

蛙
の
池

XIV:2

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th Street
New York, NY 10017

President: Garry Gay, 1275 Fourth St., #365, Santa Rosa, CA 95404.

Vice-President: Lee Gurga, 514 Pekin St., Lincoln, IL 62656.

Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 E. 88th St., Apt. 1 F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

Treasurer: Karen Sohne, 184 N. Pine St., N. Massapequa, NY 11758.

FROGPOND Editor: Sylvia Forges-Ryan, 87 Bayard Ave., North Haven, CT 06473.

Consulting Editor: Virginia Brady Young

Subscription / Membership: \$20 USA and Canada; \$28 overseas, by airmail only. Please remit in US dollars. Canadian and overseas members should use International Postal Money Orders in US funds. All subscription / memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of *FROGPOND*. Single copies are \$5, USA and Canada; \$6, Overseas. (If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues would NOT be acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering.) Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc., and send to Secretary at home address.

All funds for subscription / memberships, renewals, or donations must be sent to Secretary at home address, checks or money orders made out to HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA. In addition, all changes of address are to go to the Secretary. Send all editorial material with SASE, to Editor at home address. Send all other correspondence to pertinent officers at home addresses. Where answer is required—and for return of manuscripts—SASE *must* be enclosed.

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *FROGPOND*. HSA does not assume responsibility for views of contributors (including those of its own officers) whose work is printed in *FROGPOND*, research errors, infringements of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Copyright © 1991 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Typography / Design: Printworks, Limited, Madison, CT 06443-1678

Cover: Poem slip calligraphy adapted from the original "old pond" by Bashō.

Artwork copyright © 1991, Sandra Olenik, from *Woven Print* #6.

蛙の池

FROGPOND

A Quarterly Haiku Journal
Vol. XIV:2 Summer 1991

HAIKU & SENRYU

Ash, Doris	14	Lamb, Elizabeth Searle	4
Banks, Caroline G.	8	Leibman, Kenneth C.	8
Batt, Herbert F.	11	Lyles, Peggy Willis	12,20
Better, Cathy Drinkwater	14	MacDonald, Gayle	12
Clausen, Tom	8,10,15	Makiko	5
Codrescu, Ion	6,7	Mills, Daniel	14
Dickson, Charles B. 5,8,10,12,14,20		Moore, Lenard	16
Dunphy, John J. ...6,9,14,15,17,18		Moreau, June	13,19
Duppenthaler, Peter	19	Nethaway, Jr., Charles D.	15
Dyck, Marje A.	12	O'Connor, John	9
Einer, Lesley	5,7,13,15,16	Osborn, Rebecca M.	8,9,18
Engle, Margarita Mondrus	19	Peruzzi, Brett	7
Eymann, Lynda	9,12	Ressler, Barbara	13,16
Fessler, Michael	10	Richman, Elliot	6,20
Florman, Ellen H.	14	Rotella, Alexis	11,17
Galasso, William Scott	15	Rungren, Lawrence	8
Gasser, Frederick	15	Sawyer, Roxanne	11
Gay, Garry	8,13,17	Schendel, Christopher	11,16
Gurga, Lee	15,16	Silvers, Vicki	8
Hadman, Ty	5,11	St Jacques, Elizabeth	5,16,20
Hart, William,	6,7,9,13	Swist, Wally	7,10
Heffernan, Thomas	10,18	Tico, Tom	5,6,8,10,14
Heinrich, Peggy	19	Tomczak, Diane	17
Herold, Christopher	5,18,19	tripi, vincent	4,7,12,18,19
Jorgensen, Jean	7	Turner, John	6,12
Kacian, Jim	16,17,19	Weiss, Steve	20
Kenny, Adele	4	Welch, Michael Dylan	9,13,15
Kosh, Davina	18	Wicker, Nina	11
Kremer, Ross	9,13,14,17	Zukowski, Robert	10

SEQUENCES

Six More for Takechi No Kurohito—Penny Harter	21
Rubbernecking—Rich Youmans	22
Five Tanka on the Subject of Cuckoo, After the Poet Jien, 1190 —Geraldine C. Little	23
Earth Day: Variations with Theme—Geraldine C. Little	24
Colorado River Trip—Peggy Heinrich	25
China Sequence—Peggy Heinrich	26
At the Highland Games—Mark Arvid White	27

ESSAYS AND ARTICLES

A Cool Assessment—Anita Virgil	29
Some Fine Points of Renku, and a Renku Master —William J. Higginson	34

BOOK REVIEWS

warming a snowflake	42
First Frost	43
the ant's afternoon	45
Her Daughter's Eyes	46

NEWS AND NOTES

Letter from the Editor	3
HSA Renku Contest Rules	40
Nicholas A. Virgilio Haiku Winners	41
Contest Winners	47
Contest News	47
Books and Chapbooks	48

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

To all who have written to offer congratulations and express initial confidence as I began the Editorship, my thanks and gratitude. I am delighted to have the opportunity to serve our Society in this capacity and I will do my best to live up to your expectations.

My first debt has to be to Elizabeth Searle Lamb, whose copious notes and letters describing her methods made learning the ropes infinitely easier. Even so, I am finding this job to be a far bigger commitment than I could ever have imagined. My hat goes off, Elizabeth, for all your good work on so many years of issues.

Now, as I send this second issue to press, I want to give credit to those whose contributions help make *FROGPOND* possible. My Consulting Editor, Virginia Brady Young, reads through most submissions with me, giving me, and contributors, the benefit of a second opinion. Her sensitivity in helping me make selections and her long history as an HSA member are proving invaluable. I also want to thank Sandra Olenik, the artist who has generously contributed portions of her original prints and who has incorporated them into the designs of our covers. And finally, without the expertise of Doris Heitmeyer, who keeps track of the ever-changing addresses of our membership and prepares *FROGPOND*'s mailing labels, we all would be lost.

I wish I could share with all of you the many, many letters expressing how much the Spring issue was appreciated. To my delight, there has been a long string of superlatives and very little negative criticism. My thanks to all of you who took the time to write and tell me your impressions.

To those of you who have enclosed with your submissions notes asking for comments and advice, please understand that much as I'd like to write to you individually, the workload makes such correspondence impossible. With some 2,000 haiku submissions alone per issue, not to mention sequences, haibun, renku, articles, etc., my hands are more than full. My best advice is to read all the haiku you can lay your hands on, both classical and contemporary, and try to form a group with other haiku writers. And remember, use all your senses to point the way to what is true for you in the miracle of any given moment.

Finally, I want you all to know that with each cut of my letter opener, I am hoping to encounter another wonderful, publishable haiku for *FROGPOND*. May this and succeeding issues bring you many pleasures.

—Sylvia Forges-Ryan, Editor

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material from *Frogpond* XIV:1

Haiku

in a backyard
two women folding sunlight
into sheets

—*Sandra Fuhringer*

Sequence

“the billboard's shadow”

—*Cor van den Heuvel*

In Memory of Charles B. Dickson

news of his passing
tonight a greater brightness
in Cassiopeia

—*Adele Kenny*

this May morning
walking beside the acequia . . .
one leaf floats downstream

—*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

Without a trail . . .
the silence of snow falling
around the mountain.

