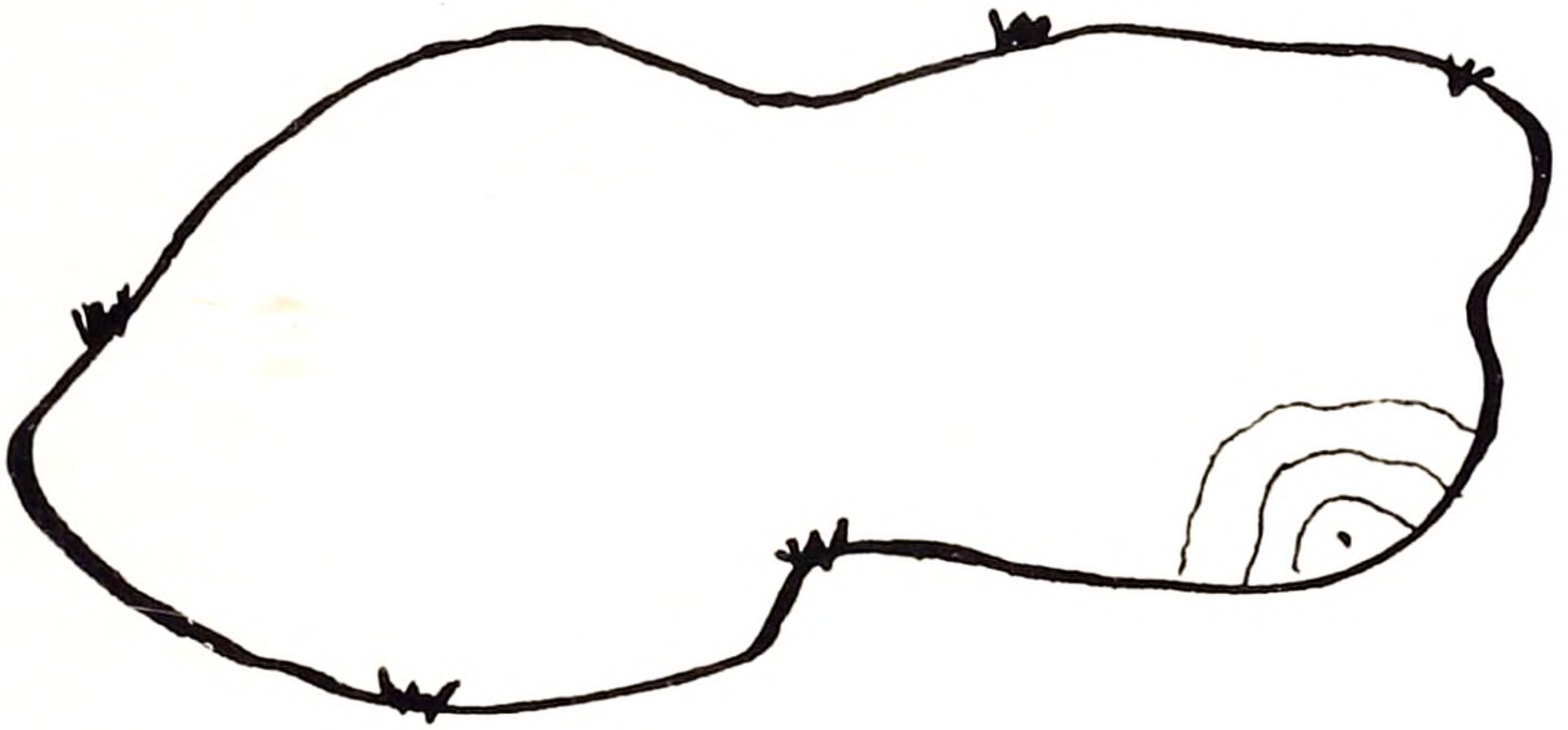
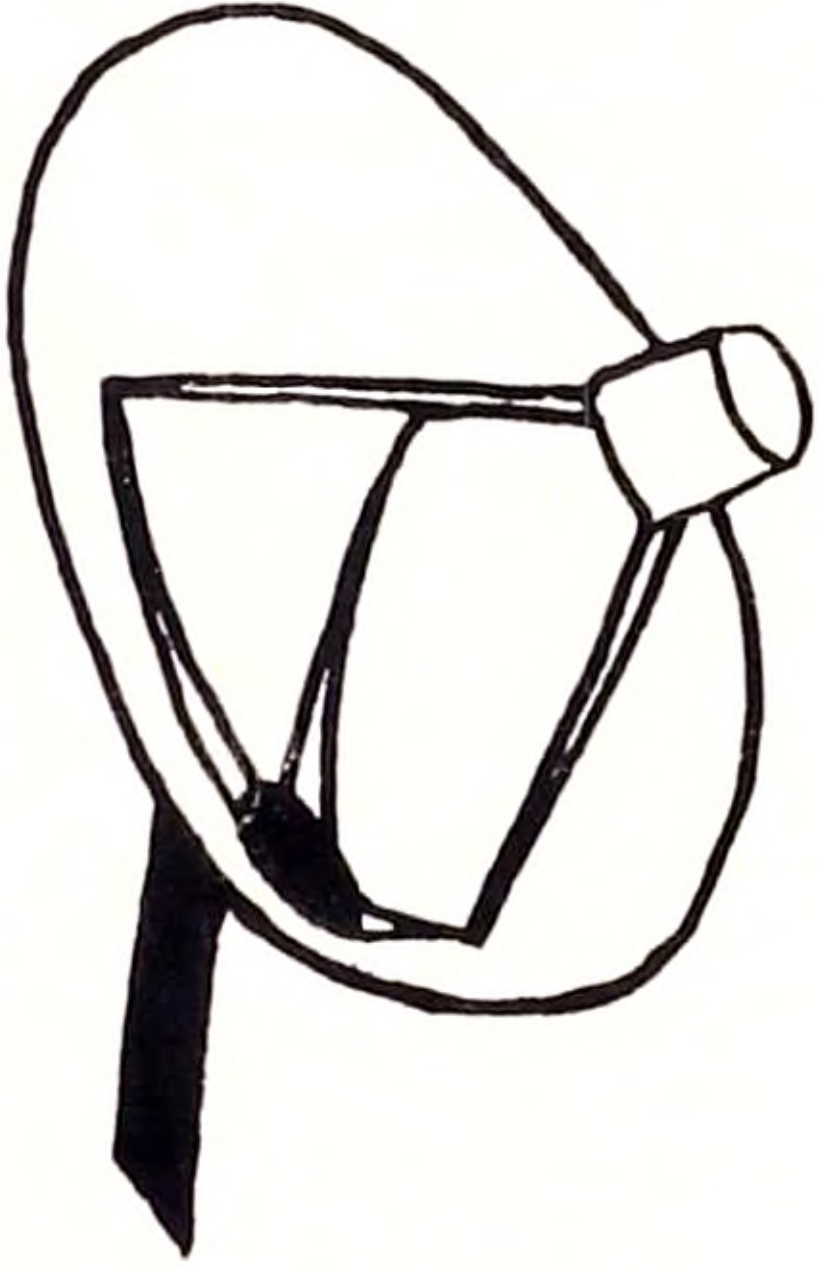


