

frogpond



Volume IV Number 2

Published by The Haiku Society of America



GARY HOTHAM
Lanard, Maryland

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Contents

HAIKU: Stephen Gould/Elizabeth Searle Lamb/Mary Thomas Eulberg/Proxade Davis/Raymond Roseliep/Marion J. Richardson/ Charlotte A. Jacob-Hanson/Phyllis S. Prestia/Lilli Tanzer	3
Cor van den Heuvel: <i>Blazing Tideflats: a solo renga</i>	12
Wayne Westlake: <i>The Laws of Buddhism Do Not Apply To The Hototogisu</i>	16
Richard Witherspoon: <i>An American Haiku Novel</i>	21
Hiroaki Sato: <i>Translating Hokku and Haiku</i>	27
HSA SAMPLER	34
Arizona Zipper: <i>The Man From Sono-Mama</i> (a review of <i>Mountain Tasting: Zen Haiku by Santōka Taneda</i> , translated by John Stevens)	38
Marlene Wills and Hiroaki Sato: <i>Outside the Window</i>	41
The View From The Past	45
HAIKU NEWS	46
HSA MEMBERSHIP UPDATE	48

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Design Consultant: Rewat Puabunditkul

Fever

Fever
on the uncovered table
nail parings fall

North light
the soup drips
from the back of the spoon

Edge of the moon
under the dripping faucet
porcelain worn through

Each shimmering light
a bat skitters near
fragrant dusk

The fever broken,
I mention the potted cactus
for its growth

(Stephen Gould)

one cricket sound and silence lighting the autumn garden

a black cat's eyes on us watching the silence in reeds and water

fluttering in and out of silent harp strings the red-winged moth

white clouds above a white cloud above the snow peak

suddenly all the dogs howling into the earthquake aftershock

(Elizabeth Searle Lamb)

bee quivering
in the throat
of my morning-glory

dotting the elm
two redwings
color day

Easter vigil:
all the kitchen stone tile
counted in both soles

the young man's splendor
all space and all time
to stretch his legs in

bottom
of the cup
my eyes

(Mary Thomas Eulberg)

cloister (new york)

a font
watersound echoes
the chant

a unicorn
escapes
in the tapestry

gothic window
patches
the dark

the quadrangle
one autumn crocus

medieval birdcage
its shadow
geometric

(Proxade Davis)

(The second poem in the sequence appeared originally in *Modern Haiku*, Vol. X No. 1.)

the white head
in plum petals
loses itself

still brother
I give your mouth organ
to the pine wind

from her charcoal fire
chestnut woman and junkie
sharing light

the fly rocks
in the spider's hammock
wide awake

birds scuffling
the icy roof
of the glass cutter

(Raymond Roseliep)

Trying to escape
from a shadow at my heels
finding it is my own

On my finger
a ladybug
I brush it gently

Kicking pine needles
picking up the cones
tomorrow a wreath

Snowy egrets
vie with white fluffy ones
the oneness

Farther and farther
until I see
only horizon . . .

(Marion J. Richardson)

Above the gravestone
butterfly's slow flight
on a leaf

alone
at the window
goldfish's
magnified stare

On the chest
of petroglyph warrior
pine needles

winter morning —
the tree swing
hanging from what?

snow drops
around
the private property sign
demonstrating

(Charlotte A. Jacob-Hanson)

the rosebud —
deep red
under the frost

by the window
watching for you:
first spring thunder

candle flickers —
you pass
the bed

morning:
cicada shell
on the screen

(Phyllis S. Prestia)

spring sequence

potential-folded
unknowing unknown
petal-abandoned it falls

no sun moon stars where the seed sits
knowing no time at the right time it stirs

upward sending roots down
warm not warm alone not alone oblivious of stone
knowing no time at the right time it breaks ground

silent growth
 centered in warmth
 circled by snow

 it begins where it began
 still not knowing
 not needing to know

(Lilli Tanzer)

(The fourth sequence originally appeared in Frogpond 1:4. The fifth alludes to a sequence in a linked poem in Frogpond 4:1.)

