

# frogpond



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Dear members/friends:

This issue is dedicated to Raymond Roseliep who made his transition in December, before the Christmas holidays. Raymond was a warm, wonderful soul who dedicated years of his physical life to haiku and experimental poetry.

Marilyn Monroe said the more famous one becomes, the more their weaknesses are exaggerated. There's no doubt that Raymond Rose-  
liep was a controversial poet and one who sparked the envy of those who perhaps were not as prolific or gifted.

Blyth said out of the 2,000 haiku written by Basho, perhaps only about 100 are really memorable. Yet Basho is not remembered for his feeble verses; he is revered only for his masterpieces, of which there comparatively few. We often tend to forget the law of opposites which works in all areas of life. A great poet must also produce *weak* poetry. I believe it helps to remember this. Even Mozart, a child prodigy, didn't always produce a great opera or piece of music.

Roseliep's work has received much criticism but he has also received much more praise. He was an energetic poet who turned haiku into a spiritual path as well as a business. And although he didn't always strike a haiku-moment, he probably wrote more masterpieces than Basho, Buson *or* Issa.

In this issue, I'm presenting a selection of his work, individual poems which I believe will live on as long as there is a planet. Forgive me if I've not included your favorites or if I've chosen a poem you don't consider to be absolutely grand.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Raymond's "first lady of haiku," will be the next editor of *Frogpond* beginning with the June issue. Please send your submissions directly to her at 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. I'm moving onto longer poetry and other challenges, one of which is a spiritual newsletter called SKY MOTHER. If you're interested in the transformation of Mother Earth and her crew, drop me a line in a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Thanks for your support and the opportunity to serve as *Frogpond* editor as well as president of the Haiku Society of America. And good luck to you, Elizabeth!

In haiku,

Alexis Rotella

IN MEMORIAM

Raymond Roseliep

*Irene K. Wilson*

Sleep comes  
a blanket  
of restful shadows

*Ruth Eshbaugh*

cicada —  
the shrill  
black wind

sunday morning  
seven baby spiders  
on the porcelain

snake skin in the garden  
slowly she  
unwraps the heirloom

*Marco Fraticelli*

Her dying grandmother —  
my stomach  
grumbles

Funeral arrangements:  
my wife  
puts on make-up

Funeral limousine  
broken door handle

News of his death:  
on the envelope  
a Santa Claus stamp

(for RR)

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

for R. R.

a leap to light!  
across the face of the moon  
a rabbit's shadow

*Bob Boldman*

for RR

waking eyes  
gathering  
light

examining the butterfly  
his breath  
drying its wings

in the heart  
of the artichoke  
it still rains

lightening  
veins  
the sky

*LeRoy Gorman*

shade  
cicada(')s  
call

no one  
to share  
this pear

*David LeCount*

The sound of scissors  
through quilt-stuffing:  
chill autumn moon

*Tim Jamieson*

Dad's old pickup  
rusting in the bushes —  
cold wind

*Lequita Watkins*

rays of early dawn —  
the white chrysanthemum  
turns to rose

winter sky —  
crawling  
with stars

*Steve Dalachinsky*

late fall  
the bacci ball court  
overgrown with weeds

as she turns pages  
the sky  
turning colors

in the tree's shadow  
a pigeon waits to die

*Stephen Hobson*

winter  
in the shadow of smoke  
old snow

thin rain  
not a blade of grass  
moving

birdcalls  
fading  
into dark hills

*Charles D. Nethaway*

autumn maple  
a gust of yellow scatters  
the child's laughter

playroom floor picking up life

chirp  
cemetery  
seed

palm reader i decide to pass

my dead boy:  
reading another book  
on afterlife

*Ann Newell*

**Sequence for R. R.**

tonight the pond has no fireflies

a feather falling  
in the mist      rising

plum colored pigeons ripening in the sun

one hundred geese honking  
in the still blue sky

his violin      still      in tune

*Elizabeth Marshall*

with our old friends  
to view the moon and blossoms,  
but — only your face

from the bridge  
watching your canoe glide by —  
sultry afternoon

*Geraldine C. Little*

RAYMOND ROSELIEP HAD A COLLECTION  
OF ANTIQUE CHRISTMAS CARDS WHICH  
HE LOVED (SPECIFICALLY SANTA CLAUSES)

Christ Mass time —  
his fingerprints forever  
on snows long gone

*Hal Roth*

for raymond

leaves  
down

love  
done

under  
goosedown

under  
geese

*Ross Kremer*

Again this March  
a robin  
on her headstone

*Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg*

clockless conifer  
telling  
the time of year

the old woman  
nests herself  
for knitting

*Robert N. Johnson*

macrame owl;  
a goldfinch  
plucking hemp

*Nick Avis*

summer solstice

the thin white line  
around her sun-tanned hips

*Nick Virgilio*

from the village square,  
old cronies leaving one by one  
in the evening sun

signing the cast  
on grandma's broken leg:  
lines from *Leaves of Grass*

turning out poems  
on the Remington upright:  
no sons or grandsons

having come this far,  
alive at fifty five:  
the morning star

Tide

sandpiper  
on one leg —  
the tide turns

lift and spread  
of my seaweed —  
your incoming waves

island hammock:  
the boy's eyes  
swaying

first clam digging:  
the child's voice rising  
with the tide

lowering  
the lobster into the pot  
your face reddens

the heat:  
from stranded kelp  
crackling sounds

low tide:  
the gull cracks  
the clam's silence

*Alexis Rotella*

K

ite

*Bob Boldman*

prayer flag  
beating  
the sky gray

reaching for her  
my hand  
lost in shadows

waving  
on the dock  
she becomes smaller and smaller

*Geraldine C. Little*

**THEME AND VARIATIONS  
FOR RAYMOND ROSELIEP, Dec. 6, 1983**

pine tree  
in the churchyard trimmed  
with cardinal-light

from the nave's corner  
a cricket tiptoes  
towards light

font  
full:  
                  lightwaves

full moon —  
the singing bones  
                  of light

## CANDLELIGHT ON HER BREASTS

*A linked poem between Cor van den Heuvel, Alexis Rotella,  
Jaxon and Arlene Teck*

December 10, 1983 at a restaurant called OLIVER'S in NYC.  
From 6-12 p.m.

