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Typography—Casa Sin Nombre
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Celebration of this 20th anniversary year of the Haiku Society of America continues, with exciting events to come. We all look forward to publication of the special anniversary book, and to haiku events in New York City and elsewhere to mark the year. The general interest in haiku continues to grow and HSA membership is increasing at a steady pace.

As for Frogpond, there is not slackening of interest, support, and submissions (3500 haiku/senryu since the year began). I am grateful. Unfortunately, though, I have allowed the backlog to build and for the moment am accepting very little. And I ask for patience from you whose work I am holding. Nevertheless, I am always eager for exceptional material which will make an exciting, varied, quality haiku publication. The provocative article by Rod Willmot in the May issue has brought much comment, most of that sent to Frogpond favorable. A provocative response appears in this issue.

Special thanks go to Dr. Kazuo Sato and the Museum of Haiku Literature for an increase this year in their donation for Frogpond awards. In addition to the haiku award there will be a $25 editor's-choice award for a sequence or other longer haiku-related piece.

May haiku continue to bring you joy!

---

... frog?
some kid
skidding rocks

*Barry Goodman*

a conch to his ear
the citykid hears distant
rumbles of the El

*Tim Hoppey*
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

Haiku (*Frogpond* XI:2)

Last night's fading dream . . .
On the blue teapot birds drift
beyond the willows

*Ann Atwood*

Sequence (*Frogpond* XI:1)

"Wintering Over: New York Haiku"

*by Doris Heitmeyer*

Sequence (*Frogpond* XI: 2)

"Snohomish County Jail Haiku"

*by Johnny Baranski*
august afternoon
cattail reeds bend
over the still perch

along the golden river
quiet leaves cover
dead salmon

first sharp frost
the redder leaves
the sweeter fruits

wet leaves
whipped cross the asphalt
highbeams in the deer’s eyes

first snow in the hills
a thousand feet
above my woodpile

William Schmidtkunz

dragon kite in tree
lifts and settles . . .
lifts and settles . . .
breath of August

Christopher Conn

bluejay
at the tip of the balsam bough
bluegray haiku

Selma Stefanile
In this summer heat,
only the morning-glories
retain their coolness

Tom Tico

overcast
the petals of bee balm
unsettled

whirligig beetles stirring pollen / the old pond

James C. Sherburne

old hill town ball field
clover grown over
the base paths

the hum at twilight:
clusters of goldenrod
thick with bees

Wally Swist

muggy evening—
on the cement driveway
a resting toad

Richard Straw

Rising suddenly
through Cassiopeia
the summer moon

Ben Pleasants
ruffled gulls
bobbing in the island shadow:
Alcatraz

going scammed
in San Francisco
then Muir woods

Muir Woods:
canyon full of
kami

Lee Gurga

Crumbling cabin
we wake to sunshine
one crack wide

Ronald G. Rice

white sky at dawn
i found a marrow spoon
in the estuary

my shadow walking
through the shadow of a cypress
startles the monterey newt

Matty Kinsella

cliff edge
fingers deep in pungent
juniper roots

Suezan Aikins
OXFORD IN AUGUST

red butterfly
flicking blue stained glass
outside the chapel

high fringed spires . . .
she tilts her fuschia umbrella
shedding raindrops

Cromwell's death mask
in the museum glass case . . .
children whispering

an unlocked bike
against old iron fencing . . .
a graveyard

boy in blue jeans
kneels on the wildflower grave
reading its tombstone

Grace Gubernick

crossing over
the bridge on The Thames
whistle of swan's wings

Ruby Spriggs

a silver lining in the empty milkweed pod

Alexis Rotella
Distant city noise—
hammering the empty side streets
cicadas at noon.

