issues. The jump of fright becomes emotional fear when there is found or thought to exist a threatening object that must be dealt with or escaped from. The blush becomes the emotion of shame when a person connects, in thought, an action he has performed with an unfavorable reaction to himself of some other person.

Physical things from far ends of the earth are physically transported and physically caused to act and react upon one another in the construction of a new object. The miracle of mind is that something similar takes place in experience without physical transport and assembling. Emotion is the moving and cementing force. It selects what is congruous and dyes what is selected with its color, thereby giving qualitative unity to materials externally disparate and dissimilar. It thus provides unity in and through the varied parts of an experience. When the unity of the sort already described, the experience has esthetic character even though it is not, dominantly, an esthetic experience.

Two men meet; one is the applicant for a position, while the other has the disposition of the matter in his hands. The interview may be mechanical, consisting of set questions, the replies to which perfunctorily settle the matter. There is no experience in which the two men meet, nothing that is not a repetition, by way of acceptance or dismissal, of something which has happened a score of times. The situation is disposed of as if it were an exercise in bookkeeping. But an interplay may take place in which a new experience develops. Where should we look for an account of such an experience? Not to ledger-entries nor yet to a treatise on economics or sociology or personnel-psychology, but to drama or fiction. Its nature and import can be expressed only by art, because there is a unity of experience that can be expressed only as an experience. The experience is of material fraught with suspense and moving toward its own consummation through a connected series of varied incidents. The primary emotions of the part of the applicant may be at the beginning hope or despair, and elation or disappointment at the close. These emotions qualify the experience as a unity. But as the interview proceeds, secondary emotions are evolved as variations of the primary underlying one. It is even possible for each attitude and gesture, each sentence, almost every word, to produce more than a fluctuation in the intensity of the basic emotion; to produce, that is, a change of shade and tint in its quality. The employer sees by means of his own emotional reactions the character of the one applying. He projects him imaginatively into the work to be done and judges his fitness by the way in which the elements of the scene assemble and either clash or fit together. The presence and behavior of the applicant either harmonize with his own attitudes and desires or they conflict and jar. Such factors as these, inherently esthetic in quality, are the forces that carry the varied elements of the interview to a decisive issue. They enter into the settlement of every situation, whatever its dominant nature, in which there are uncertainty and suspense.

Sei Shônagon was a lady of the Heian imperial court in tenth-century Japan, a court that was noteworthy for its aesthetic sensibility. The Pillow Book, one of the classics of Japanese literature, is a diary that records details from Shônagon's daily life, especially moments of aesthetic delight.

1. IN SPRING IT IS THE DAWN

In spring it is the dawn that is most beautiful. As the light creeps over the hills, their outlines are dyed a faint red and wisps of purplish cloud trail over them.

In summer the nights. Not only when the moon shines, but on dark nights too, as the fireflies flit to and fro, and even when it rains, how beautiful it is!

In autumn the evenings, when the glittering sun sinks close to the edge of the hills and the crows fly back to their nests in threes and fours and twos; more charming still is a file of wild geese, like specks in the distant sky. When the sun has set, one's heart is moved by the sound of the wind and hum of the insects.

In winter the early mornings. It is beautiful indeed when snow has fallen during the night, but splendid too when the ground is white with frost; or even when there is no snow or frost, but it is simply very cold and the attendants hurry from room to room stirring up the fires and bringing charcoal, how well this fits the season's mood! But as noon approaches and the cold wears off, no one bothers to keep the braziers alight, and soon nothing remains but piles of white ashes.

3. ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE THIRD MONTH

On the third day of the Third Month I like to see the sun shining bright and calm in the spring sky. Now is the time when the peach trees come into bloom, and what a sight it is! The willows too are most charming at this season, with the buds still encased like silkworms in their cocoons. After the leaves
have spread out, I find them unattractive; in fact all trees lose their charm once the blossoms have begun to scatter.

It is a great pleasure to break off a long, beautifully flowering branch from a cherry tree and to arrange it in a large vase. What a delightful task to perform when a visitor is seated nearby conversing! It may be an ordinary guest, or possibly one of Their Highnesses, the Empress's elder brothers, but in any case the visitor will wear a cherry-colored Court cloak, from the bottom of which his under-robe emerges. I am even happier if a butterfly or a small bird flutters prettily near the flowers and I can see its face.

