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one moment's fragrance . . .
petals in the wind

Marianna Monaco

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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
1996 H.S.A. PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The first month following the Winter solstice was considered sacred to Janus, an ancient Roman deity. *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia* further explains, "Originally the god of light who opened the sky at daybreak and closed it at sunset, in time he came to preside over all beginnings and endings, all entrances and exits. He is often represented as having two faces, one in front and one behind, one to see into the future and one to see into the past." For me, this figure provides a model of balance, signified by a respect for and understanding of the past while moving into the future. The Haiku Society of America has evolved into the thriving organization it is today because of the dedication, labor, and foresight of its founders, past officers and the membership. The Janus face and my teaching experience inform me that our individual perceptions and points of view are at once different and valid—none of us omniscient as Janus. Thus, we must dedicate ourselves to dialogue and respectful disagreement as we carry out the HSA mission "to promote the appreciation and the writing of haiku." May the way in which we conduct ourselves as we interact inspire and inform others of the haiku spirit.

```
teaching haiku
the poems
on their faces
```

Many haiku moments to you,
Barbara Ressler

FROM THE EDITOR

A little Madness in the Spring
Is wholesome even for the King,
But God be with the Clown—
Who ponders this tremendous scene—
This whole Experiment of Green—
As if it were his own!

*Emily Dickinson*

The March Hare, the April Fool, and the May Queen all got in this issue, but you'll have to figure out for yourselves what is Madness and what is not. They all sneaked in behind my back, against my better judgement, without my rational consent. That other spring trio, March winds, April showers, and May flowers are well represented, as are the birds and the bees, and the traditional springtime object of a young man's fancy.

Robert Malinowski begins a series of cover illustrations representative of the classical four elements; this time Earth... Earth, coming back to life, the medium for the bursting forth of life again as the ice melts.

Kenneth C. Leibman
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3
In memory of

Wilma M. Erwin

May 23, 1936 - November 27, 1995

darkening path
the white morning glories
lead the way

Wilma M. Erwin
(Museum of Haiku Literature Award, 1993)

at last
just one more bridge
then a place to rest

Wilma M. Erwin
(with Brad J. Wolthers, in "Nine Steps, 1994)

Her white lilacs
blooming at the doorway—
do they, too, miss her?

tombo

its tracks left
on the frost-covered dock
the gull takes flight

Ce Rosenow
In Memory of Nancy Ford-Poulin  
August 19, 1947 - January 28, 1996

the last fence post—in the fog  
a vesper sparrow alightsa trumpet  
puffed with song of swansong

These eloquent haiku by Nancy’s husband, Robert Henry Poulin,¹ seem to portend this winter’s passing of his dearly beloved wife. To me, the first expresses his bountiful, exuberant, and never-fading hopes through the many long months of Nancy’s chemotherapy. And the second just as surely seems to reflect his fears, which when you love someone greatly refuse to go away.

H.F. Noyes

after first chemo  
husband with scissors  
saving my ponytail

Nancy Ford-Poulin²

¹Modern Haiku vol. XXVI, no. 3 (1995).  

late winter rain  
among the spring blossoms  
one that won’t open

Marian Olson

In memory of  
James R. Greenley  
April 23, 1944 - December 21, 1995

Fog sweeps by from behind.  
A quickened step or two,  
then warmth moistens my face.

Jim Greenley

Jim Greenley wrote this haiku at a workshop, The Eternal Now, the Infinite Here: Haiku led by KCL at Friends General Conference at Boone, NC, in July 1988; it appeared in the anthology of that workshop. In succeeding years, a number of his haiku were published in Modern Haiku by his fellow Madisonian, Robert Spiess.
melting soundless
into the gurgling of the stream . . .
the hillside snow

Kohjin Sakamoto

m - l t w - t - r

somewhere in the blizzard
the big yellow sign that says
SWEET CORN AHEAD

LeRoy Gorman

mountain hemlock—
snowmelt leaving
a sharp blue scent

H.F. Noyes

Looking up from
your letter—
melting icicle

Tim Scannell

cranes fly bugling
downriver in spring
last of the hill snow

Phyllis Walsh

chill spring runoff
fills the pool where we shed clothes
last year

Hayat Abuza

freshly plowed field—
the smell of wet earth
floods my face

Debra Kehrberg

narcissus flowers—
bedraggled in a puddle
of melted snow

Nancy Stewart Smith
shoreline breeze—
curls of green paint
on the wooden swing

_Ce Rosenow_

Running
with winds of spring...
tall grass

_Robert F. Mainone_

the old tenants left
with everything but their chimes
and the wind

_Christopher Herold_

diagonal sail
between masts and shore—
spring breeze

_Alexius J. Burgess_

a sudden gust—
yesterday’s headline
crosses the street
treed kite
its tail
gone limp

_Paul David Mena_

tree
tail
gone limp

_Jim Kacian_

pine trees
combing soft sounds
from the wind

_Robert L. Brimm_

through pines
little breezes keep shifting
the stars

_Marianne Bluger_

evening wind—
Big Dipper fills with a cloud
empties

_Suzanne Williams_

a chill wind
crosses the night pond
... shiver of the moon

_Elizabeth St Jacques_
April showers
umbrella blows its top:
so do I . . .
cloudburst . . .
drip-drying
all the way home

Edith Mize Lewis

first day of spring . . .
the colors of bright umbrellas
reflect on the wet sidewalk

Lois Gregory

spring rain
a pink slicker bobbing
around its toddler

Carol Conti-Entin

the puka-puka
of rain on a tarpaper roof—
a child’s muddy boots

Kathleen Hellen

spring storm
cat moves her kittens
one by one by one

Robert Gibson

I stand in the rain,
seeing my life’s reflections
pass before my eyes.

Junaid Khan

wipers steady
“no vacancy”
again

Gail Sher

the storm passing—
over the painter’s scaffold
another rainbow

Jack Lent

After spring showers
children playing hopscotch leap
rainbow to rainbow

Nancy A. Jensen

across the river
rainbow and swallow
arc

Cecily Stanton
shut tight
against the spring rain
windflowers

Mary Fran Meer

light rain
the violets you left
blooming again

Marian Olson

50th anniversary
we argue about planting
the Peace Rose

Carol Dagenhardt

cold March morning . . .
dragging the trash to the curb
. . . pausing for crocus
clearing the garden:
discovering the first rose
and the first bee

C. Stuart-Powles

ring around the roses
the toddler stamping
each yellow crocus

hummingbird
canvassing
the crocuses

Elizabeth Howard

Ernest J. Berry

office window
cannot open . . . outside
a crocus sways

Tears of homesickness
a crocus bleeds onto snow
in my inner land

Jim Mullins

Clarissa Stein

in this field
beyond the lawn
wild daisies

Mountain trail:
two wild irises
five miles apart

Robert Gibson

Dave Sutter

Not quite hidden
by the junk in the yard—
lilies-of-the-valley

9
Up late—
morning glories
didn’t wait for me

Nancy A. Jensen

your voice
on the phone
morning glories

Karen Klein

spring—
between the stepping stones
spirea blossoms

R.A. Stefanac

honeysuckle shower
only the birds and the paperboy

at the edge
of a shadow
white clover, whiter

Susan Stanford

by the scarlet
peony blossom
my mailbox flag

Paul M.

Searching for trillium . . .
he finds the sunglasses
missing since autumn

The smooth hollow
of this bedrock mortar—
elderberry flowers

Donna Claire Gallagher

Kneeling at the spring,
I dip my braid to moisten
the cherry blossoms

Sarah Hickenbotham

arriving home
we re-count
the camellia’s buds

On the verge
of opening
magnolia buds

Cyril Childs

William Scott Galasso

filtered light
the edge of a blossom
lost and found

Peggy Willis Lyles
no way to change your mind i prune all the lilacs

Pamela A. Babusci

Empty old house
the broken swing squeaks on the porch,
but still the lilac blooms

Joan C. Sauer

moving day
the potted petunias
still on the porch

Lenard D. Moore

the scent of
bruised magnolia petals
on my bare feet

Addie Lacoe

along the sidewalk
he walks as if not trampling
pink petals

Ronan

one raindrop
slides down the iris petal,
overshadows the snail

J.A. Totts

stuck fast
to spruce gum:
white moth

after rain:
the little domes
made by earthworms

Emily Romano

green worm
out of such hunger
the monarch!

