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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.

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Each of you, as a member of the Haiku Society of America or perhaps simply a reader of *Frogpond*, is to be commended. Some of you are accomplished authors and scholars, and some of you are just now beginning. We welcome all of you, and we encourage you to study and read, experience, write often, and submit your best work. Develop your haiku moments, and share them. I encourage you to write to me and the other officers with your comments and questions about haiku, and your suggestions. The more you participate, the better the Haiku Society can serve and represent you.

English-language haiku are written in many ways. Although creative writing is a uniquely personal matter, if one is to write something called haiku, one must know the medium. There are commentaries and translated works of the Japanese writers, to include titles by or about Basho, Buson, Issa, and Shiki. There are *The Penguin Book of Japanese Verse*, *The Penguin Book of Zen Poetry*, and Blyth's and Henderson's definitive works. Chinese literature, as an antecedent, is helpful. Additionally, by reading contemporary texts, anthologies, and journals, such as *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Wind Chimes*, one may “begin” to understand haiku. Then, one can move forward in one's own poetic direction and toward one's own creative potential. Consistent with scholarship, we are formalizing the HSA Library, and we plan to locate it in a permanent place in New York. We welcome your donations to this library.

In 1989, *Frogpond* will continue to contain many haiku, senryu, sequences, and articles; and quarterly awards will be given. Three contests will be held. Recognizing senryu as an important poetic form that we support, the Gerald M. Brady Memorial Senryu Contest will become a regular addition to the Henderson Award and the Merit Book Award.

With respect to the quarterly meetings of the HSA, we are open to contributions from all members. Please consider submitting a paper to be read at a meeting. If you cannot personally attend, we can arrange to read your paper for you. We would hope to have full and active participation from all of our geographically dispersed members. Also, we are considering another Haiku Weekend in 1989. About 15 members from the United States, Canada, and England met in New Jersey in November, and it proved to be an intense sharing of haiku moments. We welcome your suggestions.

Charles Nethaway, President
The Haiku Society of America, Inc.
1989
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

$25 Awards for previously unpublished material
from *Frogpond* XI:4

Haiku

snow geese
Sarah discovers
the letter V

*James Minor*

Sequence

“Revenant”

*Michael McNierney*
winter solstice:
  a snow goose lifts from its shadow
  towards light

  Geraldine C. Little

snowing in the forest
sound of 1000 bells

january birth day
three feet of snow
vase of red tulips

praying
a raven comes
to the window

  Ann Newell

new snow:
the cottontail
licks its paws

bend of the brook
  fox prints
etched in ice

beneath the white pine
  a wreath
of cones

  Wally Swist
jagged silver peaks
stark in the moonlight
... the owl's cry

softly as snow
owl drifting down
across the meadow

in eerie snowlight
a ptarmigan moves: the world
remains solid white

Sunny Whitney

sleeting dawn
frozen bird tracks
outside our door

Suezan Aikins

crystalline dawn—
to wear a yellow scarf
and skate the empty river

Ross Figgins

an old man
practicing his t'ai chi
among the pigeons

snow-covered field:
the artist stares at
his canvas

Bob Gates
IN MEMORIAM

Nicholas Virgilio
1928 - 1989

the snowy meadow:
a wind-blown feather follows
the tracks of the fox

on the frozen snow
reflecting the rising sun:
the eyes of the dead doe

along the lakeshore,
circling over spatterdocks:
song of the blackbird

from the darkened road,
through the leaves of the linden:
the far lights of home

Note: On January 3, 1989, Nick Virgilio became ill while making a videotape for CBS Nightwatch and died from a heart attack shortly after. The 2nd and 3rd haiku above are from a group of 33 which reached me the day of his death. Elsewhere in this issue are Virgilio haiku which were already in place. An augmented second edition of his Selected Haiku, just issued by Burnt Lake Press, is listed in the back.

The May 1989 issue of Frogpond will be dedicated to his memory.
WHAT WAS MISSING

On everything
she sprinkles cinnamon
she is lonely

Pressing an orange
full of cloves—her fingers
live for scent

Tea of star anise
her life will never be the same
inside a child flutters

The silver grater
dusts the eggnog
with what was missing

Joan S. Logghe

twenty years later
I arrange the seashells
in a basket

one question
after another
fragrance of herbs

bonsai nursery
even the old wooden sign
is small

Margarita Mondrus Engle
Sitting alone
    at a table in the airport
    coffee cold

out of a trash bag
    a curl of red ribbon
    falls to the floor

Rebecca M. Osborn

New Year’s Eve party
the staid banker riotous
with horn and champagne

Ruth Holter

Snow geese
    Turning to gold
    Winter sunset

Ragged old man
    Throwing snowballs
    At the moon

Ellen Florman

snow-covered fields . . .
sound of distant truck
    changing gears

after the party:
    beer bottle
    reflecting moonlight

M. Kettner
winter’s first snow New Year’s day

remembering his suicide— stepping slowly across the moonlit bridge

my reflection huge in the funeral parlor mirror

Carol A. Etter

Before the service, In the room with the coffin: The clock ticking on.

