Anita Virgil ◊ United States

Issa: The Uses of Adversity

My Spring?
A single bamboo—
A willow twig.[1]

Kobayashi Issa (1763-1827) carved out a singular piece of turf apart from the other major haiku poets. His work is an amalgam of earliest haiku, Bashô's haiku, senryu and tanka uniquely tempered by his Pure Land Buddhist beliefs and often put together in what today would be called a "confessional" mode. Superficially, his poems (as read in translations, albeit) look easy to understand: many are sentimental and laced with humor. This has made one of Japan's most revered haiku poets attractive to writers who wish to experiment with haiku. But what we accept as Issa's "haiku" hinges upon his unusual life story without which many of these well-known prototypes appear woefully shallow and misleading. However, once a correlation is drawn between this poet's life and the various guises in which he portrays it, certain poems which appear trivial transmute into poignant utterances.

So hospitably
waving at the entrance gate—
the willow tree.[2]

This poem offers little to the reader but a pretty picture hardly worth recording. What insight has it? What significance? Really none. But once we learn Issa's family home had a willow tree at its entrance, and due to the machinations of his stepmother Issa was barred from it for some forty years, this poem changes. Its effect is completely

altered to depict bitter irony and sadness. Now its significance is obvious. And it is heavy with emotion.

Because Issa is referred to as one of the Four Pillars of Haiku and the poet closest to the heart of the Japanese people, reading a poem of this type (and many such by Issa are translated into English) leads one to assume that as it stands it is an exemplary haiku. This immediately creates a problem if you happen to feel as I do that a haiku ought not to depend solely for its impact upon the crutch of outside information. For this reason, I have been disappointed by much of Issa's work and considered many of his "haiku" to be anomalies. The problem stems from the fact that when these poems are judged on their own merits minus bio-graphical explanations, they come up short. Of course it is true that with Bashô and Buson, added dimension may devolve out of an awareness of some details of their lives, but most all of their haiku stand up without this extra information. Further, it is doubtful that some of the "haiku" of Issa would have the very special cast they have without the groundwork laid by the emergence of the senryu in the 18th century. Many of his poems are full of senryu's biting sarcasm, of the rising political and social consciousness. They are replete with a human emphasis and use the spoken everyday language of the senryu. There are also love poems—those written at the time of his first marriage late in life venture into a realm eschewed by haiku poets. The tanka and certain stanzas in renga were considered the appropriate place to elaborate on this subject. Or, depending on the cast of the poem, in the senryu.

In fairness to a poet who has given us some astonishingly powerful and beautiful poems that conform to the constraints inherent in haiku, poems which arouse deep emotion without recourse to Issa's psyche for their impact, we are obliged to learn more about Issa's life to understand those other poems of his which, for years, I chose to dismiss in favor of such as these:

The spring day closes,
Lingering
Where there is water.[3]

A straw-mat;
The Milky Way aslant
In the saucepan.[4]

The foal
Sticks out his nose
Over the irises.[5]

The turnip-puller
Points the way
With a turnip.[6]

The *yamabuki**
Hidden by the grasses—
And then again they sway.[7]

A day of haze;
The great room
Is deserted and still.[8]

Wild persimmons,
The mother eating
The bitter parts.[9]

This world of ours!
Even the grasses over there
Give us our gruel.[10]

Twilight spreads
From the woman waiting on the shore
Over the evening tide.[11]

The next poem is about a beggar:

In his box
Four or five coppers, and now
The evening drizzle![12]

* *Keria japonica*, a plant with yellow miniature mum-like flowers

These poems indicate the range of Issa's vision of the world and his feelings about it with, for him, uncommon elegant austerity and delicate humor. They unite the ordinary with the beautiful, the mundane and the heavens above which is perfectly consistent with Issa's attitude towards life. The grand, the minute, all co-exist. The dignity and identity of each object is allowed to come through to the reader. The turnip-puller brings out Issa's veneration for the nourishers of the world. The simple incredible beauty which man always seeks to hold onto is exposed only briefly to him—somewhere between the whim of a breeze, the length of a grass clump. In this poem about the *yamabuki* there is more of an elegy to the lost things of this world than in Issa's maudlin attempts to demonstrate it elsewhere. Such is the compass of the best haiku.

