

# HAIKU

VOLUME 4

AUTUMN-WINTER

by

R. H. BLYTH



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This picture, by Maruyama Ôkyo, 丸山應挙, 1733-1795, a contemporary of Buson, illustrates two lines of "A Poem Shown to my niece Sonshô on reaching the Barrier of Ran after being Relegated to an Inferior Position," 左遷至藍関示姪孫湘詩, by Kanyu (Han Yü), 768-824, the great T'ang poet and statesman:


雲橫秦嶺家何在、  
雪擁藍関馬不前。

Clouds extend over Mt. Shinrei;  
Where is there a cottage?  
Snow envelops the Barrier of  
Randen;  
The horse hardly moves forward.



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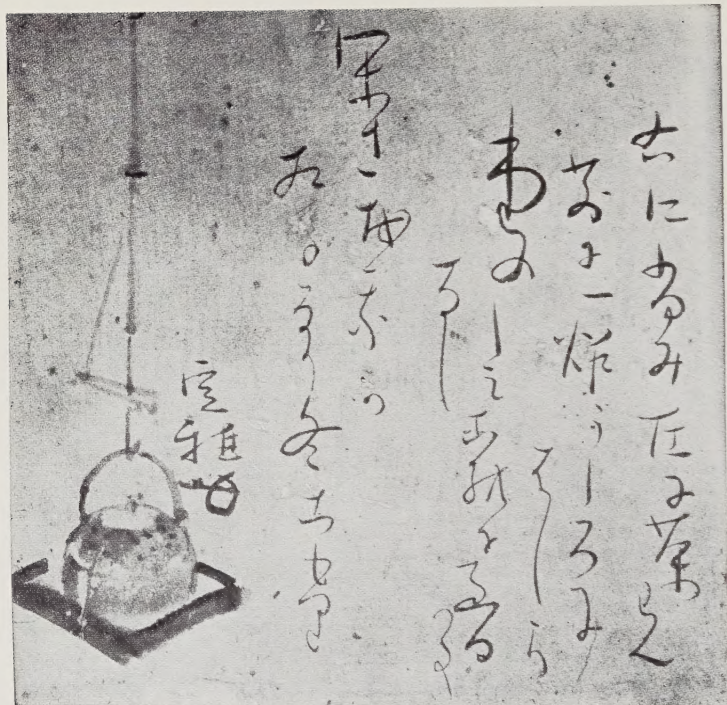


# HAIKU









### Winter Seclusion

Verse and picture by Teiga, 定雅, 1755-1825, a pupil of Buson.

閑さを我か  
相手なり冬ごもり

右にふみ左に茶わん  
前に一炉うしろに  
はしら  
たのしみこれに過る事  
なし

Making quietude  
My only companion:  
Winter seclusion.

To the right, books; to the left,  
a tea-cup. In front of me, the fire-  
place; behind me, the post. There  
is no greater happiness than this.



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BY

R. H. BLYTH

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV

AUTUMN—WINTER

HOKUSEIDO

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## PREFACE

Japanese Literature stands or falls by haiku, in my opinion, but its unique characteristic makes it a difficult matter to assess its position in world literature. It is not merely the brevity by which it isolates a particular group of phenomena from all the rest; nor its suggestiveness, through which it reveals a whole world of experience. It is not only in its remarkable use of the season word, by which it gives us a feeling of a quarter of the year; nor its faint all-pervading humour. Its peculiar quality is its self-effacing, self-annihilative nature, by which it enables us, more than any other form of literature, to grasp the thing-in-itself. Just as we are to be in a state of *muga*, self-lessness, when we compose haiku, so the haiku is not a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, but a finger-post, a raft unwanted when the river is crossed. If, like waka, the haiku itself has literary charm and value, we are distracted from the real region of haiku, the experience, the mutual, reunited life of poet and things.

The position which haiku has or should have in world literature may be brought out by comparing and contrasting Bashô with Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Goethe and Cervantes. If he can hold his own with these, the 17-syllabled haiku may well claim an equality with the world masterpieces of epic, drama, and lyric.

Bashô has not the grim strength of Dante, but he also sees how

The little flowers, bent and shut by the chill of  
 night,  
 Soon as the sunlight whitens them,  
 Erect themselves quite open on their stems.

*Inferno II, 127-129*

He has not Shakespeare's power to create forms more real than living man, but has the universality of

Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live,  
 as applied to all the things in the world, animate and inanimate:

よく見ればなづな花咲く垣根哉<sup>1</sup>

Looking carefully,—  
 There is a shepherd's-purse  
 Blooming under the hedge.

He has not Homer's grasp of the primitive nobility of men and women, but he has his pleasure in the plain and elemental things of life:

身にしみて大根からし秋の風

In the bitter radish  
 That bites into me, I feel  
 The autumn wind.

Goethe's understanding of science was to Bashô unknown, but he shares with him the knowledge that there is nothing

<sup>1</sup> The transliteration of the verses quoted in the Preface is given in an Appendix.

behind phenomena; "they are themselves the meaning." On the other hand, Bashô is an idealist like Cervantes, but he does not tilt at windmills either real or symbolical; he does something just as destructive however, in taking away from things their (apparent) heavy, stupid meaninglessness, and shows us them as the world of grace and nature in one.

In what point is Bashô equal or superior to these great men? In his touching the very nerve of life, his unerring knowledge of those moments in time which, put together, make up our real, our eternal life. He is awake in the world that for almost all men exists as a world of dreams.

Bashô gives us the same feeling of depth as Bach, and by the same means, not by noise and emotion as in Beethoven and Wagner, but by a certain serenity and "expressiveness" which never aims at beauty but often achieves it as it were by accident. This comparison between Bashô and Bach may seem to be far-fetched. They have little in common except their profound understanding of vital inevitability, and the meaning of death. As Confucius implies, he who understands either life or death, understands both. The hymn says, in its rather sentimental way,

Days and moments, quickly flying,  
Blend the living with the dead,

and Bach and Bashô felt this so deeply that the average mind finds the one too intellectual and difficult, the other too simple.

Many people must have had the experience of reading haiku which have not seemed very good or striking, and

yet, for some strange and unknown reason, were unforgettable. To take some examples; the first by Bashô:

六月や峯に雲おく嵐山

In the Sixth Month,  
Mount Arashi  
Lays clouds on its summit.

To explain the poetic point of this would be very difficult. It lies partly, no doubt, in the personifying of the mountain, or rather, in realizing the "life" of it, but the simple sublimity of the verse is Homeric; it is that of the cloud-capped mountain.

稻妻や昨日は東今日は西

Summer lightning!  
Yesterday in the East,  
Today in the West.

There could be nothing less "poetical" than this bald statement of meteorological fact by Kikaku, and yet we feel the vastness of nature, together with the underlying willing acceptance of man. The same is true of the following, by Yayu:

二つ三つ星見出すや啼く蛙

A few stars  
Are now to be seen,—  
And frogs are croaking.

Two or three stars have come out, dusk falling; a few frogs are croaking. The unity of nature is seen without a word about it; without, indeed, a glance at it.

There is a short poem by Robert Frost, *The Pasture*, that expresses to me almost the whole meaning of human life,—and with it the nature of haiku:

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

We see these things, the pasture spring and the water clearing, the cow and her wabbly calf, and in them our life is fulfilled,—but not entirely; you, the other person, humanity, must come too; myself and Nature and man, the tender and strong relation between us.

There are two elements in this relation, a systole and a diastole. There is eternity and infinity, and there are the “minute particulars.” In life and art it is as well perhaps to allow the eternity and infinity to be overheard, overseen. Where haiku is unrivalled is in its power of expressing the whole world of inanimate, or animate, or human life, and at the same time entering into the minutest details of fact or feeling. The following example, by Bonchô, of this delicacy applies to visual sensations:

灰捨てゝ白梅うるむ垣根かな

Throwing away the ashes,  
The white plum-blossoms  
Became cloudy.



This does not mean that the blossoms became dirtied by the grey ash, nor does it mean that they became more beautiful. It is something between the two, leaning towards the second, but more indefinite, more hesitating than it. Not so delicate and more a matter of sensation, but still revealing the whole through the parts, a verse by Sodô:

春もはや山吹白く苣苔し

Spring soon to be over,  
The yellow rose whitening,  
Lettuce becoming bitter.

Another example of the delicacy of the haiku poet is the following verse by Buson, where the feeling is quite a nameless one, without words to express it in any language, yet expressed, faultlessly and unequivocally:

梅遠近南すべく北すべく

Plum-blossoms here and there,  
It is good to go north,  
Good to go south.

There is here a feeling of the newness of spring, and yet of the luxury, the bounty, the universality of the season; in truth, anywhere will do in these days of renewed life and beauty. One more example, also by Buson, in which the delicacy is so great as to require the maximum of effort on the part of the reader:

菜の花や法師が宿は訪はで過ぎ

Rape-flowers;  
Not visiting the priest,  
But passing by.

Buson is walking along a road on both sides of which rape-flowers are blooming. For some reason or other he passes by the monk's house he intended visiting. To say that he chooses nature instead of religion, the rape-flowers rather than talking with the monk,—this is not only saying too much, it is destroying the very life of the poetry which is in a realm that transcends (while including) this “Shall I, or shall I not?” of hesitation and dubiety. There is a similar verse by Taigi:

欺いて行きぬけ寺やおぼろ月

Pretending it is on purpose,  
And passing through a temple,—  
The hazy moon.

Going out for a walk in the evening, the poet mistook the way and found himself in such a place that, to avoid going round a long way, he had to go through the temple grounds, so going in the gate, and bowing to the main temple and to the Buddhas enshrined in other buildings, he went out of the back gate, feeling that his religious actions had been more than usually spiced with practical requirements and hypocritical observances. And the moon, quite properly, is hazy. The tenderness of mind which is the most prominent characteristic of the writer of haiku is distinctly (almost too distinctly) seen the following verse by Shiki:

鉈あげてきらんとすれば木の芽かな

Lifting up the hatchet  
To cut it down,—  
It was budding.

This has been compared to the verse by Meisetsu, composed thirteen years later :

鎌をとげばあかざ悲しむ景色あり

Sharpening the sickle,  
The goose-foot<sup>1</sup>  
Looks as if grieving.

Though haiku are so restricted in their subject matter, we have no feeling of monotony as we read them. There are however five main types: verses that record sensations; pictures of life; self-portrayals; verses that express human warmth; and romantic verses.

1. Examples of sensation :

朝寒や旅の宿たつ人の声

Morning cold;  
The voices of travellers  
Leaving the inn.

The voice of the men who are setting out early this autumn morning, and the coldness of the air, reinforce each other. The sound is clearer, chillier; the cold has a human meaning. There is another verse by the same author, Taigi, but the time is evening :

旅人や夜寒問ひ合ふねぶた声

Travellers,  
Asking about the cold at night,  
In sleepy voices.

<sup>1</sup> Named from the shape of the leaves.

結ぶよりはや齒にひよく泉かな<sup>1</sup>

On the point of scooping up the water,  
I felt it in my teeth,—  
The water of the spring.

To Bashô, it was not merely the sight of the cold water but the action of putting the hands together to scoop it up that caused the strength of the sensation of chill in his teeth. The following is by Shikô:

馬の耳すぼめて寒し梨の花

The horse lays back his ears;  
Flowers of the pear-tree  
Are chill and cold.

The flowers of the pear, unlike those of the cherry and plum, have no brilliancy or gaiety, but rather some loneliness and melancholy. The horse on his way home this cold spring evening puts back his ears, and they are in momentary accord with the flowers.

梅の花赤いは赤いはあかいはな

These flowers of the plum,—  
How red, how red they are,  
How red, indeed!

Also by Izen, a contemporary of Bashô famous for his doctrine of spontaneity, the two following verses:

<sup>1</sup> This has a variant:

結ぶよりまづ齒にひよく清水哉  
The clear water, I felt it first in my teeth.

磯ぎはにざぶりざぶりと波打ちて

Along the sea-shore  
Fall the waves, fall and hiss,  
Fall and hiss.

杉の木にすうすう風の吹き渡り

Through the cedars  
Whew, whew, whew,  
Whistles the breeze.

The next two are by Issa :

二つなき笠ぬすまれし土用かな

The hottest day of the year ;  
The only *kasa* I had,—  
Stolen !

We have here the inhumanity of man added to the inhumanity of nature. Issa nearly always gives us this, and in the following also :

暑き夜の荷と荷の間にねたりけり

A hot night ;  
Sleeping in between  
The bags and baggages.

## 2. Pictures of life.

名月やふな虫はしる石の上

The bright autumn moon :  
Sea-lice running  
Over the stones.



This verse, by Tôrin, is peculiarly vivid and mobile. The moonlight is so bright that we can see even the sea-lice running about on their business over the stones left dry by the falling tide. But in some way or other we feel that the moonlight has itself come alive in the silvery creatures that move so smoothly here and there. The stones too share in this light-life. The first of the two following verses is by Raizan, the second by Bashô:

春風や白鷺白し松の中

In the spring breeze  
The snowy heron flies white  
Among the pine-trees.

雀と声なきかわすねずみの巢

Baby mice in their nest  
Squeak in response  
To the young sparrows.

The young mice in the ceiling and the young sparrows under the eaves are both chirping. These so different forms of life have the same pathos and faint humour of all incomplete things. Bashô, like Wordsworth, is saying,

I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make.

The following verses, the first by Gojô, the second by Kozan, go beyond mere pictures; they have three or more dimensions.

夏草や山寺道の石佛

Summer grasses;  
Along the path to the mountain temple,  
Stone images of Buddha.

Stone Buddhas line the path to the temple in the mountains, almost unseen until we turn a sharp corner, and one of the images gives us a profound impression of the divine in nature, part of it, and yet above and beyond it.

ほととぎす夜は木をきる音もなし

*A hototogisu sings*  
Among the evening shades;  
No sound of the woodcutter.

This absence of things never fails to deepen the meaning of those that remain. The verse actually says: "No sound of wood-cutting."

青海苔や石の窪みの忘れ汐

*Green seaweed;*  
In the hollows of the rocks,  
The forgotten tide.

This verse belongs to spring; the following, also by Kitô, to summer:

山寺や縁の下なる苔清水

*A mountain temple;*  
Clear water running under the verandah,  
Moss at the sides.

For a poet, or a child, this is the ideal dwelling place. The following, by Seira, has the simplicity of W. H. Davies:

角上げて牛人を見る夏野哉

*Lifting up their horns,*  
The cattle look at people,  
On the summer moor.

The grass is rank, the day hot, the cattle moving slowly with their heads down. When someone approaches them they raise their heads, or rather, they raise their horns above the tall grasses, and we feel something menacing yet mild that tells of the wonder and power and danger of nature.

耕すや鳥さへ啼かぬ山かげに

Tilling the field,  
Not even a bird cries,  
In the shadow of the hill.

In this verse, by Buson, we feel the season, the beginning of April, the lateness of the coming of warmth here under the hill-side, the young leaves unfolding, no breeze, complete silence,—and with all this, the softly-harsh sound of the hoe. The following verse, by Shirô, is at the opposite extreme:

たうたうと瀧の落ちこむ茂り哉

The waterfall  
Thunders down  
Into the rank leaves.

The tremendous rush of water and tumultuous sounds have their correspondence in the wildly growing plants and weeds and trees all around.

蝶の羽のいくたび越ゆる塙の屋根

How many butterflies  
Winged their way across  
This roofed wall!

What struck Bashô was not merely the contrast between

the wings of the lightly flying butterflies and the heavily tiled earthen wall, but the way in which they appear from the unknown, and disappear into it with that levity and aimless purposefulness that characterise them. The following, by Gyôdai, is a wonderful and powerful verse:

曉や鯨の吼える霜の海

In the dawn,  
Whales roaring;  
A frosty sea.

The beginning of day, the spouting of the whales, the sea, the frost,—all these have something primitive and *primaeval* in them.

小夜時雨隣の臼は挽きやみぬ

The people next door  
Have stopped grinding the mortar:  
Cold rain at night.

The connection between one thing and another is always incredibly strange, even when it is simple cause and effect. How much more so here, where the mere cessation of one sound causes Yaha now to understand the meaning of the rain that has been falling all the time. Compare the following by Bonchô:

灰汁桶の雫やみけりきりぎりす

The drip-drip  
Of the lye-bucket ceases:  
The voice of the cricket.

The following three verses, by Uritsu, Gusai, and Kikaku, bring out well the vitality and variety of haiku:

鯉の音水ほのぐらく梅白し

The sound of the carp,  
The water faintly dark,  
The plum-blossoms white.

大寺のとびらあけたる春日かな

A spring day;  
They open the folding-doors  
Of the great temple.

こゝかしこ蛙鳴く夜やほしのかげ

Here and there,  
Frogs croaking in the night,  
Stars shining.

The following small picture of country life by Bashô is more of sound than of sight. The next, by Gyôdai, is larger:

鶏の聲にしぐるゝ牛家かな

Winter rain falling  
On the cow-shed;  
The voice of the cock.

日暮れたり三井寺下る春の人

The day darkening,  
They come down from Mii Temple,  
People of the spring

We see here the shades of evening fall over a wide scene,



Lake Biwa in the distance, the Temple above, the long flight of stone steps, and in ones and twos, people who are reluctantly leaving the cherry-blossoms behind, so aptly termed “people of the spring.”

人も見ぬ春や鏡のうらの梅

A spring unseen of men,—  
On the back of the mirror,  
A flowering plum-tree.

This verse by Bashô is one that Keats would have appreciated. There is a world of art which hardly belongs to this world except as a kind of perversion of it, a sort of back-of-the-mirror which our mind holds up to nature. This is the world that Bashô was also drawn to, but like Wordsworth, the real world was the one he earnestly desired to live in.

鶯や下駄の齒につく小田の土

The *uguisu*!  
Earth of the rice-fields sticks  
On the supports of the clogs.

Two extremes of the whole of spring are given here by Bonchô, the heavenly voice of the *uguisu*, and the mud on the two “teeth” of the *geta*, or wooden clogs.

蜀魂なくや木の間の角櫓

A *hototogisu* cries;  
Between the trees  
A corner turret.

The bird suddenly cried, and looking round, Shihô saw

through a gap in the trees, the white corner of the donjon silhouetted against the blue sky of summer.

豆植る畑も木べ屋も名所哉

Fields for sowing beans,  
Firewood sheds,—  
All famous places.

This was written by Bonchô at Rakushisha, 落柿舎, in Saga, Kyorai's villa, where Kobori Enshû,<sup>1</sup> a great landscape gardener, had his tea-ceremony house. These fields sown with beans, sheds for firewood, were once scenes of splendour and of the cultural life of the community. Both the glory and the misery of human existence are powerfully contrasted.

風やまばたきしげき猫の面

In the winter storm  
The cat keeps on  
Blinking its eyes.

This by Yasô is on the one hand a vivid picture of the cat, its hatred of wind and confusion, the ears back, head down, blinking its half-shut eyes. On the other hand it is a description of one aspect of the essential nature of the winter wind, its make-cats-blink-ness.

わか鮎や谷の小笹も一葉行

With the young trout in the valley  
A leaf of the dwarf bamboo  
Floats away.

<sup>1</sup> See page xxx.

If we take this as a real experience of Buson, we cannot help admiring the presence of mind (of Mind) that could seize such a moment, such a world of meaning in miniature. If we take it, as some do, as pure imagination, we shall be even more struck by Buson's power of pictorial creation.

しずかさや湖水の底の雲のみね

The stillness ;  
Peaks of cloud  
In the bosom of the lake.

We are reminded of Wordsworth's lines :

that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

In Issa's verse we have rest only ; in Wordsworth there is both motion and rest. The next is by the same author.

なでしこや地藏菩薩の後先に

Before and behind  
Jizô Bosatsu,  
Pinks are blooming.

Jizô is the patron of travellers and children, and his statue is often found at cross-roads and o'er lonely places. His relation to the pinks may be taken in either of two ways : the sweetness of Jizô and the pinks ; and the contrast between his calm indifference and their eager little faces.

白露や芋の畑の天の川

White dew ;  
Over the potato field,  
The Milky Way.

The Milky Way is the dew of heaven; the dew on the potato leaves is the stars of this earth. But as so often, there is something a little dead about Shiki's still-lives. The next is better.

夕立や砂につき立つ青松葉

A summer shower;  
Green pine-needles  
Stick in the sand.

We feel here the force of the shower, that breaks off the pine-needles and thrusts them into the sand, so that they stand up in it.

桐の葉は落ちつくすなるを木芙蓉

The leaves of the paulownia  
Having all fallen,—  
The tree-lotus in bloom.

When the great leaves of the paulownia have all fallen, it is late autumn, but just at this time the flowers of the tree-lotus bloom. There is sometimes an unnaturalness about nature which makes her akin to us.

The above and all the remaining verses of this second section are by Buson.

池と川ひとつになりぬ春の雨

In the spring rain,  
The pond and the river  
Have become one.

We have here the omnipresence and omnipotence of

water; and realize that what seemed three different things, lake, stream, and rain, are intrinsically one.

野分止んで鼠のわたる流かな

The autumn storm  
Stopped blowing;  
A rat swam over the stream.

Though he has not Bashô's mysticism or Issa's humanity, Buson is not shallow however. It is Nature without God or man, but not that of science. As so often in Thoreau, Nature speaks for herself.

古井戸の暗きに落つる椿かな

A camellia;  
It fell into the darkness  
Of an old well.

This has something deeply symbolical in it,—but we are not to think of what, just to be feel it so, and stop there.

岸根行く帆はおそろしき若葉哉

Passing the bank,  
The sail fearful  
The young leaves!

This literal translation of the original shows the way in which the speed of the boat and the luxuriance of the young leaves are seen as aspects of one awful energy of nature.

動く葉もなくておそろし夏木立

How awesome!  
Not a leaf stirs  
In the summer grove!



The feeling seems to belong rather to tropical forests; it reminds one of W. H. Hudson's stories of South America.

短夜の夜の間にさける牡丹哉

The short night;  
The peony opened  
During that time.

In this verse Buson has expressed the power of nature that can make the great flower bloom in such a short time as the summer night.

青梅をうてばかつ散る青葉哉

Beating down the green plums,  
As the same time,  
Green leaves fall.

This is a good example of how nothing escapes the eye of the haiku poet, and how this slight accompanying fact of some leaves being knocked down too is perceived as deeply significant of the way in which purpose and accident are mingled in our world.

底見えて魚見えて秋の水深し

The bottom seen clearly,  
The fish seen clearly,—  
Deep is the water of autumn.

Not only is the sky of autumn high, the water is deep. These seems to be a double infinity in this season, one above us, one below. Compare the following; the season is summer:

一口に足らぬ清水の尊さよ

The clear water,  
Not enough for a mouthful,—  
But how wonderful!

Thoreau says: “The shallowest still water is unfathomable.”

靜かなるかきの木はらや冬の月

How calm  
The persimmon orchard,  
Under the wintry moon!

Dorothy Wordsworth notes in her *Journal*, 24th March, 1798:

The crooked arm of the old oak-tree points  
upwards to the moon.

立枯の木に蟬鳴きて雲の峯

A tree stands withered,  
And on it a cicada crying;  
Billowing clouds.

This verse seems to be one of contrast, contrast between the bare, wintry angularity of the tree with the shrill-crying insect, and the softly-swelling clouds that rise up in the summer sky; or perhaps the cicada unites with its hard warmth the tree and the clouds.

卯の花のこぼるる露の廣葉哉

The flowers of the *u*  
Spill on the broad leaves  
Of the bog-rhubarb.

The small, white, snow-like flowers of the *u* fall on the round, dark leaves of the bog-rhubarb.

をし鳥や鼬の覗く池古し

Mandarin ducks;  
A weasel is peeping  
At the old pond.

Compare Shiki's verse, which seems a more homely version:

菊荒れて鶏ねらふ鼬かな

The chrysanthemums withering,  
A weasel is watching  
The hens.

There are two more verses by Buson that we may give here; the first belongs to summer, the second to spring:

飯ぬすむ狐追ひ打つ麥の秋

Driving away with blows  
A fox stealing the rice;  
The autumn of barley.

Everyone is out in the summer fields, and the fox comes to the kitchen. In the following there is a contrast between the fine threads of rain and the broad expanse of water, and a harmony in their mild vagueness:

春雨の中を流るゝ大河かな

Flowing through the midst  
Of the spring rain,  
A great river.

3. In the following verses, the poets are speaking to some extent of themselves; Onitsura's haiku is well-known:

行水の捨てどころなし 蟲の聲

The bath water,—  
Where can I throw it away?  
The voices of insects.

The hesitation and at-a-loss-ness of the poet is heightened by the fact that he cannot see the insects, he can only hear their sweet voices trilling out from every bush and plant. The immaterial conquers the material, men do not live by bread alone. There is a waka by Kageki, 景樹, 1768-1843, very similar in meaning, but more aristocratic in mind-colour:

いづくより駒うち入れむさほ川の  
さざれにうつる白菊の花

Whence shall I ride my horse  
Into the River Saho?  
White chrysanthemums  
Are reflected  
On the pebbles.

瘦髯の毛に微風あり衣更

A breeze blowing  
On the hairs on thin shanks:  
The change of clothes.

This, by Buson, is one of those verses which make us wonder at the delicacy of the poetical mind of the Japanese, and their faith in what is small and insignificant. In *Moby Dick*, Melville says:

We expand to bulk. To produce a mighty volume you must have a mighty theme. No great and enduring volume can be written on the flea, though many there be who have tried it.

This is true, but it is not the only truth. The hairs on the legs of the man who has put on his new spring clothes has a meaning, a slender rapier-like meaning that is not as big as a barn door,—but 'twill suffice. Toho says:

片花飛滅却春。

When one petal flies away, spring is over.

鳥もろとも野に出し我も霞むらん

Out in the fields  
Together with the birds,  
I will be surrounded with mist.

Chora walks the fields. He also could say, no doubt,

Casting the body's vest aside  
My soul into the boughs does glide;  
There like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets and claps its silver wings,

but to say so seems somehow to spoil it. Together with the birds he will be surrounded by the morning mist. That is enough.

大の字に寝て涼しさよ淋しさよ

Lying with arms and legs outstretched,  
How cool,—  
How lonely!

When we are alone, we can do as we like, lie as we please; but this is, as Issa says, because we are alone.

世の夏や満水にうかぶ浪の上

Summer in the world;  
Floating on the waves  
Of the lake.

This verse by Bashô reminds us of Thoreau, with his power of feeling and portraying the present and the past, the near and the far, in one place, at one moment.

我死なば墓守となれきりぎりす

Grasshopper!  
Be the keeper of the grave-yard,  
When I die.

This verse contains everything of Issa, his feeling of impermanence, of kinship with other creatures, and the all-pervading humour. The same may be said of the following, but the humour is fainter.

生きてゐるばかりぞわれとけしの花

Just simply alive,  
Both of us, I  
And the poppy.

Issa was the most democratic man (or should one say "biocratic"?) who ever lived. More implicit still is the next verse:

蝶が來てつれて行きけり庭の蝶

A butterfly came,  
And flew off  
With a butterfly in the garden.

茸狩りや頭を擧ぐれば峯の月

Mushroom-hunting ;  
Raising my head,—  
The moon over the peak.

This verse of Buson, which shows that dusk has fallen unawares, is quite different from Ritaihaku's:

擧頭望山月、低頭思故郷。

I raise my head, and gaze at the moon over  
the mountains;  
I lower my head, and think of my native place.

Buson's verse simply describes the two worlds, that of minute particulars near the eye, and that of the vast and distant.

こちらむけ我も淋しき秋の暮

Turn this way ;  
I also am lonely,  
This evening of autumn.

Unchiku, a monk of Kyôto, seems to have painted a picture of himself with his face turned away, and asked Bashô to write a verse on it. Bashô said, "You are sixty and I nearly fifty already. Both of us, in a dream-world, are portraying a dream. To this (picture of a dream) I add this somniloquy." In this verse we see more strongly than in perhaps any other verse the intense subjectivity of Bashô's mind. Even a few smears of ink on a piece of paper, and he feels our loneliness, our isolation in the sea of life,

The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

So he begs the monk in the picture not to turn his face from him in the evening twilight.



4. Bashô and Issa are the poets of humanity. The following is by the former:

月代や膝に手をおく宵の内

The moon about to appear,  
All present tonight  
With their hands on their knees.

This is a verse praising the moon through a picture of the poets and moon-lovers who are gathered to gaze at it. The moon has not yet risen, but all are sitting waiting. Bashô glances mildly round, and notices that each man has his hands on his knees, a form of polite deportment. In the hands is seen the minds of those present; in the hands the moon too is seen, the yet invisible moon that whitens the horizon above the dark mountains in the distance. Hardy's *The Oxen* strongly reminds us of Bashô's haiku.

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.  
"Now they are all on their knees,"  
An elder said as we sat in a flock  
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.

玉あれ夜たかは月に歸るめり

Hail-stones on the ground;  
The "night hawks" come back home  
In the moonbeams.

"Night-hawks" were the lowest kind of prostitute in Edo. They appeared after dark carrying straw-mats. Issa is sleeping alone in the cold, and hears them walking by or talking. He also knows what cold and hunger and suffering mean, and the softness of the language he uses, *kaerumeri*, shows his compassionate feeling.

木がくれて茶摘も聞くやほとゝぎす

Do the tea-pickers also,  
Hidden in the bushes,  
Hear the *hototogisu*?

The tea-trees are quite high, and women picking the tea-leaves can hardly be seen, only the towels on their heads, or their faces and hands occasionally visible. The *hototogisu* is singing, and Bashô is thinking, not of himself, but of humanity, of those hardly-to-be-seen workers in the bushes, —are they too entering into their heritage of poetic life as the notes of the *hototogisu* ripple over the field?

傾城の畠見たがるる堇かな

These violets!  
How the courtezans must want  
To see the spring fields!

The courtezans of Edo were never allowed out of the enclosure. Ryôto sees a distant connection of grace between the violets and the women.

五月雨や色紙へぎたる壁の跡

Falling summer rain;  
Walls with their remaining  
Pictures peeling.

This verse comes in the *Saga Diary*, 1691, being written after Bashô had looked through each room of a small house for the Tea-Ceremony, Rakushisha, "falling persimmon hut," built by Kobori Enshû;<sup>1</sup> it was a temporary residence of Bashô's pupil Kyorai. On the walls of these rooms were once put paintings and sketches. Now faded and stained they are seen in the half-darkness of the summer rains. Bashô and the rain and the dark, damp rooms with their discoloured walls are indeed in harmony. The following five verses are by Buson, showing the humanity of the artist-poet, much greater than usually supposed:

行く我にとどまる汝に秋二つ

I go;  
Thou stayest:  
Two autumns.

The Japanese has seventeen syllables, the English only eight, but the whole of life is given here, our meetings, our partings, the world of nature we each live in, different yet the same.

商人に行き違うたる夏野かな

The travelling pedlar;  
Passing each other  
On the summer moor.

Buson here expresses, (by not expressing) that faint feeling of sympathy and respect we have for man in his struggle with heat and weight and loneliness and poverty.

<sup>1</sup> Kobori Masakazu, 1579-1647, whose name Enshû, 遠州, is the Chinese name of Tôtômi, 遠江, from his name Tôtômi no Kami. He was famous in all the arts of Japan.

名月やあるじを問へば芋掘に

The harvest moon ;  
Calling on the master of the house,  
He was digging potatoes.

The bright moon, the dark earth, the dully gleaming potatoes, and his friend who is enjoying the moon in the English way, digging the field in the moonlight. A stage lower :

剛力は徒に見過ぎぬ山ざくら

The mountain guide  
Simply takes no notice  
Of the cherry-blossoms.

There is something good in this too, the animal indifference that takes beauty for granted.

病人の駕籠も過ぎける麥の秋

A palanquin passes,  
With a sick man in it :  
The autumn of barley.

“Barley’s autumn” is summer. The farmers are cutting and threshing and stacking the barley ; all is bustle and energy and healthy activity in the sunshine. But as the pale, sick man is slowly carried through their midst, they realise that the world is larger and darker than they thought.

涼風や力一杯きりぎりす

A cool breeze,  
The grasshopper singing  
With all his might.

What is interesting here is Issa's conscious subjectivity. He attributes his own feeling of coolness to the grasshopper, who sings so joyfully "under some pleasant weed."

5. Examples of romantic verses. The following is by Bashô, whose verses are more various than usually thought:

蝶鳥の知らぬ花あり秋の空

A flower unknown  
To bird and butterfly,—  
The sky of autumn.

In *The Story of My Heart*, Richard Jefferies writes:

The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul towards it, and there it rested, for pure colour is rest of heart.

かぎりある命のひまや秋のくれ

Autumn evening:  
Life has its limits,  
But its moments too of leisure.

We live in time, but also in eternity. This short autumn evening is for Buson one of these moments, moments of vision, "spots of time" Wordsworth calls them.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only now my prime of life.  
I will not doubt the love untold,  
Which not my worth nor want has bought,  
Which wooed me young and woos me old,  
And to this evening hath me brought.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thoreau.

蘭の香や蝶のつばさに薫さす

The butterfly is perfuming  
Its wings, in the scent  
Of the orchid.

This verse was composed by Bashô in response to a request by a Miss Butterfly of a tea-house he stopped at on the way back from visiting Ise Shrine. It was once the custom of ladies of high rank to perfume their clothes in the smoke of certain scented trees such as sandal-wood.

聲かれて猿の齒白し峯の月

Its voice hoarsening,  
The white teeth of the monkey,  
In the moon over the peak.

This was written by Kikaku about a place in China, Hakô, 巴江, famous for its screaming monkeys. Its romantic, "poetical" flavour may be contrasted with Bashô's homely, everyday verse:

鹽鯛の齒ぐきも寒し魚の店

In the fish-shop,  
The gums of the salt bream  
Look cold.

In the next example, however, Bashô is once more romantic:

月いづこ鐘は沈みて海の底

Where is the moon?  
The bell is sunk  
At the bottom of the sea.

This was written on the fifteenth of the month, at the time of the full moon, when it was obscured by rain, at Tsuruga. The host told them that there was a story that in the sea a temple bell had sunk and that it could not be raised because it had sunk upside down. Bashô uses this legend, found in various parts of the world, to bring out the unseen beauty and mystery of the moon in the poetical mind.

戀ひ死なば我塚でなけほとゝぎす

Should I die of love,  
O *hototogisu*,  
Cry at my tomb!

This verse is well-known from its being written by a woman, Ôshu, said to have been a courtesan of the Yoshiwara in Edo. There is something Elizabethan about it, reminding one of

Come away, come away death,

and other lyrics. This haiku belongs to the world of the mind rather than that of the body, and is about to bid adieu to the real, the poetical world, but with such a pang as moves us in spite of ourselves.

Enough examples have been given perhaps to show that haiku are infinitely varied within their very limited scope. Somehow or other, when we read them, all the important things they omit, sex, war, and the struggle for existence generally, do not seem to matter quite so much after all. There is a repose, a serenity about them which makes the tragedies of life and art seem somewhat hysterical, somewhat vulgar.

To conclude this over-long preface, I would like to say



something about the translation of haiku into English, taking as an example the most famous of all, Bashô's *Furu-ike ya kawazu tobikomu mizu no oto*. This was translated in Volume 2, page 254, as follows:

The old pond;  
A frog jumps in,—  
The sound of the water.

The three-line translation used in these volumes obscures something fundamental in the originals, something that belongs to the Japanese mind, the Japanese language and the literature it produced and which produced it. We see it in linked poems, in the puns of the language of Nô, in the empty spaces of pictures, the absence of things in rooms, the silences of conversation. This "something" is a certain continuity, a lack of division, a feeling of the whole when dealing with the parts.

In the present haiku, the first line, that is, the first five syllables are "end-stopped" by the particle *ya*, which we can represent only by a semicolon, since "ah" is sentimental, "yes" too much like smacking the lips, and an exclamation mark just ridiculous. But the second and third lines, that is, the middle seven and final five syllables, may either be divided, as in the above translation, or taken continuously. The verb *tobikomu*, "jumps in," has also an adjectival function, qualifying *oto*, "sound," thus meaning, "the water jumped into by a frog." We may therefore translate the verse as follows:

The old pond;  
The sound  
Of a frog jumping into the water.

But besides looking a bit odd, this translation, though undoubtedly nearer to the original than the former one, isolates the sound from the rest of the elements of the experience and makes it subsidiary to them. A point of interest and importance is whether the verse is one of sound only, or of sight and sound. Did Bashô see the frog jump in, and hear the sound of the water? This seems rather matter-of-fact. Did he hear the sound, and deduce the frog from past experience, or a balance of probabilities? This is too rational and logical. Bashô's real, that is, ideal experience must have been that represented by the following:

The old pond ;

The-sound-of-a-frog-jumping-into-the-water.

But even this is too exact, too definite, too much of a complete and grammatical whole. The original haiku is more fragmentary; it is indeed just a link or two of what Pater calls "the great chain wherewith we are bound."

This fourth volume concludes an anthology of what seem to me to be the best haiku from the beginnings to Shiki. In a supplementary volume I wish to bring together in the same way all the finest haiku that have been written since Shiki, (died 1902,) up to the present time. I must "testify" in conclusion that haiku, together with the music of Bach and Chinese paintings, have given me the greatest, purest, and most constant pleasure of my life.

R. H. BLYTH,

Tôkyô, 3 Dec. 1951

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## THE PICTURE INSIDE THE COVER

Verse and picture by Otsuji, 乙字, 1881-1920

雪やんで  
木に  
茜に  
夕さす  
日かな

The snow ceases to fall,  
The ruddy sun glows on the trees:  
The evening scene.



秋

A U T U M N

(Continued)



地 理

FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS

## FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS

夕晴や淺黄に並ぶ秋の山 一茶  
*Yūbare ya asagi ni narabu aki no yama*

Clearing up in the evening;  
In the pale blue sky,  
Row upon row of autumn mountains.  
Issa

This, for Issa, is an unusually objective verse. Not only Issa but no other person, nothing human, is present here. It is nature as it was before the advent of man, as it will be when man has disappeared from the face of the earth.

立去る事一里眉毛に秋の峰寒し 蕪村  
*Tachisaru koto ichiri mayuge ni aki no mine samushi*

One league away,  
And to the eyebrows  
The autumn peaks are cold. Buson

This has the postscript Myōgisan, 妙義山, a mountain of three peaks in Gumma Prefecture. Buson is walking away from the mountain. When he has reached a point about three miles from the foot, he looks back and up, and the cold autumn breeze strikes his hot forehead. He feels the



coldness of the distant mountain with his eyebrows. They are the link between him and the heights far away.

Buson has several verses in which hairs play an important part. Another example, besides that on page xxiv:

しら露やさつ男の胸毛ぬるゝほど

*Shiratsuyu ya satsuo no munage nururu hodo*

The white dew,—  
Enough to wet the hair  
On the chest of the hunter.

家二つ戸の口見えて秋の山 道彦

*Ie futatsu to no kuchi miete aki no yama*

Two houses,  
The doors are open:  
The autumn mountains Michihiko

These two black, mouth-like open doors have some strange meaning. There are invisible existences which enter and come out of them, though not a soul is to be seen, not a sound is heard.

秋の山ところどころに煙立つ 鳴臺

*Aki no yama tokorodokoro ni kemuri tatsu*

The autumn mountains;  
Here and there  
Smoke rising. Gyôdai

This is of an extreme simplicity but combines with it a sense of mystery in the unportrayed details. The smoke, of that mysterious blue that Spengler would call Faustian, rises from unknown depths of mountain valleys to unknown heights of autumn sky. One cannot help recalling a water-colour by Turner, called *The Crook of the Wye*.

野路の秋我がうしろより人や来る 燕 村  
*Noji no aki waga ushiro yori hito ya kuru*

The road over the autumn moor:  
 Someone is coming along  
 Behind me!

Buson

It is interesting to compare this to a verse from *The Ancient Mariner*, Part VI:

Like one that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round, walks on  
 And no more turns his head,  
 Because he knows a frightful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread.

Coleridge's verse expresses the exceptional occurrence which is the foundation from which arises the general state of mind portrayed in Buson's poem. We are always surrounded by a multitude of witnesses, sometimes frightful, but there is always something, if only Time's chariot, hurrying near.

人に逢ひて恐ろしくなりぬ秋の山 子規

*Hito ni aite osoroshiku narinu aki no yama*

Meeting someone,—

How fearsome

The autumn mountains!

Shiki

When we are alone with nature, that is, nature of the temperate Zones, we feel something lacking, but when a man, unknown and questionable, is seen passing by, the whole mountain is full of the evil influences which emanate from the mind of man alone. Man is the most ferocious of all the animals, man is the measure, the limit, the beginning and the end of all things. Mountains are in themselves only lumps of earth and stone; it is the mind of man, of this man, which makes them teachers, comforters, monsters, enemies.

Another interesting point is the fact that it is the mountains of *autumn* that cause this vague feeling of apprehension on his meeting with someone among them. It is perhaps the receding of life that we feel also within ourselves. There is something in the ebb, the evening of the year that disturbs us. The mountains are so silent the heart is constricted with something like fear.

門を出て十歩に秋の海廣し 子規

*Mon wo dete juppo ni aki no umi hiroshi*

Going out of the house,

Ten paces,—

And the vast autumn sea.

Shiki

The ocean often looks boundless, and especially so in autumn, when not even a far-off swell lessens the distance of the horizon. But what strikes Shiki is the contrast between the expanse of sea and the few paces he makes to survey it. At one moment the four walls of a small room. A moment or two after, and the whole scene of the illimitable ocean pervades the mind.

村々の寝ごころ更ぬ落し水 燕 村  
*Mura mura no negokoro fukenu otoshimizu*

In every village,  
 Sleep grows deeper ;  
 Falling water.

Buson

The rice is ripening and the surplus water is being run off from the rice-fields. The farmers feel relieved for the moment. "Grows deeper" contains two ideas, that of sounder sleep, and the passing of time. It is midnight, and Buson listens to the trickling sound of the water which has a lulling effect on the mind, as though it were making sounder the sleep of the villages. The meaning of the sound of the falling water is not that of Keats'

The poetry of earth is never dead.

It is far deeper, less intellectual, neither explanatory nor explicable.

田に落ちて田を落ち行くや秋の水 燕 村  
*Ta ni ochite ta wo ochiyuku ya aki no mizu*

Falling into the fields,  
 Falling from the fields,  
 The water of autumn.

Buson

This is what a haiku should be, perfectly clear without any admixture of intellectual elements. At the end of autumn, after the rice has been reaped, the water is run off from each field into the next until it is all gone. This water, which you may think is merely water, is not. It is the water of autumn. Contrast this with a verse on the same subject by the same poet:

落とし水田毎の暗となりけり  
*Oto Shimizu tagoto no yami to narinikeri*

The water run off  
 Becomes the darkness  
 Of each field.

This is obscure and intellectual. It is a kind of poetical thinking, a semi-verbal mysticism. At night, the shining expanse of water in each field becomes the black mud, that is, the water of light becomes the field of darkness.



神 佛

GODS AND BUDDHAS

## GODS AND BUDDHAS

まざまざといますが如し魂祭 季 吟

*Mazamaza to imasu ga gotoshi tama-matsuri*

Vividly present,  
As though here before us,  
The Feast of All Souls. Kigin

This is an echo of *The Analects*, 3, 12:

祭如在、祭神如神在。子曰、吾不與祭、  
如不祭。

He sacrificed as if they were present; he sacrificed to the spirits as if they were there. Confucius said; "If I am not myself present at the sacrificing, it is the same as not sacrificing at all."

The Feast of All Souls is from July 7 to July 16. In every house the *tamadana*, literally, "spirit-shelf," is set out with various symbolical offerings, and the spirits of the dead in that household are comforted with a ceremony, reading of sutras, etc. The common Japanese expression for All Soul's Day, *O Bon*, お盆, is an abbreviation of *Ullambana*, 盂蘭盆. The masses said for the sake of souls in purgatory are first heard of in the 6th Century A.D., and are of course opposed to the general teaching and spirit of Hinayana Buddhism of the primitive type. The official attitude of Zen is hard to get at; unofficially, it is agnostic in theory and orthodox in



practice. Its attitude might be better described as the poetic one with which we are to read the present verse. Christ also tells us,

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living,  
for unto him all live.

魂祭けふも焼場のけぶりかな      芭蕉  
*Tama-matsuri kyô mo yakiba no keburî kana*

The Feast of All Souls;  
Today also arises smoke  
From the burning-ground.      Bashô

Today is the Festival of the Dead, but even today brown smoke is rising from the crematorium out in the fields, away from the town. This verse is rather intellectual, not so much in content as in the relations of the ideas; poetry transcends these cause-and-effect, is-or-is-not ideas. Also, Bashô seems to have remembered a passage from the *Tsurezuregusa*:

あだし野の露消ゆる時なく、鳥邊山のけぶり  
立ちさらでのみ住み果つるならひならば、いかに  
物の哀もなからん、世は定めなきこそいみじけれ

If human beings did not disappear like the dews of Adashino, if they did not vanish like the smoke of Toribeyama, how could there be any pathetic beauty? How good the changeableness of the things of the world!

蓮池やをらで其まま玉まつり 芭蕉  
*Hasu-ike ya orade sono mama tama-matsuri*

The lotus pond;<sup>1</sup>  
 Just as they are, unplucked,  
 For the Feast of All Souls. Bashô

Instead of picking the lotus flowers, and placing them on the altar, Bashô wishes to leave them where they are in the small pool as offerings to the spirits of the dead. He may have remembered a waka by the Empress Kômyô:<sup>2</sup>

折りつればたふきに汚るたてながら  
 三世の佛に花たてまつる

Should I pluck it,  
 My hands  
 Would defile the flower;  
 I offer it, as it stands,  
 To the Buddhas of the Three Worlds.

魂棚は露も涙も油かな 嵐雪  
*Tama-dana wa tsuyu mo namida mo abura kana*

The table of the spirits;  
 Dew, and tears,  
 These are the oil. Ransetsu

These three things are thrown together in this verse in the same indifferent, half-accidental way that they are in fact.

<sup>1</sup> Lotuses belong really to summer.

<sup>2</sup> 701-760. She personally washed one thousand beggars.

The dew is the dew on the flowers that are offered. The tears are those for near and dear children and fathers and mothers that have died not long ago. The oil is in the lamps that are lit to console the spirits of the dead.

魂棚をほどけばもとの座敷哉 燕村

*Tama-dana wo hodokeba moto no zashiki kana*

The table of the spirits;  
Taking it down,  
The same room as before. Buson

At the time of the Festival of the Dead, a shelf is put up in front of the Buddhist altar, and on it various offerings to the spirits of the dead are made. At this time an ordinary room becomes a kind of Buddhist chapel, and everything done in it is done in a kind of religious atmosphere. When the shelf is taken down again, everything relapses into the normal again, and we realize, with a shock, what a simple room really is.

秋來ぬと知らぬ狗が佛かな 一茶

*Aki kinu to shiranu koinu ga hotoke kana*

The puppy that knows not  
That autumn has come,  
Is a Buddha Issa

This is Issa's poetical version of the 1st Case of the *Mumonkan*; it has the prescript:

狗子有佛生,<sup>1</sup>

"The dog has the Buddha nature." The puppy even more than the mature dog takes each day, each moment, as it comes. It does not

look before and after  
And pine for what is not.

When it is warm, it basks in the sun; when it rains, it whimpers to be let in. There is nothing between the sun and the puppy, the rain and the whimper.

玉棚や上座して鳴くきりぎりす      一茶  
*Tama-dana ya jōza shite naku kirigirisu*

At the altar,  
In the chief place,  
Cries a cricket.

Issa

The *tamadana*, more correctly written 魂棚, is a kind of shelf put up in front of the Buddhist altar at the time of the Ullabon, All Souls' Day. Rush matting is spread upon it and various herbs of autumn consecrated there.

By chance, a cricket has hopped in, and, occupying the place of honour, is chirping quietly to himself. Issa knew that the crying of crickets and the chirping of men are the

<sup>1</sup> This should be 性.

same: he also knew that they are different. It is in this region of the sameness of difference, this different sameness, that religion and poetry lie.

稲積んで地藏わびしや道の端      子規  
*Ine tsunde jizô wabishi ya michi no hata*

The rice being stacked up by him,  
 Jizô looks forlorn  
 At the side of road.      Shiki

While the rice was standing in the field, Jizô in his shrine at the side of the road looked complacent, as befitted a patron of the life of the people. Now that the rice has been reaped and piled up, leaving bare and desolate fields, Jizô also looks neglected and wretched, perhaps a little uncomfortable.



人 事

HUMAN AFFAIRS

## HUMAN AFFAIRS

梶の葉を朗詠集のしほり哉

燕 村

*Kaji no ha wo rôeishû no shiori kana*

The leaf of the *kaji*-tree,  
As a book-mark  
In the *Rôeishû*.

Buson

This has the prescript 七夕, Tanabata, Seventh Night. On the sixth day of the Seventh Month, hawkers went round the streets selling leaves of the *kaji*-tree, a species of mulberry. The next day, seven leaves were taken and poems written on them as offerings. Another name for the star Shokujo (there are seven names) is 梶葉姫, "Kaji Leaf Princess."

The *Rôeishû*,<sup>1</sup> an anthology of Japanese and Chinese poetry arranged in seasonal order, was formed during the Heian Era, 794-858. There is a section in it devoted to the Tanabata, and it is possible that the leaf of the *kaji*-tree was used to mark this place in the book. Anyway, it is clear that Buson used the leaf, on which was probably written some verse or other, to mark the place where he was reading. There is a subtle pleasure in marking with a leaf those poetical words which deal with mountains and rivers and leafy trees. It is as if one were marking the poem with the thing itself, the subject of the verse. And the leaf of

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. 1, pages 105-7.



a *kaji*-tree, with its poetic and human relations, the Rôeishû, so well-thumbed,—these have overtones of meaning which we can hardly realize. Compare a modern versè, by Kyoshi:

七夕の歌書く人に寄り添ひぬ

*Tanabata no uta kaku hito ni yorisoinu*

The Festival of the Weaver;  
One is writing a poem,  
The other leans towards him.

This is as charming as something from the *Tale of Genji*. One of the two people, the man probably, is writing a poem, a *waka*. The other, a woman, leans towards him watching the brush move down the paper. The appropriateness of the first line, "The Festival of the Weaver," is perhaps a little overdone, but not according to Japanese ideas, since every season and festival has its fixed observance. The following is the story connected with the *Tanabata*.

The daughter of the Master of Heaven, 天帝, lived East of the Milky Way, 天の川, and passed her time weaving cloth, whence the name of 織女, weaver, which was given to her. Her father chose a husband for her in the person of Kengyû, 牽牛, (herdsman) who ruled on the other side of the Milky Way. But their honeymoon lasted so long that the young couple neglected work altogether. The Master of Heaven condemned them to be separated. They were allowed to see each other only once a year, on the 7th night of the 7th month, and when the time arrived a raven extended its wings over the Milky Way to enable them to meet. This feast is especially kept by young girls who ask the Weaver Star to make them as skilful as she was in the art of sewing,

and perhaps also, one day to be united to a husband as faithful as Kengyû. According to popular belief, the petitions made on this day are sure to be fulfilled in a space of less than three years. This feast is also called 乞巧奠, *Kikôten*, and was celebrated for the first time in the Imperial Palace in the year 755 A.D., whence it gradually spread over the whole country. It is one of the Five Fête Days, 五節句.

