An Account of My Hut

KAMO NO CHŌMEI

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方丈記

Translated from the Japanese with AI (Claude) and edited



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INTRODUCTION

"The flowing river never stops, and yet the water is never the same." With these words Kamo no Chōmei (c. 1155–1216) opens *Hōjōki*, "An Account of a Ten-Foot-Square Hut," which he finished in 1212. Born into the family of hereditary priests of the Shimogamo Shrine in Kyoto, he was a respected poet and musician, but he failed to win the shrine office he had hoped for and around the age of fifty left the world to become a Buddhist monk.

The first half of the book describes the disasters Chōmei witnessed in the capital: a great fire in 1177, a whirlwind and the sudden move of the capital in 1180, a famine that filled the streets with the dead, and the earthquake of 1185. Each shows how little the houses and ambitions of people can be relied on. The second half describes his own retreat to a tiny portable hut on Mount Hino, southeast of the capital, and the quiet pleasures of a life without possessions or obligations.

Short and carefully built, written in a prose that mixes Japanese and Chinese styles, *Hōjōki* is one of the classics of Japanese literature and of Buddhist reflection on impermanence. It ends with a twist: Chōmei asks whether his love of the hut is not itself the kind of attachment he left the world to escape, and finds he has no answer.

An Account of My Hut

方丈記

Fire, whirlwind, the move of the capital, famine and earthquake; then the life of a recluse in a ten-foot-square hut, and a final doubt about his attachment to it.

THE RIVER

The flowing river and the bubbles on its pools: people and their houses never last.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
1	行く川のながれは絕えずして、しかも本の水にあらず。よどみに浮ぶうたかたは、かつ消えかつ結びて久しくとゞまることなし。世の中にある人とすみかと、またかくの如し。玉しきの都の中にむねをならべいらかをあらそへる、たかきいやしき人のすまひは、代々を經て盡きせぬものなれど、これをまことかと尋ぬれば、昔ありし家はまれなり。	The flowing river never stops, and yet the water is never the same. The foam that floats on its pools now vanishes, now forms again, and never stays for long. So it is with people in the world and their dwellings. In the jewel-paved capital, the houses of high and low stand ridge to ridge and vie with one another in the height of their tiled roofs. They seem to go on generation after generation without end, yet if we ask whether this is really so, few of the houses that stood long ago are still there.
	或はこぞ破れてことしは造り、あるは大家ほろびて小家となる。住む人もこれにおなじ。所もかはらず、人も多かれど、いにしへ見し人は、二三十人が中に、わづかにひとりふたりなり。あしたに死し、ゆふべに生るゝならひ、たゞ水の泡にぞ似たりける。知らず、生れ死ぬる人、いづかたより來りて、いづかたへか去る。	Some fell to ruin last year and were built anew this year. Others were great houses that have fallen and become small ones. So it is with the people who live in them. The place is the same and there are still many people, but of those I knew in the old days barely one or two remain out of twenty or thirty. Dying in the morning, born in the evening: this is the way of things, and it is just like the foam on the water. I do not know where those who are born and die come from, or where they go.
	又知らず、かりのやどり、誰が爲に心を惱まし、何によりてか目をよろこばしむる。そのあるじとすみかと、無常をあらそひ去るさま、いはゞ朝顏の露にことならず。或は露おちて花のこれり。のこるといへども朝日に枯れぬ。或は花はしぼみて、露なほ消えず。消えずといへども、ゆふべを待つことなし。	Nor do I know for whose sake we trouble our hearts over these temporary lodgings, or what in them delights our eyes. The master and his dwelling depart as if vying with each other in impermanence, no different, one might say, from the morning glory and its dew. Sometimes the dew falls and the flower remains; but though it remains, it withers in the morning sun. Sometimes the flower fades and the dew has not yet vanished; but though it has not vanished, it does not last until evening.

THE GREAT FIRE

The fire of 1177 that burned much of the capital in a single night.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
2	およそ物の心を知れりしよりこのかた、四十あまりの春秋をおくれる間に、世のふしぎを見ることやゝたびたびになりぬ。いにし安元三年四月廿八日かとよ、風烈しく吹きてしづかならざりし夜、戌の時ばかり、都のたつみより火出で來りていぬゐに至る。はてには朱雀門、大極殿、大學寮、民部の省まで移りて、ひとよがほどに、塵灰となりにき。火本は樋口富の小路とかや、病人を宿せるかりやより出で來けるとなむ。	In the forty-odd springs and autumns I have lived since I first came to understand the nature of things, I have seen strange happenings in the world more than a few times. It was, I think, on the twenty-eighth day of the fourth month of the third year of Angen (1177), a night when the wind blew fiercely and would not die down, that around eight in the evening (the hour of the Dog) a fire broke out in the southeast of the capital and spread to the northwest. In the end it reached the Suzaku Gate, the Great Hall of State, the State Academy and the Ministry of Popular Affairs, and in a single night all were reduced to dust and ash. The fire started, so I am told, at the corner of Higuchi and Tomi-no-kōji, in a makeshift shelter where sick people were lodged.[1]
	吹きまよふ風にとかく移り行くほどに、扇をひろげたるが如くすゑひろになりぬ。遠き家は煙にむせび、近きあたりはひたすらほのほを地に吹きつけたり。空には灰を吹きたてたれば、火の光に映じてあまねくくれなゐなる中に、風に堪へず吹き切られたるほのほ、飛ぶが如くにして一二町を越えつゝ移り行く。その中の人うつゝ心ならむや。あるひは煙にむせびてたふれ伏し、或は炎にまぐれてたちまちに死しぬ。	Carried this way and that by the shifting wind, the fire spread now here, now there, widening like an opened fan. Distant houses choked in smoke; closer by, the wind drove the flames flat against the ground. Ash was blown up into the sky and caught the light of the fire, so that everything glowed crimson, and through it flames torn off by the wind flew through the air, leaping one or two blocks at a time as the fire spread. Could the people caught in it have been in their right minds? Some choked in the smoke and fell; others were overcome by the flames and died on the spot.[2]
	或は又わづかに身一つからくして遁れたれども、資財を取り出づるに及ばず。七珍萬寶、さながら灰燼となりにき。そのつひえいくそばくぞ。このたび公卿の家十六燒けたり。ましてその外は數を知らず。すべて都のうち、三分が二に及べりとぞ。男女死ぬるもの數千人、馬牛のたぐひ邊際を知らず。人のいとなみみなおろかなる中に、さしも危き京中の家を作るとて寶をつひやし心をなやますことは、すぐれてあぢきなくぞ侍るべき。	Others barely escaped with their lives and could not bring out their belongings. The seven treasures and ten thousand riches all turned to ash. How great the loss must have been! This time sixteen houses of senior nobles burned, and the others were beyond counting. In all, they say, the fire took two thirds of the capital. Several thousand men and women died, and horses, oxen and other animals beyond reckoning. Of all human pursuits, which are all foolish, spending one's wealth and troubling one's heart to build a house in so dangerous a capital must surely be the most futile.

