Then, sure enough, in the next year's appointments, the person who became governor of this province was indeed the same as the first name written on the paper. Within three months, that person died, and the one who replaced him was the man whose name was written beside the first. There are such things in the world. From this we know that each year, the many gods gather on Mount Fuji and decide the appointments for the next year. It is an amazing thing."

We had passed uneventfully through the place called Numajiri, but after that I fell seriously ill as we entered Tōtōmi Province. I was barely aware of crossing Saya no Nakayama[37] and other places. Since I was in such pain, a temporary shelter was prepared for me by the side of Tenchū River, and after staying there for as long as several days, I gradually recovered. As winter was deepening, the wind off the river continuously blew fiercely; I found it difficult to bear.

Crossing over that river, we arrived at Hamana Bridge.[38] On our trip down to the provinces, the Hamana Bridge had been a rough-hewn structure of logs, but now, since not a trace of it was to be seen, we had to cross by boat. The bridge had been built over a shallow inlet of the sea. This time, out beyond on the open ocean, it was very rough and the waves were high. The only things growing profusely on the barren sandbanks at the mouth of the inlet were pine trees; from between these pines, the waves surged and receded. Looking like iridescent jewels, it truly seemed as though the waves were sweeping over the tips of the pines—fascinating![39]

Farther along from this point on the route, we had an indescribable struggle climbing up the slope called Inohana, and then we arrived in Mikawa Province at a place called Takashi Beach.

Only the place name Yatsuhashi [Eight Bridges] remains; there is not the merest remnant of any bridges, and nothing else to see, either.[40]

We stayed one night in the middle of the Futamura Hills. Our servants built us a shelter there under the branches of a large persimmon tree. All night long, persimmons fell down on the roof of the shelter and people gathered them up.[41]

When we crossed the mountain called Miyaji [Imperial Way], even though it was the end of the Tenth Month, the crimson maple leaves were at their best; none of them had scattered.

arashi koso	It seems even storms
fukikozarikere	stay away and do not blow on
miyadjiyama	Imperial Way Mountain;
mada momidjiba no	the crimson maple leaves
chirade nokoreru	remain unscattered.[42]

At the Shikasuga Ford between the provinces of Mikawa and Owari, it was amusing to think that truly, one could be bewildered as to whether to go or return.[43]

In Owari Province, where we were to pass by Narumi Bay, the evening tide kept coming in while we were wondering whether to try to stay there that night, but then we thought that if the tide were to continue rising, we might not be able to get by at all, so the whole company hurried by the place in some disarray.[44]

On the border of Mino Province, we crossed at a ford called Sunomata and finally arrived at the place called Nogami. At that place, many women entertainers appeared and sang the whole night through. I could not help recalling our experience at Ashigara and was moved with the strongest longing.[45]

Beset by a heavy snowfall, with our sensibilities numbed, we crossed Atsumi Mountain and through the Fuwa Barrier. In Ōmi Province, we stayed for four or five days in the residence of a person called Okinaga.[46]

At the foot of Mitsusaka Hill, winter drizzle mixed with hail fell for a day and a night; the sunlight was dim; and it was very gloomy.

After leaving there, we passed without incident through places called Inugami, Kanzaki, Yasu, and Kurumoto. The lake spread out before us into the distance, and we could see the islands called Nade and Chikubu. It was very fascinating. The Seta Bridge had completely collapsed, so we had difficulty crossing there.

We stopped at Awazu, and on the second day of the Twelfth Month,[47] we were to enter the capital. In order to arrive in the dark, we started out in the late afternoon.[48] Close to the barrier,[49] from above some temporary screening next to the mountain, we could see only the roughly carved face of the Buddha,[50] about one *jō*, six *shaku*, in height.[51] I gazed at it as we went by, thinking, "How touching, a Buddha here, not really anywhere and far away from people."

Despite having passed through many different provinces, of all the border crossings, only the Kiyomi Barrier in Suruga and the Ōsaka Barrier stand out. It became very dark, and finally we arrived at the place west of the Sanjō Palace where we were to live.[52]

It was a large wild place, almost as wild as the mountains we had passed through. There were huge frightening trees like those in the deep mountains; it was a place one could scarcely believe was in the capital.[53] We were not yet settled and extremely busy with one thing or another, but I felt that I just could not wait, so I pestered my mother,[54] "Please find me some tales to read, please!" She sent off a letter to a relative of ours known as Lady Emon no Myōbu, who served the Sanjō Princess.[55] She was delighted to hear from us after such a long while and sent us some reading material that "Her Highness has deigned to pass down to me."[56] These were particularly splendid booklets[57] packed in the lid of an inkstone box. I was beside myself with joy; day or night, the first thing I applied myself to was reading these booklets. I wanted to read more and more. In this city, where we were not really settled yet, where might there be a person who could seek out more tales for me?

Now, my stepmother was a person who had left court service to go down to the provinces, but things had not worked out as she wished, and she seemed to feel some resentment, so she went elsewhere, taking along her child of about five years.[58] She said, "There will never come a time when I will forget the kindness of your heart." Pointing to a big plum tree close to the eaves, she said, "I will come to visit when this tree blossoms again," and leaving these words behind, she went away. In my heart, I kept missing her and feeling sad; I could weep only in secret. The new year came around again.[59] "Whenever will you bloom so that she will come for a visit, as she said? I wonder if she really will." Such were my thoughts as I kept my eye on the tree and waited. Even when all the blossoms were out, there was not a word from her. Sick with longing, I broke off a blossoming branch and sent it to her:

tanomeshi wo	Must I wait longer
naho ya matsubeki	for that which was promised, see—
shimogareshi	spring has not forgotten
ume wo mo haru ha	even this plum tree
wasurezarikeri	that was withered by frost.

Since I had sent this poem, she wrote back and shared many touching thoughts:

naho tanome	Still wait, steadfast.
mume no tachi e ha	As for the plum's young branch tips,
chigiri okanu	even with no pledge placed,
omohi no hoka no	I hear that unexpectedly
hito mo tofunari	someone will visit you.[60]

That spring, the world was in an uproar,[61] and also the nurse whom I had seen so poignantly in the moonlight at Matsusato Crossing died on the first day of the Third Month. I grieved for her helplessly, and I even lost all interest in reading tales. All day long, I spent crying, and when I glanced out, the setting sun shone brightly on the cherry blossoms all fluttering down in confusion:[62]

chiru hana mo	Scattering blossoms,
mata komu haru ha	when spring comes around again,
mimo ya semu	I may see them, but
yagate wakareshi	oh, how I long for the one
hito zo kohishiki	from whom I am parted forever.

There was more news. The daughter of the provisional major counselor[63] had passed away. Since I heard about how her husband, His Lordship the middle captain,[64] grieved for her just at the same time as my own bereavement, I was deeply saddened by the news. When we went back to the capital, Father gave me some calligraphy in this young lady's own hand and told me, "Make this a model for your own practice."[65] She had written such poems as "As night deepens, if I do not stay awake . . ."[66] and

toribeyama	"If the smoke rises from
tani ni keburi no	the valley of Toribeyama,
moe tataba	I would have you
hakanaku mieshi	realize that it is me
ware to shiranamu	who looked so ephemeral."[67]

Seeing this written in such a charming and skillful way, my tears flowed forth all the more.

My mother worried about the depression into which I had sunk and thought to brighten my spirits by finding some more tales for me to read, and, indeed as a matter of course, this did lighten my spirits. After I read the part of the *Tale of Genji* about the purple affinity,[68] I desired even more to see what would happen next, but there was no one I could approach to obtain the rest of the tale, and everyone else in our household was still so new to the capital that they were unable to find it for me. Feeling terribly impatient and eager to read more, I prayed in my heart, "Please grant that I may get to read the *Tale of Genji* from the first chapter the whole way through." Even when I went along with my parents into religious retreat at Uzumasa[69] (figure 3), this was the only object of my prayers, and when we left the temple, I thought for certain I would get to see this tale, but it did not appear and I regretted this sorely. Then my parents had me go to meet an aunt who had come from the countryside.[70] "My, what a beautiful girl you have grown into," she said, among other things, and seemed to take a great liking to me. When I was about to return home, she said, "What shall I give you for a present? Certainly it should not be anything practical. I would like to give you something you really want." Then she gave

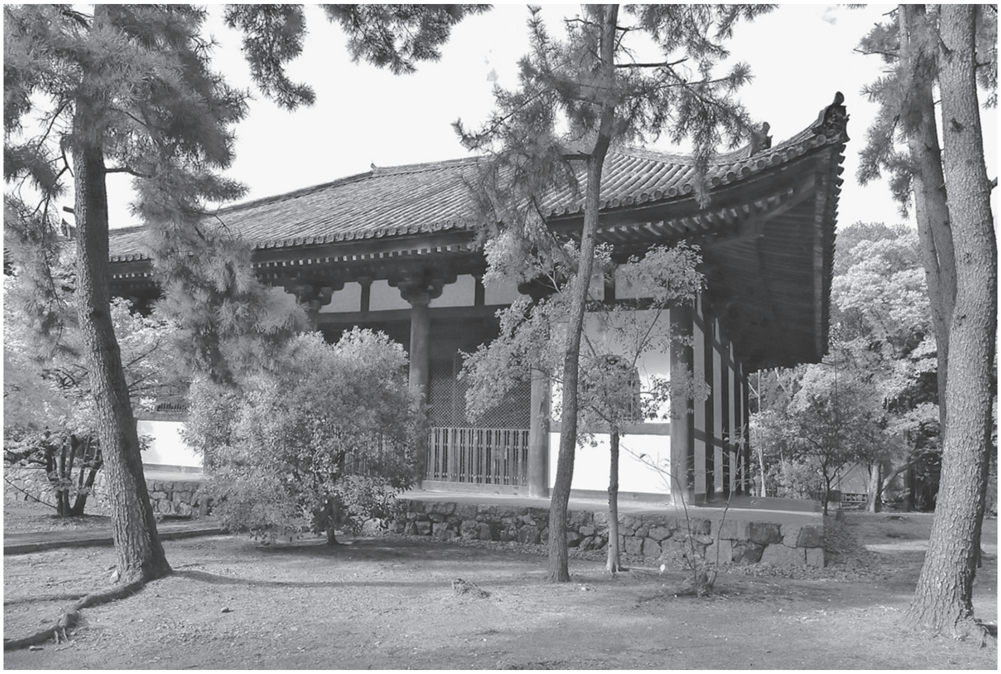


FIGURE 3 The lecture hall at Kōryū Temple in Uzumasa (1165).

me the fifty-odd chapters of the *Tale of Genji* in a large box,[71] as well as the *Ariwara Middle Captain*,[72] *Tōgimi*, *Serikawa*, *Shirara*, *Asōzu*,[73] and others in a bag. Carrying them home, the joy I felt was incredible.

With my heart pounding with excitement, I was able to read, right from the first chapter, the *Tale of Genji*, this tale that had confused me and made me impatient when I had read only a piece of it. With no one bothering me, I just lay down inside my curtains, and the feeling I had as I unrolled scroll after scroll[74] was such that I would not have cared even if I had had a chance to become empress! I did nothing but read, and I was amazed to find that passages I had somehow naturally learned by heart came floating unbidden into my head. Around the same time, in a dream, I saw a pure-looking monk wearing a surplice of yellow cloth who said to me, "Quickly, memorize roll 5 of the Lotus Sutra."[75] But I told no one, nor did I feel particularly inclined to memorize the Lotus Sutra. I just was infatuated with tales. I was rather ugly in those days, you know, but I was sure that when I grew up, I would be extremely beautiful and my hair, too, would be splendidly long. I would be just like the Shining Genji's Yūgao[76] or the

Uji captain's Ukifune[77]—now it seems to me that my thoughts were frightfully frivolous.[78]

Around the first of the Fifth Month, gazing at the scattered and ever so white petals of the nearby orange blossom tree, I composed this:

toki narazu	Gazing at this,
furu yuki ka to zo	I might think that snow had fallen
nagamemashi	out of season,
hanatachibana no	if it were not for the fragrance
kaworazariseba	of this orange blossom tree.

Since our place was as thick with trees as the dark woods on the flanks of the Ashigara Mountains, the crimson leaves of the Tenth Month were even more beautiful than those of the hills on all sides. When they were just like bolts of brocade spread over the forest, some visitors came who said, "There was a place on the way here that was simply beautiful with crimson leaves!" On the spot, it came to me:

idzuko nimo	It is not likely
otaraji mono wo	inferior to anywhere else
waga yado no	this lodging of ours,
yo wo aki hatsuru	scenery at the end of autumn
keshiki bakari ha	that brings weariness of the world.[79]

I thought about tales all day long, and even at night as long as I could stay awake, this was all I had on my mind. Then I had a dream in which a person said, "For the sake of the Princess of the First Rank, daughter of the Grand Empress,[80] I am constructing an ornamental stream at the Hexagonal Hall" (figures 4 and 5).[81] When I asked, "Why?" the response was, "Worship Amaterasu, the Great Heaven Shining God."[82] Such was my dream, but I did not tell anyone and let it go without a thought; what a hopeless case I was.

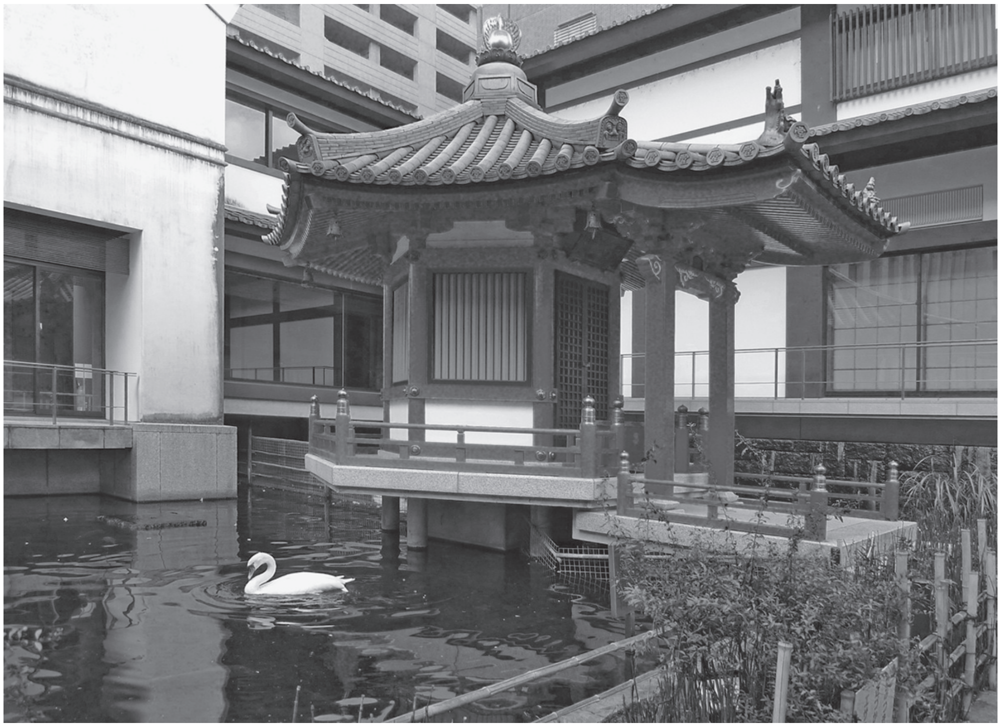


FIGURE 4 The ornamental stream at the Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō).

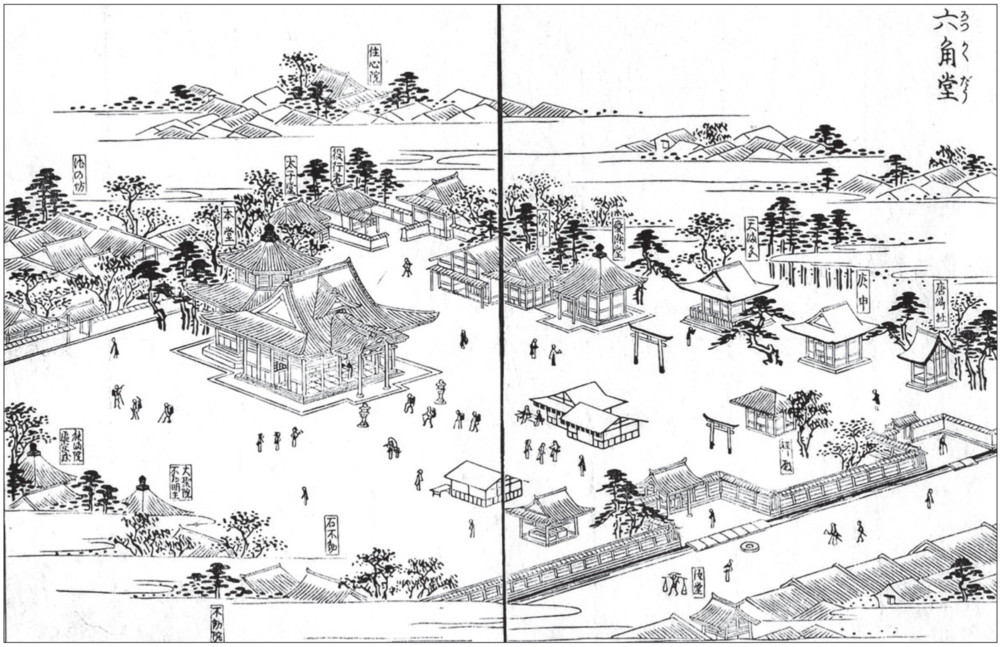

六角堂
住心院
池の坊
太子堂
役行者
本堂
愛染堂
庚申
唐崎社
石不動

FIGURE 5 An Edo-period print of the Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō).

Every spring I would gaze next door at the garden of the Princess of the First Rank with this sort of feeling:

saku to machi	About to bloom, I anticipate them,
chirinu to nageku	once fallen, I lament them:
haru ha tada	in spring, it is as though
waga yado gaho ni	I were seeing cherry blossoms
hana wo miru kana	on the face of my own garden.

Toward the end of the Third Month,[83] to avoid the taboo of the earth god,[84] we went to stay at someone else's house where the cherry trees were in full bloom, so lovely, not a one scattering even this late in the spring. Upon returning the next day, I sent this to them:

akazarishi	Not sated at all
yado no sakura wo	with the blossoms of your house,
haru kurete	spring drew to a close—
chirigata ni shimo	I got a glimpse of them
hitome mishi kana	just before they started to fall.

Always at about the time the cherry blossoms fell, since that was the season when my nurse had died, I could not help feeling sad. Moreover, looking at the calligraphy of the provisional major counselor's daughter who had died around the same time also made me sad. Then, in the Fifth Month as night fell, when I was still up reading tales, I heard the soft meow of a cat coming from where I knew not. I was startled to see an incredibly charming cat. When I was looking around to see where it had come from, my elder sister said, "Hush, don't let anyone know. It is such a lovely cat, let's keep it as a pet," and so we did. The cat got very used to us and would lie down right beside us. Since we wondered if someone might come looking for it, we hid it from the others and did not let it go at all to the servants' quarters. It stayed right with us all the time, and if something unclean was put in front of it to eat, it would turn its head away and refuse to eat it.[85]

It stuck to us two sisters. We were so happy and enchanted with it, but just around then, my sister fell ill. Since the house was in an uproar, I had the cat kept in the servant's quarters in the north wing and did not call it to our side, at which point it raised a fuss, meowing noisily. Of course, this was understandable. Then my sister woke up from a painful slumber and said, "Where is the cat? Bring it here." "Why?" I asked, and she said, "In my dream, the cat came to my side and said, 'I, who was once the daughter of the provisional major counselor, have been reborn in this form. Since the younger daughter of this household felt so sad remembering me, it created a small karmic bond that brought me to be with you for a while. But now I have been shut away with the servants; how awful it is!' and the appearance of the cat crying was just like a well-born beautiful woman. I woke up with a start, and hearing the cat meowing, I was struck with pity." I was very moved by her story and brought the cat out of the north wing, treating it very kindly after that. When I was all by myself, the cat would come to me, and I would stroke it saying, "So you are the beloved young daughter of the provisional major counselor. How I would like to let him know." When I spoke like this, the cat would stare into my eyes, meowing softly. There was no doubt about it; from even one glance one could tell this was not an ordinary cat. The way its face looked when it seemed to listen and understand was touching.

I heard about someone who owned a copy of the "Song of Lasting Regret," which had been adapted into the form of a tale.[86] Although I was curious to see it, the person was not someone I could approach directly. Seeking out a suitable intermediary, I sent over this poem on the seventh day of the Seventh Month:[87]

chigirikemu	Curious this day
mukashi no kefu no	on which long ago they must
yukashisa ni	have pledged their troth;
ama no kaha nami	like the River of Heaven's waves
uchiidetsuru kana	rising—this is sent out.

The reply:

tachi idzuru
ama no kahabe no
yukashisa ni
tsune ha yuyushiki
koto mo wasurenu

This is sent out to
the one so curious
about the River of Heaven;
one even forgets this is a story
that was unhappy in the end.

On the night of the thirteenth of the same month, the moon shone brightly, lighting up every corner of the house. When everyone was asleep, my elder sister and I went out onto the veranda, and my sister stared intently at the sky. "How would you feel if I were to simply fly away and disappear right now?" Seeing the uncomfortable and fearful look on my face, she changed the subject and laughed merrily.[88] Just then, at the house next door, a carriage for which the way had been cleared stopped, and someone called out, "Reed Leaf, sweet Reed Leaf," but there was no answer. Tired of calling out, whoever it was played beautifully on a flute and moved on. I said,

fue no ne no
tada akikaze to
kikoyuru ni
nado wogi no ha no
soyo to kotahenu

Even though she heard
the flute's sound as no more
than the autumn wind,
why would Reed Leaf not
at least rustle in response?

With an air of "Well done," my sister responded,

wogi no ha no
kotafuru made mo
fuki yorade
tada ni suginuru
fue no ne zo uki

That he did not keep
playing until Reed Leaf
responded,
but passed by
just like that, how awful
the sound of that flute!

In this way, right until dawn, we contemplated the brightness of the moon, and when dawn finally broke, we both went to bed.[89]

That next year,[90] in the Fourth Month in the middle of the night, there was a fire and the cat on which we had lavished such care, thinking it to be the reincarnation of the major counselor's daughter, was burned to death. Whenever we called "Young Miss of the Major Counselor," that cat would meow and come walking up, looking for all the world as though it understood what we were saying, and just before the fire, even Father had said, "This is strangely touching; I must tell the major counselor about it," so it seemed terribly sad and such a shame to lose her.

Since the spacious grounds of our house had been like the scenery in the deep mountains, I had got used to seeing the flowers and crimson leaves of the passing seasons, which were more splendid than those of the mountains on all sides. So now we had moved to an incomparably cramped place, with hardly a garden at all and no trees; how depressing I found it. Even when the white and red plums of the house in front of this place were blooming in gay profusion and I was bathed in the fragrance brought by the wind, still how much I missed the old home I was used to and yearned for it:

nihohi kuru	Redolent with scent,
tonari no kaze wo	the wind from the neighbor's yard
mi ni shimete	soaks into me.
arishi nokiba no	Oh, how I yearn for the plum tree
mume zo kohishiki	by the eaves where I once dwelled.

On the first day of the Fifth Month of that year,[91] my elder sister died in childbirth. Ever since I was a child, even the news that someone I did not really know had died would plunge me into deep sorrow; I grieved now with a sorrow that was beyond description. Mother and the others observed the wake with the departed one, so I took her young children, the keepsakes she had left behind, and put one on my left side and one on my right side. Through the cracks in the rough boards of the roof, the moonlight leaked in and shone on the face of one of the little ones. Finding this inauspicious, I covered his face with a sleeve and pulled the other one closer; how terrible were my thoughts![92]

After the period of official mourning had passed, a message came from a relative: "Since I had a note from your late sister saying, 'Please do everything in your power to find this tale and deliver it to me,' I tried to find it for her but was unsuccessful on that occasion. Someone has just given me a copy, how terribly sad." The message was accompanied by a copy of the tale entitled *The Prince Who Sought the Remains of His Beloved*.[93] Truly, it was heartbreaking. I wrote in reply,

udzumorenu	For what reason
kabane wo nani ni	was she seeking
tadzunekemu	those unburied remains?
koke no shita ni ha	And now her own body
mi koso narikere	dwells beneath the moss.

The person who had been my sister's nurse, breaking into tears again and again, lamented, "Now, what is there to keep me here?" As she was about to leave to return to her former home, I wrote to her:

furusato ni	Oh, to end up
kaku koso hito ha	returning to your old home
kaherikere	in this way!
ahare ikanaru	Alas, how sad a parting
wakare narikemu	this must be for you.

"Without you, what will I have as a keepsake of the past?" and I ended with, "Since the water in my inkstone is frozen solid, all the rest of my feelings must stay locked inside," adding,

kakinagasu	I set the brush
ato ha tsurara ni	to flow, but its traces are
todjitekeri	locked in icicles.
nani wo wasurenu	What will I have now as a keepsake
katami to ka mimu	to remember our beloved?[94]

She replied:

nagusamuru	There is no way for me
kata mo nagisa no	to find comfort at water's edge—
hama chidori	why would the plover
nani ka ukiyo ni	leave its tracks on the shore of this
ato mo todomemu	world awash in suffering?[95]

This nurse went to see the place where my sister had been cremated, returning to her home in tears. I wrote,

noborikemu	On the moor,
nobe ha kemuri mo	where she rose to the sky, not even
nakarikemu	smoke must remain.
idzuko wo haka to	Where then could she look
tadzunete ka mishi	to seek the grave?[96]

When she heard about this, the woman who had been our stepmother wrote,

soko ha ka to	Though she did not go
shirite yukanedo	knowing that such and such a place
saki ni tatsu	was the dear one's grave,
namida zo michi no	surely the tears that flowed ahead
shirube narikeru	served as a guide on the path.

And the person who had sent *The Prince Who Sought the Remains of His Beloved* wrote:

sumi narenu	Over the traceless tracks
nobe no sasa hara	of the scrub bamboo moors
ato haka mo	where no one lives—

naku naku ika ni	aimless, crying, how must
tadzunewabikemu	she have suffered on her search.[97]

Since he had actually accompanied our sister's remains that night, my elder brother wrote:

mishi mama ni	Since as I watched,
moeshi keburi ha	the smoke from the cremation fire
tsukinishi wo	vanished utterly,
ikaga tadzuneshi	how could she find anything
nobe no sasa hara	on the moors of scrub bamboo?[98]

At a time when the snow had been falling for days, I imagined how it must be for the nun living in the Yoshino Mountains:[99]

yuki furite	With the snow falling,
mare no hitome mo	even the rare visits of others
taenuramu	must have ceased—
yoshino no yama no	it is a steep path up to the
mine no kakemichi	peaks of the Yoshino Mountains.

The next year,[100] during the promotion rounds of the First Month, although my father had expected good news, the day dawned fruitlessly.[101] From someone who could be expected to sympathize with our household came this: "All the time thinking, 'This time for sure,' ah, the frustration of waiting until dawn.

akuru matsu	Waiting until dawn,
kane no kowe ni mo	to have all one's dreams dispelled
yume samete	at the tolling of the bell.
aki no momo yo no	Did it not feel as though one had
kokochiseshi kana	waited a hundred autumn nights?"

In response to this, I composed,

akatsuki wo	Why, I wonder,
nani ni machikemu	did we wait for daybreak?
omofu koto	Since what
naru tomo kikanu	we hoped for was not told
kane no oto yuwe	in the tolling of the bell.[102]

Toward the end of the Fourth Month, for a certain reason, I moved to a place in Higashiyama.[103] Along the way, the paddies had been flooded and the rice shoots planted. I gazed out at the surrounding scene, somehow charmed by its green hue. The place where I was to stay was deep in the shade of the mountain, and right in front of me was the touching and forlorn sight of the evening twilight. Water rails cried out loudly.

tatakutomo	Knocking at the door—
tare ka kuhina no	"Who comes?" Only water rails
kurenuru ni	in the falling dusk
yamdji wo fukaku	must have come to visit
tadzunete ha komu	this path deep in the mountains.[104]

Since Ryōzen Temple was nearby, I went to worship there. Even though the path was steep, I made it all the way to a spring welling up between the boulders at this mountain temple. There was a person with me[105] who, drinking the water from cupped hands, said, "One feels as though one could drink this water forever without tiring of it."[106] I replied,

okuyama no	Cupping and lifting
ishi ma no midzu wo	to your lips this water from boulders
musubi agete	deep in the mountains,
akanu mono to ha	did you just realize now
ima nomi ya shiru	you would never tire of it?

When I said this, the person who was drinking answered,

yama no wi no	More even than of
shidzuku ni nigoru	the “water clouded by drops” falling
midzu yori mo	into the mountain spring,
ko ha naho akanu	I feel as though I would
kokochi koso sure	never tire of this one.

On the way back, with the evening sun glowing, the capital area lay spread out clearly before us. The person who had spoken of the “water clouded by drops” had to return to the capital but seemed very sorry to leave. The next morning, this came:

yama no ha ni	As the rays
irihi no kage ha	of the setting sun disappeared
iri hatete	on the mountain rim,
kokoro bosoku zo	I could not help gazing out,
nagame yarareshi	lost in forlorn thoughts.

One morning, while I was listening with a sense of awe to the prostrations of a monk chanting the Buddha’s name at daybreak, I slid open the door and saw mist drifting across the lush dark tips of the trees as the rim of the mountain grew light little by little.[107] More even than crimson leaves or blossoms at their peak, somehow this scene of the skyline of lush vegetation partly obscured by mist was captivating, and there was even a cuckoo on a tree branch very close by, calling out again and again,

tare ni mise	To whom could I show this?
tare ni kikasemu	Whom could I have listen to this?
yamazato no	The mountain dwelling,
kono akatsuki mo	this moment of daybreak, and
ochikaheru ne mo	this singing back and forth.

On the last day of this month, at the top of a tree in the direction of the ravine, a cuckoo was noisily singing away.

miyako ni ha	Cuckoo! Even though
matsuramu mono wo	you are eagerly awaited
hototogisu	in the capital,
kefu hinemosu ni	today, the whole day through, you
nakikurasu kana	just spend your time singing here![108]

and all I could do was keep gazing out at this scene. Someone who was with me said, "I wonder if there are people in the capital listening to the cuckoo, too, just at this moment? And I wonder if they are imagining us gazing out like this.

yama fukaku	Deep as we are
tare ka omohi ha	in the mountains, who could possibly
okosubeki	be moved to think of us?
tsuki miru hito ha	Even though there would be many
ohokarame domo	who would gaze at the full moon."[109]

I responded,

fukaki yo ni	I do not know what
tsuki miru wori ha	people feel when they gaze at the
shiranedomo	moon late at night, but
madzu yamazato zo	if it were I, I could not help sending
omohi yararuru	my thoughts to this mountain village.

One night just when I was thinking that dawn must be about to break, there was the sound of many people coming from the mountain. I was startled, and when I looked out, I saw that deer had come right up to the edge of the veranda and were crying to one another. Heard from close up like that, their voices were not charming.

aki no yo no	On autumn nights,
tsuma kohikanuru	the voices of deer longing
shika no ne ha	for their mates
tohoyama ni koso	should indeed be heard
kikubekarikere	from mountains far away.[110]

Upon hearing that someone I knew had come quite close but had ended up returning without visiting:

mada hito me	Even the pine wind
shiranu yamabe no	on the mountainside, who is not
matsukaze mo	used to other's eyes,
oto shite kaheru	makes some sound before returning,
mono to koso kike	that is indeed what I have heard. . . .

The Eighth Month arrived. The moon of the twentieth day of the month lingering in the dawn sky was terribly touching; the dense dark greenery of the mountainside and the sound of the waterfall were unlike anything I had ever known. I could not help just gazing at them rapt in contemplation:

omohi shiru	How I would love to show
hito ni misebaya	someone who could understand—
yamazato no	this mountain village
aki no yo fukaki	in the depths of an autumn night,
ariake no tsuki	the moon at daybreak.

Upon starting my return to the capital, I noticed that all the rice paddies, which had been full of water when I came, had now been completely harvested.

nahashiro no
midzu kage bakari
mieshi ta no
karihatsuru made
nagawi shi ni keri

Until the paddies,
where I saw only young shoots
mirrored in the water,
have ended up all harvested,
such a long stay have I had.

Toward the end of the Tenth Month when I had the occasion to come back and view that place just briefly, every single leaf of that dark lush forest had scattered and lay in disorder on the ground. Looking around feeling terribly moved, I noticed that the stream that had burbled along so cheerfully was now buried in fallen leaves; all one could see was where it had been.

midzu sahe zo
sumitaenikeru
ko no ha chiru
arashi no yama no
kokorobososa ni

Even the water
has clearly ceased to dwell here
in the desolation
of this stormy mountain where
all the tree leaves have fallen.[111]

On my way back home, I said to a nun who lived on that mountain, "If I stay alive until spring, I will certainly come and see you. Please be sure to let me know when the blossoms are at their peak." But when the new year had come and it was past the tenth day of the Third Month, and there still was no word from her:

chigiri okishi
hana no sakari wo
tsugenu kana
haru ya mada konu
hana ya nihohanu

Despite the promise
I begged of you, you send no news
of the blossoms' peak.
Has spring not yet come?
Are the blossoms not aglow?[112]

I had gone on a trip around the time of the full moon and was staying at a place right beside a bamboo grove; awakened by the sound of the wind, I was unable to melt back into sleep.

take no ha no	By the rustle of
soyogu yo goto ni	bamboo leaves night after night,
nezame shite	I am awakened,
nani tomo naki ni	and for no particular reason,
mono zo kanashiki	feelings of sadness engulf me.

Around the time of autumn, leaving that place and moving to another,[113] I addressed this to that former host:

idzuko tomo	It matters not where,
tsuyu no ahare ha	I only want to part from
wakareji wo	the pathos of dew,
asadji ga hara no	yet I will recall fondly this autumn
aki zo kohishiki	on the "plain of short reeds."[114]

Our stepmother continued to be called "Kazusa no Taifu"[115] when she went back to serve at court. When Father heard that she was still being referred to by this name even after she had become involved with another man, he said, "Let's inform her that in the present circumstances, this is not appropriate." So I wrote, in Father's place,

asakura ya	Asakura!
ima ha kumowi ni	I hear even though you dwell
kiku mono wo	way up in the clouds,
naho ko no maro ga	you still call yourself by
nanori wo ya suru	the name of this old log, why?[116]

In this way, life went on, and airy musings continued to be my preoccupation. When on the rare occasion I went on a pilgrimage, even then I could not concentrate my prayers on becoming somebody in the world. Nowadays it seems that people read the sutras and devote themselves to religious practice even from the age of seventeen or eighteen, but I was unable to put my mind to that sort of thing. Instead, I daydreamed about being hidden away in a mountain village like Lady Ukifune, happy to be visited even only once a year by a high-ranking man, handsome of face and form, like the Shining Genji in the tale.

