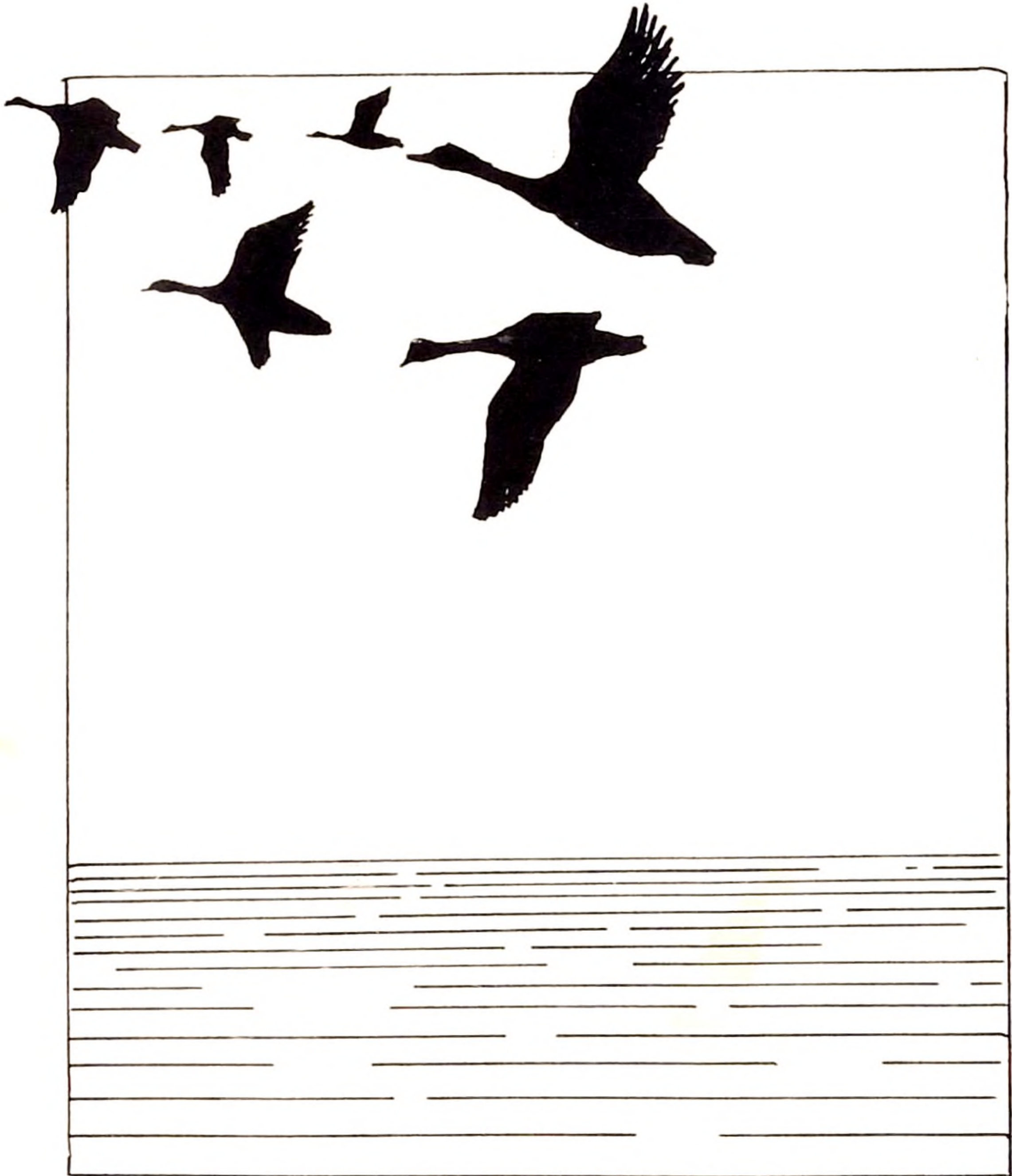


frogpond



Volume XII

Number 1

Published by the Haiku Society of America
February 1989

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th St., New York, NY 10017

OFFICERS

President: Charles D. Nethaway, Jr., 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.

Vice-President: Jerry Kilbride, 969 Bush St., Apt. 301, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

Treasurer: L.A. Davidson, 2 Washington Square Village, 8-O, New York, NY 10012.

Frogpond Editor: Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

SUBSCRIPTION/MEMBERSHIP

\$16. USA and Canada; \$24. overseas, by airmail only. Please remit in US dollars. Canadian and overseas members may use postal money orders or US bank drafts—both must be marked “in US dollars.” All subscription/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of *Frogpond*. Half-year subscription/memberships for new members only available after July 1 for \$8. and include 2 *Frogponds*. Single copies are \$5.00. (If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues would NOT be acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering.) Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc., and send to secretary at home address.

PLEASE NOTE

1. All funds for subscription/memberships, renewals, or donations must be sent to secretary at home address, checks made out as above. In addition, all changes of address are to go to the secretary.
2. Send all editorial material to editor at home address, with SASE.
3. Send all other correspondence to pertinent officers at home addresses.
4. Where answer is required—and for return of manuscripts—SASE *must* be enclosed.

FROGPOND EDITORIAL POLICY

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication of *Frogpond*. HSA does not assume responsibility for views of contributors (including those of its own officers) whose work is printed in *Frogpond*, research errors, infringements of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Cover art copyright © 1989 by Ruby Spriggs.

Copyright © 1989 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Typography—Casa Sin Nombre

FROGPOND
Quarterly Haiku Journal
Vol. XII No. 1 February 1989

CONTENTS

HAIKU & SENRYU

Aikins, Suezan	6	Little, Geraldine C.	5
Alves, Frank R.	27	Lyles, Peggy Willis	21
Andrew, Jane Gana	10	McCaughin, L.K.	36
Antieau, David K.	39	Morrison, R.H.	10
Apted, W.S.	39	Nakamura, Charles	27
Atwood, Ann	30	Nethaway, Charles D., Jr.	30
Bailey, Jim	38	Newell, Ann	5
Balus, Richard	39	Noyes, H.F.	22,31,37
Bodner, Richard	19	Osborn, Rebecca M.	9
Cannon, Melissa	26	Peacock, Margaret	26
Dickson, Charles B.	38	Pupello, Anthony J.	31
Elliott, David	36	Ralph, George	30
Engle, Margarita Mondrus	8	Robbins, Michael C.	26
Etter, Carol A.	10	Ross, Bruce	22
Fields, Mary	18	Rungren, Lawrence	19
Figgins, Ross	6, 10	Sherburne, James C.	21
Florman, Ellen	9	Simbeck, Rob	27
Freedberg, B. Stephen	18	Stefanile, Selma	31
Gates, Bob	6	Suarez, Christopher	31
Grant, George	21	Swist, Wally	5
Haas, Rosamond	37	Tico, Tom	18
Hass, Norma S.	22	Virgilio, Nick	18
Hobson, Stephen	37	Viviano, Samuel	22
Holter, Ruth	9	Wainright, Carol	22
Hoppey, Tim	38	Walker, Ray	19
Hurm, Ken	38	Whitney, Sunni	6
Ishizaki, Ryokufu	27	Yarrow, Ruth	19
Johnson, Robert N.	19	Young, Virginia Brady	18
Kettner, M.	9	Ziemba, John	39
Kosh, Davina	21		