Grandeur and loneliness go hand in hand in the great-room poem with an overriding mysteriousness. As for his wild persimmon, at last Issa can express motherhood, the best of it, by focusing on a single act that embodies the whole range of caring he so yearned for. Acceptance and gratitude for our portion—whatever it is—is the foundation of the next poem, "This world of ours!"

For me, the woman-at-twilight poem is one of the greatest love poems, positively primordial in tone. Its sensuous quality is so diffuse it is like music—the stirring moving gloom and scope defy description. One is engulfed in it—yet it is no more than a woman at twilight, waiting. The last poem about the beggar has all of Issa's life story implicit in it, but happily, we do not depend on that information to derive full value from this haiku. All these exemplary haiku illustrate the region in which this tiny poem surpasses other poetry: its ability to suggest the vast in one thing. And all the information needed to understand these poems is contained within them.

The early life of an individual sets up the pattern of his existence. Chance, too, plays a role in how things turn out in the long run. It would seem the cards were stacked against Issa almost from the beginning. But the true measure of any man is determined by how he handles what is dealt him.

Kobayashi Yataro (Issa's childhood name) was born on May 5, 1763. His father, Yagobei, was a farmer who owned extensive lands. His mother, Kuni, also came from a farm family of substance. His birthplace to the north and west of Edo (Tokyo) was the beautiful village of Kashiwabara in the mountainous country of northern Shinano (now Nagano). Three mountains rose to the north and west of the village and Lake Nojiri spread out in the east. It was a snowy region of Japan where farming had to be carried on between April and October—before the land was buried in whiteness. Even the flowers adapted to the harsh region:

> The nine-belled flower
> Here bears only four or five bell-blossoms
> And that's all![13]

The village was located on an important route from the north which made it a vital center for travellers going between the great feudatories. The village was declared part of the Shogun's territory and was administered by Edo. Despite its seeming isolation, Kashiwabara was host to all sorts of people whom the child, Issa, observed. Among them were the mighty *daimyô* and their retinues on their way back and forth between the capital city and their own lands.* These great processions inspired a group of poems in which Issa gave voice to social criticism. One approach was the sarcasm of senryu:

> What's that to me,
> His million bales at harvest?
> Dew on a grass stalk![14]

> Following in his train
> Come the mists that swirl and trail—
> Kaga-no-Kami![15]

* This constant travel forced upon the daimyô by the Tokugawa regime was for the purpose of controlling them. With their families held hostage in Edo, the daimyô's coffers were depleted by the expenses incurred on these journeys. That way, they could not amass sufficient funds to raise an army against the Tokugawa regime.

Both these poems refer to Maeda, Lord of Kaga, before whom all bystanders were supposed to bow in deference. The grandeur and pomposity of it all is apparent—but Issa's attitude is less than respectful. Subservience was not a high priority with Issa any more than were the conventions of a society he found wanting. Seeing the common people forced to pay homage to these dignitaries did not sit well with Issa, the son of hard-working farmers. Here is an indirect approach typical of Issa's social criticism poems:

Little sparrow! Take care!
Get out of the way!—Mr. Horse
is coming there![16]

By the time the young Issa was three years old, his mother died. The impact of her death apparently never was far from the mind of the boy or the man. Issa himself wrote in later years that he became a peculiar child, lonely and unable to adapt to the other small children his age who had their mothers and fathers still. Even though Issa's grandmother was good to him after his mother's death, his adult poetry still rings with this desolate feeling of deprivation, of a loss of nurturing. In poem after poem Issa gnaws this bone: maternal admonishments, childish entreaties fill them. Were it not for the other dimensions of his work, one would be hard-pressed to find the excess bearable.

