

frogpond



Volume V Number 4

Published by The Haiku Society of America



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THE SOUTHERN STREAM

A Kasen directed by
Kaoru Kubota, Haikai Master

translated from the German
by Edward Dvoretzky

1 The wind's melody
murmurs through the sea of blooms
of the southern stream.

Kurz

2 Many horses neigh in the
early spring on the meadow.

Yutaka Miyamoto

3 I am releasing
the butterfly, branded now
by my finger prints.

Kubota

4 And it flies right past me, as
though it were invisible.

Haruki Majima

5 The clouds of autumn
graze the plains of the moon and
admonish the world.

Kurz

6 Snake-like gourds and those shaped like
bottles are oscillating.

Kubota

7 Just like Jesus Christ
Shiki Masaoka died
at age 35.

Majima

8 An obdurate computer.
No answers to old riddles.

Mariko Yomo

- 9 A B C D E
F G H I J K L
M N O P Q Kubota
- 10 It's a thief, who is hiding
quietly and motionless. Yomo
- 11 S. Freud's libido
dwells way down low in the depths
of the old fountain. Kubota
- 12 Lazy me, stetched out in front
of the air conditioner. Pracht-Fitzell
- 13 A rainworm, dazed by
the heat, sees clearly two moons
climbing the sky. Pracht-Fitzell
- 14 A blackbird impatiently
awaiting the dawn of day. Pracht-Fitzell
- 15 On the desk a white
pebble from the Rhine. But where
can I hear its sounds? Pracht-Fitzell
- 16 But you don't understand — our
love did begin somewhat late. Lear
- 17 Cherry blossoms from
an old tree: more radiant,
pretty, and charming. Kubota
- 18 A turtle of ten thousand
years sings in a Tenjin case Lear

- 2) Cranes are heading back
 to where they came from: where large
 mammoths are living. Kubota
- 1) Ibykus' murderers
 betrayed themselves in Corinth. Pracht-Fitzell
- 1) An Indian in
 front of a tobacco shop
 in very deep thought. Pracht-Fitzell
- 2) Bold feathered ornaments in
 ribbons around the long hair. Niizuma
- 3) How my heart pounds so
 passionately when my eyes
 behold her figure. Yomo
- 4) Melody for Elise
 springs forth automatically. Kubota
- 5) There's no remotely
 controlled woman in the fall
 catalog by now? Pracht-Fitzell
- 6) I get my best ideas
 when I am roasting mushrooms. Pracht-Fitzell
- 7) A tree almost the
 size of the full moon gets bright
 red during the night. Dvoretzky
- 8) A bear with a ring in his
 nose is now looking for caves. Dvoretzky

- 29 From behind the gates
the marble gods are gazing
stiffly right past me. Mock
- 30 The temple priests were wearing
robes of Tyrian purple. Pracht-Fitzell
- 31 Lonely sounds of a
locomotive blowing its
horn in the distance. Dvoretzky
- 32 Echoes bouncing back and forth
like balls in games of billiards Kubota
- 33 The bright shining sun
makes the skin an arena
for all the freckles. Dvoretzky
- 34 He surprises the rabbits
while hopping, jumping, singing. Dvoretzky
- 35 The yawning petals
of one yellow crocus wake
everyone around. Pehr
- 36 Shall we sail a paper boat
on a briskly running brook? Pracht-Fitzell

FROM: *Kasen Fly Round The World*

by Kaoru Kubota

The Kasen is a form of Japanese linked poetry which consists of stanzas. Japanese linked poetry (called Renga, Haikai or Renku in Japanese) links 5-7-5 syllabled stanzas alternately with 7-7 syllabled stanzas so that the 5-7-5 stanzas are in odd-numbered positions and the 7-7 stanzas are in even-numbered positions. It has several forms according to the number of stanzas: 100, Hyaku-in; 50, Goju-in; 40, Yoyoshi; 30, Kasen; 28, Nijuhasshuku; 18, Hankasen; 10, Jikkanko; 3, Mitsumori; 2, Tanrenga. The Kasen was the most beloved and practised form of the famous Haikai master Basho (1644-1694) and has been the standard for Haiku thereafter.

