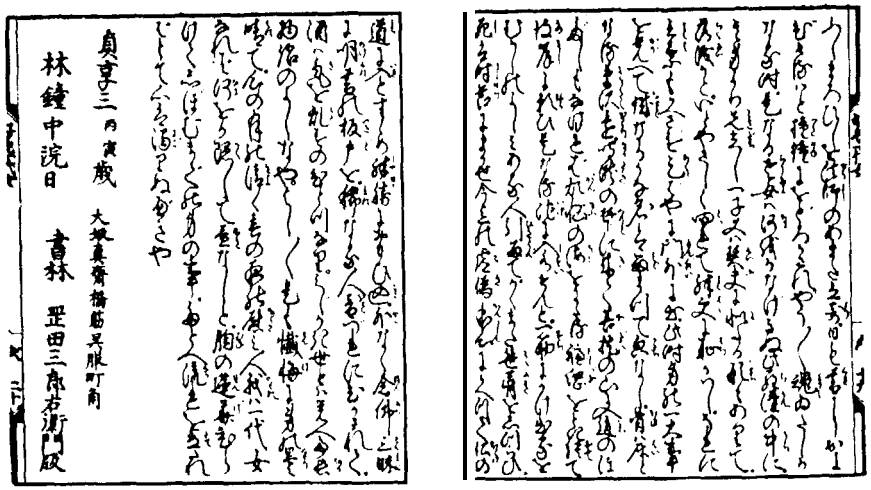


Final two pages of the first edition of *The Life of an* Amorous *Woman*. The text corresponds to the translation in the present book from "I fell down to the ground" on page 207 to the end of page 208, and the following colophon: ***Published*** in the second decade *of the sixth moon of the third* year *of the Jōkyō era, the year in which the* ***Elder Brother of*** Fire is *combined* with the Sign of the *Tiger* [1686]: ***on the presses of*** *Kōda Saburaemon,* bookseller by the, *Shinsai* Bridge at the comer ***of*** *Gofukuchō* in Osaka.

Translation of the cover of the sarne edition (see overleaf); note that the poem breaks off with the implication that nothing else could have any beauty or interest: Illustrated / THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN / Book I. / Hiding *his face he enters the pleasure quarters and makes his inquiries, / Whereupon he hears of a* woman *who grows more wonderful the* more *they tell of* her. / *In the Capital girls* blossom *as thick* as *the hills, / And in every* province there *are women to be had. / But even among a thousand women there is none to compare with* this *one, / So he pays two hundred gold koban towards* her ransom. / *For him who has* seen *the* pleasure quarters *of Shimabara: / The red leaves of autumn, the glory of the moon, [he women outside the quarters]*—

UNESCO COLLECTION OF REPRESENTATIVE LITERARY WORKS

THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN
AND OTHER WRITINGS

by IHARA SAIKAKU

Edited *and translated by* IVAN MORRIS

A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

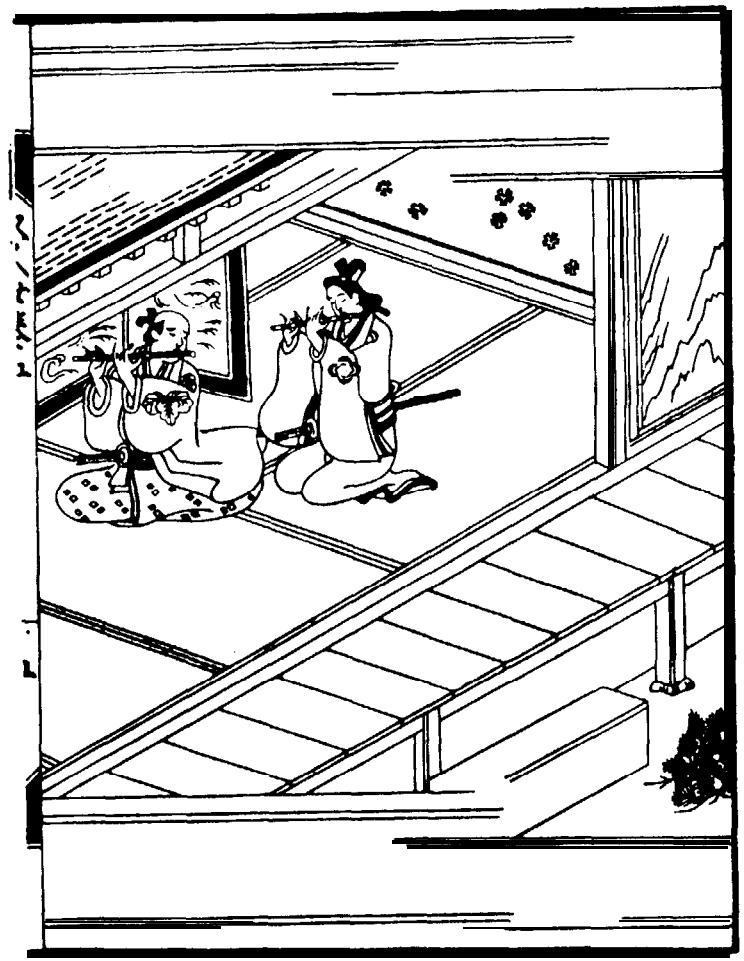
THE TALE OF GENGOBEI, THE MOUNTAIN OF LOVE

1. *How Sorrowfully Ends the Concert of the Flutes*

189 Gengobei-he of whom they sing in the ballads-hailed from Kagoshima in the Province of Satsuma, but for a native of so outlandish a place he displayed in his taste a most unusual fastidious-
190 ness. He shaved his hair, according to the fashion of that region, so that his sidelocks fell down at the back, and he wore his topknot short. The long sword that he carried by his side was most striking,
191 but, this too being a custom of these parts, none thought to reprove him.

Day and night this Gengobei devoted himself to the love of men; nor had he once in the twenty-six springs of his life dallied with the frail and long-haired sex. For many years now he had been enamoured of a young boy by the name of Nakamura Hachijuro, to whom he had from the outset bound himself by the deepest vows of lifelong loyalty. Hachijuro was a youth of the greatest beauty, like in purity to a single-petalled cherry whose blossoms are yet but
192 half opened. His indeed was the flavour of a flower endowed with the gift of human speech.

One evening as the rain fell gloomily outside, the two young men immured themselves in the little room where Gengobei was wont to stay, and played their flutes in concert. The sound of the music echoed quietly in the dark, adding to the night's gentle melancholy. The wind that blew in through the window carried with it the fragrance of plum blossoms, scenting therewith the loose sleeves of the young men's dress; outside, the birds at roost were startled by the rustling of the black bamboo, and the sound of their wings as they fluttered to and fro had a mournful note.



Gengobei and his young paramour play their flutes together for the last time. Outside it is raining and the sound of their music adds to the gentle melancholy of the night.

As the lamp gradually grew dim, Gengobei and his companion stopped their music. On this evening Hachijuro seemed more affectionate than ever. His fair form was utterly yielding, and the love-charged phrases that he uttered each carried a novel fascination. In the presence of all this grace Gengobei was quite overcome with yearning and he conceived a desire that ill befits this Floating World-the desire that this boy's beauty might never tarnish, that he might forever wear the forelock of a lad.

They shared the same pillow and soon their disorder bespoke the passion that they felt. As dawn approached, Gengobei fell into a sleep. Then Hachijuro, overcome with pain, awakened him, saying, "Alas, will you thus waste the night in idle dreams?"

Drowsy and confused, Gengobei listened as the boy continued: "In case you have aught to tell me, Gengobei, tonight is your final chance. Have you no message to bequeath me ere we part?"

Though still half asleep, Gengobei was much dismayed and said, "You may speak in jest, Hachijuro, yet you give me great concern. If I failed to see you even for a single day, your vision would haunt me like a phantom till we met. Though it be merely that you wish to ruffle me with your talk of present leave-taking, desist, I pray you."

They took each other by the hand and Hachijuro smiled wanly. "Evanescent," he said, "is this Floating World and uncertain the life of man." The words were not out of his mouth when his pulse suddenly ceased its beating and the talk of parting that had seemed to be in jest proved to have been all too earnest.

"What now?" exclaimed Gengobei, and, quite forgetting that his love was of a secret nature, he set up a great wailing and shed bitter tears. Startled by his cries, people hastened to the room. Various medicaments were administered to the boy, but all to no avail. Most grievous to relate, Hachijuro had irretrievably departed this world.