Come! With each other
let's play—little sparrow
without any mother![17]

When the boy was eight years old, his father married a woman by the name of Satsu, a tough, hard-working woman determined to make a success of the large farm. Issa had made some headway in his schoolwork by this time and found comfort in the attention of his teacher, Nakamura, a man who was to remain a lifelong friend. The stepmother soon became resentful of Issa's scholarly pursuits. She expected him to be a farmhand and before long saw to it that

her husband, Yagobei, took the boy out of school. Issa was worked all day on the farm and at night had to make straw sandals. He was forbidden to have light by which to read or write during the long winter nights. His hatred of his step-mother is reflected in such non-haiku as

> Somebody you do resemble—
> The face, at least, is much the same
> Death adder![18]

The chastisement he received from Satsu for any infractions relating to wasting his time with studies appears in this poem:

> O world of men!
> Even for writing on a leaf—
> Again a scolding![19]

The teacher he befriended held classes at the inn frequented by travellers so that whenever the boy could sneak away to visit Nakamura, he also widened his view of life beyond the farm.

In 1772 Satsu gave birth to a son, Senroku. This turned out to be a further burden to the already miserable Issa. Now, in addition to the hostilities he called forth from his step-mother, he was held responsible for much of the care of his infant half-brother. Nothing Issa could do would please Satsu. He was beaten daily, he later wrote, and "never slept without shedding tears." [20]

At last his father came to realize the situation between his wife and his first-born son, Issa, was impossible. With what today seems an act of weakness, Yagobei sent his son alone to Edo at the age of fourteen. He did, however, accompany the boy to the next town on the route and left him with the following admonition: "Eat nothing harmful, don't let people think ill of you, and let me soon see your bonny face again."[21]

And so the young Issa made his way into the capital city of Japan. He had a letter of introduction to one of his mother's relatives in Edo but he never followed up on it. It may be that he worked as a stable boy in one of the mansions

of the daimyô stationed in Edo. This poem vividly shows the influence of senryu as do many of his socially conscious poems:

They sleep
on new mosquito nets—
Horses at Edo.[22]

They fared far better than the homeless stable boy.

The young man must have matured very rapidly left to fend for himself, and illusions about mankind must have deserted him quickly. Apparently, he made friends in priestly orders and got to know enough of life in the temples around Edo to view them critically.

The temple so clever
At raking in the money—
It has the peonies! [23]

The society into which Issa was born was degenerating—on the downside of the cycle which followed the brilliant Genroku age. Town life depicted in his poems shows that he was alert to the variety of experience a teeming metropolis offers.

Don't mention people—
Even the very scarecrows,
Crooked every one! [24]

The Servants Day—
The house-dog also sees them off
Into the mists. [25]

Servants Day (or *Yabu-iri* as it is called) occurs once a year at which time servants are expected to return to their farm homes for a visit. We know the house-dog, at least, returns to a home of comfort and luxury when the goodbyes have been said—but the servants? Many became drifters after a few years of city life or were simply too old to be re-employed.

Floating weeds
As blows the winds of the floating world—
Drifting and drifting.[26]

It is believed Issa entered the Katushika school at the age of nineteen. The school supposedly was founded by a close friend of Bashô and it is here, almost ten years later, Issa succeeded his teacher, Nirokuan Chikua, upon his death. At this time, the following poem is attributed to Issa.

All I saw
Through the perspective glass*
—Threepenny worth of mist. [27]

Again we see the harvest reaped by Issa from the senryu. Again we read between the lines and find the disappointed child—expecting something marvelous, Issa's lot is mist. The poem, objectively written, contains undertones of Issa's bitterness disguised by wry humor. The poet has shown us both our naive hopefulness and what, in fact, we receive.

But the conventionalism of the school did not allow for this sort of poetry. Issa's lectures were also unorthodox and complaints were made against him. Within a year, he resigned his position. It was at this time Issa became considerably concerned about his father and returned to his home in Kashiwabara. Yagobei was well and happy to see his long-departed son. Plans for a long journey—a pilgrimage in keeping with the tradition of literary figures—were shared with Yagobei who approved. It is in 1792 that the name "Issa" was adopted for the first time—more specifically, Haikaiji Nyudo Issa-bo (Brother Issa, Lay Priest of the Temple of Poetry). This was commemorated in the following announcement—I would not call it a poem.