—*vincent tripi*

At the soup kitchen
a faded reproduction
of *the Last Supper*
—Tom Tico

I give ten thousand pesos
to a beggar
who looks like my mother
—*Elliot Richman*

abortion clinic
protester beats a client
with his rosary
—*John J. Dunphy*

fog falling—
on the sunflower field
a watercolor appears
—*Ion Codrescu*

"All Change"
on the next train
the same faces
—*John Turner*

as in life
the renters come and go
in Père Lachaise
—*William Hart*

Up in the sky
hardly heard, hardly seen:
migrating birds
—*Ion Codrescu*

the Paris wind
wraps my map
around my arm
—*William Hart*

White paper
an ant looking for
a guidemark
—*Ion Codrescu*

lost child
the supermarket's
forest of legs
—*Lesley Einer*

stopped
for border crossing
sun passes
—*Jean Jorgensen*

opening into forest
on rusted hinges
the old pasture gate
—*Wally Swist*

Abandoned farm—
I give the backyard swing
a little kick.
—*vincent tripi*

dilapidated cottage
the flower box's weeds
in full bloom
—*Brett Peruzzi*

My old house
the only thing missed
Spring's forsythias
—*Vicki Silvers*

distant fireworks:
the old dog ill at ease
on Independence Day
—*Kenneth C. Leibman*

Armless
the statue
and the vet
—*Garry Gay*

Washington summer—
in the Wall's black shadow
two men argue about a war
—*Lawrence Rungren*

Memorial Day:
the Vietnam vet
ironing the flag
—*Tom Tico*

war imminent
reading aloud, louder
Rumi's love poems
—*Caroline G. Banks*

dense fog
a mockingbird
fills it
—*Charles B. Dickson*

late night performance:
mocking bird
on a TV antenna
—*Rebecca M. Osborn*

the wave
of black oil
on the dead bird's wing
—*Lynda Eymann*

Back to back in bed
we talk about tomorrow
as if it will come
—*Ross Kremer*

young lovers
up close
not so young
—*William Hart*

an entire scrapbook
filled with her suicide notes
from the past ten years
—*John J. Dunphy*

a cold sun—
the pebble casts
its long shadow
—*John O'Connor*

a bare twig
scrapes the window
the prisoner's stare
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

rows of glassy eyes—
a Friday fishseller asks
the crowd to line up
—*Thomas Heffernan*

glass-bottom boat
a catfish eye to eye
with the tourists
—*Charles B. Dickson*

Garage sale . . .
Taking one last look
at my Renoir prints
—*Tom Tico*

downpour—
a duck waddles away
from the pond
—*Tom Clausen*

three days of rain—
imprinted on the sidewalk,
maple leaves
—*Michael Fessler*

through the wash-out
letting my horse lead the way
toward the meadow's warmth
—*Robert H. Zukowski*

oozing mud bank
the ripe smell
of skunk cabbage
—*Wally Swist*

old footbridge:
the moon between
each slat
—*Ty Hadman*

a recorder note
drifts over still water
campfire smoke
—*Herbert F. Batt*

Hay ride—
the moon
bumps along.
—*Alexis Rotella*

in blackjack woods
an arrow points straight up
to BETHEL'S CHAPEL
—*Nina A. Wicker*

on a dusty mountain road
with no houses in sight
a man selling brooms
—*Roxanne Sawyer*

note on
a rundown cat:
sorry . . .
—*Christopher Schendel*

gas station closed
the hitchhiker hangs his hammock
between the pumps
—*Roxanne Sawyer*

wild persimmons . . .
a woman at the roadside
wiggles her last tooth
—*Peggy Willis Lyles*

sunset fades—
softness of the light
on the bayou
—*Charles B. Dickson*

after the heat
of the cottonfield
crawdads in the creek
—*Lynda Eymann*

July moon
the creek makes a fork
losing fireflies.
—*vincent tripi*

in hospital
knowing which day
by the food
—*John Turner*

Cherry tomato
sunshine warm
inside my mouth
—*Marje A. Dyck*

setting a lunch date
hungry for love
—*Gayle MacDonald*

newly widowed:
he no longer
uses a cane

—*Barbara Ressler*

Subway platform—
between uptown trains
the blind man's flute

—*Ross Kremer*

downtown rain
the jazzman
plays his sax

—*Michael Dylan Welch*

neon evening
larks slice
the Paris skyline

—*William Hart*

Room for rent
the moon moves
to another window

—*Garry Gay*

blues band . . .
tuning his sax
to his second chakra

—*Lesley Einer*

it's a wonder
the wind doesn't take it
the cat's shadow . . .

—*June Moreau*

Just turned fourteen
my son gives me a pair
of hand-me-down shoes

—*Ross Kremer*

child rips apart
the doll her father gave her
not to tell

—*John J. Dunphy*

pulling my coat tighter
I pass a woman
praying in her car

—*Cathy Drinkwater Better*

After homelessness . . .
how different the rain looks
from a cosy room

—*Tom Tico*

the Mercedes drives
garbage to the dump

—*Doris Ash*

A cold moon—
black cat's shadow
slips in with the rain

—*Ellen H. Florman*

Lonely and raining
the earthworms cover
my welcome mat

—*Daniel Mills*

Canceling a phone message
with its paws
the nosy cat
—*William Scott Galasso*

the happy chap
says good morning
... to himself
—*Tom Clausen*

exercise bike
more sweat assembling it
than riding it
—*Lesley Einer*

living all alone—
still, just so much tolerance
when I try to sing
—*Frederick Gasser*

july heat—
it's expensive to die,
mother says
—*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

among her late father's clothes
the belt
with which he beat her
—*John J. Dunphy*

shimmering sun
above the river an osprey
circling
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

candlelight dinner—
his finger slowly circles
the rim of his glass
—*Lee Gurga*

summer
fruit flies circle
the over-ripe peach
—*Lesley Einer*

cutting
yellowed toenails
a dry twig snaps
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

at seventy-five
her pants on backwards
again
—*Barbara Ressler*

long illness—
the dog greets the doctor
tail wagging
—*Jim Kacian*

August night heat
my heart thumps
to the rap music
—*Lenard Moore*

the cat
frozen in headlights,
the thump
—*Christopher Schendel*

our retarded child
so perfect
asleep

—*John J. Dunphy*

tidepool—
the stars sink
into the sand

—*Jim Kacian*

Summer vacation—
the days
lose their names.

—*Alexis Rotella*

Late morning tea
a slice of lemon
a slice of moon

—*Garry Gay*

A cloud
drops all its rain
then goes away.

—*Alexis Rotella*

bluebird
on a bare branch
how the sky fades

—*Diane Tomczak*

Graduation over
my daughter hugs her boy friend
first

—*Ross Kremer*

child pretends
to be asleep as her father
crawls into her bed

—*John J. Dunphy*

fox cubs learning
the ins and outs
of moon shadows

—*Davina Kosh*

Sound of Mission bells . . .
the garden spider works
a little inward.

