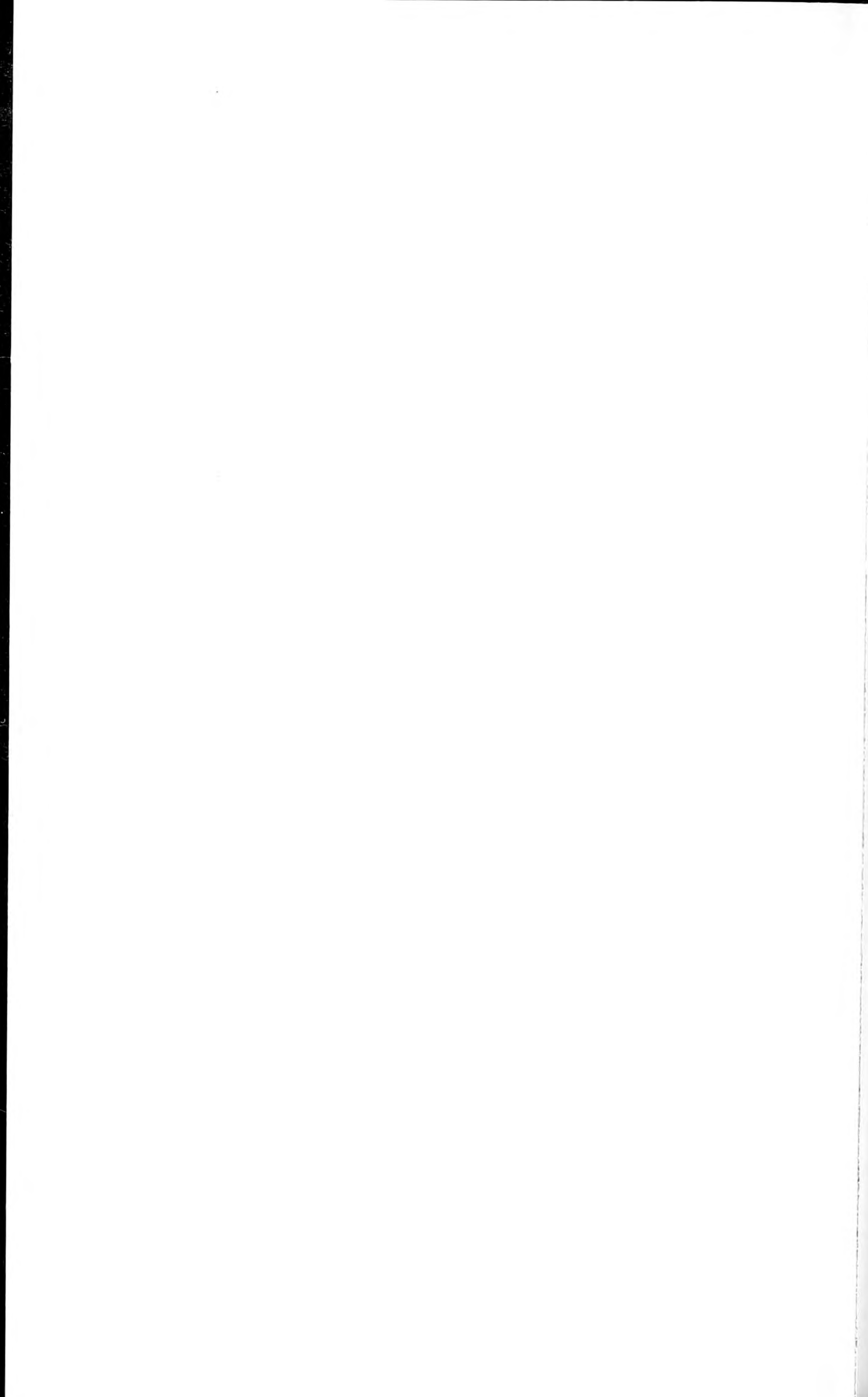


# frogpond



Volume V      Number 1

Published by The Haiku Society of America



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# frogpond

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## EDITOR'S NOTE:

Meetings! As most readers are probably aware, the editorship of FROGPOND changes with this issue. I would like to thank my predecessor, Coffrey O'Brien for his fine work on the magazine and his help in the production of this issue, and thank all of you for your letters of support and encouragement.

No change in editorial policy is planned. This means FROGPOND will continue to publish the best in contemporary haiku, haiku sequences, and linked verse; articles of a theoretical nature; translations; and etc. While most space is devoted to haiku, it is hoped FROGPOND can continue to develop as a forum for critical (and even controversial) discussion of various aspects of haiku.

