





November 1978

Published by
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA Inc.

Japan House 333 East 47 Street, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017

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Please send all FROGPOND correspondence to the editor, all subscriptions and membership correspondence to the sub/mem sec'y. Other mail should go to HSA at Japan House (see above).

HSA FROGPOND

Publication dates: February, May, August, November
\$10.00 calendar year, 1979 – includes membership
(\$15.00 overseas surface, \$18.00 overseas air.)

Deadlines for current essays: Mar. 15, June 15, Sept. 15, Dec. 15

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Typesetting & Printing made possible
under a partial production grant
at the Open Studio Print Shop in Rhinebeck, New York
(partially funded by the New York State Council on the Arts
& the Comprehensive Employment & Training Act).

HSA

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From the editor of Frogpond —

Dear Kenkichi Yamamoto and Sumio Mori,

This letter will be signed by me, but the greeting and warmth are from all who heard and met you on that good day September 17, 1978—and from all who will read the transcript of your talks in this issue of Frogpond.

When Nobuo Hirasawa, editor of "Outch", invited a greeting from HSA Frogpond this is what I sent: "We are writing because frogponds, and frogs, (and the sounds they make when they jump into the water) are the same in Japan as they are on this side of the water. And the sounds we make in trying to swim are the same sounds that you make. And when a mosquito bites us, we also say "ouch." But we spell it differently. . . ."

Kenkichi Yamamoto, you told us that the Japanese say "haik'" — the French say "'aiku". We say "haiku" — accenting the 'u.'

But we are all trying to understand the nature of that KIND of poem the Japanese (with their special way with the arts) originated long ago "in kimono dress" — as Sumio Mori put it. Then, and now, we are all nourished by the same "life index" (Kenkichi Yamamoto's phrase) — our sense of life itself. Poetry could not be written without that nourishment. Wherever a poet writes, in any part of the world, that being is within a season; is permeated body and mind, by nature — in that place — at the point in time. Whether or not haiku poets, everywhere in the world, will feel the need for season reference books of words and phrases will, as Yamamoto indicated, arise from the needs of the poets themselves. As for "something to replace" sense of seasons — is there anything else for poets to write about?

You have enriched us. You have fortified us with the knowledge that we are all the same — under kimonos or "modern dress". So we print what you say, and you add your somewhat disparate views to ours, and what you say is just right for our mutual frogpond.

After the talks some of us shared a dinner with you. When the time came to say "goodbye", I followed those who know Japanese customs and bowed to you. But now I'm sorry that I did not follow my impulse to embrace you and say "Come back!" There are so many thoughts that clamor to be said, and so much feeling to express. Some day, as many have, I will go to Japan (if the yen/dollar balance permits) and knock on your doors and say "Hi, let's continue the conversation."

Lilli Tanger

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HAIKU NEWS

The central news for HSA is, of course, the annual HSA Meeting and Program which took place on September 17, 1978 at Japan House in New York City.

BUSINESS MEETING

A very brief meeting was held at 1 pm. President Cor van den Heuvel took note of the fact that very few HSA members were present. He added that the change of focus through our publication, to communicate with our out-of-town subscriber/members has been proven right and necessary.

Yasko Karaki, our Vice-President/Treasurer, reported on the state of our finances. Although none of our subscription money was used for the program, our coffers at the time of the meeting contained less than \$200. (The door money for the talks was retained by Japan Society to help defray its expenses.) Yasko reported on her work to have necessary amendments recorded in our incorporation papers prior to our application for IRS written recognition of our tax exempt status. Lilli Tanzer added the information that Yasko, as Vice-President, had done an enormous amount of varied work in preparation for the program.

Yasko Karaki is preparing her treasurer's final financial report on our Annual Program.

Lilli Tanzer was asked to report on Frogpond and responded that Frogpond must speak for itself.

Marion Richardson asked for a vote of thanks to the Frogpond editor.

Cor read the Henderson Contest report, and the Subscription/Membership report prepared by Emiko Manning. Emiko could not be present. As of August 25, our files listed 175 sub/mem. (As of September 25, 1968, the recorded figure was 187). And we continue to grow. 42 of the new sub/mem in our files are the direct result of Henderson Contest publicity. (The publicity was handled by Emiko, and she reached a larger number and a wider range of poets than ever before). She receives our hearty vote of thanks.

HAIKU NEWS

Prof. Alfred Marks, our nominating committee chairman, reported as follows:

- 1-Emiko Manning will not run again, having resigned as of Nov. 30, 1978 due to other pressing matters.
- 2-L.A. Davidson has accepted the nomination for the office vacated by Emiko Manning (subscriptions/memberships secretary).
- 3-Lilli Tanzer was nominated to run again as Frogpond editor. She accepted.
- 4-Cor van den Heuvel does not wish to run again. Alfred Marks reported that the information did not reach him in time for his committee to finalize arrangements for the candidates for the 1979 Presidency and the Vice-Presidency and Treasurer. Hiroaki Sato has since been offered the nomination as HSA President and has accepted.

Please see the enclosed full nominations list for your immediate vote, as recommended by the committee.

NOTE THAT YOUR VOTES MUST BE RECEIVED AT JAPAN HOUSE ON OR BEFORE DECEMBER 20, 1978. THE NEW OFFICERS WILL BE INSTALLED AS OF JANUARY 1, 79. VOTING RESULTS WILL BE PRINTED IN THE FEBRUARY 1979 FROGPOND.

For the new executive committee: Do you have ideas on things YOU are able and willing to do for HSA? (YOU!—the committee has its (heavy) duties spelled out for it.)

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FROGPOND WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE YOUR PAYMENT OF 1979 SUB/MEM FEES AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. HSA HAS NO OTHER REGULAR SOURCE OF INCOME. PLEASE DO NOT WAIT UNTIL 1979.

Another visitor to our shores was Atsuo Nakagawa, poet/writer/editor of POETRY NIPPON, the organ of The Poetry Society of Japan. We were happy to meet and talk with him. He left books and other interesting material about the Society. Many thanks!

As we go to press Jan Bostok, poet and editor of TWEED, is visiting. Both editors have made great efforts to visit with haiku writers while here. We are most appreciative.

PROGRAM

Cor van den Heuvel gave a short introductory talk, commenting on the fact that this was an historic occasion: the first time distinguished guests from Japan have discussed contemporary haiku. He thanked our speakers and the co-sponsor of the program, JAPAN SOCIETY, —and JAPAN AIRLINES for transportation of our guests and the SHIKISHI. Additional thanks were proffered to all who contributed to make the event possible. Yasko Karaki and Kazuo Sato have been largely responsible for liaison with our speakers, and both have contributed generous financial help as well.

Hiroaki Sato received warm thanks for his fine translations of Sumio Mori's haiku. These were printed in the program. (Most of its contents appear in this issue). Sumio Mori later read and discussed these haiku as part of his talk.

Yasko was asked to introduce the speakers. She did so in Japanese, and then in English.

We heard an opening address by Mr. Yukio Sugano, representing the Consul General of Japan.

Our invited guests Kenkichi Yamamoto and Sumio Mori were ably aided by Mrs. Takako Lento who interpreted sentence by sentence, transmitting the spirit and contents of the talks.

After the talks a reception was given for our guests. We viewed a display of twenty four beautiful SHIKISHI. These are squares of rice paper on which appear the original calligraphy of some of the finest haiku masters in Japan. Each poet contributed calligraphy of his own haiku to the Haiku Society of America, and the collection is a cherished possession. HSA will see to it that the Shikishi are viewed by as many people as possible. Frogpond has photographed them, and subsequent issues will print them for your enjoyment. Yasko Karaki has translated the haiku for us.

The idea to bring this art to HSA was initiated by Kazuo Sato and Shoji Kasuya of Mainichi Newspaper in Japan. Mr. Tokihiko Kusama, director of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo, implemented arrangements for the creation of the Shikishi, and Japan Airlines transported them for us. We are deeply grateful to all concerned, and are of course sending our thanks to the individual poets for their beautiful works.

ADDITIONAL 1978 RENEWALS

Please add asterisks to your present listing. The asterisk here change of address.

*Randy W. Rader, Pat Lottero

Correction: KAKI ASO Studio should read KAJI ASO Studio

ADDRESS CHANGES

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MEMBERS— PLEASE NOTE THAT WE HAVE HAD TO INCREASE THE COMBINED SUB/MEM RATES TO \$10. DOMESTIC, \$15. SURFACE OVERSEAS, AND \$18. OVERSEAS AIR, WHEN SPECIFIED.