R.H. Morrison

beyond her grave slowly hills and fields whiten with snow

Jane Gana Andrew

leaden skies— the owl’s wings stiff with winter

moonlit path— black thistles twist in the snow

Ross Figgins
WINTER SOLSTICE

morning
a slice of sun
on the canyon rim

unseen dove
fills the arroyo
with its cry

down the dry wash
manes flowing—
    wild horses

forming the dunes
taking my prints . . .
this same wind

the sun fades . . .
brushing the mesa
    a pink pearl moon

ancient starlight
fills the night
with prayer

shadows
digging canyons
into canyons

dry river bed
now i know
silence

Jennifer Brutschy
In turning the pages of Eigo Haiku, some of you may first notice an apparent error—not just once, but the same error repeated on the same page. The name of the English explorer, colonizer, and poet of whom Thomas Fuller concocted an immortal image of gallantry by saying he once threw his cloak over a “plashy place” for Queen Elizabeth to tread on is spelled Ralegh. Of course, most of you know that when it comes to orthography Elizabethans weren’t exactly like schoolmarms of more recent periods, and that Ralegh is just one of a number of alternative spellings of Sir Walter’s last name. It is, in any case, the spelling preferred by The Oxford Companion to English Literature.

I don’t have to tell you that there is little connection between Sir Walter Ralegh and haiku. I mention him at the outset of the book because the first haiku in English I cite is written by Rebecca Rust, a resident of the state capital of North Carolina where he has left his name. I mention him here because I’d like to discuss some of the assumptions we tend to make about many things, especially haiku.

Take the piece by Miss Rust, who is the founder and president of the Haiku Society of North Carolina and, in addition, a beautiful dancer:

diving in the waves
for an underwater kiss,
summer moon
Told that this is a haiku, and hearing the expression “summer moon,” most Japanese will think of Matsuo Bashô (1644-94) and some even of one of his better-known haiku: *Takotsubo ya hakanaki yume o natsu no tsuki* (Octopus traps: fleeting dreams in the summer moon). The moment their education begins in Japan, the Japanese are taught that Bashô is the greatest haiku poet, and the inculcation continues throughout their life. Will this make their reaction to Miss Rust’s haiku favorable? Hardly. It is more likely to be negative: that Miss Rust’s composition is not a haiku in the Japanese sense, or that if it is to be so categorized, the category must necessarily be different from that accepted in Japan. This reaction is virtually certain among those who remember Bashô as an austere Seeker of the Way. “Waves” and “summer moon” are haiku-esque enough, yes, but “kissing”? Impossible! That’s so utterly alien to Bashô’s world!

More generally, a negative reaction to English haiku is something you must expect from the Japanese, my compatriots, whose attitudes toward cultural matters are in some ways lopsided, even perverse. On the one hand, they absorb all sorts of cultural manifestations of foreign countries indiscriminately, almost with abandon, in the apparent belief that there’s nothing incomprehensible or indigestible about them. At the same time, they harbor the deep suspicion, developed some time ago, that much of Japanese culture can’t be understood by non-Japanese.

Among those who have unabashedly spelled out this puzzling attitude is Kobayashi Nobuhiko, a writer of some note. A few years ago he contributed an article to the Asahi Shimbun, one of the top three dailies in Japan, where he said that the haiku written in the United States had “begun to run blindly away on the path of misunderstanding.” His basis for this sweeping assertion was the “several books” of haiku in English which he saw while visiting this country to collect material for his novel on “cultural gaps.” A mere several books is, of course, not enough to pass judgment on a literary genre. Aside from that, though, what would he have felt, one is tempted to ask, if some American had told him that all the articles in his magazine were totally off the mark, blindly running along the path of misunderstanding as to Alfred Hitchcock and the American movie? You see, at that time he was the editor of what was called *Hitchcock Magazine*.

The negative attitude toward haiku in English is not uncommon among Americans, either. Kobayashi himself quoted a young American woman who flatly said that English haiku were so different from Japanese haiku as to be of little worth. In addition, she dismissed English translations of famous Japanese haiku as “sheer nonsense.” I must say I was considerably miffed by her dismissal of translation. After all, I’ve been in this business for quite some time.
The young woman Kobayashi quoted had evidently studied Japanese literature, but her status in the field, such as it was, was not yet advanced enough to warrant her identification by name. Much earlier, however, a like dismissal of haiku in English—and other non-Japanese languages—had come down from someone academically far more exalted. In his entry on haiku in the *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, Prof. Earl Miner, a distinguished student of classical Japanese poetry now at Princeton, expressed his conviction that "haiku is too reduced a form and grows too complexly out of its cultural background to be adaptable as a whole into Western languages." His judgment on actual haiku written in English and other languages was accordingly harsh; they were, he said, "almost invariably...trivial."

I have referred to Prof. Miner's opinion in the past tense because he appears to have written his entry in the early 70's. Since then he may have softened his verdict. A few years ago, when occasion arose to revise the entry, he, ever a gentleman, passed the work on to me. Still, his view, such as was expressed in the *Encyclopedia*, seems to have derived from undue emphasis which we are prone to place on certain aspects of classical Japanese poetry. And it is a view—or shall we say an attitude—which will find ready approval among the majority of Japanese, even though their knowledge and understanding of Japanese poetic heritage is more amorphously instinctive than professorially precise.

