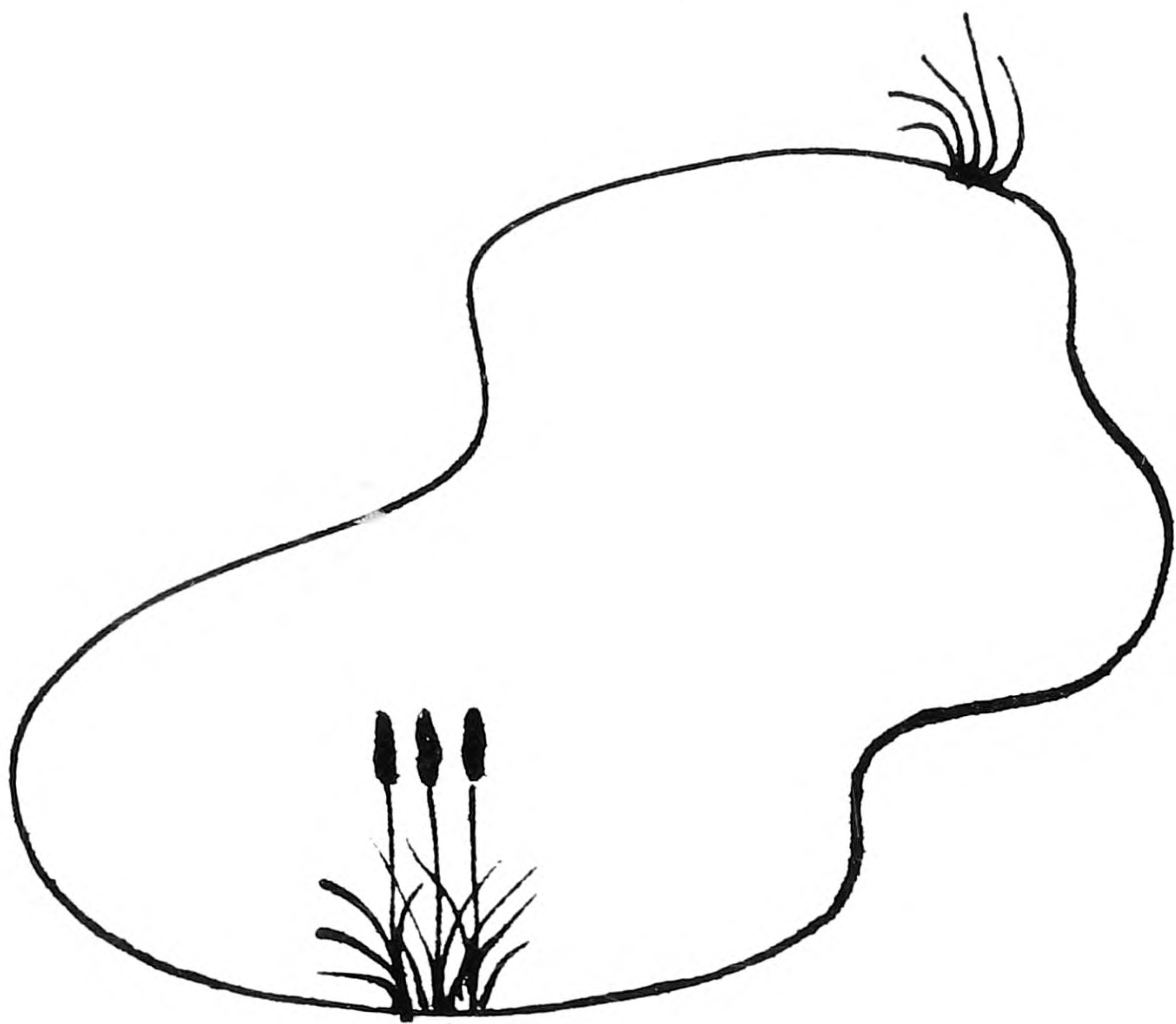


# frogpond



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# FROGPOND

## Quarterly Haiku Journal

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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: Sharon Ann Nakazato, 83-74 116th St., Richmond, NY 11418.

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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## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

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### ESL

Work on this issue of *Frogpond* was practically finished when I received word from Rhoda de Long Jewell of the passing of Foster Jewell on the 15th of August, 1984. He was 91 years old.

*Frogpond* Volume VII, Number 4 will be dedicated to his memory.