1 The Suzaku Gate was the main southern gate of the palace enclosure and the Great Hall of State its chief ceremonial hall; the Academy trained officials for the court.

2 A block (chō) of the capital's grid measured about 120 meters.

THE WHIRLWIND

The whirlwind of 1180 that tore through the capital.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
3	また治承四年卯月廿九日のころ、中の御門京極のほどより、大なるつじかぜ起りて、六條わたりまで、いかめしく吹きけること侍りき。三四町をかけて吹きまくるに、その中にこもれる家ども、大なるもちひさきも、一つとしてやぶれざるはなし。さながらひらにたふれたるもあり。けたはしらばかり殘れるもあり。	Again, around the twenty-ninth day of the fourth month of the fourth year of Jishō (1180), a great whirlwind arose near Nakanomikado and Kyōgoku and blew violently as far as the Rokujō area. It swept across three or four blocks, and of the houses caught in it, large or small, not one escaped damage. Some were knocked flat; of others only the beams and pillars were left.
	又門の上を吹き放ちて、四五町がほどに置き、又垣を吹き拂ひて、隣と一つになせり。いはむや家の內のたから、數をつくして空にあがり、ひはだぶき板のたぐひ、冬の木の葉の風に亂るゝがごとし。塵を煙のごとく吹き立てたれば、すべて目も見えず。おびたゞしくなりとよむ音に、物いふ聲も聞えず。	It tore gates off and set them down four or five blocks away; it blew away fences so that one property ran into the next. Still more, the goods inside the houses rose into the sky, every last one of them, and cypress-bark shingles and boards flew about like winter leaves scattered by the wind. It raised the dust like smoke, so that nothing at all could be seen, and in the tremendous roar no one could hear anyone speak.
	かの地獄の業風なりとも、かばかりにとぞ覺ゆる。家の損亡するのみならず、これをとり繕ふ間に、身をそこなひて、[身に障りを負へる]もの數を知らず。この風ひつじさるのかたに移り行きて、多くの人のなげきをなせり。つじかぜはつねに吹くものなれど、かゝることやはある。たゞごとにあらず。さるべき物のさとしかなとぞ疑ひ侍りし。	Even the karmic wind of hell, I thought, could be no worse than this. Not only were houses damaged and destroyed; while people were repairing them, countless were hurt and left disabled. The wind moved off toward the southwest and brought grief to many people. Whirlwinds are common enough, but has anything like this ever happened? This was no ordinary event. I wondered whether it might be a warning of some kind.[3]

THE MOVE OF THE CAPITAL

The sudden move of the capital to Settsu in 1180, and the ruin it left behind.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
4	又おなじ年の六月の頃、にはかに都うつり侍りき。いと思ひの外なりし事なり。大かたこの京のはじめを聞けば、嵯峨の天皇の御時、都とさだまりにけるより後、既に數百歲を經たり。異なるゆゑなくて、たやすく改まるべくもあらねば、これを世の人、たやすからずうれへあへるさま、ことわりにも過ぎたり。されどとかくいふかひなくて、みかどよりはじめ奉りて、大臣公卿ことごとく攝津國難波の京にうつり給ひぬ。	Again, around the sixth month of the same year, the capital was suddenly moved. No one had imagined such a thing. From what I have heard of the beginnings of this capital, several hundred years have already passed since it was established as the capital in the reign of Emperor Saga. Since it was not something to be changed lightly without special reason, people's deep distress over it was more than understandable. But there was nothing to be done, and starting with His Majesty the Em-

3 In Buddhist cosmology a wind produced by karma blows through hell, driving the damned before it.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
	peror, the ministers and senior nobles all moved to the capital at Naniwa in Settsu.[4]
世に仕ふるほどの人、誰かひとりふるさとに殘り居らむ。官位に思ひをかけ、主君のかげを賴むほどの人は、一日なりとも、とくうつらむとはげみあへり。時を失ひ世にあまされて、ごする所なきものは、愁へながらとまり居れり。軒を爭ひし人のすまひ、日を經つゝあれ行く。家はこぼたれて淀川に浮び、地は目の前に畠となる。	Of those who served at court, who would stay behind alone in the old capital? Those who set their hopes on office and rank, or relied on the favor of a lord, strove to move as soon as they could, if only a day sooner. Those who had missed their chance, been left behind by the world and had nothing to hope for stayed on in grief. The dwellings that had once vied eave to eave fell further into ruin with each passing day. Houses were dismantled and floated down the Yodo River, and the land turned into fields before one's eyes.
人の心皆あらたまりて、たゞ馬鞍をのみ重くす。牛車を用とする人なし。西南海の所領をのみ願ひ、東北國の庄園をば好まず。その時、おのづから事のたよりありて、津の國今の京に到れり。所のありさまを見るに、その地ほどせまくて、條里をわるにたらず。北は山にそひて高く、南は海に近くてくだれり。なみの音つねにかまびすしくて、潮風殊にはげしく、內裏は山の中なれば、かの木の丸殿もかくやと、なかなかやうかはりて、いうなるかたも侍りき。	People's minds all changed. They valued only horses and saddles, and no one had any use for ox-carriages. They wanted only estates along the western and southern seaboards and cared nothing for manors in the eastern and northern provinces. At that time, as it happened, I had occasion to go to the new capital in the province of Tsu. Looking at the place, I saw that the land was cramped, too narrow to lay out the grid of streets. To the north it rose high against the mountains; to the south it sloped down close to the sea. The sound of the waves was always loud and the sea wind especially fierce. The palace stood among the mountains, so that I wondered whether the famous log palace had been like this; it was quite unusual, and had a certain elegance of its own.[5]
日々にこぼちて川もせきあへずはこびくだす家はいづくにつくれるにかあらむ。なほむなしき地は多く、作れる屋はすくなし。ふるさとは既にあれて、新都はいまだならず。ありとしある人、みな浮雲のおもひをなせり。元より此處に居れるものは、地を失ひてうれへ、今うつり住む人は、土木のわづらひあることをなげく。	The houses pulled down day after day and carried downstream until the river was almost choked with them: where, I wonder, were they being rebuilt? Empty land was still plentiful, and few houses had been built. The old capital was already in ruins, and the new one not yet built. Everyone without exception felt like a drifting cloud. Those who had lived there from the start grieved at losing their land, and those who had just moved there lamented the burden of building.
道のほとりを見れば、車に乘るべきはうまに乘り、衣冠布衣なるべきはひたゝれを着たり。都のてふりたちまちにあらたまりて、唯ひなびたる武士にことならず。これは世の亂るゝ瑞相とか聞きおけるもしるく、日を經つゝ世の中うき立ちて、人の心も治らず、民の	Looking along the roadsides, I saw that those who should ride in carriages rode on horseback, and those who should wear court robes and caps or plain linen robes wore the *hitatare*. The manners of the capital had changed overnight, and people

