

# AMERICAN HAIKU

Vol. VI, No. 1

Jan., 1968



1.50

# AMERICAN HAIKU

Vol. VI, No. 1

Jan., 1968

## POETRY EDITORS

Robert Spiess  
Gary Brower  
James Bull

## PROSE EDITOR

James Bull

*American Haiku* is published three times a year by American Haiku Press in co-operation with the School of Arts and Sciences of Wisconsin State University at Platteville, P. O. Box 73, Platteville, Wisconsin, 53818. Subscription rates—for one year (three issues): U. S. and Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$6.00. Manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Copyright © 1968 by James Bull.

## INDEX

Author	Pages
Jessie Adams . . . . .	15
Eloise Barksdale . . . . .	15
Madeline Beattie . . . . .	15
Mary D. Benner . . . . .	15-16
Mildred Boink . . . . .	16
Jeanne DeL. Bonnette (JDeLB) . . . . .	23
Joanne W. Borgesen . . . . .	16-17
Charline Hayes Brown . . . . .	17
James Bull and Gayle Bull . . . . .	37-61
Betty Calvert . . . . .	17-18
L. Stanley Cheney . . . . .	18
L. A. Davidson . . . . .	18
Carrow De Vries . . . . .	19
Mary Dragonetti . . . . .	19
Lucile Noell Dula . . . . .	19
Bernard Lionel Einbond . . . . .	19
Travis S. Frosig (Ga-Go) . . . . .	20
Tom Galt . . . . .	20
Molly Garling . . . . .	20-21
Lorraine Ellis Harr . . . . .	4, 21
Adele R. Heller . . . . .	22
Anne Catto Holt . . . . .	22
Evelyn Tooley Hunt . . . . .	4, 22
Joseph E. Jeffs . . . . .	23
Foster Jewell . . . . .	4, 23-25
Robert N. Johnson . . . . .	25
Leroy Kanterman . . . . .	25
Gustave Keyser . . . . .	25-26
Akira Kimura (Rojin) . . . . .	5-12
Elizabeth Searle Lamb . . . . .	26
Anne Landauer . . . . .	27
William E. Lee . . . . .	27-28
Dallas M. Lemmon, Jr. . . . .	28
Mabelle A. Lyon . . . . .	28

## INDEX

Author	Pages
Gloria Maxson . . . . .	29
Lloyd F. Merrell . . . . .	29
Kay Titus Mormino . . . . .	30
Willene H. Nusbaum . . . . .	30
Catherine Neil Paton . . . . .	30
Patricia G. Pearce . . . . .	31
Marjory Bates Pratt . . . . .	31-32
Willie Reader . . . . .	32
Sydell Rosenberg . . . . .	32
Herta Rosenblatt . . . . .	32-33
Anne Rutherford . . . . .	33
R. W. Schoonover (Mrs.) . . . . .	33
Louise Scott . . . . .	33
Marjorie Bertram Smith . . . . .	33
O Southard . . . . .	4, 34-35
William J. Taylor . . . . .	35
Irma Wassall . . . . .	35-36
Joyce W. Webb . . . . .	13
Beverly White . . . . .	36
Paul O. Williams . . . . .	36

---

We wish to thank Robert Spiess and Gary Brower for their many services to *American Haiku*. As editors, their task has never been an easy one.

In the future, *American Haiku* poetry will be edited by James and Gayle Bull. JEB, Publisher

# AMERICAN HAIKU AWARDS

(Ten Dollars Each)

July, 1967

Lanterns at the shrine,  
each wearing a small halo  
of circling shadflies.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

August, 1967

Night in the garden;  
something stirs the pumpkin leaves  
. . . not a breath of wind.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

September, 1967

From under the hay  
behind the harnessed horses—  
the creak of a wheel.

—O Southard

October, 1967

Crowding the silence—  
looming up larger than sound . . .  
still no coyote call.

—Foster Jewell

## Japanese Life In Contemporary Senryu

Akira Kimura (Rojin)

### VI. Old Parents in a New Home

Ato-jimatsu  
oya ga dete yuku  
koto ni nari.  
—Rojin

The family dispute ends;  
the parents are  
to go out.

Living with one's parents, especially after one is married, is a source of family troubles in all Japanese homes today.

Older people, who were brought up in a family environment in which parents had the whole family under their strict control, can hardly conform with the entirely new way of running a home. They simply cannot understand that each family member has the same right to pursue happiness as anybody else. In their opinion, each is a part of the family, and should act in accordance with the family tradition, and any act contradicting the family law is punishable by the head of the family. In an extreme case, they say, a family law offender should be expelled from the family; and in old days expulsion from a family meant expulsion from the community itself.

In a traditional family, one is to choose his profession well-matched to his family background, not to himself. He is to marry one from a family of the same status as his; whether he loves his spouse or not matters little.

---

"Japanese Life in Contemporary Senryu" appeared first in the *Bulletin of Oshimo Women's College*, no. 2 (Dec., 1964) and appears here in the second of two installments (the first installment printed in *AH*, V, 2), by permission of the author, Akira Kimura.

And these are decided by the family head, the parent—perhaps the father. It is one's family, not the individual, that chooses profession, wife or husband. Family is supreme and precedes everything.