SEQUENCES, RENGA, HAIBUN

Winter Solstice (Jennifer Brutschy)	11
Records of a Well-Polished Satchel: #6 Angles of Loneliness (Sanford Goldstein)	24
Nanjing: the free market (Don L. Holroyd)	32
"Hot, Hot, Hot . . ." (Adele Kenny)	23
Exhibition at the Princeton Firestone Library (Geraldine C. Little)	20
What Was Missing (Joan S. Logghe)	8
A Journey Through Mountains (Jane Reichhold/Lequita Vance)	33
Haibun (Robert Spiess)	37

AND MORE

Word from the President	3
Museum of Haiku Literature Awards	4
In Memoriam: Nicholas Virgilio	7
Haiku in English: Beyond Assumptions (Hiroaki Sato)	12
A Return to the Center (Jane Reichhold)	28
Book Reviews (Kyoko Selden, Alvaro Cardona-Hine)	40
Bits & Pieces	45
HSA Financial Report	48
HSA 1989 Award Rules	48, Inside Back Cover

WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

Each of you, as a member of the Haiku Society of America or perhaps simply a reader of *Frogpond*, is to be commended. Some of you are accomplished authors and scholars, and some of you are just now beginning. We welcome all of you, and we encourage you to study and read, experience, write often, and submit your best work. Develop your haiku moments, and share them. I encourage you to write to me and the other officers with your comments and questions about haiku, and your suggestions. The more you participate, the better the Haiku Society can serve and represent you.

English-language haiku are written in many ways. Although creative writing is a uniquely personal matter, if one is to write something called haiku, one must know the medium. There are commentaries and translated works of the Japanese writers, to include titles by or about Basho, Buson, Issa, and Shiki. There are *The Penguin Book of Japanese Verse*, *The Penguin Book of Zen Poetry*, and Blyth's and Henderson's definitive works. Chinese literature, as an antecedent, is helpful. Additionally, by reading contemporary texts, anthologies, and journals, such as *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Wind Chimes*, one may "begin" to understand haiku. Then, one can move forward in one's own poetic direction and toward one's own creative potential. Consistent with scholarship, we are formalizing the HSA Library, and we plan to locate it in a permanent place in New York. We welcome your donations to this library.

In 1989, *Frogpond* will continue to contain many haiku, senryu, sequences, and articles; and quarterly awards will be given. Three contests will be held. Recognizing senryu as an important poetic form that we support, the Gerald M. Brady Memorial Senryu Contest will become a regular addition to the Henderson Award and the Merit Book Award.

With respect to the quarterly meetings of the HSA, we are open to contributions from all members. Please consider submitting a paper to be read at a meeting. If you cannot personally attend, we can arrange to read your paper for you. We would hope to have full and active participation from all of our geographically dispersed members. Also, we are considering another Haiku Weekend in 1989. About 15 members from the United States, Canada, and England met in New Jersey in November, and it proved to be an intense sharing of haiku moments. We welcome your suggestions.

Charles Nethaway, President
The Haiku Society of America, Inc.
1989

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

from *Frogpond* XI:4

Haiku

snow geese
Sarah discovers
the letter V

James Minor

Sequence

"Revenant"

Michael McNierney

winter solstice:
a snow goose lifts from its shadow
towards light

Geraldine C. Little

snowing in the forest
sound of 1000 bells

january birth day
three feet of snow
vase of red tulips

praying
a raven comes
to the window

Ann Newell

new snow:
the cottontail
licks its paws

bend of the brook
fox prints
etched in ice

beneath the white pine
a wreath
of cones

Wally Swist

jagged silver peaks
stark in the moonlight
. . . the owl's cry

softly as snow
owl drifting down
across the meadow

in eerie snowlight
a ptarmigan moves: the world
remains solid white

Sunni Whitney

sleeting dawn
frozen bird tracks
outside our door

Suezan Aikins

crystalline dawn—
to wear a yellow scarf
and skate the empty river

Ross Figgins

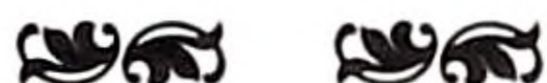
an old man
practicing his t'ai chi
among the pigeons

snow-covered field:
the artist stares at
his canvas

Bob Gates

IN MEMORIAM

Nicholas Virgilio
1928 - 1989



the snowy meadow:
a wind-blown feather follows
the tracks of the fox

on the frozen snow
reflecting the rising sun:
the eyes of the dead doe

along the lakeshore,
circling over spatterdocks:
song of the blackbird

from the darkened road,
through the leaves of the linden:
the far lights of home



Note: On January 3, 1989, Nick Virgilio became ill while making a videotape for CBS Nightwatch and died from a heart attack shortly after. The 2nd and 3rd haiku above are from a group of 33 which reached me the day of his death. Elsewhere in this issue are Virgilio haiku which were already in place. An augmented second edition of his *Selected Haiku*, just issued by Burnt Lake Press, is listed in the back.

The May 1989 issue of *Frogpond* will be dedicated to his memory.

