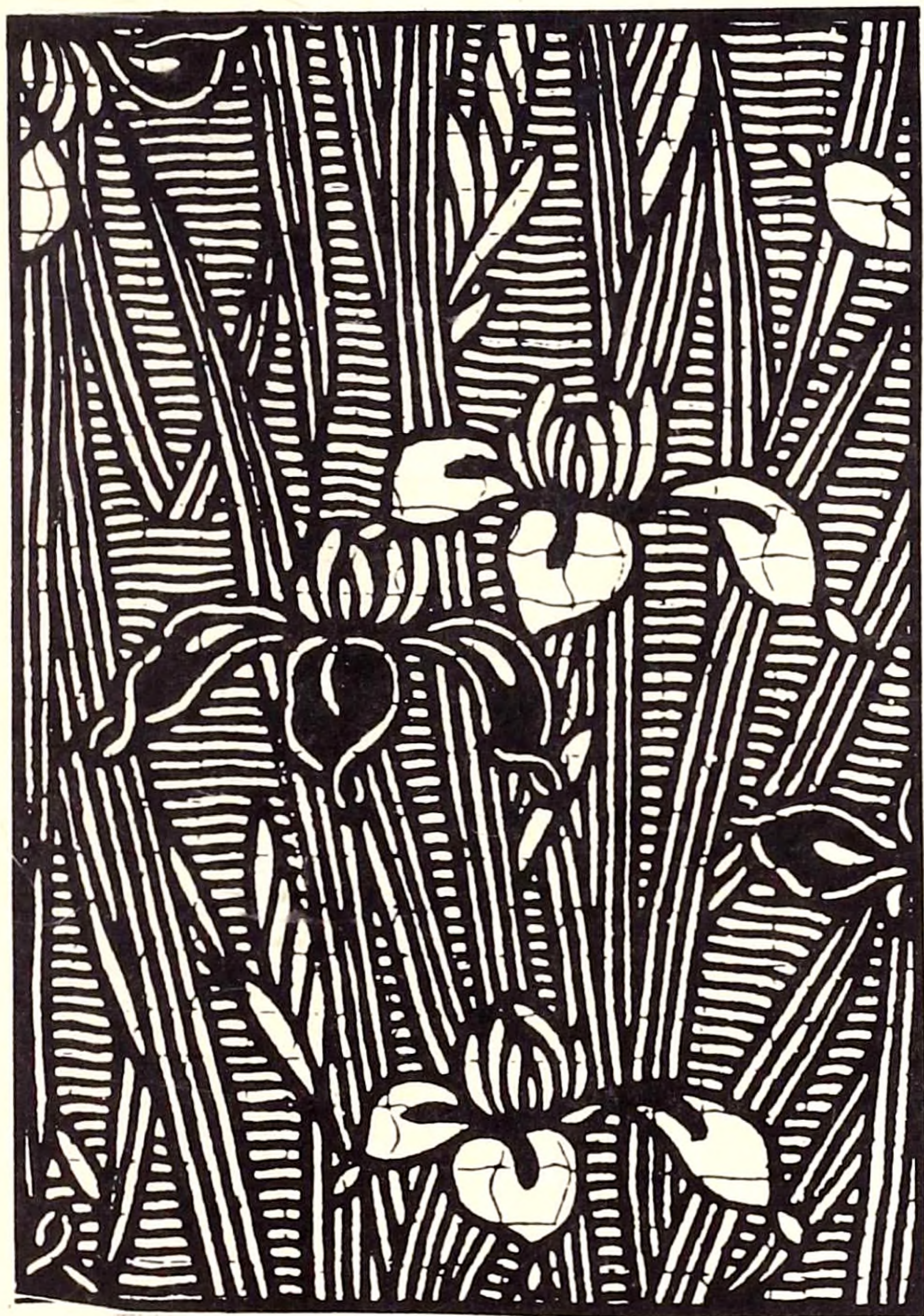


# frogpond



Volume V Number 2

Published by The Haiku Society of America





Garry Hutton  
Lanese, Maryland  
22 SEPT 82

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## frogpond

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## HAIKU AND MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

This issue was to have been a special issue on the theme “Haiku and Modern American Poetry”, meaning it was to explore how haiku has influenced modern American poetry and poets, and to size-up haiku’s place in the history of American poetry so far to date. My apologies—a number of promised articles did not come in so this issue can be no more than a teasing introduction to the topic. Apparently everyone has had a busy summer (though I must take responsibility for one article), but when more articles do come in they will be blended into future issues.

Several reasons exist for considering this topic. First, as this is the form we write in, it is important to know something of its history. Although the history of haiku in Japan has been well covered, most notably by R.H. Blyth and Makoto Ueda, little has been done on the history of haiku on *this* continent.

The only exception is Elizabeth Searle Lamb’s four part essay “A History of Western Haiku” (*Cicada* Vol. 3, Nos. 1-4), however this is written from the limited perspective of the haiku community looking backward to see where it has come from. For example, in considering Pound and the Imagists (—the first group of major writers to take an interest in haiku, and even to write some verses as imagistic exercises), Lamb merely comments “they had little insight into the spirit of haiku” and quickly dismisses them as “none of the Imagists pursued the haiku in any serious way” (both quotes are from *Cicada* Vol 3, No. 1, p. 4). In considering the haiku of the beat poets, Lamb down plays their importance as “none of them used haiku as more than a footnote to other work” (from *Cicada* Vol 3, No. 1, p. 7). This is an ethnocentric attitude, unfortunately common to the haiku movement.

Rather than criticizing the beats for not being primarily interested in haiku, a serious, objective examination of the history of haiku should begin here by asking “What place in their literary endeavors did haiku have?” and “What does this mean?” If it was ‘secondary’ could it be that our American consciousness can not be satisfied by short poems alone, or, conversely, by longer literary forms alone? Such questions need to be asked if we are to justify the value of haiku to the literary world, and win our place in it.

A second reason for considering this topic—a more political and perhaps controversial one—is to breakdown some of the barriers between the haiku movement and the literary world. It is this writer’s observation that the haiku movement is often parochial, sometimes even giving the airs that haiku is superior to other forms of poetry. For example, in Eric Amann’s influential book *The Wordless Poem* Amann gives a harsh attack on what he calls “Western poetry” (and thereby praises haiku), however he only cites pre-20th century poets! No mention is made of 20th century poets who were reacting against the same things in 19th century poetry as Amann was. Furthermore, some haiku magazines accept haiku only from subscribers. Theoretically then a Noble Prize winner couldn’t get published unless he subscribed! Such parochialism is useless and can only serve to isolate the haiku movement, and turn it into a clique with a very limited readership. This is not, I believe, what we want.

This writer would like to see haiku become a recognized, accepted and lasting part of our literary world and consciousness. And it is this writer’s opinion that to do this three things must be done: (1) we have to examine the history of haiku in this country to see what forces are operating here (—need it be pointed out that in Japan haiku has always had to fight its reputation of being a low comic verse), (2) we will have to assert and intelligently argue the value and importance of haiku in the literary world, and (3) we have, of course, to write verse worthy of recognition.



It is hoped that this issue can begin to show that haiku has in fact already held a place in modern American poetry. In his original, scholarly article William Higginson presents the accomplished haiku by some well-acknowledged black writers (see text). Similarly, Barbara Ungar gives a fine presentation of Jack Kerouac, arguably the first English-language haiku poet worth recognition. Reznikoff represents a curio to the history of haiku. As Geoffrey O'Brien points out, he was writing haiku-like verses before any translations of haiku were available. Could this instance of parallelism indicate there is already within our literary consciousness a desire for a short poem? In an introduction to a book brief poems he once edited (*The Sea and The Honeycomb*, 1966), Robert Bly argued that as 3/4 of our emotions are brief emotions we need a brief from of poetry to correspond.

Beside those who have written haiku themselves, haiku may have had influence on modern American Poetry in other ways as well. Sorting out the influence of haiku from that of Chinese and Japanese poetry in general may not always be possible, but Earl Miner claims that Pound picked up and used haiku's techniques of juxtaposition ("Pound, Haiku and Image," *Hudson Review*, Vol. IX, Winter 1956-57), pp. 570-584). But in the long run it may be as Robert Creeley claims—it was the *idea* of haiku which had the most influence. Exactly how so needs further study.

It is far too early to draw any meaningful conclusions about haiku and modern American poetry, but it is hoped that this issue can be a beginning step and will indicate the wealth of material in, and importance of, the topic. Finally I'd like to thank all the contributors to this issue and give a special thanks to Etheridge Knight for his joyous statement, "To me, to sing the haiku the american way is a beautiful thing."

