

Arai Kampō's India Diary

2 volumes, from November 13, 1916 (Taisho 5) to June 3, 1918 (Taisho 7)

Note: This is a tentative translation for informational purposes only. The original Japanese text shall prevail in case of any discrepancy. The completed version is scheduled to be released in March 2027.

Regarding the Use of Local Language Notation

In this website, personal names, place names, and other proper nouns are generally rendered in katakana based on the local language. However, for names that are already widely recognized in Japanese—for instance, Rabindranath Tagore (which would be Robindranath Thakūr in his native Bengali) the commonly accepted Japanese forms are used. Additionally, in the diary transcription and similar entries, proper nouns may be modified and supplemented with annotations as needed, while the rest of the content remains faithful to the original text.

Japanese names are given in the Japanese order (family name first, given name second), unless otherwise noted.

Arai Kampō (Kampō as given name, though pen-name, Arai as family name). Also in the text, Arai Kampō appears frequently and therefore referred to simply as Kampō.

About the Footnotes

The annotations are based on the commentary in “*Arai Kampō – The Man and His Works*”, written by the late Professor Azuma Kazuo, Professor Emeritus of Reitaku University. Additions and revisions were made accordingly. Asterisks (*) in the text and notes indicate additions made by the transcriber.

November 13, 1916 - Departure

Departed from Tokyo Station at 7:00 p.m., beginning my journey to India. Over a hundred people came to see me off. My close friends, Mr. Ōno Shizukata and Mr. Ikeda Akikata¹, went as far as Kobe to accompany me. Mr. Yokoyama Taikan saw me off in Tokyo, and Mr. Shimomura Kanzan did so in Yokohama.

As the train was an express, I witnessed the sunrise near Lake Biwa—thus began the impressions of my first journey. Mr. Hara Hiroshi (likely Dr. Hara Hiroshi, the agronomist) was aboard the same train. We parted in Kyoto.

November 14

Arrived in Kobe just before 9:00 a.m. Lodged at Shibata Inn on Owari Street, 5-chōme. Immediately visited the residence of Mr. Hasegawa Nyozeikan, elder brother of Mr. Ōno. The master was not at home. Three of us rested there for about an hour. After being treated to lunch, we proceeded to Osaka.

At the Asahi Shimbun office, we met with Mr. Hasegawa and had dinner at the club with Mr. Hasegawa, Mr. Ōba, 5 of us in total. Returned to the Kobe inn.

November 15

Traveled to Kyoto to visit Mr. Chikamune at the Okazaki Library. Made rounds through Shijō, Maruyama, and Kiyomizu. Stopped by Ogawatei on Nawate Street (a historic inn favored by the Higo Domain and used by imperial loyalists). I secured lodging at the Fujikan inn and spent the night enjoying Hayashiza, the traditional music performances.

November 16

Took the tram, stopping at Tōfuku-ji's Tsūtenkyō Bridge to view the autumn foliage. Proceeded to Osaka and visited Mr. Murayama Shungo of the Sumitomo family, and others including Mr. Ueno and Mr. Higuchi. Returned to Kobe.

That night, Mr. Katayama also arrived in Kobe. A farewell party was held for me by my friend Mr. Minobayashi Mitsuo. Mr. Kusano Ashie and Mr. Murayama Shungo were present, and the gathering was lively. At 10:30 p.m., Mr. Ōno and Mr. Ikeda departed on the return train. Aa!

November 17

My departure was postponed by one day due to schedule changes. Rain fell continuously. Captain Tozawa of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (NYK Line – Japanese shipping company) visited. In the evening, Mr. Takada Kakusen joined Mr. Nanpū and me. We indulged at Miwa Beef Restaurant in Aioi-chō until midnight.

I was rather pleased with myself for having refrained from bringing a courtesan back to my lodging. Yet, in the end, one cannot leave without being seen off by a courtesan, and I ultimately found myself stranded at the establishment, unable to proceed.

That night, I met Mr. Kobayakawa Shūsei.

November 18

Mr. Takada Kakusen came early in the morning. A few other visitors also arrived.

November 19

The master of Saishōan in Osaka visited. Mr. Tozawa arrived and we dined on Nagasaki cuisine at Takaraya.

Following the advice of Mr. Zaima and Mr. Kuwamitsu, friends of Mr. Nanpū, we accepted an invitation for lunch at Mr. Kuwamitsu's home.

November 20

At 8:00 a.m., finally set sail from Kobe. Admired the scenic beauty of the Seto Inland Sea. By evening, the sun tilted west near Iyo.

November 21

Landed at Moji. Immediately went to the station to travel to Hakata for sightseeing. Met an acquaintance, Mr. Iwata Junichi, and boarded the train together.

Admired the landscapes along the way. The persimmon trees were in full red foliage, and grazing cattle and horses appeared. The customs and scenery were unlike anything in the Kanto region. Mr. Kataoka Nizaemon was also on board.

After about two hours, we arrived in Hakata. Dined on eel at a restaurant called Suehiro. Hired a carriage to tour the city. Visited the castle ruins, then proceeded to Nishi Park an exceptionally beautiful place. Pine covered hills surrounded by distant mountains, with a view of Hakata Bay below. The greenery and the layout of Fukuoka and Hakata cities presented a rare and magnificent panorama.

Took the evening express train back. Visited Mr. Iwata again, who took me to the best restaurant in Moji. Accompanied by geisha and others, we lost track of time as night deepened, spending the night at Mr. Iwata's house. Before that, we stopped by an udon shop where some amusing incidents occurred.

November 22 – Depart from Japan

Returned to the ship at 10:00 a.m. Finally set sail at 12:00 p.m. The first day of the maiden voyage on the open sea.

The weather was extraordinarily clear. From Moji, we saw Mutsuregashima, and in the distance, the western edge of Kumamoto Prefecture. The sunset on the western sea was extraordinarily beautiful.

Music sounded from the ship's bow sailors playing violin to soothe the travelers. The sound harmonized with the sunset, deepening the emotional sense of departure.

November 23

Woke early and looked out at the sea to witness the sunrise magnificent in its splendor. In the afternoon, we played games (*illustration in the diary) and lost track of time. The sea was extremely calm like an ordinary day, despite being in the dangerous Genkai waters.

November 24

Woke early to find slightly rougher waves. The air was noticeably warmer—I removed one layer of clothing.

Mr. Katayama went to bed early, feeling unwell. Many others seemed to lack energy too.

At night, played Karuta cards with the captain and seven or eight others until 10:00 p.m. Then to bed.

November 25

Woke to a high sun. Earlier rainclouds still lingered. A rainbow appeared in the east a beautiful sight.

In the afternoon, exercised and played games again.

That night, we continued Karuta card games.

From morning, we were enveloped in “gas,” or dense fog, making it impossible to see the horizon. At night, the fog thickened, and we heard the foghorns of nearby ships a somewhat unsettling experience for first-time travelers like us.

November 26

Today, for the first time, I saw the mountains of China. It was truly delightful and filled me with joy. All day, we kept the land to our right, and night fell.

November 27 – Hong Kong

Woke early to find the ship entering Hong Kong harbor. The scenery was distinctly Chinese in character.

Finally, advanced into the port, this being a British stronghold, numerous batteries were visible, and barbed wire fences could be seen even with the naked eye.

As we progressed into the bay, many small boats and houses appeared, and the feeling of being in China deepened.

We disembarked, and although we were unfamiliar with the area, the captain and purser kindly guided us. First went to the NYK office, then took the “Cable Car” up the mountain and looked down over the harbor.

After descending, we had lunch at a Chinese restaurant (name missing). No one in our group spoke Chinese, which caused much amusement. We eventually managed to order three or four

dishes; the food was delicious. There were many Japanese people at the restaurant as well. After lunch, we took a tram westward and got off at a pleasant spot to explore the city. Everything was new and fascinating, the bustling streets were indescribable, both in their liveliness and in their filth. Many houses had intricate paper cuttings (original text incomplete) and the signboards were very artistic and varied in shape and color. The shops sold a lot of meat. Although it was unpleasant, from another perspective it was also intriguing. The many impressions of the city will have to be captured later through my drawings. Returned to the ship for dinner, and then headed back to the city with the captain and purser to view the night scene.

Took a palanquin for a few blocks, and then switched to a rickshaw for a trial ride. The palanquin bearer, a scoundrel, tried to extort more fare, leading to a quarrel. An Indian police officer appeared, ruled in our favor, and promptly struck the bearer. The men scattered like spiders. Most satisfying. Took the rickshaw another six or seven blocks to the crowded district. Got off and stayed in the Japanese quarter for the night.

November 28

Departed at 3:00 p.m. As we reached the harbor entrance, the sun was setting a beautiful scene. The waves grew considerably strong.

November 29

Waves remained high and the ship rocked continuously. The sky was dark with clouds all day, and the wind was swift. Occasionally, flying fish were seen.

November 30

Went out on deck early and worshipped the rising sun. The sea remained rough.

December 1

Once again, a strong north wind today, and the waves were extremely high. The ship rocked even more than the day before, and even someone like Mr. Nanpū, had to stay in bed. Fortunately, I did not suffer from the rough seas.

December 2

Like the day before, the wind and waves remained high, though they began to subside slightly in the afternoon.

December 3

Gradually, the wind and waves lessened. On this day, we saw four ships. Around 7 p.m., we reached the entrance lighthouse of Singapore. By 10 p.m., we had advanced close to the city. A searchlight was used to illuminate the sea. I fell asleep thinking about the next day in Singapore.

December 4 – Singapore

Entered the port of Singapore early in the morning. It was my first morning in the tropics. The first sight that caught my eye was the mountains, red soil covered with dense trees, dotted with Western and Indian style houses atop. The port was full of ships. On land, I saw Black people in red waistcloths—so many unique and fascinating sights. Overcome with emotion, I immediately disembarked.

Accompanied by the captain and chief officer, and joined by Mr. Numata, we went sightseeing. We took a tram to a Japanese inn. At Sekita Hall, where Mr. Numata had acquaintances, we had tea, and then visited Aoyagirō, where passengers Mr. Ishibashi and Mr. Kaneko were staying. After a short stay, we left and went to the Yamato Trading Company at the Holland Hotel.

With a shop attendant guiding us, we had lunch at the Holland Hotel, then took a car through the city and outskirts. Everything we saw brought great joy. In a coconut jungle, local houses appeared scattered among the trees. The scene was beyond words—four hours of pure delight. We returned to the ship at dusk, and spent a noisy night amidst cargo unloading.

December 5

That day, guided by Mr. Numata and the chief steward, we visited the coconut jungle again and did some sketching. After returning to the city past noon, we had lunch at the Holland Hotel. After bidding farewell to Mr. Numata, I visited the Bank of Taiwan and was invited to dinner by the branch manager, Mr. Ezaki. Guided by Mr. Ōtsuki, we again toured the coconut forest by car and visited Mr. Ezaki's house in the evening for dinner. Those who dined were Mr. and Mrs. Ezaki, Mr. Katayama, Mr. Yamazaki, Mr. Ōtsuki, and I.

We enjoyed Japanese food after a long time.

Our conversations continued late into the night, and we returned to the ship around 11 p.m. Mr. Ezaki and two others saw us off. The joy of these two days is beyond words.

December 6

Set sail at 6 a.m., passing through the Strait of Malacca. Small islands appeared on both sides, with red soil and thick trees tropical islands reminiscent of the painting *"Scroll of the Tropics"* by Mr. Imamura² which was painted the year before.

December 7 – Penang³

The sea was unexpectedly calm. Being a strait, land was visible on both sides. Flying fish appeared here and there, and occasionally large fish like sharks could be seen.

We arrived at Penang at 4 p.m. and saw a small boat. The boat was particularly interesting. We disembarked at Penang and went out to explore the town, which was also fascinating and poignant. As it looked like it might rain, we hurried back to the ship. At night, we dined in the captain's cabin. Japanese warships *Akashi* and *Niitaka* were present.

December 8

Set sail at 6:30 a.m. The waves were a bit choppy, and I did not feel entirely well. Conditions improved in the afternoon, and I saw distant mountains to the right, reminiscent of the mountains in China.

December 9

The sea was calm, with occasional views of mountains and islands on the right. I did painting for the crew on silk scrolls—two paintings, one measured 1.5 *shaku*, while the other measured 1.8 *shaku*. Played cards at night, losing track of time.

December 10

Went out at dawn and witnessed the sunrise a beautiful scene. The moon was still visible in the west, creating a lovely contrast with the rising sun. In the afternoon, I painted one silk hanging scroll measuring 1.8 *shaku*.

December 11 – Rangoon, Burma (now known as Yangon, Myanmar)

Arrived at Rangoon at 3 a.m. waiting for sunrise, we entered the port. Immigration and customs took 2–3 hours. Mr. Numata and Mr. Nakayama of Mitsui Singapore disembarked. I landed in the afternoon. Accompanied by the captain, the purser, and the chief engineer, we visited Mr. Okada's shop, where we met Mr. Numata. Mr. Okada is a friend of Mr. Numata and thus a close acquaintance.

In the morning, Mr. Ogawa from Mitsui had invited us to dinner for 4 p.m., so we had time to sightsee until then.

With Mr. Okada and Mr. Numata as our guides, we all went on a city tour in two cars.

In a park, we strolled around a pond and small hills. It reminded me of Shibaura or Hamarikyū Gardens in Tokyo—large and beautiful.

Shortly afterward, we departed and took a detour through the suburbs on our way back, as we also wished to see the countryside. Around 4 p.m., we arrived at the Mitsui branch and met Mr. Ogawa. Mr. Nakayama was already there and showed us some wooden lacquer bowls with visible wood-grain patterns, like those used by ascetics, which he had apparently acquired in the city earlier that day. After spending more than an hour there, we headed by car to Mr. Ogawa's company residence.

As evening had already set in, the scenery of the city and its outskirts was especially beautiful. Arriving at the home of Mr. Ogawa's company residence around sunset, we were welcomed by his wife. We talked for two or three hours. During that time, the moon rose. As the house stood on a slightly elevated spot, we could look down over the city, which brought a pleasant feeling. After a while, we entered the dining room, and then returned to the terrace, where we continued our conversation for some time before setting out on our way home. We boarded the ship at 11 p.m.

December 12

At 3 p.m., we joined Mr. Katayama, the captain, and the chief officer for tea at the home of Mr. Jamal, an Indian acquaintance of Mr. Okada. In the morning, we visited an exposition filled with Burmese products. Returned to the ship for lunch.

After waiting for the appointed time, Mr. Okada also came along, and we went to his shop. Mr. Jamal is already here to welcome us. From here, we will head to Mr. Jamal's residence by two cars. His house was modest but lovely. Since Mr. Jamal had visited Japan the previous year, it had a distinctly Japanese flair, with many Japanese items among the decorations. As Sanzō Wada (a Western-style painter active during the Meiji, Taishō, and Shōwa eras who studied East Asian art in India and Burma) had lived there for a long time, the house also contained many of his oil paintings.

Shortly after leaving there, we visited the Shwedagon Pagoda on our way back. The sense of wonder was overwhelming it could be called a miracle of the world. Though we had to leave after just ten minutes, I vowed to return.

We visited Mr. Okada's home, where we were invited to dinner. A Japanese lady, a priest named Mr. Nishida, two family doctors, and others ten people in total. Japanese food was served, which felt especially novel and heartwarming in a foreign land. Mr. Katayama and I stayed the night at Mr. Okada's house.

December 13 – Trip to Pegu (now known as Bago)

Mr. Okada and a store clerk (text missing) guided us and took a 6:30 a.m. train. Though the compartment was a second class, it was dirtier than a third class car in our country, which

made for an unpleasant experience.

We traveled into the countryside, finally seeing the famous rice fields of Rangoon. An endless expanse of fields, no mountains in sight. Though many birds were visible, they didn't come close. Rural scenery was refreshing. Eventually, we saw water buffalo and pagodas in the distance. Everything—the tropical vegetation, Burmese customs, and houses was fascinating. After 2.5 hours, we arrived in Pegu. Outside the station, bullock carts awaited. While sketching, a crowd gathered around me. We walked through the town, saw a stream with many boats, and I sketched again. We stopped at a local market. After a short while, I returned and had lunch at the station.

On one occasion, Burmese man from this town invites us to his house. He was our guide the other day and had received care by Mr. Okada. That is probably why he is being so kind to us. Following his suggestion, we went to his house. I observed the state of a Burmese household. Their house was below average, but it seemed they had some money. We again rode in a carriage towards the pagoda. On the way, we also stopped at his elder sister's house. We left shortly after and headed to the pagoda. I bought a small vase and a wooden Buddha statue. We returned to the Burmese man's house and were served tea.

During the train ride, something got into my eye, causing pain. The kind man grew very concerned. His wife requested a sketch, so I drew one in ink as a gift. With his guidance, we set out in a carriage to see the statue of the Buddha. After about an hour, we arrived. It was indeed large one could feel that it truly was the greatest in the world. The surrounding area felt ancient, and the trees in particular seemed to have a deep connection to the Buddha. Looking upon them, it was as though I finally understood the images of the Buddha I had long seen in paintings. There was an old pond, bamboo, and palm trees. About ten *chō* (approximately 1 kilometer) to the west from here, there was a pagoda. Inside the pagoda were sixty-two Buddha statues. The craftsmanship was not of particularly high quality. All the Burmese Buddha statues were of roughly the same standard.

We returned on the 4 p.m. train. The kind Burmese man continued his hospitality until the end. Arrived back in Rangoon at 7:30 p.m. A lady doctor removed the dust from my eye and dined at Mr. Okada's house. After a short while, we left and boarded a "junk" with two shop assistants. It felt good to be floating in a boat under the moonlight. However, it turned out not to be our intended vessel, the *Ceylon Maru*, but another ship. The current was fast, so we had to search for our boat in midstream. It was not a very enjoyable experience, and in the end, it took a full hour to find the ship.

December 14

Around 10 a.m., Mr. Numata and Mr. Okada came aboard. Mr. Katayama and I parted our ways with them to go see the Shwedagon Pagoda again accompanied by steward, and then returned to Mr. Okada's shop around 3 p.m. Mr. Numata is also presented and chatted for about an hour before returning to the ship. It was 4:30 p.m. when we departed, and we finally left Rangoon.

Regarding the customs of Burma, the men appear at first glance like women, as their clothing and hairstyles, and overall appearance closely resemble those of women and moreover, they are seen as an idle people. Women's clothing can be said to be exactly the same as in our country's ancient Tenpyō period.

I felt as if I were seeing the Tenpyō era in real life: their manner of worshipping Buddha at the pagoda, with pots on their heads, thin, flowing silk garments like a celestial maiden's robe over their shoulders, fresh flowers inserted into their hair, a white outer garment over undergarments of red, blue, and green, and their sandals on their feet as they walked leisurely.

December 15

The sea was calm. Distant Burmese mountains were visible. In the afternoon, I took up the brush and painted on silk.

December 16

The waves are becoming even calmer. This afternoon again, I took up my brush. Tomorrow, the 17th, shall at last be the day when my long-cherished dream will be fulfilled. My thoughts are deep, and tonight's dream promises joy.

December 17 – Entry into India

I woke around three, spurred perhaps by yesterday's remark that land would be visible at dawn. I fell back into dreams as I lay in bed, and only awoke much later. When I rose, the sun had not yet risen, and Mr. Katayama⁴ had also gotten up. Soon after, we witnessed the sunrise, a moment never to be forgotten, as it was the first time I beheld the Indian sun.

The sea was calm, like oil. To the right, ochre hills appeared on the horizon - "India, India!" I found myself whispering.

As we neared the shore, I could see trees, houses, cows, boats, and people all in succession. We had entered a river, a tributary of the Ganges known as the Hooghly River (text missing)⁵. The river was wide like a lake, the far shore barely visible. In the morning, I finished some drawing on silk cloth left from the previous day and packed my belongings.

As the boat proceeded, the river narrowed, and at 4:30 in the afternoon, we arrived in Calcutta

(present day Kolkata). Dusk soon followed. Shortly after, Mr. Yamaguchi Shigeru, representing Mitsui, came to greet us. We parted with the ship and rode in a carriage to the Mitsui company residence. The branch manager, Mr. Senda⁶, was absent due to an alumni gathering. I go to bed early thus was my first day in India.

December 18

I awoke early and strolled through the garden. It was spacious, and the trees were lush and the house was grand - very pleasant.

I finished breakfast at nine o'clock. I met with Mr. Senda, and asked him to take care of Mr. Katayama and a few matters for me. Before long, I went to the company together with Mr. Senda.

Shortly, Mr. Andrews⁷ arrived from the Mr. Tagore's resident to escort me. He had a long beard, and for a moment, I mistook him for someone else. I felt a kind of parental compassion in his heart toward me. Mr. Tagore's son⁸ also came, and we proceeded to the Tagore residence by car.

We were greeted by Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore⁹, Mr. Abanindranath Tagore¹⁰, their third brother (text missing)¹¹, the son's wife, and a few others. They showed me the treasures I had longed to see.

We lunched together with Mr. Tagore's son, his wife¹², the elderly Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Tagore's sister¹³. I was deeply moved.

By dusk, I had promised to dine with the Mitsui Company, but since all members of the Tagore Family were out, and even the guide the Japanese cook Mr. Tajima was absent, I phoned Mitsui without waiting him. Though I was confused and unsure of the way, I set out by carriage anyway. The driver did not know the way, so we asked passersby, and after an hour, finally arrived. I was treated to a fine meal and stayed the night at Mitsui's place.

December 19

At 9:30 a.m., I went to the Mitsui office with Mr. Yamaguchi and visited the Yokohama Shokin Bank. I discussed financial matters with the branch manager (name missing), then went to the *Ceylon Maru*. Later, Mr. Yamaguchi joined me. We arranged to move luggage and returned once more to the office. Due to circumstances, Mr. Katayama and I again visited the *Ceylon Maru* to complete some tasks and then took a walk around town.

The evening crowd was overwhelming, indescribably so. The streets seemed endless.

Fortunately, I found my way and ended up in front of the Mitsui residence once more, where I stayed until almost 7 p.m. With Mr. Yamaguchi's help, our luggage was loaded into two

carriages, and with an employee accompanying us, we traveled narrow streets for 30–40 minutes before reaching Mr. Tagore's residence. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore and his son arrived. Dinner was held with eleven members, including the son and his wife. I later unpacked and go to bed at 10 p.m.

December 20

As usual, I had breakfast with the family. Later, Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore came, inviting me to visit, so I went immediately. Bringing a gift, I went to Mr. Tagore's residence, where every room was adorned with artworks. There were fine pieces from Tibet, Persia, Indo-Persia, and Indian Bodh Gaya various artworks and excellent ancient paintings. After a short while, I returned home.

December 21 – Bolpur¹⁴

Following Mr. Tagore's son, I left the house around noon to go to Bolpur.

Before long, I arrived at the station. There were two Indian men riding with me, but we could not communicate. They entered the train, leaving me alone on the platform.

I sensed that I was supposed to wait for Mr. Tagore's son, so I did as such for about half an hour. How lonely and anxious I felt during that time. Before long, Mr. Tagore's son arrived, and I finally felt at ease. Half an hour later, the train departed.

The rural scenery was new to me and quite delightful. Mr. Tagore's son showed me a magazine he had purchased, but I could barely look at it—so captivated was I by the views. After four hours, we reached Bolpur at dusk.

The sunset over the wide desert, like plain was a memorable sight. We rode bullock carts over sandy roads and arrived at the Bolpur Santiniketan school¹⁵. Scattered homes dotted the area. Young villagers walked about, smoked, and played instruments. I had dinner on the second floor of the school and went to bed.

December 22

I woke early to find countless trees chhatim, teak, banyan¹⁶ all thriving around the school buildings, nestled within what seemed a dense forest.

There is a tale about Mr. Tagore's great grandfather, who came to this vast empty plain with a single large tree. A bandit once attacked travelers there, burying them under that tree. When he confronted Mr. Tagore's ancestor, he was converted by the latter's words, and the bandit's descendants now populate the area. The school has about 200 students an impressive legacy. On this day, many villagers gathered to hold a market. With plays and various other entertainments, the village was full of joy until midnight. There were fireworks as well. The

villagers arrived riding water buffalo and ox carts, which was a truly fascinating sight. I, too, devoted the entire day to sketching. I also saw someone arrive on an elephant an unforgettable moment.

December 23

There was a school sports festival with various events, and in the evening, there were student plays, which were quite entertaining. One of them was “The Sword of Venice,” among others.

December 24

Early in the morning, I rode the carriage with the Mr. Tagore’s son and Mr. Tajima to a villa in a nearby village, about four kilometers away. The village had many ponds and rice paddies, dense trees, and was prosperous. It was a joy to behold. I sketched and returned.

December 25

With Mr. Tajima, I walked to a nearby village. The local customs were fascinating most people were of very dark complexion. There was a Hindu temple, and the houses were of strange design. We crossed a small stream, surrounded by beautiful scenery. After a while, we turned right along a path, crossed the rice fields, and emerged into a village. Bamboo groves, a pond, a great linden tree, and many other trees greeted us, and I felt deeply at ease. Eventually, we reached a station, but the train would not come for three hours.

The stationmaster asked foolish questions annoying enough that we decided to walk back.

It was already noon. I had only eaten bread and tea in the morning. The sun was fierce, and walking 12 kilometers without food or water was tiring. Still, we pushed on.

Now and then, we passed ponds ringed with trees soothing sights.

Eventually, I realized we had gone in the wrong direction, taking a loop path. Around 3 p.m., still lost, I was deeply troubled. We found a sugarcane field, and Mr. Tajima obtained two stalks. I chewed one just like the locals. I once mocked such behavior in Singapore as savage but now I welcomed it as divine aid.

Leaving that place, I entered one village and then left it to enter the next. Eventually, we found a guide who led us to the main road to Bolpur¹⁴.

Though reassured, we still couldn’t see the school.

We trudged on, utterly exhausted. After walking for more than 4 km I was so utterly exhausted that my voice was gone and my feet ached so much they could barely move forward. But I resolved that as this was just the first step of my journey into the Indian interior, I should not be discouraged by such a thing, and so I pressed on with courage.

Then we reached the stream we had crossed that morning. Upon closer inspection, I realized it was the very same place. “Oh, what a turn of events!” I thought. The path we had taken had kept bearing to the right, leading us in the opposite direction and causing us to walk in a figure-eight. Finally, we returned at 5:30 p.m.

I collapsed in my room, drank tea, and ate eggs. Only then did I feel truly alive again. Supper at 9 p.m., then sleep at 10. I had walked 25 miles that day, the first time I had done so entirely in shoes.

December 26

I rose to find my legs not too sore. Mr. Tajima suggested going to Bolpur town, and I joined. Two miles away, it was a proper town by rural standards. The houses were traditional Indian style a first for me. Very interesting. I sketched.

Compared to yesterday, today was a breeze. But it is thanks to yesterday that I appreciate today. Yesterday was not wasted.

December 27

At 6 p.m., we departed Bolpur by train and reached Calcutta in just over three hours¹⁷, arriving about an hour earlier than usual on the express.

I could hardly speak to anyone during the ride and was once again struck by the urgent need to learn the language.

December 28

In the afternoon, I went to the Mitsui Company and met Mr. Nakayama. I then visited Mr. Katayama at the company housing, and in the evening, together with Mr. Senda, Mr. Nakayama, and Mr. Katayama, we visited Mr. Tagore’s residence by car.

That day, I walked alone to the company and hired a carriage to reach the company housing my first time going about entirely on my own.

December 29

Around 3 p.m., I gave a lecture. Mr. Abanindranath Tagore attended. The audience included Mr. Tagore’s son, his wife, and their three sons six people in total.

December 30

In the afternoon, I gave another lecture to Mr. Bose¹⁸, Mr. Suren Kar¹⁹, one child, and Tagore’s daughter-in-law—four people.

December 31 – Sunday

Sunday was a day off. I wrote 60 to 70 postcards to be sent to Japan. In the evening, Mr. Oka Kyōsui²⁰, studying Buddhist research in India, visited. Shortly after, Mr. Kobayashi also came and invited me for a New Year's breakfast of *zōni*.

