



HSA
Frogpond

Can you be Home?

Volume 11 Number 1
February 1979

Published by
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Inc.
333 East 47 Street, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10017

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Harold G. Henderson. Tomie Mochizuki, all panel members

PRESIDENT

Hiroaki Sato — 326 W. 22 Street,
New York, New York 10011

VICE-PRESIDENT

Stephen Wolfe
27 Itchodacho, Matsugasaki, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan 606

TREASURER

Mildred Fineberg
46 Mt. Tom Road, New Rochelle, New York 10805

SUBSCRIPTION/MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

L.A. Davidson
2 Wash. Sq. Vill., Apt. 8-0, New York, N.Y. 10012

EDITOR/RECORDING SECRETARY

Lilli Tanzer — RD 7 Box 265, Hopewell Jct., N.Y. 12533
Editorial Assistant — Mildred Fineberg

HSA FROGPOND

February, May, August, November
\$10.00 calendar year, combination subscription/membership
(\$15.00 overseas surface, \$18.00 overseas air)
Deadlines: March 15, June 15, Sept. 15, Dec. 15

Copyright © 1979 HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Inc.

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *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 acknowledgements.

CONTENTS

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER _____	4
CONTESTS _____	6
ABOUT TEACHER CROAKS _____	7
EDUCATION OF A HAIKU POET _____	8
<i>by Harley King</i>	
HAIKU AND CUCKOO _____	9
<i>by Donald B. Campbell</i>	
CROAKS, Haiku _____	11
THE STRUCTURAL DYNAMICS OF HAIKU –PART I _____	19
<i>by Rod Willmot</i>	
HAIKU FROM YUGOSLAVIA _____	22
<i>from HAIKU, with permission of the editors</i>	
<i>translators: Werner Blankenberg, Rudi Preisach</i>	
WATERSOUNDS, from Vol. I, No. 4 _____	26
WATERSOUNDS PANEL COMMENTS _____	35
<i>by Leon Zolbrod</i>	
LETTER TO THE EDITOR _____	36
<i>from Earl Robinson</i>	
TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS _____	39

Panel

James Kirkup	Kyoko Selden
Alfred Marks	Leon Zolbrod

calligraphy by Kyoko Selden

* * *

Typeset and printed at the Open Studio Print Shop, Rhinebeck & Barrytown, New York, a service to independent literary publishers, partially funded by the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Sumi-e by Lilli Tanzer

"unaloud haiku" by Marlene Wills

HAIKU NEWS

From the **EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

HSA is on a calendar fiscal year. This has obvious advantages, but one disadvantage is that we start each year with zero subscriptions. If we do not end the year with a sufficient balance, we are entirely dependent upon early renewals, and contributions, to carry us through the early part of the year.

Renewals are coming in, and we have 24 new sub/mems as of March 15. Despite these signs of a healthy, growing HSA we are counting heavily on full renewals.

PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC., AND SEND TO SUB/MEM SECRETARY, L.A. DAVIDSON.

For the 1978 Financial report, please send S.A.S.E. to the Treasurer.

HSA THANKS THE MEMBERS AND NON-MEMBERS WHO HAVE GRACIOUSLY DONATED FUNDS TO HELP MAKE OUR ACTIVITIES POSSIBLE.



NEW BOOKS BY MEMBERS

SAILING BONES - \$3.00. A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SOBI-SHI- \$4.00. Raymond Roseliep. Make checks payable to: The Rook Press, P.O. Box 144, Ruffsedale, PA 15679.

21 EROTIC HAIKU FOR SAMANTHA - \$1.00. Michael Joseph Phillips. 526 East 52nd Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46205.

WANDERINGS, by Foster Jewell, \$1.00 — YIELD OF FALLOW, \$3.00
1325 Cabrillo Ave., Venice, CA 90291

WORMWOOD, by Jerry Carson, \$2.50 - Kaji Aso Studio, 40 St.
Stephen St., Boston, MA 02115

MEMBERS' AWARDS

Raymond Roseliep - first prize from PORTALS, and honours from the YUKUHARA HAIKU CONTEST.

Betty Drevniok, CICADA Award

Eric Amann, MODERN HAIKU Award

Excerpted from a letter by Harold G. Henderson

September 18, 1973

Dear Mr. Kondo:

Thank you for your letter—especially because it gives me an excuse to talk about my own work. I do not think that any conscientious translator of “*furu-ike*” has ever been satisfied with his own work. I know that I am not.

As to the “and,” it came about from an attempt to give the effect of “*ya*.” As I see it, *ya* is a verbal punctuation mark. In its common use, after a noun, *ya* draws special attention to what precedes it, and indicates some special connection with what follows. Normally, it seems to me, this effect is much like that of a colon (:) in English. However, if the connection is that of contrast, it seems to me that it is best rendered in English by “—and.”

E.g.: in “*ara-umi ya*” the “connection” is in the contrast between the wild sea and the “River of Heaven.” A colon would not bring this out; a “—and” I think does. It is not always easy to decide between the two. In my translation of “*inaguma ya*” I did use a colon, but I now feel that the ending “—and into darkness travels a night heron’s scream” might have been better.

I originally used “—and” in “*furu-ike ya*” because I was obsessed with the contrast—between the splash and the quiet, the old age and the new instant. But I now feel that the *ya* suggests much more than that. If the old story is correct, Basho first heard the splash, then realized it was a “frog-jump-in” splash, and only then had the vision of the old pond.

Today, when I try to put myself in Basho’s shoes (or, rather, his *geta*), I get a curious feeling of an inversion of Time—as though (at least to me) the sound existed before the pond did. This could be suggested by the use of a colon. I do not, of course, know for sure what Basho felt—I don’t suppose he ever actually tried to define it himself—but I do feel sure that some feeling of contrast was present. Apparently no adequate English translation of “*furu-ike ya*” will be possible unless we find some equivalent for *ya* that will combine the effects of the colon and “—and.” . . .

With all best wishes,
Yours in haiku
(Harold G. Henderson)

February 5, 1974

...I have been out of touch with Yamada's work since 1943, when I had the pleasure of expressing my indebtedness to him in the preface to my own "Handbook of Japanese Grammar." In that work (p. 138) I wrote that *-keri* "is almost surely a combination of *-ki* plus *ari*. It is probably this combination of verb-forms—a sort of 'it is that it was'—which gives to *-keri* the quality of *suggesting* some sort of emotion on the part of the speaker or writer who uses it. In poetry the emotional value tends to obscure the idea of tense."

What I said is probably O.K. as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. Of course, combinations like "nari-ni-keri" do (always, I think) correspond closely to a very positive present perfect. But here the *-ri* is the *ren yo kei* of the *bungo* suffix *-nu*; itself indicating 'past' or completion," and is added to the *ren y o kei* of another verb.

