old taoist

THE LIFE, ART, AND POETRY OF KODŌJIN (1865–1944)

Stephen Addiss

TRANSLATIONS OF AND COMMENTARY ON CHINESE POEMS BY JONATHAN CHAVES

WITH AN ESSAY BY J. THOMAS RIMER

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Dedicated to
Audrey Yoshiko Seo
and
Elizabeth Anna Chaves

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Preface and Acknowledgments

Who was Kodōjin, whose name means "the old Taoist," and how could such a poet-scholar-artist have survived in the modern world? Could he reconcile millennium-old values with the changes taking place in the modern age? What success could a literatus expect, and indeed, how much success would he desire, in industrial Japan? Do his life, poetry, and art represent the resiliency of an old tradition faced with new conditions and new challenges, or was he merely planting flowers on a dead-end road?

Until a few years ago, I believed that the literati way of life had vanished after the modernization and Westernization of Japan that began in the late nineteenth century. Tomioka Tessai, usually considered the last major literati artist, died in 1924, and whatever traces of *bunjinga* (scholar-poet painting) remained were integrated into the broad category of *nihonga* (Japanese-style painting). The persona of a poet-sage who devotes himself to study of the ancients, lives quietly and modestly, and creates art primarily for himself and his friends would seem to have had no place in a society that valued economic growth and national achievement above all.

It was therefore a considerable surprise to discover Fukuda Kodōjin, who lived almost through World War II and maintained a literati lifestyle to the end of his days. He was a master not only of painting but also of calligraphy, *kanshi* (Chinese-language poetry), and haiku. In the turbulent twentieth century, his life is best described in one of his own quatrains:

> A last firefly—it seems to have a purpose
> as late at night it glimmers behind my study curtain.
> Bamboo dew—the heart of autumn drips,
> a moment when the breeze-touched lamp is almost extinguished.

I first became aware of Kodōjin in 1985 at Yamazo-e, a tiny old-fashioned shop in Kyoto that sold antique paintings and calligraphy, specializing in the work of the literati. There, one day, I was looking at a landscape and wondering when it could have been done. The motifs and painterly values were those of the great masters of *bunjinga* (also called *nanga,* or Southern school painting) from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but this work radiated a fresh vitality that had me puzzled. When could it have been painted? When I asked Mr. Yamazo-e, he told me that it was the work of Kodōjin, who lived during the first few decades of this century. I immediately inquired if he had any other scrolls by the same artist, and he showed me two more works that were equally lively and fascinating. The brushwork was clearly excellent according to the traditions of literati painting, but the compositions were different from anything I had seen before, combining creativity, allusions to the past, and a touch of humor.

I had been studying literati painting for several decades, so I was amazed to discover an artist who was both marvelous and totally unknown to me. Determining to find out more about Kodōjin, I asked Mr. Yamazo-e if he had any information about him. This began an odyssey that was to take me several years, during which time the trail seemed to peter out several times but eventually led me to a great wealth of information. Since Kodōjin was not listed in books on painters, all that Mr. Yamazo-e knew was that he had also been a haiku poet under the name of Haritsu. After poking around at the back of his shop, he came up with a biographical dictionary of haiku poets that listed Haritsu, gave his dates, his birthplace in the Kumano region of Wakayama, and the information that he had been a pupil of the haiku poet Masaoka Shiki (1867–1902). But, I asked, wasn't Kodōjin a *nanga* painter? Saa—this was all the information that he had.

My next trip, therefore, was to the Kakimori bunkō, a haiku and *haiga* (haiku painting) research center near Kobe. There, through the good offices of Segawa Setsuko, I discovered a little more about Kodōjin, viewed one of his *haiga,* and learned that he had been an important member of a group of poets led by Shiki in Tokyo at the turn of the century. However, the Kakimori bunkō specialized in earlier haiku research, and so they suggested that I visit the Haikubun gakkan in Tokyo, which had more semimodern materials, including issues of the old newspapers in which Shiki and Kodōjin published their haiku. Ms. Segawa was kind enough to give me the name of the director, and so I telephoned him and made an ap-

pointment for myself and my friend Audrey Yoshiko Seo at one o'clock on the Tuesday of the following week.

When we arrived at the Haikubun gakkan, however, the director was out, and the woman at the desk told me that they did not have the turn-of-the-century newspapers that I wanted. After a few minutes, another member of the staff checked again, but to no avail. We waited a bit longer, and eventually the director arrived. He was very solicitous and checked a third time, but once more told me the same bad news. It looked as though I had hit a brick wall in trying to find out anything about Kodōjin, but the director, seeing my disappointment, invited us down to a basement area for some tea and to meet a haiku poet and researcher named Abe Seibun. We had a nice conversation with this kind gentleman about haiku and haiku painting, even brushing a *haiga* for each other, and eventually he left the room for a few minutes, returning with another haiku biographical dictionary with slightly more information about Kodōjin. We examined this, talked it over, and then he left again. This time he was gone for about fifteen minutes, and when he returned, he brought with him several large books consisting of bound copies of old newspapers. Amazingly enough, these were precisely what I had been looking for, and so Audrey and I diligently scanned them for any poems by Kodōjin. Seeing our delight, Mr. Abe left the room again and this time returned laden down with more materials, and by four o'clock, we had located more than fifty of Kodōjin's haiku. We asked if we could use the copy machine, but it turned out that each copy cost fifty cents and that we had to fill out a rather long form for each one. To make matters worse, although the building did not close until five o'clock, the copy machine was shut down at four! Undaunted, Audrey and I copied out the haiku by hand, and at last we had a small body of material about Kodōjin, even though it was not directly related to his literati painting. Before we left, Mr. Abe had another idea. The entry on Kodōjin in the second haiku biographical dictionary had been written by Prof. Wada Katsushi, an expert on Shiki, who had retired from his position at Osaka University and was now teaching at Joshi Tanki Daigaku, a women's college on the outskirts of Osaka. Perhaps he might have further information about Kodōjin?

Grateful for any possible lead, I called Prof. Wada, and he was kind enough to fax me in Tokyo some biographical information about Kodōjin. As soon as I returned to the Kansai area, I made an appointment to see the

good professor. He welcomed me with some puzzlement. "Nobody in Japan is studying Kodōjin; why is it that you are so interested?" I told him that seeing Kodōjin's literati painting had started me on this quest, and he smiled—surely this was one more instance of the strange *gaijin* (foreigner)—but as a genuinely kind person, Prof. Wada resolved to help me. In the next few weeks he came up with a 1912 book of Kodōjin's *kanshi* (Chinese-language poems) and a catalog of an exhibition that Kodōjin had held in Kyoto in 1919. Most valuable of all, however, was an issue of the regional magazine *Kumano kenkyū* (Studies of the Kumano region) from 1960 with several articles about Kodōjin, including a good deal of biographical material. Furthermore, Prof. Wada knew that Kodōjin's daughter Fukuda Hideko was still alive, and he offered to arrange a meeting.

I was, of course, thrilled, and it turned out that the only time that I could meet her before I had to return to America was on the morning of my departure, at a hotel restaurant not far from where I was staying. Mrs. Fukuda turned out to be a charming elderly lady, speaking extremely polite formal Japanese in a near whisper but clearly delighted that someone was taking an interest in her father's life and work. I tried to get more biographical details about him, but she was determined to tell me what a fine and upstanding man he had been rather than relating specific anecdotes. Before I left, she told me that she had more materials about him, including a book that had been published about his paintings.

At this promising (and slightly frustrating) point, I returned to the University of Richmond, determined to visit Japan the following year to continue my quest. In the meantime, Matsumoto Toyoko, who works for my friends Howard and Mary Ann Rogers at Kaikodō, had a brilliant idea. Since Kodōjin had been born in the town of Shingū in Wakayama, she assumed that there a local library might have materials about him. Sure enough, she discovered—and had copied and shipped to me—another book of *kanshi* and a modest catalog of a local collector's exhibition of Kodōjin's works. I was now busy translating Kodōjin's haiku, but with well more than one hundred Chinese poems, I decided that my modest skills in translating were being stretched, so I turned over the *kanshi* to an old friend, Jonathan Chaves. I did this with some trepidation, since Chaves is one of the great translators of Chinese poetry and he might find Kodōjin's efforts, created in modern Japan, to be wanting. I was truly delighted,

therefore, when he reported back to me with enthusiasm that he really enjoyed and valued the *kanshi* and planned to translate large numbers of them. Up to this point, I had thought that this research about Kodōjin might turn into an article; now I began to imagine a book.

My next trip to Japan made it clear that a book was possible. Visiting Shingū itself with the help of my friend Obata Masaharu, I investigated the town and its library with the kind assistance of the librarian Yamazaki Yasushi. I found and photographed several works by Kodōjin in Shingū's historical center, including an album of haiku *tanzaku* (poem cards),—which gave me many more poems to translate—and Mr. Yamazaki gave me introductions to the three major collectors of Kodōjin's work. First I visited Mr. Sakaguchi Hichirobei in his traditional home on the outskirts of Shingū; he showed me about thirty-five scrolls by Kodōjin while recalling his father's friendship with the poet-artist. Next I went to Wakayama City where I met Dr. Hashimoto Tadami and his family, who had inherited several dozen works by Kodōjin. Again, I was able to take photographs as well as study the works. Finally, I visited the Watase family in Kyoto with Prof. Wada, where we saw another forty-odd works, including the death portrait sketch of Kodōjin by Watase Ryōun (see fig. 20).

Prof. Wada also arranged another meeting with Mrs. Fukuda, who brought with her several shopping bags full of materials about her father. These included a portrait photograph (seen here as fig. 18), the book reproducing his paintings, several scrolls and *tanzaku*, and some letters and postcards written to Kodōjin by his friends.

By this time, the unknown painter had come fully to life for me in his works, his poetry, and his life, and I would therefore like to express my deep thanks to Mr. Yamazo-e, Ms. Segawa, Mr. Abe, Prof. Wada, Ms. Matsumoto, Mr. Yamazaki, Mr. Sakaguchi, Dr. and Mrs. Hashimoto, Ms. Watase, and especially Mrs. Fukuda. They have made this book possible, and beyond that they have made the research a joy.

On this side of the Pacific, I am immensely grateful to Audrey Yoshiko Seo, who has helped and advised me at every stage of this work; to Jonathan Chaves, who once again combines the skill of a translator with the vision of a poet; to J. Thomas Rimer, who brings his depth of scholarship and humanity to this book; to Fumiko and Akira Yamamoto for conversations

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Stephen Addiss

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1

Kodōjin's Life and Art

Kodōjin was born in the town of Shingū in Wakayama on the seventh day of the second month of 1865, at a time when the Western world was forcing Japan to recognize that it could remain a closed country no longer. Shingū, situated by the ocean near the southern tip of Honshū, is famous primarily for its major Shintō shrine as well as the nearby Nachi Waterfall, also considered sacred in Shintō beliefs. For generations, Kodōjin's family had served the local feudal *han* (domain) as police inspectors, but since Kodōjin was a second son, his father Nakamura Jun'ichi allowed him to be adopted by a childless colleague named Fukuda.

Showing his literati talent at a young age, Kodōjin wrote his first haiku at age five (by Japanese count; we would consider him to have been four years old).

Tsurube kara	From the bucket
yo ni tobidetaru	jumping into the world—
i no kawazu	frog in the well

By beginning his haiku career with a frog, Kodōjin was certainly paying his respects to tradition, but the poem also shows his own ebullient spirit as a child ready to face the world.

Rather than haiku, however, it was poetry in Chinese that most fascinated the young Kodōjin. He diligently studied the works of the major Chinese and Japanese masters as well as beginning to compose his own *kanshi* while still at school. By the age of fifteen, Kodōjin realized that to pursue his studies he must leave Shingū and move to a major cultural center. He decided, therefore, to go to the Kansai area, no longer the political capital

of Japan but still a locus of traditional poetry, painting, and calligraphy. According to one story, on the road north he was followed by a brigand. Although small in size, Kodōjin pulled out a small sword from his waist and let loose a great shout. The would-be robber was frightened and ran away.[1]

Along with a friend named Taiji Gorō, Kodōjin settled in Osaka, despite having enough money for only a single futon which did not keep him very warm on chilly winter nights. Taiji was much wealthier but spent his money freely, so one day he asked to borrow from Kodōjin. Lending his friend what little cash he had, Kodōjin marveled at their different attitudes toward finances. Although his own studies came at the cost of considerable poverty, Kodōjin persevered, soon moving to Kyoto so that he could become a pupil of the poet Hayashi Sōkyō (1828–1896) and also to study painting with Suzuki Hyakunen (1825–1891). Whereas Sokyō was a recognized literatus and *kanshi* poet, Hyakunen painted in a professional Shijō school style. Nevertheless, he was a highly respected artist and teacher with a firm grasp of the techniques of various schools, and Kodōjin doubtless received a thorough training in mastery of the brush.

After a few years of study, Kodōjin was acknowledged by Hyakunen as a stellar pupil, and the master urged him to move to Tokyo where the art world was enjoying patronage from the new Meiji government and those who clustered about it. Instead, however, Kodōjin returned to Shingū for a few years of self-study, finally moving to Tokyo in the early 1890s for further training in Chinese literature. Here he met the outstanding haiku master of his day, Masaoka Shiki (1867–1902). Although two years younger than Kodōjin, Shiki had already established a reputation as a young firebrand eager to reform the study and composition of haiku and *waka*, five-line poems. Before long, Kodōjin found himself drawn into Shiki's group of young poets and was given the haiku name of Haritsu (Bundled Chestnuts).

Shiki became the haiku editor for the newspaper *Nippon* in December 1892, and in the following decade before his untimely death, he published major critical works, two diaries, and a great number of poems.[2] He also was politically radical, being critical of many of the government's policies. *Nippon* was in fact forced to close down for several months in early 1894, and the editor thereupon started a short-lived illustrated newspaper named *Shōnippon* with Shiki as its editor in chief. However, when the Sino-Japanese War began in July of that year, opposition to the government was forgotten and *Nippon* began publishing once again.

Kodōjin may well have had mixed feelings about the war. Although he tremendously respected the Chinese cultural tradition, he must have been caught up in the patriotic fervor that was driven by Japan's need for international respect. Perhaps Kodōjin's attention to haiku during this period was his way of maintaining a balance between his love of poetry and whatever nationalist feelings he may have had at that time.

Shiki first noted Kodōjin as a talented member of his haiku group in a 1894 issue of *Shōnippon*, and two years later Shiki particularly praised Kodōjin by saying that although he had started his progress only in the spring, by autumn he was already a fine haiku poet of pure feeling and elegant refinement. Kodōjin now joined his teacher and friends in haiku parties, for which a few themes were selected and the poets gathered with their haiku. All the verses were copied by a scribe, so no one could guess the poet from the handwriting, and each guest examined the collected works and chose a selection of favorite poems. Those poets whose verses were often chosen were especially pleased, but it also offered the opportunity to learn from the poems of others while discovering which of one's own haiku were most appreciated. Publication soon followed, and from this time, Kodōjin's haiku began to be included in *Nippon*, and a number were also published in *Shin bijutsu* under Shiki's auspices.

Kodōjin's early haiku reveal both his influence from Shiki, who urged direct observation and natural language in his poetry, and his own poetic gifts of combining traditional motifs with a fresh spirit. By examining several haiku that were published in *Shin bijutsu* in 1898, we can see how Kodōjin was able to give new life to relatively familiar imagery:

Haru no kawa
chisana geta no
nagareyuku

Spring river—
a tiny wooden clog
floats by

Haruhi sasu
komeya no mise no
suzume kana

Spring sun stabs
at the rice merchant's shop
sparrows

Mijikayo no
nani mo yume mizu
akakenikeri

Short summer night
not dreaming at all—
first light of dawn

Two haiku utilize more unusual imagery, the second taken from Kodōjin's tenure at *Nippon*:

Fumi irite	Tromping onward
hebi no kawa fumu	tromping on snakeskin—
susuki kana	pampas grasses

Ganjitsu no	New Year's
shimbun ōki	newspaper—
tsukue kana	a big deskful!

Two more poems suggest the new world of Meiji Japan:

Hatanaka ni	In the empty fields
teishajō ari	a railroad station—
ume no hana	plum blossoms

Funabito no	The seaman's
tama matsuru hi ya	memorial service lamp—
hagi no naka	amid the clover

Finally, two of Kodōjin's haiku from 1898 stem from his interest in Chinese traditions, the first subtly in that the practice of writing on rocks was begun in China, and the second more directly in that the round fan is a Chinese style in contrast to the Japanese folding fan:

Kankodori	Cuckoo—
sō ishi ni shi o	a monk wrote poems on a rock
daishi suru	and left

Fune ni kite	Arriving at the boat—
Nankin no hito	the Chinese from Nanking
uchiwa uru	sells round fans

In the following year of 1899, Kodōjin was given a position at *Nippon*, at first serving as a proofreader but soon advancing to become editor of the *kanshi* for the cultural section. He made several good friends through his

work at the newspaper, including the artist Nakamura Fusetsu (1866–1943), who provided many illustrations for *Nippon* before going to Europe to study oil painting in 1901. Kodōjin also met the noted Zen monk Gu'an when he came from Kyoto to visit the newspaper, and the two became very close through their shared love of Chinese-style poetry.

This year, 1899, was also the year of Kodōjin's marriage to Yoshiyama Misu, the daughter of a scholar from Yamaguchi Province, who was ten years his junior. Shiki wrote several *waka* to celebrate, including the following congratulatory verses:

You have certainly
married a fine wife—
although there are
many wives in the world,
she is the best one for you

When there's no rice,
you'll be hungry together—
when there's fish,
you'll divide each slice—
the bride and the groom

Kodōjin continued painting during these eventful years, although none of his early works has survived. The first known painting by Kodōjin exists only in a faded snapshot owned by his daughter Hideko. It consists of a simply depicted bamboo (fig. 1) with a haiku inscribed by Shiki that was originally composed in 1897, so the date of the painting is probably between that date and 1901. Shiki's verse is interesting in that it does not explain the image, nor does the painting illustrate the poem; rather, they both add imagery to the total expression:

Saekaeru
oto ya arare no
totsubu hodo

Frigid sounds—
as many as ten
clinks of hail

Despite his close friendships in Tokyo, this was a time of decision for Kodōjin. Getting married and starting a family made him consider his life

Figure 1. *"Bamboo with Inscription by Shiki."* Fukuda Kodōjin (1865–1944) Ink on paper, unknown collection.

very seriously: did he want to continue to live in the bustling excitement of Tokyo, or would a more peaceful existence be better? Which would be more conducive to life as a literatus, his ultimate goal? A specific request soon brought this question into sharp focus. The abbot of Kyoto's Eikandō, Kondō Ryōgan, had been a leading pupil of Kasuga Sen'an in both Buddhism and Confucian studies, focusing on the Zen-influenced philosophy of Wang Yang-ming, and he also loved *kanshi*. Ryōgan especially admired the poetry of Kodōjin and took instruction from him whenever the two could get together. He continually invited Kodōjin to move to Kyoto, and after some deliberation, the young literatus decided to do so, moving to the countryside near the city.[3] The year was 1901, and from then until the end of life, the Kyoto area was Kodōjin's home.

The move led directly to some of Kodōjin's finest haiku. Two poems of 1902 show his renewed sense of nature. The first shows his ability to smile at himself, and the second became his most famous haiku, later published by the National Education Department in one of its textbooks.

Imo no ha ni
shiri o suetaru
tsukimi kana

Planting my buttocks
in potato-plant leaves—
moon viewing

Akakani no
suma ni kakururu
kiyomizu kana

A red crab
hiding in the sand—
pure waters

However, Kodōjin may have been surprised that in Kyoto some of the old customs were already being lost, as the following poem of the same year suggests:

Takekura no wa
kinuta utsu ie mo
nakerikeri

Autumn grasses—
but not a single house
fulling cloth

Two more haiku, published the following year, are even more specific about his life in Kyoto. The first celebrates the custom of pounding *mochi* (rice cakes) in preparation for the New Year, and the second refers to the tradition of midnight visits to temples:

Mochi tsuki no
usu oraisu
Kyō no machi

Pounding mochi
from house to house—
Kyoto

Tera ōki
Kyōto no yama ya
joya no kane

Kyoto's mountains
full of temples—
New Year's bells

Kodōjin's *kanshi* also celebrate his love of nature that he could now enjoy in the Kyoto region (all translations of *kanshi* are by Jonathan Chaves):

Fertile fields enrich my household;
a good wife completes my home
Auspicious trees grow along my paths;
wonderful books fill my carts.

Compared with his previous life in Tokyo, he felt transformed, as the first couplet of another poem suggests:

Gaze at the trees, and know a different heart;
listen to birds, and know a different sound.

In his early days in Kyoto, Kodōjin took the opportunity to visit the Shisendō, the "Hall of Poetry Immortals" built by the poet-recluse Ishi-

kawa Jōzan (1583–1672) in 1641.[4] Here portraits of thirty-six Chinese poets painted by Kanō Tan'yū (1602–1674) were hung in a room overlooking a serene garden:

> The ancient stream enfolds the autumn colors;
> setting sunlight brightens the red pines.
> I reach the gate and feel something special,
> enter the chamber and everything's serene.
> Painted on the walls, the Poetry Immortals age;
> among the cloudy mountains, the Tao vapor thickens.
> Because I have always admired this real recluse,
> again I have stepped beyond the dust of the world.

Kodōjin also visited a sage named Rinsen-ō (dates unknown) and began a poem with a couplet that could as easily have described himself:

> You left your job like casting off old sandals,
> now you hold to the Tao, not ashamed of poverty.

With no newspaper position to support him, Kodōjin sustained himself and his family by giving private lessons in Chinese poetry. He also taught haiku occasionally, including to the major Shijō-*nihonga* painter Takeuchi Seihō (1864–1942). In any case, Kodōjin had very little money, as indicated by a haiku of 1903:

Waga hin wa	My poverty
hone ni tesshite	penetrates my bones—
kamiko kana	paper clothes

He did not lose heart, however, knowing that the life he wished to lead as a literatus would not be easy. Young and enthusiastic, he was willing to accept uncertainty in his life.

Kokoromi ni	Testing
fumeba no kōri no	by stepping out—
usuki kana	the ice is thin

Occasionally friends would come to visit, or he would travel to meet them. In 1905, for example, several haiku poets, including Kawahigashi

Hekigoto (1873–1937), joined Kodōjin for a trip to Mujū-ji in Saga in order to admire the cherry blossoms. Kodōjin's closest poet friend, however, was the monk Gu'an from Tenryū-ji in Kyoto, who inspired the following quatrains from Kodōjin:

> Evening, and I return from the city,
> and close the thatched gate by myself.
> Suddenly a mountain monk stops to visit:
> "Too bad there's no moon out tonight!"
>
> The night is calm, pure with autumn air;
> a solitary monk has come to my thatched hut.
> Here in the mountains it is like antiquity:
> the wind in the pines mingles with noble talk.
>
> Yesterday he left after sipping tea;
> today he comes bringing wine.
> This old monk certainly knows how to cherish guests:
> laughing, he points to a branch of flowering plum.

Gu'an wrote out a quatrain that exists in the Watase family collection, mounted on a scroll (fig. 2). The poem contains several puns on Kodōjin's names, including Fukuda (Rich Fields) and Seishō (Quiet Place):

> "Quiet Place" is in a hidden place;
> No fields at all, these are the true "Rich Fields!"
> Brush plowing, he passes year after year,
> not even accumulating one purseful of money!

Unfortunately, Gu'an became sick on the first day of 1904 and died on the seventeenth of January. More than seven hundred mourners came to Tenryū-ji to pay their respects, and Kodōjin was desolate. He never forgot this deep friendship, and on the thirteenth anniversary of Gu'an's death, Kodōjin wrote a poetic offering:

> Since our parting, thirteen springs;
> I've come to your tomb to sweep away the dust.
> I'd speak what I have within my heart—
> birds are calling, flowers falling fast.

Figure 2. "*Quatrain for Kodōjin.*"
Gu'an (d. 1904)
Ink on paper, private collection.

In the spring of 1906, Kodōjin decided to pay an extended visit to his original home in Shingū, which inspired the following *kanshi*:

Written on the Occasion of Returning to My Hometown

What day is today?
I have followed spring to my hometown.
Flowering plum—dream of a thousand miles!
This wanderer's temples show ten years of frost.
Sad and lonely, I've grown old among rivers and mountains;
grief stricken—my father and mother have died.
In vain I have the feelings of "wind and tree":
I'm ashamed that I've done no real writing!

The reference in the penultimate line is to an old text:

> The trees would be still but the wind ceases not;
> the son would care for his parents but they tarry not.

While in Shingū, Kodōjin attended haiku meetings, encouraging young talent, and also met with his old friend Taiji Gorō, who remained a close ally and patron for the rest of his life. At this time Kodōjin was experimenting with the haiku form, especially the traditional 5-7-5 syllable lines. For example, the following poem has a daring arrangement of lines of 8-8-2 syllables:

Naruko kashimashiku	Noisy clappers
kakashi shizuka nari	quiet scarecrow
yū	evening

Another characteristic of Kodōjin's haiku is that he enjoyed repetition, which is usually considered inappropriate for such a short poetic form. Of the following three haiku, only the second one has an unusual subject, yet they all use a deliberately prosaic tone to conversely stress the inner poetry of the observations:

Higashi mado	From the eastern window
mata nishi mado ni	then from the western window
tsuki o miru	watching the moon
Sumitori no	The charcoal powder
konazumi ni tadon	on the scoop has gathered into
hitotsu kana	a single charcoal ball
Yanagi sakura	Willow and cherry
yanagi sakura no	willow and cherry—
tsutsumi kana	riverbank

The third of these poems was written by Kodōjin on a *tanzaku* (thin poem-card) lightly decorated with green blue and rose violet colors, suggesting the colors of spring (fig. 3). The calligraphy shows the bold confidence of

Figure 3. "*Haiku on a Tanzaku.*"
Kodōjin
Ink on decorated paper, private collection.

the artist, who has written the character for "willow" first in a curving horizontal form and then again with a more vertical gesture.

Finally, Kodōjin's haiku sometimes tackle the modern world head-on, something that most other poets of his era were loath to attempt for fear of producing "unpoetic" imagery.

Hatake utsu ya	Plowing—
mukashi umi nite	where once there was
arishi tokokoro	an ocean
Harumizu ya	Spring waters—
hashi no shita yuku	puffing under the bridge
kajōki	a river steamer

Gake o kezutte
michi tsukurubeshi
tsuta momiji

Cutting down a cliff
because a road must be built—
red ivy leaves

Gunkan no
soba ni bora tsuru
kobune kana

Next to the battleship
a small boat
casting for mullet

How did Kodōjin feel about the haiku poets of his own day? He certainly revered Shiki, who had died in 1902, and remained friends with other followers of the master, but his allegiance was also to the tradition of the great poets of the past. In one haiku, Kodōjin suggests that the tradition of Bashō still existed, while giving a hint of the modern world intruding into nature.

Yakeato no
furuike kōru
ashita kana

By the burned-out campfire
the old pond is frozen—
dawn

Kodōjin went so far as to retrace some of Bashō's famous journey to the north in his *Oku no hosomichi* (Narrow road to the interior), visiting Ryūshaku-ji, the temple where Bashō had composed one of his most famous haiku:

Shizukasa ya
iwa ni shimiiru
semi no koe

Silence—
penetrating the rocks
cicada voices

Kodōjin responded not with a haiku but with a *kanshi* quatrain:

Temple of the Standing Rocks

These are rocks, towering tall,
rich among ancient pines;
A wind from heaven blows toward me
the single boom of a bell.
Here I have come to inscribe my name,
serene, and then depart:

which peak is this to which I've climbed,
here, among the clouds?

Having come to pay his respects, Kodōjin not only has reached the physical hills leading to the temple, but he also has aspired to a literary peak and is well aware of the importance of this artistic journey.

What kind of paintings did Kodōjin enjoy creating in his Kyoto years? An examination of his scrolls shows that in most cases he joined together the "three treasures" of painting, poetry, and calligraphy. Some of his landscapes were executed quickly with spontaneous brushwork, but most show a much more contructivist approach in which the forms are built up of many strokes of the brush. Whereas in some hands this technique leads to overly careful paintings, Kodōjin was able to infuse his works with a sense of great freedom. This was accomplished through a combination of lively brushwork and unusual compositions, often with deliberate spatial ambiguities that draw the viewer into the painting. A scroll of 1912, one of the earliest still extant, shows a composition built of verticals and diagonals, with a small figure of a poet-scholar standing on a bridge between two rocky masses (color plate 1). Behind him are houses built right to the water and above him tower angular pine trees. An imposing cliff angles into the painting from the upper left, and fainter peaks can be seen in the distance.

Although this scroll is well painted, it shows a more youthful spirit than do the works from his full maturity as an artist. Instead of a plethora of inner modeling strokes, there are only a few, and instead of outlines built up of many strokes, here the forms are clearly and rather simply defined. The poetic inscription refers to the chapter "Free-and-Easy-Wandering" from the Taoist classic *Chuang Tzu*, suggesting that Kodōjin was satisfied with his life despite its poverty:

By nature I am clumsy at earning my food—
I admire the ancient sages for their reclusion!
Myself, I plow the bottom of hidden valleys
or chant atop peaks among white clouds.
Gathering herbs, I follow deer and roebuck,
for brewing tea, draw water from rocky streams.
"Free-and-easy wandering!" My wishes are satisfied:
from time to time I gaze up at the azure sky.

In 1912 Kodōjin's *Poems from Seishō's Mountain Studio* was published, a collection of *kanshi* that established him a one of the leading masters of the day. As his verses make clear, Kodōjin was confident about the ideals of his life, whether or not he was understood by others. The very first poem in the collection is a statement of his values:

Drinking Alone

Drinking alone, wine beside the flowers,
spring breezes fluttering in the lapels of my robe.
With just this peace my desire is fulfilled,
while the world's affairs leave me at odds.
White haired, but not yet passed on,
those green mountains a good place to take my bones.
Who understands that this happiness today
lies simply in tranquillity of life?

Other poems reinforce these ideals, as the following excerpts demonstrate:

Forgetting fame and seeking the Way,
I am diligent in my solitude.
And what do I take pleasure in?
I emulate antiquity. . . .
I sing of retirement: there is the bramble gate,
and when I see the moon, I simply linger.

My friends take pity on my poverty,
though they don't take pleasure in the way I've chosen.

Kodōjin's lifestyle, seemingly indolent, is sustained by study:

By nature, awkward about clothes and food:
it's with letters that I've forged a link of purity.