Notice: The price of single copies of FROGPOND has been raised to \$4.

An appeal: Could anyone with access to cheap, or free, typesetting please contact the editor. The previous editor did the typesetting himself which cut costs in half. A similar savings is needed.

Best Wishes,

Bruce Kennedy

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS  
FOR FROGPOND, VOL. IV:

*Best of the Issue*

#1      hoping the shape  
          of the navel will be good  
          father cuts the cord  
*Tadashi Kondo*

#2  
one cricket                      sound and silence lighting the autumn garden  
*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

#3      hot rock by the stream  
          each of the baby's toeprints  
          evaporating  
*Ruth Yarrow*

#4      switching off the lights  
          switching off the shadows  
*Ruby Spriggs*

Each winner will be awarded \$25.

*Robert Spiess*

A gap  
where the eaves trough sags —  
spring's hazy moon

A dirt road...  
acres of potato plants  
white-flowered under the moon

Sonic boom  
the mouth of the bullfrog  
closes on his song

A single pace, —  
and the water closes round  
the heron's shank

A breeze on the stream —  
with much commotion  
carp are spawning by the reeds

Intensive care...  
dials  
fallen back to zero

relentless heat all day cicadas crying praise



*Barbara McCoy*

At the stoplight  
a trailer-load of hogs:  
August noonday sun.

The blind student  
keeps tapping out circles;  
Indian summer.

A few red tomatoes  
among the hard, green ones —  
falling leaves...

*Ruth Yarrow*

the baby's pee  
pulls roadside dust  
into rolling beads

mountaintop granite  
curving my belly  
and the warm wind

sunlight overflows  
the wicker bassinet —  
newborn in my arms

first chill gust —  
river maple leaves  
flash silver undersides

*Joseph Gustafson*

Warm night —  
bullfrogs bellow in  
a new season

Woods of white silence  
snowshoeing man following  
his own path back home

Dying  
from the top  
a small pine

cat paws  
leaving flowers  
in heavy snow

*Nick Virgilio*

empty meat market:  
an old sheet of fly paper  
holds a winter fly

what the bulldozer  
does the cattail and wild rice:  
where the old pond was

the darkened sick room:  
a buzzing fly in the heat  
beats on the window

New Year's morning:  
dropping another toy horn  
in the top drawer

dawn on the prairie:  
a hare has drawn the eagle  
down from its aerie

thrills on snowy hills  
zooming by crumbled tombstones:  
kids on Christmas sleds!