—Bruce Kennedy



## AFRO-AMERICAN HAIKU

William J. Higginson

Two main groups of Americans have written haiku for publication. The largest of them can loosely be called the "haiku movement", and dominates the many magazines devoted primarily to haiku in English. These magazines have basically ignored work by the second group of Americans writing haiku: the well known, even major, authors who have experimented in the genre.

Among the important American authors occasionally writing haiku, some Afro-Americans have contributed outstanding examples. I have selected a few by Richard Wright, Robert Hayden, Julius Lester, and Etheridge Knight for this article.

Richard Wright, best known for his novel *Native Son* and an autobiography, *Black Boy*, wrote many haiku during an illness in the last year or so of his life. He says in a letter that he wrote some 4,000 attempts. Shortly before his death in 1960 he sifted them down to a manuscript of about 800 which he sent to his publisher, who returned them.<sup>1</sup> They have not yet, so far as I know, been published as a collection.

I have located twenty-five unique haiku by Wright, quoted in journalistic and scholarly articles and in biographies; all but two of these also appear in the *Richard Wright Reader*.<sup>2</sup> The small percentage of Wright's haiku which I have seen tends to be sombre, as one might expect of a sick person's writings. They also lean toward subjectivity; here is an extreme example:

I would like a bell  
Tolling in this soft twilight  
Over willow trees

Some of Wright's haiku have the humor of senryu, though sadness may predominate for many readers, as in this one:

The dog's violent sneeze  
Fails to rouse a single fly  
On his mangy back



Wright's best haiku, however, go straight to the mark, with a lightness that would have pleased Basho, and a sense of visual delight or mystery which Buson or Issa could have enjoyed:

Coming from the woods  
A bull has a lilac sprig  
Dangling from a horn

Just enough of rain  
To bring the smell of silk  
From umbrellas

One of Wright's more striking haiku seems at first simply a joyous winter scene:

In the falling snow  
A laughing boy holds out his palms  
Until they are white

But when we reflect that the author is an Afro-American, one well known for his strong polemics against racism, we guess that these are the pink palms of a "black" boy. Michel Fabre, author of a biography of Wright and scholarly articles on his work, says of this poem:

If the boy is black, his joy in touching the immaculately white flakes is perhaps accompanied by a desire to be like them, like his palms which are lighter than the rest of his body. Hence the somewhat pathetic quality of the poem read as an attempt by the boy to forget his blackness.

Some of us may know of children who drank bleach, trying to make their skin lighter in color. Fabre continues:



The effect is entirely different if the snow is seen as a symbol of fundamental human equality, in that everyone, covered with snow, is the same color.<sup>3</sup>

Richard Wright wrote all of his hundreds of haiku a few months before his death in 1960. By the mid-1960's another distinguished Afro-American writer, the scholar and poet Robert Hayden, found haiku to his liking. A few appear under the title "Approximations" in his *Selected Poems* of 1966, and may have been written and published elsewhere earlier. The following pair from this group demonstrates both the care for meaning in human terms and the exquisite control of form that characterize all of Hayden's work:

In the dead of winter  
wept beside your open grave.  
Falling snow.

Not sunflowers, not  
roses, but rocks in patterned  
sand grow here. And bloom<sup>4</sup>

The first of these observes the frequently mentioned "line-unity" of most traditional Japanese haiku; the first linebreak shows the natural pause of the speaking voice. In the second example Hayden breaks lines in seemingly illogical places, much as Buson and other Japanese haiku poets occasionally place a *kireji* in the middle of their haiku. As in the classical Japanese models, the unexpected shift dramatizes the pauses which the formal structure forces into the poem. This gives the whole poem a breathless quality—one that accords well with the profound awe it expresses.

In his 1972 collection, *The Night-Blooming Cereus*, Hayden includes a sequence of three haiku that rivals any sequence I have seen in the haiku magazines for range of technique, for sharpness of image, and for drama:

Smelt Fishing<sup>5</sup>



I  
In the cold spring night  
the smelt are spawning. Sportsmen  
fevered crowd the lake.

Here the dampness and cold of the spring night contrast vividly with the heat of the animal activity—two kinds of animals.

II  
Thin snow scatters on  
the wind, melting as it falls.  
Cries for help for light.

Now the cold and the dampness deepen, as thick snowflakes land. Something has gone suddenly wrong—a commotion of fishermen's cries through the wind-blown, wet snow.

III  
Who is he night-  
waters entangle, reclaim?  
Blank fish-eyes.

It is over. Someone has gone under the water, and remains there. The lyrical voice of the poet intrudes, and is summarily met with the calm indifference of nature, in the clipped sounds and the image at once common and macabre: "Blank fish-eyes."

While Robert Hayden was writing and publishing his own haiku, he also included the haiku of another prominent Afro-American writer, Julius Lester, in his anthology *Kaleidoscope: Poems by American Negro Poets*.<sup>6</sup> In his introductory note to Lester's poems Hayden says:

The following poems, published for the first time, are close in spirit . . . to the three-line Japanese haiku, for which Julius Lester seems to have a particular affinity.



As we got  
Closer, the  
Rainbow disappeared.

As the example shows, Lester's haiku are a bit less traditional in form than Hayden's. But Lester also is a master of the enjambed line, which here forces snappy—disappearing?—rhythm on the whole poem.

Lester worked with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee during the 1960's, and may have helped Stokely Carmichael write some of his speeches. For Lester, a civil rights worker, son of a minister, folksinger, lover of European Baroque and Classical music, author of the well know book *To Be a Slave* and photographer as well as writer,<sup>7</sup> the following image must hold special meaning:

Around the church—  
A barbed-wire fence.

Lester is also capable of senryu's poignantly touching humor, as in this example:

The man who tried to  
Kill himself Saturday—  
I saw him tonight.

Julius Lester fought for the full rights of his brothers and sisters; Etheridge Knight fought against the twin oppressions of drugs and jail. While in prison Knight began to write poems, encouraged by Gwendolyn Brooks. When he emerged late in 1968 he had already sent his first book, *Poems from Prison*,<sup>8</sup> "outside". This book includes a small selection of haiku among other poems on life inside and recollections of life on the street. For instance:

Under moon shadows  
A tall boy flashes knife and  
Slices star bright ice.



The piano man  
is stingy at 3 A.M.  
his songs drop like plum.

Generally I dislike metaphor and simile in haiku. But the associations here carry the mood deeper as I uncover each one: The plumb bob points to absolute “down”. Plums, when they fall, hit with a solid “thunk”—they do not bounce and roll as much as most other fruit. “Plum” is a darker blue than “the blues”. And so on.

Another haiku by Knight, published much later, is entitled “The Penal Farm”:

The wire fence is tall.  
The lights in the prison barracks  
Flick off, one by one.

Here the image of the tall fence looms over the mind in increasing darkness.

Richard Wright was a major novelist and commentator on the experience of Afro-American and African peoples. Robert Hayden was perhaps the most scholarly and formally accomplished of the many poets deeply committed to mutual understanding among the races who became well known in the 1960's. Julius Lester worked at the heart of the Civil Rights Movement, and is an important chronicler of the intersections of Afro- and Euro-American history. Etheridge Knight wrote his way up out of the living hells of the Korean War, heroin addiction, and eight years in the prison to share platforms and read his poems all across the country with Gwendolyn Brooks, Galway Kinnell, and Gerald Stern.

For each of these writers the haiku forms a very small, almost innocuous portion of their whole works. The range and impact of their writing would hardly be diminished if their haiku disappeared. But the range and impact of the “haiku movement” in English has been seriously diminished by the absence of their work from our consideration. I hope this article will help to begin the process of incorporating the haiku of these and other major American writers into our still too-narrow view of haiku.<sup>9</sup>



## NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Michel Fabre, *The Unfinished Quest of Richard Wright*, translated by Isabel Barzun (NY: William Morrow, 1973), pp. 505-509.

