

HSA
Frogpond

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HSA FROGPOND

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Cover photo by Lilli Tanzer

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Dear members,

Not so long ago I received a card from Kazuo Sato, who resides in the United States several months of each year. Kazuo is a very interested observer of developments in the writing of haiku in English. The card states: "Without Frogpond we would not know what haiku are being written."

Kazuo was referring to the concept of Frogpond, particularly to the printing of unscreened haiku. The following is for our many new members, and for any of our long-time members who find the concept a bit blurred:

CROAKS is designed to let us see a cross-section of everything that is being written, including offerings you do or do not consider to be haiku.

WATERSOUNDS is designed to let us know what a large panel of experienced individuals considers to be haiku. A careful reading of WATERSOUNDS selections over an extended period of time will constitute a "self-educative" (to quote several of our members) tool. A reference to those writings NOT selected is equally helpful. Bear in mind that the selections are not made by HSA FROGPOND. Recently, quite unintentionally, several haiku appearing in the November 1978 issue were repeated in the February 1979 issue. These were by Kondo and Chapman. The second time around they received different votes! This correctly indicates that the voting is necessarily subjective. FROGPOND is currently querying the panelists as to what they look for in deciding what is, or is not, haiku.

These comments will constitute added information for you in your quests for your own ways with haiku.

All Japanese-oriented material in FROGPOND is intended to implement the HSA purpose as avowed in our by-laws. It behooves us to study Japanese haiku to understand what it was and is, and WHAT IT WAS NOT, AND IS NOT.

When we write a brief combination of words, naming it HAIKU, are we attempting to write poetry? Are we attempting to write something DIFFERENT from other brief poetry? When we sense something special in some Japanese haiku, and attempt to name that something special, are we looking and pointing at zen and calling it poetry, or are we looking and pointing at poetry and calling it zen? Are zen and poetry the same thing or is it an error to equate them?

FROGPOND does not answer, but it DOES point to the questions. The answers must come from YOU. Recently Hiro Sato voiced the opinion that FROGPOND is a "kind of workshop." Yes, in the above sense, it is just that.

TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS is designed to aid us in our understanding of what Japanese haiku is and is not. Only through a thorough

in particular *might* one achieve that knowledge, but most of us must depend on translations, and we are deeply grateful for them. One purpose of TRANSLATIONS/DERIVATIONS is to caution us against taking any one translation as *being* the original haiku. An extension of that purpose is to show us that even translations are to varying degrees subjective, and cannot avoid being so.

ALL ESSAYS and ARTICLES in FROGPOND are chosen for their thought-provoking qualities. Again, they often voice differing views and, in line with the magazine's policies, they present as full a picture as possible.



Tony Suraci has asked that we print his following haiku. He dedicates it to our magazine. In other words, he dedicates it to you who write our magazine. And while I'm at it – please write your haiku on 3 x 5 inch cards (23 x 38 centimeters) and your essays on 8½ x 11 inches (66 x 85 centimeters), double-spaced with wide margins – with an extra copy.

Thanks for waiting, Tony!

Mist whirling
as reflections and shadows shift
Frogpond. . .



Letter to the editor:

I read *Frogpond* Vol. II, No. 1 twice but failed to find any questions, comments or reactions of the members/audience regarding 9/17/78 lecture. I now wonder if it was worthwhile inviting Messrs. Yamamoto and Mori all the way from Japan at a great cost of money, time and energy for nothing.

I understand that the shikishi attracted a great deal of translating.

Yasko Karaki



Tony Suraci asks that I inform the members of the fact that although I had stated I would print his haibun about his experience with a caterpillar, I later changed my mind about printing it. I regret the embarrassment that this change caused Tony, after he informed friends and editors that the haibun would appear in *Frogpond*.



Apologies to Sydell Rosenberg. Her haiku

*Rain, / how different the sounds /
on autumn leaves. . . .*

and

Too big a morsel? / A city pigeon circling / an English muffin

were correctly printed in the Feb. '79 issue. When the votes on that issue were printed, errors were made in the haiku.

Voting was on the correct versions.

HSA BIENNIAL MERIT BOOK AWARDS
for books published between 1975-77 inclusive

FIRST PRIZE (The Gerald Brady Memorial Award)

Foster Jewell – for the body of his work to date. \$25.00

SECOND PRIZE

Elizabeth & Bruce Lamb
The Bust of Sylvette \$25.00

THIRD PRIZE

Geraldine C. Little
Stilled Wind \$20.00

HONORABLE MENTION

Robert Mainone
High on the Wind \$15.00

PRIZE for book of translation and
criticism – to Makoto Ueda for

Modern Japanese Haiku: An Anthology \$25.00

The book awards committee consisted of Virginia Brady Young, chairperson,
L.A. Davidson, Alan Gettis, and Sydell Rosenberg.

NEW YORK CITY HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST FOR 1979

501 submissions

Judges: L.A. Davidson, Mildred Fineberg, Elizabeth S. Lamb, Hiroaki Sato, Lilli Tanzer, Cor van den Heuvel, Stephen Wolfe.

FIRST PRIZE (6 votes)

*I knocked
and went on,
unnoticed*

David Ball
Canarsie High School

SECOND PRIZE (5 votes)

*The wind blew the newspaper
up from the gutter
into the branches of the tree*

Gregory Suarez
Brooklyn Technical High School

THIRD PRIZES (4 votes)

*on bamboo shades
sun waves
break*

Debby Di Pierro
John Jay High School

*The heat — two hot hands
Pressing my sweaty shoulders
With an August weight*

Marvin Luther Williams
Benjamin N. Cardozo High School

FOURTH PRIZES (3 votes)

*4:00
I brushed my brittle hair
and killed roaches*

Linda Logan
Thomas Jefferson High School

*I saw laughter
through my window*

Douglas Crosby
Brooklyn Technical High School

*Looking in a pool
Weak, water reflections
Of my other self*

Miriam Ortiz
High School of Art and Design

SPECIAL PRIZE

*Grey green sea ruffles
Foamy white tipped feathered waves
Mimicking the gulls*

*Voices drift like tides
Waves of sounds rush and subside
Never reaching shore*

*Endless faded blue
Velvet sea embroidered white
Melts in seamless space*

Ann Richman
Bronx High School of Science



OTHER AWARDS – HSA MEMBERS

- Richard Criss – For poetic haibun "Three Lines", *Dragonfly* October '78. "Best Haibun of the Year," reader's choice award.
- Sol Markoff – 2nd and 3rd prizes for haiku poems, by The Rhode Island State Poetry Society. Citation by Yuki Teikei Haiku Society – Annual Contest.
- Raymond Roseliep – Third Prize, and Honorable Mention in Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Contest. 2nd prize and Honorable Mention from *Outch* (Winter). First Prize and Honorable Mention from *Outch* (Spring). First Prize from *Portals* (July).

NEW BOOKS BY MEMBERS

- Donald E. Harding. BIRCH IN THE WIND. \$2.00 autographed, from Don Edwards, 19 North State St., Elgin, IL 60120.
- Peggy Willis Lyles. RED LEAVES IN THE AIR. Mini chapbook no. 6. \$1.00 from High/Coo Rt. 1 Battleground IN 47920.
- Raymond Roseliep. SKY IN MY LEGS. \$2.50 ppd. from Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, La Crosse WI 54601. FIREFLY IN MY EYECUP, \$1.25 ppd. from High/Coo, Rt. 1 Battleground IN 47920.
- George Swede. A SNOWMAN, HEADLESS. IN THE HOWLING WIND, UNDER THE FULL MOON. \$4.00 publ. by Fiddlehead Poetry Books. From author, Ryerson Poly. Institute, 50 Gould St., Toronto Canada M5B, 1E8.

HSA 1979 ANNUAL MEETING REPORT

The meeting took place at Japan House in New York City. Before introducing the speaker, Professor Earl Miner of Princeton University, HSA president Hiroaki Sato thanked Ms. Mari Eijima of The Japan Society for her generous cooperation in making the Society auditorium available to HSA, and for supplementing our small gesture of thanks to Professor Miner for his willingness to share his formidable knowledge with us.

Those attending were invited to a party at the home of Hiro Sato, after the HSA business meeting.

In introducing Professor Miner, whose topic was "Japanese Linked Poetry, Its Rules and Freedom," our president gave a background, in outline form, of the development of Japanese poetry from tanka to renga, and followed with a brief listing of books by Prof. Miner — the most recent titled *Japanese Linked Poetry*, available through Princeton University Press.

After the talk, the HSA business meeting was opened, with thanks to all executive committee members and the various awards committees and judges, for their painstaking work in behalf of HSA. Mildred Fineberg, our treasurer, read a financial report summary, and Hiro Sato announced the Henderson Contest winner and the winners of the Merit Book Awards.

Japanese Linked Poetry may be purchased at 20% discount by sending \$16 to Mary Mellow, Princeton University Press, Princeton, NJ 08540, with a note saying you are a member of the Haiku Society of America.

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT ALL 1979 MEMBERSHIP/ SUBSCRIPTIONS EXPIRE ON DECEMBER 31, 1979. WE WILL NO LONGER MAIL FREE COPIES TO THOSE WHO DELAY RENEWING.

FOR UNINTERRUPTED MAILINGS PLEASE RENEW ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 31, 1980. FULL RENEWALS NOW WOULD ENSURE FOUR PROMPT MAILINGS IN 1980.

WHY NOT PLACE HSA ON YOUR GIFT LIST? GIVE YOURSELF AND AT LEAST ONE FRIEND AN HSA MEMBERSHIP/SUBSCRIPTION.

1980 RENEWALS, since August Bulletin, through October 8.

Jane Andrew, Mildred Fineberg, Helen Jaccard Dunkle, Sylvia Heimbach, Josephine Pagano, Frank E. Pitt, James D. Shaver, Lilli Tanzer.
Betty Drevniok, James O'Neil, Anna Vakar, jamiel d. hassin

NEW MEMBERS, since August Bulletin, through October 8.

The N.Y. Public Library, Division P Grand Central Station, P.O. Box 2240, N.Y.,
N.Y. 10017.

Caren Osser, 943 Carver St., Philadelphia PA 19124.

Ivo Thijssen, Eikeblok 53, 2991 Tildonk, Belgium.

Steven F. Walker, Comparative Literature Dept., Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ 08903.

jamiel daud hassin, temporarily unlisted.

