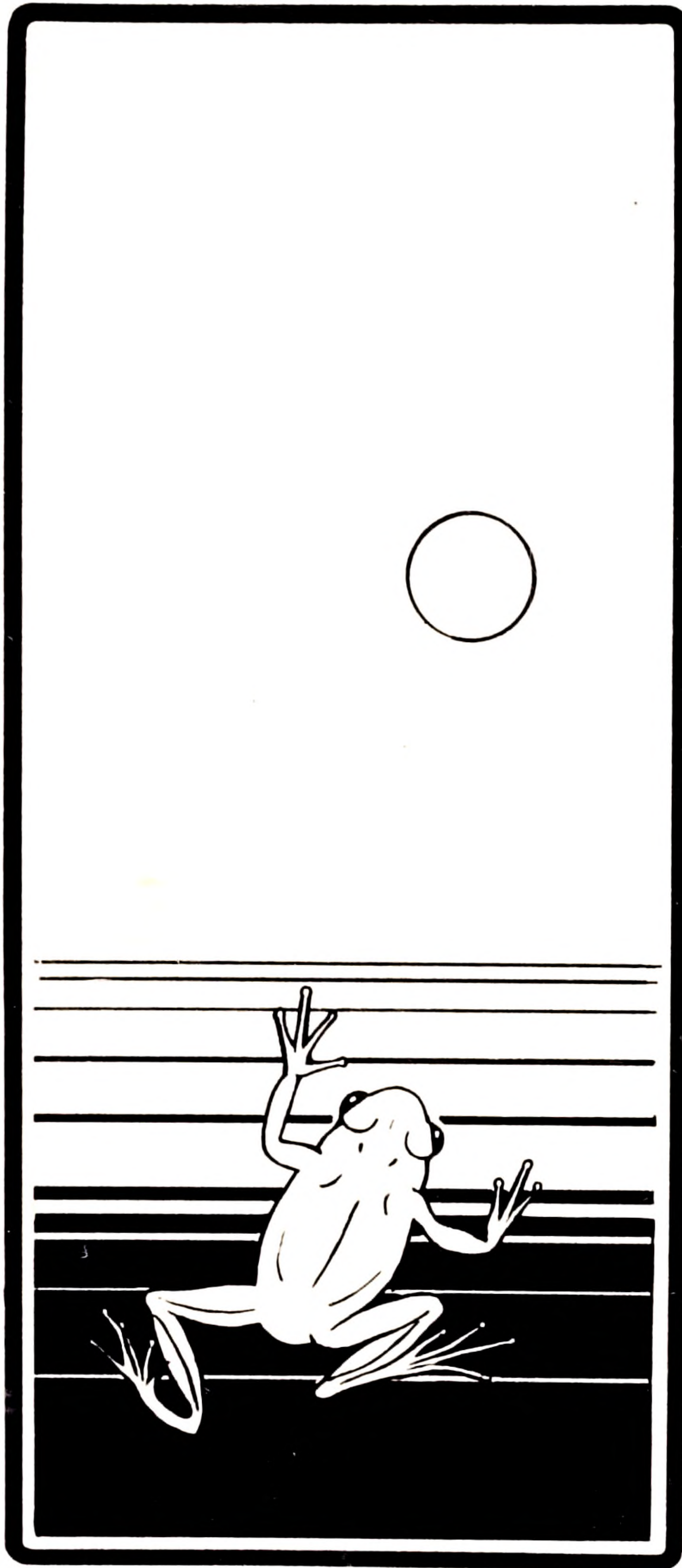


frogpond



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FROGPOND

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As the year draws to a close and this fourth 1985 issue of *Frogpond* is being completed, I thank you all for the poems you have sent me, for being patient when I have been slow, for (whether you are contributors or readers only) giving the pages of the magazine careful and sensitive reading. I very much appreciate the comments and the suggestions I have had from you.

Sometimes when I am feeling surfeited with contemporary haiku, I turn back to the classical Japanese haiku masters, perhaps choosing a single haiku and reading as many different translations of it as I can find. I may read a section of seasonal haiku from one of the R. H. Blyth books on my haiku shelves. I may move closer to our own time and read from Harold G. Henderson's *The Bamboo Broom: An Introduction to Japanese Haiku*, remembering the day I found this first edition (1934) in a second-hand bookstore on New York City's Fourth Avenue.

It is a joy to me that I was privileged to know Professor Henderson during the years from the time the Haiku Society of America was formed until his death. Virtually all who know anything of haiku-in-English know his books. Some may not know that he also, from time to time, wrote haiku, signing them 'Tairo.' Nick Virgilio is another who knew him then—and remembers him now.



at Tairo's tomb,
a bouquet of chrysanthemums:
the autumn moon

an autumn evening . . .
rereading the last letter
from old Tairo

Nick Virgilio

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond* VIII: 3

a moth flies
through my breath
in moonlight

Bill Pauly

little cicada
how brave to keep up your song
while that bird eats you

upOn thUmping her rump
the Cat reminds me
it isn't tHe dog

Thanksgiving Day.
Bending over to greet her old cat,
my knees crack!

