

frogpond



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GARY HOTHAM
GERTSHOFEN, GERMANY
11 APRIL 1986

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\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku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

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.

