

# frogpond



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## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

### ESL

It was exciting to open up the Sunday, March 29th, *New York Times* when it arrived in our mailbox by the acequia on the following Tuesday and see, headlined at the bottom of the front page of the *Book Review* section: "Concision, Perception, Awareness—Haiku"! A mini-definition of the genre right there! In this fine article, Cor van den Heuvel places haiku, especially the "radically experimental works being created by poets in the English-language haiku movement" squarely in the stream of "post-modern literary minimalism," and goes on to demonstrate why haiku deserves serious attention (which it has never received) from the literary establishment.

Academic attention is focused on the influence of Chinese poetry and Japanese haiku in a study of Gary Snyder's poetry in the spring issue of *Contemporary Literature*. I am indebted to Kent Johnson for a copy of Jody Norton's article "The Importance of Nothing: Absence and its Origins in the Poetry of Gary Snyder."

And the May issue of *Writer's Digest* calls attention to "The Art of Haiku" on the cover. Inside, Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa's well-written article (given the unfortunate title of "How to Haiku") should dispel a number of misconceptions about haiku. I wish that the many new-to-haiku authors sending material to *Frogpond* would pay attention!

See "Bits & Pieces" for publication data on all three articles.

For some reason, perhaps in celebration of spring, an unusual number of frog haiku have found their way into this issue. The first came from a friend who has given permission for me to share it here.

Spring joy!



The pond may be full  
but there's always enough room  
for the skinny ones



MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond* X:1

still in the taste  
of afternoon tea,  
my grandmother's brogue

*Jerry Kilbride*



SHINE OF OAK PLANKED FLOOR  
for Donna

the perfect roundness  
of the Shaker wide brim  
a peg to hang your hat

from the depths  
of the chest—  
smell of cedar

Shaker kitchen:  
the egg basket a still life,  
brick oven stoked with pine

hanging side by side  
above the spotless floor:  
straw broom, tin dustpan

shine of oak planked floor  
and white plaster walls—  
light from meetinghouse windows!

foal languishing  
in meadow grass—  
fragrance of mown hay

under hammer blows  
the horseshoe's heat  
pulsating

the domed roof  
of the round house Shaker barn—  
a mandala of timber

*Wally Swist*



with each sunrise  
the old crab apple tree—  
pinker and pinker

*Robert Keay*

A small green bird  
the color of sprouting leaves  
moves among them

*Doris Heitmeyer*

grandpa's hoe  
rusting in the weeds

spring cleaning  
under the freezer  
a snakeskin

*Rex Leatherwood*

spring housecleaning:  
her Adolfo shopping bag saved  
for my groceries

*L. A. Davidson*

Coming from school,  
behind her back a handful  
of daffodils

*Sharon Lee Shafii*

May dusk—  
Scuffed toe of the baby shoe  
caught in bronze

*Barbara McCoy*



looking for just the right song  
all night, the mockingbird

*Jaxon Teck*

april sunrise  
a mockingbird shakes off rain,  
struggles into song

sun moving higher  
a faint reflection  
in the cat's slitted eyes

*Gloria H. Procsal*

the hummingbird called  
to its Golgotha of air  
all that faith in glue

we've known two or three  
iridescent gentlemen  
on dead batteries

*Alvaro Cardona-Hine*

Easter,  
tarpaper peeling from the roof  
of an abandoned church

*M. Kettner*

swallows dipping  
and  
dipping  
until evening is gone

*Ann Newell*



## IN APRIL

Thirty or forty years ago, eastern Kansas was a network of farming communities. As a child growing up on one of those farms, I attended Washaura Church—a small church a mile off the state highway. One of the congregation, an elderly bachelor, came to church on horseback. When no longer used as a church, the building was used to store hay, and finally torn down.

