

# frogpond



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GARY HOTHAM

GETSTHOFEN, GERMANY

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# FROGPOND

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**HSA DUES REMINDER:** a reminder to all who have not yet renewed for 1986 that NOW is the time. And this is an appropriate time for those who have been thinking about joining to do so. Foreign members **MUST** send funds in U.S. dollars.



## GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

I'm excited and pleased at the opportunity to serve the Haiku Society of America as President this year. I feel it is an exciting time for the growth of public awareness of haiku. Some fine programs are in the planning stages for those members who can make it to our New York meetings (and more of you could come, so do!), and we hope to inspire more and more of you across the country to find ways to share haiku and haiku-related activities, both with one another and in your communities.

May it be a good year for all of us, one in which special moments and the haiku that celebrate them multiply and enrich our lives and our spirits.

*Penny Harter*

## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

I, too, look forward to this new year with great enthusiasm and with eagerness to improve and perhaps expand the scope of *Frogpond*. I continue to open each submission envelope with a sense of anticipation, and many are the fine haiku and senryu I have found. 4,988 (by actual count of entries in my daily log) reached me in 1985; many poems of merit had to be returned and there is much material waiting to be used. Be assured that all accepted work will be published and I am sorry if it takes a while.

And again, my wish: may haiku bring you joy!

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*



in the snow  
the white rabbit's grave—  
smell of dark earth

*Ann Newell*

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond* VIII: 4

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

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

New Year's morning:  
    Among a thousand paper cranes,  
Some rice cake flowers.

*Charles B. Rodning*

after the party  
I shake out the tablecloth—  
rice against the snow

drinking ginseng tea  
its flavor is the odor  
of our old drug store

*Barbara Hughes*

Chinese New Year  
the full moon in the fountain  
still caught in the trees

*Kathy Watts*

First Day of the Year  
Nothing special  
The Milky Way

Spring—in my country  
how quickly  
it comes and goes

*Brent Harrell*

Winter beach—  
the cold white light  
on oyster shells

Cold rainy morning—  
a wet newspaper  
tells of his passing

Winter wind and rain—  
my father's name  
chiseled in stone

Scolding the child  
I feel the chill  
of winter wind

*Frank Trotman*

old mill town—  
cold wind rings  
the factory bell

false spring—  
an old drunk eyes mannequins  
in a window at Sears

winter evening—  
red sunset  
in the old woman's eyes

*Lawrence Rungren*

February melt . .  
the haiku  
begin to flow

my old pen  
ressurrected . .  
spring begins

a kit fox  
ruffles the ivy  
beneath a moonlit window

another dove  
walking in the ring of light  
around the puddle

*John Polozzolo*

Night, the poet sits  
making origami birds  
from rejection slips

So much depends  
on William Carlos Williams'  
little red poem

*Russell Holder*

watching snow fall in the nite  
I have a thousand questions  
for Shiki

*LeRoy Gorman*

January stillness:  
from a vase of roses  
the white cat drinks

*Alexis Rotella*

nothing else to do  
her hand returns to stroke the cat,  
brushing off darkness

*George Jaramillo-Leone*

The wicker basket  
full of sleeping cat  
creaks with her dreams

Just beyond winter's reach  
the moon rides wild spring winds  
across the sky

*Gary L. Vaughn*

Spring sleet—  
the windowsill cat  
narrows its eyes

Dogwood in flower:  
she lifts her eyes to  
day's half-moon

*Philip Miller*

## SNOW FLIES

a steady rain  
the dentist's drill  
turning to snow

in the walls  
mice hoarding  
mouse warmth

the cold wave  
harbors  
ships in ice

blunt with ice  
the barge's bowsprit  
anchored fast

in the cold  
cabbage cooks  
an old smell

around the house  
wreckers eat their lunch  
snow melts

spring sunshine  
the snowman loses  
his head too

*Jane Reichhold*

At the lotus lake  
through the fluttering prayer flags  
the crying of birds

In the high mountains  
primroses at the fringes  
of eternal snow

The forest's rustle  
These Himalayan cedars  
old as stones are old

Winter in Sikkim.  
How clean the shine of the stars  
through the cold moonlight

