

# frogpond



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November 1987

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
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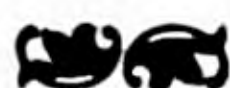
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## DUES REMINDER

Annual dues for membership in the Haiku Society of America are payable on January 1, 1988. Please renew as soon as possible to enable officers to plan the year's activities and ensure receipt of the first 1988 issue of *Frogpond* without delay. Dues will remain the same this next year and should be sent to HSA Membership Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

Note: Half-year memberships are available only to new members, joining after the 1st of July. Donations, tax-deductible, are welcomed at any time and are greatly appreciated.



## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Autumn is a golden time in New Mexico. As I write this the patio is carpeted in brilliant leaves from the giant cottonwood which still glows in the strong sunlight. The sky is a vivid blue; the acequia outside the adobe wall is dry and dusty. The flowers are exploding with color but any night now the first hard frost will come, and there will be snow, perhaps, before you read this.

It is a time for remembrance. And it is fitting as the Haiku Society of America approaches its 20th anniversary, that we pay tribute to the late Professor Harold G. Henderson who, more than anyone, is responsible for bringing the society into being. This issue presents the winners of the annual haiku contest which began in 1975 as a memorial to him and bears his name. The Society is grateful to Mrs. Henderson whose continuing support has made the awards possible. Some newer members of the haiku community may not be aware that Prof. Henderson's 'haiku-name' was 'Tairo,' the name Nick Virgilio uses in his haiku for Prof. Henderson below.

This *Frogpond* also contains haiku in memory of the haiku poet-priest, Raymond Roseliep. Particularly appropriate are the words and leaf-image sent by Marlene Mountain, appearing on the back cover—he so very often tucked a leaf into a letter, especially in autumn!

As we celebrate the coming holidays, know that I am grateful for your haiku, your patience, and your support. May the season bring you joy!



an autumn meeting  
defining the haiku moment:  
Tairo presiding

the moonlit study:  
old Tairo fallen asleep  
haiku book in hand

the autumn wind  
sweeping leaves from Tairo's tomb  
lifts the bamboo broom

*Nick Virgilio*

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond X:3*

Eaves  
pulling sound  
from the wind

*Geraldine C. Little*

end of summer—  
blackbird hunches on a fence  
poised for flight

boarded-up house—  
a shrine for the Virgin Mary  
empty

deep autumn—  
bubbles rise slowly  
from the bottom of the pond

*Lawrence Rungren*

leaning on his rake  
as the autumn colors  
burn up

the dark hawk  
perched there, hangs his wings  
first rain

*Robert N. Johnson*

hand shading his eyes  
sighting the hawk migration:  
grandson by his side

*Nick Virgilio*

autumn rain  
the gleam of star-shaped  
yellow leaves

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

bright autumn morning—  
a child's Halloween mask  
in the driveway

a dead collie  
in the ditch . . .  
forgetting my errand

*Edward J. Rielly*

Clutching her shawl  
old woman  
watching rain fall

*Andrew J. Grossman*

the foxfire  
after an evening shower  
burns again

crickets not heard  
over wind-dried leaves  
and the constellations

*D.C. Schaum*

I listen, although  
the crickets have stopped:  
sound of a wind-up clock

Lit by a street light  
the face of a child, tongue up  
to meet the first snow

*Thomas Dorsett*



this autumn evening—  
bells tolling  
cicadas sawing to the bone

*Michael Genth*

ghost festival  
a shadow on the window. . .  
my lost father

*Jian-hua Ruan*

October moon:  
folding in shadows  
black cat

*Doreen Breheney Robles*

hunter's moon—  
pits and scars  
on the old man's face

bats from their cave:  
dark  
into dark

*Jennifer Brutschy*

Bat shadows  
printing  
the moon

*Alexis Rotella*

playing catch with him  
I think of Issa—  
autumn wind

wolf spider dancing  
sideways on the wall

dusk

*Michael McNierney*

The poet pauses:  
A fly buzzes  
Against the window

*Marco Fraticelli*

window pane    the shut-in's rain-streaked face

*Regina F. Smith*

Reading in bed—  
my book of haiku  
my son's Dr. Seuss

(for A.J.)  
*Lee Gurga*

a caucus of crows  
across the fogbound channel  
the evening news

beached  
on old Issa's haiku  
a silverfish

*James C. Sherburne*

for Raymond Roseliep

beeswax hardens  
into the curve  
of a rose petal

*Bill Pauly*

no need  
for the night light  
the glow of maples

fresh snow  
all names obliterated  
on the headstones

*Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg*

where the soap-bubble burst:  
small fingers outspread

in mid-air

*Jerry Kilbride*

almost a full moon . . .  
I see it  
the rabbit!