4 The new capital was actually at Fukuhara (in modern Kobe), the base of Taira no Kiyomori. Heian-kyō was founded in 794 under Emperor Kanmu; under Saga (r. 809–823) it was confirmed as the capital.
5 The log palace (Ki no Marudono) at Asakura in Kyushu, a rough residence of the court in 661, known from a poem attributed to Emperor Tenji.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
うれへつひにむなしからざりければ、おなじ年の冬、猶この京に歸り給ひにき。	looked no different from rustic warriors. I had heard that such things are omens of a world falling into turmoil, and so it proved. As the days went by the world grew more unsettled and people's minds found no peace, and since in the end the people's grief did not go unheeded, in the winter of that same year His Majesty returned to this capital after all.[6]
されどこぼちわたせりし家どもはいかになりにけるにか、ことごとく元のやうにも作らず。ほのかに傳へ聞くに、いにしへのかしこき御代には、あはれみをもて國ををさめ給ふ。則ち御殿に茅をふきて軒をだにとゝのへず。煙のともしきを見給ふ時は、かぎりあるみつぎものをさへゆるされき。これ民をめぐみ、世をたすけ給ふによりてなり。今の世の中のありさま、昔になぞらへて知りぬべし。	But what became of all the houses that had been torn down? They were not all rebuilt as they had been. I have heard faintly that in the wise reigns of old, the rulers governed the land with compassion. The palace was thatched with reeds, and even its eaves were left untrimmed. When they saw that little smoke was rising from the people's hearths, they remitted even the fixed taxes. This was because they cared for the people and helped the world. One can tell what the present age is like by comparing it with the past.[7]

THE FAMINE

Two years of drought, storms and famine (1181–82); the dead fill the streets of the capital.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
5 又養和のころかとよ、久しくなりてたしかにも覺えず、二年が間、世の中飢渇して、あさましきこと侍りき。或は春夏日でり、或は秋冬大風、大水などよからぬ事どもうちつゞきて、五穀ことごとくみのらず。むなしく春耕し、夏植うるいとなみありて、秋かり冬收むるぞめきはなし。これによりて、國々の民、或は地を捨てゝ堺を出で、或は家をわすれて山にすむ。	Again, it was around the Yōwa era (1181–82), I think—it was long ago and I do not remember clearly—that for two years the world was stricken by famine and dreadful things happened. Drought in spring and summer, or great winds and floods in autumn and winter: one misfortune followed another, and none of the five grains ripened. In vain people plowed in spring and planted in summer; there was no bustle of reaping in autumn and storing in winter. Because of this, the people of the provinces either abandoned their land and crossed the borders, or forsook their homes and went to live in the mountains.
さまざまの御祈はじまりて、なべてならぬ法ども行はるれども、さらにそのしるしなし。京のならひなに事につけても、みなもとは田舍をこそたのめるに、絕えてのぼるものなければ、さのみやはみさをも作りあへむ。念じわびつゝ、さまざまの寶もの、かたはしより捨つるがごとくすれども、さらに目みたつる人もなし。たまたま易ふるものは、金をかろくし、粟を重くす。	All kinds of prayers were begun and extraordinary rites performed, but they had no effect whatever. The capital, as is its way, depends on the countryside for everything, and since nothing at all came up from there, how could it keep up appearances? Unable to endure any longer, people tried to sell their treasures one after another, all but throwing them away, yet no one so much as

6 The hitatare was the everyday garment of warriors, in contrast to the formal court dress and linen hunting robes of courtiers.
7 An allusion to Emperor Nintoku, who, seeing little smoke rising from the people's hearths, remitted taxes for three years while his own palace fell into disrepair.

JAPANESE

ENGLISH

looked at them. The few who did trade held gold cheap and millet dear.

乞食道の邊におほく、うれへ悲しむ聲耳にみてり。さきの年かくの如くからくして暮れぬ。明くる年は立ちなほるべきかと思ふに、あまさへえやみうちそひて、まさるやうにあとかたなし。世の人みな飢ゑ死にければ、日を經つゝきはまり行くさま、少水の魚のたとへに叶へり。はてには笠うちき、足ひきつゝみ、よろしき姿したるもの、ひたすら家ごとに乞ひありく。かくわびしれたるものどもありくかと見れば則ち斃れふしぬ。

Beggars crowded the roadsides, and the voices of grief and lament filled one's ears. So the first year came painfully to an end. We thought the next year would surely bring recovery, but on top of everything an epidemic broke out, and things only grew worse, past all remedy. People everywhere were starving to death, and as their plight grew more desperate day by day, they were like the fish in the parable of the dwindling water. In the end even people of decent appearance, in hats and with their legs wrapped, went begging from house to house with nothing else in mind. One would see these wretched, dazed people walking along, and the next moment they had collapsed and lay where they fell.[8]

ついひぢのつら、路頭に飢ゑ死ぬるたぐひは數もしらず。取り捨つるわざもなければ、くさき香世界にみちみちて、かはり行くかたちありさま、目もあてられぬこと多かり。いはむや河原などには、馬車の行きちがふ道だにもなし。しづ、山がつも、力つきて、薪にさへともしくなりゆけば、たのむかたなき人は、みづから家をこぼちて市に出でゝこれを賣るに、一人がもち出でたるあたひ、猶一日が命をさゝふるにだに及ばずとぞ。

Along the earthen walls and by the roadsides, those who had starved to death were beyond counting. Since no one took the bodies away, the stench filled the whole world, and as their faces and forms decayed there was much one could not bear to look at. Still worse, along the riverbed there was not even room for horses and carriages to pass. Even humble folk and woodcutters ran out of strength, so that even firewood grew scarce. Those with nothing else to rely on broke up their own houses and took the wood to market to sell, yet what one person brought, they say, was not enough to sustain life for a single day.

あやしき事は、かゝる薪の中に、につき、しろがねこがねのはくなど所々につきて見ゆる木のわれあひまじれり。これを尋ぬればすべき方なきものゝ、古寺に至りて佛をぬすみ、堂の物の具をやぶりとりて、わりくだけるなりけり。濁惡の世にしも生れあひて、かゝる心うきわざをなむ見侍りし。

Strange to say, mixed in with this firewood were pieces of split wood with red paint or flakes of silver and gold leaf clinging to them here and there. When I asked about it, it turned out that people with no other means had gone to old temples, stolen the buddha images, torn the furnishings from the halls, and broken them up. Born into this defiled and evil age, I saw such heartbreaking deeds.