If I don't read books for a single day,
for three months my pleasure is reduced.
How about those wealthy, high-placed folks

who pack them away in towers?
I embrace the ambition of "carrying it out in [my] conduct,"
until old age, still working hard at it!

With this commitment to the ideals of a literatus living peacefully in nature, what was Kodōjin's attitude toward the changes in Japan taking place right before his eyes? He seems not to have wished to criticize others, for in his work there are only two indications that he might have disapproved of the government, and even these are couched in the styles of Chinese poetic complaints of earlier ages. The first of these forms the latter section of a longer poem:

The harvest, rich, the people, starving:
the emperor's heart is full of care.
The officials do not do their duty,
stressing private gain over public weal.
Petty men earn fine salaries
while superior men endure poverty.
Alone, I grieve, alone I joy:
who shares the Way with me?

The second again suggests that the ultimate responsibility is the individual's to find the Tao for himself or herself:

Imitating Ancient Poems

The burden of taxes, ah! may be relieved;
the cruelty of laws, ah! may be mitigated.
The decline of the Way, ah! what can help that?
What can help that, ah! when order cannot be restored?

As might be expected, many poems in Kodōjin's first collection refer to the Chinese literati tradition. One long poem, for example, emulates the "Gathering at the Orchid Pavilion" at which the great calligrapher Wang Hsi-chih (309–ca. 365) and his fellow poets celebrated the Spring Purification ceremony by seating themselves along a winding stream and floating "winged cups" (an ancient form of wine cup made of lacquerware, ce-

ramic, or wood). When a cup arrived beside a poet, he would be expected to drink the wine and improvise a poem.[5] Evidently, Kodōjin and his friends recreated the occasion more than eighteen hundred years later:

A Literary Gathering at the Studio of Auspicious Fragrance

Bird shadows sink in distant mist;
bell tones emerge from blue green colors.
Returning sunlight—solitary flowers whiten;
deep woods—renewed freshness radiates.
touching these scenes, we indulge in noble chanting,
seated in a row, our winged cups flying.
A southern warmth blows away our worries;
with loosened lapels, we forget yesterday's woes.
For belt pendants we pluck the fragrant orchid;
faces to the breeze, we shake out our simple robes.
With elegant beauty, along the winding shore,
water and clouds work their wondrous ways.
Serenely gazing, utterly at peace—
the ten thousand things all know where they should go.

Expert as he was in the Chinese tradition, Kodōjin also was able to suggest some of the Japanese past in his *kanshi*. One poem recalls the enduring sadness of Dan no Ura, where the Taira forces were finally defeated in the civil wars at the end of the Heian period and where the youthful emperor was drowned:

Dan no ura (Sandalwood Bay)

At Sandalwood Bay, autumn clouds converge:
throughout the vastness, marks of ancient tears.
These fishing boats protect the Son of Heaven,
these angry waves shake the yin and yang!
Broken halberds lie buried with lingering grief;
the fish that swim here still bring broken hearts!
Shū, shū—I hear the weeping ghosts
as windblown rain darkens the falling dusk.

The poet whom Kodōjin most admired was the Chinese master T'ao Yuan-ming (T'ao Ch'ien, 365–427), who had given up official life to retire to the poverty and peace of country life. Several of Kodōjin's *kanshi* mention T'ao directly:

I love Yuan-ming's poems!
trancelike, alone I read them.

Beside me I have the poems of T'ao Ch'ien:
I know nothing of the sorrows of a thousand years.

Kodōjin also wrote two haiku that allude to Tao's love of chrysanthemums, which the poet had planted by a hedge:

Kaki no ue ni
yama sukoshi miete
kiku no hana

Over the hedge
a few mountains can be seen—
chrysanthemums

Kimi ga ie mo
kigiku bakari o
uetari na

Your house too—
planted only with
yellow chrysanthemums

Kodōjin's richest tribute to T'ao Yuan-ming, however, comes in a poem in which he refers to T'ao's taking the strings off his *ch'in* (a literati seven-string zither often translated as "lute"), since he fully understood the sound of the strings. Kodōjin also alludes to T'ao's love of wine and his enjoyment of chrysanthemums by the eastern hedge:

No Strings

My no-string lute's still here;
for me it's the same as having no lute at all.
Now Master T'ao can be summoned, perhaps:
I have wine brimming in jade jars!
One branch of chrysanthemums from the eastern hedge
should suffice to complete our happiness.
Lying intoxicated, Southern Mountain is lovely;
after sobering up, we'll forget such a thing as "I."

The final line here suggests moving beyond individual ego, and this poem collection contains several other references to Kodōjin's deep interest in Zen. The first is a couplet from a set of poems "Living at Leisure to the West of the Capital":

> What is it that I enjoy here in the mountains?
> A guest may come and we'll talk about Zen.

Second comes Kodōjin's memorial to a Chinese immigrant monk named Tu-li (Jpse. Dokuryū) (1596–1672), who was a fine poet, calligrapher, and seal carver as well as monk of the Obaku Zen sect.[6] Kodōjin wonders about the transmission of Dokuryū's heritage, perhaps referring to both literati values and Zen:

The Monument to Dokuryū in the Mountains of Iwakuni

> The clouds are chilly at Dragon Gate Temple—
> the mountain, deserted; the mountain's green congealed.
> The monk once rode off from here on a dragon;
> now all one sees are mountain clouds leaping.
> I have come today to lament the past:
> bright moonlight brings thoughts of "Transmission of the Lamp."

Another poem is even more direct in its Zen expression, finding a parallel in nature for the major Buddhist statement of the Heart Sutra, and then not clinging even to this wisdom:

Impromptu

> White clouds: void is form.
> Red leaves: form is void.
> White clouds and red leaves—
> all swept away by an evening's wind.

This extraordinary quatrain reveals Kodōjin's depth of understanding, and the entire collection of poems makes clear that his artistry is anchored in a combination of his lifestyle as a literatus and his thorough study of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and both Chinese and Japanese poetic traditions.

It was from his poetry that Kodōjin's paintings emerged, functioning as another expression of his inner feelings and values. A short article in *Hototogisu* magazine of January 1923 describes a trip the poets Nishiyama Haku-un and Yoshino Saemon took to Kyoto in 1915. They visited Kodōjin in his temporary home in nearby Matsuo village, and the three of them then borrowed paper lanterns and went for the evening to Arashiyama, the famous beauty spot just outside Kyoto. They crossed the bridge over the river, put their lanterns down on the trail, and enjoyed the splendid scenery, including twisted tree roots, strange rocks, and maple leaves. About ten o'clock, they stopped for tea and cakes, as well as more substantial food and drink, and Kodōjin was so delighted that he brought some of his paintings and calligraphy out of his knapsack for them to enjoy. The visitors had such a good time that they returned to Kodōjin's house two days later with Shaku Sōen, the abbot of the Kamakura temple Enkaku-ji, for another visit. Sake flowed freely; Kodōjin got quite inebriated along with his guests; and they had a memorable literati gathering. This is one of the first times that Kodōjin's paintings are directly mentioned in a surviving text, and it is clear that his guests were highly impressed with his talents.

Kodōjin's attitude toward painting and calligraphy is clear from his poetry, which includes this couplet:

> I go out the gate—spring is vague and misty;
> painting its colors, facing men in peace.

Another quatrain suggests that nature itself can create both calligraphy and poetry:

Alone I Joy

> Alone I joy in the Way of the ancients,
> living hidden away, declining the world's fumes.
> Birds sing—the mountain has a resonance;
> flowers fall—the streams form written words.

Giving primacy to nature, even in the human arts, is a significant element in Kodōjin's aesthetic, so we must wonder how he felt about the ever increasing onslaught of "civilization" into Japan's natural world. It is worth

noting that he avoided the more common image of "worldly dust" in favor of "the world's fumes," suggesting the industrial age that was rapidly advancing in his country.

Kodōjin's scrolls were created for his own pleasure and the enjoyment of his friends, but in 1919 Ezaki Gon'ichi, from an old Kyoto family in the Fushimi area, decided to arrange an exhibition to be held at a gallery called Heian gabō, near the steps to Gion Park in Higashiyama. This was the first time that Kodōjin's paintings had been on public view, and they were highly appreciated by those with a taste for literati art. But Ezaki was not a dealer and so a market for Kodōjin's works did not develop, although a catalog was published with photographs of the works which included two albums of *kanshi*, one album of landscapes and calligraphy, five scrolls of landscapes, a pair of scrolls of bamboo, a single scroll of lotus, and one scroll of calligraphy.[7] A number of these works are dated to 1918, suggesting that the artist created them specifically for the exhibition.

One of Kodōjin's characteristic landscapes that probably was painted at this time or a few years later is inscribed with a poem that refers to the legendary sage-emperor Shun. According to Mencius (2A:8.4), "From the time when he plowed and sowed, exercised the potter's art and was a fisherman, to the time when he became emperor, he was continually learning from others."[8] This precedent gives Kodōjin the model for his own life:

> Wind and moon—who is their master?
> By riverside alone I've built my hut.
> So what if my plan for life is clumsy?
> Even Shun made pottery and fished.

What image might we expect to accompany this poem? Kodōjin offers a strange profusion of rocks topped by gyrating pine trees, cut diagonally by a bay with a series of distant fishing boats (fig. 4). Near the top is a horizon of distant mountains, seen from a level perspective. The fishing boats also show this perspective, but the landmasses are seen from above so that the viewer moves through the scene rather than being anchored in one place. A further sense of movement is created by the rocks, which seem to jut out as if they were being forced upward by powerful underground forces. The writhing pines add to the feeling of nature's dance, further abetted by the diagonal line of seven sailboats. These, however, are balanced by seven

Figure 4.
"Landscape with Writhing Pines."
Kodōjin
Ink and color on paper, private collection.

small and serene huts in the middle ground. At first easy to overlook, three humans are pictured. One of them is fishing, at an opposing diagonal to that of most of the composition, and the other two are sitting on a plateau, absorbing the scenery. Light touches of rose, green, and blue colors enhance the painting, helping clarify the structure of the multiple forms.

When examined closely, the strokes of Kodōjin's brush constantly change in thickness and direction, twisting and wriggling with compressed energy. Even the inscription, modestly placed in the upper right, is written in running script in which each line seems to vibrate. Although this painting and the poem contain no motifs or images unfamiliar to the literati tradition, Kodōjin infuses them with his own lively sense of animation and resonance. Considering that the *nanga* tradition was thought to be moribund, it is remarkable how much visual excitement is contained in this seemingly delicate scroll.

A somewhat similar, but much more detailed, landscape shows an interesting counterpoint between poem and image (color plate 2). The poem, written in modest regular-running script, begins dramatically but ends on a very peaceful note:

> A vast rock boldly stands,
> its height much greater than ten feet.
> Above it's pointed—no trees flourish there;
> below resides a man of character.
> Drinking from the stream he forgets hunger and thirst;
> he watches the clouds, just lets them curl and unfold.
> The mind of Tao is deep and hard to fathom;
> in broad daylight he reads books of the immortals.

Simply reading the poem, one might imagine that the painting would show a scholar-poet reading beneath a large rock. Kodōjin's scroll, however, exhibits a full and rich composition in which boulders, cliffs, trees, and mist alternate in a dizzying spiral of movement up to the distant mountains. The poet in his hut is dwarfed by the power of nature, which seems to burst forth beyond human control. Kodōjin has created an amazing depiction of animism, in which the power and life force of nature vibrate throughout the composition, with rocks like eyes shooting out lines of pure

energy. Only the hermit in his hut is still, amid the pulsing vibrations of the brushwork. Not since Uragami Gyokudō (1745–1820) has a literati painter shown such dynamism, in which humans rendered in tiny size are caught in the maelstrom of jutting, piercing, and thrusting natural forces.

One curious feature is that the painting contains a number of trees, their perch often precarious, despite the third line of the poem:

> Above it's pointed—no trees flourish there;

In the published version of this *kanshi*, the only change is a different third line:

> On it grows a fruitless tree;

What was Kodōjin's purpose here? We might speculate about which particular rock in the landscape is described in the poem. But there are so many boulders in the painting, frequently with trees growing from their summits, that perhaps we should see the painting as not an illustration of but, rather, an addition to the poem. The "vast rock" has become a series of crags, peaks, and pinnacles that reach up into the sky; trees, like humans, live there at their peril. In this world of nature, the sage can forget worldly cares, allowing life to flow by like the clouds curling and unfurling.

As in the previous landscape, light colors help define the forms, and the brushwork is a polyphony of varied, usually curving, strokes. The manner in which the rocks are created with thickening and thinning strokes is reminiscent of the style of Ike Taiga (1723–1776), as is the slightly playful quality of the overlapping forms. Despite the power of the landscape, it contains an element of fantasy, as though the sage in his little hut were existing in a magical kingdom. Indeed, the scenery is more suggestive of certain mountainous areas of China than the more typically rounded hills of Japan. Furthermore, encroaching twentieth-century industrial forces were beginning to overwhelm the environment in which Kodōjin lived, making this scene even more wondrous.

To some extent, the persona of a poet-sage living in unspoiled nature was something of a fantasy, since the literati of both China and Japan often had to serve in governmental or teaching positions and were seldom completely free to live in seclusion. Nevertheless, Kodōjin had chosen to reside

outside Kyoto instead of living and working in the busy capital of Tokyo, and so this scroll can be understood as an extension of, rather than an escape from, his true habitat.

One important work by Kodōjin that touches on his choice of lifestyle is an album named, on his four-character title page, "Reading Books and Other Things." The album thereupon alternates six poems in cursive script with six ink landscapes. The first poem suggests a Buddhist sense of nirvana while it praises the literati theme of bamboo and rocks:

> In this place, where the ancient Way shines forth in mystery,
> the True Man brings past karma to an end.
> Beside the gully, many whitened rocks;
> among bamboo appears the crystal stream.
> I let down my hair and whistle out long each day,
> wander free and easy, enjoying nature alone.
> From time to time the bright moon comes,
> its reflection appearing right in my cup of wine.

The following painting (fig. 5) shows the stream, bamboo, and rocks, but where is the poet? By leaving himself out of the painting, perhaps Kodōjin is inviting us to enter the scene ourselves.

Next comes a poem that begins with another response to the secluded life in nature:

> In vain they say, "Take joy in these days!"
> —Living in seclusion, I write poems on ancient feelings.
> Here in the mountains I naturally preserve the Way;
> beneath forest trees I have now lodged my life.
> The rain has passed, the plums put forth new blossoms;
> with mist to clothe them, willow buds already formed.
> I go out the gate—spring is vague and misty;
> painting its colors, facing men in peace.

The accompanying painting is filled with rocks, plum trees, and mountains, with bamboo, mist, and a few huts completing the scene (fig. 6). The energy of the season is fully conveyed, and Kodōjin needs no greens or reds to suggest that he has indeed depicted the colors of spring.

Figure 5. *"Reading Books and Other Things Album: Bamboo and Rocks."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

Next comes a poem more explicitly inviting us to share his life:

> Alone, I've become a scholar of noble reclusion,
> starting to sense how venerable is this life in plain clothes.
> Should you suddenly come to believe in my Way,
> please come visit, and we'll share our tranquil words.
> It's not that the dusty realm is utterly without pleasures,
> but it lacks any ground to plant the fragrant root.
> Year after year I send out these "elegant orchids,"
> hoping the subtle perfume may be preserved.

This invitation is followed by a painting that does not depict orchids but, rather, a small group of noble pines (fig. 7). The right side of the composition, however, is primarily empty, with a wide band of mist moving

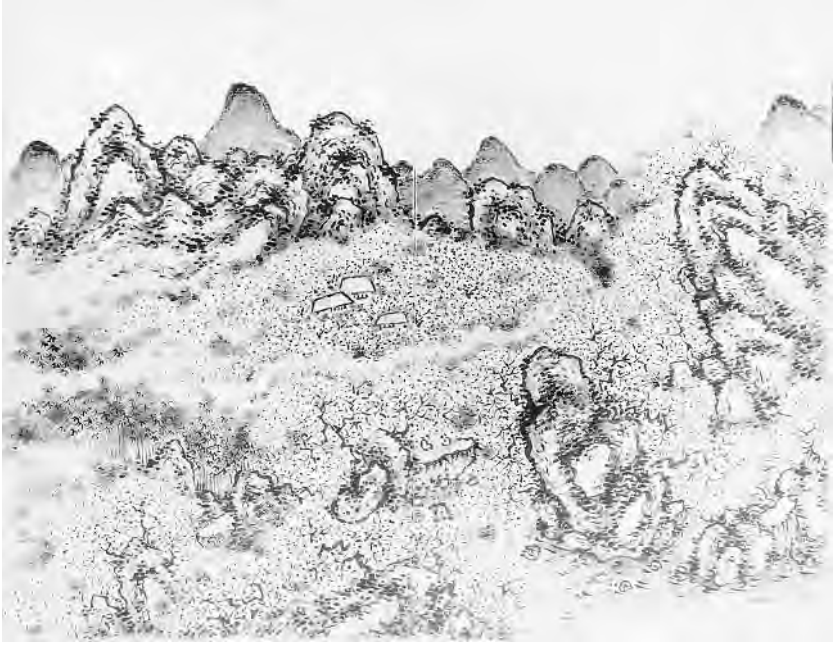


Figure 6. *"Reading Books and Other Things Album: Plum Trees in the Mountains."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

through the space. Just below the mist is a tiny figure, presumably Kodōjin himself, seated on a plateau and observing the world of untrammeled nature. Shall we join him?

The question of guests continues in the next poem, since the phrase "clap my hands" means to greet visitors:

> Years ago, I was first to "clap my hands";
> when guests arrived, it brought joy to my face!
> But this place is quite remote, secluded,
> only the white clouds return to the worldly sphere.
> And so I became a "scholar beneath the woods,"
> trancelike, alone viewing mountains. . . .
> All I do is smile and never answer:
> heaven and earth, together with my heart, serene.

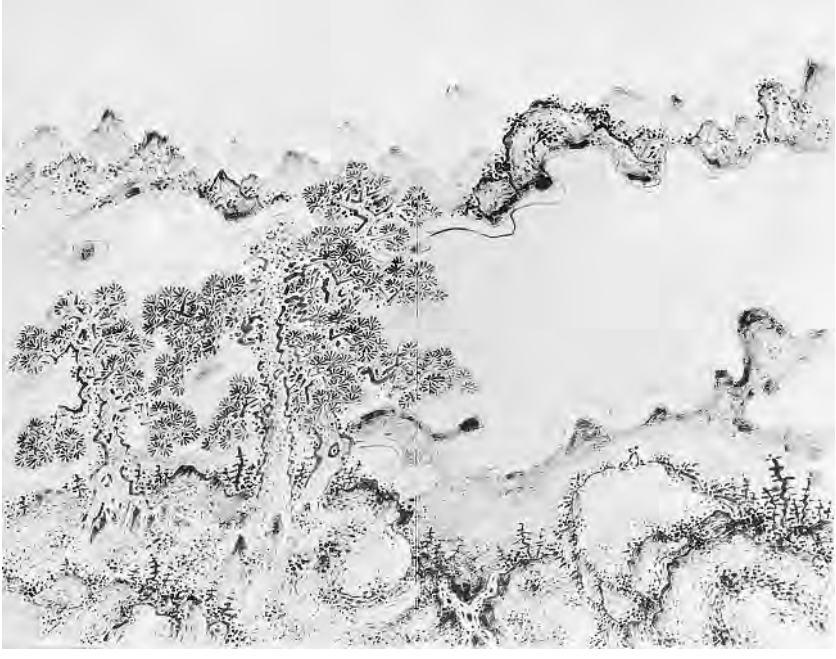


Figure 7. "*Reading Books and Other Things Album: Noble Pines.*"
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

Visually, we have now reached summer (fig. 8). Mountains heavy with rain are depicted with thick overlapping horizontal ovals of ink in a style attributed to the famous Chinese literatus Mi Fu (1051–1107). The top of a pagoda and the roof of a temple can be seen at the lower edge of the painting, reinforcing the idea that we are high in the mountains when we view this boldly rendered scene.

Perhaps giving up hope to find a like-minded visitor, Kodōjin in his next poem suggests that unlike a famous early player of the *ch'in*, Kodōjin will not find a listener who fully "understands the sounds."

> For long I harbored "white cloud" ambition;
> now at last I've built my hut beneath the pines!
> I can write poems about "perching" and "lingering,"

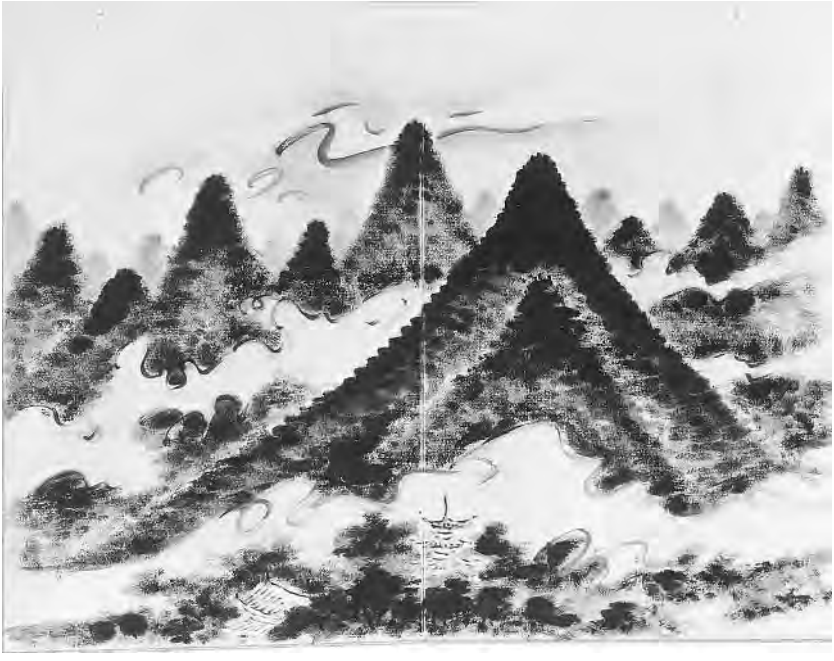


Figure 8. *"Reading Books and Other Things Album: Summer Mountains."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

as I just take pleasure here in lute and books.
Nor do I resent the lack of "sharers of the tune":
in fact I've always lived alone with the Way.
Now I just follow what I *want* to do:
what further need to ask about blame or praise?

Once again in the accompanying painting, we are shown a small figure, now seated on a bridge over a stream among the rocks, viewing a misty landscape with a pavilion in the distance (fig. 9). Whereas the previous landscape followed the conventions for "high distance," this scene is painted in the less dramatic but more vast "level distance." The dry spiky brushwork combines with the bands of white mist to create a sense of banked energy, suggestive of autumn.

Figure 9. *"Reading Books and Other Things Album: Misty Landscape."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

The final poem carries Kodōjin's themes to a conclusion while adding one more motif, his seeming foolishness:

> People all say I must be getting old,
> but maybe I've been *cultivating* this stupidity!
> I read books but don't know how to interpret them;
> in seeking the Way, who can steer me wrong?
> From ancient times, truly world-class scholars
> have been followers of the Way of Plain Clothes.
> Trancelike, alone I nurture my intentions;
> Visitors, please note this "region of streams and rocks."

Completing our travel through the seasons, the final landscape is a winter scene (fig. 10). A single fisherman floats between the tops of pine trees, a few small rocky islands, and the far bank with a series of huts. The gentle

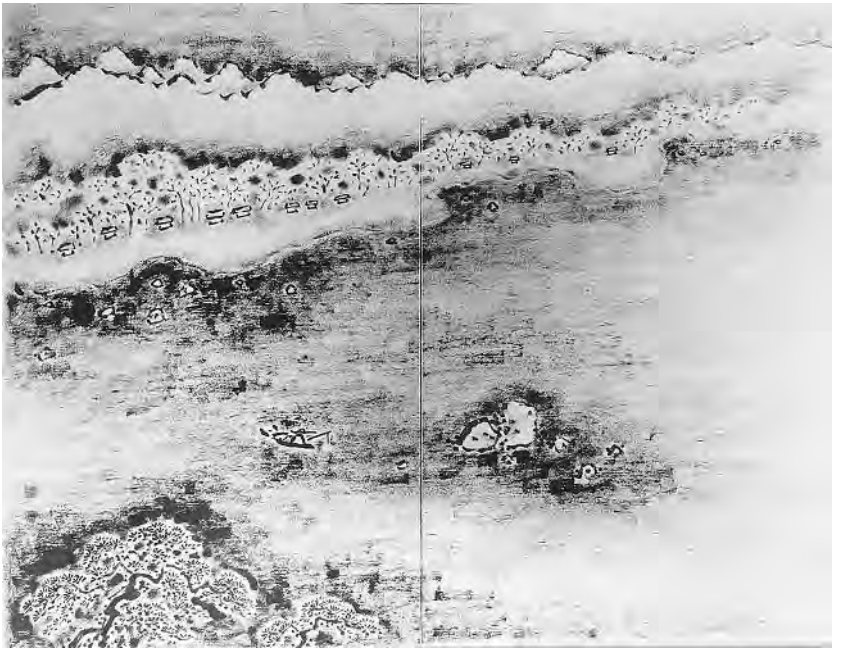


Figure 10. *"Reading Books and Other Things Album: Winter Landscape."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

diagonal of the background gives some sense of movement to the composition, but the dry crumbly black of the brushwork conveys the bleak and withered sense of nature in the snow. Yet we are again invited to join the poet-painter as he lives in a state of calm akin to trance as he becomes one with the natural world.

We have seen Confucian and Buddhist elements in Kodōjin's vision of the world, but this album contains an especially strong element of Taoism, of serenity and apparent foolishness in following the Way. Kodōjin's colophon to this album makes this clear:

> I have named myself for poetry, calligraphy and painting, my "Three Clumsinesses"! This album is a perfect example. The viewer would do well to discern wherein my subtle meaning lies, without questioning the clumsiness.

Usually an extremely modest man, Kodōjin was delighted when his paintings took on their own life and energy as he painted them. He is said to have smiled and muttered to himself, "Ah, almost a National Treasure!" as he completed a fine work, but his friends understood that this was not praising himself but the miracle of the painting emerging well as he worked.[9]

Although many more of Kodōjin's *nanga* works than *haiga* survive, we still have a number of his fine haiku paintings. One example shows a hibachi with smoke billowing forth, carrying with it a few ashes from the charcoal fire (fig. 11). Next to the hibachi rests a Chinese-style round fan, significantly decorated with a painting of the literati theme of orchids. The inscribed haiku descends in counterpoint to the rising smoke:

Kayari shite	Smoking out insects,
tsuma ko to kataru	chatting with my wife and children—
ukiyo kana	this floating world

The final line of this poem refers first to the age-old Buddhist concept of the transience of life, and second to the Edo period interpretation of the word *ukiyo* to suggest the world of transient pleasures.

Although the painting is rendered in a deliberately simplified style, its sense of movement is created by the slight diagonals of rising smoke and falling calligraphy. The relaxed but confident brushwork, along with the reprise of the red from the fire in the artist's seal, demonstrates Kodōjin's expertise. The totality of poem and image also shows that the artist could invoke both an everyday family occasion and a deeper experience of life in the most informal of painting traditions.

Two more of Kodōjin's finest artistic works in color date from these mature years as a painter, which began in the 1920s. The first is a pair of large landscape albums on silk, one with colors and the other consisting of ink paintings. The album with colors is surprising in that the tones are especially bright and rich, unlike Kodōjin's more restrained use of color in most of his other works. This use of bright hues, however, has precedents in Chinese literati practice. Harking back to the T'ang dynasty use of "blue green" mineral colors, this tradition was continued by such masters as Chao Meng-fu (1254–1322) of the Yüan dynasty. In one leaf, Kodōjin has painted pines in a valley overlooking a meandering stream (color plate 3).

Figure 11. "*Smoking Out Insects.*"
Kodōjin
Ink and color on paper, private collection.

A sense of life is given by the different twists and postures of the trees and mountains, and an effective use of the white of unpainted silk offers some respite from the heavy colors while suggesting bands of mist as well as the water of the stream.

Another major landscape by Kodōjin, dated 1923, takes the form of a tall hanging scroll (color plate 4). Here again, the green color is predominant, although somewhat softened from the previous work and balanced by skillful touches of yellow and rose tones. A lone sage, strolling with his staff, looks up from a path between rice fields toward the powerful trees and mountains above him. In the middle ground, a servant rakes a little garden area between three rustic huts while a curly-tailed dog looks on. The artist's characteristic expression of nature's dynamism is conveyed by both the lively brushwork and the inventive and dramatic composition; everything seems to be bursting with growth, from the figures to the rice fields, and

from the trees to the surging rock and mountain forms. The painting bears witness to Kodōjin's continued ability to infuse new life into the age-old literati painting tradition, while his poem that graces the scroll in the upper right celebrates rural life:

> Out in the country, on a day of clear weather;
> everyone loves to go out like this!
> Full of life, the plants and trees now flourish;
> bubbling and gurgling, the spring streams flow.
> Mountain colors are full and verdant;
> fine rain moistens the level fields.
> The farmers will soon have tasks to perform;
> everywhere, sounds of hidden dogs and chickens.
> Such a moment as this is a time of perfection;
> wine in hand, what further need one ask?

After reading the poem and viewing the painting, it would be difficult to doubt that Kodōjin was indeed content with his life as a literatus living on the outskirts of Kyoto.

In 1925 Kodōjin celebrated his sixtieth birthday. In Far Eastern tradition, there are two yearly cycles (one of which comprises the twelve zodiacal animals) which come together every sixty years. Because this is considered a full lifetime, any additional years are thought of as a bonus, a new beginning after one's family and work responsibilities have been fulfilled, and a special celebration called *kanreki* is held at this time. Accordingly, that autumn Kodōjin decided to return to his birthplace. On this visit to Shingū, he visited family graves, and he also happened to meet a young man named Watase Ryōun who was eager to learn the life of a literatus. Encouraged by the master, four years later Ryōun moved to Kyoto and from that time onward studied with Kodōjin. He eventually became a well-known painter in the *nihonga* style and later wrote the most thorough biographical article about Kodōjin yet to appear.[10]

At the end of his trip to Shingū, Kodōjin paid an extended visit to the nearby Nachi Waterfall, one of the glories of Japanese scenery.[11] Kodōjin especially appreciated the scene that day, with the great cedar trees by the gate, a puppy barking, and a postman carrying packages on a pole over his shoulders in front of the magnificent waterfall. Kodōjin viewed nature as

an artist. As he commented to a friend, painters often try to depict the force of the waterfall but do not capture the mountain scenery around it. To the right, he noted, the mountains looked like the brushwork style of the Muromachi master Sesshū Tōyō (1420–1506), but the peaks beyond the waterfall were even more difficult to paint, requiring finishing touches of great skill.