Fishing out a dime
for the dancing chicken,
he closes the arcade.

Arizona Zipper

The drunken hobo
on the merry-go-round
all by himself

The peacock—
a dandy saunters
in the disco

Barry Goodmann

swinging
at the top of the tent
the empty trapeze

Annette Burr Stowman

1985 HENDERSON HAIKU AWARDS
Sponsored by The Haiku Society of America
Judges: Cor van den Heuvel and Adele Kenny

First Prize
\$100.00

in utter stillness
the incense
changes direction

Stephen Hobson
Bellingen, New South Wales
Australia

Second Prize
\$50.00

early spring sun—
the spinster combs out her hair
for nesting birds.

David E. LeCount
La Honda, California

Third Prize
\$25.00

canyon:
at the very edge
riversound

Ruth Yarrow
Ithaca, New York

First Honorable Mention

Out of its slipper
her bare foot talking
under the table

Robert F. Mainone
Dalton, Michigan

Second Honorable Mention

Burial prayers
grandson playing hide and seek
behind the stones

David Elliott
Factoryville, Pennsylvania

Third Honorable Mention

between the fireflies
the changing shape of darkness

Robert Kramer
Everglades City, Florida

Fourth Honorable Mention

My father's hammer
warm again
in my hand

Dorothy McLaughlin
Somerset, New Jersey

Fifth Honorable Mention

under trees and sky
the baby studies
her hands

Margarita Mondrus Engle
La Quinta, California

The judges' comment appears on the following page.

STATEMENT
BY COR VAN DEN HEUVEL AND ADELE KENNY
(JUDGES OF 1985 HENDERSON AWARDS)
ON THE HAIKU SUBMITTED FOR THIS CONTEST

Happily, we didn't find it difficult to select three unique haiku from among the 247 entries we received. It's interesting to note, and confirmation of the poem's strength, that before putting our critical muses together, both of us chose "in utter stillness/the incense/hanges direction" as the first place winner. Its strong visual impression and unpretentiousness speak for themselves. Our second and third place winners remained similarly "heads above the crowd" throughout the judging process. We have also cited five haiku which, in our opinion, are of sufficient merit to warrant honorable mention. Although there were a number of outstanding haiku entered this year, we were disappointed by the quality of much of what we read. It is probably true that most haiku poets submit their finest work for immediate publication, and so, when competition time rolls around, their strongest material is ineligible. If this is true, it may account for the lack of quality we observed. Unfortunately, it doesn't account for carelessly handwritten entries, tacked on titles, clues to meaning on the reverse side, and the apparent "beginner-isms" we found in some entries. We mention these points as a caution to future entrants who must be aware that haiku is a very demanding and exacting form which few are able to master. Our congratulations and hearty mental handshakes are extended to the winners.



river to
the edge of the road
a little ripples over

ghost town cemetery—
five family names
and the Kansas wind

no temple bells
here on the farm—
freight train's faint call

Randy Brooks

after the good-byes
shuffling
blank paper

meeting
after our divorce
the priest

Lequita Vance

sweeping up poolside
one dead blossom
one plastic fingernail

Francine Porad

home late
I pause to view the sunset
before going in

cold rain
I retie garbage
on the curb

wedding anniversary
I discard driftwood
gathered in the wilderness

darkest nite
a can of last year's
peaches

LeRoy Gorman

Autumn's end—
I meet the burdock waiting
at the bridge

Stephen Gould

news of his illness:
the last of the chrysanthemums
frozen

his heart attack:
in the cold wind
the slender aspen quake

waiting for news:
some leaves still cling
this autumn day

Judith Clark

These ruddy pears!
the autumn sun
in their bitter skins

At dusk
tending the tomatoes
the smell of bruised stems

Brighter now
through the hurricane-pruned trees—
the city lights

Bill Moore

splashing thru wet neon
his hand
in mine

Dianne Borsenik

above city strikers
the breadth of blackbirds
on a high wire

resort high-rise—
the elevator drops beachward
ahead of my breath

phone operator—
a tiny doll monkey taped on
the microphone wire

Frederick Gasser

Subway guitarist
sitting on a loudspeaker
playing *Goyescas*

The lawn with the rocks—
even the dandelions
know The Way

Sydell Rosenberg

old cellist
making every note sing—
empty subway

Humphrey Noyes

FOR ROSELIEP: MEMORY TANKA

“and/
all must die” —
how this line comes back to me
on my coffee-cup
afternoon

this lantern’s
tonight’s moon:
I have no paper
to set down
a tricky five-seven-five

