

# frogpond



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CARLY HOITMAN  
GERTSTADTEN, GERMANY  
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## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

---

ESL

Santa Fe sky  
two ravens measure  
the depth of blue

There is a strong international flavor to this May issue of *Frogpond*, beginning with the cover art which is a drawing by Canadian artist Marlene L'Abbé. Included in its pages are haiku from Japan, and, perhaps for the first time, England; from the People's Republic of China come several haiku written in English from poets just beginning to experience an awareness of this poetic genre. There is a review of a haiku book by an official of the United Nations, and sequences based on travel to Spain and in India add their special color. There are poems which come from Greece and Canada.

It is a privilege to present a group of haiku written by Mr. Yasuhiro Nakasone, Prime Minister of Japan. These were very kindly submitted by translator Mrs. Kōko Katō, with Mr. Nakasone's approval, and were transmitted through the courtesy of Mr. Kazuo Sato, Director of the International Division of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo.

My thanks, as editor of *Frogpond*, and the thanks of the Haiku Society of America go to Mr. Sato and the Museum for their continuing support which makes possible the "best of issue" haiku award. It may be of interest to *Frogpond* readers to know how the selection for that award is made. I am not sure of the procedure before I became editor. Now, however, HSA elected officers (minus the editor) make an independent choice of four haiku, listing them in order of preference. A point system is used to pick the winner, with the editor voting only to break a tie.

Again this May, my wish for all of you:

May haiku bring you joy!

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond IX*: 1

a steady rain  
the dentist's drill  
turning to snow

*Jane Reichhold*

spring flood—  
the oak leans  
a little farther

listening for a warbler—  
the sound  
of melting snow

here and there  
a blade of green  
catches the wind

cold drizzle—  
even the duck  
shaking it off

woodpecker silence . . .  
this drumming  
of rain

*Carol Wainright*

spring tide . . .  
the live whelks  
left behind

I weigh my words . . .  
marks in sand  
of the skipped stone

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

## TULIP SEQUENCE

my eyes half-opened      tulips

above a red row  
of tulips  
the rising sun

between our silences  
    a vase of tulips

from the corner  
of my eye  
        tulip

shattered white tulip      new moon

*Philip Miller*



across the field  
the whippoorwill's evening call  
the boy's whistled reply

*Martha J. Eshelman*

late night moonlight;  
the neighbor boy whistles  
in my strawberry patch

*Gloria H. Procsal*



the cow's skull  
by the field I'm ploughing—  
a robin's nestlings

*Tim Jamieson*

two, three yards  
past the lilac fence

its fragrance

*Robert N. Johnson*

the world  
twice as beautiful  
through one eye

*Helen Dalton*

Again the croak  
heard yet never seen  
deeper each year

*Michael Sadler*

the hills  
touching each other  
at the river

western ridges  
drop night  
on the valley floor

*Jane Reichhold*

flaking off  
the drugstore wall  
last year's circus

*Lynn Lamphear*

amusement park—  
soles of his sneakers  
against the clouds

after the circus  
cotton candy shrinking;  
scab on his knee

*Ruth Yarrow*

Mickey Mouse balloon,  
tail wrapped around  
a child's wrist.

*Mark Allan Johnson*

outside my window  
boy with small summer-sandals  
kicking up dust clouds

that emptiness as  
the train disappears from view  
around the slow curve

Colin Shaddick  
(*Barnstaple, England*)