Several of Kodōjin's poems and paintings celebrate Nachi Waterfall, including this *waka* written in 1924, one year before the visit just described:

Forty-eight cascades
combine into
one great stream
and suddenly fall—
this is the great Nachi.

This poem is primarily conceptual, but while at Nachi in 1925, Kodōjin noticed an autumn leaf lying near the bottom of the falls and wrote a haiku that is more experiential:

Ōdaki no
shibuki ni nururu
momiji kana

Lacquered by
the waterfall's spray—
a maple leaf

Another version of this haiku is less explicit:

Aradaki no
shibuki fururu
momiji kana

The rough waterfall
spraying steamy mist—
autumn leaves

A third haiku by Kodōjin describes the waterfall in a different season:

Harusame ya
kasa sashite mire
Nachi no taki

Many umbrellas
in the spring rain—
Nachi Waterfall

Long considered a great Shintō splendor, Nachi is associated with Kumano Shrine and remains one of Japan's most sacred spots. In Buddhist

belief, the thousand-armed, eleven-headed form of Kannon is said to manifest herself in these falls and is often depicted standing beneath them in the Shintō "mandala" paintings of the Kumano Shrine. In Chinese tradition, the "Banished Immortal," Li Po, is famous for his poems on waterfalls and is therefore often depicted in paintings seated on a rocky terrace and gazing wistfully at a waterfall. Kodōjin utilized this background of references for a *kanshi* poem:

Nachi Waterfall

A single vapor shakes Heaven and Earth,
the flying flow comes directly down.
Gaze up—it's hard to stand here long,
in broad daylight terrified of thunder!
My poem is done; in vain I shout it out:
the Banished Immortal—where, oh where is he?

Whereas this poem emphasizes the grandeur of Nachi, the final line may have had extra poignancy for a traditional poet in a rapidly modernizing country.

An amusing story related to Nachi is told about Kodōjin's being invited by a wealthy man in Wakayama City named Minami Kuzutarō to visit his detached villa at Kisanshō-ji. At his host's entreaty, Kodōjin painted a landscape featuring the mighty waterfall in smoke and clouds. The following morning, Kodōjin announced calmly that he hadn't slept the entire night. Minami worried that construction noises might have bothered him, but Kodōjin said serenely, "No, no, not at all. The waterfall that I painted last evening was roaring all night, so I couldn't sleep." Together, guest and host laughed out loud.[12]

This anecdote also brings to mind another of Kodōjin's haiku:

Samidare ya	Early summer rain—
kumo ni totoroku	the sound of a waterfall
taki no oto	rumbling through the clouds

Perhaps it is this rumbling through the clouds that can be seen in one of Kodōjin's finest paintings of Nachi (color plate 5), in which sections of

mountains appearing through the mist appear like musical accents to complement the falling of the waterfall. The notion that a painting may come to life also may help explain a quatrain that appears in Kodōjin's second poem collection, *Shōyō-shū* (Poem collection of a rambler, 1921):

Inscribed on a Painting

When inspiration comes I paint landscapes,
a pure music I alone understand.
I ask you, sir, try hanging one on your wall:
a time may come when clouds will rise from it.

This caprice of imagination has an element of the painter's aesthetic: if he has truly captured the nature of clouds in a painting, perhaps one day they will be released. Since the ideal of the painter in the Far East has traditionally been to incorporate life (sometimes called spirit resonance) into one's brushwork, Kodōjin may merely have been hoping that he had succeeded. But he also adds the idea that painting can be a kind of pure music, alluding to the interaction of the arts, as another quatrain from the same collection suggests:

Chanting Poems

I chant poems, standing beneath a pine tree;
the music of the pines brings mystic feelings.
the music of the pines is heaven's music,
and heaven's music is my poems.

Here we have a clear movement from nature, represented by the sound of the wind in the pines, to the chanting of poetry, and this same mystic feeling can inspire a painting.

One of Kodōjin's most radiant scrolls is a landscape painted in 1927 depicting a mountainside covered with plum blossoms. The title that the artist inscribed on the box is "Abandoning My Oars in the Plum Valley" (color plate 6). The richness of the green, unusual for Kodōjin, sets off the white of the blossoms—actually merely the white of the paper—with the orange-brown and black of the trunks and twigs offering an angular coun-

terpoint. A few houses can be seen in the left middle ground, and a small boat at the bottom shows a poet being poled toward a welcoming blossoming tree. Kodōjin's poem alludes again to the *ch'in* and to the story of the single friend who understood the musician's heart when he played such tunes as "Flowing Waters":

> Alone I write poems, ah! alone I play the *ch'in*;
> this noble air, a thousand years old, and few have known the music!
> This is the place on ordinary days I wander free and easy:
> clouds above, the waters flowing, no contentious heart.

A year later, in the second summer month of 1928, Kodōjin painted one of his most complex and fascinating ink landscapes, "Glowing Pines and Sailboats" (fig. 12). Rendered in many tones of black and gray, this scroll emphasizes Kodōjin's extreme use of spatial ambiguity. The foreground scene of pines, a sage, and a hut is viewed head-on, keeping the viewer at a level even with the motifs. The tree-covered hills near the top of the scroll are also seen at an even level, moving the viewer up in space. The lake is viewed, however, from such a high vantage point that it looks like a spreading amoeba. To complicate the viewpoint further, the sailboats on the lake are seen from a level vantage point, so that we are simultaneously seeing a single scene from multiple angles.

This kind of spatial complexity is not new to Kodōjin, since it had been a feature of much literati painting before him, but it is rare to see it so strongly defined. Kodōjin seems to be playing with space in a deliberate effort to challenge the viewing habits of his twentieth-century audience, which even in Japan was becoming accustomed to a Western-influenced, one-point perspective.

Other features of this landscape are equally interesting. The repetition of motifs rendered in modest brushwork, perhaps in homage to the *nanga* master Tanomura Chikuden (1777–1835), occurs in the depiction of sails, huts, clumps of pine needles, and distant trees, as well as in the buildup of overlapping rocky forms. But the repetitions are always varied in placement, so that asymmetrical rhythmic patterns give life to what might otherwise become static. Finally, might the break between the sage on the plateau and the pavilion across the river imply that there is now a dangerous distance between the scholar-poet and his traditional resting place in nature?

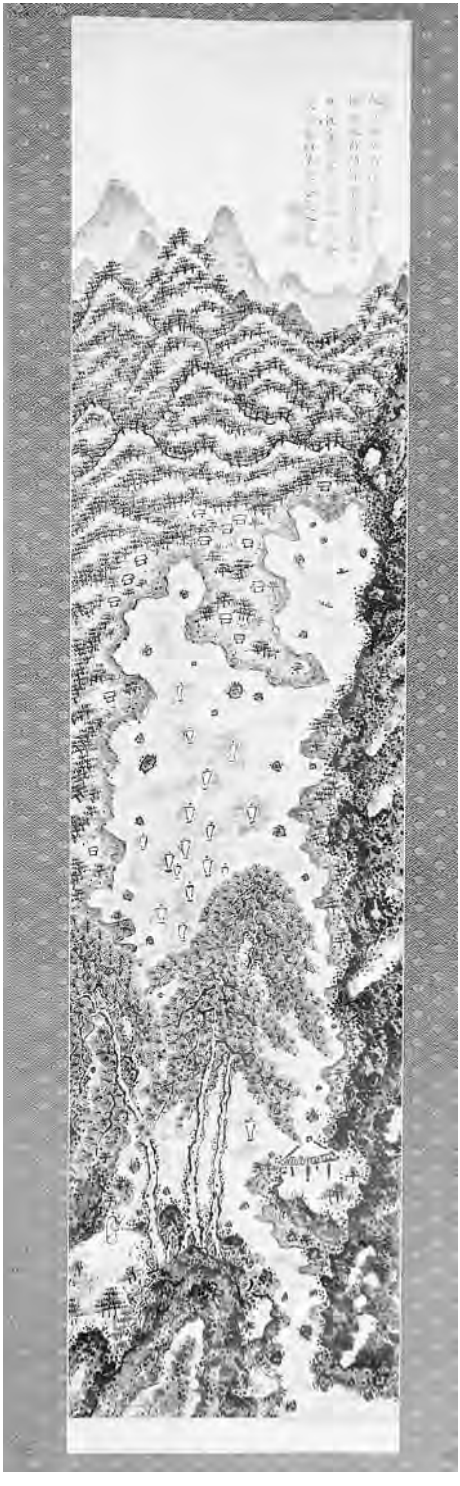


Figure 12.
"Glowing Pines and Sailboats" (1928).
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, Shōka Collection.

The poem inscribed on this landscape again affirms Kodōjin's self-image:

Along the rocks I search for fish
    where the water's clear and shallow;
beyond the clouds I hear the birds
    where trees spread in profusion.
I go out my gate to enjoy myself,
    then return back home;
as setting sunlight shines through the window
    again I read my books.

Meanwhile, in that same year of 1928 there was a major enthronement ceremony in Kyoto for the new (Shōwa) emperor. Many officials came from Tokyo for the event, including several who had been friends of Kodōjin during the time he lived in Tokyo. One of these was Kokubun Shutoku (dates unknown), who visited Kodōjin and greatly admired his paintings. After returning to Tokyo, Kokubun arranged for exhibitions of Kodōjin's art at Mitsukoshi and at Karyō kaikan and wrote a preface to the catalog that includes a number of interesting comments.

> I've heard that from the world of sages, a phoenix emerges and a unicorn arrives. I went to Kyoto for the great ceremony, and after thirty years I had a chance meeting with my old friend Kodōjin. He is just as before in personality and has not only entered a world of seclusion but has also become like a *kami* beyond worldly dust. In painting like a phoenix, in calligraphy like a unicorn, he unites the arts; [when you see them] you will know what I feel. . . .
>
> He has grown a white beard on his kindly face, and he looks truly like a god or Buddha. His poetry is like that of Kanzan, his calligraphy like [that of] Ryōkan, and his paintings blend the qualities of Taiga and Chikuden. His *haiga* surpass those of Buson, and his haiku show his early training with Shiki. In *waka* he has mastered the Man'yō style, again like Ryōkan. When young, he studied Zen, and he consults with the famous monk Gasan at Tenryū-ji; he was a close friend of Gu'an, who also considered him a follower of Kanzan and Jittoku.

> When it is time to drink, he enjoys only sake, this is like T'ao Yuan-ming. When he takes up the brush, it is as though pure ideas enter the brush in godlike form. When writing poems, he has great refinement and elegance, and he enjoys reading books, gathering old manuscripts, and finding rare and curious volumes. . . . He does not wish to become famous, but those who know him understand that he is like a phoenix, and his art like a unicorn.[13]

These comments, while extremely fulsome, are perceptive as well. Kodōjin's poems, although closest perhaps in spirit to those of T'ao Yuan-ming, also have a great deal in common with those of the T'ang recluse Han-shan (Kanzan), who with his friend Shih-te (Jittoku) roamed the mountains and wrote powerful Taoist- and Buddhist-influenced verses about the solitary life in nature. As Kokubun further noted, Kodōjin's paintings contain elements from the freely brushed style of Taiga and also from the more delicate style of Chikuden, whereas his calligraphy has the natural simplicity and seemingly artless skill of the monk-poet Ryōkan (1757–1831).

Encouraged by his meeting with Kokubun, Kodōjin journeyed to Tokyo and met many old friends, including the now internationally famous painter Nakamura Fusetsu, with whom he had once shared duties in an office at *Nippon*. The increased fame that Kodōjin garnered from his exhibitions also led to more requests for his paintings, which was a mixed blessing.

According to Kodōjin, "Clumsy or skillful, I paint only when weary from studying books."[14] Whether or not this was really true, it indicated his self-image first and foremost as a scholar. Several stories about his paintings suggest that they may have provided some income for him but that he nevertheless strictly maintained his literati standards. According to one story, he was visited by a haiku poet in 1921 and told him that he composed haiku, *waka*, and *kanshi* every day but didn't publish them. He also painted frequently, "for my eldest son's educational fees, but perhaps I'll stop when he graduates. If I can express what is in my heart, this pleases me more than anything else, but I am burdened by too many requests for my paintings."[15]

In a second anecdote, Kodōjin was approached by a wealthy man in 1934 to write out one of his *kanshi* as an example of his calligraphy, but did not

immediately answer the request. The client then asked Ozaki Sakujirō, one of Kodōjin's followers, to act as a go-between. Ozaki persuaded Kodōjin to do the calligraphy and then told the client it would cost three hundred yen, a high sum at that time. When Kodōjin received the money, he was greatly surprised and told Ozaki to return it. Ozaki tried to argue that the money would help support Kodōjin's family as well as his studies, but Kodōjin would not be budged. Ozaki also related a story that a visitor came to see Kodōjin and, while being offered tea, asked the master if he could purchase a painting. Kodōjin thereupon asked him to leave the house; hospitality was not to be cheapened by commerce.[16]

Kodōjin's follower Maekawa Masui told the anecdote of a wealthy man who admired Kodōjin so much that he commissioned a local painter in his home town of Okazaki City to paint a portrait of the master. Having this portrait hanging in his home gave the wealthy man the feeling that he was in the presence of Kodōjin, but somehow it did not completely satisfy him. He then decided that if Kodōjin wrote an inscription over the portrait, it would provide a direct contact with the master's personal character. He used another of Kodōjin's friends as a go-between and eventually was able to lay the portrait in front of Kodōjin. He asked politely several times for an inscription, finally commenting, "Anything at all would be fine, so won't you write something?" Kodōjin responded, "Is that so? Anything at all would be all right?" Reluctantly taking up the brush, he then wrote three characters: "Adding one smile." Departing disappointed, without understanding that he had truly seen Kodōjin's personal character in action, the wealthy man returned to Okazaki City.[17] Maekawa speculated that the portrait was poorly painted by a local artist, lacking spirit harmony. But the smile of the master was certainly not a bad thing to have in one's home.

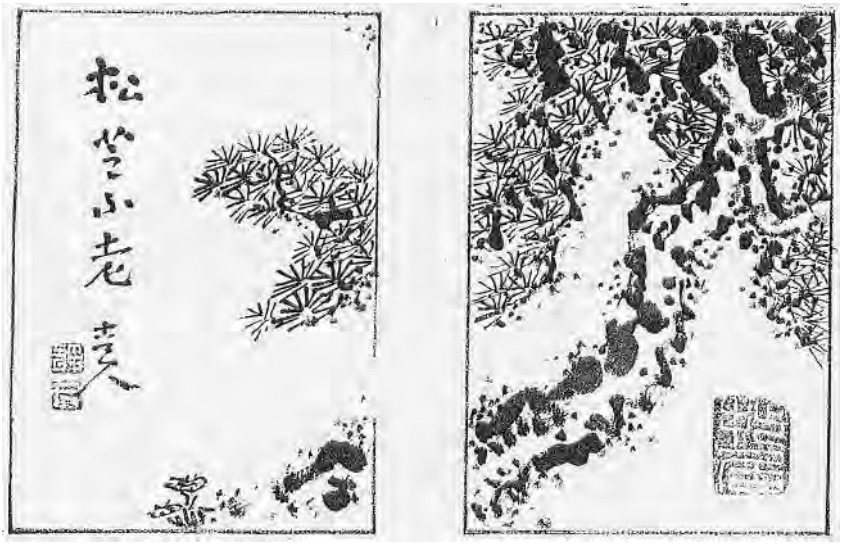
With his strict attitude toward receiving money for his paintings, how did Kodōjin survive? Certainly he was poor, although it did not seem to bother him. According to his daughter, he gave private lessons in classical Chinese and Chinese poetics; among his students were some of the notable painters of his time. In addition, he must have been helped by his patrons either directly or, more likely, indirectly through gifts and hospitality. It probably did not cost very much to live on the fringes of Kyoto during the first half of this century, and so Kodōjin and his family were able to exist on a modest income.

It was perhaps at this stage of his life that Kodōjin prepared several double pages for a woodblock book, which does not seem to have been published. Nevertheless, Kodōjin's designs as they would have been carved into blocks still remain. The first shows a section of a pine growing at a strong diagonal, with a few mushrooms at its base and the inscription "Pine and Magic Fungus Never Grow Old" (fig. 13). The second (fig. 14) has a plum tree on the left, thick with blossoms, and a couplet on the right:

> In the mountains only blue green colors
> view the plum blossoms drinking water

Despite his enjoyment of solitude, Kodōjin certainly welcomed compatible visitors. For example, he wrote out a poem on a double album page in archaic four-character lines of Chinese when enjoying the company of a fellow poet (fig. 15). Unfortunately, it is not clear who the "three men" might be whom he calls teachers:

Figure 13. *"Pine and Magic Fungus."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.



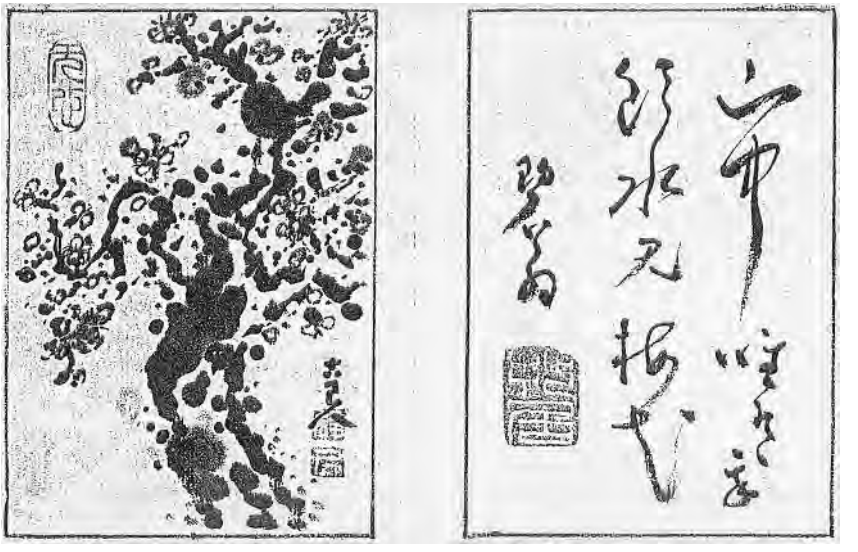


Figure 14. *"Plum Tree and Couplet."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

Visiting My Elder Brother in Poetry

What evening is this evening?
By chance has come this fine occasion.
For a thousand years we share this style,
three men have been our teachers.
Our drinking now is based on letters;
the Way we would never refuse.
We harmonize feelings by means of wine,
empty our wills by means of poems.
How joyful is the Superior Man,
when all phenomena suit his mood!
Just follow what Heaven has fated for you,
Ah! What limit does it have?

The calligraphy is sharper and more angular than usual for Kodōjin, although it features corresponding rounded forms, and regular script alternates with fully cursive characters to create an ever changing rhythm. The

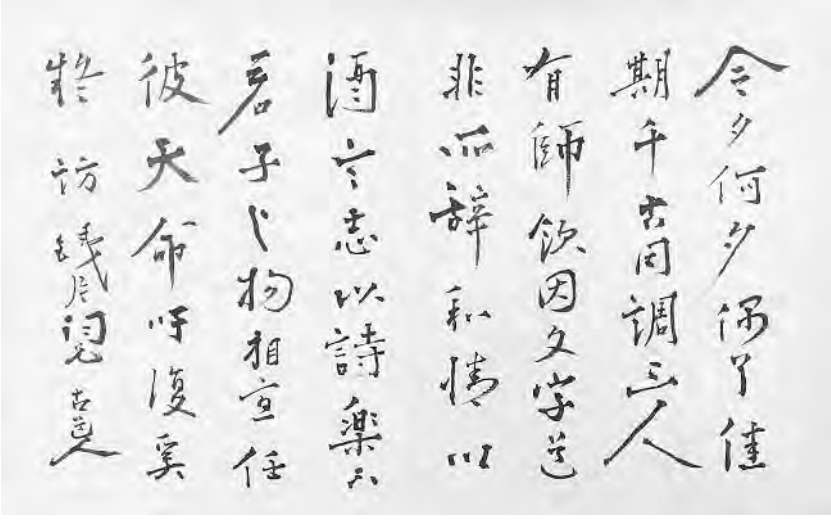


Figure 15. *"Visiting My Elder Brother in Poetry."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

manner in which Kodōjin leaves space where lines usually connect helps give the work a sense of openness.

When Kodōjin writes that he and his friend "empty our wills by means of poems," he is suggesting the value of "empty mind" that reinforces the importance of his Zen interests. He had early on established friendships with several leading Zen monks such as Gu'an and Gasan, and his daughter later reported that he enjoyed Zen-style discussions in question-and-answer *kōan* (Zen riddle) form.[18] One of Kodōjin's *haiga* has the subject of a "snow" *daruma* (color plate 7). There has long existed a folk legend about Bodhidharma's legs withering and falling off during his nine years of meditation, so in Japan a snowman is often called "snow" *daruma*. Here, painted in the white of snow on red paper, Kodōjin has created a delightful image of the sad-faced figure surrounded by a haiku that plays on the word *jakumetsu*, which can mean "nirvana" or "fading away":

Yuki Daruma
sude ni jakumetsu
iraku kana

Snow daruma
already extinguished—
what joy!

There is also a touch of Zen-like humor in some of the anecdotes about Kodōjin that survive, including the story of the gigantic name card. According to Maekawa, Ozaki Sakujirō, who was the owner of the Ozaki Sake brewery, wished for a signboard with calligraphy by Kodōjin.[19] He frequently asked the master, but to no avail. Finally he consulted with Kodōjin's student Sakaguchi, who decided on a stratagem. A large wooden board was prepared and brought to the neighborhood sake shop, and ink and brushes were made ready. Sakaguchi then visited Kodōjin in his home and told him that Ozaki had asked for a name card, a request that the master could not decline.

> —"Fine, fine, bring it here and I'll write it for him."
> —"Actually, the materials are waiting at the local sake store."
> —"But if it's a name card, wouldn't it be best to do it here?"
> —"Yes, but the ink has been ground over at the store."

Kodōjin was a little puzzled by this but could not avoid going over to the store. Opening the *fusuma*, he saw the board and said, "Aha, so that's the way it is. My, this is certainly a huge name card! Ozaki-san, you have a large body, is that why you need such a huge name card?" Everyone broke into laughter, and Kodōjin wrote out the five characters meaning "Ozaki Sake Brewery." This became a famous moment in Ozaki's family history, but unfortunately, the sign was later destroyed in an earthquake.

Kodōjin did large-scale calligraphy from time to time, usually writing out one of his *kanshi*. A fine surviving example uses a poem from his first collection, omitting the original title of "Spring Dawn" (fig. 16):

> Spring dawn—not a speck of dust has stirred;
> I rise early and sweep the green moss clean.
> On stone steps, an idle blossom falls;
> I open the gate, one butterfly comes in.

The poem is here written in three columns of seven, seven, and six characters, followed by the signature "Kodōjin." The characters are written in running-to-cursive script in various sizes, with the largest being the final word, *comes*. A good deal of "flying white"—that is, where the paper can

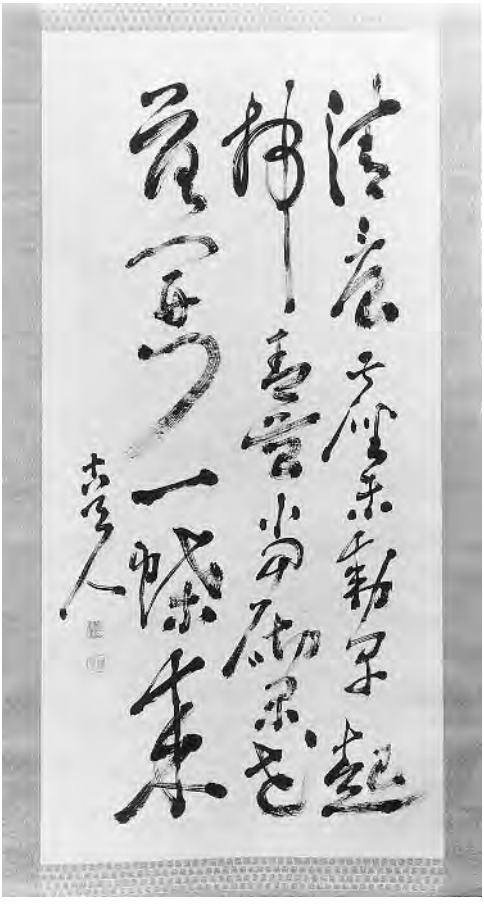


Figure 16. *"Spring Dawn."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

be seen through the quick dry brushwork—gives texture to the work, and the bold and occasionally deliberately awkward sweeps of the brush keep the calligraphy from becoming too facile. A lot of "bone"—not just the flesh of smooth brushwork—can be seen in this work, and it combines with the varied forms to give this calligraphy a strong personality of its own.

Kodōjin also occasionally brushed out his *waka*, usually in rather delicate calligraphy in small formats, but occasionally in larger scope. One of the latter has an interesting poem that refers to a cape at the southern tip of "Ki no kuni" (Wakayama):

The lighthouse
At Ki no kuni's
Shihonomisaki Cape
is brilliantly lit
for the American ship.

Although Kodōjin could not have known it, the irony of the Wakayama lighthouse both warning and helping the American ship is very powerful, considering that not many years later Japan would go to war with America by trying to destroy the fleet at Pearl Harbor.

The calligraphy of this work is influenced by the Chinese-derived style of a two-column format, but the combination of more complex Chinese characters with the simpler Japanese *kana* syllabary gives the work a special sense of variety and freedom (fig. 17). Kodōjin takes full advantage of the possibilities for wet and dry brushwork, thinner and thicker lines, smaller and larger forms, and rounded or more angular movements of the brush to create a very lively composition. In particular, the start of the first column, "Ki no kuni" with its fluent and rounded forms, may be compared with the beginning of the second column, in which the "A" of "America" is especially frail and seemingly awkward. It could even be a human figure with a hat or cap leaning over the ground line, or perhaps the edge of the ship.

What kind of life did Kodōjin lead as he approached old age? According to his daughter, he arose at 4:00 in the morning, drank a cup of plum-flavored hot water, lit incense, and began his study of old books. She also reported that he treated everyone alike, whether a high official or the man who pulled a rickshaw.[20] Kodōjin had some unusual beliefs; for example, he thought that the wraparound loincloths that Japanese men traditionally wore were very important. When Ozaki Sakujirō came to visit for a few days, he was offered a hot bath, after which Kodōjin's wife put out a new loincloth for him. Kodōjin explained that when wrapped around the genitals and buttocks, this long cloth maintained a man's inner power; thus young people who adopted loose Western underclothes lost some of their basic energy.[21]

For the same reason, except when he meditated, Kodōjin did not sit cross-legged with his knees apart. Instead, he read and studied with his legs stretched forward, saying to Ozaki, "Please consider this: if you put a bottle

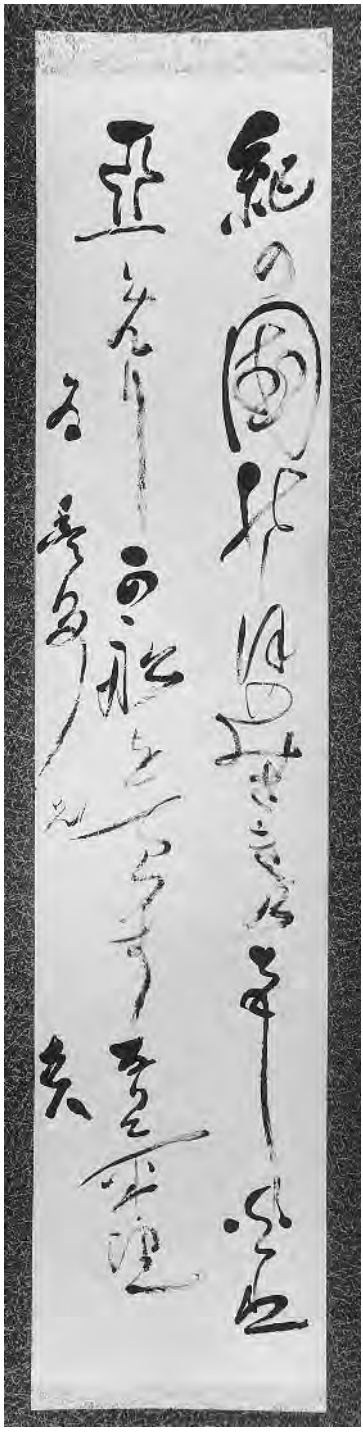


Figure 17. *"Ki no Kuni."*
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, private collection.

on its side, it spills. Therefore if you don't maintain the strength of your pubic region, nothing will enter your head when you study; don't do this to your body."[22]

Accompanying the financial panic in 1929 and 1930 were runs on many Japanese banks. Kodōjin was visiting his friend Taiji's house in Wakayama when he heard from his host that Kodōjin's own bank was in trouble. Advised to withdraw his money immediately, Kodōjin instead sent a telegram to his wife saying, "Don't take out our funds." Taiji was astounded, but Kodōjin told him, "Everyone will be rushing to take out money, but perhaps if even one person doesn't, the bank may survive."[23] Even though Kodōjin was very poor, he was more concerned for the bank than about his own funds.

The beginnings of World War II meant changes for Kodōjin, as for all of Japan. His first son and first daughter had died in childhood, and his only surviving son now worked for the Japanese government in China. Including an unusual amount of autobiographical information as he addressed his surviving son and daughter, Kodōjin wrote perhaps his longest poem at this stage of his life:[24]

To My Children

Ah! I'm old, but hearty and hale,
having cut off roots of illness all my life.
Celebration or lamentation? I've had equal shares;
sorrow or joy? Both left marks of tears.
My eldest son and eldest daughter died;
my second son and second daughter live.
My second son's mind was always set on learning;
eventually he graduated from a university.
Graduated, then traveled rocky roads,
day and night exhausted from the struggle!
In suffering, he sought clothes and food;
what more to say about a "livelihood?"
Having "cultivated the person" one wishes to aid the country,
but how complicated world affairs have become!
With filiality, repay father and mother,
with loyalty, recompense the nation's grace.
The Great Way once level and smooth,

harmonious energy fills Heaven and Earth.
Plants and trees, mountains and earth transformed,
spring colors glitter in the morning sun.
Please note the principles of Nature:
snow melts away, then waters freely flow,
bird songs emerge from hidden valleys,
flowers bloom and fill the ancient garden.

As for my second daughter, when will she ever marry?
It's human nature to yearn for grandchildren!
But what we should take joy in is Heaven's fated Mandate;
serenely filling wine cups all alone.

