



Tropopond





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HSA FROGPOND

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HSA
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Fogpond

from your editor—

In the midst of preparation of this issue it suddenly became quite clear that we were heading in the wrong direction. It happened while we were deciding to give the Croaks — ? submissions more air, printing no more than three or four on a page. We found that because of the many poems already on file, this would have required us to be selective. But we had promised that this publication would reflect no slant; that it would simply present what IS, while it is, including as much stimulating material as possible. And so, we opened up the file, and printed every single poem received to date. We hope to continue in this way because the more you see at one time, together with other material in Frogpond, the fuller the image will be.

Another thing happened with the WATERSOUNDS section. No one haiku received a 2/3 check-off as being a HAIKU. Yet we found it most interesting to see how the panel members chose. We decided to print all of the poems clearly chosen as HAIKU, with the names of those who chose them, and the critical brief comments by some of the panelists.

Now it feels right. And it feels right, too, to print the editors' answers to the question "What is a haiku?" — as they are received. The editors were informed that this would be done, and are willing to accept the procedure. We want to express Frogpond's thanks to all who have agreed to answer this not-at-all simple question. Only a few came in before the May printing deadline, but this will be a continuing section. Please remember, too, that Croaks — ? is open to any of you who feel sure enough in your own feelings, to tell us about them. We are writing "haiku", and must do our own growing.

No one can tell anyone else how to grow. At best, one can recognize, in others, that same compulsion. And suddenly many things which have been blurred, always there, seem to come into focus, and affirm that need, and indicate a direction.

yours,

Lilli Tanzer

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HAIKU NEWS

HSA-NY met on March 28, at Japan House. A film showing was followed by a very animated talk by Yasko Karaki, on seasonal references in haiku. She illustrated the extensive use of season words in the millions of haiku written daily in Japan, and stressed the great love of nature by the Japanese people. See her article under this Issue's CROAKS — ?

HSA president Cor van den Heuvel took the opportunity to thank Donald Keene, Tadashi Kondo, and Hiroaki Sato for their valuable suggestions regarding plans for our Annual Reading. He also thanked his fellow HSA officers for the work done in their respective areas.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Haiku Society of America's annual meeting and Reading is scheduled for SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 17, 1978, in the Japan house auditorium, at 1 o'clock. In cooperation with JAPAN SOCIETY and JAPAN AIRLINES, HSA is planning to present one of Japan's foremost haiku poets, plus a well-known Japanese haiku critic. Through the friendly interest and assistance of Kazuo Sato in Japan, the MAINICHI NEWSPAPER is collecting, and sending, the haiku calligraphy and autographs of 30 Japanese haiku masters — on "shikishi" papers. JAPAN SOCIETY is providing space for the exhibit. Our deepest thanks go to all who are contributing to make our annual event a memorable one. We hope our members who live outside of New York will make every effort to attend, and the weekend schedule is planned to help make it possible.

Please note wording on the copyright page re annual payments: "\$6.00 annually includes membership". This does not imply any change whatsoever in the policies of HSA. We have been, and continue to be, open to anyone interested in haiku. This wording will make possible our listing in other publications, and conform more exactly to the facts, now that HSA FROGPOND has come into existence.

ADDITIONAL RENEWALS

Please ° your present listing. ° here = change of address

Randy Brooks, Jack Cain, Sharon R. Chace, Richard Esler, Alan Gettis°, Alice Halliday, Martin Harbeson, Douglas Ingels, Dorta Kerner, Anne Landauer°, Arla Lippsmeyer, David Lloyd, Robert Mainone°, Arthur Morello, Juanita F. Newcomb, Jess Perlman, Edna G. Purviance, Myra Scovel, George W. Skane°, Selma Stefanile, Roberta Stewart, Tony Suraci°, Joan Vernon. Michael McClintock

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Earl L. Robinson, 9931 Tweedy Lane Downey CA 90240
Anna Vakar, Green Lake Rd. RR2, Oliver, B.C. V0H 1T0, Canada

NEW HAIKU BOOKS BY MEMBERS

THE ~~SILVER~~ CUCKOO—C.M. Buckaway, The Borealis Pr. Ltd. 9 Ashburn
Dr. Ottawa, Ont. K2E 6N4, Canada \$3.95
WHALE SOUND—C.M. Buckaway, J.J. Douglas, Ltd., Publisher \$5.95,
1875 Welch St., North Vancouver Br. Cd. V7P 1B7, CANADA.
DANDELIONS—Ruth Latta, J&C Transcripts, Kanona, N.Y. 14856
STILLED WIND—Geraldine Clinton Little, Bonsai Press
THE FEET OF THE LANTERN—Thelma Murphy, J&C Transcripts
BORROWED LOVERS/BROKEN TOYS—R. Anthony Welch, query author
TO HOWL AT THE MOON—Hagiwara Sakutaru, translated by Stephen Wolfe.
Published by Doshisha Univ., Kyoto, Japan. query S. W.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Third Coast HAIKU ANTHOLOGY—House of Words, 207 E. Buffalo
#518 Milwaukee, WI 53202
THE ANTHOLOGY OF THE WESTERN WORLD HAIKU SOCIETY—
1977 haiku \$3.25 order from L.E. Harr 4102 N.E. 130 Pl. Portland
OR 97230
VICTORIES & FOIBLES—some western haiku—David Seegal, Ch.E.
Tuttle Co.
KEEPING AN EYE ON JUNE a collection of haiku and senryu by
Cecilia Parsons Miller. Obadia Holmes Press, Lemoyne, Pennsylvania
17043
• David Dayton, ed. of ALEMBIC, 1744 Slaterville Rd. will publish "as
many good haiku as I can get."

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1978

The annual Harold D. Henderson Award of \$100.00 will be given to the haiku judged best in an open competition sponsored by the Haiku Society of America. Additional prizes may be awarded. Marlene Wills, author of *the old tin roof*, and Gary Hotham, author of *the fern's underside*, will judge this year's contest.

HURRY! STILL TIME TO SUBMIT

RULES

1. Send only one entry per person, of up to three poems, with entry fee of \$1. In-hand deadline: *June 10, 1978*
2. Type or neatly print each poem on three 3 x 5 cards, two cards with the poem only, one card with the poem and the author's name and address.
3. Mail entry to: Haiku Society of America, Inc., c/o Emiko Manning, Membership Secretary, 875 E. Broadway, Stratford, CT 06497, U.S.A.
4. Poems will be judged and winner(s) notified by August 1, 1978. No entries will be returned.

The winning haiku will be announced in our August FROGPOND. Award or awards will be made at the annual meeting, and the haiku read at that time.

