

**Choosing Career, the Single Life and Feminism:
Reading Kishino Junko's Memoir, *Things Visible from a Woman's
Perspective***

By Ronald P Loftus

I

The year is 1970, the place, Japan. A single woman in her forties sits in a darkened Tokyo movie theater watching a recently released, stylish, black-and-white avant-garde film. Of late, she has been increasingly drawn toward the women's liberation movement that was sweeping Japan, and this was causing her to question the entire trajectory of her life so far, one that had been devoted to pursuing a career as a reporter for a large Japanese newspaper. The film she was watching, "The Woman I Abandoned," could have been a just another sentimental narrative about betrayal and loss; it tells the story of an ambitious young company worker who seduces a naive young woman only to abandon her in favor of the company president's niece and the opportunity to ascend the corporate ladder. But what saves the film from being completely mawkish is the possibility of reading the male protagonist's life, and his relationship with a young woman, as a metaphor for Japan's economic and social condition in the 1960s, a time when the state was bent on doubling incomes and forging double-digit economic growth. Somehow though, seeing the face of the brokenhearted young woman on the screen, contorted with pain and sadness, opened the floodgates for Ms. Kishino Junko, and she wept uncontrollably. Transfixed and unable to move, she sat through a second showing of the film without leaving her seat, her tears unceasing.[1]

A decade after the incident in the movie theater, Kishino would write near the end of her memoir about how the news that she had breast cancer led to a debilitating depression and that throughout, she had been ... haunted by the question "What has been the meaning of my life up to this point?" Of course, I did not think the path in life I had chosen was mistaken, but I did wonder if somehow breast cancer was not the result of my choice not to have children. Were there not too many signs that this was the revenge of a female body which had been cast aside? [2]

Of course, there is nothing unusual about a woman who is engaged in writing her life being pensive and reflective about its meaning. For isn't that the purpose of writing one's autobiography or memoir? But it is another matter to situate her struggle with cancer in the public eye, and to relate it to the choices that she made in her life. Moreover, Kishino pushed the boundaries of contemporary discourse when she came to see breast cancer as an inescapable part of her life as a woman struggling to have a career in the thoroughly male world of Japan between the 1950s and the 1970s. She had begun her career on of the first female reporters for a large Japanese newspaper, *Sangyō keizai shinbun* [The Industrial and Economic News], only to resign after sixteen years in order to

become a lecturer at Hôsei University specializing in African-American literature. Immersed in the women's movement of the 1970s, Kishino explores in her memoir how this experience was transformative for her. Diagnosed with breast cancer in 1977, she died in 1985 at the age of fifty-four, five years after her memoir, *Things Visible from a Woman's Perspective*, was published.

If we examine closely what Kishino's memoir has to say about her life and the choices that she made, one thing becomes apparent: she repeatedly returns to the point that her life was shaped by her status as a postwar woman who dedicated her life to working as a professional alongside men in order to strike a blow for gender equality. Among the first wave of female reporters to be hired by major newspapers in the postwar era, she saw herself as a pioneer as well as a beneficiary of the new constitution which proclaimed gender equality. She refers to this in the opening of her memoir as follows:

For people like myself who grew up under the new constitution that boldly proclaimed the equality of men and women, I considered it completely natural for a woman to want to establish her independence. ..From the point [that I joined the staff of the newspaper], for the next twenty-five years, I worked hard; I worked sixteen years as a reporter until 1969 when, in my late thirties, I quit the newspaper and became a college lecturer. After I had been teaching for a while I had my first opportunity to reexamine my past in a 1975 essay that I published in the journal *Atarashii chihei* (New Perspectives) No. 8. (9-10), titled "So That Gentleness Does Not Get Thrown Away" (*Yasashisa ga suterarenai tame ni*). (9-10)

The narrator proceeds to embed in her text an extensive quotation from her 1975 essay that we should also examine in some detail.

I was a part of that generation where the individual stories of our youth were inextricably linked with [the story of] postwar Japan. Specifically, I entered university in 1949 under the new system which opened the gates of universities equally to men and women, graduated in 1953, and entered a newspaper company that was officially allowing women to take their entrance exam for the first time. The barriers which had been erected in prewar Japan to deny women access to positions just because they were women (*onna ga yue ni*) were being swept away one by one, and we experienced the ardor of being part of that first wave to overcome these obstacles. Perhaps for me, because "Postwar Democracy" was coterminous with "equal rights for men and women" (*danjo-dôken*), this latter slogan became such a meaningful part of my existence that it became a pillar on which I based my life course. ..