6 又あはれなること侍りき。さりがたき女男など持ちたるものは、その思ひまさりて、心ざし深きはかならずさきだちて死しぬ。そのゆゑは、我が身をば次になして、男にもあれ女にもあれ、いたはしく思ふかたに、たまたま乞ひ得たる物を、まづゆづるによりてなり。されば父子あるものはさだまれる事にて、親ぞさきだちて死にける。

There was something pitiful too. Of those who had a wife or husband they could not bear to part from, the one whose love was deeper always died first. The reason was that they put themselves second, and whatever they happened to obtain by begging they gave first to the one they cared for, whether husband or wife. So too, where there

8 From a Buddhist verse: as each day passes life shrinks, like fish in a dwindling pool—what joy is there in that?

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
	were parents and children, it was always the parent who died first.
又母が命つきて臥せるをもしらずして、いとけなき子のその乳房に吸ひつきつゝ、ふせるなどもありけり。仁和寺に、慈尊院の大藏卿隆曉法印といふ人、かくしつゝ、かずしらず死ぬることをかなしみて、ひじりをあまたかたらひつゝ、その死首の見ゆるごとに、額に阿字を書きて、縁をむすばしむるわざをなむせられける。その人數を知らむとて、四五兩月がほどかぞへたりければ、京の中、一條より南、九條より北、京極より西、朱雀より東、道のほとりにある頭、すべて四萬二千三百あまりなむありける。	There were even small children who, not knowing that their mother's life had ended, lay sucking at her breast. At Ninnaji, a man called the Hōin Ryūgyō of the Jison'in, the Treasury Minister's son, grieved that people were dying beyond counting in this way. He enlisted a number of holy men, and wherever the head of a dead person was seen, they wrote the letter A on its forehead, to bind the dead to the Buddha. Wishing to know their number, he counted them over the fourth and fifth months: within the capital, south of First Avenue and north of Ninth, west of Kyōgoku and east of Suzaku, the heads lying by the roadsides came to more than forty-two thousand three hundred in all.[9]
いはむやその前後に死ぬるもの多く、河原、白河、にしの京、もろもろの邊地などをくはへていはゞ際限もあるべからず。いかにいはむや、諸國七道をや。近くは崇德院の御位のとき、長承のころかとよ、かゝるためしはありけると聞けど、その世のありさまは知らず。まのあたりいとめづらかに、かなしかりしことなり。	Many more died before and after that time, and if one were to add the riverbed, Shirakawa, the western half of the capital and all the outlying districts, there would be no end to it. And how much more in all the provinces along the seven circuits! In recent times, when Retired Emperor Sutoku was on the throne, around the Chōshō era (1132–35), I have heard that something similar happened, but I do not know what the world was like then. What I saw with my own eyes was something unheard of, and terribly sad.[10]

THE EARTHQUAKE

The great earthquake of 1185 and its months of aftershocks.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
7 また元暦二年のころ、おほなゐふること侍りき。そのさまよのつねならず。山くづれて川を埋み、海かたぶきて陸をひたせり。土さけて水わきあがり、いはほわれて谷にまろび入り、なぎさこぐふねは浪にたゞよひ、道ゆく駒は足のたちどをまどはせり。いはむや都のほとりには、在々所々堂舍廟塔、一つとして全からず。或はくづれ、或はたふれたる間、塵灰立ちあがりて盛なる煙のごとし。	Again, around the second year of Genryaku (1185), there was a great earthquake. It was no ordinary one. Mountains collapsed and buried rivers; the sea tilted and flooded the land. The earth split and water welled up; boulders cracked and rolled into the valleys. Boats rowing along the shore were tossed on the waves, and horses on the road could not find their footing. Around the capital, in place after place, not one temple hall, shrine or pagoda was left whole. Some crumbled, others toppled, and the dust and ash rose up like thick smoke.
地のふるひ家のやぶるゝ音、いかづちにことならず。家の中に居れば忽にうちひしげなむとす。はしり出づ	The sound of the earth shaking and houses breaking was no different from thunder. If one stayed

9 Hōin was the highest rank in the Buddhist clergy. In esoteric Buddhism the letter A, first of the Sanskrit alphabet, stands for the unborn origin of all things.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
ればまた地われさく。羽なければ空へもあがるべからず。龍ならねば雲にのぼらむこと難し。おそれの中におそるべかりけるは、たゞ地震なりけるとぞ覺え侍りし。	inside, the house might crush one at any moment; if one ran out, the ground split open. Without wings one cannot rise into the sky; not being a dragon, one cannot climb into the clouds. Of all frightening things, I came to feel, the most frightening is an earthquake.
その中に、あるものゝふのひとり子の、六つ七つばかりに侍りしが、ついぢのおほひの下に小家をつくり、はかなげなるあとなしごとをして遊び侍りしが、俄にくづれうめられて、あとかたなくひらにうちひさがれて、二つの目など一寸ばかりうち出されたるを、父母かゝへて、聲もをしまずかなしみあひて侍りしこそあはれにかなしく見はべりしか。子のかなしみにはたけきものも恥を忘れけりと覺えて、いとほしくことわりかなとぞ見はべりし。	Among those caught in it was the only child of a certain warrior, six or seven years old, who had made a little house under the roof of an earthen wall and was playing some harmless, childish game there, when the wall suddenly collapsed and buried the child, crushing the body flat beyond recognition, with both eyes forced out an inch or so. The father and mother held their child and wept together without restraint, and I found it pitiful and heartbreaking to see. It seemed that in grief for a child even the bravest forget shame, and I thought it touching and only natural.
かくおびたゞしくふることはしばしにて止みにしかども、そのなごりしばしば絕えず。よのつねにおどろくほどの地震、二三十度ふらぬ日はなし。十日廿日過ぎにしかば、やうやうまどほになりて、或は四五度、二三度、もしは一日まぜ、二三日に一度など、大かたそのなごり、三月ばかりや侍りけむ。	Such violent shaking stopped after a while, but the aftershocks went on and on. Not a day passed without twenty or thirty tremors strong enough to alarm anyone in ordinary times. After ten or twenty days they gradually came less often—four or five times a day, or two or three times, or every other day, or once in two or three days—and in all, I believe, the aftershocks went on for about three months.
四大種の中に、水火風はつねに害をなせど、大地に至りては殊なる變をなさず。むかし齊衡のころかとよ。おほなゐふりて、東大寺の佛のみぐし落ちなどして、いみじきことゞも侍りけれど、猶このたびにはしかずとぞ。すなはち人皆あぢきなきことを述べて、いさゝか心のにごりもうすらぐと見えしほどに、月日かさなり年越えしかば、後は言の葉にかけて、いひ出づる人だになし。	Of the four great elements, water, fire and wind constantly do harm, but the earth does not usually bring any extraordinary calamity. Long ago, around the Saikō era (854–857), I think, there was a great earthquake that did terrible things, even knocking the head off the Buddha at Tōdaiji, yet they say it was not as bad as this one. At the time everyone spoke of how futile things are, and it seemed that the impurity in their hearts had thinned a little; but as months and days piled up and the years went by, afterward no one so much as mentioned it.[11]

