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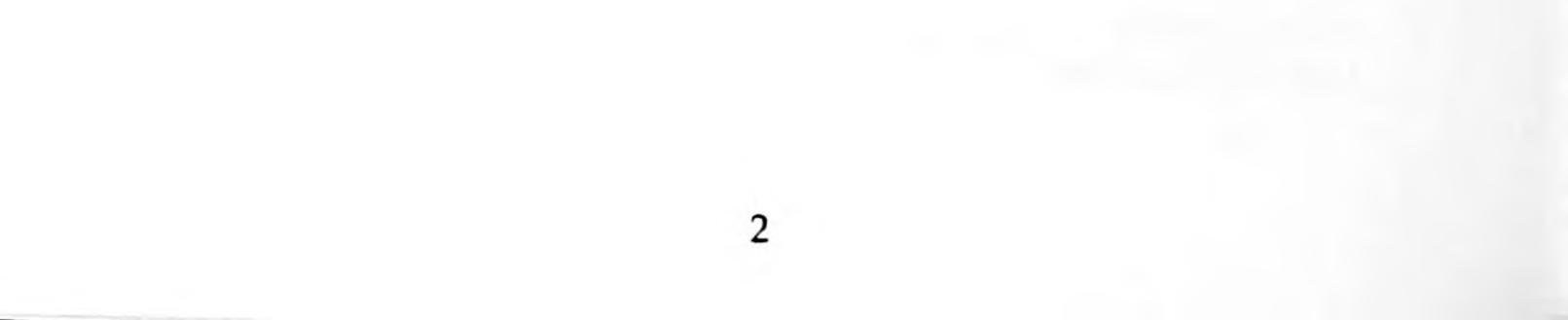
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WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Celebration of this 20th anniversary year of the Haiku Society of America continues, with exciting events to come. We all look forward to publication of the special anniversary book, and to haiku events in New York City and elsewhere to mark the year. The general interest in haiku continues to grow and HSA membership is increasing at a steady pace.

As for *Frogpond*, there is not slackening of interest, support, and submissions (3500 haiku/senryu since the year began). I am grateful. Unfortunately, though, I have allowed the backlog to build and for the moment am accepting very little. And I ask for patience from you whose work I am holding. Nevertheless, I am *always* eager for exceptional material which will make an exciting, varied, quality haiku publication. The provocative article by Rod Willmot in the May issue has brought much comment, most of that sent to *Frogpond* favorable. A provocative response appears in this issue.

Special thanks go to Dr. Kazuo Sato and the Museum of Haiku Literature for an increase this year in their donation for *Frogpond* awards. In addition to the haiku award there will be a \$25 editor's-choice award for a sequence or other longer haiku-related piece.

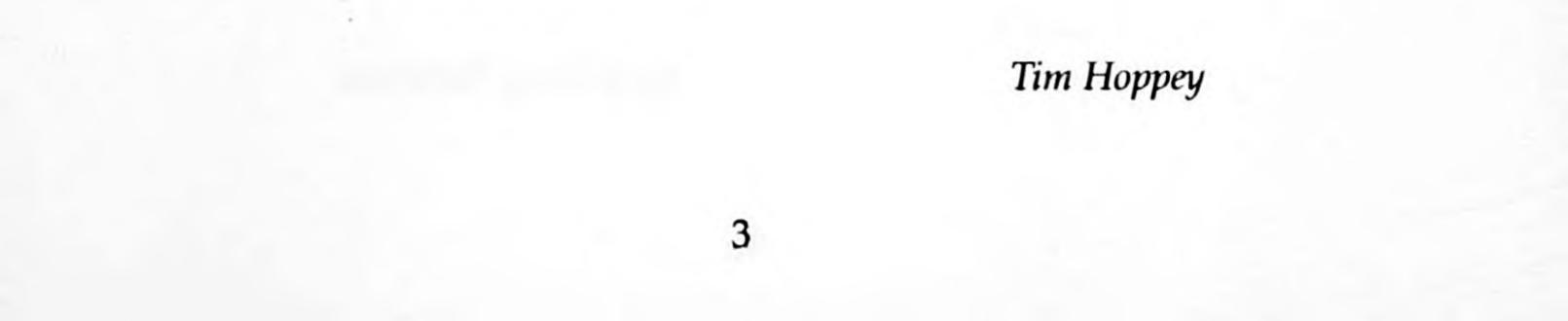
May haiku continue to bring you joy!

was was

... frog? some kid skidding rocks

Barry Goodman

a conch to his ear the citykid hears distant rumbles of the El



MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS \$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

Haiku (Frogpond XI:2)

Last night's fading dream . . . On the blue teapot birds drift beyond the willows

