

AMERICAN HAIKU

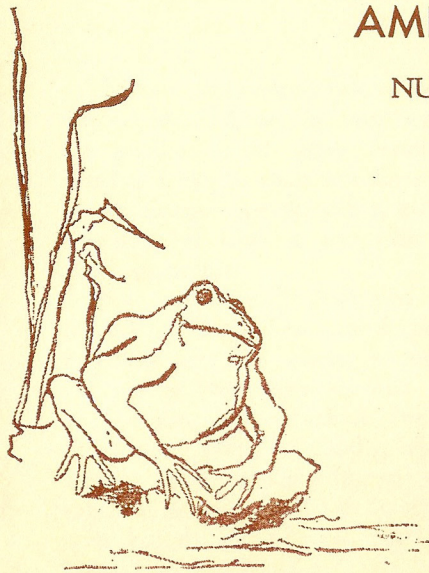


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AMERICAN HAIKU

NUMBER 2

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Haiku and Senryu

By

Clement Hoyt

The fortuitous appearance of AMERICAN HAIKU, on the one hand, and the publication of many verses designated as haiku in more and more general poetry journals, on the other, make consideration of what is and what is not haiku important.

Most writers in English who attempt the haiku for the first time do not write haiku at all, but senryu or miniature variants of the tanka or uta. They commit these errors because they follow the general Western tradition and think Beauty, conventional loftiness of sentiment, classical comedy or tragedy the only criteria of all real poetry. The

Japanese tanka, which *can* be used to express Beauty and Nobility in their Western senses, is identical in structure to both haiku and senryu in its first three lines but has two additional lines—thus, many so-called haiku in English are simply tanka minus the last two lines. The uta—a *kind* of poetry, an ode or lyric not necessarily restricted to a given form—like our own odes and lyrics, can also be used to express the same Western conventions noted above. Consequently, many so-called English language haiku are miniature uta—odes or lyrics, but not haiku. Although an exploration of pseudo tanka and uta masquerading as

English language haiku would undoubtedly prove profitable, my immediate concern is the difference between haiku and senryu—both *legitimate*, long-established forms with superficial external similarities but enormous internal differences—the distinction between which should be made by our editors and poets if we are to develop an American haiku. (Of course, there is no reason why we should not develop an American senryu, as well.)

Nearly all readers of AMERICAN HAIKU know the traditional structural norm of the haiku was (originally in Japanese) an untitled *one line* poem written *vertically* and divided, by cut-words in lieu of punctuation, into three parts consisting of five, seven and five syllables respectively and signed with a

very short pen name. Since this structurally was impossible in English, it was written in three horizontal *lines* of five, seven and five syllables respectively and punctuated.

Perhaps not so many AMERICAN HAIKU readers know a Senryu (pronounced 'Seng You') was and is structurally identical to the haiku—in Japanese as well as in English—and that although their externals may be the same, their great and definite differences lie *inside* the two forms. (Those interested in historical background should consult HAIKAI AND HAIKU by Sanki Ichikawa and SENRYU: JAPANESE SATIRICAL VERSE by R. H. Blyth.)

The haiku must express any of the following limited fields: either the ineffably

graceful or a delicately wry Universal humor; intrinsic solitariness; Universal subjectivity; simplicity or easy austerity; effortless dignity or a quiet elegance (NOT Beauty!) It should include indication of season as well. Further, the haiku is intuitive, *not* intellectual, and is never humanly cruel. Still further, it is an 'open' poem through which the reader moves to a center in the Universe, and two of its inward elements should contrast provocatively for its *effect—not its point*.

The senryu is the opposite. But since it shares two restrictions with the haiku, let us begin with them. First, neither haiku nor senryu are concerned with Beauty as such; second, neither haiku nor senryu are ever 'preachy' in that lamen-

table manner so dearly loved by "haiku versifiers" in English. There, except for superficial structure, the resemblance of the senryu to the haiku ends.

The senryu is 'closed' because *intellectual* (and therefore possibly as cruel as the writer wishes). It welcomes all which the haiku rigidly excludes (save Beauty and 'preachiness', which both haiku and senryu reject). It can be epigrammatic, satirical and even satirical if the writer desires, to the point that would equate with doggerel in English. It requires no seasonal indication and relies on *a point of wit* instead of provocation by contrast, as does the haiku. The center of the senryu is not some distance-veiled ineffable, but is man's mind, with which he fought his way down from the trees, out

of the caves, across the millenniums to the gate of the moon and stars—or extinction!

