
ESSAYS

HOAXES IN HAIKU¹

Charles Trumbull

In January 1970 there burst onto the haiku scene a new name and an exciting new concept in haiku. The name was Tao-Li. No one had ever heard of this person until four of the poet's haiku won prizes in a contest by Eric Amann's Toronto-based journal *Haiku* on the topic "first day of snow." Within months, six more of Tao-Li's haiku had won \$100 in prizes in the *Windless Orchard* haiku contest out of the Purdue University campus in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Amazement deepened when the following year, in 1971, a full-length collection, *The Haiku of Tao-Li*, was published.

Just as astonishing as the sudden emergence of a major haiku force were Tao-Li's haiku, which were written in a style not seen before, a form that shook the English-language haiku world of the 1970s and sparked heated debate. These haiku were written in three vertical columns, and the word rather than the syllable was used as the metric unit. Examine Tao-Li's first four prizewinning haiku (*Haiku of Tao-Li*, 9–12) as examples:

Snow	the	looms
on	white	in
the	head	the
mountain	of	mirror
	Tao-Li	

¹This paper was delivered as the William J. Higginson Memorial Lecture at Haiku North America 2013 in Long Beach, Calif., Aug. 16, 2013.

Head	with	the
and	droppings	scarecrow's
shoulders	of	first
white	a	snow
	strange	
	bird	

First	now	of
day	down	the
of	come	pear
snow	the	tree
	leaves	

One	this	part
small	first	of
new	snowfall	the
grave		silence

Michael McClintock, then assistant editor of *Haiku Highlights*, was the first to call attention to Tao-Li's innovations in a two-page article in his series on English and American haiku poets in that journal (May–June 1971). He opened as follows:

Tao-Li's distinct, semi-vertical haiku form is more than novelty—it is an innovation of significance worth study and consideration. While his idea of making the word itself the basic governing unit of English language haiku is not wholly new, and may not save some of us from the mania of finger-counting, it is nevertheless a development of importance, part of that growing movement toward liberation from the 17-syllable, 5–7–5, three-line dogma that has for so long, through so few with so little talent, inhibited the development of the genre.

McClintock then pointed out that Tao-Li had not entirely abandoned structure. The first and third columns of his haiku contained an equal number of words, while the center grouping could be either shorter or longer but normally served as the focal point of the haiku. “His poems commonly move from the imagery of generality, which establishes the context, and toward the imagery of the particular, which provides the impact of the perception. The transition is achieved most often through the flexibility of the middle group.” McClintock also pointed out Tao-Li’s subtle humor, his willingness to refer to himself by name in the text, and his understanding of “the fundamental polarity of the objective-subjective modes, a polarity of contraries that can only be reconciled by accepting the necessity of both” (6). In “A Letter of Interest,” included in *The Haiku of Tao-Li*, McClintock enthused, “Your haiku are consistently among the best being written” (19).

Other critics agreed. Helen Stiles Chenoweth, who reviewed the book for *Modern Haiku*, was fulsome in her praise of the collection and presented six of Tao-Li’s haiku from the collection, each of which exemplified one of a set of principles for American haiku as laid out by pioneer editor Clement Hoyt: “(1) graceful delicately wry humor; (2) objectivity; (3) simplicity with an easy austerity; (4) dignity and elegance that are never beauty as such; (5) intuitive and never humanly cruel or vulgar; (6) two elements contrasted for *effect* of haiku, not its point” (Chenoweth 40–41).

Controversy erupted. “One [editor] commended the innovation in form as ‘structurally sound and remarkably effective.’ But another refused to publish Tao-Li’s work unless ‘you are convinced of the superciliousness of this vertical business’” (Hunt 7).

Who was this new haiku poet? Tao-Li was nothing if not enigmatic; if this poet had become prominent in our time, four decades later, he might have been “profiled” as the “Inscrutable Oriental.” Bibliographic data were scarce. It was universally agreed that Tao-Li was male, though this was never stated anywhere by the poet. Nor was his ethnic origin clear, but he was assumed to be Chinese. That he was elderly emerged from his haiku, in which he often made reference to his increasing years.

