OFFICERS
President: Adele Kenny, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
Vice-President: Clark Strand, 204 East 77th St., New York, NY 10021.
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 art copyright © 1987 by Raymond J. Stovich
Copyright © 1987 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.
Typography—Casa Sin Nombre
CONTENTS

HAIKU & SENRYU

Antieau, David K. ........................................ 16
avis, nick .................................................. 35
Bittle-DeLapa, Mary Lou ............................... 6
Bodner, Gita............................................... 28
Bodner, Richard .......................................... 7
Dalachinsky, Steve ....................................... 14
Dudley, Michael ......................................... 16
Dalton, Helen E........................................... 5
Gates, Bob .................................................. 6
Goodmann, Barry ......................................... 8
Gurga, Lee .................................................. 24
Haas, Rosamond .......................................... 36
Henn, Mary Ann .......................................... 16
Hewitt, Bernard ......................................... 8
Hotham, Gary ............................................. 22
Iodice, Ruth G............................................. 16
Johnson, Randy .......................................... 24
Johnson, Robert N................................. 22, 34
Keleher, Patrick G .................................... 7
Kettner, M. .................................................. 15
Kilbridge, Jerry .......................................... 22
Kolashinski, Elsie ...................................... 34
Lambert, Jane K.......................................... 24
Leibman, Kenneth C................................. 5, 16
Little, Geraldine C................................. 13, 16
Lyles, Peggy Willis .................................... 7
McDonald, Kathryn Stewart ....................... 8, 35
McLeod, Donald ......................................... 35
Minor, James ............................................. 26
Montgomery, Carol ..................................... 22
Moore, Lenard, D........................................ 7
Nethaway, Charles D. Jr............................ 33
Noyes, Humphrey ....................................... 36
Page, Deborah ............................................. 6
Pauly, Bill .................................................. 36
Procsal, Gloria H....................................... 25
Quagliano, Tony ......................................... 34
Raborg, Frederick A., Jr............................ 5, 36
Reichhold, Jane ......................................... 25
Ross, Daniel ............................................... 33
Rungren, Lawrence ..................................... 34
Shaddick, Colin ......................................... 13
Silvers, Vicki ............................................. 13
Sohne, Karen .............................................. 34
Sommerkamp, Sabine ................................ 21
Spiess, Robert ............................................ 35
Spriggs, Ruby ............................................. 3
Suarez, Christopher ................................ 13
Swist, Wally .............................................. 13
Trotman, Frank .......................................... 24
Virgilio, Nick .............................................. 14
Viviano, Samuel .......................................... 35
Wadden, Paul .............................................. 26
Wainright, Carol ......................................... 20
Yarrow, Ruth .............................................. 5
zaveja .......................................................... 24
Zipper, Arizona .......................................... 7
SEQUENCES & RENGA

Colors (Bob Boldman) ................................................................. 15
Cities and Sand (Peter Fortunato) ............................................. 27
Elegy (Bob Gates) ................................................................. 21
Violin Case Renga (Doris Heitmeyer, L. A. Davidson and Sydell Rosenberg) ........................................... 17
Pueblo Solstice (Gary L. Vaughn) ............................................. 23
Mesa Verde (Ruth Yarrow) ..................................................... 28

AND MORE

Greetings from the President .................................................... 3
Word from the Editor .............................................................. 3
Museum of Haiku Literature Award ......................................... 4
Alice Walker, “For Me Haiku Is...” (Jane Reichhold) ............... 9
Robert Spiess, the Man and His Words (L. A. Davidson) .......... 29
Book Review (E. S. Lamb) ....................................................... 37
Bits & Pieces ................................................................. 38
1987 Henderson Award Rules .............................................. Inside Back Cover
GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

I begin my tenure as president of the Haiku Society of America with great enthusiasm and happy anticipation. During the past nineteen years the HSA has grown through the work begun by its charter participants to an international society with members in many parts of the world. During 1987 I expect that we will continue to expand our programs and activities, to welcome new members, to provide current members with increased opportunities for literary enrichment together and as individuals, to encourage public awareness and appreciation of our dedication to haiku and related forms, and to begin planning for our twentieth anniversary in 1988.

I extend an invitation to each of you to attend our New York meetings, and to those of you whose attendance is limited by geography, I invite your suggestions for regional activities through which we can achieve a greater sense of community. My wish for all of us is for a healthy and productive year filled with spiritual richness and an abundance of special moments which we will celebrate and share through our haiku.

