DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
FOSTER JEWELL
1893 — 1984

This quiet dirt road,
these ordinary sparrows,
singing their own songs.

Pressing on to see
beyond the next dune, pressing
on to see beyond.

Foster Jewell
(Passing Moments, 1974;
Sand Waves, 1969)
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
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MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* VII:3

moving into the sun
the pony takes with him
some mountain shadow

*Jane Reichhold*
HAIKU IN MEMORY OF FOSTER JEWELL

wind storm:
  dry grass dancing
  all around him

winter darkness:
  your voice
  on the wind

the last red apple
that clung through autumn winds
gone from the branch

cloud shadows
on silent cliffs
where condors nested

Lenard D. Moore
L. A. Davidson
Jerry Kilbride
Hearing, this morning
   the enduring sound
of silenced footsteps.

How bright the sound
   of one star humming
among the many.

Geraldine C. Little

One of these stars
tonight, all nights
is made of saguaros

W. E. Greig

Dear Members of the Haiku Community:
With you, I grieve in our loss of Foster Jewell,
doyen of American haiku.

Robert Spiess
A celebration by one of the Desert Fathers begins, "Behold my beloved I have shown you the power of silence..."

Geraldine C. Little

It is not possible to speak of the English-language haiku movement in the United States and Canada without discussing the work of one of its earliest, and foremost, practitioners. Foster Jewell's thirteen books of haiku, three of them written with his wife, Rhoda, all were published by their own Sangre de Cristo Press. The books are well printed, a pleasure to handle, but the fact that a first-class publishing house has never been sufficiently interested in an important movement in American poetry to consider publishing one of its finest poets in a retrospective edition is distressing, though not surprising!

Foster Jewell died on August 15, 1984, at the age of ninety-one, in the Veteran's Hospital in Quincy, Illinois. A fine sculptor and artist as well as a poet, he is represented by paintings and sculpture in several galleries in the United States.

Jewell brought a diversity of worlds to his poetry. He was a sailor who served in both World Wars, in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. He was intimately concerned with, and lived in, forests, having studied and traveled with the Biltmore School of Forestry. For periods of his life he lived near the desert.

The observable world, the passing moments that make up haiku, never escaped Jewell, though the real world was never too much with him in the Wordsworthian sense. "He was so completely innocent," his wife wrote me recently. His best work speaks of what, for lack of a better term, I will call the spiritual world, as occupying the same space in which the observable world exists. That quality gives his haiku its strength and appeal. I won't resist the temptation to state that Jewell wrote jewels. Like fine jewels, his poems cast, from facets, innumerable hues.

If there is a slight reduction in intensity of vision between his last book and his early work, let it be noted here that such reduction indeed is slight. The later work still merits careful attention.

Foster Jewell began writing haiku before one-line haiku was a trend in the English-language movement. Thus the bulk of his
work appears in the three-line format. He did not adhere to any rigid syllabic pattern, though his poems tend, generally, to fall into a short line, longer line, short line structure.

Jewell never succumbed to the informality of using a small letter to begin his poems. His most commonly-used end punctuation mark was the period, though he effectively use the ellipsis as the final statement in a number of poems. With only a few exceptions, he always used end punctuation of some sort.

This essay is written in 1984. At this time, almost no writer of haiku begins a poem with a capital letter, and almost no one end-stops a poem. The rationale for this given at a Haiku Society Meeting is that capitals and final punctuation marks tend to stop the movement of the moment, both entering and leaving it. In the case of Jewell's work, this writer feels no stoppage of his splendidly captured moments. Rather, his punctuation works to point up the value he gave to each moment, as if he was saying, "Single moments make up you life; don't take them so casually." For less gifted writers, formal punctuation may be a tricky thing to work with. It can too easily close down the moment, rather than open it up.

So, the paradox of Jewell's work is that punctuation leads to flow, for his work flows into its form naturally, whether his setting is desert, mountain, or city, and the flow of a life force is felt by the reader. His work is a series of keenly felt, and perceived, moments, finely caught, that make up a whole life and a philosophy of life. The great silences of Jewell's work speak loudly of how, in the final analysis, we are all alone, though not necessarily lonely. Loneliness does not exist in Jewell's work. Here was a man who lived surrounded by the forces of nature that were, one feels, his greatest friends and the best companions.