THE HARDSHIP OF LIVING IN THE WORLD

How rank, wealth, poverty and dependence on others torment the mind.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
8 すべて世のありにくきこと、わが身とすみかとの、はかなくあだなるさまかくのごとし。いはむや所によ	So it is: life in this world is hard, and our bodies and dwellings are fleeting and vain, as I have de-

10 The seven circuits were the highways and regions into which the provinces of Japan were divided.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
り、身のほどにしたがひて、心をなやますこと、あげてかぞふべからず。もしおのづから身かずならずして、權門のかたはらに居るものは深く悦ぶことあれども、大にたのしぶにあたはず。なげきある時も聲をあげて泣くことなし。	scribed. Still more, the ways in which our hearts are troubled by where we live and by our station in life are too many to count. If one happens to be of no account and lives beside a powerful house, one may have cause for deep joy but cannot rejoice openly, and in sorrow one cannot cry aloud.
進退やすからず、たちゐにつけて恐れをのゝくさま、たとへば、雀の鷹の巣に近づけるがごとし。もし貧しくして富める家の隣にをるものは、朝夕すぼき姿を耻ぢてへつらひつゝ出で入る妻子、僮僕のうらやめるさまを見るにも、富める家のひとのないがしろなるけしきを聞くにも、心念々にうごきて時としてやすからず。もしせばき地に居れば、近く炎上する時、その害をのがるゝことなし。もし邊地にあれば、往反わづらひ多く、盗賊の難はなれがたし。	One cannot move freely; standing or sitting, one lives in fear and trembling, like a sparrow near a hawk's nest. If one is poor and lives beside a rich house, one is ashamed morning and evening of one's shabby appearance and goes in and out fawning; seeing the envy of one's wife, children and servants, and hearing how disdainfully the rich household behaves, one's heart is stirred from moment to moment and is never at peace. If one lives in a crowded place, there is no escaping harm when a fire breaks out nearby. If one lives in an outlying district, going back and forth is a great burden, and one is never safe from thieves.
いきほひあるものは貪欲ふかく、ひとり身なるものは人にかろしめらる。寶あればおそれ多く、貧しければなげき切なり。人を頼めば身他のやつことなり、人をはごくめば心恩愛につかはる。世にしたがへば身くるし。またしたがはねば狂へるに似たり。いづれの所をしめ、いかなるわざをしてか、しばしもこの身をやどし玉ゆらも心をなぐさむべき。	The powerful are deeply greedy; those who stand alone are looked down on by others. With wealth come many fears; with poverty, bitter grief. If one relies on others, one becomes their servant; if one takes care of others, one's heart is bound by affection. Follow the world and one suffers; refuse to follow it and one seems out of one's mind. Where can one settle, and what can one do, to shelter this body even for a while and comfort the heart even for a moment?

A LIFE OF SHRINKING HOUSES

Chōmei's family house, his smaller second house, and his retreat to Ōhara.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
9 我が身、父の方の祖母の家をつたへて、久しく彼所に住む。そののち縁かけ、身おとろへて、しのぶかたがたしげかりしかば、つひにあととむることを得ずして、三十餘にして、更に我が心と一つの庵をむすぶ。これをありしすまひになずらふるに、十分が一なり。	I inherited the house of my grandmother on my father's side and lived there for a long time. Later I lost my connections and my fortunes declined, and since there was much I had to bear, in the end I could not stay on. Past thirty, I built a hut of my own choosing. Compared with my former residence, it was a tenth the size.
たゞ居屋ばかりをかまへて、はかばかしくは屋を造るにおよばず。わづかについひぢをつけりといへども、門たつるにたづきなし。竹を柱として、車やどりとせり。雪ふり風吹くごとに、危ふからずしもあらず。所は河原近ければ、水の難も深く、白波のおそれもさわ	I built only a place to live in and did not get as far as putting up proper buildings. Though I managed to build an earthen wall, I had no means to put up a gate. With bamboo for pillars, I made a shelter for my carriage. Whenever it snowed or the wind

11 In Buddhist thought the four great elements—earth, water, fire and wind—make up the physical world. The great bronze Buddha of Tōdaiji in Nara lost its head in an earthquake in 855.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
がし。すべてあらぬ世を念じ過ぐしつゝ、心をなやませることは、三十餘年なり。	blew, it was not without danger. The place was near the riverbed, so the danger of floods was great, and the fear of robbers was ever present. In all, I spent more than thirty years enduring this unbearable world and troubling my heart.[12]
その間をりをりのたがひめに、おのづから短き運をさとりぬ。すなはち五十の春をむかへて、家をいで世をそむけり。もとより妻子なければ、捨てがたきよすがもなし。身に官祿あらず、何につけてか執をとゞめむ。むなしく大原山の雲にふして、いくそばくの春秋をかへぬる。	Through the setbacks that came from time to time, I came of myself to understand how meager my luck was. And so, at the coming of my fiftieth spring, I left home and turned my back on the world. Having never had a wife or children, I had no ties that were hard to give up. I had no office or stipend; what was there to hold my attachment? Idly I lay among the clouds of Mount Ōhara, and there I passed I know not how many springs and autumns.[13]

THE TEN-FOOT-SQUARE HUT

The portable hut at Hino: its size, furnishings, and the life he leads there.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
10 こゝに六十の露消えがたに及びて、さらに末葉のやどりを結べることあり。いはゞ狩人のひとよの宿をつくり、老いたるかひこのまゆをいとなむがごとし。これを中ごろのすみかになずらふれば、また百分が一にだもおよばず。とかくいふ程に、よはひは年々にかたぶき、すみかはをりをりにせばし。その家のありさまよのつねにも似ず、廣さはわづかに方丈、高さは七尺が內なり。	Now, as the dew of my sixty years is about to vanish, I have once again built a shelter for the last leaves of my life. It is, so to speak, like a hunter putting up a shelter for a single night, or an old silkworm spinning its cocoon. Compared with the dwelling of my middle years, it is not even a hundredth of it. As time has gone on, my years have declined year by year, and my dwelling has grown narrower with each move. This house is unlike any ordinary one. In area it is barely ten feet square, and it is under seven feet high.[14]
所をおもひ定めざるがゆゑに、地をしめて造らず。土居をくみ、うちおほひをふきて、つぎめごとにかけがねをかけたり。もし心にかなはぬことあらば、やすく外にうつさむがためなり。そのあらため造るとき、いくばくのわづらひかある。積むところわづかに二輛なり。車の力をむくゆるほかは、更に他の用途いらず。	Because I have not settled on a place, I did not claim a plot of ground to build on. I put together a frame of sills, roofed it with a simple covering, and fastened each joint with hooks. This is so that I can easily move it elsewhere if something does not suit me. When I rebuild it, how much trouble is there? The whole thing fills barely two carts. Apart from paying for the carts' labor, no other expense is needed.
いま日野山の奥にあとをかくして後、南にかりの日がくしをさし出して、竹のすのこを敷き、その西に閼伽棚を作り、うちには西の垣に添へて、阿彌陀の畫像を安置したてまつりて、落日をうけて、眉間のひかりと	Now that I have hidden my traces deep in Mount Hino, I have put out a makeshift sunshade on the south side and laid a floor of bamboo slats. To its west I made a shelf for offerings of water. Inside,

12 The original says "white waves" (shiranami), a stock term for robbers that also suits a house by the river.
13 Ōhara, in the hills northeast of the capital, was a well-known retreat for recluses.
14 *Hōjō*, "ten-foot-square": one *jō* each way, about three meters. By tradition it was also the size of the room of the layman Vimalakīrti in the *Vimalakīrti Sūtra*.