As far as I can make out from a cursory check...the tense feel is very strong in Basho and his disciples. I cannot follow the 18th century changes, but certainly Issa's use of "nakari-keri" (as in "aka no tanni wa" etc.) seems to give the effect of an emotional present rather than a present perfect. Shiki's usage seems to me a bit like Issa's use of "nakari-keri," except that his technique is more sophisticated, and the particular effect is, as you say, "a matter of contents." Any comments from you will be received with interest.

As to the "plash of the water when a frog jumps in" that was written 40 years ago and was one of my many errors. (I still make errors, but I hope not so often!). Yes, it was in the "Bamboo Broom," but please forget it. There seems little practical use in going into how and why the error was made.

As to haiku in English, I do not think there is any strict "form" generally accepted as yet, (other than an "approximation" to 5-7-5.). But it is fun to study the *development* of the form.

...with all best wishes, yours
(Harold G. Henderson)

Old pond—
and a frog-jump-in
water-sound.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARD FOR 1979

The annual Harold G. Henderson Award of \$100.00 will be given to the haiku judged best in an open competition sponsored by the Haiku Society of America. Kyoko Selden will judge this year's contest.

RULES

1. Send only one entry a person (up to three haiku an entry) with a fee of one dollar.
2. Type or neatly print each entry haiku on two 3 x 5 cards with the poet's name and address.
3. Mail entry by 1 August 1979 to Hiroaki Sato, 326 West 22 Street, New York, New York 10011.
4. The winner will be notified by early September 1979, and the winning haiku will be printed in the following issue of the HSA magazine, *Frogpond*.

ro
f gpond
f g
ro

A HAIKU CONTEST FOR NEW YORK CITY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

As part of the JAPAN TODAY and JAPANESE HERITAGE programs, the Haiku Society of America is co-sponsoring a haiku contest for New York City high school students. The winners will receive cash prizes at the ceremony at Japan House on June 16, 1979, and their haiku will be printed in the Haiku Society Magazine, *Frogpond*.

About

TEACHER CROAKS, a new section in FROGPOND

* I KILL AN ANT AND
NOTICE MY THREE CHILDREN
HAVE BEEN WATCHING

Kato Shuson, born 1905—

** SILENT IN THE NIGHT WITH
ALL HIS SENSES ALERT
THE WOLF GOES UNSEEN

Rita Jessee, Grade 9

These haiku exemplify two kinds of consciousness. The first is by a sensitive adult acting on a lifetime of conditioning, noting the process of his children's conditioning. The other haiku (by a child) is equally sensitive, but it notes the absence of an observer. Observation of human values, actions and reactions, is not yet the governing factor in her poetry. While generalizations are dangerous, it is safe to say that a child's perceptions are less cluttered with discursive reasoning than are an adult's.

The writing of haiku, if it is to have the sense of immediacy expected of this genre, requires a fresh and direct awareness before the process of writing takes place. In adults, this involves a *return* to the very freshness which is the *natural* way with the youngest of children. Haiku also concerns itself with respect for all life, in relationship. What better time is there to start the study of haiku, and to stress love of life, than during childhood?

NOW, there is an ever-increasing interest in haiku, in general, and much attention is being given to haiku as a teaching tool for children, with their short attention spans. More and more teachers feel the need for current news re the writing of haiku in English. While the Haiku Society of America includes many professors who teach haiku in their literature courses, many other educators teaching the lower grades have never heard of HSA, and are anxious to make contact with other haiku teachers.

We feel that HSA, with its detailed information sheet, its contest and merit awards programs, and *Frogpond's* unique approach in reporting WHAT IS, WHILE IT IS, with sections such as *Watersounds* and *Translations/Derivations*, can fulfill their needs.

In *Frogpond*, we will be printing a special page or pages for all who are interested in the writing of haiku by children. **We would like brief articles by any of you (parents, grandparents, teachers) relating your experiences with children.** In line with our general

policy, note that *Frogpond*, the voice of HSA (an organization of individuals with disparate views) cannot suggest the teaching of rules of any particular “school.” *Frogpond* is a meeting place for the interchange of ideas and experiences. And so, *Frogpond* will avoid the printing of *what* to teach. We do feel more free to print suggested methods to nurture uncluttered awarenesses and understanding of man’s relationship to non-human nature. All of this is preliminary to the actual process of writing. With full knowledge of what others are thinking and writing, the teachers will decide what to do. The rest will follow, and each poet will ultimately find his/her own way.

*translated by Makoto Ueda, from MODERN JAPANESE HAIKU, Makoto Ueda University of Toronto Press, 1976.

**first printed in MODERN HAIKU



EDUCATION OF A HAIKU POET

Harley King

Recently I received a rejection slip that read, “In haiku, it is usually best to NAME the KIND OF BIRD, TREE, etc.” That sounds fine and nice, but I can name all the birds I know on two hands and all the trees on one.

Haiku is an art form that requires both the writer and the reader to be educated in the ways of nature.

Did you know that the robin begins singing earlier in the morning than other birds? He often starts an hour or two before dawn. Did you know that the redwing blackbird is one of the first signs of spring or that in many parts of the country purple martins are symbols of community interest and the simple home life? These are only a few of the facts that a haiku poet has to learn.

Have you ever written a haiku and plugged in the name of just any bird because you didn't know the name of the bird you saw? BEWARE! Somebody some day may call you on the carpet. I wrote the following haiku based on the experience of seeing a flock of birds in a corn field.

*on the corn tassels
a flock of purple martins—
summer sunset*

People said I was wrong for two reasons. First, corn tassels are not strong enough to hold birds, and second, a flock of purple martins would not be in a corn field.

Only after further observation and consulting a couple of books on birds was I able to justify my haiku. Birds do sit on corn tassels and purple martins can be seen in flocks in the fields during late summer.

Don't you be caught unaware. A robin is a robin only if you know that it is a robin.



HAIKU AND CUCKOO

Donald B. Campbell

Japan's well-loved hototogisu, or small cuckoo (*Cuculus poliocephalus*), first appeared on a three-yen stamp on 10 May 1954, as part of the 1952-60 First Yen Unit Series. My personal interest in the hototogisu was awakened when I began searching for stamps to illustrate the haiku of Matsuo Basho (1644-94), the acknowledged master of the genre, for my *Philatelic Anthology of World Poetry*. To my great surprise and delight, I found that no less than five of the seventy-three haiku by Basho in Harold G. Henderson's *An Introduction to Haiku* (New York, 1958) celebrate the hototogisu.