16. THINGS THAT MAKE ONE'S HEART BEAT FASTER

Sparrows feeling their young. To pass a place where babies are playing. To sleep in a room where some fine incense has been burnt. To notice that one's elegant Chinese mirror has become a little cloudy. To see a gentleman stop his carriage before one's gate and instruct his attendants to announce his arrival. To wash one's hair, make one's toilet, and put on scented robes; even if not a soul sees one, these preparations still produce an inner pleasure.

It is night and one is expecting a visitor. Suddenly one is startled by the sound of rain-drops, which the wind blows against the shutters.

17. THINGS THAT AROUSE A FOND MEMORY OF THE PAST

Dried hollyhock. The objects used during the Display of Dolls. To find a piece of deep violet or grape-colored material that has been pressed between the pages of a notebook.

It is a rainy day and one is feeling bored. To pass the time, one starts looking through some old papers. And then one comes across the letters of a man one used to love.

Last year's paper fan. A night with a clear moon.

18. A PALM-LEAF CARRIAGE SHOULD MOVE SLOWLY

A Palm-leaf carriage should move slowly, or else it loses its dignity. A wickerwork carriage, on the other hand, should go fast. Hardly has one seen it pass the gate when it is out of sight, and all that remains is the attendants who run after it. At such moments I enjoy wondering who the passengers may be. But, if a wickerwork carriage moves slowly, one has plenty of time to observe it, and that becomes very dull.

76. DURING THE LONG RAINS IN THE FIFTH MONTH

During the long rains in the Fifth Month, there is something very moving about a place with a pond. Between the dense irises, water-oats, and other plants one can see the green of the water; and the entire garden seems to be the same green color. One stays there all day long, gazing in contemplation at the clouded sky—oh, how moving it is!

I am always moved and delighted by places that have ponds—not only in the winter (when I love waking up to find that the water has frozen over) but at every time of the year. The ponds I like best are those in which everything is carefully laid out; I much prefer one that has been left to itself so that it is wild and covered with weeds. At night in the green spaces of water one can see nothing but the pale glow of the moonlight. At any time and in any place I find moonlight very moving.

80. THINGS THAT HAVE LOST THEIR POWER

A large boat which is high and dry in a creek at ebb-tide.

A woman who has taken off her false locks to comb the short hair that remains.

A large tree that has been blown down in a gale and lies on its side with its roots in the air.

The retreating figure of a sumo wrestler who has been defeated in a match.

A man of no importance reprimanding an attendant.

An old man who removes his hat, uncovering his scanty top-knot.

A woman, who is angry with her husband about some trifling matter, leaves home and goes somewhere to hide. She is certain that he will rush about looking for her, but he does nothing of the kind and shows the most infuriating indifference. Since she cannot stay away for ever, she swallows her pride and returns.

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.

101. SQUALID THINGS

The back of a piece of embroidery.

The inside of a cat's ear.

A swarm of flies, who still have no fear, 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 love, who is not particularly devoted to her, she must appear rather squalid.

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.

134. LETTERS ARE COMMONPLACE

Letters are commonplace enough, yet what splendid things they are! When someone is in a distant province and one is worried about him, and then a letter suddenly arrives, one feels as though one were seeing him face to face. Again, it is a great comfort to have expressed one's feelings in a letter even though one knows it cannot yet have arrived. If letters did not exist, what dark depressions would come over one! When one has been worrying about something and wants to tell a certain person about it, what a relief it is to put it all down in a letter! Still greater is one's joy when a reply arrives. At that moment a letter really seems like an elixir of life.
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 nearly 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.

103. Envious People

One has been learning a sacred text by heart; but, though one has gone over the same passage again and again, one still recites it haltingly and keeps on forgetting words. Meanwhile one hears other people, not only clerics (for whom it is natural) but ordinary men and women, reciting such passages without the slightest effort, and one wonders when one will ever be able to come up to their standard.

When one is ill in bed and hears people walking about, laughing loudly and chatting away as if they did not have a care in the world, how enviable they seem!
Once on the day of the Horse in the Second Month I decided to visit Inari. By the time I had reached the Middle Shrine I was already worn out; yet I kept going and was on my way to the Upper Shrine when a group of people passed me. Though they had evidently started after I did, they strode briskly up the hill without the slightest look of discomfort—very enviable.

