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

OFFICERS
President: Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
Vice-President: Randy W. Grandinetti Rader, 73 Pennington Ave., Passaic, NJ 07055.
Subscription-Membership Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.
Treasurer: Ross Kremer, RD 2, Box 609, Ringoes, NJ 08551.
Frogpond Editor: Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

SUBSCRIPTION / MEMBERSHIP
$16. USA and Canada; $24. overseas, by airmail only. Please remit in US dollars. Canadian members may use postal money orders or US bank drafts—both must be marked “in US dollars.” All subscription/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of Frogpond. Half-year subscription/memberships available after July 1 for $8. and include 2 Frogponds. Single copies are $5.00. (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 subscription-membership secretary at home address.

PLEASE NOTE
1. All funds for subscription/memberships, renewals, or donations must be sent to subscription-membership secretary at home address, checks made out as above. In addition, all changes of address are to go to the subscription-membership secretary.
2. Send all editorial material to editor at home address, with SASE.
3. Send all other correspondence to pertinent officers at home addresses.
4. Where answer is required—and for return of manuscripts—SASE must be enclosed.

FROGPOND EDITORIAL POLICY
All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication of 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.

Cover design copyright © 1986 by Marlene L' Abbé.
Copyright © 1986 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.
CONTENTS

HAIKU & SENRYU
Atwood, Ann ......................20
Bodner, Virginia ................14
Borsenik, Dianne ...............20
Burnett, Terry ...................35
Campbell, Pat .................28
Coon, Tom .........................29
Cooperstein, Claire ..........28
Dalton, Helen .....................7
Dickson, Charles B. ..........14
Dong Jiping ......................33
Eastlund, Madelyn ..........35
Engle, Margarita Mondrus .....23
Eshelman, Martha J. ........6
Fennell, Mary Lou .............26
Ford, Muriel .....................31
Gasser, Frederick ............32
Gorman, Leroy ..................16
Grenville, R. H. ...............14
Harter, Penny ....................35
Hass, Norma S. .................29
Jamieson, Tim ....................7
Jones, Eileen I. .................32
Johnson, Mark Allan ........8
Johnson, Robert N. ..........7
Koontz, Tom .....................22
Lamphere, Lynn ................8
Lee, Regan .....................20
Li Wei ..........................33

Louvière, Matthew ..........35
Lyles, Peggy Willis ..........5
Merrick, T. R. ..................26
Montgomery, Carol ..........22
Moore, Bill ......................32
Moore, Lenard D. ..........29
Nakasone, Yasuhiro ..........21
Noyes, Humphrey .............17
Page, Deborah .................20
Poe, Alison ....................14
Procsal, Gloria H. ..........6, 23
Ralph, George ................26
Reichhold, Jane .............7
Rotella, Alexis ..............13
Sadler, Michael ..............7
Shaddick, Colin ................8
Sherry, Helen J. .............29
Spriggs, Ruby ................15
Strand, Clark ................16
Suarez, Christopher ..........17
Swanberg, Christine ..........17
Swist, Wally ...................28
Virgilio, Nick ...............13
Wainwright, Carol ..........5
Ward, Herman M ..............28
Yarrow, Ruth ....................8
Youmans, Rich ................23
Zhu Hao .........................33
SEQUENCES & RENGA
Long Lake Renga, Part 3 ................................................................. 24
   (Alvaro Cardona-Hine, Barbara Hughes, John Minczeski)
For Jacob Hassinger (L. A. Davidson) ................................................. 15
Fading Gong (David Elliott) .............................................................. 22
Records of a Well-Polished Satchel #1: Spain (Sanford Goldstein) .... 18
Onion Set (Doris Heitmeyer) ............................................................. 30
A Small Boat (Rosaly DeMaios Roffman and Hiroaki Sato) ............... 9
Bangalore Flashbacks (Kenneth C. Leibman) ........................................ 34
Tulip Sequence (Philip Miller) ............................................................ 6
"Admiring Kazuo Ohno" (Anthony J. Pupello) ...................................... 27

AND MORE
Word from the Editor ................................................................. 3
Museum of Haiku Literature Award .................................................. 4
Book Review (Geraldine C. Little) .................................................... 36
Bits & Pieces ................................................................. 37
1986 Henderson Award Rules .................................................... 40
WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Santa Fe sky
two ravens measure
the depth of blue

There is a strong international flavor to this May issue of *Frogpond*, beginning with the cover art which is a drawing by Canadian artist Marlene L'Abbé. Included in its pages are haiku from Japan, and, perhaps for the first time, England; from the People’s Republic of China come several haiku written in English from poets just beginning to experience an awareness of this poetic genre. There is a review of a haiku book by an official of the United Nations, and sequences based on travel to Spain and in India add their special color. There are poems which come from Greece and Canada.