Elsewhere in this current issue are four of Foster's previously unpublished haiku, written a few years ago and sent to me by Rhoda earlier this year. Below, I share two haiku included in Rhoda's letter which bore the news that Foster's 'lingering' had reached its end.

Still this lingering  
along life's sundown coastline—  
search for mementoes

*Foster Jewell*

The yesterdays  
behind  
ahead  
and all around

*Rhoda Jewell*



MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond* VII:2

autumn sky  
the wind folds and unfolds  
a flock of sparrows

*Alexis Rotella*



Whole dawn to myself . . .  
but now  
this small mosquito

Fallen barn  
but over all  
a riot of honeysuckle

After Sunday school  
looking more hopefully now  
for his lost balloon—

In dead leaves  
the long awaited footsteps  
the dog growls

*Foster Jewell*

All past  
autumn's turmoil of leaves,  
but now, the redbird!

Climbing the old pole fence  
aging moon, too,  
seems to pause

*Rhoda de Long Jewell*

Sultry afternoon:  
a green fly on the porch screen  
cleans its wings.

The old springhouse—  
all wasps and trumpet vines—  
leans toward the sun.

Sunlight down the walk:  
a cottonwood seed  
drifts its small shadow.

Full moon on the wane:  
the old dog sleeping.

*Philip Miller*

her WELCOME mat  
shifting moonlight—  
windchimes

sight restored  
she waits by the window  
for the sunrise

*Frederick Gasser*



small box from japan  
the smile of a clay buddha  
through the packing straw

*Jerry Kilbride*

Butterfly  
Lost in the dark plum  
Shadows on the walk

*Judith Clark*

late            even            is  
summer        the            diminished  
                  cicada

*Tao-Li*

This heat!  
On the wheatfield missile silo  
praying mantis

Cruise Missile tests whine by  
a fallen-down cornfield  
scarecrow

*Johnny Baranski*

scattered paper—  
tire tracks cross  
the headlines

beard gone  
he fingers the wart  
on his chin

*Penny Harter*

Fall graveyard—  
Behind the fire-gutted office  
an upside-down tombstone

*Barbara McCoy*

soldier returning—  
the neighbors falling silent  
hands on their children

confessional  
the 23rd Psalm—  
the syllables slurred

hobo jungle  
the engineer's call  
silent today

beside the tracks  
on the packing-crate headstone  
Silver Star

before the boat  
our Vietnamese child  
cringing

*Tim Jamieson*

heat hits 104°  
distant siren

*Peter Andina*



low tide  
the girl smashes the crab's  
shell

hot afternoon  
yet the ginkgo leaf  
has yellowed and fallen

roses  
in front of the supermarket  
his old hand trembles

nite begins  
she slowly turns  
the pages

*Steve Dalachinsky*

cold wind  
at the knotted end of the flagpole rope  
a washer          clinks

*Alan Pizzarelli*

ekeimi temple

fireworks  
on the steps of ekeimi temple  
fire works

darkening sky  
swans  
becoming question marks

monks  
gathering fresh clouds  
from the river at dawn

p ec by pi ce  
i put the patriarch  
in my pocket

(for s. dalachinsky)

*bob boldman*

Bent double by wind  
Wildflowers on the hillside  
Rooted firmly hold

*Edythe Polster*

songs of birds  
eaten by the silence  
of a cat

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

an old frog  
unfreezing himself  
from the pond

*Jane Reichhold*

old woman laughing  
a grasshopper  
clasped in her palm

*Valorie Breyfogle*



## THE ROAD WEST

going our way,  
not keeping to the highway—  
Texas dust devils

through a closed motel window  
still hearing the meadowlark

crossing the highway  
flat out tail to neck  
my first roadrunner

more than the old cottonwood  
rustling in their cool patio

driving out west . . .  
I didn't much like it then,  
but now  
the smell of sagebrush!

*L. A. Davidson*

fog  
suddenly pines and oaks  
out of focus

*Lequita Watkins*

When we sprawl on the grass  
the monument vanishes  
behind cattails

Packing up his clothes  
giving away  
everything  
giving away

*Peggy Heinrich*

rose scent  
at dusk—  
this catch in my throat

biting  
a roasted chestnut, I bite  
the pigeon's shadow

*Geraldine C. Little*

after cutting the rose  
a bloody thorn  
in my thumb

depois de cortar a rosa  
um espinho de sangue  
no polegar

looking through a window  
slit—  
the world too narrow

olhando através de um postigo—  
o mundo estreito demais

siesta—  
a single bird singing in a tree  
adding to the silence

sesta  
um único pássaro cantando numa árvore  
aumentando o silencio

winter dusk  
lingering longer  
than afternoon itself

crepúsculo de inverno  
mais longo  
que a própria tarde

*José Carlos Barbosa*

Note: Both Portuguese and English  
versions have been furnished by the  
Brazilian poet. ESL



## SHADOW SEQUENCE

Arctic hare

whitens the stream  
he leaps.