This fundamental difference of opinion between older and younger generations is responsible for many broken homes in this country since the war, and at the same time, the sense of family unity, which was once the very source of social stability, is fast disappearing. Usually older people give in. After surrender, however, they are not willing to stay with their sons and daughters any more—they move out!

But all parents are not so well-off, nor are their children, as to keep two homes at a time. They keep on staying in the same home as before, sticking to their Three Not's Principle—see not, hear not, say not.

Japanese family life is surely going through a severe ordeal.

### *VII. Your Wife in a Parade*

Demo-tai no  
tsuma wa tanin to  
ude wo kumi.  
—Tsurumaru

Arm in arm with a stranger,  
comes your wife marching,  
in a demonstration parade.

The Japanese surely are fond of parading! Every year in Tokushima, a city in Shikoku, the whole city marches on the streets, singing and dancing for many days and nights running with no special object in view.

This lust for parading explains the enthusiastic zeal manifested in the demonstration parades incessantly conducted throughout the year by the labor unions, student bodies, political parties, etc., etc. And in a parade, a Japanese easily identifies himself with his fellow participants. His own flimsy self and individuality are crushed and absorbed in the upsurge of

group or mob sentiment the instant he begins to march on the street with a flag or a placard in his hands.

Then the parader senses that the social bonds which bind and dictate his everyday life are cut off one after another, and he is elevated to a new realm. All social restrictions are gone, as long as he is marching in a parade. He is now perfectly free—free from all worries and bothersome rules or earthly ties; he is a complete master of himself—ready to do anything he chooses or the mob dictates.

Until you have clearly seen this mental change that he undergoes, you will never understand what makes a Japanese parader so enraptured—almost to religious ecstasy—and why a man in a parade, meek and good-natured at other times, suddenly loses control of himself and runs amuck.

Imagine your wife, marching in a parade procession, arm in arm with a stranger;—she is no longer in your sphere of influence. She is now on a higher level than you. No common earthly ties bother her now! She forgets everything—her husband (that's you) and children (if any)!

Look how bright and dreamy her eyes shine, as she sings and marches, locking arms with a man you don't know! Perhaps she herself does not know that man: all she knows is that he is on the same level as she—higher than you.

If she were to see you, standing by the roadside and watching the parade, she would see a mere bystander, not her husband. Until she is relieved of the magic of parading and comes back to you again as a devoted wife, she lives in a world entirely different from yours.

### VIII. *Another Death in Traffic Accident*

Jikoshi da to  
betsu no chōbo e  
tsuketa dake.  
—Rojin

Declaring "Death by accident," policeman writes  
your name in another book;  
and that finishes all.

The sudden increase in the number of automobiles in Japan in recent years is taking a heavy toll of lives every day. A police official in charge of traffic accidents is kept too busy to attend to the details of an accident, even though it involves a death; he just puts the victim's name in his book, and dismisses the case for good.

Some people regret that the traditional Japanese politeness, sympathy for others' misfortunes, is steadily eroding. Others argue that either we discard the old notion of politeness and sympathy, and adopt a more efficient way of conducting our lives, or we must lose in our daily struggle for existence.

Both may be right. Things are changing rapidly in this country, and even the very definition of politeness and sympathy seems to be undergoing a change.

### *IX. Ambulance and Maternal Love*

Kyūkyū-sha  
uchi no kodomo wa  
uchi ni iru.  
—Kurama

Ambulance!  
My child?  
He's safe at home!

As in every other part of the world the death toll of small children jumped up in Japan with the advent of the new motor age. A mother of small children has to be always on the alert.

A rushing ambulance inevitably reminds such a mother of her child's safety, and she shudders at the mental image of her child crushed under a heavy truck. But the instant she knows that her child is safe at home, babbling and fumbling with the toys scattered all over the floor, she relaxes with a sigh of relief.

After all, it is somebody else's child who is in that ominous black car; but that is none of her business—her child is safe at home! Love, even motherly love, is intrinsically egotistic, in the motor age as well as in the stone age.

## X. Great Progress of Education

Yobikō no  
zenretsu ni iru  
usui mune.  
—Rojin

In the front seat,  
in a Preparatory School class,  
sits a boy with a narrow  
chest.

Of the many revolutionary changes brought about in Japan since the war, the most outstanding is that of education. The whole educational system was overhauled and reformed as soon as the war ended, and as a consequence, the compulsory educational period was prolonged fifty percent, and the number of colleges and universities was increased twenty times—all at the time of acute food shortage!

But the irony of the whole work is that this fantastic increase in number of educational institutions can not keep up with the still greater increase in number of young men and women who wish to receive higher education. Some of these youths have to stay out, or, if they are more persistent, be weeded out.

So all Japanese youths must prove themselves fit for higher education in an entrance examination; they don't want to be weeded out. But one's chances of success in such examinations are sometimes as small as one to fifty. This explains why there are so many preparatory schools in Japan. There one has to *study hard*.

In order to secure a good seat there, nearest his teacher, for instance, one must stand at the classroom door for two hours in a long queue every morning. Sitting up late studying—almost to dawn—is quite usual for anybody aspiring to higher knowledge. But all students are not strong enough physically to endure torture of this kind, and many drop out in the course of preparation.

A student sitting in a front seat, with a narrow chest and tired expression on his face, coughing feebly now and then, will have to leave the class soon—so judges the teacher facing him.