Ann Atwood

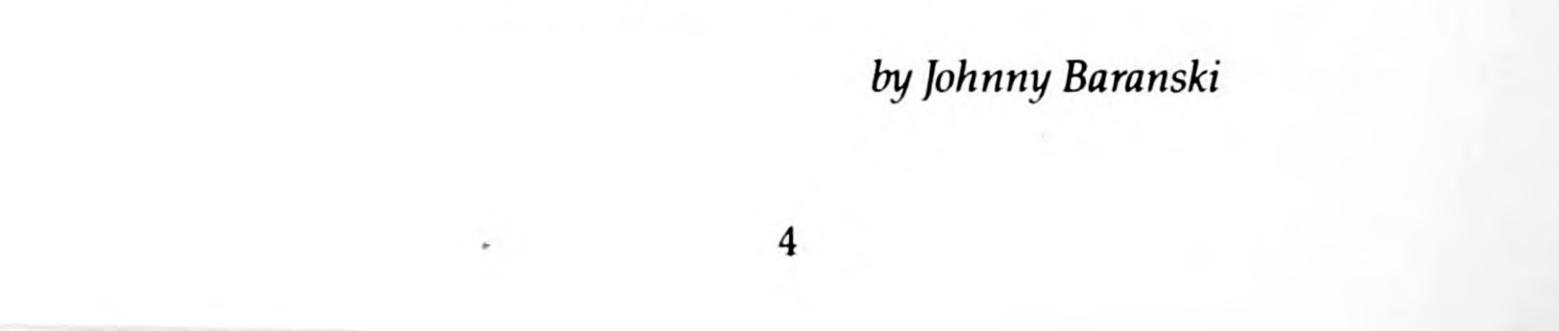
Sequence (Frogpond XI:1)

"Wintering Over: New York Haiku"

by Doris Heitmeyer

Sequence (Frogpond XI: 2)

"Snohomish County Jail Haiku"



august afternoon cattail reeds bend over the still perch

along the golden river quiet leaves cover dead salmon

first sharp frost the redder leaves the sweeter fruits

wet leaves whipped cross the asphalt highbeams in the deer's eyes

first snow in the hills

a thousand feet above my woodpile

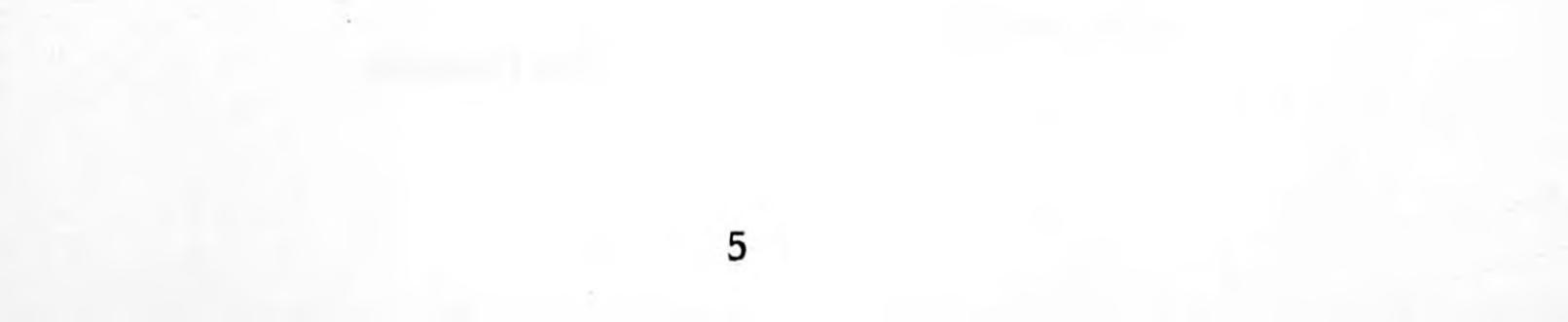
William Schmidtkunz

dragon kite in tree lifts and settles . . . lifts and settles . . . breath of August

Christopher Conn

bluejay at the tip of the balsam bough bluegray haiku

Selma Stefanile



In this summer heat, only the morning-glories retain their coolness

Tom Tico

overcast the petals of bee balm unsettled

whirligig beetles stirring pollen / the old pond

James C. Sherburne

old hill town ball field

clover grown over the base paths

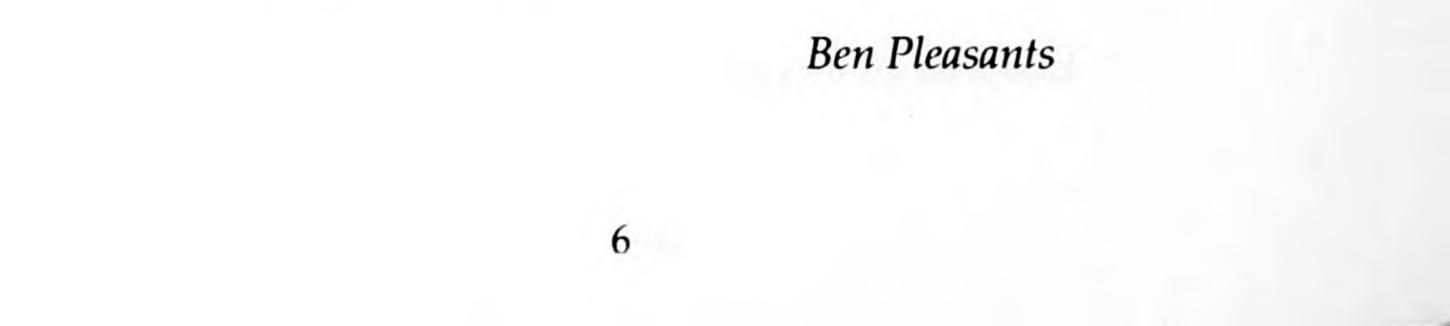
the hum at twilight: clusters of goldenrod thick with bees