to the lonely hut
of a Zen poet
I came—
and now I write
my bare five lines down

this tangle
of bush
this turbulence
in the cutting—
oh, Roseliep is dead

dead,
this singer
of minutiae
who tanka’d
his haiku world

circle my heart,
you maimed hope,
and draw
the strings
tight

let's hone,
let's hone,
though like bees
magnetic in their dance
toward blooms

Sanford Goldstein



autumn moon
the stillness of Sobi-Shi
harvesting light

James Minor

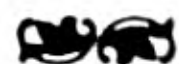
his name
in snowfall
on the candleflame

Bill Pauly

for sobi-shi

****S*U*N*S*H*I*N*E**C*A*F*E****
flickering against the night
along the highway

Jerry Kilbride



TRANSPLANTING FORM: By Way of an Introduction

Jack Sumac

The **Project of Ordinariness** is an attempt to expand the possibilities of haiku in English in a way that is consistent with the poetics of contemporary American poetry and yet is still tied to the traditions of Japanese haiku.

One of my concerns has been to evolve a "form" for American haiku that would give it more flexibility and potential for poetic effects than the usual three line form that has become the customary way of writing haiku in English. A problem for me with the traditional way of rendering haiku in English is that it doesn't *consistently* allow for very much to happen language-wise in the poem. I emphasize the word "consistently" for there have, of course, been many wonderful haiku written in English and translated into English.

Japanese, however, being essentially monosyllabic and unstressed, with a different syntactical and grammatical structure, has far more effects at its disposal within the limits of haiku than English. I am always amazed by the variety of music Japanese can make with within a haiku. Any one can get a sense of this by reading romanizations of Japanese haiku that often accompany translations. Likewise, reading literal translations will reveal the compressed and energetic syntax of Japanese, which also allows for more variety than English usually does within the limits of haiku.

To try to compensate for some of these differences between the two languages and to better accommodate the qualities of English, I arrived at a six line poem organized into three very short stanzas, ala Williams in a way. I found that within these tiny stanzas more subtle possibilities were available, especially in the rhythm and pacing of the poem, but also in the sounds and juxtaposition of sounds the poem was capable of. Also, if necessary, I could get more words into the poem, carry articles and prepositions more gracefully, and generally gain in the effects important to American poetry and still achieve the effect of haiku. In addition, the form is flexible enough to allow a good deal of variation. Now there are six line breaks and three stanzas to play with. Stanzas can be used to enhance or

accent the rhythm of the poem, or be used as units of attention with each holding its own image. The stanzas can also be used to pace the unfolding of the poem by allowing stanzas to flow into each other. The position of the turning word is also variable. Depending on the nature of the poem, the strategies can be varied.

The notion of the haiku unfolding its meaning is something I became interested in while experimenting with translations of Basho. Since haiku are often printed or painted vertically down the page, and given the somewhat character aspect of the language, I had a sense that this might play a part in the aesthetics of the Japanese haiku as it unfolds its meaning, perhaps adding a more suspenseful or dramatic element to the way the poem is taken in. I first experimented with using sets of two line stanzas in trying to translate Basho. Here's a sample.

A tiny
Pea

Crab
Climbing

Out of
The water

Up
My leg!

Whether there is any truth to my surmises about the Japanese vertical printing of haiku I can't say, but I was pleased with how some of the translations turned out, and it was at this point I began applying the idea to my own haiku.

Haiku is a difficult discipline, more so I think than we realize sometimes. Basho said somewhere that writing three real haiku makes a haiku poet and writing ten real haiku makes a great haiku poet. Certainly this is proof enough that composing a few masterful haiku is difficult even in Japanese; that the perfect combination of image, language and sensibility is a rare occurrence at best. If this is so in the very language that gave birth to the haiku, where does that put those of us who are trying to write it in a language it was never meant to accommodate?

My intention has been to try to increase the language energy of English language haiku, to give it some additional possibilities. Technique alone, of course, never creates haiku. More than any other form of poetry, the mysterious, elusive element that makes reading and writing haiku a way of life transcends techniques and strategies. But the haiku is a poem, nonetheless, and as such deserves the most subtle and careful application of language we can bring to it. That haiku demands a great deal from the sensibility and consciousness of the poet goes without saying, but it also demands a language fitting its intention: the art of sacred perception.

Day after day
the project
of ordinariness.

SPRING

Windows open
this spring morning

a jet's rumble
goes

through every room
in the house.

A woman's
red scarf

caught
in a tree

a day in
early spring.

SUMMER

Content again
after

shifting his weight
in the grass

the rained-on
frog.

Listening
closely

it could be
the same

cricket
all these years.

AUTUMN

Autumn sunlight
almost faded

the daddy-long-legs
perfectly still

on the side
of the house.

Opening the door
at night

something tiny
flies in

from the autumn
cold.

WINTER

Through frozen
branches

a far away
yellow window

instead of
the moon.