In my opinion both haiku and senryu can be found in AMERICAN HAIKU #1. Examples follow.

The first poem is haiku:

Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry
is the shape of its beak.

—J. W. Hackett.

It is a variant since its second line has three instead of seven syllables and its third line six instead of five, but it is haiku. It is 'open', intuitive and the center is 'way out there.'

Page thirteen has a senryu variant; upper echelon and very nearly borderline haiku:

Father is an old man now.

Never before

did he seem that way to me.

—Madeleine F. Bennett.

This poet has a haiku variant on the same page:

The attic —

a dusty tricycle.

My child

has children of his own.

—Madeleine F. Bennett.

In the senryu, her father suddenly got old—in her head—not suddenly in the phenomenal world. She sings of a human foible, not a biological fact. In the haiku, the tricycle and the heartbreak of all the abandoned (the attic) is the poem's center. The poet is not really in this attic, is in truth if not in fact far

away with her child and his children.
Besides, the tricycle hit her in the heart,
not the head.

Another example of an American poet
writing both senryu and haiku is on page
twenty of AMERICAN HAIKU #1.
Senryu variant:

Into the bright pan
of my new day —
rancid bacon.

—Harvey Firari.

Haiku, traditional:

In the cold and snow
my dog awaits the coming
of spring and maggots.

—Harvey Firari.

The senryu is wittily concerned with Har-
vey Firari alone, the bright pan of *his*

new day and his rancid bacon. It is in-
tellectual. But Firari is not in the haiku
at all. His dog is; yet cold, snow and
the dreadful life-yearning for those awful
Siamese twins, warm Beauty and cold,
decaying Death, is in it much more. But
notice that neither Spring (Beauty) nor
Death are really in it—only the *yearning*
for them is,—the Universally subjective
and the terribly alone. This is haiku.

Still another example of a poet writing
both senryu and haiku is on page twenty-
seven of AMERICAN HAIKU #1.

Senryu:

How sadly this hand
builds the could-have-been castles
in memory sand.

—Zelda Crocker Griffin.

Haiku:

Sorrow in her face
looking at the water lilies
floating in one place.
—Zelda Crocker Griffin.

As indicated earlier, I do not want the reader to think that I *object* to senryu. On the contrary, I am fond of the form. Perhaps my fondness for senryu is due in part to my objection to the fact that Americans seem to feel an unjustified superiority of "poetry" over "verse." Verse can be anything from a creation of very high aesthetic value on down to and including foolishness. Poetry cannot be foolishness. I make this statement because another difference between haiku and senryu is that haiku nearly always is

poetry and senryu almost never is, is instead verse, *but can be poetry*. For example, a quatrain in English can be poetry, verse, mere rhyme or doggerel. The determining factor is the content. A quatrain that is poetry has met many more *requirements* than one that is verse, however excellent. This is true of the difference between haiku and senryu.

Many of the great Japanese haiku masters wrote some compositions that learned Japanese scholars and critics designate as senryu. The ones I find most appealing personally are those riding right down the line between haiku (poetry) and senryu (verse), that are haiku if read one way and senryu if read another. Here the *whole* field is most nearly approximated.

Since senryu is verse from the human point of view, or with the poet as the fulcrum or center, the writer who feels superior to senryu (verse) is implying superiority to the human point of view. (Remember, a haiku is *not* logical!) To be lofty about senryu is to condemn a form because it *includes* intellectuality and the humane, and that is a poor reason to be lofty. Simply because poetry (or haiku) *must* contain certain limiting qualities and exclude many others is no reason to condemn verse (senryu) that does not. We have poetry and verse in English. Why not haiku and senryu?

To sum up, senryu can be almost anything except what many American writers call haiku and what are neither haiku nor

senryu. Like the haiku the senryu is never the vehicle for Pure Beauty, Truth with a capital T, Love, Righteousness or Justice. Unlike the haiku, these appear, if and when, in the senryu only as by-products of wit, satire or even parody. I do not mean to be cynical about Beauty, Truth, Love, Righteousness and Justice; however, small fragments of free verse (or rhyme) *about* these subjects are never haiku, and neither are they senryu—whatever else they may be. As stated previously, such subjects are treated by the Japanese in tanka and the freer forms of uta. If Americans want to write (and editors publish) such very short verses, why not call them uta or odettes, odettinos, lesser tanka or tankita in English? Names, like haiku and senryu, may not

be overwhelmingly important in themselves, but inaccuracies about the meanings can lead to a weakening of the forms—and that is important. Haiku is a specific discipline, and must remain

haiku. If poets, editors and readers keep the proper distinctions in mind, we will stay on the road to superior *native* forms, such as those which have begun to appear in AMERICAN HAIKU.