Wally Swist

muggy evening on the cement driveway a resting toad

Richard Straw

Rising suddenly through Cassiopeia the summer moon



ruffled gulls bobbing in the island shadow: Alcatraz

getting scammed in San Francisco then Muir woods

Muir Woods: canyon full of kami

Lee Gurga

Crumbling cabin we wake to sunshine

one crack wide

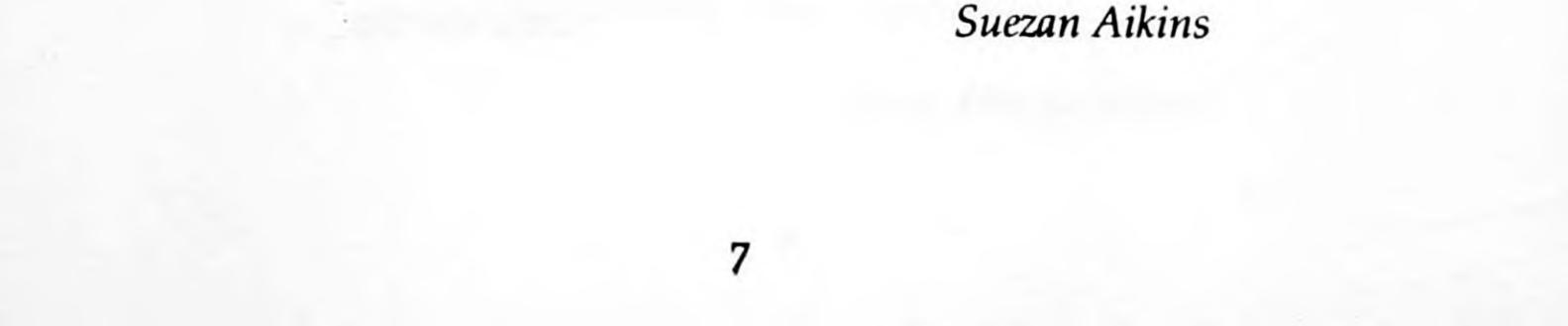
Ronald G. Rice

white sky at dawn i found a marrow spoon in the estuary

my shadow walking through the shadow of a cypress startles the monterey newt

Matty Kinsella

cliff edge fingers deep in pungent juniper roots



OXFORD IN AUGUST

red butterfly flicking blue stained glass outside the chapel

high fringed spires . . . she tilts her fuschia umbrella shedding raindrops

Cromwell's death mask in the museum glass case ... children whispering

an unlocked bike against old iron fencing ... a graveyard

boy in blue jeans kneels on the wildflower grave reading its tombstone

Grace Gubernick



crossing over the bridge on The Thames whistle of swan's wings

Ruby Spriggs

a silver lining in the empty milkweed pod

8



Distant city noisehammering the empty side streets cicadas at noon.

> (Beijing) Sabine Sommerkamp

Beijing curved clay roofs white with the breath of winter

Martha Stainsby

only one leaf not shaking on the moon-tree a sleeping bird

Zhu Hao

on one branch in the golden leaves two crows perch

Ruby Spriggs

river plants floating on the Nile pass our boatthe muezzin calls

where there are camels there are flies, Abu Simbel smiles at tourists fanning

Jack Bernier

on the old bus a bag lady sits mummering magic spells

9

Mary Wittry-Mason

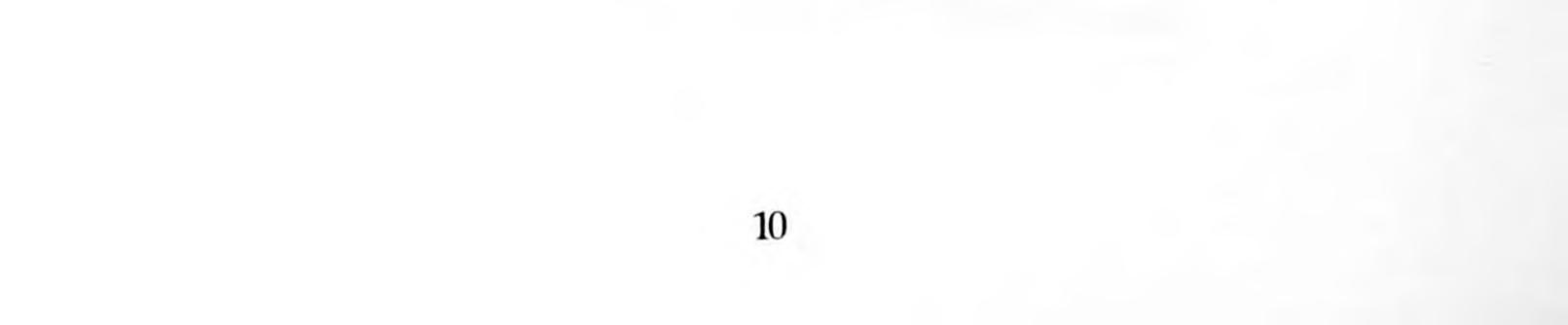
HAIBUN July 5, 1986

Loren Mattei

South Dakota is hotter than I had expected. I'd thought of it as a cold place. It isn't. It's soft and warm and the dust settles on the trees. The country is full of tiny yellow daisies. Everywhere, they creep upon the earth and beside the trails. At night when the moon's out I gaze at the highway and let the truck lights fall through my hair. But the lights can look ugly and white as they sink down into the weeds. When the morning comes the daisies take on their fragrance, lifting me into a sunfilled wonder. But only for a moment. Then the gray highway wires lose their shadows, and the familiar white wash takes the earth with its

blossoms open.