—*vincent tripi*

healing-service priest . . .
wheeling his oxygen tank
into the sanctuary

—*Thomas Heffernan*

Squaredance caller
tapping the beat
on the arm of his wheelchair

—*Rebecca M. Osborn*

hot spring
steam from her outstretched arms
rises to the moon

—*Christopher Herold*

Raking last winter's leaves—
all at once

a breath of new mint

—*Rebecca M. Osborn*

on the mountains
reflected snowlight
brighter than the moon
—*Peter Duppenenthaler*

sunrise . . .
the foxes tail
weighted with dew
—*June Moreau*

Out of the silent mist
sound of the paddle
shape of the canoe
—*Marje A. Dyck*

Leaves covering
the rock on which it sang
—solitary vireo.
—*vincent tripi*

September wind
from the row of evergreens
a gust of sparrows
—*Peggy Heinrich*

old orchard
wind harvests
the fruit
—*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

just beyond reach
thistledown lightly tumbles
across the pond
—*Christopher Herold*

blackwater pond . . .
tangled in this season's jasmine
ancient arrowhead

—*Peggy Willis Lyles*

on the
great pyramid at Uxmal
the shadows of hundreds of sparrows

—*Elliot Richman*

Koi resting
Beneath the tattered bridge,
Spring mist.

—*Steve Weiss*

underwater . . .
the sparkling flow
of morning light

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

so cool this sun
where fish pass darkly
overhead

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

the easy way the tide
rolls in, green and deep—
a flash of gull wings

—*Charles B. Dickson*

SIX MORE FOR TAKECHI NO KUROHITO

below the dock
fish in the net—
how they squirm
in the light
of this spring moon

here among the clouds
I toss my hat—
in the distance
voice of
a waterfall

in my pocket
words from you—
cranes fly
across the face
of the mountain

following the path
beside the river—
red leaves
floating into
the sky

in the pass
the roots of pines—
remember walking
hand in hand
across the stones

snow begins
this winter dusk—
in the lap of the Buddha
a sparrow

—*Penny Harter*

RUBBERNECKING

evening stars form
through catalpa leaves—
ahead, the beating red light . . .

taillights dim,
crawl forward, grow bright again
as our shadows overtake us

moving closer—
over the road, glass sparkles
like fallen stars

first sight—
twilight deepening
in twisted metal

windshield's black hole
suddenly
in my stomach

near the cop waving me on
one shoe
the laces still tied

all the way home,
against the steering wheel
the white of my knuckles

—*Rich Youmans*

FIVE TANKA ON THE SUBJECT OF CUCKOO,
AFTER THE POET JIEN, 1190

one quivering note,
another, another—now
 the echoing still
wood and scatters of sunlight.
 are you, somewhere, listening?

this untidy nest
you bring me, crying because
 it's empty. ah my
dear child, it is my future
 you've brought me, and I will cry.

is it held in the
thicket's tangle, the cuckoo's
 song heard last summer?
this haunted feeling as I
 wander the same, yet strange, path.

the waterfall roars—
above it the single clear
 call of a cuckoo.
nature's juxtapositions,
 how lovely, wholly holy.

oh! yellow-billed or
black-billed, can't see it, can't tell,
 don't care—just want to
lie on this cool grass, let its
 pure sound color summer dreams.

—*Geraldine C. Little*

EARTH DAY: VARIATIONS WITH THEME

sundawn
a flutter of mourning doves,
& poised, light-bathed, one faun
nearby, a bell tolls changes

mapletree buds,
their small shadows
in water-glazed mud
nearby, a bell tolls changes

white lilac
fragrantly exuberant
beside the porchdeck
nearby, a bell tolls changes

putting down a book
to listen to the god
in the half-cleared brook
nearby, a bell tolls changes

high noon
straight-up trunks of poplars shadowless
a foreshadowing . . . *soon, soon?*
nearby, a bell tolls changes

watching a program
on Brazil's rain forests,
anger poisons calm
nearby, a bell tolls changes

on the grass
two pitched-from-a-car beer cans.
unthinking ass!
nearby, a bell tolls changes

a cardinal's song
blends with the brilliant sunset.
surely, nothing's wrong?
nearby, a bell tolls changes

cicadas at dusk—
seventeen years hence, shall we see
substance or husk?
nearby, a bell tolls changes

in moonlight
swish of owl wings, this heartstab:
glitter can gloss blight
nearby, a bell tolls changes

—Geraldine C. Little

COLORADO RIVER TRIP

The rising sun
carves shadows
on the canyon wall

Hiking the cliff's edge
my steps grow firm
as a hand takes mine

Riding the rapids:
after the big wave
our laughter

Turn in the river
on the wall of black lava
white butterflies

Hot sandy beach
sharing a strip of shade
with a lizard

After the trip
the sound of rushing water
in my dreams

—*Peggy Heinrich*

CHINA SEQUENCE

Shanghai waterfront
exchanging stares
with the Chinese

Hangzhou Park
the old man sets down his swords
to teach us *taiji*

Chinese orchestra—
at the strains of "Oh, Susannah"
tourists dosey-do

Grand Canal
on her barge the woman waves
her baby's hand

Morning in Beijing
Chinese practice *taiji*
—moving with them

—Peggy Heinrich

AT THE HIGHLAND GAMES

before the Games—
piping in a morning mist
the bagpiper shivers

with shouldered caber
the clansman's backward step
mirrored by the crowd

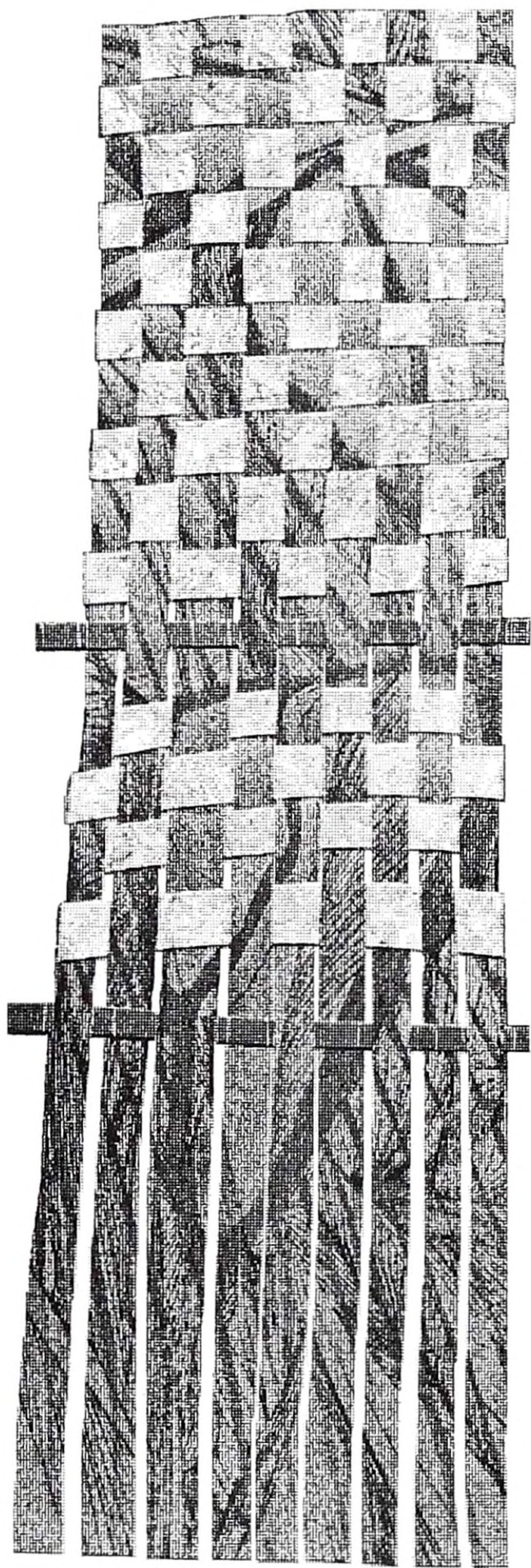
piper's judge
under a striped pavilion
his tapping foot

