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WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

As my third term as president of the HSA draws to a close, I would like to express my sincerest gratitude to all who gave so generously of their time, energy, and talent this past year. First, I send a huge “Thank You” to each of my fellow officers, Vincent Tripi, L.A. Davidson, Doris Heitmeyer, and Elizabeth Searle Lamb, all of whom have contributed immeasurably to the HSA and who, in working together with dedication and enthusiasm, have shown that the miles between our coasts are only a matter of geography and make no difference at all when it comes to unity of spirit. I send my special thanks as well to all of our contest judges, committee chairpeople and committee members, presenters at meetings, and volunteers who shared the responsibilities inherent in the effective management and smooth running of an organization as large as ours. To all members whose letters, cards, and phone calls contained so much support and encouragement, I send my heartfelt thanks. (Is this starting to sound like an Academy Award speech?) Seriously, this “public” note of thanks is hardly adequate!

I feel very privileged and honored to have served the HSA, and I wish the incoming officers the same sort of enrichment which I have received. As our society continues to grow (in numbers and in prominence), there will undoubtedly be many changes. Let’s be open to them, and let’s never forget that at the source of each poem is the heart of a poet, a heart which may be vulnerable. As we move into new eras of our history, let’s all be generous with one another and mutually supportive in our work. To each of you I wish good health, peace, and happiness—Godspeed!

Adele Kenny
November, 1990

WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Early in 1984 I was offered a wonderful and exciting challenge by then-president Virginia Brady Young—the editorship of *Frogpond*! How grateful I am to her and to members of the Haiku Society of America who then elected and re-elected me, and to everyone who shared/submitted their haiku. For me, these seven years have been richly rewarding—a time of work, of growth, of a struggle for balance and quality in each issue, of new and deepened friendships within the haiku community. I feel still that it is the haiku itself and the writing of it that is the important thing—not the fact of publication, although I have published as much by as many as I possibly could.

Now it is time to place *Frogpond* in the hands of a new editor, and I do so joyfully. I promise my support and hope the writing will bring enrichment of spirit and satisfaction in accomplishment as issue follows issue. I am eager to see *Frogpond* grow and develop in fresh and exciting ways.

Again, my thanks to HSA and to all of you. May haiku continue to bring you joy!

Elizabeth Searle Lamb
November 1990
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

$25 Awards for previously unpublished material from *Frogpond* XIII:3

Haiku

Butterfly shadows . . .
not finding
the butterfly

W. C. Ginn

Sequence

"Abandoned Farmhouse"

Edward J. Rielly
still clear autumn dawn
not a leaf falls—
the birds are gone

autumn fog
the redwood silence
i stop in my tracks

_Brent Partridge_

Flowing with the fog
over my wall a white cat
flurry of white doves

_Virginia Egermeier_

fog . . .
birds still landing
as St. Francis disappears

wind
moves the chopsticks
old sake

_vincent tripi_

by the prisms at the window
reading Basho—a rainbow
on every page

_mark Arvid White_

drifting fog
two crows on a wire
touching beaks

_Margarita Mondrus Engle_
so many birds . . .  
still, the woodpecker's flash  
draws notice

long sea grass  
bends, on the sea-washed rock,  
a curve of cormorants

Martha Stainsby

lengthening shadows  
climbing Provinceland's dunes  
in fading sunlight

Edmund J. Daly

iridescent,  
oil slick about to find  
this white heron

Geraldine C. Little

foghorn  
right into the beached whale's  
silenced flukes

out of the fog  
led by his glowing cigarette  
a tall man

Christopher Conn

on top of the hill the short man smiles

Haiping Gong
palisade
folding its shadow
into autumn

Lee Gurga

bluejay’s cry,
drowned out
by the roaring waterfall

(Yosemite National Park)
Evelyn Hermann

hawk
trailing through the blue sky
brown arc of mouse

Andy Roberts

a single moment
of seeing beyond the look . . .
i am sunset

Glenda L. Lacy

Harvest twilight
balancing the dark, gently,
on scarecrow’s shoulders

Arlene Levine

moonrise:
the cliff’s shadow ebbs
from the tide

after the crickets
no coyotes tonight . . .
not even the owl

Christopher Herold
round his bed
white chrysanthemums
bunch

long hearse
slow marches
vacant streets

open earth
welcomes her son—
white ropes slip away

round his grave
black umbrellas
cluster

chrysanthemums . . .
in and out
bees weave

Steve McComas

graveyard
the ibises bend
probe into the earth

David Ross

cloudy afternoon
a white chrysanthemum
just one

marianne bluger
IN MEMORIAM

Lee Richmond
August 17, 1990

Making a death-verse;
the grasses grow long
without notice

Fireflies
Black Swan Books
1989

Roberta Stewart
July 9, 1990

white doves
spray from the fountain glistens
on an outspread wing

frogpond
May 1987

Carrow DeVries
1906-1990

Crickets singing . . .
. . . walking in the moving silence.

100 Haiku
1976

Bernard S. Aaronson
September 10, 1990

Something in the light
marks this an autumn beach—
shells and footprints

frogpond
November 1989


fierce winds swing
the clackmasts of
harbour boat chimes

Daniel Lehtinen

fishermen's funeral—
after eleven bells
the silence

Mark Arvid White

printed eulogy
in fine script grandfather's name
misspelled

K. Middleton

in the mud
outside the graveyard
a plastic rose

Stephen Hobson

a small pale woman
stares out to sea
the chipped porcelain cup

Elizabeth St. Jacques

The Dogstar splays
on the black December creek—
water sounds grow faint

Night safari—
far off a sea sound
shed by stars

H. F. Noyes
THREE POEMS TO PAINTINGS

Buson, Landscape with Poet in Boat

the poets' boat
in the narrow pass—
summer leaves

Matsumura Goshun, Fish Market

open-mouthed
they wriggle together,
the crowd at the fish-market

Buson, Crows Flying Through Rain

the crows' wings
slanting with the rain—
autumn wind

Penny Harter

The autumn wind—
My mother's tombstone
Whiter.

