



Three-panel woodblock print by Toyohara Kunichika (1835–1900) designed in the form of a horizontal picture scroll. Tokyo, Misaki-za, November 1893. "Dance Play: Viewing the Autumn Foliage" is written on the right border, and artist, publisher, and date are written on the rolled scroll, left. Under the heading "Autumn Drama at the Misaki-za," right, "Yogo General Taira no Koremochi" ("Ichikawa Emiyasu") drinks sake while watching colorfully dressed "Princess

Autumn Foliage, in reality the Spirit of the Demoness of Mount Togakushi," dance beneath red maple leaves. In this unusual production, the princess is performed by actress "Ichikawa Kumechachi." She is attended by "Lady-in-Waiting Hazue" (actress "Ichikawa Katsura"). In the insert is the youthful face of "Mount Togakushi's God of Long Life" (actress "Ichikawa Katsurami"). (Tsubouchi Memorial Theatre Museum of Waseda University)

Viewing the Autumn Foliage *Momiyigari*

Kawatake Mokuami and Morita Kanya XII (text); Tsuruzawa Yasutarō (*takemoto*), Kishizawa Shikisa VI (*lokiwazu*), and Kineya Shōjirō III (*nagauta*); Ichikawa Danjūrō IX (choreography)

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Viewing the Autumn Foliage

INTRODUCTION

Viewing the Autumn Foliage was first performed in October 1887 at the Shintomi-za theatre in Tokyo and was an immediate hit. Part of that success was undoubtedly due to the casting of three of the period's brightest stars. The era's leading actor, Ichikawa Danjūrō IX (1838–1903), took the dual role of the terrifying, man-eating demon of Mount Togakushi and its alluring alter ego, Princess Sarashina; the refined yet courageous General Taira no Koremochi was played by Ichikawa Sadanji I (1842–1904); and the Mountain God was portrayed by Nakamura Shikan IV (1830–1899). The play was written by the last of the great traditional playwrights, Kawatake Mokuami (1816–1893). Although in the late evening of his career, Mokuami still maintained a sure grasp of his craft, and the play's early success has been sustained until the present day. Of the 140 dance plays that Mokuami wrote over the course of his career, *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* is the most often performed. Of all plays inspired by the *nō*, it is second in popularity only to *The Subscription List* (Kanjinchō, 1840; trans. Scott 1953 and Brandon and Niwa 1966).

The play's highlights are many. As a dance play it manages to sustain visual interest through the sheer variety of different styles that it presents. These include Sarashina's stunning two-fan dance, the lyrical interlude provided by the maid-servant Nogiku, the broadly humorous and rhythmic dancing of the Mountain God, and the antics of Koremochi's two drunken retainers. Dance has the potential to heighten dramatic tension, as displayed in the sudden revelation of Sarashina's true nature when she glares at the dozing Koremochi. All of this varied choreography was devised by Danjūrō himself after Hanayagi Jusuke I (1821–1903), the founder of the Hanayagi school of dance and the preeminent kabuki choreographer, had quarreled with Danjūrō and withdrawn from the play. The rare use of three different on-stage musical ensembles (*kakeai*) enables a complex interweaving of narrative and lyrical description, while the distinctly different tones of music each add a subtle richness to the play.

The story the play relates, of how General Taira no Koremochi slew the fearsome she-demon of Mount Togakushi, seems to have first appeared in a *nō* play of the same title, written by Kanze Nobumitsu (1435–1516; trans. Ernst 1959). Nobumitsu's immediately identifiable characters and exciting situations proved ideal material for Tokugawa-period kabuki and puppet-theatre playwrights, who wasted no

time in adapting them to their stages. While the puppet theatre produced lengthy digressions on the theme, such as Chikamatsu Monzaemon's (1653-1725) 1715 play *Viewing the Autumn Foliage and the True Origin of the Sword* (Mumijigari Tsurugi no Honji), kabuki adaptations tended to be short dance pieces that were incorporated into other storylines. Mokuami's *Viewing the Autumn Foliage*, translated here, managed to straddle both traditions. While sticking very closely to the original *no* plot, dramatic structure, and even some performance conventions, the play also retains the feel and color of a traditional kabuki dance piece. In fact, the most immediate source for Mokuami's version of *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* was an 1849 kabuki dance script that he amended and expanded.

The version of *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* that Mokuami created for Danjuro IX remains one of the quintessential Meiji-period plays that is performed as part of the traditional repertory today. It is difficult to imagine it having been created in any other era. The complex and frequently conflicting impulses that vied for dominance in the kabuki of the late nineteenth century are all neatly encapsulated here. Historical authenticity and neoclassicism vie with the grotesque and the spectacular. Yearnings for social respectability encounter a lingering attachment to the popular. Traditional art even met with modern technology when the play provided kabuki's very first encounter, in 1899, with film, the medium that would soon usurp kabuki's place in the popular imagination. Retrospective wisdom gives the play an added element of sadness. We know that kabuki was nearing the end of its engagement with the mainstream of popular culture. The symbiotic relationship that existed between kabuki, popular literature, and popular art was slowly losing its strength. The cumulative and implicit knowledge of a common cultural heritage that traditional kabuki playwrights relied on for their creativity and audiences for their understanding of the drama was gradually being eroded by a complex array of factors that included scientific rationalism and artistic realism. Mokuami was the last of the great traditional playwrights; those that came after him would have entirely different concerns.

First, however, let us place the play in its historical context. The year in which *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* was first performed, 1887, was an unprecedented one in kabuki's history. In April, the Meiji emperor and empress witnessed a kabuki performance for the very first time. Such an event would have been utterly unthinkable during the preceding two and a half centuries, when kabuki actors were excluded from the official class system, their art viewed askance by the authorities (though idolized by commoners), their theatres banished to the geographical periphery of the city, and the actors themselves subject to periodic crackdowns on what they

could wear, where they could live, even whom they could meet. However, with the collapse of the shogunal government, kabuki actors and theatre owners began to expend much time and effort in raising the cultural standing of their art, as well as their own status. These efforts were extremely wide-ranging, including new attempts at verity in historical background and costume, petitioning the new authorities to be allowed to pay income tax, and cleansing plays of scenes likely to offend the delicate sensibilities of "women, children, and foreigners" (as the edicts of the day worded it). The actors' efforts were successful: the theatres were permitted to return to the centers of cities, and government officials began to invite foreign dignitaries to see kabuki. However, this success had a downside because with official patronage came increased outside intervention as both government and intellectual busybodies clamored that kabuki should be remade in the image of Western theatre. Their reformist zeal met with an equally implacable resistance from traditional-minded audiences who knew what they liked and were vocal in their disdain for any "improvements." This is the background against which *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* was created, and it helps us understand why this era saw so many adaptations from the older and culturally more prestigious *nō* and *kyōgen* theatres.