There I would gaze out in melancholy languor at the blossoms, the crimson leaves, the moon, and the snow, awaiting his splendid letters, which would come from time to time. This was all I mused about, and it was even what I wished for.[117]

I passed the time aimlessly thinking in the back of my mind that if my father became successful, I might even be settled into a distinguished position, but it came about instead that my father was to take up a post far away in the distant East Country.[118] Father explained: "For years now, I have been hoping to receive a posting in the nearby provinces, and then, with a mind free of worry, the first thing I could attend to would be taking care of you in fine style. I could take you with me on tours of duty, show you the seaside and mountain scenery, and then, as a matter of course, see you settled into a higher social position than mine, with all your needs met. This is what I wanted, but since it is our fate, both yours and mine, not to be blessed with good fortune after all this waiting and hoping, now I am to take up a post far away. In your youth, even when I took you with me down to the East Country, at times when I felt even a little ill, I would worry, thinking, 'What will happen if I have to abandon her to wander lost in this wild province? If it were just I alone facing the dangers of this strange land, I could be calm, but having dragged the household with me, I cannot even say what I want to say, nor do what I want to do.' How painful it was; my heart was torn to pieces. Now, this time, it will be even worse. I cannot take you off to the provinces as an adult. If I were to die, you would, as a matter of course, be left without support in the capital . . . still, imagining you abandoned, wandering around as a country rustic in the East Country—that, too, would be terrible. Alas, there is no relative or intimate friend whom I can expect to take responsibility for you here in the capital. Nonetheless, since I am not in a position to refuse this posting, which I have just barely been given, all I can do is have you stay behind in the capital and resign myself even to the possibility of never seeing you again. And it does not appear that I will be able to leave you set up in an appropriate manner even here in the capital." I felt so sad listening to my father lament like this day and night that I even lost my feeling for the blossoms and crimson leaves. Although I bemoaned this situation terribly, what could I do about it?

Father went down to his province on the thirteenth day of the Seventh Month. For five days before his departure, he had been unable to bear seeing me and so had not come into my room. On the day he was to leave, everyone was busy with the departure, so how much worse I felt at the very moment when he raised the bamboo blind of my room and looked at me with tears pouring down his face. He left just like that. My eyes were blind with tears, and I had just lain down in my room when the household servants who were to remain behind came back from seeing him off and delivered this letter, written on folded paper:[119]

omofu koto
kokoro ni kanafu
mi nariseba
aki no wakare wo
fukaku shiramashi

If I were in a
position that fulfilled the
wishes of my heart,
then would I savor deeply
the feeling of this autumn
parting.

This was all he had written, yet I could hardly read it through. Even in ordinary times, I can think up only verses with "broken backs,"[120] but somehow I felt I must say something, so in that state of mind I wrote almost unconsciously,

kakete koso
omohazari shika
kono yo nite
shibashi mo kimi ni
wakarubeshi to ha

Never at all
did I ever think that
in this world,
even for a little while
I would be parted from you.

Now more than ever, no visitors came. I gazed constantly into space, feeling lonely and bereft, imagining day and night how far he might have gone. Since I knew the path he was taking, as the distance grew between us, there was no limit to my loving thoughts of yearning. From dawn until dusk, I would spend my days staring at the rim of the mountains to the east.

Around the Eighth Month, when I was on my way to a retreat in Uzumasa (figure 6), we came upon two ox carriages carrying men

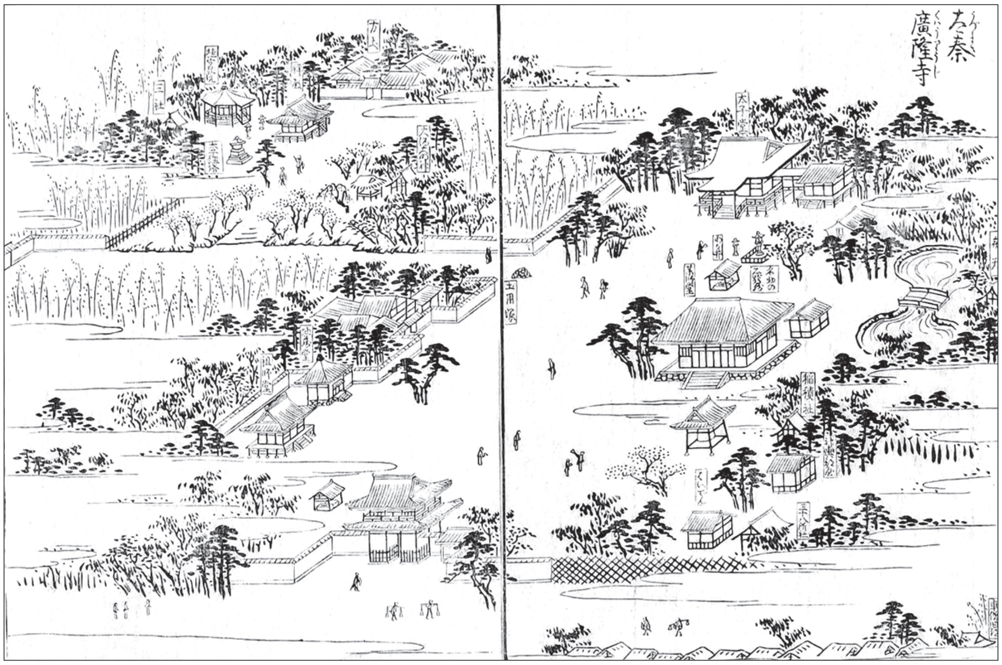


FIGURE 6 An Edo-period print of Kōryū Temple in Uzumasa.

that had stopped by the side of the road (perhaps they were waiting for companions to catch up with them before continuing on to wherever they were going). As our party passed by, they sent over one of their attendants to deliver this message:[121]

hanami ni yuku to	We were on our way to see flowers;
kimi wo miru kana	how wonderful to see you instead.

My companion said, “In a case like this, it is impolite not to respond.” So I had someone deliver this reply:

chigusa naru	With hearts as always
kokoro narahi ni	pulled by myriad attractions,
aki no no no	in the autumn moors.

With just that, we passed by. On the seven days of the retreat, I was finally able to separate my mind from frivolous things; all I could think of was the road to the east. My prayer was, "Please let me see him safe again." I felt as though the Buddha might have listened with compassion.

Winter came. On a night after a day when the rain had been falling all day long, a wind capable of returning all the clouds to their home blew fiercely, the sky cleared, and the moon was strikingly bright. The rushes that reached up close to the eaves had been blown about terribly by the wind and lay broken in disarray. Moved by the touching sight:

aki wo ika ni	In winter's depths,
omohi idzuramu	how much must they recall
fuyu fukami	the fine days of autumn,
arashi ni madofu	withered leaves of rushes
wogi no kareha ha	blown in disarray by the storm.

Someone came from the East Country bearing a letter:

"While I was touring the shrines of this province performing the offical ritual prayers, in an area where there were lovely flowing streams and wide, wide plains, there was one place with a forest grove. 'What a charming place,' I thought, and right away I was reminded of you and sorry that I could not show it to you. 'What is this place called?' I asked, and someone replied, 'Sir, they say it is called "Longing for One's Child Forest."' Since I could not help comparing it to myself and feeling terribly sad, I dismounted and gazed at it deep in thought for a couple of hours or more.

todomeokite	Having left
waga goto mono ya	a child behind, how like me,
omohikemu	it must have felt.
miru ni kanashiki	Looking at it, I feel sad,
ko shinobi no mori	'Longing for One's Child Forest'

That is just how I felt."

One must imagine my feelings when reading this letter. I replied with this:

ko shinobi wo
kiku ni tsukete mo

todomeokishi
chichibu no yama no
tsuraki adzumadji

Just hearing,
"Longing for One's Child,"
I regret
being left behind;
"Father Mountain" all alone
on the roads of the East
Country.[122]

In this way, as I drifted along in life, I wondered why I had not gone on pilgrimages. Of course, my mother was very old-fashioned: "A trip to Hatsuse (figure 7)? How frightening the thought! What would I do if you were abducted on the Nara Slopes? If we went to Ishiyama, it would be terrifying to cross Sekiyama. And Kurama (figure 8); the thought of taking you to that mountain also scares me. Anyway, until your father gets back, it is out of the question." She seemed to think me troublesome and just ignored me. Finally, she took me on a retreat to Kiyomizu Temple (figure 9).[123] But that time, too, as was my habit, I could not concentrate and pray for serious and proper things. As it

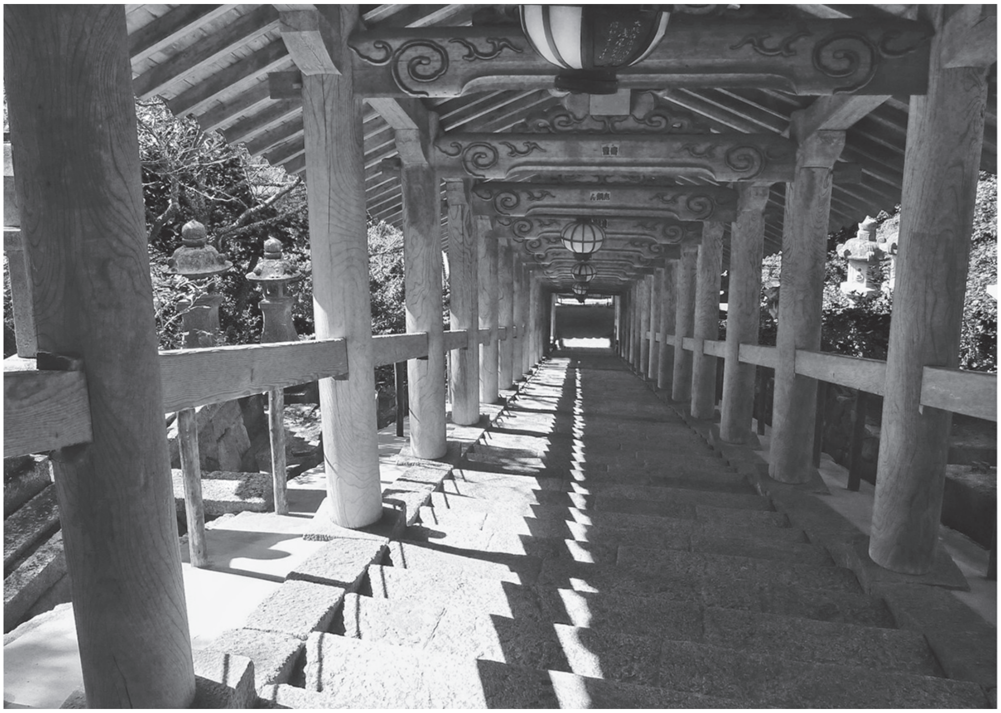


FIGURE 7 The gallery walkway of Hase (Hatsuse) Temple.

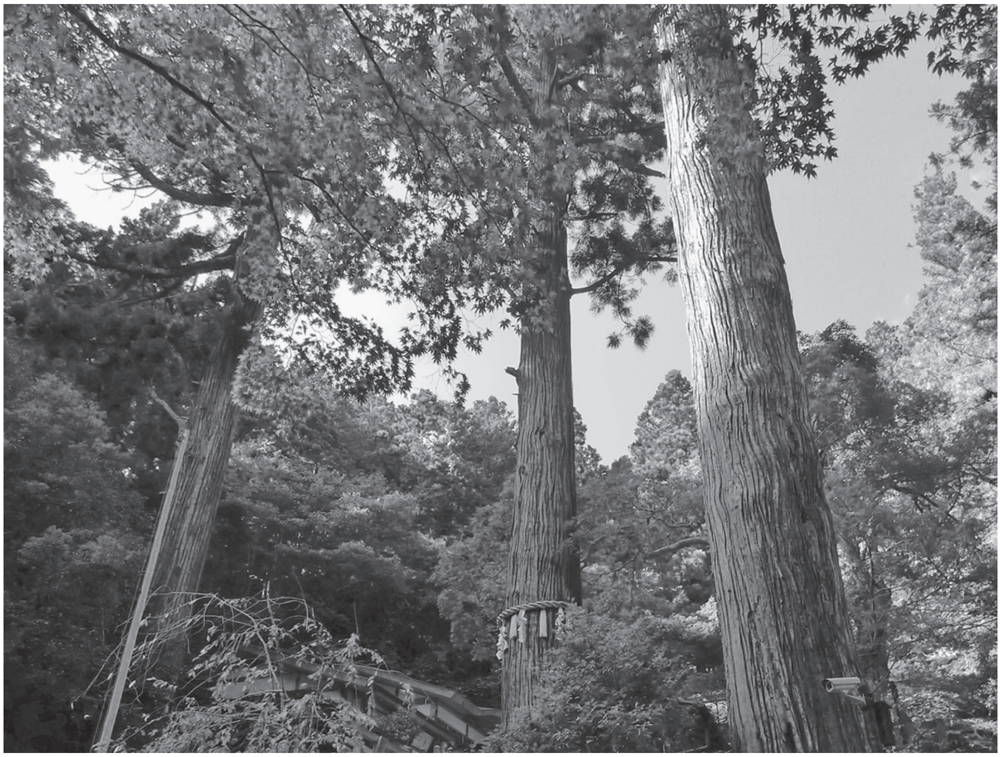


FIGURE 8 The forest at Kurama Temple.

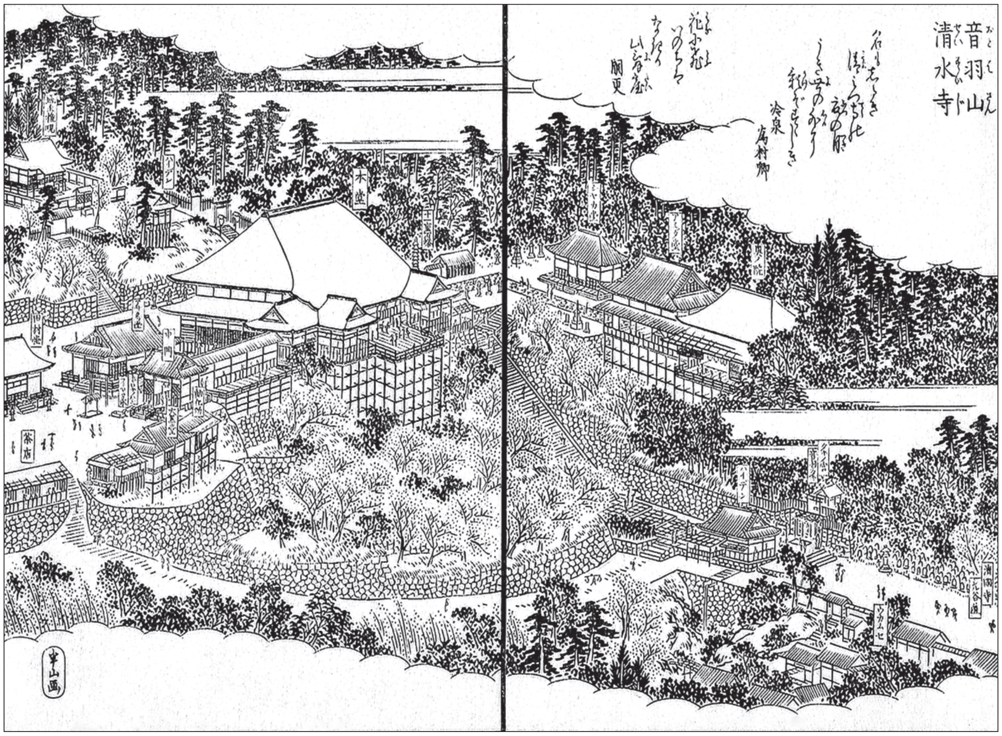


FIGURE 9 An Edo-period print of Kiyomizu Temple.

was around the time of the equinox rites,[124] the temple was crowded to an alarming degree. When I finally fell into a fretful slumber, I dreamed that a monk, apparently a kind of steward, dressed in a blue woven habit and wearing a brocade headpiece and brocade shoes, approached the guard railing on the side of my curtain-of-state and said in a chiding way, "Unaware of the sad future awaiting you, you just waste your time on frivolous concerns." Then he made as though to enter my curtain-of-state. Even having had such a dream and having woken up with a start, I did not tell people, "I have seen such and so," and not even taking it particularly to heart, I returned home.[125]

Then Mother had a mirror cast, one foot in circumference, and declaring that it would take my place, she sent it with a monk on a pilgrimage to Hatsuse. She apparently told him, "Go perform devotions for three days. Please have a dream to divine what future is in store for my daughter." For that same period of time, she also had me perform purifying rituals.[126]

This monk returned and made the following report: "Were I to come back without having had at least one dream, it would be disappointing, and what would I have to say for myself? So I fervently made obeisances, and when I fell asleep, I saw a wonderfully noble and lovely looking woman garbed in lustrous robes emerge from behind a curtain-of-state; she was carrying the offering mirror in her hand. 'Was there a letter of vows[127] with this?' she asked. I respectfully replied, 'There was not. This mirror by itself is the offering.' 'How strange,' she said. 'This should be accompanied by a letter of vows.' Then she said, 'Look at what is reflected here in this mirror. What you see will make you very sad!' and she wept and sobbed softly. When I looked in the mirror, there was a reflection of someone collapsed on the floor crying and lamenting. 'When you look at this reflection, it is very sad, is it not? Now, look at this,' and she showed me the reflection on the other part of the mirror. Amid beautiful bamboo blinds and other hangings, various robes poured out from under curtains-of-state; plum and cherry blossoms were in bloom; and from the tips of tree branches, warblers were singing.[128] 'Looking at this makes one very happy, does it not?' she said. That is what I saw in the dream." This, it seems, was his report. But I did not pay attention, not even to the extent of being surprised by how much he had seen and what it might mean.[129]

Even though I was of such a frivolous turn of mind, there was someone who was always telling me, “Pray to the Holy Deity Amaterasu.” I had no idea where Amaterasu might be or even whether this friend was speaking of a god or a buddha. Even so, I gradually became interested and asked about it. I was told, “It is a god; this god dwells in Ise. In Kii Province, the one they call the ‘Creator of Ki’ is also the same holy god. Moreover, it is also this god who is the guardian deity in the Sacred Mirror Room in the palace.” Going to Ise Province to worship did not seem to be anything I could consider, and how could I go to worship in the Sacred Mirror Room of the palace? Since it seemed that all there was to do was to pray to the light of the sky, I felt rather up in the air.[130]

A relative of mine had become a nun and entered Shūgakuin Temple. In wintertime, I wrote to her,

namida sahe	So much that I have
furi hahetsutsu zo	to wipe away tear after tear;
omohiyaru	my thoughts are with you,
arashi fukuramu	at your mountain village in winter
fuyu no yamazato	where storms must be blowing.

Her reply,

wakete tofu	The extent of your
kokoro no hodo no	sympathy may be seen in
miyuru kana	your kind inquiry,
kokage woguraki	parting the lush foliage of summer
natsu no shigeri wo	in the dim shadows of the trees.[131]

My father, who had been down in the East Country, finally came back up to the capital, and after he settled down in a residence in the Western Hills, we all went to see him there.[132] Wonderfully happy on a bright moonlit night, we spent the whole night chatting together. I wrote:

kakaru yo mo	That such a night
arikeru mono o	could also exist in such a world—
kagiri tote	ah, that autumn when
kimi ni wakareshi	we parted, I thought, this is the end;
aki ha ikani zo	I will never see him again.

Father broke into tears and wrote in return:

omofu koto	Why does nothing ever
kanahazu nazo to	go the way I want, I grieved,
itohikoshi	hating to go on;
inochi no hodo mo	now, to have lived as long as this,
ima zo ureshiki	what happiness it is!

Yes indeed, compared with the sadness I felt when he came to tell me of his imminent departure, this joy of having him return safely after the long wait could not be exceeded by anything. Yet Father kept saying, "Judging from what I have observed of other people, when an old man whose abilities have declined mixes in society, he looks foolish. So I intend to close my gate and just retreat from the world." The way he seemed to have given up all hope for the rest of his life made me unbearably forlorn.[133]

To the east of this house, wild moors stretched out into the distance and one could clearly see the eastern mountain ridge right from Mount Hiei down to Mount Inari. To the south, the Narabi Hills were close enough that the one could hear the pine wind blowing from them. In between, almost up to the base of these hills, were what are called "rice paddies," from which came the sound of bird clappers.[134] All in all, it was a place that felt very much like the countryside, very charming, and on nights when the moon was bright, I enjoyed staying up until dawn gazing at the lovely scene. Now that we had moved so far away, I never heard from my friends, so I was surprised when a messenger who had come with other correspondence passed me a note from a friend asking, "How have you been?" I sent back,

omohi idete
hito koso tohane
yama zato no
magaki no wogi ni
akikaze ha fuku

There is no one who
remembers to call on us,
yet in the miscanthus
hedge of this mountain village,
at least an autumn breeze
rustles.[135]

In the Tenth Month, we moved to the capital. Mother became a nun; although she stayed in the same house with us, she lived apart in her own quarters.[136] Father just wanted me to assume the position of mistress of the household, but when I saw that this would mean I would be hidden away and never mix with the world, I felt shorn of support. Around this time, from someone to whom we were connected and who was aware of my situation, came an invitation for me to serve at court. She said, "Surely it would be better than having her mope around the house with nothing to do." My old-fashioned parents found the idea of my becoming a lady-in-waiting very distasteful, so they kept me at home. However, several other people said things like "Nowadays, almost every young woman goes into service like this, and there have been cases of women who have done very well for themselves, indeed. Why don't you give it a try?" so grudgingly Father agreed to send me to court.

On the first occasion, I went into service for just one night.[137] I wore eight layers of gowns in the chrysanthemum color combination alternating light and dark, with a jacket of lustrous crimson silk.[138] For me—who had just lost myself in reading tales and knew nothing else and who, not even having visited other relatives, was used only to gazing at the moon and the blossoms, living under the protection of my old-fashioned parents—my feelings at this moment of stepping out into court service—I could hardly believe it was I or that this was reality. I returned home at dawn.

When I was housebound, I occasionally used to feel that rather than being stuck forever at home, serving at court would give me the opportunity to experience interesting things and might even brighten my outlook, but now I felt uncertain. It seemed to me that indeed some things about this new life would cause me anguish. But what could I do about it?

In the Twelfth Month, I went again to serve. This time, I was given my own quarters and stayed for several days. Sometimes I would go up to my mistress's chambers and serve night duty. Having to lie down among strangers, I was unable to sleep a wink. I felt so embarrassed and constrained that I could not help weeping in secret. At the first light of dawn while it was still quite dark, I would go back to my own sleeping quarters and spend the whole day distractedly yearning for my father, thinking about how close we had become, living side by side, now that he was old and in decline and seemed to rely on me even more. Then there were my orphaned nieces,[139] who had been with me since they were born and slept on my left and right side at night and got up with me in the morning; how poignantly I now recalled them. So I would end up spending my days lost in homesick reverie. My ears would sense that someone was listening outside and peeking in at me, so uneasy I was.

After ten days of service, when I returned home, I found my father and mother waiting, having kindled a fire in the brazier. At the moment of seeing me get down from the carriage, Father broke into tears and said, "When you are at home, we see people from time to time and the servants are around, but in the last few days, I haven't heard the sound of human voices or seen a soul. How forlorn and lonely I have been! If this goes on, what is going to become of me?" Seeing this made me feel so sad. The next morning, Father exclaimed, "Since you are home today, there is lots of coming and going; how lively the house feels." Face to face with him, I was moved to the verge of tears, wondering what on earth it was about me that made him feel that way.

Even though religious adepts find it very difficult to learn about former lives through dreams, and even though I was someone who felt aimless and confused, I had the following dream: I was sitting in the main hall of Kiyomizu Temple. A monk who was a kind of steward came out and reported, "You actually were once a monk in this very temple. As a monk artisan, you accumulated merit by making many Buddha statues. And so you were born into this life well above that lowly station. You built the one *jō*, six *shaku* Buddha[140] that resides in the east section of this hall (figure 10). As a matter of fact, you passed away while you were applying the gold foil to this image." "My goodness!" I said, "Does this mean that I applied the gold foil to that Buddha over there?" "Because you died while you were doing it, it was a different person who finished applying the gold foil and a different person who performed the offering ceremony when it was done." Now after seeing such a dream, if I had made fervent pilgrimages to Kiyomizu Temple, surely, on the strength of having worshipped the Buddha at that main hall in a former life, something might have come of it, but there is no use talking about that now because in the end I became no more serious about making pilgrimages than before.

On the twenty-fifth of the Twelfth Month, I was invited to attend the rite of "Calling the Buddha's Names"[141] at the princess's palace. I went expecting to stay only that night. There were as many as forty attendants, all in layers of white robes with jackets of lustrous

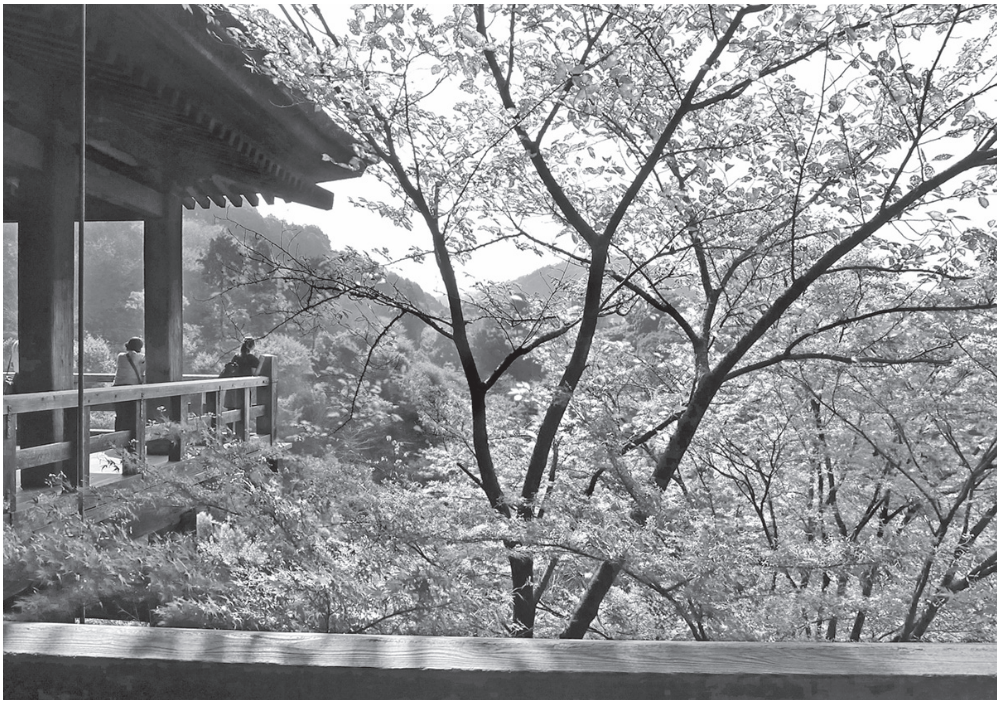


FIGURE 10 The veranda off the main hall of Kiyomizu Temple.

crimson silk. I hid myself behind the lady who was my mentor at court and, after barely showing myself, returned home at dawn. Snow had begun to flutter down. In the very cold and sharp chill of the dawn light, the moon reflected faintly on my lustrous sleeves truly recalled the "face damp with tears" of long ago.[142] On the road back, I wrote:

toshi ha kure	The year is ending,
yo ha akegata no	the night begins to dawn,
tsuki kage no	this brief moment when
sode ni utsureru	the rays of the moon are reflected
hodo zo hakanaki	on these wet sleeves, how ephemeral.[143]

Well, even though my debut had been like this, somehow I began to accustom myself to service at court. Although I was somewhat distracted by other things, it was not to the extent that people regarded me as eccentric, and as a matter of course, it seemed as though I was coming to be accepted and treated as one of the company. But my parents did not understand, and before long, they ended up shutting me away at home.[144] Even so, it was not as though my way of life became suddenly happy and lively; rather, although I was used to feeling very much at odds with life, the situation I found myself in now was quite contrary to all my hopes.

iku chitabi	How many thousand times
midzu no ta zeri wo	have I plucked the field parsley
tsumi shika ha	from the water thus,
omohishi koto no	without a dewdrop falling
tsuyu mo kanahanu	in the direction of my hopes.[145]

With just this private complaint, I let matters go.

Meanwhile, I became distracted by this and that and completely forgot even about the world of the tales. I actually ended up feeling quite down to earth. Over the years and months as I lay down and got up in meaningless activity, why had I not devoted myself to religious practices or pilgrimages? Ah, but the things I had hoped for, the things I had wished for, could they ever really happen in this world? After all, was a man like the Shining Genji ever likely to exist in this world? No, this is a world in which being hidden away at Uji by Captain Kaoru could never happen. Oh, how crazy I was and how foolish I came to feel. Such were the thoughts that had sunk in, and had I then carried on with my feet on the ground, maybe things would have been all right, but that just was not possible.[146]

Some friends had informed the place at which I had first gone into court service that it did not appear staying cooped up at home was really my true wish, so there were endless requests for my attendance. Among them came a particular one, "Send the young lady to court," an order that could not be ignored, so I found myself drawn back into occasional service in the course of presenting my niece to court. But it was not as though I could entertain the vain and immodest hopes that I had in days gone by; after all, I was just being drawn along by my niece. On the occasions when I went to serve, the situation was like this. The women really familiar with court service are in a class by themselves and greet any occurrence with a knowing face, but even though I could not be regarded as a novice, neither could I be treated as an old hand, so I was kept at a distance like an occasional guest. Although I was in this uncertain position, since I did not have to rely solely on that kind of work, I was not particularly envious of those who were so much better at it than me.[147] In fact, I felt rather at ease, going to court just on suitable occasions, chatting with those women who happened to have time on their hands. On celebratory occasions—and other interesting, pleasant occasions too—in my present situation I thus was able to mix with society. Of course, since I had to maintain a reserve and take care not to push myself forward too much, I was privy only to the general goings-on at court. As I went along in this way, a time came when I accompanied the princess to the imperial palace.[148] One dawn when the moon was very bright, I thought, "The god Amaterasu to whom I have been praying actually resides right here in the palace's Mirror Room; I would like to take this occasion to worship there."[149] So in the brightness of the moonlight of the Fourth Month, ever so secretly I went to pay my respects with the guidance of an acquaintance, Hakase no Myōbu, who served as mistress of the inner chambers.[150] In the very faint light of the lamp stand, she looked amazingly ancient and had a divine quality. As she sat there speaking about things one might expect, she seemed scarely like a human being; one might even think she was the god manifesting itself.

On the next night, too, the moon was very bright, and when I opened the east door of the Fujitsubo Pavilion to gaze at the moon and was chatting with the various ladies whom one would expect to be there, we heard the rustling sound of the Umetsubo Pavilion Consort going up to serve His Majesty. It was an enchantingly elegant moment, yet the other women could not help remarking, "If our late mistress were still in this world, it would have been her going to serve His Majesty like that." Truly, it was sad.[151]

ama no to wo	Although they all
kumowi nagara mo	dwell in the clouds together,
yoso ni mite	the moon feels estranged
mukashi no ato wo	from heaven's door, perhaps because
kofuru tsuki kana	it longs for traces of the past.[152]

It was winter, and there was no moon nor was snow falling, but on a night when the vast sky was stretched right to its edges clear and cold in the starlight, I spent the whole night talking with the ladies-in-waiting from the regent's household.[153] When it grew light, we all separated and went back to our various places, but one of the women, recalling that night, sent this to me:

tsuki mo naku	There was no moon,
hana mo mizarishi	nor were there blossoms to see,
fuyu no yo no	yet that winter's night
kokoro ni shimite	penetrated my heart, and I long
kohishiki ya nazo	for it. I wonder why?

That was how I felt, too, and it was charming that we shared the same feeling.

saeshi yo no	The ice that formed
kohori ha sode ni	on that clear, cold night rests
mada tokede	unmelted on my sleeves.
fuyu no yo nagara	All through the winter's night,
ne wo koso ha nake	I weep aloud remembering it.

On night duty in our mistress's chamber, as I lay there listening, my eyes opened each time I heard the voices of the water birds as they flapped about all night long—

waga goto zo	They are just like me,
midzu no ukine ni	awake until dawn, sleeping
akashitsutsu	fitfully on the water,
uhage no shimo wo	struggling to brush away
harahiwabunaru	the frost on their wings.[154]

—was what I murmured to myself, but the person sleeping next to me heard and said,

mashite omohe	Just try to imagine,
midzu no karine no	even from your own transient sleep
hodo dani zo	on the water,
uhage no shimo wo	how I struggle every night to
harahiwabikeru	brush the frost away.[155]

One day, a good friend of mine in the next apartment slid open the door, and we spent the day chatting. Since another good friend of ours had gone up to serve our mistress, we repeatedly invited her to come and visit us. When she sent back a message, "If you really insist I come, I will try to get away," we sent her this poem attached to a withered stalk of pampas grass:

fuyugare no	Our waving sleeves tired,
shino no wo susuki	like this plumeless stalk of grass
sode tayumi	withered by winter,

maneki mo yoseji	we will invite no more but
kaze ni makasemu	leave our entreaties to the wind.