in April  
the prairie lilies  
among tall grass

the bay mare watched  
through an open window  
our bowed heads

Washaura Church:  
the nave filled  
with baled hay

a horse-drawn plow:  
sunflowers stand  
in the traces

*Eugene Warren*



mountain snow  
warblers search the apricots  
no apologies

catalpa blossoms  
spread over a new black car  
catch our breath

*Gerald Vizenor*



The first bird  
with spring  
in its voice

Plum blossoms:  
I leave home at seventeen  
my clothes in a bushel basket

*(from a photograph)*

Magnolia scent  
on the night air. . .  
wet grass between my toes

In the castle  
the echo of a cricket  
bouncing off stone

*Alexis Rotella*

concert on the green,  
in the flute's high note  
a moth quivers

ballet recital,  
loudest applause for the swan  
who stumbled

*Rebecca Rust*

yesterday's haiku  
where it fell in the ivy  
weightless in the wind

*Ann Atwood*



from H<sub>2</sub>O

buzzing  
silence  
buzzing

swimming  
horsefly  
nosedive

cabin  
kafka  
pinup

goatsucker  
wormdigger  
mosquitoes

moon  
fish  
pole

rain  
drop  
frog

*Arizona Zipper*



white  
march moon  
the compost  
eggshells

*Frank K. Robinson*



# NIGHT OF THE METEORS

Renga by Dee Evetts and Diana Hartog

Slocan Valley, British Columbia

August 12 to September 6, 1986

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Night of the meteors:<br>coming home from the meadow<br>with aching necks    | Evetts |
| Bruised from its fall the peach<br>must be eaten now, or darken              | Hartog |
| With light hearts<br>the swimmers emerge to wind,<br>rocks' lingering warmth | H      |
| As she kneels to rinse the bowls<br>the watchers remark her grace            | E      |
| Once more before sleep—<br>has the full moon risen yet<br>over Red Mountain? | E      |
| At the mouth of a mine shaft<br>locusts sun on silvered planks               | H      |



Bellowing resounds  
but they've gone, the neighbor's cows  
into the forest H

An unspooled cassette tape  
glistens from bush to bush E

The family whisper  
ear to ear around the table  
when to begin singing H

Daylight filters into the tent—  
someone's breathing quickens E

The rise and fall of hills  
steadied by reflection  
in the lake's stillness H

Whitecaps on the water:  
woodshavings roll along the floor E

The autumn rains  
will soon spill down the window  
with a broken voice H

Each day this dust, and the moon  
fading in the morning sky E

The long white letter  
flown across provinces  
to be torn to petals H

Counting them over again,  
the years of sleeping alone E

Blink of lightning—thunder!  
How in this wind to compose  
a flower stanza? H

The rain falling vertically  
all the day of his retreat E



|  |   |
|--|---|
| In the grey dawn<br>fawns play in the clearing<br>under watchful eyes        | E |
| Caught by surprise the carpenter<br>gathers his tools from the snow          | H |
| Concerned for the roof<br>of the unfinished house<br>they return on skis     | E |
| No trace remains of good deeds<br>or the cries of geese past my dreams       | H |
| Over her shoulder:<br>pointing out the bridge in the mist<br>as if to a wife | E |
| He passes a blackened field<br>with the odd flame still licking              | H |
| Such lightness is felt<br>on a day-trip to the town<br>after these months    | E |
| The bicycle fallen<br>on its side, both wheels spinning                      | H |
| During the lunch hour<br>from the newly-cut bank<br>a trickle of stones      | E |
| Yellowed grass between the graves<br>and the trees laden with pears          | H |
| Pine needles cling<br>to the waterline in the tub:<br>new moon behind clouds | E |
| Off the cove the chained islands<br>appear to float by themselves            | H |



The abandoned shack  
dark inside as he returns  
its rocking chair H

Within manure the garden-fork  
strikes the lost gold ring E

To forge the bronze bear  
the roaring fire must be tamed  
into livid coals H

The village monument  
leaning as the frost retreats E

A sick child waits  
for the magnolia to flower  
outside the window E

Swept from the black slate floor  
the goose-down alights again H



In Memory  
Rafael M. Salas  
August 7, 1928 March 4, 1987

As the mimosa  
leaf folds, The dust is blown  
Into an empty bowl

(from *Fifty-Six Stones*)



double take—  
mayfly  
by its skin

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

above its nearly still reflection  
dragonfly  
dragonfly

*Karen Sohne*

One leaf is blue  
Sticking out of the water  
No—a dragonfly!

Drone of a floatplane  
Flying off into the sun  
The evening clouds

The moon's reflection  
Flickering on the still pond  
Water striders

*Herb Batt*

voices at the pond  
this basso-profundo evening  
sing up a slipper moon

*Jack Bernier*

the loon dives  
what was her name . . .  
with the strange laugh?

*Bob Gates*



in temple stillness—  
a vein is pulsing  
on a buddha's hand

snail  
subtracts a horn:  
finger

a day of peace . . .  
lunch plums  
cooling in the brook

thunder—  
nothing  
to answer it

*Michael Genth*

rock music  
pounding the ears  
of the giant Buddha

young nun's  
final vows;  
thunderstorm

an evening walk  
along the pond . . .  
bullfrogs' 'jug-o-rum'

