

robert bebek

lamp at dawn

lampa u zoru



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ROBERT BEBEK

LAMPA U ZORU
LAMP AT DAWN

- HAIKU -

Biblioteka / Series

Hrvatski haiku pjesnici
Croatian Haiku poets

Knjiga 2 / Book 2

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THE CROATIAN HAIKU ASSOCIATION

Samobor, 1994.

Robert Bebek
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LAMPA U ZORU
LAMP AT DAWN

- HAIKU -

Amiki
For Amika

ROBERT BEBEK

plima ispire
stoje u pijesku
- krik galeba

zaigrano mače
vreba svoj odraz u
lokvici vode

nemimo more -
na licu svjetioničara
- bonaca

odlaze laste -
u kosi mog oca
nove sjedine

kišna bujica
kotrlja praznom ulicom
tek opalo kestenje

high tide rinses
footprints in the sands
- a seagull's scream

a playful kitten
spies his own reflection in
a pool of water

a heavy sea -
on the beacon-keeper's face
- a dead calm

swallows flying away -
a few new greys in
my father's hair

a deserted street -
some just fallen chestnuts
carried by the torrent

plamen svijeće -
bijelo je bijelo,
crno je bjelje

dok gledam djecu
zaboravljam sve što znam -
i znam sve !

sastanu se
tek kad nestanu -
stope u snijegu

umorni ribar -
prazna mreža
prepuna valova

slijepa mačka
oblizuje marmeladu
s oštrice noža

the candle flame -
white is white, black is
even whiter

watching the children -
forgetting everything I know
- and knowing everything !