January 1, 1917 (Taisho 6) New Year's Day

At dawn, I got up and climbed to the rooftop to worship the sunrise. After a while, Mr. Kobayashi's messenger arrived by car to pick me up. I immediately boarded and met with Mr. Kobayashi. A Japanese man was also present, said to be from Osaka—Mr. ○○ (text missing). The three of us had a meal together. Mr. ○○ (text missing) also joined us.

Soon after, we all headed by carriage to the consulate to attend the New Year's Greeting Ceremony at 11 a.m. We paid our respects in order. Around 14 or 15 people were present. On the way back, we visited the Mitsui company residence and had a brief conversation. Later, I went to the museum²¹ with Mr. Katayama and viewed Buddhist sculptures. It left a deep impression on me and we parted.

The folding screen of "*Yoroboshi*" arrived and was already set up. I felt a great sense of satisfaction. Mr. Tagore's son, his wife, and Mr. Abanindranath Tagore also came and praised it highly. In particular, Mr. Abanindranath's¹⁰ observations impressed me deeply truly the insight of a master. His talk lasted two to three hours.

January 2

In the afternoon, I gave lessons. Many people came to view the folding screen. In the evening, Mr. Abanindranath also visited. Afterwards, I went out alone for exercise, walking to the outskirts of town.

January 3

In the afternoon, I continued giving lessons. One more person joined from the previous day, making it five. At night, I went out for exercise with cook, Mr. Tajima. As we walked through the native quarter, we encountered many things that were truly interesting and novel, and they delighted me.

January 4

Lessons in the afternoon again. Another person joined today. Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore returned from Benares and was extremely pleased upon seeing the folding screen, visiting repeatedly.

In the evening, I visited a Hindu temple with Mr. Abanindranath Tagore and his brother to view an exhibition of antique art. Some of the sculptures were quite interesting. The textiles were also of considerable quality. As for the paintings, they did not seem especially notable. Unfortunately, the electricity went out, making viewing difficult, which I found regrettable.

January 5

As usual, I gave lessons in the afternoon. Around 4 p.m., I visited Mr. Oka Kyōsui and spoke with him for two to three hours before leaving. On the way back, I encountered a Mitsui company employee.

January 6

The daily routine proceeded as usual. Around 4 p.m., I went out for exercise and wandered through various old-style backstreets. I returned by evening. During my absence, Mr. Katayama came by with two or three Mitsui employees. I deeply regret having missed them.

January 7

Around 8:30 a.m., I went to the Ganges River with Mr. Abanindranath Tagore and his elder brother. We took a steamboat up the Ganges for about an hour. Both riverbanks were lush with trees, and there were many ancient temples of Shiva and Kali²², making it very interesting. We sketched while aboard. I drew Mr. Tagore's portrait, and he also sketched me. Both are now in my sketchbook. We returned, deeply moved.

At 3 p.m., I visited the museum. Mr. Tagore's son took me there by car. Mr. Katayama was already there sketching. The museum closed after just over an hour, and the two of us went to the Mitsui residence.

At 8 p.m., we visited the consulate. About 50 to 60 attendees were present from Mitsui, Nippon Yusen, Yokohama Shokin Bank, Nippon Menka, and others mostly young people. We immediately took our seats, gave three cheers for Their Majesties, and toasted the consulate and attendees. We drank beer, ate sashimi, sushi, and other dishes.

Mr. Yoshida Nobutomo, the secretary general, gave an address. Mr. Ogawa from Nippon Yusen replied on behalf of the guests. Each person then stated their name and the date they came to India in order. At the end, a man from the Shokin Bank (name missing) sang a folksong. The secretary then stood and suggested, "Let each of you showcase a party trick or talent." He led with a song, followed by Mr. Ogawa, then Mr. Oka of the Nichiren sect.

Everyone sang something they were proud of—it was a great amusement. When it came to my turn, I sang my usual “Marukunare.” Mr. Katayama performed “Oi Wake.” The whole round took two hours.

Three people were selected for best performances: one Mr. Hayashi, another was someone else, and the third was myself which surprised me. The three of us were obliged to sing again. I sang “Yari wa sabitemo,” which was again highly praised. I found it both amusing and exhilarating.

By 10:30, those who were drunk began leaving. What made the day even more enjoyable was, on the way back with Mr. Katayama, we stopped by an antique shop and found a small Indian painting for eight rupees. Indeed, today is a day to be remembered—from morning until night.

January 9

Gave lessons as usual in the afternoon. In the evening, went sketching in the city.

January 10

Continued daily routine. Received a small box from Mr. Tagore. In the evening, went sketching in the city again.

January 11

Continued daily routine. Received a pen from Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore an Indian traditional bamboo pen. In the afternoon, I visited Mr. Katayama and met Mr. Ishizaki Kōyō²³. Attended a small gathering at Mr. Senda’s residence, where I performed a song for entertainment. Returned to my lodging by car around 11:30.

January 12

In the morning, went to the museum with Mr. Katayama as planned. Did some sketching. Mr. Katayama and Mr. Ishizaki also came. Since I had lessons to teach, I returned early and completed my routine. In the evening, both gentlemen visited me.

January 13

Completed daily routine. In the evening, visited Mr. Senda’s house with Mr. Katayama and stayed the night in preparation for the next day’s sketching trip.

January 14

Although we rose early at 4:30 a.m., planning to take the 6 a.m. train, the carriage did not arrive, making my early rising pointless. Took the 7 a.m. train to another destination instead and disembarked at Naihati, which took about an hour. Together with Mr. Katayama, Mr. Ishizaki, and one boy assistant four of us in total, we left the boy at the station and the three of us spent the day sketching. We crossed the Ganges by small boat. It was extremely pleasant. Returned in the evening and had dinner at the Mitsui residence before going home.

January 15

Continued with regular lessons.

January 16

Completed daily routine. From 9 p.m., attended the “Performance of Tenka” held at Mitsui & Co., accompanied by three members of the Tagore family and their wives. Returned home at 1 a.m.

January 17

Rested from daily routine. Visited Mitsui & Co. and met with Mr. Senda for discussions.

January 18

Carried out daily routine.

January 19

Carried out daily routine. Watched Indian wrestling. A wrestler named Gama, called the champion, was especially large.

January 20

Carried out daily routine.

Sunday, January 21

From 10 a.m., went to the museum to sketch Buddhist statues. Mr. Katayama also came. The museum closed at 4 p.m. From there, we went together to the zoo²⁴. In the evening, visited the Mitsui company residence. The performer Tenka happened to arrive. Two others and Mr. Ogawa from NYK Line also gathered. The employees’ entertainment was especially lively. I also ended up singing at the end. Stayed overnight.

January 22

In the morning, visited Mr. Chandra at the museum and viewed old paintings. Found some fine ones. Returned home at noon and resumed daily routine.

In the evening, I took out the folding screen with the transcribed painting by Mr. Shimomura Kanzan and displayed it for the first time in the Japanese-style room prepared especially for it. Many noble ladies and daughters of the family gathered before the screen. We watched a performance of songs composed by Rabindranath Tagore²⁵, sung by the assembled guests. It left a strong impression.

January 23

Carried out daily routine. In the afternoon, a snake charmer came and played the flute, drawing out cobras. At that time, Mr. Gaganendranath was sketching a woman to my book, while Mr. Abanindranath was sketching me. I also sketched Mr. Gaganendranath.

In the evening, many students from Bolpur arrived and sang. They had come for a celebration related to Tagore's religion, namely Brahmoism²⁶.

January 24

From early morning, I heard music and woke up in a half-dreamlike state. Rose earlier than usual and went to drink tea. The morning ceremony had already begun. Guided by Mr. Rathindranath (Tagore's son)⁸, entered the venue and did some sketching. The ceremony was presided over by Tagore's eldest brother²⁷, and included readings from the Vedas²⁸ and religious hymns. The ceremony ended after one or two hours.

At 2:30 p.m., about 50–60 members of the Tagore family gathered in a long narrow hall for a traditional ancient-style meal. The head was Tagore's elder brother (name missing), to the right followed by Tagore's son, then myself, and Mr. Gaganendranath's son. On the left was Mr. Gaganendranath himself. Food was served on banana leaves, with rice in the center and various side dishes around it, in unglazed earthenware like ancient Japanese *kawarake*. Truly a sight to behold. I ate with my right hand as is the custom in India. I found eating with the fingers to bring out good flavor. Being seated at the head table, I realized the exceptional hospitality extended by the Tagore family.

After the meal, we moved to another hall and chatted with Mr. Gaganendranath, Mr. Abanindranath, and five or six others. Occasionally, expert musicians were invited to perform Hindu music²⁹. The instrument used was a tanpura, an ancient instrument. Their singing evoked a unique feeling. I also ended up chanting a section from the Noh play *Hagoromo*. Mr. Gaganendranath remarked, "It is similar to the Veda." One of the musicians sang too. It resembled Japanese Buddhist sutra chanting. I deeply felt that the ancient Indian musical traditions were preserved in Japanese Buddhist liturgy.

From around 4:30 p.m., a large number of people began to gather for Tagore's ceremony. By around 5:30 p.m., the hall was completely packed reportedly nearly 2,000 attendees. The ceremony lasted two hours, just like the morning.

January 25

Resumed daily routine. Mr. Gaganendranath and Mr. Abanindranath came and we had a conversation. Mr. Abanindranath spoke passionately alone for nearly two hours. It was a delightful and exhilarating talk.

January 26

Routine as usual. From the evening, there was a lecture in the hall about Indian art from ancient times.

January 27 – Trip to Puri³⁰ and Konarak³¹

Went to the Yokohama Shokin Bank in the morning but it was closed. Went to Mitsui and dined at Mr. Senda's home, discussing weather. Buying travel supplies.

Boarded the train departing at 8 p.m., accompanied by Mr. Bose. The moon, in its 5th or 6th day phase, shone high in the sky, and the misty scenery on all sides was beautiful.

Fell asleep and awoke to find it was already dawn, and we had arrived at the transfer station Khurda Road. Hurriedly got off the train, drank tea at the station, and boarded the train for Puri.

January 28

The scenery became even more beautiful near Puri. Trees with bright red flowers were especially striking. The customs and attire of women, including reds and yellows, were quite distinct from Bengal.

Soon arrived at Puri and entered Mr. Tagore's villa by carriage. Mr. Bose and the younger brother Mr. Surendranath³² were also there. Took some rest. In the evening, walked along the seashore and visited some small temples. It was a sight of some rarity.

January 29

Woke early and observed the sunrise, which was extraordinarily beautiful. Walking 600–700 meters south along the coast, saw many people entering the sea to worship the rising sun—a novel and moving sight. Mr. Bose's manner of being possessed by the crowd was also quite amusing.

There were many small temples, each extremely interesting and the town was composed

entirely of ancient-style buildings which were very delightful. Every small temple had paintings or patterns, and many homes of the painters, each adorned with artwork truly impressive and remarkable. There were many interesting toys which I enjoyed collecting.

Finally reached the entrance to the famous Puri temple. At the gate, a stone pillar, more than nine meters tall—an ancient work of Indian sculpture (Aikou?), carved from a single block of stone. The gate featured elaborate carvings, including numerous female figures.

After seeing the town, returned to the villa for lunch, then went out again around 4 p.m. to explore the town further. Returned in the evening. Saw bullfighting.

January 30

Worked from early morning, went to sketch Puri. Returned to the villa around noon. Went out again in the late afternoon.

January 31

Spent the morning at the villa. In the afternoon, went to the seashore.

February 1

Went into town in the morning to purchase necessary supplies for the journey to Konarak, and did some sketching as well. Due to inconvenience in departure arrangements and the ox cart situation, it was decided that we would depart on the morning of the 2nd.

February 2

Departed at 8:00 a.m. The group included Mr. and Mrs. Bose, their five children, a maid, Mr. Surendranath, and I. We rode in three horse drawn carriages. Traveling through sand made for extremely slow progress. The heat was intense utterly exhausting. In the afternoon, clouds gathered, and eventually there was a thunderstorm. The landscape felt all the more like a desert.

Night had completely fallen. This area is home to many deer and foxes; I even saw some. I heard there are leopards as well. After traveling for about an hour in the dark, we stayed in a room in a local house. The floor was dirt, including the whole surrounding structures. Eventually, I fell asleep.

February 3

Woke at 4:00 a.m. and spent an hour preparing the ox carts before setting out. An hour later, it was fully daylight. The sunrise was beautiful, and a rainbow appeared on our right.

At 8 a.m., we finally arrived at the Konarak Temple. We found lodging in a small temple, had

breakfast, and began sketching. The temple was a grand stone structure, with scarcely a part uncarved. Surrounding small temples had all collapsed, and the main temple was also quite damaged. It may collapse entirely in a few years I sighed at the thought. This splendid temple has already reached the end of its life. I found myself seized by the foolish sentiment that this magnificent structure seemed to exist solely for the eyes of artists.

I managed to climb to a rather high place within the temple. The view was truly beautiful, the scenery splendid. But the fear increased as I climbed, and sweat poured down my back. Still, thinking of all the effort I had made to get here, I gathered my courage and spent three hours sketching from that high place. A heavy rain fell during this time, and I waited for it to pass.

I returned to the lodging for some tea, and then resumed sketching until sunset. Returned to the lodging at night and went to bed at 9 p.m. The room was surrounded by mud walls and had three entrances, none with doors. Rain blew in through the entrances, and I wondered uneasily whether the wild beasts I had heard about might come in. I felt somewhat disturbed at heart.

February 4

Rain fell occasionally, making it pleasantly cool and ideal for sketching. I was able to draw freely as I pleased. Stayed in the same house for the night.

February 5

It rained in the morning. I sketched. Around 4 p.m., we prepared to return and set off quickly. We stayed again at the house where we had lodged before.

The Konarak Temple is a ○○○ (text missing), a massive stone structure, thought to be from the Ashoka dynasty and originally a Buddhist temple. It dates back roughly a thousand years. The sun was revered as a deity here. The carvings were particularly elaborate and refined. There is a hall of music, where all the carvings depict goddesses playing instruments. The main temple features sculptures of sexual union between men and women—truly astonishing. Yet, these works express the beauty of the human form to the fullest, and the artists sculpted freely as they imagined. One can sense the flourishing of Buddhism and the delight of the artists of that time.

About 200 years ago, it came under bombardment by a British warship, and much of it was destroyed—how regrettable. Now, it is completely in ruins.

February 6

Rose at dawn and observed the surrounding landscape. A river flows nearby. The area is like a desert, with small hills scattered about. The sunrise was a pinnacle of beauty. Rode in a gari

(ox cart) on the return journey. Arrived at the Konarak lodging by 5 p.m.

February 7

Took the 10:30 a.m. train to Calcutta. Enjoyed the scenery along the way. Went to bed around 11 p.m.

February 8

Arrived in Calcutta at 5 a.m. Resumed my daily routine in the afternoon.

February 9

In the morning, visited the Mitsui company residence. Visited Mr. Katayama and also met Mr. Ishizaki and spoke for three hours. Then left. Withdrew 400 rupees from the Yokohama Shokin Bank and visited Mitsui & Co., asking Mr. Yamaguchi to lend 300 rupees to Mr. Katayama.

February 10 – Departure for Bolpur

Do my daily tasks. Took the 9 p.m. train with Tagore's son to Bolpur. Mr. ○○○ (name missing) also accompanied us.

February 11

Arrived in Bolpur at 3 a.m. After traveling about half a league by carriage, I enter a large house. Apparently, that of a Maharaja. Stayed there that night. In the morning, I went alone to a bungalow near town. Waited until afternoon for Mr. Tagore. Together we visited the exhibition and toured the town. Lodged at the bungalow that night.

February 12

Around 10 a.m., Mr. Tagore arrived, and we toured the town together and did some sketching. The town used to be the capital of ancient Bengal but is now a complete ruin. It was a long, narrow town, with the Ganges River flowing along its western side.

That night we went to a theater performance at the exhibition. Many foreigners were in attendance. The Raja himself hosted the event. We were given special seats. There were motion pictures, magic, Indian theater plays which was rather low class and various dances. Returned around 1:30 a.m.

February 13

Took the 8:30 a.m. train back. On the way to Calcutta, many trees with vivid red blossoms

were in full bloom truly beautiful.

February 14

Went about my routine. In the evening, visited Mr. Katayama at the Mitsui residence. Mr. Ishizaki was also home. We talked until after 9 p.m. Mr. Katayama seemed to be suffering from nervous exhaustion and had lost all spirit. I felt quite sorry for him.

February 15

Do my daily routine. Heard that Mr. Katayama would come, so I waited. But in the end, he did not show up.

February 16

Carried out my daily routine.

February 17

In the afternoon, Mr. Katayama and Mr. Ishizaki came by but left shortly thereafter. They were departing that evening. I was invited to a dinner at 7:30 p.m. by Mr. Otani of NYK (Nippon Yusen) but on the way, I stopped by Mr. Katayama's place and accompanied him to Howrah Station. Mr. Katayama appeared utterly dejected. It was pitiful to see, especially since he had been so spirited before the trip.

I was then taken by car, escorted by two employees of Mitsui, to Mr. Otani's residence. Among the guests were Mr. Senda of Mitsui, Mr. ○○ of Nippon Menka Co. (name missing), two gentlemen from Furukawa, and four ladies. We enjoyed a lively meal and I was taken home around 12:30 a.m.

February 18

In the morning, I went by car with Mr. Gaganendranath, Mr. Abanindranath, and Mr. Rathindranath Tagore to a Westerner's house. This person is an extraordinary art enthusiast and had a variety of artworks. There were also many paintings by Mr. Abanindranath Tagore. We returned after an hour or two.

I then directly went to the botanical garden by car. The Ashoka trees were in full bloom truly beautiful. I spent the whole day sketching.

February 19

Carried out my daily routine.

February 20

Carried out my daily routine.

February 21

Carried out my daily routine.

From 6 p.m., I was invited to a dinner by Mr. Fujiki Shintaro of the Yokohama Shokin Bank, accompanied by two gentlemen from Furukawa.

At Mr. Sera's house in Kidderpore, there was a Japanese style room, and for the first time in two months, we enjoyed beef hot pot. It was a very pleasant evening, and I ended up staying overnight.

February 22

Carried out my daily routine.

Mr. Bose brought Ashoka flowers. They were splendid and I was very pleased and sketched them.

February 23

Carried out my daily routine.

Mr. Bose brought Ashoka flowers again. He painted on a small board in my room. The three gentlemen of the Tagore family came by as they do almost daily. I worked on the underdrawings for a painting on silk. It rained in the evening.

February 24

Carried out my daily routine.

Mr. Bose brought more flowers. It was a cloudy day, and there was a thunderstorm in the evening, though it cleared up after a short while.

February 25 - Sunday

Spent the whole day indoors painting and such.

At night, there was a thunderstorm. I went shopping taking Mr. Tajima with me. On the way back, we got caught in the rain. We returned home around 11 p.m. by rickshaw.

February 26

Mr. Bose and Mr. Suren Kar visited. A Western lady, Miss ○○○ (name missing), is temporarily staying at Mr. Tagore's residence.

February 27

Carried out my daily routine.

February 28

Carried out my daily routine.

March 1

Carried out my daily routine.

In the evening, visited a foreigner's home by car with Mr. Abanindranath Tagore and viewed art objects.

March 2

Carried out my daily routine. Diligently worked on brush painting on silk.

March 3

Rested from daily routine.

March 4 - Sunday

I set out early in the morning intending to go to the botanical garden, and left the house. Upon reaching the vicinity of the Ganges River bridge, I found myself unsure of where to board. Unable to ask anyone, my lack of language skills was almost intolerably frustrating. With no other option, I took the train all the way to the terminal station at Shibpur. From there, I hired a carriage and reached the garden.

There were many Ashoka trees in the garden. They were now in full bloom and their beauties were beyond words. As I was sketching and walking around the garden, I noticed numerous Ashoka trees. After eating the food, I had brought and exploring the area, I began to feel constantly thirsty. My desire for water grew intense. I entered a rest area to take a break. There, a group of people was already present, drinking water and eating fruit. Among them was a boy who seemed to be the leader of the group. Seeing me, he offered me a bottle of water and a sweet treat. I bowed in gratitude, thinking that truly, a god had come to my aid. Drinking it all down, I felt as though life had returned to me.

After a short while, the group departed. As the boy was about to leave, he spoke to me again with a charming demeanor. He was around twelve or thirteen years old. How could I not be moved?

I too eventually left the rest area and resumed sketching. Suddenly, I heard a voice from behind saying, "Hello, Japanese." When I turned, I saw it was that same mixed-race boy from Bolpur

School—○○○ (name missing). I took the 4:30 boat and returned.

March 5

Worked on brush painting in the morning. From 5 p.m., a reception is held for the Governor of Bengal. An exhibition has been arranged in his honor. The Governor is returning to England, and this occasion is to express farewell sentiments. At the center of the display is a folding screen depicting "*Yoroboshi*", that I had copied. Alongside are many small paintings by Mr. Tagore and others, as well as a large collection of artworks from both ancient and modern India, thoroughly prepared to welcome the Governor.

At exactly 5 p.m. the governor arrived. Besides him, many foreigners also came. The governor sat in a chair facing a folding screen. Mr. Tagore, his friends, and other foreigners expressed their sentiments of farewell, after which they presented a painting and then toured the premises. The governor gave a reply speech, followed by tea. I was introduced by Mr. Tagore and shook hands with him.

What can be done about the language barrier? It would be laughable to claim that we always converse with the help of a dictionary. Mr. Tagore's two daughters sang two short songs. After a while, they left.

It was a hot day. In the evening, we spent time enjoying music centered around Mr. Abanindranath Tagore. Late at night, Mr. Andrews arrived and stayed the night. Mr. Bose and Mr. Satyendranath also stayed over.

March 6

Worked on brush painting early in the morning. Skipped daily routine. Thunderstorm in the evening.

March 7

Worked on brush painting. Performed daily routine in the afternoon. In the evening, Mr. Andrews departed for Austria.

March 8

Continued brush painting.

Today in India, Hindus celebrate the "Red Festival of Krishna,"³³ during which red powder and red water are smeared over people from head to foot. It is a rare and curious sight.

March 9

Performed daily routine.

Today was also the Red Festival. Even the servants smeared red powder and spent the day with music. Mr. Oka Kyōsui visited, and we talked for three hours. In the evening, the two of us went to the Ganges.

March 10

Performed daily routine.

March 11 (Sunday)

Went to the museum to sketch.

After closing, took a tram to the terminus beyond Kalighat.

March 12

Worked on brush painting from the morning. In the afternoon, completed. Today, Mr. Abanindranath Tagore gave me a fan and five pieces of Indian antiquities which Mr. Tagore had obtained from the Lama of Tibet, a type of ornament with a human face, made of red thread, worn around the neck by Tibetans.

March 13

Presented a brush painting to Mr. Rathindranath Tagore, who was delighted and displayed it inside the Bichitra Hall³⁴.

This day marked the return of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore²⁵. His ship was due to arrive in Calcutta at 1 p.m. I went with his family to meet him. After 1 p.m., the ship finally arrived. Even from afar, Tagore's figure was clearly recognizable. Mr. Mukul³⁵ was enthusiastically waving a handkerchief. There were many others greeting him, including school students.

When the ship docked, Tagore stood still and then finally spoke. He said only, "Pearson is in Japan" even I could understand that. His demeanor stood out among the crowd—he appeared truly noble. Others seemed to have lost themselves in the excitement of returning home. Ah, how dignified was Tagore's bearing! Just as I remembered seeing him in Japan.

After disembarking, he was immediately surrounded by people and greeted them.

I, too, greeted him. He even called out "Arai-san, Arai-san" by name, which deeply moved me.

We then rode by car to his residence, where his entire family welcomed him.

Tagore turned to me and asked in English, "Arai-san, have you become able to speak now?"

We talked and laughed throughout the day, well into the night around 10 p.m.

Around 1 a.m., we entered the dining room and ate Indian food with many people.

There was a playful ceremony held earlier for Mr. Mukul, which was quite amusing, although Mr. Mukul himself seemed unaware of what was happening, and I felt a bit sorry for him.

March 14

Mr. Katayama visited in the morning. In the afternoon, many guests were expected; so many flowers to welcome them were arranged. In the evening, a tea gathering was held.

Later, Mr. Tagore recited poetry. His voice and form everything about him was elevated above all others. The sight of people captivated by his voice was like something from a painting.

I made sketches. Mr. Abanindranath Tagore also drew a sketch of me in my sketchbook.

We had dinner around 11 p.m.

March 15

In the morning, there was an exhibition of a scroll painting by Mr. Shimomura Kanzan.

In the afternoon, I visited Mr. Katayama, and at 7 p.m., we attended a dinner hosted by Mr. Otani of Nippon Yusen, along with Mr. Katayama and Mr. Tajima.

The attendees included the captain and chief engineer of the *Jinsen Maru*, among others—six or seven people in total. We enjoyed a pleasant evening of conversation.

March 16 – Journey to Bolpur

As Mr. Tagore is heading to Bolpur, I was invited to accompany him. In the afternoon, Mr. Katayama came to visit, but as I was about to depart, we could not converse much, which I deeply regretted. He plans to sail back to Japan on the evening of the 20th, but he seems nervous and pale, lacking courage I felt sorry for him.

We departed for Bolpur past 6 p.m. Mr. Tagore and his two family members, myself, and two others, arrived around 11:30 p.m. The students of the school welcomed us with torches. Mr. Tagore walked more than about 2 km amid this torchlight procession. Near the school, many more torches had been lit, and especially along the newly made paths. At the school gate, an ancient style ceremony was held. The spectacle was beautiful, with Vedic hymns sung in praise. Witnessing the heartfelt preparations of the students and imagining the thoughts of this great sage as he was welcomed, I was moved to tears.

March 17

In the morning, I sketched the Sal trees. Lunch was held in the large dining hall, crowded with students and teachers, with Mr. Tagore seated in the center. I had the honor of sitting to his left. The meal was served in a traditional manner and prepared by the teachers' wives.

In the afternoon, we had tea with Mr. Tagore and did a bit of sketching. As night fell, under

the trees, Mr. Tagore shared stories of his travels. The way the teachers and students listened joyfully reminded me of how Buddha must have once taught his disciples. This place is warmer than Calcutta, and I hear that when we first arrived, it was at its coldest.

March 18 – Sunday

Spent the morning sketching again. In the evening, we visited the Sal Forest about 2km away. The tropical dusk over a desert-like landscape was breathtakingly beautiful.

March 19

Sketched in the morning. It was unbearably hot during the day, making going out very difficult. We took the train back around noon.

March 20

Arrived around 6 a.m. Immediately rode the car with Mr. Rathindranath Tagore to visit Mr. Surendranath Tagore in Ballygunge, as we heard Mr. Okakura had arrived. However, we found he was not there. On the way back, we tried to visit Mr. Katayama, only to learn he had stayed overnight in Kidderpore after a farewell party. A messenger was sent to call him, and he arrived after two to three hours.

In the afternoon, we visited the botanical gardens by car. Hot, hot, hot and the wind itself felt hot on our faces. After we parted, I returned home and then headed out again to the port to greet Mr. Okakura's ship, but he never arrived.

March 21

At 3 p.m., Mr. Okakura³⁶ arrived on the *Ceylon Maru*. Mr. Rathindranath Tagore and Mr. Andrews and I went to welcome him.

This day was also Mr. Katayama's departure. I met him around 5 p.m., and we rode together by car to Kidderpore Docks to see him off. After returning to the Mitsui Company residence for dinner with others, I went again to the port. The ship departed at 10 p.m. parting with those arriving and those leaving evoked a strange and poignant feeling.

March 22

In the morning, I escorted Mr. Okakura to the Yokohama Shokin Bank. Also met Mr. Nishimaki. Spent the afternoon working on my regular duties.

March 23

Early in the morning, Mr. Tagore returned from Bolpur. Continued with my daily routine.

March 24

Resumed daily work. Mr. Aoki Bunkyo³⁷, a missionary who had spent four years studying in Tibet and is now returning to Japan, came to visit. We spoke for two to three hours, and I introduced him to Mr. Tagore.

March 25 – Sunday

In the morning, Captain Tsuda and Chief Purser Tanegashima of the *Ceylon Maru* came to visit. However, before they could meet Mr. Tagore, he had already departed for Bolpur. I went to Kidderpore for lunch with the two, joined by Mr. Okakura.

