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Published by: THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, Inc., 333 East 47th St., New York, N.Y. 10017.
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Linked Poetry

In this issue of Frogpond we present a number of variations on the possibilities of linked poetry in English. These take as their point of departure the Japanese form of renga, but there is obviously no attempt to duplicate that form. The complexity of the classical renga may be gauged from some of the more elaborate charts that illustrate Earl Miner’s recently published Japanese Linked Poetry (Princeton University Press, 1979), or, perhaps more accessibly, from Donald Keene’s annotated presentation of the 15th century sequence “Three Poets at Minase” in his Anthology of Japanese Literature (Grove Press, 1955). “The art of linked-verse,” Keene writes, “was an extremely demanding one. Generally three or more poets took part, composing alternate verses of 5, 7, 5 syllables and 7, 7 syllables . . . Beyond the technical difficulties imposed by the rules of linked-verse were the major consideration of keeping the level so high that it would not run the risk of resembling a mere game, and the problem of making each ‘link’ fit smoothly into the chain. Any three links taken from a sequence should produce two complete poems.”

Professor Miner elaborates on this last point: “In joining a new stanza to one written before, a poet uses the old stanza as the first part of the new. The effect is frequently to alter the meaning of the old. The essential fact to understand is the inviolable principle that no stanza has a continuing semantic connection, as a discrete poetic unit, with anything other than its predecessor and successor. . . . We must consider each as a fresh view of its predecessor, which it completes. And we must consider it also as the basis of the next stanza, which alters it in making a new poetic unit.”

The splitting of the tanka form into the two components required by linked poetry led, of course, to the development of haiku. Poets offered specimens of hokku (the opening stanza of a linked sequence) which ultimately came to be prized as separate poems rather than as opening gambits of a collective poetic enterprise. Practitioners of haiku in English are now reversing the historical process by tracing haiku back to its source in linked poetry.

This development is of great potential interest not only for the haiku community, but for the larger Euro-American poetic scene as well. Linked poetry is not just a different form of poetry, but something that puts the poet in a different relation to his work. Rather than the situation of solitary poet writing for an audience (an audience which these days often proves to be im-
aginary), we have here a form which makes the concept of audience irrelevant. What counts is the interrelation among the poets participating in the poem. Everything hinges on attentiveness and response to the work of the others.

As every jazz musician knows, it is only by listening that one learns to improvise. In linked poetry, the poet remains an individual — there is no question of creating a choric ode — but an individual bound to be responsive to other individuals. If the contemporary poet is all too often someone who habitually ignores the work of other poets, here is a form which forces him to pay heed. In the context of linked poetry, to read poetry and to write poetry are aspects of the same act.

In short, linked poetry offers the possibility of poetry as conversation, or as group improvisation, rather than exhortation or lonely meditation. This in turn opens up refreshingly different roles for the poet, as participant rather than as alienated solipsist. The end product of this process of composition — after the last link has been written — does not pretend to be a monument. It is the product, not of one artist's ideal being hammered by him relentlessly into shape, but of the midpoint which separate individuals have converged on, by tuning in to each other's voices.

The poems included here represent a few of the strategies available for the Englishing of a Japanese form. The classical model of renga is likely to serve more as stimulus than as close guide in the gradual evolution of a native variety of linked poetry. (It should be noted that the model of renga can prove fruitful even to the poet working alone, as evidenced by Marlene Wills' sequences in this issue. It is interesting to note as well the way in which one of her links becomes the **bokku** for the sequence "In Winter Rain.")

*Frogpond* will continue to devote space to this promising poetic development, which is evidently of particular interest to haiku poets, in that it calls upon the same skills required by haiku but places them in a different context.

(Geoffrey O'Brien)
“Past Midsummer”:
a linked poem by Michael O’Brien,
Lindley Williams Hubbell, Hiroaki Sato
New York, Santa Fe, Kamikoshien, New York
from July 1979 to March 1980

Past midsummer, but
the year’s arrested fall still
papers a late wall with light.

The rainy season is over in Kyushu,
but my windows are still blurred.

Only when I’m drunk
or the demon’s away, I say what’s
never forgotten.

A tangle of saplings behind the house
on the way to the mailbox.

Letters from three continents
in today’s mail.
I rest in the center.