*Lesley Einer*

Night ride  
we hold a string  
that pulls the moon

Toward morning  
the tail of the great bear  
dips down

*Lenore Mayhew*

## AUTUMN EMPTINESS

the moonsized sun  
translucent in the fog  
crows in autumn trees

melting into night  
the red October dusk  
the maple leaves

forecast: frost tonight  
green on the table  
the last tomatoes ripen

the fire reflected  
in window darkness  
warming twice

under the pillow  
the Buddhist master's letter—  
never a dark dream

when the room is dark  
you will have only the sky,  
moth at the window

darker than the sky  
this room      even the fir trees  
a single star

reaching for the lamp  
the hand  
goes and goes

another new moon  
always an honest beginning  
autumn emptiness

THE CHILL NIGHT'S RAIN

Renga: October 1985—August 1986

Lenard D. Moore and Geraldine C. Little

Falling with  
the chill night's rain,  
persimmon leaves LM

faint on the wind  
a child's cry, again, again gl

unknown light  
flickering beyond  
the pumpkins LM

after the owl's who-oo  
the echoing silence gl

in the cow pasture  
neonlight dimming  
by the willow tree LM

tossed-out fir: the drunk  
fumbles at clinging tinsel gl

in cold wind beyond the unlit shack a coyote calls	LM
locked in the iced lake an old boat creaks     creaks	gl
on a country road a distant cat's eyes through the sleeted mist	LM
coming round a bend, headlights ring a doe, her spring kid	gl
starlit roadside: a brown rabbit leaping through the silence	LM
Easter dawn: colored eggs unseen in the long grass	gl
in the sunlight beside the fallen barn a rooster crows	LM
wings glittering, a mayfly shadows the stagnant pond	gl
in the stillness the fragrance of roses still heavy	LM
a pregnant woman bends over a heaped clothes-basket	gl
sparrow chatter near the peach orchard . . . a light wind	LM
in the river's ripples silver flash of fingerlings	gl

on the bank a young girl strips a daisy to "He loves me"	gl
maple leaves glittering in almost windless wind	LM
a harp tuning up— the hummingbird flutters towards sweetness	gl
honeysuckle spreads its scent near the weathered smokehouse	LM
under a loose board old love letters fastened with spider-silk	gl
a child in the garden watching apple blossoms fall	LM
how bright they were, these faded last zinnias, in early summer	gl
blackbirds slowly veering across the silent field	LM
the moon and pumpkins swelling towards harvest, a young widow weeps	gl
fireflies blink in the garden, sound of crickets fades away	LM
early autumn dawn— chrysanthemums not yet releasing all tones	gl
in the chill, rancid breeze ferns moving by the wood's edge	LM

by the river  
a vagrant pulls his tattered coat  
tighter

gl

a young doe licks herself  
among falling birch leaves

LM

All Hallows' Eve—  
this old Indian trail  
full of ghosts

gl

a screech owl's echo dies  
in the moonlit valley

LM

first snowflakes  
in the waterfall's  
churned shadows

gl

a cold wind rises silently  
through the blighted cedars

LM



The whistle  
at the train station . . .  
of the old man

I add  
to the graffiti,  
my initials

*Garry Gay*



wild turkeys eating  
in a picked cornfield  
November's chill

at sunrise  
the hunter's turkey call  
only the crow answers

*Hylene Anderson*

black mold  
making the eyes and mouth  
of the old pumpkin

sky without sun—  
geese honk as if it were  
tomorrow

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

autumn  
in the old whistler's  
vibrato

a morning of fog:  
not a bird sings, but a dog  
barking and yelping . . .