Some of those aspects of Japanese poetry are evident in Bashō's piece: "Octopus traps: fleeting dreams in the summer moon." One is layers of allusion, overt or otherwise. Here, allusion begins with the headnote—which, incidentally, tells a lie: it says, "Staying overnight at Akashi." Bashō did not, in fact, stay there. This we know from a letter he wrote about the trip. In any event, Akashi, a coast town west of Osaka, carries elegant associations, in part because it easily puns with the Japanese word meaning "bright," and in part because it evokes a chapter in *The Tale of Genji*, the bible for court poets. In this tradition it is often coupled with the moon.

Weaving into a verse associations arising from a place, a bird, a person, or what have you, is, of course, a common feature of English poetry as well. The use of *kidai,* "seasonal topics," and *kigo,* "seasonal words," is probably less so. Here, "the summer moon" suggests the brevity of a summer night and, therefore, in many cases the inevitably untimely breakup of a couple in love, for whom no amount of time is long enough. A seasonal topic like this is also an automatic point of allusion which is expected to bring to mind many of the more famous poems made on it in earlier times.
Another distinct feature of the type of poetry Bashō and his friends composed is the *haikai*, or humorous, aspect. As noted, Akashi was supposed to evoke elegant memories. But the place was also known for earthier things: octopuses and the earthen pots used to trap them. Bringing these images by using the word *takotsubo*, “octopus traps,” was poetically unorthodox, or going against the conventions of court poetry, and, therefore, *haikai*, “humorous.” Bashō enhanced this inelegant, uncourtly element by recalling, in the prose piece containing the haiku, the ghastly drowning of ladies-in-waiting and maids of honor, which took place in the defeat of the Taira clan near Akashi toward the end of the 12th century. So his haiku says something comic and tragic: the octopuses, now indulging in the octopodous dreams in their transient homes, will be hauled out of the water tomorrow, drawn and quartered, and put up to dry in the sun and wind.

Then, there’s the particle, *ya*, in *Takotsubo ya*. *Ya* here is used as a *kireji*—a rhetorical device which is said to impregnate the preceding word or phrase with poetic suggestions and meanings.

Finally, there is the fact that the haiku was at that time still called *hokku*, “opening part.” The name was quite apt. The haiku was originally the opening part of the sequential poetic form of renga (linked verse), which was usually composed by two or more persons. As a result, during Bashō’s days and long after it became an independent poetic form, the haiku was expected to stick to certain features peculiar to this part or stanza. The earlier-noted use of a seasonal topic or word is one of them. Another is the note of finality it had to have and, its opposite, a sense of expectancy, which was needed to carry forward the sequence. Bashō’s haiku on octopus traps was apparently not used to open a renga sequence, but it does have those two features.

Such aspects of classical haiku are probably not common knowledge to the average Japanese person, even though he may be sorely tempted to be negative about composition of haiku in a different language. As a “haiku book” recently published in Japan (“Enjoyable Haiku Life,” the 73rd special issue of the monthly *Takarajima*, February 1988) says, what ordinary Japanese think of upon hearing the word “haiku” is probably limited to Bashō, Buson, Issa, 5-7-5 syllables, and the term “seasonal word.” Still, if you open a book or two on classical haiku, you learn that these special features have been endlessly argued and commented upon by poets and scholars year in and year out, century after century, and in the end you may be daunted enough to agree with Prof. Miner and declare that this form is not adaptable into foreign languages.
But emphasizing some of the more esoteric features of haiku can obscure the fact that a haiku, classical or otherwise, is a living thing. If the encrusting and hide-binding process were as complete as it is sometimes made out to be, then the haiku would no longer deserve all the attention it gets. Without knowing the things I have said about it, most people, I'm certain, will find Basho's haiku, *Takotsubo ya hakanaki yume o natsu no tsuki* (Octopus traps: fleeting dreams in the summer moon), is as comprehensible as Rebecca Rust's haiku, “diving in the waves/for an underwater kiss, summer moon.”

Emphasizing the esoteric features of haiku can also lead to easy, erroneous assumptions, which may unnecessarily distort an assessment of haiku written in English or any other non-Japanese language. For example, you might be tempted to say kissing underwater was not something Basho would have thought of doing or writing about, and to conclude that, therefore, Miss Rust's piece is something other than haiku.

The truth is that romanticism, sensuality, or even bawdiness has been part of Japanese poetry, and the category of love an indispensable part of it. Basho himself did not leave many haiku on the subject of love, except several on the conventional topic of “cats in love.” But in the renga sessions he was often asked to write the parts or stanzas set aside for that category.

To give just two examples, in one session, a poet by the name of Kyokusui wrote, “from a tenuous point her love has grown intense.” To this Basho responded with a concrete image: “when lost in thought, she’s prodded to eat.” In another session, a poet by the name of Sensen described a specific act by saying, “at parting she warms his clothes that became cold.” To this one Basho added a general but acute observation: “both being young, their love is innocent.”

Though I can't say this is about love in the modern sense, one of the more endearing haiku Basho composed is *Samukeredo futari neru yo zo tanomoshiki* (It’s cold, but I feel sure of myself when I sleep with you). This he wrote when he stayed in his friend Etsujin’s house.