McClintock, on the basis of his correspondence with Tao-Li, provided some rudimentary information:

Retired, Mr. Tao-Li maintains his permanent residence at Edgewater, Florida. However, as the birds return to the north for the spring and summer, Tao-Li, following the birds, spends the sun-warmed tide of the year at the Tea Lane Nursery, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts." (6)

That Tao-Li was an affable person was evident both from his haiku, which manifested a gentle humor typical of the Japanese masters, as well as from the few public statements on record. In the introduction to his book, Tao-Li explains his take on haiku in his charming, typically self-deprecating version of English:

This person humbly proposes these lines, said to be poems. Also said to be haiku.

Many persons write poems which are not haiku. Haiku poem must be true to haiku tradition of discipline, which say three lines, each of a certain length. Other Japanese poems, such as tanka and imayu, require other disciplines.

Haiku discipline poems which you see before you are my way of combining the Japanese form with the American form. Please to note: lines one and three have here the same number of words: line two is either shorter or longer. This I think is pleasing pattern to both ear and eye.

What delicious pleasure Evelyn Tooley Hunt,² a popular and well-regarded haiku poet, must have enjoyed when, in "Meet the Scarecrow," published in *Modern Haiku* in autumn 1974, she revealed that "Tao-Li is neither Japanese nor Chinese; he is American. I can tell you that he is

² Evelyn Tooley Hunt (1904–1997) was a pioneering haiku poet from Eden, N.Y., later retiring to Edgewater, Fla. Her first haiku appeared in a collection published by Tuttle, *Japan: Theme and Variations*, in 1959, and her work was featured in the earliest issues of *American Haiku* and *Modern Haiku* as well as other journals of the time. An interesting aside: a poem of Hunt's, "Taught Me Purple," published in *Negro Digest* (February 1964), was the inspiration for the title of Alice Walker's Pulitzer-Prize-winning novel and the later hit movie, *The Color Purple*.

not really old, unless seventy is old. And I can tell you he is not a man, either; he is a woman!" Tao-Li did not really exist. She had invented him!

Hunt went on to say that taking an Oriental nom de plume was not unusual—many haiku poets, both Japanese and American, had done so. Hunt enjoyed twisting her maiden name from "Tooley" into "Tao-Li" and said she "meant the image of the *Tao* to be my *Way* of responding to a challenge." She reveled in the comment of a poetry instructor of hers, "You know, don't you, that Tao-Li writes much better haiku than Evelyn Hunt."

Associate Editor Gustave Keyser wrote an editorial in the next issue of *Modern Haiku*, which reported in part:

It would seem that the disclosure of Tao-Li's true identity stirred up something of a tempest. Judging from comments received, the general reaction was utter surprise and shock. Apparently no one had suspected that this kindly old gentleman was only a fiction. A few had felt there was something of a put-on in the Charlie Chan style of his letter and prose, but that it was Tao-Li himself who was doing the put-on, with a twinkle. Reactions to his unmasking ranged through indignation and dismay to good-natured delight. One outraged respondent charged (only half in jest), "It's murder!" The truth of Tao-Li's identity had been cleverly concealed. Evelyn Tooley Hunt had given no hint to anyone, and her article of revelation stunned the editors of *Modern Haiku*. Surely the most succinct and witty reaction was Michael McClintock's two word note to Mrs. Hunt, which said simply and pointedly, "You rascal!"

Literary pranks aside, as controversial as Tao-Li's three-column style was, only a few other haiku poets picked it up. The best known haikuists to experiment with it were Larry Gates and Janice Bostok. Though work signed by Tao-Li continued to appear in *Frogpond* and *Modern Haiku* through 1985, other poets had largely abandoned the form by the late 1970s. That's a shame, I think, because there is much positive than can be said about the Tao-Li style. One might look for its influence, for example, in the poetry of later haikuists who chose to array their works

in vertical columns such as Raymond Roseliep, Patrick Frank, and John Martone, or in Lee Gurga's recent cruciform haiku.

Misdirection, jokes, and hoaxes are rife in literature everywhere, of course. Authors often write under pen names for a variety of reasons; think of the recent exposé of J. K. Rowling's writing a mystery novel under the name Robert Galbraith. Think of how many haiku poets Japanese and Western, who write under *haigo*, or haiku names. Think of the issues of Philip Roland's journal *NOON* in which the authors' names were suppressed and listed only at the end, or Scott Metz's occasional addendum to the Web journal *Roadrunner*, titled *Masks*, which publishes materials solely under noms de plume.

Wholesale hoaxes in literature are not at all rare; the *Wikipedia* index of what they call "literary forgeries," for example, lists more than 100 cases. The world of haiku has not been immune from these hijinks, and I'd like to call attention to two other hoaxes over the years, the first already widely celebrated and certain, the second only now brought to light.

