



Tanka String and Tanka Sequence: A New Twist

Sanford Goldstein

For forty years I have been writing my own tanka in English, and in the first two decades I made no distinction between what I now call "tanka string" and "tanka sequence." The Japanese use the word *rensaku* for any combination of two or more tanka that are somehow related. When I look at my published tanka over the years, I find that, like the Japanese, I first used the word "sequence" for any series of poems related to a certain topic. But in 1995 when I published with Kenneth Tanemura a collection of tanka entitled *This Tanka World of Strings*, my introduction repeated what I had earlier written in some essays on tanka about my original idea of "tanka string."

The idea of writing groups of poems under one subject had come to me when, in 1977, I published my first collection of tanka entitled *This Tanka World*. As I later wrote in *Strings*, ". . . I had latched on to the idea of connecting single poems to one another. . . [and in my first tanka collection] I had grouped my tanka. . . under various headings, for example, 'this tanka world of Zen and the master' or 'this tanka world of sex and love and marriage' or 'this tanka world of things.' I knew that in each section I was focusing on tanka clustered around a single subject with each tanka in the chain connected to the previous tanka and the tanka following it. Actually, all the tanka in the group were connected, but each tanka was deliberately connected to the preceding tanka and was somehow thrust into the tanka following. And still one could leap from the penultimate tanka to the first and find connection."¹

A further perusal of my published tanka reveals that I often used this idea of a chain or connected tanka—there were, for example, the following groups of poems: "Narcissistic Structures I" (*High/Coo*, February 1980); "For Roseliep: Memory Tanka" (*Frogpond*, November 1985); "Records of a Well-Polished Satchel #5: Ten Occasional Poems" (*Frogpond*, August 1987). But I also published several sequences, labelling them as such—for example, "Seidensticker's Genji: a tanka sequence" (*Bonsai*, October 1977); "zen master: a tanka sequence" (*Literature East & West*, February 1978); "Sylvette: A Tanka Sequence for Elizabeth Searle Lamb" (*High/Coo*, February 1979); "unfinished portraits: a tanka sequence" (*Cicada*, February 1980); "poems of a miscellaneous Jew: a tanka sequence" (*Shofar*, Winter 1982). Yet in 1987, when, in *Shofar*, I published a long series of tanka based on a documentary on the Holocaust entitled *Shoah*, I first used the word "string," the title "On *Shoah*: A Tangled Tanka String." Obviously some transformation had occurred in my thinking, and for that I have to thank Professor Seishi

Shinoda, who collaborated with me on translating into English Mokichi Saito's *Red Lights* (*Shakko*).

My attempt in this paper, as it was in the introduction to *Strings*, is to differentiate what I consider to be the differences between "tanka string" and "tanka sequence." A category like "tanka string" would not be understood by Japanese readers if the expression were translated into Japanese. I inaugurated the term, and when I was co-editor of a tanka journal called *Five Lines Down*, I introduced the term to American tanka poets, several of whom sent in "tanka strings" for publication. Now more than twenty years later I still consider "tanka string" to be a valid distinction.

In both the tanka string and the tanka sequence, one finds connection between the poems, but the tanka string is much less organized than a tanka sequence. Furthermore, a tanka string has a loose chronology, whereas the tanka sequence has a very strong chronological element. Finally, a tanka string does not necessarily come to any conclusion about society or the world or the individual writing the string, though it may. On the other hand, the tanka sequence is organic, has a beginning, middle, and end, and comes to a strong conclusion about the world or society or about a dramatic change or a new awareness in the poet writing the sequence. Mokichi's "The Dying Mother," which is possibly the longest sequence in Japanese tanka, is typical of what I call "tanka sequence." Discussing "The Dying Mother" in *Strings*, I wrote: ". . . there is chronological and dramatic development despite the fact that the poet set down tanka by tanka the experiences as he was going through them. He could not have known when he left Tokyo in May 1913 that his mother would die shortly after he reached her hometown. We have Mokichi's own words on the creation of this sequence: 'It simply tells how I heard the news that my mother was in critical condition and how I went back home; it describes in chronological order her death, cremation, and my visit to Sugawa Spa.' Mokichi continues: 'Chronology is the easiest way to make a sequence of tanka. . .' There is progression in Mokichi's leaving Tokyo, reaching his parents' farm, caring for his mother, seeing her die, attending her cremation, and recuperating at a spa. The dramatic element is always present—and tension and change move through the 59 tanka. That the experience has finally brought relief and reconciliation to the poet is seen in tanka #56: 'sad/ hearing others say/ these drifting clouds/ in the distant sky/ have no life of their own.'" ²