* * * * *

• Editors' Note: Clement Hoyt says of his essay, "I did not discuss rhyme or its absence in haiku, which is merely personal preference. My authorities are Nyogen Senzaki, who taught me the haiku, Harold G. Henderson, Kenneth Yasuda, S. Ichikawa and associates, and R. H. Blyth. The ideas in this article are either Senzaki's or my interpretation of the basic opinions of the other authorities. The serious writer must go to these sources for deeper understanding and/or his own interpretation."

A bibliography showing where the works of these authorities may be obtained is appended to this issue. The reader is also urged to read the first four poems published under Clement Hoyt's pen name, Tohko, which are purer examples of senryu than any published in #1.

Index

Author	Pages	Author	Pages
Scott Alexander	13	H. Bernard Goldberg.....	19
Nash Basom	13	R. H. Grenville.....	19, 20
Anthony Beliajeff	13	Louise D. Gunn.....	20
Madeleine F. Bennett.....	13	J. W. Hackett.....	20, 21, 22
Peter Brennan	14	John S. Haney.....	22, 23
Charline Hayes Brown.....	14	Robert Davis Harris, Jr.....	23
Sam Bryan	14	Clement Hoyt	1-8
Melvin Buffington	15	Douglas Jory	24
Maude Ludington Cain.....	15	A. E. Judd	25
Edwin Case	15	Walter H. Kerr.....	26
Alfred L. Creager.....	16	Gustave Keyser	26
Robert O. Dodsworth.....	12, 16, 17	Gertrude Knox	26
Cornelia P. Draves	17	Emeline Ennis Kotula.....	27
Pauline Fehn	17	Elizabeth Searle Lamb.....	27
Larry Gates	17, 18, 19	Edna Meudt	27, 28
John J. Gill.....	19	Sharon Nelton	28

Index

Author	Pages	Author	Pages
Leonard Opalov	28	Jack Swenson	37, 38
Warren F. O'Rourke 12, 29, 30, 31, 32		Tohko	38, 39, 40, 41
June Pearson	32	Nicholas A. Virgilio 11, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45	
Thomas Rountree	33	Marilyn R. Warner.....	45
Ethel Green Russell.....	33	James E. Warren, Jr.....	45
Ruth Schellin	33	Joyce W. Webb.....	46
Charles Shaw	33	Mary lou Wells.....	46, 47
Earl Slavitt	34	Patricia Williams	47
Marjorie Bertram Smith.....	34	Milton Wirtz	47
Pauline R. Smith.....	34	Anna Nash Yarbrough.....	47
O M B Southard.....	35, 36	Grace D. Yerbury.....	48
Keith Spellum	37	Virginia Brady Young.....	48
Robert C. Spiess.....	37		

Awards

The editors are pleased to present the following three haiku, which we have judged to be the best entries in competition of original haiku in English—as entered in the contest held by AMERICAN HAIKU and ending August 30, 1963. The cash awards were \$35.00, \$15.00, and \$5.00 for first, second and third.

First

Lily:

out of the water . . .

out of itself.

—Nicholas Virgilio.

Second

... toc ...
the old tree sighs
... toc-toc ...
at the new woodpecker
... toc-toc ...
this spring

Warren F. O'Rourke.

Third

Seashell
and seashore ...
one inside the other.

—Robert O. Dodsworth.

A floating white gull
suddenly dives out of sight.
How the sky expands.

—Scott Alexander.

Creak of old floor boards
from above—dust dry voices
sift into my hair.

—Nash Basom.



The geese are calling
their plaintive cry . . . are beating
their wings upon the sky.

—Anthony Beliajeff.

Good morning Mr. Fly!
did you sleep well there—
on the window ledge?

—Madeleine F. Bennett.

Night

stretching ragged into day—
the wet hair across your pale shoulder.

—Peter Brennan.

