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I want to express my sincere appreciation for the honor to serve you as President of the Haiku Society of America for 1992. It is an experience I will cherish for many years to come. This year we have many new ideas and plans which we hope will add to the growing interest in haiku and other Japanese verse forms in the United States and Canada, and throughout the world. Some of these ideas have been mentioned in the Newsletter, and others are happening even as I write this note.

With respect to FROGPOND, we have changed the format to two expanded issues of Spring/Summer and Fall/Winter. This will increase our efficiency of production and streamline our costs. In addition, the issues will be perfect-bound. We have added to our contest prize money in certain categories to be more in line with current trends, and changed the deadline dates for the Merit Book Awards and the Virgilio Contest submissions to accommodate publishers and teachers. We have also initiated a logo design contest for HSA and hope in time to have an honorary advisory board which can help in fund raising and give us an historical perspective in the development of traditions for English language haiku.

If all goes well the Haiku Path will be available to the membership and others by September. The book will add to the many accomplishments of the HSA and promote the writing of haiku. Many thanks go to all those members who have contributed their time and energy to make this effort a success.

We hope this year to have regional chairpersons elected from throughout the country who can further the expansion and influence of the HSA. The haiku moment as a growing literary experience, I think, has arrived and bookstores are now carrying excellent haiku materials. In concert with this interest, we have formed a committee to promote more haiku readings. Already in the New York/New England area, the Committee has arranged for more than ten readings. The second meeting of the HSA will be held in Boston on June 20th at the Kaji Aso Studio. Hopefully next year an HSA meeting can be held in another part of the country so that we can continue to expand and grow.

One of the most exciting events this year will be Renku North America, organized by Tadashi and Kris Kondo from Japan. This is an historic first and will feature renku sessions and discussions in Carmel, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Milwaukee, and New York City, followed next year with the publication of an Anthology of International Renku collected from this tour.

In closing, I welcome your suggestions and support.

—Raffael De Gruttola
MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

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

Haiku

night storm—
a deeper dark unrolls
across the prairie

—Ruth Yarrow

Sequence

"Return to the Wall"
—John J. Dunphy
just sitting here
spring about to burst
from the mountain laurel
—H. F. Noyes

on a north wind
the first migratory gull
to Kyoto
—Yoko Ogino

first spring day
walking the winter
out of my bones
—Jeanne Harrington

The ice melts—
how the goldfish
have grown.
—Alexis Rotella

pinging the lids
of the sugaring buckets
spring rain
—Wally Swist

heads cocked, two robins
listening for breakfast
beneath the snow
—Cathy Drinkwater Better

opened so boldly
in spring snow
the red tulip
—Wally Swist
wet season
opening a new packet
of tea
—Stephen Hobson

spring
along the willow branch
green rain drops
—Peter Duppenthaler

wet dream;
the first day
of spring
—Tom Tico

through spring rain
the circus caravan
traveling northward
—Patricia Neubauer

April Fool morning—
a pigeon goes fluttering
out into the rain.
—Robert M. Binkins

soft, steady rain:
crocus cups
closed for the day
—Dorothy McLaughlin

Spring rain:
earth, sea and sky
one again
—Dave Sutter
evening rain . . .
the newborn foal leans
into the mare
—Ebba Story

napping
on my porch swing
lilacs and light rain
—Diane Tomczak

handful of wet leaves—
a mouse’s skeleton
curled into a ball
—Michael Dylan Welch

birthday morning . . .
in the downspout, sound
of rushing rain
—Ellen Compton

Bringing out the sheen
on the snail’s shell:
spring rain
—Tom Tico

rainy sunday
my unshaven face
in the mirror
—Gene Doty

rainy afternoon . . .
the street mime at home
washing white gloves
—Patricia Neubauer
An old woman with bread waves the geese down from the sky.
   — Alexis Rotella

among the cormorants flying off in unison their white babies
   — Yoko Ogino

dazzled by the sight then seeing the indigo streak — is bird!
   — Rosamond Haas

orphaned duckling sticking close to the water lily
   — Daniel Mills

old bird nests being hid once more by new leaves
   — David Hood

Old shoes hanging from wires, the starlings chatter.
   — Frank R. Alves

the sudden chill in my trembling hand the sparrow’s rigidness
   — Elizabeth St Jacques
These warm spring days;  
in the empty classroom,  
a forgotten book.  
—George Skane

mockingbird  
sits on the letterbox  
full of junk mail  
—J. I. Lipscomb

piling up  
on the unvisited grave  
cherry petals  
—Michael Fessler

Earth Day—  
wind fills the gull’s carcass  
with polluted sand  
—Nina A. Wicker

Photo of grandmother—  
wondering where  
she has scattered  
—Rebecca Lilly

from desert to sea  
in one afternoon—  
still knowing nothing  
—Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

Suspended  
on white rhododendron:  
sunset  
—Richard Thompson
gathering dawn—
the first light
fills the poppies
—Michael Dylan Welch

A walking prayer,
Moving past buds and birdsong
—A branch slaps my face.
—Kyosaku

New growth—
in the ilex hedge,
tender thorns
—Doris Heitmeyer

Spring clouds—
the thoroughbreds
nod through their breath.
—Rebecca Lilly

the mud-caked cow
leans into the barn door
rubbing her side
—Diane Tomczak

pruning roses,
she and the stems
bleed together
—Paul O. Williams

spring cleanup:
all my forget-me-nots
tossed by the gardener
—Francine Porad
early morning wind . .
the poppies are waiting
to open
—Marlina Rinzen

cherry blossoms
blowing freely
around her wheelchair
—Daniel Mills

into wistaria
my sadness
pours.
—Alexis Rotella

through daffodils
the way of the wind
is yellow
—Emily Romano

rainy playground
a line of yellow dandelions
under the empty seesaw
—Yasuko Yasui

Dandelions
White
On the wind
—Bert Noia

Wrapped
in sunset—
the orange tulip.
—Alexis Rotella
new pond—
the first tadpole wriggles
over clean stones

—Christopher Herold

Amazon sundown—
mud turtle belly up
on the swollen stream

—H. F. Noyes

Rippling green water;
the shadow of a snake
by empty shoes.

—M. A. Shaffner

Up through the moon
the watersnake lifts
its shiny head.

—Alexis Rotella

strangers
in a strange land, worms
on the sidewalk

—David Hood

slug's slick trail
underlining Welcome
on the mat

—Daniel Mills

the mountain path
winding up
at a snail

—Peter Yovu
A balloon rolling
In the deserted park
This spring evening
—Akira Kawano

walking home
late at night
a lost shoe
—Brian Tasker

childhood home
silence answers
my knock
—Marie Forsyth

First day of spring—
he tells his wife
he’s moving out.
—Alexis Rotella

deciding on divorce:
a tan mark
on my finger
—Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

At the yard sale,
the wedding gown
shudders in the breeze
—Patrick Sweeney

spring passing—
an hourglass
motionless
—Ikuyo Yoshimura
beaten child
carried through the doorway
    her red shoes
   —Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

his cold eyes
warmer
    in our son
   —Kristin Torgler

in court
daddy’s little girl
can’t keep secrets
   —Jerry A. Judge

letter to Dad
the loving hesitation
before she signs “love”
   —Mary Wittry-Mason

In this storm
even the bruised child
    hurries home
   —Patrick Sweeney

runaway daughter
looks back
at the zinnias
   —Carol Montgomery

During dinner
he tells us we’re not
    in his will.
   —Alexis Rotella
coffee break
the seismologist straightens
his hairpiece
—LeRoy Gorman