like most loudspeakers
this one
unintelligible

hammer thrower—
in his muscular arms
the child sleeps

fairgoers in kilts
under gray Alaskan sky—
Scotland for a day

—*Mark Arvid White*



A COOL ASSESSMENT

by Anita Virgil

(This essay is part of a chapter on Shiki and is taken from the author's forthcoming book, *The Art of Haiku*.)

Too little emphasis has been placed, I believe, on the effect terminal illness* had on the literary achievements of Shiki. The subject has been avoided assiduously, as though to admit its role, to explore its pervasive effect on his life and work, would be to engage in morbidity. But it is the single most all-encompassing fact of the life of this poet who suffered a degenerative disease from the age of twenty-one until his death at thirty-five. Not to reckon with this leads even such an influential aficionado of haiku as R. H. Blyth to make the following misleading assessment: "As with Buson, whom he (Shiki) admired so much, he gives us pure poetry, which never fails to satisfy us, and though it may not gain in depth with re-reading, we do not tire of him."¹ It is difficult to accept such a negation of the depth to be gained through re-reading Shiki in light of the fact of his long illness. Blyth mentions it in his works but illogically ignores it as a factor in understanding just why it is that he finds such pleasure, such enduring quality in the man's poems. Shiki's illness provides the missing link to deriving full impact from his work. What we get from the first reading of his poems is only the crystalline tip of the iceberg.

Other haiku poets treat the subject of coolness, in the main, as an external sensation.

The cool breeze;
Crooked and meandering
It comes to me.
—*Issa*²

Coolness
Painted into a picture;
Bamboos of Saga.
—*Basho*³

The cool breeze
Fills the empty vault of heaven
With the voice of the pine-tree.
—*Onitsura*⁴

The shrine
In a sacred grove:
A cool wind blows.
—*Chora*⁵

*Tuberculosis was incurable until the middle of the 20th century.

But no one brings to his poems the extraordinary sensitivity Shiki brings in regard to sensations of coolness. It is my firm belief that this is due directly to the condition of constant feverishness experienced by the tubercular. The next poem, when read with an awareness that a tubercular patient frequently experiences drenching "night sweats", makes one acutely conscious of the components of the poem and enables the reader to realize why they would have significance for Shiki. Yet, as a prefatory note to several of these "coolness" poems, Blyth with inexplicable denseness says "Shiki seems to have been peculiarly (my emphasis) susceptible to heat and cold."⁶

Fields and mountains
Drenched with rain,—
A cool day-break.⁷

Now let us compare Shiki's handling with the more superficial pleasant-ries of the other poets:

Coming out of the bath,
The wind blows on the nipples;
Cooling on the verandah.⁸

In the next three poems, Shiki makes use of synesthesia to achieve the sensation of touch (coolness) via aural or visual sensations or both.

The night-light goes out;
The sound of the water:
The coolness.⁹

The coolness;
Through the window of the stone lantern
The sea.¹⁰

The coolness:
A crab climbing up a pine-tree
In the rain.¹¹

Note how in "the sea" and the "climbing crab," Shiki excels at this palpable caressing of his subject with the eyes—albeit a sublimation of unshared passion. (He wrote no "love" poems.)

In the following two poems, the first by Buson, the second by Shiki, we must observe that the feeling conveyed by each is entirely different—but in what way?*

*These two poems are usually paired to illustrate the typical Japanese technique of emulating a well-known poem but altering it slightly. Donald Keene has done so; Harold G. Henderson has done so in *Japanese Literature: An Introduction for Western Readers* and in *An Introduction to Haiku*, respectively.

On the temple bell
has settled, and is fast asleep,
a butterfly.
—Buson¹²

On the temple bell
has settled, and is glittering,
a firefly.
—Shiki¹³

The Buson haiku is really a lovely, delicate moment of coincidence in which the contrasts of noise and silence, agitation and repose, largeness and smallness weave their own quiet magic. But if we recognize in Shiki's haiku the firefly as metaphor (a common technique poets use to convey their feelings)—as a self-portrait, it is devastating. The dominant thrust of this haiku is not in contrasts but in its contained burning, "glittering" feverishness. All the suppressed anger, frustration, drive and despair of the consumptive poet, the agnostic, the iconoclast, burst from this superficially innocuous variation on Buson's poem. The true flavor of what is happening comes from this passage in Thomas Mann's novel of a sanatorium, *The Magic Mountain*:

"And now his body has come into the foreground in another sense and made itself important and independent of the rest of him—namely, through illness. He is all 'lit up' within and can't get rid of the infection and become healthy, . . . no matter how much he wants to get down to the valley and be a soldier . . . But the disease makes him ailing within and fevered without; disease makes men more physical, it leaves them nothing but body . . ." ¹⁴

Poem after poem portrays varied aspects of acute solitariness, a circumstance forced upon the poet by his illness. (How different this is from the solitariness of Basho who sought it, who found solace in it!)

The seeds of the nettle-tree are falling;
Recently, the child next door
Doesn't come.¹⁵

A grasshopper chirping
In the back
Of the clog cupboard.¹⁶

All the sick-nurses
Fast asleep,—
Ah, the cold.¹⁷

Again and again, a feeling of separateness. But never does Shiki employ one iota of sentimentality in order to achieve the poignancy inherent in his choice of subject matter. Even so, his illness and attendant solitude provide the key to understanding the underlying subjective dimension of Shiki's poetry of "realistic description."