He is not strong enough for the preparation. How can he be fit for the more gruelling college education? He ought to go out! The rule of the survival of the fittest marches on mercilessly.

### *XI. Beware of a Gold Ring*

Kin-en wo  
mamoranu dekkai  
kin-yubiwa.

—Kikuto

With a gorgeous gold ring,  
on his finger shining,  
man ignores "No Smoking."

In this country where simple life is the supreme social code, anything showy is hated and despised. Beauty itself must be in subdued form, not too loud in claiming one's attention.

Personal ornaments, if any, should be subtle and delicate, too. Such showiness as a finger-ring had been unknown till Europeans began to visit this country some centuries ago; and even when the Japanese were introduced to wrapping a piece of shiny metal around a finger, they never took fancy to it. They simply kept rejecting it as "vulgar."

Even today very few Japanese men take to this way of decorating themselves. So when one speaks to a Japanese who wears a large shining ring on his finger, he may well be sure that he is dealing with somebody with a questionable nature—with some peculiarity at least. One should think twice before getting acquainted with such a man, or he will find it hard to be socially accepted as a gentleman.

When one finds a man smoking, puffing out the smoke vehemently at a "No Smoking" sign, he should take a glance at the man's fingers. It would not be surprising that he should have a large gold ring on one of his fingers. If he has none, he will get one soon—as soon as he gets money enough.

### *XII. Bowing Low and New Age*

Mado-guchi de  
ojigi suru kuse  
ware shomin.  
—Murakumo

It's my old habit, bowing low  
at an office window;  
just a commoner am I!

The custom of bowing low to each other as a way of greeting is fast disappearing in this country, especially among sophisticated young people eager to adopt the Western style of living. But most common people still cling to this old way of greeting—bowing low to anybody they meet, in a room as well as on the street.

So there is a sharp contrast between people who, out of sheer habit, politely bow low to another and those who greet another just by nodding at him or by raising their hands.

The composer of this senryu is just one of those common people who stick to the old Japanese way of living. One will still find many such people everywhere all over the country.

The attentive observer may have noticed a pretty young girl, at an office window with an "Information" sign hanging over her head, coldly looking down upon an elderly visitor humbly bowing to her. This visitor just could not greet anybody otherwise—it was his only way of greeting, bowing low with the spirit of humility and resignation, and with the heart of traditional Japanese politeness and willingness to help.

### *XIII. It's not Easy to Tell a Lie well*

Uso hitsotsu  
iete zennin  
ase wo fuki.  
—Rojin

An honest man  
tells a lie,—  
and wipes his wet brow.

It is a precious and sad conclusion drawn from the author's own experience that telling a lie is the most difficult job in the world. It needs a genius to tell a lie well. To be a successful liar, one must be born so, or be trained in that particular art for long years. It is

a wonder how many people, young and old, can lie so well—so splendidly well!

I confess I tried to tell a lie—once—a lie well planned beforehand (by my standard, of course); but the instant I finished that awful job, I knew I was a failure. The listener smiled a broad smile across his entire face as if expecting another lie to come out of my mumbling lips. I hurriedly took out my handkerchief and wiped my perspiring forehead, half covering my eyes under it.

#### *XIV. Beauty's Magic Wand Touches You*

Yūyake wo  
miro to sewashii  
tsuma wo yobi.  
—Isso

“Come out,  
and look at the sunset colors!”  
man calls to his busy wife.

Nature is so liberal with beauty that she literally envelops us with it. But the sad fact is that we are so absorbed in everyday chores of life that we rarely pay any attention to it—even to its existence. We take it for granted that the sky is blue and the sunset is red, any day, any place, when it is not raining.

Once in a while, however, in a moment of relaxation from daily chores, we suddenly sense such beauty. Then, it strikes us that the sunset *is* a beautiful thing—and that we must be grateful for having such a beautiful sunset every day. What a pity it is we have never even noticed it for such a long time—not since childhood!

This senryu was composed by a man who wanted, perhaps, to share such a feeling of pleasure with somebody—somebody very dear to him. It was simply too splendid to be enjoyed by himself. He hurriedly called to his wife who was busy cooking in the kitchen. Did she come out and share his sudden sentimentality? Or did she just stay in the kitchen and keep on cooking, leaving her husband outside admiring the sky glittering with colors? You guess.

## HAIKU AND HEADLINES

Joyce W. Webb

Haiku are headlines to which the reader adds his own story. Bound by the rule of brevity, the haiku poet must condense his thought much in the same way a copy editor must condense the content of a news story in a headline. Both the headline and the haiku are invitations—the former to read, the latter to think.

Neither form of writing is complete in itself. A good headline gives the reader enough information for him to make a decision as to whether or not he wishes to read the story. A good haiku should reveal enough of the writer's thought for the reader to share his experience. Neither a haiku nor a headline tells all; the reader must fill in the details.

For instance, a copy editor writing a headline for a feature story about crickets composes the following:

Crickets' Last Concert  
Ends Summer Season

A haiku poet seeing the autumn sun's reflection on gold leaves and listening to crickets writes:

Gold leaves are lacquered  
in windless air . . . crickets sing  
thinly of autumn.

—Jeannette Chappell  
(*AH*, IV, 1:13)

The content of the feature story might well include the following thoughts on autumn: crickets sing Auld Lang Sine to summer; the inevitability of autumn; gold leaves about to fall; cold weather; winter and the hibernation of insects and animals. The haiku does not tell all this; the reader must supply the details.