(Beijing)
Sabine Sommerkamp

Beijing
curved clay roofs
white
with the breath of winter

Martha Stainsby

only one leaf
not shaking on the moon-tree
a sleeping bird

Zhu Hao

on one branch  in the golden leaves  two crows perch

Ruby Spriggs

river plants floating
on the Nile pass our boat—
the muezzin calls

where there are camels
there are flies, Abu Simbel smiles
at tourists fanning

Jack Bernier

on the old bus
a bag lady sits
mummering magic spells

Mary Wittry-Mason
HAIBUN
July 5, 1986

Loren Mattei

South Dakota is hotter than I had expected. I'd thought of it as a cold place. It isn't. It's soft and warm and the dust settles on the trees. The country is full of tiny yellow daisies. Everywhere, they creep upon the earth and beside the trails. At night when the moon's out I gaze at the highway and let the truck lights fall through my hair. But the lights can look ugly and white as they sink down into the weeds. When the morning comes the daisies take on their fragrance, lifting me into a sun-filled wonder. But only for a moment. Then the gray highway wires lose their shadows, and the familiar white wash takes the earth with its blossoms open.

true parting—
summer daisies
depended cloud
Incense cedars
encircle the valley
hawk overhead
  waking dawn
  a dormant meadow
under one tree
half of the herefords
bells clang
  on a checkered oilcloth
  faded flowers
bright night
watching the fireflies
find each other
  footsteps on the path
  a frog stops, mid-croak
skipping stones
a blond-haired boy
touches the sun

last row of knitting
a month of mistakes
torn horizon
pierced by mountain peaks
solitary pine

the dark lane turns
light with luminarias

a silent shape
emerges from the shadows
mule deer fawn

from the cliff's edge
his shout echoes . . .
parched grass
among the boulders
rumble of thunder

in the view-finder
he moves the moon
cloud image cloned
in the still water
a fish leaps

stenciling in ink
another snowflake

first frost
the riot of color
suddenly subdued

a bluebird whistles
on her designer teapot
a hole
deep in the sequoia
stuffed with night
the cheese is gone
another escape
that tiny space
in the eucalyptus
for hummingbird feet
on the stair tread
yesterday's laundry
by a dirt road
miles from nowhere
grave markers
initials in the tree
look familiar
his message
in her wedding band
"for keeps"
abandoned mine
mica still sparkles
where the lake
rippled a year ago
cattle graze
dust devils spin
in the white heat
the sheriff
still in sunglasses
twin moons
crossroad diner—
country style pizza
linked together
on the desert march
high tension towers
ivy creeping up
under the overpass
sun spills gold
over the canyon rim
aspen
rafting the rapids
free for senior citizens
fallen giant
gnarled roots expose
a slender seedling
from his hiking boot
a weed-fluff soars

On silent cables
the lift chairs hang,
—a rush of wind.

Meditating,
I tune my "ohmm's"
to the stream's harmonics.

Elizabeth Nichols
coming to Marin
    the coastal range rising,
    the fog rising over

tall building tops
    floating on fog—
    nearby a cricket

only the fog
    or something beyond?
    the fog’s shadow. . .

Paul O. Williams

Open window
foghorn’s breath
moves the curtain

Jim Boyd

Circling together
meeting and parting, two birds
vanish into the haze

Doris Heitmeyer

On the dark lake
Milky Way haze
a fisherman’s lantern

Heaven’s River
mists the sky’s
moonlessness

Ronan
a moose
is smoking a cigarette—
the tick in his nostril coughs

hey monks,—ladybugs
beat you guys to the shaved head
and patched orange robe

Your mosquitoes, Lord—
but when You sleep, do they hum
around Your ear?

Robert Spiess

tiny eggshell by my foot . . .

from my shadow head
bursts a shadow bird

hummingbird shell
now empty
now a raindrop brimming over

Karen Kay Tsakos

collecting bullrushes
suddenly surprised, a leech
hidden in the stem

purple finch
lustily singing
used car lot

Doris Ash
Drouth—cattails rattling—
muskrat tracks crisscrossing
the pond bottom

K.H. Clifton

wisps of smoke
rising from a cigarette
in the dry grass

Mark Arvid White

burning the cane—
cries of birds circle
through the smoke

slender red peppers
dry in the summer sun—
again a dragonfly darts near

the hawk—
its cry casts
a shivering shadow

Ross Figgins

Noon—
Only a sliver of shade
For the sleeping dog

The plane's slow curving hum
Over our tent . . .
Afterwards silence

Joel Richards
a swallowtail
settles
on the prize-winning quilt

Alexis Rotella

Summer Fair:
hog-calling winner
buying a prize orchid

Eye to eye
so quickly gone
the elephant on parade

Virginia Egermeier

Chinatown:
the dragon raises his head
above firecrackers

Fireworks!
three drunks sing
the Stars Spangled Banner

Garry Gay

Independence Day:
on a worn wall the portrait
of Ché Guevara

Greyhound at midnight:
a man looks at his black book
cover to cover...

