

Appendix (translated poems):

Translation by Annika A. Culver

Kitagawa Fuyuhiko

*Sanhan kikan soshitsu* (Loss of the Semi-Circular Canals), 1925

Shijo Geijutsusha, Tokyo

Artists are men  
who want to become inhuman.  
They search in vain  
for the traces of inhumanity.  
(Guillaume Apollinaire)

**Autumn** (p. 1)

Damn... good weather.

In the suburban train,  
the young girl's scent lingers.

Noon.  
A man with a washed face sighed.

**Public Toilet** (pp. 2-3)

A public toilet at the riverbank.

As I was urinating,  
from the space in the window in front of me  
waves were undulating up and down.

While the guys next to me were going splash, splash  
the building's shadow did not break.

Once more I wanted to see the rocking of the waves  
and I forced myself to urinate what wouldn't come out.

Damn!  
Three stupid boats have passed.

### **Scene Down from a Height (p. 4)**

As I look down from the building  
electric trains, cars, people mill around.  
My eyes almost stuck to the pavement.

### **Backstreet (p. 5)**

The houses on both sides of the street  
pushed off the road and made it dissipate.

Over the baked white earthen roofs  
the sun laughs with a guffaw.

### **Loss of the Semi-Circular Canals (p. 6)**

As I was going up a hill  
I was finally hit by a car.

I totteringly put my jaw to the guard rail and looked down, and  
a train coughed up pure black smoke.

Without thinking, I swallowed up smoke with a gulp, and  
My head became clear-headed.

That's it!  
It knew the direction to my lodgings!

### **Grassy Plain (p. 7)**

At the grassy plain  
two razors with an edge up are passing through.

Over them, a train quietly crossed over to me.

While I am staring at it  
my finger was suddenly cut off.

### **Setting Sun** (pp. 8-9)

In the foreground are piles of glazed roof tiles.

Beyond them  
tin-roofed buildings continue along.

Now over the whitish roofs,  
the setting sun festers red-yellow.  
As I walked, the setting sun  
rolls over the rooftops.

Sometimes  
it gets stuck in the electricity poles  
How on earth... 'til where will it go in following me?

Ah...  
The setting sun feels an attachment to me.

### **Winter** (p. 10)

Small birds fall from branches  
At the bottom of the pond, red carp freeze.

Ah...  
The public park's skin has dried up.

### **Street Lanterns** (p. 11)

Above the leaves of the trees of the avenue  
red lanterns vigorously undulate.

In the early evening today  
could the red lanterns still  
be said to summon up the memories of the prisoner?

In a lone cell, a crazy murderer cries out in his sleep.

### **Fatigue (p. 12)**

I like to gaze at the dinner table where food is left, and  
even near the green of a woman's eye, small wrinkles are good,  
it's a day I want to wear a shredded silk garment.

That's it. Even tomorrow  
I'll go out on the street and see how things are...

### **Joy (p. 13)**

At the snowy lake  
Trees without leaves stand steadily.

My heart is  
now there  
making the white flowers bloom splendidly.

### **Wall (pp. 14-15)**

At the wall facing the street,  
the leaves of the trees on the road often provoke it.  
On rainy days  
bathed in the light of the street lanterns,  
the shadows fall pitifully and dance around.

When it becomes summer,  
the desire of the trees on the avenue has become stronger.

Wall  
why don't you  
hold these shadows to your breast with all your might?

Oh wall!  
Do you want to gaze quietly  
at the leaves rustling on the pavement?

### **Beach (p. 16)**

At the beach, lying lazily on my back  
a little while ago, I threw numerous stones into the sea.

Can't even hear  
the sound of a small dropped stone.

Ah...  
my unrequited love is in the sea.

### **Stillness (p. 17)**

On top of the café table  
the blue-flowered celadon vase breathes deeply.

A chair without a person snuggles  
by it at noon.

In a woman's pupil, the sea is stagnating.

### **A Drowned Woman (p. 18)**

At the marsh, the drowned body moans.

By the water's edge, the sun shines broadly, and  
the white leg feels unbearable shame.

Within the crowd, a chic woman  
comes many times, touching up her make-up.

Ah... though impatience rests even in the eyes of a frog,  
the coroner is still dallying with his mistress.

