


R. H. BLYTH

A HISTORY OF HAIKU

Volume Two



THE HOKUSEIDO PRESS



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A HISTORY OF HAIKU

Volume Two

By R. H. Blyth

HAIKU Vols. I~IV

A HISTORY OF HAIKU Vols. I, II

SENRYU

JAPANESE LIFE AND CHARACTER IN SENRYU

EDO SATIRICAL VERSE ANTHOLOGIES

ORIENTAL HUMOUR

ZEN IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ORIENTAL
CLASSICS

ZEN AND ZEN CLASSICS Vols. I, II, VII

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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EASY POEMS I, II

HOW TO READ ENGLISH POETRY

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNALS

(With Introduction and footnotes)

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK
RIVER (Shortened, with Introduction and Notes)



R. H. BLYTH:
“A HISTORY
OF
HAIKU”

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME TWO

From Issa up to the Present

THE HOKUSEIDO PRESS

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WITHDRAWN

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The portraits on the dust-cover are of Ransetsu, front, and Kikaku, back, the haiku being the following respectively:

布圍きて寝たるすがたや東山
 Higashi Hill,
 Like a man sleeping
 With a quilt over him.

鶯の身を逆に初音かな
 Its first note;
 The uguisu
 Is upside-down.

INTRODUCTION

1

TECHNICAL TERMS

Haiku has quite a lot of technical terms which are difficult to define and not easy to illustrate, since not only do they refer to rather delicate relations or complicated states of mind, but the words themselves have changed in meaning over the centuries and do not mean the same today as they did a hundred or a thousand years ago. What makes the matter still more difficult is the fact that a poet's theory of poetry and the poems he actually writes are like the professions and real life of men everywhere; they often do not gibe. So Wordsworth, for example, did not in fact employ "a selection of language really used by men."

To speak first of *sabi*. *Sabi* in the later waka poets was a kind of beauty associated with loneliness, but in the case of Bashō the loneliness is rather contrasted with the beauty, as in Kyorai's verse:

花守や白き頭をつき合はせ
Hanamori ya shiroki kashira wo tsukiawase

The guardians
Of the cherry blossoms
Lay their white heads together.

Sabi, as being derived from *sabiru*, to rust, implies something that is given by time, and is perhaps the

ultimate foundation of all loneliness, since it is time which separates even more than space. But this element of time may be present, indeed must be so, at the moment of the creation of a work of art or an action of value. The real *sabi* is the timeless which does not disdain to use time.

According to Kyorai, in his *Shishin Mondō*, 柿首問答, *sabi* is not the subject of the verse but is the flavour or colour of it. For example, an old man putting on his armour to go off to the battle, or wearing brocade for a banquet may have it, since *sabi* is in the mind of the observer, and thus busy and bustling scenes as well as quiet, and desolate ones may arouse *sabi*.

Shiori, 朶, and *hosomi*, 細み, also are explained by Kyorai. *Shiori*, which is said to come from *shioru*, to bend, implies a certain pitiful charm in the mind of the observer and in the form of the verse, not in the subject. *Hosomi*, which means slenderness, is closely connected with *yūgen*, the poeticality of the verse, *shiori* rather with *sabi*.

Wabi is the “beauty” of poverty; it is “blessed are the poor,” but blessed in the aesthetic rather than the moral sense. Rikyū, 1521–1591, said that food that is enough to hold body and soul together and a roof that does not leak are sufficient, but with Bashō, 1644–1694, an empty stomach, at least temporarily, was necessary for haiku. A leaky roof, or at least one that might leak at any moment, is also one of the prerequisites for living according to the Way of Haiku. The best example of *wabi* is the well-known verse of Rotsū, the beggar-poet:

鳥どもも寝入っているか 餘吾の海
Toridomo mo neitte iru ka yogo no umi

The water-birds too
 Are asleep
 On the lake of Yogo?

Shibumi is an astringent taste in contrast to a sweet one. It therefore implies the opposite of sentimentality, emotionality, romance. It is what distinguishes the poetry of Wordsworth from that of Keats and the rest of them. Austerity is a little different, for *shibumi* has its own charm; austerity also belongs to masochism, whereas *shibumi* and *wabi* only border on it. Aesthetically also, the weak are stronger than the strong, a woman than a man, night than day. This is brought out in a verse typical of Bashō:

よくみれば薺花咲く垣根かな
Yoku mireba nazuna hana saku kakine kana

Looking carefully,
 A shepherd's-purse is blooming
 Under the hedge.

Shibumi is sometimes associated with *iki*, with which it has no real connection. *Iki* is a (sexual) elegance, restrained, it is true, but for the purpose of attraction. *Shibumi* is entirely sexless, retired in its nature, and, if anything, repulses rather than attracts. There is a hair's breadth between *shibumi* and *iki*, as there is between Heaven and Hell.

Yūgen, 幽玄, is an ancient Chinese term used in poetry, and later in Zen writings, to signify what is mysterious and "dark" in the religious sense. Linchi (Rinzai) says:

道流, 寔情大難, 佛法幽玄, 解得可何地。

“You monks, it is exceedingly difficult to have this true mind; Buddhism is the Profound Essence; but when it is grasped, life just free-wheeling.”

The 玄, mysterious essence, and 玄之玄, Essence of the essence, of Laotse and Chuangtse is almost entirely philosophical. Literature is in this more delicate and not less profound, that it embodies the way the Essence works, its colour and perfume, its form rather than its matter.

Dengyō Daishi, 767-822, in his *Isshin Kongō Kaitaiketsu*, 一心金剛戒體決, uses the expression: “All things have in them the Wonderful Essence,” 諸法幽玄之妙. Again, in a Chinese poem by Fujiwara Atsu, we have a line, 談僧漸識幽玄理, “Talking with a monk and knowing the reason of the Essence.” In both of these, *yūgen* is employed in the (Chinese) religious, philosophical sense. Religious writings of the Kamakura Period continued to use and explain *yūgen*. It was also employed to mean “deep and difficult to attain,” with a mystical significance. But from the Heian through the Yoshino Era the word was used in connection with Chinese poetry, waka, music, and dancing. Its use in the Preface of the *Kokon Wakashū* has still a mystical meaning, and the first use of it in the artistic, literary sense is said to be in the *Wakatai Jisshu*, 和歌體十種, published by Mibu Tadamine, 860-920, 壬生忠岑, in 945 A.D. This work, imitating the Chinese classification of verse, divides the form of waka into ten. Concerning what he calls the *Kōjōtai*, 高情體, class, he says that the words themselves have nothing special about them, but the verses have *yūgen*, for example:

散り散らず聞かまほしきを故郷の
花見てかへる人もあはなむ

I would fain ask
 Whether they have fallen or not,
 But I have met no one
 Come back from seeing
 The cherry blossoms of my native place.

The discussion and practice of *yūgen* goes on all through the history of Japanese verse and comes to its climax perhaps in Nō. The haikai poets, those of the Ushin school, considered *yūgen* to be the goal and aim of their work. Sōgi, in his *Azuma Mondō*, 吾妻問答, answers the question, “What is the fundamental form of renga?”

Waka has ten, so renga has ten, says Sōsetsu.¹ I myself think it's silly to divide them up like this. The essential thing is that it must be long and high with the *ushin* of *yūgen*.

Ushin means, subjectively, sincerity of feeling; and objectively, transcendental beauty. However, to get Bashō's idea of *yūgen* we must go back before Sōgi to Shinkei, 心敬, 1399-1474. He says in his *Sasamegoto*, ささめ言:

A certain man² asked a master-poet,³ “As for the Way of Poetry, what sort of training is necessary?” He answered, “The crescent moon over the tall grasses of a withered moor.” This was pointing to something unsaid, something bleak and lonely, that is to be intuitively grasped.

Wordsworth said, “Stern was the face of nature.” The word “stern” is a too strong for Shinkei's meaning. “Severely beautiful” also lacks the charm of the drooping

¹ 宗砌.

² 歌仙. This was Shunzei, 俊成, 1114-1204.

³ Mototoshi, 基俊, 1055-1138.

pampas grasses and the curve of the new moon. What is interesting, too, is the reference to "training," which has the meaning of ascetic-artistic life. This is the *yūgen* of Bashō and his followers.

All these terms mean almost nothing when used abstractly, but concretely they are quite alive. My Siamese cat who is very stupid but sweet has *wabi*. This cup I am drinking out of has *sabi*; it comes out of the past to me in its shape and texture. A Nō actor walks with *yūgen*, quite beyond time and place, yet here and now. The meaning of *wabi*, *sabi*, and so on is on the one hand to be decided by common usage and explained historically, but on the other hand we may and should use them as distinctly and deeply as we individually can. One thing let us say, clearly and strongly: people who do not and cannot and will not actually live a life of *sabi* and *wabi*, should not pretend to write about them.

The word "haiku" came into fashion in the Meiji Period to mean a verse of 5, 7, 5 syllables. Before the Meiji Period "haiku" was used to mean the verses, 5, 7, 5 or 7, 7 of haikai, that is haikai renga. It is so employed by Kikaku in the Preface to his *Minashiguri*, 虚栗, published in the 3rd year of Tenna, 1683. The reasons for the change of "hokku" to "haiku" are: the desire to mark a revolution of taste, to some extent a return to the (good) taste of Buson; to show the independence of the verse; and from the oriental love of a change of name. "Renga," as meaning a poem composed by two persons, may be found as far back as in the *Kojiki* and the *Manyōshū*.

2

RENGA

The subject of renga, treated in Volume I, pages 40-45, is so difficult it will be explained once more. The writing of linked verses became exceedingly popular in the Muromachi Period, but in the following age of civil wars, 1490-1600, it was gradually superseded by haikai renga, popular and witty renga, the leaders being Yamazaki Sōkan and Arakida Moritake. The reasons for this change are various, one being the fact that renga had got stuck in the (aristocratic) mud; another, that civil war does not encourage conservation, and the study and imitation of the classics.

Already in the Heian Period, 794-858, a light and sportive spirit may be seen in renga. This was natural, since for two or more persons to write a (long) poem together a certain amount of bonhomie was necessary. Also, it was natural that the poetry of verse should gradually grow less, and be replaced by verbal tricks and novelties. In the Kamakura Period, 1192-1333, renga had divided itself into two schools, the "mindful," 有心, and the "mindless," 無心, the latter being inclined to wit, puns, etc, and the former to the poetical spirit of waka. An example of the "mindless" variety of renga; the authors are not given:

親に知られぬ子をぞ設くる
我が庭に隣の竹の根をさして

Receiving a child
Unknown to the parents:

Into our garden
Has thrust
The next door's bamboo.

This kind of renga was not to the taste of the serious poets among the aristocrats, and the renga of the Kamakura Period is chiefly of the "mindful" school. During the period of the division of the court into Northern and Southern, 1336-1392, renga came more into the hands of non-aristocrats. Further, it was influenced by two men, Gusai, 救済, and Yoshimoto, 良基, the editors of the *Tsukubashū*, 菟玖波集.

The effect of having two persons write one verse was of course to divide it into two in thought or spirit, or even in subject; for example:

もろきぞ老の命なりける
風よわき秋の柳の葉は落ちて

The life of the old man
Has become a frail and sentimental thing.
Weak is the wind
Of autumn,
With its falling willow leaves.

In the Muromachi Period, renga became what may be called popular, and a number of talented poets appeared, among them Sōgi, 宗祇, who made seriousness and elegance (*yūgen*) the prime essentials, following the spirit of the *Shinkokinshū*. Renga thus became an extended waka, and in intention a very high and difficult art. Indeed for Bashō it was renga and not haiku which was his life and life-work, and it would not be altogether wrong to say that it was Shiki who destroyed haiku by separating it finally

from renga, and causing the collapse of both. The delicate poetical relation *between* the verses of renga was considered by Sōgi and his followers, including Bashō years later, to be of greater poetical moment than the verses themselves. They wanted to do what Hazlitt said was Shakespeare's great power, to bring together apparently unrelated things, and thus manifest their latent similarity or identity.

雪ながら山本かすむ夕かな
Yuki nagara yamamoto kasumu yūbe kana

Snow remaining,
 The foot of the mountain is covered with mist,
 This evening!

This is Sōgi's hokku, first verse, of 17 syllables, ending with *kana*, an expression of admiration. The word "mist" shows the season.

行く水遠く梅にほふさと
Yuku mizu tōku ume niou sato

The waters are flowing; in the distance
 A village smells of its plum-trees.

This is the waki-ku, the side verse, or second verse, of 14 syllables, by Shōhaku. "Plum" shows the season, spring still. The waki-ku is joined with the hokku by the association of (melting) snow and running water.

かは風に一むら柳春みえて
Kawa-kaze ni hitomura yanagi haru miete

The river breeze
 Shows us spring
 In a clump of willows.

This is the third verse; the season is again spring, seen in the willows; the season of the hokku, the side-verse, and the third verse must be the same. The third verse should end in *te*, or *ni*, or *wa*; the present one ends in *te*, *miete*.

舟さすおともしるきあけがた

Fune sasu oto mo shiruki akegata

The sound of a boat being poled along
Is heard clearly in the dawn.

The first four verses proceed in the element of water.

月やなほきり渡る夜に残るらん

Tsuki ya nao kiri wataru yo ni nokoruran

The moon—
The mist floating across the evening—
Still remains.

The season has changed to autumn. The moon, which should be brought into the 7th verse, is here introduced into the 5th. Up to the present verse the emphasis was on sound. Now, the theme rises from the surface of the river to the vault of heaven.

霜おく野はら秋はくれけり

Shimo oku nohara aki wa kure keru

Hoar-frost on field and moor-land,
Autumn
Draws towards its close.

The season is still autumn. This verse is a poor one, without originality.

鳴くむしの心ともなく草かれて
Naku mushi no kokoro to mo naku kusa karete

The grasses wither
Without a thought
Of the crying insects.

The season continues to be autumn. There is some animism here. This is how renga goes. It should be imitated in the West by two or three or four poets writing alternate couplets.

3

HAIKU AND CHINESE POETRY

Even in Manyō times, Japanese verse was already being influenced by Chinese verse. Japan had its own poetry, and the simplicity of Shintō already affected it and still affects it, and for good, but the Taoism and Zen that mingled with Chinese poetry was a much deeper thing. Japanese poets, in their reading of Chinese verse, were unavoidably appreciating Taoism and Zen in their best possible forms. This reading of Chinese poetry has continued from the earliest times up to today, when Chinese poems are read in school. It is possible to go through the vast compendium of Chinese verse, noting poems especially which must have struck the Japanese readers, who, up to the age of Bashō, were unconsciously and unwittingly looking forward to his creation of what we now know as haiku, and who, from his time up to now, have been looking backwards consciously and knowingly to those same poems that still nourish the spirit of haiku in spite of

the great change of heart that has come over the Japanese people and their literature.

The *Book of Songs* (Shikyō) 詩經, a collection of three hundred and five poems written between 1766 and 403 B.C. had the same simplicity as the earliest Japanese verses, but more elegance. The following is the first verse of an elegiac poem:

陟 岵

陟彼岵兮。瞻望父兮。
父日嗟予。了行役。夙夜無已。
上慎旃哉。猶來無止。

Climbing up to the top of a bare hill,
I gaze, and think of my father.
My father said, "When you go into service,
You must work from morning to night.
Do it well, I pray you;
Come back, do not stay there!"

This sort of thing comes out in haiku of *degawari*, 出替り, changing of servants. Recently, few haiku are written on such a subject.

The poems of the time of Han are also by unknown authors. The subjects of the famous Nineteen Old Poems are the same as before, the sorrows of parting, homesickness, the loneliness of a deserted or widowed wife, grieving at the transiency of life. The appearance of Taoism and the idea of heavenly beings is a special feature of Han verses, though they are still naive, with a natural technique and pastoral flavour. There is some romantic tendency, but we never leave the real world. This is a characteristic of haiku, even in modern times. The last four lines of "Those who Depart grow Distant Day by Day," 去者日以

疎, were repeated again and again in Japan, though so much smaller than China:

白揚多悲風。蕭蕭愁殺人。
思還故里閭。欲歸道無因。

The sad wind blows the white aspens;
The plaintive sound makes him melancholy.
He thinks of going back to his native village,
But when he wishes to return, there is no way to go.

No Japanese poet, and no later Chinese poet ever attained to the Biblical simplicity of *The Funeral Song*:

薤上露。何易晞。
露晞明朝更復落
人一云何時歸。

The dew on the leeks,
How fast it dries!
But though it dries,
It falls again next morning.
If a man departs,
When shall he come again?

During the era of the Six Kingdoms¹ there was civil war, and many recluses and hermits appeared, such as Chuko Pungming, 諸葛孔明, who afterwards became famous serving Liupei, 劉備. The Emperor Wu (Bu) 武, 155-220 A.D., wrote a poem *The Cold, Painful March*, 苦寒行, towards the end of which occur the following lines:

思欲一東歸。水深橋梁絕。
中路正徘徊。迷惑失故路。
薄暮無宿棲。

¹ Of the Kingdom of Wei, 魏, which together with Sui, 隨, is included in the literature of the Six Kingdoms.

When I would return to the East,
 The waters are deep, bridges all broken.
 I stand irresolute in the middle of the road.
 At a loss, having mistaken the way,
 Dusk falls, with no place to spend the night.

This experience is one which every haiku poet worthy of the name wanted to have. It is a kind of asceticism, almost poetical masochism, with comfort, happiness, and the welfare state seen as the true hell of meaninglessness.

In the poems of Chin, 晉, one of the Six Kingdoms, there is the ideal and the practice of the tasteful, 風流, which values nature and at the same time the emotion of the poet towards the aesthetic qualities of the thing itself, quite apart from its romantic associations and the caprices of the poet's own feelings. This is haiku per se. It is Wordsworth's "looking steadily at the object," together with the poet looking steadily at himself looking steadily at the object. An example from the last lines of a poem by Luchi, 陸機, 261-303 A.D. He is journeying over mountains and rivers:

頓轡倚高巖。側聽悲風響。
 清露墮素輝。明月一何朗。
 撫枕不能寐。振衣獨長想。

Reining the horse, I lean against a high rock,
 And listen to the faint sound of the sad wind.
 The pure dew that has fallen gleams whitely:
 The bright moon,—how clear it is!
 Smoothing the pillow, I get no sleep;
 Shaking my garments, I sink for long into lonely
 thought.

Tao Yuanming, (Tōemmei) 陶淵明, was and still con-

tinues to be for the Japanese the ideal poet. The aim of life is to retire from it. This is the monkish ideal, with the great difference that one's best days are to be spent in the quiet contemplation, not of the perfection of God, but the naturalness of Nature.

To Tōemmei, however, man is something which Nature dreams:

人生如幻化。終當歸空無。

The life of man is like an illusion;

At last it always returns to an empty nothingness.

Bashō's death verse, Issa's death verse only repeat this.

The poetry of the Tang Era, especially as contained in the *Tōshisen, A Collection of Tō Poetry*, had a profound effect on Japanese literature in general, and haiku in particular. This anthology of Chinese verse written during two hundred and eighty nine years is credited to Li Panling, 李攀龍, born 1544, who wrote the preface. Li Panling intended to make a much more extensive collection, in three parts, of the Han, Gi, Six Dynasties; Tang, and Ming Eras, called *Kokon Shisaku*, and began the Tang first, finished it, and wrote the Preface. He died before he could complete the rest. His friend Wang Shichin, 王世貞, completed it in thirty six volumes, and removed the Preface to the Tang division. The followers of Hanryū, however, published the Tang division separately. In the Complete Tang Poetry, nine hundred volumes, there are included two thousand two hundred poets, with more than 88,900 poems. In the *Tōshisen* there are about 600.

The *Tōshisen*, now used as a school text-book in Japan, came to Japan about the Keichō Era, 1596-1611, or the

Genna Era, 1615-1624; Bashō was born in 1644. Ogyū Sorai, born 1665, and Hattori Nankaku, born 1681, his disciple, strongly advocated the reading of it.

The following are some examples from the *Tōshisen* which the haiku poets from Bashō's time must have read with especial profit and pleasure:

破山寺後禪院

清農入古寺。
 初日照高林。
 曲徑通幽處。
 禪房花木深。
 山光悅鳥性。
 潭影空人心。
 萬籟此俱寂。
 惟聞鐘磬音。

A Zen Hermitage behind Hazanji Temple

One clear morning I went to an old temple;
 The early sun shone on the tall trees,
 A winding path led to a bower.
 Trees and flowers grow wildly round this Zen temple;
 The mountain scenery pleases the minds of the birds;
 The reflections on the deep pond empty one's heart.
 Silence accompanies all things;
 Only the voice of the temple bell is heard.

鹿柴

日夕見寒山。
 便爲獨住客。
 不知松林事。
 但有麝麇跡。

The Deer Palisade

Morning and evening I come to see this lonely mountain,
A visitor, alone.
I hardly realise where I am, in this pine grove;
Here and there are the footprints of deer.

秋 日

返照入閭巷。
憂來誰共語。
古道少人行。
秋風動禾黍。

A Day of Autumn

The sunset shines upon the village ways;
Sad I am, but with whom shall I speak?
Along these old roads people pass seldom;
The autumn wind sways the millet.¹

山房春事

梁園日暮亂飛鴉。
極目蕭條三兩家。
庭樹不知人去盡。
春來還發舊時花。

A Mountain Hut in Spring

Over the Garden of Liang² the crows criss-cross in
the evening;
As far as the eye can see, two or three houses, and
loneliness.

¹ Chitzu, 箕子, made a poem grieving at the destruction of his land, looking at the barley and millet growing among the ruins of the palace.

² The Emperor Hsiao, 孝, made this garden in Han times.

The trees of the garden know not that the people
are all dead and gone;
Spring comes again with its flowers, as in olden times.

春行寄興

宜陽城下草萋萋。
澗水東流復向西。
芳樹無人花自落。
春山一路鳥空啼。

Wandering in Spring

Below the Castle of Iyang the grasses are green and
rank;
The water of the valley turns east, turns west.
Not a soul sees the scented trees; the flowers scatter
by themselves;
Along the single path through the spring mountains
birds sing in vain.¹

In the case of nearly all these poems, a haiku poet would have made each line into a haiku. This is "Blessed are the (poetically) poor."

4

SEASON WORDS AND BREVIDITY IN HAIKU

It was the genius of the Japanese poets of the Muromachi Period, 1392-1490, that perceived the season in each natural phenomenon, each plant, animal, or human activity, by which it became "a symbol proper," as Carlyle says.

¹"In vain" is the literal translation, for "emptily."

It is significant that renga used the flowers arranged in the alcove of the meeting-room in the hokku, the first verse of the series, showing not only the deep connection between the various arts which in Europe are more independent, but that nature learns from art; things have value only in so far as they are humanised.

Another way of looking at the season word is to take haiku as having four subjects only, spring, summer, autumn, winter, (with the New Year as a fifth according to the *saijiki*, index of season words.) This idea would give to each haiku a vastness and quarter-universality which not many actually possess, but always to be conscious of the season when writing or reading a haiku is a tremendous gain in scope, and gives the particular thing an expansive power which should always end in infinity and eternity while remaining itself finite and temporary.

The form of haiku was not questioned until the turn of the (20th) century. Neither its shortness nor the 5, 7, 5 division offered any serious obstacle, apparently, to anything the older haiku poets wanted to say. The brevity of haiku is somewhat different from the Latin dislike of length, which was partly due to the desire to avoid the reader's taedium. Horace in *The Satires* I, X, 9, tells us another reason for being brief: "Est brevitae opus, ut currat sententia." This idea that brevity is necessary so that the thought may run on is a dangerous one. It leads to programme music. Sam Weller's reason for writing a short love-letter is more to the point: "She'll wish there was more, an' that's the great art o' letter-writing." In *The Parting* John Morris says,

Like angel's visits, short and bright,
and this is what haiku must be. Marlowe's "Infinite

riches in a little room" is too sentimental.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, Lorenzo says, "Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant?" This is what haiku attempts to do, and any haiku poet could say with Propertius, "Non sient apta meae grandia vela rati," (Vast sails suit not my craft). But the brevity does not imply any paucity. The world-view, the philosophy, the absolute, the anima mundi is there, but not shamelessly exposed. In the *Inferno*, LXII 2, Dante says:

O voi che avete gl'intelletti sani
 Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
 Sotto il velame degli versi strani.

This Zen expressing by not expressing, which in practice means by under-expressing, is necessitated by the fact that unlike the rest of the creation man has an ineradicable tendency to express more than he is impressed. Viewed sympathetically, this may be due to a wish to receive a deeper impression by over-expression, but it is always a failure. In *Some Reminiscences*, 1912, Conrad writes:

I have remained mindful of that sobriety of interior life, that asceticism of sentiment, in which alone the naked form of truth, such as one feels it, can be rendered without shame.

The last two words give us the profoundest reason for the brevity of haiku. When we hear Beethoven, we often feel ashamed, not of him, but for him. Even with Bach, in some of the religious works we feel uneasy; in the case of Mozart almost never. Zen often uses the simile of lightning or a spark to describe the speed with which we must answer every question that life asks us. The speed is necessary to prevent (separate) intellection or emotion

from dessicating or muddying the original sensation-experience. Thought and emotion cause us to feel shame; sensation does not.

5

HAIGA

Haiga, haiku pictures, are the art of imperfection, an imperfection which is not the result of unskilfulness on the part of the artist, but which belongs rather to nature itself. In this sense also, haiga are perhaps the best introduction to haiku. They lack a story, thought, emotion, beauty, religion, abstraction, but not nature, not humour, not human warmth. "Haiga" seems to be quite a modern word; even Shiki did not use it, apparently. The word haiku even was first used about the time of Shiki to differentiate poetical verses from those of the *tsukinami* poets of the period between Issa and Shiki, for which *hokku* seems somehow suitably old-fashioned and fusty.

When we think about what haiga is in the actual examples, there come to mind the pictures and sketches of Toba Sōjō, Sesshū, Hakuin, Ikkyū, Gochō, and Sengai, with their Zen, and, from Genroku times, Shōkadō, Ryūho, Itchō, Kyoroku, Buson, Issa, and so on.

From these it is not easy to make out what exactly haiga is and what it is not, but we may note something that is true of much Chinese and Japanese painting: artistic brevity, and, what is profoundly connected with it, the use of meaningful blank space. However, simplicity has a meaning only in relation to complexity, and

haiga does not suggest much with little, but rather emphasises what is (poetically) important, what is overlooked by the ordinary (unpoetical) view of the object. Thus haiga may be minute, and “count the stripes of the tulip,” if this is the significant part of the thing. Haiga omits what God should have omitted; it does not, as fantastic and subjective art may do, create things which God did not. In this respect haiga is a self-limited art, and includes a machine with an uneasy sense of having betrayed Nature.

It might be urged, however, that European oil-painting is more naturalistic than haiga, in that it paints not only the apple, but the plate on which it rests, and the table and the wall also, against which it is seen, and with which it harmonises or contrasts or both. In suspending the apple in mid-air, quite against the law of gravity, the haiga painter wishes to show us something we forget, that an apple not only grows for us, and to glorify God, or whatever his name is, but exists for itself and by itself and in itself, full of a quiet wonder and power. This is the mystery of things, but this mystery has nothing mysterious about it. It is only a common or garden apple, like all the rest, yet different from them.

As far as colour is concerned, black and white is best, just as one thing is poetical and two are not, just as God should not have created the universe. It is said that the Greeks painted their statues with colours. Well, the Greeks could not have written haiku or done haiga.

Besides haiga there are *zenga*, Zen sketches, *manga*, comic pictures, *kyōga*, “mad” pictures, *Ōtsue*, and so on, and it is interesting to note that these are much more similar to each other than the corresponding haiku, Zen, senryu, and kyōka (kyōku). However, haiku often con-

descends to be quite openly humorous.

Somehow a haiga always seems to need writing on it, a Chinese poem, waka, haiku, or some prose. This sort of thing, a picture with some writing on it, began in the Heian Age. The writing and the picture may be the same in subject, or different, or distantly connected. The third is the best. If the subjects are entirely different there is no reason for their being together. If they are the same there is an inevitable comparison between the picture and the verse.

It is usual to paint the picture first, and then add the verse, but the reverse order also is known. Buson and Gekkei would write the poem first. There is a famous story about Tessai and Rengetsu-ni, died 1875. When Tessai was young he used to paint pictures beside Rengetsu-ni's waka and sell them. Before Rengetsu-ni died she wrote many waka and gave them to Tessai, saying, "After I'm dead you will be in a fix, so I have written a lot of verses to leave you. Paint pictures for them, and sell them."

Bashō painted a picture of three crows on a dilapidated-looking tree beside his verse:

A crow
Perched on a withered tree
In the autumn evening.

Bashō, who learned from Kyorai, usually painted the same subjects as the verse. Kikaku did so too, though he associated with Itchō. The following verse by Jōsō was written on a side-view of Daruma:

霜腹の寝覺め寝覺めや鴨の聲
Shimobara no nezame nezame ya kamo no koe

Awakening from sleep again and again
 With frosty bowels,—
 The voices of ducks.

This was written probably when Jōsō was living in Butchōan Hermitage by Shōnan. Daruma also must have experienced “frosty bowels.”

Ransetsu wrote a verse about the Milky Way on a picture, not by himself, of bamboos:

真夜半や振替りたる天の川
Mayonaka ya furikawaritaru amano-gawa

At midnight,
 The Galaxy
 Had changed its position.

In this combination we may suppose that the line of stars is seen above the bamboos. In the following, by Ryūho, also on a picture of bamboos, with a fence, the verse is simply an explanation of the picture, and the picture an illustration of the verse:

いけ垣や竹の子共のもりめのと
Ikegaki ya take no kodomo no mori-menoto

The hedge
 Is the wet-nurse guarding
 The bamboo-shoots.

This verse has a pun which makes the shoots children; the hedge protects them.

When the subject of the haiku and the haiga are the same we have two forms of one thing. When the haiku and the haiga are different in subject, but with some

inner connection, we have two forms of two things that are united in some essential point.

Haiga, let us say once more, like haiku and the art of tea, and flower-arrangement, are not much in little, but enough in little. It is in haiga that we see most clearly, directly and instantaneously the nature of haiku, its willing limitations; its "sensationism"; its unsentimental love of nature; its lack of *iki*, elegance; its appreciation of imperfection; its skilful unskilfulness; its "blessed are the poor"; its combination of the poetic vague and the poetic definite; its human warmth; its avoidance of violence and terror; its dislike of holiness; its turning a blind eye to grandeur and majesty; its unobtrusive good taste; its still, small voice.

6

HAIKU, THE POETRY OF SENSATION

Haiku need no virtue or vice, beauty or ugliness, right or wrong. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Sensation, and all these things shall be added unto you." There is nothing improper in ornamenting one's works by means of religion or philosophy or morality or romance or superstition, provided that there is something fundamental which it ornaments, the pure sensation. Or to put the matter in another way, all the "thoughts that wander through eternity," the "unheard melodies," the "eternal passion, eternal pain," the yearning and despair, the desire for immortality, the desire for death itself are pedagogues to lead us back to the infinitely meaningful touch and smell and taste and

sound and sight. Thus the best way to fulfil the object of life and get close to a flower is to eat it, not just look at it or read a poem about it, and that is why Tennyson plucked it out of the crannied wall, and held it in his hand. (The rest of the poem is only mimbling-mambling). Heat and cold are the simplest of sensations and apparently the farthest from poetry. Extremes meet, however, and in the following verses, some good, and some not so good, concerning the heat of summer, we see how the older haiku poets expressed the depth of this (disagreeable) sensation, and, making a virtue of necessity, showed us once more that illusion is enlightenment, enlightenment illusion, and that enlightenment and enheatenment are the same thing.

石も木も眼に光る暑さ哉 去來
Ishi mo ki mo manako ni hikaru atsusa kana

Stones and trees
 Dazzling the eyes,—
 Oh, the heat!

Kyorai

肥えたとて自慢はさせぬ暑さかな 長流
Koeta tote jiman wa sasenu atsusa kana

Fat chaps
 Rendered prideless:¹
 The heat!

Chōryū

南瓜肥え我は瘦せ行く暑さかな 吐雲
Kabocho koe ware wa yaseyuku atsusa kana

The pumpkin is getting fatter,
 I'm getting thinner,—
 Oh what heat!

Toun

¹ At this time the Japanese were proud of being fat.

雲見えて雨ふらぬ間の暑さかな
Kumo miete ame furanu ma no atsusa kana

江橋

Clouds seen gathering,
Rain not yet falling,—
The heat!

Kōkyō

赤き日の海に落込む暑さかな
Akaki hi no umi ni ochikomu atsusa kana

漱石

The red sun
Sinking down into the sea,—
Heat!

Sōseki

負ふた子に髪なぶらるゝ暑さ哉
Outa ko ni kami naburaruru atsusa kana

その

The child on my back
Playing with my hair,—
Oh, what a heat!

Sono

妻もあり子もある家の暑さかな
Tsuma mo ari ko mo aru ie no atsusa kana

氷花

A wife I have,
And children too,—
A house of heat!

Hyōka

朝寝しておのれくやしき暑さ哉
Asane shite onore kuyashiki atsusa kana

太祇

Over-sleeping,
I curse myself:
The heat now!

Taigi

十人が十色に寝たる暑さかな 若雨
Jūnin ga toiro ni netaru atsusa kana

Ten sleepers
 In ten different postures,—
 The heat! Jakuu

配膳に女の多き暑さ哉 去來
Haizen ni onna no ōki atsusa kana

So many maids
 Serving at table
 In this heat! Kyorai

順禮の着く旅籠屋の暑さ哉 麗白
Junrei no tsuku hatagoya no atsusa kana

Pilgrims coming to stay
 At this country inn,—
 The heat! Reihaku

米値段ぐっぐと下る暑さ哉 一茶
Kome nedan gutgu to sagaru atsusa kana

The price of rice
 Steadily falling,—
 The heat! The heat! Issa

大蟻の畳を歩く暑さ哉 士郎
Ōari no tatami wo aruku atsusa kana

A huge ant
 Walks over the tatami;
 The heat! Shirō

酒倉に蠅の聲きく暑さかな 太 祇
Saka-gura ni hae no koe kiku atsusa kana

The voice of flies
Heard in a wine-cellar,—
The heat! Taigi

牛の背に屋根の出来つる暑さ哉 可 幸
Ushi no se ni yane no dekisuru atsusa kana

The bull's back
Is roofed,
In the heat. Kakō

北溟の魚となりたき暑さかな 古池蛙生
Hokumei no uo to naritaki atsusa kana

Would I were a fish
In the Northern Sea,
With this heat! Furuike Asei

桐の葉に埃の溜る暑さ哉 孤 屋
Kiri no ha ni hokori no tamaru atsusa kana

Paulownia leaves
Covered with dust!
Oh, the heat! Kooku

身一つの置所なき暑さかな 卜 哉
Mi hitotsu no okidokoro naki atsusa kana

Not a place
To put oneself,—
The heat! Bokuya

蛤の口しめて居る暑さかな 芭蕉
Hamaguri no kuchi shimete iru atsusa kana

The clam
 Has shut up its mouth
 In the heat. Bashō

日の暑さ盥の底の蟻かな 凡兆
Hi no atsusa tarai no soko no unka kana

In the bottom of the tub,
 Rice insects:
 The heat of the day! Bonchō

山賤が額の瘡の暑かな 其角
Yamashizu ga hitai no kobu no atsusa kana

A wen
 On the wood-cutter's forehead:
 The heat! Kikaku

暑き日や鳥の住來に風もなし 沾徳
Atsuki hi ya tori no yukiki ni kaze mo nashi

Birds going to and fro
 With not a breath of wind:
 A hot day! Tentoku

葉隠れを轉け出て爪の暑かな 去來
Hagakure wo koroge dete uri no atsusa kana

The melons have rolled
 Out of their leafy shelter:
 The heat! Kyorai

鶏の砂にすり込む暑かな
Niwatori no suna ni surikomu atsusa kana

風 國

The fowls
Rubbing themselves into the sand:
The heat!

Fūkoku

病人の駕籠の蠅追ふ暑かな
Byōnin no kago no hae ou atsusa kana

蕪 村

A sick person in a palanquin,
The flies being driven away:
The heat!

Buson

端居して妻子を避くる暑哉
Hashii shite saishi wo sakuru atsusa kana

蕪 村

Going out on the verandah
To get away from the wife and children,—
The heat!

Buson

我宿は下手の建てたる暑哉
Waga yado wa heta no tatetaru atsusa kana

田 福

My house,—
How badly it was built!
The heat!

Denpuku

暑き日に何やら埋む鴉かな
Atsuki hi ni naniyara uzumu karasu kana

一 茶

A crow
Busy burying something,
On a hot day.

Issa

角力取と並んで寝たる暑さ哉 吏登
Sumōtori to narande netaru atsusa kana

Sumō wrestlers
 Sleeping side by side,—
 The heat! Rito

松脂のなだれて暑し枝の折れ 五明
Matsuyani no nadare te atsushi eda no ore

Resin oozing
 Down a hot, broken
 Pine branch. Gomei

暑き日に坊主になろと思ひけり 稲青
Atsuki hi ni bōzu ni naro to omoi keru

I made up my mind
 To become a monk,
 This hot day! Tōsei

市馬の尿の香くさき暑かな 昌房
Ichi-uma no shito no ka kusaki atsusa kana

The horse-market;
 How their piss stinks!
 The heat! Masafusa

その人は五十貫目の暑かな 柴雫
Sono hito wa gojukkan-me no atsusa kana

That chap
 Has fifty kamme¹
 Of heat. Shida

¹ 187.5 kilograms.

うその旅して能因の暑哉
Uso no tabi shite nōin no atsusa kana

也 有

Nōin,¹—

On his pretended journey,—
His heat!

Yayū

抱いた子は負ふた子よりも暑かな
Daita ko wa outa ko yori mo atsuki kana

也 有

More than a child on the back,
A child in the arms,—
The heat!

Yayū

大蟻の畳を歩く暑さかな
Ōari no tatami wo aruku atsusa kana

士 朗

A huge ant
Walks over the tatami;
Ah, the heat!

Shirō

風鈴は鳴らで時計の暑さかな
Fūrin wa narade tokei no atsusa kana

也 有

The wind-bell is silent:
The heat
Of the clock.

Yayū

馬蠅の笠をはなれぬ暑さかな
Umabae no kasa wo hanarenu atsusa kana

子 規

The flies from the horse
Do not leave my kasa;
Oh, the heat!

Shiki

¹ He wrote a waka about being on a journey, and then stopped at home, pretending to be away.

傾城の汗の身を賣る暑かな 也 有
Keisei no ase no mi wo uru atsusa kana

The sweaty body
 Of the courtesan:
 She sells its heat. Yayū

井戸ほりの浮世へ出たる暑かな 也 有
Idohori no ukiyo e detaru atsusa kana

The well-digger
 Comes out into this transitory world,
 And its heat. Yayū

子福者といはれて蚊屋の暑かな 也 有
Kobukusha to iwarete kaya no atsusa kana

“Blessed with many children,”
 But in the mosquito net,—
 How hot it is! Yayū

唐柜の中ゆく笠のあつさかな 也 有
Tōkibi no naka yuku kasa no atsusa kana

The kasa
 Passing through the Indian corn,—
 How hot they look! Yayū

信濃路の山が荷になる暑さ哉 一 茶
Shinanoji no yama ga ni ni naru atsusa kana

On the road to Shinano,
 The mountain is a burden I bear,—
 Oh, the heat, the heat! Issa

暑くるし乱れ心や雷をきく 子規
Atsukurushi midare kokoro ya rai wo kiku

Oppressive heat;
My mind in a whirl,
I listen to the peals of thunder. Shiki

風一荷擔ふ暑さや團扇うり 可幸
Kaze ikka ninau atsusa ya uchiwa-uri

The fan-seller:
A load of wind he carries,—
Ah, the heat! Kakō

不破の關晝は日のもる暑かな 也 有
Fuha-no-seki hiru wa hi no moru atsusa kana

The barrier of Fuha;
At midday
Heat leaks through. Yayū

晚鐘に散残りたるあつさかな 千代女
Banshō ni chirinokoritaru atsusa kana

With the evening bell,
There is scattered around
The day's remaining heat. Chiyo-jo

米國の上々吉のあつさ哉 一茶
Kome-guni no jōjō-kitsu no atsusa kana

For a rice country
A splendid, first-class
Heat! Issa

眞中に膳すゑてある暑かな 若 虬
Mannaka ni zen suete aru atsusa kana

The table
 Put in the middle of the room,—
 That's how hot it is! Sōkyū

瘦馬の尻ならべたる暑さかな 子 規
Yaseuma no shiri narabetaru atsusa kana

Thin horses,
 Their hindquarters all in a row,—
 The heat! Shiki

鍬立ててあたり人なき暑さ哉 子 規
Kuwa tatete atari hito naki atsusa kana

A hoe standing there,
 No one to be seen,—
 The heat! Shiki

男ばかりの中に女の暑さかな 其 角
Otoko bakari no naka ni onna no atsusa kana

Nothing but men;
 And a woman there,—
 How hot she is! Kikaku

ぼっとりと桃落る日の暑哉 吐 鳳
Bottori to momo ochiru hi no atsusa kana

The heat
 On a day when peaches
 Fall plop! Tohō

瀧の音はありて山路の暑さ哉
Taki no oto wa arite yamaji no atsusa kana

春 郊

The sound of a waterfall
Along the mountain path,—
The heat!

Shunkō

雨やんでやっぱりもとの暑さ哉
Ame yande yappari moto no atsusa kana

輕 羅

The rain stops,
And exactly as before,—
The heat!

Keira

古蔵に日のさす家の暑哉
Furu-gura ni hi no sasu ie no atsusa kana

吾 仲

The sun shining
On the old white warehouse,—
The heat in the house!

Gochū

海士が家に干魚の匂ふ暑さかな
Ama-ga-ya ni hizakana no niou atsusa kana

子 規

In the fisherman's house,
The smell of dried fish,
And the heat.

Shiki

あの山もけふのあつさの方行哉
Ano yama mo kyō no atsusa no yukue kana

鬼 貫

Yonder mountain
Is where the heat of today
Has gone.

Onitsura

蝸牛の葉裏へまはる暑さ哉 珍志
Katatsuburi no haura e mawaru atsusa kana

The snail goes round
 To the underside of the leaf,
 In the heat.

Chinshi

来る人に物をもいはぬ暑哉 心祇
Kuru hito ni mono wo mo iwanu atsusa kana

He says nothing
 To anybody who comes:
 The heat!¹

Shingi

引汐に動かぬ舟のあつさ哉 百里
Hiki-shio ni ugokanu fune no atsusa kana

In the ebb-tide,
 A ship is motionless:
 The heat!

Hyakuri

登らねばならぬ山見る暑さ哉 芝山
Noboraneba naranu yama miru atsusa kana

Looking at a mountain
 I have to climb:
 The heat!

Shizan

舟暑し覗かれのぞく闇の顔 其角
Fune atsushi nozokare nozoku yami no kao

In boats, faces in the dusk,
 Looking, and being looked at,—
 The heat!

Kikaku

¹ On a painting of Daruma.

暑き夜の荷と荷の間に寝たりけり 一茶
Atsuki yo no ni to ni no ai ni netari keru

Sleeping at night¹
Between baggage and baggage,—
The heat!

Issa

雲となり雨とはならぬ暑哉 則史
Kumo to nari ame to wa naranu atsusa kana

Clouds, yes;
Rain, no:
The heat!

Sokushi

日をさます月なき宵の暑哉 楼川
Hi wo samasu tsuki naki yoi no atsusa kana

There is no moon this evening
To cool the day
With its heat!

Rōsen

いざ書て熱さわすれん富士の雪 亀足
Iza kaite atsusa wasuren Fuji no yuki

Well, I'll draw
The snow of Mount Fuji,
To forget the heat!

Kisoku

いかつちを遠くきく夜の暑哉 丸室
Ikazuchi wo tōku kiku yo no atsusa kana

In the evening,
Listening to the far-off thunder,
The heat!

Ganshitsu

¹In a boat.

暑き日を海に入れたり最上川 芭蕉
Atsuki hi wo umi ni iretari mogami-gawa

The Mogami-River
 Has swept the hot day
 Down into the sea. Bashō

不士に日のかくれかねたる暑哉 成美
Fuji ni hi no kakure kanetaru atsusa kana

The sun can't be hidden
 Even by Mount Fuji:
 The heat! Seibi

降りさうで晴れ行く空の熱哉 花曉
Furisōde hareyuku sora no atsusa kana

It was going to rain,
 And now the sky is clearing,—
 The heat! Kagyō

瘦馬の鞍壺あつし藁一把 史邦
Yaseuma no kuratsubo atsushi wara ichi-wa

The skinny horse;
 A sheaf of straw
 On the hot saddle. Shihō

行く馬のあとさへ熱きほこり哉 杉風
Yuku uma no ato sae atsuki hokori kana

After the horse goes,
 A hot cloud
 Of dust. Sampū

物きせて猿のすねたる暑さ哉 朝 叟
Mono kisete saru no sunetaru atsusa kana

Putting some clothes on him,
The monkey is sulky
In the heat.

Chōsō

獣の耳に骨なき暑さ哉 一 庵
Kedamono no mimi ni hone naki atsusa kana

The ears of the beasts
Have no bones in them,
In this heat.

Ichiro

瓜むいて猿にくはする暑さ哉 其 角
Uri muite saru ni kuwasuru atsusa kana

They peeled a melon
And gave it to the monkey,
It was so hot!

Kikaku

猫の目の針に成たる暑さ哉 水 光
Neko no me no hari ni nattaru atsusa kana

The cat's eyes
Have become like needles
In the heat.

Suikō

白砂に雀足ひく暑さ哉 遅 望
Shirasuna ni suzume ashi hiku atsusa kana

The sparrows
Are dragging their feet in the white sand:
The heat!

Chibō

鳥も來ぬ赤かね屋根の暑哉 起子
Tori mo konu akagane yane no atsusa kana

Birds don't come any more
 On the copper roof,
 It's so hot! Kisu

蒼蠅の魚の目せゝる暑さ哉 池柳
Ao-bae no uo no me seseru atsusa kana

Bluebottles
 Are picking at the eyes of the dead fish,—
 The heat! Chiryū

木を落ちて蛇の地を這ふ暑哉 支鳩
Ki wo ochite hebi no chi wo hau atsusa kana

A snake, fallen from the tree,
 Is crawling on the ground
 In the heat. Shikyū

動くかと竹を見て居る暑哉 玄駁
Ugoku ka to take wo mite iru atsusa kana

Looking at the bamboos
 To see if they are moving,—
 The heat! Genshi

道ばたにまゆ干すかさのあつさ哉 許六
Michibata ni mayu hosu kasa no atsusa kana

Drying cocoons
 At the side of the road,
 The heat! Kyoroku

暑き日やしらぬ野中の道三筋 嵐 外
Atsuki hi ya shiranu no-naka no michi misuji

Coming to crossroads
On an unknown moor,
A hot day. Rangai

熱き日や馬屋の中の糖俵 怨 風
Atsuki hi ya umaya no naka no nuka-dawara

Sacks of bran
In a stable;
A hot day. Jofū

奥の間の秘佛を見たる暑哉 千 風
Oku-no-ma no hibutsu wo mitaru atsusa kana

Viewing a mystic Buddha
In an interior chamber,
The heat! Sempū

香盤の烟もあつき庵哉 鬼 貫
Kōban no kemuri mo atsuki iori kana

In the hermitage,
The smoke of the incense-burner
Is hot. Onitsura

涼しさも熱さも橋の車哉 淡 々
Suzushisa mo atsusa mo hashi no kuruma kana

The coolness,
And the heat too,
The cart over the bridge. Tantan

世や暑き壁の達磨も睨なる 成美
Yo ya atsuki kabe no daruma mo niramuru naru

It is a hot world,
 And the wall-gazing Daruma also
 Is glaring. Seibi

風鈴の音もしぶとき暑さ哉 雲角
Fūrin no oto mo shibutoki atsusa kana

The sound of the wind-bells
 Is audacious
 In this heat! Unkaku

紅粉見てもおしろい見てもたゞ暑し 成美
Beni mite mo oshiroi mite mo tada atsushi

Looking at the rouge,
 And looking at the powder,—
 Just heat! Seibi

眠れども扇は動く暑哉 富國
Nemuredomo ōgi wa ugoku atsusa kana

Even when asleep,
 The fan still moves,—
 The heat! Fukoku

ものもうの聲に物著る暑哉 也有
Monomou no koe ni mono kiru atsusa kana

Hearing, "Is anyone at home?"
 And putting on my clothes,—
 The heat! Yayū

肌かくす女の罪の暑さ哉 田女
Hada kakusu onna no tsumi no atsusa kana

What misdeeds in a former life!
 A woman must hide her skin
 Even in such a heat. Den

乳垂て水汲む賤の暑さ哉 尚白
Chichi tarete mizu kumu shizu no atsusa kana

The breasts hanging down,
 A woman of low birth draws water
 In the heat. Shōhaku

ちんまりと比丘尼のあるく暑哉 照仙
Chimmari to bikuni no aruku atsusa kana

Compact and prim,
 A nun walking
 In the heat. Shōsen

暑き日や無言禪師のにらみあひ 成美
Atsuki hi ya mugon zenji no niramiai

A hot day;
 With a silent Zen master,
 Glaring at each other. Seibi

Ninety six haiku on heat. In Shiki's *Bunrui Haiku Zenshū*, 12 Volumes, under *atsusa* we are given 533 verses, and in the last seventy years a great many more have been written on this subject. As said before, haiku is the poetry of sensation; it is poetry-sensation, the sensation perceived poetically; the poetry of a thing perceived sensationally, heat as (a part of) poetry. One more thing is worth noting, that only in Japan can we find hundreds

of "poems" written on the subject of heat. In English literature there may be some light verse on this subject; I don't remember any. But, it will be asked, what is the meaning of the inverted commas of a few lines before, hundreds of "poems"? If we say that there are various kinds of poetry, and Bashō's is one, and Dante's another and so on, the problem is solved, but if we think, as I do, that the poetry of Bashō and Dante and Hakurakuten and Homer are the same poetry, and that the music of Bach and the paintings of Giotto and Klee and Rousseau are the same poetry, then the word poetry must be written "poetry," since it is being used in an unusual sense. Of the ninety six haiku on heat given above, not many are poetry in the ordinary sense of the word, and far from all are "poetry," but in any case the point is that the "poetry" of heat was perceived strongly and clearly by a great number of Japanese poets, and only dimly if at all by poets of other times and places.

Chapter XXIV

POETS OF ISSA'S TIME

Fuhaku, 不白, 1714-1807, lived in Edo, and was a teacher of the Tea Ceremony, besides haikai. He was the pupil of Hakuhō, 白峯, died 1734, himself a pupil of Bashō and then of Shikō. Fuhaku's verse are like those of Ōemaru, there is something affected about them. It is difficult to quote him.

しづかさや花にさはらぬ鐘の聲
Shizukasa ya hana ni sawaranu kane no koe

The stillness!
The voice of the temple bell
Does not stir the cherry blossoms.

Muchō, 無腸, 1733-1809, was an Ōsaka writer of short stories under the name of Ueda Akinari; he was the author of *Ugetsu Monogatari*. He learned haikai from Kitō, and associated with Buson. One of his verses is interesting psychologically, though its poetical merit is small:

雷に落さぬ箸をほととぎす
Kaminari ni otosanu hashi wo hototogisu

I did not drop my chopsticks
At the thunder and lighting,
But when the hototogisu sang....

The same is true of the following:

山洗ふ雨のいろなし秋の水
Yama arau ame no iro nashi aki no mizu

The rain that washes the mountain,
 The water of autumn,
 Has no colour.

Watsujin, 臼人, 1758-1836, was a samurai of Sendai, who learned haikai from Hakkyo, 白居, a pupil of Gyōdai. He had an unusually large number of pen-names, which did not, unfortunately, make his verses any better. The following is interesting because of the psychology:

のろく引け馬の背中は春の月
Noroku hike uma no senaka wa haru no tsuki

Lead the horse slowly!
 The spring moon
 Is shining on his back.

Other verses of his:

世の中を木の下にする櫻かな
Yo no naka wo ki no shita ni suru sakura kana

The cherry blossoms
 Put the whole world
 Under the trees.

立ち寄れば名月もたぬ松もなし
Tachiyoreba meigetsu motanu matsu mo nashi

Walking up to them,
 Not a single pine tree
 But has its bright autumn moon.

Shirō, 士朗, 1742-1813, was a doctor of Nagoya, a pupil of Gyōdai. He learned literature from the famous Motoori

Norinaga, and painting from Hanko, 范古, and became famous as a haiku poet at about the same time as Gekkyo, at the turn of the century. Sometimes his verses are rather vulgar; sometimes they have a stimulating simplicity:

出づる日の外に物なし霧の海
Izuru hi no hoka ni mono nashi kiri no umi

The misty sea,
The rising sun,
Nothing else.