When his parents were informed, their sorrow knew no bounds. Yet, so far as the circumstances of his death were concerned, they were resigned.

"These two," they said. "were close to each other for many a long year. We have no grounds for suspicion about Hachijuro's end. Things have come to pass as they must and naught we can do will change them."

It was time now to see the boy laid in his last place of rest. His body, lovely as when it still held life, was placed in an urn and buried in a field near where the grass was sprouting forth its springtime verdure. Gengobei prostrated himself before the grave and lamented most grievously. But tears brought no relief and the only course he could conceive was to cast away his own life. After much deep thought he came to his resolve: "Alas and alack, Hachijuro, how frail you were! For just three years will I linger on and mourn over your remains. Then on this same month and day will I come once more to this place and put a term to my dewlike life."

Forthwith, in front of the grave, he cut off his topknot. Thence he repaired to the Saien Temple, where he addressed himself to the Father Superior, explaining to him the circumstances, and then himself took the earnest vows of priesthood.

Each day during the summer period of retirement he culled flowers for Hachijuro's grave, burned incense and said mass for the repose of the dead boy's soul. Thus the time passed as in a dream and soon the autumn season was at hand. The morning glories that flowered on the hedgerows, only to fade at night, brought to Gengobei's mind the impermanence of the world. Even the dew that sparkled on these fragile blossoms seemed to him less fleeting than the life of man. So thinking, he recalled the past and the death that could never be revoked. As now it was the very eve of that season at which the spirits of the dead return, Gengobei set to preparing a welcome. He cut some branches of purple clover to spread upon

the holy shelf, thereon quaintly adding cucumbers, eggplants, dried
195 green soybeans and other offerings. By the dim light of the square
196 Iantcm he busily recited sutras for the dead, and in front of the
'97 houses the hempcn reeds burned away in the sacred bonfires.

However, in the gathering dusk of the fourteenth day, the
198 peaceful air was rent with thr clamours of the bill collectors; for even temples arc not spared their debts. Mcanwhilc the sound of
'99 drums beating the Bon dances resounded outside the temple gates. For one who had retired here like Gengobei to fly the tumult of the world all this was nothing short of odious, and he resolved forth-
200 with to make a pilgrimage to Mount Koya. Accordingly, on the
201 following day, the fifteenth of the Poem Month, he set forth from his native place. His black vestments, it is said, were bleached with tears and the sleeves thereof quite worn away from all his weeping.

2. Frail *as the* ***Life*** *of the Birds He Catches Is the* ***Life*** of *the Bird-Cat&*

In the mountain village, preparations for the winter were well afoot. Bush cover and brushwood had been cut and stored, snow guards erected in anticipation of the heavy drifts, and the northern windows firmly boarded. The sound of clothes being beaten on the fuller's block echoed loudly in the winter air.

By a field not far from this same village a lad was taking careful aim at the little birds that fluttered among the red-tinged foliage fighting for a nesting place. From seeing the boy one would have judged him to be fourteen, or at the most fifteen, years of age. He wore a hempen kimono, lined with the same light-blue material and secured with a purple sash of medium width. The short sword that
202 hung by his side was embellished with a gilded guard. His long hair
203 was artlessly secured in a whisk style, and he had about *him* a voluptuous, feminine beauty.

This stripling held his lime stick in the middle and, as the birds of passage fluttered overhead, he tried time after time to catch them.

Yet he did not succeed in ensnaring a single one, and a look of dismay settled on his face. Gengobei stood there, feasting his eyes upon the scene. "To think that there exists in the world a lad of such exquisite beauty!" he murmured to himself. "In years he hardly differs from Hachijuro when yet he lived. But in beauty he far excels him!"

AU Gengobci's pious resolutions were forgotten as he stood gazing in rapture on the boy. As dusk fell, hc approached his side. "Though I be a priest," he said, "I am not unskilled in catching birds. Pray lend me your stick."

Setting about his task, Gengobei first addressed himself to the birds. "You fowls above," said he, "why should you begrudge your lives at the hands of this fair youth? Come, come, you inelegant creatures, have you no feeling for such boyish charms?"

In no time at all Gengobei had caught a goodly number of the birds and presented them to the lad. The latter was overcome with joy.

"Pray tell me how you came to take your vows?" he said. Thereat Gengobei gave himself over to relating the story of his life. The boy listened with such distress that he was moved to tears.

"To renounce the world for such a cause seems to me especially worthy," said hc. "Come with me, I pray you, and spend this night in my poor dwelling."

So saying, he led Gengobci in most friendly fashion to a splendid manor house set in the midst of a dense forest. Horses neighed in the stables and armour shone on the walls. Passing through the great hall, they emerged on a veranda, whence a long gallery led to the garden. Here, striped bamboos grew luxuriantly and in the back stood a great aviary, where various sorts of birds-white and golden 204
pheasants, Chinese pigeons and the Like-joined their voices in song.

On a balcony a little to the side was a room which commanded a view in all directions. The walls were worthily lined with book-

shelves, this being the youth's habitual place of study. After they had seated themselves here, the boy called for the servants. "This travelling priest," he said, "is to be my reading master. See that he wants for nothing."

The evening passed in many pleasant entertainments. When darkness fell, the two of them held intimate converse and soon had pledged their fervent vows. Retiring, then, to bed, they exhausted
205 their ingenuity in making this into "a thousand nights."

On the following morning, they were much loath to part from each other.

"I know that you must make your pilgrimage to Koya," said the boy, "but on your return voyage pray do not fail to come and see me here."

They exchanged solemn promises, weeping the while at the thought of their separation. Then Gengobei left the manor, unbeknown to any other members of the household. Reaching the
206 village, he made inquiries. "The master of that manor is the Governor of these parts," people informed him, and told him also about the Governor's handsome son.

"Well indeed," thought Gengobei, much pleased at the status of his new-found love, and he begrudged each step that took him to
207 the capital. Plunged alternately in memories of the departed Hachijuro and in fond thoughts of his successor, he had scant room in his mind for the Holy Way of Buddha.

208 Finally he reached the sacred mountain of Saint Kobo. He spent one day in a visitor's lodging in the Southern Valley; then, without so much as paying his respects at the Saint's tomb, he set forth on his return journey.

He proceeded, as promised, to the house of his young friend, and the latter, not changed one jot since when they last conversed, came forth to greet him. Together they entered a certain chamber, and here exchanged news of all that had happened since their parting;

during which time, Gengobei, much wearied by his travels, fell into a sleep.

When dawn broke, the boy's father came into the room. Seeing a strange priest, his suspicions were aroused and he awakened Gengobei. The latter was taken by surprise and straightway blurted out in frankest detail all that had befallen him, from the time when he took the tonsure until the vet-y present. Hearing this, the master of the house clapped his hands in amazement. "Passing strange!" he exclaimed. "Though it ill becomes a father's modesty, I could not but feel proud of that boy's beauty. Yet in this world of ours all is transitory and mortal. Some twenty days ago he died most unexpectedly. Until the very last moment he called out the words: 'The priest! The priest!' At the time I fancied that these were but feverish rantings. . . . So it was you for whom he called?" So saying, the gentleman fell into the most grievous lamentation.

Hearing these words, Gengobei felt, more strongly than ever before, that his life was a thing of utter worthlessness. why should he not throw it away here and now-this existence that meant so little to him? Yet in this world of ours the life of man is not so easily cast off.

Thus in a pitifully brief space of time Fate had robbed Gengobei of two young men, and bitter indeed it was to linger on himself. Yet perhaps in these very deaths lay a rare karma: perhaps, these youths had died so that he might learn the sorrows of this world. And sorrows they truly were.

3. *A Lover of Men* Has the Flowers *Scattered from Both Hands* 209

Naught is as abject and unfeeling as the heart of man. Looking about us in the world, we see that when great sorrows strike-when parents lose a child at the very height of their devotion, or again, when a man's wife, to whom he has sworn vows of eternal loyalty, is brought to an early grave-though our first thoughts be to put an

end to *our* own lives, yet, before our tears have even dried, desire once more regains its sway and griefs are callously forgot.

