FROGPOUND  
Quarterly Haiku Journal  

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

**HAIKU**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Andina, Peter</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ave jeanee</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baranski, Johnny</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbosa, José Carlos</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breylogle, Valorie</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, Judith</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dalachinsky, Steve</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Engle, Margarita M</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eurice, Carol</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank, Glenda</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gasser, Frederick</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haas, Rosamond</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, William</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harter, Penny</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heinrich, Peggy</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jamieson, Tim</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jewell, Foster</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jewell, Rhoda de Long</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kilbride, Jerry</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little, Geraldine C</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marucci, Linda</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCoy, Barbara</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Philip</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, Lenard D</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nethaway, Charles D</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noyes, Humphrey</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pizzarelli, Alan</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polster, Edythe</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pracht-Fitzell, Ilse</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reichhold, Jane</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rielly, Edward J</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson, Frank K</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rotella, Alexis</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tao-Li</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgilio, Nick</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wainright, C. S.</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watkins, Lequita</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wicker, Nina A</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SEQUENCES & RENGA**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ekeimi temple (bob boldman)</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Road West (L. A. Davidson)</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadow Sequence (Virginia Brady Young)</td>
<td>16-17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight of Wasps</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Renga by E. S. Lamb, Ross Figgins, L. A. Davidson)</td>
<td>23-26</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AND MORE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Word from the Editor</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Museum of Haiku Literature Award</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book Reviews (L. A. Davidson and Marlene Mountain)</td>
<td>30-34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worth Repeating; Letter (Tadashi Kondo)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Haiku Redefined — Again (George Swede)</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bits &amp; Pieces</td>
<td>38-39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HSA Merit Book Awards Reminder</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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WORK FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Work on this issue of *Frogpond* was practically finished when I received word from Rhoda de Long Jewell of the passing of Foster Jewell on the 15th of August, 1984. He was 91 years old.

*Frogpond* Volume VII, Number 4 will be dedicated to his memory.

Elsewhere in this current issue are four of Foster’s previously unpublished haiku, written a few years ago and sent to me by Rhoda earlier this year. Below, I share two haiku included in Rhoda’s letter which bore the news that Foster’s ‘lingering’ had reached its end.

Still this lingering
along life’s sundown coastline—
search for mementoes

_Foster Jewell_

The yesterdays
behind
ahead
and all around

_Rhoda Jewell_
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from Frogpond VII:2

autumn sky
the wind folds and unfolds
a flock of sparrows

Alexis Rotella
Whole dawn to myself...
   but now
this small mosquito

Fallen barn
but over all
a riot of honeysuckle

After Sunday school
looking more hopefully now
for his lost balloon—

In dead leaves
the long awaited footsteps
the dog growls

Foster Jewell

All past
autumn’s turmoil of leaves,
but now, the redbird!

Climbing the old pole fence
aging moon, too,
seems to pause

Rhoda de Long Jewell
Sultry afternoon:
a green fly on the porch screen
cleans its wings.

The old springhouse—
all wasps and trumpet vines—
leans toward the sun.

Sunlight down the walk:
a cottonwood seed
drifts its small shadow.

Full moon on the wane:
the old dog sleeping.

her WELCOME mat
shifting moonlight—
windchimes

sight restored
she waits by the window
for the sunrise

*Philip Miller*

*Frederick Gasser*
small box from japan
the smile of a clay buddha
through the packing straw

Jerry Kilbride

Butterfly
Lost in the dark plum
Shadows on the walk

Judith Clark

late even is
summer the cicada diminished

Tao-Li
This heat!
On the wheatfield missile silo
praying mantis

Cruise Missile tests whine by
a fallen-down cornfield
scarecrow

Johnny Baranski

scattered paper—
tire tracks cross
the headlines

beard gone
he fingers the wart
on his chin

Penny Harter

Fall graveyard—
Behind the fire-gutted office
an upside-down tombstone

Barbara McCoy
soldier returning—
the neighbors falling silent
hands on their children