Readers may wonder how tanka #56 shows a dramatic change in Mokichi or a new awareness on the part of the poet. Professor Shinoda and I explain this poem in our note to the tanka: "The poet is probably looking at a distant cloud and thinking about human life. A drifting cloud, disappearing while it floats and then returning, is like the evanescence of human life. Perhaps Mokichi was thinking of his mother, gone forever. The drifting cloud reminds him of human destiny, drifting away." In *Strings*, I expanded on that earlier note: "Perhaps the poet felt

a kind of reconciliation in terms of his mother's death when he realized that evanescence is what all human beings face as well as all aspects of nature. Since this destiny is universal, Mokichi's pain over the death of his mother is lessened."³

The origin of the word *rensaku* is of importance in considering tanka sequence. To quote from our introduction to *Red Lights*: ". . . this art form of 'tanka as sequence' had already been advocated by Sachio Ito.⁴ In an essay first published in *Araragi*⁵ in September 1912, which was included in the memorial issue on Sachio Ito entitled 'On the Origin of the Theory of Tanka Sequences,' the last section of which was rewritten in July 1919, Mokichi notes that the sequence in tanka was first used by Sachio in his article entitled 'Rensaku no Shumi' ('A Taste for Tanka Sequence') in the January 1902 issue of *Kokoro no Hana* (*Flower of the Heart*). At least it was Sachio who had first used the word *rensaku* (sequence), but Sachio himself noted Shiki had first written a tanka sequence in his 'Teizen Shoro no Uta' ('Raindrops on Pine Trees in the Garden'), published in June 1900; 'Byosho Sokuji' ('Observations in a Sick Bed') January 1901; and 'Shiite Fude o Torite' ('Taking up a Pen with Difficulty'), May 1901."⁶

I now want to consider a tanka string and specifically show how it works. To illustrate tanka string, I have chosen Akiko Yosano's poems on the famous dancing girls of Kyoto, the *maiko*.

#1
Soft morning rain,
Kimono sleeve
Striped, multicolored, bright,
Over
Her small hand-drum.

#2
That pink band
Worn
To bind her hair in front
Ought to have been
Bright bright red!

#3
Kimono pale blue,
A pattern of dancing fans,
And her long long
Waistband
Longer than her long long sleeves.

#4

Lovely
That dancing girl
Dozing this spring morning,
Pleasure boat
Down a Kyoto stream.

#5

In the dark
Palace corridor
Suppressing her cry
With the sleeve of her dancing robe—
It was he!

#6

Sleeve raised
As if to strike her love,
She tries to turn the gesture
Into
A dance!

#7

The same song
Again and again,
Three times, four—
Oh
These tycoons!

#8

How can I meet him?
Four years ago
His tears fell
On this hand
That now beats a dancer's drum.

#9

Those innocent days
Before I could lift
This large and heavy drum,
My only thought—
The dancer's robes I would wear!

#10

So inured to this life,
Even in the cold night wind
Along the river
Where the plovers cry,
I hear the drum's beat in each step I take!

#11

Dissolving colors
To paint on taut silk
A Kyoto dancing girl
In brilliant robes,
I hear the rain this spring night.⁷

First, Westerners ought to know something about the background of a *maiko*. Most of these girls, whose training begins in their early teens, were forced into this profession because of parental poverty. Sometimes those employing the girls adopted them—actually they were literally sold by their parents. It is not wrong to say that the *maiko* is not an artist but a slave. Usually she is not proud of her profession. What is most important in terms of skill is dancing. Other skills, for example, use of the hand-drum and proper manners, are also required. She entertains her customers by various skills as well as by her youthful beauty. Her garment, a long-sleeved kimono and a trailing obi, is a delight. Of course, she has a special hairdo.

Each of Akiko's tanka deals with one *maiko*. As we read through the tanka, we can see there is not any overall dramatic event focusing on one personalized *maiko*. Each tanka describes a certain aspect of the *maiko*'s life. In a string there is not a beginning, middle, and end as one finds in a dramatic sequence. Even so, we can see the transition from one tanka to the next, yet the tanka can leap back to others and even forward—the final tanka itself may even leap backward to the first tanka. Tanka #11 concerns an artist about to paint the brilliant robes of a dancing girl—tanka #1 also refers to the kimono of the *maiko*. Rain is falling in both poems, yet in the first poem it is a morning rain and in the final tanka the rain occurs at night.