Thus a woman whose husband has barely drawn his final breath will, either from desire for worldly wealth or from some whim of the moment, fend willing ear to talk offmding a new spouse. Sometimes she will choose her husband's younger brother as successor to the dead man's rights; or again, she may put heart and soul into the task of picking some suitable man from among the family, who will
210 marry her and take her name. In either case she will dismiss from her mind all thought of her departed lord. She will, to be sure, recite prayers, burn incense and offer flowers at his grave, but all this from mere sense of duty and in order to be seen by others. Impatiently she
211 awaits the ending of the mourning period, and five weeks have hardly passed before she embellishes her face discreetly with light powder, tastefully oils her hair, though leaving it in studied disarray,
212 and beneath her uncrested silk garment dons an under-kimono of brilliant hue. Thereby she gives herself an unobtrusive air; yet the effect is all the more alluring.

Another woman may at her husband's death perceive the frailty of human life; moved by various sorrowful tales she will with her own hands cut off her tresses, as she prepares to spend her days in some rustic convent, there to make offerings of dew-drenched flowers to him who lies beneath the sod. Scattering her fine garments on the floor-some embroidered, others of dappled silk-she says, "Such things as these no longer are of any use to me. They shall go to the Temple, there to become banners, baldachins and altar cloths." Yet, even as she speaks the words, she is moved in
213 her heart with grief to see that the sleeves are slightly short.

Naught in this world is as fearsome as women. Should anyone try to restrain them from their fickle ways, he will be faced with a great show of womanly tears. Thus there are two creatures we shall never meet with in this world of ours-one is a ghost, the

other a widow who remains faithful to her husband's memory.

Since such, then, is the way of women when their husbands die, what chance is there that men will be reproved when, having lost three, four or even five wives, they set forth in search of yet another? Yet our bonzc was of a different metal. Having now twice undergone the grief of seeing the young men he loved reach a pitiful end, Gcngobei retired to a distant mountain hermitage, full of the sincere intent to seek salvation in a future life and to banish all thought of earthly lust. Praiseworthy resolves indeed, and rarely to be met with in this fickle world!

Now at this time there dwelt in Hama of Satsuma a certain man, 214
the proprietor of the Ryukyu-ya, who had a daughter named Oman. She was fifteen years of age and so well favoured by nature
that even the moon in its mid-month glory regarded her with 215
envy. She was of warm disposition and now at the very height of her beauty, so that no man looked at her without being struck by her charms.

Since spring of the previous year, Oman had been consumed with yearning for Gcngobei, that flower of manly beauty. She poured forth her longings in letter after letter, and had these delivered secretly to Gengobei. But he, having turned his back on the love of women, made not the slightest effort to reply. This was grievous indeed for Oman, who spent both day and night in love-lom pining.

Offers were made for her hand from all quarters, but these she dismissed as odious and would invent the most preposterous illnesses and belabour the people about her with the most offensive ravings, until they thought she must in truth be mad. She remained in ignorance of Gengobei's retirement from the world, until one day she happened to hear mention made of it.

"Lamentable indeed!" was her immediate thought. She had always consoled herself with the idea that at some time, she knew not when, her longings would be satisfied. But now, alas, it was too

late! How hateful they were to her, those black vestments that Gengobei had donned! Come what may, resolved Oman, she must pay him a visit and chide him with his cruelty to her.

Thus resolved, she stealthily made her preparations, thinking forever to renounce her present life. With her own hands she fitly cut her hair and shaved her head in the fashion favoured by young boys. Then, having changed into clothes which she had set aside for this purpose, and which artfully transformed her into a boyish paramour, she left her home in secret.

216 From the moment that Oman "set forth up the Mountain of Love," she had to brush away the dew that clung to her clothes from
217 the ground-bamboo; and for all the deceptions of the Godless Month, her woman's heart was chilled by the perils of the journey that lay ahead. After much walking she passed a village and entered a grove of cedars of which she had been told. Behind her, great boulders were piled in fearsome array, and to one side there opened up a yawning cavern, into which she gazed forlornly, feeling that into its depth her very heart might sink. Next, her path led her across a fearful bridge wrought of a few unstable logs of rotten wood, beneath which the rapid waters of a mountain stream thrashed against the banks, seeming at the same time to thrash her spirits with their awful roar.

Coming at last to a small stretch of level ground, Oman perceived a hermit's cell with sloping roof and overgrown with vines and creepers. Drops of water trickled from the sodden eaves-so steadily, indeed, that one might have thought it was a local shower. On the south side of the hut a dormer window opened up, and, peering through it, Oman saw a type of humble kitchen range often to be found in rustic hovels, in which a fire of pine needles had been left to bum. A pair of tea bowls completed the hermit's chattels, which did not include so much as a soup ladle. To such a wretched state had Gengobei come!

"He who inhabits such a place," thought Oman, "must indeed find favour with Buddha himself."

Looking round about, she ascertained to her dismay that the master of the cell was absent. There was none here of whom she might inquire his whereabouts-only the pine trees that stood by 218
silently to watch her pine as she waited now for Gengobei's return.

Fortunately the door was open, and the girl entered the hut. On a lectern Oman noticed a book. This seemed admirable indeed in such a humble place, but when she came to examine the title, she saw that it was *Both Sleeves Wet with Tears from Waiting for His Lover*, a volume that set forth the mysteries of manly love.

"So this passion is one thing that even now he has not relinquished," thought Oman, as she began her tedious wait for Gengobei's return.

Soon dusk gathered, and, there being no way for Oman to light the lamp, it grew hard for her to read the characters in the book. As 219
time passed, she felt ever more desolate, and thus she kept solitary watch through the long night hours. All this she could endure for the sake of love.

It must have been about the middle of the night when the bonze Gengobei made his way back to the hut by the dim light of a pine torch. Seeing him, Oman was overcome with delight; but then she noticed two elegant young boys emerging from a clump of withered reeds. They seemed to be equal in age and no less close in beauty; for one was like a springtime blossom, the other like a maple leaf in all its glory. Each was competing for amorous attention, the one with resentful pouting, the other with tearful wailing; here was a veritable battle for manly love. Gengobei was one, his lovers two—and seeing him dragged, now one way, now the other. tormented by the importunities of his boyish lovers and a troubled look of sorrow on his face, Oman was overcome with pity. At the same time she could not but experience distaste at the damping scene

before her. "Well, well," she thought, "here is a fickle man indeed."

Howbeit, she had set her heart on this love and could not leave things in their present state. If nothing else, she must briefly unbosom herself of the secret that consumed her. So resolved, she stepped forth from the hut. Startled by her sudden appcarancc, the two young paramours disappeared into thin air, much to Oman's bewilderment.

"What now?" she thought.

Gengobei, no less surprised, addressed himself to her.

"Pray, what manner of young boy are you?" hc said.

"As you see, sir," answered Oman, "I am one who has embarked on the way of manly love. For some time past, I have heard speak of you, Sir Priest, and thus it was that I risked all to steal hither to your mountain fasmess. Little did I know, alas, how inconstant a man you were, and now I perceive that I have set my heart on you in vain ! A grievous disappointment in truth."

There was bitterness in Oman's tone, but, hearing these words, Gengobei clapped his hands with joy.

"Your aim in coming here is gratifying indeed!" said he, and once again his fickle feelings were aroused. He told Oman, then, of how his two earlier lovers had already departed this world and of how the boys outside the hut were merely their phantoms. At this piteous narration, they both shed tears in unison.

"They have gone," said Oman, "but do not, I pray, abandon me."

"No," said Gengobei, with deep emotion, "I shall never give you up. Nor, priest though I be, can I give up the form of love I have espoused." And even as he spoke, he set to wantoning with his young
220 visitor. To know *nothing* is to enjoy the peace of Buddha; and even Buddha would surely have pardoned Gengobei, who little knew that this was a maiden in his hermit's cell.

4. Love *Turns* Topsy-turvy

"When first I took my vows," continued Gengobei, "I swore to Buddha that I would once and for all abjure the love of women. Yet fair boys with their forelocks-they were a thing that I could ill banish from my heart. Ever since that time, I have prayed to all the Buddhas that this form of love at least may bc vouchsafed mc, and I feel surc that none will now reproach me for my bent. YOU, my young friend, were moved to pity mc in my bereavement and have even gone so far as to visit mc in this lonely placc. Having shown yourself to be of so compassionate a nature, never, I pray you, forsake me." So saying, he pursued his amorous dalliance.

