

# frogpond



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GARY HOTTON  
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DEDICATED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
FOSTER JEWELL  
1893 — 1984

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

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

*Foster Jewell*  
(*Passing Moments*, 1974;  
*Sand Waves*, 1969)

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# FROGPOND

## Quarterly Haiku Journal



### TABLE OF CONTENTS

#### HAIKU

Atwood, Ann . . . . .	13	Little, Geraldine C. . . . .	6
avis, nick . . . . .	28	mckay, anne . . . . .	24
Barton, Geri . . . . .	31	Mclaughlin, Dorothy . . . . .	19
Davidson, L. A. . . . .	21	Moore, Lenard D. . . . .	5
Eulberg, Sister Mary Thomas . 15		Newell, Ann . . . . .	30
Forges-Ryan, Sylvia . . . . .	30	Raborg, Frederick A., Jr. . . . .	19
Gasser, Frederick . . . . .	29	Robinson, Frank K. . . . .	13
Haas, Rosamond . . . . .	14	Rosenberg, Sydell . . . . .	15
Harter, Penny . . . . .	31	Swede, George . . . . .	31
Heinrich, Peggy . . . . .	31	Suarez, Christopher . . . . .	14
Hunt, Evelyn Tooley . . . . .	15	Suarez, Gregory . . . . .	19
Johnson, Helen V. . . . .	22	Wadden, Paul . . . . .	14
Juda, Joe . . . . .	24	Webster, Diane . . . . .	28
Kilbride, Jerry . . . . .	5	Williamson, Gene . . . . .	29
Klinge, Gunther . . . . .	13	Willmot, Rod . . . . .	22
Kremer, Ross . . . . .	19	Young, Virginia Brady . . . . .	31
Lamb, Elizabeth S. . . . .	21	Zipper, Arizona . . . . .	29

#### SEQUENCES & RENGA

Naming the Unborn (Margarita M. Engle) . . . . .	30
Unlit Candle (Ross Kremer) . . . . .	24
Northern Lights and Shadows (Ruby Spriggs) . . . . .	25
Motel (Ruth Yarrow) . . . . .	28
So Cold (Renga by Frederick Gasser and Steve Dalachinsky) . . . . .	16
The Cool Down Deep (Solo Renga by Daniel Liebert) . . . . .	26

#### AND MORE

Haiku in Memory of Foster Jewell . . . . .	5
The Grandeur of Silence: Foster Jewell (Geraldine C. Little) . . . . .	7
In Memoriam: Marion J. Richardson . . . . .	20
Museum of Haiku Literature Award . . . . .	4
1984 Henderson Haiku Awards . . . . .	23
Book Review (Alexis Rotella) . . . . .	32
Worth Repeating: Down with the "Old Pond" Haiku (Harold G. Henderson) . . . . .	34
Haiku Workshop (W. J. Higginson and Penny Harter) . . . . .	36
Bits & Pieces . . . . .	39

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  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

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

*Jane Reichhold*

HAIKU IN MEMORY OF FOSTER JEWELL

wind storm:

dry grass dancing  
all around him

winter darkness:

your voice  
on the wind

*Lenard D. Moore*

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

*L. A. Davidson*

cloud shadows  
on silent cliffs  
where condors nested

*Jerry Kilbride*

Hearing, this morning  
the enduring sound  
of silenced footsteps.

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

*Geraldine C. Little*

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

*W. E. Greig*

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

*Robert Spiess*



## THE GRANDEUR OF SILENCE: FOSTER JEWELL

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

Geraldine C. Little

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

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

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

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

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

Foster Jewell began writing haiku before one-line haiku was a trend in the English-language movement. Thus the bulk of his

work appears in the three-line format. He did not adhere to any rigid syllabic pattern, though his poems tend, generally, to fall into a short line, longer line, short line structure.

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

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

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

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

*But read Foster Jewell for how haiku can be written excellently, powerfully, devoid of the self.* Only very occasionally does Jewell speak of, for instance, "my burro." In general, his observances are objectively observed universals, deeply felt by the poet subjectively doing the observing.

Jewell's haiku are famous for their silences. Justly so. He generated the kind of silence one hears reverberating, full of wonder, long after the words have ended. Let us look at some examples of his work:

From *Sand Waves*, 1969

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

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

From *Beachcomber*, 1970

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

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

From *Haiku Sketches*, 1971

Finding this cavern—  
following the lantern light . . .  
followed by silence.