March 26

Continued regular duties. In the afternoon, visited Mr. Aoki at the Mitsui residence to see his photographs and paintings from Tibet.

At 7:30 p.m., attended a dinner party hosted by Mr. Aoki Kasaburo of Nippon Menka Co. at the company residence in Ballygunge. Returned home around midnight.

March 27

Took a break from regular duties. The temperature suddenly soared to 99–100°F (approx. 37–38°C).

March 28

Resumed work. Mr. Aoki Bunkyo visited again. Another extremely hot day.

March 29

Continued with regular duties.

March 30

Sent single-layer garments and undergarments for cleaning. Mr. Ezaki from Taiwan Bank and three employees from Mitsui visited. Also introduced them to Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore.

That day, Mr. Okakura was set to depart on the *Ceylon Maru*, and I accompanied him from 5 p.m. We dined at Mr. ○○'s (name missing) residence in Kidderpore, joined by Mr. Mukherjee and three clerks, six of us filled ourselves with Chinese noodles.

When we arrived at the ship, there were still no passengers. A refreshing breeze blew across the deck. Gradually, passengers and those seeing them off arrived. Mr. Ezaki was also sailing back to Japan, as was Mr. Aoki Bunkyo. The people seeing them off represented the entire

Japanese community in Calcutta. We conversed and drank together until around midnight, and then finally parted our ways.

Later that night, I met Mr. Fujigaki Chōsaku, secretary of the consulate. He happened to be from Nakagawa Village in Haga County, the neighboring county to my birthplace, a nostalgic encounter in a foreign land. Also met Mr. Uekuri of the Yokohama Shōkin Bank, a native of Jōshū. On the way home, we took a car to his residence.

March 31

Continued daily duties.

Sunday, April 1

In the morning, Mr. Aoki from Nippon Menka (Japan Cotton) came with his wife and one employee. I introduced them to Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore. Mr. Aoki brought a camera and took my photograph in the art studio. He also took a photo of me together with Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore and Mr. and Mrs. Aoki.

In the afternoon, I visited Mr. Kasahara at Maharaja Tagore's villa and viewed the garden.

April 2

Followed my daily routine. There was lightning in the afternoon. The clouds were beautiful.

April 3

Followed my daily routine.

April 4

Followed my daily routine.

April 5

Followed my daily routine.

April 6

Followed my daily routine. *Jyugaku Gashū* (Jyugaku Art Collection) arrived by post.

April 7

Followed my daily routine.

April 8 - Sunday

Followed my daily routine.

April 9

Followed my daily routine. Went out around 3 p.m. Visited Mr. Oka Kyōsui and conversed for three hours. During this time, a heavy thunderstorm struck, with hail.

April 10

Followed my daily routine.

April 11

Followed my daily routine. Around 5 p.m., went to see a motion picture with four men from the Tagore family.

April 12

Followed my daily routine. Thunderstorm in the evening, very hot.

April 13

Followed my daily routine.

April 14

Followed my daily routine. This day is the New Year's Day of the old Indian calendar. At the Tagore residence, many people gathered in the ancestral shrine in the morning to chant scriptures, and afterward, they had tea and sweets. Many beggars gathered at the gate asking for alms.

April 15 - Sunday

A day off. In the late afternoon, Mr. Bose came with Mr. Nabendranath Tagore³⁸ in a car, we toured around the city. The Krishna flowers³⁹ were in full bloom, their red color especially beautiful.

In a room with works by Mr. Bose, I saw drawings made on wooden boards, including sketches from Ajanta. In Japan, pine decorations are placed at entrances (for the New Year), but here, they place banana plants on either side of the entrance, and above them hang *shime* ropes, which here are made with mango leaves and small red and white flowers dangling below.

April 16

A day off.

April 17

A day off. Began painting on a silk scroll for the piece titled “*Listening to the Dharma*.”

April 18

Continued painting.

April 19

Received three small packages. They were books for Mr. Tajima and for me, and an art book sent by Mr. Takatsu of Takashimaya which I can enjoy.

April 20

Took a break from painting as I haven’t been feeling well lately. In the afternoon, Mr. Umezu Shigeo, a clerk from the Okura Paper Shop in Nishigashi, Nihonbashi, came along with Mr. Mukerji. Mr. Umezu had come as an observer on the *Ceylon Maru*, the same ship as Mr. Okakura Kazuo. He parted ways with Mr. Okakura in Rangoon and arrived here just after Okakura had left.

Around 10 p.m., Mr. Tagore arrived from Bolpur.

April 21

Carried out daily routines.

April 22 - Sunday

Carried out daily routines. Mr. Mukul brought Indian clothes a traditional Bengali outfit for me. I put them on immediately. In the evening, dressed in this attire, we went to visit Mr. Oishi of the *Taisho Maru*. Many people came to see me. However, when we reached the ship, Mr. Oishi was out, so we had no choice but to return home.

April 23

Went to see the Ganges River with Mr. Mukul. At this time, I lost my wallet containing about 26 rupees, along with my notebook. We then visited Mr. Mukul’s friend’s house before returning home. Then, carried out daily routines. The Indian clothes I wore for the first time didn’t threaten anyone. Rather, it was I who was threatened—by my own dropping purse.

April 24

Carried out daily routines.

April 25

Carried out daily routines. It was a bit hot today.

April 26

Carried out daily routines. Mr. Rabindranath Tagore said to me, "How about going to Java?"⁴⁰

April 27

Carried out daily routines. Mr. Bose and Mr. Surendranath Tagore came and we had a conversation. The topic turned to *spirit communication* (then a popular form of table turning séance). A table was brought, and four or five of us placed our hands upon it. Eventually, a spirit appeared and spoke in various ways. At first, the table began to move, and then one among us began to speak. The spirit replied. The replies were translated using English spelling. The spirit first called itself "Fujii" the name of my birthplace, Ujiie. It claimed to be an artist, and eventually, it was said that he was my father. We asked many questions. I inquired whether staying in India was good or bad. The spirit approved and said a two-year stay was acceptable. We conversed on many topics. It felt like a strange psychological phenomenon.

Later, I asked when a letter from Japan would arrive, and the table moved four times. How curious, how strange.

April 28

Carried out daily routines. At 5 p.m., I went to visit Mr. Oishi at the *Taisho Maru* at Kidderpore Port, but the ship had already departed early in the morning. On the way back, I visited Mr. Oka. Photographs of Hideo and Kunie arrived that day.

April 29 - Sunday

I took a break from the daily routines and focused on paintings. This day I had a slight fever, and felt unwell.

April 30

Carried out daily routines. Mr. Tagore returned to Bolpur.

May 1

Performed my daily routine. In the morning, Mr. Oka Kyōsui visited.

May 2

Performed my daily routine. In the evening, Mr. Bose came and presented me with a large blossom of the Ashoka tree.

May 3

Performed my daily routine. Since morning, it had been raining and windy, making the leaves on the trees flutter, and their beauty was all the more remarkable. On this day, Mr. Abanindranath invited me to his residence to view the trees in his garden.

May 4

Performed my daily routine. It rained all day, and by nightfall the wind grew stronger, I felt even colder.

May 5

Though the rain had stopped, the clouds had not yet fully cleared, covering the sky and bringing a slight chill. In the afternoon, the sun did not appear. In the evening, I rode together with Mr. and Mrs. Rathindranath by car to view the flowers near Ballygunge. Countless red krishna and chola flowers were in bloom, creating a beautiful scene. Flowers of yellow, purple, and pale pink were also in blossom.

May 6 - Sunday

Take a break of routine work. Mr. Bose and Mr. Surendranath Tagore came to visit me saying they have missed the train to Bolpur. They brought Mr. Mukul along and we chatted a long time, and then they left. This day was the full moon. I went out at night for a walk.

May 7

Take a break of routine work. Went out in the afternoon. Visited Mitsui & Co., where I met Mr. Yamaguchi and three others and then I went to Nippon Yusen, where I also met Mr. Otani and Mr. Fujiki from the Yokohama Shokin Bank. Later, I visited Mr. Oka Kyōsui and went with him to the consulate, but Mr. Yoshida and Mr. Shigaki were absent. Having no choice, we strolled nearby and admired various flowers.

In this area, sacred trees line both sides of the street. Red, yellow, purple, light pink—many kinds bloom. In the evening, I went to Mr. Oka's residence, where I was treated to whisky and a fine dinner. Returned home at 10 p.m.

May 8

Performed my daily routine. Went out for shopping taking Mr. Tajima along. Ms. Lahua departed for Darjeeling.

May 9

In the afternoon, a heavy thunderstorm came, lasting two to three hours before clearing. I was alone in the large house. From time to time, I could hear music from the neighbor's house.

May 10

Early in the morning, Mr. Rathindranath Tagore returned from Bolpur. I heard that the journey to Darjeeling would be tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Tajima departed ahead, carrying the luggage. I spent the day reading and presented a painting to Mr. Rathindranath.

In the evening, I went up to the rooftop to take in the scenery. In the west, dark clouds appeared and rapidly moved eastward. In a moment, a strong wind struck, making it unsafe to remain on the roof. I descended at once and returned to my room. Soon after, Mr. Gaganendranath Tagore invited me over. At his residence, we watched the approaching storm from the front garden.

Suddenly, a fierce wind and rain came. We remained indoors, talking, until the rain passed. Then the scenery completely changed. The sun shone through the dark clouds, and a great rainbow appeared above them double layered and vividly colored absolutely beyond words.

The garden trees remained deeply green. Only the fronts of tall buildings caught the sunlight. The sky turned dusky, revealing various hues, and the grand rainbow stood clearly as ever. The colors of the Indian landscape, which I was seeing for the first time, were of an unutterable beauty.

Mr. Abanindranath Tagore took me up to a higher rooftop. The view in all directions was like that from a mountain top. Every direction had its own distinct atmosphere, changing color moment by moment. I felt truly enchanted.

Eventually, the rainbow faded, and the sun set behind the western hills. The evening clouds transformed in myriad ways, dressing the sky in beauty.

I had rarely encountered such magnificent natural beauty. Even the next day, the images still lingered in my mind.

Around 10 p.m., Mr. Rabindranath Tagore himself returned from Bolpur. Mr. Bose and Mr. Surendranath also stayed in the room next to mine.

May 11 —The Himalayas, Darjeeling⁴¹

At 4 p.m., it was finally time to head to the Himalayas, Darjeeling.

As Mr. Rathindranath was occupied with many tasks, he forgot to inform me of the exact time

of departure, and I myself did not know it either, resulting in this unfortunate mishap. After the party had departed, Mr. Tagore came to my house and said, "Are you not going to Darjeeling? Rathindranath has already gone."

Thus, Mr. Tagore ordered a carriage for me. On the way, I changed to a car and hurried to the station. Fortunately, it was just before departure, the group of people were still in and around the compartment. Mr. Rathindranath, noticing my absence which caused quite a stir, had already sent a car back to fetch me.

Soon the train began to move. Having stayed indoors amid Calcutta's smoke for a long time, breathing the fresh suburban air and seeing the scenery felt like I was brought back to life.

After about four hours, we reached the Ganges. A long bridge had been built a year or two ago. We had dinner at the Isurdi Station on the far bank and changed to another train. Mr. Rathindranath said he owned many estates in this area. After a night's sleep, I awoke early in the morning to see Mt. Himalayas piercing through the clouds, yet clearly visible.

Shortly after, we arrived at Siliguri Station⁴². From there, we switched to a small train. The numbers of passengers were divided into three cars, proceeding with space in between.

Along the way, the trees gradually changed into forests, and the train climbed in a zigzag path. The foothills were dominated by Sal trees, whose fruit was particularly beautiful in color.

The higher we went, the better the view became. It was said that wild animals roamed here at night. The ethnicity of the people changed noticeably, now largely of Mongoloid descent, such as those who had long lived in Darjeeling.

As the train gradually ascended higher, the view became more and more favorable. The train often took in water along the way and made stops at eight stations. Many of the houses were in an ancient style, and their number increased as we ascended. Their architecture resembled Japan's ancient style, with roofs made of split bamboo held down by "*chigi*" (forked roof finials), and walls often painted white above and red below.

People of many backgrounds Bhutanese⁴³, Nepalese, Tibetans, Indians inhabited the area. Their clothing also varied greatly. Women carried loads on their backs using ropes from their heads.

There were many cedar trees and some pines, as well as trees somewhat similar to Japanese maples. It truly felt like I was in India.

The temperature was about 60° F during the day, while in Calcutta it was near 100° F, a stark contrast. At night, we lit a stove. Thus, deeply moved, I fell asleep.

May 12

Awoke early to find the sky full of clouds, hiding Kanchenjunga's⁴⁴ peak only the base was visible.

Yet, the shapes of the clouds were beautiful, leaving a strong impression.

After breakfast, the four of us went into town to see the native shops and bazaars. On the way back, we visited Miss Raj's house and then returned home.

It rained from time to time in the afternoon, and it was quite cold. In the evening, we went out again and walked in the rain for over an hour before returning home, thus ending the first day.

May 13

Rose early but still couldn't see Mt. Himalayas. The clouds were beautiful, and I could watch them forever - yet fog quickly arose, and visibility became almost zero a dramatic change.

It rained in the afternoon, preventing us from going out. In the evening, the sky cleared for a while, so the four of us went out to see the surrounding landscape. The mountain twilight was particularly exquisite. After walking about four kilometers, we made our way back.

May 14

Arising at dawn, taking a look of the Great Mt. Himalaya I long waited for, and at last, there it was! The tall, tall peaks raised high above the clouds, then were quickly shrouded again in white mist. After breakfast, I went to town with Mr. Tajima to buy shoes and strolled around for over two hours before returning.

May 15

Waked up early and saw Kanchenjunga in its full form. The entire mountain range was visible for over thirty minutes. After tea, I painted a hanging scroll of the mountains and clouds.

Around 5 p.m., I went out for exercise and sketching.

May 16

Go out for exercise in the early morning. The weather was especially good. Went out for exercise again from 5 p.m., walking for two hours. A blanket of fog covered everything, making it impossible to see even a short distance ahead. It felt as if I had walked through clouds for two hours straight.

May 17

Went out for exercise in the early morning. Mount Himalayas were visible below the clouds, with the entire mountain clearly in view. Returned after walking for a little over an hour. At night, Mr. Tajima mentioned to the master, without clear reason, that he would return to Calcutta. I persuaded him to stay, eventually, he decided to stay after all.

May 18

Woke up at 2:30 a.m. The plan was to go to Tiger Hill to see the sunrise over Kangchenjunga, but due to the late arrival of the horses and attendants, the plan was cancelled. Instead, I climbed a nearby hill to see the sunrise.

Kangchenjunga, bathed in morning sunlight, glowed in a red-golden hue with shadows appearing purplish—exceedingly beautiful, indescribably stunning. The clouds stretched across the sky in forms reminiscent of ancient Tenpyo era artwork. The moment just before sunrise was a scene of utmost beauty.

Present that morning were Mrs. Tagore, her younger brother, and Mr. Alakendranath Tagore⁴⁵. He and I rode horses back and forth. It was my first time riding with a Western saddle, and I found it difficult to maintain balance, but we returned safely. Went for exercise again around 5 p.m.

May 19

Exceptionally clear weather. The air felt like spring and was refreshing. Went sketching around 1 p.m. to a village at the foot of Tiger Hill, about 8 km away. There was also a train station there. From this location, I could see the Indian plains and the flow of a river. Looking the other way, deep valleys came into view very scenic. The customs and appearance of the place were fascinating. Made five or six sketches and made our way back. As dusk fell, the colors of the mountains and sky especially the sunset—were breathtaking. It was the first sunset view I had seen since coming to Darjeeling. Walked for nearly half the day, resulting in blisters and foot pain. Sent a postcard to Hisae.

May 20

Went out with Mrs. Tagore and her attendant. Visited the Bhutia Monastery. Walked a little at dusk. The scenery as the sun set behind the western hills was wonderful. Saw a crescent moon.

May 21

Clear weather. It had snowed in the distant on the previous day, leaving the mountain peaks white, thus brought a slight chill. In the afternoon, I went out alone to sketch the Bhutia Monastery, then visited the racetrack and walked around the circular trail. Returned after more than four hours.

May 22

There were occasional thunderstorms throughout the day. Cleared by evening. Went out for exercise. At sunset, the colors in the sky were extraordinarily beautiful. I stood still in awe for a while.

May 23

Good weather. In the afternoon, went with Mr. Rathindranath to an antique shop. Bought a piece of Bhutanese textile. Received art postcards from Mr. Abanindranath Tagore and Mr. Bose. Later, it rained.

May 24

Weather occasionally cloudy.

May 25

Clear weather.

May 26

Went out for exercise in the evening. Bought a “white shawtta” (*possibly a white shirt).

May 27

Thick fog all day. Occasional rain.

May 28

Fine weather, a welcome change from yesterday's rain. Go out for exercise. In the evening, Mr. Tagore arrived. He may stay for a while.

May 29

In the afternoon, walked to a place called Ghum, where the next train station is. It rained a little on the way, though part of the route was sunny a good example of mountain weather. Strolled around the town and its hills, finding houses nestled in the landscape particularly charming. Returned home by dusk. Mr. Tagore moved to stay in another house and was not at home.

May 30

In the evening, climbed a small hill to view the sunset. The setting sun reflected off the clouds, and its light turned the snowy mountain's surface golden. The scene was breathtaking. A half-moon already shone high in the sky. Walked home in the moonlight.

May 31

Went out for exercise in the afternoon. Bought two Indian paintings. They were not of high quality, but the price was very low, so I purchased them. The evening sky was beautiful again.

June 1

The weather is good. Mist occasionally comes. I spend the whole day writing illustrated postcards and such. Go out in the evening. As usual, the evening colors are beautiful.

June 2

Dense mist all day. Again, I spend the day writing illustrated postcards. Letters arrive from Japan from Hisae and two or three others. Letters from Hideo, Kiyoko, and Yoshie⁴⁶ are especially delightful.

Went out in the evening. Visited Mr. Tagore that night. After returning home, continued working on cards until 1 a.m.

June 3 - Sunday

Went out in the afternoon. On the way, met a Tibetan who had previously served Mr. Aoki. He said, "I'm at the Japanese Consulate now," which made me realize he had become a secretary there. He guided me to the consulate. Met Mr. Yoshida and had a pleasant talk. Later, we went out into town together. Meeting fellow Japanese in this remote mountain region is truly a joy.

June 4

Went out in the afternoon. Visited the botanical garden, then took the road through the tea plantation and explored the nearby villages. The villages were particularly interesting, so I did some sketching. Returned in the evening.

June 5

Began sketching the draft for a scroll. In the afternoon, Mr. Yoshida visited. We went out together for a walk. On the way back, stopped by Mr. Yoshida's home and enjoyed some Japanese sake. It is a rare and special experience to have sea urchin and sake in such a remote highland.

June 6

Wrote postcards in the morning. In the afternoon, went down toward the Bhutia Monastery

(?) area, walked for over two hours before returning. Spent the evening playing Japanese cards. Continued working on the scroll's draft.

June 7

Worked on the scroll draft in the morning. In the afternoon, went again past the tea plantation beyond the botanical garden, revisiting the area I had been to before. Returned home by evening. A letter on my desk informed me that Mr. Oka Kyōsui is coming. It seems more guests are arriving. Rain became heavy at night.

June 8

Went out in the afternoon. Visited Mr. Yoshida and had another enjoyable talk. Sent a letter to Hisae.

June 9

Mr. Oka Kyōsui is scheduled to arrive at 1 p.m. Went to the station with Mr. Yoshida to meet him. Waited for over twenty minutes. An English officer asked us, "Where are you going?" Mr. Yoshida replied, "We're here to meet Mr. Oka." The officer asked about Mr. Oka's lodging and wrote it down in his notebook. Soon the train arrived the second train of the day. We spent the evening talking at Mr. Yoshida's house. When I returned home, the house was dark and empty, everyone had gone out to meet some other guests.

June 10 - Sunday

In the morning, Mr. Oka visited. We went out together. Returned once, then in the afternoon visited Mr. Yoshida. The three of us went to a bazaar, browsed antique shops, and bought a Tibetan painting. Its age is unknown, but possibly around 500 years old. Though not a famous piece, it's quite good. The price was six rupees — reasonably cheap. We then strolled along the path through the tea plantations beside the botanical garden. Returned in the evening. At Mr. Yoshida's home, the three of us sat cross-legged in a circle and enjoyed sukiyaki with sake and a bit of sea urchin — a rare treat. Returned around 9:30 p.m.

June 11

In the afternoon, Mr. Oka came. The two of us visited a temple in Bhutia Monastery (?) and met the chief priest. Explored the area around it. Returned in the evening. Received a telegram from Mr. Yamaguchi of Mitsui: "Mr. Ito and one other are coming for a mountain climb — please meet them at the station tomorrow." Visited Mr. Yoshida that night and saw some local

flowers, many of which resembled Japanese ones.

June 12

At 1 p.m., three people including Mr. Ito from Mitsui, the ship captain of the *Kongōmaru*, and its purser arrived. I went to greet them and took them to the Mount Everest Hotel, then guided them around various places. Returned in the evening. Heavy rain.

June 13

In the afternoon, visited Mr. Ito, the captain and others at Mount Everest Hotel. The four of us browsed antique shops, and then returned in the evening. Had dinner and talked late into the night, until around midnight. The hotel staff had gone to bed, so I stayed overnight with them.

June 14

Despite the heavy rain, went to meet Mr. Tagore at 9:30. Talked briefly and parted. Also said farewell to the three guests. They left on the 2 p.m. train. I saw them off at the station.

On the way back, stopped at Mr. Yoshida's place, and talked in Mr. Oka's room. Then the three of us went out for exercise. Luckily, no rain.

June 15

In the afternoon, went to the consulate for a commemorative photo with Mr. Yoshida, Mr. Oka, and myself, three of us.

Then took Mr. Oka with me and went to Dgonpa⁴⁷, the temple in Gin village, past Lebong. The road descended a great deal, making the return trip seem daunting.

Along the way, asked a policeman about the temple. This policeman followed us and chatted as we walked. Mr. Oka had previously heard that a Japanese woman, married to a foreigner, lived in this village. The police offered to guide us.

Soon we reached a house and saw a woman, about 50 years old, playing with a mountain goat. Mr. Oka called out, "Are you Otoyō-sama?" and started a conversation. We rested in her home for a while, then decided to visit the temple. Granny Otoyō said she would come along.

We climbed again. The views in the area were also quite lovely.

We wandered through curious local villages and finally reached the temple. Two or three monks were there. After worshipping, Mr. Oka took photos, and I did sketches.

On the way back, we parted from the police. Rain began falling again.

Granny Otoyō strongly encouraged us to visit her home again, but it was nearly dusk and raining, so we parted and left. The return trip was all uphill, making it a struggle.

By sunset, we reached the area near the temple in Bhutia Monastery (?). The music from the temple at that time was deeply moving. In the evening, we worked on some perspective drawing. Mr. Tagore joined us once or twice simply for the amusement of the gathering.

June 16

Went out for exercise in the afternoon. Met the certain young lady of Mr. Aoki's on the road (see entry on June 26 regarding "Sona, young lady of a Bhutia(?) with a connection to Mr. Aoki"). Began work on an illustrated scroll. No rain. In the evening, the mountains appeared briefly through the clouds.

June 17, Sunday

At 2 p.m., Mr. Tagore departed for Calcutta (Kolkata). I saw him off at the station. A staff member of Mitsui & Co. and someone said to be from Amagasaki Spinning Co. were also on the same train. Thereafter, walked around looking at bazaars with Mr. Yoshida and Mr. Oka. Returned home in the evening.

June 18

In the morning, the mountains were visible. Went out sketching the mountains and upon returning home, Mr. Oka arrived. In the afternoon, went with Mr. Oka and Mr. Yoshida to see some kind of ceremony at a Bhutia Monastery(?). It was quite a peculiar event. Returned in the evening. At night, visited Mr. Yoshida's home and saw what was said to be a Nepali flower, an early bloomer.

June 19

Started working on the picture scroll. In the evening, Mr. Oka and Mr. Yoshida came over. Had a pleasant conversation.

June 20

Continued painting the scroll. In the afternoon, Mr. Oka came over intending to play tennis, so I made introductions. Rain soon began, and we had tea instead. Our conversation turned to music, and since Mr. Deb (spelling uncertain) is a musician, we ended up making various types of music. Later, I too sang some Japanese songs, which was quite enjoyable.

June 21

Painting. It rained all day. In the evening, went to Mr. Yoshida's home. The usual three of us had a long talk.

June 22

Painting. It briefly stopped raining in the afternoon, so I went out and visited some shops, then returned home and continued painting. In the evening, visited Mr. Yoshida at the consulate. Saw a flower in Nepal that resembled the Japanese thistle. There were many rare flowers. Left after quite a long time.

June 23

Rain all day. Went to the consulate around 5 p.m. Promised to stay for dinner, and the three of us went out for about 30 minutes. The rain cleared that day, and the evening sky, with its beautifully colored clouds, was especially impressive.

After returning to the consulate, had whisky and freshly made *udon* with canned meat, mushrooms, and vegetables cooked by a Tibetan servant. It was one of the most delicious meals I had had in some time. This dish was called *Bhutan Phukim* (*Name uncertain. Something similar to Japanese *udon*) truly delightful.

June 24 - Sunday

Weather cleared in the afternoon. Went to the consulate and went out with the usual three. After looking around bazaars, we went out again after returning. We parted ways along the way.

June 25

Weather improved in the afternoon. As I am to depart tomorrow for Calcutta, I set aside my brush and went out sketching. On the way back, stopped by Mr. Yoshida's place where the two gentlemen told me they had also dropped by my place while I was out. We ended up chatting, and I stayed for dinner. Left for home afterward.

June 26 – Departure for Calcutta

Departed today. Packed from early morning, had lunch at 10 a.m., and went to the consulate ahead of the others. Talked there until departure at 2 p.m. Chatted until just before leaving, then received a send-off from two friends at the station. (At the consulate, Sona, the Bhutia girl related to Mr. Aoki, was there. I did some sketching.)

Soon after departure, the scenery along the way was pleasant. On my way in, there had been little rain and hardly any waterfalls, but this time, waterfalls of all sizes were abundant and worth seeing.

As the train neared the foothills of Siliguri, it was already dusk, and torches were lit on the

locomotive. This was because the area is home to many wild animals, including elephants, which sometimes block train progress. Another reason was to illuminate the tracks.

Arrived at Siliguri soon after and transferred to another train. The next train was delayed over an hour due to a mechanical issue. Had dinner onboard and soon fell asleep. When I awoke, it was already dawn.

June 27

Having spent a month and a half in a cold region, I had completely forgotten the sensation of heat. Upon reaching the area around Siliguri, it was unbearably hot. The local Indian people were all half-naked and outside their homes as if in midsummer. Ah, I, too may join them as well. While the train was moving it wasn't too bad, but when it stopped the heat was intense. Though I had expected it to get even hotter after sunrise, it was not so, thanks to clouds covering the sky, occasional rain, and sporadic sunshine.

Arrived in Calcutta around noon. Rested at home. Mr. Bose and Mr. Mukul came to visit and chat. Later visited the homes of Mr. Gaganendranath and Mr. Abanindranath and talked. In the evening, many people gathered at Mr. Tagore's residence. Mr. Gaganendranath came by at night.

June 28

In the morning, Mr. Abanindranath came and I showed him the sketches from Darjeeling. In the evening, visited Mr. Mogaki at the consulate, and we went to a café together. Got tipsy on whisky and returned. (Sent a letter to Hisae.)

June 29

Mr. Bose came. Did some decorative writing on *karakami* (*traditional Japanese paper).

June 30

Resumed painting the picture scroll. In the afternoon, visited Mr. Senda at Mitsui & Co. On the way back, strolled through a park.

July 1 - Sunday

Painted the picture scroll. In the evening, Mr. Senda, Mr. Otsuki, Mr. Yamaguchi, and a person said to be from Bombay came and we had a conversation. I introduced them to Mr. Tagore. We made an arrangement to be invited to Mr. Senda's home on the night of the 2nd.