Ruth Jones, 6905 Greenway Ave., Phila., PA 19142

Joshua Mostow, 520 Valley View Rd., Mellon Sta., PA 19066

Roy Rose, (2H) 41-41 44 St., Sunnyside, NY 11104

C. Thomas, no. 204, 1437 Rhode Island Ave., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20005

Noburo Yamashita, Rm. 26, 102 Gregory, Champaign IL 61820

ADDRESS CHANGES

James O'Neil, 33 Dakota St., Buffalo, N.Y. 14216.

Randy Brooks, c/o High/Coo Rt 1 Battleground IN 47920.

David Lloyd, Box 212, Pitman, NJ 08071.

James Magorian, 1225 North 46 St., Lincoln NE 68503.

Tadao Okazaki, 54-1 Shimoyashiki, Kakeda, Ryozen, Fukushima-Ku, Japan.

Steven Walter, 1812 Dawsey St., Tallahassee FL 32305.

Ruth M. Yarrow, 407 Hancock St., Ithaca N.Y. 14850.

Brett Brady, no. 531, Chester, Sherwood Forest, Nova Scotia, Canada BOJ IJO.

Corrections:

Donald E. Harding, Ye Olde Western Inn, 19 N. State St., Elgin, IL 60120.

Frank E. Pitt, 1410 York Ave., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10021.

The next issue of HSA Frogpond (February 1980) will print the names of all members and non-members who have so generously contributed funds to HSA in general, HSA Frogpond, and for awards.

* * *

The February 1980 issue will print a summary financial report covering the full year of 1979. A fully detailed report is available to all paid members upon receipt of S.A.S.E. by our treasurer, Mildred Fineberg.

To all members who wish correspondence with other members – have you considered INITIATING the correspondence?

TEACHER CROAKS

SOME THOUGHTS ON TEACHING HAIKU IN THE SCHOOLS

by Anna Vakar, teacher,
Canada

It is encouraging that the educational community wants to re-examine the use of haiku in English and is looking to the Haiku Societies and the magazines for current information. It is to be hoped that those of us who ponder over haiku will take this opportunity to emphasize that which is common and unifying to haikudom, and not be distracted by factionalism, so that, together with the teachers in the schools, we can develop a better understanding of haiku in the West.

How urgent the need is may be estimated from the fact that out of over 100 examples labelled haiku in some 25 articles written in educational and in general circulation magazines from 1959 to 1978, only about 20 qualify as haiku (13 of those being translations from the Japanese classics), if one judges them by the guidelines given in H.G. Henderson's *Haiku in English* (Charles E. Tuttle, 1967). In those same articles, no clear and consistent distinction is made between translated Japanese haiku and original English-language haiku; for instance, 20 of the articles confidently define haiku as "17 syllables divided into three lines of 5-7-5," making no mention of that great difference between the Japanese and the English languages which makes it possible for 17 English syllables to equal as many as 40 Japanese sound-symbols; neither do they remark on the fact, often confusing to beginners, that many haiku in translation do not have 17 syllables, yet are perfectly good haiku.

Bantam's *Haiku Poetry, A Children's Collection* (1978), widely distributed in the United States and Canada, also points up the need for re-examining how and why haiku is taught in the schools. The book presents over 200 examples of verse, some of it very good, by young children at the Wilhelm Schule in Texas. However, only 15, at the most, of the 17-syllable 3-line verses, are haiku, if judged by the guidelines provided not only by Henderson but by haiku editors such as E.W. Amann of *Cicada* and L.E. Harr of *Dragonfly*. Even the 19 Award Winners, selected by members of the Japanese community in Houston, as if that would guarantee them, don't all qualify as haiku, and for obvious reasons, such as the third line that comments or interprets, the overuse of adjectives, and the use of personifications, similes, excessive subjectivity, or obvious logic.

In general, the literature outside the haiku community's own often reflects a belief that haiku is only a matter of form, and that, provided Nature is mentioned, the West can put whatever it pleases into this form and still call it haiku.

* * *

In the spirit of *Frogpond*'s open concept, which invites us to engage in cooperative exchanges about the genre, I offer the following suggestions to teachers with the intention of helping haiku develop *as haiku* in the West.

1. *Availability of Materials.* Each school library should have at least the two books by H.G. Henderson: *An Introduction to Haiku* (Doubleday 1958), and *Haiku in English*. A thorough acquaintance with both, and especially with *Haiku in English*, should be mandatory for any person teaching haiku at any level. Other useful basic books might be Joan Giroux's *The Haiku Form* (Charles E. Tuttle, 1974), though minus her requirement that every practitioner of haiku in the West learn Japanese, ideal as that would be. Haiku *can* be understood without a knowledge of Japanese. Giroux's book, though a bit confusing on the matter of syllables, ably delves into the Zen connection and into useful comparisons between Western poetry and haiku, as does Eric W. Amann's *The Wordless Poem*, recently reissued (1978) by the Haiku Society of Canada (available for \$3.50, 627 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M4K 2N9). (I do not mention R.H. Blyth's *Haiku* and *A History of Haiku* simply because they comprise six volumes, and most teachers, especially those who teach several other subjects, would not have the time to study them.

The most recent and conscientious study to explore and greatly illuminate the nature of haiku is, in my opinion, Rod Willmot's two-part article, "The Structural Dynamics of Haiku," in *Frogpond* 2:1 and 2:2; part 2 is especially understandable to those not expert in semantics or linguistics; both sections would be suitable for (some) high school and all (I hope) college level classes.

Some "how-to" books, such as Louis Cuneo's *Haiku Revisited* (1973), must be avoided: besides a constant use of "pidgin" English, the author seems to insist in an aggressive manner that he can do with the form whatever he wants to and that, by golly, no one's going to stop him — and he gives instructions about how others could do the same. An approach such as this (he is not alone) renders the word "haiku" meaningless and, needless to say, totally misleads about the nature, function(s) or techniques of haiku in any language.

2. *Clarity as to what function haiku is to serve in education; a clear goal.* Some goals now in use in the schools have little regard for haiku as haiku. It is used, for instance, to introduce children to poetry in general. That's fine. However, in this case it should be made clear that all three-line verses are not necessarily haiku and should not be so called just because of the form. Evidently, the teacher him or herself would have to know what the difference is. Such abominable non-haiku as M. O'Reilly Finley's *Haiku For You* (1966), which was enthusiastically reviewed in *Time*, causes terrible misconceptions.

Another use of haiku is to give students, especially problem students, an opportunity for quick achievement — a sort of poetry therapy. In this case, the questions of just what a haiku is or how it differs from most Western poetry may become irrelevant. A third and most prevalent use is simply to subserve an already existing ethos of "look-at-me-ism" and "see how cleverly I did it." The examples of haiku put on the schoolroom wall, or at home on the icebox, should not be just the students' own efforts. There should be *mostly* excellent examples from master haiku poets who can inspire and guide in matters of spirit and values as well as set standards of good technique.

3. *Clarity as to what is being taught — is it Japanese haiku in translation or original English-language haiku?* We assume that most teachers will be teaching a bit of both, and that even if they use examples only from reliable translations of the Japanese classics, they will be encouraging students to write haiku in English.

One has to pick one's translations carefully. A number of popular ones, for instance Harold Stewart's rhymed English couplets or some of Peter Bienson's and Harry Behn's verses in the Peter Pauper Press series, can be extremely misleading about content in traditional (i.e. Japanese) haiku. Behn, a translator-educator and teacher of teachers (see for instance *Cricket Songs*, 1964, and *Chrysalis, Concerning Children and Poetry*, 1968), states outright that he can't imagine being able to do translations "in the spirit of" haiku, and that therefore one should translate as "the author might have done if English had been his language." (*Horn Book*, April 1964, p. 166, repeated in the chapter on haiku in *Chrysalis*.) Innocuous and sensible as this sounds on the surface, it becomes clear from the translations that what he means is that since English often has similes, metaphors, sentimentalized personifications, and an inordinate love of adjectives, commentaries, and over-explanations, these should be used in translating haiku. But any and all of these is what haiku is not!

However, when Behn talks *about* haiku and its Zen-informed attitudes, which he compares to those of some American Indians, he says all the right things. It is a strange but common occurrence in the educational

literature – Gilbert Highet does a similar thing in his chapter on haiku in *Powers of Poetry* (1960) – that educators find it easy to talk about haiku and its special kind of spirit and sound as if they really understood, but then provide examples such as these two from Highet: *Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden: / if the whole world were filled with such peace!*, by the Emperor Hirohito. Whatever this is, it is not a haiku. *The birds, singing among the flowers, / laugh at men who have no leisure* by Sho-u. The latter example is simply a subjective interpretation using personification, and delivering a moral lesson, both of which are big no-nos in haiku.

The educational community could do a great service to haiku by researching what materials are currently used, and how extensively they are used, to teach teachers how to teach it.

The haiku community could perhaps in turn render a great service to education with a comparative study of existing translations of classical Japanese haiku, one which would include an analysis of the methods and principles of their translators.

4. *Caution, and a traditionalist orientation for beginners.* What is a teacher or a beginner to think when 16 experts and long-time haiku poets (the *Frogpond* panel) cannot, over the course of one year (1978), agree even as much as 50% that any one haiku out of hundreds submitted is actually a haiku? Since there are factions in the English haiku community which tug this way and that about matters of form and content, apparently unaware of the confusion they are encouraging, the teacher is advised to approach the magazines, newsletters, or how-to books with caution; but asked also not to be turned off by the existing indecisions regarding English-language haiku which the more responsible publications necessarily reflect. It will be a while yet before Western haiku has “shaken itself down” and found its identity on this continent. Haiku in the West is, after all, still very young.

In the meantime, the most reliable path for teachers would probably be to stick to the basics as elaborated in Henderson’s books and in Rod Willmot’s articles, and to avoid, or at least not to insist on, the 17-syllable form: besides emphasizing mechanics rather than content and spirit, it is the most difficult of all to do well in English and therefore counterproductive for beginners. The most important thing to get across at the beginning would seem to be that, apart from the requirement of brevity, of no *more* than 17 syllables, it is the content that matters in haiku, not the form.

Editor’s note: HSA *Frogpond* welcomes comments and discussion (in dissension or agreement) triggered by this article. We particularly seek articles by elementary school teachers.