“Blazing Tideflats”:
a solo renga by Cor van den Heuvel

blazing tideflats —
the clam’s
darkness

a dolphin leaps over
the wake of the boat

in the picture book
a pop-up figure of a cowboy
stands with a bent carbine

the christmas tree lights
reflected in the toy dog’s eye

on the windowsill
the drifted snow is marked
with bird tracks

walking around the deserted cabin
looking for a trail out

above the distant hills
the darkened sky grows darker —
the wink of a plane

alone in the waiting room,
my body waits for my mind

a masked doctor
pushes an empty wheelchair
along the corridor

the scream breaks into sobs —
all the lights shine in her face

the men look
at each other and smile —
“print it!”

the pigeons all rise at once
and disappear around the corner

in front of the bank —
wondering where the money
went

dipping with every ripple
a popsicle-stick in the gutter stream

hesitating a second at the top,
the roller-coaster hangs above the beach —
then thunders out of sight

the wave pulls back leaving
rolling pebbles in its wake

spring breeze for a thousand miles —
the wet tundra ripples and flutters
in the morning sunlight

the speckled eggs in the nest,
the speckled petals of the flower

standing up
from the blueberry bush —
the lake through the trees

wondering if anyone lives
in this forest wilderness

the sun goes out
on the raised paddle —
a chill wind comes off the mountain

the Indians would make offerings
to the spirit of the falls

putting down the book
on Champlain's explorations
to look at the water in the glass

the candles glow softly —
blackout in New York City

moonlight —
a great liner, all lit up,
heads out to sea

THE LAWS OF BUDDHISM DO NOT APPLY
TO THE HOTOTOGISU

by Wayne Westlake

waiting
for piss sound
the smell of rain

turned away
at the whorehouse
spring wind

“bamboo shoot
why do I want to
kill you?”

eye
to eye
with a trembling gecko

sunny day
me and the rest of
this ugly world

muggy day
cutting the heat
with my chin

“make you a deal
mr. fly
leave now or die!”

nobody minds
our japanese neighbor's
wind chimes

purple dew
on a purple plumeria
I feel faint

trying to ignore it
the green moss
between his toes

a skinned chicken
or a bloated pig
the cloud up there

january first
same old face
on the moon

“so now they
walk around with
watches on their wrists”

why fight
a dying
tv set?

silence
enough to burn
out ears

twin
stars
in the Queen's Bath

one match
lit for no reason
blown out

new years eve
sweetbread
for the ants

so
much paper
I waste

full moon
suspended in space
her dead face

silence
the whole
room

autumn moon
a toothless hag doing
something obscene

ashes
in an ashtray
blown away

bad days
better than bad
nights

comatose
except for the
hototogisu

one long sigh
another long sigh
another one

mother's day
dreams of
strangling her

tears
more tears
more

few coins
a man
without legs

her love
her hate
a rusty axe

stiff wind
rattles windows
and bones

her name
over
and over

dead kiss
another one
another one

delirium tremens
sidewalk ghosts in coats
and ties

the laws of Buddhism
do not apply
to the hototogisu

AN AMERICAN HAIKU NOVEL by Richard Witherspoon

Book I

yr eye color a noon spring storm tonight me lightning thunder oh
not to worry said into a wind going God knows where backwards
love without pain children oft' mistake the act water without rain
grown t'ward me like these grasses the sun with no more thinking than that
more where all this comes from cheek on back sap on hands first grass shoots
come over my garden wall anytime y'want plum flower
third month Rome was not built in a day nor Carthage destroyed in an hour
grieve for 3 days no for 2 days 1 no not a minute longer
y'want to come back don't like it out there anymore strays can't fall in love
talking to myself without moving my lips yr hair mist on my face
those lovers and they who let themselves be loved no no nothing t'regret
heart ever faithful this bed empty as before that other shoe dropped
fifth month rains this year flood tides high winds broken dams washed all bridges out
in hair I haven't bats there aren't brush them away look everywhere
knew less than enough putting it in too high up sweat summer is near

disappointed that a pot's not a pan but then neither is night day
 blood throat pulse teeth so close breaths batting cat paws soft words double lips
 when the blue of the night meets the gold of the day *je suis disparu*
 in spite of everything because of nothing dawn is early leave me
 springs so much eternal moldy bread waiting yr return
 misty moons pulling tides in their trains beware us Greeks bearing gifts

Book II

spread cloth India at our feet ants guests too
 like eating a peach the spit on yr lips after a kiss greedy licks
 picking flowers dawn's *TIMES* bright wine
 country roads crows flying cars colliding what a picnic
 love like I was pouring gasoline on ants then firing them
 mayflies on dance moths on flames dogs on days fields on rain
 green and blue coat jet eyes in noon sun a fly shit on my tongue from lies

frogs every which way mud t'pad t'log t'stone yes no maybe so
waterlilies drown broken-bottomed boats don't float so too in love
summer solstice canoe through river swifts children on a beach
riding head back mouth agape sea swells moving shooting loins
afternoon downpour knocked down and out in eight counts yr head on my chest
can take a big bucket to a shallow lake but so many times
men with wooden legs can't be taken motorcycling
cut roses fade so soon in an afternoon summer sunlight
gone home I for green glaze 'ranged more roses yr lip color thanks
only the chairs with y'gone and they miss y'too from their corner
not like other times thrice daily garment changes
pants tenting in front forearm hairs erect in the car elbows touching
me behind these Foster Grants J.