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す。かの帳のとびらに、普賢ならびに不動の像をかけたり。北の障子の上に、ちひさき棚をかまへて、黒き皮籠三四合を置く。すなはち和歌、管絃、往生要集ごときの抄物を入れたり。傍にこと、琵琶、おのおの一張をたつ。

いはゆるをりごと、つき琵琶これなり。東にそへて、わらびのほどろを敷き、つかなみを敷きて夜の床とす。東の垣に窓をあけて、こゝにふづくゑを出せり。枕の方にすびつあり。これを柴折りくぶるよすがとす。庵の北に少地をしめ、あばらなるひめ垣をかこひて園とす。すなはちもろもろの薬草をうゑたり。かりの庵のありさまかくのごとし。

その所のさまをいはゞ、南にかけひあり、岩をたゝみて水をためたり。林軒近ければ、つま木を拾ふにともしからず。名を外山といふ。まさきのかづらあとをうづめり。谷しげゝれど、にしは晴れたり。観念のたよりなきにしもあらず。春は藤なみを見る、紫雲のごとくして西のかたに匂ふ。夏は郭公をきく、かたらふごとに死出の山路をちぎる。秋は日ぐらしの聲耳に充てり。うつせみの世をかなしむかと聞ゆ。

冬は雪をあはれむ。つもりきゆるさま、罪障にたとへつべし。もしねんぶつものうく、どきやうまめならざる時は、みづから休み、みづからをこたるにさまたぐる人もなく、また恥づべき友もなし。殊更に無言をせざれども、ひとり居ればくごふををさめつべし。必ず禁戒をまもるとしもなけれども、境界なければ何につけてか破らむ。

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against the west wall, I have reverently installed a painted image of Amida, so that the setting sun shines on it as the light from between his brows. On the doors of the curtained shrine I have hung images of Fugen and of Fudō. Above the sliding panel on the north side I built a small shelf and set on it three or four black leather-covered baskets. In them I keep notes and extracts on waka and on music, and writings such as the *Essentials of Rebirth*. Beside them stand a koto and a biwa, one of each.[15]

These are what are called a folding koto and a jointed biwa. Along the east side I have spread bracken fronds and straw mats to make my bed for the night. I opened a window in the east wall and set a writing desk there. By my pillow is a brazier, where I break brushwood and feed it to the fire. North of the hut I have claimed a small patch of ground and enclosed it with a rough, low fence to make a garden. There I have planted all kinds of medicinal herbs. Such is my makeshift hut.

As for the place itself: to the south there is a bamboo water pipe, and I have piled up stones to hold a pool. The woods come close to the eaves, so there is no lack of kindling to gather. The place is called Toyama. Trailing vines bury the paths. The valley is overgrown, but the view to the west is open. So it is not without aids to contemplation. In spring I watch the waves of wisteria, which glow in the west like purple clouds. In summer I hear the cuckoo, and each time it calls, it promises to guide me on the mountain path of death. In autumn the voices of the evening cicadas fill my ears. They seem to be lamenting this world, empty as a cicada's shell.[16]

In winter the snow moves me. The way it piles up and melts away can be likened to the sins that obstruct us. If the nembutsu feels tiresome, or I am not diligent in reciting the sutras, I rest of my own accord and slack off of my own accord. There is no one to stop me and no friend before whom I need feel ashamed. I do not make a point of keeping silence, yet living alone I am bound to keep the karma of speech in check. I do not make a point of

15 Amida (Amitābha) is the buddha of the western Pure Land; light streams from between a buddha's brows. Genshin's *Ōjō yōshū* (*Essentials of Rebirth*, 985) is a guide to rebirth there; Fugen is the bodhisattva Samantabhadra, Fudō the guardian deity Acala.
16 Purple clouds in the west signal Amida coming to welcome the dying to his Pure Land. The cuckoo was thought to cross the Mountain of Death between this world and the next.

JAPANESE	ENGLISH
	observing the precepts, yet with no circumstances to tempt me, what would make me break them?[17]
もしあとの白波に身をよするあしたには、岡のやに行きかふ船をながめて、滿沙彌が風情をぬすみ、もし桂の風、葉をならすゆふべには、潯陽の江をおもひやりて、源都督のながれをならふ。もしあまりの興あれば、しばしば松のひゞきに秋風の樂をたぐへ、水の音に流泉の曲をあやつる。藝はこれつたなけれども、人の耳を悦ばしめむとにもあらず。ひとりしらべ、ひとり詠じて、みづから心を養ふばかりなり。	On mornings when I give myself to “the white wake,” I gaze at the boats going to and fro at Okanoya and borrow the mood of the novice Mansei. On evenings when the wind in the katsura trees rustles the leaves, I think of the river at Xunyang and follow the school of Governor-General Minamoto. If I still have delight to spare, I often join the tune “Autumn Wind” to the sound of the pines, and play the piece “Flowing Spring” to the sound of the water. My skill is clumsy, but I am not trying to please anyone’s ears. I play alone and sing alone, only to nourish my own heart.[18]
11 また麓に、一つの柴の庵あり。すなはちこの山もりが居る所なり。かしこに小童あり、時々來りてあひとぶらふ。もしつれづれなる時は、これを友としてあそびありく。かれは十六歳、われは六十、その齢ことの外なれど、心を慰むることはこれおなじ。あるはつばなをぬき、いはなしをとる。またぬかごをもり、芹をつむ。或はすそわの田井に至りて、おちほを拾ひてほぐみをつくる。もし日うらゝかなれば、嶺によぢのぼりて、はるかにふるさとの空を望み。	At the foot of the mountain there is another brushwood hut, where the keeper of this mountain lives. A boy lives there, and he comes now and then to visit me. When I have nothing to do, I take him as my companion and we wander about. He is sixteen and I am sixty. Our ages are far apart, yet we take the same comfort in this. Sometimes we pull up cogon-grass shoots and pick rock-pear berries. Or we gather yam bulbils and pick parsley. Or we go down to the paddies at the foot of the hills, glean the fallen ears of rice and bind them into sheaves. If the day is fine, I climb up to the peak and gaze far off at the sky over my old home.
木幡山、伏見の里、鳥羽、羽束師を見る。勝地はぬしなければ、心を慰むるにさはりなし。あゆみわづらひなく、志遠くいたる時は、これより峯つゞき炭山を越え、笠取を過ぎて、岩間にまうで、或は石山ををがむ。もしは粟津の原を分けて、蟬丸翁が迹をとぶらひ、田上川をわたりて、猿丸大夫が墓をたづぬ。歸るさには、をりにつけつゝ櫻をかり、紅葉をもとめ、わらびを折り、木の實を拾ひて、かつは佛に奉りかつは家づとにす。	I see Mount Kohata, the village of Fushimi, Toba and Hatsukashi. Fine scenery has no owner, so nothing stops me from taking comfort in it. When walking is no trouble and my wishes carry me far, I follow the ridge from here, cross Mount Sumiyama, pass Kasatori, and make a pilgrimage to Iwama, or pay my respects at Ishiyama. Or I make my way through the fields of Awazu to visit the traces of old Semimaru, and cross the Tanakami River to seek out the grave of Sarumaru Dayū. On the way back, as the season allows, I go looking for cherry blossoms, search for autumn leaves, pick bracken and gather nuts, partly to offer to the Buddha and partly as gifts to take home.[19]
もし夜しづかなれば、窓の月に故人を忍び、猿の聲に袖をうるほす。くさむらの螢は、遠く眞木の島の篝火にまがひ、曉の雨は、おのづから木の葉吹くあらしに	If the night is quiet, I remember old friends by the moon in my window, and the cries of the monkeys wet my sleeves. The fireflies in the grass could be

