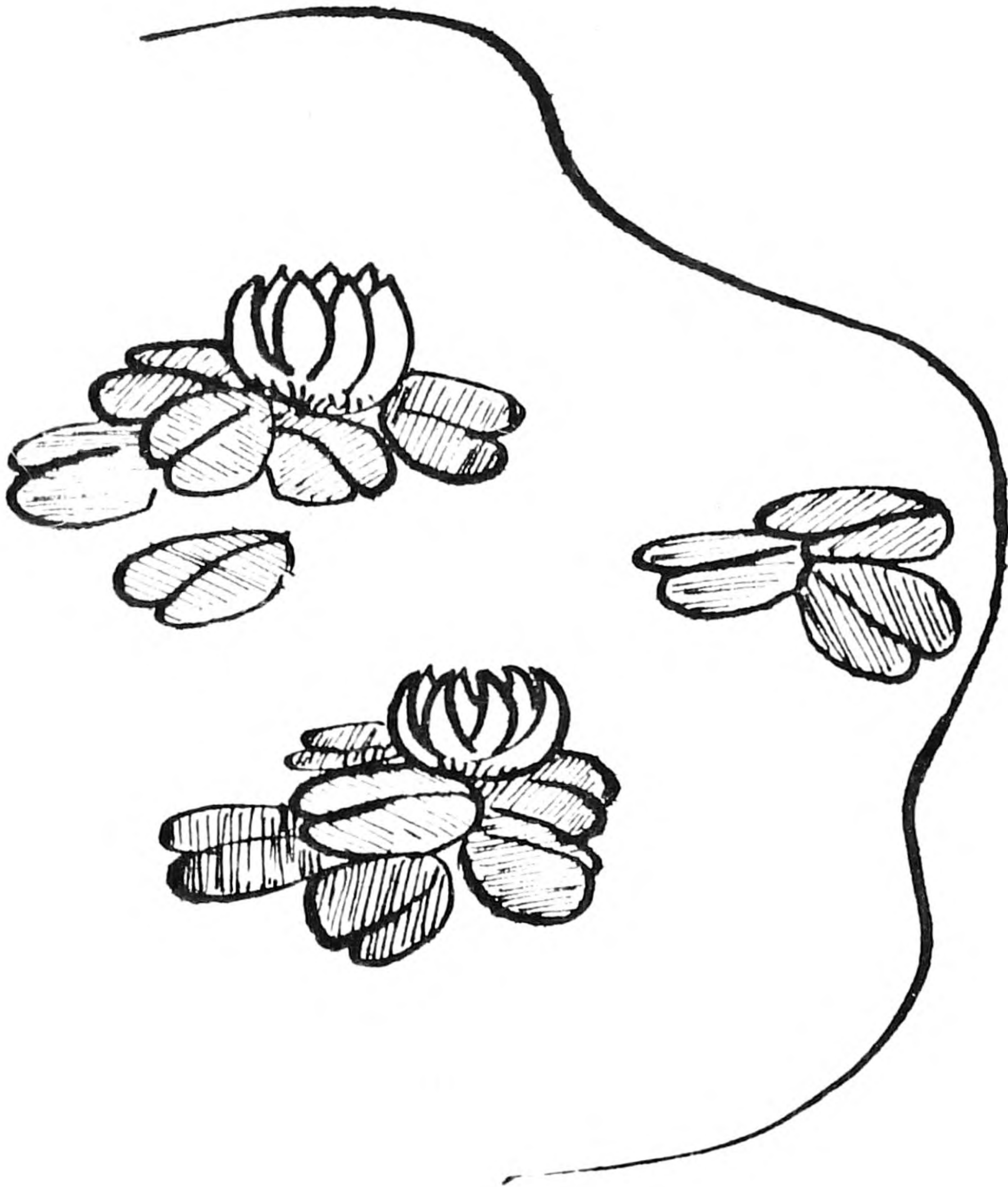


frogpond



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FROGPOND

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The new year starts with appreciation! With this issue *Frogpond* begins its eighth year. Noting this fact, I pay tribute to the first editor, Lilli Tanzer, who had the courage to put it together and get it on its way, and to Geoffrey O'Brien, Bruce Kennedy, and Alexis Rotella who succeeded her. Each of these editors contributed to the growth and development of *Frogpond*.