CROAKS

CODE

C = Correspondence invited
S = Send to Selections Panel

/ = End of line
= For panel use

Gerald Anderson

- CS-1 *Ice / pole to pole, / encrusting the wires, / and wind!*
CS-2 *Midnight sea / from the promenade deck: /
wake, moon, and galaxy!*
CS-3 *Fall branch: / birds and leaves – flutter up, /
flutter down*

Jane Andrew

- CS-4 *Moon / chalking walls. . . roses. . . / clothes. . .*
CS-5 *Horse munching / roses by the stairs – / my bouquet!*
CS-6 *Poppied grasses / roses in the sun. . / rain drops. .*

Steve Ainsworth

- CS-7 *the swamp grass bows / as the tree frog /
lights upon its tip*
CS-8 *cold swimming pool: / a long breath /
before the dive*
CS-9 *traffic jam: / a jogger glides past /
the inching line*

Herb Barrett

- CS-10 *The ghosts move on – / my conscience /
still haunts me*
CS-11 *From high branches / morning birds
scold / the paw-licking cat*
CS-12 *A rocky peninsula / pointing straight /
at the fast running sea*

Bob Boldman

- CS-13 *late february / someone is dancing
upstairs / tapping on the silence*
CS-14 *the neon cross / pointing up and
away / from Fifth Street*
CS-15 *only reflection / the moon in the stream /
and the mind*

Darold Braida

- CS-16 *near dawn; / clinging to the screen door /
dew-wet cat*
- CS-17 *misty moonlight; / twining the dinner-bell
post / wisteria*
- CS-18 *rain drops / gently blowing down, / on
my umbrella*

Larry R. Cann

- CS-19 *moonshine lights the / crusted and
fusty vessel; shell's sea-ride ended*
- CS-20 *a man of years / bows against the wind,
snow-darts / painting the fresh grave*
- CS-21 *a pink oasis / midst the hard black
desert, / that one downey phlox*

Frank M. Chapman

- CS-22 *He sits by the pool, / Rejected by the
girls: / Waterlights dancing.*
- CS-23 *Petals / Gather in the hollows / Of the
boulder.*
- CS-24 *Mountain moving? / No. / Cloud shadow.*

Thelma King Clauss

- CS-25 *Birdseye view of earth. . . / Mountain
slopes revealing she / Has a hundred
breasts.*
- CS-26 *Eerie. . . lonesome. . . train / Whistle at
dead of night. Then. . . / Old hoot
Owl answers.*
- CS-27 *Enormous red moon. . . / Peering o'er
horizon. . . don't / Tip over our world!*

Richard Crist

- CS-28 *Reading the list / wondering which to
do next— / a clock strikes*
- CS-29 *The poet stops — / a rabbit pellet
pattern / in morning snow*

CS-30 *A highway sign — / how fleeting the
glimpse: / GETTYSBURG*

Joyce Walker Currier

CS-31 *yellow tea roses, / and the winesap shadows
at sunset*

CS-32 *Mother's parakeet / waiting for daylight /
under a cover*

CS-33 *each firefly / taking its own turn — /
without directions.*

L.A. Davidson

CS-34 *where I stood then, / a young girl laughs
with eyes closed / . . . falling petals*

CS-35 *not in the log book / but /
one day on that last sail /
a wedge of wild geese*

CS-36 *watching the dark street / for someone who
does not come — / not even a cat*

Joseph Donaldson

CS-37 *newly dug grave/ stray dog sniffs /
then hunts a tree*

CS-38 *late November sky — / sparrow on a darker
branch*

CS-39 *brown grasses in November wind / grey years
accept another Fall.*

David R. Eastwood

CS-40 *after the parade: / the new colonel
clacks his stick / along fence pickets*

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, OSF

SC-41 *solitary /
on the shorn hayfield — / iron reaper*

SC-42 *the window / wooded with frosty trees /
and a child's dress*

SC-43 *Holsteins: / pasturing meadow /
the still point*

Patricia Farnes

- CS-44 *The moss in that cranberry bog— / peeps
through snow / one eye out,
holding tight*
- CS-45 *When they told me — / the cripple can
dance! / my heart pounded that rhythm*
- CS-46 *My dwarf potted daffodils! / our resur-
rections came — / out of season*

Rita Freud

- CS-47 *Cool sun and spring wind — / a chill
clinging to stillness — / that fly on my
book*
- CS-48 *All winter that bush / scratched my pane
laden now / with soft buds*
- CS-49 *hollow sounds rowing / over asphalt
glaring sun— / empty moving van*

Fredrick Gasser

- CS-50 *Last day of school; / children fold old
lessons / into aeroplanes.*
- CS-51 *High bird / bombarded over town / flogging
through the rain*
- CS-52 *Bird feeding; one sparrow / comes to the
door unafraid— / thieves hesitate.*

J. Allen Gladson

- CS-53 *Beads of water shine / Upon the lily
pad as / A bullfrog swims by.*
- CS-54 *The wooden footbridge / Spans the
swift-flowing river / To the woods beyond.*
- CS-55 *Early spring morning; / The red headed
woodpecker / Tapping out a meal.*

Clyde C. Glandon

- CS-56 *sunset on the pond — / the edge of the
ice sharpens / into dark water*
- CS-57 *cool April wind: / curve of the kite
string / curve of the cloud*
- CS-58 *the screened-in porch / is cool in the
light rain — / a dusty smell*

Kam Grassman

- CS-59 *Reeds rustle in the wind / whisper of
nature's secrets / like friend's confidence.*
- CS-60 *Like hail on tin roof / memories stomp
hard / on petrified heart.*
- CS-61 *Like smoke obscures sun / Memories screen
out future / of new life, new love.*

W.E. Greig

- CS-62 *O white dragonfly – / I have found your
boy / Chiyo-Ni!*
- CS-63 *My crocus / Did nothing today / But open
widely*
- CS-64 *Deep in the forest / Holding, touching
damp ferns / I knew that the blind see*

Donald E. Harding

- CS-65 *A crow flaps / and the barbwire / thrums
up*
- CS-66 *By the water trough / cows and sound of
cowbells. . . / flies start buzzing.*
- CS-67 *Waves lap the shore / across the burning
sand / the seagulls cry*

Peggy Heinrich

- CS-68 *House of tan brick. . . / the wind
sweeps clouds from the sun / . . . O
golden house!*
- CS-69 *black cat / crossing the desk. . . /
end of haiku*
- CS-70 *leaves shrivel on the ground; / hands
cradle the wounded bird, / a wing
flutters. . .*

Loke Hilikimani

- CS-71 *the sinking sun: / a burst of orange
light / in empty windows*
- CS-72 *through flanking trees / sunlight /
moving along the highway*
- CS-73 *Child's red ball / afloat at ebb tide. . .
the sun / sinks to the sea*

Donald L. Holroyd

- CS-74 *Spring afternoon — / baseball players
at practice / stripping off their shirts*
- CS-75 *Hot Sunday morning — / even the sternest
deacon / wears a short-sleeve shirt*
- CS-76 *Autumn sunlight / on yellow chrysanthemums /
warming the whole room*

Magnus Mack Homestead

- CS-77 *London's autumn mist: / There in
Trafalgar Square / Stands Nelson on a
cloud!*
- CS-78 *Mortar shells stop falling / And pears
appear again, — / Normandy orchard.*
- CS-79 *Dark summer night: / The guard on
duty shouts, "HALT"... / The safety
latch click.*

Carolyn M. Johnson

- CS-80 *Beneath oak tree at noon / jigsaw
shadows / dancing*
- CS-81 *Two ducks' / beaks touch / image in the
pond*
- CS-82 *Two dragonflies / chasing each other /
around the water lilies*

Yasko Karaki

- CS-83 *cobbled street / I'm crossing the
summer / of a foreign land*
- CS-84 *a free flow of fashion show / of
sundresses / on cafe chairs*
- CS-85 *A flock of sheep / in the blue green
universe*

Harriet Kimbro

- CS-86 *Close enough to hear / your golden
butterfly wings / fluttering, I duck!*
- CS-87 *Mist like a bride's veil / floats before
the hidden eyes / of the seaswept hills.*

CS-88 *Gyrating skyward, / winter trees dance
to a tune / known only to them.*

Stephen C. Levi

S-89 *Snow fields flushed with red / tundra
begging for the sun / snow running to
sea*

S-90 *Creaking skeleton / barn's ribs stand
gaunt with age / shaking, thick with snow*

S-91 *Grayling shadows flee / halibut platter
in sand / shadows glide above*

Susan Littlejohn

CS-92 *shimmering ripples / of the dragonfly. . . /
mirror their fragile maker.*

Enid Carol Lucas

S-93 *The river's current / on every uplifted step /
invites me along.*

S-94 *Green scenic peacefulness / broken by the /
annoying yellow flowers.*

S-95 *Colorful butterfly fluttering freely / look
out! / can't you see me?*

Peggy Willis Lyles

CS-96 *Four generations / under the scuppernong
vine . . . / shadows overlap*

CS-97 *New Year's dawn: / on dry sand at the
tidemark, / shells and parts of shells*

CS-98 *Among moon rocks / one / called Genesis*

Barbara McCoy

CS-99 *Hot afternoon; / In the old well bucket /
geraniums grow. . .*

CS-100 *The twisted, old woman / leans on her
cane gazing / at the bonsai trees. . .*

CS-101 *The empty, white bowl / my dead mother
left / fills with spring sunlight.*

Ruby Rae McMurtry

CS-102 *sixty five candles / and today's icy
dendrites / not melting on cake*

CS-103 *smooth sea / rippling rainbow colored
sand / the oil spill*

Sister Mary Marguerite

SC-104 *the hearth fire dwindles: / no crackling
of log or twig – / only the cat's snore*

SC-105 *the old moon / casts an old shadow – /
the man halts*

SC-106 *nuns walk in twos / ducks file /
singly*

CS-107 *raindrops / on leaded window pane /
doubling*

Gloria Maxson

CS-108 *These fallen leaves, / curled and lying
on their sides / with capsized keels.*

CS-109 *The last flurry – / a loss of leaves, /
a gain of sky.*

CS-110 *First winter apple – / savoring astring-
ency, / seed and core and all!*

Steven Mermelstein

CS-111 *Evening wind sways the eelgrass, /
But the afternoon heat keeps coming /
Out of the sizzling cicadas!*

CS-112 *The lightning leaps! / And falling
from the night sky, / A gull's eel-shaped
cry.*