confessional
the 23rd Psalm—
the syllables slurred

hobo jungle
the engineer's call
silent today

beside the tracks
on the packing-crate headstone
Silver Star

before the boat
our Vietnamese child
cringing

Tim Jamieson

heat hits 104°
distant siren

Peter Andina
low tide
the girl smashes the crab's shell

hot afternoon
yet the ginkgo leaf has yellowed and fallen

roses
in front of the supermarket
his old hand trembles

nite begins
she slowly turns
the pages

Steve Dalachinsky

cold wind
at the knotted end of the flagpole rope
a washer clinks

Alan Pizzarelli
ekeimi temple

fireworks
on the steps of ekeimi temple
fire works

darkening sky
swans
becoming question marks

monks
gathering fresh clouds
from the river at dawn

p ec  by pi ce
i put the patriarch
in my pocket

(for s. dalachinsky)

bob boldman
Bent double by wind
Wildflowers on the hillside
Rooted firmly hold

Edythe Polster

songs of birds
eaten by the silence
of a cat

moving into the sun
the pony takes with him
some mountain shadow

an old frog
unfreezing himself
from the pond

Jane Reichhold

old woman laughing
a grasshopper
clasped in her palm

Valorie Breyfogle
THE ROAD WEST

going our way,
not keeping to the highway—
    Texas dust devils

through a closed motel window
still hearing the meadowlark

crossing the highway
flat out tail to neck
my first roadrunner

more than the old cottonwood
rustling in their cool patio

driving out west . . .
I didn’t much like it then,
but now
    the smell of sagebrush!

L. A. Davidson
fog
suddenly pines and oaks
out of focus

Lequita Watkins

When we sprawl on the grass
the monument vanishes
behind cattails

Packing up his clothes
giving away
everything
giving away

Peggy Heinrich

rose scent
at dusk—
this catch in my throat

Geraldine C. Little

biting
a roasted chestnut, I bite
the pigeon's shadow
after cutting the rose
a bloody thorn
in my thumb
depois de cortar a rosa
um espinho de sangue
no polegar

looking through a window
slit—
the world too narrow
olhando através de um postigo—
o mundo estreito demais

siesta—
a single bird singing in a tree
adding to the silence
sesta
um único pássaro cantando numa árvore
aumentando o silêncio

winter dusk
lingering longer
than afternoon itself
crespúsculo de inverno
mais longo
que a própria tarde

José Carlos Barbosa

Note: Both Portuguese and English versions have been furnished by the Brazilian poet. ESL
SHADOW SEQUENCE

Arctic hare
whitens the stream
he leaps.

A little after sunrise
dewdrops lengthen
as they fall.

On a clear day
she touches the shadow
of her child.

In the place
where shadows tremble,
a broken wing.

Sores
on the bark of the plum tree:
little shadows, too.
Frog’s shadow
    reaches the rock
    before the frog.

Darkening the dark,
    a shaft of moonlight
    on my bed.

Harvest moon:
    shadow of the lion’s tongue
    licking her cub.

Shadow of chrysanthemum
    darkens
    the hummingbird.

Wind
    singing in the grave:
    shadows on his name.

*Virginia Brady Young*
summer solstice
your gift of rose quartz
warms my hand

dawn
a stranger's
whistled tune

Margarita Mondrus Engle

Ghetto street:
a girl fills her pockets
with blossoms

Still summer eve:
the sound of a storefront
lowered and locked.

Alexis Rotella

midnight—
dark leaves, darker than night,
shaking off rain

Carol Eurice
thin white curtains
full of rain smell
and the noise of leaves

heat breaking,
the soft shadows of evening
touching the cicadas

in weeds
by the wind-tilted house
a grasshopper clatters

a walnut falls,
the old beagle turns his head
delicate bones pile up
in the big bowl

William Hart

after the icecream bell
the bell cricket

eating frog legs
delicate bones pile up
in the big bowl

Rosamond Haas
a poem
the shadow
of my hand

toward dusk
a dark leaf drops
among roots

closer tonight—
the moon in the window
above our bed

Frank K. Robinson

Midstream halt—
only the rider looks up
at the falling stars

Humphrey Noyes

late autumn tossed out love letter

rose petal
in my book
from someone

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.
leaning on her cane
old woman in the doorway
some blossoms remain

Linda Marucci

fresh spinach leaves
the old moon
in the sky

Glenda Frank

tobacco field:
the buzzard lowers
with the sun

twilight rain
washing fallen leaves;
the smell of fish

rain tuning itself in the empty waste can

Lenard D. Moore
the poet pausing
in his mass-saying—
rain rushes in

after the funeral
cricket sounds
in the corners

the bobwhite's call
again
and again

twilight:
above the furrow's edge
the head of a crow

moths fluttering under
the yellow porch light;
my daughter's night prayers

Edward J. Rielly
WEIGHT OF WASPS

Renga
by
Elizabeth Searle Lamb
Ross Figgins
L. A. Davidson
21 October 1982 — 2 May 1984
New Mexico, California, New York