More and more since the beginning of the English-language haiku movement, the use of "I" has become not only acceptable but almost a "standard." At one time, the estimable Eric Amann, editor of the first-class journal *Cicada*, returned haiku to this writer with a note: "Never use the personal pronoun in haiku."

But read Foster Jewell for how haiku can be written excellently, powerfully, devoid of the self. Only very occasionally does Jewell speak of, for instance, "my burro." In general, his observances are objectively observed universals, deeply felt by the poet subjectively doing the observing.
Jewell's haiku are famous for their silences. Justly so. He generated the kind of silence one hears reverberating, full of wonder, long after the words have ended. Let us look at some examples of his work:

From *Sand Waves*, 1969

Stars and Saguaroș—
the way they intensify
each other's silence!

One immediately sees not only real stars but the reflection of their light on the saguaros. As far as we know, stars are remarkable in that they have other worlds on which to drop their light. Saguaroș at night without star (or moon) light by which to see them are still saguaros, yet completely different than seen by sunlight, and when seen by star (or moon) light, are again different. By uniting the two things, one in the heavens, and one very much of this earth, Jewell makes of the universe a universal ONE, all things linked with one another. The elements of heaven and earth do intensify each other, as Jewell in this poem makes us stop and realize. The silence becomes a living, bright, and very beautiful, phenomenon.

From *Beachcomber*, 1970

Walled in and alone,
forest silence singing. . .
the color of snow.

Someone is "walled in and alone." Or, is it the forest itself that is "walled in" by itself, and alone? One can make much of this short poem. One can discuss it in psychological terms: all humans are "walled in and alone," really. To a certain extent, they do their own "wallowing in" by failing to reach out. Beyond psychology, we can think of this poem in terms of a human being walled in by the great trees of a forest, alone, but not lonely, for the silence is singing, as any sensitive person knows—"a forest can sing its majesty and simplicity. The color of snow can be white, grey, blue, a hundred shades, depending on what shadows and light fall on it. The color of Jewell’s snow is the singing, a bright "Yes" in the world.
Finding this cavern—
following the lantern light...
followed by silence.

The eeriness and dankness of a cave is evoked in seventeen syllables. Though some person, presumably, is “finding” and “following,” there yet is a sense of no one there. What we are left with is the single lantern light, and silence, the person having dissolved into nature’s overpowering landscape. Note, as so often in a Jewell poem, this silence is bright. There is a light there.

From Mirage, 1972

In the drifting mist
the fox follows a shadow:
the sound of silence.

Consider the elements in this poem: mist, a creature following a shadow, the stated silence. One can see the fox following the insubstantiality of a shadow. One senses on the skin the “drifting mist.” Jewell has managed to paint an almost Bronte-esque landscape and ambience. Here is a silence that is heard; Jewell makes the reader hear the silence he so actively felt.

Think of the masterful silence in the following poem from Passing Moments, 1974

The roar that comes
from the trickle of moonlight
where the cataract was.

We do not, on first reading, sense emptiness. We sense, first, “roar,” and only afterwards realize we are dealing with the emptiness and silence of a stopped cataract’s path, and that there is only the dead moon creating the roar.

From Forest & Mountain: A Memorial, 1976

Uncertain movements—
a lone flake out of the gray,
ot quite ready...
We are there, in the stillness, the waiting, the weight, of a landscape just before a snowstorm begins, though, actually, no one is there in the poem. There's just the natural world performing as it performed before us and will after us. This poem is like a fine Japanese print. There is ambiguity in that "not quite ready..." Is it the sky which is not yet ready to release the full storm, or is it we, humans, who are not quite ready? There's wonderful silence in that "lone flake," that "gray," and tension in the "not quite ready." We are made to feel the expectancy and sense of awe that exists just before a snowstorm begins.

From Searching Today for Yesterday's Tomorrow, 1976:

In the quiet night
slow drift of the owl
over cat and weasel.

How beautiful, yet how silent, is that "slow drift." You can't possibly read that line fast. But we are made to feel tension even in the slowness, for we know the slow drift is soon going to turn to plummet down to the cat and weasel. It is the naturalness of the world that Jewell points up, the loveliness of the "quiet night" and the "slow drift" juxtaposed with the inevitable death to come. Once again, the silences of "quiet night" and "slow drift" are heard silences in the mind.

In Hiawatha's Country we find:

Shadow of the heron,
and nothing stirring now
but a few ripples.