Kabuki had always used bits and pieces drawn from Japan's rich literary and oral canons in devising its plots (as, of course, had *nō*). However, the new Meiji-period adaptations of *nō* were entirely different in tenor from the patchwork of references and borrowing of character or situation that had been typical of the former relationship between the two theatrical genres. Now *nō* plays were coopted in their entirety, and staging conventions and dance patterns were taken wholesale. Rather than being a single part of a longer play, these adaptations were designed to stand alone as examples of a new high culture. It was no coincidence that *The Subscription List* (1840; trans. Scott 1953 and Brandon and Niwa 1966) and *The Monstrous Spider* (Tsuchigumo; trans. Bowers 1952), as well as several other plays adapted from *nō*, formed the core of the program presented before the emperor. These plays were both an obvious symbol of, and important stepping-stones to, kabuki's newly found high-culture status.

Viewing the Autumn Foliage had not been created at the time of the imperial kabuki viewing. Nevertheless, its high-culture aspirations were unmistakable. Aside from the source material, the costumes aimed for historical verisimilitude in their relative sobriety. Danjūrō was at this time in the midst of his so-called living-history (*katsureki*) experiments, where, often to the detriment of theatricality, he attempted to introduce historically authentic costumes, ways of speaking, and performance techniques. Intellectuals applauded his efforts, but traditionally minded audiences were vocal in their disdain. Danjūrō also attempted to introduce similar methods to

more traditional plays, and *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* was no exception. Accounts

of the first performance reveal that Sadanji wore a plain hunting costume (*kariginu*), entirely appropriate to a Heian-period aristocrat but far more restrained than the kabuki norm—though Sadanji attempted to compensate with an extravagant mous-

tache. When Danjūrō revived the play in 1899, with Onoe Kikugorō V (1844–1903) playing Koremochi, his great rival appeared with a shaved, white-powdered face set off by a colorful purple kimono (*hitatare*) and *hakama* patterned with the Heike butterfly crest. This more traditionally theatrical costume has now become standard.

For all its aspirations to social advancement, *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* still retains the salty taste of kabuki's plebeian recent past. Instead of the painted pine backdrop suggesting *no*, *Viewing the Autumn Foliage* uses a vividly colorful, even gaudy, autumnal landscape dominated by a huge, twisted tree at center stage. *No*'s symbolic appeal to the audience's imagination is thus replaced in kabuki by immediate sensory gratification. The stagecraft, too, would have shocked a *no* audience: Sarashina's two-fan dance appealed to the technical mastery and almost circuslike dexterity that kabuki enthusiasts loved to see in their dancers. In an undisguised dig at Danjūrō's penchant for historical accuracy, a contemporary choreographer remarked that the two-fan dance was totally unrealistic, because a highborn woman like Sarashina would never have been allowed to master such a vulgar trick. In the original production, the actor playing the demon breathed real fire at Koremochi during their battle, a thrilling piece of stage business to which modern fire regulations have put paid. Now the demon must content itself with sticking out its red-dyed tongue at its foe.

While the play's stagecraft manages to straddle both high and low culture, its plot represents a more fundamental conflict less easily brought to settlement. Its story of a sober young aristocrat wandering in the autumn mountains (traditionally a site of the uncanny) and coming across a bewitching young woman who turns out to be a demon in disguise seems almost an allegory for the dilemmas faced by both kabuki and Japan at this time. The forces of rationality, order, and the progressive modern world (in the person of Koremochi) stand arrayed against the forces of an older, mysterious, and superstitiously reactionary past. The form in which this past presents itself is alluring and insistent, its power difficult to deny. The unreasonable malevolence of the demon is indicative of early superstitious fears of modernization. In contrast, the wronged female character of the earlier *Kasane*, translated in Volume 3, for example, is justifiably vengeful.

Of course, tradition and modernity, or superstition and scientific rationalism, were not mutually exclusive propositions, and kabuki throughout its history had attempted to embrace both. However, the progress of modernization in Japanese

society as a whole during the first decades of Meiji had been inexorable. In reaction there occurred in the 1890s a nationwide revival of interest in Edo culture. Popular interest in studies of the paranormal and supernatural grew during this time, and kabuki turned wholeheartedly to preserving its traditional repertory and techniques. It is fascinating to note that Mokuami populated his dance plays of this period—including *Viewing the Autumn Foliage*, *Benkei Aboard Ship*, and *The Demon Ibaraki*—with malevolent demons and ghosts. With kabuki's traditional heroic figures of resistance emasculated by historical accuracy, all that remained to Mokuami were the ghosts that still lurked in the shadows of popular culture. But they, too, were soon to be vanquished: 1887 was also the year that electric light first arrived in Japan. Just as electricity would banish doubt and darkness from the theatres, so, too, would the coming crop of new kabuki (*shin kabuki*) playwrights banish music, dance, and traditional dramaturgy in favor of psychological realism and European stage conventions.

Paradoxically, just as technology killed off kabuki's demons, it also sealed the significance of *Viewing the Autumn Foliage*. During the run of the 1899 revival at the Kabuki-za, a temporary stage was erected in the garden of an adjacent teahouse, and Danjūrō and Kikugorō were captured on film running through the highlights of the play. Though not intended for commercial release, this was one of the very first "moving pictures" to be filmed in Japan. Kikugorō was reportedly delighted with this first chance to actually see what one of his performances looked like; however, this was to be the only occasion on which he and Danjūrō were filmed. Both actors died four years later, in 1903. A jerky, scratchy print still exists and provides an important insight into the acting styles of these two greatest stars of the Meiji era.