At the marsh, the drowned body moans.

**Invalid (p. 19)**

The street sleeps  
in the orchard, the night air is trembling.

The invalid leaning against the tree  
has fossilized in an empty glance.

In the orchard, the invalid's brain is spoiling.

**The Tomatoes Have Ripened (p. 20)**

In the fully ripened tomato field  
an ox came from somewhere, losing his path  
and grows intensely irritated.

Saliva falls with a rigid straightness  
his thick horns faintly tremble.

Oh ox!  
Haven't you also romped in the fleshy feel of the tomatoes?  
I too... have been squatting here a little while.

**Kitagawa Fuyuhiko**  
***Kenonki to hana* (Thermometer and Flower), 1926**  
**Misumarusha, Tokyo**

**Dedicated to Nakamachi Jo**

A work of art is a force that attracts, that absorbs the dispensable forces of he who approaches it. Here, there is something like a marriage, and in it, the amateur plays the role of the woman. He needs to be taken by will and kept. The will then plays the principal role in creation, and the rest is nothing but the prey before a trap. Will can only exercise itself on the choice of means, since the work of art is only one ensemble of means, and we arrive (in favor of) an art with the definition I have given style: art is the will to exteriorize oneself by the means chosen—the two definitions coincide, and art is only style. Style is considered here as the putting to use of materials, and, as the composition of the ensemble, not like the language of the writer. And, I conclude that artistic emotion is the force of a thinking activity on a thought activity. I make use of the word “thinking” with regret, since I am convinced that artistic emotion ceases where analysis and thought intervene: to cause reflection and to give emotion to beauty are different things entirely. I put thought in with the prey of the trap.

The greater the activity of the subject, the more the emotion augments that is given off by the object; and the artistic work should thus be *situated*. One could recount here Baudelaire’s theory of surprise: (yet), this theory is a bit vulgar. Baudelaire understands the word “distraction” in its most ordinary sense. To surprise is no big deal, (instead) one must *transplant*. Surprise charms and hinders true creation: she is a nuisance like all charming things. A creator only has the right to be charming after the fact, when the work is situated and styled.

--MAX JACOB

**1**

**Daytime Moon (pp. 11-15)**

**I**

--Wow, it’s beautiful! I really want it... I want to put it on the wall and gaze at it every day.  
--What?  
--That!  
--As I followed her fish-like fingers, the daytime moon thinly decorated the smoky street.  
--Yeah, take it and give it to me.  
--If I could only get *your* full moon...  
--What’s that?

I poked her plump bottom.

-- You're being an idiot. Stop it!

The weak winter sun slipped off the roofs. At the wall, the trees of the avenue were stained by its rays.

The daytime moon turned round once.

Suddenly, my spirits dampened. She gallantly took off her coat like women from the seashore.

She passed me her shiny black coat, and without giving me a glance, rapidly walked away. In following her, my feet slipped...it seemed as if *udo* weeds were spread all over the paved road.

## II

From the acacia hedge, the window looked as transparent as gelatin. Frozen stairs.

Stairs. Again, stairs.

She led me to a room like a greenhouse on a cloudy day. On the fallen curtain, the light from outside permeated the wilted flowers with droplets.

The short jacket crinkled and was thrown onto a couch.

--This sash is nice, isn't it. This round area is a fig. He painted it for me. And, this—

--Why didn't you let *me* paint it for you?

--Don't blame me... you're bad at it, that's why.

Letting me grasp an end of her expressionist-style sash, she turned her body round and round on her heels.

Over her undergarments, a river flowed. Spring.

*(That guy painted it? Hmmph, I don't care.)*

*Now, if I wanted to, I could put my mouth to this river.)*

*(Ah..., the full moon! The full moon!)*

I collapsed on top of her.

## III

Suddenly I noticed that our harmonious shape was reflected on the polished wall like in a dream.

*(This is awful. This is awful.)*

I totteringly got up. Then, I staggered to the window ledge.

I supported my head against the wall, secretly gazed through a chink in the curtains, and over the gray-colored street, the blue sky warped like the sea.

But, what happened to it? I searched everywhere in the sky, but I was not able to find it.

The daytime moon had already sunk before I realized it.