After twelve years of mud-spewing
I neither hate or love you.
O careless love,
alone in the music,
the band alone in the music.

     Love comes to us
     when we can live without it.

In the southwest
trees grow
where there is a river.

     The eye is a horse
     which drinks and drinks.

Insatiably
my eyes drink:
animal, vegetable, mineral.

     Constance Money, Annette Haven,
     and Anna Obsessed

the iconostasis before the mystery,
smoke rising in the projector's beam
from a rapt audience

     icons drifting by...
     Mary Pickford... Linda Lovelace
and while on the subject
I have everything
and nothing to say.

an old junkie
turning the pages

for seventy years
I have been turning the pages
of the same books

generations of sparrows
have pecked those holes on that brick wall

& the eye pivots
from page to wall
checking the manifest

two mature angels in relief
hold a scroll painting

Sappho rises
from the graves of Oxyrhynchus
like new moons of Saturn

Lethe, honeycomb, wide missouri
o pearl-handled dawn
I remember
walking home along buildings,
another night ended

all night at Nara
the crying of the deer

"that now are wild"
in careless love
down by the river

rustling the leaves you were an adult,
I was a novice

rain falls quietly
on the belated celebrants
O tu Palermo

nothing intact as memory
no dawn so clear

on the subway:
"It won't do until you forget it."
"But I won't."

a miner is not qualified
to appraise gems
finders, not keepers
of the adornments
of their dark throat of earth

of gold
that stretches the thinnest

Agamemnon's body
disappeared into dust
before their eyes

sun-shot king-work
unravelling in air

Japanese are to rebuild
the Tower of Babel
where the rivers shift

let us honor
the birthplace of language
"sequences" by Marlene Wills

sequence: one
you cup my breasts i tablespoon you
   a late monarch  your fingers slowly find my folds
your kiss on my cloud mountain  moonrise
   mountain tip from mist my clitoris rises to your mouth
the maple just turning i fill my mouth with you
   your sawedoff thumb deep deeper  beyond my moon
new moon   you find the blood between us
   i rise from blood and paint myself in the moon
i am my reason for living your love in the falling leaves
   mountain  just the tip of me
as you leave i remain a mountain of folds

sequence : two
clothed-naked we begin passion already in our laughter
   our hands together as we part over each other
as we touch i know myself in your closed eyes
   your voice disappears into a poem on my walls

sequence : three
in winter rain we kiss dry my suitcase closed
   car trouble the distance from you farther
the day ends a borrowed sleeping bag on a stained mattress
   a poem not yet formed festering
small bottle of gin in another town someone's ice cubes
a party two states from home i just get high
morning news i switch to country music and think of sex
busboy unaware of the yolk
no card in the motel lobby says it
the key turned in: returning
a week of theater continues an off-size sunday flat
first mountain: to hump or to be humped
is it you or the mountain i am wet in my jeans
unpacked in the mountain fold alone

sequence : four
your hand on me you read about yourself in a poem
we share a gin shoes touching
you harden march blows through the partly opened window
one stick we float in and out of love
high giggling about giggling between orgasms
i come to know your fingers
spring wind in the night my breasts reshaped
morning we wash ourselves onto each other
after you’ve gone you reappear in the sound of rain

sequence : five
(sono mama: things as they are)
i am here you there first night of spring
the sun rose before i woke
ground uncovered asparagus appear when they appear
nothing in the mail
the canvas ready swollen buds
my painting surprises me
march a month not unlike my life
night air drops again
one kind of poverty one kind of poem
having bloomed the daffodil

sequence: six
the parting and the returning first leaves of the hepatica
the bloom begins the touch of your eyes
in the darkness with you there is no darkness with you
night i ride in clouds beneath the faded roof
together as we dry there is the listening to rain
steam of morning coffee the lingering
after the long party we love as the wine allows
your last breakfast: i catch a rainbow
depth within your breathing the leaving of tomorrow
the silence left by your truck on the blacktop

sequence: seven
(to and from: the tractor a neighbor's garden
the moon comes full you fill me
late afternoon the hoer puts away the hoe
the wait: the moon to darken red