I had made haste to leave at dawn, but by the Hour of the Snake I was still only half way to the top. To make matters worse, it was gradually becoming hot, and I felt truly wretched. When I stopped to rest, I began crying from exhaustion and wondered why I had come on this pilgrimage when there were so many people who had never even thought of making the effort. Just then I saw a woman in her thirties walking down the hill. She was not wearing a travelling costume, but had simply tucked up the bottom of her skirts. 'I am making the pilgrimage seven times today,' she declared to the people she met on her way. 'I've been up three times already and there won't be any trouble about the other four times. I have to be back by the Hour of the Sheep.' She was a woman I could hardly have noticed if I had met her anywhere else; but at that moment I wished I could change places with her.

I greatly envy people who have nice children, whether they grow up to be priests or become ordinary men and women.

Women who have beautiful hair with tresses that fall splendidly over their shoulders.

People of high rank who are always surrounded by respectful attendants are most enviable.

People who have a good hand, who are skilful at composing poems, and who are always chosen first when there is a letter to be written. . . . Several women are attending a lady of quality who wishes a letter to be written on her behalf to an important person. Obviously many of them are suited for the task (it is not likely that all her women will have writing as feeble as the trace of a bird's feet); yet the lady especially summons a woman who is not in the room and, producing her own inkstone, tells her to write the letter. This is bound to make the others envious. The fortunate woman may be one of the older members of the household, whose writing is of the most elementary kind; yet she will set herself to the task with enthusiasm. On the other hand she may be an experienced calligrapher. Perhaps the letter is going to some High Court Noble; or possibly it is intended to introduce a young woman who is hoping to take service in the Palace. The writer is instructed to do her very best, and she begins by carefully selecting the paper. Meanwhile her fellow attendants gather round and make envious jokes.

On first learning the zither or the flute, one is extremely envious of experienced players and wonders when one will ever reach that stage.

The nurse of the Emperor or of the Crown Prince.

The women in the Palace who are privileged to see His Majesty's consorts.

People who can afford to build their own Chapel of Meditation and pray there in the evening and at dawn.

When one's opponent has a lucky throw of dice in backgammon, he is most enviable.

A saint who has really given up all thoughts of the world.

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 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.
by cords of purple leather and sliding-doors that have been covered with material; at night he gives instructions that the main gate should be securely closed. Considering that he is a man without the slightest prospects in life, all this show is most distasteful. An official of this rank should not have his own house at all. So long as no uncle or elder brother is already living there, he had better stay with his parents, or, of course, with his parents-in-law. Alternatively it is quite proper for him to live in a house whose owner is absent or in the house of a close friend who is serving in the provinces and has no use for it. If none of this is possible, he can always arrange to stay for a while in one of the many houses that belong to Imperial Princesses or to the children of the Empress Dowager; then, when he has obtained a good post for himself, he can move into a more permanent place.

112. When a Woman Lives Alone

When a woman lives alone, her house should be extremely dilapidated, the mud wall should be falling to pieces, and if there is a pond, it should be overgrown with water-plants. It is not essential that the garden be covered with sage-brush, but weeds should be growing through the sand in patches, for this gives the place a poignantly desolate look.

I greatly dislike a woman's house when it is clear that she has scurried about with a knowing look on her face, arranging everything just as it should be, and when the gate is kept tightly shut.

113. When a Court Lady Is on Leave

When a Court lady is on leave from the Palace, it is pleasant if she can stay with her parents. While she is there, people are always coming and going, there is a lot of noisy conversation in the back rooms, and the clatter of horses' hoofs resounds outside. Yet she is in no danger of being criticized.

Things are very different if she is staying in someone else's house. Let us suppose that a man comes to visit the lady, either openly or in secret. He stands by the front gate and says to her, 'I did not know you were at home, else I should certainly have called on you before. When will you return to Court?' If it is a man she has set her heart on, the lady cannot possibly leave him standing outside and she opens the front door for him.

Then, to her great annoyance, she hears the owner of the house, who has evidently decided that there is too much noise and that it is dangerous to leave the door unbolted, as late at night. 'Has the outer gate been closed?' he asks the porter. 'No, Sir,' says the latter in a disgruntled tone. 'There's still a visitor in the house.' 'Well, be sure to close it as soon as he's left. There have been a lot of burglaries recently.' This is especially irking for the lady since the man who is with her can hear everything. Meanwhile the servants are constantly peeping in to see whether the guest is getting ready to leave - much to the amusement of the attendants who have accompanied him on his visit. Then the attendants start imitating the owner's voice. Oh, what a scolding there would be if he heard them!