The new year starts with celebration! Many of us in the haiku community have known for quite a long time that a new book on haiku was underway. Now I hold in my hand a copy of *THE HAIKU HANDBOOK: How to Write, Share, and Teach Haiku*, by William J. Higginson, with Penny Harter. It is a McGraw-Hill Paperback with a striking cover. Cor van den Heuvel has written of it, ". . .the most comprehensive compendium of the haiku—its nature, uses, and history—ever to appear in English, or any other language except Japanese." In his opening Note on translations, et cetera, Bill writes, "The primary purpose of reading and writing haiku is sharing moments of our lives that have moved us, pieces of experience and perception that we offer or receive as gifts." And what a rich gift he offers now to all of us—haiku lover, poet, student, teacher, scholar—in these pages of *THE HAIKU HANDBOOK*.

The new year starts with anticipation! I look forward to what I may find in the thin, fat, big, and small envelopes that fill the mailbox. I thank you for submissions, suggestions, comments, and patience. I work toward increasing skill in editing *Frogpond*. I hope it will develop as a lively haiku forum. And my wish for all of you now, as in my first issue, is:

MAY HAIKU BRING YOU JOY!

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* VII: 4

paddling slowly
through the reeds
that touch her hair

Rod Willmot

on the windows
finger and nose prints
still watching the rain

the thawing snowman
frozen again
bows to the wind

a motionless seagull
small birds come and go
at the fringes of the waves

suppertime
through the window on the beach
an old man and some birds

André Duhaime
translated from the French
by Dorothy Howard

Up late:
the geese too
are tardy

Low tide:
an eye stares up
from the sand

As I reach to water
the fern,
a sheet of falling light

Alexis Rotella

new year's morning sun
a fresh pot of tea steaming
frost off the window

a scent of plum
bird in mouth
the kitten returns

nick avis

Winter:
on the deserted beach
only the crash of breakers

Belle L. Shinn

wind stirs the sand
on the winter shore
some empty shells

frozen world
only the raven
these grey days

Judith Clark

Bearing names an old wall warms the winter sun

Stephen Gould

morning sun
lifting shadows
from snow

locking the door
against wind—
the stillness inside

a single owl—
shivering
I pull on a sweater

distant shot—
a fox watches
the winter moon

C. S. Wainright

heavy snow—
fading graffiti reads
“Mike Bush was here”