*Tom Tico*

up, up they all fly  
with a sudden rush of wings—  
the wild ducks

*Marjorie Burney Willis*

Rainy October—  
a maple leaf floating  
in the pothole

The man's breath  
mingles with the fog—  
dead cat buried

Migrating geese—  
an aspen leaf drifts  
over the lake

*Diane Webster*

walking alone  
the way oak leaves  
refuse to fall

*Carol Dagenhardt*

Sunday breakfast—  
torn-down shed's unpainted boards  
shimmering in the rain

second-hand store:  
under the old sofa's cushion  
a scrap of tinsel

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

Hunter's Moon—  
Putting out Nine Lives  
for the straying cat

*Barbara McCoy*

## FIRE CALL

Gray clouds moving  
through barren trees  
the wind

Sound of the alarm  
the black smoke  
choking

From under the eaves  
errant sparks:  
in the far field, fireflies

Farmer's pond:  
filling tankers  
for the water shuttle

Into the toxic air  
the regulator's hiss,  
a victim's cough

Falling timbers!  
Too late  
to run

Still child  
in the firefighter's arms

*David McClay*

through the roar  
of heavy rain—  
thunder of a passing freight

*Wally Swist*

unemployment line:  
the hole in my boot  
letting in the rain

dime store lunchroom:  
the cashiers trading  
well-thumbed romances

the motel room:  
lying awake,  
counting diesels

*T.R. Merrick*

November rain—  
gray faces at the bus stop  
turn one way

*Joe Nutt*

puddle of neon  
nyloned legs  
shadow by

*Jeffrey Winke*

another's arms,  
a roll of tickets  
for the dance-a-thon

*Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.*

wintering the house  
carcasses in the  
abandoned web

NO SMOKING car  
the smell of  
after-rain

*Steve Dalachinsky*

early morning train  
silver paint on the eyelids  
of a dozing girl

at Union Station  
the old lady holds her purse  
a little tighter

*Norma S. Hass*

First freeze:  
the bag lady's I LOVE NEW YORK  
shopping bag

*Alexis Rotella*

Times Square—  
a bag lady in the crowd  
talking to herself

*Christopher G. Suarez*

Fallen leaves  
moving with the wind . . .  
a dead butterfly

*Elsie Kolashinski*

Reflected in the river  
the stillness  
of early morning

Egret fishing:  
the tide rises  
with the morning sun

First frost:  
the icy beauty  
of a flower's last day

*Brett Peruzzi*

Down by the bayou  
through gray hanging moss  
the sound of a snipe

The shadow of the cypress  
almost touches  
the far side of the bayou

A bend in the bayou  
an old alligator swallows the sun  
nightfall

*Matthew Louvière*

"Not a root,"  
says the old man, whittling,  
"a bird"

*Geraldine C. Little*

## CEREMONY OVER

Ceremony over  
the bride bends  
to rub her feet

holding his bowl  
of fresh-cooked rice  
the grandfather smiles

letting the horses go  
the servant boy runs  
with them

unpinning her hair  
the old woman  
opens her window

in the garden  
blossoms moving—  
his still face

moonlit water—  
the carp opens his mouth

in the distance  
a child cries—  
smoke in the wind

midnight rain—  
her pillow  
grows wet

puddles in the path swept smooth last night

*Penny Harter*

back home  
from the autumn hills  
the black tea bowl

*Humphrey Noyes*

sound of honking geese  
deep in the mirror  
a very small door

smaller  
than the flowers  
you enter the mirror

middle of the night  
the mirror does not hold  
my dark side

*Larry Gates*

under the maple  
grandfather sleeps, blade of grass  
in his hand

burial day—  
grandfather's porch light  
still burning

evening storm  
waking to find autumn  
gone

*James Minor*



## 1987 HENDERSON AWARDS

Here they are—the 1987 Henderson Award winners! I send my sincerest congratulations to each of the winners; and to Penny Harter and Alexis Rotella, this year's judges, I send my heartiest thanks (their job was no small task).

Penny and Alexis report that the overall quality of submissions was very good this time around, and they feel that their choices represent the spectrum of what's being written in the Western world, from the traditional to the more avant garde. They also report that of the 319 entries this year there were few in which the poets attempted to capture or create an Eastern tone, an observation which affirms the direction that English-language haiku poets have taken. May we continue in that direction, reaching toward and responding to one another, as we record the joys and sorrows, the poignance and humor, of the moments which make up our world.

Adele Kenny, President HSA

FIRST PRIZE  
Jerry Kilbride

yard sale,  
sunlight filling  
mason jars

SECOND PRIZE  
Kathleen Burgy

leaving home . . .  
the smell of smoke  
from old brick chimneys

THIRD PRIZE  
Ross Figgins

frozen pond—  
white antlers rise  
through the ice

10 HONORABLE MENTIONS  
(unranked, listed alphabetically)

Steve Dalachinsky

June night  
my mother alone with her  
cancer

Sr. Mary Thomas Eulberg

at dinner  
biting into the roast beef . . .  
the butcher's thumb nail

Dee Evetts

repeating the lecture:  
his eyes following  
the window-cleaner's blade

Dee Evetts

phoning the neighbours:  
their real voices  
through the open window

H.F. Noyes

full moon  
  
peering into  
the half-built house

Esther Harris

Tools rusting  
Unused on the workbench  
A faucet dripping

Donald McLeod

dusk  
drawing the pond's depth  
to the surface

Carol Montgomery

old woman, wrapping  
her cat's gifts  
—centering the bows

Lynn G. Moore

on the way to work  
a hot air balloon  
up in the mist

Denver Stull

this heat;  
the dog's tail  
the only breeze



unbelievably  
dazzling the first snow: my first love,  
fading old photo

*Darko R. Suvin*

an excerpt from  
**Leavemaking: A Lifetime Sequence in Progress**

my shadow knocks at her door and gets no answer  
christmas shopping nothing for her wind icy between my fingers  
pretending not to see her stepping around sidewalk ice  
snowfall against her darkened window the long walk home  
lights in her window it begins to rain  
lying along with the radio love song  
she said once always remember today I forget

*John Sheirer*

In the backyard  
mother recalls her first love  
ripe apple scent

*George Swede*

autumn rain  
the piano tuner's  
repeated notes

trying to recall  
an old lover's face  
autumn moon

## RANGE OF LIGHT

Sequoia ash  
a fallen butterfly

Night fog—  
a mountain somewhere  
in silence

Gossamer's journey  
ends in the lichen—  
autumn breeze

On the peak  
alone  
in the wind

Raven  
on a snowdrift  
shakes off the cold

Dogwood blossoms  
strewn  
before the sequoia

*Daniel Ross*

dawn  
a woodsman lights his pipe—  
mist rising

autumn  
a street musician strums his guitar—  
leaves gathering

*Sheldon Young*

Shopping in town  
with his Sony Walkman turned up,  
the old maestro.