le soleil est mon amant toi

Book III

tonight's milky way's an *autobahn* come let's on down its road
mist fantasies indulged in rocks

one pillow no sheet insect voices in the night t'gether at last
 asleep on my arm morning glories in yr hair stars pearls thrown t'swine
 even as I looked only you stood in the room everyone else smoke
 wet matches unstruck dead flint lies untouched
 contact sports over all the world's winds point to it maples turned outside
 nights not half too long no
 cool winds who steps in the same water twice steps in stale ponds herons south
sacre bleu right on my big toe from my eyes these scales have dropped *regarde*
 moons come and go a prediction's test's the future a tree knows its fruit
 a wall falls the next's higher the moon
 seeing all you me double rubbing pepper pods two-headed four-eyed
 dew's around longer easier not to stick around *en voiture en voiture*
 slitty eye'd purple ear'd stiff necked digit pointing lip curling scarecrow
 how noble how fine how absolutely divine to drink so much blood
 skulls in arms embrace death-heads of eternal light *memento mori*
 haste from the devil Egyptians say nine out of ten slowness from God
 new leaves into old haiku after haiku flown autumn rains then snow

Book IV

lakes all frozen snow take my tongue down yr throat make the water flow
I make y' happy y' can't make me happy fuck these mornings so cold
be stone cold ground dead putting off long enough hot water bottle y'
stuck north cold with the stone of me in yr craw light birds only fly south
 only good times y' want sleeping so close I've yr cough
tenth month winds drying valleys of tears picking up sweat on their way south
 places in the sun negotiating for them machine gun rattles
heart covering heart enough so many blankets after on the floor
 coats thrown open scarves gloves aside dessert teeth bumping
where'd it go jackass all that patience lost deadend then too what again
cold hearths quick heated crack *sic transit gloria* laughter after tears
what good life jackets in winter seas of slow boats kings for a day fools
 winter key on the other side of the lock
still going away puppet masters calling all the shots poles apart
walking out of a toy store boys with too little money turn and stare
 ball's over all the champagne drunk corsage roses crushed

Book V

always another bus but
 up for air first night in deep as I get if I strike oil let me know
 dressing in mirrors first dream twice so I'd love no matter who we'd be
 and in front of y'father too bravo for the kiss among the pines
 valium y'all yeah time release valium y'all yeah time re-
 stand up dinner what elaboration date books nights before
 no not anything's back to where it was before no no not at all
 battledore how to walk through a door a couple problemed shuttlecock
 new calendar key in the lock turned
 year's first day forgive myself move on let this happen again

TRANSLATING HOKKU AND HAIKU by Hiroaki Sato

In translating hokku and haiku I try, as with literature in any other form, to remain as faithful to the original as I can. In content, this means I try not to add or change words. The temptation to add words is considerable. The nature and the brevity of the form make many pieces allusive, cryptographic, and elliptic. The extent of the difficulty may be guessed from the fact that Buson (1716-1783), for one, already found most hokku by Kikaku (1661-1707), active less than a century earlier, "incomprehensible." Also, much of the subject matter of this genre seems culturally too limited to be transferred to another language without explication, although, here, the problem may be less cultural than literary: after all, many seasonal and other references in classical hokku are lost to the modern Japanese reader. I think both the intrinsic and cultural difficulties are more imagined than real. When they exist, however, they should be explained in the note, not in the translation. Adding words in translation strikes me as a fallacy, even where the poet's own explanation makes it justifiable.

The temptation to change words is no less great. Even though haikai no renga revolutionized poetic diction, much of haikai diction was standardized, as is typically seen in *kigo*, season words. Standardized diction is also common, if to a lesser degree, in modern haiku, especially those that follow orthodox approaches. So, someone who decides to work on a substantial number of hokku or haiku, rather than a randomly picked few, must also decide whether or not to translate the same word or phrase the same way all the time. Bashō, for example, wrote at least fifteen hokku on *meigetsu*, the moon that appears on the fifteenth of the eighth month and a popular season word for autumn. Outside season words, Bashō used, for example, the more or less abstract word *koe*, "voice," to describe the quacking of ducks (*umi kurete kamo no koe honokani shiroshi*), chirping of cicadas (*shizukasa ya iwa ni shimiiru semi no koe*), and guokking of a night heron (*inazuma ya yami no kata yuku goi no koe*), among others. Should one stick to the word one has chosen for the same word? I think I should, although I often fail.