true parting summer daisies deepened cloud



INCENSE CEDARS Renga

Helen J. and Ed Sherry 1987

Incense cedars encircle the valley hawk overhead

> awaking dawn a dormant meadow

under one tree half of the herefords bells clang

> on a checkered oilcloth faded flowers

bright night watching the fireflies find each other

hjs

es

hjs

es

hjs

es

footsteps on the path a frog stops, mid-croak

11

skipping stones a blond-haired boy touches the sun

> last row of knitting a month of mistakes

torn horizon pierced by mountain peaks solitary pine

> the dark lane turns light with luminarias

a silent shape emerges from the shadows mule deer fawn

from the cliff's edge his shout echoes ...

parched grass among the boulders rumble of thunder es

hjs

es

hjs

es

hjs

in the view-finder he moves the moon

cloud image cloned in the still water a fish leaps

> stenciling in ink another snowflake

first frost the riot of color suddenly subdued

> a bluebird whistles on her designer teapot

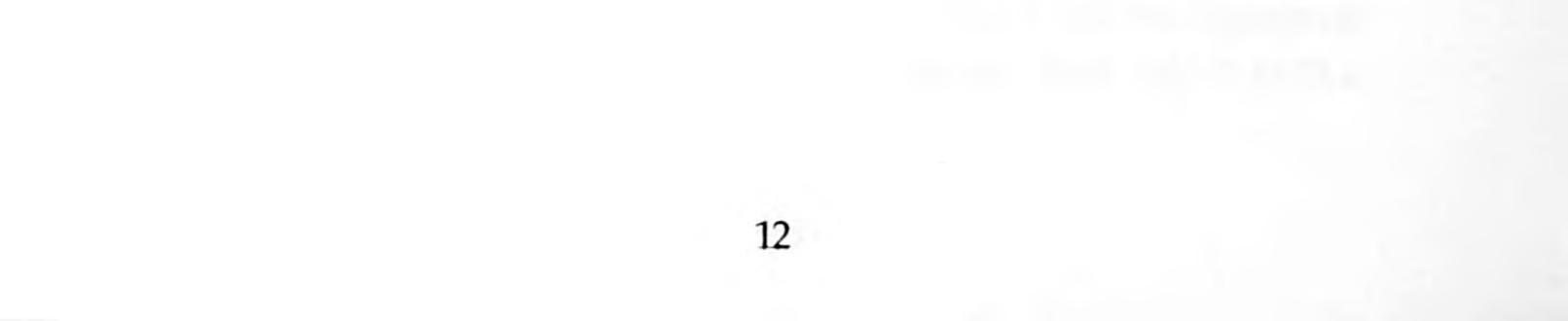
es

es

hjs

es

hjs

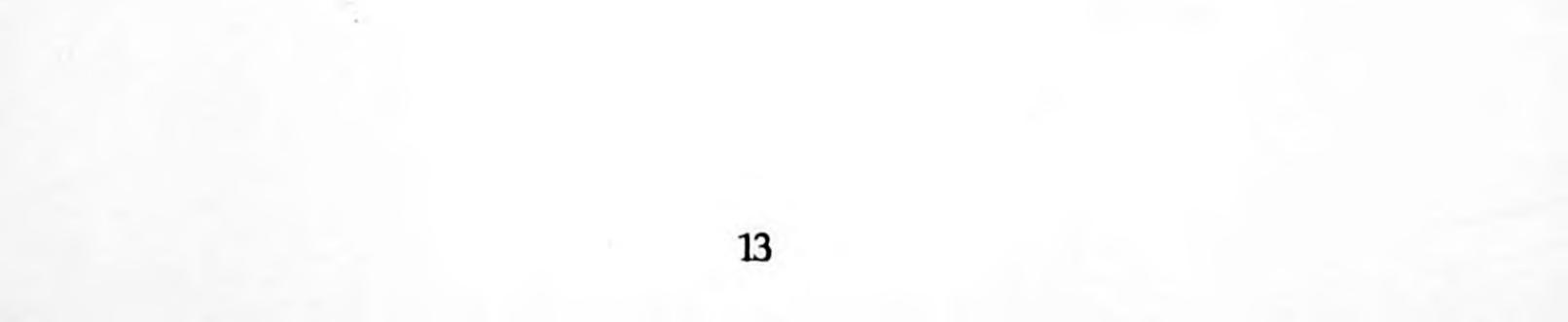


a hole deep in the sequoia stuffed with night hjs the cheese is gone another escape es that tiny space in the eucalyptus for hummingbird feet hjs on the stair tread yesterday's laundry es by a dirt road miles from nowhere grave markers hjs initials in the tree look familiar

his message

es

in her wedding band "for keeps"	hjs
abandoned mine mica still sparkles	es
where the lake rippled a year ago cattle graze	hjs
dust devils spin in the white heat	es
the sheriff still in sunglasses twin moons	hjs
crossroad diner— country style pizza	es