戀さまざま願の絲も白きより 燕 村  
*Koi samazama negai no ito mo shiroki yori*

All kinds of love;  
 The petitioning threads  
 Were white at first. Buson

This verse also belongs to the Tanabata festival. Besides the verses written on the leaves of the *kaji*-tree, there are offered up variously coloured threads. It is women especially who keep this festival, and their petitions are usually for a certain man as their lover or husband. Their feelings, their states of mind are of various kinds, corresponding to the different colours of the threads, but the threads, like the minds of the women, are originally white, simple and pure. Buson is probably thinking of the *Tsurezuregusa*, 26, where there is a reference to Motsu, 墨子, who said, "when I see white threads I weep, because they can be made yellow or black," 見練絲而泣之, 為其可以黃可以黒. This verse is allusive and fanciful, with a kind of tenderness, a grief for lost

innocence far away behind it, that fits the feminine subject and the myth it is based on.

もうもうと牛なく星の別れかな 子規  
*Mô mô to ushi naku hoshi no wakare kana*

The cow goes  
 Moo! Moo!—  
 The parting of the stars. Shiki

This also is a fanciful verse, yet it has some effect in bringing out the meaning of the lowing of the cow. The relation between the voice of the cow and the parting of the star lies of course in the fact that one of them is the herdsman. The lowing of the cow seems to have the same function here as the crowing of the cock in the case of ghosts.

燈籠をともして留守の小家かな 子規  
*Tô rô wo tomoshite rusu no koie kana*

Having lit the garden lantern,  
 The people of the small house  
 Have gone out. Shiki

As he walks by the house, the poet notices that all is dark within; the occupants are absent. But in the lantern in the small garden a light is burning, shedding its beams

and shadows on the winding stepping-stones, the shrubs and small trees. In the small yellow light is shown the will of man to persist in spite of change. But more deeply, it shows the indifference of things to other things. The light will burn, sink, gutter and go out whether the human beings who lighted it return or not. It burns for itself, just as the Thames for Wordsworth glided "at its own sweet will."

燈籠消えて芭蕉に風のわたる音 子規  
*Tôrô kiete bashô ni kaze no wataru oto*

The lantern having gone out,—  
 The sound of the wind  
 Passing through the *bashô*. Shiki

Just as when the sun is obscured for a moment by a cloud the wind seems to blow more chill, so when the light of the garden-lantern goes out, the sighing of the wind in the broad leaves of the banana plant seems to grow louder and more melancholy. (See also page 128.)

縁はなや二文花火も夜の體 一茶  
*En hana ya nimon hanabi mo yoru no tei*

On the edge of the verandah,  
 A pennorth of fireworks also,  
 Gives the feeling of night, Issa

Issa has bought a few fireworks to please his wife and family, and they all sit on the verandah watching the feeble spluttering things with bated breath and eyes as big as saucers. The brightness of the fireworks brings out, somehow or other, the meaning of the darkness.

人かへる花火のあとの暗きかな 子規  
*Hito kaeru hanabi no ato no kuraki kana*

The fireworks over,  
 The people all gone,—  
 How dark it is! Shiki

This is no mere psychological observation. The darkness was felt by the poet in a physical way. We may explain the matter as a physiological reaction, but what Shiki is telling us is something about the absence of two things and the presence of one as a unity of deep experience.

There is a verse by Shôha, who died in 1771, that Shiki may have remembered:

花火船遊人去つて秋の水  
*Hanabibune yûjin satte aki no mizu*

In a boat seeing the fireworks;  
 When the spectators had gone,—  
 The water of autumn.

To see the darkness of the water, the fireworks were necessary. To see the meaning of the water of autumn, its loneliness and inevitability, its silence, the sightseers were

necessary. Water has all the seasons in it; and in solitude when all have departed we see it under the aspect of autumn.

淋しさや花火のあとの星の飛ぶ 子規

*Sabishisa ya hanabi no ato no hoshi no tobu*

Loneliness;  
After the fireworks,  
A falling star.

Shiki

The "loneliness" that Shiki speaks of here is a feeling, a *weltschmerz*, a cosmic emotion that is at the back of most great poetry and much great literature, but unnamed in the English language. This "loneliness" denotes an unnameable state of mind that has only a distant and biological connection with feeling lonesome and wanting someone to talk to. The falling star that glides so silently across the autumn sky, without meaning, without object, gives us the feeling of nature as opposed to that of man. Instead of the fireworks with their many-coloured lights, we have a single faintly curved, faintly bluish line of light. It is

The night in its silence,  
The stars in their calm.

The real meaning of "calmness" here and that of *sabishisa* is the same.

炭竈に手負の猪の倒れけり 凡 兆  
*Sumigama ni teoi no shishi no taorekeri*

A wounded boar  
 Fell down  
 By the charcoal kiln. Bonchô

This subject is a very unusual one for haiku, which avoids anything vast, anything violent or heartrending. Shot by some hunter, the great animal plunges out of the thicket, seeks shelter beside the charcoal-kiln, stumbles and falls. Charcoal-kilns are usually found in the recesses of deep mountains, and here we have that always impressive combination of nature, living creatures, and the works of man.

一家みな<sup>1</sup>白髪に杖や墓参り 芭 蕉  
*Ikka mina shiraga ni tsue ya haka-mairi*

All the family visiting the graves,  
 White-haired,  
 And leaning on their sticks. Bashô

Graves are visited and flowers offered in the Seventh Month, between the 13th and 15th. As the group walk along, we notice that most of them are aged, grey-haired, and using sticks. Even while we go to the grave of others we move towards our own. In the womb or in the grave,

<sup>1</sup> Another form is 家はみな.

in this life or in any other, piety never leaves us. It is not something for the young and not for the old:

Truly thy goodness and mercy shall follow me all  
the days of my life.

In the following verse, by Issa, we have the same picture but with the interest focussed on the other end of human life:

末の子や御墓参りの箒持

*Sue no ko ya ohaka mairi no hōki-mochi*

Visiting the graves;  
The youngest child  
Carries the broom.

Another of Issa's goes further and deeper still, by bringing in the lower creation:

古犬が先に立つなり墓参り

*Furu-inu ga saki ni tatsu nari haka-mairi*

Visiting the graves;  
The old dog  
Leads the way.

There is something deeply pathetic in the unknowing knowledge of the old dog. We feel, by inference, the shallowness of our own understanding of the meaning of life and death. The dog's attitude towards the visit to the graves is not far from that expressed in another verse by Issa:

月影にうかれ序や墓参

*Tsukikage ni ukare tsuide ya haka-mairi*

Carried away by the moonlight!  
Incidentally  
Visiting the graves.



聲聞けば古き男や音頭取

太 祇

*Koe kikeba furuki otoko ya ondo-tori*

Listening to the voice  
Of the leader of the singing,—  
He was an old-timer.

Taigi

The old man's voice takes us back to the past. We feel, without knowing it, the past is present, and the present is future. It is timeless, and yet it is a thing of this moment. Besides this, we see in the voice of the leader, his wrinkled, leathery face. It is like the House that Jack built. In his voice, we see his past life; in his past life, we feel what Arnold describes in *Resignation*:

Before him he sees life unroll,  
A placid and continuous whole;  
That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd  
If birth proceeds, if things subsist.

なまぐさき漁村の月の踊かな

子 規

*Namagusaki gyoson no tsuki no odori kana*

A fishing village;  
Dancing under the moon  
To the smell of raw fish.

Shiki

When we read this verse, we may feel a tendency towards cynicism, and check this with some philosophic thoughts concerning human life being composed of two elements, the real and the ideal, the mundane and the

beautiful, fish-guts and moonlight. But neither of these states of mind, the emotional and the intellectual, has anything to do with this versa. It is to be read with a kind of "blank" mind in which the intellect is subsumed and the emotions universalized. There is dancing and there is the smell of fish; the dancing in the moonlight is "poetical", and the smell of raw fish is disagreeable and "unpoetical", but both are as they are, that is, poetical, because they are seen so.

一長屋錠をおろして踊哉                      其 角  
*Hito-nagaya jô wo oroshite odori kana*

The whole tenement house,  
 Having locked their doors,  
 Are dancing and dancing.                      Kikaku

There is an unmentioned contrast between the dark, shadowy, silent hovel, and men, women and children dancing in the bright moonlight. They dance because they must:

To tunes we did not call, our being must  
 keep chime.<sup>1</sup>

四五人に月落ちかゝる踊かな                      蕪 村  
*Shi go nin ni tsuki ochikakaru odori kana*

The moon beginning to fall  
 On four or five people,  
 Dancing!                      Buson

<sup>1</sup> Arnold, *Empedocles on Etna*.

A great many people, men and women, have been dancing since dusk, but the moon declines, time goes on, and one by one the dancers leave for home. Now the moon, increasing in size and deepening in colour, hangs upon the horizon. Only four or five people are left still unsatisfied in their dancing. They take upon themselves something un-earthly, something immortal, eternal. The last line reminds one of Cory's *Heraclitus*:

I remembered how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down  
the sky.

Buson's verse has the prescript: 英一蝶が晝に賛望されて.  
"Being asked to write a verse for a picture by Hanabusa Itchô." (A celebrated painter, 1652-1724, a friend of Bashô and Kikaku.) The picture must have represented several people dancing.

盆踊あとは松風蟲の聲 素月尼  
*Bonodori ato wa matsukaze mushi no koe*

After the dancing,  
The wind in the pine-trees,  
The voices of insects. Sogetsu-ni

We oscillate between man and Nature, and it is right that we should do so, for we belong to both. On the one hand we may say that man is everything and Nature is nothing, but this is false in experience and false in theory.

Though Buddhism teaches that without man there are no things, it is also true to say that without things there are no men. And so the poet, after he has seen and heard the dancers, their songs and rhythms, listens to the quieter sounds and pulsations of nature, and finds something deeper in them.

追剃を弟子に剃りけり秋の旅 燕 村  
*Oihagi wo deshi ni sorikeri aki no tabi*

He tonsured the highwayman,  
 And made him his disciple,  
 On a journey in autumn. Buson

There are many stories of such incidents both in China and Japan. One form is the following: A robber met a high priest in a deserted spot and demanded everything he had. The priest gave all willingly, all but the Buddhist robe he was wearing. This alone he firmly declined, and when threatened with death, calmly stretched out his neck to receive the sword. The robber, knowing the meaning and value of courage, was overcome with remorse, and falling on his knees, begged to be admitted to the Buddhist life. The priest, realising the depth of his enlightenment, made him a monk and shaved his head.

Poetically speaking, the interesting point is Buson's choice of the season for this incident. Spring might at first sight seem a suitable time in which to place the rebirth of a soul, but it is autumn, the season when we feel most deeply the

transitoriness of things, that leads us to the painful serenity of the life of truth.

聲すみて北斗に響く砧かな      芭蕉  
*Koe sumite hokuto ni hibiku kinuta kana*

The clear voice  
 Of the fulling-block echoes up  
 To the Northern Stars.      Bashô

Thoreau, listening to a similar sound, the thud of the oars, felt the same relation to the stars of the sky,

a sort of rudimental music suitable for the ear of night, and the acoustics of her dimly lighted halls;

*Pulsae referunt ad sidera valles,*

And the valleys echoed the sound to the stars.

Both Thoreau and Bashô have that remarkable objective-subjective quality that is not a mixture of the two. The mind that composed Bashô's verse and the passage from Thoreau, is that which Ikkyû speaks of in one of his *Songs of the Way*, 道歌:

心とは いかなるものを いふやらん  
 すみ絵にかきし 松風の音

The mind,—  
 What shall we call it?  
 It is the sound of the breeze  
 That blows through the pines  
 In the indian ink picture.

小路ゆけば遠く聞ゆる砧かな 蕪村

*Koji yukeba tôku kikoyuru kinuta kana*

Walking along the narrow path,  
Listening to the far-off  
Fulling-block.

Buson

Distance is that through which we realize infinity. Infinite space is unknowable as such, in fact, does not exist as such, for us. The infinite and the finite are mutually dependent. Without the whole there would be no part; without the part there would be no whole. There is no apparent reason, other than the constitution of our minds, why great distances should lend themselves especially to the perception of infinity, but it is so, and as an artist, Buson felt the open spaces of his canvas to be of greater meaning, of quite other meaning, than those that he filled in. That space between the fulling-block and the listener, only perceptible in the clear ringing sound of the mallet, stands for the otherwise non-existent infinite. Other verses of his which show this continual nostalgia for something which we have not only never experienced but in itself has no reality (the essence of all poetry and religion), are the following:

落葉に遠くなりけり臼の音

*Rakuyô ni tôku narikeri usu no oto*

The leaves having fallen,  
The hand-mill sounds  
Far off.

待人の足音遠き落葉かな

*Machibito no ashioto tôki ochiba kana*

The longed-for footsteps  
Are distant,  
On the fallen leaves.

閑に座して遠き蛙を聞夜かな  
*Kaku ni zashite tôki kawazu wo kiku yo kana*

Seated in the palace,  
Listening at night  
To the distant frogs.

留守もりの鶯遠く聞く日かな  
*Rusumori no uguisu tôku kiku hi kana*

Left in charge of the house all day,  
Listening to the *uguisu*,  
Afar off.

憂我にきぬたうて今はまた止ミね 蕪村  
*Uki ware ni kinuta ute ima wa mata yamine*

Beat the fulling-block for me,  
In my loneliness;  
Now again let it cease. Buson

It is late evening. The sound of the fulling-block increases the poet's feeling of the value of life, its meaningless meaning, until he begins, in a vague way, to wish the hollow, echoing sound to stop. It ceases, and the current of his life moves once more at its wonted pace. There is in life, in experience, in poetry, a certain limit of human endurance, both in time and intensity, beyond which our mortal nature does not allow us to go.

一つ家に泣聲まじる砧かな 子規  
*Hitotsuya ni nakigoe majiru kinuta kana*

In one house,  
 A voice of weeping,  
 The sound of the fulling-block. Shiki

Who is it that weeps, and why? For what reason does the beating of the fulling-block continue in spite of the voice raised in tears? Grief and woe, with the ordinary things of life going on all the time,—this is human existence, and it is heard in the mingling of wailing and rhythmic beating of the mallet, heard directly without moralizing, heard not with the head, but with the belly, with “bowels of compassion.”

寝よといふ寝覺の夫や小夜砧 太 祇  
*Neyo to iu nezame no tsuma ya sayo-ginuta*

“Why not come to bed?”  
 The husband, awakening, says:  
 The sound of the fulling-mallet in the night.  
 Taigi

The wife is working late at night, perhaps at needlework. Her husband, tired out, has been asleep some time, and waking, says to her compassionately, “Come to bed, and get some sleep.” At this moment, through the night comes the sound of the fulling-mallet, bringing the eternal note of sadness in.



猿引は猿の小袖を砧かな 芭蕉  
*Saruiki wa saru no kosode wo kinuta kana*

The monkey showman  
 Beats the tiny jacket  
 On the fulling-block. Bashô

This verse is of course half-fanciful. Bashô imagines that the man looks upon the monkey as his own child, and in the autumn evening will sit "ironing" the monkey's clothes.

よの中は稲かる頃か草の庵 芭蕉  
*Yo no naka wa inekaru koro ka kusa no io*

My thatched hut;  
 In the world outside  
 It is harvest time? Bashô

The life of retirement is one way of living, and it is not perhaps wise to attempt too many modes of existence. Bashô looks out and sees the farmers cutting the rice. Under their hands the whole aspect of the scene is changing. As a result of their work, the world is fed. What has the poet to offer? He is to give meaning to their work by his all-embracing, life-giving gaze over their activities from the door of his thatched cottage. Emerson says in *The Apology*:

Tax not my sloth that I  
 Fold my hands beside the brook.

落穂拾ひ日あたる方へあゆみ行 蕪 村  
*Ochibohiroi hiataru hô e ayumiyuku*

Gleaning the fallen ears,  
 Moving towards  
 The sunny part. Buson

This is a simple picture of rural life, of poor people, in the style of Millet. A woman and her children are picking up the ears of rice that have remained. The mother puts them in her apron; the youngest child is picking flowers. They move unconsciously towards that part of the field not in the shade, for it is the end of autumn and the wind is cold. As Meisetsu the best of Japanese commentators says, we are not to take this too heavily. It is not a picture of poverty, but of poor people, a reaped field, the sun low in the sky. As contrasted with the grinding poverty of *The Man with a Hoe*, the atmosphere of humanity overwhelmed with toil and privation, we have the softness of the Japanese scene, conveyed through the echo of the sounds *hiroi, hiataru; ataru, ayumi*.

道くたり拾ひあつめて案山子かな 桃 隣  
*Michikudari hiroi atsumete kakashi kana*

Picked up on a pilgrimage  
 And put together,—  
 The scarecrow. Tôrin

This describes the nature, not the origin of the scarecrow. Like so many haiku, this has the appearance of causality, but the relation is a poetic, not a scientific one.

拵へし時から古きかゝしかな 如 風  
*Koshiraeshi toki kara furuki kakashi kana*

From the day it is made,  
 It is ancient,—  
 The scarecrow. Nyofû

The scarecrow knows no youth; it is born old. A broken *kasa*, an old stick taken from a fallen fence, some tattered garment or other,—from such things it is made, and is an old man from the day it begins to keep away the birds from the field. It is at heart a melancholy object, and we feel in it the faded sadness of things; Chigetsu-ni says:

蚱なくや案山子の袖の中  
*Kirigirisu naku ya kakashi no sode no naka*

A grasshopper is chirping  
 In the sleeves  
 Of the scarecrow.

吾行けば共に歩みぬ遠案山子 三 允  
*Ware yukeba tomo ni ayuminu tô-kakashi*

The scarecrow in the distance;  
 It walked with me  
 As I walked. Sanin

This is a kind of illusion,—and yet the best are but shadows. Men are trees walking, and a scarecrow is a good companion. The verse also implies what it does not say, that when the poet stopped still, the scarecrow also stopped still. (Sanin is a modern poet, born in 1879.)

足下の豆盗まるゝ案山子かな 也 有  
*Ashimoto no mame nusumaruru kakashi kana*

Under his very feet  
 The beans are being stolen,—  
 What a scarecrow! Yayû

God says,

Thou shalt not steal,  
 and we steal the beans under his very nose. God says,  
 The wages of sin is death.

We sin, and nothing happens. Most haiku show the power of things, but we perceive here the impotence of things. Life the unpredictable, subtle beyond the thought of man, life which indeed makes a man think as he does, lives in the mute outstretched arms of the scarecrow, the hurried movements of the thief. Life takes off, for a moment, its mask of tragic dignity, and we see once more, in a corner of this very field, the cosmic Punch and Judy Show.

乳呑子の風除にたつかゝし哉 一茶  
*Chinomigo no kazeyoke ni tatsu kakashi kana*

The scarecrow  
 Stands there, keeping the wind  
 From the sucking child. Issa

The mother has put the baby to sleep under the scarecrow, and is working together with the father. The scarecrow holds out his arms as if protecting the child from the autumn wind that blows across the harvest field. In actual fact, of course, the scarecrow is of no use whatever as a shield from the wind, but Issa sees into the hearts of the parents, as from time to time they straighten their backs and look over towards the child. For them, in their feelings, in the poetic love they have for their offspring, the scarecrow is guarding it while they are at work. Another by Issa:

身の老や案山子の前も耻しき  
*Mi no oi ya kakashi no mae mo hazukashiki*

In my old age,  
 Even before the scarecrow  
 I feel ashamed of myself!

秋風の骨まで通る案山子かな 蝶衣  
*Akikaze no honemade tôru kakashi kana*

The autumn wind  
 Goes through into the very bones  
 Of the scarecrow. Chôî

The clothes are tattered, the colours faded, the whole thing wabby, and the cold wind penetrates the scarecrow to its very marrow. It is the poet who feels the cold for the scarecrow, but it is the scarecrow that enables him to do it. Neither can exist without the other.

かりてねむ案山子の袖や夜半の霜 芭蕉  
*Karite nemu kakashi no sode ya yowa no shimo*

Frost at midnight:  
 I would sleep, borrowing  
 The sleeves of the scarecrow.

Bashô

As he lies shivering in bed, Bashô thinks of anything he might throw on it to keep him warm, and remembers the ragged clothes on the scarecrow in the fields. Nearly all haiku on scarecrows are good. This is because the subject, being a naturally humorous one, does not lend itself to fanciful, "poetical" treatment. The scarecrow is man himself with all the stuffing knocked out of him, man as he one day will be, and therefore as he now is. This is the thought of Onitsura in the following:

骸骨の上を装うて花見かな  
*Gaikotsu no ue wo yosôte hanami kana*

Their skeletons wrapt  
 In silk and satin,  
 They view the cherry-blossoms.

名月にけろりと立しかゝし哉 一茶

*Meigetsu ni kerorito tachishi kakashi kana*

The bright full moon,—  
As if it were nothing special,  
The scarecrow standing there. Issa

The moon is nothing special, exactly as the scarecrow supposes. All truth is a simple, elemental suchness of things, and the poet perceives this through a self-identification with the scarecrow.

稻雀案山子に射られ海に入る 子規

*Inasuzume kakashi ni irare umi ni iru*

Harvest sparrows;  
Shot by the arrow of the scarecrow,  
They fall into the sea. Shiki

There is a rice-field that breaks down to the sea, and above it a crowd of sparrows is flying. They pass over the scarecrow that stands on the brink, a bow and arrows in his outstretched arms; they swoop down and are lost to sight over the edge of the field. Shiki fancies them to have been shot by the arrows the scarecrow holds. It is a fancy, but of such power that it becomes imagination, and the vital connection between scarecrow and sparrows and sea is grasped instantaneously where logic or intellect could only by painful and cumbrous endeavour abstract that

relation from life. The difference between the creative imagination of this verse and the mirror-like reflecting character of most haiku may be seen by comparing the above with the following verses by Shôha and Setsugyo, 雪魚:

朝風に弓返りたる案山子哉

*Asakaze ni yumi kaeritaru kakashi kana*

The scarecrow's bow  
Is turned the other way  
In the morning breeze.

よその田へ弓引いて居る案山子かな

*Yoso no ta e yumi hiiteiru kakashi kana*

The scarecrow  
Is stretching his bow towards  
Another man's field.

御幸にも編笠ぬがぬ案山子かな 團 水

*Miyuki ni mo amigasa nugumu kakashi kana*

Even before His Majesty,  
The scarecrow does not remove  
His plaited hat.

Dansui

This is hardly poetry, but brings out the nature of Royalty, of man, and of the scarecrow. We tend to see differences rather than identities, and the scarecrow corrects us, or rather, adds the other side of the matter. There is a somewhat similar verse by Shirao:



落る日に顔さへうとき案山子かな

*Ochiru hi ni kao sae utoki kakashi kana*

To the rays of the setting sun  
The scarecrow  
Is indifferent.

Instead of lowering its *kasa* as the level rays of the sun strike its face, the scarecrow stands there quite philosophically.

人よりもかゝしの多き在所かな 茶 靜

*Hito yori mo kakashi no ôki zaisho kana*

Where I live,  
There are more scarecrows  
Than people.

Chasei

There is something naive and rustic about the simplicity of this verse. The scarecrows have a friendly, companionable air; there is nothing fearful about them.

畠主の案山子見舞ふて戻りけり 蕪 村

*Hatanushi no kakashi mimoute modori keri*

The owner of the field  
Goes to see how the scarecrow is,  
And comes back.

Buson

These scarecrows have far more life than real people. Why is this? It is because they obey all the Buddhist and Christian precepts naturally. They do not take care for the morrow; they let the dead bury the dead. And they are meek and pure in heart, merciful to all who seek a shelter in their rags and tatters. It is but right that owner of the field should go and pay his respects to this superior being, superior not in power or wealth, but in long-suffering and natural piety.

人に似て月夜の案山子あわれなり 子規  
*Hito ni nite tsukiyo no kakashi aware nari*

On a moonlight night  
 The scarecrows look like men,  
 So pitiful. Shiki

It is hard to tell here whether Shiki is pitying the men for looking like scarecrows, or the scarecrows for looking like men. Certainly the scarecrow seems more alive, a more fearsome thing than in the light of day. Even the shadow looks human as it lies along the irregular ground.

Seibi has a different idea:

雨降れば人によく似る案山子かな  
*Ame fureba hito ni yoku niru kakashi kana*

The scarecrow  
 Looks like a human being,  
 When it rains.

稲かれて化をあらわす案山子かな 蕪村  
*Ine karete bake wo arawasu kakashi kana*

The rice being reaped,  
 The scarecrow  
 Seems transformed. Buson

While the rice was standing, the scarecrow looked like a man, but now the rice has been cut, the scarecrow only looks like a scarecrow, a patchwork of old clothes.

水落ちて細腰<sup>1</sup>高きかかしか 蕪村  
*Mizu ochite hosozune takaki kakashi kana*

The water becoming lower,  
 How thin and long  
 The legs<sup>1</sup> of the scarecrow! Buson

What is so remarkable is the contrast between the ordinariness of the fact that as the water lessens more of the stick supporting the scarecrow is visible, and the intensity of the interest and depth of meaning of the impression it makes. In this particular case, it is quite arithmetically "out of all proportion," for poetry is seen where the relative eye sees nothing but the relative.

<sup>1</sup> This is also given as 腰, "waist."

夕日影道まで出づる案山子かな 召 波  
*Yūhikage michi made izuru kakashi kana*

In the evening sun,  
 The shadow of the scarecrow  
 Reaches the road. Shôha

The rays of the setting sun are almost level, and as the poet walks along the country road, the shadow of the scarecrow is seen extending from the middle of the hedgeless field right up to the edge of the road. In the long shadows there is some deep meaning, and when it is that of a scarecrow there is something deeper still, almost of foreboding or warning.

人はいざ直な案山子も無かりけり 一 茶  
*Hito wa iza sugu na kakashi mo nakarikeri*

The people, of course!—  
 But not even the scarecrows  
 Are upright. Issa

The malignancy, the violence and bitter depth of contempt, is strong enough to see all obliquity, whether moral or geometrical, as obliquity, without discrimination, without respect of persons. Swift's writings are full of the contempt that clever men feel for fools. And this feeling is not so reprehensible as it seems, for it is in large part a rejoicing

in the power we feel within ourselves. Christ's "Thou hypocrite!" "Laughing hyæna!" "Whited sepulchres!" belong to the same state of elation, when the spirit of God is running freely through us.

The verse seems a kind of parody on a well-known waka of Tsurayuki, 883-946:

人はいざ心もしらずふるさとは  
花ぞむかしの香に匂ひける

I know not the mind  
Of the man himself,  
But in his old home,  
The plum-blossoms  
Smell as sweet as ever.

笠とれて面目もなき案山子かな 燕 村  
*Kasa torete memmoku mo naki kakashi kana*

His hat fallen off,  
The scarecrow  
Looks discomfited. Buson

There are few more painful situations in public than being compelled to run after one's hat. Looking serious is the mark of a prig, and grinning like a fool is only contemptible. Even God himself could not do run after his hat and keep his dignity. The scarecrow, one would imagine, is too low in the scale of created things to fall lower, but not

so; even he suffers when his hat is blown off, revealing  
a hairless poll.

大水を踏みてたへたる案山子哉      子規  
*Ômizu wo fumite taetaru kakashi kana*

The scarecrow  
Plants his feet in the flood,  
Enduring it all.      Shiki

The heroism of the scarecrow is just the same as that  
of the heroic man. It consists in doing one's job thoroughly  
without thinking about its value or results. And so we need  
not resist a feeling of admiration, a fellow-feeling, for this  
insensible bundle of rags. Compare the following by Hagi-jo :

笠とれて雨無残なる案山子哉  
*Kasa torete ame muzan naru kakashi kana*

His hat fallen off,  
How pitiless the rain  
On the scarecrow!

案山子にも目鼻ありける浮世哉      子規  
*Kakashi ni mo mehana arikeru ukiyo kana*

In this fleeting world,  
The scarecrow also  
Has eyes and nose.      Shiki

In this world, all things are human. Whitman says:

I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss,  
fruits, grains, esculent roots,

And I am stucco'd with quadrupeds all over.

And have distanced what is behind me for good  
reasons,

But call anything back again when I desire it.

Potatoes have eyes, and boats have noses; nature has a face.

どちらから寒くなるぞよかかし殿 一茶

*Dochira kara samuku naru zo yo kakashi-dono*

From whence

Does the cold come,

O scarecrow?

Issa

The humour of this is light and shallow, but intimate. The scarecrow stands out here in the field in all weathers. It does not chatter or gossip but stores up its wisdom in silence. The cold comes from some mysterious place, and with no perceptible reason. Issa asks the scarecrow because he himself is no better than the scarecrow in his ignorance.

Shiki has a verse somewhat similar, but hard and contemptuous in feeling:

あるが中に最も愚なる案山子哉

*Aru ga naka ni samo oroka naru kakashi kana*

Among existent things,  
The stupidest  
Is the scarecrow.

This is true, but "a truth that kills."

秋ふけて木の葉衣の案山子かな 乙 由

*Aki fukete ko-no-ha-goromo no kakashi kana*

Autumn deepens;  
Scarecrows are clad  
In fallen leaves.

Otsuyû

Such a simple verse as this brings us back to the purest and most elementary pleasures of life. Many leaves have fallen and the trees are beginning to show their bare branches. The scarecrows stand solitary in each deserted field, and the late autumn wind carries the dead leaves around them. Just a few leaves on the scarecrow and it wears a robe of fallen leaves. One word is uttered and the world is never the same again.

今朝見ればこちら向たる案山子哉 太 禪

*Kesa mireba kochira muitaru kakashi kana*



Looking at it this morning,  
The scarecrow  
Has turned this way.

Taigi

The explanation of the fact is simple. The scarecrow stands upon a single stick and if this becomes loose, the scarecrow will turn this way or that, almost like a weather-cock, according to the direction of the wind. But for the poet, it is a change of feeling, of his own feeling, because of the way in which the scarecrow has turned round, that strikes him.

近付きに成つて分かるる案山子哉 惟 然  
*Chikazuki ni natte wakaruru kakashi kana*

We have been friends,  
And now we must part,  
Scarecrow.

Izen

One scarecrow bids farewell to another, taking  
Without more thinking, in good part,  
Time's gentle admonition.

稻舟に乗後れたる案山子哉 巳 百  
*Inabune ni noriokuretaru kakashi kana*

The scarecrow,  
Too late  
For the harvest boat.

Shihyaku

There is a tragic feeling hidden beneath the fancifulness of this verse. The field has been reaped, the rice dried, and loaded on the boat that floats on the canal-like stream nearby. As the farmers look back they see the scarecrow still standing there, keeping the absent birds away from the non-existent grain. He has "missed the boat;" he is one of

The friends to whom we had no natural right.

案山子から案山子へ渡る雀哉      小 波  
*Kakashi kara kakashi e wataru suzume kana*

The sparrows are flying  
 From scarecrow  
 To scarecrow.      Sazanami

This is a very beautiful picture. The troop of sparrows, first one, the boldest, flying off and all the rest following, moves in flying festoons from field to field, from scarecrow to scarecrow, quite unafraid of them. There is a verse of Sôseki, another modern poet, in which the scarecrow reproves the familiarity of the sparrows in dignified terms:

それがしは案山子にて候雀どの  
*Soregashi wa kakashi nite soro suzume dono*

"Your Honour the Sparrow;  
 It is The Scarecrow  
 Addressing you!"

冬來ては案山子にとまる鳥かな 其 角  
*Fuyu kite wa kakashi ni tomaru karasu kana*

Winter having come,  
 The crows perch  
 On the scarecrow.

Kikaku

The value of things is in their use. All things may be used for every kind of use. Modern Science may prove this before it is generally accepted on the authority of the sages and poets. All things have therefore infinite value. (This is not quite syllogistic but 'twill suffice.) The crows, like the poet, perceive that the scarecrow that can be called a scarecrow is not an eternal scarecrow, the name that can be named is not an eternal name.<sup>1</sup> What is the eternal scarecrow? The answer to this is the poem itself.

The *picture* of the poem is a bare, colourless field, not an "eye of green" in it, with one miserable scarecrow, almost naked poles; a single crow on one arm of this scarecrow and several on the ground nearby.

秋風のうごかして行く案山子哉 燕 村  
*Akikaze no ugokashite yuku kakashi kana*

The autumn wind  
 Moved the scarecrow,  
 And passed on.

Buson

\* 名可名非常名。

In this verse there are many oblique meanings. There is the unforgetfulness of the wind as it causes the scarecrow to wobble, yet passes on indifferent and sways the grasses in the next field already. There is the stolidity and yet the responsiveness of things, the scarecrow moving a little and then still again. There is the meaning of autumn in the instability and shakiness of the scarecrow, the dying down of vital energy, change and decay all around.

物の音ひとりたふるゝ案山子かな 凡 兆

*Mono no oto hitori taoruru kakashi kana*

A sound of something:

The scarecrow

Has fallen down of itself. Bonchô

What the poet perceived here is what Wordsworth understood on Westminster Bridge: "The river glideth at its own sweet will." Besides all outside circumstances there is something in each thing, some inner necessity which is so secret that no one can express it, yet all may feel and know it. Bonchô has a prescript, the last line of a poem by Ôanseki, 王安石, 1021-1086, famous Chinese poet and statesman:

#### MOUNT SHÔ

Soundlessly the valley stream winds round the  
bamboos;

The plants and grasses of Chikusei show their  
budding softness.

They and I sit facing each other, I under the  
thatched eaves, all day long;  
Not a bird cries; the mountains grow yet more  
mysterious.

鍾 山

澗水無聲遶竹流。竹西花草露春柔。  
茅簷相對坐終日。一鳥不啼山更幽。

一番に案山子をこかす野分かな 許 六  
*Ichiban ni kakashi wo kokasu nowaki kana*

The first thing  
To be blown down by the tempest,  
The scarecrow. Kyoroku

The frailty of the scarecrow is one of its most human characteristics, and when the autumn wind rushes across the fields, the scarecrow tumbles down almost immediately.

吹倒す起す吹かるゝ案山子哉 太 祇  
*Fukitaosu okosu fukaruru kakashi kana*

Blown over, set up,  
Blown over again,—  
The scarecrow! Taigi

This verse is a triumph of condensation. We see the scarecrow down, and up and down again so quickly, that like the scarecrow himself we hardly know whether we are on our head or our heels. The speed of it, the way in which

the standing and the falling are telescoped gives us that peculiar feeling of the contradictory nature of things that is the "ground" of poetry and religion.

立ちながら往生申す案山子かな 北 枝  
*Tachi nagara ôjô môsu kakashi kana*

Giving up the ghost  
 As he stands,—  
 The scarecrow. Hokushi

The scarecrow stands there on its last legs, doing his job and giving up his breath in that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him. The life of things, as opposed to that of animals or men, is a perfect one, for there is an undivided will to do what is done, until change and dissolution demand its cessation.

据風呂の下や案山子の身の終り 丈 草  
*Sueburo no shûta ya kakashi no mi no owari*

Under the portable bath-tub,—  
 That's the final resting place  
 Of the scarecrow. Jôsô

Even in his death he is more useful than most of us. The poet cannot withhold his unwilling admiration for the sterling qualities of endurance to which has now been added the final one, that of combustion.

There is, however, a verse by Shôshû, 正秀, which denies this:

薪ともならで朽ぬる案山子哉

*Takigi tomo narade kuchinuru kakashi kana*

No good for firewood,  
It's rotting,—  
This scarecrow!





動 物

BIRDS AND BEASTS

## BIRDS AND BEASTS

山寺や縁の上なる鹿の聲 一茶  
*Yamadera ya en no ue naru shika no koe*

A mountain temple:  
The voice of the stag,  
On the verandah. Issa

The temple in this wild, out-of-the-way mountain is visited by few people, and the wild deer come so near that when a stag roars in the rutting season, it sounds as if it is standing on the verandah outside. We feel the closeness of the world of nature and the world of man. But here in the temple before the images of Buddha, the animal world touches the divine. The voice of the stag mingles with the chanting of the sutra and the sound of the gong: Vox cervi vox dei.

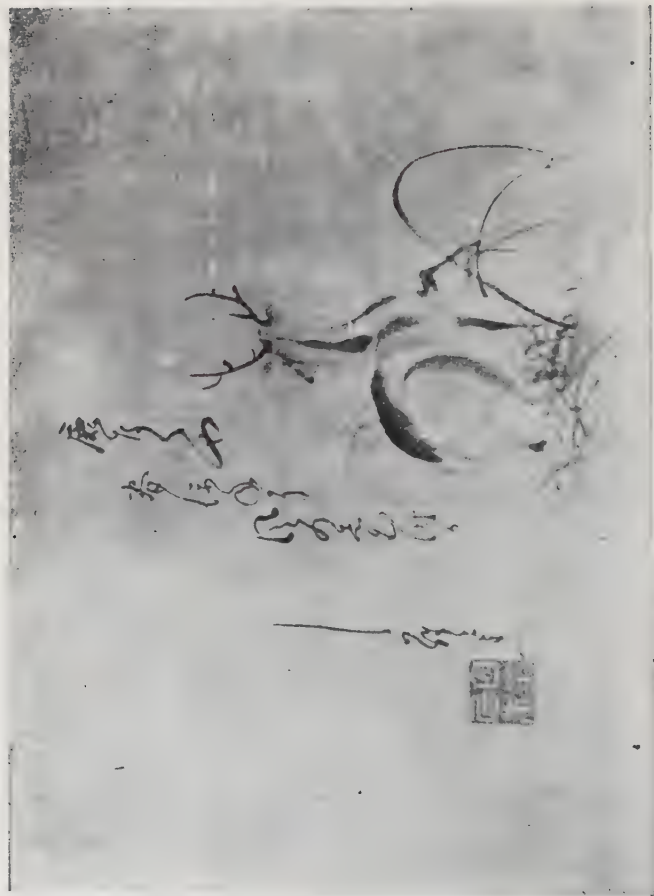
神に火をあげて戻れば鹿の聲 子規  
*Kami ni hi wo agete modoreba shika no koe*

Having lighted a candle to the god,  
On the way back,  
The voice of the deer. Shiki

The poet went to a nearby shrine in the early evening, lighted a candle, prayed, and returned to his house through



鹿なくや  
春ほねに  
風のしむ時か



# A Deer

by Rantei, 蘭亭, contemporary of  
the poet, Shirara, しろら, 1742-1827.

The deer utters its mournful cry  
When the cold autumn wind  
Chills its spine?

the gathering autumn shadows. Now and again the cry of an unseen deer was heard from the mountain side. What is this strange harmony between the uprising yellow flame of the candle burning like a soul of fire in his mind, and the voice of the deer that comes through the darkness and fades into the distance? The light of the candle is the visible voice of matter, the cry of the deer the audible flame of life. How then should they seem anything but a two in one, a one in two, to the poetic mind?

三度啼て聞えずなりぬ鹿の聲      蕪 村  
*Sando naite kikoezu narinu shika no koe*

Three times it cried,  
 And was heard no more,  
 The voice of the deer.      Buson

From olden times the voice of the deer was deemed a poetic thing, chiefly from its association with love and its lack of fulfilment or sad satiety, but from the time of Bashô it began to have a deeper meaning, a returning to nature for its own sake, as we see in the following verse.

ひいとなく尻聲悲し夜の鹿      芭 蕉  
*Hii to naku shirigoe kanashi yoru no shika*

Hee.....the lingering cry  
 Is mournful:  
 The deer at night.      Bashô

But even here the subjective element is too strong. Buson's verse attains that subjective-objective level in which we are left without any feeling of reaction against wallowing in our own feelings, and yet not left out in the cold by a pure and artificial objectivity. The voice of the deer has a meaning which is not merely a non-human one, yet it is nameless; it leaves us where we are, and yet enlarges our vision and power beyond this present place.

鹿ながら山影門に入日かな                      燕 村  
*Shika nagara yamakage mon ni irihi kana*

The slanting sun:  
 The shadow of a hill with a deer on it  
 Enters the temple gate.                      Buson

This is a picture in the Japanese style, but the lines are not static; they have some latent motion. This verse is one of the best examples of Buson's dynamic objectivity.

汽車道に低く雁飛ぶ月夜哉                      子 規  
*Kishamichi ni hikuku kari tobu tsukiyo kana*

Low over the rail-road,  
 Wild geese flying;  
 A moon-lit night.                      Shiki

The word that gives life, that is, poetic meaning to the scene is “low.” The moon is high in the sky, but the moonlight, the railway track, and the wild geese are far below. The rails shine white in the light of the moon as they curve across the plain. The geese fly also flat and silent on their long journey towards the unknown and unseen. In this picture, we are irresistibly reminded of a colour print by Hokusai or Hiroshige. The following, by Yasui, belongs to spring. “Wild geese” belong to autumn, but “Returning wild geese” to spring, when they go back to northern regions.

麥喰し雁と思へど別れかな

*Mugi kuishi kari to omoedo wakare kana*

The wild geese,—  
They ate barley, it is true,  
But departing—

All parting is painful, even from enemies and hateful things; how much more so from the wild geese, which eat the young barley, but whose discordant voices, as they wing their way to other regions through the spring skies, strike on the ear with a strange sadness and sorrow.

雁よ雁いくつのとしから旅をした 一茶

*Kari yo kari ikutsu no toshi kara tabi wo shita*

Wild goose, O wild goose,  
Your first journey,—  
How old were you?

Issa

This is a question that Gilbert White might have been able to answer, but it is a question that Issa does not want answered, though it is not merely his way of expressing interest in the bird. It is the same with the following;

歸る雁淺間のけぶりいく度見る

*Kaeru kari asama no keburu ikudo miru*

Departing wild geese,  
How many times have you seen  
The smoke of Mount Asama?

落雁の聲のかさなる夜寒哉

許 六

*Rakugan no koe no kasanaru yosamu kana*

Wild geese coming down,  
Their voices one upon another,  
The cold of night increasing.

Kyoroku

No sooner do the cries of one group of wild geese become faint than another approaches, and the cumulative effect of their cries is to increase the feeling of cold.

The word *kasanaru* applies to three things: the coming down of the geese, one group after another; the voices of each flock of geese that sound across the cold fields and then cease when they have come to earth; the cold that seems to increase with each batch of geese.



一行の雁や端山に月を印す 蕪村  
*Ichigyô no kari ya hayama ni tsuki wo insu*

Under a passage of wild geese,  
 Over the foot-hills,  
 A moon is signed. Buson

The word "passage" is to be taken in the sense of a line of verse, which the geese resemble. On the edge of the picture, like the seal of the painter, is the oval-irregular moon. There is a similar play of fancy in the following:

苗代の色紙に遊ぶ蛙かな  
*Nawashiro no shikishi ni asobu kaeru kana*

In the coloured slip  
 Of the rice seedling plantation,  
 The frogs are making merry.

The oblong pieces of field containing the young rice seedlings are the coloured slips of paper upon which the songs of the frogs are inscribed.

To take this as mere fancy, even the fancy of genius, is to do injustice to the poet and to one's own inner life. We term the imaginative power here exerted "fancy", because the two sets of objects are widely separated in the ratiocinative processes. It is difficult, it is true, to keep them together for long, but it is worth the effort.

鶴啼くや其聲に芭蕉破れぬべし 芭蕉  
*Tsuru naku ya sono koe ni bashô yarenu beshi*

The crane screeches :  
 At its voice  
 The *bashô* will surely tear.      Bashô

This is an early haiku of Bashô. He has attempted here to resolve into one, sound and sight and texture, the voice of the bird and the rending of the broad leaves of the banana plant. This verse was actually written for and on a picture, evidently of a crane and a banana-plant. Bashô imagines the bird suddenly crying out; at its harsh strident note the tenderly brittle leaf of the plant will slit like calico.

鵲鳴くや入日差し込む女松原      凡 兆  
*Mozu naku ya irihi sashikomu mematsu-bara*

Rays of the setting sun pass  
 Through the red pine grove;  
 A shrike is crying.      Bonchô

The sharp cry of the shrike, or butcher-bird, the long slanting rays of the evening sun, and the red-barked pine-trees, all suggest a certain secret aspect of nature, a mystery which is seen and known but never understood.

鷹の目もいまは暮ぬと啼く鶉      芭 蕉  
*Taka no me mo ima wa kurenu to naku uzura*

Now that the eyes of the hawks  
Are darkened, in the dusk  
The quails are chirping. Bashô

This might almost have come from White's *The Natural History of Selborne*; but it is not an ornithological observation. Still less does it manifest "the poet's sympathy for weaker birds." It simply says what Wilde wrote in *De Profundis*:

One of the many lessons that one learns in prison is, that things are what they are and will be what they will be.

木啄の柱をたゝく住居かな 芭蕉  
*Kitsutsuki no hashira wo tataku sumai kana*

Ah, this abode!  
Oft the woodpecker  
Will peck at its posts. Bashô

Compare the verse on page 265, Vol. I, where Bashô says that the woodpecker will *not* peck his old teacher's hermitage.

Here also we have hyperbole, but of a peculiarly gracious kind, for it shows Bashô's deep love of solitude. This abode is Bashô's ideal home; living creatures are so much in harmony with his hermitage that Alexander Selkirk would say of them also,

Their tameness is shocking to me.

Bashô himself living there has so tenuous an existence that he lives there as though he did not live there.

This is the bell that never rang,  
 This is the fish that never swam,  
 This is the tree that never grew,  
 This is the bird that never flew.<sup>1</sup>

手斧うつ音も木深し啄木鳥                      蕪村  
*Teono utsu oto mo kobukashi keratsutsuki*

In the far depths of the forest,  
 The woodpecker,  
 And the sound of the axe.                      Buson

The sound of the distant sea, the wind in a lofty pine-tree, the echoing of the axe deep in the ravine of a forest, are things too great for the ear of man. Buson stands listening and hears nearby the tap-tap of the woodpecker; in the distance, faint but clear, the ringing sound of

the rude axe with heaved stroke.

It is nature and man in their constructive-destructive, life-death work, here and there and everywhere unceasing. We may quote once more Shelley's lines from *To Jane* :

Even the busy woodpecker,  
 Made stiller by her sound  
 The inviolable quietness.

<sup>1</sup> Jingle on Glasgow City Arms.

木啄や一つところに日の暮るる 一茶

*Kitsutsuki ya hitotsu tokoro ni hi no kururu*

The woodpecker  
Keeps on in the same place;  
Day is closing.

Issa

Monotony and dreariness. Does Issa represent himself and his life as a poet in this verse?

故郷も今は假寝や渡り鳥 去來

*Furusato mo ima wa karine ya wataridori*

Birds of passage;  
For also me now, my old home  
Is but a lodging for the night.

Kyorai

It is hard not to think that this verse was not written by Bashô. It expresses that feeling of—not renunciation, but something deeper, an anguished acceptance of the instability and non-ego, non-self nature of all things, ourselves especially. Even our birth-place, to which we are linked by the most sacred ties of blood and race, this too is only one of those

Homes that were not destined to be ours.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Arnold, *Human Life*.

鴨遠く鋤すゝぐ水のうねり哉 燕 村  
*Shi gi tôku kuwa susugu mizu no uneri kana*

The snipe farther and farther away,  
 The ripples  
 Of the washed hoe. Buson

The farmer goes to the river to wash his hoe, and  
 snipe dart up from behind the tall grass and fly off. The  
 ripples caused by the hoe also spread out farther and farther  
 across the river. Both birds and water are moving into the  
 distance, near and far.

高土手にひはの鳴く日や雲千切れ 珍 碩  
*Taka-dote ni hiwa no naku hi ya kumo chûgire*

Siskins are crying  
 On the high embankment ;  
 Cloudlets float above. Chinseki

This verse gives a sensation of height, and of unseen  
 animation.

小鳥来る音うれしさよ板びさし 燕 村  
*Kotori kuru oto ureshisa yo itabisashi*

The sounds of small birds  
 On the pent-roof,—  
 What a pleasure! Buson

It is very quiet; not a deathly silence, but that of a hermitage in the recesses of the mountains. Upon the pent-roof there are sounds of scuffling, pecking, chirping, fluttering, hopping,—all the life of a little world. To live for a while in this world, though only through the imaginative ear, is an exquisite pleasure. Thoreau writes in his Journals, 1850, of

Autumnal mornings, when the feet of countless sparrows are heard like rain-drops on the roof by the boy who sleeps in the garret.

秋の季の赤蜻蛉に定めぬ

白 雄

*Aki no ki no akatombô ni sadamarinu*

The beginning of autumn,  
Decided

By the red dragon-fly.

Shirao

This reversal of the common-sense order of cause and effect is found often in poetry, the song of the bird causing the sun to rise, the appearance of the red dragon-fly causing the advent of autumn. The dragon-fly and the autumn are thus confused and become the same thing. Compare the following, by Bakusei:

己が身に秋を染めぬく蜻蛉かな

*Ono ga mi ni aki wo somenuku tombo kana*

He has dyed his body  
With autumn,—  
The dragon-fly.

Another way of describing the appearance of the multitude of red dragon-flies flashing to and fro under the autumn sky, is the following by Gotei, 吳蕤:

くれなゐのかげろふ走る蜻蛉かな  
*Kurenai no kagerô hashiru tomo kana*

Fleeting, crimson  
 Gossamer-threads,—  
 The dragon-flies!

蜻蛉やとりつきかねし草の上 芭蕉  
*Tombô ya toritsuki kaneshi kusa no ue*

The dragon-fly,  
 It tried in vain to settle  
 On a blade of grass. Bashô

One of the beautiful things about this is the fact that the dragon-fly does not show, because it does not feel, any irritation at the movement of the grass, blown by the wind, which prevents the dragon-fly from alighting on it.

日は斜關屋の鎗にとんぼかな 蕪村  
*Hi wa naname sekiya no yari ni tomo kana*

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



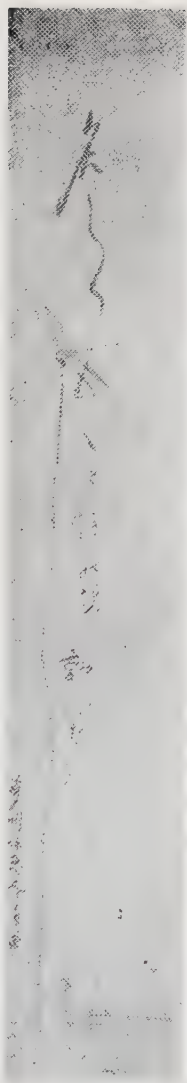
名月やとんぼの羽の動きなき

A Dragon-fly

Verse and picture by Mōen, 孟遠.

Under the autumn moon  
The wings of the dragon-fly  
Are motionless.

Notes how the verse and  
the picture are mingled.





Towards the end of this afternoon of autumn, the travellers passing through the barrier are few and far between. Upon each of the spears or javelins standing there in case of emergency, a single dragon-fly is resting, its wings glittering in the level rays of the sun. Shadows are long, the wind sounds as if it comes from far away; the great gate is in the shade, and against this background the spears stand perpendicular to the horizontal lines of light.

なき人のしるしの竹に蜻蛉かな 凡 董  
*Naki hito no shirushi no take ni tombo kana*

On the bamboo  
 That marks the place of a dead man,  
 A dragon-fly. Kitô

The indifference of things is continually striking us, and striking us deeply before we think shallowly about it. The dead man, the bamboo, the dragon-fly have come together at this point of space, at this point of time. The same accidental-inevitable, free-determined nature is seen also in the following by Taisô:

往つては来て蜻蛉絶えず船の綱 太 巢  
*Itte wa kite tombô taezu fune no tsuna*

About the ropes of the ship  
 The dragon-flies come and go  
 Ceaselessly.

古墓や赤とんぼ飛ぶ枯櫛

*Furuhaka ya akatombo tobu kareshikimi*

Old graves ;  
Red dragon-flies flitting  
Over the withered *shikimi*.