Note, too, that we can no longer carry subscribers unless they are paid up. No more free Frogponds while you are deciding. The deadline for uninterrupted mailings is January 31, 1979. See the enclosed information sheet.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

KENKICHI YAMAMOTO

Kenkichi Yamamoto is a scholar/critic of international renown. He was a scholar-in-residence at the University of Hawaii in 1970, a post held the year before by the Nobel Prize winner Yasunari Kawabata, and has lectured in China. Though an expert in many fields of Japanese literature, he has a special interest in haiku. In the late thirties he was editor of a magazine called HAIKU KENKYU (Studies on Haiku), and associated with such poets as Kusatao, Hakyō, and Shuson. After the war he defended haiku against those detractors who called it a "second-class art", expressing his theories on the subject in a book entitled PURE HAIKU, published in 1952. At about the same time his two-volume work MODERN HAIKU came out, in which he gave appreciative interpretations of modern haiku. Since then he has published, among other works, a book discussing the haiku of Bashō (1955), an up-to-date HAIKU SAJIKI (a five-volume compilation of season words, 1971-72), and SHIKI AND KYOSHI (1976). He was born in Nagasaki in 1907 and studied at Keio University in Tokyo.

SUMIO MORI

Sumio Mori, who won this year's Yomiuri Award, one of Japan's most prestigious literary prizes, recently published his fourth collection of haiku: RISO (Letters). He was born in 1919 in Hyogo-ken, but his family moved to Nagasaki when he was five years old. Though he was inclined toward literary study, his dentist father, who also wrote haiku and associated with the poets of the magazine HOTOTOGISU (Cuckoo), wanted him to study medicine. He ended up majoring in economics at Kyushu University. During his school years he associated with the other poets and helped edit a literary magazine. Afterwards he joined the haiku group around Shimomura Hiroshi, and sent work to the haiku magazine KANRAI (Winter Thunder), later becoming its editor (1956-71). He presently edits haiku pages in two Japanese newspapers. His previous collections of haiku are: YUKI KUNUGI (Snow-covered Oak), 1954; KAGAN (Virgin Eyes), 1969; and UKI KAMOME (Floating Seagull), 1973.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

HIROAKI SATO

Hiroaki Sato has rapidly become, in the last few years, one of the most important translators of Japanese poetry into English. Among the seven books of distinguished translations he has published in the past five years are: *TEN JAPANESE POETS* (1973), *LILAC GARDEN: POEMS OF MINORU YOSHIOKA* (1977), and *HOWLING AT THE MOON: POEMS OF SAKUTARO HAGIWARA* (1978). He has completed four other books which are already scheduled for publication, including *CHIEKO & OTHER POEMS OF KOTARO TAKAMURA*, to be published next year by the University Press of Hawaii; and *SEE YOU SOON: POEMS OF TAEKO TOMIOKA*, to be published by Chicago Review Press. He is now working on an *ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE POETRY FROM ANCIENT TO MODERN TIMES*, with J. Thomas Rimer and Burton Watson, for Doubleday.

See Hiroaki Sato's translations of haiku by Sumio Mori.

We are very grateful to him. Most of these haiku were read and discussed by the poet. Sumio Mori's talk followed that of Kenkichi Yamamoto.

TAKAKO LENTO

Mrs. Lento's credits for translations from Japanese to English and English to Japanese are very imposing. She has lectured on poetry at universities both here and in Japan, and has translated works by Edward Albee, and other literary figures, into Japanese. Mrs. Lento was the official interpreter for programs of Japanese poetry sponsored by the Academy of American Poets and Asia Foundation, in New York City.

See pages 8-16 for a complete English version of the talks,
as interpreted by Mrs. Lento.

GREETING BY YUKIO SUGANO

Thank you, Mr. van den Heuvel . Ladies and gentlemen: On behalf of the Consul General of Japan, I'm pleased to join in welcoming you to this afternoon's program. First I must tell you that the Consul General had intended to be here but he could not, due to pressing business. Nonetheless, he asked me to convey his warmest wishes to you and to congratulate the Haiku Society of America and the Japan Society in making this occasion possible. The haiku, of course, is one of Japan's greatest contributions. Since haiku was invented, sometime about the beginning of the seventeenth century it has to this day remained immensely popular with the Japanese people. It's popularity has not diminished in the least despite the vast changes of organization and economic growth in recent years. The reason for this is not hard to find. In its brevity of form, and conciseness and power of expression the haiku poem is eminently well suited to Japanese language, and suited also to the psychology and aesthetic and emotional sensitiveness of the Japanese people. However, what is more important about the haiku, I believe, is not uniqueness as something exclusively Japanese. Rather, its importance lies in the poetic form itself; its profound beauty and life and its effectiveness as a vehicle for looking at the nature of the world. The appreciation of haiku, and I dare say, is not the sole possession of the Japanese. As a means for expressing universal human artistic and aesthetic values, I hope, haiku can be appreciated and shared by all. Thus, I'd like to stress the continuing importance of efforts been made by the Haiku Society of America and I'd like to accept the reasoning clearly articulate and illustrated by the literary critic, Mr. Yamamoto and the haiku poet Mr. Mori. In concluding my address I should like to recite one of my favorite haiku poems . . . This may be rendered into English as follows:

Going outside, I met an old friend – an autumn evening.

Thank you.

It is my honor and pleasure to speak before you now. The Haiku Society of America has kindly invited us at this time. Just before I left Japan Dr. Donald Keene of Columbia University was in Japan and I talked to him. At that time Dr. Keene told me that the population of haiku makers in the states is probably larger than that in Japan and he smiled sort of mischievously. I was so surprised — so I asked him why. In America, he said, haiku is very popular now and even in grade schools the teachers are trying to have the students write haiku. I was wondering if I would have to talk to grade school students because of Dr. Keene's information, but I am glad to find you are all adults here as our guests. So I learned that adults are also interested in haiku in this country and my mind is rested on this point. Among Japanese art forms (some of them are well received in Europe and America) there are many, many genres of literature and other things since Ukiyo. But among those things haiku is very well received by many people here, that I learned.

Haiku is such a short form of art in words. So I always have doubt whether those people who do not share the language with us could really understand this very brief form of literature. However, come to think of it, we Japanese have learned so many forms of European and American literature since the Meiji period! So the situation of haiku is reversed so to speak. You are interested in our literature. I do not think that the recent Japanese literature is reflecting the recent European and American literature correctly. However, we Japanese are doing our best, receiving as much as we can, in the way we can receive it — in some ways modified. And what we think of haiku can be received in the way you feel it is necessary and relevant to yourselves, and then from there you will be able to create a new art form, and if this is achieved we will be very happy about the acceptance of haiku in this country.

I am, now, going to talk about the modern haiku in Japan but I do not think that my thought here is completely acceptable to you as it is. However, if you understand, or if you receive what the Japanese FEEL what haiku is all about, I will be very happy. I would now like to talk about haiku poets and their works and using their works as illustrations but before I do that I would like to talk about the essential meaning of the word haiku. (writing on a blackboard) These are the letters for haiku we use in Japan and I would like to tell you about "hai" — the first letter of the two. Haiku does not necessarily mean

short poetry but the word "hai" means kokkei (jest) which is funny comical and kaigyaku – something which causes mirth, laughter, or a smile. (Again writes on board) The two letters just written make "haikai" and this is the original form of haiku. In France they call it "aikai" and they are creating their form of "aikai" there. The essence of this haikai besides having the element of kokkei which is comical – and kaigyaku, that which causes mirth – on top of that it has the meaning of "the art of the group." The meaning of "art of group" is that a number of people will gather together and enjoy together the making of haikai. Mr. Sumio Mori who is with me here today is also the leader of a group and is enjoying his creativity. At the bottom – to make the art of group go we must have some rules. One of the most important rules here is the use of the seasonal word. The collection of the seasonal word is called "saijiki" and they are collected into volumes and are divided into four seasons – Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. And those that belong to each season are seasonal descriptions; the animals, plants and the aspects of life itself and those things. One of these things will have to be in the seventeen syllables. Those seasonal words are polished and chosen by haiku poets and before that by the linked poem writers and tanka poets.