Now let me make pronouncement to you,
diligently conveying worthy words:
Do not emulate the coldness of petty people,
but rather the warmth of the True Gentleman.
From antiquity the teaching of "honorable reputation"
has been able to bring dignity to worldly ways.
At court, be of substance, like a rafter or pillar;
in the country, maintain the honor of "plain clothes."
How to set virtue freely flowing,
so the windblown grasses will bend before the breeze?
If you learn these basic principles,
I will have brought our source to fullest growth.

This poem does not fully reveal how Kodōjin felt about the war. Although he notes the desire to aid one's country, he also complains "how complicated world affairs have become." When the war started, the old scholar was caught up in the patriotic fervor that gripped Japan, and on January 1, 1942, he even painted a red sun (color plate 8) with the following inscription:

Enemy warships completely destroyed in the Pacific Ocean—
We can see the first sunrise of the New Year.

For Kodōjin as for Japan, however, the news soon turned bitter. It was not long before Kodōjin learned that his son had been killed in north

China. Although Kodōjin was extremely saddened by this, he wrote to a friend that "human beings are all destined to die; although life is brief, we cannot predict the time or place of its end; perhaps for the person himself, death is welcome."[25] This last comment might have been directed to himself, now in his late seventies as he mourned his son.

A photograph of Kodōjin still exists that was taken near the end of his life (fig. 18). He was notable for his long white beard, but one can also see the calm and serenity in his expression. This photograph is an interesting contrast to an unusual self-portrait drawn by the artist at age seventy-seven (fig. 19). In this, Kodōjin's hair is not entirely white, and his beard is only hinted at by the breaks in the line at his chin. We can see the same oval-shaped head, but now the expression is more personal, conveying a special intensity as he stares out at us viewers. The artist's robe is simply depicted in tones of gray ink, and the only inscription is "age seventy-seven." Which of the two, the photograph or the painting, more fully conveys the spirit of the elderly Kodōjin?

In his final years, Kodōjin spent much of his time in his study, but he

Figure 18.
Photograph of Kodōjin.
Private collection.

Figure 19. "*Self-Portrait at Seventy-Seven*" (1941).
Kodōjin
Ink on paper, Chikusei Collection.

never minded being disturbed by his young grandson. The child, aged five or six, would open the *shoji* panels and come in calling, "Grandfather!" Kodōjin would welcome him; the child would then leave; and Kodōjin would close the *shoji*. A few moments later, the same scene would be repeated, sometimes many times in a row, but Kodōjin never lost his temper. He told Ozaki, "This child has no father, and so I can't scold him or discipline him; please just laugh at me."[26]

The war made Kodōjin's poverty even more severe than before, but he did not change his principles. One day a local volunteer came to his house, as to all houses in the area. He was collecting funds for "comfort packages" of supplies to send to soldiers from their neighborhood who were serving overseas. Many people managed to be out, no matter how often the volunteer called, but Kodōjin simply asked him how much the package would cost. Told it was five yen, Kodōjin said, "Unfortunately I now pass my days in study, and although our country is at war, I can't do anything useful. Your request is for five yen, but I now have five people living in our household, so I'll contribute twenty-five yen."[27]

Kodōjin's wife was suffering from ill health at this time, so Kodōjin cooked his own, extremely simple, meals in his study. When a friend visited bearing some cakes, they would drink tea and eat in the same room. But toward the end of the war, rationing was severe, and Kodōjin refused to buy extra food on the black market. He wrote to his friend Sakaguchi Shichirōbei that he was growing very weak from so little food and drink and could no longer leave his house. Even walking indoors was painful, and he could only sit and wait for death.[28]

Kodōjin collapsed on September 9, 1944. His closest friends gathered from near and far, and although they hoped to revive him with medicine, they soon realized that there was nothing to be done and that he would live only until the following day. Watase Ryōun made two sketches of the old man taking labored breaths in his final hours. The more finished of the two sketches is dated September 10 at 5:30 A.M., with the simple inscription "ahhh, ahhh" (fig. 20). Kodōjin's long oval face is pale and weak, and the sketch remains a moving document of the poet-artist as he neared death. Kodōjin was buried, marked by a simple stone inscription, in a Shintō cemetery in the Higashiyama area of Kyoto where he had lived his final years.

After the funeral, his friends tried to make sure that his papers, poems,

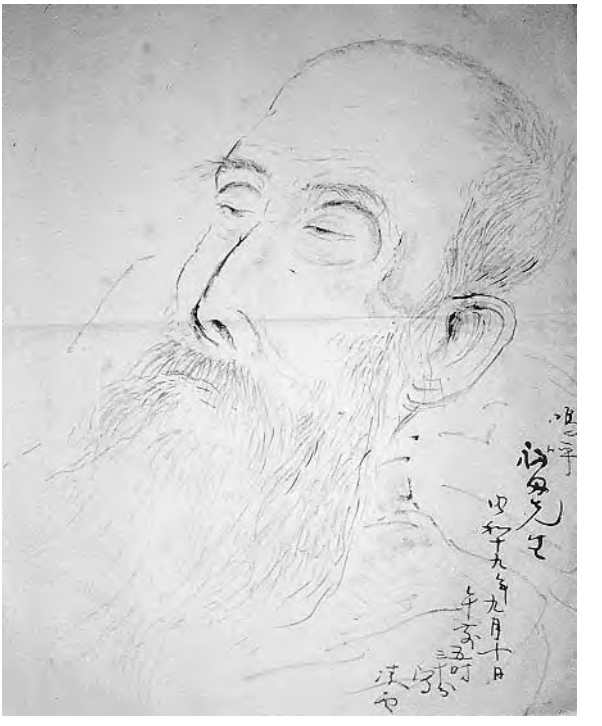


Figure 20.
"*Kodōjin Dying*" (1944).
Watase Ryōun
Ink on paper,
Watase Collection.

and paintings were collected and safe. They believed that he had more than one hundred volumes of his journals, poetry, and prose but could find nothing in his study. Distressed, they asked Kodōjin's wife, but she didn't know what had happened to them. Looking further, they finally discovered a single volume of collected writings. They soon realized that Kodōjin had spent his final months going through all his works, selecting those he wished to preserve, and destroying the rest. Whether this was from modesty or the wish to be remembered only for a small part of his work is not known. But it is certainly possible that Kodōjin was greatly discouraged about the fate of literati art in the modern world of war and destruction, and therefore may have felt that more than a minimal collection of his writings would be superfluous.

During his lifetime, Kodōjin had seen Japan change from a traditional East Asian country into a modern industrial and imperialist power, and this must have affected him deeply, no matter how much he loved his native

land. Nevertheless, he maintained until the end of his life a deep devotion to scholarship, poetry, calligraphy, and painting, all founded on a profound belief in the expression of lofty human responses to the nature of the world around us.

Exactly one month after Kodōjin's death, there was a small exhibition of his works at the Jisai-in in Saga. Officiating at the opening ceremony was the abbot of Tenryū-ji, Seki Seisetsu (1877–1945), a noted Zen master and Zen artist who himself died the following year. Part of an issue of the journal *Kumano-shi* was devoted to Kodōjin in 1960, with several articles on his life but no specific study of his art. The three largest collections of the master's works in Japan are in the hands of the descendants of his followers Taiji (now Hashimoto), Watase, and Sakaguchi. In 1960 Sakaguchi Hichirobei held a private exhibition of his own collection of Kodōjin's paintings and calligraphy in his house (Kasekitei) near Shingū. At that time he issued a small mimeographed catalog of the works, without photographs but with all the poems and inscriptions transcribed.

The only works of Kodōjin currently on display to the Japanese public are at the small historical museum in Shingū, which owns a pair of calligraphy screens, an album of haiku *tanzaku*, and two albums of paintings and calligraphy by Kodōjin. This museum is currently displaying single pages from the latter two albums. In keeping with Kodōjin's modest spirit, today he remains known to only a few devoted scholar-poets and a small number of collectors who appreciate *nanga* and *haiga* painting. Yet this "Old Taoist" led a truly remarkable life, fully embodying not only the arts but also the personal values that had inspired East Asian literati for a millennium. Was he the "last firefly"—the final true literati poet-artist of Japan?

2

Kodōjin's Japanese Poetry

Haiku

Harumizu no
minami shi kitasu
yanagi kana

North and south
of the spring waters—
willows

Natsuno yuku
ware ni tsuite kuru
kochō kana

Accompanying me
through the summer fields—
a butterfly

Hakiyosete
konomi wo hirou
ochiba kana

Gathered together
with the swept-up chestnuts—
fallen leaves

Taorete
shikashite hochi yamu
kakashi kana

First falling
then dying—
the scarecrow

Naruko kashimashi
kageshi shizuka naru
yū

Noisy clappers
quiet scarecrow—
evening

Hitori yukeba
sabishigarasete
mushi no naki

Making me lonely
when walking alone—
insect voices

Akazari no
chiisaki kakete
akiya naru

Only a small
New Year's decoration—
vacant house

Uguisu no
naku ya shimonegi
kaminegishi

Warbler songs
on the lower banks
on the upper banks

Matsukaze ni
sakura chirunari
Daihikaku

In the pine breeze
cherry blossoms scatter—
Daihi Tower

Tomoshibi ya
tana ni chiisaki
hina narabu

Lamplight—
tiny dolls lined up
on the shelf

Momiji shita
urushi ni kabure
tamō nayo

Under autumn leaves
please don't get poisoned
by the red sumac

Niguruma ni
hi tomo shite iku
samusa kana

Lighting the lamp
on the cart and setting off—
the cold!

Momiji fukashi
ishi kumo wo
haku tokoro

So deep the autumn leaves
that rocks
exhale the clouds

Hayashi aida ni
matsutake wo
yaku kana

Among the trees
roasting
pine mushrooms

1898

Kakigoshi ni
sushi wo mairasu
tonari kana

Over the hedge
my neighbor passes me
sushi

1898

Ochiba nizashite
yama miru dote no
koharu kana

Seated in fallen leaves
watching mountains from the
bank—Indian summer

Kaki no ue ni
yama sukoshi miete
kiku no hana

Over the hedge
a few mountains can be seen—
chrysanthemums

1898

Idebata no
tarai ni hagi no
koborikeri

Overflowing the bucket
at the side of the well—
bush clover

1898

Yarihago ni
kirikaze ochinu
kado no uchi

The wind cut by my
whipping shuttlecock
falls into my gate

Yama no i no
soko ni tsugumeru
ichiyō kana

On the bottom
of the mountain well—
a single leaf

Tō ni agare wa
sugi no kozue ni
chō hitotsu

Climbing the tower—
atop the cedar tree
a single butterfly

1898

Rinshoku no
ochitaru wo kake
mon ni iru

Hanging up the fallen
New Year's decorations—
entering the gate

Fuji miete
Nihon no kuni wa
akeyasusa

Viewing Mount Fuji
the future of Japan
looks bright

1/2/02

Tsubaki hana ni
shimo shitatari
niwa uma nari

Drips of frost
among the camellia flowers—
garden at noon

En no to wo
gatambi shiyan to
aki no kaze

Garden gate
suddenly banging shut—
autumn wind

1902

Aki no hotaru
obana ga sode ni
sugari naru

Autumn fireflies—
pampas grasses cling
to my sleeve

1902

Kaedeki ni
urushi ōku wa
momiji su

A few maples
totally lacquered over—
autumn leaves

1902

Tabako bon ni
hagi no kabusaru
shōgi kana

Tobacco brazier
covered with bush clover—
camping stool

1902

Nennai ni
uguisu naite
medetakari

When the warbler
sings throughout the year—
auspicious!

1903

Kangetsu ya
koboku ni hibiku
taki no oto

Cold moon—
echoing in the withered trees
a waterfall

Asashimo ni
karegiku wo taku
koniwa kana

Burning dry chrysanthemums
in the morning frost—
small garden

1903

Kohara hi sashite
shokan mabayuki
tsukue kana

Indian summer sunlight
pierces the books on the
bedazzled desk

Hito saette
naruko kan nari
ushi no mura

People all gone
the clappers fall silent—
village of oxen

Iwashi hikuhito
makkuro ni yū
sakaesu

Pulling in sardines
they gleam in the black
of the evening

E no hibachi
tsukue no shita ni
reikyakusu

The painted hibachi
under my desk
has cooled off

Yanagi karete
koshimbo uochinin
marenari

Willows withered,
not many fishermen
at the riverbank

Haru no yuki
koku no kaki ni
tsumorikeri

Spring snow
piled up
in the hedge of grain

1906

Ominugui
kono hi na no hana
kumorikeri

On the day for
cleaning Buddhist images
mustard flowers bloom

1906

Nisan nin
roji wo dete yuku
kan nembutsu

Two or three people
going through the pass—
a chilly prayer

Ro fusaide
Ueno no yama ni
noborikeri

Hearth covered over—
climbing the mountains
of Ueno

1906

Yama ōki
miyako no kita ya
nokoru yuki

In the many mountains
north of Kyoto
lingering snow

1906

Suribachi wo
fuseru ga gotoki
yama kasumu

Like mixing bowls
laid face down—
hazy mountains

1906

Yugata kara
kaze fukiyande
tsuki oboro

After nightfall
dying breeze
hazy moon

Mizu-umi wo
torimaku haru no
yama hikushi

Encircling
the lake—
low spring mountains

1906

Ta no sumi ni
katamatte naku
kaeru kana

In the corner of the field
bunching up and singing—
frogs

1906

Katamatte
seri no haetaru
kodobu kana

A sprig of parsley
springing up in
the little ditch

1907

Konoha hashiru
tera no rōka no
tsuki samushi

Leaves running
over temple corridors—
chilly moon

Ro no soba ni
ume wo yoshinau
yamaga kana

Next to the hearth
nurturing a plum tree—
mountain house

Yoroarashi no
usu mo tarai mo
ochiba kana

Night storm—
both mortar and washtub—
fallen leaves

Monzen no
taiju momijisu
Kaian-ji

Leaves turning red
on great trees before the gate—
Kaian-ji

Hatsuhi sashite
daidai akaki
toguchi kana

New Year's sunrise
through the doorway
reddens the tangerines

1898

Harudera no
tsubaki no hana wa
chiritekoso

Camellia flowers
at the spring temple
scattered

1898

Nanten no
yukifumi otosu
kotori kana

Knocking the snow
off the nandina bushes—
little birds

Zendera no
shōji akaruki
shigure kana

Brightening the *shōji*
at the Zen temple—
late autumn storm

Waga men ni
koborete ureshi
kiku no tsuyu

Dripping happily
on my face—
chrysanthemum dew

Ame botsubotsu
shiro ato no haru
hito mare ni

Spring drizzle
at the castle ruins—
not many people

Ame mitsubu
fureba kochi fuki
umi aruru

Three drops of rain
east wind
ocean

Omoshiroki
hito nite arishi
tama matsuri

Fascinating
a person known for a long time—
Spirit Festival

Junigatsu
ichinichi no ashita
Fuji wo miru

First morning
of December—
watching Mount Fuji

Aki wa mono
sabishikarikeri
kubonbutsu

Autumn sadness—
nine images of
Amida Buddha

1908

Ryōgan ni
uguisu naite
fune ososhi

Warblers singing
on both banks—
boats linger

Taiboku no
taoren to suru
nowaki kana

Large trees
begin to crack—
wintry blast

Takezutsu no
waretaru ni kiku no
karetaru yo

In the cracked
bamboo vase—
withered chrysanthemums

Uguisu wo
omou uguisu no
nakikazaru hi

Thinking of warblers
on a day when warblers
don't sing

Momo saku ya
Isekigawa kan
Nachi no oku

Peach trees in bloom—
the Iseki River barrier
in the heart of Nachi

Ame pokku
kaeru naki to su
yūbe kana

Rain patters
frogs begin to sing—
evening

Matsukaze ni
ame no tsumetaki
hirume kana

Cooling rain
in the pine breeze—
noon nap

Tabibito no
iwa ni suitsuku
shimizu kana

Traveler
sucking in air on the crag—
pure waters

Katai to wo
katan-pishan to
aki no kaze

Wooden door
slamming and banging—
autumn breeze

Nagareyuku
akuta no ue no
hotaru kana

Drifting
over the garbage—
a firefly

Waga sode ni
tomaru kochō ya
kaze suzushi

A butterfly
pauses on my sleeve—
cool breeze

Kusa no to ni
yūbin no kuru
hinaga kana

Mail arriving
at the rustic door—
long summer day

Yoko ni haru
kabocha no tsuru
kuni zakai

Pumpkin vines
stretching out to
the edge of the province

Yudachi ya
ha zen to shite shimo
ichiri made

Sudden shower—
the downpour falling
as far as a mile

Daikon no
hana saite yama
teraikeri

The mountain
displays the blooming flowers
of the radish

Imo no tsuyu
korogaru wo mite
yu suzumi

Watching the dew
fall on the potato plants—
evening cool

Tori naku ya
anzu no hana ni
hi sankan

A bird sings—
full sunlight in the
apricot blossoms

Kokochi yoku
kusa no tsuyu fumu
waraji kana

How delightful—
walking on dewy grasses
in straw sandals

1908

Mijikayo no
kado tōrikeri
ama futari

Short summer night—
passing through the gate
two nuns

Ka no naka
gyōzui yaru ya
tera otoko

Taking a bath
along with the mosquitoes—
the temple sexton

No no hana
hiruge no koro no
tombo kana

In the wildflowers
just about lunchtime—
a dragonfly

1908

Samidare ya
kokyō no tegami
nurete tsuku

Early summer rain—
a letter from home
arrives damp

Samidare ya
dakuryū senri
umi wo tsuku

Early summer rain
flowing a thousand miles
to the sea

Tsuki mo nashi
ame no kari kiku
konshō kana

No moon—
listening to the geese
in the rainy sky

1908

Yūdachi ya
Semi no Ogawa no
sasa nigori

Sudden shower—
the little Kyoto stream
muddies a little

Sumpeki wo
amashite Hie no
kasumi kana

The blue of Lake Biwa
reflected in the mist
on Mount Hiei

Waka

Mist covers the mist
at Arima Matsubara;
when I cross over,
spring flowers adorn
the cave of flowers

Not easy, not easy
to forsake the fan-shape beach
at Aogi,
where the sands are whitened
by the autumn evening moon

Thinking of the past when
the emperor visited the sacred mountains
of Mikumano;
how awesome to step on the fallen leaves
of the sacred tree of Nagi

At Sakaguchi Shichirōbei's House

As for me,
I would like to live here
in my old age,
with the good people
of the village of Ukui

As in the ancient
ages of the gods,
even now stand
without chipping or crumbling
the heaven-shielded crags

At Shirahama
the cool pine breeze
flutters the sleeves
of a young girl returning
from bathing in the sea

3

Kodōjin and the T'ao Ch'ien Tradition in *Kanshi* Poetry

Jonathan Chaves

> He did not want to compose another Don Quixote—which would be easy—but *the* Don Quixote. . . . His admirable ambition was to produce pages which would coincide—word for word and line for line—with those of Miguel de Cervantes . . . to *be* Cervantes.
>
> —Jorge Luis Borges, "Pierre Menard, Author of Don Quixote" (1939)

> Ought I, on the basis of my inability, emulate Liu-hsia Hui's ability?
>
> —Chou Pi-ta, *Afterword to Liu Yen-ch'un's Collection of Poems Echoing T'ao* (1196)

1

Kodōjin was one of the last true masters of *kanshi* poetry. *Kanshi,* literally "poetry of the Han land" (i.e., China), is Chinese-language poetry written in the traditional Chinese *shih* format of four, eight, or more lines with five or seven (more rarely four or six) characters per line throughout the poem. Such poetry had been written by Japanese courtiers as early as the eighth century, and had continued to play a major role in the development of Japanese letters but by the Meiji period (1868–1912) was generally considered to have become obsolete. The leading novelist of the Meiji period, Natsume Sōseki (1867–1916), did write fine *kanshi* throughout his life, but it is surprising to discover *kanshi* of such quality as those by Kodōjin written as late as the 1930s.[1]

Even more extraordinary, however, is the stylistic choice clearly made by Kodōjin for his Chinese poetry. During the nineteenth century, classical

shih poetry in China itself had developed generally in the direction of increasing density of diction and elaborate allusiveness often carried to the point of bookishness, as in the work of such important figures as Kung Tzu-chen (1792–1841) or Huang Tsun-hsien (1848–1905).[2] Even a cursory reading of Kodōjin's *kanshi* poetry, however, reveals a crystalline simplicity of diction and a refreshing clarity of presentation. In using such a style, Kodōjin was consciously reverting to a particular literary tradition derived from China, that of a more straightforward, easily grasped diction only lightly burdened by hermetic allusion. This is a style that students of Chinese literature will recognize as associated with such names as T'ao Ch'ien (T'ao Yüan-ming, 365–427), Po Chü-i (772–846), Su Shih (Su Tung-p'o, 1037–1101), and Yang Wan-li (1127–1206). A closer reading shows that the first of these figures, T'ao Ch'ien, was by far Kodōjin's favorite Chinese writer and the model for his personal style.[3]

In a poem entitled "Impromptu" (pp. 101-2), Kodōjin states, "I love Yüan-ming's poems! / Trancelike, alone I read them," and toward the end of this poem, he reminds himself and us that "it has always been better to hold to simplicity," a doctrine that may be taken as applying both to literary style and to life itself. In both senses, simplicity has been associated with T'ao Ch'ien ever since the first critique of his work was written by the author of one of the most important books in the history of Chinese literary criticism, the *Shih-p'in* (Evaluations/classifications of poetry). Chung Hung (or Jung, ca. 465–518) divided all major poets to date into three classes (*p'in*) and notoriously relegated T'ao to the second tier. In his brief but highly influential essay on T'ao, Chung wrote,

> His literary style is sparse and serene, almost entirely without wordiness. His sincerity of meaning is authentic and antique, the flavor of his diction lovely and pleasing. Whenever we read his writings, we think of the man's character. The world sighs in admiration for his simplicity and straightforwardness. On the other hand, such lines of his as "With joyous talk we become inebriated from the spring wine" or "At sundown, heaven lacks any cloud" are elegantly frivolous: how could they be taken as merely the words of a farmer in the fields? He is the ancestor of the hermit-recluse poets of past and present.[4]

It is evident that when Chung wrote, sometime around A.D.500, T'ao had come to be admired for both his poetry and his personal character; he was already well on his way to becoming a virtual icon of withdrawal and hermitage.[5] But Chung qualifies his praise by calling attention to an apparent contradiction between what we might call T'ao's "image" and the reality of his position as a highly refined practitioner of literary art. Of course, the image itself may be seen as a literary creation by T'ao, albeit based on reality, and therefore may, if anything, add to our admiration for him as a poetic craftsman.

Also when Chung Hung wrote his famous evaluation of T'ao Ch'ien, T'ao was already becoming a specifically literary model to be emulated. The practice of writing poems "in the manner of" or "in imitation of" great poets of the past was already becoming a significant factor in Chinese literary circles (as it later became in the history of Chinese painting). Probably the most ambitious practitioner of this sophisticated art was Chiang Yen (444–505), who produced no fewer than thirty poems written in the styles of as many poets, including T'ao Ch'ien.[6] Already in Chiang's pastiche of T'ao, it is clear that T'ao is presented as a kind of hermit philosopher, as the poem makes a pleasing transition from description of the persona's simple farm life to equally simple but profound philosophical utterances combining Taoist and Confucian elements:

> I plant seedlings by the eastern banks;
> As the seedlings grow, they fill the cross paths. . . .
>
> My simple heart is truly thus:
> To embark on the path and look to the Three Benefits.
> (*trans. John Marney*)

To the extent that T'ao Ch'ien was seen as a philosopher, the basis for his philosophy—as Marney notes—was at least as much Confucian as "Taoist." The simple harmony with nature characteristic of T'ao's poetry, and beautifully captured by Chiang Yen in his imitation, might be thought of as "Taoist," but it leads here, as it often does, to a specifically Confucian allusion. The "Three Benefits" are three beneficial or helpful modes of friendship enumerated by Confucius himself in the *Analects* (16:4) (trans-

lated by E. Bruce Brooks and A. Taeko Brooks): "To befriend the upright, to befriend the candid, to befriend those who have heard much: these are helpful."[7] As we shall see, Kodōjin's recreation of T'ao Ch'ien was built on a similar foundation.

Even though T'ao's poetry was already being imitated in the fifth and sixth centuries, Chung Hung's initial equivocation about T'ao's ultimate stature continued to be echoed for several more centuries. As late as the end of the Ming dynasty, one of the leading Ming literary critics, Hu Ying-lin (1551–1602), said the following about T'ao's evolving reputation:

> Tzu-mei [Tu Fu (712–770), often considered the single greatest Chinese poet] did not particularly like T'ao's poetry and, in fact, despised it as being "withered and dry"; Tzu-chan [Su Shih] enthusiastically loved T'ao's poetry and considered that [of such major poets as] Ts'ao [Chih (192–232)], Liu [?Chen (d. 217)], Li [Po (701–762)], and Tu [Fu], none of them could come up to him. Both these men [Tu and Su] have overstated their case. How excellent was Master Chung [Hung]'s classification of Yüan-liang [T'ao Ch'ien] as being the "ancestor of the hermit-recluse poets of past and present."[8]

Tu Fu actually seems to have had considerable admiration for T'ao Ch'ien and often mentions him, usually in tandem with another great poet of the Six Dynasties period (222–589), Hsieh Ling-yün (385–443). But in one poem, the third from a series entitled Expressing My Feelings—Five Poems and dating from 759, Tu does write as follows:

> T'ao Ch'ien was a man who fled vulgarity,
> yet not necessarily one who knew the Way.
> When we read his collected poetry,
> we rather dislike it for being withered and dry.
> His penetration of life?—Not sufficient!
> His "silent understanding"?—Came much too late.
> Whether one's sons turn out wise or stupid:
> How could he let *that* weigh on his mind![9]

The final couplet here refers to T'ao's well-known (and delightful) poem, "Blaming My Sons," in which he laments the apparent inability of his off-

spring to turn their attention to learning, a poem that may have partially inspired Kodōjin's superb long poem, "To My Children (pp. 50-1)":

Blaming My Sons

White hairs creep over my temples,
my flesh is not as firm as before.
It's true that I have five sons,
but not one of them loves writing brush and paper!
Ah-shu has already reached sixteen—
in laziness he is without peer.
A-hsüan approaches the age of "mind on learning,"
yet has no fondness for literary arts.
Yung-tuan is now thirteen,
and cannot tell the difference between "six" and "seven."
T'ung-tzu is about to turn nine,
and only seeks for pears and nuts.
If such is the fate which Heaven has conferred,
please bring on that "thing inside the cup!" [10]

It was Confucius who described himself as having set his "mind on learning" at the age of fifteen. But with all his sons turning away from it, only the "thing inside the cup"—wine—is left, and indeed T'ao's love for wine becomes proverbial.

The implication that Tu Fu had some reservations about T'ao Ch'ien was unacceptable to the generation of T'ao's greatest admirers, Su Shih and his circle, including the great calligrapher and poet, Huang T'ing-chien (1045–1105). Huang is recorded as having argued that in Tu's poem, Tu is in fact ironically expressing his own sense of frustration by assimilating himself to the figure of T'ao Ch'ien—something that Kodōjin did as well, in his own way—and that "vulgar people, having failed to understand this, have taken him to be reviling Yüan-ming [T'ao]! This is what is meant by the saying, 'Don't discuss your dreams in front of the insane!'" [11]

This example dramatically illustrates that by early in the Sung dynasty (960–1279), T'ao had become a highly revered figure in the circle of Su Shih and Huang T'ing-chien—the circle of men who essentially created the very concept of the *wen-jen* (Jpse. *bunjin*) or "literatus," "man of let-

ters," that played such a crucial role in later Chinese and Japanese civilization—so much so that in the view of Huang T'ing-chien, even an apparently negative comment by the great Tu Fu about T'ao Ch'ien had to be "correctly" reinterpreted.

The highest expression of what must now be called the cult of T'ao Ch'ien in Sung dynasty China occurred when Su Shih himself decided not only to write poems imitating the style of T'ao, as Chiang Yen had already done during the Six Dynasties, but also to write poems imitating every poem by T'ao and, what is more, employing precisely the same rhyme words in the same sequence as T'ao had in each of these poems! Su himself boasted in a letter to his beloved younger brother and partner in poetry, Su Ch'e (1039–1112),

> Among poets of the past, there are those who have imitated the works of the ancients, but no one before has ever retroactively "echoed" the ancients [i.e., written poems following their rhyme words].[12] This practice begins with me! Now, among the poets there are none I particularly love—except that I love Yüan-ming's [T'ao's] poetry. Yüan-ming did not write that many poems, but his poems are simple while actually being lovely, sparse, while actually being rich. Of the poets Ts'ao, Liu, Pao [Chao (ca. 414–466)], Hsieh [Ling-yün], Li, and Tu, none of them could come up to him. I have echoed all his poems, from beginning to end, obtaining all together more than a hundred. In some cases I have been so pleased with my work that I would say I need not be ashamed before Yüan-ming himself. . . . But how could I merely limit myself to admiration for Yüan-ming's poetry? I have been truly moved by his character as well.[13]

Su Shih also invited his brother to join him in echoing T'ao's poems, but although he was able to produce a few examples, Su Ch'e generally found the task so difficult that in one case, after failing to echo one of T'ao's famous poems on the *Classic of Mountains and Seas,* he continued the task in a dream, finally hitting on a few appropriate lines.[14]

In addition to the heroic task of echoing all of T'ao's poems, Su Shih established T'ao as the chief exemplar of the aesthetic quality of "blandness" (*tan*) which his predecessor and mentor, Mei Yao-ch'en (1002–1060) had already emphasized as the foundation of literati aesthetics.[15] Underly-

ing this important concept was a kind of Taoist irony: the Tao (Way) itself is described in the *Tao te ching* (ch. 35) as "bland and flavorless," and the idea is the familiar mystical ineffability of the Absolute itself. To complement and explicate Mei Yao-ch'en's favorite expression, *p'ing-tan* (even and bland), Su coined the phrase *k'u-tan* (withered and bland) and wrote,

> What is prized in the withered and bland is that the external is withered but the internal is rich. It seems bland but is actually beautiful. Such poets as Yüan-ming [T'ao Ch'ien] and Tzu-hou [Liu Tsung-yüan (773–819)] are examples of this. If the internal and the external are both withered and bland, is this worth taking into consideration? [16]

Here we have a key building block of literati aesthetics in poetry, painting, and calligraphy, grounded in the poetry of T'ao Ch'ien by the leading figure in the literati movement of the Sung dynasty (although Tu Fu's poem of 759, complaining that T'ao's poetry was "withered and dry," if indeed tongue-in-cheek, as implied by Huang T'ing-chien, may have anticipated the idea). When Kodōjin undertakes his project of becoming a kind of twentieth-century T'ao Ch'ien, he is therefore striving to embody the very essence of the literati tradition.