For this translation, the main text consulted was Gunji Masakatsu, ed., *Buyōshū*, vol. 25 of the *Kabuki On-Sutēji* series. Stage directions are based on a videotape of a February 1990 production at the NHK Hall in Tokyo that starred Nakamura Shikan VII (b. 1928) as Princess Sarashina, Nakamura Kankurō V (b. 1955) as the Mountain God, and Nakamura Senjaku II (currently Ganjirō III; b. 1931) as Koremochi; and additionally the November 1988 production at the Kabuki-za starring Onoe Kikugorō VII (b. 1942), Ichikawa Danjūrō XII (b. 1946), and Nakamura Fukusuke IX (b. 1960).

CHARACTERS

PRINCESS SARASHINA, *a beautiful, highborn young woman, in reality the DEMON of Mount Togakushi*

TAIRA NO KOREMOCHI, *a young general, renowned for his bravery*

UGENTA, a retainer to KOREMOCHI

SAGENTA, a retainer to KOREMOCHI

MOCHIZUKI, an attendant to SARASHINA

TAGOTO, an attendant to SARASHINA

IWAHASHI, an attendant to SARASHINA

NOGIKU, one of SARASHINA's maidservants

THE MOUNTAIN GOD, the guardian spirit of Mount Togakushi

MAIDSERVANTS, servants to SARASHINA

TOKIWAZU, narrators and shamisen players who accompany the action

TAKEMOTO, narrators and shamisen players who accompany the action

NAGAUTA, lyric singers and musicians who accompany the action

STAGE ASSISTANTS, formally dressed *kôken*

(The large offstage drum begins to beat out the regular yamaoroshi rhythm, indicating that the scene now to unfold will take place deep in the mountains. The

drumbeats are overtaken with the issai pattern adopted from the *nô* theatre—beats

on the *ôtsuzumi* and *kôtsuzumi* and a piercing, eerie phrase on the *nô* flute.

First slowly, then more rapidly, the curtain is drawn open to accelerating *ki* clicks. We find ourselves on Mount Togakushi in the province of Shinshû at the height of

autumn. The distant hills are vivid with red and orange foliage amongst the green.

Closer at hand, an immense and ancient pine tree occupies center stage, its broad

trunk bent almost horizontal and its leaves forming a bright brocade canopy. At

stage left is a multicolored, vertically striped silk curtain [*manmaku*] of the type

used by aristocratic ladies to shield their parties from prying eyes. The TOKIWAZU

musicians sit on a low, red-carpeted dais [*yamadai*] at extreme stage right, and

their NAGAUTA counterparts sit on a similar dais left of center. The TAKEMOTO

musicians sit in a small, second-floor room at left, the blinds of their room raised.

All the musicians wear appropriately autumnal rust-colored hakama and

kamishimo over black kimono. A hanging border of autumn leaves [*tsuri eda*]

frames the stage).

TOKIWAZU (*Lightly, at a medium tempo*):

Along the Shinano Road, venerable is the name Togakushi, / the mountain,

which by autumn showers is stained . . .

TAKEMOTO (*Heavier and more ornamented*):

Its evening foliage arrayed in vivid brocades . . .

NAGAUTA (*Lighter and higher pitched*):

As the setting sun glimmers through the tree boughs, / a brave warrior

appears into the vast splendor.

TAKEMOTO:

The time: the end of the ninth month. / The renowned Koremochi of the Taira clan / has come with two retainers to view the autumn foliage.

(Signaled by a brief blast on the flute, the curtain at the rear of the hanamichi is pulled open. Accompanied by the sounds of the kotsuzumi and ôtsuzumi, the Yogo general TAIRA NO KOREMOCHI enters along the hanamichi followed by his retainers UGENTA and SAGENTA. KOREMOCHI wears the hunting costume of a Heian-period aristocrat: a tall, black-lacquered hat [eboshi], a wide-sleeved, light-blue over-robe with a gold-embroidered pattern of large, circular flowers, white trousers, again with gold flowers, and a red seam along the bottom hem, and sandals. His face is powdered white, with the eyebrows and mouth outlined in black, suggesting refinement and a quiet strength. He carries a fan in his right hand. His two attendants are simply dressed in muted greens and purples: bloused trousers [hansuô] and cotton kimono under a short-sleeved surplice dyed with a white pattern. Flattened samurai hats [eboshi] are on their heads. The first attendant, UGENTA, carries KOREMOCHI's sword, wrapped in a rich purple cloth; SAGENTA carries a camp stool over his shoulder.)

NAGAUTA:

Impatiently, their taut bows in hand, / they force through the sodden shrub.
(They halt at shichisan. KOREMOCHI gestures with his fan to the glories of the scenery around them, and his attendants, too, turn to gaze in wonder.)

TOKIWAZU:

They have traveled far through mountains unknown, / following paths steep and rugged.

(Offstage, two kotsuzumi and a shamisen play the kodama no aikata pattern, suggesting the echoes in these deep mountain valleys. The two retainers kneel.)

KOREMOCHI *(Rhythmically, with confident authority)*: Plants and trees, it is said, are insentient, / yet without fail they obey the laws of the seasons. / In spring, the blossoms bloom, and in autumn / the branches are dyed in immaculate hues. / And as the sun sinks in the west / and deepens the radiant colors of the maple, / darkness reluctantly overtakes this exquisiteness, / making one forget one's homeward path.

UGENTA *(Bowing)*: It is as you say. In one full circle, / there is a glow of deepest red stretching both east and west. / How splendid it is!

KOREMOCHI *(He gestures with his fan toward the striped curtain)*: Looking closely, I see underneath the distant trees / curtains enclosing many people. / I have no idea whom it may be, but / it seems they are viewing the autumn foliage.

SAGENTA: It certainly does seem so.

KOREMOCHI: We, too, have come to view the autumn leaves, so it is / pleasant to see such an outing. / Go closer and see how many people are there / and inquire as to whom they may be.