August noon
boughs bending with weight of wasps
ripening pears esl

light rain
hornets knead fresh mud rf

Saturday supper
red beans
and her new-baked bread lad

in the wheat stubble
a small gray fox esl

overloaded pickup—
the farmer watches the sun set
and scratches his beard rf

Sunday-drive scarecrow guarding
pumpkins among frosted vines lad

she brakes hard
to let the pheasants cross;
morning fog esl
geese flying south,  
a contrail north     

no time to think  
now he is overseas—  
washing and cleaning

eating white grapes, alone  
bells of the Spanish New Year

tattered shawl—  
pink dawn fills the rooms,  
one by one

the old quilt tucked tight again  
waiting for the fire to catch

a small boy  
eager to go fishing  
wiggles bare toes

fat winter fly circles  
in a shaft of sunlight

alone with her books  
knowing there is a full moon,  
she counts the chimes

"a gull's cry the dunes in mist"—  
reading a haiku aloud

notes on a paper napkin—  
blurred words trap  
a mute parrot
the wind soughing in a pine
I go back to the mountains

tROUT rise
in the beaver pond
    a rainbow

moss covered stones
    and now, a broken sandal

nothing else to do
she spends the time picking up
pebbles with her toes

in the shaded patio
a carving of St. Francis

atop the wall
a shadow cat glides
across broken glass

along bare black branches
pink redbud blossoms  spring

on the prairie
the ancient wagon tracks
the tender grass

snarl of a trail bike
billows of old dust

strong May wind
unfurling the genoa
for a shakedown cruise
blue butterfly wings
caught in fresh varnish esl

soft edged greys
of sea and sky—
a gull's strident sounds rf

last-quarter moon       old tom
curled on her lap      purring lad

knit 2, purl 2—
dropped stitches as she too
nods off esl

stepping from darkness
a spider reorders its web rf

dressed for Easter
flicking dust from his urn
on her way out lad

the lily scent clinging
even after sundown esl

climbing broken steps—
shadows and moonlight slide
through ancient hands rf

from the top in all directions
as far as the eye can see lad
in the city park,
a string trio playing Bach:
cicada

tenement ruins:
removing the house number
for a souvenir

nailed to the spite fence,
where the neighbor’s kids hung it:
the run-over cat

approaching autumn:
the warehouse watchdog’s bark
weakens in the wind

the autumn wind
lifting the Pentagon flag
uncovers the coffin

Nick Virgilio
the tornado passes
one lone gobbler calling
a field of dead turkeys

after the wake
her tomatoes in Mason jars
springless clothes-pins

Nina A. Wicker

opening the lid
grandmother's music box
skips another note

ave jeanne

A gentle rainfall:
drop by drop my garden rolls
down the window pane

Evening, very still—
the grasses listening
to the distance

Ilse Pracht-Fitzell
gray dawn—
the bat folds
into shadow

killing frost—
I open the window
on silence

missing the deer,
he aims
at the sun

focused beyond me,
the hawk's eye
grows still

filling with rain,
a beer can
by the deer's skull

autumn fullness—
I yield
to night

C. S. Wainright
BOOK REVIEWS

A PATCH OF GRASS, Peggy Heinrich

ON SACRED MOUNTAIN, Vietnam Remembered, Edward Tick

DARK WITH STARS, Lequita Watkins

High/Coo Press, Rte. 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. Mini-chapbooks Nos. 22, 21, and 23, respectively, 1984, size 2½" × 4", neatly printed on good paper, $2. each or $5. for the three, postpaid. Handbound cloth editions available on preorder basis, $7. each.

Reviewed by L. A. Davidson

Peggy Heinrich, whose work has appeared in various publications for years, has gathered a very warm and personal book of twenty-four haiku in A Patch of Grass. One feels that one has visited this house, this cat, this very spot. Many of the poems appeared in haiku magazines and in Haiga-Haiku, an exceptionally beautiful presentation of the artist Barbara Gray's haiga and the poet Peggy Heinrich's haiku.