WHAT WAS MISSING

On everything
she sprinkles cinnamon
she is lonely

Pressing an orange
full of cloves—her fingers
live for scent

Tea of star anise
her life will never be the same
inside a child flutters

The silver grater
dusts the eggnog
with what was missing

Joan S. Logghe



twenty years later
I arrange the seashells
in a basket

one question
after another
fragrance of herbs

bonsai nursery
even the old wooden sign
is small

Margarita Mondrus Engle

Sitting alone
at a table in the airport
coffee cold

out of a trash bag
a curl of red ribbon
falls to the floor

Rebecca M. Osborn

New Year's Eve party
the staid banker riotous
with horn and champagne

Ruth Holter

Snow geese
Turning to gold
Winter sunset

Ragged old man
Throwing snowballs
At the moon

Ellen Florman

snow-covered fields . . .
sound of distant truck
changing gears

after the party:
beer bottle
reflecting moonlight

M. Kettner

winter's
first snow
 New Year's day

remembering his suicide—
 stepping slowly
 across the moonlit bridge

my reflection huge in the funeral parlor mirror

Carol A. Etter

Before the service,
In the room with the coffin:
The clock ticking on.

R.H. Morrison

beyond her grave
 slowly hills and fields
 whiten with snow

Jane Gana Andrew

leaden skies—
 the owl's wings
 stiff with winter

moonlit path—
 black thistles twist
 in the snow

Ross Figgins

WINTER SOLSTICE

morning
a slice of sun
on the canyon rim

unseen dove
fills the arroyo
with its cry

down the dry wash
manes flowing—
wild horses

forming the dunes
taking my prints . . .
this same wind

the sun fades . . .
brushing the mesa
a pink pearl moon

ancient starlight
fills the night
with prayer

shadows
digging canyons
into canyons

dry river bed
now i know
silence

Jennifer Brutschy

HAIKU IN ENGLISH: BEYOND ASSUMPTIONS

Hiroaki Sato

The following article is based on the speech Sato gave at the publication party for his book in Japanese, Eigo Haiku (Haiku in English; Simul Press, 1987), which was held at the Japan Society, New York, on February 18, 1988. Following his speech, L.A. Davidson, Penny Harter, Geraldine Little, Geoffrey O'Brien, Cor van den Heuvel, Eleanor Wolff, and John Ashbery—those of the contributors to the book who were able to attend the party—read their haiku.

In turning the pages of *Eigo Haiku*, some of you may first notice an apparent error—not just once, but the same error repeated on the same page. The name of the English explorer, colonizer, and poet of whom Thomas Fuller concocted an immortal image of gallantry by saying he once threw his cloak over a “plashy place” for Queen Elizabeth to tread on is spelled *Raleigh*. Of course, most of you know that when it comes to orthography Elizabethans weren't exactly like schoolmarms of more recent periods, and that *Raleigh* is just one of a number of alternative spellings of Sir Walter's last name. It is, in any case, the spelling preferred by *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*.

I don't have to tell you that there is little connection between Sir Walter Raleigh and haiku. I mention him at the outset of the book because the first haiku in English I cite is written by Rebecca Rust, a resident of the state capital of North Carolina where he has left his name. I mention him here because I'd like to discuss some of the assumptions we tend to make about many things, especially haiku.

Take the piece by Miss Rust, who is the founder and president of the Haiku Society of North Carolina and, in addition, a beautiful dancer:

diving in the waves
for an underwater kiss,
summer moon

Told that this is a haiku, and hearing the expression “summer moon,” most Japanese will think of Matsuo Bashô (1644-94) and some even of one of his better-known haiku: *Takotsubo ya hakanaki yume o natsu no tsuki* (Octopus traps: fleeting dreams in the summer moon). The moment their education begins in Japan, the Japanese are taught that Bashô is the greatest haiku poet, and the inculcation continues throughout their life. Will this make their reaction to Miss Rust’s haiku favorable? Hardly. It is more likely to be negative: that Miss Rust’s composition is not a haiku in the Japanese sense, or that if it is to be so categorized, the category must necessarily be different from that accepted in Japan. This reaction is virtually certain among those who remember Bashô as an austere Seeker of the Way. “Waves” and “summer moon” are haiku-esque enough, yes, but “kissing”? Impossible! That’s so utterly alien to Bashô’s world!

More generally, a negative reaction to English haiku is something you must expect from the Japanese, my compatriots, whose attitudes toward cultural matters are in some ways lopsided, even perverse. On the one hand, they absorb all sorts of cultural manifestations of foreign countries indiscriminately, almost with abandon, in the apparent belief that there’s nothing incomprehensible or indigestible about them. At the same time, they harbor the deep suspicion, developed some time ago, that much of Japanese culture can’t be understood by non-Japanese.

Among those who have unabashedly spelled out this puzzling attitude is Kobayashi Nobuhiko, a writer of some note. A few years ago he contributed an article to the *Asahi Shimbun*, one of the top three dailies in Japan, where he said that the haiku written in the United States had “begun to run blindly away on the path of misunderstanding.” His basis for this sweeping assertion was the “several books” of haiku in English which he saw while visiting this country to collect material for his novel on “cultural gaps.” A mere several books is, of course, not enough to pass judgment on a literary genre. Aside from that, though, what would he have felt, one is tempted to ask, if some American had told him that all the articles in *his* magazine were totally off the mark, blindly running along the path of misunderstanding as to Alfred Hitchcock and the American movie? You see, at that time he was the editor of what was called *Hitchcock Magazine*.

The negative attitude toward haiku in English is not uncommon among Americans, either. Kobayashi himself quoted a young American woman who flatly said that English haiku were so different from Japanese haiku as to be of little worth. In addition, she dismissed English translations of famous Japanese haiku as “sheer nonsense.” I must say I was considerably miffed by her dismissal of translation. After all, I’ve been in this business for quite some time.

The young woman Kobayashi quoted had evidently studied Japanese literature, but her status in the field, such as it was, was not yet advanced enough to warrant her identification by name. Much earlier, however, a like dismissal of haiku in English—and other non-Japanese languages—had come down from someone academically far more exalted. In his entry on haiku in the *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, Prof. Earl Miner, a distinguished student of classical Japanese poetry now at Princeton, expressed his conviction that “haiku is too reduced a form and grows too complexly out of its cultural background to be adaptable as a whole into Western languages.” His judgment on actual haiku written in English and other languages was accordingly harsh; they were, he said, “almost invariably . . . trivial.”

I have referred to Prof. Miner’s opinion in the past tense because he appears to have written his entry in the early 70’s. Since then he may have softened his verdict. A few years ago, when occasion arose to revise the entry, he, ever a gentleman, passed the work on to me. Still, his view, such as was expressed in the *Encyclopedia*, seems to have derived from undue emphasis which we are prone to place on certain aspects of classical Japanese poetry. And it is a view—or shall we say an attitude—which will find ready approval among the majority of Japanese, even though their knowledge and understanding of Japanese poetic heritage is more amorphously instinctive than professorially precise.