*(In honor of the absent Hiroaki Sato)*

Whipped cream:  
candlelight  
on her breasts

Cor

hugging his teacup  
a lemon slice

Alexis

The crescent moon  
slips  
over the mountain

Cor

sugar cookie  
minus a bite

Arlene

Crumbs under her fingernails . . .  
fire-engine red

Cor

que Serault  
Serault

Alexis

On his handlebar  
moustache —  
a snowflake

Jaxon

late-night t.v. —  
a blizzard

Jaxon

Staring  
into  
the blank canvas

Alexis

on his letter  
the birch's shadow

Alexis

Piano  
her spilled powder  
on the black keys

Cor

chopsticks . . .  
dropping a dumpling

Alexis

Lipstick  
on a crumpled napkin —  
the empty table

Cor

## RIVER PICNIC

*a linked poem, May-July, 1982 between  
Alexis Rotella and Hal Roth*

river picnic a pair of cows joins us under the willow

twenty spring days bluebirds mating

mourning cloaks dance *un menage a trois*

your words woven into meadow haze

bedside his rose in my coke bottle

midnight coals in the brazier fade slowly

finding losing the four-leaf clover

last night's stars in the blue-eyed grass

the cold of a firefly moving through my toes

eye to eye with black-eyed Susans distant thunder

leaving the crowd tailend of a jazz piece riding the breeze

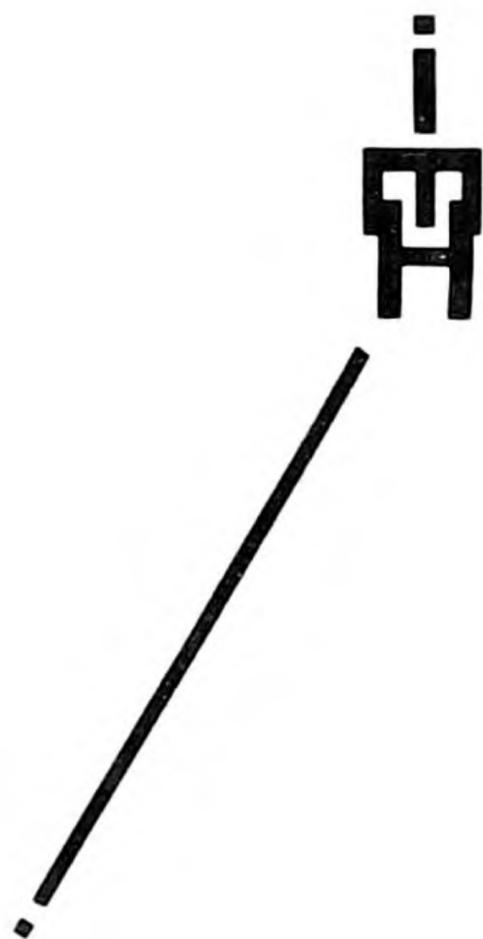
dawn wind continuing last night's argument

everyone talking at once the galaxy in my moonstone

I say she says wind-chimes at the storm's edge

soap bubble putting us out

O



o  
b p d

## BOOK REVIEWS

LIVING HAIKU, *Listen to Light*, by Raymond Roseliep,  
Alembic Press, 1980, 88 pp., paperback, \$5.00.

by Alexis Rotella

Raymond Roseliep, in *Listen To Light*, has done what no other contemporary poet has successfully done — he has revealed through the haiku form the hermetic axiom “as above, so below” and has broken down the One into the many while not losing sight of the Whole.

### FIREFLY

*The scheme  
is  
light*

*we are  
all in  
it*

*some  
where  
out there*

The One Intelligence, or Light, gives birth to each of us and through Itself specifically designs each aspect of Itself according to its particular needs. In other words, it designs each individual! In

*birthcry!  
the stars  
are all in place*

we sense the unique heavenly pattern at the time of birth. Not just our own birth but everyone’s birth. But more importantly, the ongoing birth of Nature herself, the yin turning in on itself to become yang and the yang becoming yin. The Universe lives through us, through our personalities and talents. There are no accidents; the stars have all been put in place. In this haiku Roseliep brings the stars down to earth:

*in the widow's veil  
stars  
blown from dandelion*

The florets from a spent dandelion are arranged by the wind into a pattern on the widow's veil. Only this time as one leaves the world, the stars are in a different order and a different place. But who is to say if they do not reflect in this instance the macrocosm?

What we utter goes into the world as energy, often in the form of matter, for ideas are building blocks which create form. This energy passes through us. We are merely channels, as the wren in this haiku is the instrument for the Light to sing its song:

*the wren  
moves apart  
from its song*

When the song is sung the wren is no longer connected with its music, just as what we contribute to the world is really no longer connected to us. Our names seem to be convenient tools for naming the parts of the Whole, a way of cataloging the gifts of the One Light which become a part of the Whole. Roseliep himself is an aspect of the Light. It is clear by reading this collection that he knew exactly what the Universe was doing through him as the poetry moved apart from his pen.

\* Reprinted with permission, East West Journal, July 1983

FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg,  
Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061.

A ROUND-ROBIN REVIEW by Adele Kenny and Alexis Rotella

*the child swings  
his pail of minnows  
around a new world*

Adele: Too poetic. Where's the haiku *moment*?

Alexis: A very nice moment but it's not a haiku. It *is* a beautiful poem.

*the fish  
in the hands  
of the priest*

Alexis: A symbolic poem, similar to Raymond's many "liepku."  
This is not universal. Priests do not have a monopoly or  
handle on the Christ-spirit. If you have to think long about  
the underlying levels of a poem is it a haiku?

Adele: Not a haiku. The concept of Catholicism bothers me — that  
we need to receive everything through the priest. It's too  
religious and not universal enough.

*early April rain:  
the woman fills every jar,  
seals them forever*

Adele: The word "forever" doesn't work here at all.

Alexis: The writer is making assumptions about the future. Haiku is  
about N-O-W.

*lovers:  
the spark burning  
after the last star*

Alexis: A nice, but distant poem. She's interjecting her own feelings  
into the lovers; she's apart from the moment and doesn't  
merge with it. No feeling of Oneness, in my opinion.  
Raymond Roseliep wrote many non-haiku poems of this  
nature, many unsuccessful.

Adele: I like the continuum of emotion. I see it, though, as a more  
spiritual *poem* than a sensual moment.

*Mozart's sonata:  
the retarded child  
rocking gently*

Alexis: Child and music become one. There is excellent observation backed with emotion. No assumptions are made by the writer. "Mozart's sonata" is the most effective haiku in *Far As The Eye Can See* and perhaps Eulberg's best ever.

Adele: Having worked in art therapy with retarded children, I *know* this moment. One of Eulberg's best. True poetic sentiment without sentimentality.

*tired old man  
not a tooth in his mouth  
hot corn on the cob*

Adele: Hackneyed imagery. Too many adjectives. There are enough tired, toothless old men in poetry.

Alexis: I think Eulberg packs too much imagery into three lines. Three separate images strung together takes away from the immediacy of the moment. I like haiku moments into which I can sink my teeth.