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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th St., New York, NY 10017

OFFICERS

President: Virginia Brady Young, 184 Centerbrook Road, Hamden, CT 06518.

Vice-President: Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

Secretary-Treasurer: Ross Kremer, RD 2, Box 609, Ringoes, NJ 08551.

Frogpond Editor: Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

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When I took the material for one of the 1984 issues of *Frogpond* to the typesetter, he glanced at a few pages and then looked at me rather quizzically. "How do you solicit material for this magazine?" he asked. I grinned and assured him there was no problem, that haiku arrived in the mailbox beside the acequia on at least five of every six mail delivery days. And so they do—over 2,600 haiku and/or senryu in 1984; 1,267 between January 1 and May 31, 1985! I am sure every editor of a haiku magazine can tell a similar tale.

These figures drawn from the daily log of incoming *Frogpond* mail are in themselves only a bit of interesting trivia but they imply some non-trivial truths.

With so many submissions arriving even the envelope has some importance and the regular No. 10 is by far the easiest to handle. The 6 x 9-inch is fine for a large number of haiku or an article manuscript folded once. The large manila envelope that takes an 8½ x 11 sheet flat is an irritation (except under certain special circumstances)—it takes up too much space! It should go without saying, but needs saying for a few, that every submission must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with sufficient postage for return of material. If I enclose material such as a copy of the *HSA Information Sheet* I will gladly add the extra stamp. International Reply Coupon or Postal Money Order from foreign countries is fine.

What's inside the envelope—that is what matters most! The original, unpublished, not under consideration elsewhere, haiku that is truly fresh, truly keenly perceived, truly crafted into the best poem the poet can produce is the haiku that gives an editor joy! Re-type the tired poem which shows it has made previous journeys—perhaps revising it in the process. Weed out the cliché, awkward metaphor, overt personification, before any haiku leaves your desk to journey to mine.

If spring haiku arrive in April or May, they are too late. Hold for six months and then be sure each one is as nearly perfect as possible before mailing. Revision is not a crime. And a query on articles and book reviews is a good idea. And speaking of books, do send review copies for listing and possible review.

The mailbox beside the acequia is a large one; it will hold all you send.

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* VIII: 1

winter morning—
the closet dark with
old shoes

Sylvia Forges-Ryan

she turns on her side:
thunder
low in the west

her fingers on guitar strings;
white birds
far into dusk

half-past eight—
the gull that follows her
along the beach

her letter aside;
warbler
in the willow tree

Hal Roth

after the earthquake:
on the floor of the stone church
pieces of stained glass

hearing
 of her departure
the gull's distant cry

R. W. Grandinetti Rader

a few ducks
dive & bob slowly toward shore
last light of evening

Robert Drake

a blossom falls
one by one
the peepers begin

while admiring her cat
the pipe dottle
falls on its head

once I held the hands
that shaped this teabowl;
they, too, were delicate.

while I view the moon
two cats and a ghetto-blaster
visit the dustbin

Arizona Zipper

cloudburst:
the stranded sponge
remains motionless.

caught in an eddy
the whorl
of a snail.

whirligig beetle:
swimming an imperfect circle
around the moon.

Robert Kramer

a dawn wind
brushes through the trees. . .
I leave today

blueberries the sweet indigo of loss

death the silent echo of the ravine

sparrows in the carport/her office phone keeps ringing

fog
deserted desk
blank sheet of paper

M. Kettner

Sandhill in the path:
a sudden panic of ants
behind the hiker

Off-shore winds:
sea oats on the sand dunes
bend, and bend again

Jane Lambert

alone in the dark:
blueberry candles melting
into the hot tub

Muriel Ford

IN MEMORIAM

Jess Perlman
December 24, 1891 April 26, 1984

By the lily pond
two treetops, one toward the sky,
one in the water.

Jess Perlman
Haiku West



Virginia Margaret Nelson
January 16, 1916 October 24, 1984

Beneath the birdbath
On summer days my cat sleeps
With one eye open.

