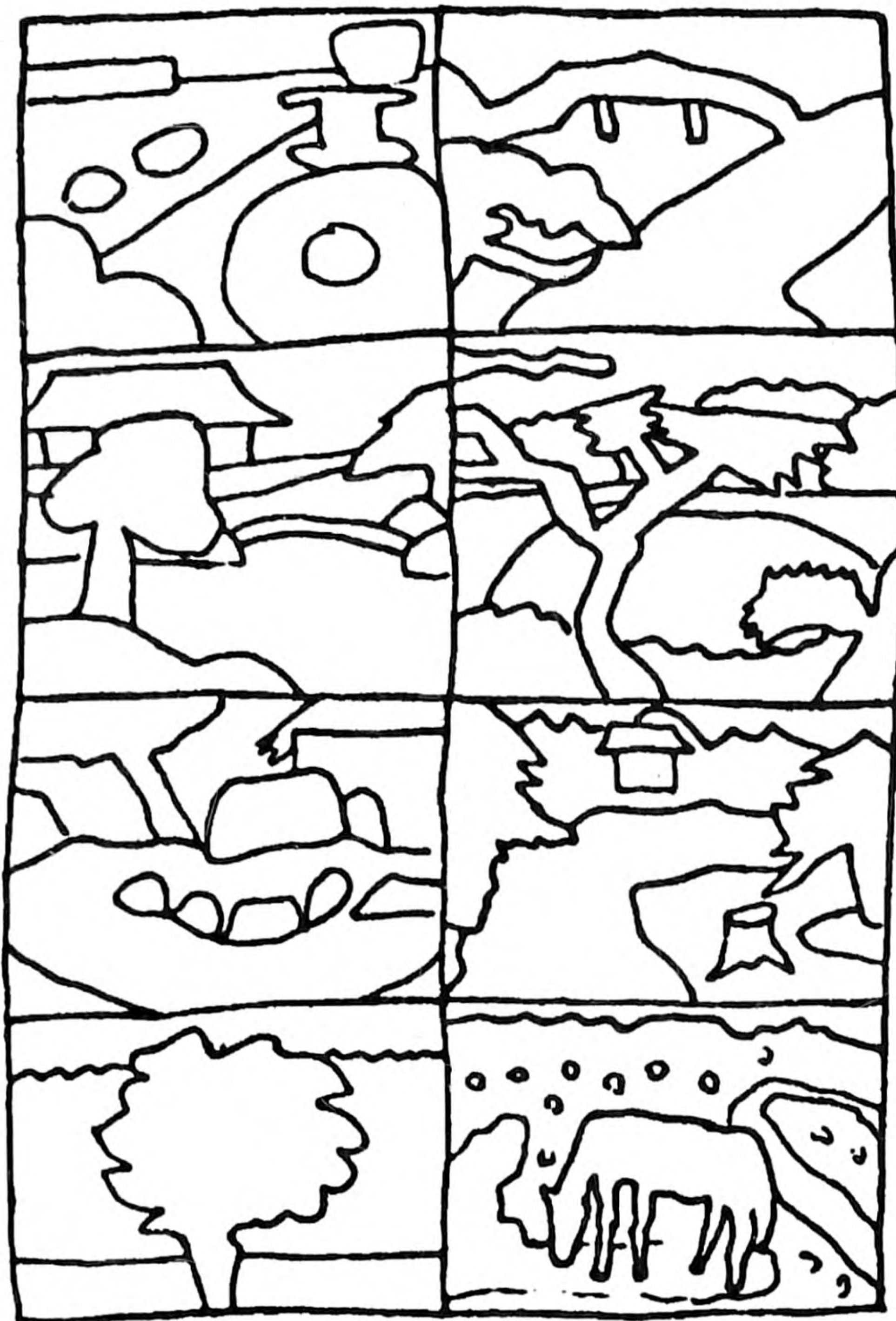