Tanka #2 continues the description of the *maiko*'s accessories, this time the pink headband.

The next *tanka* also focuses on the use of color, this time the kimono pale blue, clothing of the *maiko* again referred to in terms of first the long waistband, which a *maiko* wears above the obi, and then the long kimono sleeves.

A transitional shift occurs in *tanka* #4 as she is seen dozing aboard a pleasure boat down a Kyoto stream. The young girl remains beautiful, but the dozing suggests the difficult life of these women. Probably she had gone with a wealthy customer to see the cherry blossoms (the season is spring of course). Our note to this poem calls attention to the late hours which a *maiko* keeps, yet the dancing girl in this *tanka* has been called to duty early the next morning for a flower-viewing outing in which sake is usually drunk.⁸

While our note indicates that the dancing girl in *tanka* #5 is not a *maiko*, she is nevertheless a dancing girl from the Heian period. Modernity and early history form a link in this *tanka*, but cleverness is stressed as the Heian dancing girl walking along a dark corridor uses her wits to escape seduction without being rude—instead of raising her voice in alarm, she uses her sleeve to stifle her cry.

The transition in *tanka* #6 involves cleverness too, for this dancing girl, because she likes her escort, turns her defense into delight by performing a gesture from a dance. That the *maiko* had to use various techniques again and again makes the transition to *tanka* #7 quite smooth, yet at the same time *tanka* #7 leaps back to *tanka* #4, the subject being the exhausted *maiko*, one of whose skills is to dance to the same songs again and again. Once more this *tanka* emphasizes the difficult lives of these dancing girls. *Tanka* #8 again indicates the difficulty of a *maiko*'s life. The speaker in this *tanka* recalls a past event when she had told her lover she had to enter this profession. That had been four years ago, and now her former lover wants to meet her, but ashamed of her life, she wonders how such a meeting can take place.

The transition to *tanka* #9 ties in with *tanka* #8 and the *maiko*'s earlier days of innocence. Thinking back to those times, she recalls how she was charmed by the images of the beautiful robes of the dancing girl, but the reality now is the difficulty of carrying the *maiko*'s heavy drum. The drum serves as a transition to *tanka* #10, and once more the mechanical aspects of that life of difficulty are stressed. Our note adds more to the complexity of this *tanka*: "The sound of the *chidori*, the plover, is plaintive. But even in the cold wind, this dancing girl is consciously or subconsciously practicing her drum tempo. She is on her way to play for a customer, but finds it hard proceeding along the river in the cold wind. Formerly, she used to cry along the way, especially when she heard the song of the bird. But so inured has she become to her life that she is now quite indifferent to these sounds as she goes along practicing her drumbeat."⁹ The image of the beautiful dancing girl in *Tanka* #11 provides a transition of contrast, for the *tanka* moment is quiet with the artist preparing to paint the beauty of a dancing girl.

Obviously there is no resolution to any of these problems the dancing girl faces. Her experiences are a blend of memories, dissatisfactions, beautiful appearances, and pains, the series a powerful example of tanka string.

The contrast between a tanka string and a tanka sequence is quite apparent, yet knowing if a series of tanka is a string or a sequence definitely helps the reader in terms of expectation and clarity. In the tanka sequence chronology is very important, the drama of the sequence having the elements of story, of beginning, middle, and end. The impact of the sequence is anticipated—some alteration in the world and/or some new awareness on the part of the tanka's speaker, the poet himself. One of my favorite sequences out of many in *Red Lights* is "Whistling," a short series of five tanka, all leading to a change in Mokichi after a night spent with a prostitute.¹⁰ But since I had earlier analyzed that sequence in *Strings*,¹¹ I have decided to analyze another favorite of mine, Mokichi's "Blighted Wheat."

The sequence contains 14 tanka:

#1
deliberately
wiping off my sweat. . .
a soft summer rain
falling
on these red bricks of the prison

#2
for meals,
I thought,
sharpening pencils
and watching
the smoke rise

#3
blue hydrangeas
below
this prison hospital window;
from time to time
a breeze

#4

how red
the red of red brick:
that wall
and the talk with this man
who stabbed his woman

#5

just brought
from his cell
and smiling faintly,
this prisoner
before me. . .

