

# frogpond



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## WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

As my third term as president of the HSA draws to a close, I would like to express my sincerest gratitude to all who gave so generously of their time, energy, and talent this past year. First, I send a huge "Thank You" to each of my fellow officers, Vincent Tripi, L.A. Davidson, Doris Heitmeyer, and Elizabeth Searle Lamb, all of whom have contributed immeasurably to the HSA and who, in working together with dedication and enthusiasm, have shown that the miles between our coasts are only a matter of geography and make no difference at all when it comes to unity of spirit. I send my special thanks as well to all of our contest judges, committee chairpeople and committee members, presenters at meetings, and volunteers who shared the responsibilities inherent in the effective management and smooth running of an organization as large as ours. To all members whose letters, cards, and phone calls contained so much support and encouragement, I send my heartfelt thanks. (Is this starting to sound like an Academy Award speech?) Seriously, this "public" note of thanks is hardly adequate!

I feel very privileged and honored to have served the HSA, and I wish the incoming officers the same sort of enrichment which I have received. As our society continues to grow (in numbers and in prominence), there will undoubtedly be many changes. Let's be open to them, and let's never forget that at the source of each poem is the heart of a poet, a heart which may be vulnerable. As we move into new eras of our history, let's all be generous with one another and mutually supportive in our work. To each of you I wish good health, peace, and happiness—Godspeed!

Adele Kenny  
November, 1990

## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Early in 1984 I was offered a wonderful and exciting challenge by then-president Virginia Brady Young—the editorship of *Frogpond*! How grateful I am to her and to members of the Haiku Society of America who then elected and re-elected me, and to everyone who shared/submitted their haiku. For me, these seven years have been richly rewarding—a time of work, of growth, of a struggle for balance and quality in each issue, of new and deepened friendships within the haiku community. I feel still that it is the haiku itself and the writing of it that is the important thing—not the fact of publication, although I have published as much by as many as I possibly could.

Now it is time to place *Frogpond* in the hands of a new editor, and I do so joyfully. I promise my support and hope the writing will bring enrichment of spirit and satisfaction in accomplishment as issue follows issue. I am eager to see *Frogpond* grow and develop in fresh and exciting ways.

Again, my thanks to HSA and to all of you. May haiku continue to bring you joy!

Elizabeth Searle Lamb  
November 1990

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material  
from *Frogpond* XIII:3

Haiku

Butterfly shadows . . .  
not finding  
the butterfly

*W. C. Ginn*

Sequence

"Abandoned Farmhouse"

*Edward J. Rielly*



still clear autumn dawn  
not a leaf falls—  
the birds are gone

autumn fog  
the redwood silence  
i stop in my tracks

*Brent Partridge*

Flowing with the fog  
over my wall a white cat  
flurry of white doves

*Virginia Egermeier*

fog . . .  
birds still landing  
as St. Francis disappears

wind  
moves the chopsticks  
old sake

*vincent tripi*

by the prised window  
reading Basho—a rainbow  
on every page

*Mark Arvid White*

drifting fog  
two crows on a wire  
touching beaks

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

so many birds . . .  
still, the woodpecker's flash  
draws notice

long sea grass  
bends. on the sea-washed rock,  
a curve of cormorants

*Martha Stainsby*

lengthening shadows  
climbing Provinceland's dunes  
in fading sunlight

*Edmund J. Daly*

iridescent,  
oil slick about to find  
this white heron

foghorn  
right into the beached whale's  
silenced flukes

*Geraldine C. Little*

out of the fog  
led by his glowing cigarette  
a tall man

*Christopher Conn*

on top of the hill the short man smiles

*Haiping Gong*



palisade  
folding its shadow  
into autumn

*Lee Gurga*

bluejay's cry,  
drowned out  
by the roaring waterfall

*(Yosemite National Park)  
Evelyn Hermann*

hawk  
trailing through the blue sky  
brown arc of mouse

*Andy Roberts*

a single moment  
of seeing beyond the look . . .  
i am sunset

*Glenda L. Lacy*

Harvest twilight  
balancing the dark, gently,  
on scarecrow's shoulders

*Arlene Levine*

moonrise:  
the cliff's shadow ebbs  
from the tide

after the crickets  
no coyotes tonight . . .  
not even the owl

*Christopher Herold*



round his bed  
white chrysanthemums  
bunch

long hearse  
slow marches  
vacant streets

open earth  
welcomes her son—  
white ropes slip away

round his grave  
black umbrellas  
cluster

chrysanthemums . . .  
in and out  
bees weave

*Steve McComas*



graveyard  
the ibises bend  
probe into the earth

*David Ross*

cloudy afternoon  
a white chrysanthemum  
just one

*marianne bluger*



IN MEMORIAM

**Lee Richmond**  
**August 17, 1990**

Making a death-verse;  
the grasses grow long  
without notice

*Fireflies*  
*Black Swan Books*  
1989

**Roberta Stewart**  
**July 9, 1990**

white doves  
spray from the fountain glistens  
on an outspread wing

*frogpond*  
May 1987

**Carrow DeVries**  
**1906-1990**

Crickets singing . . .  
. . . walking in the moving  
silence.

*100 Haiku*  
1976

**Bernard S. Aaronson**  
**September 10, 1990**

Something in the light  
marks this an autumn beach—  
shells and footprints

*frogpond*  
November 1989



fierce winds swing  
the clackmasts of  
harbour boat chimes

*Daniel Lehtinen*

fishermen's funeral—  
after eleven bells  
the silence

*Mark Arvid White*

printed eulogy  
in fine script grandfather's name  
misspelled

*K. Middleton*

in the mud  
outside the graveyard  
a plastic rose

*Stephen Hobson*

a small pale woman  
stares out to sea  
the chipped porcelain cup

*Elizabeth St. Jacques*

The Dogstar splays  
on the black December creek—  
water sounds grow faint

Night safari—  
far off a sea sound  
shed by stars

*H. F. Noyes*



THREE POEMS TO PAINTINGS

*Buson, Landscape with Poet in Boat*

the poets' boat  
in the narrow pass—  
summer leaves

*Matsumura Goshun, Fish Market*

open-mouthed  
they wriggle together,  
the crowd at the fish-market

*Buson, Crows Flying Through Rain*

the crows' wings  
slanting with the rain—  
autumn wind

*Penny Harter*



The autumn wind—  
My mother's tombstone  
Whiter.

A cicada shell  
Sticks to the big root  
Of a pine tree.

A big red persimmon  
On a tree at the yard  
Of the house for sale.

Caught  
In the autumn's wind  
A white butterfly.