CS-113 *From the mountain's peak / A jagged
river descends— / Wild goats!*

Thelma Murphy

CS-114 *At the river bend / dense wisps of lake
fog / crowding the boat*

CS-115 *More wood on the fire / leaping to attack
it / how the flames crackle!*

CS-116 *Snow caught in your hair / you come in
from the winter / glowing*

Robert E. R. Nelson

CS-117 *Apartment dwellers / Linked by a common
sound – / Garbage disposals*

CS-118 *Tiny twinkling lights / Fill the early
morning: / Echos of my joy*

CS-119 *A brown cardinal / Rummaging for breakfast –
Solitary jonquil*

Minnie Patterson

CS-120 *In Flight / Cotton clouds racing, /
When suddenly: / Jolts and spills – /
United cold strangers.*

CS-121 *Dahlias
Fresh yeast puffed dahlias, / Petals
cushioned on the grass, /
Sang terminally.*

Bill Pauly

CS-122 *dry mistletoe. . . / footprints leading/
from her door*

CS-123 *twining upward / to the newlyweds' bedroom –
blue morning glories*

CS-124 *turtle / song / all this rain long*

Frank E. Pitt

CS-125 *Incomparable isolation / shared with
unsuspecting sparrow*

CS-126 *From eaves and branches / icy swords of
Damocles / now drip to torture.*

CS-127 *Inquisitive hare / loping along a
furrow / chasing butterflies.*

Joan C. Sauer

CS-128 *Silhouetted crosses / stretching to the
twilight skies, / telephone poles.*

- CS-129 *Ripples of sunset, / flow shoreward where
I stand, / watching God paint*
- CS-130 *Early evening, / in all the rain
puddles, / the setting sun.*

Deborah A. Shea

- CS-131 *Early frost / dots the flower beds /
– mostly weeds.*
- CS-132 *Flannel nightgown; / running to the back
door / . . . snowflakes in the porchlight.*
- CS-133 *Rainless summer; / flower gardens of brown /
– ant hills.*

Gladys Davis Smith

- CS-134 *Working at my desk / The phone rings
incessantly / Like a buzzing fly*

Roberta Stewart

- CS-135 *Tinkle of ice cubes / in summer twilight, /
mother's bamboo fan*
- CS-136 *Old garden, / leaves of the ailanthus /
white with bird droppings*
- CS-137 *The long climb, / taste of spring water /
from a hollow stone*

Dorothy L. Stout

- CS-138 *Intricate spider's web / victim hopelessly
entangled / – is it love?*
- CS-139 *Turning the corner / my shadow / has a
shadow*
- CS-140 *Slanting torrents / clogs on slippery bridge/
Hiroshige print.*

Tony Suraci

- C-141 *Red ant /
crawling into my shadow – / sequoia*
- C-142 *Candle-flame /
twisting in the autumn wind – / baby
just born*

C-143 *Even the darkness /
 holds the light of the firefly /
 to the last instant*

Cor van den Heuvel

CS-144 *a brain / in a laboratory pan — /
 sound of rain*

CS-145 *twilight — ripples wash across the deck
 of the toy sailboat*

CS-146 *just before it gets dark it gets dark*

Agnes Wathall

CS-147 *Fishing craft / rightside up and upside
 down. / The black shores, humpbacked.*

CS-148 *Maple seed clusters / passed over by
 autumn winds, / airborne in this snow.*

CS-149 *Feather-fine sod / creeping down the rock /
 to the tideline.*

Paul O. Williams

CS-150 *The open poppy mouth — / delicate stamens,
 pistol, / silence, wind-trembled.*

CS-151 *new snow, blue shadows, / a girl with a
 green jacket — / not summer green.*

CS-152 *brushing off the car. / the ache of snow
 on the wrists — / small hands, wool
 mittens.*

Anthony Welch

S-153 *After the rain / leaves bend down /
 and launch / prisms into June.*

S-154 *winter evening; / closed book and / cricket
 sounds*

Marlene M. Wills

CS-155 *smoke from a neighbor's chimney loneliness*

CS-156 *pig and i spring rain*

CS-157 *outhouse beside the creek the heat*

Stephen Wolfe

CS-158 *morning snow falls / smoke rises*

CS-159 *rancid rainbow / poisoned dreams*

CS-160 *at first sign / of first snow / some
 birds head south*

Virginia W. Wrenn

- CS-161 *Stopping beside you; / I saw you
dancing softly, / On ripples in pool.*
- CS-162 *Leaning and bending; / Dying and living
again; / Windswept horizons.*
- CS-163 *You have gone away, / And left memories
far and near; / Sweet APPLE BLOSSOMS.*

jamiel daud hassin

- CS-164 *a flock of crowned cranes slowly /
winged towards the small lake on /
the crater floor*
- CS-165 *herds of wildebeest and zebra /
drifting to grazing places for the /
night.*
- CS-166 *Autumn leaves / over crisp concrete
gathered / in a corner to gossip*

Lilli Tanzer

- CS-167 *man-marked bird / feeding, scattering
seeds . . . / unknowing*

L.E. Cruciana

- *Rare hot-house orchids. . . / from one to the
other goes / scent of own perfume*
- *Comes again and again / to strum the fragile
wind chimes. . . / devious night wind*
- *Stilted flamingos. . . / how precise their
reflections / in the clear water*

James Kirkup

- *Planes taxi: tail fins / slice rooftop seas
of thatch and tile — / Jaws at Itami.*

Sobi-Shi

- *some rice plant, Buddha, / and till I set him
free— / the sparrow thief*
- *the old woman / shovels her walk; / the finch's
tick-tick*
- *Christmas Eve: / butchers' knives / stop ringing*

A talk by Professor Earl Miner, on the occasion of the Haiku Society of America annual meeting, September 29, 1979. Japan House

HAIKAI THEN AND NOW

Even as each of us admits to a fair share of ignorance about Japanese literature and ourselves, each of us feels also a strong connection between certain things Japanese and ourselves. In part this is a general cultural phenomenon of almost a century now. And in part it is a matter of our own individual lives. If I am not mistaken, there are few of us who cannot date acquaintance with Japanese poetry by some lively memory of persons and place and occasion. Let me date mine. In 1947, at the redoubtable age of twenty, still very much a person from mid-state Wisconsin, I was a civilian in military government in Nagoya. One weekend there was a party at a spa in Gifu. There was sukiyaki, which the Japanese hosts thought, no doubt rightly, that we beef-eating Americans preferred. For some reason, on that evening an executive of a Japanese steel company began to talk to me about haiku. He told me about Bashō's poem on the old pond and the frog leaping into it. That was known to me. He also told me about Chiyo's poem on the son she had lost — where had he gone today in chase of dragonflies? He told me about two other poems, one by each of these poets, and of some others that I no longer recall. The four poems I have alluded to have been in my memory ever since, and I can date from that evening, with an assurance unusual for me, my passion for Japanese literature. There is a true sense in which nothing I have learned since about Japanese literature has been as important as what I learned after sukiyaki and sake from a steel company manager I have never seen since.

The point of this recollection is that it is an attempt to explain the inexplicable. At least I cannot otherwise explain the magic that is possessed by what we have so long called haiku, even if I no longer use that name for the poems I have mentioned. Without such magic, I would not be the same. Unless I am mistaken, others would also not be the same if they had not felt that same power of haikai to attract us away from the numerous other preoccupations that call to us. Since this little incident has meant so much to my life, and since I believe without having been told that others must have counterparts in their own lives, it is the point I have chosen to make at the outset. For if we cannot explain the magic of this kind of Japanese poetry, we can still testify to its reality and its power.

The impulse of that early and superficial encounter with what we all have been calling haiku sustained my interest in Japan. But for almost three decades my interests turned largely to English literature, waka, and comparative literature. In working with the help of Konishi Jin'ichi and with Robert Brower, I found that renga claimed my interest from time to time. In studying poetic diaries, my thoughts naturally turned to Bashō's *Narrow Road Through the Provinces*, which is unquestionably the greatest example. About 1973 it became clear to me that any further development of my understanding of Japanese literature would involve attention to drama, to *The Tale of Genji*, or renga and haikai. In fact the more I understood about all three, the better off my understanding of classical Japanese literature would be. It would give me great pleasure to tell you that I now understand all these well. But each is, in its way, exceptionally difficult. For example, in the summer of 1974 I visited Japan to discuss renga with Konishi Jin'ichi. Having discussed it with him many times, and having read his crucial book, *Sōgi*, I went to Japan bearing the usual light-weight clothes, plenty of travelers' checks, and some confidence. His radical criticisms of my understanding of renga were those of a true friend, so that I returned to the subject to study it afresh.

From such efforts, it became plain that many of my ideas needed radical revision, as also that the usual histories of Japanese literature had fallen behind the advances by individual scholars and critics. My *Dictionary of Japanese Literature (Nihon Bungaku Daijiten, Shinchōsa, 1955)* does not even mention one of the last principal renga poets, Satomura Jōha (1524-1602). Fortunately, a number of really fine studies have remedied this and other deficiencies.

Certain things that had seemed true were reinforced by further study. It became even clearer that renga evolved as a pastime to art from canons of waka anthologies and poetic sequences. The first eight imperial anthologies are increasingly integrated by techniques of progression through the seasons or love poems, and by associative techniques relating poems by varieties of verbal, conceptual, and other means. The typical one-hundred poem sequence of waka obviously influenced the usual length of renga sequences — one hundred stanzas. And the stanzas of renga obviously derived from waka, in that the stanza units were nothing other than alternations of the upper units (in 5, 7, 5 syllables) and lower units (7, 7 syllables) of a tanka. It also became clear that haikai no renga developed naturally if complexly from standard renga, so that if the history of Japanese poetic literature involves waka as the dominant achievement from the seventh or eighth centuries through the thirteenth, linked poetry (whether renga or haikai) succeeded during the next six centuries. Of course distinguished modern waka has been written by Yosano Akiko and others; and renga has continued to be practiced, as has haikai, in this century. But for rough and practical purposes, I found myself concerned with some six centuries of practice of a kind of poetry I had little understood and that Japanese themselves had almost lost sight of until only recently. Henceforth I shall deal with matters as if I had known them all my life, as obvious truths, when of course the fact is that it has taken me years to distinguish fact from error, that there is much I do not know, and there are quite different ways of interpretation.