The author is unknown to me. The *shikimi* or Chinese anise has a small white flower in summer. The plant smells sweet, but is poisonous. Nevertheless, sprays are offered before the Buddha. The old grave, its withered offerings, the dragon-flies rustling to and fro,—what a scene of thoughtless significance ! Buson has a verse concerning the flower :

ゆかしさよ櫛花さく雨の中

*Yukashisa yo shikimi hana saku ame no naka*

What loveliness !—  
The *shikimi*  
Blooming in the rain.

There is a slightly similar verse by Kyoshi :

蜻蛉飛んで事無き村の日午なり

*Tombo tonde koto naki mura no hiruma nari*

Dragon-flies  
In an uneventful village,—  
It is midday.

夕づく日薄きとんぼの羽影かな 花 朗

*Yūzukuhi usuki tombo no hakage kana*

In the evening sunlight,  
The faint shadow of the wings  
Of the dragon-fly. Karô

The poet, not content with the smallness of the insect goes as far as the faint shadow of its translucent wings. A man's shadow is homogeneous, but that of a dragon-fly differs. The shadow of the body is dark, but that of the wings is faint, a lace pattern traced on the ground.

出る月と入り日の間や赤とんぼ 二 丘  
*Deru tsuki to irihi no ai ya akatombo*

Between the moon coming out  
And the sun going in,—  
The red dragon-flies. Nikyô

This has a simplicity which is a good test of our poetical health. The same applies to the following by Senka:

蜻蛉の壁をかゝゆる西日かな  
*Tombô no kabe wo kakayuru nishibi kana*

The dragon-fly  
Clinging to the wall;  
Sunlight from the west.

蜻蛉の舞ふや入日の一世界 倚 菊  
*Tombô no mau ya irihi no ichisekai*

The dance of the dragon-flies:  
 A world  
 In the setting sun. Kigiku

We feel of these dragon-flies what Lawrence writes of fish:

And I said to my heart, there are limits  
 To you, my heart;  
 And to the one god.  
 Fish are beyond me.

A more sober and less romantic but not inferior verse by Ryôta, which also shows us the world of the dragon-flies:

五六尺己が雲井の蜻蛉かな  
*Gorokushaku ono ga kumoi no tombo kana*

The dragon-fly;  
 Five or six feet above,  
 Is his own sky.

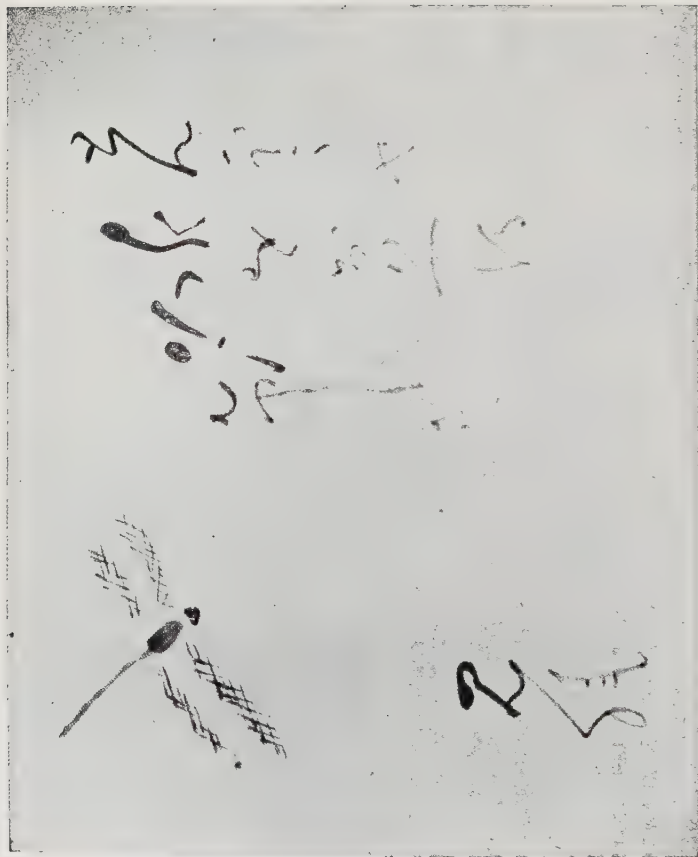
遠山やとんぼついゆきついかへる 秋之坊  
*Tôyama ya tombo tsui yuki tsui kaeru*

The dragon-fly,  
 Swift to the distant mountain,  
 Swift to return. Akinobô

This expresses humorously the nature of the flight of the dragon-fly. It suddenly darts off towards the far-off



とんぼや  
水をなほへる  
夕しき



The dragon-fly

Slants over the water,

The evening sun on everything.

A Dragon-fly

Verse and picture by Kempû, 見風.



mountains, as if it would never return, but in a moment it has turned round and is coming swiftly back.

打つ杖の先にとまりしとんぼかな 康 瓢  
*Utsu tsue no saki ni tomarishi tombo kana*

The dragon-fly  
 Perches on the stick  
 That strikes at him. Kôhyô

This is a very simple kind of poetry, a mere description of fact, an entomological observation. Whatever poetry it may have is derived partly from the frustrated, non-plussed state of mind of the man with the stick who is in the same position as the executioner with the Cheshire Cat's head, and partly from the innocence of the dragon-fly. Other verses that are also practically descriptions of the nature of the dragon-fly, its stupidity that is not so foolish after all, its "equal mind," are the following by Kôjôdô and Eiboku:

蜻蛉や花には寄らず石の上  
*Tombô ya hana ni wa yorazu ishi no ue*

The dragon-fly,  
 Not approaching the flowers,—  
 But on the stone.

杭の先何か味ふとんぼかな  
*Kui no saki nani ka ajiwau tombo kana*

The dragon-fly  
Is tasting something  
On the top of that stake.

蜻蛉の顔は大かた眼玉かな 知 足  
*Tombô no kao wa ôkata medama kana*

The face of the dragon-fly  
Is practically nothing  
But eyes. Chisoku

This is what any child might say, but for that very reason, near to the kingdom of poetry.

おとなしく留守をしてゐろきりぎりす 一 茶  
*Otonashiku rusu wo shite iro kirigirisu*

Be a good boy  
And look after the house well,  
Cricket! Issa

This may be taken in two ways, as an expression of unfeigned intimacy and equality with other living creatures, or as implying the poet's solitary and lonely life. But these are not, after all, two separate things. One springs from the other, the other from the one. The same applies to another verse by Issa:

鶯 鷲 きよろきよろ 何ぞ落したか

*Misosazai kyoro-kyoro nan zo otoshita ka*

The wren

Looking here, looking there,—

“Dropped something?”

By the colloquial language Issa has got rid of that “wonder” which has so falsely coloured much English verse.

むざんやな 甲の下のきりぎりす 芭蕉

*Muzan ya na kabuto no shita no kirigirisu*

How piteous!

Beneath the helmet

Chirps a cricket.

Bashô

This verse comes towards the end of *Oku no Hosomichi*, and was composed after visiting the Tada Shrine, where the helmet and fragments of the clothes of Sanemori were kept. “How piteous!” comes from a Nô play called *Sanemori*, 實盛. There was a battle between the Taira and the Minamoto at Shinohara, 1183, in which the former were defeated, and all fled except Sanemori. He was killed, and the head brought to Yoshinaka.<sup>1</sup> Sanemori was more than sixty, but had dyed his hair and beard black, and the head was not recognized until,

<sup>1</sup> See Volume III, page 393.

樋口参りてただ一目見て、あなむざんやな齋  
藤別當實盛にて候ひけるぞや。

Higuchi [Kanemitsu] came forward and with but one glance said, "Ah, how pitiful! it is Saitô Betto Sanemori!"

This story comes from the *Heike Monogatari*. Bashô's verse is remarkable in the way he has used the pathos of history and the language of the Nô, and concentrated these in the cry of the cricket<sup>1</sup> beneath the helmet before him.

白露の玉ふんがくなきりぎりす 一茶  
*Shiratsuyu no tama fungaku na kirigirisu*

Grasshopper,—  
Do not trample to pieces  
The pearls of bright dew. Issa

This is the natural attitude of the tender-minded poet, as opposed to the tough-minded Zen adept who can enjoy cock-fighting and bear-baiting, not to speak of scenes of carnage on the field of battle. The poet, as such, disturbs nothing, not even the dew-drops on the morning grass. In addition, there is a kind of hyperbole; the grasshopper<sup>2</sup> is seen as of enormous size and power.

<sup>1</sup> It should be noted that the present use of *kirigirisu*, grasshopper, and *kôrogi*, cricket was exactly opposite in former times.

<sup>2</sup> In this verse, the modern meaning of *kirigirisu* seems more suitable.

蟹の屋は小海老にまじるいとゞ哉 芭蕉  
*Ama no ya wa koebi ni majiru itodo kana*

In the fisherman's hut,  
 Mingled with dried shrimps,  
 Crickets are chirping. Bashô

It is a kind of still-life, yet alive. The original does not say "chirping," only "crickets!"

出て行くぞ仲よく遊べきりぎりす 一茶  
*Dete iku zo naka yoku asobe kirigirisu*

Now I am going out;  
 Be good and play together,  
 Crickets. Issa

Issa is not pretending or being fanciful. He wishes the lion to lie down with the lamb, and infuses all things with his own benevolence.

庵の夜や棚さがしするきりぎりす 一茶  
*Io no yo ya tanasagashi suru kirigirisu*

My hut at night;  
 The cricket  
 Is rummaging about. Issa

A human being may be sometimes quite a companion,—much more so a mouse or a cricket. Just the silent night, an empty room, the flickering lamp, a cricket invisible but chirping here and there,—and nothing is lacking, above all the “loneliness” which is so near the heart of things.

きりぎりす自在をのぼる夜寒かな 燕 村  
*Kirigirisu jizai wo noboru yosamu kana*

A cricket climbing  
 The pot-hanger;  
 How cold the night! Buson

The pot-hanger is a kind of long hook suspended over the open fire-place. It often had an artistic form, valued by poets and connoisseurs.

Buson is sleeping near the open fire-place, in which the fire is going out. Night deepens, and it grows colder and colder. Suddenly he notices, by the light of the night-lamp, that something is moving up the large hook over the fireplace. It is a cricket, that somehow has thought fit to perch himself there. It is a picture that would strike any poet or painter who can see much in little, the cricket brownish-green, the pot-hanger black, the embers still red.

寝返りをするぞ脇よれきりぎりす 一 茶  
*Negari wo suru zo wakiyore kirigirisu*

I'm going to turn over ;  
Mind away,  
Cricket.

Issa

In one sense this is "mere" gentleness of character, indeed, gentlemanliness of the best kind, that wishes to avoid all unnecessary pain. In another, it is the compassion of the Buddha, the love of Christ, the realization that not only all men but all things are equal. The truth is that we must have the second, but it should appear, as it does in Issa's verse, as the first.

我が影の壁にしむ夜やきりぎりす 蓼太  
*Waga kage no kabe ni shimu yo ya kirigirisu*

My shadow soaks into the wall  
This autumn night,  
A cricket chirping. Ryôta

This verse expresses a somewhat unusual, almost abnormal experience. Things of two dimensions seem almost to have three. In Bashô's haiku, it is the voice of the insects which soaks into the rocks:

閑さや岩にしみいる 蟬の聲  
*Shizukasa ya iwa ni shimiuru semi no koe*

The stillness!  
The voice of the cicadas  
Sinks into the rocks.

In Ryôta's verse the crying of the cricket exacerbates the sense of sight so that it feels the pressure and penetrative power of the shadow on the wall.

秋の蚊や死ぬる覺悟で我れをさす 子規  
*Aki no ka ya shinuru kakugo de ware wo sasu*

Autumn mosquitoes  
 Bite me,  
 Prepared for death. Shiki

When autumn comes, and the air turns colder, mosquitoes become more sluggish in their movements, but more persistent in their biting, as though they knew their time on earth was short, and are determined at all costs to suck as much blood as possible before they die. The humour of this verse expresses something of the nature of autumn and of mosquitoes, something that could not be said except by way of the "pathetic fallacy."

A similar verse by the same author, in which he shows his likeness to Heine:

死にかけて尙やかましき秋の蟬  
*Shini kakete nao yakamashiki aki no semi*

Dying,  
 All the more noisy,  
 Cicadas of autumn.



蜘蛛何と音を何と啼く秋の風 芭蕉

*Kumo nan to oto wo nan to naku aki no kaze*

With what voice,  
And what song would you sing, spider,  
In this autumn breeze?      Bashô

Bashô is sitting under the eaves, watching a spider in its web as it sways to and fro in the wind of autumn. It is a deep mystery, this silence profound that some creatures preserve, in contradistinction to the chattering and chirping of others. If the spider had a voice, what would it be like? Would it not, in its own unique, inimitable way, be singing now, in the sighing of the breeze, of the loneliness and desolation of autumn? This verse is prophetic of the poetry of Issa.

河鹿啼く袖なつかしき火打石 燕村

*Kajika naku sode natsukashiki hiuchiishi*

The "river deer" is crying:  
In my sleeve,  
My dear old flint-stone.      Buson

The *kajika* is a kind of frog, small and black, that lives between the boulders of valley streams. It cries in autumn, in a voice slightly resembling that of a deer, hence its name. Buson is climbing slowly up a ravine when suddenly,—the sweet voice of a singing-frog! It may be as Ryôto, 涼菟, says in the following verse:

川音につれて鳴出す河鹿かな

*Kawa-oto ni tsurete nakidasu kajika kana*

Prompted by the sound of the river,  
The "river deer"

Begins to sing.

The rippling, trickling water and the voice of the frog in this green, secluded place,—Buson must sit down and listen to them. Almost unconsciously his hand strays into his sleeve, and he feels the well-known touch of the flint-stone he has used for many years to light his short pipe. The beauty and delicacy of the one and the warm, human homeliness of the other, give him an ineffable feeling of perfection and bliss.

名月や暗き處は蟲の聲

汝村

*Meigetsu ya kuraki tokoro wa mushi no koe*

The bright autumn moon:  
In the shadows,  
The voices of insects.

Bunson

Beneath the moon, all is calm and bright; under every tree and bush it is dark, but all kinds of insects are chirping and trilling: "all that we behold is full of blessings."

蟲の音の中に咳き出す寢覺かな

丈草

*Mushi no ne no naka ni seki dasu nezame kana*

Waking in the night,  
 I mingle my coughs  
 With the cries of insects. Jôshô

The coughing of the sick man and the chirping of the insects,—how different! And yet, what is the difference? Does God hear them differently? Do not they both accord in perfect harmony with the soundless music of the spheres, the spirit ditties of no tone? One is reminded of a verse by another sick man, Shiki:

つくづくと我が影見るや蟲の聲  
*Tsukuzuku to waga kage miru ya mushi no koe*

Gazing steadfastly  
 At my shadow,—  
 The voices of insects.

蟲よ蟲よ鳴いて因果が盡きるなら 乙州  
*Mushi yo mushi yo naité inga ga tsukiru nara*

Ah, insects, insects!  
 Can your Karma  
 Be cried away? Otokuni

Literally, “If your karma is cried away by singing, [sing on!].” This has the idea of weeping away, by penitence, one’s fate,—and a deeper one, that the insects are fulfilling their destiny, obeying their original nature by chirping, and by thus not opposing their lot; they are working it out and tending towards their ultimate Buddhahood.

にぎやかな乞食の床や蟲の聲 千代尼  
*Nigiyaka na kojiki no toko ya mushi no koe*

The nightly couch of the beggar,—  
 How lively and gay,  
 With voices of insects! Chiyo-ni

This has a heartlessness deeply akin to Zen, that is, to life itself. Whether we eat or whether we starve, the planets revolve around the sun, the seasons follow one after the other, insects chirp all around. But this verse is not saying such a thing; neither is it full of self-pity. It is heart-less, like Nature, like Destiny itself.

蟲ほろほろ草にこぼるゝ音色かな 櫻 良  
*Mushi horo-horo kusa ni koboruru neiro kana*

The sound-colour  
 Of insects pattering down  
 On the leaves. Chora

As the poet shakes the bushes in passing among them, he hears the insects drop onto the leaves below. The insects' bodies, soft and plump, or hard and light, falling on the thin, pulpy leaves, has a peculiar sound born of each yet different from each. This is what the sensitive ears of the poet catch, and in the timbre of the sound he hears the life of the leaves, he perceives with his ears the life of the insects. This is not a figurative way of speaking. We can hardly enter at all into the world of smell that a dog lives in, the

world of touch inhabited by the ant, the mole, the fish. The world of sound known by birds and insects, we cannot even surmise. The poet, for an instant only, leaves this world of light that is permanently our world until the darkness of death receives us. He comprehends an aspect of the nature of things through hearing. But what he hears is of course inexpressible. Man has never even attempted to form a vocabulary for such experiences.

蟲聴くと話しを聞くと別つの耳 和 風

*Mushi kiku to hanashi wo kiku to betsu no mimi*

We listen to insects,  
And human voices,  
With different ears. Wafu

This is a didactic verse, and as such is devoid of poetry. It expresses, however, a profound truth. We are to listen to men, to listen to the talking of men, their praising and blaming, as the chirping of insects.

Listen to the fool's reproach! it is a kingly title!

But a philosophic indifference is not what is inculcated here. The ear, like the eye, is to be single. Not to distinguish between Nature and Man,—this is the secret of living. And not to distinguish between Man and Nature and God,—this is to be a Buddha.

世の中はなく虫さへも上手下手 一茶  
*Yo no naka wa naku mushi sae mo jôzu heta*

Even among insects, in this world,  
 Some are good at singing,  
 Some bad. Issa

Listening attentively to the insects singing in the garden (and in this "attentively" consists the whole of this experience), Issa hears differences in the chirping and trilling of the same species of insect. One is loud, another softer, one metallic, another mellow and subdued, one sprightly, another sad and weary. What a deep forgetfulness of self this distinction demands! This is a beautiful example of the paradox that only when the difference (between oneself and the insect) is forgotten, is the difference (between one insect and another) perceived.

虫鳴くやきのふは見えぬ壁の穴 一茶  
*Mushi naku ya kinô wa mienu kabe no ana*

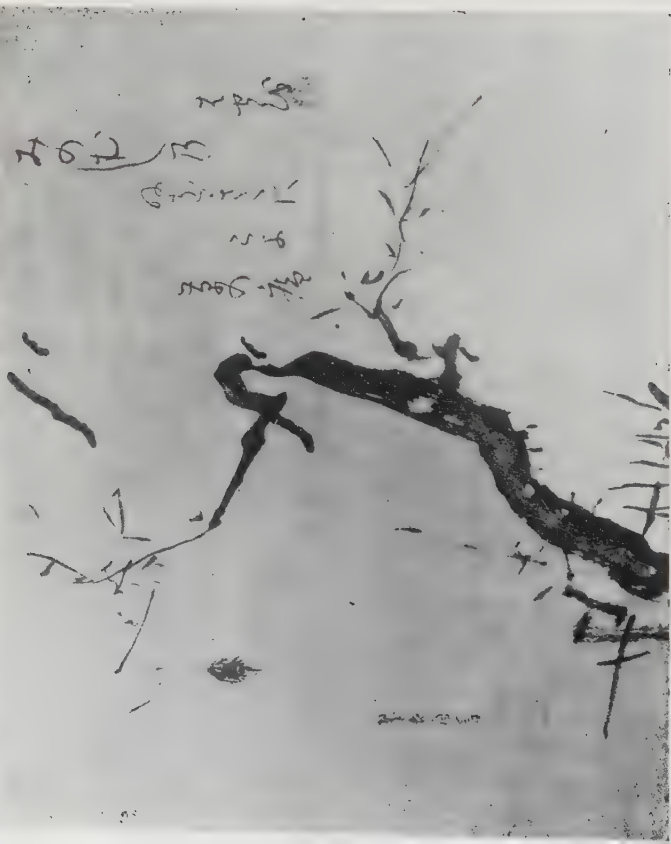
Insects are crying;  
 A hole in the wall  
 Not seen yesterday. Issa

What an odd place to find poetry,—in the fact of noticing a hole in the wall that had not been remarked before. There is a strange affinity between the timbre of the insects' voices and the broken plaster of the hole that is, as it were, seen with his ears.



みのむしの  
ねをきに  
こよに  
草の庵

The voice of the bagworms;  
O come to my hut,  
And hear them cry!



### A Bagworm

by Suisui, 翠蓑, i.e. Hanabusa Itchō, 英一蝶, 1652-1724, the verse by Bashō, his contemporary.



蟲なくや月出でゝ尙くらき庭 子規  
*Mushi naku ya tsuki idete nao kuraki niwa*

Insects are crying;  
 The moon comes out,  
 The garden is yet darker. Shiki

When the moon is behind a cloud, all things are dimly seen. When it comes out, the garden under the trees and bushes is in deep darkness, and we become aware of the darkness more strongly. And what of the insects? Their chirping so sweetly, so sadly, their melancholy-cheerful voices make our feelings more intense, they stimulate the organ of sight so that we can see the darkness.

蓑蟲の音をきゝに來よ草の庵 芭蕉  
*Minomushi no ne wo kiki ni koyo kusa no io*

The voice of the bagworms;  
 O come to my hut,  
 And hear them cry. Bashô

There is no communion of saints without common union with things. Sodô, 素堂, says of the *minomushi*, "Its faint, uncertain voice makes it pathetic," 聲のおぼつかなきを哀れむ. In actual fact, of course, it does not cry or make any noise at all.

古犬や蚯蚓の唄にかんじ貌 一茶

*Furuinu ya mimizu no uta ni kanji gao*

The aged dog  
Seems impressed with the song  
Of the earth-worms.

Issa

In old Japan it was thought that worms made a chirping noise. It is said that this was a mistake made on hearing the voice of the mole-cricket under the ground.

The old dog lies in the autumn sun, his head on his paws, his eyes wide open as if listening to something, perhaps the song of the earth-worms that move in the earth under him.

うそ寒や蚯蚓の唄も一夜づゝ 一茶

*Usosamu ya mimizu no uta mo hitoyo zutsu*

Getting colder,  
The song of the earth-worm also  
Dwindles every evening.

Issa

Autumn deepens, the nights grow chill; and every evening the voice of the earthworm grows feebler and feebler. This is all there is in this verse, yet it sums up the loneliness and a certain apprehensiveness of late autumn.

植 物

TREES AND FLOWERS

## TREES AND FLOWERS

笑ふにも泣くにもにざる木槿哉 嵐雪  
*Warau ni mo naku ni mo nizaru mukuge kana*

It neither smiles  
Nor weeps,—  
This Rose of Sharon. Ransetsu

The Rose of Sharon, a bush about ten feet high, is used as an ornamental tree, and for fences. The flowers are purplish, white, or pink, both single and double. They open in the morning and close at night. Some say that the convolvulus of the *Manyôshû* is really this flower. It is indeed a beautiful flower, says the poet, and yet has something inhuman about it. "It looks neither like smiles nor tears," is the literal translation. It has a cold prettiness, without the tender charm of the violet or the blowzy heartiness of the peony. This way of looking at the Rose of Sharon reminds us somewhat of Lawrence in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*. Again, in *The Two Blue Birds* we have the following :

There is a certain nonsense, something showy and stagey about spring, with its pushing leaves and chorus-girl bowers, unless you have something corresponding inside you. Which she hadn't.

There is a similar critical spirit, an unwillingness to be pleased, about the following by Senna :

高燈籠ひるは物うき柱かな

*Takatôrô hiru wa monouki hashira kana*

The Tall Stone Lantern,  
In the day-time  
Is a melancholy pillar.

At night when the light is lit in it, it is a thing of beauty in itself, and adds to the beauty around it, but in the day-time it is uninteresting and a thing of gloom. There are many varieties of stone lantern, each having a special name. This particular kind is the most funereal in appearance.

道のべの木樅は馬に喰はれけり 芭蕉

*Michinobe no mukuge wa uma ni kuwarekeri*

A Rose of Sharon  
By the roadside;  
The horse has eaten it. Bashô

There is an anecdote in connection with this verse, which, even if not authentic, brings out its pure objectivity and perfect directness. Bashô was once reproached by his teacher of Zen, Butchô, for wasting his time on haiku. Bashô answered,

俳諧は只今日の事目前の事にて候、

“Haikai is simply what is happening in this place, at this moment,” and then quoted the above verse as an example. Butchô expressed his approval of this, saying:

善哉、善哉、俳諧もかゝる深意あるものにこそ



川音や木槿咲く戸はまだ起きず 北 枝

*Kawa-oto ya mukuge saku to wa mada okizu*

The sound of the river;  
The door where the Rose of Sharon blooms  
Is not yet opened. Hokushi

Over the river the morning mist still hovers; the sound of the rapids is high and clear. Under the wall, white blossoms are blooming, faint with dew,—but the door of the farmer's house is still closed; no one is up yet. This closed door opens another in his mind. There is a certain remote harmony in the varied sensations of the early morning hour.

手をかけて折らで過ぎ行く木槿哉 杉 風

*Te wo kakete orade sugiyuku mukuge kana*

I laid my hand upon it,  
And did not break it off, but passed on,—  
The Rose of Sharon. Sampû

The position of “The Rose of Sharon,” is significant in the original (and in the translation). It remains at the end of the poem, just as the beauty of the flowering bush remains in his mind long after his refraining from breaking off a branch has been forgotten. Compare the verse by Buson on the next page.

柳ちり菜屑流るゝ小川かな 子規  
*Yanagi chiri nakuzu nagaruru ogawa kana*

The leaves of the willow fall,  
 Scraps of vegetable  
 Floating down the brook. Shiki

A light wind sways the long hanging boughs of the willow-trees and the withered leaves fall, leaving the branches bare. Along the stream come flowing fragments from greens. Shiki has expressed almost unwittingly the "poetical" and the "unpoetical" of life, of human life and that of nature. The dry, curled-up, slender leaves fall from the hanging branches, fall on the surface of the water and float gracefully away down the current. From some unknown village, yellow, waterlogged leaves and stems of cabbages and greens come slowly down the stream, half-submerged, things of no value or beauty whatever, the refuse of human life, unwanted rubbish spoiling the pellucid water. Yet in their sadness they accord with the falling of the leaves of the willow-tree. They too express the melancholy season and share in the poet's life.

よらで過る藤澤寺のもみじ哉 蕪村  
*Yorade sugiru fujisawa-dera no momiji kana*

Not going in, but passing by:  
 The autumnal leaves  
 Of Fujisawa Temple. Buson



The fact that Buson did not go in and worship at the temple (for some unknown, or rather, unstated reason) made the impression of the crimson and yellow leaves of the temple courtyard all the more unforgettable. In some ways, and at some times, we can enter into things and persons by holding aloof from them. It is said that the spectator sees most of the game, while the participants are aware only of a restricted portion of it. So in this verse, by not going into the temple, but walking by it, on looking back at the glowing leaves, distance lends a kind of enchantment to the view. The mind is not disturbed by details or inconsistent elements, and at the same time, the sense of remoteness, of something lost, strengthens the sensation of beauty. This comes out also in the following verse by the same author:

出家して親在す里の紅葉かな

*Shukke shite oya imasu sato no momiji kana*

Renouncing the world,—  
The autumn leaves  
In my parents' village.

The priest sees in his mind the scarlet and vermilion leaves of the little village where he was born, and where his old parents are still living,—far away, yet so near to the heart.

山くれて紅葉の朱をうばひけり 燕村

*Yama kurete momiji no ake wo ubai keru*

The mountain grows darker,  
 Taking the scarlet  
 From the autumn leaves. Buson

This reminds one of Virgil's lines :

Ubi caelum condidit umbra  
 Juppiter, et rebus nox absulit atra colorem.

When darkness hides the heavens,  
 And black night has taken away the colours  
 of things.

紅葉する木立もなしに山深し 子規  
*Momijisuru kodachi mo nashi ni yama fukashi*

Of crimson foliage  
 There is none here,  
 Deep in the mountains. Shiki

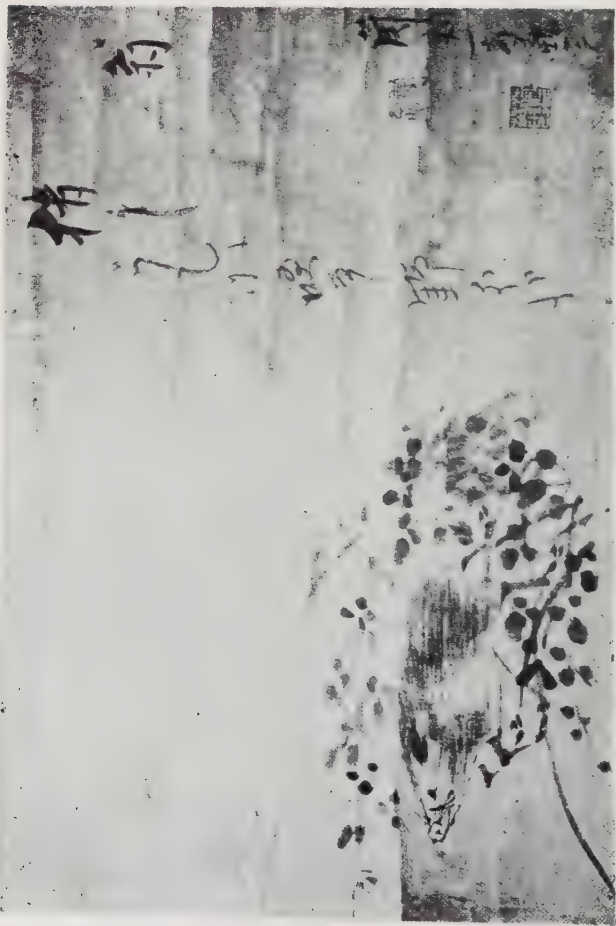
On the lower slopes of the mountains, autumnal leaves were glowing, scarlet and yellow colours gave animation and a false happiness to the mind; but here, higher up the mountains, not a red leaf is to be seen. All the trees are evergreen or leafless, dark and silent, with not a bird or animal, not a human being or a sign of habitation. There is not a touch of brightness or hope, only a solemn fatality.

空家の戸に寝る犬や柳散る 子規  
*Aki-ie no to ni neru inu ya yanagi chiru*



猪も

ともに吹かるゝ野分かな



Wild Boar by Kakujiô, 角上, 1664-1747.  
The verse is by Bashô:

The autumn tempest  
Blows along also  
Even wild boars.

Kakujiô, a contemporary of Bashô, shows the wild boar in its lair in the bush-clover, blown by the rushing wind. See Kyoroku's comment, Vol. III, page 422.

A dog sleeping  
 At the door of an empty house,  
 Leaves of the willow-trees scattering.

Shiki

The stray dog is sleeping where he knows no one comes in or out to drive him away. The house is empty, the shutters are up. Willow-trees are scattering their leaves in the wind. The whole creation "seems to bear rather than rejoice."

白露をこぼさぬ萩のうねりかな 芭蕉  
*Shira-tsuyu wo kobosanu hagi no uneri kana*

The flowers of the bush-clover  
 Do not let fall, for all their swaying,  
 Their drops of bright dew. Bashô

The lespedeza, or bush-clover, is a graceful bush-like plant whose stems rise from the ground and bend over all together like the spray of a fountain. When the wind blows, the bushes move in waves, but the white and red blossoms do not drop the dew or rain that they hold. This verse is to some extent a picture, but only a poet could paint it, and only a poet could see it.

浪の間や小貝にまじる萩の塵 芭蕉  
*Nami no ma ya kogai ni majiru hagi no chiri*

In the surf,  
Mingled with small shells,  
Petals of the bush-clover. Bashô

This verse comes towards the end of *Oku no Hosomichi*. Accompanied by Tôsai, Bashô went to the beach of Iro to gather small shells called *masuo*. The loneliness of the place made a deep impression on Bashô:

寂しさや須磨にかちたる 濱の秋  
*Sabishisa ya suma ni kachitaru hama no aki*

The loneliness  
Of the autumn of the beach,  
More even than that of Suma.

The next verse, the present one, turns from this vague sadness to the particularity of the small shells and the faintly red petals of the bush-clover that are seen in the back-wash of the waves as they recede. There is something of the sad loneliness of the autumn shore in these small shells and flower petals mingled together, the ones in their element, the others not, but both in the everlasting arms of nature.

たそがれや萩にいたちの高臺寺 蕪村  
*Tasogure ya hagi ni itachi no kôdaiji*

Kôdaiji Temple;  
A weasel in the bush-clover,  
At dusk. Buson

Kôdaiji Temple was built in Kyôto in 1601 by Kita no Mandokoro, widow of Hideyoshi. A temple of the Zen sect, it is even now a very lonely place at the foot of a mountain where bush-clover grows profusely. The weasel, the temple, and the bush-clover are in an unintellectual harmony that may be the result of its being an imaginary scene. The same can be said of the following winter verse by Buson:

水仙に狐遊ぶや宵月夜

*Saïsen ni kitsune asobu ya yoizukiyo*

Foxes playing  
Among the narcissus flowers,  
In the early evening moonlight.

折々や雨戸にさはる萩の聲

雪 芝

*Oriori ya amado ni sawaru hagi no koe*

From time to time,  
Brushing against the shutters,  
The voice of the bush-clover. Sesshi

Bush-clover is growing so close to the poet's hut that when the autumn wind blows, the long stems tap and rustle on the sliding shutters. In such a quiet place, touch and sound come closer together to the poetic mind.

唐黍のうしろに低し寺の壁

子 規

*Tôkibi no ushiro ni hikushi tera no kabe*

Behind the Indian millet,  
The low wall  
Of a temple.

Shiki

This is a poem that is quite inexplicable to anyone who has not noted the peculiarly strong and beautifully-made walls of country temples, that are yet low enough to vault over should one be so inclined. There is something both symbolical and characteristic about the strength and lowness of the wall, and its relation of harmony with the "Chines-millet" that looks as if it also came from some far land in the south.

朝がほの花に鳴きゆく蚊の弱り      芭蕉  
*Asagao no hana ni nakiyuku ka no yowari*

Out towards the morning-glories,  
Mosquitoes fly humming:  
Their languor.

Bashô

Bashô got up early in the morning, opened the door, and as he stood looking at the flowers of the morning-glories, mosquitoes slowly came from behind and flew out towards them. Their voices were weak, the weather being cold. The ephemeral beauty of the flowers in his eyes, the languishing sound of the mosquitoes in his ears, unite in giving him a physical feeling of early autumn.



朝顔にあふなき棒の稽古かな 櫻 良  
*Asagao ni abunaki bô no keiko kana*

Single-stick practice :

I fear

For the morning-glories. Chora

Literally the verse says: "The stick-practice is dangerous to the morning-glories." Life means destruction. Without death there is no birth. From the point of view of Zen, we must say that damaging or destroying the morning-glories would be giving them life, life more abundantly. But it is this which makes life a tragic thing, what gives to the word *destiny* its lugubrious sound.

朝顔や一輪深き淵の色 燕 村  
*Asagao ya ichirin fukaki fuchi no iro*

A single flower

Of the morning-glory :

The colour of a deep tarn. Buson

There are three points to observe in this verse. There is the delight in the deep colour of the flower, infinite in meaning, contrasted with its smallness and ephemeral nature. This we see in the following, by Shiki:

三尺の庭に上野の落葉かな  
*Sanjaku no niwa ni neu no ochiba kana*

In three feet of garden,  
The falling leaves  
Of Ueno.

Besides this there is the delight in colour as such, a blessedness of pure sensation which Buson shows in so many of his haiku. To take two only:

つつじ咲て片山里の飯白し  
*Tsutsuji saite katayama-za'o no meshi shiroshi*

Azaleas blooming;  
In this remote hamlet  
The rice is white.

手燭して色失へる黄菊かな  
*Teshoku shite iro ushinaeru kigiku kana*

The yellow chrysanthemums  
Lose their colour  
In the light of the hand-lantern.

Last we have to consider the prescript, which requires a long explanation:

澗水湛如藍

The valley water, accumulating, is like indigo.

This comes from the 82nd Case of the *Hekiganroku*:

僧問大龍、色身敗壞、如何是堅固法身。龍云、  
山花開似錦、  
澗水湛水藍。

A monk said to Tairyû, "The Body of Form suffers annihilation; how about this Eternal Body

of the Law?" Tairyû replied, "The mountain flowers opening are like brocade; the valley water accumulating is like indigo."

The monk speaks of the relative, and asks concerning the absolute, but Tairyû's reply is not in either realm.

In his verse, Buson has most skilfully combined both lines of Tairyû's answer, and his haiku is also the answer to the monk's question and to all our questions. What is God? Is the soul immortal? What is this world out of time that nevertheless is in time; that is spaceless, and yet in this very room? Buson answers, "Look at this fleeting flower: it is the colour of eternity." But it is not an eternal colour.

看經の間を朝顔の盛哉

許 六

*Kankin no ma wo asagao no sakari kana*

While I intone the sutras,  
The morning-glories  
Are at their best.

Kyoroku

As the poet sits reciting the Buddhist scriptures before the altar in his house, he glances out and sees the convolvulus flowers blooming in the soft early sunshine. He too is at his best, but the flowers somehow excel him, not merely in their beauty, but in their silent unselfconsciousness, their delicate warmth; in their *living* they excel him, and his voice falters as he chants. Nevertheless, his intoning of the sutra is a kind of funeral service for the flowers.

塵塚に朝顔咲きぬ暮の秋

太 祇

*Chirizuka ni asagao sakinu kure no aki*

From the rubbish-heap,  
A morning-glory has bloomed;  
Late autumn.

Taigi

In this verse we feel the "loneliness" of nature, each thing living its own, solitary, secret life, of which the most profound expression is, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" But we feel, at the same time, the charm of the small flower that sheds its sweetness on the desert air.

朝顔や人の顔にはそつがある

一 茶

*Asagao ya hito no kao ni wa sotsu ga aru*

The morning-glories;  
In the faces of men  
There are faults.

Issa

The Japanese for morning-glory means "morning face." It is a strange thing, when one thinks of it, that the countenances of the morning-glories, however different they may be from one another, are all perfect, faultless in line and balance, colour and texture. There is no room for criticism, no point about which we can find fault with them, nothing to irritate or weary. A man who lived in a world of flowers would have no difficulty in being a saint.

朝顔やこれもまた我友ならず 芭蕉  
*Asagao ya kore mo mata waga tomo narazu*

The morning-glory too,  
 Can never be  
 My friend. Bashô

Nothing transitory is fit companion for us,—and *all* is transitory; where then can we find rest? Emily Dickinson says,

In insecurity to lie  
 Is joy's insuring quality,

echoing Blake's

But he who kisses the Joy as it flies,  
 Lives in eternity's sunrise.

Yet somehow or other Bashô's verse is not so satisfying as a famous waka by the poet Tadanori:<sup>1</sup>

ゆきくれて木の下蔭を宿とせば  
 花やこよひのあるじならまし

Overtaken by darkness,  
 I make this cherry-tree  
 My lodging place,  
 The flowers, this night,  
 My hosts, my friends.

A verse by Bashô similar to Tadanori's:

あさがはや晝は錠おろす門の垣  
*Asagao ya hiru wa jô orosu kado no kaki*

<sup>1</sup> 1143-83.

A morning-glory,  
On the fence of my gate,  
That is shut all day.

There is a verse by Ikkyū like the first of Bashō's verses, but it is a very grim waka indeed; we hardly care for the truth in quite such an unadulterated form:

世の中の生死の道につれはなし  
たださびしくも獨死獨來

There is no companion for us  
On the road of this world  
Of life and death;  
Only death in solitude,  
Birth in solitude.

朝顔の地を這ひわたる空家哉 子規  
*Asagao no chi wo haiwataru akiya kana*

The morning-glory  
Trails over the ground  
Of the empty house. Shiki

The house and garden look forlorn and neglected, and above all the convolvuluses creeping aimlessly and unrestrictedly on the ground brings out the lack of meaning, the uselessness of the house that no one is living in.

朝顔は下手の書くさへあはれなり 芭蕉  
*Asagao wa heta no kaku sae aware nari*

The pathos,  
 Even when painted unskilfully,  
 Of the morning-glory. Bashô

Ransetsu, Bashô's pupil, painted a picture of morning-glories and asked Bashô to write a verse for it. The flower of the morning-glory has something pathetic in it, lasting only a few hours, and the unskilfulness of the artist has inadvertently, and thus all the more effectively, brought out the essential *aware*, the gentle beauty of the flower. It is the more moving because like the mathematician that Goethe speaks of, who

is only complete in so far as he feels within  
 himself the beauty of the true,

the philosopher attains his full height only when, like Plato, he is a poet. There is a passage in Spengler in which we see the botanist apprehending the flowers in a more than intellectual aspect:

It is a sight of deep pathos to see how the spring flowers craving to fertilize and be fertilized, cannot for all their bright splendour attract one another, or even see one another, but must have recourse to animals, for whom alone those scents exist.<sup>1</sup>

朝露や薄は撓み萩は伏し 櫛良  
*Asatsuyu ya susuki wa tayumi hagi wa fushi*

<sup>1</sup> Peoples, Races, and Tongues, 1.

The morning dew :  
 The pampas grass is drooping,  
 The bush-clover lies prostrate.

Chora

Chora's verse gives us a feeling of wetness without mentioning it. The difference between the characters of the two plants is clearly seen.

山は暮れ野はたそがれのすゝき哉 蕪村  
*Yama wa kure no wa tasogare no susuki kana*

On the mountain, day has closed ;  
 On the moor, the pampas grass  
 In the twilight.

Buson

The sun has set behind the mountain and it is dark and formless, of two dimensions only. But on the moor, it is still twilight, and the white plumes of the pampas grass float like ghosts in the dusk.

嵯峨中の淋しさくくる薄かな 鼠雪  
*Sagajû no sabishisa kukuru susuki kana*

The pampas grass,—  
 It sums up all  
 The loneliness of Saga.

Ransetsu



The subjective colouring of the desolate wilds of Saga is treated objectively in the pampas grass, that is both a symbol, and what is symbolized. It is a strange thing that a person to whom Saga is a name only should be able to get from this verse something which one who has lived there and knows its historical associations may receive. It is like "the farthest Hebrides" of Wordsworth's *Solitary Reaper*. To visit Saga or the Hebrides might be to break the spell.

穂芒や細き心のさわがしき 一茶  
*Hosusuki ya hosoki kokoro no sawagashiki*

The plume of the pampas grass,—  
 The helpless tremblings  
 Of a lonely heart. Issa

The actor and the spectator have powers and functions which are difficult to combine; action and contemplation are seldom found united, at their highest, in one person. The love of glory, the feeling of power in the guiding of the destinies of a nation have been found in few of the poets. In spite of the great names of Dante and Milton, it is not without good cause that we think of poets as an effeminate, shrinking tribe. Of them, sensitiveness and compassion are required to such a degree that the possession and practice of the martial virtues becomes well-nigh impossible. In Christ alone, we see them combined in an almost unbearably poignant contrast, and even in him, the feminine predominates.

武蔵野や畑の隅の花芒

子規

*Musashino ya hatake no sumi no hana-susuki*

The plain of Musashino ;  
In the corners of the fields,  
Flowering pampas grass.

Shiki

Anyone who has looked out of the railway windows in autumn on his way from Tôkyô westward, will recognize the justness of this description of the scenery. With this the picture is complete, and all farther details unnecessary. The following verse by the same poet is on the same subject, but the mere picture has changed into poetry :

田の中や何にのこして花芒

*Ta no naka ya nani ni nokoshite hana-susuki*

In the fields,  
Why have they left  
The flowering pampas grass?

This is in the form of a question, but the poet is not asking for the reason why the farmers did not cut down the pampas grass. It is simply the feeling of wonder at the existence of things ; it has no ulterior motive. If we insist on an answer to the question, it is given in a poem by Robert Frost, *The Tuft of Flowers* :

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared  
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

.....

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,  
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him,  
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

槍立てゝ通る人なし花芒 子規  
*Yari tatete tôru hito nashi hana-susuki*

None passes  
Bearing a javelin:  
Flowering pampas grass. Shiki

When the pampas grass blooms and the plumes sway in  
the autumn breeze, one half expects to see once more the  
stately train of a daimyô passing slowly along the road.  
But no, men with up-pointing spears do not pass through the  
plumed pampas grasses.

十丈の杉六尺のすすきかな 子規  
*Jûjô no sugi rokushaku no susuki kana*

The cryptomeria, a hundred feet;  
The pampas grass,  
Six feet. Shiki

Though this seems to be but a lumberman's calculation,  
it is really an etching in black and white, in which, however,  
the figures given express the wonder of the poet as he gazes  
up at the towering, age-old trees along the highway, and  
down at the frail reeds that droop their plummy heads far  
below. In their disparity of colouring, power, and form of

life, is felt some common element symbolized in the figures of their respective heights. There is another and better verse by Shiki resembling the above:

大木に並んで高し鶏頭花

*Taiboku ni narande takashi keitô-bana*

Together beneath a giant tree,  
How tall  
The cockscombs in flower!

穂芒やおれが小鬢をともそよぎ 一茶

*Hosusuki ya ore ga kobin wo tomosoyogi*

Wisps of my hair  
Quiver together with the plumes  
Of the pampas grass.

Issa

The white wisps of hair at the sides of the poet's head are shuddering in the autumn wind; at the same time, the white plume of the pampas grass flutters and trembles, and with that wanton impartiality which makes it a symbol of the spirit of the universe, the wind sways both the grass and the man. Perhaps Issa remembered here Sora's verse:

卯の花に兼房見ゆる白髪かな

*U no hana ni kanefusa miyuru shiraga kana*

In the flowers of the *u*  
Are seen the white hairs  
Of Kanefusa.

But this is a historical recollection; Issa's verse has in it a feeling of the continuity of his own body with that of the earth and the grass it produces. One wind trembles in himself and in the pampas grass. Thoreau says:

We see men haying far off in the meadow, their heads waving like the grass which they cut. In the distance the wind seemed to bend all alike.<sup>1</sup>

茨老すゝき瘦萩おぼつかな                      燕 村  
*Ibara oi susuki yase hagi obotsukana*

The wild rose growing old,  
 The pampas grass thinning,  
 The lespedezas faint and weak.

Buson

Walking through the fields Buson notes the flowers and bushes and weeds as they stand there declining from their summer beauty, yet unceasingly full of a meaning that has a relation to beauty but is not beauty itself. The wild rose belongs to summer, but now it is only a leafy plant beginning to wither. The time of the pampas also is past; the bush-clover is fading and falling unsteadily. Each thing is leaning towards "its grave i'the earth so chilly," but each in its own way. Another translation:

The wild rose grown aged,  
 The pampas grass is sparse,  
 The bush-clover hesitating.

<sup>1</sup> *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.*

米のなき時は瓢にをみなへし 芭蕉

*Kome no naki toki wa hisago ni om'naeshi*

When there is no rice,—  
The maiden-flower  
In the gourd.

Bashô

The *ominaeshi* flowers in autumn. The plant is three or four feet tall, and small grain-like yellow flowers appear on the group of stalks of deep yellow colour. These stalks are slender and look transparent, somehow reminding one of the horns of the snail.

Bashô was born of a samurai house, and learned that

poem-composing pastimes are not to be engaged in by a samurai. To be addicted to such amusements is to resemble a woman. A man born a samurai should live and die sword in hand.<sup>1</sup>

The above verse shows that breeding will tell. Bashô, as a poet and a samurai, puts blessedness above happiness. His life of retirement is that of a verse in the *Zenrinkushû* :

拈持紅葉書秋思、

摘得黃花當晚食。

Breaking off a branch of crimson leaves, and  
writing thoughts of autumn;  
Plucking the yellow flowers, and making them  
the evening meal.

There is a similar verse by Buson :

<sup>1</sup> From the *Code of Katô Kiyomasa*, famous general of the 16th century.

古郷や酒はあしくも蕎麥の花

*Furusato ya sake wa ashiku mo soba no hana*

My old home;  
The wine is poor,—  
But the buck-wheat flower!

However, Buson may well be meaning that the flowers of the buck-wheat promise a good crop, and he will be able to eat noodles.

ひよろひよろ尙ほ露けしや女郎花 芭蕉

*Hyorohyoro nao tsuyukeshi ya ominaeshi*

The maiden-flower,  
So slender,  
Seems the more dewy. Bashô

The maiden-flower, literally, “harlot-flower,” has a soft, dewy appearance, and this is increased by the slimness of the stems. The mind of Bashô is here as slender and dewy as the flower itself. Further, the verse expresses in its rhythm and onomatopoeia the nature of the *ominaeshi* and its dew. Buson has the following verse:

女郎花そも莖ながら花ながら

*Ominaeshi somo kuki nagara hana nagara*

The *ominaeshi*, ah!  
The stems as they are,  
The flowers as they are.

Taigi has made a similar attempt, but concerning the *yamabuki*, the yellow rose, expressing the multitude of green leaves and yellow blossoms mingled:

山吹や葉に花に葉に花に葉に

*Yamabuki ya ha ni hana ni ha ni hana ni ha ni*

The mountain rose,—  
Leaves and flowers and leaves  
And flowers and leaves.

女郎花あつけらかんと立てりけり 一茶

*Ominaeshi akkerakan to tateri keri*

The maiden-flower  
Stands there  
Vacantly.

Issa

When we look at things we give them their value, (so Mahayana Buddhism tells us), but our experience is one of receiving, not of giving. We receive the beauty of the flower; we do not have any feeling of bestowing it. But in the above verse, Issa stands looking at the maiden-flower, and knows the life of the flower as its own, not his. It is standing there abstractedly, with a slightly foolish air.

何事のかぶるかぶりぞをみなへし 一茶

*Nanigoto no kaburi kaburi zo ominaeshi*



What is it  
You are nodding about,  
*Ominaeshi*?

Issa

This again is a verse in which there is a frank attribution of human feelings to an inanimate thing, but without the so-called "pathetic fallacy." Issa feels that the *ominaeshi* is nodding in him and he in it. Only when the poet and the flower are taken as two things do we find the difficulty of attributing personality to the flower and simple movement to the motionless poet.

芙蓉さいて古池の鷺やもめなり 子規  
*Fuyô saite furu-ike no sagi yamome nari*

Rose-mallows are blooming;  
The widowed heron  
Of the old pond. Shiki

The *fuyô* has a white or pink flower, rather gorgeous in character. In contrast to this, the pond is silent and deserted; only a solitary heron, whose mate is dead, stands there motionless in the shallower water. There is another very similar verse by the same author:

廢館に鶏遊ぶ芙蓉かな  
*Haikan ni niwatori asobu fuyô kana*

Round the ruined mansion,  
Hens wander;  
Rose-mallows are blooming.

霧雨の空を芙蓉の天気かな 芭蕉

*Kirisame no sora wo fuyô no tenki kana*

In the misty rain,  
The rose-mallows  
Make a bright sky. Bashô

This is a remarkable, if not remarkably good, verse. The great flowers of the hibiscus are so bright that the misty sky above is overpowered by them, and the weather there alone appears fine. The flowers have a kind of aura or halo. They exude a kind of light. They are like haiku, which shed beams out into our dark world and enlighten those that sit in its shadows.

瘦草のよろよろ花と成にけり 一茶

*Yase-kusa no yoro yoro hana to nari ni keri*

The feeble plant,  
At last,  
Has a wabby flower. Issa

This has pathos and humour, a colloquial expression of rare sympathy. Not only man but nature has its weedy plants, its distortions and stunted growths, its failures and monstrosities. The thin, helpless plant, with its flower too big and heavy for its stem, has an appeal for us that the perfect flower of health and strength can never have.

名はしらず草毎に花哀なり 杉 風

*Na wa shirazu kusa-goto ni hana aware nari*

The names unknown,  
But to every weed its flower,  
And loveliness.

Sampû

To walk in the country and see the myriad shapes and colours of leaves and stems and flowers among the grasses is one of the purest pleasures of life. When we are at our best, that is, at our least, every green leaf, even the leaves of the same plant in their different sizes and depths of tint, are the different expressions of itself; and each of these weeds, though nameless, has its flower of tender beauty.