In his sleep
my son's

foot trying
to get back

in under
the blanket.



a week of rain
the rotten-wooded willow
burgeons with leaves

casting off the lines—
odor from the wooden wharf
of drying dew

Robert Spiess

Summer is over.
A horse walks his reflection
along the lake's edge

Night jet—
two more sisters briefly
in the Pleiades

Ann Atwood

Crushed caterpillar
under the tire
of his wheelchair

Insomnia:
all but the North Star
pass from my window

Almost dawn:
the owl seals the moon
under its eyelid

Robert Kramer

WET SIDEWALKS

In the New York rain,
the pavement darkens its gray—
yellow taxicabs.

Where a truck has leaked some oil
the children find a rainbow.

After the rainfall,
following an ice-cream stick
in the gutter stream.

The sidewalk after spring rain;
the color of this child's eyes.*

On the wet sidewalk,
a fallen brown leaf regains
a green shape. Behold.

Bernard Lionel Einbond

*From renga

“From Another Season”

(Einbond, Davidson, Lamb)

Modern Haiku XIV: 3 Autumn 1983

another nameless day
icy darkness settles on
the asylum wall

in the fog
the flicker of one faint star
now none

country churchyard
embracing a tombstone the child
with a white rose

rusty pump
fork of an old tree growing
around an ax handle

wild grass
house with half a chimney
and a nest

Gene Williamson

October morning,
one cottonwood leaf falling
in slow circles

at the zoo
eye to eye with a tiger
deep moat

Jean Campbell Simmonds

KYOTO 1984

October crickets
sing now against the falling
of the Great Dream

(Higashi Honganji Temple)

Kyoto geese
I also am a traveler
this autumn evening

October pond
still tied to shore—
a sunken boat

(Ryoanji Temple)

Autumn day
the tips of the pampas grass
bowed like mourners

The great bell sounds
the courtyard falls quiet in
a still deep water

Paul Wadden

ASTRONAUT

A Solo Renga
by
Cor van den Heuvel

full moon
the astronaut looks at it
. . . differently

thistledown
drifts by the launch pad

along the distant reef
waves are breaking against
a blue sky

in front of the funhouse
the laughing woman never stops

the little boy
cries to get on the donkey
then cries to get off

sniffing the trap
the mouse hesitates

the artist dreams
a new shade of red stains
his palette knife

colors flicker across
the hospital-bed pillow

turning off the TV—
Mount Rainier fills
the window

she looks again
at her diamond watch

the pawnbroker
seeming to lose interest
turns to his newspaper

a few notes ripple
from the old clarinet

the crowd
as it enters the symphony hall
pulls its umbrellas in

waiting, the chauffeur
listens to the races

from the wreaths
a few petals blow
into the grave

trying to dry my eyes
before the houselights come on

still laughing—
the Marx brothers
poster

sipping pink wine
in her pink bathroom

in black lingerie
she opens the door
and purses her lips

the ship's whistle blows—
Fuji through the porthole

a seagull starts
to land on the buoy—
then flies off

a light sweeps the pier—
the cloud-trailing moon

boarded-up carousel
the wooden horses leap
into darkness

between the buildings
a cat's tracks in snow

calling in sick—
getting back into bed
to continue the dream

grinding and whining:
the garbage truck

hot day—
crossing the street, the heat
from the cars

through the cool lobby
into the dark theater

old movie—
the aisle lights on
the red carpet

leaving the cathedral
to pray under the stars

stirred by it,
the lilac bush scents
the breeze

in the geode
the unseen crystals

peeking
through the curtain
at the arriving audience

gently lifting the sax
from its blue-lined case

eight bars by Lester—
the band swings off
into space

end of the record
the needle whispers



THESE WINDING PATHS

—An Essay Review—

L. A. Davidson

THE RIBS OF DRAGONFLY, Rod Willmot. Black Moss Press, P.O. Box 143, Station A, Windsor, Ont. N9A 6L7, 93 pages, 1985, \$9.95.

Although warned by the author that this book “may be considered a novella with haiku,” so intense was the man-woman relationship on first reading that I assumed it to be autobiographical and was startled at his reference to a future work “like *Ribs* a haibun, but unlike it non-fictional.”

This is one of the most complex works to come out of the family of haiku-in-English. It is truly a “novella” with components of haibun-prose on two levels and a collection of relevant haiku at the end of each section. As the publishers state, it is a variant of haibun, as is H. E. Roth’s *Behind The Fireflies* (Wind Chimes Press, 1982) which uses quotations from battle-field markers followed by the more usual haibun practice of one haiku as accent.

Each section starts with a brief “Prelude” to prose form that is sheer poetry. Reading all preludes without intervening haibun-prose and haiku, one has a complete literary work based on Willmot’s words borrowed from the haibun-prose section, “the stern”: “its single theme, of man and woman stretched resonant upon eternal zero . . .”