- Members — please send cards to FROGPOND if you would like us to print your submissions, under your names, in the August issue, after the judging.

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CONGRATULATIONS to our members for recent awards received. If we have omitted any, please excuse us. Keep us informed!

Nabuo Hirasawa
Doug Ingels
Thelma Murphy
Dorothy Neher

Bill Pauly
Marion J. Richardson
Joan C. Sauer
Tom Tico

Sydell Rosenberg recently learned that one of her haiku traveled all of the way to China!

CROAKS—?**CODE**

**ALL submissions to April 15,
listed in order received.**

**C = Comments Invited
S = Send to SELECTIONS PANEL
/ = end of line**

Joseph Donaldson

- C,S.** ~~The~~ bed is empty. / Now the Moonlight brings shadow branches / to the sheet
- C,S.** Through slender Trees / Egrets in swift flight / grey moss-strands trail in Wind.
- C,S.** ~~Rain~~ whistle, train tracks / diminishing in Space. / echos reverberate.
- C,S.** Above—high on a sill— / grey pigeon—motionless. / Below—deserted street, debris in Wind.
- C,S.** Midnight / strong Winds and barking dogs / a Stillness—then the sound of Rain
- C,S.** Dusk / sudden wind / whirling dry leaves to darkness
- C,S.** Now sleeps the Morning in the holes Night dug
- C,S.** Summer Rain / the little frogs / leap to meet swift drops.

Val Colebrook

- C,S.** The infinite Night / NEVER gives away her secrets, / moving Lips silent.

Sister Mary Marguerite

- C,S.** first / snowfall / rusty skates
- C,S.** a tinge of frost / nips the grapevines / and the lost football
- C,S.** she mounts / his marble stairway / her reply too late
- C,S.** crowded street: / cars toot and whine, / the policeman buys a flower
- C,S.** no boat / on the river tonight / the gulls cry
- C,S.** the boy rides / his rocking horse / a horse tramps by
- C,S.** flecked with sunlight / the forest floor— / the woodcutter doffs his cap
- C,S.** grape arbor / heavy with blossoms: / the imbiber watches intently
- C,S.** she hums along / with the wren / can't catch the tune

Raymond Roseliep

- C,S.** not even birds know / the weight of maple seed / on the wind
- C,S.** making love; / the oxeye / daisy
- C,S.** the woods boy / with the piccolo— /but isn't Blake dead?

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Raymond Rosellep

- C,S. *Father tying his tie / before going out / to watch the sun set*
C,S. *you can't tell the swinger / from the swing willowleaf, / katydid*
C,S. *the undertaker / pulls / a few weeds*
C,S. *waterfall / breaking to mist; / she nurses her child*
C,S. *the old beauty / tidies her rose bed / for winter sleep*
C,S. *inching past / the morning-glory / funeral cars*
C,S. *after a dying / he sits out / to keep stars alive*

R. Anthony Welch

- C. *Spouses sleeping / Lovers / Back to back*

Yasuko Karaki

- C,S. *Rain on snow / dog's /*
C,S. *Overnight's snow left unblown / by the God of Wind*
C,S. *Dried dirt of melted snow / Marble floor*

Joyce W. Webb

- C,S. *flying snow. . . / gray squirrel excavates / deeply frozen stores*

Joan Couzens Sauer

- C,S. *Snow flakes fall / mica in the sun shine; puddles of water.*

Thelma Murphy

- S. *A ground wind / helps the old man / tip his hat*
C. *Part of the design / of cream on rhubarb sauce – / the mellowed taste.*
S. *Through the dark clouds / sun suddenly puts Autumn / back in the world.*

Sydell Rosenberg

- S. *Family asleep / midnight game of solitaire. . . / Snow starting outside.*

Lilli Tanzer

- S. *still night / dropsounds*

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Emiko Manning

C,S. *departure: a teardrop / glistens cradled / in a fallen autumn leaf*

Mike Barrett

C,S. *winters over / over winters*

C,S. *early mosquitos / how short their stay / without a bite*

C,S. *intermittent winds / caress flowers / from the ground.*

Randy Brooks

C,S. *evergreen / tipped North / with snow*

C,S. *salmon fins / splashing up / shallow rapids*

C,S. *horizon / out of focus / in this snowfall*

C,S. *snow on the branches / none / on the rusted oak leaves*

C,S. *snowing / just beneath / the trees*

Daniel Silvia

C,S. *sudden gust— / the well-bucket overturns / spilling moonlight*

C,S. *autumn dusk / the sky as much tree / as tree*

C,S. *comes the rain-sound / and with it leaves answer back / with pattering*

Tony Suraci

S. *No stranger looks up / out of the pond; / the full moon*

S. *In the autumn wind / the cry of a stranger- / abandoned baby*

S. *End of the blizzard: / on the snowdrifts this morning / empty beer cans*

S. *The blackbird pauses / as food is thrown from the window- / blizzard winds*

S. *Spring snow; / the old man pauses / as cherry-blossoms fall*

S. *The boy's reflection / wavers in the autumn puddle- / unfilled grave*

S. *In the winter wind / the jogger looks at his haiku / floating on the pond*

S. *Snowdrifts crumble / beneath retreating shadows- / phoebe somewhere*

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Tony Suraci

S. *The youngest child / jumps over the open grave- / morning glories
fading*

S. *A stranger / emerges from yesterday- / baby just born*

Marion J. Richardson

C,S. *Pine forest / and in the stillness / cones dropping*

C,S. *heavy fog / a light / in a window*

C,S. *The goldenrod / stirs in the wind... / it's fall*

Tadao Okazaki

C,S. *Parting with itself / A white bird takes off / The ultramarine*

C,S. *The trade wind blows / On a youth sleeping / By the darkness of the sea*

C,S. *The fog burns up / The barren by the sea / Wild irises*

C,S. *A gull's cry / Six o'clock in the morning / Asleep, a boy smiles*

Earl L. Robinson

C. *Moist green leaves of Spring / concealing within themselves / Autumn's
crisp colors*

C. *After rain, puddles / smoothed by the night-air's stillness / hold skies full
of stars*

C. *Neath the harvest moon / weary reapers dance their joy / for fruitful
earth's boon*

C. *Winter's barren trees / snow-coated – their bleak starkness / looks so
soft, so soft*

Proxade Davis

C,S. *shadow-play / little window panes move squares / on the dark wall*

C,S. *Spring: / in grove of young pines / one budding old oak*

C,S. *under the porch / little frog breathes hard / at cat's paw.*

C,S. *over ant hill / human foot... / population panics!*

C,S. *light on light / across the waves over the marsh / at sunrise*

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Yasko Karaki

- C,S. Mustard greens on sale / with yellow flowers on them
C,S. A persimmon flower / fell on the ground / with a bee in it
C,S. Baby's breath / last year's bride / is a proud mother

David Lloyd

- C,S. The warm breeze: / it goes to the very heart / of the snowman...
C,S. Ah little sparrow! / So good to see you drinking / the snowman's
remains...
C,S. Cold night— / my only company: / an old snowman.
C,S. Stolen / during the cold night: / Snowman's scarf!
C,S. The plop / of wet snow in the thaw— / Snowman frowns.
C,S. On the lake: / half a dozen snowmen / in the drifts...
C,S. "Snowman!" / The child wonders why / it's called a man...
C,S. The little girl / goes behind the snowman— / and hides from the
wind...
C,S. With its death / come the smells of February: / the snowman.