Counting the chickens
the child scratches her head
“always another number!”
—Ion Codrescu

on the telephone
swearing sobriety
slurring her words
—Francine Banwarth

after one year
the widow replaces
his answering machine voice
—June Hopper Hymas

looking around
to see who’s snoring—
the other Grand Jurors
—Doris Heitmeyer

her sight dimming
all faces
beautiful
—H. E. Dalton

really wrinkled
the map
of nude beaches
—LeRoy Gorman
visiting hours
hoping someone will come
hoping no one will come
—Steve McComas

after the accident
breathing reluctantly
into the tube
—Larry Gross

child in a coma
the old windmill’s
twirling shadow
—Margarita M. Engle

daycare center
boy with aids
playing doctor
—Jerry A. Judge

on the bed
of a dying man
today’s news
—Brian Tasker

dusting his portrait
she lives
again
—Scott Breitbach

back home forgot to mention memory to my doctor
—Marlene Mountain
Wedding video—
everyone having a ball
without us.
—Alexis Rotella

his kiss
takes the words
out of my mouth
—Gina Valentine

knowingly
she vacuums up
an unfamiliar earring
—Julie Huniker

The name I whisper
into the pillow
surprises me.
—Alexis Rotella

trying on
a No mask:
it fits
—Raffael DeGruttola

On the secretary’s desk
another picture
of herself.
—Alexis Rotella

outside the strip joint
a sign reading
“No Cover”
—Lawrence Rungren
after hearing confession  
he gives himself a penance  
the young priest  
—Lesley Einer

During Sunday mass:  
a recovering alcoholic  
drinks the blood of Christ  
—Tom Tico

minister’s wife  
in the very first pew  
—knitting  
—Christina Smith Krause

candles burn  
by Dad’s casket still  
no warmth  
—Elizabeth St Jacques

already the bees  
have discovered the flowers  
on the new grave  
—Elsie O. Kolashinski

Sprouting from a plot  
of wildflowers and tall grass:  
white marble crosses.  
—Robert M. Binkins

tossing flower petals  
into the desert canyon  
last year his ashes  
—Ronan
deliberately
sitting on this park bench
to slow down time
—Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

On a friend’s sofa,
envisioning my place in the park—
this cold rainy night
—Tom Tico

wildlife sanctuary
homeless man
with tree swallows
—Raffael DeGruttola

the first petals
to fall from the branch . . .
summer rain
—Kenneth Tanemura

still life:
a petal falls
into a shell
—Peggy Willis Lyles

robin on the fence
facing
sunset
—Jamison R. Lambert

day’s end
my shadow touches
the doorknob first
—George Ralph
on my shoe
    the ladybug rides
        into the new house
    —J.A. Totts

Caught in the fence
    where the groundhog scooched under
        a tuft of fur
    —June Moreau

a teaspoon of sugar
    added to the water
    . . . stolen delphiniums
    —Carol Montgomery

a kuzu vine
    locks the gate
    of the abandoned house
    —Peter Duppenthaler

climbing
    the charred house frame
    wild red roses
    —Diane Tomczak

Recession—
    only one penny
    in the wishing well.
    —Alexis Rotella

haunted house . . .
    the new renter sleeps
    outside
    —Marlina Rinzen
sweltering heat
—jazz musician
warms up.
—Emily Romano

aging rock star—
a hearing aid
in each ear
—Michael Dylan Welch

hot subway:
rhythm of the blind man’s cane
through my soles
—Ruth Yarrow

down the subway car
through the dark tunnel
the butterfly speeds
—Peter Duppenthaler

Archaeological dig—
a yellow jacket the first
to enter the crypt.
—Alexis Rotella

last day in China
above an unknown flower
a black butterfly lingers
—Rosamond Haas

following me
to market
beggar’s eye
—Jerry A. Judge
fifty blows on the back:
rodney king's
tentative speech
—Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

crime scene
raindrops erasing
the chalk outline
—Christopher Suarez

Wild West Show—
the mustang snorts rebellion
on command
—Frank Higgins

into my afternoon dream
a roar from the ballpark
blocks away
—Jerry Kilbride

naptime—
the class bully
sucks his thumb
—Leatrice Lifshitz

The gnat swimming
faster and faster
in the wineglass
—Dave Sutter

near head-on collision the bluer sky toward home
—Marlene Mountain
Where I spotted the deer
the deep-worn path
disappears into grass
—Rebecca Lilly

gleaming gold:
amid a russet willow
the night heron's eye
—Ebba Story

summer wind—
the sheen of the tall grass
when it bends
—Jim Kacian

now giving
softly of itself
the silkworm
—Elizabeth St Jacques

neighbor child
at the door selling
my cereus bloom
—Francine Porad

alone again
with its dragonfly
the puddle
—Michael Dylan Welch

closed
before the sky could match
their blue
dayflowers
—Doris Heitmeyer
languorous heat
a page of the book half turns
then sinks back
   —Makiko

August heat
ripe fruit droops
over the fence
   —Makiko

On the empty beach
in midday heat
nothing moves
   —Marje A. Dyck

Moving day
after the steaming city
this cool grass
   —Peggy Heinrich

mid-day in the desert:
my fortune cookie speaks about
peace of mind
   —Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

the farmer’s
cracked hands—
summer drought
   —Lawrence Rungren

Before fading
the morning glory pulls
its outside in.
   —Alexis Rotella
thrown up on the dock
the trout leaves behind
its rainbow
—Frank Higgins

morning lake—
wagtail touches
a rainbow
—Toshimi Horiuchi

Up through water lilies  a little boy’s head.
—Alexis Rotella

At sunrise
floating in a water pail
last night’s cricket
—Timothy Happel

on shadowed pond
the drifting swan
... black on black
—Elizabeth St Jacques

canoe ride;
arguing in sync
with the paddle strokes
—Ce Rosenow

the tiny chirp
of a cricket
from the child’s fist
—Sarah Schnepf
White rose,
not recognizing at first
its shadow.

—Vincent Tripi

Hazy afternoon
yellow squash blossoms
thicken my soup

—June Moreau

late summer woods—
the chipmunk's scampering pierces
the deepest silence

—Bruce Ross

brush in hand . . .
pine shadows mottle
the unprimed canvas

—Ebba Story

my cat
trying to discover
the firefly's secret

—Joan Bulger Murphy

grandfather bent
in evening light
attends the bonsai

—Elizabeth St Jacques

Wavering down
the mountain pass
a yodel.

—Alexis Rotella
dozens of eyes
freckle my palm:
squid eggs washed ashore
—Ebba Story

calm sea
teaching his son
the dead man’s float
—Peter Yovu

separate perches
the pelican and I
sea gazing
—Grace Gubernick

Along the waterfront
women in windows
stained by the sea
—Dave Sutter

over the earth’s edge
they all go—the white clouds
and the one sailboat
—George Swede

beach patrol
the night waves
disturb the peace
—Jim Kacian

waves crash
against the pier—the bottle
slips from my hand
—Michael Ketchek
First evening star
sound of a woodpecker
fading . . .
—Vincent Tripi

On the damp dark path
A windfall of summer stars . . .
Ngaio blossoms
—Barry Morrall

A starry night . . .
waves washing sand
from the whale’s spout.
—Vincent Tripi

catching lightning bugs
the lights of a passing jet
the stars
—David Hood

on different stars
the same wish
night after night
—Jana Juergens

ninth month
she keeps missing
shooting stars
—Stephen Hobson

Milky Way—
even the know-it-all
speechless
—Hank Dunlap
look, the sunflower
its face now turned
to the moon

—Jeanette Stace

late summer chill—
a goldfinch flits across
the woodchip pile

—Bruce Ross

moon
emerging from its cloud cover
after the fireworks

—John J. Dunphy

old chimney
the rising moon
escapes

—Margarita M. Engle

after the fireworks
“the muggers get the stragglers”
says the policeman

—Doris Heitmeyer

Old bumblebee,
lugging along that body
wherever he goes.