*Gunther Klinge*

(adapted from the German  
by Ann Atwood)

in a cedar swamp  
a bluejay scolding  
his reflection

*Ronald G. Rice*

CHINOOK

Light flies on the wind  
all night, drifts blown off to stars  
Now dawn melts Venus

*John Roberts*

*Alvaro Cardona-Hine*  
*Barbara Hughes*  
*John Minczeski*

LONG LAKE RENGA

Sauna at midnight  
the lamp flashes on our sweat  
the moon chills the lake

*Joan Minczeski*

1.

ach            Sunday afternoon  
                 the rain has washed the shadows  
                 that wanted to sleep

jm             the wind has broken the lake  
                 where the moon had planned to shine

bh             we're all stuck inside  
                 you say they're fixing the sun  
                 it'll take two days

ach            then it will fall on the roof  
                 half-drunk—the Finnish farmer

jm             crickets are singing  
                 into the mouth of Buddha  
                 his big bulldog face

bh             the lake is so convincing  
                 the moon believes it lives there

ach           but the high meadow  
              its throat full of wilted stalks  
              remains where it is

jm            the mother duck and her young  
              are giving birth to water

bh            and we/ we give birth  
              to recall/ to memory  
              glancing off the lake

ach           theater of time and rainbow  
              chamber of milk and shadow

jm            those yellow flowers  
              you carried home yesterday  
              perfume the silence

bh            or is it the other way  
              silence the perfume itself

2.

ach           remember the time  
              we entered the pine forest  
              how it seemed as if

bh            someone's grandfather was here  
              his shadow across your face

jm            if I light a fire  
              will the night promise to come  
              beside the sauna

ach                    yes—she’s a girl of twelve  
                              who owns the twenty-eight moons

bh                     what I do not want  
                              is to write the next poem  
                              while fixing dinner

jm                     but leaves are fixing twilight  
                              holding their own against clouds

ach                    so I’ll drop this stone  
                              close to the hollow tree trunk  
                              where water drums

bh                     I’ll watch the sky turn purple  
                              and still serve the soup on time

jm                     Sunday’s burned away  
                              with the same old deck of cards  
                              the haze on the lake

ach                    the dead ant keeps the others  
                              from attacking the honey

bh                     a single lightbulb  
                              burns uselessly til morning  
                              then the moon is gone

jm                     the statues of dusk keep watch  
                              under mushrooms, under stones



Note: “Long Lake Renga,” a linked-verse piece in five sections, was written at Long Lake, Wisconsin during the summer of 1984. The three remaining sections will appear in subsequent issues of *Frogpond*. ESL.

Main Line train:  
"Poverty" a word  
In the daily cryptogram

*Linda Marucci*

the old man's house—  
covering fresh paint,  
fresh graffiti

*Anthony J. Pupello*

Years pass  
but on the hill at sunrise  
my shadow. . . . . still one block long!

Walking to work:  
Christmas ribbons in the trash . . .  
the moon turned sideways

*Virginia Egermeier*

red light  
after the auction—  
books shifting boxes

*Wally Swist*

icy gust of wind—  
abortion clinic door pops  
a stray balloon

*Johnny Baranski*

procession of headlights  
through morning snow—  
unturned earth at the grave

snow flurries . . .  
even my oldest brother  
shivers at grandmother's grave

*Kevin Driscoll*

Against the fresh snow  
Only the thought of a crane.

*Leonard Cochran*

white in the night new snow all those new steps

*Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.*

Waves of drifting snow—  
my newborn son  
deep in a dream

*Kent Johnson*

Thin ice holding up moonlight

Afternoon thaw  
all the shadows lengthen  
except the snowman's

*David L. Elliott*

SHORT COMMENTARY ON R. W. GRANDINETTI RADER'S  
ESSAY ON "HAIKU: EXPERIMENTING WITH CONTENT"

Geraldine C. Little

Mr. Rader, in his essay in *Frogpond*, Volume VIII, No. 3, says that "Within the last five years a wave of excellent haiku that broaden considerably the subject matter of haiku has been written."