UGENTA: I will do as you request.

(He stands and crosses toward the curtain.)

TAKEMOTO:

Lingering along the edge of the enclosing curtains / strung up between

trees.

UGENTA *(Calling out)*: Excuse me, is there anyone within?

TOKIWAZU:

Hearing the voice call out, some serving women appear.

(From inside the curtain, three of PRINCESS SARASHINA's attendants, including MOCHIZUKI and the homely IWAHASHI, appear. They are dressed in lavishly flower-patterned kimono of, respectively, purple, pale blue, and light green. Their obi are tied in back in the large, diagonal bow favored by serving women. KOREMOCHI and SAGENTA approach the main stage.)

MOCHIZUKI: What is it you wish?

UGENTA: Excuse my abruptness, but may I inquire / who is the honorable person

within that has come to this place?

FIRST MAIDSERVANT: It is an aristocratic lady who has come deep into these woods

to enjoy the autumn foliage of Mount Togakushi.

IWAHASHI: We see that your master wears a lacquered hat and hunting robe, / and

though his garments appear solemn, / he seems to have a certain sophisti-

cation which is rare for someone deep in the mountains.

MOCHIZUKI: But first . . .

ALL THREE: Who is the honorable person who has sent you to ask?

UGENTA: My master is Taira no Koremochi, known as the Yogo general.

MOCHIZUKI: We have heard much about the Yogo general. / And though you have

gone to great pains to visit . . .

FIRST MAIDSERVANT: Our outing today is a secret, so we cannot / reveal our lady's

name.

IWAHASHI: Please report that to your general.

ALL THREE: We request of you.

(They bow deeply in unison.)

UGENTA *(Bowing in return)*: I will do so.

TAKEMOTO:

The retainer returns to the general.

(UGENTA stops in front of KOREMOCHI and squats to make his report.)

(The three attendants exit to left.)

UGENTA: Sir, I have followed your orders and made inquiries. Their outing today is

for a gentlewoman who wishes to remain secret, so they could not reveal the

lady's name. Her serving women appeared and told me thus.

KOREMOCHI *(His curiosity obviously piqued)*: Who could this unusual lady be?

UGENTA: I pecked through the curtains and saw a gorgeous ground cloth spread out

under the trees, and at the seat of honor was a court lady with her attendants, all dressed in exquisite finery. Moreover, they had opened gold-lacquered boxes of food and drink, and forming a circle of women only, they appeared to be having a banquet.

KOREMOCHI: From what you report, it appears that she is a woman of high estate, otherwise how would they be deep in these mountains, a party of women viewing the autumn foliage and having a sumptuous banquet? We must not interrupt them, so let us pass by quietly.

UGENTA and SAGENTA: We will do as you say.

(They bow.)

NAGAUTA:

Wishing to conceal themselves from the party of women, / they cross the pathway at a distance.

(KOREMOCHI gestures with his fan for them to be as silent as possible. They begin to move off toward the hanamichi.)

TOKIWAZU:

The serving women reappear.

(Five MAIDSERVANTS appear in flower-patterned kimono of various hues.)

FIRST MAIDSERVANT: Though we hesitate to request this of such an exalted person . . .

SECOND MAIDSERVANT: Please wait for a short time.

THIRD MAIDSERVANT: You have told us the illustrious name of your master, and having heard previously so much about the Yogo general, Taira no Koremochi . . .

FOURTH MAIDSERVANT: Presumably you, too, have come to this place to view the autumn foliage. Please rest with us for a short time and enjoy the maples with us.

FIFTH MAIDSERVANT: It is our mistress . . .

FIRST MAIDSERVANT: Who sends . . .

ALL: This request.

KOREMOCHI *(Graciously)*: Though I am most grateful for your invitation, I see that your party consists of women alone, so as a man I must hesitate. But please inform your mistress of this and convey to her my best wishes.

FIFTH MAIDSERVANT: So, though we have made the request . . .

FIRST MAIDSERVANT: You will not stay?

KOREMOCHI *(Drawing out each syllable melodically)*: If fate has it, at some other time.

TOKIWAZU:

Bowing once, the stately form of Koremochi turns to go, / stepping through the grasses along the side of the pathway.

(KOREMOCHI begins moving toward stage right. The MAIDSERVANTS kneel in

a single line at left. A formally dressed STAGE ASSISTANT [kôken] appears and surreptitiously places a stool upon which KOREMOCHI sits.)

SARASHINA (From within the curtain): Oh kind visitor, please wait for a moment.

TAKEMOTO:

Calling out "please wait," a figure appears, / a high-ranking gentlewoman of the court . . .

NAGAUTA:

Wearing a brocade kimono more gorgeous than the autumn foliage, /

matched only by her own overflowing beauty and elegance.

(To offstage no flute, taiko, large drum, and bell accompaniment [midare])

SARASHINA appears, led by her chief lady-in-waiting TAGOTO, who is dressed

in a severe black kimono with a gold obi. They are closely followed by MOCHIZUKI

and IWAHASHI. Befitting her high rank, SARASHINA wears a wide-sleeved, red

kimono that shimmers with fantastically intricate gold-and-silver embroidery. The

kimono is loosely fastened with a simple yellow sash that hangs down in front. Row

upon row of silver hair ornaments rise in a halo above her elaborate "blown circle"

[fukitwa] wig, swaying and glinting in the light. She carries a fan, its long tassels

hanging over her sleeve.)

SARASHINA: Oh kind visitor, please wait for a moment.

KOREMOCHI: You request me to wait! Is it something special that the lady wishes

to ask?

SARASHINA: With nary a thought for a woman's feelings, / will you pass deeper into

these mountains?

NAGAUTA:

The autumn leaves dyed by the setting sun / completely unsurpassed in color.

(Slowly and gracefully SARASHINA pivots with her fan outstretched as the

musicians draw out the phrase. Leaning backward, she gazes upon the glory of

the autumn foliage.)

SARASHINA: Is all this beauty to be gazed upon by one person alone?

NAGAUTA:

Neither can reveal their true intentions.