One assumption commonly held, not only here but in Japan as well, is that the haiku is a poetic form that ossified somewhere between Basho, of the 17th century, and Masaoka Shiki, of the 19th century. This is simply not true. That a haiku consists of 5-7-5 syllables is a notion you may hold forth as your own principle, but as history it is neither descriptive nor factual. The same can be said of the inclusion of a *kigo*, “seasonal word.” In this century there have been, in Japan, notable movements to ignore the set syllabic count and discard the specifiers of the seasons, even though they have not won over the majority.

In these regards, I must note, the situation has been almost the reverse in North America, largely because of the pervasive influences of R.H. Blyth and Harold G. Henderson. For some time, the two aspects, syllabic and seasonal, have been regarded as less than essential by the majority of those who write haiku in English outside classrooms. An organizational exception is the Yuki Teikei group on the West Coast, which advocates adherence to those rules.
(Not long ago there was a haiku contest on the West Coast. One of the winners, presumably a member of the Yûki Teikei group, is reported to have disparaged non-5-7-5 syllable haiku without seasonal words as "fortune-cookie haiku.")

Another assumption has to do with the visual aspect. Traditionally, Japanese poets have written or printed their haiku in one vertical line, and the majority of them, at least those living today, will say, if asked, that the haiku is a one-line poem. But because of the 5-7-5 syllabic structure, haiku have been routinely translated into three lines, and the haiku defined and regarded as a three-line poem. But, as Cor van den Heuvel notes in the Introduction to his second, enlarged edition of The Haiku Anthology (Simon & Schuster, 1986), a sizeable number of American and Canadian haiku poets have been writing one-line haiku since the mid-1970's, partly in recognition of the fact that that's the way the majority of Japanese write haiku. Here, the stress is on the word "majority"; there has also been a significant, though a minority movement to lineate haiku in Japan. So, in this, too, the development here has been the reverse of the experience in Japan.

At this late date—toward the end of the 1980's, that is—it may be largely irrelevant to speak of haiku in English, or any other non-Japanese language, as if it were an extention or epigone of Japanese haiku or as if it were somehow still under its influence. Reed Shadows, a collection of haiku by John Wills (Black Moss Press & Burnt Lake Press, 1987), carries a simple statement: that haiku is "no longer synonymous with Japan," as it "has been adopted around the world as a poetic form of unique expressive power." In this assessment we must all concur. I have made my observations because there remain a good deal of confusions, assumptions, and a plain refusal to see what's happening.

As the statement in Reed Shadows continues to note, the creation of a new body of haiku has been especially remarkable in North America where there is a strong urge for experimentation and a desire for independence. No doubt, scholars with somewhat specialized knowledge of the genre will continue to belittle English haiku. Japanese with a skewed understanding of their own culture and a jaundiced notion of cultural transmission will continue to reject it as a non-haiku. And, American and Canadian haiku poets themselves will continue to say to one another, "Gee whiz, do you call that a haiku? I don't"—just as Japanese do among themselves. But English haiku as a genre is here to stay, and will continue to grow.
First snow of the year—
racing barefoot to the box
for last year's mail

Mary Fields

a gray winter day;
music from the carousel
drifts through the playground

in a vacant lot,
a broken television
faces an empty couch

Tom Tico

the bitter cold wind
through the rattle of litter:
the rag-picker's song

in the singles' bar
magnifying loneliness:
her thick eye-glasses

Nick Virgilio

aging hooker
staring into space:
the funeral cars move on . . .

Virginia Brady Young

dried up
in the gutter—last week's
obituaries

B. Stephen Freedberg
longest night—  
his forehead burning  
into my hand  

chill  
through the window crack  
a whitethroat’s whistle  

Ruth Yarrow  

Morning  
moves along the hall  
dry cough  

Ray Walker  

hunger moon  
eaten down to its  
last quarter  

February afternoon—  
the snowdrift melts  
another inch  

Lawrence Rungren  

winter cottonwoods  
the sky between them  
windblown, blue  

Robert N. Johnson  

winter night  
louder than summer crickets  
the singing wires  

Richard Bodner
EXHIBITION AT THE PRINCETON FIRESTONE LIBRARY

I. BIJIN-GA: BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PRINTS

the two wings
of her black hair flooded
with sunlight

obi in front
marks her a prostitute—
such delicate features!

II. UTAMARO PRINTS (1753-1806)

"The World in Silver White"

children play
with the snow-sculptured dog
you want to pat

a great snowball—
feel its chill near snowy pines
and brilliant clouds

"Gifts of the Ebb-Tide"

the flashing
of silver-painted shells
even in dim light

the lonely beach—
can it really be made
with brass dust?
III. MEDITATION

the marvel of faces
and colors bright as if worked
this morning

Geraldine C. Little

Bamboo rustling—
stripes flicker on and off
the sleeping cat

Riverbank—
reaching for the fern—
eyes of the snake

Davina Kosh

stopping for the silence
as friends walk down the trail
a dragonfly

(Haaleakala Volcano, Maui)

George Grant

warm sea... we swim into phosphorescence
lightly touching

Peggy Willis Lyles

on her skin
the negative of that bold
bikini

James C. Sherburne
a crow caws into
the silent winter morning—
the lightest snowfall