Since it seemed that the persons designated to wait directly on the high court nobles and the senior courtiers[156] were fixed from before, given that I was an inexperienced homebody, I could not expect anybody to even be aware of my presence. Nonetheless, on a very dark night in the early part of the Tenth Month, there was a service of uninterrupted readings of the sutras.[157] When someone said, "Monks with particularly lovely voices are reciting at this time," a companion and I went up to a doorway close to the reading, and while we were stretched out on the veranda listening and chatting away, a man came up to us (figure 11). My companion whispered, "It would look awkward if we were just to escape inside and call other, more experienced women in the ladies-in-waiting apartment. So be it. Let us just stay here and do our best in the circumstances." So I stayed with her listening to the conversation and found that the man spoke with a mature and quiet demeanor, not unpleasant at all. He asked, "Who is your companion?" without a hint of the usual insinuating tone men

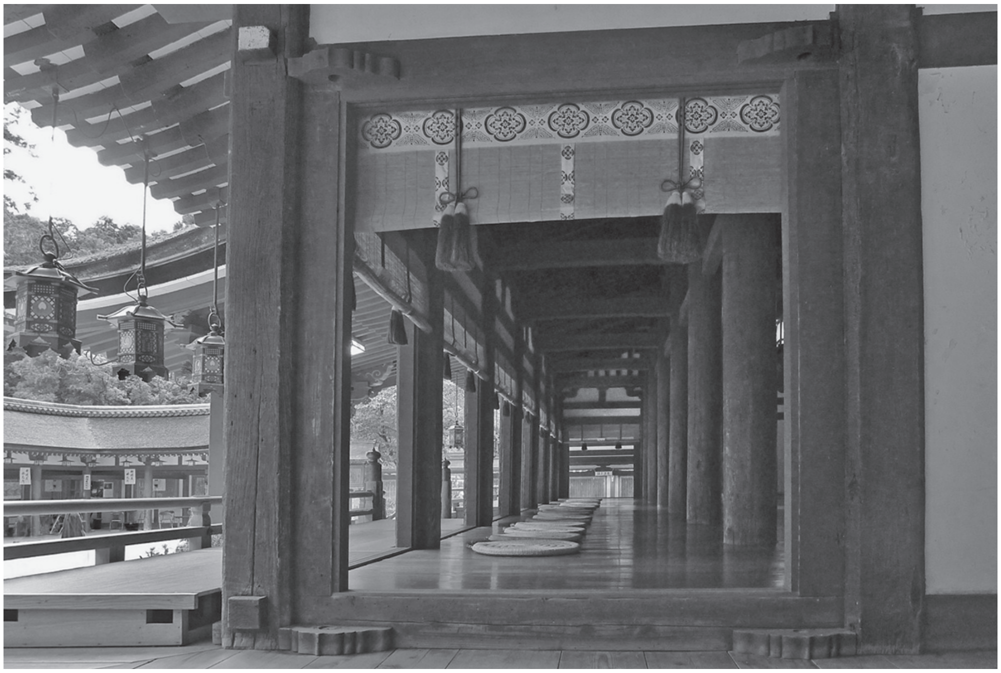


FIGURE 11 The veranda off the Isonokami Shrine.

use, and he spoke so sensitively of various touching things in life that in spite of my natural inclinations, there were several points in the conversation when I found it difficult just to withdraw in silence, and so both of us ended up conversing with him. He said things like "Well now, there still are some people here that I have not met before," which seemed to indicate that he found us interesting, and he did stay for a while making no move to leave quickly. It was dark without even the light of stars; from time to time, drizzle fell, and the sound of it falling on the leaves of the trees was charming. He said, "It is an enchantingly lovely evening, is it not? If it were bright with the moon shining into every corner, I expect we would find it embarrassingly dazzling."[158] He spoke of the seasons: "Spring mist is lovely; with the sky gently overcast, even the moon's face is dimmed, and it seems the light flows to us from afar. On such a night, how thrilling it is to hear someone plucking a *biwa* lute tuned to the 'Fragrant Breeze' mode. Or again, when it is autumn and the moon is very bright: although haze may be stretched across the sky, the moon shines through so clearly that you feel as though you could reach out and take it in your hand, and with the sound of the wind and the voices of the insects making one feel that all the delights of autumn have been brought together, to hear someone casually strumming a thirteen-string zither accompanied by sharp, clear notes blown on a flute—well then, one wonders why one was ever enthralled with spring. But then again, when you think about it, on a winter's night when the sky is perfectly clear and light from the sky meets the light from the fallen, piled-up snow and the wavering notes of the *hichiriki* double-reed flute sound forth—then we forget all about spring and autumn." He continued, "If I may ask, ladies, with which season would your hearts be lodged?"[159] In response, my companion answered that her heart was drawn to the autumn night, and since I did not want to say the same thing, I replied with this poem:

asa midori	Lucent green—
hana mo hitotsu ni	misting over, becoming one
kasumitsutsu	with the blossoms too;
oboro ni miyuru	dimly it may be seen,
haru no yo no tsuki	the moon on a night in spring.[160]

Repeating this over and over softly to himself, he said, "Well, well, this consigns the autumn night to oblivion, doesn't it?"

koyohi yori	From this night on,
nochi no inochi no	if it should be that my life
moshimo araba	continues on,
sa ha haru no yo wo	I shall always consider the spring night
katami to omohamu	a souvenir of you and this occasion.

Then the person whose heart was drawn to autumn said,

hito ha mina	It would seem that
haru ni kokoro wo	all people's hearts are drawn
yosetsumeri	to spring.
ware nomi ya mimu	Shall I be left to gaze alone
aki no yo no tsuki	at the moon on an autumn night?[161]

It seems that his interest was piqued by this, and yet having the air of finding himself in a difficult situation, he said, "I have heard that even in far Cathay, from ancient times when it came to choosing between spring and autumn, people were unable to decide.[162] And you, my esteemed ladies, must have your own reasons for choosing the way you have. As for where one's own heart is pulled, when one feels touched or delighted on a specific occasion, it seems that just naturally the look of the sky at that moment, the appearance of the moon or the flowers, becomes engraved on one's heart. I would love to hear the details of what it is that led both of you to feel the way you do about spring and autumn. From long ago, the look of the moon on a winter's night has been held up as the epitome of a dreary, uninteresting phenomenon, and at any rate, it is so cold at that time that one is not particularly inclined to spend much time looking at it.[163] However, once when I was assigned the duty of imperial envoy to go down to Ise on the occasion of the priestess's 'Assumption of the Train' ceremony[164] and I was to return to the capital at dawn, the light of the moon was shining on the snow that had been falling and piling up for days. I was feeling somewhat forlorn, given that I was to travel that day, but when I went to take my leave, I was struck by the sense of awe that this place inspires more than any other. I was beckoned to sit in the appropriate place by a serving woman from the august era of Retired Emperor Enyū who, with her old-fashioned air and deep sense of refinement, seemed almost divine herself.[165] She talked to me about memories of the old days, weeping from time to time, and she did me the honor of bringing out a well-tuned lute for me to play. I could scarcely believe I was in this world, and I regretted even that the night was going to break into day. Thoughts of the capital were quite extinguished, and since that time when I was so moved, I have come to deeply appreciate nights in winter when snow has fallen. Even if I have to hold a small brazier in my arms, I cannot help going out onto the veranda and contemplating the scene. Surely you ladies must have similar reasons of your own for how you feel about the seasons. And now from this night on, nights when the winter drizzle falls into the deep darkness, my heart will be steeped in this same feeling. I certainly feel that tonight is not inferior to the snowy night at Ise." And when he had finally parted from us after saying such things, I thought, "I would prefer that he not find out who I am."[166]

The next year in the Eighth Month when our mistress was visiting the imperial palace, there was an all-night performance being held in the emperor's presence; I had no idea that that person was in attendance.[167] I was spending that night in the lower apartments, and when I pushed open the sliding doors of the narrow hall and looked out, just as I was confused at the soft light, wondering whether or not it was the dawn moon, there was the sound of footsteps and a man reciting a sutra. The man reciting the sutra stopped in front of the opening, and when I replied to his words, he suddenly remembered me and said, "Indeed, I have never forgotten my fond memories of that short time we shared on the night of winter drizzle." It was not an occasion for answering at length or making a great deal out of answering, so I said,

nani sa made	Why, I wonder, should
omohi idekemu	you remember that so well,
nahozari no	since it was only

ko no ha ni kakeshi	the winter drizzle falling as
shigure bakari wo	it does on the leaves of trees?

But I had barely got this out when some other people came up, so I just slipped away inside, and since that night our party withdrew from the palace, I heard only later from the other woman who had been my companion on the first occasion that he had passed on a reply for me. Apparently he had said, "On another occasion like the night of the winter drizzle, I would like to play for you on the *biwa* all the pieces I know." When I heard that, I eagerly awaited such a chance, but it never came.

Around spring on a gentle, quiet evening, I heard that he had come to our mistress's residence for a visit, and my companion of that other night and I crept out quietly hoping to meet him, but other people had come visiting too, and since all the usual ladies-in-waiting were there, after getting that far, we went back in. Perhaps he, too, had been hoping to see us again and so had come purposely on this quiet evening, but since it turned out to be noisy, it seems that he withdrew.

kashima mite	The heart of one
naruto no ura ni	who, seeing a chance at Kajima
kogare idzuru	rowed out yearning
kokoro ha eki ya	for Naruto Sound—did you understand,
iso no amabito	fisherman on the rocky shore?[168]

It all ended with my just writing this poem. Since he was a person of very upright character, he was not one to make prying inquiries as a more worldly man might, and so time passed and that was it.

Now I had come to the point that I was deeply aware of regretting my absurd fancies of the past, and I also could not help recalling with vexation that I had not been taken along on my parents' pilgrimages and such. So now, resolving to concentrate single-mindedly on achieving a state of wealth that would allow me to raise my "little sprout"[169] with all the plentiful care I wished and to accumulate a status for myself that would exceed that of Mikura Mountain,[170] and with aspirations extending to the world to come as well, just past the twentieth of the Eleventh Month, I set off on a pilgrimage to Ishiyama Temple.

Snow was falling; the scenery along the way was beautiful. Upon seeing the Ōsaka Barrier, I suddenly recalled that when we crossed this barrier station long ago, it also was winter and, that time too, how wildly the wind blew.[171]

afusaka no	The voice of the Ōsaka
seki no seki kaze	Barrier wind blowing now
fuku kowe ha	through the station,
mukashi kikishi ni	is no different at all
kaharazarikeri	from the one I heard long ago.

Seeing how splendidly the Barrier Temple had been built up, I recalled that time before when one could see only the roughly hewn face of the Buddha; realizing how many months and years had passed was very moving.

The area around Uchiide Beach and so forth looked no different from before. We arrived at the goal of our pilgrimage just as it was getting dark, and getting down at the Purification Pavilion, we went up to the Sacred Hall. No one spoke; I found the sound of the mountain wind frightening. I dozed off while I was praying, and in a dream a person told me, "Some musk deer incense has been bestowed on us by the Chūdō.[172] Quickly announce this over there." I woke up with a start, and when I realized that it had been a dream, I felt that it must be auspicious, so I spent the whole night in religious devotions.

The next day, too, snow fell wildly. I tried to soothe my feelings of uneasiness by chatting with the friend I had got to know at court who had accompanied me on the pilgrimage. We stayed in retreat for three days and then returned.

That following year, there was a great buzz about the procession for the Great Purification preceding the Great Festival of Thanksgiving that was to be held on the twenty-fifth day of the Tenth Month.[173] I had started fasting in preparation for a pilgrimage to Hatsuse Temple,[174] and I was to leave the capital on that very day. People whom one might expect to take an interest in my affairs said things like, "One gets to see something like this only once in a reign; even people from the countryside and all over the place are coming in to see it. After all, with so many days and months in a year, for you to go off and desert the capital on that very day, why, it's crazy!" Although my brother fumed about it, the father of my children said, "No matter what, do what you think best."[175] I was moved by his willingness to send me off in accordance with the vow I had made. It seems that those who were to accompany me wanted very much to view the procession. Although it was sad for them, I thought, "After all, what does sightseeing amount to? The zeal of the intention to make a pilgrimage on this kind of occasion will surely be recognized as such. I shall certainly see a sacred sign from the Buddha." I strengthened my will and left at the first light of that day. Just as we were passing along the grand avenue of Nijō itself (I had had my attendants wear pilgrim's white garments and those in front carry holy lanterns), there were a lot of people going to and fro, some on horseback, some in ox carriages, some on foot, on their way to take their places in the viewing stands. Surprised and disconcerted at seeing us, people in the crowd murmured, "What on earth is this?" and some even laughed derisively and jeered.

When we passed in front of the house of the guard commander Yoshiyori,[176] it seemed that he was just about to move to his viewing stand. The gates were pushed open wide, and people were standing around. Someone said, "That seems to be somebody going on a pilgrimage. And to think of all the other days she could have chosen." Amid those laughing over this, there was one (I wonder what was in his heart) who said, "What is so important about delighting one's eyes for a moment? With such fervent zeal, someone like that is sure to receive the Buddha's grace. Maybe we are the ones without sense. Giving up the sightseeing and making up our minds to do something like that; that is what we ought to be doing." So there was one person who could speak with some sense of seriousness.

So as not to be exposed to the eyes of others on the road, we had left while it was still dark. Now, in order to wait for those who had left later to catch up and hoping that the alarmingly deep fog would lift a little, we stopped at the main gate of Hōshō Temple.[177] There, we could really see the crowds of people coming in from the countryside to sightsee; they flowed on and on like a river. Everywhere, it was hard to get through. Even some rather strange-looking urchins, who seemed hardly old enough to understand things, looked askance at our carriage as we forced our way against the stream. There was no end to it. Seeing all these people, I even began to wonder why on earth I had set out on this trip, but concentrating my thoughts single-mindedly on the Buddha, I finally arrived at Uji.[178]

There, too, was a crowd of people wanting to cross over to this side. The boat helmsmen were in no hurry to make the crossings; they stood around, sleeves rolled up, leaning on their oars, looking quite arrogant as though they were not even aware of all the people waiting to cross. Looking around, singing songs, they appeared very smug. We were unable to cross for an interminable amount of time. When I looked carefully around me, I recalled the daughters of the Uji prince in Murasaki's tale.[179] I had always been curious about what kind of place she had had them live in; so this must be it, and indeed, it is a lovely place. Thinking these thoughts, I finally was ferried across. Also, when I went in to look at the Uji villa belonging to His Lordship, the first thing that sprang to mind was, "Would not the Lady Ukifune have lived in just such a place as this?"[180] (figure 12).

Since we had left before light, my people were very tired, so we stopped at a place called Yahirouchi. While we were having something to eat, my attendants talked among themselves, "Say, isn't this the infamous Mount Kurikoma? It is getting toward dusk. We had better get everyone ready to go." I listened to this with apprehension.[181]

We made it over that mountain, and just as we arrived in the area of Nieno Pond, the sun was setting over the rim of the mountain. "Now let us stop for the night," my attendants said, and they spread out to seek lodging. It was not a suitable area. They reported back, "There is only this rather poor and shabby little house." "What else can we do?" I replied, and so we ended up lodging there. There were only two, rather seedy-looking men servants in charge, who said, "Everyone else has gone up to the capital." That night, too, we did not get a wink of sleep. The men servants kept wandering into and out of

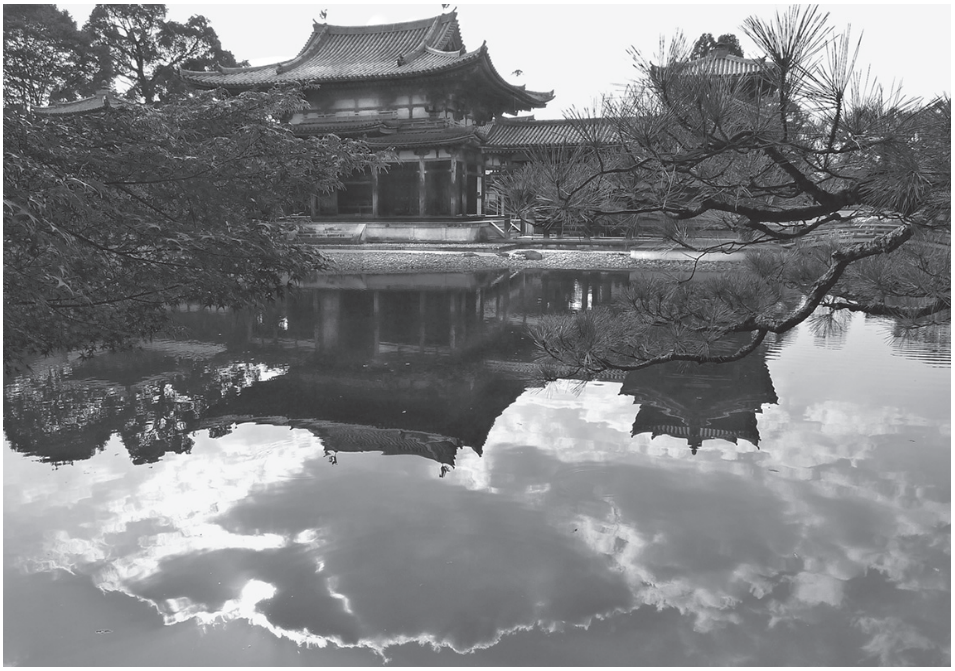


FIGURE 12 The Byōdōin, originally the Uji villa.

the house. I heard the maidservants in the rear of the house ask, "What on earth are you doing roaming around like that?" "Oh, nothing much, but here we are putting up strangers. We got to thinking, suppose they were to make off with the cauldron, what would we do? We can't sleep for worrying, so we are wandering around keeping an eye on things." They spoke like this thinking we were asleep; hearing their words was both strange and amusing.

Early the next morning, we left and went to pray at Tōdai Temple. The Isonokami Shrine truly looked as old as its name makes one imagine; it was all wild and overgrown[182] (figure 13).

That night we stayed at a place called Yamanobe. Although I was very tired, I tried to read the sutras a little. I dozed off, and in a dream, I saw myself visiting an amazingly beautiful and noble lady. The wind was blowing hard. She looked at me and smiled. "What brings you here?" she asked. "How could I not pay my respects?" I replied. "It is expected that you will live at the imperial palace. It would be good for you to discuss this with Hakase no Myōbu" is what I thought she said. I felt very happy and put much store by this dream.[183] My faith

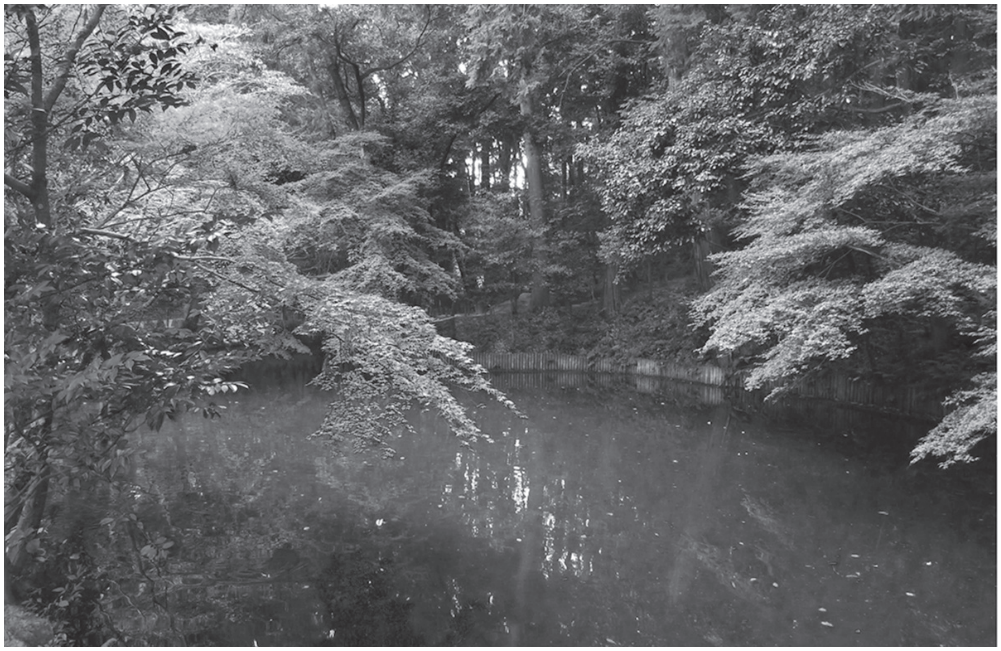


FIGURE 13 The pond at the Isonokami Shrine.

strengthening more and more, I continued along the Hatsuse River and that night arrived at the holy temple. After performing ablutions, I went up to worship. I stayed in retreat for three days. I was to start the return journey at dawn; night came, and I dozed off. From the direction of the main hall came a voice, "You there, here is a cedar of good omen bestowed from the Inari Shrine," and as the person appeared to reach out and throw me something, I woke up with a start and realized it was a dream[184] (figure 14).

At dawn while it was still dark, we departed. We found it difficult to get lodgings that night but finally asked to stay at a house on this side of the Nara Slopes. My attendants talked among themselves: "This place has a suspicious air. Don't even think of sleeping. If something odd happens, no matter what, don't look afraid or alarmed. Please lie down and hold your breath." Just hearing this, I was miserable and afraid. I felt as though it took a thousand years for dawn to break. Finally, just as it began to get light, one of my attendants said, "This is the home of thieves. The woman who is our host was acting suspiciously, you know."

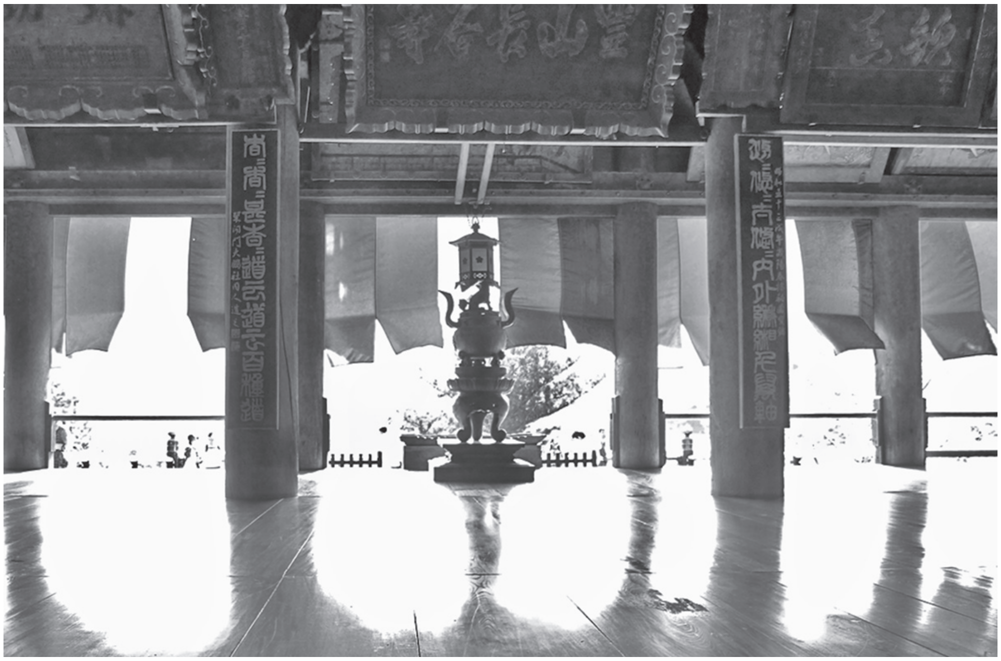


FIGURE 14 The main hall of Hase (Hatsuse) Temple.

On a day when the wind was blowing hard, we crossed the Uji River and rowed very close by the fish weirs.

oto ni nomi	Having only heard
kikiwatari koshi	of the sound of the waves
udjikaha no	lapping against
ajiro no nami mo	the fish weirs of Uji River,
kefu zo kazofuru	today, I can even count them.[185]

Since I have been writing consecutively in no particular order of events that were two, three, or four years apart, it makes me look like a devout practioner who was continually going on pilgrimages, but it was not like that; years and months separated these events.

Around springtime, I went on retreat at Kurama (figure 15). The rims of the mountains were covered in mist; it was warm and gentle. From the direction of the mountainside, some people came with mountain yams they had just dug up. This, too, was fascinating. When

FIGURE 15 The gate at Kurama Temple.

I set out on that trip, all the blossoms had fallen from the trees and there was nothing really to see, but when I made the same trip again around the Tenth Month, the mountain scenery along the way was much better. The mountainsides looked as though they had been spread with brocade, and the water seemed to be scattering crystals[186] as it flowed and burbled. It was more splendid than anywhere else. When we reached the monks' quarters, the crimson leaves moistened thus with the winter rains were beyond compare.

oku yama no	In the mountain recesses,
momidji no nishiki	brocades of crimson leaves,
hoka yori mo	more than anywhere else,
ika ni shigurete	how did the winter rains manage
fukaku somekemu	to dye them so deeply?

About two years later, when I went again on retreat at Ishiyama, the rain fell hard the whole night through. Listening to it and thinking how unpleasant rain is when one is traveling, I opened the shutters and looked out to find that the moon at dawn was shining right down to the bottom of the ravine, and what I had taken for the rain falling was actually the sound of water flowing from the base of the trees.

tanigaha no	Although I took
nagare ha ame to	the rush of the ravine's stream
kikoyuredo	for rain, now I behold
hoka yori ke naru	the light of the dawn moon,
ariake no tsuki	unlike anything anywhere else.[187]

When I went again on a pilgrimage to Hatsuse Temple, unlike the first time, I felt somehow secure. Here and there, we were entertained along the route; it was hard to make much progress.[188] It was a time when the Hahaso Forest[189] of Yamashiro Province was very charming with crimson leaves. When we crossed the Hatsuse River,

hatsusegaha	Like rapids repeating
tachikaeritsutsu	in Hatsuse River, back again
tadzunureba	have I come questing.
sugi no shirushi mo	I wonder, this time too, will I see
kono tabi ya mimu	the cedar of good omen?

With such thoughts, I was filled with hopeful expectations.

After performing devotions for three days, on the way back we stopped at the same place this side of the Nara Slopes. Since, given the size of our party this time, it was not possible to lodge in a small house, a temporary shelter was erected for some of us in the midst of an open field. The others spent the night just sitting up in the field. On the grass, they spread their saddle chaps and then laid straw matting on top, such a wretched way to spend the night. Their heads were drenched with falling dew. The moon at daybreak spread clear light over the scene; it was something out of this world.

yukuhe naki	In the sky
tabi no sora ni mo	of this aimless journey,
okurenu ha	a companion who

miyako nite mishi	has not failed to keep up with us,
ariake no tsuki	the dawn moon we saw in the capital.[190]

In this way, then, I was able to go on pilgrimages far afield, following my own inclinations, with nothing getting in the way. On these trips, the various interesting, and even the trying, experiences naturally lightened my spirits and also made me hopeful for the future. At that time, because I found nothing particularly troubling in my life, I just concentrated my hopes on seeing my young ones grow up as I desired, and so the years and months passed by with that goal seeming still far in the future, and of course, my mind was full of earnest thoughts for the one on whom I depended, praying that he should achieve happiness in his career as others had.[191]

There was a friend with whom in the past I had conversed avidly, exchanging poems day and night over a long period of time, and although our communication was not quite what it had been in the old days, we still kept in constant touch. However, after she married the governor of Echizen Province and accompanied him to his posting, I heard not a word from her. Finally, there was an opportunity that I barely seized to send a message to inquire after her:

taezarishi	Alas, even the
omohi mo ima ha	constant fire of our love has been
taenikeri	extinguished, it seems,
koshi no watari no	in the deep snows of the
yuki no fukasa ni	environs of Koshi. [192]

The reply she sent back:

shirayama no	Buried beneath the
yuki no shita naru	snows of Shirayama,
sazare ishi no	how could the sparks of
naka no omohi ha	loving thoughts in this flint
kiemu mono ka ha	ever be extinguished?[193]

Around the first of the Third Month, I went to a place deep in the Western Hills. There, unseen by sightseers in the gentle mist, touchingly forlorn cherry blossoms were blooming in wild abandon:

sato tohomi	To this mountain path,
amari oku naru	too deep in the hills, far away
yamadji ni ha	from people's dwelling,
hanami ni tote mo	no one will even think
hito kozarikeri	to come blossom viewing.[194]

At a time when I found my relationship troubling,[195] I went on retreat to Uzumasa, and while I was there, a colleague with whom I had been on intimate terms at court kindly sent me a letter. Just as I was about to reply to her, I heard the sound of the temple bell:

shigekarishi	Even the tangled, petty
ukiyo no koto mo	troubles of this world,
wasurarezu	I am unable to forget,
iriahi no kane no	as the evening bell tolls for
kokorobosasa ni	my heart's desolation.

This I wrote and sent to her.

On one warm and gentle day at court, three of us, who were kindred spirits, spoke together heart to heart. The following day I returned home, and with time on my hands, I recalled fondly our conversation and addressed this to my two friends:

sode nururu	While I know
araiso nami to	it was a rough shore with waves
shirinagara	that drenched one's sleeves,
tomo ni kadzuki wo	our diving in together
seshi zo kohishiki	I remember with longing.[196]

After I sent it, from one of my friends came this:

araiso ha	On this rough shore,
asaredo nani no	although one seeks shellfish,

kahi nakute	no good comes of it.
ushiho ni nururu	Ah, drenched indeed with brine
ama no sode kana	are the sleeves of this fisher.[197]

And from the other friend:

mirume ouru	If this were not a bay
ura ni arazu ha	where the see-you weed grows,
araiso no	then I would not want
namima kazouru	to be a fisher gauging the space
ama mo araji wo	between this rough shore's waves.[198]

There was another kindred spirit with whom I corresponded in the same way, someone with whom I could share the sad and fascinating things in life. After she had gone down to Chikuzen, on a night when the moon was very bright, I fell asleep longing for her, thinking again and again that on a night like this, serving together at court, we would not have slept a wink but would have stayed up the whole night gazing at the moon. I was startled to awaken from a dream in which I saw her just as she had been in reality when we had served together at court. The moon was just nearing the rim of the mountains. Feeling as though "had I known it was a dream, I would have not awakened,"[199] I sank into reverie.

yume samete	Awakened from a dream,
nezame no toko no	this bed of fitful slumber
uku bakari	still afloat on tears,
kohishiki to tsuge yo	please tell her that I miss her,
nishi he yuku tsuki	moon on your way to the west.[200]

For various reasons, I went down to Izumi Province around autumn.[201] We started by boat from Yodo, and the beautiful and touching sights along the way were beyond description. That night we anchored off a place called Takahama; it was very dark, and late at night, we heard the sound of boat oars. When someone asked what it was, it turned out to be the sound of women entertainers approaching. We all were interested and tossed a line to attach their boat to ours. In the light of lamps set at a distance, we could see these women wearing singlets with long sleeves, hiding their faces with fans and singing songs; it was very moving.[202]

On the day after, just as the sun was setting over the rim of the mountains, we rowed by Sumiyoshi Bay. The sky was completely misted over, and the scene of the branch tips of the pine trees, the surface of the sea, and the shore on which the waves lapped was so beautiful that it could not be captured in a painting.

ika ni ihi	How to tell of it;
nani ni tatohete	to describe it, with what
kataramashi	could I compare it—
aki no yufube no	this evening in autumn
sumiyoshi no ura	on Sumiyoshi Bay.[203]

I gazed fixedly on the scene and as we were drawn past it, I could not help looking back again; I felt I could never tire of it.

At the onset of winter, we had just boarded a boat at a place called Ōtsu to return to the capital when, that night, rain fell and the wind blew violently enough to move even boulders. What's more, thunder crashed and roared, and with the sound of the surging waves and the way the wind blew everything around wildly, it was terrifying. I lost control of my thoughts and was sure I was going to die. They pulled the boat up onto a hillock, and we stayed up all night. The next day, the rain let up but the wind still blew; they did not launch the boat. Unable to go anywhere, stranded on top of the hillock, we remained for five or six days. Finally, when the wind abated a little and I raised the blinds and looked out, the way the evening tide had, in a breathless moment, flooded in to the peak, with cranes along the inlet crying in full voice, it all seemed lovely.[204] People from the province gathered around and observed, "If my lady had managed to set out that night for Ishizu, there is no doubt that your boat would have been lost without a trace." I listened uneasily to their words.

aruru umi ni	On that rough, tossed sea,
kaze yori saki ni	what if we had launched our boat
funade shite	ahead of the storm
ishizu no nami to	and vanished utterly
kienamashikaba	in the billows of Ishizu . . .

During my life in one way or another, I had expended my heart worrying. How might my court service have turned out if I had only been able to devote myself to it single-mindedly? But since I went to serve only occasionally, it seems that I could not really have expected it to have amounted to anything. I had gradually passed my prime and could not help feeling that it was unseemly for me to carry on as though I were still young. My body had become weak through illness, so I could no longer go on pilgrimages according to my wishes. I had even stopped going out on rare occasions. While I hardly felt that I should live much longer, nonetheless lying down and getting up every day, I was plagued with the thought, "How much I wish to live long enough in this world to see the young ones properly settled." Meanwhile, I worried anxiously to hear news of a fortunate appointment for the one I relied on. Autumn arrived, and it seemed that what we were waiting for had come, but the appointment was not what we expected. It was a pity to be so disappointed. It did seem as though my husband's post was a little closer than the East Country, the going to and returning from which we knew from my father's time.[205] Anyway, what could we do about it? We hurried with preparations for his imminent departure. He was to make the preliminary start a little after the tenth day of the Eighth Month from the residence to which his daughter had just moved.[206] Unaware of what was to come, he took his leave in lively fashion, with lots of people bustling around.

Our son accompanied him when he left for the provinces on the twenty-seventh day.[207] Our son, with a sword at his side, wore purple trousers of a twill weave, with a hunting cloak of the bush clover color combination[208] over a crimson robe that had been fulled to a glossy sheen. He walked behind his father, who wore dark blue trousers and a hunting cloak. At the central gallery, they mounted their horses.

After the lively procession had departed, I felt somehow at loose ends with nothing to do. Since I had heard that their destination was not so very far, I did not feel quite as bereft as I had on previous occasions. Those who had gone along to see the party off came back the next day and said, "They departed in great splendor." And when they said, "This morning at dawn, a very large soul fire appeared and came toward the capital," I thought surely it must be from one of his attendants.[209] Did even an inkling of this being a bad omen come to me?

At the time, all I could think about was how to raise the young children into adults. My husband came back to the capital in the Fourth Month of the following year; summer and autumn passed. On the twenty-fifth day of the Ninth Month, my husband fell ill; on the fifth day of the Tenth Month, he died. I felt as though it were a bad dream; I could not imagine something like this happening. The image seen in the mirror offered to Hatsuse Temple of a figure collapsed on the ground weeping; this now was me. The image of the joyous figure had not come to pass. Now it seemed hardly likely that it could ever be in the future. On the twenty-third day, the night when the evanescent clouds of smoke were to be kindled, the one whom I had watched go off with his father last autumn in such a magnificent costume now wore mourning white over a black robe and accompanied the funeral carriage, crying and sobbing as he walked away. Seeing him off and remembering the other time—I had never felt like this before. I grieved as though lost in a dream, and I wondered whether my departed one could see me.

Long ago, rather than being infatuated with all those frivolous tales and poems, if I had only devoted myself to religious practice day and night, I wonder, would I have been spared this nightmarish fate? The time that I went to Hatsuse Temple when someone in a dream threw me something, saying, "This is a cedar of good omen bestowed by the Inari Shrine," if I had just gone right then and there on a pilgrimage to Inari, maybe this would not have happened. The dreams that I had had over the years in which I had been told to "worship the god Amaterasu" had been divined as meaning that I should become a nurse to an imperial child, serving in the palace and receiving the protection of the imperial consort.[210] But nothing like that had ever come to pass. Only the sad image in the mirror had been fulfilled. Pitifully, I grieved. Since I had ended up as one without one thing going as I had wished, I had drifted along without doing anything to accumulate merit.