Beneath the high moon
a waving line of teal:

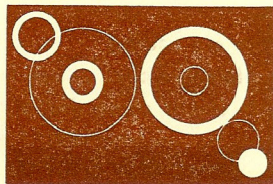
August twilight soon.

—Charline Hayes Brown.



Red-wing chants his song
high on a tossing cat-tail —
spring wind replying.

—Sam Bryan.



Bluejay —
take all the cherries
but stay awhile.

—Melvin Buffington.

In the night—
mating of the coyote
and the silver moon.

—Melvin Buffington.



All day the snow played
over sooty roofs and one
small grave—newly made.

—Maude Ludington Cain.

A Man's scream of pain—
a thousand chalksticks grating on
a thousand blackboards.

—Edwin Case.

Tuft of fur
where the hawk struck—
nothing more.

—Alfred L. Creager.

Someone thought
to open the door . . .
fresh spring rain.

—Robert O. Dodsworth.



Waiting
patiently . . .
old rain barrel.

—Robert O. Dodsworth.



Two seasons
just wings apart . . .
late summer caterpillars.

—Robert O. Dodsworth.

Khakis on the line
stiffening in the cold . . .
crows overhead.

—Cornelia P. Draves.



The birds are leaving.
Even ducks have found the night
has frosty edges.

—Pauline Fehn.

A fountain tree
showers the station wagon
with spinning maple seeds.

—Larry Gates.

If bloodroot petals fall
at so slight a breeze
why do they bloom at all?

—Larry Gates.

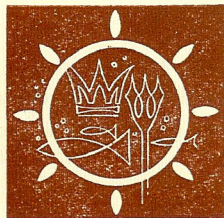
Wind-tossed leaves hit the window:
summer has a death-rattle
in its throat.

—Larry Gates.



I've got a toad
called Sancho . . . he thinks
the stars are fireflies.

—Larry Gates.



Snow skids across the ice
and even my little boat
is full of snow.

—Larry Gates.

A moment by the window
now is enough.
Leaves slowly force
the cherry tree.

—John J. Gill.



Dear father!
Each time I see the mountain,
Each time I see white height.

—H. Bernard Goldberg.

The homeless wind,
passing a poor man's roof-thatch, steals
a few thin shreds.

—R. H. Grenville.

A tiger's eye
peers from heaven and my shadow runs
close to my heel.

—R. H. Grenville.

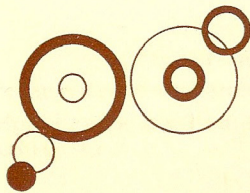
Month of November . . .
a gray cesura between
cricket-green and snow-white wind.

—Louise D. Gunn.



The last of winter
melting into a mountain lake:
this morning's moon.

—J. W. Hackett.



Look there, where my stone
broke the pool of petals—
the moon, and more!

—J. W. Hackett.

Left by the tide
within this shallow pool:
a frantic minnow.

—J. W. Hackett.



Sly black butterfly—
your stunts always end
on a marigold!

—J. W. Hackett.

Through each sunlit leaf
on this vine: the shadowy form
of one behind.

—J. W. Hackett.

A long line of web
loose at both ends
riding the summer breeze.

—J. W. Hackett.

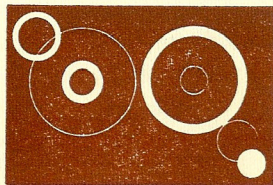
Drifting whitely
over a deserted beach . . .
the sound of surf.

—J. W. Hackett.



The moon
slowly pursuing the shadows
westward —
overtaking them.

—John S. Haney.



. . . and I,
feeling so near to them—
so far away —
the flock of wild geese.

—John S. Haney.

The gathering clouds—
now gone . . . gone are the stars
that fell into the sea.

—John S. Haney.



. . . and the acorn, too,
dreaming of falling;
waking up before the plop?

—John S. Haney.

Hear my wind chime—
someone on the porch
is stirring iced tea!

—Robert Davis Harris, Jr.

Between the rocks—
an angry sparrow and its
insect protege.

—Douglas Jory.

The church bell is
silent. Half a sound would
be too much tonight.

—Douglas Jory.



A year,
two
and this shadow
has dissolved into a third.

—Douglas Jory.



Eagerly at evening,
far ahead of me,
my shadow races home.

—A. E. Judd.

Shriveled ocatillo,
pointing at the sun
with burned fingers.

—A. E. Judd.