Ty Hadman
thin strand
following the orb weaver
into hiding

reading the note
left on the door for us—
the firefly and me

Patricia Niehoff

AT THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY

Her scent in the crowd—
rose-attar. Flowers bursting,
smoke in the sky.

A single firefly—
these brief glimpses of her face
filling the silence.

“I want you”—
even these words
separate us.

Peter Fortunato

midnight half-moon rising

my hand on her breast,
water reflecting moonlight

M. Kettner
Sunrise in Elsah:
both field and sky the same pink
a distant rumble . . .

Nancy H. Wiley

small town . . .
spitting into the same crack
again and again

Donald McLeod

Advancing over wheat fields
shreds of lightning

Mike Taylor

Outside the market
two umbrellas pause
to gossip

Saturday night . . .
farmer's wife washing her hair
in rain water

Patricia Neubauer

mud puddle
its surface
the sky

Craig W. Steele

heavy rains
ruining the white petunias
—anniversary eve

Carol Montgomery
WALKING HOME ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON

summer afternoon—
the priest takes a blue pencil
from the blind man

coming up through
a gap in the city bridge...
a checkerspot butterfly

backfire—
a checkerspot in its sound
shifts direction

dog coming out
with the cathedral crowd...
tail upward

half way home
pole shadows reach across
the widening road

train whistle—
two jets wrap the sky
with mist

a block from home
a pair of rain drops find
my haiku notes

Frederick Gasser
HAIGA

by R.W. Grandinetti Rader

From 2-part sequence “Late Morning,”
an excerpt from Part I
“Birthing,” dedicated
to Jason.

newborn:

taste

of warm champagne
wash basin --
bathing my new son

in new water
Gulls
hovering on the wind
over Lake Huron

The old lighthouse
historical marker in front—
"Halfway to the Pole"

Washing the beach
silent swish of breaking waves
and the stars

On the lake's horizon
winking through bobbing boats
Chicago's lights

George Jaramillo-Leone

Among the poplars
in a sudden stir of wind
a white owl cries out

C.M. Buckaway

short cut through a bog
bear tracks fresh in the mud
sun sinking

bending above the stream,
hesitating over minnows...

drinking

Clifford S. Johnson
dawn light
    the flower halfway up the cliff
    still tossing in the wind

a cloud on the water;
    I float, half-submerged
    with the frogs

a quiet afternoon;
    the old turtle is drying out
    beside the still water

Larry Gates

sunset
    sliding into
    the whirling gnats

Linda Marucci

Outside looking in:
    my face reflected
    in the glass

Sunset:
    reflection of shadows
    through a spider's web

Sharon Gunkel

Pinned
    on the far end of the road—
    brilliant disk of the sun

Zhanna P. Rader
I can't help remembering when the Wizard of Oz had his drapes jerked aside by Toto. There he was—the little man—dialing dials, bellowing away pompously and self-righteously, shooting up smokescreens, jets of color, projecting himself larger than life on the screen for all to behold and admire and be confounded by. . . .

The scene changes to Quebec, Canada in the spring of 1987. Alan Pizzarelli presents a paper called "Modern Senryu" to Haiku Canada because he and others are fed up with more hocus-pocus by Rod Willmot in his February 1987 "Essay on Haiku." In it, Willmot weaves incredible fabrics of pseudo-intellectualizing in order to cloak his own poems like "humiliated again/ bar-smoke in the sweater/ I pull from my head" with an aura of innovativeness—as though it and other poems like it point a new direction for the haiku! In clear language Pizzarelli shows that, contrary to what Willmot has been saying, the new direction North American haiku poets of the 1970's and 1980's are leaning toward is the senryu, 17th century in origin, but a more comfortable genre for the forthright expression of human emotions, behaviour and the human condition. That direction is thus a continuation of and an improvement upon an existing genre of poetry. Lately, Willmot has tried to convince poets that the haiku can be the catch-all for most intensely felt emotions/experiences of a poet. It can't. In poem after poem one discerns that the haiku presents, with studied detachment, man's interrelatedness with Nature, with the tangible world outside himself. That focus serves the haiku well. But the focus on self and human foibles is the dominant thrust of the senryu. How natural then that those of the Me Generation need to express this in their poetry. The senryu has been there all along, ready to contain these "intimate exposures" (Willmot's own description to me of his bar-smoke 'new haiku' in 1982); human-centered, funny, satirical, often sad/funny, they emphasize that "the world is tragic, the world is comic,—not alternately, but simultaneously. . . ."