—Christopher Thorsen

we talk of the distance . . .
orange august sun
glints off the jet wing

—Michael Dylan Welch
summer's end—
the little stream
barely makes it to the lake
—Rosamond Haas

end of summer—
the patio table
folded in two
—David Cobb

my wife sighs
and asks our daughter
to thread the needle
—Christopher Herold

Floating above
the last zinnia,
a tattered swallowtail.
—Alexis Rotella

For the death
of a pet cat—
only windchimes
—Rebecca Lilly

striking the gong
the joy
in the deaf-mute’s face
—Emily Romano

Surrounding the stone
—Richard Thompson

silence
AT 85

warm June morning:
my mother with her dress
inside out
I fix breakfast without
the disconnected stove:
“drink your orange juice”
holding her arm
as she waters marigolds;
a robin flies away
a day’s journey
to the “field of dreams”—
she watches us play ball
in the middle
of the dinner conversation
a non sequitur
I close the freezer door
left open all day:
sunset melting

—Edward J. Rielly

HAIKU ON A THEME OF AUGUST

the thin gold chain
around her neck too much—
August heat
August morning—
the scent of September
in the roses
Wearing the ocean
the old woman wades ashore
August afternoon

—Antoinette Libro
amish territory
(Shipshewana, Indiana)

long beards longer
black clothes darker
under july sun

amish gentleman’s
warm smile brief . . .
my skirt long and plain

an amish grin
as he cycles past
the station selling gas

the gloom within
a handcrafts store . . .
dolls with missing faces

facing mirrors
long-skirted woman
and her amish child

music on the wind
an amish foot softly taps
and abruptly stops

late night camp . . .
now a gentle lullaby
horse hooves heading home

— Elizabeth St Jacques
WAR DECLARED
A Sequence By Adele Kenny and Alex Pinto

Never repay injury with injury. See that your conduct is honorable in the eyes of all. If possible, live peaceably with everyone.
(Romans 12:17-18)

war declared—
out in the dark
a night hawk screams

Adele

a thousand points of light
in the Mesopotamian sky—
my hands shake

Alex

first days of Lent—
counting rosary beads
and patriot missiles

Adele

in this room’s darkness,
another TV missile
shatters my silent prayer

Alex

February snow—
the homeless man wraps his feet
in Gulf War headlines

Adele

by the rockets’ red glare
a desert scorpion
recoiling, stings itself

Alex
moonless night—
in the street lamp's brightness
a yellow ribbon

(Ash Wednesday)
from the Baghdad bomb shelter
a cross of human dust
imprints the earth

peace vigil—
lighting my candle
for a nameless Iraqi child

in the new Ramah
Rachel still weeping
for her children

REACHING FOR THE RAIN
—Tom Tico

1

Just born—
the cry of a stranger
in the spring stillness

Tony Suraci

Rarely, amidst the happiness that parents experience at the birth of a child, do they stop to consider that a stranger has been born to them. What the child will be like they have no way of knowing. Not only is he a stranger to them but he’s also a stranger to the world, a stranger in a strange land.

For the first time
tiny hands
reach for the rain

Ross Figgins

2

Spring breeze in the park.
On the stone unicorn’s back
a child flies away

Ann Atwood

The spring breeze, wafting over the new flowers, the new leaves, is full of magic, inspiration. The little child breathing its fragrance is easily affected by its intoxicating power. And in a flight that only a child can take, he gallops across the heavens.

In the greening park
the children and venders . . .
first balloon going up

Jaye Giammarino

3

An orgre perhaps?
Old school building swallowing
long lines of children.

Lorraine Ellis Harr

Wordsworth has said that delight and liberty is the simple creed of childhood. But the fun and freedom that children enjoy are
severely curtailed by the strictures of school. Until finally, for the great majority, regimentation becomes accepted as the order of the day.

In sudden silence,
children at crossroads line up
to board the school bus.

Anne Landauer
4

Wind
tugging a kite
tugging a boy . . .

Bonnie May Malody

Perhaps the great charm of kite flying is that you feel the kite as an extension of your being; you feel as if your spirit were soaring into the sky. An exhilarating experience—and one which can be enjoyed alone or in the company of others.

the wind—
full of laughter
and kite strings

Ross Figgins
5

Out in the back yard
my child enjoys the music
of a squeaky swing.

Marilyn Bolchunos

A mother pauses at her housework as she hears the music of the squeaky swing. The sound tells her that her son is enjoying himself, as he always does in the backyard. She remembers . . . how much fun he’s had digging holes and making tunnels, building forts and climbing trees. And although he’s outgrown most of those pleasures, still, on occasion, the old swing entices him.

Boys in sleeping bags
feel the different backyard
that lives in the night.

Kay Davis

38
For the circus clown
summer is the long season
of his painted smile.

Adele Wirtz

It seems that children of all ages love the circus and especially delight in clowns. The daring of lion-tamers, acrobats, and tightrope walkers keeps children on the edge of their seats, but clowns give them the gift of laughter. Yet beneath the painted smile sometimes we can detect an underlying sadness.

Lo, the circus dwarf
once again contemplating
his lengthy shadow . . .

Emily Romano

Watching stars come out
one by one in the pale dusk
his toy forgotten.

Madeline Beattie

In this haiku we see the natural wonder to which childhood is heir. But as the boy grows and matures will he keep his inheritance or will he squander it like a prodigal son? Will he become so enamored of the world and its affairs that he’ll lose his primal sense of wonder?

Dusk darkens to night—
voices from the playground
drift into silence.

Lorraine Ellis Harr

The haiku that appear in this article were first published in American Haiku, Modern Haiku, Haiku West, and Cicada.
WINDSWEPT WALK

The idea of the following kasen renku was to send the haiku to a poet-friend, who in turn would send it to another poet, until thirty-six different writers had added their links. I first thought of this in the Spring of 1990, and in March and June I sent out 5 "chain renku," as I dubbed them. Windswept Walk is the third of the five such renku I started. The other four have yet to make it home. I do not know if this is the first time such a renku has been completed. If so, it is unique in the history of English haiku.

The idea also came up that I could send my link to two different people, who in turn would each send their links to two other people (thus making four renku), and so on. But a not-so-quick calculation reveals that, by the 36th link, a total of 36,359,738,368 different renku would exist if everyone participated according to the rules (the number of renku would double as each link is added). This mind-numbing possibility would rather tax the population of the entire world, let alone the haiku community. And guess whose mailbox they would all eventually tumble into?

Anyway, as indicated, I sent my haiku to Adele Kenny on June 6, 1990 (the verse was actually first written on March 26). Over the months Windswept Walk criss-crossed the country numerous times. Then, on July 2, 1991, a full year after its life began, I received the completed renku in the mail from Lequita Vance. What a joy to receive! Indeed, it has been one of the most exciting pieces of haiku mail I have ever opened, for several reasons. First of all, a seed sown long before had finally germinated—and had flowered profusely. Second, I found the links to be very enjoyable. Third, the list of participants reads like a who's who of haiku. And fourth, I found it especially interesting to see who sent the renku to whom, when they sent it, and where the recipients live. In fact, it would be interesting to see how many miles it logged as it found its way from poet to poet, from friend to friend. If only it had accumulated frequent-flyer mileage!

In closing, I would like to thank everyone for participating. Since I started four other chain renku, I would also encourage those involved to keep them going. Even if they're not finished yet, I'd like to hear of their whereabouts (write to me at 248 Beach Park Boulevard, Foster City, California, 94404). The reading of a renku is usually enhanced by searching for the link or connection used by participating poets as they add their verses. This renku has the further enhancement of its unwritten links between people. Consequently, I would like to dedicate Windswept Walk to the memory of Charlie Dickson, who participated but never saw the finished product. As you read, you will no doubt see the variety of connections between the poems and the participants, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did that warm summer afternoon last July.