#6

tape measure
to gauge the prisoner's head,
I glance out
at the approaching
wind

#7

that faint glow
in dull eyes,
the prisoner spoke
of his woman,
the woman he knifed

#8

light
on the pupils
of my prisoner's eyes—
oh, this having
to diagnose him!

#9

no answers
today,
only a staring
at the floor—
oh this man!

#10

that pack of prisoners
in blue garb,
sedge hats on
and cutting grass,
sickles flashing!

#11

numberless
these prison
trips,
and now I hear a cicada cry,
hear it cry twice

#12

this blood sample
I took from that man
and carry in my hand
conceals
his syphilis

#13

putting down
the dirty pass for seeing prisoners,
I hurry on my way,
a gigantic sunset
flaming red

#14
up a field
on my detour,
that black pile
of wheat
spoiled by smut ¹²

In analyzing poems of famous Japanese tanka poets, readers are helped by the biographical approach. In "Blighted Wheat," it is essential for comprehension to know that Mokichi Saito was one of the first doctors in Japan dealing with psychosis. The Japanese medical profession was just beginning to show an interest in this area, so methods were primitive and cures were rare. Mokichi's struggles in entering a preparatory school in Tokyo for students who wished to enter Tokyo Imperial University are well-known. His first attempt at passing the entrance examination to Dai-ichi Koto Gakko (First National Preparatory School) in July 1901 was unsuccessful. In our introduction to *Red Lights*, we write: ". . .but the next year he succeeded and entered the course for those who intended to study medicine at the university. He remained inconspicuous, though he enjoyed a kind of popularity as a lovable butt. His classmates later remembered his rustic manners, his strange habit, for example, of licking his lips while he practiced with a finger in the air the writing of difficult Chinese characters. As a middle school student, he had first been attracted to natural history. Soon, however, he began a random reading of books on psychology, psychiatry, and physiology, books he purchased at a secondhand bookstore. By that time, he had probably decided to become a doctor."¹³ In September 1905, he entered the medical school of Tokyo Imperial University.

Mokichi's note on "Blighted Wheat" will also help readers enter more easily into the dramatic situation: "These tanka were made from time to time while I frequently visited a certain prison, ordered to perform psychiatric tests on a prisoner accused of attempted manslaughter."¹⁴ At that time Mokichi had to perform serological tests on mental patients at Sugamo Hospital, which was managed by Tokyo Prefecture but was also Tokyo Imperial University's attached hospital—the University's hospital had no psychiatric ward. Mokichi had been adopted by a second cousin of Mokichi's father and mother, for the cousin had no sons at that time. Mokichi's foster-father had his own private hospital called Aoyama Mental Hospital. Mokichi's sequence reveals how frustrating it was for a new-fledged psychiatrist to decide whether a prisoner was *compos mentis*. Our note to this sequence further explains about psychiatry's undeveloped state in Japan: "Histological studies of the brains of dead patients were the main current. Efficacious drugs had not yet been found, so cures for the demented were difficult. People shunned mental hospitals, and light cases were treated by ordinary physicians in order to conceal that the disease was mental. In Aoyama Mental Hospital, poor patients sent by the prefectural government, many of them in the last stages of syphilis, were an important source of income. Mokichi's work at the hospitals was not rewarding in this way

or any other."¹⁵

The opening tanka in "Blighted Wheat" sets the scene for the first visit by Mokichi to the prison, which is perhaps Sugamo Prison in Tokyo:

deliberately
wiping off my sweat. . .
a soft summer rain
falling
on these red bricks of the prison

Prisons were often on the outskirts of cities, red brick typical of prison structures, yet most solid buildings in the Meiji period were built with this kind of material. It is summer in this tanka, a period in which the rainy season makes most Japanese feel melancholic, and Mokichi is not untypical. The biographical approach at this period in Mokichi's life reveals he was undergoing stress due to his mother's death in May 1913. Not only that, but he had been at odds with his tanka mentor Sachio Ito. In addition, Mokichi was under stress in working at Sugamo Hospital. Having been given by a superior at the hospital the task of examining a prisoner, Mokichi, in this tanka as a young doctor, probably felt exhausted, so he would not have minded sweating in the early summer, but because Mokichi did not like the assignment and was nervous about it, he carefully wiped away his sweat.

In tanka #2 Mokichi was kept waiting:

for meals,
I thought,
sharpening pencils
and watching
the smoke rise

Mokichi obviously felt a kind of ennui while waiting a long time for the prisoner to finish his meal. All Mokichi could do was sharpen his pencils and watch the smoke rising from the prison funnels.