*William J. Higginson*

immersed in the haiku poet's biographies  
the rain has turned to snow

feeling the  
looking-up-darkness  
cliff face

beneath the rock  
the eddy, the eggs...  
fall roar

this December sun  
yellowing willows

from Etudes for Eastre, 1972

the drip

echoes  
unknown  
before

the cave

first snow fall  
going through stacks  
of old mail

traffic noise  
between the two small  
waterfalls

that sudden feeling  
as her plane leaves the ground

so quiet  
all the other rooms  
sound

sump pump  
sucking up  
the muck

this spring rain  
the thief too  
curses his job



*Paul O. Williams*

each twig and branch  
repeated in ice crystals —  
rime, Emerson says

doing the puzzle —  
outside, the intricate snow,  
piling, flake by flake

the towboat's searchlight  
flares off churned river ice —  
more sleet

raspberry thorns  
sheathed on the north side  
with rime crystals

*Alexis Kaye Rotella*

a garden snake  
slipping out of  
its knot

still  
childless:  
milkweed

Tornado warning:  
dominoes in their slender box  
with sliding lid

Encapsuled in the hickory nut      the scent of autumn wind

Just before the rain      a shower of hickory nuts

During surgery  
I looked down on a face,  
my own

Behind eye bandages  
I listen to her  
needlepoint

Light  
where the tumor  
was

echoing in the wine glass      a sigh

*Tony Suraci*

Honeymoon night —  
in the winter coldness  
a candle burns

The baby reddens  
as it loads its diaper —  
rose petals falling

Crescent moon —  
as the boy pisses into it  
the basin hums

Around the woodstove  
poets wait their turn to speak —  
baby gurgling

*Hal Roth*

dawn  
dead flies  
on the windowsill

alone  
a hole  
in my sock

her black negligee  
its left strap  
off the hanger

sparrow  
on the mailbox  
empty

*Penny Harter*

toothache  
all day long  
potato eyes

after the aria  
rain on the roof

rain begins  
the seat of the empty tricycle  
darkens

New Year's Eve —  
the hors d'oeuvres  
grow cold

*COLLABORATIVE HAIKU*

toilet water  
rises and falls —  
the winter wind

WJH & PH

an angry letter  
pausing  
to trim the cuticles

WJH & PH

spring rain  
the screen  
stinks

WJH & CHB

grey dawn  
ice on the seats  
of the rowboat

PH & WJH

CHB	Charles Harter Bihler
PH	Penny Harter
WJH	William J. Higginson

# LUMINOUS LIGHT: THE POEMS OF KAWABATA BOSHA

## Introduction and Ten Versions

By Allan Cooper

Kawabata Boshu was born in Tokyo on the 14th of August, 1900. His father — a painter and calligrapher as well as a poet — apparently encouraged him from an early age. Boshu's first haiku were published in the well-known Japanese magazine *Cuckoo* when he was still in his teens.

Boshu's spiritual life began early. He was drawn to Buddhism, and often visited temples alone for meditation. In 1923, he entered a Zen monastery in Kyoto. This study lasted several years, until 1931, when he developed caries of the spine. Although he spent the remaining ten years of his life largely confined to bed, his love for poetry did not diminish, and he continued to write haiku. He died in 1941.

I was first drawn to Boshu's work through the literal translations of his haiku in *Modern Japanese Haiku* by Makoto Ueda (University of Toronto Press, 1976). Mr. Ueda generously invites his readers to create their own versions from his translations. I found something akin beneath the surface of Boshu's haiku, and in the fall of 1977, set to the task of developing my own versions.

Two areas of Boshu's work struck me immediately: his love for small things, like Issa's before him; and his ability to create macrocosms through the microcosmic world of the haiku. At times he seems to look at things close up — a cobweb ablaze at dusk, for example — but when he looks closely, he sees in the cobweb "dusky mountains and rivers." When he looks into the beads around his neck, he sees the reflection of unfolding leaves. He sees another world *through* this world. Mr. Ueda has described Boshu's haiku as those of a ". . . Buddhist monk to whom this world is an imperfect image," but it is Boshu's ability to see the 'other world' through the imperfect image, and so clearly, that gives true light and resonance to his poems.

In these ten versions of Boshu I have followed Mr. Ueda's translations as closely as possible, although I have taken certain liberties. When a particular god such as the Bodhisattva of Wisdom is mentioned in a poem, I have read "god" or "gods." My purpose is simply to make the poem more accessible to the reader, who may be unfamiliar with specific gods in the Buddhist schema.



Other minor changes, although they do not substantially alter the meaning of the poems, are intended to appeal to the experience and imagination of the western reader. Otherwise, the light that radiates from the poems speaks for itself.

This snail is so poor,  
all he carries  
is a halo on his back.

A temple bell rings  
inside the fluid circle  
the water-strider makes on the surface

In this spider's web  
there are dusky  
mountains and rivers.

There are two monks, drunk  
on the porch. One pats  
the other on the head.

It's a cold night.  
I offer a candle  
to the gods.

In the beads around my neck  
leaves  
are unfolding.

For a moment  
I saw a god  
among the green onions.

After heavy rain.  
the water-strider  
gets his halo back.

My soul blossoms  
like a white flower...Now  
I feel better!

The drop of water  
on this stone  
becomes a pearl.

**WOODSMAN**

dawn  
his flute anticipated  
in the spruce

blueberry air  
touching it  
with the tongue

light  
lightens the light  
of limb

forest enough  
one  
leaf

## CITYSCAPE

sky of no song,  
the spaces  
between people

brazier of chestnuts:  
the vendor's  
arthritic dance

from the fire  
nothing salvaged  
but the fire

in his shoes tonight  
I go out to watch  
the sky he swore by

*Bob Boldman*

Pepper Tea

moth  
in the mouth  
of the madonna

glass blower  
blowing  
the sun up

opening my mouth for the mouth  
of the river

blue  
movies  
cloudy skies

pepper tea  
drinking  
a rain cloud

The Second Hand

hornets  
    motor  
a moment

legless —  
he listens  
to the long rain

    a pinch  
    of salt  
a day of rain

knats/  
    in the cat's/  
    cradle/

storm approaching  
the second hand  
on my watch

*Ruth Eshbaugh*

Winter Solstice

mums  
my sister sent  
black with frost

a swollen sun  
reddens  
the canal

water flowers  
mud roots  
our blood deeper than...