(She beckons with her fan to KOREMOCHI. Suddenly, she seems to stumble,

and her MAIDSERVANTS start. She regains her balance, then all bow deeply

to KOREMOCHI.)

SARASHINA: Please view the maple leaves from here with us.

KOREMOCHI: Though I would like to entrust myself to your invitation, / I still have

not learned the name of this honorable gentlewoman. / Please forgive me

for asking.

MOCHIZUKI: Even though she doesn't reveal her name . . .

TAGOTO: The court lady herself . . .

FIRST MAIDSERVANT: Has stopped you in this manner . . .

SECOND MAIDSERVANT: So there is no need for you to hesitate.

THIRD MAIDSERVANT: The maple leaves are now at their most colorful . . .

FOURTH MAIDSERVANT: So please stay . . .

ALL: And enjoy them.

KOREMOCHI: Though I am most grateful, it has been forbidden for me since I was seven years old to be in the company of women, so please forgive me for being uncomfortable at your request to stop.

(He stands and prepares to take his leave. SAGENTA takes the stool upon which he had been sitting.)

NAGAUTA:

His abrupt attempt to leave is halted.

(KOREMOCHI sweeps back his sleeves, but the homely maidservant IWAHASHI rushes forward to block his path.)

IWAHASHI: Please.

(Comically she tries to hold him back.)

TOKIWAZU:

A passing shower . . . does it or does it not fall? / If so, one must take shelter from the rain. . . .

(IWAHASHI forces KOREMOCHI back several steps before clinging to him in a comic parody of the love scene suggested by the erotic lyrics. Roughly, he shakes her off, and she almost stumbles into SARASHINA.)

IWAHASHI *(Bowing)*: My apologies, my lady.

TAKEMOTO:

Taking shelter under cover of the same tree, / dipping sake from the flow of the same stream . . .

(Again IWAHASHI grasps KOREMOCHI's kimono and, kneeling, coyly flirts with him from behind her fan. MOCHIZUKI steps forward and shoos her away.)

NAGAUTA:

Abandoning all / as the sake cup is taken in hand . . .

(MOCHIZUKI kneels and mimes offering KOREMOCHI a sake cup on her upturned fan.)

TOKIWAZU:

An indescribable sensuousness pervades the harlot's flower / clinging to one's sleeve and forcing one to stop.

(Two more of SARASHINA's MAIDSERVANTS surround KOREMOCHI, grasping at his sleeves and imploring him to stay. He shakes off their hands, now more reluctantly, as they bow deeply.)

TAKEMOTO:

And in spite of himself even a valiant warrior / is seduced by the sensuous

autumn hues. / When his retainer recommends, / "Let us rest here a while,"

315

(The MAIDSERVANTS return to their position as UGENTA and SAGENTA

mime a departure. KOREMOCHI, however, is not yet ready to leave.)

KOREMOCHI (*Now in delighted anticipation of the pleasures to come*): Since you have

suggested it, let us stay a while here and rest.

IWAHASHI (*Kneeling to rear*): Let us view the splendid maples together with Lord

Koremochi.

FIRST MAIDSERVANT (*Passed-along dialogue [watarizetaru]*): Since this is our

pleasure trip . . .

SECOND MAIDSERVANT: Let us bring the ground cloth here . . .

THIRD MAIDSERVANT: Prepare the sake cups . . .

FOURTH MAIDSERVANT: As quickly as possible . . .

ALL (*Bowing*): We will do so.

UGENTA (*Delighted*): Hearing the word sake . . .

SAGENTA: We shall gladly help . . .

BOTH: In its preparation!

(UGENTA passes the sword to KOREMOCHI, then he, SAGENTA, and the

MAIDSERVANTS exit to left.)

TOKIWAZU:

Rustling softly the ground cloth is quickly spread; / servants pass from hand
to hand the banquet utensils.

(*Offstage shamisen, drum, and melal gong play the lively "shrine" [shaden]*

pattern. SARASHINA, TAGOTO, and KOREMOCHI turn to face rear. The

MAIDSERVANTS reappear with two red cloths that they spread on the ground

to the left. More MAIDSERVANTS appear carrying a cushion and armrest for

KOREMOCHI and lacquered boxes and flasks of food and drink. A third red

cloth is spread on the ground to the far right for UGENTA and SAGENTA.)

TAGOTO: Please come this way . . .

MOCHIZUKI: And share with us . . .

MAIDSERVANTS (*Bowing*): A cup of sake.

KOREMOCHI: Then, humbly I will grant your request.

TOKIWAZU:

Neither insensate stone nor unfeeling tree is he. / As if turned back by the

very wind which passes through the bush clover, / his resolve weakens and

forces him to stop.

(KOREMOCHI sits on the cushion prepared for him to the left; SARASHINA

is led over by TAGOTO, and she sits to the right. TAGOTO sits between them,

slightly to the rear.)

TAGOTO: Please, let me pour a cup for you.

NAGAUTA:

Pressed with drink by the serving women / his feelings soften within the sake cup.

(She offers a sake cup on a tray to KOREMOCHI and pours for him from a black-and-gold-lacquered flask.)

TAKEMOTO:

Drinking cup after cup, his heart begins to melt, / and what began as a barrier between hearts / becomes a bond that joins them.

(KOREMOCHI drinks. SARASHINA, too, takes a cup, and TAGOTO pours for her. Coyly she drinks and then wipes the cup with some paper before passing it back to KOREMOCHI. Meanwhile, IWAHASHI drags out an obviously reluctant young maidservant, NOGIKU, and forces her to dance.)

TOKIWAZU:

Beckoned by the winds that sweep across the fields, / who would not flutter under the tender spell / of the purple flower of the wild chamomile?

(During the dance, the offstage musicians play a lively pattern [ondo] overlain with bamboo flute, hand drum, and miniature gong accompaniment. Wearing a kimono that matches the purple-and-yellow wild chamomile of her name, NOGIKU dances. Plucking a wildflower, she kneels and gazes in rapture at it.)

NAGAUTA:

Or feel a hidden bond with a violet-flowered herb / already budding forth among the pampas grass.

TAKEMOTO:

Yes, that gentle form of the white-flowered man grass, / it, too, makes for one of the colorful field flowers.