linked together on the desert march high tension towers

ivy creeping up under the overpass sun spills gold

over the canyon rim aspens

> rafting the rapids free for senior citizens

fallen giant gnarled roots expose a slender seedling

> from his hiking boot a weed-fluff soars

es

hjs

es

hjs

es

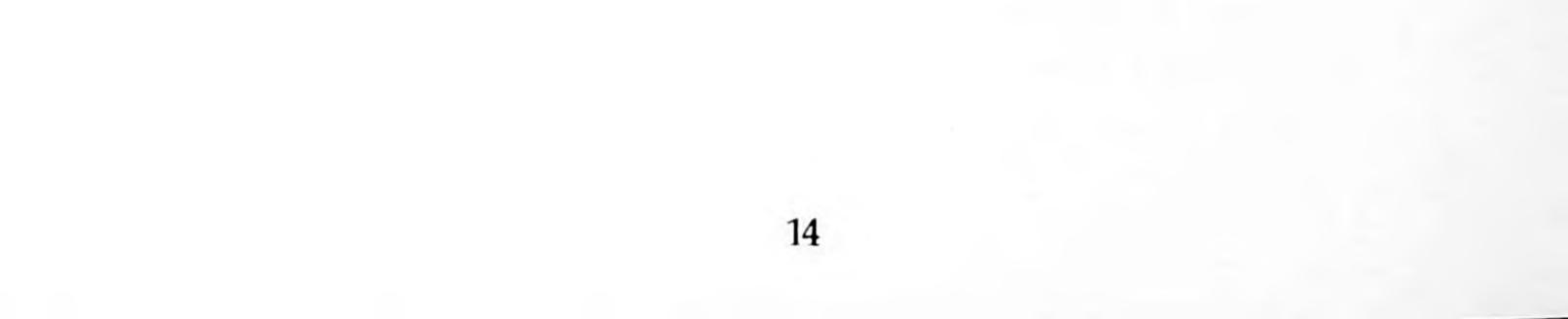
hjs

3 26

On silent cables the lift chairs hang, —a rush of wind.

Meditating, I tune my "ohmm's" to the stream's harmonics.

Elizabeth Nichols



coming to Marin the coastal range rising, the fog rising over

tall building tops floating on fognearby a cricket

only the fog or something beyond? the fog's shadow...

Paul O. Williams

Open window foghorn's breath moves the curtain

Jim Boyd

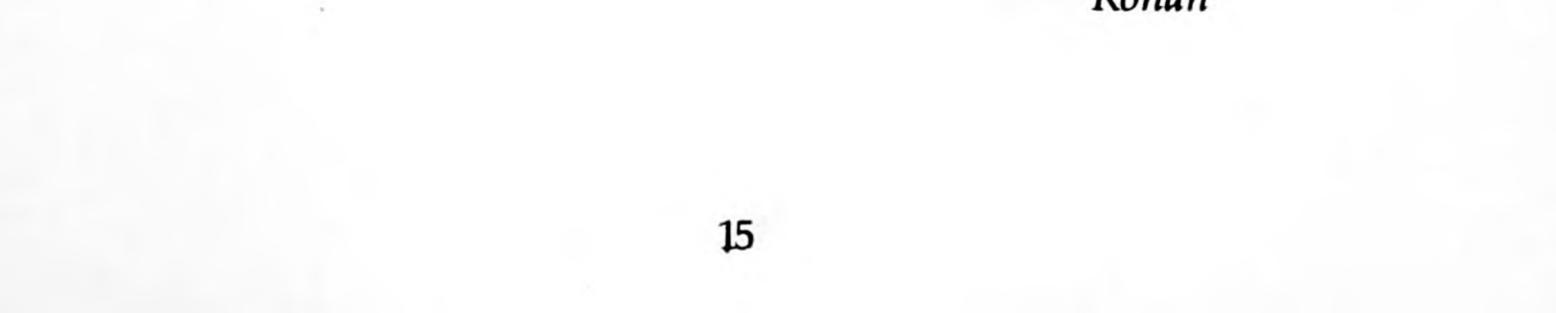
Circling together meeting and parting, two birds vanish into the haze

Doris Heitmeyer

On the dark lake Milky Way haze a fisherman's lantern

Heaven's River mists the sky's moonlessness

Ronan



a moose is smoking a cigarettethe tick in his nostril coughs

hey monks, —ladybugs beat you guys to the shaved head and patched orange robe

Your mosquitoes, Lordbut when You sleep, do they hum around Your ear?

Robert Spiess

tiny eggshell by my foot...

from my shadow head bursts a shadow bird

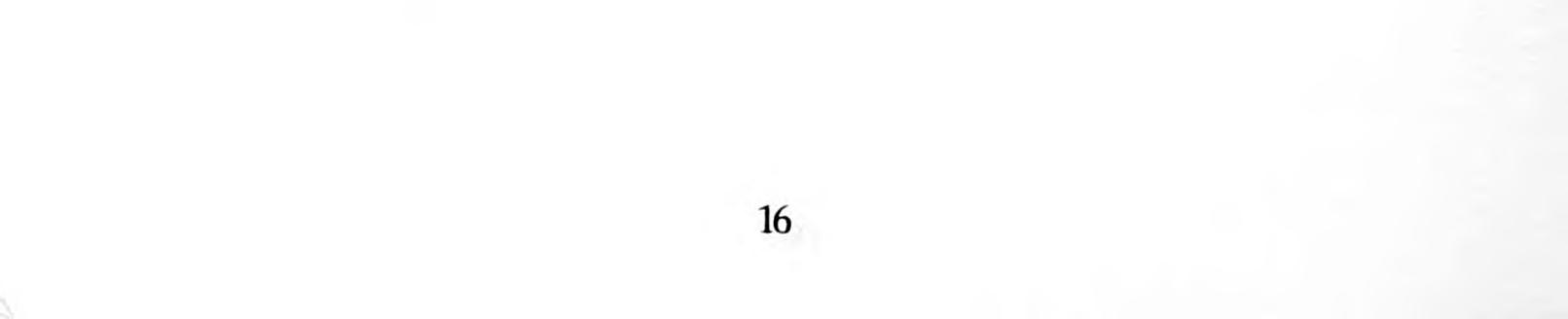
hummingbird shell now empty now a raindrop brimming over