Suddenly aware,
leaves which lately graced our trees,
now no longer there.

—A. E. Judd.

While gathering the leaves of fall,
today we heard
a nuthatch call.

—A. E. Judd.

Morning-glories banned?
Can it be true that I hold
darkness in my hand?

—Walter H. Kerr.

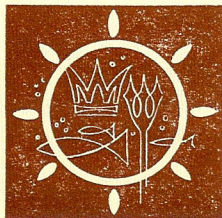
The flat stone I shy
goes zip skipping on the pond
playing dragonfly.

—Gustave Keyser.



Today one wee owl
practices for future hoots—
in strange monotone.

—Gertrude Knox.



White dandelions
that yesterday were yellow, —
I pass, holding my breath.

—Emeline Ennis Kotula.

For whose wake
do the steel girders keen
above the Chesapeake?

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb.



In pine woods the sparrow's song
is pitched too low —
only the pine tree sings.

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb.

Autumn signs itself
in groundfog and weedstalks
spun with gossamer.

—Edna Meudt.

Birdsong and west wind
wakened me while rinsing
away the winter.

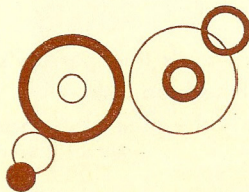
—Edna Meudt.

Through the cold, steel fence
my boy's tiny fingers clutch
our neighbor's daisies.

—Sharon Nelton.

Winter and childhood
and endless silvery snow
in a far-off land.

—Leonard Opalov.



In the fog, a bell—
one single tone reaches out
from many places.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

On a still green pond,
a water bug . . . toe-to-toe,
dancing with himself.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.



After the rain stops,
bees return to their work—
flowers full of water!

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

Dark shadow racing
underneath my boat, then up—
a manta ray!

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

Walking in the field—
a bush explodes into
a thousand parts . . . quail.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

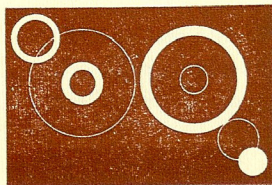
The amusement park—
strangely shaped moons are setting
at the mirror house.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.



Under a wet tree,
a lone cricket is counting
all the falling drops.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.



In cotton country,
one stone statue with rifle
guarding the town square.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

Before the wind,
the last brown leaf flutters down . . .
the last bird flies away.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.



Two geese are flying.
They are so close, that at first . . .
they seem only one.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

The back-yard rope swing—
swinging in the morning sun . . .
the wind.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

By an old sea fort . . .
grey autumn surf recalling
cannons roaring then.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

In the night, a horn—
its notes are blurred and streaked
by lightly falling rain.

—Warren F. O'Rourke.

Swallows on wires—
the elm tree tinged with yellow
odor of fires.

—June Pearson.



Night: a dropping pear
starts the leaves to tossing stars
in the foreground there.

—Thomas Rountree.

Where the waters thin
on one foot the blue heron stands
watching dusk come in.

—Ethel Green Russell.



In the night the wind
undressed the plum tree that was
a bride yesterday.

—Ruth Schellin.

All day, silently,
minutes crawl over the grass—
not even ticking.

—Charles Shaw.

Tomorrow is Groundhog's Day . . .
think I'll come out of myself
and look around.

—Earl Slavitt.

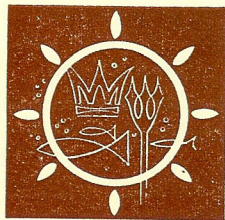
A robin inspects
a bird-bath filled with fresh water—
then splashes it out.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith.



The owl in the tree,
hooting softly at pink dawn,
awakens me.

—Pauline R. Smith.



Upon the fence-rail
he lights, knocking off some snow—
a common sparrow.

—O M B Southard.

This misty morning—
adrift on the high water
an empty canoe.

—O M B Southard.



In the pool, the bush
drips—and disappears; does not
drip—and there it is!

—O M B Southard.

Into the plum-tree,
moonlight; and out—the first notes
of the mockingbird!

—O M B Southard.

Paper, with nothing
written; through the open door
the sunlit meadow.

—O M B Southard.

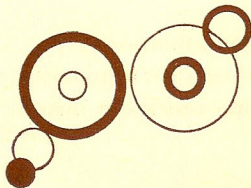
Outside, in the dusk,
a wild apple falls; the bound
of a startled deer.