they meet each other
only when they disappear -
footprints in the snow

a weary fisherman -
an empty net
full of waves

a blind cat
licks up the jam from
the knife-edge

prolazi sprovod -
po zaraslom humku
skakuće vrapčić

kap crvenog,
kap crnog, kap zelenog -
mirišu ruže

vjetar u granama -
love se
leptir i list

vjetar donese
pa odnese zvuk zvona
- ljetno predvečerje

dva koraka starca,
jedan korak štapu -
zajednički put

sprightly sparrow
skipping on the grave-stone
- a funeral passing by

a drop of red,
a drop of green, a drop of black -
the scent of roses

the windy branches -
a butterfly and a leaf
chasing each other

the breeze brings along
than takes away the ave bells
- a summer twilight

two steps of the old man,
one step of his walking-stick -
an in common path

iznenadni pljusak -
razbježani žeteoci
- strašilo u polju

bakina kuhinja -
na prašnjavom stolčiću
tanjur pun djetinjstva

kad god se oglasi
u glasu pijetla
uvijek jutro

sumračje -
s dvorišta metem
mjesečinu

na prokislom šalu
stare prostitutke -
vlakna maslačka

a sudden shower
has scattered the reapers
- scarecrow in the field

on the dusty table
a platter full of childhood -
my granny's kitchen

whenever he crows
in that rooster's voice
always the dawning

the nightfall -
I'm sweeping out the moonshine
from my backyard

an aged whore -
all over her soaking wet shawl
- a dandelion fluff

smrt prijatelja -
zrnca fine prašine na
šahovskoj ploči

sve jače i jače
svjetle ulične lampe
- pomrčina

djevojčica
s obje ruke
ubire mak

proljeće -
svakog jutra u mom vrtu
drugi vrt

začujem ih
tek kad utihnu -
zvona katedrale

my best friend died -
some tiny grains of dust
on our chess-board

the lunar eclipse -
lights from the street lamps getting
brighter and brighter

a little girl
picking up a poppy
with her both hands

the spring is here -
every morn in my garden
a brand new garden

I can hear them
only when they become still -
the cathedral-bells

duga plovidba -
odjeci zvona s otoka
- brazda za brodom

kapi kiše
udaraju o mjesec
u prozoru

gledam more -
modra je boja mojih
smeđih očiju

olujni vjetar
razbacuje nebot
jato galebova

razoreni dom -
u praznom dvorištu
privezan pas

under the full sail -
chiming-echoes from an islet
- the wake of the ship

slight drops of rain
taping into the moon in
the window-pane

viewing the sea
my brown eyes suddenly
became blue

a stormy wind
throwing the flock of seagulls
all around the sky

a destroyed home -
a chained dog in
the empty yard

žuto, crveno,
žuto, crveno, žuto -
list nošen vjetrom

usidreni brod
naglo se udaljuje
- sumrak u luci

zvuk raspuklog zvona
iznova gradi
srušeni zvonik

jutarnja magla -
naziru se obrisi mog
zaboravljenog sna

starica je dijete
dok raspliće kosu
pred spavanje

yellow, red, yellow,
red, yellow, red, yellow, red -
leaf under the blast

the anchored ship
suddenly departs away
- twilight at the port

sound of cracked bell
once more rebuilding a
razed bell-tower

a hazy morning -
I can see the outlines of
my forgotten dream

gammer is a child
while she unknots her hair
before the sleep

opada lišće -
slijepac podiže glavu
prema krošnjama

svjež miris bora
probuđen jednim jedinim
zama hom sjekire

vjetrovita noć -
mjesečev odraz plovi
namreškanom vodom

bonaca mora -
vjetrić okreće barku
oko sidrišta

cmoj je mački
prešla preko puta
vlastita sjena

the trees shed leaves -
a blind man raises his head
toward the branches

fresh scent of pine
awaked in only one
swing of the ax

a windy night -
moon's reflection floating on
the wrinkled water

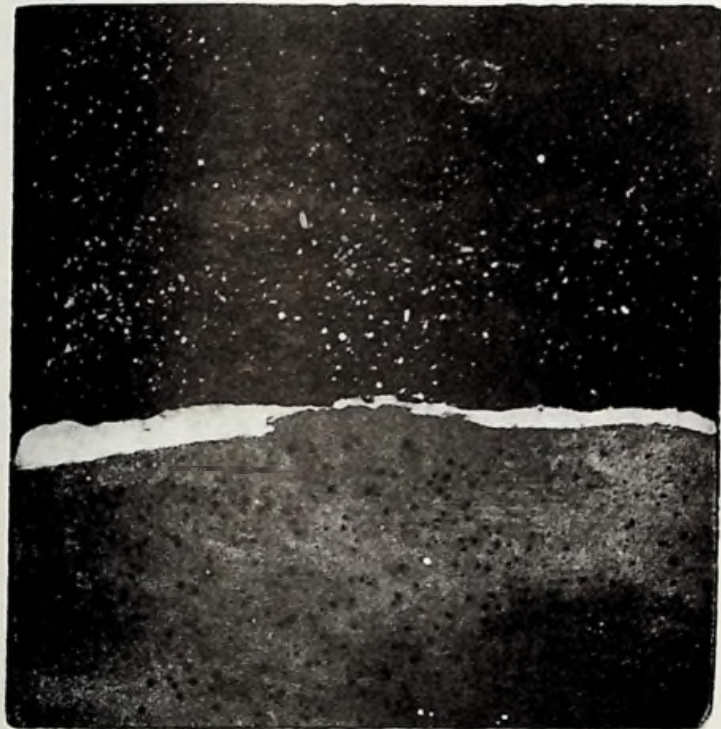
dead calm of the sea -
a breeze is turning the boat
round its anchorage