Karen Kay Tsakos

collecting bullrushes suddenly surprised, a leech hidden in the stem

purple finch lustily singing used car lot

Doris Ash



Drouth-cattails rattling muskrat tracks crisscrossing the pond bottom

K.H. Clifton

wisps of smoke rising from a cigarette in the dry grass

Mark Arvid White

burning the cane – cries of birds circle through the smoke

slender red peppers dry in the summer sun again a dragonfly darts near

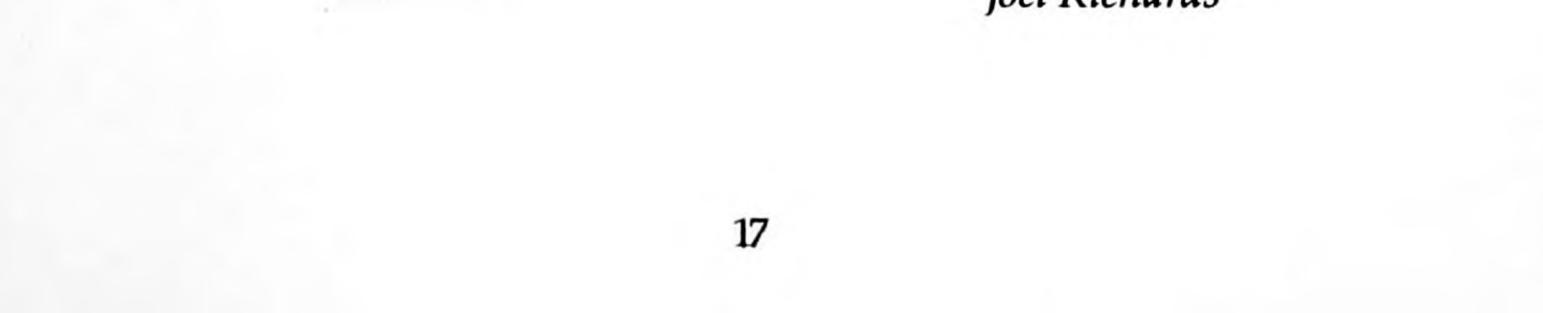
the hawk its cry casts a shivering shadow

Ross Figgins

Noon— Only a sliver of shade For the sleeping dog

The plane's slow curving hum Over our tent . . . Afterwards silence

Joel Richards



a swallowtail settles on the prize-winning quilt

Alexis Rotella

Summer Fair: hog-calling winner buying a prize orchid

Eye to eye so quickly gone the elephant on parade

Virginia Egermeier

Chinatown: the dragon raises his head above firecrackers

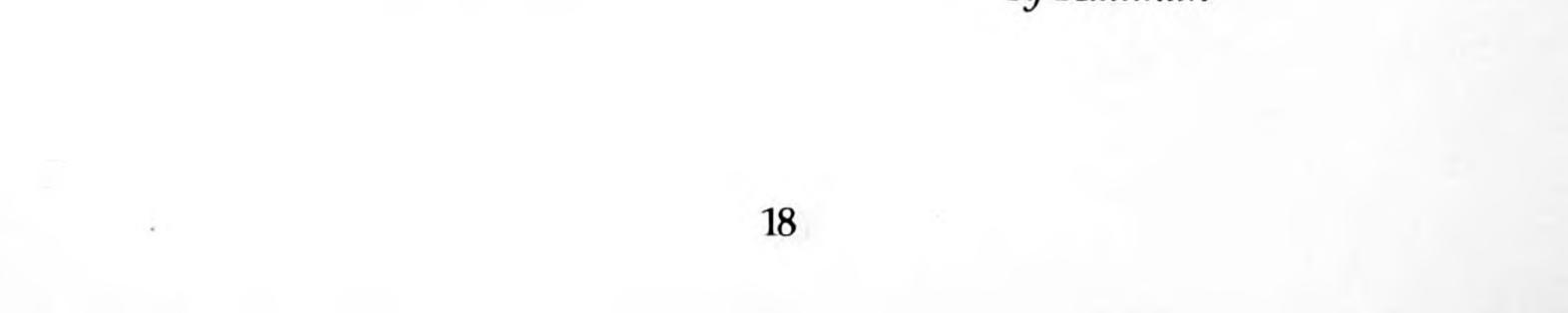
Fireworks! three drunks sing the Stars Spangled Banner

Garry Gay

Independence Day: on a worn wall the portrait of Ché Guevara

Greyhound at midnight: a man looks at his black book cover to cover. . .

Ty Hadman



thin strand following the orb weaver into hiding

reading the note left on the door for us the firefly and me

Patricia Niehoff

AT THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY

Her scent in the crowd rose-attar. Flowers bursting, smoke in the sky.

A single firefly these brief glimpses of her face filling the silence.

