

The swift-brushed world we do not see
ourselves;
The misted real recalling what we did not
know we dreamed;
Spare, distilled, serene, fixed, the innerness
of love
Splashed on a scrap of silk with a few
hairs on a stick.

Asa-giri ya e ni kaku yume no hito-dōri

Buson

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Fogpond



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HAIKU NEWS

HSA

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1979

The annual award of \$100 will be given to the haiku judged best in an open competition. Kyoko Selden will judge this year's contest.

RULES

1. Send only one entry a person (up to three haiku an entry) with a fee of one dollar.
2. Type or neatly print each entry haiku on two 3x5 cards with the poet's name and address.
3. Mail entry by 1 August 1979 to Hiroaki Sato, 326 West 22 Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.
4. The winner will be notified by early September 1979, and the winning haiku will be printed in the following issue of HSA *Frogpond*.



1979 RENEWALS, through May 31

107 renewals, and 47 new members since Jan. 1, 1979.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Elizabeth Holmes, P.O. Box 641, Belton, TX 76513

Steve Ainsworth, 425 Park Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14607

Tadashi Kondo, c/o K. Young, Iwata, Uchikochi 1.116, JAPAN

Jennifer Swedberg, St. Michael's Hall, Shoe Lane Oxford, Oxller, England

Bill Pauly, 214 S. Dodge, Galena IL 61036

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R. Freud, Glamore Ct., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787

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Virginia W. Wrenn, 7537 Whittington Dr., Richmond, VA 23225

Eri Yashura, 1369½ Edgecliffe Dr., L.A., CA 90026



NEW BOOKS BY MEMBERS

THE COMING INDOORS AND OTHER POEMS, Bernard Lionel Einbond

\$8.50 Charles E. Tuttle, Rutland, Vermont

MOONLIGHT by Robert Mainone, \$3.00 plus \$.30 postage. Rt. 3,
Delton, Mich. 49046

THE WORDLESS POEM by Eric Amann, \$3.50 pp., HS of C, 627
Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4K 2N9 CANADA Reprint.

AWARDS TO HSA MEMBERS

Betty Drevniok – *Cicada* prize Vol. 2, No. 3

Sol Markoff – Honorable mention, haiku – Shelley Society

Rod Willmot – *Cicada* prize Vol. 3, No. 1



In conjunction with JAPAN TODAY, a nationwide celebration of the arts and culture of contemporary Japan, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden has exhibited nineteen of the HSA shikishi presented to HSA by the Japanese MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE. An additional five were exhibited in the Japanese section of the Brooklyn Museum in New York from April 25 to June 10. HSA thanks Yasko Karaki and L.A. Davidson for their dedicated efforts in arranging these exhibits.



HSA HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST AWARD CEREMONY
part of JAPAN TODAY/JAPAN HERITAGE programs
Japan House, June 16 at 2 p.m. 333 E. 47 St., N.Y. 10017
Co-sponsored by HSA and the N.Y.C. Board of Education.

The ceremony will be preceded by an open HSA meeting with talks
by L.A. Davidson and Cor van den Heuvel.



THE AUGUST ISSUE OF HSA FROGPOND IS IN PRODUCTION. IT
WILL BE MAILED ONLY TO THOSE WHO HAVE RENEWED, AND
TO ALL NEW MEMBERS. WE ARE ON A CALENDAR YEAR. ALL
RENEWALS AND NEW MEMBERS ALSO RECEIVE VOL. II, NO. I.

Materials for the TEACHERS' CROAKS section are being readied. We
seek articles by members or non-members on the reactions of children
to the study of haiku.

CROAKS

CODE

C = Correspondence invited / = End of line
S = Send to SELECTIONS PANEL Numbers are for panel use

Steve Ainsworth

- CS-1 *this generous weed: / giving all its beauty /
 to a purple bloom*
- CS-2 *lifted by sudden winds, / snowclouds rolling /
 through a dark wood*
- CS-3 *the cat crying / at the door. . . . too much
 for her— / the pounding rain*

Bob Boldman

- CS-4 *the skin of a snake / hanging on a barbed wire
 fence / shivering in the wind*
- CS-5 *snow dust / on the head of the sparrow / the
 rising moon*
- CS-6 *just past sunset / frozen leaves stick /
 to the billboard*

Chuck Brickley

- CS-7 *A robin / runs over a patch of snow— /
 spring morning sun*
- CS-8 *Using my hands / near the crest of a rock-
 slide: / a tiny white bloom*
- CS-9 *A picture-window of fog: / headlights /
 turn into the driveway*

Thelma King Clauss

- CS-10 *Small, gleeful chirps on / My window ledge.
 Ah ha. . . . first / Flight, little fellow?*
- CS-11 *Outside my window / The climbing rose peeks
 in and / Nods a "Good morning".*
- CS-12 *Coquettish spring sky. . . / Methinks the sun
 and clouds are / Playing hide and seek.*

Richard Crist

- CS-13 *Crossing the summer field; / pressed beneath each
step / how many worlds. . .*
- CS-14 *The petals fallen – / how beautiful the heart /
of the peony*
- CS-15 *She has gone – / a vase of wild asters / on the
kitchen table*

Joseph Donaldson

- CS-16 *yellow butterfly – / purple “wine cups” in green
grass – / wind-breath scent of Spring.*
- CS-17 *after long stillness / new winds / stirring ancient
branches*
- CS-18 *fog-shrouded moon / crickets hold silence.*

David R. Eastwood

- CS-19 *August evening— / while my son feeds his gerbil /
the dog nuzzles me*
- CS-20 *bright honeysuckle / poison ivy and wild grape /
conceal the old fence*
- CS-21 *wading barefoot— / a dark snake swims through
the shade / tight and cold*

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, OSF

- CS-22 *three pears line the sill / across the river /
the tower touches sky*
- CS-23 *yellow butterfly / at one / with the butterfly*
- CS-24 *cool air / warm sun / apples cidering the earth*

Mildred Fineberg

- CS-25 *flood of emotion / the wondering why. . .*

W. E. Greig

- S-26 *Reflecting on a haiku – / My clock
pendulum / Swings more slowly*
- CS-27 *Pit-pat. . . pat-pit / Out of tune rain drops /
Oh hear. . . my sorrow*
- S-28 *New Year’s Day / My mimosa did not bloom! /
You were here . . . all day*

Bob Hodge, Jr.