Yet somehow it seemed that even though life was sad, it would continue. I worried that perhaps even my hopes for the afterlife might not be granted. There was only one thing I could put my faith in. It was a dream that I had had on the thirteenth day of the Tenth Month in the third year of Tengi. Amida Buddha appeared in the front garden of the house where I lived. He was not clearly visible but appeared through what seemed like a curtain of mist. When I strained to look through gaps in the mist, I could see a lotus dais about three to four feet above the ground; the holy Buddha was about six feet in height. He glowed with a golden light, and one of his hands was spread open; with the other he was forming a sacred hand gesture. Other people could not see him; only I could. Inexplicably, I experienced a great sense of fear and was unable to move closer to the bamboo blinds to see. The Buddha deigned to speak: "If this is how it is, I will go back this time, but later I will return to welcome you." Only my ears could hear his voice; the others could not. This was the dream I had, and when I woke up with a start, it was the fourteenth. My only hope for my afterlife is this dream.[211]

My nephews, whom I had seen day and night when we lived in the same place, had gone off to different places after this regrettably sad event, so I seldom saw anyone. On a very dark night, the sixth youngest nephew[212] came for a visit; I felt this was unusual. This poem came spontaneously:

tsuki mo idede	Not even the moon has
yami ni kuretaru	emerged in the darkness deepening over
wobasute ni	Old Forsaken Woman Peak.
nani tote koyohi	How is it, then, that you
tadzune kitsuramu	have come visiting this night?[213]

And to a friend with whom I had corresponded warmly before but from whom I had not heard since I had come to this pass:

ima ha yo ni	Is it that you think
araji mono to ya	I am one no longer living
omofuramu	in this world of ours?
ahare naku naku	Sadly I cry and cry,
naho koso ha fure	yet I do indeed live on.

At the time of the Tenth Month, crying as I gazed out at the exceeding brightness of the full moon:

hima mo naki	Even to a heart
namida ni kumoru	clouded by tears that fall
kokoro ni mo	with no respite,
akashi to miyuru	the light pouring from the moon
tsuki no kage kana	can appear so radiant. [214]

The months and years change and pass by, but when I recall that dreamlike time, my mind wanders, and it is as though my eyes grow so dark that I cannot recall clearly the events of that time.

Everyone has moved to live elsewhere; only I am left in the old house. One time when I stayed up all night in gloomy contemplation, feeling bereft and sad, I sent this to someone from whom I had not heard for a long time:

shigeri yuku	Mugwort growing
yomogi ga tsuyu ni	ever thicker, sodden
sobochitsutsu	with dew;
hito ni toharenu	a voice sought by no one
ne wo nomi zo naku	cries out all alone.[215]

She was a nun.

yo no tsune no	In the mugwort of a
yado no yomogi wo	dwelling in the everyday world,
omohiyare	please imagine
somuki hatetaru	the dense grasses in the garden
niha no kusa mura	of final renouncement.[216]

Appendix 1

FAMILY AND SOCIAL CONNECTIONS

The following two charts summarize rather than duplicate the family relationships and connections diagrammed in Akiyama Ken, *Sarashina nikki*, Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei (Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1980), 191–93. For example, not all siblings and not all marriage relationships are included in the Sugawara family tree (figure A1.1). Rather, our intention is to show only those people cited in the diary or those needed to illustrate the web of personal, political, and literary connections in which the author lived. Lighter lines connect those related by blood, and darker lines with solid circles indicate marriages. Adoption is shown by a dashed line. The names by which people are referred to in the diary are in quotation marks. Information that either clarifies relationships or, especially in figure A1.2, shows literary connections is in italics. The number in parentheses after the names of emperors indicates their order of ascension to the throne.

The connections between the Fujiwara family and the imperial family are shown together because the relationships between the Fujiwara clan, particularly the family's most powerful northern line (beginning with Fujiwara no Kaneie in figure A1.2), and the imperial family were so closely intertwined. This figure reveals the rivalry among the male siblings of the northern line, which was played out in each successive generation. Michinaga and Michitaka competed fiercely over which of their daughters would be the "winning" consort to provide the closest family connection to the succeeding emperor. Michinaga won, first by marrying daughters to two successive emperors, Ichijō and Sanjō, and then by becoming the grandfather of Emperors GoIchijō and GoSuzaku. In the next generation, Yorimichi and Norimichi competed in the same way with their offspring. Because Yorimichi did not have any daughters to marry to Emperor GoSuzaku, he strategically adopted Genshi, the great-granddaughter of Michitaka (a loser in his own generation), and her two daughters, in order to stay in the all-important game of marriage politics. Quite by chance, he thus provided an opportunity for Takasue no Musume to serve in the household of Genshi's daughter, the infant Princess Yūshi. Note that the author's Fujiwara mother and the author herself are positioned in the opposite far corners of figure A1.2, which graphically represents their distant and tenuous connection to the centers of power.

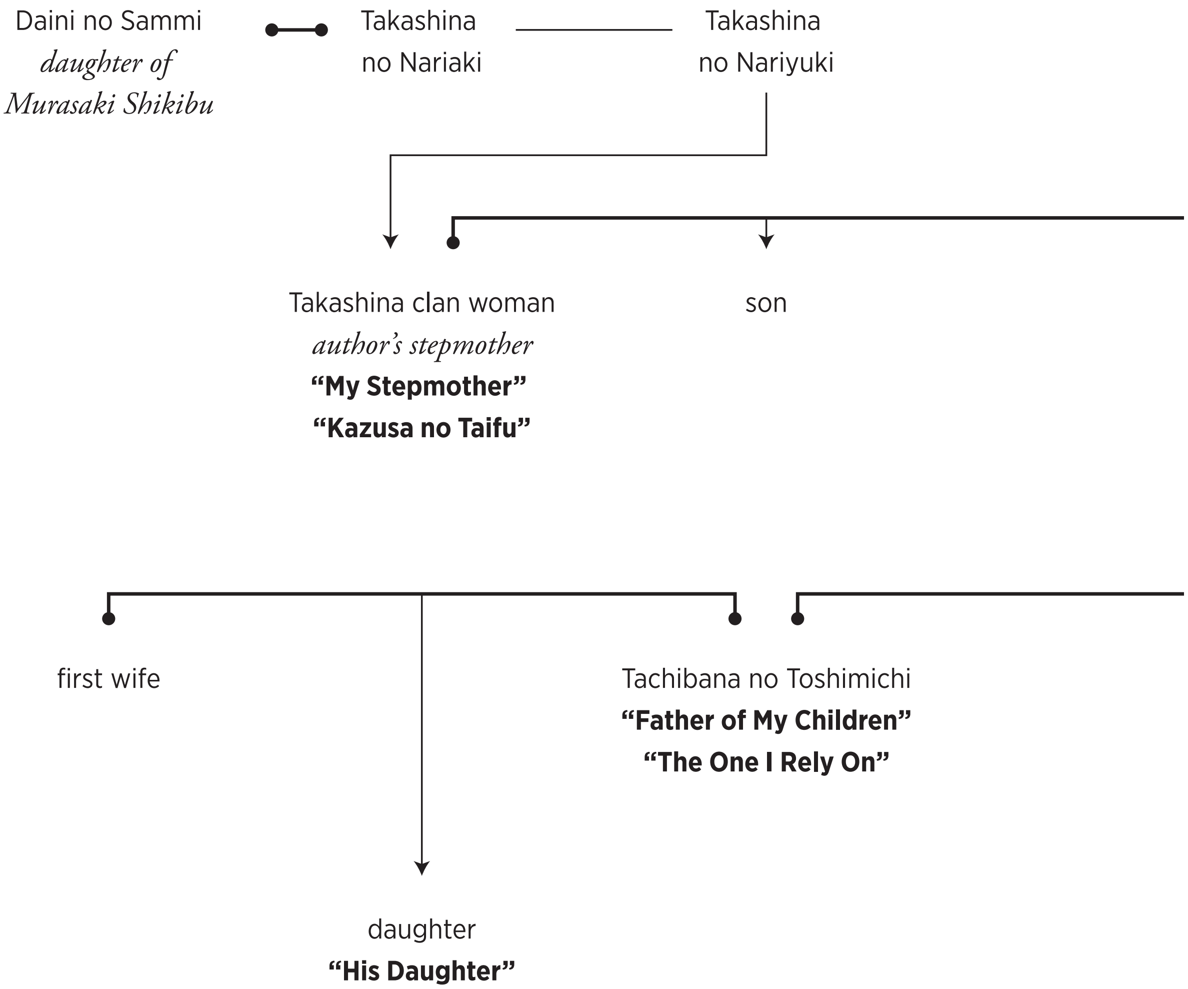
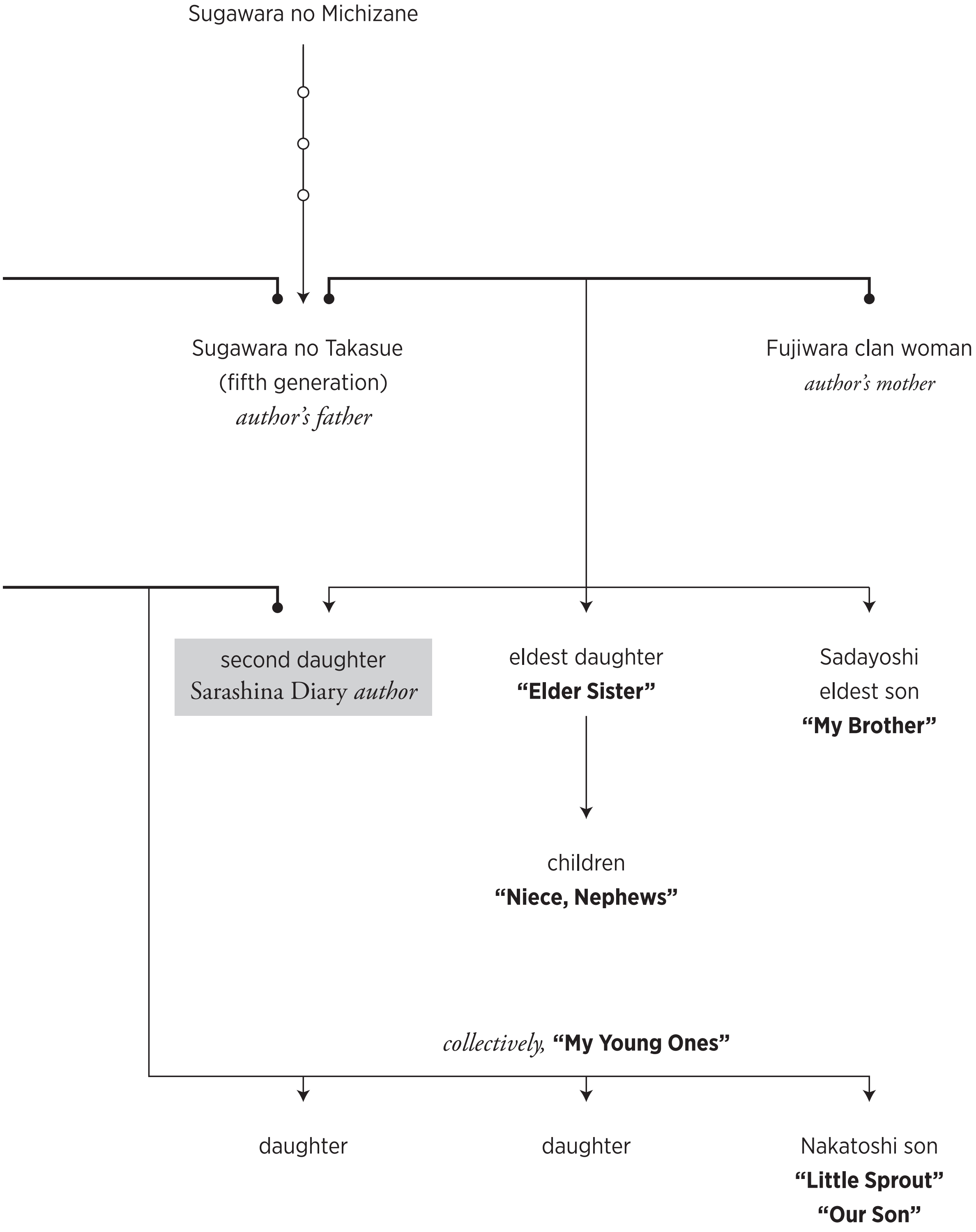

Daini no Sammi
daughter of Murasaki Shikibu
Takashina no Nariaki
Takashina no Nariyuki
Takashina clan woman
author's stepmother
"My Stepmother"
"Kazusa no Taifu"
son
first wife
Tachibana no Toshimichi
"Father of My Children"
"The One I Rely On"
daughter
"His Daughter"

FIGURE A1.1 The Sugawara family tree.


Sugawara no Michizane
Sugawara no Takasue
(fifth generation)
author's father
Fujiwara clan woman
author's mother
second daughter
Sarashina Diary *author*
eldest daughter
"Elder Sister"
Sadayoshi
eldest son
"My Brother"
children
"Niece, Nephews"
collectively, **"My Young Ones"**
daughter
daughter
Nakatoshi son
"Little Sprout"
"Our Son"

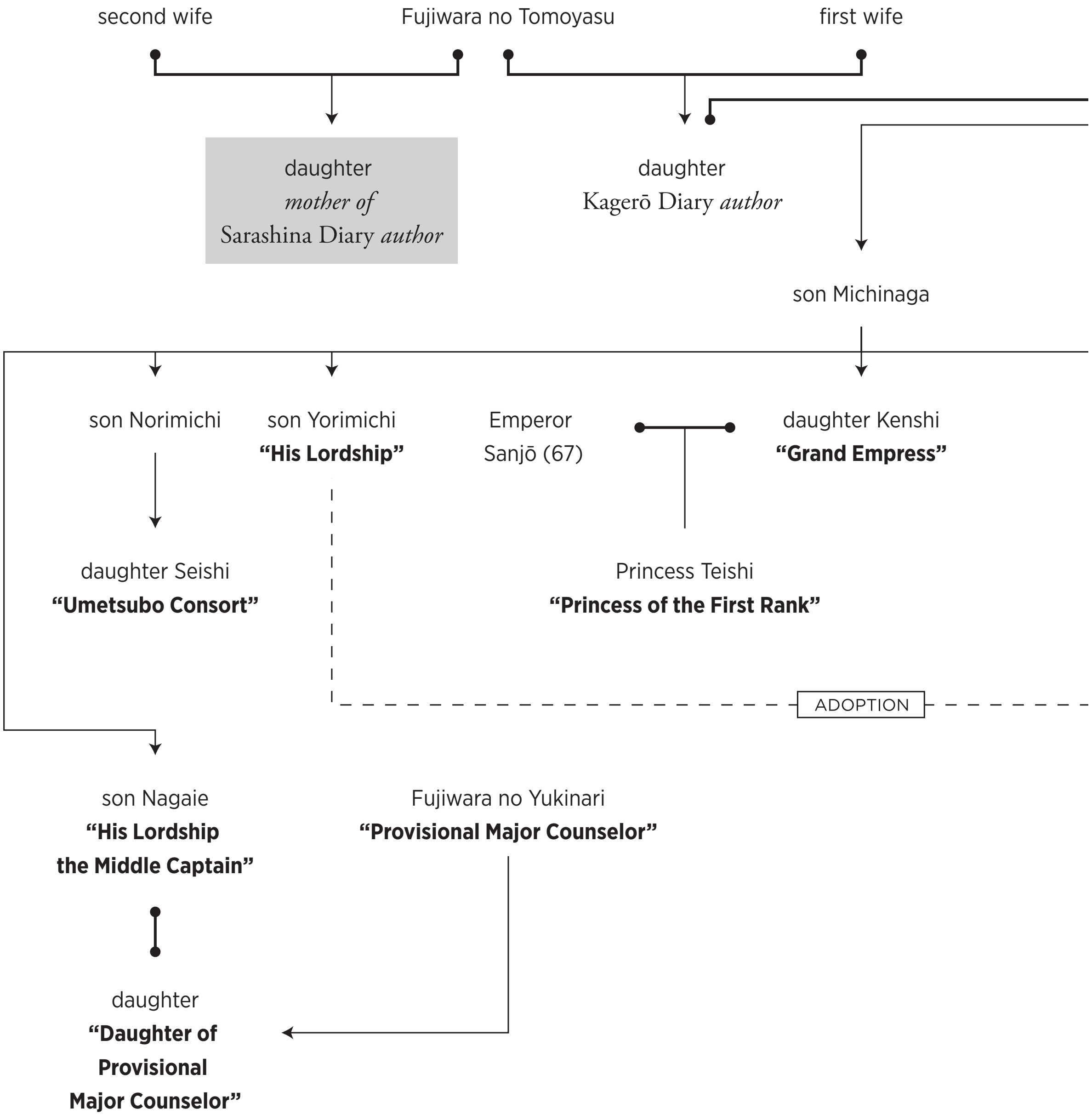
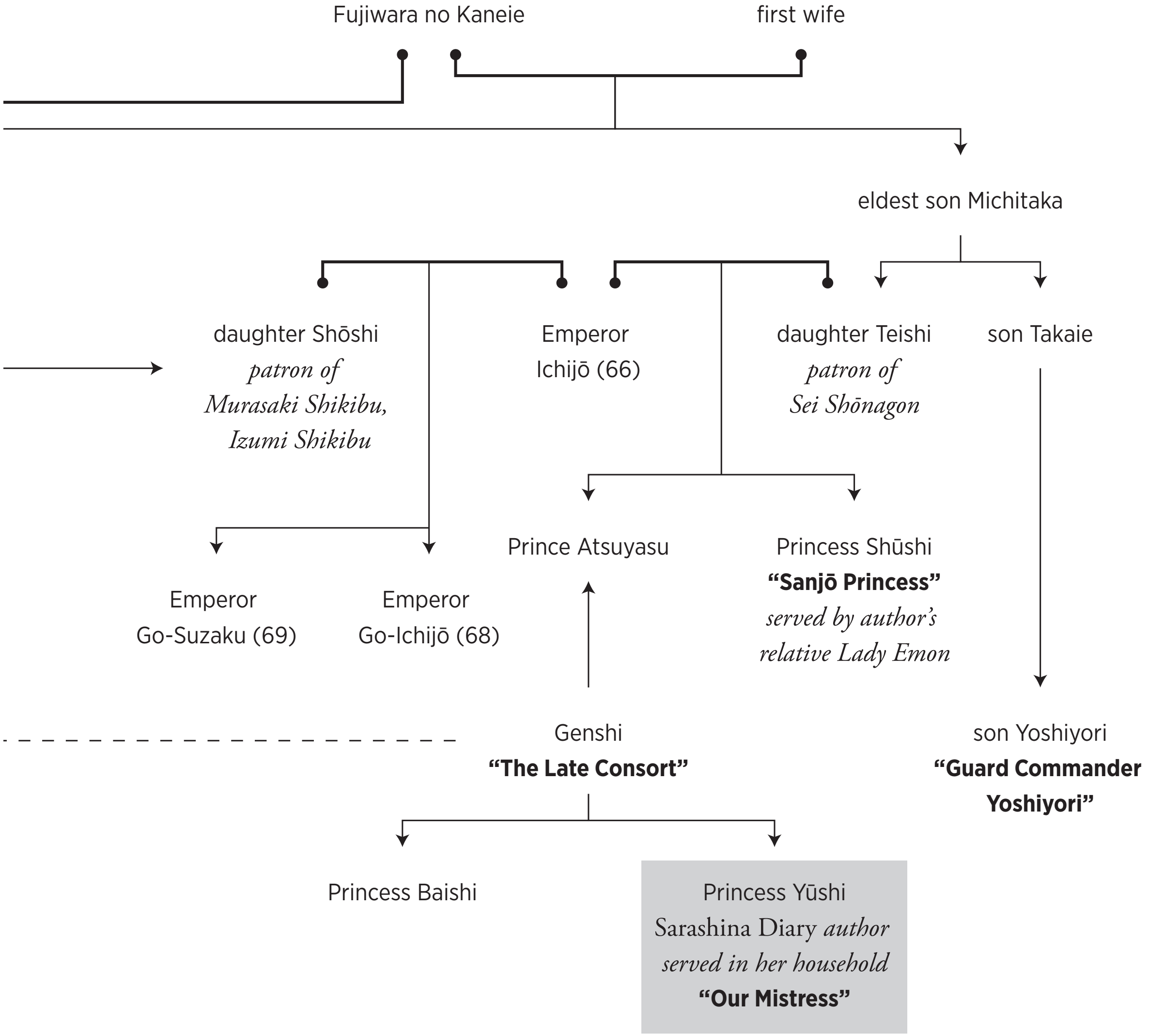

second wife
Fujiwara no Tomoyasu
first wife
daughter
mother of
Sarashina Diary *author*
daughter
Kagerō Diary *author*
son Michinaga
son Norimichi
son Yorimichi
"His Lordship"
Emperor
Sanjō (67)
daughter Kenshi
"Grand Empress"
daughter Seishi
"Umetsubo Consort"
Princess Teishi
"Princess of the First Rank"
ADOPTION
son Nagaie
"His Lordship
the Middle Captain"
Fujiwara no Yukinari
"Provisional Major Counselor"
daughter
"Daughter of
Provisional
Major Counselor"

FIGURE A1.2 Connections between the Fujiwara clan and the imperial family.


Fujiwara no Kaneie
first wife
eldest son Michitaka
daughter Shōshi
patron of
Murasaki Shikibu,
Izumi Shikibu
Emperor
Ichijō (66)
daughter Teishi
patron of
Sei Shōnagon
son Takaie
Prince Atsuyasu
Princess Shūshi
"Sanjō Princess"
served by author's
relative Lady Emon
Emperor
Go-Suzaku (69)
Emperor
Go-Ichijō (68)
Genshi
"The Late Consort"
son Yoshiyori
"Guard Commander
Yoshiyori"
Princess Baishi
Princess Yūshi
Sarashina Diary *author*
served in her household
"Our Mistress"

Appendix 2

MAPS

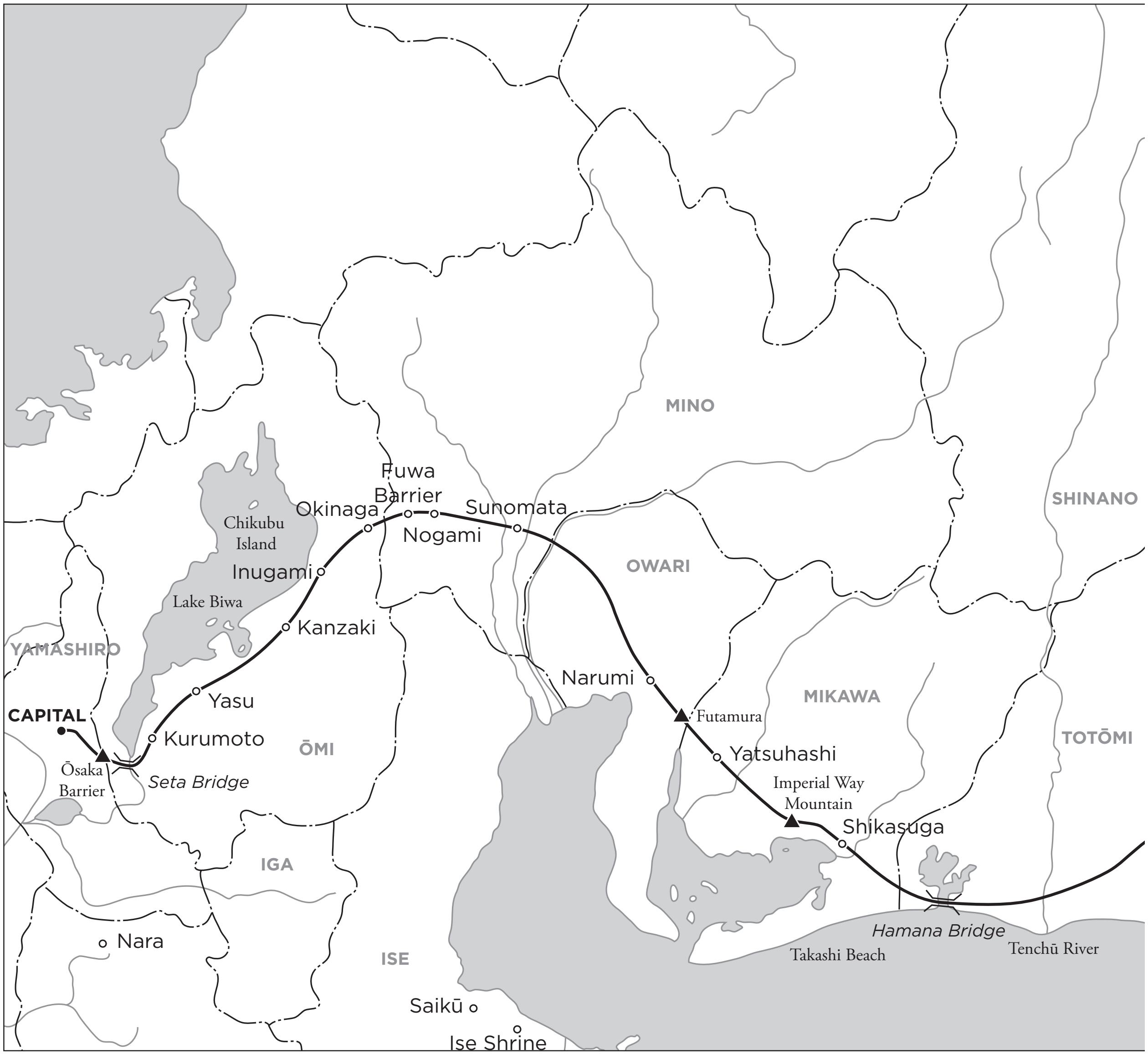
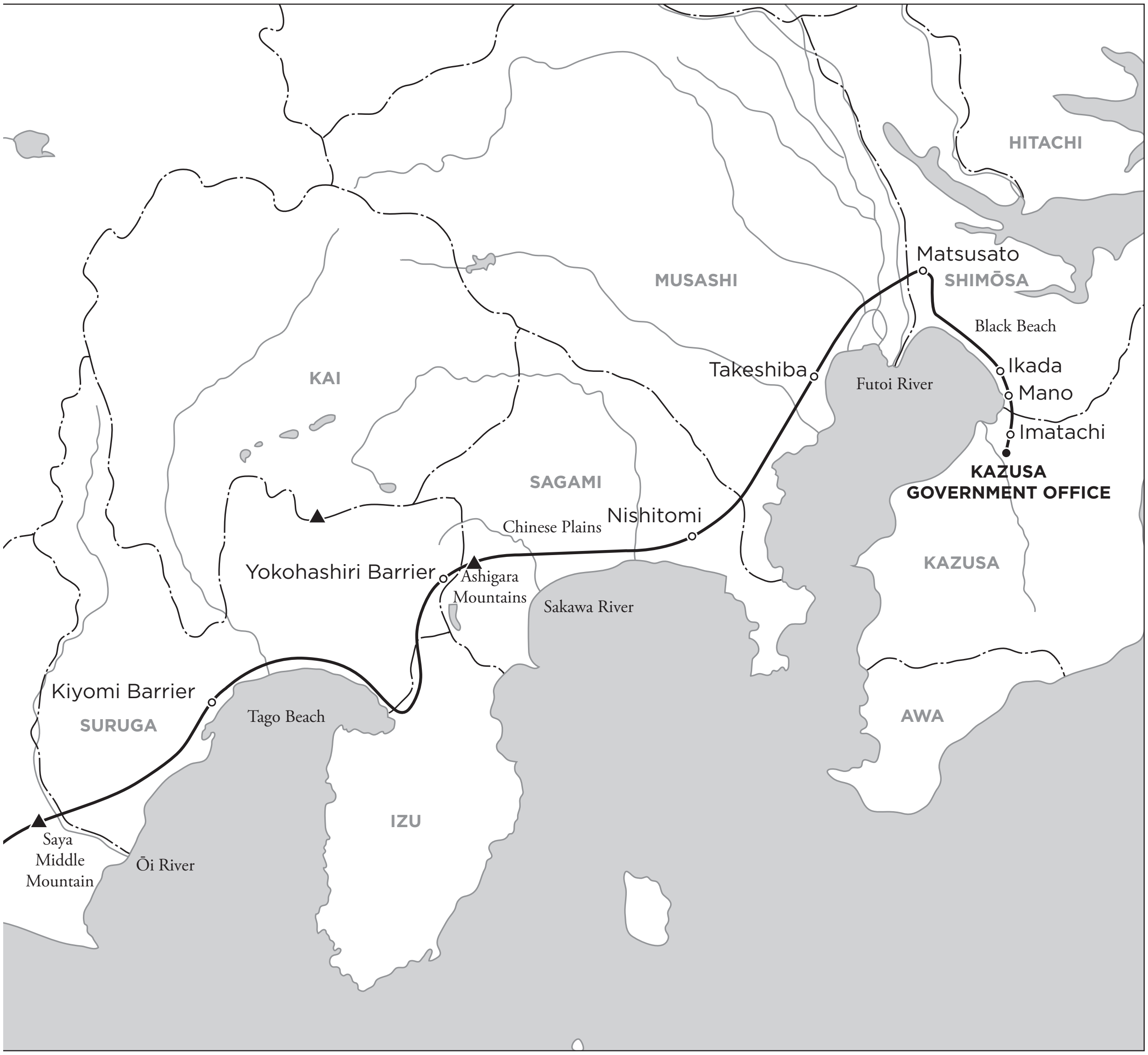

MINO
SHINANO
Fuwa Barrier
Okinaga
Sunomata
Chikubu Island
Nogami
Inugami
OWARI
Lake Biwa
Kanzaki
YAMASHIRO
Narumi
MIKAWA
Yasu
CAPITAL
Futamura
Kurumoto
ŌMI
Yatsuhashi
TOTŌMI
Ōsaka Barrier
Seta Bridge
Imperial Way Mountain
Shikasuga
IGA
Hamana Bridge
Nara
Takashi Beach
Tenchū River
ISE
Saikū
Ise Shrine

FIGURE A2.1 The trip from Kazusa to the capital.


HITACHI
Matsusato
SHIMŌSA
MUSASHI
Black Beach
Ikada
Takeshiba
KAI
Futoi River
Mano
Imatachi
KAZUSA
GOVERNMENT OFFICE
SAGAMI
Nishitomi
Chinese Plains
KAZUSA
Yokohashiri Barrier
Ashigara
Mountains
Sakawa River
Kiyomi Barrier
SURUGA
Tago Beach
AWA
IZU
Saya
Middle
Mountain
Ōi River

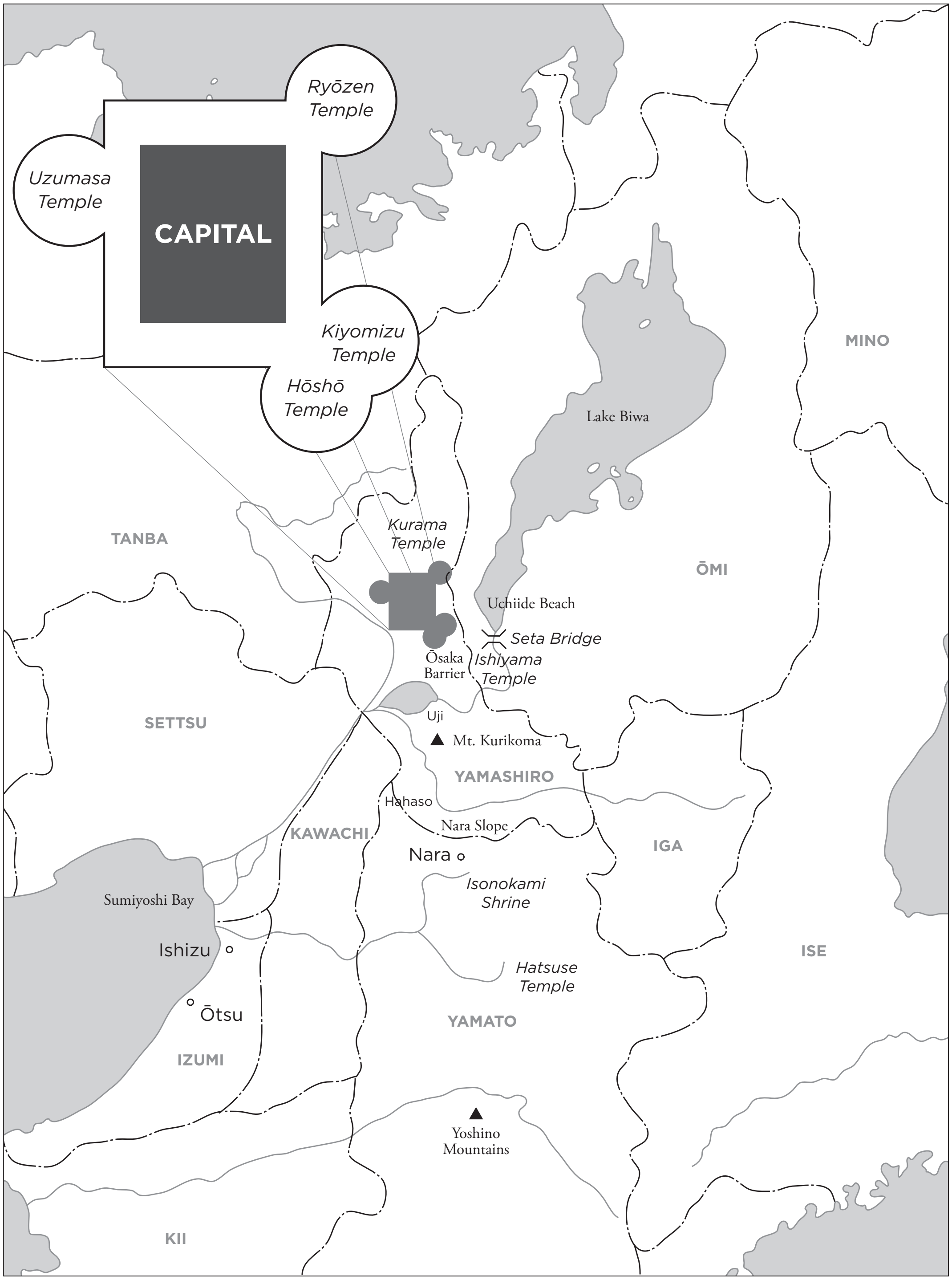
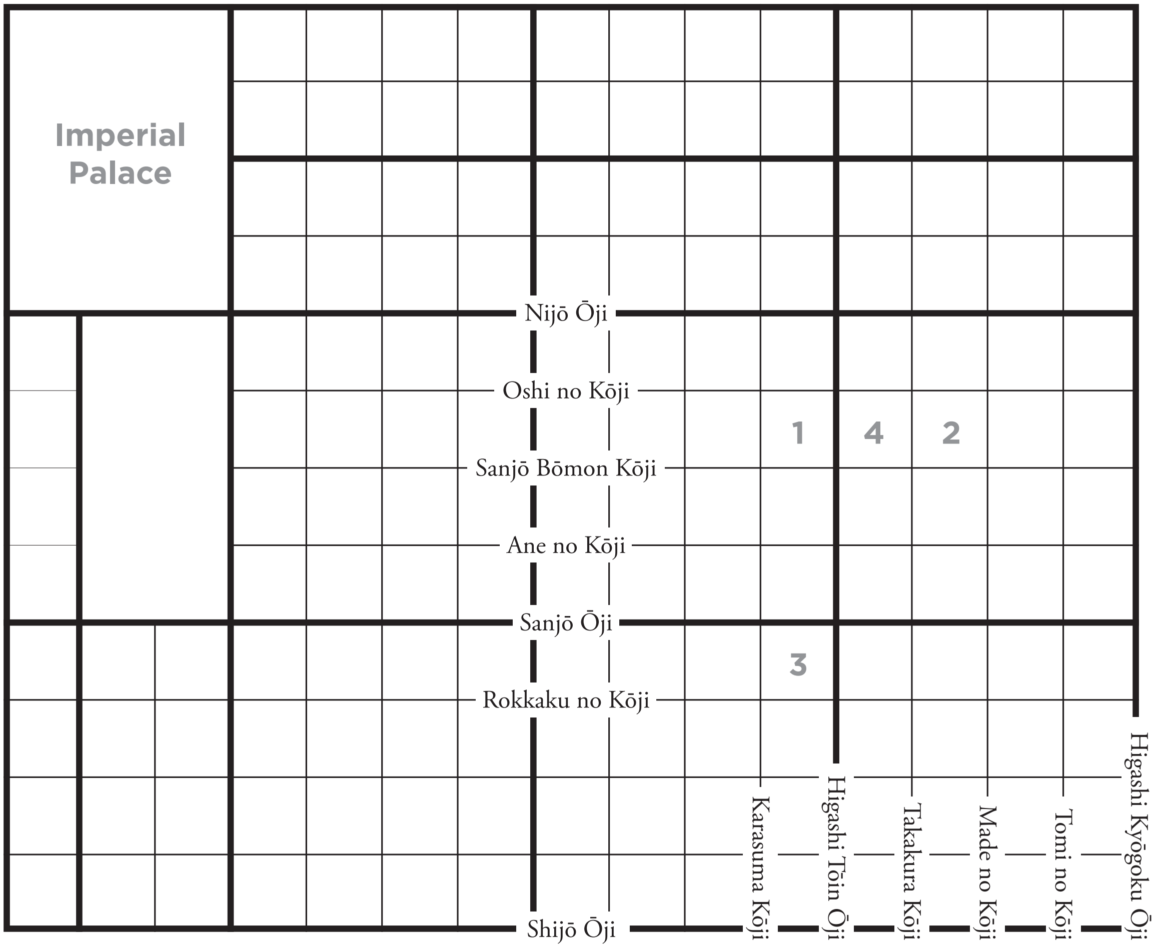

Ryōzen Temple
Uzumasa Temple
CAPITAL
Kiyomizu Temple
Hōshō Temple
MINO
Lake Biwa
TANBA
Kurama Temple
ŌMI
Uchiide Beach
Seta Bridge
Ōsaka Barrier
Ishiyama Temple
SETTSU
Uji
Mt. Kurikoma
YAMASHIRO
Hahaso
Nara Slope
KAWACHI
IGA
Nara
Isonokami Shrine
Sumiyoshi Bay
Ishizu
ISE
Hatsuse Temple
Ōtsu
YAMATO
IZUMI
Yoshino Mountains
KII

FIGURE A2.2 The greater capital area.