old wound  
wintered grass dances  
while i cry



sequence

the heat returning to mozart  
scrape of katydid legs  
rain your finger tips  
unfucking the week

sequence

speed trap just trying to get along just trying to get home  
a man yells at a man in a truck  
alone the onions eaten the dishes cleared away  
airport a big wave at the wrong kid  
the heat anything between two pieces of bread  
dulled by the art film  
premenstrual a deeper look into the night sky  
alldaytyping neck  
to have weeds to pull to unwind  
bach begun again  
rhythm of him mother's womb  
what is women's haiku  
the raped woman threatened

winter interior

make a kingdom of it, and level it  
•  
put water where the blue of its stones was  
•  
within the water a division is born  
•  
the shimmer confronts its mirror image  
•  
there is a stream of birds released into calligraphy  
•  
blue and blue and blue and red and blue  
•  
air moves without impulse and spreads  
•  
another wall starts to form out of the riverbank  
•  
always on the edge where wet meets dry  
•  
a person sits, a plank catches light  
•  
the history of history was written and then erased  
•  
woven into the length of her song  
•  
2 bright foci and a milky diffusion  
•  
the hand as it finds itself  
•  
pokes past its edges and loses them  
•  
the gulf receded into the gulf

## SA Sampler

*An on-going selection of work being done by members of the Haiku Society of America.*

January dawn —  
Smoke shadows curl around  
the wood pile

On this dogwood  
by the window — not a leaf  
nor snowflake on it.

*Carol Thomas*

Orphaned child  
checking  
Chavichovsky's storm

*Sr. Mary Thomas Eulberg*

On the cragtip  
the white, dawnlit briar  
files

*Jane Andrew*

after the strong gale  
among the hilltop thicket  
crows' restless cries.

*Ryosuke Suzuki*

DIRE DESERT WINDS FLEE  
STEALING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT —  
EXCEPT MEMORIES

DESERT'S DRY DRIFTWOOD  
IN THIS WHITTLES' CRAFTY HAND —  
NOW DAYDREAMS AGAIN

*Lew Gronich*

The wind has stopped  
at the frosted window  
a sparrow.

*Herta Rosenblatt*

tea ceremony  
a blossoming lotus fills  
the emptiness

*Proxade Davis*

carelessly  
brushing away a fly  
into a cobweb

*Peggy Heinrich*

backyard  
laid in her unmade bed  
eyeless doll staring

*Sol Markoff*

gnat floats in the glass of gin      the heat

gtailed  
bends over naked  
the moon

*Marlene Wills*

quabbling inside  
outside flags from all nations  
rippling together

*Marion J. Richardson*

new years parade  
gent teeth and  
snowy mountains

*Scott L. Montgomery*

log with bette davis eyes

*Jerry Kilbride*

train whistles  
a mile apart pulling  
together

the egg man whistles  
"The Swapping Song"  
at the widow's door

*Frederick Gasser*

putting the hose away: pumpkins  
scattered through ruined tomato vines

*Richard Ellis Tice*

horses at the gate  
crowd tipped forward  
a crash of thunder

*Lois V. McCarthy*

Gathering sour grass,  
upstream a beaver's head  
ripples the water

Lowering the coffin,  
above the chalk hills:  
geese flying south

*Roberta Stewart*

ill Winter rain:  
ound my Japanese tea cup  
barren' design

*W. Elliot Greig*

crystal in  
e down spout  
rain's rhythm in me

*Ruth Eshbaugh*

LOWBOUND  
RAPEVINE TENDRILS  
AIT

*Eileen Wolf*

gle's mate reflected  
the eagle's eye: shale falling  
om the cliff.

the clouds  
touching  
and yoke  
oxen  
hill

*Virginia Brady Young*

## JOHN WILLS AND ONE-LINE HAIKU

### II: One-Liners

By Cor van den Heuvel

Though English-language haiku poets have yet to convince the literary establishment that they can make a poem out of three lines, a number of them are now claiming they can do it in one. At least I assume those who are writing the one-liners that are proliferating in the haiku magazines believe they are writing haiku, and therefore poems — for, in fact, many of them are. And it looks to me as though the literary establishment is going to be a long time catching up, for despite it, and despite those few die-hards who still worship the 5-7-5, the one-line haiku is here to stay.