曙や嵐は雪に埋もれて
Akebono ya arashi wa yuki ni uzumorete

Dawn,
The storm buried
In the snow.

Shirō's best verse, perhaps, as simple as heat and size:

大蟻の畳を歩く暑さかな
Ōari no tatami wo aruku atsusa kana

A huge ant
Walks over the tatami:
The heat!

The black colour of the ant also adds to the hot feeling.

とうとうと滝の落ち込むしげみかな
Tō-tō to taki no ochikomus higemikana

Down thunders
The waterfall
Into the rank foliage.

The overflowing water falls into overflowing leaves, which in their perpetual dampness seem as everlasting as the waterfall; see Coleridge's *This Lime-tree Bower*.

足輕のかたまって行く寒さ哉
Ashigaru no katamatte yuku samusa kana

The samurai servants,
 All walking close together
 In the cold.

This is a picture of six or seven of the lower-grade members of the warrior class, rather thinly clad, walking along a wide road. They are, as the Japanese says, "congealed," "in a lump," because they have the feeling that they are warmer if near one another.

Seibi, 成美, 1748-1816, was a rich merchant of Edo who learned to love haikai from his father. He studied Chinese and Japanese literature, and associated with Issa, Otokuni, and Michihiko. He retired from business in middle life and devoted himself to haikai, especially helping poor poets who came up to Edo from all parts of the country. He was on very intimate terms with one of these, Issa. His own verses have something innocent about them.

白牡丹くずれんとして二日みる
Shiro-botan kuzuren to shite futsuka miru

The white peony,
 About to crumble,
 Lasted two days more.

落葉してひなたに立てる榎かな
Ochiba shite hinata ni tateru enoki kana

Its leaves have fallen,
And the nettle-tree
Stands in the sun.

This, it might be said, is true of all deciduous trees, but the point is that the nettle-tree looks particularly bare in winter sunlight, because of the shape of its branches and colour of its bark.

あふむけば口いっぱいにはる日哉
Aomukeba kuchi ippai ni haru hi kana

Lying down on my back,
The spring sunshine
Filled my mouth.

This is indeed drinking in the sunshine, a sun-drink. This verse reminds us that haiku is the poetry of sensation. Thoreau says in *A Week on the Concord*:

As we had drank in the fluvial prospect all day, so now we took a draft of water with our evening meal.

魚食うて口腥し晝の雪
Uo kūte kuchi namagusashi hiru no yuki

Having eaten fish,
My mouth feels unclean
At this snow in the bright day.

Here we have delicacy of perception, or rather, recognition of the perception. What is difficult is not so much to know, as to know that we know.

親鶏のひよこ遊ばす葵かな
Oy-dori no hiyoko asobasu aoi kana

The mother hen
 Lets the chicks play
 Among the hollyhocks.

Is this too beautiful, too humanitarian, too charming for haiku? Somehow the stupidity and fussiness of the hen prevents the verse from being too sentimental.

はや秋の柳をすかす朝日かな
Haya aki no yanagi wo sukasu asahi kana

Already the morning sun
 Passes easily through
 The willow trees of autumn.

It is early autumn, and the season is perceived in the brightness of the sunshine seen through the willow trees, which are thinner now, for the leaves are beginning to fall.

三日月のひかりを散らす野分かな
Mikazuki no hikari wo chirasu nowaki kana

The winter blast
 Scatters the light
 Of the crescent moon.

The faint light is tossed to and fro by the "field-dividing" wind of autumn. The light is swept away by the force of the wind, so that we can hardly see the moonlight.

陰に居て月に座敷をゆづりけり
Kage ni ite tsuki ni zashiki wo yuzuri keru

Sitting in the shadow,
 And letting the moonlight.
 Have the room.

This reminds us of certain poems by Harold Monro.

五月雨や西と東の本願寺
Samidare ya nishi to higashi no honganji

In the summer rain,
Nishihonganji,
Higashihonganji.

The Jōdo sect is divided into two, the “Western” and the “Eastern.” The rain is not.

Ginkō, 吟江, who died in 1857, was a pupil of Seibi, and a better poet than his master. He wrote a large number of books, but very little seems to be known of him. Some of his verses are very good indeed.

水鳥の胸に嘴置く浮寝かな
Mizudori no mune ni hashi oku ukine kana

The water-bird
Puts its beak in its breast,
And sleeps.

ふんばりて引けば根浅き大根かな
Fumbarite hikeba ne asaki daiko kana

Straddling over it,
And pulling it out,—
The turnip had a small root.

地車に油を塗るや雲の峯
Jiguruma ni abura wo nuru ya kumo no mine

Oiling
The heavy wagon;
Billowing clouds.

長閑しやふりあくる時斧の音
Nodokeshi ya furiaguru toki ono no oto

The quietness!
 Raising my axe,
 The sound of another.

Shumpa, 春坡, 1750–1810, was a rich Kyōto merchant, a disciple and patron of Kitō, and intimate with Buson. His only son studied haikai from his childhood, but died young. His wife also loved haikai.

鐘ひとつ大きな家に春の暮
Kane hitotsu ōki na ie ni haru no kure

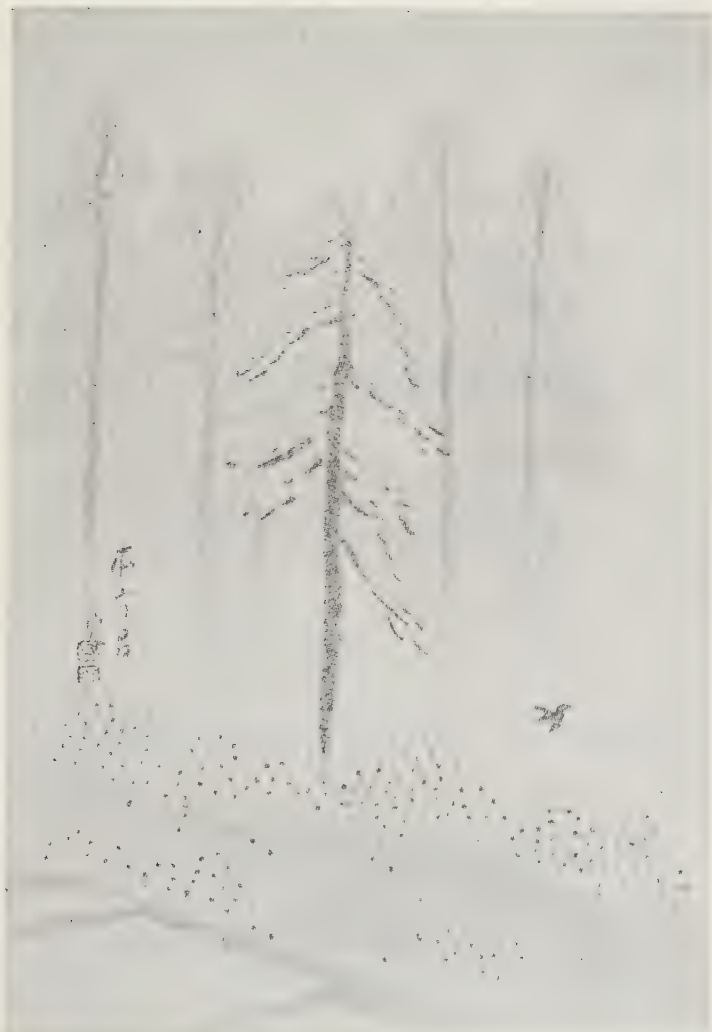
The sound of a temple bell
 In a great house;
 An evening of spring.

Gekkei, 月溪, 1752–1811, learned painting and haikai from Buson, and after Buson's death, studied painting under the famous Maruyama Ōkyo, and established a new style termed Shijō-fū. Gekkei published a book of haikai together with Gyōdai, Kitō, and Seira, one of the chief works of the Buson School. His wife Ume, 梅女, who died a year before him, was also good at haikai. He was buried by Buson's grave.

手に消ゆる寒菊の葉の氷かな
Te ni kiyuru kangiku no ha no kōri kana

Melting in the hand,
 The ice on the leaves
 Of the winter chrysanthemums.

Sobaku, 素檗, 1758–1821, was at first a merchant, then



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later became a priest. He was the pupil of Gyōdai. He especially admired Sora, the disciple of Bashō, and was intimate with Shirō. His (figure) paintings are considered by some to be superior to those of Buson. His verses are rather feeble, but more pleasing than many famous ones.

年々に櫻少なき故郷かな
Toshi-doshi ni sakura sukunaki kokyō kana

My old village;
The cherry blossoms grow less
Every year.

Is not this subjective rather than objective?

啼きやめばがくりと淋し蛙寺
Naki-yameba gakuri to sabishi kawazu dera

When they stop croaking,
The frog temple
Becomes suddenly lonely.

This is a very small temple with a big pond full of big frogs.

暑き日や百合のはさまる草の中
Atsuki hi ya yuri no hasamaru kusa no naka

A sultry day;
The lilies are hemmed in
Among the grasses.

門あけて茶のから投る吹雪哉
Kado akete cha no kara nageru fubuki kana

Opening the door
To throw away the tea-leaves,—
A flurry of snow!

Teiga, 定雅, 1744–1826, was a rich merchant who dissipated his fortune away. After wasting his substance, he lived by writing. He studied haikai under Buson, and was proficient in *kyōka*.

草の戸や畳の上の秋の風
Kusa no to ya tatami no ue no aki no kaze

A poor hut;
The wind of autumn
Blows over the tatami.

Chōsui, 長翠, who died in 1813, or 1811, was the pupil of Shirao, but in later years, together with Otsuni, 乙二, Sokyō, 素郷, and Gomei, 五明, became one of the Four Great Ones of Ōshū. He quarrelled with Michihiko about the succession to his teacher Shirao, and then travelled all over the country, finally returning to the north, and living the rest of his life in a hermitage teaching haikai.

馬の顔見ゆる砧の灯かな
Uma no kao miyuru kinuta no akari kana

In the light of the candle
By the fulling block
Appears the face of the horse.

The house is a poor one, the stable is just another room of it. Most of Chōsui's other verses seem to have no point to them;

春雨に濡れたるけしの若葉かな
Harusame ni nuretaru keshi no wakaba kana

In the spring rain,
The young leaves of the poppy
Are being wetted.

Michihiko, 道彦, 1755–1818, was a doctor living in Sendai; as a doctor he read his name in the Chinese way, Dōgen. He was a pupil of Shirao, but afterwards opposed his master's teachings and criticised almost all the preceding haiku poets, saying, "There are no haiku which are absolutely good or absolutely bad." This is true at least of his own:

隣る木もなくて銀杏の落葉哉
Tonaru ki mo nakute ichō no ochiba kana

No other near it,
The gingko-tree,
Its leaves scattering.

The beautiful yellow leaves are falling from the high autumn sky, into which the bare branches tower up. Like the peony among flowers, no other tree can approach the gingko tree.

枯葦や雪のちらつく風のあと
Kare-ashi ya yuki no chiratsuku kaze no ato

When the wind stops,
The snow-flakes hover
Over the withered reeds.

Sōchō, 巢兆, who died in 1814, was a man of Edo. He learned painting from Bunchō, 文晁, and was good at

haiga, following Buson's style. He studied haikai under Shirao, and was considered equal to Michihiko and Seibi in his time, but his verses seem dull to us.

夜ざらしのふたの干したり天の川
Yozarashi no futa no hoshitari ama-no-gawa

Drying an under-sash
 During the evening:
 The Milky Way.

柴の戸に夜明鳥や初しぐれ
Shiba no to ni yoake-garasu ya hatsu-shigure

To the brushwood gate
 Dawn comes; a crow caws;
 The first winter shower.

This has the haiku mannerism, all the background and ingredients, but without the *specific* experience that makes the poetic life really alive. The general exists only because of the particular, (and the particular only because of the general).

雪明りあかるき閨は又寒し
Yuki-akari akaruki neya wa mata samushi

Lighted by snow
 The bedroom is bright,—
 But still cold!

This verse is simple, and rather psychology than poetry, yet the feeling of the season that has not yet come gives it a faintly painful, physical significance.

梅散るや難波の夜の道具市
Ume chiru ya namba no yoru no dōgu-ichi

Plum-blossoms falling,
Evening, in Namba,
At the old furniture fair.

This is the sum total of human life. (Namba is Naniwa, that is, Ōsaka).

Sekifu, 碩布, who died at the age of ninety one in 1843, learned haiku from Shirao, and became one of his Eight Chief Disciples. Few of his verses are good, but the following is an experience I have often had among the foot-hills of Japan:

細道やとゞまるどころ葱畑
Hoso-michi ya todomaru tokoro negi-batake

A narrow path;
Where it ends,
A field of leeks.

Seifu-jo, 星布女, 1731-1814, was a woman born in Musashi Province. She learned haikai first from Chōsui, then from Shirao. Her verses are affected and subjective:

人いねて中に物なし月と我
Hito inete naka ni mono nashi tsuki to ware

Everybody else gone to sleep,
There is nothing between
Myself and the moon.

Koyū-ni, 古友尼, dates uncertain, was a woman of Edo, who learned haikai from Songi the First, 存義, died 1782.

雨もまた春の願のひとつかな
Ame mo mata haru no negai no hitotsu kana

Rain
Is also one of the things I want
In spring.

Early spring is frequently dry in Tōkyō, rain often not falling during February and March.

花ちりて静かになりぬ人心
Hana chirite shizuka ni narinu hito-gokoro

The cherry blossoms falling,
The minds of men
Are calm again.

To Koyū, as to Christina Rossetti and Katherine Mansfield, beauty was almost more of a pain than a pleasure.

Sogetsu-ni, 素月尼, who died in 1804, was the wife of Tsunemaru, 恒丸, a pupil of Shirao; he died five years after her.

ゆかしさや落葉かぶりし佛達
Yukashisa ya ochiba kaburishi hotoke-tachi

Mysterious loveliness!
Buddhist statues
Covered in fallen leaves.

Kikusha-ni, 菊舎尼, 1752-1826, was a pupil of Sankyō, 傘狂, Zeshūbō, 是什坊, died 1793. Her verses are better than those of most poetesses, but still subjective and somewhat self-advertising:

月と我ばかり残りぬ橋涼み
Tsuki to ware bakari nokorinu hashi-suzumi

The moon and I
Alone remained,
Cooling on the bridge.

花紅葉よりも青田のそよぎかな
Hana momiji yori mo aota no soyogi kana

More than the crimson leaves,
The waving
Of the green rice-fields!

Tayo-jo, 多代女, 1772-1865, was the wife of a certain Muranaga, 邑長, and learned haikai at first from Michihiko, then from Otsuni. She went to Edo in 1823.

行くも来るも皆春風の堤かな
Yuku mo kuru mo mina harukaze no tsutsumi kana

People coming, people going,
It is all the spring wind
Along the embankment.

On this spring day travellers are passing to and fro on the high embankment, all equal in the spring breeze. A verse which sounds like her death-poem; she died at the age of ninety three:

生きすぎて我も寒いぞ冬の蠅
Ikisugite ware mo samui zo fuyu no hae

Living too long,
I too am cold,
O winter fly!

それぞれに名もありけなりもゆる草
Sorezore ni na mo arige nari moyuru kusa

Each must have its name,
The green-burning
Grasses.

沈丁花夜もかくれぬ匂ひかな
Chinchōge yoru mo kakurenu nioi kana

The *chinchōge*
Cannot be hid, even at night,—
The fragrance!

The *chinchōge* is a flowering bush with an extremely strong, sweet smell.

膳時をおぼえて来るや雀の子
Zen-doki wo oboete kuru ya suzume no ko

Here come the young sparrows!
They seem to have learned
When meal-time is.

隠るゝもすばやき雉子や草の風
Kakururumo subayaki kiji ya kusa no kaze

A pheasant
Has rushed into cover?
Wind in the grasses.

We come now to the lowest point in the history of haiku, the period between Issa and Shiki. Shiki was born in 1856, and Issa died in 1827, so that this time is about the fifty years between 1827 and 1877. The poets of this period, Baishitsu, Sōkyū, Hōrō, Rangai and the rest of them, are known as *tsukinami* poets, because they usually met each month and composed verses irrespective of in-

spiration, mechanically and imitatively. To illustrate their quality we should choose their worst haiku, or at least their average ones, but as in the case of good poets the best verses have been selected, so in the case of their poor relations, we must dress them up in their best clothes, and choose their most life-like haiku.

Baishitsu, 梅室, 1768-1852, was born in Kanazawa of a family of sword experts. He began to study haikai at the age of thirty seven from Barai, 馬來, the pupil of Kiin, then went to Kyōto and learned from Rankō, went to Edo for twelve years, and returned to Kyōto to become one of The Three Great Men, together with Sōkyū and Hōrō.

桐の木や雨のながるる蟬の腹
Kiri no ki ya ame no nagaruru semi no hara

Rain running down
A paulownia tree
Under the belly of a cicada.

This reminds us of Dr Johnson's "Counting the stripes of the tulip," but the Tennysonian minuteness of the observation is a poetical one.

寝勝手のよさに又見る柳哉
Ne-gatte no yosa ni mata miru yanagi kana

I turned the way
I wanted to sleep,
And kept seeing the willow tree.

There is a strange and not explained or explainable connection between the side he felt most comfortable on, and the side which enabled him to see the willow tree in the garden.

Sōkyū, 蒼蚪, 1760-1843, was also a samurai of Kanazawa, and also learned from Barai and Rankō. His verses are usually self-conscious, but one is good:

行秋や雀の歩く草の中
Yuku aki ya suzume no aruku kusa no naka

Departing autumn,
 Sparrows hopping
 In the grasses.

Winter is approaching, and the sparrows are filling their crops with the fallen seeds and berries.

我がたてるけむりは人の秋の暮
Waga tateru kemuri wa hito no aki no kure

The smoke I make
 Is other people's
 Autumn evening.

This smoke may be that of burning fallen leaves, or the fire he makes for his own evening meal, which as it rises into the sky becomes a token of a (late) autumn evening for others. It may also be the smoke which he imagines arising from his own cremation. This latter meaning is disagreeable.

柴の戸を左右へあけて花の春
Shiba no to wo sayū e akete hana no haru

Flowery spring;
 Opening left and right,
 The brushwood gate.

This is not so much poetry as what Wordsworth calls "natural piety," by which the days are bound together.

Everything is unique, spontaneous, intrinsic,—yet all things are bound together by invisible but unbreakable bonds. The Japanese have (had) the same sense of the religiousness, the cosmic meaning of daily life, as the ancient Greeks. Passing over the threshold, rising in the morning, going to rest in the evening, entering into manhood, all had their own sacred ritual, their cheerful solemnity. The present verse is of New Year's Day. The poet opens the garden gate, made of interwoven brushwood. It is the same double gate; it opens right and left as usual. But this morning, it has a symbolic meaning? No, not so. The gate and his heart and mind are one thing; they open to all the good and evil that will come to him during this new year.

Hōrō, 鳳朗, who died in 1845 at the age of eighty four, learned haikai from Michihiko, then went to Edo, where he died. He was a man of severe and upright character, who never married. Occasionally his verses have some human interest in them:

春の水猫の飛こし得ざりけり
Haru no mizu neko no tobikoshi ezari keri

The water of spring;
The cat fails
To jump over it.

As for the rest of the haiku poets between Issa and Shiki, we may give a few examples of their “best” verses. **Rangai**, 嵐外, 1758-1831, a pupil of Rankō, and of Gyōdai, was also a painter.

蜻蛉の向きをそろへる西日哉
Tombō no muki wo soroeru nishibi kana

The dragon-flies,
 All flying in the same direction,
 In the rays of the setting sun.

His death verse:

富士の山見ながらしたき頓死かな
Fuji no yama minagara shitaki tonshi kana

I would like to die suddenly,
 While I am gazing
 At Mount Fuji.

Shōu, 蕉雨, who died in 1829, was Shirō's pupil:

立案山子年は七十二三かな
Tachi kagashi toshi wa nanajū ni-san kana

Setting up
 A scarecrow
 Seventy two or three years old.

Sokyō, 素郷, who died in 1852, was a man of Edo, a pupil of Hōrō. I could not find a verse worth the paper.

Chapter XXV

SHIKI: THE CRITIC

Shiki, 子規, 1867–1902, is considered to be the restorer of haiku, which had been falling off since the time of Buson. Bashō walked his Way of Haiku; Buson his Way of Art; Issa, though he did not speak of it, his Way of Humanity. What had Shiki? He had no Way of any kind unless perhaps a Way of Beauty, like Keats, but ill-health and beauty do not go well together, and by the end of his short life he had got some humanity, but no religion, no pantheism, or mysticism, or Zen. Thoreau says:

All our lives want a suitable background. . . . Character always secures for itself this advantage, and is thus distinct and unrelated to near or trivial objects, whether things or persons.

At an early age Shiki studied calligraphy and Chinese literature, and went up to Tōkyō to enter the high school at the age of seventeen. The next year he began to compose haiku without a teacher, and two years after visited an old man, a disciple of Baishitsu, to have his verses corrected. In the 25th year of Meiji, 1892, he entered the Nippon Newspaper Company, and established a new school of haikai. He published several books, many articles on haikai, and a periodical, *Hototogisu*. From his youth he had suffered from consumption, and it was this that carried him off at the early age of thirty six.

The effect of Shiki was to stimulate, but in over-praising Buson and under-praising Bashō he helped the continuous

and never-ceasing tendency of haiku to become more artificial, rootless, and trivial. During his short life Shiki wrote as many as eighty short pieces on haiku and related subjects. The next chapter consists of Shiki's essay on *Furu-ike ya*, in which he explains to an imaginary visitor the historical position and value of this famous verse. It was published in the 31st year of Meiji, 1898, and followed by *Haikai Mumonkan*, an attempt to discuss haiku in the form of the *Mumonkan*, with introduction, case, and illustrative verse. It seems to me a dismal failure.

A long but interesting essay, *The Poet Buson*, 俳人蕪村, 70 pages, published the year before, compares Buson and Bashō to the latter's disadvantage, and discusses the various kinds of beauty in haiku. He says that spring and summer are positive seasons, autumn and winter negative, and so Buson liked summer most; his summer verses are the most numerous, and his spring and summer verses the best. In this he is already different from the previous haiku poets. Shiki compares Bashō and Buson in their treatment of the peony, the gayest of all flowers. Bashō has only a few verses on the peony, for example:

牡丹蕊深くわけ出る蜂の名残かな
Botan shibe fukaku wakederu hachi no nagori kana

The pistil of the peony is deep;
 The bee is making its way out;
 A leave-taking.

Another verse by Bashō:

寒からぬ露や牡丹の花の蜜
Samukaranu tsuyu ya botan no hana no mitsu

The dews are not cold;
The honey
Of the peony flower.

Bashō used the peony to express the season in the former; the latter is not well composed. Buson did not use his strength in composing, but created good verses naturally; there are more than twenty altogether. And Shiki quotes:

方百里雨雲よせぬぼたん哉
Hō-hyaku-ri amagumo yosenu botan kana

The peonies do not allow
The rain-clouds a hundred leagues round
To approach them.

地車のとぶろと響く牡丹かな
Jiguruma no togoro to hibiku botan kana

The heavy wagon
Rumbles by;
The peony quivers.

牡丹切って氣のおとろへし夕かな
Bo'an kitte ki no otoroeshi yūbe kana

Having cut the peony,
I felt exhausted,
That evening.

蟻王宮朱門を開く牡丹かな
Ari ōkyū shumon wo hiraku botan kana

The peony,
Opening the Crimson Gate of the Palace
Of the King of the Ants.

金屏のかくやくとして牡丹かな
Kimbyō no kakuyaku to shite botan kana

On the golden screen,
 A peony
 Brightly shining.

牡丹散って打かさなりぬ三三片
Botan chitte uchi-kasanarinu nisan-ben

The peony has fallen;
 A few scattered petals
 Lie one on another.

Shiki says that Buson's verses compete in beauty with that of the peony. Green leaves are also a positive subject, Shiki thinks. Bashō however composed only a few, used for the season, for example:

若葉して御目の雫ぬぐはばや
Wakaba shite on-me no shizuku nuguwaba ya

Shall I wipe away
 The dew in his eyes?
 The green leaves!¹

あらたふと青葉若葉の日の光
Ara tōto aoba wakaba no hi no hikari

Ah, how glorious!
 The young leaves, the green leaves,
 Glittering in the sunshine!

Buson, however, has more than ten verses which speak of the young leaves, all showing his good taste:

¹ See Vol. I, page 118.

絶頂の城たのもしき若葉かな
Zetchō no shiro tanomoshiki wakaba kana

How reliable
The castle on the summit,
In the young leaves!

窓の灯の梢に残る若葉かな
Mado no hi no kozue ni nokoru wakaba kana

Remaining in the branches
In the light of the window,—
The young leaves.

蚊張を出て奈良を立ちゆく若葉かな
Kaya wo dete nara wo tachiyuku wakaba kana

Coming out from the mosquito-net
I passed out of Nara,—
The young leaves!

不二ひとつみ残して若葉かな
Fuji hitotsu uzumi nokoshite wakaba kana

Mount Fuji alone
Remains unburied
Beneath the young leaves.

山添ふて小舟漕ぎゆく若葉かな
Yama soute kobune kogi-yuku wakaba kana

A boat rows
Along the mountain,—
The young leaves!

蛇を載って渡る谷間の若葉かな
Ja wo kitte wataru tanima no wakaba kana

Young leaves of the valley
I passed through
After killing a snake!

をちこちに瀧の音聞く若葉かな
Ochi-kochi ni taki no oto kiku wakaba kana

I listen to the sound of the waterfalls
Here and there
Among the young leaves!

Bashō has strong verses on the summer rain:

五月雨を集めて早し最上川
Samidare wo atsumete hayashi mogami-gawa

Collecting all
The rains of May,
The swift Mogami River.

五月雨の雲吹きおとせ大井川
Samidare no kumo fuki-otose ōi-gawa

Ah! River Ōi!
Blow, blow away
The clouds of May rain!

But those of Buson are not inferior to his:

五月雨の大井越したるかしこさよ
Samidare no ōi koshitaru kashikosa yo

Crossing the River Ōi
Swollen with the summer rains,—
What a feat!

五月雨や大河を前に家二軒
Samidare ya taiga wo mae ni ie niken

By a great stream
In the May rain,
Two houses.

五月雨の堀たのもしき砦かな
Samidare no hori tanomoshiki toride kana

The fort;
How trustworthy its moat
In the summer rain!

Bashō has no verses on the summer shower; Buson has several:

夕立や草葉をつかむむら雀
Yūdachi ya kusaba wo tsukamu mura-suzume

The shower!
Sparrows cling
To the grasses and leaves.

双林寺獨吟千句¹

夕立や筆も乾かず一千言
Yūdachi ya fude mo kawakazu issengen

The shower!
A thousand words
Without drying my writing brush.

Bashō has only one strong verse on the hototogisu:

ほととぎす聲横たふや水の上
Hototogisu koe yokotau ya mizu no ue

¹"A thousand verses written by myself at Sōrinji Temple."

The cry of a hototogisu
Goes slanting—ah!
Across the water.

Buson has some brilliant and extreme verses:

ほとゝぎす柩をつかむ雲間より
Hototogisu hitsugi wo tsukamu kumo-ma yori

A hototogisu,
Snatching at the coffin
From between the clouds.

ほとゝぎす平安城を筋違に
Hototogisu heianjō wo sujikai ni

Ah! the hototogisu
Has flown athwart
Heian castle!

鞘ばしる友切丸やほとゝぎす
Saya-bashiru tomokirimaru ya hototogisu

Tomokiri-maru¹
Drawn out of its scabbard,—
A hototogisu cries!

The haiku of Bashō express objective beauty, Shiki says, like waka of olden times, but Buson is far more objective. The verses of Buson are immediately pictures. Bashō has only forty or fifty verses which are objective,

¹This was a famous sword of Genji Shigeyori. It was called originally Lion Cub, 獅子の子, but it was one of a pair with another sword, Small Crow, 小鳥, which was two inches longer, and was cut shorter. The Lion Cub was then renamed Friend-Cutter, (Tomokiri).

about twenty of which can become pictures, for example the following:

鶯や柳のうしろ籬の前
Uguisu ya yanagi no ushiro yabu no mae

The uguisu,
Behind the willow,
Before the grove.

梅が香にのつと日の出る山路かな
Ume ga ka ni notte hi no deru yamaji kana

Suddenly the sun rose,
To the scent of the plum-blossoms
Along the mountain path.

古寺の桃に米踏む男かな
Furu-dera no momo ni kome fumu otoko kana

By the old temple,
Peach-blossoms;
A man treading rice.

The following are by Buson.

日は斜關屋の槍に蜻蛉かな
Hi wa naname sekiya no yari ni tomo kana

Dragon-flies
On the spears of the barrier,
In the slanting rays of the sun.

柳散り清水涸れ石ところどころ
Yanagi chiri shimizu kare ishi tokoro-dokoro

Willow leaves fallen,
The clear water dried up,
Stones here and there.

かりがねや穂蓼の上を塩車
Karigane ya hodate no ue wo shio-guruma

The wild geese,—
 The salt-wagon passes
 Over the ears of the smartweeds.

鍋提げて淀の小橋を雪の人
Nabe sagete yodo no kobashi wo yuki no hito

Saucepan in hand,
 A man, snow-clad, passes over
 The small bridge of Yodo.

てらてらと石に日の照る枯野かな
Tera-tera to ishi ni hi no teru karen kana

Brightly the sun shines
 Over the stones:
 The withered moor!

むさゝびの小鳥喰み居る枯野かな
Musasabi no kotori hami-iru karen kana

The flying-squirrel
 Is crunching the small bird
 On the withered moor.

水鳥や舟に菜を洗ふ女あり
Mizudori ya fune ni na wo arau onna ari

The water-birds;
 A woman in a boat,
 Washing young greens.

In his picturesqueness Buson is more objective than Bashō. Bashō made a large number of verses about human

affairs, but most of them concern his own life; Buson's many verses are expressive of human life in general, for example:

行く春や選者を恨む歌の主
Yuku haru ya senja wo uramu uta no nushi

The composer of uta
Feels reproachful to the selector:
Spring departing.

青梅に眉集めたる美人かな
Aoume ni mayu atsumetaru bijin kana

A beauty
Draws her eyebrows together
At the green plum.

身にしむや亡妻の櫛を鬩に踏む
Mi ni shimu ya naki tsuma no kushi wo neya ni fumu

In the bedroom,
I trod on the comb of my dead wife,—
And felt it to the marrow!

It is difficult for haiku to express time, but here are two exceptions by Buson:

御手討の夫婦なりしを更衣
Oteuchi no fūfu narishi wo koromogae

They were a couple
To have been executed by their lord:
The change of clothes.

Illicit intercourse was banned, but they were saved by the mercy of the lord, and had now become man and wife,

and changed their clothes to summer ones, living peacefully and happily.

打ちはたす梵論つれだちて夏野かな
Uchihatasa boro tsuredachite natsuno kana

With the priest-enemy
 He is to kill,
 Across the summer moor.

They are to have a duel. To avenge his father, the young warrior looked for his enemy, and at last came across the object of his vengeance. They are walking together to fight on the moor. The enemy has already renounced the world, and does not run away, but is walking with the young man to be killed by him. This haiku expresses the future—dramatic events about to happen.¹

After deciding his standpoint in *Furu-ike ya*, Bashō made haiku realistically all the time. It was not that he sought a verse from all the things he saw, but that he rejected purely objective things which had no connection with himself; he only sang of things concerning himself, putting himself in the centre. This attitude, Shiki thinks, is rather vulgar.

It is not that Bashō did not understand ideal beauty at all, emotionally, but he thought about the matter, and decided that the ideal is not beauty. Always in difficult circumstances, without being known in the world, he lived a pure life controlled by his firm will. He was against all pretence, even in literature, and as his favourite poet Toho made poem-sketches, he must have thought haiku should do the same.

¹ See page 252 of Vol. I.

Bashō had many disciples, but there is no realistic poet like him, and Shiki says that we do not read that Bashō spoke ill of their verses for not being realistic. In renga, Bashō embraced the whole universe, and played fearlessly with the old and the new, but in haiku he was very timid.

Buson's idealism is seen in his haiku, but the following also shows his state of mind. It is what he taught Shōha about his feeling, quite imaginative and fantastic, in the Chinese style:

... visiting Kikaku, calling on Ransetsu, following Sodō; accompanying Onitsura. Meeting these four old men, a little apart from the city of fame, enjoying ourselves in the garden, or in the woods, having a party on a hill or by a lake, drinking, talking, laughing, valuing the unexpected. Living always like this I met the four old men again one day. A pleasant feeling as before, shutting my eyes to squeeze a verse out, opening the eyes when I get one; immediately the existence of the four old men disappears—I wonder where have they gone, like fairies! In an ecstasy I stand there alone, and the scent of flowers is in harmony with the breeze; the moonlight floats on the water. This is the state of my haiku.

At a time of simple thinking, people prefer simple art. When we see how uncomplicated our waka is, we can see, Shiki says, that our thought also did not advance for a long time. Haiku, the poetry of a simple form, tried to express complicated thoughts, and used Chinese words, or directly translated forms, but this was only a temporary phenomenon, and at last *Furuike-ya* was worshipped as the essence of haiku. The verse *Furu-ike ya* is the simplest of all haiku; Bashō felt it to be his best so far, and never

made any complicated verse after it. His disciples also avoided extreme complicatedness, though they did not learn the simplicity of Bashō. Bashō said, "As for hokku, the highest and greatest comes by just letting it out naturally," and he taught his disciple Shadō, "Real hokku is not like yours, which is a collection of various things; it should be beaten gold." The verses of Shadō called by Bashō "a collection of various things" must be the following:

鳩鳴くや澁柿原の蕎麥畑
Hato naku ya shibugaki-hara no soba-batake

A dove coos
 In the buckwheat field
 On the astringent-persimmon moor.

刈株や水田の上の秋の雲
Kari-kabu ya mizuta no ue no aki no kumo

Stubble;
 Autumn clouds
 Over the water of the rice-field.

These verses, unique in the Genroku Era, Shiki judges not below those of Bashō in value. However, Bashō did not praise their particular character but tried to reject them. It seems that he could not appreciate their complicated beauty.

Bashō used to teach, not the fixed truth, but truth according to the time, according to the man. It may be that he did not reject these good verses, but warned against their danger, because when Kyoroku said, 發句は取合せものなり, "Hokku is the blending of things," Bashō

answered, "Doesn't everybody know such an easy thing?" He does not seem to reject the combination of things. But here Bashō means the combination of two things, not three things as with Shadō. This can be seen from their verses. Bashō said to Bonchō, "Haiku is also a kind of waka; you should make a verse with refinement." Bonchō's verses are not complicated, but like Shadō's are full of material, so different from those of Bashō, who fills up the number of syllables with meaningless words,—a characteristic of waka. Bashō decided that haiku should be simple, and narrowed the region of beauty. In this he was followed by his disciples. Shiki says that Bashō has few verses which show an apprehension of delicate and minute beauty, but Buson has very many.

The essay *Buson and Kitō* brings out, by comparing pairs of verses, the relation between master and disciple. Shiki begins by saying that Bashō transmitted his way of writing haiku to Kyorai, but Kyorai to no one. In the same way Buson handed down his technique to Kitō, but Kitō to no one. Kitō lived only six years after his master, and this is one of the reasons why Buson's idea of haiku died out so quickly. Confucius had ten great disciples, but no second Confucius appeared.

Kitō had rather more learning than the average haiku poet, but his talent was suited, unlike that of Buson, to small things. However, his carefulness in making his haiku prevented him from falling into triviality or vulgarity, and Shiki says that he himself has learned much from him.

Comparing Buson and Kitō, Shiki says that both are bold in conception and achieve beauty. Both are original and fresh in their use of words. However, Buson's scale

is far greater. He has many verses achieved at a stroke, whereas Kitō's verses are mostly contrived. Buson's materials are rich; Kitō makes ordinary things interesting. Buson has genius, Kitō has talent, and takes the greater pains in writing his verses. Buson sometimes gives us the purest and highest poetic pleasure; Kitō is not capable of this. In this sense Buson is the master, Kitō the pupil, but in any case their imitation of each other is invisible.

Of the twenty four pairs of verses which Shiki gives, nineteen are translated here, the first by Buson, the second by Kitō, together with Shiki's comment, if any.

折釘に烏帽子かけたり春の宿 蕪村
Ori-kugi ni eboshi kaketari haru no yado

The eboshi¹
 Is hung on the bent nail
 In the spring hermitage. Buson

正月や烏帽子かけたる木工頭 几董
Shōgatsu ya eboshi kaketaru moku no kami

It is New Year's Day;
 The eboshi of the carpenter
 Is hung up there. Kitō

長き夜や通夜の連歌のこぼれ月 蕪村
Nagaki fo ya tsuya no renga no kobore-zuki

The long night;
 The renga of the wake
 Has an overflowed² moon. Buson

¹ Eboshi, written with the first character meaning crow, from its shape, was a kind of headgear for court nobles, and then later for artisans and teachers.

春の夜や連歌満ちたる九條殿 几 董
Haru no yo ya renga michitaru kujōdono

A spring evening;
 The nobleman's mansion
 Is overflowing with renga. Kitō

Shiki says of these that they show Buson's naturalness and Kitō's painstakingness, in spite of the fact that Buson's verses are more complex.

手燭して庭踏む人や春惜む 蕪 村
Teshoku shite niwa fumu hito ya haru oshimu

With a lantern,
 A man pacing the garden,
 Grieving for the passing of spring. Buson

行燈をとぼさず春を惜みけり 几 董
Andon wo tobosazu haru wo oshimi keri

Not lighting the lamp,
 And regretting
 The passing spring. Kitō

蒲公英の忘れ花あり路の霜 蕪 村
Tampopo no wasure-bana ari michi no shimo

There is a dandelion,
 Blooming late
 In the dew of the path. Buson

山吹の忘れ花咲く清水かな 几 董
Yamabuki no wasure-bana saku shimizu kana

² This means that the verse about the moon is in a place later than usual.

The yellow rose
Is blooming late
By the clear water. Kitō

梶の葉を朗詠集の槲かな 燕村
Kaji no ha wo rōeishū no shiori kana

A maple leaf
Used as a book-mark
Of the *Rōeishū*. Buson

道の記に假の槲やつくつくし 几董
Michi no ki ni kari no shiori ya tsukutsukushi

The travel diary;
All kinds of book-marks
For the time being. Kitō

浅河の西し東す若葉かな 燕村
Asa-kawa no nishi-shi higashi-su wakaba kana

The shallow river
Turns west, turns east:
The young leaves! Buson

紅楓深し南し西す水の隅 几董
Momiji fukashi minami-shi nishi-su mizu no kuma

The deeply-tinted autumn leaves,
Where the river turns
From south to west. Kitō

银杏踏んで静に兒の下山かな 燕村
Ichō funde shizuka ni chigo no gezan kana

Treading the ginkgo tree,
The boy comes quietly
Down the mountain. Buson

御しのびの下山や萩のから衣 几董
Oshinobi no gezan ya hagi no karagoromo

The recluse-courtier
Comes down from the mountain,
With bush-clover patterned garments. Kitō

The expression "treading the [fallen leaves of the] ginkgo tree," gives activity and energy to the whole verse.

腰ぬけの妻うつくしき火燵かな 蕪村
Koshinuke no tsuma utsukushiki kotatsu kana

The weak-kneed wife,—
How beautiful she is
In the kotatsu!¹ Buson

朝顔や悵氣せぬ妻うつくしき 几董
Asagao ya rinki senu tsuma utsukushiki

The morning-glory;²
The wife who is not jealous,—
How beautiful she is! Kitō

The same phrase is used, "a beautiful wife," and neither verse spoils the device.

初雪の底をたたけば竹の月 蕪村
Hatsu-yuki no soko wo tatakeba take no tsuki

¹ A kind of foot-warmer, covered with a quilt.

² Which blooms in the early morning.

The first snow; Buson
 Sounding it out,
 The moon over the bamboos.

底たゞく春の隅より遅櫻 几董
Soko-tataku haru no sumi yori osozakura

Looking everywhere,
 In a corner of spring,
 Late cherry blossoms. Kitō

紅葉見や用意かしこき傘二本 蕪村
Momiji-mi ya yōi kashikoki kasa nihon

For viewing the maple leaves, Buson
 Two¹ umbrellas prepared,—
 How clever!

かしこくも花見に來たり翌は雨 几董
Kashikoku mo hanami ni kitari yoku wa ame

Clever indeed!
 Coming for flower-viewing,—
 Rain tomorrow. Kitō

いざ雪見かたちづくりす蓑と笠 蕪村
Iza yukimi katachi zukuri su mino to kasa

Now then, let's go snow-viewing
 In the right form,
 Kasa and mino.² Buson

梅の樹のかたちづくりす初時雨 几董
Ume no ki no katachi zukuri su hatsushigure

¹ For a man and a woman.

² Umbrella-like hat and straw-coat.

子
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り
の
こ
と
を
し
る



Fashioning the shape
Of the plum tree,
The first winter rain.

Kitō

かれ飯にからき涙や蕃椒
Kare-ii ni karaki namida ya tōgarashi

燕村

Dry-rice;
Bitter tears

At the red pepper.

Buson

かけにして蕃椒くふ涙かな
Kake ni shite tōgarashi kū namida kana

几董

Eating the buck-wheat noodles
With red pepper,
And tears.

Kitō

The power of adaptation is striking in these verses.

短夜や毛蟲の上に露の玉
Mijika yo ya kemushi no ue ni tsuyu no tama

燕村

The short night;
Pearls of dew

On the hairy caterpillar.

Buson

短夜や蟹の脱に朝の風
Mijika yo ya kani no kara ni asa no kaze

几董

The short night,
The morning wind

Blowing on the crab-shell.

Kitō

Both have fallen into over-minute workmanship and vulgarity. Some however may smile at them.¹

¹ This criticism shows Shiki's bad taste, which comes in part from his lack of humour, and in part from his lack of animism.

斧入れて香に驚くや冬木立 蕪村
Ono irete ka ni odoroku ya fuyukodachi

Striking with the axe,
 How surprised I was at the smell,
 In the winter grove! Buson

蚊遣木にたまたま沈の匂ひかな 几董
Kayarigi ni tama-tama jin no nioi kana

The mosquito-smudge wood;
 Often the smell
 Of the sap. Kitō

Kitō's verse is a model of what haiku should be, but Buson's is beyond imitation.

麥秋や遊行の棺通りけり 蕪村
Mugiaki ya yugyō no hitsugi tōri keru

Barley autumn;¹
 A pilgrim's coffin
 Passes along. Buson

麥秋や埃の中を薩摩殿 几董
Mugiaki ya hokori no naka wo tadanori dono

Barley autumn;
 Through the dust,
 Lord Tadanori. Kitō

These are very similar scenes, but the verses are quite different from each other.

鳥羽殿へ五六騎いそぐ野分かな 蕪村
Toba dono e go-rokku isogu nowaki kana

¹ Summer, when the barley is reaped, and everyone is terribly busy.

On their way to Lord Toba,
Five or six knights
Ride through the autumn tempest. Buson

鳥羽殿へ御歌使や夜半の雪 几董
Toba dono e miuta-zukai ya yowa no yuki

The poem-messenger
Goes through the snow at midnight
To Lord Toba. Kitō

Both verses are wonderful. Buson's verse is as usual more active, that of Kitō more passive. A passive verse requires skill. An active verse does not.

鮓つけてやがていにたる魚屋かな 蕪村
Sushi tsukete yagate initaru uoya kana

Making *sushi*,¹
After a while, the fishmonger
Was not there. Buson

畳屋のいなでぞありぬ夕時雨 几董
Tatamiya no inade zo arinu yū-shigure

The tatami-maker
In the winter evening rain,—
Still there? Kitō

This also is the contrast between activity and inwardness.

葱買ふて枯木の中を歸りけり 蕪村
Negi kōte kareki no naka wo kaeri keri

¹ Rice and fish-meat.

Buying leeks,
And coming back
Through the withered trees. Buson

寒き野を都に入るや葱賣 几董
Samuki no wo miyako ni iru ya nebuka-uri

The leek-seller
Over the cold moor
Into the capital. Kitō

These two verses are not marked by the contrast of activity and rest in their content, but in their technique, the one using *keri*,¹ the other *ya*.²

我をいとふ隣家寒夜に鍋を鳴らす 蕪村
Ware wo itou rinka samu-yo ni nabe wo narasu

My neighbours hate me,
Rattling their saucepans
This cold night. Buson

さかしらいふ隣も遠く冬籠 几董
Sakashira iu tonari mo tōku fuyugomori

My neighbours, who say insolent things,
Are now far from me,
In my winter confinement. Kitō

This also is motion and quiescence.

Shiki, as a critic, is too wilful, and at the same time too inclined to judge by general principles instead of particular impressions. He is a little like Matthew Arnold in his pomposity when he wears his "singing mantle."

¹ *Keri* is a verbal suffix,

² *Ya* is an exclamatory participle.

However, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his Chinese style, he is more definite, more trenchant, and more interesting than modern Japanese critics of haiku, who are so often namby-pambily appreciative of contemporary puerilities and trivialities.

Chapter XXVI

SHIKI ON FURU-IKE YA

I had a visitor. He talked about haikai, and said to me,

古池や蛙とびこむ水の音

"Furu-ike ya kawazu tobikomu mizu no oto

The old pond;

A frog jumps in,—

The sound of the water.

This verse is called a masterpiece, known even by uneducated people such as pack-horse men and servantmen, yet no one can explain the meaning." As he wanted me to explain it, I answered, "The meaning of this verse is just what is said; it has no other, no special meaning. But common-place haikai teachers speak as though this had an esoteric meaning, so deep that no ordinary man can understand it. This is deceiving people, making their main object of faith a secret; also, they say this because they do not know its historical position. This verse became popular because Bashō made it the first of his new style, the verse dividing the old from the new, so later people all spoke of it. With the passing of time, this verse was mistakenly thought to be the best haiku of Bashō; its real meaning was forgotten. All kinds of odd meanings were given to it, and, as a result, it deceived ordinary people. So, if you went to know the real value of this verse, you must know the history of haikai; it only means that he heard the sound of a frog jumping into an old pond—

nothing should be added to that. If you add anything to it, it is not the real nature of the verse. Clearly and simply, not hiding, not covering; no thinking, no technique of words,—this is the characteristic of the verse. Nothing else.”

The visitor nodded a little, but seemed not quite to understand. So I said again, “I will tell you now the historical position of *Furu-ike ya*. Forget all the haiku you know. Just listen to me with an empty mind and quiet feeling. Forget even the verses of other haiku, whether of Bashō, Buson, or old haiku or new ones, of others or your own,—forget them all. You look at the verse of *Furu-ike* with the mind of nowadays, when haiku has made so much improvement; this is the cause of the mistake. Listen to me, putting yourself into olden times, when haiku had not yet progressed, and you will certainly lose your doubts.” The visitor mumbled, “Yes, yes!”

I said, “I do not wish to tell you the history of haiku now, but you cannot understand unless I do, so I am going to tell you the history of old haikai, as much as is necessary for you understand the verse of *Furu-ike ya*. The uninterestingness of the history of old haikai may make you yawn, and feel as if you are eating straw, but this is just what is necessary for you to understand *Furu-ike ya*; listen without interrupting.

I must tell you first the history of renga, and then I must tell you the history of haikai. Renga was usually made by putting 17 syllables and 14 syllables alternately, and finishing after a hundred verses; and there are also rules about the moon and flowers, *teiza*,¹ 定座, *uchikoshi*,

¹ Where the first reference to the moon or cherry-blossoms should be made.

打越, *sarikirai*,¹ 去嫌. The renga poets of the times did their best, but I will not speak of this as it has no connection with what I want to say from now. It will be enough to speak of the hokku, the first verse of renga. The hokku of renga and that of haikai are about the same; there was no reason for any difference. Only, in the course of its development, renga came from waka, and it was bound by the words and materials of waka, and could not widen its sphere, and enrich itself with other materials. So naturally and unavoidably the hokku of renga were commonplace and platitudinous. They imitated the old poets, old verses, rearranging the same kinds of ideas and words, feeling no shame in stealing from other verses. The worst are those who repeated the same ideas and used the same words in their own verses. Reading these in later times, we cannot help doubting whether they really felt the beauty of poetry. The Ashikaga Period, when renga was most prosperous, was the time when waka was at its weakest. The reason for its decay was that chiefly it valued the old, relied on form, attached itself to schools, was unable to produce any newness. After the *Shinkokinshū*, the disputes of the schools became violent. They argued about the form, not knowing the reality well; flowers should be sung thus, the moon in this way; the famous places for plovers are here and here, this word should be used in that place only; bound by rules, there was no place for waka to improve.

Thus the hokku of renga which was born from this decayed waka was itself also decayed; and worse, it became narrower as the form became smaller, and the degree of decay became greater. In a way, the new-style poem,

¹ Both meaning avoidance of certain disagreeable coincidences.

hokku, produced something new compared to the diffuse waka, but the number of good verses was small; on the whole they were an assemblage of ordinary and hackneyed words. For example:¹

雨風も花の春をばさそひけり 宗 砌
Ame kaze mo hana no haru wo-ba sasoi keru

Wind and rain too
 Are calling for
 The cherry blossoms of spring. Sōsetsu

春のみかいくかもあらじ花の雨 宗 養
Haru nomi ka ikuka mo araji hana no ame

Spring, only
 How few days more,—
 Rain on the cherry blossoms. Sōyō

花咲けといはぬばかりぞ雨の聲 失 名
Hana sake to iwanu bakari zo ame no koe

Bloom, O cherry blossoms,
 Says unceasingly
 The voice of the rain. (Unknown)

花咲けといさむるや聞く雨の聲 紹 巴
Hana sake to isamuru ya kiku ame no koe

Listening to the voice of the rain,
 “Bloom, O cherry blossoms!”
 It urges. Shōha

雨にまた花をやどさん陰もなし 失 名
Ame ni mata hana wo yadosan kage mo nashi

¹ Shiki gives 25 examples, of which 6 are here translated, not the worst.

Rain still;
 I would shelter the cherry blossoms,
 But there is no shade for them. (Unknown)

さればこそ嵐よ花よ雨の時 心敬
Sareba koso arashi yo hana yo ame no toki

As I expected,
 Storm, and rain,—
 At the time of cherry blossoms! Shinkei

These verses are all about rain and the cherry blossoms. They have almost the same flavour, and their triviality may be seen immediately, at a glance. The 3rd and the 4th, "Bloom, O blossoms," are not different from each other. The last, by Shinkei, reminds us of the saying that a village without birds has bats. I am afraid that these examples of cherry blossom verses are not enough, so I will give examples of moon poems to see if there is any difference here.¹

雨ひとり月を思はぬ今宵かな 失名
Ame hitori tsuki wo omowanu koyoi kana

The rain alone
 Is not thinking of the moon,
 This evening! (Unknown)

雲霧も月にかくるゝ今宵かな 兼載
Kumo kiri mo tsuki ni kakururu koyoi kana

Cloud and dew too
 Are hidden,
 This evening's moon. Kensai

¹ Seven verses translated from Shiki's thirty seven.

月今宵塵ばかりだに雲も無し 宗長
Tsuki koyoi chiri bakari dani kumo mo nashi

The autumn moon,
 Not a speck of cloud
 To be seen this evening! Sōchō

草も木も月待つ露の夕かな 宗祇
Kusa mo ki mo tsuki matsu tsuyu no yūbe kana

Dewy grasses and trees too
 Wait for the moon
 This evening! Sōgi

月は猶木の間にしるき今宵かな 宗牧
Tsuki wa nao ko-no-ma ni shiruki koyoi kana

The moon,
 Still wonderful between the trees,
 This evening. Sōboku

月残る一夜の松の木の間かな 失名
Tsuki nokoru hito-yo no matsu no ko-no-ma kana

The moon remains
 All night
 Among the pine trees. (Unknown)

名ぞ高き月や桂を折つらん 宗祇
Na zo takaki tsuki ya katsura wo oritsuran

The famous moon!
 I will break off a branch
 Of the katsura tree.¹ Sōgi

The monotony of the hokku of renga can be guessed

¹ Which was supposed by the Chinese to grow on the moon.

from these examples. The last three verses are puns on *ogurayama*, Mount Ogura, and *oguraki*, rather dark, and the similarity is remarkable. The verses quoted so far have a little variety, it is true, arising from the associating of the moon with other physical objects, but the following are all the same, indistinguishable from one another. This is the characteristic of the *hokku* of *renga*.¹

月も今日ねざる夜を待つ光かな 宗牧
Tsuki mo kyō nezaru yo wo matsu hikari kana

The moon too cannot sleep,
 Awaiting, today,
 The brilliance! Sōboku

惜むなよ今宵明けても秋の月 紹巴
Oshimu na yo koyoi akete mo aki no tsuki

Do not regret
 That tonight changes into day;
 There is still the moon of autumn! Shōha

How poverty-stricken poetically each poet and each verse was is clear now. Not a hundredth of the examples possible have been given, but the monotony of them all can be easily understood. If I showed the enormous quantity of books of *renga hokku* in which such *hokku* as these are buried, no one could help being astonished at such a monument of foolishness.