The silence of a shadow, the silence of a heron (standing? passing over? we don't know), and afterwards, ripples that echo and move. Here, in three lines, is a mental trip to a place of peace, far from everyday cares and frustrations, a silence that invites us in.

Space does not permit more examples, though a great many more could readily be cited as examples of Jewell's way of using silence as a very active element in his work. This writer feels that it is one of his strengths that he stated his silences so often. In a cacaphonous world, it seems that Jewell was saying, "Listen, listen to the full, life-
giving silences that can be found in individual moments." How little most of us listen to silence!

Since Foster Jewell, I can't think of another writer of haiku who so intensely used, or uses, silence as a constructive, creative element. His poems also employ wit and humor, but this writer feels his stature as a poet will at last stand on the extraordinary silences that he made so splendidly his own, but gave to the world. Jewell is one of the "greats" of the English-language haiku movement. We do well to go back and study him again, and yet again.

From 9 Days on the Desert, 1977, listen to one of his last silences:

More lone my shadow
with ever longer strides
leaving the sun behind.
radio off
    and still the echo . . .
barber’s adagio

dallas
22.xi.63

first flakes
a sparrow settles deeper
into its feathers

    long after he’s gone
hearing him still . . .
    the wind through the trees

Frank K. Robinson

Down the shadowed road
comes someone wearing your face.
Autumn evening.

Ann Atwood

Good friends from Japan.
Still, in the full autumn moon,
a separateness.

Haiku by Gunther Klinge
Adapted from the German
by Ann Atwood
Struggling in a dream
the butterfly
escapes me

The insects too
leap toward the light—
onrushing car

buildings
just beyond
the graveyard fence

one look back
to see the goldenrod
waving

dvorak's seventh
late swallows
in and out the eaves

Paul Wadden
Christopher Suarez
Rosamond Haas
Stuffing the lawn bags
  the Chinese grandmother curses
the autumn leaves

Sydell Rosenberg

the captain's chair—
empty beer bottle studded
with barnacles

before frost
digging the last
horseradish

Evelyn Tooley Hunt

old nun
leaving her pew to kill
the black bug

night at the farm
no yard light to blind me
to the stars

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg
Trailer Park  someone's New Year's wash frozen stiff  
so cold even the garage door chatters  
watching blackbirds feed  my toast cools off  
cobwebs on my heart slight snowfall  
Patriot's birthday haiga on the moonrise  
headache and flu yesterday's snow so ugly  
such beauty on the hillside...icy chandeliers  
the cat basks in warmth: a limousine parks out front  
a beggar's hand shakes cold rain  
she reads a book...the rhododendron drips lamplight  
my father's dusted portrait gold buttons still shine  
on this grey day only the music moves me  
upending my nap a redpoll's chet-chet-chet  
a sudden breeze enters the room she replaces the lid  
on the pot
Grotto circus  the lions’ strong scent

cat watches cockroach  spring’s first signs...

midday  falling on the crocuses  sunshine and snow

empty fish market...after the storm an old dog stretches

contracting the Diesel’s light...mist

rain all nite...the crazy woman sets her apartment on fire

in my friend’s apartment  an inflatable lady  waiting

putting on her make-up  the sun breaks thru

Easter morning  children swap eggs behind the stone saint

staring at a white wall  i think of heaven and resurrection

bird droppings on my rear windshield  sunbaked

smoke from the tarred roof  4 days of rain ended

hall tree umbrellas  my dog licks a puddle

hyacinth and daffodil bend in a wintry wind

bench  joining the bag lady  the heat

so cold this spring morning  still her welfare check arrives on time
Waiting for the end—
in the stationmaster's house
at Astapovo.

(on the death of Leo Tolstoy)

As the train pulls out,
a child flattening her nose
against the window.

Bernard Lionel Einbond

Leaves turning
  all different colors
  back home

Thin at the elbows,
  this old flannel shirt still warm
  another autumn

Renge

Sugar maples
  coloring
  the autumn wind

Judith Clark
(belatedly, for Raymond Roseliep)

this darkness
within...without
your candles

Ross Kremer

dark young man resting
atop Kole Kole Pass—
sunshine on the cross

Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

in the breeze
the flag
folding itself

Gregory Suarez

Path down to the beach
winding through tall grass—
a mourning dove's call

Dorothy McLaughlin
IN MEMORIAM
Marion Jane Richardson
20 September 1984

A spring rain:
the same on both sides
of the big wall

Marion J. Richardson
Kicking the Dust 1981
Gray September day,  
alone in my apartment  
teas with the silent phone