Dave Martin

- C,S. Down the dark sand / Flows the wet sun, out to / A cloudless sea.
C,S. White steps meeting sky / A sound of singing— / Waves.
C,S. Jellyfish lies on the beach / The sun shines all day— / Was there a
jellyfish?
C,S. They stood still / Black rocks and white cliffs / Leaning a little forward.
C,S. Winter seas / Stack drift wood in broken cords / For lovers' fires.
C,S. In a web / A hum of wasp wings / A spider takes one step.
C,S. Everything white / The giant wave went out: the homes / Barred with
salty padlocks.
C,S. Silently / His brown hair stands up / Under water.
C,S. Settling sea warm cover / Oyster pulled from bed of mud / Tiny grain of
sand.
C,S. So thick the sea / So high the rain, and on her cheek / One tear.

Mildred Fineberg

C,S. *my mother is lost and I haven't been able . . . / to find her*

C,S. *from sounds-of-living in a room / to living sounds that fill the air*

Roberta Stewart

C,S. *Turkey buzzards / circling . . . / crackle of mesa grass*

C,S. *Holding tight / to the brass ring: / the feeble-minded boy*

C,S. *Freezing winter night— / water sounds / from the China pot*

Stephen Wolfe

C,S. *The last leaf struggles / to free itself / from the boned branch*

C,S. *Cosmos / entangled / in the wind*

C,S *red-berried cape / an old man, the wind / and the sea . . .*



SEASONAL REFERENCES

The Japanese people love nature, and it has been good to them. Much of Japanese culture revolves around our deep sense of closeness to nature.

There are two types of short (5/7/5) poems in Japan. One is haiku and the other is senryu. The major difference between the two is that haiku *must* include seasonal reference while senryu may, but does not have to, include it.

Millions of people write haiku daily. In the course of the past 400 years, over 2600 “kigo”, or season words have been compiled in what is commonly called a “saijiki”, which is a combination dictionary and anthology. Saijiki is usually divided into four seasons, and each season is sub-divided into three more periods, almost like twelve months.

Seasonal references can also be divided roughly into six categories as follows:

1. WEATHER OR CLIMATE: winter, frost, blazing heat, etc.
2. ASTROLOGY: milky way, full moon, spring equinox, etc.
3. LOCALITY: Azuma Odori (Tokyo Dance), Orange Bowl, etc.
4. HUMAN AFFAIRS: Emperor's Birthday, Valentine's Day, etc.
5. ANIMALS: baby sparrow, pregnant deer, shad roe, etc.
6. PLANTS: cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums, spinach, etc.

Let us examine a few references to the season we are presently in. (Note: most of these references were arranged according to the lunar calendar. Therefore, some time gap will exist in relation to our present calendar.)

* = suitable for English.

MAY-peony*, Boys' Day (5/5), iris*, Samurai Dolls, cocoon*, Kamo Festival, bamboo shoots, green peas*, poppies, Memorial Day*, May Day*.

JUNE-horse race*, persimmon blossoms, mulberries, summer futon (cushion), flea*, dragonfly*, melting snow of Mt. Fuji, rice planting, cormorant fishing.

JULY-Independence Day*, jogging*, Star Festival, hair washing (in summer many Japanese women wash their hair outdoors).

I have given only a hint of how season words relate to the culture. Each culture has some references specific to it, but there are many references we all have in common.

HAIKU BECOMING

(continued from the last issue)

A number of outstanding minimal haiku have been created in English, several of which I would place on as high a level of excellence, or close to it, as Agnes Davidson's "beyond." I will quote two.

to sail
above the jewel weed!
to settle!

—John Wills 5

This haiku, besides breaking the would-be rule against only one image, also goes against the stricture of another group of "haikuists" (a term I dislike) who preach against subjectivity in haiku.

It, too, makes language *new*. And though we see "only" a butterfly created out of its words, rather than a universe of stars, this haiku also evokes a feeling of suchness and oneness. For Wills has used language to create a butterfly without mentioning a butterfly—a further refinement of creation. Something from nothing. Yet, there's still more. Not only do we join God and the poet in the act of creating a butterfly—we also *become* the butterfly. Just as God is his creation, we are ours.

The next minimal haiku I will have to describe rather than just quote, for although it is only three words long it requires six pages to be "performed" properly. These six pages supply a stage, as it were, for the words to act upon. To experience it fully you should get Carl Fredricks' book of and read it. 6

In the middle of this book of *haiku* you will come to spread with the word "brook" written in the middle of the right hand page. (All the left hand pages in the book are blank.) Turning to the next spread, you'll find only the word "same" in the middle of the right hand page. Turning to the next, you'll see only the word "brook" again.

What has the poet done? He has simply let a brook run in and out of the pages of his book. Just as we may notice a brook running in and out of the woods as we walk through them, crossing it here and then there. We cross the brook twice as we read through *of*.

When I came to the third word, I actually whooped with joy in the wonder of brooks and their turnings – and in the wonder and turnings of the human mind.

The suchness of the brook is right there in the word. Actually I crossed the brook three times, once at each word, as I went through the “forest” of pages. For when I came to the word “same”, I realized it was the brook “understood” and exclaimed in delight and surprise.

Unity! It's there! Step in, it'll wet your feet!

We should all be open to any exploration of the haiku's potential. Minimal haiku, extended haiku, concrete haiku – whatever. As long as a work gives us this feeling of suchness and oneness, we should be willing to give it a fair hearing as a haiku or a haiku-related genre. It can be an exciting search for new ways of seeing. Renga, senryu, haiga, haibun, and haiku sequences, as well as haiku itself, all offer opportunities for opening new paths for literature and art. Let's not be too quick to exile from the haiku movement those who may be able to show us the way, or we may find there is no longer a movement.