CS-29 *Frog. . . rasping krummhorn. / Light plays on his
green body. / His shadows: magic*

CS-30 *Autumn—a hinged door / swung ope to admit
Winter— / rusted brown leaves cold*

Magnus Mack Homestead

CS-31 *Unforgettable: / Summer mushroom /
In Hiroshima.*

CS-32 *The country doctor / Uncoils the choking
cord,— / New autumn baby!*

CS-33 *Hot autumn day: / Under the cool pear tree /
The old man writes.*

Carolyn M. Johnson

CS-34 *Abruptly / 'gainst rock edge / slaps high tide's swift
harsh thrust*

CS-35 *Soothingly / sun-studded rainbow-mist-spray /
showers rock ledge*

CS-36 *Just above the horizon / orange glow / melting
melting*

Yasko Karaki

CS-37 *a gondolier tears apart / a wide cloth / of autumn
- water*

CS-38 *hot sun over Pompeii / ruins of a wine shop*

CS-39 *a monastery is already asleep / in the arms of
cypress trees*

Tadashi Kondo

CS-40 *the lake; / my heart splits into / two /
hills of autumn leaves*

CS-41 *the geese and I / crisscrossing; / the depth of the
forest*

CS-42 *walking around / the lake — the day / of autumn
ended*

Susan Littlejohn

CS-43 *Foggy night . . . / out of the sound, / a tug
boat blast.*

CS-44 *Early June morning . . . / empty city sidewalk – /
filled with a sparrow's song.*

CS-45 *Snowed in: / Buried . . . / under the old quilt.*

David Lloyd

CS-46 *Each day / A little bit thinner: / The snow-woman...*

CS-47 *The inmate: / She sits and stares and stares / At
the snowman. . .*

James Magorian

CS-48 *The turned wrist taunts / the razor and Bible-lean /
locusts braid cold light.*

CS-49 *At the farmers' / picnic, the mashing tongues / of
toothless old men.*

Sister Mary Marguerite

S-50 *thunder clap— / the robin / misses the worm*

S-51 *corn streamers waving; / on the line / her wash
waving*

S-52 *why tarry by violets? / the circus parade / is a
block away*

Gloria Maxson

CS-53 *Children in red coats / flying by as if in
league / with the scarlet leaves.*

CS-54 *Sweeping / all the dead leaves from the door /
again*

CS-55 *Velvet dark / stuffed with a prickly straw /
of crickets.*

Ruby Rae Mc Murtry

CS-56 *under pond lilies / blue and golden shadows /
sky holds fish*

CS-57 *snowfall reshaping / broken weather vane / frosty
dawn*

CS-58 *traffic lights soften / red, green and amber snow-
flakes / fading pale landscape*

Thelma Murphy

- CS-59 *Smoke / along its own trail / getting lost*
CS-60 *Slanting sunlight / the brook's sandbed shines
back / through the water*
CS-61 *The gleaming river / and the fly I am casting /
over it*

James O'Neil

- CS-62 *a single black hair / makes a question mark / on the
bar of soap*

Cy Patterson

- CS-63 *Peeling potatoes. . . / so many eyes show
hunger/ when the chips are down.*
CS-64 *The swish of traffic / on the motorway – /
grass trembles on the verge.*
CS-65 *As spring blossoms / into summer, nothing
changes– / yet the bud unfurls.*

Michael Joseph Phillips

- CS-66 *Ann / A dior dress – / All around, whiteness!*
CS-67 *Sherry, / A white Phoenician temple, / Aztec girls
in Green!*
CS-68 *"Dynamite" dream doll, / Streamliner sutra
model, / SOCK it to me, Quick!*

Raymond Roseliep

- S-69 *in darkness / 20-20 vision of / finger on flesh*

Daniel Silvia

- CS-70 *rising moon; / shadows passing / from lily to lily. . .*
CS-71 *Spring willows / flowing in the wind – / her long
dark hair*
CS-72 *sudden downpour / sheltering the lily bud /
with her apron*

Gladys Davis Smith

- CS-73 *Thunder shakes the earth / Lightning splits the
sky apart / While we wait inside*

- CS-74 *Ivy covers stumps / Where once willow limbs
swayed / In a spring ballet*
- CS-75 *Checking my rose bush / I find beetles stacked up /
Devouring new buds*

Miriam Mansfield Stimson

- CS-76 *Home! / the feel of my bed / after weeks away.*
- CS-77 *the look / on the young boy's face / after his
father's slaps.*
- CS-78 *October night storm / complete blackout / on the
sill two bright green eyes.*

Tony Suraci

- S-79 *Sudden wind / under the rusted helmet- /
morning-glory opening*
- S-80 *Dewdrop / I too fade just as quickly / as
morning passes*
- S-81 *Cry of a phoebe / so faint, in the mist, and
yet. . . / lingering everywhere*

Cor van den Heuvel

- CS-82 *hot day -- / a spittle bug keeping cool / in his
bubbles*
- CS-83 *a spittle bug dreams in the darkening grass*
- CS-84 *the snowflake disappears into its drop of water*