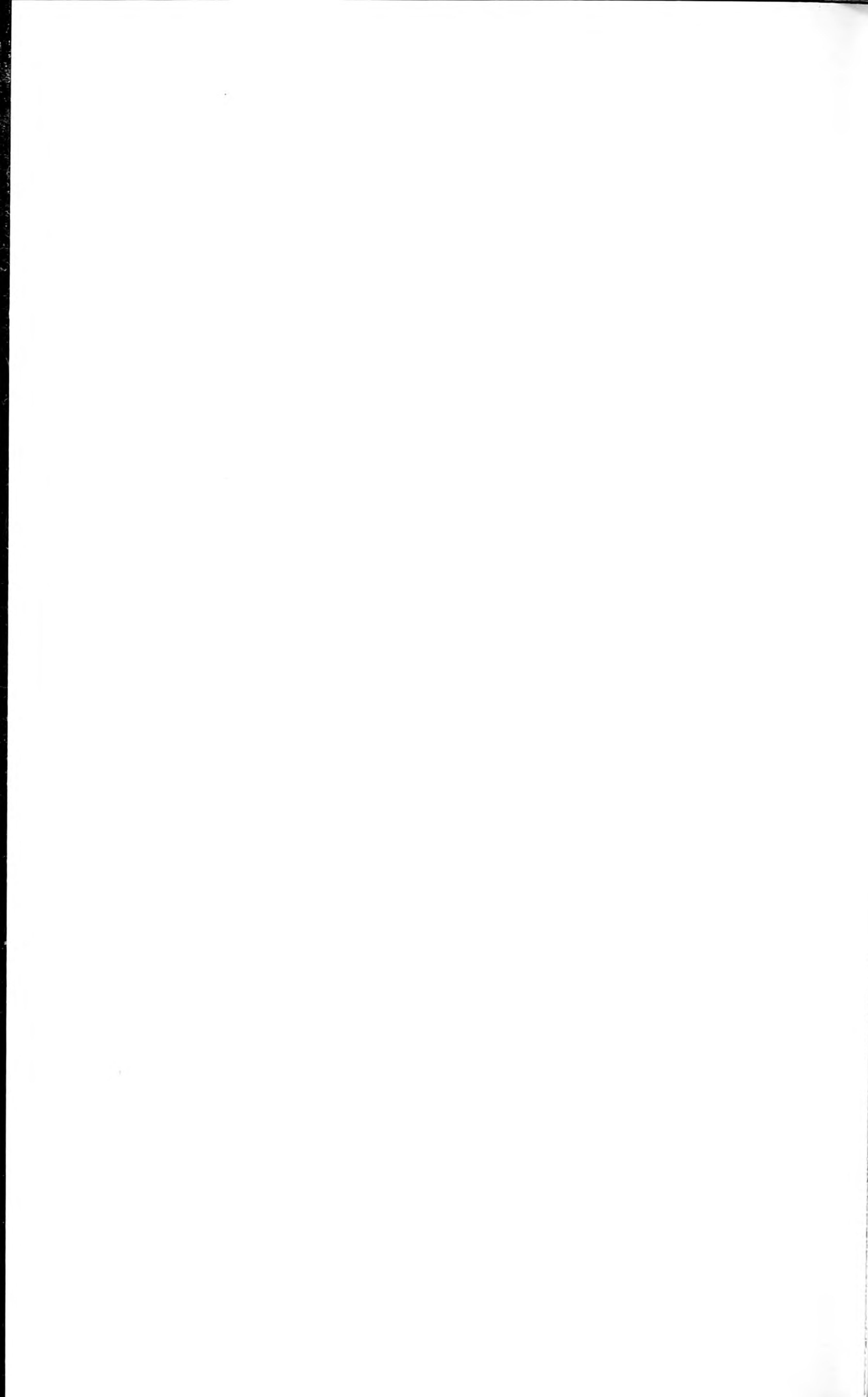