The names are unknown, and best so. Walt Whitman says something which Thoreau found out by experience:

You must not know too much or be too precise or scientific about birds and trees and flowers and watercraft; a certain free-margin, and even vagueness—ignorance, credulity—helps your enjoyment of these things.

名を聞いてまた見直すや草の花 低 耳

*Na wo kiite mata minaosu ya kusa no hana*

A flowering weed;  
Hearing its name,  
I looked anew at it.

Teiji

The poet looked at it with quite different eyes after he knew its name. Associations of all kinds, historical, poetical, medical, now coloured his vision. But this does not necessarily mean that his view was distorted by these associations. It might have been so, but on the other hand the name might have revealed to him the flower's true nature, causing him to know what to look for, what to see. Blake says,

The fool sees not the same tree that a wise  
man sees.

百なりや蔓一筋の心より                      千代  
*Hyaku nari ya tsuru hitosuji no kokoro yori*

A hundred different gourds,  
From the mind  
Of one vine.                      Chiyo-ni

It is said that Chiyo, the most famous of women haiku writers, was asked by the Zen Master of Eihei-ji Temple to illustrate in a haiku the teaching that a thousand meanings come from one thought. The above verse is the parabolic expression of this Zen principle, (which is that rather of Mahayana Buddhism). The *Kegonkyô*, 華嚴經, says:

In the three worlds,<sup>1</sup> all is Mind. Other than Mind,  
nothing exists. Buddha, mind, sentient beings,—these  
three are not different things.

<sup>1</sup> This 三界 does not mean past, present, and future (which is 三世), but 欲界、色界、無色界, the three worlds of desire, form, and no-form.

三界唯一心、心外無別法、心佛及衆生無差別。

Plotinus says:

In our realm all is part rising from part, and nothing can be more than partial; but There, each being is an eternal product of a whole, and is at once a whole and an individual manifesting as part, but, to the keen vision There, known for the whole it is.<sup>1</sup>

For haiku, a gourd is “a part rising from part,” but it is seen as a whole, though at the same time as a part. For haiku, here is There, and There is here. The above verse of Chiyo is of course not to be called haiku, but it is nevertheless not disconnected with the state of mind which produces haiku, for it is the one Poetic Mind which produces all haiku and all poetry, and in so far as we share in It we are living There and here now.

夜の蘭香にかくれてや花白し 蕪村

*Yoru no ran ka ni kakurete ya hana shiroshi*

An evening orchid,—  
It hid in its scent,  
The flower white.

Buson

As it grew darker, nothing could be seen of the stem and the leaves, but the fragrance was stronger than ever, and the orchid hid in its own perfume, the white flower alone faintly seen, palely gleaming through the darkness.

<sup>1</sup> V. 8,4

芭蕉植ゑて先づ憎む萩の二葉哉      芭蕉

*Bashô uete mazu nikumu ogi no futaba kana*

Having planted a *bashô*,  
I feel spiteful now  
Towards the sprouting bush-clover.  
Bashô

That spring,<sup>1</sup> Rika, 李下, a pupil of his had sent a banana-plant, and Bashô had planted it in the garden of his hermitage, a hut with a nine-foot square room and a tiny earth-floored kitchen. Being near the river, the damp earth was suitable for the *bashô*, but also for bush-clover and bulrushes that grew all around luxuriantly. These rushes that looked pleasant enough before, now began to take upon themselves a disagreeable aspect, when Bashô thought they might choke and kill the precious plant he had so carefully planted.

We are at this moment Buddhas, and at the same time human beings with likes and dislikes. This "at the same time" does not mean that we are partly human and partly divine. Without these inscrutable preferences and this loving one above another, we are not Buddhas; without pure indiscriminate love of all things, we are not human beings.

隣から灯火うつる芭蕉かな      子規

*Tonari kara tomoshibi utsuru bashô kana*

<sup>1</sup> 1681. Gradually people began to call him Bashô.

The next-door lamp  
Lights up

The *bashô*.

Shiki

The banana-plant stands there in the darkness, when suddenly a door is opened in the neighbour's house and the *bashô* becomes illuminated. The great translucent green leaves become full of light, as if themselves luminous. The poet and the *bashô* and the house next door immediately enter into a new and totally unexpected relation, whose outcome is the verse above. Another verse by Shiki, and one by Bashô, showing the power of the banana-plant :

廻廊の曲り曲りの芭蕉かな

*Kairô no magari magari no bashô kana*

At every turn  
Of the corridor,—  
The *bashô* !

此寺は庭一ぱいの芭蕉哉

*Kono tera wa niwa ippai no bashô kana*

The garden  
Of this temple is full  
Of the *bashô*.

青々と障子にうつる芭蕉かな

*Aoao to shôji ni utsuru bashô kana*

子規

The green shadow  
Of the *bashô*  
On the paper-screen.

Shiki

The shadows of things are without colour, but the broad leaves of the banana-plant are translucent, and its reflection on the milky-white paper is a coloured one, a tender green.

燈籠消えて芭蕉に風のわたる音 子規  
*Tôrô kiete bashô ni kaze no wataru oto*

The garden lantern goes out;  
The sound of the wind  
Blowing through the *bashô*!

Shiki

The wind is blowing violently, and the light in the stone lantern in the garden suddenly goes out. As the poet looks at the darkness, he becomes aware of the rushing of the wind through the great leaves of the banana-plant.

破れ盡す貧乏寺の芭蕉かな 子規  
*Yare-tsukusu bimbô-dera no bashô kana*

In the ruined,  
Poverty-stricken temple,  
A *bashô*.

Shiki

The temple is a small one, in a remote part of the country. It has fallen into disrepair; the monk has died,



his simple grave is nearby. Though religion declines, Zen always flourishes. The small courtyard in front of the temple is filled with the green vigour of the huge leaves of the *bashô*.

野鳥の上手にとまる芭蕉かな 一茶  
*No-karasu no jôzu ni tomaru bashô kana*

The crow from the moor  
 Perches cleverly  
 On the *bashô*. Issa

The banana-plant, with its broad, yielding leaves, is a difficult thing for a big bird like the crow to land on. The crow too knows this, and when he alights, he looks round, as if he thinks he has made a good job of it, with a self-satisfied glint in his bright, black eyes.

けさ程やこそりと落ちてある一葉 一茶  
*Kesa hodo ya kosori to ochite aru hitoha*

Just this morning,—  
 A single paulownia leaf  
 Has gently fallen. Issa

“Just this morning” implies that it is the first leaf that has fallen this autumn. “A single leaf” usually means the leaf of a paulownia. “Has gently fallen” shows the leaf on the dewy ground, but suggests the silence and stealth with

which it fell. This verse is full of autumn, full of silence and stillness, yet with a morning freshness and newness that is devoid of melancholy.

桐の木の風にかまはぬ落葉かな 凡 兆  
*Kiri no ki no kaze ni kamawanu ochiba kana*

The leaf of the paulownia,  
 With not a breath of wind,  
 Falls. Bonchô

The inner necessity of the paulownia tree is strong. With other trees it is the outer necessity, the autumn wind which causes them to flutter down, but the large leaves of the paulownia, yellowed and crumpled by the frost, fall without a sound on windless days, when not a breath of air is stirring.

さびしさを問てくれぬか桐一葉 芭 蕉  
*Sabishisa wo tôte kurenu ka kiri hitoha*

A paulownia leaf has fallen;  
 Will you ~~re~~ visit  
 My loneliness? Bashô

Bacon says in his essay *Of Friendship* that the chief use of friendship among men,

is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swelling of the heart, which passions of all kinds do





Grapes

by Nikkan, 日視, 1127-1279, a Chinese artist of the Sung Dynasty.

cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise with the mind. You may take sarza to open the spleen; flowers of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lyeth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

Bacon, as always devoid of all poetical and tender feeling, interprets everything at its lowest level. Bashô did not want Ransetsu to come to him for these reasons. He wanted to be with, physically, someone with whom he was always associated in spirit, someone of the same "nationality" as himself, a citizen of the city that is made glad by the river of poetry that flows through it. This "physically" is an important element of poetry because it is the bodily perceptions as such that are the poetical life at its deepest, though not clearest, and it is only by being together when perceiving the same finite infinity that a touch, a breath, a smile will reveal that we are both gazing at the same thing, in communion, not with each other, but with the same single paulownia leaf that falls silently through the autumn air.

毎日は葡萄も喰はず水薬

子規

*Mainichi wa budô mo kuwazu mizu-gusuri*

Every day,  
Not eating the grapes,—  
Drinking medicine.

Shiki

Shiki's verses on illness are all very simple, and portray the sick man's mind and feelings so directly that even someone who has "never had a day's illness" in his life can enter into the hopes and fears, the long-suffering and disappointment of those who are ill. There are the following, also by Shiki, who was inordinately fond of persimmons:

我が好きの柿を食はれぬ病かな

*Wa ga suki no kaki wo kuwarenu yamai kana*

The persimmons I love so much,  
Can't be eaten:  
I'm ill.

However, when Shiki was well, he became ill from eating what he could not when he was ill. The translation of the following is rather laconic, but so is the original verse:

柿あまた食ひけるよりの病かな

*Kaki amata kuikeru yori no yamai kana*

Ill,  
From overeating  
Persimmons.

There is a kind of "death-verse" which says, literally, "It should be transmitted (to posterity) that I was a persimmon-eater that loved hokku":

柿くひの發句好と傳ふべし

*Kaki kui no hokku suki to tsutau beshi*

Write me down  
As one who loved poetry,  
And persimmons.

柿に思ふ奈良の旅籠の下女の顔 子規

*Kaki ni omou nara no hatago no gejo no kao*

The persimmons make me think  
Of the face of a servant

At an inn of Nara. Shiki

This is a simple example of the association of ideas, but to Shiki, and to the reader of the verse, if he is willing to put himself in the right frame of mind, the face of the servant, not necessarily pretty, but with something alive in it, is so near to the yellow-red persimmon that the proximity is quite shocking. A little more, and we shall be eating a servant's face. The persimmon will be talking and smiling like the leg of mutton and the pudding in *Through the Looking Glass*. In actual fact, the maid-servant at the inn was a particularly charming and lovely young girl, but this does not affect the matter as far as the reader is concerned.

三千の俳句を閲し柿二つ 子規

*Sanzen no haiku wo kemishi kaki futatsu*

Examining  
Three thousand haiku:

Two persimmons. Shiki

With no more than the above words we should be obliged to draw very freely upon our fancy to understand the connection, but fortunately Kyoshi has described the

matter quite minutely. Shiki was extremely painstaking and conscientious in his selection of haiku. Even when ill in bed, those haiku sent to newspapers and magazines for his criticism were all the more scrupulously read and judged. By his bedside was a big box in which all the haiku sent to him were kept. Though Shiki was weak in health, suffering from consumption, he was extremely fond of eating, and above all things he loved persimmons, which as is well known are not particularly digestible. In this verse then, Shiki has promised himself two persimmons when he has finished perusing what looks like about three thousand haiku. They are a kind of reward, which spurs him on to finish his labour. The feverish poet lies in bed poring over the verses of nincompoops and poetasters, and ever and anon glances at the two persimmons which wait there to be eaten or not.

柿喰へば鐘が鳴るなり法隆寺      子規  
*Kaki kueba kane ga naru nari hô-ryûji*

Eating persimmons;  
 The bell sounds,  
 Of Hôryûji Temple.      Shiki

Hôryûji Temple was founded in 607 A.D. at Nara by Prince Shôtoku. The oldest temple in Japan, it contains wonderful treasures of art. Shiki was sitting in a tea-house in Nara, eating his favourite fruit, when suddenly the great temple bell of Hôryûji sounded. Eating and listening, the



two elements of human life, material and spiritual, prose and poetry, practical life and religion,—these are so far apart when we think about them, but sitting in the tea-house eating persimmons and listening to the voice of religion, there is felt to be no disparity. The past and the present, the heard and the tasted are one.

里ふりて柿の木持たぬ家もなし 芭蕉

*Sato furite kaki no ki motanu ie mo nashi*

The village is old;  
No house  
But has its persimmon tree. Bashô

This was composed at the house of a man named Bôsui. The age of the village, the old cottages, the age of the persimmon trees, with their twisted, rheumatic branches, everything seems to belong to the past more than the present. The old trees have a feeling of calmness which man did not give and man cannot take away.

しぶいところ母がくひけり山のかき 一茶

*Shibui toko haha ga kuikeri yama no kaki*

Wild persimmons,  
The mother eating  
The bitter parts. Issa

This is the love that moves the stars, and is easier to see it in this "impure" form than in the love of Buddha or Christ, where it often appears, at this distance of time and with the modern improvements, somewhat abstract and inaccessible.

落る日のくゝりて染るそばの莖 燕 村

*Oisuru hi no kugurite somuru soba no kuki*

The setting sun  
Creeps through the stalks of buckwheat,  
Dyeing them. Buson

This is as near a purely pictorial representation of nature as can be attained to. There is nothing solemn or sad in the last rays of the sun, only a stillness in which the red light reddens the red stalks of the buckwheat, passing through them horizontally. In the following verse, however, also by Buson, the human element, only alluded to, changes the picture:

道のべに手よりこぼれてそばの花

*Michinobe ni te yori koborete soba no hana*

At the side of the road,  
Flowers of buckwheat,  
Spilled from someone's hand.

When the buckwheat seeds were being transferred from the sack to the basket, some dropped by the wayside and have now flowered there. There is in this verse the pleasant

surprise at finding the beautiful flowers here at the side of the road, with a feeling of time added, the faint presence of those who dropped the seeds in this place, the faithfulness of nature, the nature of the seeds and the rain and dew and earth.

棧やいのちをからむ蔦かつら 芭蕉  
*Kakehashi ya inochi wo karamu tsuta katsura*

The hanging bridge:  
 Creeping vines  
 Entwine our life. Bashô

Bashô, with his disciple Etsujin, was travelling towards Sarashina to see the autumn moon there. His journey is described in detail in the *Diary of Travel through Sarashina*, 更科紀行. The above verse was composed when crossing the famous hanging bridge of Kiso, 木曾, after walking along the precipitous road leading to it. The vines spoken of are growing along the bridge over the deep ravine. They have entrusted their lives to the bridge just as Bashô and Etsujin are doing. If we go beyond this and talk or think of human life and its precariousness, we are falling out of the suchness of things into thinking and talking about it.

我が聲の風になりけり菌狩 子規  
*Waga koe no kaze ni nari keri kinokogari*

My voice  
Becomes the wind;  
Mushroom-hunting.

Shiki

The first two lines are clear; the experience is common to every man who has spoken or called out in a strong wind. But what is the connection, the poetical connection, between this and the mushroom-gathering? If there is no intrinsic, unanalysable relation between voice and breeze and mushrooms, there is no poetry. If we can explain all the relation away, it is not poetry; if we do not feel, with our poetical instinct, some deep, inexpressible but definite poetical connection between them, it may be our own failure to enter into the poet's experience, or it may be that there is no real experience behind the verse at all, and we can replace one or more of the elements by some other, quite different element, without altering the value, that is, the lack of value of the verse. The poetic nexus lies in the mind of the mushroom hunter. He finds an unusually fine mushroom; there are such a large number in this particular spot. He straightens his back and calls to his companions, who however do not hear or do not attend to him. His voice fades out into the air as it passes in gusts over the dead and dying leaves, along the side of the autumn mountains. The mushroom is in his hand and yet it is not there. Together with himself, with his voice, with all things it becomes an air, a floating echo that passes into the timeless, placeless realm where nothing is, where all things have their real being, and the poetic soul is satisfied and content.

秋風の吹けども青し栗のいが 蕉 芭  
*Aki-kaze no fukedomo aoshi kuri no iga*

The autumn wind is blowing,  
 But the chestnut burs  
 Are green. Bashô

The power of nature is seen in the bright greenness of what should be by now yellow and dying. It may be too that Bashô felt some harmony between the prickly spines of the burs and the chilly autumn wind. Compare the following, by a modern poet, Meisetsu:

風や磯にとび散る青松葉  
*Kogarashi ya iso ni tobi-chiru ao-matsuba*

The cold winter blast;  
 On the shore,  
 Green pine-needles flying about.

The twisted pine-trees stand on the seashore, and beneath them and on the sand, green pine-needles are scattering and whirling. The cold, the greenness of the pine-needles, the sand, the strength and fitfulness of the wind that is seen in the twitching needles on the ground and the willy-nilly dancing of those still in the air,—all is as it should be. Nature is an enemy even to itself, but we faintly perceive a harmony in this, though our spirits are too weak to do other than see it as in a glass darkly.

落栗や蟲の啼き止む草の中 蒲 梢  
*Ochi-guri ya mushi no nakiyamu kusa no naka*

A chestnut falls:  
 The insects cease their crying,  
 Among the grasses.

Boshô

All is chance, all is fate; cause and effect works invariably, and to the intellectual eye there is no hiatus, no dark area other than that caused by ignorance. The chestnut falls, and the insects stop singing. But the poetical eye does not see this at all. The chestnut falls because it wants to fall, because the poet wants it to fall. The insects are silent because it is their nature and the poet's nature to be silent at such a moment. Man gives to inevitability the nature of will, not only the will to power, but the will to be and to behold. So this falling of the chestnut and the sudden quiet of the chirping insects is felt not in the mind or the heart but in the pit of the stomach. It is so,—and being so, fraught with a meaning that the intellect could never conceive.

拾はれぬ栗の見事よ大ききよ 一 茶  
*Hirowarenu kuri no migoto yo ôkisa yo*

What a huge one, how splendid it was,—  
 The chestnut  
 I couldn't get at!

Issa



Squirrel on a Chestnut-tree

by Oguri Sôkyû, 小栗宗休, said to be a grandson  
of Oguri Sôtan, 小栗宗丹, 1398-1464.





This is the opposite of "sour grapes." It is this (from the Buddhist point of view reprehensible) attachment to things that makes a man a man, not a Buddha. Yet it has something divine, something poetical in it, that we feel in the above verse. It comes from the manhood of God and the Godhood of man that is symbolized in the Incarnation,—all this being seen, not in the abstract, not in the words or thoughts, but in the regret for not being able to reach a particularly fine chestnut.

There is a verse by a modern poet, Eugene Field, in which the rhyme and verbosity spoil the poetry and render it mere senryu:

I never lost a little fish—yes  
 I am free to say,  
 It always was the biggest fish  
 I caught that got away.

There is another example in *Through the Looking Glass*:

And it certainly did seem a little provoking  
 ("almost as if it happened on purpose," she thought)  
 that, though she managed to pick plenty of beautiful  
 rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more  
 lovely one that she couldn't reach.

"The prettiest are always farther," she said at last.

ゆで栗や胡坐上手な小さい子

一茶

*Yude-guri ya agura jôzu na chiisai ko*

Boiled chestnuts;  
A tiny boy  
Squatting cleverly.

Issa

Sitting on the floor with legs crossed tailor-wise is one of the two beautiful ways of sitting, and the little boy is doing it as only Buddhas of iron and bronze can, with poise, with ease. He is, however, quite unconscious of this, and is busily peeling and eating boiled chestnuts. He is like the cat on the mantelpiece, more beautiful than any of the vases and pictures round him.

木立くらく何の實落つる水の音 子規  
*Kodachi kuraku nan no mi otsuru mizu no oto*

In the dark forest,  
A berry drops:  
The sound of the water. Shiki

We may compare the mysterious simplicity of this with the wonder and beauty of another verse by Shiki:

鳥鳴いて赤き木實をこぼしけり  
*Tori naite akaki konomi wo koboshi keri*

A bird sang,  
Knocking down  
A red berry.

This verse belongs to the fairy-tale world of childhood and romance. The former is analogous to the verse written

by Enju, 延壽. 904-975, when he became enlightened on hearing  
a bundle of wood drop to the ground:

Something dropped; it is just this.  
Nowhere is there any impediment.  
Mountains, rivers, and the great earth,—  
All manifest forth the Body of Buddha.

撲落非他物、縱橫不是塵。  
山河並大地、全露法王身。

梨むくや甘き雫の刃をたるゝ 子規  
*Nashi muku ya amaki shizuku no ha wo taruru*

Peeling a pear,  
Sweet drops trickle down  
The knife. Shiki

This is a very good haiku, but it might be difficult to prove this to someone brought up entirely on classical western poetry. It brings out the nature of a pear,<sup>1</sup> the nature of a knife, the relation between the two, and this is the real function of poetry,—to hold the mirror up to nature in such a way that we perceive its workings. Haiku is “such a way.”

絲瓜咲いて痰のつまりし佛かな 子規  
*Hechima saite tan no tsumarishi hotoke kana*

<sup>1</sup> This a Japanese pear, shaped like an apple, hard but very juicy and sweet.

A snake-gourd is blooming;  
 Clogged with phlegm,  
 A dying man.

Shiki

This is the first of three death poems which Shiki wrote on his death-bed. Just at this time, the 19th of September, 1902, a snake-gourd was in bloom. The juice of this plant is used for stopping the formation of phlegm and this is the painful relation between him and the flowers. The last line is literally "a Buddha," which means "soon to become a Buddha," that is, a dead man.

盗みくふ林檎に腹をいためけり 子規  
*Nusumi-kû ringo ni hara wo itamekeri*

The stolen apples  
 Which I ate,  
 Gave me a stomach-ache.

Shiki

The humour of this is obvious, but what is not obvious is the peculiarity of the association of the stomach-ache and the stealing in our feelings. There is a kind of primitive fear that arises in us when the pain is somehow referred to the moral delinquency. It is some atavistic element in our composition (and this is biologically speaking, the origin and foundation of our poetic and religious life), which causes an emotion of (superstitious) awe and consternation.

稲かつて野菊おとろふ小道哉 子規  
*Ine katte nogiku otorou komichi kana*

The rice having been reaped,  
 The wild camomiles weaken and dwindle,  
 Along the path. Shiki

The *nogiku* has a stalk and leaves like the chrysanthemum, but shorter. In autumn it forms a pale purple flower with short, simple petals. It is rather childish in appearance, as is shown in the following verse by Gekkyo:

折とれば莖三寸の野菊かな  
*Oritoreba kuki sanzun no nogiku kana*

Plucking it,  
 The camomile has a stem  
 Of three inches.

While the rice was still standing, the camomiles were erect and bold, but now the rice is cut and the mud shows round the stubble, they droop, fall this way and that, and present a bedraggled appearance quite different from their erstwhile pertness and charm.

白菊にしばしたゆたふはさみかな 蕪村  
*Shiragiku ni shibashi tayutou hasami kana*

Before the white chrysanthemum,  
 The scissors hesitate,  
 A moment. Buson

This hesitation, that comes out somehow or other from something unhesitating, is the life that trembles between law and freedom, spirit and matter. It is that which gives value to the flower, whether it is cut down in its prime or not. This pre-hesitation is paralleled by the post-hesitation, portrayed in the following, by the same author:

牡丹切て氣の衰ひしゆふべ哉

*Botan kitte ki no otoroishi yûbe kana*

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

The following verse by a modern poet, Kyoshi Takahama, gives the objective side of the matter, although apparently hyperbolical in its expression:

牡丹切つて庭にもものなくなりにけり

*Botan kitte niwa ni mono naku nari ni keri*

Having cut the peony,  
Nothing was left  
In the garden.

No meaning remained after the peony was gone, and where there is no meaning, there is no existence, there is nothing. The garden became a mere emptiness.

ものいはず客と亭主と白菊と 蓼太

*Mono iwazu kyaku to teishu to shiragiku to*

They spoke no word,  
The host, the guest,  
And the white chrysanthemum.

Ryôta

This white flower was whiter and more beautiful than the flower Buddha held up before the congregation of monks, or that which Christ pointed out to his disciples,—because it was silent. It uttered no aesthetic or spiritual truths; it did not preach Christianity or Buddhism or Zen; it was just its own silent self. And this silence was infectious. Host and guest found that they too had nothing to say.

Let my deep silence speak for me  
More than for them their sweetest notes.<sup>1</sup>

見盡した目は白菊に戻りけり 一笑  
*Mitsukushita me wa shiragiku ni modori keri*

My eyes, having seen all,  
Came back to  
The white chrysanthemums. Isshō

Christ says,

If thine eye is single, thy whole body is full of  
light.

<sup>1</sup> Davies, of the nightingales.

When the eye, not the mind, judges, it may be trusted implicitly, but it needs a great deal of genius or determination to distinguish what the eye sees and what the mind adds or takes away. Blake says precisely the opposite to all this; we are right,

When we see not with but through the eye.

It would be pleasant to say that Blake states the opposite and means exactly the same, but this would not be true. In some sense, Blake was an escapist:

The land of dreams is better far,  
Above the light of the morning star.

However profound and spiritual these dreams may have been, there was the danger (into which he fell) of being engrossed in the reality inside to the exclusion of that same reality which is outside. The Japanese poet or artist seems by nature immune from such mistakes. Buson, another artist-poet, has Isshō's pure pleasure in colour:

白菊やかゝる目出度色はなくて

*Shiragiku ya kakaru medetaki iro wa nakute*

White chrysanthemums!  
Where is there a colour  
So happy, so gracious?

黄菊白菊其の外の名はなくもがな 嵐 雪

*Kigiku shiragiku sono hoka no na wa naku mo gana*



White chrysanthemums,  
 Yellow chrysanthemums,—  
 Would there were no other names!  
 Ransetsu

From ancient times the thing and its name, God and His name, were considered as in some way identical. The name being known, the thing itself is apprehended in its final essence. The beauty of the white and the yellow chrysanthemums is so overpowering that any other colour is a desecration, a base imitation of them. But desiring that there should be no other *names* than these lifts them into the realm of which it is said,

The name that can be named is not an eternal name.

Nansen, 748-834 A.D., combines this thought of Laotse with the Mahayana idea that with the advent of the Buddha we have unenlightenment; with names the nameless is lost:

南泉云、空劫之時無一切名字佛纔出世來、  
 便有名字所以取相。若有名字、皆屬限量。

(南泉錄)

Nansen said, "In the Age of Void, there were no names or words. As soon as a Buddha appeared in the world, names and words came into being, and we became attached to the forms of things.....With names and words, all things partake of the finite."

One of Ransetsu's many meanings is: "If we must have names and things with names, let them be few." There is combined here in a remarkable way a linguistic and material asceticism.

白菊やあたりもともに麗はしき 櫻 良  
*Shiragiku ya atari mo tomo ni uruwashiki*

White chrysanthemums ;  
 All around them is now  
 Full of grace and beauty. Chora

When one thing is seen as meaningful, all things acquire significance :

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

This is, superficially speaking, a matter of the association of ideas, and a question of what mood we are in at the moment, but in a deeper sense, since things are as we see them when we see them as they are, our perception of beauty and significance, from whatever indirect or fortuitous cause, creates the meaning and value that is there already. Thus, in the same nonsensical way, only by loving things do we realize their lovability and loveliness.

人形をきざむ小店や菊の花 子 規  
*Ningyô wo kizamu komise ya kiku no hana*

A small shop,  
 Carving dolls ;  
 Chrysanthemum flowers. Shiki

In this small shop, or workshop, the master and his apprentices are engrossed in their carving of dolls. In front

of the shop are growing some chrysanthemums. They are harmonious with the fine work on the dolls.

菊の香や奈良には古き佛達      芭蕉  
*Kiku no ka ya nara ni wa furuki hotoke-tachi*

At Nara;  
 The smell of chrysanthemums,  
 The ancient images of Buddha.  
 Bashô

The connection between the smell of chrysanthemums and the ancient Buddhas is subtle and profound. It is utterly different from that of the Buddhas with the smell of incense, neither does it resemble Milton's

Storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.

Worthy of note, however, is the dignity of sound of the verse, suiting the graceful, silent voice of both chrysanthemums and Buddhas. Bashô felt keenly the relation between sight and odour. We may take as an example:

山吹や宇治の焙爐の匂ふ時  
*Yamabuki ya uji no hôro no niou toki*

The yellow-rose blossoms,  
 When tea-ovens at Uji  
 Are fragrant.

We may further compare and contrast the following verse by Kyoshi, where the past and the present are mingled:

蘭の香も法隆寺には今めかし

*Ran no ka mo hôryûji ni wa ima mekashi*

At Hôryûji,  
The scent of the orchids  
Is fresh and modern.

The scent of the flowers and the beauty of the wall-paintings are in harmony; the age of the temple brings out the newness and freshness of the orchids. There is a verse by Shiki in which the harmony is seen between the Buddhist statues and something quite different:

六月の海見ゆるなり寺の像

*Rokugatsu no umi miyuru nari tera no zô*

The June sea  
Seen afar:  
Temple statues of Buddha.

In the following, by Sôseki, the harmony is felt between the flowers and the beautiful character of a dead lady:

ありたけや菊なげいれよ棺の中

*Aritake ya kiku nageire yo kan no naka*

All the chrysanthemums you have—  
Throw them upon  
This coffin!

This was written on the death of Ôtsuka Naoko, a close friend of Natsume Sôseki. It may be compared in volume of emotional tone, in finality of utterance, to Bashô's verse

on the death of Isshō.<sup>1</sup> We may compare also a couplet of Silesius, the seventeenth century German mystic:

Die Rose, welche hier dein aussres Auge sieht,  
Die hat von Ewigkeit in Gott also geblüht.

ともすれば菊の香寒し病みあがり 乙二  
*Tomo sureba kiku no ka samushi yamiagari*

That is what happens:  
Recovering from illness,  
The chrysanthemums smell cold.  
Otsuji<sup>2</sup>

This has the prescript 老躬, "My old body." The poet goes out into the garden for the first time after his recovery. The chrysanthemums are beautiful; their scent is that of late autumn itself. But he begins to shiver. He is growing old, and with old age, the consequent and inevitable weakening. The chrysanthemums themselves smell cold, smell of winter, of death.

まけ菊をひとり見直す夕かな 一茶  
*Makegiku wo hitori minaosu yûbe kana*

That evening,  
Looking again at the chrysanthemums  
That lost. Issa

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. III, page 709.

<sup>2</sup> Also read Otsuni.

The Japanese *mi-naosu* means to look at a thing once more after one's opinion or feeling has for some reason or other undergone a change.

There has been a chrysanthemum competition somewhere, and one of the losers stands in his garden looking at the flower he has brought back. After seeing the other chrysanthemums at the show, his own now appears quite different from what it did that morning. Buson has a verse very similar in content :

行春や選者をうらむ歌の主

*Yuku haru ya senja wo uramu uta no nushi*

Spring is passing ;  
The composer of the waka  
Hates the selector.

Issa expresses the elation of the winner as he comes back home, in the following verse :

勝た菊大名小路通りけり

*Katta kiku daimyô-kôji tôrikeri*

The winning chrysanthemum  
Passed along  
The daimyô-road.

There are some lines in the *Purgatorio* also, strongly resembling Issa's poem, though of a lower occupation :

Quando si parte il giuoco della zara,  
Colui che perde si riman dolente  
Ripetendo le volte, e tristo impara;  
Con l' altro se ne va tutta la gente.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> VI, 1-4,

When the game of dice breaks up,  
 He who lost remains sorrowing,  
 Repeating the throws, and sadly learns;  
 All the people go off with the other man.

年々に菊に思はん思はれん      子規  
*Nen nen ni kiku ni omowan omowaren*

Every year  
 Thinking of the chrysanthemums,  
 Being thought of by them.      Shiki

We remember things, and they remember us. We wait for the flowers, they await our coming. In other words, things are not merely passive; it is not simply that I sit on the chair, and the chair is sat on by me, but the chair supports me, and I am supported by the chair. There is something active in things that goes beyond the difference of animate and inanimate, willing and involuntary.

菊作り汝は菊の奴かな      蕉村  
*Kiku-tsukuri nanji wa kiku no yakko kana*

Chrysanthemum-grower,  
 You are the slave  
 Of chrysanthemums!      Buson

This verse seems rather short, as if expressing Buson's sense of exasperation. The chrysanthemum addict might

retort that the poet is the slave of poetry, and there would be some justice in this, but the aim of the poetic life, or rather the condition of it, is freedom. People with hobbies and -isms, those who twist life to some set of principles or to some object, find themselves twisted and imprisoned within that which they thought to cage. The poetry of the above verse, if any, is in the anger at the misuse of life and beauty. What should be a flower becomes a bond, what should make us smile gives us wrinkles. Instead of following nature, we try to force it. The first shall be last, and the last first. But this is best taken, perhaps, as the poet (or the man cultivating the flowers) speaking to himself. From early morning till late at night he is tending the chrysanthemums, with never a moment free of them. In the evening he sees them through the twilight; the first thing in the morning, before he does anything else, he goes out into the garden and gazes down on them. He feels that man was made for chrysanthemums, not they for him. And which is it in truth? If you think that the sabbath was made for man, then we must say "Man was made for the sabbath." The truth is of course that neither was made for either, and both for each. The poet realizes this in his own feelings, and though he laughs at himself, has a secret satisfaction at the self-forgetfulness with which he tends the plants.

There is a pre-Buson verse by Shukuzan, 肅山：

けふ菊の奴僕となりし手入かな

*Kyô kiku no doboku to narishi teire kana*



Today, trimming, pruning,  
I have become  
The slave of chrysanthemums.

There is a verse by Issa where the fanatical devotion to the cultivation of chrysanthemums is brought out in a much better because indirect way:

入道の大鉢巻で菊の花

*Nyūdô no ôhachimaki de kiku no hana*

A shaven head,  
A towel round it, at an angle,—  
Chrysanthemum flowers!

The man, a lay priest, or more probably, an ordinary man with a newly-shaven head, has tied a band round his head to concentrate his energies on looking after the chrysanthemums. His way of wearing this band shows his zeal.

欄干に昇るや菊の影法師

許六

*Ranken ni noboru ya kiku no kagebôshi*

Onto the balustrade,  
Rise up the shadows  
Of the chrysanthemums. Kyoroku

It is a moon-lit evening of autumn, and beneath the eaves chrysanthemums are blooming. Their shadows fall on the balustrade of the verandah. In the phrase "rise up," we feel something that belongs to art rather than

nature, and this is because Kyoroku has taken the verse almost bodily from Ôanseki, 王安石, d. 1086 A.D.

春色惱人眠不得、  
月移花影上欄干。

The scenery of spring troubles us, and we cannot sleep;

The moon moves the shadows of the chrysanthemums,  
and they rise up the balustrade.

瘦せながらわりなき菊の蒼かな 芭蕉  
*Yase nagara wari naki kiku no tsubomi kana*

The chrysanthemum  
Is thin and weak,  
But has its fated bud. Bashô

The original is rather different from the translation. Bashô actually says: "Thin as it is, the admirable chrysanthemum bud!"

What Bashô sees here is not merely the chrysanthemum on its too slender stem, or the small bud that surmounts it, but the *inner necessity*, destiny working, life as it is lived, existence as it is being fulfilled. Yet Bashô does not see an abstraction, a cosmic law, or universal principle, but this particular chrysanthemum with its puny bud and scanty leaves. Issa expresses this feeling more directly, more colloquially:

庵の梅よんどろなく咲きに梟

*Io no ume yondokoro naku saki ni keri*

The plum-tree of my hut;  
It couldn't be helped,  
It bloomed.

Compare also the following by Taigi, born thirteen years after the death of Bashô:

瘦せたるをかなしむ蘭の苔みけり

*Yasetaru wo kanashimu ran no tsubomi keri*

How pitiful it was,  
This thin weak orchid,—  
But it has budded!

The power and the weakness of nature are seen at one glance of the eye.

小便の香も通ひけり菊の花

一茶

*Shôben no ka mo kayoi keri kiku no hana*

Chrysanthemum flowers;  
And wafted along also,  
The smell of urine.

Issa

The critic who thinks that the third line mentions something unsuitable to poetry had better remember what his own bladder is half-full of,—and then forget it again. The urinal from which the smell comes is a small tub let in the ground not far from the house. The precious liquid is used on the garden or neighbouring field. Men, after

all, are cannibals whether they like it or not. Which is the "poetical" smell, and why? Which is the "useful" smell, and why? These problems should not arise as a result of reading the poem. They are raised so that the "choosing" faculty of the mind may be somewhat blunted, in order that we may realize with a much deeper faculty, the faculty for the perception of reality, that the two things are, one nice, the other nasty, but both Good.

手燭して色失へる黄菊かな                      燕 村  
*Teshoku shite iro ushinaeru kigiku kana*

The yellow chrysanthemums  
 Lose their colour  
 In the light of the hand-lantern.

Buson

The strange fact that artificial light takes away the colours of things is scientifically explainable, but is none the less a wonderful thing, and the poetic mind will always wonder at it, especially if, as in the case of Buson, it is strongly interested in colours and forms. Other verses that show how keenly and deeply Buson felt the meaning of colour as such, are the following:

茶の花や白にも黄にもおぼつかな  
*Cha no hana ya shiro ni mo ki ni mo obotsukana*

Tea-flowers;  
 Are they white?  
 Are they yellow?





Winter Landscape  
by Sesshû, 1420-1506.

野路の梅白くも赤くもあらぬかな

*Noji no ume shiroku mo akaku mo aranu kana*

The path through the fields;  
The plum flowers are hardly white,  
Nor are they red.

若葉して水白く麥黄みたり

*Wakaba shite mizu shiroku mugi kibamitari*

Among the green leaves,  
Water is white,  
The barley yellowing.

夕顔や黄に咲いたるもあるべかり

*Yûgao ya ki ni saitaru mo arubekari*

Evening-glories,—  
There should be one  
With a yellow flower.

山吹の卵の花の後や花いばら

*Yamabuki no u no hana no ato ya hana-ibara*

After the mountain rose  
And the flower of the *u*,  
The wild rose.









冬

W I N T E R

Winter is the season of cold; not only the cold that animals also feel, and the consciousness of it which exacerbates the feeling of it in human beings, but that cold whose deep inner meaning we realize only at moments of vision, often when connected with fear and loneliness, or with apparently unrelated qualities of things.

In the Solar Calendar, the end of the year does not coincide with any natural change, but in the old Lunar Calendar it marks the beginning of spring in Japan. The winter moon and the cold rain at the end of autumn have special meanings in this season. Snow in winter corresponds in its range of significance and variety of treatment to the cherry-blossoms of spring, the *hototogisu* in summer, the moon of autumn. Fields and mountains, when trees are leafless and thickets are a wild tangle of browns and greys, have a poetic meaning that the green of the other seasons does not know. In Japan the grass all dies and turns colour, making winter more of a time of death than in England. The pine-trees stand apart, as it were, from the seasons. The religious haiku are nearly all concerned with the processional chanting of the *nenbutsu* during the period of greatest cold. Plovers, owls, eagles, various water-fowl and fish are the only animals treated, and of trees and flowers, it is fallen leaves that give us the best poems.

時 候

THE SEASON

## THE SEASON

初冬や二つ子に箸とらせける 曉 臺  
*Hatsufuyu ya futatsugo ni hashi torasekeru*

The beginning of winter;  
Two years old,  
I showed her how to hold chop-sticks.  
Gyôdai

If we put emphasis on the second and third lines we get a charming and touching picture, the father, or perhaps the grandfather, teaching the little girl how to hold *hashi* in her tiny hand, one stick tight and the other wiggling up and down on top. But if we emphasize the first line, by putting it last, we rise into a more universal realm: the feeling of the shortening days, the death of the year, the relaxation of energy,—all these brought out by the sweetness of the domestic scene.

物干の影に測りて冬至かな 子 規  
*Monohoshi no kage ni hakarite tôji kana*

I surmise  
From the shadow of the clothes-pole,  
It is the depth of winter. Shiki

This is translated as if the original were *Monohoshizao*, 物干竿, but actually it means the two posts and the bamboo pole that runs across them, the whole thing. *Tôji* is the middle of the 11th month according to the Lunar Calendar, about the 22nd or 23rd of December by the Solar Calendar, when the days are shortest and the nights longest, in other words, the winter solstice.

Shiki has done in the above poem what Keats did in the beginning of *The Eve of St Agnes*; he has made us feel the cold as it is felt in other things:

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass.

There is a similar, but less explicit verse by Issa:

朝寒や垣の茶笥の影法師  
*Asazamu ya kaki no chazaru no kagebôshi*

The morning is chill;  
The shadow of the tea-basket  
On the fence.

禪寺の松の落葉や神無月  
*Zendera no matsu no ochiba ya kannazuki*

Fallen pine-needles  
In a Zen temple;  
The god-less month. Bonchô

The "god-less month" is October, when the gods all over Japan leave their shrines and assemble at Izumo. The

merit of this verse consists in the harmony between the time, the place, and the things. The Zen temple gives a plain, tasteless flavour of ascetic simplicity, accentuated by the season and the brown pine-needles scattered on the dry sandy ground. (See also pages 301-302.)

つめたさに箒捨てけり松の下 太 祇  
*Tsumetasa ni hôki sutekeri matsu no shita*

So bitter cold it was,  
 I left the bamboo broom  
 Under the pine-tree. Taigi

*Tsumetasa* has here its original meaning of 爪痛さ, "fingernail-pain," implying extreme cold.

The poet went out into his garden one winter morning to sweep up the leaves that had fallen, but it was so cold, and the bamboo handle so painful to the touch, he left it under the pine-tree and turned to go into the house again. The broom stands there, shiny, pale yellow against the rough black bark of the pine-tree.

身に添ふや前の主の寒さ迄 一 茶  
*Mi ni sou ya mae no aruji no samusa made*

The previous owner:  
 I know it all,—  
 Down to the very cold he felt. Issa



When a man, especially a poor man, lives in a house he leaves indelible marks behind him of all the troubles and vexations he passes through. The nail with a piece of string dangling from it (for the mosquito net), the writing on the door-post (for rice), the oil spilled from the lamp, children's drawings on the wall, all the hundred and one signs of the struggle for existence of the previous family which Issa is repeating with his own household,—this is summarized and concentrated in the physical cold which Issa now feels as the former tenant felt it.

Another verse by Issa which has the same thought of things speaking to man but which actually belongs to the season of autumn:

小便所ここと馬よぶ夜寒かな

*Shôbenjo koko to uma yobu yosamu kana*

“The latrine is over here,”

Says the horse;

Cold at night.

This has prescript “At being bewildered on waking.” Issa woke at night, and, intending to go to the lavatory, stood up, but was utterly unable to get his bearings. Standing there trying to remember where the door was, the autumn cold strikes chill at this moment of indecision. Suddenly the horse in the stable (a part of the house, and next to the lavatory), makes a noise, snuffing or shaking himself or pawing the ground. Issa realizes where he is and recalls the strange feeling and the cold that accompanied it. This haiku is somewhat senryû-like, but the emphasis is on the cold.

大寒や八月欲しき松の月 一茶

*Taikan ya hachigatsu hoshiki matsu no tsuki*

The Period of Great Cold:  
I would it were the Eighth Month,—  
The moon in the pine-tree. Issa

*Taikan*, 大寒, starts thirty days after *tôji*. Between *tôji* and the beginning of *taikan*, there is *shôkan*, 小寒. This verse is not very deep in meaning. It corresponds to what Coleridge says in *Dejection*:

Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew  
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

It has its origin, however, not in the failing of the genial spirits, but in simple physical cold. The beauty of moon and pine are there, whatever our own feelings may be, but it is difficult to stand and gaze at them, letting the mind dissolve into their beauty, when the body is occupied with its own discomfort.

何となく冬夜隣を聞かれけり 其角

*Nan to naku fuyuyo tonari wo kikarekeri*

A winter night;  
Without any reason,  
I listen to my neighbour. Kikaku

By extreme cold, not only the hearing faculties are made keener, but the whole body is strung up to receive outside impressions. Kikaku lies in bed listening to the little thuds and scuffings, the murmurs, and above all the still more unaccountable silences next door. It is the *nantonaku*, "without any reason," which is the point of the poem, that indefinable, vague feeling of necessity, of destiny, that makes the listening and what is heard of inexplicable significance. Nevertheless, we cannot take this verse in as deep a way as that of Bashô, Vol. III, page 336; Kikaku's is more psychological, it belongs to winter rather than autumn. There is a certain numbing of the feelings by intellectuality.

井のもとへ薄刃を落す寒さかな 蕪村

*I no moto e usuha wo otosu samusa kana*

A thin-bladed kitchen knife  
Dropped at the edge of the well,—  
The cold! Buson

The tinkle on the stone is hard and metallic and chilly.  
Another example from Buson is:

鋸の音貧しさよ夜半の冬

*Nokogiri no oto mazushisa yo yowa no fuyu*

The sound of the saw  
Is poverty-stricken,  
This winter midnight.

Here, it is the grating sound that exacerbates the feeling of cold, but besides this, the saw sounds as if it comes from some poor workman forced to work far into the winter night while others are warm in bed.

葱白く洗ひたてたるさむさ哉      芭蕉  
*Negishiroku araitatetaru samusa kana*

The leeks  
 Newly washed white,—  
 How cold it is!      Bashô

Even in summer the leeks would look cool, but in winter, after having been washed, they look like snowy icicles: This verse is not objective, as if written:

Washed,  
 How chill  
 The white leeks!

It is not subjective, as if written:

The white leeks  
 Washed,  
 How cold I am!

Bashô feels himself to be a white leek, newly washed, and stood there next to the others. But he does not say anything so absurd as this, nor does he think it.

易水にねぶか流るゝ寒かな      燕村  
*Ekisui ni nebuka nagaruru samusa kana*

A leek,  
Floating down the Ekisui,—  
Ah, the cold!

Buson

Keika, 荊軻, of the kingdom of En, 燕, who intended to kill King Shi, 始, of the kingdom of Shin, 秦, 222-206 B.C., parted from Prince Tan, 丹, of En, at this river in North China. (He failed, and was himself killed). Keika composed the following verse at this time:

風蕭々易水寒、壯士一去兮不復還。

The wind is bleak, the Ekisui cold;  
The warrior, once he departs, never returns.

In the *Tôshisen*, there is a poem by Rakuhinô, 駱賓王, called *Parting at the Ekisui*, 易水送別:

此地別燕丹、壯士髮衝冠。  
昔時人已沒、今日水猶寒。

At this place, Keika parted from Prince Tan of En;  
The warrior's hair bristled under his hat.  
This man of olden times died long ago,—  
But still today the waters are cold.

Buson has taken this long, cold leek and put it in a place a thousand miles away, and at a time of two thousand years ago. What a long way to go to express the apparently simple sensations of whiteness and cold!

Usually Buson adopts the opposite method, of bringing the past into the present, for example:

白梅や墨芳しき鴻鷗館

*Shiraume ya sumi kambashiki kôrokan*

The white plum-blossoms;  
In the Kôrokan  
The Chinese ink is fragrant.<sup>1</sup>

皿を踏む鼠の音のさむさ哉                      燕 村  
*Sara wo fumu nezumi no oto no samusa kana*

The sound  
Of a rat on a plate,—  
How cold it is!                                      Buson

The sound of a rat's claws as it runs over a plate or dish is what strikes Buson, though he lays the obvious emphasis on the coldness he himself feels, a coldness at once symbolized and intensified by the sound. But it is the peculiar and unique quality of the sound, identified in some mysterious way with the sensation of cold, which is here apprehended, and not expressed but pointed to. The following, by Taigi, belongs to autumn:

水瓶へ鼠の落ちし夜寒かな  
*Mizugame e nezumi no ochishi yosamu kana*

A rat  
Fell into a water-jar:  
How cold the night!

This verse is a combination of the sensation of cold, the sound of the water, the creepiness of the rat, the darkness of the night. There is nothing pleasant or beautiful or

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. II, page 300.

sentimental; there is a painfully deep meaning of the life of animate and inanimate nature.

冬ざれの小村を行けば犬吠ゆる 子規

*Fuyuzare no komura wo yukeba inu hoyuru*

The desolation of winter;  
Passing through a small hamlet,  
A dog barks.

Shiki

Trees are bare of leaves, the streams run with a cold glitter, doors are shut, smoke rises from the chimneys, everything is silent. Suddenly a dog that has been half-asleep in a sheltered spot begins to bark. The whole scene, the wintry aspect is bitten into the mind by the barking of the dog. Or we may put the whole thing in a profounder, more poetical, and less psychological way. The barking of the dog, which can mean anything and everything, expresses at this moment the whole of winter in a small village. At one and the same time we see the character and habits of the village dog, and, as if accidentally, one of the infinite aspects of winter, one of its natural signs.

寒き夜や海に落ち込む瀧の音 曲翠

*Samuki yo ya umi ni ochikomu taki no oto*

The sound of a waterfall  
Falling down into the sea;

The winter night is cold. Kyokusui

The grandeur of nature, the pitifulness of man are admirably united in this poem, without pomposity on the one hand or sentimentality on the other. The poet's coldness is attributed to the waterfall and the sea, but in compensation, the chilly water falls ceaselessly into the cold ocean of his heart.

十に足らぬ子を寺へやる寒さ哉 子規  
*Tô ni taranu ko wo tera e yaru samusa kana*

A child under ten,  
 Taken to be given to the temple;  
 Bitter cold! Shiki

One cold winter day a child of eight or nine is being taken by his parents to a temple where he will become a priest. The parents are too poor to keep him. The uncertainty of his life, and the treatment he will receive, the irresolution of his mother and father, the dark hall of the temple,—all are felt in the cold.

次の間の灯で膳につく寒さ哉 一茶  
*Tsugi no ma no hi de zen ni tsuku samusa kana*

By the light of the next room,  
 I sit before my small food-table;  
 Ah, the cold! Issa



Issa is too poor a guest for the inn to provide him with a light for himself. He sits down in front of his humble meal, eating by the light of the room next to his.

We cannot say there is nothing of self-pity in this verse, yet the self that is pitied is seen so clearly, so truly, so uncoloured by the pity, that the wretchedness is all the deeper. The cold, again, is felt by Issa, but it is a coldness of all cold people, of mankind, of the universe, though in no sense impersonal. Herein lies Issa's genius, to be able to talk of himself, as Wordsworth did, remaining untouched by the self-consuming emotion.

郷里松山の子賣遊び

鼻垂れの子が賣れ残る寒さ哉 子規

*Hanatare no ko ga urenokoru samusa kana*

The snotty child  
Is left "unsold";

How cold it is!

Shiki

The prescript says: "A child-selling game in my native place, Matsuyama." In this game, usually for girls, one of two equal teams chooses the most charming child of the other team and tries to get her by heads or tails. This goes on until the least attractive child is left "unsold."

The not very pretty child, running at the nose, is left till last. He stands there stupidly, his hands in his sleeves,

unhappy and unlovely, and the cold seems more painful  
when our eyes rest unwillingly upon him.

齒 豁に筆の氷を嚙む夜哉 燕 村  
*Ha arawa ni fude no kôri wo hamu yo kana*

Night;  
Biting the frozen brush  
With a remaining tooth. Buson

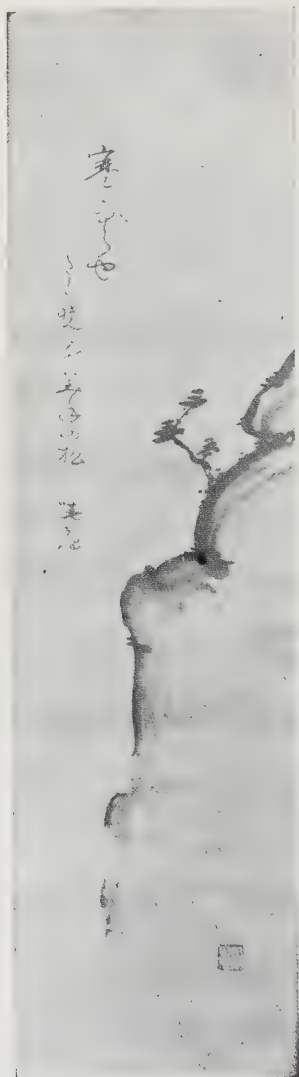
As he sits there thinking what to write next, the tip of the brush becomes hard and frozen. He puts it in his mouth and with one of his few remaining teeth he bites it back to softness. We see his poverty in this, but only indirectly, and quite unsentimentally.