May I refer Mr. Rader, and other readers, to William J. Higginson's *Haiku Magazine* 6:3, copyright 1976, which I assume Mr. Rader has not seen. In it appears my sequence, "Affair," a forerunner of the current wave of confessional/erotic work, by quite a few years!

This issue of *Haiku Magazine* also contains Bill Higginson's essay, "An Introduction: Renga," a piece which also is a forerunner to the current great interest in renga.



Alone all day,  
the spider plant has flowered:  
January moon



Opposites are not mutual exclusives, but bound pairs.

Set by set  
converging, footprints:  
winter dawn

Night snow:  
your tracks and mine  
diverge

*Stephen Gould*

The Boston Marathon!  
Huddled around the radio,  
the sap gatherers.

*Arizona Zipper*

A thin squirrel  
clings to the branch end  
chewing new buds

In spring fog a man  
appears, says something obscene,  
and disappears

*Doris Heitmeyer*

A scrawny rabbit  
nibbles on dogwood bark—  
winter deepens

Before the blizzard,  
stopping at the florist's  
for a "spring bouquet"

*Don L. Holroyd*

below freezing  
the jay puffs up feathers  
tries one leg

*Robert N. Johnson*

MY NAME      THE LAST TIME

a solo renga

*Lequita Vance*

my name  
the last time    closes  
our joint account

a telex for the whole amount  
piling the stack of bills higher

the phone  
                         rings and rings  
collect

remembering the garden  
forgotten all month

the cat stretches  
her legs in shadow  
her legs in sun

hours past bedtime  
another cup of hot coffee

dots and dashes  
in all the places words  
should be

sounds through the wall  
come and go off and on

incessantly  
a jackhammer  
hammers

in the twilight faintly  
a dull blue glow from each room

screening off the bath  
a tangle of cropegia

billows of steam  
out the window  
confused with fog

pinetrees towering  
below the TV tower

baled hay  
guide lights  
line the runway

pea soup morning  
stacked high pancakes with syrup

rivulets thick from winter  
start down the distant hills

mallards leaving in the water rippled sky

again the window's frost  
flowers in the sickroom

full moon—  
light in the cracks  
of the sidewalk

*Penny Harter*

healing,  
her prescription bottle filled  
with wild flowers

night windows  
catch  
the candles flicker

clouds break  
the moon  
in quarter phase

*Judith Clark*

Alone by the bay—  
night floating on  
night

*Rich Youmans*

## PTARMIGAN

I dream of it stepping  
along the crowded shelf:  
stone bird

child touching it,  
whispering  
"eyes"