**"A small boat"**  
**Renga by Rosaly DeMaio Roffman**  
**and Hiroaki Sato**  
**May 1983 to September 1984**

A small boat  
pinned to a tree  
waits for a butterfly

Roffman

a stir of willow  
is still chilly

Sato

gray sparrows  
debate the morning rain  
wings tucked into wings

R

sudden onslaught, now  
specks in the brain

S

a forest on the moon  
cannot be seen  
by the white river heron

R

a tenebrous splash  
a tenebrous night

S

a husband,  
stood up by his mistress,  
reels home S

savoring darkness  
eyes hide in trees R

that afternoon  
being a child was to echo  
to this day S

stones locked in caves  
still broadcast sea colors R

a chevron of  
pelicans in the air  
momentarily S

lilies brighten  
as blue happens by R

an old catalogue  
a lover in my mind  
a touch of fall S

three sunflowers by the moon  
large heads ripe for rain R

a German steeple  
soars next to a tenement  
gutted, brick S

one tree in the yard  
leaves in brown arms R

our florist  
fills up with customers  
at day's end S

a boy on a plane  
smiles through earphones R

a sleepless mother  
opens the window  
for pigeon trios R

since love was confessed  
fingers have not rested S

a hungry cat  
hidden by newspapers  
contests the rain R

leaves will all fall  
during the night S

the berry-picker  
empties his basket  
with blue hands R

dour face, sunken eyes,  
and this promotion S

twin butterflies  
with only one day  
undo their shadows R

sunlit snow fades  
across the windowpane S

broken lines of tourists  
magnolia blossoms  
bursting with song R

a photo of my sister  
against a monument S

the crow on a limb  
eyes everywhere  
a moon cliché R

Shauna Grant  
shot herself S

black circles  
under her eyes:  
the morning after S

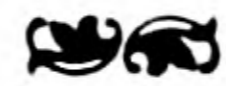
a child's boat  
on this boat R

Burton Watson,  
Cordazzi, Laurel  
Rodd, Durrell S

your bedroom  
a box of secrets R

by a dull vase  
of silken flowers,  
red panties S

seen from a distance  
a runner falls and gets up R



dipping my finger  
in the holy water fount:  
the first day of spring

during the sermon,  
slipping into the cloak room:  
the light-fingered lad

sprinkling his ashes  
up and down the town common:  
spring wind

*Nick Virgilio*

spring campus:  
a professor clings  
to last year's notes

rustle  
of the chrysalis:  
my breath on hold

bulging  
with moonlight  
the day-lily bud

our silence  
through the tunnel  
and then the moon

*Alexis Rotella*

the old crabapple  
yesterday a few blossoms  
today—full of bees!

*Virginia Bodner*

Blue Ridge valley:  
from beyond the plum thicket  
a dulcimer's thrum

sagging footbridge  
on both sides of the brook  
white laurel blossoms

scattered green sprouts  
in the forest fire's rubble;  
a quail calls

Up from the coal mine      the sun the wind

*Charles B. Dickson*

finding blue violets,  
not thinking to glance  
at the pale and fading moon

*R. H. Grenville*

in the halfmoon light  
I walk among fireflies

*Alison Poe*



**FOR JACOB HASSINGER**  
**April 27, 1855—February 6, 1925**

Born on Ellis Island on the way west to Wisconsin and Minnesota, the man arrived in eastern South Dakota helping build the "Milwaukee" railroad in the 1880s. In 1908 he built a new house on land adjacent to the homestead where he and his young family had lived in a sod shanty the first few years. He planted acres of cottonwood, poplar and ash beside the new house, as well as thirty apple trees. This green grove proved an oasis for a daughter and her family who came from Montana in the dustbowl of the 1930s.

the young woman  
thanking a dead grandfather  
for apple blossoms

a rickety ladder  
propped against an apple branch—  
a long way down

the apple picker  
filling her canvas bucket  
one by one by one

moonlit orchard:  
shadows freeze in the silence  
after falling apples

felled by the twister,  
poplar and cottonwood;  
old apple trees stand

in the weed-grown orchard  
an apple falls onto others . . .  
no one left to hear

*L. A. Davidson*

Virginia Falls  
a rainbow  
all its own

three  
hundred  
and  
sixteen  
feet  
of  
water  
sound

top of the falls  
your voice somewhere  
in its sound

*Ruby Spriggs*

picking boys' names  
she aims her camera  
into spring wind

*LeRoy Gorman*

as it falls  
it gathers and falls  
a mountain stream

evening comes  
water slips over  
the stones

*Clark Strand*

spring hillside—  
down from the hermitage  
forget-me-nots grow

through the doorway  
our dying neighbor—  
spring garden

young nun  
    glimpsing herself  
    disappears

    the wading nuns  
chased by a sea breeze—  
    billowing clouds

*Humphrey Noyes*

morning breeze—  
the origami cat  
stirs

*Christopher Suarez*

On the hot sand  
flickering of a gull's eye  
opalescent clams

Watching the sunset  
from my old hammock—  
flight of nighthawks

*Christine Swanberg*

## RECORDS OF A WELL-POLISHED SACHEL #1: SPAIN

and now for travels,  
dear Basho,  
for scratches  
on this well-polished  
satchel

reading Basho,  
I take up  
this shiny satchel  
for journeys  
to my own north

Irving,  
did you stand  
dazed  
by geometrics,  
by *Koran* curves?