12
on a stake a beet packet rattles in the wind
your voice from a distant pay phone
phoebe phoebe phoebe phoebe the days you’re gone
quarter phase i touch my stomach
first two leaves
rain: fifty fifty
alone in bed i write a poem alone
in the white of the painting
dogwood only the emptiness in bloom
you return and come
awakened by your touch to your touch
wrinkled clothes in another room
a truck driver waves spring morning
Y: we part
in your leaving there is yesterday and tomorrow
new moon: ishtar and i redden together
before the ink is dry your lips
beneath stars one nipple cold
you douse the fire heavy dew stirring me
facing the wooden wall receiving
already the quarter already the halving

sequence: eight
in the old turtle shell you give love in the evening
thunderhead the unthinking of our passion
afternoon warmth the puddle swarming with tadpoles
spring peepers you too are male
do you know: mozart's "magic flute"
to what depth do we play
even in the nibble of minnows there is fishing
your hand under your shirt finds me
easier to let go knowing you're stuck on me
last touch hand on the cold doorknob
the old shirt you gave me on the hanger you forgot
i almost write nothing in my journal
one poem — half my life through this portable
tonight i am mountain
unviewed the moon rises in one of her phases
alone the nippelessness of nipples
broad daylight bareassd insects mating in flight
swifts foreplay the chimney
forest fire in the next county will i again be burned
mist

sequence: nine
there is art there is beer on another mountain
you across the long narrow state
route one in the mountains in the moon
home again the bare mattress enough
there is art there is beer on this mountain
you across the long narrow state

Sequences 1 and (in slightly different form) 7 appeared originally in Cicada.
"In Winter Rain":
Linked Poem on Love
by Marlene Wills and Hiroaki Sato
Tennessee and New York
from March to October 1980

in winter rain we kiss dry my suitcase closed

we shared a bed, bodies separate

a dream from fifteen years mother chasing me through corridors

stomach-cancer ravaged she comes to the elevator

no cure for anything only magic how you go down come up

your taste is different tonight

my lips on your soft wet warm hair: that first time

sly one the paths you've found to my heart
jerked out of a catnap: did I come inside you?

your pen out of ink the poem left unfinished

before parting you were always to the point

unable to touch you pull my leg

sixty-nine or ninety-six — lips everywhere

before breakfast showering i swallow you

memories are close now that you are distant

clouds drift your blue sock under the bed

you wash off my smell, get ready to go home

200 million of you swimming

will you skip town if i am late this month

this is the seventh evening, and the bell doesn’t ring
you wouldn't know the valley now i am alone in a circle of heat

desire slaked, unslaked, on pornography

drunk with another with long lenses we shoot the moon coming full

"Where is my huntress? Where is my queen?"

cave mouth the triangle again fills with dew of the night

crisp fallen leaves tickle my crotch

inchng toward me from your garden the "hairy caterpillar"

panthyosed left foot against the love divan

moon dark at the gate we wipe vanilla ice cream off your pants

two pairs of lips meet: cold and salty

those sunny couples I've seen in summers, in ads

the party without you goosed
caught myself counting the buttons down a slim skirt

your head turned a mole i hadn't seen

my vole died on October tenth

awake before you first frost on the sugar maple
"Pedaling A Bike":

a linked poem by Tadashi Kondo, Philip Meredith, Kristine Kondo, Jody Rashbaum and Sakura Onishi

1. pedaling a bike
   from last year to this year
   in the fleeting world

2. the glare of the sun
   at the top of the mountain

3. eyes closed
   the warmth of tea
   seeps through the fingers

4. a flock of sheep
   at the entrance examination

5. a figure paces past
   a dry cough echoes
   through the hall

6. past midnight
   the light is still on

7. time to love
   to read about love
   of various lovers in the world

8. dust has collected
   on the tops of the books

Tadashi Kondo
Philip Meredith
Kristine Young
T
P
K
T
P
9. narcissus
near the window
stretching toward the sun

10. a litter of kittens
heard from under the floor

11. sitting on a cushion
waiting for the answer
I think I’ll go

12. leaving the house
the telephone rings

13. even the president
of a telephone company
nowhere to escape

14. above the clouds
across the ocean

15. soaring
listening to the music of the spheres
gliding

16. smoke from the mosquito coil
in the heavy air

17. still tossing and turning
the cock begins to crow
at three a.m.