Marian Olson

In the garden
two white butterflies
helping flowers happen.

Kristin Cawl

butterflies are big
with bright yellow and black wings
flying through the breeze

Paige Dunford (3rd grade)
Cry of a gull—
out of the fog,
an empty gondola.

Patrick Anthony Alo

out of the fog
into the fog
small birds

Paul O. Williams

shifting fog
a crow fades
his call remains

Phil Howerton

thinning mist
more of the heron
revealed

Ce Rosenow

watching my breath . . .
the damp smell of fog
in forest silence

S.B. Friedman

without moon or stars
the fog finds its way
through the woods

Ruthmarie Connell

fog rises . . .
until grey unveils
the redbud tree

Marian M. Poe

webs of fog
connect the trees
one by one

Cheryl C. Manning

heavy fog—
clouds of white dogwood
whiter

Dorothy McLaughlin

ridgefir into clouds:
a thousand beads of sky
on lupine leaves

David Landis Barnhill
this gray-wrapped day
people moving out from fog,
fade back into it

Ronan

this foggy morning
five cats bounding around her
taking out the trash

F. Matthew Blaine

how naked
are the bottoms
of the kitten’s paws

Elsie O. Kolashinski

The cat slaps around
one of the crumpled letters
to my latest love.

gideon wright

Cats in the window
sit and gaze serenely out
at all that is theirs.

Lynette Forrey

a morning mist hides the stick
for which this dog is searching

William Orem

Half Moon Bay;
old dogs howling
in the fog . . .

Lewis Sanders

Spring thaw—
a puppy’s paw print
in relief

Elizabeth Warren

each alone
yet through hall doors
our dogs play

Paul M.
dog yawn:
the curl
of his tongue

S.B. Friedman

patch of sunlight
again, my old dog woofs
in her sleep

Ebba Story
Early morning—
incessant gossip
from the parakeet cage

Ginny Aldrich

Fish circling
the therapist’s aquarium
again and again

Donna Claire Gallagher

goldfish swim
their bowl overlooking
the ocean

Linda Fuller-Smith

Chinese pigs
destined to be
sweet and sour pork

ai li

Monday morning . . .
listening for the rooster
eaten yesterday

Denver Stull

bear cubs in the camp—
our heads swivel
looking for her

Jerry A. Judge

a stump by the lake
shifts a long root—
becomes a doe

Paul O. Williams

the winter moon
a glimmer of it
in the buffalo’s eye

June Moreau

tapering
through my fingers into grass
the lizard’s cool

Ruth Yarrow

Spring light
recalls the live days
of the ammonite

Ikuyo Yoshimura

winter night—
the moon moving easily
through ice-coated trees

Jack Lent
new car smell
a strand of spider silk
in morning sun

John Stevenson

grass glistening
in the morning sun
a spider’s web, too

Rubin Battino

single strand of a web
reflects first sunlight
—we bend under it

Don Beringer

beneath the eaves
trapped in a spider’s web
still one dry leaf

Elsie O. Kolashinski

spider
hanging from the soffit
climbs into the cloud

Winona Baker

the little spider
still riding on
my windscreen wipers

Jeanette Stace

In the Chinese herb shop
suspended above my formula
slow circle of flies.

Alexis K. Rotella

rotten wood
bleeds
termites

Shira Finger

spring sun—
a wasp drifting by . . .
drifting by . . .

Joan Iversen Goswell

mayflies
all at once
—no more

Peter Duppenthaler
over and over
as I lie awake at dawn . . .
birdsong song song song

Lee Gurga

sleeping in
the early hammering
of sapsuckers

Makiko

looking toward birdsong
seeing
only green

Suzanne Williams

A pair of doves
sandbathing
on Christmas morning

Ikuyo Yoshimura

construction site—
sizing up the new high-rise,
the pigeons

Charles P. Trumbull

In playground sand
before the children arrive
the tracks of birds

Tom Tico

chain
link
fence
one
sparrow’s
head
one
sparrow’s
bottom

Simon Ott

twisting the focus . . .
my field glasses suddenly
full of fat sparrows

Nelle Fertig

so clear
here at the summit
the song of an English sparrow

David Elliott

strange bird
in familiar woods
the silence

Jim Kacian

16
churchbells end the Mass
congregation of blackbirds
departs the steeple

Makiko

beside the vast mall
red-winged blackbirds are singing
regardless of us

Randal Johnson

hill of larks—
high over breeding places
faint specks of song

H.F. Noyes

my husband, the bird lover—
but only I can hear
the junco’s song

Jeanne Harrington

at the edge of the eye
a graveyard—
robins stitch between stones

Kevin Goodan

Before the storm . . .
a mole stirs in the eye
of the hawk

Peter Kendall

In the marsh,
scattering his reflection,
the snowy egret

Joan C. Sauer

Finally the heron
squawks and lifts
legs almost left behind

David Elliott

sinking into
the black water of the deadwood bog—
a loon’s call

Wally Swist

at dusk
soaring loons
bypass their shadows

Ryan G. Van Cleave
spindrift taking the gull’s cry
   (after G.R.)

John O'Connor

a single gull
  trapezing
the offshore breeze

Helen Robinson

a cluster of gulls
and far across the lake
one gull alone

Paul O. Williams

scrabbling
where the plover ran
random thoughts

Jim Kacian

baby plover
all legs
not much else

Cecily Stanton

many of the godwits
hopping on one leg—
the spring wind

Brent Partridge

dark breakers roar
out of the pink horizon
a beat-up shrimp boat

Nina A. Wicker

only at the ebb
brilliantly gleaming seaweed
on a rock

Bruce Ross

a corrugated shed and waves
in a quiet sea

Tim Denoon

beach sunset
drowning voices
swim to shore

Thomas Ogg

An empty beach . . .
The moon lights a pathway
To itself

Edward Zuk
we walk beside
the whispering river
telling old stories

Doris H. Thurston

sparkling stream . . .
up and down the gorge’s side
car shadows

Bruce Ross

rushing stream
river crab slips off my fingers
—scent of pine

Yasuko Yasui

riding the waves
back and forth:
ducks going nowhere

Edith Mize Lewis

Duck in the water,
a wake rippling behind her
without an echo.

Neil M. Levy

through the moon gate
of the garden, tame water
tucked against stones

James Magorian

dusk crosses the lake
children’s voices jump
with the fish

Hayat Abuza

last frond dropped
the dying palm trunk bears
a new osprey nest

Clifford Wood

night’s
silence
the
streetlight’s
electric
hum

Simon Ott

Penetrating
The rusted iron gate—
An owl’s screech

Edward Zuk
my son asks
casually
what a tree costs

John Stevenson

a few snowflakes fall
yet behind the dark-blue pines
still the sun
through the drizzle
spruce growing
bluer and bluer

Sheila Hyland

anniversary
two acorns sprout two leaves
in an old crosstie

Nina A. Wicker

home at last
not a single leaf
on the crooked tree

Gail Sher

shadows of
windblown trees on the rose rug
we talk of travel

Ruth Holter
rushing across the rocks the felled tree’s shadow

Susan Stanford

at last
the old oak has fallen—
the sky it left

Jeanne Emrich

moonlit shore:
only this leaning pine and
the old fisher’s silhouette

Elizabeth St Jacques

spring night
this newborn moon
swaddled in haze

George Ralph

night’s garden
sleepless petals
tossing

Judith Liniado
billboard:
the black hole
in her Colgate smile

*Elizabeth St Jacques*

heat from the tug's stack
in passing wavers the shaft
of the Empire State

*Paul O. Williams*

late sunlight
climbs the wall
cigarette by cigarette

*Larry Kimmel*

Waiting ... we listen
through electronic shadows—
how cold this house tonight!