**Autumn is Abundant!** (pp. 16-18)

A public park in a town scented by fragrant olive trees.

Tree. Tree. An old woman like a praying mantis.

Tree. Behind them.

At the fountain in front of a public restroom surrounded by yellow trees, a youth soaks his row of fish-like pale fingers.

An old woman's uncanny smile. A red spot. Spot.

X

A café within the garden.

A milky colored drink.

Drawing each other's bodies near like insects, an old woman and a youth. The red carp in the pond.

--Your runny nose!

A coaxing sound. Under the youth's flower petal nose.

The red carp opened their crimson mouths. Flower petals. Flower petals.

The old woman's hand quivered in the area of the youth's waist.

A fit of passion! Suddenly, the pond's carp scattered in four directions. On top of the table, the breaking of glassware.

Tree. Tree. Below the yellow tree. The youth.

The old woman chasing the youth. Tree. Youth. Tree. Tree.

Old woman. Youth. Tree. Tree.

The old woman sprang at the youth and captured him.

Between the trees. The ripened setting sun. Setting sun.

Below the yellow trees.

The old woman

like a female praying mantis satiated in having eaten the male, has collapsed.

### **Pigs (p. 19)**

New moon. From a tunnel between the mountains, a freight train came out. Suddenly, the train met a mountain stream. The mountain stream in the depths of night trailed along the train flowing for two miles. At last, the time came when the mountain stream cut off to the north. The train staggered like a little child and fell off from on top of the embankment. —After a little while, the stomach of the train lying on its side in the middle of the darkness of the mountain stream split into two exact pieces without a sound, and from within pigs crawled out in a swarm! Pigs. Pigs. The herd of pigs began to head up the two-mile mountain stream all at once.

On a railroad tie in the back of the tunnel between the mountains, one small pig was groaning.

### **Smooth Color Change of a Sphere (p. 20)**

Below a cliff. Gaudy striped pattern. Spitting out peach-colored smoke. Explosion! It crumbles. A pin stabbed the crown of its head! Its lungs have paled! The anemic sky gradually began to revolve.

### **Camellia (p. 21)**

The women's eight hundred meter relay. At the third corner, she fell with a plop.

Fallen blossom.

### **Body Temperature Chart (p. 22)**

Dripping nose blood.

### **Festering Moon (p. 23)**

Fish.  
Warship.  
Iron pipe.  
Red-black hill.

At the horizon, a capillary swells like an earthworm.

**A Flower Within a Flower (p. 24)**

On top of a rocky cliff, flowering weeds begin to fall into disarray. One flower among them. The port town gradually reduces. At last, a green spot.

Ah...farewell.

**Setting Sun (p. 25)**

From the iron bed, the thermometer slipped down without a sound.

**The Old Battleplace (p. 26)**

The black mountain split without a sound and the new moon rolled out.  
At the hem of the mountain, a scorpion injects a coldly cruel needle.  
A mountain which produces iron.

**Plain (p. 27)**

The river beneath one's feet was dried-up like bone.

A plane has begun to fall.

**Plain (p.28)**

At the limit of the plain, troops swarm like pestilent insects.

**Plain (p. 29)**

Bombardment

The setting sun floods the plain like a mirror.

**Pallid W. C. (p. 33)**

The crescent moon is caught within the pussy willows.

A pretty youth comes out of the W.C.

Maquillaged in lyme, the youth's profile.

**Spring (p. 34)**

A train burrows into the wall.

The young girl spat up blood. Fallen leaves.

**Spring (p. 35)**

A trembling chimney  
Pale white wall

Blood has permeated the courtyard.

**Morning (p. 36)**

Pipe like a snake. Chloroform. An operating garment reflecting in a mirror.  
A cycad tree in the garden.

Pale white fluid flows within the body.

**Cherry Tree (p. 37)**

From the pale, faded sky  
hangs a cherry tree with heavily laden branches

Among the beady cherry buds  
a youth's naked head bumps against them like a lunatic.

**Red Brick Window (p. 38)**

An expanding, shrinking marsh.

The cry of an infant  
flows from a red brick window and passes over the parch-colored marsh.

**Paradise (p. 39)**

On the bed, the young girl smiles.

She jabbed her breast with the fingers of her right hand.