"It should be mentioned," writes Henderson, "that the word 'cuckoo' has not the same association [for the Japanese] as with us. The song of the hototogisu is usually heard at dusk. It is considered to be not only beautiful, but also slightly sad; other names for the hototogisu are 'bird of the other world,' 'bird of disappointed love,' etc.

From the haiku that follow, all given in Henderson's translations, I gather other bits of information about this small bird of the other world:

His plaintive song is sometimes heard on moonlit nights:

*Song of the cuckoo:
in the grove of great bamboos,
moonlight seeping through.*

He flies horizontally, singing as he goes, and he often flies over water:

*As the cuckoo flies,
its singing stretches out:
upon the water lies.*

And:

*Where the cuckoo flies
till it is lost to sight — out there
a lone island lies.*

His name is sometimes written in characters meaning "bird of time" as in this haiku lamenting the departed glories of Kyoto, in ancient times the capital of Japan:

*In Kyo I am,
and still I long for Kyo —
oh, bird of time!*

He is a bit of a busybody, or gives that impression:

*Little gray cuckoo:
sing and sing; and fly and fly —
oh, so much to do!*

So if ever I get to Japan, I hope that it may be vouch-safed to me to walk in a mossy garden at dusk in the season when the cherry blossoms spread their fragrance, and hear the song of the friendly hototogisu. Then I will say to him this haiku, which is partly Basho's, partly Henderson's, and partly my own:

*Many, many things
you bring to mind,
hototogisu!*

CROAKS

CODE

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

CREDIT – The delightful frogponds scattered throughout the magazine are by Marlene Wills, who terms them “unaloud haiku.”

Sallie McCormick Adams

- CS-1 *Brother's cradle does / not rock to lullabies; mom's /
half-sleep rocks his cries.*
- CS-2 *Race cars streak around / the bend – zoom by the
checkered flag; / scrap-yard play.*
- CS-3 *This candle screams with / figure slump; hot tears
fall down / her face; fear leaves home.*

Brett Brady

- CS-7 *into the puddle / a fallen pine-needle / shatter-
ing the moon*
- CS-8 *just brushing the snow / with wings all a-flap:
an owl / and an owl's shadow*
- CS-8a *atop the tombstone / a perching crow crooks its
head – the leaves piling-up*

Chuck Brickley

- CS-9 *Our cups are empty, now / my house across the field /
in the autumn rain*
- CS-10 *A mushroom – / a drop of rain / on my lip*
- CS-11 *smoke / in the distant hills – a cheep*

Randy Brooks

- CS-12 *mudcaked shoes / in a row / beneath the dinner bell*
- CS-13 *yesterday we laid her / in the ground, / now her
peach blossoms*
- CS-14 *shoe / beside the road snowfilled*

Frank M. Chapman

✓✓ CS-15 *Red apples. / Even the stems / Are red.*

✓✓ CS-16 *In the dry grass / A faded newspaper / Rustling in
the summer wind.*

Richard Crist

CS-17 *The hot August sky, / burned of its blue, is fanned /
by one flapping crow*

CS-18 *What brushes my ear / on the night road? / What tiny
wings?*

CS-19 *At first meeting / too small the cup / of saké*

Joyce Walker Currier

CS-20 *Full blackberry bush; / shepherd dog in the shadows /
matches the shade*

Proxade Davis

CS-21 *aftermath... / a pigeon walks / in the broken glass*

CS-22 *on sun-struck window / a frost pattern melts /
into traveling ghost*

CS-23 *grey limitless space... / a white sail / maneuvers*

Joseph Donaldson

CS-24 *afternoon of drought / stillness of outside / penetrates
the walls.*

CS-25 *deep moon-cast shadows — / the cat's eyes pierce the
dark.*

CS-26 *dark night, wind-sounds — / memory and time.*

David R. Eastwood

CS-27 *Beacon Hill: / ten feet above the roof / a V of
geese*

CS-28 *train station at dawn — / the braless young
commuter / tightly chains her bike*

CS-29 *Hot August morning— / when the boy's gerbil chirrs /
his dog runs to watch*

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

CS-30 *at last / the rain; / swollen window frames*

CS-31 *at the port / the barge whistle / quiets the
swing squeak*

CS-32 *on autumn air / the whiff / of the dog walker's smoke*

Mildred Fineberg

- CS-33 *hovering over the canyon / the whirlbird drops...
deep*
- CS-34 *jungle hovel fronted by twin-potted palms*
- CS-35 *floating on the rolling sea / the sky — and I*

LeRoy Gorman

- CS-36 *from the oak's shadow / the moon / makes an astronaut*
- CS-37 *dusk / the cornfield's shadow / rustles*

Ty Hadman,

- CS-39 *Moments after dusk — / the lighthouse watchman /
re-lights his pipe*
- CS-40 *Swans and butterflies / across from the flower
stall — / blown glass*
- CS-41 *Rose Parade — / the glint / in Sobi-Shi's eyes*

Bob Huffman,

- CS-42 *many little boys / all anxious to be first / to
tramp the new snow*
- CS-43 *light hearted clouds / their edges always /
evaporating*
- CS-44 *blink by blink / I trace the firefly / through the
night*

Carolyn M. Johnson

- CS-45 *Squirrel / standing attention / to tap on the window*
- CS-46 *Twilight — / windswept snowflurries / echo the
silence*
- CS-47 *Dawn — / Shimmering light crystals / rushing
downstream*

Yasko Karak

- CS-48 *.. buds the first flower of morning glory buds
buds...*
- CS-49 *a morning glory torn into two: thunder shower*
- CS-50 *sparklers thru raindrops / raindrops thru sparklers:
fireworks*

Tadashi Kondo

- CS-51 *the lake; / my heart splits into / two hills ✓ ✓
of autumn leaves*

- CS-52 *the geese and I / crisscrossing: / the depth of the forest*
CS-53 *walking around / the lake - the day / of autumn ended*

Susan Littlejohn

- CS-54 *With another gust, / quiescent snow's sent flying... / eyes fill with tears.*
CS-55 *Gliding down the slope, / shadows creep among the trees... / —lift chairs now empty.*
CS-56 *Clean bite of the wind— / standing alone in the mountain, / with the first snowflakes.*

David Lloyd

- CS-57 *Just stopping / To say a goodbye, / Snowman...*
CS-58 *The longest night: / Only the snowman stares / At the stars.*
CS-59 *By the blinker — / White Snowman, yellow snowman... / White snowman...*

Ruby Rae Mc Murtry

- CS-60 *oleanders snow laden / ice fringe melting / gutters raining*
CS-61 *raucous jay / squawking / bright blue against snowdrift*
CS-62 *fog in Live Oak tree / branches etching window panes*

Sister Mary Marguerite

- CS-63 *black buds / on the ash tree / the male cardinal*
CS-64 *raindrop jewel / safe on the leaf— / for a moment*