—Michael Dylan Welch

40
WINDSWEPT WALK

The first completed chain renku

windswept walk
an orange leaf
turns over

skyward,
the wild geese — their echo

between her white teeth
a cherry tomato
explodes

such boredom
after the fireworks

the black swan
paddles the moon
into its wake

a doe and her fawn
hidden in shadow

house at auction:
all the lawn ornaments
faded to grey

Michael Dylan Welch
6 June 1990
Foster City, California

Adele Kenny
12 June 1990
Fanwood, New Jersey

Emily Romano
24 June 1990
Boonton, New Jersey

Alexis Rotella
26 June 1990
Mountain Lakes, New Jersey

David E. LeCount
30 June 1990
La Honda, California

Elizabeth Searle Lamb
7 July 1990
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Lee Gurga
14 July 1990
Lincoln, Illinois
"I prefer some clouds"  
the morning after surgery  
Hal Roth  
22 July 1990  
Vienna, Maryland

giggles & respect kenichi’s yard kanji beware of mountain crone

Marlene Mountain  
2 August 1990  
Hampton, Tennessee

flowing from his wet brush  
grass words tickle her fancy  
Jane Reichhold  
6 August 1990  
Gualala, California

buckets set up  
beside the bed  
the roof leaks  
Werner Reichhold  
7 August 1990  
Gualala, California

heaven and earth together  
cradle sleep with gentle rain  
Elaine Sherlund  
10 August 1990  
Gualala, California

tiny feet  
from the garden shower  
do a muddy stomp  
Caroline Sutherland  
12 August 1990  
Gualala, California

luna wings stroke twilight tones of moth  
Penny Crosby  
13 August 1990  
Gualala, California

after  
his hands  
so gentle  
anne mckay  
23 August 1990  
Vancouver, British Columbia
placing seed potatoes
eyes to the sky

in her dark hair
the blossom
whisper white

Clearing brush he finds
someone’s wedding ring

moving awry
with the sunspot
a widow spider

sioux medicine man
dances his prayer

men picketing
a Chevy agency
a child asks, “parade?”

the blind man lifting
his face to the sun

Wind and Sea . . .
tiny name
on the painting

brilliant on the easel
the meadow’s wildflowers

Joe Nutt
4 September 1990
Staunton, Virginia

Elizabeth St Jacques
11 September 1990
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

Gloria H. Procsal
18 September 1990
Oceanside, California

Frederick Gasser
21 September 1990
Youngstown, Ohio

Francine Porad
25 September 1990
Mercer Island, Washington

Paul O. Williams
27 September 1990
Belmont, California

Dave Sutter
27 September 1990
San Francisco, California

vincent tripi
30 September 1990
San Francisco, California

Charles B. Dickson
31 October 1990
Doraville, Georgia
Amapola
recalling mother's perfume
on Saturday nights

Mitzi Hughes Trout
5 November 1990
Roswell, Georgia

"loneliest night of the week"—
searching the stars for solace

Geraldine C. Little
22 November 1990
Mt. Holly, New Jersey

portmanteau
taken out of storage,
dark with dew

Hiroaki Sato
21 December 1990
New York, New York

Plane rises clear of the fog
into profound darkness

Doris Heitmeyer
2 January 1991
New York, New York

Will we go hunting
for the Blue Moon
next New Year's Eve?

Sydell Rosenberg
7 January 1991
Jamaica, New York

bleak January day
forced narcissus showing white

L. A. Davidson
22 January 1991
New York, New York

first I saw her hair
in the wind, then the wonder
of her smile

Virginia Brady Young
15 February 1991
Cheshire, Connecticut

no way to stop hearing
that old lovesong

Sylvia Forges-Ryan
19 February 1991
North Haven, Connecticut
florist shop door
slowly swings shut
closing out the street noise

Karen Sohne
5 March 1991
N. Massapequa, New York

at the tap of
the baton . . .

Minna Lerman
1 June 1991
Havertown, Pennsylvania

both cats
beside the big glass vase
the chrysanthemums

M. M. Nichols
14 June 1991
New York, New York

gathered in a white apron
seed for next spring’s planting

Lequita Vance
23 June 1991
Carmel, California
1991 Haiku Society of America Renku Contest, First Prize

PETALS IN HIS HAIR
—Jean Jorgensen and Joe Nutt

petals in his hair
dad waltzes the bride
'round the floor

with the popped cork
bubbles crowd the bottle's neck

the mewling stretch
of his infant son
awakening

soft thunder
and gentle soak
of rain

ocean overflows
the crumbling breakwater
moonlight emerges

cracking the chrysalis
a many-hued wing

the parade turns the corner:
gold and silver glint
in a surge of sound

her sun warmed curves
pulse under his hand

at the stroke of five
two shadows merge
burned in the sand
son’s ashes scattered
by the afternoon wind

rainbows
float in the soap bubbles-
    rippled laughter

colors of autumn
blurred by his cataracts

cold drizzle
and from the rising fog
a full-antlered buck

hanging in a barren tree
sickle moon

to and fro, to and fro
the aged spinster rocks
an empty cradle

weathervane creaks
fireplace sizzles

tinkling wreath bells bring
a nosegay of dried statice
and his chattering face

a glowing crèche
aroma of shortbread

this snow-filled night
a new vigilite candle
twin sister’s tears

47
again, the song sparrow
and sap sounds sweet in the bucket

wide-eyed children
   flashing in a flooded ditch
   minnows

after counting the stars
   he listens to peepers

waking at dawn
   again the empty pillow
   beside me

darkening your lips
and the last puff of cloud-
   nightfall

ancient headstone
   moss fills the cracks
   in the cherub’s face

a foxden in the hollow
where the whiteoak stood

and the field
   all in windrows
     sun sinking low

overhead the geese
in my hand a feather

each frost crystal
   captures a fragment
   of the moon
O Holy Night
bright faces trim the tree

scooping wood ashes
from the cold hearth
New Year’s Day

footprints in the mud
smudged by a wagon’s trail

haze of new leaves—
soft “coo” of a mourning dove
borne on the breeze

in the mail—a postcard
from a daughter abroad

aglow
with a sprig of Forsythia
her room

saplings sway
in the small cove below

Judges: William J. Higginson, Lequita Vance, and Paul O. Williams

This is a collection of old and new haiku rounded out to the traditional number one hundred, selected and translated by Yuzuru Miura, who is an English professor at Chukyo University, in Nagoya. It includes many poems by the acknowledged masters of the haiku tradition — Bashô, Buson, Issa, Shiki — and fewer poems by less well known poets, like Dakotsu Iida, Shûôshi Mizuhara, Rinka Ono, and Setsuko Nozawa. There are also five poems by Miura. Members of the HSA will also be delighted to read in it one poem each by Kôko Katô and Ryokufû Ishizaki, of the Kô Poetry Association, in Nagoya, sponsors of the magazine Kô, which has done much for the English haiku in Japan.

It is a beautiful book, with all the good taste we have been accustomed to find in Tuttle books, illustrated here and there with sumi paintings by Gorô Saitô, and by distinguished calligraphy by Enshû Yokoi. The title page shows a shikishi of a poem by Kôko Katô, evidently in her hand but unfortunately not translated.

Each page shows the original poem, in romaji and kanji, the translation, and a biographical note on each poet accompanying the first poem by that poet shown. The poems by individual poets are not clustered, except by season.

The result is a very readable book, with page-size (6" x 8 1/2") rather like that of the old string-tied Japanese volumes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The poems are organized by the traditional five seasons, beginning with spring and ending with New Year’s.

The poem selection is fresh, with not too many of the old chestnuts roasting again before us. A Kusatao poem on a gravestone —

Already in winter
A gravestone unattended
Like a signpost.

sets up a wintry association with a poem on a gatepost by Miura:
Snow on top
Lengthens
The height of the gateposts.

Unfortunately, as so often happens, the translation changes the flavor of the Japanese. It reads: Monchû no, “gate-pillar of”; se-take o nobasu, “spine-height lengthens”; kaburi-yuki “crowning snow.” The “crowning” of the last line is complemented by an illustration of a samurai helmet at the bottom of the page. The personification of the post into a helmeted warrior doesn’t make it into the English.