A little after sunrise  
dewdrops lengthen  
as they fall.

On a clear day  
she touches the shadow  
of her child.

In the place  
where shadows tremble,  
a broken wing.

Sores

on the bark of the plum tree:  
little shadows, too.

Frog's shadow  
reaches the rock  
before the frog.

Darkening the dark,  
a shaft of moonlight  
on my bed.

Harvest moon:  
shadow of the lion's tongue  
licking her cub.

Shadow of chrysanthemum  
darkens  
the hummingbird.

Wind  
singing in the grave:  
shadows on his name.

*Virginia Brady Young*

summer solstice  
your gift of rose quartz  
warms my hand

dawn  
a stranger's  
whistled tune

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

Ghetto street:  
a girl fills her pockets  
with blossoms

Still summer eve:  
the sound of a storefront  
lowered and locked.

*Alexis Rotella*

midnight—  
dark leaves, darker than night,  
shaking off rain

*Carol Eurice*



thin white curtains  
full of rain smell  
and the noise of leaves

heat breaking,  
the soft shadows of evening  
touching the cicadas

in weeds  
by the wind-tilted house  
a grasshopper clatters

a walnut falls,  
the old beagle turns his head  
part way

*William Hart*

after the icecream bell  
the bell cricket

eating frog legs  
delicate bones pile up  
in the big bowl

*Rosamond Haas*

a poem  
the shadow  
of my hand

toward dusk  
a dark leaf drops  
among roots

closer tonight—  
the moon in the window  
above our bed

*Frank K. Robinson*

Midstream halt—  
only the rider looks up  
at the falling stars

*Humphrey Noyes*

late autumn tossed out love letter

rose petal  
in my book  
from someone

*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

leaning on her cane  
old woman in the doorway  
some blossoms remain

*Linda Marucci*

fresh spinach leaves  
the old moon  
in the sky

*Glenda Frank*

tobacco field:  
the buzzard lowers  
with the sun

twilight rain  
washing fallen leaves;  
the smell of fish

rain tuning itself in the empty waste can

*Lenard D. Moore*

the poet pausing  
in his mass-saying—  
rain rushes in

after the funeral  
cricket sounds  
in the corners

the bobwhite's call  
    again  
        and again

twilight:  
above the furrow's edge  
    the head of a crow

moths fluttering under  
the yellow porch light;  
my daughter's night prayers

*Edward J. Rielly*



WEIGHT OF WASPS

*Renga*

*by*

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

*Ross Figgins*

*L. A. Davidson*

*21 October 1982 — 2 May 1984*

*New Mexico, California, New York*

August noon  
boughs bending with weight of wasps  
ripening pears esl

light rain  
hornets knead fresh mud rf

Saturday supper  
red beans  
and her new-baked bread lad

in the wheat stubble  
a small gray fox esl

overloaded pickup—  
the farmer watches the sun set  
and scratches his beard rf

Sunday-drive scarecrow guarding  
pumpkins among frosted vines lad

she brakes hard  
to let the pheasants cross;  
morning fog esl

geese flying south,  
a contrail north rf

no time to think  
now he is overseas—  
washing and cleaning lad

eating white grapes, alone  
bells of the Spanish New Year esl

tattered shawl—  
pink dawn fills the rooms,  
one by one rf

the old quilt tucked tight again  
waiting for the fire to catch lad

a small boy  
eager to go fishing  
wiggles bare toes esl

fat winter fly circles  
in a shaft of sunlight rf

alone with her books  
knowing there is a full moon,  
she counts the chimes lad

“a gull’s cry the dunes in mist” —  
reading a haiku aloud esl

notes on a paper napkin—  
blurred words trap  
a mute parrot rf

the wind souging in a pine  
I go back to the mountains lad

trout rise  
in the beaver pond  
a rainbow esl

moss covered stones  
and now, a broken sandal rf

nothing else to do  
she spends the time picking up  
pebbles with her toes lad

in the shaded patio  
a carving of St. Francis esl

atop the wall  
a shadow cat glides  
across broken glass rf

along bare black branches  
pink redbud blossoms spring lad

on the prairie  
the ancient wagon tracks  
the tender grass esl

snarl of a trail bike  
billows of old dust rf

strong May wind  
unfurling the genoa  