On the palm of her outstretched left hand is perched a praying mantis.

**Claws (p. 40)**

The scratch wounds on top of a rock.

3

**Paradise** (p. 45)

On the pillow, the thermometer is lying down.  
Glimpsing in, a thoroughly autumnal sea.  
The young girl in this room is raising a snake.

**Dusk** (p. 46)

A street with innumerably many chimneys  
Behind the zebra-striped door,  
two young girls with dirty hair surround a stove.

**Autumn** (p. 47)

Alongside the wall, the yellow leaves flutter down one by one, but—looking at it closely,  
a white spiral is stuck to it throughout.

**After a Meal** (p. 48)

On the lonely woman's cheek, a pure blue sea is reflected.  
To the dirty cold plate,  
the yellow pollen fluttered down, and splashed.  
The lonely woman gazed absentmindedly at the yellow spot permeated by the sea.

**Wall (p. 49)**

The thin, round conduit of the pipe hangs down like a snake.  
At the hemline of the smoky, windowless western house,  
it does not cease making a mournful sound.

**Sea (p. 50)**

The glass windows of the brick houses in the lonely street are all broken.

**Old-Style Town (p. 51)**

Along a pale, stagnating river, there is a bathhouse called “Enlightened Government.”  
The numerous porcelain chimneys lean against the sky like pipes.  
In the rear of a dim store hung with a shop curtain,  
a staircase shines like ebony.

**Skating Rink (p. 52)**

Mist hangs surrounding the pond.  
The windows of the brick houses are permeated by an egg color.  
From the basement, a quiet sound like the breaking of ice can be heard.

**Morning (p. 53)**

Within the pine forest, a Red Cross crutch giving off white light hangs from the red sash  
of a young girl on top of a rotating log ride.

**Incline (p. 54)**

A residential street of brick houses embroidered by the sun.

A Chinese dog wearing a gray-colored quilt

while sneezing, prowled at the gate.

**Sooty Street (p. 55)**

From the inclined street of the library,

a delivery truck full of cabbages appeared like a dining table.



**Musical Instrument (p. 59)**

In the evening sky  
the thinly attached daytime moon  
was lonely like a broken instrument.

**Morning (p. 60)**

The sky howls  
when I open the shutters, and  
I noticed a blimp swimming like a fish.

On the street  
all of the children were holding up their white hands.

**Morning (p. 61)**

At the corner of a marble washstand, a crab outstretched his red legs.  
The water pipe let out a sound like a mountain stream.  
The crab moved, and stealthily neared the water pipe.

**Woman and Clouds (p. 62)**

Peach-colored clouds. Cluster. Cluster.  
A tree plump like a woman's leg, and a sea blue like a woman's pupil.

**Pallid Park (p. 63)**

The gas pipe was broken.  
From the sky, darkness hung down in the shape of a funnel.

Ah... the poor people.

**Rush Hour (p. 64)**

At the ticket gate

Fingers are clipped along with the tickets

**Waves (p. 65)**

Because she was embarrassed, I couldn't help embracing her.

The woman was annihilated by the waves.

**Widow (p. 66)**

On the dark, moist cement floor, a Japanese spaniel sneezed.

**Speckled Water (p. 67)**

With a gurgle, the water gushed out.

The water flowed.

The water moistened the night sky.

The water permeated through and penetrated below ground.

The water surrounded the human bodies.

**Reptile (p. 68)**

Placing beans, soap, and a towel in the broken baby carriage, the reptile  
has crawled returning from the public bath.

**Hill (p. 70)**

On a hill like a cap  
Stands a single tree with yellow leaves.  
Above it, about three lines of clouds float like string.  
The strange thing is  
that this tree somehow  
seems not to have roots.

**Broken Pieces of Glass (pp. 74-75)**

Broken pieces of glass fell to the bottom of the sea.  
The broken pieces of glass  
Brilliantly glitter where the seaweed rocks the cliff.  
The sky clouds up, and by the broken pieces of glass, clouds gushed out.  
On bright and sunny days,  
The broken pieces of glass, as if they were jewels on a white hand and lively like a  
flower, brighten up the area around them.  
At night, the broken pieces of glass send light obsessively towards the black mountain.