Some of those aspects of Japanese poetry are evident in Bashō’s piece: “Octopus traps: fleeting dreams in the summer moon.” One is layers of allusion, overt or otherwise. Here, allusion begins with the headnote—which, incidentally, tells a lie: it says, “Staying overnight at Akashi.” Bashō did not, in fact, stay there. This we know from a letter he wrote about the trip. In any event, Akashi, a coast town west of Osaka, carries elegant associations, in part because it easily puns with the Japanese word meaning “bright,” and in part because it evokes a chapter in *The Tale of Genji*, the bible for court poets. In this tradition it is often coupled with the moon.

Weaving into a verse associations arising from a place, a bird, a person, or what have you, is, of course, a common feature of English poetry as well. The use of *kidai*, “seasonal topics,” and *kigo*, “seasonal words,” is probably less so. Here, “the summer moon” suggests the brevity of a summer night and, therefore, in many cases the inevitably untimely breakup of a couple in love, for whom no amount of time is long enough. A seasonal topic like this is also an automatic point of allusion which is expected to bring to mind many of the more famous poems made on it in earlier times.

Another distinct feature of the type of poetry Bashô and his friends composed is the *haikai*, or humorous, aspect. As noted, Akashi was supposed to evoke elegant memories. But the place was also known for earthier things: octopuses and the earthen pots used to trap them. Bringing these images by using the word *takotsubo*, "octopus traps," was poetically unorthodox, or going against the conventions of court poetry, and, therefore, *haikai*, "humorous." Bashô enhanced this inelegant, uncourtly element by recalling, in the prose piece containing the haiku, the ghastly drowning of ladies-in-waiting and maids of honor, which took place in the defeat of the Taira clan near Akashi toward the end of the 12th century. So his haiku says something comic and tragic: the octopuses, now indulging in the octopodous dreams in their transient homes, will be hauled out of the water tomorrow, drawn and quartered, and put up to dry in the sun and wind.

Then, there's the particle, *ya*, in *Takotsubo ya*. *Ya* here is used as a *kireji*—a rhetorical device which is said to impregnate the preceding word or phrase with poetic suggestions and meanings.

Finally, there is the fact that the haiku was at that time still called *hokku*, "opening part." The name was quite apt. The haiku was originally the opening part of the sequential poetic form of *renga* (linked verse), which was usually composed by two or more persons. As a result, during Bashô's days and long after it became an independent poetic form, the haiku was expected to stick to certain features peculiar to this part or stanza. The earlier-noted use of a seasonal topic or word is one of them. Another is the note of finality it had to have and, its opposite, a sense of expectancy, which was needed to carry forward the sequence. Bashô's haiku on octopus traps was apparently not used to open a *renga* sequence, but it does have those two features.

Such aspects of classical haiku are probably not common knowledge to the average Japanese person, even though he may be sorely tempted to be negative about composition of haiku in a different language. As a "haiku book" recently published in Japan ("Enjoyable Haiku Life," the 73rd special issue of the monthly *Takarajima*, February 1988) says, what ordinary Japanese think of upon hearing the word "haiku" is probably limited to Bashô, Buson, Issa, 5-7-5 syllables, and the term "seasonal word." Still, if you open a book or two on classical haiku, you learn that these special features have been endlessly argued and commented upon by poets and scholars year in and year out, century after century, and in the end you may be daunted enough to agree with Prof. Miner and declare that this form is *not* adaptable into foreign languages.

But emphasizing some of the more esoteric features of haiku can obscure the fact that a haiku, classical or otherwise, is a living thing. If the encrusting and hide-binding process were as complete as it is sometimes made out to be, then the haiku would no longer deserve all the attention it gets. Without knowing the things I have said about it, most people, I'm certain, will find Bashô's haiku, *Takotsubo ya hakanaki yume o natsu no tsuki* (Octopus traps: fleeting dreams in the summer moon), is as comprehensible as Rebecca Rust's haiku, "diving in the waves/for an underwater kiss,/summer moon."

Emphasizing the esoteric features of haiku can also lead to easy, erroneous assumptions, which may unnecessarily distort an assessment of haiku written in English or any other non-Japanese language. For example, you might be tempted to say kissing underwater was not something Bashô would have thought of doing or writing about, and to conclude that, therefore, Miss Rust's piece is something other than haiku.

The truth is that romanticism, sensuality, or even bawdiness has been part of Japanese poetry, and the category of love an indispensable part of it. Bashô himself did not leave many haiku on the subject of love, except several on the conventional topic of "cats in love." But in the renga sessions he was often asked to write the parts or stanzas set aside for that category.

To give just two examples, in one session, a poet by the name of Kyokusui wrote, "from a tenuous point her love has grown intense." To this Bashô responded with a concrete image: "when lost in thought, she's prodded to eat." In another session, a poet by the name of Sensen described a specific act by saying, "at parting she warms his clothes that became cold." To this one Bashô added a general but acute observation: "both being young, their love is innocent."

Though I can't say this is about love in the modern sense, one of the more endearing haiku Bashô composed is *Samukeredo futari neru yo zo tanomoshiki* (It's cold, but I feel sure of myself when I sleep with you). This he wrote when he stayed in his friend Etsujin's house.

One assumption commonly held, not only here but in Japan as well, is that the haiku is a poetic form that ossified somewhere between Bashô, of the 17th century, and Masaoka Shiki, of the 19th century. This is simply not true. That a haiku consists of 5-7-5 syllables is a notion you may hold forth as your own principle, but as history it is neither descriptive nor factual. The same can be said of the inclusion of a *kigo*, "seasonal word." In this century there have been, in Japan, notable movements to ignore the set syllabic count and discard the specifiers of the seasons, even though they have not won over the majority.

In these regards, I must note, the situation has been almost the reverse in North America, largely because of the pervasive influences of R.H. Blyth and Harold G. Henderson. For some time, the two aspects, syllabic and seasonal, have been regarded as less than essential by the majority of those who write haiku in English outside classrooms. An organizational exception is the Yûki Teikei group on the West Coast, which advocates adherence to those rules.

(Not long ago there was a haiku contest on the West Coast. One of the winners, presumably a member of the Yûki Teikei group, is reported to have disparaged non-5-7-5 syllable haiku without seasonal words as “fortune-cookie haiku.”)

Another assumption has to do with the visual aspect.