Bruce Ross

yellow crocuses
just beneath fresh snow . . .
faint piano sounds

the slow piano lesson
a bird sings
at the window

Samuel Viviano

Deep in the thicket—
the cords of winter slacken
in the sparrow's throat

Carol Wainright

last day of winter—
the flower-seller
repainting his cart

Norma S. Hass

silver thaw—
a piano prelude
unmasks the moon

H. F. Noyes
"HOT, HOT, HOT..."
(from an island song)

heat lightning
notching
the sky

"Hot, hot, hot..."
a calypso band sounding
over water

just for a day
hibiscus blossoms filling
with light

whiter
in the island woman's hand
these tiny shells

stretching sunset
the red sail
of a distant boat

touching
his skin still warm
from the sun

a seabird
diving into
the moon

skinny dipping
our bodies slipping
through stars

(Paradise Island)
Adele Kenny
what passion
you had, Akiko—
where can I put
even an inch
of tonight’s anguish!

sucking
chocolate squares—
oh, it’s a lonely beginning
this first night of return
to Japan

under this Basholess
pre-dawn sky
how rough
the angle of loneliness
along this eastern sea

bent
like a puzzle
in a child’s hand,
that back before me
in the pre-dawn dark

is it a walking
umbrella?
immense the black
over that bent-against-the-wind
angle of loneliness
a crane
skipping before me
on this seaside road,
its leg
a karate lift?

I hug
the boy to me—
how brave he was to point and say
This is a pencil
This is a cup

on my office couch
I lean back,
back,
this Nescafe's
the length of my desire

in this bare
late-afternoon life
I make
my bare dinner
and set out fork and knife

wanting
to embrace
even a sleeve—
tonight's
lonely angle

Sanford Goldstein
Niigata, October 1987
ELECTRIC EYES
(for the screaming monk)

the sun! the wind and leaves!
charged from within!
how everything lights up!

Melissa Cannon

After clouds
Snow glistening
In the grass.

In the forest
On a railroad bridge
A beer bottle.

Darkness spreads
Onto mountain backs—
Cloud shadows.

Balsams
Lean to fall
Or bend up.

Michael C. Robbins

no cry—
still licking and licking
her stillborn kitten

boarding the ferry
against the winter darkness
—one gull

Margaret Peacock
Seven rainbow colors,
The lower part of the ring
Hidden under a winter field.

A jet plane flying over—
Flocks of water-fowl unconcerned
Within the breakwater.

*Ryokufu Ishizaki*

in the strong wind
a raven climbs from fields
bowing away

winter dusk;
purposeless, a flagpole chain
tapping in the breeze

winter stillness
chime wind train breath
the round of night

*Charles Nakamura*

wipers slapping. . .
boxcar boxcar boxcar
boxcar boxcar

*Rob Simbeck*

Bumper to bumper—
the windows rolled up tight
and Beethoven's Fifth

*Frank R. Alves*
A RETURN TO THE CENTER

Jane Reichhold

After several months of being forced to cope with family affairs in transition, the day finally came when there was time to return to writing haiku. With a sigh of thankfulness that the wave had passed, leaving me clear and peaceful, I released my eagerness to get back to the haiku way of stopping the world.

It took only a short while of waiting with open spirit to realize that the familiar path to haiku, one I never thought I'd forget, was no longer where it had been. Someone had moved the road! Not really; the truth was, I had changed. No longer could I simply extend the wings of my heart to let them carry me, without thinking, where I needed to be.

Puzzled, I turned to that oldest Chinese puzzle: I-Ching*. Casting the coins, it was hard to keep my query in mind. Doubts leapt up on all sides. How could it happen that I would have to ask directions for a way from which I had been certain I would never stray? The lines begin to add up until all six, with a surprising three changing, lay before me as:

- - - - - -

First I read in R.L. Wing's The I Ching Workbook, under CONTEMPLATING, "When attempting to determine the meaning and tendency of a situation at this time, approach it with the predictable plan of the seasons in mind."

Each translator, each writer of commentary to the hexagrams, has different ways of expressing the same basic truth. The marvel is when a certain word or a phrase jumps off the page in a flash of light and joy. There, one knows, is the answer to one's asking. So, go to the seasons. To old haiku writers, this directive has the familiar sound of frogs and crows.

Further investigation, into Rowena Pattee's Moving with Change, permitted light to come from "Everything in nature and civilization is a sign like a page in the book of life."

With so much help, I could hardly expect that there could be more. However, the three lines moving changes the hexagram into #50, Cosmic Order, or in the image of Pattee, "rainbow mountains evaporate into comets and stars" which I interpreted as saying, the illusions of this plane can become the sparks and fires of higher realms. Or more simply put: objects of this world open outward creating the spaces where the sparks [as the elemental part of haiku] can be found.