17 The nembutsu: invoking Amida Buddha by reciting his name.
18 The monk Mansei likened the world to the white wake of a boat rowing out at dawn. Bai Juyi’s “Song of the Pipa” is set by the river at Xunyang; Minamoto no Tsunenobu, Governor-General of Dazaifu, was a celebrated biwa master.
19 Semimaru was a legendary blind poet and biwa player of the Ōsaka barrier; Sarumaru Dayū was an early waka poet.

JAPANESE

似たり。山鳥のほろほろと鳴くを聞きても、父か母かとうたがひ、みねのかせきの近くなれたるにつけても、世にとほざかる程を知る。或は埋火をかきおこして、老の寐覺の友とす。おそろしき山ならねど、ふくろふの聲をあはれむにつけても、山中の景氣、折につけてつくることなし。

いはむや深く思ひ、深く知れらむ人のためには、これにしもかぎるべからず。大かた此所に住みそめし時は、あからさまとおもひしかど、今までに五とせを經たり。假の庵もやゝふる屋となりて、軒にはくちばふかく、土居に苔むせり。おのづから事のたよりに都を聞けば、この山にこもり居て後、やごとなき人の、かくれ給へるもあまた聞ゆ。ましてその數ならぬたぐひ、つくしてこれを知るべからず。

たびたびの炎上にほろびたる家、またいくそばくぞ。たゞかりの庵のみ、のどけくしておそれなし。ほどせばしといへども、夜臥す床あり、ひる居る座あり。一身をやどすに不足なし。がうなはちひさき貝をこのむ、これよく身をしるによりてなり。みさごは荒磯に居る、則ち人をおそるゝが故なり。我またかくのごとし。身を知り世を知れらば、願はずまじらはず、たゞしづかなるをのぞみとし、うれへなきをたのしみとす。

すべて世の人の、すみかを作るならひ、かならずしも身のためにはせず。或は妻子眷屬のために作り、或は親昵朋友のために作る。或は主君、師匠および財寶、馬牛のためにさへこれをつくる。我今、身のためにむすべり、人のために作らず。ゆゑいかんとなれば、今の世のならひ、この身のありさま、ともなふべき人もなく、たのむべきやつこもなし。たとひ廣く作れりとも、誰をかやどし、誰をかすゑむ。

ENGLISH

mistaken for the distant fishing fires of Makinoshima. The rain at dawn sounds just like a storm blowing through the leaves. When I hear the copper pheasant cry *horo-horo*, I wonder whether it is my father or my mother. When the deer from the peak grow tame and come close, I know how far I have drifted from the world. Sometimes I stir up the buried embers and make them a companion for an old man waking in the night. This is not a fearsome mountain, yet even the owl's call moves me. The moods of the mountain, changing with each season, are never exhausted.[20]

How much more so for someone who thinks deeply and knows deeply: for such a person it would surely not stop at these things. When I first came to live here, I thought it would be only for a little while, but five years have now passed. My makeshift hut has become something of an old house. Rotting leaves lie deep on the eaves, and moss grows on the sills. When, as chance has it, I hear news of the capital, I learn that many people of high rank have passed away since I shut myself up on this mountain. And those of no account are far too many to know.

And how many houses have been destroyed in the repeated fires? Only my makeshift hut is at peace and has nothing to fear. Cramped though it is, it has a bed to lie on at night and a seat to sit on by day. For housing one person it lacks nothing. The hermit crab prefers a small shell, because it knows itself well. The osprey lives on rough shores, because it fears people. I am the same. Since I know myself and know the world, I desire nothing and do not mix with others. I wish only for quiet, and my pleasure is to be free of cares.

In general, when people in the world build dwellings, they do not necessarily build for themselves. Some build for wife, children and household; others build for kin and friends. Some build even for their lord or teacher, or for their treasures, horses and oxen. I have now built for myself, not for others. Why? Given the ways of the present world and my own situation, I have no one to live with and no servant to rely on. Even if I built it large, whom would I lodge? Whom would I settle in it?

20 The pheasant echoes a poem attributed to the monk Gyōki: hearing its cry *horo-horo*, he thinks, is it my father, is it my mother?