In form, faithfulness to the original means two things to me: that on the average my translations must come to about seventy percent of the original poems in syllabic count, or twelve syllables in the case of those written in the orthodox 5-7-5 syllable form; and that I translate poems of this genre into one line, except where the lineation is specified by the poet. The former, the quantitative point, is something I found while translating a variety of material into English and have since used as a loose yardstick. My yardstick is indirectly supported by an observation made by the committee set up by the Haiku Society of America to define haiku terminology: that more writers in English were, by 1970, writing haiku consisting of fewer than seventeen syllables. The committee's observation suggests that haiku writers in English came to feel what is perceived to be haiku-esque should be expressed in less than seventeen syllables in English. To put it differently, to impose in translation a 5-7-5 syllable pattern or a form that approximates it on orthodox hokku and haiku may dilute and render ineffectual what is haiku-esque.

The latter point, lineation, may require some historical explanation. Before the middle of the nineteenth century, when modern printing techniques began to be used in Japan, hokku and senryu, despite their syllabic patterns of 5-7-5, were printed in one line, although they were broken up in various lines when they were written on *tanzaku* (oblong poem cards), *shikishi* (more or less square poem cards), fans, as part of a *haiga* (haiku painting), or for other esthetic presentations. The practice of printing 17-syllable pieces in one line was directly inherited when they began to be typeset. If that still were the sole practice, translating hokku, senryū, and haiku in three lines might be justified if only because of their distinct syllabic patterns. But a few things have happened since the days of Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902), who is considered the first modern haiku poet. They are the development of *jiyū-ritsu* or "free rhythm" haiku that ignore syllabic counts; the related development of *tanshi*, "short poems," and *tanshō*, "short pieces," both of which may best be described as one-line poems; and the appearance of haiku poets who use punctuation, space, and lineation.

One way of understanding these phenomena is to describe the history of modern haiku in a conventional way. Shiki, who gave currency to the term “haiku,” is considered the first modern haiku poet because of his advocacy of faithfulness to what is observed, though he stuck to the 5-7-5 syllable form. Here are some of his haiku:

nanohana ya patto akaruki machi hazure

Rape flowers, in a flash, brighten the edge of the town

waka-ayu no futate ni narite agarikeri

Young sweetfish, turning into two groups, go upstream

kaki kueba kane ga narunari Hōryū-ji

I eat a persimmon, and the bell rings at the Hōryū-ji

yūkaze ya shiro bara no hana mina ugoku

In the evening wind blooming white roses all stir

keitō no jūshigo hon mo arinu beshi

Cocks-combs — there’s got to be fourteen or fifteen of them

Shiki regarded as outstanding two men among those who studied with him: Kawahigashi Hekigodō (1873-1937), who was “cool as water,” and Takahama Kyoshi (1874-1959), who looked to him “as hot as fire.” Shiki was uncannily right in his estimate; the two men sooner or later became the heads of two opposing branches of haiku philosophy.

Hekigodō inherited from Shiki the editorship of the haiku column of a newspaper, *Nippon* (Japan), and while stressing with vigor Shiki’s ideal of faithfulness to what is observed, restlessly pursued newness. He welcomed experiment, abandoned syllabic counts, began to call his pieces “poems,” and in the end “retired” from the haiku world. Some of his pieces after he dropped the 5-7-5 syllable form:

kumo no mine inaho no hashiri (12 syllables)

peaks of clouds the ears of rice stalks run

Enoshima modori ga fukimakuru samusa ni natte shimaheri
(24 syllables)

the returner from Enoshima has turned into the swirling cold

sutōbu ni yori mono iwane domo ware wa oya nari

(21 syllables)

leaning to a stove and saying nothing but I am your parent

Paris

metoro ni agatta yoru no kaze no ha no oto ni naruru

(22 syllables)

coming up the Metro the night wind the sound of leaves I've
become used to

Among those who were sympathetic to Hekigodō's causes, Ogiwara Seisensui (1884-1976) was a few years ahead of him in writing haiku that are not based on seventeen syllables, and went a step further by discarding kigo. For the rest of his long life Seisensui did not swerve from the principles he acquired. It was through his effort and the magazine he began in 1911, *Sōun* (Strati), that two names in that direction came to be known: Ozaki Hōsai (1885-1926), who is, in my opinion, the best modern haiku poet, and Taneda Santōka (1882-1940), who became immensely popular in Japan during the past decade. Seisensui was also the first to attempt lineation in print. In 1914 he included the following two-line haiku in the first selection from *Soun*:

chikara ippai ni naku ko to

naku tori to no asa (12 + 8 = 20 syllables)