The first is the case of Japanese poet Araki Yasusada. According to his translators, he was a writer born in Kyoto in 1907. He attracted special interest because he was a Hiroshima survivor who lost two family members in the blast. He died of cancer in 1972. Though he was supposed to have known many Japanese and international writers and critics (he was a specialist in English and French literature), including such *haijin* as Seisensui, Santōka, and Hōsai, his own writings were kept very private. Yasusada's diaries were discovered after his death, in 1980, by his son and translated by one Tosa Motokiyu and two other Japanese.

At this point the provenance of the Yasusada notebooks becomes murky, but the works were co-edited in the United States by Prof. Kent Johnson and his former college roommate, the Mexican Javier Álvarez, and began to be published in various American literary publications in 1991. In 1996 the *American Poetry Review* and other prestigious American journals published large selections of Araki Yasusada's poems.³

³ Kent Johnson is an instructor of English and Spanish at Highland Community

The Yasusada story, which fascinated the American journal editors, began to come apart in the mid-1990s as critics, most notably Emily Nussbaum and Marjorie Perloff, scrutinized Yasusada's biographical details and examined his texts closely. They found numerous discrepancies, ranging from the basic, such as the poet's very name—it is not clear which part of "Araki Yasusada" is the family name, and the notebooks present names of other Japanese sometimes with the family name first, sometimes the given name first—his purported attendance at Hiroshima University some twenty years before that institution was founded, to textual criticism, such as the observation in the journal *Lingua Franca* by John Solt, professor of Asian studies at Amherst College, that Yasusada's work "is all Japanized crap. It plays into the American idea of what is interesting about Japanese culture—Zen, haiku, anything seen as exotic—and gets it all wrong, adding Western humor and irony."

Under some critical pressure, Johnson backed off a bit and admitted that the name of the primary translator, "Tosa Motokiyu," was the pseudonym of a former roommate of Johnson's at the University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee. This person was now dead and had insisted that his true identity forever remain secret.

The Araki Yasusada affair pretty well blew over the top of the haiku community. Haiku were included among the contents of the Yasusada notebooks, but there is no evidence that English-language haiku journals published any of them or took any note of the storm clouds that darkened the mainstream poetry journals. Prominent critics sometimes mentioned Yasusada's haiku as examples of quirky little tidbits put in the manuscript to enhance its exotic character.

Kent Johnson published a few haiku of his own in *Modern Haiku* in 1983 and *Frogpond* and *Brussels Sprout* in 1985 and 1986 and came out with a collection of eleven haiku, titled *Waves of Drifting Snow*, in 1986. A comparison of these haiku with those of Araki Yasusada conclusively

College, Freeport, Ill. In addition to the works mentioned in text, he co-edited, with Craig Paulenich, a well-received anthology of poems and essays, *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry* (Boston and London: Shambhala, 1991) and translated the work of Bolivian poet Jaime Sáenz.

cements the link between the two. For example, we find this haiku of Yasusada's in a letter dated March 30, 1935, purportedly to prominent *haijin* Ogiwara Seisensui (*Doubled Flowering* 50):

scubadivers chrysanthemums also

quite similar to this one of Johnson's from his 1986 book:

Scubadivers breathing deeply
at lake's edge —
morning glories also

Again, compare this Yasusada haiku, dated March 5, 1972 (114), and Johnson's, from his book:

Hiroshima museum —	Tokyo museum —
monks whispering	monks whispering
near moonstones.	near moonstones

and this identical text by the two, the Yasusada bearing the note, "The poem is a reminiscence. February 20 is the birthday of Yasusada's son, Yasunari, born in 1945" (114). The text appears as the last haiku in Johnson's book:

Waves of drifting snow—
my newborn son
deep in a dream

Johnson, it would seem, would be obliged to confess either to perpetrating a literary hoax or to copying Yasusada's work and proffering it as his own.