我寝たを首上げて見る寒さかな 來 山  
*Waga neta wo kubi agete miru samusa kana*

Raising my head,  
I gazed at my recumbent form:  
Bitter cold. Raizan

This an example of "seeing ourselves as others see us," seeing ourselves as God sees us. There is a poem of Haku-rakuten very similar, but without the bodily experience that objectifies, personalizes, temporalizes and thus eternalizes the experience:





## Pine-tree

Verse and picture by  
Gyôdai, 暁台, 1732-1793.

寒空や  
たゞ  
暁の  
みね  
の  
松

In the cold sky of dawn  
Only a single pine-tree  
On the peak.

## IN EARLY AUTUMN, ALONE AT NIGHT.

The leaves of the paulownia move in the cool  
breeze;

The neighbour's fulling-mallet sends out the  
voice of autumn.

I turn and sleep beneath the eaves;

Waking, the moonlight is half across my couch.

## 早秋獨夜

井梧涼葉動、隣杵秋聲發。

獨向簷下眠、覺來半牀月。

The cold of winter is somewhat different from that of autumn, the former being perhaps more physical, the latter more spiritual. The following examples are all by Shiki, so sensitive to the cold of autumn, to which *yosamu* refers.

やゝ寒み灯による蟲もなかりけり

*Yaya samumi hi ni yoru mushi mo nakarikeri*

It is rather cold;

No insects approach

The lamp.

肌寒や子の可愛さを抱きしめる

*Hadasamu ya ko no kawaïsa wo dakishimeru*

The air is chill;

I crush the child to me,

So lovely she is.

次の間の灯も消えて夜寒哉

*Tsugi no ma no tomoshibi mo kiete yosamu kana*

The light in the next room also

Goes out:

The night is cold.

蜘蛛殺す後の淋しき夜寒哉

*Kumo korosu ato no sabishiki yosamu kana*

After killing the spider,  
A lonely  
Cold night.

母と二人妹をまつ寒かな

*Haha to futari imôto wo matsu samusa kana*

Mother and I  
Waited for my younger sister;  
The night was cold.

牧師一人信者四五人の夜寒かな

*Bokushi hitori shinja shûgonin no yosamu kana*

A pastor,  
Four or five believers;  
A chilly night.

瀬の音の二三度かはる夜寒かな

*Se no oto no nisando kawaru yosamu kana*

A night of bitter cold;  
The sound of the rapids  
Changed several times.

我を厭ふ隣家寒夜に鍋を鳴らす 蕪村

*Ware wo itou rinka kanya ni nabe wo narasu*

My neighbours hate me,  
Rattling their saucepans  
This winter night!

Buson

The people next door are making something in a saucepan or cleaning the soot off. The thin wall between the two houses makes everything audible but leaves room for the imagining of more and greater delicacies than really so. Buson lies there on the floor with a thin quilt pulled round him, listening to

Man's inhumanity to man.

The sufferer sees the cold indifference of his fellows as an active hatred, and so it is, for there is in practice no intermediate stage between love and hate, causing suffering or preventing it. Even when we do nothing at all, even when we rattle our own saucepans, our neighbours take it, rightly enough, as cruelty to themselves.

The excess of syllables in the first and third parts of this verse, and the repetition of the sounds o, n, ka, na, respectively, augment the feeling of oppression and suggest the sound of the saucepan being stirred.

我が骨の蒲團にさわる霜夜かな 燕村

*Waga hone no futon ni sawaru shimoyo kana*

My bones  
Feel the quilts;  
A frosty night.

Buson

Japan is not a cold country, comparatively speaking, but the number of haiku on cold and winter is very great. The Japanese never had and never seemed to desire any

means of being comfortably warm in winter. Rich and poor alike shivered from the end of autumn until the middle of spring. Especially the poets, (who seem to have been indigent on the whole), more sensitive to the cold than ordinary people, spent many a night of grinding wretchedness trying to sleep in spite of cold feet and thin shanks. The way in which Buson says "My bones feel the quilts" instead of "The quilts touched my bones" shows the activity of the supersensitiveness.

大名の通つた跡の寒さかな

子規

*Daimyô no tôtta ato no samusa kana*

A *daimyô* passed:

Afterwards,

The cold!

Shiki

When a feudal lord passed along the road, people had to kneel by the wayside and perform obeisance, not lifting their heads until he had gone by. During the excitement and stimulus of his passage, the cold is unnoticed and forgotten, but afterwards, with the reaction, it comes with redoubled intensity. This, however, is not an expression of a psychological phenomenon, but of the experience of pure cold as such, together with the contrast between the warmly clothed, richly accoutred retinue of the *daimyô*, and the poet's poverty-stricken apparel and blue-pinched face and hands.



There is a distant connection between the above verse and the following by the same author:

狼の糞見て寒し白根越

*Ôkami no kuso mite samushi shiranegoshi*

Crossing Mount Shirane,  
After seeing a wolf's dung,—  
How cold it was!

人聲の夜半を過ぐる寒さ哉

野 坡

*Hitogoe no yahan wo suguru samusa kana*

Voices of people  
Pass at midnight:  
The cold!

Yaha

Thoreau says in his *Journals*, 1851:

A traveller! I love his title. A traveller is to be revered as such. His profession is the best symbol of our life. Going from—toward—; it is the history of every one of us. I am interested in those that travel in the night.

In Yaha's verse there is the additional fact of the connection between the voices and the sensation of cold. The voices themselves have the quality of coldness and night in them.

あたゝかに冬の日なたの寒さかな 鬼 貫

*Atataka ni fuyu no hinata no samusa kana*

This winter day,  
It is warm in the sun,—  
But cold!

Onitsura

This perception of the relativity of the interpretation of sensory experience is on the border-line between psychology and poetry. The humour of it just pushes it over into poetry. What it lacks is depth, and depth as Spengler points out is the word which really expresses what distinguishes one work of art from another. It is the amount of life in a thing which gives it this depth, this value. Between the poetic and the non-poetic there is a great gulf fixed, narrow, but infinitely deep. Sometimes we hesitate, as we do between beautiful growing crystals and the sea-slug, but there is no doubt in the end which is alive and which never was.

門口に来て凍るなり三井の鐘      一茶  
*Kadoguchi ni kite kôru nari mii no kane*

Reaching the gate,  
The bell of Mii Temple  
Freezes.

Issa

Mii-dera, also known as Onjô-ji, 圓城寺, many times burnt down and rebuilt, dates from 858 A.D., and is famous in history and legend. When Issa reached the gate of the house, the great bell sounded through the evening air. The flow of sound seemed to solidify in the freezing air around.



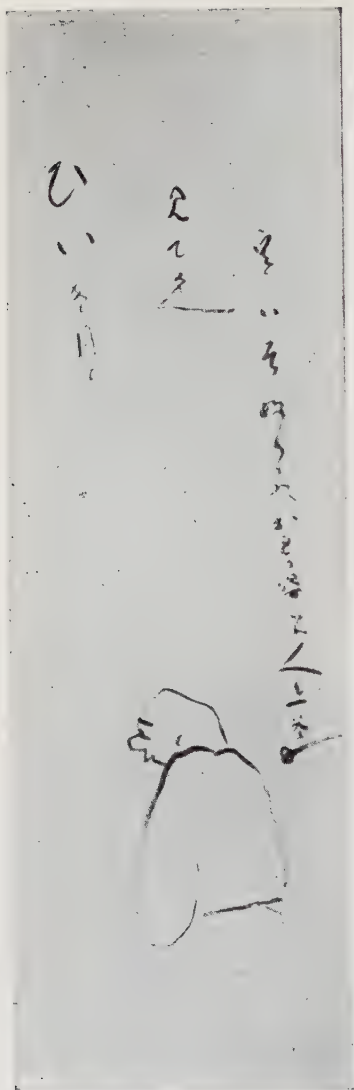
ひいき目に  
見てさへ  
寒いそぶりかな  
おれが姿にいふ人も一茶

# Self-portrait

by Issa

Even considered  
In the most favourable light,  
He looks cold

(The one speaking of my  
figure is also Issa.)



There is a kind of tactual perception of sound or perhaps a sensation perceived by another sense, or several senses combined. But the poetry of this verse is not here; it is in the humanization of the sensations of cold and sound, that is to say, the sound of the bell and the icy air reach the full stature of a man, they attain their Buddhahood in Issa as he stands a moment at the gate.

ひいき目に見てさへ寒いそぶり哉 一茶

*Hiikime ni mite sae samui soburi kana*

Even considered  
In the most favourable light,  
He looks cold.

Issa

This is written concerning a picture of himself. We have five other versions of this verse, showing how Issa wrestled with his material, spiritual and verbal:

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.

ひいき目に見てさへ寒き天窓哉

*Hiikime ni mite sae samuki atama kana*

Looked at most favourably,  
It is a cold  
Head.

ひいき目に見てさへも不形な天窓哉

*Hiikime ni mitesae mo bunari na atama kana*

Looked at most favourably,  
It is a formless  
Head.

ひいき目に見てさへ寒し影法師

*Hiikime ni mite sae samushi kagebôshi*

Looked at most favourably,  
It is a cold  
Shadow.

ひいき目に見てさへ寒きそぶり哉

*Hiikime ni mite sae samuki soburi kana*

Looked at most favourably,  
It is a cold  
Attitude.

This last one is the same as the original verse, but translated more literally. We can see Issa's humorous mouth and critical eye, as he looks at himself in the picture.

櫓の聲波を打つて陽氷る夜や涙 芭蕉

*Ro no koe nami wo utte harawata kôru yo ya namida*

A bowel-freezing night of tears:  
The sound of the oar  
Striking the wave. . . . . Bashô

This verse was written when Bashô was living alone in his hut at Fukagawa, 深川冬夜の感, and expresses his feelings one winter night while shivering in bed and listening to some passing boat. It is unusually irregular, 4, 11, 5. The poem is rather in the Chinese style. Compare the following of Hakurakuten:

I take up a roll of your poems and read  
 them beside the lamp;  
 Finishing them, the lamp is low, day not yet  
 dawned.  
 The lamp goes out; with sore eyes, still I  
 sit in the dark,  
 And listen to waves that the contrary wind  
 drives against the boat.

把君詩卷燈前讀、詩盡燈殘天未明。  
 眼痛滅燈猶暗坐、逆風吹浪打船聲。

There are moments when we are simply organs of suffering; grief and pain alone are our portion; in our own person we bear the agony of humanity, meaningless, fruitless, unrelieved misery. The sound of the oar in the rowlocks, the sound of the wave on the oar is as bitter as death. Even in retrospect there is no compensation, no relativity; life and hope have no place here; it is something absolute. Issa has his own way of experiencing the same thing:

一人と帳面につく夜寒かな  
*Ichinin to chômen ni tsuku yosamu kana*

"I'm alone," I said.  
 He wrote it down in the register;  
 How chilly the autumn night!

Issa goes into a very poor kind of inn for a night's lodging. The clerk glances at him, sizes him up at once, asks his name and native place; then, though knowing perhaps that Issa is alone, asks with the cold indifference of routine, "How many in your party?" Issa with that feeling of irritation that we all have at being asked obvious questions, answers, "I'm alone." At that moment, the annoyance, the cold, and that other meaning of "alone" comes over him in a single moment of grinding wretchedness.

冬の夜や針失うてて恐ろしき 梅 室

*Fuyu no yo ya hari ushinôte osoroshiki*

A winter evening:

The needle has disappeared,—

How dreadful!

Baishitsu

The woman has been sitting alone, doing needlework in a large cold room by a flickering lamp. She pauses, lays down her work, and her thoughts wander down the past, her childhood, girlhood, marriage. With a sigh, she puts down her hand for the needle,—and it is no longer there! Can some demon have snatched it away? Has she been bewitched? Again and again she searches the same places for the needle, but it is nowhere to be seen. The cold seems to grow more intense as her fears increase.

This is a comparatively late verse (Baishitsu died in 1852), but it represents the thought of Old Japan, when as in Europe also, superstition was rampant. In every age and



every country we all have that feeling of the irrationality, the indeterminability, the *fearful* nature of things.

Compare a verse by Buson, and another by Taigi:

盗人の屋根に消へ行く夜寒かな

*Nusubito no yane ni kieyuku yosamu kana*

The thief disappeared

Over the roofs,—

A cold autumn night!

盗人に鐘つく寺や冬木立

*Nusubito ni kane tsuku tera ya fuyukodachi*

The temple bell is ringing

On account of a robber:

The winter grove.

霜がれや鍋のすみかく小傾城 一茶

*Shimogare ya nabe no sumi kaku kokeisei*

The winter season;

A young harlot

Scraping the soot from a saucepan.

Issa

The frozen ground and wilted grasses, the dishevelled and tawdry finery of the woman, the harsh scratching sound and uncouth filthy shape of the saucepan,—all these have a harmony of ugliness that lifts them into the realm of the

significant. And the youth of the woman strikes a note of wasted and discordant beauty that deepens the harmonious pathos of the whole.

乾鮭も空也の瘦も寒の内 芭蕉  
*Karazake mo kūya no yase mo kan no uchi*

Dried salmon,  
 And Kūya's emaciation also,  
 During the coldest season. Bashō

Saint Kūya, 902-972, lived a wandering life, beginning the Kamakura democratic form of Buddhism already in the Heian Period, building bridges and roads, digging wells, and doing a great many other works of public service. There is a well-known statue of him exhaling the *nembutsu*.

Bashō is reported by Tohō<sup>1</sup> to have said concerning this poem:

To express the flavour of the inner mind, you must agonize during many days.

心の味を云ひとらんと數日腹を絞るなり。  
 三冊子。

This *kokoro no ajiwai*, "the flavour of the mind," is very important. Shikō, 支考, in the *Kokonhaikaikakai*, speaks of Bashō's "physiognomic judgement," 觀相, and "mutual reflection," 互照, in regard to the dried salmon and Kūya. We may say also that it is Bashō's poetic spirit, but it

<sup>1</sup> 1644-1731, disciple of Bashō.

would be better with Nôse Tomoji, 能勢朝次,<sup>1</sup> to understand that it implies a sinking into the form of a thing sufficiently deeply to catch instinctively the life-flavour, にほひ, of it. In this case it is some common essential element of dried salmon and the Buddhist Saint. To express the matter straight-forwardly (perhaps too much so for such a delicate matter), it is the simultaneous perception of the dried-fishiness of Kûya, and the Buddhahood of the dead salmon. To express this in words requires indeed that one "agonize for many days."

ゆく年や職人町の夜の音                      午 心  
*Yuku toshi ya shokumin machi no yoru no oto*

The year is departing :  
 A street of artizans,—  
 All the sounds tonight!                      Goshin

It is the last night of the year. All the tinsmiths and tatami-makers, carpenters and basket-makers, weavers and printers are working up to a climax of various noises of hammering and sawing and rattling and cutting. The poet sits listening to them and hears these uncouth, discordant noises for what they are, as full of meaning and therefore as poetical as the song of birds or the ripple of a stream over the pebbles. Not only are the sounds clearer than usual in the cold air, but the poet is predisposed to hear what he hears.

<sup>1</sup> In 芭蕉俳論評釋。

行年や親に白髪を隠しけり 越人

*Yuku toshi ya oya ni shiraga wo kakushikeri*

The departing year;  
I hid my grey hairs  
From my father.

Etsujin

There is here the pathos of filial affection. All love has something pathetic in it. But beyond this, there is some deep irony in the hiding of age from the aged.

The saint, the sage and the poet express in their lives the reality of human nature. But do not the hypocrite, the fool, and the egotist also express something equally essential in human nature, omitted by these? Still more the delicate subterfuges, the subtle evasions of love that in their very denial of love (by lack of frankness and trust) yet proclaim and magnify it.

ふる里や臍の緒に泣く年の暮 芭蕉

*Furusato ya hozononaka ni naku toshi no kure*

My native place;  
Weeping over the umbilical cord,  
At the end of the year.

Bashô

It was the custom in Japan, and still is in many places, for the mother to keep the umbilical cord of the child, and when Bashô went back to his native place, long after the death of his parents, he found this wrapped up in paper, with his name and the date of his birth written on it.

Bashô made travel his home, but yet, and perhaps all the more, his feelings towards his father and mother and his old house were painfully deep. It is only those who realize the impermanency of things that can know the meaning of passionate attachment to things and persons and places.

叱らるゝ人うらやましとしの暮 一茶  
*Shikararuru hito urayamashi toshi no kure*

I am envious  
 Of him who is being scolded:  
 The end of the year. Issa

At the end of the year, relatives are reunited, parents and children feel their relationship more warmly and deeply. In such an atmosphere, Issa overhears a father or mother grumbling at a child. Guilt on the one side, anger on the other,—there seems little room for envy, but Issa, an orphan, envies the child his power to be reprimanded, that is, his having a father or mother.

ともかくもあなた任せの年の暮 一茶  
*Tomokaku mo anata makase no toshi no kure*

Even so, even so,  
 Submissive before Yonder,—  
 The end of the year. Issa

This was written on the 29th of December, 1819, appearing at the end of Issa's *Oragaharu*, with the following long prescript, in which he expresses his religious attitude. In part, it represents what Shinran was reported to have said in the *Tanisho*, 歎異抄; in part it is a criticism of the members of the Shin Sect to which Issa belonged. A rather free translation of what Issa says follows:

Those people who put all their strength into Other-Power, and relying completely on it, say, "Faith in Other-Power, faith in Other-Power," bound with the bonds of Self-Power, fall with a crash into the Hell of Self-Power. Then they request Amida to cover the filthy dirt of their own unenlightenedness with gold foil. Though they pretend to be imbued with the Buddhist spirit, they are really the embodiment of Self-Power. They may ask, "What condition of mind would fit your conception of things?" The answer is: There is nothing especially difficult; only get rid of all the nonsense about Self-Power and Other-Power, letting it float away to Chikura Sea. The Great Thing of the next world, is simply to throw yourself before the Nyorai and beseech that you may be sent to Paradise or Hell according to his good pleasure. Having decided the matter in this way, we say *namu-amidabutsu*; and we must not darken the eyes of others with the lustful nets of the long-legged spider, or like the world-o'er-passing wild goose have any inclination thievishly to draw others' water into our own field.

At such a time, why should you say the Nembutsu in a feigned voice? Without being asked, the Buddha will keep his word. This is the true peace of mind.

The *anata* which is translated "Yonder" is the Japanese word commonly used to mean "you," literally, "on that side." This word brings out the difference between Jôdo, the Pure Land Sect, and Zen, which lies not so much in the distinction of Other-Power and Self-Power as in the manner in which the oneness of these two is realized. In Jôdo we simply submit (with emphasis on the "simply") to the Other-Power; we realize that we were, from the first, nothing of ourselves, and when we have no will of our own, God's will is done in and through us. The danger here, as pointed out in Issa's prescript, is that in submitting to the Other-Power, people think they are submitting *something*, that *they* are submitting something. That is, the danger is in the division of self and other.

In Zen, this division of the world into self and other, this and that, good and bad, enlightened and unenlightened, —the destruction of this distinction is the great aim. And the farther we go into Jôdo and Zen, the less the difference between them becomes. If we compare, for example, Issa, a believer of Jôdo, and Bashô, a student of Zen, we shall be struck with the fact that it is Issa whose self colours every verse he wrote, and Bashô whose self melts away at the touch of the slightest thing, a pebble or a spray. The "even so, even so" is the fox that gnaws at Issa's entrails, grief and remorse for the past, a divided mind in the present, hopes and fears for the future.

But the meaning of the verse, submission and renunciation, are in accord with the season, the winter of the mind, the end of Issa's year.

年くれぬ笠着て草鞋はきながら 芭蕉  
*Toshi kurenu kasa kite waraji hakinagara*

The year draws to its close:  
 I am still wearing  
 My *kasa* and straw sandals. Bashô

At the beginning of *Oku no Hosomichi*<sup>1</sup> Bashô says:

月日は百代の過客にして、行かふ年もまた旅人なり。

Months and Days are travellers through  
 countless ages; travellers too are the passing  
 Years.

It was this fundamentally Buddhist idea of the ephemeral nature of all things that gave to Bashô his deep insight into their value. Other people are at home enjoying the reunion of their families and friends. Bashô is on a journey, —but this is the true state of all men. The difference between one man and another is a matter of the degree to which they realize this fact.

芭蕉去てその後いまだ年暮ず 蕉村  
*Bashô satte sono nochi imada toshi kurezu*

Since Bashô left the world,  
 Not yet has  
 “The year drawn to its close.”  
 Buson

<sup>1</sup> Written and rewritten between 1689 and 1694.



Bashô gave the words "the year has drawn to its close" a deep meaning that it never had before. While he was alive he used the words in this profound way, but since his death there has been no one to do the same, that is, the year has not drawn to its close since he departed from this world. This seems a simple verse but there is depth of emotion, reverence for the teacher, and the deep philosophy of the Mahayana behind it. Buson perhaps remembered a line from the beginning of *Sotoba Komachi*, the most profound and touching of all Nô plays:

それ前佛は既に去り、後佛はいまだ世に出でず。

The Buddha who was before is gone; the Buddha  
that shall be, not yet has come into the world.

There is a passage which may serve as a prescript. Buson writes, quoting Bashô's verse on page 196:

名利の街にはしり、貧欲の海におぼれて、か  
ぎりある身をくるしむ。わきて、くれゆくとし  
の夜のありさまなどは、いふべくもあらず、い  
とうたてきに、人の門たゞきありきて、ことこ  
としくのゝしり、あしをそらにしてのゝしりも  
てゆくなど、あさましきわざなれ、さとておろ  
かなる身はいかにして塵區をのがれん。

としくれぬ笠着てわらじはきながら

片隅によりて此句を沈吟し侍れば心もすみわたりて、かゝる身にあはと、いと尊く我ための摩訶止觀ともいふべし。蕉翁去て蕉翁なし、とし又去や又来るや。

Rushing along in the road to fame and riches, drowning in the sea of desire, people torture their ephemeral selves. Especially on New Year's Eve

their behaviour is unspeakable. Despicably walking about knocking at doors, treating everyone with contempt unnecessarily, insanely vulgar behaviour, and so on, is not decent. Even so, we foolish mortals can hardly escape from this world of dust and sin.

The year draws to its close;  
I am still wearing  
My *kasa* and straw sandals.

Reading this poem quietly in a corner of the room, my mind becomes clear; were I living Bashô's life, how good it would be! The verse is uplifting to me, and it may be called a Great Rest-and-Enlightenment as far as I am concerned. Bashô once gone, we have no master to teach us, whether the year begins or ends.

わんといへさあいへ犬もとし忘れ 一茶

*Wan to ie sâ ie inu mo toshiwasure*

"Bark! come on now, bark!"  
The dog also speeds the year,  
With the rest of the party. Issa

*Toshiwasure* is the meeting of friends or relations to eat and drink and forget all the troubles of the past year, in other words a New Year's Eve party. Bashô has a verse that might well have been written by Issa:

年忘三人寄つて喧嘩かな

*Toshiwasure sannin gotte kenka kana*

Three men meeting  
For a New Year's Eve party,  
And quarreling.

In Issa's verse, the family are all together, enjoying themselves in their humble way, and the children are trying to get the dog to bark for something "on trust." The dog jerks his head and wishes to bark but is not yet quite worked up to it. It is this moment of the dog's inability to express himself that Issa has caught, with his "sa, ie!"

お仲間に猫も坐とるや年忘れ 一茶  
*Onakama ni neko mo za toru ya toshiwasure*

As one of us,  
The cat is seated here;  
The parting year. Issa

The mildness of Issa, his power to be pleased and content with little, his lack of distinction between human and non-human animals, his "politeness" to all and everything that is itself and sincere, his living in the eternal present which is also the fast-fleeting time,—all these are manifest in the artless simplicity that he attained to with so much effort and practice.

踏づ蹴つ跡も見ずして年ぞ行く 仙鶴  
*Funzu ketsu ato mo mizu shite toshi zo yuku*

Kicking and spurning,  
 With not a look behind,  
 Off goes the year!

Senkaku

Time and tide wait for no man. Sometimes, in what are wrongly called moments of weakness, we perceive that God cares nothing for us, Nature is heartless and mechanical:

And that inverted Bowl they call the sky,  
 Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
 Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*  
 As impotently moves as you or I.

But when we have taken this agonising truth alive into our hearts, we understand for the first time that

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

夜歩きや年の名残の雪が降る      舎 羅  
*Yoaruki ya toshi no nagori no yuki ga furu*

Walking in the night;  
 Snow is falling,  
 A farewell to the year.

Shara

There is always something wistful in the fall of snow, but especially at night, and most of all at the end of the year. Its silence, the way in which it appears from nowhere, and seems to disappear immediately, has something of pathos in it, and the poet walking in the darkness through which snow-flakes are falling feels them to be a farewell to the old year which is about to end.

隠れ家や齒のない聲で福は内 一茶

*Kakurega ya ha no nai koe de fuku wa uchi*

From a hermitage,  
A toothless voice crying,  
“ Blessings inside ! ”

Issa

At the time of *Setsubun*, the eve of the Spring Equinox, people scatter beans in the house, calling out, “ Devils outside ! Blessings inside ! ” The above verse portrays the weakness and pathos of human nature. The old man, not many more years of life left to him, is still praying for external happiness, asking that he may be spared the bludgeonings of fate. Where are

The years that bring the philosophic mind,  
where is the saint that should be living in this quiet hermitage ? This may well be Issa himself.

いざや寝ん元日は又あすの事 蕉村

*Iza ya nen ganjitsu wa mata asu no koto*

Come now ! I will sleep ;  
New Year's Day  
Is a thing of the morrow. Buson

This verse goes beyond the words of Christ,

Take no thought for the morrow,  
and includes tomorrow's joys.

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not,

and this is part of our human nature, to some extent inescapable, but it is our littleness. The poetical is the victorious life, of which the life of Christ is the shining example. With him too, as men, we say

If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,  
but the final word is that of the poet; whatever he sees or hears or suffers, all that happens, the falling as well as the blooming of the flowers, sleeping tonight and waking to the first day of the new year; it is

Not my will, but Thine be done.

年とらぬ積りなりしが鐘の鳴る 助 龍  
*Toshi toranu tsumori narishi ga kane no naru*

I intended  
Never to grow old,—  
But the temple bell sounds! Jokun

What a universal emotion is expressed in the first two lines! Making our peace with age is part of our acceptance of death. The bell speeding the old year comes sounding across the fields. We are a year older whether we will it or not.

天 文

SKY AND ELEMENTS

## SKY AND ELEMENTS

三日月はそるぞ寒はさえかへる 一茶  
*Mikazuki wa soru zo samusa wa saekaeru*

The crescent moon  
Is warped and bent:  
Keen is the cold. Issa

The translation misses the onomatopoeia of the original. There is nothing in the verse to suggest it, but we can hardly avoid connecting the cold with the shape of the moon.

連もなく野に捨てられし冬の月 露石  
*Tsure mo naku no ni suterareshi fuyu no tsuki*

Companionless,  
Thrown away on the moor,  
The winter moon. Roseki

The poet has seen an aspect of the moon that Shelley also portrays in *To the Moon*:

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth?

It is the separateness of things that we see here; they are joyless, unwanted, useless.



A verse by Meisetsu :

木枯や空にころがる月一つ

*Kogarashi ya sora ni korogaru tsuki hitotsu*

In the withering blast,  
A single moon  
Rolls through the sky.

This has simplicity, grandeur, and perfect objectivity. The adjective “rolling” unites the moon and the winter blast with a Shelleyan violence of movement. We may compare it with a very different, a lyrical and weaker treatment of the same subject in a waka by Azumamaro, 1668-1736 :

嵐吹く音もおよばぬ雲の上は  
いかに静けく月のすむらむ

The tempest roars, —  
But above the clouds,  
Where the din  
Cannot reach her,  
Dwells the moon serene.

寒月や我ひとり行く橋の音 太 祇

*Kangetsu ya ware hitori yuku hashi no oto*

I walk over it alone,  
In the cold moonlight :  
The sound of the bridge. Taigi

Taigi is walking on *geta*. It is not the crunching sound of shoes, as in Buson's verse, page 219, but the hard-soft wooden sound that has a sympathetic tone with that of the wooden bridge. The cold, the round silver moon, the loneliness,—all are contained within "the sound of the bridge." A verse by Shiki with the same consciousness of self and the outer world:

木の影や我が影動く冬の月

*Ki no kage ya waga kage ugoku fuyu no tsuki*

The shadow of the trees;  
My shadow is moving,  
In the winter moonlight.

寒月や僧に行き逢ふ橋の上

燕 村

*Kangetsu ya sô ni yukiau hashi no ue*

Meeting a monk  
On the bridge:  
The winter moon.

Buson

The black-robed monk in the bright moonlight, the crunching of the *geta* on the frozen road in the silence,—all these things have an exacerbating effect on one another. The fact also that the man is a monk has a deepening effect upon the meaning of the verse, in an altogether inexplicable way. His inscrutability of countenance, the feeling that he belongs in part to a different world from ours,—this gives him a ghostly appearance that belongs especially to the moon of a winter night.

月雪の中や命の捨てどころ 其 角

*Tsuki yuki no naka ya inochi no sutedokoro*

The moon-lit snow

Is where life

Is to be thrown away.

Kikaku

This was written for the night of the 14th of December, 1701, when the Forty Seven Rônins attacked their enemy Kira Yoshinaka, under Ôishi Yoshio. In the snow and the moon, their purity and quietness, the poet sees the calm and disinterested action of the samurai. Kikaku, 1660-1707, was a contemporary of those concerned.

寒月に立つや仁王のからつ脛 一 茶

*Kangetsu ni tatsu ya niô no karassune*

The Deva kings standing there,

The icy moonlight

On their bare legs.

Issa

There is always a roof over each of the two Niô that guard the entrance to the temple gate, and the cold, slanting rays of the moon fall on their sinewy legs, which express, themselves also, something of the coldness of the night. *Karassune* is the point of this haiku. It emphasizes and isolates the legs of the giant figures, as if only they can be seen, the rest of the figure, the clenched fists and scowling, threatening faces, being hidden in the shadow.

犬を打つ石のさてなし冬の月 太 祇  
*Inu wo utsu ishi no sate nashi fuyu no tsuki*

Not a single stone  
 To throw at the dog :  
 The winter moon. Taigi

A real religious poem. The circumstances of the poem are thus well described by Mr. Miyamori in *An Anthology of Haiku* :

The poet was walking home along the road by night. A dog barked at him. He wanted to throw a stone at it. So he looked all round for a stone on the road bathed in an icy bright winter moon; but to his mortification, he could not find one.

If you wish to know where the religion is in this, think of the lines in *Expostulation and Reply* :

Nor less I deem that there are powers  
 Which of themselves our minds impress.

“Of themselves.” Man’s extremity (just that moment of ego-lessness, when mental and physical action is suspended) is God’s opportunity,—something, Something, some Power, slides imperceptibly into the mind in the form of cold moonlight.

Think you, mid all this mighty sum  
 Of things forever speaking,  
 That nothing of itself will come,  
 But we must still be seeking?

A similar verse by Jôshô :

のら猫のかけ出す軒や冬の月

*Noraneke no kakedasu noki ya fuyu no tsuki*

A stray cat

Running off under the eaves,—

The winter moon!

寒月や小石のさはる沓の底

蕪村

*Kangetsu ya koishi no sawaru kutsu no oto*

In the icy moonlight,

Small stones

Crunch underfoot.

Buson

This poem represents a poetic experience similar to that of Taigi's verse given on page 205, but goes deeper. Here also, the feel of the small stones under the feet shod with leather, the sound of them, is in mysterious accord with the light of the moon and the wintry chill of the air. How is this? Is it purely fanciful? Is it only subjective? Is it a coincidence of visual, tactual, and auditory sensations which, because of some primitive undifferentiated core of sensitivity, cause us to suppose a transcendental unity of the objects which give rise to those sensations? It may well be so, but further, it may be that this elemental core is the microcosm, the objects part of the macrocosm, and these two be an interpenetrated one. The experience itself, though actually internal, is an experience of external unity.

寒月や石塔の影松のかげ 子規  
*Kangetsu ya sekitô no kage matsu no kage*

Winter moonlight ;  
 The shadow of the stone pagoda,  
 The shadow of the pine-tree. Shiki

There is no moon or pine-tree or grave-stone here,  
 only the icy moonlight on the frozen ground, with the edge-  
 clear outline of the pagoda and tree in the shadow.

寒月に木を割る寺の男かな 蕪村  
*Kangetsu ni ki wo waru tera no otoko kana*

The old man of the temple,  
 Splitting wood  
 In the winter moonlight. Buson

The temple is in the shade, the chilly moon shining over  
 the roof onto the man-of-all-work who is late with his  
 firewood. The axe flashes up and down in the light of the  
 moon. The crash of wood sounds clear in the silent night.

寒月や門なき寺の天高し 蕪村  
*Kangetsu ya mon naki tera no ten takashi*

The winter moon :  
 A temple without a gate,—  
 How high the sky! Buson

Every temple has a great gate at the entrance to the grounds. For some reason or other this particular temple has none, and when the poet comes out of the temple building and finds his view completely unobstructed, the sky is unexpectedly vast and lofty, with a small moon rolling through the clouds. The following are by Kikaku and Taigi:

此の木戸や鎖のさされて冬の月

*Kono kido ya kusari no sasarete fuyu no tsuki*

This small gate,—  
It is bolted:  
The winter moon!

駕を出て寒月高し己が門

*Kago wo dete kangetsu takashi ono ga mon*

Getting out of the palanquin,  
Over my gate the winter moon  
Is high in the sky.

網代木の揃はぬ影を月夜かな 白雄

*Ajirogi no sorowanu kage wo tsukiyo kana*

A moonlit night:  
The sticks of the wicker fish-trap,—  
Their shadows are uneven. Shirao

In rivers and ponds, a kind of fish trap is made of slender stakes bound together to make a sort of matting. One part is left open, and when sufficient fish enter, it is

shut and the fish caught. The tops of the sticks are uneven, and their shadows on the placid surface of the water exaggerate this irregularity. The poet sees this unevenness; it catches his eye, his mind, it will not let him go. What is this deep meaning in imperfection, in asymmetry, in discord, in sin and death?

屋根の上に火事見る人や冬の月 子規  
*Yane no ue ni kaji miru hito ya fuyu no tsuki*

Upon the roof,  
 People looking at a fire:  
 The winter moon.

Shiki

Japanese roofs are low, and not steep, in old Japan almost touching in the cities. There is a fire not far off, and spectators are on the roofs, getting as good a view as possible. Above them in an inky sky the wintry moon is shining.

雪よりも寒し白髪に冬の月 丈草  
*Yuki yori mo samushi shiraga ni fuyu no tsuki*

Colder even than snow,  
 The winter moon  
 On white hairs.

Jôsô

To the *samurai*, for whom poetry and duty are one, dishonour is worse than physical death. To King Lear, the



unthankfulness of his daughters is more painful than cold air.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude.

These feelings are spoken of physically because felt so. The white light of the wintry moon upon the head of the old man intensifies the feeling of the irrevocable advance of time of which his white hairs are the token. The moonlight too shines more chill above the white hairs of old age, for the icy and the merciless enhance and reinforce each other.

背の高き法師にあひぬ冬の月                      梅 室  
*Se no takaki hōshi ni ainu fuyu no tsuki*

I met and passed  
 A tall Buddhist priest,  
 Under the winter moon.                      Baishitsu

The interesting point here is the relation of tallness to the moon. The gaunt, pale-faced monk clad in black robes seems to belong to winter, night, and the moonlight.

冬の月川風岩をけづるかな                      樽 良  
*Fuyu no tsuki kawakaze iwa wo kezuru kana*

Under the winter moon,  
 The river wind  
 Sharpens the rocks.                      Chora

If the wind may be said to have any effect at all upon the rocks, it blunts them; it does not sharpen them. But Chora is not pretending it does. He is saying something else, something that cannot be said in words. Not that the words themselves are lacking. It is something that a man may experience so that he knows what the poet might have said, were it not for the fact that the saying of it would have robbed it of the life which of its nature can never be solidified into words. The unsaidness is the express attestation of the unsayableness that is part of the essential nature of poetry.

Poetry has an onomatopoeic character, an affinity to nonsense verses, in which certain concatenations of words, an apparently fortuitous juxtaposition of certain sounds raises in the depths of the mind meaning-echoes that go back down into the past, grow into the distant future, in a way that like life itself, defies analysis. So in the above poem, (omitting the purely sound elements which can never be reproduced in translation) the words winter, moon, river, wind, sharpens, rocks, produce in the (poetic) mind an effect out of all proportion to dictionary definitions of them, and quite regardless of their logical and intellectual relations. The poet is pointing to something in his mind which corresponds exactly with what is happening outside it. The "wind" in his mind "sharpens" the "rocks" in it.

山鳥の寝かねる聲に月寒し

其 角

*Yamadori no nekaneru koe ni tsuki samushi*





初時雨  
自在の  
竹に吹か  
れ

The first winter shower;  
The bamboo of the kettle-hanger  
Is blown to and fro.

(For kettle-hanger, invisible in  
this picture, see frontispiece.)

Entering Chikurisha Hermitage  
Verse and picture by Seira, 青蘿, 1739-91.

At the voice of the copper pheasant,  
That cannot sleep,  
The moon is chill.

Kikaku

The sharp voice of the sleepless bird, the pale, clear-cut moon, and the bitter, silent cold intensify one another. There is in the world outside a unity of these three things that corresponds to the single poetico-physical feeling of the poet.

旅人と我が名呼ばれむ初時雨      芭蕉  
*Tabibito to waga na yobaren hatsushi gure*

The first winter rain,  
And my name shall be called,  
“Traveller.”

Bashô

In October, 1689, Bashô set out from Edo on a journey to his native place in Iga, and in his *Oi no Kobumi* says:

神無月の初空定のなきけしき身は風葉の  
行末なき心地して

In the Month-when-the-gods-are-absent (October), the sky when I set out was uncertain, myself a leaf blown by the wind, unmindful whither.

The above haiku then follows. It shows Bashô setting out in a drizzle, soon wet through from the knees downward, alone, yet not lonely, not knowing where he would lay his

head that evening, if at all; but in everything, he  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

化けさうな傘かす寺の時雨かな 燕 村  
*Bakesô na kasa kasu tera no shigure kana*

It may transform itself,  
This umbrella lent by a temple,  
In the winter rain. Buson

Rain begins to fall, and Buson goes to an old temple nearby and asks for the loan of an umbrella. The monk gives him one, so old that it is hardly worth while returning. As he leaves the temple in the gathering darkness, the rain falling steadily and monotonously, Buson feels that this aged umbrella may suddenly transform itself into a fox or a witch or goblin. The old monk, the old temple, the rain, the tattered umbrella, the evening, the thoughts of ghosts and apparitions are all blended together with a power and compactness in the original which even a literal translation cannot emulate. "Rain of a temple lending a bewitched umbrella" is nearer the Japanese, but omits the "may be" element of "looks as though it may be going to transform itself" expressed by "bakesô."

生きて世に寝覺嬉しき時雨かな 召 波  
*Ikite yo ni nezame ureshiki shigure kana*

To wake, alive, in this world,  
What happiness!

Winter rain.

Shôha

Happiness is from within. Though winter rain is almost a symbol of dreariness, the poet finds the cold rain no hindrance to joy:

Only to be,  
Made quiet his breast.

悲しさや時雨に染まる墓の文字 浪化

*Kanashisa ya shigure ni somaru haka no moji*

The winter rain dyes  
The letters on the grave-stone:  
Sadness.

Rôka

The grave-stone is covered with green lichen, and as the cold rain falls on it and trickles down over the name of the dead person carved on it, it begins to turn almost black. The sadness of the poet is what enables him to "see" this fact, that is, to attend to it so that its meaning reflected from his mind sinks back again into his heart.

新庭や石も落ちつく初時雨

酒堂

*Shinmiwa ya ishi mo ochitsuku hatsushigure*

In the newly-made garden,  
 The stones have settled down in harmony ;  
 The first winter shower.                      Shadô

“Ochitsuku” has both the physical meaning of the stones subsiding into their place, and the aesthetic meaning of their becoming an artistic unity with the rest of the garden. The rain that begins to fall adds the final touch of nature which makes this world kin.

In the wilderness of nature, man has made a garden, by impressing upon the mechanical disorder of natural things the activity of mind. But we must not make the mistake of supposing that things are simply passive in this relation. The material itself both assists and opposes. From the point of view of art, Nature suffers most from a superabundance, an excess, a plethora of material. One or two stones here and there, a pine-tree, an evergreen bush, a small, half-seen pool of water,—this is enough. But when upon this the life-giving rain falls, especially for the first time after the garden is finished, we feel rightly that Nature is herself confirming the deeds of man. Thoreau says,<sup>1</sup>

Thus all things pass directly out of the hands of  
 the architect into the hands of Nature, to be perfected.

幾人かしぐれかけぬく勢田の橋      丈草  
*Ikutari ka shigure-kakenuku seta no hashi*

<sup>1</sup> *A Week on the Concord.*



How many people in the winter shower,  
Running across to the other end  
Of the long bridge of Seta! Jôshô

A sudden shower has come on, and people on the long bridge begin to run through the slanting rain with umbrellas and *kasa* tilted in all directions. In this verse we feel through the length of the bridge the nature of the shower. The scene is without colour, and in this is superior to the ukiyoe which portrays it. Another verse like an ukiyoe, by Masahide, 正秀, d. 1723, which shows man not subdued by but rather defiant of the rain:

鎗持や猶振たつるしぐれ哉  
*Yarimochi ya nao furitatsuru shigure kana*

The javelin bearers  
Still brandish them  
In the winter rain.

On the daimyô procession rain has begun to fall, but they still raise and lower their spears and continue their accompanying rhythmical cries.

傘におしもどさるゝしぐれ哉 紫青女  
*Karakasa ni oshimodosaruru shigure kana*

As I walk in the winter rain,  
The umbrella  
Presses me back. Shisei-jo

Is it the umbrella, or the wind that presses me back?  
Or is it something else entirely?

I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all.<sup>1</sup>

In this realm of mystery that the reason endeavours in vain  
to diminish, to penetrate and conquer, the soul wanders  
freely, feeds on pure joy and knows no sadness,—and yet it  
is only being pushed back in the cold rain by an umbrella.

風の地にもおとさぬ時雨かな 去 來  
*Kogarashi no chi ni mo otosanu shigure kana*

The gale will not let  
The cold winter rain  
Fall to the ground. Kyorai

This is a verse portraying something we have all seen,  
a wind so strong that the naturally perpendicular rain  
seems to become horizontal, or even to rise rather than fall.

いそがしや沖の時雨の眞帆片帆 去 來  
*Isogashi ya oki no shigure no maho kataho*

How busy they are  
Out at sea in the rain,  
Full sails, close-hauled sails!  
Kyorai

<sup>1</sup> Stevenson, *The Wind*.

The “busyness” is in the poet’s mind as he stands watching. The reader’s mind, if Kyorai can succeed in making it “busy,” perceives the value, the poetic significance, but can never explain it. All pictures are the same; the picture, the picturesqueness is nothing, unless we share in the activity or rest that is pictured there.

釣人の情のこはさよ夕しぐれ 燕 村  
*Tsuribito no jō no kowasa yo yūshigure*

The angler,—  
 His dreadful intensity,  
 In the evening rain! Buson

What is there about the fishing that causes the man to sit there stiff, cold, hungry, wet-through, for fish that may never bite, for fish that could be bought for a paltry sum at the fishmonger’s? It is not merely blood-lust, the desire to get something for nothing, brute obstinacy, the so-called sport, that is, the chances of the game, though all these enter into it. It is man against nature, the struggle of Jacob with the angel, the desire of the moth for the star, something as blind, as fatal, as fearful as life itself.

屋根葺の海をふりむく時雨かな 丈 草  
*Yanefuki no umi wo furimuku shigure kana*

Rain begins to fall:  
 The thatcher turns  
 And looks at the sea. Jôsô

The thatcher is engrossed in his work; the rain begins to fall and he raises his head and looks towards the sea that whitens in the distance.

This is explained as the thatcher being in a state of *muga*, 無我, egolessness, and then coming back to himself when he feels drops of rain, and hanging his now suspended mind onto the sea. The only mistake in this interpretation is the "coming back to himself." His state of mind as he gazes at the sea is not ego-centric.

竹林に時雨吹き込む夕かな 青々  
*Chikurin ni shigure fukikomu yûbe kana*

Rain blows  
 Into the bamboo forest;  
 Evening. Seisei

This may seem perhaps an over-simple verse, but after all, if "one thing is enough," we have two here. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than bamboos in the windy rain, but that is not the point of the verse. The rain comes slanting into the forest through the green stems of the bamboos into the twilight beyond. As it dark, the bright rain-drops are seen rather clearly.

池の星又はらはらと時雨哉 曾 良

*Ike no hoshi mata hara hara to shigure kana*

The stars on the pond;  
Again the winter shower  
Ruffles the water.

Sora

The point of this verse is in the word "again." The cold stars are brightly reflected in the cold dark water. Then wind and rain sweep the surface, and they disappear. This happens several times, with that wonderful regularity, that unchanging strangeness and depth of meaning that belongs only to the simplest things of life.

半江の斜日片雲の時雨かな 蕉 村

*Hankô no s'ajitsu henun no shigure kana*

Sunbeams slant onto one side of the river;  
From a floating cloud  
Cold rain falls.

Buson

It is a pleasure to read a poem that is purely objective, partly because it is in the Chinese, classical style without the possibility of any subjective overtones. It is the world as it is, as it would be without man. And yet we know that the drive and direction of this "slanting" and "falling," the weight of this "mass" of cloud all have their origin in the lively power of the mind that perceives them, all are

but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.

牛つんで渡る小舟や夕しぐれ 子規  
*Ushi tsunde wataru kobune ya yûshigure*

With a bull on board,  
 The ferry boat,  
 Through the winter rain. Shiki

Across the river passes very slowly a flat-bottomed boat  
 with a few country people, and a bull. Rain is falling  
 steadily and human beings and animal alike,

If I might lend their life a voice,  
 Seem to bear rather than rejoice.<sup>1</sup>

But Shiki only wishes to paint a picture in black and white.

楠の根を静に濡らす時雨哉 蕪村  
*Kusu no ne wo shizuka ni nurasu shigure kana*

The drizzling winter rain  
 Quietly soaks  
 The roots of the camphor-tree.  
 Buson

Under the great tree rain does not fall, but down  
 the trunk trickle lines of water that darken the bole  
 and roots and disappear in the ground. There is a certain  
 loneliness, sadness here, but it is something inherent in  
 the things themselves, a heaviness that belongs to brute

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Arnold, *Resignation*.

matter, to darkness, to old age, something that the bright seraphim never know. Contrast this with the subjectivity and moral-drawing of Shelley's lines:

Rough wind that moanest loud  
 Grief too sad for song;  
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
 Knells all the night long;  
 Sad storm whose tears are vain,  
 Bare woods whose branches stain,  
 Deep caves and dreary main,—  
 Wail for the world's wrong!

しぐるゝや田のあらかぶの黒む程 芭蕉  
*Shigururu ya ta no arakabu no kuromu hodo*

It has rained enough  
 To turn the stubble in the field  
 Black.

Bashô

If one has seen this, both in reality and in ukiyoe wood prints, the poetic meaning, as a picture of life, is obvious.

しぐるるや角まじへゐる野べの牛 蘭更  
*Shigururu ya tsuno majieiru nobe no ushi*

Cold winter rain;  
 Mingling their horns,  
 The oxen of the moor.

Rankô

There is something in this herd of cattle with the rain falling on them, their horns all pointing upwards, which reminds one of Monet's picture of Umbrellas.

笠もなき我を時雨るか何となんと 芭蕉

*Kasa mo naki ware wo shigureru ka nan to nan to*

To be rained upon by the winter rain,  
And with no *kasa*,—  
Well, well!

Bashô

The meek shall inherit the earth. God is not a respecter of persons. He maketh his rain to fall upon the just and upon the unjust. Man has dignity before men, but none before Nature. To describe the above verse as a religious poem may well seem to some an absurdity, and yet it is such. There is no ecstasy, no lofty flights of the imagination; it is life lived at its common level, the will of God accepted and cheerfully fulfilled.

鶏の聲にしぐるゝ牛屋かな 芭蕉

*Niwatori no koe ni shigururu ushiya kana*

Winter rain  
Falls on the cow-shed;  
A cock crows.

Bashô



The harmony between these three things—the cold rain slanting down, the huge black cow-shed with its high steep roof, the shrill, falsely triumphant cry of the cock—is partly in the rise and fall of the cock's voice that blends with the rise of the roof and the fall of the rain; partly in the shrillness of the cry with the chilly drops that fall.

夕時雨墓ひそみ音に愁ふかな 燕 村

*Yûshigure gama hisomi ne ni ureu kana*

Cold winter rain;  
In the subdued voice of the toad,  
Grief and woe. Buson

Rain is falling on the dead leaves. The deep voice of the toad has grown weaker as winter begins, and expresses the sadness and pathos of the ending of life and warmth.

しぐるゝや我も古人の夜に似たる 燕 村

*Shûgururu ya ware mo kojîn no yo ni nitaru*

The evenings of the ancients  
Were like mine,  
This evening of cold rain. Buson

Compare this to the following, by Southey, from *The Scholar* :

My days among the dead are past;  
 Around me I behold,  
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
 The mighty minds of old;  
 My never-failing friends are they,  
 With whom I converse day by day.

The Japanese poet listens to the sound of the rain, the English poet looks at the volumes that rise in serried ranks around him. The one attains to unity with men of past times through nature in its simplest form, the other through books, through men. But both realize a deep truth, that we look not with our own eyes, but with the eyes of the great men of the past. We hear not with our own ears, but with those of long dead poets.

The heroic Heart, the seeing Eye of the first times,  
 still feels and sees in us of the latest.

There may be in Buson's verse a reference to Bashô's:

世にふるも更に宗祇のやどり哉  
*Yo ni furu mo sara ni sôgi no yadori kana*

It rains o'er all the earth;  
 Still more upon the dwelling-place  
 Of Sôgi.

This again comes from the verse of Sôgi, 1420-1502:

世にふるは更にしぐれのやどり哉  
*Yo ni furu wa sara ni shigure no yadori kana*

It rains o'er all the earth,  
 Still more it falls  
 On this my dwelling-place.

Even this seems to depend on a waka by Nijōin Sanuki in the *Shinkokinshū*, first compiled in 1205:

世にふるは苦しきものを櫛の家に  
安くも過くるむら時雨哉

Painful it is indeed,  
Passing through the world;  
But in a hovel like this,  
I live on in peace and quiet,  
Winter rain falling.

目前を昔に見する時雨かな 燕村  
*Canzen wo mukashi ni misuru shigure kana*

The winter rain  
Shows what is before our eyes,  
As though it were long ago. Buson

We expect this verse to run, "The winter rain shows us the past, before our very eyes." By a kind of trick of words Buson has blurred the present and the past, the looker and what is looked at. He has done here rather artificially what it is the aim of all poetry to do, to confuse while keeping distinct, to enable us to lose ourselves in mutual interpenetration and yet preserve the identity and uniqueness of the thing itself.