Richard Wilhelm, in his translation of the I Ching, says about this hexagram: "All that is visible must grow beyond itself, extend into the realm of the invisible. Thereby it receives true consecration and clarity and takes firm root in the cosmic order".
I tremble a bit to expose that so little of the teachings were revealed to me. There was a wealth of material in the texts and commentaries that flowed by me unread or not understood or not meant for me. Someone else, asking the same question and getting the same answers would undoubtedly find other parts of the text that danced and whirled into brain cells. But for me the message was: contemplate! contemplate the seasons, the variations and the immutable order of them. For a haiku writer to hear the word contemplate, there is immediately Basho’s voice saying,

“...all who have achieved real excellence in any art possess one thing in common; that is, a mind to obey nature, to be one with nature, throughout the four seasons of the year. Whatever such a mind sees is a flower and whatever such a mind dreams of is the moon. It is only a barbarous mind that sees other than the flower, merely an animal mind that dreams of other than the moon. The first lesson for the artist is, therefore, to learn how to overcome such barbarism and animality, to follow nature, to be one with nature.”

With those words the path opens again by affirming “the cosmic force is in me, therefore, I am the cosmic force.”

It can be noted that in some recent issues of frogpond, there had developed much heated discussion about where haiku should be going, or be defined or labeled or regulated.

Here is the thought that our energies are being wasted by continuing such debates. By taking ourselves to the source of haiku, nature, the world around us, yes, even civilization; all of these things, viewed as part of us, us as a part of them, we will bring the haiku movement further forward than trying to define the undefinable spark. Only when that spark is given images, and the space to leap between them, does haiku live. The short time we have to live on this plane is given so that we can create with the things of this earth.

Let us get back to being open to the Way so haiku can come through to us and through us for others. It’s winter, the time of contemplation. Let it be the season the words on our papers are haiku.

* I Ching or The Book of Change attributed to Fu Hsi, a ruler of China in the third millennium B.C., and the resulting 64 hexagrams have since been used as a method of divination. Either by tossing three coins or using yarrow stalks while intoning the query, six lines are established. With the added possibility of moving lines [solid lines become broken lines, vice versa], a second hexagram is given which describes the next step on the path.

BIBLIOGRAPHY


Pattee, Rowena, Moving with Change, Arkana, 1986.


winter basement
scent of tomato leaves
in the bamboo broom

dead center
in the center of her flowers
Georgia O'Keeffe

Ann Atwood

winter rain—
i dream
of a great flood

basement flowers
all stretched up
—single skylight

making love:
Georgia O'Keeffe's petals
keep flashing

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

pale winter light:
after biting words leaving
an earring

winter opening
the museum catalog,
Miró's full-page sun

George Ralph
those girls by Degas
on the wall
peonies in their ruffled skirts

(Chicago Art Institute)
Selma Stefanile

Hokusai print—
the sound of waves
at dusk

Soho gallery—
in the sound-proof room,
the Hokusai print

Anthony J. Pupello

Looking carefully
chicken eyes and beaks—
Kyoto print

mewing of gulls—
my godchild shows she knows
the ancient language

wake of the storm—
broken wings inseparable
from the sand

H.F. Noyes

low tide—
an old man stepping back
from the waves

Christopher Suarez
NANJING: the free market*

Soon after dawn
   shoppers with empty baskets
     haggle over prices

Along the road,
   a cartload of squawking ducks
     take their last ride

Spring afternoon—
   a shabby dressed man
     buys a potted rose

Mid-summer heat—
   Yangtze River eels
     squirming in pails

At dusk
   the odor of fresh baked bread
     masks the garbage smell

The sun sets—
   a stooped old woman in black
     scavenges for greens

   Don L. Holroyd

*prices not set
by government regulation
shortest night
yet a journey
through mountains

one side a narrow passage
the other a yawning mouth

frozen to his feet
the length of a shadow
wanting to sleep

a few short days yet to go
the odometer long broken

used car salesman
a banana peel lies
three feet from his

one giant step for mankind
the moon's a green cheese
crackers and milk
all that is left
after the love affair

laundry hangs motionless
a half-finished Zen garden

silent circles
dancers caught mid-step
by a power out

tripping with a smile
stickers in her teeth

brushing up
down at the bottom of the pile
an apology

letter from a critic
"God’s finger is a bookmark"

time
a musty smell
in the pressed carnation

moonlight creeps through a chink
the shape of the crescent moon

scorpion’s tail
bent to strike
squished

on red high heels
moist earth from her brother’s grave

yesterday’s kids
decorating mud pies
with stolen flowers

in the oven too long
short loaves heavy as bricks
dried weeds
a nameless spider
loses his shadow
ing the dark until now
a glint flashes in his eye
spring rain
the willow strings
raindrops
one by one without a sound
through closed windows her sobs
an old woman
carrying a balloon
dusk lowers
the shades down for days
a slight lift in storm clouds
blotches of lichen
hit and miss random stones
near the pumpkin patch
in groups of giggles
trick-or-treaters
candy wrappers
along the dim lit path
lead to the dentist's door
new reading glasses
a blur says hello
snow crystals
outline each French door panel
with slivers of moon
warmth on the glass
her breathless excitement
goose pimples
seeing huge flocks
of whistling swans

kettle ready for tea
pot cold with stale leaves

voices blending
heat from a wood stove
a moving pen

young heifers breathe milk odor
into a morning of snow swirls

an old album
in granddaughter's lap
daisy petals

first time without training wheels
the red birthday bike

just off the wing tip
beyond that cumulus cloud
some child's red balloon

L.K. McCaughin

In the glow
of the child's nightlight a moth
clinging to the wall

David Elliott
It is December tenth, nineteen hundred eighty-eight. On this date twenty years ago, in the afternoon, a defectively wired fan electrocuted Thomas Merton in Bangkok, Thailand, where he was attending a religious conference, and at which he had given an address that morning—

To his room to rest
... for hours the faulty fan
burning into his chest

Robert Spiess

thin rain
darkening
the silence

Stephen Hobson

from the warlord’s tomb
onto the street of caged birds—
each one in full song!