Oman was much tickled by all this, and, to stifle her mirth, she pinched her thighs and held her breast.

"Pray listen, sir, to what I say," quoth she, "and give heed to my meaning. I loved you as you were before, and, seeing you now in priestly guisc, I love you all the more. How greatly you have troubled my spirits, you may judge yourself from my having come here, from my having risked life itself for the sake of the love I bear you. Since such, then, are my feelings, you must banish from your mind all thoughts of making tender vows to other boys. If I may have your written oath that henceforth you will do as I say, even if at times it may not suit your wishes, I will pledge you my heart—ay, and my body, too—in this world and the world to come." 221

Hearing this, the bonze Gengobei most imprudently inscribed the oath. "For a boy like you," said he. "I could do anything-even renounce the cloth." The words were hardly out of his mouth before he began to pant with passion, and slipping his hand up 222
Oman's sleeve, he set to feeling her naked body. Finding that she wore no loincloth, he showed a puzzled look, which once again amused the girl.

Reaching into his bag, Gengobei put something in his mouth, 223
which he then began to crunch.

"Pray, Sir Priest, what are you doing?" asked Oman. But Gen-
224 gobci merely blushed and hid the object. It was no doubt that root called mandioc, so often used in manly love, and Oman's fancy was further tickled at the thought. She turned away in bed from her companion. At this, Gengobei threw off his vestments, thrusting them with his foot into the comer of the room. Now he set in earnest about the task of love-making, an absorbing one indeed whoever we may be, He untied her medium-width sash, which was knotted in the back.

"This is not like towns or villages," he murmured. "Night winds blow fiercely in these desolate parts." So saying, he covered Oman's body with a wide-sleeved cotton kimono.

"Pray rest your head here," he said ecstatically, putting out his arm as a pillow for his paramour. Even before stretching himself out beside Oman, the priest was half senseless with excitement. Nervously he passed his hand over her back.

"Not so much as a single blemish," he said. "Seemingly you have yet to undergo the moxa."

As his hand began to move about below her hips, Oman could not but feel uneasy. Now that things had reached this point, she bethought herself of feigning sleep. But the impetuous priest was not to be put off, and next began toying with her ear. Oman threw one leg over him but as she did so, revealed part of her red silk underskirt. Gengobei was stunned and, now that hc took notice, hc perceived in his companion a sofmess of feature that bespoke a woman. Struck dumb with amazement, he arose from the bed. But Oman, restraining him, said, "According to your recent promise, Gcngobei, you are pledged to do just as I say. Can you so soon have forgotten your solemn vows? Know, then, that I am Oman of the Ryukyu-ya. Since last year, I have written you letter after letter telling of my love, but you, most cruel, did not so much as deign to answer. Bitter indeed was your cold indifference, but I was helplessly bound

by my love for you, and thus came to disguise myself as a boy and visited you here. Surely you cannot hate me for my pains."

Hearing Oman as she thus urged him with heart and soul, Gengobei at once was overcome. "What difference does it make—the love of men or the love of women?" he said, and, growing shamefully enraptured at the fair prospect that lay before him, he displayed once more the fickleness of the human heart.

In this world Gengobei is not alone in having out of mere caprice 225 espoused a pious life. Far from it, indeed, and rare it is that piety drives out wordly lust. When we consider the matter, may it not be that Buddha himself let one foot slip into a trap whose depths are far from unpleasing?

5. *Even Riches Are a* Burden *When Piled Up* in *Excess*

A tonsured pate can be overgrown with hair within a ycar, and once a man's priestly vestments are cast off, naught will distinguish 226 him from his earlier self. Thus Gengobei resumed his former name, 227 idled away his time by the plum calendar of the mountains and in 228 the First Moon no longer lived on maigre diet. At the beginning of the Second Moon, he removed to a remote country place in Kagoshima, where, having old acquaintances, he was able to rent a poor cottage with shingled roof in which he could dwell secretly with Oman.

Not having the slightest means of livelihood, he visited his family's house, only to find that it had changed hands. No longer could one 229 hear the tinkling of the scales in the money broker's shop; instead, a sign hanging from the eaves announced the sale of bean-paste. Overcome with dismay, Gengobei stood for some time gazing at thc house. Then he approached a stranger, and addressed him: "Pray tell me, sir, what may havc happened to one Gengoćmon, who used to dwell hereabouts?"

The man related to him what he had heard from others. "This

Gengoémon of whom you ask," he said, "was at first a man of ample means. But he had a son, by name Gcngobei-as handsome and as lustful a youth as ever you would chance to meet in this province. This youth managed in the coursc of eight years to do
230 away with close upon seventy-five hundredweight of silver, which, alas, caused his father to come down sadly in the world. As for
231 Gengobei himself, they say he went and became a priest because of some love trouble. To think that there are such fools in the world! I wouldn't mind setting my eyes once on that rascal's face. It would certainly prove a good topic of conversation in days to come!"

"You have that very face before you now," thought Gengobei in shame, and, pulling his sedge hat far down over his head, he returned to his cottage.

Here all was poverty and gloom. In the evenings they had no oil to bum in their lamp and in the mornings no firewood for their stove. Much is said of the joys of love and of love-making, but they last only so long as does prosperity.

At night Gengobei and Oman lay down side by side, but no sweet
232 lovers' talk passed between them. The next morning was the third day of the Third Moon. Children went about serving mugwort rice cakes; cock fights were arranged and various other diversions set afoot. But in the shingled cottage sadness reigned. They had their
233 tray for the Gods, but not so much as a dried sardine to lay thereon. Their celebrations were limited to breaking off a spray of plum blossoms and placing it in their empty sakè bottle. Thus the day drew to a close and on the fourth things looked even morc forlorn.

Then it was that Gengobei, having pondered with Oman over how they might make their living, bethought himself of the plays that he had witnessed in the capital. Thinking to turn these memories to account, he lost no time in making up his face and painting on a beard. Thus Gengobei, who in his life had been a bondman to
234 love, came to copy the role of bondman on the stage, and, in

so doing, borc a striking resemblance to Arashi Sandmon himself. 235

"Yakkono, Yakkono!" he intoned, but his trembling legs be- 236
trayed his inexperience.

Then he would start singing:

"Gengobei, Gcngobei, whither are you bound? 237
To the hills of Satsuma you go
With your three-penny scabbard 238
Your two-penny sword knot
And in it your sword of rough-hewn cypress!"

Hearing his rough voice, the children of the villages through 239
which he passed were much delighted.

Oman, for her part, performed Cloth Bleaching posture dances, 240
and so they eked out their meager livelihood.

When we think about this couple, we can see that those who
become slaves to love lose all sense of shame. Gradually they wasted 241
away, wholly losing their former beauty; yet this is a harsh world and there was none to take pity on them. As helpless, then, as the wistaria's purple blossoms, that are doomed to fade away and die, 242
they sank ever lower in fortune and, receiving no help from any quarter, could but think with rancour of their former friends. Bitterly they bemoaned their fate, until it seemed that their final day had come.

Then it was that Oman's parents, who had been wearily searching for their daughter's whereabouts, finally discovered them-and great was their rejoicing. "Since this is after all the man she loves," said they, "let us unitc the two in marriage and then convey this house to them!" Forthwith they dispatched a number of their retainers to fetch the young couple home, where, when they arrived, there was much jubilation on every side.

To Gengobei they handed the various keys of the house-three hundred and eighty-three in all. Then, an auspicious day having been determined, they set about a Storehouse Opening. First they 243

244 inspected six hundred and fifty chests, each marked "Two Hundred
245 Great Gold Pieces," and eight hundred others, each containing one
246 thousand gold *koban*. The ten-kan boxes of silver, which they next
247 examined. were mildewed from disuse and a fearful groaning
248 seemed to come from those beneath. In the comer of the Ox and
249 Tiger stood seven great jars, filled to bursting with rectangular gold pieces, which sparkled as when they had issued from the mint; and copper coins lay scattered about like grains of sand.