# frogpond



Volume IV Number 1

Published by The Haiku Society of America



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## **frogpond**

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## Linked Poetry

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

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

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

This development is of great potential interest not only for the *haiku* community, but for the larger Euro-American poetic scene as well. Linked poetry is not just a different form of poetry; but something that puts the poet in a different relation to his work. Rather than the situation of solitary poet writing for an audience (an audience which these days often proves to be im-



aginary), we have here a form which makes the concept of audience irrelevant. What counts is the interrelation among the poets participating in the poem. Everything hinges on attentiveness and response to the work of the others.

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

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

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

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

(Geoffrey O'Brien)

**"Past Midsummer":**  
a linked poem by Michael O'Brien,  
Lindley Williams Hubbell, Hiroaki Sato  
New York, Santa Fe, Kamikoshien, New York  
from July 1979 to March 1980

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

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

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

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

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

After twelve years of mud-spewing  
I neither hate or love you.



O careless love,  
alone in the music,  
the band alone in the music.

Love comes to us  
when we can live without it.

In the southwest  
trees grow  
where there is a river.

The eye is a horse  
which drinks and drinks.

Insatiably  
my eyes drink:  
animal, vegetable, mineral.

Constance Money, Annette Haven,  
and Anna Obsessed

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

icons drifting by...  
Mary Pickford... Linda Lovelace



and while on the subject  
I have everything  
and nothing to say.

an old junkie  
turning the pages

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

generations of sparrows  
have pecked those holes on that brick wall

& the eye pivots  
from page to wall  
checking the manifest

two mature angels in relief  
hold a scroll painting

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

Lethe, honeycomb, wide missouri  
o pearl-handled dawn

I remember  
walking home along buildings,  
another night ended

all night at Nara  
the crying of the deer

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

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

rain falls quietly  
on the belated celebrants  
O tu Palermo

nothing intact as memory  
no dawn so clear

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

a miner is not qualified  
to appraise gems



finders, not keepers  
of the adornments  
of their dark throat of earth

of gold  
that stretches the thinnest

Agamemnon's body  
disappeared into dust  
before their eyes

sun-shot king-work  
unravelling in air

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

let us honor  
the birthplace of language

**"sequences" by Marlene Wills**

**sequence: one**

you cup my breasts i tablespoon you

a late monarch your fingers slowly find my folds

your kiss on my cloud mountain moonrise

mountain tip from mist my clitoris rises to your mouth

the maple just turning i fill my mouth with you

your sawedoff thumb deep deeper beyond my moon

new moon you find the blood between us

i rise from blood and paint myself in the moon

i am my reason for living your love in the falling leaves

mountain just the tip of me

as you leave i remain a mountain of folds

**sequence : two**

clothed-naked we begin passion already in our laughter

our hands together as we part over each other

as we touch i know myself in your closed eyes

your voice disappears into a poem on my walls

**sequence : three**

in winter rain we kiss dry my suitcase closed

car trouble the distance from you farther

the day ends a borrowed sleeping bag on a stained mattress

a poem not yet formed festering

small bottle of gin in another town someone's ice cubes



a party two states from home i just get high  
morning news i switch to country music and think of sex  
busboy unaware of the yolk  
no card in the motel lobby says it  
the key turned in: returning  
a week of theater continues an off-size sunday flat  
first mountain: to hump or to be humped  
is it you or the mountain i am wet in my jeans  
unpacked in the mountain fold alone

sequence : four

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

sequence : five

(sono mama: things as they are)

i am here you there first night of spring  
the sun rose before i woke  
ground uncovered asparagus appear when they appear

nothing in the mail  
the canvas ready swollen buds  
my painting surprises me  
march a month not unlike my life  
night air drops again  
one kind of poverty one kind of poem  
having bloomed the daffodil

sequence : six

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

sequence : seven

(through the moon)

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



on a stake a beet packet rattles in the wind  
your voice from a distant pay phone  
phoebe phoebe phoebe phoebe the days you're gone  
quarter phase i touch my stomach

first two leaves

rain: fifty fifty

alone in bed i write a poem alone

in the white of the painting

dogwood only the emptiness in bloom

you return and come

awakened by your touch to your touch

wrinkled clothes in another room

a truck driver waves spring morning

Y: we part

in your leaving there is yesterday and tomorrow

new moon: ishtar and i redden together

before the ink is dry your lips

beneath stars one nipple cold

you dowse the fire heavy dew stirring me

facing the wooden wall receiving

already the quarter already the halving

sequence : eight

in the old turtle shell you give love in the evening

thunderhead the unthinking of our passion

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

sequence : nine

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

*Sequences 1 and (in slightly different form) 7 appeared originally in Cicada.*



**"In Winter Rain":  
Linked Poem on Love  
by Marlene Wills and Hiroaki Sato  
Tennessee and New York  
from March to October 1980**