polishing haiku,  
rock music upstairs—  
and some thunder

*Edward J. Rielly*



below rice fields  
hawks hitch the wind  
Kathmandu valley

speeding up parade route  
like a brass nabob  
the late tuba

filling the sky  
hawks in slowglide,  
first stars

into the wee hours  
neighbor's hired harmonium,  
funeral drums

*William Hart*

Beneath a picture  
of old Chinatown: Chinese girls  
eat burgers and fries

*Tom Tico*

Stop sign at corner  
reflects the setting sun . . .  
The first day of spring

*Rengé*

old vietnamese woman  
bent under a bag of beer cans,  
spring moon

*Jerry Kilbride*



white doves  
spray from the fountain glistens  
on an outspread wing

bus stop  
a yellow hibiscus blossom  
on the padre's hat

*Roberta Stewart*

Green bamboo stalks  
after a summer squall  
unbend

*Charles B. Rodning*

first blossoms—  
rising above the rising kite,  
a baby's cry

*Anthony J. Pupello*

On the teacher's desk  
Beside the box of Kleenex:  
First bunch of lilacs

*Marco Fraticelli*

My daughter's backpack  
on her last day of high school  
filled with marigolds

*Ben Pleasants*

the first star I see tonight  
. . . falls

*Claire Cooperstein*



White lilac—  
Street sign  
Obscured in snow

Turquoise pouch  
Under the lizard's throat  
Pulsing

Horned toad  
The color of red sand  
In his upturned palm

The white dog  
Is the only snow  
In the juniper's shade

*Miriam Sagan*

tree trimmers:  
an oriole's nest  
no longer swinging

spring housecleaning—  
behind the davenport  
the other Wiseman

*Helen Dalton*

The conch  
at the seashore, outshouted  
by the sea.

*Lenore Mayhew*



## SAKURA MATSURI

"Sakura Matsuri" is the annual Cherry Blossom Festival held at the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Botanic Garden when the blossoms are in full bloom. On May 4, 1986, Randy Rader and Adele Kenny represented the Haiku Society of America with a reading which included works of the Japanese masters and some of their own material. This sequence records the impressions of the program.

reading  
    under cherry blossoms  
        ukiyo

over the wooden bridge  
Shiki's horse  
in the clouds

during Santoka  
an old man suddenly opens  
his eyes

as his father reads  
the baby kicks up his feet  
and laughs

reading Chiyo:  
a young woman twists and twists  
her wedding band

high rise buildings  
above the rows  
of cherry trees

aware of the wind  
when the microphone  
hums



between our haiku  
lovers lie back  
to kiss

frog matches—  
in the pond behind us  
“water sound”

smiling now,  
the woman who rose to leave  
then stayed

into their applause  
the far-off noise  
of a shakuhachi

*Adele Kenny*

(Note: Ukiyo, a Buddhist term which referred to the ephemeral quality of life; the term later denoted the entertainment quarters of large cities (see Higginson, *The Haiku Handbook*, glossary))



Cape May Lighthouse:  
song birds hiding in the reeds  
under the hawk watch

through the underbrush,  
above the rush of the brook:  
the song of the thrush

*Nick Virgilio*

the shadowed meadow:  
a pauper's grave overgrown  
with white wildflowers

(for Nick Virgilio)  
*Ty Hadman*

March fever  
hummmmmm  
of a fly

*Ross Kremer*

waking up  
to the robin singing;  
wife yawns

floating on her back  
the sea otter cradles  
her pup

on a rotted log  
sits an old owl,  
frozen

*Robert Littleton*

first spring daisies—  
scarecrow between the bobwhite  
and its echo

in my Nikon  
a leaf on barbed wire caught  
between a flutter

barn loft:  
an old handbill promoting  
Taft for president

*Frederick Gasser*



midwife trudging  
from the mountain shack at dawn . . .  
thrush nestlings clamor

snuff in her lip  
the old woman digs fishworms  
a swarm of gnats

strapped in his wheelchair,  
the old barber clips the air  
with empty hands

hunting my golf ball  
in deep rough—  
twelve quail eggs

*Charles B. Dickson*

I slam the door  
my neighbor's tulip tree  
sheds all its petals

*Dale Loucareas*

“Officer, this frog  
needs to cross the highway  
and my mother's calling”

Spring trees  
behind the snowflakes, shifting colors  
of spring birds

*Lenore Mayhew*



## FURTHER COMMENTS ON GUIDELINES FOR RENGA IN ENGLISH (Read on December 6, at the last meeting of the Haiku Society of America in 1986)

Hiroaki Sato

In thinking of rules for writing renga in English, we might as well remember two observations—one by an eminent scholar and the other by a famous poet.

B. H. Chamberlain, one of the early students of things Japanese, read a paper entitled “Bashô and the Japanese Poetic Epigram” in June 1902 and, in discussing the development of renga, marveled with what we nowadays might call Victorian disdain: “the Far-Eastern (i.e., Japanese) mind habitually submitted all matters—even the most trivial—to rigid rule. . . . [The minuteness of] the elaborate rules regarding the collocation of subjects and the choice of words [devised for the renga form] . . . almost passes belief.”