July 2

I worked on painting. Mrs. Tagore also began painting on silk. Mr. Bose came and wrote on *karakami* paper. In the evening, I went to the Mitsui Company residence and was treated to dinner. I viewed sketches by Mr. Otsuki and saw a work with red flowers that was quite poor(?).

July 3

Painting. Finished the final part of the picture scroll of Mt. Himalayas. This scroll will be presented to Mr. Rattindranath Tagore. It rained all day. That evening, together with Mr. Tagore, Mr. Gaganendranath, Mr. Abanindranath, and four or five others, we viewed my sketches and works by Mr. Gaganendranath, including scrolls by Mr. Shimomura (Kanzan). We had a long conversation until around 9 p.m. After dinner, I slept soundly. I was gifted a sketch of the Himalayas by Mr. Gaganendranath a piece I particularly liked.

July 4

Mr. Bose and Mr. Asit⁴⁸ came. Mr. Abanindranath gifted me a small painting. This meant I acquired two paintings in two days. Later, I went with Mr. Abanindranath, Mr. Bose, and Mr. Asit to pay respects following the death of Mr. Mukul's father.

There was to be a lunar eclipse between 1 and 2 a.m. I got up at 1:30 a.m. and climbed to the rooftop, but could not see the moon.

July 5

I got up early at 5 a.m. and went to the Ganga River. There were great crowds of people bathing and worshipping the sun. Though the road was wide, the mass of people made it difficult to walk. Along the roadside, ascetics performed extreme austerities some stood on their heads, some lay on beds of thousands of nails, others sat silently. There were too many ascetics and beggars to count.

In the Ganga, both men and women enter the water to worship the sun. Despite the dirty water, they calmly scooped it into their mouths without hesitation. Here, it was also possible to observe the women's physiques. Their thin white garments, once they entered the water, clung so closely to their bodies that they appeared almost nude. Their breasts are high and full, their hips broad and prominent, and a slender abdomen is regarded as ideal. Such physical beauty goes beyond what is commonly seen among the women of our country.

Regardless of age or gender, they wholly devote to their god. I was astonished by the sheer strength of their faith. I made ten sketches.

Shortly after returning home, Mr. Oka arrived. He met Mr. Tagore. Many people came during this time. I showed them Mr. Shimomura's scrolls, and Mr. Tagore gave explanations. Mr. Oka also viewed them. In the afternoon, Mr. Bose and Mr. Asit came again.

That day, a servant in the household was suspected of having cholera and was taken to an isolation hospital. It left me with an unpleasant feeling.

July 6

I heard that the servant from the day before did not have cholera, which brought some relief. Mr. Bose, Mr. Asit, and Mr. Mukul came.

At 5 p.m., I was invited to dinner at the consulate by Mr. Mogaki. We enjoyed ourselves, drinking whisky and singing. After singing thoroughly, we returned home. It was midnight and no trams were running, so we took a car home.

July 7

Mr. Tagore departed for Bolpur. Mr. Asit⁴⁸ came and gave lessons to Mrs. Tagore and Mr. Nabendranath. It was extremely humid, more unbearable than recent days. I received another painting from Mr. Abanindranath a fascinating piece.

July 8 - Sunday

Mr. Bose came. It was even hotter than the previous day and I woke frequently during the night. The stifling heat was the same today. Rain began in the afternoon, bringing some relief. However, once the rain stopped in the evening, the humidity returned. Mr. Abanindranath's son, Mr. Olok (probably Alakendranath), and his wife visited, and we had dinner together. His wife was remarkably beautiful and left a strong impression on me.

July 9

Mr. Bose, Mr. Asit, and Mr. Mukul came. There were occasional heavy rains.

July 10

Mr. Bose and Mr. Abanindranath came. It rained intermittently. I received a book of paintings by Mr. Abanindranath and his students.

July 11

Mr. Mukul and Mr. Haldal (Mr. Asit Kumar Haldal?) came. In the afternoon, I went by car with Mr. Gaganendranath to shops and made a round of the Maidan. It was so pleasant—the scenery was green and the rain clouds beautiful. It was extremely hot and oppressive again.

July 12

Mr. Mukul and Mr. Asit came. I carried my daily routine.

July 13

Mr. Asit came. I carried my daily routine. From 3 p.m., Mr. Nabendranath Tagore, Mr. Gaba, and I went to watch football. There was a huge crowd at the field at Maidan. The match was between Bengalis and Englishmen. We sat facing the westering sun, suffering from the heat, and waited almost two hours before the match started. The score was one win and one loss, making it a real nail-biter. The game ended around 6 p.m. with three wins for the English, and two for the Indians. That night, Mr. Tagore returned.

July 14

Mr. Asit and Mr. Mukul came. At 9 p.m., I went with Mr. Rathindranath and Mr. Olok to see an Indian play. The venue was small and stiflingly hot. It was a Krishna-themed drama with two or three actresses. One of the dancers performed beautifully and left a strong impression. I made several sketches.

July 15 - Sunday

In the afternoon, I visited Mr. Oka. Together, we visited Mr. Otsuki at the Mitsui residence. Mr. Senda also came, and we met Mr. Kasamatsu. After chatting for some time, we returned, stopping by and visit Mr. Yoshida of the consulate. Mr. Yoshida had just returned from Darjeeling and was surprised by the heat.

Mr. Yoshida and his wife were invited to dinner by Mr. Oka. We went to a Chinese restaurant with Mr. and Mrs. Komaoka of Banzai Trading Company, and myself, total of six. We ate and drank whiskey heartily. We parted around 10 p.m. and returned home.

July 16

Mr. Tajima took his leave and departed from Mr. Tagore's residence on this day. In the evening, together with Mr. Bose and Mr. Mukul, we visited Mr. Bose's new residence.

July 17

Early in the morning, Mr. Kimura Ryūkan came to visit Mr. Tagore. I also met him.

July 18

In the morning, I visited Mr. Bose's residence with Mr. Nabendranath by car. In the afternoon, Mr. Bose and Mr. Mukul came. In the evening, a Bengali village play was performed. Many people attended, including many women. The play was said to be by the Brahmo Samaj. It ended around 9:30 p.m.

July 19

Seven or eight letters arrived from Japan. One was from Hisae. Mr. Tagore had gone on a trip. I received *Narazuke* (Japanese pickled vegetables) from Mr. Ōishi of the ship *Taishō Maru*. In the evening, Mr. Ōishi himself came. We went to Kidderpore for dinner and returned after a couple of hours.

July 20

Daily routine. Mr. Mukul and Mr. Asit came. It rained occasionally.

July 21

Carried out my daily routine.

Sunday, July 22

In the afternoon, Mr. Kasamatsu and Mr. Ōtsuki from Mitsui came. Mr. Oka Kyōsui also visited, and we conversed at length. Mr. Kasamatsu and Mr. Ōtsuki left. Mr. Oka remained and we went to the residence of Mr. Yoshida from the consulate. We enjoyed udon and spent a leisurely time, returning home afterwards.

July 23

Mr. Bose and Mr. Mukul came. I followed my daily routine. In the evening, Mr. Ōishi from the *Taishō Maru* and the chief engineer came. We went to Kidderpore street for dinner. Returned home around 9 p.m. I felt a slight fever and was unwell.

July 24

In the evening, I visited Mr. Abanindranath Tagore with Mr. Bose. Mr. Abanindranath shared his thoughts.

He said that so far, he had maintained his approach to painting as he had always done. Since he initially studied Western painting, about 70–80% of his style is Western and only 20–30% Indian. Mr. Bose, however, is Indian in style, and he hoped Mr. Bose would accomplish great things in the future.

However, stating in this day and age, he and Mr. Bose are like people stand before a temple and offer flowers to those who come holding them in their hands. They guide people to the inner sanctuary, where Indian art resides. He remarked that current Indian painting is weak. If one has strength in heart, good ideas will naturally come.

He spoke of his fondness for a place called Mussoorie⁴⁹, located at the foot of the Mt.

Himalayas. In contrast, he found Darjeeling unsatisfying: too many changing colors, and the sight of one mountain after another is distracting. Mussoorie, however, presents one color all day, and sometimes a different hue. In the early morning, birds chirp like music, flying from one peak to another, and then gradually quiet as the sun rises.

He admired the grand, snow-covered mountains enveloped in a monochrome cloud. Majestic and quiet, colorless yet full of color, that was when he truly came to appreciate the grandeur of the snowy peaks.

After that, he painted a picture of a bird from his time in Japan. He once painted many works in his youth, but now that he is old, he could not do the same. He lamented that India is a hot country, where one ages faster than in other places, even while still in one's prime in other lands.

After that, we took our leave and returned home. I still feel a bit feverish.

July 25

Though I got up in the morning, I still had a fever and ended up going back to bed, suffering later on. In the afternoon, Mr. Rathindranath and others came to visit. A doctor was summoned. I took medicine and stayed in bed. Mr. Tagore kindly came to visit with concern.

July 26

Fever did not subside. The doctor came. I took quinine(?). Mr. Tagore and his family, along with Mr. Abanindranath Tagore and the brothers visited me.

July 27

The fever decreased considerably.

July 28

Although the fever had clearly returned to normal, I had not been able to sleep for the past two nights. Even when I was awake, this rainy season's sweating was unbearable, and on my feverish bed, it was like a fountain of sweat, and there was no way to express the agony.

Sunday, July 29

Although I had no fever, I was still extremely exhausted and unwell.

July 30

Recovering.

July 31

Recovering.

August 1

Recovering. Get out of bed this day.

August 2

Further recovery. I am deeply grateful for Mr. Tagore's daily visits during my illness.

August 3

Continuing recovery. Mr. Ōtsuki and Mr. Sugiyama from Mitsui & Co. are returning to Japan. The two came to visit me.

August 4

In the evening, Mr. Tagore gave a speech elsewhere⁵⁰. Judging from his demeanor before leaving the house, it seemed to be a speech of considerable strength. He even said that the police might attempt to detain him. He returned after a while, and it appeared nothing had happened.

August 5 (Sunday)

Continued recovery.

August 6

Still in full recovery. Occasional rain.

August 7

As Mr. Ōtsuki was said to be departing for Calcutta, I visited the Mitsui company housing in the evening, only to find that he had already departed the night before. I chatted with Mr. Yamaguchi for a while, and then returned home.

August 8

(No entry)

August 9

(No entry)

August 10

(No entry)

August 11

(No entry)

August 12

Mr. Tagore was to give another speech at 6 p.m., and I had planned to attend. However, I felt unwell that morning and sensed a chill. I ended up bedridden in the afternoon. My fever rose again—it was a relapse. The suffering was indescribable.

Mr. Tagore safely returned from his speech and came to my room with a doctor.

August 13

Still suffering. Took medicine. The doctor visited.

August 14

(No entry)

August 15

Although the fever had largely subsided, a slight fever occasionally appeared.

August 16

All medicines are quinine. Quinine injected subcutaneously twice.

August 17

Recovery.

August 18

Although recovery, this time the illness is more severe than last; for six or seven days, I was completely unable to sleep at night.

August 19

(No entry)

August 20

Get up.

August 21

Get up.

August 22

Get up.

August 23

In the morning, washed my body with warm water. Felt good. Took meals in the dining room with others as usual.

August 24

The shakuhachi (bamboo flute) arrived. I presented it to Mr. Abanindranath Tagore. He was very pleased. That evening, he gave a lecture on Indian painting.

August 25

(No entry)

August 26

(No entry)

August 27

(No entry)

August 28 – To Ranchi⁵¹

In the afternoon, took a carriage with Mr. Mukul to the Yokohama Shokin Bank and met Mr. Fujiki. Then withdrew another 100 rupees. After that, went to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and met Mr. Otani. He said he would depart in five or six days for Japan. On the way back, met Mr. Yoshida. Also met Mr. ○○ from Mitsui (name missing). He was leaving for Japan that day.

Later, I also departed at around 9:30 p.m. Mr. Asit and Mr. Mukul came to the station to see me off. The train running under the moonlight presented a beautiful scene. In the same compartment were two men bound for Ranchi from Calcutta. Another man also shared the room, but his manner and demeanor were unpleasant, making it impossible for me to sleep. That man got off around 3:30 a.m.

August 29

At 6:00, reached a station called Purulia (*likely Purulia?) and transferred trains. After having tea and waiting an hour, the train departed. The scenery and local customs in this area were especially interesting. They were Black people and non-Aryan. Small peaks could be seen in various places, all covered in greenery, beautiful to behold a sensation I had not felt since my journey to Darjeeling. Especially splendid was the area near the mountains of Ranchi. On the mountains grew profusely the Ashoka tree and other trees, offering much to admire.

We arrived in Ranchi around 11 a.m. At the station, I was greeted by the mother and son of Mr. Surendranath Tagore⁵². We then proceeded by car for about 4 km to the house. There, I met Mr. Jyotirindranath Tagore⁵³, elder brother of Mr. Rathindranath Tagore, known as an artist particularly noted for his portrait work. I also met another elder brother, Mr. Satyendranath Tagore. My dwelling was located near a small peak, offering a splendid view. It was situated between the homes of Mr. Satyendranath and Mr. Jyotirindranath Tagore. I lived there alone. Next door resided Mr. ○○○ (name missing).

August 30

Mr. Jyotirindranath Tagore sketched a portrait of me. He is skillful in portrait painting. Afterward, we visited the house of Maharaja⁵⁴○○○ (* text missing). He took a photograph of me. His face resembles that of Japanese, derived from Mongoloid features. He paints in Western-style watercolor. Demonstrating a new watercolor method, he painted a small picture before me—first wetting the paper with water, and then applying colors while it was still wet. An interesting man indeed.

In the evening, the villagers began a three day festival to celebrate the growth of the rice plants. Young men and women sang and danced, parading through the village from day to late at night. That evening, Mr. Tagore also came to the garden, and there was lively dancing. The Maharaja also came to observe. I made more than ten sketches. The villagers, being non-Aryans, have dark skin and thick, protruding lips. Their dance resembled Japan's *Bon Odori* fascinatingly so.

August 31

In the morning, I sketched Mr. Jyotirindranath Tagore. Heavy rain fell at night.

September 1

In the morning, I painted a portrait of Mr. Satyendranath Tagore. Mr. Jyotirindranath once again sketched me in his sketchbook, and I sketched him in mine. The evening colors were

lovely. It was a full moon, and the night scenery was also beautiful.

September 2 - Sunday

In the morning, I taught two children how to paint. From noon, I went with both Tagore brothers by car to lunch at Mr. Asit's father's house. Afterward, we visited another house and returned—it took four hours. I think I had a bit of a cold. When it rains in this region, it cools quickly, and it gets colder at night.

September 3

In the morning, I sketch Mr. Satyendranath Tagore again on Mr. Jyotirindranath's sketchbook. In the afternoon, I wrote some illustrated postcards. Rain fell from time to time.

September 4

In the morning, I again sketched Mr. Satyendranath Tagore. A person said to be the painting teacher at the Ranchi school came and painted a portrait of Mr. Tagore in his own sketchbook. The evening scenery was magnificent blue, red, and white—colors not seen in Japan and is unique.

September 5

I wrote six or seven illustrated postcards and sent them to people in Calcutta.

September 6

I worked on some illustrated postcards and sent a letter to Hisae.

September 7

There were strong winds and rain at times, preventing me from going outside. I spent the whole day indoors writing postcards and reading. It was a bit chilly.

September 8

The sound of rain filled the morning and continued intermittently in the afternoon. It cleared up in the evening, and I went out for exercise. It felt good.

September 9

In the morning, I taught painting to children. It rained lightly from time to time but stopped by evening. As always, the sky presented a beautiful view of the clouds.

September 10

The weather was fine. The colors of the evening were astoundingly beautiful among the best I had ever seen. The scenery changed moment by moment, and even after the sun had set, the sky transformed into various colors. This was the first time I had encountered such beauty beyond words.

September 11

Although cloudy, the weather was fine. The morning was particularly pleasant. I sent a telegram accepting an invitation to Ajanta for the *Kokka* magazine, stating "I Accept your offer." The cost was 20 rupees and 13 annas⁵⁵. In the afternoon, there was a thunderstorm. That day, I received a letter from my elder best friend called Otsuson⁵⁶.

September 12

I sketched and wrote illustrated postcards. Received illustrated cards from Mr. Bose and his son interesting works. Mr. Mukul's younger brother, said to be a schoolmate of Mr. Surendranath Tagore's son, visited on his way back from school. A thunderstorm occurred in the afternoon and stopped by evening. I exercised for an hour. It was my first long walk.

September 13

Fine weather during the day. In the evening, I went to the Ranchi Club accompanied by Mr. Satyendranath Tagore. I was introduced to people standing in several row. The club is for Indians only. Many stared at me intently which made me feel a little awkward. Perhaps due to my attire: a black crested kimono of silk, with a larger-than-usual crest. Although many gentlemen knew of Japanese people, it was probably their first time seeing someone in such formal wear. Some admired the *haori* I held in my hand, saying it was truly splendid. I was surrounded by people asking various questions, which was slightly overwhelming, but half the conversations made sense and were more amusing than being ignored.

There was an amateur play. It started at a good time. The drama was a Muhammadan⁵⁷: an old man had two daughters, and two young men tried ○○○ (text missing: to win their favor?) . They accept each other. At first, the youths came to the old man's house and insulted him. When they sought to marry his daughters, he became enraged, making it difficult. After various incidents, the old man eventually gave his permission. Overall, the play was ○○○ (text missing). Previously in Calcutta, I had seen a Parsi⁵⁸ play about Krishna—it also had feel of ○○○ (text missing). Though I did not understand the language, I could grasp the plot through the performance. There was little seriousness—rather a sense of playfulness and indulgence.

September 14

Early morning—well, not too early—at 6:30, someone woke me up. Rubbing my sleepy eyes and opening the door, I saw two people: one was the painting teacher who had come the other day, and the other was said to be the younger brother of Mukul's mother. We talked for a while. The teacher said he wanted to paint my portrait. While I posed, yet another guest arrived: Mukul's uncle and two young men, students who also paint. After chatting for a while, they left. I promised to visit them the next Sunday.

Although it did not rain here, there were thunderstorms in the vicinity. The evening colors were beautiful.

September 15

Although generally fine, there were occasional showers. In the evening, two elderly foreign ladies visited with Mrs. Tagore. They wanted to see my sketches, so I showed them. They were delighted and said they would come again. One of them apparently paints a little.

September 16 - Sunday

In the morning, a young man came from Ranchi to learn painting. In the afternoon, there was a sudden shower of rain.

September 17

Frequent rainfall throughout the day. Received a letter from Mr. Sawamura⁵⁹. Sent two or three postcards to Japan and to acquaintances in Calcutta.

September 18

Occasionally, it rains quite a lot. These days, the sun sets around 6:30 p.m.

September 19

Rain from early morning. It was particularly heavy and continued all day. Received letters from Hisae, Mr. Terauchi, Mr. Ōhashi⁶⁰, Mr. Mukul, and Mr. Nōsu⁶¹. Sent postcards to acquaintances in Calcutta.

September 20

No rain. I was able to exercise sufficiently. Received postcards from Mr. Yoshida, Mr. Mogaki, and another. In the evening, two English women visited and looked at my sketches. It added a crescent moon to the evening landscape. The aesthetic impression of the colors was

deeply moving.

September 21

Presented paintings to Mr. Tagore's son Shobi and his daughter Jaya⁶². Was able to exercise well today.

September 22

Went to the town of Ranchi from 3 p.m. and saw the market. A huge crowd. Being among the mass of people made one feel dizzy—it was all so new and fresh to behold. People also seemed curious and intrigued to see me. Many stared and stared, and stared intently.

There were a variety of vegetables and many other items. I bought four pieces of cloth and a collection of women's fashion illustrations. Many houses on the outskirts of town were very interesting.

Sunday, September 23

In the morning, I visited an English gentleman's house, accompanied by Mr. Tagore's wife. On the way back, we stopped by the house of Mr. Mukul's uncle. As previously arranged, we were treated to lunch and enjoyed quite a delicious meal. An English-style painter was also present, and we went to his house to see many of his paintings. I was a little annoyed by the many boys who followed us around. I met a high-ranking Hindu monk named ○○○ (text missing), and did a sketch of him. Returned home in the evening. At night, two musicians came and sang Hindu songs.

This day was full of variety. First, we visited a splendid English gentleman's house and were welcomed by a lady. Then, I spent half the day at a middle-class Indian household, surrounded by many children and curious onlookers who came in turns to see me—a curious sight indeed. Finally, I met a high-ranking monk and spent the evening enjoying music.

September 24

The weather was good. According to Mr. Oka's reply, the *Ceylon Maru* is expected to arrive around the 27th; therefore, I have decided to leave this place on the 26th. My health has recovered, and I feel in excellent spirits.⁶³

September 25

Nearly a month of my stay here has passed mostly under rainy weather. During this time, I made about 50 to 60 sketches. The customs and scenes are fascinating—evoking the feeling of viewing ancient Egyptian paintings. The beauty of the evening colors deeply impressed me.

September 26 – Departure

Departed at 3:30 p.m. Mrs. Tagore, two children, and a military officer escorted me to the station by car.

It rained heavily along the way. By the time we were descending the mountain, the evening colors were extraordinarily beautiful.

The other day in Ranchi, I saw an exquisite sunset; on this day, I was blessed to witness another one. The post-rain dusk sky of India is something one could never experience in Japan. It deeply, deeply moved me. Around 8 p.m., I changed trains at a station called Purulia and arrived in Calcutta (Kolkata) at around 6:30 a.m.

September 27 – Arrived in Calcutta (Kolkata)

Called by phone to inquire about the arrival of the *Ceylon Maru*—it is expected on the 28th. Around 5 p.m., I visited Mr. Oka and discussed the upcoming trip.

At night, Mr. Tagore and several young men gathered and engaged in deep discussions until past 11 p.m. We had dinner during this conversation, then went to bed shortly after.

I was severely troubled by many small bedbugs, and could not sleep for half the night. I managed to catch dozen or so of them.

September 28

Visited Mr. Oka early in the morning and went shopping at the bazaar for various travel supplies. Had lunch at Mr. Oka's place, then returned to *Bichitra* (*possibly) together in the evening. At 5 p.m., a drama written by Mr. Tagore was performed. It was enacted by Mr. Gaganendranath and three brothers, Mr. Mukul, Mr. Asit, and two or three other people.

Only men were present in the audience—apparently, a play for women only had been held two days earlier, which I did not see. The performance was enjoyable.

September 29

In the morning, I prepared and organized my travel items. In the evening, exercised for about three hours. The weather is fine, though occasional rain still falls—it's more like evening showers. Today's heat was truly intense.

Sunday, September 30

At Mr. Tagore's request, I drew a plan of a Noh theater.

October 1

In the morning, I went to the Yokohama Shokin Bank and withdrew 1,000 rupees for the expenses of this grand journey. I then visited Nippon Yusen to inquire about the arrival of the *Ceylon Maru*; they informed me it would arrive at 3 p.m. After returning home, I went back to the port. Mr. Nōsu arrived, and he was greatly pleased. We conversed at length with Captain Tsuda until evening, enjoyed a meal together, engaged in some exercise with several gentlemen, and then returned home with Mr. Nōsu. We shared my bed that night.

October 2

Accompanied by Mr. Nōsu, we went to the ship. Along with the captain and the purser, the four of us took a carriage to the Yusen shipping company and then proceeded to the consulate. We returned to the ship for lunch, which was graciously provided. Later, Mr. Nōsu and I purchased travel supplies.

In the evening, we parted ways, and I visited Mr. Oka to discuss preparations before returning home. Around 8 p.m., I went to the ship, but Mr. Nōsu had already departed. I hurried to the station and found Mr. Oka there. We waited for a long time, but Mr. Nōsu never arrived, so we returned home.

October 3

In the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Nagai of Nippon Yusen visited, along with their child in three. I introduced them to Mr. Tagore and others. In the evening, I went to the ship to inquire about Mr. Nōsu's whereabouts and learned that he had departed on an earlier train on the night of the 2nd.

October 4

Early in the morning, I went to Haora Station⁶⁴. I witnessed a large crowd welcoming Annie Besant⁶⁵, a 77-year-old British woman who is a revolutionary figure in India (*illustration in the diary). She speaks and writes in English and advocates passionately for India's cause. She was recently released after a year of imprisonment and is en route to Allahabad⁶⁶, stopping in the city. A huge crowd gave her a great welcome. Later, she visited Mr. Tagore's residence, where I had the opportunity to meet her.

In the evening, Mr. Bose, Mr. Nabendranath, and I watched a motion picture. Mr. Oka sent me a postcard indicating our departure would be on the 8th.

October 5

It rained all day. In the morning, I visited Mr. Oka to discuss travel arrangements, deciding to postpone our departure by two days. In the afternoon, Mr. Asit and I went to the police station

to apply for passports. On the way back, we purchased four or five travel items.

October 6

It rained continuously throughout the day, the heaviest so far. In the morning, Mr. Hayashi visited me, telling me that he goes to Japan.

October 7

(No entry for this date. The diary continues in a second notebook starting from October 8.)

October 8 - Departure with Mr. Oka Kyōsui and Kampo.

We left on the 10:30 a.m. train. In the morning, I met Mr. Nōsu at Mr. Oka's place; he had to return due to other commitments. The weather was clear, a stark contrast to the previous day's heavy rain, and the temperature was as cool as November. Due to the recent rains, there was significant flooding, making it feel as though we were traveling over water. The evening scenery was beautiful. We rode in an "intermediate" class between second and third class, which was very affordable.

October 9 – Arrival in Puri

Nearly two-hour stop at Kaldar Road Station around 3:30 am. Arrived in Puri at 7 a.m. Upon arrival, we were swarmed by carriage drivers and many locals, which was quite overwhelming and I lost my words. This was the first of many things to be overwhelmed by. We bought rice for breakfast; the rice was as dark as the local people's complexion. The resulting porridge was quite satisfying for our hungry stomachs. We then visited the Jagannath Temple but were denied entry by the gatekeepers. Mr. Oka argued briefly but to no avail, so we returned.

October 10

We left our lodging in Puri at 8 a.m., traveling by bullock cart. We lay down or sat up on the cart, enjoying the cool breeze. There was a brief heavy rain. The cart creaked over the wide sandy plains, moving very slowly. At 6 p.m., we reached a place called Niyakya(?), where a river had swollen, making it impossible to cross. We had to spend the night on the cart. We prepared and ate our meal ourselves and slept inside the cart.

October 11

We woke at 5 a.m. and prepared to depart. An hour later, we crossed the river in a primitive dugout canoe and walked about 8 km to Konarak. The path was filled with puddles, making the journey quite difficult. In Konarak, we took two photographs and made few sketches.

We immediately began our return journey. Despite the intense heat, we pressed on with determination. By the time we reached the bullock cart, we were utterly exhausted and rested inside.

Mr. Oka, showing great spirit, immediately prepared a meal. We arrived at our lodging around 1 a.m. This was my second visit to Puri and Konarak.

October 12

Puri is home to the Jagannath Temple, which is a major center of Hinduism, still attracting countless worshippers. Also, there are about 200 small temples. The town retains an old-world atmosphere, with many artists' houses in particular lining the streets. The interesting paintings on their walls gave us a great joy.

Konarak is about 20 miles from Puri and is quite inaccessible, requiring travel by bullock cart. The ancient temple, built around a thousand years ago, is entirely stone-constructed and adorned with carvings. The main deity is the Sun God, Surya. Most carvings depict sexual intercourse, and there is also a hall of music with musical-themed sculptures. The main hall is designed to resemble a chariot drawing the Sun God, Surya. To the right are two large elephants, and to the left, two warhorses.

October 13

We departed Puri at 9:30 a.m. by train and arrived in Bhuvaneswar⁶⁷ around 11:30 a.m. Taking a bullock cart, we visited, about three miles away. The road was excellent.

After about an hour, we arrived at these small hills, where large stones have been hollowed out to create cave temples. Built during the Ashoka dynasty, they feature carvings and are considered fine works. We sketched and took photographs. Both Khandagiri and Udayagiri have over a dozen caves each, separated by a road. They later came under the influence of Jainism, which led to addition of the sculptures and many of these are also noteworthy.