Adele Kenny

WORD FROM THE EDITOR

With this issue, Volume X Number 1, *Frogpond* enters its tenth year. The first Quarterly issue, with Lilli Tanzer as editor, appeared in February, 1978. The following year Numbers 3 and 4 were combined in one double issue and in 1980 only Numbers 1 and 2 were published; since that time, however, four issues have appeared each year. Each issue has contained material of interest and value and I remind readers that it is possible to obtain back issues that are lacking in their files.

I welcome your suggestions, comments, and submissions.
May haiku bring you joy!

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

cry of a jay
piercing
the first of the year

Ruby Spriggs
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* IX:4

autumn dusk the crooked road home

*Marlene Mountain*
three white asters
   in the winter garden . . .
   petals falling
divots erupting
   from the polo field—
   flight of sparrows
trade winds . . . rain or shine
   the glittering leaves
   of the mango tree

Helen E. Dalton

cloud forest—
a hatch of tiny spiders
dangling

Ruth Yarrow

rusty faucet gurgling a sparkling r
   lavish in the drought

Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.

earliest dawn—
just the ghost of a bird
   at the feeder
spreadwinged anhinga
   materializing
   in the morning lakemist

Kenneth C. Leibman
a field mouse
wild-eyed
in the piano
—Rachmaninoff

Donald McLeod

in this practice room
on this worn-out piano
joyful Bach

roaring octaves . . .
on the piano
meditating cat

Samuel Viviano

beethoven's fifth
the winter wind storm
ratles the windowpane

remembering the lie
I told you
crocus in midwinter

we say we're sorry
the easter lily begins
to open

nick avis

church crucifix—
deeper than customary
the zen master bows

Robert Spiess
A snowshoer tramps by; 
two squirrels stare from their hole 
at the mounting flakes.

Its wingblade folded, 
the snowgrader bumbles home 
in high gear.

Arizona Zipper

finicky child . . . 
the towhee's 
“eat your wheat”

clouds drift . . . 
bright-shouldered Orion 
and a thin white moon

Peggy Willis Lyles

driving through the blizzard 
a slick spot 
suddenly not talking at all

Richard Bodner

January night 
the back of the cabbie's neck 
his cauliflower ear

Patrick G. Keleher

cold starlight 
everything resisting the snow 
an owl's echo

Lenard D. Moore
stony grin
on the ancient gargoyle
cat yawning

wattle tree
sheds withered leaves
rustling winds

whitened skull
in sand among
dried leaves

Bernard Hewitt

A cockroach
crawling—
ancient cave drawings

Tourist reading
sdrawkcab repap
young child giggles

Barry Goodmann

Razor blades and tape
an assassin makes headway
at the cockfight

Pistachio shells
litter the sawdust parterre
after the cockfight

Kathryn Stewart McDonald
ALICE WALKER, “FOR ME HAiku IS. . .”
(Excerpt from a work-in progress,
“Those Women Writing Haiku”)

Jane Reichhold

“One thing I try to have in my life and my fiction is an awareness of and an openness to mystery, which, to me, is deeper than any politics, race or geographical location. In the poems I read, a sense of mystery, a deepening of it, is what I look for—because that is what I respond to. I have been influenced—especially in the poems of ONCE—by Zen epigrams and Japanese haiku. I think my respect for short forms comes from this. I was delighted to learn that in three or four lines a poet can express mystery, evoke beauty and pleasure, paint a picture—and not dissect or analyze in any way. The insects, the fish, the birds, and the apple blossoms in haiku are still whole. They have not been turned into something else. They are allowed their own majesty, instead of being used to emphasize the majesty of people: usually the majesty of the poets writing.”*

Alice Walker, now famous for her book, THE COLOR PURPLE, which was for months on the nation’s best-seller list and was later made into a smash-hit movie of the same name, made the above statement in 1973, in an interview with John O’Brien. She was so enthusiastic about haiku that she goes on to say:

“During the whole period of discovering haiku and the sensual poems of Ovid, . . . my feet did not touch the ground.”*

But her feet were on the ground when she finally began writing her own haiku. During the summer between her junior and senior years at Sarah Lawrence College, (1964), Alice Walker journeyed throughout East Africa. From these experiences came the poems and haiku titled, “African Images, Glimpses from the Tiger’s Back”, the first poem-sequence in the book, ONCE, in which one has the feeling that these pictures were sketched with words in a traveler’s notebook.

Fast rapids
Far below
Begins
The lazy Nile.

A silent lake
Bone strewn banks
Luminous
In the sun.