The second part of each section is haibun-prose that deals more with the other side of this man whose journey is not to a place far from his habitat but to a far place within himself through the nine months of open water and changing seasons that are rivetingly recorded here. Again a cross-reference, this from the first prelude: “He seems at ease, fluid, only when alone and talking to the sky, ducks, water. Or whatever it is he does alone.” In one of these parts, “gunnels widening,” he states his dilemma simply: “I sit here vacillating between contentment and gall, soaking up Leila’s tenderness, yet wishing I were alone.” But though the tensions spill over into these prose parts, they are so jam-packed with nature spelled other than s-e-x or solely human-oriented that one who loves the outdoors might also read these portions together without preludes or haiku and return to them again and again—to the emotions evoked by the flora and fauna and the elements:

“A squawk . . . secretive chortling. Mutters, and a burst of raucous laughter. As I neared the estuary the bird-talk blossomed invisibly from the ice, until it seemed to be everywhere. Then as I drifted into open water there began a gentle, multitudinous eruption of all that we have counted over the weeks of arrival: the geese, goldeneyes, scaups and ringnecks, more guessed than seen, and blacks, bald-pates, pintails, mergansers. Blurred and veering forms, plush arrows, numberless vortices of energy boiling into the air. A thudding heart of wingbeats, thronging hearts in a sudden pass, and pass again, like volleys of muffled bells. A hush, splash, cascading

plashes of landing, and cries then, a trumpet detonating hundreds of trumpets, and out of the din with ceaseless magic, a tender rustling as of proffered flowers."

"the otter—one black squiggle over February ice—a memory . . ."

"to discover a plant, follow its stem into the sky. Into the earth."

I do not begin to dip into the riches of this part of the book, among them the island as fantasy woman; unexplained ailments; emotional tangles, reconciliations and losses.

Then as third part of each section there are the groups of haiku, in some ways less compelling than the first two parts if taken singly, but as a whole highly satisfactory. If they do not directly relate to the preceding prose, they are connected in a linkage like that in renga (Higginson, *The Haiku Handbook*, 1985), starting with "the everyday events of the author's life—minute particulars of object, person, place, action," and revealing new facets in relationship with others. They are true to the theory of haiku as set forth in Willmot's several articles on the subject in past issues of *Frogpond* and in book reviews in *Cicada*, chiefly that a haiku contains two fundamental parts interacting metaphorically to give an even greater impact ("A haiku is a haiku—not because of the syllables it contains, the forms it fulfills, or the rules it follows—but because of what it does."); that "a haiku must have flesh." ("Could it be that the skeletal trend in recent haiku is an awful mistake?"); and that every word of a haiku must be essential, authentic, lucid and fresh.

In a talk to the Haiku Society of America, published in *Frogpond* 6:3, 1983, Willmot advanced the cause of haiku based solely on human experience—"psychological haiku," his term. It is interesting that in *Ribs* 1) more than half are an observation of nature in which human nature is revealed; 2) in roughly a third, one side of the metaphor is human experience, the other of nature; and 3) in a fifth, the human is all. To illustrate:

1) knife in the ground wild ginger sharp on the tongue	2) night-swim . . . thinking I'm alone until the moment she speaks (Note: <i>Why not just</i> <i>"until she speaks"?</i>)	3) so like a snake her question mark: the note left under my keys
flatcar on the rusted siding chicory shouting its blue	cheeses, paté my mouth suddenly dry when she looks at him	in the computer room calm and warm the smell of gray

They all work, and on each side—nature and psychological—is one of my favorite Willmot haiku, each published earlier, the first not in this version of *Ribs*:

1) Listening . . . After a while I take up my axe again	3) away from eyes the stairwell holding us in its arms
---	--

To be expected from the editor of *Erotic Haiku*, anthology (1983), there is a thread of eroticism throughout; mostly with finesse.

Structurally there is a game in this book, bearing out the concept of his canoe, *Dragonfly*, from one haiku at the prow to one at the stern, and the other hundred nineteen representing ribs and spaces. The number in each of the nine sections—named for a boat part—increases or decreases evenly to nineteen at the widest, “the keel is unseen.” So integrated is this that no literary harm is done, though it may have some bearing on the connection between the haiku and preceding prose. Haiku used in three sections of the book, previously published in *Cicada*, have been rearranged or used in other sections of the book. No matter, however, because the author follows his winding paths of narrative and emotion so cleverly as not to ever get wholly lost. One comes to feel that his *Dragonfly*, “this fish-thing, insect-thing made mostly of emptiness—ribs, slats, canvas”—stands also for haiku: “The very power. . .the fragility its strength.”



moonless woods:
an owl silencing
with the wind

Lenard D. Moore

even bike riding this morning
is different. up late last night
with Basho.