[Anyway] there ... was [a certain] energy that came from being in that first wave of women able to take advantage of the newly proclaimed equality between the sexes. No one understood better than we who were in the front lines how wide the gulf was between the ideal of working side by side with men in an open environment and the stark reality that equality

it was really a matter of form only. But I felt strongly that it was the duty of those of us in the first wave to try and shrink that gap between reality and the ideal as much as we could...

But in terms of results, the reality was that the ideals I was aiming for seemed to continually to recede..I could not help feeling that all I had accomplished in the end was to stoke the engines of Japan's high-level economic growth. This was the source of profound feelings of disappointment.

Tormented by these kinds of thoughts, I happened to stop in a theater and see a film that sharply altered my perspective. Called "*Watakushi ga suteta onna*,"(The Girl I Left Behind) it was directed by Urayama Kirio and was based on an Endô Shûsaku novella. Perhaps one thing that attracted me to the film was a feeling of generational solidarity with the director. The main character in the film was a young student activist with a dark side. Because of his impoverished background and his deeply held ambitions, I couldn't help being reminded of some of the young men I grew up with. Anyway, this character became disaffected with activism and sought temporary refuge in the arms of an innocent young woman, probably a recent middle-school graduate just arrived in the city from the countryside. Hiding his background as a political activist, Yoshioka went to work for a company. Because of his intense ambition and hard work he was rewarded with rapid promotion and even became engaged to the company president's niece. The plot, of course, becomes quite predictable at this point as he throws over the young girl from the country in favor of the boss's niece. *But somewhere in the relationship between the main character and the young girl, I could see my own disrupted self*, and somehow uncover there a clue which shed light on what postwar democracy should have been, what it could have become. (10-11, emphasis mine)

For the narrator, there is profound disappointment over the inability to realize the ideals that postwar society promised; as a consequence, she was plagued by feelings that her identity, indeed, her very soul, was being disrupted. The film that moved the narrator so deeply was originally released in 1969. It opens with a series of images of Japan's postwar industrial reawakening—images of molten steel and automotive assembly lines—in the course of which the viewer is introduced to the protagonist, Yoshioka Tsutomu. Yoshioka is a young salaryman, desperate to succeed and get ahead in the postwar economic free-for-all, even to the point of pursuing a relationship with the boss' niece, Mariko. But we also see him take a bar hostess to a hotel, only to have her remind him, as she dresses to leave, that he used to be cared for very deeply by a young woman named Mitsu. The utterance of Mitsu's name stuns Yoshioka; the camera moves in for a close-up on his face as he lies alone in his hotel bed, after the woman has departed, writhing in agony, tortured by his memories. The tight shot on his face fades to the film's first flashback: Yoshioka is a poor, struggling college student, desperate for some female companionship. He meets Mitsu

Morita and soon seduces - indeed, practically rapes - her. She was initially very eager to spend more time with someone like Yoshioka, an upwardly mobile college student, but she did try valiantly to resist his sexual advances. Once overpowered, however, she yields and falls in love with him, only to be crushed when Yoshioka abandons her in order to marry Mariko and slake his thirst for advancement.

In the film's next scene, the perspective has shifted back to the narrative present. Yoshioka is driving with Mariko in her fancy car through the streets of Tokyo when, at a traffic light, he spots Mitsu crossing the street. It is the first time he has set eyes on her since he abandoned her at dawn in a beach shack where they had made love. Telling Mariko that he has to buy something and will be right back, he leaps out of her Mercedes-Benz and, after following Mitsu down some alleyways to the bathhouse, he calls out her name, "Mitschan." When she turns and faces the camera, her open yet pained visage fills the screen. This indeed, may be the very scene that Kishino found so haunting for after staring at Yoshioka



Fig. 1

Longingly for a few moments, tears begin to pour down Mitsu's face until she falls to her knees, weeping uncontrollably.



