

READER 5

97. Things That Give a Clean Feeling

An earthen cup. A new metal bowl.
A rush mat.
The play of the light on water as one pours it into a vessel.
A new wooden chest.

98. Things That Give an Unclean Feeling

A rat's nest.
Someone who is late in washing his hands in the morning.
White snivel, and children who sniffle as they walk.
The containers used for oil.
Little sparrows.³⁸⁴
A person who does not bathe for a long time even though the weather is hot.³⁸⁵
All faded clothes give me an unclean feeling, especially those that have glossy colours.

99. Adorable Things

The face of a child drawn on a melon.³⁸⁶
A baby sparrow that comes hopping up when one imitates the squeak of a mouse;³⁸⁷ or again, when one has tied it with a thread round its leg and its parents bring insects or worms and pop them in its mouth - delightful!
A baby of two or so is crawling rapidly along the ground. With his sharp eyes he catches sight of a tiny object and, picking it up with his pretty little fingers, takes it to show to a grown-up person.
A child, whose hair has been cut like a nun's,³⁸⁸ is examining something; the hair falls over his eyes, but instead of brushing it away he holds his head to the side. The pretty white cords of his trouser-skirt are tied round his shoulders, and this too is most adorable.
A young Palace page, who is still quite small, walks by in ceremonial costume.
One picks up a pretty baby and holds him for a while in one's arms; while one is fondling him, he clings to one's neck and then falls asleep.
The objects used during the Display of Dolls.
One picks up a tiny lotus leaf that is floating on a pond and examines it. Not only lotus leaves, but little hollyhock flowers, and indeed all small things, are most adorable.
An extremely plump baby, who is about a year old and has a lovely white skin, comes crawling towards one, dressed in a long gauze robe of violet with the sleeves tucked up.
A little boy of about eight who reads aloud from a book in his childish voice.
Pretty, white chicks who are still not fully fledged and look as if their clothes are too short for them; cheeping loudly, they follow one on their long legs, or walk close to the mother hen.
Duck eggs.
An urn containing the relics of some holy person.
Wild pinks.

100. Presumptuous Things

A child who has nothing particular to recommend him yet is used to being spoilt by people.
Coughing.
One is about to say something to a person who is obviously embarrassed, but then he speaks first - very strange.
A child of about four, whose parents live near by, comes to one's house and behaves mischievously. He picks up one's things, scatters them about the place, and damages them. As a rule he is held in check and cannot do as he wishes, but, when his mother is with him, he feels that he can assert himself. 'Let me see that, Mama,' he says, tugging at her skirts and pointing to some coveted object. The mother tells him that she is talking to grown-up people and pays no more attention to him, whereupon the child manages to take hold of the object by himself, picks it up, and examines it - oh, how hateful! Instead of snatching the thing from him and hiding it, the mother simply says, 'You naughty child!' Then she adds with a smile, 'You mustn't do that. You'll damage it, you know.' The mother is hateful too. Since it would be unseemly to say anything, one has to sit there in silence, anxiously watching the child.

101. Squalid Things

The back of a piece of embroidery.
The inside of a cat's ear.
A swarm of mice, who still have no fur, when they come wriggling out of their nest.
The seams of a fur robe that has not yet been lined.
Darkness in a place that does not give the impression of being very clean.
A rather unattractive woman who looks after a large brood of children.
A woman who falls ill and remains unwell for a long time. In the mind of her lover, who is not particularly devoted to her, she must appear rather squalid.

102. People Who Seem to Suffer

The nurse looking after a baby who cries at night.
A man with two mistresses who is obliged to see them being bitter and jealous towards each other.
An exorcist who has to deal with an obstinate spirit. He hopes that his incantations will take effect quickly; but often he is disappointed and has to persevere, praying that after all his efforts he will not end up as a laughing-stock.
A woman passionately loved by a man who is absurdly jealous.
The powerful men who serve in the First Place never seem to be at ease though one would imagine that they had a pleasant enough life.
Nervous people.

385 It was customary to bathe every 5 days or so.

388 Shoulder length

104. *Things That One Is in a Hurry to See or to Hear*

Rolled dyeing, uneven shading, and all other forms of dappled dyeing.

When a woman has just had a child, one is in a hurry to find out whether it is a boy or a girl. If she is a lady of quality, one is obviously most curious; but, even if she is a servant or someone else of humble station, one still wants to know.

Early in the morning on the first day of the period of official appointments one is eager to hear whether a certain acquaintance will receive his governorship.

A letter from the man one loves.

109. *Things That are Distant Though Near*

Festivals celebrated near the Palace.⁴⁰⁷

Relations between brothers, sisters, and other members of a family who do not love each other.