The inaccurate assessments of Pizzarelli's article in Willmot's Frogpond article are inexcusable and hardly reflect the enthusiastic Canadian reception of Pizzarelli's ideas. Willmot's horse thing is blatant retaliation against those who disdain his inventions, the psychological-, spiritual-, metaphysical- and political- "haiku." Indeed! Too bad he doesn't just write his own often fine poems about his emotional states "no matter how turbulent or despicable." He can call them "intimate exposures" which they are—until such time as he pauses from pontificating long enough to study the senryu. He presumes to speak for everyone: "You must understand that we North American poets are very serious; we don't have much interest in senryu." This statement made by the same man who told me he is not interested in senryu! There is a place for brief poetry about people
and their feelings—in senryu. What there is not a place for is Willmot's McCarthyism—his damnation by innuendo and the twisting of other's words, also in the name of a 'good' cause. Historically though, such specters recur and someone must speak out against them to remind us we must go to the sources to make informed decisions. So I admonish those who read "In Praise of Wild Horses" to carefully read W.J. Higginson's Haiku Handbook (pp. 223-233 on senryu) and Pizzarelli's short paper "Modern Senryu" [available from Haiku Canada] and compare them with what Willmot says they say. The difference is telling.

What rankles most about Willmot's attitude is the across-the-board presumptuousness of it and the distortions of reality it presents. I, for one, would be grateful if he would just write his poems and let the rest of us figure out how to write our own. His glaring need to become spokesperson for North American haiku poets (many of whom also create haibun, renga, senryu, tanka—as did their predecessors) is apparent. But there is no such position available. Even if there were, the oppressively provincial mindset of anyone who could cluck: "Imagine what sort of verses would be written in cafes, bars and taverns..." need not apply. As for the image of wild horses—the only thing that makes me uncomfortable is what they leave behind!

FOOTNOTES

1. Rod Willmot, Haiku Canada Newsletter, (Feb., 1987).
5. Personal communication from Willmot to Virgil, June 9, 1982.
6. Ibid.

"MODERN SENRYU" by Alan Pizzarelli is available from Haiku Canada. Send $0.50 + $0.50 postage (or $1. ppd) to: Rod Willmot, Haiku Canada Publ. Coordinator, 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada J1L 1Y8.
after hearing
of the old woman’s death—
buying her poems

Edward J. Rielly

city sycamores
linking shadows in the heat:
cicadas in sync

all the short night long
looming on the sick room wall:
shadows of the moon

Nick Virgilio

surgery
scheduled tomorrow
we talk of flowers

"Something is wrong!"
he mutters in his sleep—
the dog’s howl

Francine Porad

home from the hospital;
making the payment
on the family plot

Denver Stull

In the evening light
flowers turned black and gray
old widow goes to mass

George Swede
in bus fumes
in front of La Guardia
a man smokes

Samuel Viviano

cheap motel
it takes three knocks
to get the manager

change falls
as the creases bend
to the hanger

Jeffrey Winke

the kids swarm
blade gleams summer night sidewalk
old Frank goes down

Rob Simbeck

village heat
two men walking arm-in-arm
... handcuffs

in the mirror
the teen-ager practising—
haven't we met someplace before

the black hole...
  a streetwalker
eyeing the teen-ager

Barry Goodmann
a whorled shell;  
into the roar of the surf  
a plover's cry

hiked this long beach  
only to watch sandpiper tracks  
disappear in the surf

Daniel Marcus

Birds at the surf’s edge  
pecking something in the foam  
jumping now and then.