A big red persimmon
On a tree at the yard
Of the house for sale.

A cicada shell
Sticks to the big root
Of a pine tree.

Caught
In the autumn's wind
A white butterfly.

Akira Kawano
Dawn silence broken
A cowboy herding cattle
With his pickup horn

Rez kids laugh
While the fat tourist changes
His Caddy's flat

Under the owl's tree
Amid bits of bone and fur
A shiny agate

Jack Ervin

enormous sky
the crow harries
a golden hawk

Tom Smith

Through the trees
an autumn wind
the color of blue jays

Dark gray clouds
crow weather
before the snow

Bernard S. Aaronson

A car's dragging muffler
throws a trail of sparks
cold autumn night

Brett Peruzzi
1990 MERIT BOOK AWARDS
FOR BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1989
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place, The Frances Levenson Award

*STAR-MAPPED* by Geraldine Clinton Little
(Publisher: Silver Apples Press)

Second Place

*HANDSHAKE* by Werner Reichhold
(Publisher: AHA Books)

Third Place

*AND THE CAT, TOO* by Kazuo Sato
(Publisher: AHA Books)

Honorable Mention

*PARALLEL JOURNEY, VOYAGE PARALLELE* by Andre Duhaime & LeRoy Gorman
(Publisher: editions Asticou)

Special Category Awards (in order of selection by the judges)

1. *ON MY MIND* by Anita Virgil and Vincent Tripi, edited by Michael Dylan Welch
(Publisher: Press Here)
Category: Interview

2. *A WOMAN OF PASSAGE* by Anne McKay and other poets
(Publisher: Wind Chimes Press)
Category: Renga

3. *WINTER'S BLOSSOMS* by The New Zealand Poetry Society, Inc., edited by Ricketts, Beard, Drummond, and Tanabe
(Publisher: Nagare Press)
Category: Anthology

Judges: Virginia Brady Young
R.W. Grandinetti Rader

NOTE: This year Mrs. Frances Levenson has made a special donation (in addition to her long-time annual donation) to fund the 1st prize award in our Merit Contest. She has noted that this is not a memorial, but rather, her way of remembering a very happy event occurring in September. Over the years Mrs. Levenson has been more than generous in supporting the HSA. As a way of expressing our gratitude, we have named this year’s 1st place award in her honor. Please note that this is for 1990 only. AK
1990 HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR HAIKU
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place  silent cathedral
            stained-glass apostles
            dimming with dusk

            Charles B. Dickson

Second Place  up the path
              to touch that one oak
              in last night’s dream

            R.J. Trayhern

Third Place  dry leaves
            the old archer
            curves his eyebrow

            Jim Boyd

Honorable Mentions

    soft rain —
    the new grave
    looks old
        William Cullen, Jr.

    dusk
    a lone car going the same way
    as the river
        George Swede

    morning sneeze —
    the guitar in the corner
    resonates
        Dee Evetts

    First days of summer . . .
    already the leaves gather
    beneath the sycamores
        Tom Tico

    fall leaves the trees the winter sky
        Lee Gurga

Judges: Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg
        Garry Gay
1990 GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR SENRYU
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America

First Place  On the same bus
             the same strangers
             as yesterday
             John Thompson

Second Place New neighbor
              eyeing the worn path
              between our houses
              Michael Howell

Third Place  a man swept by
             in a wave rising, falling
             sees us see him drown
             Michael Howell

Honorable Mentions

fingering my tattoo
granddaughter asks
when she can have numbers
Lesley Einer

the words unspoken ...
waiting for the toast
to pop up
Kenneth Leibman

Methodical husband:
On his list of chores, she finds
Her name
Anita Krumin

running down
FIGHT ILLITERACY
the gang’s red paint
LeRoy Gorman

drilling deeper
my dentist talks me into
Amnesty International
LeRoy Gorman

drunken sailor
loses both shoes
tyng one on
Brenda Duster

Judges: Lee Gurga
Barbara Ressler
looking at
halloween masks—
boy with the burned face

B. Stephen Freedberg

whistling kettle . . .
the cocked head of a wooden owl
on the top shelf

steaming cup . . . the moth
fluttering against the glass
on a print of tea-fields

Polanski's Macbeth . . .
the second Witches' scene goes dead
on the VCR

Thomas Heffernan

Into old pots and pans
thrown out in the backyard—
the musical rain

Tom Tico

the cat's crunching
mixes with the
Paganini

Doris Ash

coyote calls
echo from Mt. Franklin
hunter's moon

Naomi Y. Brown
A pheasant in the hunter's sights—unnoticed, a black bird

Bill Endres

on the creek bottom, century-old snapping turtle: years of beer bottles

red-winged blackbirds rising from cattail and wild rice: the pot-party shack

on the moonlit marsh strewn with driftwood and litter: boom of the bittern

Nick Virgilio

halloween cat cries smudges whiskers

Brian Daldorph

halloweeners— harvest moon—
dog's cautious sniff starts his fiddler crab
his tail wagging makes waves

Frederick Gasser

hurrying past the house where no one lives late autumn chill

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa
toad gone—
in his turtle shell
only the autumn chill

almost (down the path
    in the pouring rain) alone
box turtle

_Anita Virgil_

the ocean spray
reaches the rain
before
it touches the sand

_Patricia Heim_

alone in the rain—
even my shadow
washed away

_Dorothy McLaughlin_

Sudden autumn rain
a lift of white wings:
herons homing

_Bernice Coca_

rain-soaked carny
turning his Ferris Wheel . . .
riders or not

_Mark Arvid White_

carousel rider
dashing
after the brass ring

_Edmund J. Daly_
FESTIVAL

winter dusk
the pigeons crowd
around the bakery

first snowfall
even the schoolmaster
holds out his palms

talking too much:
his beard stiff
with icicles

more sober now
the youngest skater
back on her feet

string bikinis
half-off
this Christmas

a red-tailed hawk
blown against clouds
ground squirrel!

a veined hand
touches the flame
to the leaves

Marty Steyer
A LOOK AT JAPAN'S HAIKU MUSEUM
By Kristen Deming, Tokyo

Most readers of *Frogpond* are aware of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo because of the prizes awarded for the best haiku and renga or haiku sequence in each issue. But a visit to the museum gives a greater appreciation of the full scope of its work.