5 *One Poem* by John Wills, published by Seer Ox, Los Angeles, 1976.

6 *of* by Carl Fredricks, published by Circle Publications, P.O. Box 34, Lyndhurst, NJ07071, 1976.

HAIKU—NOW

I have probed my total being (my accumulated awarenesses) and this is where I am — now:

Nothing exists in isolation, and everything has a way of being. Everything alive is in a continual flow of changing internal and external relationships, in a surge of growing. Only pace varies, and sometimes the change is almost imperceptible — only imaginable. Each pattern of growth emerges as growth takes place, and no two ways of changing/growing are exactly alike.

Only humans divide their awareness of change into segments they name “time”; conceive time as being chronological; separate it into moments — in the insatiable need to isolate, examine, question, categorize and judge. Being “embedded in nature”¹ a human also changes, grows, has his own way of being — and senses the feel of it all. And humankind has its own seasons of the mind.

Being capable of awareness of his own internal and external environment, man feels general (universal) patterns of being; measures them against his own infinitely varied ones; feels joy in articulating and communicating the awarenesses.

“The human infant babbles”² — and the sounds are raw material for the brain in the making of words; symbols; language. Language — the source of man’s difference from the rest of nature; the substance of concepts used by man in his particular need to move, change, grow. Why need? One needs to do what one is able to do in the process of living according to one’s own nature.

With the first “word” uttered, a duality comes into being, between the word and the thing it labels. It also seems to be a human need ever to pull toward the closing of that unclosable gap.

*“The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections,
They scorn the best I can do to relate them.”*

*“Dazzling and tremendous, how quick the sun-rise would kill me,
If I could not now and always send sun-rise out of me.”³*

art is the manifestation of that need, and only human beings create art. We label one kind of art "poetry".

"... A poem always creates the symbol of a feeling, *not by recalling objects which would elicit the feeling itself, but by weaving a pattern of words—words charged with meaning, and colored by literary association—akin to the dynamic pattern of the feeling* (the word "feeling" here covers more than a "state"; for feeling is a process, and may have not only successive phases, but several simultaneous developments; it is complex and its articulations are elusive)." **2**

When Basho was moved to isolate one single sound and mesh it in words via his "epitome of a haiku" he was sensing the interrelationship of pond/frog *in movement/water*. What moved him? Perhaps it was his "knowledge" of the difference between human and non-human sounds. Basho said "Furuike/ya/kawazu tobikomu/mizu no oto". Read a spare "literal translation". Say the Japanese sounds (or roll the magic in your mind) and know why he chose these words and no others.

Basho did not say "Old pond:/frog-jump-in/water-sound. Harold G. Henderson said it, deriving the feel from the Basho haiku in Japanese. (And Henderson did not say "the sound of a frog jumping into water". As a poet, he chose to create a feeling/symbol rather than state a fact). Both poets created haiku: new sensory impacts "akin to the dynamic pattern" **2** of the initial frog-jumping-into-water sound.

In *spinning out* the form of the haiku, the poet is governed by the feeling-not-yet-verbalizable. The mind follows the shortest route from the happening and sensory impact—to feeling,—then to feeling/symbol (the spun out form: the haiku). Unlike other poetry (see above) a haiku utilizes the *least possible* "literary association" in its choice of words. Concerning itself with a momentary span of time, the struggle toward distillation is very great. Herein lies the "discipline". We are in the habit of living on the plane of a series of ideas!

Articulate one small span of growth/time and the haiku is open-ended. Workable—it is *all there*. The reader is enabled to feel it in "semblances" **2** of particular and unique *other* awarenesses. Reading it, a circuit is closed between mind and mind via a flow of words. (Oneness via like feelings of embeddedness in nature).

The brain creates the original space between word and thing; an awareness of that space—and then jumps it from mind to mind! Crazy!

When Bashō wrote his "death poem", he was in effect saying: "I, Bashō, still feel alive, though words come only in dreams."

*On a journey, ill
Over withered fields
dreams go wandering still*

He was uttering a universal truth about all dreaming nature. And then he died and the space between a human being and the rest of nature was closed, because he could think no more.

What is a haiku? I have been circling – hopefully in ever smaller circles, and now I have no more words. No thing is, except while it is in the process of being. A haiku only comes alive in the poet's (and then in the reader's) mind. Otherwise, it is only a few marks on paper.

A haiku cannot be *pre-formed*, nor its words *pre-scribed*. It is not a *form* of poetry, but a kind of poetry. Haiku is not a hybrid art. Visual word placement; punctuation (or the Japanese equivalents) are instructions re sounds and the "spaces" between.

Haiku is not a word painting, however brief or beautiful. It is not *sumi-e* (its sister art).

Haiku is in time. It cannot freeze time, nor is it about frozen time – a dead image.

Much fine brief poetry is being written in the attempt to write haiku. Let it be! Haiku is not brief poetry with some words removed. Some translations have that feel. OK, if they come to us as "literal translations". Otherwise, they mislead. We are not trying to imitate the Japanese language. Onji are not syllables.

Haiku is in the form of the poet's feeling. Reading it, we live the haiku itself. Our own direct feelings of all nature must come through living. Only then – can we know haiku. The Japanese have given the world love, in haiku – not mere form. Let's give back love – in English, in *haiku*.

Acknowledgements:

All of the arts – Jiddu Krishnamurti – Suzanne K. Langer

1 – Lewis Thomas (whose words are magic) *Lives of a Cell* The Viking Press, 1974

2 – Suzanne K. Langer, *Feeling and Form* Ch. Scribner's Sons N.Y. 1953

3 – Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass* American Book-Stratford Press 1943

WATERSOUNDS

SELECTIONS PANEL, AS OF APRIL 15

The members of this panel are poets, translators, and teachers.

Comments on individual poems are for Croaks—?, directly to the authors. But none of the panelists have made general comments. There were some who felt that haiku may be “bad—to excellent.” I asked that they check only the “excellent” ones, or none. See page 22 for comments.