The first name to mention is that of a very powerful critic and revisionist, Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902). Shiki is a genuine haiku poet, although he wrote other kinds of poetry as well as prose. In his prose criticism and his practice of haiku, he imposed a view of literary history from which Japanese themselves have only begun to free themselves during the last quarter century. In poetic terms, Shiki conceived of the poetry of the preceding three centuries or so as haiku. This is a great distortion. Neither Bashō in the seventeenth, nor Buson in the eighteenth century, spoke of haiku, but of haikai. The word "haiku" sometimes appears in the eighteenth century as one of those abbreviations Japanese love, as a shortened form of "haikai no ku," or a haikai stanza.

The older conception was of haikai, and within that of sequences that are now termed renku, and of opening stanzas or hokku. In principle, all opening stanzas were composed to initiate sequences. In practice, they came more and more to be composed as exercises or as outstanding stanzas such as might begin a sequence if the chance arose, or merely as a formal opening for sequences never envisioned. That gave Shiki his basis for considering them haiku, since the requirements for a hokku and a haiku are the same for most purposes. But if we check the approximately thousand extant stanzas that Bashō wrote in his lifetime, we observe not only that he was a compulsive reviser but that the great majority are joined to poetic or prose continuos, and often both. The hokku in *The Narrow Road Through the Provinces* are obviously related to their prose contexts. But checking a complete edition of Bashō shows that they and other hokku seldom exist alone, although he may have written out many alone on poem strips (tanzaku) such as had become popular by then, or on paper with a picture. Many of the hokku in

that poetic diary were used, however, along the way precisely as opening stanzas for sequences of varying length that he wrote with people he happened to be visiting. Bashō, Buson, and Issa remain haikai poets as they thought of themselves, rather than the haiku poets that Shiki had led us to think they were.

Even if habits of mind and naming die hard, that is a relatively easy correction to make. It is far more difficult to grasp the canons of linked poetry. Because these are crucial to our understanding, some of the major rules or principles require repetition if we are to hold to them with assurance.

Perhaps the major one by contrast with Western literature is the concept of renga and haikai as what the Japanese call group literature, group art (*za no bungaku, za no geijutsu*). As Masao Miyoshi has written of modern prose fiction in his *Accomplices of Silence*, Japanese have a different sense of self, and therefore of the poet, from that we assume. The self is defined by us in terms of distinct individuals with names distinguishing us from all others, however many James Smiths or Mary Johnsons there may be in the telephone directory. Japanese define self less in terms of distinct individuality than in terms of relations to others. Members of a family are apt to refer to each other as "Father," "Mother," "eldest sister," and so forth, or to people one meets as "respected senior" (*sensei*), "wife" (*okusama*), and even the young woman who is of importance in an electrical goods shop as "eldest sister from the electrical shop" (*denkiya no onēsan*). In the whole of *The Tale of Genji* there is not one person, including the author, who is known by her or his name as we understand such things. So it is not surprising that Japanese should evolve kinds of group literature, of renga and haikai no renga, for which two, three, ten or more poets could sit to compose a joint poem.

Such assumptions had been reflected in the imperial anthologies. Instead of organizing them by individual poetic canons ordered by dates of composition, the compilers of such collections used topics, the chief ones being the four seasons, love, and miscellaneous poems in which no one topic predominated. For such reasons the radical integer of Japanese collections became the sequence, the collection, not the poet or the poet's canon.

This fact no doubt explains why group composition began as a pastime. If a number of poets sit down to compose stanzas in alternation, the result is play — in the absence of integrative principles. The history of all kinds of Japanese literature except waka is, however, that what begins as amusement is fashioned by careful principles or rules into serious art. It was natural, therefore, for renga to take from waka and from whatever other sources available principles that gradually made its practice into a complex, serious art.

Most of these principles are easily understood, even if they are alien to our conceptions and not at all easy to remember or put in practice. One of the principles is, however, extremely difficult for a Westerner wholly to understand. This involves the linking of stanzas. True renga is long or chain renga. In it, like the individual links of a chain, each stanza may be said to touch only two others: its predecessor which it modifies, and its successor, which modifies it. The difficult corollary is that no stanza makes continuous or connected sense with any other than its predecessor or successor. We are accustomed to thinking backward, to recall something earlier when something later of a similar kind appears. This fixed Western habit of mind is one of the ways of errant thought for which Konishi reproved me in the summer of 1974. I kept making connections where none were intended.

It may well be asked if we have to read renga and haikai in the same way that their authors intended. Why not enter a Western interpretation? A modest answer

is that our historical imagination requires of us that we read as far as possible as the authors intend us to read. It seems likely that many readers have read Dante as if he did not write allegory, or today read Samuel Beckett's novels as if they were written by Dickens or Eliot. Clearly we *can* do so if we insist on doing so. A more exaggerated answer heightens this modest one. Obviously we can read Joyce's *Ulysses* backwards, or the chapters of *Pride and Prejudice* out of their intended order by cutting them out, stapling, and shuffling them. But such efforts, all of which lie within our powers, or willfulness, are perverse. If we are to understand the two linked species in terms that are adequate, we must try to read them as they were intended to be read. This does not mean that all Japanese read them alike. In fact there are quite distinct schools of interpretation that lead to different results. This does not also mean that if we compose varieties of linked poetry we need to follow Japanese rules. I shall conclude with some remarks on that score.

The other principles and rules may seem more alien but are more easily understood. Because some of the most important contribute to a valuable understanding of literature, it seems necessary to run through them as a kind of grammar for the language we are dealing with. In a few respects, stanzas are considered by themselves. Each has a topic, either a season or the non-seasonal status of Miscellaneous. Each may also have sub-topics such as love and various motifs. A stanza also has individual status in its impressiveness. A host of rules governs continuance or discontinuance of topics and motifs, but for them as well as for degrees of impressiveness another, more important principle operates: whatever the nature of individual stanzas, the sequence requires constant fluctuation.

Such variance leads to the conception of each successive stanza as something joined to a predecessor in a way to modify it by reconstituting, with it, a new poetic unit. It is rather as if parts of Italian sonnets were joined in constantly new ways: this octave followed and joined with that sestet. That sestet joined and altered by a new octave. Such joining and altering may change sex, social condition, and much else in the stanza to which the new stanza is attached. From this we see that not only the poet, but the poetic unit itself, has less independent existence than in Western literature. It is worth recalling that to Buddhist thought phenomenal existence is solely the result of dependence and interdependence.

Even the kinds of dependence and interdependence are of concern in Japanese linked poetry, *renga* and *haikai* alike. Stanzas may be closely or distantly related, or be related in intermediate degrees. Such a concept of relating or linking is in fact the essential feature, so that above all stanzas are to be understood by connection. Since that connection constantly changes, this poetry has a degree of discontinuity such as exists in no other kind familiar to me. That is, no stanza relates semantically to any other than its predecessor in one poetic unit and to its successor in another. It is as if a short story were so written that each paragraph made one kind of sense with the paragraph before it, and was turned into another kind of sense by the paragraph following it. And no paragraph had reference semantically to what any other paragraph said.

There are other features of linked poetry that integrate in non-continuous but large ways a sequence into a satisfying whole. What has been said about details and rules is, however, quite enough to establish the special character of this kind of poetry. It is time for examples, from which we can draw larger inferences and gain some sense of what this poetry is like in practice. The first example involves a run of stanzas from *Beneath the Boughs* (*Ko no Moto ni no Maki*), written by Bashō and two friends in the spring of 1690 near Lake Biwa. Chinseki had written stanza 11. To it Kyokusui adds the 12th, greatly altering the meaning that 11 had had in relation to 10.

	Yū koto o tada ippō e otoshikeri	The language he uses given in such strong argument tends to all one end
12	hosoki suji yori koi tsunoritsutsu	from such meager persuasions her love hopes keep increasing

Kyokusui

	Hosoki suji yori koi tsunoritsutsu	From such meager persuasions her love hopes kept increasing
13	mono omou mi no mono kue to setsukarete	now weakened by yearning she is told she must take food much against her will

Bashō

	Mono omou mi no mono kue to setsukarete	Weakened by yearning she is told she must take food much against her will
14	tsuki miru kao no sode omoki tsuyu	she looks at the moon through tears that weigh down her sleeve with dew

Chinseki

	Tsuki miru kao no sode omoki tsuyu	She looks at the moon through tears that weigh down her sleeve with dew
15	akikaze no fune o kowaguru nami no oto	the autumn wind makes her sea voyage frightening with the crash of waves

Kyokusui

	Akikaze no fune o kowaguru nami no oto	The autumn wind makes the boat trip frightening with the crash of waves
16	kari yuku kata ya Shiroko Wakamatsu	the geese fly along the Ise coast toward Shiroko, Wakamatsu

Bashō

	Kari yuku kata ya Shiroko Wakamatsu	The geese flew along the Ise coast toward Shiroko, Wakamatsu
17	sembu yomu hana no sakari no Ishinden	now at Ishinden the chanting of a thousand texts with flowers at their height

Chinseki

	Sembu yomu hana no sakari no Ishinden	While at Ishinden the chanting of a thousand texts with flowers at their height
18	junrei shinuru michi no kagerō	another pilgrim lies dying by the path where warm air shimmers

Kyokusui

We may consider the successive units of this subsequence, because its rather close relation of stanzas makes the linking easier to follow than in the other examples we shall be considering. Together, 11-12 present one of the world's oldest situations. A man's blandishments lead to a woman's falling in love. The only specially Japanese feature of this is that by this stage, and indeed from many generations before, love normally means longing without requital. That is demonstrated by 12-13. She yearns for a lover who does not return her affection. Since this unit differs from 11-12 it may be that, in this unit, he simply does not know of her interest, or it may also be that they had a love affair and he has proved unfaithful. In any event, she is in such a state that she cannot eat, and her alarmed family, which does not know the reason for her distress, keeps pressing food on her. This wry situation well exemplifies the comedy, however serious, we find in so much haikai.

The unit constituted by 13-14 does not involve love. It is now not clear what the woman yearns for. Perhaps she is of such a very refined disposition that simply the autumn moon is enough to affect her sensibility and interfere with her appetite. 14-15 alter the situation to a scene on a boat. In spite of my translation, it may have meant a group of people. But since Japanese poetry normally speaks of an individual in tears, I have kept a woman as the individual involved, fearful of the rough sea voyage. 15-16, on the other hand, is less personal, adding another kind of movement (in the sky) and specific locations. The tone becomes more positive.

With the combination of 16-17 we move ashore. The three place names designate locations in adjoining areas. The rise in tone continues with this auspicious, devout scene. 17-18 then breaks to a violent contrast. Whatever texts the priests intone, it would be well if they were sutras for the dead. Japanese commentators seem to agree that the dying pilgrim is not the first, just as there are a thousand texts being recited.