*Peggy Olafson*

full moon—
after hospital curfew
patients' shadows stirring

*Yoko Ogino*

Awake all the night . . .
I watch the green sun rise
through my third glass of tea

*Chris Linn*

in the street a batch of red strawberries
all smashed but one

*Rick Woods*

Rain drops
From the crack in the ceiling . . .
getting out the pot

*Lisa Pretus*

waiting room
the early evening sky
threatens rain

*James Chessing*

silhouetted tenements
cut the rising moon
into slices

*Joseph DeLuise*

telescope's tight field
surprise jetliner leaves
Saturn awash

*David Nelson Blair*
her perfume
I wake up
out of

someone’s perfume
in this bus-stop crowd
is yours

with my fingertips
I raise the edges
of her frown

Tom Hoyt

running my fingers
down her spine—creases
in this book well read

Michael Shaw

speaking of
the first time we made love—
she presses two fingers to my lips

Wally Swist

choosing a melon:
a deep-voiced woman
brushes my breast

Gloria H. Procsal

she used to be my lover
but now I call her
my tattoo

not understanding
her smile
I smile back

Karen Klein

in the echo of my heart
it says you love me
did you speak the words?

Joseph DeLuise

she used to be my lover
but now I call her
my tattoo

in the echo of my heart
it says you love me
did you speak the words?

Donna E. Dodson

after the wedding
two petals afloat
in a tea cup

Barry L. Dordick

outdoor wedding—
casual passage of
pairing butterflies

Emily Romano

saffron stars falling in and out of love with you

Pamela A. Babusci

22
spring planting
her refusal
to compromise

Anthony J. Pupello

Shutting the door
for the last time—
she smells the violets

Donatella Cardillo-Young

the shack—
stretching into the woods
his belongings

Tom Clausen

Groceries on the counter
still in their bags
forgotten

Jen Sorrells

I stare at the phone
that does not ring
memorizing its curves

Missy Skertich

My memories
of you
remain faceless

Chrissy Hardy

Neighbors fighting.
I listen till she cries then
listen to nothing.

Joe Ahern

my wife left me
does this heavy rain at dusk
fall where she is

Jerry Gill

Midnight owl’s call
asks the same question as I
spouse not home again

Nancy A. Jensen

loneliness the moon follows me home

William Orem

23
her youthful eyes
watch my slow walk—
she thinks she sees me

_Ronan_

behind wild-growing shrubs
the house of a woman
the neighbors call crazy

_Christina Smith Krause_

in my mother's
empty rooms, the hollow echoes
of sobbing

_Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa_

in her wheelchair
she remembers
patent leather pumps

_Hayat Abuza_

outside ICU—
the electric clock clicks off
another minute

_Ellen Compton_

_ambulance shishu ko_  
_ambulance carrying_

_chikitsalaya le jate_  
an infant to hospital

_shishu si roti_  
wails like the infant

(Hindi original and English translation by _Parikshith Singh_)

the TB patient
sits on the steps and spits
his supari

_Priscilla Peter_

(Supari is a flavored chewing mixture of betel nut, areca leaf, and lime)

woolly mammoth tooth—
tongue feels the crack
in my molar's filling

_Randy M. Brooks_

24
nursing home supper—
the dining room’s phonograph
needle stuck

Carol Conti-Entin

On Mother’s Day
cutting all of the lilies
for her last bouquet

Tom Tico

aides chattering
above intercom moans
at my aunt’s new home

Kay F. Anderson

nursing home
beneath the old woman’s pillow
a gold tooth

John J. Dunphy

hospice—
the bay window full of
flowering plants

John Stevenson

sitting shivah . . .
the widow’s friends bring her
his favorite foods

Carol Conti-Entin

(Shivah: the days of Jewish mourning for the dead)

Between the farm fields
plowed for spring planting
country graveyard

Joan C. Sauer

spring cemetery . . .
all the still gravestones waiting
in the morning light

Bruce Ross

at the crematorium
a dark butterfly
alights on your casket

Lyn Reeves

The smell of spring earth
turned over by a trowel—
this hole for his ashes

D. Claire Gallagher

narcissus bulbs
found in his jeans pocket
now brighten his grave

Mary Fran Meer
early rain
flooding the blue-eyed grass
my little boy’s tears

Pat Shelley

Darth Vader—
little teethmarks
on the lightsaber

Lee Gurga

afternoon tea
the girl’s teddy bear
says thank you

Sayli Wadgaonkar

Picked last again
the chubby kid
waddles to his team

Justin York

old aunts’ reunion
their talk stays small
while children hover

Ronan

first grader struts out
mother behind
the curtain

Watha Lambert

Little boys
throw rocks in a pond
for no reason

Nader A. Shourbaji

I remember
when we chose
pb&j over lobster

Katy Fitzpatrick

From my brother’s face
our mother’s eyes
staring at me.

Idella L. Rowand

five years old tonight—
he jumps into a puddle
and lands on the moon

Jack Lent
springing

des

pai

rso

meo

neh

asj

ump

edi

nto

his

own

pond

LeRoy

Gorman

After the frog leaps,
the ripples are still spreading
in the old pond . . .

Tom Tico

old pond:
after a long wait
a frog’s eyes appear

Ken Hurm

Imitating Bashō,
wondering what kind of
life is my own.

Bernie Libster

sitting quietly . . .
but now I must mow all this grass
that grows of itself

Jerry Gill

Finding a cloud
on the top, we go
cloud-wandering

Ayrs Kirkofield

pale moon rising
and I start a haiku . . .
just a moon rising

William M. Ramsey

his business card—
the back perfect
for a haiku

Robert L. Brimm

new book of haiku
sinking in
rain sound

Francine Porad
Into the basement
to resurrect my books—
the touch of webs

 нашем

He gazes deep
into the painting
wanting in.

He gazes deep
into the painting
wanting in.

Mondrian exhibit
her breath touching
the squares

abandoned garden pool
silence pouring out
of the statue’s tilted jar

blue note after blue note
tumbles righteous
from a pawnshop guitar

piano keyboard  black and white songs  in my fingers

RNA on a gel—
i once held the dove
alive in my hands

after the service
the black robe airs beneath
the green maple

monk’s frown:
sagging folds
of a worn habit

Doris H. Thurston

Jeff Parker Knight

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

Jeff Witkin

Anthony J. Pupello
William Woodruff

rainy night—
lantern in the puddle
keeps falling apart

*Alexey V. Andreyev*

keeping silent
with the falling snow
the telephone

*Pamela A. Babusci*

last snow
a haze of buds
bursting in the meadow

*Jeff Witkin*

Carlos Colón

(facets
dripping)

(inspired by John Martone’s
“home / in the / downpour /
   dripping faucet”
Modern Haiku, Fall 1995)
Selections from
_Donde Se Ocultan las Sombras_ (Where Shadows Lie Hidden)
by Berta G. Montalvo
Translated by Doris Heitmeyer

¿Qué le dice
da otra, y a otra y a otra?

_Gotas de lluvia_
sobre el mar.
_Los peces nadando._

_El pez no entiende_
por qué la ola
va y viene, va y viene.

_Despúes de las burbujas,_
silencio
_en el lago._

_En el litoral_
el sol se baña en llamas
todas las tardes.

_Aburrido de tanta luz,_
el sol se hunde
_en el mar._

_Miriádas de lucecitas_
sobre la espuma.
_La luna se baña_

_La luna lejana,_
la de otras tierras,
me baña con su luz.

_Los perros ladran_
y ladran.
_La noche se alarga._

_Noche sin luna._
_Cocuyos_
en el monte.

What does one ant say to another, and another, and another?

_Raindrops_
on the sea.
The fish, swimming.

_The fish doesn’t understand why the wave comes and goes, comes and goes._

_After the bubbles, silence in the lake._

_On the coast, the sun bathes itself in flame every evening._

_Weary of so much light, the sun plunges into the sea._

_A myriad tiny lights sparkle in the surf._
The moon goes bathing.

_The far-off moon, moon of other lands, bathes me in its light._

_The dogs bark and bark._
The night grows longer.

_Moonless night._
_Fire beetles light up the mountain._
Los cocuyos se pierden en los palmares.
Amanece otra vez.

La campana repica y vuelve a repicar.
Silencio en el monte.

Las piedras milenarias todo lo oen.
Nunca hablan.

Gota tras gota, un río y luego el mar

El salmón y yo.
Solos contra la corriente.