Sometimes the lady will receive visits from a man who does not show any tender feelings for her in either his looks or his words. Presumably he must care for her; else why would he continue his visits night after night? Nevertheless the man may turn out to be quite harmless and will leave her saying, 'It's really getting late. And I suppose it is rather dangerous to keep the gate open at this hour.'

One can tell if a man really loves one, because he will insist on staying all night however much one may urge him to leave. Time after time the night watchman has made his rounds, and now he exclaims in a very audible voice, 'Good heavens! The dawn has come' (as if it were so surprising) 'and someone's gone and left the gate wide open all night. Such carelessness!' Then he securely bolts the gate, though it is now light and there is no need for such precautions. How unpleasant it all is!
Yes, things are a great deal better when one is staying with one's own parents. Parents-in-law, however, are the most awkward of all, since one is always worrying about what they are going to think. I imagine that it must also be difficult to stay with an elder brother.

What I really like is a house where no one cares about the gate, either in the middle of the night or at dawn, and where one is free to meet one's visitor, whether he be an Imperial Prince or a gentleman from the Palace. In the winter one can stay awake together all night with the lattices wide open. When the time comes for him to leave, one has the pleasure of watching him playing upon his flute as he goes; if a bright moon is still hanging in the sky, it is a particular delight. After he has disappeared, one does not go to bed at once, but stays up, discussing the visitor with one's companions, and exchanging poems; then gradually one falls asleep.

114. It Is Delightful When There Has Been a Thin Fall of Snow

It is delightful when there has been a thin fall of snow; again when it has piled up very high and in the evening we see a brazier at the edge of the veranda with a few congenial friends, chatting till darkness falls. There is no need for the lamp, since the snow itself reflects a clear light. Raking the ashes in the brazier with a pair of fire-tongs, we discuss all sorts of moving and amusing things.

It already seems to be quite late at night when we hear the sound of footsteps. We all look up, wondering who it may be. A man is approaching — the type of man that often visits without announcement on such occasions. 'I was wondering how you ladies were enjoying today's snow,' he says. 'I had intended to come and see you earlier, but I was held up all day in some other place.'

'Ah!' says one of us and quotes the poem about 'the man who came today'...

Then, with a great deal of laughter, we begin talking about what has happened since the morning and about all sorts of other things. The visitor has been offered a round cushion, but he prefers to sit on the wooden veranda with one leg hanging over the edge.

The conversation goes on until the bell announces that dawn has come. The ladies sitting behind the blinds and the man in front feel that they still have many things to tell each other; but he has to be off before daylight. As he gets ready to leave, he charmingly recites, 'Snow lay upon such-and-such hills'.

Then he is gone. If he had not been there, we should certainly have stayed up all night like this; it was he who made the occasion so delightful, and now we start discussing what an elegant man he is.

115. One Evening during the Reign of Emperor Murakami

One evening during the reign of Emperor Murakami, when it had been snowing very heavily, and the moon was shining brightly, His Majesty ordered that some snow be heaped on to a platter. Then a branch of plum blossom was stuck into it, and the Emperor told someone to hand the platter to Hyōe, the Lady Chamberlain. 'Let us have a poem about this,' he said to her. 'What will you give us?'

'The moon, the snow, the flowers,' she replied, much to His Majesty's delight. 'To have composed a special poem for the occasion,' he said, 'would have been the ordinary thing to do. But to find a line that fits the moment so beautifully — that is really hard.'

On another day, when Lady Hyōe was accompanying Emperor Murakami, His Majesty stopped for a moment in the Senior Courtiers' Chamber, which was empty at the time, and, noticing that some smoke was coming out of the square brazier, asked, 'What can that be? Go and have a look.' Lady Hyōe went
appeared in a dream one night to someone who had come on a pilgrimage and that he recited the following poem:

Who is there who does not know
That the God of Aridōshi was so named
From the passage of the ants through a seven-curved jewel?

136. Things That Fall from the Sky

Snow. Hail. I do not like sleet, but when it is mixed with pure white snow it is very pretty.
Snow looks wonderful when it has fallen on a roof of cypress bark.
When snow begins to melt a little, or when only a small amount has fallen, it enters into all the cracks between the bricks, so that the roof is black in some places, pure white in others – most attractive.
I like drizzle and hail when they come down on a shingle roof. I also like frost on a shingle roof or in a garden.