As such sequences go, this run is rather closely connected from stanza to stanza, although the initial two involve some distance in connection. It will be worth looking at another example, also by Bashō and colleagues, and also written in 1690. This is *At the Tub of Ashes (Aku Oke no no Maki)*. Bonchō wrote the 29th stanza, to which Bashō adds the next.

	Tsutsumi yori ta no aoyagite isagi ga yoki	Far beyond the dike the lush green plants in the fields give freshness to the sight
30	Kamo no yashiro wa yoki yashiro nari	the precincts of the Kamo Shrine suggest the many gods within
	<i>Bashō</i>	
	Kamo no yashiro wa yoki yashiro nari monouri no shirigoe takaku nanori shite	The precincts of the Kamo Shrine suggest the many gods within the strolling peddler loudly calls his wares in shortened names as he passes by
	<i>Kyorai</i>	
	Monouri no shirigoe takaku nanori sute	The strolling peddler loudly calls his wares in shortened names as he passes by
32	ame no yadori no mujō jinsoku	no more than cover from a shower is human life in ceaseless flux
	<i>Yasui</i>	

	Ame no yadori no mujō jinsoku	No more than cover from a shower is this world in ceaseless flux
33	hiru neburu aosagi no mi no tōtosa yo	sleeping at noon the body of the blue heron poised in nobility

Bashō

	Hiru neburu aosagi no mi no tōtosa yo	Sleeping at noon the body of the blue heron poised in nobility
34	shoroshoro mizu ni i no soyogu ran	where the waters trickle trickle the rushes sway in utter peace

Bonchō

This sequence satisfies in a very different way. Its element of haikai humor combines with Buddhist elements that are more positive. The unit 29-30 is tonally related rather closely, since the lovely vista of 29 is capped by the equally Japanese and pure Shinto vision of the Kamo Shrine. 30-31 involve a very tenuous connection, a light relation. Kyorai imagines a scene of a market such as might be periodically held at a shrine or temple. But the tone lowers drastically, and the connection is slight. 31-32 introduces a connection at least as tenuous. As the peddler goes by, rain begins to fall. The shelter of trees or the eaves of a nearby house is far from adequate, and in that offers an emblem of human life.

32-33 provides a particularly fine connection, but again is very tenuous, at least as to any words that might be associated. Bashō contrasts the flux of human existence with a symbol of enlightenment. The blue heron sleeps, standing on one leg and with its head tucked under a wing, indifferent to phenomenal rain. Its sleep represents enlightenment, departure from the illusion of reality. If it dreams, that dream is a truer Buddhist reality than our customary reality about the bird, a presumed reality that is only an illusory dream. 33-34 is equally outstanding as a unit. Bonchō most subtly seizes on the particularity of Bashō's time, noon. If the bird exists in time, it will wake from its true dream into our illusory sense of time and place. Yet Bonchō maintains the dignity of the scene even while adding a delicately comic element in his description of the sound of the water trickling (shoroshoro) about the bird and the reeds.

In 1780, Buson and his most gifted follower, Takai Kitō, resolved to write an especially impressive sequence or two. From the resolve came two sequences written not at the usual single sitting but over a period of months. Perhaps it is because of the long period of composition, perhaps because of the resolve to write impressive stanzas, but in any case the result shows what happens when stanzas are consistently related in a light or distant fashion. Kitō composed the 9th stanza.

	Yūgetsu ni okurete wataru shijūkara	Before a waxing moon belatedly at evening cross titmice in flock
10	aki o ureite hitori to ni yoru	sensing the autumn sadness he leans rapt against the door

Buson

	Aki o ureite hitori to ni yoru	Sensing the autumn sadness he leans rapt against the door
11	me futaide nigaki kusuri o susurikeru	eyes shut tightly he swallowed down the medicine so bitter in taste

Kitō

	Me futaide nigaki kusuri o susurikeru	Eyes shut tightly he swallowed down the medicine so bitter in taste
12	Taima e modosu furoshiki ni fumi	to Taima comes as reply in a letter in a <i>furoshiki</i>

Buson

	Taima e modosu furoshiki ni fumi	To Taima comes as reply a letter in a <i>furoshiki</i>
13	tonari nite mada koe no suru aburauri	one still hears the voice of that oil vendor who remains at the house next door

Kitō

	Tonari nite mada koe no suru aburauri	One still hears the voice of that oil-vendor who remains at the house next door
14	sanjaku tsumoru yuki no tasogare	accumulating three full feet the snow lies in the twilight

Buson

Each stanza is beautifully realized, as are the rest in this sequence. But the fine chiseling and artful design leaves some things to be desired for haikai art. The unit of 9-10 shares autumn and a sense of sadness, which suits the sense of departure in the previous stanza. Yet it is difficult to connect 10 with 9 in any other way. 10-11 constitutes a nice bit of haikai comedy. But this unit – like 11-12 and 12-13 – makes sense less by ordinary haikai principles than by simple juxtaposition. 13-14 has closer connection, since at least they share houses about which snow may accumulate in its fall. In the main, however, this run of stanzas shows how the art of haikai may be put in hazard by too tenuous linking, by too much attention to individual stanzas.

Another way of putting this important matter is that Buson and Kitō realize to too full an extent the lyric possibilities of individual stanzas. What that in turn implies is that Japanese linked poetry normally affords a special version of narrative. Its narrative is not plot narrative of the kind we find in Western sonnet groups, but narrative in which sequence dominates. To the degree that sequence dominates without connection, it has randomness, radical discontinuity. But to the degree that stanzas have some degree of relatedness, the sequence possesses continuity. If I am not mistaken, the two examples involving Bashō show how haikai sequence may give us narrative without plot, or at least no more plot than can be managed in five lines.

The positive version of these examples seems to entail a view of narrative as something that requires sequence and a degree of relation of the elements within the sequence. Narrative usually involves a plot or story, something continuous in actors, actions, times, and places. Haikai shows us, however, that plot is not necessary, or at least that lyric units can be joined in ways that constitute narrative without plot. This haikai or renga principle of Japanese narrative of course runs at variance from what might be set against it as a monogatari principle such as we discover preeminently in *The Tale of Genji*. And yet is it not true that many modern novels by Japanese authors seem loosely constructed by Western notions of the needs of plot? Surely these examples from haikai show that closely detailed plots are not necessary to narrative. Integral sequences will suffice. It seems no accident that many Japanese classics are modelled on just such a renga or haikai principle. Perhaps the readiest examples come from the ample diary or travel literature of Japan. Bashō's own *Narrow Road Through the Provinces* (*Oku no Hosomichi*) is held the greatest example of such kinds of literature. It seems no acci-

dent that recent critics have argued that this account of part of a very long journey is organized on the principles of a haikai sequence.

So much for haikai then, and as we must try to understand it as an art practised "then." There is also the almost separate question of how equivalent sequences may be written in English "now."

What can we take from the then of haikai or renga to use now? I think that we must acknowledge that for real sequentiality, something other than merely writing one stanza after another is required. And Japanese linked poetry shows that we ought to consider the importance of variance — both in closeness of relation of one stanza to the next and also of impressiveness of stanzas or other units. Somehow, we must achieve varying relation with varying but real connection. Once again, we are brought to face the basic principle of narrative, no doubt of literature itself, continuity and discontinuity, or perhaps more accurately, discontinuity within a larger pattern of continuity. Since both principles can be honored, or violated, or adjusted in so many ways, it seems possible only to enunciate the principle.

Another important issue for haikai in English is that it should possess not simply serial change within identity but that it have some larger rhythm. The Japanese version derives from music in the three part Introduction-Development-Fast Close (jo-ha-kyū). I am not a poet, but if I were, I think that I would use the movement most natural to Western music, that of a concerto. That is, a three-part movement like the Japanese, but in the order of a dignified yet sprightly beginning, a slow second movement, and a rapid third movement. Most of us can turn on the hi-fi to a fine music station and recognize that a piece is in its second stage because we hear a slow movement. This is a suggestion offered tentatively but in accord with our own experience, and as an analogy to our own music.

It does not seem very clear to me that we shall gain that much in making haikai by following Japanese topics — the four seasons and non-seasonal classifications, with such sub-topics as love and travel. Yet surely, if we are to integrate sequences in any true way, we shall need one day some systematic conception of topics. What those should be is hard to say. What, I wonder, about some such group as the following: love, war, money, politics, grief, travel, and natural description? The categories matter less than that haikai in English should eventually arrive at a certain discipline. Each practitioner must know what is expected at a given turn, what rules and what freedom are involved.

Discipline may also suggest adherence to some kind of prosodic norm. Should English haikai follow the fives and sevens of the Japanese? Should it use longer and shorter lines such as I prefer for translation? Surely the answer is that neither is necessary. Perhaps some set design is desirable, but unless the units are of some length — like the sonnets used by the four poets who wrote *Renga* in a Paris basement some years ago — rhyme is undesirable. Rhyme is, after all, not very congenial to contemporary poets anyhow. It is difficult to see why unrhymed couplets, quatrains, or ad hoc fixed schemes might not be workable, whatever their kind or length.

The spirit of things also needs to be considered. It has become something of a fad today in Japan to compose so-called renga. That is a pastime, and in Tokyo in 1977 I participated in a round of composition in which some people wrote in English, some in Japanese. Perhaps such an ad hoc effort tells us that we may begin where renga and haikai began — with pastime. If we try this and try that, we shall eventually come up with a very different but culturally suitable version of linked poetry. Of course only poets can decide how to make poetry, even if the rest of us take pleasure in something less.

With such provisos, I think we can see the beginnings of fruitful contact with Japanese linked poetry. Not long ago Richard E. Sherwin sent me a thirty-six stanza sequence in English. Four of its combined units – four that seem to me particularly successful because particularly moving – deserve attention along with the Japanese examples given. The stanzas in their combined units are the 20th through the 24th of a sequence titled *Green Beach*.

I wake sweating thirsty chilled.
Sometime we have to die love
new moon bearing this
darkness, sweltering after
birth screaming with stars.
New moon bearing this
darkness, sweltering after
birth screaming with stars,
we huddle together the
undercurrents treacherous.
We huddle together, the
undercurrents treacherous,
older everything
consumes in its completion
much more than we have.

Older everything
consumes in its completion
much more than we have.
Speaking softly the wind says
grief is holding on to things.