(Leshan, China)
Rosamond Haas

island cypresses
everywhere dying—
green by the graves

H.F. Noyes
snowbound
the old mountain fiddler plays
foot-tapping tunes

foot-stomping hoedown
the old square-dancer swings
his white-haired sweetheart

Charles B. Dickson

do-si-do-ing
in the crowded
crosswalk

Tim Hoppey

a horned owl
captured in a fox trap
blinking back tears

wet snow
clinging to a window sash
a green fly

Jim Bailey

winter gust
and the scarecrow loses
another straw

winter moon
taking all night to cross
so small a pond

Ken Hurm
Dark winter sky
A sudden flurry—
Sparrows

Snow—
Cradled
In Queen Anne’s lace

Amid snowflakes
a leaf
Pierces the mind

Richard Balus

winter sun
through the trees
elk’s breath

W.S. Apted

reflected
window to window
winter sunset

February cold
a huge break in the clouds
Orion

David K. Antieau

Winter—
throwing a stone into the waves . . .
nothing.

John Ziemba
BOOK REVIEWS


Reviewed by Kyoko Selden

I laughed aloud when I finished reading this absorbing book. It was that delightful and its conclusion, in a sense open-ended, was that satisfying.

In the prologue the author (about whom I need not write because everyone knows the translator/editor of *From the Country of Eight Islands* and author of *One Hundred Frogs* as a poet, translator and columnist who also works at JETRO—how does he do it?—who has contributed to the development of English language haiku and renga) describes the development and present situation of English language haiku. The main part of the book is divided into 1. Actual compositions and appreciation of English haiku, 2. haibun (essay in the haiku spirit, usually strewn with haiku), 3. renga, and 4. the future of English haiku.

Part I collects contributions from some of the finest North American haiku poets, chosen with both quality and variety in view: L.A. Davidson, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, Geraldine Little, Marlene Mountain, George Swede, Cor van den Heuvel, Rod Willmot, Eleanor Wolff, and Ruth Yarrow. With a few exceptions, each poet provides a brief autobiographical note, samples and discusses his or her own haiku, then quotes and responds to other people’s haiku. George Swede does not include an autobiographical account. Cor van den Heuvel, critical of haiku poets’ practice of self-commentary, omits discussion of his own work.

Part II introduces three haibun by Hal Roth, John Ashbery, and Judith Winston. Part III discusses renga, and introduces an example of a 36 verse renga, “A Dream of the Snake,” by Rod Willmot, Hiroaki Sato, and Geoffrey O’Brien. Rod Willmot explicates, in an illuminating way, each verse, the linkage between verses, and the development of the piece as a whole.

In Part IV Sato discusses the history of haiku study in American schools, and quotes prize winning haiku by New York City high schoolers from the early 1980’s. The final portion of the chapter and of this book contains three essays related to Basho’s “old pond” poem, dealing primarily with such questions as translation of Japanese haiku, Japanese prejudice against translated haiku, and nationality versus universality.

The prose contributions from American and Canadian haiku poets are admirably translated with care for each contributor. I found it interesting that Sato chose to translate the female contributors’ prose mostly in gentle semi-formal “spoken” (or epistolary) style, while male contributors’ prose is presented in the more formal “written” style. Exceptions are Marlene Mountain’s essay in rather informal “written” form, and Judith
Winston's haibun (but not her self-portrait) in the same kind of essay style used for the male contributors.

Does such differentiation reflect the translator's idea of how women normally should sound in Japanese as well as what kind of Japanese the original English prose style of each of these writings suggests? Does it, in the Winston case, also say something about haibun? Unlike earlier poetic diaries and stories which were written by court ladies or through a court lady's persona, Edo period haiku essays and travelogues were characteristically written by men in crisper and drier language. Perhaps this has something to do with choosing a style not expressly feminine in translating the Winston haibun.

Hiroaki Sato usually translates Japanese haiku into an English one liner without a fixed syllable count, but here in translating English haiku into Japanese he uses the 5/7/5 Japanese syllables in most cases, and invariably honors the original line division. When translating without the syllable counts, he adds a 5/7/5 alternative translation in parentheses whenever possible. Many of the translations are excellent. The sensitive use of kanji and hiragana produces a visual effect that draws the reader to the shimmering beauty of light, shade, water, forms, and motions. Others that are less successful clearly indicate the difficulty of applying this single traditional form for the variety of English haiku chosen. Aside from such questions as occasional archaisms and over-condensation, sometimes the translation sounds too rhythmic, the 5/7/5 syllables too well felt. In connection with this, it is refreshing to find some reference to the music of haiku, notably in Rod Willmot's discussion of the three-person renga.