The director of the museum, Tokihiko Kusama, says "Our goal is to preserve haiku for future generations." He oversees the museum's efforts to collect and preserve the more than 700 haiku magazines published every month in addition to the 2,000 books about haiku published each year. The museum staffers, most of whom are also poets, keep track of over 30,000 books and 200,000 magazines on the museum's shelves.

The museum is a monument to Japanese love of poetry. A non-profit organization established in 1976, it was built by public and private donations. The museum is supported by the Association of Haiku Poets, which has about 10,000 members; the Association of Modern Haiku, with 4,000 members; and the Association of Traditional Haiku with 6,000 members.

The Association of Haiku Poets actually runs the museum. The president of the Association, Professor Ken'ichi Sawaki, is a famous poet. Asked about the museum's interest in foreign haiku, he replies, "The museum wants to make Japanese literature known. By collecting books related to haiku published in the U.S. and other countries, we know how haiku is understood by non-Japanese."

The museum has a special non-Japanese section with haiku magazines, books, textbooks, and even dissertations from all over the world. *Frogpond's* poets will be pleased to know their work, too, is being collected for future generations to read and enjoy.

Increasingly, the museum is interested in promoting cultural exchange between Japan and other countries. Waseda University Professor Kazuo Sato is director of the museum's International Division. A selector of haiku and a judge of competitions, Professor Sato has ample opportunity to judge the quality of haiku being produced by non-Japanese. He is impressed. But he adds, "It is difficult to compare Japanese and non-Japanese haiku. In my opinion there are really two kinds of haiku. Japanese and non-Japanese. The source of the poetry is the same, but they are different because of the character of the languages. For instance, the complex ideographs of kanji allow more levels of meaning to be communicated in Japanese."

According to Professor Sawaki, "Literature has great power. Japanese learn more about their own language by writing poetry because they must look up words in the dictionary. They are therefore constantly refining the language."

Professor Sato maintains "Different nationalities write haiku in different ways. A Japanese poet might say 'autumn wind' or 'spring wind' without specifying which season. In Japanese haiku, the season word is essential. We are very sentimental about the change of seasons. It is important to us. Perhaps this comes from the influence of Buddhism and our feelings about the ephemeral nature of life."

"Of course, foreign haiku has a very short history, only 20 or 30 years compared to the 300-year Japanese tradition. In this country about 10
million people write haiku. There are approximately 700 haiku magazines in Japan. Every major newspaper has a page dedicated to haiku and tanka, so the percentage of the population writing poetry is huge."

"Also, more Japanese are writing haiku in English, sometimes winning prizes in competitions with native English-speakers. Some write English haiku to teach others the true depth of haiku. East and West, I believe, are truly meeting through haiku."

Visitors to the museum may view haiku-related art and calligraphy, and the museum regularly exhibits its collection of rare letters, manuscripts, scrolls and other materials by famous haiku poets including Basho, Issa, Shiki and some modern poets. These works display the energy and spirit of the poets, inspiring those who visit this "mecca for haiku poets."

Visitors are welcome. The museum is located in the Shinjuku section of Tokyo, a short walk from the Okubo station on the JR railway line.

Note: portions of this article appeared previously in the Japan Times, Tokyo.

skimming bats
avoid the dipping oars
thrum the trolling line
just off the bow
a young loon breaches
I hear us both grab for breath
evening stream
startled deer leap in a spray
of backlight

Clifford Wood
Awake hungry
I set my table
with the sun

Robert H. Zukowski

morning mist
she cleans
the dresser mirror

LeRoy Gorman

Consumer Reports—
two copies on top of
Emily Dickinson

Cathy Drinkwater Better

Still bright as ever
pressed in a *Keats*:
the morning glory

Meadow grass
writhing:
the snake below

R.H. Morrison

Covering tomatoes:
A single gold leaf
Settles on the hammock

Sally Hammond

crescent moon
over the satellite dish
both face autumn

Lequita Vance
trickle
of the frozen brook
mockingbird's medley

morning cold—
logging truck's boom
echoes

Wally Swist

photo from L.A.—
daughter showing off
her new tattoo

building crew at lunch—
the young woman's hard hat
painted with daisies

Norma S. Hass

bulldozers at rest . . .
men eating their lunch under
the only tree left

D.S. Lliteras

in the rear-view mirror
the young woman alone
washing in the river

Lenard D. Moore

gray branch framed
by a swelling
harvest moon

Thorna
mocking the last rose
the lasting rose
on its vase

in the curlique wool
of this staffordshire lamb
grandmother's dust

Frank K. Robinson

on my lap
the gray cat curls
in the shape of its purrrrr

Marie Forsyth

sitting in the sun
the cat on the roof
nursing her litter

Peter Duppenthaler

A crumpled love letter
misses
the empty wastebasket

Above the nightlight
a tiny bug and its shadow
run down the wall

David Elliott

In the night's silence
from inside the guitar case
twang of string breaking

R.H. Morrison
On the cafe table
an old wine bottle
fills with autumn rain.