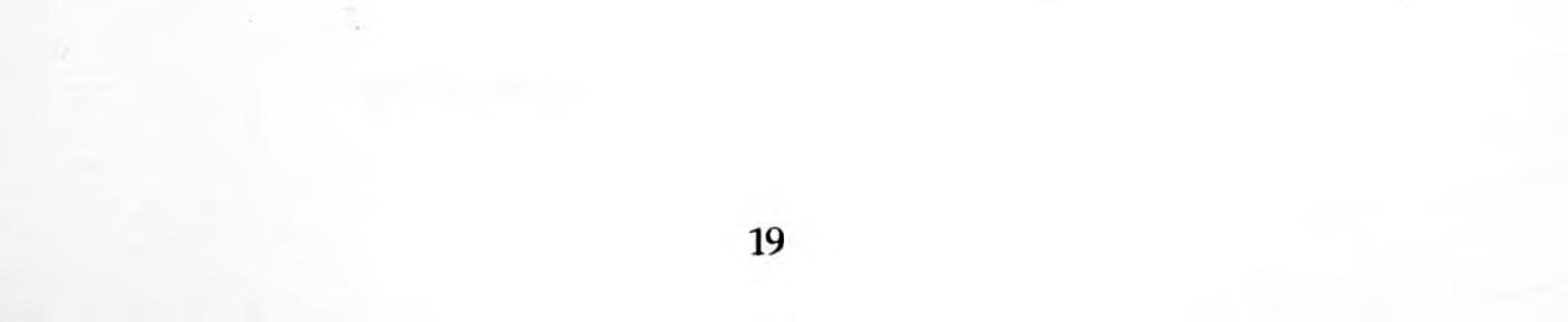
"I want you" even these words separate us.

Peter Fortunato

midnight half-moon rising

my hand on her breast, water reflecting moonlight

M. Kettner



Sunrise in Elsah: both field and sky the same pink a distant rumble...

Nancy H. Wiley

small town... spitting into the same crack again and again

Donald McLeod

Advancing over wheat fields shreds of lightning

Mike Taylor

Outside the market two umbrellas pause to gossip

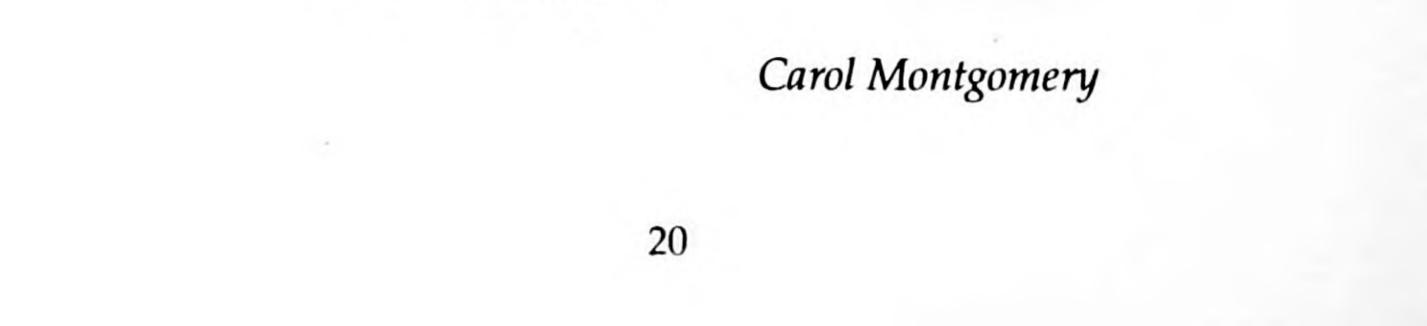
Saturday night . . . farmer's wife washing her hair in rain water

Patricia Neubauer

mud puddle its surface the sky

Craig W. Steele

heavy rains ruining the white petunias —anniversary eve



WALKING HOME ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON

summer afternoon the priest takes a blue pencil from the blind man

coming up through a gap in the city bridge.. a checkerspot butterfly

backfire a checkerspot in its sound shifts direction

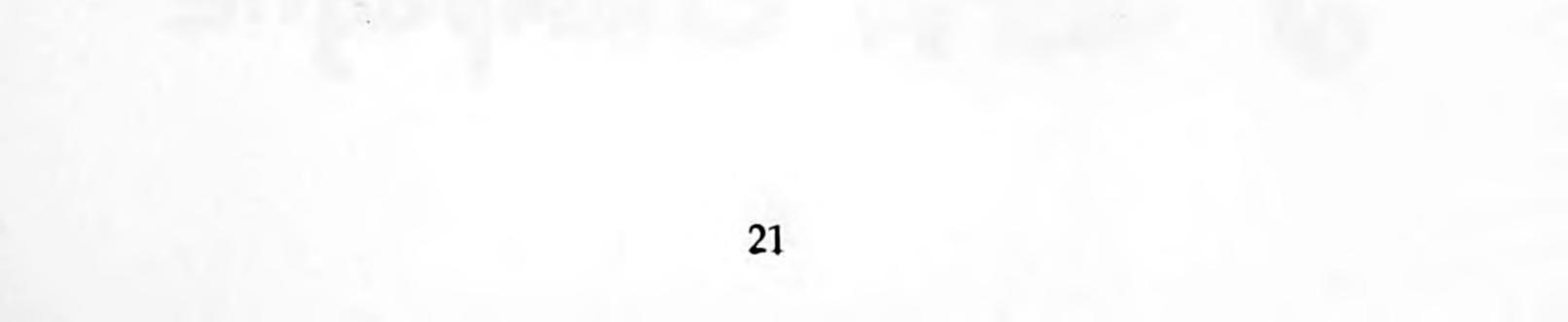
dog coming out with the cathedral crowd . . tail upward

half way home pole shadows reach across the widening road

train whistle two jets wrap the sky with mist

a block from home a pair of rain drops find my haiku notes

Frederick Gasser



HAIGA

by R.W. Grandinetti Rader

From 2-part sequence "Late Morning," an excerpt from Part I "Birthing," dedicated to Jason.