<sup>2</sup>Edited by Ellen Wright [Richard's wife] and Michel Fabre (NY: Harper & Row, 1978), pp. 251-254. All of Wright's haiku in this article are from this source. See also: Michel Fabre, *The Unfinished Quest* (cited above), pp. 506-523; Constance Webb, *Richard Wright: A Biography* (NY: Putnam, 1968), pp. 393-394, 400; Michel Fabre, "The Poetry of Richard Wright", *Studies in Black Literature, I, 3 (Autumn 1970)*, 10-22; Ollie Harrington, "The Last Days of Richard Wright", *Ebony*, February 16, 1961, 83-94. I am indebted to Bruce Kennedy for discovering these last two references and obtaining copies of them for me. Webb's biography and Fabre's "The Poetry of Richard Wright" each contain one haiku not found in the *Richard Wright Reader*. Note that Webb quotes four haiku in formats and/or punctuation differing from that in the other sources. Webb also speaks of "a slim book of haiku poetry which [Wright] read over and over" (pp. 386-87), while Fabre says that Wright "borrowed the four volumes by R.H. Blyth on the art of haiku in order to systematically learn the complex rules of its composition" (*The Unfinished Quest*, p. 505).

<sup>3</sup>*The Unfinished Quest*, p. 506.

<sup>4</sup>Reprinted in Robert Hayden, *Angle of Ascent: New and Selected Poems* (NY: Liveright, 1975), p. 83.

<sup>5</sup>Reprint in *Angle of Ascent*, p. 30.

<sup>6</sup>(NY: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967), pp. 224-225, my source for all of Lester's haiku which follow.

<sup>7</sup>Much of this information is from personal comments by Julius Lester which I heard listening to his live-radio programs on WBAI-FM, New York, ca. 1970-1976.

<sup>8</sup>(Detroit: Broadside Press, 1968), pp. 18-19; however, I am quoting all of his haiku from *Born of a Woman*, appear in his *Belly Song and Other Poems* (Detroit: Broadside Press, 1973).

<sup>9</sup>I would be especially pleased to have more information on haiku by major Afro-American writers and others of African descent. Please write to William J. Higginson, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023.



## JACK KEROUACK AS HAIKU POET

by Barbara Ungar

Although Jack Kerouac did not consider himself a poet, he was one of the first Americans to write haiku. I would like to take a look here at some of these haiku, which have been largely ignored in the critical work on him.

Kerouac was familiar with the Japanese masters and had a good understanding of the haiku form. In his *Explanatory Note to Some Western Haikus* he also proposed a way to write haiku in Western languages:

The "Haiku was invented and developed over hundreds of years in Japan to be a complete poem in seventeen syllables and to pack in a whole vision of life in three short lines. A "Western Haiku" need not concern itself with the seventeen syllables since Western languages cannot adapt themselves to the fluid syllabic Japanese. I propose that "Western Haiku" simply say a lot in three short lines in any Western language.

Above all, a Haiku must be very simple and free of all poetic trickery and make a little picture and yet be as airy and graceful as a Vivaldi Pastorella. Here is a great Japanese Haiku that is simpler and prettier than any Haiku I could ever write in any language:

A day of quiet gladness,—  
Mount Fuji is veiled  
in misty rain.  
-Basho<sup>1</sup>

Kerouac once said that he was a serious Buddhist, not a Zen Buddhist, stating that "the part of Zen that influenced me is that part contained in the haiku."<sup>2</sup> His life was generally unhappy; to him the most important tenet of Buddhism was, Life is Suffering. His haiku reveal an extreme sensitivity to the weak: children, animals, growing things, the unfortunate. A quality of tender sadness mixes with earth humor in some of his haiku brings Issa to mind. For example:



Shall I say no?  
-fly rubbing  
Its back legs

This is quite similar to the following haiku by Issa:

Don't strike	yare utsu na
the fly! He wrings his hands!	hae ga te wo suru
He wrings his feet!	ashi wo suru

Or Kerouac again:

In my medicine cabinet  
the winter fly  
has died of old age.

In these two haiku, Kerouac identifies immediately and directly with the fly; they have the ring of true feeling. It is this ability of Kerouac's to experience directly, to enter the essence of an object or a moment, which makes his poems haiku, where earlier Imagist attempts failed.

Kerouac was not concerned with any technique in writing haiku, but at times seems to use instinctively certain techniques of the Japanese haiku poets. For example, there is internal comparison in the following haiku:

Evening coming—  
the office girl  
unloosing her scarf

Night's vastness is both contained in and contrasted to a small gesture: the tame life of an ordinary office girl is opposed to night's wildness, at the same time as her response to the coming evening makes her part of it.

Where Kerouac knew of the *ki-go* convention or not, he sometimes uses seasonal references to create moods, as he uses the time of day in the poem above. The uncanny effect of this haiku



depends upon the season words:

The summer chair  
    rocking by itself  
In the blizzard

On one of Kerouac's many cross-country drives, this one with two friends, Albert Saijo and Lew Welch, the three collaborated to write a book called *TRIP TRAP: Haiku along the Road from San Francisco to New York 1959*. Although it is not a very polished piece, which I hesitate to call haibun, it is nevertheless fascinating to compare this slim book to Basho's *Oku no Hosomichi*, or *Narrow Roads to the Deep North*. Both are poetic diaries written in a mixture of haiku and prose, relating the course of a journey. Basho and Kerouac have some similarities: both rejected the standard values of their societies for a wandering life of poverty and a mystical-religious awareness. Their similarities in temperament and situation show through the obvious outer differences in the cultures through which the two wandered. Basho traveled by foot or horse through rural areas carrying stick and cotton bag, covering 1,500 miles in 160 days. Kerouac hopped freights, hitch-hiked, took Greyhound buses, or, in this case, drove non-stop across industrialized America in a few short days. What they had in common was a desire for the process of motion itself, and a special awareness, which Lew Welch describes in his introduction piece to *TRIP TRAP* as an awareness of

The little magic ways of this planet going on mostly unnoticed by all us worried humans. But on this trip we noticed and knew and were calmed by it.<sup>3</sup>

Here is one effective haiku from *TRIP TRAP* which illustrates that extra-sensitivity:

A herd of browsing  
    cattle  
One calf runs



Many haiku in *TRIP TRAP* have a uniquely American feeling, created by the use of place names, the naming of animals or planets, the sense of travel across huge expanses of open land. Kerouac uses places in the United States to create a mood much as Japanese haiku poets use season words or references to well-known shrines, towns, mountains, etc.

The trees, already  
bent in the windless  
Oklahoma plain

The name Oklahoma conjures up vast empty stretches; the trees, tiny points of stillness in the sweeping plain, create internal comparison and a feeling of solitude and melancholy. Trees live, suffer, and grow bent as humans do. Moreover, the trees are “already bent” without the logical cause, the wind: trees do not bend *because* of the wind—it makes as much sense to say that the wind blows because the trees bend.

Kerouac delighted in the a-logically of Zen, and the simple element of fun sometimes takes over. The haiku quoted above are two of the more coherent and traditional pieces in the book. These are not fully representative. As Kerouac stated later,

A sentence that’s short and sweet with a sudden jump of thought is a kind of haiku. and there’s a lot of freedom and fun in surprising yourself with that, let the mind willy-nilly jump from the branch to the bird.<sup>4</sup>

The playfulness frequently gets carried away. For example, a haiku begins a short sequence which degenerates quickly:

The windmills of  
Oklahoma look  
In every direction



Radio antenna in  
Texas are hard to see,  
Said the cow

When a cow is puking  
in Oklahoma,  
a cow is resting in Nebraska

This is hardly great poetry, by any definition. To sum up the comparison with Basho's poetic diary, Kerouac's is simply not that serious. Haiku was not a way of life to him; it was not a form which could satisfy him fully, though it was one which he loved.

What appealed most to Kerouac and the Beats about Zen and haiku were a-logicality, humor, earthiness, and childlike simplicity. These are the elements that come out most forcefully in their writing, as in *TRIP TRAP*. They aim for energy and life in their work rather than any criterion of stylistic beauty or elegance. And they are not afraid to shock, if it will startle the reader into new and fresh perception. As Kerouac makes clear in the introduction to his *Scattered Poems*:

*The new American poetry as typified by the SF Renaissance (which means Ginsberg, me, Rexroth, Ferlinghetti, McClure, Corso, Gary Snyder, Philip Lamantia, Philip Whalen, I guess) is kind of new-old Zen Lunacy poetry, writing whatever comes into your head as it comes, poetry returned to its origin, in the bardic child, truly ORAL as Ferling said, instead of gray faced Academic quibbling. Poetry & prose had for long time fallen into the false hands of the false. These new pure poets confess forth for the sheer joy of confession. They are CHILDREN. They are also childlike graybeard Homers singing in the street. They SING, they SWING. It is diametrically opposed to the Eliot shot, who so dismally advises his dreary negative rules like the objective correlative, etc. which is just a lot of constipation and ultimately emasculation of the pure masculine urge to freely sing. I could say lots more but ain't got time or sense. But SF is the poetry of a new Holy Lunacy like that of ancient times (Li Po, Hanshan, Tom O Bedlam, Kit Smart, Blake) yet it also has that mental discipline typified by the haiku (Basho, Buson), that is the discipline of pointing out things directly, purely, concretely, no*



*abstractions or explanations, wham wham the true blue song of man.*<sup>5</sup>

Kerouac wrote his novels by attaching a roll of teletype paper to his typewriter so that he would not have to stop to change sheets, then letting loose at eighty or ninety words per minute. He would not revise a syllable, outside of editorial changes dictated by a publisher. Of himself and Neal Cassady, the hero of *On The Road*, he says, "we both got the secret of LINGO in telling a tale and figured that was the only way to express the speed and tension and ecstatic tomfoolery of the age. . . ."<sup>6</sup>

When writing haiku, however, he made an exception to this practice.