A pale ginkgo leaf  
rolling between her fingers—  
remembering spring.

*Arizona Zipper*

Bowery Mission—  
scattered leaves rise and fall  
in the wind

settling over  
the Thanksgiving Dinner line  
—storm clouds

stacks of empty trays  
line the tarnished wall  
—Thanksgiving dusk

*Anthony J. Pupello*

December noon—  
in the leaden sky  
a crow chasing a crow

*Norma S. Hass*

Same old road—but  
over the fog, a giant oak  
I never saw before

*Virginia Egermeier*

the winter solstice—  
out of the frozen fog  
the voices of birds

*Kent Anderson*

stopping in my steps . . .  
a bird who seems to know me  
calling from the pines

*Wally Swist*

christmas eve—  
the wino mumbles  
a carol

*Joanne Morcom*

Old man on the street  
Stops and spits in the new snow  
Christmas morning

*Herb Batt*

The mission bell silent  
And no one harvests  
The prickly pears

Under the bridge  
The still water  
Steals my face

Tall pines  
Beethoven's Ninth  
On Christmas eve

*Fekri A. Hassan*

Old age frailty  
lessening the weight of words  
grasses bent with rain

This short day ending  
in the grey beyond the trees.  
Writing a letter.

Melancholy notes  
floating from a neighbor's flute.  
The winter darkness.

Bach's b minor mass:  
the holy host of angels  
engulfed in themselves

*Günther Klinge*  
(adapted from the German  
by Ann Atwood)



## BOOK REVIEWS

**Japanese Death Poems: Written by Zen Monks and Haiku Poets on the Verge of Death**, compiled with an introduction and commentary by Yoel Hoffmann. Charles E. Tuttle, Tokyo, 1986. Pp. 366, \$17.50.

Reviewed by Hiroaki Sato

Whenever someone refers to the earliest known Japanese poetry and observes, as Yoel Hoffmann does, that the poems in the *Kojiki* (Record of Ancient Matters), a semi-mythological history of Japan, "celebrate the beauty of nature, love and longing, and loyalty to the sovereign in what seem like bursts of spontaneous expression," I reach for a pot of salt. Sure enough, Hoffmann's reference here is to Basil Hall Chamberlain (1850-1916), a pioneering foreign scholar of Japanese literature whose views deserved respect in his day but are now dated.

The datedness of Hoffmann's view of Japanese poetry appears, again, in his description of renga writing as "a genuinely social pastime," and renga sequences as exceptable from the general flow of Japanese poetry. This is again pure Chamberlain. To be sure, many who have studied renga will readily agree that renga composition had strong elements of game. But excluding it from the mainstream Japanese poetic tradition for that reason would be comparable to excluding Japanese art of certain periods from art history on the grounds that it had strong decorative elements.

Such dated views do not wholly detract from *Japanese Death Poems*, a large compendium of *jisei* (lit., "leaving the world")—verses composed before death or in anticipation of it. They may explain, though, why Hoffman, a professor of Far Eastern philosophy and literature at the University of Haifa, seems more eager to see Zen and its influence than poetry.

While noting the absence of any "direct historical link" between the *kan-shi*, poems in Chinese, written by Japanese Zen monks and the haiku, he gives the two genres independent sections on the hunch that haiku poets often show the influence of Zen. As for the *jisei* written in the tanka form, he says they show "a rather different perception of the world," and surveys them in his Introduction. But the true reason for this discrimination appears to be that tanka poets began writing *jisei* several centuries earlier than Zen monks did, and thus, at least in the earlier periods, were in no position to be affected by Zennish approaches; haiku poets, who came much later, were.

If I am correct in this regard, the discrimination is artificial—even false—because the haiku is an outgrowth of the tanka and the lyricism expressed in haiku is a somewhat twisted extension of that expressed in tanka. What haiku poets do is usually far removed from Zen monks' frequently bombastic (some say transcendental) utterances.

For example, take the haiku by Kibai (died 1788):

My one wish  
is to live in the capital  
of non-action.

*Negawaku wa  
mui no miyako o  
sumidokoro*

Although it is proper and appropriate to explain, as Hoffmann does, the Taoist and Buddhist implications of the word *mui* ("non-action"), it is more important to point, as Hoffmann does not, to the following tanka by Saigyô (1118-90), which is cited earlier, to understand what this particular haiku does:

I wish to die  
in spring, beneath  
the cherry blossoms,  
while the springtime moon  
is full.

*Negawaku wa  
hana no shita nite  
haru shinamu  
sono kisaragi no  
Mochizuki no koro*

By missing the allusion clearly indicated by the first 5 syllables of the original, Hoffmann fails to draw attention to Kibai's lighthearted twist on Saigyô's demonstrable sincerity.