*Akira Kawano*

Dawn silence broken  
A cowboy herding cattle  
With his pickup horn

Rez kids laugh  
While the fat tourist changes  
His Caddy's flat

Under the owl's tree  
Amid bits of bone and fur  
A shiny agate

*Jack Ervin*

enormous sky  
the crow harries  
a golden hawk

*Tom Smith*

Through the trees  
an autumn wind  
the color of blue jays

Dark gray clouds  
crow weather  
before the snow

*Bernard S. Aaronson*

A car's dragging muffler  
throws a trail of sparks  
cold autumn night

*Brett Peruzzi*



1990 MERIT BOOK AWARDS  
FOR BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1989  
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place, The Frances Levenson Award

*STAR-MAPPED* by Geraldine Clinton Little  
(Publisher: Silver Apples Press)

Second Place

*HANDBAKE* by Werner Reichhold  
(Publisher: AHA Books)

Third Place

*AND THE CAT, TOO* by Kazuo Sato  
(Publisher: AHA Books)

Honorable Mention

*PARALLEL JOURNEY, VOYAGE PARALLELE* by Andre Duhaime &  
LeRoy Gorman  
(Publisher: editions Asticou)

Special Category Awards (in order of selection by the judges)

1. *ON MY MIND* by Anita Virgil and Vincent Tripi, edited by Michael  
Dylan Welch

(Publisher: Press Here)

Category: Interview

2. *A WOMAN OF PASSAGE* by Anne McKay and other poets

(Publisher: Wind Chimes Press)

Category: Renga

3. *WINTER'S BLOSSOMS* by The New Zealand Poetry Society, Inc.,  
edited by Ricketts, Beard, Drummond, and Tanabe

(Publisher: Nagare Press)

Category: Anthology

Judges: Virginia Brady Young

R.W. Grandinetti Rader



NOTE: This year Mrs. Frances Levenson has made a special donation (in addition to her long-time annual donation) to fund the 1st prize award in our Merit Contest. She has noted that this is not a memorial, but rather, her way of remembering a very happy event occurring in September. Over the years Mrs. Levenson has been more than generous in supporting the HSA. As a way of expressing our gratitude, we have named this year's 1st place award in her honor. Please note that this is for 1990 only. AK

1990 HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR HAIKU  
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place            silent cathedral  
                             stained-glass apostles  
                             dimming with dusk

*Charles B. Dickson*

Second Place            up the path  
                             to touch that one oak  
                             in last night's dream

*R.J. Trayhern*

Third Place            dry leaves  
                             the old archer  
                             curves his eyebrow

*Jim Boyd*

Honorable Mentions

soft rain—  
the new grave  
looks old  
*William Cullen, Jr.*

dusk  
a lone car going the same way  
as the river  
*George Swede*

morning sneeze—  
the guitar in the corner  
resonates  
*Dee Evetts*

First days of summer . . .  
already the leaves gather  
beneath the sycamores  
*Tom Tico*

fall leaves the trees the winter sky  
*Lee Gurga*



Judges: Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg  
Garry Gay



1990 GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR SENRYU  
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place            On the same bus  
                              the same strangers  
                              as yesterday  
*John Thompson*

Second Place        New neighbor  
                              eyeing the worn path  
                              between our houses  
*Michael Howell*

Third Place         a man swept by  
                              in a wave rising, falling  
                              sees us see him drown  
*Michael Howell*

Honorable Mentions

fingering my tattoo  
granddaughter asks  
when she can have numbers  
*Lesley Einer*

Methodical husband:  
On his list of chores, she finds  
Her name  
*Anita Krumin*

the words unspoken . . .  
waiting for the toast  
to pop up  
*Kenneth Leibman*

running down  
FIGHT ILLITERACY  
the gang's red paint  
*LeRoy Gorman*

drilling deeper  
my dentist talks me into  
Amnesty International  
*LeRoy Gorman*

drunken sailor  
loses both shoes  
tying one on  
*Brenda Duster*



Judges: Lee Gurga  
Barbara Ressler

looking at  
halloween masks—  
boy with the burned face

*B. Stephen Freedberg*

whistling kettle . . .  
the cocked head of a wooden owl  
on the top shelf

steaming cup . . . the moth  
fluttering against the glass  
on a print of tea-fields

Polanski's *Macbeth* . . .  
the second Witches' scene goes dead  
on the VCR

*Thomas Heffernan*

Into old pots and pans  
thrown out in the backyard—  
the musical rain

*Tom Tico*

the cat's crunching  
mixes with the  
Paganini

*Doris Ash*

coyote calls  
echo from Mt. Franklin  
hunter's moon

*Naomi Y. Brown*



A pheasant in the hunter's  
sights—unnoticed,  
a black bird

*Bill Endres*

on the creek bottom,  
century-old snapping turtle:  
years of beer bottles

red-winged blackbirds  
rising from cattail and wild rice:  
the pot-party shack

on the moonlit marsh  
strewn with driftwood and litter:  
boom of the bittern

*Nick Virgilio*

halloween cat  
cries  
smudges whiskers

*Brian Daldorph*

halloweeners—  
dog's cautious sniff starts  
his tail wagging

harvest moon—  
his fiddler crab  
makes waves

*Frederick Gasser*

hurrying past  
the house where no one lives  
late autumn chill

*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

toad gone—  
in his turtle shell  
only the autumn chill

almost (down the path  
in the pouring rain) alone  
box turtle

*Anita Virgil*

the ocean spray  
reaches the rain  
before  
it touches the sand

*Patricia Heim*

alone in the rain—  
even my shadow  
washed away

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

Sudden autumn rain  
a lift of white wings:  
herons homing

*Bernice Coca*

rain-soaked carny  
turning his Ferris Wheel . . .  
riders or not

*Mark Arvid White*

carousel rider  
dashing  
after the brass ring

*Edmund J. Daly*



## FESTIVAL

winter dusk  
the pigeons crowd  
around the bakery

first snowfall  
even the schoolmaster  
holds out his palms

talking too much:  
his beard stiff  
with icicles

more sober now  
the youngest skater  
back on her feet

string bikinis  
half-off  
this Christmas

a red-tailed hawk  
blown against clouds  
ground squirrel!

a veined hand  
touches the flame  
to the leaves

*Marty Steyer*



## A LOOK AT JAPAN'S HAIKU MUSEUM

By Kristen Deming, Tokyo

Most readers of *Frogpond* are aware of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo because of the prizes awarded for the best haiku and renga or haiku sequence in each issue. But a visit to the museum gives a greater appreciation of the full scope of its work.

The director of the museum, Tokihiko Kusama, says "Our goal is to preserve haiku for future generations." He oversees the museum's efforts to collect and preserve the more than 700 haiku magazines published every month in addition to the 2,000 books about haiku published each year. The museum staffers, most of whom are also poets, keep track of over 30,000 books and 200,000 magazines on the museum's shelves.