This book is intended to help Japanese readers appreciate English language haiku, and address Japanese prejudice against haiku written abroad. It does much more than that, and would be welcome if adapted for publication in English.

Let me quote two of the many unforgettable haiku contained in this volume:

I saw laughter
through my window

Douglas Crosby, fourth place in the
high schoolers' haiku contest

ike araba tonde basho ni kikasetai
(if there's a pond I want to jump and let Basho hear)

Sengai (1751-1837), Zen monk and painter
BREVÉ HISTORIA Y ANTOLOGÍA DEL HAIKU EN LA LIRICA MEX-ICANA, (A Brief History and Anthology of the Haiku in Mexican Poetry) Ty Hadman, Editorial Domes, S.A., Rio Mixcoac 97, 03920, Mexico, D.F. 1987, 86 pps. (No price listed)*

Reviewed by Alvaro Cardona-Hine

Ty Hadman is the Ambrose Bierce of Mexican haiku. He has studied, researched, and now published the result of his findings, without managing to disappear in the Chihuahuan Desert if only because Tablada and the rest of the Mexican haiku poets have had fewer enemies than Pancho Villa.

In this 86 page book, Hadman manages to tell the story of haiku in Mexico and to present 36 poets who, at one time or another, have practiced or approximated the form or spirit of the haiku. He also provides us with a bibliography.

It might come as a surprise to American readers to know that the haiku was practiced in Mexico earlier and with more apparent delight than in the United States. We have José Juan Tablada writing his first haiku in 1900 after a brief stay in Japan, and in 1919 publishing UN DÍA... the first book of haiku outside Japan. This and another book of his in 1922 influenced a number of Mexican poets who then began to work the form. Since that time, interest and application in the writing of haiku in Mexico has waxed and waned. In this reviewer’s opinion, not much has appeared to match the essence and spirit of haiku. The historical moment and the geographical distance have operated to keep the Mexican haiku no more than an approximation of original purities.

The following are some of the freshest examples (All English versions by the reviewer):

El abejorro terco rondando el foco zumba como abanico eléctrico. A stubborn bug hums around the lightbulb like an electric fan.

Tablada

Recorriendo su tela esta luna clárisima tiene a la araña en vela. A bright moon along the length of the spiderweb keeps the spider awake.

Tablada

¡Las crestas de espuma de las olas rotas! ¡Tórnanse gaviotas! Bits of foam from the splintered waves turn into seagulls!

Tablada

Un Día: Primeros Haikus de Tablada

42
Luciérnaga en la noche,  
Glow-worms at night,  
*Rocío en el alba:  
morning dew:  
¡cuán poco basta!  
How little is enough!*

*Samuel Ruiz Cabañas*

Pasen por la acera  
The priest, the cow  
lo mismo el cura, que la vaca  
and the last bit of light  
y que la luz postrera.  
all use the sidewalk.

*Carlos Pellicer*

Llena de lilas,  
Lilacs,  
traia flores en sus manos  
she carried them in her hands  
y en las pupilas.  
and in her eyes.

*Rafael Lozano*

*Buscando huevos de gallina  
Looking for eggs  
por los rincones del granero,  
in the barn  
hallé los senos de mi prima.*  
I found the breasts of my cousin.

*José Rubén Romero*

En las altas rosas  
Dawn begins first  
principia la aurora  
among the highest roses  
antes que en las otras.

*Jaime Torres Bodet*

Cuando el crepúsculo vino  
When the sunset arrived  
a México, se compró  
in Mexico, it bought itself  
un sarape de Saltillo.  
a sarape from Saltillo.

*Armando Duvalier*

En el brazo de un árbol  
A bird  
un pájaro  
checks its weight  
se pesa.  
on the branch of a tree.

*Pablo Mora*

Desde la antena de los árboles  
From the antenna of the trees  
inicia la chicharra  
the cicada begins  
su trasmisión de estática.  
its transmission of static.

*Carlos Gaytán*
HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT
10/1/87 - 9/30/88

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/87 $3032.84

II. Income

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Total Payments $8913.08

IV. Balance as of 9/30/88 3646.76

Ross Kremer
Treasurer, HSA

HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS FOR 1989

The HSA will offer prizes for haiku books published in 1988.

1. Deadline for submission: May 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: none
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1988.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be first prize of $100, a second prize of $75; and a third prize of $50.
8. The list of winners will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. Books will remain property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARD FOR SENRYU FOR 1989

The Haiku Society of America will offer prizes for senryu. This Gerald Brady Memorial Award is made possible by Virginia Brady Young in honor of her late brother.

1. Deadline for submission: July 1, 1989.
2. Entry fee: $1.00 per senryu.
4. Submit each senryu on two separate 3 x 5 cards, one with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the other with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
7. There will be first prize of $100, a second prize of $50; and a third prize of $25.
8. The list of winners and winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*. Send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARD FOR 1989

The Haiku Society of America will offer prizes for haiku. This Harold G. Henderson Award is made possible by Mrs. Harold Henderson in honor of Harold Henderson, one of the founders of the Haiku Society and one of the most influential authors and scholars regarding haiku.

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. Submit works to Charles Nethaway, 2370 Albot Road, Reston, VA 22091.
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*. Send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
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.