Gloria A. Maxson

- CS-64 *Bitter fall gales / pull the last chaff / from the strawman.*
CS-66 *On the winter sea, / driven to the narrow line / where sea and sky meet.*
CS-67 *High in mountain snow / all the places that were rough / smoothed by white pumice*

Thelma Murphy

- CS-68 *Part of the waves / the moon / shines on itself*

CS-69 *The sun hangs / in the maple's treetop / the brimming
bucket*

CS-70 *The overgrown vine / breaking the trellis / that gave
it a start*

Marion Mattes

CS-71 *Butterfly/ lighting my window/ autumn orange*

CS-72 *Asleep in the sun/ the old woman is a girl/ dancing
to the lute*

CS-73 *Magpies and apples/ sway with the blossoming bough/
all one in the wind*

Robert Nelson

CS-74 *A suspended star; / Lavender trajectories / Vanish
in blackness*

CS-75 *Early morning mist / Creates a world of silence / And
vanishing shapes*

CS-76 *Into morning sky / a round hole has been cut — / Glimpse
of pink background*

Raymond Roseliop (Sobi-Shi)

S -77 *buttoning his fly / the boy with honeysuckle / clenched
in his mouth*

S -78 *blue-ribbon final: / a tiny froth of spittle / on her
Bartlett pear*

S -79 *dust— / the key / unturned*

Sydell Rosenberg

CS-80 *Rain, / how different the sounds / on autumn leaves....*

CS-81 *Turning their heads / with ragged petals — / roadside
sunflowers*

CS-82 *Too big a morsel? / A city pigeon circling / an English
muffin*

Donna Peregill

*Seven white cranes / Perched on the slough bank / Gazing
for minnows.*

CS-83 *Children in the water / Jumping the green Gulf waves—/
Summer days of pleasure.*

CS-84 *Minnows in the water / School of little silver fish-/
Feast for the sandpiper.*

Michael L. Segers

CS-85 *three sparrows or a hundred sparrows: sparrows*

CS-86 *every day a little more of this pumpkin vine*

CS-87 *the sound of the pines: hair in my eyes*

Joan Couzens Sauer

CS-88 *Early falling leaf / floats down the sky blue river /
on a cloud.*

CS-89 *Mist on the river / hovers over mountains and trees, /
disturbed by falling rain.*

CS-90 *Winter silence, / cracking ice chunks float free, /
geese cry echoes.*

Myra Scovel

CS-91 *from a branch / a drop of water / disturbs the
pond*

CS-92 *first flakes / chasing leaves / down the wind*

CS-93 *distant rocks / sun / exposing their gold*

Daniel Silvia

CS-94 *summer dusk; / the gull takes awhile / across the
full moon*

CS-95 *twilight pond; / a lone skater circles / a frozen
star*

CS-96 *a crow caws — / when I look, the winter moon / thaws
into mist*

Gladys Davis Smith

CS-97 *Whippoorwills at night / Flying unseen, call sadly /
You are gone away*

CS-98 *In this parking lot / Eyeball lights look searchingly
Into the back seat*

CS-99 *A giant seashell / Like an old empty castle / Aban-
doned, waiting*

Roberta Stewart

CS-100 *Flood waters... / three blue eggs in a nest /
floating by*

CS-101 *A cardinal / on the snow, / the cat's jaws quiver*

CS-102 *Winter moon — / far off a coyote's bark / fog
muffled*

Susan G. Strother

- CS-103 *CRAB LEGS: Large blue claws, he's snared. / The
muddy river bottom / Bids adieu to a friend.*
- CS-104 *SUNSHINE FAREWELL: The clouds burst. / Sunshine
yields to gloom / As weather replies to nature's call.*
- CS-105 *OLD MEN: Laughter gone silent, / Courage run dry. /
Mountains of men with snow-capped peaks.*

Tony Suraci

- C -106 *Morning glory / blooming white above its shadow - /
gibbous moon*
- C -170 *New baby, —/ life's mystery in your eyes /
even as you open them...*
- C -108 *New Year's day: / my shadow steps into the snow /
before I do*

Cor van den Heuvel

- CS-109 *the geese have gone —/ in the chilly twilight: / empty
milkweed pods*
- CS-110 *the sun goes down —/ my shovel strikes a spark / from
the dark earth*
- CS-111 *closed stores —/ a piece of tinsel flutters / above
a grating*

Joyce W. Webb

- CS-112 *here and there / in the field of red clover / alien
cornstalks*
- CS-113 *sunset will not wait.../ yellow, saffron, orange,
red / mauve and gray purple*
- CS-114 *book review.../ paperbacks by the pound / at the
sidewalk sale*

Rod Willmot

- CS-115 *pheasant bursts from the grass / bare feet / on the wire
fence*
- CS-116 *bladder campion / summer wind scribbling / on
papersound*
- CS-117 *water strider / bending the water / where the paddle
bends*

Marlene Wills

- CS-118 *school boy throws a boomerang swallows*

Stephen Wolfe (from THE KAMO RIVER)

CS-119 *young, green stalks / bend over backwards / for the wind*

CS-120 *frog / among rush and reeds / teach me what not to know*

CS-121 *blown with the kite / by twilight wind*

SUBMITTED WITHOUT CODE

Foster Jewell

*Along its banks
columbine surging in place
with the brook's surges*

James Kirkup

*Girls, modest as mice
in class, haggle like fishwives
when I've left the room.*

*At a cheap strip show
hungry babies in the wings
cry for mother's breasts*

*Haiku: ghostly shriek
of the sweet potato man's
late night steam whistle*

Alfred H. Marks

*Kona
storm
aloft
not
a
sail
a
thousand
sticks
stuck
in
the
harbor.*

*Sun
in
high
windows
making
mirrors
mirroring
a
bright
muntin-ed
sea.*

THE STRUCTURAL DYNAMICS OF HAIKU

PART I

What is a haiku? Some writers seek the answer to this question in Zen Buddhism; others resort to the exotica of haiku's origin. I prefer to stick to the critical analysis of haiku texts. For while haiku may vary widely in philosophical and ethnic content, there are certain elements — dynamic structures — that all haiku have in common. Once we know what these structures are, and how they are dynamic, we will have in hand the fundamental elements of haiku.

In the present article I will discuss semantic structure: in other words, how language, subject, and treatment of subject combine in haiku to form a characteristic structure of *meaning*. The other half of the question, syntactic structure — the parts of a haiku, and how they work together — will be the subject of my second article.

First Proposition: *The illusion of transparency is haiku's characteristic opacity.*

The word “transparent” is both deceiving and illuminating. Illuminating, because it does touch on the underlying meaning of haiku. Deceiving, because it implies that haiku uses language in a way that it does not. According to linguistics, only the language of everyday communication is really transparent. We would not dream of submitting a statement like, “I went to the store this afternoon,” to a haiku magazine. Such language is like a window, *through* which we observe the world of facts and concepts.