Haiku is best reworked and revised. I know, I tried. It has to be completely economical, no foliage and flowers and language rhythm, it has to be a simple little picture in three little lines. At least that's the way the old masters did it, spending months on three little lines and coming up say with:

In the abandoned boat  
The hail  
bounces about.

That's Shiki.<sup>7</sup>

We can infer that haiku was very special to Kerouac, especially as he wrote his "regular English verse" like his prose, rapidly and without revision. His prose and verse were meant to express his age, and so were written in a rush as he lived in a rush. His haiku expressed that part of him which wanted to escape that age and find release from the eternal coming and going in a kind of Buddhist repose. His haiku described the rare moments when Kerouac transcended the running and felt deeply the nature of this fleeting world. But this peace never lasted, and haiku remained a secondary art form to him.

The so-called San Francisco Renaissance has long subsided, and the poets Kerouac named as its members are well-established, not to say Establishment, poets. Kerouac, however, is remembered on-



ly for his wonderfully lively rendering of the fifties in America in his novels, especially *On The Road*, and is credited with naming the Beat Generation. His poetry, including haiku, is largely forgotten. However, in an interview in *The Paris Review* in 1966, when asked what's happened in poetry now, Allen Ginsberg replies that he thinks that Kerouac is still the best poet in America. The interviewer, skeptical, asks, "You don't mean Kerouac's prose?" and Ginsberg responds,

No, I'm talking about just a pure poet. . . he has the one sign of being a great poet, which is he's the only one in the United States who knows how to write haikus. The only one who's written any good haikus. And everybody's been writing haikus. There are all these *dreary* haikus written by people who think for weeks trying to write a haiku, and finally come up with some dull little thing or something. Whereas Kerouac thinks in haikus, every time he writes anything—talks that way and thinks that way. So it's just natural for him. It's something Snyder noticed. Snyder has to labor for years in a Zen monastery to produce one haiku about shitting off a log! And actually does get one or two good ones. Snyder was always astounded by Kerouac's facility. . . at noticing winter flies dying of old age in his medicine chest. Medicine cabinet. "In my medicine cabinet/the winter flies/died of old age" . . .

Those are as far as I can see the only real American haikus. So the haiku is the most difficult test. He's the only *master* of the haiku.<sup>8</sup>

#### FOOTNOTES

1. Jack Kerouac, *Scattered Poems* (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1971), p. 69.
2. Ted Berrigan Interviews Jack Kerouac, "The Art of Fiction" *The Paris Review*, 43 (1968), pp. 84-85.



ack Kerouac, Albert Saijo and Lew Welch, *TRIP TRAP: Iaiiku along the Road from San Francisco to New York* (Berkeley, California: Grey Fox Press, 1973), p. 18.

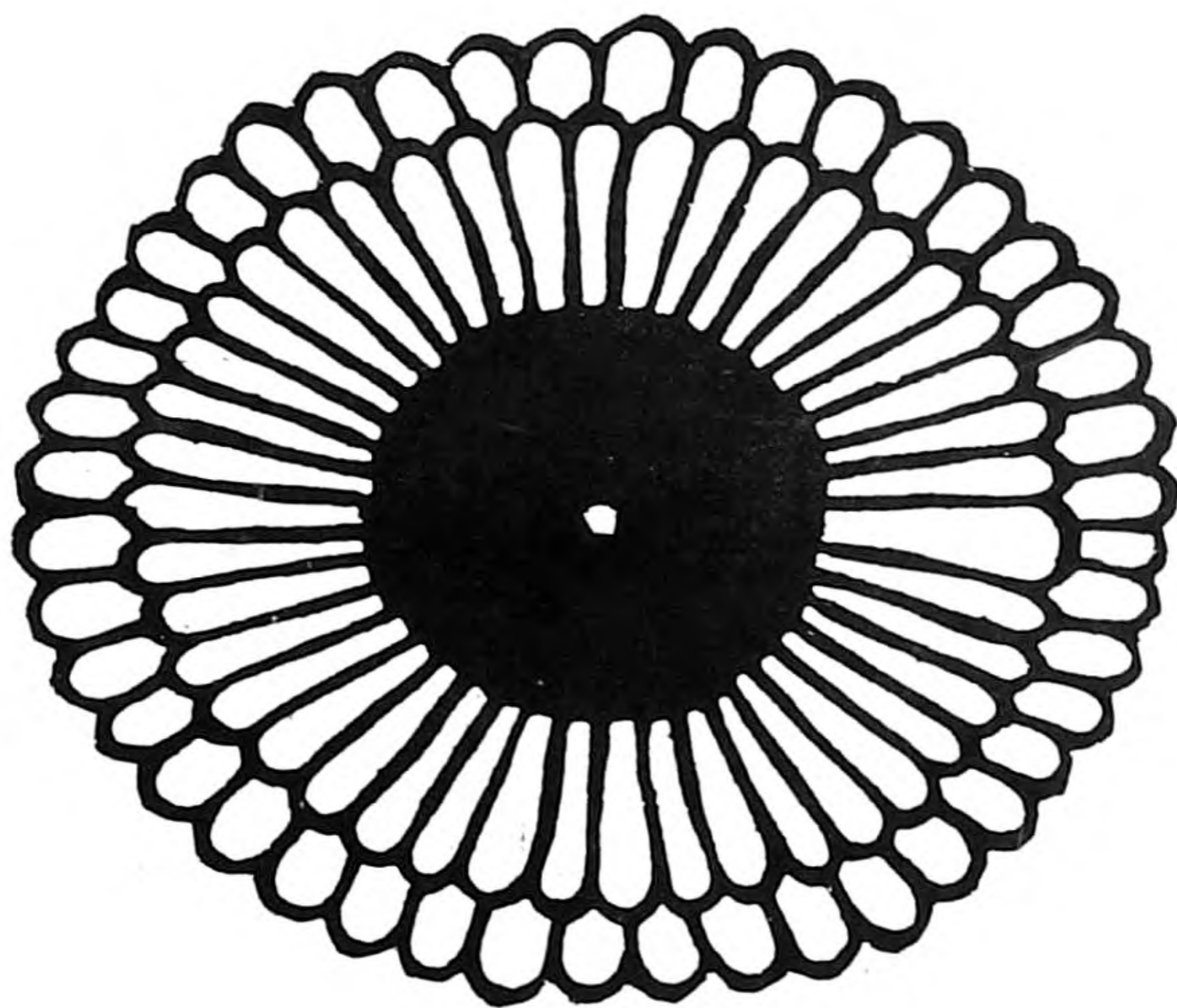
*The Paris Review*, 43(1968), p. 85.

ack Kerouac, *Scattered Poems*, Introduction.

*The Paris Review*, 43 (1968), p. 66.

bid., p. 74.

interview with Allen Ginsberg, *The Paris Review*, 37 (Winter, 1966), pp. 52-53.