—O M B Southard.



Through the bare poplar
the rain pours down—on the heads
of the perching crows.

—O M B Southard.



The last leaf falls —
on leaves that fell
on brown leaves.

—Keith Spellum.

O marvelous crow —
electing to light upon
the lake's level snow.

—Robert C. Spiess.



The year's last sunset!
Watching it, I think only,
"The year's last sunset."

—Robert C. Spiess.

Will the ducks come soon?
In the east there is the sun—
in the west, the moon.

—Jack Swenson.

Legs no longer strong,
the beggar supports himself
—with a marching song!

—Jack Swenson.

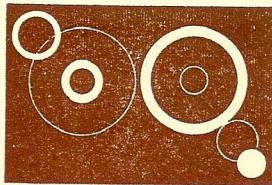
The big cathedral,
hogging the summer Heavens,
gives God 'the finger.'

—Tohko.



His wit repeated,—
as though it were the speaker's,—
has made the wag frown.

—Tohko.



While the guests order,
the table cloth hides his hands—
counting his money.

—Tohko.

The pretty matron,
sure she is pregnant again,
smashes potted plants.

—Tohko.



All three have been bent:
the moon, the bend of bare tree;
then, backward-bent me.

—Tohko.

A Hallowe'en mask,
floating face up in the ditch,
slowly shakes its head.

—Tohko.

Those camellias,
grown by the town embalmer,
won the prize again.

—Tohko.

In that lightning flash,—
through the night rain—I saw it!
. . . whatever it was.

—Tohko.



Down from the bridge rail,
floating from under the bridge,
strangers exchange stares.

—Tohko.



In the mud puddle
disfiguring my back yard
lives a small, shy moon.

—Tohko.

Perched on the mast
that leans out of the water,
gulls watch ships depart.

—Tohko.



The deranged boy
stops babbling:
cicada.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

Between drops
of holy water on the casket—
spring rain.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

Mother,
with a cake that failed,
gave the birds a treat!

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

STORMY BLACK NIGHT at bay—
LighTsgReEnliGHtsLighTSRED
yelloWliGhtSwhite city.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.



The cloudburst
excites colliding worlds,
asleep in a pool!

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.



It's Spring . . .

even the toothpicks
are stuck together!

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

Not even a wisp

of breeze from a twirling
maple seed: this hot, May day.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.



Pulling

the boat ashore—
leaving the moon afloat.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

Bass

picking bugs
off the moon!

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

The smell of straw
in building bricks:
summer storm!

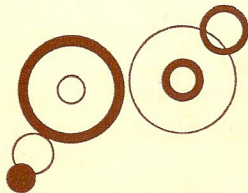
—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

Stupid scarecrow . . .
holding the berry bucket
for the thief!

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

Shattered autumn moon
through linden trees—
mended by a breeze.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.



Scarecrow-magician . . .
out of his coat . . .
a bat!

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.

The white butterfly
plays at solving
the blackberry maze.

—Nicholas A. Virgilio.



Alone—no matter . . .
I watch for the buds to swell
while blossoms shatter.

—Marilyn R. Warner.

In the gutter lay
the moon. There was too much wine
in the rain today.

—James E. Warren, Jr.

Twilight has fallen,
but these wet matches
cannot light the lamp.

—Joyce W. Webb.

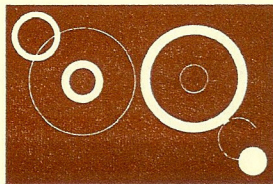
All across the hillside
dandelions
roaring in the spring.

—Mary lou Wells.



The Bob-White whistles;
he's hiding in the hay field
among the thistles—.

—Mary lou Wells.



I must separate
my crocus bulbs; they bloomed
in wads this year.

—Mary lou Wells.

Overheard one sultry night:
a cornfield stretching upward
for a breath of air.

—Patricia Williams.



Winter hates to go.
Are dogwood petals falling
just to mock the snow?

—Milton Wirtz.

Today, my birthday,
I suddenly realized
father died quite young!

—Anna Nash Yarbrough.

Lightning fencing
with an invisible foe:
midnight at equinox.

—Grace D. Yerbury.

In a dry season
she moved away, leaving her
parched ailanthus tree.

—Virginia Brady Young.



Books Received . . .

THE GATHERING WAVE. Alvaro Cardona-Hine. (Alan Swallow: Denver, 1961, \$.75).