(Discarding the flower, NOGIKU continues to dance with her sleeves draped over her hands. Finally, she finishes in a sitting position, swaying gently like one of the wildflowers in the lyrics. UGENTA and SAGENTA applaud noisily before realizing that the situation calls for a little more decorum. KOREMOCHI has continued to drink throughout the dance.)

UGENTA: Well, well. My master doesn't usually take so many offers of sake.

SAGENTA: It appears he has become . . .

BOTH: Quite inebriated.

KOREMOCHI: With so much superb sake filling my cup to the brim, I have suddenly learned what it is to be drunk.

TAGOTO: But you must drain one final cup.

(TAGOTO offers KOREMOCHI another cup.)

KOREMOCHI: This is quite a large cup indeed.

IWAHASHI: If the lord is finished, let us pour for his retainers.

UGENTA and SAGENTA *(Delighted)*: We don't mind if we do.

TAKEMOTO:

Large sake cups filled to the brim are slowly emptied to the final drop.

(IWAHASHI brings sake and pours for them. They drink with much relish.

KOREMOCHI, too, drains his final cup.)

TOKIWAZU:

At one point, humorously they sing a chaotic, drunken melody.

("Shrine" music begins again offstage, with added bell [ekito] and hand drum

percussion. IWASHASHI pours three times, and UGENTA drinks each cup dry.

Already clearly inebriated, he takes up a fan and begins a vigorously comic dance

at center.)

TAKEMOTO:

Deep below the log bridge at Kiso is a rapid flowing river . . .

NAGAUTA:

Looking down, how fearful it is, how fearful the view, / truly one of the

steepest bridges in all of Shinano . . .

(UGENTA mimes hiding behind his fan in terror.)

TOKIWAZU:

The blind priest Naniichi, / leading his blind disciples to the capital, /

gasped and shook while they tapped their canes.

(UGENTA now forces SAGENTA to dance as well. Offstage, large drum, gong,

and wooden xylophone [mokin] play zen no tsuotome pattern, appropriate for the

blind priest mentioned in the lyrics. Using a stick as a prop, SAGENTA dances a

humorous parody of a blind man, first dropping his cane and then groping around

for it.)

KOREMOCHI (Angrily): There, there, such unbecoming movements are improper for

this place and most impolite.

UGENTA and SAGENTA (Comtely): One cup of sake has already brought us to this.

Our humble apologies.

TAGOTO: This is the most impressive sake cup. Please do not . . .

ALL LADIES: Refuse it.

KOREMOCHI: You have been so kind to offer it, to turn it down instead would be

most impolite. I will accept it, but perhaps we can also have some entertain-

ment to accompany it.

TAGOTO (To SARASHINA): For entertainment, my lady . . .

MOCHIZUKI: Please dance for the gentleman.

SARASHINA: Though the two of you urge me, my dancing is merely clumsy . . .

KOREMOCHI: That will be even more interesting. As entertainment for our party,

I hereby request the pleasure of witnessing one dance by your ladyship.

SARASHINA: How embarrassing it is!

(Offstage otsuzumi and kotsuzumi begin to play hikae pattern. TAGOTO pulls

SARASHINA to her feet, and MOCHIZUKI adjusts her kimono. The other MAIDSERVANTS move to attend to KOREMOCHI. Offstage, *nō* flute, drum, frame drum, and *shō* play *sōgaku* pattern.)

NAGAUTA:

A poet on a trip with the mist / to the three famous views of Shikishima / saw in a glance the thousand cherry trees of Miyoshino . . .

(SARASHINA begins to dance slowly and gracefully with her fan closed. She then opens her fan and poses, facing away from the audience and bent backward with the fan held high in her right hand.)

TOKIWAZU:

Blossoms in their prime are a mystery. / The road to Koshi is piled with fallen snow; / as far as the eye can see whiteness / spreads in the distance in a scene never wearisome . . .

(She stamps twice. With her fan trembling, she traces the snow, first falling, then piling up. She gestures to TAGOTO, who comes forward and begins to dance with her. Facing away from each other, they both take several steps backward before colliding. TAGOTO kneels, with SARASHINA above her, and they strike a brief pose.)

TAKEMOTO:

Crossing the Kiso mountains, the moon / reflected in the rice fields of Sarashina. / Her heart is bright and unclouded / like the generations mirrored in the "mirror stand" mountain . . .

(SARASHINA continues to dance, first with TAGOTO, then on her own, elegantly manipulating her long sleeves. KOREMOCHI is finding it hard to stay awake, raising his fan to his face to conceal his drowsiness.)

TOKIWAZU (Very slow tempo):

Mid-autumn has quickly passed, / and while the leaves of the shore willows have fallen / the mountain passes still have a mosslike smoothness . . .

(The dance slows to a glacial pace as SARASHINA mimes while kneeling. Offstage, the large drum plays the wind-sound [kazaoto] pattern. SARASHINA glares pointedly at KOREMOCHI as his head droops ever lower. Suddenly, just as he is about to slip into sleep, he drops his fan and starts awake. The dance suddenly quickens as SARASHINA pivots rapidly, twirling her sleeves to disguise what has just occurred.)

NAGAUTA (Much quicker):

Between the luxuriantly green conifers / the face of the passing season is revealed / in autumn's scarlet hues deepened with rain showers . . .

TOKIWAZU:

Dividing those famous places in the capital / if you wish, view the many maples . . .

TAKEMOTO:

Mountains that the mountain goddesses / seem to have woven like Chinese

brocade . . .

(SARASHINA mimes the shape of the mountains with her fan, finally throwing it
in the air and catching it again.)

NAGAUTA:

Near the mountains the sunset / is announced to near and far / villages

darkened by the jealous mountain . . .

(A STAGE ASSISTANT hands SARASHINA a second fan. She begins a highly
dexterous dance using both fans, juggling them from hand to hand.)

TOKIWAZU:

Then there is the mountain scenery of Ogura, / its forest and shaded trees . . .

TAKEMOTO:

Unparalleled. Or Mount Arashi . . .

TOKIWAZU:

Whose storms fell the scarlet leaves . . .