250 Proceeding now to the outside storehouse, they found treasures galore: fabrics brought over from China in olden days were piled up to the very rafters; next to them precious agalloch lay stacked like so much firewood; of flawless coral gems. from ninety grains to over one pound in weight, there were one thousand two hundred
251 and thirty-five; there was an endless profusion of granulated shark skin and of the finest willow-green porcelain; all this, together with the Asukagawa tea canister and other such precious ware, had been left there pell-mell with utter disregard for the damage that might befall it. Other wonders too were in that storehouse: a mermaid pickled in salt, a pail wrought of pure agate, the wooden rice
252,253 pestle that Lu Sheng used before his wondrous dream, Urashima's
254 carving-knife box, the hanging purse worn in front by the Goddess
255,256 Benzai, the razor of the God of Riches and Longevity, the javelin
257 of the Guardian God of Treasure, a winnow of the God of Wealth, the petty-cash book of God Ebisu and so many more that memory cannot hold them all.

258 Here, indeed, were the treasures of the world in full array, and, seeing them, Gengobei was happy and sorrowful in turn. For,
259 thought he, with riches such as these, not only could he buy up all the great courtesans of Edo, Kyoto and Osaka, but he could invest
260 money in the theatres so long as he lived and yet not exhaust his boundless means. In vain he searched for ways to squander all his new-found wealth. And how, indeed, can he have managed?

THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN

THE WIND THAT DESTROYED THE FAN MAKER'S SHOP IN THE SECOND GENERATION

The plum, the cherry, the pine and the maple-these are what people like having in their houses. But more than this, in truth, they want gold, silver, rice and coppers!

There was a man who considered chat the prospect of his garden storehouse was more pleasing by far than any hillock which might adorn his garden, and that the pleasure of stocking this storehouse with the various goods that he had bought up in the course of the year was in no wise inferior to the joys of Kiken Castle. This man dwelt in the present licentious city of Kyoto. Yet never once in his life had he crossed the Bridge of the Fourth Avenue to the east, *or* ventured west from Omiyadori to Tambaguchi. Nor did he summon priests from the surrounding hills, or consort with *ronin*. When he had a slight cold or a stomach-ache, he used whatever medicine he might have on hand.

All day long hc worked hard at his business; when evening came, he stayed at home and, for his own distraction, sang the *No* songs that he had learned in his youth, reciting them in a natural voice, so that he might not disturb his neighbours. He always sang from memory without using a text, and thus managed to save the cost of oil for the lamp. Indeed, he never indulged in a single needless expense. Not once in his entire life did he step on the cords of his sandals and break them; not once did he catch his sleeve on a nail and tear it. He exercised care in all that he did and, in the course of the years, amassed a fortune of one hundred and fifty hundredweight of

silver. When he reached the age of eighty-seven, people regarded him with envy, and, aspiring to take after this worthy elder, asked
683 him to carve them a strickle.

Nevertheless, there comes a limit to every man's life, and when
684 the autumn rains began to fall that year, distressing clouds of *ill* health gathered about him. Before they knew it, the old man was dead. His only son was standing by his deathbed. He inherited his father's entire fortune, and thus at the age of twenty, without any
685 exertion on his own part, became a man of great wealth.

For this young man economy was even more important than it had been for his sire. When it came to distributing keepsakes to the numerous relatives, he would not give so much as a single chopstick.
686 As soon as the ceremonies of the seven days were finished, he opened the shutters and the front door of his shop and began to devote himself single-mindedly to business. He thought constantly of ways to save money. When he went to pay a visit of condolence to people who had suffered loss in a fire, he walked slowly, lest he should needlessly stimulate his appetite.

Thus the year drew to an end, and before long it was the anniversary of his father's death. On this occasion the young man visited the family temple to pay his respects. On his return home he was plunged in memories of the past, and the tears flowed over the sleeves of his kimono.

"Father used to wear these very clothes," he muttered to himself. "Well I remember how he used to say that this hand-woven chequered pongee was the most durable material. Ah yes, life is indeed a
687 precious thing! If he had but lived another twenty-two years, he
688 would have been a full hundred. It is truly a loss to die as young as he did!" So it was that even in matters of living and dying, avarice came first for this young man.

689 As he passed the bamboo hedge of the Imperial Botanical Gardens in the neighbourhood of Murasakino, the servant girl who accom-

panied him noticed a sealed letter lying on the ground. She was carrying the empty bag for offertory rice in one hand; with her 690
free hand she picked up the letter. Her master took it from her and read the inscription, "For Hanakawa from Nisan." The letter had 691
been closed with rice paste, and carefully impressed with a seal, over which were clearly written the characters, *"The Five Great Bodhisattvas."* 692

"Hanakawa-that is surely the name of some great nobleman of 693
whom I have not heard," said the fan maker, and when he returned home, he made inquiries of his assistant.

"This must have been addressed to some strumpet in the Shima- 694
bara," he said at a glance, and handed the letter back to him.

"Well," said the young man, "at least I have profited by acquiring one sheet of good Sugihara paper. I don't come out the loser." 695

So saying, he calmly broke the seal, whereupon one rectangular 696
gold piece dropped out of the letter.

"Good heavens!" he cried in utter amazement, and lost no time in testing the coin with his touchstone. Having made sure that it was solid gold, he placed it on the upper scale of his weighing 697
machine and found to his delight that it weighed precisely one *mommé* and two *fun*. Calming his throbbing breast, he admonished 698
his servants to keep silence.

"This was an unforeseen stroke of luck," he said. "Do not breathe a word about it to anyone outside!"

The fan maker then looked at the letter, and found that it was a sensible piece of writing, in which everything was clearly set forth in businesslike form:

"I am well aware that this is the season for requests, bur the fact 699
is thar I, too, am pressed for money. However, because of my great devotion to you, I have drawn in advance on my spring stipend and 700
am able to send you the enclosed coin. Pray use two *mommé* out of 701
this to defray the various entertainment expenses that I have in-

curred. All the rest I bestow on you, so that you can pay off any debts that may have accumulated during the past year.

"The gifts that people give should always be attuned to their standing in the world. Thus it is that a certain great merrymaker from
702 the West Country could give three hundred gold coins to Nokazé of
703 the Ozakaya, telling her, 'This is to see you through the Chrysan-
704 themum Festival.' Now when I send you this one humble coin, my intention is no less than his. If I had more to give, you may be sure that I should not begrudge anything on your behalf.:'

Thus was the letter charged with feeling. and, as he read it, the fan maker felt more and more sorry for the unknown couple. "Whatever happens," he thought, "I cannot keep this money for myself. That would be a terrible thing to do to a man who shows such devotion. But since I don't know his address, how can I return the letter? My only proper course is to go to Shimabara, whose whereabouts I know, to ask for Hanakawa and to deliver the coin to her myself."

With this resolve in mind, he smoothed down his side-locks and left the house. On his way it occurred to him that it was a shame to return the coin free of charge, and time after time he almost changed his mind and retraced his steps. Nevertheless he soon reached the gate of the gay quarters.

He hesitated before entering, and, while he stood thcrc, a man came out of a house of assignation to fetch some sakè. The fan maker approached him and said, "Pray, sir, may I inquire whether it is all right for me to enter this gate without advance notice?"

The man did not deign to reply, but simply nodded his head.

"Well, I suppose it's all right," thought the fan maker, and
705 removing his sedge hat, he entered the gay quarters, crouching
706 timidly as he walked. He soon passed in front of the teahouses and reached the streets where the ladies of pleasure lived. Here he ap
707 proached the great courtesan, known as the Present-Day Morokoshi

of the Ichimonjiya, who was just then setting forth in full style to join a customer at a house of assignation.

"Where might I fmd the lady called Madam Hanakawa?" he asked her. The courtesan did not answer him directly, but simply turned to the procuress by her side and said, "I do not know." The procuress pointed to a shop with blue curtains, saying, "You'd 708
better ask somconc over thcrc." Meanwhile, the manservant who was following the courtesan glared angrily at the fan maker and shouted, "Bring that doxy of yours over here and let's have a look at her!"

"I am calling on her for my own business," replied the fan maker, "and don't require any help from you." So saying, he stepped aside and let them pass.

After numerous inquiries hc finally discovered the correct house. On his arrival somconc hurriedly informed him that Hanakawa was a trollop whose price was fixed at two *mommé* of silver. For the 709
past few days, however, she had been unwell and confined to her bed.

Now as the fan maker set forth on his return journey, with the letter still undelivered, he was overcome by an unwonted mood of wantonness. "In actual fact," he told himself, "this gold coin does not belong to me. Why don't I enjoy myself here, just to the extent that this money will permit? I could make this day serve as a memory for my entire life, something to talk about in my old age."