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

From *Mirage*, 1972

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

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

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

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

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

From *Forest & Mountain: A Memorial*, 1976

Uncertain movements—  
a lone flake out of the gray,  
not quite ready. . .

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

From *Searching Today for Yesterday's Tomorrow*, 1976:

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

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

In *Hiawatha's Country* we find:

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

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

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

giving silences that can be found in individual moments." How little most of us listen to silence!

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

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

More lone my shadow  
with ever longer strides  
leaving the sun behind.



radio off  
and still the echo. . .  
barber's adagio

*dallas*  
22.xi.63

first flakes  
a sparrow settles deeper  
into its feathers

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

*Frank K. Robinson*

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

*Ann Atwood*

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

*Haiku by Gunther Klinge*  
*Adapted from the German*  
*by Ann Atwood*

Struggling in a dream  
the butterfly  
escapes me

The insects too  
leap toward the light—  
onrushing car

*Paul Wadden*

buildings  
just beyond  
the graveyard fence

one look back  
to see the goldenrod  
waving

*Christopher Suarez*

dvorak's seventh  
late swallows  
in and out the eaves

*Rosamond Haas*



Stuffing the lawn bags  
the Chinese grandmother curses  
the autumn leaves

*Sydell Rosenberg*

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

before frost  
digging the last  
horseradish

*Evelyn Tooley Hunt*

old nun  
leaving her pew to kill  
the black bug

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

*Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg*

SO COLD  
*Renga*  
*Frederick Gasser and Steve Dalachinsky*  
*December 1983 – May 1984*

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

Grotto circus the lions' strong scent	fg
cat watches cockroach spring's first signs...	sd
midday falling on the crocuses sunshine and snow	fg
empty fish market...after the storm an old dog stretches	sd
contracting the Diesel's light...mist	fg
rain all nite...the crazy woman sets her apartment on fire	sd
in my friend's apartment an inflatable lady waiting	fg
putting on her make-up the sun breaks thru	sd
Easter morning children swap eggs behind the stone saint	fg
staring at a white wall i think of heaven and resurrection	sd
bird droppings on my rear windshield sunbaked	fg
smoke from the tarred roof 4 days of rain ended	sd
hall tree umbrellas my dog licks a puddle	fg
hyacinth and daffodil bend in a wintry wind	sd
bench joining the bag lady the heat	fg
so cold this spring morning still her welfare check arrives on time	sd

Waiting for the end—  
in the stationmaster's house  
at Astapovo.

*(on the death of Leo Tolstoy)*

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

*Bernard Lionel Einbond*

Leaves turning  
all different colors  
back home

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

*Renge*

Sugar maples  
coloring  
the autumn wind

*Judith Clark*

(belatedly, for Raymond Roseliep)

this darkness  
within . . . without  
your candles

*Ross Kremer*

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

*Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.*

in the breeze  
the flag  
folding itself

*Gregory Suarez*

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

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

IN MEMORIAM  
Marion Jane Richardson  
20 September 1984

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

*Marion J. Richardson*  
*Kicking the Dust 1981*

Gray September day,  
alone in my apartment  
tea with the silent phone

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

*L. A. Davidson*

Turning down the lamp  
turning it out  
the dark is luminous

*Elizabeth S. Lamb*



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

paddling slowly  
through the reeds  
that touch her hair

since noon the dry moss crunching  
at a cliff edge  
silence

chipping-sparrows  
louder and louder  
as the road darkens

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

*Rod Willmot*

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

*Helen V. Johnson*



1984  
THE HENDERSON HAIKU AWARDS  
Sponsored by The Haiku Society of America

First Prize  
\$100.00

migrating geese—  
once there was so much  
to say

*Adele Kenny*

Second Prize  
\$50.00

sound of her voice  
carrying eggs  
across the ice

*Bill Pauly*

Third Prize  
\$25.00

moving  
with the clock tower's shadow  
the flower lady

*Alexis Rotella*

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

## UNLIT CANDLE

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

*Ross Kremer*

she walks by me  
her steps like rain across a lake

*Joe Juda*

at first light  
casting their green nets  
the skeena fishermen

breaking camp now  
the gypsies of surrey  
painted caravans pointing south

*anne mckay*

## NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

aurora borealis  
finding myself  
talking to myself

returning  
after the sled-dogs yapping  
absolute silence

out of the blue night snow scent

relics of a shaman  
eye sockets  
facing the moon

an unnamed peak  
I leave it to the wind

inukshuk  
sunshadow  
moonshadow

old Inuit carves  
moon and sun  
shadow

*Ruby Spriggs*

Note: An ancient shaman, after death, was not buried, so that his spirit might travel as far as the moon.