A la orilla del río y ningún puente para cruzarlo.

¡Cómo descansa serena, la piedra en el fondo del río!

En el tren frente a frente. Sólo el aire entre los dos.

El venado, silencioso.
El cazador también.

Mi primer dolor: aquel pajarito que de niña vi morir.

The fire beetles lost among the palm trees.
Dawn comes again.

The bell sounds and sounds again.
Silence on the mountain.

The millenial rocks—they've heard it all.
They won't talk.

Drop after drop, a river and then the sea.

The salmon and I. Alone against the current.

On the bank of the river and nowhere a place to cross.

How serene it rests, the stone in the river's bed!

On the train face to face. Only the air between them.

The deer, silent.
The hunter, too.

First grief—when as a child I saw a small bird die.

**Donde Se Ocultan las Sombras.** Berta G. Montalvo. Colección Neblina Haiku No. 2, Publicaciones Literarias Kanora, Asociación Colombiana de Haikú 1995 (Humberto Senegal, Apdo. Postal 023, Calarcá, Quindío, Colombia). In Spanish. 118 pp, 5¾x5¾ in. paper, perfectbound. $10 ppd from Berta G. Montalvo, 3011 SW 11th St., Miami, FL 33135-4707.
Memorial Day
on her lover's grave
plastic flowers
*Ruthmarie Connell*

...stressed yuppie
fast-forwards
his relaxation tape
*Mauree Pendergrast*

yoga class—
trying as hard as I can
not to fart
*Lee Gurga*

As he slips silently
into the last seat
... cushion flatulates
*Sue Stapleton Tkach*

...after that party,
teeth marks—but whose?—
on my bottom
*William Woodruff*

two old ladies
in the doctor's waiting room
exchanging cures
*Peter Duppenthaler*

campus reunion
every year the students
look younger
*Laura Kim*

...his sixth birthday...
selecting a gift to outdo
his other grandma
*Louise Somers Winder*
sexist sighence

an unrose-

an unrose-breasted grosbeak on her newly-nested eggs
   eastern kingbird courts an eastern queenbird
male vermilion flycatcher on the fly to catch vermilion flies
   the rubylessness of a throated hummingbird
a non-catholic draped cardinal's pink orange red bill
   she-pheasant: i wringed his neck

indigo

indigo bunting male: bam bam thank you ma'am how was i
   non-indigo female: at least you have cute buns
summer tanager (male of course) rose-red all year [oh]\(^1\)
   scarlet tanager (ditto) never in winter
   ah a pair of eastern rusty red breasts oops eastern bluebirds
   rtp: female duller than male—mm: not as gaudy

painted

painted bunting male: see my picture in peterson's book
   he poses you drab shes behind us hes\(^2\)
very plain greenish above paling to lemon-green below:
   bright colors dearie don't make the bird
look that american goldfinch can't hang on to his gold
   & guess who isn't a yellow-headed blackbird

a bird vultures

a bird vultures down to pick-et sigh'ntest name callers
   audubon shot stuffed painted by objective birds
peterson sexes alike in blue jays (does he mean coloration)
   jay herself: but not my she bird brain\(^3\)
   female birder to male birder oh that's just the female\(^4\)
      birds and birdettes

Marlene Mountain

\(^2\)Besides, wing bars and other details are often hidden.
\(^3\)Perhaps, as with female humans, she jay claims a more integrated brain.
\(^4\)Heard on Roan Mountain. To state the obvious, 'sexist sighence' in many fields has done considerable damage to the female spirit.
helsinki

girl in white shorts
rotating on rollerblades
in mannerheim street

girl skates away
as the valio billboard
turns on its axis

face one of the billboard:
a brunette rosebud
dressed in pink silk

face two of the billboard:
full breasts and red roses

face three of the billboard:
rose hips
    and yoghurt

somewhere in helsinki
a girl in white shorts
spins on her rollerblades

Andrew Leggett

Keeping the Faith

after the sunlight,
snow . . . within bells' voices
ashes and prayers

his Easter garden . . .
tulips along the stone path
closing in the cold

in elm branches
the wind chimes
barely speak

hummingbird shadows
framed by the kitchen window
the first plum blossoms

near the garden gate
the forgotten basket
wild finch eggs hatching

J.A. Totts
Museum of Haiku Literature
$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

snow
softening
the night

R.A. Stefanac

Hints of Spring

Rengay by Elizabeth St Jacques and Ruby Spriggs

course brown hair
in the wire fence—
March buffalo

seen only from a distance
the first hint of green haze

prairie dawn . . .
at the highway’s end,
the swelling point of light

ultrasound screen—
dough soft bones float
in her taut womb

so bright so white
young water lily

the robin lifts
into sky a splash
of brilliance

Elizabeth

Ruby

Elizabeth

Ruby

Elizabeth

Ruby

35
Faint Rustle of Envelopes

Rengay by D. Claire Gallagher and Ebba Story

the postman’s shoe print
on a magnolia petal
news of her death

faint rustle of envelopes
through the slot in my door

today’s delivery . . .
vacation airline tickets
atop the Visa bill

bedridden
the exotic landscape
on a German stamp

here, on my cluttered desk
the letter I never mailed

my dashed-off thoughts—
cool handle of the mail box
under scattered stars
Gravestones

A rengay by Jeffrey Michael Witkin and Michael Dylan Welch
written March 31 - April 20, 1995 via email
Potomac, Maryland and Foster City, California

snowdrops—
touching the wind-worn name
of her son

wafted by the breeze . . .
sprinkler spray

a prayer in the rain
and then another
blossom from the plum

a rusted bucket
by the groundskeeper’s shed
. . . a passing cloud

pollen fills a rift
in the gravestone

birdsong fades
into the cherry’s scent . . .
she reaches for my hand
The judges have decided not to award any prizes in the 1995 Renku Contest. While we found things to enjoy in all of the entries, there was a general unevenness of quality that prevented any one of them from looking like a convincing kasen renku. We hope that this result will not discourage the entrants from trying again, or deter any other would-be contestants. To this end, it may be helpful to mention some of the strengths and weaknesses in last year's entries, and offer a few suggestions for future composition. Clearly, not all of these comments apply equally to all the poems.

A definite plus was the diversity of subject matter, and an overall liveliness of spirit. It was apparent that the authors enjoyed the process of writing renku together (and this may be of more fundamental importance than success in any competition). In addition, there were many fine individual verses, and some pleasing passages where the linking succeeded in carrying the poem smoothly and effectively forward.

On the down side, there were also many verses that were obscure or confusing—which immediately interrupted the onward flow of the poem. Several of the entries were weakened by fanciful or “poetic” language, and other devices. While these may not be faults in themselves, their overindulgence in renku often negates other, more positive qualities.

There was a tendency to be careless about repetition and regression. One entry featured a total of thirteen names of people and places, while another contained no less than four musical instruments, and a third made reference to colors in four successive stanzas. In another case, there was a farm scene maintained through three or four verses. This is an example of a “narrative run” (renku is by definition never a narrative poem). There were also numerous instances of regression or “throwback linking”—including the most extreme form of this, where a link is inadvertently made with the stanza-before-last (17 with 15, for example). The reason for avoiding such regression is very simple: the reader’s attention is directed back, instead of forward.

Finally, all but one of the entries had weak hokku. This is unfortunate, for the hokku is the anchor of a good renku. It can be likened to the first stake driven into the ground at the commencement of laying out a house-site; it has a unique purpose and special significance. It is thus well worth some extra effort, and perhaps patience.
To summarize, a brief recipe for renku-writing might well include (after good linking, which is paramount): a strong hokku, plain language expressing clear images and ideas, a maximum of variety and minimum of repetition, and an absence of regression.

In the coming year the shorter forms, nijūn (twenty stanzas) and jūnichō (twelve stanzas), will be eligible for the first time. Details of these are available by sending for the articles mentioned in the HSA Information Sheet. It is hoped that this change in the rules will encourage a larger number of entries.

Above all, we wish contestants and noncontestants alike a rich renku life in 1996.