The museum is a monument to Japanese love of poetry. A non-profit organization established in 1976, it was built by public and private donations. The museum is supported by the Association of Haiku Poets, which has about 10,000 members; the Association of Modern Haiku, with 4,000 members; and the Association of Traditional Haiku with 6,000 members.

The Association of Haiku Poets actually runs the museum. The president of the Association, Professor Ken'ichi Sawaki, is a famous poet. Asked about the museum's interest in foreign haiku, he replies, "The museum wants to make Japanese literature known. By collecting books related to haiku published in the U.S. and other countries, we know how haiku is understood by non-Japanese."

The museum has a special non-Japanese section with haiku magazines, books, textbooks, and even dissertations from all over the world. *Frogpond's* poets will be pleased to know their work, too, is being collected for future generations to read and enjoy.

Increasingly, the museum is interested in promoting cultural exchange between Japan and other countries. Waseda University Professor Kazuo Sato is director of the museum's International Division. A selector of haiku and a judge of competitions, Professor Sato has ample opportunity to judge the quality of haiku being produced by non-Japanese. He is impressed. But he adds, "It is difficult to compare Japanese and non-Japanese haiku. In my opinion there are really two kinds of haiku. Japanese and non-Japanese. The source of the poetry is the same, but they are different because of the character of the languages. For instance, the complex ideographs of *kanji* allow more levels of meaning to be communicated in Japanese."

According to Professor Sawaki, "Literature has great power. Japanese learn more about their own language by writing poetry because they must look up words in the dictionary. They are therefore constantly refining the language."

Professor Sato maintains "Different nationalities write haiku in different ways. A Japanese poet might say 'autumn wind' or 'spring wind' without specifying which season. In Japanese haiku, the season word is essential. We are very sentimental about the change of seasons. It is important to us. Perhaps this comes from the influence of Buddhism and our feelings about the ephemeral nature of life."

"Of course, foreign haiku has a very short history, only 20 or 30 years compared to the 300-year Japanese tradition. In this country about 10



million people write haiku. There are approximately 700 haiku magazines in Japan. Every major newspaper has a page dedicated to haiku and tanka, so the percentage of the population writing poetry is huge."

"Also, more Japanese are writing haiku in English, sometimes winning prizes in competitions with native English-speakers. Some write English haiku to teach others the true depth of haiku. East and West, I believe, are truly meeting through haiku."

Visitors to the museum may view haiku-related art and calligraphy, and the museum regularly exhibits its collection of rare letters, manuscripts, scrolls and other materials by famous haiku poets including Basho, Issa, Shiki and some modern poets. These works display the energy and spirit of the poets, inspiring those who visit this "mecca for haiku poets."

Visitors are welcome. The museum is located in the Shinjuku section of Tokyo, a short walk from the Okubo station on the JR railway line.

Note: portions of this article appeared previously in the *Japan Times*, Tokyo.



skimming bats  
avoid the dipping oars  
thrum the trolling line

just off the bow  
a young loon breaches  
I hear us both grab for breath

evening stream  
startled deer leap in a spray  
of backlight

*Clifford Wood*

Awake hungry  
I set my table  
with the sun

*Robert H. Zukowski*

morning mist  
she cleans  
the dresser mirror

*LeRoy Gorman*

*Consumer Reports*—  
two copies on top of  
Emily Dickinson

*Cathy Drinkwater Better*

Still bright as ever  
    pressed in a *Keats*:  
    the morning glory

Meadow grass  
    writhing:  
    the snake below

*R.H. Morrison*

Covering tomatoes:  
    A single gold leaf  
    Settles on the hammock

*Sally Hammond*

    crescent moon  
over the satellite dish  
    both face autumn

*Lequita Vance*



trickle  
of the frozen brook  
mockingbird's medley

morning cold—  
logging truck's boom  
echoes

*Wally Swist*

photo from L.A. —  
daughter showing off  
her new tattoo

building crew at lunch—  
the young woman's hard hat  
painted with daisies

*Norma S. Hass*

bulldozers at rest . . .  
men eating their lunch under  
the only tree left

*D.S. Lliteras*

in the rear-view mirror  
the young woman alone  
washing in the river

*Lenard D. Moore*

gray branch framed  
by a swelling  
harvest moon

*Thorna*

mocking the last rose  
the lasting rose  
on its vase

in the curlique wool  
of this staffordshire lamb  
grandmother's dust

*Frank K. Robinson*

on my lap  
the gray cat curls  
in the shape of its purrrrr

*Marie Forsyth*

sitting in the sun  
the cat on the roof  
nursing her litter

*Peter Duppenhaler*

A crumpled love letter  
misses  
the empty wastebasket

Above the nightlight  
a tiny bug and its shadow  
run down the wall

*David Elliott*

In the night's silence  
from inside the guitar case  
twang of string breaking

*R.H. Morrison*



On the cafe table  
an old wine bottle  
fills with autumn rain.

Great cathedral bells!  
Through a crack in the walk  
dandelion.

*Doug Sanderson*

Alone  
in the cathedral:  
vespers for solo voice

*Robert Besch*

#### AT THE CATHEDRAL CONCERT

microphone  
dangling in front of  
the crucifix

*Penny Harter*

blackbird wings open  
against the sky,  
stained glass

*J.A. Totts*

In a monastery stone  
the fossil  
of a fish.

*Alexis Rotella*

NEW ORLEANS WEDDING

Anita Virgil

here & there  
in bare treetops  
mistletoe

in a shabby motel  
all night  
treefrogs in rain

cottonmouths  
in the swamp . . .  
a house on stilts

\*\*

family get-together  
all the eyes all the feelers  
all the hands tearing shrimp

morning in the French Quarter  
café au lait &  
beignets with sparrows

the river wind blows  
into the Quarter  
& through his saxophone



on the riverfront  
a stranger  
takes my smile

the breeze  
off the Mississippi  
fills my skirt

behind grillwork  
down darkness to sun  
in a hidden courtyard

cool the alley  
through the grillwork swirls  
cat pee smell

in the morning shops  
half the doorways  
fill with shade

all the Mardi Gras colors  
in the masks  
in the houses

on the iron lace balconies  
only flowers  
sunning

from the suite dusk  
fills in the river  
& all the tiny lights are slow

\*\*

*(more)*

huge limbs of the live oak  
their reaching out  
over the young grass

in a pecan grove  
wandering spring shadows  
cows & blackbirds

parked on the runway  
its wings drooped a B-52  
the winter sun

the slow day . . .  
in the empty motel corridor  
a stack of dirty dishes

sundown in the empty bar  
the player-piano keys  
begin

the big waitress departs  
the china teapot  
shakes

January sun . . .  
the cotton fields  
dotted with leftovers





distant smoky line  
becomes a V of ducks  
returning north

after the rain  
Stones on the stereo  
wild canary lands

after canoeing  
writing haiku  
instead of my novel

*Chris Faiers*

my grocery list  
keeps turning to haiku . . .  
brown rice tonight

*Lesley Einer*

so quiet  
just the rub of the pen  
writing this

*James E. Adams*

Soaking in the hot tub  
snail on the curtain  
taking the vapors

*Margaret Chula*

startled by the porch light  
a possum  
plays possum

*K.H. Clifton*

painting the barn—  
weather vane's rusty horse  
galloping toward rain

firefly—  
a millisecond  
to cross the moon

dodo doesn't fly  
in my words  
either

*Larry Gross*

in a spin  
the weather vane cock  
without direction

*Lequita Vance*

'for sale'  
in the empty barn  
wind

*marianne bluger*

Autumn wind  
louder and louder—  
the rattle of leaves

Setting sun;  
in the harvested field  
pools of red water

*Virgil Hutton*

after the harvest  
only the thin moon floats on  
water in the field

*Zhu Hao*



WORTH REPEATING  
FOR FUN

haiku in progress

!	!	?
?	&	&
&	?	!