Here's the Spring
And with it transmogrified
Yataro becomes Issabo.[28]

* The telescope was quite the novelty in 18th century Japan. In some of the *Ukiyo-e* prints of the same period it can be seen in use.

The journey which lasted until 1798 took Issa through the western provinces and Japan's southern islands of Shikoku and Kyushu. Issa visited temples, befriended priestsand poets, merchants, much as Bashô did before him. A record of this is in the journals by Issa which were filled with tanka, haiku, prose passages, some Chinese poems from which he drew for later collections. Upon his return to the capital, Issa befriended an influential man named Natsume Seibi who was a wealthy rice merchant. They shared an interest in haiku. Seibi, supposedly possessed of an excellent critical sense, remained Issa's close friend and literary confidant for the rest of his life. Issa sent drafts of his work to Seibi for criticism over the years.

By 1802, when Issa was 39 years of age, he ventured back to visit his father at Kashiwabara. While Issa was there, Yagobei contracted typhoid fever. Issa nursed the old man for a month and though no stimulants were to be given him, somehow he drank wine and death soon followed. During his last days, Issa's father attempted to mend the split between Issa and his half-brother. Senroku, who expected that Issa as the eldest son would receive the major inheritance, was still dissatisfied. After all, it was he and his mother who stayed on and worked the farm all the years Issa was exiled. Yagobei "gave Issa a written document and made him promise to settle down and marry at Kashiwabara. This will the stepmother and Senroku afterwards refused to recognize and so bilked Issa of his inheritance for nearly thirteen years."[29]

Once again in vain
his mouth he opens— the bird's
stepchild.[30]

The bitterness toward this unending miserable familial relationship ate into Issa. Though at one point he decided to legally resolve the problem, Issa unwisely gave the document his father wrote to one of the village elders along with a written promise elicited from Senroku to divide the property. Not surprisingly, all the documentation disappeared.

During this time Issa was still in Edo living a meagre and untidy bachelor's existence in his hut.

If the times were good,
I'd say, "One more of you, sit down,
flies around my food."[31]

Spiders in the corner—
Don't you be anxious,
I won't break your webs. [32]

He made no concessions to the niceties or expectations of society. This rebelliousness (probably born of injustices over the years) helped alleviate some of Issa's old anger and anguish as did his acerbic wit. He seemed to flaunt his pariah's existence for it freed him from social restraints. If Issa was by all indications an outsider, he made the most of it. In an odd way it enabled him to act upon the dictates of his own heart which resulted in that endearing perversity of Issa's which thumbs its nose at the formalities and trivial concerns of men.

The bright full moon;
My ramshackle hut
Is as you see it. [33]

The snail
Goes to bed and gets up
Just as he is. [34]

It is not at all strange to find him playing out an ancient hurt by siding with the underdogs and bucking authority. Even the mighty Maeda, Lord of Kaga (the same one of his early childhood), bent to Issa, the poet, in these later years. His Highness had commanded his presence but Issa refused to respond until such time as it was conceded that it was an invitation, not a command! When Issa showed up, it was in his scruffy clothes.

How agreeable it is,
My cotton gown—
Now it is soaked with sweat! [35]

A bush warbler comes:
all muddy are the feet he wipes
upon the blooming plums. [36]

I would like to digress here in order to suggest an interesting interpretation for the above poem hinging on a device writers so often utilize: the protective mask of indirect personification. The bush warbler is a bird noted for his beautiful utterances, just as the poet is noted for his. The plum blossom was the emblem of the Maeda family—Maeda, Lord of Kaga. By implied personification Issa can alter entirely the light and charming tone of the primary interpretation of this haiku to satisfy his persistent psychological obsession. Here, however, subdued personification has not undercut the haiku's quality. This interpretation is just something I read into it for the tactic of the veiled jab is not unknown to writers throughout the centuries: Jonathan Swift's *Gullivers Travels*, Franz Kafka's *The Trial*, Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, each disguised political, social criticism. Issa, like a court jester, could cleverly present the truth and get away with it.