137. Clouds

I love white, purple, and black clouds, and rain clouds when they are driven by the wind. It is charming at dawn to see the dark clouds gradually turn white. I believe this has been described in a Chinese poem that says something about ‘the tints that leave at dawn’. It is moving to see a thin wisp of cloud across a very bright moon.

138. People Who Have Changed as much as if They had been Reborn

Someone who has been serving as a mere maid-of-honour is appointed to be the nurse of an Imperial Prince. She no longer bothers with a Chinese jacket or a formal skirt, and, wearing a simple white dress, she lies down next to the young prince and stays with him inside his curtain-dais. Summoning her former colleagues, she sends them to her room with messages or gives them letters to deliver. Words do not suffice to describe her behaviour.

What a splendid thing it is for a Subordinate Official in the Emperor’s Private Office when he is promoted to the rank of Chamberlain! One cannot believe that he is the same man who last year in the Eleventh Month had to carry a zither during the Special Festival. When one sees him walking along in the company of young noblemen, one really wonders where he can have sprung from. This applies also to men who have been given the rank of Chamberlain after serving in other offices, but in their case the change is not quite so impressive.

139. One Day, When the Snow Lay Thick on the Ground

One day, when the snow lay thick on the ground and was still coming down heavily, I saw some gentlemen of the Fourth and Fifth Ranks who had a fresh complexion and a pleasant, youthful look. Their beautifully coloured Court robes, which they wore over their night-watch costumes, were tucked up at the bottom and showed the marks of their leather belts. Their dark purple trousers stood out beautifully against the white snow. I could also see their under-jackets, some of scarlet, others dyed a beautiful rose-yellow. The men had opened their umbrellas, but since it was very windy the snow came at them from the side.
and they bent forward slightly as they walked. The sparkling white snow covered them all the way to the tips of their lacquered leather shoes or short clogs – a magnificent sight.

140. Towards the End of the Eighth Month

Towards the end of the Eighth Month I was on my way to the temple at Uzemasa when I saw a crowd of peasants working in the fields. The ears of rice had started to grow out and the men were busily reaping the plants. True indeed were the poet’s words when he wrote,

They were pulling out the sprouts.
Now already autumn’s stolen up.

Yes, it was only the other day that I had seen them planting the fields as I set out on a pilgrimage for Kamo, and it was already time for the harvest.

On this occasion all the workers were men. Bending down, they pulled out the plants, seized them by their green roots with one hand, and cut off the ears with a knife or something of the sort held in their other hand. They seemed to work with such ease that I really felt like including their skill among ‘impressive things’. How on earth did they manage it? I was fascinated to observe how they put all the plants together in bundles with the bright red ears on top.

The huts inhabited by these peasants looked most peculiar.

141. Shortly after the Twentieth of the Ninth Month

Shortly after the twentieth of the Ninth Month I went on a pilgrimage to Hase Temple and spent the night in a very simple lodging. Being exhausted, I fell at once into a sound sleep.

When I woke up late at night, the moonlight was pouring in through the window and shining on the bed-clothes of all the other people in the room. Its clear white brilliance moved me greatly. It is on such occasions that people write poems.

142. A Family Has Finally Arranged the Marriage

A family has finally arranged the marriage of their daughter; but the new son-in-law stops visiting his wife. Then one day he runs into his father-in-law in a public place. Surely the young man cannot help feeling rather sorry for his wife and her family.

A certain young man, who had been adopted as son-in-law by a very powerful family, ended by neglecting his wife for months at a time. The wife’s nurse and others called ill luck down on his head, and all the household spoke strongly against him. In the First Month of the following year, however, he was appointed Chamberlain. ‘This is really going to surprise everyone,’ people said. ‘How on earth could he get the promotion when he is on such bad terms with his wife’s family?’ Reports of this gossip must certainly have reached his ears.

In the Sixth Month the young Chamberlain, elegantly attired in over-trousers of silk damask, a glossy white under-robe lined with dark red, and a short-sleeved black jacket, was among the crowd of people who attended a recitation of the Eight Lessons. It so happened that his carriage was standing close to that of the girl whom he had forsaken – so close, in fact, that he could have hung the cord of his jacket over the kite’s tail of her carriage. ‘I wonder how she will take it,’ said one of the ladies in the girl’s suite, and they all felt very sorry for her. Yet the young man evidently did not care in the slightest about his wife’s pathetic situation or about what people were thinking; for afterwards it was reported that he had sat in his carriage with an expression of complete indifference.