Great cathedral bells!
Through a crack in the walk
dandelion.

Doug Sanderson

Alone
in the cathedral:
vespers for solo voice

Robert Besch

AT THE CATHEDRAL CONCERT

microphone
dangling in front of
the crucifix

Penny Harter

blackbird wings open
against the sky,
stained glass

J.A. Totts

In a monastery stone
the fossil
of a fish.

Alexis Rotella
here & there
in bare treetops
mistletoe

in a shabby motel
all night
treefrogs in rain

cottonmouths
in the swamp . . .
a house on stilts

**
family get-together
all the eyes all the feelers
all the hands tearing shrimp

morning in the French Quarter
café au lait &
beignets with sparrows

the river wind blows
into the Quarter
& through his saxophone
on the riverfront
a stranger
takes my smile

the breeze
off the Mississippi
fills my skirt

behind grillwork
down darkness to sun
in a hidden courtyard

cool the alley
through the grillwork swirls
cat pee smell

in the morning shops
half the doorways
fill with shade

all the Mardi Gras colors
in the masks
in the houses

on the iron lace balconies
only flowers
sunning

from the suite dusk
fills in the river
& all the tiny lights are slow

**

(more)
huge limbs of the live oak
their reaching out
over the young grass

in a pecan grove
wandering spring shadows
cows & blackbirds

parked on the runway
its wings drooped  a B-52
the winter sun

the slow day . . .
in the empty motel corridor
a stack of dirty dishes

sundown in the empty bar
the player-piano keys
begin

the big waitress departs
the china teapot
shakes

January sun . . .
the cotton fields
dotted with leftovers

² ² ²
distant smoky line
becomes a V of ducks
returning north

after the rain
Stones on the stereo
wild canary lands

after canoeing
writing haiku
instead of my novel

Chris Faiers

my grocery list
keeps turning to haiku . . .
brown rice tonight

Lesley Einer

so quiet
just the rub of the pen
writing this

James E. Adams

Soaking in the hot tub
snail on the curtain
taking the vapors

Margaret Chula

startled by the porch light
a possum
plays possum

K.H. Clifton
painting the barn—
weather vane's rusty horse
galloping toward rain

firefly—
a millisecond
to cross the moon
dodo doesn't fly
in my words
either

in a spin
the weather vane cock
without direction

'for sale'
in the empty barn
wind

Autumn wind
louder and louder—
the rattle of leaves

Setting sun;
in the harvested field
pools of red water

after the harvest
only the thin moon floats on
water in the field

Larry Gross
Lequita Vance
marianne bluger
Virgil Hutton
Zhu Hao
WORTH REPEATING
FOR FUN

haiku in progress

! ! ?

? & &

& ? !

LeRoy Gorman
Alchemist

frogpond
a cow jumps
over
the
moon

Frank K. Robinson
Cicada

"haiku in progress"
Alchemist, Feb. 1987
used by permission

"frogpond" in a slightly different version
appeared in Cicada (Toronto) 5:1 1981
used by permission
ALONG THE DREAM PATH

Snow filling
the tracks of deer
    and the tracks of my lover

His freezing lips thawing on my nipples

The moon plunging
    into all the wells
        of the world

Passing me a Thai-stick,
the smell of my perfume
    on his finger tips

Listening to a lute
    as snow turns to rain
        on a metal roof

The ancient sound of Samurai
on horses coming for us
    along the dream path

    Lydia Carver
INDIA SERIES

Lifting her sari
to tie
her tennis shoe

Between bird notes
a man sings his prayer to God
again the bird calls

Woodsmoke scent rises
as another day begins
Venus disappears

Pink blossoms hanging
like flower garden laundry—
saris blowing dry

Buffalo cross the road
with a young girl who stares
at the passing taxi

Harriet Kofalk

child of India
returns greeting of peace
with a big smile

John Hazelton

A thin call at dusk—
the cranes flock from ancient time
in the dim marsh reeds.

C. Melin
THE PLACEMENT OF ACCENT OR STRESS IN ENGLISH TWO-SYLLABLE WORDS

Robert Spiess

In the informative article “A Japanese Ballad” by Tadao Okazaki (Frogpond, XIII, 3—August, 1990) the author states, “Most English words of 2 syllables are accented on the second syllable.” This is an error that needs correction, as the opposite is true.

Let us list the two-syllable words in his article (which we may assume is reasonably representative of the English language) to determine the percentage of two-syllable words that are accented on the second syllable and the percentage of those that have the stress on the first syllable. The few two-syllable words that can be accented on either syllable and those that have equal stress on both syllables are omitted.

First, the words that are accented on the second syllable: between, pronounced, ago, proposed, amount, prolongs, becomes, concerned, alone, appears, along, without, among, conclude. A total of 14.

Words accented on the first syllable: widely, English, mental, having, little, reasons, nonsense, labelled, written, even, Roman, fashion, meaning, metre, structures, nearly, poem, tripled, also, iamb, basic, only, second, many, into, rhythm, classic, always, mimic, pattern, spoken, places, unit, trochee, likely, measure, oldest, ballads, other, common, any, never, very, writers, follows, language. A total of 46.