Lawrence Rungren

February thaw—
in the tall pine’s shadow
still one white patch

Claire Cooperstein

spring again
and her head cradled
in new roots

Frank K. Robinson

no wind stirring
among lily pads
a floating world

my eye drawn
to a petal falling
to the print

fall haze
in the distance
hokusai's mountains

Frank K. Robinson

chalk mask
geisha's
wet eyes

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

silently
word by word
her haiku

Evelyn Tooley Hunt

morning mist—
tourists ascending Fuji
about to vanish

Kent Johnson

SCENES

based on Yasunari Kawabata's *Snow Country*

mountain slope
snow falls away
into darkness

reflected figures
in a train window—one light
from the mountainside

flowing landscape—
the way time passes?
blurred birdsong

the geisha's smile
melts to tears—
icicle forming

near the kotatsu
she reddens, forehead to throat—
winter dusk

dusky green
of the cedars outside
the singing stillness

alone in the quiet
a man and a woman
touch eyes—
snow crystals

Geraldine C. Little

old mining shack—
an empty corked bottle,
the smell of moonshine

barnside—
frozen in an icicle
a bird's feather

Frederick Gasser

Head hunkered down
between barn and house
sting of hard snow

Faces
lifted above barbed wire
drained sun

Ida Fasel

pale snowflakes
wind-driven
through barbed wire

Jane Reichhold

in the frigid wind
a single longhorn steer—
emptiness is white

Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

moon^{up &} down
the llano shivers awake
a rain of stars

a black-tailed jackrabbit
sounds
the sun through its ears

a dragonfly shell

dizzily shimmers

its rebounding reed

lines of
branching
geese

over the cornfield at dusk

Richard Bodner

Spider webs of fence
hang
across the desert

Harriet Kimbro

Someone's lost balloon
goes crazy through the crosswinds
of downtown traffic

That time of evening
between twilight and darkness:
the moment of blue

Renge

Honking overhead—
three geese
trying to catch up

Releasing the moth
I linger in the glow
of the streetlight

David Elliott

Clear Water Mission—
doors open to wet street:
tambourines

Not you but the cat
against the curve of my back—
wind rattling the panes

Philip Miller

RAVEN CRIES
Renga
Alison Poe and Penny Harter

raven cries
a black feather
slowly drops AP

seagulls over the bay—
floating garbage PH

a muddy dandelion
floats
in a puddle AP

maple wings in the overturned
garbage-can lid PH

in the wind
the tire swing
hits the tree AP

thunder—
dogwood blossoms lift PH

still in the wheat field Grandma's tears	AP
stripping the moss off the burial plaque	PH
ivy vines— a child dangles	AP
again this dream of flying from my bedroom window	PH
Indian summer— the geese's V postponed	AP
after the storm, two mallards float on the golf course	PH
the loose boards of the pier— the man fishes alone	AP
collecting popsicle sticks under the boardwalk	PH
ducking under the blooming dogwood trees	AP
summer bride— sweat stains her white gown	PH
black lace woven into the empty nest	AP
black-edged holes in the child's singed blanket	PH

marsh fire burning cattails	AP
the car swerves to avoid a crossing turtle	PH
storm over— picking up dead crab shells from wet sand	AP
recycling glass the volunteer cuts her finger	PH
snipping wet azalea leaves— the buds stick to my shirt	AP
behind the dog's ear a bloated tick	PH
her veined hand shakes carrying the dead cat	AP
still green leaf— veins turning scarlet	PH
tiny footprints in the sand— a sandpiper pecks at the beached seaweed	AP
the Sunday comics wrapped around the wino's legs	PH
hearing music and her laughter as we dance	AP
piercing autumn's mist the honking of wild geese	PH

bonfire— its smoke hiding the treetops and the moon	AP
cataracts on the old dog's eyes	PH
jungle tour: puma's eyes peer from the trees	AP
finding buttercups among the tangled weeds	PH
baby robin peeping in the crabgrass	AP
the boy tries a rusty whistle at the lake's edge	PH



at the end
in his white room
red tulips

L. A. Davidson

January cold
On the fencepost an old green rug
littered with straw

Warm winter day—
Drifting through tall pines
sunlit woodsmoke

Barbara McCoy

watching bulldozers
level grandfather's farmhouse:
bitter cold

Nick Virgilio

Grey squirrel
snow on the pine
branch
to
branch

Brent Harrell

the cat
its shifting eyes
through the snow

winter winds shrilling our silence

starlit snow. . .
the old scarecrow
whitens in the field

Lenard D. Moore

round moon—
the jet touches one edge
then the other

the breakdancers
on cracked sidewalk
neon lights

bag-ladies
in the last church pew
exchange breakfast

ave jeanne

weak winter light
the bag-lady scattering crumbs
in a pool of pigeons

R. H. Grenville

bag-lady's purse—
photograph
of a young woman

Tim Jamieson

leaf shadow
reaching
the sleeping bag-lady

Peter Andina

One paw off the ground, cat listens to winter.
In the glare of my lights, a possum on his way. . .
ancient lilac tree so old no scent
moonlight on piano—he plays the black keys only
After your death the river reaches our door.
Blackbird and nightfall sharing the darkness.