Only a short while ago the one-liner was a rarity, but now it seems to be challenging the three-liner for popularity. In recent issues of both *Cicada* and *Frogpond* about one out of every three haiku has been a one-liner, something undreamed of a few years ago. Of course, the one-liner's success depends on more than quantity, it's quality will be the determining factor; and what has convinced me that the one-liner has truly arrived is that a poet of the stature of John Wills has now published some of his finest work in that form — in fact, I believe that *up a distant ridge* confirms Wills' position as America's foremost haiku poet.

There were isolated experiments with one-line haiku as far back as ten or twelve years ago but probably not much earlier. Harold Henderson in *Haiku in English* in 1965 only implied the possibility when he wrote "even the necessity for three lines has been questioned," while discussing the early debates on what form English language haiku should take. Eric Amann in his 1969 *The Wordless Poem* wrote (in a sort of appendix called "Form in Haiku" which was unaccountably dropped from the 1978 reprint):

"1. ONE LINERS. All Japanese haiku are 'one liners' in the sense that every Japanese haiku is written in a single vertical line without any form of punctuation or division. This, of course, is impossible to reproduce in a European language, the closest equivalent would be to write English haiku in a single line, divided into short-long-short sections, demarcated by punctuation marks or some other equivalent of the Japanese 'cutting-words':



## Pleasure-boats bob up and down: the autumn sea

While this is undoubtedly the closest way an English haiku can look like a Japanese one, this form has, to my knowledge, hardly been used at all by Western haiku poets."

A year later, in 1970, according to William J. Higginson writing in *Haiku Magazine*, vol 5 no 1 — Spring 1971, Professor Henderson at a Haiku Society meeting "suggested that experiments in haiku of one line might prove interesting." Also in that issue was a one-liner by Anita Virgil which I still consider a failure though at least one critic has claimed it is the first successful English language haiku one-liner:

twilight blue & pale green leaves everywhere scent of watermelons

In the previous issue of the magazine there had been several attempts at one-liners by Alan Pizzarelli, who apparently had tried them without knowing of Henderson's suggestion. They were not very good and he did not stay with the form, though he was to go on to become one of our best, most innovative haiku poets. Perhaps the best of the eight was:

Winter twilight: a sudden flurry of whiteness . . .

In vol 5 no 2 — 1971 appeared the first successful one-line haiku in English, Michael Segers':

in the eggshell after the chick has hatched

This was the only one-liner I could find good enough for inclusion in *The Haiku Anthology* when I compiled it in 1973 (published in 1974). The related experiments I've mentioned were not followed up in the intervening years (between '71-'74), and there was little or no exploration of the form's possibilities, at least in print. There were, however, a number of poets writing shorter and shorter three-liners, quite likely encouraged by Bill Higginson's, as early as 1971 (in *Itadakimasu*), calling attention to the fact that 10-14 syllables in English, rather than 17, more closely approximated the length of the 17 *onji* in a Japanese haiku. Some of those who proved the viability of the shorter three-line form were Michael McClintock (with his "free haiku"), Anita Virgil, Virginia Brady Young, and Larry Wiggin.

Perhaps this prepared some of us for the publication of Marlene Wills' book *The Old Tin Roof* in 1974. Here was the first haiku poet to use the one-liner extensively and with consistent success. Out of nearly 100 haiku in the book about one-fourth were one-liners, including some of the

best in a book that immediately placed Marlene Wills in the front rank of American haiku poets. Its combination of haiku spirit and playfulness, its startling and audacious departures from the "traditional" three-line form — not only into one-liners but into incredible "concrete" configurations she calls "unaloud" haiku — the sheer inventiveness and creative genius that shines from it, all this makes it one of the landmark publications in the history of English language haiku.

Here is one example from the book:

at dusk hot water from the hose

(Marlene has said in a recent letter that she does not remember now exactly "how, why or when" she started writing the one-line. Some of those in *tin roof* came from haiku she had used on "tear outs," collage-like constructions made from torn paper, that she began doing in 1974 or earlier. She thinks that fully understanding Japanese haiku was one line may have had "something to do with it." She may also have been partly influenced by Segers, who she and John Wills met around 1970 when he was a student at the same college in Georgia where John was teaching.)

Even after Marlene's book, there was no immediate change, people didn't all start writing one-liners, and hardly anyone could foresee that the one-liner would some day become a basic form in English language haiku. Short forms continued to gain in popularity, but they usually stayed in three lines. Marlene used the term "minimal haiku" to describe very short haiku whether in one, two or three lines and began to influence the haiku movement through her critical writings as well as by her haiku. Though she published more one-liners in increasing numbers in the haiku magazines in the following years, other writers divided up between those who thought a one-liner could not be a haiku at all and those who felt their haiku might occasionally take that form but only as a special case. Marlene Wills was a special case herself — she still is — so no one was going to go out and write a lot of one-liners just because she had.