Tanka #3 provides a momentary relief for Mokichi while he continues to wait to make his first examination of the prisoner:

blue hydrangeas
below
this prison hospital window;
from time to time
a breeze

As Mokichi's mind is blank yet impatient, he sees below the prison hospital window the slight movement of hydrangeas, so he knows when a breeze will come and help him recover some of his alertness. At the same time that Mokichi feels exhausted, melancholic, and bored, the flowers offer him a slight diversion. Since hydrangeas are associated with early summer, Mokichi provided a season word for this tanka.

Mokichi's first contact with the prisoner occurs in tanka #4:

how red
the red of red brick:
that wall
and the talk with this man
who stabbed his woman

For the first time we learn the insane prisoner has been brutal to a woman, perhaps his wife or mistress. Since the prisoner is seemingly insane, perhaps the conversation is all on Mokichi's side. Mokichi may have felt he was talking to a stone wall. But fascinated by the red of the brick, he stares at the wall rather than at the unfriendly, non-communicative prisoner.

Perhaps tanka #5 occurs chronologically as the second visit to the prison, this time the young doctor not having to wait, the prisoner brought directly from his cell:

just brought
from his cell
and smiling faintly,
this prisoner
before me. . .

The smile on the prisoner's face is faint—the smile does not represent a sneer or even a masking of emotion. Such a smile, Mokichi knows, is normal for the insane.

The examination this time in tanka #6 is not verbal, but physical:

tape measure
to gauge the prisoner's head,
I glance out
at the approaching
wind

Probably Mokichi was measuring the prisoner's cranium to gather data for determining whether the prisoner was legally responsible for the crime. Phrenology was in use at the time, and Mokichi may have wanted to see if the prisoner's features were characteristic of those of a criminal. At least the action gave Mokichi something to do which might eventually free him from his task. Fortunately the wind distracts him to provide some relief. This is not Mokichi, the lover of nature, but nature offers something of liberation from the difficult analyses he has been asked to perform.

Perhaps tanka #7 represents another visit, or it could be the same visit of the previous tanka:

that faint glow
in dull eyes,
the prisoner spoke
of his woman,
the woman he knifed

Earlier, the prisoner had refused to talk, but more accustomed to Mokichi now, the man talked of the woman he had killed. For the first time we learn it was a knife that had taken the woman's life. The "faint glow" indicates the prisoner's trying to think back, to recall, that violent moment.

Again the eyes are emphasized in tanka #8:

light
on the pupils
of my prisoner's eyes—
oh, this having
to diagnose him!

Previous tanka had implied Mokichi's dissatisfaction over his task, but this tanka directly states Mokichi's frustration. At the same time Mokichi is proceeding as a professional, for one of the tests for sanity is examining the eyes. Our note offers the following: "In dementia cases there seems to be a change in the reaction of the pupils to light. It was Mokichi's duty to diagnose

the man's condition, and to do so he had to use many tests, but he could not be certain of the accuracy of any of the tests. The man's fate depended on Mokichi's findings. This responsibility, compounded with the doctor's oath, would trouble any examiner, any man."¹⁶

The visits of Mokichi to the prison continue and move forward in time, but in tanka #9 Mokichi's confidence in making a decision about the prisoner's insanity makes little headway:

no answers
today,
only a staring
at the floor—
oh, this man!

After another visit in tanka #10, the concern about his task follows him on his departure from the prison:

that pack of prisoners
in blue garb,
sedge hats on
and cutting grass,
sickles flashing!

The sinister element of his patient's murder is recalled to Mokichi. The sunlight against the sickles used by the prisoners to cut grass is quite different from a sickle held in a farmer's hand.

Tanka #11, itself another visit, shows the frequency with which Mokichi examined the prisoner to determine his sanity:

numberless
these prison
trips,
and now I hear a cicada cry,
hear it cry twice

As in the tanka on the wind and hydrangea flowers, Mokichi finds relief in nature, this time in the cry of the cicada. Professor Shinoda and I comment: "On his trip home from the prison, he hears a cicada, and the sound gives him relief from tension. That he repeated the verb and specifies the times the cicada cried shows that his mind is wholly occupied by the song. Listening to it, he forgets the tension he is under."¹⁷ Previous to hearing the cicada, he realizes

how long has been his ordeal in continually returning to the prison to examine the prisoner. We recall it was early summer when he started these visits, and now the season of cicadas reveals it is autumn.