In summary, *Far As The Eye Can See* is a weak collection of poems. I believe if Eulberg would write in her own voice and not try to follow in the footsteps of Raymond Roseliep, her haiku style would greatly improve.

## THREE REVIEWS

Adele Kenny

**BIFIDS** by George Swede, CURVD H&Z 246, ???, no address, no information, a micro-mini.

*BIFIDS* is a deviation from convention in haiku-land which startles the reader, both visually and in content, into a mental *que pasa* over the current state of the art. This kind of experimental writing opens a justifiably respected haiku poet to equally justifiable criticism. What, indeed, is happening? Is Swede's intention that these "pieces" be read as haiku? Is he testing the sensibilities of more conventionally-minded readers? Or, is he stretching the limits of a form which has already been stretched to some pretty bizzare lengths in the name of art?

There is no real theme in *BIFIDS*, and the only unity is achieved through pattern and use of space. According to Webster, "bifid" means "divided into two equal lobes or parts by a median cleft." Okay, fine, these "pieces" are bifidal. But what exactly is Swede trying to do here? Entries like

|     |                |                  |
|-----|----------------|------------------|
| and | <i>puddle</i>  | <i>kidney</i>    |
|     | <i>balloon</i> | <i>pituitary</i> |

are so obvious that they border on trite. There is no mention in this work, the linkings are almost clinical.

Although I try to presuppose sincerity on the part of the author, it seems to me that this collection is dangerously close to being contrived and gimmicky; or perhaps it is just too esoteric for my taste. Either way, it doesn't succeed as poetry for me on any level — not only aren't these "pieces" haiku, they simply aren't poetry. And although two of the eleven pages in the work contain suggestions of the evocative and elusive spirit of haiku:

|     |               |              |
|-----|---------------|--------------|
| and | <i>eyelid</i> | <i>cloud</i> |
|     | <i>wind</i>   | <i>harp</i>  |

this is not the sort of publication which will earn a poet critical acclaim.

**THE SHAPE OF THE TREE** by L.A. Davidson; Wind Chimes, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1982, 47 pp., paper, \$3.00.

*THE SHAPE OF THE TREE* is, as Davidson points out in her introductory note, “a first collection of haiku and senryu moments of New York City life written individually over a span of time . . .” In this chapbook, city-centered imagery juxtaposes the innocence and corruption of urban living; but where one looks for a sure and ranging articulation in haiku, the employment of descriptive imagery with some access to the poet’s feelings, something is missing in this work.

Taking the poet at her word, considerable time and observation went into these poems; however, the recorded moments fail to produce the “gut reaction” one customarily expects from well-made haiku. These poems just don’t elicit a “Wow!” from this reader. Consider:

*village streets blooming  
potted spring flowers  
this Easter weekend*

This works visually but lacks emotional charge. One gets the feeling that the poet is somehow detached from her observations and “true poetic sentiment” is not achieved. There is also a wordiness in some of the pieces which impairs the impact of basically good images. Pieces like:

*first to arrive  
in the old stone church:  
the peace*

are overstated. The “peace” is implied in the first line and seems, to me, unnecessary.

There are, however, some good moments in *THE SHAPE OF THE TREE* like the title poem:

*winter morning  
without leaf or flower  
the shape of the tree*

and

*organ trumpeting  
Easter morning service . . .  
scent of lilies*

(I might argue with the ellipsis in this one as well as in a couple of others, but it’s not a major point.) In short, this is a nice collection if not a memorable one.

**WIND IN THE CHIMES** by R. Boldman; Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Dr., La Crosse, WI 54601; 1983, 16 pp., paper, \$2.50.

Saying too much in poetry can be as risky as saying too little. Once again, Bob Boldman is guilty of neither and gives us a collection which is daring, dramatic, and notable. *WIND IN THE CHIMES* is unique, right down to the fold-out binding which encourages the reader to group poems in different order, by page number or by individual preference.

The poems in this collection are characterized by rich, descriptive imagery and a meditative Zen quality reminiscent of some of Roseliep's strongest pieces; and like some of Roseliep's work, these poems may be called most correctly, not haiku, but Zen poems. For example:

*dawn  
loosened  
leaf by leaf*

Boldman is a wordsmith who escapes the stasis of fixed form and meaning which makes too much contemporary poetry rigid and predictable. Poems like

*lark song  
down to  
its bones*

and

*turning in my sleep  
the skeleton  
key*

may be experimental, something beyond the formal perceptions of traditional haiku, but such work is eminently successful in transmitting the power of unpredictable reflection translated into written language. Consider:

*writing this  
the dandelions ache  
in my fingers*

When I read Boldman, I know the difference between pulp and pap. From this reviewer: Bouquets to you, Bob Boldman, you've done it again!

## RABBIT IN THE MOON

### *Book Review with Personal Note*

By R. W. Grandinetti Rader

A week before hearing of Raymond Roseliep's death, I was preparing the outline of an unfavorable review of his new book. After the sad news, I returned to re-read *Rabbit in the Moon* hoping to find that Raymond's death had somehow changed my opinion.

I hoped for a return to the naivete of a beginning haiku poet who enjoyed everything Raymond Roseliep wrote. I had hoped in vain. I found certain poems too metaphysical; others too contrived. I found some of the poems so ambiguous and philosophical in intent that there is no point of natural reference for the reader.

It's ironic that Raymond's death came so soon after the publication of *Rabbit in the Moon*. The irony is a fitting tribute to a passionate man and poet. In this final selection of haiku, we find his greatest strengths and weaknesses as a poet, and they arise from his passion to articulate the haiku moment at its fullest. In one of the better essays on Roseliep's work, Donna Bauerly (in *A Roseliep Retrospective*, Alembic Press, 1980 pg. 38) writes of Roseliep (Alembic Press, 1980 pg. 38) writes of Roseliep's passion: "Roseliep takes an ambiguous stance towards his own passion. The struggle with intensity is his personal 'daemon' - not a 'demon' to exorcize, but eventually the 'attendant spirit' of mediation." The irony of *Rabbit in the Moon* is simply that Roseliep's passion — the intensity of both his sensual passion and his satori-like experience of awakening in 1978 (as related in Bill Pauley's essay in *A Roseliep Retrospective*, pg. 42-57) — had taken him into writing poetry that was closer to the metaphysical quotations of a philosopher than a haiku poet. What brought him to haiku, took him beyond. As an example, his FIREFLY SEQUENCE (pg. 44 RITM) reads:

|                  |                    |                   |
|------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| <i>that dark</i> | <i>the within</i>  | <i>we are not</i> |
| <i>miss</i>      | <i>and without</i> | <i>our own</i>    |
| <i>night</i>     | <i>of us</i>       | <i>light</i>      |

These poems are something beyond haiku - even at its most liberal definition. The focus of the poems are ambiguous. The reader experiences little, if any of the haiku moment with such philosophical barriers. His attempt to seek the essence of nature and its relationship

to our existence takes him to a realm of metaphysical inquiry that lacks the concrete elements of contrast or comparison - important considerations in haiku.