crossing the way
to a black cat -
her own shadow

Original Articles

1. The Effect of the

of the



2. The Effect of the

of the

of the

History of the

the first of the
a first of the
the first of the



the first of the
a first of the
the first of the

proljetna kiša -
nikako da koračam
dovoljno sporo

bonaca mora -
let galeba okrznut
svojim odrazom

privezane
barke - privezano
more oko njih

čitav je grad
tek sporedna ulica
za psa skitnicu

ruševina -
jedno iz drugog rastu
kamen i mahovina

a vernal rain -
in no way I can walk
slowly enough

dead calm of the sea -
flight of a seagull grazed by
his own reflection

the boats are
bounden - so is the sea
around them

the whole town is
no more than an alley
to a stray dog

a house in ruins -
growing one from another
- the moss and the stone

sumrak na groblju -
zvuk povlačenja grablji
po uvelom lišću

opali kestenovi -
netko je u prolazu
ostavio stopu

jesensko jutro -
slomljena grana kestena
- visi jedna kap

olistali park -
čistači skupljaju
jesen u hrpice

umjesto da mi
odgovori, djevojčica
rukom pokaže put

graveyard at dusk -
the sound of rake over
the fallen leaves

few fallen chestnuts -
one has left his footprint while
passing along them

autumnal morning -
broken bough of chesnut-tree
- one drop still hanging

leafless city park -
street cleaners gathering the Fall
into the small heaps

instead of answering
my question, a little girl
points up to the path

podnevno je sunce
uhvaćeno mrežom
sitnog pauka

prve kapi kiše -
žena što u hodu
vezuje maramu

u autobusu
djevojčica moli kartu
i za svoju lutku

jesenska kiša -
niz zamagljen prozor
klizi lice starice

izmaglica -
boje proljetnog parka
osjenčane kišom

the midday sun
has been captured by the
small spider's web

first drops of rain -
still walking, a woman
ties her kerchief

in the bus
a small girl asks for the ticket
even for her doll

the autumn rain -
down the hazy window-pane
slides the gammer's face

the mistiness -
colours of the vernal park
shaded by the rain

na tepihu
igraju se klupko vune
i klupko mačića

stare fotografije -
kad god ih pogledam
- nova sjećanja

u isti čas
val oplahne šljunak
i moja stopala

svjež miris kruha
domamio vrapce
i skitnicu

praskozorje -
tragovi konjskih kopita
u izmaglici

playing together
on the rug - a ball of wool
and a ball of kittens

the old photographs -
whenever I look at them
- some new memories

in the same moment
a wave rinses the pebbles
and my fingertips

fresh smell of bread
enticed the sparrows
and the vagabond

the daybreak -
tracks of the horse-shoes
in the mist

val pomakne
pa vrati kamenčić
na morskom žalu

oblačno nebo -
starac gura bicikl
po uzbrdici

noć bez mjeseca -
jedna kriješnica
skrivena u grmlju

jesenski vjetar -
dječak kroz prozor promatra
prazne ljuľjačke

iznenadni pljusak -
na opustjeloj plaži
zaspala djevojka

a wave removes
than returns a pebble
on the seashore

overclouded sky -
an old man pushes his bike
on an uphill path

a moonless night -
one firefly hidden
in the bushes

the autumn wind -
a boy looking through the pane
at the empty swings

a sudden shower -
alone on deserted beach
an asleepen girl

ledeni vjetar -
dječak u naručju nosi
mrtvog galeba

proljetna kiša -
u svakoj kapi
miris bagremova

brišem prašinu
s djedove slike
- jesenski sumrak

nakon kiše
svaki bor ima svoju sjenu
i svoje sunce

podnevna žega -
sunčaju se zajedno
mačka i kamen

the hurricane wind -
a boy carries in his arms
a dead-gull's body

in every droplet
of the vernal rain - the scent
of black locust-trees

I'm wiping out the
dust from my grandpa's picture
- the autumn twilight

after the rain
each pine has its own shadow
and its own sun

heat of the midday -
taking their common sunbath
- a cat and the rock

prve pahulje -
dječica traže mjesto
za snjegovića

pun ljetni mjesec -
treperenje svijeće
u praznoj sobi

sijevanje -
i dalje svijetli
ulična lampa

sve više žureći
susjed zalijeva vrt
- oblačno nebo

iz krletke
kanarinac promatra
sitnog vrapčića

the first snowflakes -
children looking for place
for the snowman

the full moon's night -
flickering of the candle
in an empty room

the lightning -
a street lamp
still shines

overcasted sky -
my neighbour in a hurry
waters his garden

a canary
keeps looking from his cage
at the sparrow

korak starca.
oči djeteta.
zbijeg.