All the elements are there, however, to help the haiku enthusiast with varying degrees of knowledge of the haiku and the Japanese language to enjoy the book.

—Review by Alfred H. Marks


The text of Monsoon is arranged by geographic location. The poems, printed on cream-colored linen paper, are presented in four sections which are divided by appropriate ink illustrations on blue paper. The feel, as well as the appearance, is most pleasing. The cover illustration, of heavy rain streaking into an over-flowing river, beautifully sets the tone for the title.

Even to begin making “Western-minded” sense of the exotic, sensual, and primeval experience of India is a monumental task. Any attempt to isolate and capture in precise form the amorphous character of the Great Mother India is a daunting challenge for any writer. William Hart is to be commended for his courageous attempts. Ancient, complex and otherworldly, India and Nepal defy linear time and order. Familiarity with Indian culture will enhance the reader’s appreciation for this book.
Of the 61 poems, most are descriptive and do not impart the immediacy expected of haiku. Hart may have been more successful had he used the haibun form. Prose sections, carrying the weight of place description, could free his poems for the expression of greater vitality. Although the book gives the sense of a foreign place, only a few of the poems convey the sublime mystery or consummate filth that together characterize the Indian subcontinent. A selection of poems will illustrate the difficulties and successes contained in *Monsoon*.

Kathmandu:  
below rice fields  
hawks hitch the wind  
Kathmandu valley

Calcutta:  
flies reprint  
the butcher’s newspaper  
poultry shop

Hyderabad:  
Birla temple  
Vishnu’s chandelier  
houses a sparrow

Bombay:  
junior underslung  
mother monkey flees  
the waiter and his stick

The Kathmandu and Bombay poems are tourist-like snapshots of Asia. The Calcutta and Hyderabad poems reach right into the essence of India. The reader is momentarily swept into the vast and minute universe of Vishnu: the Vishnu, who encompasses flies, sparrows, light and the endless renewal of life.

In spite of its shortcomings, *Monsoon* recommends itself by its fine design and high-quality production and illustrations as well as by the unusual and exotic subject matter. Its moments of sheer revulsion and delicate beauty clearly express the earthiness and spiritual immensity of India and Nepal.

—Review by Ebba Story
Don’t we all dream of receiving an award that earns an expenses-paid trip to the heartland of haiku? For Winona Baker of British Columbia, Canada, that dream materialized in 1989 when she earned The Japanese Foreign Minister’s Grand Prize and was flown to Yamagata, Japan to partake in their World Haiku Festival. It seems fitting then that the title of her third book celebrates a line taken from that award-winning haiku.

The attractive semi-gloss cover of MOSS-HUNG TREES, with Delia Becker’s artwork of tall, pale green trees against a stark white background, and Christine McKim’s delicate calligraphy on the cover and throughout the book, should attract many a book browser’s attention.

This collection of 88 poems, most of which appear two to a page with plenty of white space between, are showcased on linen-like quality paper that is soft to the touch and the eye. Most pleasing.

While each section—simply identified by seasons—integrates the classical 5/7/5 with more condensed styles, I would have appreciated an occasional break from the steady stream of three-line poems. Nevertheless, there are some superb haiku here.

Ms. Baker’s haiku about deer are especially moving. The following two haiku, offering opposite moods, clearly emphasize the vulnerability and innocence of these splendid animals:

forest hike in spring  all the flowers cropped
on the ground fresh cougar scat  they came so silently
bristling with deer hair  the black-tailed deer

Keeping with the deer poems, one interesting discovery which I assume the author learned from the Natives, gives one reason to pause about the unfortunate relationship between humankind and Nature’s creatures:
gardner
hangs bags of human hair
to keep deer away

Another unusual find in this collection concerns totem poles. West coast Natives are world renowned for their hand-carved totem poles that are revered not only for their historical value but for their artistry as well. Among other artists, Emily Carr of Canada shared these intriguing totem poles with the world through her magnificent paintings. Writers and poets have written about them, but I've found only a few North American haiku about totem poles. Therefore, it's of special interest to find two exceptional haiku on the subject:

left at the base    snowflakes fill
of the world’s tallest totem the eye of the eagle
a throwaway diaper   fallen totem pole

Humor is sprinkled throughout this collection, but sometimes the effort is a little too obvious. The more subtle approach, that earns a gentle smile, was much more appreciated:

dedication
a new picnic shelter
it starts to rain

To hope that all poems will touch all readers is more than any poet expects, so of course, I found favorites. Those that truly communicated with me are poems that offer fresh, stimulating images, unfolding naturally through a soft musical rhythm to present profound and lasting thought. I also note that these haiku entertain articles in their normal place to provide a smooth uninterrupted flow. These memorable haiku have been well worth a stroll beneath Winona Baker’s MOSS-HUNG TREES.

—Review by Elizabeth St Jacques
The Measure of Emptiness by Lee Gurga, PRESS HERE, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404, 1991, 80 pp., ISBN 1-878798-04-9, $7.50.

Since High/Coo Press published Lee Gurga’s *a mouse pours out*, (1988) consisting of 14 charming haiku, we have eagerly awaited his next book. This handsome collection of 72 haikku, divided into four sections, has been well worth the wait.

Behind the soft gray glossy cover with an appealing silhouette photograph by Gretchen Batz of an old barn overshadowed by a giant bare tree, Jerry Kilbride’s Introduction states that *The Measure of Emptiness* is written ‘with a keen eye (and) keen insights’. Indeed it is.

While many of these three-line haiku focus in on the author’s beautiful Illinois countryside, there is ample exploration of human landscapes as well, all of which provide a clearer view of Mr. Gurga’s inner and outer worlds. Through it all, discoveries are soothing or disturbing, joyous or saddening, and deeply enriching.

The first section, ‘Scattered on the Pond’, hone in on rural moments where redwings and troutlilies, pine trees and monarchs abound. Note the subtle interaction between movement, color, sound, scent and texture:

bales of hay
spot of sunlight—
don the bluestem meadow—
margin breeze
on a blade of grass the dragonfly
changes its grip

However, before getting too carried away, the reader is reminded that even amid tranquility and beauty, there exists a certain violence:

old pond ...
summer morning—
out of the watersnake’s mouth
a withered bluebell
the toad’s eyes
loggers left behind

Inasmuch as Nature plays an important part in Lee Gurga’s world, love and compassion for his fellow man are unmistakable. The last three segments of this collection, ‘Class Reunion’, ‘Heart-Shaped Leaves’, and ‘Shadows on the Wall’, deal largely with the varied and interesting personalities that have touched his life. Here, the author is at his strongest:
prison waiting room—
tattooed across his fingers
H-A-T-E

Again and again in these latter segments, emotions tremble, the heart flutters as we glimpse this poet's pain and joy:

another stroke . . .
but for his grandson
the dead hand gestures

As the father of three sons, Mr. Gurga's love for family is unquestionable; running like brookwater over life's pebbles and rocks, his love encompasses all the lows and highs that are a part of it. The following are perfect examples of opposite moments:

the longest day—
a mother calls and calls
into the night
call after call—
finally, my six-year-old's
"LEE GURGA!"

Most arresting are the fresh, diverse views found here; the reader is moved between moments mellow to profound and those that earn a soft smile to hearty laughter. A very pleasing balance.

However, as in any collection, some poems are less brilliant than others, but then that can be said of stars as well. For those bright sparklers that immediately catch the eye, surely they will be long remembered. Overall, the craftsmanship of these poems, the sensitivity, intensity, and careful attention to presentation are rich and rewarding.

A special bonus is Michael Dylan Welch's brief interview with the author. Preceded by personal information, Mr. Gurga discusses how and when he became interested haiku, what motivates him to write this form, and what he has learned along the way. A friendly and informative visit that is a rewarding conclusion to an already impressive book. May we see more of the same!