In

Last day of summer—
returning to the dark house
and two stained tea cups

there is a sense of change, even possible loss, of something ending. It is emotionally stirring with an open-end quality often missing in today's minimalist imagery.

One might wish that "Birds at the feeder/the cat and I watching them" would end there, with the reader's assumption of the third line "for different reasons."

Black cat
clicking off her yellow eyes
with a blink

is almost photographic with its 'moment of now.' In contrast, the

Upside down snail
righting itself on my palm
over and over
stops time for a brief period. These observations of everyday events are beautifully exemplified in

Learning to drive  
   my daughter watches the road  
   — the curve of her cheek!

where the unexpected last line makes the haiku.  
The work ends on an upbeat

Gloomy afternoon  
cold wind shifts the clouds  
— o golden house!

with the sun suddenly out.

A recent name to this reviewer, Edward Tick, *On Sacred Mountain*, has written twenty highly charged haiku. His introduction sets the emotional tone: "... 'tripwire veterans'...60, 80 or 100% disabled...the living victims of America's most recent war—Vietnam." The sequence is composed of true images from the memories of six of these veterans whom the author accompanied "as a medic in their difficult journeys toward healing."

It opens with a quote from the *I Ching*: "Fire burns over wood," and closes with Tick’s "Fire/ruins/sunlight." In between, one has a choice of nineteen moments of the horror, irony, and cruelty of war, and the endurance of human spirit. One must read this.

Representative of his work are:

Sipping his coffee  
   my bro waves, smiles—  
   then his head is gone  

Gunships overhead  
   loudspeakers announcing  
   we’ve walked on the moon

The small girl clutches  
   a wooden Buddha, grinning  
   her hut is torched

On Sacred Mountain  
   flames in the temple,  
   the monks' mantra
In eighteen haiku “for John who did not stay twenty summers,” Lequita Watkins in *Dark With Stars* has written a heart-wrenchingly controlled tribute through her own sense of loss. The work is best read first as a whole for major impact, though each poem is an independent haiku. The poems, some of which appeared previously in haiku magazines, are bracketed in the front and back of the book by symbolic haiga.

Not only will this reviewer be on the alert for Watkins’ haiku, new to her in this offering, but this book is one to which she will return again and again, to haiku such as:

```
waking from a dream— listen,
I stumble in and see I started to say, then
your empty pillow realized you are gone
not knowing,
the towhee sings and sings
above his grave
the kitchen floor
has no more black marks
from his shoes
```

While it is customary in reviews to find some flaw and thereby prove the reviewer's omniscience in haiku matters, this reviewer pleads guilty to thinking these three mini-chapbooks consistently good and well worth reading.


Both books from the author, P.O. Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046.

Reviewed by Marlene Mountain

There was a time we knew next to nothing about our fellow poets, not from their haiku at least, other than some practiced zazen, took canoe trips, watched birds, and so on. More recently, however, we’ve found that there are poets who actually get angry, have troubles and conflicts, occasionally make love, and even have an affair. No longer just silhouettes and shadows in our poems, we’ve begun to take on flesh; no longer mere observers of phenomena, we are the phenomena.

As Rod Willmot, in his introduction to Alexis Rotella’s On a White Bud, so aptly says: “The formerly ‘pure’ world of Nature is now imprinted with human presence.” Rotella, indeed, allows us into her personal world

Discussing divorce
he strokes
the lace tablecloth

In the guest room
where my mother slept
I look for comfort

I found myself caught up in particular by the various mentions of he/him/his. Rotella is at times listening to and quarrelling with him, watching him and holding his gaze, missing him, trying to forget him, and crying out after he leaves. One man? Two?

Only I laugh
at his joke...
the silence

Left to the wind
all the lilies
and all his lies

I began to want to know who is who and which is which, yet to the end remained confused by the lack of definition.

Along with the fine haiku, there are times when Rotella lets us in and there is nothing there

Arranging tea roses
I watch him climb
the ladder

Alone
in the Chinese restaurant,
dropping a chopstick
Or if there is meaning it is well hidden, i.e., a poem is not set well enough in context to allow the mood or information from surrounding haiku to assist it (thereby enabling it to exist with less). And there are of course, as with all of us, some poems over which to groan. Yet as there are many snags when truly trout fishing, similarly there are bound to be snags when writing about ourselves, our fears, our loneliness, our pains. Perhaps though, in that we do write (in that we do try), we, in one way, do succeed. Or to say it another way, it is perhaps from our failed haiku we learn we were not quite open or honest and are haunted until we get deeper into ourselves—and get it right.