A wave-bleached bird skull  
lying on the sandy beach  
so white in the moonlight.

Earle J. Stone

heat lightning  
the night  
jumps silently

Rainfrogs  
spreading misleading rumors  
No rain tonight  
No rain

David Gershator

watching our reflections frog and i

W.S. Apted
cicada-being-born,
my eyes turn just a moment—
you've flown!

shadows on the lawn—
flying pigeons brush
over the dead one

Melissa Cannon

Apricots fall
into the pasture:
the cows’ slow chewing

Diane Webster

apart from the herd
one cow
watches the road

a week of rainy days
tonight
the moon

Gloria Cunningham

Sitting among the gravestones
a small child
sucks a blade of grass

Flash of firefly
small fingers closing
on
nothing

Rebecca M. Osborn
AFTER THE DIVORCE

the waterfall
where he proposed
drowns out her crying

driving home alone
he watches the waves
breaking

Bob Gates

increasing heat
locusts and the neighbors
raise their voices

Karen Sohne

crying upstairs
louder than the rain
at the bus stop

"who was she?"
my wife's only comment
on the poem

Allan Curry

After the movie,
full moon—
walking home with my shadow.

The withered path—
saying goodbye
to the stone buddha.

Yoshio Imakita
out of the grave
the sinking casket
pushes the light

Jane Reichhold

time my breath
to hers—
full moon shadows

Don Beringer

still dark—
on her back a mole
i never noticed

Rex Leatherwood

side street—
my deaf friend running
from silence to silence

alone now
she turns up
her hearing aid

Christopher Suarez

Over the fence,
our old neighbor asks
where summer has gone

Elsie Pankowski
RUNNER'S HAIKU

Running the Maine Coast
7.3 miles round Cape Crozier
my pounding heart

The downhill dropoff
through rocky, coastal harbors
taking it all in

My muddy Pumas
on the gravel uphill slope
startle a young buck

Struggling through the pine
one last hill before the beach
20 gulls take off

Mind wants to quit
reaching back into myself
body gets it done

Mind disconnected
up the last three hills
the exquisite pain

Running the Maine Coast
I begin to know myself
fog floats through sunlight

Ben Pleasants
Sunrise—
cropduster circles
over the house
seven times

David K. Antieau

holding hands . . .
until we reach
the blackberries

mule deer
pokes his head up—
combine in the wheat

Randy Brooks

summer cricket’s drone . . .
a thumping of darts
from the hayloft

thunderstorm passes
funnel of sunlight
touches the wheat

Donald McLeod

prairie heat
barbed wire
sags

W.S. Apted

Talking of fresh corn,
a big man with farmer’s hands
picks at his fast food

Ken Harrell
KILAUEA: PHASE 32

restless tonight
cattle stir beneath their tree
the ground quivers

in distant darkness
the foggy sky grows red—
and pulses slowly

sunup—
the lava fountain dying
spewing bursts of black cinder

Miriam Sinclair

scuba lead belt
on my brother’s floor
the curtain stirring

the night nurse
stays to talk
her blue mascara

Tony Quagliano

empty wine bottles
littering an alleyway
catch the rays of dawn

John J. Dunphy

The deep thunder—
a cool wind
darkens the skyscrapers.

John Ziemba
BOOK REVIEW

in the house of winter by anne mckay, Pulp Press Book Publishers, 1150 Homer St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6B 2X6, and Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, Md., 21061, 74 pp. (unpaginated), $7.50 ppd.

Reviewed by L.A. Davidson

The uniquely beautiful, evocative, sometimes tantalizing haiku of anne mckay continues to please in this, her third book of haiku. More substantial than . . .sometimes in a certain light and . . .still dancing (Wind Chimes minibooks No. VIII, 1985, and No. XIII, 1986) it is perfect bound and attractively printed with plenty of white space and a soft patterned blue cover. A haiku canada sheet also appeared in 1986.

Throughout all and in frequent appearances in current magazines, haiku and other, her style is akin to music and distinctly her own. Without straining, she weaves words to make them sing. She also uses them without regard to picayunish “rules.”