Erratum: "Back Kerouac as Haiku Poet" first appeared in a slightly longer form in *Haiku in English* by Barbara Ungar, Stanford Honors Essay in Humanities, no. 21, Stanford, CA, copyrighted 1978. Re-



ly for his wonderfully lively rendering of the fifties in America in his novels, especially *On The Road*, and is credited with naming the Beat Generation. His poetry, including haiku, is largely forgotten. However, in an interview in *The Paris Review* in 1966, when asked what's happened in poetry now, Allen Ginsberg replies that he thinks that Kerouac is still the best poet in America. The interviewer, skeptical, asks, "You don't mean Kerouac's prose?" and Ginsberg responds,

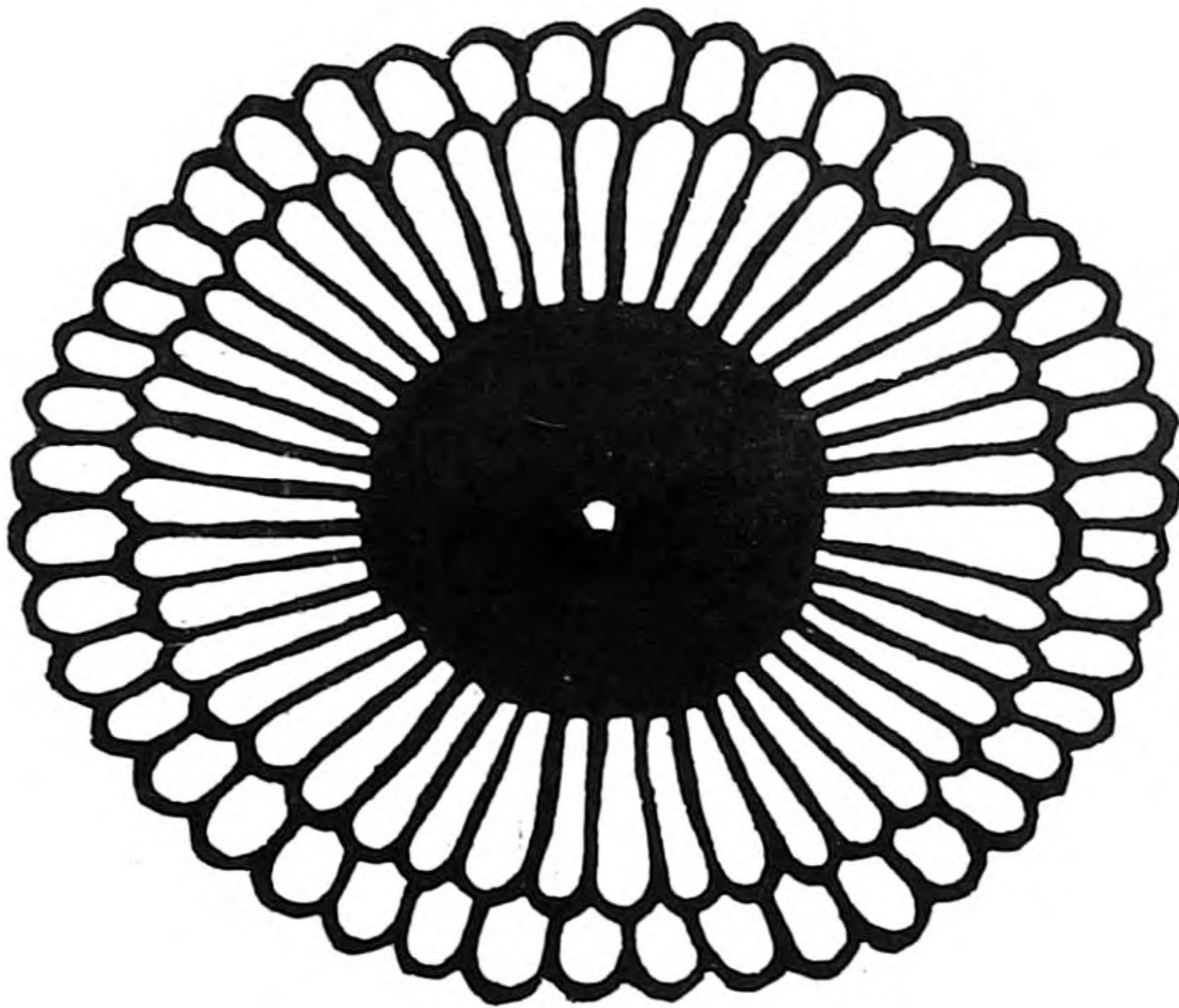
No, I'm talking about just a pure poet. . . he has the one sign of being a great poet, which is he's the only one in the United States who knows how to write haikus. The only one who's written any good haikus. And everybody's been writing haikus. There are all these *dreary* haikus written by people who think for weeks trying to write a haiku, and finally come up with some dull little thing or something. Whereas Kerouac thinks in haikus, every time he writes anything—talks that way and thinks that way. So it's just natural for him. It's something Snyder noticed. Snyder has to labor for years in a Zen monastery to produce one haiku about shitting off a log! And actually does get one or two good ones. Snyder was always astounded by Kerouac's facility. . . at noticing winter flies dying of old age in his medicine chest. Medicine cabinet. "In my medicine cabinet/the winter flies/died of old age" . . .

Those are as far as I can see the only real American haikus. So the haiku is the most difficult test. He's the only *master* of the haiku.<sup>8</sup>

#### FOOTNOTES

1. Jack Kerouac, *Scattered Poems* (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1971), p. 69.
2. Ted Berrigan Interviews Jack Kerouac, "The Art of Fiction" *The Paris Review*, 43 (1968), pp. 84-85.

3. Jack Kerouac, Albert Saijo and Lew Welch, *TRIP TRAP: Haiku along the Road from San Francisco to New York* (Bolinas, California: Grey Fox Press, 1973), p. 18.
4. *The Paris Review*, 43(1968), p. 85.
5. Jack Kerouac, *Scattered Poems*, Introduction.
6. *The Paris Review*, 43 (1968), p. 66.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 74.
8. Interview with Allen Ginsberg, *The Paris Review*, 37 (Winter, 1966), pp. 52-53.





## CHARLES REZNIKOFF: A DIFFICULT SIMPLICITY

by Geoffrey O'Brien

If the poetry of Charles Reznikoff (1894-1976) displays a kinship with haiku, it is not so much the result of intention as of arriving at the same goal by parallel routes. None of his poems quite fits the classical haiku form, and those that approach it most obviously, e.g.

About an excavation  
a flock of bright red lanterns  
has settled.

are equally indebted to the brevities of the Imagists and to the pioneering Oriental renditions of Ezra Pound and Arthur Waley. Reznikoffs' radically simple poetic style—which would in turn exercise a crucial influence on the Objectivists poets Louis Zukofsky and George Oppen—had been shaped long before the appearance of Harold Henderson's *The Bamboo Broom* (1933), the first major English presentation of haiku. His earliest poems, self-published in 1918, are already marked by simplicity of diction, brevity, uncomplicated syntax, and an eye for sharp isolated visual details:

My work done, I lean on the window-sill,  
watching the dripping trees.  
The rains is over, the wet pavement shines.  
From the bare twigs  
rows of drops like shining buds are hanging.

Each of the sentences that make up the poem is self-sufficient, a bit separate from the others, potentially a poem in itself; their grouping—at once connected and disconnected—makes a world. Reznikoff is most haikulike in his respect for the integrity of the thing seen, its existence apart from the poet. Even when he makes a metaphor of it, there is no escaping its tactile reality. Physical perception is the bedrock of his poetry; the other layers—of aphorism, chronicle, prayer—return to that in the end.

Far outweighing Ezra Pound or Tu Fu as an influence is the Hebrew Bible; it is the Book of Proverbs that echoes in such a poem as

Words like drops of water on a stove—  
a hiss and gone.

To be aptly sententious, to encompass the universe in a pithy saying, is an ancient although increasing rare ambition of Western literature. But here the ineluctable presence of the hiss spitting out in the middle, and then the vast unsibilant emptiness when it is gone, make this something other than a maxim set on two lines. Except for the two introductory words which establish the intellectual equation as lucidly as possible, it is a moment of life on the most elemental level.

Reznikoff wrote in a variety of forms, including the long documentary collages *Testimony* and *Holocaust* and the verse playlets of *In Memoriam: 1933*, but most typically he employed brief lyrical forms, often grouping short units into such comfortably loose sequences as “Autobiography: New York” and “Autobiography: Hollywood”, sequences which do not rise toward a climax or seek an overall symbolic meaning but rather collect a series of powerful moments related only by their position in the author’s experience. The emotions are muted but wide-ranging, as in

I like the sound of the street—  
but I, apart and alone,  
behind an open window  
and behind a closed door.

or the one-line poem “The Bridge”:

In a cloud bones of steel.

or this quietly terrifying entry from “Epitaphs”:



A brown oak leaf  
scraping the sidewalk  
frightened me.