18. the white moon
setting in the sea

(1-18 done on 2/4, '80)
19. land disappears
eengine chug-chugging
one shadow on the deck

20. one revolutionist
ostracized by his comrades

21. a taste of metal
in the air and in the wine
the floorboards creaking

22. doll festival
girls becoming twenty

23. plum petals swirling
in the first wind of spring
mother looks at her daughter

24. god damn Minamata!
she never talks or smiles

25. sometimes
I see a look in her eyes
that chills me

(19-25 done on March 3)

26. ice on the lake
five foot thick

27. snowy sun
casting white rays
on a fishing man

Sakura Omishi
the hawk cries
shadow flashing by

train swallowed
into the green mountain
echo lingering

children playing war
the field turning yellow

warmed by the sun
the old men watching
reminiscing

droning on and on
into deep, deep sleep

peering into the screen
images floating by
trying to hold on

old TV set abandoned
by a cherry tree

the bus sweeps past
branches tapping windows
bouncing grandmothers

giggling and chatting
they rewrap their lunchboxes

(finshed on April 7, '80)
"Opium":
a linked poem by Geoffrey O'Brien, Michael O'Brien,
and Hiroaki Sato
from April to November, 1980

opium, false eye-
lashes. her black sleeve brushes
the film poster's pink words.

the habit of her.
like going to the movies in daylight.

her thin lips, green eyes,
now belong to another:
a transparent dream.

in shifting light the brickwork
turns from rock to air to rock.

choruses like a man crossing a log-jam:
that nimble.
A man dancing in his own backyard.

A kite bobs in the blue patch
between buildings of uneven height.
Morning, as windows recede into white haze, it gets cool suddenly.

eyelid, day's aperture

hardnosed throughout brightness
the heart shrinks as dusk shrouds the park's tree trunks

in the dark, the stream's language:
almost understanding it

sentence, filament
the clue was a thread
a waterfall's lace

though their sense was hard to grasp
the images were precise

each scattered
flower's a planet,
whirling detached

corolla of ego, habit, circumstance
"no one's sleep under so many eyelids"
ly ing by my wife
I think of kissing a rose
slim, pale, upside down

violent strokes of lightning
just beyond the shutters

only the blow of a rain
impending for days, gathering, dispersed,
to deflate this air

father smothers the kitchen,
clouds tumble from north to south

massed and lonely,
a migration
a moving wall

the woodchuck shows enough sense
to run from the camera's click

the baby rabbit
sits up, looks at me entranced,
then goes on chewing

not even Momma so huge to us —
like a note only dogs can hear
a dance of atoms
shifting, the bay shot with mauve
out where the rocks ends

"I'm worried about realignment." "I am — about you."

All the borders have changed
on the bar-mitzvah-gift school atlas I bought,
beautiful as a stamp collection

tracing a path among mountains,
Atlas and Caucasus, the time passes

as moist darkness falls
the mother goes on reading
her two children playing in the waves

an alphabet of sandpipers
a hungry line shifting between elements

shimmering in TV
color, the baked walls and
palm trees of Baghdad

after we ate I didn't know
what to do with my new date
breeze stirring the curtains
of so many rooms,
the late, empty light

as she rolls the blind down:
crescent leaning toward water tower

"loyalty somewhere":
I have felt from the outset
I am one of them

caryatid, opaque torso
of the stones of the days

space is there waiting...
stared at, the brick wall blurs
and extends endlessly

we begin where we started
knowing we still do not know
TRANSLATION/DERIVATION: 2 haiku by Hattori Ransetsu

James Kirkup:

meigetsu ya kemuri haiyuku mizu no ue

meigetsu — full moon of autumn, harvest moon
kemuri — fog, mist, fume
haiyuku — basu + yuku, v., to proceed with a
crawling or creeping motion
mizu — water: here of river or lake
ue — upon, on the surface, on top of

Harvest full moon: mists are creeping on the face of the river waters

Stephen Wolfe:

meigetsu ya kemuri haiyuku mizu no ue

full moon over autumn
smoke over water
creeping

meigetsu — full moon, often a season word, for
autumn or harvest moon
ya — kireji to cut the line and emphasize the
previously stated image
kemuri — smoke
haiyuku — crawl on, going by crawling
mizu — water
no — of
ue — above or over
James Kirkup:

takenoko ya chigo no haguki no utsukushiki

takenoko — bamboo sprout: here, one of a small, thin variety is likely
chigo — a baby or small child of either sex: here, in keeping with the male image of the bamboo sprout or shoot, I prefer a small boy
haguki — gums: here possibly the small boy has lost his milk teeth. Or they may be the toothless gums of a baby
utsukushi — beautiful

The small boy is biting on a bamboo shoot: what beautiful pink gums!