Haikai is conspicuously different from other common verses or poems in the world. The distinctive, characteristic and peculiar marks of Haikai may be summarized in the following four points:

(1) *Haikai are composed by several authors.* Expressed in a formula as follows: 1 \leq number of authors \leq number of stanzas (e.g. 36 stanzas in the Kasen). When there are more than three authors, or authoresses, a conductor or a director (*Sabakite* in Japanese) is needed as in an orchestra or film production. Basho was the most excellent *Sabakite* in the Kasen.

(2) *Haikai must not have a consistent plot or theme.* Consecutive stanzas (A,B) may have a common plot or theme, but the following stanza (C) must not take over the preceding motif successively. The common motif of B and C must be different from that of A and B.

(3) *Each stanza must not have the same or similar words, expression, mood, or situation in common with others.* Each stanza must be new and fresh. As an exception, "moon" must appear, for example in the Kasen, three times, in the 5th, 13th, and 29th stanzas, and "flower" twice, in the 17th and 35th stanzas.

(4) *Haikai must comprise a mosaic consisting of blocks with seasonal motifs and of blocks without seasonal elements.* Each stanza is either with or without a seasonal motif. A Spring or Autumn motif must continue for 3-5 stanzas. Summer and Winter motifs must continue for 1-3 stanzas.

Possibly Haikai might become one of the most popular poetic modes in the world in the coming century—surely it has a unique expressive potential.

—translated from the German
by John Fitzell

Editor's note: For further information on Japanese linked poetry see, *Japanese Linked Poetry*, Earl Miner, Princeton University Press, 1979.

Kasen Analysis: THE SOUTHERN STREAM

By Janet Pehr

The developed motif blocks for THE SOUTHERN STREAM are as follows: Spring (1,2,3), No Season (4), Fall (5,6,7), No Season (8,9,10,11), Summer (12,13), No Season (14,15,16), Spring (17,18,19), No Season (20,21,22,23,24), Fall (25,26,27,28), No Season (29,30,31,32), Spring (33,34,35,36).

Leon J. Bresbears

Fly on the window.
grey shadows stretched across
the glass.

Screen door ajar:
intent chihuahua snaps at
a circling fly.

Tired janitor
plays a simple melody
on the baby grand.

Upstairs window:
thin shaft of sunlight
tunnels through the dusty air.

Michael Dudley

from here a silver web within the chandelier

wall clock mirrors sun can't read the time

fingertips bark

wind shifting willow shade

tossed keychain ringing summer air

floor chills my feet hamster curled in a corner of cage

Stephen Gould

Warming trend—
the oranges heaped up
in fluorescent light

The gauze wrap--
I wake up in a box
of moonlight

What are they whispering
patter
of rain

Crescendo and decrescendo
on *voluntatis*:
gull in the sun

George Swede

Thin icicles
on the telephone wire
her distant voice *

I dust off the glass
my grandfather sits straighter
in his portrait

Rusty milk can full of snow

A sparrow taking a bath in last night's storm

spring thaw newborn's cry

* Awarded the Museum of Haiku Literature Award of \$25 for the best haiku in this issue.

Roberta Stewart

Dawnlight
through the bamboo screen,
seagull shadows

A Coca-Cola sign
flashes across the sick-room,
winter rain

The distant mountains,
a crow flying in
shakes snow from his wings

Cool morning winds,
the katydid swinging
on a corn tassel

Coal cars rattle by,
between the grey markers
dandelions in bloom

Waiting for the train. . . .
a white cat strolls
through the red cannas



Season

In the tiny shop—
hanging paper cranes jostle
with each passer-by.

Autumn cold—
a fly in the window
with the morning sun.

Rising spring mist—
the mountain snail
paces itself.

first autumn freeze—
outside the window
nothing stirs.

Joyce Currier

Sunset,
the out-going tide
arranges the sand.

Christmas Eve Mass:
voices of the choir
trembling in the candle flames

Autumn afternoon:
from red berry to red berry
the cedar waxwings

Walking from the streetlight with only part of my shadow

Singing in the dawnlight sparrows

Virginia Brady Young

In the middle of the night
this chair where you sat
in the middle of the day.

thrown across
an apple branch, the golden gold
of sun

Furiously moving
my shadow
in the wind.