At the end of the visit, Issa was given several rolls of cloth as a gift. When he arrived back at his hut, he discarded them. On another occasion he was given a writing box of sandalwood by Lord of Kaga. One can see that despite Issa's eccentricities, he was admired and respected even by the mighty.

But in his village in the snow country, he still amounted to nothing. Finally, in 1812, Issa wound up his affairs in Edo and moved back to Kashiwabara. In a desperate attempt to rectify the legal situation, he petitioned the Shogun since his family property was on Tokugawa land. By this action he stood to lose everything, but with the intervention of an abbot, a compromise was reached. All was split literally in half—including the very house which was partitioned by a wall down the middle! Poems such as the following are the result of these times:

Old village, my home,
Everything I touch about you
Turns to a thorn! [37]

Is this, then,
My last resting place—
Five feet of snow! [38*]

In 1814 Issa at last married a twenty-eight year old neighboring farm girl by the name of Kiku.** Thus Issa fulfilled the other half of his father's will. It is from this courtship that Issa's love poems stem. One does not ever get the impression that the marriage was other than one of deep affection and passion.

Feet for a pillow
And our arms intertwined—
The tenderness of deer! [39]

For all the pain and loneliness endured, Issa at last shared with Kiku what had so very long been denied him: warmth and love, tenderness and good humor.

There's our Kiku—
A lot she cares, how she looks,
how she goes! [40]

'Our home—'
Just saying that alone—
What coolness![41]

A careful look at these three poems which, *because Issa wrote them,* are considered 'haiku', will show that in actual fact they come closest to senryu in subject matter and handling. Along with their human emphasis, occasionally senryu will contain a season word, but even so, the emphasis on nature in them is missing. So it is with these. In the first, Issa uses

* This poem appears on Issa's gravestone.
** *Kiku* means chrysanthemum in Japanese.

the word "deer"—a season word implying autumn. But what he is actually doing is implying simile (as tanka do) to make the point that he and his wife's gently entwined limbs are manifestly *like* the tenderness of deer. In the second poem we have the season word "kiku" (chrysanthemum) by which the Japanese imply autumn. But Kiku is Issa's wife's name, and I am certain that were she named for a flower designating a different season, Issa would have done the same thing because season has little bearing on this poem either. It is an affectionate portrait of his wife and speaks to her devil-may-care attitude about her appearance. That is its entire point. The last poem utilizes the word "coolness" which is a season word for summer. But what the poem is about is the psychological state of relief arrived at as represented in the opening phrase "Our home—" which Issa is saying is as wonderful, as salutary as coolness on a hot day. Knowing what we now know of the poet who has been homeless most of his life, we must realize where the weight of the poem lies. It is redolent with Issa's past.

Issa's marriage occurred at a time in his life when he had finally earned a great reputation in the capital of Japan. His poems were highly influential. "It was at last recognized that his strength and simplicity had brought something back to poetry lacking almost since Bashô's death, and if it was his quaint insect poems that first caught popular fancy, the grave elegiac music of others stayed longer in the listening mind."[42]

What of these "quaint insect poems"? The following three examples are among the most well-known.

Oh, don't mistreat
  the fly! He wrings his hands!
    He wrings his feet! [43]

  For you fleas too
The night must be long,
  It must be lonely. [44]

Cry not, insects,
For that is a way
We all must go. [45]

Some other insect poems:

Be a good boy
And look after the house well,
Cricket! [46]

Now I am going out;
Be good and play together,
Crickets. [47]

Grasshopper,—
Do not trample to pieces
The pearls of bright dew. [48]