for a shakedown cruise lad

blue butterfly wings  
caught in fresh varnish

esl

soft edged greys  
of sea and sky—  
a gull's strident sounds

rf

last-quarter moon      old tom  
curled on her lap      purring

lad

knit 2, purl 2—  
dropped stitches as she too  
nods off

esl

stepping from darkness  
a spider reorders its web

rf

dressed for Easter  
flicking dust from his urn  
on her way out

lad

the lily scent clinging  
even after sundown

esl

climbing broken steps—  
shadows and moonlight slide  
through ancient hands

rf

from the top in all directions  
as far as the eye can see

lad



in the city park,  
a string trio playing Bach:  
cicada

tenement ruins:  
removing the house number  
for a souvenir

nailed to the spite fence,  
where the neighbor's kids hung it:  
the run-over cat

approaching autumn:  
the warehouse watchdog's bark  
weakens in the wind

the autumn wind  
lifting the Pentagon flag  
uncovers the coffin

*Nick Virgilio*



the tornado passes  
one lone gobbler calling  
a field of dead turkeys

after the wake  
her tomatoes in Mason jars  
springless clothes-pins

*Nina A. Wicker*

opening the lid  
grandmother's music box  
skips another note

*ave jeanne*

A gentle rainfall:  
drop by drop my garden rolls  
down the window pane

Evening, very still—  
the grasses listening  
to the distance

*Ilse Pracht-Fitzell*

gray dawn—  
the bat folds  
into shadow

killing frost—  
I open the window  
on silence

missing the deer,  
he aims  
at the sun

focused beyond me,  
the hawk's eye  
grows still

filling with rain,  
a beer can  
by the deer's skull

autumn fullness—  
I yield  
to night

*C. S. Wainright*

## BOOK REVIEWS

*A PATCH OF GRASS*, Peggy Heinrich

*ON SACRED MOUNTAIN*, Vietnam Remembered, Edward Tick

*DARK WITH STARS*, Lequita Watkins

High/Coo Press, Rte. 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. Mini-chapbooks Nos. 22, 21, and 23, respectively, 1984, size 2½" × 4", neatly printed on good paper, \$2. each or \$5. for the three, postpaid. Handbound cloth editions available on preorder basis, \$7. each.

Reviewed by L. A. Davidson

Peggy Heinrich, whose work has appeared in various publications for years, has gathered a very warm and personal book of twenty-four haiku in *A Patch of Grass*. One feels that one has visited this house, this cat, this very spot. Many of the poems appeared in haiku magazines and in *Haiga-Haiku*, an exceptionally beautiful presentation of the artist Barbara Gray's haiga and the poet Peggy Heinrich's haiku.

In

Last day of summer—  
returning to the dark house  
and two stained tea cups

there is a sense of change, even possible loss, of something ending. It is emotionally stirring with an open-end quality often missing in today's minimalist imagery.

One might wish that "Birds at the feeder/the cat and I watching them" would end there, with the reader's assumption of the third line "for different reasons."

Black cat  
clicking off her yellow eyes  
with a blink

is almost photographic with its 'moment of now.' In contrast, the

Upside down snail  
righting itself on my palm  
over and over



stops time for a brief period. These observations of everyday events are beautifully exemplified in

Learning to drive  
my daughter watches the road  
—the curve of her cheek!

where the unexpected last line makes the haiku.  
The work ends on an upbeat

Gloomy afternoon  
cold wind shifts the clouds  
—o golden house!

with the sun suddenly out.

A recent name to this reviewer, Edward Tick, *On Sacred Mountain*, has written twenty highly charged haiku. His introduction sets the emotional tone: “. . . ‘tripwire veterans’ . . . 60, 80 or 100% disabled . . . the living victims of America’s most recent war—Vietnam.” The sequence is composed of true images from the memories of six of these veterans whom the author accompanied “as a medic in their difficult journeys toward healing.”

It opens with a quote from the *I Ching*: “Fire burns over wood,” and closes with Tick’s “Fire/ruins/sunlight.” In between, one has a choice of nineteen moments of the horror, irony, and cruelty of war, and the endurance of human spirit. One must read this.