Virginia Brady Young

sparrow chirping—
on this winter morning
its white breath

winter morning—
the closet dark with
old shoes

February thaw—
raindrops along
plum branches

Sylvia Forges-Ryan

winter graveyard
lightly marked
by moonlit mouse prints

Annette Burr Stowman

Spring rain
Went out to buy white radishes
For my husband

Miriam Sagan

The morning's joy
in the flicking tail
of the pickerel

Watching you blossom,
you and the Japanese plum—
a flower thief

Bedtime story—
a feather from her pillow
floating in lamplight

Humphrey Noyes

white-throated sparrow
its song stuck
in my throat

for an instant
on my gypsy skirt
blue damselfly

Marlene L'Abbé

falling asleep;
the moon
is still there

Arizona Zipper

springtime in hand
the roar of dandelions
taking breath away

pond at sunset
a blue heron standing in
the sun

bell in the night
darkness
entering

James Minor

passing the street light
my following shadow
leads the way

Frank Pitt

engine's knock
I turn the dial on rock
to Rachmaninoff

LeRoy Gorman

six a.m. swim—
the glazed-over eyes
of the lifeguard

Francine Porad

A RESPONSE TO GEORGE SWEDE

Tadashi Kondo

On the Redefinition of Haiku

It is always true that a definition can create discrepancy between the definition and what is being defined. The definition of haiku is no exception. Analytical studies, including componential analysis, help clarify and distinguish concerned problems, but they usually fail to achieve a general consent over decision of criteria. In addition, a definition based on such a method tends to be affected by the positivistic impression that a haiku can be deduced from advocated criteria and that a haiku which does not fit the criteria is rendered as an exception.

In the above sense, George Swede does not give us a satisfactory definition by proposing the three characteristics concerning the definition of haiku; namely, breath-long length, simple images and the "ah" response [*frogpond* 7, 3(1984), 37]. These criteria would not help to judge the differences between haiku and senryu. We do not know clearly how long is the breath-long length; a haiku made by Kyoshi has 25 ONJI, while a haiku made by Hosai only nine. We do have haiku with fairly complex images. In fact Shiki writes about haiku on which we can restore a story. We have not only "ah" response, but also "oh" or "ho-ho."

Conventional definitions were made based on typical haiku. The origin of the standard representative haiku is the hokku in renku. This historical constraint of hokku has been transferred to the basic feature of haiku. Consequently, conventional definitions exclude various features which are found in renku. In other words, the conventional definition is under-inclusive.

Traditional definition of haiku has been based on studies of its morphology and form. Now that people from different cultures have come to carry on daily transactions such definitions will not provide the sound ground that we need. It is clear and it is only natural that American haiku poets would like to claim such a thing as American haiku. Here comes the test of redefinition of haiku. Now we should realize that the conventional definition is irrelevant, if not insignificant.

I would like to suggest a new possible definition based on the epistemological study of haiku. It seems that the issue involves the problems concerning not only the form of expression but also the nature of our experience. I would like to stress that the essential criteria of haiku lies in its epistemological nature, and that its morphology and form are of phenomenal or cultural issue.

Experiential Criteria of Haiku

The challenge of the validity of our language is shared in haiku and zen. But in reality haiku and zen expressions are so much different from each other. Haiku is poetry, so every haiku has to be linguistically expressed, while zen expression includes paralinguistic and nonlinguistic modes of expression. In addition, haiku expression is limited to a relatively narrow literary form, while the linguistic expression of zen can take any possible form. Differences between haiku and zen are not only in the form of expression but also in the aesthetics of expression. A zen specialist would deal with the religious nature of human beings and apply a transcendental viewpoint, while a haiku poet would be involved in the secular life and come up with humanistic feelings toward social and natural phenomena.

However, what makes haiku and zen come close to each other is the nature of experience. In both haiku and zen experience, an individual will come to awareness of the internal reality. To achieve this level of awareness would mean to a zen specialist that he or she has attained a certain goal. But a haiku poet will have to reflect the secular life on that level of awareness. In other words, a haiku poet will reveal the nature of our ordinary life experience at the heightened level of awareness. The difference between haiku and zen experience is not actually a relevant issue here. The really important point is that this nature of experience can be the essential criterion of haiku, regardless of where, by whom or in what language the haiku is made. The corresponding form will vary according to linguistic or aesthetic criteria.

Definition has a deductive implication by nature. But what makes haiku is not the definition but the poet. The value of definition is not its regulatory power but its utility for creation and appreciation. I hope that the experiential criteria of haiku will contribute to the meaningful discussion over the redefinition of haiku.



squinting
to read the sign
“optician”

in the playground
the kid on rollerskates
climbs the sliding board

the brim-shadow
of the fat man’s straw hat
lowers over a long sandwich

tearing down
the yeast factory
to build a hi-rise

walking by
the elephant tent
the clown holds his nose

Alan Pizzarelli

AUSTRALIAN AUTUMN

in the garden
skeletons of flowers
high white cloud

april winds
the path to the world
deeper in leaves

zazen
the mass
of the black stove

warmth fading
from teabowl's rim
to sunset's autumn

on the dark track
from under my foot
a moth flies up

Stephen Hobson

Under the fruit tree
almost covered with blossoms
last year's foliage

Sabine Sommerkamp

early morning
above the Rio Grande
a misty path

Jean Campbell Simmonds

quartermoon
more dimmed—
winter twig

spring the one dead tree

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

The old river of my childhood
Still rushing over the dam
In spring.