L.A. Davidson
David Lloyd
Elizabeth S. Lamb
Foster Jewell
Tadashi Kondo
Alfred Marks
Michael McClintock

Raymond Rosellep
Hiroyuki Sato
Kyoko Selden
Cor van den Heuvel
John Wills
Stephen Wolfe
Leon Zolbrod

checked as HAIKU

Sister Mary Marguerite

*my face
mirrored in the brook
the stones move*

Davidson, Lamb, Lloyd, Rosellep, Sato, Selden, Wills

Stephen Wolfe

*suddenly
a lull
in the spring wind*

Lamb, Kondo, Sato, Selden

Yasko Karaki

*How many winters?
The price of salt has doubled*

Lloyd, Davidson, Wolfe

checked as HAIKU

Yasko Karaki

*Noise of melting snow
Grandma's knitting*

Davidson, Rosellep, Selder

Emiko Manning

*city at dawn
when
sounds have smells*

Rosellep, Selden, Wolfe

Sydell Rosenberg

*After the downpour
squawks of a blue jay
heavy on a branch*

Lloyd, Selden, Zolbrod

Tadao Okazaki

*The air cools
A rural snack stand
Lights electric bulbs.*

Selden, Zolbrod

Emiko Manning

*a frozen sparrow
dies in my cupped hands
the mites scattering*

Davidson, Selden

checked as HAIKU

Sister Mary Marguerite

*a red rose
in his buttonhole
he roams the streets*

Davidson, Rosellep, Sato

Sister Mary Marguerite

*partial sun
eclipse
the moon at my door*

Rosellep, Sato

Raymond Rosellep

*sickle:
the child stoops
to pick up the moon*

Lamb, Selden

Sydell Rosenberg

*Shouting his message
to passers-by in Times Square:
Sidewalk preacher*

Davidson, Zolbrod

Thelma Murphy

*Sound of hammer taps—
rhythm of second hammer
taking the pauses*

Davidson, Selden

checked as HAIKU

Val Colebrook

*The coalminer works
with the rhythm of the worms
intimate with earth*

Selden

Joseph Donaldson

*Sound of bare branches
scraping window pane
Silence again in empty rooms*

Selden

Val Colebrook

*Yellow dying Leaves
Rustling feather of flight
Canadian geese*

Zolbrod

Joseph Donaldson

*Working in summer heat
Sight blurred with sweat
A world of out of focus Flowers*

Zolbrod

Tadao Okazaki

*One cloud, and another
In the pool on a granite mass
After an evening shower*

Zolbrod

checked as HAIKU

Raymond Roseliep

*Maggie is dead
her yellow hair blows
the wild wood flax*

Davidson

Joan Couzens Sauer

*The unseen wind,
blows through the snow,
leaves a path.*

Lloyd, Zolbrod

Stephen Wolfe

*deep night
distant light
heavy snow*

Selden

Joan Couzens Sauer

*Rain bonnet blowing
over piles of dirty snow
full of wind.*

Zolbrod

WATERSOUNDS PANEL COMMENTS

L.A. DAVIDSON. "By no stretch of the imagination can one say that if a haiku is not an excellent haiku it is not a haiku. There are haiku and there are haiku."

FOSTER JEWELL. "That word . . . 'haiku' . . . I put in quotes, for most of what I see are merely observations: "so *what* effusions — which stop with the last word. To me, a real haiku goes on and on, even though it may be exceedingly slight — have little "significance". Such a one (though there are really quite a number floating around just now) is Stephen Wolfe's *Wild geese depart/seized/by the sky's void*. As for the unsocially abstruse: why bother with it; if the writer is talking to himself one would not want to intrude. Clarity is of the essence in haiku, I have always been led to understand."

ELIZABETH S. LAMB. ". . . I seriously doubt if simply checking those considered to be 'haiku' will winnow out those of excellence. But perhaps the system will work better than I foresee at this moment. . . . "Excellence" in poetry is always to some extent a subjective judgement . . . and I really don't think one can always discount the fact that 'bad haiku' or 'bad sonnets' or 'bad free verse' are being written . . . I shall indicate those haiku I consider of top quality."

ALFRED MARKS. The "Croaks — ?" for Feb., 1978, were as delicate a group of peepings as one might wish to hear. . . . My comment on all the poems is that they show tremendous variation and not much common poetic experience. . . . Let us hope that the new FROGPOND will help us to learn from each other."

MICHAEL McCLINTOCK. ". . . so I have checked none with the view that a haiku works, and as none of these work, then they are not haiku but some other breed of animal I know not the name of."

COR VAN DEN HEUVEL. "A haiku is a poem and it is either good, or it is not a haiku."

LEON ZOLBROD. ". . . I think it's important to understand that physical structure furnishes a good deal of what's essential. . . . it seems excessive to admit any laconic observation of life or human nature into the realm of a form of poetry that has the particular background of haiku in Japan."

WHAT IS A HAIKU?—Editors' invited opinions

Eric W. Amann, editor of CICADA

WHAT IS A HAIKU?

A haiku is a poem of about 17 syllables, usually arranged in 3-line form.

2

A haiku consists of a simple image or word-picture which allows the reader to re-experience a transitory mood, state of consciousness or sudden illumination, which the poet experienced in a particular place, at a particular time.

3

A haiku contains usually some reference, direct or indirect, to the season in which it was written, and derives, in part, its mood from the associations evoked by that reference.

4

A haiku, at its deepest level, communicates the religious experience of Zen in that it transcends the mere personal and social concerns of poet and reader and somehow links human nature to all of nature. It discovers and treats with reverence all forms of existence, living or inanimate, momentous or insignificant, as manifestations of Being ('Buddha,' 'God').

First published in "Haiku Magazine", 1967.

Rhoda deLong Jewell, editor JANUS-SCTH

Haiku are brief, well-expressed insights of related phenomena that are deliberately meaningful beyond their primary fact.

(Sorry I can't tell you more—)

It is It! A HAIKU IS NOT ABOUT ANYTHING

Haiku writers must be leary of symbolism and abstraction. The haiku is a presentation of a moment's experience. It is a moment of perception and insight. It is that moment when the perceiver and perceived are one. It is it. Constant flux, eternal stasis. It is. And it is it. Haiku presents the reality of a moment on earth. Abstraction and symbolism must be avoided because they are merely ideas, words. Haiku does not use words to express an idea. Haiku does not use symbols to explain a philosophy. Haiku does not have a meaning—it is not an argument. It does not prove a point. Haiku is not the poet's evaluation of a scene—it is the moment itself.

*dirt farmer's wife
at the screen door—
no tractor sound*

There is no more "meaning" of a haiku than there is a meaning to the sound of a frog jumping into water. What does it mean for a tree to be loaded with snow?

*evergreen
tipped North
with snow*

It is only a suchness of things. You could speak of causes and effects of that moment of suchness—but that is not meaning. The evergreen does not stand for something else—it is an evergreen. The snow is not a symbol of death or winter; it is snow. The reader knows it is a particular time of the year which probably fits in the category we call winter, but the snow is not merely in the poem to represent winter. When a season word is put into a haiku, just for the sake of fulfilling some rule that all haiku must have a season word, then it is only ornament or decoration.