The *renga* poets were at their best chiefly on haze, snow, the moon, the cherry-blossoms, autumnal leaves, the hototogisu,—all common subjects; other subjects were very few. We are now going to talk about frogs, but we

¹Two are given from Shiki's twenty six.

find only one verse during those two hundred years.

鶯のもろ聲に鳴く蛙かな 紹巴
Uguisu no moro-goe ni naku kawazu kana

The frog
 Croaks

To the voice of uguisu. Shōha

Even this one does not speak really of the frog; it is only a parody of the Introduction to the *Kokinshū*. See how childish their idea was! The monotony of renga was like this, and however foolish the literary men of Ashikaga times might be, there must have been some who felt dissatisfied with it. The most prosperous time of renga, Bummei, 1469–86, and Meiō, 1492–1500, had passed; though its strength had not yet lessened, the change was going to come. Sōkan and Moritake both appeared in the time of Eishō, 1504–20, and Temmon, 1532–54; discontented with renga they opened a new path with haikai.

We do not know what Sōkan thought about renga, but he alone engaged in haikai when renga was prosperous, so he must have felt that the newness of haikai was better than the oldness of renga, and the following waka, which is said to be by him, shows he was not just an ordinary literary man:

かしがまし此里過ぎよほとゝぎす
 都のうつけさぞや待つらん

You are noisy,
 O hototogisu;
 Depart from this hamlet!
 Fools in the capital
 Must be waiting for you.

Calling "fools of the capital" the waka and renga poets who decided that flowers should always be portrayed happily, hototogisu as something desirable to hear, not being able to understand the taste of nature,—certainly he must have felt irritated with the changeless and monotonous renga.

Moritake tried to make a thousand verses, and wondered whether he should compose renga, or haikai. There was a precedent in renga for making a thousand, so he felt this to be easy, but not interesting. As for haikai, he hesitated, as he would be the first. He could not decide by himself and drew the sacred lot. As it said, "Do it as haikai," he made a thousand verses as haikai.

Before this renga poets made the hokku of haikai like this by Dōkyō,¹ when crossing the river Mariko for the second time, 再び鞠古川を渡るとて:

まりこ川又渡る瀬やかへり足
Mariko-gawa mata wataru se ya kaeri ashi

Mariko River;
 Again I cross over the rapids,
 On the way back.

This verse was made casually, and even verses like this are few in number. Sōkan made hokku using haikai, and also used haikai for renku,² and collected them and made a book, *Inutsukuba*, 犬筑波, but he did not make 50 or 100 verses continually. Moritake began this. Renga had now finished its work. Let us think about the hokku of haikai.

The haikai begun by Sōkan and Moritake did not have

¹ 道興.

² Very long renga.

a new form different from renga; only they used colloquial words or Chinese words in the same old form, and added humour, which had not been used in poetry up to then. Haiku added newness and breadth to the old renga, and infused comical ideas into the serious renga. But haikai could not add any tastefulness to the dry renga, could not teach realism to the formal renga. They attained only one side of the comic, the lowest, and began a form of literature inferior to renga in nobility of the verse and taste. They were too ignorant to be called literary men, too vulgar to be called poets. But they have some value in their arousing renga, and giving it the chance to renew itself, so even their uncouth verses are worth reading over once. The humour of their haikai may be divided roughly into three classes: 1. the humour of personification and the use of simile and metaphor; 2. playing on words; 3. the use of old words, old stories, old proverbs. Examples of personification:¹

手をついて歌申しあぐる蛙かな 宗鑑
Te wo tsuite uta mōshi-aguru kawazu kana

Putting his hands together,
 The frog
 Utters his ode. Sōkan

花の香を偷みて走る嵐かな 宗鑑
Hana no ka wo nusumite hashiru arashi kana

Stealing
 The scent of the cherry blossoms,
 Off goes the storm. Sōkan

¹ Three out of seven

青柳の眉かくきしの額かな 守武
Aoyagi no mayu kaku kishi no hitai kana

The green willow
 Paints eyebrows
 On the brow of the hill. Moritake

Examples of metaphor;¹

月に柄をさしたらば善き團扇かな 宗鑑
Tsuki ni e wo sashitaraba yoki uchiwa kana

Putting a handle
 On the moon,—
 What a fine fan! Sōkan

聲なくば鷺こそ雪の一つくね 宗鑑
Koe nakuba sagi koso yuki no hito-tsukune

If it had no voice,
 The white heron in the snow
 Would be just a mound. Sōkan

落花枝にかへると見れば胡蝶かな 守武
Rakka eda ni kaeru to mireba kochō kana

Fallen petals
 Seemed to return to the branch,—
 A butterfly! Moritake

Playing with words;²

花よりも鼻にありける匂ひかな 守武
Hana yori mo hana ni arikeru nioi kana

¹Three out of four.

²One of five.

The smell
Is in the nose
Rather than the rose.¹ Moritake

Using set phrases:²

花よりは團子と誰かいはつゝじ 宗鑑
Hana yori wa dango to dare ka iwa-tsutsuji

Who said that dumplings
Were better than cherry blossoms?
Look at these azaleas!³ Sōkan

The shallowness and poverty of these verses is apparent, and needs no explanation. Teitoku just tried to follow Sōkan and Moritake, and thus indirectly praised their faithfulness to haikai.

The Teitoku group published some works such as the *Inukoshū*, 犬子集, *Takatsukuba*, 鷹筑波, (edited by Saimu, 西武, 1638,) *Kebukigusa*, 毛吹草, (edited by Shigeyori, 重頼, in 1645). They are a mass of bad verses, tens of thousands of them, no limit, quite nauseating, but if we do not insist on this, in the end we can't understand the great virtue of Bashō, and, though it is troublesome, we must exemplify this vast array of poor haiku, so please suppress your yawns and listen. The varieties of humour were explained before. The following⁴ are examples of personification:

月の顔踏むは慮外ぞ雲の足 親重
Tsuki no kao fumu wa ryogai zo kumo no ashi

¹ *Hana* means nose, and cherry-blossoms.

² One of two.

³ There is a pun on *iwa-tsutsuji*, boulder azaleas, and *iwatsutsu*, speaking.

⁴ Two of eight.

The feet of the clouds
Tread the face of the moon
Outrageously.

Chikashige

顔見よと月も笠ぬぐ光かな 失名
Kao miyo to tsuki mo kasa nugu hikari kana

“Gaze upon my face!”
The moon removes her head-gear,—¹
And the brilliance! (Unknown)

Metaphors:²

遠山の松やさながら花のしん 弘嘉
Tōyama no matsu ya sanagara hana no shin

The far-off mountain
Looks somehow like
The pistil of the cherry blossom. Kōka

河の瀬の紋所かや花筏 正信
Kawa no se no mondokoro ka ya hana ikada

In the river shallows,
The floating blossoms
Are like a crest. Masanobu

雲は蛇呑みこむ月のかへるかな 貞徳
Kumo wa hebi nomikommu tsuki no kaeru kana

Like a snake,
The cloud swallows up
The moon-frog.³ Teitoku

¹ *Kasa* means halo, and umbrella-like hat.

² Four out of eight.

³ There is a pun on *kaeru*, fog, and *kaeru*, return.

天と地の中入綿やふじの雪 正依
Ten to chi no naka-ire-wata ya fuji no yuki

Cotton-wool between
 Earth and heaven,—
 The snow of Mount Fuji? Masayori

Playing with words:¹

今日は花さくじつ迄はつぼみかな 成安
Kyō wa hana sakujitsu made wa tsubomi kana

Today's cherry blossoms
 Were buds
 Until yesterday. Seian

Using set phrases:²

功成るや名とげて散りし花心 盛長
Kō naru ya na togete chirishi hana-gokoro

Spirit of the cherry blossoms!
 Services rendered, fame won,—
 You have fallen. Morinaga

武蔵野は今日はな明けそ秋の月 重供
Musashino wa kyō wa na akeso aki no tsuki

The great plain of Musashino;
 Do not dawn today,
 Autumn moon! Shigetomo

富士のみか一夜にでくる雪の山 貞徳
Fuji nomi ka ichiya ni dekuru yuki no yama

¹ One out of eight.² Three out of eight.

Is it only Mount Fuji
That in a single night
Becomes a mountain of snow? Teitoku

Among these examples, quite a number might go into any class. Also, some are exceptional, but they are very few, and it is not necessary to quote them here.

That these verses are less interesting than *renga*, less lively than those of *Sōkan* and *Moritake* can be seen at a glance by anyone. Please don't imagine that I have selected just bad verses. I chose those near at hand at random. If you would like me to give you a hundred examples I will give you a hundred. If you want to see a thousand, I will show you a thousand. But it would only be increasing trouble uselessly. A thousand verses, ten thousand verses,—all of them, it must be said forthrightly, are of this kind.

Even during the sleeping time of *Ashikaga*,¹ there were those who began *haikai*, tired of the monotonous *renga*; much more so when the country was at peace and the literary world became prosperous, how could *haikai* worse than a piece of wood or bamboo please people for long? *Haikai* which had not yet changed at the time of *Kambun*, 1661-1672, began to move at the time of *Empō*, 1673-1680. *Seizan Sōin* set up the *Danrin School*, and from this time the childish *haikai* of *Teitoku school* ceased to exist. The *haikai* begun by those two was only for their enjoyment; they had no disciples, and after their death, no one succeeded them for some time. *Renga*, which had a close connection with the *Ashikaga* family, went to decay together with it, and at the time of *Toyotomi*, *Shōha*, 紹巴,

¹ 1338-1573.

only kept it alive. Hideyoshi died and Shōha died, and the Tokugawa Government shifted to Edo. Renga only kept its form at this time; haikai was now going to spread.

The haikai of Teitoku appeared in the Kanei period, 1704–1710. As it was the time of the foundation of the Tokugawa military government, war had ceased and people wished to have peace; innocent humour, popular haikai suited the taste of the time, and at last many teachers became prosperous in Edo and Kyōto.

In addition, as the improvement in printing caused a remarkable progress in general learning, haikai also spread to far-off regions and became popular. This was different from the time of Sōkan and Moritake, who recited verses and enjoyed them alone. Compared to their haikai, however, that of the Teitoku School was more vulgar, and more “dry.”

The Danrin haiku, like that of Teitoku, was unable to get out of the realm of the comical, but the Danrin haiku was superior to the Teitoku in the liveliness of the construction of each verse, and thus had a little more flavour, and showed some advance.

Personification was the rule with the Teitoku School. The Danrin School avoided it almost entirely. An exception is the following:¹

白露や無分別なる置き處 宗因
Shiratsuyu ya mufumbetsu naru okidokoro

The white dews;
 And what a lack of discrimination
 In where they fall!

Sōin

¹ One of four.

The Danrin School had some charm, some flavour in it, whereas the Teitoku School was dry and arid. A metaphorical verse¹ of the Danrin School:

松に藤蛸木にのぼるけしきあり 宗因
Matsu ni fuji tako ki ni noboru keshiki ari

Wistaria on the pine;
 It looks like an octopus
 Climbing up a tree. Sōin

Among the Danrin verses, some are novel and smart. Renga and the Teitoku School invariably compared flowers to clouds, snow to cotton wool, but the Danrin School went a little deeper than this. Playing with words:²

うつり行くはやいかのぼり紙轆 宗因
Utsuriyuku haya ikanobori kami-nobori

How swiftly
 The *ikanobori* changes
 Into the *kami-nobori*!³ Sōin

The use of old sayings was the very life of the Danrin School; about half the verses they made belong to this class:⁴

世の中よてふてふとまれかくもあれ 宗因
Yo-no-naka yo chō-chō tomare kaku mo are

¹ One of seven.

² One of five.

³ The *ikanobori* was a kite, flown at the New Year. The *kami-nobori* was an *ikanobori* made of paper used in the 5th Month festival.

⁴ Two of sixteen.

Ah, world!

Would that you were like the butterfly
That settles quietly there!¹ Sōin

有明の油ぞ残るほとゝぎす 宗因
Ariake no abura zo nokoru hototogisu

The oil of the lamp²
Still remaining,—
The voice of the hototogisu. Sōin

The Teitoku School was fond of common sayings and idiomatic expressions; the Danrin School went in for waka and Nō. In this point the Danrin was superior in dignity and grace.

About 80 years after the death of Moritake, Teitoku appeared; 30 years after this the Danrin School arose. And as times passed, and passed more quickly, the Danrin School, which had already advanced in poetical content and elegance, did not need to wait another 30 years for a change. After 10 years, Danrin was already decaying; people wanted something more fresh and strange, and the time for literature to mature was at hand. At the end of Empō,³ Kikaku and Sampū made Kuawase, 句合, which were already beyond the mere play of words; their humour was in their taste, a high-class humour.

青柳に蝙蝠つたふ夕榮や 其角
Aoyagi ni kōmori tsutau yū-bae ya

¹ This is a kind of parody of *chō yo hana yo to*, which means to pet.

² Ariake means the lamp and the dawn.

³ 1673-1680.

A bat flying
 Along the green willows
 In the evening glory! Kikaku

曙や霜にかぶなのあわれなる 杉風
Akebono ya shimo ni kabuna no aware naru

In the dawn of day,
 Pitiful are the turnip leaves
 Under the frost. Sampū

Some of these verses¹ have nothing comic in them, but some have. Relatively good ones have been chosen. After three years, in the 3rd year of Tenwa,² a collection of verses *Minashigurishū*, 虚栗集, was made by Kikaku, in which most of the haiku avoided humour completely, and admitted only good taste. Haikai had at last entered on its true course. But it was not quite settled; the ideas were still rough and complicated, lacking unity and harmony, for example:³

松原は飛脚ちひさし雪の昏 一品
Matsubara wa hikyaku chiisashi yuki no kure

An evening of snow;
 How small
 The express runner! Isshō

There were some perfect verses made at this time, and some poets realised the basis of haikai. The world of haiku was dawning. But the good haiku at that time were not made purposefully, but rather as if by accident. Be-

¹ Two of eight.

² 1683.

³ One of eight.

cause, if those we think nowadays good had been thought good also at that time, the number of that kind of verse should be great, but it is not so; thus, such good verses must have been made by accident.

Next year, the first year of Teikyō, 1684, there were published the collections of *Winter Days*, and *Nozarashi Kikō* of Bashō. The verses of *Nozarashi Kikō* were an advance on those of *Minashiguri*. But there are traces of intellectuality in the verses yet. They had not got a natural perfection. Bashō was still not looking steadily at nature; he had to think in order to make a verse:

蔦植ゑて竹四五本の嵐かな
Tsuta uete take shi-go-hon no arashi kana

Planting the ivy,
 The tempest
 Of a few bamboos.

This is rather natural, but the word *uete*, planting, is not yet natural.

秋風や籾も畠も不破の關
Akikaze ya yabu mo hatake mo fuwa no seki

Bamboo groves and fields also,
 At the barrier of Fuwa,—
 The autumn wind!

This is perfect as a verse, but this kind of thinking about old times is also found in waka. Bashō did not yet know the particular delicate region of haiku. He is an inch before the object. The year after next, the 3rd of Teikyō, 1686, Bashō made this unique verse:

古池や蛙飛びこむ水の音

Furu-ike ya kawazu tobikomu mizu no oto

That's it! At this time, Bashō got enlightened. He supposed, up to that time, that something great, something strange should be thought up in order to get a good verse, but he found that an ordinary thing can be immediately a verse. The extreme feeling, that he might become a abandoned skeleton on the moor after a melancholy journey; the extreme sorrow for an abandoned baby crying in the autumn wind—it was a misunderstanding to think that these extreme things are necessary to make a verse interesting. That day, he was surprised that an ordinary thing, a frog jumping into an old pond, should have become a verse. He put the horse, the aftermath of a dream, the moon, the smoke from the tea-fields into one verse; he poured the darkness of the 30th day, the cedar of a thousand years, the night wind into a verse; but when he looked at these, and at what produced the verse of "The old pond," these thought-up verses were not better than the simple and verse of "The old pond," he felt.

Bashō at last got enlightened about the delicacy of nature, and rejected unpoetical, intellectual, made-up verses. What he calls "without ideas" means nature itself. Read over the verses before "The old pond," and see whether there is a verse like it. You won't find a single one. As there is no verse like it before, it is clear that he reached a hitherto unknown region. Needless to say, nature is the foundation of art and literature, as you may see in *renga* and *haikai*. The verses of Sōkan, Moritake, Teitoku, and Sōin are not worth calling literature, those without nature. Though nature is not the only thing, what Bashō

felt about the verse of "The old pond" is nature. After that he proceeded on his way towards nature.

You must note also that the subject of this verse is the frog, which had been forgotten by people up to that time. The frog was sung in waka, but seldom. (*Kawazu* in the *Manyōshū* is not the frog of nowadays.) As I said before, the frog does not come often in renga either. There are verses of the Teitoku School on the frog, but as they did not portray the nature of the frog they cannot be called verses about the frog.

Verses on the frog can be said to begin with the verse of "The old pond." It will be interesting for you to see the change of ideas about the frog.¹

手をついて歌申しあぐる蛙かな 宗鑑
Te wo tsuite uta mōshi-aguru kawazu kana

Putting his hands together
The frog
Speaks his verse. Sōkan

鶯のもろ聲に鳴く蛙かな 紹巴
Uguisu no morogoe ni naku kawazu kana

The frog croaks
In concert with the voices
Of the uguisu. Shōha

詠みかねて鳴くや蛙の歌袋 失名
Yomikanete naku ya kawazu no uta-bukuro²

¹ All the 36 are given; some are obscure in meaning.

² *Uta-bukuro* means an ornamental bag used for waka, and hung on the post of the room; also, the swollen throat of the frog.

Not being able to sing,
The frog croaks,
With its *uta-bukuro*. (Unknown)

立わかり鳴くや蛙の歌あはせ 失名
Tachiwakari¹ naku ya kawazu no uta-awase

The frogs' crying
At separation
Is their poetic dialogue. (Unknown)

苗しろをせむる蛙のいくさかな 未満
Nawashiro wo semuru kawazu no ikusa kana

The battle of the frogs;
They are attacking,
In the rice-seedling plot. Miman

和歌に師匠なき鶯と蛙かな 貞徳
Waka ni shishō naki uguisu to kawazu kana

In waka
They have no teacher,
The frog and the uguisu. Teitoku

鶯と蛙の聲や歌あはせ 親重
Uguisu to kawazu no koe ya uta-awase

The voices
Of the uguisu and the frog,—
A poetical dialogue! Chikashige

やり水のついたかいたく鳴く蛙 宗俊
Yarimizu no tsuita ka itaku naku kawazu

¹ Should not this be *Tachikawari*; meaning "one after another, in quick succession"?

Water led through the garden,—
Has it reached them?

The frogs are vociferous. Sōshun

おほて出て田顔あらすないもがへる 盛親
Ōte dete tagao arasu na imogaeru

Carrying him on your back
Don't disturb the surface of the rice-field,
Sister frog! Morichika

河中で蛙が讀むやせんだうか 重頼
Kawa-naka de kawazu ga yomu ya sendōka

In the river
The frogs are singing
A sendōka.¹ Shigeyori

降れば鳴く蛙の歌や雨中吟 寛記
Fureba naku kawazu no uta ya uchū-gin

Down it comes!
The song the frogs croak
Is a pluvial ditty. Kanki

くちなはも歌にやはらげ鳴く蛙 弘永
Kuchinawa mo uta ni yawarage naku kawazu

The frogs are croaking;
At their song,
You too, O snakes, become milder! Kōei

水口に蛇や見ゆらん鳴く蛙 光重
Mizukuchi ni hebi ya miyuran naku kawazu

¹Tanka of the form 5, 7, 7, / 5, 7, 7.

Where water flows out
The frogs are croaking:
A snake will appear. Mitsushige

ふけ田なる蛙の歌やぬめりふし 定時
Fuketa naru kawazu no uta ya numeri-fushi

In the deep rice-field
The frogs song
Is a slimy verse.¹ Sadatoki

いくさ場のときの聲かや鳴く蛙 信相
Ikusaba no toki no koe ka ya naku kawazu

Is it a war-cry
Of the battlefield?
Croaking frogs. Shinsō

長く鳴く蛙の歌や文字餘り 永治
Nagaku naku kawazu no uta ya moji-amari

Croaking so long,
The song of the frogs,
Has an excess of feet. Eiji

歌いくさ文武二道の蛙かな 正章
Uta ikusa bumbu nidō no kawazu kana

Singing and fighting,
The frog has
Literary and military accomplishments. Seishō

呪ひの歌か蛇見て鳴くかへる 氏利
Majinai no uta ka hebi mite naku kaeru

¹ *Numeribushi* is the kind of music played in the kabuki for a scene of prostitutes.

Is it a song of imprecation,
The frog croaking
At the sight of a snake?

Ujitoshi

許せ蛇けふの日ばかり鳴くかへる 可慶
Yuruse hebi kyō no hi bakari naku kaeru

O snake!

Let them off just today,
These croaking frogs.

Kakei

吞まれなよ軒の蛇腹に蛙また 一和
Nomare na yo noki no jabara ni kawazu mata

Don't be swallowed up, frogs,
Into the stomach

Of the snake in the eaves!

Ichiwa

歌よむは短冊の井のかへるかな 一雪
Uta yomu wa tanzaku no i no kaeru kana

The singing ones
Are the croaking frogs
Of the ode-paper of the well.

Issetsu

釋教の歌か寺井に鳴くかへる 閑節
Shakkyō no uta ka terai ni naku kaeru

Are they Buddhist hymns?
The frogs croaking
In the temple well.

Kansetsu

音に鳴くは伊敷が淵の蛙かな 利直
Ne ni naku wa ijiki-ga-fuchi no kawazu kana

Those who cry
At the sound of the water
Are the frogs of Ijiki-ga-Fuchi. Toshinao

玉の井の蛙の聲もうたひかな 秀辰
Tamanoi no kawazu no koe mo utai kana

The voice of the frogs
 Of Tamanoi also
 Are the songs of Nō. Shūshin

歌よまでゐるはたくら田の蛙かな 将和
Uta yomade iru wa takurada no kawazu kana

Those not singing songs
 Are the frogs
 Of Takurada.¹ Shōwa

つらね歌の點料かおのが蛙錢 資仲
Tsurane-uta no tenryō ka ono ga kawazu-sen

The entry fee
 For the linked poems,—
 This frog-money? Sukenaka

蛙いくさ井干行の備へかな 破扇
Kawazu ikusa seikankō no sonae kana

The battle of the frogs,
 Preparing for
 The drying-up of the well. Hasen

地獄谷の蛙は修羅のいくさかな 之也
Jigoku-dani no kawazu wa shura no ikusa kana

The frogs in the Valley Hell
 Are engaged in the battle
 Of the asuras.² Shiya

¹ *Takurada* means a fool.

² 阿修羅, titanic demons warring with the gods. They live in the ocean north of Sumeru.

生死は閻浮にかへるいくさかな 直安
Iki-shini wa empu ni kaeru ikusa kana

Life and death
 In this Jambu dvipa¹
 Of fighting frogs. Naoyasu

打ち出でよ蛙いくさに鐵炮津 一雪
Uchi-ide yo kawazu ikusa ni teppōzu

Come on out
 To the battle of frogs,
 On the Island of Guns.² Issetsu

河原いくさ四條によるは蛙かな 一雪
Kawara-ikusa shijō ni yoru wa kawazu kana

A battle in the dry river bed;
 Those who go to the Shijō³
 Are the frogs. Issetsu

赤蛙いくさにたのめ平家蟹 一雪
Akagaeru ikusa ni tanome heike-gani

Red frogs!
 Ask for help
 From the Heike crabs.⁴ Issetsu

¹ This transitory world. Originally the Jambu dvipa is one of the seven continents surrounding Mount Meru, so-called because of a huge Jambu tree growing there. As it is one of the continents containing China and Japan, the name seems to have been used meaning this worldly world.

² This was the name given to a part of Tōkyō, Minato-ku, where firing was practised in Edo days.

³ Shijō is one of the parts of the River Kamo in Kyōto.

⁴ The colour of the Heike was red, that of the Genji was white. The Heike were defeated in a sea-battle.

立田川紅葉や朽ちて赤蛙 才 麿
Tatsuta-gawa momiji ya kuchite akagaeru

The red autumn leaves
 Of the Tatsuta River, decaying,
 Become the red frogs. Saimaro

歌さへぞしなびたりける干蛙 爾 木
Uta sae zo shinabitari keru hoshi-kawazu

Even their songs
 Are wilted,—
 Frogs in the dry field. Jiboku

から歌を加賀にやはらぐ蛙かな 楓 興
Karauta wo kaga ni yawaragu kawazu kana

The frogs in Kaga¹
 Softened
 The songs of China.² Fūkyō

古池や蛙飛びこむ水の音 芭 蕉
Furu-ike ya kawazu tobikomū mizu no oto

The old pond;
 A frog jumping in,—
 The sound of the water. Bashō

These verses are very different from Bashō's, and this is what he felt. Anyway, Bashō opened his living eyes to a creature, the frog. But do not suppose that Bashō thought a frog to be especially charming and lovable. A frog is not as charming as an uguisu, not so lovely as a hototogisu, not so pitiful as wild geese, not so lonely as

¹ There was a kind of jōruri in Kaga, called Kaga-bushi.

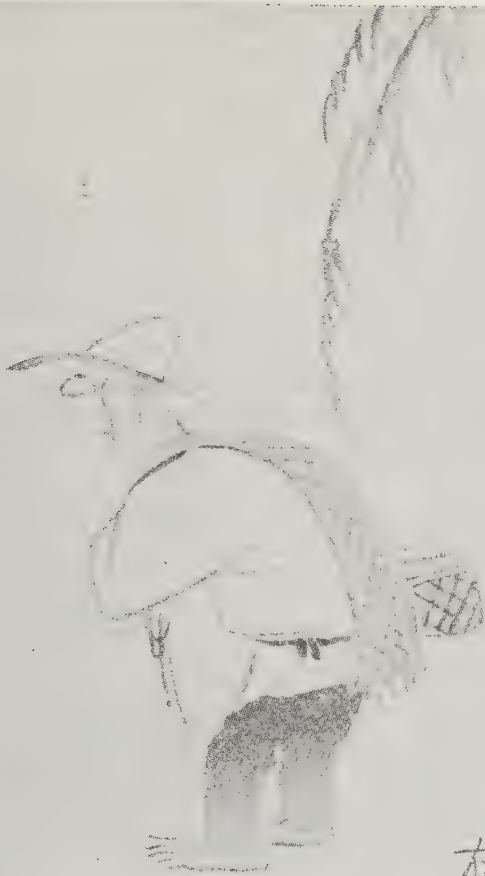
² *Karauta* means Chinese poetry.

insects in autumn, so uta poets from olden times sang of frogs less frequently than of hototogisu, wild geese, and insects. How can it be said that Bashō alone loved frogs more than all the flowers and birds? He must have felt that even the frog, which is not so beautiful or graceful, can have charm, and become the subject of haiku.

When the frog has aesthetic value, of course uguisu, shrikes, wild geese, insects have it, all things have it. Bashō opened his living eyes to the frog: this meant that he opened his eyes to nature. That it was a frog was just an accident. It was a mistake of the commonplace teachers to put the value on the frog. We see in the above example that the verse of "The old pond" is rare in the history of haikai. The haiku of Bashō changed after this verse was composed, and therefore the haiku world also changed, making this verse its centre. Though the historical fact is not like this, Bashō felt it to be so. So, when Bashō was about to die, his disciple asked for his farewell poem, his death verse, and Bashō answered:

The hokku of yesterday is the farewell poem of today. That of today is the farewell poem of tomorrow. There is no verse in my life which is not my farewell poem. So if someone asks for my farewell poem, any verse I composed of recent years may be my farewell poem. "Every thing originally always shows the form of Nirvana (annihilation)," 諸法從本來常示寂滅相. This is the farewell remark of Shaka, and his Buddhism is no other than these two lines. 古池や蛙飛びこむ水の音. This is my farewell poem, as I have made my own style with this verse. Since then I have made thousands of verses, all with this attitude. So I say, no particular verse is my farewell poem.

“Since then I have made thousands of verses, all with this attitude,” means that he made haiku for (the rest of) his life with the natural taste which he attained together with the verse of “The old pond.” Bashō himself declared that he made this verse the demarcation of his old and new styles, but he did not say this verse was his best. Not only Bashō but his disciples also did not say so. Kyorai was most intimately and profoundly taught by Bashō, but he did not say anything about the verse of the old pond. Even Shikō, who exaggerated his theory in admiration of Bashō (besides using them as examples of ten theories), did not comment on the verse of “The old pond.” But gradually this verse was said to be the best verse, and moreover, some added strange theories, and it became popular, and misunderstood. Bashō himself was glad for any verse of his after “The old pond” to be taken as his verse; he would certainly be dissatisfied if he heard that people afterwards chose only the verse of “The old pond.” I also do not think the verse of “The old pond” is *the* good verse,—no, I believe there are other good verses beside ‘The old pond.’” The guest nodded, and went away.



松年



Chapter XXVII

SHIKI: THE HAIKU POET

Shiki, like all Japanese perhaps, is far better at creation than at criticism. The Japanese have never produced a Coleridge, Hazlitt, or Lamb, but Wordsworth and Keats and Clare and Tennyson have their counterparts in Japan. Shiki has variety, if not depth. Though he is not emotional, he is not sentimental. There may be an excessive objectivity, but this means no pretence, no hypocrisy. As with Buson, whom he admired so much, he gives us pure poetry, which never fails to satisfy us, and though it may not gain in depth with re-reading, we do not tire of him. The following are verses other than the about 390 verses contained in the previous four volumes.

手に満つる蜆うれしや友を呼ぶ
Te ni mitsuru shijimi ureshi ya tomo wo yobu

His hands full of corbiculas,
(What happiness!)
Calling to his chum.

Happiness unshared is not happiness. No man lives unto himself. Impression, expression, reception. And haiku is itself an example. Shiki wishes to share his blessedness in sharing the happiness of the boy who wishes to share with the other boy the joy of having his hands full of the shells.

暖かな雨が降るなり枯葎
Atataka na ame ga furu nari kare-mugura

Warm spring rain
Is falling
On the withered goose-grass.

Though it is (early) spring, the goose-grass has put forth no green leaves. It seems indifferent to the rain that falls so kindly upon it. Thoreau says:

Nature never makes haste; her systems revolve at an even pace. The bud swells imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as though the short spring days were an eternity.

煤掃の埃しづまる葉蘭かな
Susuhaki no hokori shizumaru haran kana

The dust swept out
Came to rest
On the aspidistra leaves.

The garden is small, and when the dust is all swept out of the room, and has subsided, and we look out, we find that the broad dark-green leaves of the aspidistras are clouded with the dust. We realise that all cleaning is only making some other place dirty.

野分待つ萩の景色や花遅き
Nowaki matsu hagi no keshiki ya hana osoki

The lespedezas
Seem to be waiting
For the autumn blast.

The lespedezas in the small garden have not yet bloomed, though this is the time for it. The typhoon is not yet blowing. This is a haiku after the fashion of

Shiki's contemporary, Dorothy Wordsworth, who often used "it seemed", "as if":

The shapes of the mist, slowly moving along, exquisitely beautiful; passing over the sheep, they almost seemed to have more of life than those quiet creatures.

稲刈りてにぶくなりたる蟲かな
Ine karite nibuku naritaru inago kana

The rice having been cut,
The grasshoppers
Are sluggish.

The insects seem to feel the omen of winter in the reaping of the grain among which they have sported so long.

野道行けばげんげの束のすてゝある
Nomichi yukeba genge no taba no sutete aru

Going along the path over the moor,
Little posies of the milk-vetch
Thrown away.

Some children have been here, and made little bunches of the flowers of the milk-vetch, and then left them there. We feel, albeit unconsciously, the ubiquity of man, and also his inconsequentiality, his monkey-like changeability and destructiveness. We feel it, but faintly, as faintly as the universe feels our presence in it.

雪の絵を春も掛けたる埃かな
Yuki no e wo haru mo kaketaru hokori kana

A snow landscape
Still hanging up in spring,—
The dust on it!

If we say that the picture of a snowy scene is still hanging in the tokonoma though it should have been replaced by a picture of leafy mountains, this points out the laziness or artistic indifference of the dweller, but when all this is seen in the grey dust on the black roller at the bottom of the hanging scroll, it becomes poetry, which is seeing one thing (as it were telescoped) in another.

たえず人憩ふ夏野の石一つ
Taezu hito ikou natsu-no no ishi hitotsu

Unceasingly
 This stone on the summer moor
 Rests people.

We feel here the common nature of human beings, their invisible affinity, and also their weakness, that a mere stone by the wayside can give so many so much comfort.

瓜盗むことも忘れて涼みかな
Uri nusumu koto mo wasurete suzumi kana

The plan to steal melons
 Forgotten too,—
 Cooling in the evening.

This is good because of its truthfulness, and consequently its truth to life; morality, like love, as Sidney Smith said, depends on the temperature.

忘れをりし鉢に花咲け春日かな
Wasure-orishi hachi ni hana sake haruhi kana

Long forgotten,
 But the pot-plant blooms,
 This day of spring.

Man must not forget that nature never forgets.

読み人を知らざる春の秀歌かな
Yomibito wo shirazaru haru no shūka kana

A poem about spring,
A masterpiece:
“Author unknown.”

Shiki had been reading the *Manyōshū*. When we know the name of the poet, and nothing else, we feel we know a little about him, but when we read “By an unknown author,” more than a thousand years ago, our imagination is deeply stirred by this nothingness. We know this person we don’t know better than we know our parents and children.

秋風や我に神なし佛なし
Akikaze ya ware ni kami nashi hotoke nashi

The autumn wind;
For me
No gods, no Buddha.

I don’t know the population of Japan in 1900, and I don’t want to, thank you, but there were all the trees and mountains and rivers for gods anyway.

説教にけがれた耳を時鳥
Sekkyō ni kegareta mimi wo hototogisu

Oh, ears defiled
By sermons,—
The hototogisu!

This is not haiku, rather senryu.

木 槿 咲 いて 船 出 來 上 る 漁 村 かな
Mokuge saite fune dekiagaru gyoson kana

A boat finished building,
 The Rose of Sharon blooming,
 A fishing village.

There seems some vague, far-off connection between the ship and the flowers, as though the ship had blossomed also. This is indeed what a modern poet, Flecker, says explicitly at the end of *The Old Ships*:

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
 —And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
 To see the mast burst open with a rose,
 And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

千 山 の 紅 葉 一 す ぢ の 流 れ かな
Senzan no momiji hitosuji no nagare kana

A thousand hills,
 And tinted autumnal leaves:
 A single brook.

The multiplicity of nature, and its simplicity, are seen at a glance. The same is true of the following:

ひ ら ひ ら と 風 に 流 れ て 蝶 一 つ
Hira-hira to kaze ni nagarete chō hitotsu

A single butterfly
 Fluttering and drifting
 In the wind.

The next verse has two things obscurely joined:

入 口 に 麥 干 す 家 や 古 簾
Iriguchi ni mugi hosu ie ya furu-sudare

Barley drying
In front of the door:
Old bamboo blinds hanging.

This is a kind of picture of dryness, the thatched roof, the sandy ground, the barley, the blinds hanging there,—all as if for ever.

いろいろの賣聲絶えて蟬の晝
Iro-iro no urigoe taete semi no hiru

All the hawkers' cries
Became silent,
Noon cicadas crying.

We seem to feel the victory of nature over humanity.

秋立つやほろりと落ちし蟬の殻
Aki tatsu ya horori to ochishi semi no kara

The beginning of autumn:
The shell of a cicada
Patters down.

The light, dry empty sound is the voice of autumn, is a presage of the inanity and deathliness of winter.

送られて別れてひとり木下闇
Okurarete wakarete hitori koshitayami

He saw me off, and we parted;
Here I am, alone,
Under the dark trees.

There is a kind of blank, a bottomless gulf in his mind.

舞ひながら渦に吸はるゝ木葉かな
Mai nagara uzu ni suwaruru konoha kana

Fluttering and dancing,
They are drawn into a vortex,
The falling leaves.

Shiki has succeeded in catching momentarily wind-tossed leaves.

縁に干す蒲團の上の落葉かな
En ni hosu futon no ue no ochiba kana

Fallen leaves
On the quilts that are drying
On the verandah.

There is the similarity of lightness and softness, with the contrast of size and texture.

雲の峯水なき川を渡りけり
Kumo no mine mizu naki kawa wo watari keru

Billowing clouds;
Crossing over
A waterless river.

The sand and stones and boulders in the dried-up river bed have some strange connection with the clouds piled up in the summer sky, which themselves look rather dry.

満山の若葉にうつる朝日かな
Manzan no wakaba ni utsuru asahi kana

Reflected in the young leaves
Covering the whole mountain,—
The morning sun!

The sun is young like the leaves, and the whole mountain is glorious with light and life.

大紙鳶に近よる鳶もなかりけり
Ōdako ni chikayoru tobi mo nakari keri

Not a single kite
Approaches
The great paper kite.

Paper kites are being flown in the sky, one of them especially large, in the form of a falcon. In another part of the sky a kite (the bird) is circling slowly round at a great height. From fear, from dislike, or from indifference it does not approach the paper kite. And somehow the human world and that of birds, and the vast sky of nature are one.

行水や沛然として夕立す
Gyōzui ya haizen to shite yūdachi su

A bath in the open air,—
And all of a sudden
A summer shower!

This is very close to senryu.

大蓼の花くふ馬や茶の煙
Ōtade no hana kū uma ya cha no kemuri

A horse eating
The flowering knot-grass:
The smoke from under the tea-kettle.

This is the picture of a tea-house on a lonely part of the road over Hakone. The horse, tied up to a post, eats the flowers of the knot-grass, while the smoke of the fire for making the tea rises lazily up into the sky. When we read Shiki's verse we cannot help recalling one of Bashō's:

道のべの木槿は馬に喰はれけり
Michinobe no mokuage wa uma ni kuware keru

A Rose of Sharon
 By the roadside;
 The horse has eaten it.

水鳥や蘆うらがれて夕日影
Mizutori ya ashi uragarete yūhikage

Water birds,
 And reeds withering,
 In the setting sun.

Such verses as these may be called almost too objective, too lacking in humanity. They are nature devoid of what even nature itself looks forward to, and appears in mankind.

窓の影小春の蜻蛉稀に飛ぶ
Mado no kage koharu no tombo mare ni tobu

Indian summer;
 How rarely the dragonflies come,—
 Their shadow on the window-pane.

Shiki is lying in bed looking out of the window all the time, so he can see how seldom the dragonflies come. From this the loneliness.

山吹や小鮒入れたる桶に散る
Yamabuki ya kobuna iretaru oke ni chiru

The mountain rose
 Scatters and falls into the tub
 Of small carp.

The blue sky in the water, the yellow petals on it, and the dark (greenish) backs of the fish showing.

蝸や几を壓す椎の影
Higurashi ya tsukue wo assu shii no kage

A *higurashi* cries;
The shadow of the pasania tree
Presses onto the table.

The darkness of the cicada's cry intensifies the power of the shadow.

人もなし木陰の椅子の散松葉
Hito mo nashi kokage no isu no chiri-matsuba

Nobody there;
A wicker chair in the shade;
Fallen pine-needles.

Even if we do not know that this was composed at the Hoyōin, 保養院, at Suma, the haiku gives us a feeling of the decline of life, the peacefulness of a hot summer's day.

みとりする人は皆寝て寒さかな
Mitori-suru hito wa mina nete samusa kana

All the sick-nurses
Fast asleep,—
Ah, the cold!

All the people who should be awake are asleep. Those who should be asleep, the invalids, are awake. The cold increases with the thought:

Solitude walks one heavy step more near.

霜枯や狂女に吠ゆる村の犬
Shimogare ya kyōjo ni hoyuru mura no inu

The bleak winter scene;
A village dog is barking
At a mad woman.

Nature, the dog, the woman, have something in common. All are enemies of one another. It is what Lawrence calls a spiritual sordidness and squalour, which goes along with the "tussle" of life.

夕立や並んでさわぐ馬の尻
Yūdachi ya narande sawagu uma no shiri

A sudden shower;
The line of tied-up horses,—
Their hindquarters frisk about!

The shower and the horses' hindquarters have a common movement. We see the web of life quivering.

蝶とぶや道々かはる子守歌
Chō tobu ya michi-michi kawaru komori-uta

Butterflies a-flutter,
The lullaby changes again and again
As she walks along.

The country road is long, and butterflies are many. The girl sings all the songs she knows to the child on her back. We feel the benevolent goodness of the world, the *alma natura*, the variable, sleepy nonchalance of spring.

竹縁を團栗はしる嵐かな
Take-en wo donguri hashiru arashi kana

The stormy wind!
Acorns blown along and across
The bamboo verandah.

This is the perfection of objectivity.

下駄箱の奥になきけりきりぎりす
Geta-bako no oku ni naki keru kirigirisu

A grasshopper chirping
In the back
Of the clog-cupboard.

The insect is in a strange, unpoetical, unnatural place, but it chirps as if it were in some pleasant weed or on some grassy hill. It is interesting also to see how Nature overflows into purely human concerns. This verse is something like Leigh Hunt's sonnet on The Grasshopper and the Cricket.

駄菓子賣る村の小店の木槿かな
Dagashi uru mura no komise no mokuge kana

The Rose of Sharon;
A small shop of cheap sweets
Standing in the village.

This is partly a contrast, between the small, not over-clean shop, and the glowing flowers; partly a harmony between the humble shop and the rather rustic and bushy tree. A very similar verse:

木槿垣草鞋ばかりの小店かな
Mokuge-gaki waraji bakari no komise kana

A small shop
With a Rose of Sharon fence,
Selling only straw sandals.

顔を出す長屋の窓や春の雨
Kao wo dasu nagaya no mado ya haru no ame

A face stuck out
 From the window of a tenement house,—
 The spring rain.

The relation between the face looking from a window and the spring rain that falls so steadily is hard to make out, yet all the deeper. It is one of harmony. As said before, nature also has its squalid and sordid side, and the rain, and the not very charming face, and the cheap, shack-like, one-storied tenement house are united in a perfect union.

驚くや夕顔落ちし夜半の音
Odoroku ya yūgao ochishi yowa no oto

A sound at midnight,—
 How I jumped!
 An evening-glory had fallen.

It is Shiki's illness that makes him so sensitive to all sensations, but it is typical of our modern age to be super-sensitive (in some ways) where often mental and physical health would make us less so.

石原に瘦せて倒るゝ野菊かな
Ishihara ni yasete taoruru nogiku kana

The wild camomiles,
 Weak and skinny on the stony plain,
 Are falling over.

This haiku is, in the original, too explanatory, but there is a significant harmony in the small drooping flowers and the infertile stony ground.

晩鐘や寺の熟柿の落つる音
Banshō ya tera no jukushi no otsuru oto

The evening bell tolls:
The sound of ripe persimmons
Thudding in the temple garden.

The sound of the bell is large, and that of the falling fruits slight, but Shiki's love of religion was small and that of persimmons great. They are therefore fairly equal as spiritual sounds, representing as they do the transcendental and the material, the ideal and the real in human life.

地にをちし葵ふみゆく祭かな
Chi ni ochishi aoi fumiyuku matsuri kana

The hollyhocks falling on the ground,
People trample on them,
At the festival.

There is a festival called 賀茂の葵祭, The Hollyhock Festival of the Kamo Shrine, held on the 15th day of May in Kyōto. The flowers are put over the gates of houses and on the clothes or in the hair of the people. Many fall to the ground, and are thoughtlessly or unconsciously trodden underfoot. To the poet the flowers are not pitiful, but neither are they of merely casual interest. There is something deeply significant in their fate.

赤蜻蛉筑波に雲もなかりけり
Aka-tombo tsukuba ni kumo mo nakari kerī

Red dragonflies;
On Mount Tsukuba,
There is not a cloud to be seen.

Against the clarity of the outline of the mountain (usually its summit is covered with clouds) and its blue sky, stand out the red dragonflies of autumn.

藻の花や小川に沈む鍋のつる
Mo no hana ya ogawa ni shizumu nabe no tsuru

The flowering duckweed;
 The bail of the saucepan sunk
 At the bottom of the brook.

This verse reminds us strongly of one by Shiki's master, Buson:

古寺や炮烙すてる芹の中
Furu-dera ya hōroku suteru seri no naka

The old temple:
 A baking-pan thrown away
 Among the parsley.

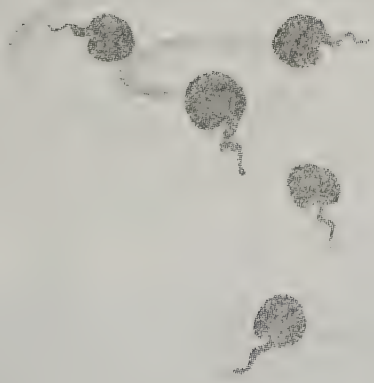
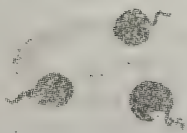
Somehow or other Buson's verse has a depth, a background that Shiki's lacks, though both are good haiku.

木々の芽や新宅の庭とゝのはず
Ki-gi no me ya shintaku no niwa totonowazu

The buds come out on the trees,
 But the garden of the new house
 Is not yet natural.

Thoreau says, of Wealland Canal:

In the lapse of ages, Nature will recover and indemnify herself, and gradually plant fit shrubs and flowers along its borders. . . . Thus all works pass directly out of the hands of the architect into the hands of Nature, to be perfected.



But what is interesting in Shiki's verse is the fact that it is the buds that bring out, in reverse, the newness of the garden.

遣羽子の風に上手を盡しけり
Yarihago no kaze ni jōzu wo tsukushi keri

Playing battledore and shuttlecock
While the wind was blowing,—
The acme of skill!

The gusty wind, blowing, and then ceasing, makes the light shuttlecock difficult to control, but both players are clever, and the wind brings out this skilfulness. The poetic point is the harmony of the players with what seems antagonistic and opposed to them. The wind is a third player. The two people out-wind the wind. This verse is near to senryu.

天は晴れ地はうるほふや鋤はじめ
Ten wa hare chi wa uruou ya kuwa hajime

Heaven is clear;
Earth is moist;
The first tilling of the soil.

At the beginning of spring, that is, soon after the First Day of the Year according to the old Lunar Calendar, the farmer goes out for the first time and uses his *kuwa*, a kind of broad and long hoe. The sky is clear, the earth is wet with melted ice and snow.

柳櫻柳櫻と植ゑにけり
Yanagi sakura yanagi sakura to ue ni keri

A willow tree, a cherry tree,
 A willow tree, a cherry tree,—
 That's how they were planted.

This seems to be purely pictorial, but it involves the intention of the planters and the approval of the poet himself. This secret subjectivity of haiku is their creative power.

鴛鴦の羽に薄雪つもるしづかさよ
Oshi no ha ni usu-yuki tsumoru shizukasa yo

Snow falls lightly
 On the wings of the mandarin ducks:
 The stillness!

The snow flutters down onto the banks of the pond, onto the branches that hang over the water, onto the dead branches that stick out of it. The water, the snow, the birds, the whole scene is of a living quietness.

五月雨や棚へとりつく物の蔓
Samidare ya tana e toritsuku mono no tsuru

In the summer rain,
 The creeping gourd
 Has reached the trellis-work.

We feel here the power of nature, the power of the rain that falls, each drop so small, yet so persistent, so unceasing; and the power of this nameless gourd that sends up its frail tendrils that nevertheless have now reached the trellis. And with what a tie these two things, so different from each other, are bound! The brevity of haiku is sometimes caused by a wish to avoid particularity

and definiteness. In the namelessness of the gourd we feel the greatness of the power of nature, that works without names or titles.

日のいりや麻刈るあとの通り雨
Hi no iri ya asa karu ato no tōri-ame

The sun setting,
Rain sweeps across
The reaped hemp-fields.

This is as purely objective as we are likely to attain to in a world where "Nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so."

行秋の鐘つき料をとりにくる
Yuku-aki no kanetsuki-ryō wo tori ni kuru

Passing autumn:
He comes to collect the money
For tolling the bell.

What is the relation between departing autumn (according to the Old Calendar, Sept. 1st) and the coming of the man who sounds the bell (perhaps of Kaneiji Temple, 寛永寺, near which Shiki lived)? It may be the vague feeling that as the year goes on it gradually gets more tainted with the wants and woes of human beings.

冬の日にあたらずなりし乾飯かな
Fuyu no hi no atarazu narishi hoshii kana

The winter sunshine
Has moved beyond
The sun-dried rice.

Hoshii is the rice left over from a meal, washed, and

dried in a basket. It has been put on the verandah in the sun, that was even then thin and weak, but now it is out of the rays of sunlight. The verse gives us also a feeling of poverty, not grinding, but in harmony with the season, the poverty of nature.

いくたびか雪の深さをたづねけり
 * *Ikutabi ka yuki no fukasa wo tazune keru*

How many, many times
 I asked about it,
 The deepness of the snow!

This was written in the 29th year of Meiji, one of "Three poems written during illness, while it was snowing," 病中雪三句. It expresses Shiki's childish, irrational pleasure in the increasing depth of the snow. This is seeing infinity (the Spenglerian infinity) in a flake of snow, in every new flake that falls.

ところどころ菜畑青き刈田かな
Tokoro-dokoro na-batake aoki karita kana

Here and there
 Green fields of vegetables
 Among the bare rice-fields.

On the low hills the tinted leaves have all fallen, leaving the branches bare. The rice has been reaped, only dirty stubble and black mud remaining. But the vegetable fields, hidden until now, show bright green; nature is still alive, still the same in other forms and other places.

水かれて橋行く人の寒さかな
 * *Mizu karete hashi yuku hito no samusa kana*

Water drying up,
The people walking over the bridge,—
Their coldness!

This bridge is a wooden one, the river of no great size, and is now only sand and stones with here and there a once water-logged branch.

行く秋をしぐれかけたり法隆寺
Yuku aki wo shigure kaketari hōryū-ji

Hōryūji:
Winter showers fall
On departing autumn.

The tiles of the temple are hardly wet with the passing drops of rain.

行く我にとどまる汝に秋二つ
Yuku ware ni todomaru nare ni aki futatsu

I going,
You remaining,—
Two autumns.

This was written in the 2nd year of Meiji, upon parting from Sōseki on the 19th of October, at Matsuyama, when leaving for Tōkyō. It is a kind of existentialism.

榎の實散る此頃うとし隣の子
E no mi chiru konogoro utoshi tonari no ko

The seeds of the nettle tree are falling;
Recently, the child next door
Doesn't come.

The fruit of the nettle-tree fall in late autumn. The

child next door had no doubt been told not to go to Shiki's, for fear he might catch his consumption. This Shiki understands, but it makes him sad nevertheless.

鶏頭の十四五本もありぬべし
Keitō no jūshi-go-hon mo arinu beshi

Cocks-combs;
 There should be
 Fourteen or fifteen.

This is one of the most debated verses of Shiki, written in the 33rd year of Meiji during his last illness. The translation is bald, but in this case also, and especially, the poorness of the translation, or rather, of the words themselves, should lead the foreign reader to go behind them to the possible or probable experience of Shiki. Kyoshi and Hekigodō, the editors of Shiki's verses, omitted this haiku, apparently thinking it was of no worth. The first to perceive its value was the poet Nagatsuka Takashi, who said to Saitō Mokichi, "There are no haiku poets now who can understand this verse." However, this kind of haiku is not in the style of Buson or even Bashō. We feel the weakness of Shiki compared with the violence of the red flowers. There is also the way in which Shiki transcends his own weakness, and even wishes to intensify the strength of the plants by increasing their number.

髯剃ルヤ上野ノ鐘ノ霞ム日ニ
Hige soru ya ueno no kane no kasumu hi ni

I shaved myself;
 It was a day of mist,
 The temple bell of Ueno sounding.

This combination of the new with the old, and the humour of the contrast is what we find also in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Between two wonderful passages, "The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne," and, "Age cannot wither her," comes Antony's, "Being barber'd ten times o'er." The katakana comes from this verse being written in his diary. Two years before he had written another amusing verse on the same subject:

冬近く今年は髯を貯へし

Fuyu chikaku kotoshi wa hige wo takuwaeshi

Winter is near at hand;
This year
I saved up my beard.

Shiki was not a handsome man, and he knew it:

蝸牛の頭もたげしにも似たり

Dedemushi no kashira motageshi ni mo nitari

When the snail
Raises its face too,
It looks like me.

The form is 5, 7, 5, but somewhat irregular in rhythm, perhaps meaningfully.