When asked about method in a 1973 interview, Reznikoff quoted the Chinese poet Mei T'ai: "Poetry presents the thing in order to convey the feeling. It should be precise about the thing and reticent about the feeling." This certainly harmonizes with the practice of a Basho or a Buson. On another level Reznikoff demonstrates an affinity with the ideals of haiku through this profound modesty, his sense of the anonymity of poetry. At the edges his work merges with a substratum of ancient impersonal utterance. As he remarked in the same interview: "What is important is what is said. . . . In the Old Testament perhaps the greatest of all the prophets is the man called the Second Isaiah. Nobody knows who he was, and it isn't important. Suppose we knew his name—what does it matter? What does matter, if anything matters, is what he said. And that's true of everything. So all these things here, this pile of my books. . . . in a few years the name is just a name. What matters, if anything matters, is what has been written."

Note: The poems of Charles Reznikoff are quoted from *The Complete Poems of Charles Reznikoff* (2 vols.), edited by Seamus Cooney, Black Sparrow Press, 1976/77. The interview quoted originally appeared in *Montemora* 2.

## A STATEMENT FROM ETHERIDGE KNIGHT

I first/got/familiar with haiku thru Gwen Brooks who/used/ to visit me when I/was/in/prison (this/was/way/before “poets-in-the-Prisons” and/other/such programs. Anyways—she’s one of my “Teachers”—my “womentor”). She brought/me/a coupla/ books by some/old/Japanese haiku poets. She later/on/told me why—(And, I have/since/come to see for myself): that my poems/were/too “prosy”—too filled with “abstractions” rather/ than/images and concepts, the old/new concepts had to remain the old wine but put/into/new jugs. I really got into haiku when I learned (read/or/“heard” somewhere) that the “original” haiku poets/were in to haiku *primarily* as/an/oral/being and the “written” poem as secondary—as simply an/extension of the spoken word, more or less—certainly more.

From Haiku I also learned the syllabic importance of poetry: the ability to evoke (= spoken) a major metaphor containing (1) something *living*, a sense of motion (= verb) and a sense of time (= season, night, day, noon, etc.)—all *this*—juxtaposed or interwoven an old/concept poured from a new jug. Or better yet, (when one is lucky) if the major concept is juxtaposed with a minor one, and a *new* concept is born. I see the traditional haiku in American poetry as much the same way as I see, say, Scottish bagpipes in american music. Unless the instrument and the communications coming through it within the prison of our american consciousness/historical experience, and it is rooted/grounded within the NOW, within OUR BEING, it is neither valid nor valuable. So. To me, to sing the haiku the american way is a beautiful thing.

Etheridge Knight  
January 9, 1982



## A STATEMENT FROM ROBERT CREELEY

My own involvement with haiku has never been either conscientious or deliberate—but I've certainly been very attracted to what I had as instances of this form in translation. I suppose my initial presumption of haiku came from Pound when I was still in college, and I read his "In a Station of the Metro" as haiku, whether or not in fact it was. I must have done the same thing with much of Williams.

Then, of course, I became particular friends in the mid-50s with poets as Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen and Allen Ginsberg. Probably more to the point was the generous interest of the Japanese poet, Katue Kitasono (Pound's friend), who published work of mine in his magazine *VOU* in the early fifties and also included three of my poems in translation in a collection of his own work, saying they were very haiku-like. So I think the point is that a common interest in compressed juxtaposition of perceptions, psychological data, images, so as to demonstrate and/or make an unanticipated relation brought me into such company very persistently.

Sometime in the 60s I got the four volume edition of R.H. Blyth's translations, which I really enjoyed as much for their comfortably common tone as for any imagined accuracy. For the same reason I very much enjoy his study of Zen Buddhism and western literature.

Finally, I'd think the *idea* of a haiku is really what's had influence, not a strict adaptation of the form itself (which would be simply a didactic and wooden count of syllables, trying to force a 'form' from one language into the resistant fact of another). The latter interests me not at all whereas Allen Ginsberg's recent country western adaptation of Basho's poem (from whence came, I take it, the title of your magazine) is a pleasure indeed.

Robert Creeley  
December 26, 1981

## ON FROGS AND OTHER SMALL CREATURES

Hiroaki Sato

Matsuo Basho (1644-1694) is probably the best-known Japanese haiku poet, and of his haiku, the one about an old pond and a frog jumping in it is probably the most famous—not only in Japan, but abroad as well. I once collected English translations of this haiku—more than eighty of them as it turned out, excluding those done by my friends at my request. As an afterthought to this collection, I translated a selection of haiku on the frog and other small creatures written since Basho's time to the present. What follows is a selection from that selection.

As everyone knows, the frog in haiku literature is a *kigo*, season word; the animal is one of the many things that, when mentioned without a qualifier in haiku, represent spring. While making the selection I was struck by the fact that any collection before 1900 has a section set aside for the batrachian, but that since then the mention of this and other small animals has become more and more infrequent. The reasons for this phenomenon can only be mundane: the urbanization of modern life and the city people's increasing distaste for any living thing that is slippery and annoying. At any rate, here's the selection:

Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)

An old pond: a frog jumps in—the sound of water

Naito Joso (1662-1704)

With the strength that does not cling, a frog floats

Ochi Etsujin (1656-1739)

At daybreak, as if with difficulty, frogs croak

Yosa Buson (1716-1783)

Seated in his pavilion he listens to distant frogs during the night



Tagawa Horo (1726-1845)  
Even while not croaking the frog's throat doesn't stay idle

Murakami Kijo (1865-1938)  
A winter wasp, without a place to die, walks

Sugita Hisajo (1890-1946)  
Hair's fragrance stifling tonight, frogs croak

Kato Shuson (born 1905)  
A toad walks its shit volume out of this world powerful

Tomizawa Kakio (1902-1962)  
A snake crosses my battle-ravaged eyes

Nomiyama Asuka (1917-1970)  
Suddenly I see my corpse infested with maggots

Kaneko Toga (born 1919)  
torpedo's round belly a lizard crawled on it and left

Tagawa Hiriyoshi (born 1914)  
butterfly, as the prototype of flight, into the future

Nozawa Setsuko (born 1920)  
I carry about eyes that glisten, having seen a snake

*The above was first read at the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens on  
May 2, 1982.*

## HAIKU

Winter's end  
a bitterness remaining  
in the dried apricots

Stephen Gould

Awarded the Museum of Haiku Literature Award  
of \$25 for FROGPOND Vol. V, No. 2.

The distant foghorn  
under the sound  
the darkness trembles

Thelma Murphy

Straight down  
snow falls and falls . . .  
the silence deepens

Sandra Fuhringer



off in a hurry  
pigeons lift  
petunia petals

Frederick Gasser

I awake from  
an erotic dream  
ebb tide

George Swede

apple blossoms  
white sunshine  
buzzes

Randy Brooks

snowfall  
          climbing  
the sky

Scott L. Montgomery

a warm wind tickles the dark between my toes

Geraldine C. Little

Reading poems.  
Listening to fire engines.  
The house is gone.

Nellie Hill



slum windows:  
admiring their patterns  
from a slow-moving train

Peggy Heinrich

backs of the lettuce pickers      the heat

Roberta Stewart

another sunset  
  lighting the mountaintop  
  shading the valley

Evelyn Tooley Hunt

after the gale—  
so many things we thought  
were tied down

Paul O. Williams

Slow-moving clouds—  
the morning sun finds  
an empty place

Season

Easter Sunday ends;  
Lilies beside the pool  
gather falling dusk . . .

Barbara McCoy



on my palm  
the earthworm's mucus  
chills the spring breeze

Ruth Yarrow

only that star  
    and I  
        alone

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

Summer dusk:  
a difference in the distance  
of the meadow

Joyce Currier

Following the sun  
with my lawn chair:  
autumn afternoon

Alexis Rotella

Walking in the dark  
the nearness of yellow leaves  
and dark far beyond

Sister Mary Ann Henn

waking up to fog  
I taste the voices  
of birds

LeRoy Gorman



As I return home,  
I gaze up into the sky,  
A line of geese.

Charles Francis Carroll  
(from "Season of Love")

Chinatown butcher—  
Crates of noisy chickens  
in the fog

Linda K. Trujillo

blackbirds rise  
as if thrown by a shotgun—  
the road steams

James Van Fleet

SENRYU

gently awakened  
by an argument  
in 3-B

Dan Liebert

barbershop floor:  
my hair mingles with father's  
and grandfather's

Nick Virgilio

years of the dog:  
waiting for the new year's feast,  
my stomach growls

Jerry Kilbride



## BOOK REVIEWS

by Anna Vakar

George Swede, *THE MODERN ENGLISH HAIKU*.  
Columbine Editions, P.O. Box 277, Station "F" Dept. W,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2L7, \$6.75 pp.