Memorial rites:  
the silence of white flowers  
with the last guest gone

L. A. Davidson

Turning down the lamp  
turning it out  
the dark is luminous

Elizabeth S. Lamb

Marion J. Richardson was a long-time member and supporter of the Haiku Society of America. Many of us will remember with delight her haiku, her encouragement, and her friendship. After her death, Marion’s daughters, Ms. Penny Richardson and Mrs. Arthur J. Taylor, designated the Haiku Society to be the sole beneficiary of donations made in lieu of flowers or other gifts. The Richardson Memorial Fund which honors her memory will serve also to support the ongoing activities of the Society. We are very grateful to Ms. Richardson and Mrs. Taylor, and to all of Marion’s friends who have remembered her in this way.
paddling slowly
through the reeds
that touch her hair

since noon the dry moss crunching
at a cliff edge
silence

chipping-sparrows
louder and louder
as the road darkens

parked near her house;
a match flares
on the empty porch

Twilight deepens;
Along the lakeshore
Lights go on one by one

Rod Willmot

Helen V. Johnson
1984
THE HENDERSON HAIKU AWARDS
Sponsored by The Haiku Society of America

First Prize
$100.00

migrating geese—
once there was so much
to say

Adele Kenny

Second Prize
$50.00

sound of her voice
carrying eggs
across the ice

Bill Pauly

Third Prize
$25.00

moving
with the clock tower's shadow
the flower lady

Alexis Rotella

Submissions to the 1984 Henderson Haiku Contest were judged by Shirley Brooks and Paul O. Williams.
UNLIT CANDLE

After two years still my nervous laugh
Arms tightly crossed you ask for friendship
Salad blaming my moist eyes on the pepper
The firelight's halo around your head
Coffee words widen this space between folded hands
My empty wine glass reflects the unlit candle

Ross Kremer

she walks by me
her steps like rain across a lake

Joe Juda

at first light
casting their green nets
the skeena fishermen

breaking camp now
the gypsies of surrey
painted caravans pointing south

anne mckay
aurora borealis
finding myself
talking to myself
returning
after the sled-dogs yapping
absolute silence
out of the blue night snow scent
relics of a shaman
eye sockets
facing the moon
an unnamed peak
I leave it to the wind
inukshuk
sunshadow
moonshadow

old Inuit carves
moon and sun
shadow

Ruby Spriggs

Note: An ancient shaman, after death, was not buried, so that his spirit might travel as far as the moon.
Inukshuk: large stones piled to form a man-shape to ward off wild animals; found on high points.
These haiku were inspired by the photography of Mike Beedell in The Magnetic North (Oxford University Press).
THE COOL DOWN DEEP

a solo renga

Daniel Liebert

almost spring;
a little snow
in the bird bath
despite the old woman
the place is lonely
cultivator,
in its rusty teeth
daisies
the sky, also,
resembles a flood

"Leave me alone!
I can stand no more!"
eyes of the possum
the tick holds fast
to my huge white leg
when the monkey sits
the leafy branch
is a monkey seat
a postcard vendor snoring
between Ramses' toes
dandelion spores
melting in the air
of summer
backhoe adrift
over endless, hazy soybeans

"I am that I am!"
the sunday-school teacher
in a deeper voice

crucified on the roof,
naked in the storm

even the old man
must come to the window;
hail sounds

the night is long! the night is long!
namuamidah!

(Issa)

into the stream,
my father's shrivelled ass
leading the way

both God and I play this game;
revealing and concealing

treading the tepid pond
my feet touch the cool
down deep

the dawn arrives
in the throat of finches
MOTEL

over hot sheets
the broken fan empties
alley sounds

bathroom roach
my leg hair
aware

through the curtain
a stranger’s headlight
blinds my dreams

Ruth Yarrow

November rainstorm
a pheasant foraging corn
under the scarecrow

Diane Webster

a cat
climbing the tree
the autumn moon

nick avis
following the smoking
out the window
the cat’s eye

while i view the sun
two cats and a ghetto-blaster
visit the dustbin

Arizona Zipper

blinding rain raining faster than the wiper wipes

Gene Williamson

derend zone:
aterrier retrieves a flag
on the play

Frederick Gasser

Silent graveside prayer,
the funeral tent’s hinges
creak in the autumn wind

Rebecca Rust
NAMING THE UNBORN

six weeks pregnant
raincloud over
the desert peak

boy or girl?
you dangle a needle
above my wrist

naming
the unborn
birds

Margarita Mondrus Engle

black limb of the pine
holding a steller's jay
again the blue sky

Ann Newell

autumn moon—
at the anniversary
a white chrysanthemum

Sylvia Forges-Ryan
Cold winter morning
blackbird going from
chimney to chimney

George Swede

toothless comb in the winter grass

Penny Harter

One pay off the ground, cat listens to winter.