It is a privilege to present a group of haiku written by Mr. Yasuhiro Nakasone, Prime Minister of Japan. These were very kindly submitted by translator Mrs. Kōko Katō, with Mr. Nakasone’s approval, and were transmitted through the courtesy of Mr. Kazuo Sato, Director of the International Division of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo.

My thanks, as editor of *Frogpond*, and the thanks of the Haiku Society of America go to Mr. Sato and the Museum for their continuing support which makes possible the “best of issue” haiku award. It may be of interest to *Frogpond* readers to know how the selection for that award is made. I am not sure of the procedure before I became editor. Now, however, HSA elected officers (minus the editor) make an independent choice of four haiku, listing them in order of preference. A point system is used to pick the winner, with the editor voting only to break a tie.

Again this May, my wish for all of you:

May haiku bring you joy!
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* IX: 1

a steady rain
the dentist's drill
turning to snow

*Jane Reichhold*
spring flood—
the oak leans
a little farther

listening for a warbler—
the sound
of melting snow

here and there
a blade of green
catches the wind

cold drizzle—
even the duck
shaking it off

woodpecker silence . . .
this drumming
of rain

Carol Wainright

spring tide . . .
the live whelks
left behind

I weigh my words . . .
marks in sand
of the skipped stone

Peggy Willis Lyles
TULIP SEQUENCE

my eyes half-opened tulips
above a red row
of tulips
the rising sun
between our silences
a vase of tulips

from the corner
of my eye
tulip

shattered white tulip new moon

Philip Miller

across the field
the whippoorwill's evening call
the boy’s whistled reply

Martha J. Eshelman

late night moonlight;
the neighbor boy whistles
in my strawberry patch

Gloria H. Procsal
the cow's skull
by the field I'm ploughing—
a robin's nestlings

Tim Jamieson

two, three yards
past the lilac fence
its fragrance

Robert N. Johnson

the world
twice as beautiful
through one eye

Helen Dalton

Again the croak
heard yet never seen
deeper each year

Michael Sadler

the hills
touching each other
at the river
western ridges
drop night
on the valley floor

Jane Reichhold
flaking off
the drugstore wall
last year's circus

Lynn Lamphear

amusement park—
soles of his sneakers
against the clouds

after the circus
cotton candy shrinking;
scab on his knee

Ruth Yarrow

Mickey Mouse balloon,
tail wrapped around
a child's wrist.

Mark Allan Johnson

outside my window
boy with small summer-sandals
kicking up dust clouds

that emptiness as
the train disappears from view
around the slow curve

Colin Shaddick
(Barnstaple, England)
"A small boat"
Renga by Rosaly DeMaio Roffman
and Hiroaki Sato
May 1983 to September 1984

A small boat
pinned to a tree
waits for a butterfly

Roffman

a stir of willow
is still chilly

Sato

grey sparrows
debate the morning rain
wings tucked into wings

R

sudden onslaught, now
specks in the brain

S

a forest on the moon
cannot be seen
by the white river heron

R

a tenebrous splash
a tenebrous night

S
a husband,
stood up by his mistress,
reels home

savoring darkness
eyes hide in trees

that afternoon
being a child was to echo
to this day

stones locked in caves
still broadcast sea colors

a chevron of
pelicans in the air
momentarily

lilies brighten
as blue happens by

an old catalogue
a lover in my mind
a touch of fall

three sunflowers by the moon
large heads ripe for rain

a German steeple
soars next to a tenement
gutted, brick

one tree in the yard
leaves in brown arms

our florist
fills up with customers
at day's end

a boy on a plane
smiles through earphones
a sleepless mother
opens the window
for pigeon trios