野邊の草草履の裏に芳しき

Nobe no kusa zōri no ura ni kanbashiki

The grass of the moor
Is sweet-scented
On the bottom of the sandals.

When the poet takes off his straw sandals, he finds the soles redolent of the grass he has been walking on. There

is a faint feeling of the all-pervasiveness of nature, the fact that the sea is salt in every drop of it.

梅雨晴れやところどころにありの道
Tsuyu-bare ya tokoro-dokoro ni ari no michi

The summer rain clears up:
 Here and there
 Processions of ants.

Outlined clearly on the wet ground are lines of ants busily running here and there on their business.

五月雨や上野の山も見飽きたり
Samidare ya ueno no yama mo mi-akitari

The rains of June;
 I weary of gazing
 At the hills of Ueno too.

It is a sick and dying man, in bed. Shiki feels like Christina Rossetti. He also wants to be

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover
 Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.
 Under the purple thyme and the purple clover
 Sleeping at last.

Chapter XXVIII

THE MEIJI ERA

Up to the Meiji Era, the history of haiku was as follows. Bashō, though not the creator of haiku, was the founder of it, the man who by his poetry, his life, and his teachings established haiku as a form of literature. After the death of Bashō, haiku began to degenerate into triviality, from the lack of new poetic experience on the part of the teachers of it. In the Temmei Era, under the leadership, or rather with the example of Buson, many poets in various parts of Japan declared for a return to the principles and practice of Bashō, though they did not know quite what they were talking about, and their own verses were on the whole simply (better) imitations of the Bashō type of verse.

After the Temmei Era, 1781-1788, another period of further degeneration followed, until we reach the middle of the Meiji Era. Kōyō, 紅葉, the novelist, formed the Shiginsha, 紫吟社, in the twenty third year of Meiji, 1890, and the following year Shōu, 松宇, the Shii no Tomo-sha, 椎の友社, to resist the official, conventional, orthodox haiku writers. In 1893, the magazine *Haikai* began publication, and Shiki and Meisetsu took part in it. In 1894, Shachiku, 洒竹, Seisetsu, 醒雪, Rimpū, 臨風, Keigetsu, 桂月, Keion, 瓊音, and other haiku poets formed the Tsukuba Association. The next year Kōyō and Chijū, 知十, formed the Shūsei Association, 秋聲會. However, it was Shiki alone who brought about a revolution in the haiku world. He entered

the newspaper *Nihon*, in which he conducted a column of haiku. He published *Bashō Zatsudan*, then *Haijin Buson*, and *Haikai Taiyō*. For his views on haiku he had as basis his voluminous *Haiku Bunrui*, which classifies haiku minutely, in twelve thick volumes.

Shiki opposed the *tsukinami* haiku writers from the Tempō Era, 1830-43, onwards. *Tsukinami*, 月竝, means 月次, monthly, referring to their monthly meetings, and thus implies conventional, static. The characteristics, that is to say faults, of the *tsukinami* poets were that they did not express their poetical experience, if any, but their thoughts and notions about nature; they disliked originality but did not dislike slovenliness of phrasing; they never used foreign words, and only a limited number of Chinese expressions; their glory was in their little schools of haiku and haiku lineage. In a word they were, not exactly vulgar, but cheap, as orthodoxy usually is.

Shiki is said to have revolutionized haiku. He endeavoured to enable people to write without any very definite spiritual or religious background; to write haiku though not walking in the Way of Haiku. This Way of Haiku, as originated by Bashō two hundred years before, (Shiki died in 1902, Bashō in 1694) was a way of poverty. It involved a pantheistic view of life, though the haiku were not intellectual; it was mystical, yet the oneness of things, and the unity of the poet with them was never expressed directly. The Japanese have always felt, rightly enough, that poetry must not be philosophical or religious, but they have never realized that they were unconsciously resting on the paradoxical, non-egoistic, universal, democratic basis of Mahayana Buddhism. The influence of the West was towards the weakening of this basis, formally

and spiritually. We do not feel it implicit in the haiku of Shiki, as we do even in Buson, to whom Shiki turned rather than to Bashō and Issa. We may say then that Shiki was both the product of and the hastener of this tendency, a world-tendency indeed, towards irreligion, unpoeticalness, and mechanization.

Another and more subtle way in which Shiki helped in the decadence of haiku was by his dropping of renga, which had continued for seven or eight hundred years. This perhaps is the chief reason for the decline of haiku since 1900. Man is a social animal, and haikai was a social poetry. It linked poetical minds together, and the hokku was simply the beginning of this chain. The hokku became haiku and had no further purpose, no object of stimulating a train of poetical thought; it was isolated and unnatural, that is, unsocial and unsociable. In this sense, Shiki gave the coup de grâce to haiku by declaring that renga was not literature.

Bashō, Buson, and Issa were teachers and masters of renga, the linked poems from which haiku developed, or rather, from which it detached itself. Renga were the continuum, of which haiku were the isolated phrases and themes. When the actual or implied nexus of renga was gone, haiku found themselves beating their ineffectual wings in the void. This is, in my opinion, their present lamentable condition, and until haiku are once more linked up again with visible and invisible ties, they will continue to be thin, rootless, unechoing, immemorable, just little gasps of what should be a steady and unbroken breathing.

Shiki began with his *shasei-ron*, the theory of the delineation of nature, but he soon found that he had also to include the delineation of his own mind. A hundred

percent objectivity is not possible, even to a scientist, who also sees things according to the construction of his own mind, not to speak of his body. Shiki however makes a mistake, at least of terminology, when he writes in *Haiku Taiyō*:

Haiku is a part of literature. Literature is part of art (*bijutsu*). For this reason, the standard of literature is the standard of beauty.

Haiku is not really literature, for it dispenses with words as far as possible. But even in ordinary literature, beauty is not the standard. (Keats made the same mistake). Haiku does not aim at beauty any more than does the music of Bach. The universe does not aim at beauty. Beauty is a by-product; it is a means, as Darwin showed us; it is never an end. Shiki's conclusion, however, is correct:

Painting, sculpture, music, drama, poetry, novels are all to be judged by the same standard.

But this standard is not beauty, however inexplicable and indefinable beauty may be. It is poetry, to which beauty is friend and companion, but not a married partner. Bashō perhaps knew this; Buson an artist, did not, neither did Shiki, his follower. The history of haiku would have been different if only Buson and Shiki had realised, as Issa did, that it is the nature of humanity and the humanity of nature which is the important thing, not the beauty or the harmony. Haiku should always have been what Wordsworth calls "seeing into the life of things." Buson was an artist; Shiki was a sick man; and what Thoreau calls "the health of nature" was not their chief concern.

In the 31st year of Meiji, *Shinhaiku*, New Haiku, was

published. It was the verses Shiki had published in the *Nippon* newspaper, edited, with his permission (he was now in the hospital) by Hekireirō, 碧玲瓏, Sansen, 三川, and Tōyō, 東洋.

Shiki died in the 35th year of Meiji. His view of haiku had been accepted by everyone without dissent, and his own haiku had been the models for all contemporary poets. The more gifted disciples of Shiki were Hekigodō and Kyoshi, Kyoshi's haiku being temperate and traditional, with Hekigodō new and lively. In Meiji 31 the *Hototogisu* was begun. It adopted a new attitude to haiku, and by the Taishō Era it began to drop what had been considered the two essential qualities of haiku, the 5, 7, 5 form, and the season word.

Kyoshi published his view of renku in *Renkuron*, Meiji 37, opposing Shiki's view that renku (renga) was not literature. Meisetsu and Hekigodō disagreed with Kyoshi. In the 39th year of Meiji, Hekigodō made a journey throughout Japan, and the next year published *Sanzenri*, Three Thousand Leagues, an account of his travels. Kyoshi, in the 31st year of Meiji, had begun dealing with haiku in the *Kokumin* newspaper, and in the 41st year Tōyōjō published a selection of the verses. The next year, Hekigodō published the first part of *Nippon Haikushū*, still in the traditional form and with season words, but soon after this he began to discard season words and write verses of more or less than seventeen syllables. Kyoshi opposed this new movement. At the beginning of the Shōwa Era, 1926, contributors to the *Hototogisu* included Kijō, 鬼城, Suiha, 水巴, Dakotsu, 蛇笏, Sekitei, 石鼎, Fura, 普羅, Hakuun, 泊雲, Hakugetsu, 泊月, Tsutsuji, 躑躅, Gojō, 五城, Gesshū, 月舟, Takeshi, たけし, Shūōshi, 秋櫻子, Seiho,

青畝, Sujū, 素十, Yahan, 夜半, Bōsha, 茅舍, Takashi, たかし. Women haiku writers, who had been many in the Genroku Era, now increased greatly. Otsuji, 乙字, in various works, expounded his own theory of haiku. Magazines appeared in abundance. Seisei, 青青, published *Kenchō*, 倦鳥, in Ōsaka, also Getto, 月斗, *Dōnin*, 同人, in Ōsaka. In Kyōto, Kubutsu, 句佛, published *Kenki*, 懸葵. Arō, 巫浪, published *Shakunage*, 石楠花, in Tōkyō, Tōyōjō, 東洋城, also in Tōkyō, Shibugaki, 澁柿, Shigetsu, 梓月, published *Haikai Zasshi*, 俳諧雜誌, Bakujin, 麥人, published *Kidachi*, 木太刀. Dakotsu published *Unmo*, 雲母, Sekitei, 石鼎, published *Kabiya*, 鹿火屋, Zenjidō, 禪寺洞, published *Ama-no-kawa*, 天の川, Hakugetsu, 泊月, published *Sazanka*, 山茶花, Ōjō, 王城, published *Shikabue*, 鹿笛, Fura, 普羅, published *Kobushi*, 辛夷. Kaidō, 拐童, published *Mokusei*, 木犀, in Fukuoka. Reiyoshi, 零餘子, separated from Kyoshi and published *Kareno*, 枯野; Hamato, 濱人, did the same, and published *Susono*, すその.

This extraordinary flourishing of haiku magazines was due to several reasons. Many haiku writers had the financial means to publish magazines. Haiku were especially popular at this time. The magazines were not very large, in the number of pages. All the disciples of any master would buy the magazine to see their own haiku printed in it.

Meisetsu was the most faithful disciple of Shiki, even after his death. Suiha, one of Meisetsu's pupils, published the magazine *Kyokusui*, 曲水, and another pupil of his, Gigyoku, 僞玉, published *Haijin*, 俳人. The novelist Natsume Sōseki, Shiki's friend, composed haiku (very poor ones) as did Shiei, 紫影, and Reibun, 嶺雲, both also friends of Shiki. Sōun, 挿雲, another of Shiki's disciples, published

Chidori, 千鳥. *Onte*, 温亭, together with *Seihō*, 青峰, conducted the magazine *Dojō*, 土上. *Seisensui*, 井泉水, who like *Hekigodō*, threw over the 17 syllable form and the use of a season word, composed a kind of free verse, expressing his views and publishing such poems in the magazine *Sōun*, 層雲. *Ippekirō*, 一碧樓, also tried his hand at free verse.

In the 15th year of *Shōwa*, 昭和, *Nihon Haisho Taikei*, 日本俳書大系, was published in 16 volumes, edited by *Shimpū*, 晋風, with explanations by *Seisensui*. *Shiki's Complete Works* were published in the *Taishō* Era.

Chapter XXIX

MEIJI POETS I

Meisetsu, 鳴雪, 1847-1926, was admired by all people of the world of haikai in the Meiji and Taishō Eras. He was born in Tōkyō, studied Chinese literature from an early age, and later contributed to the advance of education as a government official. He began haiku very late, at the age of 46, under the influence of Shiki. He preferred a tender style in haikai.

夕月や納屋も厩も梅のかげ
Yūzuki ya naya mo umaya mo ume no kage

The evening moon;
Barn and stable
Covered with the shadows of the plum tree.

わが聲の吹きもどさるる野分かな
Waga koe no fukimodosaruru nowaki kana

The autumn blast
Blows back to me
My own voice.

The autumn wind is so strong that his own voice seems driven down his throat as he opens his mouth in speech.

玉川の一筋光る冬野かな
Tamagawa no hitosuji hikaru fuyu-no kana

子花



A stretch of the River Tama
Shines across
The winter moor.

This cold distant gleam gives us in a few syllables
the feeling of *Macbeth*, the remote splendour of nature and
the mystery of the world.

日の春を孔雀の羽の光かな
Hi no haru wo kujaku no hane no hikari kana

A day of spring,
The light shining
On the feathers of the peacock.

The first sunlight of the year brightens the tail of the
first of birds, the beautiful peacock.

腹見せて水門落つる蛙かな
Hara misete suimon otsuru kawazu kana

Showing their bellies,
The frogs fall
Through the sluice-gate.

When we see the frogs all tumbled about, we feel a
kind of excitement that may come from our joyful ap-
prehension of the disorderly character of nature. After
all, the world is not a machine of religion, morality, or
science.

空家に下駄で上るや秋の雨
Akiie ni geta de agaru ya aki no ame

Going into an empty house
With my wooden clogs on:
Autumn rain.

It is autumn, and rain is falling. The poet goes to look at an empty house. The rooms are dark and cold, the tatami are all dusty and grimy, and he keeps his wooden clogs on as he goes in; the feeling of the autumn of the world seeps into him. The onomatopoeia is noteworthy: *a, a, a, a, a, a*.

絲瓜ぶらり冬瓜だらり秋の風
Hechima burari tōgan darari aki no kaze

The sponge cucumber dangling,
 The gourd-melon staggering,
 In the autumn wind.

Here again the onomatopoeia is good, but not obtrusive.

灯ともして夜行く人や梅の中
Hi tomoshite yoru yuku hito ya ume no naka

With a lantern,
 Someone walking in the night,
 Through the plum trees.

This must be a large garden, or small park, full of old plum trees. A servant perhaps, a man or a woman carrying a lantern, walks through it. The scent is strong; the flowers even more beautiful at night. And the moving lantern reveals and hides and reveals one branch of blossoms after another.

明月や橋高らかにふみ鳴らし
Meigetsu ya hashi takaraka ni fumi-narashi

The bright full moon;
 Walking on the bridge,
 How I made it resound!

Why does he do so? Is it just carelessness, or insensitiveness, or stupidity? Does the loud sound express to the ear what the moonlight does to the eye?

馬方の馬にももの云ふ夜寒かな
Umakata no uma ni mono-iu yosamu kana

The driver
 Says something to the horse:
 Cold at night.

The point of this verse is the very vagueness, the mysterious words uttered to the horse, and the still more mysterious relation of this horse-language to the cold of an autumn night. Further, the horseman says something to the horse, nothing sentimental, only in the line of work, yet there is felt some kinship between them, the man half animal, the horse partly human.

初幟こゝにも日本男子あり
Hatsunobori koko ni mo nippon danji ari

The first banner:
 Here too, here too
 Is a man-child of Japan!

This is a patriotic verse, but a rather good one, expressive of the hope, the elation, the pride of the father, through the gaily coloured *nobori* swaying and fluttering in the breeze.

窓下に打つ田の音や石多し
Mado shita ni utsu ta no oto ya ishi ōshi

The sound of the field
 Being tilled beneath the window:
 There are many stones.

The hoe strikes again and again on the stones in the ground. Each metallic “clink” jars on the delicate sensibilities of the poet listening, and the poetical point is here, not in the mere fact of their being many stones in the soil. The poet feels in his very bones the stoniness of stone, its “stonehood”.

元日や一系の天子不二の山
Ganjitsu ya ikkei no tenshu fuji no yama

New Year's Day:
 One line of Princes;
 Mount Fuji!

This verse aroused much comment. Is it haiku or not? Some insisted that it was not art at all; Meisetsu said it was “applied art.” My own opinion is that it is poetry, patriotic poetry like that of Cowper's *Toll for the Brave*, Collins' *How Sleep the Brave*, Wolfe's *The Burial of Sir John Moore*. But it is not haiku, in that the emphasis is not really upon the season or upon the mountain, but upon the Emperor-idea, a hero-worshipping, self-forgetting yet self-sublimating emotion.

蠅遊ぶ硯に春の日ざしかな
Hae asobu suzuri ni haru no hizashi kana

Some flies
 Playing round the ink-stone,
 The spring sun shining.

We feel here the warmth and quietness of a spring day. However, as Urano Yoshio, 浦野芳雄, says in *Haiku Kanshō-ron*, 俳句鑑賞論, winter would be better.

流木やたぶりたぶりと春の川
Ryūboku ya taburi-taburi to haru no kawa

A piece of wood,
 Bobbity, bobbity, floating down
 The spring river.

The piece of wood acts according to its nature, and according to that of the water. The water acts according to that of the wood. This fact is however deep in the background of the poet's mind. What he sees is the piece of wood in its relation to spring, its restless tranquillity. In any other season it would have no meaning.

旅僧や霞に消えて鉦の聲
Tabi-sō ya kasumi ni kiete kane no koe

The travelling priest
 Vanishing in the mist,—
 The voice of his bell.

椋鳥の大空渡る羽音かな
Mukudori no ōzora wataru haoto kana

The sound of the wings
 Of starlings,
 Crossing the wide sky.

木曾川は怒り木曾山は笑ふなり
Kiso-gawa wa ikari kiso-yama wa warau nari

The Kiso River is raging;
 The Kiso Mountains
 Are smiling.

This verse has something of Shelley in it, the personi-

fication, the love of strong contrast. The water of the river has increased in the spring.

貰ひくる茶碗の中の金魚かな
Morai kuru chawan no naka no kingyo kana

Going and fetching
 A goldfish,
 In a tea-bowl.

The extreme smallness of the red-brilliant fish in the white bowl, walking along slowly so as not to spill water and all, gives him a strange feeling. In size, monetary equivalent, national importance, and so on, the little goldfish could hardly be more insignificant, yet by this very insignificance it seems to have a cosmic meaning. Such is the nature of man. Compare Hardy's *Last Words to a Dumb Friend*.

乞食の子も孫もある彼岸かな
Kotsujiki no ko mo mago mo aru higan kana

The beggar,
 His child, and his grandchild,
 At the spring equinox.

This kind of verse is hardly possible nowadays. When it was written we could smile at the scene of the beggar and his daughter feeding her baby, but not now.

買い戻る風鈴に早や町の風
Kai-modoru fūrin ni haya machi no kaze

The wind-bell
 I just bought and came back with,—
 Already the wind of the town!

The point of the verse is the willingness of the wind to blow the wind-bell “quickly,” and of the wind-bell to tinkle “quickly.”

たゞ頼む湯婆一つの寒さ哉
Tada tanomu yutampo hitotsu no samusa kana

All I ask of you,—
 A hot-water-bottle:
 The cold!

This is Meisetsu's death-verse.

Seisei, 青青, was born in Ōsaka in 1869, and died in 1937. He supported Shiki's ideas and opposed Hekigodō and his “new haiku,” saying that it was just “a marshalling of materials.” Shūōshi said of him, “He chose difficult subjects but dealt with them skilfully; his verses have a generous flavour.” The following are all in the historical line of haiku, reminding us sometimes of Bashō, sometimes of Buson.

水中に動かぬ魚や秋の風
Suichū ni ugokanu uo ya aki no kaze

Unmoving fishes
 In the water;
 The autumn wind.

This does not mean, I think, that the wind cannot blow the fishes along because they are under the water, but that the cold autumn wind affects even the fishes, though each fish, as Thoreau said, “Behind its watery shield it dwells far from many accidents inevitable to human life.”

しぐるゝや人ものいはぬかゝり舟
Shigururu ya hito mono iwanu kakari-bune

Cold winter rain;
 Nobody says anything
 In the anchored boat.

家にして日の影追ふや冬の蠅
Ie ni shite hi no kage ou ya fuyu no hae

Keeping in the house,
 The winter fly
 Moves with the sunshine.

The Japanese is literally, "follows the shadow of the sun."

凍りあふて何を夢みる海鼠かな
Kōriōte nani wo yume miru namako kana

Frozen together,
 What dreams do they see,
 The sea-slugs?

蝶々にさきを歩かす乞食哉
Chōchō ni saki wo arukasu kojiki kana

The beggar
 Makes the butterfly
 Walk before him.

The poetical idea of this rather thought-up verse is that the beggar has something of *fuga* about him, a not altogether inartistic relation with nature and a simple life.

Kyoshi, 虚子, born in 1874, together with Hekigodō helped Shiki in his "resurrection" of haiku. After Shiki's death he took over the *Hototogisu*. During his long life (he died in 1959) he wrote novels, essays on haiku, and a continuous stream of verses. He believed in Shiki's theory of

haiku being descriptive poetry (*shasei-ron*) but added some romantic elements. He was however conservative, and opposed any radical change in the form or matter of haiku.

枯れ菊の根にさまざまの落ち葉かな
Kare-giku no ne ni samazama no ochiba kana

At the root
 Of the withered chrysanthemum,
 All kinds of fallen leaves.

As Stevenson says, "One thing calls for another," and the dead leaves seem to have come where desolation has laid its hand upon the flowers now humbled of their pride.

早春の庭をめぐりて門をいはず
Sōshun no niwa wo megurite mon wo idezu

In early spring,
 Walking round the garden,
 And not going out of the gate.

There is a kind of asceticism here, or perhaps a feeling of self-sufficiency. We can (and should) be satisfied with so little. As Goethe says, a little warmth, a little rain and the whole of spring is there, under our window. A verse by Tatsuko, 立子, Kyoshi's daughter, born 1903:

桐の花いつも遠目に家居かな
Kiri no hana itsumo tōme ni iei kana

Staying at home;
 Seen at a distance
 Flowers of the paulownia tree.

The poet, as Pope says, "sees some strange comfort every state attend."

大空に羽子の白妙とゞまれり
Ōzora ni hane no shirotae todomareri

The snowy whiteness
 Of the shuttlecock
 Remained in the vast sky.

The player-poet catches the flying moment as it goes, the moment when the shuttlecock has turned in the air to come down again. At this moment it appears not merely as white, *shiroi*, but *shirotae*, snowy white, gleaming white, lustrous.

山寺の寶物見るや花の雨
Yamadera no hōmotsu miru ya hana no ame

Rain on the cherry blossoms;
 Looking at the treasures
 In the mountain temple.

There is somewhat of a senryū flavour about this haiku.

大空に木蓮の花のゆらぐかな
Ōzora ni mokuren no hana no yuragu kana

The magnolia blossoms
 Swinging and swaying
 In the great sky.

This verse is good from its simple "rightness." The sky and the dark purple flowers and their swaying all go together in a natural union.

秋空を二つに斷てり椎大樹
Akizora wo futatsu ni tateri shii-taiju

Cutting into two
The autumn sky,—
The giant pasania tree.

Why is the autumn sky especially “cuttable”? Because it is higher, larger, more akin to mountains and great trees.

腐れ水椿落つれば窪むなり
Kusare-mizu tsubaki otsureba kubomu nari

Into the foul water
Falls a camellia flower,
Making a hollow.

The flower falls whole with a dull “plop” onto the scum-covered water. There is a slight depression in the water before the surface tension is broken. It needs a very keen eye to see such a thing, and a poetic enjoyment of the “minute particular.”

濃き日影ひいて遊べる蜥蜴かな
Koki hikage hiite asoberu tokage kana

The lizards,
Their strong shadows drawn below them,
Are darting to and fro.

The dark shadow under the lizard brings out two things, the heat and dazzling brightness of summer; and the sinister, slightly devilish character of the reptile. The next verse also emphasizes the latter characteristic:

三角の蜥蜴の顔の少し延ぶか
Sankaku no tokage no kao no sukoshi nobu ka

The lizard's
 Triangular face,—
 Is it lengthening?

夏山の谷をふさぎし寺の屋根
Natsu-yama no tani wo fusagishi tera no yane

Blocking the valley
 In the summer mountains,
 The roof of the temple.

This is like a landscape by Sesshū, in which the beautiful curving roof of the monastery reverses the form of the narrow valley.

石の上の埃に降るや秋の雨
Ishi no ue no hokori ni furu ya aki no ame

Autumn rain,
 Falling on the dust
 On the stones.

There is dust on the stones, and the autumn rain falls on it. The rain-drops raise a little dust, become dusty themselves. The white dust turns black, and the rain continues to fall on the stones.

冬ざれの石に少し雨ふりてやみにけり
Fuyu-zare no ishi ni sukoshi ame furite yami ni keru

Signs of winter:
 It rained a little on the stones,
 And then stopped.

At the beginning of winter it often rains for a short time, and then ceases.

鷹の目の佇む人に向はざる
Taka no me no tatazumu hito ni mukawazaru

The eye of the falcon
 Does not rest on the man
 Standing still down there.

This is a verse that D. H. Lawrence would have liked.
 The man feels the well-deserved contempt of the bird.

打水に暫く藤の雫かな
Uchimizu ni shibaraku fuji no shizuku kana

Splashing water around,
 For a little while, the drip-drip
 From the wistaria.

The wistaria is itself a kind of “dripping” plant, and harmonizes well with the falling of the drops of water. This verse is a perfect example of one of the two kinds of poetry, showing us something we have seen and heard often, but never knew we had.

金亀子擲つ闇の深さかな
Koganemushi nageutsu yami no fukasa kana

Throwing out the may-bug
 Into the darkness,—
 How deep it was!

One thing is always ambassador to another, indeed to all others. This haiku reminds us of one by Yayū, where we have a kind of reverse:

くさめして見失うたる雲雀哉
Kusame shite miushinōtaru hibari kana

Sneezing,
I lost sight
Of the skylark.

This is the poetic form of what religious people call "God's leading." Nature is always trying to attract our attention, and using strange means to do so.

寂として残る土階や花茨
Jaku to shite nokoru dokai ya hana-ibara

Silent and lonely,
There remain steps of earth,
Wild roses blooming.

Here once there was a shrine where the country people came to pray; festivals were held and the inherent desolation was held in abeyance. Now all is still, and as if unwitting and unknowing the wild rose blooms in the solitude.

流れゆく大根の葉の速さかな
Nagareyuku daikon no ha no hayasa kana

How swiftly
The turnip leaves
Go floating down!

In the speed of these leaves we feel the end of autumn. Time is passing even more relentlessly than usual.

大空に伸び傾ける冬木かな
Ōzora ni nobi katamukeru fuyuki kana

Winter trees;
In the great sky
They lean upwards.

There is something deeply significant in the way the trees all lean one way, not towards the ground but towards and on the sky.

白牡丹といふといへども紅ほのか

Haku-botan to iu to iedomo beni honoka

“A white peony”

We say, yet
Faintly pink.

This verse has a beautiful rhythm, a kind of soft explosion at the beginning, an undulation, and then a vanishing sound at the end. There is in this haiku some meaning of the vagueness of things, the unwillingness of life to fall into strict categories, but this meaning is as faint as the faint red tinge of the whiteness of the flower.

踏青や古き石階あるばかり

Tōsei ya furuki sekikai aru bakari

Treading the green grass of spring,
Everywhere
Old stone steps.

Steps, like roads, have a deep meaning for human beings, especially empty steps. Then again, mere quantity has a significance that quality can never quite attain to for all its richness and variety, and here the number of flights of steps gives the poet the feeling that this place is one vast Jacob's ladder to some never-to-be-attained heaven. Lastly, time is added to this deeply felt space and motion. All the steps are worn and old, many aslant and broken, and in their imperfection lead us from the present into a backward eternity. It is this unexpressed

combination of number, time and space that makes the step *motif* in so many of Bach's cantatas of such profundity, of such human significance.

病む人の蚊遣見てゐる蚊帳の中
Yamu hito no kayari mite iru kaya no naka

The sick man
 In the mosquito net,
 Looking out at the smudge.

There is here a harmony of darkness and weakness, the man lying there without strength or hope, the sagging mosquito net, the unwilling smoke of weeds and grasses. There is a wavering, meaningless unsteadiness in life also, which we see here with the lack-lustre eyes of the sick man.

短夜や火を消しにくる宿の者
Mijikayo ya hi wo keshi ni kuru yado no mono

The short night;
 An inn-servant comes
 To put out the light.

The shortness of the night may be considered from two aspects, that of its beginning and that of its ending. The present verse is concerned with the former, and the shortness of the summer night is felt in the way in which the servant of the inn comes round so soon after it has become dark to extinguish the lamps. If you ask, where is the poetry of this verse, the answer is that it lies in the peculiar depth and mystery of that shock of surprise when the lights are heard and seen being put out one by one. If you do not, by quite an effort, enter into the

experience of the poet, the verse itself is vacant of meaning.

むづかしき禪門出れば葛の花
Muzukashiki zen-mon dereba kuzu no hana

Coming out of the Great Gate
 Of the difficult Zen Temple,
 A flower of the arrowroot.

The arrowroot has purplish flowers on stems hanging down three or four inches; they bloom in autumn, the most religious of the four seasons. The poet has just heard a difficult sermon on Zen, full of paradoxes and contradictions, and as he comes out of the gate with some relief, he sees these flowers that toil not, neither do they spin, and yet they are more alive and life-giving than the Buddhist Solomon.

両岸の若葉せまりて舟早し
Ryōgishi no wakaba semarite fune hayashi

On both banks
 The young leaves close in:
 The boat is swift.

Both sides of the river are one mass of leaves shining in the spring sunshine. There is something overwhelming about the leaves, almost as if squeezing the boat along. Compare the following, by Buson:

岸根行く帆はおそろしき若葉哉
Kishine yuku ho wa osoroshiki wakaba kana

Passing the bank,
 The sail fearful
 The young leaves!

The original is as odd as the translation.

相慕ふ村の灯三つ蟲の聲
Aishitō mura no hi futatsu mushi no koe

With longing towards each other,
 The lights of two villages:
 The voices of insects.

The poet is travelling along the country road at night. On both sides of the road, in the distance, shine lights from two villages. They seem to be beckoning, to be yearning towards each other. And at the same time, the insects in the autumn grasses keep up their incessant melancholy cries.

足早の提灯を追ふ寒さかな
Ashibaya no chōchin wo ou samusa kana

Following after
 The fleet-footed lantern,—
 How cold it was!

The interesting point here is the legs of the lantern, and together with this, the cold that is felt by the poet as he hurries along the dark road after the other man who has a lantern.

霧の中に現るる連れを待ちにけり
Kiri no naka ni arawaruru tsure wo machi ni keri

Waiting in the mist,
 For his companion
 To appear.

The poetical point is *arawaruru*, appear, or rather it is that moment of suspense as he stands there alone,

having gone on a little beyond his friend up the mountain trail.

木枯や水涸れ果てゝ石を吹く
Kogarashi ya mizu karehatete ishi wo fuku

The water having dried up,
 The withering winter wind
 Blows on the rocks.

This is a rather trite subject, but the haiku is well done.

濡縁にいつくともなき落花かな
Nure-en ni izuku to mo naki rakka kana

Falling petals
 From nowhere
 Onto the open verandah.

Suddenly there blow upon the outside verandah faintly pink petals of cherry blossoms. There are no cherry trees in the poet's garden, or even nearby, as far as he knows. Where can they have come from?

うららかや障子に桶の水うつる
Uraraka ya shōji ni oke no mizu utsuru

Clear spring weather:
 The paper-screen reflects
 The tub-water.

“Reflects” means that the reflected light plays on it.

初雷や籠の鶉のくくと鳴く
Hatsu-rai ya kago no uzura no ku-ku to naku

The first thunder;
 The quails in the cage
 Are saying *ku-ku*.

In this verse there is something of the mild melancholy of passing spring. The thunder is not so strong; the birds also mutter a little.

東に日の沈み居る花野かな
Hingashi ni hi no shizumi iru hana-no kana

In the east,
 The still-sunken sun:
 A flower-clad moor.

The autumn fields with their dewy flowers lie silent in the light of dawn. The sun has not yet risen, and the world is as if yet unborn, but the more meaningful.

部屋部屋に配る行燈や鹿の聲
Heya-beya ni kubaru andon ya shika no koe

Bringing round a night-light
 To each of the rooms,—
 The voice of the deer!

The cry of the deer is a disturbing sound. Man and art, and the past and autumn, and then the strange cry of nature, inarticulate, yet understood.

遠山に日のあたりたる枯野かな
Tōyama ni hi no ataritaru karenō kana

The withered moor;
 The sun shines
 On the distant mountains.

What time of day is this? Perhaps late afternoon, or an empty winter morning, the cold restless wind blowing the withered grasses fitfully. The distant mountains may have snow on their tops, but the dreariness is perhaps

greater without it, brown-grey colours only.

仲秋の粟は重たき極みかな
Chūshū no awa wa omotaki kiwami kana

The millet
 Of mid-autumn;
 There is nothing heavier.

The last line is literally, "the very extreme of heaviness." The poet holds autumn in the palm of his hand. In the weight of the grains of millet he feels the autumn that Keats speaks of in his Ode, the first few lines of which emphasize explicitly and implicitly (in the length and heaviness of the lines) its weight.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.

踊うた我世の事ぞうたはるゝ
Odori-uta waga yo no koto zo utawaruru

The song of the *Bon*-dance:
 It speaks
 Of the things of our world.

As in the case of the hymns we sing, sometimes, for some unknown reason, a line, a phrase of what we are mechanically repeating strikes home to us, and our voice falters. But the words of the *Bon*-dance do not cause us to "Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget" the life of this world, into a haze of abstractions and generalities,

into the infinite and intangible. This is the world they sing of, material, earthly, earthy, the world of action, the world of the peasant, the eternal man who remains unchanged though cities come and go, kingdoms rise and fall. No wonder we who live in a civilized, autumnal, dying world, cling with such a passionate attachment of nostalgia to these old songs that are almost the sole remainder of the life that earth's primitive sons lived in the spring-time of human history.

轉の高まり終り静まりぬ
Saezuri no takamari owari shizumarinu

The singing of the birds,
 Louder and louder, then softer and softer
 To silence.

The Japanese seems to imitate the singing, *zuri, mari, wari, mari*.

この庭の遅日の石のいつまでも
Kono niwa no chijitsu no ishi no itsu made mo

Forever, these stones,
 All the long day
 In this garden.

A haiku about stones should be stony. A haiku about eternity should be itself eternal.

冬日今瞼にありて重たけれ
Fuyubi ima mabuta ni arite omotakere

The winter sunshine
 Is now heavy
 On my eyelids.

This is the heaviness and languor of old age, the warmth of the sunlight felt as weight.

歴史悲し聞いては忘る老の秋
Rekishi kanashi kiite wa wasuru oi no aki

When read, sad is the history of the past!
But soon forgotten;
The autumn of the old.

Young people dislike history. It makes them feel what they are, cheap.

秋風や心のなかの幾山河
Aki-kaze ya kokoro no naka no iku-sanga

The autumn wind!
How many mountains, how many rivers
In my heart!

The coolness of autumn induces a feeling of melancholy, which in turn causes one to remember other mountains, and other streams than those seen in the distance.

春風や闘志を抱きて丘に立つ
Haru-kaze ya tōshi wo dakite oka ni tatsu

The spring wind!
With a fighting spirit
I stand on the hill.

This is a very Japanese verse. What the Japanese have is a feeling of fighting together with nature, never against it.

冬山路俄かにぬくきところあり
Fuyu yamaji niwaka ni nukuki tokoro ari

The winter mountain path,—
Suddenly coming to
A warm place.

This is almost too simple to be called poetry, and yet it is a common experience, and we always wonder at the difference between one place and another in their power to absorb and radiate heat.

Suiha, 水巴, was born in the 5th year of Meiji, 1872, and died in the 21st year of Shōwa, 1946. He began writing haiku at the age of nineteen, learning from Meisetsu, and Kyoshi. He founded the magazine *Haikai Sōshi*, 俳諧草紙, which came to an end in 1909. Suiha's verses are mostly "classical" and quiet in tone, though they are also somewhat modern in their subjectivity. He is known for his *hakujitsu*, 白日, the bright day:

白日は我が靈なりし落葉かな
Hakujitsu wa waga tama narishi ochiba kana

The bright day
Is my spirit, my soul,
Leaves falling.

白日は釋迦牟尼佛や桐の花
Hakujitsu wa shakamuni butsu ya kiri no hana

The bright day;
Shakamuni the Buddha;
Flowers of the paulownia.

白日は我が靈なりし秋の風
Hakujitsu wa waga tama narishi aki no kaze

The bright day
Is my soul, my spirit;
The autumn breeze.

Suiha said, "This *hakujitsu* is the symbol of the ideal of my haiku. I never forget it for an instant."

ひとすじの秋風なりし蚊遣香
Hitosuji no akikaze narishi kayari-kō

It was a single line
Of autumn wind,—
The mosquito-stick.

One night, at the beginning of autumn, the poet sees the line of smoke, quiver, extend, undulate. It is the cool autumn wind.

雲に明けて月夜あとなし秋の風
Kumo ni akete tsukiyo ato nashi aki no kaze

It dawns in clouds;
Nothing remains of the night and its moon;
The wind of autumn is blowing.

This "nothing remains" reminds one of Thoreau's words:

Over the old wooden bridges no traveller crossed.

This "no traveller" is the one who always walks deserted roads. So this morning when clouds cover the skies, nothing remains of that bright sphere of the evening before; and yet the poet sees it, "in my mind's eye, Horatio." This verse might be translated slightly differently, and with a different comment:

Dawning in clouds,
No trace of the moon-lit night,—
Only the autumn wind.

What is so remarkable about nature is that it is not merely never the same from moment to moment, but that it annihilates each thing at each moment. Now moonlight, now the dawn, with no connection whatsoever between each other.

年の夜やもの枯れやまぬ風の音
Toshi no yo ya mono kareyamanu kaze no oto

It is New Year's Eve;
Things withering, dying, without stop,—
The sound of the wind.

The winter wind is blowing among the trees and bushes, branches straining, leaves dryly rustling in strange tones. We hear "the music of the ancient earth." And whatever we do there is no way of bringing to an end the painfulness of it all. There is a poem by Bridges, *Winter Nightfall*, which says more explicitly what is only implicit in the haiku.

冬山やどこまで登る郵便夫
Fuyu-yama ya doko made noboru yūbinfu

The postman,—
How far will he climb
Among the winter mountains?

There is here something of the poetry and romance that Chesterton found in such things as policemen and waiters. The postman has something Wordsworthian about him. He is always solitary, unresting; in, and yet not

quite of this world.

寂寞と湯婆に足をそろへけり
Jakumaku to tampo ni ashi wo soroe keru

In the solitude,
 I put my feet together
 Upon the hot-water-bottle.

An old man enjoys trifling things that a young man overlooks in his superfluity of energy, and this is why only old people of an old country can write haiku.

かたまつて薄き光の菫かな
Katamatte usuki hikari no sumire kana

These violets,—
 Thin rays of sunlight
 Congealed!

The flowers, so soft and pure, seem like the hardened rays of spring sunlight. The sense of sight and the sense of touch and texture are merged.

お涅槃や大風鳴りつ素湯の味
O-nehān ya ōkaze naritsu sayu no aji

The wind roars
 On this Anniversary of Buddha's Death;
 The taste of the plain hot water.

Sakyamuni's death is celebrated on the 15th of February, when it is still winter. On this particular day the wind was blowing furiously. The poet feels the warmth of Buddha in the hot water he is drinking.

春寒く咳入る人形遣ひかな
Haru samuku sekiiru ningyō-tsukai kana

This spring it is cold;
The puppeteer
Keeps coughing.

What we feel here is the old age of the puppeteer, his belonging to another world than ours, and the coughlessness of his puppets.

さみだれのさゝなみ明り松の花
Samidare no sazanami akari matsu no hana

The glitter of the ripples
In the summer rain;
Flowers of the pine.

The merit of this verse is the *sa, da, sa, za, na, a, ka, ma, ha, na*, which are the ripples of water and the drops of rain.

小照の父咳もなき夕立かな
Shōshō no chichi seki mo naki yudachi kana

A small photograph of my father;
A sudden shower,
But no coughing.

When his father was alive, rain would bring on a fit of coughing. This is a very oriental verse.

うしろから秋風来たり草の中
Ushiro kara akikaze kitari kusa no naka

The autumn breeze
Comes blowing from behind
Among the grasses.

The point of this apparently pointless verse is "from

behind." There is a feeling of inevitability which is of the essence of Zen, together with a more human feeling of the uselessness of resistance to the procession of the seasons. The behindness of the wind reminds us of the chariot that is hurrying near; it is the old, unhappy, far-off things; it is the one touch of nature that makes us kin to all the melancholy of the world; it is the cow's tail in the *Mumonkan*, xxxv.

Chapter XXX

MEIJI POETS II

Shihōda, 四方太, whose name is pronounced Yomota as a citizen, was born in 1873. He began composing haiku under Hekigodō and Kyoshi, and then from Shiki together with Rogetsu. He gradually turned to writing sketches.

傘さして接木してゐる親爺かな
Kasa sashite tsugiki shite iru oyaji kana

Holding up an umbrella,
The old man
Grafting the tree.

In the fine spring rain the old man stands there with an equally old umbrella doing the grafting. We feel the closeness of the life of men to the earth, to trees, to rain.

語草既に盡きぬる夜長かな
Katarigusa sude ni tsukinuru yonaga kana

Topics of conversation
Already exhausted,—
The long night!

At first they speak animatedly together in the familiarity of the evening lamp-light, but gradually one by one they become silent, and there comes over them a painful, dimly-aching sense of the slowness of the passing of time.

Tōyōjō, 東洋城, was born in 1878, studied law, and entered the Imperial Household. After leaving it, he wrote

articles challenging Hekigodō and his new haiku. In 1914 he published many verses, including the following:

澁柿のごときものにて候へど
Shibugaki no gotoki mono nite sōraedo

They are like
 An astringent persimmon,
 I'm sorry to say, but

From this pretendedly apologetic verse he took the title of his magazine *Astringent Persimmons*, 澁柿. A haiku similar to the above:

妻もたぬ我と定めぬ秋の暮
Tsuma motanu ware to sadamenu aki no kure

An autumn evening;
 I decided
 Not to marry.

Loneliness, perversity, a love of poetry,—these three are not altogether unconnected.

絶壁に眉つけて飲む清水かな
Zeppeki ni mayu tsukete nomu shimizu kana

Putting the eyebrows
 To the cliff, he drinks
 The clear water.

Walking along a hot summer road, the traveller comes to a high cliff, from the bottom of which bubbles a spring of cold water. As he bends down to drink, his eyebrows touch the rock and the two sensations, of water and of stone, are somehow blended together. Perhaps Tōyōjō remembered Buson's verse:

立去る事一里眉毛に秋の峰寒し
Tachisaru koto ichiri mayuge ni aki no mine samushi

One league away,
 And to the eyebrows
 The autumn peaks are cold.

落し水落ち盡す音もなかりけり
Otohimizu ochi-tsukusu oto mo nakari keru

The water
 Being run off from the rice-field
 Sounds as if it will never stop.

Just before the rice of the paddy-field is reaped, the small sluices are opened and the water is run off into the streams flowing near by. This usually takes a whole day. From among the green-waving rice-plants there come musical sounds, and the sight of flashing water. We feel in this verse the inexhaustible power of nature.

様見えて土になりゐる落葉かな
Sama miete tsuchi ni nari iru ochiba kana

From their appearance,
 They are becoming earth,
 These fallen leaves.

It is the beginning of winter, and the leaves lie scattered on the ground, already decaying. Rain and frost have done their work, and the leaf is already changing into the earth from which it came. But it still retains its shape, the veins showing even more clearly than before. Bashō would be glad indeed at such a further development of his よく見れば, "looking carefully."

Otsuji, 乙字, 1881-1920, studied Japanese literature at

Tōkyō University, and afterwards became a professor. He began to make verses in his middle-school days. He met Hekigodō and others at the university, but later opposed him. More than a writer of haiku, Otsuji was a critic and expounder of the theory of haiku,¹ and sought to impose his dogmas on others.

梅雨明けに野菊咲く土手仰ぐなり
Tsuyu-ake ni nogiku saku dote aogu nari

At the end of the rainy season,
 Looking up the bank
 Where wild chrysanthemums are blooming.

反古焼いて鶯待たん夕心
Hogo yaite uguisu matan yū-gokoro

Burning rubbish,
 I will wait for the uguisu:
 The mind of evening.

The poet has waited all day for the bird to come. Now he burns some old paper, without passion, religious fervour, intellectual curiosity, or a desire to reform the world; only an old man with a bamboo broom sitting on the edge of the verandah.

乙鳥や魚荷つきたる山の驛
Tsubakura ya uo-ni tsukitaru yama no eki

A load of fish has arrived
 At the station in the mountains:
 Swallows flying to and fro.

Snow has begun to melt in this mountainous region;

¹乙字俳論集.

spring is at last here. To the small lonely station have come boxes of fish from some distant seaside place. Swallows also have come, and add animation and life to the scene. The original says "Swallows!" only, but this is a little too laconic for English.

遠里の祭囃子や雨の月
Tōzato no matsuri-bayashi ya ame no tsuki

From the distant hamlet,
 The music of the festival:
 Rain over the moon.

It is the 15th of August of the lunar calendar, the night of the full moon, but rain is falling. In the distance can be heard the drum at the shrine, and all the goings-on of the festival are imagined as the rain makes its multitudinous sounds outside.

降り止みし吹きやみし夜のさゆるなり
Furi-yamishi fuki-yamishi yo no sayuru nari

Raining, and stopping,
 Blowing, and stopping,—
 The serene and silent night.

This verse is too contrived, but not bad.

落葉ごと寒鮎網に入りけり
Ochiba goto kanbuna ami ni hairikeri

Fallen leaves
 Fall into the net, together with
 The winter crucians.

We have one object, Nature has another. We intend to catch the fish, but Nature wants us to catch the falling

leaves. Whether we wish it or not, we must always fulfil the will of nature.

火の山の暮れ映ゆる花菜一望に
Hi-no-yama no kure hayuru hana-na ichibō ni

The fire-mountain glows in the dusk;
 As far as the eye can see,
 An expanse of rape-flowers.

A verse of his last years:

干足袋の日南に氷る寒さかな
Hoshi-tabi no hinata ni kōru samusa kana

Tabi drying, frozen,
 In the sunshine:
 The cold!

The black and white Japanese socks are in a position in which their true nature is revealed, and they also express the nature of the season.

Kanrō, 寒樓, born in the 10th year of Meiji, was a disciple of Shiki.

五月雨の漏るや厠に行く處
Samidare no moru ya kawaya ni yuku tokoro

In the rains of June,
 The roof is leaking,
 As I go to the privy.

There is a remarkable (and not unhumorous) relation between the leaking of the heavens, of the roof, and of human beings.

Roseki, 露石, 1872-1919, was a pioneer of the new world of haikai in Ōsaka. He composed verses from

about the age of twenty, and sent them to the Nihon Newspaper, of which Shiki was the haiku selector. Shiki and he admired each other, and later Shiki wrote a preface for one of his books. He was a student of the literature of haikai, especially of the Temmei Era.

海に近き唐黍畑や夏の月
Umi ni chikaki tōkibi-bata ya natsu no tsuki

The millet field,
 By the side of the sea,
 Under the summer sun.

岡の家や鶏犬遊ぶ小六月
Oka no ie ya tori inu asobu ko-rokugatsu

The house on the hill;
 Hens sporting, dogs gambolling,—
 The Little Sixth Month.¹

Chikurei, 竹冷, 1856–1919, was the leader of a group, Shūseikai, 秋聲会, which opposed Shiki's school. He was a member of Parliament, and occupied various public positions. He became a selector of haiku for the Yomiuri newspaper. Though a busy man, he devoted himself to haikai, and left a collection of old books, Chikurei Bunko.

白雲のゆくえや雨後の夏木立
Shirakumo no yukue ya ugo no natsu-kodachi

The white cloud drifted,
 After the rain,
 Towards the summer grove.

¹ Warm days in early winter.

蓬萊や障子明くれば日の光り
Hōrai ya shōji akureba hi no hikari

The Elysian Fields;
 Opening the paper sliding-screens,—
 The brilliant light of New Year's Day.

月朧何とはなしに春心
Tsuki oboro nan to wa nashi ni haru-gokoro

A misty moon;
 Somehow or other,
 The feeling of spring.

夕空に梢の並ぶ小春かな
Yūzora ni kozue no narabu koharu kana

In the evening sky,
 The twigs all in order:
 Indian summer.

Kōyō, 紅葉, 1867-1903, a great figure of the literary world in the Meiji Era, established a cultural circle, and published a periodical, Garakuta Bunko, 我楽多文庫, which included novels, sketches, haikai, critical articles, etc. In haikai he admired the Danrin School. He formed a group, Shiginsha, 紫吟社, which represented his strict and unsparing character. He died a year after Shiki, thirty seven years old.

松蔭や雲見る石に秋の立つ
Matsu-kage ya kumo miru ishi ni aki no tatsu

Under the pine trees,
 Autumn begins
 With the stone that looks up at the clouds.

This reminds us of Coleridge's last leaf,
 On the topmost bough that looks up to the sky.

初冬や髭剃りたての男ぶり
Hatsu-fuyu ya hige soritate no otokoburi

The beginning of winter;
 My beard just shaved,
 What a manly appearance!

Like Sōseki and Saikaku (the latter was his model) Kōyō was a novelist rather than a haiku poet. In all his works he shows us nature as beautiful and romantic rather than as deeply significant. Thus Kōyō's haiku belong to the Danrin School, in their intellectuality, rather than to that of Bashō.

途中の夕立面を洗ふて三斗の俗塵落つ
Tochū no yūdachi tsura wo arōte santo no zokujin otsu

A sudden summer shower on the way washed
 my face,
 And nine gallons of earthly passions
 Fell away from me.

舟の灯の夜の薄をしらしけり
Fune no hi no yoru no susuki wo shirashi keri

The light on the boat
 Showed up
 The pampas grass of night.

乞食の門さりあへず柳散る
Kotsujiki no mon sari-aezu yanagi chiru

The beggar
Does not leave the Temple Gate,
The leaves of the willow falling.

The special point of this verse is the implicitness of the reason why the beggar does not stand up and go home, though it is becoming dark. The mind of the beggar is indeed like the falling willow leaves.

日あたりの海ほかほかと山眠る
Hiatari no umi hoka-hoka to yama nemuru

The sea in the sunshine;
The shore glows with heat,
The mountains slumbering.

Another verse typical of Kōyō:

佐渡を望みて
莊子にありや緑なる何の鳥の浮巢
Sōshi ni ari ya midori naru nan no tori no ukisu

Gazing at the Island of Sado in the distance

Is it in Sōshi,¹
This floating nest
Of some green bird?

あふけなく借家の櫻咲きにけり
Ōkenaku shakuya no sakura saki ni keru

For a tenant,
This cherry-tree has bloomed
Too profusely.

The poet has the feeling that nature is too glorious,

¹ That is, the writings of Chuangtse.

too multifariously beautiful for us miserable human beings.

ふきの葉にこけた手を拭く垣根かな
Fuki no ha ni koketa te wo fuku kakine kana

Falling over,
 And wiping my hands
 On the bog-rhubarb under the hedge.

As a result of falling down on the muddy country road, he became aware of the (physical) nature of the great leaf of the bog-rhubarb. The hedge or fence here seems to me to be rather unnecessary, and the *kana* also.

口あいて佐渡が見ゆると涼みけり
Kuchi aite sado ga miyuru to suzumi keru

With open mouth,
 The Island of Sado in the distance:
 I felt the coolness.

The island of Sado is suddenly seen in the distance, and the open mouth of wonder and joy at the sight receives the cool wind from the sea.

雨來らんとしてしきりにあがる花火かな
Ame kitaran to shite shikiri ni agaru hanabi kana

Rain about to fall,
 Fireworks rising
 Again and again.

This verse has twenty one syllables. The contrast between the falling water and the rising fire is felt deeply at this moment of double suspense, the rain about to come, the fireworks about to go off.

Shachiku, 酒竹, 1872-1913, finished the medical course

of the university, and several years afterwards had a large practice, but he had been interested in haiku from his high-school days. He died at the age of forty two. His collection of books, Shachiku Bunko, is now kept in Tōkyō University.

若楓石の窪みに水たまる
Waka-kaede ishi no kubomi ni mizu tamaru

Water
In a hollow stone,
A young maple tree over it.

門前の大樹にかゝる初日かな
Monzen no taiju ni kakaru hatsuhi kana

The First Sun of the Year
Shines on the great tree
Before my gate.

残雪と共に割らるゝ薪かな
Zansetsu to tomo ni wararuru takigi kara

Firewood is split
Together with
The remaining snow.

けさの秋ぶくりと池の蛙浮く
Kesa no aki bukuri to ike no kawazu uku

This autumn morning
The frogs of the pond float
Plump and dilated.

木枯や鴉の糞白き石の上
Kogarashi ya karasu no fun shiroki ishi no ue

The winter blast;
The droppings of the crows
Are white on the stones.

Shimei, 四明, 1850-1917, was the leader of new verse in Kyōto. He studied German from his middle-school days, entered a newspaper, and began to write haiku. He advocated an aesthetic view, and composed many verses on the beauty of Kyōto.