With all their might a child cries

and a rooster calls this morning

wazuka no hana ga chirikereba

ume wa sōmi ni megumini (12 + 11 = 23 syllables)

The few blossoms having scattered,

the plum has budded all over its body

aozora ni tobitaki fūsen o

shika to motsu sena no ko yo (14 + 10 = 24 syllables)

Into the blue sky the balloon wants to fly up,
you hold it tight on my back, child

It is said that Seisensui began writing haiku in two lines under the influence of the couplets by Goethe and Schiller and in the belief that a haiku consists of two parts with a pause between them. But he did not lineate many haiku or for long, and when he included the two-line haiku in his first collection in 1920, he put them into one line.

True haiku lineators, ironically, came out of the formalist wing of Shiki's tradition, led by his other protege, Kyoshi. When Shiki died and Hekigodō became the haiku editor of the *Nippon*, Kyoshi became the *de facto* proprietor of the haiku magazine begun in 1897, *Hototogisu* (Cuckoo). But for the next ten years he concentrated on prose, causing an alarming drop in the number of subscribers to the magazine and its influence. In the 1910's he decided to go back to haiku. His 1912 remark has since become famous: "What I understand as haiku is a kind of classical literature . . . Classical literature means a special literature that has been under certain restrictions from the days of old . . . What are the restrictions of haiku? To mention a couple of major ones, they are preference for kigo, the limit on the syllabic number to seventeen, and poetic tone."

Kyoshi's remark was intended to counter the influence of Hekigodō and his sympathizers, but its timing coincided with the period when the latter group began to fragment. Kyoshi's grip on the haiku world thereafter is usually described as "dictatorial." Nevertheless, there were inevitable "actions and reactions" among his ranks. One important reaction occurred in 1931 when Mizuhara Shūōshi (born 1892), a prominent contributor to the *Hototogisu*, broke away and began his own magazine. Shūōshi's move was in protest to Kyoshi's growing stress on objective faithfulness to nature, and it touched off a movement soon to be known as *shinkō haiku*, which may be freely translated "new wave haiku." It was in that movement, eventually, that Tomizawa Akio (1902-1962) came to write haiku using space or a dash to indicate a pause in a line of haiku. Such as:

enrai ya yugami ni utsuru uo no kao (17 syllables)
far-off rumble mirrored in a distortion a fish's face

ama no kawa futo kyōon no tsumazukinu (17
syllables)

River of Heaven abruptly a footfall stumbles

ryuboku—keijijōteki na—kuroi kyori (17 syllables)

driftwood—metaphysical—black distance

And a man fascinated by Akio, Takayanagi Shigenobu (born 1923), became the first important haiku lineator. The number of lines he uses ranges from one to fifteen, the number of syllables often exceeding seventeen. As may be expected from such an approach, Shigenobu also uses an array of typographical devices: variegated indentation; alignment at the bottom, which is comparable to alignment at right in English; space between lines, which appears to be a stanzaic break at times; parentheses; dots. Typeface variation may be the only thing he has not used. Here are some of his haiku:

mi so sorasu niji no

zettei

shokeidai (17 syllables)

body arched rainbow's
pinnacle

the gallows

fune yakisuteshi

senchō wa

oyogu kana (17 syllables)

having burned his ship
the captain

is swimming yes

tsui ni

tanima ni

miidasaretaru

momoiro hanabi (21 syllables)

finally

in the valley
it has been found
pink firework

sanmyaku no

hida ni

ki

ki

su

mi

umo

re

ru

mimi

ra

(19 syllables)

to the mountain range's
folds
listen-
ing
lim-
pidly
those
bur-
ied
ear
s

As Shigenobu himself has pointed out, haiku lineators are a minority; there is, evidently, a strong pull to one-line form. (The same is true of 5-7-5-7-7 syllable tanka.) Still, the existence of lineated pieces and the sentiment shared by the majority that one line is the standard seem to justify following the lineation of the original in print.

The question, I suspect, is largely academic, especially when, in translation, attempts to be faithful to the original line-breaks are about as popular as attempts to rhyme and when a good number of people cast their translations in as modernist a mode as possible. In the end, my approach is only one of many. Even so, I feel those who routinely translate hokku and orthodox haiku in three lines will, and should, pause when they face modern haiku not written in syllabic patterns, or the ones that are broken up into lines.