Roseliep has stated in his biographical notes in *Who's Who In America* that "Through poems I try to materialize spirit and spiritualize matter." This is a goal that works well for the haiku poet. And, no doubt, this goal is what attracted Roseliep to haiku in the first place. However, the poet cannot spiritualize matter to the degree that matter becomes secondary or irrelevant in the haiku and the reader has no concrete point of reference to feel the poem's power. The two final poems in *Rabbit in the Moon* read: what is/in light/is light and I am/all aound/me (pg. 121). These poems have spiritualized matter to a degree of ambiguity that has no place in haiku.

As is the case with most great poets and experimenters — I believe he was both — Raymond's intensity of purpose and passion, at times, worked against him as he attempted to articulate the essence of the haiku moment.

*Rabbit in the Moon* is not a bad book. There are gems that would make the greatest of diamond merchants envious. Two examples — her lover's whistle/in the evergreen/above his grave and vasectomy/the doll's eye — are samples of the quality and depth that Roseliep had so often offered in his finest haiku. But there are few of these in *Rabbit in the Moon*.

I was looking forward to Raymond's letter taking me to task for my review. In my experience, he did not take criticism lightly. Yet his gentleness and compassion could lift the spirit of any in distress or loss of hope.

*Rabbit in the Moon* is not one of Raymond's better collections. However, through an opus of at least 19 collections of poetry — a few that contain some of the best haiku written in the English language — his place in international haiku has been established.

In one of my letters to Raymond I sent a rather sentimental poem:

*So-shi whispers:  
candle flame flickers  
stays lit*

On December 6th, 1983, the day of his death, there was a whisper — the flame burns on.

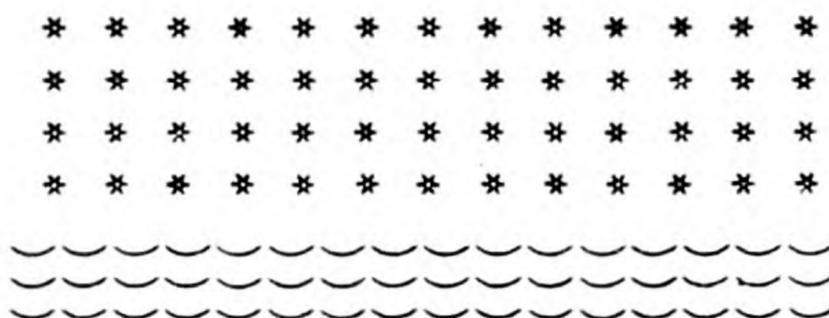
## BOOK REVIEWS

by Alexis Rotella

**CICADA VOICES, Selected Haiku of Eric Amann, 1966-1979,**  
High Coo Press, Battle Ground, Indiana, \$7.00/\$8.50 in Canada-  
perfect bound.

*Cicada Voices* demonstrates the virtuosity of Eric Amann's ability to write haiku in whatever style the occasion calls for. While most haiku-poets are either die-hard traditionalists or writers who totter out on an avant-garde limb, Amann travels sure-footed between both extremes.

"The starlit sea" is the most elegant visual I've ever seen.



Had it not been for Eric Amann's open-mindedness as editor as *Cicada*, the experimental poets among us would still be unknown.

Going from avant garde to 5-7-5

*Last day of autumn:  
and still the sunset lingers  
in a one-way street*

is as traditional as you can get, not just in syllabic count but in the use of a season word. As in this haiku, there are not many nature sketches in *Cicada Voices*:

*plastic girls  
under plastic umbrellas:  
spring rain . . .*

While presenting us with an objective verse, Amann shows us how plastic people can be. In this haiku, we experience *sabi*:

*A mouse stirs  
in the kitchen cupboard;  
winter solitude.*

While reading through this collection, I was about to shrink away into loneliness, then Amann rescued me with his sequence, “Senryu from a Nudist Camp”:

*A day of rain:  
how good they all look  
in their old clothes!*

How relieved I was to learn Dr. Amann has a sense of humor!  
As well as a sense of the erotic:

*deep inside your mouth no more questions no more answers.*

But I wasn't happy to see directly below the above one-liner the almost identical:

*Lips to lips —  
no more questions  
no more answers.*

Once was enough. Since I'm crossing t's and dotting i's, I might as well add my feelings about the number of ellipses which appear in the haiku on pages 10 through 13:

*Billboards . . .  
wet  
in spring  
rain . . .*

I was reminded of the after effects of anesthesia. The ellipses suspended me in mid-air. I want to return to earth after reading a haiku. Because of my deep commitment to gravity, I've whited out these disturbing little dots in my own personal copy x, x, x.

George Swede writes in his introduction to *Cicada Voices*, “Judged by the work produced so far, Amann is an outstanding haikuist, and, with the exception of his visuals, fits well into the haiku mainstream . . . Now only in his middle forties, Amann has plenty of

time to resume his development as a haiku poet. Let us hope that he does, for Amann has the potential to become one of the true masters of the English-language haiku.”

Let’s give Amann a break: if he never writes another haiku, he has already mastered the haiku form. And he has probably done as much for the American haiku movement as editor of *Cicada* as Shiki did for modern Japanese poetry. It was Amann’s energy that got haikuland out of a rut; it was he who woke us up, whether or not we agreed with his visions.

**The Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett, Japan Publications, Inc., 1983, hard cover \$14.95.**

Hackett’s “Suggestions for Writing Haiku in English” as presented in this work are basically sound. For example:

“The present is the touchstone of haiku experience, so always be aware of this present moment.

“Choose each word very carefully. Use words that clearly express what you feel.

“Never use obscure allusions; real haiku are intuitive, not abstract or intellectual.”

I’m pleased that Hackett’s work is finally under one cover, as his poetry has been out of print for quite some time. I found Hackett’s work to be enjoyable when I first began writing haiku. A few of his most memorable haiku:

*Rubble everywhere . . .  
except for a flight of stairs  
ending in the air.*

*City loneliness . . .  
dancing with a gusty wind:  
yesterday’s news.*

*Rain comes to an end,  
and the half-finished house  
shouts and swears again.*

Beginning haiku-writers should be cautioned, however, *to read Hackett's work with discrimination*. Many of his poems are *not* haiku, such as:

*The closer I look  
into this flower, the more  
grandeur it reveals.*

*The graceful iris  
rises to bloom — a tribute  
to the soaring bird.*

Hackett did not always follow his own advice in “choosing” each word very carefully. Use words that clearly express what you feel.” As is often the case, his moments of awareness are too general, not specific or focused enough. He relies more on emotion than observation.