Virginia Brady Young

new snow—
adding a little more sugar
to the strawberries

New Year's Day—
a little lopsided,
the Christmas tree

Geri Barton

New Year's Day;
through the frosted pane
blur of a blue jay

Peggy Heinrich
BOOK REVIEW


Reviewed by Alexis Rotella

Finding The Islands is a treasure, a collection of nearly 400 three-line poems broken into 23 sequences. Nowhere in the book is there mention made of these poems being haiku or haiku-like although so many of them are.

This "haiku" is reminiscent of Eric Amann's style:

A breeze through the house
and one fly rushes
from window to window

and this poem sounds like one George Swede might have written:

Packing again
to the sound
of autumn rain

Included in Finding The Islands are a number of excellent "senryu." Here are two:

So many lives in the evening
staring at the one
program

Living it up
in the afternoon
at the shopping center

The most exciting poems, in my opinion, appear toward the end of the book where Merwin describes his love relationship. I was reminded of Walter Benton's This Is My Beloved (Alfred A. Knopf, 1977). Few writers are capable of committing their emotions to paper in so sensitive a way, most probably because so few men are in touch with the woman inside themselves. For those haiku writers interested in erotic haiku, consider these:

We stand in line
taking up
one space
You read lying on the mattress
wearing nothing
but your glasses

One of the most beautiful nature poems in this collection:

Moon setting
in the oak tree
wakes one blackbird

needs no explanation.
I'm reminded of the woman who, after many years, realized she had been speaking prose. I wonder, does Merwin know he writes haiku?

Note: W. S. Merwin received the Pulitzer Prize for *The Carrier of Ladders* and was awarded the Fellowship of the Academy of Poets in 1974 and the Bolingen Prize for Poetry in 1979.
DOWN WITH THE "OLD POND" HAIKU!
DOWN WITH IT!!

Harold G. Henderson

This poem has been put on a pedestal and held up as the perfect model, the *ne plus ultra* of haiku. Of course this has been done, for the most part, by enthusiastic but only semi-informed foreigners. Nevertheless, it seems to me that they have done a serious disservice to haiku-in-English, and that it is high time for the "Old Pond" to be taken down from its pedestal and put back on the level where Bashō himself placed it.

Bashō did not call the "Old pond" his best haiku. What he did say, when he was dying and was asked to write a "death-poem" (the epitome of his philosophy), was that starting with the "Old pond," every poem he had written had been composed as if it were a "death-poem." Bashō could hardly have meant this to be taken absolutely literally, since the next morning he came up with his actual "death-poem"—the lovely, and very moving, "On a journey, ill, / and over fields all withered, dreams / run wandering still." (See my *Introduction* for my use of "still").

Now, this was written in 1694, and the "Old pond" dates from 1686. Between the two he had written hundreds of poems (approximately some 800); to me it seems that the quality, high as it was to start with, improved steadily year by year. Of course, this is a purely personal judgment. Nevertheless, does it seem possible that a poet of Bashō's stature, writing at the peak of his power, should have learned nothing at all in 8 years of splendid work?

Comparing the last of the series with the first, the "On a journey" is certainly more personal, more "human-oriented" and more obviously emotional than the "Old pond." This, of course, does not in itself prove that "On a journey" is the better poem (though in my opinion, it is). But it does take the "Old pond" off its pedestal, and refutes those enthusiasts who seem to believe that only impersonal, nature-oriented, and not obviously emotional poems (i.e., the "Old pond" type) are worthy to be called haiku.

I am writing this because there seems to me to be an almost frightening tendency for the writing of haiku in English to get deeper and deeper into a rut. I feel quite sure that if the average contributor to haiku magazines
would read through a number of Japanese haiku, in the original or in at least semi-decent translations, he or she would be amazed at the vast variety, ranging from jokes to dirges, including references to history, literature, climate—or what have you? (And also, I think, at the gamut of emotions produced, from the powerful urges to weep or to shout with joy, to the delicate delight at the discovery of some hitherto unnoted aspect of Nature.)