It is symbolism and probably is not far from being cliché. Haiku is presentation of the suchness. Symbolism and cliché are just *ideas* of reality. The haiku poet must avoid seeing things as we are *trained* to see them. The haiku poet must avoid knowing reality through taught expectations, and must be sincere and honest to his/her actual experience.

An example: consider how most people “know” it is Spring. In grade school they were asked, “How do you know it’s Spring?” The students immediately know the right answers. They will say they’ve seen red-breasted robins, green grass, and pretty flowers. They learn that these are the “signs” of Spring—that these are the “symbols” of Spring. If they wish to “know” if Spring is here, they would look for these signs. They might even write a haiku like this:

*red breast robins
on the green grass
Spring is here!*

But this is just an idea of Spring. If they sought the suchness of a particular moment which happens to be during the time we call Spring, they would notice that robins do not have red breasts—it is more like orange or rust color. And the robins would not just be on the grass—they would be alive! Hopping, pecking in the spongy ground, chattering, or whatever they’re doing. If they really looked or experienced a moment, then they would see much more than just the symbols or signs of Spring. They’d probably notice fog, mud, gray skies, snow melting into the air, and they’d notice life doing what it does—lives. Instead of talking about the idea of Spring, the haiku presents a moment of Spring. The haiku poet does not want to teach the meaning of Spring anymore than buds on a maple tree want to teach the meaning of Spring. The haiku poet does not evaluate or explain the significance of a moment. He merely presents:

*the old pond.
a frog leaps in
water sound*

The poet, Basho, is not writing about himself, so he does not evaluate or symbolize anything. He does not judge the frog as if it were a person. He doesn’t say “the stupid frog” or “the ugly frog”—he just says the frog. The frog is a frog. Again, we can say that his poem is another example of the nature of reality—constant flux, eternal stasis (yin/Yang) (the tao). But, the haiku is not just for that. It is a famous haiku, a good haiku, because it presents a moment of perception. No one can ever have the actual experience Basho had, but we can re-imagine that moment through his poem.

Marlene Wills is an excellent American haiku poet who understands the importance of presenting the suchness of the reality in which she lives. She knows that it is not the function of haiku to merely make a point—to mean. She knows how to evoke feelings and perception from her reader. In her book, *the old tin roof*, she has:

newly plowed field
newly plowed field
newly plowed field

Only three words, but a very effective haiku. The positioning of the lines evokes an image (already in the reader's mind by past experiences) of being next to a "newly plowed field." The reader gets a feeling similar to experiencing an actual "newly plowed field." The reader is presented with words arranged in a fashion that suggests the actual perception of a "newly plowed field." The repetition is appropriate because that's what a newly plowed field is like. There are rows after rows of the same sort of furrows. But the experience is particular, unique. It is not about all newly plowed fields and the significance of them being newly plowed. It is not "fields" — it is a field newly plowed. If the haiku poet has succeeded, the reader has an irresistible urge to continue imagining the entire moment of life. In this case, I can easily visualize the darkness of the freshly turned soil, and I can easily smell the smell of slightly damp earth. It is a very particular smell.

I remember Michael McClintock's comment on one of the haiku from my collection *Barbwire Holds Its Ground*. He said simply, "AVOID THE PLURAL" and had underlined it three times. At first I didn't understand why he said this. Here is the haiku he said **this of**:

at a shake of the rattler's tail,
ranchers stop
dead in their tracks

Now I realize that this haiku fails because it is *about* a type of event. It is an abstraction instead of a moment of experience. It is *about* what ranchers do when they hear a rattlesnake's rattle. It does not allow the reader to re-imagine nor re-experience an actual moment. It offers only idea. Here is my revision:

a rattler's rattle!
the rancher
froze in his tracks. . .

No longer is this just my idea of what ranchers do when they hear a rattlesnake. Now it offers the feelings of being in that particular situation, as I have been on my Grandfather's ranch in western Kansas. The haiku is not *about*, it is. It is it!

Acknowledgements:

"newly plowed field" was published in Marlene Wills' *the old tin roof*.

"dirt farmer's wife" was published in *Modern Haiku*, Feb. 1977.

Jan Strelf, editor of BONSAI

WHAT IS A HAIKU?

Haiku are poems of Japanese origin which seldom exceed 18 syllables. Frequently they make use of "season words", providing the reader with an insight into the Chain of Change that seems sure throughout the Universe. In short, haiku is the invention of Man, intended to induce the so-called "Self" to Echo its "Oneness", bringing him closer to that core so often overlooked in the total of this Great Existence.

While haiku often come to us as "fixed" forms (a pose created by the poet, rather than the poem itself), Change, which is central theme of haiku, remains inevitable. Because Man is, and always has been in a changing State of Being, so too, will his poetry change to fit his need to find, or lose, his ego.

How plainly I am saying that haiku is but one of the many pieces of a massive word-game played by Man; a game no man, or woman, wins or loses. Perhaps this is the key insight revealed to us through the game itself. For this reason, if no other, the word-game called "haiku" is an honorable one, and in itself, worthy of all who follow.

Nobuo F. Hirasawa, editor of OUTCH (printed in Japan)

WHAT IS HAIKU?

Who knows what haiku is? Everyone knows what haiku is and no one knows what haiku is here in Japan. Even a kid of five years old makes haiku and says that haiku is a short poem made up of five/seven/five syllables. At some kindergartens kids are asked to make a haiku at the graduation to leave as memorial to their beloved teachers and nurses. Yet most of professional haiku writers in Japan still can't tell us what haiku is. They repeat the same question again and again. Meetings are held almost every day somewhere in Japan to discuss what haiku is. Thousands of opinions are published in Haiku magazines every month in this small island country of Japan. Imagine seven hundred and some more haiku magazines come out monthly or quarterly in the area as large as the State of California! Roughly eighty per cent of those haiku magazines are on traditional five/seven/five syllables with season words, and the rest are on free style without season words or syllable limitation.