Though each of these six poems is a *cri de coeur*, none is handled with the self-effacement, the selflessness sought by the haiku poet. In all these Issa foists upon his insects human emo-tions and behavior thereby corrupting the Buddhist tenet which gives value to both the animate and inanimate. Not all creatures are human, though. A grooming display of a fly involves no beseeching as Issa would have us imagine. Nor can fleas be as-sumed to experience loneliness or insects sadness as depicted in poems #2 and #3. These are mere poetic fancies, intellectuali-zations, conceits in which Issa adopts the persona of an admonish-ing and loving mother which diminishes both the poet and the insects. The basic weakness of these poems is their blatant per-sonification, a device which was not the province of haiku from Bashô on. They are throwbacks to the conceits of Sôkan (1465-1553) and Teitoku (1571-1653), to seminal haiku like this one:

Don't be swallowed up, frogs
Into the stomach
Of the snake in the eaves!49
Ichiwa (pre-Bashô)

Compare to Issa's famous entreaty

Lean frog,
don't give up the fight!
Issa is here. [50]

It was the pre-Bashô poets whose frogs, like cartoon characters, "rubbed their hands together" and "sang sedôkas" to whom Issa is reverting and to some poor quality senryu and these bellicose mosquitoes:

> The flies withdraw from their position,
> And the mosquitoes raise their war-cry.[51]

Issa clearly uses these same devices to make us sympathize with the weak of the world as represented by the "insignificant" creatures he so often writes about. But I think those handled in this manner are his least valuable works. I recognize wearily that cute has always been more popular than acute. For this reason they appear more often than his stronger work and therefore have come to represent Issa to many people. But he is too good a poet to be remembered for pandering to sentimentality.

Issa took liberties with the haiku to suit his own needs which, to a certain degree, is what all "originals" do. But in ignoring the constraints of haiku utilized by Bashô and other masters, Issa's poems caused me great confusion at the outset. For the advancement of understanding haiku, I feel it is important that writers especially pay attention to the standards consistently manifested in the work of the great poets when we seek direction and inspiration. It is also beneficial to have an historical perspective so we can recognize the underpinnings of their art.

Here is a very different insect poem by Issa:

> The first firefly!
> It was off, away,—
> The wind left in my hand.[52]

In this one Issa has objectively captured the essence of the moment: one of sudden beauty—and after, when all that's left is the remembering. That is what a firefly is. That is what a genuine haiku is. This haiku has "the grave elegiac music which stays forever in the listening mind."

Issa, as a now-famous poet, was often away from home, but his letters to Kiku expressed his continuing love. Before long, their first child was born—a son who lived but one month. His second child, a little girl named Sato, was born the day he returned home from a journey. Some of his child poems are about this daughter who only lived two and a half years. She succumbed to smallpox. The following poem was written after Sato's death and is one of Issa's most famous works:

> The world of dew—
> A world of dew it is indeed,
> And yet. . . [53]

In this poem allusion is made to the Buddhist doctrine of the transitoriness of life ("A world of dew") against which Issa of the Pure Land Buddhist sect rails in the grief-ridden, so very human poem. No religious precept can quite come to grips with the bone-chilling finality of the death of those we hold most dear. All man's anguished protest lodges in those two words "and yet . . ."

Again we have a vivid demonstration in this poem of the dependence in Issa's work upon knowledge of his life story—he even put a pre-script to it which read "Losing a beloved child." Without this, the poem is little more than a platitude.

A year after the death of Sato, another baby was born who lived only briefly. Issa's health was failing at this time and from the year 1820 on he suffered attacks of paralysis. When their fourth child was born, Kiku became ill and finally died two year later in 1823.

> The moon tonight!
> If only she were here
> My old grumbler! [54]

As though all this pain were not enough, the fourth child also died "by reason of the carelessness of the woman employed to nurse him. She turned out to be the daughter of the village bully who had tormented Issa in childhood."[55] Two other marriages ensued. One lasted only a few weeks

and then the woman, a lady of *samurai* family, left Issa. In 1825 he married a woman named Yao. In the summer of 1827 a fire burned down Issa's family homestead. Offered housing by friends, Issa and Yao declined and stayed in a windowless narrow storehouse which was to be Issa's last home.