Fig. 2a



Fig. 2b



Fig. 2c

We learn through more flashbacks that Mitsu has barely managed to stave off a descent into prostitution, but cannot escape the brutish existence to which she is condemned when "left behind" by Yoshioka. Refusing to participate in a scheme to blackmail this man who seduced and abandoned her, Mitsu quarrels with her roguish companions and is inadvertently pushed out of a tenement window to her death. In the original story by Endô Shûsaku, Mitsu is sent to a Catholic-run leprosarium in Gotemba when it is thought she may have the sickness. She elects to remain there even though she does not have the disease, in order to care for the wretched ones who do. Although she never embraces the Catholic faith, she lives the life of a saint until she is accidentally killed by a truck while crossing the street.

Director Urayama adapts the novel significantly by ignoring this whole dimension of leprosy and the Catholic faith in favor of portraying another set of afflictions which were attacking the soul of Japan - capitalism, materialism and greed. [3] Therefore, it was not only the pure, innocent face of the young woman from the country that moved the narrator; it was also the very nature of the relationship *between* her and the ambitions of the tormented young man, Yoshioka. Somewhere between her naïveté and his "dark side," a truth is revealed to Kishino about her "*own disrupted self*." Kishino resumes her account of what this film meant to her:

It was like this. The essential nature of this young woman who inevitably had to be abandoned by the hero who concentrated all his efforts on moving up the corporate ladder was a gentleness (*yasashisa*), symbolized in the film by her plain, unadorned face. It was a gentleness that identified her as clearly belonging to the ranks of the oppressed. It was clear to me from my own experience that postwar Japan, as it entered upon this period of rapid economic

growth, was similarly a structure, an edifice, from which such gentleness had been excised. I, who had placed work above all else just as all the men did, was among those who threw something away. Inevitably, my femininity (*yasashisa*) was the part of me that I had cast aside. (12-13)

The narrator had already explained how the sense of agency she experienced as a woman breaking into hallowed ground, formerly reserved for males only, had energized her. But then there is disillusionment at the personal, the socio-political, and even the international level. Japan, which might have confronted its own past as an oppressor, and joined hands with third world countries, has not. Instead, it has allied politically with the U.S. and aligned itself against socialist countries. Now, even the cells of her own body were staging a rebellion against her. We saw above how Kishino wondered if her cancer couldn't be construed as her body exacting revenge for being cast aside, abandoned, much as Mitsu had been. Here, she elaborates on how the women's movement caused her to become aware that she had abandoned an important part of herself:

Just a little after I left my position as a reporter, the so-called second wave of women's liberation, the 'women's lib' movement, arrived in Japan. What I came to understand clearly from this movement was that I needed to give up the notion that equality between the sexes was just a stepping stone to the larger ideal of universal human liberation. I realized that no matter how much I may have patterned my life after men, in the end I was a woman who possessed this very 'gentleness' that was being discarded along the way. Moreover, I was startled by the scale of what we had given up in terms of the supports for postwar democracy. Needless to say, what we had given up during those years was more than just *yasashisa*. (13-14)

Yasashisa serves as a metaphor for the things that Japan was in the process of losing at this point in its history, namely genuine democracy and the ideals peace, socialism and gender equality. Just as Kishino had to discard something that was a part of her, so Japan was forced to give up something that had been a dream for many of its citizens, a point that was reinforced in the film by a brief flashback to the huge 1960 Aomori demonstrations against the renewal of the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty. Skillfully interweaving documentary footage with his own material, film director Urayama depicts the student activist Yoshioka fully participating in the demonstrations, much as Kishino herself had done. Urayama created that bond of "generational solidarity" with Kishino by inserting this footage into the heart of his film. We see a cut to the mass demonstration with the year 1960 emblazoned on the screen. Although the flashback is a very brief one,



is barely 45 seconds, it occurs shortly after Yoshioka has seen Mitsu again for the first time. He is with Mariko and her family but the impact of seeing Mitsu has left him so shaken that he drinks heavily. While writhing and vomiting on the bathroom floor, he flashes back to the moment in 1960 when water cannons blast the demonstrators, and his friend and roommate, Nagashima, was struck on the head by the police. The message is



clear: Yoshioka has not only abandoned the sweet, innocent girl from the countryside,



who has come to stand for oppressed people everywhere, but he has also turned his back on his progressive, activist politics. He goes from someone who is politically engaged to someone who is absorbed only in his own success, and in Japan's material advancement.