Basho,  
your weather-bruised  
satchel  
had its various uses:  
tonight I scribble my coffeehouse poem

no bench  
lonely enough  
for this afternoon  
poem  
in Seville

into my satchel  
I pour memory  
by fives,  
and sometimes  
one comes out good

Basho,  
did you grumble over  
your own continental?  
I hear  
no horses pissing

wanting to take  
some of the gloss off  
last night's desire,  
I rough up  
my well-polished satchel

sometimes  
my jalousie  
was up,  
sometimes down:  
a single's room in Madrid

a sea of cranes  
in the June evening?  
no, twenty thousand  
white flutters  
to the matador's strut

Velasquez,  
your dwarf's face,  
whenever it appears,  
reminds me  
of the burden of small

*Sanford Goldstein*



Outdoor concert  
a white moth dips under  
Beethoven's thunder

Music moving  
through windless summer air  
the cello's cool shade

Still there this morning  
brown moth on the music  
changing Chopin's chord

*Ann Atwood*

on the wall  
masks from the kabuki  
the memory of his eyes

*Dianne Borsenik*

Debussy on the radio  
coffee and brandy  
in Chinese teacups

*Regan Lee*

A deaf boy  
touching a vibrating  
harp string

On the rasping cattails  
a red-winged blackbird—  
spring sunset

*Deborah Page*

Omoide wa kumo no kanata ni kari no sao

Remembering this—  
passing far beyond the clouds  
a line of wild geese.<sup>1</sup>

Amanogawa waga furusato ni nagaretari

High in the night sky  
the Milky Way flowing to  
the place I came from.

Kogarashi ya kumikawashitaru sake nigō

A withering wind—  
getting together to exchange  
a parting cup.<sup>2</sup>

Ten yakete tobi bakusin wo mimamoreri

From a flaming sky  
the winging kite looks down on  
the A-bomb site.<sup>3</sup>

Ishi no hada furekite hagi no ha wo narasu

Touching the surface  
of a stone; rustling the leaves  
of a bush-clover.

*Yasuhiro Nakasone*  
(Translations by Kōko Katō)

<sup>1</sup>It is said that Prime Minister Nakasone wrote this haiku when he met President Reagan at a Tokyo Summit.

<sup>2</sup>Written when his younger brother, a naval officer, went to the front in the Pacific War; he did not return.

<sup>3</sup>At Nagasaki on Memorial Day.

## FADING GONG

Fading gong  
empties the room  
fills my breath

Thoughts like passing clouds

Sitting on sore hips  
trying to breathe  
every breath

Fading gong hangs in the air  
swallows flying  
through the sound

*David Elliott*



white morning glories  
at the gate—  
the folds in sunlight

*Carol Montgomery*

## Beginner's Mind

rice paper sky  
five blackbirds  
without art

*Tom Koontz*



under blue smoketrees  
the wind makes sand paintings  
of petals

wind  
dry flowers enter  
the open door

sun on the old wicker chair  
beyond the window  
wind

into sunlit cloud  
an arrowhead  
of geese

feeding  
the new baby  
full moon

*Margarita Mondrus Engle*

Apache war dance  
falling eagle feathers drift  
on the March breeze.

(Indian Festival: Heard Museum  
Phoenix, AZ. 3.2.85)

*Gloria H. Procsal*

Mozart sonata—  
signal wavering  
under fighter jets

*Rich Youmans*

LONG LAKE RENGA  
continued

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

3.

ach            what if I told you  
                 that the children have melted  
                 away like sorrow

jm             tamaracks bellow like cows  
                 the clouds are going to seed

bh             the lake seems to know  
                 that the crawdads are sleeping  
                 look how she rocks them

ach            when I was a little kid  
                 the world was full of minnows

jm             the groundhog complains  
                 that no distance is too great  
                 from a barking dog

bh             before the boat comes in sight  
                 we hear their voices laughing

ach            the dock is unclean  
                 the dogs have walked all over  
                 with shit on their feet

jm             their minds so filled with light  
                 there is almost no shadow

bh                    I'm barely awake  
                         and already you're asking  
                         for the next few lines

ach                    when everything's a given  
                         it pays to ask for sunshine

jm                    I go take a leak  
                         phlox attract the yellow leaves  
                         of the butterflies

bh                    at dusk they glow even more  
                         down to their lavender stuff

ach                    it's Monday morning  
                         the wind steals across the lake  
                         on baby sandals

jm                    supervising the ripples  
                         making constant revisions