Paul O. Williams

- CS-85 *But all those stars / were clearly reflected / in the
last puddle.*
- CS-86 *Through field glasses / trying to get Jupiter / to
stop trembling.*
- CS-87 *the wide, bare oak / his back to the scolding crows /
the still barred owl.*

Marlene M. Wills

- CS-88 *mountainhanging sky*
- CS-89 *firewood in the icy rain onion soup*
- CS-90 *another winter my blond hair hides the white*

Rod Willmot

- CS-91 *half-shade in the timothy / blue darners / gathering
light*
- CS-92 *her breasts lift with her arms / flowers on the
curtains / fold and unfold*
- CS-93 *wet morning / fishermen's reflections / merge into
fishripples*

Stephen Wolfe (from *The Kamo River*)

- CS-94 *groggy eyes jog / in the wake / of the duck*
- CS-95 *torn fan and / fallen leaves / in the river*
- CS-96 *dawn countryside / frost barking*

Ruth Yarrow

- CS-97 *Rain gloom lifting / Forsythia flowers / glow
from the mud*
- CS-98 *A marmot's whistle / pierces the mountain /
First star*
- CS-99 *In snowlight / the sparrow's breath / shines. . .
fades. . .*

SUBMITTED WITHOUT CODE

James Kirkup

- *Haiku is the sneeze / surprising me without an / atishoo tissue.*
- *Winter hedge present / from the bankrupt soba shop: /
last camellia.*
- *Sumo tournament: / three old ladies study form / like
cattle-breeders*

Alan Pizzarelli

- *a pink balloon / bounces along the railroad tracks / TRAIN*
- *twilight / firefly / within the pond-lily*
- *a moving van / zooms along the backroad / autumn*

Sobi-Shi / Raymond Roseliep

- *i.v. dripping; / the chipping sparrow's / one pitch
at my father's death / opening the attic door /
to bring the wind's breath*

CROAKS

THE STRUCTURAL DYNAMICS OF HAIKU PART II

by Rod Willmot

In my first article I discussed the structure of meaning in haiku, and demonstrated the following propositions: 1) The illusion of transparency is haiku's characteristic opacity. 2) The deep subject of haiku is heightened perception, and the corresponding effect of haiku, experienced by the reader, is heightened transparency. In the present article I will discuss syntactic structure: what the parts of a haiku are, and how they work together.

Third Proposition: A haiku contains two fundamental parts, which interact with one another metaphorically.

The fundamental parts of a haiku are the words or groups of words that determine the poem's "basic idea." For example, in Cor van den Heuvel's "blazing tideflats—/the clam's/ darkness," the first line contains one such part, while the second and third lines combined contain another. Like this example, most haiku clearly consist of two fundamental parts, which are either compared or contrasted: one sight with another ("blazing" with "darkness," etc.), or a sight with a sound, or sound with silence, and so forth. Haiku with only one fundamental part in evidence always possess an implied second part. For example, in Basho's "frog-jump-in / water-sound" poem, something else is implied: the preceding *silence* of the old pond. Haiku appearing to have three or more fundamental parts generally exhibit redundancy or reinforcement. Many haiku do of course contain parts that, without being strictly fundamental, are nonetheless esthetically necessary. Such ancillary parts serve explanatory, scene-setting, and other important functions. For example, in this poem by Foster Jewell, "Under ledges / and looking for the coolness / that keeps touching my face," the first line sets the scene and nothing more. (I'll leave it to you to figure out the fundamental parts.)

The next step is to determine the *relationship* between those parts. Conceivably, it could either be metaphorical or metonymical (I'll elucidate these terms in a moment.) But whichever it is for any particular haiku, is it the same for all others? In other words, will the distinction metaphor/metonymy contribute to our *definition* of haiku?¹

In metaphor, things are related by virtue of either similarity or dissimilarity (comparison or contrast). For example, "blanket" is rather a frayed metaphor for "snow," by virtue of similarity. We would not say that "rain" is a *metaphor* for "drought," but the juxtaposition of these words does form a metaphorical structure, by virtue of dissimilarity. Since I have already said that most haiku clearly employ either comparison or contrast—as the reader can easily confirm for himself—it follows that most haiku are structured metaphorically. Let me emphasize here that I am not talking about metaphor as a figure of speech, but as a relationship between the parts of a poem. In van den Heuvel's haiku quoted above, there is no figure of speech, but there is a metaphorical structure formed by the contrasts between tideflats and clam.

But what of the haiku in which neither comparison nor contrast is readily apparent? Is the relationship there metonymical? In metonymy (in its extended sense), things are related by virtue of contiguity, causality, and so on. For example, a container could be a metonym for what it contains, such as "bottle" for "whiskey," as in: "He's on the bottle again." Since metonymy is natural to prose, while metaphor is natural to poetry, it would be rather sensational if haiku turned out to be even occasionally metonymical. For a while in my research I thought it often was: but I was merely led astray by some very tricky poems. A good example is this by Michael McClintock: "pushing / inside. . . until / her teeth shine." The cause-and-effect relationship is indeed metonymical, but the poem derives its power not from its statement of causality (interesting as it is) but from an array of paired implications. These are mostly contrasts: between inside and outside, darkness and shining, softness and hardness; but there is also a comparison: between pleasure and shining. In sum, McClintock creates a richly connotative metaphorical structure under the mask of a superficial metonymy.

Fourth Proposition: Metaphor is dynamic by resonance. The metaphorical structure of haiku is dynamic by heightened resonance.