za stadom ovaca
poskakuje
glas pastirice

proljetni voćnjak -
pored procvale breskve
mirno stoji hrast

dva-tri maka
kraj zaraslog puteljka -
nalet povjetarca

kad zapuše
zeleni list najednom
postane žut

eyes of a child.
a step of the old man.
the refugees.

hops after the
herd of sheep - the voice
of shepherdess

the spring orchard -
next to the blossomed peach
an oak stands still

few poppy-heads
by the overgrown path -
one breath of air

under the blast
a green leaf suddenly
turns to yellow

olujni vjetar -
njiše se otrgnuta
grana u vazi

sitni leptirić -
iznad i ispod njega
- sve je nebo !

ribarske mreže
razapete na suncu -
ulovio se - leptir

vrt prepun rose -
jutarnju izmaglicu
živahno kljuca kos

zimska je noć
osvijetljena zvonima
seoske crkvice

the stormy wind -
swinging in the pitcher
- a torn off branch

abone and beneath
of the little butterfly -
everything is heaven !

the fishnets stretched out
under the sun - a butterfly
caught inside of them

a dewy garden -
the blackbird cheerfully pecks
at the morning mist

the long winter night
is lighted for a moment
by the chapel's toll

u šuplim džepovima
dječak nosi
sav svoj svijet

na prozoru
drijema mačka - bdiju
njeni nokti

prazan gradski trg -
u presahloj fontani
jedan suhi list

zaraslo dvorište -
razbacano kamenje
- savršen sklad

maločas tu
sad nestade mog dvorišta
- jesenska magla

a little boy
carries all its world in his
empty pockets

a cat napping
on the window - her claws
keeping vigil

the void square -
one fallen leaf in a
dried up fountain

an overgrown yard -
some stones scattered around - a
perfect harmony

a moment ago
still here, my yard now disappears
- autumn mistiness

u prolazu
djevojčica mi poklanja
najljepše ništa

istim snom snivaju
djevojčica i
njena lutka

tek što sklopih oči
leptir nad cvijetom
postade cvijet

opustjeli park -
dašak povjetarca,
pa opet muk

korzo u svitanje -
polivači ispiru
noć s ulica

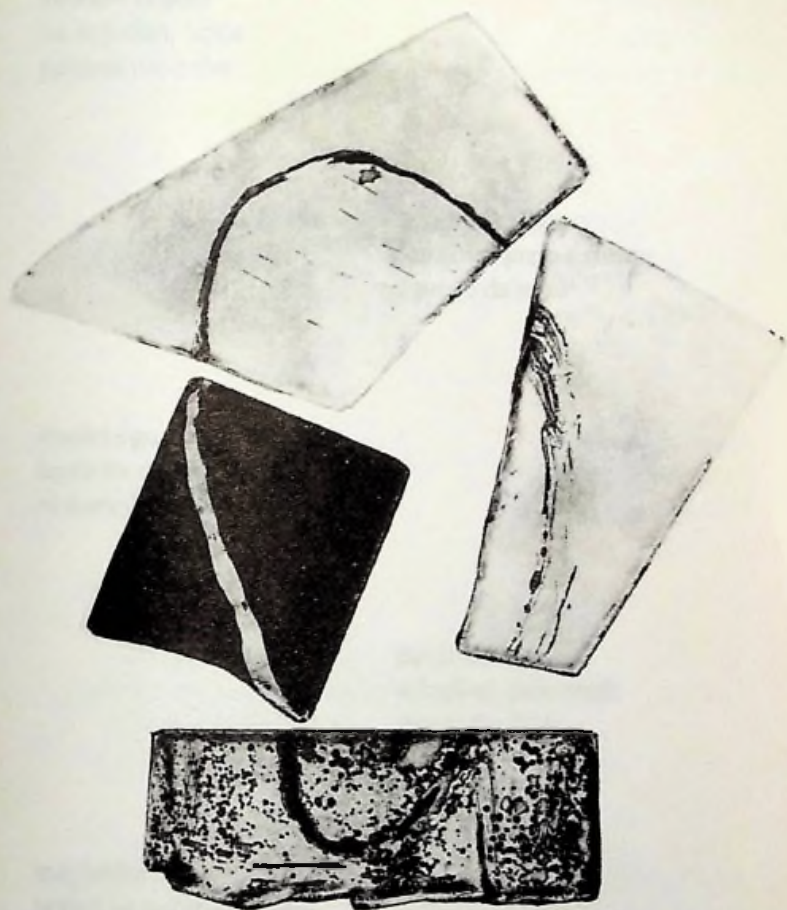
while passing by me
a small girl gave me the most
beautiful Nothing