Note: "Long Lake Renga," a linked-verse piece in five sections, was written at Long Lake, Wisconsin during the summer of 1984. Parts 1 and 2 appeared in *Frogpond* IX:1 (February 1986); the two remaining sections will appear in subsequent issues of *Frogpond*. ESL

among dawn flowers  
he stops again to listen:  
fresh smell of orange

the old fisherman  
at dusk bends low in his boat  
two vultures screeching

*George Ralph*

the fisherman pauses:  
below the lily pad  
a turtle

under the weeping willow  
the slow-moving shadow  
of a watersnake

midnight:  
sounds of a raccoon bathing  
in moonlight

*Mary Lou Fennell*

walking her home late,  
her father's cigarette  
glowing in the dark

just before dawn  
the dark bulk of the mountains  
silhouetted

*T. R. Merrick*

"ADMIRING KAZUO OHNO"

dance concert:  
outside another movement,  
falling leaves

reflected in  
his wide-open eyes  
—a far-away dance

"Admiring La Argentina"  
—silent castanets  
slowly fill the senses

Butoh Dancer's farewell—  
two hands become doves  
off in flight

final curtain—  
out of the old woman  
steps the old man

*Anthony J. Pupello*

Note: Written after viewing a performance by Kazuo Ohno at the Joyce Theatre in New York in November, 1985. Then aged 79, Mr. Ohno is considered the "Father of Butoh." He performed one piece entitled "Admiring La Argentina." (Flamenco artist of the 20s).

Beak open, yellow  
eye wild, blackbird tangled in  
my cherry tree net

*Herman M. Ward*

petal by petal  
the white peony peeled open  
by a swarm of blank ants

*Claire Cooperstein*

We meet again—  
these blossoms of the plum  
and I.

After dinner—  
the preacher's napkin  
neatly refolded.

*Pat Campbell*

the meadow  
fresh with June rain—  
the horse's flanks shining

gray summer day—  
the newly painted porch  
beaded with rain

*Wally Swist*

Alligator moves  
from the river onto shore  
summer sun rising

*Tom Coon*

Florida motel  
in the swimming pool dead moths  
float like autumn leaves

Disney carousel  
all the horses painted  
different shades of white

shopping carts collide  
two old men curse each other  
above the Muzak

*Norma S. Hass*

I drop the flower  
after the bee  
stings

*Helen J. Sherry*

scent of sea  
her hair  
parting in moonlight

her eyes closed  
birdsong  
on the night wind

*Lenard D. Moore*

## ONION SET

After the rainstorm  
its lusty stalk unbroken  
the onion flower

Washed-out bean plants  
in a sea of mud a row  
of onion flowers

What do they see in it—  
all those bees and butterflies?  
the onion flower

Cool starbursts above  
the rows of cracking soil—  
onion flowers

Their odor rises  
with the afternoon heat waves  
onion flowers

Breaking it for fun  
to smell its hollow stalk  
the onion flower

In the kitchen sink  
along with muddy onions  
an onion flower



Coming in muddy  
the onion flower in its glass  
smells up the kitchen

Settling the Estate  
his garden's last legacy  
of onion flowers

Crazy about onions  
he always planted too many—  
onion flowers

Cutting up onions—  
for the man who loved onions  
a tear on the plate

*Doris Heitmeyer*



Over the warm boulder  
a shiver of mayflies

call from an old friend—  
on the vine a new leaf

drifting over the cemetery  
a hot air balloon

*Muriel Ford*

on the shadowy side  
away from the morning sun  
frost on the chimes

around new grass  
cloth strips on rope fence  
lift the wind

museum garden:  
children wiggle through  
the egg of Hans Arp

*Frederick Gasser*

hearing one warbler  
amid this cacophony  
of birdsong

*Eileen I. Jones*

Driving home  
in my rear view mirror  
the last of the sun

Small moth  
brushed away as I write  
. . . keeps returning

Evening rain over,  
the moon a thousand times  
in the wet leaves

*Bill Moore*

Farther and farther  
The hat carries the sunset down the hill  
A low evening bell sounds

The candlelight  
Enlarges the dark shadow of the toy dog.  
A boy shivers.

*Li Wei*  
*Beijing*

After spring thunder  
the moss blurs the words  
of a gravestone

Fallen leaves  
cover the country road:  
a bamboo broom.