HSA SAMPLER

An ongoing selection from work being done by members of the Haiku Society of America.

noon snow
after eating
fish breath

spent
with peony falling
two days

Zolo

Oaks and beeches bare —
the path leaf-covered
in sun.

Herta Rosenblatt

From noon-hot terraces,
Along this coastal mall
Fanning jasmines...

Jane Andrews

Grasshopper lands on
green blade of grass —
dew drops shatter.

Roy Oswald

All over the valley:
Restless wind-climbing smoke:
Light winter rain.

Sunset flows by —
Fishermen on the bank squint
Out of fish scale eyes.

David E. LeCount

spire
entering mist
fills the sky

Geoffrey O'Brien

a grey gull mooring
on the wind , a grey wind
mooring on the sea

a brush of scarlet
on winter grey... abandoned
berries on the ash

anne mckay

walking with open book
bare-tree shadows
flash across the pages

James Chessing

Cool, windy day;
Across a field of daffodils
Some robins scatter...

Barbara McCoy

This morning
The wind wheels a leaf
Across the lawn

Francis L. Scott

Nothing moves out there
except the heat waves bouncing
on the lizard tracks.

Moving on the board,
Leaving part of itself there —
The chalk shrieks.

Margaret Garrelts

In a fish window —
Monsters! the children exclaim.
Green lobsters writhing.

Sydell Rosenberg

a tiny black gnat
insists on being entered
in the notebook

L. A. Davidson

On the stereo
A potted azalea
A forest of pollen stalks

Gregory Suarez

the moon overhead,
all around the city sounds...
the moon overhead

William Oandasan

Only the gull's rump
above the trash bin,
fading beach sunset

Roberta Stewart

The step from the walk
to the driveway getting
higher and higher.

Eloise Koelling

The turning world —
The snowflake melting
on my sleeve.

Tom Smith

Mountains on the sea
fish rise up to swim
in your reflection

Kay Langdon

in summer dusk
the scratch of an old record —
“jealous heart”

Frank K. Robinson

the wind —
the kite — the child's voice —
falling, falling

Scott L. Montgomery

THE MAN FROM SONO-MAMA

He can be as lean as a drip of water at 3 a.m. . . . “Cold / Clouds / Hurrying.” (js320) and it’s my guess that old “Firehead” will be around about as long as water . . . emerging over the years as one of the giant forces of 20th Century haiku.

Mr. Ueda omits him from his 1976 *Modern Japanese Haiku* anthology.

He’s noticeably missing from Watson and Sato’s mammoth, if not Homeric, 1981 *From the Country of Eight Islands*.

According to at least one current art magazine in Japan, he is held in high esteem among the elite of art and literary quarters in that country but is still overlooked there by the lay reader and the rising middle class.

R. H. Blyth seems somewhat undecided just why he devotes an entire chapter to this “beggar poet” in his 1964 *History of Haiku*, vol. II.

In 1980 a 34 year old expatriate from Chicago (who himself became a Soto Zen priest in Japan in his late twenties) translates nearly half of this Zen poet’s haiku for the English reader . . . His first entry: “No path but this one / I walk alone.” (js1).

The poet is Santōka (“Burning Mountain Peak”) Taneda of Sabare, Japan (1882-1940), idiosyncratic, anarchistic, a bowl-beggar and prone to peregrination and sake. Meandering some 28,000 miles from shrine to shrine in his native land, he developed a keen ability to isolate the commonplace and usually distilled it to its least common denominator in his unique style of haiku. He sought to become “one” with his haiku (no Gestalt duplicity here). A certain personal warmth exudes from his writing . . . a quality not always present, or at least projected, in the work of haiku poets on either side of the Pacific. His free form haiku was frequently published in Seisensui’s rattling *SŌUN* about the time that Kandinsky shakes up the visual world in the West.

The volume is *Mountain Tasting*, Weatherhill, N.Y., and it is quite likely that John Stevens' translations are inordinately faithful to Santōka's unfettered simplicity. If this second book of his for Weatherhill on Japanese poets is any indication of what's to come from him, Mr. Stevens has all the earmarks of an exceptional translator in the making and Weatherhill should seriously consider a *cloth* volume of Santōka's "800" with this translator extending the introduction. (After all, Santōka's complete works in 7 vols. was published in Tokyo a decade ago.)