in a sunny clearing
squirrel with its first coat
and crow shadows

Glenda Frank

(for the paintings of Rousseau)

sunset
the hunter's
blood

forest—
in the owl's mouth
sunset

sleeping gypsy—
the moon
grimaces

Steve Dalachinsky

Fall raking—
among the crisp leaves
an old Easter egg

Helen J. Sherry

October wind—
a halo of maple leaves
around the stone madonna

Christopher Suarez

AT THE ROUSSEAU EXHIBIT
Museum of Modern Art, May 5, 1985

Contemplating the jungle scene,
a small man in red
with a waxed moustache

Flute sound
lifting the snake;
its belly jungle pink

While the lion eats a tiger
three oranges
gently placed on the grass

Last light
sliding down
an unknown stalk

Jungle silence:
white moon
in the snake's eye

The moon rises the moon sets
vulture eating
leopard flesh

Full silvery moon:
arm-in-arm
a woman and a clown

After the exhibit
flat orange moon
pressed against the sky

Alexis Rotella

from the dry & tangled vines the cry of a jay

leafstorm the drifter turns his collar up

long as the crows flight the winter sky

Clark Strand

November:
under the tree decayed mangoes
pecked by the greedy birds

street gutter—
the drinking cat pauses
to give me a bleary look

a cat of the same color
the misty morning

José Carlos Barbosa

on the old woman's lawn
scattered toys
a few broken shrubs

passing the dog pond
today no barking
at all

in the old skiff
bilge sloshes
a tangle of tackle

Ronan

empty churchyard
behind the nativity
spider spins its web

winter gust
the squirrel's tail bends
with blades of grass

Anthony J. Pupello

Catalpa pods
Under snow—
My lost gloves

After New Year's
Sake cups
In the fish tank

Icicles
Clog the drainpipe
Windchimes in snow

Unmailed—
New Year's card
To a sick friend

Farolitos
Lopsided at dawn
Pale new moon

Miriam Sagan

December cold
In the bleak field
leftover cotton

In the waiting room
the old woman-with-a-cane
fixes her make-up

Barbara McCoy

Winter begins—
the widow places a wreath
on the new grave

Don L. Holroyd

One year now—
on wood he stacked
lichens still grow

Nina A. Wicker

bitter wind . . .
the hand that cups the flame
aglow

brown rabbit
frozen
in your shadow

Peggy Willis Lyles

Overnight snow,
opening the blinds
to see the emptiness

Rebecca Rust

BOOK REVIEWS

abandoned outport, Nick Avis, 16 pages, 1984. Available from author, P.O. Box 682, Corner Brook, Newfoundland, Canada A2H 6G1, for \$2.00 (Can.) or in exchange for any signed work by an author.

Reviewed by Richard Bodner

Nick Avis' *abandoned outport* is an evocative adventure, as wonderfully alive as an abandoned fishing-village or a sky filled with seabirds. The poems are subtle and suggestive, views muted with mist, yet are also charged with dramatic surprise. They express the traditional virtues of *wabi*, *sabi*, *yugen* and the like, while daring the experimental frontiers.

These poems take risks, test the limits of the form and transcend fictive barriers projected by the mind, without abandoning haiku roots—so long as those roots are defined by attitude and process rather than external formal characteristics. Here the poem is a small boat out beyond the bay—yet not so far out that we lose sight of land or of moorings in human experience. We are conscious at once of sea and land, of sea and sky, our time of ocean and our time of earth.

sun behind the hills
the fisherman ships his oars
and drifts into shore

Yes, he dares even a few three-liners with seventeen syllables—yet no two are spaced in exactly the same way upon the page. At times this page-play looks deceptively conventional, as, for example, on a page with two quite traditionally lineated haiku (three lines flush left, quietly traditional content as well) which yet create a visual game of “hill” and “pasture” — their themes—in relation to each other. He is equally at home with the one-liner when the long, horizontal view is called for:

spring horizon a distant sailboat rocks in the dawn

Form and theme flow together through changes natural to each unique moment, each juxtaposition and interfusion, conveying the impact of tremendous poetic diversity on the one hand and internal unity on the other. Through all, the poet shares the nuance of event and consciousness in the shape the poem takes within its white-space. The placement of each line helps express the theme, evoking the appropriate mood along with a sense of the integral connection between inner and outer realities.

On some pages this space-play splashes up with all the power of the unexpected, the excited moment, the mystery cutting across the medium which gives it life.

a
shaft
of
whale spray ! sunlight
 in the bay

Testing the limits of what will work, a poet like Avis must accept without fear the occasional failure or mixed response, yet these experiments have been carefully selected and arranged, and this reader at least is entirely convinced that the results are worth the risks. About the worst I can say is that I am not so crazy about the inverted “L” of the “oon” raising its head, and I wonder if

the speed sign
half buried in the snow
O/h

isn't a little too cute. Still, others will totally enjoy even these, and I, too, believe them worth including—at least partly for what they reveal about limits.