Su Shih's challenging example inspired later poets to attempt to echo T'ao's oeuvre. In the Southern Sung dynasty (1127–1279), a certain Liu Ch'eng-pi, known today because of his friendship with one of the greatest poets of the twelfth century, Yang Wan-li, also echoed all of T'ao's poems.[17] Liu's collection of poems echoing T'ao has been declared by K'ung Fan-li—a major scholar of Sung poetry—to be lost,[18] but we possess two prefaces to the lost book, one by Yang Wan-li and the other (actually an afterword) by another significant scholar of the twelfth century, Chou Pi-ta (1126–1204).[19] In particular, Chou adds to our understanding of the whole enterprise of imitating a poet of the past when he writes (in 1196),

> Few of the T'ang scholars were incapable of writing poetry . . . and it was for no other reason than this: they did not strain to transcend their shortcomings, forcing themselves, nor did they hold in check their strong points, limiting themselves. They followed their own natures, adding practice, and that is how they became famous masters. . . . Now, these poems of Yen-ch'un's [Liu Ch'eng-pi's] were derived from [this approach

> of] the T'ang masters, not from Five Willows [T'ao]. . . . Even and bland, spare and simple, not caring about the path toward success—such is Yen-ch'un's nature. Not straining, not limiting—such is his practice. Formally, the young man of Lu locked his door at night, to prevent the entry of the village widow. The widow said, "Why can you not be like Liu-hsia Hui?"[20] The young man replied, "You and I both are young. Such a man as Liu-hsia Hui, of course, could do it. I, of course, could *not* do it. Ought I, on the basis of my inability, emulate Liu-hsia Hui's ability?" . . . Today our Yen-ch'un has learned something from this example. Anyone who believes this statement of mine will then be able to understand that Yüan-ming's spring orchids, autumn chrysanthemums, wind-in-the-pines, and water-in-the-stream are, after all, to be found among the broken strings of Yen-ch'un's lute![21]

Here Chou seems to imply the paradox that only by *not* attempting to imitate T'ao may his true essence be captured, a point that was fully developed by the individualist Kung-an school of the late Ming dynasty.[22] As characterized by Chou Pi-ta, Liu Ch'eng-pi is almost a twelfth-century precursor of Jorge Luis Borges's wonderful fictional writer, Pierre Menard, although Liu appears to have been wiser than Menard, whose "admirable ambition was to produce pages which would coincide—word for word and line for line—with those of Miguel de Cervantes . . . and to *be* Cervantes." Menard, a typical modern, appears to be in futile rebellion against time and space. Liu realizes, if Chou's description of him is accurate, that to reproduce T'ao is impossible—but by being true to himself, he can in a sense be another T'ao Ch'ien. A comparable realization will surely help inspire Kodōjin's poetic project in the twentieth century.

During the Mongol-dominated Yüan dynasty (1279–1368), two major poets, Hao Ching (1223–1275) and Liu Yin (1241–1293), also echoed T'ao Ch'ien's complete works.[23] Both men may be seen as using their profound respect for T'ao Ch'ien, the "ancestor of the hermit-recluse poets of past and present," as a form of subtle protest against the foreign rule of China. In the preface to his group of poems echoing T'ao,[24] Hao gives us one of the most eloquent tributes in history to this beloved figure:

> It was Master Tung-p'o [Su Shih] alone who, upon being exiled to Ling-hai, completely echoed Yüan-ming's poems, echoing both their mean-

> ing and their rhyme. This was the origin of retrospective echoing of poetry. . . . I frequently read T'ao's poems to liberate myself. This year I have also echoed them, obtaining more than a hundred poems. . . . T'ao Yüan-ming lived at the juncture of the change of mandate from the Chin to the [Liu-]Sung dynasties. He withdrew to live among the fields, floating and sinking in cups of wine, while his heaven-conferred resources were exalted and transcendent, his thought pure and untrammeled. He gave himself to truth, surrendering to fate, never competing with phenomena, so that his poetry was free, beyond ordinary human feelings, communing directly with the Creator! Transcendently he orders his rhymes, a chapter from the *Chuang Tzu*.[25] He is rustic without being vulgar, bland without being withered, lovely without being flowery, free but not licentious. . . . Past and present, none compare with him!

Clearly, Hao Ching sees T'ao as a supreme poet whose works provide particular inspiration to those who are experiencing troubled times: disillusionment with government service and alienation from a newly established dynasty (T'ao himself), exile (Su Shih), foreign occupation (Hao Ching)—and, we might add, a world shaken by the vicissitudes of modernity in the eyes of such a man as Kodōjin.

2

The poetry of T'ao Ch'ien, inextricably bound up with the image of T'ao as a quintessential hermit-recluse, lover of wine and chrysanthemums, and player of the stringless lute, was transmitted to Japan at an early date. Already in the ninth century, Fujiwara no Sukeyo (847–897) had recorded in his *Nihonkoku genzaisho mokuroku* (A catalog of [Chinese] books currently existing in the land of Japan), dating from around 891, a ten-chapter edition of T'ao's poetry.[26] At the same time, Japanese readers undoubtedly noticed that the collected works of Po Chü-i—by far the most popular of all Chinese writers in Japan—included a series of no fewer than sixteen "Poems in Imitation of T'ao Ch'ien's Style."[27] Although the extremely influential bilingual anthology of Chinese and Japanese poetic passages, the *Wakan rōei shū* (Anthology of Japanese and Chinese poems to sing), compiled around 1013 by Fujiwara no Kintō (966–1041), contains no poems by T'ao,

it does list a number of characteristic allusions to him. To give only one example, in the section "Living in Retirement," the courtier Ōe no Mochitoki (955–1010), writing in Chinese, as was fashionable at the time, presents T'ao as an exemplar of retired serenity: "At T'ao's gate, all traces cut off on spring mornings of rain."[28] Transmitted by the revered Po Chü-i and included in the *Wakan rōei shū,* the iconic image of T'ao as a recluse was guaranteed to have wide dissemination.

The Buddhist monk-poets who wrote *kanshi* during the Muromachi period (in a movement known as *gozan bungaku,* or "literature of the five mountains") also were familiar with T'ao Ch'ien. According to Marian Ury, one of the most important, Sesson Yūbai (1290–1346), "lived in China for so long and from such an early age [twenty-six years, from the age of sixteen] that he had become as much Chinese as Japanese." In one of his poems, he proudly asserts, "I am not T'ao Ch'ien: / It's the northern window I love to look from," whereas in a familiar passage, T'ao speaks of looking out the *southern* window. But Sesson's love for T'ao expresses itself precisely in the playfulness of the allusion, and we realize that for both the Zen monks of medieval Japan and the earlier courtier-poets, he was an established and venerated figure.[29]

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the stream of Chinese poetic style that derived from T'ao Ch'ien and Po Chü-i, with later representatives in Sung poets such as Su Shih and Yang Wan-li, entered Japanese letters with renewed vigor. A key role was played in the seventeenth century by the Chinese émigré Ch'en Yüan-yün (1587–1671), known not only as a literary scholar and critic but also as a painter and master of the martial arts.[30] Ch'en's position in the literary debates of the day was made clear in a *shih-hua* (comments on poetry) text compiled by a disciple of his that records his views on literature, entitled *Sheng-an shih-hua* (Comments on poetry from the Ascension Hut, "Ascension Hut" being Ch'en's nom de plume). During a dialogue in which he is asked by an interlocutor, "Who was the best Ming-dynasty poet?" Ch'en answers, "Yüan Chung-lang."[31] Yüan Hung-tao (Chung-lang, 1568–1610) was the leader of the individualist Kung-an school, whose veneration for the poets of the Sung dynasty—especially Su Shih—was so great that Yüan's younger brother, Yüan Chung-tao (1570–1624) actually named his studio (and took as his nom de plume), Su-Po chai, "Studio of Su Shih and Po Chü-i." One of the school's leading theoreticians, the remarkable Chiang Ying-k'o (Chin-chih, 1556–

1605), expressed the view of T'ao Ch'ien generally held by Kung-an writers: "T'ao Yüan-ming transcendently passed beyond the dusty world, opening up a unique style—for this man was not a man of the Six Dynasties, and so his poetry was not [merely] Six Dynasties poetry."[32] In all these opinions, we see again the idea of a line linking T'ao to Po to Su Shih to the Kung-an school of the late Ming, an idea refreshed and brought up-to-date in Japan through the agency of Ch'en Yüan-yün.

The most dramatic demonstration of T'ao's status in Tokugawa Japan was provided in 1641, when the samurai-turned-literatus, Ishikawa Jōzan (1583–1672), who had fought under Tokugawa Ieyasu in the wars that brought to power Ieyasu and his dynasty of shoguns, built his retreat, the Shisendō (Hall of the Poetry Immortals) in the mountains northeast of Kyoto.[33] Jōzan commissioned the great painter Kanō Tan'yū (1602–1674) to produce a series of largely imaginary portraits of Jōzan's thirty-six favorite Chinese poets, arranged in two sets of eighteen each. One of these started with T'ao Ch'ien (see fig. 21 for a woodblock version of the portrait). Above the figure of T'ao, Jōzan inscribed—in his unique, artfully archaic "clerk" script—the text of his favorite poem by T'ao and one of the masterpieces of Chinese literature, poem 5 from the series Drinking Wine, Twenty Poems. Once again, this poem must have embodied the ideal of poetic reclusion for a man who was deeply in need of such inspiration:

> I built my hut where people live
> yet there is no racket of horse and carriage.
> "I ask you, Sir, how is that possible?"
> When the mind is distant, the place becomes remote.
> I pluck chrysanthemums beneath the eastern hedge,
> look longingly at the southern mountains.
> The mountain air is lovely at sunset;
> birds in flight two by two return.
> In these things there lies a subtle meaning:
> I would convey it, but I've lost the words.

Jōzan himself was the finest *kanshi* poet of his time and one of the best in the entire history of the genre. He repeatedly expresses his admiration for T'ao Ch'ien in his poetry. It is no surprise to discover that Kodōjin visited the Shisendō and wrote a poem about his experience (p. 126), in

Figure 21. *"Imaginary Portrait of T'ao Ch'ien."*
Woodblock print, after painting by
Kanō Tan'yū (1602–1674).

which he speaks of Jōzan in these terms: "Because I have always admired this real recluse, / again I have stepped beyond the dust of the world."

Finally, in the eighteenth century, the full riches of Sung dynasty poetry were introduced through the efforts of Yamamoto Hokuzan (1752–1812).[34] Hokuzan also was a *kanshi* poet who wrote in the limpid style—ultimately derived from T'ao Ch'ien but with its fullest expression in Sung and Kung-an poetry—and gave it even greater prestige than it already possessed in Japan.

3

By the time that Kodōjin was writing, T'ao Ch'ien's prominence had thus been well established for centuries. Nor was knowledge of T'ao limited to the circles of *kanshi* writers and aficionados of Chinese culture. In a 1907 entry in his famous diary, no less a pioneer of modernism in Japanese poetry than Ishikawa Takuboku (1886–1912) links T'ao's "withdrawal into wine" with his own generation's alienation and exclaims, "How deeply moved I have been reading the collected poems of Yüan-ming!"[35]

Still, no one compares with Kodōjin in the extent of his admiration for T'ao, to say nothing of the entire enterprise of essentially modeling his style as a *kanshi* poet on T'ao Ch'ien's. If anything, Kodōjin goes further than T'ao—or anyone else in the history of Chinese poetry, for that matter—in radically simplifying and clarifying his poetic diction. At no point does he adopt the model of Su Shih (Liu Ch'eng-pi, Liu Yin, or Hao Ching) and attempt to "echo" actual poems by T'ao. In one instance, Kodōjin does play a familiar literary game by writing a poem to a rhyme word derived from splitting one of T'ao's lines ("Informally Dividing a Line by Yüan-ming and Getting the Character 'DAY,'" p. 98), but Kodōjin's manner of following T'ao is less technical and more intimate. He actually remakes T'ao's voice, somehow appropriating and rejuvenating it so that it becomes his own throughout his entire oeuvre.

Most of the ways in which Kodōjin achieves this effect become evident when reading the poems presented here, but one stylistic choice in particular deserves more comment, namely, his use of the unusual, archaic meter of four characters per line. As it happens, the four-character meter was the original one in *shih* poetry, as it is used almost exclusively throughout

the original *shih* poems, those of the classic *Shih ching* (Book of songs). The *Shih ching* was compiled sometime around 600 B.C. but contains poems dating as far back as around 1000 B.C., and of course, as one of the so-called Six Classics, it was an essential part of traditional Chinese education. The four-character meter early gave way to the five-character and then the seven-character meters, which became the standard meters of *shih* poetry by the late Han to early Six Dynasties periods. It remained an option, however, for poets to write in four-character meter when they wished to convey a purposely "archaic" flavor, just as painters of later periods could conjure up a nostalgic sense of the past by executing a work in the "blue-green" style associated with early landscape painting.

T'ao Ch'ien brilliantly adapted the four-character meter to his own needs. As the Sung scholar Ch'en Jen-tzu put it, "The reason Yüan-ming's four-character poems are incomparable is that they never infringe on the diction of ancient poetry, or rather, although there may be one or two such cases, they are very few. When other poets try the meter, they can't help but repeat old phrases."[36] What Ch'en noticed is that T'ao made this archaic meter his own, by using it to express *personal* concerns while still bringing into his verse of this type philosophical perspectives grounded primarily in Confucianism. Su Shih's poems echoing the four-character poems of T'ao are themselves a tour de force, for the meter adds additional restrictions to the already challenging problem of "following the rhymes," as pointed out in an insightful essay by Iritani Sensuke.[37] In the thirteenth century, Liu Yin did not even try to echo any of the four-character poems, but Hao Ching followed T'ao's example by adopting the meter to contemporary needs. For example, before giving us his version of T'ao's poem sequence "Encouraging Agriculture," Hao informs us, "Ever since the chaos caused by the troops, all four classes of society have lost their means of livelihood. For this reason, when I read Yüan-ming's work 'Encouraging Agriculture,' I was deeply moved, and wrote my own."[38]

Kodōjin's four-character-meter poems must be considered among the finest ever attempted in this difficult form. He tends to use the type to express directly his philosophy, basically Confucian but with a cosmological aspect shared by both Confucianism and Taoism and in fact nearly universal in East Asian thought. A good example is Kodōjin's "Piece on the True Gentleman," one of the key concepts in Confucian philosophy:

When the Gentleman occupies centricity,
it causes others to maintain centricity.
When the Gentleman upholds reverence,
it causes others to practice reverence.
Heaven and Earth then share the same essence,
and Sun and Moon are brilliant mirrors.
In his reading of books he has proper measure;
he masters it in his mind and "carries it out in his conduct."
If moreover he grieves the Way's decline,
his whole life he will appear to suffer illness.

With its direct quotation from the Confucian *Analects* in line 8 and its useful reminder that the term Tao (the Way) is used by Confucianists as well as Taoists, this poem forms a perfect pendant to the writings of Kodōjin's contemporary, G. K. Chesterton, who, in his 1908 masterpiece *Orthodoxy* pointed out to his readers that paradoxically in the modern world, the only way to be really eccentric is to be—centric, that is, orthodox!

Thus Kodōjin, by example and through explicit statements, shows how a vibrantly reinvigorated tradition can continue to provide the foundation for creativity and wise living in the modern era.

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4

Kodōjin's Chinese Poetry

Jonathan Chaves

Selections from *Poems from the Quiet Place Mountain Studio* (Seisho sanbō shū) (1912)

Drinking Alone

Drinking alone, wine beside the flowers,
spring breezes fluttering the lapels of my robe.
With just this peace my desire is fulfilled,
while the world's affairs leave me at odds.
White haired but not yet passed on,
these green mountains a good place to take my bones.
Who understands that this happiness today
lies simply in tranquillity of life? *(poem 1, p. 1a)*

Strolling South of the Town—Two Poems

Rain cleared up, butterflies in view,
sunlight warm, wild flowers in bloom. . . .
Alone I walk and see the spring all new,
no friend along, yet this is joyful too!

Scattered sparsely, houses, three or four;
on the wattle fence, setting-sunlight glow.
Among the flowers, only chickens, dogs:
the farmers now are all out at the plow. *(2, 1a)*

The Ancient Temple

In the ancient temple, one cold lamp glows;
the hidden one sits alone for hours.
Deep in the night, there seem to be ghosts:
windblown leaves twirling down empty cloisters. *(3, 1b)*

Returning at Night

Soughing, soughing, leaves in the empty wood;
from the deserted village, one lamplight, dim.
The traveler sees not a single shadow;
somewhere a dog barks at the cold stars. *(4, 2a)*

Left Behind in Parting

A friend has written a noble poem
seeing me off as I return to the mountains.
Let me just try to chant it out loud:
pinecones fall in a wind from heaven. *(5, 2a)*

Following Rhymes

A winding path leads deep into bamboo
where a friend has a hidden retreat.
Meditating poems we sit as rain comes down;
we can discuss them with these mountains of green. *(6, 2a)*

Things Seen

A crystal spring reflecting the bright moon,
an ancient gully—cranes not yet returned—
a sliver of rock beneath the towering pines,
a mountain monk who kneels there, washing clothes. *(7, 4b)*

My House

My house gets touched by worldly dust,
so day by day I sweep it off.
I simply follow where my nature goes:
in this supreme spot my one heart grows.
Last night, crickets sang—
on autumn thoughts the bright moon glowed.
From now on reading will be wonderful,
but first I'll write this five-word poem. *(8, 5a)*

Seeing Off a Friend

I see you off at the ferry; it's evening
and the distant bell carries a touch of frost.
The sun sinks, illuminating the rustic river;
leaves drop, covering the embankment, cold.
Softly, sadly, an autumn breeze stirs;
gently honking, the wandering geese lament.
The moon comes up—and you, alone, set forth:
where will you be, remembering your hometown? *(9, 5a)*

A Visit from Zen Master Gu'an—Two Poems

Evening, and I return from the city,
and close the thatched gate by myself.
Suddenly a mountain monk stops to visit:
"Too bad there's no moon out tonight!"

The night is calm, pure with autumn air;
a solitary monk has come to my thatched hut.
Here in the mountains it is like antiquity:
the wind in the pines mingles with noble talk. *(10, 5a)*

Evening Walk

Setting sunlight transforms heaven's color;
cold mountains, sounds of singing birds.

Sighing, soughing, red leaves tumble;
curling, rising, white clouds emerge.
Alone I go forth, feelings without limit:
autumns seem still purer as I grow old.
And now I see the bright moon rising—
this is the time to visit a man of Tao. *(11, 5a–b)*

In Imitation of Antiquity

A mountain may be tall but can still be scaled;
a lake may be deep but the bottom still be seen.
But aspiration may be so high it is unattainable;
the Way is so deep it cannot be fathomed. *(12, 5b)*

Inscribed on a Painting

White clouds bury the valley mouth;
the bright moon hangs among the pines.
An immortal crane flaps away from his nest;
a mountain monk returns from begging food. *(13, 5b)*

Four-Character Meter

Fertile fields enrich my household;
a good wife completes my home.
Auspicious trees grow along my paths;
wonderful books fill my carts. *(14, 6a)*

Among the Pines

Among the pines there is a lovely moon;
beneath the pines I chant my old-style poems.
My wish is that it always be like this:
the three of us, nevermore to part. *(15, 6a–b)*

Washing My Feet

Washing my feet, I wade in the pure stream:
white rocks when I touch them feel like ice!
A chilly wind rises from beneath my feet
and blows the mountain moon up to the sky. *(16, 6b)*

Dan no ura (Sandalwood Bay)

At Sandalwood Bay, autumn clouds converge;
throughout the vastness, marks of ancient tears.
These fishing boats protect the Son of Heaven,
these angry waves shake the yin and yang!
Broken halberds lie buried with lingering grief;
the fish that swim here still bring broken hearts!
Shū, shū—I hear the weeping ghosts
as windblown rain darkens the falling dusk. *(17, 7a)*

The Hall for Enjoying Mountains

Mornings I watch the green mountains
seated beneath the pines;
evenings I watch the green mountains
lying on the stones.
Green mountains, morning and evening
never part from me:
but what is it I would seek from them,
these mountains of green? *(18, 7a–b)*

Staying Overnight at a Mountain Temple

My mind too clarified for sleep,
the moon appears in heaven.
In the silence outside my empty window
autumn sounds are shaking the mountain tonight. *(19, 7b)*

Returning at Evening

At evening I return by the south-ferry mouth,
autumn colors too limpid to describe.
The pure moonlight illuminates the One Way;
my home sits on a slope beside flowing waters.
At the cliffside gateway moss-colors converge;
pine tree paths are washed by sparse rains.
Beneath the moon I walk and sing out loud
Meng Hao-jan's "Deergate Song!" *(20, 7b)*

[Meng Hao-jan (689–740): one of the great
T'ang dynasty poets, like T'ao Ch'ien known for his poetry of reclusion.]

Impromptu

The new sun shines on my gate;
one flower grows there, upright through the frost.
I rise to draw some cold well-water;
mountain colors stretch far away. *(21, 8a)*

Miscellaneous Songs—Four Poems

Suddenly pure inspiration strikes—
chanting poems I climb the blue green slopes.
Evening sun glows down the ancient path;
pine tree colors illumine my cold robe.

Alone I go up the empty mountain—evening,
and all I bring is my ancient lute.
In stream water, in the sky—two moons,
and this pair now glows within my heart.

The wood rains clear, the songs of birds burst forth,
I rise at dawn and set forth out the gate.
I hope to draw the fresh spring water
as the mountain out front catches morning rays.

Only the white clouds are moving—
my heart returns to primal peace.
Transcendentally, beyond success and failure,
I sit alone to watch deserted hills. *(22, 8a)*

A Literary Gathering at the Studio of Auspicious Fragrance

Bird shadows sink in distant mist;
bell tones emerge from blue green colors.
Returning sunlight—solitary flowers whiten;
deep woods—renewed freshness radiates.
Touching these scenes, we indulge in noble chanting,
seated in a row, our winged cups flying.
A southern warmth blows away our worries;
with loosened lapels we forget yesterday's woes.
For belt pendants we pluck the fragrant orchid;
faces to the breeze, we shake out our simple robes.
With elegant beauty, along the winding shore,
water and clouds working their wondrous ways.
Serenely gazing, utterly at peace—
the ten thousand things all know where they should go. *(23, 8a–b)*

[The participants in this gathering are consciously reenacting the famous "Gathering at the Orchid Pavilion," at which the great calligrapher Wang Hsi-chih (309–ca. 365) and his fellow poets celebrated the Spring Purification ceremony by seating themselves along a winding stream and floating "winged cups" (an ancient form of wine cup made of lacquerware, ceramic, or wood). When a cup landed beside a poet, he would be expected to drink the wine and improvise a poem. This event was depicted in paintings in both China and Japan.]

Informally Written—Two Poems

Li Po floatingly rode off on a crane;
singing drunkenly, I too achieve a noble style!
At heaven's heart, the brilliant moon
shines on this human realm;

here in the mountains, the white clouds float
right into my hut.

Floating, floating, vastly, vastly
leaning from the pavilion:
only heaven's wind now visits,
dropping into my wine cup!
Ten thousand gullies, a thousand mountains,
misted over, invisible;
white clouds merge together, the rain
is now about to come. *(24, 8b)*

Evening Clearing

The sun has set, the moon's not yet come out;
the rain has cleared—not a trace of cloud.
One blue expanse—the sky is like water;
scattered stars twinkle over several peaks.
Thinking poetry, here in this high pavilion . . .
flowing waters gurgling down below. *(25, 8b)*

Reading Books

Reading books—and what have I accomplished?
Still emptily I cherish perennial hopes!
I've striven to emulate supreme virtue,
but alas! white hairs bring age so readily!
So I turn to ordering my vegetable garden:
last night the first spring plants came up.
The green mountains, newly washed by drizzle:
I start to feel this secluded life is good.
My friends take pity on my poverty,
though they don't take pleasure in the way I've chosen.
From ancient times, true gentlemen
have seen amassing goodness as a treasure. *(26, 9a)*

There Are Poems Here!

I am indeed a man of pristine poverty,
in the mountains, maintaining my solitary home.
With spring comes poetic inspiration in plenty:
drinking spring water, viewing the plums! *(27, 9a)*

Sent to My Wife

A solitary traveler, I meet late spring,
a thousand miles away—what feelings I have!
But now I take advantage of a journeying wild goose
to send you this family letter.
I ask you, Are you taking care of yourself?
Do not neglect the mirror every morning!
My homing heart beats also for our son;
last night I dreamed of budding flowers . . .
All alone, aging in the eastern wind,
I yearn for the fragrant blossoms of our home.
In sadness, I gaze at the clouds that separate us,
at sunset, tears moistening my robe. *(28, 9a)*

The Tomb of Hsü Fu

Ancient tomb, grown green with moss,
illumined by setting sun:
here, beneath the mountains of P'eng-lai
white clouds are returning.
In spring breezes, solitude—
no one comes to visit;
all that can be seen are herbs,
flourishing year after year. *(29, 9b)*

[Hsü Fu was a magician or shaman sent by the first emperor of the Ch'in dynasty in the third century B.C. to find herbs of immortality on the isles of the immortals—known as P'eng-lai and believed to be located somewhere out to sea. After setting out in command of a boat filled with young children, Hsü never returned. He is said to have discovered the Japanese islands and to have

remained and died there. A site in Kumano has been identified for centuries as his grave. For another poem on this theme, see Miscellaneous Poems at Kumano—Two Poems, pp. 139–40]

Sent to a Friend in Sekishū ["The province of stone," or Iwami]

The Land of Stones has many wondrous sights—
where among them does my old friend dwell?
Clouds there fly high with the birds;
currents rush and break the fishes' routes.
The ten thousand gullies are hidden, unfathomable:
the myriad mountains all a single green.
My dreaming soul in vain may travel here,
but when I try to find the way, I'm lost. *(30, 9b)*

Informally Dividing a Line by Yüan-ming and Getting the Character "DAY"

In evening air the southern hills are fine;
I see them as I sit in my secluded hut.
The pine winds have an ancient sound;
above my lute, clouds hover freely.
In a trance, I think of Yüan-ming:
what he took joy in lives again to*day.* *(31, 10b)*

[A form of literary game involves the division by a kind of lottery of characters from lines by great poets of the past. Participants are expected to compose a poem using as a rhyme word the character they have been assigned. "Yüan-ming" is T'ao Ch'ien (365–427), Kodōjin's favorite Chinese poet and the one after whom he appears to have modeled his poetic style. In fact, this poem contains a number of phrases and images characteristic of T'ao.]

Following Rhymes

A swath of overflowing *ch'i*-energy
blows straight from the Three Sacred Peaks.
Breathe it in—what does it nurture?
—Joy in the Way, from its very midst!
Sun and moon serenely illuminate;

rivers and clouds flow on without an end.
From time to time, ride off on inspiration,
whistling out long to the east of the pines. *(32, 10b)*

Clear Pool

Clear Pool, how many thousands of feet deep?
Its clear tones impossible to hear.
Reflections in it, cut off from worldly dust;
what floats on it shows the form of the divine.
Sun, moon, constellations shine down;
plants and trees on cliff faces, all green.
Should a hibernating dragon leap out of it,
heaven and earth would suddenly turn dark. *(33, 11a)*

Four-Character Meter

An old mirror can be polished;
chaste purity is hard to maintain.
Messy hair can be combed;
misspoken words—beware of them!
Beware of them with fear and trembling:
think of this three times every day. *(34, 11a–b)*

Untitled

If not straight, the arrow has no use;
if not bent, the hook is without purpose.
Thus things each follow their own nature:
this is the Way the superior man seeks.
And what do *I* take pleasure in?
I emulate antiquity; could I be quick to blame?
Heaven is high, which lets the birds soar;
pools are deep, which frees the fish to swim.
I sing of retirement: there is the bramble gate,
and when I see the moon I simply linger.

The southern mountain has many plants and trees,
so green they never know of autumn.
But one morning dew and frost descend,
and flourishing and withering
divide their joy and grief.
Right in the midst, an ancient pine
entrusts its stolid trunk to hidden rock.
And so I learn that one of great mettle
never tries to choose the shallow flow. *(35, 11b)*

Sent to a Mountain Man

You bring your lute and arrive beneath the pines,
you pluck your lute while sitting on a rock.
On the rock, the clouds just come and go;
beneath the pines the waters simply flow.
Whoosh, whoosh—sounds through the pines all blend;
softly, softly—autumn in evening hills.
The song is ended, the player's disappeared;
only clouds and water go flowing on. *(36, 11b)*

Things Seen

Evening sun illumines the ancient stream;
cold emerald reflects this visitor's robe.
Suddenly, a grizzled hawk swoops down:
in autumn wind, the leaves fly from the trees. *(37, 12a)*

Going Alone to the Mountains

I too am a "free-and-easy wanderer,"
wandering serenely as the clouds.
The flying bird goes off without a trace;
I release my heart between heaven and earth. *(38, 12a)*

[The first line may allude to the famous opening chapter of the *Chuang Tzu*, "Free-and-Easy Wandering."]

The Deserted Wood

The deserted wood seems to be waiting for something—
fragrant orchids waft ancient perfume.
Day and night I think of my lord,
singing out loud, pacing back and forth. *(39, 12a)*

Out Walking Early

The wilds are broad, travelers are few;
plants all withered, flying birds go slow.
As far as I can see, cold sky all clean,
and early sunlight illumining snowy mountains. *(40, 12a)*

Year's End—Two Poems

The sky is cold, human feelings thin;
as I grow old, the world takes on true flavor.
At year's end, much snow is falling;
as days get shorter, much suffering.
By nature, awkward about clothes and food:
it's with letters that I've forged a link of purity.
In my run-down hut I admire true gentlemen
and come to know the Way lies in being poor.

Years and months—I grieve at flowing water,
even hills and streams are changing form.
Floating clouds have darkened the sun in heaven,
and this Way of mine in vain turns all obscure.
Sharply, sharply, wind shakes the trees;
sighing, sighing snow showers the pavilion.
The grieving man lies all awake,
this cold night, beside a single guttering lamp. *(41, 12b)*

Impromptu

I love Yüan-ming's poems!
Trancelike, alone I read them.