little girl
sharing the same dream
with her doll

I just closed my eyes
and the little butterfly
became a flower

deserted park -
a gentle blast of breeze,
and than the calm

promenade at dawn -
sprinklers are washing away
the night from the streets



while passing by me
a small gift gave me
Imagined Wonders

I feel I have
and the
because of the

I feel I have
and the
because of the

I feel I have
and the
because of the

perhaps it is
perhaps my walking away
the night time and so on

svakom cvijetu
na koji sleti, leptir
pokloni dio neba

u sumrak dana
koračam prema suncu -
i sve je dalje ...

visoka ograda -
leptir ne oklijeva
ni trenutka

čuvši slavu
u krošnji, zaboravih
mu načas ime

maglovita noć -
pojavi se načas svjetlost
svjetionika

to every flower
that he lands on, a butterfly
gives a piece of heaven

at the dusk walking
toward sun - getting more and
more away from it ...

the tall hedge-row -
a butterfly does not
hesitate at all

heaving heard the thrush
up in the crown, for a while
I've forgotten his name

a misty night -
just for a moment
- the lighthouse

u staklu izloga
svoje lice uzalud
traži skitnica

tek što ga pomeh
u dvorište padnu
još dva-tri lista

svakodnevnim putem
svaki put drugog sebe
u sebi srećem

za leptirom
čas trči čas leti
djevojčica

vjetrovit dan -
bor se nagne na jednu,
pa na drugu stranu

a vagabond
uselessly looks for his face
in the store window

just after I
broomed him, a few dead leaves fell
into the backyard

an everyday path -
each time a different I is
arousen inside me

a little girl
now running now flying
after the butterfly

a windy day -
the pine bends from one side
to another

pred olujom
ribari psovkaama izvlače
barke na obalu

proljetno jutro -
po grmu brnistre
piški dječacić

tražeći pogledom
pticu koju začuh
izgubih se

noćna vožnja -
u stalnom pretjecanju
autobus i sjena

tek preoran vrt -
svježe brazde na
rukama seljaka

before the tempest
fishermen pull out their boats
by swearing at them

a vernal morning -
a stripling pisses over
the shrub of Spanish broom

looking for
the bird which I've heard
I got lost

the night ride -
outrunning each other
bus and its shadow

a ploughed up garden -
some fresh furrows all along
the peasant's palm

pogled vrapca -
skok mačke - lepršanje
paperja

sitne kapi
rastjerale šetače -
stope duž stubišta

ledeni vjetar -
kovitlanje lišća
po pustom trgu

proljetni vrt -
unatoč trešnjama
- cvat komorača !

prepuni muzej -
žamor posjetilaca
- sjena torza u kutu

a sparrow's gaze -
an leap of the cat - some
fluff fluttering

tiny drops of rain
dispelled the promenaders -
footprints along the stairs

the frosty wind -
fallen leaves whirl along
the empty square

a vernal garden -
in spite of the cherries
- the fennel in bloom !