初虹や白河道を花賣女
Hatsuniji ya shirakawa michi wo hanauri-me

A flower-girl goes
Along the street to Shirakawa,
Under the first rainbow.

木枯や夕日の中の寶寺
Kogarashi ya yūhi no naka no takaradera

The winter blast;
Takaradera Temple¹
In the rays of the setting sun.

Rogetsu, 露月, 1873-1928, was greatly respected in the haiku world after the death of Shiki. He was born in North Japan, to which he returned after working for the Nihon Newspaper, became a doctor, and devoted his life to his native place. He was proficient in Chinese verse also.

ところ天囃て自問自答かな
Tokoroten susutte jimon jitō kana

¹ Also known as Yamazakidera, a temple of the Shingon Sect in Kyōto, founded in 728. It was called "Treasure Temple" because the Dragon God bestowed on it *Uchide no Kozuchi*, a mallet which would bring the user all he desired.

Sucking up the gelidium jelly,
I ask myself questions,
And answer them.

Sōseki, 漱石, 1867-1916, is said to have started his literary life with haikai, like Saikaku. He was born in Tōkyō in the same year as Shiki, whose acquaintance he made while studying English literature in Tōkyō University. He also composed Chinese verse. Before his first successful novel, "I am a Cat," was published, he wrote many verses a year. Later, his interest waned, or perhaps he realised that his haiku were not very good. The following verse was written lying in bed before he died of illness at the age of fifty. It reminds us of one of O. Henry's stories, *The Last Leaf*.

風に聞けいづれか先に散る木の葉
Kaze ni kike izure ka saki ni chiru ko no ha

Which of these leaves
Will be the first to fall?
Ask the wind!

To tell the truth, Sōseki's verses are all about as poor as this one, sentimental, and often vulgar.

秋の川眞白なる石を拾ひけり
Aki no kawa mashiro naru ishi wo hiroi keru

The autumn stream;
Picking out from it
A white stone.

What does this stone represent? Why not a black stone? It is true that whiteness is often connected with

autumn in Chinese poetry, but even then the symbolism is too arbitrary.

秋の江に打ち込む杭の響かな
Aki no e ni uchikomu kui no hibiki kana

A creek in autumn;
 Echoing up,
 A stake being driven in.

This is Sōseki's best haiku. The point is the mysterious relation between the sound of the posts being hit by the mallet, and the sky of autumn. The sound seems to rise and be swallowed up in the infinity of blue above. There is a similar feeling in Kyoshi's dumbledore on page 121. The following are senryu-like:

叩かれて晝の蚊を吐く木魚かな
Tatakarete hiru no ka wo haku mokugyo kana

When it is struck,
 The wooden fish-shaped gong
 Spits out the midday mosquitoes.

達磨忌や達磨に似たる顔は誰
Darumaki ya daruma ni nitaru kao wa tare

The Anniversary of Daruma;
 Who is it
 That looks like Daruma?

明月や丸きは僧の影法師
Meigetsu ya maruki wa sō no kage-bōshi

The bright full moon;
 What is round
 Is the priest's shadow.

This is of course the shadow of his shaven head. We may contrast Bashō's verse with two of Sōseki's; the fall in tone is lamentable:

やがて死ぬけしきは見えず蟬の聲
Yagate shinu keshiki wa miezu semi no koe

There is nothing
 In the voice of the cicadas
 That sounds like dying so soon. Bashō

秋の蟬死にたくもなき聲音かな
Aki no semi shinitaku mo naki kowane kana

Cicadas of autumn;
 By their voices,
 They do not wish to die. Sōseki

鳴立ててつくつくぼうし死ぬる日ぞ
Nakitatete tsukutsukubōshi shinuru hi zo

The *tsukutsukubōshi*
 Has just begun to cry,—
 But this is his last day! Sōseki

Also compare Bashō and Sōseki in the following:

砧打て我にきかせよや坊が妻
Kinuta ute ware ni kikaseyo ya bō ga tsuma

O wife of the priest,
 Strike the fulling-block,
 And let me hear the sound! Bashō

打てや砧これは都の詩人なり
Ute ya kinuta kore wa miyako no shijin nari

Strike the fulling-block!
 The one listening here
 Is a poet from the capital. Sōseki

名月や拙者も無事で此の通り
Meigetsu ya sessha mo buji de kono tōri

The bright autumn moon
 I also am quite well, thank you,
 As you see.

出代の花と答へて跛なり
Degawari no hana to kotaete bikko nari

The new maid answered,
 “My name is Flora;”
 She was a cripple.

The Japanese *hana*, flower, is more explicit than Flora, and the contrast is clearer, but we must say that this is a most odious haiku. One writer says that this verse has “humour and pathos combined.” To see humour in this is insulting, and to find pathos is degrading. We cannot laugh now as the gods did at the lame Hephaestus, spontaneously, and with no afterthoughts. To think of the matter with pity is mere sentimentality; what’s in a name? All that we can do, if confronted with such a situation, is to register mentally that the name is rather unsuitable for such a person,—that is all.

薬堀昔不老の願あり
Kusuri hori mukashi furō no negai ari

Digging for medicinal roots:
 In ancient times they desired
 Eternal youth.

In olden times people sought after the elixir of youth, something which should render them immune from the ravages of time. Nowadays, if we can cure only temporarily our aches and pains we are well satisfied; we have learned to moderate our desires. It is the old age of the world, "The years that bring the philosophic mind."

凧や海に夕日を吹きおろす
Kogarashi ya umi ni yūhi wo fuki-orosu

The winter blast:
 It blows down the setting sun
 Into the sea.

This is hardly more than an imitation of Bashō's verse:

あつき日を海に入れたり最上川
Atsuki hi wo umi ni iretari mogami-gawa

The Mogami River
 Has washed the burning sun
 Down into the sea.

The following is good, but seems imitative of Buson.

家二軒柳二本の在所かな
ie ni-ken yanagi ni-hon no zaisho kana

Two houses,
 Two willow-trees:
 A human dwelling-place.

Compare this with the following two verses, the first by Buson, the second by Michihiko:

さみだれや大河を前に家二軒
Samidare ya taiga wo mae ni ie ni-ken

By a great stream
In the May rain,
Two houses.

家二つ戸の口見えて秋の山
Ie futatsu to-no-kuchi miete aki no yama

Two houses,
The doors open:
The autumn mountains.

肩に来て人なつかしや赤蜻蛉
Kata ni kite hito natsukashi ya aka-tombo

Alighting on my shoulder,
It seems to long for human society,
This red dragonfly.

The poet is standing in the garden perhaps, looking at the flowers and grasses, when a red dragonfly comes and perches on his shoulder, as if it feels some friendliness, some faint companionship towards him. Compare both of Wordsworth's poems, *To a Butterfly*.

杉木立寺を蔵して時雨けり
Sugi-kodachi tera wo zō shite shigure keru

The cryptomeria grove
Embowers the temple,
In the cold winter rain.

In the winter rain the trees surround and overhang the temple in their enveloping protection.

窓低く菜の花明り夕曇
Mado hikuku na-no-hana-akari yū-gumori

The window is low;
The flowers of rape are a lamp
In the evening twilight.

The sky is clouded over, and the room is rather dark inside, but an expanse of yellow rape-flowers outside lightens the room a little through the low window.

初冬や竹切る山の鉈の音
Hatsu-fuyu ya take kiru yama no nata no oto

Early winter;
The sound of the hatchet cutting bamboos
Among the mountains.

This is perhaps imitated from a verse of Buson, but the sound is different. The word "hatchet," like *nata no oto*, has the onomatopoeic meaning of the nature of bamboo being cut.

We feel that Sōseki represents the ending, the suffocation, the nullity of haiku as it developed after its initiation by Bashō. It is nothing but imitation and parody. The transcendental background of Buddhist (or rather Hinduistic) thought has been obliterated by the so-called civilization which Japan thought fit to import from the West. And after all, even Wordsworth and Thoreau had little that was new with which to revive a moribund culture. Their best was not very different from what was already present in haiku, and the Japanese mind has always been eager for novelty.

Keion, 瓊音, 1877-1927, investigated the history of haikai when a student of Tōkyō University, and entered the group of which Seisetsu was the leader. He studied Bashō and his school, and left many works on them.

黒雲をうしろにしたる 櫻かな
Kuro-kumo wo ushiro ni shitaru sakura kana

Cherry blossoms;
 Behind them there hangs
 A dark cloud.

蟲の音の中を人間歩み来る
Mushi no ne no naka wo ningen ayumi-kuru

Human beings
 Come walking among
 The cries of insects.

Hōsai, 放哉, born in 1885, studied law at first, and entered an insurance company and became manager of it, but in 1923 he suddenly gave it all up and became a mendicant, and lived in various temples in Kyōto. His health failing, he died at the age of forty two in the arms of some fishermen in the hut he had lived in on an island. His haiku are mostly "free verse." While he was living at Sumadera Temple he wrote the following:

一日物言はず蝶の影さす
Ichinichi mono iwazu chō no kage sasu

All day long,
 Not saying a word,
 Butterflies casting their shadows.

This must be on the paper-screens.

人をそしる心をすて豆の皮むく
Hito wo soshiru kokoro wo sute mame no kawa muku

Discarding
 My wish to revile someone,
 I shell peas.

This is a splendid example of sublimation.

こんなによい月を一人で見て寝る
Konna ni yoi tsuki wo hitori de mite neru

Such a fine moon!
 Gazing at it alone,
 And going to bed.

吸取紙が字を吸ひとりぬやうになった
Suitorigami ga ji wo suitoranu yō ni natta

The blotting-paper
 Won't blot
 Any more.

The Japanese says "won't suck the letters."

夜中の襖遠くしめられたる
Yonaka no fusuma tōku shimeraretaru

A sliding door shut,
 In the distance,
 At midnight.

Emily Dickinson also felt the meaning of the shutting of a door, Stevenson too. When he was at Jōkōji Temple:

田舎の小さな新聞をすぐ読んでしまった
Inaka no chiisana shimbun wo sugu yonde shimatta

A small, country
 Newspaper;
 It was soon read.

釘箱の釘がみんな曲って居る
Kugi-bako no kugi ga minna magatte iru

The nails
 In the nail-box,—
 Every blessed one bent!

海がよく風いで居る村の呉服屋
Umi ga yoku naide iru mura no gofukuya

The sea
 A dead calm;
 The village draper's.

淋しいからだから爪がのび出す
Sabishii kara da kara tsume ga nobidasu

It's because of loneliness,
 That's why
 My nails get so long.

Verses written when he was in his hut on Shōdoshima:

咳をしても一人
Seki wo shite mo hitori

I cough,
 But I'm alone.

墓のうらに廻る
Haka no ura ni mawaru

Going round the back
 Of a grave.

This "verse" is close to senryū.

肉がやせて来る太骨である
Niku ga yasete kuru futo-bone de aru

Getting thin in the flesh,
And thick in the bone.

Hōsai's verses are very much like those of Santōka.
See also page 178.

Chapter XXXI
MEIJI POETS III

Dakotsu, 蛇笏, was born in 1885, and graduated from Waseda University, but returned to his home in Yamanashi Prefecture, which he seldom left afterwards. He was a friend of Ippekirō, whose verses he greatly admired at the time, for example:

笠おくや蜻蛉のかげ草の影
Kasa oku ya tombō no kage kusa no kage

Putting down my kasa,
The shadows of the dragonflies,
The shadows of the grasses!

When we are tired, the mind fixes on small things, as in Rossetti's *The Woodspurge*. As time went on, however, Dakotsu decided to reject Ippekirō's new haiku, and at last wrote verses such as:

秋たつや川瀬にまじる風の音
Aki tatsu ya kawase ni majiru kaze no oto

Autumn has begun:
The sound of the wind
Mingles with the river shallows.

What is odd and interesting, what is haiku, is the fact that it is only the autumn wind that blends with the sound of the rapids. The shallows make the same sound, more or less, all the year. The wind blows all the year round, but it is in autumn, it is the autumn water and the autumn

wind which have this special, this "autumnal" sound, heard most distinctly and most surprisingly at the beginning of autumn.

芋の露連山影を正しうす
Imo no tsuyu renzan kage wo tadashū su

The just shapes and shadows
 Of the range of mountains,—
 The dew on the taro leaves.

The distant mountains with the form clearly outlined; the evening shadows defined and exact; and a vast field, covered with dewy leaves. Everything in nature is truthful and precise, like a picture by Rousseau.

くろがねの秋の風鈴鳴りにけり
Kurogane no aki no fūrin nari ni keri

The black-metal wind-bell
 Tinkling, tinkling;
 It is autumn.

The wind-bell is hung up under the eaves in summer, because it gives a cool sound, a sensation of coolness. But now it is tinkling in the wind of autumn, and expresses the coolness of the wind that shakes it. The adjective *kurogane no*, black-metal, applies both to the wind-bell, and to the wind that moves them into sound. The verse might be translated:

The iron wind-bell
 Rings the wind
 Of autumn.

山柿や五六顆おもき枝のさき
Yama-gaki ya go-rokka omoki eda no saki

A mountain persimmon tree;
On the tip of the heavy branch
Five or six fruits.

This is simply a picture, one of the commonest scenes of the Japanese countryside in late autumn.

冬風につるして乏し廁紙
Fuyu kaze ni tsurushite toboshi kawayaga-gami

A crude privy;
Some pieces of toilet paper hung there,
Fluttering in the winter wind.

This is a country lavatory, exposed to public view, the flimsy door flapping to and fro in the breeze. We see here the meanness, the animality, indeed the filthiness of human life, undisguised by white tiles and a flush closet. But what catches the eye of the haiku poet is a particular and semi-living thing, the paper hung up on a string hanging from a rusty nail, old newspapers and magazines cut up, only a few pieces remaining unused, twitching uneasily in the gusty wind.

なきがらや秋風かよふ鼻の穴
Nakigara ya akikaze kayou hana no ana

The corpse;
The autumn wind blows
Into the nostrils.

When is wind breath? When is breath wind? Is the dead man breathing? Tell me quickly!

刈るほどにやまかぜのたつ晩稲かな
Karu hodo ni yamakaze no tatsu okute kana

As they reap
The late rice,
The mountain wind rises.

The days are shortening as they reap the last rice. Evening is falling, the cold wind blows from the mountains. Cold and darkness and the end of the year pursue the farmers in the beshadowed fields. There is a feeling of uneasiness, oppression, melancholy, the solitude of all men in nature.

命盡きて薬香さむくはなれけり
Mei tsukite yakkō samuku hanare kerī

His life came to its end;
The smell of the medicine departs
Coldly.

The strong smell of the Chinese medicine, like the soul of his father, begins to leave the death-room. Only cold grief is left behind.

Fūsei, 風生, born in 1885, began to write haiku at the age of thirty four. Together with Seishi, Shūōshi and others, Tōkyō University Haiku Assosiation was begun. After travelling in Europe and America he began to compose verses under Kyoshi. He made haiku a kind hobby for people to engage in, in other words his haiku was "popular" in both the good and bad sense.

一めん の 落花 の 水 に 蛙 の 眼
Ichimen no rakka no mizu ni kaeru no me

On the surface of the water
Covered with fallen petals,
The eyes of a frog!

I like frogs.

冬日かげ幹はひのぼり失せにけり
Fuyu hikage miki hainobori use ni keru

The winter sunlight
 Crawls up the trunk,
 And fades away.

This reminds us of something Hardy wrote in his Journal in 1917, June 9:

It is now the time of long days, when the sun seems reluctant to take leave of the trees at evening—the shine climbing up the trunks, reappearing higher, and still fondly grasping the tree-tops till long after.

なにもかも知ってをるなり竈猫
Nani mo ka mo shitte oru nari kamado neko

There's nothing at all
 He doesn't know,
 This cat asleep on the kitchen range.

There is the modesty of Hardy and Vaughan in this verse, the modesty of nature, modesty towards nature.

唇あつるコップの厚き砂糖水
Kuchi atsuru koppu no atsuki satō-mizu

I put my lips
 To the thick glass
 Of sugared water.

Even poor people feel that they are poor and neglected and are living an animal-like life,—when they see the thick cup, and when they pick it up, but most of all when they put it to their lips. Thick glasses are one of the causes

of communism.

殘菊に佇む客を出て迎ふ
Zangiku ni tatazumu kyaku wo dete mukō

Going out to meet
 The visitor standing by
 The remaining chrysanthemums.

This is a verse unusually full of matter. The owner of the house, being very fond of flowers, and particularly of chrysanthemums, had planted some near the gate. Now only a few remain, and are all the more meaningful. Hearing the gate open, he expects the visitor to ring the bell, but he does not, and, looking out of the window, he sees a friend of his standing gazing at the chrysanthemums. It is indeed a moment of heaven for him, a heaven above that in which his friend has found himself to be. We may compare this verse for its density of material to Buson's well-known verse, which is rather clumsy even in the original:

鮎くれてよらで過行夜半の門
Ayu kurete yorade sugiyuku yowa no mon

Presenting the trout,
 I did not go in, but went on:
 The midnight gate.

夜櫻や遠ざかり来てかへりみる
Yozakura ya tōzakari kite kaeri-miru

Evening cherry-blossoms:
 Looking back at them,
 As they become more distant.

Looking back, in the distance the cherry-blossoms are still shining in their beauty above the hanging lanterns. The flowers still linger in the eye as in the heart, and indeed become more beautiful as they recede.

門口を山水はしる菖蒲かな
Kadoguchi wo yamamizu hashiru shōbu kana

Past the gate
 Flows the mountain stream,
 Irises blooming there.

The stream that comes from the hills above the house flows before the house, and irises that have been planted in it bloom at their appointed time. The water makes its manifold sounds, the flowers are silent.

Reiyoshi, 零餘子, was born in 1886 and died in 1914, a shorter life than many of his confrères. His verses are typically those of the Taishō Era, 1912-1925, neither traditional nor modern, and somewhat dull. There is a lack of "sensation" even in his best poems, for example:

地の底に蟲生きてゐる枯野かな
Chi no soko ni mushi ikite iru karenō kana

Beneath the earth
 Live insects
 On this withered moor.

Sekitei, 石鼎, born in 1886, had a medical education, but led an aimless life for some time. He entered a newspaper office in 1917. He painted haiga besides writing haiku in his middle years. He was ill in the last part of his life. He died in 1951. Sekitei used marks of emphasis, a kind of Japanese italics, to bring out the meaning, but

they only disfigure and weaken the verse; for example:

濱風になぐれて高き蝶々かな
Hamakaze ni nagurete takaki chōcho kana

The butterfly,
Buffeted by the shore winds,
 Flies high.

A verse referring to his days of wandering, 放浪:

おもひ見るや我屍にふるみぞれ
Omoimiru ya waga shi-kabane ni furu mizore

Thinking about it,
 Sleet falling,
 Upon my corpse.

This reminds us of Hamlet's, "Into my grave." Like most of the haiku writers of the Taishō Era, Sekitei was at his best when he combined the objective (scene) with the subjective (feeling). An example, a well-known verse, written in 1914:

秋風や模様がちがふ皿二つ
Akikaze ya moyō no chigau sara futatsu

The autumn wind;
 Two plates
 Of different patterns.

夜の雲みづみづしさや雷のあと
Yoru no kumo mizu-mizushisa ya rai no ato

After the thunder,
 The freshness
 Of the evening clouds!

ほそぼそと又二ところ庵の蟲
Hoso-boso to mata futa-tokoro io no mushi

In the garden of my hermitage,
 Insects singing cheerlessly
 In two places still.

春雷やどこかの遠に啼く雲雀
Shunrai ya dokoka no ochi ni naku hibari

Spring thunder;
 Somewhere or other, far-off,
 A skylark singing.

This is Wordsworthian in its simplicity. It is the music of nature as Beethoven heard it. Goethe and Homer would have listened also. The poet is walking along the country path, oblivious of the skylark singing above him. Suddenly, distant mutterings of thunder are heard and as he listens, he hears also the skylark's voice. The distant and the near, the vast and the small are united in his mind as they are united in nature.

頂上や殊に野菊の吹かれ居り
Chōjō ya kotonoi nogiku no fukare ori

On the top of the mountain
 The wind blows the wild camomiles
 Especially.

The strength of nature is manifested most by the weakest thing. The wind blows all alike, but the small "field chrysanthemums" wave frantically.

月を見る面上にしてあらしき風
Tsuki wo miru tsura ue ni shite araki kaze

The rough wind
Blows on the face
Looking at the moon.

The moonlight and the wind are felt as two different forms of the same thing.

Fura, 普羅, was born in 1888, and died in 1954. From his early days he was interested in the literature of the Edo Period, Samba, Chikamatsu, and so on. He had a rather unhappy childhood, and was moralistically inclined. He later became interested in the paintings of Turner and Blake. At this time he was very fond of a verse of Sekitei:

高々と蝶こゆる谷の深さかな
Taka-daka to chō koyuru tani no fukasa kana

High aloft,
A butterfly crosses the valley:
How deep it is!

He entered a newspaper office, and published various writings and collections of his verses, which are rather dark and simple like the Hokuriku district where he lived for some time.

冬山や徑集りて一平
Fuyu-yama ya michi atsumarite hito-taira

The winter mountains:
Where the paths meet,
A level place.

The steep, rocky mountains rise up into the cold sky. Climbing the skirts of the mountain we arrive at a level

place where several paths come together; sand and withered grasses make it desolate, but not meaningless. It has almost a symbolic meaning, a faint touch of friendliness in the austerity of nature.

遠く來し鴉のとまる冬木立
Tōku kishi karasu no tomaru fuyu kodachi

How far I have come!
 A crow perched
 On the winter grove.

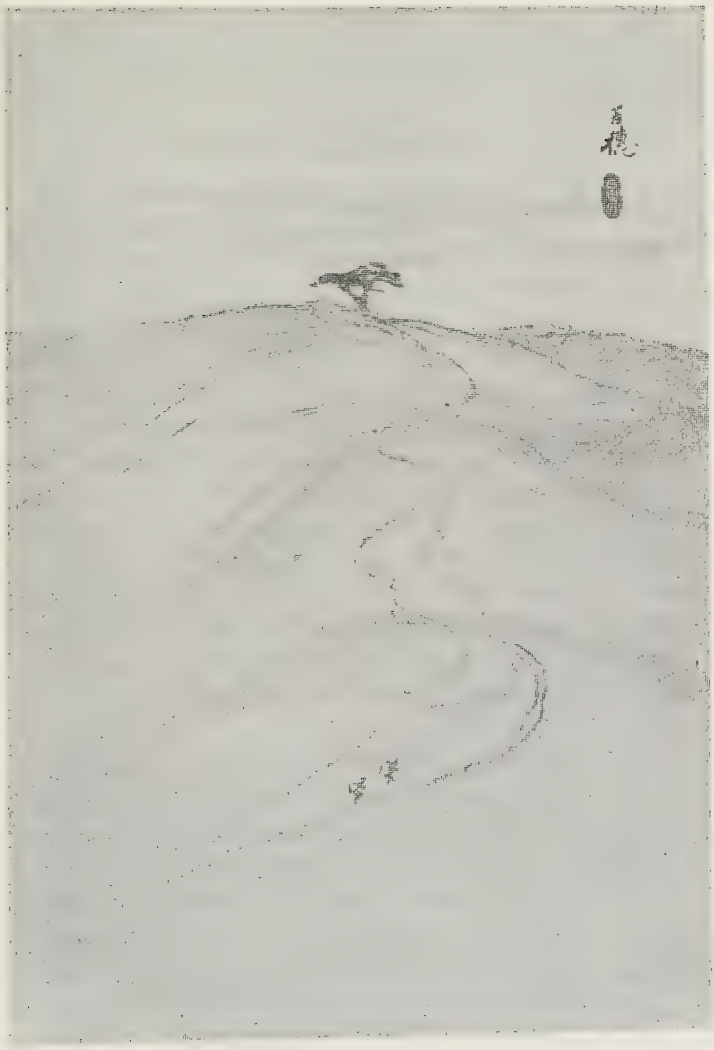
There is something sinister in the black bird sitting there alone, when we are so far from home.

Takeshi, たけし, was born in 1889. After several aberrations he adhered to the Kyoshi school.

春暮るゝ花なき庭の落葉かな
Haru kururu hana naki niwa no ochiba kana

Spring draws to its close;
 Blossoms fall
 In a garden with no cherry trees.

五
槐



Chapter XXXII

SANTŌKA

To give a modern poet a whole chapter to himself, albeit a short one, may seem strange, but Santōka belongs to the small group of beggar-like haiku poets; Rotsū is another example, and Bashō and Issa are not dissimilar. **Santōka**, 山頭火, was born in 1882 of a landowner in Yamaguchi Prefecture. After retiring from Waseda University on account of a nervous breakdown in 1910, he married, set up a brewery with his father, whose business had failed, and together with him went bankrupt in 1916. He had begun to write haiku already in 1911, under Seisensui. He separated from his wife in 1920, and tried various jobs, but did not continue in them. From 1926, with a kasa and a begging bowl, he wandered all over Japan for eight years, and then made a hermitage in 1932 back in Yamaguchi Prefecture, and yet another outside Miyukidera Temple. He ended his life of wandering and drinking in 1940.

Here are a few anecdotes of the life of Santōka, taken from *Haijin Santōka*, by Ōyama Sumita. When the author visited Gochūan, the hut-hermitage where Santōka lived in 1938, Santōka asked him if he had had his midday meal. On hearing that he had not, he brought in an iron bowl of rice, and a single pimento, and put it on the tatami. Ōyama began to weep, it was so hot. Santōka sat gazing at him, and on being asked, "Why don't you eat too?" told him, "I have only one bowl." Thinking of Ryōkan,

he finished his rice. Santōka took the bowl, filled it with rice (which was mixed with barley and other things) and ate it together with the remains of the pimento. Santōka washed the bowl in the water the rice was washed in, but did not throw away the water. He used it to wash the floor, and then as manure for his little garden.

One December, the author stayed the night with Santōka. There was only one quilt, so Santōka gave him this, and three magazines of Kaizō or Bungei Shunjū for a pillow, and spread on the top of him his own underclothes and summer garments, and then everything that remained in the cupboard. As he was still cold, Santōka put his little desk over him, reminding us of what Thoreau says in *The Week on the Concord*, Tuesday:

But as it grew colder towards midnight, I at length encased myself completely in boards, managing even to put a board on top of me, with a large stone on it, to keep it down.

At last he went to sleep, and when he woke at dawn he found Santōka still sitting by him doing *zazen*.

Even though he had no rice, he would buy sake to drink, being unable to keep money in his pocket. Someone gave him a *tombi*, a kind of coat used in the Meiji Era. He was very pleased, for two or three days, and then gave it to someone else. One autumn Seisensui came to see him, and gave him a piece of calligraphy, 其中一人, *Gochū ichinin*, referring to his hut-hermitage, 其中庵. Santōka had it framed, and for some time enjoyed it, but then gave it away.

One night Santōka came home at two o'clock in the morning, followed by a dog with a very big rice-cake in

its mouth. He received this and roasted it and ate it.

Santōka loved weeds, like Clare, and wrote in his diary for the 19th of August, 1940:

Those who do not know the meaning of weeds do not know the mind of Nature. Weeds grasp their own essence and express its truth.

He wrote many verses on weeds. His view of life is given in another entry in his diary:

I do not believe in a future world. I deny the past. I believe entirely in the present. We must employ our whole body and soul in this eternal moment. I believe in the universal spirit, but the spirit of any particular man I reject. Each creature comes from the Whole, and goes back to it. From this point of view we may say that life is an approaching; death is a returning.

In these anecdotes about Santōka we see the naturalness of his life, his unattachedness to things, and his lack of plan in everything, like God's.

He put every ounce of his spiritual energy into his verses, which were often free as to form and season-word like those of his teacher Seisensui. He recalls to us Pascal, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Kraus, Rilke, and others of the "disinherited mind." The verses are a combination of Zen, Buddhism, and Japaneseness, the last word implying an innate appreciation of the transitoriness of life, the just-so-ness, the thus-ness of things, their existence value.

うしろすがたのしぐれてゆくか

Ushiro-sugata no shigurete yuku ka

My back view as I go,
Wetted with the winter rain?

We may compare this with Issa's verse on a picture of himself:

うしろから見ても寒げな天窓哉
Ushiro kara mite mo samuge na atama kana

Even seen from behind,
 His head looks
 Cold.

But Santōka's verse is better, I think, because it gives us the picture of himself as viewed by the friends who are seeing him off.

いつまでも旅をする事の爪をきる
Itsumademo tabi wo suru koto no tsume wo kiru

Up to the very end, it is journeying,
 And cutting our (toe-) nails.

We must journey alone through life; and we must cut our toe-nails. These things are so, inevitably.

ふるさとは遠くして木の芽
Furusato wa tōkushite ki no me

My native place
 Far away:
 The buds on the trees.

When we are young, neither far nor near, youth nor age has any very deep meaning, but when we are old, distance and youth affect us beyond measure.

鐵鉢の中へも霰
Tetsubachi no naka e mo arare

Into the iron bowl also,
 Hailstones.

Democracy is a weak word to express the universal, all-penetrating, indiscriminate, "religious" power of nature.

笠へぼったり椿だった
Kasa e pottori tsubaki datta

Plop on my kasa
 The flower of the camellia!

This verse is very good in its onomatopoeia, not merely the *pottori*, but the *datta* at the end.

いただいて足りてひとりの箸をおく
Itadaite tarite hitori no hashi wo oku

I have gratefully received it;
 It was enough;
 I lay down my chopsticks.

This would make a good death-poem. We have received what we were born to receive. We have had enough. We used our own chopsticks and fed ourselves. We now lay them down. Compare Landor's "I warmed both hands," which is however the verse of a well-off, artistic, and self-satisfied man.

しづかな道となりどくだみの芽
Shizukana michi to nari dokudami no me

The road became quiet and solitary;
Dokudami is budding.

The *dokudami*, also called *shibuki*, is a small, ill-smelling weed with a four-petalled white flower that blooms in summer. The quietness of the road, and of his mind, is revealed to us by his noticing such a small and insignificant thing as the buds of this weed.

鴉ないて私も一人
Karasu naite watashi mo hitori

A crow is cawing;
 I also am by myself.

Santōka wrote this verse in response to the following
 by Hōsai, 放哉居士の作に和す:

鴉がだまつて飛んで行った
Karasu ga damatte tonde itta

A crow flew by,
 In silence.

Hōsai, 1885–1926, became head of a life insurance company, wandered in Manchuria, then, after some deep experience in 1923, sold all his belongings, became a monk in various temples, and died a year after his retirement from the world. He comes on page 200.

分け入っても分け入っても青い山
Wake-itte mo wake-itte mo aoi yama

Going further into them,
 And further into them,
 Still more green mountains.

There is in this verse a feeling of infinity in space, not beyond it, and something sad in it, as in the poetry of Christina Rossetti. It reminds us of lines in Wordsworth's *Stepping Westward*:

the thought
 Of travelling through the world that lay
 Before me in my endless way.

しとどにぬれてこれは道しるべの石
Shitodo ni nurete kore wa michishirube no ishi

This is the stone,
Drenched with rain,
That marks the way.

The poet also is wet, but feels a faint but deep thankfulness to the stone. Compare Issa's verse, which is much more direct, and to this extent less poetical, less religious:

人の為にしぐれてほとけさま
Hito no tame ni shigurete hotoke sama

Rained upon
For all our sakes,
Hotoke Sama.

Hotoke Sama is the stone statue of some Buddha of a wayside shrine.

木の葉ちる歩きつめる
Ko-no-ha chiru aruki-tsumeru

Leaves of the trees fall;
Walking on and on.

This is hearing

Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
in the falling of the leaves.

生死のなかの雪ふりしきる
Sei-shi no naka no yuki furi-shikiru

The snow of life and death
Falls incessantly.¹

Saigyō says:

¹ Literally, "The snow in the midst of life and death falls ceaselessly."

うつせみの身はなきものとおもへども
雪の降る日はさむくこそあれ

We know well
That this cicada-shell body
Is but an illusion,
But when it snows,
The days are chill.

踏みわける萩よすすきよ
Fumi-wakeru hagi yo susuki yo

Walking through
The bush clover, the pampas grass,
Walking on through them.

We see the beauty and pathos of the bush-clover and the pampas grass, the dew on them, and the sunlight on it, but we pass through and beyond them, not lingering with their beauty but going on with our life as they do with theirs.

へうへうとして水を味ふ
Hyō-hyō to shite mizu wo ajiwau

Buoyantly we go
Like the wind,
Tasting water.

The *Rubaiyat* says that we come

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing.

Tasting water is different from drinking it. The first has meaning, the second only use.

ひとりで蚊にくはれてゐる
Hitori de ka ni kuwarete iru

I am bitten by mosquitoes,
 Quite alone.

There is something in the itching that intensifies, or rather brings out the meaning of the loneliness of a human being.

笠にとんぼをとまらせてあるく
Kasa ni tombo wo tomarasete aruku

I walk along,
 Letting the dragon-fly
 Perch on my *kasa*.

The poet walks a little more steadily, so that the dragon-fly, which he hears perch on his *kasa*, is not frightened away from it. Compare Hōsai's verse:

とんぼが淋しい机にとまりに来てくれた
Tombo ga sabishii tsukue ni tomari ni kite kureta

The dragon-fly
 Kindly came and perched
 On this lonely desk.

しぐるるや死なないでゐる
Shigururu ya shinanaide iru

Cold winter rain;
 I am still alive.

This "verse" expresses something very simple but profound. This "not being dead" does not mean "not dead yet"; it does not mean that he is grateful for life. It is the mere, brute fact of not being dead, just like

not being fine warm weather. The same applies to the following:

どうしょうもないわたしが歩いてをる
Dō shiyō mo nai watashi ga aruite oru

I am walking;
 It cannot be otherwise.

涸れきった川を渡る
Kare-kitta kawa wo wataru

Crossing over
 A dried up river.

This "verse" asks much from the reader, even more than the orthodox haiku. Though it is so short, 11 syllables instead of 17, its onomatopoeia is good,

k r k t k w w w t r ,

the *k* and *t* sounds expressing the dryness, the *w* and *r* sounds the water that is not there.

すっかり枯れて豆となつてゐる
Sukkari karete mame to natte iru

Quite withered up,
 It is just beans.

Nothing could be barer than this verse, except the scene itself, just dried-up earth and yellow bean-pods, open, with the dry beans showing.

捨てきれない荷物のおもさまへうしろ
Sutekirenai nimotsu no omosa mae ushiro

I can't throw it away,
 But how heavy my pack,
 Before and behind!

This may be compared with what Bashō says at the beginning of *Oku no Hosomichi*, about having to carry the things that his friends had kindly given him.

あの雲がおとした雨にぬれてゐる
Ano kumo ga otoshita ame ni nurete iru

I am wet
 By the rain
 From that cloud.

The poet feels no more animosity towards the cloud than it does to him. He moves, and the cloud moves; and when they come together, a wetting takes place.

秋となった雑草にすわる
Aki to natta zassō ni suwaru

The grasses
 That have become autumn,—
 Sitting down in them.

The poet feels swallowed up in autumn,—not in a vague, mystical way, but that he is sitting on autumn, looking at autumn, breathing it, eating it, being it. The next verse seems a continuation of this:

法衣こんなにやぶれて草の實
Hōi konna ni yaburete kusa no mi

Seeds of grasses;
 My monkish robe
 Is so worn!

When he stands up, he finds all kinds of seeds have stuck to his clothes, and as he looks at them he notices how worn and old they are.

年とれば故郷こひしいつくつくぼうし
Toshi toreba kokyo koishii tsukutsuku-bōshi

As I grow old,
 I yearn for my native place:
Tsukutsukubōshi!

The cicadas are crying *tsukutsukubōshi*, which sounds somewhat like *kokyōkoishi*, *kokyōkoishi*, "I yearn for my native place." Old age, love of one's native place, the voices of the cicadas,—these are different manifestations of one thing. What is this One Thing?

水音と一しょに里へ下りてきた
Mizuoto to issho ni sato e orite kita

Together with the sound of the water,
 I came down to my native village.

In Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha* we feel the closeness of man and flowing water. What is man himself indeed but walking water, laughing, weeping, thinking, enlightened water?

しみじみ食べる飯ばかりの飯である
Shimi-jimi taberu meshi bakari no meshi de aru

Intently
 I eat my meal
 Of boiled rice only.

Just like an animal, almost an animal, with what Huxley calls "animal grace," which is far from gracefulness.

まったく雲がない笠をぬぎ
Mattaku kumo ga nai kasa wo nugi

Not a single cloud in the sky;
I take off my *kasa*.

Hōsai's verse is:

大空のした帽子かぶらず
Ōzora no shita bōshi kaburazu

Under the vast sky
I have no hat on.

We may compare Mr Cronch, in Powys's *Lie Thee Down Oddity!* who takes off his hat as the great chimney falls on him. Also we may contrast Housman's "Shoulder the sky!"

雨だれの音も年とった
Amadare no oto mo toshi-totta

The sound of the rain-drops also
Has grown older.

Hōsai's verse:

久しぶりの雨の雨だれの音
Hisashiburi no ame no amadare no oto

We haven't had any rain for a long time:
The sound of the rain-drops.

To see youth in the rain-drops when we are young, age in the rain-drops when we are old, this is true wisdom, for the rain-drops are both young and old, and we ourselves but the rain-drops of a passing shower.

物乞ふ家もなくなり山には雲
Mono kou ie mo naku nari yama ni wa kumo

No house more to beg from;
Clouds over the mountains.

This was composed in Kyūshū in the afternoon of an Indian summer. Walking on and on, Santōka came to a vast plain. There were no more houses where he could beg his food. Only in the distance a long range of mountains, and the clouds piled upon them.

笠も漏り出したか
Kasa mo moridashita ka

Has my *kasa* too
 Begun to leak?

When the only *kasa* he has begins to leak, the poet feels deeply the impermanence of things. The *kasa* is part of himself. The body itself is only lent like any other thing, and wears thin and old with the years.

あてもなく踏みあるく草皆枯れたり
Ate mo naku fumi aruku kusa mina kare tari

The grasses I tread,
 Uncertain and fickle,
 Are all withered away.

There is a certain grimness here, a subjectivity that is nevertheless not unjustified in the works of nature. The poet walks, as chance (that is, destiny) wills it, over the brown and withered grasses. They too have followed their destiny, so out of accord with what he could have wished. Like Bashō's morning-glory these grasses could not be his friend. And yet, as deep as, or perhaps deeper than the instinct for the changeless is the instinct for change, since this changefulness is an aspect of the Buddha-nature of both man and grass.

山裾あたたかな日に並ぶ墓すこしかな
Yama-suso atataka na hi ni narabu haka sukoshi kana

In the warm sunlight
 At the foot of the hill, standing side by side,
 A few graves.

What brings out the meaning of the scene is the fewness of the graves. Even death itself seems less significant under the sky that overarches the grassy mountains. This verse has twenty one syllables and no season word, for the word "warm" will apply to any season, even to winter, which would perhaps be most appropriate here. The "kana" is different from the ordinary stop-gap of the regular haiku. It signifies the poet's acceptance of the melancholy fact of life and death, abundance and paucity, nature and man. And this is all contained in the word *sukoshi*. A few graves stand in a line at the foot of the hill; the slope always receives the afternoon sun. They have chosen a warm spot for the last resting place of the dead. In life they worked and talked together; now they sleep an eternal sleep side by side. There is a mildness in the thought, the rhythm, the warmth of the place which makes it akin, in mood and treatment, to a verse from the *Elegy*:

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade
 Where heaves the earth in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow place forever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

But the Japanese poem is not so funereal; we have sunlight and warmth instead of darkness and gloom, yet the feeling is deeper and keener because of the contrast, and because of the word "few." What is unexpressed

and inexpressible is what is expressed by Becquer, the Spanish Heine, in his poem *Los Muertos*:

La picqueta al hombro,
 el sepulturero,
 cantando entre dientes,
 se perdió a lo lejos.
 La noche se entraba,
 reinaba el silencio;
 perdido en las sombras,
 medité un momento:
 “¡ Dios Mio, qué solos
 se quedan los muertos!

This is what the Japanese poet does not say.

一日物言はず海にむかへば潮みちて來ぬ
Ichi-nichi mono iwazu umi ni mukaeba shio michite kinu

I was silent all day:
 Facing the sea,
 The tide came up.

The poet was silent because there was nothing to say, no one to speak, no one to speak to. This is the silence of nature, of the moon and the stars, of night. And it is the silence that is in the thunder, in the tick of the clock. This is why Blake says that

The roaring of lions . . . the raging of the stormy sea . . . are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The full brimming tide is felt to be, for all its crash of waves, the same silent thing that has taken up its abode within his heart.

Chapter XXXIII
THE NEW HAIKU

Hekigodō, 碧梧桐, was born in the 6th year of Meiji, 1873, of a Confucian father. He began to learn haiku from Shiki in 1890 or 91 when a middle-school student, and became the haiku selector of the Nihon Newspaper in 1902. He published many articles on haiku, advocating new kinds of haiku. He visited Europe and came back through America, 1920-21. He now recommended that haiku should become a short poem, somewhat like waka, lyrical in style. He died at the age of sixty five in 1937. Hekigodō's own verses were at first in the traditional style, then showed new tendencies, and at last became a kind of "free verse." An example of the first, written in 1907:

膝と膝に月がさしたる涼しさよ
Hiza to hiza ni tsuki ga sashitaru suzushisa yo

Knee against knee
The moon was shining,—
And how cool it was!

An example of the last period, a verse written in 1921:

ミモザの咲く頃に來たミモザを活ける
Mimōza no sakukoro ni kita mimōza wo ikeru

Just about the time mimosa were blooming,
Mimosa came,
And I arranged them.

This verse has twenty syllables, which seem to fall into a 5, 7, 5, 3 pattern. Mimosa are not in the old (season-word) dictionaries, so the season is not strongly felt by the reader. The following give a perhaps unduly favourable impression of his haiku.

大根を煮た夕飯の子供達の中にある
Daikon wo nita yūmeshi no kodomotachi no naka ni iru

Boiled daikon for supper,
 Sitting among the children.

There is poverty, but there is happiness. We have here Goldsmith and Crabbe combined, the gilt and the gingerbread. The form is very long, but the translation unusually short.

此頃妻亡き八百屋菜を積む葱を積むあるじむすめ
*Konogoro tsuma naki yaoya na wo tsumu negi wo tsumu aruji
 musume*

Recently, the greengrocer's wife being dead,
 Father and daughter load the greens,
 Load the onions.

This has 26 syllables, 10 more than the ordinary form. Passing in front of the greengrocer's, we see that the man is carrying the vegetables from the shop to the cart, not as before, helped by his wife, but by his daughter. This is a good haiku, the length and rather cumbersome rhythm suggesting the greengrocer and his robust daughter, and the still more robust turnips and cabbages.

又たゞの一人になりぬさみだれん
Mata tada no hitori ni narinu samidaren

Once more I must become
Just me, myself,
In the falling late spring rain.

This modern haiku shows how strong the influence of Bashō still is.¹ The poet has been sitting talking to the other people at the inn late into the night, bathing in that social affection which is so necessary for us. This morning, however, he must become once more his own separate, lonely self.

梅に下りて鑛山過ぎざりし
Ume ni orite yama sugizarishi

Coming down through the plum-blossoms,
I missed the mine.

The poet went to some mountain famous for its plum-blossoms. He regrets not having seen the mine there with its black-faced sweaty men and hideous heaps of slag defacing the country-side. This haiku brings out the honesty of the modern poet.

雨に泊れば雨は晴れたる蜻蛉かな
Ame ni tomareba ame wa haretaru tombo kana

Putting up at an inn because of rain,—
It cleared up:
The dragonflies!

If we think of this as a common experience on a journey, putting up at an inn because it is raining, and then the weather clearing up soon afterwards, this verse has little or nothing in it. It is better to take the rain,

¹ See *Haiku*, Vol. IV, p. 215.

the stopping at the inn, and the subsequent clearing up of the weather as a mere preliminary for the dragonflies, which would never have been seen, in their real nature and meaning, except for this accident.

此の道に依る外はなき枯野かな
Kono michi ni yoru hoka wa naki karenô kana

This road,
 Across the withered moor,—
 It is all that God offers.

Across the vast plain goes the tiny traveller. For him there is but one thing to do, to go walking on this lonely road, either one way or the other.

石垣に鴨吹きよする嵐かな
Ishigaki ni kamo fukiyosuru arashi kana

The winter storm
 Blows the ducks all together
 At the stone wall.

These ducks are perhaps in the moat of a castle, or on the small lake of a temple. The water is rippled, the plumage of the birds is ruffled by the cold blast that seems to have blown them into one place.

山まで蜜柑色づきぬ壁を色塗る
Yama made mikan irozukinu kabe wo iro nuru

The oranges paint their colour
 Right up to the mountain top,
 Dyeing the wall of the house

The form is 4, 8, 7. This verse is a not altogether unsuccessful attempt to do in words what the artist does

with the brush. It has in addition some dynamic sweep of movement which comes back to the static reflection of the yellow colour in the white walls of the house.

蔦からみ 藤からみ 松の風さわぐ
Tsuta karami fuji karami matsu no kaze sawagu

Vines wind over the pine tree,
Wistaria winds round,
And the breezes clamour there.

There is perhaps a suggestion here of the different sounds that are made by the breezes in the needles and leaves and stems and branches. In a poem of Hardy's we get the same thought of music, but expressed visually:

The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings from broken lyres.

遠花火音して何もなかりけり
Tō-hanabi otoshite nani mo nakari keru

Sounds,
Of far-off fireworks,
And that is all.

All the noise and excitement is here just a few distant pops. Compare what Thoreau says in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*:

There was a fire in Lowell, as we judged, this night, and we saw the horizon blazing, and heard the distant alarmbells, as it were a faint tinkling music borne to these woods.

Seisensui, 井泉水, was born in 1884. After graduating from Tōkyō University, he preached and practised the new

kind of haiku together with Hekigodō and Ippekirō. He wanted to free haiku of the shackles of 17 syllables and a fixed season word, but at the same time deplored the prevailing lack of glory, 光, and of vigour, 力, in those very verses. He has produced a great number of readable works urging and illustrating his views, which are no doubt sound, but unfortunately neither his verses nor those of Hekigodō or Ippekirō come up to the standard they set. Seisensui has such "haiku" as the following, written in two lines, with a title:

こだま

「おーい」と淋しい人

「おーい」と淋しい山

Echo

"Hey!" calls the lonely man.

"Hey!" replies the lonely mountain.

一日

さびしや此の一日

一つの不思議をも見ざりし

One Day

I feel lonely;

Not one poetical thing have I see all day.

The original says, "wonderful thing."

圓く月が出てうららかに今日終る
Maruku tsuki ga dete uraraka ni kyō owaru

The round moon appearing,
 Today came
 To its beautiful end

Some days are perfect in the whole, and in all their parts.

坐りて砂手にして砂のあたたかし
Suwarite suna te ni shite suna no atatakashi

Sitting on the sand,
Holding it in my hand,
The sand is warm.

The warmth of the sand has something alive in it, as though the earth were after all faintly human.

蝶が蝶を蝶にとられて飛んでいる
Chō ga chō wo chō ni torarete tonde iru

A butterfly is taken
By a butterfly from a butterfly,
And flutters along.

This is like the ten little nigger boys; first there were three butterflies, now there is only one, flying alone.

雲雀天上で鳴き大地で鳴き鳴きながら上り
Hibari tenjō de naki daichi de naki nakinagara nobori

The lark sings in heaven,
Sings on earth,
Sings as it rises.

The rhythm of the original verse, a rather long one, expresses the flight of the bird and its song.

土筆土筆富士は大きく裾をひく
Tsukushi tsukushi fuji wa ōkiku suso wo hiku

Horsetails! Horsetails!
With Mount Fuji greatly
Trailing its skirts!

The small things sprouting from the warm soil of spring, together with the background of the great sweep of Mount Fuji's base.

一本橋をこどもがくる犬がくる朝
Ippon-bashi wo kodomo ga kuru inu ga kuru asa

With morning comes
 A child, then a dog
 Across the log bridge.

There is no season word, but we feel it is summer.

山は人の住む煙一すじの青い空
Yama wa hito no sumu kemuri hitosuji no aoi sora

A line of smoke rising,
 Someone is living there in the mountains,—
 The blue sky.

Blue smoke in a blue sky; no season word, but autumn is the right time.

空をあゆむろろうと月ひとり
Sora wo ayumu rō-rō to tsuki hitori

Pacing the sky,
 Silvery and serene,
 The moon alone.

This reminds us of Freeman's *It was the lovely moon:*

Calm she looked, yet pale with wonder,
 Sweet in unwonted thoughtfulness.

雪水に降る水の中から降る
Yuki mizu ni furu mizu no nakakara furu

Snow falls on the water,
It falls from inside the water.

Though this is a most interesting natural phenomenon, and not merely an optical illusion, it is too uncommon for haiku,—until we have seen it many times, and then it is all right.

自分の茶碗がある家に戻っている
Jibun no chawan ga aru ie ni modotte iru

Back home,
Where I have
My own bowl.

To eat with another's bowl is like eating with another's false teeth.

山百合にそそぐ大雨やほととぎす
Yamayuri ni sosogu taiu ya hototogisu

The mountain lilies
Are drenched with heavy rain;
A hototogisu sings.

There is a harmony here between the lilies wet with the big drops of rain, and the fluid, "white" voice of the hototogisu.

冬の夜のおのが影とおのが事書く
Fuyu no yo no onoga kage to onoga koto kaku

A winter evening;
Together with my own shadow,
Writing about myself.

This kind of objective treatment of self, an only ap-

parent subjectivity, is not uncommon in Chinese poetry. When he is by himself, a man's shadow makes him feel yet more keenly his loneliness:

At Kantan, on the Coldest
Night of the Year, Thinking of Home.

On my journey, I have come to the coldest day of
the year.¹
Clasping my knees before the lamp, my shadow keeps
me company.
No doubt they sit there at home, and, as night
deepens,
They speak together of one who is far away.

邯鄲冬至夜思家

邯鄲客裏逢冬至。抱膝燈前影伴身。
想得家中夜深坐。還應說著遠行人。

墓土ふみならず大きな足跡の夕日
Hakatsuchi fuminarasu ōkina ashiato no yūhi

The huge footprints
In the trodden-down earth
Of the grave in the evening.

This reminds us of the grave-digging scene in *Hamlet*. The haiku however has a kind of crescendo or rather widening element in it. The departed and all his glory have come to this mere six foot of earth, but its softness makes the foot-prints of the gravedigger larger than life-size, and in the rays of the evening sun they appear larger still, and more significant. There is something also of

¹ By the Lunar Calendar, about the 22nd of the 12th month.

the feeling of Millet's *L'Angelus*, and Victor Hugo's *Le Sèmeur*.

佛を信ず麥の穂の青さしんじつ
Hotoke wo shinzu mugi no ho no aosa shinjitsu

I believe in Buddha,
The green of the ears of the barley,
The absolute truth.

It is said that the author composed this when on a pilgrimage for the repose of his wife, child, and mother. There is no other religion.

木の芽ぬれるほどは人のぬれて行く
Ki no me nureru hodo wa hito no nurete yuku

The buds of the tree become wet;
So, and to the same degree,
People get wet.

The rain falls on the just buds and on the unjust people walking in the rain.

たんぽぽたんぽぽ砂濱に春が開く
Tampoपोampo sunahama ni haru ga hiraku

Dandelions, dandelions!
On the sandy beach
Spring unfolds.

Many of Seisensui's haiku are like a line of a children's song, for example, the next also:

蝸鳴けば鳴けば蝸鳴きつれ日ぐるる
Higurashi nakeba nakeba higurashi nakitsure higururu

The *higurashi* sing,
They sing, they sing together,
And night draws nigh.

The *higurashi*, the "day darkener," is a cicada which sings in the early evening (or early morning).

湖見えて道ひろし朴の實を拾ふ
Umi miete michi hiroshi hō no mi wo hirou

The lake seen in the distance;
The road is wide:
Picking up magnolia fruit.

From the distant expanse of shining water and the wide white road, we come to these small red berries that form in autumn after the white flowers have bloomed in summer. The tree is called *hōnoki* or *hōgashiwa*. It grows to a great size in the deep mountains.

Hōsha, 鳳車, born in 1885, wrote haiku from his high-school days, but later leaned towards the Free Verse School, 自由律俳句, and followed Seisensui. He had a warm, affectionate disposition, and was respected by all. He died in 1954.

又一日のはじまりに落つる木の葉あり
Mata ichinichi no hajimari ni otsuru konoha ari

One more day beginning;
There are leaves
Falling.

There is a depth of grief here that does not belong to personal loss or fear of death or even to a view of the world as a thing of change and decay. It is deeper than

this, for it springs from the very heart of man, which in itself, in its own inner life, realizes that morning and evening, life and death, budding and withering are one thing,—which is? Which is the soul of that soul.