In contrast, the language of poetry is accurately termed “opaque.”¹ Bear in mind, however, that in selection and arrangement of words, opaque language can be an exact imitation of transparent language. The difference is that with opaque language we look *at* these words, as we would a painting or stained glass, because something tells us they are poetry rather than a shopping-list, a newspaper, or a diary. That “something” can be any of innumerable devices: from the way the lines are set out on the page, to the use of rhyme, meter, alliteration, figures of speech. Or, in the haiku tradition: three-part

format, seventeen syllables, season-word, and so on. These devices do not *make* a haiku, but they do make us stop and look for a haiku in the words on the page—rather than quickly reading them for the information they contain.

But even if it is true that haiku is opaque (and it must be, to be poetry), still—somehow a good haiku *seems* transparent. But that is of the essence of haiku. With the aid of its simplicity and concreteness, haiku masquerades under an illusion of transparency. So effective is this illusion that readers who are accustomed to more overt opacities—as in Shakespeare or Gerard Manley Hopkins—may fail to perceive the opacity of haiku. Taken in by the illusion, they conclude that haiku is not really poetry.

In haiku, transparency and opacity coexist in a state of tension. They form, that is, the dynamic structure that determines haiku's treatment of its subject-matter. For in haiku, that which is most factual, most transparent—the sound of a frog plopping into a pond—is also most poetic, most opaque. It is a matter of perception—is it not?

Second Proposition: *The deep subject of haiku is heightened perception. The corresponding effect of haiku, experienced by the reader, is heightened transparency.*

Much has been written about the haiku moment, that experience in which the suchness of things suddenly comes clear. I call this “heightened perception”; it is the underlying or “deep” subject of every haiku. But heightened perception is a first-hand experience of the poet; the *reader's* experience is at once different and closely related. I call it “heightened transparency,” because the effect of haiku is indeed like that of a window, but a magic window that makes things brighter and more rich in connotation than we ordinarily perceive.

Now let me briefly illustrate. You hear on the radio: “And now in the local news, a man tried to shoot a pheasant at the town dump this winter day, but missed and wounded the Mayor in the left thigh.” From “pheasant” to “day” there is a haiku by Gary Hotham, but we cannot know this without the conventional visual clues. When we read language transparently, all we see is the facts; when we read with a sense of opacity, we see the haiku. Or try this: find a front-page story on a riot or a war somewhere, and read it out loud in your best

imitation of a dull newscaster. Then insert this, without changing your voice: “The fleeing sandpipers turn about suddenly and chase back the sea.” (Apologies to J.W. Hackett.) Now read it as you would a HAIKU – and compare. In both cases you get a view of sandpipers (or a pheasant), but the haiku-view is a thousand times sharper and more meaningful than the journalist’s. The words are the same, only our perception changes. At the heart of all news-reports is a sort of blindness: either inane excitement or day-to-day factuality. At the heart of all haiku is a moment of intense lucidity. The poet’s lucidity is heightened perception, while the reader’s recreation of that lucidity is heightened transparency.

In summary, the semantic structure of haiku consists of four chief elements: transparency, opacity, heightened perception, and heightened transparency. Perhaps a comparison to archery would convey how these elements interact dynamically. Transparency is like two sticks of wood, of which the larger represents language, while the smaller represents the factual subject of each poem. Opacity is like a bowstring, transforming the larger stick into a bow. And heightened perception is like an arrowhead, transforming the smaller stick into an arrow. If it ended with that, both archery and poetry would be absurd; the final element is their reason for being: heightened transparency, the “thunk” in the heart of a reader when struck by a well-aimed haiku.

NOTES

¹Opacity is also referred to as “poeticity.” This and other elements of theoretical background are discussed in an article by Roman Jakobson entitled, “Linguistics and Poetry,” in *The Structuralists: from Marx to Lévi-Strauss*, R. & F. DeGeorge, eds., Doubleday (1972).

To be continued in Part II

r o
f g
p d
o n

r o
f g p o n d

HAIKU FROM YUGOSLAVIA

(with permission from the Yugoslavian magazine HAIKU, Spring 1977)

German, derived from Serbo-Croatian, by Rudi Preisach and Werner Blankenberg. Rudi balked at translating from Serbo-Croatian, stating that the combining of the two languages was tantamount to an attempt to combine German and Dutch. "Some of the things were untranslatable, and others made sense only in Serbo-Croatian." But as he read on he found many which delighted him and he gladly continued.

English derivations from German are by Werner Blankenberg.

Our hearty thanks go to our fellow haiku writers in Yugoslavia, and to our translators.

by Zronko Petrovic

*duoje samotnih
staraca - u paucini
ustajala tisina*

*Zwei einsame Greise
in Spinnweben
abgestandener Stille.*

*Two lonesome old men
in the cobwebs
of stale silence.*

*izmedju
svijezda - nepomicnost
vedrine*

*Zwischen Sternen -
unbewegliche Zeit.*

*Between stars -
motionless time.*

by Katarina Psak

*Drnaju kola
po poljskom putu -
zito se trese.*

*Es rattelt der Wagen
auf dem Feldwege -
schuttelt sich das Getreide.*

*The wagon rattles
on the field path -
shaking the grain.*



*U modrom lanu
rascvuala se ljepota
buduceg platna*

*Im blauen Flachs
bluht die schonheit
des kommenden Leinen*

*In the blue flax
blooms the beauty
of future linen.*



*Raskosno trepti
u dvijetu marelice
jedna nit sunca.*

*Reich schimmert
Auf der Margaretenblute
Ein Sonnenstrahl.*

*Bright shimmer
On a daisy bloom
A ray of the sun*

DeVar Dahl

the road home
swallows fly out
both sides of the bridge

unpublished

George Daily

From the darkness
at the foot of the tree
fireflies rising

unpublished

Brian Darnell

after the funeral—
stretching out
on my childhood bed

Acorn 9

Karla Decker

plum petals
floating on the puddle
fading thunder

unpublished

Kristen Deming

night feeding—
fists of the baby
slowly unfurl

unpublished

Dr. Angelee Deodhar

late evening
the monks' chanting
overcome by cicadas

The Heron's Nest IV:7

by Aleksandar Nejgebauer

*Ispod meseca
tek olistala urba
i sama s̄vetli*

*Im Mondschein
Neustrahlende Weiden blatter*

*In moonlight
new willow leaves' inner radiance*



*Prolecni vetar -
topole otezale
od mrkih maca.*

*Frulingswinde -
braungepflakte Pappeln*

*Spring winds -
brownspotted poplars*



*Stani, vrapcicu,
i ja na put -
ima vremenena!*

*Halt an, kleiner Sperling,
auch ich bin auf der Reise -
Es hat Zeit!*

*Tarry, little sparrow,
I too am taking a voyage -
there is time!*

by Branko Aleksić

*Ispod korbaca
lisca - zora kornjaca
s proletem.*

*Unter Blätterhaufen
Lauft die Frühmorgen Schildkröte
im Frühling.*

*Under a pile of leaves -
the early morning turtle
walks with the spring.*

*Jesenje drvo su
bakreni hrtovi
zaspali u letu.*

*Herbstliches Holz
haben kupferne Windhunde
enzundet im Flug. (or: geschlafend
im Sommer)*