Thus 77% of the words are accented on the first syllable, and only 23% on the second syllable. This analysis is corroborated by Clement Wood in his The Complete Rhyming Dictionary and Poet’s Craft Book (my old 1936 edition!) in which he remarks, “Many more words in English are trochees than iambs.”

thrip thrip thrip
down the rusty wall
last night’s rain

Linzy Forbes

Three days of rain
Three buckets full
Picasso’s musicians

David Stafford
old mission
the chapel cat yawns
during mass

_Helen J. Sherry_

on lead singer’s red robe
the microphone’s shadow swaying;
congregation claps

_Lenard D. Moore_

dog-eared script . . .
I prompt a wiseman
from the wings

_Peggy Willis Lyles_

rush hour
far above the line of headlights
a full moon

_Margarita Mondrus Engle_

Park bench
wino asleep mouth open
to the rain

Three a.m.
widow playing
single solitaire

Halfway through
the eclipse of the moon—
yin and yang

_George Swede_
Deer season
a buck strapped to an old car
stares back at me

Nancy H. Wiley

Road sign:
PENALTY FOR LITTER
riddled with bullets

Lawrence K. Howard

dthis deer skull
in the woods—
teeth still intact!

Cathy Drinkwater Better

cleaning the luger
he took from a dead german
old man starts to cry

(written 9.1.89)
John J. Dunphy

Old Army bible
bookmarked at the Psalms—pressed leaf
from the Argonne.

Richard Layh

her husband's illness—
hiding the key
to his gun cabinet

Marie Forsyth
AUSCHWITZ-BIRKENAU: A TRIPTYCH
(The state museum at the site of the concentration camps in Oswiecim, Poland)

woman silently removes
a rosary from her purse
while staring at the Death Wall*

a young couple
chuckle at a whispered joke
by the crematorium

rolling up his sleeve
an old man fingers numbers
tattooed on his arm

John J. Dunphy

*The Death Wall, contained in Bloc 11 of Auschwitz Concentration Camp, is so designated because it was the place of execution by shooting.

on his ouija board
covered with dust and cobwebs:
the touch of the dead

still on the TV:
the faded photograph
of their fiftieth

Nick Virgilio
GOING THROUGH MY MOTHER'S THINGS

Note: "To Hazel Spahn—
I have to see you."
Dad's schoolboy hand

Twelve years dead
still among her papers
his new birthday card

Written for her
his uneducated poetry
my teardrops on the pages

Guiltily, I toss away
all those faded photos
wondering who they are

In a jewelry box
real pearls, a diamond pin
and the necklace I made

At the last minute
I too save
her heart-shaped boxes

Marsh Cassady

train whistle
piercing the quiet night
thoughts of home

Joan Bulger Murphy
clubfoot boy
playing soccer
alone

Ken Hurm

Old sofa . . .
the auctioneer slows
with the cricket

vincent tripi

Shocked by his rashness
when the hammer falls at once:
the impulsive bid

R.H. Morrison

Saturday auction
the blind girl, turns upside
her bidding number

Lequita Vance

waits at bus stop
near boarded-up storefront,
woman in a wheelchair

after the thunderstorm,
plastic cup lodged in a sewer grating

quarter moon:
glass beside
car broken into

M. Kettner
watching rain freeze
the eyes
of the paper snowman

Francine Banwarth

Grandmother’s hands
Disfigured by arthritis
Still, red nail polish

Richard B. Carlyle

first snowfall
her garden gloves
still in the shed

Michael Dylan Welch

first snow
a raven on the street lamp squawks
his large mouth open

George Grant

burning the wood
of a tree
struck by lightning

Brent Partridge

Snow all morning—
a cardinal at the feeder—
all else white on white

Christmas Eve—
derelicts crowd an ashcan fire—
a squad car passes

Frank Trotman
white christmas

chrismas eve
  from beneath the park bench,
  first sight of snow

holiday truce
  beneath blackened tarps,
  the sound of music

snow:
  the old man wrings
  his black hands

humming over
  the makeshift lean-to
  "Home for the Holidays"

covering the shanties
  covering the park grounds
  —snow

sharing a toast:
  from a blackened pot
  bitter tea

Christmas Eve
  on the new co-op's entrance,
  a welcome wreath

  Anthony J. Pupello
SEASONED HAIKU: WINTER
Selected by William J. Higginson

Here are some of the best responses to the request for haiku on winter seasonal topics in the August issue of Frogpond, with a few comments. The section ends with some thoughts on season words outside of Japan, and a request for readers’ comments.

The haiku appear in the order of the traditional season-word categories (the season, astronomy, geography, etc.). Listed to the right of each poem are its category; season word, with the nearest equivalent Japanese season word in italics if it exists; and whether the poem belongs to early, mid-, late, or all season, with the month(s) to which these loosely correspond—in the traditional Japanese system. Since authors’ locations and climates vary so, I also list the state or province each wrote from.

An asterisk (*) indicates an author-proposed season word, rather than one offered in the previous column.

Cold night
The radio
I keep it alive
Masaya Saito

The winter cows
stand freezing... walk
into the barn
Patrik Omeman

It is cold in my boot
look in it—
the first snow of the year
Maria Söder

Note that Patrik and Maria are third-grade students.

When a haiku contains two season words, as this does ("cold" and "first snow"), if there is no conflict between them it usually seems appropriate to take the season word that is more restrictive as governing the poem. The same logic governs the following; "hawk" can be used all winter.

glittering—
last night’s snow
the hawk’s red tail
Nina A. Wicker

deep snow—
by the railroad tracks
another moose shape
Mark Arvid White

Mark writes: “1989 was one of the very worst years ever for winter moose deaths... a long, snowy season, and the moose spent a lot of time feeding along railroad tracks and highways (where they can get food that isn’t buried deep in the snow).”
the power out—  astronomy
through deep windows  wolf moon*
wolf moon  all winter?

K. G. Teal  New York

“Wolf moon” has no direct equivalent in Japanese, but the illustration for “winter moon” (fuyu no tsuki) in the Japan Great Almanac shows a lone wolf wandering in a snowy bamboo grove under a half moon. I am tentative about seeing “wolf moon” as simply another variety of “winter moon” (there are several, applying to all winter), because I am sure that I have seen reference to “wolf moon” in some Native American lore, and believe it refers to a more specific time of year, which would make it an independent season word, not simply equivalent to “winter moon”. If there is a reader who can help, I would appreciate any references which would clarify the point.