Coming somewhat later, W. H. Auden was less condescending. Discussing how foreign students might learn Japanese haiku and compose their own, he wryly noted: “In the history of literature it is extraordinary how profitable misunderstanding of poems in foreign languages has been.”

These two observations—one, disdainful but correct, the other, cavalier but probably as accurate—tell us to approach the rule-making for renga in English with a sense of cautious freedom. Obviously, we can’t even begin to consider adapting the great majority of rules devised for orthodox renga. Matsuo Bashô (1644-1694), as befits someone so admired, is known to have stressed freedom, and is quoted as saying, “Learn the rules; then forget them” (*Kaku ni hairi kaku o ide yo*), in *Kyorai Shô* (*Kyorai’s Notes*). Still, the rules he and his haikai friends followed seem excessively complex to us. Also, some of the rules would be hard to follow in English simply because poetic traditions in Japan and England (and America) are different. It is equally obvious that if we don’t set up minimum rules, to speak of the renga as a poetic form itself will become meaningless, and because of the nature of this particular poetic form, the sequences we write will turn into incoherent jabber.

So, what shall we consider as possible working rules? Here, I’d like to refer to my article, “Guidelines for Renga in English,” which was printed in Vol. VI, No. 3, of *Frogpond* (1983). I would restate some of the guidelines more simply and modify some, as follows:

1. For a while, we might use the 36-part sequence, alternating 3-line and 2-line units or long and short lines.

In three, two, or one line, each unit must be short; it must also be an independent whole and suggestive. Once the relative lengths of the two base units are set, they ought to be followed more or less. Sudden shifts in length tend to put a sequence off balance.



2. If the 36-unit format is agreed upon, we may divide the sequence into four parts—of 6, 12, 12, and 6 parts.

This I propose for two reasons: to achieve a sense of development, however amorphous, and to use recurrent images. The pattern of development to be used may be the Aristotelian one of the beginning, the middle, and the end; or the Japanese (originally Chinese) one of *jo-ha-kyû* (introduction, elaboration, and finale); or the one used in Chinese poetry consisting of four stages: beginning, transition, twist, and conclusion. The recurrent images may be the moon and flowers, or any two images, for which certain positions may be specified.

By dividing the 36-unit sequence into the traditional four sections, setting a development pattern and specifying positions for the recurrent images become easy.

In the traditional format, four of the five recurrent images usually fall on the penultimate links of the four sections, and the fifth image on the eighth link in the second section: the moon on the 5th link in the first section; flowers on the 11th link in the second section; the moon on the 11th link in the third section; flowers on the 5th link in the last section; plus, the moon in the 8th link in the second section. These positions need not be rigid: mention of the moon or flowers may be brought up or deferred by a few links.

3. Aside from the specified recurrent images, the same or similar images and grammatical constructions should be avoided, at least in each section.

This is easier said than done. When my turn comes to write a link, I try to reread everything written to that point, but still end up repeating myself or using an image that has already appeared. The most common repetition I've noticed in sequences written by other people is the grammatical construction using -ing, be it a progressive or a gerund, though in most cases a progressive.

4. A theme or a tone may be set.

Again, this is easier said than done. Too strong a theme or tone is likely to destroy the intent of the renga form. On the other hand, given free rein, a sequence may end up looking like an expensively built kaleidoscope run amok.

5. A director may be chosen.

Every poet has an advanced sense of self, so having a director for a sequence may create more problems than solve them. But an operational chief of some kind may help prevent occurrence, for example, of three progressives in two consecutive links.



To these guidelines, I'd like to add a suggestion for composing three consecutive links.

As is well-known, the pivotal feature of renga composition lies in discontinuous linkage at every other turn. In *The Haiku Anthology* (Simon and Schuster, 1986) Cor van den Heuvel has put it this way: "Each link should form a complete poem with the link that immediately follows it, and another complete poem with the one that comes before it. . . . And of these three there may be no relationship at all between the first and last." Because of such a construction, one thing the renga poets of the past tried to avoid was called *kannon-biraki*, or "trptych."

On this aspect of renga, Tachibana Hokushi (died 1718), Bashô's haikai friend, has left a brief tract within a treatise called *Yamanaka Mondô* (Questions and Answers at Yamanaka). Yamanaka is the name of a hot spring outside Kanazawa where Hokushi accompanied Bashô in 1689 during the latter's famous journey to the Interior. The two men, along with Bashô's traveling companion Kaai Sora (1649-1710), did a sequence which has come to be known as "A Farewell Gift to Sora." [Since some of you may have read *One Hundred Frogs* where I have translated the sequence, I'd like to make one correction: I said "A Farewell Gift to Sora" is "the only renga sequence retaining Bashô's revisions and comments" (p. 93). This is not true; there is at least one more sequence, though with far fewer revisions and no comments.]