時雨るゝや鼠のわたる琴の上 燕村  
*Shigururu ya nezumi no wataru koto no ue*

Winter rain;  
A mouse runs  
Over the *koto*.<sup>1</sup>

Buson

The poet or someone else has been playing the harp and at last leaves it on the tatami. Standing on the verandah, he gazes out at the rain which has fallen all day. It grows darker and darker. Suddenly, the *koto* gives out a slight sound; a mouse must have scuttled across it. Contrast this with the following by Rankô:

五月雨や鼠の廻る古葛籠

*Samidare ya nezumi no mawaru furu tsuzura*

The May rains;  
A mouse is running round  
The old wicker basket.

In this verse it is the old wicker basket that, because of the mouse's activities, has become alive and meaningful. The rain is merely a setting. In Buson's poem it is not the *koto* or the mouse that is significant, but the rain which is expressed through these two apparently unrelated things.

Another verse of Buson's, already given, where coldness, a mouse, (which in many cases if not all, must be a rat), and a certain sound all express the same thing:

皿を踏鼠の音のさむさかな

*Sara wo fumu nezumi no oto no samusa kana*

The sound of a mouse  
Treading on a plate  
Is cold.

<sup>1</sup> A kind of harp, about six feet long, played horizontally.

The association of mice with coldness is common in Buson:

鐵をはむ鼠の牙の音寒し

*Tetsu wo hamu nezumi no kiba no oto samushi*

The sound of the teeth  
Of a rat biting iron  
Is cold.

寺寒く櫛はみこぼす鼠かな

*Tera samuku shikimi hamikobosu nezumi kana*

In the cold temple,  
The sound of a mouse  
Nibbling a chinese anise.

野分して鼠のわたる潦

*Nowaki shite nezumi no wataru niwatazumi*

A mouse  
Crossing a puddle  
In the autumn tempest.

小夜時雨隣へはいる傘の音

鼠 蘭

*Sayo shigure tonari e hairu kasa no oto*

On an umbrella, a patter of raindrops,  
But it enters next door;  
The evening darkens.

Ranran

The poet is sitting alone in the house, reading desultorily, and though he does not realise it, lonely. It is raining outside. The sound of raindrops suddenly becomes louder.

It is the patter on an approaching umbrella. Will the person come here? The sound passes by and seems to enter the neighbour's.

Silence is scattered like a broken glass.

The minutes prick their ears and run about,  
Then one by one subside again and pass  
Sedately in, monotonously out.

You bend your head and wipe away a tear.  
Solitude walks one heavy step more near.<sup>1</sup>

何人の寝ぬ灯ぞ小夜時雨 蓼太  
*Nanibito no nenu tomoshibi zo sayo shigure*

Who is it that is awake,  
The lamp still burning?  
Cold rain at midnight. Ryôta

As is so often the case, the order of the parts of the haiku is of the greatest importance. If this verse had been written, as it could easily have been,

小夜時雨何人の寝ぬ灯ぞ  
Cold rain at midnight:  
Who is it that is awake,  
The lamp still burning?

the emphasis would be and remain on the light burning in the lonely hut on the distant mountain-side. The rain would be only part of the scenery, a mere season-word in the poem. In the actual verse however, the melancholy of that

<sup>1</sup> *Solitude*, by Harold Monroe.

one star of light in the dark outside enables him to hear for the first time the rain that has been falling since dusk.

初霜や飯の湯あまき朝日和 樽 良

*Hatsushimo ya meshi no yu amaki asabiyori*

The first frost :

Fine morning weather,—

How the rice-water tastes ! Chora

The weather has got suddenly colder. This morning, frost lies white under a blue sky. The water in which the rice has been boiled, tasteless for a long time, is now delicious to sip.

Where is the poetry in this? The poet felt there was something significant in it. The rice-water tastes different from before. Is there some change in himself or in the rice-water? The answer is yes. Scientifically speaking, he has changed. Poetically speaking, what he eats is changed for this morning he is tasting the blue sky and the white hoar-frost.

赤き實一つこぼれぬ霜の庭 子 規

*Akaki mi hitotsu koborenu shimo no niwa*

A red berry

Spilled

On the hoar-frost of the garden.

Shiki

This red berry must be that of a nanten or nandin, but the (deliberate) lack of the name makes the verse a pure picture, instead of a representation of life. It is a spot of red upon white. Yet it is still hoar-frost, not mere whiteness; it is a berry, not a piece of red paper. Noteworthy is the 4, 7, 5. The shortness of the first 4 syllables brings out the round, hard clarity of the red berry on the white frost.

淋しさの底ぬけて降る霰かな 丈草  
*Sabishisa no soko nukete furu mizore kana*

Sleet falling:  
 Fathomless, infinite  
 Loneliness.

Jôsô

*Soko nukete*, literally, "the bottom falling out," is a Zen expression (applied to sudden enlightenment) very much more concrete and less sentimental than "fathomless, infinite."

A leaden sky, bare branches above, dead leaves underfoot, not a sound anywhere. Then there comes falling, not rain, which has the promise of growth, its many-sounding music, and the charm of its round bright drops; not the snow which unites all things as it beautifies them; but wet cold sleet, with neither life nor hope in it. It needs a God-like mind to rejoice in it, and this is what the poet has given us in this verse, and enabled us also to do.



古池に草履沈みてみぞれかな 燕 村  
*Furuike ni zôri shizumite mizore kana*

The old pond;  
 A straw sandal sunk to the bottom,  
 Sleet falling. Buson

We cannot help thinking of Bashô's verse, Volume II, page 253, when we read the first line of this poem. Perhaps the simplest thing to say is that one represents spring with all its power and possibility; the other winter, the death of all things.

初雪や水仙の葉のたはむまで 芭 蕉  
*Hatsuyuki ya suisen no ha no tawamu made*

The first snow:  
 The leaves of the daffodils  
 Are just bending. Bashô

The delicacy of the observation is not less than that of Nature itself. A few flakes of snow, and the mind of the poet bends with the long, slender leaves. There is a similar but rather less simple verse by Buson:

春雨や小磯の小貝ぬるゝほど  
*Harusame ya koiso no kogai nururu hodo*

Spring rain,  
 Enough to wet the little shells  
 On the small beach.

Note how Buson makes everything as small as possible. Shiki has a verse which is almost a parody of Bashô's:

夕立や蛙の面に三粒ほど

*Yûdachi ya kaeru no tsura ni mitsubu hodo*

A summer shower;  
About three drops  
On the frog's face.

初雪やかけかゝりたる橋の上

芭蕉

*Hatsuyuki ya kake kakaritaru hashi no ue*

The first snow of the year,  
On the bridge  
They are making.

Bashô

This was composed when Bashô was living at Fukagawa; the bridge was half-finished. The poetical point of this is of an extreme delicacy. It concerns the bringing together of the first soft, white snow and the new white wood of the bridge over which no traveller has yet passed. The virginity of both is brought out by their juxtaposition.

初雪や海をへだてゝ何處の山

子規

*Hatsuyuki ya umi wo hedatete doko no yama*

The first snow;  
Beyond the sea,  
What mountains are they?

Shiki

The snow falls for the first time, and as the poet gazes over the sea, he sees, as if also for the first time, distant mountains capped with white snow shining in the morning sunshine. The snow can say too, "Behold, I make all things new!"

天も地もなしに雪の降りしきり 芭 臣  
*Ten mo chi mo nashi ni yuki no furishikiri*

There is neither heaven nor earth,  
 Only snow  
 Falling incessantly. Hashin

Thomson has expressed this, though in more words:

Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide  
 The works of man.

Jôsô has a very similar verse:

野も山も雪に取られてなにもなし  
*No mo yama mo yuki ni torarete nani mo nashi*

Fields and mountains,—  
 The snow has taken them all,  
 Nothing remains.

金殿の灯火細し夜の雪 子 規  
*Kinden no tomoshibi hososhi yoru no yuki*

The lights of the palace  
Are narrowed,  
This night of snow.

Shiki

On ordinary nights, the lamps of the palace blaze out into the darkness, but after the fall of snow, everywhere is lighter than usual, and when the lamps are lit, they appear smaller and dimmer by contrast. This is poetry from the degree of delicacy and fineness of the perceptions of the poet.

古池の鶺鴒に雪降る夕かな                      子規  
*Furuike no oshidori ni yuki furu yûbe kana*

Evening snow falling,  
A pair of mandarin ducks  
On an ancient lake.

Shiki

There is a remarkable harmony here. The age of the lake has a deep affinity with the snow, which though it may be new in time is old in its seasonal meaning. The mandarin ducks also are somewhat artificial and more picturesque less alive than other birds.

鶏の寝て居るうちの深雪哉                      奇淵  
*Niwatori no nete iru uchi no miyuki kana*

While the fowls  
Were asleep,—  
A heavy fall of snow.

Kien

The interest of this verse lies in the fact that the poet has written it from the point of view of the fowls, not his own. And implied is a picture that could never be painted, the fowls sitting on their perches in the dark hen-roost, eyes shut, oblivious of everything, while outside, in equal darkness invisible snow is silently falling; deeper and deeper it lies on the roof and the ground.

刈殘す芒の株の雪高し

子規

*Karinokosu susuki no kabu no yuki takashi*

On the stubs

Left after cutting the pampas grass,

The snow is high.

Shiki

This is a scene which everyone has seen in the Japanese countryside in winter. The pampas grass seeds, and it is cut down, and when the snow falls, accumulated snow makes a heap where the stubble of the pampas grass stood. This verse is simply a picture of a familiar scene, and its poetical virtue lies to a large extent in the very fact of choosing it out. It is an example of

And you must love him ere to you

He will seem worthy of your love.

樂書の壁をあはれむ今朝の雪

燕村

*Rakugaki no kabe wo awaremu kesa no yuki*

The scribbling on the wall,—  
 It looks pitiful,  
 This morn of snow.

Buson

The pictures and writing that children have done on the white wall with charcoal have been there for a long time, but as a result of the fall of snow in the night the wall is brightly illuminated by the reflection of the snow in the morning sunlight. The snow has shown up human nature in its triviality, its stupidity, its vulgarity, its worthlessness. But the poet feels worth and value in this very absence of it. In the same way, "wonder" will not account for poetry; it is the "ordinary-wonderfulness" of things which we want, and it has.

馬をさへながむる雪のあしたかな 芭蕉

*Uma wo sae nagamuru yuki no ashita kana*

We gaze  
 Even at horses,  
 This morn of snow!

Bashô

Goethe says, as before quoted: "Ein wenig Regen, ein wenig Sonne, und es wird jeden Frühling wieder grun." It is the same with winter. A little coldness in the upper air, and the whole world is renewed. Everything is dazzling white, sounds and sights completely changed. The poor pack-horses that our eyes avoided from pity or indifference are now objects of interest again.





Fishing alone by a Winter River

by Barin, 馬麟, son of Baen, 馬贊, of the Sung Dynasty.



ながながと川一筋や雪の原 凡 兆  
*Naga-naga to kawa hitosuji ya yuki no hara*

One long line of river  
 Winds across  
 The snowy moor. Bonchô

The mind fluctuates between two desires, a desire for novelty and a desire for repetition. It yearns for both variety and uniformity, the Manifold and the Unity. This is true of the mind's everyday workings and its highest flights. We see it in works of art and in science. If two incomparables may be compared, we must say that the pleasure of recognition goes deeper than that of surprise, and the true spirit of wonder is at what Emerson calls "the Ever-blessed One." The river is this, and the snowy moor is this. A modern verse, by Meisetsu, is also a beautiful picture in black and white:

女一人僧一人雪の渡しかな  
*Onna hitori sô hitori yuki no watashi kana*

A woman and a monk,  
 Ferried across  
 Through the falling snow.

The boat glides across the black water, the white snow falls down over the whole picture, and there is a repetition of this spatial motive of horizontal and vertical movement in the spiritual realm. The monk and the woman, though in the boat together, are moving in different directions. This poem is a picture, but the significance of the form is

deepened by the correspondence and consequent intensifying power of the meaning of the objects composing the picture.

日頃にくぎ烏も雪のあしたかな 芭蕉

*Higoro nikuki karasu mo yuki no ashita kana*

How beautiful

The usually hateful crow,

This morn of snow!

Bashô

“Hateful” is a very strong word and it is probably applied by Bashô to the greedy, mischievous, impudently cynical, maliciously inquisitive, Iago-like character of the bird. But one touch of nature makes all things kin.

野に山にうごく物なし雪の朝 千代尼

*No ni yama ni ugoku mono nashi yuki no asa*

On moor and mountain

Nothing stirs,

This morn of snow.

Chiyo-ni

This verse has a simplicity that is supremely fitting to the subject. Snow has a simplifying effect equivalent to that of the greatest artists. All unnecessary detail is obliterated, all unnecessary motion obscured.

君火をたけよき物見せん雪丸げ 芭蕉

*Kimi hi wo take yoki mono misen yukimaruge*

You light the fire,  
And I'll show you something nice,—  
A huge ball of snow! Bashô

This is hardly poetry, but shows Bashô's overflowing gentleness and hospitality in a life of abject poverty, his sole worldly possessions being a few books and writing materials. At this time Bashô was living at Fukagawa. Sora, the disciple who accompanied him on the first part of his journey to Michinoku, provided him with a one-roomed hut, food, and firewood. One morning when Sora arrived at the hut, Bashô had been playing with the snow, rolling it into a great ball. The picture we get here is well done in the following haiku by Oemaru:

雪丸げ大きくなつてしまひけり

*Yukimaruge ôkiu natte shimaikeri*

The snowball  
Finally grew  
Immense.

One can see the exhausted toilers standing there with red hands and glowing faces, gazing on their handiwork, now too heavy to roll another inch. Compare also the following by Yaezakura:

雪まろげはやも力の及ばざる

*Yukimaruge haya mo chikara no oyobazaru*

How soon  
The snowball  
Got beyond our strength!

The snow falls down without weight or strength and we begin to roll a ball of it. It gets bigger and bigger, until, *quite suddenly*, we find we cannot move it, it is too large and heavy. The poetic point is not of course the contrast between the snow and the snowball. It is in the contrast between our strength and the weight of the ball. It is in the suddenly perceived relation between spirit and matter. We forget when we talk in fine phrases of love conquering death, of eternal beauty, of the power of the mind, that after all it is matter that has the final word,—and this is what we perceive when the snowball will not budge.

衾なりに吹込む雪や枕もと                      一茶  
*Okumi nari ni fukikomu yuki ya makura moto*

In the form of an *okumi*,  
 The snow sifts in  
 At my pillow.

Issa

This verse has the prescript “Issa in a state of illness,” 一茶病中のていたらく. The seams of the door and the space between the plaster and posts of the wall allow the snow to blow in. The fine particles gradually collect on the floor in a fan-shaped form which Issa has described as like an *okumi*, the gradually widening insertion or inset that lies along a kimono from the “collar” downwards. As Issa lies there, he watches the snow form into this simple pattern, and with the same “simple” mind, describes it. It is in this simplicity of mind that the poetry of this verse consists.

さくさくとわら食ふ馬やよるの雪 舊 國

*Saku-saku to wara kû uma ya yoru no yuki*

Crunch, crunch,—  
The horse munching straw;  
An evening of snow.

Kyûkoku

The relation between the sound of the horse eating the chopped straw and the silence of the fall of the snow is a strange and deep one. How far off they are from each other, and yet the very contrast between them, each intensifying the other, makes us feel them both as “portions of eternity too great for the eye (and ear) of man.”

眞直な小便穴や門の雪

一 茶

*Massugu na shôben ana ya kado no yuki*

The straight hole  
Made by pissing

In the snow outside the door. Issa

The lavatory is outside the house, separate from it, and the snow has already fallen to the depth of two or three feet. Issa just opens the door and makes water into the deep snow. A round, straight hole is left in the snow, slightly discoloured, and it somehow makes an impression on him which is no different from that which is always the sign of the working of poetry, its secret life within him. He writes his verse, not in spite of, not because of the peculiarity of the subject, but simply because (and the

“simply” has an important meaning here) it insisted on its being expressed. A good haiku is to be distinguished from a poor one by the *depth* of the impression it makes on the reader; there is no other standard, though we are on our guard against artificiality, sentimentality, exaggeration, intellectuality, excessive strain, cynicism, and some other unnamed enemies of poetry.

たたずめば猶降る雪の夜道かな 几 董  
*Tatazumeba nao furu yuki no yomichi kana*

Standing still  
 In the evening road,  
 The snow fell more insistently.  
 Kitô

When we are walking along a snowy road at night, we are busy with our own locomotion, but when we stand still, the snow seems to fall more rapidly, and we can hear its soft swiftness.

いざ行かむ雪見にころぶ處まで 芭 蕉  
*Iza yukan yukimi ni korobu tokoro made*

Now then!  
 Let's go snow-viewing,—  
 Till we tumble down!  
 Bashô

This has the same vehemence of spirit as Christ's

Unto seventy times seven!

upon a subject of similar gentleness.

犬どもがよけてくれけり雪の道 一茶

*Inudomo ga yokete kurekeri yuki no michi*

The dogs

Kindly get of the way,

In the snowy road.

Issa

There is only a single track in the middle of the road, where the snow has been trodden down enough to walk. Not being sure of their reception, dogs that come in the opposite direction move aside to allow someone to pass, and then come back and run along the narrow path again. Here is a whole world of feeling, of the lives of human beings who suffer their poor relations to dwell amongst them for profit, material and sentimental; and of dogs, who have enough intelligence to know who are the lords of creation.

二人見し雪は今年も降りけるか 芭蕉

*Futari mishi yuki wa kotoshi mo furikeru ka*

The snow we saw come down,—

Has it fallen,

This year too?

Bashô

This has the prescript: "Sent to Etsujin, thinking of our sleeping together in poverty last year," 去年の侘寝を思ひ出して越人に贈る. This verse has several meanings. It asks whether there is any change of heart, any alteration of mind both towards the snow and towards himself. It also suggests that the snow last year and that of this year are no different. Time and eternity, the personal and impersonal are blended in this simple verse.

風の雪イむ我を降りめぐる 櫻 良  
*Kaze no yuki tatazumu ware wo furimeguru*

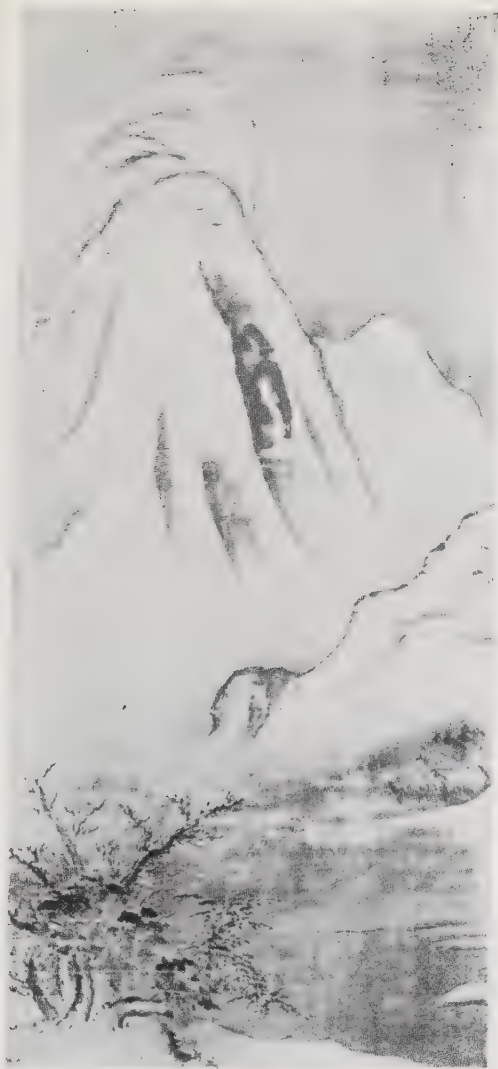
The windy snow  
 Falling and blowing around me  
 As I stand here. Chora

What a world of unspoken, unspeakable poetic life is revealed in this verse, as surely as shrieks and cries attest agony of soul, as unmistakably as the cold corpse shows that the spirit has returned to God who gave it. And how is this done? With a paucity of material, surpassed perhaps in life, but not in art. In fact, it is the simple elimination of the unessential that brings out what was there all the time,

As perchance, carvers do not faces make,  
 But that away, which hid them there, do take.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Donne, *The Crosse*.





### Winter Mountain

Attributed to Kôzenki, 高然暉, a Chinese painter unknown in China, said by Sôami (d. 1525) to belong to the Yuan Dynasty, 1279-1368.



降雪の野に死なば我も雪佛 長 翠  
*Furu yuki no no ni shinaba ware mo yukibotoke*

Should I perish  
 On this snowy moor, I also  
 Shall become a snow-Buddha.

Chôsui

A snow-Buddha is a snow-man, in Japan usually an effigy of Daruma. The poet says that if he freezes to death on this vast plain on which the snow is falling, he will become a Buddha. This verse is partly humorous, but partly serious. He has grasped his fate with a strong hand, and in so far as he does this, he has attained Buddhahood.

一人づゝ降隠れ行く雪見かな 可都里  
*Hitori zutsu furikakureyuku yukimi kana*

Snow-viewing,  
 One by one they disappear  
 In the falling snow. Katsuri

They have gone, as spectators, to look at the snow and the scenery it has recreated, but the snow is not thus passive. The snow falls upon them, as one by one, in single file, they walk along the narrowed path. The snow which they are going to gaze at swallows each one up into its silence and white darkness.

我雪と思へば輕し笠の上 其 角  
*Waga yuki to omoeba karushi kasa no ue*

When I think it is my snow  
 On my hat,  
 It seems light. Kikaku

There is a short story by Chekov about a stray dog. A crowd collects and decides to get rid of the nasty creature, when someone says it belongs to the local Police Inspector. Immediately they all begin to praise the beauty and sagacity of dogs in general and this dog in particular, when another man says no, it only looks like the Police Inspector's dog, and public opinion at once veers round, and all the Vicars of Bray decide that it is a blot on the landscape and a disgrace to the town, and so on and so on.

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

This explanation is of the following popular form of Kikaku's verse:

我がものと思へば輕し笠の雪  
*Waga mono to omoeba karushi kasa no yuki*

When I think it is mine,  
 The snow on the umbrella  
 Is light.

Shiki rightly says that it must be 我が雪と思えば, "When I think it is my snow."

As a haiku, the poetry lies in the intimate feeling of ownership by the poet of the snow which is on his own

umbrella, but the verse lends itself to generalization so easily that it cannot be called a good one.

應々と言へど叩くや雪の門 去 來  
*Ôô to iedo tataku ya yuki no mon.*

“Yes! Yes!” I cried,  
 But someone still knocked  
 On the snow-mantled gate. Kyorai

One cold snowy night the poet was sitting by the brazier when someone began knocking at the outer gate. He hurriedly got up and went outside, calling out, “All right! I am coming!” but for some reason or other the person outside continued to knock.

The point of the poem lies in the poet's lack of knowledge as to why the person outside did not stop knocking. And this mysterious knocking is in some way connected with the snow that has piled up on the roof of the gate and blown halfway up the door itself. This too, the identity of meaning of the thick layer of snow and the dull, continuous, blind knocking, is a mystery. Compare Kyoroku's quieter verse on page 311.

傘の幾つ過ぎゆく雪の暮 北 枝  
*Karakasa no ikutsu sugiyuku yuki no kure*

Many umbrellas  
 Are passing by,  
 This eve of snow. Hokushi

The art of haiku is not to make poetry, or even to see and record poetical things and events as they chance to appear and occur, but rather to seize the inner essence of any commonplace, everyday occurrence, to touch that inner nerve of life, of existence, that runs through the dullest and most unmeaning fact.

Snow has been falling all day. The flakes are large. Through the dusk people pass, their walk soundless, their origin and destination unknown, their form and sex indistinguishable, hardly more than moving umbrellas, snow above, beneath and all around them. The snow and the umbrellas hide the unessential elements, thus revealing—what?

我が子なら供にはやらじ夜の雪 羽紅尼

*Waga ko nara tomo niwa yaraji yoru no yuki*

Were he my child,  
He should not accompany you,  
This night of snow!

Ukô-ni

This is a very well-known verse, and expresses the tenderness of a “woman’s care” that overflows to children not her own, but some critics consider this to have no value at all as haiku. It needs, however, a tougher mind than mine to reject it, and it seems one of those rare exceptions where morality and poetry are indistinguishable. In any case, it is unreasonable to refuse the verse simply because it expresses a union of feeling between the woman and

a boy, not her own, who was to accompany her husband through the snowy night with a lantern,—and does not deal with crickets or cherry-blossoms. Where it is lacking, is in the fact that the snow is only a stage-property; it is simply cotton-wool, paper snow, like that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There is a similar verse, probably later than the former,<sup>1</sup> by Kanri:

雪の日やあれも人の子樽捨ひ

*Yuki no hi ya are mo hito no ko taruhîroi*

A day of snow;  
He also is somebody's son,  
That empty-barrel collector.

It may not be poetry, but it is good democracy.

大雪となりけり關のとざし時

蕪村

*Ôyuki to nari keri seki no tozashidoki*

A heavy snow-fall,  
They are just about to close  
The great gate of the barrier.

Buson

The poet has been plodding along the road towards the barrier. The snow is deep and is still falling. It is growing dark, and the soldiers are just going to shut the barrier

<sup>1</sup> Ukô-ni was the wife of Bonchô, d.1714, and the elder sister of Kyorai, b. 1651. Kanri died 1732.

gate. As he hurries towards it, it looms up higher than usual with many feet of snow upon it.

The lofty barrier with its ponderous gates has some deep affinity with the snow in the gathering darkness. It is something more than the mere feeling of physical weight.

十一騎面もふらぬ吹雪かな                      子規  
*Jūikki omote mo furanu fubuki kana*

Eleven knights  
 Ride through the whirling snow  
 Without turning their heads.      Shiki

These eleven horsemen ride through the blizzard, the wind blowing around them, but none of them turns his head to avoid the wind or look round. Besides the intensity of storm and riders, there is the straight lines of the eleven, and the swirling, criss-cross lines of the snowflakes.

宿かせと刀投出す吹雪かな                      蕪村  
*Yadokase to katana nagedasu fubuki kana*

Coming in from the whirling snow,—  
 “A lodging for the night!”  
 And he throws down his sword.

Buson

It is not necessary to limit this man to a member of the samurai class, though for the picture it may be better



so. The door is suddenly opened, the snow and wind come in, and with it an exhausted traveller who has at last reached this hut as night is beginning to fall. He throws down his sword on the tatami and gasps his request, almost a demand, for a night's lodging here. "Throwing down the sword" expresses perfectly his state of mind and body, his extremity of feeling. The onomatopoeia is noteworthy. The sounds of d, t, g and k predominate.

宿かさぬ火影や雪の家つづき      蕪村  
*Yado kasanu hokage ya yuki no ietsuzuki*

Denied a lodging,—  
 The lights from a row of houses  
 In the snow.

Buson

On a journey, the poet reached a village when dusk had already fallen, and was refused a night's lodging,—not altogether unexpectedly, for solitary travellers late at night were not welcomed. Buson retreats from the house, and looks back at it and the houses that stand beside it. The lights from within shine over the snow under the dark sky. He gazes at this scene for a moment, not objectively, as without human meaning; not as "man's inhumanity to man," but as life, as existence, as poetry, in which the poet and the scene are undivided. When they are seen as two things, we get the always solemn words of Marcus Aurelius:

Let aught external, that so chooses, befall those parts which can feel the effects of its incidence. They may complain if they will. But I myself have taken no hurt, so long as I refrain from pronouncing what has chanced an evil. And this abstention is within my power.

行燈の煤けぞ寒き雪の暮 越人  
*Andon no susuke zo samuki yuki no kure*

The night-light is smoke-stained,  
 Snow falls chill  
 Through the dusk. Etsujin

An *andon* is a kind of night-light made of wood and paper. In Etsujin's life-time (he was a pupil of Bashô) they were usually small oil lamps emitting more smoke than light. The whole thing would soon become sooty, and it is this sootiness which is the central point of the poem. The cold night, the gloom, snow falling with its almost soundless sounds, the melancholy of it all in a straw-thatched hut that leaks here and there,—it is summed up in the soot that begrimes the paper and wood of the lamp. This is as cold to the mind as the snow outside.

からかさの一つ過行く雪の暮 野坡  
*Karakasa no hitotsu sugiyuku yuki no kure*

An umbrella—one alone—  
Passes by :

An evening of snow.

Yaha

It is a never-ending source of intellectual wonder that the more we decrease the quantity of material, the number of things, the deeper the meaning becomes. For poetry it is hardly necessary to be able to count above one. This single umbrella, nothing else seen, moving through the snowy dusk,—as we gaze at it passing by, the mind moving with the umbrella and with no more thought and emotion than it, we know the meaning of the umbrella and him who holds it, and That which holds all things as they pass by. But this is what we say to anyone who asks what we are looking out at. This is not the realm of our experience, not the movement of things which we share, but only the chattering of words around it. The same experience is seen in the following by Bonchô; it belongs to autumn :

桐の木の風にかまはぬ落葉かな

*Kiri no ki no kaze ni kamawanu ochiba kana*

Regardless of wind,  
A leaf of the paulownia  
Falls.

鶺鴒のそれきり啼かず雪の暮

照 浪

*Hiyodori no sorekiri nakazu yuki no kure*

A bulbul cried,  
 And cried no more:  
 Snow fell through the dusk.      Arô

After the bulbul<sup>1</sup> cries, "Pee-a, pee-a," there is silence; it grows darker, and the snow seems to fall more swiftly.

時々や霰となつて風強し      子規  
*Tokidoki ya arare to natte kaze tsuyoshi*

Now and again  
 It turns to hail;  
 The wind is strong.      Shiki

This is a scene in which the vagueness is the beauty of it, vagueness of scene that is left undescribed, vagueness of time. There is nothing but wind and gusts of rain and hail, but in them we feel the power of nature in its destructively constructive forms. In the following verse, also by Shiki, there is an addition of place, of the human element, of loneliness, given by the empty boat:

捨舟の中にたばしる霰かな  
*Sutebune no naka ni tabashiru arare kana*

<sup>1</sup> The Brown-eared Bulbul. Its body is bluish grey, the cheeks reddish brown. It has a habit of flying from branch to branch, calling "pee-a, pee-a." "It also likes berries, and sometimes it ventures to come to the garden to eat the fruit of "nandin" and of other trees that bear berries." The above verse is a modern one.

In the abandoned boat,  
The hail  
Bounces about.

In the ordinary way the hail bounces only at one angle, but the inside of the boat is curved and the hail dances about in every direction. There is also a connection between the wanton, free-for-all antics of the hail, and the boat left there without owner or boatman. The hail is thrown away into the thrown-away boat.

呼かへす鮒賣見えぬあられかな 凡 兆  
*Yobikaesu funauri mienu arare kana*

Going out to call back the crucian-seller,  
He was not to be seen;  
Hail began to fall. Bonchô

This verse needs no explanation, but literally it is:  
"Calling back the crucian-seller, not visible, hail."

Such a state of mind, an extremity which is God's opportunity, is perhaps the commonest poetic experience of so-called unpoetic people. Poets and psychologists attend to such things, for they are accustomed to notice how a dilemma, a lack of outlet for action causes the mind to become abnormally receptive. They are quick to remark upon the peculiar meaning of some trivial or habitual occurrence. The hail would never have been attended to were it not for the non-plussed condition caused by the disappearance of the fishmonger when he was expected to return.

いかめしき音やあられの檜笠 芭蕉  
*Ikameshiki oto ya arare no hinokigasa*

How sternly majestic,  
 The sound of the hail  
 On my *hinokigasa*. Bashô

The rattle of the hail-stones, like arrows on armour, gives a feeling of the nature of both the *kasa*, a kind of umbrella-hat made of strips of cypress wood, and the hail. In another verse by Bashô we see the same thing with hail and rocks:

石山の石にたばしる霰かな  
*Ishiyama no ishi ni tabashiru arare kana*

The hail-stones  
 Glance off the rocks  
 Of the Stony Mountain.

A modern poet, Kyoshi, adds human emotion to the mere sounds, reminding us of Wordsworth as a boy:

盗んだる案山子の笠に雨急なり  
*Nusundaru kakashi no kasa ni ame kyû nari*

How heavy the rain  
 On the *kasa* I stole  
 From the scarecrow!

Thoreau says in *Walden, Higher Laws* :

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice.

Even to steal from a scarecrow makes us uneasy, and

renders us more sensitive to impressions. So the rain that falls on the *kasa* that he has “appropriated” fairly thunders in his ears.

山風や霰吹き込む馬の耳 大 魯  
*Yama-kaze ya arare fukikomu uma no mimi*

The mountain blast!  
 The hail is driven  
 Into the horse's ear. Tairo

This verse expresses the power and omnipotence of nature in a homely and humorous way. We see clearly the small pellets of ice, and the coarse hairs in the ear of the horse.

甲板に霰の音のくらさ哉 子 規  
*Kampan ni arare no oto no kurasa kana*

On the deck  
 The sound of the hail  
 Is dark. Shiki

On hearing the hail, the idea of an overcast sky is instantly presented to the mind, so that the sound seems dark as ice looks cold. But in addition to this, the hollow, pattering sound of the hail on the deck above sounds dark in itself.

いざ子供はしり歩かん玉あられ 芭蕉

*Iza kodomo hashiriarukan tamaarare*

Look, children,  
Hail-stones!  
Let's rush out!

Bashô

This may be compared with some of Wordsworth's minor poetry, where superficial readers can see but little. It is little, but that little is something precious. The poet felt that "twinge" at the moment, even when he failed to express it, even though there was a still-birth, and the appropriate language was not generated by the experience. What is peculiarly beautiful about Bashô's verse is the fact that Bashô's ejaculation, "Let's rush out," expresses the hail far more than it does Bashô's attitude towards the hail. It gives us the very nature of the hail itself, in its swift, bouncing, rushing mobility.

一さんに飛で火に入るあられかな 一茶

*Issan ni tonde hi ni iru arare kana*

Hail,  
Flying into the fire  
As fast as its legs can carry it.

Issa

The faithfulness of things, their will to live which is united to an equal will to die, the constructive and destructive both working to the utmost limit, begins to be deformed



in the higher animals and is hopelessly perverted in men. The (apparent) power to choose that human beings have makes them heat the fire hotter, into which they fall as fast as the rest of things, as swiftly as the hail-stones. Issa is also perhaps thinking of the moths of summer that flutter round the lamps, attracted yet afraid.

山寺の硯に早し初氷

蕪村

*Yamadera no suzuri ni hayashi hatsugôri*

In the ink-stone  
Of the mountain temple,  
The first ice is early.

Buson

The night before, he was writing, and when he gets up he finds the ink frozen. The season is too early for this to happen in ordinary places. In the ice that has formed in the well of the ink-slab, Buson sees the remoteness and height of the temple where he is staying.

瓶わるる夜の氷のねざめかな

芭蕉

*Kame wareru yoru no kôri no nezame kana*

I woke up suddenly,  
With the ice of a night  
When the water-pot burst.

Bashô

The form of the expression in Japanese shows us that what Bashô experienced was an aural perception of the

“Buddha nature” of ice. He “woke up” to what ice was.

森の中に池あり氷あつき哉      子規  
*Mori no naka ni ike ari kôri atsuki kana*

A pool,  
 Deep in the forest;  
 The ice is thick.      Shiki

In this simple verse, in the mere thickness, the extra thickness of the ice, a whole world is revealed. The depth of the forest, its remoteness from human habitation, the pale sunlight that leaks through the highest boughs of the trees, the late morning, the early evening,—all are contained in this one phrase; “The ice is thick.”

It is thick because the sun hardly penetrates to the surface of the pond, but this explanation, however true, is not the living, poetical truth. In the mere thickness of the ice we see the power of nature, the stern inevitability of things.

ともし火に氷れる筆を焦しけり      大魯  
*Tomoshibi ni kôreru fude wo kogashikeri*

I burnt  
 The frozen brush  
 In the lamp-flame.      Tairo

The night was so cold that when the poet opened his brush and ink-box, and made ink with the ink-stick, he found that the brush was frozen. He tried to thaw it in the flame of the lamp, but through his carelessness, the brush was burnt, or rather, singed. The whole verse, and the final picture, the poet sitting looking at the spoiled brush, the silence outside and inside, the intense cold, the feeble light of the wick floating in oil,—this is all an expression of loneliness, inevitable, and of no ulterior meaning.

氷る燈の油うかがふ鼠かな

燕 村

*Kôru lâ no abura ukagau nezumi kana*

A rat approaches  
The freezing oil  
Of the lamp.

Buson

There are certain subjects, such as scarecrows, mice, fallen leaves, chrysanthemums, upon which all poets write well. There must be some deep relation between human beings and these things. The light of the lamp flickers, gutters, goes out; the oil begins to solidify in the cold. A rat approaches the lamp, its nose twitching, its jerky movements betraying its fearful eagerness. The extinguished, silent lamp, the motionless yet palpitating rat,—“these have a deep meaning, but when we wish to express it, the words suddenly fail us.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Tôenmei's poem, given in *Zen in English Literature*, page 61.

何故に長みじかある氷柱ぞや 鬼 貫

*Nami yue ni nagamijika aru tsurara zoya*

Why  
Are some icicles long,  
Some short?

Onitsura

We are poets and sages in so far as we do not ask such questions, or rather, asking them we expect no answer, and do not desire one. To keep things in this state of wonder and suspense, to want without desire, to love deeply without attachment,—this is the real part of all our living. Then the different lengths of the icicles, the different heights of wooden palings, the difference between the sun and the moon, these things are of perpetual and never-ending surprise, for

A long thing is the Long Body of Buddha;  
A short thing is the Short Body of Buddha.

長者長法身、短者短法身（禪林句集）

野佛の鼻のさきからつららかな 一 茶

*Nobotoke no hana no saki kara tsurara kana*

The Buddha on the moor,  
From the end of his nose  
Hangs an icicle.

Issa

We see here the difference between Christianity and Buddhism, or rather, between the English and the Japanese, in their concept of nature, of religion, and of the uses (and necessities) of humour.

こがらしや岩に裂行水の聲 燕 村  
*Kogarashi ya iwa ni sakeyuku mizu no koe*

The winter storm,  
 The voice of the rushing water,  
 Torn by the rocks. Buson

The phrase 裂行, might be translated literally “tearing,” that is, the “tearing” is literal, for the water swiftly flowing is torn in two by the rocks which stick out above the water. However, this verse is entirely aural, as Meisetsu observes with his penetrating brevity: “This has its poetical import entirely for the ear,” 是は耳ばかりの趣なり。

木枯や竹に隠れてしづまりぬ 芭 蕉  
*Kogarashi ya take ni kakurete shizumarinu*

The winter tempest  
 Hid itself in the bamboos,  
 And grew still. Bashô

A great gust of wind comes roaring towards the bamboo grove; the bamboos sway and toss, the leaves quiver and rustle, then everything is still and silent again, all that force and sound swallowed up completely.

こがらしや頬腫痛む人の顔 芭 蕉  
*Kogarashi ya hōbare itamu hito no kao*

The tempest is blowing:  
 Someone's painfully  
 Swollen face.

Bashô

The harmony here is one of grotesqueness; the swollen, disfigured, grimacing face, and the blustering, insolent, uncouth wind have a peculiar relation to each other that defies intellectual analysis.

It is interesting to compare this to another verse of Bashô's, in which he uses a boil to bring out the delicacy and femininity of the willow-tree:

はれ物にさはる柳のしなへかな

*Haremono ni sawaru yanagi no shinae kana*

As if touching a tumour,  
 The drooping branches  
 Of the willow.

Spinoza says,

Whenever, then, anything in nature seems to us ridiculous, absurd, or evil, it is because we have but a partial knowledge of things, and are in the main ignorant of the order and coherence of nature as a whole, and because we want everything to be arranged according to the dictates of our own reason; although in fact, what our reason pronounces bad is not bad as regards the order and laws of universal nature, but only as regards the laws of our own nature taken separately.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tractatus Politicus*, Ch. 2.

風や小石のこける板庇

燕 村

*Kogarashi ya koishi no kokeru itabisashi*

The cold blast;  
Small stones rattling  
On the planks of the pent-roof.

Buson

In this verse there is no talk about seeing the world in a grain of sand; it is actually heard in the small stones rattling over the pent-house roof. And in the dry harsh timbre, we feel the same meaning as in the sound of the wind, the bleakness and deathliness of winter. Another excellent verse with a slightly different meaning,—the sting and bitterness of winter, is the following:

風や鐘に小石を吹きあてる

*Kogarashi ya kane ni koishi wo fukiateru*

The winter tempest  
Blows small stones  
Onto the temple bell.

Other verses in which Buson has used stones to express the nature of the winter wind:

風や野河の石を踏みわたる

*Kogarashi ya nogawa no ishi wo fumiwataru*

The winter tempest;  
Crossing over the stones  
Of the river on the moor.

風や畠の小石目に見ゆる

*Kogarashi ya hatake no koishi me ni miyuru*

The winter tempest;  
The small stones of the field  
Are clearly seen.

He has used stones also to show the peculiar quality of the  
winter moor, the cold wind being taken for granted:

てらてらと石に日の照る 枯野かな  
*Teratera to ishi ni hi no teru kareno kana*

Brightly the sun  
Shines on the stones  
Of the withered moor.

石に詩を題して過ぐる 枯野かな  
*Ishi ni shi wo daishite suguru kareno kana*

Writing a poem about a stone,  
And passing on,—  
The withered moor!

蕭條として石に日の入る 枯野かな  
*Shôjô to shite ishi ni hi no iru kare no kana*

Dreary and desolate,  
The sun sinks behind the stones  
On the withered moor.

息杖に石の火を見る 枯野かな  
*Ikizue ni ishi no hi wo miru kareno kana*

Sparks on a stone  
From the palanquin-bearer's staff,—  
Over the withered moor.

木枯の果はありけり海の音 言 水  
*Kogurashi no hate wa arikeri umi no oto*



The winter blast  
 Has its final end  
 In the sound of the sea.      Gonsui

All day long the wind has been raging. Towards evening the wind drops, and the roaring of the waves is heard in the distance. There is a very obvious connection between the blowing of the tempest and the clamour of the sea-shore, between the subsidence of the sound of the wind and the rising of that of the water. This is Emerson's "systole and diastole of nature." But we must also say, with Blake:

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the  
 raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword,  
 are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

There is also a feeling of the unceasing work of nature, as in Keats' sonnet:

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns.

冬枯や世は一色に風の音      芭蕉  
*Fuyugare ya yo wa hito iro ni kaze no oto*

Winter desolation:  
 In a world of one colour  
 The sound of the wind.      Bashô

The grass is brown, and branches bare,

The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

Winter has taken away the colours from the earth; the only sound is that of the wind, of no tone-colour, a wind that tells, in its harshness, of withered leaves, dry sticks and sharp stones, waste and empty places.

うら枯や馬も餅くふうつの山      其 角  
*Uragare ya uma mo mochi kû utsu no yama*

On Mount Utsu

All is withered and desolate :

The horse also eats the *mochi*.

Kikaku

Mt. Utsu, 宇津山, refers to a mountain pass in Suruga no Kuni,<sup>1</sup> 駿河の國, where there was the customary tea-house for the refreshment of travellers, with the equally customary special delicacy of the district.

All touches of nature make the whole world kin. Somebody gives the horse a rice-cake. The horse puts his ears forward, takes the cake with his thick lips, and begins to munch it. The sacrament of eating together is performed, all are companions. Eat and be eaten is the law of life. But what is this "touch of nature" in a world where everything is natural?

<sup>1</sup> Shizuoka.

こがらしやひたとつまづく戻り馬 蕪村

*Kogarashi ya hita to tsumazuku modori uma*

A wintry wind:

The horse suddenly stumbles

As it comes back home.

Buson

Evening is falling, a cold, gusty wind blows along the road. An old horse, thin and bony, hastens its step as it nears the village. Suddenly it stumbles over a stone in the uneven ground. And this pathos has something to do with the meaning of the poem. Sometimes, in some circumstances, in some moods, the breaking of a plate, of even a pencil point, some accidental occurrence causes us to feel in a moment all the tragedy of life, its uselessness, its constant danger, the precariousness of happiness, the enmity of Nature, the anger of God, the ultimate annihilation of the universe. The verse above is born of one of these moments. If we speak of the tired horse, its thinness and hunger, still a long way to go,—this is morality; it may be sentimentality, but it is not poetry. The real “pathos” of the horse is seen when it is in its dark stable, eating its evening meal, its luminous eyes half-shut. It is the eagerness, the hopes which are tragic, not despair or desperation. It is the gratitude of men that leaves us mourning. But the sudden stumbling of the horse has its poetic meaning in this verse by virtue of its mysterious relation with the violent wind that is blowing its mane and tail. When the horse stumbles, some feeling far above pity and fear is aroused, which nevertheless springs from them and cannot exist without them. The stumble causes us a deep, painful joy,—which is, itself, the poetic life.

木枯に岩吹きとがる杉間かな 芭蕉

*Kogarashi ni iwa fukitogaru sugima kana*

The rocks among the cryptomerias  
Are sharpened

By the withering blast. Bashô

The scene is of the sharp rocks lying beneath the pointed cryptomerias, and the piercing wind that blows among them. The coldness of the wind and the jagged edges of the rocks are in a deep harmony that is expressed as causal in character. Compare Chora's (later) verse on page 213.

木がらしやからよびされし按摩坊 一茶

*Kogarashi ya karayobi sareshi amma*

In the winter blast,  
The *amma*

Is called in vain. Issa

The winter wind sweeps away the voice of someone calling to the *amma*, or masseur, and the blind man walks on, blowing his plaintive whistle of two notes. This picture of futility Issa perfected after three trials:

寒月やむだ呼びされし座頭坊

*Kangetsu ya muda yobisareshi zatôbô*

Under the winter moon,  
A fruitless cry  
For the blind man.

夜按摩やむだ呼びされて降る時雨

*Yoamma ya muda yobisarete furu shigure*

The masseur at night  
Is vainly called,  
Cold rain falling.

夜時雨やから呼びされし按摩坊

*Yoshigure ya kara yobisareshi ammaô*

Cold rain at night;  
The useless cry  
For the masseur.

These examples will show how easy haiku are not, when a poet experiences something that demands expression, yet seems also to defy it.



地 理

FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS

## FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS

鳥飛んで荷馬驚く枯野哉                      子規  
*Tori tonde niuma odoroku kareno kana*

A bird flies up,—  
The pack-horse shies,—  
The withered moor!                      Shiki

The bird is not particularized; it is not necessary, and better so. The horse is a pack-horse because it is old and thin and in harmony with the scenery; and because such a decrepit creature being startled is more striking. The central point of the verse is the withered moor, its silence and lifelessness, brought out by this unexpected sign of life. The driver also is startled in his turn. A pianissimo version of this contrast, by Kanrô:

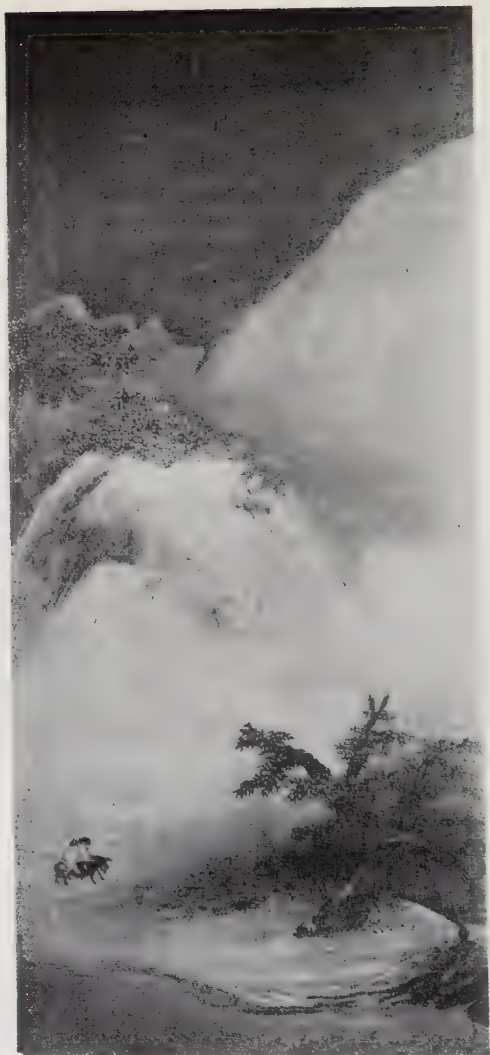
庭鳥の遠く遊べる枯野かな  
*Niwatori no tôku asoberu kareno kana*

Chickens pecking about  
In the distance,  
On the withered moor.

片道は日のくれになる枯野かな                      木導  
*Katamichi wa hinokure ni naru kareno kana*







Snowy Landscape  
by Ryôkai, 梁楷; flourished in the first half  
of the 13th century.

On the way back home,  
 Evening has fallen  
 Across this withered moor. Mokudô

The poetical life of this is very still and quiet. It needs quite an effort to suppress oneself sufficiently to enter into the poet's state of mind. He is coming back from doing some affair that was neither overwhelmingly successful, nor a failure. A poem of Hakurakuten of a similar tone-feeling :

RETURNING TO THE VILLAGE OF I,  
 IN THE RAIN

The waters of the River I had fallen with the cold ;  
 On the bank, reeds and deccan-grass were rank.  
 I walked along by the sand-banks, and stood  
     there in quietness,  
 Watching a man cutting bulrushes.  
 By the water, the scene was cold and bleak ;  
 The clear light seemed to add to the desolation.  
 But when the shadows of night began to fall,  
 The plain was yet more dreary.  
 As I walked back in loneliness,  
 Falling rain was staining the bridge to the village.

渭 村 雨 歸

渭水寒漸落、離離蒲稗苗。  
 閒傍沙邊立、看人刈葦苕。  
 近水風景冷、晴明猶寂寥。  
 復茲夕陰起、野思重蕭條。  
 蕭條獨歸路、暮雨濕村橋。

馬の尾にいばらのかかる枯野かな 蕪村  
*Uma no o ni ibara no kakaru kareno kana*

The horse's tail  
 Caught in the bramble  
 On the withered moor.

Buson

It is a scene of desolation, withered grasses, dead leaves, sticks and stones, frozen pieces of earth. But there is life here too. The long tail of the horse has caught on the thorns of a bramble by the side of the path. The life is not that of the horse and the bramble as animal and plant. It is that of the nature of the long strands of hair, the sharp thorns, and the potential relation between them that is suddenly actualized in a chance, yet pre-destined, yet free event. It is a picture, but a picture whose meaning eludes all analysis because it means no more and no less than itself.

手を出さず物荷ひゆく冬野かな 來山  
*Te wo dasazu mono ninaiyuku fuyuno kana*

Carrying a load,  
 Both hands in his sleeves,  
 Over the winter moor.

Raizan

The point of this verse is the second line. There is something in the handlessness of the picture, or rather of the imagined experience, which strikes the poet. Sometimes it would be good to have no hands; they are useless encumbrances that have to be kept warm by tucking them in our

sleeves or pockets. But the verse is not conscious of anything more than the feel of the hands in the sleeves as something peculiar, yet characteristic.

馬叱る聲も枯野のあらしかな 曲 翠  
*Uma shikaru koe mo karenô no arashi kana*

The voice shouting at the horse  
 Is part of the storm  
 Of the withered moor. Kyokusui

The voice of the people is the voice of God. The voice of man is the voice of nature. The voice of the carter raging at his horse is the voice of the storm that blows over the wintry scene.