In the selection “Poems of the Eagle’s Cry,” which he calls “Zen” poems, I hear a Westerner talking *about* Oneness; I hear a Westerner intellectualizing *about* Reality. Here is one stanza from “Not Without Tears” (page 236).

*Not without tears  
do I recall the friend  
fate found for my becalmed years.  
For his strong spirit billowed my soul  
on its journey through convention  
and beyond, to that boundless sea  
of my real identity.  
Chicago tough, he rode the rails at seventeen  
and by twenty was a battle-sickened ex-marine  
seeking truths his spirit could embrace.  
He was nearly thirty when we met:  
a wild eccentric, nurtured by the classics,  
with his genius flowering poetry  
from roots deepened to Buddhism.*

Perhaps Hackett’s poetry is good *Western*-style poetry, but it’s not, in my opinion, *Zen*.

Ed. Note: (Suggested readings on Zen poetry are *The Crane’s Bill*, *Zen Poems of China and Japan* by Lucien Stryk, Takashi Ikemoto and Taigan Takayama and *The Penguin Book of Zen Poetry* by Stryk and Ikemoto.)

Eating a Melon, (88 Zen Haiku) by Bob Boldman, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061, \$3.00.

As I journeyed through *Eating a Melon*, I was reminded of Santoaka's *Mountain Tasting*. Not just because of the two-line, free-style form, but because of the special qualities of *wabi* (simplicity), *sabi* (solitude) and *mujo* (impermanence) woven throughout both works.

Each poem in *Melon* has its own rhythm yet as a whole the collection is like a current that pulls us along from beginning to end. There is no stopping along the way as in Smetana's music piece, *The Moldau*. There are no spectacles to behold, no occasion to anchor our boats to a passing willow to catch a wedding feast or gypsy dance. Instead we merge with the ordinary sights and sounds of nature. Ants floating in a jar of peaches are composed of the same atoms as plums, sea foam, clouds and bean sprouts. Each is acknowledged but not dwelled upon.

*in the jar of peaches  
ants float*

*biting into the plum  
i taste the rain*

*the smell of oysters  
boiling in a kettle*

*note in the chimes  
the sandpiper pauses*

*the pintail comes  
but doesn't sing*

*he preaches the dharma  
the hairs on his arm*

*sand fleas  
on shaved legs*

*a passing steamer  
fattens the clouds*

*i get drunker  
it gets darker*

*in the lobster trap  
a dry leaf*

Reading *Melon* is like watching the breath; it comes, it goes, but if we choose, we can hold the breath and recharge our cells. Which is what *Melon* did for me. I found these Zen poems to be a meditative, relaxing experience which put me more in touch with the still point within. I touched the place from where my own creativity stems and went on to write a free-style sequence of my own.

One more indication that we are all clearly One; we spark one another as Santoaka inspired Boldman to become more himself, to experiment, to dig deeper into his own being. Is this not the real purpose of art?

**RABBIT IN THE MOON**, Haiku by Raymond Roseliep, Alembic Press, Plainfield, Indiana (1983), \$6.00.

*Rabbit in the Moon* might well be viewed as a positive omen. Of the poet's consciousness turning inward to its yin quality:

*new moon:  
the finger lost*

In a Gold Coast myth it is believed that pointing at the new moon would bring about a change, or transformation.

This is Roseliep's last book. A well-known and controversial haiku-poet priest, Roseliep died one month after *Rabbit in the Moon* was published.

It is often said that there are no coincidences or accidents in the universe — that the events which occur in our lives happen at the appointed times. It is no wonder then why so many of the haiku in *Rabbit in the Moon* are centered around death or allude to autumn. The author views his life with a certain sadness and quiet disbelief. He traces the moments from infancy up to his last years . . . in this haiku, time is transcended; a lifetime is over in a breath.

*autumn  
my bronzed  
baby shoes*

One is a baby; and then one is enclosed in a withered shell. Both experiences, which are really one experience, the beginning and the end, are awkward times:

*wind drives the leaves,  
the old follow  
their canes*

Roseliep seems to wait for death. He focuses on the force that drives the leaves for it will surely come to take him too. Why resist?

*good eye closed,  
Sobi-Shi views  
the last leaves \**

\*Sobi-Shi is Roseliep's haigo, or haiku name.

Why does he need to keep his good eye open? One who has lived for six and a half decades doesn't need eyes to "see." Yet in this haiku, in this unexpected moment. Roseliep opened his eyes rather widely. He saw himself in the doll's face:

*doll shop  
a backward look at  
the dried apple face*

Just as Basho wrote his own haiku death-verse, this might be considered Father Roseliep's:

*goose  
flight  
mine.*

We, the audience, who made Roseliep readable, are left with his last gift. There are many memorable haiku in this book; some not so memorable. What *is* important is the man behind the poems who let us look into his life and soul:

*with mourners  
the rabbit  
a statue.*

Roseliep has helped us all become better writers and readers. I, for one, will miss our controversial haiku-muse.

\* reprinted in part from *East West Journal*, April 1984.

## Shiki, Seisensui, and Secondary Art

**Modern Japanese Poets and the Nature of Literature.** Makoto Ueda. Stanford University Press, 1983. pp. 451. Price not indicated.

**Japan and Western Civilization: Essays on Comparative Culture.** Kuwabara Takeo. University of Tokyo Press, 1983. pp. 205. Y3500.

by Hiroaki Sato

Makoto Ueda, professor at Stanford, who had given us *Matsuo Basho* (Twayne, 1970; new paperback from Kodansha) and *Modern Japanese Haiku* (Univ. of Tokyo and Univ. of Toronto, 1976), has now described two *haijin*, or haiku writers, in *Modern Japanese Poets*: Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902) and Ogiwara Seisensui (1884-1976). Among the eight poets selected for the book — the six others are two *kajin*, tanka writers, and four *shijin*, writers of poems that are neither haiku nor tanka — Shiki and Seisensui make an interesting contrast. Shiki, the founder of modern haiku, was essentially a conservative who stuck to the two fundamentals of traditional haiku, the 17-syllable format and *kigo*, seasonal words. He nonetheless has exerted an enormous influence. Seisensui, an offshoot of Shiki's reform movement, was a revolutionary who staunchly advocated and defended non-17-syllable haiku without seasonal words. But he never managed to command a majority and in the end seems to have conceded defeat.