That is still my car
Though I sold it yesterday.

Much, too much rain
And the asparagus uncut.

Herman M. Ward

CLOUD PAW

Packing out the doe
at dusk, we cut Bobcat tracks
and drag marks. Swirls. Gone.

BLUE GROUSE

Heart of the ghost firs,
blue mist moves under smoked silk.
Her breast comes rare pink.

BLACK WOODS

Last slow stroke glides home.
Black woods finger the skyglow.
Raven's eye alights.

NIGHT LAKES

Up from the deep pools,
night lakes flood the bisque-fired plains.
Muskrat's wake shimmers.

John Roberts

bulb planting;
inhaling deeply
each palmful of earth

laser rays of sun
through holes in the old church
cross in floating dusk

Don Beringer

San Juan mission:
pink pigeon feet cross
the statue

Easter Vigil
as his robe shadow
kneels

Helen J. Sherry

Easter morning
sun streaming through the boulders
an early rising

Opie R. Houston

SEASONS OF THE EARTH

The spring flows outward
in the moon of sweet grass sprouting—
birds chirping green

Everything ripens
in the moon of black cherries:
elk paw the earth

Monarchs flutter south
in the moon of falling leaves—
flaming

Wind howls—
in the moon of popping trees
branches sink in snow

Scott Knap

BOOK REVIEWS

17 TOUTLE RIVER HAIKU, James Hanlen, Poet: Brenda Jaeger, Artist: Linda Riddle, Calligrapher. Intertext, 2633 E. 17th Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99508; \$12.00 regular edition, \$25.00 limited edition numbered and signed by the author and artist. Perfect bound 8 × 10. Cover and three pages, full color plates.

Reviewed by Ann Newell, poetry: Gary Ray, art work.

Looking through this attractive book, so very well put together, I felt from the first that “17 Toutle River Reflections” would be a more fitting title than *17 Toutle River Haiku*.

However, it is titled “Haiku,” overlooking, it seems, the senryu nature often found in this collection. A rigid three line, 5-7-5 syllable form is the insistence here, to the extent that each writing is shaped similarly and placed precisely in the center of each page; a way perhaps, to put back into order for Hanlen, the chaos resulting from the explosion of Mount St. Helens on May 18, 1980. That the Toutle River has deeply affected his life is evident; he remembers the river sentimentally, a loved one turned away:

Ragtime jazz breaks two-
timing river against banks
throws back ashen sky.

The strain to produce a 5-7-5 syllable haiku is awkward. “Ragtime jazz breaks two” is a fine line for a jazz poem, but I believe two-timing river is what the author is expressing here, making the enjambment inappropriate.

The mountain too takes on a human quality, a lover evoking disappointment:

You can't two-step or
waltz with a drunken mountain
falling over you.

One can't help but feel how important it is for the poet to put back together a part of himself that has been shattered, but I find, for the most part, that Hanlen's writings coming out of this direct experience are self indulgent:

Sister lost a doll;
Mom, a hutch; Dad, the farmland;
I lost a chessboard.

Issa also wrote from hardship experiences, yet stepped aside:

Flood
the bugs crying
as it carries them on
a floating log

As James Hanlen's poems are memories of a river and its lands lost to the mountain that bore them, Brenda Jaeger's renderings of the experience catch us in the fervor of not knowing which way to run.

At once captured in the strength and simplicity of the moment, her cover piece "Bringing Down The Sun," bids us flee—or not: withdraw, seek the answer within.

Appreciating the fine calligraphy I pause at each page, enjoy reading our language artistically written with care. But, is this haiku?

Pray. Pray, she doesn't blow
ash and grit. Pray or you'll see
angels on rooftops.

I want to say to the poet, not mentioning the preponderance of punctuation, your feelings of this place, these happenings, are so strong; write from intuition, let go of the words, let it transcend, the reader will know the need for prayer.

In the plate that follows, titled "Angel Over Toutle," an angel attempting to quell our fears, greets us amidst the blackened din of a child's dream, but like the children's bedtime prayer, "If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take," it does not bring us calm.