the ptarmigan's  
soapstone breast  
warm in the window

breeze on its back,  
the unseen  
feathers

a potted fern crashes to the floor—  
carved eyes  
open

for a while the beak  
is slightly parted; suddenly  
it's dusk

*Rod Willmot*

Raven's shadow  
croaking  
in the ravine

Quechua baby  
climbing cliff  
on mother's hip

"How old are you?"  
I ask the Andean oldster.  
He scratches his head

Night in the snow  
poncho about them  
a woman, a man

*Martin Kornfeld*

Visiting the graves  
Many old relatives  
Know the short way

*John Beer*

headlight  
headstone  
—no face

widow  
holding her  
white knuckles

*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

rice boiling  
the sound of  
winter's first day's news

winter morning  
steam rises from  
cut turnip leaves

end of the year  
an old love letter  
missing a page

*Stephen Hobson*

wolf tracks leading  
to the smell of lumber  
A-frame skeleton in snow

near the river  
a copy of *Time*  
frozen in the mud

*Rod Willmot*

snow and moonlight  
fill the open field  
sky high

*Jane Reichhold*

dark silhouette  
on the naked treetop  
cawing

*Karen Yazel*

the sunlight waning—  
my grandfather's murmurings  
about his boyhood

the old farmhouse—  
my father asking  
to be alone

this deepening cold—  
in the back of my truck  
another calf

*Tim Jamieson*

on the abandoned car  
the for-sale sign  
fading day by day

a long winter night  
listening to the mouse gnaw  
the thin plywood wall

*Richard Bodner*

A great horned owl  
rising in the wind  
gone

All night  
the windswept snow freezing  
on the window

*Deborah Page*

## THE ISLANDS

smiling steadily  
through the intense scent  
of his lei

a fern in the crack  
of last year's lava flow—  
and its spider

high water plunging  
through the rainbow—  
Akaka Falls

south of Molokai  
a last arc of cloud-rim light  
answers the new moon

\*\*\*

folding away the shirt  
that looked so acceptable  
in the islands

*Paul O. Williams*

pigeon-toed  
her scarlet shoes  
between the men's wingtips

he strums a chord  
as one green-necked pigeon  
investigates his shoes

*Glenda Frank*

snow blanket  
on her blanket  
—bag lady

*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

strange city,  
the billboard girl  
my only friend

*Jerry Kilbride*

Winter morning  
five years now since we made  
the snow Buddha.

*Lenore Mayhew*

Leaving the hall of the Bodhisattvas  
I bowed  
to the museum guard too

Evening falls  
Buddha becomes less statue  
and more shadow

A LA RECHERCHE

Last year by the roads  
of river-rich Belgium  
orchards were blooming

Neither a pilot  
nor blossoms to drive thru now—  
I drink wine alone

A drive, some letters,  
unanswered phone calls, busy lines:  
already a year!

Like the cricket  
only a dry shell is left—  
all was in my cry.

*D. R. Suvin*  
14685

Four in the morning:  
Silent interval between  
mockingbird . . . rooster

Old village schoolhouse . . .  
The hand-rail a lot smaller  
than I remember

*Renge*

After the blizzard  
sunrise  
through crystal

*Margaret G. Molarsky*

midwinter visit:  
the family graves  
marked with a snowdrift

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

melting ice:  
a fisherman changes  
his mind

*Lynn Lamphear*

Moonlight favoring  
just these cattails  
growing in pairs

Evening walk—  
the creak of my boots  
invades the stars

*Humphrey Noyes*

dark path: no sound  
but my hurried footsteps  
and a skittering raccoon

*Gloria H. Procsal*

the old rooster dies,  
and the faraway fox barks  
in the cold darkness

a strip of velvet  
still clinging to its antlers:  
the winterkilled elk

*Nick Virgilio*

after the shot,  
a red-tailed hawk dragging her weight  
across the field

through charred rafters  
the face of a barn owl  
white as the hunter's moon

*Marian Olson*

winter field  
the crow's deadness  
*(after Andrew Wyeth painting)*

night field  
the silence of a crow's  
moon

*Steve Dalachinsky*

heavy snow covers  
the mule deer's skeleton  
with the frozen grass

*T. R. Merrick*

m  
i  
g r  
a  
t i  
n g  
e  
s e  
e

without a word we get up  
and walk toward home

spring equinox  
up to my waist  
in snow!

opening the door  
this first day of spring  
morning bird song

pothole puddle  
the first robin bathes  
in the blue sky

*Nick Avis*

my eye  
migrating  
to geese

after making love  
too many stars  
to carry home

locking the door  
shutting my eyes  
the wind still inside my head

*Bob Boldman*

Stuck to a log in my woodbox,  
The moth wakes up,  
Too early for spring.

The handle gone,  
The teacup still in use,  
And plum blossoms coming on.

Almost in shape:  
The poem, the vase,  
The tulip by the gate.