*LeRoy Gorman*  
*Alchemist*



frogpond  
a cow jumps  
over  
the  
moon

*Frank K. Robinson*  
*Cicada*



"haiku in progress"  
*Alchemist*, Feb. 1987  
used by permission

"frogpond" in a slightly different version  
appeared in *Cicada* (Toronto) 5:1 1981  
used by permission

ALONG THE DREAM PATH

Snow filling  
the tracks of deer  
and the tracks of my lover

His freezing lips thawing on my nipples

The moon plunging  
into all the wells  
of the world

Passing me a Thai-stick,  
the smell of my perfume  
on his finger tips

Listening to a lute  
as snow turns to rain  
on a metal roof

The ancient sound of Samurai  
on horses coming for us  
along the dream path

*Lydia Carver*





INDIA SERIES

Lifting her sari  
to tie  
her tennis shoe

Between bird notes  
a man sings his prayer to God  
again the bird calls

Woodsmoke scent rises  
as another day begins  
Venus disappears

Pink blossoms hanging  
like flower garden laundry—  
saris blowing dry

Buffalo cross the road  
with a young girl who stares  
at the passing taxi

*Harriet Kofalk*



child of India  
returns greeting of peace  
with a big smile

*John Hazelton*

A thin call at dusk—  
the cranes flock from ancient time  
in the dim marsh reeds.

*C. Melin*

## THE PLACEMENT OF ACCENT OR STRESS IN ENGLISH TWO-SYLLABLE WORDS

Robert Spiess

In the informative article "A Japanese Ballad" by Tadao Okazaki (*Frogpond*, XIII, 3—August, 1990) the author states, "Most English words of 2 syllables are accented on the second syllable." This is an error that needs correction, as the opposite is true.

Let us list the two-syllable words in his article (which we may assume is reasonably representative of the English language) to determine the percentage of two-syllable words that are accented on the second syllable and the percentage of those that have the stress on the first syllable. The few two-syllable words that can be accented on either syllable and those that have equal stress on both syllables are omitted.

First, the words that are accented on the second syllable: between, pronounced, ago, proposed, amount, prolongs, becomes, concerned, alone, appears, along, without, among, conclude. A total of 14.

Words accented on the first syllable: widely, English, mental, having, little, reasons, nonsense, labelled, written, even, Roman, fashion, meaning, metre, structures, nearly, poem, tripled, also, iamb, basic, only, second, many, into, rhythm, classic, always, mimic, pattern, spoken, places, unit, trochee, likely, measure, oldest, ballads, other, common, any, never, very, writers, follows, language. A total of 46.

Thus 77% of the words are accented on the first syllable, and only 23% on the second syllable. This analysis is corroborated by Clement Wood in his *The Complete Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Craft Book* (my old 1936 edition!) in which he remarks, "Many more words in English are trochees than iambs."



thrip thrip thrip  
down the rusty wall  
last night's rain

*Linzy Forbes*

Three days of rain  
Three buckets full  
Picasso's musicians

*David Stafford*



old mission  
the chapel cat yawns  
during mass

*Helen J. Sherry*

on lead singer's red robe  
the microphone's shadow swaying;  
congregation claps

*Lenard D. Moore*

dog-eared script . . .  
I prompt a wiseman  
from the wings

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

rush hour  
far above the line of headlights  
a full moon

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

Park bench  
wino asleep mouth open  
to the rain

Three a.m.  
widow playing  
single solitaire

Halfway through  
the eclipse of the moon—  
yin and yang

*George Swede*

Deer season  
a buck strapped to an old car  
stares back at me

*Nancy H. Wiley*

Road sign:  
PENALTY FOR LITTER  
riddled with bullets

*Lawrence K. Howard*

this deer skull  
in the woods—  
teeth still intact!

*Cathy Drinkwater Better*

cleaning the luger  
he took from a dead german  
old man starts to cry

(written 9.1.89)  
*John J. Dunphy*

Old Army bible  
bookmarked at the *Psalms*—pressed leaf  
from the Argonne.

*Richard Layh*

her husband's illness—  
hiding the key  
to his gun cabinet

*Marie Forsyth*

AUSCHWITZ-BIRKENAU: A TRIPTYCH  
(The state museum at the site of the concentration  
camps in Oswiecim, Poland)

woman silently removes  
a rosary from her purse  
while staring at the Death Wall\*

a young couple  
chuckle at a whispered joke  
by the crematorium

rolling up his sleeve  
an old man fingers numbers  
tattooed on his arm

*John J. Dunphy*

\*The Death Wall, contained in Bloc 11 of Auschwitz Concentration Camp, is so designated because it was the place of execution by shooting.



on his ouija board  
covered with dust and cobwebs:  
the touch of the dead

still on the TV:  
the faded photograph  
of their fiftieth

*Nick Virgilio*



## GOING THROUGH MY MOTHER'S THINGS

Note: "To Hazel Spahn—  
I have to see you."  
Dad's schoolboy hand

Twelve years dead  
still among her papers  
his new birthday card

Written for her  
his uneducated poetry  
my teardrops on the pages

Guiltily, I toss away  
all those faded photos  
wondering who they are

In a jewelry box  
real pearls, a diamond pin  
and the necklace I made

At the last minute  
I too save  
her heart-shaped boxes

*Marsh Cassady*



train whistle  
piercing the quiet night  
thoughts of home

*Joan Bulger Murphy*

clubfoot boy  
playing soccer  
alone

*Ken Hurm*

Old sofa . . .  
the auctioneer slows  
with the cricket

*vincent tripi*

Shocked by his rashness  
when the hammer falls at once:  
the impulsive bid

*R.H. Morrison*

Saturday auction  
the blind girl, turns upside  
her bidding number

*Lequita Vance*

waits at bus stop  
near boarded-up storefront,  
woman in a wheelchair

after the thunderstorm,  
plastic cup lodged in a sewer grating

quarter moon:  
glass beside  
car broken into

*M. Kettner*

watching rain freeze  
the eyes  
of the paper snowman

*Francine Banwarth*

Grandmother's hands  
Disfigured by arthritis  
Still, red nail polish

*Richard B. Carlyle*

first snowfall  
her garden gloves  
still in the shed

*Michael Dylan Welch*

first snow  
a raven on the street lamp squawks  
his large mouth open

*George Grant*

burning the wood  
of a tree  
struck by lightning

*Brent Partridge*

Snow all morning—  
a cardinal at the feeder—  
all else white on white

Christmas Eve—  
derelicts crowd an ashcan fire—  
a squad car passes

*Frank Trotman*



## white christmas

christmas eve

from beneath the park bench,  
first sight of snow

holiday truce

beneath blackened tarps,  
the sound of music

snow:

the old man wrings  
his black hands

humming over

the makeshift lean-to  
"Home for the Holidays"

covering the shanties

covering the park grounds  
—snow

sharing a toast:

from a blackened pot  
bitter tea

Christmas Eve

on the new co-op's entrance,  
a welcome wreath

*Anthony J. Pupello*

## SEASONED HAIKU: WINTER

Selected by William J. Higginson

Here are some of the best responses to the request for haiku on winter seasonal topics in the August issue of *Frogpond*, with a few comments. The section ends with some thoughts on season words outside of Japan, and a request for readers' comments.

The haiku appear in the order of the traditional season-word categories (the season, astronomy, geography, etc.). Listed to the right of each poem are its category; season word, with the nearest equivalent Japanese season word in italics if it exists; and whether the poem belongs to early, mid-, late, or all season, with the month(s) to which these loosely correspond—in the traditional Japanese system. Since authors' locations and climates vary so, I also list the state or province each wrote from.

An asterisk (\*) indicates an author-proposed season word, rather than one offered in the previous column.

Cold night The radio I keep it alive		the season [it is] cold* ( <i>samushi</i> ) all winter (Nov.-Jan.) Toyko
	<i>Masaya Saito</i>	

The winter cows stand freezing . . . walk into the barn		the season winter* ( <i>fuyu</i> ) all winter (Nov.-Jan.) Stockholm, Sweden
	<i>Patrik Orneman</i>	

It is cold in my boot look in it— the first snow of the year		astronomy first snow* ( <i>hatsuyuki</i> ) mid-winter (Dec.) Stockholm, Sweden
	<i>Maria Söder</i>	

Note that Patrik and Maria are third-grade students.

When a haiku contains two season words, as this does ("cold" and "first snow"), if there is no conflict between them it usually seems appropriate to take the season word that is more restrictive as governing the poem. The same logic governs the following; "hawk" can be used all winter.

glittering— last night's snow the hawk's red tail		astronomy snow* ( <i>yuki</i> ) late winter (Jan.) North Carolina
	<i>Nina A. Wicker</i>	

deep snow— by the railroad tracks another moose shape		the same Alaska
	<i>Mark Arvid White</i>	

Mark writes: "1989 was one of the very worst years ever for winter moose deaths. . . . a long, snowy season, and the moose spent a lot of time feeding along railroad tracks and highways (where they can get food that isn't buried deep in the snow)."



the power out—	astronomy
through deep windows	wolf moon*
wolf moon	all winter?
K. G. Teal	New York

“Wolf moon” has no direct equivalent in Japanese, but the illustration for “winter moon” (*fuyu no tsuki*) in the *Japan Great Almanac* shows a lone wolf wandering in a snowy bamboo grove under a half moon. I am tentative about seeing “wolf moon” as simply another variety of “winter moon” (there are several, applying to all winter), because I am sure that I have seen reference to “wolf moon” in some Native American lore, and believe it refers to a more specific time of year, which would make it an independent season word, not simply equivalent to “winter moon”. If there is a reader who can help, I would appreciate any references which would clarify the point.

Daddy is skiing	livelihood
he falls on the hillside	skiing* ( <i>skii</i> )
Game over	late winter (Jan.)
Axel Lönnquist	Stockholm, Sweden
A snowball	livelihood
hits under my shirt	snowball*
cold back	late winter (Jan.)
Anna Söder	Stockholm, Sweden

In Japan in August, I met Anna, who was one of several winners in a recent international haiku contest for grammar school children, the contest and our trips sponsored by Japan Air Lines. Her mother, Gerd Söder, kindly asked teachers at her children’s schools to write haiku for this column, which she then translated and sent me. These two are the last of four samples from Swedish children included here.

Anna’s “snowball” presents an interesting season work problem. While the Japanese word *yukimaroge* (or *yukimaruge*) might be rendered as “snowball” in English, it refers to a large snowball, such as might be used as the base for a snowman. We are not likely to see anyone attempting to throw a *yukimaroge*. In the meantime, *yukitama* (literally “snow-gem”), the usual translation for English “snowball”, does not seem to have made it into Japanese season work lists. Perhaps Anna will convince them to accept it.

My son	livelihood
sculpts a snowperson	“snowman”* ( <i>yukidaruma</i> )
with his sandpile shovel	late winter (Jan.)
Kam Holifield	New York

Thanks to Kam for noting the androgyny of “snowmen”! The Japanese *yukidaruma* is more specific; it literally means “snow-Bodhidharma” (the great Zen monk). An alternative for the Japanese is *yukibotoke*, “snow-Buddha”.

snowman . . . ?	the same
only a hat	Maryland
on the grass	
Cathy Drinkwater Better	

Meditated until his ego melted away.



between shovelfuls I covet my neighbor's snowblower	livelihood snow-shoveling* ( <i>yukikaki</i> ) late winter (Jan.) Maine
---	--

*Edward J. Rielly*

Japanese season word lists make provision for snow-shoveling and large-scale snow-removal with rotary plows (*rōtarii-sha*), but seem to have left a hole between, which Ed would like to fill.

fireplace cooling after midnight I read the last page	livelihood fireplace* ( <i>ro</i> ) all winter (Nov.-Jan.) District of Columbia
---	--

*Ellen Compton*

The Japanese *ro* refers to a square fire pit in the middle of a room, but the aesthetic is much the same.