A lack of Nowness prevails in the writings, this experiencing of a Oneness that most often births a Haiku Moment. Still, there are poems that catch my Inner Being:

Tired after hiking;
in the Toutle backwater
I could see my face.

There is a dimension here that transcends for me, in the duality of: ". . . in the Toutle backwater/I could see my face."

Too often there are statements of observation with tidy endings. Hanlen's pointing finger interfering with the moon:

Where the river bends—
crook'd elbow swollen, clenched fist
avoid sleeping there.

In the plate that relates to this writing we find ourselves in a clenched fist, a bend in the river. Its dour mood and uncertain energies set our teeth on edge and we do, as the title directs us, "Avoid Sleeping There."

The artist's last offering, "Abandoned Car—Maple Flats," gives us a final calm, a sigh after the race.

Brenda Jaeger's works have told us a full intimate story through the paradoxes presented in them. Like a mystic she has left us searching for the answer which is always "obvious," beneath the surface.

This book is not for the serious haiku reader. Although the reader will undoubtedly agree with William Stafford's statement on the back cover, ". . .When St. Helen's exploded the big world was in pieces, and these intense fragments on the page reveal something of the combined human experiences fused in those instants. . . ."

Holding the book in your hand brings a realization that you are holding precious moments of expression that can only be given by these three people and you appreciate the offering.



IN THE BROKEN CURVE, Penny Harter. Burnt Lake Press: 535 Rue Duvernay, Sherbrooke, P.Q., Canada J1L 1Y8, 90 pages, 1984, \$4.00 U.S., \$4.50 Can., ppd. Now accepts checks.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

In the Broken Curve! It feels good in the hand and the upward thrust of the broken curve, delineated in black on the uncluttered grey cover, invites one into the book itself. And within? One is aware first of the clean black printing on the off-white pages—each haiku, each renga link given its own full-page space. Then one is caught up in the poems themselves, reading straight through from the opening

streetlight
dripping
icicles

to the powerful ending. Penny Harter is a haiku poet who has found her own voice and must surely now be considered among the best of contemporary American haiku poets.

This is the first book to come from Rod Willmot's Burnt Lake Press and no better choice for the inauguration could have been made. The book was printed and bound by hand on quality paper using New Roman type for poems and titles; it is a handsome production. Willmot deserves praise for this book and support from the haiku community for his publishing venture.

In the Broken Curve is a fairly substantial collection, containing within the four sections 35 single haiku, two sequences, and a solo renga. The sections—'Bitter Tea,' 'Walking on Strawberry Hill,' 'Brushing Gray Hair' and 'For the Days After'—are cohesive in themselves, yet reading this work as a whole there is a development up to the final pages which adds greatly to the power of the work.

In 'Bitter Tea' the most effective haiku are directly personal:

in the ladies' room	a cut toe—
lipstick mouths	pressing spent petals
on the discarded tissues	to the wound

'Walking on Strawberry Hill' includes a moving 7-haiku group titled "On Strawberry Hill." Opening with:

dead field mouse
white belly curved
toward the ivy

we follow, with the poet, this small once-live creature through a period of some weeks until finally:

today
only the brown
of winter grass

Death here is poignant but it is quietly, almost lyrically, accepted as part of the cycle of living, in total contrast to the final sequence of the book.

The 13-link solo renga, "Brushing Gray Hair," displays Harter's skill in linking and contains some lovely spring poems, welcome after the winter mood of the first two sections. And the final haiku of the renga:

the child sticks a finger
into the mouth
of the dragon puppet

seems actually to work here as a very subtle leading-into of what is to come.

"For the Days After" was written after viewing the movie "The Day After" and the omission of this information seems a mistake. Here, in 12 haiku of the utmost simplicity and devastating imagery, Harter enunciates the utter desolation that would follow a nuclear attack. More vividly than any prose these haiku present a terrible, stark, unnatural death-in-process. It would be a disservice to those readers of this review who did not read the sequence when it appeared in *frogpond* (VII:2 1984) to quote, for the cumulative effect of the entire work gives it power beyond any single haiku.

Penny Harter's *In the Broken Curve* is, simply put, a fine book.