Holding three fingers
The African child
Looked up at me
The sky was very
Blue.†

However, in that same interview, Ms. Walker honestly relates:

“That week [after having an abortion] I wrote without stopping (except to eat and go to the toilet) almost all of the poems in ONCE. I wrote them all in a tiny blue notebook that I can no longer find—the African ones first, because the vitality and color and friendships in Africa rushed over me in dreams that first night I slept.”*

Reading this work, one watches a poet emerging from her educational cocoon. One sees her making experiments in the form right from the beginning. She never did write haiku using only three lines: she saw haiku as "painting the eye in the tiger," so she gave her lines the long, thin formats that do remind one of the glint of light in a wild cat's eye while sticking (more or less) to the traditional syllable count.


Uganda mountains
Black Soil
White snow
And in the valley
Zebra.

A strange noise!
"Perhaps an elephant
is eating our roof"
In the morning
much blue.

A tall warrior
and at his feet
only
Elephant bones.†

Perhaps her statement, "... Basho convinced me that poetry is more like music—in my case, improvisational jazz," explains where she found the freedom to make haiku echo with her rhythms and visions.

A small boat
A placid lake
Suddenly at one's hand
Two ears—
Hippopotamus.

Under the moon
luminous
huts ....
Brown breasts stuck
out to taunt
the sullen wind.†

As the poem progresses, one is subtly aware that she is making changes in punctuation and has abandoned the starting of each line with a capital letter.

The sequence ends with Alice Walker already hinting at the form she will develop and expand in the remaining poems in ONCE, where, still, here and there, as in these last lines, she surprises her reader with a haiku.

"in my journal
I thought I could
capture
everything . . . . .

Listen!
the soft wings of cranes
sifting the salt sea
air."

BIBLIOGRAPHY


winter sunset;
clasped in the brass door handle
the eviction notice

Wally Swist

the quiet old man
clutching a glossy photo
a removal van

Colin Shaddick

Evicted
still bringing birdseed
to the backyard . . .

Vicki Silvers

singing,
the drunk tries to roll the moon
from an iced puddle

full winter moon—
by the old "hanging tree"
hooded figures

how silently
the wave-tossed log is beached
and snow-flaked

Geraldine C. Little
winter day
homeless woman’s
eyes

snowstorm on the bowery
SUNSHINE HOTEL
full up

late february
moon’s crushed
skull

Steve Dalachinsky

passing the bottle
of wine over the steam grate:
bitter cold

the telephone booth
is holding the old wino
in frozen silence

on the frozen snow
etched with tire tracks and fire hose:
the stretcher’s shadow

on the frozen snow
reflecting ambulance lights:
the rag doll’s face

Nick Virgilio
COLORS

Wolves leaving the wood
taking with them
their ruby appetites.

Porcelain
clouds moving the sky
east to west.

Only flesh
the color
of flesh.

From the sea
the wind returning
blue.

Out of the deep
green
a deer.

Bob Boldman

motel
along the old highway . . .
still open

Saturday morning
pheasant tracks in the new snow . . .
we linger in bed

M. Kettner
Drab among pigeons
feeding in mission courtyard
St. Joseph's Day bird

Ruth G. Iodice

A daughter
he answers,
and looks out the window.
Stillborn.

Communion
Father's wristwatch
beeps

Michael Dudley

Subzero spring my breath in my face my eyebrows

Mary Ann Henn

Dead bells
shattering ice
on holy water

Geraldine C. Little

We are lost in darkness—
overhead a nighthawk calls

The geese aim north
dragging a warm wind

David K. Antieau
Among coins and bills
   in the open violin case
   spilled locust flowers          DH

Dry sycamore leaves scraping
across the city sidewalk        LAD

Arranging his wares
the Creepy Crawler vendor
   sends a spider up—               SR

The smell of roasting chestnuts
ascends to the blue heavens       DH

Cold October night
   a halo around the moon,
   coming home alone               LAD

"Only twenty-dollar bills—"
She cracks the roll of pennies    SR
Up Fifth Avenue
  his yellow teeth through whiteface
    a mime break-dancing
  The first snowflakes forgotten
    as soon as the sun comes out

Her arm in a cast,
  watching kids through the window
    making angel wings

Double edition December/
  January Playboy Magazine

Here's a sweetgum burr
  put it under your pillow
    and remember me

Another seam, a button—
  how many times pricked for you?

Early morning Mass . . .
  climbing up yellow-lined steps
    to a bolted door

In time to see the moon set
  and the rabbit upside-down

As the sun rises,
  in the water a strange face
    from the nearby boat

On shore a siren drowning
  the faint cry of a peacock

If this wind persists
  I'll be blown into a shape
    like a bonsai tree!