Or take the phrase, *tsui ni yuku* ("I go at last"), with which at least three haiku begin in Hoffmann's collection. To cite the three in translation only, they are: "Child of the way, / I leave at last— / a willow on the other shore," by Benseki (died 1728); "At long last I am leaving: / in rainless skies, a cool moon— / pure is my heart," by Senseki (died 1742); and "In the end / I plow through heavy snow: / the way of the brush," by Wakyû (1692). In a varying degree, these all echo the *jisei* attributed to Ariwara No Narihira (825-880), which begins with the same phrase: *Tsui ni yuku michi to wa kanete kikishikado kinô kyô to wa omowazarishi o*—"In the end this is the road I take, I'd often heard, but I didn't think I would yesterday or today."

(This is probably the most famous *jisei* in the *tanka* form, but Hoffmann has somehow overlooked it, so I've cited it in my translation. Yayû [died 1783] also alludes to it in his *tanka* quoted in the note on his *jisei* composed in the *haiku* form.)

In addition to the failure to give due consideration to the formal continuity, many of Hoffmann's translations miss the mark despite the apparent erudition he shows in his notes. Here's the *haiku* by Chiri (died 1716):

First crops: my pillow fluffed up high, I gulp down rice and tea.	<i>Shimmai ya chagayu kuratte takamakura</i>
---	--

Hoffmann's explanations of words and idioms in the note are accurate, but his translation gives an unlikely picture: a Japanese pillow in Chiri's time "fluffed up high" and someone presumably leaning against it and gulping down "rice and tea." The *haiku* may be more understandably rendered: "Fresh rice: /having eaten tea-gruel, /I fall asleep with pride." Rice has just been harvested, but because he's either ill or poor, he can't eat it properly; still, happy that he's managed to eat gruel, he can sleep in proud contentment. That seems to be what the *haiku* says. It expresses a typically *haikuesque* amusement at one's non-too-exhilarating circumstances.

Hoffman does a similarly contradictory thing with the *haiku* by Ransetsu (died 1707):

One leaf lets go, and then another takes the wind.	<i>Hito-ha chiru totsu hito-ha chiru kaze no ue</i>
--	---

I don't understand why Hoffmann has given this translation here; it is inaccurate and doesn't make sense. In the note, though, he gives what he calls "another possible translation," which is accurate as accurate can be, and perfectly clear, besides: "A leaf falls, ho! / Another leaf falls / high on the wind."

Some translations are puzzlers not necessarily through Hoffmann's fault. The brevity of the *haiku* often obscures what a given piece may mean (or is supposed to accomplish). Take the one by Arimaru (died 1703):

Running shallow with a year's end sound: river rapids.	<i>Kawa no se ni shiwasu no oto no nagarekeri</i>
--	---

Though Hoffmann doesn't give any note on this one, it surely requires an explanation of *Shiwasu* (lit., teachers run), an old name for December used in the original. The name derives from the observation, it is said, that in the last month of the year even normally dignified and placid teachers are forced to run about, trying to finish all the unfinished things, such as paying the bills. So the suggestion is that in the twelfth month even the river rapids sound busier than usual. But even if Hoffmann had explained this, the haiku would still puzzle us. How could it have been a *jisei*?

I have complained enough. Hoffmann should at least be commended for collecting and putting so many *jisei* between two covers.

I have not discussed any of the *kanshi* by Zen monks because I could not see the original verses. Hoffmann explains his decision not to include the originals by saying that the orthographic difficulties make transliterations of *kanshi* largely meaningless. He is quite right.



Michael Dudley; **series three through six**, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1986, 16 pp., \$3 ppd.

**A Man In A Motel Room**, High/Coo Press, Route #1, Battle Ground, IN 47920; 1986, 40 pp., \$3.50 ppd.

Reviewed by Nick Avis

These two publications by Michael Dudley are his fifth and sixth books/chapbooks of poetry. They are both fine productions from their respective presses and their contents aptly demonstrate Dudley's poetic diversity and achievement. In them he touches on numerous subjects ranging from mice turds, worms, and cockroaches to lunar eclipses and Apollo 11; and from sexual intimacy to spiritual enlightenment. Similarly we discover the full spectrum of emotions from alienation and isolation to the pleasures of love. There is also a tremendous sense of place in the haiku themselves in which Dudley deals openly and honestly with his environment, which is predominantly the urban. As well we see Dudley as a fine craftsman totally at home with the haiku form and daring enough to break the rules. In these books we find vertical haiku; one, two, three, and four line variants; a variety of line arrangements; haiku sequences; concrete, kinetic, and visual haiku; binary haiku; and even a few haiku that rhyme.

**series three through six** consists of four short sequences. The title of the book escapes me and I can find no relationship between it and the poetry inside. There are also a number of illustrations throughout the book that appear to have little or no connection with its contents. But all but one of the sequences themselves are a joy to read and prove conclusively the viability and potential of the haiku sequence and its related forms.