WATERFALL, Virginia Brady Young. Timberline Press, P.O. Box 327, Fulton, MO 65251, 61 pages, 1982 (printed 1984), \$5.00 plus 75¢ postage/handling per book.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Waterfall lives up to every expectation aroused by announcement of a new book of haiku by Virginia Brady Young. The 58 haiku, plus four which serve as seasonal headings, move with a singing grace through the cycle of a year. The waterfall itself shapes the book physically, artistically, and symbolically.

Designed by Clarence Wolfshohl and hand-set, printed and bound with utmost care, there is a true affinity between the book as object and the book as content. A woodblock print of the waterfall in green on the ivory cover is perfectly sized to the 5 × 9 inch book. A few lines making a stylized waterfall appear on the title page and are repeated on each of the blue pages which carry the waterfall haiku denoting the season. Haiku are printed one to a page on the slightly darker than ivory quality paper. Most of the poems begin with a distinctive capital but this is lacking in a dozen or so. Whether intentional or not this proves disturbing. Within each section the first haiku is placed about 1²/₃ inches from the top of the page; each succeeding haiku is just slightly lower than the preceding page's haiku, subtly evoking the descending movement of falling water.

In *Shedding the River* (1978), Virginia Brady Young wrote "nothing now/ where waterfall/ was" but in this new collection the waterfall has returned, beginning with summer:

Crashing

down the waterfall, an oar—
and a hat. . .

End of summer brings a change:

Old man biting
into the juice of a pear:
waterfall gone dry. . .

Winter sees it frozen, but as we reach the final season:

Ice, all the way down,
cracking the waterfall:
first roar of spring.

Within the seasonal boundaries the haiku flow smoothly one to the next, not always overtly seasonal but always within the prevailing mood. Young has always written, for the most part, haiku rooted in the natural world. She remains at home in that world, her eye seeing the light and the shadows, her ear hearing the silence of the rock as well as cry of loon and slap of the beaver's tail. None of the haiku in *Waterfall* are as brief as the 5-word haiku quoted above from *Shedding the River*. Her breath-length varies now, seemingly relaxed and able to fit the needs of the individual haiku moment:

in a cold room,
silent friends:
petals falling

Eagle's mate reflected
in the eagle's eye: shale falling
from the cliff.

There is a flowing rhythm in many of these haiku, a lyrical quality which marks Young's longer poems as well as her haiku. She is a skilled and perceptive poet; *Waterfall* is a beautiful book.

wave after wave
gone away—
the moving sand

Grey day:
rain drips in the stone garden—
the wet fox



WORTH REPEATING

Editor's note: The following prize-winning commentary (first place) on "Why I Write Haiku" is reprinted from the *Piedmont Literary Review* (IX:2) with permission of David Craig, Editor-in-Chief, and author Humphrey Noyes.



Only that day dawns to which we are awake (Thoreau). Once we discover what it means to be awake to the living moment, we can no longer make the sacrifice of a single dawn, a single surge into wholeness of being. The one inconsolable thing in life is the irretrievable moment, lost through the blindness of self-absorption. Following the way of haiku, I participate in the flux of life-giving interpenetration.

Humphrey Noyes
Athens, Greece



BITS & PIECES

PUBLICATIONS

Dragonfly: A Quarterly of Haiku, published and edited by Lorraine Harr for over a decade, will continue as *Dragonfly: East/West Haiku Quarterly* under the editorship of Richard Tice and Jack Lyon. Address: 7372 Zana Lane, Magna, UT 84044.

Frederick A. Raborg, Jr., Editor of *Amelia Magazine*, announces publication beginning in July of a haiku supplement to *Amelia* to be called *Cicada*, to be issued four times a year. Information from Mr. Raborg, *Amelia (Cicada Supplement)*, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304.

Watch for a Special Edition of *The Red Pagoda*, coming in April. Information from Lewis Sanders, Editor, 125 Taylor St., Jackson, TN 38301.

CONTEST: For details of the 1985 Harold G. Henderson Award see page 40.

CORRECTIONS: Virginia Brady Young's one-line haiku on page 31 of the last issue was printed with an error. The correct version appears in this issue as the first in a group of VBY one-line haiku.

Inexplicably omitted from the Haiku Section of the Table of Contents in *frogpond* VII:4: Judith CLark 18; Bernard Einbond 18; W. E. Greig 6; Renge 18; Rebecca Rust 29; and a haiku by L. A. Davidson appeared on 5 as well as on 21 as indicated. Apologies.