Inukshuk: large stones piled to form a man-shape to ward off wild animals; found on high points.

These haiku were inspired by the photography of Mike Beedell in *The Magnetic North* (Oxford University Press).

THE COOL DOWN DEEP

a solo renga

*Daniel Liebert*

almost spring;  
a little snow  
in the bird bath

despite the old woman  
the place is lonely

cultivator,  
in its rusty teeth  
daisies

the sky, also,  
resembles a flood

"Leave me alone!  
I can stand no more!"  
eyes of the possum

the tick holds fast  
to my huge white leg

when the monkey sits  
the leafy branch  
is a monkey seat

a postcard vendor snoring  
between Ramses' toes

dandelion spores  
melting in the air  
of summer

backhoe adrift  
over endless, hazy soybeans

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

crucified on the roof,  
naked in the storm

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

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

(Issa)

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

both God and I play this game;  
revealing and concealing

treading the tepid pond  
my feet touch the cool  
down deep

the dawn arrives  
in the throat of finches

MOTEL

over hot sheets  
the broken fan empties  
alley sounds

bathroom roach  
my leg hair  
aware

through the curtain  
a stranger's headlight  
blinds my dreams

*Ruth Yarrow*

November rainstorm  
a pheasant foraging corn  
under the scarecrow

*Diane Webster*

a cat  
climbing the tree  
the autumn moon

*nick avis*

following the smokering  
out the window  
the cat's eye

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

*Arizona Zipper*

blinding rain raining faster than the wiper wipes

*Gene Williamson*

end zone:  
a terrier retrieves a flag  
on the play

*Frederick Gasser*

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

*Rebecca Rust*

NAMING THE UNBORN

six weeks pregnant  
raincloud over  
the desert peak

boy or girl?  
you dangle a needle  
above my wrist

naming  
the unborn  
birdsong

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

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

*Ann Newell*

autumn moon—  
at the anniversary  
a white chrysanthemum

*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*



Cold winter morning  
blackbird going from  
chimney to chimney

*George Swede*

toothless comb in the winter grass

*Penny Harter*

One pay off the ground, cat listens to winter.

*Virginia Brady Young*

new snow—  
adding a little more sugar  
to the strawberries

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

*Geri Barton*

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

*Peggy Heinrich*

## BOOK REVIEW

*FINDING THE ISLANDS*, W. S. Merwin, North Point Press, San Francisco, CA. (1982), ISBN No. 0-86547-089-8, \$6.00.

Reviewed by Alexis Rotella

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

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

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

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

Packing again  
to the sound  
of autumn rain

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

So many lives in the evening  
staring at the one  
program

Living it up  
in the afternoon  
at the shopping center

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

We stand in line  
taking up  
one space

You read lying on the mattress  
wearing nothing  
but your glasses

One of the most beautiful nature poems in this collection:

Moon setting  
in the oak tree  
wakes one blackbird

needs no explanation.

I'm reminded of the woman who, after many years, realized she had been speaking prose. I wonder, does Merwin know he writes haiku?



Note: W. S. Merwin received the Pulitzer Prize for *The Carrier of Ladders* and was awarded the Fellowship of the Academy of Poets in 1974 and the Bolingen Prize for Poetry in 1979.

## WORTH REPEATING

Editor's note: The following article is reprinted from *Haiku West* Vol. 8 No. 1 (July 1974) with the permission of Leroy Kanterman, editor and publisher, and that of Mrs. Harold G. Henderson.



### DOWN WITH THE "OLD POND" HAIKU! DOWN WITH IT!!

Harold G. Henderson

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

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

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

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

I am writing this because there seems to me to be an almost frightening tendency for the writing of haiku in English to get deeper and deeper into a rut. I feel quite sure that if the average contributor to haiku magazines

would read through a number of Japanese haiku, in the original or in at least semi-decent translations, he or she would be amazed at the vast variety, ranging from jokes to dirges, including references to history, literature, climate—or what have you? (And also, I think, at the gamut of emotions produced, from the powerful urges to weep or to shout with joy, to the delicate delight at the discovery of some hitherto unnoted aspect of Nature.)