The two fundamental parts of a haiku do not sit quietly in their places, but interact with each other. That is, if they *work* together metaphorically, each part responds to and enhances the meaning of the other, such that they form a new meaning of unexpected power. The scientific term for this is resonance, and it is in itself a "heightened" phenomenon. But in most literary contexts every metaphor—every re-

sonance—is surrounded by dozens or even hundreds of others. In such situations the best that can be expected is for resonances to blend harmoniously so as not to destroy the coherence of the whole. However, in haiku there is usually a single metaphorical structure, whose single resonance is qualitatively transformed—heightened—by the sheer fact that it stands alone. This is why the ideal number of fundamental parts in a haiku is two, since having fewer would eliminate resonance, while having more would tend to preclude heightening. An example to consider is this poem by John Wills: “the moon at dawn / lily pads blow white / in a sudden breeze.” There is extraordinary resonance in the contrast between the dry upper side of the lily pads, which is dark in the twilight, and the sudden flash of the wet underside flipped up by the breeze. To my mind that vivid perception is the whole poem, for which the first line merely sets the mood. But there is also a comparison there: between the lily pads and the moon—and perhaps even the rising sun. So I ask you: is that comparison really fundamental to the poem, or is it a clever addition that threatens to dampen the heightened resonance of the rest? Wills has used the moon trivially in other cases, even though on the whole he is an excellent poet.

In both its effect and its operating principle, haiku is comparable to the laser. On that model, haiku can be thought of as a poetic *maser*—an acronym for Meaning Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Resonance. “Meaning amplification” is what I was talking about in the article on haiku’s semantics, under the terms of heightened perception and heightened transparency. Since that amplification is created by haiku’s syntactics—the resonance between its parts—it follows that all of haiku’s structures, both semantic and syntactic, work together for the same end: the production of that laser-like heightening which is a mark of haiku. We are led to append two conclusions to the Four Propositions I have enunciated here. The first is that for all its apparent simplicity haiku is a profoundly complex form of art. The second is that rather than being merely formal or traditional in its essential structures, haiku is vitally dynamic. A haiku is a haiku not because of the syllables it contains, the forms it fulfills, or the rules it follows—but because of what it *does*.

NOTES

¹ The distinction between metaphor and metonymy is basic to all language and even, it appears, to the very workings of the brain. See Roman Jakobson’s “Deux types de langage et deux types d’aphasie,” in *Essais de linguistique generale*, (Paris 1963). Available in English as the second part of *Fundamentals of Language*, (La Haye 1956).

CROAKS

by Lilli Tanzer, with a nod
to Eric Amann, editor of CICADA

MAGICICADA the periodical cicada

Look for it this May/June of 1979. You may see "Brood II" anywhere from mid N. Carolina to mid New York. This is the year the periodical cicada emerges from its subterranean, root-nourishing darkness. After five nymphal stages, seventeen years in duration, the mature cicada will, within days after splitting its now-dry shell, begin courting and mating. Three or four weeks later it will die.

The nymphs of Brood II have developed from eggs laid by Brood I seventeen years ago during its own brief weeks of warmth in the sun. The hundreds of thousands we will see this May/June will, as nymphs, have scattered, then burrowed underground. Having passed through five stages (instars) of growth and molting, the mature insects will tunnel their way upward through the moist earth. Instar duration varies from nymph to nymph, yet the emergence time of the entire brood is synchronized. It usually takes place at dusk and happens when soil and other conditions are just right. In 1962 I watched. I was fascinated by what seemed to be a large beetle with translucent golden skin, slowly and laboriously climbing a tree trunk. The next morning I found the empty shell, with a slit across the top, clinging to the bark. This time the light was right and I photographed it. It was the shell of one of the parents of the present brood. After emergence the mature cicada's wings had, overnight, expanded and hardened. Color had suffused the earlier-white, red-eyed creature, and as I looked in astonishment at the empty shell, somewhere in a treetop he was singing his mating song. Or, perhaps, *she* was seeking out the singer.

* * *

The periods of nymphal growth, when nymph and its skin are inextricably one; the slow development which involves the casting off of outgrown skins; the final instar, when the skin, though conforming in every minutest detail to the content, is discernable as a separate, precise yet cold entity; the escape and the joining in the chorus in the tree-tops heralding an inevitable link in the chain of life. . .

All of these things seem to be echoed in the growth pattern of haiku. The preliminary welling up of words; the discarding of all excess as the growth of the haiku takes place. . . Above all, the organic shaping of the physical, outward form which happens with the finalization of even two words. (This, as opposed to artificially starting with the outer skin and attempting to work backwards.) The "form" is a separate entity only in the thinking and talking about it, just as the skin of an organism is a separate entity only with its actual dissection and labeling.

Finally, the thought occurs to me that the winging away of the mature insect resembles, in concept, the *insight* in the haiku reader's mind after, though almost simultaneous with, the reading or hearing of the haiku; this insight being wordless, just as the initial sensory impact upon the poet was wordless. I do not believe that haiku is a "wordless" poem. The wordlessness takes place *before* and *after* the utterance of haiku. Haiku is poetry and, like any other art, consists of the materials of the genre in a special juxtaposition. In the case of haiku it consists of the spare juxtaposition of words (and the spaces between) formed by the sounds, durations and literal meanings of the words.

And if this all seems like stretching an analogy too far, there are still and always the cicadas of this world for us to see and hear in awe, with no thoughts before, during, or after.



The MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE is seeking English haiku publications. They welcome donations of literary works by American poets, or would purchase such works upon receipt of pertinent information.

The MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE

3-28-10, Hyakunin-Cho

Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160

Japan.

HSA member Kazuo Sato has been named advisor to the Museum. Please send your work to his attention.

WATERSOUNDS –Dedicated in memory of Joyce W. Webb (1920–1978)

Selections Panel

L.A. Davidson	Raymond Roseliep
David Lloyd	Hiroaki Sato
Foster Jewell	Kyoko Selden
Tadashi Kondo	Cor van den Heuvel
Alfred Marks	John Wills
Michael McClintock	Rod Willmot
Alan Pizzarelli	Stephen Wolfe
Leon Zolbrod	

McClintock, Wills and Wolfe votes were not available at press time.