In the following poems it is the absence of things which strikes the deep psychological knell:

There is no trace
Of him who entered
The summer grove.¹⁸

On the sandy beach,
Footprints:
Long is the spring day.¹⁹

When I looked back,
The man who passed
Was lost in the mist.²⁰

Loneliness;
After the fireworks,
A falling star.²¹

Of crimson foliage
There is none here,
Deep in the mountains.²²

We see in these haiku the functional application of his theory on the ability of objectivity to evoke emotional response. And in the following:

I met a coffin,
At midnight,
In the New Year.²³

Yes, this is handled with what Blyth chose to call Shiki's "excessive objectivity," but what a small leap of imagination is required to recognize what the occurrence portended for Shiki. Shiki cannot afford to be sentimental lest he collapse inward upon the awfulness of his future. His very control and sense of irony allow him to function—for what time he has.

References

1. R. H. Blyth, *A History of Haiku*, Vol. II (Japan, Hokuseido, 1964), p.77.
2. R. H. Blyth, *Haiku*, Vol. III Summer-Autumn (Japan, Hokuseido, 1952), p. 25.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 20.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 19.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 13.
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid.*, p. 128.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
12. Harold G. Henderson, *An Introduction to Haiku* (Garden City, New York, Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1958), p. 163.
13. *Ibid.*
14. Thomas Mann, *The Magic Mountain* (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1964), p. 178.
15. Blyth, *History of Haiku*, *op. cit.*, p. 97.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 89.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 87.
18. Blyth, Vol. III, *op. cit.*, p. 266.
19. Blyth, *Haiku*, Vol. II Spring (Japan, Hokuseido, 1950), p. 48.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 85.
21. R. H. Blyth, *Haiku*. Vol. IV (Japan, Hokuseido, 1952), p. 24.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 100.
23. Blyth, Vol. II, *op. cit.*, p. 18.

poet.) In the second stanza we observe the audience.

Further, a "person" verse may present both "self" and "other," making a "self-other" verse (*jitahan ku*), like this:

for the blue-eyed couple
turning on the air conditioner
—*Ryukan*

In some verses "self" or "other" may be implied. In the following self-other verse we see the work of the author of the essay (other) from the perspective of the author of the verse (self).

pretending to be an essay
a confession of love
—*Kris*

Finally, there are times when a verse simply does not reflect a place, the action of any specific, visible person or persons. Such a verse is called *ashirai*, or "dodging"—a sort of miscellaneous or unclassifiable verse. "Dodging" verses are rare, but one showed up in our *renku*:

the L.D.P.
avoids talking about
"consumption tax"
—*Teiunshi*

"L.D.P." stands for the Liberal Democratic Party—which was having difficulty in the election campaign just ending as we were writing the *renku*. While one might think this a "person-other" verse, the naming of the party is too amorphous to pin down to any particular person or persons. Since no specific place or type of locale is named or suggested ("Japan" is not a place, but a large geographical area), it cannot be a "place" verse either. So Master Ryukan called this a "dodging" verse.

During our private conversation with Master Ryukan a week later we learned more about the seasons in *renku*. Talk had shifted to the *saijiki*, season-word almanac, as it is usually translated. Master Ryukan lamented the fact that today's *saijiki* are written only for haiku poets, and many of them do not reflect the divisions of the seasons into beginning, middle, and end. I noted that the pocket-sized season-word guide of Kyoshi Takahama and the five-volume set by Kenkichi Yamamoto indicate that some season words are specific to a given month or part of the season. But most of the popularly available season-word guides, including some published by major publishers of haiku books, do not.

Why was Master Ryukan concerned about this? Because you can't base a *renku* up in *renku*. It is possible to take seasons out of order—in fact, most *renku*

do not go through the seasons in order. (One or more "miscellaneous", or non-seasonal verses typically fall between the runs of seasonal verses in a renku.) He was speaking of the verses within a seasonal run.

For example, consider the following season words, from the indicated sections in the autumn volume of Yamamoto's *Current Haiku Almanac* (*Saishin haiku saijiki*), appropriate to the parts of the season shown (roughly equivalent to the indicated calendar months):

locust (the insect)	all autumn (August-October)
sumo (wrestling)	beginning of autumn (august)
typhoon	mid-autumn (September)
mushroom gathering	late autumn (October)

It would be possible to have three successive autumn verses in a renku with "sumo", "typhoon", and "mushroom gathering" as season words, in this order. But "sumo" cannot follow either "typhoon" or "mushroom gathering." A run of seasonal verses may not have a phenomenon from the beginning of the season after the middle or end of the season has already appeared in that run; to do so is called "regression" (*uchikoshi*).

In writing the first verse of a seasonal run within a renku, one may start anywhere within the season. Those who follow must follow—that is, they may not back up within the season.

It is easy to imagine one renku poet offering a challenge to the others by beginning a new autumn or spring run using a word from the end of the season. This would greatly reduce the number of season words available to the following players, who could not use season words from the earlier months of the season. There are ways out of the dilemma, however.

Some season words apply throughout the season. The sequence "typhoon—locust—mushroom gathering" avoids regression. The poet of the second verse can leave the poet of the third more room to maneuver simply by not shifting immediately from mid-autumn to late autumn in the second verse. (In spring or autumn runs a renku must have at least three consecutive verses of the same season. Summer or winter can be abandoned after only one or two verses.) Successive verses may refer to the same part of the season, or have season words appropriate to the whole season. But once a season word from mid- or late in the season has appeared, you can't back up.

In both the renku-writing session and the private conversation with Master Ryukan, we deeply felt his warm humanity. His rich knowledge of renku came out unselfconsciously, whether he was mildly saying "Can't use a gerund in this verse, we already have one..." (he corrected it to plain present, and accepted the verse), or noting the inadequacies of most modern season-word books. He beautifully fulfilled the functions of a renku master, both in judging and correcting specific verses and in guiding the shape of the renku as we wrote. Some passages from my notes of the renku session:

poet.) In the second stanza we observe the audience.

Further, a “person” verse may present both “self” and “other,” making a “self-other” verse (*jitahan ku*), like this:

for the blue-eyed couple
turning on the air conditioner
—*Ryukan*

In some verses “self” or “other” may be implied. In the following self-other verse we see the work of the author of the essay (other) from the perspective of the author of the verse (self).

pretending to be an essay
a confession of love
—*Kris*

Finally, there are times when a verse simply does not reflect a place, or the action of any specific, visible person or persons. Such a verse is called *ashirai*, or “dodging”—a sort of miscellaneous or unclassifiable verse. “Dodging” verses are rare, but one showed up in our renku:

the L.D.P.
avoids talking about
“consumption tax”
—*Teiunshi*

“L.D.P.” stands for the Liberal Democratic Party—which was having difficulty in the election campaign just ending as we were writing this renku. While one might think this a “person-other” verse, the naming of the party is too amorphous to pin down to any particular person or persons. Since no specific place or type of locale is named or suggested (“Japan” is not a place, but a large geographical area), it cannot be a “place” verse either. So Master Ryukan called this a “dodging” verse.