ゆまりしつつよく枯れし野に音立てぬ
Yumari shitsutsu yoku kareshi no ni oto tatenu

Urinating
On the withered waste,
It made a noise.

Standing with legs astride, and well-balanced, with all the weight and energy in the lower part of the body, we feel one with the earth we stand on. Making water is an action which is part of the cycle of life. But beyond this there is something peculiarly significant in the sound of the water on the dry leaves, for it is not merely water, but one's own body in a liquid form which is causing the sound.

蛇が死にをるかたはらに子供話しをり
Hebi ga shiniuru katawara ni kodomo hanashi ori

The snake is dying:
Nearby,
Children are talking.

The deep meaning of this verse lies in the absence of expressed or implied connection between the death of the snake and the conversation of the children. The lack of knowledge on this point, our deep eager interest in the details of the killing of the snake, our desire to hear what the children are saying, our sadistic gaze that returns again and again to watch the writhing of the creature in

its death agony,—these things are the poetry of a verse which implies none of them.

霧の深さに馬は馬どち顔よせぬ
Kiri no fukasa ni uma wa uma-dochi kao yosenu

In the depths of the mist,
 The horses
 Nuzzle each other.

What gives meaning to this verse is the first line; the rest is charming and sentimental, but goes no farther. There is the warmth of nature, the close intimacy of all things. But this by itself is insufficient. It needs the loneliness, the unseen, the unknown; it needs the stoicism of nature, its inconscience and remoteness to deepen the animal feeling.

まづ耳にいるふるさとの流なり
Mazu mimi ni iru furusato no nagare nari

What first struck the ear,—
 The stream
 Of my native village.

As the wanderer returns home after many years, he hears once again, (but with what a difference!) the voice of his native village, the stream by which he played in his childhood. It is first in time, but also first in eternity, that is, in value and significance to him. It is the one thing whose meaning he cannot express to another,—and yet it is expressed in the above seventeen syllables. It has the same meaning as the voice of Keats' nightingale, as the song of Wordsworth's solitary reaper.

Ippekirō, 一碧樓, was born in 1887, left the university

half-way, and supported Hekigodō in his new ideas about haiku. In 1911 he proclaimed these new tendencies, and published selections of haiku one after another. He died in 1946. Ippekirō broke the 17 syllable form, and made no use of season words, or, if he did, used such words without giving the season the main place in the verse, for example:

思ひ切り走って若葉の闇へ入っても見たい
Omoikiri hashitte wakaba no yami e haitte mo mitai

I feel like rushing
 Into the darkness
 Of the young leaves!

Ippekirō wrote of his own verses: "Some people say they (詩) are haiku, Some say they are not. As for myself I don't care what you call them. My poems (詩), in my idea, have a different standpoint from haiku so far, For one thing I don't care tuppence about the season-feeling." Ippekirō reminds us a little of Schumann in being valiant, of the Henry Miller that Orwell admired for his manliness and directness.

麥青々人うごく國土夜明けたり
Mugi sei-sei hito ugoku kokudo yo-aketari

The barley is green:
 The people of our country
 On the move when it dawns.

This is the life of the farmers in nature, dignified by the feeling of the history of the people as a people.

海鳥の群森につく大暑かな
Kaichō no mure mori ni tsuku taisho kana

The sea-birds in a flock
Fly to the wood and alight there:
Ah, the heat!

Sea-gulls, or some other white birds, suddenly fly inland to the woods, seeking the shade in this intense heat. The colour of the birds, their number, their all perching on ("sticking to") the same tree, gives us the feeling of excessive heat.

二つおきたるほのかなるひかりするよるのすゑもの
Futatsu okitaru honoka naru hikari suru yoru no suemono

Two pieces of crockery
Together, side by side,
Faintly gleaming.

Two pieces of china, a flower pot or a tea-cup (*suemono*) are seen together in the twilight, each faintly reflecting the light of candle or lamp.

空へたちのぼりわれらが焚火のけむり
Sora e tachinobori warera ga takibi no kemuri

Rising up into the sky,
Our bonfire's
Smoke.

The point of this verse seems to be in the word "our." The form emphasises the word "smoke" which thus rises up into a sky which becomes "our" sky.

Issekiro, 一石路, born in 1894, wrote haiku from his boyhood years, supported Seisensui, and then turned to "proletarian" haiku. He was imprisoned for two and a half years, after the Haiku Incident of 1941. After the end of the War he worked for freedom and peace.

人を殺せし馬の顔しづかなり厩
Hito wo koroseshi uma no kao shizuka nari umaya

The horse that killed a man,—
His face is meek and quiet
In the stable.

This verse reminds us of Lawrence's *St. Mawr*, but there the horse that injures two men is half-aware of his misdeed:

His head was raised again, the eyes still starting from their sockets, and a terrible guilty, ghost-like look on his face. When Lewis drew a little nearer he twitched and shrank away like a shaken steel spring, away,—not to be touched. He seemed to be seeing legions of ghosts, down the dark avenues of all the centuries that have elapsed since the horse became subject to man.

In the haiku, however, the horse is quite oblivious of his crime.

今し我が伐る木のしづけさを仰ぎたり
Ima-shi waga kiru ki no shizukesa wo aogitari

The tree I am cutting down,—
As I look up,
How still it is!

Just as true loneliness has nothing to do with desiring company, so true pathos is not an emotional perception of weakness, but a feeling of the tender, delicate life of a thing. Thus here, what strikes the woodman-poet is not the destruction of beauty about to take place, not the transitoriness of its life; it is not the so-called Buddhist compassion that fills his heart, but a realization of its

quiet core of life, not connected with its imminent fall and death, and yet not unconnected with it. The tree stands there for a moment, a great antenna, through which the stillness of the universe is transmitted.

Chapter XXXIV

THE SHŌWA ERA I

In the *Hototogisu*, in the 1st year of Shōwa, 1926, Kyoshi, the selector, had criticised the first three of the following four poets, Shūōshi, Seishi, Seiho, and Sujū, saying, "Their verses appear to be perfectly objective, but inside the verse there is some subjective element. However, their verses are not a return to the lyrical style of old haiku, but a new style that might be called 'objective-lyrical haiku.'" The following are examples of this style by the three poets:

野茨の水浸く小雨や四手網 秋櫻子
No-ibara no mizuku kosame ya yotsude-ami

The wild roses,
Soaked in the light rain,
As if in a casting-net. Shūōshi

かくれ家に露いっぱいのかかざかな 青 畝
Kakure-ya ni tsuyu ippai no akaza kana

A retired dwelling
Among the pig-weeds
Full of dew. Seiho

瀧浴びのまとう物なし夜の新樹 誓 子
Taki-abi no matou mono nashi yo no shinju

Religious ablution in the waterfall:
The young tree stands there
In the evening, naked. Seishi

Seison, 青邨, born in 1892, became a professor of engineering. He combined the *Hototogisu* haiku, that of the Four S's, and Fūsei. His haiku are described as easy and healthy, a doubtful compliment.

吊したる猪の前雪が降る
Tsurushi taru inoshishi no mae yuki ga furu

Before the wild boar
 Hanging there,
 Snow falls.

It is odd. Wild boars are so poetical that even if they are dead and hung up in the butcher's shop, just a clod of meat, when snow falls they become once more something of power and natural glory.

外套の裏は緋なりき明治の雪
Gaitō no ura wa hi nariki meiji no yuki

The linings of the overcoats
 Were scarlet;
 The snow in the Meiji Period

This is an interesting haiku, giving us the feeling that even the snow was different in that age.

Sujū, 素十, born in 1893, became a doctor, and began to write haiku, encouraged by Shūōshi, learning from Kyoshi. Shūōshi belonged to the Impressionistic School, but Sujū formed the rival Sketch School, nearer to that of Kyoshi. His kind of verses received the nickname of *Kusa-no-me* haiku, 草の芽, (corresponding to Dr Johnson's "counting the stripes of the tulip,") from the following verse, which was thought by the Impressionists to be too minute:

甘草の芽のとびとびの一ならび
Kanzō no me no tobi-tobi no hito-narabi

The yellow day-lily,
 The buds sporadically
 In a line.

Sujū explained his attitude in making verses like this: "When a scene comes before my eyes, I just look at it until it forms a lucid impression in my mind, and then I make a verse of this impression." At the beginning of the Shōwa Era, he was known as one of the best poets of the time. In the *Hototogisu* Kyoshi spoke of his style as "perfectly real, simple, and natural," and gave the following verse as an example:

水尾ひいて離るゝ一つ浮寝鳥
Mizuo hiite hanaruru hitotsu ukinedori

The water-birds, afloat, asleep;
 One draws a line on the water,
 Separating itself from the others.

ひっぱれる糸まっすぐや甲虫
Hippareru ito massugu ya kabutomushi

The beetle;
 The thread being pulled
 Is straight.

A child has tied a thread to the big beetle, a kind of stagbeetle, and wants to pull him around; the beetle does not want to be pulled. The straightness of the thread shows the struggle for existence.

翹わっててんたう虫の飛びいつる
Hane watte tentōmushi no tobi izuru

A ladybird flies off,
Dividing her wings
Into two.

There is something odd and interesting about the beautiful "split" wing-cases, which look as if they were made by somebody, though they were not,—or were they?

くもの糸一すぢよぎる百合の前
Kumo no ito hito-suji yogiru yuri no mae

A line of spider's thread
Crosses in front of
A lily.

There is something aesthetically meaningful here, in the contrast of the line of web and the circle of the lily, and in that of the spirituality of the thread and the grossness of the flower.

また一人遠くの蘆を刈りはじむ
Mata hitori tōku no ashi wo kari hajimu

Another
Begins to cut reeds
In the distance.

All along the valley reeds are growing, and a few reed-cutters are seen here and there in the distance. As the poet gazes, yet another man is seen far away cutting the rushes. The poetry is in the "one more."

街路樹の夜も落葉をいそぐなり
Gairo-ju no yoru mo ochiba wo isogu nari

The trees of the avenue
Hasten the fall of leaves
Even at night.

This kind of animism is good. The hastening is in the mind and in the trees, in man and in nature. This verse expresses the feeling of inexorable time, the eternal flux, seen here also under the arc-lamps of a city, as the leaves seem to fall faster in their light.

づかづかと来て踊子にさゝやける
Zuka-zuka to kite odoriko ni sasayakeru

Without ceremony

He comes straight to the dancer,
 And whispers something to her.

What is said may be a trifle, it may be a matter of life and death, but the unceremoniousness too is that of nature.

Yawa, 夜半, born in 1895, worked for thirty years in the Stock Exchange. He learned haiku from Kyoshi. His haiku are quiet and delicate appreciations of nature.

いつの世に習うて蘆を刈る人ぞ
Itsu no yo ni narôte ashi wo karu hito zo

These men cutting reeds,—
 In what ancient world
 Did they learn it?

There is a Nō play *Ashikari*, 蘆刈, reed-cutting. It is the beginning of winter; the water round the sand-banks has fallen; the reeds are dry. Some men are cutting them now, as every year. When they are tired they warm themselves round a fire of cut reeds, a fire that burns swiftly with little smoke, and needs replenishing often. There is something primitive, not idyllic, but all the more august and simple, something of ancient times in this scene.

國 栖人の面をこがす夜焚かな
Kuzubito no omote wo kogasu yo-daki kana

Torch-fishing at night:
 It burns the faces
 Of the men of Kuzu.

Kuzu is the name of a district in Yoshino. At the dead of night, fishermen are seen in a deep valley, fishing by the light of torches, their faces only being lit up in an uncanny way, giving them a demoniac appearance. There is a Nō play called *Kuzu*.

Takeji, 武二, was born in 1896, and wrote haiku from thirteen years of age. He was one of a group of "proletariat" poets.

月の光ながれきて葉をうごかせり
Tsuki no hikari nagare-kite ha wo ugokaseri

The beams of the moon,
 Flowing along,
 Moved the leaves.

There is not a breath of air; all is silent and still. Only the silver moonlight comes sliding down over everything,—and the leaves stir a little, and are quiet again. The moonlight has caused them to quiver and sway, ever so slightly: this is the feeling, the intuition, the faith, the flash of revelation,—but is it not only a sensory illusion? We live in two worlds, in more, it may be, but two at least. When we say, "The night wind made the leaves tremble," we are asserting something whose meaning goes beyond the mere words and their separate connotation, and belongs to a world of flux and strain, nebulous, yet of orderly beauty, dead, in the sense that it belongs to law.

Even this world is beyond all words and symbols. But when we say, "The moonlight swayed the leaves," we are in the divine, the creative world, alive and free, not the world that is, but that which is evermore about to be.

水つめたし丘青しひぐらし鳴けり
Mizu tsumetashi oka aoshi higurashi nakeri

The water is cold,
The hills green:
A higurashi is crying.

The ear, the eye, the sense of touch are all stimulated to the same end. The clear cold water, the clear green of the hill, the hard clear note of the insect give an aspect of nature which is not seasonal, but has its part in every natural phenomenon, and is perceived most sharply in the sudden cry of the higurashi, the nip of the stream, the vividness of the green of the hill.

花を抑へて雲渡る風の暑き晝
Hana wo osaete kumo wataru kaze no atsuki hiru

Bearing down on the flowers,
A cloud blown by the hot wind:
Midday.

"The flowers" means of course the cherry blossoms; it is a more than warm day of late spring. The poet wishes to express the idea of "the heat and burden of the day," when the cherry flowers are in full bloom. In harmony with the blossoms fully open are the greatest warmth of the sun's rays, the fullness of the great cloud, and the heat of the enveloping wind. The poet's own sense of oppression is transferred, unconsciously, to the flowers themselves, and theirs to him.

冬の日燃ゆる原の逞ましき犬ら
Fuyu no hi moyuru hara no takumashiki inu-ra

A winter day;
 On the burning moor,
 Some powerful-looking dogs.

The grass is brown and yellow, dry and brittle, ready to burst into flame. Several huge, fierce-looking dogs are running about, heads down, intent upon something. We feel in this scene, not the cold deadness of winter, its lifelessness, but the latent ferocity of heat in cold.

夕陽横ざまに流るゝ空のとんぼとんぼ
Yūhi yokozama ni nagaruru sora no tombo tombo

The evening sun;
 Flowing across the sky,
 Dragon-flies.

In the level rays of the sun dragon-flies are gliding backwards and forwards, their T-shaped forms accentuating the horizontal nature of their flight. This is all there is in this poem, but the poet has expressed the feeling of straightness, of layers, of banded clouds and lines of mist, the something geometrical in nature which among the confusion and fortuitousness of the day is visible for a few moments as night falls.

椿嗅いで棄てし乞食が歩き出したり
Tsubaki kaide suteshi kojiki ga aruki-dashitari

Smelling a camellia flower,
 The beggar threw it away,
 And walked on.

The mystery here, the mind of the beggar, is as deep

and insoluble as that of the mind of a sheep or an ant, or that of one's dearest friend. What makes him bend down and pick up the flower that lies, like himself, despised and rejected of men, by the side of the road? What makes him smell it, and what recollections of childhood and youth does it raise? What deep indifference and perception of the meaninglessness of all things is it that causes him to throw it aside, and move on once more in his purposeful walk from nowhere to nowhere? Maugham says, speaking of the hero of *Ashenden*, *The British Agent*:

He did nothing from morning to night but wander at random, not with eye of a tourist who seeks for what ought to be seen, not with the eye of a writer who looks for his own, seeing in a sunset a melodious phrase or in a face the inkling of a character, but with that of the tramp to whom whatever happens is absolute.

Seiho, 青畝, born in 1899, had trouble with his ears. He gave up his schooling upon the death of his brother. He had learned haiku from his middle school days. Though he had a strong subjective vein he joined the Hototogisu School. He made use of a *Manyōshū* vocabulary, and, together with Shūōshi, Seishi, and Sujū, became one of the Four S's of the time. Comparing the two, Kyoshi said of Seishi, "He is the captive on the frontier," and of Seiho, "He sits at ease in the seat of the King of the Country of Haiku."

なつかしの濁世の雨や涅槃像
Natsukashi no jokuse no ama ya nehanzō

The Nirvana Picture;
The rain of this sordid world falls,—
How dear it is to us!

The picture of Buddha's Entrance into Nirvana is hung up in the temple on the anniversary of His death. Rain falls outside in the world of illusion, but it is our world; our only world.

葛城の山懐に寝釋迦かな
Katsuragi no yama-futokoro ni ne-shaka kana

Buddha lying down,
In the bosom
Of Mount Katsuragi.

The use of the word "bosom" reminds us of Wordsworth's "in the bosom of the steady lake."

一の字に遠目に涅槃したまへる
Ichi no ji ni tōme ni nehan shi-tamaeru

The Buddha lies,
His eyes in a straight line,
Looking into infinity.

The eyes may seem shut, but they are half-open, as though gazing into all the worlds of all time.

Kusatao, (Kusadao) 草田男, was born in 1901. He studied German, then Japanese literature. He was fond of Nietzsche, Strindberg, Dostoevski, Holderin, Chekov, and became neurasthenic. When he was twenty nine years old he visited Kyoshi, and entered the Tōkyō University Haiku Association. He opposed the Shinkō Haiku group, 新興俳句, vigorously. However, he was investigated by the police at the beginning of the war and stopped writing

until it ended. His recent verses concern people's state of mind.

柘植の花二つ寄り添い流れくる
Tsuge no hana futatsu yorisoi nagare-kuru

Flowers of the box-tree
Come floating on the water,
In couples.

焼跡に遺る三和土や手毬つく
Yake-ato ni nokoru tataki ya temari tsuku

On the concrete
Of the burnt-out house,
A child playing hand-ball.

In Europe from the middle of the 19th century, in Japan from the end of it, one of the chief functions of poetry was to digest modern things of scientific character. In his famous picture, "Wind, Steam, Speed," Turner does this, but partly by means of his shortsightedness. The whole picture is a kind of poetic blur. In the present verse, the bombed-out house with only the cement flooring that remains is lifted up into the realm of poetry by means of the age-old ball-bouncing of the little girl. It reminds us of one of Hardy's best-known poems, *The Breaking of the Nations*, which ends, after speaking of the life of ordinary men and women:

War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

勇氣こそ地の鹽なれや梅眞白
Yūki koso chi no shio nare ya ume mashiro

Courage

Is the salt of the earth!

The plum-blossoms purely white.

This was composed when he was "called to the colours," which are not purely white. The poet uses the words of Christ, *Matthew 5, 13*, to express his feeling of the power and value of two things, human integrity and the whiteness of the plum blossoms; they are seen to be what they really are, two manifestations of one thing. Courage is purely white. The plum-blossoms are the salt of the earth.

萬緑の中や吾子の齒生えそむる
Manryoku no naka ya ako no ha hae somuru

Among the myriad leaves of spring
 My child has begun
 To cut his teeth.

What is interesting about this rather unusual verse is the contrast between the universal verdure of Nature and this one child's little front teeth. The common element in them is the fact that both leaves and teeth are forms of growth. In any case this verse may be called a *tour-de-force*.

玉蟲交る土塊どちは愚かさよ
Tamamushi zareru tsuchikure dochi wa orokasa yo

The-jewel insects copulating;
 How dull, how stupid
 These clods of earth!

This newness of subject is certainly very refreshing, and the real interest of the poet is shown in the fact that he wrote many verses on the *tamamushi* copulating, in which

he saw expressed the splendour and power of life just as D. H. Lawrence did; for example:

玉蟲交る五色の雄と金の雌
Tamamushi zareru goshiki no osu to kin no mesu

The *tamamushi* copulating,
The five-coloured male
And the golden female.

In the former verse the poet looks at the lumps of earth on which or by which the insects are fulfilling the law of their being, and feels a kind of anger at their helplessness and insentience.

白足袋のチラチラとして線路越ゆ
Shiro-tabi no chira-chira to shite senro koyu

White *tabi*
Flicker across
The railroad crossing.

This seems purely a picture, a visual impression of a woman's white *tabi* (Japanese socks) as she crosses the railway at some distance, yet there is something faintly yet deeply significant in it.

行く馬の背の冬日差はこぼるる
Yuku uma no se no fuyu-hizashi hakobaruru

As the horse ambles along,
He carries on his back
The winter sunlight.

The horse is quite unconscious of the weak sunlight rippling on his back, but none the less there is a deep relation between them. The horse moves, and the sun-

light moves; the horse carries all that sunlight on his back, yet it is no burden to him whatever.

降る雪や明治は遠くなりけり
Furu yuki ya meiji wa tōku nari ni keri

Snow falling;
 The Meiji Era,—
 How far off it is!

Watching the snow, his thoughts revert to the literature and history of the Meiji period, and in the slow yet rapid fall of the snow, its inevitability, its “destiny,” he feels how distant the things of the past, even the past of fifty years ago. The verse has the language and tone of waka rather than haiku.

校塔にはと多き日や卒業す
Kōtō ni hatō ōki hi ya sotsugyō su

Today I graduated;
 Round the school tower
 Pigeons are many.

There is a medley of various faint emotions and thoughts, somehow expressed in the gentle and charming doves that symbolise all the pleasant, precious memories that remain in his bosom.

頭をふりて身をなめよそふ月のねこ
Zu wo furite mi wo name-yosou tsuki no neko

Flourishing his head around,
 He licks himself sleek and smooth,
 The moonlight cat.

When a cat licks his back he makes great sweeps in

the air so as to get the full force of his rough tongue on his fur. This particular cat is sitting in the light of the moon, so that he glistens, and the dark fur shines as the moonlight bathes it.

友もやゝ表札古りて秋にそむ
Tomo mo yaya hyōsatsu furite aki ni somu

Both grown old,
My friend, and the door-plate too;
The beginning of autumn.

As he stands outside his friend's house, he feels "the sentiment of being" of autumn spread over everything. Himself, his friend, the house, the very door-plate,—all share in the inevitable old age of things.

町空のつばくらめのみ新しや
Machi-zora no tsubakurame nomi atarashi ya

Only the swallows
Are new
In the sky over the town.

When he returned to his native place, everything looked old and dilapidated, except the swallows, now as fresh and lively as when he was a child.

鴨渡る鍵も小さき旅カバン
Kamo wataru kagi mo chiisaki tabi kaban

The wild ducks cross the sky;
The bag for the journey,
The key also small.

This was composed in Hokkaidō, when travelling. The wild ducks fly over the vast sky, a man under it, alone,

with a small travelling bag that has a yet tinier key.

亡き友肩に手をのするごと秋日ぬくし
Naki tomo kata ni te wo nosuru goto aki hi nukushi

The autumn sun is warm,
 As though my dead friend
 Had put his hand on my shoulder.

This friend was Itami Mansaku.

翳雲個々一切事地上にあり
twashi-gumo koko issaiji chijō ni ari

Cirro-cumulus clouds;
 Each and all things
 Are on this earth.

God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.

種蒔ける者の足あと拾しや
Tane makeru mono no ashi-ato amaneshi ya

The footprints
 Of the sower
 Are everywhere.

We must sow, not be sown; bless, not be blessed; give,
 not receive.

あかんぼの舌の強さや飛び飛ぶ雪
Akambo no shita no tsuyosa ya tobi tobu yuki

How strong
 The baby's tongue!
 The flying, flying snow!

The baby's mouth has an extraordinary sucking power
 for such a small creature. The snow that flies past the

window is so soft, yet has an equally extraordinary energy of movement. The poet felt both at the same moment, and the difference of the manifestation of force struck his heart.

Seishi, 誓子, born in 1901, studied law at the university, and then entered a business firm. He has published many collections of his verses. He and Shūōshi urged and practised a new kind of haiku, 新興俳句, in the words of Seishi, "Verses with new materials, but deeply conceived." Seishi wrote many verse sequences, for example fifty four haiku on Going to Mt. Aso, 大阿蘇行. In 1941 he became ill, and retired from his work. From this time his haiku became simpler:

十字路に亱てばいづこも秋の暮
Jūjiro ni tateba izuko mo aki no kure

Standing at the cross-roads,
Everywhere the same
Autumn evening.

This seems based on a well-known waka. Seishi believed that haiku should have some quality of the *Manyōshū* in it.

探梅や遠き昔の汽車にのり
Tanbai ya tōki mukashi no kisha ni nori

Seeking
For plum blossoms,
Riding in an old, antiquated train.

もの書きて端近くゐればゆく時雨
Mono kakite hajikaku ireba yuku shigure

Writing something,
And then, standing on the verandah,
A passing shower.

炎天に僧形遠くより来る
Enten ni sōgyō tōku yori kitaru

In the scorching sunshine,
The figure of a monk
Coming in the distance.

枯園に向ひて硬きカラア嵌む
Karesono ni mukaite kataki karā hamu

Facing the withered garden
And putting on
A stiff collar.

This is a (somewhat stiff) Japanese garden.

海に出て木枯歸るところなし
Umi ni dete kogarashi kaeru tokoro nashi

Coming to the sea,
The violent wintry wind
Had nowhere to return to.

This is dramatic animism.

身を浸けて蟹が水飲むことあはれ
Mi wo tsukete kani ga mizu nomu koto aware

The crab
Sinking into the water and drinking it
Is pathetic.

This is Pater's idea in *Marius the Epicurean*, that all

things are a cause of *lacrimae rerum*, in being what they are.

としよりの咀嚼つづくや黴の家
Toshiyori no soshaku tsuzuku ya kabi no ie

The old chap
Keeps on chew, chew;
A mildewy house.

きりぎりすこの家刻刻古びつつ
Kirigirisu kono ie koku-koku furubitsutsu

With every chirp, chirp,
Of the cricket,
The house grows older.

This reminds us of Keats's sonnet on *The Grasshopper and the Cricket*, who

Nick the glad silent moments as they pass.

Koku-koku is the nicking.

わが行けばいっさいのかに蘆隠る
Waga ikeba issai no kani ashi-kakuru

As I walk along
Every one of the crabs
Hides in the rushes.

Sea crabs, different from land-crabs, are very timid and hide at the slightest provocation. This haiku reminds us of one of Clare's "sonnets," *Summer Evening*:

The frog, half-fearful, jumps across the path,
And little mouse that leaves its hole at eve
Nimbles with timid dread beneath the swath.

匙なめて童たのしも夏氷
Saji namete warabe tanoshimo natsu-gōri

Licking the spoon,
 The little boy is in heaven;
 Shaved ice in summer.

The child, a little boy of seven or eight, sits eating the cheap mixture of shaved ice and some sweet red liquid. The spoon also is a cheap one, but he plays with the wet, cold mass, licks the spoon, finds it too cold, yet delicious, and eats it much more slowly and in a much less business-like way than the adults.

歩々に歩々に露りまくら木油じむ
Hoho ni hoho ni tsuyu no makuragi abura-jimu

Step by step over them,
 The railway sleepers
 Oily and dewy.

In Japan, and Korea, as in America, but not in England, people often walk along the railway track. In the early morning, after a heavy dew, the drops lie clear and shining on the black oil with which the logs of wood are "pickled." This is seen by the eye, and also, as we walk on them in uneasily regular stride, by the feet.

大嶺や裾曲の道を炭車
Ōmine ya susowa no michi wo sumi-guruma

Under the lofty peak,
 On the road round the foot of it,
 A charcoal cart.

This has vastness with minuteness, like some Chinese pictures, or Wordsworth's landscapes.

月光は凍りて宙にとゞまれる
Gekkō wa kōrite chū ni todomareru

The moonlight,
 Freezing in mid-air,
 Stays there.

This verse is more psychological or sensational than poetical, but it is an original expression of a far from uncommon experience. The moon is in the sky, the moonlight on the ground, but in the dark cold air between the winter moonlight seems to be faintly and visibly present, as though suspended in the air. When the weather is cold and the ground is dark we get a feeling of the materiality of the moonlight.

Fukio, 不器男, who began his life in 1903, and died at twenty eight in 1930, was attracted by the mind of the *Manyōshū*, and tried to introduce it into his verses. Before him, some poets, especially Seishi, had already used words and phrases from it, in order to infuse a new life into haikai. After Fukio's death, most modern poets were influenced by him, as a reaction to the monotony of the then fashionable objective style. The following verse was highly valued by Kyoshi. The poet is thinking of his home:

あなたなる夜雨の葛のあなたかな
Anata naru yosame no kuzu no anata kana

Far off
 The arrowroots, in the rain, in the night,
 Far off.

The arrowroots he saw a few days ago, in his native place, are still standing there in the darkness, in the rain, far away.

まのあたり天降りし蝶や櫻草
Ma no atari ama-kudarishi chō ya sakura-sō

Under my very eyes,
 A butterfly comes down from heaven
 Onto the primrose.

Poetry is not purely objective. The poet is always present, not conspicuous by his absence, but faintly suffusing the object with his humanity. So in the above verse, the poet feels as though he were Mary, and the butterfly the angel announcing Good News.

麥車馬におくれて動き出ず
Mugi-guruma uma ni okure te ugoki izu

The barley-cart
 Moves
 After the horse does.

The horse and the cart are not one; they are two separate things. The horse begins to move; the cart does not; then the cart moves.

人入って門のこりたる暮春かな
Hito itte mon nokoritaru boshun kana

Someone entering,
 The gate was left behind
 In the late spring.

Late spring is peculiarly appropriate to this experience of the solitariness, the resignedness, the egolessness of things in their relation to human beings.

寒鴉己が影の上におりたちぬ
Kangarasu ono ga kage no ue ni oritachinu

The mid-winter crow
Drops down and stands on
His own shadow.

The black crow in the air comes down and stands on his black shadow, which is already there to receive him.

ふるさとや石垣齒朶に春の月
Furusato ya ishigaki shida ni haru no tsuki

In my old home,
The ferns growing in the stone wall
Under the spring moon.

Going back to one's native place, nothing seems changed, except perhaps older. And going out in the evening the ferns growing between the stones of the mossy wall are more tender and alive in the soft light of the spring moon. The ferns, the moon, the season, the old home,—there is almost too much sentimental accord.

Takashi, たかし, born in 1906, the son of a Nō actor, found his health would not permit him to take up his father's occupation, and turned to the world of haiku. In the first year of Shōwa his verses appeared in the *Hoto-togisu*. They are of a remarkable delicacy:

凧の影走り現る雪の上
Tako no kage hashiri arawaru yuki no ue

The shadow of the kite
Is seen hastening
Over the snow.

枯菊と言ひ捨てんには情あり
Karegiku to iisuten ni wa nasake ari

To say, over one's shoulder,
 "They're only withered chrysanthemums,"
 Is too heartless.

水仙や古鏡の如く花をかゝぐ
Swisen ya kokyō no gotoku hana wo kakagu

The narcissus flower,—
 It is set on its stalk
 Like an old mirror.

The point of the resemblance between the narcissuses and the old mirror (a polished metal one) is the way in which the flower is set on its long stalk, reminding us of the old Japanese mirror, a bronze one like the Chinese mirror, on a kind of stand.

雨音のかむさりにけり蟲の宿
Ama-oto no kamusari ni keri mushi no yado

At the Insect-Hermitage,
 Their singing is overlapped
 By the sound of rain.

Mushi no yado means a small dwelling where the singing of insects can be heard well. The voices of the insects blend insensibly into the sound of the rain.

露草のおがめるごとし蕾かな
Tsuyukusa no ogameru gotoshi tsubomi kana

A day-flower,
 Closing the petals
 As if in prayer.

Gyōsui, 暁水, a poet of Ōsaka, was particularly pro-

vincial, with verses of the pathos of the lives of ordinary people:

夜店出す愚かさ胸に妻子住む
Yomise dasu orokasa mune ni tsumako sumu

How foolish
To be a night-stall seller,
Thinking of one's wife and children!

Chapter XXXV
THE SHŌWA ERA II

Three poetesses, Hisajo, Shizunojo, and Yorie, made their appearance in the world almost at the same time, the middle of the Taishō Era. By the beginning of the Shōwa Era, their styles had been settled. All three were subjective, especially Shizunojo. The verses of Hisajo were called “fresh-coloured and artificial,” and those of Yorie “soft-coloured and refined.”

こだまして山時鳥ほしいまゝ 久女
Kodama shite yama-hototogisu hoshii mama

The mountain cuckoo,
Rousing the echoes
Just as he likes. Hisajo

寒夜鏡に棲しづまりて誰か立つ しづの女
Kanya kagami ni tsuma shizumarite tare ka tatsu

A cold winter night;
Someone stands before the mirror,
In the stillness of her skirt. Shizunojo

猫の目に海の色ある小春かな よりえ
Neko no me ni umi no iro aru koharu kana

In the eyes of the cat
Is the colour of the sea
Of a sunny day in winter. Yorie

Hisajo, 久女, 1890–1945, graduated from the (then) Girls

High School where she became the literary rival of Miyake Yasuko. She married the artist Sugita Udai, and sent her haiku to the *Hototogisu*, though her chief aim was to write novels. She competed with Kijō, Dakotsu, Sekitei, and the rest of them, and was the chief of a group of women poets, Yorie, Midorijo, Seiyo, Aoi, Shizunojo, and so on. Of a passionate nature, she was always in love with somebody, a woman with one thought in mind. She had many enemies and no friends, at home and abroad. In 1936 her name was removed from the *Hototogisu* list. She died insane at the age of fifty five. After her death her power as an author was gradually recognised.

朝顔や濁りそめたる市の空
Asagao ya nigori sometaru machi no sora

Morning-glories blooming,
 The sky above the town
 Beginning to be smoky.

Here we have the contrast between man and nature, nature being dyed by man in the smoke that spoils yet humanizes the morning sky, and the morning-glories that stand in blissful contrast to it. The next verse is another translation of the verse on the previous page.

峴して山時鳥ほしいまゝ
Kodama shite yama-hototogisu hoshiimama

The *hototogisu* in the mountains,
 Echoing, echoing,
 Sing as they please.

There is something of the freedom of the birds here, and their mountain life.

足袋つぐやノラともならず教師妻
Tabi tsugu ya nora to mo narazu kyōshi-zuma

Wife of a teacher am I,
 Mending his socks,
 Not a Nora.

The onomatopoeia of the original is excellent.

紫の雲の上なる手毬唄
Murasaki no kumo no ue naru temari-uta

The ball-bouncing song
 Rises above and beyond
 The purple clouds.

Though it is growing darker, the children still keep on singing the ancient song, ever old, ever new, like the clouds of evening.

羅に衣通る月の肌かな
Usumono ni so tōru tsuki no hadae kana

The moonlight,—
 Right through my thin clothes
 To the very skin!

This is a haiku hardly possible to a man, unless it were Shakespeare perhaps.

Shizunojo, **しづの女**, was born in 1887. Her name was Shizuno, 静廼. She became a teacher, and learned haiku from Kyoshi from 1920, later than Hisajo and Kanajo, writing at the same time as Teijo. She died in 1951. Her work was characterised by a social, critical, enterprising spirit. A well-known verse:

短夜や乳ぜり泣く兒を須可捨焉乎
Mijikayo ya chichi-zeri naku ko wo sutechimao ka

The short night:
This child crying for milk,—
Shall I get rid of it?

The Chinese characters used for the colloquial Japanese add humour, and soften the sadism.

Yorie, より江, born in 1884, was beloved of Sōseki and Shiki. She entered Kyoshi's School, and became one of the leading women haiku writers of the time. Her verses are exceedingly feminine and emotional about woman's daily life.

別れ路やたゞ曼珠沙華咲くばかり
Wakare-ji ya tada manjushage saku bakari

A parting of the ways,
Manjusaka flowers
Blooming only.

The manjushage, also written 小赤華, "small red flower," is a very Buddhistic-looking wild flower that blooms in September at the Autumn Equinox.

Midorijo, みどり女, born in 1886, learned haiku from Kyoshi, and published her verses in the *Hototogisu*.

秋の蝶山に私を置き去りぬ
Aki no chō yama ni watashi wo ki sarinu

A butterfly
Left me alone
In the autumn mountains.

"Wilt thou also leave me?"

秋風や石積んだ馬の動かざる
Aki-kaze ya ishi tsunda uma no ugokazaru

The autumn wind;
 A horse, loaded with stones,
 Doesn't move.

The stoniness of the stones, the autumnality of the wind, the stillness of the horse (with the pathos suppressed, but not annihilated). This is haiku. Real haiku can never be explained or commented on, except as giving horns to a rabbit.

やたら来る子に鞆をからげけり
Yatara kuru ko ni buranko wo karage keru

Children come here
 Too much;
 I tie up the swing.

Children are very nice, and a swing is charming, but at the same time....Universalised, a good thing always has its bad side or, more profoundly, non-existence is better than existence.

Three more poetesses, Takako, Tatsuko, and Teijo, made their appearance following that of the above three. Takako was like Hisajo. Tatsuko was objective, under the influence of Kyoshi. Teijo wrote homely verses.

白桃に入れし刃先の種を割る 多佳子
Shiramomo ni ireshi hasaki no tane wo waru

Splitting open
 The stone of a white peach
 With the edge of the blade. Takako

赤方留六



美しき緑はしれり夏料理 立子
Utsukushiki midori hashireri natsu-ryōri

How beautiful
The green vegetables
In the dishes in summer! Tatsuko

あわれ子の夜寒の床のひけばよる 汀女
Aware ko no yosamu no toko no hikeba yoru

A cold night of autumn;
I draw the quilt over her,
And she snuggles up to me. Teijo

Takako, 多佳子, was born in 1899. She married in 1917 and lived in Kyūshū. She learned haiku in connection with Hisajo. She moved to Ōsaka and studied with Kyoshi and Seishi, and then with the latter left the *Hotologisu* and joined the *Ashibi*. In 1937 her husband died. She lived in Nara during the war and after, and with Sanki, 三鬼, and Seitō, 静塔, formed an association. In 1948, together with Seishi, she left the *Ashibi*, and formed the *Tenrō*, 天狼. She is the chief woman writer of haiku in Japan.

いわし雲家出てすぐに家を戀ふ
Iwasigumo ie dete sugu ni ie wo kou

A mackerel sky
When I go out,
And I soon long for home.

雪原の昏るゝに燈なき櫃にゐる
Setsu-gen no kururu ni hi naki sori ni iru

The snowy moor;
 It grows dark;
 I am in a sledge without a light.

This verse has a symbolism that must be kept latent.

Teijo, 汀女, born in 1900, began to send haiku to the *Hototogisu* at the age of eighteen. After her marriage she stopped writing, then began a movement of women's haiku as did Kyoshi's daughter Tatsuko, 立子. Teijo's haiku are full of feeling, quite different from Hisajo's masculinity.

つく羽子の音のつゞきに居る如し
Tsuku hago no oto no tsuzuki ni irugotoshi

The sound
 Of the shuttlecock hitting the battledore
 Seems to continue.

It is New Year's Day. The sky is blue and windless, and the dry sharp sound has an invigorating effect on the mind awakened to the newness of the new year. Like the song of the Solitary Reaper, but for poetic-physical reasons rather than emotional ones,

The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

金魚屋にわがさみだれの傘雫
Kingyoya ni waga samidare no kasa shizuku

At the gold-fish seller's,
 My drops of early summer rain
 Fall from the umbrella.

露の臺おもひおもひの夕汽笛
Fuki-no-tō omoi-omoi no yū giteki

Evening;
The spikes of rhubarb,
And the different train-whistles.

This is part of the life of people who live in a small house near the railway. The sound of the trains and the flowers and vegetables in the garden are inseparably bound together.

Tatsuko, 立子, born in 1903, was the second daughter of Kyoshi. She travelled with her father in Manchuria and Korea. She composed haiku from her twenty fourth year, and competed poetically with Hisajo, Takako, and other haiku poetesses. Kyoshi said of his daughter:

She receives the forms of nature simply, with a tender heart, and makes them into haiku—this what I felt on first reading her verses. I myself, following, as I always have done, the Way of the Delineation of Nature, have learned much from her,—not so much from what she describes by her eye, but the mind with which she sees it. This soft, direct heart makes mine, old and inclining to stubbornness, return again to itself.

We cannot help thinking of the last lines of *The Sparrow's Nest*:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

New Haiku broke completely with one old tradition, the *sentiment* proper to each season, to each bird, beast, or flower, decided by generations of poets who added their seal of approval. This had become a convention. What was once an inward conviction was now an outward

form, and therefore—so said the advocates of New Haiku—each individual poet must express his own particular and personal impression of the “life” of the things that strike him with poetical force. This idea gradually developed into a theory that the only principle of haiku is the form 5, 7, 5, and that haiku may omit the season (word).

Sōjō, 草城, was the first of the poets to maintain this theory; a verse of his illustrating it:

白き手にコルトりりとして黒し
Shiroki te ni koruto riri to shite kuroshi

In her white hand
 A Colt is black
 Valiantly

Sōjō, born in 1901, was brought up in Korea. After graduating from Tōkyō University he entered an insurance company. He became a selector of haiku for the *Hototogisu* in 1924, when it was at its weakest. This was the era of The Four S's, Shūōshi, Seishi, Seiho, Sujū. By 1935 he was writing verses of 17 syllables with no season word, and haiku sequences. During the war he had nothing to do with haiku, was burnt out three times and moved eight times. After the war he became ill, but published many works.

右眼には見えざる妻を左眼にて
U-gan ni wa miezaru tsuma wo sa-gan nite

I can't see my wife
 With my right eye,
 But I can with my left.

Lying ill in bed, he feels grateful for his wife, and for

having one good eye with which he can see her. "Man is a social animal" is perhaps an understatement.

青簾片はづれして暮情かな
Ao-sudare kata-hazure shite bojō kana

The green bamboo-blind
Hangs down half-off:
The feeling of evening.

The fact that the *sudare* is green shows that it is early summer. The "evening feeling" is therefore not the conventional melancholy of autumn but a particular one related to summer, to the bamboo blind, and to its being askew. It may be of the blind luxuriance, the excess of nature, a vague feeling of distress at the fortuitous disharmony and uncertainty of life.

春曉や人こそ知らね木々の雨
Shungyō ya hito koso shirane kigi no ame

A spring dawn:
Rain falls on these trees and bushes;
No one knows of it.

It is early morning; fine rain is falling, and trickling down the branches and trunks. Nobody else is up yet, and the rain and the trees are his alone. They belong to his world and no other. We may compare the following waka by Sanuki:

わが袖は汐干に見えぬ沖の石の
人こそ知らねかはくまもなし

My sleeve,
 Like a rock in the offing
 Unknown of men,
 Unseen at low tide even,—
 Ever undried.

By the 10th year of Shōwa, the whole of the haiku world had been permeated by the idea of verses without a season word. Most poets, except a few redoubtable opponents, tended to accept the idea, but not many actually put it into practice. One of these was **Hōsaku**, 鳳作, 1906–1936, and the following verse was much appreciated:

しんしんと肺青きまで海の旅
Shin-shin to hai aoki made umi no tabi

Sailing over the sea,
 Until our lungs feel
 Blue and cool.

Hōsaku was born in Kyushu, and became a teacher of English in Okinawa. His verses are *mu-ki* haiku, seasonless.

日盛の土に寂しやおのが影
Hizakari no tsuchi ni sabishi ya ono ga kage

The noonday sun:
 On the ground,
 My shadow is lonely.

The very distinctness, the mechanical precision of the shadow gives the poet a painful feeling, a feeling of fatal limitation and inescapability which he describes, inadequately enough, by the word *sabishi* (lonely).

Zenjidō, 禪寺洞, was born in 1889. In the 10th year of Shōwa, he declared that haiku should be an animated verse connected with life, and expanded the *Ama-no-gawa*, 天の川, a Kyūshū magazine formerly of the Hototogisu School, to produce verses without season words. Zenjidō also invented a form of haiku not restricted to the traditional 5, 7, 5 syllables, for example, one that is 7, 7, 5:

屋上園の櫻に空の弧が圓し
Okujōen no sakura ni sora no ko ga marushi

On the roof-garden,
 The sky-line rounds
 The cherry blossoms.

Hakkō, 白虹, born in 1899, was one of the chief contributors to *Ama-no-gawa*, and made verses concerning the life of working people, especially those in coal-mines and factories. Later, he separated from the magazine, and published his own.

山の灯をちりばめており霧の上
Yama no hi wo chiribamete ori kiri no ue

The lights flickering
 On the mist
 Over the coal-mine

Seihō, 青峰, born in 1882, formerly of the *Hototogisu*, became a leader of Dojō, 土上, a modernist magazine, and demanded realism in haiku, opposing the superficial sensualism, surrealism, and so on. He was socialistic in spirit.

店頭の十銭のちり紙にある冬日
Tentō no jissen no chirigami ni aru fuyubi

The winter sunbeams
On the rough ten-sen paper
Displayed in a shop.

Kyoshi flatly rejected all this kind of thing, as did also Shūōshi and Seishi. In the 10th year of Shōwa, Kyoshi wrote the following in the *Hototogisu*:

Young men are apt to make new attempts even in the world of haiku, but those who dare to violate the proper form or the rule of the season word will destroy the world of haiku, and should be debarred from it.

After he had established the *Ashibi*, 馬酔木, Shūōshi also wrote as follows:

I am very sorry to see people stepping over the limit of the right way of modernising haiku, that is, by advocating the disuse of season words. Those who do so are pitifully incompetent. And they are anyway a nuisance!

Seishi was less critical of this activity than the other two, but never joined in it. In the 10th year of Shōwa he wrote in the *Ashibi*:

The activity of the modernisation of haiku has now overflowed its banks. Formerly I was in the van of it. Now, I must hold my ground.

Hakyō, 波郷, born in 1913, who entered the school of *Ashibi* at the age of nineteen, had a fresh, modern, and lyrical style.

寒卵 薔薇色 させる 朝ありぬ
Kan-tamago bara-iro saseru asa arinu

Shining roseate
An egg,
One winter morning.

In the 7th year of Shōwa the *Ashibi* gave its prize to five haiku poets, including Utōshi, 烏頭子, born 1891, a doctor, and Sōshū, 窠秋, born 1910.

螢火のはなれし草のたわみけり 烏頭子
Hotarubi no hanareshi kusa no tawami keru

Deserted by
A firefly,
The grass bending down. Utōshi

蝌蚪流れ花びらながれ蝌蚪流る 烏頭子
Kato nagare hanabira nagare kato nagaru

Froglets floating away,
Petals of the cherry blossoms floating away,
Froglets float away. Utōshi

This must be in a stream near a rice-field, overhung by cherry trees. The flowers are past their prime, and have begun to drop their petals onto the water. Little frogs come floating down the stream, all their legs extended; petals, in small groups, flow and eddy past; then more little frogs in twos and threes.

潮騒や春の麥ふはのびんとす 窠秋
Shiosai ya haru no mugifu wa nobin to su

The sound of the waves;
The barley of spring
Is ready to sprout and grow. Sōshū

Verse sequences had been popular from the beginning of Shōwa. Shūōshi and Seishi were leaders of this style, though there was a difference between the two. Shūōshi wanted the verses to be a unity, but Seishi insisted upon the independent value of each verse. **Hakuu**, 白雨, a teacher, born in 1911, became ill in 1930, and died in 1936. He was a representative poet of verse sequences. The title of the following is "A Change of Illness at Night."

何かふと心さわぎぬ蚊帳の月
Nani ka futo kokoro sawaginu kaya no tsuki

I suddenly fear
 Something will happen,—
 The moon through the mosquito net.

喀血の蚊帳波うつてはづされぬ
Kakketsu no kaya nami utte hazusarenu

Taking down the mosquito net
 As if the running sea
 Were stained with the blood I spat out.

虫ひとつ鳴きをりさゆるわが命
Mushi hitotsu naki ori sayuru waga inochi

Listening to the cry
 Of a single cricket,
 My life is clear.

虫ひとつ鳴きをり醫者まだ來ずよ
Mushi hitotsu naki ori kusushi mada kozu yo

Listening to a single cricket,
 I reflect on the doctor
 Not yet come.

Sanki, 三鬼, was born in 1890, and entered the Tōkyō University Haiku Group, and in 1940 was arrested. He wrote "intellectual" verses in a unique and sensitive style. The following verses are typical.

大旱の赤牛となり聲となる
Taikan no aka-ushi to nari koe to naru

The great drought
Becomes a brown cow
And then becomes a moo.

There is some Zen in this verse. Three disparate things are seen as one.

二科の午後瘦せし少女とまた並ぶ
Nika no gogo waseshi shōjo to mata narabu

An afternoon of Nika¹
With the same skinny girl
At my side.

葡萄甘し静かに友の死をいかる
Budō amashi shizuka ni tomo no shi wo ikaru

The grapes are sweet;
Silent anger
At the death of my friend.

Hakusen, 白泉, born in 1913, was another of this intellectual group arrested in 1940. His verses were at first realistic, but later became more sensuous and fantastic:

カンナ赤しゆえに踏切番黒し
Kanna akashi yue ni fumikiri-ban kuroshi

¹ A group of artists who hold periodical exhibitions.

The canna are red,
So the crossing-watchman
Looks black.

After Hakusen, this group became too stylish, until they were called, “the group which lost their minds.”

From the 12th year of Shōwa, haiku began to show signs once more of mannerism, become fragmentary, and use difficult and rhetorical expressions. Kusatao, a member of the *Hototogisu* group, pointed out that it is difficult to deal with thoughts and ideas in the limited form of haiku, and he emphasised the necessity of treating rather of human life and humanity. **Hakyō**, 波郷, born 1913, and **Shūson**, 楸邨, born 1905, of the *Ashibi* School, agreed with this point of view, and established a new group of humanists.

起繪の男を殺す女かな 草田男
Okoshi-e no otoko wo korosu onna kana

A woman
Knocked out a man
In the okoshi-picture.¹ Kusatao

秋夜人と燃ゆる思を鶴のうえ 波郷
Shūya hito to moyuru omoi wo tsuru no ue

A crane carries
All my burning passion
Through the autumn night. Hakyō

バスを待ち大路の春をうたがはず
Basu wo machi ōji no haru wo utagawazu

¹Cutting out figures from paper, and “standing them up” with a light inside.

Waiting for the bus,
I have no doubt
As to the spring in the avenue.

This verse is justly famous, for it is Homer in modern costume.

春疾風屍は敢て出でゆくも
Haru hayate shikabane wa aete ide yuku mo

The spring hurricane,—
Yet the corpse
Ventures out.

However bad the weather, out goes the dead man to the crematorium, to the grave. What courage we have when we are dead! But no such parable is intended here.

教師なりけり春朝おのが咳にさめ 楸 邨
Kyōshi nari keri shunchō ono ga seki ni same

One spring morning
I awoke with a cough
To find myself a teacher. Shūson

This seems imitated from Byron.

Other humanists included Bon, Tomoji, and Bakunan. **Bon**, 梵, born in 1910, was the chief member of a group called Shakunage, 石楠. He wrote verses that are fresh but not eccentric:

寒き日にみどり児の眼は埴輪の眼 梵
Samuki hi ni midorigo no me wa haniwa no me

Under the pale light
The infant's eyes look hollow,
Like a haniwa's.¹ Bon

¹ Ancient clay figurines.

Tomoji, 友二, born in 1906, was a poet and a novelist. He expressed the pathos of the common people with humour, but also with vigour and sturdiness.

宵諍ひっそり戻る天の河
Yoi isakai hissori modoru ama no gawa

After drinking and quarrelling,
 Going back silently,
 Under the Milky Way.

Bakunan, 麥南, born in 1895, was an artless poet who maintained his freshness and innocence. He lived for a time in Mushakoji's New Village, then became a disciple of Dakotsu.

晝寝ざめ剃刀研ぎの通りけり
Hiru nezame kamisori-togi no tōri keru

Waking from a nap,
 I hear the scissor-grinder¹
 Passing by.

Concerning the above poets, Shūson, one of them, said:

They are conservative enough to keep the right way of tradition, but at the same time they are progressive enough to criticise the way of modern haiku in the matter of humanity.

War broke out between Japan and China in the 12th year of Shōwa, 1937, and war literature soon made its appearance. Whether they liked it or not, haiku poets were bound to be influenced by the war, one way or another, and they had either to go along with it, or resist it.

¹ Literally, "razor-grinder."

Sosei, 素逝, born in 1907, was the most remarkable of the war poets, who also included Akio, and Tōshi. Sosei belonged to the Hototogisu School. He went to the front as an artillery officer, and the front page of *Hototogisu* in January of the 13th year of Shōwa was occupied with his war verses. The following looks sentimental enough now, but at the time it was thought to be wonderful:

友を葬り涙せし日に雁高く
Tomo wo hafuri namida seshi hi ni kari takaku

I buried my comrade
With tears today,
Wild geese flying high.

In July of the same year, the following appeared on the front page:

思い多数いくさする身の朧夜や
Omoi amata ikusa suru mi no oboroyo ya

A faint moonlit night;
All kinds of thoughts
On this field of battle.

He was invalided home, and eight years afterwards died at the age of forty. One more verse, which shows his invincible lyricism:

夜の雷砲車に光りて輪消ゆる
Yoru no rai hōsha ni hikarite wa kiyuru

A thunder-storm at night,
Flashing and darkening
On a gun-carriage.