From the Central Park transverse
  forsythia in the rain
The little boy
slipping from his mother's grasp
darts through a puddle    LAD

Winter doldrums, I don't know . . .
that bluejay pecked my husband!    SR

All night in the cold
the sound of a waterfall
from a burst steampipe    DH

Away on another trip . . .
how wide this queen-sized bed is!    LAD

NO TRUFFLES TODAY
"What's love got to do with it?"
says my pickled heart    SR

The snow leopard's vacant eyes—
pestered by her half-grown cubs    DH

"Once you have a child
you will always have a child."
"Tell me about it!"    LAD

The Year of the Ox—
The fox turns a somersault!    SR

Ballplayers' jackets—
all draped over the shoulders
of the bronze statue    DH

Reaching for a dead cockroach
that zips off into a crack    LAD

Baying at the moon
dog chained to parking meter
Dan's Super Market    SR

They choose a jack-o'-lantern
and a Dracula costume    DH
Passing the graveyard
something comes out of the woods
and goes back again DH

A bag woman collecting
colored leaves from the sidewalk LAD

In a pavement crack
an Indian incense stick
half consumed SR

Spring—the Korean grocer
still patiently shelling peas DH

Weeping cherries out,
the gray-haired doorman grumbling
at his retirement LAD

Do not enter
Escalator going up . . . SR

Note: the first four links of this renga were published in The Christian Science Monitor, October 8, 1986. ESL

The weather report failed to mention: through
rain
a streak
of blue
jay

Carol Wainright
ELEGY

in the hospital
pale white lilies
beside her bed

ordering flowers
for the funeral
I can't say roses

walking home
from the cemetery
the rain stops

★★★

white crocus
on the grave
a pretty girl jogs by

Bob Gates

Erster Frühlingstag—
der blinde Bettler am Tor
hebt den Kopf höher.

Der alte Bettler—
alle hasten stumm vorbei
nur ein Kind bleibt stehn.

The first day of spring—
the blind beggar at the gate
lifts his head higher.

The ancient beggar—
people pass without a word
except one small child.

Sabine Sommerkamp

(Note: These two haiku were among a group published in Chinese translations in The People's Republic of China when Dr. Sommerkamp visited there in the summer of 1986. ESL)
crossing the Bay Bridge
    leg of a rainbow
    in the tugboat's wake

Robert N. Johnson

still in the taste
of afternoon tea,
my grandmother's brogue

Jerry Kilbride

spoon
in
glass
mug
still
it
cracks

Carol Montgomery

rain splashing
the waiting room door
closes

all
the daylight gone—
her songs
to her granddaughter

the back way—
every star the naked eye
can see

Gary Hotham
PUEBLO SOLSTICE

earlier
than morning fires—gray dawn
on Sacred Mountain

piñon smoke spirals
from snow-covered kiva
to ashen wintry sky

the village waiting . . .
turquoise chips and blessed corn meal
scattered on the snow

feathered kachinas
pass through the crowd—only the sound
of their footsteps

hands beat drum
feet beat earth
heart beats . . . faster

turquoise and silver
around the shaman’s neck
beads of sweat

Sacred Mountain
petroglyphs dance
breathing white clouds

chanting sharpens
drumbeats quicken
snowflakes falling

shaman’s ancient prayer
the sun pauses . . .
then starts back

Gary L. Vaughn 23
Winter sunrise—
  high in the ancient oak
  pale green mistletoe

Frank Trotman

slower than the rest
now and then
a big flake falls

rolling on grass
bared by the snowplow—
the old tomcat

Randy Johnson

snowman
standing alone
I say so long

zaveja

the sun goes behind
the one cloud in the sky
my winter morning

alone in his crib
he cries harder now
at winter sunset

Lee Gurga

Ignoring TV
Grandma talks to friends long dead—
  winter deepens

Jane K. Lambert
the paw print
catching the morning sun
in wet sand

morning sun
passing the plants
falls on the floor
in their shape

a flute solo
the cat breathes gently
through her whiskers

a guru speaks
the mike picks up
bird song

Jane Reichhold

growing weary;
the soft staccato
of his cough

long night’s vigil,
even this buzzing fly
is welcome

from winter sky
to brook
the icy moon

Gloria H. Procsal
where an eagle soars
the spirit of air dances,
gift for my wind pipe

eagle hovering—
shadow, my shadow
with wings!

bedding down for night,
star blanket sky unfolding
in welcome to sleep

James Minor

Green and blowing
the willow in my mind
rains of spring

Seen or unseen
white blossoms
of the plum

Winter moonlight
as if to receive a guest
I rise

Paul Wadden
CITIES AND SAND

Taos Pueblo, buying a drum:

He's wearing his name—
Red Shirt—and signs the drum
with a red felt pen.