What Hokushi does in his tract is to categorize renga links into four kinds: those that describe landscapes more or less impersonally ("landscape-pieces"); those that describe the speaker's own action, sentiment, or condition ("self-pieces"); those that describe someone else's action, sentiment, or condition ("other-pieces"); and those that may be interpreted as either of the last two ("self/other-pieces"). He then suggests that by combining the four kinds consciously and tactfully we might be able to work out discontinuous linkage with some ease and in a varied fashion.

In Hokushi's own examples, *suzuri ni mukai sudari agetsutsu* (I face my inkstone and raise the summer blind), for instance, is a self-piece; *nashi no hana saki-sorôtaru yû-kosame* (the pear flowers are all in bloom in the evening drizzle) is a landscape-piece; *kiji ni odoroku onna hito-mure* (surprised by a pheasant: a group of women) is an other-piece. He cites this three-some set to suggest that when a self-piece is followed by a landscape-piece the next link might as well be an other-piece. To repeat the set:



I face my inkstone and raise the summer blind  
the pear flowers are all in bloom in the evening drizzle  
surprised by a pheasant: a group of women

You see how smoothly the transitions work. Here's another set of three [in the last piece, *dakikago*, which I have translated as "bed-basket," is an oversized pillow-like construction made of bamboo which used to be taken to bed—not as a sexual device, but as a cooling-off aid during the summer night]:

*ochi-gawara arashi wa matsu ni shizumarite (L)*

a rooftop tile fallen, the storm has calmed down in the pines

*mina wasure taru akegata no yume (S)*

all forgotten: the dream I had before dawn

*dakikago no tezawari mo hava aki chikaki (S)*

the touch of my bed-basket signals early autumn

Hokushi cites this combination of landscape, self, and self as something one might try after several landscape-pieces have appeared consecutively.

Possible combinations of the four kinds are obviously numerous, and many other kinds may be considered: for example, links that describe the passage of time and links that combine a description of a landscape with that of someone, be it the speaker or otherwise. Hokushi's categorization was meant only to facilitate the discontinuity in a consecutive set of three. It should be taken as no more or no less.



Her grave two weeks old  
the soil soft beneath  
my hand

Sold!  
the cloudless sky  
above the county auction

Reflected in the still pond  
birds' wings  
and your shadow

*T. Anastasia Connell*

the boat's horn echoes  
against the far buildings—  
evening lightning

four in the morning  
in a sudden breeze  
the neighbor's wind chimes

*Michael McNierney*

twilight rain . . .  
catfish clinging  
to the muddy rocks

cold rain—  
the old duck  
leaves the lake

*Lenard D. Moore*



homeless Italian woman  
keeping beside her  
an old, sawed-off broom

*Linda Marucci*

eating our rations. . .  
from the bomb-shattered hut  
“it’s a boy!”

admiring my son  
the bag lady telling me  
about hers

*Tim Jamieson*

so distracted I gave him a five for two tokens “hey pal”  
fifty year old bartendress “hello love of my life”  
lunch hour angry at myself getting drunk cheaply  
the crowd’s gone peanut shells  
on the stone benches a few wet leaves

*Andrew L. Wilson*

Before a shop  
a madman listens to God  
—a mannequin watching

Around the moon  
a thin, white halo  
—supper waiting

*Garrett Chitwood*

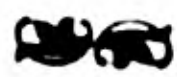
SEQUENCE I:     in this soft rain  
                  taking the big umbrella  
                  to enlarge the sound

the cat deciding  
          between the dark umbrella  
          and the dark rain

holding aside  
          the umbrella to feel  
          the rain's cool tapping

back home again  
          the umbrella tip runs rain  
          down the shoe

SEQUENCE II:    here the big stone tomb  
                  of the textile plant owner,  
                  his heavy dreams



there in the long grass  
          the vagrant's unmarked grave—  
          wind runs through the grass

the death date  
          dissolved away in the rain  
          now washing the name

in the graveyard pine  
          the quiet knock, knock  
          of the woodpecker

\* \* \* \* \*

early morning sun  
          shines through the rabbit's ears—  
          the fly's shadow

*Paul O. Williams*



Behind brick walls  
in the new mall's parking lot  
an old graveyard

Still pond  
a clump of scarlet alders  
cloned

*Jane Lambert*

standing on tiptoe  
a half-grown rooster  
trying to crow

*Marjorie Burney Willis*

After the warm rain:  
    toadstools    popping up  
                  a frog

Chain lightning streaks  
    through the wings of a moth  
    clinging to the screen