Marlene had shown it was possible, however, and her achievements with the one-liner — in *tin roof* and later — eventually played a major role in getting one-liners accepted as a viable form for haiku.

That acceptance by a fairly broad spectrum of haiku writers is, of course, only now beginning to be felt and — aside from the continued influence of Marlene Wills — it is primarily due to the efforts of two men: Hiroaki Sato and Matsuo Allard.

Hiroaki Sato was the first translator of Japanese haiku to translate them into one-line in English. (Joan Giroux in *The Haiku Form*, 1974, says, "Some haiku translators, especially early ones, have used two-, four- or even one-line forms," but though she gives examples of the two and four

e forms, she fails to give any for one-liners, nor does she name any one-line translators. It is true that a few of the early translators, such as Lucinda Hearn, translated haiku into single sentences of *prose*. Though sometimes worked out to be one line of print, it is obvious that the translator is not intending his translation to be a one-line poem. Hearn, for example, has the original Japanese printed in three lines of *romaji*, then places his one sentence prose translation in English under it.)

In 1976 Matsuo Allard (then known as R. Clarence Matsuo-Allard) started publishing a magazine called *Sun-Lotus Haiku* in Manchester, New Hampshire. Before he brought out the first issue he had seen some of Hiroaki Sato's published translations of Japanese poetry (non-haiku) and wrote to Sato to ask if he had translated any haiku. Sato had translated a few, as yet unpublished, and he sent them to Matsuo Allard for the first issue. There were six haiku by Shiki included in a short passage (also translated from his diary. The haiku were written as one-liners. Here is one:

The peonies have fallen, and on the inkstone, dust

There was an editor's note: "Mr. Sato states 'I translate haiku without linebreaks unless, of course, the haiku specifies lineation.'" A single haiku by Buson, translated by Sato, was also included.

There were three attempts at original one-liners in English by Atsuo Takagawa in this first issue. They were headed "One Line Poems (Haiku)." I'm afraid they are neither. An example:

When I stroked my head, it sounded hollow.

Takagawa has been influenced by James Kirkup, an English poet living in Japan, who has been writing English one-liners at least since the '60's, but of the considerable number I've seen none comes close to being a haiku. In the second issue of *Sun-Lotus Haiku*, 1976, there were four of these by Kirkup, here's one:

When I touched the angel, my hand vanished

There was also an English one-liner by Tsutomu Fukuda and one one-line translation of a haiku by Basho done by Hiroaki Sato. The rest of the haiku in these first two issues were all three-liners, and the third issue, 1977, was devoted to three-line translations by Tsutomu Fukuda of various Japanese haiku poets.

But it was the Sato translations that struck a chord in Matsuo Allard and he became fascinated with the one-line form, starting a new magazine in

October of 1977 called *Uguisu: The Haiku/Ichigyoshi Monthly* to be devoted to one-line haiku and other one-line poems. For the first time some of Matsuo Allard's one-liners appeared, but most of the first issue was made up of translations, including 35 by Sato. There were only two more issues of *Uguisu*. The second issue, still 1977, was the most important. There were 19 haiku by Hosai, translated by Hiroaki Sato, but the rest of the issue was devoted to original one-line haiku, well over 100, plus ichigyoshi (other one-liners). A large selection of haiku by Marlene Wills was the outstanding original contribution to the issue, including:

summer night clothes whirling in the dryer

but there was also promising work by Raymond Roseliep, Roberta Stewart, Randy Brooks, and Matsuo Allard.

This issue might be considered the real beginning of the one-line haiku movement in America; appropriately it had a one-liner by Marlene Wills on the cover which read:

English language one-line haiku: spring morning

The third, 1978, and last issue of *Uguisu* was devoted solely to 10 one-liners by Eric Amann. It was a very disappointing collection, especially considering that it came from the pen of one of our better haiku poets and a man who has as the founding editor of *Haiku Magazine* and, later, *Cicada* been one of the major forces in the development of English language haiku. It contained such abortions as:

"How brief was life" whispered the stillborn

With that issue Matsuo Allard began using the name "First Haiku Press" instead of "Sun-Lotus Press," but he was unable to publish anything after that until 1980 when he started still another magazine. It was called *Amoskeag: A Magazine of Haiku*, featuring teikei, jiyuritsu, and ichigyoshi — that is, fixed form, or traditional haiku, free form haiku, and (other) one-line poems. (Amoskeag is the Indian name of a N.H. river.) Exceptionally fine work by Larry Gates, Marlene Wills, John Wills (from *ridge*), George Swede, and others make this an outstanding collection of about 100 one-line haiku. Here is one by Swede:

in the town dump i find a still-beating heart

While a moving haiku for our own day, it has rich overtones that recalling

the famous passage in the *Kyoraisho* where Basho discusses Kyorai's

The tips of the crags —  
Here too is someone  
Guest of the moon

(translated by Donald Keene)

This magazine was printed in the same small horizontal format, 2 1/4 inch by 8 1/2 inches wide, with one haiku to a page, that was used for the John Wills' book *up a distant ridge*, which Matsuo Allard also published at this time. The earlier magazines had all been vertical. Two other pamphlets in the new format also came out: *Landscapes*, 10 ichigyoshi haiku by Hitoshi Funaki (Atsuo Onsey Nakagawa, translator), and *Winter Haiku*, 25 haiku by Mutsuo Takahashi (Hiroaki Sato, translator). The pamphlets all sell for \$1.00 each.

Later in 1980 a second issue came out, but with a new name: *Big Sky*. The copyright page reads, "Big Sky: North American Haiku (Amoskeag)." The format is slightly changed: about 2-3/4 inches by 7 inches, with two haiku to a page. The shorter horizontal size is more attractive and handier, but I think the one haiku to a page worked better. There are only a little over 40 haiku in this issue. Aside from several translations by Hiroaki Sato and a single translation by Matsuo Allard, the quality of the haiku is not impressive.

About the same time, in the same format, the press brought out *Sundowners*, 36 haiku by Tombo (Lorraine Ellis Harr). That the editor of *Dragonfly* has written a book of one-liners indicates acceptance of the form has spread throughout the haiku movement. She has done not too bad a job considering the handicap she gave herself: beginning every haiku with the word "sundown." There are too many dull, "so what" haiku like:

sundown a tame duck at the back door quacking

but at least one haiku is worth the price of the book (\$1.00):

sundown the roofers come down off the roof and depart

The First Haiku Press has published nothing since then. Allard, speaking in March 1982, said he hopes to begin publishing again this summer. While he was advancing the cause of one-liners by getting out the publications described above, Matsuo Allard was also writing one-line haiku and articles about the subject for other haiku magazines. In order to detail the history of The First Haiku Press, I have said little about

developments elsewhere during this period, but it should be noted that the other haiku magazines, particularly *Cicada*, were receiving and printing one-liners in increasing numbers from 1977 on. This was largely a result of the activities of Allard and his Press (the first one-liners to appear in *Cicada* — vol 1 no 2 — 1977 — were by Allard), and the influence of Hiroaki Sato.

For during this time Sato was publishing translations of, and articles about, haiku in other magazines as well, including *Cicada* and *Frogpond*. His work started appearing in the latter magazines in 1978 and appeared often thereafter. An idea of his prolific output can be gained by looking through the anthology he recently put out with Burton Watson, *From the Country of Eight Islands* (1981), a comprehensive anthology of Japanese poetry that includes hundreds of haiku. Sato has also given a number of influential talks to the Haiku Society, beginning as early as November, 1976 (that talk was printed in the Society's *Minutes* and included about 40 one-line translations), and continuing through his two terms as president of the Society in 1980 and '81. Not only has he, through these and other activities, such as talking and corresponding with other writers, including Allard and Marlene Wills, substantially affected English language haiku, but he has also played a part in advancing the related genre of renga — both as a translator and as a practitioner.

By stressing the importance of renga to the haiku in Japan, he has helped us to see how it might enrich our own literature, not only as an art form in its own right, but as a stimulus and help to the creation of haiku.

Though he has yet to achieve the depth and precision — the resonance — of a Blyth or Henderson, Sato in his haiku translations is bringing us, I think, a fresh look at haiku form. The words themselves are finally, more important than the one or three line form, yet the one line may lead us towards greater concision. Sometimes, however, concision sacrifices too much. In Sato's translation of Boncho's famous "fallen scarecrow" haiku for example:

A noise: a scarecrow fell by itself

we miss the mystery Henderson gave us with:

Something makes a sound!

With no one near, a scarecrow  
has fallen to the ground.