All those poets in the past have polished and selected them. By putting the seasonal word in each haiku a group of haiku poets are standing on common ground and it is understood among them that they are sharing this ground – the whole shared treasure of the things which have to be in their poems. The seasonal words are considered to be "life index" among the haiku poets. This is probably because Japan itself has a definite four seasons and each season has its own beauty and the Japanese people pay attention to the changes.

Perhaps because of this, in American when you write haiku, the seasonal premises and rules we have in Japan may not apply and you may not need to worry about them or be bothered with them.

So, what is the American "life index" – something which will replace the seasonal words of Japanese haiku writers is not a question for

me, but for you. I would like to read a few examples of Japanese haiku now, and I would like you to see how the essence of haiku lives in those pieces. Mr. Sumio Mori's haiku:

Soon awakened from a nap – in the dream, carp's whiskers

This is Mr. Hiroaki Sato's translation. In this poem "carp's whiskers" probably is the central element and to me on this point "carp's whiskers" - the essence of comic nature or something that causes mirth (that sort of thing) is living and alive. During his nap time, I am sure in his dream a much wider scenery appeared but all other things disappear in the background in the dark and only the whiskers remained on his eyelid after his nap. For something funnier than carp's whiskers we could think of eel's whiskers for example. But if he talks about eel's whiskers in this poem I would start laughing without reservation. However, this poem does not cause you to laugh out loud. It causes you to smile quietly and this is the essence of this poem. I can imagine behind this carp's whiskers Lake Biwa which is the author's favorite place, is looming up somehow very vaguely but irresistibly. I wonder if you find this carp's whiskers haiku as interesting as I find it, and if you do not find it as interesting somehow I have a suspicion that your idea of haiku and what I think haiku in Japan is may be slightly different—and that is the reason. I will use another example which is by Keiro Ishikawa who died a few years ago. Imagine a:

Turned—over turtle crying

This poet had cancer and just before he died, he wrote this. Lying waiting to die the author must have felt like crying. So sad! However, the author is trying so hard to smile. "Turned-over turtle." As you know, when a turtle is turned over it squirms and tries to turn around again and does not make it very easily. Lying in sick bed not being able to move easily, he overlaps his image of himself in bed with the image of a turned-over turtle. Just like a turtle who does "cry" he himself is also crying, but he cannot cry very loudly because he has cancer in his throat. But he is trying to tell you of his inner agony through a kind of comic situation. I'm sure you would think that you never heard a turtle cry and wonder if it really cries. To be frank with you I have never heard a turtle cry either, but from olden times we have the "turtle crying" as one of the seasonal words, and this is probably an imaginary seasonal word established a long time ago. This is one of the rules they have established for the world of playful haikai and we cannot criticize it from a scientific point of view.

Another poem, which is by Yamaguchi Seishi, also dead:

Midday, the sound of two butterflies – touching.

The butterflies come out in early spring; they fly around in the flower gardens and fields, and especially the sight of two butterflies flying, tangling with each other, is a rather familiar scene. Seeing the now mentioned scenery, the author thinks that he heard the sound of those wings hitting each other. Of course the butterflies do not make noise you can hear but the author did not hear it from his physical ears but he heard it from the ear in his heart, and this probably was a loud sound in the midday, in the middle of the flower garden. I find it very interesting that the author made something that is not actually possible into haiku.

The following is by Soseki, who was also a famous novelist who also wrote haiku and poetry; in Chinese, who was also a good friend of Shiki who was the founder of modern haiku in Japan. And his writing of haiku was Shiki's suggestion. This poem has a forward in prose. "Starting out for Higo alone, leaving my wife behind." Starting out for Higo, alone, Soseki has left his wife behind. The haiku is:

Leaving for the moon. Soseki has left his wife out of his thought.

The moon (in Japan the moon in this context automatically means a harvest moon), the beautiful full moon. "He is enjoying the moon so much that he happens to forget about his wife and what a lousy husband he is" – you might think. In actuality, during the summer vacation they went back home and his wife became ill and he had to leave her alone to go to the high school where he was teaching. So he had to leave his wife at his wife's home and he had to go there by himself. In actuality, therefore, he was worried about his wife very much and he was very lonesome because he had to go there by himself. But in haiku he says the moon was so clear and beautiful he forgot about his wife and he expresses that sentiment in a rather humorous way. To be able to re-state his own real sadness and loneliness and make it into something that can cause some kind of smile or mirth can be called the essence of haiku. I would like to read you a haiku by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. You will know him as the author of the famous movie "Rashomon." The poem is:

Nose dripping, the tip of my nose misses the dusk.

This poem has a forward, a self insult. He often wrote this poem on Shikishi and Tanzaku. He killed himself. On his last day he wrote this

haiku on tanzaku and asked that it be given to his daughter. The "nose dripping" is the winter seasonal word because it often happens in wintertime and the dripping nose is somehow escaping the dusk which is falling all around him and somehow the nose is the center of concern for him. In the dusk everything is in the shade; all the other parts of the body have disappeared, so to speak, and only the nose is illuminated and emphasized. This is a kind of self caricature using his nose in this fashion. So far I have talked about two haiku centering around how comical it is or what kind of thing is causing some kind of smile or mirth, or what kind of mirth is dancing around, so to speak. The last one will be by Kusatao Nakamura who is the senior haiku poet in Japan now and he is also one of the best students of the haiku master of modern Japan, Kyoshi. The haiku is:

Go straight an idiot points the autumn path.

Maybe the author was someone who came to a strange town and tried to ask the way and unfortunately he asked an idiot. And this idiot told him to go straight and the season was fall and this path was leading straight down even to the horizon all the way. For the author, the autumn path this idiot pointed for him must have been the path for his own life. Somehow every time I read this poem I have an association. I think of Charlie Chaplin in the last scene of some movie walking all by himself, endlessly, or the author might have been thinking of "The Idiot" by Dostoyevsky, Mischkin, the sacred idiot. As I think of this poem this way this piece may be a corresponding haiku to Basho's famous piece:

This road no one is taking this autumn evening.

The haiku's kakkei (funny, comical element and kaigyaku that which causes mirth, laughter, smile) - somewhere beyond it, and beyond it, and beyond those elements there is always a rather refined smile and even beyond that we find the kind of feeling or the kind of sensitivity which appreciates the loneliness of life we are living. In this sense loneliness in life and comical elements in life are the two sides of the same coin. The best of the haiku writers' works are reaching that stage. The range modern haiku poets reach in this way is the kind of range probably European and American writers and readers will appreciate deeply. Aiming at this goal, if we can go hand in hand, the American writers and the Japanese haiku poets, that will be a wonderful experience.

Thank you very much.

HAIKU BY SUMIO MORI

translated by Hiroaki Sato

I'm intent on hearing the sound of the winter sun
plunging in the sea 1939

Because the house has no clock the snow never ceases
1951

On the year's last night my wife bathes like a swan
1953

As I peel a white peach on the riverbed the water
passes by
1955

Light, and still cold: nagashibina
1961

(nagashibina paper dolls that are released in a stream, river, or the
sea in early March, symbolically to relieve various misfortunes and
calamities.)

Cotton snow: quietly time begins to dance
1965

The snowy peak darkens once and reveals itself
1966

The year passed—something like its wake for some time
1967

HAIKU BY SUMIO MORI

Grown old on a mountain, breathing like pampas grass
1969

Light ceaselessly passes through the cockscombs
1969

Bathing in a spring: apples in the surrounding night
1971

The snowy peak I saw yesterday—the year has moved on
1972

Blooming in full, cherry blossoms—in the wind I hear
their voices
1972

A number of wild geese have left, the sky has no wake
1972

In white, a gull afloat adds another year
1972

Jōnen and Jī rise steeply at the end of the snow
1973

(Jonen, Ji: peaks in the Japan Alps: they mean “constant thought”
and “grandpa”.)