since love was confessed
fingers have not rested

a hungry cat
hidden by newspapers
contests the rain

leaves will all fall
during the night

the berry-picker
empties his basket
with blue hands

dour face, sunken eyes,
and this promotion

twin butterflies
with only one day
undo their shadows

sunlit snow fades
across the windowpane

broken lines of tourists
magnolia blossoms
bursting with song

a photo of my sister
against a monument

the crow on a limb
eyes everywhere
a moon cliche

Shauna Grant
shot herself
black circles
under her eyes:
the morning after

a child's boat
on this boat

Burton Watson,
Cordazzi, Laurel
Rodd, Durrell

your bedroom
a box of secrets

by a dull vase
of silken flowers,
red panties

seen from a distance
a runner falls and gets up
dipping my finger
in the holy water fount:
the first day of spring
during the sermon,
slipping into the cloak room:
the light-fingered lad
sprinkling his ashes
up and down the town common:
spring wind

Nick Virgilio

spring campus:
a professor clings
to last year's notes
rustle
of the chrysalis:
my breath on hold
bulging
with moonlight
the day-lily bud
our silence
through the tunnel
and then the moon

Alexis Rotella
the old crabapple
yesterday a few blossoms
today—full of bees!

Virginia Bodner

Blue Ridge valley:
from beyond the plum thicket
a dulcimer’s thrum

tsagging footbridge
on both sides of the brook
white laurel blossoms

scattered green sprouts
in the forest fire’s rubble;
a quail calls

Up from the coal mine the sun the wind

Charles B. Dickson

finding blue violets,
not thinking to glance
at the pale and fading moon

R. H. Grenville

in the halfmoon light
I walk among fireflies

Alison Poe
FOR JACOB HASSINGER
April 27, 1855—February 6, 1925

Born on Ellis Island on the way west to Wisconsin and Minnesota, the man arrived in eastern South Dakota helping build the "Milwaukee" railroad in the 1880s. In 1908 he built a new house on land adjacent to the homestead where he and his young family had lived in a sod shanty the first few years. He planted acres of cottonwood, poplar and ash beside the new house, as well as thirty apple trees. This green grove proved an oasis for a daughter and her family who came from Montana in the dustbowl of the 1930s.

the young woman
thanking a dead grandfather
for apple blossoms

a rickety ladder
propped against an apple branch—
a long way down

the apple picker
filling her canvas bucket
one by one by one

moonlit orchard:
shadows freeze in the silence
after falling apples

felled by the twister,
poplar and cottonwood;
old apple trees stand

in the weed-grown orchard
an apple falls onto others . . .
no one left to hear

L. A. Davidson
Virginia Falls
   a rainbow
   all its own

   three
   hundred
   and
   sixteen
   feet
   of
   water
   sound

top of the falls
   your voice somewhere
in its sound

Ruby Spriggs

picking boys' names
she aims her camera
into spring wind

LeRoy Gorman

as it falls
it gathers and falls
a mountain stream

evening comes
water slips over
the stones

Clark Strand
spring hillside—
down from the hermitage
forget-me-nots grow

through the doorway
our dying neighbor—
spring garden

young nun
glimpsing herself
disappears

the wading nuns
chased by a sea breeze—
  billowing clouds

Humphrey Noyes

morning breeze—
the origami cat
stirs

Christopher Suarez

On the hot sand
flickering of a gull's eye
opalaeclent clams

Watching the sunset
from my old hammock—
flight of nighthawks

Christine Swanberg
and now for travels,
dear Basho,
for scratches
on this well-polished
satchel

reading Basho,
I take up
this shiny satchel
for journeys
to my own north

Irving,
did you stand
dazed
by geometrics,
by Koran curves?