—In a spot where breezes blow the willows,
at a moment when fine drizzle wets the gate.
Then I'll just pour a cup of wine:
to whom proclaim these mysterious feelings?
It has always been better to hold to simplicity:
about this can there still be further question? *(42, 13b)*

Rising Early

I go out the gate as rain clears from the river
and a lingering moon hovers over the bank.
I walk to the place where the flowers are deep:
dawn dew moistens my robe with fragrance. *(43, 13b)*

Out in the Country

Out in the country, on a day of clear weather;
everyone loves to go out like this!
Full of life, the plants and trees now flourish;
bubbling and gurgling, the spring streams flow.
Mountain colors are full and verdant;
fine rain moistens the level fields.
The farmers soon will have tasks to perform;
everywhere, sounds of hidden dogs and chickens.
Such a moment as this is a time of perfection:
wine in hand, what further need one ask? *(44, 14a)*

The Monument to Dokuryū in the Mountains of Iwakuni

The clouds are chilly at Dragon Gate Temple—
the mountain, deserted; the mountain's green congealed.
The monk once rode off from here on a dragon;
now all one sees are mountain clouds leaping.
I have come today to lament the past:
bright moonlight brings thoughts of "Transmission of the Lamp." *(45, 14a)*

[Dokuryū (1596–1672) was an immigrant Chinese monk of the Ōbaku Zen sect, founded by Chinese monks who came to Japan and established the Mam-

pukuji Temple in Kyoto, which is still functioning today. Dokuryū is known as a superb calligrapher. See Stephen Addiss, *Obaku: Zen Painting and Calligraphy* (Lawrence: Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas, 1978), catalog entries 15, 16, 17.]

Things Seen

Second month, and still spring chill:
only the plum blossoms open their faces.
This morning, I'll just try opening the door—
light snow falling over green mountains. *(46, 14b)*

Miscellaneous Poem

Gaze at the tree and know a different heart;
listen to birds and know a different sound.
The sun comes up—you see the hills are high;
the moon arrives—you see the water's deep.
The wind blows—the flowers move themselves;
the sky chills—the fish plunge by themselves.
One serene allows no mingled thought;
forget traces, then principle can be sought. *(47, 15a)*

Climbing a Mountain

This realm of cliffs was never carved,
this structure of clouds—admire the gods!
I climb and look and whistle out loud;
magical echoes emerge from green mist!
Thick, thick the colors of pine and cypress:
the air here entices men to move!
Fine birds too are flocking down below,
finding a natural enjoyment for themselves.
I also wish to find serene seclusion,
but I'm afraid the dust will pull me back!
The brilliant sun shining on my shirt and robe—
on and on, I seek the crystal spring. *(48, 15a)*

Walking Alone

Not knowing there was any ancient temple,
alone I walked deep into a wood of pines.
I encountered rocks, they calmed my heart;
I pushed through clouds, they echoed the sounds of my steps.
Workings of the Tao—the flowers shed completely;
flavor of Zen—the waters flowed deep.
Then I saw an old monk's cell;
we moved his bench out into the shade of new green. *(49, 15a)*

[This poem consciously echoes a famous poem on visiting a Buddhist temple by the T'ang master Wang Wei, "Visiting the Temple of Accumulated Fragrance." For a translation, see Burton Watson, *The Columbia Book of Chinese Poetry* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984), pp. 202–203.]

No Strings

My no-string lute's still here;
for me it's the same as having no lute at all.
Now Master T'ao can be summoned, perhaps:
I have wine brimming in jade jars!
One branch of chrysanthemums from the eastern hedge
should suffice to complete our happiness.
Lying intoxicated, Southern Mountain is lovely;
after sobering up, we'll forget such a thing as "I." *(50, 15b)*

[This poem alludes to a number of famous images from the poems of T'ao Ch'ien or associated with his legend. T'ao was famous for his love of wine and chrysanthemums and for keeping a stringless lute, about which he wrote, "I only strive to grasp the essence of the lute, / why bother with the sound that comes from strings?"]

The Southern Tower

From the southern tower someone plays the jade flute:
on this fine night, what feelings come to me?

The sky is high, there is only the moon,
no clouds, and no Silver River . . . *(51, 15b)*

[The "Silver River" is the Milky Way.]

Nanzen-ji Temple

This dragon gate beneath heaven
with its five-phoenix tower:
high clouds and flowing waters both go on and on.
I have come here, and now stand alone
with a moon of a thousand peaks;
soughing, soughing, autumn wind
through ten thousand gullies. *(52, 15b)*

Living at Leisure to the West of the Capital—Four Poems

I rise early and open the gate;
how can the recluse help the feelings that come?
In the calm courtyard I sweep away fallen leaves:
yes, last night there were many autumn sounds.

Sad and desolate, the cold moon is white;
in ancient trees a single bird sings.
How crystal clear the evening colors:
the mountain dweller does not close his gate.

What is it I enjoy here in the mountains?
A guest may come and we'll talk about Zen.
Stepping in frost I sweep away fallen leaves;
in moonlight, draw water from cold springs.

Quiet, lonely the fields of Sagano,
where autumn wind drives the leaves down.
Although it's ten days since I moved to this place,
not a single old friend has come to visit. *(53, 16a)*

Things Seen

A bright moon illuminates accumulated snow,
the cold gleam trembling on night mountains.
Silent and alone, way above the high plains,
in solitary flight a single bird soars. *(54, 16b–17a)*

Clearing After Snow

Clearing after snow—the sky a single blue;
a crane's cry is carried by the spring wind.
Alone I stand beyond the world's dust,
my whole person permeated by fresh air.
In the ancient pond the cold moon shines white;
over hidden rocks, chilly clouds hang empty.
Deep in the night, there is no one to see
the plum blossoms reflected in the water. *(55, 17a)*

Impromptu

I pluck my lute, not yet gone to bed;
heaven and earth—one heart at peace!
On this pure night, I open the door to look:
windblown pines, moonlight flooding the mountain. *(56, 18a)*

Things Seen

Monks' cells deep in the bamboo;
hidden birds descending to green moss.
The sun, illuminating pure daylight;
lotus growing in the water by themselves. *(57, 18b)*

Living in Seclusion

Green shade, mountains, and streams changing;
clearing skies, reflected in empty halls.

I sit here long, listening to flowers falling,
the scene so engrossing I forget the day is long.
Birds and fish are full of serene feelings;
plants and trees emit a hidden fragrance.
Late in spring, no one comes to visit;
nothing to do but drink my cup of wine. *(58, 18b)*

Evening Walk

The hermit emerges from his gate for a walk:
through evening mist the moon is all hazy.
Over the broad fields, the wind blows the grass low;
here and there, oxen and sheep are seen. *(59, 18b)*

Impromptu

A friend was to come; he has not arrived.
At sunset my thoughts yearn for him.
I go out the gate and linger there,
the air so cold, snow covering my robe. *(60, 19b)*

Lake Biwa

This great lake of thirty thousand acres,
so vast and wide it has no end.
Wind and cloud move on its waters,
sun and moon emerge from its midst.
The myriad mountains wind around, all green;
their reflections seem to float on the sky.
Distant sails and flying birds all sink
in the great immensity, one energy.
Where is the grotto of the divine dragon,
clutching the magic jewel, asleep in his hidden palace?
I suspect this is Lake Tung-t'ing of China
expanding directly east, here, to Japan. *(61, 20a)*

Ballad of the Orioles

The sun is setting over the fallow fields:
fluttering, fluttering the orioles fly.
Fly and fly—'til trapped in spread nets!
They could not evade this calamitous event.
A petty man sees it and revels!
A superior man sees it and sighs.
Alas, you harbored the ambition of "carrying bracelets"
but instead encountered the ill of being caught.
The tall trees have many falling leaves,
and autumn wind blows against my robe.
Walking, singing, sighing out loud,
I go back home and close the bramble gate. *(62, 20a)*

["Carrying bracelets" refers to the story of a boy who helped an injured oriole fly again. Later, a youth wearing yellow robes brought him some jade bracelets and revealed himself to be the oriole, a messenger from the Queen Mother of the West.]

Delayed by Wind at Moriura Bay

Our boat delayed for three days now
east of the great river;
the waves so high and mountainous
there's no way to get through.
On the shore, the residents
all have closed their doors;
the flowering plum alone stands there
braving the northern wind. *(63, 20a–b)*

Events of the Moment

In broad daylight, clouds and thunder rise;
a whirlwind is born from the great land!
Plants and trees all shriek and shake,
a wild rain explosively bursts forth. *(64, 20b)*

My Guest Has Left

My guest has left, the bramble gate is silent.
My autumn heart touches season's colors.
A hidden bird pecks at withered leaves;
cold sunlight illuminates a solitary flower. *(65, 20b)*

Poem Relating My Ambition

One day I shall imbibe the Primal Ether,
and all four limbs will be in harmony.
Floating, floating, I'll mount a solitary crane,
and vastly, vastly ride the long wind!
One leap up and I'll pierce ten thousand miles,
soaring on high, reaching the azure vault!
My powerful ambition set on the ninth heaven,
my journeying heart covering all the four seas!
Towering, mountainous, colored clouds will rise,
scintillating, the morning sun rise red!
All ten thousand creatures will emit a brilliant radiance,
and the eight corners of the universe—how dazzling they will be!
The Achieved Man must engage in perfect transformation,
so wondrous junctures will never be exhausted.
Once metamorphosed into the bones of an immortal,
free-and-easy wandering without beginning or end! *(66, 20b–21a)*

Inscribed on a Well [in four-character meter]

The Way cannot be fathomed;
its source lies in the mind.
Draw on it, draw on it,
enjoy the water's depth. *(67, 21a)*

Inscription for an Ancient Inkstone [in four-character meter]

Should this stone never be ground
it may last an eternity of years.

If I can keep my serenity
my longevity will come close to this. *(68, 21a)*

Imitating Ancient Poems

The burden of taxes, ah! may be relieved;
the cruelty of laws, ah! may be mitigated.
The decline of the Way, ah! what can help that?
What can help that, ah! when order cannot be returned? *(69, 21b)*

Impromptu Feelings at the Tower for Gazing After Immortals

This solitary tower is here, for gazing
after immortals;
ascending so high, halfway to heaven!
At dawn you can see the place where the sun
comes up;
at dusk you can see the place where the sun
goes down.
To east and west, protected by sacred peaks;
the colors of the trees ornamented by the clouds!
The images of nature, how rich and full,
alleviating one's cluster of worries!
How can I get to nurture the dragon nature,
withdraw my traces, and decline the world's fame?
Free-and-easy wandering, riding the Great Transformation,
the ten thousand creatures will form my breath! *(70, 21b)*

Impromptu

Towering, towering, thousands of feet!
Heavenly Platform, piled high with cold snow!
My house is nearby and faces the mountain:
morning and evening I roll up the blinds and gaze. *(71, 21b–22a)*

["Heavenly Platform" (T'ien-t'ai; Jpse. Tendai), a cluster of mountains in China that have been a center of Buddhist monasticism for centuries.]

Visiting Setsu-ō [Old man Setsu]

Snow is falling beneath the old city walls,
craggy piles, as the year draws to a close.
Mountains and rivers, swept clean of marks of war;
plants and trees all withering.
The world's circumstance, changing like floating clouds;
human feelings, chilly as setting sunlight.
We meet each other—how deeply we are moved!
You alone have reached the peace of Tao. *(72, 21b)*

Written on the Occasion of Returning to My Hometown

What day is today?
I have followed spring to my hometown.
Flowering plum—dream of a thousand miles!
This wanderer's temples show ten years of frost.
Sad and lonely, I've grown old
among rivers and mountains;
grief stricken—my father and mother have died.
In vain I have the feelings of "wind-and-tree":
I'm ashamed that I've done no real writing! *(73, 22a)*

["Wind-and-tree": An old text has it that "the trees would be still but the wind ceases not; the son would care for his parents but they tarry not." Just as the wind continues to blow, life has passed on.]

Enjoying Pleasures

Yesterday the mountain flowers blossomed;
today the mountain flowers fell.
The mountain flowers blossom and fall:
men, fully enjoy your pleasures! *(74, 22a)*

Spring Snow

Last night the spring cold rose;
this morning, dancing snowflakes fly!

Following the wind, the first ones touch the ground;
blanketing the plants, writing sudden words!
Bright sunlight beams on a world without traces;
subtle sounds are faintly heard.
At making fake flowers, Heaven is truly skilled,
but alas, we miss their lovely fragrance. *(75, 22a–b)*

Four-Character Meter

Ah phoenix, you are spiritual,
taking joy in Heaven as do I!
What is not righteous you will not eat,
a place not humane you will not inhabit.
Your spirit journeys over sacred peaks,
leaping as high as the sun!
Free-and-easy wandering, riding transformation,
no one knows your proper name. *(76, 22b–23a)*

Itsukushima

This Hōrai, Immortal Island,
in the eastern sea,
where spring winds brush multicolored clouds!
In its deep pools, dragons clutch jade;
in its hidden valleys, deer carry flowers
in their mouths.
Towers and pavilions arise in serried patterns;
cloudy peaks stand far off in the mist.
The moon is shining—who is playing a flute,
on this perfect night floating
on the raft of the immortals? *(77, 23a)*

[Itsukushima is the name of a famous Shintō shrine located on Miyajima Island in the Inland Sea to the southwest of Hiroshima.]

The Old Man of the Eastern Mountains Has Moved to a New Hermitage, so I Have Sent Him This Poem

In building your hut, you have found the perfect spot!
Few horses or carriages pass the alley by your gate.
The sunlight here sheds no private beams;
your mysterious feelings you capture in poems
that pursue the origin.
For their purity and steadfastness, you admire
the pines and rocks;
for integrity and solidity, love poetry and books.
From afar, a purple haze—a grotto of immortals!
Excellent! This residence for a gentleman. *(78, 23a–b)*

[The opening couplet of this poem employs diction derived from T'ao Ch'ien's most famous poem, the fifth in his series Drinking Wine ("I built my hut where people live, / yet there is no racket of horse or carriage").]

Catching a Firefly—Two Poems

A single firefly, full of cool feeling,
inhaling dew and exhaling the breeze.
Suddenly, from beyond the tall willow,
above the water it glows in the void.

I catch a single firefly,
wind and dew filling its body with purity.
I release it—it quickly flies off,
lands again on the tall willow, and glows. *(79, 23b)*

Wood-Hill Temple

I make my first visit to Wood-Hill Temple
as a chime rings out through the autumn air.
Cold mountain, path through red leaves;
setting sunlight, feelings of white clouds.
Brushing off a rock, I sit in serenity;
inscribing poems, I do not sign my name.

Trancelike, many inspirations . . .
when I leave this place, where should I go? *(80, 24a)*

Inscription for an Ancient Mirror

Fellow implement of sun and moon,
impartial in essence and function.
Good for mirroring loyalty and treachery;
no need to address beauty and ugliness. *(81, 24b)*

As Far As the Eye Can See

Vast, vast the plains and wilds so broad;
flying birds sink at edge of clouds.
A single peak rises, topped with snow:
for ten thousand miles, the northern wind blows cold. *(82, 24b)*

Plum Blossoms

Bright and pure—nothing can compare;
fresh and cold—none superior.
Now I know that snow from heaven
has fallen to earth to become plum blossoms. *(83, 24b)*

Spring Dawn

Fresh dawn—not a speck of dust has stirred;
I rise early and sweep the green moss clean.
On stone steps, an idle blossom falls;
I open the gate, one butterfly comes in. *(84, 24b)*

Idle Song

Setting sun beneath a hidden cliff;
cold spring, where leaves are sinking.
Crystalline, as clear as a mirror:
here are reflected the hearts of the ancients. *(85, 25a)*

Untitled

A vast rock boldly stands,
its height much greater than ten feet.
On it grows a fruitless tree;
below resides a man of character.
Drinking from the stream,
    he forgets hunger and thirst;
he watches the clouds,
    just lets them curl and unfold.
The mind of Tao is deep and hard to fathom:
in broad daylight he reads books of the immortals. *(86, 25a)*

[This poem is identical with one inscribed on a painting by Kodōjin, with the exception of line 3, which in the inscribed version reads, "Above it's pointed—no trees flourish there."]

In the Mountains

Falling leaves bury the monk's clogs;
a cold spring reflects my robe.
We meet and talk—completely in tune;
beneath the pines, white clouds fly. *(87, 25a)*

Four-Character Meter [second of two poems]

No perversion, no transgression,
careful in solitude—this is how to live.
In the elixir cauldron refine the herbs,
the Lord will see and confer his calligraphy.
Dark, dark, vast, vast,
ride on that dragon carriage!
Breathe in the primal ether,
reach unto the supreme Void.
Then the ten thousand creatures will be yours to have,
and Heaven and Earth your residence. *(88, 25b)*

Visiting Rinsen-ō [The old man of woods and springs]

You left your job like casting off old sandals,
now you hold to the Tao, not ashamed of poverty.
Alone you are master of this garden,
building a hut where you have no neighbors.
The sun illuminates this hidden spot;
when autumn comes there's not a speck of dust.
Should some rustic happen to come by for a visit,
you throw on a robe and talk about the Truth.
To satisfy hunger you pluck yellow mums;
for straining your wine you borrow a black headcloth.
You are one who admires T'ao Yüan-ming,
one who rather enjoys reclusion. *(89, 26a)*

Sweeping Away Leaves

Last night the autumn wind arose,
and in the mountains brisk air increased.
The tranquil hermit found himself with work:
sweeping away leaves, as far as the neighbor's home. *(90, 26a)*

Oral Improvisation at Emerald Tower

Solitary cloud, feeling of a thousand ages;
setting sun, a skyful of autumn.
As far as eye can see, departing birds—
watching the mountains, alone I lean on the railing. *(91, 26b)*

Autumn Sunshine

Autumn sunshine, brilliant, brilliant,
illuminating the sky's expanse.
The crane cries out for a thousand miles,
his free wings penetrating so high.
Fluttering, fluttering, the orioles,

going west or going east:
how can they avoid disaster,
with arrows and bows aimed their way?
The harvest, rich, the people, starving:
the emperor's heart is full of care.
The officials do not do their duty,
stressing private gain over public weal.
Petty men earn fine salaries
while superior men endure poverty.
Alone I grieve, alone I joy:
who shares my Way with me? *(92, 26b)*

What I See

Over wild mountains, all birds flown off;
setting sunlight shining with autumn feeling.
A monk returns down a road of white cloud;
a bell sounds from a temple of yellow leaves. *(93, 26b)*

An Elegy for Master Gozan [Lakes-and-mountains]

Longevity? You almost reached one hundred.
Fame? It reached the Ninefold Court.
You always harbored the ambition of inspiring monarchs;
all looked up to your high standard of righteousness.
A sagely era praises auspicious men
who strum lutes, singing and chanting.
You transmitted the lingering echoes of the Greater Elegance,
never one merely to study the "carving of insects!"
But one day they called your carriage to the clouds:
now never will you be summoned to the capital. *(94, 27a)*

["Greater Elegance": one of the sections of the ancient Book of Songs; "carving insects" refers to engaging in shallow literary endeavors.]

Exhaustion

Suffering from exhaustion, I rise at dawn
because a dear friend has arrived.
My guest says, "No! Please don't get up—
I'm afraid you might catch cold!
Your head would pound with pain!
Your nose would tingle and ache!
And when the aching was at its height,
you'd be unable to enjoy our wine!"
"But what really ails me involves the Way:
I'm ashamed that I lack a weapon to save the times!
I sing to myself to console myself,
but even in old age my ambition has not cooled.
I hold to my clumsy purity,
lying in this remote alley,
for long now cut off from dust of horse and carriage.
Today, happening to see you,
for the first time my face has opened in a smile!"
Our conversation ended, my guest takes his leave
at sunset as wind-driven snow presses in.
But at the southern porch, spring has made its first move:
from ten thousand ages—a single branch of plum! *(95, 27a–b)*

Ancient Feeling

May I ask what woman she is,
with her jadelike visage, so lovely in the spring?
If the fallen petals had consciousness,
they'd float on purpose to the spot where she is washing silk. *(96, 27b)*

[One of China's legendary beauties, Hsi Shih, was discovered washing silk in a stream.]

On a Spring Night, Happy About the Rain

Dripping, dropping, singing late at night—
we realize the fine spring rains have come.

The recluse tries moving his candle
to illuminate just one flower as it blooms. *(97, 28a)*

South Mountain

At South Mountain I've planted green bamboo,
elegantly displaying the heart of antiquity.
The sun rises—the phoenix comes to dance;
the gentleman now will play his lute.
He extends his chanting, as if quite content:
what need to find one who "knows his music?" *(98, 28a–b)*

["Knows his music": a true connoisseur (and friend), like Chung Tzu-ch'i, for whom alone the great lute master Po Ya would play.]

Poems—Three Pieces [the second of the three poems]

Rotten wood cannot be carved;
how could it ever form pillars and rafters?
Of course, it is not material for a true gentleman
but merely serves as the stuff of a petty man.
Lamentable! But also benevolent:
when the Way declines, the nation will collapse. *(99, 28b)*

Autumn Night

The recluse cannot fall asleep;
alone at night, what kind of thoughts are his?
In ten thousand gullies, autumn winds arise;
fluttering, fluttering, many the fallen leaves. *(100, 29a)*

Singing of a Hawk

This barbarian hawk seems a real hero!
His energy is coldly powerful.
He swoops straight down, swifter than any arrow,
flies up high, uncatchable!

His pinions are frosty, glinting in cold sunlight;
his eyes are lightning, swept by brisk winds.
He snatches a rabbit, startling the flocking sparrows,
setting trembling the branches of ten thousand trees! *(101, 29a)*

[This poem is filled with allusions to Tu Fu's famous poem on a painting of a hawk, and it is therefore possible that Kodōjin is actually describing a painting. Tu Fu compared the hawk's visage with the face of a barbarian, which may explain the first line, or the hawk may in fact be a foreign breed.]

Sunning My Back at the Southern Porch

Nodding, nodding—until I fall asleep,
at the southern porch sitting with sunlight on my back.
Like some crazy flower that puts forth no fruit,
though the yang force penetrates to the very roots!
As I grow older, the heart of Tao gets firmer;
the sky is clear, the winter sun quite warm.
Within this lies a real savor:
I feel now the "plain-clothes" life is honorable. *(102, 29a)*

[The penultimate line is a variation on T'ao Ch'ien's famous "In these things there lies a subtle meaning," from the fifth of his twenty-poem series "Drinking Wine."]

Piece on the True Gentleman [in four-character meter]

When the Gentleman occupies centricity,
it causes others to maintain centricity.
When the Gentleman upholds reverence,
it causes others to practice reverence.
Heaven and Earth then share the same essence,
and Sun and Moon are brilliant mirrors.
In his reading of books he has proper measure;
he masters it in his mind and "carries it out in his conduct."
If moreover he grieves the Way's decline,
his whole life he will appear to suffer illness. *(103, 29a–b)*

[The third line from the end contains a phrase from the Confucian *Analects,* 7:32. As translated by James Legge, this passage reads, "The Master [Confucius] said, 'In letters I am perhaps equal to other men, but [the character of] the superior man [*chün tzu,* "true gentleman"], *carrying out in his conduct* [*kung hsing*] what he professes, is what I have not yet attained to'" (emphasis added).]

Impromptu

The sages of the past were able to hold to virtue,
moving me from thousands of years in the past!
Yesterday I went into the mountains
but could not find any ferns there growing. *(104, 29b)*

[The poem alludes to the brothers Po I and Shu Ch'i, whose loyalty to the Shang/Yin dynasty was so great that they "refused to eat the grains of [the new] Chou dynasty" and so retired to the mountains where they ate ferns and died of starvation. The last line of the poem is ambiguous; it might mean that Kodōjin wishes to follow their example but cannot, or it may be a general comment on the deterioration of the times.]

Evening View

At sunset the fishing boats gather;
the tide rises, level with the bank.
Green mountains—and where is there a temple?
Across the water, a vespers bell sounds out. *(105, 30a)*

Releasing a Carp

A friend has sent me a carp fish,
    from far off in the east;
at year's end, the sky is cold,
    and rain is falling thick.
My impoverished kitchen for three days
    has had not the slightest food;
my single gallon jug of wine
    is also nearly dry.

Yet I cannot bear to eat it to fill my empty stomach:
the Heavenly Way for all of time
has pitied loss of life.
So I release it—happily, it swims off,
as if fully satisfied;
its thirty-six scales send it jumping
high into the air!
"Should you transform into a dragon,
my wish will be fulfilled;
in future, windblown rain you'll bring
here to this pond of mine.
Then with a single leap you'll travel
straight to the Ninth Heaven,
and I will ride on your back
on a journey to the Lord's Palace!"
Thinking of this, I too feel inspiration come,
and like the carp finding its element,
my spirit finds harmony.
My hand now brushes the five strings,
full of ancient feeling:
singing out loud, I send my vision
after the flying geese. *(106, 30a–b)*

Inscription for an Inkstone Cover

Gentleman's utensil,
harmony, not identity,
virtue pervades its body,
joy lies in its midst. *(107, 30b)*

[This poem is written in three-character-per-line meter, which makes it the shortest of Kodōjin's poems and indeed one of the shortest possible formats in Chinese poetry. Strictly speaking, as a *ming* (inscription) it belongs to a separate generic type from the *shih* that is represented by most of the poems translated here, but in the original it does rhyme as would a *shih:* xrxr.]

The Temple of Green Pines

These mountain monks I've never met before,
but seeing the pines I walked right through the door.
The whole path is carpeted with green moss,
as beneath the trees the dusk approaches.
Birds call, adding to hidden mystery;
everywhere, white clouds roll.
I will come again some night of clear moonlight
to sit cross-legged and listen to the purifying talk. *(108, 31a)*

Miscellaneous Poem

I'm basically a hidden recluse,
with white hairs—what more should I seek?
Yesterday is no longer today:
the flowers fall, the waters flow in void.
Serenity comes and, with it, an awareness:
I'll follow the Way, and cut off all relations.
When poems are done, I'll forget skill or clumsiness;
I'll drink, and when I feel drunk I'll stop.
Beside me I have the poems of T'ao Ch'ien:
I know nothing of the sorrows of a thousand years. *(109, 31a)*

What I See

Ancient trees, a path that slants through them;
a hidden bird, alone, pecking at the moss.
No people at all; mountain fruits are falling.
Facing the sun, wild flowers bloom. *(110, 31b)*

The True Man

The "True Man" basically has no fixed place;
he joys in the Way and does not seek for fame.

In broad daylight, he wanders free and easy,
unified mind all pure between Heaven and Earth.
Regularly he imbibes the ether of the mists,
transcendently his immortal bones turn light.
And if he can ride on Transformation,
he may gain enlightenment about the Unborn.
A divine dragon, aging in his cave,
from time to time twirling up among the clouds. *(111, 31b)*

Nachi Waterfall

A single vapor shakes Heaven and Earth,
the flying flow comes directly down.
Gaze up—it's hard to stand here long,
in broad daylight terrified of thunder!
My poem is done; in vain I shout it out:
the Banished Immortal—where, oh where is he? *(112, 31b)*

[The Nachi Waterfall is associated with the Kumano Shrine and is one of Japan's most sacred spots. The thousand-armed, eleven-headed form of Kannon is said to manifest herself in these falls and is often depicted standing beneath them in Shintō "mandala" paintings of the Kumano Shrine. Li Po, the "Banished Immortal," is famous for his great poems on waterfalls and is often depicted in Japanese paintings and prints seated on a rocky terrace and gazing wistfully at a waterfall.]

Impromptu

I too will emulate the fisherman:
at P'an Stream, the breeze and moon are fine!
Deep among the reeds will I hide my traces:
King Wen will never find me out! *(113, 32a)*

[At P'an Stream in Shensi Province, China, King Wen found the fisherman T'ai-kung Wang and appointed him prime minister. Kodōjin will go T'ai-kung Wang one better by hiding so well that no one will be able to disturb his solitude.]

Song of Idleness

The spring colors change in the rain,
flowers falling, grasses turning green.
The warbling orioles sing without ceasing
as the recluse sits alone and listens.
My poem is finished; I merely relish the feeling.
Meaning done, I forget my own physical frame.
Trancelike, as if I've gotten something . . .
wandering clouds come to rest on my lute.
"Knowers of my music" are no longer to be found;
all day I keep the bramble gate shut tight. *(114, 32a)*

Miscellaneous Poem

From the clouds I hear the crowing rooster,
along the roads see dropped bundles of firewood.
These remote walls are cut off from the world of men;
herein reside citizens of high antiquity!
The sun rises: we plow the hidden valley;
the sun sets: we lie on mats of grass.
We draw water only from fresh mountain springs
and only associate with the whitest clouds.
Could this not be the realm of Peach Blossom Spring?
I've come here and gotten confused about the ford!
No need to bother staying on and on:
for now, I am a refugee from Ch'in. *(115, 32a–b)*

[The whole poem is based on T'ao Ch'ien's famous account of Peach Blossom Spring, an idyllic, hidden spot where refugees from the depredations of the Ch'in dynasty (221–206 B.C.) and their descendants lived for centuries until discovered by a fisherman of the Chin period (late fourth–early fifth century A.D.). So honest are they that property dropped on the road is never taken. Later attempts to discover the place ended in failure, "and no one again ever tried to 'find the ford.'"]

Shisendō [Hall of the Poetry Immortals]

The ancient stream enfolds the autumn colors;
setting sunlight brightens the red pines.
I reach the gate and feel something special,
enter the chamber, and everything's serene.
Painted on the walls, the Poetry Immortals age;
among these cloudy mountains, the Tao vapor thickens.
Because I have always admired this real recluse,
again I have stepped beyond the dust of the world. *(116, 32b)*

[Kodōjin visits one of Kyoto's most beautiful temples, the Shisendō, Hall of the Poetry Immortals. Here in 1641 Ishikawa Jōzan built a lovely garden retreat, commissioning the painter Kanō Tanyū to paint imaginary portraits of his thirty-six favorite Chinese poets. Jōzan lived the rest of his life in this place, writing *kanshi* (Chinese poetry) of his own. For more on Jōzan and the Shisendō, see J. Thomas Rimer et al., *Shisendō: Hall of the Poetry Immortals* (New York: Weatherhill, 1991).]

Four-Character Meter

Outside my gates are lovely fields,
within my home a fine wife.
For wealth or status, no debauchery;
poverty, low station—all can be our friends.
Running from me, what are they doing,
sun and moon, as they race along?
Contemplating that it cannot be had,
with whom would I pursue mere pleasure?
I pluck the orchid in this hidden valley,
because I admire its pure fragrance.
Forgetting fame and seeking the Way,
I am diligent in my solitude. *(117, 32b)*

Miscellaneous Poem

If I don't read books for a single day,
for three months my pleasure is reduced.