HAIKU BY SUMIO MORI

- Peonies, a hundred of them, waver like hot water
1973
- A mountain toad and his dewy eyes on this moonlit night
1974
- Soon awakened from a nap—in the dream, carp's
whisker's
1974
- In a country to the west, on the ridges between
paddies—Manjusaka, Manjusaka
(Manjusaka or manjushage: *lycoris radiata*)
1974
- The snow begins to fall, and falls and falls—mountain
camellias
1975
- The water clear, a Buddha-like carp and its whiskers
1977
- Jizō festival: the color of the children, those gold
gourd-melons
1976
- (Jizo: Japanese name of Kshitigarbha or Ti-tsang, guardian of
children and wayfarers; stone statues to him are common in Japan.)
- Slowly, then with a thump, darkness comes to the
amaranth
1976
- I've counted ten snowy peaks; the rest are hazy
1976

It is my pleasure and happiness to talk to you because Haiku Society of America and Japan Society invited me over here at this time. Before I came to America Ms. Karaki asked me to come in kimono here. I am sure Ms. Karaki suggested this because haiku poet will look well in kimono, but it is very difficult to look good in kimono. To prepare a whole outfit in kimono I would have to have hagama which is a big skirt-looking thing and foot wear and socks and special kinds of slippers and it needs quite a lot of preparation. And, again, it is very difficult to look good in them. So I came here in western clothes and I am sure it is difficult to look well in western clothes too.

Let me say haiku also has the element which looks like wearing western clothes and another element that looks like it is wearing kimono—Japanese clothes. The western elements of haiku are the kind of things we can share with people of the whole world, but as Mr. Yamamoto suggested in the previous lecture, the central part of haiku seems to have a whole lot of elements which are purely Japanese. I have been writing haiku for so many years. It is such a deep experience as an author I find it more difficult each year, in a way, but that also is a pleasure. In Japan, too, there are various forms of western poetry, (we call them modern poetry), and we also have tanka and other poetic genres but haiku is the form of poetry which still has the Japanese kimono element most of all, and therefore it is very difficult to look good again, or BE good again. But to write good haiku is an art form which requires long experience and achievement and accomplishment in art. Today I would like to read a few of my poems from the pieces I wrote when I was younger—and up to this time. The first volume of my poems is called YUKI KUNUGI. (The following were translated by Hiroaki Sato).

I'm intent on hearing the sound of the winter sun plunging in the sea

This is the first poem on the first page of my first volume of haiku written in 1939 when I was 20 years old. I was in a high school in Nagasaki. In 1939 the world war II started. This is, so to speak, the darkest age of Japanese history and I was a student then. The war had just started and I might be drafted, of course. The fate was closing in on me and under this kind of circumstances "What is life" was a very serious question. In the wintry day facing a vast ocean looking at the white sun sinking I was wondering what my fate would be.

Because the house has no clock the snow never ceases

Luckily I came back from the war. In a very hard time in Japan I married and had a child, and this is a poem of that time.

And near the west of Tokyo in an area called Musashino, a quiet wooded area, I was living in a one-room house like a shop which had only six tatamis. The fact that we had no clock meant that we were very very poor. But at that time we were poor as far as money goes, but in our minds and hearts we were not poor at all. Because there was no clock the time could stretch out endlessly, and the snow keeps falling endlessly.

On the year's last night my wife bathes like a swan

In Japan the last day of the year is a very busy time for the housewife. She has much to take care of. After the various preparations for the New Year's day, and other chores—at the very end of that—she was about to take a bath. The wife is bathing in the bathroom. The sound of her bathing reaches my ears. I hear the sound, thanking her for all of the efforts she had to put in for the year. And then an image of my wife who is bare taking a bath takes an image of a white swan. These poems were in my first book YUKI KUNUGI. This book was a collection of haiku which dealt with my poor life in minute detail. My second book of haiku is called KAGAN. Kagan in Chinese means the kind of dazed eyes because of liquor, or weakened eyes because of old age. Kagan can be read as something beautiful (flowery) about eyes. At that time my eyes were weakened too and I needed an old man's glasses. At the same time I hoped that I could see the flowers more beautifully now, at my age. Therefore this translation in the program of "Kagan" as "virgin eyes" is a rather fortunate translation for me. And also priest Kukai calls kagan eyes "beauty's eyes". Therefore, "virgin eyes" is rather an appropriate translation. I am impressed with it. The year this selection came out (1963) my father died. At that time I stayed by his bedside before his death, for three months. As I was tending him at his deathbed I came to realize that living as well as dying are important and difficult. Men grow older and they die and this is the course of the matter and this is in buddhism called mujo—the transiency of life. This sense of transiency, mujo, is a traditional, very representative, thought in Japanese

literature. And In olden times ono no kamachi was taken as a subject matter and they made it into utai nokyoku. The title of it is called Sekidera Komachi. This Sekidera/Komachi is considered to be a masterpiece in Noh music. There is a phrase in this piece, as follows: Komachi at age 100 says:

"Because going thru rains the flower loses its beautiful redness now."
(T. Lento trans.)

In this kind of phrasing the Japanese literature expressed the sense of transiency—tenderly. My selection KAGAN was also intended to represent this kind of idea. I constantly wondered what amazes us, what pleases us while we are living. This is also the time I became very interested in Noh literature -a selection of tales and Chinese literature. One of the themes in KAGAN was to represent the TIME a human being lives.

As I peel a white peach on the riverbed the water passes by

Cotton snow: quietly time begins to dance

The snowy peak darkens once and reveals itself

Let me explain the last piece. Of course we can see the mountain in the daytime, and in the dusk it disappears once. The snowy peak disappears once and by the time the moon and stars come out it reappears in majestic fashion.

The year passed—something like its wake for some time

In Japan on New Year's eve we listen to the temple bells. And this is to receive the new year, but at the same time we are thinking of the past year. This is the quiet, contemplative time in which we are looking at our minds and ourselves as well as looking into the future and looking at the past. Next—the third selection of my haiku is called UKI KAMOME. When I first met Mr. Cor van den Heuvel in New York the first thing he asked was "Did you see the gulls in New York?" That amazed me. Because I sat in the aisle seat in the plane I could not look out and I could not see the gulls in New York. The next day, for the first time, I saw the gulls when I crossed the river on the ferry. But the American gulls seem twice as big as the Japanese counterparts. It seems that not only gulls but crabs, the shrimps and all those things are much bigger than Japanese ones.

A number of wild geese have left, the sky has no wake

In KAGAN I was centering on expression of time but in this volume UKI KAMOME I wanted to express the sense of space as well as the time in which we live in. This haiku I composed at Katada near Lake Biwa. This Katada is also famous because of Basho's haiku Basho wrote:

A sick goose fell ill on his journey in the cold of night. (Lento translation)

In Katada where Basho saw the wild geese and composed his famous poem, I also saw the wild geese and was very moved. In Japan it is getting very difficult to see geese flying. In Tokyo, especially because of the smog, it is very difficult to see the geese and it is very rare that the geese come in and out, but in Japanese literature it is a very familiar subject matter. In this haiku instead of saying a NUMBER of wild geese, I could have said a LINE of wild geese. This would also be a haiku. But I said "number" because I was actually looking at each one of the birds, and for each one of them I felt affection and also sadness as it left. And after all of them had left I was staring at the clear sky. The reason I said the sky has no wake was because of the sentiment I had after they left. There was nothing left behind them, the emptiness was emphasized. Of course, the wake is for a boat, but I used it for the sky.

In white, a gull afloat adds another year

Please consider this gull as half-sized in comparison to a New York gull. At the end of the year in the evening over vast ocean a white gull is floating. At the end of the year the year will be compressed somewhat, at that moment. So I was wondering if this floating gull is also going to have another year added to his age, as white as he is now. There's a similar haiku I wrote:

Winter gull asleep afloat, how his life was then – white ones.

(Lento trans.)

I'd like to read a few from another volume "RISO". Riso is written this way. (writes on board) It is a Chinese language word for "a letter." In China in olden times they sent out a letter by folding them in the shape of two carps. This is probably why they called the letters Riso. The first letter is "carp", and so is essence. In KAGAN I was emphasizing time, UKI KAMOME had emphasized space, and in this volume I was exploring a new area. At this time I was very interested in Buddhism. "Time, as man considers it; space as man

considers it, may probably simply be man's reason. That is the thought I had. "So once we can go beyond man's reason (this area of limitation) everything may be shining and may be interesting." That was my thought. The piece Mr. Yamamoto read earlier "Soon awakened from a nap in the dream, carp's whiskers". Of course this haiku deals with comical elements, and something that causes a smile. But at the same time I feel that beyond human understanding and limitation this "carp's whiskers" means something more. In actuality the carp's whiskers are here, but at the same time it is leading us beyond the range of man's reason. Carp of course in Japan is considered a delicacy. But to me not as a delicacy but carp is a beautiful figure – something to look at. Another carp poem:

The water clear, a buddha-like carp and its whiskers

This also deals with carp's whiskers. The whiskers, of course a carp has whiskers, and when I look at the carp's whiskers it seems that the buddha's whiskers look like carp's whiskers and also the carp seems to have some kind of essence buddha has.