Basho,
your weather-bruised
satchel
had its various uses:
tonight I scribble my coffeehouse poem

no bench
lonely enough
for this afternoon
poem
in Seville

into my satchel
I pour memory
by fives,
and sometimes
one comes out good
Basho,  
did you grumble over  
your own continental?  
I hear  
no horses pissing

wanting to take  
some of the gloss off  
last night’s desire,  
I rough up  
my well-polished satchel

sometimes  
my jalousie  
was up,  
sometimes down:  
a single’s room in Madrid

a sea of cranes  
in the June evening?  
no, twenty thousand  
white flutters  
to the matador’s strut

Velasquez,  
your dwarf’s face,  
whenever it appears,  
reminds me  
of the burden of small

Sanford Goldstein
Outdoor concert
a white moth dips under
Beethoven's thunder

Music moving
through windless summer air
the cello's cool shade

Still there this morning
brown moth on the music
changing Chopin's chord

Ann Atwood

on the wall
masks from the kabuki
the memory of his eyes

Dianne Borsenik

Debussy on the radio
coffee and brandy
in Chinese teacups

Regan Lee

A deaf boy
touching a vibrating
harp string

On the rasping cattails
a red-winged blackbird—
spring sunset

Deborah Page
Omoide wa kumo no kanata ni kari no sao

Remembering this—
passing far beyond the clouds
a line of wild geese.¹

Amanogawa waga furusato ni nagaretari

High in the night sky
the Milky Way flowing to
the place I came from.

Kogarashi ya kumikawashitaru sake nigō

A withering wind—
getting together to exchange
a parting cup.²

Ten yakete tobi bakusin wo mimamoreri

From a flaming sky
the winging kite looks down on
the A-bomb site.³

Ishi no hada furekite hagi no ha wo narasu

Touching the surface
of a stone; rustling the leaves
of a bush-clover.

Yasuhiro Nakasone
(Translations by Kōko Katō)

¹It is said that Prime Minister Nakasone wrote this haiku
when he met President Reagan at a Tokyo Summit.
²Written when his younger brother, a naval officer, went to the
front in the Pacific War; he did not return.
³At Nagasaki on Memorial Day.
FADING GONG

Fading gong
empties the room
fills my breath
Thoughts like passing clouds

Sitting on sore hips
trying to breathe
every breath

Fading gong hangs in the air
swallows flying
through the sound

David Elliott

white morning glories
at the gate—
the folds in sunlight

Carol Montgomery

Beginner's Mind

rice paper sky
five blackbirds
without art

Tom Koontz
under blue smoketrees
    the wind makes sand paintings
    of petals

wind
    dry flowers enter
    the open door

sun on the old wicker chair
    beyond the window
    wind

into sunlit cloud
    an arrowhead
    of geese

feeding
    the new baby
    full moon

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

Apache war dance
falling eagle feathers drift
on the March breeze.

*(Indian Festival: Heard Museum
Phoenix, AZ. 3.2.85)*

*Gloria H. Procsal*

Mozart sonata—
signal wavering
under fighter jets

*Rich Youmans*
LONG LAKE RENGA
continued

Alvaro Cardona-Hine
Barbara Hughes
John Minczeski

3.

ach  what if I told you
     that the children have melted
     away like sorrow

jm   tamaracks bellow like cows
     the clouds are going to seed

bh   the lake seems to know
     that the crawdads are sleeping
     look how she rocks them

ach  when I was a little kid
     the world was full of minnows

jm   the groundhog complains
     that no distance is too great
     from a barking dog

bh   before the boat comes in sight
     we hear their voices laughing

ach  the dock is unclean
     the dogs have walked all over
     with shit on their feet

jm   their minds so filled with light
     there is almost no shadow
bh I'm barely awake
and already you're asking
for the next few lines

ach when everything's a given
it pays to ask for sunshine

jm I go take a leak
phlox attract the yellow leaves
of the butterflies

bh at dusk they glow even more
down to their lavender stuff

ach it's Monday morning
the wind steals across the lake
on baby sandals

jm supervising the ripples
making constant revisions

Note: "Long Lake Renga," a linked-verse piece in five sections,
was written at Long Lake, Wisconsin during the summer of
1984. Parts 1 and 2 appeared in *Frogpond IX:1* (February 1986);
the two remaining sections will appear in subsequent issues
of *Frogpond*. ESL
among dawn flowers
he stops again to listen:
fresh smell of orange