Imperial Palace
Nijō Ōji
Oshi no Kōji
Sanjō Bōmon Kōji
Ane no Kōji
Sanjō Ōji
Rokkaku no Kōji
Shijō Ōji
Karasuma Kōji
Higashi Tōin Ōji
Takakura Kōji
Made no Kōji
Tomi no Kōji
Higashi Kyōgoku Ōji
1
4
2
3

1 Sanjō In (Princess of the First Rank)
2 Sanjō Palace (Sanjō Princess)
3 Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō)
4 Sugawara Residence

FIGURE A2.3 Detail of the capital, showing the location of the Sugawara residence in 1020.

Appendix 3

LIST OF PLACE NAMES MENTIONED IN THE *SARASHINA DIARY*

These places names are provided with their equivalents in terms of present-day locations. Those of uncertain or unknown location are so marked.

Atsumi Mountain	location uncertain
Awazu	area of Ōtsu City
Chikubu Island	in northeast part of Lake Biwa
Chikuzen Province	northwest part of Fukuoka Prefecture in Kyushu
Echizen Province	eastern part of Fukui Prefecture
Futamura Hills	likely in Kutsukake District of Toyoake City
Fuwa Barrier	Sekigahara-chō, Fuwa, Gifu Prefecture
Hahaso Forest	within Hōzono Shrine, Sōraku District, Kyoto Prefecture
Hatsuse (Hase) Temple	on Hase River, Sakurai, Nara Prefecture
Higashiyama	northeast district of Kyoto City
Hitachi Province	occupied greater part of Ibaraki Prefecture
Inari Shrine	in Fushimi District, Kyoto City
Inohana	post station in Araichō area of Hamana, Shizuoka Prefecture
Inugami	Inugami District, Shiga Prefecture
Ishiyama Temple	in Ōtsu City, Shiga Prefecture
Ishizu	in Sakai City, Osaka Prefecture
Isonokami Shrine	in Furu Hills, Tenri City, Nara Prefecture

Izumi Province	southwestern part of Osaka Prefecture
Kanzaki	between Hikone City and Aichi District
Kazusa Province	central part of Chiba Prefecture east of Tokyo
Kiyomizu Temple	in Higashiyama District, eastern Kyoto
Kōryū Temple	in Uzumasa District, Kyoto City
Kurama Temple	in mountains in northeast Kyoto City
Kuroto (Black Beach)	possibly Kurosuna (Black Sand) in Chiba Prefecture
Kurumoto [Kurimoto]	in Ōtsu City, Shiga Prefecture
Matsusato	possibly Matsudo City
Mikawa Province	eastern half of Aichi Prefecture
Mikura Mountain	in Tottori Prefecture
Mino Province	southern part of Gifu Prefecture
Mitsusaka Hill	location uncertain
Miyaji [Imperial Way]	in the Hoi District, Aichi Prefecture
Mount Hiei	site of Enryakuji Temple, northeast corner of Kyoto
Mount Inari	in Fushimi District, southeast Kyoto
Mount Kurikoma	small mountain south of Uji City
Musashi Province	roughly Saitama and Tokyo prefectures
Nade	location uncertain
Narabi Hills	south of Muro and Ninnanji districts, Kyoto City
Narumi Bay	reclaimed land, Narumi-machi, Nagoya City
Nieno Pond	was in Tsuzuki District, Kyoto Prefecture
Nishitomi	possibly near Fujisawa City, Kanagawa Prefecture
Nogami	Sekigahara-chō, Fuwa, Gifu Prefecture
Numajiri	location uncertain
Obasuteyama	Kamurikiyama, Chikuma, Nagano Prefecture
Ōmi Province	Shiga Prefecture
Ōtsu	was port on Ōtsu River, Izumi, Osaka Prefecture
Owari Province	western half of Aichi Prefecture
Ryōzen Temple	Shōbōji, Higashiyama District, Kyoto City
Sagami Province	central and western Kanagawa Prefecture

Sarashina District	absorbed into greater Nagano City, Nagano Prefecture
Sekiyama (Barrier Mountain)	mountain between Kyoto and Ōtsu City
Seta Bridge	at east end of Lake Biwa
Shimōsa Province	occupied the northern end of Chiba Prefecture
Shirayama	Mount Hakusan, Fukui Prefecture
Sunomata [River]	Nagara River
Sunomata Ford	near Anpachi, Gifu Prefecture
Suruga Province	central part of Shizuoka Prefecture
Takahama	Shima-honmachi, Mishima-gun, Osaka Prefecture
Takashi Beach	southeastern section of Toyohashi, Aichi Prefecture
Tenchū River	Tenryū River
Tōdai Temple	in Nara City
Tōtōmi Province	western part of Shizuoka Prefecture
Uchiide Beach	shore of Lake Biwa in Ōtsu City, Shiga Prefecture
Uji	district in southern part of Kyoto City
Uzumasa	district in western Kyoto City
Western Hills	vicinity of Kinugasa Hill, northwest Kyoto City
Yahirouchi	location uncertain, possible copyist’s error
Yamanobe	within Tenri City, Nara Prefecture
Yamashiro Province	south of Kyoto City, within Kyoto Prefecture
Yasu	Yasu City, Shiga Prefecture
Yatsuhashi [Eight Bridges]	within Chiryū City, Aichi Prefecture
Yodo	near Yodomachi, Fushimi, Kyoto City
Yoshino	mountainous district in Nara Prefecture

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

1. For a partial outline and explanation of these favorable conditions, see: Haruo Shirane, ed., *Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2007), 114–16, and Sonja Arntzen, *The Kagerō Diary* (Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1997), 8–22.
2. For other translations, see Ivan Morris, trans., *As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams: Recollections of a Woman in Eleventh-Century Japan* (New York: Dial Press, 1971); and Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi, trans., *Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1920).
3. For translations, see Gustav Heldt, trans., "Tosa Diary" (partial), in *Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600*, ed. Haruo Shirane (New York: Columbia University Press, 2007), 204–13; Helen McCullough, trans., "Tosa Journal," in *Classical Japanese Prose: An Anthology* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1990), 73–102; Earl R. Miner, trans., "Tosa Diary," in *Japanese Poetic Diaries* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1969), 59–91; and G. W. Sargent, trans., "Tosa Diary" (partial), in *Anthology of Japanese Literature: From the Earliest Era to the Mid-Nineteenth Century*, ed. Donald Keene (New York: Grove Press, 1955), 82–91.
4. For translations, see Arntzen, trans., *The Kagerō Diary*; and Edward Seidensticker, trans., *The Gossamer Years: The Diary of a Noblewoman of Heian Japan* (Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle, 1964).
5. The *Pillow Book* (*Makura no sōshi*) of Sei Shōnagon is a unique work that does not fit under any one genre label, but a substantial portion contains anecdotal records of the author's personal life that do have the character of a diary. Allusions to the *Pillow Book* in the *Sarashina Diary* confirm that it was one of the texts that influenced Takasue no Musume's writing. For translations, see Ivan Morris, trans., *The Pillow Book of Sei Shōnagon* (New York: Columbia

University Press, 1967); and Meredith McKinney, trans., *Sei Shōnagon: The Pillow Book* (London: Penguin, 2006).

6. For translations, see Edwin A. Cranston, trans., *The Izumi Shikibu Diary: A Romance of the Heian Court* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1969); and Earl R. Miner, trans., "Diary of Izumi Shikibu," in *Japanese Poetic Diaries*, 98–153.
7. For translation, see Richard Bowring, trans., *Murasaki Shikibu: Her Diary and Poetic Memoires* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1982).
8. It is important to note that this form of Chinese was not a transcription of any spoken Chinese dialect, but a specialized language for writing that had been honed by hundreds of years of development in China before its exportation to Japan. The existence of this universal written language for governmental and cultural purposes is what enabled China to communicate across a diversity of mutually unintelligible dialects within the Chinese language group and, for most of the premodern period, provided the foundation for the vast Chinese cultural sphere that extended from Vietnam on the west through Korea to Japan on the east.
9. Miner, trans., "Tosa Diary," 59.
10. For a detailed inquiry into the functioning of the female persona in the *Tosa Diary*, see Lynne K. Miyake, "The Tosa Diary: In the Interstices of Gender and Criticism," in *Women's Hand: Gender and Theory in Japanese Women's Writing*, ed. Paul Shalow and Janet Walker (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1996), 41–73. See also Gustav Heldt, "Poetic Literacy, Textual Property and Gender in the *Tosa Diary*," *Journal of Asian Studies*, 64, no. 1 (2005): 7–34.
11. Joshua Mostow, trans., *At the House of Gathered Leaves: Shorter Biographical and Autobiographical Narratives from Japanese Court Literature* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2004), 1.
12. *Waka*, a verse form consisting of thirty-one syllables in Japanese divided into syllable line lengths of 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7. *Waka* can be translated alternatively as "Japanese verse" (as opposed to Chinese verse) or "harmonizing verse." For a full explanation of this latter option and a detailed study of the rise of the *waka* form, including its social and political context, see Gustav Heldt, *The Pursuit of Harmony: Poetry and Power in Early Heian Japan* (Ithaca, N.Y.: East Asia Program, Cornell University, 2008).
13. For example, *Ōkagami* (*Great Mirror*), a fictionalized but generally reliable history of the mid-Heian period composed around 1119, mentions that Michitsuna's mother, the author of the *Kagerō Diary*, "allowed it [the diary] to be made public" (Helen Craig McCullough, trans., *Ōkagami, The Great Mirror: Fujiwara Michinaga [966–1027] and His Times* [Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1980], 166).
14. The possible exception is the *Izumi Shikibu Diary* because there is no direct or indirect textual reference to it in the *Sarashina Diary*; nor does there appear to have been a family channel by which Takasue no Musume may have obtained a manuscript of the text. This negative evidence alone, however, is not conclusive.
15. Arntzen, *The Kagerō Diary*, 57.

16. Notes to the translation will alert the reader to places where such allusions occur. For a full exposition of this phenomenon, see *SD*, chap. 5, "Text and Intertext," 61–75.
17. Ibid., 64–66.
18. For the analyses that support this assertion, see *SD*, chap. 3, "Dreams and Religious Consciousness," 35–49.
19. For an exposition of how the theme of the deluding force of an infatuation with literature is played off against the theme of the consoling power of literature, see *SD*, chap. 2, "The Relationship of Theme and Structure," 23–33.
20. For discussion of how the contrast between the East Country and the capital is threaded through the travel account, see *SD*, 77–79.
21. For an analysis of three layers of narration apparent in the diary—the author behind the scene selecting subject matter and structuring it for effect, the persona of the child established at the beginning of the text, and the persona of the older self viewing and critiquing the child—see *SD*, chap. 4, "A Child's Viewpoint and Layers of Narration," 51–59.
22. Fukuya Toshiyuki, "*Sarashina nikki* bōtō hyōgen to jōraku no ki no seiritsu-saburaina to dokusha no mondai," *Waseda daigaku kyōiku sōgōkagaku gakujutsu kenkyū* 60 (2012): 37–50.
23. For a detailed discussion of the evidence for the location of the Sugawara residence, see Itō Moriyuki, *Sarashina nikki kenkyū* (Tokyo: Shintensha, 1995), 294–302. See also appendix 2, map 3.
24. The *Kagerō Diary* does, however, contain a poem of congratulations for the birth of the new sibling. See Arntzen, trans., *The Kagerō Diary*, 331.
25. In the anthology, her name is given as Kazusa no Taifu, wife of the Kazusa governor, the nickname she would have acquired after accompanying Takasue to Kazusa. See the *Goshūishū*, poem 959.
26. Richard Bowring, *Murasaki Shikibu: Her Diary and Poetic Memoirs* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1982), 95.
27. Akiyama Ken, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, Shinchōsha Nihon koten shūsei (Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1980), 172.
28. Tamai Kōsuke, *Sarashina nikki*, Nihon koten zensho (Tokyo: Asahi shinbunsha, 1950), 57.
29. Itō Moriyuki, "*Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* to *Sarashina nikki* no kōsaku suru tabiji," in *Heian kōki monogatari*, ed. Inoue Mayumi et al. (Tokyo: Kanrin shobō, 2012), 81.
30. Teika actually gives "Mitsu no Hamamatsu" as the title, which was an alternative title for the work.
31. None of these works can be dated accurately, and of the four, only *Yowa no Nezame* and *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* survive, though sections of both are missing. Carol Hochstedler has done a partial translation of *Yowa no Nezame* in *The Tale of Nezame: Part Three of Yowa no Nezame Monogatari* (Ithaca, N.Y.: China-Japan Program, Cornell University, 1979). A complete translation of what remains of *Yowa no Nezame* is available in Kenneth Richard, "Developments in Late Heian Prose: The Tale of Nezame" (Ph.D. diss., University of Washington, 1979). For a translation of the *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari*, see Thomas H. Rohlich, trans., *A Tale of*

Eleventh-Century Japan: Hamamatsu Chūnagon Monogatari (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1983).

32. English translation, Wayne P. Lammers, *The Tale of Matsura: Fujiwara Teika's Experiment in Fiction* (Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1992).
33. For a translation of Tamai's exciting account of his discovery, see Morris, trans., *As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams*, 33–34.
34. Tamai Kōsuke, *Sarashina nikki sakkan kō* (Tokyo: Ikuei shoin, 1925).
35. For the full argument and supporting analyses for the position that the diary exhibits a complex structure, see *SD*, chap. 2, "The Relationship of Theme and Structure," 23–34, and chap. 6, "A Life Composed in Counterpoint," 77–88.
36. For example, in the introduction to his translation of *Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari*, Rohlich cites Inaga Keiji's argument that the postscript in question was merely part of the manuscript that Teika was copying and therefore reported hearsay, but in his later scholarship Inaga himself repudiated this position. See Rohlich, trans., *Tale of Eleventh-Century Japan*, 9.
37. For a selection of recent essays treating this issue, see Wada Ritsuko and Kuge Hirotoshi, eds., *Sarashina nikki no shinkenkyū—Takasue no Musume no sekai o kangaeru* (Tokyo: Shintensha, 2004).
38. Ikeda Kikan, "Seikatsu maka no geijutsu toshite no *Sarashina nikki*," in *Kyūtei joryū bungaku*, ed. Tokyo teikoku daigaku kokubungaku kenkyūshitsu (Tokyo: Shibundō, 1927), 133–50; Ienaga Saburō, *Jōdai bukkyō shisōshi* (Tokyo: Unebi shobō, 1942), 384–405.
39. Yasuda Yojūrō, "*Sarashina nikki*," *Kokugo to kokubungaku* 8 (1935): 61 and 82.
40. Edward Kamens, *The Three Jewels: A Study and Translation of Minamoto Tamenori's Sanbōe* (Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1988), 93.
41. See *SD*, chap. 6, "Life Composed in Counterpoint," 77–88.
42. See analysis in *SD*, 81–83.
43. Itō Moriyuki, *Sarashina nikki kenkyū* (Tokyo: Shintensha, 1995), 9.

SARASHINA DIARY

1. From the age of eight to twelve, Takasue no Musume resided in Kazusa Province in the "East Country," the collective name for all the provinces to the east of the capital. Her phrase, "even farther than the end of the road to the East Country" alludes to poem no. 3360 in the *Kokinrokujō* (c. 987), a large and well-circulated anthology of Japanese poetry: *azumadji no / michi no hate naru / hitachi obi no / kagoto bakari mo / ahimiteshigana* (For even the length of time / given by the excuse of a Hitachi sash / that place even farther / than the end of the road to the East Country / I long to meet and see you!) The poem refers to an ancient Hitachi festival in which young men and women were paired off for a day by pulling the ends of sashes tied to a pole. The road to the East Country ended at the border to Hitachi, which was just to the north of Kazusa. Hitachi was also the childhood home of Ukifune, the

character in the *Tale of Genji* with whom Takasue no Musume comes to identify herself most closely. With this one allusion, Takasue no Musume sets up the narrative to follow by suggesting her lifelong fascination with tales of romance as well as overlaying her own childhood experience with that of Ukifune. See *SD*, 51–52 for an extended analysis of this allusion and its relation to the multilayered style of the narration.

2. Her stepmother was a recognized poet who had served at court, where she would have picked up her knowledge of all the popular tales, including the *Tale of Genji*.
3. The Shining Genji is the main hero of the *Tale of Genji,* which was completed slightly more than ten years before the time recorded here. It is clear from this entry that stories from the tale were being transmitted orally years before most people could obtain a copy of the massive work for themselves.
4. The Healing Buddha, Yakushi nyorai. Since the author says literally that she made it herself, she may have made a drawing of the Healing Buddha on a large piece of paper to place on the wall. A statue seems out of the question, but her father may have commissioned one for her.
5. She is closer to twelve by Western count, but from here on, we refer to her age by the traditional Eastern count. The year is 1020 in the Western calendar. Thanks to the mention of her age here, Takasue no Musume is the only Heian woman author for whom we have a firm year of birth. Curiously, her birth year of 1008 in the Western calendar coincides with the year that the first finished manuscript of the *Tale of Genji* began to circulate. For a discussion of this coincidence and the likelihood that Takasue no Musume herself was aware of it, see: Itō Moriyuki, *Sarashina nikki* to *Genji monogatari* no sennenki" *Gakushūin joshi daigaku kiyō* 11 (2009): 1–8.
6. It was the custom in the Heian period to start journeys on astrologically auspicious days or from auspicious directions, which usually necessitated removal to a nearby temporary lodging from which the actual trip could begin. The author is playing with the place name Imatachi (literally, "Departing Now"). Making wordplays on place names is a feature of Ki no Tsurayuki's *Tosa Diary*, and it is likely that Takasue no Musume is emulating his practice.
7. This is another instance of the author's making puns on place names. Although there is no record of a place in the area they are passing through called Ikada (Raft), today there is a place name Ikeda in the same area. If that place name has a longer currency than records show, either its original pronunciation was Ikada or the author altered the place name to create the pun. Or she may have invented the place name for the wordplay. No matter which, the context indicates that she wanted her readers to understand the pun here.
8. The move of a provincial governor would not have been a small affair. The entire party likely contained forty or fifty people, including armed guards and servants. Part of the party would bring up the rear with extra provisions.
9. Name transcription follows the Fujiwara no Teika manuscript even though Manoshitera is an unlikely personal name. See revision to Mano no Chō (a wealthy man named Mano) in Akiyama Ken, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei (Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1980), 15.

10. This would be the lower reaches of the river now known as the Edo River. It is not this river, however, that marked the boundary between Shimōsa and Musashi provinces but the Sumida River, which is mentioned later. The author either is mistaken about the geography or had a literary reason for wanting to place the Sumida River later in her narrative.
11. The nurse must be left behind not only because her confinement prevents her from traveling but also because the taboo associated with blood in the birthing process would result in defilement and require a ritual seclusion for the entire travel party. Of course, the nurse will not be left all alone but will have some attendants.
12. It is assumed that she is referring to her eldest brother, Sugawara no Sadayoshi (1002?–1064).
13. Our translation follows a different interpretation from that in Akiyama, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, 17. Akiyama is following a tradition of reading the text as "for a person such as this, it seemed excessive"; in other words, the beauty of the moonlit scene seemed somehow inappropriate for someone of the nurse's status. This reading interprets the verb in the utterance as *sugite*, although it is written in the original manuscript as *sukite*. Voiced sounds were normally not marked in medieval manuscripts. We would prefer to leave it as *sukite* (being brightly lit) and taking the *sa yau no hito ni ha* literally (for a person in that state), referring not to the nurse's social status but to her current state of deshabille and physical discomfort.
14. The Kazusa provincial office staff would have accompanied the returning governor's party this far and then would have returned to the provincial seat to serve the new governor.
15. Musashino (Musashi Moor) was an *utamakura* (poem pillow), a place name with associations created by famous poems of the past. Poem 867 in the *Kokinshū* fixed the connection between the place name Musashino and the gromwell (*murasaki*), a wild perennial from which a purple dye was obtained: *murasaki no hitomoto yuwe ni / musashi no no / kusa ha minagara / ahare to zo miru* (Because of this single / purple root of the gromwell, / all the wild grasses / across Musashi Moor / arouse a sigh as I gaze). A knowledge of these poetic place names and their associations was essential for poets of the Heian period. See Edward Kamens, *Utamakura, Allusion, and Intertextuality in Traditional Japanese Poetry* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1997). Although this is the first of several poetic place names that Takasue no Musume mentions on her journey up to the capital, she rarely composes a poem on them. Often, as here, she signals her knowledge of the famous place but remarks on the discrepancy between the scene before her eyes and the expectations aroused by the place name's associations. From here on, notes on *utamakura* place names and their principal associations follow Yōichi Katagiri's dictionary, *Utamakura, utakotoba jiten* (Tokyo: Kasama shoin, 1999).
16. Over the centuries, the place name here, Hahasō, has puzzled commentators. The *sō* part of the name is usually taken to mean *shōen*, or estate, an extensive parcel of tax-free land. In the ninth century, many such grants were made to the imperial household or individual members of the imperial family. See Dana Morris, "Land and Society," in *The Cambridge History of Japan*, vol. 2,

Heian Japan, ed. Donald H. Shively and William H. McCullough (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1999), 224–26. The Takeshiba legend related after this involves a case in which estate land held by the imperial house is transferred to a princess.

17. Fires were maintained in special huts on the grounds of the imperial palace to make live coals available for small braziers and cooking tasks. The estate would have provided rotating manpower for this task at the imperial palace.
18. This appears to be a folk song from his home region. It speaks of ladles for scooping saké that were made from splitting a dried bottle gourd so that the narrow part of the gourd formed a straight handle. These ladles are light and float on the surface of the vats. Their moving to and fro freely in response to the wind arouses a happy feeling that is also associated, of course, with the pleasurable anticipation of drinking the saké.
19. The preceding section describes behavior that was unthinkable for a princess or any noblewoman of the author's time.
20. The phrase in parentheses functions as the storyteller's interjection explaining why such an unusual thing should happen despite the impropriety of the situation and the man's own fearful reservations. Karmic predestination explains everything.
21. Even at the fastest possible pace on foot, this journey would take more than two weeks.
22. This embedded folk legend reverses a number of conventional expectations: the rural east country is preferred to the capital, the woman initiates the love affair rather than the man, and even though the affair is transgressive, it has a happy ending. For an analysis of the role of this episode in the structuring of the narrative in the diary, see *SD*, 78–79. See also Edith Sarra, *Fictions of Femininity: Literary Inventions of Gender in Japanese Court Women's Memoirs* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1999), 101–108.
23. Reference to the personal poetry collection of Ariwara no Narihira (825–880).
24. The episode and the poem are included in the *Tales of Ise*, episode 9, and in the *Kokinshū*, poem 411. The poem's headnote records that it was written when Narihira was crossing the Sumida River and was told that the birds he saw were called "capital birds": *na ni shi ohaba / iza koto tohamu / miyakodori / waga omofu hito ha / ariya nashiya to* (If your name be true, / then I would ask you something. / Say, Capital birds, / of the one who has my heart: / does she live or has she died?) (Joshua Mostow and Royall Tyler, trans., *The Ise Stories: Ise Monogatari* [Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2010], 36). This poem created the poetic associations regarding the Sumida River.
25. The geographical information in this passage is incorrect. As mentioned earlier, the Sumida River actually marked the border between Shimōsa and Musashi provinces, not between Musashi and Sagami. This passage either reveals the author's geographical ignorance or is a case of poetic license. The citation of the *Tales of Ise* episode can be interpreted as working better here than it would have in the previous section about the Futoigawa. By invoking Narihira's "Capital bird" poem here, Takasue no Musume conveys the meaning that just at this point of crossing the river, she feels as though she is leaving her East Country home behind in the same way that crossing the

Sumida River made Narihira aware that his home in the capital was now far behind him.

26. The mention of screen painting is significant. In this era, *waka* poems often were composed to be placed onto screen paintings. The screen paintings themselves became interpretive filters for the landscape.
27. "Chinese Plains" must roughly correspond to the whole Ōiso region in present-day Kanagawa Prefecture, since it was a large area that took two or three days to cross. The play on the names containing Japanese and Chinese is amusing because the intertwining of Chinese and Japanese cultural elements was so much a part of Heian literary culture.
28. This range of mountains extends north from the Hakone range and, in the Heian period, was the border between Sagami and Suruga provinces. The main route to the East Country passed through this mountain range. Again, however, the geographical information conveyed by the text appears to be inaccurate. It seems unlikely that, even at a snail's pace, the profile of that mountain range would be visible for that long; perhaps it only seemed that long. Ashigara was an *utamakura* associated with travel and barriers.
29. The women are *asobi*, itinerant women entertainers who performed dance and *imayō* (modern-style) songs. This is the first of three descriptions of women entertainers. The *Sarashina Diary* is the only one of the women's diaries of the Heian period to devote so much attention to these women performers of lowly status.
30. The singers improvise a song about being compared with the entertainers of Naniwa, present-day Osaka, and therefore the West Country. Because the West Country was the region of the capital, it always connoted higher quality. The itinerant performers are flattered by this favorable comparison and make a quick-witted response.
31. Branches of the *aoi* plant are used as decorations for the Kamo Festival in Kyoto and therefore call up the splendor and liveliness of the capital at festival time. The name *aoi* (or *afuhi* in the old spelling) is also understood as a pun for "meeting day" and evokes romantic affairs. To find just a few stalks of the plant in the isolated mountains strikes the party as incongruous and touching. It is the author's special touch to record that there were exactly three stalks, which gives a feeling of immediacy to her account.
32. The Yokohashiri Barrier is the name of the mountain barrier mentioned in a general way at the beginning of this entry. Although its exact location is no longer known, it was somewhere in the mountains on the upper reaches of the Sakawa River. Barriers were placed at the borders of provinces and other strategic points to check the identification of travelers and sometimes levy tolls. Some of the barrier names acquired poetic connotations from their use in poetry, but Yokohashiri was not one of them. It was included, however, in Sei Shōnagon's list of barrier names in Ivan Morris, trans., *The Pillow Book*, 2 vols. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1967), 1:123.
33. Mount Fuji was an active volcano in the ninth century but subsided by the beginning of the tenth century. It became active again around 1020, the very year of Takasue no Musume's journey to the capital. Mount Fuji was one of the most famous *utamakura* on the journey between the East Country and

the capital. Using the mountain as a metaphor for "smoldering love" was the preferred theme for poetry on Mount Fuji. Instead of writing a poem on that codified theme, Takasue no Musume provides an evocative description of the mountain that she sees with her own eyes.

34. The Kiyomi Barrier was not yet a well-established *utamakura* when Takasue no Musume passed through it, but it was a scenic spot with a view of the open sea, the mountains of the Izu Peninsula to the southwest, and Mount Fuji to the northwest. The barrier buildings seem to have been built up against the sea, so when approaching them from the land, they were etched against the background of the sea.
35. This poetic expression looks like a line from an old poem, but a source has not been identified. It evokes a scene of spume from waves rising up to meet the smoke from Mount Fuji's summit.
36. Tago Bay had been an important *utamakura* since the Nara period. In the mid-Heian period, this place name was closely associated with poem 489 in the *Kokinshū*: *suruga naru / tago no uranami / tatanu hi ha / aredomo kimi wo / kohinu hi ha nashi* (In Suruga / at Tago Bay, even though / there are days when / the waves do not rise, never is there / a day when I do not long for you). Contrary to the statement in the old poem, on the day Takasue no Musume was there, the waves were high.
37. Saya no Nakayama (Saya's Middle Mountain) was an *utamakura* associated with difficult travel.
38. Another *utamakura* in Tōtōmi Province, the Hamana Bridge was built over an outlet from Hamana Lake into the sea. Poems about the bridge usually focused on mist and fog, which were depicted as "crossing" the bridge.
39. Once again, Takasue no Musume ignores the codified connotations of the *utamakura*, which in this case were mist and fog. Instead, since she passed the place on a sparkling clear day, she uses the scene to deepen her appreciation of a famous poetic hyperbole, which had its source in poem 1093 in the *Kokinshū*: *kimi wo okite / adashi gokoro wo / waga motaba / sue no matsuyama / nami mo koenan* (If I had / a fickle heart and set you aside, / then the sea waves would / sweep over the pines / of Mount Sue). In this case, however, her attention is captivated not by the hyperbole as a means to describe something that could never happen but by the fact that thanks to the topography, she is actually seeing waves surging over the tips of pine trees.
40. Thanks to episode 9 in the *Tale of Ise*, Yatsuhashi is one of the most famous of all *utamakura*. The episode tells of Ariwara no Narihira on his way to a self-imposed exile in the East Country. At Yatsuhashi, he recorded the existence of eight bridges over the spiderlike arms of a river. Irises were growing there in great profusion, so someone suggested that Narihira compose an acrostic poem in which each line would start with one of the syllables for the name of that type of iris, *kakitsubata*. He wrote a touching poem about missing his wife, who was as familiar to him as his well-worn travel robe. See Mostow and Tyler, trans., *Ise Stories*, 32–33. Even though the bridges and irises apparently did not survive for later generations, it became de rigueur when passing this place to write a poem recalling Narihira's account, but here again, Takasue no Musume ignores that imperative.

41. As persimmons receive almost no mention in other aristocratic literature of the Heian period, this reference stands out and gives a sense of the freshness of the author's outlook.
42. The author's poem expresses the conventional sentiment that even storms will respect the imperial connection in the name. This poem was selected for the "Winter" section of the imperial anthology *Gyokuyōshū* (1313), poem 891. Interestingly, this is another place where the geographical order of the place names is incorrect. Futamura actually comes after the "Imperial Way" rather than before, although this error in geography makes for a smoother literary account. That is, it sounds better to have a place name like the "Imperial Way" occurring closer to the capital.
43. Shikasuga was a ford at the mouth of the Toyo River. The place name Shikasuga is homophonous with the expression *shikasuga ni* (That's so, however), and it became an *utamakura* thanks to a poem written by a mid-Heian court woman, Nakatsukasa (920?–980), which makes a pun on the two meanings: *yukeba ari / yukaneba kurushi / shikasuga no / watari ni kite zo / omohi wadzurafu* (Whether I cross or not, / it will be painful, / here I have come indeed / to "That's So, However" Ford, / and I am troubled). This was included as poem 29 in her personal poetry collection, the *Nakatsukasashū*. Knowledge of this poem gives rise to the author's comment.
44. This brings to an end the record of places in Mikawa Province, which as noted, contains some inaccuracies. The geographically correct order for the places she passed through would be Inohana, Takashi Beach, Shikasuga Ford, Imperial Way Mountain, Eight Bridges, Futamura, and Narumi.
45. As mentioned earlier in regard to the first episode involving the women entertainers appearing out of the darkness in the Ashigara Mountains, the affinity that this sheltered daughter of a noble family feels for itinerant entertainers is quite unusual in the context of the time.
46. The Okinaga family was an ancient and powerful family in the Ōmi District. Their host was likely Okinaga Masanori, who, although not of particularly high rank, was a well-known local dignitary of the time.
47. They had started out on the third day of the Ninth Month, so the journey has taken close to ninety days, a very slow trip even for the Heian period. The normal traveling time between Musashi Province and the capital district was noted as thirty days in the *Engi shiki*, a fifty-volume compendium of laws and regulations completed in 927 and expanded in 967.
48. It was customary for such entourages to enter the city at night so as to avoid the attention of onlookers.
49. This is the famous Ōsaka Barrier (not to be confused with the contemporary city of Osaka), which was located in the gentle pass between the hills separating the capital from the Lake Biwa area. In the Heian period, it marked the border between the capital district and the provinces. Once a Heian aristocrat went through this pass, he sensed that he had left the capital behind. Conversely, traveling from the east toward the capital, once he was through the barrier and going down the pass, he felt as though he had arrived back home. Accordingly, the place was a famous *utamakura* for poems about leaving the beloved capital behind. Because its old spelling, *afusaka*, means

"meeting slope," the place name was used in love poetry as a metaphor for the meeting between lovers.