She has said privately that she differentiates between poetry and haiku. Of in the house of winter, she says it is a book of haiku and longer poems, but in the longer poems there is often haiku, and in the haiku there is that expanding quality that makes of a nugget a gold mine. Unfortunately the book is not paginated for easy reference or for returning to favorite pieces. In longer poems, one finds:

Humming her own green songs
...stirring kettles of sorrows
and plum chutney

or: a rook in a nave of light
the weave
of a night river

And who would stop there on reading:
...and she
kneeling beside the little death
unaware of snow falling

or: for the fourth time
rearranging the roses...
he will come soon
She uses verses freely from previous publications or from personal letters which are in themselves a sort of singing. One is never quite sure whether the illustrative haiku in her letters is from a work in progress or is an original that will later appear in print. In a letter to Ruth Yarrow, she admits that as a reader she is delighted with an 'aura of mystery' while recognizing the fine line between the obscure and mysterious, and says that it lets her bring something to the reading and permits her to take from it what she needs and wants. This bears out the old theory of a haiku being half author and half reader.

The book is put together subtly but carefully, in the author's words: "a woman's journey from young to . . . in the house of winter." And she adds, "my life is there . . . it is a woman's journey in a woman's words. It tells what my life was/is (facts are boring and irrelevant) i think it is the poetry and only the poetry that matters . . . yes." There is much emotion in this book, some irrelevant to certain readers while deeply moving to others. It is a book from which the reader can harvest and continue to glean again and again.

From the longer poems with no attempt at haiku, these two excerpts from a four-part poem are fair examples:

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he just bent
down and took my mouth

and my mouth
just went ***
i love a fiddler
and oh i love to dance

but you can't dance
with the fiddler
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From the haiku: 
...and yes to this wild rain
this april rain
    tempered with tulips

and his touch in the morning
so different
    ...tentative

goldenandgone leaves
spinning and spending
    on a last lark of summer

at the mission clinic
the woman's winter fingers
    winding gauze

I look forward eagerly to anne mckay's fourth book, now in progress if not already published. In her own words:
    "for me
    making poems is my way of being
    alive
    ...a kind of singing"
The paper birch
leaves all still—except one

fl uttering

Beneath the full moon
a field of white daisies
a deer's silhouette

R. Dirk

Chippewa canoes
swing 'round the bend, then circle...
my ceiling mobile

gliding down Bear Creek
the dead deer turns gracefully,
is lost in shadows

on the desert path
bones among the prickly pear
burning in the sun

Bruce Curtis

in a hoofprint
a spider's web
glistens with morning dew

light sumi strokes
across smooth sand—
grassblades in the wind

Patrick J. McNierney
the garden overgrown
in mid-air... a feather

yellow light
through the leaves
a stray cat blinks!

Melodee Unthank

‘flick’
and still a raindrop
on the cat’s ear

Colin Shaddick

summer ends
butterflies spiral
into the willows

last day of summer
a cricket’s plaintive cry
from a closed suitcase

Nina A. Wicker

full moon
from the freshly mown field
scent of garlic

Philip Miller

August moon—
I share a birthday toast
with my shadow

(after Li Po)

Anthony J. Pupello
leaving the woods
to late summer's
cicada sounds

Gloria H. Procsal

from red maples
   one leaf at a time
summer's heat leaves

Ruby Spriggs

The school bus pulls away
on the porch swing
   Raggedy Ann   one red leaf

J.A. Totts

Orange and red the sky
The trees are a festival
The geese are honking

September sunset:
the sun husks itself boldly
Sparrows swim to you

John J. Soldo

Far from England
yet tonight
a Turner sky

After the torrent
the all-clear
   cicadas

Caroline Banks
CONGRATULATIONS to the Grand Prize Winner of the Japan Air Lines Haiku Contest: Bernard Lionel Einbond, professor of English at Lehman College in the Bronx, New York, a longtime member and former president of the Haiku Society of America. His haiku was chosen from among over 40,000 haiku; 200 haiku were cited as runners up. Congratulations to those 200 poets also. For a list of the 201 winners (the haiku and their authors), send SASE with 50¢ postage to: JAL HAIKU CONTEST, P.O. Box 7734, Woodside, NY 11377.