Traditionally, Japanese poets have written or printed their haiku in one vertical line, and the majority of them, at least those living today, will say, if asked, that the haiku is a one-line poem. But because of the 5-7-5 syllabic structure, haiku have been routinely translated into three lines, and the haiku defined and regarded as a three-line poem. But, as Cor van den Heuvel notes in the Introduction to his second, enlarged edition of *The Haiku Anthology* (Simon & Schuster, 1986), a sizeable number of American and Canadian haiku poets have been writing one-line haiku since the mid-1970's, partly in recognition of the fact that that's the way the majority of Japanese write haiku. Here, the stress is on the word “majority”; there has also been a significant, though a minority movement to lineate haiku in Japan. So, in this, too, the development here has been the reverse of the experience in Japan.

At this late date—toward the end of the 1980's, that is—it may be largely irrelevant to speak of haiku in English, or any other non-Japanese language, as if it were an extension or epigone of Japanese haiku or as if it were somehow still under its influence. *Reed Shadows*, a collection of haiku by John Wills (Black Moss Press & Burnt Lake Press, 1987), carries a simple statement: that haiku is “no longer synonymous with Japan,” as it “has been adopted around the world as a poetic form of unique expressive power.” In this assessment we must all concur. I have made my observations because there remain a good deal of confusions, assumptions, and a plain refusal to see what's happening.

As the statement in *Reed Shadows* continues to note, the creation of a new body of haiku has been especially remarkable in North America where there is a strong urge for experimentation and a desire for independence. No doubt, scholars with somewhat specialized knowledge of the genre will continue to belittle English haiku. Japanese with a skewered understanding of their own culture and a jaundiced notion of cultural transmission will continue to reject it as a non-haiku. And, American and Canadian haiku poets themselves will continue to say to one another, “Gee whiz, do you call that a haiku? I don't” —just as Japanese do among themselves. But English haiku as a genre is here to stay, and will continue to grow.

First snow of the year—
racing barefoot to the box
for last year's mail

Mary Fields

a gray winter day;
music from the carousel
drifts through the playground

in a vacant lot,
a broken television
faces an empty couch

Tom Tico

the bitter cold wind
through the rattle of litter:
the rag-picker's song

in the singles' bar
magnifying loneliness:
her thick eye-glasses

Nick Virgilio

aging hooker
staring into space:
the funeral cars move on . . .

Virginia Brady Young

dried up
in the gutter—last week's
obituaries

B. Stephen Freedberg

longest night—
his forehead burning
into my hand

chill
through the window crack
a whitethroat's whistle

Ruth Yarrow

Morning
moves along the hall
dry cough

Ray Walker

hunger moon
eaten down to its
last quarter

February afternoon—
the snowdrift melts
another inch

Lawrence Rungren

winter cottonwoods
the sky between them
windblown, blue

Robert N. Johnson

winter night
louder than summer crickets
the singing wires

Richard Bodner

EXHIBITION AT THE PRINCETON
FIRESTONE LIBRARY

I. BIJIN-GA: BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PRINTS

the two wings
of her black hair flooded
with sunlight

obi in front
marks her a prostitute—
such delicate features!

II. UTAMARO PRINTS (1753-1806)

“The World in Silver White”

children play
with the snow-sculptured dog
you want to pat

a great snowball—
feel its chill near snowy pines
and brilliant clouds

“Gifts of the Ebb-Tide”

the flashing
of silver-painted shells
even in dim light

the lonely beach—
can it really be made
with brass dust?

III. MEDITATION

the marvel of faces
and colors bright as if worked
this morning

Geraldine C. Little



Bamboo rustling—
stripes flicker on and off
the sleeping cat

Riverbank—
reaching for the fern—
eyes of the snake

Davina Kosh

stopping for the silence
as friends walk down the trail
a dragonfly

(Haaleakala Volcano, Maui)

George Grant

warm sea . . .
we swim into phosphorescence
lightly touching

Peggy Willis Lyles

on her skin
the negative of that bold
bikini

James C. Sherburne

a crow caws into
the silent winter morning—
the lightest snowfall

Bruce Ross

yellow crocuses
just beneath fresh snow. . .
faint piano sounds

the slow piano lesson
a bird sings
at the window

Samuel Viviano

Deep in the thicket—
the cords of winter slacken
in the sparrow's throat

Carol Wainright

last day of winter—
the flower-seller
repainting his cart

Norma S. Hass

silver thaw—
a piano prelude
unmasks the moon

H.F. Noyes

"HOT, HOT, HOT. . ."
(from an island song)

heat lightning
notching
the sky

"Hot, hot, hot. . ."
a calypso band sounding
over water

just for a day
hibiscus blossoms filling
with light

whiter
in the island woman's hand
these tiny shells

stretching sunset
the red sail
of a distant boat

touching
his skin still warm
from the sun

a seabird
diving into
the moon

skinny dipping
our bodies slipping
through stars

(Paradise Island)
Adele Kenny

RECORDS OF A WELL-POLISHED SATCHEL:
#6 ANGLES OF LONELINESS

what passion
you had, Akiko—
where can I put
even an inch
of tonight's anguish!

sucking
chocolate squares—
oh, it's a lonely beginning
this first night of return
to Japan

under this Basholess
pre-dawn sky
how rough
the angle of loneliness
along this eastern sea

bent
like a puzzle
in a child's hand,
that back before me
in the pre-dawn dark

is it a walking
umbrella?
immense the black
over that bent-against-the-wind
angle of loneliness

a crane
skipping before me
on this seaside road,
its leg
a karate lift?

I hug
the boy to me—
how brave he was to point and say
This is a pencil
This is a cup

on my office couch
I lean back,
back,
this Nescafe's
the length of my desire

in this bare
late-afternoon life
I make
my bare dinner
and set out fork and knife

wanting
to embrace
even a sleeve—
tonight's
lonely angle

Sanford Goldstein
Niigata, October 1987

ELECTRIC EYES

(for the screaming monk)

the sun! the wind and leaves!
charged from within!
how everything lights up!

Melissa Cannon

After clouds
Snow glistening
In the grass.

In the forest
On a railroad bridge
A beer bottle.

Darkness spreads
Onto mountain backs—
Cloud shadows.

Balsams
Lean to fall
Or bend up.

Michael C. Robbins

no cry—
still licking and licking
her stillborn kitten

boarding the ferry
against the winter darkness
—one gull

Margaret Peacock

Seven rainbow colors,
The lower part of the ring
Hidden under a winter field.

A jet plane flying over—
Flocks of water-fowl unconcerned
Within the breakwater.