50. This refers to the construction of the statue of the Miroku Buddha at Sekidera (literally, "Barrier Temple"). The temple was located on the Lake Biwa side of the Ōsaka Pass and was destroyed during the large earthquake of 967. Reconstruction of the temple was delayed until 1017 and was not completed until 1022. Takasue no Musume passed through there in 1020. Sekidera was destroyed again in the warfare preceding the establishment of the Tokugawa shogunate. The present-day temple of Chōanji is in roughly the same location.
51. This measurement corresponds to roughly sixteen feet.
52. This new home for the family on Sanjō Avenue is located between two imperial family residences. (See appendix 2, map 3.) The first one on the east side, as mentioned, is the Sanjō Palace, residence of Princess Shūshi (997–1050), daughter of Emperor Ichijō (980–1011) and the short-lived Empress Teishi (976–1001) (who was the patron of Sei Shōnagon, the author of the *Pillow Book*.) The second one on the west side, as noted later in the text, is the Sanjō In, residence of Princess Teishi (1013–1094), the third daughter of Emperor Sanjō (976–1017) and Consort Kenshi (994–1027). This highly desirable location attests to the wealth that the author's father, Takasue, must have amassed during his posting as Governor of Kazusa. For a full discussion of the location of this Sugawara residence, see Itō Moriyuki, *Sarashina nikki kenkyū* (Tokyo: Shintensha, 1995), 295–300.
53. The property would likely have occupied a full block like the imperial residences flanking it. The author chooses to emphasize the wild nature of its large grounds rather than the prestige of the address. Perhaps this was an expression of modesty on her part, or perhaps the residence itself actually did appear quite small in comparison to the grounds.
54. This is the first mention of the author's birth mother, who had not accompanied her father to the provinces. The author's mother was the youngest daughter of Fujiwara no Tomoyasu (d. 977), who was also the father (by an earlier wife) of Michitsuna's mother, the author of the *Kagerō Diary.*
55. The Emon part of this relative's name (literally, "gate guard") indicates that she had a father, brother, or husband serving as a member of the palace gate guard. Myōbu was the general title given to a middle-ranking court woman serving in the inner palace. This woman was a lady-in-waiting to Princess Shūshi, known formally as the Sanjō Princess, owing to her residence on Sanjō Avenue. The rekindling of this family relationship must have been made all the easier given that Princess Shūshi's residence was just next door to the new Sugawara residence.
56. This entry provides information about how literary works circulated in the mid-Heian period. Copies of tales and other works in manuscript form would have been commissioned by people of means, such as the princess. Once the person who had originally commissioned the tales had tired of them, they would be passed down to others in their service. The ladies-in-waiting would also have had an opportunity to copy manuscripts of works they liked. As noted earlier, Princess Shūshi was the daughter of the short-lived Empress

Teishi, consort of Emperor Ichijo. Because Sei Shōnagon, author of the *Pillow Book*, had served Empress Teishi, it is highly likely that a copy of the *Pillow Book* would have been among the booklets that Emon no Myōbu passed on to Takasue no Musume.

57. The original here is *sōshi*, which referred to hand-copied material stitched in booklet form.
58. From this passage, we gain an understanding of why the author's stepmother was so familiar with the tales being circulated at court. Between the lines, the stepmother's difficult situation is also revealed. The author's father had taken the presumably younger woman down to the provinces and had had a child with her, but back in the capital she was now faced with living in the same house with another wife. From a later entry, we learn that she went back into court service, preferring, it would seem, life as a working woman rather than dependence under such conditions.
59. The year is 1021, and the author is fourteen years old.
60. The stepmother's poem alludes to *Shūishū* (1005–1011), poem 15 by Taira no Kanemori: *waga yado no / ume no tachie ya / mietsuran / omohi no hoka ni / kimi ga kimaseru* (Is it that / the young branch tips, of the plum tree in my garden / have come into view? / For unexpectedly my lord, / you have been moved to visit) (Akiyama, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, 32). The stepmother is gently trying to let Takasue no Musume know that she is not in a position to visit her anymore, the reasons for which she likely explained in the "shared thoughts" of her communication. But she hopes that Takasue no Musume will be visited by some fine man and even pretends that she has heard rumors to that effect. Her hinting at a future lover evokes the world of romantic tales. After all, the warm relationship between stepmother and stepdaughter was initiated by their mutual infatuation with romantic tale literature.
61. The uproar concerns a plague epidemic recorded in contemporary histories as raging from the beginning of 1021 to that autumn.
62. In "Wisps of Cloud" (Usugumo), chapter 19 of the *Tale of Genji*, the expression "the setting sun shone bright" is used when Genji is looking at blossoming cherry trees on the hills just after the death of Fujitsubo, the stepmother he loved to the point of excess. At this point in the objective chronology of the *Sarashina Diary*, however, the author has not yet had a chance to read the *Tale of Genji.* Of course, when she was revising this diary, the phrase may have crept in. Moreover, this coincidence of experience, suffering the loss of a loved one at the height of blossom time, may have been one of the things that contributed to making the reading of the *Tale of Genji* so profound for her.
63. Fujiwara no Yukinari (972–1027), one of the three most famous calligraphers of the Heian period, had assumed the post of provisional major counselor in 1020.
64. Yukinari's daughter had been married at the age of twelve to the youngest son of Fujiwara no Michinaga, Fujiwara no Nagaie (1005–1064), who was fifteen at the time of their marriage. The *Eiga monogatari* (*Tale of Flowering Fortunes*) says that when Yukinari proposed the marriage between the young people to Michinaga, Michinaga replied that they "would look like a pair of

dolls," presumably because of their youth (William H. McCullough and Helen C. McCullough, trans., *A Tale of Flowering Fortunes: Annals of Japanese Aristocratic Life in the Heian Period*, 2 vols. [Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1980], 2:482). Yukinari's daughter died at the age of fifteen (2:526–27).

65. Since she was the daughter of a well-known calligrapher, her own hand had an impeccable pedigree. The fact that the author's father was able to acquire samples of this young woman's calligraphy indicates the closeness of his relationship with the girl's father, Fujiwara no Yukinari.
66. *Shūishū*, poem 104 by Mibu no Tadami: *sayo fukete / nezamezariseba / hototogisu / hitozute ni koso / kikubekarikere* (As night deepens, / if I do not stay awake, / the cuckoo's voice / will be something I can only expect / to hear in the accounts of others) (Akiyama, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, 33).
67. *Shūishū*, poem 1324, anonymous (Akiyama, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, 33). Toribeyama is a place for cremation, so in retrospect, the poem seems to foretell the young girl's own death.
68. Genji's mother, who died when he was only two years old, was referred to as the Kiritsubo (Paulownia Pavilion) Consort, and the paulownia tree has purple flowers. Genji's stepmother, with whom he had a secret affair, was called the Fujitsubo (Wisteria Pavilion) Consort, and wisteria also has purple flowers. Genji falls in love with young Murasaki, one of the principal heroines in the story, because of her resemblance to Fujitsubo. The roots of the *murasaki* plant (gromwell) are used to make a purple dye, and hence *murasaki* became the word for purple. The connection among these three characters is called the *murasaki no yukari* (purple affinity). The author is likely referring to the chapters of the *Tale of Genji* in which the character Murasaki first appears. From this entry, we also learn that individual chapters of the *Tale of Genji* were circulating at that time.
69. Uzumasa is a district in western Kyoto but is used as a shorthand reference for Kōryū Temple, one of the oldest temples in the capital.
70. Nothing is known about this aunt, but she probably was the wife of a provincial governor who had accompanied her husband to his provincial duties and had returned to the capital for a visit.
71. This comment is key evidence that at this time, the full length of the *Tale of Genji* was "fifty-odd" chapters—in other words, perhaps the same length as the current extant version, fifty-four chapters. *Genji* scholars lament that Takasue no Musume was not more numerically specific here.
72. Alternative title for the *Ise monogatari* (*Ise Stories* or the *Tale of Ise*).
73. None of these four tales survives, which indicates how much fictional literature of the Heian period has been lost.
74. Although it is known that women often read tales aloud to each other, this passage indicates that silent reading in solitude was also not uncommon.
75. Roll 5 of the *Lotus Sutra* contains the Devadatta chapter (chapter 12), which describes the enlightenment of the Dragon King's daughter. Heian women often regarded this chapter as holding up the promise of enlightenment for women in general. The occurrence of this dream reveals the contradiction between the author's desire for fiction and her sense of pious duty. For a fuller

discussion of fiction as a "sinful pleasure" in the Heian period and the paradoxical significance of her admonitory dreams, see *SD*, 36–37, 48–49, and 74.

76. Yūgao is the subject of "The Twilight Beauty" (Yūgao), chapter 4 of the *Tale of Genji*. The chapter tells of the ill-fated love between Genji and Yūgao, who is the runaway lover of Genji's best friend and brother-in-law. Despite her inferior status, Yūgao is the first woman to arouse a powerful attachment in Genji, and she suffers an untimely death, all of which adds to the romantic appeal of this chapter.
77. Ukifune is the principal heroine of the last five chapters of the *Tale of Genji*. She is a young woman of low status, despite impeccable lineage on her father's side. Both heroes of the latter *Genji* chapters, the Uji captain (Kaoru) and Prince Niou, fall in love with her. Allusions to Ukifune throughout the diary reveal that Takasue no Musume had a special sense of identification with Ukifune. A rural upbringing in the East Country, a penchant toward writing poetry to understand herself, and a deep concern for spiritual matters are all aspects of Ukifune that Takasue no Musume shared. See *SD*, 73–74.
78. This is one of the points where the author makes it clear that she is writing retrospectively.
79. This poem puns on *yo wo aki* (weary of the world) and *aki hatsuru* (autumn ending). It was included in the "Miscellaneous" section of the imperial anthology *Shokusenzaishū* (1320), poem 1776. With its play on Buddhist terminology, the poem is unusual for a girl still in her teens to have written.
80. The "Princess of the First Rank" is Princess Teishi, who, as mentioned earlier, resided in the neighboring mansion to the west of the Sugawara home. This identification was made specifically by Teika in a marginal note on the manuscript. There appears to be a chronological error here, however, because Princess Teishi was actually granted Princess of the First Rank status in 1023, one year after this entry. Nonetheless, since the entry itself was likely written sometime after the event it records, it would be natural for the author to refer to Teishi by her later title, as she does in the following entry.
81. The Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō) is the main hall of Chōhō Temple, one of the oldest temples in central Kyoto. Located in the heart of the capital, it was within walking distance of the author's residence. Ornamental streams were a common feature of both Heian-period aristocratic residences and temple gardens. The phrase "for the sake of" implies that this person has received a commission from the Princess of the First Rank to construct this stream as an offering to the temple. Even though it has no connection to the *Sarashina Diary*, it is of coincidental interest that an elaborate ornamental stream graces the current Rokkakudō complex.
82. Amaterasu (literally, "Illuminating Heaven") is the Sun Goddess, the tutelary deity of the imperial family. Later on, the author reveals that she had only a vague idea of the identity of this deity, and it appears to be her gradual discovery of that identity that gives significance retrospectively to this dream. For a discussion of this dream and its significance, see *SD*, 36–40.
83. Teika's note on the manuscript identifies the year as Chian 2 (1022).
84. Heian aristocrats followed an astrological calendar based on Chinese cosmology, which, among other things, plotted the movements of various gods. From

time to time people had to vacate their residences to avoid conflict with the progress of these gods.

85. Keeping cats as pets was quite common in Heian society, at least judging from some key references in literature. The *Pillow Book* of Sei Shōnagon mentions a cat kept in Empress Teishi's residence that was even granted a court title. See Morris, trans., *The Pillow Book*, 1:9–10. In "Spring Shoots I" (Wakana jō) and "Spring Shoots II" (Wakana ge), chapters 34 and 35 of the *Tale of Genji*, a pet cat sparks an illicit love affair and then serves as a surrogate love object.
86. Famous ballad (*Chang heng ge*) by the Tang poet Bai Juyi about the ill-fated love between Emperor Xuan Zung and his concubine Yang Gueifei. See Paul W. Kroll, trans., "The Song of Lasting Regret," in *The Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature*, ed. Victor Mair (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994), 478–85. The reference here is presumably to a vernacular Japanese translation of the poem with illustrations. It was a story made for romantic renderings. The emperor's excessive love for his concubine Yang Gueifei causes him to neglect official duties and spend all his time with her. A wily general, sensing weakness in the central government, foments a rebellion. The emperor is forced to flee, and the palace guard refuses to defend him unless Yang Gueifei, whom they hold responsible for the disaster, is put to death. The emperor reluctantly agrees, but once the rebellion is subdued, he spends the rest of his days sadly longing for his lost lover. This tale is mentioned at the beginning of the *Tale of Genji* as an analogy for the love between the emperor and Genji's mother.
87. The seventh day of the Seventh Month is *tanabata*, the festival of the stars, when the Weaver Maid (Vega) and the Herd Boy (Altair) are allowed to meet for one night by crossing a bridge created by the joined wings of magpies over the River of Heaven (Milky Way). Takasue no Musume chooses this day for the communication because one of the most touching moments in the "Song of Lasting Regret" is on the seventh day of the Seventh Month, when the emperor and Yang Gueifei promise to be born in their future lives as "birds of coupled wings" or "trees with intertwining limbs" (Kroll, trans., "Song of Lasting Regret," 485).
88. The sister evokes the story of the *Tale of the Bamboo Cutter* (*Taketori monogatari*), in which an old bamboo cutter finds a magical girl and adopts her as his own daughter. She brings wealth to the family and grows into a beautiful woman who is pursued by many suitors until finally the emperor falls in love with her. But because she is actually a princess from the moon, even the emperor is powerless to restrain her return to the heavens when, on a bright moonlit night, her people come to fetch her away. See Donald Keene, trans., "The Tale of the Bamboo Cutter," in *Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600,* ed. Haruo Shirane (New York: Columbia University Press, 2007), 169–84. The end of the *Tale of the Bamboo Cutter* resembles the end of the "Song of Lasting Regret." After the moon princess's departure, the emperor is inconsolable, living on in the same kind of "lasting regret." By placing these two entries side by side, the author appears to create a sympathetic resonance between them. The author's anxious reaction to her sister's allusion to the tale can also be related to her memory of parting with

her nurse on the way up to the capital. Bathed eerily in the bright moonlight, her nurse was about to give birth.

89. This is the last entry in the diary to record the warm relationship between the author and her elder sister. It is obvious that the deep bond between them was nurtured by their mutual infatuation with tale literature. In fact, with their exchange of poems, we see the two sisters on the verge of writing a tale themselves. The arrival of an aristocratic lover on a moonlit night (having an entourage to clear his way indicates his status), his calling out to his lover with a pet name, "Reed Leaf," probably derived from poems the lovers had exchanged, and then playing the flute before withdrawing all lend a romantic, tale-like atmosphere to the scene. The two sisters crystallize their reactions to what they have witnessed in their poems. Takasue no Musume's poem manipulates the standard autumn images of reeds and wind to create an elegantly wistful poem and thereby elicits her sister's admiration. Her elder sister's riposte is stilted in comparison but achieves humor with its exaggerated exclamation at the end
90. The year is 1023, just three years after the family left the East Country, and the author is sixteen years old.
91. The year is 1024, and the author is seventeen years old.
92. This passage recalls the entry of a little more than a year earlier when she and her sister sat up all night in the moonlight, and her sister seemed to foretell her own death.
93. This tale, *Kabane tazunuru miya*, has not survived, but fragments of it are included as poem prefaces in the *Fūyō wakashū* (1271), an anthology of poetry gleaned from tales.
94. This exchange takes place in midsummer, so Takasue no Musume's use of cold metaphors is striking. Her grief is as numbing as ice.
95. This poem puns on *kata mo naki* (no way or means) and *nagisa* (water's edge), made possible because Heian kana was written without the diacritical marks that distinguished *ki* and *gi*. The plover's footprints were often used as a metaphor for writing, or messages. Here, however, the plover is used as a metaphor for the nurse herself, who now has no reason to stay any longer, just as the plovers must fly away when the beach is taken away by the high tide.
96. This poem, which puns on *haka* (aim, object) and *haka* (grave), imagines the nurse's grief at the cremation site. In Heian aristocratic society, the nurse of a child generally stayed on as a close servant to their charge for the person's whole life. Indeed, the relationship between nursemaid and child was often more affectionate than that between birth mother and child. Expecting to stay with the family until her own death, it is especially sad for the nurse to have to return to the home she left so many years ago. That she goes so far as to seek the traces of the sister on the empty plain where the sister vanished into ashes has a special poignancy. This situation also recalls *The Prince Who Sought the Remains of His Beloved*, the story mentioned in the previous entry. In this subtle way, the author pulls together various threads in her narrative, and by evoking the extreme grief of the sister's nurse, indirectly expresses her own grief.

97. This poem picks up the pun on *haka* (aim, object) and *haka* (grave) from the previous poem by the author and alters it slightly into the form of *ato haka mo naku* (aimless, without a trace of a trail / without the trace of a grave), another pun on *naku* (without) and *naku naku* (crying, crying), to pick up the image of tears introduced in the stepmother's poem. Thus it seems to indicate that the author of this poem had seen both previous poems.
98. Thus ends the cycle of mourning poems for the elder sister. It is clear from the way that the three poems echo one another that the author sent her own poem to the three other people and also shared the responses of the others with the group. The ordering suggests that she sent her stepmother's response, along with her own poem, to the person who had sent the tale and then showed all three poems to her elder brother. Her inclusion of her stepmother in this cycle of shared mourning must be because the nurse accompanied the family to Kazusa and was therefore well known by the stepmother. Nonetheless, it is curious that the mother and father were not included. Certainly, this was not because the parents were not grieving. Rather, it reveals the author's exercise of literary choice. This recorded cycle of poems has a literary unity underpinned by the allusion to *The Prince Who Sought the Remains of His Beloved*. It is fitting that this memorial poem cycle for the elder sister included a subtle nod to the tale literature that both the elder and the younger sister loved. Yet the elder brother's closing poem to the cycle sounds a particularly cold note of reality: "I saw her burn away to nothing with my own eyes; there is no grave, no remains to seek." It is almost as though the author uses his words to begin to rouse herself from her romantic illusions.
99. The Yoshino Mountains, famed for their cherry blossoms and autumn leaves, are southeast of Kyoto. This is the first of the four communications with nuns referenced in the diary. They all seem to provide a transitional moment of quiet after an episode of intense emotion. For a discussion of the role played by these communications with nuns in the pacing of the diary's narrative flow, see *SD*, 24–26.
100. The year is 1025, and the author is eighteen years old.
101. Promotions, which included the awarding of provincial governorships, were announced in the first month of the lunar calendar. In the *Pillow Book*, under the heading "Depressing Things," Sei Shōnagon describes a household waiting through the night for news of a posting that does not arrive. See Morris, trans., *Pillow Book*, 22–23. It is now five years since the father had finished his post in Kazusa and having lost the family residence to fire, he must be feeling desperate for another profitable provincial governorship.
102. This poem puns on *naru* (to be fulfilled) and *naru* (to sound), as in "make a bell sound."
103. Thus begins the author's account of a four-month sojourn in Higashiyama, apparently in a small household without the rest of the family. Up against the eastern hills, this district was slightly cooler than the city in summer and thus a popular place for aristocrats to escape the heat. The author's intriguing mention of a "certain reason" for the move has invited speculation. It is possible, for example, that the family was still without a proper house after

the fire two years earlier and had therefore to split up and borrow or rent various dwellings from acquaintances. Perhaps there was some health reason that made it advisable for Takasue no Musume be away from the worst of the summer heat. Inaga Keiji has surmised that the family may have installed Takasue no Musume in a separate household to encourage a relationship between her and her elder sister's widowed husband. This is a hypothesis to explain the identity of the visitor she receives during this visit. See Inaga Keiji, "Takasue no Musume no hatsukoi no hito wa'shizuku ni nigoru hito' ka," *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, December 1968, 9–19.

104. This poem puns on the *ku* of the phrase *tare ka ku* (Who comes?) and the first syllable of the Japanese name of the water rail, *kuhina.* Water rails (*kuhina*) are shy, waterside birds whose call was thought to simulate the sound of knocking.

105. The absence of a gendered pronoun here means this person could be male or female. From the intimate tone of the poems they exchange, it is easy to imagine a man, but poems of friendship between women in the Heian period employ the same vocabulary and tone as those exchanged between lovers.

106. The companion's remark recalls Ki no Tsurayuki, *Kokinshū*, poem 404: *musubu te no / shidzuku ni nigoru / yama no i no / akademo hito ni / wakarenuru kana* (My thirst still unslaked / droplets from my cupped palms cloud / the pure mountain spring— / still would I tarry with one / from whom I must now take leave) (Laurel Rasplica Rodd, trans., *Kokinshū: A Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems* [Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1984], 163). Both poems that follow allude to that poem.

107. The phrasing recalls the famous opening passage of the *Pillow Book*: *yauyau shiroku nariyuku yamagiha* (The rim of the mountain growing light little by little) (Hagitani Boku, ed., *Makura no sōshi*, 2 vols., Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei [Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1977], 1:18).

108. The Japanese cuckoo, *hototogisu*, has the same habits as the European bird but a much more liquid and complex song. In the capital, the cuckoo was heard only after the Fifth Month, but up in these foothills, the author hears it as early as the Fourth Month, which feels like a special gift. Nonetheless, about ten days after the first mention, the cuckoo's call has become familiar and even bothersome. The humor of this poem is based on the large number of poems about people in the capital who are eagerly awaiting the cuckoo's call. Meanwhile, the author, living in the countryside, has heard quite enough.

109. The odd thing about this and the next poem is that they speak of the moon, even though—given that the time for this exchange is already established as the "last day of the month" in the lunar calendar—there would have been no moon to see. Instead, it seems that the author and her companion (who we must remember may be either a man or a woman) are sitting in the dark, listening to the cuckoo's call. The notion of the moon as a point of contact between people separated by distance is a long-established trope in both Chinese and Japanese poetry. Having raised the question of whether there are people in the capital thinking of them as they listen to the cuckoo, the author's companion appears to answer the question negatively and then muse whether it would be different if the moon were visible.

110. The author of the *Kagerō Diary* describes a similar encounter with "talking deer" when she is on a pilgrimage to Ishiyama. See Arntzen, trans., *The Kagerō Diary*, 209. She, too, experiences a disjunction between the actual sounds the deer make and her expectation of the sound of their voices based on descriptions in poetry. Takasue no Musume is likely alluding to that passage, which results in a kind of intertextual joke.
111. This poem puns on *sumi* (to be clear) and *sumi* (to dwell). It brings to a close the extended lyrical sequence known as the Higashiyama Record. Coming after the losses of residence and elder sister as well as the disappointment of her father's career hopes, this section presents a marked change in mood. The interlude appears to be a free and cheerful period, during which the author could immerse herself in observing seasonal beauty and writing poetry with the added joy of visits from a sympathetic companion. See *SD*, 26–33, for an analysis of the structure of the record itself and its role in the patterning of the diary as a whole.
112. This is the second of the four communications with nuns, which appear to serve as segues between topics and provide moments of quiet reflection and sadness.
113. This entry provides evidence to support the conjecture that the Sugawara family still may not have a permanent residence.
114. This is likely the name for the garden at the residence of her "former host"—that is, the host at the place where she was wakened in the middle of the night by the rustle of the bamboo leaves.
115. The text says literally that she "was called by the name of the province to which we had gone down." Heian aristocratic women's public names were often derived from the names of their husbands or other male relatives. This was the case here; *taifu* was a general title for men holding at least the fifth rank, a major dividing line among the Heian aristocracy, and it was often part of the names of women serving at court who had a relationship with a man of that rank. Thus Kazusa no Taifu is the equivalent of being called the "Kazusa governor's wife." Once such appellations were attached to a woman, they were very difficult to dislodge. Since the stepmother's poem in the imperial anthology *Goshūi shū* (1086) was still listed under Kazusa no Taifu, it seems Takasue's objection was ineffectual.
116. One might have expected the author to express some reticence at having to compose on her father's behalf this poem of remonstrance to her beloved stepmother, but when one understands the poem's witty nature, one can imagine both women smiling over it. The poem as a whole alludes to a poem in the *Manyōshū*: *asakura ya / ko no maru dono ni / wagaworeba / nanori wo shitsutsu / iku ha ta ga ko zo* (Asakura! / when I am here / in the hall of unbarked logs / whose child is that, / who passes by, announcing his name?) (Joshua Mostow, trans., *Pictures of the Heart*: *The Hyakunin Isshu in Word and Image* [Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1996], 142). The poem's subject of a name makes it an appropriate allusion here. *Asakura ya* is a conventional poetic tag derived from the name of Empress Saimei's temporary log palace in Kyushu; it prepares the reader to expect a reference to logs that is fulfilled with *ko no maru dono*, "hall of unbarked logs." In her poem, Takasue

no Musume uses *ko no maro* "this I" (*maro* was a masculine first person pronoun) to pun on *ki no maru* "log" (tree in the round), making it a self-deprecatory way for her father to refer to himself. Out of office, he is metaphorically a log in the woods of oblivion while she, his former mistress, "dwells in the clouds" by serving at court.

117. This short passage covers more than six years between 1025, the year her father failed to get a posting, and 1032, when he was finally awarded a provincial governorship (recounted in the following passage.) As such, it summarizes her state of mind in her teens and early twenties, a period during which her life was on hold due of her father's stalled career. It is written with a feeling of retrospection, criticizing herself for her romantic delusions and addiction to fiction. Projecting herself as a naïve fan of the *Tale of Genji*, she combines in her imagination two characters that are not connected in the tale itself: Genji, the hero of the first forty-one chapters, and Ukifune, who first appears in chapter 49. For a discussion of various aspects of this passage (including its fanciful "rewriting" of the *Tale of Genji*) in terms of our particular interpretation of the overall structure of the diary as well as the critical perspectives of other scholars, see *SD*, 26–28, 56–57, and 66–70.
118. From records of court appointments, this passage is datable to 1032. The author is twenty-five years old and her father, sixty years old. He has been hoping to get a prestigious and lucrative provincial governorship in one of the nearer provinces that would enable him to attract a husband of high rank for his daughter, but instead he is appointed to Hitachi in the distant East Country again.
119. This scene is very similar to the passage in the *Kagerō Diary* in which Michitsuna's mother describes her father leaving for a provincial posting. See Arntzen, trans., *Kagerō Diary*, 67.
120. A "broken back" is a fault in poetry composition in which the third line (thought of as the backbone of a poem) does not connect well with the fourth line.
121. The message consists of the last two lines of a *waka* and challenges the author and her party to come up with a suitable beginning for the poem.
122. Although Chichibuyama (Father Mountain) was in neighboring Musashi Province rather than Hitachi, it is a fitting East Country reference.
123. The author's mother goes through a list of the most popular places of pilgrimage in the capital area starting from the farthest destination to the closest. Hatsuse Temple (current name, Hase Temple) was located in the mountains to the southwest of Nara on the Hase River. A prime center for Kannon worship during the Heian period, it is mentioned in nearly all the texts by women. To reach it, one had to pass the Nara Slopes, which were known for harboring robbers. Ishiyama Temple, another center of Kannon worship, was on Lake Biwa, separated from the capital by Sekiyama mountain, location of the famous Ōsaka pass and barrier. Kurama Temple, dedicated to the deity Bishamonten, was just to the north of the capital. Finally, she chooses the closest destination, Kiyomizu Temple, another center of Kannon worship, then as now, an enormously popular site of pilgrimage in the eastern hills of the capital itself.

124. Seven days of special rites were held on both the autumn and spring equinoxes.
125. The reader will begin to note by this point that Takasue no Musume usually ends her accounts of her dreams with the assertion that she paid no attention to them at all, yet her careful recording of these dreams in her diary belies that assertion.
126. Although the monk is making the pilgrimage in place of the author, she is to observe a period of seclusion and devote herself to purifying rituals, as though she were making the pilgrimage herself.
127. An offering usually was accompanied by a formal written statement of vows that made a specific request and stated promises that the petitioner pledged to keep if the request was granted.
128. Bronze mirrors have only one polished side, and from the description it seems that two scenes are presented on the one mirror. The happy scene on one side evokes life at a high-ranking noble's residence or at the imperial palace.
129. Once again, this record confutes her assertion; she listened closely to what was said and recorded it carefully. Much later in the diary, she refers to this dream again at a critical moment in her life. For a discussion of this dream and its significance, see *SD*, 41–44.
130. From the perspective of an ordinary Japanese person today, it seems incredible that the author should not know that Amaterasu is the Sun Goddess and tutelary deity of the imperial family. Moreover, when she makes inquiries, whoever she consulted, although correctly identifying Amaterasu as the god worshipped in Ise and in the Mirror Room of the palace, makes a mistake in asserting that the "Creator of Ki" is another name for Amaterasu. The blurred conception of Shintō gods in the religious context of Heian Japan stands out in the passage. For a brief explanation of Heian religious syncretism, see *SD*, 38–39. "Amaterasu" means literally "Heaven Shining One," which is why the author considers the only way open to her to worship Amaterasu is to pray to the light in sky. Nonetheless, it is at this point in the diary that the author hints at understanding the connection between worship of Amaterasu and the prospect of serving in the Imperial Palace.
131. This is the third of the four communications with nuns, which seem to punctuate the work at moments of transition and relate only obliquely to the narrative context. This nun who is a relative is not mentioned anywhere else in the diary, unless all four communications are in fact with this same nun. Shūgakuin Temple was located in the northeastern hills of Kyoto but remains only in the present-day name for the district. This passage contains a noted conundrum in the text. The nun's response with summer imagery to the author's winter poem puzzled Fujiwara no Teika, because he added in the margin beside *natsu no shigeri wo* (lush foliage of summer) a note that says *shimo no ku hon* (following phrase in source manuscript). See Akiyama, ed., *Sarashina nikki*, 66; see also Fujiwara no Teika, *Gyobutsubon: Sarashina nikki* [facsimile of the manuscript copy] (Tokyo: Musashino shoin, 1984), 95. A section of text may be missing here, or perhaps the nun is simply remembering that the author's last visit was in summer.

132. Takasue returned to the capital in 1036 at the age of sixty-four. The author is twenty-nine years old. The Western Hills was the northwest section of the capital in the vicinity of Kinugasa Hill.
133. She likely feels bereft for both her father's sake and her own situation. Her father's giving up the world of political activity would mean that he also was giving up on her prospects in the world for either a good marriage or a career at court.
134. In this description of the semirural landscape around the family's new residence in the Western Hills, the author embeds an allusion that signals her own nostalgia for the East Country of her youth. Bird clappers were pieces of wood hung from strings so that they would clatter in the wind and scare away birds and other animals. Her wording recalls the description of Ukifune's retreat in "Writing Practice" (Tenarai), chapter 53 of the *Tale of Genji*: "rice fields nearby. There was something pleasing too about the sound of the bird clappers. It all reminded her of the East she had once known" (Royall Tyler, trans., *The Tale of Genji* [New York: Viking, 2001], 1085).
135. This poem was chosen for inclusion in the first, "Autumn" section of the imperial anthology *Shinshūishū* (1364), poem 329. In the anthology, however, the last line of the poem was changed to the more emphatic *akikaze zo fuku*, which might be rendered "Ah, it is the autumn breeze that rustles."
136. As the text takes care to indicate, the mother did not enter a monastery to become a nun. She has cut her hair short and accepted the monastic regulations regarding a nun's behavior, and will devote herself to performing services for the Buddhist image installed in her apartment. She will also be freed from all duties as a wife. Becoming a nun within one's own household was the most common form of taking the tonsure for aristocratic women in the Heian period.
137. "To serve at court" meant taking a position as lady-in-waiting in the entourage of any of the members of the imperial family. Takasue no Musume became a lady-in-waiting to Princess Yūshi (1038–1105), who at the time was an infant of less than two years old. Princess Yūshi was the daughter of the reigning Emperor GoSuzaku (1009–1045) and the late Princess Genshi, the adopted daughter of Fujiwara no Yorimichi (992–1074). Thus Princess Yūshi was being raised in the Takakura Palace of Yorimichi, who held the post of regent at this time. Service in that household had the potential to put the author in touch with members of the innermost circle of Heian aristocracy. It appears from this entry that she started as a part-time lady-in-waiting for a trial period in the winter of 1039, when she was thirty-two years old, quite a late age to enter court service for the first time.
138. Appearance, especially with regard to costume, was an extremely important part of court service, which is why descriptions of clothing are given so much attention in the diaries and fiction writing of the period. There is another reason women writers in particular were attuned to fine distinctions in the fabric and colors of clothing. Dyeing, tailoring, and sewing were key occupations for aristocratic women of the Heian period. There being no need to inform the audience of the time, she does not mention it, but it is very likely that Takasue no Musume had sewn this costume herself. The chrysanthemum

color combination was white with a lining of dark reddish purple. The edge of the lining would be visible, resulting in the layering of light and dark at the garments' openings and skirt edges. "Lustrous" silk was soft silk that had been fulled by pounding with soft mallets to bring out its shine.