Below zero:
ducks in the marsh,
gulls in the sky.

After the avalanche—surprised to be alive.

Snowstorm in a paperweight: the rage inside.

The grace of a marsh hawk landing in eel grass.

under waves, the weight of waves

Alexis Rotella

among pole beans
one small morning-glory
opened wide

At the end of a dream
I levitate:
sunrise

November chill:
after reading his note,
scent of narcissus

Old ruins
just fourteen steps
to the heavens

Old woman with shopping cart
pushing
the wind

stars
I wish I were free
to fall

butterfly
it finds me
in the woods

sparrows lifting my soul

chin on the broom floating petals

W.E. Greig

Quiet sick friend's
voice room
your later
with my
filled walls lonely

Christmas night
the snow is still i am still
the willow is still

bare tree morning,
scorning shaving soap i choose
a new razor blade

The all day snowfall
pushes down the weights
of my pendulum clock

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

detached watching
 my shadow
follow my body

aviary birds
trying to follow
the wild geese

waterfall at night—
her long
 black
 hair

cold october morning
rain sound of the wet street
 still dark

Lois V. McCarthy

=F= =L= =I= =S=
 =E= =S=
in late August

GRAND CANYON Y-A-W-N-I-N-G

camera
so small

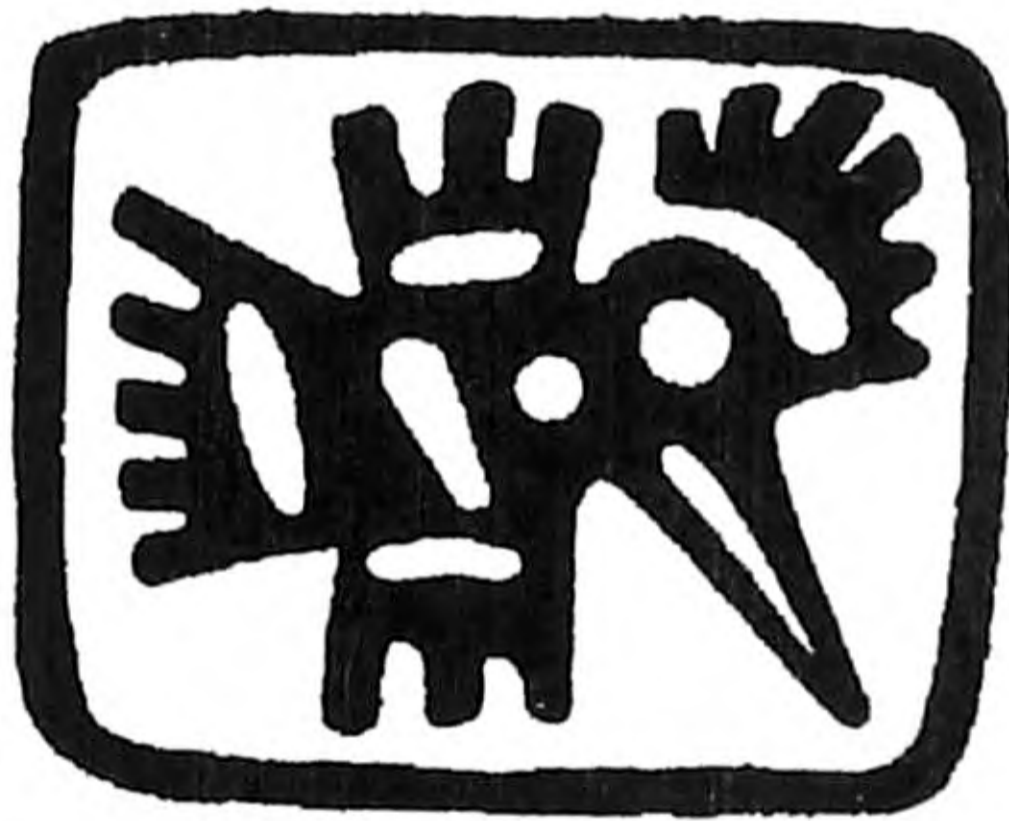
in the pool
my brooch gl-im-me-rs MOM
 WOW