On the way back, we arrived next to the Buvaneshwar temple. Due to the ill-natured guide, we were taken to a suspicious house and forced to eat. The day had already turned to dusk, and a terrifying crowd of natives gathered, pressing us to eat. Mr. Oka partook a little, so I too took a small portion. Then, we were asked for two rupees. We promised to return the next morning and somehow managed to escape. On the road, we were again delayed for a long time, as a gari⁶⁸ and a cow were to be exchanged. We resolved to walk and called for the horseman. Eventually, he arrived, and we reached the station.

After meeting the stationmaster and having various conversations, we were guided to the bungalow, where we would wait for the train leaving at 4 a.m. next morning, to Madras. The stationmaster was a kind and courteous person.

October 14

Departed Bhubaneswar Station at 4 a.m. by train. The surrounding landscape was splendid. As we advanced, the sea came into view, with many small hills forming mountain ranges. It is said that in ancient times, the great monk Xuanzang passed this very road. The customs and houses differ greatly. The people seem to be of a non-Aryan race, exuding a certain fierceness. The scenery is truly superb. Arrived at Bhubaneswar Station at noon and stayed in a bungalow.

October 15

Two and a half miles to the west lies a small hill. There is a Buddhist cave temple where, in ancient times, monk Xuanzang is said to have visited. This was during the height of Mahayana Buddhism's early rise. There are three caves, large and small, with sculptures. Though murals once adorned the walls, only faint traces remain. A large reclining Buddha is housed there—this too is a very old temple.

The scenery here is especially beautiful: a great river lies across the land, with small hills protruding in all directions. It evokes deep thoughts of the ancient past. The temple is named ○○○ Temple (text missing). The midday heat surpasses even the intense summer heat of Japan.

October 16

At 5 a.m., we took a shared car and got off about nine miles away. After a half-mile walk, we reached a ferry crossing. Communication was difficult, but we managed to find someone who understood a bit of Hindustani⁶⁹ and crossed the river. We walked two more miles and reached a village.

The villagers were many, and received offerings of milk. They said our destination, Amravati⁷⁰, was still seven miles away. Exhausted and disheartened, we rested briefly, then gathered courage and hired a coolie. Under the blazing sun, we walked westward through unpaved fields. After about five miles, we reached a small hill. We asked the coolie, but due to the language barrier, got no clear answer. Locals directed us further around the hill. Despite great fatigue, we pressed on. Crossing a small river, we walked another two miles.

Finally, we arrived at a village called Amaravati. Our purpose was to visit the ancient site believed to be the origin of Mahayana Buddhism. But it is now under excavation by the British government, and nothing remains. We deeply regretted not being able to see our objective. The houses here were also interesting. I sketched a small shrine. There was also a large Hindu temple. As it was late, the ferry was not running, so we had to sleep on the boat. Occasional rain came—such is the charm of travel in India.

October 17

At dawn, several boatmen woke us. "This boat is heading upstream. The ferry will cross around noon," they said. So, we had to wait until then. In the meantime, we went to town, bought rice and other goods, and cooked by the river.

I was utterly exhausted—having only eaten a little bread and milk the previous morning, and walked all day to reach the boat. I felt a great physical toll. After eating and drinking milk, I slowly regained strength.

After resting, we boarded the ferry and reached the other side around 4 p.m. From there, we hurried about four miles to the place where cars were available, just barely arriving 20 minutes before departure and managed to catch the ride.

October 18

In the morning, we explored the town. We bought shoes and etc., returned to our lodging for lunch, and departed by train around 3:30 p.m. This train was not the Madras Mail and only went part of the way. We got off at midnight and slept in the station waiting room. I handed Mr. Oka 50 rupees.

October 19 – Madras

We boarded a train at 6 a.m. and arrived in Madras (*Chennai) around 11 a.m. Immediately took a carriage to a Hindu-style hotel and explored the city in the afternoon. Women's attire was slightly different from that of Calcutta, often adorned in brightly colored cloths, much like Japan's "Kihachijo." Men looked the same as in Ulissha (?), like samurai from Japan's Tokugawa era, with shaved foreheads and hair tied in the back. Their eyes were sharp and full of courage.

It rained heavily that day. Despite having heard Madras was a hot region, it was surprisingly cold.

October 20

Despite the rain, we went to the museum and sketched Buddhist stone carvings from Amaravati. Made of white and blue marble, they were truly magnificent. I was moved, thinking of their ancient splendor. There were many other Hindu stone carvings were also present.

October 21

In the morning, we returned to the museum for more sketches. Back to the inn for tea, then out again for sightseeing. Visited a Japanese home, and were treated to some tea.

On the way back, I bought *Tenpyo-style* shoes for 3 rupees. The architecture was old-fashioned, decorated with very interesting wall paintings. Many such houses exist.

October 22

Spent the morning sightseeing. Returned to the museum for sketches. Departed at 7:15 p.m. by train for Colombo, Ceylon Island (*Sri Lanka). At the station, we were inspected by British officials.

October 23

Arrived at Madurai at noon. Another British inspection. Around 5 p.m., we reached the southern tip of India. After an hour, we transferred to a ship.

After undergoing a medical examination, we proceeded to the transfer ship, where we were examined again before finally boarding. An hour and a half later, we transferred to a train and continued our journey.

October 24 – Colombo

Arrived in Colombo at 7 a.m. Immediately visited Mr. Usui Seizo's⁷¹ residence and asked to lodge there. Had tea and, guided by Mr. Usui, visited the Mr. Dharmapala's shop for lunch. With a local guide, we went to the museum, met the director, and did sketches. Notable sculptures were present. There were copies of ancient wall paintings from the Sirigiri Temple⁷², which I also sketched.

On the way back, we met the monk Naneshisha (?) from Vichakash University (?) of Maligakanda. Returned to the inn and took a bath—for the first time since arriving in India. We were treated to Japanese cuisine, watched Mr. Usui's judo demonstration, and chatted late into the night. Go to bed around midnight.

October 25

Visited the quarantine office in the morning, on our way back we visited Mr. Inoue (a painter). Returned to the inn briefly, then went to the museum again in the afternoon for sketching. Mr. Inoue came to visit in the evening.

October 26

Visited the quarantine office in the morning. Spent the afternoon sketching at the museum. Purchased a book on ancient Ceylon (*Sri Lankan) flag patterns.

In the evening, sketched a portrait of the monk Naneshisha at a Buddhist temple. Invited to dinner by Mr. Inoue Toshimasa of the Uchimatsu Store. His performance of *Naniwabushi* was

masterful and most enjoyable.

October 27

Took a day of rest and wrote letters. Mr. Inoue visited early. I painted some pictures and presented them to Mr. Usui, Mr. Uematsu, Mr. Nanjo, and others. Mr. Inoue spent the whole day in conversation.

October 28 – Sunday / Departure from Colombo / Kandy⁷³

Departed at 7:15 a.m. The five gentlemen came to see us off at the station. The views along the way were marvelous. As we proceeded, we traveled along the side of the mountains.

Arrived in Kandy at 11:30 a.m. As a summer resort, the town had a Western style, with its houses and roads perfectly laid out. We immediately took a carriage straight to the cave temple. About 200 meters from the station.

The place faced a lake with a circumference of about 4 km, and surrounded by hills. Lush with trees, the breeze was cool, birds chirped, flowers bloomed. It was a place filled with spiritual energy—an ideal site for enshrining the Buddha.

Truly a paradise on earth. Clouds floated in the sky, celestial beings played heavenly music, and trees bore yellow, red, and white blossoms. Ah, this is indeed a sacred Buddhist site. *Gassho* (*hands pressed together in prayer).

We paid our respects at the temple, asked for lodging, and rested. At night, we prayed within the divine presence, felt so grateful. I handed 50 rupees to Mr. Oka.

October 29

In the morning, we went to the museum for sketches and also visited the post office. In the afternoon, we met with a high-ranking monk.

At night, a large number of devotees gathered for the full moon prayer ceremony, which was very lively. From around 10 p.m., a sermon began. We stayed until midnight.

The sermon continued throughout the night. Each worshipper carried fresh flowers, offering them before the Buddha.

October 30

In the afternoon, we visited nearby temples. First, the Gangarla Temple⁷⁴, about a mile away. The road was good, passable by carriage. I sketched there. The temple is wooden, with walls richly painted inside. Then, about another mile away, we visited the Degaldoruwa Cave Temple. On the way, we crossed a river—beautiful scenery, slightly different from Japan's mountains and rivers.

We got into a precarious boat. Upon seeing an elephant with a rider approaching from the other side, I recalled a similar scene in Mr. Yamabe's *Asahi Shimbun* travelogue. Soon another large elephant appeared with a baby elephant. About half a mile further, we reached the cave temple. Inside was a large reclining Buddha carved from rock, said to have been built by a local king about 300 years ago. The walls were adorned with small paintings from that time. The sculpture which is from that period is also fascinating.

The temple priest spoke good English and conversed well with Mr. Oka. He was also going to Kandy, so we returned together.

Along the way, the lush plant life made the walk pleasant. The temperature was moderate—an ideal season for travel.

October 31

Departed by train at 7 a.m., we reached the second station in about 20 minutes. Hired a coolie, and after walking about two miles, reached the Gadaladeniya Temple. The temple sits on a rocky hill, and its architecture delighted me. I sketched. Inside was a brightly painted seated Buddha about 4.5 meter tall. All the walls were painted. There was also a standing golden Buddha of about 75cm—an excellent piece. The view was superb.

Then, about two miles further, we reached the Lankatilaka Temple. Built atop rock like a Japanese castle, with unique structural designs. Inside was another seated Buddha like Gadaladeniya temple, nearly 6 meter tall, with colorful celestial beings and bodhisattvas in relief above. The walls were fully painted. We were treated to lunch at the guest quarters, and ate our fill.

Next, we visited the Therasibukkaku Temple(?), about two miles away. There we had tea, saw trees used for dyeing robes, and gathered small flowers. The main hall, built 50 years ago, looked exactly like a castle.

From here, it was about three miles to Peradeniya Station, and took the 5:30 train back to Kandy. The whole region was filled with thick forests, lush and beautiful. Walking was easy.

We visited a total of nine miles worth of temples—all located in scenic spots.

Returned to our lodging, dined, paid our respects again, and bought a small gilded Buddha for one and a half rupees. Thus ended our October pilgrimage—gratefully, gratefully.

November 1

I presented a portrait of three monks painted on silk. I visited a merchant's house, where I was treated to tea and received a string of prayer beads. In the afternoon, I went out briefly into town, and then rested again.

November 2 – Departure to Anuradhapura

Departed at 7:00 a.m. by train. After about two hours, we reached the transfer station and changed trains. We arrived at Anuradhapura Station at 1:00 p.m. Immediately, we took a bullock cart for about half a mile to a Rudakoba temple (text illegible. Ruwanwelisaya?). I met the head monk and arranged lodging, deciding to stay there. I received a room, rested, made rice porridge for dinner with two, and went to bed around 10:00 p.m.

November 3

Made breakfast and, around 9:00 a.m., set out with a guide to visit nearby temples. One temple had a tall, ancient stupa called Abhayagiri Dagoba, said to be one of the oldest. From there, after walking about 300 meters, we reached the Bodhi tree. It is said that the Bodhi tree have been first brought here in the mid-third century B.C., at the request of King Tissa, when Prince Mahinda, the son of King Ashoka, came to teach and established the Great Eastern Sun Order (Theravāda Buddhist order?). Queen Anula wished to establish an order for women and requested this of Mahinda. He replied, “I cannot ordain women, but I have a sister named Sanghamittā.” She was invited and brought with her the branch of the Bodhi tree from Bodh Gaya, which was planted here. From then on, Sanghamittā is said to have spread the teachings of the Great Dharma among the women of Ceylon. The current tree is a descendant of that one, a young shoot of some generation.

After worshiping there, we walked about 500 meters to reach the Kusulumuṭa Temple(?), an ancient rock cave temple where King Mahinda is said to have lived. Behind it lies a large lake, surrounded by dense trees, with Mihintale Mountain visible about 7 or 8 miles to the south—offering a splendid view that recalls the temple’s former prosperity. The chief monk of the temple is said to be over 80 years old. We were treated to “yuinato” water (*uncertain meaning), rested for a while, had lunch, and then returned to town to get my shoes repaired before going back to the lodgings.

November 4 – Trip to Mihintale Mountain, 8 miles east of Anuradhapura⁷⁵

At 8:00 a.m., we hired a bullock cart and set out with a man accompanying us. The road was a single well-maintained path. On both sides, a dense jungle of closely packed trees. It took about 3 hours to cover 8 miles distance, and we arrived at Mihintale Mountain.

In a village at the mountain’s base, the villagers offered us lunch. From there, it was about one meter to a stone stairway, which we climbed for 7 or 8 meters to reach the top. This site is the most ancient Buddhist sanctuary, where the revered monk Mahinda lived some 2,000 years ago. Many ancient stupas remain atop the mountain, including Mahinda’s own stupa. Ruins of buildings and stone pillars are scattered around, providing ample material for

reflection on the past. We took a commemorative photograph at the summit, with an elderly monk over 80 years old in the center and many others present. We then began the return journey and we returned.

Arrived at our lodgings by 6 p.m. The view from the mountaintop was truly excellent, but the endless jungle was astonishing. It is said that wild elephants, tigers, and many other beasts inhabit this vast forest.

November 5 – Gion Temple Stupa(?)

Early in the morning, we paid a visit to the Gion Temple Stupa, located about two miles to the north. The area around the stupa is paved with stones, and the surroundings are lush with trees. Remnants of old temple buildings are scattered about, with stone pillars lying on the ground. About 55 meters to the south of the stupa stands an impressive stone-seated image of the Buddha, approximately 2.5m in height. A similar statue is also found to the southwest.

The forest resembles the sacred forest of Kasuga Shrine in Nara, Japan. The atmosphere evokes a profound sense of the past glory of Buddhism. About two meters to the southwest lies the Lanka Stupa (Lankaramaya?). It is a smaller structure, which the temple monks are currently attempting to rebuild. We visited yet another stupa nearby. The afternoon was spent at rest.

November 6 – Departure for India

It rained today, so we spent the day resting. We did some laundry. At 7 p.m., we departed and waited at the train station for about five hours. The local people, finding our group quite a novelty, gathered around to look at us, forming crowds everywhere we went. Until our departure, we felt as if we were being sent off by the people. As expected in a Buddhist country, everyone was very kind, which left a strong impression. This being the second leg of our pilgrimage, our feelings deepened even more. I can only pray that Buddhism may long endure. With palms together in prayer—*gassho*.

November 7 – Arrival in Madurai⁷⁶

At 6:30 a.m., we arrived at the ferry terminal, and at 9 a.m., we crossed the strait. We then transferred to a train and once again saw gathering of Indians. The heat became increasingly oppressive as we traveled further into the southernmost region of India. We lay down to rest for a while and got up at 1 p.m. to eat bananas in place of lunch.

We arrived in Madurai at 3 p.m., where we visited the famous Hindu temple. The scale of the construction was astonishing. Entirely made of stone, the temple is covered with countless

carvings, with the inner sanctum being the most exquisite. Though the carvings are intricate, sensuous, and full of life, they seem to lack elegance or refinement. Still, one cannot help but be astonished by the fervor and grandiosity of the devotion that built it. After buying some toys, we returned. Along the way, we had a meal at a Muslim household. I found myself quite impressed at how thoroughly I had adapted to the local way of life.

We departed at 8:30 p.m., traveling third class. We arrived at Polichipor Station(?) around 3 a.m. With some time to wait before our next train, I wrapped myself in a blanket and rested on a bench.

November 8

At 7:30 a.m., we boarded the next train and departed. At 3 p.m., we arrived in Erode. We departed again around 3:30 p.m., and arrived at Jalad Station(?) after 11 p.m.

November 9 – Bangalore, Mysore State⁷⁷

After transferring trains shortly past 1 a.m., we barely managed to board a very crowded carriage. Unable to lie down, I dozed off lightly despite rubbing my sleepy eyes. We arrived in Bangalore at 6:30 a.m. We were constantly followed by police and detectives, which was quite bothersome.

We went straight to a Hindu pilgrims' free lodging and secured a room. The building itself was quite grand, comparable to a fine hotel, though we stayed in a humble room. I slept directly on the stone floor, with the hearth next to it. Despite such conditions, after eating only bread for two days, suffering sleep deprivation, and feeling exhausted, it felt quite luxurious. With a local policeman as guide, we went shopping for vegetables and other necessities, cooked our own food, and saying it is delicious, we ate with great satisfaction. The weather was not hot, like autumn in Japan. I lay down for a much-needed rest.

In the afternoon, we strolled through the city, bought shoes and small items, and returned to the lodge. We had dinner and tried to sleep off the fatigue from the previous days, but the room was overcrowded with other lodgers, creating a noisy and chaotic environment. On top of that, I was attacked by an astonishing number of bedbugs, suffering immensely and unable to sleep.

November 10

In the morning, we heard that a fellow Japanese, Mr. Sakurai, was in the area. He was said to reside with a younger brother of the Raja of Mysore. Taking a carriage for about two miles, we went to visit him. Mr. Sakurai was ○○○ (text illegible). There were two young Japanese men, and we had various conversations. The steward came and made an appointment for the

following afternoon at 4 p.m. to meet with Mr. ○○○ (name illegible). We also visited a comb workshop that produced goods made from neem wood. The neighborhood was an expatriate district—clean and spacious. Although many of the products were made from neem, they were extremely expensive. We bought a comb and returned via the local native market. In the afternoon, I took a nap and… (the rest is illegible).

November 11 – Departure

We had lunch at a Muslim-style tea house, which was very affordable and surprisingly satisfying.

According to the previous day's arrangement, we visited the house of Mr. Kantharaja. On the way, we stopped by a museum, where we saw several stone carvings attributed to the Raja's construction. Two or three pieces were particularly old, likely from the Ashoka period, and were quite interesting. One seemed to be of Queen Māyā, the Buddha's mother, and another depicted a wartime scene, perhaps from a Buddhist temple. There were also other fine carvings, and I made a few sketches.

We then met Mr. Kantharaja—a very friendly and handsome man, deeply interested in Japan. His reception room was decorated in Japanese style, with many items brought from Japan. We were treated to tea and conversed for over an hour before returning.

On the way back, we stopped again at the same tea house for dinner, prepared breakfast for the next day, hired a carriage, and proceeded to the train station. We departed at 9 p.m., in an intermediate-class carriage, heading from Bangalore to Bombay (now Mumbai).

Mr. Igarashi and Mr. Suzuki were the two servants at Mr. Kantharaja's house. Among the passengers in this compartment were Mr. Sakurai, Mr. Ono, and Mr. Komura.

November 12 – Toward Bombay

There were only two of us in the carriage, making for a very pleasant journey. This area lies on a plateau, with few rivers and almost no rice fields—mostly barren land. The climate was like Japan in November. The elevation here is said to be 600 meters above sea level.

November 13 – Arrival in Bombay (Mumbai)

Around 6 a.m., we changed trains at a station called Poona (Pune)⁷⁸, a station known as a summer resort for Bombay residents. The scenery was beautiful. As we progressed, the land grew more mountainous and we gradually descended until we finally arrived in Bombay. We went straight to the consulate, only to find that due to the local New Year celebration, all government offices and businesses were closed for three days. We then visited Mr. Kusumoto of the Nippon Menka at Malabar Hill, but he was away on a trip. We had no choice but to

leave our luggage there and proceed to the consular residence. The new consul, Mr. Ito, and one other Japanese man were there, and we spent time conversing with them until evening. Later, we had dinner at a Muslim household. We tried to stay at a Hindu *dharmashala* (pilgrims' rest house), but it was completely full. With no rooms available, we had to sleep outside under a roofed area on stone pavement. The place was crowded with a wide variety of people, including beggars. This, I thought, was the true flavor of society. As I pondered various things, I eventually fell asleep.

November 14

Being the second day of the New Year, the city was bustling from early morning. People dressed in their finest clothes, homes were decorated, and the streets were filled with celebrants. I spent the whole day sightseeing. In the evening, I visited "Japan Town" and called on a lady, Ms. ○○ (text missing), known to Mr. Oka. She was home, and I ended up staying the night, finally able to sleep soundly.

That evening, we were invited to dinner at the consulate with the new consul, Mr. ○○ (text missing), Mr. Ito, and the wives of the two, Mr. Oka and myself, making a party of six. After the meal, I returned and rested.

November 15

In the morning, we went shopping in the city. Around 4 p.m., we visited Mr. Kusumoto again and, after a long conversation, it was decided that we would stay at his home. His residence is on a hill overlooking the sea and the city—a truly splendid location.

November 16 - Departure

On behalf of the local consulate and Mr. Kusumoto, I created a painting on silk and wrote several letters. By nightfall, preparations were complete.

We were set to depart on the 10:30 p.m. train. Mr. Kusumoto made various arrangements, offering gifts such as canned goods and magazines. We were driven to the station by car and departed Mumbai in a second-class carriage. During our five days in Mumbai, we experienced many hospitality and entertainment, leaving us with deep impressions.

November 17 – Nashik Caves⁷⁹

We arrived at Nashik Station around 7 a.m. Although there were railway carriages available, we chose to travel into the town of Nashik by horse-drawn carriage, arriving at a bungalow. The distance from the station to the town is about two miles. From the bungalow to the caves, it is nearly three miles along a well-maintained road lined with banyan trees. This area has no

cultivation (*text missing), and as far as the eye can see, there are grasslands surrounded by curious mountain formations, creating a particularly pleasant landscape.

Soon after, the carriage stopped. Looking up, we could see numerous caves carved into the mountainside. There was also a small bungalow near the caves. From the road, it is about half a mile to the temples. The scenery was excellent. The caves are numbered from the first to the twenty-third, extending from west to east. Caves such as the second, third, fifteenth, and twenty-third were found to be in ruins. Some constructions date back to the second or third century. Ashokan inscriptions and other carvings can be seen on the pillars. The sculptures were quite varied, including old and new, some of high quality and some not. We made sketches and returned to the bungalow around 1:30 p.m.

At the temple, there were two or three local caretakers and some elderly women. The villagers acted as guides, to whom we gave about five annas. The carriage fare from the station to the bungalow was one rupee, and the round trip from the bungalow to the caves was two and a half rupees, which seemed to be somewhat discounted. We decided to stay overnight at the bungalow, prepared a meal, and after eating, rested in bed until evening. Upon waking, we once again prepared and ate a meal.

November 18 – Departure

I rose at 4 a.m., prepared a meal, and set off by carriage shortly after 5 a.m. The train was scheduled to depart at 6:30 a.m., but it was delayed by about an hour and a half. At Manmat (*Manmad?) Station, I was unable to transfer my luggage due to the lack of coolies. Eventually, I managed to find a coolie, and Mr. Oka boarded first while I, a moment behind, missed the train. Mr. Oka departed, and I was left behind, alone. With no other choice, I waited in the second-class express compartment until 8:30 p.m. that night, dozing off and waking repeatedly until evening. A local man came and told me that my companion had returned. Before long, he brought Mr. Oka with him. Mr. Oka had returned from a station two or three stops ahead.

We arrived at Daulatabad Station at 11 p.m. We slept in the station's waiting room. A kind police officer spoke with us and made arrangements with a carriage driver who would take us on a round trip the following morning for four rupees. Though we tried to sleep, the place was overrun with bedbugs, making sleep impossible. Despite our efforts to kill them, they could not all be eliminated. We passed the night half-awake, half-asleep.

November 19 – Ellora⁸⁰

We departed at seven in the morning. The bullock cart was far slower than the horse carriage of the previous day. As we began to ascend the hills, we passed the ruins of an ancient Hindu

fortress. The natural mountain had served as the fort's defense, and within the fortress once stood a town. As we continued to climb, we came to a pass with an excellent view. A little further ahead, we found the ruins of a Muslim fortress. Within its walls also lay a town. Though both were ancient and decayed, the place ruined yet fascinating and hinted at a once-flourishing era. After leaving the fortress and traveling 200-300 meters, we came to a dak bungalow⁸¹. The place resembled the summit of Mount Haruna in Japan, and the view was likewise magnificent. We rented a room for one rupee per person per night.

After lunch, we descended a half-mile down a slope and reached the cave temples. The first cave is to the right. Caves 1 through 17 are Buddhist, with a Hindu temple at the center. To the left (all midway up the mountain) lie caves up to number 20. The caves vary in size, and all feature carvings. Some are ancient, others more recent. Cave No. 1 has no carvings. Cave No. 2 features excellent carvings, which I have sketched. In my estimation, these date back approximately 1,200 to 1,300 years. Cave No. 3 appears to be from the same period, as do Caves No. 4 and No. 5. Caves No. 5 and No. 6 are two-story structures. Especially notable are the stone carvings in Cave No. 6: the standing statues on both sides, the image of Avalokiteśvara (Kannon), and the image of Mahāsthāmaprāpta (Seishi Bosatsu), each about 30 cm tall, are of exceptional craftsmanship. I consider this cave the finest among them and have sketched it. Some of the other caves also have two levels, while others do not. The more recent carvings are somewhat inferior in quality.

Cave 14 features somewhat different sculpture, appearing to be a mix with Hindu elements. Still, the central seat seems meant for a Buddha, and the standing figures to the sides share stylistic features with earlier ones. The surrounding carvings differ in style and seem slightly more recent, with a freer, more physical expressiveness—characteristics typical of late-stage Buddhism and likely absorbed by later Hindus. I made sketches here as well. Caves 15 through 17 are not particularly remarkable.

The central large Hindu temple carved entirely out of a single cliff is different from the cave temples. It has been hollowed out like a palace. Its architecture, layout, sculpture, and painting (though most is now lost) are all astonishing. It likely dates to the same period as the Konarak temple—roughly 1,000 to 1,100 years ago. Beyond that are Jain⁸² and Hindu cave temples, extending up to Cave 24. However, it was already evening, and a native policeman firmly warned us that “three tigers have been seen around here,” so we discontinued our exploration and returned to the bungalow.

It is said that Emperor Akbar⁸³ once visited this area during a campaign, and the fact that the temples of other religions were not destroyed is not without a strange feeling. Presumably, the emperor, known as a patron of the arts, paid respect to the artistic achievements here. His subordinates, too, must have constantly understood the emperor's intentions and were

probably afraid of indulging in the barbaric impulse to destroy. After the flourishing of the Buddhist temples, Hindu and Jain temples also enjoyed their peak. Later, during the Islamic era, their remains show continued prosperity, but now all have fallen into ruin.

In conclusion, this place offers a magnificent view and is suitable for certain endeavors, but being barren and without farmland, it is not fit for habitation. It is natural that everything here has reached a state of decline. Even the customs of the present day have degenerated. The colors of the women's clothing are unpleasant to the eye. The people's manners and customs have likewise declined—an inevitable consequence of nature's course.

The dak bungalow is the most pleasant place we've stayed thus far; it made us forget our fatigue completely. Even the curry dinner was remarkably delicious. I found myself humming a comic song: "Wolves are a curious thing..."

November 20 – Departure

While we were having morning tea, Mr. Yoshimoto of Mitsui & Co., stationed in Bombay, visited and told us, "Yesterday I guided Lieutenant Colonel Matsuyama, the military attaché in Delhi, here." So, we went to his lodging with Mr. Oka and chatted briefly. As we were departing at 10 a.m. and the Lieutenant Colonel was going to visit a shrine, we couldn't talk long. After taking our leave, we had lunch and soon departed.

We arrived at the station at 2 p.m. and departed on the 3:03 p.m. train. At 5:57 p.m., we arrived at Manmad Station, where we were told we must wait until 3 a.m. the next morning. Having previously missed a connection due to the absence of porters, and considering it was nighttime, we decided to stay close to the departure area. We ended up lying under the eaves of the luggage shed, on the bare ground. At that time, there had just been a thunderstorm, and the rain continued throughout the night.

November 21

When the time came to board, we entered the carriage only to find many Chinese passengers lying down, with no seats available. We forced our way in through the window. After a few passengers disembarked at a couple of stops, we were finally able to lie down and eventually fell asleep.

As dawn broke and the train continued, the surrounding land was barren with little cultivated farmland. The villagers appeared emaciated, and we saw no farmland all day. As far as the eye could see, there were only plains, with mountain ranges stretching far to the right and small hills to the left. The colors of autumn had arrived, with plants changing hues, and the autumn wind blew, giving sense of as if traveling in our homeland.