The print, the layout on off white paper is excellent. I do want to grouse a bit about the tasteless cover. It reminds me somewhat of NBC's recent struggle to reduce their 3 letter logo to just one letter . . . "N". Even Chikaki's 1933 photograph of Santōka's backside would have been more appropriate for this book jacket. Be that as it may, Weatherhill has successfully combined in Santōka and Stevens an East/West team of high calibre who collectively bring to the English reader, for the first time, important work of a modern master of the transparent thusness. For me, a Santōka haiku is as pure as Takemitsu's "Watermusic".

In the translator's 20 page introduction, he lists the poet's precepts, vows and joys from Santōka's own journal. The poet notes them as guides for his daily living. In a stunning footnote (js358) near the conclusion of *Mountain Tasting* the reader suddenly finds that Santōka can not always follow these worthy principles. Indeed, a maverick to the end of his life. Below are Santōka's 9 precepts, vows and joys. I have inserted after each entry a hopefully appropriate Santōka haiku from *Mountain Tasting*.

My Three Precepts

DO NOT WASTE ANYTHING.

The warmth of the food / Passes from hand to hand. (js300)

DO NOT GET ANGRY.

Slapping at the flies, / Slapping at the mosquitoes, / Slapping at myself. (js351)

DO NOT COMPLAIN.

From the child's full hands / I receive each grain of rice, / One by one.
(js291)

My Three Vows

DO NOT ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Searching for what? / I walk in the wind. (js350)

DO NOT FEEL REGRET FOR THE PAST.

No money, no things, / No teeth — / All alone. (js362)

DO NOT BERATE ONESELF.

Gradually I take on the vices / Of my dead father. (js236)

My Three Joys

STUDY.

I've rice, / Books, / And tobacco. (js308)

CONTEMPLATION.

Thinking of nothing, / I walk among / A forest of withered trees.
(js344)

HAIKU.

At last! The moon and I / Arrive in Tokyo. (js145)

(Arizona Zipper)

“Outside the Window”:

Linked poem by Marlene Wills and Hiroaki Sato

Tennessee and New York

October 1980 — May 1981

Outside the window a shower of leaves: longing from the past *Sato*

all i have old who once wore these jeans *Wills*

mother who mended my shirts, now a pot of ashes *Sato*

second joint passed around frost still frost *Wills*

before becoming steady I must become unsteady *Sato*

“form is form and emptiness is emptiness” *Wills*

- autumn evening after splitting wood his wedge *Wills*
- divorce agreed upon, the house still shared *Sato*
- cold rain loose change collecting in a hidden mason jar *Wills*
- childhood dream fondly remembered *Sato*
- calling her son forest unmarried woman in the woods *Wills*
- she, and that one passionate night *Sato*
- his path to the bathroom to the juke box *Wills*
- eyes glazed, still trying to entertain *Sato*
- 'life hard' not zen not haiku she says to blinding snow *Wills*
- the sparrows are all at someone else's feeder *Sato*
- you patted me as i made pâté alone tonight the oysters *Wills*
- doing to her what she did to me *Sato*

late night farewell kisses: disparate thoughts *Sato*

nothing kinky she warns the new lover *Wills*

smell of garlicky myssels, called crow clams in Japan *Sato*

kochi's black rocks i was so young at thirty *Wills*

here you ran away to him after briefly succumbing *Sato*

love is bigger than sin states the pope *Wills*

the egg has feathers the chicken three legs *Sato*

how many zen monks to screw in a light bulb *Wills*

they walk around the hall after trying not to think *Sato*

cigarettes quitting almost *Wills*

the way they smoke in this office, I've developed an allergy *Sato*

friday night too tired to delight in it *Wills*

embraces of konarak “. . . nothing as within and nothing as without”

Wills

“my barbarian organ” says the note

Sato

tho instructions with the new diaphragm are in plain English

Wills

you were clear, but I couldn't understand

Sato

what i hold onto in these times *tsuki* and *yama*

Wills

THE VIEW FROM THE PAST

“It would be absurd to put forward any serious claim on behalf of Haikai to an important position in literature. Yet, granted the form, it is difficult to see how more could be made of it than Basho has done. It is not only the metre which distinguishes these tiny effusions from prose. There is in them a perfection of apt phrase, which often enshrines minute but genuine pearls of true sentiment or pretty fancy. Specks even of wisdom and piety may sometimes be discerned upon close scrutiny . . . But *brevis esse laborat, obscurus fit*. A very large proportion of Basho’s Haikai are so obscurely allusive as to transcend the comprehension of the uninitiated foreigner.”