New blanket; the old cat claims it first	livelihood blanket* ( <i>mōfu</i> ) all winter (Nov.-Jan.) Pennsylvania
--	--

*Helen L. Shaffer*

Through pine branches the moon my only ornament	observances [Christmas tree] ornament* mid-winter (Dec.) California
---	--

*Garry Gay*

The only haiku submitted with a governing season word on a winter animal was part of a sequence that I thought so good I forwarded it to Elizabeth Lamb for possible inclusion as a whole sequence. She agreed, and "Festival" by Marty Steyer appears elsewhere in this issue.

collecting leaves the fourth grader sits on 'em	plants fallen/falling leaves ( <i>ochiba</i> ) all winter (Nov.-Jan.) Massachusetts
---	--

*Raffael DeGruttola*

Birch leaves scrape the porch answer my knock	the same Washington
---	------------------------

*Jean E. Berry*

falling maple leaves deerskin nailed to the shed	the same Massachusetts
--	---------------------------

*Wally Swist*

From a barren limb chirps of the chickadee twitch the old tom's ear	plants barren limb* ( <i>kare-eda</i> ) all winter (Nov.-Jan.) California
---	--

*Timothy Happel*

While this haiku has season words of opposite seasons, according to the Japanese system ("barren limb" and "chickadee" [*shijūkara*], all summer), my own New England background suggests that "chickadee" is a bird we notice more in winter than in summer, so I join Tim in feeling that winter governs here.



The following poems were accepted for later columns, when I had planned to continue "Seasoned Haiku."

our daughter runs back— the shells her hands can't find room for <i>Gary Hotham</i>	livelihood shell-gathering ( <i>shiohigari</i> ) late spring (Apr.) Maryland
noon whistle . . . bees buzz flowers on the fresh grave <i>Jerry Kilbride</i>	animals bees ( <i>hachi</i> ) all spring (Feb.-Apr.) California
fresh snow bending the young leaves of the willow tree <i>Rebecca Osborn</i>	plants willow ( <i>yanagi</i> ) late spring (Apr.) Pennsylvania
Crack of a bat the hotdog boy ignores my wave <i>Peggy Heinrich</i>	livelihood [baseball] bat all summer Connecticut

Several words related to baseball appear in Japanese season word guides, such as *naitā* for "night game" (late summer—July), but neither "baseball" (*yakyū*) nor "hotdog" (*hottodoggu*) seems to have made it yet.

The squirrel leaps For the banana peel. His hurt look— No banana. <i>Isabelle A. Croft</i>	plants banana ( <i>banana</i> ) all summer ( <i>May-July</i> ) New York
--	--

Finally, two that were sent as representing winter weather in southern California, but have no ties to the traditional season word list. Anybody for establishing a season word list for climes that have only "rainy" and "dry" seasons?

the lamp is flowing in the pattering rain that streaks across the walk <i>Arthur Lev-Abramo</i>	rain on the window clicks sharp—the cat claws on the scratching post <i>Diane Brandt</i>
--	---

"Seasoned Haiku" ends here, as a column, but I hope that all serious haiku poets writing outside of the Japanese tradition will give the idea a try, or think about what it might or should mean in their own languages and climates. Can the seasonal consciousness of haiku be expanded to include tropic or arctic regions? Can languages other than Japanese sustain a seasonal consciousness that fits their climatic and literary situations? How would non-Japanese haiku change if they became recognizably seasonal? If seasonal consciousness is possible, is there an alternative to the season word system? Does an effort to write truly seasonal haiku outside of Japan make any sense at all?

There are some of the questions that have been buzzing in my head. Let me know your thoughts: William J. Higginson, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023 USA. Please include an s.a.s.e. if you would like an answer.



## BOOK REVIEW

**The Rise and Fall of Sparrows:** A Collection of North American Haiku. Edited by Alexis Rotella 1990, 107 pps., \$9.95 (\$1.50 postage and handling first copy—50 cents for ea. additional.) From Los Hombres Press, P.O. Box 15428, San Diego, CA 92115.

Reviewed by vincent tripi

Any book of poems that starts off with an invocation as prevailing, as enriching as the following . . .

What is lovelier  
Than this glass of cherry pop  
In the summer light?

*Michael Antman*

has got to be special.

With a spread of wings and a warming drift of fragrance, Alexis Rotella has brought us a collection which at bottom speaks of truth. Of vision. Of a single writer's voice into another, and another. . . and another.

When Rotella began gathering haiku for this Edition she spent months reading through hundreds of journals and books. From among thousands she eventually chose only about a hundred. Then, as difficult as it may seem, letting these "settle" for approximate two-years before returning.

The volume's title, from a poem by John Wills, is of crystalline coolness—"The Rise and Fall of Sparrows"—something glittering and unearthed. Life on these pages tends to be defined by struggle, poverty, romance, work, growth, survival, returning, attacks on the system. The deeper voice of what it means to be human, to relate . . . to be American. At home inside this land. The haiku are honest. They're about fear as well as beauty, objective as well as personal, some full of awe—

for every reed  
a reed reflection  
the gathering cool

*Clark Strand*

And some irreverent—

greasy hands  
in the engine  
watching her legs pass

*Scott Montgomery*

Moments articulated in images of fatal brilliance—

Takeoff:  
in the runway crack  
a single weed

*Ross Kremer*

Each offering comes from freedom. In its highest and its widest, in its softest and its loudest beat of heart. Classic largeness seems to dominate these poems. A thundering response to our time that makes the intimate and the physical still primary. But what continues to amaze me is the skill



with which Rotella links the poems that face on any pair of pages. There are more than a few remarkable harmonies of beingness and song. What matters here is to let a possibility manifest itself, the possibility, beyond thought, of saying yes.

Two examples:

(pages facing)

the pole-vaulter  
presses himself  
against the sky

*Dan Liebert*

The wrecking ball  
begins its swing  
a pigeon cocks its head

*Philip Miller*

sunset:  
the old Hopi singing  
to his cornfield

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

My oldest friend—  
suddenly her wrinkled hands  
are strangers to me

*Margaret Molarsky*

At least once I found myself re-checking to be certain that the Anthology had indeed been alphabetically arranged (It had!).

This is poetry, yet it is more. . . it is less. It is here. Perhaps Rotella unknowingly has brought us to a time, a special place for contemporary American haiku to emphasize itself. To cut through ornament. To recharge!

There is great presence to these pages. The presence of a massive oak. Seasoned, nurtured. . . at peace inside our fires after work.

Published by Los Hombres Press, this book is attentively produced with an absorbing cover illustration by Marlene L'Abbe, known for her graphic mastery and work on children's books. Rotella provides us with an enlightening Preface followed by a splendid Introduction from Tom Tico. The haiku are spaced up to three to a page using Times Roman 12 type face on 60 lb. paper. All of which contributes generously to the reader's final place inside its power and its scope. Complimenting the poems are two articles by Rotella—"Off the Page Experience Jumps, Haiku" and "Working Class Haiku." These cover 15 pages and are exceedingly informative in their own right. Lastly there is a short synopsis of "Haiku Journals" which for some reason is limited to a single page, with an almost blank page following it. This might have easily been updated and expanded to include others, if not most, of the currently active publications, American and otherwise.