THANKS: I am grateful to Barbara Gurwitz for the cover art for this issue.

HAIKU BROADSIDES RECEIVED: Two sets of haiku broadsides by Elisabeth Marshall and Lequita Vance, approx. 8½ by 11 inches on heavy stock paper. Each set consists of two broadsides, one by each poet: *Five Haiku* with graphics from a Japanese woodblock print; *Seven Haiku* with a kimono motif. Available from the poets at 25553 Flanders Drive, Carmel, CA 93923. \$3.00 ppd. per set.

HAIKU BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED:

Listing of new books which have been received is for information only and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Share, and Teach Haiku by William J. Higginson, with Penny Harter, The McGraw-Hill Book Co.; 1985, 331 pps. plus roman xiv, Paperback, \$8.95.

Endless Waves by Geraldine Clinton Little, Merging Media, 59 Sandra Circle #A-3, Westfield, NJ 07090; 1984, 48 pps., \$4.95.

Paperweight: Poems to Read and Write by Elisabeth Marshall and Lequita Watkins, Dandy Lion Publications, P.O. Box 190, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406; 1984, 64 pps., illustrated by Jean Thornley, \$8.00 plus 10% postage/handling (minimum \$2.). (For teachers, students—a section on haiku.)

Star Carvings: Poems and Haiku by H. F. Noyes, MNK House, 6, New Road, Wood Green, London N22, England; 80 pps., \$6.50 plus \$1.00 mailing charge.

- Thumbtacks on a Calendar* by Jane Reichhold, Humidity Productions, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445; 1985, 44 pps., \$3.00 ppd. or any signed book in exchange.
- The Earth We Swing On*, Haiku by Raymond Roseliep, Photos by Cyril and Renée Reilly, The Winston-Seabury Press, 430 Oak Grove, Minneapolis, MN 55403; 1984, 64 pps., \$9.95 plus \$2.00 shipping/handling.
- Polishing the Ladybug* by Alexis Rotella, Swamp Press, 20 Nonotuck St., Florence, MA 01060; 1985, \$15. hardbound, \$3. paperbound. (Accordion-fold miniature 3 × 3" 6 haiku with woodcut illus. by Ed Rayher.)
- Rearranging Light* by Alexis Rotella, Muse Pie Press; 1985, \$5. from author, Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046.
- Tick Bird: Poems for Children* by George Swede, Three Trees Press of Toronto, P.O. Box 70, Postal Station "V," Toronto, Ont., Canada M6R 3A4 and Three Trees Press of Western New York, 826 Pine Ave., Niagara Falls, NY 14301; 1983, 48 pps., no price given. Illustrated by Katherine Helmer. (Over half haiku.)
- Time Is Flies: Poems for Children* by George Swede, Three Trees Press, 2 Silver Ave., 2nd Fl., Toronto, Ont., Canada M6R 3A2; 1984, no price given. Illustrated by Darcia Labrasse. (Mainly haiku.)



THE HEARTH CRICKET, a ninety minute audio tape cassette featuring a male cricket in full voice, each tape duplicated individually from the master and hand labeled, is available from:

Haiku Society of America
c/o Jaxon Teck
4½ Winding Way
Rockaway, NJ 07866

Cost is \$10 each; this includes a \$5 tax-deductible contribution to the Haiku Society of America—put "\$5 for HSA" on check. Allow two to four weeks for delivery.



REMINDER: Thanks to all HSA members who have renewed their membership for 1985. If you have not done so, please renew as soon as possible. This will be the last issue of *frogpond* for those who have not renewed by the next mailing.



HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1985

1. Deadline for submission August 1.
2. Entry fee of \$1 per haiku.
3. Limit—three unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku in duplicate on 3 × 5 cards, one card with the haiku and the author's name in the upper left-hand corner; one card with the *haiku only* for anonymous judging.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to Virginia Brady Young, 184 Centerbrook Road, Hamden, CT 06518.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson, and a second prize of \$50, as well as a third prize of \$25 donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in FROGPOND.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku may be published in FROGPOND. Authors are advised to keep copies of their haiku, since none will be returned.
10. The judge(s) will be announced later.