The images of the two *haijin* that Ueda gives are tantalizing. Shiki evidently played a pivotal role, and Ueda is willing to rate him highly. Yet he comes out weak, even insipid. It may be because the principles Shiki promoted were only “refreshingly innovative by contemporary standards”; or because Ueda does not adequately show what Shiki was doing against the traditional norms. It may be because Shiki is the sort of reformist whose reputation endures due to his influential upholders, such as Takahama Kyoshi (1874)1959), the “despotic” leader of the conservative wing of Shiki's movement; or because his haiku (and tanka) cited for discussion are not weighty enough to withstand Ueda's scholarly explications. Whichever may be the reason, Shiki here scarcely lives up to his fame.

Seisensui, on the other hand, makes a strong impression. He was daring, combative, and able to employ unconventional approaches in analyzing haiku, thanks to his knowledge of German and linguistics.

However, Ueda's apparent reservations about some of Seisensui's arguments — in particular, his advocacy of discarding the 5-7-5-syllable pattern — result in a somewhat unfocused portrait of the poet. And, ironically, through his detailed explanation of Seisensui's commentaries on the length and structure of haiku, Ueda's practice of translating the traditional 5-7-5 format into three lines seems to become unconvincing. The question of lineation in translating Japanese poetry into English is relatively new to most of us. But, as Ueda points out, Seisensui "argued vehemently for two-line translation" when the Japan Society for the Promotion of Scientific Research, of which he was a member, decided to render haiku in three English lines. The mention of this incident alone would seem to warrant more explanation from Ueda than that his "lineation is based on caesuras."

Still, in Ueda's account Seisensui emerges as a fascinating man of whom one would like to read more. Some of his statements on what is and is not a haiku should be especially interesting to those who love to argue the question. And one thing he did — asking his students to explicate haiku to determine the general ambiguity of pieces written in this form — brings us to the most famous essay on haiku ever written by a non-haikuist: "The Secondary Art of Modern Haiku," by Kuwabara Takeo. Kuwabara, an outstanding man of letters, wrote the article, which is included in *Japan and Western Civilization*, in 1946, one year after Japan was quashed in the war. His motivation was twofold: his sense of haiku as an epitome of literary mediocrity in modern Japan and the urge to re-assess all aspects of Japanese culture in the aftermath of sordid militarism. He conducted "a little test," à la I.A. Richards. He showed his colleagues a list of fifteen randomly selected haiku — ten by established *haijin*, five by amateurs — for their reaction. One discovery: it is difficult to "distinguish a leading poet from an amateur on the basis of a single example of his haiku."

Kuwabara's judgment that modern haiku deserved only the rating of "secondary art" touched off a furor among haiku writers and remained for many years the subject of hot debate. It appears to have had no measurable negative impact, however. On hearing Kuwabara's pronouncements, Kyoshi is said to have observed, "I am honored that such a prominent scholar considers what we do worth even a 'secondary' status." Haiku today is thriving more than ever. Kuwabara's argument itself seems a little dated now, largely because of his undue deference to European values. Even so, "The Secondary Art of Modern Haiku," translated into English for the first time, still has some compelling points.

## HAIKU WORKSHOP

William J. Higginson and Penny Harter

We each responded independently to the anonymous poems discussed below, and have indicated our separate comments. We did not revise our comments in response to one another's thoughts, but have edited the results to cut out unnecessary duplication, except where we seemed to see the same point differently. In the last case we had quite different reactions to one word in the poem, and thought it best to indicate the results of our talking it over. (*WJH & PH*)

1.                    *snowy evening*  
                         *tree shadows sink*  
                         *deeper into plum . . .*

The main problem here is the contradiction between “evening” and “shadows sink” — when associated with a color the latter suggests that the time is late afternoon, not evening. Perhaps better control over the time element, with an opening such as “snowy dusk” or “snowy afternoon” would be stronger. I lean toward the “afternoon” alternative, which seems more likely to produce the color involved, and makes the reader feel the stretching of time in the deepening shadows. (*WJH*)

In addition, the word “snowy” gives me the impression that it may still be snowing. Yet I “see” snow lying on the landscape, blueing toward plum, just at sunset. (*PH*)

2.                    *summer loneliness;*  
                         *two empty chairs*  
                         *facing each other*

I would suggest revision: summer —————? afternoon? morning? heat? rain? — whatever the author wants to set the mood of “loneliness.” It is more effective to evoke an emotion *without naming* it. Otherwise a strong image! (*PH*)

Although “autumn loneliness”, “winter seclusion”, and the like are common *kidai*, seasonal topics, in Japanese haiku, this poem illustrates the pitfall most easily fallen into when such emotionally-keyed phrases are actually used as *kigo*, season words. They often become merely explanatory titles for the rest of the poem. This poem needs to be stripped to the essentials, and then perhaps the meaning



Try:

*autumn rain  
darkening  
leafless trees*

or

*autumn rain  
dripping faces  
on leafless trees*

I agree with Penny that in the original version of this haiku the word “faces” is metaphorical. The author means that the rain makes patterns that can be seen as faces. But as I simply responded to the image presented in this poem, it seemed much more interesting to keep “faces” but make it real, an actual image seen by the author. In this interpretation, the faces in question are actual faces from the author’s memory, which float up into consciousness and become overlaid on the physical scene of the trees in the autumn rain. Important to note that both Penny and I immediately revised the poem to remove the metaphors. If one wished to keep the faces metaphorical, Penny’s second alternative is a cleaner way to do so, but we still find the metaphor rather trite, and prefer the poem without it. (WJH)

*\*Ed. Note: Gerrie Little will share her views in the Haiku Workshop in Frogpond’s June issue. Send your anonymous haiku to the new editor, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

*A Collection of haiku by Raymond Roseliep*

From *Listen to Light* (Alembic Press)

opening spring  
that bird  
with the corkscrew voice

the wren  
moves apart  
from its song

the black hen  
eating outside  
her shadow

homestead excavation  
    grandpa's jaw latching,  
    unlatching

brushing my sins  
the muscatel breath  
of the priest

the white iris  
    I forgive  
    myself

in the widow's veil  
stars  
blown from dandelion

the firefly you caught  
lights the church you made  
with your hands

spider  
and dollmaker  
work side by side

sheep  
cry best  
in lavender dusk

heatwave:  
tearing lettuce  
for rain sound

after *Tosca*  
a mosquito  
aria

hair in curlers,  
she comes out to string  
the morning-glory

    pacing  
the shore  
    the ship's cat

aware  
of the heart:  
handling glassware

    for a whole minute  
the steeplejack keeps trembling  
    in my soap bubble

cricket  
mixed  
with the mourners

white orchid  
on her coffin  
    the pickle lady

at my father's grave  
the mourning dove  
speaks soft German

under  
El Greco  
the brown bag lunch

the dressmaker  
sings and sings,  
mouth full of pins

the sailor  
peeling potatoes  
around himself

Christmas Eve:  
butcher's knives  
stop ringing

ordering my tombstone:  
the cutter has me feel  
his Gothic "R"

From *Rabbit in the Moon* (Alembic Press)

doll shop  
a backward look at  
the dried apple face

melons hoed,  
old men sit  
with their beer

seance  
a white  
moth

recovery room  
snow goose bound  
for home

no wave today  
from my friend in the caboose  
autumn wind

with mourners  
the rabbit  
a statue

Snow:  
all's  
new

diabetic  
nibbling pie;  
the winter bee

From *Swish of Cow Tail* (Swamp Press)

flea;  
that you,  
Issa?