*R. Dirk*

rabbit in the weeds  
one ear orange  
sunlit

*Lesley Einer*

In a prairie field  
cobweb on the wagon wheel  
tosses back sunshine

*Elizabeth St. Jacques*

coquina stone fresh with sea  
in grandfather's  
weatherbeaten hand

morning-glory opens  
but I can't reach  
for grandmother's hand

*Ruth Eshbaugh*

Blue morning-glories  
deserting the trellis  
for the cherry tree

Focusing  
on the butterfly  
on the goldenrod

*Eloise Barksdale*

thick heat:  
the swarm sound of bees  
the scent of mint

*Regina F. Smith*

blue irises  
one finger tall—  
the morning sky

*Humphrey Noyes*

Mandarin ducks  
adding their shadows  
to the irises

(after looking at the poster  
*Mandarin Ducks* by Sakai Hoitsu)

*Dorothy McLaughlin*



row of pine  
each in its own way  
blue sky

*Jeffrey Winke*

This morning  
in the meadow,  
lilies!

Brush rabbit  
nibbling a leaf . . .  
our eyes meet

April moon  
a man dancing  
in sequoia shadow

*Daniel Ross*

days  
vanishing without a trace  
the summer sky

coming home  
in the darkness  
jasmine has blossomed

*Stephen Hobson*

a frog dives  
into his other world—  
water lily shadows

*Margaret G. Molarsky*

## BOOK REVIEWS

**SUN SHADOW MOON SHADOW**, Ruby Spriggs. Calligraphy and illustrations by the author. Paper, stapled, 46 pp., \$5. 1986. Heron's Cove Press, RR2, Oxford Mills, Ontario, Canada K0G 1S0.

Reviewed by Rod Willmot

The spare, quiet haiku of Ruby Spriggs are perhaps at a disadvantage in the noisy pages of haiku magazines. In their own still company they seem less reduced, the ear attends and attunes to them more readily.

The title holds a clue to this poet's idea of reality: neither sun nor moon, but shadow. Normally we would think that shadow has no existence in itself, but Spriggs implies that it does. When she switches off a light, what she is really doing is "switching off the shadows." In this short haiku, "candle-light shadows flicker," "candle-light" is merely an adjective denoting what kind of shadows they are. But there are other kinds of shadow, such as the otherness that sometimes eclipses ordinary reality, or the presence of the absent:

having bought this garden  
someone else's spring

park bench someone's warmth

listening to clouds lapping  
in the warm lake

The first haiku suggests alienation; the second, intimacy; the third, unity and perhaps transcendence.



So enchanting are the versions of otherness here that the reader may be startled to recognize an intense will to accept the world just as it is. These provocative examples, in one, two, and three lines, show that will is combined with an insistence upon reduction:

life in and out of a cat's nose

to no special place  
the wind blows the leaves

nothing  
depends on  
this hyacinth blooming

The first haiku reduces what is usually a grand abstraction to the tiny movement of a sleeping cat's nostrils. The second takes an event without structure or symbolism, contrary to most haiku, and urges that it too be seen. Perhaps even "suchness" is too grandiose a term for what we are given here; "isness" might be better. The third example annihilates that over-rated poem by William Carlos Williams: "so much depends/upon/a red wheel barrow," etc. Did we once have to believe that first line simply in order to pay attention to the world before our eyes? Spriggs uses a single instance of pure and independent vitality to show that the line was false.

Otherness and isness may not be as contradictory as they sound. In several haiku they are brought together, notably this one:

dried-up stream-bed  
silent pebbles

By pointing out the pebbles' silence she reminds us that they were not always so. Along with their isness we sense the otherness of their past and future, the fact that somehow their reality still includes the music of water.

Spriggs presents a reduced portion of reality only to reveal that it is unexpectedly rich. In a similar manner, turning a light on things may at first diminish them, but it gives them their shadows.



**THE HAIKU ANTHOLOGY: Haiku and Senryu in English.** Edited by Cor van den Heuvel. A Fireside Book, Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York. 1986, 386 pps, \$8.95.

**HAÏKU: Anthologie Canadienne / Canadian Anthology.** Edited by Dorothy Howard et André Duhaime. Editions Asticou, Hull, Quebec. 1985, 246 pps. Available from Haiku Canada, 67 Rue Court, Aylmer, Ont., Canada J9H 4M1. US \$15.00 postpaid.

Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

In the Second Edition of *The Haiku Anthology* Cor van den Heuvel has done the impressive job of mapping the state of English language haiku. Vastly expanded over the original edition, the anthology also contains a new introduction which serves as a definitive statement on contemporary English haiku.