Ryokufu Ishizaki

in the strong wind
a raven climbs from fields
bowing away

winter dusk;
purposeless, a flagpole chain
tapping in the breeze

winter stillness
chime wind train breath
the round of night

Charles Nakamura

wipers slapping . . .
 boxcar boxcar boxcar
 boxcar boxcar

Rob Simbeck

Bumper to bumper—
 the windows rolled up tight
 and Beethoven's Fifth

Frank R. Alves


A RETURN TO THE CENTER


Jane Reichhold

After several months of being forced to cope with family affairs in transition, the day finally came when there was time to return to writing haiku. With a sigh of thankfulness that the wave had passed, leaving me clear and peaceful, I released my eagerness to get back to the haiku way of stopping the world.

It took only a short while of waiting with open spirit to realize that the familiar path to haiku, one I never thought I'd forget, was no longer where it had been. Someone had moved the road! Not really; the truth was, I had changed. No longer could I simply extend the wings of my heart to let them carry me, without thinking, where I needed to be.

Puzzled, I turned to that oldest Chinese puzzle: I-Ching*. Casting the coins, it was hard to keep my query in mind. Doubts leapt up on all sides. How could it happen that I would have to ask directions for a way from which I had been certain I would never stray? The lines begin to add up until all six, with a surprising three changing, lay before me as:

 #20 -----»
: Contemplating

 #50
Cosmic Order

First I read in R.L. Wing's *The I Ching Workbook*, under CONTEMPLATING, "When attempting to determine the meaning and tendency of a situation at this time, approach it with the predictable plan of the seasons in mind."

Each translator, each writer of commentary to the hexagrams, has different ways of expressing the same basic truth. The marvel is when a certain word or a phrase jumps off the page in a flash of light and joy. There, one knows, is the answer to one's asking. So, go to the seasons. To old haiku writers, this directive has the familiar sound of frogs and crows.

Further investigation, into Rowena Pattee's *Moving with Change*, permitted light to come from "Everything in nature and civilization is a sign like a page in the book of life."

With so much help, I could hardly expect that there could be more. However, the three lines moving changes the hexagram into #50, Cosmic Order, or in the image of Pattee, "rainbow mountains evaporate into comets and stars" which I interpreted as saying, the illusions of this plane can become the sparks and fires of higher realms. Or more simply put: objects of this world open outward creating the spaces where the sparks [as the elemental part of haiku] can be found.

Richard Wilhelm, in his translation of the *I Ching*, says about this hexagram: "All that is visible must grow beyond itself, extend into the realm of the invisible. Thereby it receives true consecration and clarity and takes firm root in the cosmic order".

I tremble a bit to expose that so little of the teachings were revealed to me. There was a wealth of material in the texts and commentaries that flowed by me unread or not understood or not meant for me. Someone else, asking the same question and getting the same answers would undoubtedly find other parts of the text that danced and whirled into brain cells. But for me the message was: contemplate! contemplate the seasons, the variations and the immutable order of them. For a haiku writer to hear the word contemplate, there is immediately Basho's voice saying,

“. . . all who have achieved real excellence in any art possess one thing in common; that is, a mind to obey nature, to be one with nature, throughout the four seasons of the year. Whatever such a mind sees is a flower and whatever such a mind dreams of is the moon. It is only a barbarous mind that sees other than the flower, merely an animal mind that dreams of other than the moon. The first lesson for the artist is, therefore, to learn how to overcome such barbarism and animality, to follow nature, to be one with nature.”

With those words the path opens again by affirming “the cosmic force is in me, therefore, I am the cosmic force.”

It can be noted that in some recent issues of *frogpond*, there had developed much heated discussion about where haiku should be going, or be defined or labeled or regulated.

Here is the thought that our energies are being wasted by continuing such debates. By taking ourselves to the source of haiku, nature, the world around us, yes, even civilization; all of these things, viewed as part of us, us as a part of them, we will bring the haiku movement further forward than trying to define the undefinable spark. Only when that spark is given images, and the space to leap between them, does haiku live. The short time we have to live on this plane is given so that we can create with the things of this earth.

Let us get back to being open to the Way so haiku can come through to us and through us for others. It's winter, the time of contemplation. Let it be the season the words on our papers are haiku.

* *I Ching or The Book of Change* attributed to Fu Hsi, a ruler of China in the third millennium B.C., and the resulting 64 hexagrams have since been used as a method of divination. Either by tossing three coins or using yarrow stalks while intoning the query, six lines are established. With the added possibility of moving lines [solid lines become broken lines, vice versa], a second hexagram is given which describes the next step on the path.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Basho, *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*, London, Penguin Books.

Blofeld, John, *I Ching (The Book of Change)*, New York, Dutton, 1963.

Pattee, Rowena, *Moving with Change*, Arkana, 1986.

Wilhelm, Richard, *The I Ching or Book of Changes*, Bollingen Series XIX, 1950.

Wing, R.L., *The I Ching Workbook*, New York, Doubleday.

winter basement
scent of tomato leaves
in the bamboo broom

dead center
in the center of her flowers
Georgia O'Keeffe

Ann Atwood

winter rain—
i dream
of a great flood

basement flowers
all stretched up
—single skylight

making love:
Georgia O'Keeffe's petals
keep flashing

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

pale winter light:
after biting words leaving
an earring

winter opening
the museum catalog,
Miró's full-page sun

George Ralph

those girls by Degas
on the wall
peonies in their ruffled skirts

(Chicago Art Institute)
Selma Stefanile

Hokusai print—
the sound of waves
at dusk

Soho gallery—
in the sound-proof room,
the Hokusai print

Anthony J. Pupello

Looking carefully
chicken eyes and beaks—
Kyoto print

mewing of gulls—
my godchild shows she knows
the ancient language

wake of the storm—
broken wings inseparable
from the sand

H. F. Noyes

low tide—
an old man stepping back
from the waves

Christopher Suarez

NANJING: the free market*

Soon after dawn
shoppers with empty baskets
haggle over prices

Along the road,
a cartload of squawking ducks
take their last ride

Spring afternoon—
a shabby dressed man
buys a potted rose

Mid-summer heat—
Yangtze River eels
squirming in pails

At dusk
the odor of fresh baked bread
masks the garbage smell

The sun sets—
a stooped old woman in black
scavenges for greens

Don L. Holroyd

*prices not set
by government regulation

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOUNTAINS
Kasen Renga: June 21, 1987 – January 25, 1988
Jane Reichhold and Lequita Vance