Reaction of the editors who had been taken in was predictable—and not. On one hand, Arthur Vogelsang, an editor at the *American Poetry Review*, reportedly called the hoax "a criminal act" (though he later apparently denied having said it). On the other hand, the Yasusada case raised a number of fascinating questions that have absorbed literary critics ever since. These are far too complex and *recherché* to go into here but include issues such as:

- Does publication of the Yasusada manuscript unethically exploit his status as Hiroshima survivor in order to evince public sympathy and promote sales?
- How does a fictive author who lived through the Hiroshima bombing fit with the *hibakusha* (atomic bomb survivor) culture, which has become a subfield in Japanese literary studies, and that field's expectations of textual authenticity and veracity?⁴
- Might we propose a taxonomy of hoaxes ("genuine hoaxes" (e.g., the Piltdown Man), "trap hoaxes" aimed at discrediting or deflating a certain audience (as in the Ern Malley hoax that we'll mention in a moment), and "mock hoaxes" that "make art out of inauthenticity."⁵
- What is the nature and necessity of authenticity in a text? (I'm reminded of Yatsuka Ishihara's suggestion that haiku should present "truth as if it were false," an idea Patrick Gallagher has written about.⁶)
- What is the nature and importance of authorship generally?

In the last instance, in reaction to the Yasusada controversy, the prominent Russian literary critic Mikhail Epstein even calls for a special concentration of literary criticism on questions of authorship, author identity, and use of noms de plume. He proposes the establishment of "an *International Society (or Network) of Transpersonal Authorship*" and suggests a new vocabulary: "This writing in the mode of otherness is not just a matter of pseudonym, but rather of *hypernym*. We don't produce our own works under different names but we produce works different from our own under appropriate names."⁷

⁴ John Bradley and Kent Johnson, "Waiting for the Ultimate Snuff Flick" [interview], <http://home.jps.net/~nada/johnson.htm>; accessed Aug. 1, 2013.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Patrick Gallagher, "Tell About the Truth as if It Were False," presentation to Haiku North America 2013, Aug. 17, 2013.

⁷ "To Tosa Motokiyu from Mikhail Epstein, Feb. 6, 1996," in Yasusada 134.

A fitting summary to this intriguing case might be this statement by Marjorie Perloff:

Kent Johnson has, I think, done a brilliant job in inventing a world at once ritualized and yet startlingly modern, timeless yet documentary, archaized yet *au courant*—a poetic world that satisfies our hunger for the *authentic*, even though that authentic is itself a perfect simulacrum. To call his Yasusada impersonation a hoax, much less a “criminal act” is of course absurd: the pseudonym is a time-honored device in literature, and from James McPherson’s *Ossian* to the present, writers have invented fictional personae and passed them off as the real thing. (Perloff)

The third case of hoaxing in haiku involves the application of that art to Japanese short-form poetry by a poet and translator who had already earned an international reputation for literary deception.

The two collections of translations by Harold Stewart: *A Net of Fireflies: Japanese Haiku and Haiku Paintings* (1960) and *A Chime of Windbells: A Year of Japanese Haiku in English* (1969), both published by Tuttle, are well-known in the haiku field. They are among the best selling books of haiku in history and have been especially popular among non-haiku poets. They feature Stewart’s rendering of Japanese classic haiku and the work of a few 20th-century poets, in an unvarying form of rhyming iambic pentameter couplets with titles. To refresh your memory, here are two famous Bashō haiku as translated by Stewart:

IN A TEMPLE GARDEN

The old green pond is silent; here the hop
Of a frog plumbs the evening stillness: plop!

THE OLD FOLLY

The octopus, while summer moonshine streams
Into the trap, enjoys its fleeting dreams.

Whether or not Stewart's idiosyncratic translations or his impenetrable essay on haiku and Buddhism that is included in the first book have any merit, I want to focus rather on one of the poets whose work Stewart translates, one Hō-ō. Hō-ō figures very prominently in Stewart's books: represented by thirty-five haiku in *A Net of Fireflies* and fifty in *A Chime of Windbells*, more than for any other poet save Bashō. The National Library of Australia, which houses the Harold Stewart papers, holds "Notebook and typescripts of Stewart's translations of haiku by Ho-o with an introduction and notes (four folders)," intended apparently for a third volume of translations to be titled "Over the Vermilion Bridge" or an incomplete and untitled fourth volume.

So, who is this Hō-ō? The verses in the books are all in Stewart's standard translation format and, as such, are virtually indistinguishable from any other poet's in the books. For example, these two chosen at random:

LATE PERSIMMON

Wintry twigs: matured by frost and sun,
A globe of orange jelly hangs on one. (*Net* 92)

IMAGE OF COMPASSION

Kannon, with boundless giving night and day,
Has worn a thousand wooden hands away. (*Chime* 126)

I searched the haiku literature. I scoured all the major collections of translation of Japanese haiku ancient and modern and found not a trace of a poet by that name—well, rather by that *haigo*, because Hō-ō is pretty obviously that, a haiku nom de plume. Google yielded up nothing. Intrigued and suspicious, I cast my net more widely.