139. The nieces were the children of her elder sister. It is now fifteen years since her sister died.
140. This was the standard size for statues of the Buddha during the Heian period and corresponds to roughly sixteen feet. From the size and description of its placement, the monk is likely referring to the central image of Amida Buddha in the main hall of Kiyomizu Temple.
141. This ceremony took place in the intercalary Twelfth Month of 1039. The rite of "Calling the Buddha's Names" was an annual event at the imperial palace that involved reciting all the Buddha's three thousand names in order to expiate the sins of the past year. After the performance of the rite at the imperial palace, the event was repeated in the home palaces of the imperial consorts. The ceremony the author attends is presumably at the Takakura Palace.
142. This poem alludes to poem 756 in the *Kokinshū*: *ahi ni ahite / mono omofu koro no / waga sode ni / yadoru tsuki sae / nururu kao naru* (Matching its feeling to mine, / when I am lost in melancholy, / even the moon / dwelling in these sleeves of mine / has a face damp with tears).
143. The author's poem is similar to this one in the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary*: *toshi kurete / waga yo fuke yuku / kaze no oto ni / kokoro no uchi no / susamajiki kana* (As does the year / So my days draw to an end; / There is a coldness / In the voice / Of the night wind) (Yamamoto Ritsu, ed., *Murasaki Shikibu nikki, Murasaki Shikibu shū*, Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei [Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1980], 72; Richard Bowring, trans., *Murasaki Shikibu: Her Diary and Poetic Memoirs* [Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1982], 113). The author may have had Murasaki Shikibu's experience in the back of her mind. Just before she composed this poem, Murasaki Shikibu reflected on the first night that she ever served at court. Both Takasue no Musume and Murasaki Shikibu entered court life relatively late in life and found it difficult to fit in. As expressed in the poems, their feelings at the end of the year coincide nicely, although Murasaki Shikibu emphasizes a feeling of chilly loneliness, whereas Takasue no Musume stresses the ephemeral nature of her experience.
144. This is an oblique reference to her marriage to Tachibana no Toshimichi (1002–1058). From her following comments, it does not appear that at first it was a match to her liking.
145. "Plucking field parsley" was a proverbial expression for putting all one's heart into a project and having it come to nothing.
146. In other words, she was not able to give up her romantic dreams or her fascination with the world of tales. Nonetheless, as the beginning of this passage testifies, she had begun to live a more "down-to-earth" life. She had settled into married life, and from later references, we can assume she must have had a child quite soon after marrying.
147. The author has been summoned to present her niece for service in Princess Yūshi's entourage. This second entry into court life is less stressful because she is married now and does not have to feel economically dependent on her

service at Princess Yūshi's court. Moreover, according to Teika's commentary, her husband, Toshimichi, assumed the post of governor of Shimotsuke Province (roughly corresponding to present-day Tochigi Prefecture in the northeastern end of the Kantō region) in Chōkyū 2 (1041), just one year after their marriage. It is clear that she stayed in the capital and that they lived apart for four years. This would have made it easier for her to continue her occasional service at court.

148. Teika added a detailed note in the margin of his copy of the manuscript about this event: it occurred in Chōkyū 3 (1042) on the thirteenth day of the Fourth Month, and the party was lodged in the Fujitsubo apartment of the palace until the twentieth. This appears to have been the first opportunity for Takasue no Musume to experience life in the imperial palace.
149. In the midst of her early infatuation with tales, she had a dream in which a monk, who was constructing an artificial stream for the Princess of the First Rank, instructed her to worship Amaterasu. Then, after the dream prophecy by the monk who took a mirror offering to Hatsuse Temple in her place, she records that several people told her to worship Amaterasu. Gradually, it becomes clear that worshipping Amaterasu is associated with achieving success in a court career. Now the author is actually staying at the imperial palace itself and thus has her first chance to worship the deity directly.
150. "Myōbu" was a general term for middle-ranking ladies in waiting; "Hakase," translated literally as "doctor of letters," implies that a male relative of the lady held a doctorate.
151. Readers of the *Tale of Genji* will recognize Fujitsubo as the name of Genji's stepmother. Consort's sobriquets were often derived from the name of their apartment. Fujitsubo means literally "Wisteria Pavilion." Princess Yūshi's mother, Princess Genshi, who had died in 1039, had occupied the Fujitsubo apartment and would have been known as the Fujitsubo consort. The current occupant of the Umetsubo, "Plum Pavilion," was Seishi (1014–1068), the daughter of Fujiwara no Norimichi (996–1075), who in turn was the younger brother of Fujiwara no Yorimichi, Princess Yūshi's adoptive grandfather. The rivalry between these two cousin consorts when they were both alive was fueled by the fierce competition between the two brothers.
152. The moon stands for the collective body of the ladies-in-waiting who long for the old days when their mistress was still alive. Heaven's door stands for the emperor's quarters in the palace.
153. Fujiwara no Yorimichi, the current regent (and Takasue no Musume's employer) resided in the Kaya no In and had installed Princess Yūshi in his Takakura Palace. The two mansions were just across from each other on Tsuchimikado Ōji Avenue. The ladies-in-waiting of both households seem to have known one another well and could socialize when there were no pressing duties. This passage records such an occasion. The warmth of the friendships forged between these "working women" is apparent in the kinds of poetic exchange that follows.
154. This passage and its poem are reminiscent of a passage in the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary*, in which she, too, expresses a feeling of empathy with the water birds: *midzutori wo / midzu no uhe to ya / yoso ni mimu / ware mo ukitaru /*

yo wo sugushitsutsu (Birds on the water; / Can I look at them / Dispassionately? / I too am floating through / A sad uncertain world) (Yamamoto, ed., *Murasaki Shikibu nikki*, 39; Bowring, trans., *Murasaki Shikibu*, 75).

155. Her companion attendant changes the *ukine* (fitful sleep) in Takasue no Musume's poem to *karine* (transient sleep), referring to the part-time nature of Takasue no Musume's nighttime duties. She asks her to sympathize on the basis of her own brief experience with the hardship of someone like herself on permanent night duty. Although the circumstances and tenor of the exchange are somewhat different, this pair of poems resembles an exchange between Murasaki Shikibu and Lady Dainagon in the *Murasaki Shikibu Diary*. Murasaki Shikibu is back home for a rest and writes to a colleague at court whom she finds herself missing, even though she found service at court itself rather trying. She sends this poem: *ukine seshi / midzu no uhe nomi / kohishikute / kamo no uhage ni / sae zo otoranu* (My longing for / Those waters at the court / On which we lay / Is keener than the frost / On duck feathers) (Yamamoto, ed., *Murasaki Shikibu nikki*, 58; Bowring, trans., *Murasaki Shikibu,* 97). Lady Dainagon's reply is *uchiharafu / tomo naki koro no / nezame ni ha / tsugahishi woshi zo / yoha ni kohishiki* (Awakening / In the dead of night / To find no friend / To brush away the frost, / She longs for her) (Yamamoto, ed., *Murasaki Shikibu nikki*, 58; Bowring, trans., *Murasaki Shikibu*, 97).
156. The two terms designate the highest two levels of court society. Although these designations were not tied precisely to court rank, in general, high court nobles (*kandachime*) held the first three ranks in the court hierarchy, and senior courtiers (*tenjōbito*) held the fourth or fifth rank. For a discussion of these designations, see McCullough and McCullough, trans., *Tale of Flowering Fortunes*, 2:791.
157. Services involving continuous readings of sutras for a fixed period of time were commissioned with the object of either gaining some benefit in this world or ensuring salvation for someone who had passed away. The monks here shared the chanting duties in two-hour shifts, in which they melodiously chanted sutras like the *Lotus Sutra* and the *Prajnaparamita Sutra*. Because the voices of the monks differed in quality, word would get around, as we infer from this passage, as to which groups of monks were good singers. This particular reading, which probably took place in 1042, may have been commissioned for Princess Yūshi's mother, the late Princess Genshi, who had died roughly three years earlier. The reading takes place in the Takakura Palace, and if we assume that it was being held for the late empress, it would explain why high-ranking courtiers were in attendance. The wide verandas of Heian-period dwellings made good meeting places.
158. His implication is that the women would feel uncomfortable and shy if they were exposed in the light of the moon.
159. Comparison of the seasons is a favorite topic in Japanese classical texts, but it is woven almost as a leitmotif into the textual fabric of the *Tale of Genji*. In fact, this courtier they have met by chance speaks as one might imagine Genji himself speaking. For the first time in the life she records in her diary, the author is witnessing the fictional world she loves manifesting itself in reality.

160. The author's use of *asa midori*, rendered here as "lucent green," is both evocative and original. It is very difficult to define the precise quality of the color to which this phrase refers, as there was no clear demarcation between the colors green and blue in classical Japan and China. That said, however, the word *midori* in Japanese has a close connection with the fresh new green of spring, so at least part of the connotation of this term is the atmosphere of "green" in spring. It is a night scene, and the term *asa midori* can be used to refer to the radiant quality of the sky on a starry night when one might be inclined to call the sky "pale indigo," a sensation of color that is both dark and radiant. The author seems to be seeking a combination of both the green atmosphere of spring and the radiant darkness of a clear night sky. This is the first poem by Takasue no Musume to be included in an imperial poetry anthology, the *Shinkokinshū* (1205), poem 56 in the first "Spring" section. The *Shinkokinshū* signaled an important new direction in classical Japanese poetry. For a detailed discussion of the color issue and the originality of this poem, see Itō Moriyuki, "*Sarashina nikki* no 'asamidori . . .' ei ni kansuru kōsatsu," in *Genji monogatari kara, Genji monogatari e*, ed. Nagai Kazuko (Tokyo: Kasama shoin, 2007), 346–66.

161. The companion's poem alludes to a poem in "Bamboo River" (Takegawa), chapter 44 of *The Tale of Genji*: *hito ha mina / hana ni kokoro wo / utsusuramu / hitori zo madofu / haru no yo no yami* (It would seem that / people's hearts have all gone over / to the blossoms; / all alone I wander / through the spring night's darkness) (Murasaki Shikibu, *Genji monogatari*, Shinpen Nihon koten bungaku zenshū 24 [Tokyo: Shōgakukan, 1997], 73; see also Tyler, trans., *Tale of Genji*, 810). The companion has deftly adapted the *Genji* poem to suit her own situation by shifting the poem reference from spring to autumn. Her alluding to the *Tale of Genji* at this point also signals that she is aware that their conversation is like something out of *Genji*. This mutual savoring of elegant conversation supported by a shared literary connection creates an intimate bond among the three of them.

162. This is a direct allusion to the most famous comparison of the four seasons in the *Tale of Genji*, which takes place in chapter 19, "Wisps of Cloud." See Tyler, trans., *Tale of Genji*, 359. The male visitor signals his recognition of the allusion in the companion's poem and follows it up with a *Genji* allusion of his own. We can only imagine how much this must have charmed Takasue no Musume.

163. This is another allusion to the *Tale of Genji*, chapter 20, "The Bluebell" (Asagao), in which Genji disparages the conventional opinion that the night sky in winter is dreary. See Tyler, trans., *Tale of Genji*, 373. In fact, this section in the *Tale of Genji* is the first time in the history of the aesthetic appreciation of the seasons in Japan that someone argues for the beauty of winter scenery. In the medieval period, aesthetic taste shifted toward an appreciation of the beauty of cold and wintry things, summed up in the term *hie* (chill), and this early reference in the *Genji* seems to presage that.

164. The "Assumption of the Train" ceremony was a coming-of-age ceremony for girls, usually held around the age of twelve. The train was worn as part of the formal costume for women. A princess was chosen at the beginning of each

new era to serve as the priestess of the Ise Shrine, where Amaterasu, the tutelary deity of the imperial family, was enshrined. The ceremony itself would have taken place at the Saikū residence of the Ise priestess. The man's recital of this episode in his court service allowed Teika to identify the male visitor as Minamoto no Sukemichi (d. 1060). At the end of the manuscript, Teika appends a substantial synopsis of Sukemichi's successful official career. At the time of his death, he had managed to achieve the very high rank of junior second. Sukemichi's surname, Minamoto, which was given to surplus imperial male progeny, marks him as someone of royal blood, if not status. In addition, this surname is often referred to by an alternative reading for the first character, *gen*, with the addition of *ji* (clan; that is, "member of the Minamoto clan"), which is the same Genji as in the name of the hero of the famous tale. Teika also appends a note about the "Assumption of the Train" ceremony for which Sukemichi was the imperial envoy. According to Teika, the ceremony took place on the third day of the Twelfth Month in Manju 2 (1026). Teika gives Sukemichi's age at the time of his death as fifty-six; therefore, he would have been in his early twenties at the time of his service as imperial envoy. This would make him thirty-eight years old at the time of this winter's night conversation, only about three years older than the author. Official court histories note Sukemichi's fame as a singer and player of the *biwa* (lute), *wagon* (zither), and flute, which accords nicely with his frequent mention of music and specific musical instruments.

165. Emperor Enyū reigned from 969 to 984. This lady-in-waiting has served at the shrine through the reigns of five emperors—in other words, for more than forty years—which would put her in her late sixties or early seventies.
166. Given her evident excitement and joy at this encounter with Sukemichi, this final remark may seem difficult to understand. Her reaction has several possible reasons. She might feel that the brief encounter was precious just for what it was, not as a prelude to a serious relationship. She was of much lower status than Sukemichi, and as already a mature married woman, she might be embarrassed to have him learn these facts about her. For an analysis of this extended passage and its connection with other passages alluding to the *Tale of Genji* as well as its significance in the overall structure of the diary, see *SD*, 66–73.
167. Teika's marginal note confirms that Princess Yūshi and her sister Baishi visited the imperial palace on the twenty-third day of the Seventh Month of Chōkyū 4 (1043) and stayed in the Ichijō In (because of a fire in the palace the year before). They apparently stayed until the tenth day of the Eighth Month. Teika does not note the reason for the special visit.
168. This poem is a complex of double entendres on place names. Kajima is a place in the Inland Sea close to Naruto. Kajima can also mean *kashi ma* (an interval when no one is looking) and also evokes the adjective *kashimashi* (noisy). Thus the single place name calls up the chance of a meeting and the reason the meeting was forestalled. Naruto no ura (Naruto Bay) is a body of water close to the famous Naruto Whirlpool, whence the name *naru* + *to* (sounding gate). The translation here takes advantage of the double meaning of "sound" in English for both the sound one hears and the term for a body of

water. Thus the place name Naruto evokes both the noisy party that sent Sukemichi away and the promised sound of his *biwa* that the author had ventured out hoping to hear. In addition to these double meanings, the verb *kogare* (rowed) also puns on the verb *kogaru* (to burn with yearning).

169. This is a reference to a son she had with Toshimichi. Later in the diary, she mentions children in the plural, and it is recorded that she had another son and one daughter with Toshimichi, but the diary gives no precise information about the births. From other sources, we also know that Toshimichi was the governor of Shimotsuke Province beginning in 1041 and would have returned to the capital around the time of this entry.
170. Mikura Mountain, literally "Great Treasure House" Mountain, is an *utamakura* linked to the idea of accumulating wealth.
171. The author crossed the Ōsaka Barrier, in the hills between the capital and Lake Biwa, when she was thirteen years old and on her way to the capital from the east.
172. The *chūdō* (central hall) is the center of a temple complex in which the main object of worship is enshrined. The most famous *chūdō* in the capital region was that of Enryakuji on Mount Hiei, and the reference here is likely to that specific hall. That temple complex was off-limits to women in the Heian period.
173. The Great Festival of Thanksgiving is the grander version of the annual Festival of First Fruits. The Grand Festival was held during those years when a new emperor was officially enthroned. Emperor GoReizei (1025–1068) had assumed the throne the previous year, and it was the custom to hold the official enthronement rites the year after the succession. In the Great Purification preceding the festival, the new emperor performed a ritual ablution on the banks of the Kamo River. The pomp and pageantry made it a popular event for sightseeing.
174. More than a decade earlier, the author's mother had sent a monk to Hatsuse Temple with a mirror on the author's behalf. Now the author finally has the opportunity to make a pilgrimage in person to this center of Kannon worship.
175. The brother is likely Sadayoshi, who was mentioned much earlier in her account of the journey from Kazusa to the capital as the one who carried her on horseback to say farewell to her nurse. This is the first direct mention in the diary of the author's husband, and, given her distaste for the match expressed earlier, it casts a surprisingly positive light on their relationship. He appears to be the only one in the household to support her decision.
176. Yoshiyori was the eldest son of Fujiwara no Takaie (979–1044) and brother of the late Empress Teishi.
177. Hōshō Temple was located at the southeast edge of the capital, directly on the road to Uji, where now the Zen temple Tōfukuji occupies approximately the same location. It was a popular place to break one's journey on the way to Uji.
178. Travelers had to be ferried across the Uji River. The place name Uji was an *utamakura* for poems about sorrow because Uji was regarded as homophonous with *ushi* (sorrow, suffering).

179. These are the daughters of the Eighth Prince in the *Tale of Genji* who moved to Uji after his residence in the capital burned down. The courtship of these sisters, the untimely death of the elder sister, and, finally, the installation of their half sister Ukifune at Uji by Kaoru make up the content of the so-called Uji chapters of the *Tale of Genji*. The author's reference here to the *Tale of Genji* as "Murasaki's tale" confirms that Heian readers had already started to refer to the author of the *Tale of Genji* by the nickname Murasaki.
180. Thisvilla belonged to Fujiwara no Yorimichi, who, as the adoptive grandfather of Princess Yūshi, was the author's employer, which is likely why she was granted a tour of it. Seven years after this date, Yorimichi rebuilt it magnificently and eventually had it consecrated as the temple, Byōdōin, which survives.
181. Mount Kurikoma just to the south of Uji, like the Nara Slopes, was a place known for highway robbers.
182. After worshiping at Tōdai Temple within Nara City, the party also paid their respects at Isonokami Shrine just down the road to the south. The Isonokami Shrine was located in the village of Furu, a place name homophonous with the words "to age" and the "passing of time." Hence, the Isonokami Shrine became an *utamakura* for poems about the passing of time and growing old.
183. Hakase no Myōbu was mistress of the inner chambers at the imperial palace who had acted as her guide to the Sacred Mirror Room when she visited the palace for the first time. The dream seems to augur future service in the imperial palace, which is why she regards it as so auspicious.
184. The Inari Shrine at Fushimi, south of the capital, was a favorite pilgrimage destination. It was a custom to obtain cedar seedlings from the Inari Shrine and take them home to plant. If the tree grew, one's wishes would be fulfilled.
185. The fish weirs on the Uji River were a favorite subject for poetry.
186. The expression here, *suishō wo chirasu yau ni* (as though scattering crystals), is unusual. A similar expression, *suishō nado no waretaru yau ni midzu no chiritaru* (water scattering as though it were broken crystals), can be found in the *Pillow Book*. See Hagitani, ed., *Makura no sōshi*, 2:125; and Morris, trans., *Pillow Book*, 1:195.
187. This poem was chosen for the "Miscellaneous" section of the imperial anthology, *Shinshūishū* (1364), poem 1634. The fourth line was slightly altered to *hoka yori haruru*, which would result in a translation of the last two lines as "the light of this dawn moon / clearer than anywhere else."
188. The reference to feeling more secure and being entertained implies that her husband accompanied her on this pilgrimage. Accordingly, they would have traveled with a larger entourage and received invitations from dignitaries along the route.
189. The place name Hahaso was an *utamakura* associated with crimson leaves.
190. This poem was included in the "Travel" section of the imperial anthology *Shokugosenshū* (1235), poem 1306. The fourth line was revised to *miyako wo ideshi*, which would result in the translation of the last line as "the dawn moon that came out from the capital."
191. This entry is likely from the period after 1045, when we know from official records that her husband, Toshimichi, had just completed a tour of duty as

provincial governor in Shimotsuke Province. This governorship would have resulted in substantial economic benefit for the family. Since she uses the plural *wakaki hitobito* (young people, young ones) to refer to her offspring, she likely has already given birth to the three children that she is recorded to have had with Toshimichi. She herself would be in her late thirties by this time and, from this entry, it seems that Toshimichi has proved himself a reliable husband upon whom she happily depends.

192. Koshi was the general name for the area that contained Echizen Province. Since it was on the Japan Sea, it was known for heavy snowfalls. This poem puns on *omohi* (thoughts of longing) and *hi* (fire).
193. Shirayama, known today as Mount Hakusan, is a volcano. Therefore, the response picks up on the notion of "fire" introduced by the preceding poem, and it extends this train of thought by using the metaphor of sparks in a flint for the loving thoughts in the friend's heart.
194. This poem was included in the "Spring" section of the imperial anthology *Gyokuyōshū* (1313), poem 185.
195. The phrase used here, *yo no naka* (literally "relations in the world"), is used more often than not in Heian-period writing to refer to conjugal relationships between men and women, but it can also mean one's relations in general with society. Therefore another possible meaning here is that the author was having trouble with her social relationships at court.
196. With associative language of the sea and fishing, the author creates a metaphoric evocation of working at court: "Yes, the work was hard and our sleeves were drenched with tears of disappointment, but the fact that we worked side by side makes me remember it with longing."
197. This poem puns on *kahi* (shellfish) and the expression *kahi naku* (without good result).
198. This poem puns on *mirume* (seeing eye), which is also the name of a type of seaweed, to say, "If I could not see you from time to time, I would not want to work here."
199. Allusion to Ono no Komachi, *Kokinshū*, poem 552: *omohitsutsu / nureba ya hito no / mietsuramu / yume to shiriseba / samezaremashi wo* (When I fell asleep / longing so for him / he seemed to appear— / had I known it was a dream, / I would not have awakened).
200. Poems very similar to this one, based on the image of the moon journeying west, were exchanged between Murasaki Shikibu and a friend who was going off to the western provinces. See Bowring, trans., *Murasaki Shikibu*, 219, poems 6 and 7.
201. In 1049, the author's elder brother, Sugawara no Sadayoshi, took the post of governor of Izumi Province, roughly the southwest part of present-day Osaka Prefecture. It is possible that the author went to Izumi to visit her brother in his new post.
202. This is the diary's third reference to women entertainers. Takahama was a port on the Yodo River and like all port towns, a place of business for women entertainers whose lives were as subject to change as the waters upon which they floated. Once again, the moving quality of the women's performance is

the focal point of the author's perception, and there is no hint of slighting these women for their lowly status.

203. Sumiyoshi is a district in the present-day city of Osaka and the site of the ancient Sumiyoshi Shrine. The shrine was right on Sumiyoshi Bay in the Heian period, but now the spread of reclaimed land has separated it some distance from the sea. From ancient times, since so many poems were written about the shrine, the god of Sumiyoshi came to be regarded as the god of poetry. As an *utamakura*, Sumiyoshi had several connotations. Because the name literally means "Good for Living," it figures in auspicious poems. Poems about Sumiyoshi usually include references to the sea, waves, and pines—elements also in screen paintings of this place. Finally, Sumiyoshi is an important setting in some chapters of the *Tale of Genji*.

204. This phrasing is almost an exact quotation from "The Pilgrimage to Sumiyoshi" (or Channel Buoys; Miotsukushi), chapter 14 of the *Tale of Genji*: "The scene's stirring mood, with the evening tide flooding in and the cranes along the inlet crying in full voice" (Tyler, trans., *Tale of Genji*, 292). Chapter 14 describes Genji's pilgrimage to Sumiyoshi to give thanks to the god for his good fortune after his deliverance from the trials of his exile in Suma, which included the survival of a great storm. In the same general geographical area, the author happens to see a similar scene after having survived a terrible storm herself.

205. In 1057, Toshimichi received a post as the governor of Shinano Province (present-day Nagano Prefecture) in the Japan Alps. Presumably, just as before with her father, they were hoping for a nearer province. Her father had served in Kazusa and Hitachi provinces, and her husband had already served in Shimotsuke Province—all of which were far in the East Country. Shinano was about half the distance to those provinces, but it was in a mountainous region known for its harsh climate.

206. This is apparently Toshimichi's older daughter from an earlier marriage. He received the appointment on the thirtieth day of the Seventh Month (September 1) in Tengi 5 (1057) and was already preparing to leave a mere ten days later.

207. Their eldest son is about seventeen years old, and the author is fifty years old.

208. The bush clover color combination was maroon with a lining of green.

209. "Soul fire" is the translation of *hitodama*, a bluish ball of light that was thought to depart from a person who was soon to die.

210. In the entries for these earlier dreams, the author remarked that she told no one about them. It is clear from this entry, however, that she sometimes had her dreams interpreted. Here too, readers are finally given the precise content of her hopes for a successful career at court. Nurses to imperial offspring enjoyed a high status and close contact with the imperial family for their whole life. This would have been the highest position at court to which a woman of Takasue no Musume's rank could have aspired. It was not an easy post to get since it required not only social/political support but also that she give birth at a time that would coincide with the birth of an imperial child.

211. Amida Buddha is the Buddha said to dwell in the Pure Land of the West whose vow is to save all those with a believing heart who call out his name,

even if only at the moment of dying. Amida worship grew in popularity throughout the Heian period and became the most widespread form of Buddhist worship in the medieval period. There are many ways this dream account is set up to attract particular attention. For one thing, this entry is the only place in the diary where the author gives a specific date. Tengi 3 corresponds to 1055, which was three years before her husband's death, so this passage is unique for deliberately narrating events out of chronological order and moreover drawing the reader's attention to this fact with the mention of a specific date. The entry is preceded with a summary of key dreams she has recorded over the course of the diary that has the effect of placing this one about Amida at the apex of her dream experience. At the same time, there are similarities between the description of Amida in this dream and the usual iconographic representation of the Healing Buddha she worshipped in her youth, which suggests that the author may have intended to draw a subtle parallel between the opening of the diary and this dream account occurring so close to its end. In fact, this entry provides a rather fitting closure to the narrative arc prominent in the diary of a gradual awakening from deluded absorption in fiction and poetry to sober spiritual aspiration, so one wonders why the author did not choose to end her diary here. For a detailed discussion of the relationship between dreams and religious consciousness in the diary, see *SD*, chapter 3, and for a suggested answer to the question of why the author did not end her diary here, see *SD*, 48–49.

212. This reference has puzzled commentators because the author never before has mentioned having as many as six nephews. Her elder sister could not have had more than three children. Although there is no record of how many children her elder brother had, he may have had a large family.

213. Old Forsaken Woman Peak (Obatsuteyama) was the name of a mountain in the Sarashina District of Shinano Province. Its literal meaning is "the mountain where old women are abandoned." It is an *utamakura* with complex associations. The place name is connected with both a folk belief about an ancient custom of abandoning old women and a reputation for being a beautiful place to view the moon. The association with the moon arose from an anonymous poem in the *Kokinshū*, poem 878: *waga kokoro / nagasamekanetsu / sarashina ya / obasuteyama ni / teru tsuki wo mite* (My heart / is inconsolable, / Ah! Sarashina / where over Old Forsaken Woman Peak / I see the moon shining). This poem was given a narrative context in a collection of tales about poems, the *Yamato monogatari* (*Tales of Yamato*). In that context, a man taking care of his old aunt is persuaded by his shrewish wife to carry his aunt up Old Forsaken Woman Peak and abandon her there. He does so on a moonlit night, but when he returns home the beauty of the moon over the mountain moves him to intone the *Kokinshū* poem, whereupon he experiences a change of heart and goes back up the mountain to bring his old aunt home. The place name Sarashina had a further personal association for the author because Sarashina and Obasuteyama are in Shinano Province, the place of her husband's last posting. We contend that the author derived the title for her diary from this allusion to Sarashina in the *Kokinshū* poem and the *Yamato monogatari* story. For a full discussion of the layers of allusion in the author's poem

and its relationship to the pattern of light and dark that unifies the diary, see *SD*, 81–83.

214. The moon has served almost as a leitmotif for the entire text, so it is fitting that close to the end, she invokes the moon at its most radiant one more time. For a discussion of the image of the moon and its role in the patterning of light and dark in the diary, see *SD*, 79–81.

215. The images in this poem evoke descriptions of the circumstances and dwelling of Suetsumuhana (Princess Safflower) in the *Tale of Genji*, one last allusion to the author's favorite tale. See *SD*, 86.

216. This is the last of the four communications with nuns that have punctuated the text, occurring at points of sadness, reflection, and transition. Our translation follows the interpretation that the last poem is from the nun, but the fact that the diary merely states, "She was a nun" without adding "and replied" makes possible the interpretation that Takasue no Musume wrote both poems. For a further discussion of Japanese scholarly opinion on the ending of the diary and our interpretation that the juxtaposition of these two final poems conjoins seeming opposites, see *SD*, 85–88.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abe Akio et al., eds. *Genji monogatari*. Shinpen Nihon koten bungaku zenshū, vol. 5. Tokyo: Shōgakukan, 1997.

Akiyama Ken, ed. *Sarashina nikki*. Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei. Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1980.

Arntzen, Sonja, trans. *The Kagerō Diary: A Woman's Autobiographical Text from Tenth-Century Japan*. Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1997.

Bowring, Richard, trans. *Murasaki Shikibu: Her Diary and Poetic Memoirs*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1982.

Cranston, Edwin A., trans. *The Izumi Shikibu Diary: A Romance of the Heian Court*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1969.

Davies, Robertson. *Reading and Writing*. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1992.

Fujiwara no Teika. *Gyobutsubon: Sarashina nikki*. Facsimile of manuscript copy. Tokyo: Kasuma shoin, 1981.

Fukuya Toshiyuki. "*Sarashina nikki* bōtō hyōgen to jōraku no ki no seiritsu-saburaina to dokusha no mondai." *Waseda daigaku kyōiku sōgōkagaku gakujustsu kenkyū* 60 (2012): 37–50.

Hagitani Boku, ed. *Makura no sōshi*. 2 vols. Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei. Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1977.

Haraoka Fumiko, ed. and trans. *Sarashina nikki*. Tokyo: Kadokawa sofia bunko, 2003.

Heldt, Gustav. *The Pursuit of Harmony: Poetry and Power in Early Heian Japan*. Ithaca, N.Y.: East Asia Program, Cornell University, 2008.

——, trans. "Tosa Diary." In *Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600*, ed. Haruo Shirane, 204–13. New York: Columbia University Press, 2007.

——."Writing Like a Man: Poetic Literacy, Textual Property and Gender in the Tosa Diary." *Journal of Asian Studies* 64, no. 1 (Feb. 2005): 7–34.

Hochstedler, Carol, trans. *The Tale of Nezame: Part Three of Yowa no Nezame Monogatari*. Ithaca, N.Y.: China-Japan Program, Cornell University, 1979.

Hurvitz, Leon, trans. *Scripture of the Lotus Blossom of the Fine Dharma*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1976.

Ienaga Saburō. *Jōdai bukkyō shisōshi kenkyū*. Tokyo: Unebi shobō, 1942.

Ikeda Kikan. "Seikatsu maka no geijutsu toshite no *Sarashina nikki*." In *Kyūtei joryū nikki bungaku*, ed. Tokyo teikoku daigaku kokubungaku kenkyūshitsu, 133–50. Tokyo: Shibundō, 1927.

Inaga Keiji. "Takasue no Musume no hatsukoi no hito wa 'shizuku ni nigoru hito' ka." *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, December 1968, 9–19.

Itō Moriyuki. "*Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari* to *Sarashina nikki* no kōsaku suru tabiji." In *Heian kōki monogatari*, ed. Inoue Mayumi et al., 76–92. Tokyo: Kanrin shobō, 2012.

——. *Sarashina nikki kenkyū*. Tokyo: Shintensha, 1995.

——. "*Sarashina nikki* no 'asamidori . . .' ei ni kansuru kōsatsu." In *Genji monogatari kara, Genji monogatari e*, ed. Nagai Kazuko, 346–66. Tokyo: Kasama shoin, 2007.

——. "*Sarashina nikki* to *Genji monogatari* no sennenki." *Gakushūin joshi daigaku kiyō* 11 (2009): 1–8.

Kamens, Edward. *The Buddhist Poetry of the Great Kamo Priestess: Daisaiin Senshi and Hosshin Wakashū*. Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1990.

——. *The Three Jewels: A Study and Translation of Minamoto Tamenori's Sanbōe*. Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1988.

——. *Utamakura, Allusion, and Intertextuality in Traditional Japanese Poetry*. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1997.

Keene, Donald, trans. "The Tale of the Bamboo Cutter." In *Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600*, ed. Haruo Shirane, 169–84. New York: Columbia University Press, 2007.

Kodama Rie. "*Sarashina nikki*—Sakusha Sugawara no Takasue no Musume no shūkyō ishiki: Butsuzō no byōsha o megutte." *Kokubun* 61 (1984): 55–65.

Kroll, Paul W., trans. "The Song of Lasting Regret." In *The Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature*, ed. Victor Mair, 478–85. New York: Columbia University Press, 1994.

Mair, Victor, ed. *The Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1994.

McCullough, Helen Craig, ed. and trans. *Classical Japanese Prose: An Anthology*. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1990.

——, trans. *Ōkagami, The Great Mirror: Fujiwara Michinaga (966–1027) and His Times*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1980.

McCullough, William H., and Helen C. McCullough, trans. *A Tale of Flowering Fortunes: Annals of Japanese Aristocratic Life in the Heian Period*. 2 vols. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1980.

McKinney, Meredith, trans. *Sei Shōnagon: The Pillow Book*. London: Penguin, 2006.

Miner, Earl R., trans. *Japanese Poetic Diaries*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1969.

Miner, Earl R., Hiroko Odagiri, and Robert E. Morrell, eds. *The Princeton Companion to Classical Japanese Literature*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1985.

Miyake, Lynne K. "The Tosa Diary: In the Interstices of Gender and Criticism." In *Women's Hand: Gender and Theory in Japanese Women's Writing*, ed. Paul Schalow and Janet Walker, 41–73. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1996.

Morris, Dana. "Land and Society." In *The Cambridge History of Japan*, vol. 2, *Heian Japan*, ed. Donald H. Shively and William H. McCullough, 224–26. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1999.

Morris, Ivan, trans. *As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams: Recollections of a Woman in Eleventh-Century Japan*. New York: Dial Press, 1971.

———, trans. *The Pillow Book of Sei Shōnagon*. 2 vols. New York: Columbia University Press, 1967.

Mostow, Joshua, trans. *At the House of Gathered Leaves: Shorter Biographical and Autobiographical Narratives from Japanese Court Literature*. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2004.

———, trans. *Pictures of the Heart: The Hyakunin Isshu in Word and Image*. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1996.

Mostow, Joshua, and Royall Tyler, trans. *The Ise Stories: Ise Monogatari*. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2010.

Nishida Tomomi. "*Sarashina nikki* no hyōgen to hōhō—*Genji monogatari* o megutte." *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, October 1994, 34–46.

Noguchi Motohiro. "*Sarashina nikki* to *Genji monogatari*—Sugawara no Takasue no Musume no sakkateki shishitsu." *Jōchi daigaku kokubun gakka kiyō*, January 1985, 1–17.

Nomura Seiichi. "*Genji monogatari* to *Sarashina nikki*—Monogatari riarizumu no kaitai." *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, August 1956, 18–28.

Okumura Tsuneya, ed. *Kokin waka shū*. Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei. Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1978.

Omori, Annie Shepley, and Kochi Doi, trans. *Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1920. http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/omori/court/court.html#1.

Richard, Kenneth. "Developments in Late Heian Prose: The Tale of Nezame." Ph.D. diss., University of Washington, 1979.

Rodd, Laurel Rasplica, trans. *Kokinshū: A Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1984.

Rohlich, Thomas H., trans. *A Tale of Eleventh-Century Japan: Hamamatsu Chūnagon Monogatari*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1983.