The Plaza in Santa Fe:

"I'm an Indian, I'm
from everywhere, man—
got a cigarette?"

Crossing the high desert:

Juniper people—
plenty of shaggy trees,
a great herd of bison.

Squirrel, Turtle, Hawk and Horse
wander into the desert:
four directions.

Raven people playing
on high winds,
sand in my eyes.

Acoma Pueblo:

"I'm a real old Indian,
no pictures!" I blink
hearing her voice again.

* * *

Headlights plunging
drunken at us—horn blast,
Milky Way near Taos.

Peter Fortunato
MESA VERDE

ancient toehold:
the tourist brushes dust
from his varicose vein

far across the canyon
small dark
door

balcony:
  twinkling swift wings
  silent cliff

for seven centuries
her interior
wall design

tourist
up the hot ladder,
lizard’s glare

Ruth Yarrow

sundown
red sandstone cliffs
go dark

Gita Bodner
Steadily and calmly without polemics or self-serving alliances, but firmly, Robert Spiess has been in the forefront of the haiku-in-English movement since its acceleration a quarter of a century ago.

He refers to his forty years' interest in haiku as having started with reading the late Harold G. Henderson's *The Bamboo Broom* and being attracted by "the brevity and aesthetics of the haiku [which] still continue to dominate my interests. . . . Another book that helped to consolidate and deepen my interest in haiku was *Haikai and Haiku,*¹ and, of course, R. H. Blyth's volumes. Clement Hoyt also played a role in my haiku life."²

It is a bold reviewer, indeed, who presumes to write yet another exposition of this man and his contributions to haiku in English. One is well referred to Spiess's succinct autobiography in *the haiku anthology,*³ 1974, if one is fortunate enough to have a copy or find one in a library; to R. E. T. Johnson's 1975 article, "Robert Spiess, Haikai Pioneer," in the magazine *Modern Haiku,*⁴ or to an excellent profile, "The Haiku Master," by Anthony Manousos in the October 1986 *Madison Magazine.*⁵

He was born October 16, 1921, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and has a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin. We know that he has addressed college level haiku and poetry societies, but he avowedly steers clear of participation in poetry groups. Manousos in a visit to Spiess's rented house on the shore of a creek entering into Madison's Lake Mendota, lifts the curtain slightly—on a Thomas Hoffman drawing of Jesus, a bronze statue of the Buddha, oriental art and selected books mostly about haiku and the orient, and (a comfort to all writers, I am sure) a tiny study "with the usual clutter of books and papers."

There is no curtain between the water lover and his readers. Kayaking and canoeing, with all the observations of nature and related perceptions of human nature emanating from them, permeate his writings. Nor is Robert Spiess reticent about his world of haiku. His first haiku was published in 1949 by *American Poetry Magazine.* Soon after the first haiku-in-English magazine, *American Haiku,* was established in 1963, he began contributing chiefly articles and book reviews. From 1965 until the magazine's suspension in 1968, he was poetry editor and did not use his own haiku.
He became an associate editor of *Modern Haiku* in 1971, and editor/publisher in 1978. From its first issue in 1969 until 1978, nearly every issue contained his haiku, related poetry, and/or an article or review. Since then, the prose has continued unabated, with the addition of a grouping of brief “Speculations” in each issue on facets of haiku. His own haiku have appeared regularly in other magazines. Were his essays from the two magazines assembled into a book, it would be a substantial and worthwhile reference work covering the full range of haiku technique and content. Among his subjects are multiple sense-imagery, frequently referred to elsewhere in his work; polarity (tension between elements within the haiku); rhythm; rhyme; verbless haiku; perception without intellection; haiku as poetry; the danger of using one of the lines as a title or label; originality; beauty; suchness (things just as they are); the commonplace; and the great importance of craftsmanship.