The headline invites the reader's attention to an amplifying article which gives him information and emotional reactions to the crickets' songs. The haiku causes the reader to think for himself about autumn phenomena.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Bashō. *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*. Translated by Nobuyuki Yuasa. (Baltimore: Penquin, 1966). \$1.75.

Nobuyuki Yuasa has performed another service to haiku enthusiasts, in translating five haibun by Bashō: *The Records of a Weather-Exposed Skeleton (Nozarashi Kikō)*; *A Visit to the Kashima Shrine (Kashima Kikō)*; *The Records of a Travel-Worn Satchel (Oi no Kobumi)*; *A Visit to Sarashina Village (Sarashina Kikō)*; *The Narrow Road to the Deep North (Oku no Hosomichi)*. In this book, as in his earlier translation of Issa's *The Year of My Life (Oraga Haru)*, Yuasa translates all haiku as four-line poems, falling again into the same strained rhythmic turns as in *The Year* (reviewed in *AH*, II, 1: 51). Nevertheless, the work is a triumph for the translator—complete with introduction (containing a short history of haiku, a biography of Bashō—tracing his development as poet—and perceptive analyses of the five travel sketches); the five haibun themselves (showing Bashō's enormous spiritual and aesthetic development from first to last); three maps (tracing Bashō's various journeys; nineteen pages of informative notes; illustrations by Buson. Yuasa's Bashō is a must for anyone who takes a serious interest in the haiku.

---

### Back Issues of American Haiku

We regret to report that the following issues of *American Haiku* are out of print: Vol. I, no. 1; Vol. II, no. 2; Vol. IV, nos. 1 and 2; Vol. V, no. 2.

At present, we have no plans to reprint the issues, although that is a possibility we do not discount. For the moment, however, many fine haiku and informative articles are unavailable. We suggest that those who wish to obtain copies of out of print issues try the used book market. A price list for back issues in print appears on p. 62 of this issue.

Under the olive  
withered fruit and shadow . . .  
blackbirds wading leaves.

—Jessie Adams

Turning maple leaves  
color the bayou's old face:  
a cardinal dips.

—Eloise Barksdale

Orange marigolds  
on her broken window ledge—  
Paradise Alley.

—Madeline Beattie

Sparrows chattering  
in the old crab apple tree  
eying the bird tray.

—Madeline Beattie

This pair of wild doves  
resting on frosted birch bough  
murmur together.

—Madeline Beattie

Opening the window,  
the scent of honeysuckle . . .  
a persimmon moon.

—Mary D. Benner

Passing my neighbor,  
he calls, "My chrysanthemums  
are like hills of gold."

—Mary D. Benner

Two cold cardinals  
ride the wind-tossed dogwood limb . . .  
eye that old kite string.

—Mildred Boink

Again lingering  
at breakfast tea—then knowing—  
it's the year's last day.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

Wrens on the back fence  
gossip about the turtle  
asleep in the sun.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

Slowly the sun leads  
the old man and crooked cane  
down the mountain road.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

A child's laugh echoes  
down the twilight-muffled street:  
the soldier's statue.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

The rattle of coal  
from scuttle to kitchen stove . . .  
on the tin roof—rain.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

Reluctant to go—  
leaving footprints on the porch  
in the first light snow.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

Through spring mist, white smoke  
curls through the gray of twilight . . .  
pear tree white with bloom.

—Charline Hayes Brown

In the fence corner,  
for this chipping sparrow's nest,  
winter's wind-blown grass.

—Betty Calvert

The sound of the surf  
pounding on this granite stone—  
thin cry of the gulls.

—Betty Calvert

Last cluster of leaves  
flutter from this ancient plum . . .  
scatter on the wind.

—Betty Calvert

This old red rooster  
just lost his last tail feather—  
and he proudly crows!

—Betty Calvert

Sulphur butterflies  
hover over wild asters . . .  
wind skitters elm leaves.

—Betty Calvert

Between grappling waves  
and plummeting fists of rain . . .  
a deserted pier.

—L. Stanley Cheney

Boat cabin awash  
with suffused light . . . moon off port  
and sunset starboard.

—L. A. Davidson

All night at anchor  
the boat here and there, riding  
current, wind and tide.

—L. A. Davidson

Is that the old kite,  
that form of sticks and paper,  
capering up there?

—L. A. Davidson

A gray, barren bluff:  
wire of the maidenhair fern  
running up the side.

—Carrow De Vries

The still summer night  
stars reflected in water—  
sound of a thrown stone.

—Mary Dragonetti

Snow drapes mantillas  
over boxwoods in churchyards.  
Inside, young girls pray.

—Lucile Noell Dula

In Coney Island  
longing for Coney Island—  
the boy I once was.

—Bernard Lionel Einbond

Above, the same sun  
blackening the sailor's skin,  
bleaching white the sail.

—Bernard Lionel Einbond

Lightning cracks the dark—  
out of the fluttering stillness,  
a terrified dove.

—Bernard Lionel Einbond

That wonderful wall  
of cascading nasturtiums,  
on fire in the sun.

—Ga-Go (Travis S. Frosig)

And they say “Just weeds”—  
our long slope, so white with bloom,  
clear down to the sea.