Representative of his work are:

Sipping his coffee  
my bro waves, smiles—  
then his head is gone

Gunships overhead  
loudspeakers announcing  
we’ve walked on the moon

The small girl clutches  
a wooden Buddha, grinning  
her hut is torched

On Sacred Mountain  
flames in the temple,  
the monks’ mantra

In eighteen haiku "for John who did not stay twenty summers," Lequita Watkins in *Dark With Stars* has written a heart-wrenchingly controlled tribute through her own sense of loss. The work is best read first as a whole for major impact, though each poem is an independent haiku. The poems, some of which appeared previously in haiku magazines, are bracketed in the front and back of the book by symbolic haiga.

Not only will this reviewer be on the alert for Watkins' haiku, new to her in this offering, but this book is one to which she will return again and again, to haiku such as:

waking from a dream—  
I stumble in and see  
your empty pillow

listen,  
I started to say, then  
realized you are gone

not knowing,  
the towhee sings and sings  
above his grave

the kitchen floor  
has no more black marks  
from his shoes

While it is customary in reviews to find some flaw and thereby prove the reviewer's omniscience in haiku matters, this reviewer pleads guilty to thinking these three mini-chapbooks consistently good and well worth reading.





*ON A WHITE BUD*. Alexis Rotella. Introduction, Rod Willmot; graphics, Marlene L'Abbé. Perfect bound. Merging Media, 1983. \$7.95.

*AFTER AN AFFAIR*. Alexis Rotella. Cover, Marlene L'Abbé. Perfect bound. Merging Media, 1984. \$5.50.

Both books from the author, P.O. Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046.

Reviewed by Marlene Mountain

There was a time we knew next to nothing about our fellow poets, not from their haiku at least, other than some practiced zazen, took canoe trips, watched birds, and so on. More recently, however, we've found that there are poets who actually get angry, have troubles and conflicts, occasionally make love, and even have an affair. No longer just silhouettes and shadows in our poems, we've begun to take on flesh; no longer mere observers of phenomena, we *are* the phenomena.

As Rod Willmot, in his introduction to Alexis Rotella's *On a White Bud*, so aptly says: "The formerly 'pure' world of Nature is now imprinted with human presence." Rotella, indeed, allows us into her personal world

Discussing divorce  
he strokes  
the lace tablecloth

In the guest room  
where my mother slept  
I look for comfort

I found myself caught up in particular by the various mentions of he/him/his. Rotella is at times listening to and quarrelling with him, watching him and holding his gaze, missing him, trying to forget him, and crying out after he leaves. One man? Two?

Only I laugh  
at his joke . . .  
the silence

Left to the wind  
all the lilies  
and all his lies

I began to want to know who is who and which is which, yet to the end remained confused by the lack of definition.

Along with the fine haiku, there are times when Rotella lets us in and there is nothing there

Arranging tea roses  
I watch him climb  
the ladder

Alone  
in the Chinese restaurant,  
dropping a chopstick



Or if there is meaning it is well hidden, i.e., a poem is not set well enough in context to allow the mood or information from surrounding haiku to assist it (thereby enabling it to exist with less). And there are of course, as with all of us, some poems over which to groan. Yet as there are many snags when truly trout fishing, similarly there are bound to be snags when writing about ourselves, our fears, our loneliness, our pains. Perhaps though, in that we do write (in that we do try), we, in one way, do succeed. Or to say it another way, it is perhaps from our failed haiku we learn we were not quite open or honest and are haunted until we get deeper into ourselves—and get it right.

With these feelings about Rotella's writing in mind, I was quite unprepared for her latest book. *After An Affair* blew me away. I was deeply moved—something I rarely experience in haiku. Everything came into place. What seems "almost" in *Bud* truly flowers in *After An Affair*. What, in *Bud*, seems puzzling or maybe none of my business, in *Affair*, calls out and takes me in. I experience with Rotella the stuff of life—and happily the stuff of art. Whereas *Bud* is a collection of haiku, *Affair* is a sequence of living. I feel so strongly that it is a sequence in which one haiku deepens as it follows and co-exists with others, that I'd rather not quote from it. The poems belong together to be experienced together.