*Dong Jiping*  
*Chongqing*

the snow melts  
on the top  
of a green dustbin

sunlight  
covers a girl's statue  
with dust

*Zhu Hao*  
*Shanghai*

Note: The poems above are among early experiments with haiku by Chinese poets who have responded with much interest and enthusiasm to an article, "Haiku Flourishes in North America," I was asked to write for the bilingual magazine *The World of English*, published in Beijing, The People's Republic of China. ESL

## BANGALORE FLASHBACKS

early morning monkey troop stealing unripe guavas  
🐒  
marked by a plaque this venerated spot a cobra hole  
🐍  
Vishnu's mark above his spectacles the priest dawn-robed  
🐍  
temple carts in the market square sacred flowers  
🐍  
two drummers changing the rhythm in unison  
🐍  
noonday changing his loincloth to a turban  
🐍  
posing for snapshots her hand on Shiva's *lingam*  
🐍  
*kumkum* merchant sunbeams playing on dusty earthtones  
🐍  
tiny naked girl keeping buffalo in line kicks and curses  
🐍  
woman begging banana skins for her cow  
🐍  
sunset burning all the city *gulmahr* trees  
🐍  
at the incense shop Bedroom Specials No. 2  
🐍  
*rat ka rani* filling the darkness a *nadhaswaram*

Kenneth C. Leibman

Note: Vishnu's mark: a white symbol painted on the forehead by Vaishnavite Brahmans; *lingam*: stylized phallic symbol; *kumkum*: cosmetic for forehead dots; *gulmahr*: flame of the forest; *rat ka rani*: "queen of the night," similar to night-blooming jasmine; *nadhaswaram*: baritone shawm.

spring breeze—  
dead leaves rise  
from the forest floor

dead robin  
grass still  
in its beak

*Penny Harter*

early thunderstorm  
floating toward the drain pipe  
this morning's news

*Madelyn Eastlund*

Suddenly  
against the sunset  
pelicans

*Terry Burnett*

Seafog  
darkening  
the regatta

Night wind  
swinging  
the hammock

*Matthew Louvière*

## BOOK REVIEW

**FIFTY-SIX STONES**, Rafael M. Salas, John Weatherhill, New York & Tokyo, hardback, \$15.00, copyright 1985.

Reviewed by Geraldine C. Little

It speaks well for the haiku "form" that two men intimately involved with the United Nations, the only world forum where problems between nations may be talked about, have chosen to use it as a means of self-expression. The universality of the haiku is one of its great strengths.

Mr. Salas is Under-Secretary of the UN, and is executive director of the UN Fund for Population Activities. It will be remembered that Dag Hammarskjold, a former Secretary General, also found haiku sympathetic to his personal musings.

Mr. Salas' work is much more objective, reflecting observations made all over the world, where his work necessarily takes him. He says he visualizes these poems (most haiku with a few senryu interspersed) as stones in a Japanese garden—"steps towards the teahouse, where, from the hazards of life, the Japanese traditionally find moments of repose and recollection."

From Reykjavik, Iceland he observes

Cheeky round sheep  
Grazing on the windy suburbs  
Smoked in the evening fire

The Casbah, Algiers, Algeria, is painted for the reader in

Noon sun on blue houses  
A labyrinth of sidewalks  
Street urchin in robes

The Russian portrayed in Red Square, Moscow, is not an enemy in

Red Walls and towers  
Above morning's bed of snow  
Smiles from a mink cap

We are given glimpses of political figures: Marcos of the Philippines playing golf, a meeting with Fidel Castro.

Mr. Salas is not an experimenter; his haiku is traditional, formal even in its capitalization. However, these stones are worth walking on with this public servant.

The book is enhanced by a Foreword by Hiroaki Sato, well-known for his fine translations, his numerous excellent books, and his able work as former President of The Haiku Society of America.

## BITS & PIECES

### HAIKU PUBLICATIONS

Congratulations to Tony Suraci on the appearance of the first issue of *Old Pond*. (P.O. Box 546, East Haven, Conn. 06512.)

*Brussels Sprout*: correct address is Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046. Apologies for the error in the last issue.

Amateur Press Association, c/o Tundra Wind, Box 429, Monte Rio, Ca 95462, announces publication of *APA-Renga*. Cooperative venture, chain-linking. Write for information on costs and procedures.

Haiku Canada, 67 Rue Court, Aylmer, Que., Canada J9H 4M1, is publishing a series of *Haiku Canada Sheets*, each featuring a single Haiku Canada member-poet. So far: Suezan Aikins, nick avis, Herb Barrett, Betty Kendell Bennett, Marianne Bluger, Marco Fraticelli, LeRoy Gorman, Beth Jankola, Irving Kalushner, anne mckay, Ruby Spriggs. These go to Haiku Canada members; write for information on availability to non-members—with SAE and an IRC.