*Herman M. Ward*

winter geese:  
their necks stretched  
toward dawn

*Alexis Rotella*



Between piles of snow  
the gravediggers work slowly;  
bare oaks and green pines

Heaping pinestraw  
over my garden's first sprouts;  
icy April wind

*Charles B. Dickson*

The lake disappears  
into the fog but one crow  
flaps his way clear

Dimly through the fog  
a question mark reflected  
great blue heron's neck

*Harriet Kofalk*

thru dry winter grasses  
the striped roadrunner picks out  
fresh spring beetles

*Gita Bodner*

from behind the box  
of grandfather's clothes  
a cricket chirping

telling my children  
about one-room schools  
and winter storms

*Edward J. Rielly*

winter sun;  
her blue-tasseled bookmark  
still by the bed

*Don Beringer*

paling twilight  
behind the black branch  
behind the black branch

*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

Nothing to this winter twilight  
But snow . . .  
Turning gray . . .

In this twilight  
Even my wife's silhouette  
Turns blue . . .

*Paul Burns*

Red sky at night—  
only the toppled bodies  
of snowmen

*Diane Webster*

through pink fog  
the lighted city bus—  
spring sunrise

*Jeffrey Winke*

## BOOK REVIEWS

**THE NEW YEAR'S POETRY PARTY AT THE IMPERIAL COURT: Two Decades in Postwar Years: 1960-1979**, edited by Marie Philomène. The Hokuseido Press, Toyko, xii+ 235 pages, 1983, \$29.50. Available from Heian International, Inc., P.O. Box 1013, Union City, CA 94587.

Reviewed by Jerry Kilbride

The varied grasses  
That were brought with great care  
From the Musashino plains  
Have grown so lush and tall  
In the softened soil of my garden.

The above waka was written by Emperor Hirohito for the New Year's poetry party held in the Imperial Palace in 1962—the theme that year was “soil.”

The poetry party, a tradition going back 900 years, generally takes place during the first two weeks in January, and implies the idea of a civilization and culture whose center are the court and the capital. It is presided over by the Imperial Family and other dignitaries, including a kind of poet laureate called the Meshiudo. The Yosenka (waka to be chanted) are poems written by the Imperial Family, the Meshiudo, and those selected in an annual contest of thousands of entries coming from Japan and foreign countries. The winning poets, about ten in number, are in attendance.

Sister Marie Philomène in the Introduction to *The New Year's Poetry Party At The Imperial Court* outlines its history and details a protocol whose discipline and elegant formality are reminiscent of the tea ceremony. She discusses the differences between waka and haiku, and adds that, nowadays, the terms waka and tanka are used interchangeably. She worked for 6 years translating waka from the period, 1960-79, and was aided in this task by Edward Seidensticker, Neal Henry Lawrence, and by Japanese scholars and noted tanka poets.

Following are three waka, in addition to the Emperor's above, of the 481 appearing in this handsomely-produced book.

H.I.H. Crown Princess Michiko:

It dawns upon me  
That a child no more, he speaks  
In the voice of a boy;  
Then, too, he comes home trailing  
With him a faint smell of soil.

1966—“voice”

Kimata Shūji, *Senja*:

To investigate  
    What I could not study  
Exhaustively in youth,  
    On this cold night, too, in my library,  
I burn the midnight lamp.

1961—“youth”

Tateishi Takashi (Nagasaki-ken):

The roar of the drums  
    That we beat with all our might  
On the Whale Festival  
    Resounds toward's the tide's roll,  
Loud and clear in midwinter.

1975—“festival”

Footnotes:

In 1957, Lucille M. Nixon was the first non-Japanese, as far as I know, to place among the winners. Miss Nixon taught in the Palo Alto schools and was a curriculum consultant. She died in a train/automobile accident on December 22, 1963. The elementary school on the grounds of Stanford University is named in her honor.

On the day of the poetry party the theme for the following year is announced. For more information on the contest write The Imperial Household Agency, 1-1, Chiyoda, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

J.K.

**THIRDS** by Charles Rossiter, William Schmidtkunz, and Jeffrey Winke. Distant Thunder Press, c/o Winke, 301 Racine Road, Madison, WI 53713; 1985, 64 unnumbered pages, paper, \$3.95. Large Print Book.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

This is a very attractive small book, in between the regular chapbook and the mini-chapbook in size, presenting a good sampling of the haiku of each of the three poets. In the brief 'Preface,' the poets call *Thirds* "a testament to friendship." As they have shared their haiku across many miles and over a period of years with each other, now they reach out to share with a wider group.