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



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

## HAIKU WORKSHOP

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

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

1. Striking the glass walls  
of office building—sparrow  
(no experience)
2. Even the sparrows  
are disoriented  
in this glass city.
3. even the sparrows are d<sup>i</sup><sub>s</sub>o<sup>r</sup><sub>r</sub>e<sup>n</sup><sub>t</sub>e<sup>d</sup> in this glass city

Comments by Higginson:

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

This was a fairly successful first draft, if it came first, which I think it did (we were not told that, but the versions were numbered as above).

Perhaps thinking that the connection between a disoriented sparrow and a job-hunter without experience is stretching a bit, the writer deleted the last line, and even the idea of the last line—and the idea of trying to get in—from the next version. In fact, the specificity of the action and the single bird also got lost in the revision. And we are left with nothing but the disorientation which the bird once exemplified, and which the writer felt. But “disorientation”, or “[being] disoriented” is an abstraction, a word that sums up many different, specific instances, without giving the reader a clue as to what those specific instances were.

Now all we know is that some sparrows are disoriented, that their disorientation seems to have something to do with the glass of the city’s architecture, and, thanks to the use of “even”, that someone or something else—perhaps the writer—is also disoriented. Reading version 2 alone, without benefit of 1, leaves us so far outside of a haiku experience that there seems little point in discussing it as a haiku.

Perhaps sensing the lack of concreteness, the writer tried to give the piece more immediacy in version 3, by “disorienting” the word “disoriented”. I think 3 is better than 2, to the extent that the visual concreteness helps to overcome the semantic lack of concreteness. However, the concreteness of words on paper cannot save words that lack a genuine, physical referent in the world of experience. So version 3 becomes a picture of what “disoriented” means, as an abstraction; it does not create the same experience of being lost or beating up against walls that version 1 does.

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

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

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

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

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

1-R3.                    Seen while hunting for a job in the city:  
  
                              striking the glass wall  
                              of the office building—  
                              a sparrow

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

Comments by Harter:

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

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

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

I find version #3 too cute.

—PH

(Please note that we studied these versions independently, and did not add anything to our comments after comparing notes, but deleted some unneeded duplication. —WJH & PH)



## BITS & PIECES

**NEW PUBLICATION:** *Shimonita*, a new haiku magazine edited by Roger Ishii, six times yearly from The Shimonita Pocket Press. Foreign subscriptions (outside Japan), \$15.00; also supporting subscriptions, \$25.00. In Japan, ¥3,000; supporting ¥5,000. c/o Roger and Takako Ishii, 84-2 Miyamuro, Shimonita-machi, Kanra-gun, Gunma-ken 370-26, Japan. Haiku welcome.

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

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

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

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

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

### CHAPBOOKS:

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

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

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

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

- 17 Toutle River Haiku* by James Hanlen, with full-color illustrations by Brenda Jaeger, Intertext, 2633 East 17th Ave., Anchorage, Alaska 99508; 1984, \$12. (50 copies numbered and signed by author and artist, \$25.), Internatl. orders add \$3. postage, pay in U.S. funds.
- In The Broken Curve* by Penny Harter, Burnt Lake Press, 535, rue Duvernay, Sherbrooke, P.Q., Canada J1L 1Y8; 1984, \$4. U.S., \$4.50 Can., postpaid. Money Order preferred.
- Slicing Eggplant* by Phyllis S. Prestia, High/Coo Press, Route #1, Battle Ground, IN 47920; 1984, \$3.50 paper, \$10. cloth.
- Moon Climbing: Haiku, And Other Poems* by Robert Smith, S.F.O. Available from author at 62 N. Hebron, Salinas, CA 93905 in return for a donation which goes toward the Catholic Worker de Junipero Serra project of feeding the hungry in Salinas.
- The Land of Six Seasons*, edited by Roger Verran, Gualala Arts, Inc., P.O. Box 244, Gualala, CA 95445; 1983, \$5.95. Haiku by 12 Gualala area poets.
- October Rain on My Window* by Nina W. Wicker, Honeybrook Press. Available from author at 4318 Minter School Road, Sanford, NC 27330. 1984, \$4.95.
- Waterfall* by Virginia Brady Young, Timberline Press, P.O. Box 327, Fulton, MO 65251. \$5.00. plus 75¢ postage/handling per book.
- Haiku* by Zolo. Poems, meditations, ink drawings. Available from author at 30 Topaz Place, Stratford, CT 06497. \$15. Cover an original signed painting.



TO HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
MEMBERS/SUBSCRIBERS/FRIENDS

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

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

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

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Editor  
Frogpond*