During his next visit, tanka #12, Mokichi took a sample of the convict's blood:

this blood sample
I took from that man
and carry in my hand
conceals
his syphilis

Mokichi is not thinking of the convict's bloody knife—it is not the crime that has caused the insanity, but the syphilis itself, another kind of horror, for there was no reliable cure for syphilis at that time except in its early stages. Terminal patients could become paralyzed because of damage to the spine or could become demented. Mokichi's tanka suggests the possibility of the prisoner's syphilitic brain damage.

Again nature offers relief to Mokichi in tanka #13:

putting down
the dirty pass for seeing prisoners,
I hurry on my way,
a gigantic sunset
flaming red

Mokichi throughout *Red Lights* loved the color red, so the brilliant sunset gives him energy and relief after another visit to the prison. He had been at the prison a long time that day, perhaps from the forenoon to the evening, so he hurried away once he had returned the wooden pass visitors had to carry on receiving it at the prison when entering.

The final tanka in "Blighted Wheat" does what a final tanka in a sequence should do, carrying as it does the weight of discovery :

up a field
on my detour,
that black pile
of wheat
spoiled by smut

On his way back Mokichi was suffering from the repeated journeys to the prison and the inevitability of coming to a decision. He wanted to escape and return home, so he took a short cut. But he was surprised to find a further sinister event that reminded him of all he was trying to forget about the murderous and syphilitic prisoner. Mokichi came across a pile of smut, the technical term for blighted wheat. Of course, the diseased wheat reminded him of his mental patient or even other patients, men separated from the normal and isolated from families and society. We are everywhere reminded in *Red Lights* and his other works of Mokichi's love of nature. After his mother's death, he went to curative hot springs. And often during times of illness, he felt nature could cure him, and he escaped to travel in nature. But perhaps for the first time, Mokichi realized that there is no escape from disease, neither in society nor in nature. The moment must have been a traumatic one for him.

My own tanka sequence, *At the Hut of the Small Mind* (AHA Books, 1992), is perhaps the first extended tanka sequence in English; certainly it must be the longest with its 120 tanka. It remains my hope that tanka poets in the States and other countries around the world will differentiate between what I have called "tanka string" and the chronological and dramatic rendering of "tanka sequence." Once poets begin to label their series of poems "strings" or "sequences," they themselves can know more precisely what they are actually doing. In labelling all series of poems by one poet sequences, such labels will weaken the power of tanka. To use "string" or "sequence" will continue to help poets themselves as well as readers.

Notes

¹ Sanford Goldstein & Kenneth Tanemura, *This Tanka World of Strings* (1995), p.1.

² Goldstein & Tanemura, pp.5-6. See *Red Lights*, translated by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda (West Lafayette:Purdue University Press,1989), pp.106-21. For tanka #56, see p.121.

³ See *Red Lights*, p. 295. See Goldstein & Tanemura, p.6.

⁴ Sachio Ito (1864-1913) was Mokichi's mentor in tanka for a short period. Later, Mokichi disagreed with Sachio's views on tanka. Mokichi had intended to dedicate *Red Lights* to Sachio, but Sachio died suddenly before Mokichi's collection was published.The death of Sachio Ito resulted in Mokichi's famous tanka sequence in *Red Lights* entitled "Sad Tidings." See pp. 91-93, 271-76.

⁵ *Ararigi* is the famous tanka journal that originated in Meiji. At first the journal was under the control of Sachio Ito, but later it was dominated by Mokichi and his followers.

⁶ See *Red Lights*, p.74. I have corrected the dates of these three poems by Shiki, errors in the book.

⁷ Akiko Yosano, *Tangled Hair*, translated by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda (Tokyo and Rutland: Charles E.Tuttle, 1987), tanka numbered 124-134. Notes, pp.154-57.

⁸ *Tangled Hair*, p.155, note 127.

⁹ *Tangled Hair*, p.157, note 133.

¹⁰ See *Red Lights*, pp.138-39, 308-10.

¹¹ Goldstein & Tanemura, pp.7-9.

¹² See *Red Lights*, pp. 98-101, 278-80.

¹³ *Red Lights*, p. 20.

¹⁴ *Red Lights*, Sequence 4, p. 278.

¹⁵ See *Red Lights*, Introduction to Sequence 4, p. 278.

¹⁶ *Red Lights*, p. 280, note 8.

¹⁷ *Red Lights*, p. 280, note 11.

(本学名誉教授)