We disembarked at 9:28 p.m. at Satna Station. With permission from the stationmaster, we

used a room in the station's dining area and slept well.

November 22

Thanks to the kindness of a wealthy merchant in this town, we were allowed to stay at a shop in front of the station, and we spent the day resting. In the evening, we walked around the town and purchased a few items, including a piece of chintz fabric. The owner of this merchant house was Mr. B. Lalbeher.

November 23

From early morning, accompanied by the merchant's son, his friend, and an elderly guide, we took a horse cart called an "ikka" and traveled southeast for nine miles to the Buddhist temple at Bharhut. This was also an ancient construction from the Ashokan era, with exquisite stone carvings. Some are now displayed in the British Museum and the Calcutta Museum.

This place is an old sacred site of the Buddha and contains a mountain with the legend of the "Poison Dragon Cave." At the foot of the mountain once stood a stupa, but now only traces remain. In ancient times, there were royal castles to the east and west of the mountain. The king, who was a devout follower of Buddha, was said to have been the first to create images of the Buddha. This land was once called *Kosambi*, surrounded by mountains and with the Satna River flowing through it. There were farmland and a royal city.

This was the first time I set foot on a true Buddhist holy site, and the feeling was profound. We headed there with a group of six or seven. We got off *gari* about two miles before reaching the site. In the village of Batanowara, we saw a carved sculpture and made a sketch—it was excellent. We soon reached the foot of the mountain and saw the remains of an old stupa. Although the carvings had been removed, the emotional power of the place was very strong. I picked up two or three fragments. About two miles further uphill, there were no proper paths. Together with a guide, eight of us climbed through the jungle. The hardship was beyond description—cutting through trees and scaling cliffs, we finally reached the summit. The grass was flattened sideways, showing a natural path—clearly the place where tigers rest. It was quite frightening. As we advanced, we saw much tiger dung and animal bones under the rocks—undoubtedly a tiger's lair. There were many such caves.

We climbed in search of an Ashokan inscription said to be there, but the large rock had been damaged and there was no trace left. Only the remains of a shrine and many stone pillars remained. The view was excellent. At the foot of the mountain were two villages, and we heard there were two more ancient carvings there, but we couldn't see them due to the sunset.

We began our descent through the jungle around 3 p.m., extremely hungry but pressing on to avoid danger. Our young guide led the way with courage. The difficulty was indescribable. As

dusk fell, we finally reached the base and drank holy water from a well—it brought me back to life. Of the two companions (the merchant's son and his friend), the friend especially was very tired. We barely made it back to Batanowara village, had a meal, and returned by gari around 9:30 p.m., immediately going to bed and falling asleep quickly.

November 24

We rested the entire day. In the morning, we walked around the town, and again in the evening.

November 25 – Departure

At 9 a.m., we left the same station in a cart. Accompanied by the merchant's sons, a police officer, and some friends—eight people in total—we were guided to an old Buddhist temple in a neighboring village, about seven miles away. This area was known for producing stone tablets. About two and a half miles further, we arrived at Baljina village, where we found the ruins of a destroyed stone temple. Many carved pieces were scattered about—most of them excellent works, probably from about a thousand years ago. They were nearly identical in style to sculptures of Konark.

We returned immediately and took a train back to Satna, resting briefly upon arrival. In the evening, guided by the merchant's son, we walked around the town and visited a park. In the park, we found a four-foot-tall stone statue of the Buddha, buried face-down. Mr. Oka stood it back up—it was a superb piece.

The town, said to have been founded fifty years ago, was relatively new but still had an old-fashioned feel. There were two ponds and many Jain and Hindu temples. The area was vast and suited for excursions. That day, the town was in mourning for the death of the Raja's queen, and the town was to suspend businesses three days. We departed on the 9:30 p.m. train. At the time of our departure, we deeply appreciated the kindness shown by this household. The train was an Inter-mediate class. (*remaining text illegible) (和文でも記載省略しているが、The elder son's name is B. Yura prasai, the younger son's name is Sofran prasai? とある？記載の有無をどうするか)

November 26 – (Possibly Allahabad)

We arrived at 1:30 a.m. and spent the night in a corner of the station. In the morning, we hired a carriage and went to a Hindu lodging house. Around 10 a.m., we boarded an “ikka” carriage—an interesting vehicle—and headed to the Ganges River. This is the sacred confluence of the Ganges and Yamuna Rivers, where many ascetics and believers perform ritual bathing. In ancient times, monk Xuanzang mentioned this place as a land of great benefactors. It remains vibrant to this day. We boarded a boat and went to see the point where

the rivers meet.

On the way back, we stopped at the city bazaar and bought a few items. Returned to our lodging around 3 p.m. and rested.

November 27 – Departure

Early in the morning, we went again to the bazaar to buy some goods. We then boarded the Punjab-Calcutta Mail train at 11:45 a.m. (Second class fare: 24 rupees and ○○ annas), heading for Calcutta. Soon after departure, we arrived at a station called Nale, where under a few trees about 600–700 meters away, we saw two or three excellent Buddhist carvings. Likely there were once old temples in the area.

At 9 p.m., Mr. Oka got off at Patna Station. About four miles from the station are the ruins of Emperor Ashoka's palace, currently under excavation by the British government. At the previous station, I saw Mr. Oka leap in through the window of the train. About an hour later, we came to the banks of the Ganges River. Under the moonlight, I gazed at the sacred Buddhist land and vowed to visit again in three months. I bowed my head in prayer and put my hands together - "gassho".

November 28 – Arrival in Calcutta

We arrived at Howrah Station at 10 a.m. and returned home by carriage.

In the afternoon, we went to see a Jain festival at Chitpur⁸⁴. Along the way, there were elephant-shaped floats, a variety of displays, and countless children dressed in elaborate costumes riding horse-drawn and motor carriages. At the end, there were several horses pulling a Jina chariot⁸⁵, adorned with saddles resembling Tang-dynasty Chinese designs—likely derived from India, passed through China, and modified before reaching Japan during the Tang period. At night, there was a music performance with many attendees. Even Mr. Tagore himself played music. There were also other male and female musicians—it was very enjoyable.

Since the start of our journey, it had taken one month and twenty days. We had traveled through about two-thirds of all India. The total cost was 213 rupees and 12 annas—a modest sum thanks to Mr. Oka. There were many times when we could not eat or drink properly. Yet because of the hardship, the experience now seems like a treasure. This journey made coming to India worthwhile—I truly gained much. In the end, I believe that even this difficult path was a way for the Buddha to let me experience the flavor of the world. Truly, I have tasted the essence of heaven and earth. How grateful I am!

Thus ends my first journey. The second shall commence with the coping project of the Ajanta murals.

November 29

From morning, I felt unwell and stayed in bed. I felt feverish—likely from bathing the day before and going straight out to see the festival without a sunhat, catching a chill. I was truly relieved that this happened after returning home. Being ill during travel is truly distressing.

November 30

Feeling slightly better. At this rate, I should recover fully by tomorrow.

December 1

My fever has gone down and I feel much better, though not yet completely recovered—I still feel a slight heaviness in my head. Nevertheless, I got up and had a conversation with a visiting merchant.

The previous day, I had sent a postcard to Mr. Nōsu, and in the evening he telephoned to say he would come the next morning. I waited for him with great anticipation. Around 1 p.m., Mr. Nōsu arrived. Shortly after, Mr. Bose and Mr. Surendranath also came. We had a lively discussion, and I arranged for Mr. Nōsu to join the Ajanta copying project.

Mr. Abanindranath Tagore had also returned from Darjeeling, and I had a meeting with him. I presented some crafted items I had bought in Colombo to Mr. Roten (*possibly Rathindranath Tagore?), and he gifted me a pair of shoes (*an illustration in diary).

December 2

I felt good from early morning and was fully recovered. In the afternoon, Mr. Bose came and invited me to dinner. I went and was treated to a fine meal.

December 3

In the afternoon, I went to the Yusen shipping company and paid Mr. Maeda the advance of twenty-two rupees and fifteen annas, for the transport of the folding screen. I visited Mitsui & Co. and met Mr. Kasamatsu to request a letter of introduction to the Mitsui office in Bombay (Mumbai). I also met Mr. Tajima. I accepted an invitation to dinner at his home and, on the way there, purchased some small items at Whitey and in the bazaar, and stopped by Banzai Trading Company and finally arrived at Mr. Tajima's house.

He appeared visibly pleased that his wife had newly arrived. She had attended Mr. Matsushita's school and brought his business card with her. We had a pleasant conversation for several hours, then I returned home. A telegram arrived saying that Mr. Sawamura's party had arrived in Bombay. I decided to head to Bombay myself the next day.

December 4

In the afternoon, I visited the consulate and met the new consul, Mr. Sakabe. I then visited Mr. Nōsu, had dinner at his home, and spent the night at Mr. Inui's house.

December 5 – Departure

The Ajanta trip will be for the purpose of copying art, scheduled for three months. I returned home with Mr. Nōsu and immediately began preparations for departure. At 1:20 p.m., I boarded the Bombay Mail train. Mr. Nōsu saw me off at the station.

December 6

Nothing of note happened. On the way, I saw a beast called a “Jako” and also some wild deer and camels. The journey by train was very pleasant. There were many Westerners onboard, including some married couples.

December 7

I arrived at Victoria Station in Bombay (Mumbai) just after 9 a.m. I went straight to Mitsui & Co. and met with Mr. Sawamura and Mr. Asai⁸⁶. In the afternoon, I went shopping with Mr. Sawamura to procure various supplies. On the way back, we rested at a house with food and drink.

December 8

I went shopping again. First, I bought a large lamp and other items. I then visited the Yokohama Shokin Bank and met Mr. Igarashi. I also visited Nippon Menka Co. and met Mr. Kusumoto. They were planning a trip to Elephanta the next day, and I decided to join. I was invited to dinner at the consulate and met Mr. ○○ (name missing), an official from the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce.

December 9 – Sunday, Elephanta⁸⁷

At 8:30 a.m., I departed with people from Nippon Menka aboard a small steamboat bound for Elephanta. It took about an hour to reach the island. After climbing a stone stairway of about 220 meters, we reached the caves. The central sculpture consists of three magnificent grand figures—this is said to be a triad of Shiva. There are also half-body statues and many other large carvings. They are believed to date from the 8th century A.D. Sadly, many are damaged, which is deeply regrettable. I made sketches.

There is a large hall in the center, with another hall on each side cut open toward the sky. The

surrounding scenery is beautiful, and we saw monkeys as well. We returned at 2 p.m.

December 10

From the morning, I visited NYK (Nippon Yusen), Shosen (Mitsui?), Nippon Menka, and other company branches to meet with their respective managers. In the afternoon, I did more shopping for items like large lamps.

December 11 – To Ajanta

At noon, I had lunch with Mr. Morioka at a Western-style restaurant near the coast. On the way back, I bought a painting by a Parsi artist at a curio shop for fifty rupees. At 9:40 p.m., I departed for Jalgaon⁸⁸.

December 12

We arrived in Jalgaon at 5:20 a.m., where we were welcomed by Mr. Nishimura Kohachiro, a local Mitsui representative, who kindly took care of all arrangements. We went to the Mitsui bungalow.

On this day, our luggage was sent out ahead on five ox carts, and our servants and cook on another cart. We planned to depart the next day.

December 13

At 7 a.m., guided by Mr. Kitamura of Mitsui, we set out in two tongas⁸⁹. As we crossed a plateau, there was no rice cultivation to be seen, and the locals appeared impoverished. The road was in good condition—motor vehicles could pass with ease. The roadside was lined with ○○ (text missing) trees, making the journey pleasant. We saw deer and ○○ (text missing).

We crossed two rivers and passed through two villages. This area was affected by the plague, so many villagers had taken refuge outdoors. We arrived at the Dak Bungalow around 4 p.m. That night, we opened some whisky to relieve our fatigue.

December 14

We left the Dak Bungalow at 8:30 a.m. and headed for the cave temples. For about one mile, we passed through rugged fields. To the northwest and southeast lay a mountain range, and at its base were tents set up by officials of Hyderabad⁹⁰. Entering the valley, the scenery became splendid. After five miles, we arrived at the cave temples.

The caves are arranged along the curve of a cliff mid-slope. There are 26 caves from the right; it is said there used to be 29, suggesting three may have collapsed. Truly, this sacred site offers

a magnificent view. The stream below runs clear, and upstream there is a waterfall.

When I first entered Cave 10 and stood before the stupa and wall paintings, I was deeply moved and felt tears come to my eyes.

We made a circuit of the caves and arranged for the transportation of our baggage. I was especially grateful for Mr. Kitamura's assistance. He departed at noon, while we returned at 4 p.m. The first impression of the Ajanta cave temples was deeply moving—built over a thousand years ago at the height of Buddhist culture, and yet it feels as if I am witnessing that very time.

December 15

We departed at 8 a.m. and began preparations for the copying work.

December 16

Departed at 8:00 a.m. and headed for the cave temple. Prepared to copy the "Subjugation of Mara" scene in Cave No. 1. Spent the entire day inside the cave. Served dinner for two officials of the cave temple.

December 17 - Began copying the "Subjugation of Mara" scene

Left the bungalow at 8:00 a.m. and went to the cave temple to begin the reproduction. In the evening, was treated to dinner in a tent by the same officials from the previous day. Three people saw us off on the way back; one carried a rifle, prepared in case of wild beasts.

December 18

Left the house around 8:00 a.m. and continued copying work inside the cave temple. The difficulty of the task is beyond words.

December 19

Took a rest to recover from fatigue.

December 20

Went to the cave temple early in the morning. Worked on line drawings. Saw tiger tracks.

December 21

Same as the previous day.

December 22

Same as the previous day. Messages arrived from Mr. Ono, Mr. Kamoshita⁹¹, Jōsaborō, and from Mr. Nōsu's wife. Received a telegram stating that Mr. Nōsu will depart on the 25th

December 23

Went to the cave temple early in the morning. Completed the line drawings.

December 24

Same as usual. Began coloring.

December 25

Went to the cave temple.

December 26

No rest. Wrote letters and so on.

December 27

Went to the cave temple. We went to the cave temple. An elderly Parsi painter, who for twelve years lived within the Ajanta cave temple and copied its murals at the behest of the British Government, came to visit with his family. His name is Pestonpe⁹², and he resides in Bombay.

December 28

Went to the cave temple.

December 29

Went to the cave temple.

December 30

In the evening, Mr. Kiriya Senrin⁹³ and Mr. Takegami arrived. We ate and drank heartily.

December 31

Went to the cave temple.

January 1, 1918 (Taisho 7) – New Years Day

We celebrated the New Year by eating rice gruel and drinking sake. Mr. Kiritani and his group joined us, and five of us spent the whole day in leisure.

January 2

We took a rest. Mr. Kiritani and his group departed for Jalgaon due to the carriage not arriving. In the evening, the carriage boy arrived, but could not meet Mr. Kiritani. Together with Mr. Sawamura, we discovered some greenish-blue earth and brought back as much as we could carry, delighted.

January 3

We started work a day early and departed in the early morning. Began making reproductions. Returned home in the evening.

January 4

Visited the cave temples. Treated the junior officials to dinner.

January 5

Visited the cave temples. Mr. Kiritani returned again.

January 6

Visited the cave temples.

January 7

Visited the cave temples. Mostly completed the central part of the “Subjugation of Mara” painting.

January 8

Visited the cave temples. Began work on the second “Subjugation of Mara” painting.

January 9

Visited the cave temples. Reflected on the ancient road—two thousand years old—that we traveled. Mr. Kiritani’s servant behaved improperly (*uncertain).

January 10

Visited the cave temples.

January 11

Visited the cave temples. Mr. Ahmad⁹⁴ and the outside officials returned.

January 12

Visited the cave temples.

January 13

Went to the caves.

January 14

Went to the caves.

January 15

A great number of villagers gathered near the caves, congregating by the riverside—men and women, young and old—spending the day in merriment. All were Hindus, with dark complexions. Many merchants had come to the riverbank selling roasted beans and other snacks. It resembled the New Year's Eve festivities of our homeland. This day was said to be the point at which day and night are of equal length, and from the following day the daylight hours begin to grow longer. It is for this reason that the festival was held.

But date is recorded, but this entry is considered to be from the same day as the previous entry's closing sentence.)

Completed copies of the central two panels of the *Scene of Subjugating Demons*.

January 16

(No entry)

January 17

Took a rest to recover from fatigue. Mr. Sawamura went out with officials to see newly discovered caves. That evening, a Parsi couple arrived, and we gave them a room. Mr. Kiritani was quite displeased. Before long, Mr. Nōsu arrived, and we had a long talk.

January 18

Went to the caves and guided Mr. Nōsu. He presented various conditions, which left me greatly perplexed. However, after some discussion, matters were peacefully resolved.

Returned home in the evening. The Parsi couple from the previous day were still occupying the room, contrary to our prior agreement, and showed not a word of courtesy toward us. I reprimanded them for their rudeness. They sent a letter in English; we replied with a letter in Japanese.

January 19

In the morning, Mr. Takegami and Mr. Kiritani again engaged in a heated argument. Later, we went to the cave temples. Mr. Sawamura returned in the evening. I began work on the far-right end of the Subjugation of Mara.

January 20

Went to the caves. Mr. Nōsu began work on the exterior murals of Cave 17.

January 21

Went to the caves. With Mr. Kiritani, Mr. Nōsu, Mr. Asai, and I climbed to the top of the cave hill. Many monkeys live there, including large ones—pale in color, long-tailed, with black faces. Mr. Asai and I climbed again and took in the view. Looking down into the valley, we saw the upper stream of the Ajanta River and a small village called Renapur. We sketched. We descended to the village and did more sketching.

On the way back, we stood on a rock above the caves and gazed at a waterfall. It had a mystical quality. Many eagles lived among the rocks. The rocks, white as if covered in snow, were in fact coated with eagle droppings. It was a half-day's journey, but much was gained. The waterfall left a deep impression—excellent subject matter for painting.

In the afternoon, I did more copying and returned home. Sketched some flowers, including a “roba” and others of interest.

January 22

Went to the caves. Many clouds gathered, and there was a light shower in the evening.

January 23

Went to the caves. Continued work on the right end of the *Subjugation of Mara*. Again, many clouds today.

January 24

Began work on the left end of the *Subjugation of Mara*.

January 25

I went to the caves; however, a toothache that began in the morning forced me to return home in the afternoon.

January 26

Took a rest. The pain had not yet subsided, and I couldn't sleep well at night.

January 27

Still resting.

January 28

Everyone rested.

January 29

I went to the caves. More than twenty middle-school students, along with two teachers, came to our bungalow and stayed overnight.

January 30

Went to the caves. On the way back, someone suddenly leapt out from the forest shadows shouting, "Ah, Mr. Arai!" It was Mr. Mukul's, who was overcome with joy. He had wandered alone in the mountains without a guide and, by chance, encountered our group at dusk. His joy must have been immense. He ended up staying in my room.

That night, the students and teachers again stayed over. By chance, we sat together under the moonlight and had a song session. First, a local boy sang, followed by Mr. Kiritani playing the shakuhachi. A student sang next, and then Mr. Kiritani once again. We took turns singing, and I found myself joining in as well. It was all great fun.

January 31

Went to the caves. A new path was built from Cave 1, and on our return, we walked it for the first time.

February 1

Went to the caves.

February 2

Went to the caves. Many officials from Hyderabad came and requested to rent the bungalow. I refused.

February 3

Went to the caves. On the way back, saw three peacocks on the road. Inspired, I began to conceive a design of Peacock Wisdom King (Kujaku Myoo).

February 4

Went to the caves. Mr. Sawamura and Mr. Mukul departed from Aurangabad⁹⁵ for Ellora. As it was “Setsubun”, I made *zoni* soup for dinner and invited Mr. Kiritani. Gave the servant man 4 annas.

February 5

Went to the caves. Completed the entire “Subjugation of Demons” illustration. An Indian painter named Natesen (?) came.

February 6

Went to the caves. Sketched three images: the bodhisattva on the left (facing forward) and two Buddhas on the right.

February 7

Took a rest.

February 8

Went to the caves. Sketched the bodhisattva on the front left side. Many Indian officials came to the bungalow, set up numerous tents, and caused considerable inconvenience.

February 9

Went to the caves.

February 10

I went to Ajanta village, located three miles to the south. After traveling one mile from the Dak Bungalow, the terrain becomes hilly, and atop the detour hill stands a grand gate offering a fine view. The hilltop is flat as far as the eye can see, giving a true sense of the continent’s vastness. Along the way, I encountered rare plants and trees. Reached the village before long. At the entrance is a large gate, with a banyan tree and a pond in front. Made sketches. The buildings within the gate were also interesting, and I spent two to three hours sketching. I then went to the bazaar and bought two or three bolts of women’s cloth. I returned by oxcart, but due to poor road conditions, I had to dismount halfway and walk back.

February 11

Went to the caves.

February 12

Went to the caves. Worked on line drawings.

February 13

Went to the caves.

February 14

Went to the caves. Saw two interesting flowers that day.

February 15

Went to the caves. At night, I received fruit and Indian food from the Hyderabad officials. I heard they would stay for five or six days. They arrived with many people and set up over ten tents, forming a camp. Later, I met with the chief tax official.

February 16

Went to the caves. Ashiteniya and Inju returned.

February 17 - Sunday

Went to the caves. The tax officials visited the cave temples, saying "So sorry, so sorry" as they entered the area where I was sketching. They shook hands with me and left. Mr. Sawamura also returned.

February 18

Went to the caves.

February 19

Went to the caves.

February 20

Went to the caves. Received peacock feathers as a gift from Mr. Armat.

February 21

Went to the caves. The officials left that morning.

February 22

Went to the caves. Completed a painting of a bodhisattva. Felt unwell that day. Return home

in the afternoon and lay down. Felt a slight fever. Most likely due to a stiff shoulder.

February 23

Took a rest. Still felt feverish and stayed in bed all day. Felt a bit better at night. Mr. Nizanden⁹⁶ and his group departed.

February 24

Felt much better. Took another day of rest. Mr. Kiritani and Mr. Takegami departed.

February 25

Went to the caves. Began work on the left side.

February 26

Went to the caves.

February 27

Went to the caves. On this day, I finished my painting.

February 28

Went to the caves. Sketched (Copied?) the first and second caves.

March 1

Visited the caves. Made copies of Cave 10, 16, and 17.

March 2

Went again to the caves. Completed copies of Cave 10 and 17. My studies of Ajanta have now come to a complete ending. In the evening, I bid my farewell to the caves. The emotions ran deep—as though I was parting from the ancient artists who once brought forth this beauty. I could not hold back my tears. Ah, the labors of these hundred days have now come to an end. This grand undertaking was accomplished over a vast span of time, from the 12th century B.C. to the 6th or 7th century A.D. Surely, it is the power of Buddha's virtue that brought it into being. Its greatness is immense. Its art continues to shine through the world and carries forth its spirit. Though the colors of the paintings are not complex, they freely evoke a world of spiritual liberty. In one of the caves, it is said, four or five master painters created the murals—some of whom, having cut off their own right hands, never painted again. The genuine faith and artistic spirit of ancient Indian artists is profoundly moving. It is no coincidence that this

magnificent art has endured and shines in the present day. It is Buddha's virtue that allowed me to encounter this beauty for a hundred days. I am deeply grateful.

It is often remarked that the murals of Hōryū-ji in Japan resemble these, and indeed the period of Ajanta's Cave 1 corresponds to them. Nevertheless, the differences are clear and strongly felt. Even at Hōryū-ji, I believe, the Indian influence is direct, and the artist was probably not Japanese.

Even as I write this diary, the images of the Ajanta paintings vividly rise in my mind. How deeply I am moved. To have conversed, in spirit, with artists from two thousand years ago—this is a blessing indeed. I am full of gratitude to the virtue of the Buddha. *Gassho*.

March 3

Packed our belongings in the morning. At 3:30 p.m., we boarded two ox carts—Mr. Ahmad(?) accompanied us as far as Mankat (presumed to be Manmad). The rest of the luggage were loaded onto six ox carts and ○○ (text missing). Evening fell and we arrived at a bazaar. We got off the cart and walked around. At a stream, many young girls were doing laundry—a pleasant sight. In Neri, we entered the dak bungalow and rested, taking dinner there. Time was midnight.

March 4

I departed at 2 a.m., slept in the cart, reached Jalgaon at 7 a.m., and boarded another train departing at the same time. I arrived in Bombay (Mumbai) at 4 p.m. and entered Mitsui & Co.

March 5

Went shopping in the city. Watched a play at night.

March 6

Displayed my copies at the Japanese Club for the benefit of local Japanese residents. Shared lunch with executives from various companies.

March 7

Purchased photographic plates and other items.

March 8 – Departing Bombay

I left Bombay at 11 p.m. I had planned to take the 9 p.m. inter-class train, but delays caused me to arrive too late, and I faced considerable difficulty. I said farewell to Mr. Asai.

March 9

Arrived at Bhopal Station⁹⁷ in the morning. Changed the train again. Gave a portrait sketch to the station master, who in return kindly offered me a small room. The prior occupant I was relocated to another room.

March 10

Arrived at Bhelsa (Vidisha?) Station at 5 a.m. An hour later, transferred to another train and returned to Sanchi. Left luggage at the station and walked about 500–600 meters to the dak bungalow at the foot of the hill where the stupa stands. Took breakfast and then proceeded to the stupa.

Surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges, the scenery was superb. The stupa, built two thousand years ago, is among the oldest. Its beautiful stone carvings still remain. Though the style is of Bharhut, there is a sense of Amaravati influence. The structure is beyond words. Took six photographs and made sketches. Returned to the bungalow for lunch at 3 p.m. Later, spent an hour sketching the round designs on the railings of the second stupa.

Rushed back to the station, and the train arrived 30 minutes later. I was deeply, deeply moved by Sanchi. Regretted not having another day to stay.

Returned to Bhelsa (Vidisha?) Station. Went to the waiting room until the 7 a.m. train next day and developed some photographs. All six photos were excellent and ranked them my best, surpassing those of my two companions.

March 11 – Arrival in Agra⁹⁸, later Delhi

In the town of Barilla(?) stands a strong fort, known as the most famous castle in all of India. Departed Barilla(?) at 6 a.m. Boarded Inter-Class and arrived in Agra in the evening. Reached Delhi by 8:30 p.m. Took dinner at the station. Departed two hours later on another train. Saw wild cranes living in the field. Also witnessed herds of camels and deer.

March 12 – Lahore

Arrived at Lahore Station at 10 a.m. Departed at noon for Peshawar⁹⁹. As we moved north, the ethnicities, customs, and architecture changed noticeably—very interesting.

Reached Rawalpindi¹⁰⁰ past 11 p.m. On the way, the range of the Himalayas lay to the north. The twilight over the Jhelum River¹⁰¹ was breathtaking. The climate is much like Japan's. Saw many herds of camels everywhere. Spent the day sketching and coloring in the train. Stayed overnight in the Rawalpindi station, sleeping in a chair.

March 13 – Rawalpindi to Peshawar

Get up at 7 a.m. and went sightseeing in the city. There is a nearby mountain to the north. Took a carriage 600-700 meters from the station to sightsee. Shopped in the bazaar. Bought a copper pot, goldware, and baskets. Soon returned to the station for lunch and departed at 10:30 a.m. for Peshawar. Passed by mountain ranges on the right; fields of green wheat like Japanese spring, with peach blossoms coloring the scene among the barley.

Many Arabs in this region—completely different atmosphere from central India. Along the way the mountains narrowed, and there was a mountain stream called the Bara River. Old houses atop riverside rocks and snow-capped mountains can be seen in the distance.

Countless Indian pines lined the way. Camels, oxen, horses, donkeys, and water buffalo moved along—just like a Chinese landscape painting. I arrived in Peshawar around 6:30 p.m. and went directly to a dak bungalow. I then took a short walk through the bazaar.

March 14

At dawn, I took a carriage to visit the excavation sites of Gandhāran stupas. About two miles east of town, little remains in the fields beyond a few stone foundations. At the easternmost site, a small number of sculptures survive, said to date from the time of King Kanishka.