*Autumn woods
copper grayhounds
ignited in flight. (or: sleeping
in summer)*

by Dragan Vucetić

*Jutro.
Nasvakom listu
malo svetlost!*

*Morgen.
Auf jedem Blatt
eine kleine Helligkeit!*

*Morning.
On every leaf
a small dawn!*

fr gp nd
o o
o
o

ro
f g
pond

f r o g p o n d

o
frog
pond
o
o
o

WATERSOUNDS

Selections Panel

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

McClintock and Wolfe votes were not available at press time.

Regrettably, Elizabeth S. Lamb has asked to be relieved of service on the panel.

CHECKED AS HAIKU

Richard Crist - 13 (anonymous award)

*Lying in the meadow
listening to the grass world . . .
a distant clock strikes*

Davidson, Jewell, Lloyd, Roseliep, Zolbrod

Joyce Walker Currier - 14

*brittle maple leaves
tongued into river current
of a stream ago*

Davidson, Roseliep, Sato, Selden, Zolbrod

Stephen Wolfe - 67 - from THE KAMO RIVER

*waves of school children
flood the bridge*

Kondo, Marks, Sato, Selden, Willmot

Richard Crist - 11

*Collapsed under snow,
this year the old woodshed
kindles the fire*

Davidson, Kondo, Lloyd, Zolbrod

Geraldine C. Little - 26, 28

*reflections
in the polished apple
of others . . .*

Jewell, Kondo, Marks, Sato

*now
autumn falling
past the window*

Davidson, Marks, Sato, Selden

Peggy Lyles - 29

*First light from the East:
on a bare wall the shadow
of a bonsai tree*

Davidson, Marks, Roseliep, Zolbrod

Willene H. Nusbaum - 43

*April:
following the sun down the road
awhile.*

Davidson, Lloyd, Marks, Wills

Marlene Wills - 62

peach buds even my hair growing

Kondo, Marks, Roseliep, Wills

Stephen Wolfe - 68 - from THE KAMO RIVER

*the mountain
shadows
the petalled path*

Davidson, Jewell, Selden, Willmot

Frank M. Chapman - 10

*Dewdrops
Single file
On the grass blade.*

Kondo, Roseliep, Sato

Richard Crist - 12

*Summer people;
through a mile of woods —
rock music*

Lloyd, Roseliep, Wills

Joyce Walker Curren - 16

*the wind is rising;
above squeaks of the windmill
the blackbird's caw . . . caw*

Marks, Rosellep, Zolbrod

Joseph Donaldson - 17

*cry of gulls in wind—
fog-muffled throb of ships—
river-sounds at dusk*

Marks, Sato, Zolbrod

Sister Mary Marguerite - 38

*on the trail
he meets the woodcutter
with a butterfly net*

Wills, Davidson, Rosellep

Gloria Maxson - 42

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

Marks, Rosellep, Zolbrod

Willene H. Nusbaum - 45

*Unceasingly,
the lion measures his cage,
bar by bar by bar . . .*

Jewell, Kondo, Marks

Marlene Wills - 64

after the storm puddles of bonnard

Marks, Selden, Wills

Frank M. Chapman - 8

*The wind in the leaves.
After all these years:
Friends again.*

Davidson, Rosellep

Peggy Lyles - 30

*A doe's leap
darkens the oyster shell road:
twilight*

Davidson, Cor van den Heuvel

Sister Mary Marguerite - 37

*Green mountain road
leading
nowhere*

Rosellep, Sato

Gloria Maxson - 41

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

Rosellep, Wills

Shobi-Shi - 48

*autumn mummies:
Sobi-Shi covering
his American Beauties*

Marks, Zolbrod

Lilli Tanzer - 56

*planes of movement
of color
of autumn*

Kondo, Marks

Stephen Wolfe - 69 - from THE KAMO RIVER

*New Year's Eve
a back alley
a mystical piss*

Roseliep, Willmot

Sallie McCormick Adams - 1, 3

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

Zolbrod

*Sprinklers spray makes a
wet arc powder its under
arm with a rainbow.*

Zolbrod

Dan Brady - 7

*the hair by my temple
is the softest
he never touches me there*

Marks

Frank M. Chapman - 9

*Flitting
Across the pine trees,
Bird shadow.*

Kondo

Joseph Donaldson - 18

*brief summer rain
bright grass
black birds searching*

Marks

Carolyn M. Johnson - 20

*Squirrel
skipping swiftly through the grass
at sight of the cat*

Sato

Yasko Karaki - 24

*train window
budding reeds in groups
a tunnel*

Lloyd

Geraldine C. Little - 27

*Watching wind
balloon a young spider
seaward*

Marks

Peggy Lyles - 31

*Gripping
pine bark, morning glories—
and beetle shells*

Jewell

Barbara McCoy - 33

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

Selden

Sister Mary Marguerite - 39

*tombstones
in snow
deepening silence*

Roseliep

Sobi-Shi - 46, 47

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

Davidson

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

Zolbrod

Jennifer Swedberg - 50

*How strange the shoe fits
My toes, once small, cuddle close
in mother's worn clogs.*

Zolbrod

Ben Sweeney - 53

*Kitchen floor
reflecting captured rainbow:
dishwater bubble!*

Roselliep

Lilli Tanzer - 54, 55

*silent growth
centered in warmth
circled by snow*

Kondo

*surging south
scattering - an hour
in these trees*

Davidson

Anna Vakar - 57, 58

*Florida sun —
an old couple feeding
the mourning doves.*

Davidson

*Weightless —
the whole Earth against my back,
under spring sun*

Roseliep

Joyce Webb - 59, 61

*two black swans missing
from ballet on stage perform
water pas de deux*

Zolbrod

Marlene Wills - 63

only nibbles colored rocks spring afternoon

Kondo

Ruth Yarrow - 65, 66

*Moonlit okra leaves
floating in blackness
No one sees the stems*

Willmot

*Evening sun through reeds:
Shadow rings slip up and down
at wind speed*

Selden

*f r O O
 g p n d*

How much work did God do, when he made the world in six days and needed a rest on the seventh? Or, for that matter, what did Izanagi and Izanami put out, when they stirred the foamy brine? It's hard for us to tell, now. But we may guess that besides the creative energy itself there was some technique involved.