The zigzag path leading up to the temple at Kurama.⁴⁰⁸

The last day of the Twelfth Month and the first of the First.

110. *Things That are Near Though Distant*

Paradise.⁴⁰⁹

The course of a boat.⁴¹⁰

Relations between a man and a woman.

126. *Things That Should Be Large*

Priests. Fruit. Houses. Provision bags. Inksticks for inkstones.

Men's eyes: when they are too narrow, they look feminine.⁴⁴⁶

On the other hand, if they were as large as metal bowls, I should find them rather frightening.

Round braziers. Winter cherries.⁴⁴⁷ Pine trees. The petals of yellow roses.

Horses as well as oxen should be large.

127. *Things That Should Be Short*

A piece of thread when one wants to sew something in a hurry.

A lamp stand.

The hair of a woman of the lower classes should be neat and short.

The speech of a young girl.

128. *Nothing Annoys Me So Much*

Nothing annoys me so much as someone who arrives at a ceremony in a shabby, poorly decorated carriage. It is not so bad if the person has come to hear a sermon with the aim of clearing himself of sin; but even then a very inelegant carriage is bound to make a bad effect.

At the Kamo Festival, of course, such negligence is quite inexcusable. Yet there are people who actually attend the ceremony in carriages where plain white robes have been hung up instead of the proper blinds. Even when one has carefully equipped one's carriage in honour of the great day, making sure that the blinds and other fittings are exactly right, and has set out for the ceremony confident that one presents a fairly elegant appearance to the world, it is most unpleasant to see a near-by carriage that is superior to one's own, and one wonders why it had to appear at just that place. How much more galling must it be for someone who is travelling in a really shabby carriage!

At the time of the Festival, when the carriages of the young noblemen go up and down the avenue, it really makes one's heart pound with excitement if one of them pushes its way between the others and stops close to one's own. I remember one year when, wishing to be sure of a good view, I hurried my servants and set out early in the morning. As a result I had to wait a long time for the procession to arrive. The suffocating heat added to my impatience, and I moved about restlessly in my carriage. I was just standing up to stretch myself when I saw a group of about eight carriages moving quickly along the avenue, one directly behind the other. They came from the direction of the High Priestess's palace and the passengers were senior courtiers, Assistant Officials of the Emperor's Private Office, Controllers, Minor Counsellors, and other gentlemen who were to attend the High Priestess's banquet as extra guests. It was a delightful surprise to find that things had already started.

The senior courtiers ordered that dishes of watered rice be served to some of the more distinguished outriders at the head of the procession. Servants came down to the galleries, and held the horses by the bridles. Then those of the outriders whose fathers were important men partook of the watered rice. It was a pleasant scene, but I felt rather sorry for the lesser riders.

When the High Priestess's palanquin was carried along the avenue, I enjoyed seeing how all the people pulled down the blinds of their carriages, hastily raising them as soon as the High Priestess had passed.

Now a carriage came and stood directly in front of mine. I complained bitterly, but the attendants paid no attention and simply said, 'Why shouldn't we stay here?' Not knowing how to argue with such men, I sent a message to the owner of the carriage. It was really rather an amusing situation.⁴⁴⁸

Although the carriages were already squeezed together tightly

410 Boats were considered speedier than land transportation.

448 Traffic jams like this were common at Heian processions and ceremonies.

new ones kept arriving. The passengers were people of high rank, accompanied by numerous attendants who travelled in carriages behind them. I was wondering how they could possibly find room when I saw the outriders leap off their horses and briskly force the other carriages to move back. I was most impressed by the way in which they managed to get their masters' carriages, and then those of the attendants, into the spaces that had been cleared; but it was rather pathetic to observe the owners of the simple carriages as they harnessed their oxen and jogged along, looking for some new place. The grander carriages, of course, could not be treated in such a cavalier fashion.

Though there were many splendid carriages in the crowd, I also noticed quite a few that had an ugly, rustic look and whose humble occupants were forever summoning their servants and giving them their babies to hold.

143. *To Feel That One is Disliked by Others*

To feel that one is disliked by others is surely one of the saddest things in the world, and no one, however foolish, could wish such a thing on himself. Yet everywhere, whether it be in the Palace or at home in the bosom of the family, there are some people who are naturally liked and others who are not.

Not only among people of good birth, where it goes without saying, but even among commoners, children who are adored by their parents naturally attract the attention of outsiders, and everyone makes a great fuss over them. If they are attractive children, it is only natural that their parents should dote on them. How could it be otherwise? But, if the children have nothing particular to recommend them, one can only assume that such devotion comes merely from the fact of being parents.

I imagine that there can be nothing so delightful as to be loved by everyone - one's parents, one's master, and all the people with whom one is on close terms.