the old fisherman
at dusk bends low in his boat
two vultures screeching

George Ralph

the fisherman pauses:
below the lilypad
a turtle

under the weeping willow
the slow-moving shadow
of a watersnake

Mary Lou Fennell

walking her home late,
her father’s cigarette
glowing in the dark

just before dawn
the dark bulk of the mountains
silhouetted

T. R. Merrick
"ADMIRING KAZUO OHNO"

dance concert:
outside another movement,
falling leaves

reflected in
his wide-open eyes
—a far-away dance

"Admiring La Argentina"
—silent castanets
slowly fill the senses

Butoh Dancer’s farewell—
two hands become doves
off in flight

final curtain—
out of the old woman
steps the old man

Anthony J. Pupello

Note: Written after viewing a performance by Kazuo Ohno at the Joyce Theatre in New York in November, 1985. Then aged 79, Mr. Ohno is considered the “Father of Butoh.” He performed one piece entitled “Admiring La Argentina.” (Flamenco artist of the 20s).
Beak open, yellow
eye wild, blackbird tangled in
my cherry tree net

Herman M. Ward

petal by petal
the white peony peeled open
by a swarm of blank ants

Claire Cooperstein

We meet again—
these blossoms of the plum
and I.

After dinner—
the preacher’s napkin
neatly refolded.

Pat Campbell

the meadow
fresh with June rain—
the horse’s flanks shining

gray summer day—
the newly painted porch
beaded with rain

Wally Swist
Alligator moves
from the river onto shore
summer sun rising

Tom Coon

Florida motel
in the swimming pool dead moths
float like autumn leaves

Disney carousel
all the horses painted
different shades of white

shopping carts collide
two old men curse each other
above the Muzak

Norma S. Hass

I drop the flower
after the bee
stings

Helen J. Sherry

scent of sea
her hair
parting in moonlight

her eyes closed
birdsong
on the night wind

Lenard D. Moore
ONION SET

After the rainstorm
its lusty stalk unbroken
the onion flower

Washed-out bean plants
in a sea of mud a row
of onion flowers

What do they see in it—
all those bees and butterflies?
the onion flower

Cool starbursts above
the rows of cracking soil—
onion flowers

Their odor rises
with the afternoon heat waves
onion flowers

Breaking it for fun
to smell its hollow stalk
the onion flower

In the kitchen sink
along with muddy onions
an onion flower
Coming in muddy
the onion flower in its glass
smells up the kitchen

Settling the Estate
his garden's last legacy
of onion flowers

Crazy about onions
he always planted too many—
onion flowers

Cutting up onions—
for the man who loved onions
a tear on the plate

Doris Heitmeyer

Over the warm boulder
a shiver of mayflies

call from an old friend—
on the vine a new leaf

drifting over the cemetery
a hot air balloon

Muriel Ford
on the shadowy side
away from the morning sun
frost on the chimes

around new grass
cloth strips on rope fence
lift the wind

museum garden:
children wiggle through
the egg of Hans Arp

_Frederick Gasser_

hearing one warbler
amid this cacophony
of birdsong

_Eileen I. Jones_

Driving home
in my rear view mirror
the last of the sun

Small moth
brushed away as I write
... keeps returning

Evening rain over,
the moon a thousand times
in the wet leaves

_Bill Moore_
Farther and farther
The hat carries the sunset down the hill
A low evening bell sounds

The candlelight
Enlarges the dark shadow of the toy dog.
A boy shivers.

Li Wei
Beijing

After spring thunder
the moss blurs the words
of a gravestone

Fallen leaves
cover the country road:
a bamboo broom.

Dong Jiping
Chongqing

the snow melts
on the top
of a green dustbin

sunlight
covers a girl's statue
with dust

Zhu Hao
Shanghai

Note: The poems above are among early experiments with haiku by Chinese poets who have responded with much interest and enthusiasm to an article, “Haiku Flourishes in North America,” I was asked to write for the bilingual magazine The World of English, published in Beijing, The People’s Republic of China. ESL
BANGALORE FLASHBACKS

early morning monkey troop stealing unripe guavas
marked by a plaque this venerated spot a cobra hole
Vishnu’s mark above his spectacles the priest dawn-robed
temple carts in the market square sacred flowers
two drummers changing the rhythm in unison
noonday changing his loincloth to a turban
posing for snapshots her hand on Shiva’s lingam
kumkum merchant sunbeams playing on dusty earthtones
tiny naked girl keeping buffalo in line kicks and curses
woman begging banana skins for her cow
sunset burning all the city gulmahr trees
at the incense shop Bedroom Specials No. 2
rat ka rani filling the darkness a nadhaswaram