Add to all this the attractive perfectbound production by Press Here that interestingly arranged one poem per page on quality paper, and there is reason to celebrate. The Measure of Emptiness well deserves the long joyous ringing of bells.

—Review by Elizabeth St Jacques
COMICS AND HAIKU

MANGAJIN, published ten times a year, at 2531 Briarcliff Road, Suite 121, Atlanta, GA, 30329. $30 yearly.

A number of my friends in the haiku world know that I have been working for several years translating poems by Seishi Yamaguchi, who has been prominent in haiku in Japan for most of this century. The search for a publisher has led me and my collaborator, a Japanese haiku poet, to Mangajin, a magazine published in Atlanta which teaches Japanese language and culture through Japanese comics.

Even those of us who have been exposed in varying degrees to Japanese studies are apt to be shocked by the first sight of the magazine, with its glossy cover and wild ukiyoe-style illustration crowned by the three great characters MAN-GA-JIN or “Rambling-Pictures-Man” [Cartoon Man]. The contents begin with a number of short and well illustrated articles on subjects like Japanese beer, or films, and vocabulary, followed by four or five-page sections from Japanese comic books, in all their variety, with detailed translations and linguistic analysis on facing pages. It is a marvelous way of coming at the study of colloquial Japanese, under the tutelage of people who have obviously spent many years in Japan, using and studying the written and spoken language.

The publisher was good enough to send me a cartoon with a haiku theme, one which Mangajin will not be publishing, though I wish they would. It is from a magazine called O Daiji Ni, meaning “Be careful,” and features an episode dealing with a cartoonist who is doing a strip taking off on the kibyôshi, or “yellow-cover” picture books popular two hundred years ago. Stuck for an ending for his strip, the cartoonist, whose name is Nan-Sen-Su, or “Nonsense,” goes for a walk in the snow with his haiku-writing friend Dentaku Sensei. Their walk is filled with 17-syllable comments by Dentaku and others. It begins with “Kuroinu o chôchin ni suru yuki no michi” — Using a black dog as a Japanese lantern on a snowy path. It continues with a meeting with some rough fellows who are heating sake over an outdoor fire. They cheerfully contribute some wild haiku as well as sake, and before long Nansensu has difficulty counting to seventeen. Fortunately, the adventure gives him an ending for his kibyôshi.

It seems to me that even people with only a little Japanese can enjoy and learn much from reading in Manjajin.

—Alfred H. Marks

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The 1991 Virgilio Haiku Contest for High School students, sponsored by the Haiku Society of America, received 307 entries from seven high schools (one in Mexico, one in New Zealand, and five in the United States). As judges, we looked for quality, freshness, and originality, and felt that the poems we selected should be complete, needing no further refinement. Our selections are given below, including eight honorable mentions (in ranked order) by category: haiku, senryu, and two visual or concrete poems. We received many other notable submissions, and although they may not be listed here, we encourage their authors to submit them for publication. Special thanks to the teachers and schools concerned for their support—and congratulations to all the winners. Keep writing!

First Place:  
new mother . . . Gina Valentine, age 18, grade 12  
her old cat appears Wahlert High School  
at nursing time Dubuque, Iowa

If you’ve ever lived on a farm, you know cats have a way of sensing when there’s milk around. I am impressed with the integrity of the writer as she deals with and unites her subject matter “as one.” Just as the old cat intuitively grasps the mystery of the senses, the poet presents it beautifully in this strikingly pure haiku. [JC]

I especially like this haiku for its subtlety and maturity. A new baby has come to the home and demands the attention given previously to the old cat. The cat appears at nursing time, a time of closeness, of bonding. Perhaps the old cat has had kittens when it was younger, and comes to the new mother as a way of expressing understanding. The contrast of young and old, the newness of the baby, the newness of the mother’s experience of mothering, and the inevitable cycles of life combine to enrich this sensitive poem. Yet much is left unsaid, such as the mother’s reaction to the cat now that she has a baby to nurse. The image resonates in many directions. Finally, this poem is filled with sabi, and joy, too, for the new birth. [MDW]

Second Place: As the sun rises Paola Mizrahi, age 16, grade 11  
the flowers open Hamilton School  
slowly . . . Mexico, D.F., Mexico

In this poem the value of the slow pace of nature is shown in the skillful and simple way the poet works with timelessness. Timelessness uses time slowly, and the writer focuses without pretense on the fullness of the creative world and records it. [JC]

This poem is deceptively simple. We don’t know where the flowers are, nor what kind of flowers open slowly in front of the poet, but we do know that the writer is still, centered, patient—and aware enough to notice the
pace by which the flowers receive the light of the dawning day. Perhaps the writer is opening in the same way, slowly, to a continued life of awareness. [MDW]

Third Place: Blowing out
a match
the sudden smell

Jana Juergens, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

Here is a haiku of sensual impression. The poet is delightfully present as the blown-out match suffuses her with the sudden recognizable smell that brings writer and reader together in our humanity. [JC]

This is an intimate poem, an experience all of us have felt. When you are close to a match and blow it out, you easily notice its distinctive smell. Perhaps this match was used to light a birthday cake, or maybe a campfire far away in the woods. In the midst of laughter and the smell of chocolate cake—or perhaps the rich scent of pine in a dark green forest—the sudden smell of a blown out match is indeed startling enough to deepen your awareness of your surroundings. [MDW]

Haiku: Christmas Day
the hunters
feed the deer

Matt Richards, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

Father home
late again . . .
my mother’s eyes

Angela Widmyer, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

chemistry between lab partners

Noelle Bellaver, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

“Christmas Day” is a well-crafted haiku about the fallibilities of man/hunter juxtaposed with his prey, the deer. “Father home” is a straightforward haiku of living experience that gives the reader a knowable understanding of cause and effect. And “chemistry between lab partners” is an excellent open-ended one-line haiku. [JC] These three poems exhibit compassion, sensitivity, freshness, and humor—the mixed emotions and unusual compassion of the hunters feeding the deer, the young person’s quiet observations of her mother’s eyes when her father comes home late, and the delightful word-play and double meaning of “chemistry” between two high school students in a class. Each poem suggests an untold story, and that is precisely what a good haiku should do. (Incidentally, the last of these three poems could be classified as a senryu, but I think its success as a poem is more important than how it is labeled.) [MDW]
Senryu: day after the big test
the nurse’s office
empty
Noelle Bellaver, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

beautiful girl
I turn my head and run
the red light
Matt Richards, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

out of our flavor
ice cream man
swears in Spanish
Kristin Torgler, age 17, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

These three senryu are a wonderful representation of humor and amusement. Noelle’s senryu is pure perception, Matt handles the third line deftly, and Kristin gives us a fine blend of sound and image. [JC]

Noelle’s senryu tells a simple truth about certain students. Kristin’s shares a simple yet unexpected experience. And Matt’s poem surprises us with its twist between the second and third lines. These are fun, immediately accessible poems. [MDW]

Visual: train flattened penny
Gina Valentine, age 18, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

re la tion ship
broken
Scott Kluck, age 18, grade 12
Wahlert High School
Dubuque, Iowa

Gina’s visual haiku communicates to us the “Aaahhh,” and we, the readers, all see the flattened penny and imagine its untold story. Scott’s haiku is a visual account of words carefully spaced to show the brokenness in and out of a relationship. [JC]

In both of these poems, the shape or treatment of the words makes them work. Who has not laid a penny on a train track, then marveled at the weight of the train, at the penny’s subsequent flatness (as shown by the “flat” look of the poem on the page)? Who has not suffered a break-up, as indicated by the separated word? These poems by their nature may not have as much depth or resonance as more conventional haiku or senryu, yet they are satisfying and accessible. We wanted to include them to show that preconceptions about haiku can indeed be successfully challenged. [MDW]

In closing, thank you to the Haiku Society of America, and to Garry Gay, 1991 HSA president, for the pleasure and privilege of judging this contest. It isn’t easy to define haiku and senryu, and far more difficult to teach it. We encourage all students, and all teachers, in their practice and experience of haiku. As always, keep writing!
CONTEST WINNERS

The North Carolina Haiku Society, 1992 International Charles B. Dickson, Haiku Contest Winners:

1st place, Louise Somers Winder; 2nd place, Elizabeth St Jacques; 3rd place, Jane K. Lambert; Honorable Mention, Helen J. Sherry, James Chessing. Special Recognition, Josephine Upchurch, Patricia Neubauer, Helen E. Dalton, Marsh Cassady, Kenneth C. Leibman, Alexis Rotella.