CHECKED AS HAIKU
(chosen from Nov. '78 CROAKS)

Cor van den Heuvel – 110

*the sun goes down –
my shovel strikes a spark
from the dark earth*

Lloyd, Marks, Pizzarelli, Sato, Selden, Willmot, Zolbrod

Frank M. Chapman – 16

*In the dry grass
A faded newspaper
Rustling in the summer wind.*

Davidson, Jewell, Lloyd, Roseliep, Zolbrod

Raymond Roseliep (Sobi-shi) – 77

*buttoning his fly
the boy with honeysuckle
clenched in his mouth*

Davidson, Lloyd, Sato, Willmot, Zolbrod

Tony Suraci – 108

*New Year's day:
my shadow steps into the snow
before I do*

Davidson, Jewell, Lloyd, Marks, Zolbrod

Cor van den Heuvel – 109, 111

*the geese have gone –
in the chilly twilight:
empty milkweed pods*

Davidson, Jewell, Marks, Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

*closed stores –
a piece of tinsel flutters
above a grating*

Davidson, Marks, Pizzarelli, Willmot, Zolbrod

Daniel Silvia – 94

*summer dusk;
the gull takes awhile
across the full moon*

Davidson, Lloyd, Roseliep, Sato

Brett Brady – 7

*into the puddle
a fallen pine-needle
shattering the moon*

Lloyd, Roseliep, Zolbrod

Chuck Brickley – 9

*Our cups empty, now
my house across the field
in the autumn rain*

Davidson, Roseliep, Willmot

Randy Brooks – 13, 14

*yesterday we laid her
in the ground,
now her peach blossoms*

Davidson, Marks, Zolbrod

*shoe
beside the road
snowfilled*

Davidson, Lloyd, Sato

Frank M. Chapman – 15

*Red apples.
Even the stems
Are red.*

Davidson, Lloyd, Sato

LeRoy Gorman – 37

*dusk
the cornfield's shadow
rustles*

Davidson, Jewell, Selden

Tadashi Kondo – 51, 52

*the lake;
my heart splits into
two hills of autumn leaves*

Davidson, Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

*the geese and I
crisscrossing:
the depth of the forest*

Davidson, Pizzarelli, Roseliep

Sister Mary Marguerite – 63

*black buds
on the ash tree
the male cardinal*

Davidson, Roseliep, Willmot

Doris Best – 5

*Lone cricket in the night,
his song
faint pulse of fading summer.*

Davidson, Zolbrod

Brett Brady – 8a

*atop a tombstone
a perching crow crooks its head –
the leaves piling-up*

Davidson, Lloyd

Richard Crist – 17

*The hot August sky,
burned of its blue, is fanned
by one flapping crow*

Jewell, Roseliep

Joyce Walker Currier – 20

*full blackberry bush;
shepherd dog in the shadows
matches the shade*

Davidson, Jewell

Proxade Davis – 21

*aftermath. . .
a pigeon walks
in the broken glass*

Davidson, Willmot

David R. Eastwood – 28

*train station dawn –
the braless young commuter
tightly chains her bike*

Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg – 31, 32

*at the port
the barge whistle
quiets the swing squeak*

Roseliep, Sato

*on autumn air
the whiff
of the dog walker's smoke*

Davidson, Roseliep

Ty Hadman – 39, 40, 41

*Moments after dusk –
the lighthouse watchman
re-lights his pipe*

Davidson, Jewell

*Swans and butterflies
across from the flower stall –
blown glass*

Davidson, Roseliep

*Rose Parade –
the glint
in Sobi-Shi's eyes*

Davidson, Roseliep

Bob Huffman – 42

*many little boys
all anxious to be first
to tramp the new snow*

Jewell, Zolbrod

Tadashi Kondo – 53

*walking around
the lake – the day
of autumn ended*

Pizzarelli, Zolbrod

Susan Littlejohn – 56

*Clean bite of the wind –
standing alone in the mountain,
with the first snowflakes.*

Davidson, Zolbrod

David Lloyd – 57

*Just stopping
To say a goodbye,
Snowman. . .*

Davidson, Jewell

Sydell Rosenberg – 80, 81

*Rain,
how different the sounds
on autumn sounds. . . .*

Roseliep, Zolbrod

*Turning their heads
with ragged petals –
roadside sunflowers*

Davidson, Zolbrod

Michael Segers – 85, 86

three sparrows or a hundred sparrows: sparrows

Davidson, Sato

every day a little more of this pumpkin vine

Davidson, Sato

Daniel Silvia – 95

*twilight pond;
a lone skater circles
a frozen star*

Davidson, Lloyd

Roberta Stewart – 100

*Flood waters. . .
three blue eggs in a nest
floating by*

Lloyd, Zolbrod

Tony Suraci – 106

*Morning glory
blooming white above its shadow –
gibbous moon*

Marks, Selden

Stephen Wolfe – 119

*young, green stalks
bend over backwards
for the wind*

Davidson, Sato

Sallie McCormick Adams – 1, 2

*Brother's cradle does
not rock to lullabies; mom's
half-sleep rocks his cries.*

Lloyd

*Race cars streak around
the bend – zoom by the checkered flag;
scrap-yard play.*