Stewart's books say next to nothing about Hō-ō. The indexes to both books provide a birthdate of 1917, but nothing else—no gender, no location, no associations. Later, working with Lorin Ford in Australia, we discovered a few more "facts" from the Stewart collection at the

Australian National Library: “it seems he disappeared at some stage and *no-one seems to know when he died or where he was buried*, according to Harold Stewart.”⁸ It was clearer now that something funny was afoot.

A look into Harold Stewart’s biography and literary career revealed that he had a long history of pseudonymous writing and disguising his own identity in various ways and to various ends. *Wikipedia* leads off its entry as follows: “Harold Frederick Stewart (14 December 1916—7 August 1995) was an Australian poet and oriental scholar. He is chiefly remembered as the enigmatic other half of Ern Malley.”

Reading on, one discovers that from a young age Stewart was interested in poetry and Oriental literature. In secondary school, *Wikipedia* says, “his poetry ranges from scarcely veiled confessional pieces, to poems such as ‘Tanka’ in which he attempts to create maximum distance between himself and his subject matter by importing a foreign posture or manner.” His poems for this period also hint strongly of homosexual liaisons and “he has lost his first chance of securing love by creating ambivalence about the gender of his friend.” Stewart also had begun cloaking his own identity as poet, writing under a variety of pseudonyms. Stewart never came out as gay, but his sexuality was made clear after his death and must have been apparent to all from his choice of companions during his lifetime.

Stewart evolved into a minor but respected author and critic in Australia, “belonging to a neo-classical or Augustian movement in poetry.... [He] concentrates on writing long metaphysical narrative poems, combining Eastern subject matter with his own metaphysical journey to shape the narrative.... He is usually described by critics as a traditionalist and conservative but described himself as a conservative anarchist.”

As *Wikipedia* further suggests, in Australia and perhaps beyond, Stewart is best remembered for that country’s greatest literary hoax, the Ern Malley affair. Stewart and fellow poet James McAuley served in the army

⁸ Lorin Ford, personal communication, Feb. 8, 2011. My manifold thanks to her for tracking down the Stewart files in the Australian National Library, sharing her knowledge of the Ern Malley affair, and enthusiastically joining in the search for Hō-ō.

together during World War II and enjoyed discussing poetry and literary matters. “Both preferred early Modernism to its later forms. McAuley, for example, claimed that T. S. Eliot’s *Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock* (1917) was genius, but the subsequent *Waste Land* (1922), regarded by many as Eliot’s finest achievement, was an incoherent mess. Both men lamented “the loss of meaning and craftsmanship” in poetry. They particularly despised the well-funded modernist poetry magazine *Angry Penguins* and were resentful of the precocious success of Max Harris, the magazine’s founder and editor.” (“Ern Malley”)

In the course of a single day Stewart and McAuley “concocted sixteen nonsense poems in a pseudo-experimental modernist style. These were then sent to the editor of the literary magazine *Angry Penguins*, Max Harris, who was still a university student at the time. The poems were raced to publication by Harris, and Australia’s most celebrated literary hoax was set in motion.”

Harris loved the poems and was delighted to find a previously unknown poet who so embodied the literary principles he was eager to promote. Suspicions in the literary community were almost immediate, however, and in the event, Stewart blabbed about his coup against Harris to a journalist friend, who tipped off the literary critics. First Harris himself was tagged as the likely author of the Malley poems. Harris denied it and hired a private detective to try to run down Ern Malley; it quickly became certain that he did not exist. Shortly thereafter, the perpetrators of the hoax were identified in the journal *On Dit*. The story was then picked up by the national media and became an international *cause célèbre*. Some have called it the greatest literary hoax in history. The affair caused major damage to modernist poetry in Australia, and Max Harris’s literary output was diminished. He became a prominent publisher and bookstore owner, however. Books have been written about the Ern Malley affair, and there is an “official” Ern Malley website. Over the years the critics seem mostly to have accepted Harris’s defense of his role and acknowledged the quality of the poems, their provenance notwithstanding, much along the lines of the aftermath of the Yasusada affair.