With these feelings about Rotella’s writing in mind, I was quite unprepared for her latest book. After An Affair blew me away. I was deeply moved—something I rarely experience in haiku. Everything came into place. What seems “almost” in Bud truly flowers in After An Affair. What, in Bud, seems puzzling or maybe none of my business, in Affair, calls out and takes me in. I experience with Rotella the stuff of life—and happily the stuff of art. Whereas Bud is a collection of haiku, Affair is a sequence of living. I feel so strongly that it is a sequence in which one haiku deepens as it follows and co-exists with others, that I’d rather not quote from it. The poems belong together to be experienced together.

More and more, as I flounder through my own days and nights, I want to know how my companion travelers do it, survive this crazy desperate thing we call life on the planet. I take heart I am not the only one who wants to share, nor the only one who wants to know

\[
\text{deep autumn my neighbor what does she do} \quad \text{Basho}
\]
Dear Members:

When I read the Haiku Society's definitions I felt confused with the explanation of JION and ONJI. JION and ONJI do not relate to each other in the way they are explained in the notes to the definitions. JION is a specialized term from linguistics relating to the pronunciation of a Sino-Japanese character. ONJI means "phonetic symbol" (or "sound-symbol"), and seems to be the term desired.

When the Chinese characters were borrowed into Japanese two things happened, phonetically, to the Chinese characters. First, the Chinese sound was changed in the Japanese sound system. Second, the Japanese people applied the sound of the Japanese meaning to the character. These two kinds of pronunciations for Sino-Japanese characters are called JION and JIKUN, respectively. For example, when the Chinese character was borrowed into Japanese, the sound SHAN was changed to SAN, and at the same time the Japanese read it YAMA, which is the original Japanese word for the concept "mountain." SAN is the JION of the character, and YAMA is the JIKUN of it. Depending on the context, a particular character may be read in either the JION or the JIKUN.

While JION and JIKUN refer to pronunciation, ONJI refers to the writing symbols, the letters or the characters. All writing symbols are classified as either phonograms or ideograms. The phonogram by itself does not represent a meaning but only a sound. The Japanese syllabaries and the Roman alphabet, for example, contain phonograms, which are called ONJI in Japanese. On the other hand, the ideogram (called IJI in Japanese) represents a meaning (or meanings), like a Chinese character. To "count" a
Japanese poem, one writes the poem out entirely in phonetic symbols, or ONJI, and counts them. (While the concept of ONJI has frequently been translated into English as "syllable," it would be more accurate to say that the ONJI is a "mora," a term from Latin prosody, which the OED defines as "a unit of metrical time equal to the duration of a short syllable.")

Therefore I would like to suggest that the passage in your "preliminary Note 2" which reads "The Japanese words JION (symbol-sound) and ONJI (sound-symbol) have been mistranslated into English..." be changed to read simply "The Japanese word ONJI (sound-symbol) has been mistranslated into English..." and that the words "JION" and "JION (Japanese symbol-sounds)," be replaced with "ONJI" and "ONJI (Japanese sound-symbols)," respectively, throughout the definitions and the notes.

I hope these thoughts will help remove some of the confusion around these terms.

Sincerely yours,
/signed/Tadashi Kondo
THE HAIKU REDEFINED—AGAIN

George Swede

After the haiku became popular in North America during the 1950s, it underwent considerable evolution in form and content. Several years ago, I attempted a redefinition of the haiku that reflected these changes. Only provisional in nature, the new definition included the following five characteristics: brevity (when spoken, a breath-length long); reference to some aspect of nature; simple but vivid images; juxtaposition of images to express the "ahness" (or wonder) of a particular moment; use of the present tense (to capture the moment's immediacy). An excellent example of such a haiku is LeRoy Gorman's

a diver brings up the body
the rain
begins

Since this redefinition, however, two of its criteria have already become questionable. A number of poets, such as Alexis Rotella, manage to evoke the "ah" response without any nature content:

In the mirror
Mother's sad expression
on my face

And others, such as Raymond Roseliep, create a powerful sense of immediacy in spite of using the past tense:

I whispered of death
one winter night in a voice
we both never knew

To keep specifying the kind of content and tense necessary for haiku seems superfluous (and inhibiting) in the face of such work. These two criteria should be dropped from the definition of haiku (as were the seventeen syllable and season word requirement before them). The three remaining characteristics (breath-long length, simple images, and the "ah" response) are quite sufficient to maintain the haiku's uniqueness among other types of short poems.