Certainly no such variety can be found in the average haiku magazines—or in the poems brought up for discussion at meetings of the Haiku Society of America—and I think it should be! I am sure that haiku will be more interesting if we can get away from the dominance of any single type.

(I wonder if Prof. Henderson would give us better marks now? ESL)
HAiku WORKSHOP

Comments by William J. Higginson and Penny Harter on Anonymously Submitted Haiku

In this "Haiku Workshop" we have been asked to respond to three possible versions of the same poem:

1. Striking the glass walls
   of office building—sparrow
   (no experience)

2. Even the sparrows
   are disoriented
   in this glass city.

3. even the sparrows are disoriented in this glass city

Comments by Higginson:

Version 1, at least initially, speaks of the particular. It presents us with a single sparrow, and its action. Since the poem contains a natural object, and presents a specific action, it seems to meet the criteria for a haiku. And the writer makes the human connection in the third line, "(no experience)". I imagine we are to understand that the writer has been looking for a job in an unfamiliar city, and has not been successful, perhaps being told that she or he has no experience. Thus human nature is linked to Nature.

This was a fairly successful first draft, if it came first, which I think it did (we were not told that, but the versions were numbered as above). Perhaps thinking that the connection between a disoriented sparrow and a job-hunter without experience is stretching a bit, the writer deleted the last line, and even the idea of the last line—and the idea of trying to get in—from the next version. In fact, the specificity of the action and the single bird also got lost in the revision. And we are left with nothing but the disorientation which the bird once exemplified, and which the writer felt. But "disorientation", or "[being] disoriented" is an abstraction, a word that sums up many different, specific instances, without giving the reader a clue as to what those specific instances were.

Now all we know is that some sparrows are disoriented, that their disorientation seems to have something to do with the glass of the city's architecture, and, thanks to the use of "even", that someone or something else—perhaps the writer—is also disoriented. Reading version 2 alone, without benefit of 1, leaves us so far outside of a haiku experience that there seems little point in discussing it as a haiku.
Perhaps sensing the lack of concreteness, the writer tried to give the piece more immediacy in version 3, by “disorienting” the word “disoriented”. I think 3 is better than 2, to the extent that the visual concreteness helps to overcome the semantic lack of concreteness. However, the concreteness of words on paper cannot save words that lack a genuine, physical referent in the world of experience. So version 3 becomes a picture of what “disoriented” means, as an abstraction; it does not create the same experience of being lost or beating up against walls that version 1 does.

Therefore we must return to version 1 to find the haiku here. If we straighten up the tortured English and make it even more specific (hard for one bird to strike more than one wall at a time), we have

1-R1. striking the glass wall of the office building—a sparrow (no experience)

Accepting the thought that the third line really does not work, and deleting it, suggests this version:

1-R2. striking the glass wall of the office building— a sparrow

If one wanted to retain the connection between the sparrow and the writer, there is a more typical solution in the world of haiku, the “jo”, or preface. The event itself is the poem. A preface may tell the reader how it came about that the writer was where the event took place, and may even reveal enough of the circumstances to help the reader to understand the writer’s felt connection with the event. But one must not metaphorize the specific event that prompted the poem into merely a comment upon or description of the writer’s state of mind. Perhaps something like this would do:

1-R3. Seen while hunting for a job in the city:

striking the glass wall of the office building— a sparrow

This way both the immediacy of the event and the poignancy of the writer’s identification with the sparrow come through, subtly. (Note: Pruning the preface down to, say, “Hunting for a job”, would completely metaphorize, and thus detract from the reality and pain of, the sparrow’s crash into the glass.)—WJH
Comments by Harter:

At first glance, I prefer the first (#1) version of this poem because it does not include the word "disoriented" which, for me, is not a haiku word. It gives me nothing tangible. However, in # I do not need the parenthetical "(no experience)". Whether a sparrow has experience or not is not relevant to whether it flies into a high glass wall. People who do have experience have been known to walk through plate glass. The senses deceive one, sparrow or human. For me, then, the best version of this poem would be:

1-R4. striking the glass wall
       of the office building—
       sparrow

I added "the" office building to particularize the moment. I took out the "s" on "walls" — one sparrow hits one wall at a time. I suggest centering the sparrow to show it "against", so to speak, the building. The cold hardness of glass, the warm softness of sparrow, the collision—and even more, the simultaneous hope and horror of sparrows living in glass canyons, register for me in the economy of the above. A moving poem, all the moreso for me because I once cradled in my hands a sparrow who had flown into the plate glass window of the neighborhood cleaners.