Sherwin is a real poet and his seriousness suggests the elevation of renga. I am not a poet, but that means I can lower the tension and beauty by a much more haikai effort of my own.

Poets in the room
some wish for their typewriters
some for their wine

Poets in the room
some wished for their typewriters
some for their wine
tall buildings cast long shadows
and the dollar drops lower

Tall buildings cast long shadows
as the dollar drops lower
the lecturer ends
a dog will not stop barking
as lovers embrace.

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Princeton University

“Link in a Dream” and “Dream-Burning”

Kyoko Selden

A glance at contemporary Japanese haiku magazines such as *Haiku*, *Haiku Kenkyū*, and *Haiku Kōron* reveals growing interest in traditional *renku*. Yet, contemporary examples of *renku* are quite rare. Even magazines whose scope is broad enough to cover topics other than haiku and haikai contain no modern *renku*. Major collections of literary works and haiku anthologies omit linked verse by modern haiku poets. Given the enthusiasm for *renku* in the past decade or two, I find this absence of contemporary *renku*, except as a pastime of scholars, striking. The quarterly periodical *Renku Kenkyū* (June 1975), devoted exclusively to *renku*, may be the only place where we find proof of heightened interest in the form.

Renku or *renku*-like poems are in fact enjoyed by many, but outside of standard haiku publications. One finds sporadic examples of such poems, though usually just privately circulated among friends and rarely meant for publication.

Two examples will demonstrate arresting uses of *renku*, which may also be of some interest in view of English *renku* practice. One is an imaginary coming together of three poets from three different ages: Bashō (1644-1674), Santōka (1882-1904), and Takatō Takema (born 1906), a scholar who co-edited Santōka's *Complete Works* (1976). The other is a linked poem by non-haiku poets inspired by the *renku* tradition.

“Muchū Sangin” (“Threesome link in a dream”), an unusual linked verse combining literary and “free-verse,” or free-rhythm, styles, published in the May 1977 issue of *Tenbō*, is a *kasen* in the traditional four part arrangement of 6, 12, 12, and 6 links, each set containing either the moon or flower (cherry blossoms), or both, in appropriate places. The dreamer Takatō Takema explains: at Santōka's hut Gochūan, where they were sharing an afternoon feast of mushrooms and wine, Bashō stopped by on the way back from the narrow roads of Oku. Takema begged Bashō to start a haikai. Readily accepting, Bashō offered a hokku he had composed at a temple: *Ishiyama no ishi yori shiroshi aki no kaze* (whiter than the rocks of Rock Mountain Temple autumn wind). Santōka added to it a free-verse link, *tsukareta ashi e tonbo tomatta* (on my weary leg a dragonfly lighted), and passed it on to Takema for the third link.

This develops into a *kasen* consisting of well-known haikai pieces by Bashō and familiar free-verse colloquial haiku of Santōka, interspersed with Takema's literary links. The *renku* moves, in the first section, from the fall wind to the weary legs to the tarrying moon of the sixteenth

night, then to a travelling beggar and the quiet meal of a monk in a hut. The second section moves briefly to winter in the country, reverts to the initial season introducing the fall sea, an athletic meet, *sumo* wrestling under the clear moon, shifting then to a nun with light make-up, and ending in springy cherry blossoms and camellias falling on a travelling monk's straw hat.

The remaining two sections, frequently returning to a journey, a priest, and a transitory stay, also touch lightly on the theme of love (an important *renku* theme), late fall rain, cold-weather damage in the Northeast, and air raids in the moonlight, before ending on a cheerful note with sparrows, dandelions, women on an outing to view flowers, and a spirited boatman of River Kodo.

A variety of topics in the middle two sections with some contemporary flavor provide, according to the *kasen* format, a diversion from the slower movement of the first set. The light mood in the last section also meets the traditional requirement. Except for the recurrence of certain themes, which would be avoided in a strictly traditional *renku* for the sake of variety, this linked poem respects the conventions of *kasen*. The reader, first simple-mindedly prepared only to respond with a haikai sense of humor to Takema's joke, is drawn to the complexity of the poem, as he observes the joining of the three eras in a game of *kasen*-making, while having the added pleasure of recalling the original context of the verses taken from works of the two older poets.

Now, Santōka never actually composed *renku*. His free-verse haiku, since they are haikai, correspond to the 5/7/5 syllable link of *renku*, and not to the 7/7 syllable link. In "Muchū Sangin," however, he fills both 5/7/5 and 7/7 links as do the other two poets: Takema chose Santōka's haiku which contained approximately seventeen or fourteen syllables depending upon which was needed in the sequence. For example, his *tsukareta ashi* is 14 syllables and can be read as a 7/7 verse. So there is the temptation to read this and the other links of Santōka with the cadence of the traditional haikai. Yet if we do that, we are imposing on Santōka's colloquial poems the cadence which he deliberately rejected. The effect of such reading, outside of this *renku* context, would be as ludicrous as fitting an iambic rhythm on Hopkins. Here, however, this juxtaposition of the different elements works surprisingly well. It shows how the *renku* form comfortably assimilates free-verse. Some English haiku poets who reject syllable counts and line division start to count and to use alternating three and two lines once they turn to compose *renku*. No wonder that Santōka, too, succumbs to this temptation, if only on this occasion.

Some* *renshi* (linked poetry) attempts were made by the nine members of a circle magazine *Kai* ("Oars"), including Tanikawa Shuntarō and Ōoka Makoto (both born in 1931). Its second *renshi* issue (no. XXI, 1974) includes three sets of *renshi* of four-line, three-line, and two-line links each. All the links within a sequence are independent poems with no long and short verse alternation. Each set consists of thirty-six links like *kasen*, each poet linking four times. The first two *renshi*, divided into two halves of eighteen links each, preserve the *renku* customs of moon and flower links. Like traditional *renku* poets, the members of *Kai* met together to compose a sequence in one to three sittings. Used to composing alone, the extempore communal poetry-making was a new experience. Tanikawa Shuntaro says that at first almost all the participants either turned their backs on one another or escaped to another room to write in solitude, resulting in little feeling of communality between individual links. Later, however, they "began to be able to relax and come out of their shells, to look back and forth" and consider the effect of linking.

We can assume that the members were linking more communally by the time of the third of the *renshi*, "Dream-burning," the shortest and closest to *renku* in length of each link. Interestingly it is a more confident linked verse, no longer relying on *renku* conventions like the moon and flowers. Its shortest verse is a memorable seven syllable line, *mekuru hi-mekuri* (turning a diurnal), placed after the first verse on paper-thin spring snow and "dream-burning." The daily calendar page turning is linked to the third poem about a woman's palm warmed over a fire and a sign of good fortune.

The *renshi* then continues to introduce diverse images associated by words, actions, colors, etc., in ways that defy summary. The white sash in verse 4 invites the black soil and red plum blossom buds of verse 5, which in turn suggest the age of the mid-Edo painter Ogata Kōrin (1658-1716) of the next verse. The untouched folk tale collection on a newly built library shelf of verse 10 leads to braille points and darkness, which then links to crimson burnets swaying before the eyes.

Bashō-Santōka-Takema has a sense of underlying theme, due to the presence of two traveller poets. "Dream-burning" intends no such unity, unfolding a wealth of images in myriad directions. The "interactions between images," rubricated by Higginson and Kondo as the most important element of *renku* (*Haiku*, special issue on *haibun* and *renku*, 1976) are often so subtle that construing the linkage provides rich pleasure, comparable to what traditional *renku* or symbolist poetry might stir in the reader's mind.

A sequence of free verse haiku linked by interactions of images in the manner of *renku* might resemble this *renshi*. In it each verse is a haiku of equal weight, neither a long nor a short verse which are, structurally, *tanka* halves. A *tanka* half is open-ended to be completed by another half, as an Octavio Paz octet needs a sestet by Thomlinson to make a sonnet. The use of 5/7/5 and 7/7 verses in alternation, to me, is more than just a matter of syllables: the *renku* chain builds itself on this interaction of rhythms, like questions and answers in music. However, if a modern *renku* rises out of the haiku tradition, and not out of the *tanka* and *renga* soil, the linking of equal verses with no rhythmic interchange, depending primarily on interactions between images, may be more successful.

The type of English *renku* which links haiku to haiku, or poem to poem, is in this category. "Jesus Leaving Vegas" by Virginia Brady Young, Michael McClintock (both of whom have also engaged in alternating 3 and 2 line *renku* pieces) and S.L. Poulter (*Haiku's* special, 1976) links more or less equal verses, mostly three lines each. In "Renku" (Ikuta Press, 1977), elegant and studded with haikai humor, Yoko Danno, Hisco Kanaseki, and Lindley Hubbell link short poems of three to six lines. Marlene Wills, Elizabeth S. Lamb, and Bill Pauly in their excellent one-line "renga," "Old Woman's Banjo" (*Cicada*, vol. 3, no. 2, 1979), alternate long and short verses of just above and below ten syllables. Their poetry, however, strikes me more as a linked sequence of independent one-line poems than a chain of rhythmically alternating *tanka* halves.

I second Leon Zolbrod's "call for new awareness of the possibility for communal poetry" (HSA *Frogpond*, February, 1979). At the same time, I am curious to see if the efforts in English to somehow approximate the *tanka* structure contained in *renku* by the use of long and short verses (or three and two line links, so far the most common) will be successful. Or will more English *renku* eventually approach *renshi*-like linking of haiku?

Note:

* *Renku* is a linked poem written in alternating 5/7/5 and 7/7 links, whereas *renshi* is a series of non-haiku poems linked together.

Kyoko Selden will translate "Link in a Dream," for future publication in *Frogpond*.