*In a country to the west, on the ridges between paddies – Manjusaka.
Manjusaka*

In Japan the western country means – centering around Kyoto and Nara area and the west of that region. And there are thirty three temples in the western country in Japan and many people make pilgrimages to these thirty three temples. Manjusaka is also called "Higanbara" the day and night of the same day. And also higan means beyond this world, the world of buddhas. And in Japan just about the time the rice plants begin to bear, bright red flowers bloom in clusters. This may be the kind of haiku which will be very difficult for American readers to understand. This is, however, one of the favorite haiku I wrote. These are my haiku and I will be very pleased if you appreciate them. In Chinese T'ang Dynasty, the zen monk, in Japanese, Dogen said as follows:

"I am here now and I am always here now doing my best as if walking on a very sharp edge." Instead of emphasizing ALWAYS being at my best I find it very interesting to think that at this point on this spot I am trying my best. At each moment of my life I have written haiku so far. The essence of haiku (as Mr. Yamamoto put it earlier) is such a difficult goal for me to reach! However, the path is long and distant and it is difficult to go on. It is also at the same time the PLEASURE of writing haiku. As I write haiku, aging is not a sad thing. It is the kind of thing that lets me see more of life, and this is the kind of art that haiku is.

Thank you very much.

CROAKS

CODE

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

CORRECTION: Under CROAKS in volume 1 no. 3 on page 10,
Cor van den Heuvel's haiku should have read as follows:

blazing tideflats- / the clam's / darkness

Sally McCormick Adams

CS-1 *Sound hooves of this soft / summers rain keep rushing on; /
petite pell mells.*

CS-2 *Green leaves take spring / daylight alive – heat weighs /
a ton – peachlimb at low-tide*

CS-3 *Sprinklers spray makes a / wet arc powder its under /
arm with a rainbow.*

Ken Bloeker, Jr.

C-4 *The moment the beagle / catches the rabbit / he loses his smile*

Dan Brody

CS-5 *face out she sits held / to herself the wind moves sand /
the sun moves her shadow*

CS-6 *face out he sits to / himself held the wind moves sand /
the sun moves his shadow*

CS-7 *the hair by my temple / is the softest / he never touches me
there*

Frank M. Chapman

CS-8 *The wind in the leaves. / After all these years: / Friends again.*

CS-9 *Flitting / Across the pine trees, / Bird shadow.*

CS-10 *Dewdrops / Single file / On the grass blade.*

Richard Crist

CS-11 *Collapsed under snow, / this year the old woodshed /
kindles the fire*

CS-12 *Summer people; / through a mile of woods – / rock music*

CS-13 *Lying in the meadow / listening to the grass world... / a
distant clock strikes*

URUAKS

- How many of you have received answers to your C invitations to comment? Note: Comments must go directly to you. You all have sub/mem lists.

Joyce Walker Currler

- CS-14 brittle maple leaves / tongued into river current / of a stream ago
- CS-15 september winds; / swash of waves against the pier / more powerful
- CS-16 the wind is rising; / above squeaks of the windmill / the blackbird's caw . . . caw

Joseph Donaldson

- CS-17 cry of gulls in wind / fog-muffled throb of ships / river-sounds at dusk
- CS-18 brief summer rain / bright grass / black birds searching
- CS-19 white fallen feather / swift winds moving slender trees / flight of birds and leaves

Carolyn M. Johnson

- CS-20 Squirrel / skipping swiftly through the grass / at sight of the cat
- CS-21 Blowing in the wind / yellow-orange daisies scattered / on translucent drape
- CS-22 Through cloudy duskness / peer emerald green cat's eyes / at sound of footstep

Yasko Karaki

- CS-23 fairy astronaut? a turquoise egg / lands on the moss
- CS-24 train window / budding reeds in groups / a tunnel
- CS-25 shrieks or dinner bell? where is your cafeteria, goose family?

Geraldine C. Little

- CS-26 reflections / in the polished apple / of others . . .
- CS-27 Watching wind / balloon a young spider / seaward
- CS-28 now / autumn falling / past the window

Peggy Lyles

- CS-29 First light from the East: / on a bare wall the shadow / of a bonsai tree
- CS-30 A doe's leap / darkens the oyster shell road: / twilight
- CS-31 Gripping / pine bark, morning glories— / and beetle shells

CROAKS

Barbara McCoy

CS-32 *Hammering / on the new house stops— quiet / spring
afternoon . . .*

CS-33 *The tiger lily holds / all of the late sun's glow— / and more*

Ruby Roe Mc Murtry

CS-34 *filled with desert sand / spinning on mesa / dust devils-
hazy sunlight*

CS-35 *snowfall in Dublin / grandson building / smiling snowman*

CS-36 *Trees bending with fruit / wild geese leaving / misty dawn*

Sister Mary Marguerite

CS-37 *Green mountain road / leading / nowhere*

CS-38 *on the trail / he meets the woodcutter / with a butterfly net*

CS-39 *tombstones / in snow / deepening silence*

Gloria A. Maxson

CS-40 *Stretched as if to scratch / to sharpen up all softness /
against these mountains.*

CS-41 *What do they mean— / these theorems worked on my wall /
by the spider?*

CS-42 *This dawn-gray bedroom / slowly ripening to peach /
around my dark stone.*

Willene H. Nusbaum

CS-43 *April: / following the sun down the road / awhile.*

CS-44 *On the highway. . . / the dead coon, paws extended*

CS-45 *Unceasingly, / the lion measures his cage, / bar by bar
by bar. . . .*

Sobi-Shi (Raymond Rosellep)

S-46 *on rafts of lilies / Sobi-Shi just drifting / with Monet*

S-47 *painted butterflies / dance Sobi-Shi's lamp chimney /
before real ones come*

S-48 *autumn mummies: / Sobi-Shi covering / his American Beauties*

Jennifer Swedberg

CS-49 *The flowers have dried / petals grow dark, pods heavy- /
maidens to mothers.*

CS-50 *How strange the shoe fits! / My toes, once small, cuddle
close / in mothers worn clogs.*

DON SWANNON

- CS-51 Old man winking / chatting and laughing . . . / to himself
CS-52 Strutting impatiently / waiting for dinner: / park pigeons
CS-53 Kitchen floor / reflecting captured rainbow: / dishwasher
bubble!

LILL TANZER

- S-54 silent growth / centered in warmth / circled by snow
S-55 surging south / scattering—an hour / in these trees
S-56 planes of movement / of color / of autumn

ANNA VAKAR

- CS-57 Florida sun— / an old couple feeding / the mourning doves.
CS-58 Weightless— / the whole Earth against my back, / under
spring sun

JOYCE W. WEBB

- CS-59 two black swans missing / from ballet on stage perform /
water pas de deux
CS-60 no lake / rain circles / In the birdbath
CS-61 thunder shower floods . . . / an insatiable robin / clamors for
more

MARLENE WILLS

- CS-62 peach buds even my hair growing
CS-63 only nibbles colored rocks spring afternoon
CS-64 after the storm puddles of bonnard

RUTH YARROW

- CS-65 Moonlit okra leaves / floating in blackness / No one sees the
stems
CS-66 Evening sun through reeds: / Shadow rings slip up and
down / at wind speed

STEPHEN WOLFE from THE KAMO RIVER

- SC-67 waves of school children / flood the bridge
SC-68 the mountain / shadows / the petalled path
SC-69 New Year's Eve / a back alley / a mystical piss

●

We could not reach all Henderson contest entrants. Now, we plan to print those haiku for which we have already received permissions—under CROAKS—unless you object.

CROAKS—no code

Foster Jewell

No cover on the bridge
but the hollow racket
of the hay wagon...

Color changes
of these white daisies
swaying in the wind...

Leaves after flight
the quality
of their silence...

James Kirkup

Ran fingers through hair
and found a forgotten love
like a fallen leaf

Yodashi Kondo

The autumn lake
slightly flowing
to the north

Alfred H. Marks — from A HAWAIIAN CYCLE

Every	under	This
day's	banyon	orchid
July	tree	garden
where	he	knowing
orange	does	no
bougainvillea	T'ai	other
flame	Chi	season
this	as	but
parapet	you	the
	pass	morning
	smell	rain
	the	
	loosened	
	wine.	