Kishino concludes the excerpt from her 1975 essay with the following thoughts about how her basic outlook, her worldview, had been altered:

This is what I believe now. I have repositioned (*tachinaoshite*) myself so that I no longer stand alongside men, but stand self-consciously on the side of oppressed women. I believe that we must address the faults of a structure that says that since this gentleness - symbolized by Mitsu's plain, open yet pained countenance in the film - does not function as a force to bind people to one another, we should abandon it. I am, then, reversing my values and choosing to take up the position of women anew. As I reexamine my own short past, I believe that women's liberation must go beyond the advocacy of rights for middle-class women. For me, women's liberation must take as a point of departure the perspective of women who are oppressed, women who are expected to do the 'shitwork' *because* they are women. We need to self-consciously make this perspective our own and proceed to connect it to that part of the postwar democratic movement that was abandoned. If we

cannot move toward this kind of universal struggle for human liberation, then for what purpose was my entire youth spent? (14)

The structure that Kishino believes must be reexamined is one that permits women to enter the workplace only if they are willing to give up a part of themselves, that very part which is identified most closely with their femininity. It is a structure that, as it propels Japan relentlessly along the path of rapid economic growth, has no room for gentleness or compassion. The function of the women's liberation movement in Japan, then, is to force a reexamination of this structure, and a reassessment of the priorities on which it insists. It must also help Japanese reconnect with the values of the postwar democratic movement.

At this point, Kishino reveals to the reader for the first time that she has cancer:

Of course there was no way I could have foreseen it, but two years after I wrote these words I was diagnosed with breast cancer. As I went through the very difficult process of being hospitalized and operated upon, as I struggled to accept this unacceptable reality I kept remembering these words that I had written two years previously. I felt strongly that *my cancer was the inevitable rebellion of my own body against the lifestyle I had chosen*, the lifestyle, one that had me placing work above all else just like men and casting aside the part of me that was woman. I recall feeling that it had taken a life-threatening experience to make me realize that what had begun as a 'motif' to explore in an essay turned out to be something so true. (14-15; emphasis mine)

It is always a risky business to assert historical inevitability, but Kishino is arguing here that her cancer was the price she had to pay for the life choices she made. However, not only does she conflate the issue of gender inequality in the workplace and the life choices she made, she also locates the context for those choices squarely in the economic and political developments of her day.

II

Recovering the Feminine

Jumping ahead to the final section of her memoir, we encounter a detailed discussion of the "discovery of a feminine consciousness." It traces a trajectory from her reading of African-American writers like Langston Hughes, Richard Wright, and Maya Angelou to her participation in the feminist movement of the early 1970s. As the narrator explains it:

The first major rally of the women's movement was held at the Sendagaya Community Center in November 1970. I was invited to participate on that day by Komashaku Kimi, a female colleague, a single woman about five years older than me. [4] I recall being impressed with the freshness and energy as speaker after speaker spoke openly and honestly about their own experiences as women.

One cold wintry evening, just after my fortieth birthday, I was having dinner with Ms. Komashaku at a restaurant. We began to open up to each other, to tell each other our life stories and how we had each arrived at the place where we were in our lives. As I spoke with her, suddenly I came to look at my past differently than I ever had before, a process that seemed to occur naturally.

Until this time, I had been operating in the male-centered workplace, placing priority on work, work, work, without giving it a second thought. To me, there was something natural and inevitable about this path and, although there was no doubt some pain along the way, I also found a great deal of satisfaction. It never crossed my mind to question what I was doing. However, when I reached my forties, the possibility that I might never have children began to surface in my consciousness. This hit home very hard, creating a hollow feeling, a void in my life. If I were a man, I could have both work and children. Now that I had reached a point of no return, I began to take stock of the magnitude of what I had sacrificed.

This occasion, then, became an opportunity to reexamine my past in a different light - I couldn't help being haunted by recurring feelings of regret that I had virtually erased that very part of me that is woman - captured symbolically in the reality that I would not be having children - and made myself just like men for whom competition and one's success in the workplace is everything.

It was around this time that in a Shinjuku theater I sat through the film "The Woman I Abandoned" twice, back-to-back, unable to stop crying. What came through quite clearly to me was that I had closed my eyes to reality and had tried to bridge the gap between my ideals - rooted as they were in the postwar democratic movement's commitment to gender equality - and the reality that my own efforts had only been directed towards amassing an impressive success record in the workplace. To put it yet another way, I had erased my femininity and bought completely into the logic of the patriarchal order, with priority placed on work, and had lived my life on this basis. I had even looked at myself through men's eyes and judged myself according to male standards.