BITS & PIECES

HAIKU WORKSHOP: This feature will re-appear in the next issue of Frog-pond, conducted by William J. Higginson and Penny Harter.

CORRECTION: My apologies to Alvaro Cardona-Hine, whose name appeared incorrectly beneath his "Ten Haiku in the Form of an Allegory" (p. 11) in the last issue, although spelled correctly in the Table of Contents.

CONTESTS:
HSA Merit Book Awards, see page 40.
Mya Pasek Haiku Award, sponsored by the St. Louis Poetry Center; $100 first prize, $25 second prize, honorable mentions; judge, Cor van den Heuvel. No entry fee. Deadline, March 16, 1985; winners to be announced in June. SASE for information to Pasek Award, P.O. Box 31064, St. Louis, MO 63131.
1985 Annual Haiku Contest, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of U.S.A. and Canada; deadline March 1, 1985. SASE for information to Diane Q. Lewis, 746 Azule Ave., San Jose, CA 95123.

NEW PUBLICATION: Daybreak, a wee mag of haiku, is seeking submissions of haiku for its first issue. Intends to publish quality poetry only. No payment. 2 issues $6.00. Mail all correspondence, including books of haiku for review, to Margaret Saunders, Wee Giant Press, 178 Bond Street N., Hamilton, Ont. Canada L8S 3W6.

HAIKU ISSUE: Marco Fraticelli, editor, is planning a haiku issue of The Alchemist this winter. Material should be submitted to him at Box 123, LaSalle, Quebec, Canada H8R 3T7. (Remember IRCs for return—ESL)

CHAPBOOKS:
stoma 1322 by Guy R. Beining, CURVD H&Z, 729a Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada M4M 1H1; 1984, $2.00. 12 "semi-surrealist" haiku.
Wind-bells on the Bay by Lucile Bogue, Windsong Press (available from author, 2611 Brooks, El Cerrito, CA 94530); 1983, $2.00. 26 traditional haiku in Rosella Palmer’s calligraphy.
beautiful chance by LeRoy Gorman, South Western Ontario Poetry, 396 Berkshire Drive, London, Ont., Canada N6J 3S1; 1984, $2.00. 42 evocative ‘billboard girl’ haiku.
**Catnips: A Book of Haiku on Cats** by Joseph Gustafson, from author, P.O. Box 234, Leicester, MA 01524; 1983, $3.95. 57 feline haiku.

**Hike: Haiku/Senryu** by Alan Pizzarelli, Pizzazz Publications, 109 Beaumont Place, Newark, NJ 07104; 1984, $2.00. 36 poems. Proceeds being donated to the Essex County Park Commission for a “cherry blossom tree to be dedicated to Prof. H. G. Henderson.”

**Duet for One Mirror** by Jane Reichhold, Humidity Productions, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445; 1984, $1.00 ppd. Extended sequence/renga elements combined to present a story line.

**touching the stone ax** by Hal Roth, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1984, $3.00 ppd. A day in a wilderness canyon, haiku combined with passages from writers on the American West.

**Down Marble Canyon** by Ruth Yarrow, Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, Md 21061; $1.25 ppd. 20 haiku in this western canyon sequence.

**Industrial Sabotage 26** edited by J. W. Curry, published by CURVD H&Z, 729a Queen St. East, Toronto, Canada M4M 1H1; 18 June '84, $2.50. Experimental, non-haiku issue set up to give impression of haiku due to preconception of reader. 11 loose pages; 12 poets including Le Roy Gorman and Guy R. Beining.

Note: Future issues of *Frogpond* will include reviews of several of the chapbooks listed above.
HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS

The biennial awards for books of special merit in the haiku field will again be presented by the Haiku Society of America in 1985.

Books published in 1983 and 1984 are eligible for consideration and should be sent to:

Frank K. Robinson
200 Townview Terrace F42
Knoxville, TN 37915

Books should be sent as soon as possible and certainly no later than the end of 1984.