Kenneth C. Leibman

Note: Vishnu’s mark: a white symbol painted on the forehead by Vaishnavite Brahmans; lingam: stylized phallic symbol; kumkum: cosmetic for forehead dots; gulmahr: flame of the forest; rat ka rani: “queen of the night,” similar to night-blooming jasmine; nadhaswaram: baritone shawm.
spring breeze—
dead leaves rise
from the forest floor

dead robin
grass still
in its beak

_Penny Harter_

early thunderstorm
floating toward the drain pipe
this morning’s news

_Madelyn Eastlund_

Suddenly
against the sunset
pelicans

_Terry Burnett_

Seafog
darkening
the regatta

Night wind
swinging
the hammock

_Matthew Louvière_
BOOK REVIEW

FIFTY-SIX STONES, Rafael M. Salas, John Weatherhill, New York & Tokyo, hardback, $15.00, copyright 1985.

Reviewed by Geraldine C. Little

It speaks well for the haiku “form” that two men intimately involved with the United Nations, the only world forum where problems between nations may be talked about, have chosen to use it as a means of self-expression. The universality of the haiku is one of its great strengths.

Mr. Salas is Under-Secretary of the UN, and is executive director of the UN Fund for Population Activities. It will be remembered that Dag Hammarskjold, a former Secretary General, also found haiku sympathetic to his personal musings.

Mr. Salas’ work is much more objective, reflecting observations made all over the world, where his work necessarily takes him. He says he visualizes these poems (most haiku with a few senryu interspersed) as stones in a Japanese garden—“steps towards the teahouse, where, from the hazards of life, the Japanese traditionally find moments of repose and recollection.”

From Reykjavik, Iceland he observes

Cheeky round sheep
Grazing on the windy suburbs
Smoked in the evening fire

The Casbah, Algiers, Algeria, is painted for the reader in

Noon sun on blue houses
A labyrinth of sidewalks
Street urchin in robes

The Russian portrayed in Red Square, Moscow, is not an enemy in

Red Walls and towers
Above morning’s bed of snow
Smiles from a mink cap

We are given glimpses of political figures: Marcos of the Philippines playing golf, a meeting with Fidel Castro.

Mr. Salas is not an experimenter; his haiku is traditional, formal even in its capitalization. However, these stones are worth walking on with this public servant.

The book is enhanced by a Foreword by Hiroaki Sato, well-known for his fine translations, his numerous excellent books, and his able work as former President of The Haiku Society of America.
HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

Congratulations to Tony Suraci on the appearance of the first issue of Old Pond. (P.O. Box 546, East Haven, Conn. 06512.)

Brussels Sprout: correct address is Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046. Apologies for the error in the last issue.

Amateur Press Association, c/o Tundra Wind, Box 429, Monte Rio, Ca 95462, announces publication of APA-Renga. Cooperative venture, chain-linking. Write for information on costs and procedures.

Haiku Canada, 67 Rue Court, Aylmer, Que., Canada J9H 4M1, is publishing a series of Haiku Canada Sheets, each featuring a single Haiku Canada member-poet. So far: Suezan Aikins, nick avis, Herb Barrett, Betty Kendell Bennett, Marianne Bluger, Marco Fraticelli, LeRoy Gorman, Beth Jankola, Irving Kalushner, anne mckay, Ruby Spriggs. These go to Haiku Canada members; write for information on availability to non-members—with SAE and an IRC.

ADDRESS CHANGE

Please note following correct address: Doris Heitmeyer, HSA Subsc/Memb. Secretary, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

RECENT NEWS

Professor Kazuo Sato has announced the following winners chosen from the haiku published in his "Haiku in English" column in the Mainichi Daily News during 1985: (Free Style) First Prize, Carol Wainright; Second Prize, Carey D. McAllister; Honorary Mentions (in order of publication), Ryosuke Suzuki, David Burleigh, Margaret Chula, David Elliott, Paul Wadden, Tombo, Ethel Dunlop, Derek Wells. (Syllabic Style) First Prize, James Deahl; Second Prize, Richard Bodner; Honorary Mentions (in order of publication), Nelly Pells, Edward Falkowski, Keith Mumby, Thomas Heffernan, Toshimi Horiuchi, Miriam Woolfolk, Mamoru Ikeda, Edith Shiffert.

Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp's doctoral dissertation presented at the University of Hamburg, West Germany, DER EINFLUSS DES HAIKU AUF IMAGISMUS UND JUNGERE MODERNE: Studien zur englischen und amerikanischen Lyrik, in 1984 is now being translated into Japanese for serial publication in Kobegakuin Daigaku Kiyo (Annals of Kobegakuin University). Available (in German) in libraries of the larger universities worldwide.

SPECIAL OFFER

Please see listing of Under the Banyan Tree by Satsvarupa dasa Goswami for special offer to readers of Frogpond.
CONTESTS

Harold G. Henderson Award for 1986. See rules p. 40

Annual Lafcadio Hearn Haiku Contest. This is sponsored by Matsue City, Japan. To participate, send no more than 3 original, unpublished haiku which have some connection with Lafcadio Hearn to Lafcadio Hearn Contest, c/o Elizabeth Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 with SASE. Include name and address with each haiku. Up to 20 haiku will be selected to be printed in the booklet reporting on the contest, with Japanese translations by Hiroaki Sato. No prizes. Those whose haiku are used will receive a copy of the booklet. Deadline: postmark of June 15, 1986. Please do not include entries with *Frogpond* submissions.

The Poetry Society of Japan is sponsoring its first International Tanka Contest and third International Haiku Contest (in English), open to the general public as well as to members. For rules send SASE or SAE with one IRC to: The Poetry Society of Japan, 5-11 Nagaike-cho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan.
BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

Dark Leaves by Carol Dagenhardt; White Dwarf Press, P.O. Box 1011, Hunt
Valley, MD 21030; 1986, 32 unno. pps., $1.75. A White Dwarf Minibook.
Issa: The Story of a Poet-Priest by Cliff Edwards; MacMillan Shuppan KK
(Tokyo); 1985, 55 pps., available from Kinokuniya Book Stores, 1581
Webster St., San Francisco, CA 94115, $3.50. (Revised version of Ed-
wards’ Everything Under Heaven: The Life and Words of a Nature Mystic,
Issa of Japan, 1980.)

Under the Banyan Tree by Satsvarupa dasa Goswami; Gita-nagari Press,
10310 Oaklyn Drive, Potomac, MD 20854; 1986, 32 pps., Regular price
$8.50; for readers of Frogpond $5.00 or in exchange for a signed book of
haiku by its author.

Waves of Drifting Snow by Kent Johnson; Ox Head Press, 414 North Sixth
St., Marshall, Minn. 56258; 1986, 20 unno. pps., $3. ppd. Mini-
chapbook.

Monkey’s Raincoat (Sarumino): Linked Poetry of the Basho School with
Haiku Selections translated by Lenore Mayhew; Charles E. Tuttle Co.;
1986, 152 pps., $8.95, hardcover.

...still dancing by anne mckay; Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen
Burnie, MD 21061; 1986, 36 unno. pps., $1.50 ppd. Wind Chimes Mini-
book XIII.

Pissed Off Poems and Cross Words by Marlene Mountain; 1986, 32 unno.
pps., $5. plus 0.73 postage. Available from author, Route 1, Hampton,
TN 37658.

The Bold Silverfish and Tall River Junction by Robert Spiess; Modern
Haiku, Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701; 1986, 52 pps., $4. ppd.

On Love and Barley: Haiku of Basho translated by Lucien Stryk; Penguin

Romaji Diary and Sad Toys by Takuboku Ishikawa, translated by Sanford
Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda; Charles E. Tuttle Co.; 1985, 288 pps.,
$8.95

Quaking Aspen Grove by Phyllis Walsh; Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood
Drive, LaCross, WI 54601; 1985, 10 pps. (accordion fold), $3. No. 18 in
the Haiku and Short Poem series.
HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1986

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: $1.00 per haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 x 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author’s name and address in the upper-left hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to: Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. There will be a first prize of $100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of $50; and a third prize of $25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in Frogpond.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in Frogpond.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.