(To represent the spiraling leaves, SARASHINA twirls the two fans simultaneously
around her fingers.)

NAGAUTA:

Dyeing the waters of the Oi River.

TAKEMOTO:

As Koremochi dozes off for a short time / she fixes her eyes upon him.

(KOREMOCHI's head gradually sinks lower, until he seems to have fallen asleep.
Once more SARASHINA glares fixedly and ominously at him, but she is distracted
again, this time by UGENTA and SAGENTA, who doze off and topple over.)

TOKIWAZU:

The river's fount, unknown / who knows where the white chrysanthemums

bloom, / scoop them up and savor their scent: / perfumed water.

(The shamisen of the three musical ensembles play the final phrase, "perfumed
water," in unison. The lyrics are split syllable by syllable among the ensembles, with
the final syllable of "water" sung in unison. A sudden interjection on the no flute
suggests the supernatural. SARASHINA darts toward the sleeping KOREMOCHI
with the strange scuttling gait of a demon before turning and retreating.)

MOCHIZUKI: Has sleep taken Lord Koremochi?

SARASHINA (In a deep, masculine voice): Silence!

NAGAUTA:

Wake not from your dreams, she says, / and vanishes within the curtain.

(SARASHINA closes her fan with a snap and then vigorously stamps off to exit
left, gazing malevolently at KOREMOCHI all the while. Her MAIDSERVANTS
run quickly after her, leaving KOREMOCHI and his attendants alone on stage.)



Assuming the shape of Princess Sarashina, the demon of Mount Togakushi (Onoe Baikō VII) entertains Koremochi (Morita Kanya XIV) with sake and dance to dull his caution. The *takemoto* chanter sings: "As Koremochi dozes off for a short time, she fixes her eyes upon him." (Tsubouchi Memorial Theatre Museum of Waseda University)

TAKEMOTO:

As the hour becomes late, the sky darkens / and rain pours in a night storm.
/ In the shade of the mountain frightening / sounds are heard as a mountain god / appears in a temporary form.

(Offstage, the large drum plays the yamaoroshi pattern as nō flute, ōtsuzumi, and gong play kagura. The MOUNTAIN GOD enters from the rear of the hanamichi, stamping swiftly to shichisan, where he strikes a brief mic. His costume is suitably outlandish: over a yellow kimono, he wears a green outer robe with a white diagonal pattern across the chest and sleeve. His hakama is pale blue and tied at the knee so that it bags over his thighs. His long hair is worn loose, hanging down at the back and held out of his eyes with a thin gold circlet. His face is painted white, with diagonal red lines [kumadori] around his eyes. As a symbol of his divinity he carries a long pole with white paper streamers attached to the end. He stands center.)

MOUNTAIN GOD (*Vigorously*): You who are asleep here face a graver danger than that of a candle left out in the wind.

NAGAUTA:

The demon that lives deep in these mountains . . .

MOUNTAIN GOD: Night after night takes people . . .

TOKIWAZU:

Drinking their blood and eating their flesh. / Even grinding their bones /

with a crushing sound so dreadful.

(Laying his pole on the ground, the MOUNTAIN GOD comically mimes a fear-

some demon eating human bones.)

TAKEMOTO:

If you stay here long you, too, will become / the victim of this demon. /

Quickly awake and depart.

(The MOUNTAIN GOD mimes running away.)

MOUNTAIN GOD: I have come to warn you by order of the Great Buddha of

Hachiman.

TOKIWAZU:

Quickly awake, quickly awake. / He pounds his cane to wake him up.

(The MOUNTAIN GOD approaches the sleeping KOREMOCHI and repeatedly

bangs his pole, then shakes him in a futile attempt to rouse him. He then tries the

same with UGENTA and SAGENTA, again without success.)

TAKEMOTO:

The attendants, too, in a deep sleep, / not appearing that they will awake.

MOUNTAIN GOD (Center): I know. I will try stamping my feet in the hope that the

sound will awaken them.

(Offstage flute, large drum, and ōsuzumi begin to play the lively and strongly

rhythmic miya kagura pattern. The MOUNTAIN GOD kneels at center, his pole

laid down in front of him. A STAGE ASSISTANT helps him tie up his sleeves.)

NAGAUTA:

The night kagura purification dance of the gods, / its name remains as the

"cave door" kagura

(The MOUNTAIN GOD begins a comically dexterous dance, still in the kneeling

position, clapping his hands and leaning backward.)

TOKIWAZU:

The beating of the drum with flute and tsuzumi, / clanging on metal gongs.

Dongarako . . .

(Now standing, he mimes beating the drum against his belly and stamping. Then

he takes up the pole and twists it around.)

NAGAUTA (Mimicking the sound of the drums):

Dokodon . . .

TAKEMOTO:

Ponpoko . . .

TOKIWAZU:

Pidonchan . . .

(Holding the pole to his lips, the MOUNTAIN GOD mimes the flute sound suggested by the final lyric.)

NAGAUTA:

Striking and pounding, still they don't awake . . .

(Again he twirls the pole, ending the dance in a squatting mie with the pole held over his left shoulder.)

TOKIWAZU:

The mountain god is disgusted and pokes them with his pole, / then departs without a glance behind.

(The MOUNTAIN GOD makes a final attempt to rouse KOREMOCHI, banging his pole and shaking him. Then, he rapidly crosses to the hanamichi, jumping to land at shichisan. With a final flourish of his pole, he exits in a bounding crouch, taking large strides with the pole carried over his right shoulder.)

TAKEMOTO:

A sudden night wind blows across Koremochi, / startling him; he wakes and looks about.

(To a rattle of offstage percussion, KOREMOCHI suddenly awakes. His hat is at an angle, and he looks momentarily disorientated.)

KOREMOCHI: How shameful! My mind had become muddled with drink, / but while I dozed I had a revelation in my dream. / Was this but a specter? / That thing that was here in the form of a woman— / that it is here no longer is most suspicious. / As I have had a true revelation from Hachiman, / truly there is no doubt that this was a demon, / and now I must see its true form.

TOKIWAZU:

With great determination, he runs into the center of the curtained area.