So indirect evidence of a Hō-ō hoax was mounting. There was no question that Stewart was capable, even inclined, to create literary alter egos.

The name “Hō-ō” intrigued me and I decided to look into that as well. Does it have any meaning in Japanese language or culture that might be a clue to his real identity? First, if one considers the name in English, with its “h” and four long “o” sounds, o-o-o-o, it sounds like a long laugh or a moan. The word also vaguely suggests “hoax.”

A Web search turned up the following description of *hō-ō* (or *houou* in a different transliteration) in a Japanese context:

Houou [鳳凰, hō-ō]. A phoenix. A mythical Chinese bird, thought to have been introduced to Japan in the Asuka period. The phoenix has a bird's beak, a swallow's jaw, and a snake's neck; the front half of its body is thought to resemble a giraffe, the back half a deer. Its back resembles a tortoise, and its tail is like a fish. It is often shown in a paulownia tree ..., with bamboo in the background, or surrounded by Chinese arabesque foliage.... It became a popular decorative motif in the Nara period, and was used on a wide variety of items including textiles, mirrors, chests, and lacquer ware.... Throughout the 13–19c the *houou* remained a popular design, particularly on gold and silver lacquered boxes ... and for **nou* 能 costumes. (JAANUS)

Another chime rang: Stewart's first published book of poems, in the Oriental mode, was titled *Phoenix Wings* (1944). Clearly the phoenix figure bore some significance for him. The classical phoenix figure is usually paired with the dragon and was associated with the south. The Australian translator thought of himself as hailing from the south.

Additional details about Hō-ō were found in an art book titled *Deco Japan: Shaping Art and Culture 1920–1945* in a description of an ornament of phoenixes (*Hōō okimono*) by Hori Joshin, c. 1930–1944, i.e. the same period that Stewart was active in Kyoto: “The Japanese name for the phoenix, *hōō*, actually designates a pair of phoenixes, *hō* indicating a male phoenix, and the *ō* the female.” (Brown 207). Again we see a blurring of sexuality, just as Stewart had done in his school days.

The final nail in this investigation was driven by Japanese literature scholar Steven D. Carter, who dug deeper and, on page xx of the Introduction to Stewart's collection of Oriental-style poems, *By the Old Walls*

of *Kyoto: A Year's Cycle of Landscape Poems With Prose Commentaries* (Weatherhill, 1981) found this note: "the author has long used" Hoo'oo ("phoenix") as "his *goo*, or studio name." Why Stewart did not identify himself in this way in his collection of haiku translations is not clear.⁹

Old habits die hard. Harold Stewart clearly felt himself a phoenix and used the name Hō-ō as an alternate identity that he took to his grave. He died in Kyoto in 1995.

Is there a lesson in all these haiku hoaxes? Why did these three Anglo-Saxon poets and scholars adopt Oriental personae? One answer might be that assuming a false identity gives an author a certain freedom to be different from what the public expects, to experiment, even to be outrageous. This would seem to be the case of Tao-Li, who offered Evelyn Tooley Hunt, already a well-established poet, the space to introduce a radical new layout for haiku.

However, this seems not to be the case for Kent Johnson or Harold Stewart. Johnson, an unknown professor of Spanish and remedial English at a community college in rural Illinois (though he was known to be well-versed in Russian and Oriental literature), made his literary reputation with the Yasusada journals. There seems to be no malice toward anyone and only a little bit of fun at the expense of the serious critics. Johnson's motivation may have been simply to show "look how well I can replicate the work of a poet from another culture and another time." Like Stewart, he was able to do this amazingly well (despite many background and textual lapses that a Japanologist would be able to pinpoint). Thrusting the Yasusada materials into the jaws of postmodernists and thereby engaging top-flight literary critics must be very gratifying for Johnson—if indeed he is the perpetrator!

Stewart, in the Ern Malley affair, was clearly trying to make capital in his campaign against Australian modernism and especially the brash young editor Max Harris. He was probably surprised at the furor he stirred up. Apart from his lifelong proclivity for fudging his identity, however, this motivation would not seem to apply to Stewart's Hō-ō fabrication.

⁹ Steven D. Carter, e-mail correspondence, Aug. 23, 2013.

No one's reputation was damaged by the deception. There would be no reason he could not have devoted a section of his books to his own work written in the same style as his translations of the Japanese classic haikin. I find no sense here other than the sheer fun at having and keeping a secret.

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