Hiroaki Sato has been most successful in his haiku translations when translating the work of modern poets such as Hosai and Santoka — both

of whom wrote free-form haiku. Here's a translation of a Hosai haiku that records a "keen perception" with the kind of simplicity that lights up existence:

It's wet around the well, evening wind

Hosai was famous for evoking the "sabi" feeling. The loneliness is subtly expressed here by the wetness around the well, which reminds the poet of the people who came to the well during the day to get water and the evening wind will begin to dry up these traces of their having been there.

Sato has also exerted a much needed check, I think, to our tendency to look for Zen in nearly every haiku. He has emphasized in his talks and articles that the Japanese don't make this connection between Zen and haiku, for them haiku is a simpler and more common kind of literature than we usually make it out to be, relating more to the everyday concerns of life, rather than the infinite. He has also called into question our generating single haiku as great works of art, and asked us to consider if a group of haiku, or even a book of haiku, may — by giving us a sense of a poet's life and sensibility — be more likely to deserve such respect.

Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between these various opposing views.

To sum up this part of my article: I feel that Hiroaki Sato by translating the Japanese haiku into the one-line form in English, Matsuo Allard by his writing, editorial, and publishing efforts on behalf of the one-liner, and Marlene Wills by first demonstrating substantially that one could create haiku in English in this form have been the most important influences in making the one-liner a major form in English language haiku.

In the third and last part I will discuss other poets who have been doing significant work in the form, and try to analyze what it means for the future of haiku.

\* \* \*

*Note: The third and last part will appear in FROGPOND, Vol. 5-3.*

## **HAIKU NEWS**

### **THE 1982 HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD**

The contest is open to all. Deadline for this year's award submission will be August 1, for a single entry of up to three unpublished haiku, with an entry fee of \$1 per haiku. Each haiku is to be submitted in duplicate on 3 x 5 cards — one card with the haiku and the author's name and address on the upper left-hand corner, and the other card with the *haiku only* for anonymous judging. (Odd sized sheets will be discarded.)

Send submissions to:

Geraldine C. Little, President  
Haiku Society of America  
519 Jacksonville Rd.  
Mr. Holly, NJ 08060

There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Henderson; a 2nd prize of \$50 and a third of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson. Contestants wishing a list of winners and winning haiku should enclose a SASE.

All rights remain with the author except that winning haiku may be published in FROGPOND. Authors are advised to keep copies of their haiku, as none will be returned.

As this year's judge we are fortunate to have Bill Pauly, who was last year's winner. The contest is sponsored by The Haiku Society of America, Inc.

### **MERIT BOOK AWARDS**

The Merit Book Awards, sponsored by the Haiku Society of America, Inc., is a biennial award for excellence in published haiku, translations, and criticism. Books published in 1981 and 1982 will be considered, and should be sent to:

Virginia Brady Young, Chairperson  
Merit Book Awards  
184 Centerbrook Rd.  
Hamden, CT 06518



There will be cash awards (yet to be announced) as well as Honorable Mentions.

Note: Merit Books Awards is separate from books sent to FROGPOND for review, and require a separate submission.

### SAKURA MATSURI

HSA has been invited to give a reading and discussion of haiku on May 1 at 1 PM, at the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens as part of a Sakura Matsuri (Cherry Blossom Festival) to be held May 1-9 by the Gardens. A chairperson to organize the Society's participation has not yet been selected.

### TV BROADCAST

The haiku poems of Lew Gronich will be sung by famous soprano Phyllis Bryn-Jackson on March 20 at 7:30 P.M. and March 21 at 3:00 P.M., and will be broadcast from the Kennedy Centre, Washington D.C. and heard over the Public Broadcasting System. Phyllis Bryn-Jackson will be backed up by flute, guitar, and piano.

The music for the poems has been composed by Doctor Lawrence K. Ross, Professor of Music at the University of Maryland. He is nationally known for his symphonies and operas.

HSA has also scheduled four broadcasts of the program beginning April

Long-time member of HSA, Mr. Gronich: "For a guy 87 years old, I'm amazed. I think this is a first for Haiku."

### MEETINGS OF HSA

Two meetings of the Haiku Society of America will be held at Japan House, 333 East 47th Street, New York, NY 10017, on the following dates in 1982:

March 13, Saturday, 2:00 P.M.

September 25, Saturday, 2 P.M.

The later will be the annual meeting. Possible other activities to be announced. Members are urged to bring haiku to meetings for discussion. I should submit topics for possible discussion to the President.