So, in an instant, *a real picture of women as historically, socially and psychologically oppressed* took shape in my mind. Moreover, I realized that I had experienced at the very core of my being the ways in which women's lives were oppressed. These feelings took shape in the meetings of various women's groups where we talked about our lives, our bodies, or even how male-female relationships

were portrayed in literature as seen from the standpoint of women. I think I can say that through these kinds of efforts, I was able to change directions in my life as I sought a way to liberate myself and live independently among women with whom I felt the bond of sisterhood. (228-232; emphasis mine)

What began as a lament over loss and abandonment is transformed into a real picture of women as historically, socially and psychologically oppressed. Something in the film is a catalyst perhaps it is that space between the young man's naked ambition, and the naiveté of the young woman from the countryside, her *yasashisa* that unleashes Kishino's reflection on what she has sacrificed or abandoned in her own life in order to pursue her ideal of gender equality in the workplace. Through the meetings of the women's groups in the early 1970s, the narrator comes to understand the nature of women's oppression as a social, political and historical phenomenon. This process of discovery, rooted as it was in the bond of sisterhood, is synonymous with what she calls the discovery of her "feminine consciousness." The narrator continues her retrospective:

One more thing I became aware of about my feminine consciousness was the realization that there was a deep connection between my attraction to African-American literature and the consciousness that the life I had lived was the life of an oppressed woman. [I was] that it was possible to use my consciousness as a member of an oppressed gender as a springboard in order to connect with other oppressed minorities, and then to move in the direction of liberation from this oppression.

Be that as it may, what I really felt at the time was that *I wanted to live my life fully as a woman, at one with my body, without worrying about how I may have erased part of myself in the past.* But just at that moment, I became ill.

In March 1977, I was operated on for breast cancer. At that time, I felt that my illness was the inevitable consequence of the way I had lived my life up to that point. If I may repeat myself, it was because I had virtually ignored my existence as a woman with a body - albeit in the pursuit of equality between the sexes - and had bought fully into the achievement ethos of a competitive society. I could not help but feel strongly that my body was in revolt against my insistence on putting work before everything else. If my life up until now had been propelling me inevitably toward my illness, then I wanted to reverse this trend and live my life in a new way. Such a change in direction could not be based on patriarchal conceptions that had been enslaving women, but had to be connected with the *recovery of a*

feminine consciousness capable of pointing the way to my own liberation. (232-34; emphasis mine)

The realization that she has acquiesced in a choice to devote herself unstintingly to work, to give up having children, and live the way men in her society do, haunts her as she confronts a sense of loss and erasure. At the same time, Kishino is also faced with losing a part of her body to cancer, so she becomes intensely aware of how much of herself she has already thrown away or discarded. She *thought* she was sacrificing these things for the ideals that she cherished, gender equality and the other postwar freedoms: political independence and social justice. But the direction in which history is moving - and this is where her own story is linked with the story of postwar Japan - keeps her ideals tantalizingly just out of reach. Once she encountered the women's movement, though, important changes began to occur inside her, and to affect her consciousness as a woman. Once she was able to see the world through the lens of feminism, all she wants to do is struggle to - recover her feminine consciousness, - a battle made all the more poignant by the war that she must simultaneously wage with cancer for her very life

In the Epilogue, Kishino writes of her surgery and recovery over the next two to three years and of her search for a new order of priorities in her life. What she came to realize about herself was that she had put far too much weight on her record of "achievements." It was now time, she reasoned, to deny her "careerism," and to reclaim her life.

At any rate, I want to listen more carefully to the voice of my own body and to live a life in which value is placed on work for work's sake, not just for careerism and in which there is a connection between my work and my encounters with people. Would this not be the only way for me - in my weakened state of health and living in this era with its narrow range of vision - to accomplish what I have set out to accomplish? (258)

III

Reflections

In concluding her memoir, the narrator expresses a desire to reclaim her body and her life "*o live my life fully as a woman, at one with my body.*" However, she experienced alienation from her body and what it meant to be a woman as a result of the life choices she made, something reflected in the text by her repeated references to a "disrupted self". Somehow, her experiences in the workplace are like a microcosm of the process by which postwar Japan evolved its politically conservative social and economic agenda, callously abandoning its democratic ideals along the way. The inequities she encountered as an employee of *Sankei shinbun* were a version writ small of what was occurring in the society at large.