Visited the town bazaar on the way back. I bought two pieces of this country's textile, a blanket-like material with interesting patterns and colors, for 22 rupees. In the afternoon, visited the museum. It contained only Gandhāran sculptures. Unable to photograph or sketch, I instead ordered to buy five or six photographs. Returned to the lodge, made dinner, and departed on the 9 p.m. train for Taxila.

March 15 – Taxila

Disembarked at Sarai Khola Station at 5:30 a.m., two stops before Rawalpindi. Waited for daylight. Hired a coolie. About 400-500 meters east lies the museum. British archaeologist Marshall's excavations of Gandhāran stupas are located another 700-800 meters east and still ongoing. First discovered by Mr. Cunningham some 14 or 15 years ago. Only foundations remain of the old stupas and temples, constructed by stacking stones (*illustration in the diary) and covering them with plaster upon which images of Buddha were formed.

About a meter further north are ancient town remains—the oldest. 700-800 meter northwest lies another stupa with more ruins, temples, and so on.

500-600 meters northeast stands another stupa. Continuing 1 km or more, arrived at the ancient stupa site of Jaulian and observed. Saw large plaster carvings in the mountain valleys. Took two photos. Walked another 1 km or so. Found more ruins on a hilltop—many stupas. These stupas were of unique shapes, and photographs were taken of them. They were

surrounded by numerous sculptural works of fine quality. All the locals were exceedingly kind. The landscape was beautiful.

On the way back, visited the museum to view the excavated sculptures—many masterpieces. These sculptures displayed Greek stylistic features, some of them almost identical to Greek works. I ordered five or six photographs. I departed on the 6 p.m. train for Lahore. The number of police officers and inspectors who boarded to check us was excessive—utterly exhausting.

March 16 – Lahore

Arrived early in the morning. Left the luggage at the station and hired a carriage to visit the museum. First came to the painting gallery, but made only a brief circuit before proceeding to the sculpture rooms. There were two rooms, mostly filled with Gandhara sculptures, many of which were of excellent quality.

I met Mr. Gupta, a disciple of Mr. Abanindranath Tagore, who was teaching painting at the nearby art school. After touring the museum, we visited his home, then strolled around the town and visited the bazaar. In the evening, we boarded a train bound for Delhi.

March 17 – Delhi

In the morning, we saw wild peacocks descending into the fields from the train. One cannot help feeling affection for them when they appear so close to town. The open, spacious scenery was truly pleasant. Arrived in Delhi around 10:30 a.m. and stayed at a hotel for five rupees.

In the afternoon, visited Muslim mosques and other sights in the city, shopped for a few items, and took a Turkish bath. To buy Delhi's famous crafts, it was said to cost fourteen rupees. We bought dolls instead, returned to the hotel, developed photos, and slept soundly.

March 18

In the morning, I visited the Delhi Fort. Though not grand in scale at first glance, certain sections, especially the marble inlaid designs and the imperial baths, were splendid. Next to the fort was a museum with some sculpture and paintings.

Later, went out shopping again in the city. Returned to the hotel and departed for Mathura by the 9 p.m. train.

March 19 – Mathura¹⁰² and Agra

Around 9 a.m., I arrived and immediately proceeded to the museum, where I took photographs and made sketches. There were no sculptures from Central India, but many in the Sanchi style, among which there were four or five particularly fine pieces. A standing statue of the Buddha

was especially notable. The museum has not yet been organized, and only an elderly caretaker was present, so I was fortunate to be able to take photographs and make sketches.

After that, I walked around the city. The town, lying along the Yamuna River, had an old-fashioned atmosphere, and I was deeply moved, feeling that it truly suited my tastes. I purchased five or six paintings, some metalware, fresh produce, and other items.

Among the towns and cities I have walked through up to now, this is one of the strongest impressions of melancholy upon me. (*text illegible thus uncertain context)

Around 7 p.m., I took the train to Agra. At the station in the evening, there were many unscrupulous guides, which was truly exasperating. I took a carriage to the dak bungalow, only to find that they were no longer accepting guests. Furthermore, two of the bad guides climbed into our carriage, claiming there was another railway dak bungalow elsewhere. I let one guide lead the way, and we soon arrived at a place. However, not long after we entered the building, two Englishmen arrived and, speaking rudely, attempted to drive us out. This was clearly because the guide had knowingly led us there. But it was the middle of the night, and there was nothing we could do. Once again relying on a guide, we went to a hotel, where we were able to stay for the modest price of three rupees.

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March 20

Our hired guide arrived early in the morning, we first visited the Taj Mahal¹⁰³ by carriage. Though familiar from photos and stories, its beauty was breathtaking—white upon white marble, towering with majesty. Upon first glimpse through the gates, I involuntarily exclaimed, “Ah!”. To see the light from within the shadows—this truly captures the very essence of the idea.

The interior is also exceptionally splendid, and as one walks along the corridor toward the back, the Yamuna River flows directly below, offering a view that is equally delightful. Reluctant to leave so soon, I took four photographs, but due to lack of time, I promptly began the return journey.

On the way, I went to the government office to obtain a ticket for the palace, then returned to the inn for lunch, and in the afternoon, visited the fort — that is, the palace.

Different in design from Delhi Fort, it was grand and vast. Looking at the Taj Mahal from the

Yamuna River, its magnificent marble architecture, the Queen's chambers, numerous Hindu royal chambers, baths, and Shah Jahan's prison room, among other things, were truly exquisite. This castle is now guarded by British soldiers and contains many barracks. After a two-hour tour, I shopped at the bazaar, had dinner, and departed on the 9 p.m. train from Fort Station to Lucknow.

The accommodation was incredibly cheap at only three rupees per person. The top-class guide, who typically charged five rupees, was hired for two. Even dishonest guides cannot deceive experienced travelers like us. It rained heavily that night.

March 21 – Lucknow

We arrived around 9 a.m. The coolies at this station were extremely unpleasant; although coolies everywhere tend to be unpleasant, these were especially so. Nevertheless, we were strong and overcame them.

I visited the museum by carriage. It housed many Central Indian sculptures, including fine clay statues. However, we were not allowed to photograph or sketch. When I began sketching, a guard came and covered the Buddha statue with a cloth—very unfriendly. I bought five photographs instead.

Though modern, the city itself held little interest. Yet we witnessed a royal wedding procession: soldiers, cavalry, flag bearers, musicians, camel troops, and the raja and his bride riding atop elephants—an enthralling sight. I took photographs.

Later, visited a Buddhist temple where we met young monks and believers. They invited us to dinner, which we accepted. Tried to catch the 9 p.m. train but missed it, and ended up sleeping in the waiting room.

March 22

Departed at 8:00 a.m., I took a transfer at the next station, and bought a ticket to Balrampur station in order to head toward Gion Shojā. Arrived in Balrampur at 4:00 p.m. Along the way, saw two cranes land in a field. Immediately rode a carriage (called *ikka*) and after about one mile reached the town. Visited the home of a Burmese person, and decided to stay there for the night. In the house there were only a young Burmese man and a monk. I was given a room on the second floor, which was very comfortable. I heard that the monk had come to India to study Sanskrit. That night, I developed photographs and went to bed late.

March 23 – Jetavana (Jeta's Grove)¹⁰⁴

In the early morning, guided by a Burmese monk and a young man, we set out for Jetavana Monastery. The road from the town was perfectly straight and measured about 18 meters in

width. However, the condition of the road was somewhat rough, so the progress of the carriage was slow. Along the way, there were many mango trees, their greenery fresh and pleasant to the eye. Cranes and elephants were also seen.

Traveling about ten miles west from the town, we came upon the ruins of an ancient stupa. Below it were two ponds, and large mango trees grew thickly. From the top of the stupa, to the northwest, we could see Saheth—that is, Jetavana Monastery¹⁰⁴, also known as Maheth. Nearby, the remains of a British fort were visible. We took photographs there. Proceeding about another mile west, we arrived at Saheth. Below, we found the Burmese monk Dharmapala. We had lunch there, took more photographs, and paid our respects at Saheth. Entering through what appeared to be the south gate, we found two or three spots with paving stones at the left end, likely the remains of a temple. About twenty to thirty steps farther north, similar remains were found, along with two wells. Another fifty-five meters to the north stood the remains of a stupa and a bodhi tree. It is said that under this tree, long ago, the Buddha delivered his sermons. There were two or three great bodhi trees here, said to be descended from the Ananda Pippala tree. My long-standing ten-year wish fulfilled, I offered my prayers at this true sacred place. Deep emotions stirred within me, thinking of how Buddha once stood upon this very ground, and I felt great reluctance to leave.

As we went further, we found many other temple ruins. There was also a place inscribed with the Buddha's words, "Let all sentient beings come constantly," and something referred to as "the cord of the strong," though the exact meaning was uncertain (*?). The Burmese monk gave further explanations, but owing to the language barrier I was unable to understand them fully, grasping only fragments. The identification of the temple sites was not very precise. This, I believe, must have been the place where the Buddha passed away. The area extended roughly 220 meters on each side.

Proceeding about another mile north, we reached the ruins of a fort called Shravasti. The walls of the castle extended widely, with a stream winding to the north. In the distance, the Himalayas could be seen. The scenery was beautiful. Two places were said to be old fort ruins—one was called "Pamarite", and the other was referred to as ○○○ (*text missing). I, Kampō, speculated that in ancient times, there must have been a town within these walls. Elsewhere, the land was flat, the five grains grew well, and the climate was favorable. It was easy to imagine how prosperous it once had been. Now, these historic remains have become overgrown with jungle. We took commemorative photographs and began our journey back in the evening. The sight of three police officers and coolies carrying heavy loads was funny—but they worked diligently. On the road, we obtained milk, boiled and drank it there along the roadside. We walked under the moonlight, in the shadows of the tree-lined avenue, and returned to our lodging around 11 p.m. After developing the photographs, we finally went to

bed around 3 a.m.

March 24

Woke at 9 a.m., went out to town after breakfast to see the bazaar and Raja's garden. Took the 3 p.m. train to Tehsil Deoria (?). Transferred at Gorakhpur.

March 25

Arrived at 11 a.m. at Tehsil Deoria (?). Checked into the Dak Bungalow. Went into town after lunch to buy old coins and stamps. Hired a camel cart at night (10 rupees for the round trip). Traveled under the moonlight, slept along the way, occasionally waking up due to the bitter night cold wind.

March 26 – Kushinara (Kushinagara)¹⁰⁵, drive off the thieves

It was cold. At dawn, we arrived in the town of Kasya. Bought and boiled milk by the roadside. After completely preparing our breakfast, we took an hour to travel the two-mile distance to reach Kushinagar. Entering the Burmese (Myanmar) temple, we were greeted kindly by two monks — an elderly high priest and a young monk. We were treated to a generous lunch. We offered prayers and took photographs of the sacred statues.

Inside the main hall was the great reclining Buddha statue, traditionally believed to be of the Anirudda¹⁰⁶ and is. It is a magnificent creation, about 6 meters in length. It had been excavated by the British. Behind it stood an old brick stupa said to have been built by Emperor Ashoka. In front of the hall and beside it were uncovered remains of temple structures.

About 110 meters to the south stood statues of the Buddha in the Subjugation of Māra posture, beneath a pipal tree and a mango tree. These works were extremely elaborate. We took photographs and made sketches.

About 1.1 kilometers east of the hall was the site of the Buddha's cremation. One site, on a hill, was overgrown with an ancient banyan (bodhi) tree, and scattered with old bricks. Ah, the place of the Buddha's Nirvana — it moved us deeply and stirred many emotions. "Now I have arrived at the very place of the Buddha," I thought. I found it hard to leave.

At around 5 p.m., we set out on our return. The moon was very bright, and soon I fell asleep atop a camel cart along a fine road lined with mango trees. In the midst of deep sleep, someone cried out "*Sabu, Sabu!*"¹⁰⁷ in a loud and urgent voice. Awakened, I found a dark man pulling the camel's head backward with nothing on his body. Although there were two men from the gariwala cart, they were helpless and only raised a commotion. Seeing this, Kampo shouted at the man in a loud voice. Mr. Sawamura too raised his voice in the same way. At this, the robber immediately let his hand go and ran away. Under the moonlight, we could still see another

thief further off. It was an exhilarating moment — our loud shouts had driven off the thieves. We went back to sleep and by dawn arrived at the town of Tehsil Deoria (?).

March 27

Departed for Benares on the 9:47 a.m. train. As we progressed, the heat intensified. The land was flat and fertile, rich in the five grains—truly a land of treasure. We parted with Mr. Nōsu at the Batyu station. He headed directly from Patna to Rajagriha. Around 7 p.m., we arrived at the cantonment of Benares. After dinner at the station, we checked in at the Hotel de Paris. It was about 600–700 meters from the station. I developed photographs there.

March 28

Departing at 8 a.m., we head to the next station, Deer Park, known today as Sarnath. This is the place of the Buddha's first sermon and where Maitreya is prophesied to be enlightened. About 400–500 meters from the station along a good road, to the left, stands an ancient stupa. This area is said to be where a holy person welcomed the Buddha. Another 400-500 meters further leads to Deer Park.

There stands an old tall stupa, currently under restoration. Numerous excavations have been carried out on its western and northern sides. Facing it to the right is the Mulagandhakuti Vihara. Behind the stupa is a rest house for Ceylonese (Sri Lankan) followers of the Dharmapala movement. In front of the stupa, to the west, there is a Burmese temple rest house, where we had lunch. There were three monks at the temple, with whom we conversed briefly.

Later, we visited the museum beside the stupa. It was filled with excavated stone carvings, all of which were exceptionally fine. In the central hall, at the front, stood a statue of the Buddha delivering his first sermon. It is considered one of the finest sculptures from the Gupta dynasty. Numerous other standing statues of the Buddha were also displayed, all of remarkable craftsmanship. We sketched and photographed them. The stupa's base is made of carved stones, and the upper part of soft bricks—evoking the splendor of the era.

That day at the museum, we encountered Mr. Ogawa Hisayoshi, a school inspector from Taiwan, and Mr. Ogawara Yoshiteru, a school inspector from the Government-General of Korea.

March 29

At eight in the morning, I hired a guide and rode in a carriage to tour the city. First, I saw the pillar of the Gupta dynasty, then the Maharaja's residence, and finally reached the Ganges

River, where I boarded a boat and observed people bathing in the water. Truly, Varanasi being called “Water Varanasi” is something evident to any eye. Numerous temples, grand buildings, and countless bathers. To burn corpses on the riverbank, to bathe in the water at the same spot, or even to drink the water—though done out of faith—are truly astonishing sights. I visited several temples, including the Kali Temple of Nepal. Its architecture reflects Chinese style, and the carvings depict scenes of sexual union between men and women.

After returning to the inn once, I had lunch and then went out again to visit more temples. I visited the Monkey Temple, the Marble Temple, the Hand Temple, and the Golden Temple, as well as various shops, and returned to the lodging in the evening. At 8:30, I departed for Moraisarai (*possibly Mughalsarai) and stayed at the station. The station attendant said that Mr. Ogawa had lodged in the waiting room the previous night.

March 30

Departed at 4:30 a.m. for Patna. Arrived at the station at 10:00 a.m. Hired a carriage and visited Mr. Spooner, whom I was able to meet and who also treated me to lunch. I spent the entire day at his residence. In the evening, under his guidance, we headed about two miles east to see the excavation site. A friend of his also joined us, and we went in two carriages. The twilight scenery was something to behold.

We arrived shortly. The excavation was very deep and is said to date back to the 3rd century B.C.—likely the time of the Buddha. It was the site of an ancient temple, apparently made of wood, with structural remnants shaped like a red-painted roof, influenced by Persian architecture. There were other remains as well, of which Mr. Spooner was particularly proud. A little over 200 meters farther on, we reached the ruins of a royal palace, another site excavated by Mr. Spooner.

We returned straight to the station and departed on the 8:30 train, disembarking at the station of Butteyapur(?)Baktiyarpur. Stayed overnight in the waiting room.

March 31

We departed at 9 a.m. The train was small and traveled along a shared path. It passed through towns and villages. Upon getting off at the Nalanda station, we encountered Mr. Nōsu, who was also on the same train, headed for Rajgir. Mr. Nōsu had visited Rajgir for sightseeing and was now returning to Nalanda. We proceeded directly to Nalanda. About a mile and a half west of the station, we reached the excavation site being conducted by Mr. Spooner. We entered his tent, had lunch, took photographs of the excavated items, and observed the site. Around 7 p.m., we took a tonga toward Rajgir. Before we knew it, we had fallen asleep. Awakened by someone calling “Sahib, Sahib,” we found that we had already arrived at the dak

bungalow. The scenery under the moonlight was superb, with magnificent views in every direction. Before our eyes lay the Five Mountains, and it reminded me of the Yamato region of Japan. I developed the photographs and, getting little to no sleep, the night gave way to dawn.

April 1

In the early morning, 300-400 meters away, I visited a hot spring and took a bath. It was extremely refreshing. After returning to the lodging and preparing for departure, accompanied by two coolies and a guide kindly arranged by Mr. Spooner, we set out for Rajgir and Saila Hill. We passed the ruins of ancient Rajagriha, advancing about two miles through the jungle. The site, encircled by five mountains, was undoubtedly where the royal castle once stood. Soon, we arrived at Saila Hill.

On this day, the heat was particularly intense. Resolving to be brave, I undertook a mountain climb. Overcoming various hardships, I reached the summit and paid my respects to the stone monument erected by Mr. Oka. At that moment, a cool breeze arrived, and I forgot the oppressive heat. I took photographs, descended the mountain, and returned to the bungalow, both body and mind deeply exhausted. In the evening, there was a thunderstorm — evidently the cause of the day's heat. In retrospect, it was unwise to have taken a bath that morning in such conditions."

April 2

It rained lightly in the morning but soon stopped.

Rajagriha¹⁰⁸ is located in Bihar, and its terrain is reminiscent of Murou in Yamato, Japan. Surrounded on five sides by mountains—Vipulacalgi, Ratnagiri, Udayagiri, Suvarnagiri, and Vaibharagiri (*illustration in the diary)—it forms a natural fortress. Notably, Mount Vipula and Mount Vaibhāra are connected, and the narrow 200 meters gap between them forms a natural gateway. At the foot of Mount Vaibhāra, there is a hot spring within a Hindu temple. The land within the former royal city is flat and well suited for a castle site, resembling the expanses of Yamato and Ōhara in Japan.

We visited the ruins of the ancient city, which seemed to correspond to the vicinity of the Bamboo Grove Monastery. At the foot of Mount Vaibhāra lies a cave housing a sculpture, with graffiti by Mr. Oka and Mr. Nōsu. I, too, left my name there.

The scenery of the residential area suggests that Śākyamuni resided there for a long time, and the view from the top of Gṛdhrakūṭa (Śaila Hill) was particularly special. Ah, Śākyamuni spent half his life in this region.

At 3 p.m., we departed. A man approached selling fragments of Hindu stone carvings, and I

purchased one for one rupee. At Balrampur station, we encountered subordinates of Mr. Spooner, who were also returning. Transferring trains at Gudeyapur Station, we took two hours to reach Patna Junction and stayed there overnight.

April 3– Bodh Gaya¹⁰⁹

We disembarked at Gaya Station¹¹⁰ at 10:30 a.m. and took a carriage for about eight miles to reach Bodh Gaya. It took more than two hours. On the way, we saw a beautiful small mountain to the right with a town below. There were many trees, and to the east, we viewed the Niranjana River¹¹¹ which is called Niranjan in the local language, under the trees. Across the river, we saw Mount Pra-pragbodhi. The vast, sweeping plains to the southwest made us deeply feel the sacredness of the place. It was a joy we had never known before to first see this truly holy land where the Tathagata attained enlightenment. In my inadequacy, I made a great vow to complete my pilgrimage to Buddhist sites in this great holy land of Bodh Gaya. How grateful, how grateful I am.

To the west of the Mahābodhi Stupa stood a fine lodging house for pilgrims, built by Burmese devotees, where we rested. After lunch, we set out once again on pilgrimage. Riding an elephant at 3 p.m., we crossed the Nirañjanā River, passed a small village, and saw a slight rise on the left—said to be the remains of Sujātā's house. A little farther east, near a shrine of Maheshvara, lies the milk porridge offering site under a *Gāchi* tree. Continuing southeast for another 100 meters, we reached ○○○ river (*perhaps the Niranjana River?), and beyond it, we again saw the Mount Pra-pragbodhi. The view was excellent. I took photographs atop the elephant. About 100 meters to the south stood a hall in which a stone carving of a dragon god was enshrined. We returned in the evening. The impressions were deep and profoundly moving in this land of Bodh Gaya. (*Illustration in dairy)

April 4th

Departed at 10:30 a.m., visited the bazaar at Bodh Gaya and bought a golden jar. Left at 2 p.m. and began the return journey. This region is part of a continuous mountain range.

April 5th

I arrived at Howrah Station at 8 a.m. I parted ways with Mr. Sawamura and returned to Mr. Tagore's residence. After lunch, I visited Mitsui & Co. and met Mr. Kasamatsu. There, I was also taken to a Western-style restaurant by Mr. Sawamura and met Mr. Ōtani of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. We were treated to dinner. Mr. Kiritani and Mr. Nōsu were already present. We returned around 11 p.m. and enjoyed much Japanese food and drink for the first time in a while.

April 6th

In the morning, Mr. Oka and Mr. Takehi came. In the afternoon, I waited for Mr. Sawamura, with whom I had arranged a meeting, but he did not show up. Mr. Tsuda, Mr. Kobayashi, and Mr. Nousu came instead. I introduced them to the venerable Tagore, and we went to visit the nearby residence of a Raja family. There were a great number of oil paintings. Later, together with Mr. Nōsu, I visited Mr. Sawamura at the Mitsui company housing, where we were treated to a sukiyaki dinner. I returned home around 11 p.m.

April 7

Saw off Mr. Sawamura, who departed for Bombay at 8:30 p.m. Took him to the station.

April 8

In the afternoon, I visited Mr. Senda and was treated to dinner. Together, we accompanied Mr. Kiritani and Mr. Nousu to the ship *Ceylon Maru*. On the way back, we stopped by Mr. Senda's residence and talked until past 1 a.m., where I ended up staying the night. On the occasion of the Buddha's birthday, began drawing the draft sketch¹¹² "Descent at Birth".

April 9

Rode with Mr. Senda on Cholenget(?). After parting ways, went shopping, then visited Mr. Oka. He treated me to lunch and we talked until evening. Mr. Takehi also arrived during our conversation.

April 10

Stayed at home.

April 11

Stayed at home.

April 12

Went to Banzai Trading Company and asked Mr. Inoko to develop some photographs.

April 13

Stayed at home. Mr. Oka visited. Mr. Maehara also came, and we talked together. Mr. Maehara left before noon. Treated Mr. Oka to lunch, which we ate at Dae (?). Continued our conversation until evening.

April 14 – Bengali New Year, Sunday

As arranged, visited Mr. Oka in the morning and was treated to lunch at Mr. Inoko's home, of Banzai Trading Company. The sukiyaki udon with meat was very delicious. On the way home, visited an antique shop with Mr. Oka and purchased a gilded Buddha statue. Also went to the bazaar and looked at bags. That day, Mr. and Mrs. Yoshida and Mr. Kimura also visited.

April 15

At 7 p.m., visited Mr. Maehara at his lodgings, the Great Eastern Hotel, and was treated to dinner. Indian flowers were also present.

April 16

Painting.

April 17

Painting.

April 18

Painting.

April 19

Painting.

April 20

Painting.

April 21 - Sunday

Painting.

April 22

Painting.

April 23

Painting.

April 24

Painting.

April 25

Painting.

April 26

Painting.

April 27

Painting. Visited Mr. Senda's residence and stayed the night.

April 28th – Sunday

Visited Mr. Oka, who moved house. I spent half the day there. Mr. Mogaki also stayed over.

April 29

Painting.

April 30

Painting. Mr. Maehara came to visit, but I was not home. That night, I went to visit him at the hotel.

May 1

Mr. and Mrs. Inui arrived. On our way back, we were given a ride home by Mr. and Mrs. Inui in their car.

May 2

In the evening, I went with Mr. Gaganendranath to Mr. Senda's residence, where we were to be treated to dinner. However, due to a miscommunication in our correspondence, things did not go smoothly—Mr. Senda had not been informed of our visit and had gone out for another engagement. We rescheduled to dine together again this Sunday.

May 3

Painting. Mrs. Senda visited. I gifted Mr. Gaganendranath a brush, ink, and paper.

May 4

Painting. On this day, I received a *bodhi tree* from Mr. Abanindranath Tagore as a gift. Mr.

Gaganendranath also gave me a basket, a piece of Bengal embroidered cloth, buttons, and a pair of earrings for a lady. Mr. Somendranath(?) gifted me a brass pot. Mr. Bose asked me to buy brushes and paper on his behalf, entrusting me with 40 rupees.

That evening, Mr. Abanindranath Tagore came and, upon seeing the folding screen, said, "You are a great artist." He remarked, "At first, you showed me almost no paintings." He was full of praise.

May 5 - Sunday

Painting. Mr. Mukul returned from a trip, and we met. In the evening, Mr. Gaganendranath and I went to Mr. Senda's house for dinner.

May 6

Painting completed. Mrs. Tagore presented me a piece of cloth and a toy bamboo basket. Many people came to see the artwork. Everyone praised it. Mr. Abanindranath Tagore said, "At first, you showed no paintings, but now at the end you've shown such fine ones. You are truly a good artist."

In the afternoon, I went to the consulate to request a visa endorsement and presented a draft sketch of the Himalaya scroll to Mr. Yoshida. I then went to the police station to collect my passport, and to the Yokohama Shōkin Bank to withdraw funds—most of which were to be drawn in Osaka by draft. That evening, I was treated to dinner by Mr. Oka and Mr. Mogaki. Mr. Inoko and another guest were also present; it was a most pleasant gathering.

May 7

Photographs were taken and in the afternoon, I went to Banzai Trading Co., then asked Mr. Inoko to guide me to buy jewels, and returned home. Immediately after, I was invited to dinner at Mr. Bose's house, where I gifted him two paintings, one being a portrait of Mr. Bose.

Once again, I went to Mr. Senda's residence for dinner. We held a dinner party to unveil the completed folding screen, with Captain Sannomaru, Mr. Otani¹¹³, and several others in attendance. Mr. Senda was greatly pleased and felt honored. That night, I stayed over at Mr. Senda's house along with the captain.

May 8

Returned home early. For the birthday of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, preparations were made for an ancient-style dinner. Mr. Tagore gifted me a piece of silk on which he wrote a dedication.¹¹⁴ For him to take up his brush early in the morning on his birthday is truly a special memory and something that should become a family treasure. That evening, 70 to 80

people came for the banquet.

May 9

Mr. Oka visited, and the two of us went shopping. In the afternoon, a messenger came from Mr. Senda to move my belongings. At 8 p.m., I moved into his residence.

May 10

In the morning, I visited the home of a museum staff member and viewed the painting room at the museum. In the evening, I met Mr. Mukul and viewed flowers. That night, Mr. Oka, Mr. Yoshida, Mr. Mogaki, Mr. Takehi, and others from Mitsui came to see the folding screen. All spoke highly of it.

May 11- Boarding the ship

I went by car to the botanical gardens, and in the afternoon accompanied Captain Nishi to Mr. Senda's house to collect my remaining luggage. After completing the quarantine procedures, I returned to Mr. Senda's residence. Mr. Kasamatsu and others from Mitsui came to see the folding screen, and Mr. Senda was very pleased.

After dinner, around 10 p.m., I went to the ship. Mr. and Mrs. Senda, Mr. Akiyama, Mr. Oka, Mr. Mogaki, Mr. Takehi, Mr. Misaku, Mr. ○○○ (text missing), a representative of Mr. Tajima, Mr. Mukul, and others saw me off at the port.

I received various parting gifts: three pieces of sarasa cloth from Mr. Otani; several tea items and a Tibetan woman's chest pendant from Mr. Misaku; one piece of sarasa from Mr. Yoshida; flowers and a basket, a clay seal from Nalanda and other items from Mr. Mukul. From Mr. Senda presented me a box of old Javanese masks.

The ship departed at either 1 a.m. or 7 a.m. (the records differ). I took lodging near the botanical gardens.