Virginia Nelson
The Blue Print



laser rays of sun
through holes in the old church
cross in floating dust

Don Beringer
*(an incorrect version of this
haiku appeared in the last
issue of Frogpond.)*

FULL DAY PAST FULL
South on 101

full day past full
facing the sunset glow
the shadowed moon

flushed up
driving too fast to watch
the owl

I slow to allow
Dvořák's Seventh to finish
before losing the station

the Stars and Stripes
the Bear and Olympic rings
b l o w i n g

half asleep
the waiter keeps my cup full
a good tip

Elisabeth Marshall

for Elisabeth:
after Buson

on you there
on me here
 r a i n

Lequita Vance

three days in roussillon

at vernet-les-bains

jet-lag insomnia
clock of the eleventh-century church
sounds once

at villefranche

weight of mountains
the orchards below
heavy with fruit

at prades

of this same air
the first breath
that merton drew

at st-michel-de-cuxa

fragment of the cloister
its locking-piece
a world away*

footpath above casteil

aching legs
the bird's flight above
then below me

at st-martin-du-canigou

outside the ossuary
the monastery dog romps
in fallen leaves

on the pyrenean narrow-gauge

jet-black tunnel . . .
the sudden blast
of autumn color

Jerry Kilbride

**The Monastery of St-Michel-de-Cuxa
is located 2 kilometers south of Prades.
In the 1930s much of its cloister was
shipped to New York and reassembled in
Fort Tryon Park.*



The flight bag,
unloaded, caving into
its shadow.

She listens to her book,
the window deepening with night
. . .the reader's voice

Rich Youmans

leaving the V,
a crippled snowgoose
rides the wind down

humid afternoon
above river-foam the flutter
of yellow butterflies

Gloria H. Procsal

the dead elm tree
its branches
still frame the sky

Gregory Suarez

driving home:
steam clouds from the nuke plant
take up half the sky

dump site abandoned—
yellow foam oozes into
a little stream

Maria Jacketti

Monet
haystacks
and sky

After
the party
silence

Yukki

“alkaseltzer melting”

**Linked poem by James Kirkup, Hiroaki Sato,
and Geraldine Little**

August 1983 to October 1984

alkaseltzer melting effervescent fireflower stars	Kirkup
waves pounding breeze through the porch	Sato
a pregnant bitch lumbers along the beach; lightning flash	Little
random rockets ignite torrents of thunder	Kirkup
breasts bare, a matron lifts the gauze with sleepy eyes	Sato
no footsteps stir the moonless night	Little

earth rolls over
and tomorrow's
never been touched

Kirkup

Southern Illinois
with its winter expanse

Sato

a small boy
fishes through the iced lake
the silence

Little

nightmare wanderings—
aching feet

Kirkup

“Think of it:
no way can be devised
to get out of this”

Sato

by firelight he reads me
Shakespearean sonnets

Little

blinding dreams
irrigate the deep coral
reefs of the brain

Kirkup

a crescent crowns
a coconut palm

Sato

out of the stillness
a colorful oath—
parrot-talk

Little

a star blinking
street-lamp through trees

Kirkup

dancing, drunk,
he sings an ancient song
under blossoms

Sato

through thin saffron silk
movement of her breasts

Little

tea leaves in the cup
clasped by an old crone's hands:
green mountains Little

Eva Le Gallienne
Weston, Connecticut Sato

atomic rain—
Buddha smiling at the last
butterfly Kirkup

meditating on one seed
sprouting in rocky soil Little

a confession,
it's dark, things to do,
"sex over forty" Sato

tears flowing down
windowpane's wrinkled cheek Kirkup

from her fingers, Chopin—
over and over again
a world dies Little

a sigh from a love seat,
and another sigh Sato

this pond's filth—
once storms of plum blossom
and pale gold ginkgo fans Kirkup

still, sunlight
glisters the large rock's surface Little

above the hills,
in the amethyst void,
moon broken in half Sato

pallid hydrangeas cloud
sodden paper windows Kirkup

whistling
an old man untangles
his fishing line Little

wild turkeys
run up the hill Sato

that is a double
rainbow in
various shades of grey Kirkup

dusk: the old pier lapped
by first starlight Little

a white rose,
a woman in velvet black,
out of place Sato

waving handkerchief—
seagull in mist Kirkup



ONE WEEK'S DUST

My dead brother's room
morning sunbeams touching
his things

The family gathered—
a tear of embalming fluid runs
from my brother's eye

Gripping the coffin's ring
I remember his cries for
"a horsey ride"

The last rites
cloudless sky over
the crematorium

My dead brother's desktop
on his wallet
one week's dust

I reread my brother's
suicide note tomatoes ripening
on the sill

George Swede

THE CHANGES IN ONE MAN'S HAIKU

— An Essay-Review —

William J. Higginson

One Man's Moon: 50 Haiku by Bashō, Buson, Issa, Hakuin, Shiki, Santoka, Versions by Cid Corman. Gnomon Press, Box 106, Frankfort, Kentucky 40602, unpagged, \$25.00 hardbound; \$5.00 paperbound.

When I first encountered Cid Corman's workings from Japanese haiku, in the small gift volumes of *Cool Gong* and *Cool Melon* that he had given William Carlos Williams in 1959, I knew that Corman was important for haiku in English. That was 1968, and I hastened to write to a new friend about my discovery; Eric Amann published selections from the two small books in the next several issues of *Haiku* magazine. In the meantime, the more widely circulated translation by Corman and Kamaike Susumu of Bashō's *Oku no hosomichi*, called *Back Roads to Far Towns*, was published by Grossman/Mushinsha in '68. It is still the only English version of Bashō's masterpiece that I can read with pleasure.

My readings in Corman's translations confirmed what I was seeking in my own translating—to treat each small group of words as the "cry of its occasion" (Corman), and make the best poem in English I was capable of, respecting the forces of the original. Corman's work saved me three to five years of fumbling, and the difference between the translations in my own *Twenty-Five Pieces of Now* (1968) and *thistle brilliant morning* (1973) I probably owe more to his work than to any other factor.