During our private conversation with Master Ryukan a week later we learned more about the seasons in renku. Talk had shifted to the *saijiki*, or season-word almanac, as it is usually translated. Master Ryukan lamented the fact that today’s *saijiki* are written only for haiku poets, and many of them do not reflect the divisions of the seasons into beginning, middle, and end. I noted that the pocket-sized season-word guide of Kyoshi Takahama and the five-volume set by Kenkichi Yamamoto indicate that some season words are specific to a given month or part of the season. But most popularly available season-word guides, including some published by major publishers of haiku books, do not.

Why was Master Ryukan concerned about this? Because you can’t back up in renku. It is possible to take seasons out of order—in fact, most renku

do not go through the seasons in order. (One or more "miscellaneous", or non-seasonal verses typically fall between the runs of seasonal verses in a renku.) He was speaking of the verses within a seasonal run.

For example, consider the following season words, from the indicated sections in the autumn volume of Yamamoto's *Current Haiku Almanac* (*Saishin haiku saijiki*), appropriate to the parts of the season shown (roughly equivalent to the indicated calendar months):

locust (the insect)	all autumn (August-October)
sumo (wrestling)	beginning of autumn (august)
typhoon	mid-autumn (September)
mushroom gathering	late autumn (October)

It would be possible to have three successive autumn verses in a renku with "sumo", "typhoon", and "mushroom gathering" as season words, in this order. But "sumo" cannot follow either "typhoon" or "mushroom gathering." A run of seasonal verses may not have a phenomenon from the beginning of the season after the middle or end of the season has already appeared in that run; to do so is called "regression" (*uchikoshi*).

In writing the first verse of a seasonal run within a renku, one may start anywhere within the season. Those who follow must follow—that is, they may not back up within the season.

It is easy to imagine one renku poet offering a challenge to the others by beginning a new autumn or spring run using a word from the end of the season. This would greatly reduce the number of season words available to the following players, who could not use season words from the earlier months of the season. There are ways out of the dilemma, however.

Some season words apply throughout the season. The sequence "typhoon—locust—mushroom gathering" avoids regression. The poet of the second verse can leave the poet of the third more room to maneuver simply by not shifting immediately from mid-autumn to late autumn in the second verse. (In spring or autumn runs a renku must have at least three consecutive verses of the same season. Summer or winter can be abandoned after only one or two verses.) Successive verses may refer to the same part of the season, or have season words appropriate to the whole season. But once a season word from mid- or late in the season has appeared, you can't back up.

In both the renku-writing session and the private conversation with Master Ryukan, we deeply felt his warm humanity. His rich knowledge of renku came out unselfconsciously, whether he was mildly saying "Can't use a gerund in this verse, we already have one . . ." (he corrected it to plain present, and accepted the verse), or noting the inadequacies of most modern season-word books. He beautifully fulfilled the functions of a renku master, both in judging and correcting specific verses and in guiding the shape of the renku as we wrote. Some passages from my notes of the renku session:

Sensei grinds ink, strokes a correction onto a trial poem slip, announces the selection and reads it out in a strong, light voice as the recorder (and others) write it down, passes the original back to the author (if corrected).

He cautions against continuing a string of too many self verses. Later says "The next is two verses before the moon, so avoid 'astronomy' [season words dealing with heavenly bodies]."

Sensei looks for subjects not previously mentioned or implied, sometimes suggests a category for the next verse, such as "based on your job" late on the third side, after no work-related verses have appeared earlier.

Master Ryukan loves the interplay of humor and seriousness, as his tokunoma on the day of the renku party suggests: a scroll of the Diamond Sutra, in colorful punning rebuses, over a vase containing a bright blue gentian—a flower introduced to Japan from the West—in our honor.

The atmosphere in his renga group reflects its name: Jigensha, or "House of the Charitable Eye." While women occupied the fringes of the formal renku meeting we watched on video, the women in this group spoke freely, as equals with the men. Master Ryukan consulted with his recorder, Kyoko, and treated all with good humor and respect. Favorable comments on good verses frequently came from all participants, and jokes were not uncommon. The people here obviously liked one another, and were having a good time.

Despite our dependence on Tadashi for clarity on what was happening, we found it the most pleasant renku session we have participated in. Much of this had to do with the attitudes of Master Ryukan and the members of his group. Competition was sharp, but friendly. All readily acknowledged good verses, and were willing to wait a moment for someone to finish a stanza and submit it before calling for a choice among those proposed.

Master Ryukan certainly ran the session, both setting the tone and deciding the particulars along the way. But no one ever had the feeling that he corrected or rejected a verse out of dislike or personal motivations. He was the perfect example of the director who wants the best show and knows how to encourage people to make it, without making them angry or nervous in the process. We all trusted his judgement without question, and were rewarded with a great time and a renku of high quality and good variety.

On a deep level, beneath the competition and praise-seeking, we showed our poems to Master Ryukan to see if they fit into the body of work known as renku. That is, more than asking for his personal opinion or help, we asked to be included in the community of renku poets, of which he is an elder.

When we visited a week later, he invited us to dinner. Having feasted at special celebrations for days in Kyoto, we asked for a simple meal. He took

us to a lovely shop, where we ate tenzaru soba—buckwheat noodles and tempura—and continued our discussions.

That night, he presented us with artist's signature stamps he had made for us during the intervening week. At our request, he brought out his brushes—he is also a fine calligrapher—and prepared *shikishi*, poem cards, of some of the haiku we had written while in Kyoto. Finally, he made and presented us with a *shikishi* of his own haiku, written in both Japanese and English:

<i>tenzaru ni</i>	over <i>tenzaru</i>
<i>uchikoshi kataru</i>	talk about regression
<i>doyo kana</i>	the dog days

Tadashi, our guide and interpreter through these meetings with Master Ryukan, spoke for all of us in this haiku:

<i>suzushisa ya</i>	the coolness...
<i>matsu no kozue ni</i>	lighting the pine's top
<i>sasu asahi</i>	the morning sun

RULES
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA RENKU CONTEST

1. Deadline must be postmarked by November 1, 1991.
2. The contest is open to the public; entries must be in English.
3. Entry fee: \$15.00 US, must accompany manuscripts.
4. Length and authorship: must be 36 stanzas, written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually-authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. All entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any elements previously published.
5. Format of entry: One copy, with full authorship information stanza-by-stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). *This copy must be signed by all authors*, to avoid entry without the knowledge of one of the authors. (See rule 4.) Three additional copies, *without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship*, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry.
6. Grand prize: Up to \$150, and publication in *Frogpond*. (All rights revert to authors upon publication.) Amount of grand prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. Include an s.a.s.e. with entry for list of winner(s).
7. No entries will be returned.
8. Judges will be announced with the winner(s).
9. Send entries to HSA Renku Contest, c/o Garry Gay, 109 Minna Street, Suite 567, San Francisco, CA 94105.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *Frogpond* XIII:2 (May 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general.

