Tomoko Sakomura, Associate Professor of Art History
Second Tuesday Arts & Humanities Cafes
November 10, 2015
One or two of you women could tell what happened. How sad she would be, if only she knew! But no, she has no idea; she knew nothing. If I alone had known—no, I must keep silent. Though I feel I can tell her, she has no idea of it. She has a secret name, a private name, one she never used. To someone who asked, she would say, "Genji's face." For those who knew, she had a name. But she had no idea of it. A child she never knew, a child she couldn't imagine, why should her name be known? No, she could never know. She had no idea of it.

There must be someone among them who knows the truth. It's so annoying to have no idea. And even though I feel sick at heart, I probably look like a fool to her. So shall I put up with the criticism that comes to me? Between the two of us, the third princess is to be pitied. She didn't blush or show any expression that might give away his private thoughts. Genji observed the child's innocent babbling and laughter and was captivated by the expression that surrounded his eyes and mouth. I wonder what those women who are unaware of the truth think about this looks? He really does resemble Kashiwagi.

Genji's thoughts turned to the boy's true father. He left behind this little keepsake that no one knows about, that he couldn't even show to his parents, who are probably crying right now wondering why he didn't at least leave a child behind as a memorial for them. To think that such an ambitious and accomplished young man should have destroyed himself. From near to to going astray, the sentence that had filled Genji's heart disappeared, and he wept.

How will the pine root in the crags respond should someone ask—by whose hand and in whose reign was its seed planted?