More and more, as I flounder through my own days and nights, I want to know how my companion travelers do it, survive this crazy desperate thing we call life on the planet. I take heart I am not the only one who wants to share, nor the only one who wants to know

deep autumn my neighbor what does she do

*Basho*



## WORTH REPEATING

Editor's note: The HSA Definitions reprinted in the last issue require some clarification of terms. Tadashi Kondo's open letter to members of the Haiku Society of America in *Frogpond* Volume I, Number 4 (1978) addresses this point and is reprinted here with his permission. Tadashi holds a master's degree in linguistics from Kyoto University of Foreign Studies, a master's degree in Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages from Teachers College, Columbia University, and is now engaged in a doctoral program in philosophy at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. A current comment on definitions by George Swede follows Tadashi's letter.



Dear Members:

When I read the Haiku Society's definitions I felt confused with the explanation of JION and ONJI. JION and ONJI do not relate to each other in the way they are explained in the notes to the definitions. JION is a specialized term from linguistics relating to the pronunciation of a Sino-Japanese character. ONJI means "phonetic symbol" (or "sound-symbol"), and seems to be the term desired.

When the Chinese characters were borrowed into Japanese two things happened, phonetically, to the Chinese characters. First, the Chinese sound was changed in the Japanese sound system. Second, the Japanese people applied the sound of the Japanese meaning to the character. These two kinds of pronunciations for Sino-Japanese characters are called JION and JIKUN, respectively. For example, when the Chinese character was borrowed into Japanese, the sound SHAN was changed to SAN, and at the same time the Japanese read it YAMA, which is the original Japanese word for the concept "mountain." SAN is the JION of the character, and YAMA is the JIKUN of it. Depending on the context, a particular character may be read in either the JION or the JIKUN.

While JION and JIKUN refer to pronunciation, ONJI refers to the writing symbols, the letters or the characters. All writing symbols are classified as either phonograms or ideograms. The phonogram by itself does not represent a meaning but only a sound. The Japanese syllabaries and the Roman alphabet, for example, contain phonograms, which are called ONJI in Japanese. On the other hand, the ideogram (called IJI in Japanese) represents a meaning (or meanings), like a Chinese character. To "count" a



Japanese poem, one writes the poem out entirely in phonetic symbols, or ONJI, and counts them. (While the concept of ONJI has frequently been translated into English as “syllable,” it would be more accurate to say that the ONJI is a “mora,” a term from Latin prosody, which the OED defines as “a unit of metrical time equal to the duration of a short syllable.”)

Therefore I would like to suggest that the passage in your “preliminary Note 2” which reads “The Japanese words JION (symbol-sound) and ONJI (sound-symbol) have been mistranslated into English . . .” be changed to read simply “The Japanese word ONJI (sound-symbol) has been mistranslated into English . . .” and that the words “JION” and “JION (Japanese symbol-sounds),” be replaced with “ONJI” and “ONJI (Japanese sound-symbols),” respectively, throughout the definitions and the notes.

I hope these thoughts will help remove some of the confusion around these terms.

Sincerely yours,  
/signed/Tadashi Kondo

## THE HAIKU REDEFINED—AGAIN

George Swede

After the haiku became popular in North America during the 1950s, it underwent considerable evolution in form and content. Several years ago, I attempted a redefinition of the haiku that reflected these changes. Only provisional in nature, the new definition included the following five characteristics: brevity (when spoken, a breath-length long); reference to some aspect of nature; simple but vivid images; juxtaposition of images to express the “ahness” (or wonder) of a particular moment; use of the present tense (to capture the moment’s immediacy).<sup>1</sup> An excellent example of such a haiku is LeRoy Gorman’s

a diver brings up the body

the rain  
begins<sup>2</sup>

Since this redefinition, however, two of its criteria have already become questionable. A number of poets, such as Alexis Rotella, manage to evoke the “ah” response without any nature content:

In the mirror  
Mother’s sad expression  
on my face<sup>3</sup>

And others, such as Raymond Roseliep, create a powerful sense of immediacy in spite of using the past tense:

I whispered of death  
one winter night in a voice  
we both never knew<sup>4</sup>

To keep specifying the kind of content and tense necessary for haiku seems superfluous (and inhibiting) in the face of such work. These two criteria should be dropped from the definition of haiku (as were the seventeen syllable and season word requirement before them). The three remaining characteristics (breath-long length, simple images, and the “ah” response) are quite sufficient to maintain the haiku’s uniqueness among other types of short poems.