### ADDRESS CHANGE

Please note following correct address: Doris Heitmeyer, HSA Subsc/Memb. Secretary, 315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

### RECENT NEWS

Professor Kazuo Sato has announced the following winners chosen from the haiku published in his "Haiku in English" column in the *Mainichi Daily News* during 1985: (Free Style) First Prize, Carol Wainright; Second Prize, Carey D. McAllister; Honorary Mentions (in order of publication), Ryosuke Suzuki, David Burleigh, Margaret Chula, David Elliott, Paul Wadden, Tombo, Ethel Dunlop, Derek Wells. (Syllabic Style) First Prize, James Deahl; Second Prize, Richard Bodner; Honorary Mentions (in order of publication), Nelly Pells, Edward Falkowski, Keith Mumby, Thomas Heffernan, Toshimi Horiuchi, Miriam Woolfolk, Mamoru Ikeda, Edith Shiffert.

Dr. Sabine Sommerkamp's doctoral dissertation presented at the University of Hamburg, West Germany, *DER EINFLUSS DES HAIKU AUF IMAGISMUS UND JUNGERE MODERNE: Studien zur englischen und amerikanischen Lyrik*, in 1984 is now being translated into Japanese for serial publication in *Kobegakuin Daigaku Kiyo* (Annals of Kobegakuin University). Available (in German) in libraries of the larger universities worldwide.

### SPECIAL OFFER

Please see listing of *Under the Banyan Tree* by Satsvarupa dasa Goswami for special offer to readers of *Frogpond*.

## CONTESTS

Harold G. Henderson Award for 1986. See rules p. 40

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.

The Poetry Society of Japan is sponsoring its first International Tanka Contest and third International Haiku Contest (in English), open to the general public as well as to members. For rules send SASE or SAE with one IRC to: The Poetry Society of Japan, 5-11 Nagaike-cho, Showa-ku, Nagoya 466, Japan.



## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books 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.

*Dark Leaves* by Carol Dagenhardt; White Dwarf Press, P.O. Box 1011, Hunt Valley, MD 21030; 1986, 32 unno. pps., \$1.75. A White Dwarf Minibook.

*Issa: The Story of a Poet-Priest* by Cliff Edwards; MacMillan Shuppan KK (Tokyo); 1985, 55 pps., available from Kinokuniya Book Stores, 1581 Webster St., San Francisco, CA 94115, \$3.50. (Revised version of Edwards' *Everything Under Heaven: The Life and Words of a Nature Mystic, Issa of Japan*, 1980.)

*Under the Banyan Tree* by Satsvarupa dasa Goswami; Gita-nagari Press, 10310 Oaklyn Drive, Potomac, MD 20854; 1986, 32 pps., Regular price \$8.50; for readers of *Frogpond* \$5.00 or in exchange for a signed book of haiku by its author.

*Waves of Drifting Snow* by Kent Johnson; Ox Head Press, 414 North Sixth St., Marshall, Minn. 56258; 1986, 20 unno. pps., \$3. ppd. Mini-chapbook.

*Monkey's Raincoat (Sarumino): Linked Poetry of the Basho School with Haiku Selections* translated by Lenore Mayhew; Charles E. Tuttle Co.; 1986, 152 pps., \$8.95, hardcover.

*...still dancing* by anne mckay; Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061; 1986, 36 unno. pps., \$1.50 ppd. Wind Chimes Mini-book XIII.

*Pissed Off Poems and Cross Words* by Marlene Mountain; 1986, 32 unno. pps., \$5. plus 0.73 postage. Available from author, Route 1, Hampton, TN 37658.

*The Bold Silverfish and Tall River Junction* by Robert Spiess; Modern Haiku, Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701; 1986, 52 pps., \$4. ppd.

*On Love and Barley: Haiku of Basho* translated by Lucien Stryk; Penguin Books; 1985, 96 pps., \$3.95. Hardcover, U. of Hawaii \$12.

*Romaji Diary and Sad Toys* by Takuboku Ishikawa, translated by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda; Charles E. Tuttle Co.; 1985, 288 pps., \$8.95

*Quaking Aspen Grove* by Phyllis Walsh; Juniper Press, 1310 Shorewood Drive, LaCross, WI 54601; 1985, 10 pps. (accordion fold), \$3. No. 18 in the Haiku and Short Poem series.

## 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.