144. *Men Really Have Strange Emotions*

Men really have strange emotions and behave in the most bizarre ways. Sometimes a man will leave a very pretty woman to marry an ugly one. Surely a gentleman who frequents the Palace should choose as his love the prettiest girl of good family he can find. Though she may be of such high standing that he cannot hope to make her his wife, he should, if he is really impressed by the girl, languish for her unto death.

Sometimes, too, a man will become so fascinated by a girl of whom he has heard favourable reports that he will do everything in his power to marry her even though they have never even met.

I do not understand how a man can possibly love a girl whom other people, even those of her own sex, find ugly.⁴⁶⁹

I remember a certain woman who was both attractive and good-natured and who furthermore had excellent hand-writing. Yet when she sent a beautifully written poem to the man of her choice, he replied with some pretentious jottings and did not even bother to visit her. She wept endearingly, but he was indifferent and went to see another woman instead. Everyone, even people who were not directly concerned, felt indignant about this callous behaviour, and the woman's family was much grieved. The man himself, however, showed not the slightest pity.

145. *Sympathy is the Most Splendid of All Qualities*

Sympathy is the most splendid of all qualities. This is especially true when it is found in men, but it also applies to women. Compassionate remarks, of the type 'How sad for you!' to someone who has suffered a misfortune or 'I can imagine what he must be feeling' about a man who has had some sorrow, are bound to give pleasure, however casual and perfunctory they may be. If one's remark is addressed to someone else and repeated to the sufferer, it is even more effective than if one makes it directly. The unhappy person will never forget one's kindness and will be anxious to let one know how it has moved him.

If it is someone who is close to one and who expects sympathetic inquiries, he will not be especially pleased, since he is merely receiving his due; but a friendly remark passed on to less intimate people is certain to give pleasure. This all sounds simple enough, yet hardly anyone seems to bother. Altogether it seems as if men and women with good heads rarely have good hearts. Yet I suppose there must be some who are both clever and kind.

146. *It is Absurd of People to Get Angry*

It is absurd of people to get angry because one has gossiped about them. How can anyone be so simple as to believe that he is free to find fault with others while his own foibles are passed over in silence? Yet when someone hears that he has been discussed unfavourably he is always outraged, and this I find most unattractive.

If I am really close to someone, I realize that it would be hurting to speak badly about him and when the opportunity for gossip arises I hold my peace. In all other cases, however, I freely speak my mind and make everyone laugh.

147. Features That I Particularly Like

Features that I particularly like in someone's face continue to give a thrill of delight however often I see the person. With pictures it is different. If I look at them too often, they cease to attract me; indeed, I never so much as glance at the beautiful paintings on the screen that stands near my usual seat.

There is something really fascinating about beautiful faces. Though an object such as a vase or a fan may be ugly in general, there is always one particular part that one can gaze at with pleasure. One would expect this to apply to faces also; but, alas, there is nothing to recommend an ugly face.

148. Pleasing Things

Finding a large number of tales that one has not read before. Or acquiring the second volume of a tale whose first volume one has enjoyed. But often it is a disappointment.

Someone has torn up a letter and thrown it away. Picking up the pieces, one finds that many of them can be fitted together.

One has had an upsetting dream and wonders what it can mean. In great anxiety one consults a dream-interpreter, who informs one that it has no special significance.

A person of quality is holding forth about something in the past or about a recent event that is being widely discussed. Several people are gathered round him, but it is oneself that he keeps looking at as he talks.

A person who is very dear to one has fallen ill. One is miserably worried about him even if he lives in the capital and far more so if he is in some remote part of the country. What a pleasure to be told that he has recovered!

I am most pleased when I hear someone I love being praised or being mentioned approvingly by an important person.

A poem that someone has composed for a special occasion or written to another person in reply is widely praised and copied by people in their notebooks. Though this is something that has never yet happened to me, I can imagine how pleasing it must be.

A person with whom one is not especially intimate refers to an old poem or story that is unfamiliar. Then one hears it being mentioned by someone else and one has the pleasure of recognizing it. Still later, when one comes across it in a book, one thinks, 'Ah, this is it!' and feels delighted with the person who first brought it up.

I feel very pleased when I have acquired some Michinoku paper, or some white, decorated paper, or even plain paper if it is nice and white.

A person in whose company one feels awkward asks one to supply the opening or closing line of a poem. If one happens to recall it, one is very pleased. Yet often on such occasions one completely forgets something that one would normally know.

I look for an object that I need at once, and I find it. Or again, there is a book that I must see immediately; I turn everything upside down, and there it is. What a joy!