Dee Evetts and John Ziemba

よさぶそんのはるのはいく

SPRING HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON

Translated by John Peters

mizu ni chirite hana nakunarinu kishi no ume
blossoms fall
disappear in water
a plum tree on the shore

nashi no hana tsuki ni fumi-yomu onna ari
pear blossoms
a woman reading
a letter in moonlight

tsubaki ochite kino no ame o koboshi-keri
a camellia falls
spilling
yesterday’s rainwater

39
among weeds

anne mckay
Tom Lynch

time soon for paper poppies in lapels the one minute silence

discarded beer can shines among weeds

by the pawnshop window tighter and tighter her ring

the sixth donut delicious as the first

that girl again in the same booth ballad of the sad café*

on the fogged skylight moonlight

in every room the baby cries and cries

nana’s crèche a little shabby now

after estate sale count the money winter dusk

nobody waved goodbye

snowman’s stone eyes stare the starry sky

rounding the corner a red scarf

deserted street newspaper arcs into dawn

with a scent of cinnamon my dream

on the nightstand nearly empty last night’s rum and coke

dark blooms where his fingers touch

flash bulbs the bride blinks twice

restless he plans the spring garden

returning soon the gypsies . . . the dance

alder catkins nibbled by waxwings

a memory of desire this tender green a tender danger

cool lettuce he eyes the cashier

littleone reaching topples a perfect pyramid

parking lot breeze spins petals

faintly on an evening air the sadsweet carousel

cotton candy pinkens her lips

part of but apart somehow the elegant equestrian

dust rises goldenlight

twilight the temple bell raking zen furrows

gate locked he frowns
she's still away maples redden by themselves
a scent of lilac lingering
pallbearer slips the first frost glitters
on a white branch seven crows
pluck mistletoe in hilltop oak clouds grow heavy
hiding a tinsel moon

british columbia
california

*carson mccullars

There Is a River Years From Here

All day, thoughts about a river, years from here, a creek, really, that flows without a name through the green-dusk of an ageless woods, and how I sailed there a galleon, a halved walnut shell with its wedge of paper sail, beneath the spread of a great old maple tree, where the creek pooled below the chicken coops; and how the leaning woods peered over my shoulder in those days when salamanders were dragons; and how I searched for neither gold nor fame, but treasures among the water polished pebbles, despite humidity, mosquitoes, waterstriders, "dragons," and the great granddaddy of a crayfish, who hung out among the stones, that were really boulders, below the pool; and how the chickens just loved a crawfish tossed over the chicken mesh—but not the great granddaddy, for it would have been sin and shame for such an aged monster to end up chicken feed. All day, thoughts about a river, years from here, that flows without a name.

torrent in Spring
a trickle now, in youth—
my Conrad river

Larry Kimmel

41
Bright April

The air sharp, sunbright. Along the path, close to the ground, moist and springy from melted snow, cranesbill flashes red-purple. New cattail shoots thrust spring-green through the mat of old growth rotting in the shallows. Frogs. Their high-pitched strumming.

Newly hatched, four yellow goslings huddle together, balk, then edge down the steep slope to the water. The adults—black, white, and brown verging into mauve—slide into the water, glide offshore, wait in silence. Finally one gosling follows, bounces like a cork, takes a moment to find his legs. The others hang back, hang back, finally scramble back up the slope to safety. Quiet, the waterborne wait.

Then one gosling, then another, then the last, their stubby wings at right angles to their soft sunglinted down, step into brown water, walk on it. Faster, faster. Run on it, find their buoyancy.

Setting off across the pond, the goose leads. The goslings follow in a straight yellow line behind her. The gander holds the rear. Now the goslings slow their flailing webbed feet, first to paddle, then to glide, copying the majestic stance of their kind, heads held high.

four balls of fluff
landlocked
choose to be geese

Jean Dubois

Bashō’s Duckpond

The second session of the haiku workshop was not going well. One of the parents had brought his obviously reluctant daughter—and her friend—that afternoon. The teenagers twittered and giggled, ignoring my attempts to orient them to the poetic guidelines of haiku.

We were seated on damp benches, facing a small muddy fishpond in a rose garden that was not yet in bloom. Our collective energy matched the gray sky and the clouds which threatened to drench us at any minute. Suddenly we received a “haiku moment”:

dropping on the fishpond
a duck skids to a landing
—gift from Bashō!

Each person wrote his/her version of what was observed in three lines . . . Bashō may be renowned for his frog but on that day, he pulled a duck from his kimono sleeve, just for me!

Elizabeth Nichols
Hurricane

September was very busy around latitude 18 longitude 65. First Luis leveled the Leewards: Antigua, St. Martin, St. Barts, and miraculously turned north, sparing the Virgins at the last minute, though some houses lost roofs to its winds on St. Thomas. Only ten days later a low grade hurricane turned into a monster and scored a direct hit on St. Thomas. No electricity, no communication, no roof—what’s new? This happened before with Hugo in ‘89 but this was worse . . . much worse. No one was prepared for this.

new hurricane on track—
sliding doors
still not
midnight
in the eye of the storm
everyone blind

A Federal emergency ‘round-the-clock airlift brought supplies to the devastated island.

food line
gas line
ice line
even the Milky Way
in a ragged line
bougainvillea blooms clinging still to the outdoor broom

bobbing in stranded seaweed and debris
a lone sandpiper
roof off
hungry sugar birds
hover in the kitchen
sunset on the beach
ghost crabs
sink into footprints

For a couple of weeks after the hurricane the Milky Way was unusually bright and clear over the Virgins. The beauty of the blackout? The hurricane advantage? It made some people look up.

over the roofless room
I catch the drift
of the Milky Way
over debris-strewn roads
the clear path
of the Milky Way

David Gershator
There is no balm for the wicked

While I was on a recent trip to Los Angeles for rest and relaxation, a beady-eyed old lady carrying an old-fashioned shopping basket boarded at Victorville. She stopped at my seat, surveyed the interior desperately for an alternative, sighed and took the seat next to me.

As the bus started off, she turned to me and said: “Just look at you: matted hair, uncreased trousers and those shoes haven’t been shined in a month.”

And about my eyepatch she says nothing

I replied: “Ma’am, you’ve made some severe misjudgments. I’m wearing shorts and am barefoot and bald. I’m off to party in L.A.”

She appeared stunned for a moment, shook it off and said: “I have made a grave error. I am supposed to be on my way to Kansas.” In exasperation, she slapped the lid of her basket, from whence ensued a whine.

I asked: “City?”
She replied: “Leavenworth.”

A strange twister of good fortune blew me from there to here

In toto dignified silence is best

William Greenhill
RENGA-DADDY

A kasen renga between Bashô, Bonchô, Kyorai, and Shihô
in the manner of Tristan Tzara, based on
“The First Winter Rain” from *The Monkey’s Straw Raincoat*
in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of Bashô’s death

Arranged by Jim Kacian

“The First Winter Rain” is one of Bashô’s best-known works of renga. I chose it for
my experiment not for this reason, however, but because of the availability of Blyth’s
excellent translation (in Vol. 1 of his 4-volume *Haiku*), which I have used in this
rendering.

There is an integrity to the original piece—despite the disparate nature of the form,
once may feel the touch of the master throughout, guiding lesser talents to sustain a
level of excellence. I argued that if there was a coherence to this integrity, it would
manifest itself on any scale: any piece of the poem ought to be of as high quality as any
other. And if this is so, then any permutations to which I might subject the parts of the
poem would maintain its quality and integrity.