Now let me tell you my opinion on what haiku is, leaving all those fussy disputes. They try to tell us what haiku should be, how to make haiku or what we should not do when we make haiku. You will find a lot of books on haiku at the bookstore, such as "Introduction to Haiku", "How to Make Haiku", and the like. No. I never make haiku. Haiku is born some time, some place. I never can tell when it will be or where it will be. Some haiku people make a trip, long or short, to make haiku. I never do that. Haiku is born any place. It's a moment, a spiritual moment, something like SATORI or ZEN. Of course rich vocabulary is desirable, but it's not the first element. Haiku is born from a completely personal highness of spirit. There is no room for any technique. Haiku is not only for highly educated people, but for all, young and old, men and women. Unfortunately here in Japan, haiku is still considered to be a good hobby or kill-time for the aged people. Haiku should be an excitement born in your heart. It is not important how long it will be. I write haiku both on five/seven/five and on free style. Five/seven/five is only good for Japanese. It sounds so comfortable to our ear. Here you have an episode. Once a great haiku master came up to Tokyo as a young man from the country. When he arrived at Tokyo Station, he saw a notice which read, "Konotokoro shobensuruna keishicho", which means "Don't piss here . . . Police". He was greatly moved and said, "Oh, how wonderful! Here in Tokyo, even a notice is made in haiku!"

Personally I like the shorter ones: "Seki o shitemo hitori" (coughing alone), "Kage mo medaka" (shadow is also a fish), "Hi ni yamu" (ill in bed to the sun). Still lots of haiku people believe that haiku should be on five/seven/five with season words. That's all right with them. It matters little on what style we write haiku. What is important is how haiku is born. Again I say haiku should not be made. It should be born in our heart. Then your words follow naturally.

TRANSLATIONS/REPRINTS/ETC.

CRY, WINDMILL

*A cicada is crying;
It is precisely
A red paper windmill.*

Flourishing on metaphor, this is one of the most stunning haiku in any language. Issa wrote it, and he proves indeed that metaphor can be an effective (and often dramatic) way of seizing and intensifying a moment from the here and now. If the reader approaches Issa's haiku with an agile and open mind to play upon the known factor of the poem — the cicada crying — he will gradually experience the sound, the form, and the color of the flimsy windmill as it applies to the insect. Besides that, the reader will feel the pleasure existing between the two interchangeable objects. Metaphor helps him, as it helped the author, to see and to see more intensely.

Many poets and critics consider metaphor the basic poetic figure. Quintilian calls it the commonest and the most beautiful, and Aristotle claims it is the best gift of the poet to find resemblances in seemingly disparate things. "Man is the symbol using animal," says critic Kenneth Burke; metaphorical animal, he makes pictures of his thoughts.

While the haiku poet is sparing in his use of all figurative language, fearful that he might destroy the immediacy of the experience he is recording, he nonetheless will occasionally employ metaphor as the inevitable tool in building a sound haiku structure. He knows that to decorate haiku with metaphor is pure disaster, but to instill metaphor into haiku so that the figure becomes part of the essence of the poem's captured moment is simply being true to his vocation as poet. So he will avoid, as he does in other types of poetry, decorative metaphor that exists for its own quivering sake, and in its stead will inject functional metaphor that invigorates haiku bloodstream. Summoning readers to an act of attention, his structure will contain what R. H. Blyth terms "a shock of mild surprise."

We certainly experience that surprise in Issa's windmill haiku, and we meet it again and again in writers old and new. No one can forget old Basho's romantic dramatization of our reach toward the unattainable:

*A flower unknown
To bird and butterfly, —
The sky of autumn.*

Nor can one forget the joy of surprise when J. W. Hackett's prize winner became a well-known reality:

*Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry . . .
is the shape of its beak*

Three other more recent poems demonstrate the suppleness of haiku writers in wooing metaphor. Nick Virgilio wields his with both trochees and rime!

*Now the days are long
through the blazing heat and haze:
sprays of sparrow song.*

Charles Reznikoff's is as evocative as it is breathtaking:

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

And from the unpublished repertoire of Bill Pauly's self-described "metaku" comes this stunner:

*vine
of your earthy eye
potato*

Metaphor is what words actually name. That's also what haiku is.

First printed in HIGH/COO magazine, Feb. 1978, #7

TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS

あかすゝのきつさつむりかたかくねむる

KUSATAO

b. 1901

akanusa ya katsatsumuri kataku kataku nemuru

ふゆのみにずいっしのかげもあざむかす

Nakamura Kusatao is one of the most well-known haijin in Japan today. He has written both traditional and free-form haiku. It is said that Kusatao was very much impressed by Shiki. His haiku are often penetrating, objective sketches with sharp images. Kusatao edits the magazine "Myriad Green Leaves".

fuyu no mizu issshi no kage mo azamukazu

Hiroaki Sato Stephen Wolfe

Kyoko Selden Leon M. Zolbrod

あかすゝのきつさつむりかたかくねむる

NAKAMURA KUSATAO

akarusa ya katatsumuri kataku kataku nemuru

These two haiku are much tougher than the pair in the February Frogpond. As a result, I have done what I wouldn't normally do, being a "literalist": in the case of "akarusa", I have added a word that doesn't exist in the original and substituted an adjective for the verb...! Bad boy.

akarusa – noun, brightness

ya – see Henderson & others

katatsumuri – noun, snail; subject of *nemuru*

kataku – adjective, hard, stony, rocky, etc.; used adverbially to modify *nemuru*; repetition of the word gives some sense of awkwardness

nemuru – verb, to sleep, be asleep

Derivation: **Brightness: a snail, hard, rock-hard, asleep**

NAKAMURA KUSATAO

akarusa ya katatsumuri kataku kataku nemuru

akarusa – brightness, lightness

katatsumuri – snail

kata – hard

tsumuri – noun form of *tsumuru*, close (eyes)

kataku – tight, hard (adverb)

nemuru – sleep (verb)

literal translation: **brightness-ya snail tightly tightly sleeps**

derivation: **brightness**

a snail tight-closed tightly tightly sleeps

akarusa ya katatsumuri kataku kataku nemuru

This haiku is in free-form

akarusa — brightness, light, sunlight (the ending “sa” is like English “ness”)

ya — kireji, to cut line and emphasize sunlight

katatsumuri — snail

kataku — hard, solid, tough, stiff, tight, strong, rigid, strict, steady, honest, etc.

kataku — same as previous word

nemuru — sleep, slumber

This haiku is very difficult to translate because of the repetition of the “kata” sound (3 times) which gives the feeling of the hard shell of the snail.