I find version #3 too cute. —PH

(Please note that we studied these versions independently, and did not add anything to our comments after comparing notes, but deleted some unnecessary duplication.—WJH & PH)
NEW PUBLICATION: Shimonita, a new haiku magazine edited by Roger Ishii, six times yearly from The Shimonita Pocket Press. Foreign subscriptions (outside Japan), $15.00; also supporting subscriptions, $25.00. In Japan, Y3,000; supporting Y5,000. c/o Roger and Takako Ishii, 84-2 Miyamuro, Shimonita-machi, Kanra-gun, Gunma-ken 370-26, Japan. Haiku welcome.

PRESS SUSPENDS PUBLICATION: Randy and Shirley Brooks announce that their High/Coo Press will suspend publication with the forthcoming chapbook #17, Me too, by themselves. All previously published chapbooks and mini-chapbooks will be kept in print, however. Submit no manuscripts.

CORRECTION: An editorial typing error occurred in the first line of one of the haiku discussed in the Haiku Workshop, VII:2. The haiku as submitted to the workshop:

a ship’s horn
blowing to the nightmountain
sounding a soft stone echo

CONTEST REMINDER: Mya Pasek Haiku Award deadline March 16, 1984. Details in Frogpond VII:3. SASE for information to Pasek Award, P.O. Box 31064, St. Louis, MO 63131.

THANKS: My thanks to Barbara Gurwitz for cover art for the preceding issue of Frogpond, VII:3; and to Gary Ray for the cover art for this issue.

ESL

CHAPBOOKS:
Listing of the new haiku chapbooks which have been received by Frogpond is for information only, and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor by the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

abandoned outport by nick avis, available from author at P.O. Box 682, Corner Brook, Nfld., Canada A2H 6G1; 1984, $2. (Can.) or in exchange “for any signed work by an author.”

One Man’s Moon: 50 haiku by Bashō, Buson, Issa, Hakuin, Shiki, Santoka, Versions by Cid Corman, Gnomon Press, P.O. Box 106, Frankfort, KY 40602; 1984, $5. paper, $25. cloth ltd. ed.

Tzintzuntzan by Margarita Mondrus Engle, available from author at 53205 Avenida Carranza, La Quinta, CA 92253; 1984, $3.00.


*Slicing Eggplant* by Phyllis S. Prestia, High/Coo Press, Route #1, Battle Ground, IN 47920; 1984, $3.50 paper, $10. cloth.

*Moon Climbing: Haiku, And Other Poems* by Robert Smith, S.F.O. Available from author at 62 N. Hebbron, Salinas, CA 93905 in return for a donation which goes toward the Catholic Worker de Junipero Serra project of feeding the hungry in Salinas.

*The Land of Six Seasons*, edited by Roger Verran, Gualala Arts, Inc., P.O. Box 244, Gualala, CA 95445; 1983, $5.95. Haiku by 12 Gualala area poets.

*October Rain on My Window* by Nina W. Wicker, Honeybrook Press. Available from author at 4318 Minter School Road, Sanford, NC 27330. 1984, $4.95.

*Waterfall* by Virginia Brady Young, Timberline Press, P.O. Box 327, Fulton, MO 65251. $5.00. plus 75¢ postage/handling per book.

*Haiku* by Zolo. Poems, meditations, ink drawings. Available from author at 30 Topaz Place, Stratford, CT 06497. $15. Cover an original signed painting.

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TO HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
MEMBERS/SUBSCRIBERS/FRIENDS

As you all know, HSA dues are for the calendar year. They become payable as of January 1, 1985. Prompt payment will make it possible to plan for the entire year and will help ensure funding for the four issues of *Frogpond* in 1985. Donations are always welcome and are tax-deductible.

Dues should go directly to treasurer Ross Kremer at RD 2, Box 609, Ringoes, NJ 08551.

My gratitude goes to all of you for the support you have given me as I took over editorship of *Frogpond*. I appreciate your submissions, your suggestions and comments, and your patience. May the coming holiday season bring many haiku moments.

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Editor*

*Frogpond*