Now, in *One Man's Moon*, fifty of Corman's haiku translations from twenty-five years of work in the genre appear in one collection. Like Lafcadio Hearn's marvelous *Japanese Lyrics*, it is primarily an assemblage of pieces from earlier contexts, taken out of those contexts. Unlike *Japanese Lyrics*, *One Man's Moon* does contain several reworkings of earlier versions. And some of these pieces are new to me, and I am glad to have them.

The book opens with one of Bashō's most startling examples of synesthesia, in Corman's incomparable rendition:

with odor of plum
bursts the sunrise
mountain path

This reprint of the first poem in *Cool Melon* illustrates the delight achievable when Corman held to the principles he stated at the back of *Cool Gong*:

*these poems are largely adaptations
from wellknown Japanese poems*

*rather than stick to any apparent
rigidity of structure*

*effort has been staked on maintaining
poetic intensities*

letting the poems present themselves

*they should be spoken as all poems
word by word syllable by syllable*

*found for inflection rhythm weight
then memorably understood*

let go

But among the twenty-three¹ poems by Bashō in *One Man's Moon*, only six are from those early "Cool" booklets. Most of the rest come from the *Oku no hosomichi*. And these latter have not been left alone, as the contributions from the early booklets were. For example, we have in the 1968 *Back Roads to Far Towns* this version:

O glorious
green leaves young leaves'
sun light

—while in *One Man's Moon* the same poem appears as:

how inspiring
the green leaves young leaves of a
sun's resplendency

—and I cannot help but wonder where Bashō and Cid Corman have gone off to. Bashō wrote several versions of this poem, but I can find none which accounts for the deadly shift from the early translation's expostulation and concrete noun to the wordiness and vague abstraction in this latest version. Had the original been as dull as this, I cannot imagine that the Cid Corman I spoke with in New York less than fifteen years ago would have bothered with it.

Whence this shift? My first inklings of it came with a beautifully produced hand-printed book which came my way when it was published in 1981, *Peerless Mirror: twenty tanka from the Manyōshū*, translated and annotated by Cid Corman. Earlier I had seen some of Corman's translations of poems by the greatest poet of that early era, Hitomaro, in the pages of Corman's own magazine, *Origin*. And I had heard Corman read some of his Hitomaro translations during his New York visit in 1971. They were extraordinary. The lilt of the heart through the well-tuned tongue.

But the translations in *Peerless Mirror* were another matter. For example, this favorite by Hitomaro in versions ten years apart:

from *Origin* (1971)

Autumn wind's ah
turned chilly now
horses together
let's to the meadow go
see the *hagi* blossoming.

from *Peerless Mirror* (1981)

The autumn winds are
becoming rather cool now
horses neck in neck
let's to the meadow go and
see the *hagi* blossoming.

There are many notable differences here: syllable counting in the later version; a shift away from the spontaneous language of speech to a slightly affected tone in the opening lines; and a rather awkward phrase, "horses neck in neck", in the later version. This phrase seems an attempt to get at the meaning of the original, which I take to be an equivalent for the natural English phrase "horses abreast"; perhaps the idiomatic English simply eluded Corman, as it harrowingly must elude even the best translators now and then.

But the real problem here is that syllable-counting seems to have exacerbated a tendency toward affectation which formerly intruded itself only occasionally in Corman's translations, and which is one of the main difficulties confronting any translator of these excruciatingly brief and delicate texts. We may pass over a minor "poetic" inversion such as "let's to the meadow go". But the contrast between "Autumn wind's ah / turned chilly now" and "The autumn winds are / becoming rather cool now" is the contrast between lived sensation and reserve bordering on indifference. I cannot believe Hitomaro felt the latter; the rest of the poem belies it.

We see Corman's move away from his former leanness and grace even more in a haiku from *Oku no hosomichi* which he was not able to translate successfully in *Back Roads to Far Towns*, though he worked at it. Here are two early versions, and his new attempt to build up a better:

from *Cool Melon* (1959)

summer grass
relics of
warriors' dreams

from *Back Roads* (1968)

summer grass
warriors
dreams' ruins

from *One Man's Moon* (1984)

the summer grasses
the mightiest warriors'
dreams' consequences

Clearly the earlier versions lack something.

Harold G. Henderson, in *An Introduction to Haiku* in 1958, told of the extreme difficulty he had in translating this poem, justly one of Bashō's most famous. Henderson presented the "most nearly literal English" he could come up with:

Summer grasses:
the afterward of strong men's dreams.

Then he introduced the following version with, "I wish that some genius could find the proper English for this haiku. I myself have been unable to do so. After twenty-five years of trying, the best I can do is:"

Summer grass:
of stalwart warriors splendid dreams
the aftermath.

Corman, too, has spent "twenty-five years of trying" on this poem. Consider the original; here are the words, in order, with their literal meanings:

<i>natsugusa</i>	summer grass
<i>ya</i>	[kireji]
<i>tsuwamonodomo</i>	strong-men/warriors
<i>ga</i>	's
<i>yume</i>	dream(s)
<i>no</i>	's
<i>ato</i>	track(s) [homonym for noun meaning "after"]

There are two almost insurmountable problems with remaking this poem in English. First, virtually no English will yield the force of both the meaning and sound of *tsuwamonodomo*, literally "strong-ones", but carrying both an aural sonority and an honorific suffix that exalt its tone considerably. "Warriors" is probably the best literal translation, but carries little of the impact. Henderson's "stalwart warriors" comes closer; Corman's "mightiest warriors" errs on the side of the superlative, and fails to give us the sense of antiquity which both Bashō and Henderson provide.