—Ga-Go (Travis S. Frosig)

Autumn’s glories blur.  
In this world of silver mist  
all’s out of focus.

—Ga-Go (Travis S. Frosig)

Beside the bare field  
glides a meager black river  
redeemed by the moon.

—Tom Galt

Slipping through the sage  
in search of solitude,  
myself—and a small snake.

—Molly Garling

A brook trout arches  
over a tiny May fly;  
the bite of a barb!

—Molly Garling

Early morning fog  
rolls west along the river—  
ghostly wagon train.

—Molly Garling

Stooping to pick it  
finding mushroom's underside  
filigreed by worms.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

The caged bird's singing  
... echoed by the warbler  
in the hawthorne tree.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

Searching air and sun,  
frail morning-glory tendrils  
circle the fence rail.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

Under the linden tree,  
sheltered from the driving rain,  
song sparrows huddle.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

A twilight snowfall—  
flakes rest lightly on the boughs . . .  
boys pulling a sled.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

These leaf-crunching sounds  
fill my mouth with the dryness  
of every autumn.

—Adele R. Heller

Hoarfrost spreads a quilt  
and the last chrysanthemums  
wilt now and burnish.

—Anne Catto Holt

Sun-warmed boulders now;  
here the early hawkweed blooms,  
sheltered from late snow.

—Anne Catto Holt

Dusk and snow falling;  
lighted highway lamps hang pale—  
each a blurred halo.

—Anne Catto Holt

October morning:  
a fat woodchuck cropping grass  
—on our rifle range.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Crib and silo filled:  
only the stubbled cornfield  
—and crows, caucusing.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Crows in the high trees  
exchange early morning calls.  
Winter's white drifts down.

—JDeLB  
(Jeanne DeL. Bonnette)

On cold park benches  
old men tilt their heads westward—  
winter sunflowers.

—Joseph E. Jeffs

In the alleyway  
children yodeling, testing  
the laws of echoes.

—Joseph E. Jeffs

Still that night moth moon,  
caught in smoke tree gossamer,  
flutters . . . waits . . . flutters . . .

—Foster Jewell

Against the dawn light—  
above this honeycombed bluff—  
cliff dwellers . . . climbing.

—Foster Jewell

The desert tortoise  
paddling over rippling sand—  
this side . . . that side . . . this . . .

—Foster Jewell



Dry clouds that vanish:  
over sand waves they come—  
these tall sails of yuccas.

—Foster Jewell

Midsummer woods—  
cottonwoods with their roots  
in a running stream.

—Robert N. Johnson

A dead campfire—  
on shore, a grounded log—  
blue dragonflies.

—Robert N. Johnson

Bonfires on the bank;  
and across the wooden bridge,  
lengthening shadows . . .

—Leroy Kanterman

From a distant shore,  
the sound of a hailing voice . . .  
the splash of an oar.

—Leroy Kanterman

In the densely leaved  
wide-spreading oak, here and there,  
a flick of movement.

—Gustave Keyser

In a stagnant pool,  
standing stone still, the black bull  
gets his belly cool.

—Gustave Keyser

Obsessed street preacher  
screams we will all burn in hell . . .  
the pigeons flutter.

—Gustave Keyser

Yellowed ginkgo leaves,  
rain-pasted to the sidewalk.  
Sparrows chittering . . .

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Above red clay banks,  
a flight of swift black fish ducks  
hunting their night roost.

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

A dugout canoe  
glides out of morning mist,  
approaching the ship . . .

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

These same mango trees . . .  
they were twenty years younger,  
and my hair was black!

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Swallows dip and wheel  
under a lowering sky:  
wind-swept autumn leaves.  
—Anne Landauer

On the old Winesap  
lying the way the wind went—  
apples ripening.  
—Anne Landauer

Patter of raindrops . . .  
small girl under umbrella  
made of sumac fronds.  
—Anne Landauer

On the wagon train  
folks in bonnets, coonskin caps—  
smile out from the past.  
—William E. Lee

At the park art show  
a poodle viewing entries—  
finally selects one.  
—William E. Lee

Some wall in the night  
picking up loose echo-steps—  
one by one by one.  
—William E. Lee

Haitian fishing fleet,  
its hundred bright supper fires—  
all putting to sea.

—William E. Lee

Back in Haitian hills,  
what with a full moon risen—  
how could drums sleep?

—William E. Lee

At the fortress wall,  
fingers in ancient cement—  
feeling out sea shells.

—William E. Lee

Frost within a niche,  
guarding a personal night—  
the spider's white gate.

—Dallas M. Lemmon, Jr.

Only the skaters  
move in the still squeaky cold—  
breathing veils of mist.

—Mabelle A. Lyon

Beneath a still truck  
siesta comes to pickers  
in a cotton field.

—Mabelle A. Lyon

High-careening crows  
mock the thrashings of the thing  
tethered in the field.

—Gloria Maxson

Two ways it affrights—  
scarecrow with the flailing limbs,  
and the mindless smile.

—Gloria Maxson

Nodding hollow head,  
scarecrow points with empty glove  
paths through vacant air.

—Gloria Maxson

Foolish and forlorn,  
scarecrow alien to crow,  
alien to corn.

—Gloria Maxson

Old winter scarecrow  
left with empty field and sky  
flounders in the snow.