Even the strictest traditionalist will find plenty of value in this sequence, with appreciation for at least the more modest space-plays translating calligraphic flair into modern typography. One wonders how Bashō's brush would have expressed the backwash and undertow of

the village graveyard
one by one the headstones lost
in the ocean mist

for but one example.

The same care that has gone into the placement of each line and word and punctuation sign has clearly gone into the work as a whole, which flows along with its own inner logic. First poem and last speak together, as do theme and mood, image and sound, as if the space of each page had an inexorable meaning in the scheme of things, despite the range of the verse-play and the diversity of both mood and form. Even front and back covers speak together as if they were parts of a single poem, when the book is folded open. Some readers, I admit, may object to calling certain experiments “haiku,” especially the six-line “see the seabirds in the sky” on the cover, but this is a minor question when the work as a whole holds together as well as this work does.



OCTOBER RAIN ON MY WINDOW, Nina Wicker, Honeybrook Press, 34 pages, 1984, \$4.95. Available from the author, 4318 Minter School Road, Sanford, N.C. 27330.

Reviewed by Richard Bodner

The texture of the fine paper, hand-sewn binding, and quality letterpress printing are more than worth the cost of this special volume. The forty-eight poems by Nina Wicker and the Foreword by Ralph Earle of the University of North Carolina are a bonus.

The forty-eight haiku are divided into four sections by season, with twelve poems each. A few of the haiku do not merit the care given the physical production, and one or two may later embarrass the fine poet (e.g., the tuna tin floating in on the surf), but with so many successful examples to choose from, we need not dwell on the negative. On the whole, we agree with Mr. Earle's Foreword:

These poems reveal . . . what the red clay of the southern piedmont holds in common with the bamboo hillsides of Japan. They invite us into respect for the details of the world around us . . . [and for] the rhythm of the seasons.

Among my favorites:

by the back-yard fence
piglets suck a standing sow
I pick tender greens

Easter Morning
the gnarled dogwood blooms
three white butterflies

winter evening
aquarium filter bubbles
the parakeet sings

February ice
stills the weather vane duck
facing south

sleepless night
sleet pings the window pane
the child coughs



NEON SHAPES, Haiku by R. W. Grandinetti Rader; illustrated by Fredrick Duignan. Jade Mountain Press, P.O. Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046, 1985, 45 pp., hardbound, \$6.00.

Reviewed by Adele Kenny

Neon Shapes is a beautifully produced, hardbound volume of twenty-four haiku printed on quality linen paper. Complete with dust cover, it is consistent with Jade Mountain's commitment to honoring the reader with high standards of literary craftsmanship and technical production.

Artwork by Fredrick Duignan enhances the text without intruding upon it. His heavy brush strokes lend a curiously harmonious Eastern flavor to Western-world images, and the repeated juxtaposition of illustration and blank page provides the reader with needed space in which to internalize and respond to the poetry.

Rader's voice is both contemporary and clear, and these moments of urban experience cut through the dark side of city life like neon lights. This poet elevates the details of a landscape that few haiku artists have dared to explore. In the opening poem

full moon
in the bum's
glass eye

Rader begins to open his reader's eyes to the sadness and humility of a community of people with whom we share our planet but often choose to ignore.

Rader's economy of language is sharpened by effective sonic and visual impression. Consider

tapping in		winter morning,
the sunrise	and	the pretzel vendor
the blindman's cane		hugs himself

In such poems Rader avoids the triteness of sentiment yet skillfully conveys an innate and viable humanism.

Through the sequence, nature and human nature are brought together in haiku like

chalk outline		bag lady and robin
of the pimp's body:	and	fighting over
first snowflakes		a piece of yarn

There's also a wry humor, a subtle irony in

motorcycle
drowning out
the mockingbird

Rader's attention to the specific is striking, and yet he leaves the reader room for personal interpretation. In

pool hall:
eight ball misses
the roach

I saw a cockroach. A friend who shared the book with me saw the roach as street lingo for the remains of a marijuana cigarette. Either way, the haiku worked for both of us.

William Stafford once defined writing as "... a truth that has learned jujitsu." *Neon Shapes* has delivered a kick to this reader's ribs. Rader's truth is one which reaches the heart.



COVER ART: My thanks for this issue's cover drawing go to Marlene L'Abbé of Montreal, Quebec.

NEWS ON TAPES: *The Hearth Cricket*, ninety minute audio tape cassette featuring a male cricket in full voice, each tape duplicated individually from the master and hand labeled, still available from Jaxon Teck, 4½ Wynding Way, Rockaway, NJ 07866. \$10 US/\$12 overseas includes \$5 tax-deductible contribution to the Haiku Society of America—put "\$5 for HSA" on check made out to Jaxon Teck. Allow 4-5 weeks.

Mockingbird Night/Mockingbird Day will be available soon.

NPR BROADCASTS: Nick Virgilio will be radio commentator on new Saturday morning program, Weekend Edition, on National Public Radio Network, beginning November 2nd.