Akio, 秋を, born in 1900, went to the front in the 12th

year of Shōwa, his first verse being the following:

落日を行く落日を行く赤い中隊
Rakujitsu wo yuku rakujitsu wo yuku akai chūtai

Marching into the sunset,
 Into the sunset,—
 The red army.

Tōshi, 桃史, born in 1912, who went to the front at about the same time, was less fantastic than Akio. He died in battle in 1944.

胸射ぬかれ夏山に人生きんとす
Mune inukare natsu-yama ni hito ikin to su

Shot through the chest,
 A man tries to keep on living
 In the summer mountains.

In proportion as the war became severer, the number of war verses increased, until, oddly enough, the verses became all the same, and lacked even the reality of the war itself. Some verses still criticised the war, but by the 16th year of Shōwa, when the Pacific War began, the world of haikai was completely under the influence of the power which agitated the people to fight and do nothing else. In the 15th year of Shōwa, Sōjō retired from the position as the leader of modern haiku. This was a sign of the suppression of haiku by war. From this year on, many haiku poets were arrested one after another, the chief names being Hakusen, Sanki, Tohei, and Seihō. However such poets of traditional haiku as Kyoshi, Shūōshi, and Sujū accommodated themselves to the situation. Hakuyō devoted himself to studying haiku of the Genroku

Era, and continued to make verses in the old way, for example:

汚れしと汚れざるとの夏の蝶
Kegareshi to kegarezaru to no natsu no chō

Butterflies in summer,
Spotted ones,
And unspotted ones.

The war ended in the 20th year of Shōwa, and all sorts of cultural activities began to revive, and poets wanted to write again, but material and spiritual problems oppressed them, and there were even articles which questioned the value of haiku, and asked whether it was really a first-class literature or not. The general tendency of haiku after the war has been to knit closer haiku and ordinary life. This had already been begun before the war, but after the war, not only the relations of man to nature, but the purely human trials and troubles have been expressed in haiku. Especially haiku on ill-health have increased greatly. An example by Hakyō:

白き手の病者ばかりの落葉焚
Shiroki te no byōsha bakari no ochiba taki

The white hands
Of the invalids
Round the bonfire of fallen leaves.

Hakyō, 波郷, wrote haiku when yet a middle-school boy. Later, he left the Hototogisu and entered the Ashibi School. He became ill in 1945. He has published many collections of his verses, which are young and fresh.

Chapter XXXVI

MODERN POETS I

Shūōshi, 秋櫻子, born in 1892, graduated from the medical department of Tōkyō University, and became a doctor with his own practice, but in 1953 he gave it up completely, and devoted himself to haiku. Already in 1919 he was learning haiku, and afterwards studied waka also. He has published about sixty books of haiku and haiku criticism. His verses have a romantic flavour, but as a characteristic of the Shōwa Era (from 1926) his verses do not deal with his daily life as do the haiku of the Taishō Era, those of Kijō, Suiha, and so on.

萬尺の夏山にむかひ径つゞけり
Man-jaku no kazan ni mukai michi tsuzukeri

The path towards
The ten-thousand-foot summer mountains
Goes on and on.

It is such a small, narrow path, yet it leads to an infinity and eternity of sky and earth.

壺にして深山の朴の花ひらく
Tsubo ni shite miyama no hō no hana hiraku

Putting it in a vase,
The flower of the deep mountains, the magnolia,
Is blooming.

To be able to bring back from some remote region a

plant or living herb is a wonderful thing. Together with it we have brought the spirit of the place in the silent life of a flower. We feel for a moment the indiscriminate friendliness of nature, a purpose beyond mere environment.

桑の葉の照るに堪へゆく歸省かな
Kuwa no ha no teru ni taeyuku kisei kana

On the way back to my native place,
 Bearing the blaze of the sun
 On the leaves of the mulberry trees.

The poet is returning to his native village after a long absence. The mulberry fields along the road, dusty as always, reflect the light of the sun, which shines too warm upon him, yet he does not slacken his step.

なつかしや歸省の馬車に山の蝶
Natsukashi ya kisei no basha ni yama no chō

A feeling of longing,
 Going back my native place in the omnibus,—
 A mountain butterfly.

On the way home to his native place, in the same old carriage, with the same old driver and horse, he sits gazing out over the well-known scene. A butterfly flutters into the carriage, the same kind he had known as a child when he wandered over the hills. Then it was hardly noted, but now it has an almost superstitious significance, and is both a symbol and an object of his longing for the house where he was born.

わがいのち菊にむかひてしづかなる
Waga inochi kiku ni mukaite shizuka naru

Facing the chrysanthemum,
My whole existence
Is still.

In this verse, the chrysanthemum and the poet face each other, and each appears as a form of existence. Stillness does not exist as such; it exists here as a man, there as a flower. The stillness of both is not a lack of movement only. There is a self-concentration of a relaxed kind together with a perfection of relation to the outside world. Other verses on the same subject by Shūōshi are the following:

わがいのちさびしく菊は麗はしき
Waga inochi sabishiku kiku wa uruwashiki

My self is lonely:
The chrysanthemum
Beautiful.

Here there is a painful contrast between the poet and the chrysanthemum. The flower knows no sadness, human beings no perfect beauty.

椅子よせて菊のかほりにものを書く
Isu yosete kiku no kaori ni mono wo kaku

Drawing my chair near them,
I was writing
In the scent of the chrysanthemums.

A verse nearer to the original verse:

疲れてはおもふことなし菊の前
Tsukarete wa omou koto nashi kiku no mae

Worn out,
 Before the chrysanthemums
 I have no thoughts.

啄木鳥や落葉をいそぐ牧の木々
Kitsutsuki ya ochiba wo isogu maki no kigi

The woodpecker
 Hastens the falling leaves
 Of the trees in the meadow.

The Japanese original has two opposite onomatopoeic effects, that of the hard *kitsutsuki* and *maki no kigi*, and the soft *ochiba wo isogu*. The English translation is without this contrast. "Hastens the falling leaves" would be explained by most commentators as a figure of speech, or at best a subjective expression, but the realm of haiku, of poetry, is one in which this is a straightforward and sober statement of fact.

馬酔木咲く金堂の扉にわが觸れぬ
Ashibi saku kondō no to ni waga furenu

I touched the door
 Of the Golden Temple,
 Where alpine roses were blooming.

The author says, of this verse, that he does not remember what temple this was. The Kondō is the Hall where the image of the chief object of worship is enshrined.

Arō, 亜浪, was born in 1879 and died in 1951. After graduating from the university, like so many other haiku poets he entered a newspaper office, where he stayed for more than ten years. He learned haiku of the Bashō

School from his primary school days. For a while he gave up haiku, then, becoming ill, he returned to it, and created a new School, Shakunage, 石楠, which took up an intermediate position between the conservative school of Shiki and Kyoshi, and the revolutionary school of Hekigodō and Seisensui. He wrote that his school was in matter the (poetical) experiences of the (Japanese) people of the time, in form the old 17 syllables with a season word. Arō did not think that haiku was merely an art, but that it expressed *makoto*, the truth we create in living with energy, seeking something. The way of haiku is the Way for human beings, 俳句道即人間道. He thought that the season (word) was an entrance into Nature itself, but even without the word the season could and should be felt. The 17 syllables could be (a little) more or less if the rhythm demanded it. Arō travelled all over Japan, and there is often something vast and mysterious at the back of his verses:

鶉のそれきり啼かず雪の暮
Hiyodori no sore kiri nakazu yuki no kure

A bulbul cried,
 And cried no more:
 Snow fell through the dusk.

See *Haiku*, Vol. IV, page 258.

漕ぎ出でて遠き心や蟲の聲
Kogiidete tōki kokoro ya mushi no koe

Rowing off,
 My heart seems far away:
 The voices of insects.

This is a verse we would expect to find in *A Week on the Concord*.

木より木に通へる風の春浅き
Ki yori ki ni kayoeru kaze no haru asaki

Spring is yet without depth,
 Only the wind travelling
 From tree to tree.

The onomatopoeia of this, with the five *k*'s, gives us a kind of ~~~~~ feeling, at the same time suggesting coldness.

螢呼ぶ子の首丈けの積草
Hotaru yobu ko no kubitake no kawaragusa

The child calling the fireflies
 Is the same height
 As the river-bed grasses.

It is strange how nature "leads us gently on"

深山なる小鳥の道の日ざしよく
Miyama naru kotori no michi no hizashi yoku

The sunlight
 On the path of the birds
 Deep in the mountains.

草原や夜々に濃くなる天の川
Kusahara ya yo-yo ni koku naru amanogawa

Above the grassy moor
 Every night brighter,
 The Milky Way.

暗きより浪寄せて来る濱納涼
Kuraki yori nami yosete kuru hama-suzumi

Cooling on the beach,
 Waves come surging
 Out from the darkness.

This verse has some grandeur, but not too much; it has mystery, without affectation; it has the human note, but not too strong.

萱刈りのかくて日暮らす山小春
Kaya-kari no kakute hikurasu yama koharu

Cutting miscanthus,
 Today draws to its close:
 Indian summer in the mountains.

すがりゐて草と枯れゆく冬の蠅
Sugari-ite kusa to kare-yuku fuyu no hae

Clinging onto the grass,
 And withering with it,
 The winter fly.

Rinka, 林火, born in 1904, engaged in both business and engineering. He became a pupil of Arō, and then the editor of the magazine *Haiku*.

六月風墓のうしろも影はなし
Rokugatsu-kaze haka no ushiro mo kage wa nashi

The June breeze:
 No shadow of anyone
 Behind the grave.

There is sunshine and warmth, green grass in the

distance, blue sky overhead. And round the grave no dark shadow, no shadow of death, no mourner is seen. This verse reminds us of Thoreau's words on the death of his brother:

The same everlasting serenity will appear in this face of God, and we will not be sorrowful, if He is not.

梅雨見つめをればうしろに妻も立つ
Tsuyu mitsume oreba ushiro ni tsuma mo tatsu

The rainy season;
 I gaze out at the rain,
 My wife standing behind me.

This is the attitude of the Western poet. D. H. Lawrence said he could do nothing without a woman behind him. It is Dorothy and William and the glow-worm.

あをあをと空を残して蝶分れ
Ao-ao to sora wo nokoshite chō wakare

The butterflies part,
 And leave the sky
 All its blueness.

One thing must die that another may live.

妻子らの寝ごろや月の驛に立つ
Saishi-ra no negoro ya tsuki no eki ni tatsu

I stand here
 On the moon-lit station platform,
 About the time my wife and child go to bed.

Place and time are two different worlds.

父の忌の雪降りつもる炭俵
Chichi no ki no yuki furitsumoru sumi-dawara

Snow falls and lies
 On the charcoal sacks;
 The anniversary of my father's death.

There is something peculiarly appropriate to his father's death-day in the white snow on the topmost bales of black charcoal, which is imagined rather than seen.

Seisetsu, 醒雪, was born in 1871, and died in 1917. Together with Shachiku, 酒竹, Rimpū, 臨風, and others, he started the Tsukubakai, a Tōkyō University group which was academic, and, from Shiki's point of view, half-hearted, and made various useful collections such as *Haiku Taikan*, 俳句大観.

寺荒れて仁王にせまる若葉かな
Tera arete niō ni semaru wakaba kana

The temple ruined,
 The young leaves are overwhelming
 The Deva Kings.

As religion grows weaker, Nature becomes stronger, and this is brought out in the "attack" by the young leaves on the two giant Niō that guard the entrance gate to the temple.

海鼠海鼠汝成佛して何のほとけ
Namako namako nanji jōbutsu shite nan no hotoke

Sea-slug, sea-slug,
 What kind of Buddha
 Will you turn into?

This is in the line of Issa.

Kijō, 鬼城, was born in 1867 and died in 1938. He

became a pupil of Shiki, and assisted him in the publication of the *Hototogisu*, and, with Kyoshi, Meisetsu, Suiha, 水巴, Seihō and others, revived the drooping haikai world.

Otsuji said that after Bashō and Issa, few poets really portrayed the (painful) circumstances of life as did Kijō. Kijō himself said that we must grasp the realities of life and express them, however disagreeable they may be,—indeed, in so far as they are disagreeable, so that things and ourselves are undivided, 物我一如. This sort of thing, however, is easier said than done, as the following examples will show.

念力のゆるめば死ぬる大暑かな
Nenriki no yurumeba shinuru taisho kana

If the will weakens
 You will die,
 In this intense heat.

Nenriki here means something like faith, belief in one's own power to resist.

鷹の面きびしく老いてあはれなり
Taka no tsura kibishiku oite aware nari

The pathos
 Of the eagle's visage,
 Stern in its old age.

This seems to have the meaning of Hodgson's "See an old unhappy bull."

残雪やごうごうと吹く松の風
Zansetsu ya gō-gō to fuku matsu no kaze

Snow remaining,
The wind roars
In the pine trees.

Nature never lets us forget her power. Blake says in *Proverbs of Hell* that such things "are portions of eternity, too great for the eye of man."

み佛のお顔のしみや秋の雨
Mihotoke no o-kao no shimi ya aki no ame

The stains on the face
Of the World-Honoured-One
Are the autumn rain.

Japanese Buddhism has a softness different from the Indian sentimentality and holiness.

小鳥この頃音もさせずに来て居りぬ
Kotori konogoro oto mo sasezu ni kite orinu

Recently,
Small birds
Come noiselessly.

It is late autumn. The poet opens the sliding paper door and sees several sparrows hopping under the trees, not as they did in the summer or early autumn, but with something of the sadness, quietness, and loneliness of the season.

田のくろにねこの爪とぐつばめかな
Ta no kuro ni neko no tsume togu tsubame kana

The swallows
Are whetting the cat's claws
On the rice-field path.

Every thing is the cause and the effect of every other thing.

雹はれて豁然とある山河かな
Hyō harete katsuzen to aru sanga kana

The hailstorm cleared up,
 And hills and rivers
 Lie stretched out.

The violence of the hailstorm that has just passed brings out sharply the extent of distant mountain ranges and winding streams.

尾をふって喜ぶ馬や露の秋
O wo futte yorokobu uma ya tsuyu no aki

Swishing his tail,
 How the horse is enjoying himself!
 Dews of autumn.

There is something in the sound of the tail of the horse which suggests the dew, and the delight of the horse in the cool and juicy grass.

泉わくやときどき高く吹き上くる
Izumi waku ya tokidoki takaku fuki-aguru

The fountain is playing;
 At times, it spurts up
 Still higher.

The poetic point of this lies in the unknowability of why the water suddenly goes higher. The lack of knowledge of the cause suggests the causelessness, that is, the poetry of the fountain.

せみ捕りのぢちと鳴かして通りけり
Semi-tori no jiji to nakashite tōri keru

The cicada catcher,
 Making it buzz,
 Passes by.

“Making it buzz” does not mean that the boy purposely annoys the cicada, but that it buzzes because it is being held by him.

生きかはり死にかはりして打つ田かな
Ikikawari shinikawari shite utsu ta kana

Dying and living,
 Living and dying,
 Tilling the soil.

Born from the earth, living on the earth, dying in the earth,—this is the silent life of the farmer. The blood and tears of their ancestors has fattened the land; they do not begrudge their own.

瘦馬のあはれ氣嫌や秋高し
Yase-uma no abare-kigen ya aki takashi

The scraggy horse
 Is pathetically good-tempered;
 High autumn.

The thinness of the raw-boned horse brings out, inversely, the unquenchableness of the spirit of life, and the beauty and grace of autumn.

五月雨や起き上りたる根無草
Samidare ya okiagaritaru nenashi-gusa

In the summer rains
A cut-root grass
Is lifting itself up.

There is expressed here the power of nature, the power of life, and also through this the meaning of the season. We feel that "little more" which makes the poet SEE what we only see. Energy and courage are prime necessities for the poet.

Mokkoku, 木國, was born in 1889, and became a journalist. He was a disciple of Kyoshi, and published verses in the *Hototogisu*. He is not famous, and many of his verses are somewhat conventional, but sometimes they have an unusual power and scope.

秋雨や柄杓沈んで草清水
Akisame ya hishaku shizunde kusa-shimizu

Autumn rain:
A ladle sunk in the grass
Under the clear water.

The haiku poet is particularly apt to see the significance of slight, out-of-the-way things, especially when they are in the wrong place. The "wrongness of place" brings out unexpected meanings.

あがりたる四ッ手の月の雫かな
Agaritaru yotsude no tsuki no shizuku kana

Moon-drops
From the scoop-net
Just lifted up.

The four-armed scoop-net has just been raised from

the water. The drops of water fall from the net in the moonlight. The moonlight itself falls from the net into the sea.

月の面の梢にかゝる落花かな
Tsuki no mo no kozue ni kakaru rakka kana

The petals scatter and fall
 From those branches
 Across the face of the moon.

The virtue of this haiku is its blending, in sound and in image, the moon and the branches and the falling flowers.

湖の風強し夏山大いなる
Umi no kaze tsuyoshi natsu-yama ōi naru

The wind from the lake
 Is powerful,
 The mountains enormous.

This verse expresses the expansiveness of the summer season.

初東風や波にあそべる松ふぐり
Hatsu kochi ya nami ni asoberu matsufuguri

The first East Wind,—
 A pine-cone plays
 In the waves.

The onomatopoeia of *nami ni asoberu matsufuguri*, the bobbing up and down of the cone, is noteworthy, and contrasts with *hatsukochi*, the breathing of the wind.

提燈を置くや灯あそぶ春の水
Chōchin wo oku ya hi asobu haru no mizu

Putting the lantern down,
The light plays
With the water of spring.

We may feel here even, though the poet may not, how separate we are from things, and how close things are to one another.

筑後川大きく曲り枯野かな
Chikugo-gawa ōkiku magari karenō kana

The River Chikugo
Turns greatly
Over the withered moor.

The Chikugo is the longest river in Kyūshū, and flows through the great Tsukushi Plain. The turning of a large river gives us a feeling of the power of nature, especially in winter, when everything is bare and bleak.

戸を開けて月一つゆく雪の原
To wo akete tsuki hitotsu yuku yuki no hara

Opening the door,
A moon goes
Above the snowy plain.

This is a haiku of movement, the door and the moon; and of emptiness, the windy sky and the snowy fields.

狩くらは大月夜なり寝るとせん
Karikura wa ōzukiyo nari neru to sen

It is great moon-light night
Over the chase:
I will go to bed now.

This is a sort of Hemingway verse, too manly for haiku, but not for poetry.

Takeo, 斌雄, was born in 1908, and became a lecturer on Japanese literature, and a disciple of Kyoshi. He learned also from Sekitei and Shūōshi. He writes strong and modern verses.

言絶えて落花の白さ胸を過ぐ
Koto taete rakka no shirosa mune wo sugu

The talking ceases,
 And the whiteness of the falling petals
 Passes into my heart.

Talking is like toothache, nice when it stops. Whiteness is the food of the soul.

塵勞の胸より雲雀鳴きのぼる
Jinrō no mune yori hibari naki-noboru

From the heart
 Weary of noise and dust
 A lark rises singing.

Sometimes we feel that Buddhism is right, everything is in the mind.

春干潟生くるものみな砂色に
Haru-higata ikuru mono mina sunairo ni

Low tide in spring:
 Every living thing
 Is sand-coloured.

By the sea, "Spring goeth all in brown."

裂け目より石榴眞二つ汝と分かつたん
Sakeme yori zakuro mafutatsu na to wakatan

I will share
 This pomegranate with you,
 Splitting it at the seam.

This is a love poem in the ancient style, such as might come in Homer.

秋の牛乳房のほかは漆黒に
Aki no ushi chibusa no hoka wa shikkoku ni

The cow in autumn,—
 Jet-black,
 Except for the udders.

What is interesting and important in this apparently matter-of-fact verse is the appropriateness of the season, when the sky is very high and blue.

葬り果てゝ秋ぞら深き坂下る
Hōri hatete aki-zora fukaki saka kudaruru

After the funeral,
 I go down the slope
 Under the deep autumn sky.

The earth is life, the sky is death.

海の旭へ雄鶏叫ぶ息けぶらせ
Umi no hi e ondori sakebu iki keburase

To the sun rising over the sea,
 A cock cries,
 Its breath smoking.

This verse belongs to New Year's Day, and makes a symphony in red.

滝涸れて夜々の月光巖に沁む
Taki karete yo-yo no gekkō iwa ni shimu

The waterfall dries up,
 And the moonlight, night by night,
 Soaks into the rocks.

Every night the water is less, the sounds softer, the moonlight colder and more penetrating.

Bōsha, 茅舎, born in 1900, intended to become an oil painter, but gave it up and entered the school of Kyoshi. His verses have a soul-seeking objectivity together with a keen sensibility, a pantheistic point of view with a genius for metaphor. He died in 1941, and these and other haiku written during and about his illness are some of the best in the world.

草摘の負へる子石になりけり
Kusatsumi no oeru ko ishi ni nari ni keru

The woman plucking herbs,
 The baby she carries on her back
 Is becoming a stone.

The mother loves the baby, but weight is weight. Love makes the world go round, but a sleeping baby on the back is like a heavy stone tied there.

生馬の身を大根でうづめけり
Iki-uma no mi wo daikon de uzume keru

The body of the living horse,
 Smothered and buried
 In great radishes.

If we have reason to mourn when we see what man

has made of man, we have even greater reason to grieve in the case of animals. In this verse the poet has expressed his compassionate feelings by the simple expression *iki-uma*, "living horse."

森を出て花嫁来るよ月の道

Mori wo dete hanayome kuru yo tsuki no michi

Out of the forest,
A bride coming!
The moonlit road.

This has a fairy-tale flavour about it, especially when we picture the Japanese bride with her white head-dress, on a led horse perhaps, with a lantern dimmed by the moonlight.

蚯蚓鳴く六波羅密寺しんのやみ

Mimizu naku rokharamitsu-ji shin no yami

Worms crying
By a Six-Paramita Temple
In the darkest night.

From olden times, many insects, bagworms, tortoises, and shell-fish were supposed to cry, though in fact they are and always have been quite silent,—as far as human ears are concerned. The Six Paramitas, or means of attaining Nirvana are: Dana, charity; sila, moral conduct; ksanti, patience; virya, energy; dhyana (=zen) contemplation; pragna, knowledge. This strangely-named temple, the worms crying outside, and the darkness that could be felt,—these are well harmonised.

朴散華即ちしれぬ行方かな

Hō-sange sunawachi shirenu yukue kana

The magnolia lets fall its flowers:
 And no one knows
 Where they have gone.

What has come out of nothing has gone into nothing,
 —and yet how is such a thing possible? The poet seems to
 have been extraordinarily attached to this tree, the hō,
 which in May has yellowish-white nine-petalled flowers,
 with a very strong sweet smell. In another verse he says,
 showing his feeling of its far-off nearness, his dependence
 upon it:

天が下朴の花咲く下に臥す
Ama ga shita hō no hana saku shita ni fusu

Lying under Heaven,
 Under the magnolia tree
 With its blooming flowers!

ぜんまいののの字ばかりの寂光土
Zemmai no no no ji bakari no jakkōdo

The flowering fern fronds
 Are all the shape of の,
 An earthly paradise.

The original uses の, *no*, of, four times, and there is
 perhaps some connection between the circular shape (a
 symbol of perfection and eternity) and the heaven that
 they are. “Earthly” paradise is not in the original, but
 emphasizes the poetical (rather than the religious) heaven,
 that green paradise of form.

鳥蝶けはひは人とことならず
Tori chō kehai wa hito to kotonarazu

Birds and butterflies,—
 They have the same way of expressing themselves
 As human beings.

This verse seems to be an indirect way of saying that birds and butterflies and all sentient beings have the same hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and therefore similar manifestations of them. The poet does not tell us what caused him to say this, and the poetical region of this verse lies, not in the abstract statement that all things are linked together by their inner nature, but in the feeling of the mysteriousness, the sacredness of the tie.

露の玉走りて残す小粒かな
Tsuyu no tama hashirite nokosu kotsubu kana

Beads of dew run about,
 One tiny drop
 Remains behind.

The leaves of the plant sway in the breeze. All the drops of dew fall save one, a very small one, as fair as a star

When only one is shining in the sky.

This eye of the poet will not miss the smallest pearl of dew, and "gathers up the fragments that remain."

露の玉蟻たちたちとなりけり
Tsuyu no tama ari taji-taji to nari ni keru

A ball of dew;
 The ant
 Was aghast at it.

This haiku is perilously near to hyperbole and sentimentality.

秋風や薄情にして發句つくる
Aki-kaze ya hakujō ni shite hokku tsukuru

Ah, autumn wind!
 Cold-hearted,
 I make a hokku.

There is nothing else to do in this world.

御室より發止と鴟や菊日和
Omuro yori hasshi to mozu ya kiku-biyori

A shrike
 Twangs from the sky;
 Chrysanthemum weather.

The "short shrill shriek" of the bird is in harmony with the blue sky and the good weather suitable for the unsentimental chrysanthemums.

しぐるゝや目鼻もわかず火吹竹
Shigururu ya me hana mo wakazu hifukidake

Blowing the fire with a bamboo-pipe,
 Eyes and nose indistinguishable;
 Late autumn rain.

This is a parody of the prerogative of a Buddha, to smell with the eyes and see with the nose.

しんしんと雪降る空に鳶の笛
Shin-shin to yuki furu sora ni tobi no fue

Up in the sky
 Silently snowing,
 The fife of the kite.

とび下りて弾みやまずよ寒雀
Tobi-orite hazumi yamazu yo kan-suzume

The winter sparrow
 Comes jumping down,
 And bounces unceasingly.

The sparrow is more of a hopper than the grasshopper,
 and when the earth is bare he must skip more.

雪の上ぽったり來たり鶯が
Yuki no ue pottari kitari uguisu ga

The uguisu
 Came plop
 Onto the snow.

The word *pottari* expresses onomatopoeically not the sound, but the way of alighting of the bird, like a drop of water falling. The *ga* at the end of the verse is the bird now on the snow.

The following are verses concerning his illness and death from consumption.

咳き込めば我火の玉のごとくなり
Sekikomeba ware hi-no-tama no gotoku nari

When I have a fit of coughing,
 I become like
 A fire-ball.

咳き込めば我ぬけがらのごとくなり
Sekikomeba ware nukegara no gotoku nari

When I have a fit of coughing
 I become like
 The cast-off skin of a cicada.

A man is at all times like everything.

咳我をはなれて森をかけめぐる
Seki ware wo hanarete mori wo kakemeguru

My cough,
 Leaving me behind,
 Runs about the wood.

This reminds us of Bashō's death-verse, a state of mind and body in which things which belong to us are no longer part of us.

咳き込めば夜半の松籟又亂れ
Sekikomeba yowa no shōrai mata midare

When I have a fit of coughing,
 Again the sougning of the pine trees
 Is dishevelled.

The convulsions of coughing make the sound of the wind in the pine trees also convulsive.

夜もすがら汗の十字架背に描き
Yo mo sugara ase no jūjika se ni egaki

All night long
 I make a cross of sweat
 At my back.

Theologically speaking, mystically speaking, Christ's suffering is everybody's suffering, since everybody's suffering is felt by Christ as his own suffering. The expression "cross" is therefore theologically valid, and corresponds to the practical experience of both men, which is one of ununderstood and ununderstandable agony.

冬晴をすひたきかなや精一杯
Fuyu-bare wo suitaki kana ya sei-ippai

I try to breathe
 The winter clear
 To the best of my ability.

He wants to breathe, but not merely to breathe. He wants to fill his putrid lungs with the air of the blue sky of winter.

約束の寒の土筆を煮て下さい
Yakusoku no kan no tsukushi wo nite kudasai

Please boil and give me
 The mid-winter horse-tail
 You promised.

Man does not live by horse-tail alone, but he lives by horse-tail. Blessedness and happiness are two different things, but even the most blessed man wants some happiness. The verse itself is said almost breathlessly, in a whisper.

寒のつくしたうべて風雅菩薩かな
Kan no tsukushi tōbete fūga bosatsu kana

Eating the horse-tail
 Of mid-winter,
 I am Saint Epicurus.

The Japanese says, "Bodhisattva of good taste."

青き踏む叢雲踏むがごとくなり
Aoki fumu murakumo fumu ga gotoku nari

I trod on the grass
 As if treading
 On the clouds.

The year of his death he recovered enough to walk to the garden. His legs were so weak they hardly seemed to touch the ground.

石枕してわれ蟬か泣き時雨
Ishi-makura shite ware semi ka naki-shigure

A pillow of stone,
 And I a cicada, who cries,
 Cries like a winter shower?

This was his last verse. The pillow is like a stone; the cicadas are crying in concert; he himself is weeping the tears of the cicadas, the tears of the rain.

Chapter XXXVII

MODERN POETS II

こゝにも僅かな日向があれば足袋干さる一輪草
Koko ni mo wazuka na hinata ga areba tabi hosaru

Here also,
Just a little sunshine,—
And some socks are drying. Ichirinsō

As a “new” haiku, this has twenty syllables, and no 5, 7, 5 symmetry, but in addition, and more important, it has the feeling of the poverty of man, his struggle to live, adapting himself to the smallest things of the world in order to rise above them.

まり唄いちにちのひなたかな 一輪草
Mari-uta ichinichi no hinata kana

The ball-bouncing song,
In a sunny place,
All day long. Ichirinsō

What is interesting and good about this verse is the way in which the feeling (of the mother?) is expressed indirectly, just as the scene is heard and not looked at. The small world of the child is thus fully revealed in these fourteen syllables that follow each other as evenly as the ball is bounced.

砂利の一つ一つ光りて鳥が鳴く河原 一燈
Jari no hitotsu hitotsu hikarite tori ga naku kawara

Each grain of sand sparkling,
 A bird twitters
 On the dry river-bed. Ittō

Each grain of sand shines with the effulgence of Mt. Sumeru.¹ The voice of the bird is that of the Kariobinka.² The shining fragments of quartz and crystal are the voice of the bird made visible. The singing of the small bird are the scintillations made audible.

何か言ひつつ車押し行く夫婦なり 一燈
Nani ka iitsutsu kuruma oshiyuku myōto nari

A man and his wife
 Are pushing the hand-cart,
 Saying something to each other. Ittō

The man is pulling in front, the wife pushing behind. What they are saying cannot be heard, but we feel that there is a perfect understanding between them, on some matter of concern to both of them. It is nothing of vital importance probably; it is one of those things of which life is made. The flow between them of mental and emotional and physical energy is eternalized by their total absorption and complete unselfconsciousness.

おほかたは死にける螢籠をぬらす 禾生
Ōkata wa shinikeru hotaru kago wo nurasu

Blowing moisture
 Into the cage of fireflies,
 Mostly dead. Kashō

Fireflies are kept in a gauze cage into which water is

¹ The central mountain of the universe.

² Kalavinka, 迦陵頻伽.

blown every day to keep it damp. The poet blows the water in as usual, but as he does so, notices that the corpses of those one or two that die daily, have amounted to more than half the number of fireflies. He has a feeling about the living and dead insects similar to that which we have when reading the parable of the penny paid to all the labourers, irrespective of the length of time they had worked.

水音きいてこゝに嫁ぎし妹と居
Mizuoto kiite koko ni totsugishi imoto to iru

Together with my sister,
 At the house she married into:
 The sound of the water.

The poet has come for the first time to the house into which his younger sister has married. As he sits there waiting for the arrival of the members of the family, he hears the water trickling into the cistern from the bamboo pipe which conducts the water from the spring in the nearby ravine. Not only his own solitariness and sadness are heard in the sound of the water; his sister's life is now bound up with this mysteriously clear sound that echoes in her ears night and day.

み佛と住めど寒ければ人戀し
Mihotoke to sumedo samukereba hito koishi

I live with the Buddha,
 But when it is chilly,
 I yearn for human beings.

The poet is living alone in a small temple in the recesses of the mountains. When the weather is fine and

warm, he feels perfectly happy, but on cold and rainy days, he misses human company, someone

To whom he may whisper he is alone.

That image with the benign countenance, the fixed, eternal smile, cannot warm our limbs or comfort our weak, lonely hearts. We realize that

衆生の外に佛なし

Apart from human beings there is no Buddha.

女に耳かす畑の男に出でそめし星

Onna ni mimi kasu hatake no otoko ni idesomeshi hoshi

The man tilling the field

Inclines his ear to a woman:

A star sheds its light upon them.

This is like a painting of Millet in its depth of simplicity. But there is something besides this. What is the relation between the two? What is she speaking to him about? Like the star that burns softly above them, it abides in its mystery.

さみしき鳥よこちむいたれば我ゐたり

Samishiki tori yo kochi muitareba ware itari

A solitary bird:

Turning this way,

I am here.

The eye of the bird and the eye of the poet, like two clear mirrors placed opposite each other,—what do they both see? Something that is different, and yet the same. The man looks at the bird and takes a quick involuntary

breath; the bird looks at the man and its heart loses a beat.

ふと目覺めたり蟲らの爲の夜なりし
Futo mezametari mushira no tame no yoru narishi

Suddenly waking,
 The night was all
 For the insects.

What the poet really heard was the voices of the insects before he awoke. He felt, in other words, the movements of nature that go on irrespective of human life.

風がゆらりと流れてすぎしうらゝなり一翁
Kaze ga yurari to nagarete sugishi urara nari

The wind
 Swirled by:
 How bright and clear it is! Ichiō

This verse would be better written in two lines, to give to the eye the form of the experience, which is that of a wave and its recoil, a flow and ebb of the mind. The wind that suddenly blows past and is gone reveals by some strange concatenation of feelings the meaning of light. Both the rhythm and the onomatopoeia of this are worthy of note. It has an undulation running through it, and the frequency of r sounds also gives it a windy, fluid feeling.

入海の喉の汐勢や時鳥
Iriumi no nodo no shiose ya hototogisu 八重櫻

The floodtide comes rushing
 Through the neck of the creek:
 A hototogisu cries! Yaezakura

The sea is surging in through the narrow inlet with great power, and at this moment the hototogisu sings. There is something rather artificial about this verse, not that it might not have happened, but even if it did, there was something accidental about it. Nature itself is not always natural.

涙ながしつ語る兒すわり聞くは母 蓮 男
Namida nagashitsu kataru ko suuari kiku wa haha

Telling his tale,
 A child sits weeping;
 Listening, the mother. Hasuo

There is the same unsentimental pathos here as in Coventry Patmore's *The Toys*, but deeper, for there is not only "the woes that infants bear," but a silent stoical sinking into oneself of the mother that represents that inner core of the world where things are as they are.

青い烟が梨の花咲く藁屋から 多 門
Aoi kemuri ga nashi no hana saku wara-ya kara

The blue smoke
 From where the pear tree is blooming
 By the thatched house. Tamon

The eye travels down the smoke to the creamy white flowers of the blossoming tree, from there to the still yellow thatch of the roof.

物音せしにほのと火が燃えて消えたり北 浪
Monooto seshi ni hono to hi ga moete kietari

It makes a sound,
 Flares up,
 And goes out. Hokurō

In Zen, the activity of an enlightened man, the immediacy of circumstance and action is compared to a flash of lightning. This is no mere comparison, for the striking of a match on the box, the ignition and extinction are all the expression of the suchness of things, their real Nature, their Buddha nature, their poetry. Thus, the sound and the flame and its dying away, when perceived in the unclouded mirror of our mind, are one with the activity of the perceiving mind; are at the same time the ordinary world and the life of perfection.

乞食が通る強き日陰あり日向あり 此君樓
Kojiki ga tōru tsuyoki hikage ari hinata ari

A beggar passes by,
 Through the strong sunlight,
 Through the deep shadows. Shikunro

Beggars, like scarecrows, have something comical in them, but in addition they possess a certain standing, certain rights and privileges which ordinary people do not. Further, they approximate, from some inward or outward necessity, to a condition attained only by saints and sages. The beggar, then, has a special meaning, a Buddha-like, ideal significance, and as he passes along the tree-lined road, through the powerful sunshine, through the strong summer shadows, he becomes, like Millet's Man with a Hoe, more than a mere man. In the sunlight the beggar is dirty, uncouth, repulsive; in the shadow he is one with Nature, only a moving figure among stationary ones. Nothing is clean, nothing is dirty. No one is poor, no one is rich.

寝てゐる兒らにまた着する夜の波音 白船
Neteiru kora ni mata kisuru yoru no nami-oto

Night:

Covering up again the sleeping children,—
The sound of the waves. Hakusen

The children are borne along on those waves that sound afar off in the darkness. Pulling the quilt over the children deep in slumber, the poet perceives the remotely present power of nature that echoes in the waves of the seashore and in the quiet breathing of the children.

灯りし家があれば小川の流れ居る 月紅子
Tomorishi ie ga areba ogawa no nagareiru

There is a cottage
With the lamp lit;
And so there is a stream flowing by. Gekkōshi

For a moment, by a kind of slip of the mind, the poet realizes the interchangeability of cause and effect. Miracles illustrate the same state of mind. Moses strikes the rock; water gushes out of it. Because there is a man there, a stream flows by.

文月や雨の中より秋の風 五明
Fumizuki ya ame no naka yori aki no kaze

The Seventh Month;
The autumn wind
Has come out of the rain. Gomei

This verse expresses a rather strange feeling, which is not so uncommon as we perhaps think. When autumn comes, everything is still warm with the accumulated heat of summer. Rain falls, and a cool wind comes from somewhere, out from the very rain-drops themselves, it seems.

霧にかなしと心とけ二人そひゆけり 逸 蒼
Kiri ni kanashi to kokoro toke futari soiyukeri

Two walk together
 Sadly in the mist,
 Their hearts dissolved into one. Issō

Sadness and gloom unite as joy and cheerfulness make us feel our independence and self-sufficiency.

少し飛びてはまた青き朝に浮く鷗 仙醉樓
Sukoshi tobite wa mata aoki asa ni uku kamome

Flying off a little,
 And once more the gulls float
 In the blue morning. Sensuirō

It is very early morning, only just light, and there is nothing living to be seen, only the pale sky and the dark water that whitens on the sand. Suddenly, the group of sea-gulls that have been floating unnoticed on the waves fly away a little, and settle on the water again. This is all, but somewhere, in their original invisibility, in their spontaneous flying up all together, in their equally sudden descent to the water and floating there once more, is a melancholy depth of meaning not deducible from the separate facts but unmistakably present in each and all.

町をはなるる飴屋に空がしみわたる 日 梢
Machi wo hanaruru ameya ni sora ga shimi-wataru

Leaving the town,
 The sky sinks into the heart
 Of the sweet-meat vendor. Nisshō

With a load of sweets and toys, the travelling hawker

has left one town and is travelling over the moor towards another, still far off. The plain spreads boundless around him. On the horizon, vast masses of white clouds are piled up, peak upon peak. In the blue sky, larks are twittering ceaselessly. Something draws a soul concerned with money and food out of its body into the infinite azure above him.

水鳥啼けるその水の月その水の星 夢人
Mizutori nakeru sono mizu no tsuki sono mizu no hoshi

A water-bird cries:
 The moon in the water!
 The stars in the water! Mujin

It is evening, an evening that was never day, and will never be night. The water stretches out, broken here and there by lines of reed and sand-banks. Suddenly a water-bird cries; its sharply melancholy voice dies away as suddenly. The moon in the water shines more pale, the stars more intense. But it is the water that lies as deep and still and mysterious as the heart of the poet himself, that remains after water-bird and moon and stars are forgotten.

友の娘が琴などひけるほどに其夜は 秋紅蓼
Tomo no musume ga koto nado hikeru hodoni sono yo wa

My friend's daughter
 Played the *koto*, and so on,—
 That evening Shūkōryō

This verse, that sounds so inane in English, is yet of deep and delicate meaning in the original. This is not a romantic poem. Rather, through the girl's playing, the

poet enters into the father's tender relationship with his daughter. That playing, with its graceful poses and plaintive but clear tones, is the flower of the father's mind, it is what he was born for, to play the harp through his daughter's fingers and hear it with his own ears. It is this flowering of his friend's mind that the poet treasures afterwards in his heart. In the original, the use of the particles, *nado*, *hodo ni* and *wa*, are the reverberations of the notes of the *koto*.

Long after they were heard no more.

寒鴉翔ばんと雪に腹をつく 一都
Kan-garasu toban to yuki ni hara wo tsuku

The winter crow,
 About to fly up,
 Presses its breast on the snow. Itto

This kind of haiku reminds us of Wordsworth's *An Evening Walk*.

日ごと葉おとす木を見上げては通ふなり蒼天
Higoto ha otosu ki wo miagete wa kayou nari

I gaze up at the tree
 As I pass by; each day
 It sheds more leaves. Sōten

Every day for years the poet has walked this road, perhaps on his way from the house to the station. What are his thoughts as the leaves fall and the branches become more bare each day? The answer is that he simply raises his head and gazes at the trees as he passes by. There is nothing to think, nothing to say.

蟲一つ高鳴けり鳴きつづく蟲ら 秋紅蓼
Mushi hitotsu taka-nakeri naki tsuzuku mushi-ra

One insect cries
 Aloud and all the others
 Follow suit.

Shūkōryō

The important point in this verse is that there should be no slackening of the chirping of the syllables of the verse.

猫が濱に出てものひろげある晝かな 鬼世子
Neko ga hama ni dete mono hiroge aru hiru kana

A cat comes out on the shore;
 Things are spread out;
 It is midday.

Kiseishi

It is noon; the beach is deserted. Boats and nets, seaweed and dried fish lie here and there, all lifeless and of two dimensions. A small thin cat comes prowling out from some shanty and creeps warily down the beach. The whole scene becomes alive, gains depth; it is suffused with the loneliness that only Pascal or some other living thing could give to the spaces between the stars.

移り来て住む淋しき花ある 青水
Utsuri-kite sumu sabishiki hana aru

Having moved here,
 Some flowers are blooming
 Lonely.

Seisui

The poet is now living in the new house to which he has only just moved. Outside, some flowers, not specified, are swaying in the breeze, flowers planted by the former

tenant of the house. There is something lonely in the aspect of these flowers that are blooming so gladly for him who planted them, something melancholy in the way their beauty is being reaped by one who did not sow it. The subjectivity of this verse is consciously felt, yet inescapable, for the loneliness of the flowers is also inherent in them. Each creature is of an unutterable loneliness, that is perceived in proportion as our own hearts are possessed of it.

晝餉たうべて又來し子供子供の聲 餘史郎
Hiruge tō-bete mata kishi kodomo kodomo no koe

After the midday meal,
 Children have come back;—
 The children's voices! Yoshirō

Children are a nuisance, but even a temporary absence makes the heart grow dearer. The teacher sits alone in the empty classroom; only the fly in the sunny window-pane breaks the silence. Marking books, sometimes lost in reverie, he suddenly becomes aware of clear young voices in the playground. There is a rush of some unnameable feeling deep down inside him, something that does not rise near the surface, accompanied by a warm emotion with a touch of melancholy in it, perhaps for his own youth of long ago, for the childhood of the world, and for the passage of time.

病院へ行く病人に細き木影 花不言
Byōin e yuku byōnin ni hosoki kokage

The sick man
 Going to the doctor's,
 Slender tree-shadows on him. Kafugen

The sick man is not very robust-looking; his walk and the way he holds himself shows life is ebbing, and gives a feeling of the contraction rather than the outflow of life. The road seems dusty, and the young, thin trees that border it make a pattern which falls on and moves over the man as he passes along.

月夜の雲ひえびえと野の四方にありし 朱麟洞
Tsukiyo no kumo hie-bie to no no yomo ni arishi

Coldly, the clouds
 Of this moonlit night,
 Over all the moor. Shurindō

Here the haiku is purely objective, yet with some spiritual life within it which raises it above mere astronomical observation. The facts observed have been translated into the poet's own words, that shine like the moon and trail like the clouds. It is the rhythm and cadence of the verse which bear the greater part of the meaning. The haiku begins abruptly and ends, with a kind of finality.

誰もくれないのだとんぼがへりしても冬空
Tare mo kurenai no da tombogaeri shite mo fuyuzora 源三郎

Not a penny from anybody!
 Turning a somersault,—
 The winter sky. Genzaburō

Some children are turning cart-wheels, but people look on with indifference. Every time they are upside-down they see the sky of winter, whose coldness is repeated in a different form when they stand up straight and pass round the hat.

海の青さ山の青さに雲重なれり 白船
Umi no aosa yama no aosa ni kumo kasanareri

The green of the sea,
 The green of the mountains,
 The clouds piled upon them. Hakusen

The repetition and rhythm of the original are not impossible to imitate in the English. The haiku itself is dynamic rather than pictorial.

頂の松が明そめて冷たき馬車の笛 餘史郎
Itadaki no matsu ga akesomete tsumetaki basha no fue

The pine-trees on the summit
 Are tinged with dawn;
 Cold the whistle¹ of the horse-coach. Yoshirō

The horn of the horse-bus arouses the people of the hamlet to a new day of life. The pine-trees on the mountain are tinged with the rays of the rising sun, and the cool morning air (of summer?) gives a zest to everything.

戸にさわる音も静けし夜の雪 如洋
To ni sawaru oto mo shizukeshi yoru no yuki

Snow in the evening
 Touching the door;
 The sound is soft. Joyō

蝶二つ一つは我を廻り居り 正
Chō futatsu hitotsu wa ware wo mawari-ori

¹This is a very small horn which the driver blows to inform would-be passengers of his coming.

Two butterflies,
 One of them
 Is flying around me. Tadashi

Only one of the butterflies is portrayed, the other is left to the reader's imagination, or rather, it flutters about in some other region of his mind.

雪晴れて空さりげなき朝日かな 鯨山
Yuki harete sora sarigenaki asahi kana

After the snow, it cleared up;
 Careless and imperturbable,
 The morning sun. Geizan

This reminds us of two lines from Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*:

Nothing in nature's aspect indicated
 That a great man was dead.

It has something in it of Wordsworth's feeling of
 The calm oblivious tendencies of nature.

There is also a waka from the *Shinkokinshū*, Summer:

庭の面はまだかわかぬに夕立の
 空さりげなく澄める月かな

The earth of the garden
 Is still undried,
 But in the cloudless sky
 There remains no trace of the shower:
 How clear the moon!

木曾谷の巖が根しづむ秋日かな 牧車
Kisodani no iwa-ga-ne shizumu aki-hi kana

The rocks of Kiso Valley
Sink and settle
In the autumn sunlight.

Hōsha

The Vale of Kiso is famous for its huge rocks.

草萌ゆや悔ゆるこころのすなほなる 冬草
Kusa moyu ya kuyuru kokoro no sunao naru

Grasses are sprouting;
My repentance
Is mild.

Tōsō

A mild repenting is perhaps the truest and best. It is
in its softly budding condition.

いわし雲記憶は遠きことに馳せ 郷峰
Iwashi-gumo kioku wa tōki koto ni hase

The mackerel sky;
I think of the world
Of long ago.

Kyōhō

Distance in space leads us to distance in time.

きさらぎや墓提灯に朝日さす 朝風
Kisaragi ya haka-jōchin ni asahi sasu

It is the Second Month,—
The morning sun shines down
On the lantern at the grave.

Chōfū

After a dead man is buried, two white paper lanterns
hang at the new grave (perhaps to keep evil spirits away).
When the poet passed through the grave-yard in the cold
February morning, the pale sunlight was falling on the
white lanterns.

遠く來し展墓のいのり深からぬ 博史
Tōku kishi tembo no inori fukakaranu

I came a long way,
 But the prayer at the grave
 Was not deeply prayed. Hiroshi

He came from far away to visit the grave of a dear friend, but, perhaps due to his tiredness of body, he felt an exhaustion of mind, even an indifference somewhat shocking to him. In our hearts, the wind bloweth when and where it listeth.

秋夜咯血家族の顔のあざやかに 紫陌
Shūya kakketsu kazoku no kao no azayaka ni

Haemorrhage of the lungs
 One autumn night:
 How vivid my family's faces! Shihaku

It is a terrible world, in which we have to spit blood just in order to see people's faces clearly.

落葉徑ゆきとゞまりて山の墓 初太郎
Ochiba michi yuki todomarite yama no haka

The path of fallen leaves
 Leads to the graves on the hill,
 And stops there. Hatsutarō

This is the History of the World in three lines.

林中の雨ひゞき合う落葉かな 古郷
Rinchū no ame hibiki-au ochiba kana

In the deep forest,
 The rain and the fallen leaves
 Echo each other. Kokyō

This should remind us of the 29th Case of the *Mumon-kan*: Is it the flag, or is it the wind that is moving?

山霧をかすかにダムの花の渦 樟蹊子
Yama-giri wo kasuka ni damu no hana no uzu

Under the mountain mist,
 The flowery whirlpool
 Of the dam.

Shōkeishi

Onto the vast expanse of water have fallen the petals of the cherry trees planted round the dam. They are almost motionless, but near the sluice they begin to circle round. We feel the peacefulness and violence of nature together.

蠟燭の火に顔をみる野分かな 石桃
Rōsoku no hi ni kao wo miru nowaki kana

The autumn tempest:
 Looking at one another
 In the candle-light.

Sekitō

As this is a modern verse, it probably implies what is called *teiden*, a stoppage of electricity. People see each other by the light of a candle, with the veering, shifty, revealing, horizontal light of the candle.

Chapter XXXVIII
MODERN POETS III

立秋の尼院ひそかに夜の燭 子明
Risshū no niin hisoka ni yoru no shoku

The beginning of autumn;
Night at a nuns' temple;
The candle is still. Shimei

The nunnery, autumn, evening, the candle, the empty room,—sometimes we feel as though the harmony were pre-arranged, deeply conscious.

復活祭の灯ウラルの鐵の燭臺に 良
Pasuha no hi uraru no tetsu no shokudai ni

The Paschal light
From the iron candlesticks
Of the Urals. Ryō

This is an extraordinarily good haiku, dealing as it does with an exotic subject. We can hear the horns of Rimsky Korsakov's Easter Music.

冬濤の尖れる音に宿下り 観平
Fuyu nami no togareru oto ni yado-sagari

The maid at home on holiday;
The sound of the winter waves
Is severe and sharp. Kampei

But this is her home, and this relentless and irresistible

sound of the sea is familiar to her, though never ignored or despised.

梅雨の夜の川音妻の膝くづれ 辰之助
Tsuyu no yo no kawa oto tsuma no hiza kuzure

The sound of the stream
 At night in the rainy season;
 My wife sits at ease. Tatsunosuke

Usually his wife sits correctly, her feet under her thighs, but it is the rainy season when the universal rain make everything and everybody relaxed and indifferent to forms and ceremonies. The sound of the stream intensifies the wateriness and fluidity of the night.

陸奥の海くらく濤たち春祭 白葉女
Mutsu no umi kuraku namitachi haru-matsuri

A northern province;
 The dark sea runs high;
 The spring festival. Hakuyō-jo

The wild, cold-looking sea is the background.

鐵橋に冬のかすみの深まりぬ 蓼村
Tekkyō ni fuyu no kasumi no fukamarinu

About the railway bridge
 The winter haze
 Deepens. Ryōson

The haze which is especially thick over the river under the bridge has something gloomy and mysterious in it, but at the same time it presages the spring that is to come.

岩の上に冬川の音通りをり 夷桃
Iwa no e ni fuyu-gawa no oto kayoi ori

Over the rocks
 Passes the sound
 Of the winter stream. Itō

In winter the water is low, the wind flows strongly,
 and as ceaselessly as the water itself over the cold rocks.

水光りて師あるがごとし歸り花 葉里
Mizu hikarite shi aru ga gotoshi kaeri bana

The water glitters,
 As though my teacher were here;
 Unseasonable flowers. Yōri

This verse was written upon the death of Suiha, 水巴, his haiku teacher, famous for his cold nobility of character. The sunshine of winter is weak, and flowers are blooming a second time in spite of their inevitable fate.

霧を來し喪の白足袋をぬぎにけり 漫影子
Kiri wo kishi mo no shiro-tabi wo nugi ni keru

Come through the mist,
 She took off the white *tabi*
 Of her mourning clothes. Maneishi

There is a strange connection between the white, damp socks, and the mist, and between the funeral ceremony, and taking the socks off.

度ましきすがたに人の麥を播く 淡路女
Tsutsumashiki sugata ni hito no mugi wo maku

A man sowing
Barley,
Modestly.

Awaji-jo

This modesty is that of Shakespeare and Chaucer and Bashō and Wordsworth before nature.

山祇の月のはるかに鶉網 鶉峯女
Yamazumi no tsuki no haruka ni tsugumi-ami

The far-off moon;
Below, a mountain-god shrine,
And thrush-nets.

Reihō-jo

This scene is one ideal for painting,—a moon low in the sky on the far horizon, a shrine among the trees on the mountain, nets to catch little birds seen vaguely in the faint moonlight.

雪嶺にこゝろ貧しく佇ちにけり 鳩舎
Setsurei ni kokoro mazushiku tachi ni keru

I stand still
On the snowy mountain,
Poor in mind.