In "Her," the first sequence, Dudley uses linking techniques similar to those used in renga where there is a kind of free association between verses. Unlike traditional renga, however, there is a continuous plot from beginning to end and the sequence has a definite build up in intensity. It is a sensuous poem full of visual and aural connectives. It ends with a somewhat cute but erotic one-liner:

her plum-sticky lips lipsticking me

The second sequence, "Evangelist Camp," leans toward being a "western poem" in that each haiku is really a stanza of a longer poem. It is a complex piece that is richly textured and worthy of many readings. To quote any single haiku would not do justice to the piece as a whole.

"On Strike," the third sequence, is more like a diary of separate events than a sequence of intimately related ones that flow inexorably one from the other, the principle connection between the haiku being a common theme. As in "Evangelist Camp," there are some haiku that have no power of their own outside of their context, but there are others that are truly outstanding in their own right. Together they work extremely well to produce a very moving, insightful poem that brings home to the reader the tension, isolation, fears and frustrations of the workers, as in:

up the strikeline  
down the strikeline  
kicking a gray stone

The final sequence, "Sweeping the Ceiling," is an experiment with form that simply does not work for me. Amongst other things it strikes me as too contrived as is demonstrated by the opening haiku (?):

grandmother hands me  
a stiff seagull wing  
for the ceiling webs

**A Man In A Motel Room** is a substantial collection of Dudley's work spanning a number of years and containing 101 haiku, many of which have appeared in numerous periodicals and anthologies. There are a handful of illustrations that again, with one exception, have no connection with the haiku, and they are hard to make out. The book also contains a few prose pieces that I do not feel add very much to its contents. I think it quite unnecessary for the poet to explain himself or his chosen form of expression. The haiku themselves vary greatly in their quality and as a result the book is very uneven. As well, as one moves from page to page one wonders why the haiku that are placed together were placed together since there is at times absolutely no sense of continuity. Consequently the book seems nothing more than a random collection.

On the other hand, there are some rare gems that any haiku writer would be happy to have written. Two of my favorites are the following:

	worm smell after rain	
lunar eclipse		video lights pulse
from my hand		in the crowded arcade
my wife's hand		
slips		

In both these haiku we see Dudley's characteristic use of all his senses and not just that of sight, and his remarkable skill at bringing these disparate sense images together in a unifying whole.

At times, as shown in the following haiku, we share with Dudley his deep sensitivity to the very simplest of things and the hidden mystery behind them:

dusk:	out of rain—
everyone at the bus stop	the whispers
looking the same way	of confession

On the whole, and despite my earlier enthusiasm, I find this book disappointing. Not so much for what it contains but rather for what should have been omitted. If the number of haiku were reduced and more thought put into their arrangement, like **series three through six**, it would be a very satisfying collection.



**As Stones Cry Out: Haiku and ink drawings** by Jane Reichhold; Humility Productions, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445; 1987, 35 pps., \$4 ppd.

Reviewed by Lenard D. Moore

In **As Stones Cry Out** there is a clue in this title that the haiku attends to the reality of pain, which is universal within itself. Such isness urges experience that is often missing in Contemporary American poetry. However, there are pleasurable moments originating from the haiku. Normally one would not notice the miniature beings in nature, but in contrast, Jane Reichhold's eyes are open wide:

winter twilight  
gathers in her lap  
white folded hands

That haiku is most dynamic, suggesting the combination of nature with humanity.

And in addition, Reichhold includes other significant and poignant haiku, which work on the mind:

hills  
touching each other  
at the river

a steady rain  
the dentist's drill  
turning to snow

Not surprisingly, Reichhold has been awarded the Museum of Haiku Literature Award (Tokyo) for the last haiku quoted. In fact, she has been on the haiku scene for several years, and is the author of seven other books.

The illustrations are very interesting and give an added dimension to the eighty haiku in **As Stones Cry Out**. In fact, the ink drawings are haiku themselves.

The only disappointment in reading **As Stones Cry Out** is that the spacing is confusing on some pages, though the book itself is finely produced. But this really doesn't detract from the book; a richness of quality lingers in the mind.

**Tangled Hair** by Akiko Yosano. Selected Tanka from **Midaregami** translated from the Japanese by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda. 165 pp. \$6.95. Charles E. Tuttle Company. 1987.

**Romaji Diary and Sad Toys** by Takuboku Ishikawa translated by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda. 279 pp. \$8.95. Charles E. Tuttle Company. 1985.

Reviewed by Miriam Sagan

Akiko Yosano, one of the great modern tanka writers, can also be considered Japan's major woman poet. A woman of extraordinary biography, she was born in 1878, married the poet Yosano Hinoshi, was a prolific writer, a feminist, and the mother of eleven children. The tanka from **Tangled Hair** are vital work, infusing the classical form with Akiko's own personal and poetic force. Erotic, individual, sometimes confessional in tone, the poems also serve to connect the poet to the larger world.