The technique I employed belonged to Tristan Tzara, the Romanian dadaist of *fin-de-
siècle* France. He would routinely alter the form of any classically accepted ‘master-
piece,’ a Shakespeare sonnet, for example, by cutting the work into its constituent
words, and then draw the shuffled words out of a hat in random order, claiming for the
new order an equal authenticity and integrity. I chose the line as the unit, dividing the

(continued on p. 48)

threatening the badger
this spring also
the conch of noon is blown

a gust of wind blows the leaves—
“Well, then, we must part”

the hamlet first seen—
the fence of quince bushes,
a rustic door

the first frost of Mount Hira—
packed in and sleeping with others

the mossy stone basin
of dawn—
the sky is still red

the kite has preened—
used to wearing wadded cotton clothes

45
crossing the river
pulling the carriage
yet to journey

they are quiet
the petals of the lotus flower

the frayed sleeping mat—
the graft is taking,
the famous pears

in the first winter rain
of last year

its feathers
again getting up
fall down by ones and twos

she combs
as if it is going to snow

ivy creeps over,
the buds are bursting—
I am better of myself

under the evening moon:
“here is your sword”

strength to rise
is the first success—
they climb up to the temple on the peak

the wan moon
outside the window

in the cloudless sky
her disordered tresses
sung their last song

Autumn in Lake Biwa
though this morning I was angry
from clouds of the bellows
they keep from others,
and frantic

a bamboo bow
is full of peace

flurriedly
in the silence
bony thinness

the north wind of the cold islands
remains at his post

two days' food
from this night's lodging—
comfortable

in the wind of evening,
seven miles and more

knitted socks—
the _hototogisu_ have all
the cherry blossoms

his buckwheat stolen
at one meal

from morning
she will let through
everything

him who gives her the pains of love—
the wooden door

the breeches wet
under the hazy moon of night—
autumn passing pleasantly

in the old leaves of the loquat tree
a house making saddles
eating—
Rodō’s man-servant
stands beside

see her, brooding
when it darkens
to light the lantern
into the neighbor’s
cherry blossoms

not yet
Indian-ink sketches

the soup
of Suizenji laver
is damp and grimy

he sings it in verse,
dashing off

(continued from p. 45)
renga into 90 such units. I then chose the strips of paper containing these 90 lines out of, yes, a hat, quite at random, piecing the chosen strips into three- and two-line alternating ‘stanzas.’ I have altered punctuation for the sake of clarity, but any new meaning is the result of stochastic process.

Renga grows by association/dissociation. By linking one of the master’s renga with the techniques and ethos of a quite different culture, I believe an interesting and quite different effect has been achieved. It is at once more modern and accessible. For it is with quite a 20th-century mentality that we read the new piece, in part because we now ‘know’ Bashō. And while there are a few ‘antique’ touches, the new work reads surprisingly contemporaneously.

Nevertheless, notice how Bashō, ever the classicist, has managed to bridge the centuries and this wildest of moods to include a moon reference in links 14 and 29, and, if you will permit seaweed to be so construed, a flower reference in link 35.

Jim Kacian
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE: POET OF HAIKU SPIRIT

Geraldine C. Little

I spent time recently with an anthology of spiritual poetry and was rewarded in rereading work by Rabindranath Tagore that I'd read years before but had not thought of in a long time. Tagore used to be very well-known. He was born in Calcutta in 1861, the grandson of a prince. At age seventeen he was taken to England to finish his education, where he studied law. On returning to India he devoted himself to verse; his nature poems won him great fame. Gandhi hailed him as “The Great Teacher.” Tagore was at once the living embodiment of the Indian culture of his era (he died in 1941), and its greatest spokesman in the West. He received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913 and was knighted in 1915. This great poet and philosopher, artist and educator, was a man whose spiritual personality and unremitting efforts in the arena of international understanding inspired the entire world. He was a mystical and religious poet whose work is permeated by a sense of the beauty of the universe. His devotion to nature, his sense of the Oneness of all things, links him to the world of haiku.

While browsing though the poetry section of the library a few weeks later, I came upon a volume of little poems by Tagore. I knew his moving cycle called Gitanjali, but this book, Fireflies, was new to me. It was published by Macmillan in 1928; the copyright page notes that the volume received its 27th printing in 1973 (there may have been more since; it has been reprinted in paperback in Macmillan’s Collier Books). The title intrigued me. Dipping in, I was delighted to find that all the poems were of two, three, or sometimes four lines, haiku-like in form though differing in execution, as Tagore’s poems use the conventions of Western poetry.

Because Tagore’s spirit embodies the principles and cast of mind of haiku poets and the haiku world, I thought readers might enjoy looking at a few of his small poems. Hear his voice and spirit:

My fancies are fireflies.—
Specks of living light
twinkling in the dark.

The butterfly counts not months but moments,
and has time enough.
In the mountain, stillness surges up
  to explore its own height;
in the lake, movement stands still
  to contemplate its own depth.

  I have thanked the trees that have made my life fruitful,
  but have failed to remember the grass
  that has ever kept it green.

  My flower, seek not thy paradise
  in a fool’s buttonhole.

The mountain remains unmoved
  at its seeming defeat by the mist.

  The worm thinks it strange and foolish
  that man does not eat his books.

Dead leaves when they lose themselves in soil
  take part in the life of the forest.

  Joy freed from the bond of earth’s slumber
  rushes into numberless leaves,
  and dances in the air for a day.

After numerous family and financial troubles, Tagore did not, in the
manner of the East, withdraw into contemplation, but resolved to car­
y out his project of a school for boys at Shanti-Niketan. For some
years he divided his time between the building up of his school and
lecturing, writing, and translating. He toured England and America,
lecturing at Oxford and Harvard and elsewhere. In India he founded
a World University, a remarkable experiment, worthy of an Eastern
mystic and a Western educator.

  Tagore deserves the interest of haiku poets for his poems, for the
  universality of his nature, and for his endless efforts to make the
  world a more peaceful place. He is most relevant for today’s strife-
  strangled world.
Our ethical and religious background forbids us to steal, forbids us to covet; the thief is condemned, and he who covets is despised. However, these two haiku which deal with thievery and with covetousness—for who would steal a weed—evoke neither condemnation nor contempt from the reader. In the first, our censure is converted into wonder, and in the second, our derision is canceled out by our delight in absurdity.

The first line of “the potato thieves” almost calls forth our pity, but this was not the poet’s design for before pity can establish itself we are caught up in the wonder of the falling star. Possibly, this is the first falling star the thieves have seen—they may be city people who seldom have the opportunity to see these celestial bodies, or country people who have never been in the fields so late at night. Perhaps they even see the falling star as a judgement from the heavens. But we forget they are thieves; their awe permits us to re-experience the thrill of seeing our first falling star.

I have never had, nor do I expect to have jewels that would tempt a thief. To me, jewels themselves are of little practical use though I have spent hours admiring their brilliance and the transparent depth of their colors. Even the words used to identify them seem to sparkle: amethyst and aquamarine, topaz and tourmaline, and the names of particular jewels seem to blaze with exotic romance—the “Koh-i-noor Diamond,” the “Star of Africa,” the “Black Prince’s Ruby,” the “Stuart Sapphire,” and the “Green Diamond of Dresden.”

Before I knew the jewelweed, I had heard its name and expected it to be a thing of glitter, a thing I would wish to gather. Remember—
ing this, I can laugh at the chagrin of the jewel thief reaching for it until he realizes that all the glitter is in the name.

Although I do not approve of theft or of the greed of he who covets, I feel an affection for these thieves. It may be because the thieves of the first haiku are humble and naive, and the thief of the second haiku has played the fool. But I think it goes beyond this. Both poets have written with total objectivity; they have passed no judgement, and in this way they have slyly slipped me into the rôles of the thieves. I too have been enchanted by the falling star, and I too have laughed at myself for being hoodwinked by a name.

Patricia Neubauer


ERRATA, Winter 1995

Errors occurred in two sequences and in one haiku in the 1995 Winter issue. These works are printed correctly below. Furthermore, Helen K. Davie should have appeared as cojudge of the Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial High School Haiku Competition.

After Surgery
after surgery
she feeds me ice chips
with a plastic spoon
visiting hours over
she sneaks back
with chocolate
her finger
traces the line
just above my incision
one week post-op
sign of recovery
first erection
wedding picture
how thin I was
two months after surgery

John Sheirer

Night Falls
night falls—
skin folds
around my bones
slouching toward the toilet
night wind sears me
to the bone
full moon—facing it
knees braced
beneath my robe
these fifty years
having accomplished nothing
I sail home

Gail Sher

camera light
news anchor’s smile
off
off

Lee R. Seidenberg

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BOOK REVIEWS

GROWING THROUGH THE DARK. Michael Dudley. King’s Road Press, 148 King’s Road, Pointe Claire, PQ H9R 4H4, Canada, 1995. 16 pp paper, saddle-stitched, $2.00 ppd.