Charles Rossiter, an independent scholar and freelance writer in Washington, D.C.; William Schmidtkunz, a farmer and member of an oil exploration team in Alaska; and Jeffrey Winke, a corporate manager in Madison, Wisconsin, and an associate editor of *Modern Haiku*—yet from their different locales and backgrounds they write haiku which are amazingly similar in perspective. There are many lovely quiet moments for us to share here, and from the 20 haiku by each poet I have chosen two.

Charles Rossiter:

dim gallery—	as she walks away
a dead face	thighs almost touching
smiles from the wall	the setting sun

William Schmidtkunz:

warming hands	a plate of cut apples
on exhaust pipes	turning brown in the sunny window
the burning gloves	and the old woman

Jeffrey Winke:

warm bath . . .	face full of snow
the sound of the overflow	. . . and still grinning
her pregnant belly still dry	terra cotta gargoyle

**1986 POET'S MARKET: Where & How to Publish Your Poetry**, edited by Jerome Judson. *Writer's Digest Books*, Cincinnati; 1985, 360 pages, \$16.95, hardcover.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

This is a new annual directory compiled by a man eminently qualified. Jerome Judson is a widely published author and poet who for 24 years has written a monthly column for *Writer's Digest* magazine. Here in the first 17 pages of the book he discusses clearly and in detail such matters as "Writing and Publishing Poetry," "Submitting to Magazines," "Should I Copyright My Work?" etcetera. "Manuscript Mechanics" answers all questions of how-to so that poems reach an editor looking professional, that is, presenting an appearance that does not detract. The 'meat' of the book of course lies in the 1,300 listings of poetry publishers with all necessary submission information plus evaluations. Also contests and more.

For haiku poets, yes, the haiku magazines are listed, as are the small presses specializing in haiku. The market listing will be of most value, however, to poets who write other kinds of poetry as well as haiku. For those just beginning to submit their haiku, the discussions of the process of submission will be extremely valuable.

This is a book which should be in every public library in the United States. It is sure to find its way onto the bookshelves of many a haiku poet as well.

## BITS & PIECES

### **SPECIAL OFFERS.**

*Night Coach*. Marco Fraticelli will exchange a copy of his haiku book *Night Coach* for any volume of haiku. Send a copy of your book (signed) and your address and he will send his book by return mail. If you have access to an Apple and would prefer *Deja Vu*, a disk of haiku for the computer screen, he will send it instead. Write to Marco Fraticelli, Box 123, LaSalle, Que., Canada H8R 3T7.

*Apples Cherries*. Jane Reichhold will exchange a copy of this book, containing 35 of her haiku each with a longer poem linked to it, for any signed work by an author. Write to Jane Reichhold, Humidity Productions, Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445.

*Autumn Sleep & Roots in Winter*. Lee J. Richmond will send a copy of this 4th collection of his haiku to anyone sending him one dollar to cover postage. Write to Lee J. Richmond, 189 Parsons Drive, Hempstead, L.I., New York 11550.

## BROADSIDES

*Rainy Weather Over April Rain* . . . an illustrated broadside of seven haiku by Lewis Sanders, is available from him for \$1.50 ppd.

Lewis Sanders also announces the new *Red Pagoda Broadside Series*; the two poets for the first set are Edward J. Rielly and Helen Sherry with Lequita Vance designing the broadsides. \$3.00 per set.

Write to Lewis Sanders 125 Taylor St., Jackson, TN 38301.

## CORRECTION

In sentence 2 of paragraph 2 of the review of *Neon Shapes Frogpond VIII:4*, page 36, the text should read 'Eastern flavor' instead of 'Easter flavor.'

## HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

Congratulations to Randy and Shirley Brooks on the first issue of *Mayfly*, published by their High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920.

Congratulations also to Alexis Rotella whose *Brussels Sprout* has been revived with the appearance of Volume IV, Issue 1 (Box 172, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046).