Ruch, Barbara, ed. *Engendering Faith: Women and Buddhism in Premodern Japan*. Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 2002.

Saigō Nobutsuna. *Kodaijin to yume*. Tokyo: Heibonsha, 1974.

Sargent, G. W., trans. "Tosa Diary." In *Anthology of Japanese Literature: From the Earliest Era to the Mid-Nineteenth Century*, ed. Donald Keene, 82–91. New York: Grove Press, 1955.

Sarra, Edith. *Fictions of Femininity: Literary Inventions of Gender in Japanese Court Women's Memoirs*. Stanford, Calif.: University of California Press, 1999.

Satō Kazuyoshi. "*Sarashina nikki* saishūka wa 'tasha' no uta ka." *Nihon bungaku*, December 1993, 60–64.

——. "*Sarashina nikki* uta no saikentō." *Kokugo to kokubungaku*, June 1994, 14–30.

Seidensticker, Edward, trans. *The Gossamer Years: The Diary of a Noblewoman of Heian Japan*. Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle, 1964.

Shinpen kokka taikan. Tokyo: Kadokawa shoten, 1983–1992, CD-ROM version.

Shirane, Haruo, ed. *Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600*. New York: Columbia University Press, 2007.

Shirane, Haruo, and Tomi Suzuki, eds. *Inventing the Classics: Modernity, National Identity, and Japanese Literature*. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 2000.

Shively, Donald H., and William H. McCullough, eds. *The Cambridge History of Japan*. Vol. 2, *Heian Japan*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1999.

Suzuki, Tomi. "Gender and Genre: Modern Literary Histories and Women's Diary Literature." In *Inventing the Classics: Modernity, National Identity, and Japanese Literature*, ed. Haruo Shirane and Tomi Suzuki, 71–95. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 2000.

Tahara, Mildred, M.. *Tales of Yamato: A Tenth Century Poem-Tale*. Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1980.

Tamai Kōsuke. *Sarashina nikki*. Nihon koten zensho. Tokyo: Asahi shinbunsha, 1950.

——. *Sarashina nikki sakkan kō*. Tokyo: Ikuei shoin, 1925.

Tsukahara Tetsuo. "*Sarashina nikki* sakuhin kōsei—Nigen shiten no kasetsu kenshō." *Kaishaku*, April 1978, 32–37.

Tyler, Royall, trans. *The Tale of Genji*. New York: Viking, 2001.

Wada Ritsuko and Kuge Hirotoshi. *Sarashina nikki no shinkenkyū—Takasue no Musume no sekai o kangaeru*. Tokyo: Shintensha, 2004.

Yamamoto Ritsu, ed. *Murasaki Shikibu nikki, Murasaki Shikibu shū*. Shinchō Nihon koten shūsei. Tokyo, Shinchōsha, 1980.

Yasuda Yojūrō. "*Sarashina nikki*." *Kokugo to kokubungaku* 8 (1935): 61–82.

Yōichi Katagiri. *Utamakura, utakotoba jiten*. Tokyo: Kasama shoin, 1999.

Yoshida Kazuhiko. "The Enlightenment of the Dragon King's Daughter in the Lotus Sutra." In *Engendering Faith: Women and Buddhism in Premodern Japan*, ed. Barbara Ruch, 297–324. Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 2002.

INDEX

Page numbers in *italics* indicate illustrations.

Amaterasu, 12, 36, 42, 63, 98n82, 105n130, 108n149, 111n164
Amida Buddha, 107n140, 115n211. *See also* dreams, Amida Buddha
aoi (*afuhi*) shrub, 7, 92n31
Ariwara Middle Captain Collection. See *Tales of Ise*
Ariwara no Narihira, 6, 91nn23, 24,25, 93n40

Bai Juyi, 99n86
Baishi, Princess, 111n167
barriers (*seki*), 7, 92n32; Barrier Temple (Sekidera), 95n50; Fuwa, 9; Kiyomi, 7, 10, 93n34; Ōsaka, 10, 50, 94n49, 104n123, 112n117; Yokohashiri, 7, 92n32
blog, xiii
broken pot metaphor, xxviii
brother (of author). *See* Sugawara no Sadayoshi
Buddhism, xvii–iii. *See also* Amida Buddha; Kannon worship; *Lotus Sutra*
Byōdōin. *See* Uji villa

calligraphy, 12, 16, 97n65
capital, the, xxviii, xx, 1; capital birds, 91nn24,25; East Country contrast and, 87n20, 92n30
cat (adopted as pet), 16–17, 19, 99n85
children (of author), xxiv, xxix, 49, 51, 58, 62, 63, 112n169, 114n191
child's viewpoint, xviii–xix, 87n21
chokusen wakashū. See imperial anthologies
circulation of literary works in Heian period, xi, xxi–xxii, 89n3, 95n56
counterpoint metaphor, xviii, xxxii
court university, xx
crystal metaphor, xxxii

daughter of provisional major counselor. *See* Fujiwara no Yukinari
diary (*nikki*) literature (in Japanese literary history), xii–xvi
Diary of Anne Frank, The, xiii
Dragon King's daughter, 97n75
dreams, xviii; Amida Buddha, 64, 115n211; cedar of good omen, 54, 57, 63, 113n184; divination of, 63, 115n210; elder sister's dream about cat, 17; prediction of imperial

dreams (*cont.*)
  service, 115n210; "memorize the *Lotus Sutra*," 13; mirror with two reflections, 35; monk's warning at Kiyomizu Temple; 35, musk deer incense bestowal, 50; old friend at court, 60; revelation of past life, 39–40; "worship Amaterasu," 14, 105n130

East Country, xxiii, 1, 29, 32, 33, 36, 62; allusion at diary beginning, 88n1; capital contrast and, 87n20
Emon no Myobu, Lady, xxii, 10, 95n55
ending of diary, 117n216

father (of author). *See* Sugawara no Takasue
female persona (in *Tosa Diary*), xii, xv, 86n10
Fuji, Mount, 7
Fujiwara no Michinaga, xxvi, 96n64
Fujiwara no Michitaka, 69
Fujiwara no Michitsuna's mother (author of *Kagerō Diary*), xii, xvii, xxi, 86n13, 95n54, 104n109
Fujiwara no Nagaie, 96n64
Fujiwara no Norimichi, 69, 108n151
Fujiwara no Teika, viii, xxv–xxviii, 89n9, 105n131; *Sarashina* manuscript colophon, xxvi
Fujiwara no Yorimichi, xxiv, 106n137, 108nn151,153, 113n180
Fujiwara no Yukinari (provisional major counselor) and his daughter, 96n63, 97n65
furu monogatari. See old tales
Fūyō wakashū (*Collection of Wind-Blown Leaves*, 1271), 100n93

Genji, Shining (character in *Tale of Genji*), xvii, 1, 13, 28, 42
Genji (Tale of). See *Tale of Genji*
genres (blending in Heian period), xv
Genshi, Princess, 69, 106n137, 108n151, 109n157

Goshūishū (*Later Collection of Gleanings*, 1086), xxii, 87n25
Great Festival of Thanksgiving, 50, 112n173
Great Purification, 50, 112n173
Gyokuyōshū (*Collection of Jeweled Leaves*, 1313), 94n42, 114n194

Hahaso Forest, 57, 81, 113n189
Hakase no Myōbu, 42, 53, 113n183
Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari. See *Tale of the Hamamatsu Chūnagon*
Hamana Bridge, 8, 93n38
Hase Temple. *See* Hatsuse Temple
Hatsuse Temple, *xxv*, *33*, 35, 50, *55*, 57, 63, 81, 104n123, 108n149, 112n174
Healing Buddha, xvii, 1, 89n4; conflation with Amida Buddha, 116n211
Hexagonal Hall (Rokkakudō, Chōhōji), *xxi*, 14, *15*, 98n81
Higashiyama record, 23–27, 103n111
Hitachi (province of), xx, xxiii, 81, 88n1, 104n118, 122
Hōshō Temple, 52, 112n177
husband of author. *See* Tachibana no Toshimichi

Ienaga Saburō, xxx
Ikeda Kikan, xxx
imagination and life, xxviii–xxvix
imperial anthologies, viii, xii, xiv, xxii, xxiv, xxv, xxvi. *See also under* specific titles; *Goshūishū*; *Gyokuyōshū*; *Kokinshū*; *Shinchokusenshū*; *Shinkokinshū*; *Shinshūishū*; *Shokugosenshū*; *Shokusenzaishū*; *Shūishū*
Inaga Keiji, 88n36, 102n103
Inari Shrine, 54, 63, 81, 113n184
intertextuality, xxxii, 86n16, 103n110
Ise monogatari. See *Tales of Ise*
Ishiyama Temple, 33, 50, 56, 81, 103n110, 104n123
Isonokami Shrine, *45*, 53, *54*, 81, 113n182

Izumi province, xxiv, 60, 82, 114n201
Izumi Shikibu, xii, xvi, xxii
Izumi Shikibu Diary, xii, xvi, 86n6, 86n14

Kabane tazunuru miya. See *Prince Who Sought the Remains of His Beloved*
Kagerō Diary, xii, xvi, xxi, xxix, 85n4, 86n13, 87n24; critique of tales, xvii; allusions to, 103n110, 104n119
Kannon worship, 104n123,112n174
Kaoru (Uji Captain, character in *Tale of Genji*), 14, 98n77
Kazusa (province of), xviii, xxi, xxiii, 82, 87n25
Kazusa no Taifu. *See* stepmother (of author)
Ki no Tsurayuki, xii, xv, xvi, 89n6, 102n106
Kiyomizu Temple, 33, *34*, 39, 40, *40*, 82, 104n123, 107n140
Kokinrokujō (*Six Quires of Ancient and Modern Poems*), 88n1
Kokinshū (*Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems*), vii, xxvi, 90n15, 91n24, 93nn36,39, 102n106, 107n142, 114n199, 116n213
Kōryū Temple. *See* Uzumasa Temple
Kurama Temple, 33, *33*, *34*, 55, *56*, 82, 104n123

literary (definition), xv
literary Chinese, xiii, 86n8
Lotus Sutra, xviii, 13, 97n75, 109n157

Makura no sōshi. See *Pillow Book*
Matsura no miya monogatari. See *Tale of Matsura*
meaning/meta-meaning, xix, xxx–xxxii
Michitsuna's mother. *See* Fujiwara no Michitsuna's mother
Minamoto no Sukemichi, xxiv, xxvi, 110n164
Minamoto no Tamenori, 88n40
monogatari. See tale literature
mother (of author), xxi, xxiii, 10, 12, 19, 33, 35, 38, 39, 69; relation to *Kagerō Diary* author, xxi
Murasaki (character in *Tale of Genji* and source of nickname for *Genji* author), 113n179
murasaki no yukari. See purple affinity
Murasaki Shikibu, xii, xvi, xvii, xxii, xxix, 107n143, 109n155, 114n200
Murasaki Shikibu's daughter, xxii
Murasaki Shikibu Diary, xii, xvii, xxii, xxix, 107n143, 108n154, 109n155
Musashi (province), 3, 5, 82

Nakatsukasashū, 94n43
Nara Slopes, 33, 54, 57, 104n123, 113n181
Narihira. *See* Ariwara no Narihira
nephews (of author), 20, 64,116n212
nieces (of author), xxiv, 39, 42, 107n147
nikki bungaku. See diary literature
Niou, Prince (character in *Tale of Genji*), 98n77
nuns: author's connection with, xvii; mother's nunhood, xxiii, 38, 106n136; poems to nuns, 22, 27, 36, 65, 101n99, 103n112, 105n131, 117n216
nurse (author's aspiration), 63, 115n210
nurse of author, 3, 11, 16
nurse of author's sister, 20, 21–22, 100nn95,96

Obasuteyama. *See* Old Forsaken Woman Peak
Okinaga Masanori, 9, 94n46
Old Forsaken Woman Peak, 64, 116n213
old tales (*furu monogatari*), xvii
omissions, purposeful, xxix–xxx
opposites juxtaposed, xxxi, 117n216
ornamental stream, 14, *15*, 98n81

paradox, xxviii, xxxi, 98n75
persimmons, 9
personal poetry collections (*shikashū*), xiv–xv

pilgrimages, xviii, xix, xxiv, 28, 33, 40, 42, 49, 58, 62, 63; to Hatsuse Temple, 33, 35, 50–55, 57–58; to Ishiyama Temple, 33, 50; to Kiyomizu, 33, 39–40; to Kurama, 33, 55–56; proxy (by monk), 35, 63
Pillow Book (of Sei Shōnagon), xii, xxii, 85n5, 92n2, 95n52, 96n56, 99n85, 101n101, 102n107, 113n186
poetic place names. See *utamakura*
Prince Who Sought the Remains of His Beloved, 20, 21, 100nn93,96
Princess of the First Rank. *See* Teishi, Princess
promotions, annual, 7–8, 22, 101n101
provincial governor, xx–xxi, xxiii, xxiv
provisional major counselor. *See* Fujiwara Yukinari
purple affinity (*murasaki no yukari*), 12, 97n68
purple gromwell (*murasaki*), 3

reading and writing (in author's life), xvi–xvii, xxix–xxx
residences of author, xxi, xxiii, 36, 87n33, 95nn52,53, 106n134
Rokkakudō. *See* Hexagonal Hall
Ryōzen Temple, 23

Sambōe (*The Three Jewels*), xxxi
Sanjō In Residence, 95n52
Sanjō Palace, 10, 95n52
Sanjō Princess. *See* Shūshi, Princess
Sarashina (place name and old poem), 116n213
Sarashina Diary, content choice, xxvii–xxx; defining features, xviii–xix; diary literature and, xii–xvi; structure, xxxi–xxxii; textual history, xxv–xviii
screen painting, 6, 92n26
self-writing, xiii
Sei Shōnagon, xii, xvi, xxii
Seishi, Princess (Umetsubo Pavilion Consort), 108n151
Sekidera (Barrier Temple). *See* barriers
shikashū. See personal poetry collection
Shinano province, xxiv, 115n205, 116n213
Shinchokusenshū (*New Imperial Collection*, 1235), 25
Shinkokinshū (*New Collection of Ancient and Modern Poems*, 1205), xii, xxiv, xxv, xxvii, 110n160
Shinshūishū (*New Collection of Gleanings*, 1364), 106n135, 113n187
Shintō, xviii, 105n130
Shirayama, 58, 83, 114n193
Shokugosenshū (*Later Collection Continued*, 1235), 113n190
Shokusenzaishū (*Collection of a Thousand Years Continued*, 1320), 98n79
Shūishū (*Collection of Gleanings*, 1005–1011), xxii, 96n60, 97nn66,67
Shūshi, Princess (Sanjō Princess), xxii, 95nn52,55,56
sister (of author), xxi, xxii, 1, 16–17, 18, 19–22, 99n88, 100n89
Song of Lasting Regret (*Bai Juyi,* Chang heng ge), 17, 99n86
stepmother (of author), xxi–xxii, xxvi, 1, 10, 21, 96nn58,60, 101n98; sobriquet, Kazusa no Taifu, 28, 103nn115,116; poem in imperial anthology, xxii, 103n115
Suetsumuhana (character in *Tale of Genji*), 117n215
Sugawara no Michizane, xi, xx, xxix
Sugawara no Sadayoshi (brother of author), xx, xxiv, 3, 22, 51, 90n12, 101n98, 114n201
Sugawara no Takasue (author's father), xx–xxi, xxiii, xxvi, 12, 19, 22, 28, 29, 32–33, 36–39
Sugawara no Takasue no Musume: acquisition of books, xii, 1, 10, 12–13; birth year, 89n5; conflicting perceptions of, xxx; children, xxiv, xxix, 49, 51, 58, 62, 63, 112n169, 114n191; court career and experiences, xxiii–xxiv, xxvi, 38–39, 42–45, 59–60; desire for tales, xvii, 1,

10, 12–13, 17–18, 28–29, 41–42, 63; fiction authorship, xxvii, xxix–xxx; first love possibility, 23–25; first poem in imperial anthology, xxii, xxiv, xxvii, 46, 110n160; identification with Ukifune, xvii, 14, 28, 88n1, 98n77; marriage, xxiv, xxix, 107n144; Minamoto no Sukemichi encounter, 45–49; name and family background, xix–xxii; poems in imperial anthologies, 94n42, 98n79, 106n135, 110n160, 113nn187,190, 114n195; synopsis of life, xxiii–xxv

Sugawara no Tamenaga, xxvii

Sumiyoshi, 61, 115n203

Tachibana no Toshimichi (husband of author), xxiv, xxvi, 51, 62, 108n147, 112n175; death of, 63

Takeshiba legend, 4–5, 91n22

Takashina no Nariyuki, xxii

Takasue no Musume. *See* Sugawara no Takasue no Musume

Taketori monogatari. See *Tale of the Bamboo Cutter*

Tale of the Bamboo Cutter (*Taketori monogatari*), 99n88

Tale of Genji, xv, xvi, xx, xxii, xxiii, 1, 13, 104n117, 109n159; allusions to, in *Sarashina Diary*; 88n1, 96n62, 106n134, 110nn161,162,163, 111n166, 113n179, 115n204, 117n215; “fifty-odd chapters,” 13; *Kagerō Diary, Sarashina Diary* interrelationship and, xvii; *murasaki* (purple) affinity, 12, 97n68; names of female characters, xx; Sugawara no Michizane’s poetry and, xx, xxix; Teika manuscript, xxvi. *See also* specific character names; Kaoru; Murasaki; Niou; Genji; Suetsumuhana; Ukifune; Yūgao

Tale of the Hamamatsu Chūnagon (*Hamamatsu Chūnagon monogatari*), xxvii, xxix, 88n36

tale literature (*monogatari*), xv, xxiv, xxvii; old tales (*furu monogatari*), xvii; pejorative attitude toward, xxxi

Tale of Matsura (*Matsura no miya monogatari*), xxvii

Tale of Nezame (*Yowa no nezame*), xxvii, xxix

Tales of Ise (*Ise monogatari*), xxvi, 91n24, 93n40: as *Ariwara Middle Captain Collection*, 6, 13

Tales of Yamato (*Yamato monogatari*), 116n213

Tamai Kōsuke, xxvii, xxviii

Tanabata, 99n87

Teishi (Princess of the First Rank), 95n52, 98n80

Teishi, Empress, xxii, 95n52, 96n56, 99n85, 112n176

Three Jewels, The. See *Sambōe*

Tosa Diary (Tosa nikki), xii, xiii, xv, xvi, 85n3

Uji and Uji River, 42, 52, 55, 83

Uji Captain. *See* Kaoru

Uji Villa (Byōdōin), 52, *53*, 113n180

Ukifune (character in the *Tale of Genji*), xvii, 14, 28, 52, 88n1; commonalities with Takasue no Musume, 98n77

utamakura (poem pillow), 90n15; Ashigara as, 92n28; Hamana Bridge as, 93n38; Kiyomi Barrier as, 93n34; Mount Fuji as, 92n33; Musashino as, 90n15; Saya no Nakayama as, 93n37; Shikasuga Ford as, 94n43; Tago Bay as, 93n36; Yatsuhashi as, 93n40; Ōsaka Barrier as, 94n49

Uzumasa Temple (Kōryū Temple), 12, *13*, 30, *31*, 59, 97n69

veranda, Heian residence architecture, *45*

waka (form of Japanese verse), xiv, xv, xvi, xxv, 86n12; “broken back” fault, 30, 104n120

winter scenery, aesthetic appreciation of, 110n163

women entertainers, 92n29; Ashigara episode, 6–7; Nogami episode, 9; Takahama episode, 61
wordplay on place names, 89nn6,7

Yamato monogatari. See *Tales of Yamato*
Yatsuhashi, 8, 83
Yoshiyori, Guard Commander, 51, 112n176
Yowa no nezame monogatari. See *Tale of Nezame*
Yūgao (character in *Tale of Genji*), 13, 98n76

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ASIAN CLASSICS

Major Plays of Chikamatsu, tr. Donald Keene 1961
Four Major Plays of Chikamatsu, tr. Donald Keene. Paperback ed. only. 1961; rev. ed. 1997
Records of the Grand Historian of China, translated from the Shih chi of Ssu-ma Ch'ien, tr. Burton Watson, 2 vols. 1961
Instructions for Practical Living and Other Neo-Confucian Writings by Wang Yang-ming, tr. Wing-tsit Chan 1963
Hsün Tzu: Basic Writings, tr. Burton Watson, paperback ed. only. 1963; rev. ed. 1996
Chuang Tzu: Basic Writings, tr. Burton Watson, paperback ed. only. 1964; rev. ed. 1996
The Mahābhārata, tr. Chakravarthi V. Narasimhan. Also in paperback ed. 1965; rev. ed. 1997
The Manyōshū, Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkōkai edition 1965
Su Tung-p'o: Selections from a Sung Dynasty Poet, tr. Burton Watson. Also in paperback ed. 1965
Bhartrihari: Poems, tr. Barbara Stoler Miller. Also in paperback ed. 1967
Basic Writings of Mo Tzu, Hsün Tzu, and Han Fei Tzu, tr. Burton Watson. Also in separate paperback eds. 1967
The Awakening of Faith, Attributed to Aśvaghosha, tr. Yoshito S. Hakeda. Also in paperback ed. 1967
Reflections on Things at Hand: The Neo-Confucian Anthology, comp. Chu Hsi and Lü Tsu-ch'ien, tr. Wing-tsit Chan 1967
The Platform Sutra of the Sixth Patriarch, tr. Philip B. Yampolsky. Also in paperback ed. 1967
Essays in Idleness: The Tsurezuregusa of Kenkō, tr. Donald Keene. Also in paperback ed. 1967
The Pillow Book of Sei Shōnagon, tr. Ivan Morris, 2 vols. 1967
Two Plays of Ancient India: The Little Clay Cart and the Minister's Seal, tr. J. A. B. van Buitenen 1968
The Complete Works of Chuang Tzu, tr. Burton Watson 1968
The Romance of the Western Chamber (*Hsi Hsiang Chi*), tr. S. I. Hsiung. Also in paperback ed. 1968
The Manyōshū, Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkōkai edition. Paperback ed. only. 1969
Records of the Historian: Chapters from the Shih chi of Ssu-ma Ch'ien, tr. Burton Watson. Paperback ed. only. 1969
Cold Mountain: 100 Poems by the T'ang Poet Han-shan, tr. Burton Watson. Also in paperback ed. 1970
Twenty Plays of the Nō Theatre, ed. Donald Keene. Also in paperback ed. 1970
Chūshingura: The Treasury of Loyal Retainers, tr. Donald Keene. Also in paperback ed. 1971; rev. ed. 1997
The Zen Master Hakuin: Selected Writings, tr. Philip B. Yampolsky 1971
Chinese Rhyme-Prose: Poems in the Fu Form from the Han and Six Dynasties Periods, tr. Burton Watson. Also in paperback ed. 1971
Kūkai: Major Works, tr. Yoshito S. Hakeda. Also in paperback ed. 1972
The Old Man Who Does as He Pleases: Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Lu Yu, tr. Burton Watson 1973
The Lion's Roar of Queen Śrīmālā, tr. Alex and Hideko Wayman 1974
Courtier and Commoner in Ancient China: Selections from the History of the Former Han by Pan Ku, tr. Burton Watson. Also in paperback ed. 1974
Japanese Literature in Chinese, vol. 1: *Poetry and Prose in Chinese by Japanese Writers of the Early Period*, tr. Burton Watson 1975
Japanese Literature in Chinese, vol. 2: *Poetry and Prose in Chinese by Japanese Writers of the Later Period*, tr. Burton Watson 1976
Love Song of the Dark Lord: Jayadeva's Gītagovinda, tr. Barbara Stoler Miller. Also in paperback ed. Cloth ed. includes critical text of the Sanskrit. 1977; rev. ed. 1997
Ryōkan: Zen Monk-Poet of Japan, tr. Burton Watson 1977

Calming the Mind and Discerning the Real: From the Lam rim chen mo of Tsoṇ-kha-pa, tr. Alex Wayman 1978

The Hermit and the Love-Thief: Sanskrit Poems of Bhartrihari and Bilhaṇa, tr. Barbara Stoler Miller 1978

The Lute: Kao Ming's P'i-p'a chi, tr. Jean Mulligan. Also in paperback ed. 1980

A Chronicle of Gods and Sovereigns: Jinnō Shōtōki of Kitabatake Chikafusa, tr. H. Paul Varley 1980

Among the Flowers: The Hua-chien chi, tr. Lois Fusek 1982

Grass Hill: Poems and Prose by the Japanese Monk Gensei, tr. Burton Watson 1983

Doctors, Diviners, and Magicians of Ancient China: Biographies of Fang-shih, tr. Kenneth J. DeWoskin. Also in paperback ed. 1983

Theater of Memory: The Plays of Kālidāsa, ed. Barbara Stoler Miller. Also in paperback ed. 1984

The Columbia Book of Chinese Poetry: From Early Times to the Thirteenth Century, ed. and tr. Burton Watson. Also in paperback ed. 1984

Poems of Love and War: From the Eight Anthologies and the Ten Long Poems of Classical Tamil, tr. A. K. Ramanujan. Also in paperback ed. 1985

The Bhagavad Gita: Krishna's Counsel in Time of War, tr. Barbara Stoler Miller 1986

The Columbia Book of Later Chinese Poetry, ed. and tr. Jonathan Chaves. Also in paperback ed. 1986

The Tso Chuan: Selections from China's Oldest Narrative History, tr. Burton Watson 1989

Waiting for the Wind: Thirty-Six Poets of Japan's Late Medieval Age, tr. Steven Carter 1989

Selected Writings of Nichiren, ed. Philip B. Yampolsky 1990

Saigyō, Poems of a Mountain Home, tr. Burton Watson 1990

The Book of Lieh Tzu: A Classic of the Tao, tr. A. C. Graham. Morningside ed. 1990

The Tale of an Anklet: An Epic of South India—The Cilappatikāram of Iḷaṇkō Aṭikaḷ, tr. R. Parthasarathy 1993

Waiting for the Dawn: A Plan for the Prince, tr. with introduction by Wm. Theodore de Bary 1993

Yoshitsune and the Thousand Cherry Trees: A Masterpiece of the Eighteenth-Century Japanese Puppet Theater, tr., annotated, and with introduction by Stanleigh H. Jones Jr. 1993

The Lotus Sutra, tr. Burton Watson. Also in paperback ed. 1993

The Classic of Changes: A New Translation of the I Ching as Interpreted by Wang Bi, tr. Richard John Lynn 1994

Beyond Spring: Tz'u Poems of the Sung Dynasty, tr. Julie Landau 1994

The Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature, ed. Victor H. Mair 1994

Scenes for Mandarins: The Elite Theater of the Ming, tr. Cyril Birch 1995

Letters of Nichiren, ed. Philip B. Yampolsky; tr. Burton Watson et al. 1996

Unforgotten Dreams: Poems by the Zen Monk Shōtetsu, tr. Steven D. Carter 1997

The Vimalakirti Sutra, tr. Burton Watson 1997

Japanese and Chinese Poems to Sing: The Wakan rōei shū, tr. J. Thomas Rimer and Jonathan Chaves 1997

Breeze Through Bamboo: Kanshi of Ema Saikō, tr. Hiroaki Sato 1998

A Tower for the Summer Heat, by Li Yu, tr. Patrick Hanan 1998

Traditional Japanese Theater: An Anthology of Plays, by Karen Brazell 1998

The Original Analects: Sayings of Confucius and His Successors (0479–0249), by E. Bruce Brooks and A. Taeko Brooks 1998

The Classic of the Way and Virtue: A New Translation of the Tao-te ching of Laozi as Interpreted by Wang Bi, tr. Richard John Lynn 1999

The Four Hundred Songs of War and Wisdom: An Anthology of Poems from Classical Tamil, The Puṛanāṇūṛu, ed. and tr. George L. Hart and Hank Heifetz 1999

Original Tao: Inward Training (Nei-yeh) *and the Foundations of Taoist Mysticism*, by Harold D. Roth 1999

Po Chü-i: Selected Poems, tr. Burton Watson 2000

Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching: *A Translation of the Startling New Documents Found at Guodian*, by Robert G. Henricks 2000

The Shorter Columbia Anthology of Traditional Chinese Literature, ed. Victor H. Mair 2000

Mistress and Maid (Jiaohongji), by Meng Chengshun, tr. Cyril Birch 2001

Chikamatsu: Five Late Plays, tr. and ed. C. Andrew Gerstle 2001

The Essential Lotus: Selections from the Lotus Sutra, tr. Burton Watson 2002

Early Modern Japanese Literature: An Anthology, 1600–1900, ed. Haruo Shirane 2002; abridged 2008

The Columbia Anthology of Traditional Korean Poetry, ed. Peter H. Lee 2002

The Sound of the Kiss, or The Story That Must Never Be Told: Pingali Suranna's Kalapurnodayamu, tr. Vecheru Narayana Rao and David Shulman 2003

The Selected Poems of Du Fu, tr. Burton Watson 2003

Far Beyond the Field: Haiku by Japanese Women, tr. Makoto Ueda 2003

Just Living: Poems and Prose by the Japanese Monk Tonna, ed. and tr. Steven D. Carter 2003

Han Feizi: Basic Writings, tr. Burton Watson 2003

Mozi: Basic Writings, tr. Burton Watson 2003

Xunzi: Basic Writings, tr. Burton Watson 2003

Zhuangzi: Basic Writings, tr. Burton Watson 2003

The Awakening of Faith, Attributed to Aśvaghosha, tr. Yoshito S. Hakeda, introduction by Ryūichi Abé 2005

The Tales of the Heike, tr. Burton Watson, ed. Haruo Shirane 2006

Tales of Moonlight and Rain, by Ueda Akinari, tr. with introduction by Anthony H. Chambers 2007

Traditional Japanese Literature: An Anthology, Beginnings to 1600, ed. Haruo Shirane 2007

The Philosophy of Qi, by Kaibara Ekken, tr. Mary Evelyn Tucker 2007

The Analects of Confucius, tr. Burton Watson 2007

The Art of War: Sun Zi's Military Methods, tr. Victor Mair 2007

One Hundred Poets, One Poem Each: A Translation of the Ogura Hyakunin Isshu, tr. Peter McMillan 2008

Zeami: Performance Notes, tr. Tom Hare 2008

Zongmi on Chan, tr. Jeffrey Lyle Broughton 2009

Scripture of the Lotus Blossom of the Fine Dharma, rev. ed., tr. Leon Hurvitz, preface and introduction by Stephen R. Teiser 2009

Mencius, tr. Irene Bloom, ed. with an introduction by Philip J. Ivanhoe 2009

Clouds Thick, Whereabouts Unknown: Poems by Zen Monks of China, Charles Egan 2010

The Mozi: A Complete Translation, tr. Ian Johnston 2010

The Huainanzi: A Guide to the Theory and Practice of Government in Early Han China, by Liu An, tr. and ed. John S. Major, Sarah A. Queen, Andrew Seth Meyer, and Harold D. Roth, with Michael Puett and Judson Murray 2010

The Demon at Agi Bridge and Other Japanese Tales, tr. Burton Watson, ed. with introduction by Haruo Shirane 2011

Haiku Before Haiku: From the Renga Masters to Bashō, tr. with introduction by Steven D. Carter 2011

The Columbia Anthology of Chinese Folk and Popular Literature, ed. Victor H. Mair and Mark Bender 2011

Tamil Love Poetry: The Five Hundred Short Poems of the Aiṅkuṟunūṟu, tr. and ed. Martha Ann Selby 2011

The Teachings of Master Wuzhu: Zen and Religion of No-Religion, by Wendi L. Adamek 2011

The Essential Huainanzi, by Liu An, tr. and ed. John S. Major, Sarah A. Queen, Andrew Seth Meyer, and Harold D. Roth 2012

The Dao of the Military: Liu An's Art of War, tr. Andrew Seth Meyer 2012

Unearthing the Changes: Recently Discovered Manuscripts of the Yi Jing *(*I Ching*) and Related Texts*, Edward L. Shaughnessy 2013

Record of Miraculous Events in Japan: The Nihon ryōiki, tr. Burton Watson 2013

The Complete Works of Zhuangzi, tr. Burton Watson 2013

Lust, Commerce, and Corruption: An Account of What I Have Seen and Heard, *by an Edo Samurai*, tr. and ed. Mark Teeuwen and Kate Wildman Nakai with Miyazaki Fumiko, Anne Walthall, and John Breen 2014; abridged 2017

Exemplary Women of Early China: The Lienü zhuan *of Liu Xiang*, tr. Anne Behnke Kinney 2014

The Columbia Anthology of Yuan Drama, ed. C. T. Hsia, Wai-yee Li, and George Kao 2014
The Resurrected Skeleton: From Zhuangzi to Lu Xun, by Wilt L. Idema 2014
The Sarashina Diary: *A Woman's Life in Eleventh-Century Japan*, by Sugawara no Takasue no Musume, tr. with introduction by Sonja Arntzen and Itō Moriyuki 2014; reader's edition 2018
The Kojiki*: An Account of Ancient Matters*, by Ō no Yasumaro, tr. Gustav Heldt 2014
The Orphan of Zhao *and Other Yuan Plays: The Earliest Known Versions*, tr. and introduced by Stephen H. West and Wilt L. Idema 2014
Luxuriant Gems of the Spring and Autumn, attributed to Dong Zhongshu, ed. and tr. Sarah A. Queen and John S. Major 2016
A Book to Burn and a Book to Keep (Hidden): Selected Writings, by Li Zhi, ed. and tr. Rivi Handler-Spitz, Pauline Lee, and Haun Saussy 2016
The Shenzi Fragments*: A Philosophical Analysis and Translation*, Eirik Lang Harris 2016
Record of Daily Knowledge *and* Poems and Essays*: Selections*, by Gu Yanwu, tr. and ed. Ian Johnston 2017
The Book of Lord Shang: Apologetics of State Power in Early China, by Shang Yang, ed. and tr. Yuri Pines 2017
The Songs of Chu: An Ancient Anthology of Works by Qu Yuan and Others, ed. and trans. Gopal Sukhu 2017
Ghalib: Selected Poems and Letters, by Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib, tr. Frances W. Pritchett and Owen T. A. Cornwall 2017
Quelling the Demons' Revolt: A Novel from Ming China, attributed to Luo Guanzhong, tr. Patrick Hanan 2017
Erotic Poems from the Sanskrit: A New Translation, R. Parthasarathy 2017
The Book of Swindles: Selections from a Late Ming Collection, by Zhang Yingyu, tr. Christopher G. Rea and Bruce Rusk 2017
Monsters, Animals, and Other Worlds: A Collection of Short Medieval Japanese Tales, ed. R. Keller Kimbrough and Haruo Shirane 2018