—Gloria Maxson

Apple leaves flutter  
from thinning branches, joining  
the fallen Winesaps.

—Lloyd F. Merrell

Indian summer . . .  
small braves dance around the elm;  
signal fires burn.

—Kay Titus Mormino

The bougainvillaea . . .  
scarlet blooms sway in no breeze;  
brown blossoms flutter.

—Kay Titus Mormino

Singing plum branches  
as twig by twig, straw by straw,  
the first wren moves in.

—Willene H. Nusbaum

Reluctant to yield  
her white mantle, the mountain  
clings to tattered snow.

—Catherine Neil Paton

A hot summer day,  
but this dogwood tree has changed  
to autumn-red leaves!

—Catherine Neil Paton

Holding red-gold leaves  
in my hand, warmth for the cold  
of winter's dark days.

—Catherine Neil Paton

On the window ledge—  
sparrows—like icicles  
tinkling in the wind.

—Patricia G. Pearce

A child has found it—  
the little cinquefoil hidden  
among taller flowers.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

A path tunneling  
through moist alders and birches . . .  
deer tracks in the mud.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

A clear, moonless night.  
The reflection of Venus  
trembles on the sea.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

The yellow warbler  
pecks at the window, then sings  
to his reflection.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

Maple leaves' cool shade.  
My grandmother as a child  
played under this tree.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

The river ice groans.  
Great logs pushing and tumbling  
leap over the falls.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

Hedge clipping has stopped.  
Deep in the privet's branches,  
a nest of blue eggs.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

In the high mountains  
are cold lakes ruffled  
by the voices of quail.

—Willie Reader

Early morning cold—  
the day dawns like woodpeckers  
pecking on stone.

—Willie Reader

Standing in the rain,  
two tree trunks tied together  
by a spider's web.

—Sydell Rosenberg

A lone crow flying  
against the fall wind—acorns  
dropping on green moss.

—Herta Rosenblatt

The thunder echoes  
between the hills—not one leaf  
stirs in the maple.

—Herta Rosenblatt

All the little sounds  
that creep across the valley  
swallowed up by mist.

—Anne Rutherford

All the restless noises  
of the sea, quieted  
on these still white sands.

—Anne Rutherford

Five cattails, seven—  
the pond has frozen over  
down to the fence line.

—Mrs. R. W. Schoonover

Beneath a pine  
Indian pipes sprout ghostly white  
in matted brown needles.

—Louise Scott

A small screech owl  
questions the evening  
and the harvest moon.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

Here in the smooth snow  
close to a withered weed-top  
the tracks of a deer.

—O Southard

Slipping through the pines  
on its way to meet the moon—  
a weft of thin mist.

—O Southard

Holding out her hands  
the two-year-old starts to trail  
a courting pigeon.

—O Southard

Among the blossoms  
dabbing at his cloistered perch  
a single sparrow.

—O Southard

In the sun, dark rock;  
here and there, deep in shadow,  
a pocket of snow.

—O Southard

In the misty field  
under this morning's half moon—  
yesterday's haymow.

—O Southard

Tossing in darkness  
before the lighted window—  
the tip of a tree.

—O Southard

The first lights come on . . .  
above the eastern mountains  
a glimmer of stars.

—O Southard

Behind her lashes,  
in the dusk, the drooping pines—  
and the crescent moon.

—O Southard

Not only the stars!  
On far slopes, falling comets  
of skiers' torches.

—William J. Taylor

Flotsam at the edge  
of the river comes to rest  
under the willows.

—Irma Wassall

The cold has flung down  
a thin silver net of ice  
upon the river.

—Irma Wassall

Among blond grass roots,  
tiny green snow-crystal shapes:  
young dandelions.

—Irma Wassall

Littering the ground—  
tree twigs with green buds on them,  
blown down by the wind.

—Irma Wassall

Sun and wind that day  
we cleaned the birdhouses, and nailed up  
the one that had fallen.

—Beverly White

Where water weeds bloomed,  
we rowed through floating gardens  
of tiny flowerets.

—Beverly White

New blooming sunflower—  
the sun, with her bright bare foot,  
spins the yellow wheel.

—Paul O. Williams

## Study of Season Reference in American Haiku: Part One

James Bull and Gayle Bull

After we had published our "Season Reference in Japanese and American Haiku" (*AH*, V, 1: 24-41), many readers expressed an interest in examining the original list of 118 English-language haiku (the core of our study). Not a few expressed an interest in making a similar study of the possibility of seasonality in English-language haiku, as applied to their own geographic areas.

To aid those people, we have decided to publish not only the entire list of haiku but also the following materials sent to respondents: the cover letter to our original respondents; the directions to respondents; and an excerpt from the respondents' graph. Anyone with the interest, time and energy can now make his own study (and we would be most interested in his results).

In future issues of *American Haiku*, we will publish the national collation of all votes obtained in the original study; more articles based on the original study; and the names of the authors of the coded haiku (not published with the haiku, because we do not wish to tempt readers to make guesses based on possible knowledge of an individual author's geographic area).

In this way, we feel that the serious student of the form will end with a far better knowledge of the possibilities of season in English-language haiku. For those not interested in such knowledge, we hope that their enjoyment of the haiku will be our justification.