WINNERS OF THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO HAIKU COMPETITION
FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, 1990. Judges: Harriett Bley, Minna
Lerman, vincent tripi

First Prize: \$200	Mad at myself . . . the ball keeps hitting its own shadow	Valentin Rader, age 16, 11th grade Cedar Shoals High School Athens, Georgia
Second Prize: \$100	beside the waterfall the little girl wets her pants	Jane Schueller, age 17, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
Third Prize: \$75	light of a million stars . . . still the darkness	Andy Daughetee, age 17, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
Honorable Mentions: \$25	seashells take me from the shore	Julie Ernst, age 17, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
	under the tree a planted feather	Tim Ehringer, age 18, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
	he gives me roses and their thorns	Keri Haas, age 18, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
(senryu)	I see his wholeness through the gap in his teeth	Andrea Stapleton, age 17, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
(senryu)	awakened from sleep: cries of my aborted baby	Keri Haas, age 18, 12th grade Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa

BOOK REVIEWS

warming a snowflake by Virginia Brady Young. Sleeping Giant Associates, Hamden, CT, 1990. More than 100 haiku, \$9 from the author, 44 Currier Place, Cheshire, CT 06410.

Virginia Brady Young is one of the great ladies of haiku. Over the years, she has consistently delighted and inspired us. *warming a snowflake*, her latest collection, is further proof of her talent, insight, and experience.

The book is divided into four sections: winter, spring, summer, and fall. While some might critique this as "having been done before," which it certainly has, I found that the divisions work well in this particular book. As I read, I couldn't help thinking of a friend who recently quoted the saying, "If it ain't broke, don't try to fix it." In regard to Ms. Young's grouping of her haiku, the saying seems apt—use of a "standard" kind of grouping doesn't need fixing in this case. In this work, the grouping is natural and characteristic of the forthright approach one expects from Ms. Young.

There is great variety in this collection—nature, "psychological," and even "philosophical" haiku. Much of the imagery is striking:

the sun
on his face—
death rattle

Ms. Young moves among the simple, the subtle, and the startling with skill and ease while presenting the reader with a sense of time alternately moving forward and standing still. Consider the following:

watching willow trees
bend, I think of the age
of the wind

desert heat:
nothing moves
but my breath

Throughout this book, there is sense of human presence in the eternal passing of seasons, a sense of our timed experience within the timeless. There is also a sense of the poet, of Ms. Young herself—it is good to know her through this work, which I highly recommend.

—Review by Adele Kenny

First Frost by Zhu Hao. 96 haiku in Chinese and English. 44 pp., 5 1/4 by 8 1/2 inches. \$5 postpaid from AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, California 95445.

One would have to be fluent in both Chinese and English to benefit most from this new and original collection of bilingual haiku. Zhu Hao, a 21-year-old student at the Shanghai Drama Institute, has written what the publisher claims is the first book of English haiku written by a Chinese person. All 96 poems appear in both languages, sprinkled about the book at the frequency of two to eight poems per page (counting pairs of Chinese and English poems together).

Since I do not know Chinese, I must limit my comments to the English versions of Zhu Hao's haiku. This trail-blazing haiku book is unique for the simple reason that it is a first: it contains poems in a unique combination of languages. Nevertheless, *First Frost* is more of a curiosity than a genuine must-have item for one's haiku library. The written Chinese may have its inherent visual beauty, but if one does not know Chinese, one can only approach the book through the English verses. Given that approach, many of these poems are unsatisfying. Fully more than a third of them suffer from what Paul O. Williams has called "tontoism"—the deliberate removal of articles to satisfy a rigid syllable count. Consider the following amputee examples:

out of the sea-mist
a pale wing of dying bird
is frozen on beach

in center of moon
reflected by still river:
fish rising to bait

These are not bad haiku, but the lack of choice articles is unforgivably distracting. These poems do not seem effortless (as haiku should); they suffer from being forced into a rigid pattern. At least thirty additional poems suffer from the same weakness to varying degrees. Half a dozen poems also fall victim to padding—the deliberate adding of words to satisfy the same artificial syllable count:

in the snowy night
thousands of cranes return south
all in my bright dream

after morning tea
the winter's sunlight resting
on grandma's thimble

In the first of these, it would be adequate to say "snowy night— / thousands of cranes return south / in my dream." The other words are superfluous. In the second example, the definite article in the second line is also unnecessary.

In all cases of padding and tontoism, I can't help but think that unnecessary concessions were made to the "traditional" 5-7-5 syllable pattern. This makes many of the poems too wordy. They cease to be effortless and "wordless" (to borrow Eric Amann's term), and they bog down in questions of form. It is hard to appreciate the content when the form alone distracts and blocks further approach. For example, the "snowy night"

poem (above) presents an exquisite image that is unfortunately clouded by the intrusions of rigorous syllable-counting. Not all of the poems adhere to the 5-7-5 pattern, however. The following award-winner, for instance, has only eleven syllables, and succeeds admirably:

silent fish . . .
till the petal
terrified it

As much as I want to enjoy this collection, I continue to find ways to improve it. It is a long first book; perhaps the first way to improve it might have been to winnow out the weaker material. The book could have benefitted from rigorous editing to pare it down to essentials. Also, I keep finding ways to mend individual poems. Consider the following:

archery practice:
sound of a bowstring quivers
in the freezing wind

This is a keenly focused poem, where the tautness of the bowstring compares with the coldness of the wind. But I am disturbed by the lack of agreement between subject and verb: the *sound* of the bowstring does not quiver! Quivering is a motion, not a sound. If this twist of language is meant to carry our minds into an unexplored nuance of meaning, then it becomes ambiguous, flirts with mere wordplay, and cuts off its own potential as a good haiku. This may be a subjective reaction, but knowing that English is not the author's first language, one cannot be confident that the ambiguity is intended. I might revise the poem thus: "archery practice: / a bowstring quivers / in the freezing wind." An alternative would be to say "quivering" instead of "quivers" in the original poem. Then the image would simply "be" and readers would not have to resort to mental gymnastics to resolve the subject with its verb. Here again, perhaps "sound of" was added to the second line to satisfy the 5-7-5 syllable count.

A few of the 5-7-5 poems do succeed, but for the most part I find them too wordy and sometimes ungrammatical. Even the author's short biography (at the end of the book) is not always grammatical. Furthermore, a question mark is missing from the English version of one poem (It's in the Chinese version). These and a few other problems combine with tontoism and padding to handicap the value of this curious book.

Nevertheless, some will find *First Frost* to be more than just a curiosity. The book's value lies in its being the first of its kind. One can only begin to imagine the difficulties involved in learning and writing haiku in English as a non-native speaker. The young author should be congratulated for his efforts. His cross-cultural contribution to haiku should not be underestimated. If you favor haiku with a more "traditional" bent, this is a book for you. But whatever your stance, this book may remind you that we are all young in haiku.

—Review by Michael Dylan Welch

the ant's afternoon, Haiku and senryu from members of the Boston Haiku Society, edited by Raffael de Gruttola, Lawrence Rungren & John Ziemba. Aether Press, 1990, 28 pp. For price and other inquiries, write to KAJI ASO STUDIO, 40 Saint Stephen Street, Boston, MA 02115.

This collection of 78 haiku by members of the Boston Haiku Society is evidence that groups throughout the United States are meeting to share haiku and to study the question of what gives depth to a haiku, what makes it unforgettable.