Second, Bashō gives us a metaphor, one of his few, which makes the grass of summer into the tracks of the warriors' dreams. Henderson has missed the point, and the metaphor, by supplying a meaning closer to that of the homonym, "after", than to the clear "tracks" of the original. Note that both "afterward" and "aftermath" are abstractions, in place of Bashō's sharply imagistic diction.

Corman made another sort of step away from the original in his 1959 and 1968 versions, by substituting a different metaphor for Bashō's. Both "relics" and "ruins" shift from the sharpness of "tracks" to a vague, unfocussed image. But at least the language was somewhat closer to that of the original than Henderson's, even if it did lose the meaning of the original in the attempt to give us its Meaning.

But in Corman's latest version he compounds Henderson's error, giving us Meaning instead of metaphor, substituting a weak-kneed abstraction for the richness of image. Both the original's immediate impact and lingering depth have been lost.

We must praise any translator who consciously seeks to better earlier attempts; to be a true translator is to be almost always unsatisfied, to always hope for the new insight that will lift one's own old words to the freshness of some revered original. One of the more or less just criticisms leveled at Corman's versions of Bashō's hokku in the *Oku no hosomichi* was that in them he reduced language to such bare bones that it was hard to understand them as English, much less as poems. In some cases I agreed with this critique, although Corman's prose in this work comes closer to the glory of Bashō's language than any other translation before or since.

Perhaps Corman has recently accepted the "discipline of 5-7-5" as a way of forcing himself to put enough words into his translations to make them understandable, though I doubt such was his motivation. Whatever the reason, I find myself preferring the cleaner earlier versions over the later obfuscations and dilutions of these classics:

from *Back Roads* (1968)²

quiet
into rock absorbing
cicada sounds

May rains
gathering swift
Mogamigawa

from *One Man's Moon* (1984)

silence itself is
in the rock saturated
are cicada sounds

the rains of summer
gathering rapidly to
Mogamigawa

And the correction of a misreading in the following piece, while welcomed, is diminished by the wordiness that intrudes with the revision:

wild seas (ya
to Sado shoring up
the great star stream

rough as the sea is
reaching over to Sado
the Heaven's star stream

Yet, here and there in *One Man's Moon* the old Corman shows through, despite an unwanted "rigidity of structure", as in this fine-tuning of a version that was not bad in the first place:

red red
sun unrelentingly
autumn's wind.

scarlet on scarlet
the sun unrelentingly
the autumn winds

And we may be grateful for Corman's version of one of Issa's best known poems, devilishly hard to translate without surrendering to bathos. As this illustrates, Corman *can* count without falling into the pit:

a dewdrop world ay
a dewdrop world but even
so—but even so

A real treasure in *One Man's Moon* is a group of poems by Santōka (why the macron is omitted in the book I do not know). They are mostly open-form, with such fine pieces as this:

so many dry twigs
snapping snapping
thinking nothing now

and this, though counted:

the waves sound sometimes
close and sometimes far away
how much more of life

For most poorly skilled poets, counting syllables destroys what poetic impulse they may have had when they set out to write. Cid Corman has always been fascinated with syllables, and with the raw weight of the sound of the language. His own poems have frequently illustrated both the pitfalls of such syllabic fascination and the grace of the language crafted just to the point of rightness, where it sounds as spoken meaningfully. Whether in his own poems or in translations, when he achieves these heights, as in the last translation above, which is the last poem in *One Man's Moon*, we can only accept the result with gratitude. When he fails, as he does too often in *One Man's Moon*, we may hope that it is a passing phase, and that this is but a further exploration of language, less immediately rewarding than the future work it builds to.

As Cid has often said, a translator does what he can do. With very mixed feelings I place my copy of *One Man's Moon* on the shelf next to my hand-copied facsimiles of his small booklets of 1959, wherein I find Bashō's

dark sea
wild geese crying
far white

NOTES

¹ *One Man's Moon* indicates that the first twenty-four translations are from Bashō. However, the original of the following poem, also attributed to Bashō in *Cool Melon*, is in fact by Issa:

pee-pul
upright scarecrows also
scarce

² This corrects an earlier, beautifully-wrought, misreading, from *Cool Gong*:

silence
driving into rock
cicada sounds

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Spring thunder—
 wine glasses
singing on the shelf

She pares a lemon—
 parting the curtain
spring breeze

Stepping into
 moonshadows
the spotted cat

Philip Miller

in the dishwasher
my child's first pottery
 a lump of clay

Lippizaner horse. . .
 my old bay cayuse
stumbling on sage

L. A. Davidson

morning bells,
a white dove settles
on Father Serra's hand

sunlit field,
the palomino's mane
brushing the toyon berries

Roberta Stewart

Under the rafters
dry corn tied in fives
spring clouds.

Lenore Mayhew

the child's flute
reaching a new note . . .
all out of breath

putting aside my paints
I turn
to Buson's other art

Edward J. Rielly

writing haiku too—
white sounds of a tennis ball
solitary player

Carol Eurice

The cradle creaks—
young crows begin filling
the pine thicket

Nina A. Wicker

dawn mist
still on the vine
a half-eaten strawberry

Frank K. Robinson

face full of snow
...and still grinning
terra cotta gargoyles

Jeffrey Winke

After the last hairpin turn
the crow
of a rooster

(Rotella, Italy)

Seven o'clock church bells:
the swallows fly out
from the rooftops

(Porto Ricanante)

A picnic
among unknown wildflowers:
a cuckoo calls

(Scanno)

Once Venus' temple:
Christ's shadow
sunken into the wall

(Ancona)

Midnight:
the scent
of mint

(Liguria)