山を越す人に別れて枯野かな 蕪 村  
*Yama wo kosu hito ni wakarete karenô kana*

Parting from him,  
 He crossed over the mountain:  
 This withered moor! Buson

The poet and his friend walk along the winter path, talking or silent, "revolving many things." Parting, his friend crosses over the mountain, and the poet goes on alone. The face of nature is changed, the winter scene

joyless and dreary. He sees only separation and death in it. This may be called a simple case of the association of ideas, but the barrenness and deadness of the winter moor that are seen subjectively, are also objectively there. It is only when we are subjectively in accord with some aspect of a thing, that we see that aspect, an aspect which has objective justification. But how are we to distinguish that objectivity from this subjectivity? Like Villaespesa in *Animae Rerum*,

Y en medio de este obscuro silencio, de esta calma,  
Y no se si es la sombra la que invade mi alma,  
O si es que de mi alma va surgiendo la sombra.

And during this obscure silence, this calm,  
I know not if it is that the shadow invades my soul,  
Or if it is from my soul that the shadow arises.

This question cannot be answered and should not be asked. What is wrong is the lack of something, the absence in the mind of those colours which will enable us to see them in the object. If our minds are coloured in any particular way, we can see that (actually existent) quality in anything we behold. God looks at everything with a mind which is coloured with every colour, that is, with

the bright radiance of eternity.

As human beings we can do this to only a limited extent, and in the above poem it is not attempted. The poet expresses his experience, not as simply registering a passing mood, but inwardly convinced that there is some unfathomable correspondence between the cheerlessness of the wasted winter scene, and the dejection he feels.

提灯の一つ家に入る枯野かな 子規

*Chôchin no hitotsu ya ni iru karenô kana*

A lantern  
Entered a house  
On the withered moor. Shiki

It is night, and in the distance, the light of a lantern is seen moving along. It enters a small house standing there in the midst of the cold winds, and all is dark. What this light and its disappearance into the unknown mean, no one can express, for all our thoughts and feelings are concentrated on this wavering spot of light, a light that moves of itself and then goes out of itself.

鳥一羽道づれにして枯野かな 千那

*Tori ichiwa michizure ni shite karenô kana*

A solitary bird  
For my companion  
Upon the withered moor. Senna

As he walks along the winter path, the dead grass, the fallen twigs flowing away beneath his lowered eye, a small bird of some unknown kind flits from one point to another beside the path he is treading, as if it finds a faint pleasure in the poet's company. They are a strange-looking pair, the man and the bird, but there is something in common between them.

大木の雲にそびゆる枯野哉 子規

*Taiboku no kumo ni sobiyuru kareno kana*

A great tree  
That rises up into the clouds,  
On the withered moor. Shiki

There is something about an enormous tree that is different in quality from the trees of ordinary size. This particular tree rises up and up like the tree of Jack the Giant-killer, its head lost in the clouds, while all around stretch withered grasses and cold fields. We ourselves are lifted up out of ourselves and are subdued into the highest boughs and branches silently spreading out their hands in the misty air.

門ばかり残る冬野の伽藍哉 子規

*Mon bakari nokoru fuyuno no garan kana*

Only the gate  
Of the abbey is left,  
On the winter moor. Shiki

As we look at this gate into nothing at all we feel the death of nature, the destruction of the world, the final extinction of human hopes. But the depth of the feeling makes it bearable. It is to experience death and all its meaning that man was born. The scene of desolation on the winter moor, the ancient gate, and the ruins of the temple beyond it, these have a significance that the spring flowers cannot attain to.



ところどころ菜畑遠き枯野哉      子規  
*Tokorodokoro nabatake tôki karenô kana*

Here and there in the distance,  
 Fields of vegetables  
 On the withered moor.      Shiki

These small patches of green on the brown and blighted moor bring out the ruin of nature still more strongly. And the fact that they are seen far-off brings in an element of grief. Distance in space always implies distance in time, and time is the deepest and most mysteriously painful thing in our experience, the more indirectly perceived the more poignant.

里の子の犬引いて行く枯野哉      子規  
*Sato no ko no inu hiite yuku karenô kana*

A boy of the village  
 Leading a dog  
 Over the withered moor.      Shiki

The boy and the dog trudging along the cold, dusty road over the winter moor express each other, fulfil each other in some mysterious way. The little dog unconscious of everything but the smells and sights around him, the boy with some unknown object, pulling the dog along,—these two accentuate the loneliness of the road, the futility of life which must always end in death.

むささびの小鳥食み居る枯野かな 燕 村

*Musasabi no kotori hamioru karenô kana*

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

Buson

This example of "Nature red in tooth and claw," is not to be followed by Tennysonian wails of distress or theological sophistries; neither can it be laughed off or ignored. It is as it is, and is, in its way, as good as anything else. The fall of the cherry-blossoms is as necessary, as poetical as their blooming:

All sounds are the voice of Buddha,  
All forms are the forms of Buddha.

*Hekiganroku*, 79, Criticism.

一切聲是佛聲、一切色是佛色。

Santayana<sup>1</sup> says the same thing:

It is right that the world should illustrate the full nature of the infinite, and not merely the particular ideals of man.

There is also a peculiar testimony from Newman in *The Idea of a University*:

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, their originality (if I may use the term) of their forms and gestures.....throw us out of ourselves into another Creator.

<sup>1</sup> *Introduction to Spinoza's Ethics.*

大徳の糞ひりおはす枯野かな      蕪村  
*Daitoko no fun hiriowasu karenô kana*

His Eminence the Abbot  
 Is shitting  
 On the withered moor.

Buson

There is a double contrast here, visual and mental: the monk in his multicoloured robes of silk and satin in the monotone of brown of the winter moor; the spiritual loftiness of the priest and his performing of what is considered the lowliest of all human functions. There is no thought in Buson's mind of the fact that all cats are grey in the dark, or that all functions are human, are divine. Herein lies the Zen of the poem. In Nature, which includes man, there is nothing fair, nothing foul;

I would warn you that I do not attribute to nature either beauty or deformity, order or confusion. Only in relation to our imagination can things be called beautiful or ugly, well-ordered or confused.<sup>1</sup>

旅人の蜜柑くい行く枯野哉      子規  
*Tabibito no mikan kuiyuku karenô kana*

The traveller walks  
 Over the withered moor,  
 Eating an orange.

Shiki

<sup>1</sup> Spinoza, *Epistle 15*.

Oranges of the tangerine type appear in winter, and the solitary traveller walks slowly along the bleak road, peeling and eating one. The sourish taste makes him shiver, and the cold air makes the orange still more sour; one intensifies the other, so that all things imperceptibly draw closer to one another and to him.

松杉や枯野の中の不動堂 子規

*Matsu sugi ya karenô no naka no fudôdô*

Pine-trees and cryptomerias;  
A shrine of Fudô  
On the withered moor. Shiki

Fudô stands within the shrine gnashing his teeth, his eyes glaring out of a crimson face. Around the small shrine are dark, evergreen trees, and beyond them stretch out the frozen fields and bare trees. There is something alive in the midst of the cold waste, under the black trees in the old and silent shrine.

旅に病で夢は枯野をかけめぐる 芭蕉

*Tabi ni yande yume wa karenô wo kakemeguru*

Ill on a journey;  
My dreams wander  
Over a withered moor. Bashô

This is Bashô's death-verse, written for his pupils, though he had declared, the evening before, that for the last twenty years every poem had been his death poem.

Look thy last on all things lovely,  
Every hour. Let no night  
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber  
Till to delight  
Thou hast paid thy utmost blessing;  
Since that all things thou would praise  
Beauty took from those who loved them  
In other days.

This poem, Walter de la Mare's *Farewell*, shows what Bashô meant by saying that all his real poetry was death-verses. And so this verse of Bashô's is simply his death-verse about life and death. What he showed them when they gathered round his bed in the morning has the subdued tones of Christina Rossetti's *Uphill* :

Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

It has the Buddhistic agnosticism of Clough's lines :

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where is the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

But Bashô does not look before and after, and pine for what is not. He does not look back at a well-spent life, nor hope for future bliss in Paradise. He has the habit of sincerity,

for *studia abeunt in mores*. For many years he has looked at truth with her inflexible regard; what does he see at this moment? He is ill, dying; it is a withered moor through which he now journeys, and this too, is but a dream.

In Bashô's verse, there is implied also self-reproach, a continuous, daily, hourly thing for idealists. We may compare Issa's verse written when he was forty-nine, as he thought of the way of poetry that he had walked through fair weather and foul:

月花や四十九年のむだ歩行

*Tsuki hana ya shijû ku nen no muda hokô*

Under moon and flowers,  
Forty nine-years  
Of fruitless wandering.

Compare a verse of Bashô's written the same year:

世を旅に代かく小田の行きもどり

*Yo wo tabi ni shiro kaku oda no yukimodori*

Journeying through the world,—  
To and fro, to and fro,  
Harrowing the small field.

のら猫の糞して居るや冬の庭 子規

*Noraneke no fun shite iru ya fuyu no niwa*

A stray cat  
Excreting  
In the winter garden.

Shiki

This an extraordinarily good haiku. The harmony between the three things is perfect. The thin, mangy, unlovely and unloving cat, sitting there in the cat's only ungainly attitude, with its eyes vacantly staring; the cold hard ground and withered grasses and fallen leaves. Nature has its ungraceful and ugly side, which has, however, no less meaning than the comely and beautiful.

冬川にすてたる犬の屍かな                      子規

*Fuyukawa ni sutetaru inu no kabane kana*

The body of a dog

Thrown away

In the winter river.

Shiki

This is a sight everyone has seen. Small boys pelt it with stones as it comes floating down, distended with gas, a straw rope round its neck. Women and girls say "Poor thing!" and mean very little; other people avert their eyes and pretend they have seen nothing. But in the river of our minds, drowned dogs are always floating down, their sightless eyes staring at us. These things cannot be overlooked; we and they are all floating in the same river, and from the disintegration and wreckage of their lives and ours, new forms arise, to gladden the hearts of new worlds of men. There is no pathos or sympathy for animals in this verse. The dead body of the dog brings out the nature of

a river in its carrying along with it anything that may be thrown in, just as a mirror reflects all things without fear or favour; and the nature of a winter river especially, in its emphasis on death and desolation. There is no love or loveliness, only a narrow current of cold waters between wide banks of stones and gravel. Another verse by Shiki, which shows the life of the river:

冬川の采屑啄む家鴨かな

*Fuyukawa no nakuzu tsuibamu ahiru kana*

Ducks dabbling

At leaves and stalks of greens

In the winter river.

冬川や家鴨四五羽に足らぬ水 子規

*Fuyukawa ya ahiru shigowa ni taranu mizu*

The winter river;

Not enough water

For four or five ducks.

Shiki

There are only a few ducks, but the water of the river is hardly enough for them, and in them we see the dryness of winter. They stand for the winter river, or rather, they express more than the river does. The ducks and the river are on the one hand a picture of desolation and water-poverty, and on the other hand the ducks manifest



forth the nature of the river in winter. There is another verse by Shiki of similar import, but where the humour overflows from the small duck onto the life of men:

冬籠盥に馴るる小鴨かな

*Fuyugomori tarai ni naruru kogamo kana*

Winter seclusion;

The *kogamo*

Is used to the tub.

冬川や佛の花の流れ来る

燕 村

*Fuyukawa ya hotoke no hana no nagarekuru*

The winter river;

Down it come floating

Flowers offered to Buddha. Buson

This is just a picture, a moving picture, of cold water flowing darkly, and a few flowers, half-submerged, that come floating down. But the *reason* for the significance (not the significance itself) is that these flowers once stood before the image of Buddha and received and shared and communicated the reverence and adoration of the worshippers. Yet they are of no more and no less value now, sodden and limp, floating far away to lie rotting in some back-water. Their no-value, their really "religious" value is just the same, but more easily seen now than before, because they have been given the background of Great Nature, instead of the background of Buddhism.

瀧涸れて木の葉を叩く雫かな 唇 風  
*Taki karete ko no ha wo tataku shizuku kana*

The waterfall drying up,  
 Water drips down  
 Onto the leaves. Shinpu

“Drips down onto” is *tataku*, “strikes,” in the original, and has its proper onomatopoeic effect.

神 佛

GODS AND BUDDHAS

## GODS AND BUDDHAS

紛るべき物音絶えて鉢叩

櫻 良

*Magirubeki monooto taete hachitataki*

The noises that must have mingled with it  
Died away :

The sound of bowl-beating remains.

Chora

At first the sound of the bowl-beating outside was blended with the noises of people passing, talking, working, but after a time these sounds died away and only the bowl-beating of the devotees was heard.

The twenty third day of the eleventh month according to the Lunar Calendar is the anniversary of the death of Saint Kûya, 空也上人, 903-972 A.D., who built bridges and dug wells in various provinces, preaching Buddhism especially in the provinces of Dewa and Mutsu. From about the thirteenth of November, for forty eight nights, the priests and devotees go round beating a kind of drum, chanting the name of Buddha. In some places they beat a gourd, chanting Buddhist hymns of the impermanence of things and receiving alms in the gourd in place of the usual bowl. From this comes the expression "bowl-beating."

鉢たゞき顔の雫を呑みにけり

來 山

*Hachitataki kao no shizuku wo nominikeri*

Bowl-beating,  
And drinking the drops of rain  
From my face.

Raizan

In the ordinary way we shake or wipe the drops of water from our faces, but when we are entirely engrossed in what we are doing, in chanting the sutra and beating the gourd, the drops of rain or melted snow run into the mouth and we swallow them naturally, involuntarily. In this involuntariness, the secret will that is so much more powerful than the waking and conscious volition, the poet sees a profound meaning. It is so natural, so little in need of explanation that he cannot but record it.

夜泣する小家も過ぎぬ鉢叩      燕 村  
*Yonaki suru koie mo suginu hachitataki*

A child weeping at night;  
We passed that cottage too,  
Bowl-beating.      Buson

The small group of believers passes from house to house beating their drums and gourds with monotonous and threatening regularity. From one of the houses, a poor cottage, comes the sound of the wailing of a child. As they pass by in the cold and darkness, the throbbing of their drums mingles with the woeful voice of the infant.

There is a kind of sad resignation about this verse. Some groan in their infantile anguish, some beat inexorable drums. It must be so, and we must bear it.

Buson has a verse somewhat similar and yet different :

子を寢させて出行闇や鉢叩

*Ko wo nenasete ideyuku yami ya hachitataki*

Putting the child to sleep,  
And going out bowl-beating,—  
The darkness!

Kyoroku, who died in 1715, the year of Buson's birth, has a verse where contrast is the motif; not "the woes that infants bear," but the bustle of marriage:

嫁入の門も過ぎけり鉢叩

*Yomeiri no kado mo sugikeri hachitataki*

Passing by  
A house with a wedding service,—  
Bowl-beating.

兄弟が同じ聲なる鉢叩

櫻 良

*Kyôdai ga onaji koe naru hachitataki*

Bowl-beating,  
The brothers chanting  
In the same voice.

Chora

When we read this we have a Dantean vision of all men praising God, with one heart and mind and soul and voice. But it can never be; and this it is which gives the meaning to the unison. We say,

Ah love! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
 Would we not shatter it to bits—and then  
 Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

This pseudo-ideal world towards which we aspire in our moments (and how many they are!) of weakness, at a low ebb of life, this world too has its use, in deepening the value of the real world of blood and tears. How different from the world of the poem is that which Christ prophesies of, where

the brother shall deliver up the brother to death,  
 and the father the child.

提灯の猶ほあわれなり寒念佛      蕪村  
*Chôchin no nao aware nari kannembutsu*

The hand-lanterns,—  
 Still more pathetic;  
 Winter *nembutsu*.

Buson

For thirty days, in the coldest part of the year, believers go round the streets asking for alms, beating a kind of drum and chanting sutras the while. As they come near the house, their unmusical voices sound full of pathos to the poet's ear. Faith is more pathetic than disbelief, goodness than badness;

Alas, the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

They move away, their plaintively discordant voices more

and more pitiful as they go farther and farther into the distance. At last, their chanting is no more to be heard; only the lanterns they carry show spots of light on the snow.

白雪の中に聲あり寒念佛

蓼 太

*Shirayuki no naka ni koe ari kannembutsu*

Within the clouds

There are voices:

Winter *nembutsu*.

Ryôta

In a verse like this haiku has an unusual élan which we associate with the poetry of Shelley. There is felt to be something supernatural in nature. The mountain has the awe of Mount Sinai.

鳶ひよろゝひゝよろ神の御立げな 一 茶

*Tobi hyororo hiiyoro kami no otachigena*

The gods are setting forth, it seems;

*Hyororo hiiyoro,*

Cry the kites.

Issa

On the 1st of October, all the gods throughout Japan leave their own shrines to assemble at the Great Shrine of Izumo. On this day, the kites are circling round in the pale blue sky, uttering their plaintive cry. This resembles the



sound of fifes and pan-pipes that accompany the Shintô ceremonies.

Are there really heavenly beings that set out on the 1st of October? Have the kites any connection with the journeying of the gods? Both these questions have the same answer. If we say yes, we commit ourselves to superstition and fancifulness. If we say no, we deny the deepest intuitions of the heart, and the rights of the poetic imagination. This verse requires the religious insight that penetrates to the truth underlying all creeds and dogmas.

留守の間にあれたる神の落葉かな 芭蕉

*Rusu no ma ni aretaru kami no ochiba kana*

The god is absent;  
His dead leaves are piling,  
And all is deserted. Bashô

The god has gone to the gathering at Izumo. On this day, the whole shrine is unusually lonely and neglected. The fallen leaves lie here and there, and no one seems to care.

The attitude of the Japanese to the gods is worth noting here; it strongly resembles that of the Greeks, but the outlines are softer, lacking the rather hard clarity of the western mythology. In the following verse, Bonchô has included Buddhism into this atmosphere of pre-history and legend:

禪寺に松の落葉や神無月

*Zendera ni matsu no ochiba ya kannazuki*

In the Zen temple,  
Pine needles are falling;  
The god-less month.

我宿の貧乏神も御供せよ

一茶

*Waga ie no bimbôkami mo otomo se yo*

Poverty-stricken  
Gods of my house,—  
Pray accompany them too! Issa

Humble though they be, Issa wishes his own Lares and Penates to go together with the gods of august shrines to Izumo.

Humour and piety are here blended into one religious emotion. To believe deeply yet lightly, fervently but as though hardly at all,—this belongs uniquely to Zen, and Issa here shares in this “national treasure,” though he was a believer in Jôdo, as far his theology was concerned. Another verse by Issa has the same spirit:

神々の留守洗濯や今日も雨

*Kamigami no rusu sentaku ya kyô mo ame*

Doing their washing  
While the gods are absent,—  
Today also is rainy.

もろもろの愚者も月夜の十夜かな 一茶  
*Moromoro no gusha mo tsukiyo no jûya kana*

The Ten Nights :  
 Various sorts of nitwits,  
 On a moon-lit evening. Issa

From the fifteenth to the twenty sixth of October, believers of the Pure Land Sect gather at temples and recite the Nembutsu.

When Issa uses the word idiots, fools, he is including himself and us as he gazes round at the motley collection of human beings. Yet however stupid and malicious we may be, the moon of truth and goodness shines clearly in the sky above us.

手序に煙管みがくやお取越 一茶  
*Tetsuide ni kiseru migaku ya otorikoshi*

While about it,  
 Polishing the tobacco pipe ;  
 The ceremony in advance. Issa

The above version is, I think, a perfect example of the impossibility of understanding a literal translation of quite a number of haiku. The "O-tori-koshi" means the celebration of Shinran Shônin's death, 1268 A.D., a month before the actual date. At this time all the brass utensils of the family altar are taken out and polished. Somehow or other, because of this, someone takes the tobacco pipe (made also

of brass), and polishes it up. To make a verse of this simple fact, with its implications of universal human nature, is a kind of poetical missionary work, declaring to us that every detail of our lives is meaningful, and must be done and seen meaningfully. Another verse by Issa, somewhat similar to the above in its senryû-like character:

ちとたらぬ僕や隣の雪もはく

*Chito taranu boku ya tonari no yuki mo haku*

Simple and honest,  
The man-servant  
Sweeps away next door's snow too.

野佛の鼻のさきからつららかな 一茶

*Nobotoke no hana no saki kara tsurara kana*

The Buddha on the moor;  
From the end of his nose  
Hangs an icicle.

Issa

See also page 266. Issa is not "debunking" the Buddha; he is just telling the whole truth, not the romantic part only. To the icicle, all men are the same:

Nature, with equal mind,  
Sees all her sons at play.

人の爲しぐれておはす佛哉

一茶

*Hito no tame shigurete owasu hotoke kana*

Standing in the cold rain,  
For others' sake,  
*Hotoke sama !*

Issa

It is raining—winter rain—but Issa does not pass the wayside shrine without bowing his head. The verse expresses his state of mind as he stands there, in this desolate place, with bent head and clasped hands. He feels as one (for one they really are) his own poverty and gratitude, the misery and greatness of man, the suffering and the compassion of Buddha (*Hotoke sama*). And we take all this from Issa as we would from no one else, because we know he is fully aware that it is only a bit of stone before which he feels this profound emotion.



人 事

HUMAN AFFAIRS

## HUMAN AFFAIRS

煤拂や神も佛も草の上 子規  
*Susuharai ya kami mo hotoke mo kusa no ue*

Spring cleaning,—  
Gods and Buddhas  
Out on the grass. Shiki

This “spring-cleaning” or “cleaning the soot off” really takes place in winter. The family altars, both to the gods and to Buddha, are dismantled, and the things, images of Buddha, sacred vessels and so on, are put out somewhat unceremoniously into the garden. To see them there lying on the grass in the cold and open air, is to get a new view of the nature of the gods and Buddha, that is, of the nature of all things, and of one’s own nature.

衰ひや齒に食ひ當てし海苔の砂 芭蕉  
*Otoroi ya ha ni kuiateshi nori no suna*

Failing health and strength;  
My teeth grate  
On the sand in the seaweed. Bashô

What is the connection between old age and stones we suddenly bite on? When we are young we feel we can eat



anything, pebbles or glass or grit. As we grow old, little things begin to pain us, to tweak our nerves, to press and strain us. Bashô sees, not a world of place, but a world of time in a grain of sand of the seaweed he is eating.

In the following verse, also by Bashô, the poet thinks of old age as something desirable, because, freed from passion and egoism, we may see things as they really are, and see the inner necessity of apparently dreary and meaningless things:

けふばかり人も年よれ初時雨

*Kyô bakari hito mo toshi yore hatsushigure*

The first winter rain;  
Today alone,  
May others also be old!

米買ひに雪の袋や投頭巾

芭蕉

*Kome kai ni yuki no fukuro ya nagezukin*

Going to buy rice,  
The snow-covered bag  
As a kerchief.

Bashô

This an earlier haiku by Bashô, about 1686, as we see by the word-play of *yuki*, snow, and *yuki*, going. A *nagezukin* was a four-cornered hood or wimple, the upper part turned over to the back. We have the scene of Bashô plodding through the snow, in a sense only a picture, yet a picture of life, and the point of interest, his head-covering, is where life is being lived, because a thing is being put to

a use, like sticks and stones, which is above or beside their design.<sup>1</sup>

炭の火や 齡のへるもあの通り 一茶

*Sumi no hi ya yowai no heru mo ano tôri*

This charcoal fire ;  
Our years decline  
In just this same way. Issa

Compare and contrast this with Landor's lines :

I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

There is an obvious similarity of thought but a difference of mood. Landor says, "I have had a good life. In poetry and in communion with nature, I have lived fully. Life is drawing to a close, and I leave it without regret." This is the Epicurean attitude, that of the Stoic philosophers, of Marcus Aurelius.

Issa sits, not before a large fire-place in a dining room, but over the glowing embers of charcoal in the brazier. Imperceptibly but irrevocably the red hue is paling, heat dying low, the ashes increasing. Issa draws his thin garments closer round him and huddles over the fire that is sinking. Life too declines unnoticed but inevitably. That is its nature,

<sup>1</sup> Thoreau, *A Week on the Concord*.

as it is also the nature of fire. But Issa does not say, and does not think, "I am ready to depart." While life continues, we must be ready to burn. Only when life has already ceased should we be willing not to be.

埋火や夜ふけて門をたたく音 許 六

*Umorebi ya yo fukete mon wo tataku oto*

A banked fire;  
It is deep night;  
Knocking at the gate. Kyoroku

The charcoal fire is dead, yet alive the night is deep, but full of meaning in its silence, a latent meaning that is aroused by a mysterious knocking at the gate.

埋火や終には煮える鍋のもの 蕉 村

*Umorebi ya tsui ni wa nieru nabe no mono*

A banked fire:  
Later on, the things in the saucepan  
Are boiling. Buson

Putting the saucepan on a brazier in which the live coals are buried beneath the ashes, the people of the house have forgotten about it and are engaged in something else. Suddenly they are aware of a cloud of steam and a hissing, bubbling sound. The power of nature, our own limited,

feeble consciousness, the faithfulness of things, are perceived, 'unknowingly' in the fact that the saucepan is boiling.

油こほりともし火細き寝覺哉      芭蕉  
*Abura kôri tomoshibi hosoki nezame kana*

Waking in the night;  
 The lamp is low,  
 The oil freezing. Bashô

Bashô woke up shivering in the middle of the night. The tiny light, only a wick floating in oil, hardly more than enough to see itself by, is going out. Lifting up the small bottle of oil standing by the side, he tips it but nothing comes out; the oil is frozen. He lies there watching the flickering flame grow smaller and smaller. There is a verse by a modern poet, Kyoshi, which may be given here:

部屋部屋に配る行燈や鹿の聲  
*Heyabeya ni kubaru andon ya shika no koe*

Bringing round paper night-lights  
 For each room,—  
 The cry of the deer!

At this time (the Meiji Era) in inns at night, there was brought round to each room an *andon*, or paper lantern. The travellers sat and ate or read or slept by their feeble light. The verse was composed just when the servant was bringing round the *andon*. In this pause of faint expectation, and this is the point of comparison between the two verses,

the voice of the deer is heard from the mountains outside in the darkness, and desolation and melancholy are seen in the lights coming and come, and heard in the cry of the deer.

裾に置きて心に遠き火桶かな 蕪村

*Suso ni okite kokoro ni tôki hioke kana*

I put the brazier  
By my skirt, but my heart  
Was far from it. Buson

The alliteration of this verse is important. Eight of the eighteen syllables contain the sound of "o," and six the sound of "k". "O" gives the sensation of distance; "k" sharpens the cold feeling round the heart.

番小屋に晝は人なき火鉢哉 子規

*Bangoya ni hiru wa hito naki hibachi kana*

In the watch-shed, in the day-time,  
A brazier;  
No one there. Shiki

Once more we have the fact illustrated that the absence of a thing is more significant than its presence. In the hackneyed phrase, man is conspicuous by his absence. Again, in this verse the cold is not mentioned, but all the more we

receive the sensation of it. The watch-shed is empty, and a brazier stands there, empty of fire. This empty hut and mute, insensate *hibachi*, or brazier, are more eloquent than the greatest orator. They tell us more

Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sages can.

つぶぬれの大名を見る炬燵かな      一 茶  
*Zubunure no daimyô wo miru kotatsu kana*

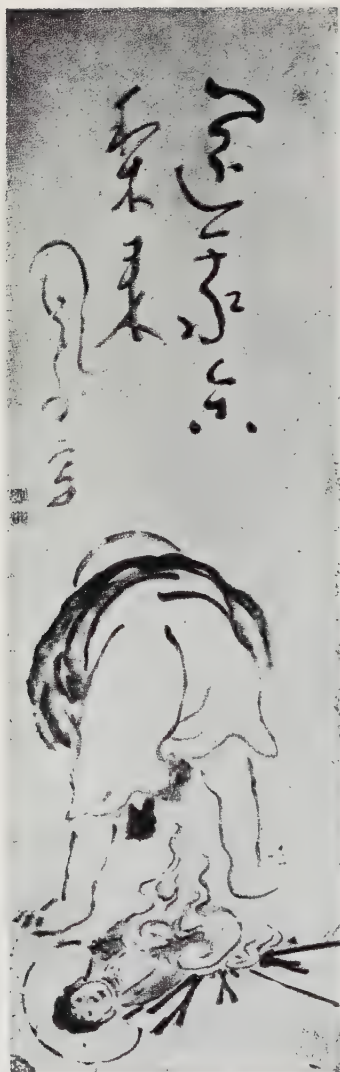
Out there, a *daimyô*,  
Drenched to the skin,—  
And I in my *kotatsu* !      Issa

A *kotatsu* is a small, covered-in brazier, over which quilts are spread. The feet and legs are put under these.

This verse is often taken as a kind of proletariat sneer at the aristocracy, but this is far from Issa's meaning. He is simply saying, "That is how things happen sometimes, inevitably." We have the counterpart in *King Henry IV*, Part II, Act III, Scene 1, where the sleepless king exclaims,

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!.....  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?





Tanka burning the Wooden  
Image of Buddha

by Fûgai, 風外, 1779-1847

梨 還  
来 我  
舍

It is I who am the Sarira.  
(the holy substance found when  
a Buddha's body is burned)  
See Suzuki, *Essays in Zen Buddhism*,  
1st Series, pp. 316-17.



守り居る炬燵を庵の本尊かな 丈草  
*Mamoriiru kotatsu wo io no honzon kana*

The *kotatsu*  
 That guards my hermitage,  
 Is my principal image. Jôshô

In the winter the *kotatsu*, *hibachi*, stove, or whatever heats the room, takes on a very different appearance and significance from what it would have in the summer. Warmth is one of the few essentials of life. This is what Tanka, 丹霞, 738-824 A.D., a Chinese Zen monk, showed when he took one of the wooden Buddhist images and made a fire in order to warm himself. David did a similar thing when he partook of the sacred shewbread.

This verse has of course a fanciful humour in it, but behind this and through this there is faintly adumbrated the fact that the Buddha is not only the tree in the garden, a pound of flax, a sesame cake, but a *kotatsu*.

物かくに少しは高き炬燵かな 猿 雖  
*Mono kaku ni sukoshi wa takaki kotatsu kana*

For writing on,  
 The *kotatsu*  
 Is a little too high. Ensui

It is important to distinguish in this verse the (not very interesting) prose from the (not very remarkable) poetry.

A *kotatsu*, when we sit in it, comes up to about the level of the chest, and that is too high for comfortable writing. But what was significant to the poet was not this indubitable fact. It was the feeling of discomfort, something not understood, something which could be explained but not expressed by the mere statement of fact, which made itself memorable to the poet and which he sought to put into in his verse. This verse is a failure because it has delayed too long, and allowed the rational faculty to pretend to give the whole matter in a statement of the excessive height and inconvenience of the *kotatsu* as a writing table. This haiku might be taken as an example of "emotion forgotten in tranquillity."

きりぎりす忘れ音に啼く炬燵哉 芭蕉

*Kirigirisu wasurene ni naku kotatsu kana*

The cricket chirps  
In a forgetful way:  
This *kotatsu* !

Bashô

Bashô sits alone in the *kotatsu*. From time to time a cricket chirps, as though it had remembered it was still alive, then relapses into silence again. Its melancholy note in the midst of the desolation of winter makes Bashô feel his old age and failing strength more keenly, and he draws the quilts of the *kotatsu* more closely round him. Bashô was at this time about forty six years old. He had four more years to live.

住つかぬ旅のこゝろや置炬燵 芭蕉  
*Sumitsukanu tabi no kokoro ya okigotatsu*

Unsettled,  
 The mind of a traveller,—  
 This movable *kotatsu*. Bashô

At this time Bashô was living with various of his pupils, moving from one to another quite frequently. To the *kotatsu*, which can be put anywhere in the room, he ascribes his own feelings of uncertainty and inconstancy of place, that characteristic which caused him to be always on the move.

十年の苦學毛のなき毛布哉 子規  
*Jûnen no kugaku ke no naki môfu kana*

Ten years of study in poverty:  
 A threadbare  
 Blanket. Shiki

The pain and poverty of those ten years of study are visible in the absence of wooliness in the blanket. How much can be seen in this blanket! The whole history of those ten years of study under difficulties, the struggle to learn, and make a living at the same time.

飯粒で紙衣のやぶれふたぎけり 燕村  
*Meshitsubu de kamiko no yabure futagikeri*

Patching a tear  
 In the *kamiko*,  
 With a few grains of cooked rice.  
 Buson

A *kamiko* was a kind of rain-coat, or rather, a thin overcoat for protection against cold. It was made of paper crumpled soft and treated with persimmon juice.

We forget sometimes that the most imposing edifices are only made of mud and branches of trees. We are still clothed in the skins of animals, living a borrowed life only a few hours from starvation, or death by exposure. Buson is mending a miserable kind of garment with a few sticky grains of cooked rice. In wet weather the tear will certainly open again, but we do not build houses or wear clothes for eternity, but only for a season. Shiki says, truly enough:

俳諧の腸見せる紙衣かな  
*Haikai no harawata miseru kamiko kana*

A *kamiko*  
 Shows the bowels  
 Of haikai.

菊枯れて垣に足袋干す日和哉 子規  
*Kiku karete kaki ni tabi hosu hiyori kana*

Chrysanthemums withering;  
 Socks drying on the fence;  
 A fine day.  
 Shiki

It is cold, but the sun is shining. Flowers are there, but they are dying. White Japanese tabi are hung on the fence to dry. All nature, all humanity is there in the cold sunshine.

冬籠その夜に聞くや山の雨                      一 茶  
*Fuyugomori sono yo ni kiku ya yama no ame*

Winter seclusion;  
 Listening, that evening,  
 To the rain in the mountain.      Issa

Winter seclusion, especially in the north of Japan, was a kind of hybernation. All the necessities of life being collected, each house underwent a kind of siege, as it were, by winter. Spiritually also, there was a kind of rest and digestion of all that had happened during the year. When the winter seclusion had begun, the mind not having attained its proper semi-comatose condition, the senses were unusually sharp and active. This particular evening, the silence, then the rustling of leaves, then the steady drumming of the rain, the regular drip-drip of the eaves,—these things have a meaning that cannot be fully understood except by those who have gone through this “winter seclusion” in a lonely mountainous place.

The last line shows that the poet has combined the sights of the day with the sounds of the night. It is not hearing with the physical ear the rain on the roof or the drippings from the eaves, but listening with that inward ear to the rain which falls through the darkness, the trickle of

water down the trunks of the trees, the splash of rain-drops  
on the dead leaves below. And he hears those faint sounds  
of the ancient earth, that

have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence.

Issa all the more appreciated the meaning of winter seclusion in one's own home since for many years he was unable to have it. He writes, in his forty-third year :

五十にして冬籠さへならぬなり  
*Gojû ni shite fuyugomori sae naranu nari*  
Fifty years old,  
But no, never  
Winter seclusion.

Another of his verses which describes the monotony, material and spiritual, of this hybernation of mind and body :

能なしは罪も又なし冬ごもり  
*Nô nashi wa tsumi mo mata nashi fuyugomori*  
Merit-less,  
And guilt-less:  
Winter seclusion.

冬籠りまたよりそはん此はしら 芭蕉  
*Fuyugomori mata yorisowan kono hashira*

Winter seclusion ;  
Again I will lean myself  
Against this post.

Bashô

Bashô will once more rest his thin shoulders against this post; when weary of reading and writing he leans back against it. There is something about this verse that reminds one of Wordsworth. Bashô's pleasure in prospect also is "the bliss of solitude." See the frontispiece.

金屏風松の古びや冬籠

芭蕉

*Kinbyôbu matsu no furubi ya fuyugomori*

Winter seclusion;  
On the gold screen,  
The pine-tree ages.

Bashô

The pine-tree drawn on the gold background of the folding screen is an old one, but added to this is the age of the screen itself. Time is being added to the timelessness. In his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, Keats claims absolute timelessness for the urn. In fact, the urn, like all sublunary things, is transitory, but eternal like all art. Without time there is no eternity; without timelessness nothing can exist in time. This is what the everlasting pine-tree actualizes as it ages on the gold screen. This verse may also be taken as an example of what is called *sabi* both in its semi-literal and in its derived, spiritual meaning. The screen has *sabi* in that the bright golden colour has been toned down with age; it has sunk itself into the surroundings, and they in it, so that it is not now, what it once was, a separate thing, one of a random collection of objects, but has a deep and subtle relation of tone and position with the room it stands in.

But *sabi* is in the mind as well as in the thing. It is in the mind of Bashô, with its roots in the past, its relations with the Shintô festivals, Chinese philosophy and poetry, the Buddhist ceremonies and doctrines, the Imperial House, the mountains and rivers of his native place, the nights when he lay sleepless with cold, the days spent under the cherry-blossoms,—all this *age*, (that has nothing to do with Bashô's own forty nine years when he composed this verse), is expressed in it.

冬籠心の奥のよしの山 燕村  
*Fuyugomori kokoro no oku no yoshinoyama*

Winter seclusion;  
 In the inmost mind,  
 The mountains of Yoshino.<sup>1</sup> Buson

This also reminds one of Wordsworth:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

At school we were taught to regard this last verse of the *Daffodils* as not merely superfluous but spoiling the objectivity of the rest of the poem. "That inward eye," we were

<sup>1</sup> The second and third lines are probably Buson's transposition of 霞の奥の吉野山, "the misty depths of Mt. Yoshino."



told, is the memory. This is not so. It is the eye of the imagination.

親も斯う見られし山や冬籠 一茶

*Oya mo kô mirareshi yama ya fuyugomori*

Mountains seen also  
By my father, like this,  
In his winter confinement. Issa

We do not see each other; we see only the same things. Issa is united with his long-dead father through mountains that his father used to gaze at during the long, monotonous winter days at home. Compare the following also by Issa:

なきははや海見るたびに見るたびに

*Naki haha ya umi miru tabi ni miru tabi ni*

When I see the ocean,  
Whenever I see it,  
Oh, my mother!

Issa's mother died when he was three years old, but when he looked over the sea his thoughts always turned to her. The repetition, *miru tabi ni miru tabi ni*, expresses his unsatisfied emotions.

ともし火も動かで丸し冬籠 野波

*Tomoshihi mo ugokade marushi fuyugomori*

The flame is motionless,  
 A rounded sphere  
 Of winter seclusion. Yaha

The round flame of the lamp does not move. It burns invisibly. The poet also is in a state of spiritual hibernation. Everything outside and inside is asleep; life is at a standstill, neither advancing nor receding. The poet's life is contracted into a span, into the flower-like soul of the steady flame, that is at the same time his own changing, changeless being.

釋迦に問ふて見たき事あり冬籠 子規

*Shaka ni toute mitaki koto ari fuyugomori*

Winter seclusion;  
 There is something I'd like to ask  
 Shakamuni. Shiki

The significance of this verse lies in the fact that what the poet desired to ask is not stated. He does not state it because, in reality, if actually put to it, he would not know what to say. The reason for this is that our real problems are not intellectual and verbal, but practical and physical.

鳥啼いて水音くるゝあじろかな 蕪村

*Tori naite mizu oto kururu ajiro kana*

A bird calls ;  
The sound of the water darkens  
Round the fish-trap.

Buson

Bamboo rods bound together like a long net are stuck in lines along the shallow bed of the river forming a kind of trap for fish in winter. In the evening, the trapper goes to see the place and shut up the narrow opening. At this moment some water-bird screeches, and at the sound the waters darken.

朝晴にばちばち炭のきげん哉 一茶  
*Asabare ni pachipachi sumi no kigen kana*

A bright winter morning ;  
The charcoal is in good spirits,  
It goes crackle ! crack !

Issa

The word "winter" is not in the original but is to be understood from the reference to charcoal.

It is early morning, cold, but with a clear blue sky ; still dark, and the morning star still bright. The charcoal is being lighted with sticks and leaves. It crackles suddenly, with a cheerful, lively, energetic sound.

更る夜や炭もて炭をくたく音 蓼太  
*Fukeru yo ya sumi mote sumi wo kudaku oto*

Night deepens :  
 The sound of breaking  
 Charcoal on charcoal.

Ryôta

It is an odd thing, but the best way to break a piece of charcoal, is to hit it with another piece. The poet is lying wakeful in a not over-warm bed. There is suddenly the sound, peculiar and characteristic, of someone breaking one piece of charcoal on another. The brittle, tinkling, faintly harsh sound expresses not only the character of the charcoal, but also his own feelings this cold winter night.

手に戻る鷹の眼に入る日哉      大 魯  
*Te ni modoru taka no manako ni irihi kana*

The sun,  
 In the eye of the falcon  
 That returned to my hand.      Tairo

There is a poem of Vaughan referring to the cock, of which the first few lines register the same feeling, though the object is related to the Divinity:

Father of Lights! What sunnie seed  
 Hast thou confined within this bird?

すくみ行や馬上に氷る影法師      芭 蕉  
*Sukumiyuku ya bajô ni kôru kagebôshi*

On horseback ;  
My shadow  
Creeps freezing below. Bashô

The shadow is here treated (because seen and felt so) as a separate entity, and the poet disappears in his empathy with a feelingless object. But the object is not thereby falsified or sentimentalised. We may compare this higher subjectivity, where the poet and the object are divided only in thought, but not in experience, with the pure objectivity that we find so often in Buson:

てらてらと石に日の照る枯野かな  
*Teratera to ishi ni hi no teru karenô kana*

The sun glitters  
On the stones  
Of the withered moor.

We may compare also the following waka by Saigyô:

何となく汲む度に澄む心かな  
岩井の水に影映じつつ  
Somehow or other, whenever I draw water—  
My figure reflected  
In the waters  
Of the spring under the rock—  
My heart is cleansed.

This loses in objectivity but gains in mysteriousness. Bashô's verse by comparison is almost flat, two-dimensional in feeling as in space.

御經に似てゆかしさよ古曆  
*Onkyô ni nite yukashisa yo furugoyomi*

燕 村

The old calendar  
 Fills me with gratitude,  
 Like a sutra.

Buson

The ancient Japanese calendar was in the folding, concertina form in which we still find sutras. The appearance, then, is similar. But more important, though implicit, is the feeling of the poet towards both, a religious feeling. The sutra is Buddhist, the calendar a mixture of Buddhism and the degenerate, superstitious forms of the teachings of Rôshi (Laotse) and the Book of Changes, 易經. It contained the very necessary information for farmers according to the Lunar Calendar, lucky and unlucky days, horoscopes, etc. Another verse by Buson on the same subject:

闇の夜に終る曆の表紙かな  
*Yami no yo ni owaru koyomi no hyôshi kana*

In this dark evening,  
 The cover of the calendar  
 Coming to an end.

餅搗が隣へ來たといふ子なり  
*Mochitsuki ga tonari e kita to iu ko nari*

一 茶

"The rice-cake makers  
 Have come next door,"  
 Says the child.

Issa

“Mochi” is made from a special kind of rice, boiled and pounded into a mass. Japanese people all enjoy it very much; it corresponds (in feeling, not in its taste) to Christmas pudding in Europe and America. Pounding the rice is hard work and needs a very large mallet etc., and specialists, so to speak, go from house to house making it. Some are too poor to afford it, and of such is the child who is speaking. He runs in to his mother and tells her that the men who make the mochi have come to the house next door. The mother cannot answer; there is nothing to say. They cannot afford it, and other children must have the happiness forbidden to hers. Even if she says this, it is all the more painful. This kind of thing must also be taken into account when we are considering the causes of social delinquency and of war amongst nations. But Issa is not thinking of this; he only registers the contraction of his heart when he hears the child’s words, and looks at its half-expectant face, and the wholly dejected face of the mother.





動 物

BIRDS AND BEASTS

## BIRDS AND BEASTS

蝙蝠のかくれ住みけり破れ傘 燕 村  
*Kôtori no kakure sumikeri yaburegasa*

The bat  
Lives hidden  
Under the broken umbrella. Buson

Buson probably saw a bat fly out from under a paper umbrella that had been thrown away near some deserted temple. The umbrella has a life of its own as it moves uneasily in the wind, and there is something about the colour and texture of it that makes it akin to the bat. The affinity between the two things, however, goes deeper than this. They both belong to a realm into which man can only occasionally enter, with a sense of the uncanny, the unknown and the unknowable.

汐汲や千鳥残して歸る蟹 鬼 貫  
*Shiokumi ya chidori nokoshite kaeru ama*

After carrying the salt-water,  
The fisherman goes home,  
Leaving behind the plovers. Onitsura

Some commentators take the poetical thought of this verse as centring in the state of mind of the fisherman,

or fisherwoman, who has been carrying the salt water all day, and who regrets leaving the plovers alone on the darkening shore. To say that while the fisherman is at home eating his evening meal, the plovers' cry still echoes in his ears, that they are still pecking about on the shore of his mind,—this is true enough. If it were not so, how should we also ever be able to see the poetry, the Fact of the matter? But this is not to say that the poem itself portrays the mind of the fisherman. It is a picture, no more, no less. No more, in that it has no conscious representation of the state of mind of the fisherman. No less, in that it is a picture of the same value and meaning as a Chinese landscape, as Gray's *Elegy*.

磯千鳥足をぬらして遊びけり  
*Isochondori ashi wo nurashite asobikeri*

燕 村

The plovers of the shore  
 Played about,  
 Wetting their feet.

Buson

Forgetting for a moment the never-ending search for food which is the price every creature pays for existence, the plovers are hopping and flying round each other in some game of which they alone understand the meaning. They alight in the ebbing water with a little splash and fly up into the air again, the water dripping from their legs that hang down ready to alight again. The poet, though he gazes with pleasure at their airy gambols, is more intensely moved by

the drops of water splashed up by the birds, the cold wet dripping legs as they swerve up from the surf. Just as in bowing, the lower the better, so in haiku, the smaller the better.

消えてもせむ有明月の濱千鳥 櫻 良

*Kiete mo sen ariake tsuki no hamachidori*

The moon at daybreak;  
The plovers of the shore  
Vanishing far away. Chora

In the western sky the pale moon is sinking over the sea. With plaintive cries the plovers are swiftly flying into the distance. Though it is the dawn of a new day, this too is impermanent. The moon, the crying plovers, the waves,—all are transitory, evanescent as a dream.

鍋洗ふ水のうねりや鴨一羽 蕪 村

*Nabe arau mizu no uneri ya kamo ichiwa*

Cleaning a saucepan,—  
Ripples on the water:  
A solitary sea-gull. Buson

It is early morning. A woman comes down to the creek and begins to wash a saucepan in the fresh water that flows noiselessly into the sea. Over the smooth surface of the

water spread ripples in ever-widening circles. A sea-gull that sits on the water is very gently rocked by them. There is the same feminine association in the following verse:

水鳥や舟に菜洗ふ女有り

*Mizutori ya fune ni na arau onna ari*

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

Buson is looking at the water-birds; his eye is then caught by the sight of a woman leaning over the side of a boat, washing some greens. Between the birds and the woman there seems to be only a pictorial relation, but they are joined also by the water, the feminine element.

水鳥や枯木の中に駕二挺

燕 村

*Mizutori ya kareki no naka ni kago nichô*

Water-birds;  
Among the withered trees,  
Two palanquins.

Buson

On a lonely winter road beneath the leafless trees there stand two empty palanquins. Beside the path there is a marshy pool, on which a few water-birds are seen. The sky is grey and low, but it is too cold to rain.

(Meisetsu thinks that there are people in the palanquins; Shiki says not.)

These two palanquins, where are carriers, where are the passengers? What are the water-birds doing there?

みやしろや庭火に遠きうきね鳥 子規

*Miyashiro ya niwabi ni tōki ukinedori*

A shrine;  
Birds float asleep;  
Garden-lights are distant. Shiki

The Shintō shrine is almost in darkness; on the pool there float a few water-birds, their heads tucked beneath their wings. There is a faint, hardly-to-be-remembered connection between the sanctity of the place and the safety of the birds. But there are also the far-off lights of the gardens. Without them, the verse would be empty of poetry. Darkness is better than light, but it is nothing in itself.

水鳥の胸に嘴置く浮寝かな 吟江

*Mizutori no mune ni kuchibashi oku ukine kana*

The water-fowl  
Lays its beak in its breast,  
And sleeps as it floats. Ginkō

As he gazes at the bird, the poet feels towards it faintly the tender care, the unsleeping faithfulness which the Hebrew poet, because he too felt it, attributed to God:

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;  
 He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

The waking-mind of the bird is non-existent. It lives a plant-like life, swaying on the water like a water-weed. The body of the water-fowl "remembers" its levity. The water too is faithful, and cannot deny itself.

水鳥の重たく見えて浮にけり 鬼 貫  
*Mizutori no omotaku miete ukinikeri*

The water-bird  
 Looks heavy,—  
 But it floats! Onitsura

Is there anything in this beyond what an intelligent child could see and say? The fact that a child could have written this poem, or at least expressed the idea in it, in no way invalidates it as poetry; quite the contrary. But the question is, is the idea intellectual only, or is it poetical? It is poetical, since, besides being an expression of Wonder, it is also an expression of Life, the Wonder of Life, its intellectual inexplicability. Why does the water-bird float? Because it is *alive*.

水鳥やかたち影の腹合せ 眞 原  
*Mizutori ya katachi ni kage no haraawase*

The breast  
Of the water-fowl  
Meets its reflection. Mahara

In *Yarrow Unvisited* we have the lines,

The swan on still St. Mary's lake  
Floats double, swan and shadow.

Wordsworth sees this, but the Japanese poet sees something  
slighter and the more significant, the line where the breast  
of the water-fowl meets the water.

水底を見て来た顔の小鴨かな 丈 草  
*Mizusoko wo mite kita kao no kogamo kana*

The look on the face of the *kogamo*:  
“I have been sight-seeing  
Under the water.” Jôshô

The *kogamo* or *takabe* is a kind of small duck, often  
seen on ornamental waters. It is smaller, neater, more  
charming than the ordinary duck.

The humour and sweetness here is not of a fanciful  
character. After diving under the water, the bird comes  
up with a jerk, and looks smugly round, as if she had done  
something clever,—which she has.

明けがたや城をとりまく鴨の聲 許 六  
*Akegata ya shiro wo torimaku kamo no koe*



Day is dawning ;  
 The voices of wild ducks  
 Are surrounding the castle.

Kyoroku

There is a double figure of the imagination here. The wild ducks are spoken of as enemy soldiers; and it is the *voices* of the birds that surround the castle. For the ordinary man, the crying of the wild ducks round the castle reminds him of the war-cries of the besiegers, but to the man who has attained, the 達人, the military man, the chameleon poet, this is not merely a matter of the association or disassociation of ideas. For the soldier, the poet, there is not so much difference, not so much illusion of separation between the wild ducks and the enemy. His state of mind towards them is not distorted by emotionality, by fear of the one or contempt of the other.

海くれて鴨の聲はのかにしろし 芭蕉  
*Umi kurete kamo no koe honoka ni shiroshi*

The sea darkens ;  
 The voices of the wild ducks  
 Are faintly white.

Bashô

Anatole France, in his preface to *On Life and Letters*, Second Series, quotes from the *Progrès Médical*, 1887 :

Coloured audition is a phenomenon which consists in two different senses being simultaneously put into

activity by a stimulus produced by only one of these senses, or, to put it differently, in the sound of a voice or instrument being translated by a characteristic and constant colour for the person possessing this chromatic peculiarity. Thus certain individuals can give a green, red, yellow or other colour to every noise, to every sound which strikes their ears.

There is a verse by Buson that is somewhat more easily assimilable, in which colour is attributed to motion:

陽炎や名もしらぬ蟲の白飛

*Kagerô ya na mo shiranu mushi no shiroki tobu*

Heat waves of spring;  
An unknown insect  
Is flying whitely.

A verse by Shiki, in which the motion is black:

蝙蝠の飛ぶ音くらし藪の中

*Kômorî no tobu oto kuraki yabu no naka*

The sound of the bat  
Flying in the thicket,  
Is dark.