Stephen Wolfe:

takenoko ya chigo no haguki no utsukushiki

fresh bamboo shoots
beauty in the gums
of a child

takenoko — bamboo shoots/bamboo sprouts; literally “child of bamboo”
ya — kireji to cut line and emphasize takenoko
chigo — small child
no — of
haguki — gums
no — of
utsukushiki — beauty, purity, splendor
THE STRUCTURAL DYNAMICS OF HAIKU — Part III
by Rod Willmot

Before proceeding to the Fifth and Sixth (and last?) Propositions, I will review the first four (see Frogpond Vol. II, Nos. 1 & 2.)

In a recent issue of Frogpond (III, 2) Bart Mesotten insists that haiku is literature and therefore made with words. His remark is by no means trivial, for haiku is commonly supposed to be "wordless." My First Proposition impales this paradox by saying, in effect, that haiku's special characteristic as a form of literature is to seem not to be literature. In different terms: a haiku has "presentational immediacy," setting objects and events right before us without words getting in the way. At least, that is the illusion — an illusion created by words and by our expectations about them.

The Second Proposition differentiates between the experience of a "haiku moment" and the experience of a haiku poem. While typical Japanese definitions of haiku are formal, the typical North American definition is experiential: we focus on the types of experience we believe a haiku should provoke. In my own analysis I seek isomorphisms (formal correspondences) between the reader's experience and the printed words; for in both there exist "deep forms," of far greater significance than line-count, syllable-count, season-word, and so on.

According to the Third Proposition, in the deep form of the reader's haiku-experience there is a metaphorical structure: in other words, comparison and/or contrast, which is reflected in the contents of every haiku. If this is the case, it provides us with a critical tool. Consider Jim Handlin's poem, "out with a flashlight / looking for worms— / fishing season." The third line superfluously duplicates the half-haiku in the first two lines; the poem is not uninteresting but incomplete. Had he been aware of this structural deficiency, Handlin might have completed his haiku by, say, comparing himself to a worm (as Issa would have done), or by contrasting his activity with the surrounding darkness. Or both, as in this concoction: "wormpickers' / flashlights / poke through the night." Naturally, the use of any such tool requires a healthy dose of intuition, especially since one or both metaphoric halves may be implied rather than stated.

Finally, the Fourth Proposition dealt with the interaction between those halves, explaining its unique and startling intensity as a consequence of haiku's brevity. Throughout this analysis I have sought to understand haiku in terms of what Aleksandar Nejgebauer (Frogpond III, 2) calls "a high tension of contradictions." Each pair of Propositions describes one of the principal
lines of tension in haiku’s dynamic structure. The first, one might say, is between haiku as experience and haiku as literature. The second is between the fundamental (metaphoric) halves of haiku, the “agonists” on the stage of each poem. The third line of tension, as we will now see, runs between being and meaning in haiku, or between what Nejgebauer calls “sensuous particularity” and the effects of “mental effort on the part of the reader.”

FIFTH PROPOSITION: Haiku is stretched taut between “it means” and “it simply is.”

Many try to persuade us that a haiku “doesn’t mean anything, it simply is.” The ultimate authority for such claims is always supposedly Japanese, and yet the Japanese themselves will go on for pages interpreting the meaning of their favourite haiku. And in fact our own haiku are no less rich in meaning.

near the gate—
  a child waters
  a dead butterfly

In this poem by Ross Figgins there are suggestions of the child’s (and our) vulnerability, but also of the “wise foolishness” by which it is transcended; moreover, the gate suggests passages from innocence to knowledge, from life to death and perhaps beyond; and so on. All these suggestions comprise the meaning of this haiku, but we must reject any reductionist conclusion such as, “The only value of this poem is its meaning; the scene itself, the child with butterfly, is not really there.” The scene itself — the concrete particular — exists in its own right at the same time as we derive meaning from it. The two must coexist or there is no haiku. But once we admit that haiku has meaning, we must decide which methods of conveying meaning are admissible. Symbolism? Literary allusion? Abstract statement? Japanese poets have committed all these “crimes,” but naturally we must set our laws (and break them) ourselves.