Daddy is skiing  livelihood
he falls on the hillside  skiing* (skii)
Game over  late winter (Jan.)

Axel Lönnquist  Stockholm, Sweden

A snowball  livelihood
hits under my shirt  snowball*
cold back  late winter (Jan.)

Anna Söder  Stockholm, Sweden

In Japan in August, I met Anna, who was one of several winners in a recent international haiku contest for grammar school children, the contest and our trips sponsored by Japan Air Lines. Her mother, Gerd Söder, kindly asked teachers at her children’s schools to write haiku for this column, which she then translated and sent me. These two are the last of four samples from Swedish children included here.

Anna’s “snowball” presents an interesting season work problem. While the Japanese word yukimaroge (or yukimaruge) might be rendered as “snowball” in English, it refers to a large snowball, such as might be used as the base for a snowman. We are not likely to see anyone attempting to throw a yukimaroge. In the meantime, yuitama (literally “snow-gem”), the usual translation for English “snowball”, does not seem to have made it into Japanese season work lists. Perhaps Anna will convince them to accept it.

My son  livelihood
sculpts a snowperson “snowman”* (yukitaruma)
with his sandpile shovel  late winter (Jan.)

Kam Holifield  New York

Thanks to Kam for noting the androgyny of “snowmen”! The Japanese yukitaruma is more specific; it literally means “snow-Bodhidharma” (the great Zen monk). An alternative for the Japanese is yuiibotoke, “snow-Buddha”.

snowman...?  the same
only a hat  Maryland
on the grass

Cathy Drinkwater Better

Meditated until his ego melted away.
between shovelfuls livelihood
I covet my neighbor's snowblower

Edward J. Rielly
Maine

Japanese season word lists make provision for snow-shoveling and large-scale snow-removal with rotary plows (rotarii-sha), but seem to have left a hole between, which Ed would like to fill.

fireplace cooling livelihood
after midnight fireplace* (ro)
I read the last page all winter (Nov.-Jan.)

Ellen Compton
District of Columbia

The Japanese ro refers to a square fire pit in the middle of a room, but the aesthetic is much the same.

New blanket; livelihood
the old cat blanket* (tnofu)
claims it first all winter (Nov.-Jan.)

Helen L. Shaffer
Pennsylvania

Through pine branches observances
the moon [Christmas tree] ornament*
my only ornament mid-winter (Dec.)

Garry Gay
California

The only haiku submitted with a governing season word on a winter animal was part of a sequence that I thought so good I forwarded it to Elizabeth Lamb for possible inclusion as a whole sequence. She agreed, and “Festival” by Marty Steyer appears elsewhere in this issue.

collecting leaves plants
the fourth grader fallen/falling leaves (ochiba)
sits on 'em all winter (Nov.-Jan.)

Raffael DeGruttola
Massachusetts

Birch leaves the same
scrape the porch Washington
answer my knock

Jean E. Berry

falling maple leaves the same
deerskin nailed Massachusetts
to the shed

Wally Swist

From a barren limb plants
chirps of the chickadee barren limb* (kare-eda)
twitch the old tom's ear all winter (Nov.-Jan.)

Timothy Happel
California

While this haiku has season words of opposite seasons, according to the Japanese system (“barren limb” and “chickadee” [shijūkara], all summer), my own New England background suggests that “chickadee” is a bird we notice more in winter than in summer, so I join Tim in feeling that winter governs here.

44
The following poems were accepted for later columns, when I had planned to continue “Seasoned Haiku.”

our daughter runs back—
the shells her hands
can’t find room for

Gary Hotham

noon whistle...
bees buzz flowers
on the fresh grave

Jerry Kilbride

fresh snow bending
the young leaves
of the willow tree

Rebecca Osborn

Crack of a bat
the hotdog boy
ignores my wave

Peggy Heinrich

Several words related to baseball appear in Japanese season word guides, such as naita for “night game” (late summer—July), but neither “baseball” (yakyū) nor “hotdog” (hottodoggu) seems to have made it yet.

The squirrel leaps
For the banana peel.
His hurt look—
No banana.

Isabelle A. Croft

Finally, two that were sent as representing winter weather in southern California, but have no ties to the traditional season word list. Anybody for establishing a season word list for climes that have only “rainy” and “dry” seasons?

the lamp is flowing
in the pattering rain
that streaks across the walk

Arthur Lev-Abramo

rain on the window
clicks sharp—the cat
claws on the scratching post

Diane Brandt

“Seasoned Haiku” ends here, as a column, but I hope that all serious haiku poets writing outside of the Japanese tradition will give the idea a try, or think about what it might or should mean in their own languages and climates. Can the seasonal consciousness of haiku be expanded to include tropic or arctic regions? Can languages other than Japanese sustain a seasonal consciousness that fits their climatic and literary situations? How would non-Japanese haiku change if they became recognizably seasonal? If seasonal consciousness is possible, is there an alternative to the season word system? Does an effort to write truly seasonal haiku outside of Japan make any sense at all?

There are some of the questions that have been buzzing in my head. Let me know your thoughts: William J. Higginson, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023 USA. Please include an s.a.s.e. if you would like an answer.
BOOK REVIEW

The Rise and Fall of Sparrows: A Collection of North American Haiku. Edited by Alexis Rotella 1990, 107 pps., $9.95 ($1.50 postage and handling first copy—50 cents for ea. additional.) From Los Hombres Press, P.O. Box 15428, San Diego, CA 92115.

Reviewed by vincent tripi

Any book of poems that starts off with an invocation as prevailing, as enriching as the following . . .

What is lovelier
Than this glass of cherry pop
In the summer light?

*Michael Antman*

has got to be special.