The contest was judged by Lenard E. Moore.

Results of the San Francisco International Haiku Competition, sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California—Haiku Category: 1st place, Kimberly Cortner; 2nd place, John Ziemma; 3rd place, Larry Bole; Special Honorable Mentions, John Borzini, Leatrice Lifshitz, Kenneth Leibman; Honorable Mentions, Mark Evans (2), Helen J. Sherry, Minna Lerman, Jeanette Stace and Randy Johnson. Senryu Category: 1st place, Elizabeth St Jacques; 2nd place Alexis Rotella; 3rd place, Helen E. Dalton; Honorable Mentions: Geraldine C. Little, Kimberly Cortner, Jim Boyd, Francine Porad, Leatrice Lifshitz and June Moreau. The judge was David E. LeCount.

CONTEST NEWS

The Annual Harold G. Henderson Awards for best unpublished haiku

These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in memory of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society. $100 toward these awards is donated by Mrs. Henderson.

1.) Deadline: Postmark date August 1, 1992. 2.) Entry fee: $1.00 per haiku. Please write checks / money orders to Haiku Society of America. 3.) Limit: Ten unpublished haiku—and not submitted for publication or to any other contest. 4.) Submit each haiku on three separate 3 x 5 cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the third with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Please designate as haiku. 5.) Contest is open to the public. 6.) Submit entries to Minna Lerman, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826. 7.) First prize, $200; second prize, $125; third prize, $75. 8.) Winning haiku will be published in FROGPOND. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries. 9.) The names of the judges(s) will be announced after the contest. 10.) Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

The Annual Gerald Brady Memorial Awards for best unpublished senryu

The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of $25.00 donated by Virginia Brady Young, in memory of her late brother Gerald Brady.
1.) Deadline: Postmark date July 1, 1992. 2.) Entry fee: $1.00 per senryu. Please write checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America (as in dues, above). 3.) Limit: Ten unpublished senryu—and not submitted for publication or to any other contest. 4.) Submit each senryu on three separate 3 x 5 cards, two with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the third with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper lefthand corner. Please designate as senryu. 5.) Contest is open to the public. 6.) Submit entries to Minna Lerman, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826. 7.) First prize, $150; second prize, $100; third prize, $50. 8.) Winning senryu will be published in FROGPOND. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries. 9.) The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest. 10.) Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

The Haiku Society of America Renku Competition

1.) Deadline: Postmark date November 1, 1992. 2.) Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English. 3.) Entry fee: $15.00 US, must accompany manuscript. Please write checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America. 4.) Length, authorship, limit of entries: A renku must consist of 36 stanzas written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually-authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. Entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any elements previously published, submitted for publication nor entered in any other contest. 5.) One copy, with full authorship information stanza by stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). This copy must be signed by all authors to avoid entry without the knowledge of one of the authors. Three additional copies, without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry. 6.) Submit entries to Minna Lerman, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826. 7.) Grand prize, $150 and publication in FROGPOND. All rights revert to authors on publication. Amount of grand prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. 8.) Please send SASE for list of winning entries. 9.) The names of the judge(s) will be announced with the winners. 10.) Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in FROGPOND XIII:2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general.
Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial Haiku Competition for High School Students

There is no entry fee for this competition. Founded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the Nick Virgilio Haiku Association in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society who passed away on January 3, 1989.

WHO? • Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 enrolled in high school (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) as of September 1992.

WHAT? • A maximum of 3 haiku per student.
   • Each haiku must be typed in triplicate, on 3 x 5 index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, and school must appear on the back of each card.
   • All haiku entered must be previously unpublished. ORIGINAL work and not entered in any other contest.
   • Please keep a copy of your haiku. Sorry, entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE’s.

WHEN? • The deadline for submissions is November 30, 1992. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.

WHERE? • Submit entries to Minna Lerman, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826.

WHY? • 1st prize, $200; 2nd prize, $125; 3rd prize, $75; Four Honorable Mentions, $25 each.
   • The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in FROGPOND in 1993.
   • The High School of each student winner will receive a one-year subscription to FROGPOND.
   • All rights will remain with authors except that winning haiku will be published in FROGPOND.

The Annual Merit Book Awards for excellence in published haiku, translation, and criticism. (For books published in 1991)

1.) Deadline: Postmark date June 1, 1992. 2.) Entry fee: None. 3.) Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1991. An author may submit more than one book. 4.) Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. However, authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure they are considered. 5.) Awards are open to the public. 6.) Submit book(s) to Raffael de Gruttola, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760. 7.) First prize, $100; second prize, $75; third prize, $50. 8.) The list of awards will be published in

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Books will remain the property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the awards are decided.

The Museum of Haiku Literature Awards
(Gift of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo)

$25.00 Each of 2 best-of-issue prizes for previously unpublished haiku appearing in FROGPOND.

$25.00 Each of 2 best-of-issue prizes for previously unpublished sequence, renku or haibun appearing in FROGPOND.

Award-winning poems are chosen from among those published in each issue of FROGPOND and announced in the following issue.

San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Contest

Judge: Francine Porad
Haiku, senryu prizes: $150, $75, $25. Tanka, single prize: $100. Unlimited submissions: $1.00 each.
Checks/money orders payable to: Haiku Poets of Northern California
To: Dave Sutter, Contest Chairman, P.O. Box 31856, San Francisco, CA 94131-0856.
Type or legibly print each entry on two 3" x 5" cards, category in upper left. Name, address, phone on back of one card. Entries will not be returned. For winner's list, enclose SASE. Contest results and commentary in Winter 1992 WOODNOTES. All rights revert to authors after publication.

1992 James W. Hackett Award

The British Haiku Society again offers an award (£60) for the haiku best exhibiting Zen qualities. In-hand deadline 10/31/92. Haiku published in BLITHE SPIRIT automatically considered. U.S. fee is $4 for up to 5 entries, cash OK (do not pay in postal money order of IRCs). Entries must be original, in English, and not previously published; author's name and address on back. Mail to: Hackett Award, BHS, c/o David Cobb, Sinodun, Shalford, Brtaintree, Essex CM7 5HN. For contest results, enclose SAE + 1 IRC.
The Yomiuri Shimbun, Japan’s most influential quality newspaper, is inviting haiku poets throughout the world to send their haiku to ‘THIS IS YOMIURI,’ its monthly magazine (circulation 200,000).

Each entry is to be limited to one or two haiku (new works only) for each month; the deadline is the end of each month.

You are requested to write your full name, age, male or female, address and nationality. All letters should be typewritten or printed and sent to: HAIKU Section, ‘THIS IS YOMIURI’, c/o The Yomiuri Shimbun, 1-7-1, Otemachi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 100-55, JAPAN.

Accepted works will be published on ‘Haiku International Pages (to be newly set up) in ‘THIS IS YOMIURI’ magazine.

Those poets whose haiku are published will be awarded a memento and a copy of the monthly issue carrying their works, with the understanding that no royalty as such is payable and that work is not returnable.

The screening for acceptance will be conducted by Mr. Sono Uchida, President, Haiku International Association.


Northwest Literary Forum, a new literary journal to be published by North Lake Press, 2012 S. 314th St., Suite 158 Federal Way, WA 98003 ($15 for 6 issues), will focus primarily on the work of Northwest writers and intends to publish haiku as well as other kinds of poetry and short stories.