## Cover Letter to Original Respondents

Many haiku poets, critics, editors and teachers feel that the haiku is not seasonal in English. But might it be regional, and perhaps seasonal within region? We'd like to secure evidence, yes or no. Consequently, we're asking haiku poets, critics, editors and teachers to help us by assessing the accompanying haiku and by filling out the accompanying graph.

Enclosed, you will find two packets: one consists of 118 haiku which have been published in *American Haiku*, each identified by code number rather than by author; the second consists of a graph, coded by row to match the haiku, and titled by column to record certain information about each haiku. The specifics of handling the haiku and completing the graph are explained on the attached directions sheet. What cannot be explained on that sheet is the point of view which must be maintained throughout the entire process.

All regional and seasonal assessments of the enclosed haiku must be made on the basis of the *natural phenomena* dealt with within the *individual haiku*—upon *experience* proper to your *immediate geographic area*. Therefore, assessments cannot be made from the standpoint of a poet, or of a college-educated individual, or of a well-traveled individual, or even of a well-read individual. Assessments must be made from the point of view of the average adult who was raised and educated (through high school) in your immediate geographic area—who still lives in that area, having been exposed to motion pictures, television and daily newspapers, but not having read widely in books or traveled widely throughout the nation. (If we were in contact with a large number of such people, in various localities, on a nation-wide basis—people who *also* knew haiku—we would begin with them).

True, given the special point of view outlined above and the special instructions set forth on the attached

directions sheet, to assess the haiku and to complete the graph will call for time and effort on your part. Yet, we feel confident that as an individual vitally concerned with the development of haiku in English, you will assist in this project, which may do much to point toward an answer to the question of season in English-language haiku.

---

## Directions to Respondents

### STEPS INVOLVED IN ASSESSING HAIKU AND IN RECORDING RESULTS

1. Cut coded haiku slips apart.
2. Eliminate those coded haiku which are "Unintelligible this area." (Place "X" in the appropriate square, opposite the proper "Code No.", in the "Unintelligible this area" column of the graph. Then remove the coded haiku slip from the pack).
3. Eliminate "Does not apply this area but could be understood" group. After checking the appropriate block on the graph, remove the coded haiku slip from the pack).
4. The remaining haiku fall into the following category: "Applicable this area."
  - a. Separate the remaining slips into three "Primary" piles—"City" (population of 20,000 up); "Rural"; "Both" (i. e., applies to both "City" and "Rural" environments).
  - b. Separate each of the three "Primary" piles by season—"Spring"; "Summer"; "Autumn"; "Winter" (It is probably best to *begin* seasonal separation with the "Rural" group). *NOTE: base the seasonal separation upon the PHYSICAL PHENOMENA dealt with within the individual haiku.*
  - c. Now, based upon the *PHYSICAL PHENOMENA* dealt with within the haiku and their relationship to the seasons in *your immediate geographic area*,

arrange the individual haiku within a season in a *seasonal progression* (i. e., arrange them *chronologically*, within a given season): “E”arly; “M”iddle; “L”ate; or “?” (i. e., cannot decide).

- d. Now, opposite the proper “Code No.” on the graph, place “X” in the appropriate columns under “Applicable this area.” *NOTE*: there should be two marks in each coded row—one “X” for “Primary” area, and one “X” for chronology within season. Thus, in the immediate geographic area, Platteville, Wisconsin, Code No. 1:54, “Winter explosion:/a firecracker elm tree pops/ spraying cold sparrows”, *might* appear on the graph as “X” under “Rural” (the immediate geographic area containing less than 20,000 population) and “X” under “M”iddle, under the “Winter” season.
- e. After treating all haiku in the “Primary” piles, you may discover that some remain which, although they apply to your immediate area, are not, in your opinion, seasonal. In that event, place “X” in the appropriate “Primary” column and “X” in the “Non-seasonal” column on the graph.





- Ice-coated and stiff  
the pipe-organ maple tree  
whistles in C-sharp. -1:55
- Swinging in the night wind  
against these coppery leaves:  
pendulums of rain. -1:62V
- The fleeing sandpipers  
turn about suddenly  
and chase back the sea! -1:81V
- Giant metal beetles  
lined up in raucous protest  
at their stalled brother. -1:92V
- Along mudded lanes,  
shivering in purple hoods—  
violets in rain. -1:103
- On the weathered shelf  
a self-cleaned cat in autumn  
curls around itself. -1:122











The night stars are dimmed.                   -3:52  
Day gropes outside my window  
with tears in its eyes.

A pale-gold nimbus:                           -3:70  
the acacia receiving  
the low-bowing sun.

In the mellow light                           -3:73  
shadows from a long dead tree  
scratching at the dawn.

Fragile insect-wings                         -3:81  
glitter through thin-shooting grass  
where sunlight finds them.

The afternoon,                                 -3:91V  
in the shade of the roadside oak,  
is taking its ease.

A snag of birdsong                         -3:98  
has caught in the maple tree  
where spring is nesting.









A year already— —5:3  
and still this cup of water  
does not taste of home.

Our dusty screen door —5:5  
hit by many rain drops smells  
as nothing else does.

Around the corner —5:6  
same old man hawking handful  
of fresh yellow spring.

Through the March gutters —5:7  
children sail their paper boats  
to a far country.

Seagulls invisible— —5:9V  
their voices uttering  
the mood of the mist.