Davidson

Doris Best – 4, 6

*Where aged oak was felled
by neighbor's saw
his wife now plants petunias!*

Zolbrod

*Silly small toad!
unnoticed in deep grass,
he leaps from safety as we pass!*

Zolbrod

Betty Brady – 8

*just brushing the snow
with wings all a-flap: an owl
and an owl's shadow*

Davidson

Chuck Brickley – 10

*A mushroom –
a drop of rain
on my lip*

Lloyd

Randy Brooks – 12

*mudcaked shoes
in a row
beneath the dinner bell*

Roseliep

Richard Crist – 19

*At first meeting
too small the cup
of sake*

Davidson

Proxade Davis – 23

*grey limitless space. . .
a white sail
maneuvers*

Jewell

Joseph Donaldson – 24, 25

*afternoon of drought
stillness of outside
penetrates the walls*

Jewell

*deep moon-cast shadows –
the cat's eyes pierce the dark*

Davidson

David R. Eastwood – 27, 29

*Beacon Hill:
ten feet above the roof
a V of geese*

Davidson

*Hot August morning –
when the boy's gerbil chirrs
his dog runs to watch*

Zolbrod

Yasko Karaki – 48, 50

*. . buds the first flower of morning glory
buds buds. . .*

Selden

*sparklers thru raindrops
raindrops thru sparklers: fireworks*

Davidson

Susan Littlejohn – 55

*Gliding down the slope,
shadows creep among the trees. . .
– lift chairs now empty.*

Zolbrod

David Lloyd – 59

*By the blinker –
White Snowman, yellow snowman. . .
White snowman. . .*

Davidson

Ruby Mc Murtry – 60

*oleanders snow laden
ice fringe melting
gutters raining*

Willmot

Sister Mary Marguerite – 64

*raindrop jewel
safe on the leaf --
for a moment*

Roseliep

Thelma Murphy – 68, 69, 70

*Part of the waves
the moon
shines on itself*

Selden

*The sun hangs
in the maple's treetop
the brimming bucket*

Davidson

*The overgrown vine
breaking the trellis
that gave it a start*

Zolbrod

Marion Mattes – 71, 72

*Butterfly
lighting my window
autumn orange*

Jewell

*Asleep in the sun
the old woman is a girl
dancing to the lute*

Roseliep

Robert Nelson – 75

*Early morning mist
Creates a world of silence
And vanishing shapes*

Zolbrod

Raymond Roseliep – (Sobi-Shi) – 78, 79

*blue-ribbon final:
a tiny froth of spittle
on her Bartlett pear*

Davidson

*dust –
the key
unturned*

Selden

Sydell Rosenberg – 82

*Too big a morsel?
A city pigeon
an English muffin*

Zolbrod

Joan Couzens Sauer – 88, 90

*Early falling leaf
floats down the sky blue river
on a cloud.*

Zolbrod

*Winter silence,
cracking ice chunks float free,
geese cry echoes.*

Zolbrod

Myra Scovel – 92, 93

*first flakes
chasing leaves
down the wind*

Davidson

*distant rocks
sun
exposing their gold*

Selden

Daniel Silvia – 96

*a crow caws –
when I look, the winter moon
thaws into mist*

Davidson

Roberta Stewart – 100, 101

*A cardinal
on the snow,
the cat's jaws quiver*

Davidson

Susan G. Strother – 105

*OLD MEN: Laughter gone silent,
Courage runs dry.
Mountains of men with snow-capped peaks.*

Zolbrod

Joyce W. Webb – 112, 113

*here and there
in the field of red clover
alien cornstalks*

Marks

*sunset will not wait. . .
yellow, saffron, orange, red
mauve and gray purple*

Sato

Rod Willmot – 115, 117

*pheasant bursts from the grass
bare feet
on the wire fence*

Pizzarelli

*water strider
bending the water
where the paddle bends*

Selden

Stephen Wolfe – 121

*blown with the kite
by twilight wind*

Jewell

by Leon Zolbrod

TEACHING HAIKAI: The Case of "Peonies Scatter," A Chain Poem by Buson and Kitō

In poetry each age has its own voice, and every poet writes best about things he himself has seen and felt. Pindar, the singer of Greek odes, said it. Poets in Japan knew it. As Bashō put it, "In poetry there are no ancients." Buson asserted, "I belong to Kikaku's group, but I shall not imitate him." The haiku poets reveal a struggle to combine contrasting principles of newness and oldness.

"A poet ought to study all styles of poetry and put them together as if in a bag and pick the best to use when needed," said Buson. "Except for feeling it in your own heart, there are no rules." The whim of genius was the best guide, and individual taste was the best judge. Yet there remains a conflicting ideal that a poet must keep an awareness of the past. Unless a person is familiar with the style of the old masters, one cannot talk with him about poetry, Buson also said. Thus on the one hand he stressed being different, original, and spontaneous. On the other hand he emphasized a need to pay respect to the grand manner of Bashō.

Once Tairo sent Buson a verse on the theme of Taking after Tu Fu on Cloth Beating,

**"Thoughts of other nights,
As I pass the long, dark hours—
Yes, a fulling block."**

(Yoso-no yo-ni/waga yo okururu/kinuta-kana.)

Certainly the "fulling block" is an old theme, Buson said, but combining it with the idea of passing the long dark hours imbues it with the necessary quality of fresh life.

There was also another verse by Tairo, which he wrote long after leaving samurai life and a year after moving from Kyoto to Osaka,

**"In body and soul
I feel like I have two homes—
Autumn's almost gone."**

(Ware ga mi-ni/furusato ga futatsu/aki-no kure.)

Buson praised it and sent copies to the members of his group. He compared it with one his own master, Hajin, had composed on leaving Kyoto,

**"The place I call home—
Now I'll have an extra one,
Like my summer cloak."**

(Furusato-o/ futatsu ote/ kasane-kana.)

With the sameness of the basic idea Buson found a new inspiration—perhaps the revelation of an autumnal world falling apart.

Freshness of style became a sort of watchword for his group, and yet somehow it was always linked in the end to the great tradition of Japanese and Chinese poetry. There is naturalness and spontaneity in the verse,

**"Coming for cherry blossoms,
And taking a nap under them—
Good day for a rest."**

(Hana-ni kite/ hana-ni ineburu/ itoma-kana.)