So resolved, he made inquiries at a teahouse (a proper house of assignation being far too expensive for his taste) and arranged to visit the second storey of the Fujiya Hikoémon. Here he summoned 710
a courtesan at nine *mommé* of silver for the day period. Being un- 711
accustomed to sakè, it was not long before he found himself utterly bemused.

Thereafter the fan maker set his hand to these new pursuits.

He began to exchange love letters with various women of the quarter, and gradually moved up in the hierarchy from low to high-ranking courtesans, until in the end he had bought the favours of every single top courtesan in Shimabara.

712 At the time there was a group ofjestcrs in the capital known as the Four Heavenly Kings-Gansai, Kagura, Omu and Rashu. He was flattered and goaded on by these men, and in time became most adept in the ways of the world, so that the fops of the city began to copy their fashions from his. People called him "Mr. Love-Wind of the Fan Shop"; and truly he blew his money away like so much chaff.

There is no telling a man's destiny in this world. In the case of the
713 young fan maker we find that after a few years not a speck of dust or ash remained from his great fortune of one hundred and fifty
714 hundredweight of silver. He did not even have the strength to blow the embers of the fire, and all that was left him was an old fan, a reminder, as it were, of the great fan shop that had once been his. Having sunk to the state of a beggar, he lived from hand to mouth and went about singing the words of the old ballad, which now
715 so aptly described his own fate: "Once in prosperity, later in adversity."

Observing this example, a certain strait-laced gentleman who
716 owned the Kamadaya told the story to his children. "In these days when money is so hard to make," said he, "imagine having squandered it all like that!"

717 THE DAIKOKU WHO WORE READY WIT IN HIS SEDGE HAT

718 When we survey the two-storeyed houses packed with bales of rice and the three-storeyed warehouses, we find among their owners
719 a certain man of wealth who was the proprietor of the shop in

Kyoto known as the Daikokuya. This man's greatest wish had been to live in affluence, and when the Bridge of the Fifth Avenue was 720
being rebuilt in stone, he had bought the third plank from the west 721
end of the bridge and had it carved into an image of Daikoku, the God of Wealth. Truly there is profit in faith; for thereafter he in- 722
creased steadily in prosperity. He called his shop the Daikokuya Shimbei; and there was no one in the capital who did not know him.

In bringing up his three sons he exerted the greatest care, and to his delight, they all turned out to be clever lads. He was looking forward to fully enjoying the consolations of old age and was making plans for presently retiring from active life when his eldest son, Shinroku, suddenly embarked on a reckless course of libertinism. He spent money like water and, before half a year had elapsed, twelve hundredweight of silver in ready cash were missing from 723
the accounts in the ledger of receipts. The clerks examined the matter, but could find no easy way to set it arights. They therefore consulted with Shinroku himself and finally contrived to adjust the accounts so that it looked as if the missing money had in fact been used to lay in stock. Thus they helped him through the eve of the 724
Seventh Moon.

"Henceforth, sir," they pleaded with him, "give up your extravagant ways!"

But Shinroku paid not the slightest heed to their counsel, and at the end of that year the accounts were out of balance by a further one thousand seven hundredweight of silver. This time the matter 725
came to light and the young man was obliged to flee the parental 726
roof and to take refuge with an acquaintance of his who dwelt hard by the Inari Shrine.

His upright sire was greatly incensed and, although various pleas were advanced on the young man's behalf, he would not be reconciled. He had the town members don their ceremonial skirts and, 727

728 having submitted a bill of disownment, hc cast Shinroku out alone into the world. His was truly a wrathful nature that he could become thus utterly estranged from his own son.

Shinroku now saw that there was no help for it, and, unable to
729 remain any longer in his temporary lodgings, he set out for the East. Realizing that he could not afford to buy even a pair of sandals for the journey, he was plunged in lonely sorrow. However, lamentations were of no avail.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth day of the Twelfth Moon Shinroku was having his bath when the cry rang out, "Your father's here!" Terrified at this news, the young man threw some wadded clothes over his wet body and, without even bothering about his loincloth, grabbed his sash and fled the place. As he now set forth
730 on his journey, he was much distraught at not even being able to tuck up his clothes.

On the following day the sky was unsettled. The scattered flakes of snow settled heavily on the pine groves of Fujinomori. Shinroku did not even have the protection of a sedge hat and the moisture dripped down his neck, while the mournful sound of the temple bell announcing the vespers echoed in his heart. At Okamédani and Kanjuji he was attracted by the sight of the teahouses, where steam issued pleasantly from the kettles. Here he might have found refuge from the unbearable cold; but he did not have a single copper to his name and had to give up all thought of resting. A constant stream of palanquins stopped at the inns on their way to Otsu and Fushimi, and in the bustle of the crowds Shinroku managed to enter one of the places and to quench his thirst with a cup of water. On leaving he took along a piece of Teshima matting that someone had hung up on entering the teahouse. Having thus for the first time been inspired by the idea of theft, he made his way to the village of Ono.

Under a bare persimmon tree a group of children had gathered,

The spendthrift Shinroku is surprised by his irate father and has to make a quick escape from his bath. Three bathhouse girls excitedly watch the scene; at the bottom left a servant holds the young man's clothes.

and Shinroku heard them lamenting, "Alas, Benkei is dead!" Benkei turned out to be a great black dog, the size of a prize bull. Shinroku went up to the children and obtained the body from them. He wrapped it in his piece of matting, and, when he reached the foot of Mount Otowa. beckoned to a man who was ploughing the fields.

731 "This dog," said he, "will make a wondrous cure for inflammation of the brain. For three years I have been feeding him on various medicines and now I am going to char the body."

"Aye, to be sure," said the man, "this will be of great benefit to our people."

Shinroku gathered brushwood and dried bamboo grass from round about, and, taking out his flint bag, set fire to the dog. He gave some of the charred ashes to the villager and wrapped the remainder in his matting, which he flung over his shoulder. Thereafter Shinroku went from place to place peddling the ashes. "Charred wolf for sale!" he cried in a strange voice, aping the dialect of the mountain folk.

732 He crosssed the Osaka Barrier, where people leaving the capital pass those who return, and thrust his wares "on people who knew
733 each other and those who were strangers." Even sharp needle pedlars and men who sold writing brushes,, accustomed though they were to the wiles of itinerant salesmen, were tricked by Shin-
734,735 roku's deception. From Oiwaké to Hatcho he received five hundred and eighty coppers, thus for the first time earning the title of a man of ready wit.

"If only I had hit on this scheme while I was still in Kyoto, I should not have had to venture all the way to Edo!" he thought, and, as he walked along, he was plunged into alternate moods of sorrow and of joy.

736 Crossing the Long Bridge of Seta, he wished that it might bode him well. He welcomed the New Year at a travellers' inn in Kusatsu

near Mount Kagami, and, as he munched the Uba rice cakes, he called 737
to mind the Kagami rice cakes that he had eaten in past years.

When he saw the village of Sakurayama, where the cherry trees were almost in bloom, the flower of his heart, too, began to blossom forth and he regained his spirits.

"I am still in the bloom of my youth," he told himself, "and have lost neither the colour nor the fragrance of my young years. The God of Poverty is not so fleet of foot that he can catch up wirh 738
true diligence. Indeed, he is but a tottering old man."

While he was thinking in this way, he noticed the sacred straw festoons in the Forest of Oiso and was put in mind of the approaching spring. This must be a pleasant place for seeing the moon in the 739
autumn, reflected Shinroku as he continued on his journey. He advanced steadily day after day, crossed the Fuwa Barrier, followed the Mino Highway into Owari, passed the several stages of the Tokaido and on the sixty-second day after leaving the capital 740
arrived at Shinagawa. 741

The sale of the dog medicine had so far provided him with his subsistence and he still had two *kan* and three hundred *mon* of copper 742
in reserve. He now threw what remained of the charred animal into the waves of the sea and hastened his entry into Edo. As it was becoming dark, and as he had no particular destination in mind, he decided to spend his first night before the gate of the Tokai Temple. 743

Hard by the temple gates lay a small group of outcasts clad in 744
rush matting. Even in springtime the wind blows violently from the bay, and it is noisy for those whose pillows are close to the waves of 745
the seashore. Unable to sleep, the outcasts lay there into the depth of the night, telling each other their life stories. As he listened to them, Shinroku discovered that they were all men who, like himself, had been cut off from their families. 746

One of them came from the village of Tatsuta in Yamato. "I used to have a *small* sakè brewery," he said, "and was easily able to

support my fair-sized family on the proceeds. But as my savings accumulated and reached the sum of one hundred gold koban, I decided that business in that place was too sluggish for my taste. I gave up everything and came down to Edo. My entire family and my close friends tried to stop me with all sorts of arguments, but I
747 let recklessness rule the day and rented a vintner's provision shop on Gofukucho.