For the circus clown —5:14  
summer is the long season  
of his painted smile.

- The shower ceases— —5:20  
green velvet draping the rocks  
has lost its creases.
- They would bash it down . . . —5:41  
the old sandstone meeting house  
that had built the town.
- The all-nite cafe: —5:46  
empty cups on the counter  
and the clock—tick . . . tock . . .
- Today our main street —5:48  
is a polished skaters' pond.  
Even pigeons slide.
- Surely it seemed wine— —5:56  
to the beetle trapped within  
resin of the pine.
- Wild geese are flying —5:58  
an e e cummings structure  
in the morning sky.

Fall's last rays of gold: —5:62  
an old woman bending low,  
picking bitter-sweet.

In whirring sunshine —5:65  
grasshoppers with yellow wings  
arc fields of stubble.

An old black woman —5:83  
carrying a fishing pole  
strides down to the lake.

Yellow butterflies —5:90  
bright at the edge of the road  
cling to dusty weeds.

The grasshopper clasps —5:96  
a green stalk; into the earth  
she thrusts her bottom.

Two snowy bushes: —5:98  
one bent to the ground, and one  
swaying in the wind.









Wind-mad newspaper,                   -6:98  
    beating bars of fence pickets,  
    makes an insane sound.

You can see through it:               -6:99  
    that shape of a cicada,  
    haunting the bare tree.

The raging blizzard                   -6:114  
    makes an alien country  
    of our home town streets.

Walking on the track                 -6:120  
    a bent woman bears a world  
    shaped like a coal sack.

The hummingbird stands               -6:121  
    still in the air, cocks his head,  
    looking for his wings.

## Haiku Magazines and Books

- American Haiku*. Three issues a year. \$4.50 year.  
Available back issues: Vol. I, No. 2 (1963); Vol. II,  
No. 1 (1964); Vol. III, No. 1 (1965); Vol. III, No. 2  
(1965); Vol. V, No. 1 (1967). Price per single copy  
of each No. : U.S. and Canada, \$1.50; Foreign, \$2.00.  
Make check or M.O. payable to *American Haiku*,  
P. O. Box 73, Platteville, Wis. 53818.
- Hoyt, Clement. *County Seat*. American Haiku Press:  
Platteville Wis., 1966 (\$3.00).
- Southard, O. *Marsh-Grasses*. American Haiku Press:  
Platteville, Wis., 1967 (\$3.50).
- Spieß, Robert. *The Heron's Legs*. American Haiku Press:  
Platteville, Wis., 1966 (\$3.00)
- Dragonetti, Mary. *Wind Prints*. J & C Transcripts; Kano-  
na, N. Y., 1967. From Frank Mitchell Books, 30  
Halsey St., Newark, N.J. 07102 (50c).

## Haiku Markets

- Haiku*. Eric Amann, ed. Box 866, Station F, Toronto,  
Canada. Quarterly. \$2.00 year.
- Haiku Highlights and Other Short Poems*. Jean Calkins,  
ed. P. O. Box 15, Kanona, N. Y. 14856. Monthly,  
except August and September. \$2.50 year.
- Haiku West*. Leroy Kanterman, ed. 111-15 75th Ave.,  
Forest Hills, N. Y. 11375. Semi-annual. \$2.00 year.
- Sonnet Cinquain Tanka Haiku*. Rhoda de Long Jewell,  
ed. El Rito, N. M. 87530. Quarterly. \$1.00 year.
- The Blue Print*. Marion M. Poe and Ray E. Buckingham,  
eds. 849 Elm St., Groveport, Ohio 43125. Quarterly.  
40c year.

# AMERICAN HAIKU

## - - - Invites Manuscripts

Manuscripts to be considered for publication and awards in *American Haiku* may be accepted from individual subscribers only; they must be original and previously unpublished. Haiku should be typed one to a page and accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelope. *American Haiku* makes *monthly* subscriber-haiku awards: one \$10 award each month of the year, for the best single haiku submitted during that month. Subscription does not guarantee publication or awards. However, consideration for publication and awards is contingent upon current subscription. All new subscriptions begin with the issue current at the time of subscription, unless the subscriber stipulates otherwise, and all one-year subscriptions end with the publication of the second issue following. Whereas a calendar year consists of 365 days, a subscription year consists of three issues.

*American Haiku*  
Box 73  
Platteville, Wisconsin  
53818

*Subscriptions:*  
\$4.50 Yearly—U. S. and  
Canada  
\$6.00 Yearly—Foreign

---

### In Our Next Issue

"*Study of Season in American Haiku: Part Two*"—names of original respondents; list of authors of coded haiku; national collation of all votes obtained in original study. *Special Feature*—haiku by members of Los Altos Writers Roundtable, the authors of *Borrowed Water*; the most active circle of English-language haiku poets.

*American Haiku*  
6.1, 1968

PDF edition by  
Randy & Shirley Brooks

Copyright © 2018 Gayle Bull



The Foundry Books  
105 Commerce St.  
Mineral Point, WI 53565

[info@foundrybooks.com](mailto:info@foundrybooks.com)

Brooks Books  
6 Madera Court  
Taylorville, IL 62568

[www.brooksbookshaiku.com](http://www.brooksbookshaiku.com)  
[brooksbooks@gmail.com](mailto:brooksbooks@gmail.com)