crowded museum -
the visitors murmuring
- shadow of a torso

svu su noć
probdjeli u snu -
skitnica i klupa

krizanteme -
gledane izdaleka
- bijele su

zvuk prvih kapi kiše
po raspucaloj zemlji -
zaboravljeni san

spaljeni dom -
u rupi na krovu
zapelo je nebo

spaljenih kuća
i pogleda prolaze
izbjeglice

they spent all the night
awake in their dream -
a tramp and the bench

the chrysanthemums -
when observed from a distance
- how white they are

the first drops of rain
tap upon the cracked soil -
a forgotten dream

a burned down home -
to a hole in the roof
the sky got hitched

with their burned down
homes and their burned down looks -
refugees passing

u očima
nose svoj dom
izbjeglice

u skloništu
dječaci se
igraju rata

u skloništu
djevojčica tješi svog
plišanog medu

u gužvi korza
težak korak radnika
posta načas mojim

čas uvelim lišćem
čas mojim usnama
šapuće jesen

wearing their homes
only in their eyes -
the refugees

sound of the alarm -
children in the bomb shelter
playing the game of war

in the bomb shelter
a little girl comforts
her plush-bear toy

crush of the corso -
heavy steps of the labourers
for instant became my

first by the dead leaves
and than after by my lips -
the Autumn whispers

svjetlo u noći -
još netko bdije
neznajući za me

počinje u danu
skončava u noći -
stazica u sumrak

gori-
kao da ne gori -
lampa u zoru

sitna kišica -
netko s kišobranom,
netko bez njega

proljetna livada -
nigdje ne susrećem
dva ista cvijeta

a night in the gloom -
someone else keeps vigil
not knowing for me

beginning in day
and ending in the night -
a pathway at dusk

it shines as
it doesn't shine at all -
the lamp at dawn

a drizzle rain -
someone with the umbrella,
someone without it

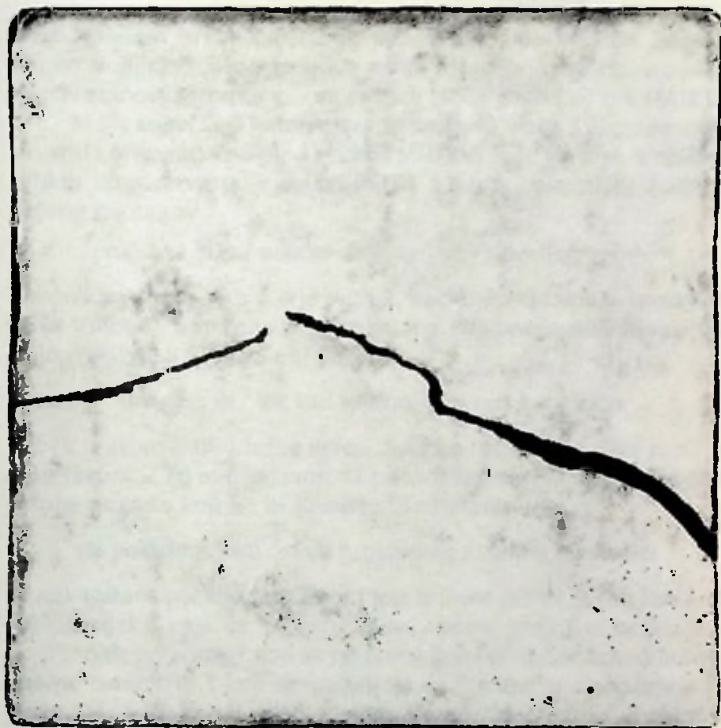
the spring meadow -
nowhere I can come upon
the two same flowers

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE

REIGN OF THE

REIGN OF THE



Chapter 10: The Great Wall of China

and the Great Wall
and the Great Wall
and the Great Wall



The Great Wall of China
and the Great Wall
and the Great Wall

Robert Bebek: LAMPA U ZORU

Odgovoriti kako si napisao pjesmu ili, bolje:
Odgovori pjesmo kako si napisala pjesnika.

Želiš li me skicirati ?
Hm, pokušaj uloviti buru
u mreži !