The first section, haiku and senryu, is, like the previous book *The Shape of Water* (1982), a departure from the first two books of haiku, *The Heron’s Legs* (1966), and *The Turtle’s Ears* (1971), and from the haiku in *Five Caribbean Haibun*, in the use of varying form and line length. Earlier works were most often in traditional short/long/short three lines. It is almost as if he were testing new waters as in the title haiku:

Winter illness

the book’s silverfish

grows bold

Here he has no one-liners as the beautiful:

Alleluju alleluja the frogs this Easter night

in *The Shape of Water*, but in *The Bold Silverfish* he uses a seven line poem of five syllables each of whose central core is a senryu:

A pair of lovers
standing by the lake,
so busy kissing
the do not notice
the crimson sunset
—or how adroitly
I am skipping stones
It has teasing overtones of unrealized haiku. Others have one-word middle lines, and a senryu is a visual joke:

\[
\text{Used for a year!} \\
\text{— and still this ball-point pen keeps writing!}
\]

In two stances on haiku, he is at odds with several later-day opinions. He firmly believes in beauty in haiku, not super-prettness but elegance, and he maintains that haiku is poetry:

\[
\text{Pine shade;} \\
\text{a child bends} \\
\text{and touches the moss}
\]

As in all his books, many of the poems have appeared previously in magazines. The Bold Silverfish is the first collection that has no central theme. Each haiku or senryu is carefully crafted, however, as is his custom, and he follows his own advice in juxtaposition of images and in multiple sensory sensations:

\[
\text{Honking of wild geese} \\
\text{... potatoes in the cellar} \\
\text{sprouting}
\]

Here the sound and the silence, white breasts and white sprouts, light of sky and dark underground, fast flight and slow stirring of new life, these latter signs of spring, even if neither is seen, are vivid in the mind’s eye. One can almost smell and taste the season.

In his September letter, Spiess has this to say: “Generally speaking, in my earlier haiku I think that I inclined somewhat too much to ‘over-objectivity,’ and that in my more recent haiku I attempt to evoke a greater degree of felt-depth through objective perceptions that may have a word or two that ‘ameliorate’ the possible starkness of ‘pure’ objectivity, as in:

\[
\text{ice cubes} \\
\text{aging} \\
\text{in each one’s glass}
\]

I would add to his example “Two Expostulations,” one of which is:

\[
\text{Your dragonflies, Lord—} \\
\text{leniently You let them dart} \\
\text{all day by the pond}
\]
Lawyer

Farmers lose their corn; —
finally the crows are shot;
only scarecrows win.

— Hoyt

Lee Call, Attorney-at-Law

As light as vapor,
but binding as iron chains:
the pieces of paper

— Spiess

Most of Tall River Junction appeared in page-long series in Modern Haiku in the 1970s under the title "Branch River Shoals." The majority are witty or satirical:

Dr Jimson Weedler, Psychiatrist

A couch à la Freud—
curing souls of sex and things
by which they’re annoyed

Wanda Marions, Typist

Distant relations
never hear from her . . . until
her wedding invitations

but a few have a touch of pathos, as:

........... Transient
Wino, trembling some—
a quarter to a buddha
presently a bum

Were it not that throughout this section Spiess uses rhymed first and third lines, one would surely drop the "some" from the above. Most of the time, the rhyme is used so smoothly that one does not notice. His use of rhyme is noted in a letter to R. E. T. Johnson: "Although I occasionally use rhyme in haiku I think that its use can be particularly effective in senryu as it seems to add to the irony, satire, wit, cynicism, the sardonic, etc., of senryu." And were it not that Tall River Junction is a community analysis, the greater part of the poems would do as well without titles; a few would be puzzling. The only two-liner is one best titled:

Harold Ingel, Department Store Owner

Hark! The ceiling speaker sings:
Glory to your love of things

The second part of the books, Tall River Junction, is almost all senryu. It immediately calls to mind Clement Hoyt's County Seat, a small illustrated book designed by Spiess and published by American Haiku in 1966. Hoyt’s senryu, all linked to scarecrows, are titled only by occupation instead of with personal names and occupations as are Spiess’s. Also, Hoyt’s have a tendency to be more didactic and so lose some of their subtle sting. They seem longer, too, even though both are pretty much five/seven/five syllables. Both books, of course, raise echoes of Edgar Lee Masters’ Spoon River Anthology, but because of brevity do not link characters with each other in subtle subplots nor flesh out the people.
As in his life so in his writing, one is left with a sense of tranquility and balance. A non-haiku person seeing his picture in Madison Magazine says, "He looks like a person I'd like to know."—or read.


Madison Magazine, (P.O. Box 1604, Madison, WI 53701), Oct. 1986, p. 49 ff.


Jack Cain’s haibun “Paris” had appeared in Amann’s Canadian Haiku magazine in 1969, the only magazine haibun in English to precede Spiess’s.