From *Virtual Image*

Piano practice  
through an open window  
the lilac

*Marco Fraticelli*

“These are excerpts from my unfinished book, *DRIFTING*. The prose sections are actual diary entries from a number of diaries that were written by a woman who lived at the turn of the century. I found these in an attic in an old log cabin. All I’ve done is edit them but the words are totally hers. The haiku are mine. I’ve spent hundreds of hours with the diaries and tried to understand Celeste’s head space at the time. I tried to write the haiku that she might have.”

*Marco Fraticelli*

October 19, 1915

Henry came on the 11:00 much to our surprise. Acted cold. I knew too well that his love and interests were being placed on another besides those of the home nest.

He just kissed us both when he first came and expressed no pleasure at seeing us once more.

After a while he came and embraced me, but I could see such a difference in all in every way.

I rushed on with my work but with a heart of lead. I slept but little and put in a wretched night all smothered up to myself.

He keeps his grip locked up because her letters and picture is in there. Never before has he kept that locked from me.

*Both with our feet  
In this freezing river —  
Our eyes meet*

November 12, 1915

Snow came last night. Dreary and cloudy. I dressed and came down to the dungeon below. I looked in the mirror for the first time since ten days ago. I look like a walking corpse.

As I saw my wasted form, flesh that but a few weeks ago was hard and solid now hangs on my frame like rags . . . I said “nothing short of murder but done slowly.”

*Crowsfeet  
In the mirror —  
The lake freezes*

December 3, 1915

Henry left his coat off and I got her last letter and read part of it. The most lovesick thing I have ever heard in my life.

Chameleon “my own sweet true love” calling him her “darling pet” and “little pet” and signing herself “your own little pet.”

I tried to keep composed but the awful thoughts nearly killed me and I walked the floor then went to the barn and walked for about an hour wringing my hands and walking back and forth and pounding my poor fist on hard things until it was all swollen and black.

Henry found me after a time and did all in his power to comfort and soothe and cried with me most bitterly begging the Lord to save my reason. I was bent on destruction if I could.

I walked until I was exhausted and he just made me come to the house and comforted me for hours.

She wrote she pitied me and hoped I would very soon “get reconciled.” Such horrid words to my heartbroken heart.

*Your warm breath  
On my neck —  
Winter moon in the tree*

January 1, 1916

Very cold today.

We did not go to meeting. We sat up and watched the old year out and had worship at the commencement of the new year.

*New year's breakfast  
Behind dusty jars of jam:  
A broken cocoon*

January 10, 1916

I arose in the bitter cold and cleaned the parlour stove pipes for I was getting afraid of fire. We have had much awful cold weather.

I am sick with this distemper. Slept on the floor last night and kept Evelyn on the couch so as to not go through cold room to bed.

Aunt is coming out well with her cold. I put on so much camphorated oil to her displeasure.

I made 3 squash and 1 berry pie, and cake and tartshells. I cleaned and mopped our bedroom.

Began letter to Henry.

*Your name  
Scraped in the window frost —  
My fingertip . . . so cold*

February 25, 1916

A lovely day warm as summer. I paid McElroy \$5.00 on the beef bill. Sent \$12.00 to W. H. Fuller at Sherbrooke for flour purchased last spring.

Will Dennick married the third time today, this time to Mrs. Chatman. Her husband committed suicide.

Slept but little all night dreaming about Chameleon and Beauty. I am nearly sick today.

*Moonlight on ice —  
The farmer carries heavy rocks  
In his dreams*

FROM: *Kasen Fly Round The World*

By Kaoru Kubota

The Kasen is a form of Japanese linked poetry which has 36 stanzas. Japanese chain poetry, called Renga, Haikai or Renku in Japanese links 5-7-5 syllabled stanzas in odd numbers and 7-7 syllabled in even-numbered stanzas alternately. It has several forms according to the number of stanzas — 100, Hyaku-in; 50, Goju-in; 44, Yoyoshi; 36, Kasen; 28, Nijuhasshuku; 18, Hankasen; 10, Jikkanko; 3, Mitsumono; 2, Tanrenga; etc. The Kasen was the most beloved and practiced form by the famous Haikai master Basho (1644-1694) and has been the standard for Haikai thereafter.

Haikai (Japanese linked poetry) is conspicuously different from other common verses or poems in the world. The distinctive, characteristic and peculiar marks of Haikai may be summarized in the following four points.

(1.) *Haikai are composed by several authors.* Expressed in a formula as follows: 1 = number of authors = number of stanzas (e.g. 36 stanzas in the Kasen.) When there are more than three authors or authoresses, a conductor or a director (Sabakite in Japanese) is needed as in an orchestra or film production. Basho was the most excellent Sabakite in the Kasen.

(2.) *Haikai must not have a consistent plot or theme.* Consecutive stanzas (A,B) may have a common plot or theme, but the following stanza (C) must not take over the preceding motif successively. The common motif of B and C *must* be different from that of A and B.

(3.) *Each stanza must not have the same or similar words, expression, mood, or situation in common with the others.* Each stanza must be new and fresh. As an exception “moon” *must* appear (f. ex. in the Kasen) three times in the 5th, 13th, and 29th stanzas, and “flower” twice in the 17th and 35th stanzas.

(4.) *Haikai must comprise a mosaic consisting of blocks with seasonal motifs and of blocks without seasonal elements.* Each stanza is either with or without a seasonal motif: A Spring or Autumn motif must continue for 3-5 stanzas. Summer or Winter motifs must be continued for 1-3 stanzas.

Possibly Haikai might become one of the most popular poetic modes in the world in the coming century — surely it has a unique expressive potential.

Additions:

the Tan-Renga published in *Frogpond* Vol VI Number 4: A Tan-Renga can also be written upside down.

the Kasen CIRCUS published in *Frogpond* Vol VI Number 4: CIRCUS is a Kasen written in the Basho-tradition.