And the anthology is excellent in its particulars as well. Here is Raymond Roseliep at his most pungent:

brushing my sins  
the muscatel breath  
of the priest

Foster Jewell in the stillness of time:

Cliff dweller ruins  
and the silence of swallows  
encircling silence.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb at her most dynamic:

leaving all the morning glories closed

And Anita Virgil combining nature with domesticity:

a phoebe's cry. . .  
the blue shadows  
on the dinner plates



Van den Heuvel has also added Jack Kerouac to the new anthology, a worthwhile and historical inclusion:

Missing a kick  
at the icebox door  
It closed anyway.

As with any anthology, there will be a few disagreements about inclusion and exclusion of various writers. And the editor does seem to lean a bit heavily toward certain work, and to emphasize the senryu aspect: the human and the erotic.

Still, the only real disappointment in reading *The Haiku Anthology* is that the level of English language haiku on the whole is still not as high as it might be. In terms of both power and insight, it still is not comparable to the traditional Japanese. But it has come a long way, and van den Heuvel's anthology is a testament to this growth. Here are haiku about Viet Nam, overdue library books, and billboard girls. Women are well represented in contemporary haiku, and bring to it an attention to intimate and domestic detail. And so ultimately the anthology has haiku in it that will speak to every taste.



Also of interest is *Haiku: Anthologie Canadienne / Canadian Anthology*. The collection is unique in that it brings together works originally in French, English, and Japanese—all by Canadian writers. *Haiku* is bilingual throughout, and trilingual in the case of the Japanese haiku. This creates an added dimension of interest, showing the richness of Canadian culture as well as the international aspects of haiku.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb's introductory essay on the history of English haiku in North America has the makings of a classic. And Bernadette Guilmette's "Historical Notes on Haiku in French: France and Québec" is full of fascinating details, including a poignant account of haiku found on the bodies of dead soldiers and an amusing one of a candy maker inserting haiku instead of the usual flowery verse between slabs of chocolate.

In general, the Canadian haiku collected here have an innovative pungency of their own. Partially showing the influence of French modernist poetry, they often have a surreal or abstract quality. For example, Robert Mélançon's work, originally in French, stretches the notion of haiku:



Le vent qui traverse  
ces érables  
ne dit rien  
de l'apocalypse qu'on appréhende  
dans les journaux

Of the paper's predicted  
apocalypse  
the wind in the maples  
says  
nothing

Also from the French, Cécile Cloutier's

Et je serai  
Un grande arbre de lait  
Pour une faim d'enfant

And I shall be  
A large milk tree  
For a child's hunger

There are also strong haiku squarely within the haiku tradition, such as Dorothy Howard's

endless scales  
on the neighbor's flute  
my mother ironing

gammes interminables  
de la flûte du voisin  
ma mère repasse

and Eric Amann's

A night train passes:  
pictures of the dead are trembling  
on the mantelpiece

Un train de nuit passe:  
les photos des morts tremblent  
sur la cheminée

The Japanese Canadians are of particular interest, bringing the immigrant experience—with its dark underside of internment—to the traditional haiku.

From Hachiro Miyazawa:

|                |                          |                            |
|----------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Musshiboshi ya | Airing books and clothes | J'aère vêtements et livres |
| tokō tōji no   |                          |                            |
| yanagigōri     | a wicker hamper          | la malle d'osier           |
|                | from the old country     | de là-bas                  |

And from Osamu Kasahara:

|               |                       |                          |
|---------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Doyōushi      | Heat wave             | Canicule                 |
| unagi omoitsu | as I barbecue a steak | je fais griller un steak |
| suteki yaku   | thoughts of eel       | en pensant à l'anguille  |

This dynamic anthology, along with Cor van den Heuvel's *Haiku Anthology*, should be among the mainstays of any haiku library.



## BITS & PIECES

### NEWS

Dr. Donald Keene, whose histories, anthologies, and translations of Japanese literature are well-known throughout the haiku community, has been named the Shincho Professor of Japanese Literature at Columbia University. The Shincho Professorship is the first endowed chair in the United States devoted exclusively to the study of Japanese literature, making Columbia perhaps the premier university in the Western world in the field of Japanese studies.

Publication data for articles mentioned in "Word from the Editor" (p. 3):

"Concision, Perception, Awareness—Haiku," Cor van den Heuvel, *The New York Times Book Review*, March 29, 1987, pps. 1, 28-29.

"The Importance of Nothing: Absence and its Origins in the Poetry of Gary Snyder," Jody Norton, *Contemporary Literature* XXVIII, 1 (Spring, 1987), pps. 41-66.

"How to Haiku," Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa, *Writer's Digest*, May, 1987, pps. 28-30.

Subscription cost for the twice-a-year English haiku magazine *KO* is yearly 2,000 yen or US \$10, one issue 1,000 yen or US \$5. Sufficient postage (or more than 2 IRCs). Mrs. Koko Kato, 1-36-7, Ishida-cho, Muzuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467.