1. George Swede, *The Modern English Haiku*, Columbine Editions, 1981.
2. LeRoy Gorman, *Wind In The Keys*, High/Coo Press, 1981, p. 13.
3. Alexis Rotella, *Clouds In My Teacup*, Wind Chimes, 1982, p. 37.
4. Raymond Roseliep, *Step On The Rain*, Rook Press, 1977, p. 36.

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## BITS & PIECES

**HAIKU WORKSHOP:** This feature will re-appear in the next issue of *Frog-pond*, conducted by William J. Higginson and Penny Harter.

**CORRECTION:** My apologies to Alvaro Cardona-Hine, whose name appeared incorrectly beneath his "Ten Haiku in the Form of an Allegory" (p. 11) in the last issue, although spelled correctly in the Table of Contents.

### CONTESTS:

HSA Merit Book Awards, see page 40.

Mya Pasek Haiku Award, sponsored by the St. Louis Poetry Center; \$100 first prize, \$25 second prize, honorable mentions; judge, Cor van den Heuvel. No entry fee. Deadline, March 16, 1985; winners to be announced in June. SASE for information to Pasek Award, P.O. Box 31064, St. Louis, MO 63131.

1985 Annual Haiku Contest, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of U.S.A. and Canada; deadline March 1, 1985. SASE for information to Diane Q. Lewis, 746 Azule Ave., San Jose, CA 95123.

1984 Annual Adult Haiku Writing Contest, Hawaii Education Association. Deadline November 19, 1984. SASE for rules to HEA Haiku Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826.

**NEW PUBLICATION:** *Daybreak*, a wee mag of haiku, is seeking submissions of haiku for its first issue. Intends to publish quality poetry only. No payment. 2 issues \$6.00. Mail all correspondence, including books of haiku for review, to Margaret Saunders, Wee Giant Press, 178 Bond Street N., Hamilton, Ont. Canada L8S 3W6.

**HAIKU ISSUE:** Marco Fraticelli, editor, is planning a haiku issue of *The Alchemist* this winter. Material should be submitted to him at Box 123, LaSalle, Quebec, Canada H8R 3T7. (Remember IRCs for return—ESL)

### CHAPBOOKS:

*stoma 1322* by Guy R. Beining, CURVD H&Z, 729a Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada M4M 1H1; 1984, \$2.00. 12 "semi-surrealist" haiku.

*Wind-bells on the Bay* by Lucile Bogue, Windsong Press (available from author, 2611 Brooks, El Cerrito, CA 94530); 1983, \$2.00. 26 traditional haiku in Rosella Palmer's calligraphy.

*beautiful chance* by LeRoy Gorman, South Western Ontario Poetry, 396 Berkshire Drive, London, Ont., Canada N6J 3S1; 1984, \$2.00. 42 evocative 'billboard girl' haiku.



*Catnips: A Book of Haiku on Cats* by Joseph Gustafson, from author, P.O. Box 234, Leicester, MA 01524; 1983, \$3.95. 57 feline haiku.

*Hike: Haiku/Senryu* by Alan Pizzarelli, Pizzazz Publications, 109 Beaumont Place, Newark, NJ 07104; 1984, \$2.00. 36 poems. Proceeds being donated to the Essex County Park Commission for a "cherry blossom tree to be dedicated to Prof. H. G. Henderson."

*Duet for One Mirror* by Jane Reichhold, Humidity Productions, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445; 1984, \$1.00 ppd. Extended sequence/renga elements combined to present a story line.

*touching the stone ax* by Hal Roth, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1984, \$3.00 ppd. A day in a wilderness canyon, haiku combined with passages from writers on the American West.

*Down Marble Canyon* by Ruth Yarrow, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, Md 21061; \$1.25 ppd. 20 haiku in this western canyon sequence.

*Industrial Sabotage 26* edited by J. W. Curry, published by CURVD H&Z, 729a Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada M4M 1H1; 18 June '84, \$2.50. Experimental, non-haiku issue set up to give impression of haiku due to preconception of reader. 11 loose pages; 12 poets including Le Roy Gorman and Guy R. Beining.

Note: Future issues of *Frogpond* will include reviews of several of the chapbooks listed above.

## HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS

The biennial awards for books of special merit in the haiku field will again be presented by the Haiku Society of America in 1985.

Books published in 1983 and 1984 are eligible for consideration and should be sent to:

Frank K. Robinson  
200 Townview Terrace F42  
Knoxville, TN 37915

Books should be sent as soon as possible and certainly no later than the end of 1984.