How about those wealthy, high-placed folks
who pack them away in high towers?
I embrace the ambition of "carrying it out in [my] conduct,"
until old age, still working hard at it!
I happen to have become a literate peasant:
alas, that my nature is so weak!
For now I'll just enjoy Heaven's Mandate,
accepting my lot like the swallows or sparrows.
They are content building nests in thatched roofs;
would they envy that crane who rode in a carriage? *(118, 33a)*

[Duke I of Wei is said to have pampered his favorite pet crane by allowing it to ride in an elegant carriage. Kodōjin relinquishes the ambition to pursue a prestigious career; instead he will attempt to master *kung-hsing*, "personal practice of virtue," as defined by Confucius in the *Analects*.]

Setting Out at Dawn

Why are the travelers in such a rush,
rising this early, setting out from the roadside inn?
The horses neigh at the lingering moon;
a homesick heart mingles with the stars of dawn.
One solitary cloud hovers over a distant peak;
cold waves echo from the deserted point.
I know a fisherman must be sleeping in his boat:
among the reeds, a single lamp glows dim. *(119, 34a)*

On an Autumn Day Climbing the Ruins of an Old City

Green moss has buried the ancient fortifications;
white bones record the presence of heroes.
No one comes to poor libations of memorial wine,
though I inscribe a poem where others have left theirs.
Only mountains and rivers remain of this ancient land,
plants and trees all withered by the autumn wind.
I weep tears, lamenting the events of the past,
in the vastness of the setting sunlight. *(120, 34a–b)*

[This poem has many phrases drawn from one of Tu Fu's most famous poems, "Spring Vista," in which Tu describes the deserted Chinese capital of Ch'ang-an after it has been occupied by the forces of the rebel An Lu-shan, in 757.]

Four-Character Meter

Dawn, I whistle on the sacred peak of Hua,
evening, recline beneath Mount Lu.
I rise and set together with the sun,
coil and unfold along with the clouds.
Wandering free and easy, riding transformation,
glancing up and down at the Great Emptiness!
The ten thousand creatures return unto me,
as I occupy Heaven and Earth alone. *(121, 35a)*

Impromptu

White clouds: void is form.
Red leaves: form is void.
White clouds and red leaves—
all swept away by an evening's wind. *(122, 35a–b)*

["Void is form, form is void": a famous Buddhist formulation of the paradoxical nature of being.]

Bonsai Pine

Though tiny its chaste roots are strong;
even in the cold its green increases.
It belongs only in a true gentleman's home:
do not put it in a petty man's house! *(123, 35b)*

Pavilion for Viewing the Falls

A single strip of flying stream
demarcates Heaven and Earth;
from a thousand feet of sheerest cliff,
it spits forth cloudy mist.

I have come to nourish here
my "Overflowing Ch'i"
as within the Pavilion for Viewing the Falls
I sleep in broad daylight. *(124, 35b)*

["Overflowing Ch'i" is described by the great Confucian philosopher Mencius as filling both the universe and the breast of the True Gentleman. *Ch'i* (Jpse. *ki*) is ether, vapor, energy, etc.]

Alone I Joy

Alone I joy in the Way of the ancients,
living hidden away, declining this world's fumes.
Birds sing—the mountain has a resonance;
flowers fall—the stream forms written words. *(125, 35b)*

Singing of My Feelings

My heart is the rock on the mountain:
placed high, immovable.
Your heart is the cloud in heaven:
seemingly light but impossible to roll away.
Staunch and firm, we hold to our natures,
high-mindedly rejecting carriage and cap.
And we have formed a friendship of a hundred years—
Who else can understand this Way? *(126, 36a)*

I Gaze at That Southern Mountain [in four-character meter]

I gaze at that southern mountain,
white clouds cling to it.
I think of you but see you not,
sad, sad our separation.
The blue sky is without end:
unto where can I repair?
Spring wind! Spring wind!
On purpose you flutter my robe. *(127, 36a)*

Miscellaneous Poem

I have never ridden a dragon or tiger,
though my ambition rises high as the clouds!
In serenity I maintain the ancient Way,
asking of gods and immortals
    in the midst of mystery.
To leave water's reflection,
    yet still show a lovely moon;
to flow down from the mountain,
    yet be no muddy stream:
if you can understand this principle,
what place will lack in pristine karma? *(128, 36b)*

Evening View of a Lake

I cast my vision into the vast expanse:
Autumn skies are high; here my thoughts rest.
Above a distant spit, a solitary bird flies confusedly;
old trees carry cold stars.
There is a swath of lake light, white;
beneath evening skies, mountain colors are green.
A solitary boat, no one visible inside:
a fisherman's flute breaks the empty darkness. *(129, 36b)*

Crane-Forest Temple

In the past, I heard of Crane-Forest Temple,
and so I came to love its name.
Now a traveler in a solitary boat
happens to be going there from the other shore.
The moon is bright, the pine trees echo with sounds;
Autumn approaches, ocean tides sing out.
This evening, I serenely spend the night,
my mind clarified, even my dreams all pure. *(130, 37a)*

Untitled

I climb the sacred peak of Fuji, ah!
I walk the eastern sea!
I glance at sun and moon, ah!
I shake dust from my robe. *(131, 37a)*

Impromptu—Two Poems

Even white jade can be carved,
and white stone can be inscribed.
But the white clouds cannot be dyed—
transcendent, high in the sky.

In what age did the white clouds begin?
In what year will the bright moon end?
I gaze up at heaven and ask the clouds and moon—
clouds and moon so cold in the vast emptiness. *(132, 37a)*

Lodging My Traces

I lodge my traces in the realm of Truth,
just telling myself I'm declining worldly karma.
Myself I plow the hidden valley bottom,
or whistle on peaks covered with white clouds.
I gather herbs, following flocks of deer,
brew tea, drawing water from rocky springs.
Wandering free and easy, my desires are fulfilled;
from time to time, I gaze up at the blue sky. *(133, 37b)*

[An alternative version of this poem is inscribed on the landscape of 1912 reproduced here as color plate 1. In this version, the first two lines read,

By nature I am clumsy at earning my food—
I admire ancient sages for their reclusion!

Song of Idleness

Cold, cold the rock in the stream;
green, green, the pine at the bottom of the gully.
The recluse lies beneath the pine,
at times leaving footprints on the rock. *(134, 37b)]*

Inscribed on a Painting

The mountain's shadow engulfs the autumn stream;
The pine tree gate is brightened by returning sunlight.
What is it that the old monk sees?
Curling, curling, white clouds as they move. *(135, 37b)*

Miscellaneous Poem

At the tip of the eaves, the River of Stars revolves;
beyond the forest canopy, ten thousand gullies flourish.
The moon, bright, shines on a hidden hut,
pine shadows trembling in empty corridors.
The clouds are gone, the heart of autumn reaches far;
night deepens, the nightscape illuminated.
I am ready to penetrate the azure expanse,
soaring higher and higher in an equipage of cranes. *(136, 38a)*

Miscellaneous Chantings—Two Poems [the first of the set]

Above tall trees the Heavenly River is far;
within pale mist the mountains and streams are green.
Alone I follow the bright moon out,
chanting poems 'til I come to the stone bridge. *(137, 38a)*

Impromptu

Mornings I watch the white clouds emerge,
evenings I see them return.

The white clouds have their mornings and evenings—
I alone have forgotten machination. *(138, 38a)*

Title Lost

An evil tree blocks the road,
from all antiquity darkening the light of dawn.
Its roots are rotten, its branches flourish in vain:
needless to say, carpenters look askance at it.
When would it ever be used for beams or rafters?
Its heavy shade is for itself alone.
The lovely fields around have long suffered harm,
the budding shoots never growing in season.
Petty men strive to point and comment;
true gentlemen write poems of lamentation.
I'd like to try swinging a thousand-pound ax:
who will courageously chop it down? *(139, 38b)*

Additional Poems by Kodōjin from Other Sources

Visiting My Elder Brother in Poetry

What evening is this evening?
By chance has come this fine occasion.
For a thousand ages we share this style,
three men have been our teachers.
Our drinking now is based on letters;
the Way we would never refuse.
We harmonize feelings by means of wine,
empty our wills by means of poems.
How joyful is the superior man,
when all phenomena suit his mood!
Just follow what Heaven has fated for you,
Ah! what limit does it have? *(140, from a calligraphy—in four-character meter)*

["Three men have been our teachers" could also mean, "we three have our teachers," but this is less likely grammatically. See fig. 15.]

Untitled [from a painting]

Alone I write poems, ah! alone I play the ch'in;
this noble air, a thousand years old,
and few have known the music!
This is the place on ordinary days I wander free and easy:
clouds above, the waters flowing, no contentious heart. *(141)*

["Free-and-Easy Wandering" is the name of a chapter in the Taoist classic the *Chuang Tzu*, as well as being the name adopted by Kodōjin for the title of his 1921 collection Shōyō shū (also translated "Rambling" or "Rambler").]

Untitled [inscribed on a painting reproduced here as fig. 12]

Along the rocks I search for fish
where water's clear and shallow;
beyond the clouds I hear the birds
where trees spread in profusion.
I go out my gate to enjoy myself,
then return back home;
as setting sunlight shines through the window
again I read my books.
—Second summer month of the year *boshin* of the Shōwa
era [1928], at the Higashiyama Thatched Hut.

This and the following five poems and prose colophon are from an album by Kodōjin (figures 5–10).

In this place, where the ancient Way
shines forth in mystery,
the True Man brings past karma to an end.
Beside the gully, many whitened rocks;
among bamboo appears the crystal stream.
I let down my hair and whistle out long each day,
wander free and easy, enjoying nature alone.

From time to time the bright moon comes,
its reflection appearing right in my cup of wine. *(143)*

In vain they say, "Take joy in these days!"
—Living in seclusion, I write poems on ancient feelings.
Here in the mountains I naturally preserve the Way;
beneath forest trees I now have lodged my life.
The rain has passed, the plums put forth first blossoms;
with mist to clothe them, willow buds already formed.
I go out the gate—spring is vague and misty;
painting its colors, facing men in peace. *(144)*

Alone, I've become a scholar of noble reclusion,
starting to sense how venerable is this life in plain clothes.
Should you suddenly come to believe in my Way,
please come visit, and we'll share our tranquil words.
It's not that the dusty realm is utterly without pleasures,
but it lacks any ground to plant the Fragrant Root.
Year after year I send out these "elegant orchids,"
hoping the subtle perfume may be preserved. *(145)*

Years ago, I was first to "clap my hands";
when guests arrived, it brought joy to my face!
But this place is quite remote, secluded,
only the white clouds return to the worldly sphere.
And so I became a "scholar beneath the woods,"
trancelike, alone viewing mountains. . . .
All I do is smile and never answer:
heaven and earth, together with my heart, serene. *(146)*

["Clap my hands" means to greet guests.]

For long I harbored "white cloud" ambition;
now at last I've built my hut beneath the pines!
I can write poems about "perching" and "lingering,"
as I just take pleasure here in lute and books.

Nor do I resent the lack of "sharers of the tune":
in fact I've always lived alone with the Way.
Now I just follow what I want to do:
what further need to ask about blame or praise? *(147)*

People all say I must be getting old,
but maybe I've been cultivating this stupidity!
I read books but don't know how to interpret them;
in seeking the Way, who can steer me wrong?
From ancient times, truly world-class scholars
have been followers of the Way of Plain Clothes.
Trancelike, alone I nurture my intentions;
Visitors, please note this "region of streams and rocks." *(148)*

Prose Colophon to Album

I have named myself for poetry, calligraphy, and painting, my "Three Clumsinesses!" This album is a perfect example. The viewer would do well to discern wherein my subtle meaning lies, without questioning the clumsiness. *(149)*

Three Additional Poems from Inscriptions by Kodōjin

Yesterday he left after sipping tea;
today he comes bringing wine.
This old monk certainly knows how to cherish guests:
laughing, he points at a branch of flowering plum. *(150)*

Last night there was a fine moon;
tonight there is no fine moon.
It doesn't matter whether there 's a moon or not:
I only love the pure night. *(151)*

A sliver of white cloud appears;
a thousand mountains suddenly shake and tremble.

I cannot go without writing poems:
I call for a wine cup to break my desolation. *(152)*

Selections from *Poem Collection of a Rambler* (Shōyō shū)

Songs at Leisure [second poem from a set of three]

Master Ch'ü took orchid as his pendant;
Mr. T'ao floated chrysanthemums in his wine.
Intoxication, sobriety—both suit me fine!
—Truth's flavor savored, serene, forgetting words. *(poem 1, p. 1a)*

[Master Ch'ü is Ch'ü Yüan, a poet of the fourth century B.C. who was sent into exile and wrote the famous poem "Li sao" (Encountering sorrow) in which he lamented his fate and described wearing orchids and other flowers as emblems of purity. In another poem, "The Fisherman," Ch'ü described himself as the "only sober one." Mr. T'ao is the author's favorite poet, T'ao Ch'ien, a famous lover of wine. "Forgetting words" is an allusion to the great Taoist philosopher Chuang Tzu, who wrote that words were a mere device to capture meaning, after which they may be forgotten.]

Sitting Alone

Sitting alone, I know that fall has come:
fresh coolness rises with evening.
On empty stairs sparse drizzle drips;
in deep bamboo, one firefly gleams. *(2, 2b)*

Spring Day—Inscribed on a Cloister Wall

I enter the gate—pathway of moss;
beneath the trees, old monk's cell.
Sparrows chirp along with singing chimes;
pines and cedars catch the falling petals.
The day draws on, spring colors pale;
the mountain is tranquil, my Tao heart grows.
Together we sit, share the meditation couch,
engage in pure discourse, boil tea. *(3, 3a)*

Inscribed on the Wall

The birds are pleased the mountain woods are still;
fish know the depth of gully streams.
When men preserve the Tao-heart firm,
it just can't be conveyed in five-word poems! *(4, 3a)*

["Five-word poems" refer to poems like this one, written in five-character-per-line meter.]

The Old Tea-Seller

He sells his tea—but why does he never mention money?
Salesman and client meet each other—single flavor of Zen!
I wish his pure style could permeate the world,
so everyone's livelihood might be serene as mist! *(5, 3a)*

On the Thirteenth Anniversary of the Death of the Monk Gu'an—A Poetic Offering

Since our parting, thirteen springs;
I've come to your tomb to sweep away the dust.
I'd speak what I have within my heart:
birds are calling, flowers falling fast. *(6, 3b)*

Seeing Off a Friend to Climb the Sacred Mountain—Two Poems

A lotus covered with sixth-month snow!
This the sacred mountain, so noble where it towers.
I am full of "overflowing spirit"
as I see you off on your journey up to heaven. *(7, 3b–4a)*

I myself have never climbed Mount Fuji,
but now I see you off to make the trek.
Although the view up there may shrink the world,
I still dare not aspire to fame and glory. *(7, 3b–4a)*

A Last Firefly—Two Poems

A last firefly—it seems to have a purpose
as late at night it glimmers
behind my study curtain.
Bamboo dew—the heart of autumn drips,
a moment when the breeze-touched lamp
is almost extinguished. *(8, 4a)*

A last firefly, sick, without strength,
late at night emitting its feeble glow.
The sky is cold, grass completely withered,
white dew congealed into frost. *(8, 4a)*

Late Spring—On the Road

Spring's end, beneath the ancient city wall,
traveling, singing, with an old woodcutter.
A gentle breeze sways the willow catkins;
clear sunlight climbs the mulberry branches.
A wild pheasant cries beyond the fields;
there is no one here, only desolation.
Green mountains fill my eyes in vain:
memories of past events
cause my soul to melt. *(9, 4b)*

Miscellaneous Poems at Kumano—Two Poems

Chickens and dogs in those years
came here to flee from Ch'in:
the auspicious aura of P'eng-lai still
thickly forms spring air.
To this day distant travelers
come in sailing ships
and lay their offerings of fruit
before the tomb of Hsü Fu. *(10, 4b–5a)*

The Lord unfolds the Silver River,
opening a path;
cloud and clearing shift and change,
thunder out of season!
I ask you, Sir, please, in this place
do not write awful poems:
I'd be afraid that the whole mountain
would be swept by rainstorms. *(10, 4b–5a)*

[The first poem conflates two allusions, to T'ao Ch'ien's "Peach Blossom Spring" and to the story of the mission of Hsü Fu. The first tells of refugees from the establishment of the Ch'in dynasty in 221 B.C., whose descendants still occupied Peach Blossom Spring hundreds of years later where they were discovered by a fisherman. The founding emperor of the Ch'in sent the alchemist-magician Hsü Fu with a boatload of children to discover the P'eng-lai Isles of the Immortals in the Eastern Sea. Instead he landed in Japan; his alleged tomb is located at Kumano. The "Silver River" in the first poem is the Milky Way. The "Lord" might be a reference to one of the Shintō deities or a poetic convention for the quasi-personified powers of nature.]

Things Seen at the Pond Pavilion

The pond pavilion is fine for sitting alone:
among dew-laden lotus leaves, at evening I lift my wine cup.
When moonlight glimmers, I find the fish are moving;
when breezes blow, I see water plants divide. *(11, 5a)*

Byōdōin

The moss-covered stele—done reading,
marks of tears remain;
nightjars in the green mountains—
spring about to fade.
Covering the ground, fallen petals,
here at Byōdōin:
eastern wind and sparse rainfall,
evening bell rings cold. *(12, 5a)*

[The Byōdōin was built in 1053 at Uji and is one of the most beautiful Buddhist temples in Japan. The grounds are designed to represent the Western Paradise of Amida.]

Nanzen-ji

Pine tree forest, all the people gone;
all I see are depths of white cloud.
Setting sun, the mountain gate is silent,
but the temple bell
sends sounds of antiquity. *(13, 5b)*

Chanted While Intoxicated

Wine cup in hand, what more need I think about?
I gaze at that southern mountain,
alone writing my poem.
It has been transmitted in a direct line
from Yüan-ming to me:
his noble style, after a thousand years
is still here as my teacher. *(14, 5b)*

[Another poem in honor of Kodōjin's favorite poet, T'ao Ch'ien. In poem 5 from T'ao's great series Drinking Wine, the poet notices Southern Mountain in the distance.]

Outside City Walls

Outside the walls—many autumn colors!
The sunset illumines an entire village.
A cold stream surrounds my bamboo dwelling;
yellow leaves fill the bramble gate.
Country travelers walk beyond the mist;
mountain monks rest on roots of trees.
I meet them, we do not know each other,
but before parting, a few "pure words." *(15, 5b)*

Sunning My Back at the Southern Window

Leisure comes, and I feel inspired:
alone I sit, leaning against the southern window.
Up in the sky, the few clouds have departed;
among men, I love the sun's warmth!
Crazy flowers preserve their ancient attitudes;
chirping birds play games with their pure speech.
Now I feel that reading would be perfect—
trancelike, separated from the world's noise. *(16, 6a)*

The Ancient Shrine at Thousand-Year Mountain

This place has many towering trees:
"Thousand Year": I've always admired the name!
Now I've come as autumn is most austere,
the leaves first startled by descending frost.
At the ancient shrine, windblown clouds transform:
the god's awesomeness shines forth with sun and moon.
A water source emerges from this mountain—
it serves to fructify the sentient beings. *(17, 6a)*

Cold Mountain

I've come to clap my hands
before the white clouds;
Silent, silent Cold Mountain,
a world beyond the world.
For ten thousand ages, pine winds have blown
the moon on the waters:
other than this, there is no "cassock and bowl"
to be transmitted! *(18, 6b)*

["Cassock and bowl" are emblems of the legitimate line of transmission from master to disciple.]

Sent to Be Inscribed on the Hermitage of Moon-in-Bamboo-Grove

This hidden grove is right for sitting alone:
the bright moon shines on the deep wood.
This evening becomes a thousand ages,
the autumn's austerity suiting longtime feelings.
In reverie I have admired this True Gentleman:
ringingly he plays his jasper lute.
He does not resent the fewness of those who "share his tune,"
but takes joy in the music of hill and stream. *(19, 6b)*

[The poem is filled with imagery and phrasing that echo Wang Wei's quatrain:

Alone I sit in the hidden bamboo grove,
plucking my lute, and whistling out loud.
Deep in the wood, no one knows I'm here;
only the bright moon comes to shine on me.]

Sent to Be Inscribed on the Pavilion for Listening to the Pines

I love this Pavilion for Listening to the Pines!
Its master has left worldly feelings behind.
Dawn winds arise from the highest spot;
the night moon shines in serenity.
Whisper, whisper—harmonious with tones of the lute;
deep, deep—carrying rustling of the snow.
No matter if it reach us through the ear:
at bottom, this is the heart's song. *(20, 6b)*

Listening to the Snow

Alone I sit beneath a cold lamp;
outside the window, bamboo rustles in the breeze.
Deep in the night I cannot fall asleep;
the snow piles up until it makes no sound. *(21, 7a)*

Inscribed on a Painting

When inspiration comes I paint landscapes,
a pure music I alone understand.

I ask you, Sir, try hanging one on your wall:
a time may come when clouds will rise from it. *(22, 8a)*

The Fisherman

Wind and moon—who is their master?
On riverside alone I've built my hut.
So what if my plan for life is clumsy?
Even Shun made pottery and fished. *(23, 8a)*

[According to Mencius (2A: 8.4), "From the time when he [Shun, the sage-emperor] plowed and sowed, exercised the potter's art, and was a fisherman, to the time when he became emperor, he was continually learning from others" (trans. James Legge). Inscribed on the painting in fig. 4.

Impromptu

I look up to heaven, open my mouth, and laugh:
this feeling, who can understand?
The mountain moon is just the mountain moon.
This poem of mine is not my poem at all. *(24, 8b)*

Lamenting for Chiga Kakudō

Some days ago I got your letter;
I've not yet answered it
when news of your death arrives
to startle this autumn day.
I remember that year when you and I
together enjoyed the moon:
in the tower, looking down
where the great river flowed. . . . *(25, 9a)*

Autumn Night—Staying Over at a Mountain Temple

Alone I stay on the highest story
of a solitary cloud:
late at night, glittering, guttering,
lamps before the Buddha.

Autumn winds now strip the trees,
rain falls on the cold mountain;
early rising to sweep the entrance—
monk beneath lingering moon. *(26, 9a)*

Lamenting for Rai'en

It is true, it is no nightmare:
today, your obituary shocked me.
Alone you stood, image of the flowering plum!
But then withered in a pact with pine and cypress.
In literature you were a teacher to the world;
in the midst of moral principle, you showed human feeling.
Leaving me, where now do you go?
I look up to heaven, tears crisscrossing my face. *(27, 9a–b)*

["Pine and cypress" are the trees of a graveyard.]

Poem in the Ancient Style

In sadness, I gaze toward North Tumulus:
in a single morning, one after another they have gone!
Pine and cypress, how towering and stern:
all that is left, the place where bones are buried. *(28, 9b)*

["North Tumulus" is a famous ancient cemetery near Loyang in China.]

Chanting Poems

I chant poems, standing beneath a pine tree;
the music of the pines brings mystic feelings.
The music of the pines is heaven's music,
and heaven's music is my poems. *(29, 9b)*

Sitting Up at Night

In this tall tower I am close to heaven,
nor have I borrowed the light of a lamp.

With a soughing, windblown bamboo moves;
the Silver River flows with a music of its own. *(30, 9b)*

["The Silver River" is the Milky Way.]

Cold Mountain Temple

Rattling the city, racket of horse and carriage;
where can signs of spring's return be seen?
—Only at this Cold Mountain Temple,
where a flowering plum, just one tree, has bloomed. *(31, 10a)*

Inscribing the Red in My Studio

Reading books is the greatest pleasure on earth!
Aside from this, what more need you seek?
Alone I sit, calmly contemplating the past;
the hermit loves autumn the best!
That solitary cloud seems to have feeling;
the setting sun knows nothing of grief.
Let me inquire: who shares this melody,
"Mountains High," or "Water Simply Flowing?" *(32, 10a)*

[The title probably describes the inscription of a poem, which is, for good luck, on a red background. It also is possible that it refers to the practice of punctuating a text with red ink before reading it. Old Chinese books were written or printed with no punctuation, and scholars often began their studies by inserting their own punctuation in red. (The phrase "inscribing the red" is sometimes used in reference to the tale of a T'ang dynasty scholar who found floating in the imperial moat a red leaf with a poem inscribed on it. This turned out to be the work of a lonely palace concubine, who had dropped it in the moat. The scholar, Yü Yu, wrote back a poem of his own on another red leaf. Eventually the two met and were able to marry. This story is almost certainly irrelevant to Kodōjin's use of the phrase, however.) The last line contains variations of the names of melodies played by the legendary lute master Po Ya. His friend Chung Tzu-ch'i could tell, just by listening, whether he was thinking of tall mountains or flowing waters. After Chung's death, Po Ya broke his instrument, refusing to play for anyone else.]

Poem in Four-Character Meter

Now that I have grown old,
what joy have I, what grief?
Though you say, "You're still not dead!"
I'm done with human affairs.
I gather herbs, drink from streams,
admire that Hill of Cinnabar,
look up, look down, and sigh out loud—
I wish to leave, and yet I stay.
River and mountain flow and tower,
sun and moon hang up above;
vast, so vast this universe:
alone with Change I wander. *(33, 10b)*

[The "Hill of Cinnabar" is one of the legendary isles of the immortals out at sea. Cinnabar was the primary ingredient in the Taoist elixir of immortality, which was in fact called "cinnabar" (*tan*).]

Traveling Down the Yodogawa River by Boat

Eastern wind and drizzling rain
        dampen cap and robe;
willow trees, green on green—
        spring at the ancient ford.
This lonely traveler yearns for home
        late in the third month:
every fellow passenger
        comes from some other town. *(34, 10b–11a)*

The Phoenix Sings

Sun rises at dawn, ah! the phoenix sings sweetly.
Sun sets at night, ah! the phoenix sings sadly. *(35, 11a)*

Boating on the Stream

On both banks, many autumn colors;
my solitary boat enters the wild mountains.

A singing bell tells there is a temple:
among the yellow leaves and white clouds. *(36, 11a)*

Poem in Four-Character Meter

The nation has a traitorous minister;
the family has a dissolute wife.
Thus the Way declines, alas!
But I can firmly hold to it.
What I love is not beautiful women;
what I enjoy is not wine.
Let wind and moon touch my breast,
lute and book to my left and right.
Thus serenely will I be happy,
not gaining clothes and food illicitly.
"The Gentleman is firm in adversity";
"What vulgarity might there be?" *(37, 11a)*

[The last two lines are famous statements of Confucius. The second is his rhetorical answer to a disciple who has expressed astonishment that Confucius plans to live among the "barbarians." "But they are vulgar!" exclaims the disciple, to which Confucius responds, "When a Gentleman lives among them, what vulgarity might there be?"]

Snowy Morning—Oral Improvisation

Seated cross-legged, what Buddha is this?
This morning, how wondrous the snow!
Playfully I give myself to *samadhi:*
yes, I am a son of Transformation. *(38, 11b)*

Going Out the Gate

I go out the gate and set forth alone,
taking a different pathway up green mountains.
My footsteps merge with the white clouds,
my thoughts flow off with rippling streams.
I meet a monk; we speak not a word,

but walk straight toward the ancient Zen temple.
At sunset, the pine winds sound lovely;
I linger, calmly, forgetting to return. *(39, 11b)*

Staying Overnight Beneath Nachi Mountain

Cloud vapors, chilly, merge with pure dreams;
my poem is finished, secretly
    startling the gods and spirits.
I have come to stay the night
    beneath this famous mountain:
for the first time, I hear the sound
    of the Silver River striking earth. *(40, 11b)*

[The Nachi Waterfall, compared in the last line to the Milky Way, is sacred and is often depicted in Shintō *mandara* (i.e., mandala) paintings.]

Painting Bamboo

Whence comes this transcendent spirit,
    bursting from my brush tip?
—A hanging scroll of pure breezes,
    ten thousand ages of cold!
I too have "fully formed bamboo
    growing in the breast":
with a soughing sound, autumnally tremble
    two or three trees of it! *(41, 12a)*

[It was Wen T'ung, the eleventh-century Sung dynasty master of bamboo painting, who was said to have "fully formed bamboo growing in the breast."]

Temple of the Standing Rocks

These are rocks, towering tall,
    rich among ancient pines;
a wind from heaven blows toward me
    the single boom of a bell.

Here I have come to inscribe my name,
serene, and then depart:
which peak is this to which I've climbed,
here, among the clouds? *(42, 12a)*

[This is the same temple (Ryūshaku-ji) visited and described by Bashō in his travel diary, *Oku no hosomichi*, and where he wrote his great haiku "shizukasa ya! / iwa ni shimiiru / semi no koe." (Ah! tranquillity! / Into rocks there penetrates / voices of cicadas). "Iwa" is written with the same character as the one used by Kodōjin in doublet form in this poem (巖 or 岩), pronounced *yen* in Chinese.]

Living in Poverty

The chrysanthemums are cold, I too am growing old;
frosted dew lies thicker every day.
Falling leaves bury hidden paths;
in the mountains, alone I close the gate.
Reading books here suits my mood;
I've said farewell to dust and noise!
Should visitors come and ask how I'm doing:
"Living in poverty, the Way still preserved." *(43, 12a)*

Walking in Moonlight

Walking in moonlight beneath flowering plums,
chanting poems, head covered with snow.
Let me ask Master Cold Mountain:
"Have you such pure beauty, or not?" *(44, 12b)*

["Master Cold Mountain" is Han-Shan, the famous T'ang dynasty Zen Buddhist poet.]

The Temple of Universal Salvation

I reach the gate where level fields end,
enter the chamber—ten thousand peaks approach!

Face to face we share the meditation bench,
mindless, cut off from worldly dust.
The sky is cold, yellow leaves twirl down;
the bell tone trembles, parting the white clouds.
Filling my eyes, many autumn colors:
Inscribing poems, I clear moss from the rocks. *(45, 12b)*

Miscellaneous Poems—Four Poems [one poem from the group of four]

Broad daylight, vapor of cloudy mist—
deep mountains, roar of waterfall:
I've built my hut right here to live,
washing away the feelings of the world. *(46, 12b–13a)*

Eulogy of the Monk Hotei

He puts down his "cloth bag":
Heaven and Earth have no mind.
He throws it on his back and leaves:
mountains and streams now know his music. *(47, 14a)*

[Hotei (Chin. Pu-tai, "Cloth Bag") is a semilegendary monk of the Sung dynasty.]