Still, behind it there is the image of Lady Sei and her companions going for a picnic under the flowering plums and enjoying themselves so much that they never wrote a single poem to show the Empress. Buson's verse tells of an experience something like going to the opera and falling asleep.

Part of the trick of good haiku poetry lay in recognizing such moments and finding a new way of expressing them in words. Buson once put it this way,

**"How I wear my hat—
I hope it never quite looks
Like it's in fashion."**

(Waga zuki/ ukiyo-no sama-ni/ nizu mo-gana.)

One of the ways that he described his ideal of naturalness and spontaneity was, "As if not watching your front and rear."

Similar terms and ideas dominate a short preface in which Buson told of two chain poems, one of summer and one of winter, that had survived from earlier days. He said that they were once part of a quartet of the four seasons, each one in turn being a duet by Buson and his disciple, Kitō. A friend of his suspected that the quartet might now seem dated. But Buson answered with a laugh:

“Developments in poetry in some ways follow fashions and in others don’t. It’s like going around in a circle, with one person chasing another. Whoever is in front keeps trying to catch up with the person in the rear. How can you tell who comes first or last? All you can do is express what is in your heart now and content yourself with today’s poetry today and tomorrow’s tomorrow.”

With linked verse, whether in the strict manner of renga or in the freer mode of haikai, usually three or more poets took part, most of the time in an actual meeting. But sometimes poets would try solo compositions, or two poets would join for a duet. Saikaku, who is remembered more for his prose than his poetry, gave many solo performances and recited thousands of impromptu linked verses at special marathons held at temples or shrines.

Duets of one hundred links were composed in the Teitoku school before Saikaku’s time. In Bashō’s circle the practice continued. Besides units of one hundred with Sodō and Bashō, there were others in the newer form of thirty-six links. Bashō and Kikaku joined in such duets. Etsujin, another of Bashō’s disciples, was especially active, doing them not only with Bashō but with Sanka, Kikaku, and Ransetsu.

As a young poet in Edo, Buson took part in at least one thirty-six verse chain poem that was virtually a duet. Except for a second link and a final “flower verse,” it was by Buson and Asui. Not long after the Midnight Pavilion group was formed he and Kitō did one.

From time to time Buson tried duets with poets from other groups who called on him in Kyoto. With a certain poet named Ippon, at least, such meetings did not lead to friendship. Buson criticized him for being too much of a wanderer and for drinking to excess. As a poet, he found him too esoteric:

“He always talks about old words and old stories that no one is familiar with. He has a very bad habit of trying to show up other people.

“As much as possible,” said Buson, “one should avoid old stories and obsolete words and always try to use only everyday things in one’s poetry.”

The summer after Tairo died Buson and his closest friends in Kyoto formed a linked verse study group. A series of monthly meetings followed. There was some fluctuation in the membership, with as many as ten people attending on occasion.

Buson's duets with Kitō were a well-kept secret. Otherwise it would have made little sense to talk about two chain poems as if they had actually been written earlier. A number of letters back and forth from late spring till the beginning of winter, 1780, tells of its composition, revision, and publication. They suggest that master and disciple worked together to make a model for poets in their own circle and to challenge outsiders, such as Kyōtai and his companions. The first poem began with Buson's celebrated, "Peonies scatter. . .," and the first three links may be translated as follows:

"Peonies scatter—
Piled on top one another,
Two or three petals."

(Botan chite/uchi-kasanarinu/ni-sam-ben.) (Buson)

"Fifth Month, the twentieth day,
What a sight to greet the dawn."

(Uzuki hatsuka-no/ariake-no kage.) (Kitō)

"Cough, for a greeting—
'Old Man, I'm at the gate,
Open up for me.'"

(Suwabukite/okina-ya kado-o/hirakuran.) (Kitō)

From a completed manuscript on Buson's life and work to be published in the near future.

YOSA BUSON (1716–83): Hokku Gleaned from a Selection
translated by Hiroaki Sato

SPRING

Spring Evening

Carelessly burning incense this spring evening

Spring Rain

A pond and a stream become one in the spring rain

Warblers

In an old garden a warbler warbles all day long

Rape Flowers

Rape flowers: no whales come close, the sea grows dark

SUMMER

May Rain

May rain: a nameless river is terrifying

Short cut: stepping over water in the May rain

Snail

Holing up – snail, are you doubtful of the rain?

Melons

In praise of a painting:

Wordily, a woman gives me early melons

AUTUMN

Autumn evening

Is there any woman who longs for me this autumn evening?

Moon

*Running out of nets, running out of the nets – the water, the
moon*

Autumn Wind

The day vast: an autumn wind blows on a fishing line

WINTER

Foot-warmer

While I stayed in Takamatsu, Sanshū, during a trip,
I was happy with my hosts' warm attention: on
the day I finally left their house:

Out of a foot-warmer, underfoot a wild river

Shower

Across a distant mountain a streak of setting sun in a shower

Plovers

Not increasing, not decreasing, just as of old – those plovers

Holing Up in Winter

Happy with this house with a low roof: holed up in winter

TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS

YOSA BUSON

1716 – 83

Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keru

Asa-giri-ya / e-ni kaku yume-no / hito-dōri

In Japan, Buson is considered to be second only to Basho. His work as painter places him high on the list of Japan's poet/painters. He continues to influence contemporary poets.

PANEL

Alfred H. Marks Hiroaki Sato
Kyoko Selden Leon Zolbrod

The two haiku were chosen by Leon Zolbrod
Sources: Otani Tokuzo, Okada Rihei, and Shimasue Kiyoshi, eds.,
Buson-shu (Tokyo: Shueisha, 1972), "Koten haibun-gaku taikai,"
Vol. 12, pp. 55 (no. 418), 156 (no. 2345). Popular anthology, 1973.
HAIKAI shinsen.