Linked Poem : from fall 1976 to spring 1977

Michael O'Brien, William Matheson, Kyoko Selden, Hiroaki Sato

On the way to movies
a veil of hard rain
dreck, "Autumn Leaves"

(cataclysmic still) (the tide
has died) : Dolphins Princely FLASH

-lights and torches
slowly move toward a cremation site
on the moonless beach

clams end their dark pavane
as night becomes white

Russian Easter Overture
skeletons of light
"Veuve! Veuve!" sang the lark

mass is tacit massive shines
color famine island lines

lines twine
burning vines clutch
the solid cold bricks

jerky moans from within:
love isn't love

isn't love: unknown
(white) petals mallard wind on
water wine to Sound

to water again: careless
love's ebbing shoal, patina

what's up doc
pondering and blue
if only we knew

how at dawn the crayfish shed
its skin double palely floats

branch and grain of wood
fish deceived and gulls beguiled
are there tears for things

the coat someone threw out
is an old lady going through the garbage

my good friend meanwhile
tries on her clothes for the day
becoming each time nude

shock (!) of white Yule wheat hangs
on sun-drenched bare branch, no birds

yellowed grape leaves rape
a jaundiced heart, escape
to Vermeer's View of Delft

window: sanctuary
HOPE DIMS FOR SINATRA'S MOM

A cardinal calls
the day breaks through the garden
I must go, farewell

three greyhound hours to White Plains
in and out of snowlit towns

"you are not angry?"
snow gold
grows
glows on and on
desolation's bench

tinhorn lives
the circus' patient animals

lovely wonderful
pile pilings: "mooring fireflies
to the bank," greetings

WATERSOUNDS dedicated in memory of Elizabeth Holmes

SELECTIONS PANEL

L.A. Davidson	Raymond Roseliep
David Lloyd	Hiroaki Sato
Foster Jewell	Kyoko Selden
Tadashi Kondo	Cor van den Heuvel
Alfred Marks	John Wills
Michael McClintock	Rod Willmot
Alan Pizzarelli	Stephen Wolfe
Leon Zolbrod	

Alan Pizzarelli's vote was not available at press time.

We are listing only numbers for the one, two, and three-vote haiku. Please send self-addressed, stamped card if you wish to know the names of the panelists who voted for your haiku.

SUGGESTION – from Marion J. Richardson

“On the format of ‘CS’; listing so many haiku chosen by the different panelists WITHOUT comment as to WHY they chose a particular haiku as being a good haiku or even a haiku AT ALL, does not help the writer or reader analyse his own haiku as to why it was not chosen by any of the panelists. I have not had this experience as I only sent haiku in for the first issue of FROGPOND, but have heard others wonder why their haiku was not selected.

Therefore, I would suggest that each panelist select only TWO haiku for comment, which they feel are good haiku and write their reason after it as to WHY they feel it is good (there are several points to follow in writing a good haiku or even one that could be called a haiku). Selecting ONLY TWO haiku does not necessarily mean he or she doesn't think some other haiku are perhaps good, but in his or her opinion the two selected are the best of those submitted. This should take less space in the magazine and could help both the writer of haiku and ALL readers of FROGPOND, making it more interesting as well as helpful.

This is only a suggestion – I welcome opinions from other members.”

* * *

Editorial note: Partially in line with the above suggestion, we will be printing brief notes by the panelists, telling us what they look for in voting. The first comments follow. . .

WHAT I LOOK FOR when I vote "This is Haiku" –

Raymond Roseliep (November 2, 1979)

Before I say, "This is a haiku," I must know that I am in the presence of a moment's monument, or that I face a cherrystone carving, or that I hold a cameo of immediate happening. I want to feel that the author experienced an enlightened perception of his or her subject, and in turn I wish to realize an enlightened apprehension of what is before me: the thingness of thing, the suchness of such, the nowness of now, the here-ness of here. I will have found nature in capsule: human nature, non-human nature – and, ideally, a blend of these two.

Hiroaki Sato (November 12, 1979)

I look for an attractive poem.

Foster Jewell (November 15, 1979)

A good haiku usually induces associations, though sometimes it is only more apt and striking than others. If the "what is happening here and now" cannot be expressed so as to have another application – a significance beyond its fact – it surely is not good haiku. . . In any case, haiku does not stop with its last word, but continues to reverberate:

Voice of small gong,
so rich and penetrant,
still dominating. . .



CHECKED AS HAIKU

(chosen from the May '79 CROAKS)

Richard Crist – 15

*She has gone –
a vase of wild asters
on the kitchen table*

Davidson, Kondo, Marks, McClintock, Wills, Willmot, Wolfe

Cor van den Heuvel – 84

the snowflake disappears into its drop of water

Davidson, Jewell, Kondo, McClintock, Sato, Selden, Wills

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, OSF – 22

*three pears line the sill
across the river
the tower touches sky*

Davidson, Marks, Roseliep, Sato, Willmot, Wills

Marlene M. Wills – 90

another winter my blond hair hides the white

Davidson, Kondo, McClintock, Marks, Sato, Wills

Richard Crist – 14

*the petals fallen –
how beautiful the heart
of the peony*

Lloyd, McClintock, Sato, Selden, Zolbrod

Rod Willmot

*her breasts lift with her arms
flowers on the curtains
fold and unfold*

McClintock, Marks, Roseliep, van den Heuvel, Wills

Marlene M. Wills – 89

firewood in the icy rain onion soup

Davidson, McClintock, Sato, Willmot, Wills

Stephen Wolfe – 96

*dawn countryside
frost barking*

McClintock, Kondo, Selden, Willmot, Wills

Bob Boldman – 4, 6

*the skin of a snake
hanging on a barbed wire fence
shivering in the wind*

Davidson, Kondo, Zolbrod, van den Heuvel

*just past sunset
frozen leaves stick
to the billboard*

Kondo, Lloyd, van den Heuvel, Wills

Tadashi Kondo – 42

*walking around
the lake – the day
of autumn ended*

Davidson, McClintock, Wills, Wolfe

Susan Littlejohn – 45

*Snowed in:
Buried. . .
under the old quilt.*

Davidson, Kondo, Sato, Wills

David Lloyd – 46

*Each day
A little bit thinner:
The snow-woman. . .*

Davidson, Kondo, Marks, Roseliep

Gloria Maxson – 54

*Sweeping
all the dead leaves from the door
again*

Davidson, Kondo, McClintock, Wolfe

Thelma Murphy – 59

*Smoke
along its own trail
getting lost*

Davidson, Kondo, Sato, Willmot

Tony Suraci – 81

*Cry of a phoebe
so faint, in the mist, and yet. . .
lingering everywhere*

Jewell, McClintock, van den Heuvel, Wills

Cor van den Heuvel – 82

*hot day –
a spittle bug keeping cool
in his bubbles*

Kondo, Lloyd, Marks, Wills

Paul O. Williams – 86

*Through field glasses
trying to get Jupiter
to stop trembling.*

Davidson, Jewell, van den Heuvel, Wills

Marlene M. Wills – 88

mountainhanging sky

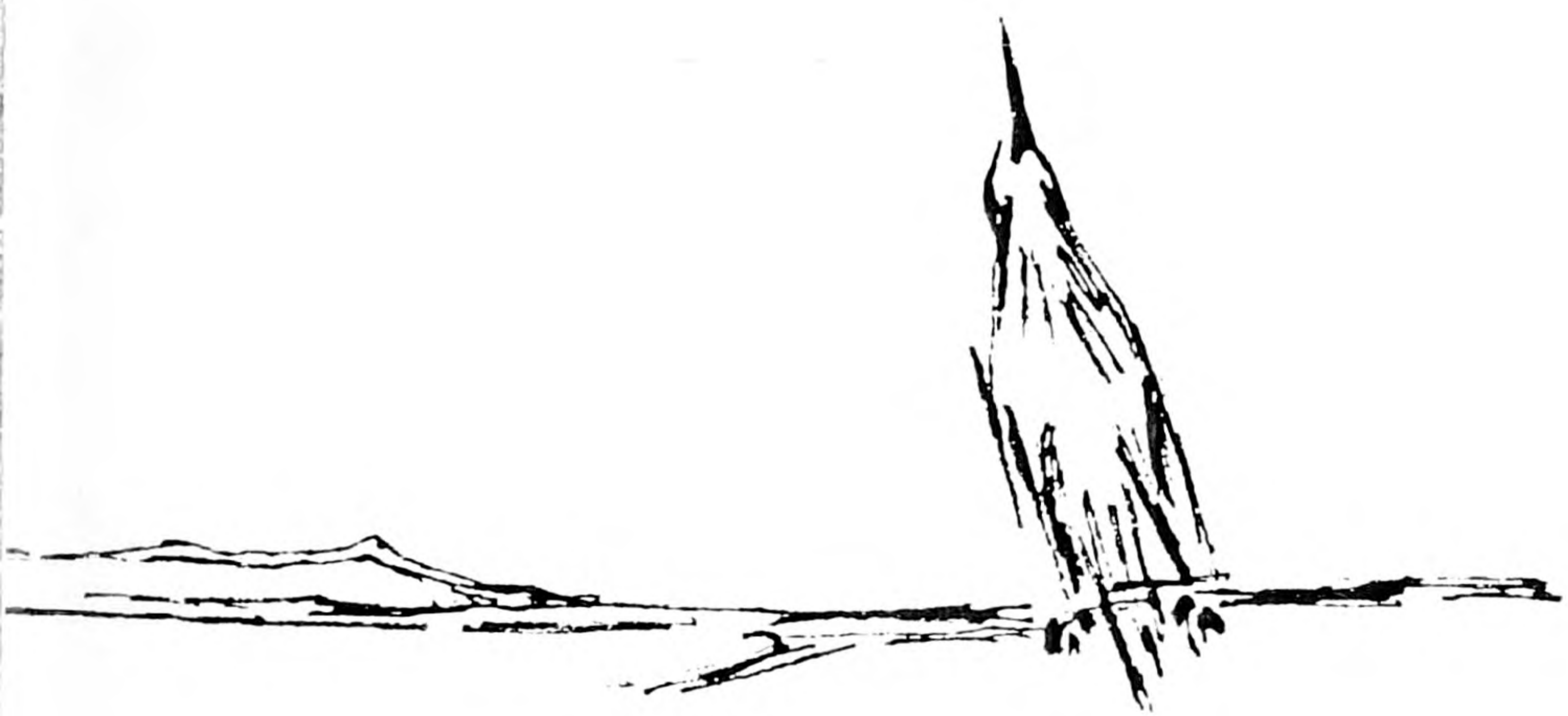
Roseliep, McClintock, Willmot, Wills

Ruth Yarrow – 98

*A marmot's whistle
pierces the mountain
First star*

Davidson, Selden, Willmot, Wills

THREE VOTES: 8, 21 23, 24, 37, 40, 41, 50, 52, 70, 71, 93, 95
TWO VOTES: 1, 5, 7, 18, 20, 26, 28, 33, 38, 44, 47, 51, 56, 57, 61,
62, 63, 76, 91, 99
ONE VOTE: 2, 13, 17, 19, 25, 32, 34, 36, 43, 49, 55, 60, 64, 69, 72,
73, 77, 79, 80, 83, 94, 97





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