Akiko Yosano conjures intimate scenes:

Soft, white  
My kimono of silk gauze—  
How I hate this light  
From the flickering  
Candle!

And she often uses the image of her own hair, that female and evocative part of the body:

A thousand lines  
Of black black hair  
All tangled, tangled—  
And tangled too  
My thoughts of love!

Like the great haiku poets, Akiko can also describe the external world with a deeply compassionate eye:

I pitied him  
Standing by the door  
In the evening  
Calling the name of my sister  
Who died last year.



And conversely the poet brings observed nature back to the self, as in this tanka of playful egotism:

Pink morning mist  
Over the valley  
Of blossoming plum,  
O the beauty of those hills,  
O this beautiful me!

Unconventional and dynamic, Akiko Yosano's sensibility is in step with contemporary poetry and also with traditions of the past. The translations read convincingly in English, and seem to invoke the spirit as well as the letter of the work.

Takuboku Ishikawa was a younger contemporary of Akiko Yosano's. His tanka in *Sad Toys* are even less conventional than Akiko's, written as they are in three lines. The title refers to the poems themselves; and the translators emphasize the "spontaneity, naturalness, and simplicity" of the work, with such tanka as:

Just waiting  
For the time to return home—  
Today, too, I worked.

and:

Bedding completely over my head,  
Legs drawn up—  
It's at no one in particular I stick out my tongue!

The poet was ill with the tuberculosis that eventually killed him, and that particular suffering infuses some of his strongest work:

How sad to have a mind  
Without desire to recover from disease—  
O the *why* of this mind!

That moment I left my bed  
Only to feel compelled to lie down—  
O the tulip I adored with these tired eyes!

And again there is the combination of compassion and self examination found in Akiko Yosano's work:

How pathetic my poor father!  
Again bored with today's paper  
And playing with ants in the garden

The **Romaji Diary** is a fascinating document written in a kind of code, which allowed Takuboku Ishikawa to write freely about his life without the constraints of family and society. Like all honest diaries, it makes fascinating reading even when it deals with the mundane. The diary shows the same power of observation as the tanka, and bears a relationship to more traditional literary diaries. Plagued by poverty, ill health, and alienation, Takuboku Ishikawa's writing lacks some of the transcendence found in Akiko's. His early death also deprived the literary world of the chance of maturer works. But his is ultimately a genuine and moving voice.

Both collections are a credit to publisher Tuttle: finely translated, beautifully designed volumes that bring important work into English.

## A TRIBUTE TO OUR MEMBERSHIP

(Read at the HSA Meeting in New York City, 9/12/87)

I'd like to take five minutes for a tribute to our Membership. Our members—as well as our leadership—make us what we are. During my two years as Subscription/Membership Secretary, I've gotten to know my fellow-members better and am fascinated by them.

We now have 375 members, 129 of whom joined us in 1987—a 27% increase since last August. I can't take credit for this. All I do is acknowledge the new memberships. They have been coming in at a rate of several per week. If anyone deserves special credit, it is Elizabeth Lamb. Aside from this, I believe the increase is due to the recent interest in haiku and its growing acceptance as a literary form. And I think we can expect the phenomenon to continue.

Who are our members? First, we have a lot of published authors. According to *Haiku Review '87*, 71 have books of their own haiku in print. Several more have published since *Haiku Review* came out. At least 18 have their own presses. Anthologies, translations, and books about haiku have been published by at least 11 members, some of whom are present today.

Our members include scholars, translators, and educators at every level. I don't always know about their academic careers. I've found their books at the Zen Bookstore and the Public Library. People tend to subscribe from their home addresses without using academic titles. Only recently I discovered, in the course of correspondence, that Sanford Goldstein will be teaching in Japan for the next two years, and that Frank Robinson teaches a course in Haiku and Related Forms. (He wrote because I made a mistake in his zip code.)

I don't want to neglect our members who haven't published books, but whose work is seen frequently in *Frogpond* and other haiku journals. Or those who are members simply because they love haiku. God bless them.

Among our membership we have members of Zen monasteries and Catholic Orders. We have many Canadian members, several Japanese members, two German members, and one Australian member. I've received inquiries from two Australians who read Cor van den Heuvel's *Anthology*, and one African from Zimbabwe who read Bill and Penny's *Handbook*. Perhaps they'll be joining us.

We have ties with at least 8 other major haiku publications through mutual subscriptions by officers and members. These include English-language haiku publications in Japan, and our sister organization, Haiku Canada. I've found that the HSA is part of a growing network of haiku people and that we have links with many other haiku organizations. In the future I think we can look forward to further growth and to the formation of more connecting links to the greater haiku community.

Doris Heitmeyer  
Secretary

## BITS & PIECES

### MERIT BOOK AWARDS

Announcement of the 1987 HSA Merit Book Awards for books published in 1985 and 1986 will appear in the February 1988 *Frogpond*. The judging is not quite finished as this goes to press. The process has taken longer than expected due to the number and diversity of entries. Thanks for your patience.