Alan Gettis, *SUN FACED HAIKU MOON FACED HAIKU*.  
Vol. 1, High/Coo Press, Route #1, Battle Ground,  
IN 47920, \$1.75 pp.

George Swede, *ALL OF HER SHADOWS*, Ibid., \$1.25 pp.

Carl Mayfield, *SANDIA MOUNTAIN SEQUENCE*. Ibid.,  
\$1.25 pp.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb, *39 BLOSSOMS*, Ibid., \$1.25 pp.

With *THE MODERN ENGLISH HAIKU* George Swede seems to be trying to reach three major audiences: first, teachers, especially at the primary levels. He tells us that the seed for this book is his anger at what happened in school to his son when he produced a free form haiku instead of a prescribed "haiku". If the book reaches teachers of haiku at any level, it might have a beneficial and freeing effect where form is concerned: the discussion covers nearly every experiment to date, is very well organized, and convincingly shows how form takes second place to content in haiku. It is good also to see a strong re-affirmation of the importance of Nature in haiku, and a lucid effort to distinguish between haiku, senryu, and the English epigram. The chapter on Technology and haiku is thought-provoking too. (Incidentally, six of the seven chapters in this book are straight reprints or revisions of material previously published in haiku magazines.)

The second audience Swede desires for the book seems to be other established poets who haven't taken haiku seriously, and whom he wants to convince that the haiku is "at least as valid and rich as any other poetic form". I don't think it will work. Of the thirty-four English haiku printed here only seven at the most are good ones (class two or better), and no more than two or three are class one. I think a few more than that do exist in English already



surprisingly enough, given how little attention is apparently given by many poets to really trying to understand haiku's background, its classics, or the why and how of its uniqueness.

It would be easy to be deluded by the book's brightly confident, self-assertive tone, but Swede gives only lip service to the value of adding to one's background knowledge of haiku by reading classical works from both cultures (duly listed in an annotated appendix). His treatment of H.G. Henderson's *Haiku in English* (1967), for example, gives him away: Beside being incorrect (it makes one wonder how carefully the author has studied his own sources), the annotation is tendentious, and, with the help of LeRoy Gorman's foreword which claims that Swede's book is the only primer "of significance" for haiku in English, Swede lays himself open to the charge of contemptuously dismissing any real need for previous work done in the field, now that Swede is here.

If one depended on this book alone, one could not know that haiku is in any fundamental way different from traditional Western poetry (and not even the best of that)—except that it's short and one can really play with the form. "Haiku are, after all, poetry" says Swede, as if that explained everything and excused anything. This reduces haiku to a small nothing-in-particular in the huge poetic melting pot—not, I imagine, what Swede intended to do at all. Or is it?

The third major audience for Swede's book is, presumably, the haiku community.

A word about the foreword and illustrations: Why do haiku people when speaking of each others work feel they have to write as if they were parodying hyper promotion techniques? Does anyone really believe what is said in such a style? If it were an enemy whose work had to be touted, it might make some sense. The illustrations are of no help either: on the cover, a blue-white photograph of an empty plastic coat hanger, and inside, six grey photo-repetitions of a mysterious cylindrical helix. These aren't even good design—there is a forcing of things here. There is the title of the book too. Makoto Ueda, whose book (on which Swede cut his haiku teeth in 1976) is meatier, better researched and edited, and covers a much longer developmental period, found it possible to title his simply *Modern Japanese Haiku*. In Swede's book, an early adolescent English haiku is trying to claim it is all grown up already.

Of the fifty haiku on Alan Gettis' attractively printed Vol. 1, *Moon Faced Haiku* (Vol. 2, *Sun Faced Haiku*, is due out in August), at least ten are senryu ("jubilant crowd—/horses drag an



earless bull/from the areana”) and thirty-seven are about India, with seven entitled “Bordertown” and six “Cold City”. All are enhanced by four pages of instructive zen quotes, as if the author senses that, on their own, most of the experiences given here are not yet enlightenment. His is a logical, concerned Western mind, that of a social psychologist (Gettis is a psychologist) making travel notes:

two Santa Clauses  
on the street corner—  
the confused children

Delhi train station;  
an armless beggar boy  
picks up coin with foot

The tone throughout is compassionate and the fact interesting, but they have not for the most part been transmuted into haiku. The “observer” approach has led to generalizations: “the river Ganges;/scores of priests and hippies/mingles at sunrise”; and to poems where the cause and effect is too obvious: “moonless night:/a Nandi bull/and a rickshaw collide”.

Gettis does better, indeed very well, when closer to home:

meat market  
seeing myself  
in the window

winter dusk  
only the length of his cage  
again and again . . .

The latter is reminiscent of Rilke’s “Panther”.

George Swede presents us with a variant of the tourist approach, particularly in the poems concerning a “she”, “her”, or “wife”, in *All of her shadows*—a sort of family album of twenty-four haiku and senryu. “Soon a butterfly from this cocoon/I study my marriage”, “Winter morning her cold pyjamas”, and others, seem to cultivate a sense of separation. My favorite is:

Dawn in a strange bed  
birds singing whose name  
I have never learned

even though the second line could not stand by itself. On the whole above average haiku come readily from Swede, a natural poet, but the general impression, as with much of Swede’s other work, is that



a deeper awareness is being avoided.

Carl Mayfield, in *SANDIA MOUNTAIN SEQUENCE*, is more often successful than Gettis or Swede at getting to the other side of the hurdle representing the Western concept of “detachment”.

Two bighorn sheep  
a hundred yards away  
only our eyes click

with its evocation of tourist cameras clicking away, perfectly illustrates the difference, it seems to me, between the Western and the more Eastern approach: Mayfield has actually entered the scene become one with the sheep, and they with him. And yet, paradoxically, there is still “detachment” enough to tell about the experience in such a way as to evoke in the reader a “haiku moment” of “oneness”. Not all of Mayfield’s haiku do this. Some are mere botanical or geological observation: “Lichen on granite/form a shadow ridge/titled east a thousand feet”.

E.S. Lamb’s *39 BLOSSOMS* is a collection of twenty-five poems ranging from profoundly evocative: “shimmering beneath the glaze,/blue brush strokes/on the chinese ginger jar” (along with others of that caliber), to cute personification: “the meadow lark/holding down the fence post/with song”, to simple description: “the bright red truck/moves off in its own/dustcloud”.

E.S. Lamb is among those on “center island” in the haiku frogpond—her worth, reputation and experience as a poet and haiku scholar being established. A reviewer, therefore, can confidently complain about a few items which she or he might overlook for the sake of protecting a less experienced poet’s ego. How, for instance, can the presence of words which add nothing to a poem be explained, such as the word “finding” in “finding a threaded needle/rusted into one of the unfinished/Crazy Quilt blocks”, where the second line, moreover, merely combines with the third for a flat statement? Or the intellectual effort that still shows, and like the jewels on R.H. Blyth’s hypothetical finger pointing to the moon, distracts one from the essence in such verses as “the catbird’s mewing/catches a shaft of sun/by the tail”, and in “sieved thru sky/the thin cries of snow geese/turn northward”? In the first, the relationship of catbird to “tail” is forced, while in the second, “sieved thru sky” is—well, a jewel.



## HAIKU NEWS

### HSA Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Haiku Society of America will be held at the Japan House on September 25, 1982, at 1:00 P.M. The speaker will be Dr. Eleanor Kerkham, Professor of Japanese Language and Literature, University of Maryland.

Dr. Kerkham will speak on "Matsuo Basho's role as Haikai Master", and the talk will center around the subject of Basho's various uses of the hokku (as first verse of a linked verse, of course, but also as gifts for services and to friends, as teaching tools, as greetings, as public proclamations of his new haikai styles, and, on his travels as religious offerings or as a way to put himself in line with the great poets of the past whom he sought). Dr. Kerkham hopes to have slides of reproductions of his paintings and calligraphy to illustrate how he combined two or more verses, prose, and painting in his public and private presentations.

The Henderson Award winners will be announced at this meeting, also. Do plan to attend!