— W. G. Aston, *A History of Japanese Literature* (1899)

“The only change observable in poetry was the appearance of the *hakkai*, a species of verse even more brief than the *tanka* . . . The *hakkai* is a polished diamond of few facets. Basho was an artist who amused himself with this form of composition during his prolonged country rambles. There may be some who regard the *hakkai* as too restricted in compass to pass for literature; but a cameo may be quite as much a revelation of art as a full-sized statue; nor does the beauty of a blossom depend on its size. For the purposes of epigram the *hakkai* is unequalled as a mode of expression.”

— J. Ingram Bryan, *The Literature of Japan* (1929)

Haiku News

A memorial service for Frances Drivas was held Sunday, March 8, at Holy Cross Greek Orthodox Church, Baybridge, following her death in late January 1981. According to her wishes, the body was cremated, and the ashes will be dispersed over the Narrows.

Miss Drivas was secretary of the Haiku Society of America in 1972 and 1973, and treasurer in 1976. During her years of faithful service and attendance, she contributed very sensitive and perceptive haiku to the meetings, and often recorded moments of the waters off lower Manhattan as seen from her office.

— *L. A. Davidson*

The March meeting of the HSA at Japan House was attended by Sydell Rosenberg, Randy and Mary Jane Grandinetti Rader, Marion J. Richardson, Proxade Davis, James Patton, Mildred Fineberg, Lilli Tanzer, Cor van den Heuvel, L. A. Davidson, Geoffrey O'Brien, and Hiroaki Sato. Pres. Sato gave a talk on "Translating Hokku and Haiku" which is printed in this issue. Afterwards there was some animated discussion of members' haiku.

Brussels Sprout (11 Hillcrest Road, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046), edited by Alexis Rotella, accepts haiku, senryu and tanka. They are also gathering same for a one-time anthology of butterflies, moths and caterpillars.

Wind Chimes, a new magazine devoted to haiku and related poetry, is in preparation. Poems and short articles are being considered. Write to: Hal Roth, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, Md. 21061.

Beginning with Vol. II No. 2, *The Alchemist* (Box 123, LaSalle, Quebec, Canada H8R 3T7) will publish a section of haiku in each issue.

Raymond Roseliep's newest collection, *Listen to Light*, was published in January by Alembic Press (1744 Slaterville Road, Ithaca, New York 14850).

Notice To Readers:

The editor of *Frogpond* will be away from New York City during the period July-August 1981. During that period any urgent correspondence of an editorial nature should be addressed to: Hiroaki Sato, 326 West 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011.

HSA MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

Renewals:

Michael F. Barrett, Etan Ben-Ami, Brown University Library, Bernard Einbond, Alan Gettis, L. F. Gronich, Alice Halliday, Gary Hotham, Marshall Hryciuk, Yasko Karaki, Bruce Kennedy, Adele Kenny, Dorita Kerner, Ruth Latta, E. C. Lucas, Alfred Marks, Kay Titus Mormino, Edna Mae Nauman, William Oandasan, Josephine Pagano, M. P. Patterson, Jess Perlman, Margaret K. Porazzi, Fenella Rothe, Francis L. Scott, Myra Scovell, Rekha Shah, Miriam Sinclair, Selma Stefanile, Roberta Stewart, Anna Vakar, Kenneth O. Waterman, Paul O. Williams, Leon M. Zolbrod.

New Members

James Chessing: 1108 Union St., Schenectady, N.Y. 12308.
George Mosely: 212 Beaverkill Rd., R.R.3, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.
Tom Smith: Box 223, Castleton, VT, 05735.
Gregory Suarez: 117 Rutland Rd., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225.
Patricia M. Lau: 6122 North Kenmore (Apt. 3W), Chicago, IL 60660.
Chris Spindel: 3985 So. Galloway Drive, Memphis, TN 38111
Scott L. Montgomery: 46 Mountfort St., Boston, MA 02215.

Changes of Address

Foster Jewell: 5904 Sherman St., Downers Grove, IL 60516.
James Kirkup: Tenjin Haitsu 2-502, 1-13 Hachijogaoka, Nagaokakyo-shi, Kyoto-fu 617, Japan.
William Oandasan: 440 N. Austin Blvd. (2A), Oak Park, IL 60302.
M. P. Patterson: Red Bug (Apt. 34), Casselberry, FL 32707.
John Stevens: Mukaiyama 4-7-8, Sendai 982, Japan.
Charlotte A. Jacob-Hanson: Schloss Strasse 45, D-5300 Bonn 1, West Germany.
Ruth Eshbaugh: 1902 S.W. Argosy St., Palm Bay, Fla. 32905.
Frank Leith Jones: 8115 Winter Blue Court, Springfield, VA 22153.
OUTCH: 2-19-30, Fujimoto, Kokubunji-Shi, Tokyo, Japan 185.