For many years now, Michael Dudley’s haiku have been appearing in leading journals and are included in Haiku Canadian Anthology, The Haiku Anthology, and The Haiku Handbook, among others. This neatly printed collection is the seventh in the Hexagram Series edited by Marco Fraticelli.

To set the stage, these 21 haiku are preceded by the hexagram ‘Birth Pangs’, followed by this quote from I Ching: ‘For a seed to become its potential it must split apart. A thunderstorm brings release from tension and all things breathe freely again.’ In this case, the reference is to the emotional pain of a dying marriage and the aftermath. Should you expect a string of pity-poor-me poems then? Relax, this poet isn’t the type. Neither is any blood drawn here.

Actually, these haiku grow quietly—stirring, sometimes even sensual. In this increasingly dark place, however, the delicate seed of love is threatened. Take, for example, the following poem that on first reading is warm and sensual but the second time around, sadness emerges—sometimes even horror—by the pulling apart of something once alive and precious. Now, as each piece is torn away, a repulsive odor fills the room—as if something has died:

her fingernails
so long and red:
piece by piece she shells the egg

Can 21 haiku truly capture such a traumatic event though? Absolutely. We travel slowly through each phase, sharing the apprehension and dizziness of the inevitable until left with loneliness and darkness. Nevertheless, even in darkness hope resides, new life stirs. Well crafted haiku, carefully chosen and thoughtfully arranged. A moving collection.

in the pantry
potato eyes
growing through the dark

Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques

In 1992, Ion Codrescu’s first collection, ‘Drawings Among Haiku’, consisting entirely of haiku, earned an Honorable Mention Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America. In this second collection, 59 haiku mingle with 22 tanka in Romanian and English to make an especially appealing bouquet.

Although the title prepares us for unhappy poems, this collection actually glows. True, some poems touch on sorrow, poverty, death, but the bulk of these poems blossom with joy and call up rich celebrations for the senses. In the following, the ‘aliveness’ of each moment materializes through unspoken colors, sounds, scents, textures, shapes and movements:

silence— strong wind—
the bird’s flight turns in the mosquito net
da dry leaf dill seeds

While this poet is an ardent observer and participant of nature, it is interesting to note that of these 81 poems, 69 contain a human element. As a result, we are given a clearer picture of Ion Codrescu, the person—a people-watcher who observes closely but is sensitive to the human condition. Equally telling is his delightful sense of humor—pure delicate humor that never offends.

counting chickens even in a vase
the child scratches his head: the thistles fail to attract
always a different number mother’s eyes

Tanka here are free from the romanticism found in traditional tanka. Instead, the author targets in on modern themes and sometimes includes subtle nuances of love, yet the longer lines and rhythms of the classical form are usually honored. Two favorites:

alone on the sand towards evening
an old man arranges a letter from Japan;
his beach mat carefully; news about the earthquake
sometimes his shadow and a drawing
touches the sea of daffodils

These poems blend intrinsically. No interference here from seasonal announcements; instead, you move from poem to poem hardly noti-
cing the season has changed. In this, you have a sense of timelessness, as if touring with this author, being led quietly from one place to another, and you are enraptured by fresh discovery. Adding much is Ion Codrescu’s artwork.

A special tip of the hat to Mihaela Codrescu for her fine English translations which must have been a difficult task, and to Hub Editions for this slim, attractive, handmade volume with its small price tag.

Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques

A Collation of Anthologies

A Small Umbrella. Spring Street Haiku Group, 1995. 28 pp, 4×5½ in. $3.00 ppd; Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.


A Harvest of Haiku. Haiku Poets of Upstate New York, 1995. 16pp, 5½×8½ in. $5.00 ppd; Sue-Stapleton Tkach, 60 Auramar Dr., Rochester, NY 14609.

SUDDEN SHOWER. Northwest Region, Haiku Society of America, 1955. Randall Johnson, ed. Carol Edson, ill. 32 pp, 5½×8¾ in. $7.00 ppd US & Canada, $9.00 ppd overseas; Randal Johnson, 2325 Schirm Loop NW, Olympia, WA 98502.

NORTHERN LIGHTS. Haiku North America, 1955. Michael Dylan Welch, ed. 24 pp, 5½×8½ in. $6.00 ppd; M.D. Welch, Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404.

Each year a number of organizations publish chapbooks of their members' poems. In most cases, each member is promised publication at least one verse. One might expect a mixed bag so far as quality goes; what is surprising is that the general level of quality is as high as it is. As might be expected, many of the booklets show a strong sense of locale. Thus, the urban poems of the Spring Street group:

fresh-laid cement
the old lovers' initials
in the dumpster

Doris Heitmeyer

the Halloween parade
on the sidelines
a pair of Hassidim

Mykel Board
straphanging  
top view  
of his careful hairdo  
first fall day  
the ice cream truck’s jingle  
a bit out of tune

Karen Sohne

In the Boston chapbook, more of an urban/suburban feel with reaching out to countryside, typically New England, and Cape Cod:

late evening—  
a bottle rolls up and down  
the empty subway car

Valentine’s Day rush hour—  
commuters  
crowd the flower stall

Evan Mahl

Brett Peruzzi

autumn woods—  
a stone wall  
becoming just stones

dune shadows  
meet, then cross  
incoming tides

Sarah Jensen

Lawrence Rungren

Although the group that mislabels itself with the acronym ‘Haiku PUNY’ is largely in the Rochester area, the poems in their booklet, while sometimes urban, have largely a feeling of bordering neighborhoods:

Bright yellow lawn  
searching for a recipe  
for dandelion wine

hurrying past  
the house where no one lives  
late autumn chill

Sue-Stapleton Tkach

fever-hot day  
ginkgo leaves  
fanning each other

Leaves gone  
one last stubborn apple  
clings to that old tree

M.L. Bittle-DeLapa

Pamela A. Babusci

sudden shower  
young squirrel seeks shelter  
under a hubcap

midday heat—  
smell of the sun on  
pine needles

Wilma Erwin

In the Northwest Anthology, we find few urban poems. more of those with rural and seashore themes, starting with the late Wilma Erwin’s title poem:

Wilma Erwin

Jean Campbell Sinnonds
receding tide—
the uncovered tip
of a limpet

Ce Rosenow

Driftwood
how many waves,
how many years

William Scott Galasso

Finally, the chapbook by attenders of Haiku North America in Toronto is eclectic in themes, reflecting the broad scan of experience of the poets from across the US and Canada:

still the hawk
circles over this summer’s
housing development

Penny Harter

a dark path
across the lawn
ends in a snowman

Winona Baker

barefoot in wet grass
the soft bursting
of the slug

Karen Sohne

so vast now
the old cow pasture filled
with deep spring grass

Bruce Ross

a dark path
across the lawn
ends in a snowman

Winona Baker

Candlelit night
only one moth
finds the source

Elizabeth Warren

after the grand opening
of the new city hall
a deflated balloon

Margaret Saunders

Group minireviews by Kenneth C. Leibman

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.


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Eighteen kinds of loneliness. Sam Savage, 1995. iii + 18 foldout pp, 6×4½ in, handmade cover (kozo) and endpapers; handset, letterpress-printed, and string end-bound by the author. $10, postpaid anywhere.

Like a Crane at Night. Gail Sher. Night Crane Press % Gail Sher, 700 Heinz Ave., Suite 310, Berkeley, CA 94710; 1996. iii + 42 one-sided pages, 8½×3¾ in. unbound, wrapped in kozo paper and tied. $19.95 ppd; a portion of the proceeds will go to the Tancho Sanctuary Fund of the Wild Bird Society of Japan.


the duck’s wake. Jeff Witkin, 1996. 31 unnum. pp, 5½×7½ in, paper, saddle-sewn, jacket. $4.00 ppd from author, 1204 Fallsmead Way, Potomac, MD 20854, or book trade.


The Seasons in Haikai. William J. Higginson. Winner, Northwest Literary Forum 1995 Essay Contest. 56 pp, 5¼×8½ in, paper, saddle-stapled. $7.00 ppd; $10.00 ppd overseas. Make check to/order from Northwest Literary Forum, 3439 NE Sandy Blvd., #143, Portland, OR 97232.
HAiku society of america awards and contests, 1996

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 of America. $100 toward these awards is donated annually by Mrs. Henderson.