clumsy yellow bus
spilling C
 H I L D R E N

speeding the freeway

behind me--BLUE

LIGHT LIGHT LIGHT LIGHT



Daniel Liebert

from *The MAN/WOMAN/RIVER*

treading a tepid pond
my feet touch the cool
down deep

by the swimming pool
telling a beautiful girl
lies

afterwards;
cooling my face
on the wall

among the graves
two dogs
stuck together

Marion J. Richardson

MOUNTAIN SEQUENCE

In silence
one mountain
joins another

Mountain and stream
cooling each other
a deer drinks

Mountain rocks
soft moss
their closeness

On its back
the mountain carries skiers
in silence

Growing
out of this hard rock
soft edelweiss

Behind the mountain
the sun drops
without sound

bob boldman

at my father's hospital bed

tick
of sleet on glass
the heart knits

the pain shot
a crow
vanishes into

shadow
of the chrysanthemums
on his pulse

clouds
feel cold
on glass

GEESE

geese
in the nick
of time—

less
than a flicker
the maple leaf—

y
the geese nick
the moon

Tom Smith

If Ms Chafer
hadn't eaten my roses
I wouldn't know her name

The dragonfly hangs on the screen.
I'm looking at him:
he's looking at me.

Watch the dragonfly.
Behind me: fern
and wild strawberry.

Shadows
of the water spider
haunt the rocks.

W.E. Greig

SENRYU A GO-GO

older businessman
hugs the go-go girl,
who's too coked up to notice

limping go-go girl
give a better show—
than the others

dancing on the bar
the go-go dancer's bare feet
immaculate

hinting at sex
and her friendship
thirtyish go-go girl

"if we meet on the outside
it'll be different"
the young go-go girl & i

sharing my drink
with a tired
go-go girl

telling me she's a nice girl
the 18 year old
go-go girl

Penny Harter

*from Homage to Takechi No Kurohito**

covering the branch
the owl's claw

old woman
eating a wrinkled
plum

slow moving
this horse
beneath the storm clouds

casting away
the dead girl's
seashells

old crow
drinking
snow

sand blows
on the grave
of the ancestors

nightfall
in the wine cup
an old friend's face

leaning against the door
my worn down
walking stick

akechi no Kurohito (fl. 700 A.D.) traveled all over the Japan of his day. What we know of him derives directly from his poems and the brief prefaces to some of them recorded in the *Manyoshu*. His straightforward, imagistic style can be seen in his tanka:

As we row around its jutting beaches
in the scores of inlets of Lake Omi
cranes in marshes cry

Note & trans. by
W. J. Higginson

HSA Sampler

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

a single airplane
throbbing over the valley
the garden empty

H. R. Jameson

Mid February
already in full blossom:
sunrise peach orchard

Lenard D. Moore

windows all broken—
the sound of footsteps
fills the cannery

Ross Figgins

on a clear fall night
the cherry tree though leafless
is full of bright stars

Nick Avis

last light
the cry
of a nighthawk

Adele Kenny

the TV off—
stars fill
each window

Scott L. Montgomery

the empty room
 the thin white band of flesh
 on his ring finger

drop by drop
 the web of rain on the screen
disappears

Gene Williamson

two hours
watching the moon—
my kettle boils dry

Elisabeth Marshall

lightning flash dog on a chain

Hal Roth

The waking drunkard
yawning in the alleyway
swallows a snowflake.

Dalton Eddleman

listening—
but who can hear the spider
silk the autumn moon?

Geraldine C. Little

Dusk spreads like indigo
over the serene lake
a muskrat splashes

Margarita Mondrus Engle

drifting like leaves
waving thee fond fair yea well
a silent parting.

Lenore Joans

The lamp casts shadows
on the doll's face—
autumn deepens

The scent of clean sheets
and a love song fill the room—
spring cleaning

Barbara McCoy

Above a bare twig
a patch of bottomless blue
in the thick heavy clouds.

Ryosuke Suzuki

Office moppers
Waiting for five o'clock—
Storm wind blows.

Linda Marucci

awkward silence
the orange sun
sinks another notch

Gregory Suarez

BOOK REVIEWS

by Anna Vakar

Robert Spiess, *THE SHAPE OF WATER*, Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752 Madison, WI 53701, \$3.50 pp.