In THE GATHERING WAVE, Alvaro Cardona-Hine not only insists upon 5-7-5 but maintains that "Other than that, the poem must qualify as the serene fusion of disparate elements." Thus, "The soil is so black/ and the leaf so very green/ that the bloom is red." In spite of the "disparate elements" nonsense above, Cardona-Hine is capable of good haiku: "Forcing the bamboo/ to throw them in the water/ the naked schoolboys." All things considered, the reader might find THE GATHERING WAVE as interesting for its haiga-like brush drawings as for its haiku-like poems.

JAPANESE - AMERICAN HAIKU

TOURNAMENTS. Harry A. Brandt. (Vantage Press: New York, 1960, \$2.50).

The imagined tournaments between three Japanese and three Americans display mostly modified haiku for weaponry. Purpose of the dialogues? To explore differences of Orient and Occident. Conclusion? All men adore at beauty's shrine. Preoccupation with Beauty leads to questionable haiku—so does use of haiku for transition or for comparison of philosophy's abstractions. Both contradict what haiku is. But Brandt strikes sparks; Basho has lines that do the master no discredit: "The night hung moon . . ./lengthens all dark shadows/ until they frighten us."

FOREVER, NEVER. Amy K. Blank. (Privately Printed, Cincinnati, 1963).

An unfortunate mistake.

A Bookshelf For the Haiku Poet and Reader . . .

Ankenbrand, Frank, Jr. PLUM BLOSSOM SCROLLS. Windward Press: Audubon, N. J., 1962. (Available through AMERICAN HAIKU at \$2.65).

Blyth, R. H. HAIKU. 4 vols. Hokuseido Press: Tokyo, 1949-1952. (Available through Japan Publications Trading Co., 11 Center St., Rutland, Vermont at \$4.25 per volume).

Blyth, R. H. SENRYU: JAPANESE SATIRICAL VERSE. Hokuseido Press: Tokyo, 1960. (Available through Japan Publications Trading Co. Inquire price).

Hackett, J. W. HAIKU POETRY. Hokuseido Press: Tokyo, 1963. (Available through AMERICAN HAIKU at \$1.35).

Henderson, Harold G. AN INTRODUCTION TO HAIKU. Doubleday Anchor: Garden City, N. Y., 1958. (Available through Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. at \$1.45).

Ichikawa, Sanki, ed. HAIKAI AND HAIKU. Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkokai (Japan Society for the Promotion of Science): Tokyo, 1958. (Available through Japan Publications Trading Co. Inquire price).

Yasuda, Kenneth, THE JAPANESE HAIKU: ITS ESSENTIAL NATURE, HISTORY, AND POSSIBILITIES IN ENGLISH, WITH SELECTED EXAMPLES. Tuttle: Rutland, Vermont, 1956. (Available through Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. Rutland, Vermont at \$5.00).

Now Available . . .

Books by our Award-Winning Haiku Poets

Ankenbrand, Frank, Jr. PLUM BLOSSOM SCROLLS. Printed by Windward Press, 1962.

One of the three award-winning poets in AMERICAN HAIKU #1, Ankenbrand is offering haiku readers a collection of thematically-linked haiku. This small volume is most artistically designed, printed on leaf tracery paper. The experimental and traditional uses of haiku in this book caused reviewer Ross Hicks to exclaim that "This book is Ankenbrand's haiku at its finest, revealing in the 5-7-5 syllabled pattern an impact of imagery unique in depth, logic, and beauty." Only 275 copies are still available of this printing. Hardcover, \$2.65. Order from and address checks to AMERICAN HAIKU, Box 73, Platteville, Wisconsin.

Hackett, J. W. HAIKU POETRY. Printed by Hokuseido Press, Tokyo, 1963.

Hackett's haiku "Searching on the wind/ the hawk's cry/ is the shape of its beak" was judged the best haiku by an American in #1. His wide representation in that issue (and this) establishes him as one of the foremost practitioner-authorities on haiku in English. HAIKU POETRY contains a preface, 150 haiku, and an appendix containing an essay by Hackett and suggestions on the writing of haiku. Coming from this author, either the poetry or the comments singly would make the book necessary reading to anyone seriously interested in haiku in English. Paperback, \$1.35. Order from and address checks to AMERICAN HAIKU, Box 73, Platteville, Wisconsin.

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