**THANKS** for this issue's cover art to Elizabeth McIntosh.

**CORRECTION:** My apologies for a couple of things that befell L. A. Davidson's essay-review "Robert Spiess, the Man and His Words" after it arrived in Santa Fe and before it appeared in the last issue of *Frogpond*. An extraneous "of" appears on page 30, last line of prose; on page 32 the entire final paragraph should be at the top of that page. (I understand that in an earlier day this would have been attributed to "type lice" —but now?) Anyway, I'm sorry. ESL



## CONTESTS

Harold G. Henderson Award for 1987: see rules inside Back Cover.

Lafcadio Hearn Contest for 1987: see rules inside Back Cover.

Contest Winners:

North Carolina Haiku Society 1987 Haiku Contest: 1st, David E. LeCount; 2nd, H. F. Noyes; 3rd, Ethel Dunlop; 1st Honorable Mention, H. F. Noyes; 2nd Honorable Mention, Raymond J. Stovich; Special Recognition to Herb Barrett, Sharon Hammer Baker, David Steinberg, Leatrice Lifshitz, Helen H. Sherry, Dorothy McLaughlin, Larry Gates, Winona Baker, Vera Koppler. Judged by Johnny Baranski.

Poetry Society of Japan Third Haiku International Contest: 1st, Eugene deBra; 2nd, Herb Barrett; 3rd, Elizabeth Searle Lamb; Honorable Mention, Rengé/David Priebe; others mentioned, Richard Burri, Rebecca Rust, Brent Harrell, Sydney Bougy, David E. LeCount. Judged by Steve Wolfe, Atsuo Nakagawa, Toshimi Horiuchi & Editors of *Poetry Nippon*.

Poetry Society of Japan First Tanka International Contest: 1st, Madeleine E. M. Albertson; 2nd, Rita Zangar Mazur; 3rd, Yuko Ibuki; Honorable Mention, Kit Pancoast; others mentioned, Alexis Rotella, Bernard R. Hewitt, D. R. Suvin, Kiyomi Satoh, June Owens, Winnie E. Fitzpatrick, Steven A. McCarty, Sydney Bougy. Judged by Edith Shiffert, Neal Henry Lawrence, Koji Suzuki & Editors of *Poetry Nippon*.

Rockland County (N.Y.) Haiku Society Like Hilikimani Haiku Contest: 1st, Elizabeth Searle Lamb; 2nd, Frederick Gasser; 3rd, Helen Dalton; 1st Honorable Mention, Pat Campbell; 2nd Honorable Mention, Donald McLeod. Judged by Robert Spiess.

## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

*Hungry Days: Haiku* by Liz Fenn. 1986, 36 unno. pps., \$7 postpaid. From author, Drawer 182, Williamstown, NY 13493.

*Japanese Death Poems: Written by Zen Monks and Haiku Poets on the Verge of Death*, compiled with Introduction and Commentary by Yoel Hoffmann. Charles E. Tuttle Co. 1986, 366 pps., \$17.50 hardbound.

*Haiku in English*, anthology compiled by Koko Kato. Sponsored by Brother Industry Co. 1986, 60 pps. Contact Mrs. Kato (1-36-7, Ishida-cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467) to see if copies available.

*Between Hail Marys* by Adele Kenny. Muse Pie Press. 1986, 12 unno. pps., \$3 postpaid. From author, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

*Rainbows: a collection of haiku* by Harriett Kofalk. 1987, 64 pps., \$4 plus \$1 p/h. From author, 1305 N. Laurel #206, Los Angeles, CA 90046.



## HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1987

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Limit: Three unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper-left hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to: Adele Kenny, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of \$50; and a third prize of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.



**Annual Lafcadio Hearn Contest.** This is sponsored by Matsue City, Japan. To participate, send no more than 3 original, unpublished haiku which have some connection with Hearn to: Lafcadio Hearn Contest, c/o Elizabeth Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 with SASE. Poet's name/address on each entry. Deadline June 15, 1987. Do not include with *Frogpond* submissions. Up to 20 haiku will be chosen with final selection made by Hiroaki Sato who will translate and send them to the Matsue City Lafcadio Hearn Celebration. No prizes, but authors of chosen haiku will each receive a copy of the booklet containing their haiku.

Note: It is imperative that poets know something of the life of Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) before attempting to write haiku in his memory or in some way relevant to his life, the last 14 years of which were spent in Japan where he married a Japanese lady and became himself a Japanese citizen. He wrote many books concerned with Japan and libraries should have at least some of these books or be able to obtain copies on interlibrary loan. A Lafcadio Hearn anthology *Writings from Japan*, a Penguin Travel Library paperback from Penguin Books (1984), contains a good introduction to his years in Japan and many selections from his writings.