Kyūsha

This poverty is that of “Blessed are the poor.”

野のしめり冬鶉森の端に出たり 地藏尊
No no shimeri fuyu-mozu mori no ha ni detari

The dampness of the field:—
A winter shrike comes
To the edge of the wood.

Jizōson

The earth is wet and faintly warm. A shrike comes

out of the darkness to the edge of the sunshine. We feel spring is not far away.

炎天や金策つきし鞆置く 弘 躬
Enten ya kinsaku tsukishi kaban oku

The blazing sun;
 I put down my bag,
 Having failed to raise the money. Kōkyū

The heat comes down, the heart goes down, the bag goes down.

法燈に月寒し桃李林せる 釜 村
Hōtō ni tsuki samushi tōri hayashi seru

The moon is chill
 On the stone lanterns;
 Peach and damson trees make a grove. Fuson

What is interesting about this verse is the harmony between the stone lanterns, the moon, and the grove of fruit trees. The stone lanterns are literally "Law-lanterns," and in Zen the word lamp is used to signify direct, mind-to-mind enlightenment. *The Records of the Transmission of the Lamp*, 傳燈錄, 1004 A.D., is the name of one of the most famous of Zen books. The moon is a common symbol of the truth of Buddhism, the coldness of the winter moon perhaps intensifying its austere meaning. The word forest, or wood, is used in the Zen Sect as a symbol of the monks, or rather of the collection of temples of that Sect. The *tōri*, peach and damson, are often used symbolically in Zen sayings, for example:

桃李火中開，黃昏後日出。

The peach and damson flowers bloom in the midst
of the fire:

The sun rises in the evening.

This points to the transcendental state of the Zen adept.

桃李不言含笑處，靈山迦葉好知音。

The peach and damson flowers' silent smile
Is the mutual understanding of Kasyapa on the Sacred
Mountain.

This refers to the communication by the Buddha to Kasyapa of the truth of (Zen) Buddhism by holding up a flower to the congregation of monks and smiling. The language of the verse, then, and its associations point to the transcendental calm and unity between heaven and earth.

早月露天映寫の後ろより
Hideri-zuki roten eisha no ushiro yori 星 詩

The moon of the drought
Rises from behind the screen
In the open air. Seishi

A film is being shown in the open air to the country people.

陽炎に鼻あたゝむる野馬哉
Kagerō ni hana atatamuru nouma kana 綾 足

Moorland horses
Warming their noses
At the heat rays. Ayatari

This has the humour which is so essential to our

treatment of animals. We see it, a sterner kind indeed, in Lawrence's *Birds Beasts and Flowers*.

奥山は山鳩鳴いて花も静けき
Okuyama wa yamabato naite hana mo shizukeki

In the depths of the mountains
 The wild pigeons are cooing,
 The flowers also bloom peacefully.

夜や寒き里におりつく猿の聲聞ゆ
Yo ya samuki sato ni oritsuku saru no koe kikoyu

The night is cold
 Monkeys have come down to the hamlet,
 Their voices can be heard.

柴垣にささぎしば鳴く寒き夕べに
Shiba-gaki ni sasagi shiba naku samuki yūbe ni

Under the brushwood fence
 The wren is chirping
 In the chilly dusk.

機械の上にも月さしてみんなゐなくなつてゐる
Kikai no ue ni mo tsuki sashite minna inaku natte iru 鉦十郎

Above the machinery too
 The moon shines bright:
 Not a soul there.

Genjūrō

The machinery which has been so active and loquacious all day long, is now inert and silent, no human beings hovering around it. Its unnatural monstrous mass lies there under the moon just like fields and hills.

電気が点くと歸ってゆく子供らに水平がある
Denki ga tsuku to kaette yuku kodomora ni suihei ga aru 健 三

The electric lights;
 The schoolboys on their way home,
 The sea-line beyond them. Kenzō

This must be a scene of winter, because the electric lights are alight so early. The children are cold, the road is bleak. In the early evening the whole expanse of sea is visible one side of the road, hardly different in colour from the sky. Though they are children, it is mankind, and though the electric lamps are just the bulbs, and the poles stand gaunt and bare, it is nature.

初蝶やいのち溢れて落ちつかず 春 一
Hatsu-chō ya inochi afurete ochitsukazu

The first butterfly,
 So full of life,—
 It's all excitement! Shunichi

Not because it is first, but because it is so much alive.

われ佇てる鶏頭立てる間かな 浩山人
Ware tateru keitō tateru aida kana

I stand here;
 The cockscombs stand there;
 There is a space between. Kōsanjin

The aim of life is to get rid of this space. But it is always there. When God created things, he created the space between them.

大根を提げゆき主婦の下駄減らす 春 緒
Daikon wo sageyuki shufu no geta herasu

A radish in her hand,
The housewife
Wears out her wooden clogs. Haruo

This is the animal-like life of most women. The radish may be a diamond ring or a pearl necklace, the clogs may be high-heeled shoes, but it is the same woman.

夢の世に葱を作りて寂しさよ 耕衣
Yume no yo ni negi wo tsukurite sabishisa yo

I grow leeks
Lonely,
In this world of dreams. Kōi

There is an odd relation between leeks and loneliness, which the alliteration brings out. Man creates both, sometimes together.

まをとめの守りてさびしき蠶の眠り 吐天
Ma-otome no mamorite sabishiki ko no nemuri

Under the virgins care,
The silkworms are sleeping
Lonesomely. Toten

The word "lonesomely" suggests not only that the silkworms are not aware of being cared for but that the maidens don't really care twopence about the silkworms; it's only a money-making business.

ふるい泥鰯やが生きていてどじょうでござい 夢道
Furui dojō-ya ga ikite ite dojō de gozai

The old loach-monger,
He's still alive;
"Loaches! Loaches!" he cries. Mudō

This is Wordsworth's *The Old Lecch-gatherer* in 17 syllables.

炎天に泣かしたる兒のかけ小さく たけみ
Enten ni nakashitaru ko no kage chisaku

The tiny shadow
 Of the child I made cry
 Under the burning sun. Takemi

This is a good example of the complete inexplicability and poetic unscientificness of human nature. It is not the child but its shadow she pities, and not the shadow but the mere smallness of it that touches our hard hearts.

薔薔活けて重たき畫集ひらきみる 秋平
Bara ikete omotaki gashū hiraki miru

Arranging the roses,
 And opening and looking at
 The heavy picture book. Shūhei

There is an unexpected harmony between the rose and the heaviness of the book. These correspondencies are of no less importance for poetry than the wonder-causing differences.

焚きつけてなほ廣く掃く落葉かな 泊雲
Takitsukete nao hiroku haku ochiba kana

Making a bonfire
 Of the fallen leaves,
 And sweeping still wider. Hakuun

When we make a fire of the fallen leaves, it excites us, and we wish to make the bonfire bigger and better, and feel a tendency to burn anything and everything.

There is a Russian story, I forget by whom, in which a very miserly man burns up all his firewood on the day of a festival, much regretting it on the morrow.

Chapter XXXIX

MODERN POETS IV

炎天に日章旗瞳ぬ怖ろしき 泰 三
En-ten ni nisshōki minu osoroshiki

Under a blazing sun
I saw the sun-rising flag,
And felt awe. Taizō

The combination of the ferocity of nature and the ferocity of man is overpowering.

晝くもる庭や牡丹の白深し 退 蔵
Hiru kumoru niwa ya botan no shiro fukashi

Cloudy noon in the garden;
The whiteness of the peony
Is deep. Taizō

When the sun shines, we feel the brilliance and power of the peony. When it is cloudy we feel its whiteness.

寒鯉に庭山かげの餘所の琴 野 影
Kan-goi ni niwa yama kage no yoso no koto

Carp in mid-winter,
The sound of a harp from somewhere
Beyond the hill in the garden. Yaei

This is a rather luxurious verse, in several senses, and belongs to waka, not haiku.

歌時計初日さしつづ奏でけり 纒
Uta-dokei hatsuhi sashitsutsu kanade keri

The first sun of the year
 Shines on the song-clock
 Playing its music. Ran

This verse belongs to the 18th century world, but nature and human nature were the same than as now.

目がしらをそめて雌よぶ春の鶏 丘八
Me-gashira wo some te mesu yobu haru no tori

Reddening his eyelids,
 The spring cock
 Is calling for his hens. Kyūhachi

This cock is a relative of the one in *The Man Who Died*, and also to that in *The Nun's Priest's Tale*.

花剪って朝日にむかふ跣足かな まさ魚
Hana kitte asahi ni mukau hadashi kana

With a flower just cut,
 I walk towards the morning sun
 On naked feet. Masao

This also is a verse that would have pleased D. H. Lawrence.

夕べの嬉しさ足洗ふ時の二言三言に 灰斗
Yūbe no ureshisa ashi arau toki no futa-koto mi-koto ni

The happiness of evening,
 While I wash my feet,—
 Those two or three words. Kaito

After hoeing all day in the field, growing the food that

he and his family will eat, manuring the field with the excreta of their bodies, he comes back in the evening and washes his feet in the cold water of the darkening stream. A few other men are also there, born of the same soil, destined to lie together with him on the sunny slope of the same hill. They do not chatter but are not morose. One or two pregnant and living words are spoken among them, and that night, as he looks back on the day, those few words about their work are emanations from the soil itself. Not like the sages in Limbo;

Genti v'eran con occhi tardi e gravi
 Di grande autorita ne' lor sembianti:
 Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.¹

but expressing with their lips the sweat of their toil, the heat of the sun, the unwilling willingness of the earth.

薪下す夕山寒し鶉の聲 禾水
Maki orosu yūyama samushi mozu no koe

Bringing down the firewood,
 The evening hills are cold:
 The voice of the shrike! Kasui

The rough firewood, the cold mountain, the shrill voice of the bird, are in a discordant harmony. Sight, touch, and sound exacerbate one another.

汐瀬鳥流れては飛ぶ明易き 櫻碗子
Shiosedori nagaretewa tobu akeyasuki

The birds float seawards
 On the tide,—and then fly back:
 It is about to dawn. Ôkaishi

¹ *Inferno*, iv, 110-112.

It is now early morning in summer, when the nights are short and dawn comes almost unexpectedly quickly. The sea-birds float along on the tidal wave, then fly up and back again. The tide again carries them along, and again they rise and return to the original spot.

晩鐘に朧の匂ふ垣根かな 蝶羽
Banshō ni oboro no niou kakine kana

The vesper bell:
 In the haze, the scent
 Of the hedge. Chōha

Keats said, "O for a life of sensation!" and the haiku poets would have echoed this. In the above verse we see one sensation reinforcing another, sound and smell increasing the meaning of the flowers at the foot of the hedge and the deep-toned lingering voice of the temple bells.

あられの音電信機の音窓の夜景 雪人
Arare no oto denshinki no oto mado no yakei

The pattering of the hail,
 The sound of the telegraph machine,
 The night scene outside the window. Setsujin

Night has fallen, but the city outside can be seen from what must be the third or fourth floor of a large building. The combination of the sounds of nature and that of machines, with a background of city life, gives us a strong impression of modern feeling.

顔へ日がのこってある鶴嘴のとがりやう
Kao e hi ga nokotte iru tsuruhashi no togariyō

The remaining sunlight
 Shining on their faces,
 How sharp the picks!

This verse seems as if taken from Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*:

... the shearers' lower parts becoming steeped in embrowning twilight, whilst their heads and shoulders were still enjoying day.

These men are perhaps workers on the rail-road, who lift and let fall their picks in unison, the picks also receiving the level rays of the sun when they are raised. This verse has the form 5, 5, 5, 5, which seems to suggest the repeated striking of the pick-axes.

朝までの時間を生きぬければ助かるといふ、時間
Asa made no jikan wo ikinukereba tasukaru to iū, jikan 敦之

The hours till day-break,
 "If he gets through them, he will live,"—
 These hours! Atsuyuki

Someone, possibly a child, is passing through the most critical stage of a dangerous illness, in the time between late night and early morning. The doctor has said that during this time the struggle between health and disease, between life and death, between the powers of good and evil will take place. The steady ticking of the clock signifies the movement of time, but the feeling is of eternity. This dreadful now-ness of the waiting is expressed by the comma.

舟に寝て故郷百里天の川 白 砧
Fune ni nete furusato hyakuri ama-no-gawa

Sleeping on the boat,
 My native place a hundred leagues away:
 The River of Heaven. Hakuchin

This is an imitation of Chinese poetry, and requires a far greater area of land than Japan can afford. We cannot say that this is not haiku, only that it is larger and vaster, more expansive and exuberant than haiku, which is reticent and subdued.

夕櫻もの焚く焰いろづきぬ 羔風
Yū-zakura mono taku honoo irozukinu

Cherry blossoms at night;
 Making a bonfire with things,
 The flames tinge the flowers. Yōfū

After the flower-viewing is over, someone, a gardener or the poet himself, makes a fire of the scraps of things littered about, and the blossoms in the misty evening take upon themselves yet one more beauty with the glow of the bonfire.

藤垂れて降るにもあらめ空低し 乙郎
Fuji tarete furu ni mo arame sora hikushi

The wistaria blossoms hang down;
 It is not going to rain;
 The sky is low. Otsurō

It seems about to rain, the sky is lowering, and the wistaria blossoms hang down in their characteristically heavy and melancholy way.

遠蛙また起きがたき日がつづく 亮
Tō-gaeru mata oki-gataki hi ga tsuzuku

The distant voices of the frogs;
 Days when it's difficult to get up
 Still follow one after another. Ryō

Things are here put together too bluntly, almost thrown together. The first five syllables only are concerned with nature, the rest with the sick man.

松のしづけさ鳴きあへる水鳥 日 梢
Matsu no shizukesa naki-aeru mizutori

Under the peaceful pine-trees
 The water birds
 Are calling to each other. Nisshō

This verse expresses in its cadence the kind of thing Wordsworth does in the *Immortality Ode*,

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee.

ただに黙って土を打つ親と子と夕べ 子 因
Tada ni damatte tsuchi wo utsu oya to ko to yūbe

Silently only
 Tilling the soil,
 Father and son and the evening. Shiin

The interesting point of this verse is the position of *yube*. By putting it at the end, we are left with an impression like that of Victor Hugo's *Le Sémcur*. The whole verse simplifies itself to the pair of human beings outlined against a still glowing sky, and the three are melted together.

元日や手を洗ひをる夕ごろ 我 鬼
Ganjitsu ya te wo arai oru yū-gokoro

New Year's Day:
 Washing my hands,
 My feeling that evening. Gaki

落葉降る音一しきり大伽藍 紫 影
Ochiba furu oto hito-shikiri dai-garan

There was a shower
 Of falling leaves:
 The great temple. Shiei

This is a verse of contrast. We feel the strength and the weakness of things at one and the same time, the world of nature and the world of man, but both with something divine in them.

汐木拾ふ浦の日和寒の海 紫 影
Shioki hirou ura no hiyori kan no umi

Collecting drift-wood,
 Fine weather in the bay:
 The winter sea. Shiei

Someone is collecting wood to burn for making salt. The sea is threatening, though the day is calm.

がわがわと蓮吹きすさぶ涼みかな 花 莪
Gawa-gawa to hasu fukisusabu suzumi kana

The strong wind blows
 The lotus leaves together, *gawa-gawa*:
 Cooling in the evening. Kaga

It is a warm evening of late summer, near the begin-

ning of autumn, when rather strong winds begin to blow. The leaves of the lotus strike against one another with a rubbery sound peculiar to them, represented by the onomatopoetic word *gawa-gawa*; the *g* and the *w* express the sound well.

囀やピアノの上の薄埃 元
Saezuri ya piano no ue no usu-hokori

Little birds singing:
 A thin dust
 On the piano. Hajime

This is a very “modern” haiku, not merely in the materials, but in the delicacy, the nuance, the slightly dead, slightly unreal atmosphere. Indeed, like the dust, the haiku is “thin.”

朝顔の葉を巻き上げし簾かな 耕雪
Asagao no ha wo makiageshi sudare kana

The leaf of the morning-glory
 Rolled up together
 With the bamboo blind. Kōsetsu

This reminds us of Chiyo-jo’s verse:

朝顔につるべとられてもらひ水
Asagao ni tsurube torarete morai-mizu

The well-bucket
 Having been taken by the morning-glory,
 I borrow water.

Here it is nature which interferes with the purposes of man.

萩折れば小さき蝶のこぼれ立つ 紫影
Hagi oreba chiisaki chō no kobore tatsu

Breaking off a spray of bush-clover,
 A tiny butterfly dropped out
 And flew away.

Shiei

This has a feminine delicacy and grace. The plant and the small, winged insect, the purplish blossoms and the greyish-white butterfly or moth,—these two things are in an exquisite poetic harmony.

すみれ踏みしなやかにゆく牛の足 不死男
Sumire fumi shinayaka ni yuku ushi no ashi

Treading on the violets,
 The legs of the cow
 Move elegantly.

Fujio

Not only is each thing the enemy of each other, but beauty destroys beauty.

Chapter XL

THE "BEST" MODERN HAIKU

The Preface to the 1st Volume spoke very cruelly of modern haiku. The reader may like many of the haiku quoted in the later part of this 2nd Volume, and feel that the judgement was extreme. However, we may take *Haiku Kanshō Sambyakurokujūgonichi*, 俳句鑑賞三六五日, "Haiku and their Appreciation for Three Hundred and Sixty Five Days," as a sort of test case. Modern haiku (that is, after Shiki) were chosen by the following twelve haiku poets respectively: Shūōshi, Seishi, Seison, Fūsei, Hakyō, Fushio, Sanki, Rinka, Shūson, Tatsuko, Kusatao, and Dakotsu. Of these 365 verses, which must be among the best, as chosen by the twelve best living poets, I could only find 22 that I thought good enough to include here. Each verse has about a page of minute explanation, and it may be interesting to give one example of how the Japanese haiku poets explain haiku.

早春の鎌倉山の椿かな 虚子
Sōshun no kamakurayama no tsubaki kana

The camellias
Of early spring
On the mountains of Kamakura. Kyoshi

This verse, for the 4th of February, was chosen by Seishi, and he explains it as follows:

Spring has come, but the feeling of cold is still

vacillating, doing its best, and making mistakes. Spring is too early. "The mountains of Kamakura" does not mean mountains, but the hills and valleys of Kamakura where Kyoshi lived a long time, the hills and valleys among which he used to walk. (In Kamakura, valleys, *tani*, are called *yatsu*.)

When we go to such a place we find camellias blooming among the dark trees in the hills. The season of the camellias is decided by the time when flowers bloom and the seed is formed. In this verse it is of course a blooming camellia tree that is referred to. In early spring, the air is still cold, but on the hills of Kamakura which face the sea, camellias were actually blooming.

This sort pleasure is one that is especially granted to haiku poets.

This verse was submitted at the Tōkyō University Haiku Association when I was a student. The strong impression I received from it then still continues to this moment. Underneath its simplicity lies something strong and penetrating.

Both the verse and the comment seem to me trivial and egotistic. It is a fact that Kamakura and its literary and historical associations are in harmony with the romantic camellias and the early spring. But what a to-do about nothing much! This egotism of modern haiku poets comes out also in the following, chosen by Fukio for the 17th of June:

蚊の聲のひそかなるとき悔ひにけり 草田男
Ka no koe no hisoka naru toki kui ni keru

At the hushed voice
 Of the mosquito,
 What remorse I felt!

Kusatao

The writer does not tell us what the contrition he felt was caused by, nor does the selector-commentator. It is the private world of the poet, which he does not let us into.

Another kind of modern haiku difficult to appreciate, and which I find disagreeable, is that which attempts to "poetify" some western objects or activities, for example the following, chosen by Shūōshi for the 24th of January:

ラグビーの多勢遅れて馳けり来る 誓子
Ragubii no tazei okurete kakeri kuru

Rugby;
 A lot of them come running,
 Following after. Seishi

This must be one of the first haiku ever written upon this subject. It describes what happens often enough in a match, but somehow this *ragubii*, with its *sukuramu* and *goru* and *takuru* does not go well into the haiku form. There is what is called *jinji*, 人事, human affairs, but when these human affairs have little or nothing to do with nature we get *senryu* rather than haiku. A similar attempt, much more successful, made nearly three hundred years ago:

てっぽうの遠音に曇る卯月哉 野徑
Teppō no tōne ni kumoru uzuki kana

The distant report of a gun
 Sounds cloudy:
 The Month of the u. Yakei

It is April according to the Lunar Calendar, and the u

¹ 卯月 means "the month of the u flower."

² Yakei's verses appeared in *Hisago*, 1690.

flower is blooming along the hedge. Beneath the moon, in the distance, is heard the sound of a gun-shot. It sounds dull and cloudy, like the season itself. Guns were introduced into Japan about a hundred and fifty years before this time.

The following are the 22 verses chosen, with 343 rejected. They are in seasonal order.

初風や千鳥にまじる石たゝき 元
Hatsunagi ya chidori ni majiru ishitataki

The first calm sea of the year;
 Together with the plovers
 Mingle wagtails.

Hajime

The wagtail, 鶺鴒, is here written, 石たたき, "stone striker," from its everlasting moving of the tail up and down while it stands. It is this motion which differentiates it from the plovers, and it is this movement which contrasts it with the motionless sea.

閑談のふところにして寒卵 蛇笏
Kandan no futokoro ni shite kan-tamago

A quiet chat,
 Winter eggs
 In the bosom.

Dakotsu

We imagine two rather elderly people sitting in the winter sunshine, forty or fifty chickens outside. They sometimes put their hands in their bosom to feel the warmth of the eggs incubating there.

白き巨船來れり春も遠からず 林火
Shiroki kyosen kitareri haru mo tōkarazu

A great white ship
Is entering the harbour;
Spring cannot be far off. Rinka

The original does not say "harbour," but this must be Yokohama where the author lives. The interesting point here is what we may call the superstition of the verse. The size and whiteness of the ship makes us believe that spring will soon come.

押し撫て大きく丸き火鉢かな 温亭
Oshi nadete ōkiku maruki hibachi kana

Passing the hand
Over the brazier,
So large, round. Ontei

This brazier is an earthenware one, quite old and used, and a friend of the family, particularly of the older people.

猛獣にまだ春浅き園の樹々 あふい
Mōjū ni mada haru asaki sono no kigi

For the fierce creatures,
Spring is still early
Among the trees of the Gardens. Aoi

Though human beings have made all kinds of arrangements for the housing and feeding of these wild animals in the zoo, Nature moves at an unperturbed pace. The trees are still leafless.

春寒の髪のはし踏む梳手かな 久女
Haru-samu no kami no hashi fumu sukite kana

Spring still cold,
The hair-dresser
Treads on the ends of my hair. Hisajo

This verse belongs to the time when women had long hair, (and men moustaches). The interesting point is the union of the feeling of cold, and the twinge of pain, both in the skin.

にぎわしき雪解雫の伽藍かな 青 畝
Nigiwashiki yukige shizuku no garan kana

The drops of water of the snow melting
From the great temple,—
How animated! Seiho

There is something almost improper in the cheerful bustling drops of water round the stolid, unmoving Buddhist abbey.

東山低し春雨傘のうち 年 尾
Higashiyama hikushi harusame kasa no uchi

Higashiyama is a low mountain,
From under an umbrella
In the spring rain. Toshio

We do not have to raise the umbrella to look at this hill behind Kyōto, as we would if we wanted, elsewhere, to see Mount Fuji.

鴨の嘴よりたらたらと春の泥 虚 子
Kamo no hashi yori tara-tara to haru no doro

From the beaks of the ducks,
Drip, drip, drip,
The mud of spring. Kyoshi

This reminds us of Wordsworth's lines from *The Evening Walk*:

Where the duck dabbles mid the rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike start from the water's edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still.

とまりたる蝶のくらりと風をうけ けん二
Tomaritaru chō no kurari to kaze wo uke

The butterfly at rest;
 When it is blown by the wind,
 It lurches a little. Kenji

This verse expresses the nature of the butterfly. It does not change its place, but the wings slant as it resists the wind.

見ゆ程の遠さを舟が春の海 青青
Miyu hodo no tōsa wo fune ga haru no umi

Farther and farther goes the ship
 Until the eye can just perceive it,—
 The spring sea. Seisei

To enable us to grasp the nature of the spring sea it is necessary that ships should be built and manned and sent far over the ocean.

妻抱かな春晝の砂利踏みて歸る 草田男
Tsuma dakana shunchū no jari fumite kaeru

Thinking of embracing his wife
 This spring day, he comes back,
 His feet crunching in the gravel. Kusatao

The gravel and its sound under his footsteps are his desire in another form.

西鶴の女みな死ぬ夜の秋 かな女
Saikaku no onna mina shinu yoru no aki

Saikaku's women,—
 All of them die:
 An autumn evening. Kanajo

If we think, for example, of *Kōshoku Gonin Onna*, 好色五人女, Osen commits suicide, Osan commits double suicide, Oshichi is executed, and so on, but not exactly all die. However, to a woman, on a melancholy autumn evening, it may well seem that women are born to such a fate.

硯洗ふ墨あをあをと流れけり 多佳子
Suzuri arau sumi ao-ao to nagare keru

Washing the ink-stone,
 The Indian ink flows away
 Blue, blue. Takako

There are two interesting things here, the unexpected colour of the supposedly black Indian ink; and the fact that the ink is seen to have an independent life quite apart from the use people make of it.

先に寝し顔のかなしき夜長の灯 菟絲子
Saki ni neshi kao no kanashiki yonaga no hi

In the lamp-light of the long night,
 Sad is the sleeping face
 Of the one who went to bed first. Toshiko

This seems very long in the original also, but it is only seventeen syllables. This verse is by a woman.

静けさや炭が火となるおのづから 草城
Shizukesa ya sumi ga hi to naru onozukara

The quietness;
 The charcoal becomes fire
 Of itself.

Sōjō

This verse, written in the middle of the Taishō Era, attracted much attention as an example of the New Haiku, but actually it is quite old in spirit, and not particularly good as haiku.

病める手にのせて藤房餘りけり 多佳子
Yameru te ni nosete fuji-busa amari keri

Put into the hands of the invalid,
 The wistaria blossoms
 Were too much.

Takako

When we are ill, music, poetry, art weary the mind.
 A flowering branch cannot even be held in the hands
 without exhaustion.

麥車馬におくれて動き出づ 不器男
Mugi-guruma uma ni okurete ugoki izu

The horse starts moving,
 The corn-cart
 Lags behind.

Fukio

This is animate versus "inanimate."

暗く暑く大群衆と花火待つ 三鬼
Kuraku atsuku dai-gunshū to hanabi matsu

Dark, and hot,
And a great multitude,
Waiting for the fireworks. Sanki

This has a Homeric simplicity.

新涼や豆腐驚く唐辛 普羅
Shinryō ya tōfu odoroku tōgarashi

The new autumn coolness;
The bean-curd is aghast
At the red pepper. Fura

The soft white bean-curd must be astonished by its
proximity to the hot red pepper.

見てをれば心たのしき炭火かな 草城
Mite oreba kokoro tanoshiki sumibi kana

The charcoal fire;
While I am looking at it
I feel pleasure. Sōjō

This is a faint and mild form of what Wordsworth felt
as a passion, a pianissimo version of something,

That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

大佛の冬日は山へ移りけり 立子
Daibutsu no fuyubi wa yama e utsuri keri

The winter sunlight
Has moved from the Great Buddha
To the hill. Tatsuko

This is the Great Buddha at Kamakura. The thin rays

of the sun have been lighting up Buddha's brow and breast. Now the great statue is all shadow, but the hill behind it reflects the pale sunshine.

Chapter XLI

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

Haiku since Shiki has been, like the world itself, in a state of confusion. It may be said, with too much truth, that history is confusion itself, and indeed none but a presumptuous nit-wit would attempt to write a history of anything at all. The present age is however an age in which we are more conscious of our confusion (and that of other ages) than ever before, and it is our duty therefore to point out the vagaries and inconsequentialities of the Welt-Geist, and as far as possible resign ourselves to posing the questions more clearly, giving up all pretence of answering them.

The pantheism of Hinduism, the mysticism and paradox of Taoism, the compassion of Buddhism, the severity of Confucianism, the this-is-it-ness and humour of Zen, the soft emotion of waka, the exfoliation of renga, the topography of Japan, the primitivistic simplicity of Shintōism, the “peace” of feudalistic tyranny, the feeling of social change soon to come in the next century, the absence of any immediately disturbing foreign influence,—and the haiku of Bashō flowered once and for ever, in the six years from 1688 to 1694, the beginning and the end of the poetry of the thing in itself:

身にしみて大根からし秋の風
Mi ni shimite daikon karashi aki no kaze

Right to my very marrow,
The radish is so pungent,
The autumn wind blowing.

Besides the “mere” sensation of the “hot” grated radish, and the chilly wind, each bringing out the “meaning” of the other, and above all that of the season, there is the topography, the geo-history. This verse comes in the *Sarashina Nikki*, an account of Bashō’s travel in Nagano Prefecture in which Bashō found the radish unforgettably strong. Indeed, it is not that Bashō wanted to write haiku, so he travelled all over Japan visiting famous sites and tasting the special products of the various places. This is really putting the cart before the horse. Chronologically also, the *fudoki*, 風土記, Descriptions of Towns, Villages, Rivers, Mountains, Products, Customs, come first, haiku a thousand years later. These things were felt so keenly, indeed so “pungently,” the Japanese got so hot, that haiku had to be written, to let off steam. With Buson and Issa, and all the host of lesser poets, the *fudoki* spirit infused and inspired their work; they were conscious of it, as they were not, fortunately, of the pantheism and Zen and so on. However, when we come to the Meiji Era, the spirit of place, the spirit of time weakens, and haiku with it. Shiki was a kind of atheist, an agnostic, which is really a don’t-want-to-know-er. A man of violent poetic energy must believe in something, even superstition, even Roman Catholicism. Actually, the best haiku of Bashō and Buson and Issa have little or nothing to do with historic places or famous mountains or special products or local customs. They are “a pure delight” in the particular thing, quite apart from romantic or emotional associations, but the

point is this, that to be wise you must have been a fool, have been sentimental, have been vulgar, have been cruel, have been snobbish, have been a savourer of the *fudoki*. You can't transcend such things if you have nothing to transcend. Thus the best old haiku rise out of the *fudoki*. The best modern haiku emerge as from a vacuum, or from the narrow hopes and fears and loving and loathing of the individual poet. Like Shakespeare, Bashō spoke for humanity, of humanity and by humanity; there is nothing eccentric in his view of nature, nothing egoistic in his view of himself. The confusion of our modern times seems greater than ever before because people speak by themselves only, not by humanity. Bashō is like Thoreau. He has his own view of life, quite different from everyone else, yet it turns out to be God's view, the really human view, a life secretly envied by all men, however strongly they may deny it.

Having thus indirectly blasted all modern haiku, we are now in a position to be agreeably surprised by the wealth of sensitivity and sincerity of the haiku poets during the last sixty or seventy years. To bring this clearly before the mind, let us go over the chief names once more, noting the characteristics of the poets, with an example of each.

The Meiji Era had still some stability in it, even the twenty fifth year, when Shiki wrote the following:

元朝や皆見覚えの紋所
Ganchō ya mina mioboe no mondokoro

The First Morning of the Year;
 I remember them all,
 With their family crests.

(1892)

The houses themselves were deeply Japanese:

あたゝかに白壁ならぶ入江かな
Atataka ni shirakabe narabu irie kana

In the warmth of spring
 The white walls
 Line the small bay. (1893)

But illness takes us from the general to the particular,
 from nature to man:

薪をわるいもうと一人冬籠
Maki wo waru imōto hitori fuyu-gomori

My younger sister
 Chopping the firewood by herself;
 Winter confinement. (1893)

Shiki goes back to Nature, a nature which feels no love
 for him because he feels no love for it:

夏山や雲湧いて石横はる
Natsu-yama ya kumo waite ishi yokotawaru

The summer mountains;
 Clouds welling up,
 Stones lying sideways. (1894)

But nature is all we have, and we must look and listen,
 that is enough:

風によく聞けば千々の響き哉
Kogarashi ni yoku kikeba chiji no hibiki kana

Listening intently to the storm,
 We hear a thousand and one
 Different sounds. (1894)

How deep is Shiki, how shallow?

團栗の落ちて沈むや山の池
Donguri no ochite shizumu ya yama no ike

An acorn falls and sinks
 Into a pool
 In the deep mountains. (1895)

There is something invariable in nature, in spite of its
 apparent fortuitousness:

夕暮やかならず麻の一嵐
Yūgure ya kanarazu asa no hito-arashi

Every day, towards dusk,
 The hemp-plants are swept
 By a gust of wind. (1896)

One more invariable thing is the flowering of plants,
 medicinal plants; yet another is death:

絲瓜咲て痰のつまりし佛かな
Hechima saite tan no tsumarishi hotoke kana

The sponge-gourd is in bloom,
 Phlegm chokes
 The Buddha. (1902)

Kōyō reserves for haiku the trivia of life:

門すゞみ人に來られてしまひけり
Kado-suzumi hito ni korarete shimai keru

Cooling at the gate,—
 But it's all up:
 A visitor has come. (Before 1903)

Depth is potential, but never realised:

睡り足りて姑く蠅と相對す
Nemuri tarite shibaraku hae to aitaisu

Sleeping my full,
 For some time facing each other,
 A fly and I. (Before 1903)

Even death is treated as a romantic accident; Kōyō's death-verse, at the age of thirty-seven:

死なば秋露の干ぬ間ぞ面白き
Shinaba aki-tsuyu no hinu ma zo omoshiroki

To die
 While the dew is yet undried,—
 That would be meaningful! (1903)

Meisetsu should have been born in the Genroku Era. He understood very well the nature of haiku, the haiku of nature, and the way in which nature must be suffused with humanity:

朝寒や三井の仁王に日の當る
Asazamu ya mii no niō ni hi no ataru

A cold morning;
 Sunshine on the Deva Kings
 Of Mii Temple. (After 1897)

A verse that seems to belong to the Tokugawa Period:

城門にてふの飛びかふ日和哉
Jōmon ni cho no tobikau hiyori kana

In the castle gateway,
 Butterflies fluttering
 In the warm sunshine. (Before 1909)

Another that has the softness of Bashō, not the hardness of Meisetsu's teacher, Shiki:

初せみの地をはふ朝の湿りかな
Hatsu-semi no chi wo hau asa no shimeri kana

The first cicada,
 Crawling on the earth
 In the morning moisture. (Before 1909)

Meisetsu studied Chinese literature, Japanese literature, and Buddhism, but they are all completely digested into nature:

大沼や蘆を離るゝ五月雲
Ōnuma ya ashi wo hanaruru satsuki-gumo

May rain clouds
 Rising from beyond the reeds
 Of the great swamp. (Before 1926)

In the 30th year of Meiji, 1897, the rusticity of most of Japan is still unspoiled, and Sōseki can write the following:

麥の秋車の埃鞭の音
Mugi no aki kuruma no hokori muchi no oto

The autumn of barley;¹
 The dust of the cart
 Cracking the whip. (1897)

The "hum of cities" is not so loud yet:

冷かや人寝静まり水の音
Hiyayaka ya hito neshizumari mizu no oto

¹ Summer.

Autumn coolness;

People are asleep, and all is quiet:

The sound of the flowing water. (1910)

Horses and boats are still the chief modes of locomotion, and have their own poetry. In the following, they are in combination:

馬を船に乗せて柳の渡哉

Uma wo fune ni nose te yanagi no watashi kana

Getting a horse

Onto a boat,

The ferry by the willows. (1914)

Kyoshi, like Meisetsu, remained true to the traditions of old haiku, and was thus in danger of its weakness, which was, and always has been, triviality. Much is demanded, not unjustifiably, from the reader:

冬枯れの道二筋に分れけり

Fuyu-gare no michi futasuji ni wakare keru

The desolation of winter;

The road through it

Divides into two. (1894)

The haiku poet still keeps, somehow or other, his physical and spiritual poverty:

俳諧に老いて好もし蕪汁

Haikai ni oite konomoshi kabura-jiru

Getting older and older

Writing haiku,

Satisfied with turnip broth. (1902)

Sometimes the simplicity of Sappho is thereby attained:

門の子を母が呼ぶなり蚊喰鳥
Kado no ko wo haha ga yobunari kakui dori

The mother calls the child
 Playing at the gate;
 The mosquito-eating bird.¹ (1924)

Sometimes the poet gazes at one particular thing with an intensity which the Greeks reserved for mankind:

秋風に草の一葉のうちふるふ
Aki-kaze ni kusa no hitoha no uchi-furuu

In the autumn wind,
 A single blade of grass
 Shudders. (1928)

Kyoshi also has the past constantly in mind:

御車に牛かくる空やほととぎす
Okuruma ni ushi kakuru sora ya hototogisu

The ox is yoked
 To the palace carriage;
 A hototogisu cries. (1931)

In Hekigodō we often find a false simplicity which is the obverse of an excessive desire for novelty:

春浅き水を渉るや鷺一つ
Haru asaki mizu wo wataru ya sagi hitotsu

Early spring;
 A single snowy heron
 Wades through the water. (1901)

¹ The bat.

But sometimes the simplicity is of an unvarnished experience:

この道の富士になり行く芒かな
Kono michi no fuji ni nariyuku susuki kana

The pampas grass;
 The road through it
 Leads to its Mount Fuji. (1905)

With Hekigodō we get long, stumbling, unmusical, more-than-seventeen-syllabled “haiku” that can hardly be called hokku, “the first verse,” because each one tries to include everything within itself:

裏は田圃の住居の片隅の蓮枯れている
Ura wa tanbo no sumai no katasumi no hasu karete iru

At the back of the dwelling there is a paddy-field,
 And in the corner, lotus leaves are withering. (1925)

Seisensui also frees haiku of its three hundred-year-old form. With a great loss there is often some gain:

咲きいづるや櫻さくらと咲きつらなり
Saki izuru ya sakura sakura to saki tsuranari

These cherry trees beginning to bloom,
 Cherry trees near and far, all blooming together.
 (1930)

Many potential haiku must have been still-born because the richness of the material would not accord with the spiritual and numerical poetic brevity:

朝の光に影曳いて這ひ出でし蟹
Asa no hikari ni kage hiite hai ideshi kani

In the morning light
 A crab creeps out,
 Putting his shadow behind him. (1915)

The modern poet perceives with a particular pleasure many things the older poets did not, or took for granted:

焚火ころころ燃え立ちて人らだまりたり
Takibi kōkō moetachite hito ra damari tari

The bonfire burns away busily;
 The people around it are silent. (1916)

Another example of the same thing by Otsuji:

野遊や肘つく草の日の匂ひ
No-asobi ya hiji tsuku kusa no hi no nioi

Rambling on the moor;
 The smell of the sun on the grass
 Under my elbow. (Before 1920)

In the last fifty years, haiku and senryu have tended to come together, to the loss of both; an example by Kijō:

淋しさに早飯食ふや秋の暮
Sabishisa ni haya-meshi kū ya aki no kure

So lonely,
 I had my meal early:
 An autumn evening. (Before 1920)

The following, by Akutagawa Ryūnosuke, shows how unpoetical a writer of some genius can be:

青蛙おのれもペンキ塗りたてか
Aogaeru onore mo penki nuritate ka

Green frog!
 Have you just been
 Newly painted? (1918)

The following also, by Suiha, has more irony than Issa, and less humour:

團栗の己が落葉に埋れけり
Donguri no ono ga ochiba ni umore keru

The acorns
 Are buried beneath
 Their own fallen leaves. (Before 1936)

The next verse, however, by the same author, though in the modern clumsy style, is in the older tradition, the profound Japanese egoism, which, at its deepest, reaches humanity, a divinity far above deity:

落葉踏むやしばし雀と夕焼けて
Ochiba fumu ya shibashi suzume to yūyakete

Treading the fallen leaves,
 Now, for some time, together with the sparrows
 And the evening glow. (Before 1936)

The modern attempt to add a new dimension, that of time, to haiku is fatal to it. The following, by Dakotsu, illustrates this:

死火山の膚つめたくて草いちご
Shikazan no yama no hada tsumetakute kusaichigo

The extinct volcano,
 Cold to the touch;
 Wild strawberries. (1935)

The popularisation of haiku by Fūsei was undesirably inevitable, but occasionally, to use a suitable vulgarism, he hits the spot:

手にとりて放ちし萩の枝長し
Teni torite hanachishi hagi no eda nagashi

Taking it in the hand,
 And letting it go,—

How long the branch of the lespedesa!
 (1942)

The Buddhism of Bōsha gave his work a background which most other haiku poets lacked. Japanese poets have always known, by instinct, that the background must never become the foreground:

まひまひや雨後の円光とりもどし
Maimai ya ugo no enko torimodoshi

After the rain is over,
 The whirligig once more
 Draws his halos of light. (1938)

Onomatopoeia is always poetry, in any age, in any place; by the same poet:

初蛙きりころ遠く近くかな
Hatsu-kawazu kiri koro tōku chikaku kana

The first frogs,
 Creek, creek, creek,
 From far-off and near. (Before 1941)

Bōsha sometimes combines simplicity and mystery, directness and metaphor:

尾をひいて芋の露飛ぶ虚空かな
O wo hiite imo no tsuyu tobu kokū kana

Wafting its wings of morning light,
 The dew flies from the taro leaf
 Up into the empty autumn sky. (1933)

From its beginnings haiku sought to express the meaning of the simplest natural phenomena with the greatest possible variety. The heat of noon, the cold of mid-winter, the length of the (spring) day, were felt and communicated in a hundred, a thousand ways. In the following, by Sōjō, the brightness of the full moon of autumn is praised yet once more:

船の名の月に讀まるる港かな
Fune no na no tsuki ni yomaruru minato kana

The name of the ship
 In the port can be read
 In the light of the moon. (Before 1927)

As said before, the modern poet tries to put every thing into poetry, or rather, he tries to see the poetry which is already in every thing, the poetry of which every thing is composed. Seishi did this especially in regard to European sports, for example:

スケートの眞顔なしつつたのしけれ
Sukēto no magao nashitsutsu tanoshikere

So serious
 The face of the skaters,
 Yet so enjoyable! (1931)

Besides sports, there is machinery; a verse by the same author:

夏草に汽罐車の車輪来て止る
Natsu-kusa ni kikansha no shurin kite tomaru

The wheel of the locomotive
Comes and stops
By the summer grass. (1933)

“Culture is not shiny,” neither has it any connection with cement, but in the following verse Seishi combines the two in a modern haiku which is perhaps more modern than haiku:

ピストルがプールの硬き面にひびき
Pisutoru ga pūru no kataki men ni hibiki

The signal pistol
Echoes on the hard surface
Of the swimming pool. (1936)

But Seishi has an eye also for older, for ancient games:

凧の絲天には見えず指に見ゆ
Tako no ito ten ni wa miezu yubi ni miyu

The string of the kite;
Cannot be seen in the sky,
Can be seen at the finger. (1937)

Seishi has an eye like Thoreau's; it can move with the object:

殻の渦しだいにはやき蝸牛
Kara no uzu shidai ni hayaki katatsumuri

The whorl of the shell
Of the snail gets gradually
Faster. (1944)

The two problems of human life are loneliness and boredom, and they are one problem. Hakyō sees it to exist also in the world of nature, our world of nature.

檻の驚さびしくなれば羽搏つかも
Ori no washi sabishiku nareba hautsu ka mo

The caged eagle;
 When lonely
 He flaps his wings. (1933)

Haiku is the chief way of not being bored, that is, not being lonely. Sidney Smith once gave a lady two and twenty recipes against melancholy, "one was a bright fire another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece." These would belong to *jinji*, the human affairs section of haiku. Heaven is the perpetual contemplation of things, especially those of nature. The grass in the green field, the colours and shapes of the old stone wall, and the music of the cold wind along it,—the "pleasure" of such things deepens with our own ageing, and increases and enlarges its scope with our reading of haiku. Thus haiku should be the chief subject in primary and secondary schools in every country in the world. But it should be prohibited in the universities, and on no account should children ever be examined on them, or forced to explain them. How about my own explanations? Some say they are better than many of the original haiku. Some say they should be omitted. I myself agree with both views.

Chapter XLII

WORLD HAIKU

The latest development in the history of haiku is one which nobody foresaw,—the writing of haiku outside Japan, not in the Japanese language. We may now assert with some confidence that the day is coming when haiku will be written in Russia (though communistic haiku, like capitalistic or Christian or Buddhist or atheistic haiku is a glorious impossibility), in the Celebes, in Sardinia. What a pleasing prospect, what an Earthly Paradise it will be, the Esquimaux blowing on their fingers as they write haiku about the sun that never sets or rises, the pygmies composing jungle haiku on the gorilla and the python, the nomads of the Sahara and Gobi deserts seeing a grain of sand in a world!

But wherever haiku are composed, the problem of the form must arise. Europeans and Americans have to decide whether their haiku are to be in rhyming couplets or triplets, alliterative verse, free verse, what some rude people call “a dribble of prose,” or in five, seven, five syllables as in Japanese. As far as the last is concerned, a strict adherence to 5, 7, 5 syllables in English has produced some odd translations of Japanese haiku. For example:

An old pond;
A frog jumps in:
The sound of the water.

This is 3, 4, 5, in English. The following appeared in

No. VII of a Monograph Committee, Los Angeles, 1964:

Old pond, ancient pool:
A frog jumping plunges in:
Waterish splash-splash.

This is 5, 7, 5, but the last line suggests that Bashō himself fell in, and (as was probably actually the case) could not swim. Even the first line, in order to get five syllables, repeats itself, and then is too short, giving the impression of the vocative. A translation of another famous verse:

Bare barren branch on
Which a crow has alighted: autumn
Nightfall darkening.

This is a line of 17 syllables, sliced arbitrarily into 5, 7, 5. The fact is that "syllable" does not have the same meaning for the Japanese, the Romans and Greeks, and the English. For us, "a" is a syllable, "clothes" is a syllable. To push the matter to the extreme, take the following:

In a potato,
Those groans whose forced prayers change nought,
Can never occur.

This is 5, 7, 5, but to eye and ear, and to the sense of counting, the 5, 7, 5 has no meaning whatever.

The philosophic significance of 5, 7, 5, in Japanese syllables, may be this. Seventeen such syllables are one emission of breath, one exhalation of soul. The division into three gives us the feeling of ascent, attainment, and resolution of experience. Five, five, is symmetry; five seven, and seven five, are asymmetry, double that of symmetry, which is proper in our geometrical but fortuit-

ous universe. The haiku form is thus a simple and yet deeply "natural" form, compared to the sonnet, blank verse, and other borrowed forms of verse in English. The ideal, that is, the occasionally attainable haiku form in English, would perhaps be three short lines, the second a little longer than the other two; a two-three-two rhythm, but not regularly iambic or anapaestic; rhyme avoided, even if felicitous and accidental. A season word is not necessary, nor even a season, but is greatly advantageous, as suggesting one quarter of the year in time.

The following thirty verses are chosen, not altogether at random, from a forthcoming book of haiku by J. W. Hackett of San Francisco. They are in no way mere imitations of Japanese haiku, nor literary diversions. They are (aimed at) the Zen experience, the realising, the making real in oneself of the thing-in-itself, impossible to rational thought, but possible, "all poets believe," in experience. Mr Hackett himself writes, in a letter:

I regard "haiku" as *fundamentally* existential, rather than literary. Or if you will, as primarily an experience, rather than a form of poetry. Bashō's statement that: "Haiku is simply what is happening in this place, at this moment," shows that he regarded intuitive experience to be the *basis* of Haiku. And Now, his criterion, is my own.

If this Haiku experience can be expressed in 17 syllables (or even 5-7-5) without padding or syntactical contrivance, all well and good. If not, then the experience should be rendered freely, in the manner best serving its comprehension and effect. The Japanese masters strayed from 5-7-5, as do many modern Japanese poets. Certainly, the poet writing in English is entitled to the same licence, and more....I use 2

lines whenever I wish, and there is no doubt that some Haiku experiences can be more naturally expressed in this way. It seems clear that the whole matter of syllables and lines is an arbitrary one, and should be. For Haiku is ultimately more than a form (or even a kind) of poetry: it is a Way—one of living awareness. Haiku's real treasure is its touchstone of the present. This, together with its rendering of the Suchness of things, gives Haiku a supra-literary mission, one of moment.

GENTLE FALLING LEAF,
YOUR MEANDER . . .
HOLDS EVERYTHING.

TWO FLIES, SO SMALL
IT'S A WONDER THEY EVER MET,
ARE MATING ON THIS ROSE.

SNAIL MAY CREEP HIS WAY,
BUT SEE HOW HE BINDS WITH SILVER
EACH MOMENT HE LEAVES.

BLOOMING, WITH AN EDGE
ALREADY WITHERING. . .
THIS CONSTANT DEATH.

THAT OLD EMPTY HOUSE,
NOW SO OVERGROWN WITH YEARS,
IS THE ONLY REAL ONE HERE.

ON NEARING THE SURF,
EVERY FOOTPRINT BECOMES
THAT OF THE SEA.

SWEEPING INTO A PAN:
THE LINE OF DUST
THAT DEFIES ITS EDGE.

SOMETIMES THE ODDEST THING,
LIKE THIS ORANGE PIP,
BEGS NOT TO BE THROWN AWAY.

BITTER MORNING:
SPARROWS SITTING
WITHOUT NECKS.

THIS WINTRY WIND
TOUCHES THE SAME LEAVES
NEVER...AND AGAIN.

BESIDE A NEW GRAVE...
THE CRUSHING WEIGHT
OF UNGIVEN LOVE.

CHOPPING A KNOTTY BLOCK...
IN EVERY STICK OF KINDLING,
A PART OF ITS SHAPE.

CITY LONELINESS...
DANCING WITH A GUSTY WIND:
YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

EVER LINGERING
IN THE TASTE OF THE WALNUT:
DEEP AUTUMN.

SNOW VIEWING...
THE SHAPE OF MY LONELINESS,
EACH WINTER BREATH.

IN THIS SILENT SNOW,
EACH CRUNCHING STEP ECHOES DRYLY
INTO MY TEETH.

SUMMER VERANDAH...
LISTENING TO FLUTTERING BIRDS:
THE CAT'S TAIL.

NOW CENTERED UPON
THE FLAVOR OF AN OLD BONE,
THE MIND OF MY DOG.

HOW RARE
EACH BLOOM BECOMES
WHEN SEEN AGAINST ITS FATE.

A TINY SPIDER
HAS BEGUN TO CONFISCATE
THIS CUP'S EMPTINESS.

THE KITTEN
SO CALMLY CHEWS
THE FLY'S BUZZING MISERY.

THESE BARNACLED ROCKS
JUST UNCOVERED BY THE TIDE...
HOW BUSY THEY SOUND!

MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH
AN OLD, ABANDONED BEACH HOUSE...
SHADOWS OF THE MOON.

WHILE READING THIS SUTRA,
I BEGAN TO LAUGH...
WITHOUT KNOWING WHY.

HALF OF THE MINNOWS
WITHIN THIS SUNLIT SHALLOW
ARE NOT REALLY THERE.

DEEP WITHIN THE STREAM
THE HUGE FISH LIE MOTIONLESS,
FACING THE CURRENT.

NOW—EVEN FILLED WITH PAIN
FROM THIS THORN IN MY FINGER—
IS SO GOOD TO FEEL!

RANDOM FLIES MEET,
CLING TOGETHER, AND FALL BUZZING
INTO THE RANK GRASS.

THIS GARTER SNAKE
GOES IN AND OUT OF THE GRASS
AT THE SAME TIME!

DENTS FROM MY NAIL
LEFT DEEP AROUND THIS BITE,
RELIEVE ITS MADNESS!

THIS LEAF TOO,
ITS COLORS EATEN INTO LACE,
FLOATS ON THE STREAM.

In these excellent verses, occasionally there is sensation only; more often there is too much ostensive, that is, overt thought. The problem for haiku in any language as for life itself in any age, is how to put thought completely into sensation, how to make sensation thought-full. In addition,—and this has only too often been forgotten by the Japanese haiku poets themselves,—sensation must be intense, though not violent, the thinking all-inclusive and subtle, not parochial and complicated. But after all, which is more important, to write (haiku) or to live? Thoreau answers:

My life has been the poem I would have writ,
But I could not both live and utter it.

Which is more important, to love a particular animal, and all of them, or to understand Zen? If we answer that they are the same thing, this is true, though how many people in the world know even this? But it is much more true, it is more Zen to answer, "To love a particular animal." It is this which makes a life an unwritten poem. Writing haiku, and the desire for (more and more) enlightenment is the last infirmity of noble mind. We must not write haiku, we must not write, we must not live, to fulfil ourselves, or to share our experiences with others. We must not aim at immortality or even timelessness; we must not aim. Infinity and eternity come of themselves or not at all. "God first loved us." Wordsworth once more:

Think you, of all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

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