The same can be said of haiku. Creative power and technique must come together in some way that canny readers may perceive. Last night I was reading about James Gould Fletcher's difficulties with Ezra Pound the summer before World War I broke out. Fletcher refused to impose on himself "the pedantic yoke of any particular technique," and he disagreed "that a poem must be written according to certain fixed rules before it is permitted to be poetry." (Edmund S. de Chasca, *John Gould Fletcher and Imagism*, [Columbia & London: University of Missouri Press, 1978], p. 31.) The dilemma of people who care about the haiku movement is that they know some degree of technique may be necessary. The question, then, is how much? After all, we may imagine other, newer, forms of short verse in which readers and writers find pleasure and reward. Such poems don't have to be haiku to be good, and I may also add that in any case they may belong to the haiku movement.

I'm assuming for now that there are three minimal technical requirements for a decent haiku: 1) a seasonal element, 2) a sense of grammatical break or interruption, and 3) an impression of collision, juxtaposition, or internal comparison. I also expect to find normal English syntax and either crisp or musical use of language, all of which is little more than other contributors to *Frogpond* have spelled out. When the connections in a verse are too broken, I feel disappointed, as with Wolfe's verse, #10, in August 1978 "Croaks."

The standards that I've outlined here are not intended to be prescriptive. Any of us may do as we wish, and beyond us lies the great literary marketplace, where some things will be preserved and many others discarded.

I hope that in some measure my comments may be helpful to readers of *Frogpond*. To me the modern haiku movement has great possibilities, and *Frogpond* is in an admirable position to exert a healthy influence.

Some readers may ask what practical function haiku meeting the minimal technical requirements I've outlined might have. The answer is that they may stand as a possible beginning for a linked verse sequel in the haiku manner. The old idea of a poetic community and a community of poets might then be renewed. In Japan, after nearly a century of haiku as isolated and independent poems, in some circles the practice of linking and composing chains seems to be coming back. In the West, as well, there has been a gradual increase of interest. The work of Octavio Paz, for instance, comes to mind. Now we also have a long-awaited book on Japanese linked verse by Earl Miner released in January.

Of the examples in "Croaks," Karaki's, in the Aug.' 78 issue: *ten matches for ten marshmallows / did it rain yesterday?* seems ready-made for a link that could follow something else, rather than lead. With slight revision the same might be true for this, rewritten: *In shadows of milliard greens / two fish may be seen resting.*

My main point, therefore, is to call for new awareness of the possibility of communal poetry. Let us break down our isolation by studying and putting into practice this aspect of haiku.



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

from Earl Robinson

Your response to my original questions about haiku, the November 1979 issue of *Frogpond*, and reading Rod Willmot's *THE STRUCTURAL DYNAMICS OF HAIKU, PART I* stimulated such a flood of ideas about haiku that I could write a book trying to express them. Your article, *HAIKU-NOW*, in the May 1978 issue of *Frogpond* is the most impressive I have read so far. . . . Now, after reading Rod's article, (see page 19) I am more convinced than ever that there is a definite trend towards developing in the West a new and original art form, as Kenkichi Yamamoto suggested. Of course it has stemmed in the traditional Japanese haiku, but since not even the Japanese are able to tell us what contemporary haiku is, and from all the conflicting opinions, it seems that there are few, if any, who really know.

In the West, the proliferation of attempts to create haiku has spawned a multiplexity of concepts of what the vital elements are that constitute haiku. . . . As so often happens, these divergent views could crystalize into several "schools" from a certain orthodoxy of structure, through a number of gradations to an unrestricted free-style; and substance could range from the superficially objective to the sensual, the psychological, and the mystical.

I am inclined, however, to your view and Rod's, which, though his emphasis is more on the technological than the aesthetic, is, to my layman's way of thinking, a necessary concomitant to yours. I am especially happy with Rod's converting prose and poetry into visual images, transparency and opacity, and his reference to opacity masquerading as transparency, being vitalized by interfacial tension.

His second proposition, though somewhat technological, is nonetheless profoundly perceptive. It opens the subject of a developing new poetic form in the West, tending toward a more mystical flavor than one of being limited to sensual experiencing, perception of natural phenomena, or unique juxtapositioning of disparate objects or events.

When the significance of the implied potentialities of Rod's point is realized, the parallel with Zen becomes startlingly apparent. The dynamic effect of such an operational principle is a transformation of the reader's perceptual experiencing—much like the classical Zen story of one who before taking up Zen saw rivers and mountains only as rivers and mountains, after studying Zen, they were no longer just rivers and mountains; after mastering Zen, they were again just rivers and mountains, but his seeing had been utterly transformed, the experiencing of which was beyond explication. Both you and Rod have stated this in different ways, but it comes out as being in the nature of a small satori.

In the light of Rod's view of the dynamics of meaning amplification and stimulated resonance, most of the attempts to create haiku seem shallow, superficially "literary." It's not that I am unappreciative of the aesthetic values, but there is often the danger of unintentionally slipping into artiness. This seems obvious in the pronouncements of some who consider themselves knowledgeable, if not authorities, in this field. Of course there is room for all types and levels of meaning and experience, but I am more influenced by those who confess to being baffled and frustrated by any attempt to define haiku!

Although I am but a layman and a non-poet, I feel that the new-age poetic thrust should be to give the reader a first-time experience, a burst of insight, or a freshly discovered angle of perception, whether the subject be a natural phenomenon, an event, a feeling, or even a horizon-broadening concept! (What is the difference between a thunderstorm or sunset and an abstraction or a concept? Are they not, in themselves, experienced as happenings? If you say that the former are sense experiences and that the latter are "merely" mental, ask if perception is in the senses or in the mind. Are not the senses but relay stations, devices for forwarding certain inputs to the brain for

processing into images for the mind to perceive? Are not all images of the same nature whatever the source of the input or the process involved in forming the image?)

Reading the talks given by Kenkichi Yamamoto and Sumio Mori cooled my enthusiasm considerably because of the apparent need to “explain” their haiku. I have had the naive feeling that a good poem should be able to stand alone. Many of the cited haiku are meaningless unless one knows the geography, topography, and circumstances in which they were written, the state of the author’s health, his background, etc., without which the reader is given only some suggestive word-symbols with which to start a stream of free association, or to fill in the gaps with the inventions of his own creative imagination—which may have little relationship with what the author had in mind.