Spiess to Johnson, 1 July 1974.

winter moon
no ring
black telephone

winter night
more books
overdue

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

Winter night
a neighbor
sighs in his sleep

Daniel Ross
winter morning
waking in the silence
where bird songs had been

Lawrence Rungren

In my brother's coat
walking on a winter lake
old rain below

My brother's fishtank
algae powder on the walls
sea life too is dust

Tony Quagliano

walking in winter
every branching twig
against the snowfall

all day melting
now puddles cloud with ice
twilight

Karen Sohne

tonight my shadow
walks beside me in moonlight . . .
neither of us speak

wakeful winter night
my small dog's gentle snoring
keeps me company

Elsie Kolashinski
pre-dawn stillness
blue snowfall
a cardinal's sharp notes

sharp shadowed creases
of this paper blue swallow
on the windowsill

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

old warehouse—
a sparrow flying
from its broken window

snowflakes
rising and falling
on her eyelashes

Christopher Suarez

a discarded angel
its dented face filled
with winter sun

Deborah Page

winter sun
sidewalks slowly
reappearing

winter night
searching for Orion
my stiff neck

Bob Gates
What in the world—
van Ruysdael clouds
here over Corfu!

It's there again
in the eucalyptus tree—
the Cézanne rainbow!

First skylark;
my neighbor to the north
no longer gets up

_Humphrey Noyes_

Winds off Parnassus
echoing the Odyssey
sing haiku with Noyes

_Frederick A. Raborg, Jr._

full moon:
the Potala's 10,000 buddhas
sit with lowered lids

_(Lhasa, Tibet)_

all night Orion
lying on its side—
this tipped-world feeling

_(Quito, Ecuador)_

_Rosamond Haas_

coughing blood,
Shiki stains the river
and the Milky Way

_Bill Pauly_
BOOK REVIEW


Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

This is a fine resource for poets! Judson Jerome has put together an extremely comprehensive listing of all kinds of markets for poets with pertinent and helpful information given for each individual outlet. Samples of work, editors’ comments, and Jerome’s own assessments make this fun to browse in as well as a market research tool. General submission how-to and brief “Close-up” articles on 12 individual poets and editors are valuable.

As I mentioned in reviewing the 1986 volume, this will be of most value to poets who write many kinds of poetry. Haiku poets, however, will find convenient listing of most of their regular haiku markets in Canada and Japan as well as in the United States. And a red flag to stop them from submitting to some who emphatically do not want to see haiku. The editor of Small Pond Magazine of Literature wants poetry of “any style, form, topic, so long as it is deemed good, except haiku . . .” Editor of the British Flame Poetry Magazine wants nothing “racist, sexist, war mongering, or haiku.” I’m not sure if those among us who write haiku should laugh or weep!

There is some confusion in the manner of organization. Magazines, publishing houses, and societies are simply presented in alphabetical order. For instance, Mayfly is mentioned in the High/Coo Press listing; turn to “F” section—there is no Frogpond but it turns up with other information about the Haiku Society of America in the “Hs.” These two magazines do appear in the “General Index” but not in the “State Index,” nor in the “Subject Index” where there is no haiku category but many other haiku magazines are listed under ‘Form/Style.’ In some cases there have been changes since this book went to press, one being Cicada which is no longer simply a supplement to Amelia but is independent.

Despite these few quibbles, the 1987 Poet’s Market fulfills its purpose admirably. Every public library should have a copy. Every poet who buys a copy should benefit.
HAIKU CANADA

Congratulations to Haiku Canada on its tenth anniversary! It was founded by Dr. Eric Amann as The Haiku Society of Canada in 1977. He was succeeded as president by Betty Drevniok in 1979, followed by Sandra Fuhringer in 1982. In 1985 the name was changed to Haiku Canada, with Dorothy Howard and Andre Duhaime becoming co-presidents. A large library of haiku materials is maintained; Haiku Canada Newsletter is published plus a series of Haiku Canada Sheets featuring haiku of individual members and an occasional Article (Sheets and Articles, $.50 a copy or 5 for $2). Copies of HAIKU: Anthologie Canadienne/Canadian Anthology, edited by Howard and Duhaime, published in 1985 by Editions Asticou, now available for $15. US ppd. from Haiku Canada.

To mark this 10th anniversary a special holograph edition of members’ haiku is being assembled. The 1987 Haiku Canada Weekend will be held in Aylmer, Quebec, from May 15 to 18.

Membership is open to “all haiku poets and enthusiasts.” 1986-87 dues $15.

Haiku Canada, c/o D. Howard and A. Duhaime, 67 Court St., Aylmer, Que., Canada J9H 4M1.