Yet the fact remains that this is an important book, no less an embodiment of Rotella's healing vision of the world. A book which longs for and testifies to the ultimate continuity and order which her special gift of instinct has us hear. "Sparrows" indomitably takes its sustenance from life. Living all that it can live. It might all be different, but at the laundromat a teenager was wearing this button. "Enjoy life," it said, "This is not a dress rehearsal." She was fifteen, tops. Kids are smart these days. We should be so young. Lift our wings like sparrows, to bless, to find the still heard there—what the ears listen for and try to understand. No doubt we are its saying, sharing echoes of ourselves and of our world.





## BOOK COMMENTARY

Books! Books! Books! It occurs to me that the haiku world is in need of a magazine devoted to reviews of books in the field. The Brooks' *Haiku Review* (1980-1987) filled part of the void. Now, however, the various haiku magazines and newsletters, proliferating at a fast rate, must do their best to strike a balance (those that use reviews at all) between the increasing numbers of books and the limited pages allocated for review/comment. Possibly the idea of a review journal should be given some thought.

Two books recently published are here on my desk: *A Sprig of Lilac* by Florence Rome Garrett and *First Frost* by Zhu Hao. Their authors are in fascinating contrast.

The name Florence Garrett has been familiar since I clipped an article of hers on writing haiku from *Writer's Digest*, October, 1965. Two years of living in Japan and study of haiku with Japanese teachers preceded it; her interest and expertise have grown. *A Sprig of Lilac's* 60 selected poems are drawn from writing of the intervening years and have been printed by her husband on a nineteenth century press for their own Flume Press. A favorite, among many:

In fast falling dusk,  
light catching a crooked tree  
of golden apples.

Zhu Hao, on the other hand, is a young Chinese poet, a student at the Shanghai Drama Institute, who first heard of haiku when he read my article, "Haiku Flourishes in North America," in *The World of English* (bilingual, Beijing, May, 1985). He began writing and his first haiku was one of two published in the May, 1986 *Frogpond*. *First Frost*, published by AHA Books, is a collection (bilingual) of 95 haiku and is an important marker at the beginning of his career. He has already been published in magazines and won several awards. A haiku that catches me as I read this chapbook:

bitter of ginseng  
in the mouth  
long is winter night

Jane Reichhold deserves much praise for the role her AHA Books press is playing in making haiku books available. *Brushstroke* by Davina Kosh, *And the Cat, Too* by Kazuo Sato translated by Jack Stamm, Werner Reichhold's *Bridge of Voices* (handsome and provocative), and *The Wizard's Rook: 100 Link Renga* by Brent Partridge are among recent publications, which include her own *Narrow Road to Renga* (with twenty 'pilgrims') and *A Gift of Tanka*. On the larger playing field both renga (renku) and tanka are gaining prominence. Witness, among other publications: *Red Lights: Selected Tanka Sequences from Shakko* by Mokichi Saito translated by Seishi Shinoda and Sanford Goldstein; anne mckay's . . . *a woman of passage* (with others); the magazine *Lynx*. focusing on linked lines.

Of recent small chapbooks, *Out of Cassiopeia* by Charles B. Dickson must be singled out. Here are 24 fine haiku which capture the very essence of the region of the south which Dickson knows so well—yet are universal in appeal. As in his earlier chapbooks, the editing is skillful, the presentation elegant. Here is one haiku:

after the hunt:  
faint call of surviving quail  
in the moonlit field

Still so many books . . . so little space.

ESL



## BITS & PIECES

### PUBLICATION NEWS

*The HAIKU Quarterly*, 39 Exmouth Street, Swindon, Wiltshire, SN1 3PU, England. Kevin Bailey, Editor, expects the first issue to appear in late December '90-early January '91. "A magazine dedicated to the presentation and encouragement of the finest Minimalist poetry from all over the World." Four issues: L6.00 U.K.; L9.00 non-U.K. Singles: L1.80.

### CONTEST NEWS

Mirrors International Tanka Award 1990, sponsored by AHA Books.

Deadline: postmark December 31, 1990. \$200 Grand Prize; 31 winning tanka will be judged to be in the book *Tanka Splendor 1990*. Sanford Goldstein, judge. Send SASE for rules to Tanka Contest, POB 1250, Gualala, CA 95445.

North Carolina Haiku Society 1991 International Haiku Contest. Deadline: In hand December 31, 1990. Prizes \$50; \$25; \$15, 2 Hon. Mentions of \$10 each. Elizabeth Searle Lamb, judge. SASE for rules to North Carolina Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610.

Poetry Society of Virginia Contests 1990-1991 again include the J. Franklyn Dew Award for a series of three or four haiku on a single theme. Deadline: postmark Jan. 15, 1991. For rules, send SASE (#10 envelope) to Chester F. Riegler, Contest Chairman, Poetry Society of Virginia, 1521 Five Forks Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23455.

New Zealand Poetry Society 1991 International Poetry Competition again includes a Haiku Section. Entries close January 19, 1991. Prizes: \$NZ 50, best sheet of not more than five haiku; \$NZ 50, best individual haiku. Elizabeth Searle Lamb, judge. Send SASE (3 IRCs) to NZ International Poetry Competition, 118 Cecil Road, Wellington, 1, New Zealand for rules.

### CONTEST WINNERS

1990 International Haiku Contest Winners of the 5th National Cultural Festival (Ehime Prefecture, Japan) have been announced as follows. If no country is named the winner is from the USA. Unfortunately Japanese names cannot be given as they do not appear in Roman letters in the winners' anthology.

Grand Prize Winners: Darko Plazanin, Yugoslavia; Friedrich Heller, Austria; Francois Pascale, France; Cetta Petrello Pagliarani, Italy; one Japanese.

Special Prize Winners: Alexis Rotella; Werosta Brigitte, Austria; Samba Tall, Senegal; Frabrizio Virgili, Italy; one Japanese; Sandra Fuhringer, Canada; Ingeborg Raus, Federal Republic of Germany; Micky Charreau, France; Simona Lavazza, Italy; one Japanese.



Prize Winners: Grant D. Savage, Canada; Marco Fraticelli, Canada; R.H. Morrison, Australia; John Thompson; Michael Dudley, Canada; Dee Evetts, England; Barbara Ressler; Peter Duppenenthaler, Japan. From Federal Republic of Germany, Matthias Bruck; Volker Friebel, Richard W. Heinrich, Gisela Huemmer, Sabine Sommerkamp. From France: Alain Walter, Marina Finaly, Christian Pilardeaux. From Italy: Anna Chiara Bortalini, Mriarosa Soidalieri, Alessandro Passi, Nicola Aliberti, Paolo Valle, Michele Murgese. Maria Fuecks, Canada; Sarah Montanari, Italy; two Japanese.