WATERSOUNDS

WATERSOUNDS Selections Panel

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

Note: Lloyd, McClintock and Willmot votes were not available at press time. Other panelists whose names you do not see below have found no poems they consider to be HAIKU. August CROAKS not re-printed here received no votes.

Correction: On page 23 in Vol. 1, no. 3 *Evergreen / tipped north / with snow* should have been credited to Randy Brooks.

CHECKED AS HAIKU

Cor van den Heuvel—42, 43

*low tide at dusk-
along a spent wave's ripple,
a flash of foam*

Davidson, Lamb, Selden, Wills, Zolbrod

*blazing tideflats—
the clam's
darkness*

Davidson, Kondo, Lamb, Sato, Selden

Richard Crist—17

*In the August field
scattering goldfinches
a small girl running*

Davidson, Lamb, Marks, Zolbrod

WATERSOUNDS

Sister Mary Marguerite – 36

*the crooked gate
sags to windward
cowbells toll*

Davidson, Kondo, Rosellop, Selden

Cor van den Heuvel – 41

a cool breeze over the boards of the dock

Pizzarelli, Selden, Sato, Zolbrod

Yasko Karaki – 24

*resting in the shadows
of milliard greens:
two fish*

Davidson, Lamb, Wilts

Stephen Wolfe – 12

*leafless
vacant white
magnolias*

Davidson, Lamb, Selden

Frank M. Chapman – 27, 28

*Holes in my wash rag.
Starting the journey north
In Spring*

Davidson, Rosellop

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

Davidson, Pizzarelli

Sister Mary Marguerite – 35, 37

*wine and bread
he takes with him
his father weeps*

Marks, Rosellep

*the millwheel
turns toward the East
the miller dozes*

Davidson, Rosellep

Sydell Rosenberg – 4, 5

*Waking in wonder
a rubberband
round my wrist*

Kondo, Marks

*Thinking in threes
yet two chopped down
yesterday.*

Lamb, Selden

Sobi-Shi (Raymond Roseliep) – 15

*peeling potatoes
Sobi-Shi sings
"Over There"*

Marks, Wills

Marlene Wills – 20, 21, 22

Winter morning a neighbor carries fresh milk to his father

Davidson, Wills, Zolbrod

pipes thaw red spot on the egg yolk

Lamb, Rosellep

green appearing under cow hooves

Kondo, Selden

WATERSOUNDS

Richard Crist – 19

*Moonless, starless night;
rush of floodstream's boiling crest
caught in flashlight beam*

Davidson

Joseph Donaldson – 32, 34

*Little flying things—
scattered patterns in still air—
summer afternoon.*

Selden

*from blue to yellow moves the day
breaking the webs of night.*

Kondo

Yasko Karaki – 23

*white wine
on the weathered table
buried in the grasses*

Davidson

Barbara McCoy – 31

*One firefly's flicker . . .
then another . . . and then . . .
three winks together.*

Marks

Ruby Rae McMurtry – 9

*filled with desert sand
spinning on mesa
dust devils-hazy sunlight*

Davidson

Stephen Wolfe – 10, 11

*mountain jog
spring dawn;
a dog's life*

Davidson

*seasonless night
numberless, numbed
by incense of death*

Selden



TRANSLATIONS/REPRINTS/ETC.

You will have noticed that the 1978 general information sheet includes a revised version of the HSA definition of HAIKU. The following is a letter from Tadashi Kondo, dated January 29, 1976. Since the discussion of syllables in haiku in English is an on-going one and is noted by anyone attempting to write haiku, we print Tadashi's letter upon which our present revision is based.

Dear Members:

When I read the Haiku Society's definitions I felt confused with the explanation of JION and ONJI. JION and ONJI do not relate to each other in the way they are explained in the notes to the definitions. JION is a specialized term from linguistics relating to the pronunciation of a Sino-Japanese character. ONJI means "phonetic symbol" (or "sound-symbol"), and seems to be the term desired.

When the Chinese characters were borrowed into Japanese two things happened, phonetically, to the Chinese characters. First, the

Chinese sound was changed in the Japanese sound system. Second, the Japanese people applied the sound of the Japanese meaning to the character. These two kinds of pronunciations for Sino-Japanese characters are called JION and JIKUN, respectively. For example, when the Chinese character 山 was borrowed into Japanese, the sound SHAN was changed to SAN, and at the same time the Japanese read it YAMA, which is the original Japanese word for the concept "mountain". SAN is the JION of the character, and YAMA is the JIKUN of it. Depending on the context, a particular character may be read in either the JION or the JIKUN.

While JION and JIKUN refer to pronunciation, ONJI refers to the writing symbols, the letters or the characters. All writing symbols are classified as either phonograms or ideograms. The phonogram by itself does not represent a meaning but only a sound. The Japanese syllabaries and the Roman alphabet, for example, contain phonograms, which are called ONJI in Japanese. On the other hand the ideogram (called IJI in Japanese) represents a meaning (or meanings), like a Chinese character. To "count" a Japanese poem, one writes the poem out entirely in phonetic symbols, or ONJI, and counts them. (While the concept of ONJI has frequently been translated into English as "syllable", it would be more accurate to say that the ONJI is a "mora", a term from Latin prosody, which the OED defines as "a unit of metrical time equal to the duration of a short syllable.")

Therefore I would like to suggest that the passage in your "preliminary Note 2" which reads "The Japanese words JION (symbol-sound) and ONJI (sound-symbol) have been mistranslated into English..." be changed to read simply "The Japanese word ONJI (sound-symbol) has been mistranslated into English..." and that the words "JION" and "JION (Japanese symbol-sounds)" be replaced with "ONJI" and "ONJI (Japanese sound-symbols)", respectively, throughout the definitions and the notes.

I hope these thoughts will help remove some of the confusion around these terms.

Sincerely yours,
/signed/Tadashi Kondo

WHAT IS A HAIKU?—

editors' invited opinions

William J. Higginson
editor, HAIKU MAGAZINE
September 19, 1978

3 LINES OF HAIKU—3 LINES OF NON-HAIKU

I consider this to be my personal addendum to the HSA DEFINITION OF HAIKU, as published in THE HAIKU ANTHOLOGY (Doubleday):

The haiku is a short poem, usually fewer than ten words, which contains IMAGES exclusively. An "image", in literature, is "words naming that which can be perceived by the senses". Any writing which names emotions rather than objects or sensations is either not haiku or not particularly good haiku. (There are a few—very few—exceptions to this rule.) Generalizations, abstractions, metaphors and similes, personifications—any explanatory figures of speech—do not belong in haiku. In haiku there is nothing to be explained. The point is to get across an IMAGE, one that has evocative and emotional power in its own right, and to do it in the fewest and aptest words possible.

As to FORM, the most usual form in haiku written by knowledgeable north Americans is three line, usually a bit shorter than the supposed "rule of 5-7-5 syllables". The incorrect notion in America that haiku should be written in 5-7-5 syllables arose from the fact that classical Japanese haiku, i.e., those written BEFORE 1900, were mainly written in three phrases (whether in one "line" or many) of five, seven, and five ONJI. The Japanese ONJI is roughly the equivalent of the "mora", which is defined as "the unit of QUANTITATIVE meter, a common SHORT syllable" (Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 1941, italics added). I.e., what Japanese poets used to "count" was the effective DURATION of their phrases. Since the ONJI of Japanese phonetic script, or KANA, each represent short, relatively equal units of sound duration, the effect of counting the ONJI into regular units is to give classical Japanese haiku a uniform rhythmical structure. (ONJI are in fact characters in a phonetic script, each representing one simple vowel sound, or a simple vowel plus a simple consonant, e.g.: A, KA, SA, TA, etc.) Since Japanese is not an accentual language, as is English, this counting of short, simple sounds is just about the only straightforward way to regularize meter. As mentioned, English is accentual, and our metrical patterns are traditionally based on a count of accents, rather than the durations

WHAT IS A HAIKU? —

of lines or phrases. Thus the following two lines are both considered pentameter:

What do I do now?

After the rain softly falling to ground.

Both could conceivably appear in a traditional sonnet, even perhaps in the same sonnet.