AIR (Association for International Renku) Plans Renku Journal, Haikai Anthology, and RENKU NORTH AMERICA TOUR, 1992

Beginning July 1992, AIR will publish a biannual journal (called “AIR”) devoted entirely to renku. Edited by Kris and Tadashi Kondo and Associate Editor William J. Higginson, it will publish “completed works and translations, articles, interviews, and discussions of form, content, and other important aspects of the genre.” $22.00/year by International Postal Money Order to Kris
Throughout August, a group of 10 visiting poets from Japan will tour the United States. Members of the tour will be the Jigensha Renku Group (Renku Master Miyoshi, Ryukan; and Akada, Kumiko; Fukuda, Shinku; Kondo, Kris; and Kondo, Shokan), along with Shimizu, Ichiyo; Yazaki, Ai; Orihara, Mami; and Saito, Masaya. They will meet to write renku with local poets in each city. There will be public lectures, panel discussions, and workshops. The Japanese for International Renku is "kokusai renku" or "kokuren," and this tour is expected to be the beginning of many such kokuren events.

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE, RENKU NORTH AMERICA TOUR

Carmel, August 1-5
San Francisco, August 5-11
Santa Fe, August 11-17
Milwaukee, August 17-23
New York, August 23-31

The tour was inspired by the Jigensha Renku Group in cooperation with HPNC, Yuki Teikei, Santa Fe Poets, Woodland Patterns, and HSA, sponsored by Nichibei Center, and organized by AIR. Its purpose is "to promote the understanding of renku in North America and enhance global communication in this genre through actual interaction among poets from Japan and local poets." Lectures and finished renku will be included in the World Haikai Anthology Celebrating the Third Centennial of Bashō's Death sponsored by the Gichuji Preservation Society (to be published in July 1993).

"It has been 300 years since the death of Matsuo Bashō, the founder of haikai no renga or renku. In November 1993 we will be celebrating his tricentennial at Gichuji on Lake Biwa, the site of his grave. Renku North America is dedicated to this occasion.

"Renku North America is a project in which a group of Japanese renkyu poets visit Carmel, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Milwaukee, and New York City, meeting with local poets to work together in collaborative sessions on international renku. Renku North America intends to promote the spirit of renku and to enhance the relationship among international renku poets through cooperative production."
"The works produced during the tour will be included in the Anthology of World Haikai, which will be dedicated to Bashō and his tricentennial ceremony at Gichuji.

"Haiku has spread all over the world, but most people are not aware that haiku developed out of renku about a century ago. Now Bashō is well known as a haiku poet, but actually he was a master renku poet. For the first centennial ceremony, an anthology of renku was compiled by Chomu, who represents the restoration movement of Bashō style renku in the Tenmei period. For the bicentennial, Sojaku dedicated a poem stone of one of Bashō's haiku in Gichuji garden. Now, the wheel of history has come around and it is our turn to celebrate the tricentennial.

"Please join us for this festive occasion and make your contributions in our first international Renku North America tour."

Additional sponsors are being sought. When plans are complete, an official pamphlet will be issued announcing the tour and giving further information.

Coordinator: AIR (Association for International Renku), represented by Kris Kondo, 1510-4 Iiyama, Atsugi, Kanagawa 243-02, Japan; tel. 0462-42-6119.
BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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


A Dictionary of Haiku. Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA, 95445. Perfect bound, 396 pages, 8 x 5, $12.95 ppd. Over 5,000 haiku arranged according to season words by traditional and modern methods. The first of its kind in English.


Let Us Write Haiku: Sakuzo Takada. Available from the author, 1-8-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. $8 in international postal money order. 109 pages.


The Shape of the Tree (New York, New York), by L. A. Davidson, a reprint of the 1982 chapbook (185) published by Wind Chimes. Available from Laura Tanna, 3245 Village Green Dr., Miami, FL 33175, for $4.95 postpaid 1st class U.S. or Canada; $7. 1st class airmail worldwide, or $5.25 by surface.


Tamako-Sho: Haiku Collection of the Ladies' Haiku Group of Lake Tama, translated by Sakuzo Takada. Available from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. 144 pages. $8 in international postal money order.


NOTE: For future listings in “Books and Chapbooks Received,” please follow the format shown above. Books sent must be accompanied by the appropriate typed description.
THE CAMPAIGN OF '92
—Lequita Vance

The campaign of '92 is all around us—it broadens each day, reaching into every corner of our lives. It can be an incentive, if not a model, for the haiku community. Until now we have confined our quest in the main to our own community and have not looked to the state of poetry in general.

Sometimes we venture out into the suburbs of our local newspapers or perhaps sashay into chapbook country. But all of these locations are part of a bigger geography, and for home towns to survive and flourish they must live in an integrated harmony with the total state.

Haiku and its related forms are important, even essential, because they belong to the art of poetry. Local affairs of submissions and rejections and the labor and financing of self-publishing take so much of haiku poets' resources and focus that they lose sight of the ultimate aim: being a 'success' at the level of poetry itself.

As in government no part, local or national, can be ignored without in some way damaging or lessening the other. To promote our nationality as poets we must keep our local haiku allegiance strong, well crafted and loyal while at the same time honoring and contributing to the international cause of poetry in general.

To accomplish this we must lay out our plan: our campaign. It means that we must look to poetry journals (the very best ones) and to the high-level magazines which accept poetry as additional outlets for our haiku. These publications are not used to accepting our poetic form and, in all honesty, are, in general, not qualified to judge it. The solution to this first problem is clear: we make frequent QUALITY submissions to the publications and we do it on an ongoing basis. And to address the second problem, we provide a pool of haiku editors to magazines so that they will feel assured that they are accepting haiku of quality.

HSA president Raffael de Gruttola is more than willing to do his share to help with this. He is preparing a letter that will be sent out to the lead-poetry and poetry-related publications stating that there will be submissions made from the haiku sector and that there will be a list of established poets ready to take up editing posts. A partial list of the publications will be included in the next HSA newsletter for your convenience so that each individual will not have to spend time researching them.
Now for the poet’s part in this campaign. Our first task is to make the submissions. And for the good of the entire haiku populace it is essential that the poems be the very best the poet can create. It is most important that we let the editors-in-chief know that haiku is more than a cute little three line poem about nature. It is also necessary to state in the cover letter our credits and, in the politest of terms, that we will be continuing to submit to them. At this time we can state our understanding of their problem of accepting a form outside of their expertise and let them know that HSA will provide them with the names of qualified editors for haiku submissions.

At this point our campaign becomes really interesting because it is expedient that we keep up the flow of submissions, continue with the cover letters and get the word out that we are here, we are here to stay, and that we will do the work as well as create the art to claim our rightful place in poetry country.

We can make ’92 THE year for the haiku form entrance onto the convention floor of poetry. You can say that this year is already more than half over—a short span of time for so lofty a campaign. Yes, but there is still nearly half a year left—plenty of time to get started. This campaign will not be won in any one year, but it can begin in this one. Even as we gain some victories, it will be a continual struggle to stay in winning circles. We can start now; we can start today.

It will be important to share our individual triumphs with our entire community. Perhaps there can be periodic scorecards printed in the haiku journals that will list poets’ names and where they are published in periodicals outside our usual haiku channels.

The politicians who succeed this year go on to a term in which they must carry out the platforms of their campaigns. We can do the same. We can look forward to a time in two or four years when it is only normal to see haiku in The Paris Review, Antaeus, The New Yorker and the Atlantic. GO HAIKU ’92!
DONATIONS TO THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR 1992

Patrons $500 and up
Sacred Heart Church of Camden (New Jersey)
The Nick Virgilio Haiku Association
Anonymous

Sponsors $100 and up
Ryokufu Ishizaki (Japan)
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Chris Spindel (Tennessee)

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