2. Entry fee $1.00 per haiku; checks/money orders (US funds only) to Haiku Society of America, % Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer.
3. Limit: Ten unpublished haiku, not submitted for publication or to any other contest.
4. Submit each haiku on three separate 3x5" cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the 3rd 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. Members of 1996 HSA Executive Committee may not enter; however, Regional Coordinators may enter.
7. Prizes: First, $150; Second, $100; Third, $50.
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 name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

Gerald Brady Memorial Awards
For best unpublished Senryu

The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of $25 donated by Virginia Brady Young in memory of her brother Gerald Brady.

Rules 1-6 and 8-10 are identical to those for the Harold G. Henderson Contest, except that for "haiku" read "senryu" throughout. On 3x5" cards, please designate as Senryu.

Prizes: First, $100; Second, $75; Third, $50.

The 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 of America who died 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, 1996.

What? A maximum of 3 haiku per student. Each haiku must be typed in triplicate on 3x5" index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, school, and address of your school must appear on the back of only one of the cards for each haiku. Please DO NOT use staples for any purpose. All haiku must be previously unpublished.
ORIGINAL work not entered in any other contest or submitted for publication. Please keep a copy of your haiku; entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE's.

WHEN? The deadline for submissions is November 30, 1996. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.

WHERE? Submit entries to Tony Virgilio, Nick Virgilio Haiku Association, 1092 Niagara Rd., Camden, NJ 08104.

WHY? Six haiku will be selected and each awarded $65. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in frogpond in 1997. All rights will remain with authors on publication. The high school of each winner will receive a one-year subscription to frogpond. Information requests MUST be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

THE ANNUAL MERIT BOOK AWARDS for excellence in published haiku, translations, and criticism

2. Entry fee: NONE.
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1995. 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. Authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure that they are considered. In order that no book of merit be overlooked, members should contact the President some time before the deadline about such books to ascertain whether they have been received.
5. Awards are open to the public. Books published by 1995 and 1996 HSA Officers will be considered.
6. Submit book(s) to Randy Brooks, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur, IL 62526.
7. PRIZES: First, $75; Second, $50, Third, $25.
8. The list of awards will be announced in frogpond.
9. Books will remain the property of HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

HSA RENKU COMPETITION for linked verse of 36, 20, or 12 stanzas

1. Deadline: Postmark date October 1, 1996.
2. Entry fee: US$15 per renku; US funds only: checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America, % Raffael DeGruttola, Treasurer.
3. Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English. All 1996 HSA Officers, including members of the Executive Committee, may participate in renku submitted in this competition.
4. Length, authorship, limit of entries: For the purposes of this contest, a renku may consist of 36, 20, or 12 stanzas (kasen, nijūin, and jūnichō forms) 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 stanzas previously published, submitted for publication nor entered in any other contest.
5. One copy, will 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. 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.


7. Grand Prize: up to $150 and publication in *frogpond*. Amount of the Grand Prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. If no renku is deemed by the judges to merit the award of Grand Prize, renku awarded lesser prizes may or may not be published in *frogpond*. All rights revert to authors upon publication.

8. Please send SASE for list of winning entries.

9. The name(s) 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. For information on the two shorter forms please refer to the article "Shorter Renku" published in *frogpond* XVII:2 (Winter 1994). Copies of both articles may be obtained by sending an SASE to the contest coordinator (see item 6, above).

OTHER CONTESTS

West Virginia Poetry Society, 1996 Annual Contest: Haiku Award

Deadline July 15, 1996. One unpublished entry (not under consideration elsewhere, never won a cash prize), defined as "untitled observation of nature in time and season, compression without poetics, 17 syllables (5,7,5)." Two copies on 8½ × 11" paper, both marked “Category 24, WVPS Haiku Award” in UL corner; one with name & address in UR corner. Also cover page with name & address, “Category 24, WVPS Haiku Award”, and first line of haiku. Prizes $15/10. Fee $1; check to West Virginia Poetry Society Treas. Send to Mrs. Melba Dungey, Contest Chairman, 101 Jones Ave., Morgantown WV 26505, with SASE for winners’ list. Winning haiku published in 1996 Anthology.

*Timepieces 1997 Haiku Week-At-A-Glance Calendar Contest*

Deadline, July 31, 1996. Unlimited entries of unpublished or published (except in previous *Timepieces*) (give acknowledgement, including date). Only 3-line, 5/7/5-syllable (or slight variation). Send each on duplicate 3×5" cards or slips, one with name, address, phone no., credits if any on the back; other with haiku only. Prizes $100/75/50 + 5 High Commendation Book Awards selected by James W. Hackett, and 348 other selected haiku will be printed in the calendar. All selected contributors receive unlimited 50% book discounts. Fee, $1/haiku, US funds. Winners’ list will be published in *Haiku Headlines*; nonsubscribers send SASE or SAE + 1 IRC (Canada) or 2 IRC (elsewhere). Send to *Haiku Headlines*, 1347 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, CA 90044-2505.

*Haiku Splash, Toronto*

Postmark deadline, August 4, 1996. Up to 7 “poems in the spirit of haiku.” Include
author’s name, address, and phone no. First prize $100. Best visual haiku wins a watercolor painting. One prizewinner to be translated into Japanese. Selected poems to be painted on storefronts on Queen St. West. Top 40 poems published in Anthology; authors get 2 free copies. Fee $1/poem. Send to Haiku Splash, 303-900 Queen St. W, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1G6, Canada. Judges: Judith Anderson-Stuart, Karen Sohne, Marshall Hryciuk.

**Woodnotes Haibun Contest**

In-hand deadline, August 10, 1996. Unlimited original, unpublished titled haibun (maximum 1500 words/haibun, including one or more haiku). Submit in triplicate on 8½×11” paper, one with name, address, and phone no., others unidentified. First prize $100 + honorable mentions. All winning haibun will be published in an anthology. Entry fee $6/haibun; anthology prepublication price $6; checks and MO’s payable to Michael D. Welch; mail to M.D. Welch, Woodnotes Haibun Contest, 249 Beach Park Blvd., Foster City, CA 94404.

**Florida State Poets Association, Berniece McConahay Memorial Award (Haiku)**

Postmark deadline, August 15, 1996. Unlimited entries of unpublished haiku, not under consideration elsewhere, not having won a prize over $10. Two copies of each on 8½×11” paper, both marked “Category 8, Berniece McConahay Mem. Award” in UL corner. Poet’s name & address in UR of only one. Also Category 25, The Sijo Award for sijo in either 3- or 6-line format. Prizes for both categories, $25/15/10 + HM. Fee $1/poem. Send to Flo A. Ruppert, POB 97, Roseland FL 32957. SASE for winner’s list.

**Indiana State Federation of Poetry Clubs, 18th Annual Poets Rendezvous Contest**

Postmark deadline September 1, 1996. Fee is $5 for any or all of 25 categories, including a “traditional haiku” category, so send SASE to Dottie Mack, ISFPC Contest Director, POB 643, Huntertown, IN 46748, for contest rules.

**MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**1995 HSA Members’ Anthology.**

Haiku Society of America is soliciting submissions to the 1996 HSA Membership Anthology. This year’s anthology will be edited by Randy Brooks and Lee Gurga. Please submit no more than five of your best haiku for consideration in the anthology. HSA members may submit haiku previously published in *frogpond*, but we will give top preference to unpublished haiku. Please include SASE with your submission. Submission deadline: August 1, 1996. Send to Randy Brooks, HSA Anthology, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur, IL 62526.

**Rengay Directory.**

A rengay directory is being assembled in order to facilitate communication between writers interested in this form of linked verse. Writers interested in this directory are invited to send name and address (phone number and e-mail address optional) to John Thompson at 4607 Burlington Pl., Santa Rosa, CA 95405 (e-mail: JERZ88A@prodigy.com).
THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT (January - December 1995)

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**Closing Balance**  
$12,729.95

Submitted by Raffael de Gruttola, Treasurer
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