### Publishing Notices

— As poetry editor of "njARTform", Adele Kenny would like to invite members to submit haiku and related forms for possible inclusion in future issues—the only requirement is that poets must be from New Jersey. Poems may be submitted to: Adele Kenny, P.O. Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

— W.E. Greig announces the formation of a new magazine under his editorship, VIRTUAL IMAGE, devoted to haiku, tanka, haibun, senryu, haiga and criticism, Haiku must be of 10 to 20 syllables in length (less than 10 will be discarded), and are to be submitted on 8½ " x 11 " sheets of paper, 3 haiku to a page. A one year subscription costs \$13.00 and a yearly award of \$100 is planned. For subscriptions, or further information, write: W.E. Greig, editor, VIRTUAL IMAGE, P.O. Box 16763, Memphis, TN 38116.

— Poets Anonymous is also considering poetry for their Winter 1982 edition. This hard-bound work seeks “to contain a wealth of new talent from lesser known poets and to help them gain greater public recognition”. Rights revert to the authors upon publication and poets may submit *one* unpublished poem of 20 lines or less. For more information write: Carol Matheson, editor, POETS ANONYMOUS, P.O. Box 357, Farmington, UT 84025.

— Pete Beckwith announces he is ceasing publication of LEAN-FROG for the remainder of this year. He is *not* folding, but rather is simply taking a much deserved break. LEANFROG will resume publication in '83.

#### Museum of Haiku Literature Award

The Museum of Haiku Literature Award for the best haiku in *Frogpond* Vol. 5, No. 1 has been awarded to Alexis Rotella, for her poem:

still  
childless:  
milkweed

The decision was very difficult for this issue (even from Ms. Rotella's other poem: “a garden snake/slipping out of/its knot), but was reached through consensus by the editors.

#### *Frogpond* Submission Deadlines

The deadlines for the submission of material for the next two issues of *Frogpond* will be Oct. 15 and Dec. 15, respectively. Sorry for the rush but we need to get back on schedule. After that, in 1983, deadlines will be: March 15, June 15, Sept. 15 and Nov. 15.



## MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

*Renews:* James Chessing, Joyce Currier, Ross Figgins, Kimiko Gunji, Alice Halliday, Tadashi Kondo, David LeCount, Alfred Marks, Peter Mayglothling, Scott Montgomery, Edna Mae Nauman, The New York Public Library, Jess Perlman, Edythe Polster, Margaret Porazzi, Fenella Rothe, Myra Scovel, Rekha Shah, Tom Smith, Sabine Sommerkamp, Chris Spindel, George Swede, Makoto Ueda, Cor van den Heuvel, Paul O. Williams, Rod Willmot, Arizona Zipper, and Leon Zolbrod

*New Members:* Kay M. Avila: 1918 W. 15th St., Santa Ana, CA 92706

Helen E. Dalton: (½ yr.) 1434 Punahou St., Apt. 625, Honolulu, HI 96822

Robert Kramer: Drawer "D", Everglades City, Fla. 33929

Elizabeth Marshall: P.O. Box 222278, Carmel, CA 93922

Linda Marucci: 710 Pine St. #3, Philadelphia, PA 19106

Arthur Scott: 220 West 17th St., New York, NY 10011

Roger Sorrentino: 480 Riverdale Ave., East Providence, RI 02916

Kathy Travis: 18 Maywood Pl., Kings Park, NY 11754

*COA's:* Mentor Addicks: 512 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, MN 55102

James Chessing: 130 E. Moltke, St., Daly City, CA 94014

Bruce Kennedy: 8 Cooper Pl., Weehawken, NJ 07087

Frank K. Robinson: Townview Terrance F42, Knoxville, TN 37915

Sabine Sommerkamp: Wullenbuschkoppel 9, 2000 Hamburg 65,  
WEST GERMANY

Kenneth O. Waterman: P.O. Box 26073, Honolulu, HI 96825

Rod Willmot: 2627 rue Laurentie, #8, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

CANADA J1J 1L3

Arizona Zipper: 151 Main St., Freyburg, ME 04037

## Haiku Magazines

**BIG SKY** edited by Clarence Matsuo Allard, 113 Comeau St.,  
Manchester, NH 03102

**BRUSSEL SPROUT** edited by Alexis Kaye Rotella, 11 Hillcrest  
Rd., Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046

**DRAGONFLY** edited by Lorraine Ellis Harr, 4102 NE 130  
Place, Portland, OR 97230

**HAIKU JOURNAL** edited by C.J. Haas, 201 Douglas Ave.,  
San Jose, CA 95117

**HIGH/COO** by Randy & Shirley Brooks, Route #1,  
Battle Ground IN 47920

**INKSTONE** edited by Keith Southward & Marshall Hryciuk,  
P.O. Box 67, Station "H", Toronto, Ontario,  
Canada M4C 5H7

**LEANFROG** edited by Pete Beckwith, c/o Red Chrysan-  
themum Press, P.O. Box 4974, Berkeley, CA 94704

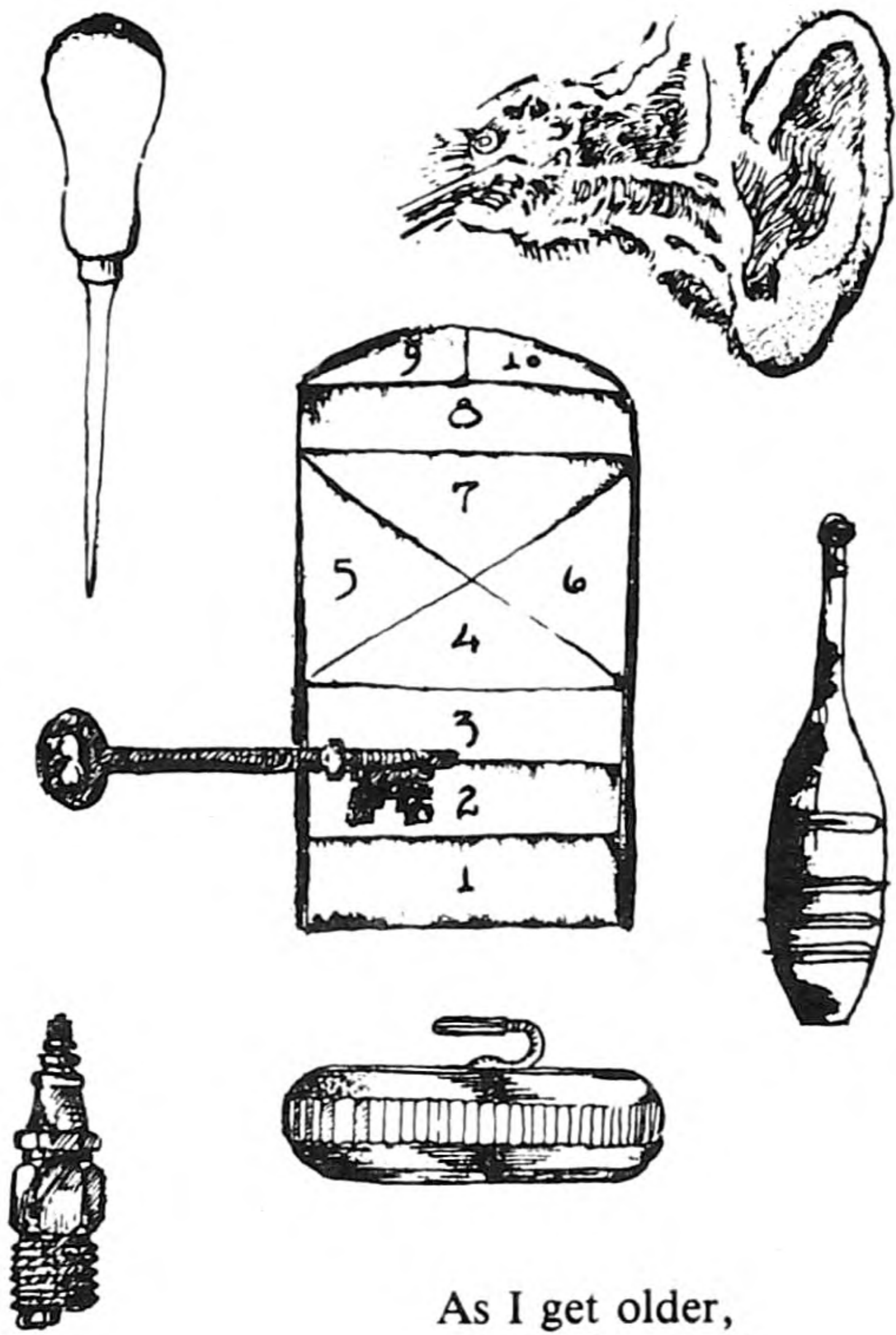
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As I get older,  
I find myself—  
still here.