In the final proposition the term “synecdoche” will refer to the relationship between the part and the whole (of anything), between the particular and the general, the concrete and the abstract, and so on. To simplify, the part, the particular and the concrete can be said to belong to the “being-level,” while the whole, the general and the abstract belong to the “meaning-level.” The Fifth Proposition requires that both levels be present in a haiku; but since only one need be stated for the other to be implied by it, their coexistence in haiku is above all an effect of reader inference. For when we speak of a poem’s implications what we usually mean is the reader’s inferences from it. In synecdoche, these can be either “upwards,” as from a concrete particular to its meaning, or “downwards,” as from an abstraction to any of its possible embodiments.
SIXTH PROPOSITION: In haiku, the prime direction of synecdochic implication (or inference) is upwards, from being towards meaning, and not the reverse.

In Raymond Roseliep's "time / is what / is still," the meaning-level is stated directly, as a generality, and if that is all we get from the poem (according to the Fifth Proposition) then we are not experiencing a haiku. But if the reader can complete the poem with some particular instance of time seeming still, it might be a haiku after all. Or would it? The same question applies to Lilli Tanzer's "silent growth / centered in warmth / circled by snow."

Whether reflecting on a conversation, stargazing, seeking the name of a fern, or sensing the will to live in Basho's last poem, we are obeying the drive toward meaning. There is no such drive in the opposite direction, however; the words "beauty," "emotion," "Man," do not impel us to seek out their thousand possible concretizations. To do so would be decadent, for whichever particular we might choose (such as "pine-tree," "grape arbour," or "bee-hive" for Lilli's "silent growth"), it would be just a fantasy, an hypothesis without reality — and certainly without "suchness."

When meaning is stated outright, it is finished; and when being is left to the reader's fancy, it is clearly of no importance. A strong interaction between the two levels is made impossible. But when the being-level is stated in haiku — sandpipers, or horse-droppings, or lemon-flowers — it is immediately captivating; and when the meaning-level is merely implied it remains endless and mysterious, no matter how successful our drive to discover it. The tension between the two levels is then of great power.

Hiroaki Sato has shown (in *Frogpond* III, 1) that we on this continent have blithely pretended to be following in the footsteps of the Japanese, while creeping off, in spite of ourselves, on a path of our own. My goal in these pages has been to provide a preliminary mapping of the garden (or wilderness) into which we have wandered.
Mist in the mountains,
   Clouds in my heart,
No sunshine for days.

The abandoned temple:
   Weeds, birds, and cicadas
Have replaced the monks.

An endless journey—
   I've got time
To write some poems

The outdoor bath —
   Snow falls on my shoulders
As I sit in the steaming water.

(John Stevens)
not a cloud
i sit
by the onion row

one autumn day
there is a granite fence
and each of its stones

it is february
this is the only hawk
i've seen

the trees cast simple shadows
yellow
and auburn

(Grant Hackett)
Corn stubble juts
toward evening cloud layer:
muffled killdeer cry

Sunlit skunk cabbage
clutched by the waterline
its dim image

Against rain clouds
the blooming magnolia gleams —
Hum of dark bees

(Ruth Yarrow)
The first slow days;
    wild lettuce stalks
        arch stiff and bare

Our goodnights said—
    wind whistles
        in the ventilation flues

Whey-colored sun;
    the yellowjacket wears
        dark bands

(Stephen Gould)
Beyond unknotting—
the tangle of bittersweet
that hedges the path

The swarm of blackbirds
rises with a single cry—
yet another cry

Two gray foxes
trot by along the stream—
the frosty trail

(Charles L. Cutler)
spider web at dawn
brilliant against ditch water:
red begonias.