Selma Stefanile, *THE POEM BEYOND MY REACH*, Sparrow Press, 103 Walsron St., West Lafayette, Indiana 47906, \$4.00 pp.

L.A. Davidson, *THE SHAPE OF THE TREE* (New York, New York), Wind Chimes, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061, \$3.50 pp.

Bob Boldman, *EATING A MELON*, Wind Chimes, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061, \$3.00 pp.

Robert Spiess has been an editor of *Modern Haiku* since 1971, its chief editor since 1978, and as we know from his "Speculations" (regularly published in *Modern Haiku*), he studies and ponders on haiku in ways that the rest of us probably do not. Any work by Spiess therefore warrants careful study.

The Shape of Water is his first collection of haiku since *The Turtle's Ears* in 1971. It has important implications for the study of content and effect in haiku and should probably be required reading in any haiku reader-training classes. It is intimately concerned with a spiritual struggle, and makes it clear that haiku, although it does so largely through the material media of the senses, deals with spirit, affecting its life or death, generation/regeneration or dissolution, or placing it in an ambiguous state in-between.

Opening the book at random and taking nine haiku in sequence we find six strongly negative images: a crumbling nest in winter, a wing-crippled goose calling helplessly, a stray mongrel in autumn rain, a hate-letter, a toad in only a moment of autumn sun, and a monarch with tattered wings. In another ten sequential haiku (pp. 19-23) we find that pictures of death, disintegration, inadequacy, or hurt are dominant in eight. What Spiess seems to be saying, even in some of the apparently cheerful haiku, set in spring or summer, is "Sit still and find the death within you":

The corn has tasseled—
still the taste of winter
lingers in the well

The fact that more than half the book emphasizes various states of dissolution and destruction (death threatening life or winning over life) may be the key to the slow-motion effect of many of Spiess' haiku. Sometimes the slow-down may be too marked for haiku, as in the time-consuming philosophical observation in:

Winter wind—
bit by bit the swallow's nest
crumbles in the barn

But Spiess is not interested in quickening life: he either wants to slow down, or else it slows him down and through him, us.

Perhaps the other most significant impact from the book is an overwhelming sense of one man's supreme effort to understand selflessness and to be egoless in his work, an impression corroborated by the last verse of "the Abbot," one of the four longer poems in the book:

Eye-corners crinkling
the Abbot's 'Be mindful, Bob—
the self is a bubble'

There is also a thread of entrapment running through the book (the self trapped?) as in the following examples:

Hawthorn blossoms;
the orangutan
sits in his outer cage

Becoming dusk,—
the catfish on the stringer
swims up and down

and the one that closes the book:

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

—like an ankle chain on a prisoner.

Sometimes, Spiess seems to be trying very hard *not* to be involved with life, but to view it from some point outside:

Morning's drift of snow:
here the wind was a spiral
—there it had a groove

In one of the longer poems, the beautiful “for man’s wonder”, the subject says: “With equanimity of heart/The heavens I walk under, . . .” We then find that the equanimity concerns the suns and the stars, it is the heavens that are “populous with life.” Earth, it seems, is inadequate to make one feel really inspired and alive.

Occasionally, a calmly defiant panache comes through:

A thicket
the hayers couldn't mow;
plumes of golden rod

But then disappears again:

Cutting pampas grass—
the plumes hidden
in the morning mist

Will the grass have been cut down before the sun even shows through?

The voice of impermanence, pain, and death is not unique in the haiku world, but Spiess is perhaps the best and most relentless at giving it life. While *The Turtle's Ears* of 1971 had the same slow and deliberate savour of that which the author finds in the universe, it also made the reader feel that the universe was still generally good, calmly and thoroughly enjoyable in a nicely muted way. By 1982 and *The Shape of Water*, Spiess' universe has become less pleasant, and it seems that no matter where one goes, one is going to get stung:

Far from the ghetto
—his ear to a hollow oak
murmurous with bees

For “murmurous” read “murderous” and note that the oak is dead, and that “ghetto” connotes surviving, if at all, under great difficulties. Yet this is a nice summer holiday which is supposed to do the boy good.

What has happened between 1971 and 1982? In a number of Spiess' haiku the ambiguity—the balance between life and death—is as yet untipped, or is it?