CONTEST DEADLINE: North Carolina Haiku Society Annual Haiku Contest has December 31 deadline. Send SASE to N.C. Haiku Society, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610 for copy of the rules.

NEW PUBLICATION: Randy & Shirley Brooks (High/Coo Press, Rt. 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920) announce a new haiku magazine, *Mayfly*, to be published irregularly. To enter their title page haiku competition "submit one mayfly haiku and include \$10 for a subscription" (subsc. will purchase 3 issues). Winning haiku will appear on cover or title page of first issue and author will receive \$50.

A CALL FOR CITY HAIKU: North American writers are asked to submit haiku "dealing with the contemporary urban experience" for a forthcoming Bug Press anthology. Submit up to 25 typed original city haiku, SASE, a publication history of submitted poems, a bibliography, a biography of up to 100 words, and a "personal poetics" comment of up to 150 words. Deadline: February 28, 1986; notification of acceptance by April 30th; projected publication date is November 30, 1986. Copyright remains with poets.

Send material to Michael Dudley, R.R. 2, Drayton, Ontario, Canada N0G 1P0.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED:

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

heart and bones by Bob Boldman, Wind Chimes Press, PO Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1985, 24 unno. pps., \$1.25. Wind Chimes Minibook XI.

Me Too! by Randy Brooks, High/Coo Press, Rt. 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920, 1985, 40 pps., \$3.50 paper/\$10.00 hardcover.

Blue Ridge by James Deahl, Aureole Point Press, Box 909, Adelaide Street Station, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5C 2K3; 1985, 32 pps., \$3.00 (paper).

Haiku of Desire by Rochelle Lynn Holt and Linda Zeiser, Merging Media, 59 Sandra Circle A-3, Westfield, NJ 07090; 1985, 32 pps., \$2.00 (paper).

New Year's Poetry Party at the Imperial Court, edited by Marie Philomene, Heian International Publ. Co., PO Box 2402, South San Francisco, CA 94080; 1983, \$29.50 (hardcover).

The Outside of a Haiku by Rebecca Rust, N.C. Haiku Soc. Press, PO Box 14247, Raleigh, NC 27620; 1984, \$6.50 (paper).

Inch by Inch: 45 Haiku by Issa, translations & calligraphy by Nanao Sakaki, Tooth of Time Books, 634 East Garcia, Santa Fe, NM 87501; 1985, 48 pps., \$3.00 (paper) plus \$1.00 postage/packaging.

Thirds, by Charles Rossiter, William Schmidtkunz, Jeffrey Winke; Distant Thunder Press, 1007 Sunnyvale Lane, Suite E, Madison, WI 53713; 1985, 64 unno. pps., \$3.95 (paper).

Distant Mountain by Carol Scott Wainright, Wind Chimes Press, PO Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1985, 32 unno. pps., \$1.25. Wind Chimes Minibook X.

1986 Poet's Market, edited by Judson Jerome, Writer's Digest Books, 9933 Alliance Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45242; 1985, 360 pps., \$16.95 (hardcover).

The Haiku Society of America has experienced a welcome increase in membership (240 now) and copies of *Frogpond* go to members in Japan, Australia, Germany, Spain, Greece and Canada as well as in 33 of the 50 United States, including Alaska and Hawaii. The quarterly program-meetings in New York City have been a bonus for members fortunate enough to have been able to attend. The Haiku Society was represented, for the first time I believe, at the recent New York Book Fair—sharing space with From Here Press. All members were eligible to send their books; 30 authors were represented by 52 titles and 60 books were sold plus some copies of *Frogpond*. This was valuable exposure, regardless of sales.

Plans for the future include the possibility of other contests in addition to the Henderson Award Contest.

Again, I would remind all members that HSA dues become due on January 1, 1986. Early, prompt payment is a great help in planning for the four issues of *Frogpond* and other activities. Donations are welcome at any time and are, of course, tax-deductible. And for readers of the magazine who are not members of HSA, I would like to suggest that the first of the year (or now) is a good time to join!

Holiday greetings from HSA and from *Frogpond* to you all!

ESL

HSA ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT
October, 1984 — September, 1985

I. Beginning Balance 10/1/84		\$1017.50
II. Income		
Membership Dues	3892.11	
Single Issues <i>Frogpond</i>	275.50	
Henderson Contest Entries	240.00	
Contributions ¹	1236.00	
Other	31.50	
Sub-total Income	5675.11	<u>5675.11</u>
III. Payments		
<i>Frogpond</i> Publishing Fees	3390.48	
Postage	1056.18	
Awards	425.00	
Stationery	54.80	
Publicity	50.00	
Telephone	33.86	
Other	108.00	
Sub-total Payments	5118.32	<u>5118.32</u>
IV. Balance 9/30/85		1574.29

(1) Includes \$750 in non-recurring contributions.

—R. A. Kremer
Treasurer, HSA