he looks at price tags on roses

the empty room,
carnations on a table
by the opened card

stars at dusk:
churning in the waves,
sea-bound smoult

(Richard Tice)
seeing only rain
in the old oil drum
until the moon

in the dark
hearing
your smile

in each raindrop
   a chip of the moon

(Adele Kenny)
HSA SAMPLER

This section presents a sampling — abbreviated of necessity — of some of the work currently being done by members of the Haiku Society of America.

hoping the shape
of the navel will be good
father cuts the cord

more aware
than the bird
of its flight in wind

Attending sooner
my only unkempt iris
a butterfly pair

the velvet feel of pansies
without touching

through a blur of pain
I count cracks on the ceiling —
never twice the same

Tadasht Kondo

Raymond Roseliep

Charlotte Jacob-Hanson

Peggy Heinrich

Vivien Monahan
park bench
    newly painted
the rumble of thunder

winter dusk
counting pennies
in the unlit room

April afternoon
    my gas heater kicking on
    as the sun breaks through

picked from
    his eye
    a daisy

Pale spring light
bunched in the faces
of violets

fuzzy glow
    by the lit up clock dial
a moth, whirring

On the window sill
    facing the light, tomato
plants in paper cups.
Weakened after storms
A strong wind slammed the door shut —
Crumbling steps shattered.

The horseshoe crab
moves toward the tidal pool . . .
a windblown shell.

The summer is over.
The woman sings to her horse
as the children whine.

Chestnut boughs tap
at the cupola windows:
light enters everywhere.

Repeatedly
wetting my face in the river whirls
waiting to get washed

three lines of black birds
in flight across a page white
with unwritten words

Hanauma Bay:
in the reef's transparencies
are flashing rainbows

Eloise Koelling
George W. Shane Jr.
Sybil Kollar
Rosamond E. Hass
W. E. Grieg
Bernice Rosenbaum
Jerry Kilbride
Sunday morning,
the silent, empty park —
stone bridge.

At dusk,
the sky and the water are one,
holding shadows.

Busy butterflies
exchanging color secrets
with bright-eyed pansies

Summer's end:
Lengthening shadows creep
quietly indoors.

Startled, a green and
Yellow ribbon glides away
At my approach.

election day —
mist wreaths rising
from the cold river

she opens her jacket
rye-field steaming
after rain

James O'Neil
Joan Couzens Sauer
Lew Gronich
Edmund J. Daly
Thelma King Clauss
Paul O. Williams
Rod Willmot
grabbing the frog
the child splashes the mother
giggling, let's go.

In a lifeless elm
    High above the wildflowers
    Mating sparrow hawks

Sparrow
    chases butterfly
    zig zag zig zag

Kathleen Hartnet

Francis L. Scott

Harry Weissman
Haiku News

HSA MEETINGS

Four meetings of the Haiku Society of America will be held at Japan House, 333 East 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017, on the following dates in 1981:

- March 21, Saturday, 2:00 pm
- May 16, Saturday, 2:00 pm
- September 19, Saturday (tentative)
- December 19, Saturday (tentative)

At the March 21 meeting, Hiroaki Sato will discuss "Lineation in Japanese and English Haiku." Members should bring haiku for discussion, and are urged by Pres. Sato to submit to him topics for discussion at any of the meetings. (Note: The Society's annual meeting will be held either on the September or the December date.)

THE 1981 HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD

The contest is open to all. Deadline for this year's award submissions will be August 1, with an entry fee of $1 for one submission only, of up to three unpublished haiku, each haiku to be submitted in duplicate on 3 x 5 cards — one card with the haiku and with author's name and address in upper left-hand corner, and the other card with the haiku only, for anonymous judging.

Send submissions to: Hiroaki Sato, President
Haiku Society of America
326 West 22nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10011

There will be a first prize of $50, and two second prizes of $25 each. Contestants wishing a list of winners and winning haiku should enclose an SASE.
All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku may be published in the Society's magazine *Frogpond*. Authors are advised to keep copies of their haiku, as none will be returned.

Judges will be announced at a later date. The contest is sponsored by the Haiku Society of America, Inc.

**SUBSCRIPTION NOTICE**

HSA members should note that if they have not renewed their memberships, this will be the last copy of *Frogpond* they will be receiving.

**HAIKU PUBLICATIONS**

The following are among the haiku magazines currently available in English:

*Cicada*, 627 Broadview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4K 2N9. Edited by Eric Amann.