May 12 - Departure

Departed past 7 a.m. Occasional rain. Anchored at 4:30 p.m.

Reflections on India

Since embarking on my journey, I have spent one and a half years in this land. During that time, I have experienced both joy and hardship, and I have gained treasures that I shall never obtain again—truly a blessing granted through the guidance of the Buddha.

The Himalayas, unrivaled anywhere in the world; the pure streams of the Ganges and the Yamuna; the region around Peshawar, reminiscent of our own country; the island of Ceylon,

where Buddhism still flourishes; the flower-filled and bird-haunted caves of Ajanta; and the ancient Buddhist sites where the five grains ripen—traveling through all these lands, their changing peoples, and even places afflicted by epidemic, meeting people from all walks of life in this world, both compassionate and unfeeling, have deeply and indelibly engraved themselves upon my heart—this is a great gift indeed.

The people of present-day India think only of themselves. Words and deeds seldom agree, whether among the high or the low. I can only pity the weakness of such a nation. They still cling to the notions of the four modes of birth (*written as *shisho* in the diary), yet have become estranged from compassion. Such is the way of the world; perhaps it is inevitable that those who live under foreign rule become warped in spirit. As one who belongs to the Buddha's land, I cannot help but feel sympathy for them. The sorrow of a declining nation lies in the absence of policy and art. India, a land long slumbering and nourished only by the bounty of nature—when, I wonder, will its morning sun awaken?

May 13

In the afternoon, the monsoon winds at the river mouth stirred up large waves. I felt very unwell.

May 14

Occasional rain. Wind from the south. The ship rocked violently. Felt seasick.

May 15

Same as the previous day.

May 16

Same as the previous day.

May 17

Rough seas. Waves splashed over the deck. Could not eat, lay down all day.

May 18

The seas calmed somewhat, but I developed a fever. By afternoon, my body ached, and I was utterly exhausted. My temperature rose to 39.4° C. Ice was placed on my head, but I could not sleep.

May 19

Fever completely subsided. Took quinine for the first time. Ate a little.

May 20

We passed Singapore. In the evening, the sky, the sea, and the islands revealed an indescribable beauty—one rarely encountered elsewhere. The colors of the tropical evening were truly remarkable. Standing on the deck, I drank in the scene. The beauty of Singapore will stay with me forever.

May 21

Completely recovered. The sea calm like oil, very pleasant.

May 22

Same as the previous day.

May 23

The day was much the same as the previous one. Near evening, French-controlled Saigon came into view. I painted on a silk scroll measuring 1.5 *shaku* (about 45 cm in width).

May 24

Some waves. Painted on a 1.3 *shaku* silk scroll (about 39cm width).

May 25

A tailwind brought slight waves. The ship advanced steadily. Painted on another 1.5 *shaku* silk scroll.

May 26 - Sunday

Reached offshore of Hong Kong in the afternoon.

May 27

Around 5 p.m., we passed the *Wadamaru*. A full moon illuminated the sea, a truly breathtaking sight.

May 28

Climate grew increasingly heavy. Wind and swells returned. Felt unwell.

May 29

Same as the previous day.

May 30

Packed boxes and baggage. No swells, clear weather, felt very well.

May 31

High waves. Fog surrounded on all sides. Occasionally spotted islands. At 1 p.m., arrived at Karatsu Port. The area was surrounded by mountains, and the scenery was beautiful.

How joyful it was to see Japan again after so long! Quarantine and customs passed smoothly. Mr. Inoue from Mitsui & Co. also came, and we met. I disembarked around 4 p.m. and stayed at a ryokan called Yamaka.

June 1

I went sightseeing in Hon-Karatsu town by rickshaw. Within the town stands Chikamatsu Temple, where the grave of Monzaemon is located. I happened to meet Mr. Inoue there. Mr. Miyajima and Mr. Inoue took us to the finest restaurant in town, where I was treated to lunch. Two geishas came, and we spent two or three hours there. On the way back, we visited Mr. Inoue's company and then soon returned to my lodging.

From the Maizuru Park, I viewed the Niji-no-Matsubara (Rainbow Pine Grove). Its landscape is a truly magnificent sight, closely resembling *Amanohashidate*. I felt it could rightfully be counted among Japan's Three Scenic Views. This area was the departure point for the ancient campaign against the Three Korean Kingdoms (*Sankan Seibatsu*). It preserves the old name of Princess Sayo (*Matsuura Sayo-hime*), and the area is rich in historic sites, including castle ruins. Having lived for a long time in the desolate lands of foreign countries, I felt all the more deeply moved by this exceptional beauty. When I saw Niji-no-Matsubara again, I noticed beautiful flowers along the seashore. They are called *Minami-jusō*.



June 2

At 7:30 in the morning, I set out on the return journey to Tokyo with the chief engineer and an employee from the Furukawa company, traveling as a group of three. At the fourth station, Ouchi, about 1 km from the station lies the Udono Cave, known for its numerous Buddhist rock carvings. It was made known last year through the publication of Dr. Ogawa. Regrettably, I passed it by without visiting due to the rain.

After changing trains twice, I got off at Futsukaichi-machi and visited the Dazaifu Shrine. I then took the next train and arrived in Moji. I changed my plans to visit Mr. Sakata and instead boarded the 7 p.m. express train bound for Osaka. The chief engineer and two employees from Furukawa also boarded the same train.

June 3

I arrived at Umeda Station at 8 a.m. I went directly to stay at Saishō-an. I sent a telegram to my wife and promptly received a reply saying, "I will come tonight."

¹ Ōno Shizukata, the best friend of Mizuno Toshikata's disciple, is the younger brother of the Hasegawa Nyozeikan. Akikata died early. When Kampō was young, he often traveled with them.

² Imamura Shikō (1880-1916), one of the painters who founded the Art Institute. "Chapter of Hot country" (Nekkoku no Maki) is a masterpiece of Shikō exhibited at the 1st Reorganized Inten (Japan Art Institute) in Taishō 3 (now an important cultural property of Japan in the collection of the Tokyo National Museum). Shikō went to India alone in the 3rd year of Taisho.

³ Penang. An island with a port on the west coast of the Marai Peninsula. A port of call on the way from Japan to Calcutta, together with the Port of Hong Kong and the Port of Singapore.

⁴ Kampō's closest friend in art, Katayama Nanpū. He has accompanied me personally.

⁵ The Hooghly River. A tributary flowing through the delta of the lower Ganges River. It runs through the city of Calcutta.

⁶ Senda Mutarō. At that time, Mitsui & Co. Calcutta branch manager. He also had a relationship with Taikan and Shunsō's trip to India, and he and Kampō were close in India.

⁷ Andrews (Charles Freer Andrews 1871-1940). Since 1912, he has served as a lifelong friend of the poet Tagore and as an understanding of Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948). He accompanied Tagore's first visit to Japan with William Winstanley Pearson (1881-1923), who was also a friend of Tagore.

⁸ Rathindranath Tagore (Rathindranāth Thākur 1881-1961). The eldest son of the poet Tagore, he tried to help Tagore develop the school in terms of real management and office work. From 1906 to 9 years, he studied agriculture in the United States, he reached USA via Japan. After India's independence, the school became a national university. He is active as the vice president of Visva-Bharati Tagore International University.

⁹ Gaganendranath Tagore (Gaganendranāth Thākur 1867-1938). The eldest son of the poet Tagore's cousin Gunendranath Tagore (Gunendranāth Thākur 1847-1881) and the older brother of Abanindranath. Among the Tagore family, who produced a variety of human resources, this brother was active as a central painter of the Bengali School of Art. He interacted with Okakura Tenshin, Yokoyama Taikan, Hishida Shunsō, and Katsuta Shōkin, and in particular, Kampō learned the methods of Japanese painting in practice. In the works, there are more ink paintings than Abanindranath. His life is famous for his free and artistic life.

¹⁰ Abanindranath Tagore (Abanindranāth Thākur 1871-1951). He is the third son of the poet Tagore's cousin, Gaganendranath's younger brother. He played a leading role in the Bengali school of art and is also known as the father of modern Indian painting. Since the artistic exchange with Okakura Tenshin, Yokoyama Taikan, and Hishida Shunsō, he has had a deep exchange with Japanese artists, and in particular, he has deepened his interaction with Kampō through the actual production of Japanese paintings. He often writes essays and leaves masterpieces in children's literature.

¹¹ The third brother refers to Satyendranath Tagore (Satyendranāth Thākur 1842-1923, an Indian who was the first Indian to become a senior official in the British administration of India, while at the same time taking active part in the Indian independence movement), the third-born son among the fifteen siblings of the poet Rabindranath Tagore and the poet's second elder brother. His son and daughter, would be the eldest son Surendranath Tagore (Surendranāth Thākur 1872-1940) and the eldest daughter Indira Debi (1873-1960). Surendranath had a particularly close connection with Okakura Tenshin, and also, Tenshin, Taikan, Shunsō, and Shōkin stayed in the house of the Satyendranath family in Ballygange in Calcutta, and went to the Jorasanko Tagore House and the Abanindranath family. Surendranath wrote in detail about Tenshin in the second collection of the magazine "Visva-Bharati Quarterly" in 1936. However, Kampō lived in Jorasanko Tagore House and lived together with the artists. Indira Devi is widely regarded as the person who best understood the poet Rabindranath Tagore's artistic sensibilities and works. Tagore himself shared this sentiment, viewing her as a woman of exceptional talent and his primary confidante.

¹² Pratima Devi (1893–1969) was the wife of Rathindranath Tagore, the son of the poet Rabindranath Tagore. She was the niece of Abanindranath and Gaganendranath Tagore. Having lost her husband in a child marriage, she became the first person in the Tagore family to perform a widow remarriage when she wed Rathindranath in 1910. With a profound interest in painting and handicrafts, she also studied under Kampō, and she supported both her husband and the poet Tagore.

¹³ Since the poet Tagore had no younger sister, it would be Mira Debi (1892 -1966), the daughter of Tagore.

¹⁴ Bolpur is the name of a station located between Calcutta and Darjeeling to the north, situated 150 kilometers from Calcutta. Today, as a regional city, it lies adjacent to Tagore's educational institution, Santiniketan.

¹⁵ Located two kilometers from Bolpur Station is Santiniketan, the educational institution founded by the poet Tagore. Criticizing the rigid school education of Calcutta, he started the school in 1901 with five students and six teachers, aiming for the holistic development of humanity; it was then called Brahmavidyalaya. Subsequently, as various departments were established and it developed into a university, it became Visva-Bharati in 1921 (commonly known as Tagore University or Tagore International University) and became a national university after India's independence. When Kampō visited, it was in the process of becoming an international university.

¹⁶ Chatim (English name: Seven-leaf tree). A tropical tree with large leaves. At Visva-Bharati University, these leaves are traditionally used in ceremonies such as graduation. Segun Gach (English name: Teak). A tropical plant of the Verbenaceae family native to Eastern India, widely utilized as teak timber. Bat (English name: Banyan). A massive tree that can grow to several arm-spans in girth, also known as the Bengal Banyan. Many aerial roots hang from its branches and take root in the ground, eventually making the tree

appear like a forest.

¹⁷ Even today, the journey from Bolpur to Calcutta takes three hours by express train.

¹⁸ Nandalal Bose (Nandalāl Basu 1882-1966). Nandalal initially studied under E.V. Havell, the Principal of the Calcutta Government School of Art, and was active as the foremost disciple of the Vice-Principal Abanindranath. Later, being strongly requested by the poet Tagore, he opened the Faculty of Arts at the school in Santiniketan in 1919 and, as its head, nurtured many talented individuals. At the same time, he produced works and frescoes that remain for future generations. With Kampō, through Abanindranath and also through trips to Puri and other such occasions, he associated on a family level and deepened their exchange. On the occasion of Tagore's second visit to Japan, Nandalal came to Japan as an attendant, and Kampō guided them to Hōryū-ji and other places. Later, many of Nandalal's children and disciples also visited Japan and came under the care of Kampō.

¹⁹ Suren Kar. A brilliant painter under the disciple of Abanindranath. A relative of Mr. Bose, the "two pillars" of the school. Later, he became a professor at the Faculty of Arts in Santiniketan.

²⁰ Monks of the Nichiren sect. He and Kampō seemed to have a great rapport. Later, he went to Burma and Malaysia to engage in missionary activities.

²¹ The current National Indian Museum.

²² Lord Shiva (Siva), the god of cosmic creation and destruction at the Dakshineswar (Daksinesvar) temple in northern Calcutta, and the Goddess Kali, one of the two major goddesses worshipped by Bengalis.

²³ Ishizaki Kōyō (1884–1947) was a painter under the tutelage of Seiho Takeuchi and was active in the Teiten (Imperial Art Exhibition). He traveled to and studied in India in 1915 (Taisho 4), 1916 (Taisho 5), and 1933 (Showa 8). His representative works include "Nekkoku Kenshun" (Tropical Spring) and "San-u" (Brilliant Rain).

²⁴ Located in Alipor, Calcutta.

²⁵ Rabindranath Tagore (Rabindranāth Thākur 1861-1941). A Bengal poet who was the first non-Westerner to win the Nobel Prize in Literature. Visit Japan 5 times.

²⁶ Ram Mahan Ray (Rām Mahan Ray 1772-1833) created Brahma Samaj, which innovated Hinduism, excluded idolatry, and worshiped the only god Pranmo (Brahman). The father of the poet Tagore, Debendranath, is his successor.

²⁷ Dwijendranath Tagore (Dwijendranāth Thākur 1840-1926), the eldest brother of the poet Tagore, is famous as a philosopher and a religious person. In his later years, he lived in Santiniketan and lived a life like Francis of Assisi.

²⁸ The Vedic Scriptures.

²⁹ Indian classical music called Hindi Classical.

³⁰ Puri. A coastal city in Orissa (now known as Odisha), one of the largest holy sites of Hinduism. There is the famous Jagannath temple.

³¹ The temple located in Konark is called the Surya Temple, and the entire structure is covered in elaborate sculptures. The temple is designed to represent a chariot with twelve wheels carrying the sun god, Surya. The angles of the sun's rays and the positions of the dancing figures are meticulously calculated. It is also famous for its sculptures of embracing couples.

³² Surendranath Tagore (Surendranāth Thākur). Refer to the section of Note 11

³³ Holi Festival. This festival praises Lord Krishna and celebrates the arrival of spring. On this occasion, people throw colorful powders called Abir at each other.

³⁴ Bichitra. In 1916, the studio was built in a corner of the Tagore family residence in Calcutta for the

purpose of teaching art and handicrafts and performing on stage. Kampō was invited there for the first time.

³⁵ Mukul Chandra Dey (Mukul Candra De 1895-???). After spending five years of his boyhood at the school in Santiniketan, he studied under Abanindranath. He accompanied Tagore on his first visit to Japan in 1916 and met Kampō in Japan. From 1917 to 1919, he worked on copying the murals at Ajanta. He was active in London from 1920 to 1927, and from 1928 to 1943, he served as the principal of the Government School of Art in Calcutta, attaining great fame. He lived in Santiniketan.

³⁶ Okakura Kazuo, the eldest son of Okakura Tenshin. At that time, he was engaged in the Japan-India trade business. He is the author of the book "Chichi Okakura Tenshin" (My Father Okakura Tenshin).

³⁷ Following Kawaguchi Ekai and Teramoto Enyū, Aoki Bunkyo (1886–1959) was dispatched to Tibet for Tibetology studies by Ōtani Kōzui. He entered Tibet in September 1912 and stayed until February 1916, after which he spent some time in India.

³⁸ It is thought to be Nabendranath Tagore (Nabīndranāth Thākur, nicknamed "Nobu").

³⁹ Krishnachura is a tree that blooms crimson flowers under the tropical blue sky of India.

⁴⁰ In 1927, Tagore went to Java and left behind a travelogue of the journey. It seems that he invited Kampō at this time.

⁴¹ It is now located in the northernmost part of West Bengal, a highland mountain surrounded by Nepal to the west, Bhutan to the east, and Sikkim to the north, and was developed as a summer resort during the British period. Many Japanese visited the Himalayas and pine forests.

⁴² Siliguri. A gateway to Darjeeling, very close to Jalpaiguri, the center of North Bengal.

⁴³ Bhutan.

⁴⁴ Kangchenjunga. A peak in the Himalayan mountain range, standing 8,579 meters high and crowned with snow.

⁴⁵ Alakendranath Tagore (Alakendranāth Thākur). The eldest son of Abanindranath Tagore.

⁴⁶ Hisae - Kampō's wife. Hideo, Kiyoko, Yoshie - Kampō's children.

⁴⁷ Dgonpa. The meaning of "temple" in Tibetan.

⁴⁸ Asit Kumar Haldar (Asit Kumār Haldār). With an open and bright personality, he was an early disciple of Abanindranath. He had an interest in literature and painted both scenes from ancient legends and literary illustrations. Later, he was active as the principal of the Lucknow School of Arts and Crafts.

⁴⁹ Mussorie. A superb place located north of Dehra Dun, located on the outer ridge of the Himalayas.

⁵⁰ This refers to a protest meeting against the detention of Annie Besant (see Note 65), where Tagore gave a series of protest lectures in Calcutta and recited his own nationalistic poems.

⁵¹ Located in Bihar state, the surroundings are a hilly area. There was a bungalow belonging to Satyendranath Tagore. Settlements of the indigenous Santal people are scattered in the vicinity.

⁵² Jnanadanandini Debi.

⁵³ Jyotirindranath Tagore (Jyotirindranāth Thākur 1849-1925) was the fifth brother of the poet Tagore, who, like Rabindranath contributed to literature, music, and painting.

⁵⁴ The title of a lord or a powerful person.

⁵⁵ 13 Anna. An Anna is a unit of currency equal to 1/16 of a rupee.

⁵⁶ Mr. Takizawa Naoshichi (Haigo [haiku pen name]: Oson) was a wealthy acquaintance and close friend from the artist's hometown of Ujiie town. He later traveled with Kampō on a trip to Europe and the United States and also served as a patron (organizer/caretaker) of the Kampō-kai association. He was skilled at composing haiku and, in his later years, also studied painting under Kampō.

⁵⁷ Muslims.

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- ⁵⁸ Perciism (Parsi). Also known as Zoroastrianism (the "fire-worshipping religion"), many of its followers reside in western India, and there are temples in Calcutta as well. They arrived after fleeing from Iran.
- ⁵⁹ Sawamura Sentarō. A professor of Oriental Art at Kyoto University. Due to his connection with Kokkasha, he was dispatched by Dr. Taki Seiichi. His book, "Tōyō Bijutsushi no Kenkyū (Studies in the History of Oriental Art)", contains various papers related to Indian art, along with an account of his experiences at the time titled "Indo Ajanta no Seikatsu" (Life in Ajanta, India).
- ⁶⁰ Ōhashi Ichirōemon. A friend from the artist's hometown. He also served as a patron (organizer/caretaker) of the Kampō-kai association. Even today, a large number of letters addressed to him are preserved.
- ⁶¹ Nōsu Kōsetsu. A Japanese painter who belonged to the Nihon bijutsu-in (Japan Art Institute) as an inyū (associate member) at that time. He traveled to India later as well and is particularly famous for the painting of the great mural at the Mūlagandhakuṭi Vihāra in Sarnath.
- ⁶² This refers to the two children of Surendranath, the eldest son of Satyendranath Tagore: his eldest son, Subirendra, and his second daughter, Jaya.
- ⁶³ This refers to the plan to travel around historical sites in India together with Mr. Oka, as mentioned later in the entry dated October 8th.
- ⁶⁴ Howrah (Hāorā). Calcutta's Howrah Station.
- ⁶⁵ Annie Besant. An Irish woman who joined the Theosophical Society based in Madras, she preached awareness of and faith in ancient Indian culture, exerting a deep influence on social thought. In 1916, she established the Home Rule League together with Tilak, and between 1916 and 1917, she strongly advocated for the nationalist movement. It was precisely at that time that Kampō encountered her.
- ⁶⁶ Allahabad (Allāhābād). One of the largest traditional towns in Uttar Pradesh (U.P.), North India. The fort and town were built by Emperor Akbar. It is situated at the confluence of the Yamuna and Ganges rivers.
- ⁶⁷ Bhuvaneswar. The capital of Orissa (now known as Odisha).
- ⁶⁸ Gari. The meaning of an ox cart or a carriage.
- ⁶⁹ A common language of Northern India, formed by the blending of Hindi and Urdu.
- ⁷⁰ Amaravati (Amarāvati). Located in Andhra Pradesh, South India, this was the center of the Amaravati School during the late Andhra period. It contains the ruins of a Buddhist stupa discovered by the British in 1797, and its bas-reliefs depicting scenes from the life of the Buddha are famous.
- ⁷¹ Usui Seizō. He appears to have been engaged in trade in the South Seas from an early stage. He was strong at judo, and after returning to Japan, he reportedly opened a kichinyado (a cheap lodging house) in the shitamachi (downtown) area and often took care of people.
- ⁷² Sigiriya. It is estimated that a mural was painted at the place where the castle of Kassapa (479-497) was around the 5th century.
- ⁷³ Kandy. The capital of Ceylon (Sri Lanka) for a period starting from the early 16th century. Located in the Central Province, it is now famous as a summer resort.
- ⁷⁴ The Nirvana statue of Gal Vihara is particularly famous.
- ⁷⁵ Anuradhapur. It was the capital of Ceylon from the 3rd century B.C. to the 8th century A.D.
- ⁷⁶ Madrai. The center of Tamil culture. Ancient capital. There are many ancient Hindu temples.
- ⁷⁷ Present-day Bengaluru (Bangalore). This refers to a geographical place name, not a Dak Bungalow. It is the capital of the state of Mysore. The Kempe Gowda Fort is famous there.
- ⁷⁸ A beautiful city surrounded by hills in Maharashtra. Famous for forts, temples, and academic research

institutes.

⁷⁹ The caves of Nashik (Nārik). Located in the state of Maharashtra, these are among a group of scattered caves such as Ajanta and Karli. They are thought to have been created around the beginning of the Christian era (the turn of the millennium).

⁸⁰ Among the various cave groups, Ellora stands out in scale and number, where Buddhism, Hinduism, and Jainism coexist. Specifically, it is estimated that Caves 1–12 were created in the 5th and 6th centuries, and Caves 13–29 were created in the 7th and 8th centuries.

⁸¹ Dak Bungalo. (Daak bangalo, Dawk bungalow) refers to an inspection officer's lodging (rest house).

⁸² Jainism. Its founder, a contemporary of the Buddha, is called Mahavira (Great Hero) and also Jina (Conqueror/Victor). Even today, it has a large number of followers in Western India. Many are engaged in commerce and hold significant power in the economic world.

⁸³ Jalal'ud-Din Muhammad Akbar Azam (1556-1605). He established the Mughal Empire, ascending to the throne at the age of 13. He sought harmony with Hindus through marriage and other means, demonstrating a spirit of tolerance. He expanded his domain and territory. A new culture began to emerge through his attempts at the fusion of both Islamic and Hindu cultures.

⁸⁴ Chitpur (Citpur). The name of a neighborhood very close to the Tagore family residence in Calcutta. A Jain temple is located there.

⁸⁵ This refers to a chariot (rath) carrying the idol of the founder of Jainism.

⁸⁶ Asai Kanpa. A young painter of the Bijutsu-in (Japan Art Institute) at the time, selected by Taikan, Kanzan, and others, who came as an assistant to Kampō. Although he later left the Bijutsu-in, he remained close friends with Kampo for a long time.

⁸⁷ Elephanta. Elephanta Island, about 10 kilometers from Bombay (today's Mumbai). It is famous for giant sculptures believed to have been created in the 7th century, with the images of Lord Shiva being particularly renowned.

⁸⁸ Jalgaon. A city located on both the line from Nagpur in central India to Bombay and the line from Varanasi (Benares) to Bombay; it serves as the starting point for journeys to Ellora and Ajanta.

⁸⁹ A horse-drawn carriage with a hood (top).

⁹⁰ Hyderabad. The capital of Andhra Pradesh at the time, and an ancient city with a large Muslim population.

⁹¹ Kamoshita Chōko. A painter under the tutelage of Matsumoto Fūko, who was active starting from the Bunten period in the Meiji era and was once a member of the Kōjikai association. He later joined the Jiyū Kaiga Tenrankai (Free Painting Exhibition). It is thought that he and Kampō met around the time of the Kōjikai. Tsunesaburō (Kuboi Tsunesaburō), a relative of Kampō. Mr. Ōno refers to Ōno Shizukata (see Note 1).

⁹² Pestonji Bomanji. From 1872 to 1885, a person who joined the imitation project carried out by Mr. Griffith, a British officer of the Indian Government, as an assistant at the time.

⁹³ He studied under Hashimoto Gahō and mastered Buddhist art. Together with Nōsu Kōsetsu, he worked on the grand mural "Shaka Ichidaiki" (The Life of Buddha, completed in 1936) at the Mūlagandhakuṭi Vihāra in Sarnath, but passed away before seeing its completion (1876-1932).

⁹⁴ Syed Ahmad. He participated as an assistant in Miss Herringham's copying project from 1909 to 1911 and was in charge of the copying project commissioned by the Hyderabad Princely State government, which started in 1915. At that time, it appears that he was also entrusted with the management of the cave temples.

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- ⁹⁵ Situated at the most convenient location for reaching the Ellora and Ajanta caves, it features a mausoleum built by the famous Emperor Aurangzeb in the same style as the Agra mausoleum (Taj Mahal), as well as ruins such as a fort.
- ⁹⁶ Muhammad Nizamuddin. An engineer from the Department of Archaeology of Hyderabad State. At that time, he was in charge of surveying the caves and surrounding areas of Ajanta.
- ⁹⁷ Bhopal. One of the central cities of Madhya Pradesh.
- ⁹⁸ Agra. It became famous for its connection with the Mughal Empire in the 16th century. It served as the royal residence such as Emperor Akbar, Emperor Shah Jahan, and especially renowned for the Agra Fort and the Taj Mahal.
- ⁹⁹ Peshawar. Formerly known as Purushapura (Puruṣapura). Located in the northwest of present-day Pakistan, it is situated near the Khyber Pass on the border with Afghanistan.
- ¹⁰⁰ Rawalpindi. A city in present-day Pakistan.
- ¹⁰¹ Jamna / Yamna.
- ¹⁰² Mathura. When Kushan dynasty art is divided into two major schools, they are Mathurā and Gandhāra. It is located south of Delhi.
- ¹⁰³ Taj Mahal. The mausoleum of Mumtaz Mahal, the consort of Emperor Shah Jahan (reigned 1628–1658), located on the banks of the Yamuna River.
- ¹⁰⁴ A monastery built for Shakyamuni Buddha by the wealthy merchant Sudatta, located south of the city of Shravasti in ancient Central India. Shravasti was the capital of the Kosala Kingdom, known as Sāvattī, and is the site of present-day Saheth-Maheth.
- ¹⁰⁵ Shakyamuni entered Nirvana in the Sal grove on the west bank of the Hiranyavati River outside the castle of Kushinagar.
- ¹⁰⁶ Aniruddha. One of the ten principal disciples of Shakyamuni; he was a cousin of Shakyamuni and the lord of Kapilavastu.
- ¹⁰⁷ Saheb. Meaning "master" or "sir."
- ¹⁰⁸ Rajagrha, Rajgir. The place where Buddha actually stayed for a long time.
- ¹⁰⁹ Bodh Gaya. It is located in the state of Bihar, where the Buddhists meditated under the linden trees of this place and attained Great Enlightenment.
- ¹¹⁰ Gaya. A pilgrimage site containing sacred places of Hinduism.
- ¹¹¹ Nairanjana River. The river flowing through Bodh Gaya, the site of the Buddha's enlightenment.
- ¹¹² The finished painting "The Birth of Buddha" (a pair of six-panel folding screens on gold ground). This work was sent to Japan and exhibited at the 5th Inten (Nihon bijutsu-in Exhibition) in 1918. The painting was gifted to Mr. Senda.
- ¹¹³ Mr. Otani Noboru. The president of Nippon Yusen (NYK Line) at that time. Kampō received his support and assistance for many years thereafter.
- ¹¹⁴ Refers to the poem by Gurudev Tagore. It is also included in this archive database.