(KOREMOCHI prepares for combat by removing his hat and tying back his sleeves with the help of a STAGE ASSISTANT. He stands and strikes a powerful mie with his sword half drawn from its scabbard. Then, to a great clatter of tsuke beats and flute accompaniment he exits to left.)

TAKEMOTO:

His two retainers awake.

(UGENTA and SAGENTA awake and rush to center, where they tumble over in terror.)

UGENTA: Could it be that these elegant ladies were specters?

SAGENTA: Oh. Specters! How horrible indeed!

TAKEMOTO:

Fearing for their lives / they take to their heels in confusion.

(They comically mime their terror and confusion, unable to stand on their trembling legs. Finally, clinging to each other for support, they stumble off to exit right.)

NAGAUTA *(Punctuated by virtuoso shamisen sections):*

Just then a ferocious mountain wind / stirs up the falling autumn leaves. /

Trying to stop the ladies-in-waiting from escaping, / Koremochi appears,
sword drawn and held aloft, / but the skies suddenly darken / like ink spill
across a page, / and the mountain starts to rumble loudly.

(The stage is blacked out, lit only by occasional flashes of lightning. To tsuke beats,
offstage no flute, oisuzumi, and koisuzumi play rapid hayabue overlain with
yamaoroshi beats on the large drum, SARASHINA and KOREMOCHI enter.
SARASHINA, pursued by KOREMOCHI with his sword drawn, conceals her
head with a white cloth. They strike a tense hippari no mie to a clatter of tsuke
beats. Offstage shamisen begin to play mizuke sanju pattern. The stage remains in
semi-darkness.)

KOREMOCHI: Though it has put up many obstacles, / it has changed form and truly
it is a demon / that must be destroyed here and now.

SARASHINA (No trace of her former elegant diction): You possess the Little Crow, the
sword that has / the ability to nullify my own supernatural powers. / So now I
will show my true form.

TOKIWAZU:

Her voice alone / echoes across the mountain valleys. / How horrible.

(KOREMOCHI slashes repeatedly at SARASHINA with his sword, but she dodges
the blows. Suddenly she moves to left and throws the cloth at him. Her true demonic
form is revealed: her face is terrifying, the white now streaked with brown-and-blue
lines. Her brown-and-white hair hangs long and tangled, gold horns sprouting from
its midst. She wears red hakama over a white kimono. A STAGE ASSISTANT
pulls out basting threads from her outer kimono, which drops down [bukkakeri] to
reveal a vivid orange costume patterned with bold, black squares. She grasps the
strands of hair hanging on each side of her face, the STAGE ASSISTANT raises
the costume from behind to frame her body, and she strikes a horrible mie.)

KOREMOCHI: It is just as I had guessed. / You are indeed a demon, / and it is
Koremochi who will destroy you!

SARASHINA: I'll gulp you down in one demon's mouthful!

TAKEMOTO:

The demon in anger flies at Koremochi, / intent on tearing him into little
pieces.

(A stylized fight scene [tachimawari] ensues, with KOREMOCHI fending off the
DEMON with his sword.)

TOKIWAZU:

But despite its cunning, its flight is misdirected.

NAGAUTA:

The colorful autumn colors turn into flames, / and the leaves of the old trees
rustle, rustle . . .

TOKIWAZU:

The uncanny work of a shape-shifting specter.



Taira no Koremochi (Nakamura Tomijūrō V) points his sword at the demon of Mount Togakushi (Nakamura Tokizō V) atop the bending trunk of a large pine. Typical of kabuki play endings, the song lyrics tell us that "the demon is at last slain by brilliance unmatched," but Koremochi's victory is not enacted. Rather, the curtain closes on hero and villain posed in a tense tableau, in a moment just prior to the resolution of the dramatic conflict. (Umemura Yutaka, Engeki Shuppansha)

(They continue to duel vigorously to rapid offstage flute, ōtsuzumi, and kotsuzumi accompaniment [kurui]. The DEMON takes up a leafy branch to parry the sword blows. Finally, KOREMOCHI forces it to drop the branch. As KOREMOCHI is about to strike the killing blow, the DEMON sinks to its knees and freezes him with a glare. KOREMOCHI is forced backward as the DEMON tosses its long mane at him. Again the DEMON sinks to its knees and glares at him. KOREMOCHI is bewitched by a spell, slashing wildly with his sword before spiraling round and round and finally collapsing into a trance. Tsuke and large drum rise to a crescendo, then fall into silence. The DEMON savors its impending victory, approaching KOREMOCHI and then jumping backward several times. It kneels in a victorious mie, again grasping its hair. Offstage music changes to mai hataraki, with the addition of the taiko. The DEMON again slowly approaches KOREMOCHI to attack, raising its legs high. However, of its own accord KOREMOCHI's sword moves and forces the DEMON back. A flurry of beats on the large drum suggests supernatural powers. Obviously weakened, the DEMON stumbles around KOREMOCHI. It tries to attack again, but is repeatedly forced

back by the magical power of the sword, becoming weaker each time. At last,
KOREMOCHI recovers consciousness and stands.)

TAKEMOTO:

The battle continues to rage.

(Kneeling, KOREMOCHI grasps the hem of the DEMON's kimono, then they
freeze in a mie.)

TOKIWAZU:

The courageous Koremochi / with his virtuous sword, the Togakushi ...

(They continue to fight. The DEMON disappears behind the pine tree and KORE-
MOCHI follows, then reemerges, clearly having lost track of the DEMON.)

TAKEMOTO:

The demon is at last slain by brilliance. . . .

TAKEMOTO, TOKIWAZU, and NAGAUTA (In unison):

Unmatched.

(A spotlight picks out the DEMON halfway up the tree, glaring at KOREMOCHI.
The DEMON lifts an overhanging branch above its head to better look down on its
enemy. Tsuke and large-drum beats rise to a frenzied crescendo [uchiage], and the
lights suddenly come up. KOREMOCHI raises his sword, and he and the DEMON
freeze into a classic "heaven and earth" pose [tenchi no mie]. The curtain is run
closed to tsuke beats and large-drum accompaniment.)