A world of grief and pain,
Even when cherry blossoms
Have bloomed.[56]

In November, though Issa had been ill, he recovered sufficiently to visit pupils and friends again. On the 19th, after a walk in the snow, Issa suffered his last attack of paralysis and died. Under his pillow this verse was found:

A blessing indeed—
This snow on the bed-quilt,
This, too, is from the Pure Land.[57]

Issa wrote 20,000 poems—far more than Bashô and Buson put together. (Buson wrote about 3,000.) Issa's sheer volume speaks more of catharsis than of craftsmanship. Of the variety of Issa's poems available to Western readers, it appears to me he wrote three very different kinds of poetry. Unfortunately, it is all presented under the umbrella of haiku. One kind manifests the aesthetic constraint which does belong to the special province of haiku. Another whose primary focus is clearly on human nature (whether treated humorously or not, containing so-called season words or not) is senryu. And the third which, no doubt, is responsible for Issa's broad appeal as a vulnerable human being to whom all can relate, is a pure *cri de coeur* that cannot seriously be considered as haiku when characterized by unrestrained emotionalism, intellectualization, and a failure to stand alone without explanations. These run counter to Bashô's advice: "But always leave your old Self behind, otherwise it will get between you and the object." Too often, Issa cannot. Poems of this type may have had therapeutic value for the poet, but they do not compare favorably

with his few great haiku nor with his excellent senryu. When he had control over his various obsessions, his artistic genius shaped enough work into a parcel to add to world poetry.

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1. Lewis Mackenzie, *The Autumn Wind* (London, John Murray Ltd., 1957), p. 53.
2. Harold G. Henderson, *An Introduction to Haiku* (Garden City, NY, Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1958), p. 140.
3. R. H. Blyth, *Haiku*, Vol. II, Spring (Japan, Hokuseido, 1950), p. 38.
4. —, *A History of Haiku*, Volume I (Japan, Hokuseido, 1963), p. 388.
5. —, *Haiku*, Volume III, Summer-Autumn (Japan, Hokuseido, 1952), p. 188.
6. —, *Haiku*, Volume IV, Autumn-Winter (Japan, Hokuseido, 1952), p. 348.
7. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 52.
8. Blyth, Spring *op. cit*., volume II, p. 91.
9. *—,* Autumn-Winter *op. cit.,* p. 135.
10. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 49.
11. —, *ibid*., p. 54.
12. —, p. 50.
13. —, p. 10.
14. —, p. 2.
15. —, p. 16.
16. Henderson, *op. cit*., p. 147.
17. *ibid*., p. 129.
18. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 15.
19. *ibid*., p. 15.
20. —, *ibid.,* p. 17. [Issa.]
21. —, *ibid.*
22. —, *ibid.*, p. 18.
23. —, *ibid.,* p. 19
24. —, *ibid*., p. 21.
25. —, *ibid*.
26. —, *ibid*., p. 18.
27. —, *ibid*., p. 26.
28. —, *ibid*., p. 28.
29. —, *ibid*., p. 33 [the original quote says “baulked” not “bilked”].
30. Henderson, *op. cit*., p. 140.
31. —, *ibid*., p. 150.
32. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 35.
33. Blyth, *A History of Haiku*, Volume I, p. 422.
34. —, *ibid*., p. 397.
35. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 35.
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40. —, *ibid*.
41. —, *ibid*., p. 89.
42. —, *ibid*., p. 39.
43. Henderson, *op. cit*., p. 133.
44. Blyth, *Haiku*, Summer-Autumn, *op. cit.*, p. 192.
45. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 52.
46. Blyth, Autumn-Winter *op. cit.*, p. 78.
47. —, *ibid*., p. 81.
48. —, *ibid*., p. 80.
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50. Henderson, *op.cit.*, p. 133.
51. Blyth, *Japanese Life and Character in Senryu* (Japan, Hokuseido, 1960), p. 151.
52. —, *op. cit*., Vol. III, p. 214.
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54. —, *ibid*., p. 43.
55. —, p. 44.
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57. Mackenzie, *op. cit*., p. 46.