Alexis Rotella

VENICE

water
holding the city
in

a funeral barge
crossing the wake
of our motorboat

coral and jade
the street vendor's
aria

late afternoon
tossing morning glories
into the Grand Canal

Adele Kenny
(from *Questi Momenti*,
work in progress)

windless morning;
still, the birds stir the air
with their song

moonless evening—
even fireflies are too few
to pierce the darkness

José Carlos Barbosa

beyond the watergate
the billboard girl's pout
framed in the bridge trestle

before the empty billboard
a vendor eyes the lady
handling his cucumbers

traffic stopped
the paper lady puts her foot down
on the moving van

Medusa dealt with
I go outside to breathe
with the billboards

LeRoy Gorman

yogi sits
spring wind
breaths

Peter T. Andina

kept awake all night
by the blossoming
apple tree

two umbrellas
one yellow, one blue
the first flowers of spring

Lawrence Rungren

fainting rainbow—
my imprint in
the summer grass

Into your eyes
a hill wind blowing
the child you were

A new patch of weeds.
The old road uncertain
where it should end

Their shadows flit
around us as we quarrel—
mating butterflies

Your words as we drive
pin my eyes to your mouth.
Blur of wild lilac

Evening marsh
a few twisted grasses
tying up the sun

Ann Atwood

Full moon of May—
petal pressed deep
in the track of a deer

Kent Johnson

the taxi driver
hustles the blind man out:
plum blossoms

Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg

where the lilacs
were cut down
unscented rain

sassafras bush
its spice on the tongue—
spring rain

Rosamond Haas

at Walt Whitman's Tomb
celebrating his birthday:
lilacs past their bloom

down Mulberry Street,
Italian organ grinder
forgetting the heat

Nick Virgilio

An old and green pond:
you search the reeds for a frog,
suddenly silent

Catherine Cella

SCHÜLER-HAIKU

Editor's Note: Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp of Hamburg, Germany, sent the following four haiku chosen from 615 German language haiku written by 6th grade students of Gymnasium Farmsen to whom she had taught haiku during her German lessons to the class. The headmaster of the school, Mr. Uwe Schmidt, translated these four into Latin, the first to be so translated as far as Sabine knows (or I). She, to "make the game whole," made translations into English. The original German verses were published in the recent (and last) issue of the German poetry magazine *apropos*. ESL

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Frühlingserwachen—
auf den Bergen liegt noch Schnee,
im Tal blühen Krokusse.
<i>Sven-Marc</i> | 3. Da, ein toter Baum!
Doch im lauen Frühlingswind
tanzt ein Schmetterling.
<i>Martin</i> |
| 2. Gefrorener See—
doch tief unten im Wasser
schwimmt ein kleiner Fisch.
<i>Claudia K.</i> | 4. Schönes San Francisco—
auf der Insel Alcatraz
singt ein Gefangener.
<i>Hendryk</i> |

Haiku versus in linguam Latinam formati

1. Vere adulto—
cum crocis florentibus
montibus niveis.
2. Lacus gelidus—
en pisciculus natat
infima aqua.
3. Arbor mortua—
at vento egelido
saltat papilio.
4. Urbs San Francisco!
In insula Alcatras
cantat captivus.

(Uwe Schmidt)

Haiku translated into English

1. Spring awakening—
snow still lies on the mountains
crocus fill the dale.
2. The lake is frozen—
yet deep down in the water
swims a tiny fish.
3. Alas, a dead tree!
But dancing in the spring breeze
is a butterfly.
4. Fair San Francisco—
out on Alcatraz Island
sings a prisoner.

(Sabine Sommerkamp)

BOOK REVIEW

THE EARTH WE SWING ON, Haiku by Raymond Roseliep; photos by Cyril A. Reilly and Renée Travis Reilly. Winston Press, 430 Oak Grove, Minneapolis, MN 55403; 1984, 64 pp., paper, \$7.95 plus \$2 shipping.

Reviewed by Jerry Kilbride

Sadness at Raymond Roseliep's death is left behind when we open *The Earth We Swing On*. He is alive and well, lurking impishly behind each page! His haiku, and the color photographs by Cyril and Renée Reilly, affirm life—joyful affirmations as suggested in Raymond's well-chosen word 'Swing'. Even the old woman:

rooted
in her window chair:
leaf and leaf falling

looks to the past and future without regret or apprehension. She exists in the moment, rooted like a maple. Her acceptance is mirrored in the beauty of leaves as they swing and glide to the ground—autumn, hers and theirs, the natural extension of the spring and summer of life.

After the title page, and a page containing a description of haiku excerpted from Raymond's *Listen To Light*, we turn to a photograph of a child on a spring day. Pink skin, rosy cheeks, her blond hair protrudes from under a sunbonnet made of a cool and white material. She stares in puzzlement at the haiku on the page opposite, her parted lips about to break into a smile:

pink air
the skin
in spring

A few pages later we come across a Native American youngster—this kid even W. C. Fields could have loved! Jet-black hair falls into dark eyes smiling up at:

the child called
the wrong number:
we talked all spring

then down at:

spring doldrums
I phone
the Krantz cat

And now, sitting outside a building, a bald and overweight cook bends over a magazine:

the fry cook:
too busy
to hear cicadas sizzling

This is my favorite for a personal reason. I've worked as a bartender in restaurants and private clubs for years, oblivious in kitchens to sounds springing from the Iowa earth. Now, on hearing soup bubbling or bacon sizzling, I'll smile, "Raymond, you, who eschewed travel, in a San Francisco kitchen?"