朝露初乾は夢人の通

春水山無國は流

Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keri

Haru — Spring
no — of
mizu — water
yama — mountain
naki — lacking
kuni — country
wo — (follows object)
nagare — flowing
keri — has been

Derivation:

Spring
rains
flowing
over
a
mountainless
landscape

haru no mizu naki kuni o nagare keri

- haru — spring
no — of
mizu — water; as a convention, haru no mizu refers to the water resulting from thawing; subject of the verb
nagaru
yama — mountain or mountains
naki — without, devoid of, etc.; yama naki, devoid of mountains, mountainless, etc.
kuni — country, land, province, etc.; modified by yama naki
o — through, in, along, etc. (in this case)
nagare — verb, nagaru, to flow
keri — adds a sense of emotional overtone

A commentator says this hokku alludes to a line by a Chinese poet T'ao Ch'ien (365—427), which says something like "spring water fills marshes everywhere."

Spring water flows through the mountainless land

Hiroaki Sato

Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keru

haru no — of the spring

mizu — water

yama naki — mountainless, modifies kuni

kuni o — country, province, land (accusative or locative)

nageru keru — auxiliary verb of memory

Translation:

spring water / in mountainless land / flows

Derivation:

spring water flows over land without mountains

Kyoko Selden

Haru-no mizu / yama naki kuni-o / nagare keri

- haru — noun, spring
-no — possessive particle
mizu — noun, fresh water
yama — noun, mountain
naki — verbal adjective, not having
kuni — noun, country, province
-o — particle, sign of objective case
nagare — **renyokei**, or conjugated form of classical verb, **nagaru**, to flow
keri — verbal suffix, which follows **renyokei** form of main verb, denoting past time, a narrative frame, a sense of duration, or a sign of affirmation; also, a cutting word

42

Literal translation:

**Water in spring / through mountain-less country /
flowing along**

Freer translation:

**The river in spring — / Over land without mountains /
It flows quickly along.**

Comment: There is a suggestion of fullness and of expansiveness appropriate for the season of new growth. The idea is not of a narrow, cramped mountain stream but of a swollen torrent flowing powerfully across a broad plain toward the sea.

Asa-giri-ya / e-ni kaku yume-no / hito-dori

Asagiri — Morning mist

ya — :

e — picture

ni — in

kaku — draw

yume — dream

no — of

hitodori — man-path

Derivation:

Dream
in
a
picture:
this
road
full
of
people
in
the
morning
mist.

Alfred H. Marks

asa-giri ya e ni kaku yume no hito-dōri

asa-giri — compound noun: **asa**, morning, and **kiri**, mist, fog, haze; Buson's other hokku on **kiri** suggests that by this word he meant a dense variety

ya — see Henderson and others

e ni kaku — simply, to paint; broken down into components, to turn (something) into a painting, to do or paint a painting; also, draw for paint, drawing for painting; how this phrase functions is not clear: it can be the predicate of **asa-giri** or the modifier of what follows

yume — dream

no — of, like, in, etc.; **yume no**, dreamlike, in a dream, etc.

hito-dōri — simply, street; broken down into components, people-pass

Morning mist makes a painting of a dreamy flow of people

Hiroaki Sato

Asa-giri / ya / e / ni / kaku / yume-no / hito-dōri

asa-giri — morning mist (of the fall)

ya — vocative

e — picture, drawing, painting

ni — into

kaku — draw, paint, **e ni kaku** modifies **yume**

yume-no — like a dream, of a dream, modifies **hito-dōri**

hito-dōri — people's passing, traffic of pedestrians

Translation:

Morning mist, painted into a picture, dreamlike, people passing

Derivation:

morning mist

a painting

dreamlike

of

people passing

Kyoko Selden

Asa-giri-ya / e-ni kaku yume-no / hito-dōri

- asa-giri — compound noun, morning fog
-ya — cutting word; also, interrogative particle
e — noun, painting, picture
-ni — particle indication direction, in, toward, on
kaku — verb, to write, draw, or paint
yume — noun, dream
-no — possessive particle
hito-dōri — compound noun, people + passing

Literal translation:

**Morning fog, eh? / in a picture painting a dream /
of people passing.**

Freer translation:

**Fog in the morning — / Just like painting in a dream /
People passing by.**

Leon Zolbrod

Comment: Morning fog may be taken as an autumn topic, such as that assigned or drawn by lot for a poetry meeting. The paired images or ideas of painting in a dream and of people passing by, which are metaphorically linked to the fog, work in two ways. First, there is a sense of a painting that vanishes on the dreamer's awakening. Secondly, there is the elusive, dream-like sense of hearing people passing by and yet not being able to see them in the fog.

by William Matheson
A DECADE FOR BUSON

asa-giri ya
e ni kaku yume no
hito-dōri
Buson

- I. *Morning in a fog
painting by who might it be
passing through a dream.*
- II. *Fog of a morning
dreamt of someone passing by
this Thames of Whistler.*
- III. *Brouillard matinal
en écran écrit ce rêve
par ceux qui voyagent.*
- IV. *Voi che per la via
passate: say your dreams are
painting morning fog.*
- V. *The morning befogged
my mind like a scroll of dream
painted en passant.*
- VI. *By wayfarers dreamed
seen "charcoal inks in tree" scene
a morning of fog.*
- VII. *This most vaguely sketched
yet etched in the passing eye
of dream-morning fog.*
- VIII. *"The fog this morning"
fleeting upon my dream
inscribed I glimpsed it.*
- IX. *And dreamed an unknown
—spectre en plein jour—took a brush
and drew "Morning Fog."*
- X. *Morning screened in fog:
what transient dream has drawn it
By Us Seen Or Not?*

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Frogpond II:2