*Modern Haiku*, Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701. Edited by Robert Spiess.

*High/Coo*, Route 1, Battleground, IN 47920. Edited by Randy and Shirley Brooks.

*Dragonsfly*, 4102 NE 130 Place, Portland, OR 97230. Edited by Lorraine Ellis Harr.

*Haiku Journal*, 1020 South 8 Street, San Jose, CA 95112. Edited by Kiyoshi Tokutomi.

*Ouji*, Nishi 2-21-32, Kunitachi-Shi, Tokyo, Japan. Edited by Nobuo Hirasawa.

SOME BOOKS OF INTEREST

Doubleday has just published *From the Country of Eight Islands: An Anthology of Japanese Poetry*, edited and translated by Hiroaki Sato and Burton Watson. It is a comprehensive collection — the ultimate desert island book as far as Japanese poetry is concerned. Reader of *Frogpond* will be particularly interested in the extensive space given to renga, haiku, and senryu.

*Mountain Tasting: Zen Haiku by Santoka Taneda*, translated with an introduction by John Stevens, new from Weatherhill, is the first book-length presentation in English of this important poet. A review will appear in the next issue of *Frogpond*.

Lovejoy Press has published a significant work on Japanese prints and poetry by two charter members of the Haiku Society of America — Edythe Polster and Alfred H. Marks. *Surimono: Prints by Elbow*, an extensively illustrated study of prints which served as greeting cards in 18th and 19th century Japan, also contains translations by Professor Marks of the *kyoka* (*'a plebeian variation of the classical waka'*) featured in the prints. For those daunted by the list price of $1500, the book may be examined in the Print Room of the 42nd St. New York Public Library. The authors will give a joint slide lecture at Japan House on April 30, 1981, 6 pm. The Haiku Society is invited.

The 1979 *World-wide Haiku Harvest*, compiled by Kubota Kaoru of Sapporo, Japan is now available. The anthology includes the selected work of 84 poets from Austria, Belgium, Germany, Japan and the United States, in both Japanese and the original language. Orders for the volume should be sent to: Mr. Kubota Kaoru, 23 West, 6 North, Sapporo, Japan 060. The orders should be accompanied by an International Money Order Equivalent to ¥3080, payable to Mr. Kubota. The price will include the cost of the volume and air mail delivery.

The next issue of *Frogpond* will include a selected listing of recent haiku publications (books and chapbooks) in English.
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.
FINANCIAL REPORT — DECEMBER 1980
Mildred Fineberg, Treasurer

1979 BANK BALANCE ............................................................................... $ 33.38

INCOME
Subscription / Memberships ................................................................. 2,362.00
(Of the above, $403.00 was received for 1981)
HSA Frogpond Single Issues .............................................................................. 101.75
Henderson Contest Entry Fees ............................................................................. 83.80
Contributions ...................................................................................................... 720.68
(Of the above, $15.00 was donated for the 1980 Henderson Contest,
$100.00 for the 1981 Henderson Contest, and $45.00 for the Biennial
Merit Book Awards.)

Total ................................... $3,301.61

EXPENDITURES
Administrative Costs (stationery and supplies, postage, publicity,
 xerographing, telephone, transportation) ......................................................... 621.69
Filing fee for 1979 (Law Department) ................................................................. 10.00
Magazine copyright fees (Library of Congress) ................................................. 20.00
August and November Bulletins (xerox-distribution) ...................................... 133.02
HSA Frogpond production and distribution
Two issues — (editorial correspondence, typesetting, printing and supplies) .......... 1,240.54
Henderson Contest Award .............................................................................. 100.00
High School Contest Prizes ............................................................................. 75.00
Bank Service Charges ........................................................................................ 41.70
1978 Debt Paid in Full to Yasko Karaki ......................................................... 200.00

$2,441.95

INCOME ............................................................. $3,301.61
EXPENDITURES .................................................. 2,441.95
BALANCE .......................................................... $ 859.66

Members of the executive committee absorbed part of their expenses in the form
of donations.
L. A. Davidson absorbed postage, and some expenses involving publicity for the
Henderson contest in the form of a donation.
The above are incorporated in this report.
The books are open to all members.
For a more detailed report, send SASE to the treasurer.