shortest night
yet a journey
through mountains jr

 one side a narrow passage
 the other a yawning mouth lv

frozen to his feet
the length of a shadow
wanting to sleep jr

 a few short days yet to go
 the odometer long broken lv

used car salesman
a banana peel lies
three feet from his jr

 one giant step for mankind
 the moon's a green cheese jr

crackers and milk all that is left after the love affair	lv
laundry hangs motionless a half-finished Zen garden	jr
silent circles dancers caught mid-step by a power out	lv
tripping with a smile stickers in her teeth	jr
brushing up down at the bottom of the pile an apology	lv
letter from a critic "God's finger is a bookmark"	jr
time a musty smell in the pressed carnation	lv
moonlight creeps through a chink the shape of the crescent moon	lv
scorpion's tail bent to strike squished	jr
on red high heels moist earth from her brother's grave	lv
yesterday's kids decorating mud pies with stolen flowers	jr
in the oven too long short loaves heavy as bricks	lv

dried weeds
a nameless spider
loses his shadow jr

in the dark until now
a glint flashes in his eye lv

spring rain
the willow strings
raindrops jr

one by one without a sound
through closed windows her sobs lv

an old woman
carrying a balloon
dusk lowers jr

the shades down for days
a slight lift in storm clouds lv

blotches of lichen
hit and miss random stones
near the pumpkin patch lv

in groups of giggles
trick-or-treaters jr

candy wrappers
along the dim lit path
lead to the dentist's door lv

new reading glasses
a blur says hello jr

snow crystals
outline each French door panel
with slivers of moon lv

warmth on the glass
her breathless excitement jr

goose pimples
seeing huge flocks
of whistling swans jr

kettle ready for tea
pot cold with stale leaves lv

voices blending
heat from a wood stove
a moving pen jr

young heifers breathe milk odor
into a morning of snow swirls lv

an old album
in granddaughter's lap
daisy petals jr

first time without training wheels
the red birthday bike lv



just off the wing tip
beyond that cumulus cloud
some child's red balloon

L.K. McCaughin

In the glow
of the child's nightlight a moth
clinging to the wall

David Elliott

It is December tenth, nineteen hundred eighty-eight. On this date twenty years ago, in the afternoon, a defectively wired fan electrocuted Thomas Merton in Bangkok, Thailand, where he was attending a religious conference, and at which he had given an address that morning—

To his room to rest
... for hours the faulty fan
burning into his chest

Robert Spiess



thin rain
darkening
the silence

Stephen Hobson

from the warlord's tomb
onto the street of caged birds—
each one in full song!

(Leshan, China)
Rosamond Haas

island cypresses
everywhere dying—
green by the graves

H. F. Noyes

snowbound
the old mountain fiddler plays
foot-tapping tunes

foot-stomping hoedown
the old square-dancer swings
his white-haired sweetheart

Charles B. Dickson

do-si-do-ing
in the crowded
crosswalk

Tim Hoppey

a horned owl
caught in a fox trap
blinking back tears

wet snow
clinging to a window sash
a green fly

Jim Bailey

winter gust
and the scarecrow loses
another straw

winter moon
taking all night to cross
so small a pond

Ken Hurm

Dark winter sky
A sudden flurry—
Sparrows

Snow—
Cradled
In Queen Anne's lace

Amid snowflakes
a leaf
Pierces the mind

Richard Balus

winter sun
through the trees
elk's breath

W.S. Apted

reflected
window to window
winter sunset

February cold
a huge break in the clouds
Orion

David K. Antieau

Winter—
throwing a stone into the waves . . .
nothing.

John Ziemba

BOOK REVIEWS

Hiroaki Sato (editor and author), **EIGO HAIKU: ARU SHIKEI NO HIROGARI** (*Haiku in English: A Poetic Form Expands*). Tokyo: Simul Press, 1987. 251 pp, Y 1900, hard cover.

Reviewed by Kyoko Selden

I laughed aloud when I finished reading this absorbing book. It was that delightful and its conclusion, in a sense open-ended, was that satisfying.

In the prologue the author (about whom I need not write because everyone knows the translator/editor of *From the Country of Eight Islands* and author of *One Hundred Frogs* as a poet, translator and columnist who also works at JETRO—how does he do it?—who has contributed to the development of English language haiku and renga) describes the development and present situation of English language haiku. The main part of the book is divided into 1. Actual compositions and appreciation of English haiku, 2. haibun (essay in the haiku spirit, usually strewn with haiku), 3. renga, and 4. the future of English haiku.

Part I collects contributions from some of the finest North American haiku poets, chosen with both quality and variety in view: L.A. Davidson, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, Geraldine Little, Marlene Mountain, George Swede, Cor van den Heuvel, Rod Willmot, Eleanor Wolff, and Ruth Yarrow. With a few exceptions, each poet provides a brief autobiographical note, samples and discusses his or her own haiku, then quotes and responds to other people's haiku. George Swede does not include an autobiographical account. Cor van den Heuvel, critical of haiku poets' practice of self-commentary, omits discussion of his own work.

Part II introduces three haibun by Hal Roth, John Ashbery, and Judith Winston. Part III discusses renga, and introduces an example of a 36 verse renga, "A Dream of the Snake," by Rod Willmot, Hiroaki Sato, and Geoffrey O'Brien. Rod Willmot explicates, in an illuminating way, each verse, the linkage between verses, and the development of the piece as a whole.

In Part IV Sato discusses the history of haiku study in American schools, and quotes prize winning haiku by New York City high schoolers from the early 1980's. The final portion of the chapter and of this book contains three essays related to Basho's "old pond" poem, dealing primarily with such questions as translation of Japanese haiku, Japanese prejudice against translated haiku, and nationality versus universality.

The prose contributions from American and Canadian haiku poets are admirably translated with care for each contributor. I found it interesting that Sato chose to translate the female contributors' prose mostly in gentle semi-formal "spoken" (or epistolary) style, while male contributors' prose is presented in the more formal "written" style. Exceptions are Marlene Mountain's essay in rather informal "written" form, and Judith

Winston's haibun (but not her self-portrait) in the same kind of essay style used for the male contributors.

Does such differentiation reflect the translator's idea of how women normally should sound in Japanese as well as what kind of Japanese the original English prose style of each of these writings suggests? Does it, in the Winston case, also say something about haibun? Unlike earlier poetic diaries and stories which were written by court ladies or through a court lady's persona, Edo period haiku essays and travelogues were characteristically written by men in crisper and drier language. Perhaps this has something to do with choosing a style not expressly feminine in translating the Winston haibun.