With a spread of wings and a warming drift of fragrance, Alexis Rotella has brought us a collection which at bottom speaks of truth. Of vision. Of a single writer’s voice into another, and another . . . and another.

When Rotella began gathering haiku for this Edition she spent months reading through hundreds of journals and books. From among thousands she eventually chose only about a hundred. Then, as difficult as it may seem, letting these “settle” for approximate two-years before returning.

The volume’s title, from a poem by John Wills, is of crystalline coolness—"The Rise and Fall of Sparrows"—something glittering and unearthed. Life on these pages tends to be defined by struggle, poverty, romance, work, growth, survival, returning, attacks on the system. The deeper voice of what it means to be human, to relate . . . to be American. At home inside this land. The haiku are honest. They’re about fear as well as beauty, objective as well as personal, some full of awe—

for every reed
a reed reflection
the gathering cool

*Clark Strand*

And some irreverent—

greasy hands
in the engine
watching her legs pass

*Scott Montgomery*

Moments articulated in images of fatal brilliance—

Takeoff:
in the runway crack
a single weed

*Ross Kremer*

Each offering comes from freedom. In its highest and its widest, in its softest and its loudest beat of heart. Classic largeness seems to dominate these poems. A thundering response to our time that makes the intimate and the physical still primary. But what continues to amaze me is the skill
with which Rotella links the poems that face on any pair of pages. There are more than a few remarkable harmonies of beingness and song. What matters here is to let a possibility manifest itself, the possibility, beyond thought, of saying yes.

Two examples:

(pages facing)

the pole-vaulter
presses himself
against the sky

sunset:
the old Hopi singing
to his cornfield

Dan Liebert
Leatrice Lifshitz

The wrecking ball
begins its swing
a pigeon cocks its head

My oldest friend—
suddenly her wrinkled hands
are strangers to me

Philip Miller
Margaret Molarsky

At least once I found myself re-checking to be certain that the Anthology had indeed been alphabetically arranged (It had!).

This is poetry, yet it is more...it is less. It is here. Perhaps Rotella unknowingly has brought us to a time, a special place for contemporary American haiku to emphasize itself. To cut through ornament. To recharge!

There is great presence to these pages. The presence of a massive oak. Seasoned, nurtured...at peace inside our fires after work.

Published by Los Hombres Press, this book is attentively produced with an absorbing cover illustration by Marlene L'Abbe, known for her graphic mastery and work on children's books. Rotella provides us with an enlightening Preface followed by a splendid Introduction from Tom Tico. The haiku are spaced up to three to a page using Times Roman 12 type face on 60 lb. paper. All of which contributes generously to the reader's final place inside its power and its scope. Complimenting the poems are two articles by Rotella—“Off the Page Experience Jumps, Haiku” and “Working Class Haiku.” These cover 15 pages and are exceedingly informative in their own right. Lastly there is a short synopsis of “Haiku Journals” which for some reason is limited to a single page, with an almost blank page following it. This might have easily been updated and expanded to include others, if not most, of the currently active publications, American and otherwise.

Yet the fact remains that this is an important book, no less an embodiment of Rotella's healing vision of the world. A book which longs for and testifies to the ultimate continuity and order which her special gift of instinct has us hear. “Sparrows” indomitably takes its sustenance from life. Living all that it can live. It might all be different, but at the laundromat a teenager was wearing this button. “Enjoy life,” it said, “This is not a dress rehearsal.” She was fifteen, tops. Kids are smart these days. We should be so young. Lift our wings like sparrows, to bless, to find the still heard there—what the ears listen for and try to understand. No doubt we are its saying, sharing echoes of ourselves and of our world.
BOOK COMMENTARY

Books! Books! Books! It occurs to me that the haiku world is in need of a magazine devoted to reviews of books in the field. The Brooks’ Haiku Review (1980-1987) filled part of the void. Now, however, the various haiku magazines and newsletters, proliferating at a fast rate, must do their best to strike a balance (those that use reviews at all) between the increasing numbers of books and the limited pages allocated for review/comment. Possibly the idea of a review journal should be given some thought.

Two books recently published are here on my desk: A Sprig of Lilac by Florence Rome Garrett and First Frost by Zhu Hao. Their authors are in fascinating contrast.

The name Florence Garrett has been familiar since I clipped an article of hers on writing haiku from Writer’s Digest, October, 1965. Two years of living in Japan and study of haiku with Japanese teachers preceded it; her interest and expertise have grown. A Sprig of Lilac’s 60 selected poems are drawn from writing of the intervening years and have been printed by her husband on a nineteenth century press for their own Flume Press. A favorite, among many:

In fast falling dusk,
light catching a crooked tree
of golden apples.

Zhu Hao, on the other hand, is a young Chinese poet, a student at the Shanghai Drama Institute, who first heard of haiku when he read my article, “Haiku Flourishes in North America,” in The World of English (bilingual, Beijing, May, 1985). He began writing and his first haiku was one of two published in the May, 1986 Frogpond. First Frost, published by AHA Books, is a collection (bilingual) of 95 haiku and is an important marker at the beginning of his career. He has already been published in magazines and won several awards. A haiku that catches me as I read this chapbook:

bitter of ginseng
in the mouth
long is winter night

Jane Reichhold deserves much praise for the role her AHA Books press is playing in making haiku books available. Brushstroke by Davina Kosh, And the Cat, Too by Kazuo Sato translated by Jack Stamm, Werner Reichhold’s Bridge of Voices (handsome and provocative), and The Wizard’s Rook: 100 Link Renga by Brent Partridge are among recent publications, which include her own Narrow Road to Renga (with twenty ‘pilgrims’) and A Gift of Tanka. On the larger playing field both renga (renku) and tanka are gaining prominence. Witness, among other publications: Red Lights: Selected Tanka Sequences from Shakko by Mokichi Saito translated by Seishi Shinoda and Sanford Goldstein; anne mckay’s . . . a woman of passage (with others); the magazine Lynx focusing on linked lines.