in winter rain we kiss dry my suitcase closed *Wills*

we shared a bed, bodies separate *Sato*

a dream from fifteen years mother chasing me through corridors *Wills*

stomach-cancer ravaged she comes to the elevator *Sato*

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

your taste is different tonight *Sato*

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

sly one the paths you've found to my heart *Wills*

jerked out of a catnap: did I come inside you? *Sato*

your pen out of ink the poem left unfinished *Wills*

before parting you were always to the point *Sato*

unable to touch you pull my leg *Wills*

sixty-nine or ninety-six — lips everywhere *Sato*

before breakfast showering i swallow you *Wills*

memories are close now that you are distant *Sato*

clouds drift your blue sock under the bed *Wills*

you wash off my smell, get ready to go home *Sato*

200 million of you swimming *Wills*

will you skip town if i am late this month *Wills*

this is the seventh evening, and the bell doesn't ring *Sato*



you wouldn't know the valley now i am alone in a circle of heat *Wills*

desire slaked, unslaked, on pornography *Sato*

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

"Where is my huntress? Where is my queen?" *Sato*

cave mouth the triangle again fills with dew of the night *Wills*

crisp fallen leaves tickle my crotch *Sato*

inching toward me from your garden the "hairy caterpillar" *Wills*

pantyhosed left foot against the love divan *Sato*

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

two pairs of lips meet: cold and salty *Sato*

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

the party without you goosed *Wills*

caught myself counting the buttons down a slim skirt

*Sato*

your head turned a mole i hadn't seen

*Wills*

my vole died on October tenth

*Sato*

awake before you first frost on the sugar maple

*Wills*





**"Pedaling A Bike":**

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

1. pedaling a bike  
from last year to this year  
in the fleeting world *Tadashi Kondo*
2. the glare of the sun  
at the top of the mountain *Philip Meredith*
3. eyes closed  
the warmth of tea  
seeps through the fingers *Kristine Young*
4. a flock of sheep  
at the entrance examination *T*
5. a figure paces past  
a dry cough echoes  
through the hall *P*
6. past midnight  
the light is still on *K*
7. time to love  
to read about love  
of various lovers in the world *T*
8. dust has collected  
on the tops of the books *P*

9.        narcissus  
          near the window  
          stretching toward the sun    *K*
10.       a litter of kittens  
          heard from under the floor     *T*
11.       sitting on a cushion  
          waiting for the answer  
          I think I'll go    *Jody Rashbaum*
12.       leaving the house  
          the telephone rings     *P*
13.       even the president  
          of a telephone company  
          nowhere to escape     *T*
14.       above the clouds  
          across the ocean     *K*
15.       soaring  
          listening to the music of the spheres  
          gliding    *J*
16.       smoke from the mosquito coil  
          in the heavy air    *P*
17.       still tossing and turning  
          the cock begins to crow  
          at three a.m.     *K*
18.       the white moon  
          setting in the sea    *T*

*(1-18 done on 2/4, '80)*



19. land disappears  
engine chug-chugging  
one shadow on the deck *K*
20. one revolutionist  
ostracized by his comrades *T*
21. a taste of metal  
in the air and in the wine  
the floorboards creaking *P*
22. doll festival  
girls becoming twenty *Sakura Onisbi*
23. plum petals swirling  
in the first wind of spring  
mother looks at her daughter *K*
24. god damn Minamata!  
she never talks or smiles *T*
25. sometimes  
I see a look in her eyes  
that chills me *P*
- (19-25 done on March 3)*
26. ice on the lake  
five foot thick *K*
27. snowy sun  
casting white rays  
on a fishing man *T*

28. the hawk cries  
shadow flashing by P
29. train swallowed  
into the green mountain  
echo lingering K
30. children playing war  
the field turning yellow T
31. warmed by the sun  
the old men watching  
reminiscing P
32. droning on and on  
into deep, deep sleep K
33. peering into the screen  
images floating by  
trying to hold on J
34. old TV set abandoned  
by a cherry tree T
35. the bus sweeps past  
branches tapping windows  
bouncing grandmothers P
36. giggling and chatting  
they rewrap their lunchboxes K

*(finished on April 7, '80)*



**“Opium”:**

**a linked poem by Geoffrey O'Brien, Michael O'Brien,  
and Hiroaki Sato  
from April to November, 1980**

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

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

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

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

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

**A kite bobs in the blue patch  
between buildings of uneven height.**

Morning, as windows  
recede into white haze,  
it gets cool suddenly.

eyelid,  
day's aperture

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

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

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

though their sense was hard to grasp  
the images were precise

each scattered  
flower's a planet,  
whirling detached

corolla of ego, habit, circumstance  
"no one's sleep under so many eyelids"

lying by my wife  
I think of kissing a rose  
slim, pale, upside down

violent strokes of lightning  
just beyond the shutters

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

father smothers the kitchen,  
clouds tumble from north to south

massed and lonely,  
a migration  
a moving wall

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

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

not even Momma so huge to us —  
like a note only dogs can hear



a dance of atoms  
shifting, the bay shot with mauve  
out where the rocks ends

“I'm worried about rea-  
lignment.” “I am — about you.”