I shall refrain from commenting on whether Western poets need countersigns to indicate their membership in the “club,” such as weather words in Japanese haiku. Also, I cannot form an opinion on paring because I do not know what its real purpose is. My first impression is that if carried too far, it could result in sacrificing flesh and blood for a skeleton. I have already mentioned some puzzlement over the total exclusion of abstractions and concepts, even though haiku uses words that are themselves but symbols, invented labels, not the things they represent.

So, rather than trying to set up criteria against which poems are to be judged, it would seem much more conducive to originality if each artist were encouraged to evolve his own art form and medium or mode of expression. I think that what I am saying is that I don’t see any great merit in “literary” criticism of haiku (nit picking?) that implies that the measure of one’s artistry is to be judged by how successful one is in attempting his creativity to arbitrary standards imposed by those whose reputation as aesthetes eclipses creative insolvency. On the other hand, if an accomplished artist himself ventures to set standards for others, he exhibits certain human frailties that would deny to others the self-determination he himself enjoys.

I dig your HAIKU-NOW essay, and go along with your movement/pattern/recognition theme. And I agree with you, as I have indicated above, that the net result to the reader should be (to use your phrase) A NEW THING. Whether haiku itself is or is not an image or koan, it should trigger, or catalyze, allowing the new thing to burst through the flow of movement/pattern/recognition on an illuminating beam (generated by Rod’s MASER) from another dimension.

TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS

KIJO MURAKAMI

1865-1938

Iki kawari shini kawari shite utsuta kana

Fuyu hachi no shini dokoro naku arukikeri

Kijo Murakami was born in Tottori. He was connected with the Nihon-ha of poets and was particularly influential in the Hototogisu-ha.

PANEL

James Kirkup Kyoko Selden
Alfred H. Marks Leon Zolbrod

Sources: *HAIKU*, Zenkitagawa (Meiji Shoten, 1965)
Kojien (dictionary) (1961)

The two haiku were chosen by Alfred H. Marks

calligraphy by Kyoko Selden

冬八の死に於ては打田かな
秋の死に於ては打田かな

冬八の死に於ては打田かな
秋の死に於ては打田かな

Iki kawari shini kawari shite utsuta kana

Derivation:

*Though life brings changes, / and death brings changes, still
go on planting rice.*

Fuyu hachi no shini dokoro naku arukikeri

Derivation:

*Crawling on the ground / seeking in vain for some place /
to die — a winter wasp.*

Iki kawari shini kawari shite utsuta kana

chang- ing

Literal translation,

living changing dying changing break sod!

Derivation:

Living
giving
way
dying
giving
way
in
turn-
time
to
plow
the
field.

Fuyu hachi no shini dokoro naku arukikeri

Literal translation:

Winter bee of dying place not walking out

Derivation:

Bee
in
winter
walking
about
not
finding
a
place
to
die

Iki kawari shini kawari shite utsu ta kana

iki kawari shini kawari shite: being reborn and dying again

ikiru - to live

shinu - to die

kawaru - to change

utsu -from **utsu**, to pound, hit, till; modifies **ta**

ta - rice paddy

kana - ending auxiliary of deep impression

42

Literal translation:

born again and dying again rice paddies they till

Derivation:

birth, death, birth, death

again rice paddies newly hoed

“**utsu ta**” - two syllables

iki kawari shini kawari shite utsu ta kana

iki - stem, or “conjunctive” form of verb, **ikiru**, to live.

kawari - same form of verb, **kawaru**, to change.

shini - same, for **shinu**, to die.

shite - gerundial form of verb, **suru**, to do.

utsu - dictionary, or “non-past” form of verb, to pound, beat, or hit.

ta - rice field or rice paddy.

-kana - particle; traditional cutting word; an interjection, with meanings such as how! what! alas!

Literal translation:

living and changing / dying and changing / hoeing rice fields, oh!

Looser translation:

Coming back to life;

Yet, getting closer to death—

That's hoeing rice fields.

Fuyubachi no shini dokoro naku arukikeri

fuyubachi - winter bee “**fuyubachi**” - one syllable

no - nominative particle

shini dokoro - place for dying

naku - without

aruki keru - was/is walking

keru - adverb of memory and awareness

Literal translation:

winter bee place to die none was walking

Derivation:

winter bee walks

no place to die

fuyu hachi no shini dokoro naku arukikeri

fuyu - winter

hachi - bee

-no - possessive particle.

shini - stem, or “conjunctive” form of verb, **shinu**, to die.

-dokoro - phonetically changed form of **tokoro**, place.

-naku - conjugated form of negative suffix, **-nai**, not...at all,
not...in the least.

aruki - conjunctive form of verb, **aruku**, to walk.

-keri - conclusive form of classical verbal suffix indicating past
action or a narrative frame; used as traditional
cutting word.

Literal translation:

winter bee's / not having any dying place at all / walking, that it was.

Looser translation:

A bee in winter

Without any place to die—

Just crawling along.

Leon Zolbrod

Comment: This verse is translated in Ueda, *MODERN JAPANESE HAIKU*. It is also given with a critical commentary in Yamamoto Kenkichi, *GENDAI HAIKU*. Yamamoto discusses Kijo's characteristically figurative use of language, in which a simple creature, here a bee, suggests a person, such as the poet.

SOME HAIKU READING

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| 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 |
| 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 | University 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. |
| JAPANESE LINKED POETRY
Earl Miner | Princeton Univ. Press
Princeton, N.J. 1979 |
| A ZEN WAVE: Basho's Haiku & Zen
Robert Aitken | John Weatherhill, Inc. 1979 |

Also available from:

Zen Oriental Book Store – 142 W. 57 St., New York City 10019
Kinokuniya Book Store – 1581 Webster St., San Francisco, CA 94115



Pen.

CURRENT PERIODICALS

BONSAI. Haiku. Twice yearly, J. Streif, ed. 1350 E. Bethany Home #1, Phoenix, AZ 85014. \$4/yr. U.S. and Canada, \$2/copy.

CICADA. Eric W. Amann, ed. 627 Broadview Ave., Toronto Ont. M4k 2N9, Canada. Quarterly. \$10 /yr.

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

HIGH/COO. R. & S. Brooks, eds. 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. \$6.75/yr. U.S. \$7.50 elsewhere.

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.

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).

A request from member R. Clarence Matsuo-Allard. It is best that we quote him. "Unfortunately we haven't been able to continue publishing either *Sun-Lotus* or *Uguisu* magazines. While all of the subscription funds which we received did not even cover half the expenses of what we were able to publish, we will, of course, make every effort to repay the unused portions of subscriptions received and to return unpublished manuscripts. Those who wish the return should contact us first since it might be easier for all parties this way. . . I would like to offer my sincere apologies for not having been able to fulfill my publishing goals."

Editors: Please keep us up to date