A girl of ten or eleven uses a hoop to fashion a soap bubble as big as she is—her eyes delight in the long, wiggling bubble stretched out to bursting:

bubble
catching us
don't break

Lovers face each other on a lawn, silhouetted in the summer dusk. He plays a recorder while she rests a violin on her lap:

odor of earth
you catch
my breath

Wizened old farmer with bright eyes and a satisfied smile puckering a toothless mouth:

man and bee
home from work
ale on their tongues

Pods with their silk in a play of autumn light:

milkweed
light flies
spun

A breathtaking photograph of snow and frost at dawn in a grove of naked trees:

snow holds
the soft glimmer
of their wedding fire

Above are but a few glimpses into Raymond's unique vision contained in *The Earth We Swing On*.

On the book's glossy cover is a picture of a child reaching for a balloon against a light yellow sky going blue. Or is the balloon a zoom-lens shot of the rising sun, and are those arms raised in a gesture of worship? It's a wonderful photograph! At the top of the title page are four panels in a growing-grass design of shade and color that suggest the seasons. They work well with the title, but it was a mistake to repeat them in changing value throughout the book. They compete visually with the haiku and photographs. Place your left hand over the green panel on page 34: see how the moment on page 35 becomes heightened.

Cyril A. Reilly taught with Raymond at Loras. Renée Travis Reilly, his wife, is a painter and teacher. They live in Minneapolis. A sharp awareness of the moment exists in their work. The photographs fail only twice in interpreting Raymond's poems: in the bride and in the American gothic window. Meanings beyond playfulness are intrinsic in photographs of spider webs and frost crystals. There are worlds contained in the transparent balloon filled to wondrous capacity with breath coming from the lungs of a child; worlds big-banging out of the bass drum of the Decorah (Iowa) Kilties Band:

sun beat
on drum and the earth
we swing on



HAIKU WORKSHOP
Comments by L. A. Davidson
on Anonymously Submitted Haiku

Having once edited news I approach a workshop with caution, uneasy that suggestions may dull someone's creativity, or that an itchy blue pencil may distort or change the writer's response to his/her observation. There is scarcely anything written that cannot be done differently; and keeping in mind that half of a haiku is in the reading, effort is needed to avoid restructuring a poem to one's own different observation in a similar moment in the past.

When a haiku evokes the same response in writer and reader, there is no problem. Of the five anonymous haiku given me, two do just that:

Through tops of pines
a man walking his dog
at the sea's edge

One might urge switching first and third lines for more punch, but I've been there (Read: Indiana Dunes and Lake Michigan), and this arrangement places viewer, distance, and ambience in the right relationship.

dawn to dusk the shrilling of locusts

caused me to show it to a fellow poet who suggested immediately: dawn to dusk locusts shrill. After thinking that over, I stick to the poet's arrangement because of the change in nuance. I've been there, too, and remember most the endless shrilling. Oh yes, I also recall the locusts. A small boy held out his closed hand engagingly and dropped into my open palm a live one! My friend's suggested revision for me moves the shrilling to the locusts and changes the experience.

The other three tantalize, even though they seem to me as good as much published haiku.

The still round moon—
a thin cirrus cover
reflecting its light

At first I wondered why the “still,” when a round moon or a full moon would do. Then it occurred that the clouds were moving so slowly as to make the moon seem stationary. But that would require a comma after “still.” Later, on rereading, the reaction is that despite the thin cloud cover, the form of the moon can be seen as still round. I am also uncertain about “reflecting,” which means to return or cast back. Surely the clouds here are letting the light through, though one might visualize a halo effect from reflection. Unsure that this is the author’s experience, I offer one variation: The moon still round— / a thin cirrus cover / softening its light.

Dusty wind!
\$70.65
for the fare

gives me the immediate sense of someone’s discomfort and annoyance. My only criticism is that visual haiku such as this are difficult to grasp aurally. Does one say “seventy, sixty-five,” “seventy point sixty-five,” or “seventy dollars and sixty-five cents”? However, it is far more effective on reading with the numerals, and I find it highly satisfactory.

The last haiku:

Stealthy oars
up the unwary river
sneaking my boat

certainly creates a mood—stealthy / unwary / sneaking. While one might find anthropomorphism here in stealthy oars and unwary river, the very lack of a defined but wholly pervading human, contributes to the suspense. Whether someone is stealing the boat, or the boat owner is slipping quietly in after hours or venturing through new and uncertain territory, I for one would not fault the “unwary river.” It needs to be there in order to retain the mood of this haiku.



WORTH REPEATING

The following poem first appeared in *Haiku West*, Vol. 7, No. 2 (January 1974) and is reprinted here with permission, to strike a light note.



ON READING HAIKU

whatever it takes
to write
haiku
it takes almost
as much of
to read

hearing sound
on the page
and seeing shape
in the ear
but then mostly

just the courage
to let old Basho's frog

jump

ESL

BITS & PIECES

SPECIAL OFFER

Rod Willmot is offering his new book *The Ribs of Dragonfly* (see listing of new publications below) to members of the haiku community at the special price of only \$9.00 Canadian/\$7.00 U.S., postpaid, when ordered directly from him at: 535, rue Duvernay, Sherbrooke, P.Q., Canada J1L 1Y8.

FOSTER AND RHODA DE LONG JEWELL BOOKS AVAILABLE

There have been inquiries since Foster Jewell's death about the possibility of obtaining his books. Now I am happy to say that a count of his remaining books and those of his wife has been made. A number of these books are already collector's items; none can be printed again as these were—on the Jewells' primitive hand press. Some contain the original wood block cuts done by Rhoda.

The following listing shows number of copies remaining, the title, the author and price per copy. I have added in parentheses the year published when I knew it. The asterisk* by three of Rhoda's books indicates that these are possibly not haiku books; all the rest are books of haiku.

My thanks to Daniel La Fauce for making this list available to members and friends of HSA.