Hukoku

Među mladim hrvatskim haiku pjesnicima ime Roberta Bebeka visoko stoji. U srcu svega što je rekao njegova je čvrsta, neodoljiva povezanost s prirodom - na sve što gleda govori očima HAIKU.

Mora se reći po istini, mora se njegova vizija i njegovo djelo shvatiti i prikazati kao plod velike LJUBAVI koju on crpi iz malih - velikih bogatstava gdje su LJEPOTA i Istina zajednička baština dobrog života.

proljetna kiša / nikako da koračam / dovoljno sporo

Robert kao pjesnik hrabar je putnik, on ne stavlja vosak u uši dok sluša "Sirene", naprotiv. U poetskoj materiji snaga slušanja najveća je vrijednost. Sluh! Sluh! Sluh!

začujem ih / tek kad utihnem - / zvona katedrale

Bebek u svom haiku bdije usred puta kojim nailaze žive riječi iz svog izvora... Tu sve je izvor! U prirodi nema ni jednog glasa, ni jednog pokreta koji ne bi Robertu bio nadahnuće...

na pokislom šalu / stare prostitutke / vlakna maslačka

Oznaka prave poezije uostalom i jest u tome što joj je tok kao kod velikih rijeka koje se primiču moru, smrti svojoj u beskraju...

Problem "Nikog" koji se po čistoj ljubavi uzdiže iznad individualne osobnosti i koji se sjedinjuje sa "Svime" najznačajniji je pravac na putu kojim mladi pjesnik Bebek "sječe trnje" da bi došao u "Sve - Ništa".

u prolazu / djevojčica mi poklanja / najljepše ništa

U svom prirodnom nagnuću prema smjeloj spontanosti Bebek je vidljivo ohrabren crtama zena koje njegovom prirodnim stilu dodaju širinu doživljavanja, širinu Istine, meditativnosti...

U općem slomu duha oko nas, u primitivizmu uz fast food, pivo i VBR kao način na putnju "LAMPA U ZORU" krijepi snagom koja istinski razvija odgovor, možda i na sva pitanja...

smrt prijatelja / zrnca fine prašine na / šahovskoj ploči

Pravi haiku pjesnik se nosi s činjenicom svjedočenja života. Način da budeš svjedokom važniji je od djelovanja - to je, biti sam život!

prve kapi kiše / žena što u hodu / vezuje maramu

Također kao uvjereni humanist on dijeli svoje darove, svoje kratke haiku molitve i svoju samilost (milosrđe):

ledeni vjetar / dječak u naručju nosi / mrtvog galeba

Šutnja i samoća kod Bebeke nisu zatvaranje već suprotno - otvaranje. Poezija je škola koja nas uči da budemo sretni i u samoći šutnje i u šutnji samoće... Samoćom i šutnjom otkrivamo zapravo što je čovjek:

maglovita noć / pojavi se načas svjetlost / svjetionika

Obilnošću duha u neizmjernosti Svemira, sugerirajući mnogo govoreći malo, HAIKU će ti reći sve, biti će nešto zauvijek dato i nešto što će te iznutra uvijek podsjećati na ljubav i život - tako s pravom možemo reći, haiku je način života.

Marinko Španović

Robert Bebek: LAMP AT DAWN

To answer on how did you wrote a poem or, better:
answer to me, oh poem, how have you written the poet.

Do you wish to sketch me ?
Hem ! Try to catch the north-eastern wind
with a net !

Hukoku

Amongst the young Croatian haiku poets the name of Robert Bebek stands highly. In the heart of everything that he said stands his strong and firm connection with the Nature - upon everything that he looks on he speaks through the eyes of HAIKU.

To tell the truth, his vision and his work must be comprehended and represented as the product of great LOVE that he derives out from those small-big riches, where the BEAUTY and the truth are the common heritage of a good life.

a vernal rain - / in no way I can walk / slowly enough

Robert as a poet is an brave wayfarer, he does not put the wax in his ears while he listens to the "Sirens", on the contrary. In the poetic matter, the power of listening is the greatest value. Quick ear! Quick ear! Quick ear!