The hundred-year pine—
a deadly mushroom
flecked with dew

The pine has lived, it has survived it all, and there's a good chance it will go on for a good many more years since pines may live from 100 to 600 years. However, death is so near, and some pines *do* die young . . . so, as with so many of the haiku in *The Shape of Water*, we are left with the ambiguity.

Does the co-existence of opposites in haiku have to mean perfectly balanced ambiguity, i.e. a philosophically balanced impasse? When does the balance tip to the negative side as in *The Shape of Water*, or to the positive side, as in Stefanile's book reviewed below, or transmute into poise and humour as in Davidson's book (also reviewed below) without creating an impasse?

Robert Spiess' book is a major work of haiku, and an excellent place to begin to understand the ambiguities which haiku can so expertly encompass. They force the reader deep into his own soul to discover the ambiguities there, and we must summon up the stamina to look at these. Our neglect of the spiritual and philosophical underpinnings of haiku—except for a vague something called "Zen", a word which has come to mean whatever anyone wants it to—is, I believe, a major cause of the confusion and anarchy on the haiku scene in North America today.

To come from Spiess' universe and step into Selma Stefanile's is to have felt deprived and to be now suddenly showered with manna in the form of a seemingly complete faith that the universe is "out to do one good."*

Stefanile offers us a communion of the sensual and the spiritual which shines with trust that the poem is and always will be there to be reached for, that the furrows are being watered and deepened:

raindrops on the blade of the plow

and that human love is beautiful:

*paraphrase from *The Jesus Myth*, Andrew M. Greeley, Doubleday, 1971.

as if the cardinal
perched on our mail-box
were your card

The depth of positive feeling that she is capable of reaching and the sense of commitment is such that one is disappointed with a verse like,

the red fox
is first at the feeder
this foxy world

which seems dangerously innocent, unaware of the possible depths of the negative and of the frustrations of ambiguity and uncertainty which Spiess explores.

Another outstanding feature about Stefanile's collection, though, is some striking examples of inventiveness and technical proficiency:

I was drawing the lilacs
Walt when she came out
pruning shears in hand

This daring poem is startling not only by the force of the feeling conveyed—the overwhelming sense of inevitability—coupled with humor—but because it contains a story of endless dimensions, including three well-drawn characters. (And shall Whitman be considered a fourth character?) Moreover this may be the first time that two past tenses have been used in a haiku for present effect (corrections solicited). Arguments about whether it is a haiku or not are no doubt in line, I think it is.

Further, we have an unexpectedly effective use of the imperative:

the resignation
of the capuchin monkey
look in his eyes

where the command in the last line turns the clinically flat assumption of the first two into a poignant experience that annuls the intellection and "reaches the poem."

The excellent title poem also offers something unusual:

mist
moving up the allegany
the poem beyond my reach

The lower case and the misspelling of Allegheny allows us to keep the Alleghenies and all that they imply, but also to transcend that image, broadening it beyond limiting case. (At least in North America; I wonder what translators would do with this).

Not all the poems are extraordinary, a few even being of the kind that beginners write ("I almost stepped on a haiku"). The author's occasional use of personification (a branch is 'startled', marigolds 'eye' a wall, 'picket' and 'say welcome') detracts slightly from the whole.

One section contains "failed haiku become poems" which the author hopes will be of interest to other haikuists on the grounds that "a poem is a poem is a poem." There are a number of longer poems in the book, including a stunningly beautiful poem called "A Chaplet for Mary, Who Approves of the Dove", which, though apparently sprung from Roman Catholicism, transcends denominationalism.

It appears that the distinction between poetry and haiku, and the implications of such a distinction are not very clearly understood in haikudom. Why not? In my opinion, *haiku*, sui generis, are self-limiting, whereas "Poetry" or "poems" are not necessarily self-limiting.

L.A. Davidson's *The Shape of the Tree* (New York, New York) is a first collection of haiku (185) spanning 18 years. Humor is often present:

above a one-way street	on the sidewalk
the moon	behind us in the rain
the wrong way	a constant squeaking

Generally, in the face of conditions which, whether painful or not, the author knows she cannot alter, there is a poised quality of spirit:

on the midnight train	a new sound to spring:
a mumbling, a stiletto—	in the lot across the street
someone else's chest	bulldozers

Senryu are mixed with haiku but are so well blended that one hardly notices. In my experience, this is a first.