Honorable Mentions: Pat Anthony; Helen J. Sherry; Greer Newcomb; Elizabeth St. Jacques, Canada; Yvonne Hardenbrook; Brad Wolthers; William Cullen, Jr.; Paul O. Williams; Jack Cain, Canada; Jane Reichhold; Jerry Kilbride; Virginia Brady Young; Lenard D. Moore; Gwen 'Penny' Crosby; Marianne Kiauta, Holland; Geraldine C. Little; Richard Burri; John H. Scarlett; Retseh la Grange, Republic of South Africa. From Democratic Republic of Germany: Hilmar Bierl, Reiner Bonack. Christiane Eggers-Faschon, Switzerland; Marianne Junghans, Fed. Rep. of Germany; Susanne Kollersberger, Austria; Bruno Mach, Fed. Rep. of Germany. From Switzerland: Walter Neukom, Lilly Ronchetti. Eva Schlunk (2), Fed. Rep. of Germany. From Switzerland: Marie Louise Staehelin, Liselotte Zwimpfer. From France: Micky Charrueau, Bruno Hulin. Andre Duhaime, Canada; Fatimata Sall, Senegal; Ion Hainoroc Constantinescu, Sweden. From Italy: Mauro Dal Fior, Lorenzo Agnoletti, Vincenzo Biondi, Fabrizio Cofani, Giancarlo Ventura, Vittorio Porraro, Massimo De Cristofolo, Consiglia Recchia, Annarita Chiminazzo, Massimiliano Gattus, Raffaella Fulvi, Alberto Cronasser, Filippo Maria Perna, Luca Caoduro, Alessandro Ferraro, Flaminia Gaugemi, Silvia Manto. Kohjin Sakamoto, Japan. From Italy: Alessandro Benetti, Sabina Gorgi. Three Japanese.

Winners of Student Prize: One Japanese; from Canada: Patrick Donald, Brianne Wilton; Benoit Leclercq, France; Eva Sesso, Italy.

**APOLOGIES** for a ridiculous typo in verse 4 of Edward J. Rielly's "Abandoned Farmhouse." (Type-lice?)

**THANKS** to Alvaro Cardona-Hine for art work for both front and back covers of this *Frogpond*.

**NOTE:** For complete publication information on books mentioned on page 48, see Books Listed in this and recent past issues of *Frogpond*.





## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

*Born of a Dream: 50 Haiku by Basho, Buson, Taigi, Issa, Shiki*, Versions by Cid Corman. Gnomon Press, P.O. Box 475, Frankfort, KY 40602-0475. 1988, pages unno., \$7.95. ISBN 0-917788-37-0 (paperback edition).

*Grains of Incense*, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, O.S.F. Sisters of St. Francis, Dubuque, IA. 1990, 31 pps, \$3 (65¢ for postage appreciated). From author, Mount Saint Francis, 3390 Windsor Ave., Dubuque, IA 52001.

*A Sprig of Lilac: Selected Haiku*, Florence Rome Garrett. The Flume Press, 40 Hut Hill Road, Bridgewater, CT 06752. 1990, 60 pps, Limited Edition, hardbound, \$20. Note: \$15 to HSA members. Please add \$1 postage.

*How to Write and Publish Poetry*, Larry Gross. The Wordshop. 1990, 380 pps, \$16 plus \$2 postage each (\$4 1st class, Canada, Mexico; Sea Mail \$5). From Dr. Larry Gross, P.O. Box 13743, Tallahassee, FL 32317-3743. (Includes haiku, tanka, etc.)

*Brushstroke*, Davina Kosh. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1990, 88 pps, \$6. ISBN 0-944676-25-1.

*Alachua: North Florida Haiku*, Kenneth C. Leibman. Druidoaks, 4545 Highway 346, Archer, FL 32618. 1990, 22 pps, \$2.50 ppd. ISBN 944676-72-3.

*from the upper room*, anne mckay. Wind Chimes Press. 1990, 60 pps, \$5. ISBN 0-941190-27-7. From author, Studio 709, Haro St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V6E 1G1.

*The Wizard's Rook: 100 Link Renga*, Brent Partridge. AHA Chapbooks, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1990, 24 pps, \$3. ISBN 0-944676-34-0.

*Bridge of Voices: a multi-media show*, Werner Reichhold. Some of the haiku translated into Italian, French, Hebrew, Arabic, German. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1990, 136 pps, no price given.

*84 Haiku*, Sakuzo Takada. (Japanese, English, French) 1990, 138 pps, \$10, postal money order only, ppd. From Mr. Takada, 1-18-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166.

*Pearl*, Yoshiko Takada, trans. Sakuzo Takada (3 languages). 1990, 72 pps, \$8. From Mr. Takada, address above.

*Asuka*, Michio Mizumura, trans. Sakuzo Takada (3 languages). 1990, 148 pps, \$10. From Mr. Takada, address above.

*First Frost*, Zhu Hao. AHA Chapbooks, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1990, 46 pps, \$5 ppd. ISBN 0-944676-71-5.





## HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT

10/1/89 - 9/30/90

### Part 1

I. Balance 10/1/89		\$4,466.19
II. Income		
Membership Dues	\$9,579.00	
Single Issues (Frogpond)	552.00	
Contest fees (Henderson & Brady)	729.00	
Contributions for awards	551.00	
Other Contributions (not for contests nor membership categories)	77.00	
Interest (Sept. 89-Aug. '90)	329.76	
Other Income	40.00	
Sub Total Income	\$11,857.76	
III. Payments		
Frogpond Publishing	\$6,408.77	
Photocopying	1,893.83	
Postage	1,756.76	
Awards	995.00	
Charge for Meeting Room, arrears & current: 2 in '87; 4 in '88; 5 in '89 (Japan Telecom); 4 in '90	300.00	
Stationery & Supplies	248.41	
Telephone	183.13	
Bank charges (bounced checks)	12.00	
Other	179.51	
Sub Total Payments	\$11,332.47	
IV. Balance 9/30/90		\$4,347.54

### Part 2 Book Fund

I. Balance 10/1/89		\$4,146.52
II. Income		
Interest (Sept. '89-Aug. '90)	290.17	
Donations	111.00	
Sub Total Income	\$401.17	
III. Payments (authorized by executive committee)		
Computer discs to transcribe book	\$26.11	
Supplies, copying, postage for book manuscript to editorial board	157.91	
Sub Total Payments	\$184.02	
IV. Balance 9/30/90		\$4,363.67

NOTE: This fund is kept in a separate interest-bearing account for the exclusive use of the forthcoming Anniversary Book.

(Signed) L. A. Davidson, Treasurer  
9/30/90



**HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
IMPORTANT NOTICE**

1991 Dues payable: January 1, 1991

USA/Canada: \$20.00 / \$5.00 single copies *Frogpond*

Overseas: \$28.00 / \$6.00 single copies *Frogpond*

Please note that the dues increase shown above is the first since 1984. Half-year membership is no longer available.