**Broken Pieces of Glass (pp. 76-77)**

Night deepened.  
The broken pieces of glass flew at the side of the black mountain like fireflies.  
The broken pieces of glass that came to the mountain strike the dampened trees and  
busied themselves with sending out phosphorescence.  
At the mountain peak, the broken pieces of glass reign like bluey flickering stars.

At dawn, the broken pieces of glass lost their mind, slipped off the mountain, and fell back into the sea.

The sea boundlessly sends out the shine of the morning sun.

The broken pieces of glass live humbly among the seaweed at the deep ocean depths like fish.

### **Red Pipe (pp. 78-79)**

At night, within the concrete room, fruits have ripened.

The bananas unfold their blackish yellow fans and hang from the ceiling.

Reddish black grapes fermented and flowed onto the bed.

Along the bluish-white hallway, countless snakes have come to gather in a group.

The snakes, the snakes have revived like red pipes.

### **Monster (pp. 80-81)**

As a child, I was attacked by the monster every night.

The monster, at the end it came to hover toweringly over my chest,

When I groaned a little, the monster quickly dissipated with a puff, and before I knew it, dawn arrived.

On the nights a crimson-mouthed witch came over, while shivering, I felt strangely happy.

At last, I tamed the monster like a dog.

Then after that, the monster—until one young girl appeared at my side—continued to make an appearance throughout.

**Tongue (p. 82)**

When I opened the door,  
a red hole appeared in the sky.  
From this hole, the tongue came dangling out.

**Garden (p. 83)**

When I got into the bath  
at the top of the window I noticed a white tail which disappeared.

The tail of a dog?  
The tail of a cat?

After this  
one old womanly maple tree remained.

**Muddle-Headed Port (pp. 84-85)**

Rocking Rocking Rocking

At the surface of the sea  
like in a Vincent Van Gogh painting seven suns  
reflect.

The boat produced a beard with a sproing,  
at the elbow of the pier  
a young man with an open mouth  
absentmindedly is counting the heads of rocks at the bottom of the sea.

Rocking Rocking Rocking

The seven suns sneered at one angrily.

Doing this,  
splitting the yellow horizon  
a charter boat came to enter the port with the idiot.

## Postscript

\* The forty-nine poems that have been gathered here come only from among the poems I felt were good enough in the eighty-two poems serialized in the first poetry collection "Loss of the Semi-Circular Canals," and also from the two hundred and sixty-one poems collected in the two years from November 1924 to August 1926 after "Loss of the Semi-Circular Canals." Most of the works were finished during the winter of 1926 when I was with Anzai Fuyue. The order in which the poems were edited is the opposite of the order in which they were composed.

\* For me, after the poetry collection "Loss of the Semi-Circular Canals," a clear turning point had arrived: from an outburst of subjectivity to a descent into the interior, and from this, towards a solid structure. After this outburst reaches its bounds, by all means a descent into the interior will come. I firmly believe that these are the correct stages for the development of poetic spirit.

\* A characteristic of modern art is that the relation of expression and technical skill to the theme is made extremely simple. However, between "poems with the desire for simplicity of expression and a necessarily shortened poetic form" and "so-called short poems for the sake of short poems," there justifiably should be a distinction. I cannot consider my poems as so-called "short poems," just as Paul Klee, Raoul Dufey, Nakagawa Kazumasa, and Schlemmer each would not call their works rough sketches.

\* In some essay, Kishida Kuneo said on the topic of "thought" that "the captivating power of thought as an art is that only when artists keep thought on their palm does it move our hearts." But, I still keep the same opinion (as above).

\* Mr. Natsume said "symbol was originally a means to make the mysteries of the sky visible and audible to the ears." I believe that he grasped the essence of symbol itself, and there is nothing left to say.

\* I meant to write poems that at first glance seem disordered, irrational, and nonsensical, but that have great necessity such as Jean Cocteau's poems that "annihilate the subject and gradually transport the reader to a unique world presided over by the poet." These poems I put into part 1 and part 2.

\* For this poetry collection to come into being, I have caused my two colleagues Furusawa Yasujiro and Kawakubo Hiroshi the greatest trouble, and I express here my deepest appreciation to them.

Autumn 1926, at Ogikubo.

KITAGAWA FUYUHIKO