Tony Suraci announces a new haiku magazine, *Old Pond*, to appear twice a year (first issue in April), subscription \$7.00 U.S. and \$12.00 overseas. (P.O. Box 546, East Haven, Conn. 06512.)

Nobuo F. Hirasawa announces that he is suspending publication of *Outch*, at least for some while, with Volume 9, No. 2 (Autumn 1985) the last issue. Best wishes to him for his own writing.

## RECENT NEWS

Donald Keene, critic-historian-translator whose many books dealing with Japanese literature are well-known to haiku poets, is one of eight newly elected members of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. Formal induction will take place on May 21, 1986.

Nancy Wilson Ross, author and expert on oriental religion and culture, died January 18, 1986. She will be remembered in the haiku community especially for her book *The World of Zen: An East-West Anthology* which contains, in addition to a lucid discussion of haiku, an edited transcript of the Alan Watts talk on haiku given over Station KPFA-FM in Berkeley, CA (1959 or 1960), subsequently issued as an LP record.

## THANKS

Thanks to Gary Ray for furnishing the cover for this issue.

## CONTESTS:

Harold G. Henderson Award for 1986. See rules inside back cover.

Annual Lafcadio Hearn Haiku Contest. This is sponsored by Matsue City, Japan. To participate, send no more than 3 original, unpublished haiku which have some connection with Lafcadio Hearn to Lafcadio Hearn Contest, c/o Elizabeth Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 with SASE. Include name and address with each haiku. Up to 20 haiku will be selected to be printed in the booklet reporting on the contest, with Japanese translations by Hiroaki Sato. No prizes. Those whose haiku are used will receive a copy of the booklet. Deadline: postmark of June 15, 1986. Please do not include entries with *Frogpond* submissions.

## 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.

*Tidepool No. 2: An Anthology of Haiku Poetry*, edited by Herb Barrett, graphics, Beth Jankola; Hamilton Haiku Workshop Press, 4 East 23rd St., Hamilton, Ont., Canada L8V 2W6; 1985, 84 pps., \$5. plus \$1.00 postage, paper, checks payable to Herb Barrett.

*Haiku Senryu and Drawings* by Claire Cooperstein; 1986, 16 unno. pps., \$3.00 ppd. From author at 18C Sharon Heights, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

*Only the Ashes* by Kage, translated by Steve Sanfield, drawings by John Brandi; Tooth of Time Books, 634 East Garcia, Santa Fe, NM 87501; 1981, 32 unno. pages, \$25 hand-colored signed/\$10 without hand-coloring, Letterpress.

*Haiku Moments 1985: from the Haiku Dairy of Rengé* by David Priebe; 1986, c. 300 unno. pages, \$10 from author, 1347 W. 71 St., Los Angeles, CA 90044.

*Apples Cherries* by Jane Reichhold, Humidity Productions, Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445; 1985, 36 pps., in exchange for any signed work by an author. (or \$3).

*Reisnagel auf einem Kalender* by Jane Reichhold, Humidity Productions, Alsterallee 11, 2000 Hamburg 65, West Germany; 1985, 80 pps., \$3 or in exchange. German edition of *Thumbtacks on a Calendar*, listed in *Frogpond* VIII:1.

*Fifty-Six Stones* by Rafael M. Salas, ink paintings by Fujiya Kawashima; Weatherhill, Inc. (New York & Tokyo); 1985, 88 pps., \$15, hardcover.

*Station Stop: A Collection of Haiku and Related Forms* by Richard Tice, sumie by A. Aiko Horiuchi; Middlewood Press, P.O. Box 11236, Salt Lake City, UT 84147; 1986, 73 plus xiii pp., \$7.95, hardcover.

*Matsushima* by Gerald Vizenor, calligraphy by Haruko Isobe; Nodin Press, 525 N. Third St., Minneapolis, MN 55401; 1984, 88 unno. pps., \$5.95, paper.

## HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1986

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Limit: Three unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper-left hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to: Penny Harter, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of \$50; and a third prize of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