The narrator's reflections about the impact of Urayama Kirio's film on her consciousness are a fascinating and important part of her narrative. She suggests that this film can be read as a metaphor for the denial or repression of something deeply-rooted in her own and in Japan's existence. Like the ambitious young man, Yoshioka, she, too, has thrown herself wholeheartedly into the economic fray, trying to make her mark, to become successful, in order to convince the world that women deserve equality. But the narrator also identifies closely with the innocent, pure emotion - the *yasashisa* of Mitsu whose face fills the screen with her agony and despair. Somehow, that face comes to stand for oppressed women and, indeed, all oppressed people.

What makes the scene in the movie theater so pivotal and this is reinforced by the fact that she repeats it twice in the text, once at the beginning and again near the end is that the film, against the backdrop of her recent participation in the women's movement, has caused her to reflect on her entire relationship to the patriarchy. Joining women's groups with her friends "where we talked about our lives, our bodies, or even how male-female relationships were portrayed in literature," the narrator begins to develop a new way of conceptualizing women. She comes to see women as systematically oppressed, not unlike the characters in the African-American novels that she loved teaching. What does it mean, she asks, for women to work alongside men in the bastions of male power and authority? What does it mean to be perceived "as a woman" or to take on certain responsibilities (or to be denied others) "because she is a woman?"

As central and poignant as her description of the film is to her narrative, it is almost trumped by the revelation that Kishino has breast cancer. As the narrator rethinks her life in response to her crisis, it becomes the occasion for her to "reposition" herself so that she *"no longer stand[s] alongside men but stand[s] self-consciously on the side of oppressed women."* To be sure, the women's movement had already stimulated new ways of conceptualizing women's bodies and women's lives, and the awareness that she may never have children produced deep reflections on how being female is defined. But so, too, did the diagnosis of her breast cancer and her ensuing mastectomy.

Placing everything in the context of the kinds of choices she confronted and made in her life lends considerable depth and power to this memoir. The questions that she addresses are at once complex and multi-layered. But always remaining of central importance to Kishino is this notion of "recovering the feminine" and her assertion of a new subjectivity that she discovered in the context of the women's liberation movement. "I have *repositioned* myself," she writes, "so that I no longer stand alongside men, but stand self-consciously on the side of oppressed women." This repositioning enables her to claim a new voice, a new kind of agency and subjectivity for herself. The world depicted in her text is neither a stable nor a very promising one, yet in her act of writing against that world, Kishino engages in a courageous act of resistance. Her

memoir reminds us of the significance of Leigh Gilmore's assertion that "writing autobiography can be a political act because it asserts a right to speak rather than to be spoken for." [5] Revealing to us the process by which autobiographical selves emerge from a complex crisscrossing of multiple discourses, and reminding us that they depend on both textual and historical forces for their enactment, Kishino tells her story of difficult choices in a voice that is at once strong and unflinching..

[1] An earlier version of this essay appeared in 1996 in *The U.S.-Jappn Women's Journal*, English Supplement No. 11, pp. 23-46. However, at that time, I had not been able to view the original film that looms centrally in the narrative. Nikkatsu re-released the film on video in 1999 and after viewing the film numerous times, I revised substantially the way in which I read and analyze Kishino's memoir.

[2] Kishino Junko, *Onna no chihei kara miete-kita mono* (Tabata shoten, 1980), pp. 252-253. For the remainder of this essay, page numbers will appear in the body of the essay.

[3] For a translation of the original Endô Shûsaku story, see *The Girl I Left Behind*, translated by Mark Williams (New Directions, 1994).

[4] Komashaku Kimi (b. 1925) is a professor of Modern Japanese Literature and Women's Studies at Hôsei University which is probably where Kishino came into contact with her. She is the author of numerous books on topics ranging from modern writers such as Akutagawa Ryûnosuke, Natsume Sôseki, Tanaka Kôtarô and Yoshiya Nobuko, to a critical analysis of Murasaki Shikibu's feminist message in the *Tale of Genji*. She has also authored several collections of critical essays from the literary perspective of the *majo* or "witch."

[5] Leigh Gilmore, *Autobiographics: A Feminist Theory of Self-Representation* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1994), p. 40.