A Guest Visits

A guest visits—pure conversation
cuts us off from worldly feelings;
birds sing, flowers fall,
we sweep away the brambles.
Thus we pass a single day,
equal to a millennium—
at such a time, who can give
a name to the spring wind? *(48, 13b–14a)*

Poem in Four-Character Meter

Today is high antiquity—
old, I can preserve my life.

The world is full of muddy wealth,
while I alone live pure and poor.
"Plowing and reading" in the wilds of asarum,
"Potting and fishing" along the river's shore,
In the mountains, a hermit-scholar,
good citizen of the universe. *(49, 14b)*

["Plowing etc." refers to the poet comparing himself to two ancient sages, Minister I Yin and Emperor Shun, who are said to have engaged in these activities.]

Walking with My Cane

Green shade, hidden grasses,
butterflies on wing,
the sun emerges in the mountains,
dew has not yet dried.
The fourth month is pure and lovely,
harmonious with my mood;
fragrant breezes waft and fill
the robe of this country man. *(50, 15a)*

Miscellaneous Poem in the Mountains

Tree roots that can split the rocks,
cloud vapors that can swallow mountains:
they say this is a spirit-dragon's cave,
dark even in the broadest daylight!
I'm told there was a man of Tao
who came here gathering herbs.
His traces now hidden, a thousand years later,
his noble style cannot be followed. *(51, 16a)*

Singing of Banana Leaves [Bashō]

The banana leaves cover Heaven and Earth;
their "inch-square heart" spits forth without end!
Roll them up—like emerald jade;

unfold them—fresh breezes arise.
Day after day they add new inspiration;
I write poems on them, like that poet of old.
I transplanted their roots just three years ago;
long since they have flourished into groves. *(52, 16a)*

Sent to the Mountain Man Taihaku

Open, free, there is a master
whose noble style is at odds with the world.
He knows nothing of fame and fortune,
but nourishes old age—how wonderful his joy!
Heaven and Earth? He puts pieces on the chessboard.
Past and present? His house is full of books.
In serenity he observes the principles of things,
in the woods writes poems about secluded living. *(53, 16b)*

A Painting of Mandarin Ducks Bathing in a Pond

Spring sets trembling the reflected plum blossoms;
the colored birds frolic among the green duckweed.
Ice is melting, but their feelings are still solid;
air is cold, but they find warmth in each other's eyes.
In pairs they fly, and in pairs they bathe,
together all day on the banks of the pond.
Please note, the beauty of these mandarin ducks
lies in their hearts and not in their looks. *(54, 18a)*

Leaning on My Cane

I lean on my cane outside the bramble gate;
the scene makes me feel I'm in a painting!
The mountains so tall trees rise as high as birds;
rocks roll down the rapids fast as fish.
Setting sunlight—full of autumn feeling;
scattered bell-tones escort the evening cold.
I finish up this song beneath the forest:
now where can I find the elixir of immortality? *(55, 18b)*

Writing the Feelings of the Moment

Alone I sit beneath the thatched eaves,
tenth month, winter, and yet quite warm.
Birds are chirping, flowers opening again,
leaves twirling down, plants starting loveliness.
The Way I have found in the midst of poverty,
my person whole now after illness.
Serenely, all in accordance with my mood,
midday, but that won't stop me from sleeping. . . . *(56, 18b)*

Inscribed on Little Landscapes by Myself—Two Poems

At Shan-yin there is a Taoist
who raises flocks of geese among the reeds.
But how can I get to carry some off in cages?
I'm ashamed to have not even one written word! *(57, 19a)*

[The poem is based on an allusion to the story of the great calligrapher Wang Hsi-chih, who exchanged his calligraphic version of the *Tao te ching* for some geese raised by a Taoist, because he wished to observe, as an inspiration for his art, their delicate movements while swimming.]

Clouds rise, the mountains all move,
streams flow, the rocks now sing along.
The recluse—what is his intention?
To walk beneath the trees and watch the rain. *(57, 19a)*

The Temple of Pure Coolness

When I first came to the Temple of Pure Coolness
in setting sunlight—only wind in the pines.
Then crisp and clear sang the bell from the tower,
its subtle tones sounding through the void.
I heard them, and something came to me. . . .
I stood alone east of the white clouds. *(58, 19a)*

5

A Note on Kodōjin and the Art and Literature of His Period

J. Thomas Rimer

Modern Japanese literature and art—at least from our contemporary view at the end of the twentieth century—may appear to many readers, and indeed even to many scholars in Japanese modern studies, as largely a chronicle of an ongoing, often uneasy tussle between Japan's involvement with the shifting layers of the Western avant-garde and the native sense of tradition and integrity, carried out in the increasingly overwhelming presence of a universalist popular culture in societies around the world. These particular congruencies may also seem to define our particular time. Yet moving back a century and more, it seems true as well that some of the same tensions and possibilities, although cast in different terms, also were present in the Japanese culture of that period. In both literature and painting, for example, the models to be revered, studied, borrowed from, or reacted against were more often Chinese, rather than, say, French, German, or American, as has so often been the case for the past hundred years or so. Popular fiction of the late Tokugawa period, often as provocatively illustrated as any postwar *manga,* was also embraced or rejected, depending on the level of cultural aspiration of the artist or poet concerned. The spiritual grounding most often came from Buddhist or Confucian sources. In any case, the play of native and continental themes and proclivities was as active in, say, 1860 as in 1960. Kodōjin, therefore, played a natural part in that earlier "alternative" cosmopolitanism. When he began his artistic career, he could scarcely imagine that his audience would virtually disappear during the course of his own lifetime.

Twenty or thirty years ago, it was much more difficult for English-language readers to gain any detailed sense of the cultural density and complexity of the kinds of literature and art created during the nineteenth

century. More recently, however, studies concerning such late Tokugawa figures as the reclusive poet and calligrapher Ryōkan (1758?–1831) and, in particular, a remarkable new anthology of poems written by Japanese poets in Chinese in the Tokugawa period have opened up a whole new map on which to seek out the complex trajectories of writers, intellectuals, and artists during this rich period.

Kodōjin himself, who came into his majority in the 1880s, could thus survey an artistic climate that until World War I and after was able to provide considerably more latitude in terms of form, language, and artistic style than we might at first suspect. Take, for example, the composition of *kanshi,* poems written in Chinese by Japanese poets. When in the 1890s, particularly after the Sino-Japanese War, Western languages began to replace classical Chinese in the schools, the potential reading audience for these poems began to shrink and then gradually fade away, but in the early years of this century, writing—and reading—such poems still remained a reasonable option. It is good to remember, for instance, that Natsume Sōseki (1867–1916) himself—arguably even now the most highly regarded novelist of modern Japan—wrote not only haiku but *kanshi* as well, often using the medium of classical Chinese to reveal some of his innermost states of mind. Here, by way of example, is a poem of 1916 (in a beautiful translation by Burton Watson):

> The true path is shadowy and still, far away and hard to find;
> embracing none but empty thoughts, let me walk through past and present.
> Emerald waters, emerald hills—what do they know of ego?
> Sheltering heaven, sheltering earth, there is only mindlessness.
> Uncertain colors of evening: a moon parting from the grass;
> restless voice of autumn: wind that inhabits the forest.
> Eyes, ears both forgotten, my body too is lost;
> alone in the void I sing a song of white clouds.[1]

Sōseki's thoughts are entirely his own and belong to both him and this century, yet his rhetorical choices owe a debt—in terms of language, image, and spiritual overtones—to the long tradition of *kanshi* so well exemplified in the work of earlier poets.

Nor was Sōseki's interest in traditional modes of thought confined to his

poetic experiments. In his 1906 novel *Kusamakura* (translated into English as the *Three-Cornered World*), which takes place during the time of the Russo-Japanese War, the author's affectionate sketches of such characters as old Mr. Shioda and the abbot of Kankaiji Temple show that a devotion to the same pursuits appreciated by the literati of the preceding period, from the tea ceremony and nō singing to Chinese verse and *nanga* painting, still provided great satisfaction to many cultivated Japanese. Governmental politics may have changed during the Meiji period, yet the cherished cultural proclivities continued. In that sense, then, Kodōjin's interest in *nanga* painting and traditional styles of poetry was by no means unusual at that time.

We should also mention that the poets with whom Kodōjin associated as a young man, notably the brilliant Masaoka Shiki (1867–1902), wrote not only haiku but the longer, thirty-one-syllable, *tanka* and *kanshi* as well. Poets of this period continued to cast about to find the forms and languages most suitable for each given poetic situation, and Kodōjin's choices are very much in line with those made by Shiki and another of his younger associates, his friend the poet Kawahigashi Hekigodō (1873–1937).

In his painting, Kodōjin continued in the traditions he inherited from the Tokugawa period, and he had every reason to feel at home in the still active tradition of such Tokugawa *bunjin,* or literati painters, such as Uragamai Gyokudō and Ike no Taiga. At this time, such a choice was by no means retrograde. After all, during this period, Tomioka Tessai (1836–1924), often called the last of the great *bunjin* painters, was at the height of his much deserved fame, and many younger painters, later characterized as *nihonga* artists, worked in related styles as well. In addition, Kodōjin knew something about Western-style painting too, since he kept up his long friendship with Nakamura Fusetsu (1866–1943), who, after studying in Europe from 1901 to 1905, returned to Japan to become an influential oil painter, most often of historical subjects.

It is true, of course, that as the decades wore on, Kodōjin's artistic choices came to occupy an increasingly narrow place in the Japanese arts of his period. Younger readers became less familiar with the kinds of classical language and images that formed the basis for Kodōjin's rhetorical techniques and often other-worldly spiritual concerns. Even Kodōjin's love (and one certainly shared by Natsume Sōseki) of the great Chinese recluse-poet T'ao Yuan-ming, put him, as Stephen Addiss points out in his biographical essay

on Kodōjin, at a further remove from the urban culture of a Japan that, by the 1930s, was already embarked on an imperialistic adventure.

In this context, however, Kodōjin's attitudes, spiritual stance, and artistic techniques often bear a striking resemblance to two of the most famous overtly "dropout" poets of the interwar period. Both Ozakai Hōsai (1885–1926) and Taneda Santōka (1882–1940) began their careers in the working world, which they then abandoned in order to seek some form of religious enlightenment. Hōsai became the sextant of a small Buddhist temple on a tiny island off the shore of Shikoku, and Santōka became a mendicant monk. Despite the differences in their talents and personalities, their haiku can open up to the reader mordant glimpses of a spiritual world grounded in the East Asian tradition, yet altogether of our time. Many readers find the work of such poets ultimately more challenging and often more satisfying than poetry written in the Western-style forms that became familiar in the generation of such poets as Takamura Kōtarō and Hagiwara Sakutarō, who took their inspiration from Europe. Now, thanks to the efforts of a number of dedicated and enthusiastic translators, it is possible for us to grasp the authentic beauty of what might be termed an "alternative" twentieth-century tradition. Perhaps it is true that there now seems apparently little new being created in consonance with these styles and ideas. Yet by exploring the artistic expressions of those who, earlier in this century, did embrace them helps us not only understand the reason for Kodōjin's own artistic enthusiasms but also allows us to enjoy the high level of his accomplishments, as both a poet and a painter.

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Epilogue

Was Kodōjin ultimately a failure? Half-starving in war-torn Kyoto, his two sons dead, it may have seemed as though the values that had sustained him, the age-old ideals of the literatus, had become meaningless, and indeed he destroyed a great deal of his collected writings before his death in 1944. As J. Thomas Rimer noted, the audience for his work had virtually disappeared, and he may have wondered if any traditional Japanese culture, not merely the literati tradition, would survive as a cultural force after the devastation. As he wrote earlier:

> The decline of the Way, Ah! what can help that?
> What can help that, ah! when order cannot be restored?

Today, more than half a century after Kodōjin's death, his paintings, calligraphy, and poetry are known to only a small number of connoisseurs, collectors, and scholars, and yet to judge his work, it is wise to remember to whom it was addressed.

> Alone I joy in the Way of the ancients,
> living hidden away, declining the world's fumes.

Although Kodōjin was echoing a literati tenet in this couplet, an examination of his life shows that he clearly did not seek fame; if he is currently not well known, this would certainly not have bothered him. What, then, were his goals?

And what do I take pleasure in?
I emulate antiquity. . . .

—Living in seclusion, I write poems on ancient feelings.

I go out the gate—spring is vague and misty;
painting its colors, facing men in peace.

In this place where the ancient Way shines forth in mystery,
the True man brings past karma to an end.

Kodōjin seems to have had no ambition to change the world (as John Cage once pointed out, "You'll only make it worse"). Instead, he cultivated a life of union with nature through artistic reclusion, accepting the vicissitudes of life.

Who understands that happiness today
lies simply in tranquillity of life?

Just follow what Heaven has in store for you,
ah! what limit does it have?

If Kodōjin did not seek a large audience, he did create works for those who might appreciate them, beginning with himself and his friends. His companions, pupils, and patrons seem to have revered him and his works until the day he died, indicating that something in his paintings and poetry had a deep value to them even as Japan was lurching into the war. This may have been because all of Kodōjin's works stem directly from his personal character, which was indeed lofty as the anecdotes about his leaving his money in the bank during the panic, and then refusing black-market food during the war, indicate.

We might still argue: did the world need another literati painter and poet as the century progressed? Furthermore, in modern Japan, are Chinese-style poems and paintings essentially useless? Certainly haiku and *haiga* have maintained their popularity, but *nanga* and *kanshi* are mostly ignored by the greater public that has not had the necessary background to appreciate them. Yet for those who appreciate Kodōjin's unique spirit, not only

his haiku but also his *kanshi* and literati landscapes display an unquenchable inner liveliness that will not let them completely fade from sight. There is now the beginning of a revival of interest in his life and work, and perhaps he will eventually take his place in a long line of fine scholar-artists stretching back more than a millennium in China. Certainly the values of the literati—to respect the past and to create for personal expression rather than for fame—have much to teach us today. It may be that for those with a similar spirit, there is still something in his modest works to reach us in the busy world of today.

Noisy clappers
quiet scarecrow
evening

In a poem from the album discussed earlier, Kodōjin hopes that his haiku, *kanshi*, and paintings in the literati spirit may reach those of future generations:

Year after year I send out these "elegant orchids,"
hoping the subtle perfume may be preserved.

In the same poem, he invites us even more directly to join him:

Should you suddenly come to believe in my Way,
please come visit, and we'll share our tranquil words.

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Notes

Notes to Kodōjin's Life and Art

1. This anecdote is reported in Watarasei Ryō-un, "Fukuda Seishō sensei," *Kumano-shi* 8 (February 28, 1960): 1. This article provides much of the following biographical information.
2. See Janine Beichman, *Masaoki Shiki* (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1986), pp. 17–19.
3. After the monk's death, Kodōjin edited the poetry section of Ryōgan's posthumous works.
4. For more information about Jōzan and the Shisendō, see J. Thomas Rimer et al., *Shisendō: Hall of the Poetry Immortals* (New York: Weatherhill, 1991).
5. Commentary by Jonathan Chaves.
6. For further information and examples of the calligraphy of Dokuryū, see Stephen Addiss, *Obaku: Zen Painting and Calligraphy* (Lawrence: University of Kansas, Spencer Museum of Art, 1978), catalog entries 15–17.
7. This catalog was issued by Heian gabō as *Kodōjin shiga* (Kodōjin's poetry and painting).
8. Translated by James Legge.
9. Hamahata Eizō, "Fukuda Seishō," in *Kumano yoikoto* (Interesting things about Kumano) (Osaka: Dai-ichi hōki, 1980), p. 233.
10. See Beichman, *Masaoki Shiki.*
11. See Tawara Keikichi, "Fukuda Seishō sensei no kotodomo" (Regarding Fukuda Seishō), *Kumano kenkyū* 5 (1929): 39–40. This article also offers other information about Kodōjin's visit to Shingū in 1925.
12. This story can be found in Maekawa Masui, "Seishō sensei no itsuwa" (Anecdotes about Master Seishō) in *Kumano-shi* 8 (February 28, 1960): 23.
13. From Watarasei, "Fukuda Seishō sensei," p. 5.

14. See Ozaki Sakujirō, "Fukuda sensei o shinobite" (Remembering Master Fukuda), *Kumano-shi* 8 (February 28, 1960): 7.
15. See *Haikai jinmei jiten* (Tokyo: Gannandō shoten, 1987), p. 585.
16. Ozaki, "Fukuda sensei o shinobite," p. 12.
17. Maekawa, "Seishō sensei no itsuwa," p. 21.
18. See Fukuda Hideko, "Chichi o shinobite" (Remembering my father), *Kumano-shi* 8 (February 28, 1960): 13.
19. Maekawa, "Seishō sensei no itsuwa," p. 22.
20. Fukuda, "Chichi o shinobite," p. 13.
21. Ozaki, "Fukuda sensei no shinobite," p. 7.
22. Ibid., pp. 7–8.
23. Maekawa, "Seishō sensei no itsuwa," p. 23.
24. This poem is given on pp. 1 and 2 in the privately published catalog of Kodōjin's painting and calligraphy, *Kodōjin Fukuda Seishō-ō isaku tenrankai,* issued by Sakaguchi Hichirobei in 1960.
25. Ozaki, "Fukuda sensei no shinobite," p. 12.
26. Ibid., p. 11.
27. Ibid., p. 12.
28. Sakaguchi Shichirōbei, "Takai o-kimochi" (Lofty feelings), *Kumano-shi* 8 (February 28, 1960): 18.

Notes to Kodōjin and the T'ao Ch'ien Tradition

1. For Sōseki's *kanshi* and *kambun* (Chinese prose) and the entire history of the genre, see Burton Watson, *Japanese Literature in Chinese,* 2 vols. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1975 and 1976), esp. vol. 2, pp. 171–189.
2. For Kung and Huang as well as excellent surveys of nineteenth-century *shih* poetry in China, see Shirleen S. Wong, *Kung Tzu-chen* (Boston: Twayne, 1975); and J. D. Schmidt, *Within the Human Realm: The Poetry of Huang Zunxian* [Huang Tsunhsien] (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994). Huang actually visited Japan, wrote Chinese poems about his experiences there, and associated with Japanese scholars of Chinese literature and civilization. See Richard John Lynn, "'This Culture of Ours' and Huang Zunxian's Literary Experiences in Japan (1877–82)," *Chinese Literature: Essays, Articles, Reviews* 19 (December 1997): 113–138.
3. For T'ao Ch'ien's complete poetry in English, see Lily Pao-hu Chang and Marjorie Sinclair, trans., *The Poems of T'ao Ch'ien* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1953); and James R. Hightower, trans., *The Poetry of T'ao Ch'ien* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1970).
4. See the edition of *Shih-p'in* in Ho Wen-huan, ed., *Li-tai shih-hua* (reprint, Taipei: I-wen i-shu kuan), p. 13. Two excellent studies of this work are those by Hellmut

Wilhelm, "Chung Hung and His Shih-p'in," and E. Bruce Brooks, "Geometry of the Shr pin," both in Chow Tse-tsung, ed., *Wen-lin: Studies in the Chinese Humanities* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1968), pp. 111–120 and 121–150. Both Wilhelm and Brooks discuss Chung's evaluation of T'ao at some length.

5. This image of T'ao is conveyed through painting as well as literature. For an excellent study of the development of the iconography of T'ao Ch'ien in painting, see Elizabeth Chipman Brotherton, "Li Kung-lin and Long Handscroll Illustrations of T'ao Ch'ien's 'Returning Home'" (Ph.D. diss., Princeton University, 1992), esp. chap. 1.
6. On Chiang Yen, see John Marney, *Chiang Yen* (Boston: Twayne, 1981). On pp. 112–113, Marney translates and discusses Chiang's poem in the manner of T'ao Ch'ien. The series of thirty poems was included in the enormously influential (in both China and Japan) *Wen hsüan* (Literary anthology), chap. 31. See *Wen hsüan* (1936; reprint, Hong Kong: Commercial Publishing), vol. 2, pp. 691–709. The T'ao-style poem is on pp. 703–704.
7. E. Bruce Brooks and A. Taeko Brooks, *The Original Analects: Sayings of Confucius and His Successors* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1998), p. 155.
8. Hu Ying-lin, *Shih sou* (Shanghai: Ku-chi ch'u-pan-she, 1979), *wai-pien,* pp. 151–152.
9. Ch'iu Chao-ao (1638–1717), ed., *Tu Shao-ling chi hsiang-chu,* 2 vols. (Hong Kong: T'ai-p'ing shu-chü, 1966), vol. 1, chap. 4, pp. 20–21.
10. T'ao also has a poem in four-character meter entitled "A Mandate to My Sons" that probably also influenced Kodōjin's poem. For both of T'ao's poems, see *T'ao Ching-chieh chi chu* (Hong Kong: T'ai-p'ing shu-chü, 1964), 3/43–44 ("Blaming My Sons"), and 1/16–20 ("A Mandate to My Sons").
11. Huang's comment is found in the fragmentary text *Wang Chih-fang shih-hua.* See Kuo Shao-yü, ed., *Sung shih-hua chi-i,* 2 vols. (Peking: Chung-hua shu-chü, 1980), vol. 1, entry no. 129, p. 49. For an excellent comprehensive selection of critical comments on T'ao through the centuries, see the companion volumes, *T'ao Yüan-ming shih-wen hui-p'ing* (Peking: Chung-hua shu-chü, 1961); and *T'ao Yüan-ming yen-chiu tzu-liao hui-pien* (Shanghai: Chung-hua shu-chü, 1962).
12. The Chinese term is *ho,* literally "to harmonize with"; "echo" is the translation of James J. Y. Liu. There are different degrees of *ho,* so it is possible to write a poem on the same theme as another poet without following his rhyme words or to use his rhyme words but in a different order. Su Shih uses the strictest form of *ho,* known also as *tz'u-yün,* "following the rhymes," in which the poet uses the same rhyme words and in the same sequence.
13. Cited in Su Ch'e's "Preface to Tzu-chan's [Su Shih's] Collected Poems Echoing T'ao," in Su Ch'e, *Luan-ch'eng chi* (Ssu-pu ts'ung-k'an reduced-size ed.), *hou-chi,*

chap. 21, p. 644. Su Shih's poems echoing T'ao are in his *Tung-p'o hsü chi* (in *Tung-p'o ch'i chi,* Ssu-pu pei-yao ed.), chap. 3.

14. Su Ch'e, *Luan-ch'eng chi, hou-chi,* chap. 2, p. 516. For Su's other poems echoing T'ao, see *Luan-ch'eng chi, hou-chi,* chap. 1, pp. 508–510; chap. 2, pp. 518, 520–521; chap. 5, pp. 540–541.
15. See Jonathan Chaves, *Mei Yao-ch'en and the Development of Early Sung Poetry* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1976), pp. 114–125.
16. Ibid., p. 125.
17. On Yang Wan-li, see Jonathan Chaves, *Heaven My Blanket, Earth My Pillow* (New York: Weatherhill, 1975); and J. D. Schmidt, *Yang Wan-li* (Boston: Twayne, 1976).
18. K'ung Fan-li, ed., *Sung-shih chi-shih hsü-pu,* 2 vols. (Peking: Peking University Press, 1987), vol. 2, pp. 634–635.
19. Yang Wan-li, *Ch'eng-chai chi* (Ssu-pu ts'ung-k'an reduced-size ed.), chap. 80, pp. 669–670; Chou Pi-ta, *Chou I-kuo wen-chung-kung chi* (*Tao-kuang Hsien-feng* period ed., i.e., 1821–1861, printed by the Ou-yang family of Lu-ling, copy in Library of Congress), *hsü-chi,* 12/5b–6b.
20. Liu-hsia Hui was a virtuous sage who was able to hold a woman in his lap without engaging in immoral action.
21. T'ao Ch'ien is often associated with the music of the *ch'in,* or lute, and in a famous passage speaks paradoxically of the music of a stringless *ch'in.*
22. See Jonathan Chaves, "The Panoply of Images: A Reconsideration of the Literary Theory of the Kung-an School," in Susan Bush and Christian Murck, eds., *Theories of the Arts in China* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1983), pp. 341–364; and Jonathan Chaves, "The Expression of Self in the Kung-an School: Non-Romantic Individualism," in Robert E. Hegel and Richard C. Hessney, eds., *Expressions of Self in Chinese Literature* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985), pp. 123–150.
23. See Yōshikawa Kōjirō, *Five Hundred Years of Chinese Poetry: 1150–1650: The Chin, Yüan, and Ming Dynasties,* trans. John Timothy Wixted (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1989), pp. 46–47, 72–73. Hao Ching's poems are in Hao Ching, *Hao Wen-chung-kung Ling-ch'uan wen-chi* (1798 ed., printed by the Wang family of Kao-tu, copy in Library of Congress), chaps. 6 and 7. Liu Yin's poems are in Liu Yin, *Ching-hsiu hsien-sheng wen-chi* (Ssu-pu ts'ung-k'an reduced-size ed.), chap. 3, pp. 20 ff.
24. Hao Ching, *Hao Wen-chung-kung Ling-ch'uan wen-chi,* 6/1a-2a.
25. That is, his poetry is reminiscent of the Taoist writings of Chuang Tzu, the great philosopher of the fourth century B.C.
26. For this, see Ikkai Tomoyoshi, *Tō Emmei* [T'ao Yüan-ming], vol. 4 in the series Chūgoku shijin senshū (Tokyo: Iwanami shoten, 1958), p. 20.

27. *Po Hsiang-shan shih chi* (Ssu-pu pei-yao ed.), 5/7b–11a. For translations from this sequence, see Burton Watson, *Pai [Po] Chü-i: Selected Poems* (New York: Columbia University Press, forthcoming) .
28. J. Thomas Rimer and Jonathan Chaves, *Japanese and Chinese Poems to Sing: The Wakan Rōei Shū* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997), p. 186, entry no. 622.
29. Marian Ury, *Poems of the Five Mountains: An Introduction to the Literature of the Zen Monasteries,* 2d rev. ed. (Ann Arbor: Center for Japanese Studies, University of Michigan, 1992), pp. 13, 19.
30. For Ch'en's role as literary mediator, see Burton Watson, *Grass Hill: Poems and Prose by the Japanese Monk Gensei* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1983), pp. xx ff. For a rare example of his painting, see Stephen Addiss, ed., *Japanese Quest for a New Vision: The Impact of Visiting Chinese Painters, 1600–1900* (Lawrence: University of Kansas, Spencer Museum of Art, 1986), plate 1, pp. 12–13.
31. *Sheng-an shih-hua* (unpaginated copy dated 1691 in the Naikaku bunkō, Tokyo), [p. 5b]. I am indebted to Mark Borer for calling this text to my attention.
32. Cited in *T'ao Yüan-ming yen-chiu tzu-liao hui-pien,* p. 165. For more on Chiang Ying-k'o, see Chaves, "The Panoply of Images," and "The Expression of Self in the Kung-an School." For the poetry of Yüan Hung-tao, see Jonathan Chaves, *Pilgrim of the Clouds: Poems and Essays by Yüan Hung-tao and His Brothers* (New York: Weatherhill, 1978); and Chih-p'ing Chou, *Yüan Hung-tao and the Kung-an School* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988).
33. See J. Thomas Rimer et al., *Shisendō: Hall of the Poetry Immortals* (New York: Weatherhill, 1991), esp. "Jōzan and Poetry," by Jonathan Chaves, pp. 27–78.
34. For Hokuzan as a critic, see Burton Watson, *Japanese Literature in Chinese,* vol. 2, pp. 9–10. For Hokuzan's own poetry, see Mark Borer, "Shijin to shite no Yamamoto Hokuzan" (Yamamoto Hokuzan as a poet), *Taihei shibun* (Journal of *kanshi* studies) 9 (1998): 1–7.
35. For this passage, see Ikkai, *Tō Emmei,* p. 5. For Takuboku's role in the development of modern Japanese poetry, see Donald Keene, *Dawn to the West: Japanese Literature of the Modern Era—Poetry, Drama, Criticism* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1984), pp. 41–48.
36. Cited in *Wei Chin Nan-pei ch'ao wen-hsüeh shih ts'an-k'ao tzu-liao* (Reference materials for the history of the literature of the Wei, Chin, and Southern and Northern dynasties), 2 vols., comp. Teaching and Research Section for the History of Chinese Literature, Peking University (Peking: Chung-hua shu-chü, 1962), vol. 2, p. 460.
37. Iritani Sensuke, *Sō shi sen* (Anthology of Sung dynasty poetry) (Tokyo: Asahi shimbun, 1967), pp. 217–220.
38. Hao Ching, *Hao Wen-chung-kung Ling-ch'uan wen-chi,* 6/4a–b. For T'ao's original poems, see *T'ao Ching-chieh chi chu,* 1/15–16.

Note to Kodōjin and the Art and Literature of His Period

1. The translation, along with several other of Sōseki's *kanshi,* can be found in Burton Watson, trans., *Japanese Literature in Chinese,* vol. 2: *Poetry & Prose in Chinese by Japanese Writers of the Later Period* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1976), p. 189.

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Color plate 1.
"1912 Landscape."
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Color plate 2.
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White on red paper,
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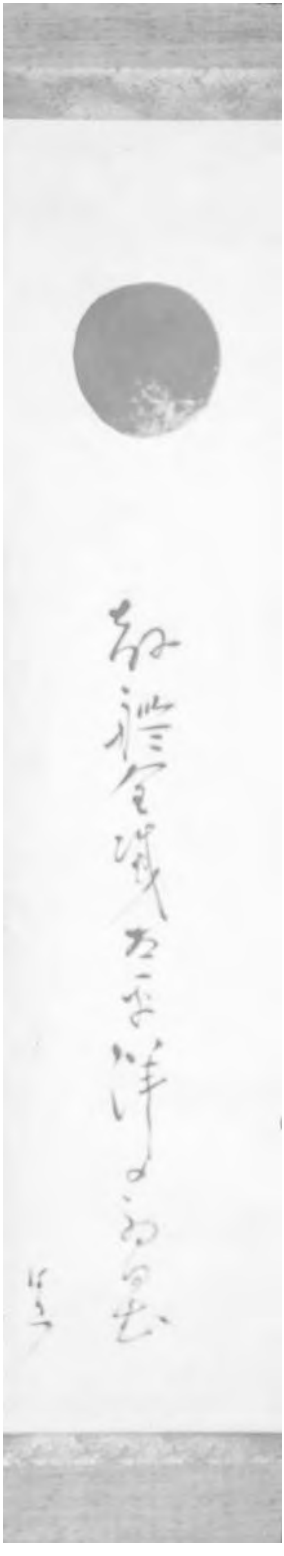

Color plate 8.
"Rising Sun" (1942).
Kodōjin
Ink and color on paper, Fukuda Hideko Collection.