Literal translation: **brightness ya snail hard hard asleep**

sunlight; snail

deep in his shell

in the depths of sleep

sunlight: snail

tightly curled

in a shelled world

sleeping tight

Stephen Wolfe

NAKAMURA KUSATAO

akarusa ya katabumuri kataku kataku nemuru

Both of the verses strike me as emphasizing the deft play with language that has always characterized a good deal of Japanese poetry.

akarusa ya – Brightness, lightness, “ya” = vacative or interjective particle
Katabumuri kataku – Snail, escargot; hard, soundly, firmly, completely, securely, solemnly
kataku nemuru – repetition of adverb; to sleep; to hibernate

derivation:

**How brilliant and bright –
A snail as hard as can be,
Fast and sound asleep**

NAKAMURA KUSATAO

fuyu no mizu isshi no kage mo azamukazu

fuyu – noun, winter

no – postposition (?), of

mizu – noun, water: fuyu no mizu is presumably the subject of azamukazu

isshi – compound noun consisting of ichi, one, and shi, branch, twig

kage – shadow, shade

mo – emphatic particle, even, etc.

azamukazu – negative form of the verb *azamuku*, to betray, deceive, be unfaithful to, etc.; the ending is “literary,” meaning that the form is used mainly in classical Japanese.

I have used positive, not negative, and adjective, not verb.

The general sense, as I see it: The surface of a pond or whatever that the poet has happened upon is so clear and still that it doesn't fail to reflect the shadow of a single twig.

Derivation: **The wintry water, faithful to the shadow of every twig**

NAKAMURA KUSATAO

fuyu no mizu isshi no kage mo azamkazu

fuyu — winter

no — of

mizu — water

isshi — one branch, one twig

no — of

kage — reflection, image, shadow, shade

mo — even

azamukazu — negative in the literary form of azamuku, to deceive, betray, cheat, belie

Literal translation: winter's water even one branch's image deceiveth not

Denvation:

winter water mirrors

not even one branch belled

fuyu no mizu isshi no kage mo azamukazu

This haiku is 5/7/5 with kigo

fuyu – winter

no – of

mizu – water

isshi – one branch, one bough, one twig

no – of

kage – shadow, shade, reflection, image, trace

mo – of

azamukazu – literary ending for negative of the verb-to deceive, cheat, delude

Literal translation:

water of winter even the shadow of one branch not deceived

Derivation: **winter water,**

even the thinnest branch

reflected clear

winter water

fine-branched reflections

unblurred

Stephen Wolfe

NAKAMURA KUSATAO

fuyu no mizu isshi no kage mo azamukazu

- fuyu no mizu** – This is not a traditional combination. Winter; possessive particle *no*; water in winter. Lake, river, wash basin, well; bucket of water.
- isshi kage mo** – Numeral one; suffix for leaf, sheet, page or various objects having a flat surface; possessive particle; shadow or image.
- azamukazu** – Negative form of verb, to cheat; to deceive; to trick.

**Water in winter
Every single reflection
may tell the whole truth**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Steven Wolfe, our correspondent in Japan: "Frogpond is very well received here."

"May you find pleasure and success in your venture. The first issue was very unique as well as informative and interesting. Very worthwhile!"

David D. Lloyd

"I think Volume I number 1 is excellent."

L.A. Davidson

"My wife and I are excited about everything happening with FROGPOND! ...very excited about the possibilities of FROGPOND after seeing the first issue. The translation format is excellent. (It brings out the innuendoes and richness of each haiku.)"

Randy Brooks

"...That member, L.A. Davidson, gave me the encouragement to continue... Thanks to all members who take the time to help a stranger write. They are important!"

R. Anthony Welch

"...Thanks for sending 'frogpond'. I especially liked the translation seminars with the literal translations given first and then the possible interpretations by different authors."

Eric W. Amman

"I received Vol. I No. 1 of FROGPOND and I feel it is a good addition to haiku literature. The Haiku Translations/Derivations section was very enlightening. Like you I am not a student of Japanese and any insights into how they write haiku is very helpful. The judges for the Harold G. Henderson competition are excellent."

Joyce W. Webb

"I DO think 1st issue of HSA FROGPOND a fine beginning—and I love the name!"

Elizabeth S. Lamb

"WESTERN WORLD HAIKU members wish you well in your new venture..."

Lorraine E. Harr

Letters to the Editor

"Sounding off with a CROAK, or two, in praise of FROGPOND—a delightful surprise—didn't think it possible to come up with something different—anyone looking for a new experience try FROGPOND—jump in and join the swim—you'll like it—success is assured."

Dorothy G. Neher

"Please pass my compliments along to Lilli Tanzer the next time you see her for her editing of FROGPOND. It is a beautiful booklet and so informative and helpful."

Juanita Newcomb

"I like FROGPOND very much and think it is going to go places. What a good job for a start!"

Thelma Murphy

"I must say that it's just great to see what you've done in such a short time..."

Tony Suraci

...let me say how much I enjoyed the first issue of FROGPOND."

Sydell Rosenberg

"Nice job on FROGPOND. Good luck."

Carl Fredricks

"I find the new format most original and attractive and you are doing a good job. I am looking forward to attending the meeting next fall and hearing the Japanese master. Thank you again for your interest and writing to me."

Proxade Davis

"...I don't give up hope, in the past I have entered HSA contests and sent haiku for discussion at the meetings and never heard a word about them. But it does look like things are improving there."

Roberta Stewart

"As a new member, I am delighted with my first issue of FROGPOND... You are to be congratulated for the splendid February 1978 issue of FROGPOND."

Earl L. Robinson

SOME HAIKU READING

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

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|---|--|
| AN INTRODUCTION TO HAIKU
Harold G. Henderson | Doubleday Anchor Books
Doubleday & Co., Inc.
Garden City, N.Y. |
| HAIKU IN ENGLISH
Harold G. Henderson | Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc.
Rutland, Vermont 05701, USA |
| HAIKU HISTORY
R.H. Blyth | <i>Hokuseido, Tokyo, Japan</i> |
| THE HAIKU FORM
Joan Giroux | Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. |
| THE JAPANESE HAIKU
Kenneth Yasuda | Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. |
| MODERN JAPANESE HAIKU
Makoto Ueda | Univ. of Toronto Press, Canada |
| MATSUO BASHO
Makoto Ueda | Twayne Publishers, N.Y. |
| THE HAIKU ANTHOLOGY
English language haiku by
contemporary American
and Canadian poets—
Cor van den Heuvel | <i>Anchor Press[Doubleday, N.Y.]</i> |

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- POETRY NIPPON.** c/o Poetry Society of Japan, 5/11 Nagaikecho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan. Two double issues a yr. \$7/yr.
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- WINDLESS ORCHARD.** Robert Novak, ed. Dept. of English and Linguistics, Indiana-Purdue Univ., Ft. Wayne, IN 46805. Quarterly, incl. art calendar. \$7/yr. regular, \$4/yr. students. \$2 copy. (several pages of haiku).

Editors: Please keep us up to date