When one is competing in an object match⁴⁷⁰ (it does not matter what kind), how can one help being pleased at winning?

I greatly enjoy taking in someone who is pleased with himself and who has a self-confident look, especially if he is a man. It is amusing to observe him as he alertly waits for my next repartee; but it is also interesting if he tries to put me off my guard by

adopting an air of calm indifference as if there were not a thought in his head.

I realize that it is very sinful of me, but I cannot help being pleased when someone I dislike has a bad experience.

It is a great pleasure when the ornamental comb that one has ordered turns out to be pretty.

I am more pleased when something nice happens to a person I love than when it happens to myself.

Entering the Empress's room and finding that ladies-in-waiting are crowded round her in a tight group, I go next to a pillar which is some distance from where she is sitting. What a delight it is when Her Majesty summons me to her side so that all the others have to make way!

470 Like a matching game.

172. *I Cannot Bear Men to Eat*

I cannot bear men to eat when they come to visit ladies-in-waiting in the Palace. I also object to women who offer food to their male guests. Sometimes these women become quite insistent and say they will do nothing until the man has eaten. In such cases he is bound to give in; after all, he cannot very well put his hand in front of his mouth or turn his head the other way with a look of disgust. For my part, even if a man arrived very late and very drunk, I should never offer him so much as a bowl of watered rice. If he thinks I am heartless and decides not to repeat his visit – well then, let him stay away!

Of course, if I am at home and one of the maids brings my visitor something from the kitchen, there is nothing I can do about it. Yet I find this just as disagreeable.

173. *It Is Very Annoying*

It is very annoying, when one has visited Hase Temple and has retired into one's enclosure, to be disturbed by a herd of common people who come and sit outside in a row, crowded so close together that the tails of their robes fall over each other in utter disarray. I remember that once I was overcome by a great desire to go on a pilgrimage. Having made my way up the log steps, deafened by the fearful roar of the river,⁵⁶¹ I hurried into my enclosure, longing to gaze upon the sacred countenance of Buddha. To my dismay I found that a throng of commoners had settled themselves directly in front of me, where they were incessantly standing up, prostrating themselves, and squatting down again. They looked like so many basket-worms as they crowded together in their hideous clothes, leaving hardly an inch of space between themselves and me. I really felt like pushing them all over sideways.

Important visitors always have attendants to clear such pests from their enclosures; but it is not so easy for ordinary people like me. If one summons one of the priests who is responsible for looking after the pilgrims, he simply says something like 'You there, move back a little, won't you?' and, as soon as he has left, things are as bad as before.

174. *The Way in Which Carpenters Eat*

The way in which carpenters eat is really odd. When they had finished the main building and were working on the eastern wing, some carpenters squatted in a row to have their meal; I sat on the veranda and watched them. The moment the food was brought, they fell on the soup bowls and gulped down the contents. Then they pushed the bowls aside and finished off all the vegetables. I wondered whether they were going to leave their rice; a moment later there wasn't a grain left in the bowls.⁵⁶² They all behaved in exactly the same way, so I suppose this must be the custom of carpenters. I should not call it a very charming one.

183. *Things That are Unpleasant to See*

Someone in a robe whose back seam is crooked.

People who wear their clothes with the collars pulled back.

A High Court Noble's carriage that has dirty blinds.

People who insist on bringing out all their children when they receive a visit from someone who rarely comes to see them.

Boys who wear high clogs⁵⁷⁶ with their trouser-skirts. I realize that this is the modern fashion, but I still don't like it.

Women in travelling costumes who walk in a great hurry.⁵⁷⁷

A priest who is acting as a Master of Divination and who wears a paper head-dress⁵⁷⁸ to perform a service of purification.

A thin, ugly woman who has dark skin and wears a wig.

A lean, hirsute man taking a nap in the daytime.⁵⁷⁹ Does it occur to him what a spectacle he is making of himself? Ugly men should sleep only at night, for they cannot be seen in the dark and, besides, most people are in bed themselves. But they should get up at the crack of dawn, so that no one has to see them lying down.⁵⁸⁰

A pretty woman looks even prettier when she gets up after taking a nap on a summer day. But an unattractive woman should avoid such things, for her face will be all puffy and shining and, if she is not lucky, her cheeks will have an ugly, lopsided look. When two people, having taken a nap together in the daytime, wake up and see each other's sleep-swollen faces, how dreary life must seem to them!

A dark-skinned person looks very ugly in an unlined robe of stiff silk. If the robe is scarlet,⁵⁸¹ however, it looks better, even though it is just as transparent. I suppose one of the reasons I do not like ugly women to wear unlined robes is that one can see their navels.

577 Noble people were expected to walk slowly (dignified).

579 Daytime naps were considered lazy.