A verse by Seifu-jo showing the origins of this mixture:

おさな子や花を見せても口を明く 成布女

*Osanago ya hana wo misete mo kuchi wo aku*

The baby,  
Even when shown a flower,  
Opens its mouth.

This poetic confusion of the senses is akin to what is known in Buddhism as "Six senses, five uses," 六根五用,





A Cowherd returning through the Snow  
by Riteki, 李迪, of the Northern Sung;  
entered the Academy of Art between  
1119 and 1125.

that is, the substitution of one organ for another, or the use of one organ to do the work of all the others; this is a Buddha's power. Another verse, already given, by Shiki:

甲板に霰の音のくらさ哉

*Kampan ni arare no oto no kurasa kana*

The sound of the hail  
On the deck  
Is dark.

Perhaps the best of such verses, this time by Issa:

鶯や黄色な聲で親を呼ぶ

*Uguisu ya kiiro na koe de oya wo yobu*

The young *uguisu*  
Calls its parents  
With a yellow voice.

こつそりとして稼ぐなり 鶸鶸

一茶

*Kossori to shite kasegu nari misosazai*

The wren  
Earns his living  
Noiselessly.

Issa

One child will make more noise than a wilderness of monkeys or a jungle of elephants. As distinct from man, Nature works in silence and secrecy, with the minimum of work and commotion. Making much unnecessary noise is

useless and dangerous. Issa sees the wren gliding to and fro in the half-twilight of the undergrowth, and feels the mystery of the tiny bird that lives in its world of silence, its world of power.

鶯 ちゝといふても日が暮る 一 茶  
*Misosazai chichi to iute mo hi ga kureru*

The wren is chirruping,  
 But it grows dusk  
 Just the same. Issa

There is in this something of the feeling of Burns' *To a Mouse*, which also belongs to the season of winter. Men may work and women may weep, the mouse build its house of "foggage green," but the inevitable hangs over it, old age must come; in the morning the sun rises, in the evening it sets.

馬 光 墓  
 あら淋し塚はいつもの鶯 一 茶  
*Ara sabishi tsuka wa itsumo no misosazai*

Look! this lonely grave,  
 With the wren  
 That is always here. Issa

This was written at the grave of the haiku poet Bakô, 馬光, who was buried at Tôseiji Temple in Honjo, Tôkyô, where Issa lived for some time. Bakô died in 1751 when Issa was a twelve year old boy in Shinano. The relation of the wren and the grave of the poet is one indeed of loneliness. Both bird and poet waste their sweetness on the desert and illimitable air.

尾頭の心もとなき海鼠かな                      去 來  
*O kashira no kokoromoto naki namako kana*

The sea-slug;  
 Which the head and which the tail,  
 God only knows.                      Kyorai

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us:

Marine Pulmonata have in addition to the usual pair of cephalic eyes, a number of eyes developed upon the dorsal integument. These dorsal eyes are very perfect in elaboration, possessing lens, retinal nerve-end cells, retinal pigment and optic nerve.

But the poet, not having read the *Encyclopaedia*, stands aghast in wonder before the mystery of the sea-slug, its perfect life lived to the full, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, and yet apparently a mere blob of fleshy matter. There is a humorous verse by Shiki which portrays, not its lack of form, but lack of youth:

無為にして海鼠一萬八千歳

*Mui ni shite namako ichiman hassen sai*

Doing nothing at all,  
The sea-slug has lived  
For eighteen thousand years.



植 物

TREES AND FLOWERS

## TREES AND FLOWERS

鷲の巢の樟の枝に日は入りぬ 凡 兆  
*Washi no su no kusunoki no e ni hi wa irinu*

The setting sun,  
Behind the eagle's nest,  
In the boughs of the camphor-tree.  
Bonchô

Such magnificence with simplicity is not easy to attain in seventeen syllables. The blood-red sun, across it the bare black boughs of the enormous camphor-tree with its eagle's nest at the summit,—this is a scene whose Byronic power of description makes it an exceptional haiku, like Bashô's "A wild sea," Vol. III, page 367.

寒菊や粉糠のかゝる白の端 芭 蕉  
*Kangiku ya konuka no kakaru usu no hata*

Winter chrysanthemums;  
Rice-bran fallen  
Round the hand-mill. Bashô

The day is fine, the sky blue, no wind. In the courtyard, a farmer is pounding rice in his leisurely way. Winter chrysanthemums are blooming in the cold air, and

some of the yellowish powder from the mortar has fallen  
on the ground and on the chrysanthemums near by.

菊ののち大根の外更になし 芭蕉  
*Kiku no nochi daikon no hoka sara ni nashi*

After the chrysanthemums,  
Besides the long turnip  
There is nothing. Bashô

It is a kind of off-season for poetry by the calendar of haiku. After the chrysanthemums have bloomed and faded, no plants remain as a subject of haiku but the *daikon*, a long kind of turnip, which is rather a thing *pour rire*.

This verse is hardly poetry, yet achieves something by reason of its expressing simply and spontaneously the poetical emptiness that Bashô feels.

鞍壺に小坊主のせて大根引 芭蕉  
*Kuratsubo ni kobôzu nosete daikohiki*

Going *daikon*-pulling,  
The little boy perched  
On the pack-saddle. Bashô

The father leads the pack-horse, on the wooden saddle of which he has put the little boy, partly to save carrying him, partly to please him. This is a picture of rural life, of family life, of human nature, of the world we live in:

the ill-suppressed jubilation of the little boy, the lesser pleasure of the parents, the faint annoyance of the horse, the sublime indifference of the *daikon* waiting in the dark, cold earth.

ふんばりて引けば根浅き大根かな 吟 江

*Fumbarite hikeba ne asaki daiko kana*

Straddling over the *daikon*,  
I pulled it up with all my might:

Its root was small. Ginkô

The disparity of cause and effect (as always when man enters), tumbling over backwards, the loss of self-respect in having made a mistake in overestimating the size of the *daikon*,—the whole is a sudden anti-climax in which the poet perceives the vanity of human wishes, the intractability of matter, the unforeseeableness of life.

大根引大根で道を教へけり 一 茶

*Daikohiki daiko de michi wo oshiekeri*

The turnip-puller  
Points the way  
With a turnip.

Issa

This turnip is not the round one, but the long, white, sausage-shaped turnip. The man who is pulling up the

turnips is so much one with them that he uses a turnip as his own finger, to point the way. And see! the man points the Way with a turnip, of all things!

冬川や誰が引きすてし赤蕪 蕪村  
*Fuyukawa ya ta ga hikisuteshi akakabura*

In the winter river,  
 Pulled up and thrown away,—  
 A red turnip. Buson

There is something comically sublime about this turnip that bobs up and down as it floats in the river. Its redness an affront to the grey sky and murky stream, it goes on its way indifferent to its origin and its fate, and induces in us that same indifference. It was pulled up by *someone* and is going *somewhere*, it is a turnip, and a red turnip, and that is all there is to it. There are sermons in turnips as well as stones, but the sermon is in the turnip, not in the words about the turnip. This is what Wordsworth calls,  
 The light of things.

麥まきの魍魎長き夕日かな 蕪村  
*Mugimaki no môryô nagaki yûhi kana*

Demons sowing barley,  
 In the long rays  
 Of the evening sun. Buson

A simpler, and perhaps earlier form of this verse:

麦まきの影法師ながき夕日かな  
*Mugimaki no kagebôshi nagaki yûhi kana*

Shadows of men  
 Sowing barley  
 In the long rays of the evening sun.

The picture reminds us of the angular figures of the Siamese puppet shadow play. *Môryô* are spirits of mountains, water, trees, and stones. They have the form of a three-year old child, reddish-black in colour, with long ears and red eyes. They often make fools of people.

冬がれや雀のありく樋の中 太 祇  
*Fuyugare ya suzume no ariku toi no naka*

Winter desolation;  
 In the rain-water tub  
 Sparrows are walking. Taigi

Trees are bare, grasses withered; all around is silent. In the empty rain-butt is heard a faint scuffling, rustling sound. It is sparrows hopping about in it, the sparrows that come closer to us in winter than in the other seasons.

冬枯や芥しづまる川の底 移 竹  
*Fuyugare ya akuta shizumaru kawa no soko*

Winter desolation;  
 Rubbish sunk  
 At the bottom of the river.    Ichiku

In winter there is little rain; water decreases, and is clear. All kinds of odds and ends that have fallen into the river appear with a significant clarity. The desolation of winter is seen also under the water.

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

Among the winter trees,  
 When the axe sank in,—  
 How taken aback I was at the scent!  
    Buson

The poet is cutting firewood in the forest, in rather a blank frame of mind. All is silent, except for the sound of the axe. All is colourless, flowerless, leafless, odourless, nothing to see or hear. As he plunges the axe into some insignificant branch, a sweet, powerful odour “assails his nostrils.” The meaning of the apparently meaningless is in that strong scent, as inexplicable as the smell is nameless.

からびたる三井の仁王や冬木立                      其角  
*Karabitaru mii no niô ya fuyukodachi*

The two Deva Kings  
 Stand weather-worn,  
 Among the wintry groves of Mii Temple.  
 Kikaku

We have the dreary landscape of winter, snow lying here and there on the leafless branches. The temple of Mii is old with the centuries, and the two gigantic figures from the "far away and long ago" of ancient India stand lonely and desolate as they guard the entrance of the temple from malicious spirits. Everything in the world has withered to this moment of loneliness.

冬木立昔々の音すなり 一茶  
*Fuyukodachi mukashi mukashi no oto su nari*

In the wintry grove,  
 Echoes  
 Of long, long ago. Issa

Occasionally there is a far-off sighing of wind in the tree-tops, then silence; a fir-cone falls on the dry leaves. Unnameable sounds, so slight that the ear cannot retain them, a sigh, a rustle, a motion in the air. But these sad sounds are not of today. They belong to a world that is past and dead, to all that lifeless, unchanging world that exists only the mind of man, the world that rises like a phantom when we say the magic words, "Once upon a time.....". This is the effect of Issa's words "mukashi,



mukashi...," and is heightened by the rhythm and assonance of the verse. Four times we have the end-sounds of a, i:

*fuyukodachi mukashi mukashi no oto su nari.*

散る芒寒くなるのが眼に見ゆる 一茶

*Chiru susuki samuku naru no ga me ni miyuru*

Pampas grass is falling:  
The eye can see  
The cold increasing. Issa

We can see before our very eyes the cold becoming intenser,—not by reasoning from the fall of the grass to the antecedent increase of cold, but actually see the cold, see it grow colder.

枯芒むかし鬼婆あつたとさ 一茶

*Karesusuki mukashi onibaba atta to sa*

Withered pampas grass;  
Now once upon a time  
There was an old witch..... Issa

Even at the age of fifty five, when he wrote this verse, Issa had preserved the spirit of fear which is part of the religious attitude of man to nature. Not to divide man from nature, or nature from man,—this is the secret of poetry.

葱買ふて枯木の中を歸りけり 燕 村

*Negi kôte kareki no naka wo kaerikeri*

Buying the leeks,  
I came back  
Through the withered trees. Buson

There is a secret relation between the white, chill leeks and the winter path beneath the leafless trees. The cold and the silence, the leeks in his hand, the motionless branches that wheel round him as he walks on and on, these are all one thing in his mindless mind.

水仙や垣に結ひこむ筑波山 一 茶

*Suisen ya kaki ni yuikomu tsukubayama*

The daffodils,  
Embraced in the garden fence:  
Mount Tsukuba. Issa

Mount Tsukuba is about a thousand metres high, south of Hitachi, Ibaraki-ken. It is seen rising up beyond the garden fence, which includes, visually speaking, the mountain. The daffodils blooming under the fence are thus embraced into the mountain, and the three things together form a unity of visual impression, though actually separated in distance.

水仙に狐あそぶやよい月夜 燕 村

*Suisen ni kitsune asobu ya yoi tsukiyo*

Foxes playing  
 Among the narcissus flowers;  
 A bright moonlit night. Buson

Buson is a master, perhaps the only one, of this kind of haiku. Though it may be purely imaginary, it is purely so, with no admixture of thought or sentiment, fancy or artificiality. How well the foxes and the moonlight and the narcissus flowers go together.

夜神樂や焚火の中へちる紅葉 一茶  
*Yokagura ya takibi no naka e chiru momiji*

Sacred music at night;  
 Into the bonfires  
 Flutter the tinted leaves. Issa

This is a splendid piece of objectivity, worthy of Buson in its colour and scope. The *kagura* is a dance, originating in that performed in front of the cave where Amaterasu hid, by Ame no Uzume no Mikoto. It takes place at certain shrines to the accompaniment of flutes and drums. To give light, bonfires are lit around the platform, and into these fall the leaves that became scarlet in autumn.

百年の氣色を庭の落葉かな 芭蕉  
*Hyakunen no keshiki wo niwa no ochiba kana*

A hundred years old it looks,  
 This temple garden,  
 With its fallen leaves. Bashô

Not only the stones and trees but the fallen leaves themselves, fallen only yesterday, "seem" the leaves of a hundred years ago. Not only to God, but to every poet, and to every man at some time or other,

A thousand years is as yesterday when it is past.

This is not seeming, or fancy, or illusion; this is enlightenment, seeing things as they really are, timeless. Everything is infinitely old and eternally new.

古寺の藤あさましき落葉かな 蕪村  
*Furudera no fuji asamashiki ochiba kana*

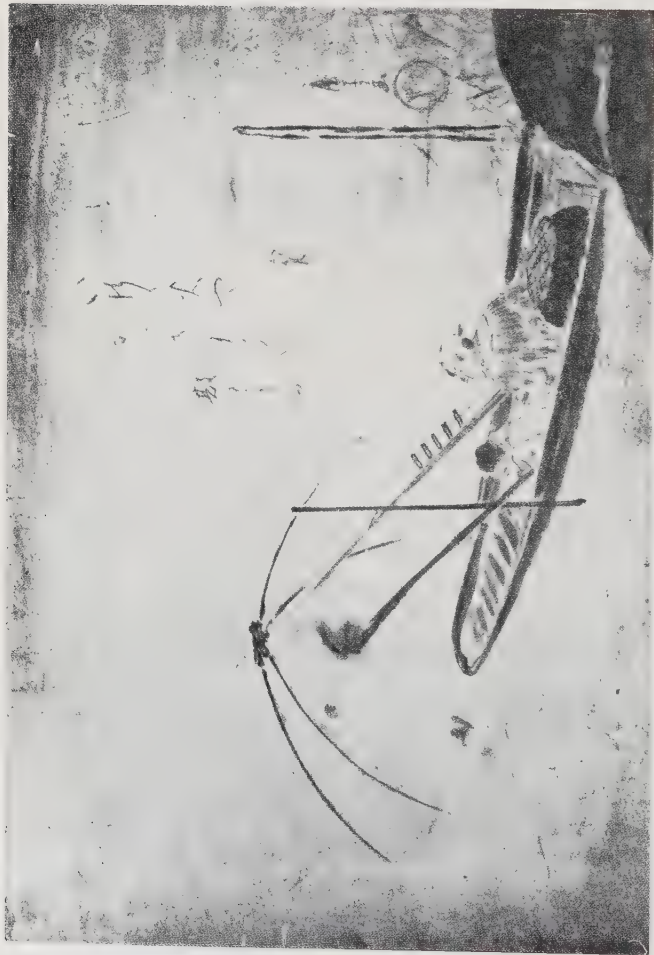
The leaves having fallen,  
 How miserable the wistaria  
 Of the old temple! Buson

While the flowers are blooming, and while the leaves are green the wistaria is a beautiful sight without apparent affinity with the weather-beaten and aged temple. But when the leaves have fallen, the grotesque and writhing stem of the wistaria looks uncouth and neglected like the discoloured and worn gates and pillars of the temple buildings.



いさり火や  
なみのよるく  
散もみぢる

The fishing-fire;  
The waves lapping,  
Falling tinted leaves.



### Falling Leaves

by Keishi, 慶子. The artist and the poet, Richô, 鯉長, were actors and contemporaries. Keishi died in 1786.

をちこちに瀧の音聞く落葉かな 芭蕉  
*Ochikochi ni taki no oto kiku ochiba kana*

From far and near,  
 Voices of waterfalls are heard,  
 Leaves falling.

Bashô

Bashô's feeling here is that of submergence in Nature. All around is heard the voice of many waters falling from above into the boulders beneath, with high and hollow sounds. Here and there, withered leaves are falling through the cold, damp air, soundless, mysterious in their fortuitously destined way. The one who stands there, what is he? He is the hearing of the sounds of the waterfall, the seeing of the falling leaves.

焚くほどは風がもてくる落葉かな 良寛  
*Taku hodo wa kaze ga mote kuru ochiba kana*

The wind brings  
 Enough of fallen leaves  
 To make a fire.

Ryôkan

This is the true and only meaning of Christ's words:

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. If God so clothe the grass of field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

It is expressed more directly, more heroically, with less "wishful thinking" by Marcus Aurelius :

All that is harmony for thee, O Universe, is in harmony with me as well.....Everything is fruit to me that thy seasons bring, O Nature. All things come out of thee, have their being in thee, and return to thee.

猫の子のちよいと押へる木葉哉 一 茶

*Neko no ko no chyoito osaeru konoha kana*

The kitten  
Holds down the leaf,  
For a moment.

Issa

As the leaf blows past, the kitten stretches out a paw and holds it down for a moment or two, dabs at it once or twice and then lets it go. This verse follows on, as it were, another verse by Issa :

門畠や猫をじゃらして飛ぶ木の葉

*Kadobata ya neko wo jarashite tobu konoha*

The flying leaves  
In the field at the front  
Are enticing the cat.

It is interesting to compare this verse with Wordsworth's *The Kitten and the Falling Leaves*, composed in 1804, and classified by him under Poems of the Fancy. It has one hundred and twenty eight lines, of which two or three are similar to Issa's verse :



With a tiger leap half-way  
 Now she meets the coming prey,  
 Lets it go as fast, and then  
 Has it in her power again.

But even these four lines have not quite got the nerve of life in them that Issa touches so unerringly. Wordsworth is at his best, at his greatest in lines of a philosophic tinge, in something which the Japanese poet (that is, of course, the Japanese mind) eschews, a reaching out from the particular towards the universal, still retaining the warmth that comes from contact with living things. In this poem we have examples of this in such lines as these:

Yet whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which Nature  
 Furnishes to every creature.....

"Silent heart" is a word of Zen, which has also a philosophic bent, yet praises silence:

Many words injure princely virtue;  
 Wordlessness is naturally effective.

叮嚀損君德、無言固有功。(禪林句集)

But Wordsworth feels the danger of this generalizing of experience. He wishes

To gambol with Life's falling Leaf,  
 and, gazing at the kitten and the baby, says,

And I will also have my careless season,  
 Spite of melancholy reason,

in order to get

Hours of perfect gladsomeness.

Comparing the two poems, we may say that what Wordsworth aspires to do, Issa has done.

水底の岩に落ちつく木葉かな      丈 草  
*Mizusoko no iwa ni ochitsuku konoha kana*

Fallen leaves have sunk,  
 And lie on a rock,  
 Under the water. Jôsô

The leaves lie blackish-brown on the rocks in the bed of the stream. Life still runs in them, though a different life from that they knew when they fluttered against the sky of spring. After being hurled through the autumn skies they have settled here under the water,—but not for long. Sooner or later, they will be swept away, and

Leave not a wrack behind.

But this, the realm of Shelley's leaves in *Ode to the West Wind*, is not the domain of the above verse. In a sense, it is purely that of the picturesque, yet with a poignancy of meaning not derived from personification or symbolism, or even from the lot and destiny of the leaves themselves, but from the mere *fact* of the leaves on the rocks under the water. Somehow or other, the *suchness* of things breaks through these particular leaves in this particular place. That is all we can say.

櫛の葉の朝から散るや豆腐桶 一茶  
*Nara no ha no asa kara chiru ya tōfu-oke*

Leaves of the oak-tree  
 Have fallen this morning;  
 The bean-curd tub. Issa

The tub is a very large one, and in the clear water reflecting the blue sky is seen the milky-white bean-curd. On the top of the water float two or three leaves of the oak-tree, the crinkled, serrated, tinted leaves making a contrast with the soft, formless white of the milky curd under the water. Occasionally the same wind that has caused the leaves to fall this morning ripples the surface of the water, and the floating leaves move a little.

鶯の口すぎに來る落葉かな 一茶  
*Uguisu no kuchisugi ni kuru ochiba kana*

Leaves are falling  
 For the livelihood  
 Of the *uguisu*. Issa

Issa does not mean, of course, that the leaves are falling in any way for the sake of the *uguisu*. The flowers do not bloom for us, the wind does not blow for us, corn does not ripen for our benefit, nor does the chair stand on its legs for our sake. The *uguisu* has a deep but chance connection with the leaves. And it is in this very fortuitousness that life works its unknown and forever unknowable purposes.

落葉してぬかみそ桶もなかりけり 芭蕉

*Ochiba shite nukamiso-oke mo nakarikeri*

Leaves are falling;  
Neither have I even  
A pickle-barrel.

Bashô

*Nuka-miso* is a kind of pickling material made of bran, salt, and water, kept in a barrel. Even the poorest house has a barrel of this. Bashô had not even one of these at the time; but this is stated as an interesting fact, not as a complaint to anyone in particular or the universe in general. In the *Tsurezuregusa*, chapter 98, written three hundred years before Bashô, the second of five maxims is:

He who desires the next world must not possess  
even a pot of rice-bran bean paste.

後世を思はんものは糴糶瓶一つも持つまじき  
事なり。

西吹ばひがしにたまる落葉かな 燕村

*Nishi fukaba higashi ni tamaru ochiba kana*

Blowing from the west,  
Fallen leaves gather  
In the east.

Buson

All the meaning of Zen is contained in these lines, but only if no Zen whatever is seen in them. In a sense, it is

purely a matter of cause and effect. The wind blows from one direction and the leaves collect against the fence on the other side of the garden. There is no mystery, no spirit of wonder here. Yet there is a painfully deep meaning of the suchness of things that has no concern with causality, that stands outside law, and mocks comparison.

It is interesting to compare this verse with another that seems to have been the earlier form:

北吹けば南あわれむ落葉哉

*Kita fukeba minami awaremu ochiba kana*

When it blows from the north,  
The fallen leaves fraternize  
In the south.

The following two verses are by Buson:

水鳥を吹きあつめたり山嵐

*Mizutori wo fukiatsumetari yama-arashi*

The mountain storm  
Blows together  
The water-birds.

風一陣水鳥白く見ゆるかな

*Kaze ichijin mizutori shiroku miyuru kana*

A gust of wind, —  
And the water-birds  
Become white.

人ちらり木の葉もちらりほらり哉 一茶

*Hito chirari konoha mo chirari horari kana*

People are few;  
A leaf falls here,  
Falls there.

Issa

To know that people are leaves, that leaves are people, without *thinking* so, without making any odious comparisons,—this is the religious and the poetical life. Issa has expressed this life in the most colloquial language, and in doing so, has hidden its depth and wonder under a veil of casualness.

掃きけるが途には掃かず落葉かな 太 祇  
*Hakikeru ga tsui ni wa hakazu ochiba kana*

Sweeping them up,  
And then not sweeping them,—  
The falling leaves.

Taigi

At the beginning of winter, we sweep up the leaves with pleasure and conscientiousness, but more and more fall, and nature is too much for us. We submit, and, as the poets say, “Winter reigns.”

落葉おちかさなりて雨雨をうつ 曉 臺  
*Ochiba ochikasanarite ame ame wo utsu*

Leaves falling,  
Lie one on another;  
The rain beats on the rain. Gyôdai

This is deeply expressive of destiny, inevitability, one thing following on another with irrevocable fatality, but in it we feel, with Marcus Aurelius,

What a wonderful power is man's to do naught  
save what will receive the approval of God, and to  
welcome every dispensation he sends us.

A dead leaf falls, another falls and lies on it. Rain falls on the dead leaves, and other drops fall on those drops dashing them away. This is all there is, yet with what a painful intensity of feeling we watch it happen.

静さや落葉をありく鳥の音                      立志  
*Shizukasa ya ochiba wo ariku tori no oto*

The stillness;  
A bird walking on the fallen leaves:  
The sound of it. Ryûshi

Some lines from *The Task*, speaking of the robin:

Where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft  
Charms more than silence.

たおるればたふるまの庭の草 良寛

*Taorureba taoruru mama no niwa no kusa*

The grasses of the garden,  
They fall,  
And lie as they fall.

Ryōkan



## APPENDIX I

### TRANSLITERATION OF HAIKU QUOTED IN THE PREFACE

Page

- ii Yoku mireba nazuna hanasaku kakine kana.  
Mi ni shimate daikon karashi aki no kaze.
- iv Rokugatsu ya mine ni kumo oku arashiyama.  
Inazuma ya kinô wa higashi kyô wa nishi.  
Futatsu mitsu hoshi miidasu ya naku kawazu.
- v Hai sutete shiraume urumu kakine kana.
- vi Haru mo haya yamabuki shiroku chisha nigashi.  
Ume ochikochi minami subeku kita subeku.  
Na no hana ya hôshi ga yado wa towade sugi.
- vii Azamuite yukinuke tera ya oborozuki.  
Nata agete kiran to sureba konome kana.
- viii Kama wo togeba akaza kanashimu keshiki ari.  
Asasamu ya tabi no yado tatsu hito no koe.  
Tabibito ya yosamu toiau nebutagoe.
- ix Musubu yori haya ha ni hibiku izumi kana.  
Uma no mimi subomete samushi nashi no hana.  
Ume no hana akai wa akai wa akai wa na.
- x Isogiwa ni zaburi zaburi to nami uchite.  
Sugi no ki ni sô sô kaze no fukiwatari.  
Futatsu naki kasa nusumareshi doyô kana.  
Atsuki yo no ni to ni no aida ni netarikeri.

## Page

- Meigetsu ya      funamushi hashiru      ishi no ue.
- xī Harukaze ya      shirasagi shiroshi      matsu no naka.  
Suzume to      koe nakikawasu      nezumi no su.  
Natsugusa ya      yamadera michi no      ishibotoke.
- xīī Hototogisu      yoru wa ki wo kiru      oto mo nashi.  
Aonori ya      ishi no kubomi no      wasurejio.  
Yamadera ya      en no shita naru      koke shimizu.  
Tsuno agete      ushi hito wo miru      natsuno kana.
- xīīī Tagayasu ya      tori sae nakanu      yamakage ni.  
Tô tô to      taki no ochikomu      shigeri kana.  
Chô no ha no      ikutabi koyuru      hei no yane.
- xīv Akatsuki ya      kujira no hoeru      shimo no umi.  
Sayo shigure      tonari no usu wa      hikiyaminu.  
Akuoke no      shizuku yamikeri      kirigirisu.
- xv Koi no oto      mizu honoguraku      ume shiroshi.  
Ôdera no      tobira aketaru      haruhi kana.  
Kokokashiko      kawazu naku yo ya      hoshi no  
kage.  
Niwatori no      koe ni shigururu      ushiya kana.  
Hi kuretari      miidera kударu      haru no hito.
- xvi Hito mo minu      haru ya kagami no      ura no ume.  
Uguisu ya      geta no ha ni tsuku      oda no tsuchi.  
Hototogisu      naku ya konoma no      sumiyagura.
- xvīī Mame ueru      hata mo kibeya mo      meisho kana.  
Kogarashi ya      mabataki shigeki      neko no tsura.  
Waka ayu ya      tani no kozasa mo      hitoha yuku.

## Page

- xviii Shizukasa ya kosui no soko no kumo no mine.  
 Nadeshiko ya jizô bosatsu no atosaki ni.  
 Shiratsuyu ya imo no hatake no amanogawa.
- xix Yûdachi ya suna ni tsukitatsu ao matsuba  
 Kiri no ha wa ochitsukusu naru wo mokufuyô.  
 Ike to kawa hitotsu ni narinu haru no ame.
- xx Nowaki yande nezumi no wataru nagare kana.  
 Furuido no kuraki ni otsuru tsubaki kana.  
 Kishine yuku ho wa osoroshiki wakaba kana.  
 Ugoku ha mo nakute osoroshi natsu kodachi.
- xxi Mijika yo no yo no ma ni sakeru botan kana.  
 Aoume wo uteba katsu chiru aoba kana.  
 Soko miete uo miete aki no mizu fukashi.
- xxii Hitokuchi ni taranu shimizu no tôtosa yo.  
 Shizuka naru kaki no ki hara ya fuyu no  
 tsuki.  
 Tachigare no ki ni semi nakite kumo no mine.  
 U no hana no koboruru fuki no hiroha kana.
- xxiii Oshidori ya itachi no nozoku ike furushi.  
 Kiku arete niwatori nerau itachi kana.  
 Meshi nusumu kitsune oiutsu mugi no aki.  
 Harusame no naka wo nagaruru taiga kana.  
 Gyôzui no sutedokoro nashi mushi no koe.
- xxix Yasezune no ke ni bifû ari koromogae.
- xxv Tori morotomo no ni deshi ware mo kasumuran.

## Page

- Dai no ji ni      nete suzushisa yo      sabishisa yo.
- xxvi    Yo no natsu ya      kosui ni ukabu      nami no ue.  
         Ware shinaba      hakamori to nare      kirigirisu.  
         Ikite iru      bakari zo ware to      keshi no hana.  
         Chô ga kite      tsurete yuki keri      niwa no chô.
- xxvii    Takegari ya      tô wo agureba      mine no tsuki.  
         Kochira muke      ware mo sabishiki      aki no kure.
- xxviii    Tsukishiro ya      hiza ni te wo oku      yoi no uchi.  
         Tamaurare      yotaka wa tsuki ni      kaerumeri.
- xxix    Kogakurete      chatsumi mo kiku ya      hototogisu.  
         Keisei no      hata mitagaruru      sumire kana.  
         Samidare ya      shikishi hegitaru      kabe no ato.
- xxx    Yuku ware ni      todo naru nare ni      aki futatsu.  
         Akindo ni      yukichigôtaru      natsuno kana.
- xxxi    Meigetsu ya      aruji wo toeba      imohori ni.  
         Gôriki wa      tada ni misuginu      yamazakura.  
         Byônin no      kago mo sugikeru      mugi no aki.  
         Suzukaze ya      chikara ippai      kirigirisu.
- xxxii    Chô tori no      shiranu hana ari      aki no sora.  
         Kagiri aru      inochi no hima ya      aki no kure.
- xxxiii    Ran no ka ya      chô no tsubasa ni      kaorisasu.  
         Koe karete      saru no ha shiroshi      mine no tsuki.  
         Shiodai no      haguki mo samushi      uo no tana.  
         Tsuki izuko      kane wa shizumite      umi no soko.
- xxxiv    Koi shinaba      waga tsuka de nake      hototogisu.

# APPENDIX II

## SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED

(in the author's library)

芭蕉

芭蕉俳句新釈  
芭蕉俳諧の根本問題  
芭蕉聖芭蕉纂  
芭蕉蕉集  
芭蕉俳諧  
芭蕉俳句研究

芭蕉句選略解(秋冬の部)  
芭蕉全集(第一篇)

芭蕉(紀行, 随筆, 書簡)  
芭蕉全集(上卷)  
芭蕉俳諧史

芭蕉句集  
芭蕉蕉  
野晒紀行評釈(第三篇)  
芭蕉一代物語本  
芭蕉続本

半田良平  
太田水穂  
野田別天樓  
菊山当年男  
岩田九郎  
上甲平谷  
沼波瓊音, 太田水穂  
阿部次郎, 安部能成  
小宮豊隆, 和辻哲郎  
幸田露伴  
荻原井泉水  
老鼠堂永機  
阿心庵雪人  
黑沢隆信  
勝峯晋風  
吉木燦郎  
勝峯晋風  
加藤藤楸邨  
穎原退蔵  
荻原井泉水  
志田義秀  
荻原井泉水

芭蕉絵物語  
馬琴, 北斎, 芭蕉  
芭蕉俳句の解釈と鑑賞  
芭蕉講座  
芭蕉研究  
芭蕉  
芭蕉講話  
旅行く芭蕉  
芭蕉展  
俳句鑑賞(芭蕉七部集)  
奥の細道新釈  
奥の細道通解  
蕉門俳諧前集, 後集, 続集  
(上下巻)

奥の細道, 芭蕉, 蕪村  
芭蕉講座, 第一巻, 発句篇(上)  
芭蕉講座, 第二巻, 発句篇(中)  
芭蕉講座, 第六巻, 俳論篇  
芭蕉  
芭蕉句集新講(上下巻)

内野三應  
宇野浩二  
志田義秀  
頼原退蔵, 加藤楸邨  
藤井乙男  
菊田当年男  
頼原退蔵  
岡村健三  
志田義秀  
川島つゆ  
三浦圭三  
馬場錦江, 萩原蘿月

神田豊穂  
志田義秀  
頼原退蔵, 加藤楸邨  
小宮豊隆, 能勢朝次  
小宮豊隆, 能勢朝次  
栗山理一  
服部咄石

## 蕪村

郷愁の詩人與謝蕪村  
蕪村夢物語(春, 夏, 秋, 冬)  
蕪村曉台全集  
蕪村名句評釈  
蕪村集

萩原朔太郎  
木村架空  
大野洒竹  
河東碧梧  
中村草田男

燕	村	俳	句	評	釈	佐	藤	紅	綠
燕	村	一	代	物	語	志	田	義	秀
燕					村	暉	峻	康	隆

## 一 茶

一	茶	俳	諧	史	中	村	六	郎
一	茶	の	研	究	高	浜	虚	子
一					高	野	辰	之
一	茶	俳	句	全	荻	原	井	泉
一		茶	説	集	荻	原	井	泉
一				本	川	島	つ	水
一	茶	の	お	ら	勝	峯	晋	ゆ
一	茶	名	句	評	勝	峯	晋	風
一			茶	論	浦	野	芳	雄
一		茶	七	部	勝	峯	晋	風
一	茶	行	と	一	蓮	沼	文	範
西	茶	と	良	と	相	馬	御	風
一		茶		文	伊	藤	正	雄
一				集	栗	山	理	一
一	茶	俳	句	集	荻	原	井	泉

## 子 規

正		岡	子	子	規	全	高	浜	虚	子
正	岡	子	規	規	規	俳	橋	田	東	声
子		規	規	規	句	句	正	岡	子	規
子					選	集	高	浜	虚	子
子					句	集	正	岡	子	規
子						解	高	浜	虚	子

## その他の俳人

俳人 許六 の 研 究  
 俳人 鬼貫 の 研 究  
 五元 集 全 解  
 評釈 凡兆 俳句 全集  
 俳人 漱石 論  
 良寛 を 語 る  
 其角 俳句 新 釈  
 其角 研 究  
 俳僧 蝶 夢  
 去来 抄 評 解  
 俳人 遺 墨

藤井乙男, 鈴木重雅  
 鈴木 重 雅  
 岩本 梓 石  
 高木 蒼 悟  
 西谷 碧 落 居  
 相馬 御 風  
 高木 讓  
 寒川鼠骨, 林若 樹  
 北田 紫 水  
 岩田 九 郎  
 金子 健 二

## 俳句評釈

俳句 鑑賞 論  
 和歌, 俳句, 近代詩の 評釈  
 俳句の 解釈と 鑑賞  
 俳句の 故事 解説  
 名句の 鑑賞  
 句評 四季  
 和歌 俳句 腹力  
 俳句 読 本  
 和歌, 俳句の 解釈と 鑑賞  
 秀句の 鑑賞  
 一人 一句  
 俳句 評 釈  
 名句 評 釈 (上)

浦野 芳 雄  
 浅尾 芳 之 助  
 岩田九郎, その他 九 名  
 宮田 戊 子  
 幸崎 秋 江  
 富安 風 生  
 遠藤隆吉, 河村目呂 二  
 高浜 虚 子  
 加藤 一 郎  
 山口 誓 子  
 富安 風 生  
 遠藤 德 治  
 穎原 退 蔵



古 今 名 句 評 釈  
 古 俳 句 評 釈  
 俳 諧 評 釈  
 俳 諧 名 作 集  
 句作の道(第一,二,三,四,五卷)  
 俳 句 史 講 話 (上 卷)  
 俳 趣 味 の 発 達  
 俳 句 の 季 節  
 俳 話  
 連 歌, 俳 諧 俳 句, 川 柳

俳 句 の 作 り 方 味 は ひ 方  
 俳 談  
 俳 諧 七 部 集 (上)  
 俳 諧 書 簡 集  
 俳 句 入 門  
 俳 句 作 法 (花, 魚, 鳥)  
 俳 句 の 道  
 俳 句 の 復 活  
 俳 句 開 眼  
 俳 句 教 程  
 俳 諧 史 研 究 集  
 私 た ち の 句 集

矢 田 挿 雲  
 内 藤 吐 天  
 柳 田 国 男  
 額 原 退 蔵  
 久 保 田 万 太 郎  
 橋 間 石  
 麻 生 磯 次  
 河 野 南 畦  
 内 藤 鳴 雪  
 能 勢 朝 次, 中 村 草 田 男  
 麻 生 磯 次  
 富 安 風 生  
 萩 原 井 泉 水  
 萩 原 蘿 月  
 山 本 屋 発 所  
 水 原 秋 桜 子  
 水 原 秋 桜 子  
 萩 原 井 泉 水  
 山 口 誓 子  
 大 竹 孤 悠  
 萩 原 井 泉 水  
 佐 藤 一 三  
 三 好 達 治

## 俳 句 集

新 歳 時 記  
 俳 家 名 句 集 (春 夏 秋 冬)

高 浜 虚 子  
 東 盛 堂 発 行

分類俳句全集(秋,冬の部)  
 類句, 作例俳句辞典  
 名家俳句集  
 俳諧自在  
 四季類題俳句大全  
 俳門十哲句集  
 新撰俳諧辞典  
 俳書解説説篇  
 俳諧歳時記

正岡子規  
 大江圭虫  
 藤井紫影  
 晋永機  
 今井柏浦  
 大橋裸木  
 岩本梓石, 宮沢朱明  
 藤井乙男, その他六名  
 小島伊豆海

## 近代俳句

現代俳句の批判と鑑賞  
 現代俳句  
 現代の秀句  
 近代俳句  
 現代俳句集  
 俳句文学全集  
 全日本新人俳句集  
 新俳句鑑賞門  
 新俳句句典法  
 新花の句作法  
 魚鳥の句頭火  
 俳人山爽集  
 自選笏俳句選集  
 蛇笏母代表作家句集

飯山大本蛇笏  
 山栗野林吉  
 大栗山理火  
 改富安造一  
 富松尾書房風社  
 松荻荻水井泉  
 荻水水井井泉  
 水水水原秋秋泉  
 水水水原秋秋泉  
 大大山澄  
 飯竹孤  
 雲母蛇笏  
 行

句	解	集	釈	瓢	芥
霜		林	水	原	子
虚	子	鑑	浜	中	児
俳	句	年	高	浜	子
虚	子	を	柏	崎	香

## 俳 畫

俳	畫	の	描	き	方	小	川	芋	銭
俳	句	の	書	き	方	内	山	雨	海
俳	畫	と	其	の	描	本	方	秀	麟
俳		画			法	小	川	千	壺
								横	尾
								深	林
								子	
俳	草	画	小	徑		田	中	咄	哉
								洲	酒
俳	人	真	蹟	全	集	島	田	忠	夫
						野	田	別	天
								樓	

## FOREIGN WORKS

- A Year of Japanese Epigrams* (1911) William N. Porter  
*An Anthology of Haiku,* Miyamori Asatarô  
*Haiku Poems, Ancient and Modern* (1940) Miyamori Asatarô  
*A Bamboo Broom* (1934) Harold Gould Henderson  
*A Pepper Pod* (1946) Shôson, Kenneth Yasuda  
*Japanese Literature* (1908) W. G. Aston  
*The Literature of Japan* (1929) J. Ingram Bryan  
*Introduction to Classic Japanese Literature* (1939, 1946)  
 Edited by the Kokusai Bunka Shinkôkai  
*Japanese Haiku* (1955) Published by The Peter Pauper Press  
*The Autumn Wind* (1957)  
 (A Selection from the Poems of Issa) Lewis Mackenzie  
*The Japanese Haiku* (1957) Kenneth Yasuda  
*Haikai and Haiku* (1958) The Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkokai  
*An Introduction to Haiku* (1958) Harold Gould Henderson

## APPENDIX III

### A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF HAIKU POETS

- ° means a poetess; × a disciple of Bashô;  
 ※ one of the Ten Disciples of Bashô;  
 § a disciple of Buson; ☆ a disciple of Shiki.

#### 15th Century

Sôgi 宗祇 1420-1502  
 Sôkan 宗鑑 1458-1586  
 Moritake 守武 1452-1549

#### 16th Century

Zuiryû 隨柳 1548-1628  
 Teitoku 貞徳 1570-1653

#### 17th Century

Ryûho 立圃 1601-1672  
 Sôin 宗因 1604-1682  
 Ishû 維舟<sup>5</sup> 1606-1680  
 Teishitsu 貞室 1609-1673  
 Shôji 松意 ?  
 Ryûshi 立志<sup>1</sup> ? -1681  
 Chigetsu-ni 智月尼 1622-1706  
 Kigin 季吟 1623-1705  
 × Shintoku 信徳 1632-1698  
 ° Sute-jo 捨女 1633-1698

Ryûsui 流水<sup>2</sup> ?  
 Ichû 惟中 1638-1692  
 × Tôrin 桃隣<sup>3</sup> 1638-1719  
 × Suiô 水鷗 ?  
 × Ensui 猿雖 1639-1704  
 Saikaku 西鶴 1641-1693  
 × Shara 舍羅 ?  
 × Rakugo 落梧 ?-1691  
 Sôdô 素堂 1641-1716  
 × Ranran 嵐蘭 1642-1689  
 Koshun 湖春 1644-1697  
 Bashô 芭蕉 1644-1694  
 × Kyohaku 拳白 ?-1698  
 Gonsui 言水 1646-1719  
 ※ Sampû 杉風 1646-1732  
 Wakyû 和及 1648-1692  
 × Sora 曾良 1648-1710  
 × Shadô 洒堂<sup>4</sup> ?  
 × Shôhaku 尙白 1649-1722

1. There were five poets of this name.
2. Disciple of Baisei, 梅盛, 1610-1699.
3. There were five poets of this name.
4. Also known as Chinseki, 珍碩.
5. Also known as Shigeyori, 重頼.

× Shihô 史邦 <sup>1</sup> ?	Rogetsu 露月 1666-1751
× Takuchi 沢雉 ?	Rôka 浪化 1669-1703
× °Sono-jo 園女 1649-1723	Kanri 冠里 1670-1732
Yûsui 幽水 ?	Yasen 野泉 <sup>3</sup> ?
× Senna 千那 1650-1723	※Etsujin 越人 ?-1702
× Banko 萬乎 ?-1724	× Otsuyû 乙由 1674-1739
※Kyorai 去来 1651-1704	× Rotsû 路通 ?
× Uryu 羽笠 ?	× °Shôfu-ni 梢風尼 <sup>4</sup> ?
°Chine-jo <sup>2</sup> 千子女 ?	× Bonchô 凡兆 ?-1714
Isshô 一笑 1652-1688	× °Ukô-ni 羽紅尼 ?
× Yasô 八桑 ?	× Izen 惟然 ?-1710
Raizan 来山 1653-1716	Hajin 巴人 1676-1742
※Ransetsu 嵐雪 1653-1707	※Hokushi 北枝 ?-1718
× Sesshi 雪芝 ?	Senkaku 仙鶴 1676-1750
Rosen 露沾 1654-1733	Kodô 古道 ?-1738
※Kyoroku 許六 1655-1715	× Kakei 荷兮 ?-1716
Saimaro 才麿 1655-1737	× Bunson 汶村 ?-1713
Masahide 正秀 1656-1723	× Kyokusui 曲翠 ?-1719
Yasui 野水 1657-1743	× Yamei 野明 ?
× Riyû 李由 1660-1705	× Otokuni 乙州 ?
Onitsura 鬼貫 1660-1738	× Mokudô 木導 ?
※Kikaku 其角 1660-1707	× Môgan 毛執 ?
※Jôsô 丈草 1661-1704	Fugyoku 不玉 ?
Dansui 団水 1662-1711	Tôfu 豆富 ?
※Yaha 野坡 1662-1740	Keisa 圭左 ?
Tohô 土芳 1662-1736	Kakô 可幸 ?
※Shikô 支考 1664-1731	Teiji 低耳 ?

1. Also read Fumikuni.
2. Kyorai's younger sister.
3. Pupil of Ryûkyo, 柳居, d. 1748.
4. Wife of Ryôhin, 良品, 1668-1758.

Seien 晴燕 ?

Rikuto 六渡 ?

Ryûsui 柳水 1691-1758

### 18th Century

Kiin 希因 1697-1748

Gochiku 五竹 1699-1781

°Chiyo-ni 千代尼 1701-1775

°Shisei-jo 紫青女 ?

Yayû 也有 1701-1783

Ryôta 蓼太 1707-1787

§Shôha 召波 ?-1771

Ichiku 移竹 1708-1759

§Tairo 大魯 ?-1778

§Taigi 太祇 1709-1772

°Shokyû-ni 諸九尼 1713-1781

Fuhaku 不白 1714-1807

°Ôshû 奥洲 ?

Aon 阿音 ?

Buson 蕪村 1715-1783

Shôzan 嘯山 1718-1800

Ôemaru<sup>1</sup> 大江丸 1719-1805

Rankô 蘭更 1726-1799

Chora 樗良 1729-1781

Gomei 五明 1730-1803

°Seifu-jo 星布女 1731-1814

Katsuri 可都里 1732-1817

Gyôdai 曉台 1732-1793

Shirao<sup>2</sup> 白雄 1735-1792

Seira 青蘿 1739-1791

§Kitô 几童 1740--1789

°Koyû-ni 古友尼 ?

Jûko 重厚 1741-1804

°Sogetsu-ni 素月尼 ?-1804

Chôsui 長翠 ?-1813

Shirô 士朗 1742-1813

Rikei 李溪 ?-1819

§Gekkyo 月居 1745-1824

§Hyakuchi 百池 1748-1836

Seibi 成美 1748-1816

Jûjô 十丈 ?-1830

°Kikusha-ni 菊舍尼 1752-1826

Otsuji 乙二 1754-1823

Michihiko 道彦 1755-1818

Ryôkan 良寛 1756-1851

Kien 奇淵 1758-1834

Hôrô 鳳朗 1761-1841

Issa 一茶 1763-1827

Isô 惟草 ?-1853

Baishitsu 梅室 1768-1852

Goshin 午心 ?-1817

Tôrin 桃隣 1772-1806

Tanehiko 種彦 1782-1842

Ampû 鞍風 ?

Reikan 鈴竿 ?

Baikin 貝錦 ?

Nangai 南唄 ?

1. Also called Kyûkoku, 旧国.

2. There is a second Shirao also.

Koshû 孤舟 ?

Jakusui 若水 ?

### 19th Century

☆Meisetsu 鳴雪 1847-1926

Hassel 初声 ?

Chôshû 聽秋 1852-1930

Kiichi 機一 1856-?

Etsujin 日人 1857-1836

Shôu 松宇 1860-?

Hashin 芭臣 1864-

☆Sôseki 漱石 1865-1915

Wafû 和風 1866-

Shiki 子規 1866-1902

Usen 芋錢 1867-

☆Seisei 青々 1869-

☆Roseki 露石 1870-1918

☆Kanrô 寒樓 ?

Sazanami 小波 1870-1933

☆Gojô 五城 1871-1915

☆Hekigodô 碧梧桐 1873-

Kyoshi 虛子 1874-

Kubutsu 句佛 1875-

☆Shûchiku 秋竹 1875-1915

### 20th Century

Arô 亜浪 1879-

☆Yaezakura 八重桜 1879-

☆Gusai 愚哉 ?

Ragetsu 蘿月 ?

Kinsai 堇哉 ?

☆Kuson 駒村 ?

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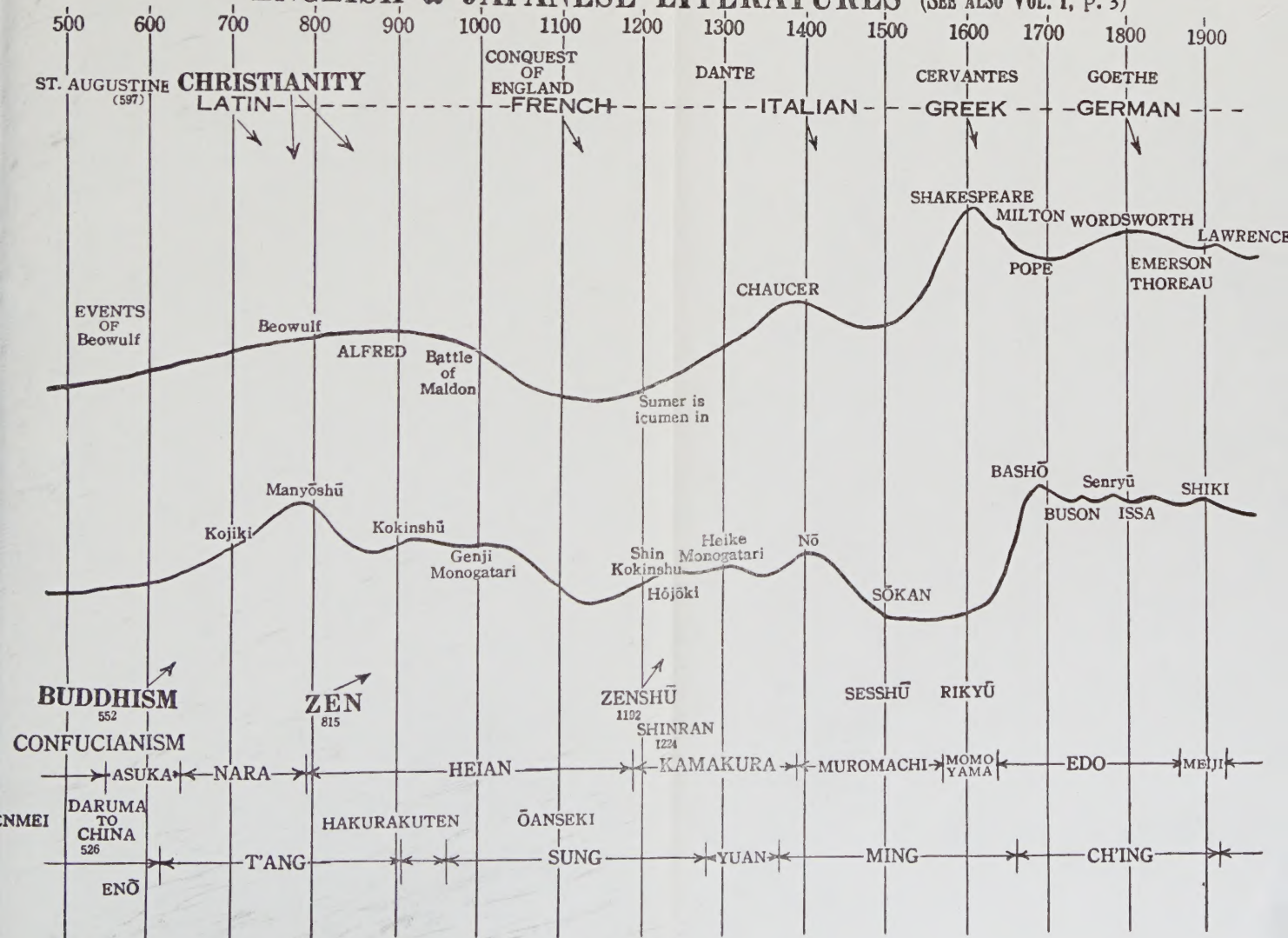
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