The Boston group meets regularly in the Kaji Aso Studio. We can see from their anthology how much work and dedication has gone into their poems. Some haiku, as is always the case, are more gripping than others. Take for example,

shaping itself on the pond the spring wind

by June Moreau. Everything in it is natural. It not only draws the reader in, but knows the reader is already there—in the pond, the shaping, the wind.

Another by Brett Peruzzi

Identifying
his wife's corpse
her watch still ticking

brings to mind that most of us try to preserve the sense of life in those whom we've lost.

Then there are the haiku that seem at first to pose the question SO WHAT? On further reading, however, some of them lock into a subtlety. They become more meaningful, as non-action sometimes engages us more than action.

And finally, the last haiku in the collection by John Ziemba

in my loneliness
I let the persimmon
get overripe

There are many other haiku worthy of being singled out, but I'll let our readers find them for themselves.

On days when we despair of our culture, let us think of those groups of poets in Boston and elsewhere in the United States who are taking the gentle road. Might they not touch the truth?

—Review by Virginia Brady Young

Her Daughter's Eyes by Hal Roth, a mini-chapbook, 19 haiku. \$3.00 ppd. Send to Hal Roth, Box 194-A, Vienna, MD. 21869.

I have heard some people say they don't like mini-chapbooks. Perhaps they feel they don't get their money's worth. Here's a mini-chapbook well worth the reading, even for the materialist. It is warm with sentiment, though lacking in sentimentality. Reading this book brings a kind of renewal to the reader from a poet who knows how to transfuse emotion without exaggeration.

My favorites in the book are

a hug:
but first she wipes the sand
from her knees

over scattered petals
her hand tugs me toward
the robin's nest

parting delayed:
the buttercup she holds
beneath my chin

One could study these haiku for the choice of words, as well as for the arrangement of words and lines, and perhaps never discover the secret that makes them linger with us.

—*Review by Virginia Brady Young*

Contest Winners

NEW ZEALAND POETRY SOCIETY 1991 INTERNATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION, Haiku Section, Judge, Elizabeth Searle Lamb. *Individual haiku, Winner*, John Knight, Queensland, Australia. *Highly commended*: John O'Connor, Christchurch, NZ, 3 awards, Cyril Childs, Lower Hutt, NZ, Ross Clark Queensland, Australia, Kohjin Sakamoto, Kyoto, Japan. *Commended*: Jocelyn Villeneuve, Sudbury, Canada, Catharine Mair, Katikati, NZ, (2), Peter Low, Christchurch, NZ, Glenda Fawkes, Auckland, NZ, Peter Duppenenthaler, Japan, Honor Alligham, Mt Maunganui, NZ, Gary Vaughn, Albuquerque, USA (2), Peter G. McGregor, Pohangina Valley, NZ, Barbara M. Ressler, Dubuque, USA (2), Ross Clark, Queensland, Australia, Alan Wells, Wellington, NZ. *Haiku sheet section: Winner*, Patricia Neubauer, Princeton, USA. *Highly commended*: vincent tripi, San Francisco, USA, Cyril Childs, Lower Hutt, NZ, Christopher Herold, La Honda, USA.

Contest News

1991 SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL HAIKU COMPETITION. In-Hand Deadline: Halloween 1991. Two categories: haiku and senryu. In both categories, Prizes will be, 1st place: \$150; 2nd place: \$75; 3rd place: \$25. *Unlimited submissions*. Entry Fee: \$1.00 per poem. Please write checks or money orders to Haiku Poets of Northern California. All poems must be original, *unpublished* and *not currently entered in another contest*. Sorry, entries will not be returned. Type or print each poem on two separate 3" by 5" cards, with category indicated upper left-hand corner. On the back of one card only, print name, address and telephone number. For a copy of the winner's list, please enclose an SASE. Judge: David E. LeCount. Submit entries to Christopher Herold, PO Box 278, La Honda, CA 94020. All rights revert to authors after publication.

Reminder

Contest deadline for the HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS is August 1, 1991. See Spring issue of *FROGPOND* for details.

FROGPOND corrections

In the review by Ruth Yarrow of *Starship Earth*, the first line should read: "Arranged in the age-old categories of earth, air, water and fire, Adele Kenny introduces her poems with quotes from St. Francis of Assisi."

The following are corrections to Cor van den Heuvel's sequence, "the billboard's shadow:"

at the end
of a tunnel in the clouds
a sunlit billow

snowy morning
the barber reappears
in his mirrors

cold spring rain—
a piece of grass sticks out
of the birdhouse

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

- Excellent Haiku of Japan in the Edo Period*, Nakimaro Hirose and Sakuzo Takada, with Revisions by L. A. Davidson. Available from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13, Koenji Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. \$16 in International Postal Money Order. 220 pages.
- For the Dance*, Wally Swist. Adastra Press, 101 Strong Street, Easthampton, MA 01027.
- Gristmill's Trough*, Wally Swist. Hummingbird, P.O. Box 96, Richland, WI 53581.
- Issa: Cup of Tea Poems*, translated by David G. Lanoue. Asian Humanities Press, 1991, 92 pages. P.O.Box 3523, Fremont, CA 94539. \$8.95.
- A Leap in the Light*, David Cobb. Equinox Press, Sinodun House, Shalford, Braintree, Essex CM7 5HN. Orders in North America: Box 313 La Honda, CA 94020. USA, \$5.50, Canada, \$6.50.
- Looking for a Prince*, A Collection of Senryu, Alexis Rotella. White Peony Press. Order from the author, P. O. Box 125, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046. 119 pages, \$10.95.
- A Network of Dissolving Threads*, Richard Von Sturmer. Auckland University Press, University of Auckland, Private Bag, Auckland, 1991. 136 pages, \$19.95.
- New Kid on the Block*, A chapbook of haiku and senryu, Jean Jorgensen. Four Seasons Corner, 9633-68A Street, Edmonton, Alberta T6B 1V3 Canada. 44 pages, 1990. USA, \$6.00, Overseas, \$6.75.
- Tanka Splendor*, Winners of the Mirrors International Tanka Awards. AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. \$3.00.
- Toranomon Haiku Group, 101 Haiku*. Haiku of the 43 members, translated into English by Sakuzo Takada. Available from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13 Koenji Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. \$8 in International Postal Money Order. 1991, 116 pages.
- Voice of the Mourning Dove (an Anthology of Haiku)*, Alexis Rotella. Jade Mountain Press, P.O. Box 125, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046. 1991, 142 pages. \$11.95.
- Where Sky Meets Sky*, LeRoy Gorman. Nietzsche's Brolly, E-530 Palmerston Blvd, Toronto, Ontario M6G 2P5. \$5.00.

PLEASE NOTE: For future listings in "Books and Chapbooks Received," the Editor requests that authors send a typed description of the work, following the format used above.

GARY HOTMAN
LAUREL, MARYLAND
13 JULY 1991

—

物比や響み人)のたよ

えん