I can hear them / only when they become still - / the cathedrall-bells

In his haiku, Bebek wakes in midst of the road by which the alive words are coming across repeatedly from their source... And everything is a source here! There is not a single voice in the Nature, neither a single movement that could escape from Robert's inspiration...

an aged whore - / all over her soaking wet shawl / - a dandelion fluff

The mark of the true poetry consists of that her flow is like a flow of the big river, which approaches the sea and its own death in the infinity...

Problem of the "Nobody", which elevates in his pure love above the individual personality and becomes one with the "Everything", is the most important line on the path through which a young poet Bebek "cuts the thorns" in order to reach the "Everything-Nothing".

while passing by me / a small girl gave me the most / beautiful Nothing

In his natural inclining toward the courageous spontaneity, Bebek is noticeably encouraged by the outlines of Zen which feeds his inborn stile with the extent of the experienced, the wideness of the Truth, and the meditateness...

In this general breakdown of the spirit around us, in this primitivism of the fast food, beer and the launching sites as the dressing upon the suffering, "THE LAMP AT DAWN" invigorates us with the power which sincerely originates the answers, perhaps even to all our questions..

my best friend died - / some tiny grains of dust / on my chess-board

The real poet of haiku bears with the fact of giving evidence on life. The way of being a witness becomes more important than the action - that is, to be the life itself!

first drops of rain - / still walking, a woman / ties her kerchief

As a convinced humanist, he shares his gifts, his short haiku prayers and his mercy (charity) :

the hurricane wind - / a boy carries in his arms / a dead-gull's body

The silence and the solitude in Bebek's poetry are not the closing, but quite opposite - they are the opening. Poetry is the school which tells us how to be happy even in the solitude of silence and in the silence of solitude... By solitude and by silence we are discovering the reality of the man :

a misty night - / just for a moment / - the lighthouse

With the abundance of spirit in infiniteness of the Universe, by saying little and suggesting a lot, HAIKU will tell you everything, it will be something given to last forever and something that inspires, something that will inside remind you of love and life - so we can say with full right, that haiku is a way of life.

Marinko Španović

BILJEŠKA O PISCU

Robert Bebek rođen je 1968. u Rijeci.

Haiku poeziju objavljivao je u časopisima "Rival", "Vrabac / Sparrow" (Hrvatska), "Pathway / Blithe Spirit" (Engleska), "Modern Haiku" (SAD), "This is Yomiuri", "Azami", "Itoen Booklet '93" i "The Daily Yomiuri" (Japan).

Dobitnik je Nagrade za najbolji haiku mjeseca rujna 1992. objavljen u japanskom časopisu "This is Yomiuri", kao i Počasnog priznanja dobivenog na "Itoen International Haiku Contest" u Japanu 1993. godine.

Ovo je njegova prva haiku zbirka.

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Robert Bebek was born in 1968 in Rijeka.

His haiku were published in following publications: "Rival", "Vrabac / Sparrow" (Croatia), "Pathway / Blithe Spirit" (England), "Modern Haiku" (USA), "This is Yomiuri", "Azami", "Itoen Booklet '93" and "The Daily Yomiuri" (Japan).

He got the Prize for the best haiku of the month September 1992, of the Japanese magazine "This is Yomiuri". At the Itoen International Haiku Contest in Japan in 1993 his haiku obtained an Honorable Mention.

This book represents the first collection of his haiku.



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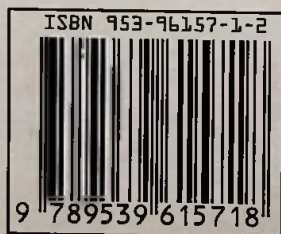
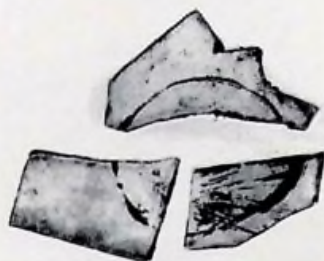
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