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

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

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

an alphabet of sandpipers  
a hungry line shifting between elements

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

after we ate I didn't know  
what to do with my new date

breeze stirring the curtains  
of so many rooms,  
the late, empty light

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

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

caryatid, opaque torso  
of the stones of the days

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

we begin where we started  
knowing we still do not know

TRANSLATION/DERIVATION: 2 haiku by Hattori Ransetsu

James Kirkup:

meigetsu ya kemuri haiyuku mizu no ue

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

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

Stephen Wolfe:

meigetsu ya kemuri haiyuku mizu no ue

full moon over autumn  
smoke over water  
creeping

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



*James Kirkup:*

takenoko ya chigo no haguki no utsukushiki

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

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

*Stephen Wolfe:*

takenoko ya chigo no haguki no utsukushiki

fresh bamboo shoots  
beauty in the gums  
of a child

- takenoko — bamboo shoots/bamboo sprouts; literally "child of bamboo"
- ya — *kireji* to cut line and emphasize *takenoko*
- chigo — small child
- no — of
- haguki — gums
- no — of
- utsukushiki — beauty, purity, splendor

たけのこやちごの歯ぐきのうつくしき



## THE STRUCTURAL DYNAMICS OF HAIKU — Part III by Rod Willmot

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

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

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

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

Finally, the Fourth Proposition dealt with the interaction between those halves, explaining its unique and startling intensity as a consequence of haiku's brevity. Throughout this analysis I have sought to understand haiku in terms of what Aleksandar Nejebauer (*Frogpond* III, 2) calls "a high tension of contradictions." Each pair of Propositions describes one of the principal



lines of tension in haiku's dynamic structure. The first, one might say, is between haiku as experience and haiku as literature. The second is between the fundamental (metaphoric) halves of haiku, the "agonists" on the stage of each poem. The third line of tension, as we will now see, runs between *being* and *meaning* in haiku, or between what Neugebauer calls "sensuous particularity" and the effects of "mental effort on the part of the reader."

**FIFTH PROPOSITION:** Haiku is stretched taut between "it means" and "it simply is."

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

near the gate—  
a child waters  
a dead butterfly

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

In the final proposition the term "synecdoche" will refer to the relationship between the part and the whole (of anything), between the particular and the general, the concrete and the abstract, and so on. To simplify, the part, the particular and the concrete can be said to belong to the "being-level," while the whole, the general and the abstract belong to the "meaning-level." The Fifth Proposition requires that both levels be present in a haiku; but since only one need be stated for the other to be implied by it, their coexistence in haiku is above all an effect of reader inference. For when we speak of a poem's implications what we usually mean is the reader's inferences from it. In synecdoche, these can be either "upwards," as from a concrete particular to its meaning, or "downwards," as from an abstraction to any of its possible embodiments.



**SIXTH PROPOSITION:** In haiku, the prime direction of synecdochic implication (or inference) is upwards, from being towards meaning, and not the reverse.

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

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

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

Hiroaki Sato has shown (in *Frogpond* III, 1) that we on this continent have blithely pretended to be following in the footsteps of the Japanese, while creeping off, in spite of ourselves, on a path of our own. My goal in these pages has been to provide a preliminary mapping of the garden (or wilderness) into which we have wandered.

Mist in the mountains,  
    Clouds in my heart,  
No sunshine for days.

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

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

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

*(John Stevens)*

not a cloud  
i sit  
by the onion row

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

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

the trees cast simple shadows  
yellow  
and auburn

*(Grant Hackett)*



Corn stubble juts  
toward evening cloud layer:  
muffled killdeer cry

Sunlit skunk cabbage  
clutched by the waterline  
its dim image

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

*(Ruth Yarrow)*

The first slow days;  
wild lettuce stalks  
arch stiff and bare

Our goodnights said—  
wind whistles  
in the ventilation flues

Whey-colored sun;  
the yellowjacket wears  
dark bands

*(Stephen Gould)*

Beyond unknotting—  
the tangle of bittersweet  
that hedges the path

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

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

*(Charles L. Cutler)*



spider web at dawn  
brilliant against ditch water:  
red begonias.

street snow            he looks at price tags on roses

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

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

*(Richard Tice)*

seeing only rain  
in the old oil drum  
until the moon

in the dark  
hearing  
your smile

in each raindrop  
a chip of the moon

*(Adele Kenny)*

## HSA SAMPLER

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

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

*Tadasbi Kondo*

more aware  
than the bird  
of its flight in wind

*Raymond Roseliep*

Attending sooner  
my only unkempt iris  
a butterfly pair

*Charlotte Jacob-Hanson*

the velvet feel of pansies  
without touching

*Peggy Heinrich*

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

*Vivien Monahan*



park bench  
newly painted  
the rumble of thunder

*R. W. Grandinetti Rader*

winter dusk  
counting pennies  
in the unlit room

*Clark Strand*

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

*Gloria Maxson*

picked from  
his eye  
a daisy

*Bob Boldman*

Pale spring light  
bunched in the faces  
of violets

*Thelma Murphy*

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

*Marshall Hryciuk*

On the window sill  
facing the light, tomato  
plants in paper cups.