### BROADSIDES

*Symphonic Senryu*, two broadsides—20 witty observations on instruments and performers by Elizabeth Nichols. \$4 for the pair, ppd. Her *Fractured Flute* broadside, senryu focusing on the flute with handsome illustration, specifically appealing to flutists, is \$3.50 ppd. These available from author, 3006 Lydia, Topeka, KS 66614.

**THANKS** for this issue's cover drawing to Harlan Lizer.

### CONTEST NEWS

Rockland County Haiku Society announces second annual **LOKE HILIKIMANI HAIKU CONTEST** with awards of \$30, \$15 and \$10. Submit up to 3 haiku on one sheet of paper without identification. A second sheet should have same haiku plus author's name and address. Deadline is February 28, 1988. Fee for total submission is \$1.00—checks made out and sent to: Leatrice Lifshitz, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomona, NY 10970.

**1988 HAIKU CONTEST** sponsored by North Carolina Haiku Society has been announced, with December 31, 1987 in hand deadline. For rules, send SASE to N.C. Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610.

One of the 13 categories of the Poetry Society of Virginia's 1988 Contests is for "Series of three or four haiku on a single theme." Deadline: postmarked before January 1, 1988. SASE for information to: Dean Burgess, Contest Chair, 413 Middle St., Portsmouth, VA 23704.

## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books 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.

*Clouds Empty Themselves: Island Haiku* by Winona Baker. Red Cedar Press, 606 First St., Nanaimo, B.C., Canada V9R 1Y9. 1987, 36 pp., \$2.95.

*Na Pua'oli Puke'elima (Joyous Blossoms Book V)* compiled by Darold R. Braida. Hawaii Education Assoc., 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826. 1987, \$2.50 + 50¢ p/h. (Winners of 9th & 10th Ann. Internatl. HEA Haiku Contests.)

*Milkweed: A Gathering of Haiku* edited by Marshall Hryciuk. Nietzsche's Brolly, 745 Markham St., Toronto, Ont., Canada M6G 2M4. 1987, 150 pps., no price given.

*Migrating Geese* by Adele Kenny. Muse-Pie Press. 1987, 48 pps., \$4 + \$1.50 p/h. Available from author: Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

*Cardboard Boxes: a journal* by Loren Mattei. Purcell Press, P.O. Box 769, New Haven, CT 06503. 1987, 44 pps., \$2.

*Small Town Big City: haiku & senryu* by Donald McLeod. All Night Press, 4733 Lemona Ave., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403. 1987, 32 pps., \$4 ppd.

*Imagidories: Haiku & Short Stories* by Kenneth R. Roberts. 1986, unno. pps., \$10 library-bound; a smaller version in paper \$3.45. From author, 8803 E. Davies Ave., Englewood, CO 80112. Haiku posters in various sizes also available; inquire about prices.

*Reed Shadows*, selected haiku by John Wills. Burnt Lake Press and Black Moss Press. 1987, 112 pps., \$11.95 + \$1 p/h from Burnt Lake Press, 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada J1L 1Y8.

*pine and pond: haiku* by Tundra Wind. 1987, 122 pps., \$2.50. Available from author, P.O. Box 429, Monte Rio, CA 95462.

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**HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT**  
**October, 1986—September, 1987**

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/86		\$2292.10
II. Income		
Membership Dues	\$6250.34	
Single Issues Frogpond	455.00	
Henderson Contest	319.00	
Contributions	275.00	
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Sub-total Income	7299.34	<u>7299.34</u>
III. Payments		
Frogpond Publishing/Postage	4524.11	
Postage	922.00	
Awards	275.00	
Stationery	350.00	
Bank Fees	97.49	
Other	390.00	
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Sub-total Payments	6558.60	<u>6558.60</u>
IV. Balance 9/30/87		<u>3032.84</u>

R. Kremer  
Treasurer, HSA

**TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY VOLUME REPORT**  
**9/30/87**

Contributions		\$2280.00
Postage for mailing announcement		<u>97.77</u>
Balance as of 9/30/7		2182.23

R. Kremer  
Treasurer, HSA

GARY HOTTON  
LAURE, MD  
7 DEC 87

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### GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR SENRYU

To begin the 20th anniversary celebration in 1988, the Haiku Society of America will offer a prize of \$25.00 for senryu. This Gerald Brady Memorial Prize is made possible by Virginia Brady Young in honor of her late brother.

Deadline for submissions: February 1, 1988.

No entry fee.

Submissions must be typed in duplicate on 3x5 index cards, with name/address/telephone number on one card only.

Mail submissions directly to HSA president, Adele Kenny, P.O. Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

Mark envelope "Gerald Brady Memorial Prize."

Sorry, no entries can be returned.

There will be one judge who will remain anonymous until after the winner is announced.

The winner will be announced at the March, 1988, HSA meeting, and will be published in *Frogpond*.

The long autumn and no letter from Raymond