"My new place was on a street with several sakè shops that displayed signs advertising 'Finest Quality Sakè Made of Pure White Rice and Yeast.' Yet it was hard for us to compete with such well-established manufacturers as Konoiké, Itami, Ikdda and Nanto, whose sakè bore the fme aroma of their cedar casks. Finally, it came about that I had wasted all my capital in vain. I was destitute and had nothing to wear but a piece of rush matting that had formerly been used to wrap round a sixteen-gallon cask. I do not care about
748 wearing red-tinged brocade. If only I had a new suit of wadded cotton clothes, I should return to my home-place of Tatsuta, but alas. . ." His words were lost in bitter tears.

"This should teach one," he continued after a while, "not to give up the business for which one has been reared."

But it was impossible for him now to profit from this lesson; for when wisdom comes to a man, it is already too late.

Another of the outcasts hailed from Sakai in the province of Izumi. He had been a most versatile young man who had come down to Edo full of confidence in his *own* artistic talents. Here he studied calligraphy under Hirano Chuan, the tea ceremony under Kanamori Sowa, Chinese poetry under Gensci of Fukakusa, linked
749,750 verses and *haikai* under Nishiyama Soin, No dancing under the fan of Kobataké and the hand drum under Shoda Yotmon. In the morn-
751 ings he listened to the Way, as expounded by Ito Genkichi; in the evenings he learned the art of *kemari* from Asukaidono; in the daytime he participated in the go meetings of Gensai; at night, he took

lessons in the *koto* from Yatsuhashi Kengo. For the small flute he 752,753
became a disciple of Sosan; for the *joruri* he studied the songs of 754
Uji Kadayu; for dancing, he was trained by Jimbei of the Yamato-ya. The top-ranking courtesan, Takahashi of the Shimabara, trained him in the ways of the gay quarters, and Suzuki Heihachi taught him 755
how to consort with young boys: before long, the drum-holders of both the gay quarters came to regard him as a true man of the 756
world in matters of merrymaking. Thus this man succeeded in learning each art from the outstanding expert in the field, and he was confident that he could acquit himself with distinction in whatever company he might find himself.

Yet when it comes to making a living, artistic versatility is of little use, and soon the young man was to regret that he could not manipulate the abacus or the weighing scales. Knowing nothing of the warrior's life, he took service as a merchant's apprentice, but was dismissed on grounds of negligence. Thus finally he had sunk to his present state. As he recalled all these circumstances, he was moved with rancour against his parents. "Why could they not teach me how to make a living," he said, "instead of all those artistic skills?"

Another man who lay there was a native-born inhabitant of Edo, his family being indigenous to the city. He had owned a great mansion on Toricho and enjoyed a fixed income of six hundred gold koban a year from his property. But since he could not grasp the sense of the two syllables "frugal," he had ended by having to sell even his own house. The young man did not know what to do with himself, and finally he fled the heart-consuming mansion 757
of anguish and became an unregistered beggar under Kuruma Zen- 75 8,759
shichi.

As Shinroku listened to these tales, he realized that all these men had suffered the same fate as himself. He was deeply moved with sympathy for them, and, approaching them, said, "I am a man of Kyoto. Having been disowned, I came down here to try my luck in

Edo. But now that I have heard each of you tell his story, my future seems less hopeful." He then told them without reserve of his own circumstances.

Having heard his story, the outcasts said with one accord, "Have
760 you no way of making your apologies? Have you no aunt who could intercede for you? On no account should you have come down to Edo."

"All that belongs to a past to which there is no return," replied Shinroko. "Now I must make my plans for the future. Each of you who lies here is a clever man, and it seems strange that you should all have sunk to such a sorry state. If you had settled on some form of work, whatever it might be, surely you would have found what you wanted."

"Far from it," said the outcasts. "This is a great castle town, to be sure, but it is also the gathering place for the shrewdest people from all Japan and they won't let one come by even a couple of
761 coppers for nothing. When all is said and done, people who have money in this world think only of piling up more money."

"Yet surely," said Shinroku, "while you have been looking about the place, you must have hit upon some new shift for making money."

"Indeed," they replied. "You can pick up the shells that are al-
76.2 ways being thrown away in great quantities, take them to Reigan Island and make them into lime by burning. Also, since trade is so lively in this city, you can prepare shredded seaweed or the shavings of dried bonito and go about the streets hawking it by the measure. You can also buy lengths of cotton and cut them into towels which can be sold by the piece. But apart from that, you won't find any simple way of making money in these parts."

Shinroku thereupon conceived his plan. As soon as dawn broke, he took leave of the outcasts, first bestowing three hundred coppers

upon the three men to whom he had spoken. They were beside themselves with joy.

"Your luck will be sure to turn," they said, "and before long your wealth will be piled as high as Mount Fuji itself!"

Having left Shinagawa, Shinroku went to call on an acquaintance of his who had a draper's shop on Temmacho. He told him of his present circumstances and received a sympathetic response.

"This is a good city for a man to work," the draper told him. "I shall help you."

Shinroku was much enlivened by these words. As he had planned, he now bought some lengths of cotton and cut them into towels. Then on the twenty-fifth day of the Third Moon he pro- 763
ceeded to the Tenjin Shrine at Shitaya and started selling the towels by the water stand. Those who had come to pay their respects at the shrine bought his wares, saying, "Luck to the buyer," and by the 764
evening Shinroku had cleared a good profit.

Every day thereafter he thought of some new device for making money, and before ten years had elapsed, he had become the cynosure of admiration for his ready wit, and was noted as a man 765
of wealth worth no less than five thousand *koban*. The townsmen came to him for guidance and he was now the very treasure of the people in that place. He had his shop curtains dyed with a painting of the god Daikoku wearing a sedge hat, and people therefore called his shop the Sedge-Hat Daikoku. 766

Eighth, he had access to the residences of the various samurai; 767
ninth, he invested his wealth in gold koban; tenth, he had the good 768
fortune to live in no other period than this peaceful and auspicious 769
reign.

770 # THE TEN VIRTUES OF TEA THAT ALL DISAPPEARED AT ONCE

771 Numerous are the ships that call at the harbour of Tsuruga in the
772 province of Echizcn. The daily kcclage is said to average one great
773 gold piece-no less, indeed, than what is collected from all the
774 boats that ply thc Yodo River. Every manner o f wholesalc merchant flourishes in this place. Things arc especially lively when autumn comes; the markets bustle with activity, nutnerous temporary buildings are put up for business and it is as though one had the capital itself before one's eyes. Nor is it only a world of men; for the women whom one sees are handsome and of good disposition. Truly, this can be called the Kyoto of the North.

Strolling players make their way to this town, and it is also a favourite resort for pickpockets. The inhabitants, therefore, have learned to be careful; they never carry their medicine boxes hanging
775 from their sashes, and they even tuck their bags under their clothes where no one can reach them. It is impossible to get so much as a single copper from these people for nothing, and even when robbers speak of this town they sigh and say, "What a difficult world we live in!" Yet, difficult though it may be, he who goes
776 about his trade diligently and with an honest head, who treats even his casual customers with respect and who is ever ready to welcome buyers in his shop will never be hard put to make his livelihood.