Hiroaki Sato usually translates Japanese haiku into an English one liner without a fixed syllable count, but here in translating English haiku into Japanese he uses the 5/7/5 Japanese syllables in most cases, and invariably honors the original line division. When translating without the syllable counts, he adds a 5/7/5 alternative translation in parentheses whenever possible. Many of the translations are excellent. The sensitive use of kanji and hiragana produces a visual effect that draws the reader to the shimmering beauty of light, shade, water, forms, and motions. Others that are less successful clearly indicate the difficulty of applying this single traditional form for the variety of English haiku chosen. Aside from such questions as occasional archaisms and over-condensation, sometimes the translation sounds too rhythmic, the 5/7/5 syllables too well felt. In connection with this, it is refreshing to find some reference to the music of haiku, notably in Rod Willmot's discussion of the three-person renga.

This book is intended to help Japanese readers appreciate English language haiku, and address Japanese prejudice against haiku written abroad. It does much more than that, and would be welcome if adapted for publication in English.

Let me quote two of the many unforgettable haiku contained in this volume:

I saw laughter
through my window

Douglas Crosby, fourth place in the
high schoolers' haiku contest

ike araba tonde basho ni kikasetai
(if there's a pond I want to jump and let Basho hear)

Sengai (1751-1837), Zen monk and painter

BREVE HISTORIA Y ANTOLOGIA DEL HAIKU EN LA LIRICA MEXICANA, (*A Brief History and Anthology of the Haiku in Mexican Poetry*) Ty Hadman, Editorial Domes, S.A., Rio Mixcoac 97, 03920, Mexico, D.F. 1987, 86 pps. (No price listed)*

Reviewed by Alvaro Cardona-Hine

Ty Hadman is the Ambrose Bierce of Mexican haiku. He has studied, researched, and now published the result of his findings, without managing to disappear in the Chihuahuan Desert if only because Tablada and the rest of the Mexican haiku poets have had fewer enemies than Pancho Villa.

In this 86 page book, Hadman manages to tell the story of haiku in Mexico and to present 36 poets who, at one time or another, have practiced or approximated the form or spirit of the haiku. He also provides us with a bibliography.

It might come as a surprise to American readers to know that the haiku was practiced in Mexico earlier and with more apparent delight than in the United States. We have José Juan Tablada writing his first haiku in 1900 after a brief stay in Japan, and in 1919 publishing *UN DIA . . .*, the first book of haiku outside Japan. This and another book of his in 1922 influenced a number of Mexican poets who then began to work the form. Since that time, interest and application in the writing of haiku in Mexico has waxed and waned. In this reviewer's opinion, not much has appeared to match the essence and spirit of haiku. The historical moment and the geographical distance have operated to keep the Mexican haiku no more than an approximation of original purities.

The following are some of the freshest examples (All English versions by the reviewer):

El abejorro terco
rondando el foco zumba
como abanico eléctrico.

Tablada

A stubborn bug
hums around the lightbulb
like an electric fan.

Recorriendo su tela
esta luna clarísima
tiene a la araña en vela.

Tablada

A bright moon
along the length of the spiderweb
keeps the spider awake.

¡Las crestas de espuma
de las olas rotas!
¡Tórnanse gaviotas!

Tablada

Bits of foam
from the splintered waves
turn into seagulls!

Luciérnaga en la noche,
Rocío en el alba:
¡cuán poco basta!

Samuel Ruiz Cabañas

Glow-worms at night,
morning dew:
How little is enough!

Pasan por la acera
lo mismo el cura, que la vaca
y que la luz postrera.

Carlos Pellicer

The priest, the cow
and the last bit of light
all use the sidewalk.

Llena de lilas,
traía flores en sus manos
y en las pupilas.

Rafael Lozano

Lilacs,
she carried them in her hands
and in her eyes.

*Buscando huevos de gallina
por los rincones del granero,
hallé los senos de mi prima.*

José Rubén Romero

Looking for eggs
in the barn
I found the breasts of my cousin.

En las altas rosas
principia la aurora
antes que en las otras.

Jaime Torres Bodet

Dawn begins first
among the highest roses.

Cuando el crepúsculo vino
a México, se compró
un sarape de Saltillo.

Armando Duvalier

When the sunset arrived
in Mexico, it bought itself
a sarape from Saltillo.

En el brazo de un árbol
un pájaro
se pesa.

Pablo Mora

A bird
checks its weight
on the branch of a tree.

Desde la antena de los árboles
inicia la chicharra
su trasmisión de estática.

Carlos Gaytán

From the antenna of the trees
the cicada begins
its transmission of static.

HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT

10/1/87 – 9/30/88

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/87		\$3032.84	
II. Income			
Membership Dues	\$8044.00		
Single Issues Frogpond	439.50		
Henderson Contest	593.50		
Contributions	450.00		
<hr/>			
Total Income	9527.00	9527.00	
<hr/>			
III. Payments			
Frogpond Publishing	5262.86		
Postage	2554.75		
Awards	575.00		
Stationery	350.00		
Bank Fees	121.42		
Other (Bad Checks)	32.00		
<hr/>			
Total Payments	8913.08	8913.08	
<hr/>			
IV. Balance as of 9/30/88		3646.76	

Ross Kremer
Treasurer, HSA



HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS FOR 1989

The HSA will offer prizes for haiku books published in 1988.

1. Deadline for submission: May 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: none
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1988.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$75; and a third prize of \$50.
8. The list of winners will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. Books will remain property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

LAUREL, MARYLAND
9 MARCH 1989

GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARD FOR SENRYU FOR 1989

The Haiku Society of America will offer prizes for senryu. This Gerald Brady Memorial Award is made possible by Virginia Brady Young in honor of her late brother.

1. Deadline for submission: July 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per senryu.
3. Limit: Five unpublished senryu.
4. Submit each senryu on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the other with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be first prize of \$100, a second prize of \$50; and a third prize of \$25.
8. The list of winners and winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*. Send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARD FOR 1989

The Haiku Society of America will offer prizes for haiku. This Harold G. Henderson Award is made possible by Mrs. Harold Henderson in honor of Harold Henderson, one of the founders of the Haiku Society and one of the most influential authors and scholars regarding haiku.

1. Deadline for submission: August 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Limit: Five unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of \$50 and a third prize of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*. Send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