## BOOK REVIEW

NOTES FROM THE NURSING HOME, Adele Kenny, From Here Press, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

by Alexis Rotella

The stark black and white design of *Notes From The Nursing Home* as well as the vast amounts of emptiness surrounding each of Ms. Kenny's poems prepares us, on one level, not to get too close.

Her grandmother is dying. The writer, although physically in the nursing home, keeps a respectable distance from the death process. It's as though she reviews death from a far corridor,

*in the dead man's room  
empty slippers*

The writer looks out the window:

*bare branches scratch —  
the moonrise*

The bare branches symbolize the reality of death penetrating the writer's consciousness. It is coming closer to home. Everywhere is the building reminder of her own immortality:

*sunset  
in every  
window*

At last the poet takes the inevitable long last look at her grandmother/friend. In this poem, the observor comes to terms with death:

*dying,  
the cords of her throat tighten  
as if in song.*

Our own throat muscles tighten after experiencing this intense, beautiful moment.

It is as if the writer herself has died to her own fear of death. The above poem is an objective moment, there is an awakening beneath the words . . . perhaps death itself has become a song. A song that transcends her fear of the unknown.

Ms. Kenny has presented us with more than just a concise, expertly chiseled collection of haiku. She takes us on her own inner journey, into her own psyche. *Notes From the Nursing Home* is an honest statement which proves that the way of haiku can be used for one's own personal evolution.

## Roseliep's Past Tense Haiku

By George Swede

Raymond Roseliep's innovations in haiku are widely known and admired, especially his imaginative line arrangements and subtle use of various poetic devices. One of his accomplishments, however, has been relatively ignored, the past tense haiku:

*I whispered of death  
one winter night in a voice  
we both never knew*

*the first snow  
took me indoors  
of my real self*

Both haiku are set entirely in the past, yet impart a powerful sense of immediacy.

Roseliep's success with past tense seriously questions one of the major assumptions of modern haiku poets: that a strong sense of immediacy can only be realized through use of the present tense. As Roseliep himself wrote:

*I see no reason why the past tense shouldn't be  
enlisted when the poem simply works better that  
way. The past need not rule out immediacy.*

### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Raymond Roseliep, *Step On The Rain*, Rook Press, 1977, P. 36.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 34.

<sup>3</sup>George Swede, *The Modern English Haiku*, Columbine Editions, 1981.

<sup>4</sup>Raymond Roseliep in *A Roseliep Retrospective*, D. Dayton, Ed., Alembic Press, 1980, p. 21.

**THE ROSES OPEN**

i.

Thanksgiving Eve  
rain  
and the death call

at the funeral home  
we acknowledge  
our separation

heavy flower scent —  
the curve  
of your dead mother's hand

saying goodbye  
to her  
my tears for you

watching you  
from across the room  
the roses unbearable

ii.

reflection  
of empty trees  
in the black limousine

at the gravesite  
I stand behind you  
heels sinking in mud

during the eulogy  
the ache  
of cut flowers

tonight  
wearing my wedding ring  
to bed

while I sleep  
the roses  
open

## HAIKU NEWS

### MERIT BOOK AWARDS CONTEST

Remember to send your books for consideration in the merit book awards contest directly to Frank Robinson, Townview Terrace, F42, Knoxville, TN 37916. Randy Grandinetti-Rader is in charge of the awards. Ruth Yarrow is also a judge. As things now stand, the awards will be given sometime in 1985 so books having a postmark of 1983 and 1984 are eligible.

### NEW PUBLICATION

Joan Sherer, Editor of the *YELLOW BUTTERFLY*, does not, in general, use haiku in her publication. Sometimes, however, she can't resist. Address: 835 W. Carolina Street, Lebanon, Oregon 97355. I hope Elizabeth Lamb will run a list of haiku markets in a future issue. (Rotella)

### HAIKU WORKSHOP

Most of the feedback on the Workshop has been favorable. There was only one person who said she was disappointed to see the Sampler go. I asked Gerrie Little some months ago if she would share her opinions in the next workshop. She kindly agreed. However, send your anonymous submissions directly to Elizabeth Lamb, the new editor of *Frogpond*.

### MARCH MEETING

The March meeting is scheduled for March 17 at the East Asian Lounge, Columbia University at 2 p.m. If you're in the area, please plan to attend.

## HAIKU MUSEUM OF TOKYO AWARD

I was unable to decide which of the following haiku deserves the award for this issue:

*The sound of scissors  
through quilt-stuffing:  
chill autumn moon*

by David LeCount

or

*autumn maple  
a gust of yellow scatters  
the child's laughter.*

by Charles Nethaway

As a result, I decided to split the award with both writers. Both of these haiku are self-explanatory; both capture the mood of autumn in unique ways. LeCount's haiku exemplifies the use of *sabi* by focusing in on the piercing sound of scissors while juxtaposing the chill of the autumn moon. Because the quilt is not yet made, the moment is even lonelier.

We see in Nethaway's "autumn maple" the beauty of autumn, the splendid hue of yellow. But the yellow stream of light, in picking up the notes of children's laughter, scatters them too soon. In both of these poems I sense the silence after death which can seem interminable. It is interesting to note that both LeCount and Nethaway recently experienced a sudden loss of a loved one. These haiku come from a deep place and they have enriched my life. (Rotella)

## APOLOGIES

Within the last month or two I've received so many letters of enquiry about work that had been accepted by Bruce Kennedy for inclusion in *Frogpond*. When Bruce delivered all *Frogpond* material to me, I answered all correspondence immediately. Believe me when I say I would not throw away already accepted work. Had I not agreed with Bruce's judgement, I would have at least returned work to the poets. If you are one of those unfortunate poets who does not know the fate of your work, I apologize on behalf of the entire HSA. Please resubmit any work you're not sure of to the new editor, Elizabeth Searle Lamb.

## EAST WEST JOURNAL

Please pick up a copy of the May *East West Journal* at your local newsstand and read "Haiku: the Spirit Distilled" by Alexis Rotella. Included in this article will be a general background of haiku as well as discussion on where haiku is going. A number of contemporary North American writers will be discussed. And a number of memorable haiku will be featured by poets that you know personally.

Despite seven trips to the printer and dozens of phone calls, there are errors in this issue of Frogpond:

Page 17, the fifth stanza should be aligned in three, not two, lines

The sixth stanza, "que Serault Serault" was written by Alexis Rote11a

Page 19, a linked poem, May-July, 1982 between Alexis Rote11a and Hal Roth, respectively. Rote11a began the poem.

Page 28, 17th line down, duplicate line

Page 29, In the poem set out in italics, first line should read "Sobi-shi whispers:"

Page 57, despite my request to the printer that they move down second stanza to align with the first, it remains floating at the top of the page.