A number of haiku/senryu spring from the experience of an eye operation:

firm cool fingers
of the eye surgeon
shaking goodbye

Among other good ones is an English-language classic:

the silent crowd
waiting for the fountain
to rise again

However, some overexplain and should have been left out (e.g. "Village streets blooming," "smooth red peppers"). Still other are in need of reworking, among them being "spotted soap bubble" and a cute one showing a garbage truck wearing a feather duster.

True to a personal experience rather than to convention, the book begins with winter instead of spring: nonetheless, *The Shape of the Tree*, with all its successes and its faults, could be a good text for teaching purposes, as it is not likely to throw beginners prematurely off the traditionalist track. Also, it provides a completely American haiku expression of city life.

With *Eating A Melon*, Bob Boldman is the first to put together a major effort in the two-line form: all "88 zen haiku," as the book is subtitled, are two-liners, and some are very good:

snail's path	in the smell of fallen leaves
on the edge of the scythe	a place to live

drying the wheat
the wheat-colored sun

Since nearly all the verses are single-image haiku with two components, the form makes sense: one component per line. Not all 88, however, have the tension of correspondence between the two components which make the above examples full-bodied.

sound of the first oysters
into the bucket

Does the two-line form particularly encourage the creation of unfulfilled haiku?

More than one-third of the book focusses on the first person, a lower case "i" appearing in 20 verses, "my" in 9, and "me" in 2, in what might be termed "personal example" haiku (i lost the notes/dancing in the thistles). Using "I" in the lower case is a self-conscious mannerism, and it obtrudes. One also wonders what it has to do with zen.

There's an element of light-hearted playfulness which is enjoyable:

the taste of the medicine
i slept with

or, this substitute for a familiar phrase:

distant snoring
mingles with the waves

Except for the adherence to the two-line form, *Eating A Melon* is an undisciplined book. It mixes haiku, senryu, and just plain statements, zen and non-zen, uses occasional spring, autumn, and winter haiku in the middle of summer, and calls the whole "zen haiku"; a number of the lines do indeed refer specifically to zen practices:

a flat stone is welcome
for zen posture

The author could have been seeking to prove that the words 'zen' and 'haiku' have no identifiable meaning. It's a shame that a poet, who should be interested in using words exactly, should have been so sloppy.

HSA Membership Update

Renewals (1982);

Nellie Hill, Tony Suraci, Ryosuke Suzuki (also '83), Ruth Yarrow ('83).

Deceased:

Thelma Murphy

New Members:

Nick Avis (½yr. 1982): P.O. Box 682, Cornerbrook, Nfld., CANADA
A2H 6G1

Robert Booker: (½yr. 1982) 123 Bay Place No. 9, Oakland, CA 94610

Allan Cooper: (1983) 230 Wedgewood Ave., Riverview, Albert Co.,
N.B. E1B 2E2 CANADA

Nancy Eaton: (½yr. 1982) 220 E. Edith, Los Altos, CA 94022

Dalton Eddleman: 33 Wheeling Dr., Jackson, TN 38301

Margarita Engle: (½yr. 1982) 6428 Rhonda Rd., Riverside, CA 92504

Anita Virgil Garner: (1983) 65 N. Fullerton Ave., Montclair, NJ 07042

Sister Mary Ann Henn: (1983) St. Benedict's Convent, St. Joseph, MN
56374

Humphrey Noyes: (1983) c/o Trans-Mour, 3 Karageorgi Servias, Athens
125, GREECE

Margaret Saunders: (1983) 178 Bond Street N., Hamilton, Ont. CANADA

Jeffrey L. Skeate: (½yr. 1982) 907 North Main, Celina, OH 45822

Carol Scott Wainwright: (½yr. 1982) 1028 East Saginaw, Lansing MI
48906

Change of Address:

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Frogpond Deadlines

The submission deadlines for *Frogpond* in 1983 will be:

March 1
May 1
August 1
October 1

Please make note of these. Publication of issues will follow in six weeks after these dates.