Of recent small chapbooks, Out of Cassiopeia by Charles B. Dickson must be singled out. Here are 24 fine haiku which capture the very essence of the region of the south which Dickson knows so well—yet are universal in appeal. As in his earlier chapbooks, the editing is skillful, the presentation elegant. Here is one haiku:

after the hunt:
faint call of surviving quail
in the moonlit field

Still so many books . . . so little space.

ESL
PUBLICATION NEWS


CONTEST NEWS


CONTEST WINNERS

1990 International Haiku Contest Winners of the 5th National Cultural Festival (Ehime Prefecture, Japan) have been announced as follows. If no country is named the winner is from the USA. Unfortunately Japanese names cannot be given as they do not appear in Roman letters in the winners’ anthology.

Grand Prize Winners: Darko Plazanin, Yugoslavia; Friedrich Heller, Austria; Francois Pascale, France; Cetta Petrello Pagliarani, Italy; one Japanese.

Special Prize Winners: Alexis Rotella; Werosta Brigitte, Austria; Samba Tall, Senegal; Frabrizio Virgili, Italy; one Japanese; Sandra Fuhringer, Canada; Ingeborg Raus, Federal Republic of Germany; Micky Charriereau, France; Simona Lavazza, Italy; one Japanese.
Prize Winners: Grant D. Savage, Canada; Marco Fraticelli, Canada; R.H. Morrison, Australia; John Thompson; Michael Dudley, Canada; Dee Evetts, England; Barbara Ressler; Peter Duppenthaler, Japan. From Federal Republic of Germany: Matthias Bruck; Volker Friebel, Richard W. Heinrich, Gisela Huemmer, Sabine Sommerkamp. From France: Alain Walter, Marina Finaly, Christian Pilardeaux. From Italy: Anna Chiara Bortalini, Mriarosa Soidalieri, Alessandro Passi, Nicolà Aliberti, Paolo Valle, Michele Murgese. Maria Fuecks, Canada; Sarah Montanari, Italy; two Japanese.


Winners of Student Prize: One Japanese; from Canada: Patrick Donald, Bri-anne Wilton; Benoit Leclercq, France; Eva Sesso, Italy.

APOLOGIES for a ridiculous typo in verse 4 of Edward J. Rielley’s “Abandoned Farmhouse.” (Type-lice?)

THANKS to Alvaro Cardona-Hine for art work for both front and back covers of this Frogpond.

NOTE: For complete publication information on books mentioned on page 48, see Books Listed in this and recent past issues of Frogpond.
BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of 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.


**Grains of Incense**, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, O.S.F. Sisters of St. Francis, Dubuque, IA. 1990, 31 pps, $3 (65¢ for postage appreciated). From author, Mount Saint Francis, 3390 Windsor Ave., Dubuque, IA 52001.


**How to Write and Publish Poetry**, Larry Gross. The Wordshop. 1990, 380 pps, $16 plus $2 postage each ($4 1st class, Canada, Mexico; Sea Mail $5). From Dr. Larry Gross, P.O. Box 13743, Tallahassee, FL 32317-3743. (Includes haiku, tanka, etc.)


**84 Haiku**, Sakuzo Takada. (Japanese, English, French) 1990, 138 pps, $10 postal money order only, ppd. From Mr. Takada, 1-18-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166.

**Pearl**, Yoshiko Takada, trans. Sakuzo Takada (3 languages). 1990, 72 pps, $8. From Mr. Takada, address above.


## HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT
### 10/1/89 - 9/30/90
#### Part 1

### I. Balance 10/1/89

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$4,466.19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### II. Income

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Membership Dues</td>
<td>$9,579.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Single Issues (Frogpond)</td>
<td>552.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contest fees (Henderson &amp; Brady)</td>
<td>729.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contributions for awards</td>
<td>551.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Contributions (not for contests nor membership categories)</td>
<td>77.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest (Sept. 89-Aug. '90)</td>
<td>329.76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Income</td>
<td>40.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sub Total Income: $11,857.76

### III. Payments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frogpond Publishing</td>
<td>$6,408.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photocopying</td>
<td>1,893.83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Postage</td>
<td>1,756.76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awards</td>
<td>995.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge for Meeting Room, arrears &amp; current: 2 in '87; 4 in '88; 5 in '89 (Japan Telecom); 4 in '90</td>
<td>300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stationery &amp; Supplies</td>
<td>248.41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>183.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bank charges (bounced checks)</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td>179.51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sub Total Payments: $11,332.47

### IV. Balance 9/30/90

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>$4,347.54</td>
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#### Part 2 Book Fund

### I. Balance 10/1/89

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$4,146.52</td>
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</table>

### II. Income

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Interest (Sept. '89-Aug. '90)</td>
<td>290.17</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donations</td>
<td>111.00</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Sub Total Income: $401.17

### III. Payments (authorized by executive committee)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Computer discs to transcribe book</td>
<td>$26.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplies, copying, postage for book manuscript to editorial board</td>
<td>157.91</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Sub Total Payments: $184.02

### IV. Balance 9/30/90

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$4,363.67</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**NOTE:** This fund is kept in a separate interest-bearing account for the exclusive use of the forthcoming Anniversary Book.

(Signed) L. A. Davidson, Treasurer

9/30/90

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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
IMPORTANT NOTICE

1991 Dues payable: January 1, 1991

USA/Canada: $20.00 / $5.00 single copies Frogpond
Overseas: $28.00 / $6.00 single copies Frogpond

Please note that the dues increase shown above is the first since 1984. Half-year membership is no longer available.