PUBLICATION NEWS

Congratulations to Editor Francine Porad and Guest Editor David LeCount for a fine first issue of Brussels Sprout in its west coast reincarnation. The first issue of Mirrors, a subscriber produced quarterly “in the spirit of haiku,” has been sent out by Editor Jane Reichhold. An interesting publishing concept and a goodlooking magazine. $12 a year ($16 overseas), $4 a single copy. Write to Mirrors, PO Box 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, for submission requirements.

Haiku Headlines: a Monthly Newsletter of Haiku and Senryu is another interesting newcomer, edited and published by Renge/David Priebe, 1347 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, CA 90044. This is $15 a year (Canada $16; overseas $18), a single copy $1.25. Much of Priebe’s own work included along with submitted material.

Already noted in HSA Newsletter, the North Carolina Haiku Society is publishing Pine Needles: Quarterly Newsletter of the NCHS, with Richard Straw, Editor. For membership in the Society, write to Rebecca Rust, NCHS Chairman, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610. A subscription to the Newsletter is $5. Non-members may submit. Write for information or send material to Richard Straw, 312 Trappers Run Drive, Cary, NC 27513.

Best wishes to all of these publications. Remember to enclose an SASE when you write.

THANKS to Patricia Neubauer for this issue’s cover art.

CONTEST NEWS

Winners of the 1st Annual Haiku Contest of the Kaji Aso Studio in Boston have been announced as follows: 1st Prize, vincent tripi; 2nd Prize, Kris Kondo; 3rd Prize, Raymond Stovich; ‘Local Winner’, Lawrence Rungren. 20 Runners Up: Eve J. Blohn, Dianne Borsenick, Donald D. Braida, Marsh Cassady, Dorothea L. Dunning, Nelle Fertig, Esther L. Harris, Ernie Hayes, Christopher D. Herold, Vanessa Brook Herold, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Matthew Louvière, Margaret Molarsky, M.M. Nichols, H.F. Noyes, Charles Rodning, Sydell Rosenberg, Alexis Rotella, Clark Strand (2).
The Hawaii Education Association announces its Twelfth International Haiku Writing Contest. Deadline: Nov. 12, 1988. For rules write to: HEA Haiku Writing Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu. HI 96826.

The New Zealand Poetry Society has announced its 1988 International Poetry Competition. Again this year, there is a Haiku Section, with prizes for best individual haiku and for best haiku sheet (of up to five unpublished haiku). Deadline is (before) November 30, 1988. For rules send self-addressed envelope and two IRCs to: Poetry Society Competition, 140 Atawhai Road, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

The 1989 contests of the Poetry Society of Virginia will again include the J. Franklin Dew Award for a series of three or four haiku on a single theme. Deadline: postmark no later than midnight January 15, 1989. For rules of this and the other categories, send SASE to Joseph P. Campbell, Contest Chairman, Poetry Society of Virginia, P.O. Box 773, Lynchburg, VA 24505.

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

Up From The Deep by Ruth Eshbaugh. Wind Chimes, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. Wind Chimes Minibook XV. 1988, 16 pps., $1.50 ppd.

The Eyes of Moji: haiku by Roger Ishii. Amelia, 329 “E” St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1988, 10 pps., $4 ppd./$5.95 Japan (U.S. funds).

Beyond The Boxwood Comb: Six Women’s Voices From Japan by Geraldine C. Little. Sparrow Press, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette, IN 47906. Sparrow Poverty Pamphlet No. 54. 1988, 32 pps., $2.50 plus .50 p/h.

Tigers In A Teacup: Collected Haiku by Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, P.O.Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1988, 344 pps., $12.95.

New and Selected Speculations on Haiku by Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701. 1988, 60 pps., $5. ppd.

HSA 20th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

The weekend of November 4, 1988 has been set for the HSA 20th Anniversary Celebration. It will begin with a book publication party Friday evening at the Armory in New York City. Plans for Saturday and Sunday activities are being made now, and information will be forthcoming. Mark November 4, 5 and 6 on your calendar now!

REGIONAL CELEBRATION

An event to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the HSA will take place at Principia College in Elsah, IL, on the beautiful Mississippi palisades above St. Louis on Saturday, October 15. Special Guest Speaker will be Paul O. Williams. For information, please contact Dr. Mary Lu Fennell, Principia College, Elsah, IL 62028.