Now in the suburbs of this town there lived a man of ready wit called Risuké of Kobashi, who, having neither wife nor children, was obliged to support himself. For this end, he had equipped himself in fine fashion with a portable tea stall. He tied back his sleeves with a spruce sash, smartly tucked up the bottom of his
777 trousers and wore an Ebisu headgear with most comic effect. Thus attired, he would set out early in the morning before anyone else

was about and walk through the market streets, calling out. "Ebisu morning tea for sale!" Hearing this cry, the merchants, who were ever looking out for something new, would buy his tea, even though they might not be thirsty, and as a rule would throw twelve coppers into his cup. 778

Every day Risuké made more money, and before long he had accumulated a goodly capital. He used this to start a large tea shop; later hc began to employ numerous clerks and became one of the great wholesale merchants of thc town. By dint of hard work hc grew to be a man of wealth and basked in the sun of universal admiration. Many notable families in the area were desirous of having 779 him for a son-in-law, but he invariably replied, "I shall not marry until my fortune has grown to ten thousand *koban*. Even if I should have to wait until I am forty, it won't be too late." He calculated every expenditure with the minutest care, and thus one lonely year followed another, with the accumulation of money as his only pleasure.

In the course of time Risukt was inspired to indulge in some base trickery, and he dispatched one of his clerks to Etchu and to Echigo to buy up discarded tea grounds. He gave out that these were to be used for dyeing material in Kyoto, but in fact he mixed the grounds with the tea leaves in his shop and sold them to unsuspecting customers. For a time this practice bore fruit and his business flourished more than ever. But it would seem that Heaven wished to rebuke him; for thereafter Risukt suddenly went mad and himself began to spread abroad an account of his own misdeeds.

"Tea grounds, tea grounds!" he prated, until people began to mutter among themselves, "Ah, so it was by such knavish practices that he acquired all that wealth!" and they would have no more to do with him. Risukt summoned a physician, but none would answer his call. Gradually he became so weak that he could not even swallow a glass of water. As his end was not far off, Risukt tear-

fully addressed his attendants, saying, "This is the last request of my life. Pray bring me a cup of tea."

They brought him tea, but his evil karma seemed to have formed a barrier in his throat and he could not swallow a drop. His final breath was approaching when he bade his attendants bring forth the money from his indoor storehouse. He spread it out by his feet and next to his pillow, muttering, "When I am dead, who will get all this money? Alas, alas, how grievous it all is!"

With these words he clung to his money and gnashed his teeth.
780 The tears gushed from his eyes like scarlet streaks of blood and his expression was that of a hornless blue devil. Next he began to run round the room like some sort of phantom. When he collapsed, his attendants held him. Again and again he revived, and each time he insisted on examining his money to make sure that it was all there.

Finally, the servants became disaffected and regarded their master with terror, so that none of them would remain in his room. They all gathered in the kitchen, each one holding a club in his hand for protection. When a few days had passed with no sound from Risuké, several of the servants went to the door of the sickroom. They peered into the room over each other's shoulders and saw their dead master lying there, with his money still clasped to his breast, his eyes wide open. At this sight they came near to fainting with horror. With no further ado they packed Risuké into a palanquin just as he was, and set off for the place of cremation.

It was a balmy spring day when they left the house; but suddenly the sky was covered with black clouds and drops of rain as large as carriage wheels began to pour down, soon becoming a great torrent
781 that flowed through the fields. The wind roared in the trees, breaking off the dead branches, and here and there one could see the glitter of fires that had been caused by lightning. It seemed to the attendants that the devil himself was going to carry off Risukt's body before it was turned into smoke, and that they would be left there with an

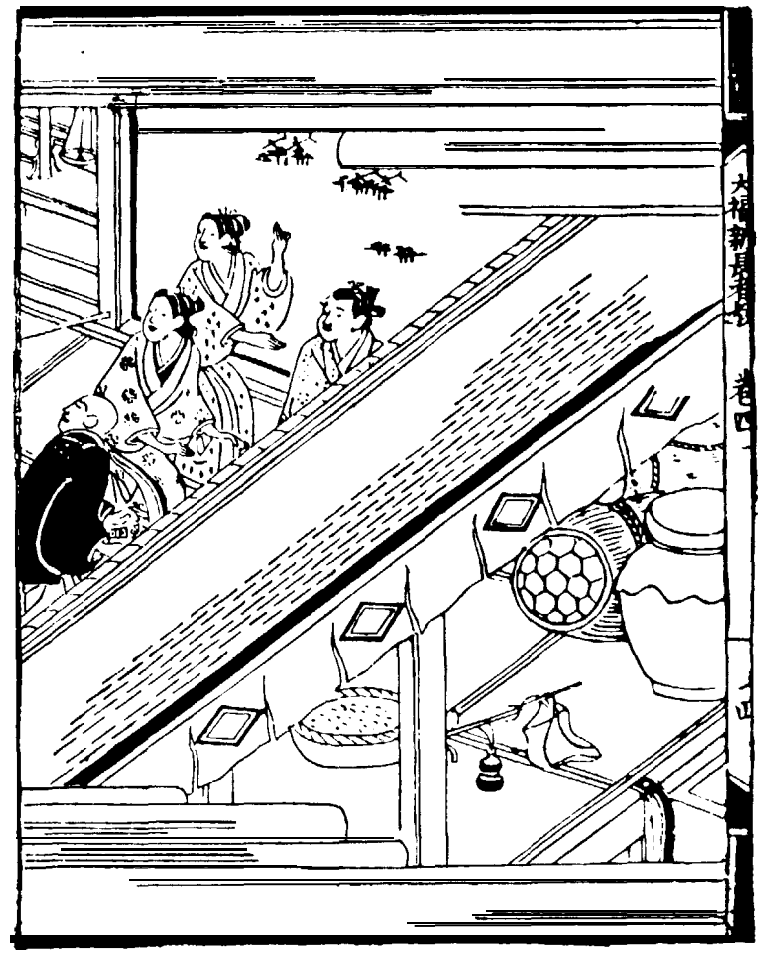
empty palanquin. Now indeed the men found themselves face to face with the burning mansion of anguish, and each of them fled 782
home, overcome with a devout desire to compass his salvation.

After Risukd's death his distant relatives were invited to a distribution of his property; but they, having heard the story of his end, were overcome with fear and would not accept so much as a single chopstick. Consequently they summoned Risukd's servants, saying, "You may share this property among yourselves." But the servants replied, "We desire no part or parcel of it," and they all left the house, not taking along so much as the livery that they had rcccivcd during their scrvicc. Thus we see that even people who are hardened with greed can on occasion act against the dictates of cold reason.

Since there was no help for it, all of Risuké's possessions were sold and the proceeds offered to his parish temple. This was an unexpected stroke of luck for the priests, who, instead of using the money for memorial services, went up to Kyoto and spent it on disporting themselves with young actors, thus making Risuké's wealth a source of joy to the teahouses of the Eastcm Hills. 783

Strange to relate, even after Risuké was dead, his form wandered about the shops of the wholesale dealers, demanding the debts that were due to him from past years. The merchants, who knew full well that he had died, were terrified to see this apparition, and all of them repaid him, weighing the silver properly and taking care not to give him short measure. These things were bruited abroad and Risukt's dwelling came to be known as the Ghost House. Even when it was offered free, no one would accept it, and it was allowed to go to rack and ruin.

When we take note of all this, we see that certain practices must be eschewed, however profitable they may be. To pawn worthless objects with no intention of redeeming them, to deal in various forms of counterfeit, to trick a girl into marriage in order to lay hands on her dowry, to borrow Mass money from temples and to



Clutching his precious money-bags, the mad tea dealer rushes about his room in a death dance while his horror-stricken servants arm themselves with sticks. Strings of copper coins and packets of gold and silver lie scattered on the floor. At the right a Buddhist priest sits with the agitated maidservants. In the garden on the left is the type of storehouse *(kura)* after which the book is named.

avoid repayment by going into bankruptcy, to join a gang of gamblers, to sell worthless mines by means of trickery, to force people
784 into buying ginseng against their will, to arrange for a man to commit fornication with a married woman and rhcn to blackmail him with the threat of exposure, to sell stolen dogs, to receive money for looking after babies and then to let them starve to death,
785 to pluck the hair from the heads of drowned people and sell it-all these may be means to make a living; but for him who indulges in such brutish ways, it were better that he had never enjoyed the small chance of having been born into this world in human form

Nothing that he does seems wicked to him who is already tainted with evil. But, when we look at these various shameful ways of making money, we perceive that only he who earns his living by proper means can really be called a human being. The life of man may be a dream; yet it lasts some fifty years, and whatever honest work we may choose in this world, wc shall surely find it.

RECKONINGS THAT CARRY MEN THROUGH THE WORLD

AT THE YEAR'S END A SINGLE DAY IS WORTH A THOUSAND POUNDS OF GOLD