*Catherine K. Limperis*

Weakened after storms  
A strong wind slammed the door shut —  
Crumbling steps shattered.

*Eloise Koelling*

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

*George W. Skane Jr.*

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

*Sybil Kollar*

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

*Rosamond E. Hass*

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

*W. E. Grieg*

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

*Bernice Rosenbaum*

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

*Jerry Kilbride*

Sunday morning,  
the silent, empty park —  
stone bridge.

*James O'Neil*

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

*Joan Conzens Sauer*

Busy butterflies  
exchanging color secrets  
with bright-eyed pansies

*Lew Gronich*

Summer's end:  
Lengthening shadows creep  
quietly indoors.

*Edmund J. Daly*

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

*Thelma King Clauss*

election day —  
mist wreaths rising  
from the cold river

*Paul O. Williams*

she opens her jacket  
rye-field steaming  
after rain

*Rod Willmot*



grabbing the frog  
the child splashes the mother  
giggling, lets go.

*Kathleen Hartnet*

In a lifeless elm  
High above the wildflowers  
Mating sparrow hawks

*Francis L. Scott*

Sparrow  
chases butterfly  
zig zag zig zag

*Harry Weissman*

## *Haiku News*

### HSA MEETINGS

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

March 21, Saturday, 2:00 pm

May 16, Saturday, 2:00 pm

September 19, Saturday (tentative)

December 19, Saturday (tentative)

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

### THE 1981 HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD

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

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

There will be a first prize of \$50, and two second prizes of \$25 each. Contestants wishing a list of winners and winning haiku should enclose an SASE.



All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku may be published in the Society's magazine *Frogpond*. Authors are advised to keep copies of their haiku, as none will be returned.

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

### SUBSCRIPTION NOTICE

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

### HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Amoskeag*, The First Haiku Press, 113 Comeau St., Manchester, NY 03102. Edited by Matsuo Allard.



## SOME BOOKS OF INTEREST

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

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

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

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

The next issue of *Frogpond* will include a selected listing of recent haiku publications (books and chapbooks) in English.



**HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.  
 FINANCIAL REPORT — DECEMBER 1980  
 Mildred Fineberg, Treasurer**

1979 BANK BALANCE .....	\$ 33.38
<b>INCOME</b>	
Subscription/Memberships .....	2,362.00
(Of the above, \$405.00 was received for 1981)	
HSA Frogpond Single Issues .....	101.75
Henderson Contest Entry Fees .....	83.80
Contributions .....	720.68
(Of the above, \$15.00 was donated for the 1980 Henderson Contest, \$100.00 for the 1981 Henderson Contest, and \$45.00 for the Biennial Merit Book Awards.)	
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$3,301.61</b>
<b>EXPENDITURES</b>	
Administrative Costs (stationery and supplies, postage, publicity, xeroxing, telephone, transportation) .....	621.69
Filing fee for 1979 (Law Department) .....	10.00
Magazine copyright fees (Library of Congress) .....	20.00
August and November Bulletins (xerox-distribution) .....	133.02
HSA Frogpond production and distribution Two issues — (editorial correspondence, typesetting, printing and supplies) .....	1,240.54
Henderson Contest Award .....	100.00
High School Contest Prizes .....	75.00
Bank Service Charges .....	41.70
1978 Debt Paid in Full to Yasko Karaki .....	200.00
	<b>\$2,441.95</b>
<b>INCOME .....</b>	<b>\$3,301.61</b>
<b>EXPENDITURES .....</b>	<b>2,441.95</b>
<b>BALANCE .....</b>	<b>\$ 859.66</b>

Members of the executive committee absorbed part of their expenses in the form of donations.

L. A. Davidson absorbed postage, and some expenses involving publicity for the Henderson contest in the form of a donation.

The above are incorporated in this report.

The books are open to all members.

For a more detailed report, send SASE to the treasurer.