Clearly, the traditional Japanese metrics is much more confining than the traditional English. Therefore it is not surprising that many classical haiku poets varied modestly from the "standard" form, and that the greatest master, Basho, varied more than most. But usually this variation was not more than one additional ONJI in a given haiku.

A modern north American equivalent to the traditional haiku form might well be R.H. Blyth's three lines with two, three, and two beats respectively. My own approach, based on the relative lengths of Japanese ONJI and an AVERAGE of the syllables of north American speech, is to try to stay within ten to fourteen syllables overall, averaging about twelve. Perhaps an approach combining these two ideas would produce something that pleases and makes sense in terms of the traditional Japanese form. Anyway, this is only to speak of TRADITIONAL haiku form. As in the West, the better Japanese poets of THIS century have moved beyond their traditional forms to more open structures. Since 1900 haiku have been written in Japan ranging from four ONJI to more than thirty. (For examples of this, see Ueda's ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN JAPANESE HAIKU, Ippekiro's CAPE JASMINE AND POMEGRANATES, my own translations of Hekigodo, Santoka, and Hosai in THISTLE BRILLIANT MORNING, R.H. Blyth's second volume in A HISTORY OF HAIKU, etc.) This development exactly parallels that in Western poetry, found for Americans in the writings of Ezra Pound, William Carols Williams, Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, H. D., and other major writers of their generation. The old forms no longer suited either the language or the experiences of the times. In Japan there are many today who write haiku in 5-7-5 ONJI; in America there are many who write sonnets in iambic pentameter.

Few among their number, on either side of the Pacific, could be called serious contemporary poets.

It is interesting to note that an understanding of THE HAIKU AS IMAGE was an important component of the beginnings of modern poetry in English. (See William Pratt, THE IMAGIST POEM.) Whether in traditional Japanese form, in bastard American 5-7-5, or in contemporary open form, the essential ingredient of haiku is still the image.

(Note regarding the terms ONJI and JION: The HSA definitions of haiku and related terms *contain an error. The term JION means the sound of a Sino-Japanese character, i.e., a Chinese character's pronunciation in Japanese. Where JION appears in the definition, ONJI, as defined above, is meant. See letter of Tadashi Kondo to the HSA, 1976.)

*Editor's note: "CONTAINED an error" is more accurate. Although Bill Higginson was president of HSA in 1976, no note was taken of the error until it was corrected in the information sheet in 1978. The sheet was distributed on Sept. 17, 1978 at our Annual Meeting.

Bill wishes us to recall that he was on the original "DEFINITIONS" committee.



CONTESTS

California Federation of Chaparral Poets— deadline Feb. 1, '79
Query Katherine Larsen, 7934 Amalfi Way, Fair Oaks CA 95628
Yukuharu Haiku Society (English Division) — deadline Mar. 1, '79
Query Y.H.S., English Div., 1020 S. 8 St., San Jose CA 95112

BOOKS RECEIVED

YOU COME TOO: a collection of haiku by Gloria Maxson. Triton Press \$3.00, from the author. 13602 Cullen St., Whittier CA 30605
WORMWOOD: Jerry Carson, Baka Press— Cambridge, Mass
Query KAJI ASO Studio 40 St. Stephen St., Boston, MA 02115

SEASONS OF THE MIND

TURNED-OVER TURTLE – CRYING

I was trying to remember what that superb haiku, quoted by Kenkichi Yamamoto, reminded me of. Then I found what I was looking for – in the SONG OF SONGS – in the BIBLE. In part:

*For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land*

Says Webster's Dictionary: "TURTLEDOVE. Latin: Turtur (of ECHOIC origin. Any of several Old World wild doves noted for their plaintive cooing...) Ours in the East is named "mourning dove". It makes its sounds "when the time for the singing of birds is come." To humans the amorous sounds seem mournful. "Ooah, cooo, cooo, coo" according to Peterson's Guide to the Birds.

TURTLE: after archaic name for TURTLEDOVE (Webster)

French: Tortue

Latin: Tortus

TURTLE! Why this name for a reptile with a shell ?

Perhaps because he is prone to turning over, and needing to cry.

But the poet Keiro Ishikawa who died a few years ago wrote the haiku in Japanese! Kenkichi Yamamoto tells us that "turtle crying" is a Japanese seasonal reference stemming back to olden times. It refers to Spring. Since the turtle is mute, it is an "IMAGINARY seasonal reference, established a long time ago."

I would like to believe that the poet knew the name "turtledove", and the dove's cry, and consciously gave the haiku the added richness we find in it, knowing what we know. In any case, the soundless crying of the turtle echoed his own frustration: his own SEASON OF THE MIND. The poet turned-over Spring of the senses into Winter of the mind, and the two seasons merged and triggered the haiku – BECAME the haiku.

And I am wondering if the same merging does not always take place in any creative process. It can start either way, but without that merging of the two kinds of "seasons" would we feel the irresistible need to write?

*Certainly haiku is art: a NEW creation. It must have its own life with sounds, rhythm, literal meanings, and spaces of unstated sounds, rhythms, "meanings". It is not mere re-creation via an image. If image were ALL, why bother? Why try to re-create something that can be "known" by anyone, directly and freshly? Life is here for everyone. No—art (haiku) is an OTHER thing.

The word "image" has been the most harmful word in the attempt to write haiku. We can create a semblance of feel . with COMBINATION of words. Something new. We cannot create, or re-create, life itself. The physical and the dynamic are inseparable.

And to try to separate the physical form from the FEEL of it is not only impossible; it is dangerous. In the process of trying—we destroy.

• In partial response to Bill Higginson. See his essay under WHAT IS A HAIKU? —editors' invited opinions.

And while I'm on "knowing"—I'm thinking of your carp's whisker haiku, Sumio Mori. This comes to mind: There is a tale in English about a particular kind of cat, written for an innocent child. But adults love it, too. It goes something like this: There was a Cheshire cat. It gave a child advice and then slowly faded away. And only the grin was left...

It's the SEMBLANCE (Susanne K. Langer's word) of the whisker; the cry; the grin that makes a poem. And the closer we get, the closer we are to writing haiku.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Richard Crist:

Incidentally, I am bored with the continuing translations as processed in Frogpond. All they prove is that our languages are so different that it's nearly impossible to make a meaningful translation and the results of such attempts are usually awkward...

from Yasko Karaki

In defense of Santoka:

Re 3rd para., p. 14, Vol. 1 no. 3

History will prove that Santoka is an exceptionally talented free-style poet of Japanese haiku. Besides, he faithfully abided by the law of nature (beggar-monk, tentless camper) and perhaps he may have even surpassed Basho in his sophisticated manner of using and/or creating seasonal references in his haiku. As for the rest, I completely agree with Tony Suraci's fine article.

from Kazuo Sato

Santoka is exceptionally well read by the Japanese youngsters who generally least care for haiku. This is because his masterpieces are distinctly reflecting his life style, and this fact probably attracts the young people of Japan today.

I, too, believe that some of his poems are simply great.

from Earl L. Robinson:

After Suraci's typhoon — / and debris settled — / clean fresh air.

from Chuck Brickley:

I am quite pleased with FROGPOND. I must admit that initially I find each issue disturbing. I get all caught up in the aesthetic conflicts, differing translations, and in my own critical evaluations of the poems themselves. Each argument is brought into my own interior dialogue to be accepted or refuted. I get so involved I lose track of where the haiku scene ends and my own sensibility begins. Eventually, however, all the theories and criticisms dissolve into the ether. I find myself enjoying some of the poems, and even do some writing. Although the disturbance has been a hassle, it's worth it. The pond's no longer stagnant.

from Zeljko Funda—**HAIKU—Yugoslavia:**

It is high time I answer you. School has finally finished (I am a teacher), I have had a little rest, and preparings for getting married are almost over: so it is the time for haiku.

I am answering only to your first letter since the second one has been circulating among our editorial board dissipated throughout Yugoslavia. That is why you will be probably getting more letters besides the one.

We (not me, as I am not the editor any more) are not doing our second issue but sixth. Enclosed are three issues (2nd, 3rd, 4th), others will follow in my answer to your second letter.

As for your SOS I have been thinking on what haiku is since the time I met haiku and can say that have no answer, the proper one, the satisfying one. There is no problem with 5/7/5 answers ("answers"). In my opinion the point is in the zen nature of haiku, but gee! what is zen? If I come along a nice answer, you will have it.