WHY HE LIVES ALONE

Friends, servants and the body: why Chōmei relies on no one and serves himself.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
12	それ人の友たるものは富めるをたふとみ、ねんごろなるを先とす。かならずしも情あると、すぐなるとをば愛せず、たゞ絲竹花月を友とせむにはしかじ。人のやつこたるものは賞罰のはなはだしきを顧み、恩の厚きを重くす。更にはごくみあはれぶといへども、やすく閑なるをばねがはず、たゞ我が身を奴婢とするにはしかず。	Those who are friends to others value wealth and put attentiveness first. They do not necessarily love those who have feeling or are upright. Better, then, simply to take music, flowers and the moon as my friends. Those who are servants to others look to how great the rewards and punishments are, and give weight to generous favors. However kindly one cares for them, they do not wish for an easy, leisurely life. Better, then, simply to make myself my own servant.
	もしなすべきことあれば、すなはちおのづから身をつかふ。たゆからずしもあらねど、人をしたがへ、人をかへりみるよりはやすし。もしありくべきことあれば、みづから歩む。くるしといへども、馬鞍牛車と心をなやますにはしかず。今ひと身をわかちて。二つの用をなす。手のやつこ、足ののり物、よくわが心にかなへり。	If there is something to be done, I use my own body. It is not that this is never tiring, but it is easier than ordering people about and looking after them. If I need to go somewhere, I walk. It is hard, but better than fretting over horses and saddles, oxen and carriages. Now I divide my one body to serve two uses. My hands are my servants, my feet my carriage, and they suit my mind well.
	心また身のくるしみを知れゝば、くるしむ時はやすめつ、まめなる時はつかふ。つかふとてもたびたび過さず、ものうしとても心をうごかすことなし。いかにいはむや、常にありき、常に働くは、これ養生なるべし。なんぞいたづらにやすみ居らむ。人を苦しめ人を惱ますはまた罪業なり。いかゞ他の力をかるべき。	My mind, too, knows the body's hardships, so it rests the body when it suffers and uses it when it is well. Even in using it, the mind does not overdo it often; even when the body is sluggish, the mind is not disturbed. What is more, to walk constantly and work constantly must be good for one's health. Why sit idle to no purpose? To burden others and trouble them is, besides, sinful karma. How could I borrow the strength of others?
13	衣食のたぐひまたおなじ。藤のころも、麻のふすま、得るに隨ひてはだへをかくし。野邊のつばな、嶺の木の實、わづかに命をつぐばかりなり。人にまじらはざれば、姿を耻づる悔もなし。かてともしければおろそかなれども、なほ味をあまくす。すべてかやうのこと、樂しく富める人に對していふにはあらず、たゞわが身一つにとりて、昔と今とをたくらぶるばかりなり。大かた世をのがれ、身を捨てしより、うらみもなくおそれもなし。命は天運にまかせて、をしまずいとはず、身をば浮雲になずらへて、たのまずまだしとせず。一期のたのしみは、うたゝねの枕の上にきはまり、生涯の望は、をりをりの美景にのこれり。	So too with clothing and food. A robe of wisteria fiber, a hempen quilt: whatever I come by covers my skin. Cogon-grass shoots from the fields, nuts from the peaks: they are barely enough to keep me alive. Since I do not mix with people, I have no regrets, no shame at how I look. Since food is scarce, my meals are plain, yet they still taste sweet. I do not say all this to set myself against people who live in pleasure and wealth. I am only comparing past and present for myself alone. Ever since I left the world and cast my self aside, I have had neither resentment nor fear. I leave my life to the course of Heaven, neither clinging to it nor weary of it. I liken my self to a drifting cloud, neither relying on it nor finding it wanting. The height of my pleasure in this life is a nap on my pillow; my

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
		hopes for the rest of my days lie in the fine sights of each season.

THE THREE WORLDS ARE MIND ALONE

Contentment in the hut, and why only one who lives this way can judge it.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
14	それ三界は、たゞ心一つなり。心もし安からずば、牛馬七珍もよしなく、宮殿樓閣も望なし。今さびしきすまひ、ひとまの庵、みづからこれを愛す。おのづから都に出でゝは、乞食となれることをはづといへども、かへりてこゝに居る時は、他の俗塵に着することをあはれぶ。もし人このいへることをうたがはゞ、魚と鳥との分野を見よ。魚は水に飽かず、魚にあらざればその心をいかでか知らむ。鳥は林をねがふ、鳥にあらざればその心をしらず。閑居の氣味もまたかくの如し。住まずしてたれかさとらむ。	The three worlds are mind alone. If the mind is not at peace, oxen, horses and the seven treasures are worthless, and palaces and towers hold no attraction. Now I myself love this lonely dwelling, this hut of a single room. When I happen to go out to the capital, I am ashamed of having become a beggar. Yet when I come back and stay here, I pity those who cling to the dust of the world. If anyone doubts what I say, let them look at fish and birds. Fish never tire of water; unless you are a fish, how could you know its mind? Birds long for the woods; unless you are a bird, you do not know its mind. So it is with the savor of a secluded life. Who could understand it without living it?[21]

THE MOON SINKS TOWARD THE RIDGE

Chōmei turns on his own love of the hut and questions his mind; colophon of 1212.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
15	そもそも一期の月影かたぶきて餘算山のはに近し。忽に三途のやみにむかはむ時、何のわざをかかこたむとする。佛の人を教へ給ふおもむきは、ことにふれて執心なかれとなり。今草の庵を愛するもとがとす、閑寂に着するもさはりなるべし。いかゞ用なきたのしみをのべて、むなしくあたら時を過さむ。	Now the moon of my life is sinking, and my remaining years are close to the mountain's rim. Soon I will face the darkness of the three evil paths. What will I have to plead for myself then? The gist of the Buddha's teaching to us is that we should not cling to anything. Now even my love for this grass hut is a fault, and my attachment to quiet solitude must also be a hindrance. How can I go on telling of useless pleasures and waste precious time in vain?
16	しづかなる曉、このことわりを思ひつゞけて、みづから心に問ひていはく、世をのがれて山林にまじはるは、心ををさめて道を行はむがためなり。然るを汝が姿はひじりに似て、心はにごりにしめり。すみかは則ち淨名居士のあとをけがせりといへども、たもつ所はわづかに周梨槃特が行にだも及ばず。もしこれ貧賤の報のみづからなやますか、はた亦妄心のいたりてくるはせるか、その時こゝろ更に答ふることなし。たゝかたはらに舌根をやとひて不請の念佛、兩三返を申して	In the quiet before dawn, I kept pondering this truth, and I questioned my own mind: "You left the world and went into the mountains and forests to discipline the mind and practice the Way. And yet, though you look like a holy man, your mind is steeped in impurity. Your dwelling may sully the traces of the layman Vimalakīrti, but what you actually practice falls short even of the practice of Cūḍapanthaka. Is it that the karmic reward of poverty and low station is tormenting you? Or has

21 The three worlds: of desire, of form and of formlessness, that is, the whole round of rebirth.

	JAPANESE	ENGLISH
	やみぬ。時に建暦の二とせ、彌生の晦日比、桑門蓮胤、外山の庵にしてこれをしるす。	the deluded mind come over you and driven you mad?” At that, my mind gave no answer at all. All I did was set my tongue to work, recite an unasked-for nembutsu two or three times, and fall silent. It is now the second year of Kenryaku (1212), around the last day of the third month, and I, the monk Ren’in, write this at my hut in Toyama.[22]
17	「月かげは入る山の端もつらかりきたえぬひかりをみるよしもがな」。	“Even the mountain rim where the moonlight sets has been bitter to me; if only I had a way to see the light that never fails.”

22 Cūḍapanthaka was the Buddha’s slowest disciple. The “unasked-for nembutsu” is a perfunctory, half-hearted one; Ren’in is Chōmei’s Buddhist name.