- 5 copies, *Projections** by Rhoda De Long Jewell, \$9. per copy
- 15, *Exhaling Green* by Foster Jewell, \$9. (1980)
- 48, *Sand Waves*, Foster, \$50. (1969)
- 7, *The Lights**, Rhoda, \$15.
- 16, *Panther Beautiful**, Rhoda, \$15.
- 27, *Via Time Machine*, Rhoda, \$15. (1974)
- 8, *Passing Moments*, Foster, \$25. (1974)
- 27, *Forest and Mountain*, Foster & Rhoda, \$20. (1976)
- 63, *Leaves in the Wind*, Foster, \$15. (1976)
- 15, *Yield of Fallow*, Foster, \$15. (1978)
- 30, *Nine Days on the Desert*, Foster, \$25. (1977)
- 50, *Searching Today for Yesterday's Tomorrow*, Foster, \$20. (1976)
- 27, *Hiawatha's Country*, Foster & Rhoda, \$25. (1976)
- 14, *Beachcomber*, Foster, \$50. (1970)

Books (postpaid) from Daniel La Fauce, 1645 McKool, Streamwood, IL 60103.

ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS: There was an error in one of Arizona Zipper's haiku in *Frogpond* VII:4 and in one of Don Beringer's haiku in VIII:1; correct versions appear elsewhere in this issue.

Barbara McCoy, Haiku Editor of *Piedmont Literary Review*, was sponsor and judge for the "Why I Write Haiku" contest in which Humphrey Noyes' commentary, reprinted in last issue's 'Worth Repeating' section, won first place.

In listing new haiku publications in the last issue, no prices were given for *Tick Bird* and *Time Is Flies* by George Swede; these books are \$4.95 Canadian each.

PUBLICATION NEWS:

Brussels Sprout is being resurrected by Alexis Rotella, who announces that the first issue will be out this summer. Haiku and tanka (no renga or prose) with sase. Address: Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046. Subscription \$15. payable to Alexis Rotella.

Congratulations to Editor Lewis Sanders, Publisher Elisabeth Marshall, and to Lequita Vance who did all graphics and design, on the handsome Special Edition of *The Red Pagoda*.

Congratulations also to Editors Jack Lyon and Richard Tice on their first issue of the ongoing *Dragonfly*.

CONTEST: For details of the 1985 Harold G. Henderson Award see page 44.

THANKS: I am grateful to Lequita Vance for the cover of this issue.

HAIKU BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

Silent Silos: a counterbomb haiku sequence by Johnny Baranski, Sunburst Press, P.O. Box 14205, Portland, OR 97214; 1985, 16 pps., \$3.00 ppd. Sunburst Matchbook No. 1.

Keiko's Haiku Poems by Keiko Kuroda, trans. into English & French by Sakuzo Takada; 64 pps., \$5. ppd. from the author, 2-12-12, Kami-Ogi, Sugunami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 167.

The Journey North by Robert F. Mainone, Wonderland Press; 1984, \$7. plus \$1. postage/handling per order, from author, 7431 Pine Lake Road, Delton, MI 49046.

. . . *sometimes in a certain light* by anne mckay, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1985, 36 pps., \$1.25. Wind Chimes Mini-book VIII.

A Measure of Light by James Minor, Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, LaCrosse, WI 54601; 1984, 16 pps., \$2.50 plus 75¢ postage/handling. No. 17 in the Haiku & short poem series.

The Open Eye by Lenard D. Moore, N. C. Haiku Society Press, P.O. Box 14247, Raleigh, NC 27620; 1985, 68 pps., \$6. plus 75¢ postage/handling.

Rain Falling Quietly: Meditations on Bashō's "Records of a Travel-Worn Satchel" by Edward J. Rielly, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1985, 24 pps., \$1.25. Wind Chimes Minibook IX.

Closing the Circle by Alexis Rotella, Muse Pie Press, 73 Pennington Ave., Passaic, NJ 07055; 1985, 28 pps., \$5.

Splashes by Helen J. Sherry, Chocho books. 2121 Lytham Road, Columbus, OH 43220; 1985, 36 pps., \$2.25 ppd.

Selected Haiku by Nicholas A. Virgilio, Burnt Lake Press, 535, rue Duvernay, Sherbrooke, P.Q., Canada J1L 1Y8; 1985, 80 pps., \$7.95 plus \$1. shipping. Accepts checks from U.S. and Canada.

The Ribs of Dragonfly by Rod Willmot, Black Moss Press. From the distributor, Firefly Books, 3520 Pharmacy Ave., Unit 1-c, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1W 2I8; 1985, 96 pps., \$9.95 ppd. (A novella with haiku; haibun)

Unseen Fish Dance by Yukki, Haiku Zasshi Zo Publ., 6416 Seaview Ave., Seattle, WA 98107; 1984, 16 pps., \$3.00 plus 22¢ postage.

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA



MERIT BOOK AWARD WINNERS
1983/1984

First Place

Rod Willmot, *The Erotic Haiku Anthology*

Second Place

Bob Boldman, *Wind in the Chimes*

Third Place

Adele Kenny, *The Roses Open*

Honorable Mention

Alexis Rotella, *After an Affair*

Honorable Mention

Hal Roth, *The Way the Wind*

Judges:

Randy W. Grandinetti Rader, Chairman

Ruth Yarrow

Frank Robinson



HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1985

1. Deadline for submission August 1.
2. Entry fee of \$1 per haiku.
3. Limit—three unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku in duplicate on 3 × 5 cards, one card with the haiku and the author's name in the upper left-hand corner; one card with the *haiku only* for anonymous judging.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to Virginia Brady Young, 184 Centerbrook Road, Hamden, CT 06518.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson, and a second prize of \$50, as well as a third prize of \$25 donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in FROGPOND.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku may be published in FROGPOND. Authors are advised to keep copies of their haiku, since none will be returned.
10. The judge(s) will be announced later.