There is not much trouble with English. The majority of our editorial board are good at English (some are translators). It means that—with your permission—we can translate ourselves some items from your magazine. The same refers to the Croatian-English translations, i.e. we shall translate our articles, haikus, critiques, etc. You do have our permission of publishing items, articles, poems, etc. from our magazine without prior asking-for announcement. In fact we shall be happy if you take any of our matter. Also we were glad if you could grant us a permission of publishing the materials having appeared in FROGPOND.

It would be very interesting if we could—in cooperation with you—make an issue of our magazine devoted to HSA and FROGPOND. What do you think about it?

I shall keep writing, sending our HAIKU. The other members of the editorial board will do the same. We shall make a world round haiku network.

Yours, Zeljko Funda (Mr.)

P.S. *It is / the letter is / overraing.* (Joking)

At this point the editor of FROGPOND "overraingd." And Zeljko-HSA wishes you a joyous marriage!

SOS. Who knows CROATIAN?

Words found in the above magazine: Blyth, Pound, Henderson, Suzuki, Broughton, Hackett, Haikai, jest, Issa, Basho, Buson, Warrior's dreams... (in German, French, English, Croatian) several versions in each language. Kikaku. Peonies... And many haiku and sequences. You name it—they've discussed it! GEE!

This "planet" we have made contact with is at least as far as we in its quest for the basic nature of haiku.

Before I forget—HOW MANY OF OUR SUBSCRIBER/MEMBERS ARE TEACHERS? AND WHAT LEVELS DO YOU TEACH?? We hope for closer contact with with educational systems.

SOME HAIKU READING

HSA does not necessarily endorse views expressed in any publications listed.

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| AN INTRODUCTION TO HAIKU
Harold G. Henderson | Doubleday Anchor Books
Doubleday & Co., Inc.
Garden City, N.Y. |
| HAIKU IN ENGLISH
Harold G. Henderson | Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc.
Rutland, Vermont 05701, USA |
| HAIKU HISTORY
R.H. Blyth | Hokuseido, Tokyo, Japan |
| THE HAIKU FORM
Joan Giroux | Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. |
| THE JAPANESE HAIKU
Kenneth Yasuda | Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. |
| MODERN JAPANESE HAIKU
Makoto Ueda | Univ. of Toronto Press, Canada |
| MATSUO BASHO
Makoto Ueda | Twayne Publishers, N.Y. |
| THE HAIKU ANTHOLOGY
English language haiku by
contemporary American
and Canadian poets —
Cor van den Heuvel | Anchor Press/Doubleday, N.Y. |

Also available from:

ZEN ORIENTAL BOOK STORE
142 W. 57 St., New York City, N.Y. 10019
KINOKUNIYA BOOK STORE
1581 Webster St., San Francisco, CA 94115

CURRENT PERIODICALS

BONSAI. Haiku. Twice yearly, J. Streif, ed. 1350 E. Bethany Home #1, Phoenix, AZ 85014 \$4/yr. U.S. and Canada, \$2.00/copy.

CICADA. Eric W. Amann, ed. 627 Broadview Ave., Toronto Ont. M4k 2N9, Canada. Quarterly. \$8/yr. \$2.50/copy.

DRAGONFLY. A quarterly of haiku. Lorraine Ellis Harr, ed. 4102 NE 130th Pl., Portland, Oregon 97230. \$8/yr., \$1.50/copy.

HAIKU MAGAZINE. Wm. J. Higginson, ed. Box 2702, Paterson, N.J. 07509. Occasional. \$2/copy. No submissions currently accepted.

HIGH/COO. R. & S. Brooks, ed. 26-11 Hilltop Dr., W. Lafayette, IN 47906. Quarterly. \$5/yr. incl. chapbooks, \$1.50 copy + 25¢.

JANUS-SCTH. Rhoda deLong Jewell, ed. 1325 Cabrillo Ave., Venice, CA 90291. Quarterly. \$4/yr. (about 1/4 haiku).

MODERN HAIKU. Robert Spiess, ed. P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701. Triannual. \$6.50/yr. U.S. \$7.50 elsewhere. \$2.35/copy.

OUTCH. Nobuo Hirasawa, ed. Nishi-2-21-32, Kunitachi-shi, Tokyo 186, Japan. Quarterly. \$10/yr., sample free. (Bilingual Japanese/Eng.).

POETRY NIPPON. c/o Poetry Society of Japan, 5/11 Nagaikecho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan. Two double issues a yr. \$7/yr.

TWEED. Janice M. Bostok, ed., Box 304, Murwillumbah, NSW 2484, Australia. Quarterly. Australian \$5/yr. Austr. \$1.50 copy-overseas write for prices.

UGUISU. Matsuo-Allard, ed. 227 Spruce St. #2, Manchester, NH 03103. Monthly irregular. \$3/yr.-50¢/copy. (Exclusively 1-liners, haiku and ichigyoshi).

WINDLESS ORCHARD. Robert Novak, ed. Dept. of English and Linguistics, Indiana-Purdue Univ., Ft. Wayne, IN 46805. Quarterly, incl. art calendar. \$7/yr. regular, \$4/yr. students. \$2 copy. (several pages of haiku).

Editors: Please keep us up to date

continuation of
CULTURE IN JAPANESE HAIKU

ISSA

motalna ya / hirune shite kiku / taue uta

too good nap taking listening rice-planting song

**a guilty feeling / listening to rice-planting song / I'm taking
 a nap**

AT MINIMUM, you must know the following:

*Issa's life story and the spot where he is now. He was born in the farmer's village, where he lost his mother early in his childhood; his stepmother was mean to him and he eventually left home in his early teens. He learned haiku in Edo, returned home after more than 35 years of absence, did not get along well with his stepbrother regarding the estate problem left by their father. Finally he got some portion of the estate and is back at the home in which he was born. Issa is about 50 years old now, and perhaps before his first marriage at 52.

the farmers take naps after lunch, in between hard labor in the morning and afternoon.

***taue** means the trans-planting of rice seedlings about 5-6" long. This is the most important time for the rice-growing farmers when people get so busy that they even want to borrow cat's hand according to their usual expression. The neighbors help each other by bartering the labor, namely, "yui", working from one rice paddy to another.

In May, the rice field is ploughed, water is let in, the mud is smoothed out by people and cattle. The rice is transplanted on the paddy with the help of a rope which is being pulled by people at both ends of the paddy. The planting can be done so rhythmically by experienced hands that the people developed a rice-planting folk song.

*picture image of rice paddy and people at work there.

FURTHER, it would be ideal if you know that:

••rice is the staple food of Japan. Even the most ancient name of Japan was called as "mizuho no kuni" meaning the 'country of ears of rice.' Rice is so precious that children are taught that they will lose their eye sight upon wasting even a grain of rice. It is also said that farmers take tender loving care of rice plants 88 times before harvest. That is why the word rice in Chinese character spells 88.

••Issa at this Haiku moment is not the host of the rice-planting project. At least the people who are singing and working are not helping his rice paddy and yet he feels a slightly guilty conscious since he has never had such a relaxed, luxurious moment in the past.

••brief comparison with two other haiku related to rice-planting song will be interesting.

*You, rice-field maidens!
The only thing not muddy
Are the songs you sing*

Raizan

*Pristine elegance!
There, in the interior
The rice-planting song*

Basho

(Translation both by Daniel C. Buchanan)

You will note that Basho never engaged in farming and his poem is carefree, while Raizan's and Issa's has more shared feeling of hard labor of rice-growing farmers.

October 15

A left-over page - and too late to set type!
So let me share this -
The other day - just after dawn - back doors
flung open, for me and my cat. But we
couldn't move!

The air, indoors and out, was irru-
dated by 'harsh birdcalls - an almost
solid mesh of bird and leaf sounds -
Every tree torn as though by a direction-
less wind - laced by the wild dartings
of black glossy headed forms -

And then, from the South -
a single insistent measured calling -
a fraction of silence - a swift hor-
izontal black streaking - wings
back - toward the incipient summons
no scattering now - only the straight
black horizontal lines streaking
South. And then they were gone.

Later - under cool sunlight -
The leaves resumed their slow
down drifting - abandoning the trees
to their inevitable starkness.

Brief of the sun
The air is a lucid blue
now even in twilight

Were we dreaming? - The cat and I?
Did it - did it ~~happen~~ happen?
Yes, it did.

Starlings? Grackles? No matter.
Only the scattering - The gathering -
The streaking - home.