PUBLICATION NEWS

Catalyst is seeking poetry under 25 syllables on any subject for issue #18. Poetry and graphics only; may be haiku, other discipline, visual, etc. Deadline: December 1987. Send material with SASE to: Editors Kathleen and M. Kettner, P.O. Box 20518, Seattle, WA 98102.

Kō, the Japanese haiku magazine edited by Mrs. Koko Katō and published six times yearly will now also appear twice a year as an English haiku magazine, according to an announcement by the editor. The first issue in English is planned for Spring, 1987, and haiku and essays may be submitted to Mrs. Kōko Katō, 1-36-7 Ishida-cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467. Self-addressed envelope and sufficient IRCs for return must be included from overseas. The name “Kō” means plowing and cultivation and comes from Mrs. Katō’s first name, Kōko.

Annual poetry anthology published by Stevan Publishing Co., 3253 Bee Cave Road, Austin, TX 78746, will be on theme ‘oriental influences’ in 1987. Send $2 reading fee with 5 poems and SASE to editor Kathryn S. McDonald, or write her for more information.

Second Broadside Series, featuring haiku poets Frederick Gasser and Rich Youmans, now available. Published by The Red Pagoda, the set of two is $3 ppd., from Broadsides Series, c/o Lewis Sanders, 125 Taylor St., Jackson, TN 38301. Francine Porad and Kurt Fickert have been chosen for the third set of broadsides in this ongoing series.
CONTESTS
Harold G. Henderson Award for 1987: see rules inside Back Cover

Annual Lafcadio Hearn Contest. This is sponsored by Matsue City, Japan. To participate, send no more than 3 original, unpublished haiku which have some connection with Hearn to: Lafcadio Hearn Contest, c/o Elizabeth Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 with SASE. Poet's name/address on each entry. Deadline June 15, 1987. Do not include with Frogpond submissions. Up to 20 haiku will be chosen with final selection made by Hiroaki Sato who will translate and send them to the Matsue City Lafcadio Hearn Celebration. No prizes, but authors of chosen haiku will each receive a copy of the booklet containing their haiku.

Note: It is imperative that poets know something of the life of Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) before attempting to write haiku in his memory or in some way relevant to his life, the last 14 years of which were spent in Japan where he married a Japanese lady and became himself a Japanese citizen. He wrote many books concerned with Japan and libraries should have at least some of these books or be able to obtain copies on interlibrary loan. A Lafcadio Hearn anthology Writings from Japan, a Penguin Travel Library paperback from Penguin Books (1984), contains a good introduction to his years in Japan and many selections from his writings.

Winners of the Hawaii Education Association Tenth Annual Haiku Contest have been announced as follows:


Hawaii Theme: 1st, Anna Holley; 2nd, Jerry Kilbride; 3rd, Anna Holley; Honorable Mentions to Anna Holley, Roberta Stewart (2), Truth Mary Fowler, (2), Darold Braida, Phyllis S. Christensen, Helen E. Dalton, L. A. Davidson, and Jerry Kilbride.


THANKS to Raymond J. Stovich for the cover art for this issue.

CORRECTION
A letter was missing in the third line of Peggy Willis Lyles' "finicky child . . ." haiku in the November issue; the line should have read "eat your wheat" and the entire haiku may be found elsewhere in this issue.
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.

*Your Life is in Your Hands: Haiku of a Revolutionary* by Carlos Guttierrez Cruz, translated from the Spanish by Ty Hadman; Artaud’s Elbow, PO Box 20474, Oakland, CA 94620; 1986; 1986, 24 unno. pps., $2 plus 50¢ h/p. Western Haiku Series #1.

*A Man in a Motel Room* by Michael Dudley; High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920; 1986, 40 pps., paper $3.50 ppd., hardbound $10.

*Strong Against the Frost* by Geraldine C. Little; Green Glens Press, PO Box 292, Hainesport, NJ 08036; 1986, 4 pps., $4 ppd.


*Eyebrows of Geese* by Miriam Sagan; Dragonscales & Mane Publishing, 151 Chenery St., San Francisco, CA 94131; 1986, 18 pps., $2 plus 50¢ p/h.

*Light and Silence* by Lewis Sanders; Advance Press, 25553 Flanders Drive, Carmel, CA 93923; 1986, 20 unno. pps., $4. ppd.
HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1987

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: $1.00 per haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 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: Adele Kenny, Box 74, 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. If you would like a list of winning haiku and their authors by mail, please enclose SASE.
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.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.