newborn:



Af which champaine



wash basin --bathing my new son





Gulls hovering on the wind over Lake Huron

The old lighthouse historical marker in front— "Halfway to the Pole"

Washing the beach silent swish of breaking waves and the stars

On the lake's horizon winking through bobbing boats Chicago's lights

George Jaramillo-Leone

Among the poplars in a sudden stir of wind a white owl cries out

C.M. Buckaway

short cut through a bog bear tracks fresh in the mud sun sinking

bending above the stream, hesitating over minnows... drinking

Clifford S. Johnson



dawn light the flower halfway up the cliff still tossing in the wind

a cloud on the water; I float, half-submerged with the frogs

a quiet afternoon; the old turtle is drying out beside the still water

Larry Gates

sunset sliding into

the whirling gnats

Linda Marucci

Outside looking in: my face reflected in the glass

Sunset: reflection of shadows through a spider's web

Sharon Gunkel

Pinned on the far end of the road brilliant disk of the sun

25

Zhanna P. Rader



HORSE SENSE by Anita Virgil

I can't help remembering when the Wizard of Oz had his drapes jerked aside by Toto. There he was—the little man—dialing dials, bellowing away pompously and self-righteously, shooting up smokescreens, jets of color, projecting himself larger than life on the screen for all to behold and admire and be confounded by....

The scene changes to Quebec, Canada in the spring of 1987. Alan Pizzarelli presents a paper called "Modern Senryu" to Haiku Canada because he and others are fed up with more hocus-pocus by Rod Willmot in his February 1987 "Essay on Haiku."¹ In it, Willmot weaves incredible fabrics of pseudo-intellectualizing in order to cloak his own poems like "humiliated again/ bar-smoke in the sweater/ I pull from my head"² with an aura of innovativeness—as though it and other poems like it point a new direction for the haiku! In clear language Pizzarelli shows that, contrary to what Willmot has been saying, the new direction North American haiku poets of the 1970's and 1980's are leaning toward is the senryu, 17th century in origin, but a more comfortable genre for the forthright expression of human emotions, behaviour and the human condition. That direction is thus a continuation of and an improvement upon an existing genre of poetry. Lately, Willmot has tried to convince poets that the haiku can be the catch-all for most intensely felt emotions/experiences of a poet. It can't. In poem after poem one discerns that the haiku presents, with studied detachment, man's interrelatedness with Nature, with the tangible world outside himself. That focus serves the haiku well. But the focus on self and human foibles is the dominant thrust of the senryu. How natural then that those of the Me Generation need to express this in their poetry. The senryu has been there all along, ready to contain these "intimate exposures" (Willmot's own description to me of his bar-smoke 'new haiku' in 1982); human-centered, funny, satirical, often sad/funny, they emphasize that "the world is tragic, the world is comic, -not alternately, but simultaneously...."3 The inaccurate assessments of Pizzarelli's article in Willmot's Frogpond article⁴ are inexcusable and hardly reflect the enthusiastic Canadian reception of Pizzarelli's ideas. Willmot's horse thing is blatant retaliation against those who disdain his inventions, the psychological-, spiritual-, metaphysical- and political-"haiku." Indeed! Too bad he doesn't just write his own often fine poems about his emotional states "no matter how turbulent or despicable."5 He can call them "Intimate exposures"6 which they are-until such time as he pauses from pontificating long enough to study the senryu. He presumes to speak for everyone: "You must understand that we North American poets are very serious; we don't have much interest in senryu."7 This statement made by the same man who told me he

is not interested in senryu! There is a place for brief poetry about people

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and their feelings—in senryu. What there is <u>not</u> a place for is Willmot's McCarthyism—his damnation by innuendo and the twisting of other's words, also in the name of a 'good' cause. Historically though, such specters recur and someone must speak out against them to remind us we must go to the sources to make informed decisions. So I admonish those who read "In Praise of Wild Horses" to carefully read W.J. Higginson's *Haiku Handbook* (pp. 223-233 on senryu) and Pizzarelli's short paper "Modern Senryu" [available from Haiku Canada] and compare them with what Willmot says they say. The difference is telling.

What rankles most about Willmot's attitude is the across-the-board presumptuousness of it and the distortions of reality it presents. I, for one, would be grateful if he would just write his poems and let the rest of us figure out how to write our own. His glaring need to become spokesperson for North American haiku poets (many of whom also create haibun, renga, senryu, tanka—as did their predecessors) is apparent. But there is no such position available. Even if there were, the oppressively provincial mindset of anyone who could cluck: "Imagine what sort of verses would be written in cafes, bars and taverns..."⁸ need not apply. As for the image of wild horses—the only thing that makes <u>me</u> uncomfortable is what they leave behind!

FOOTNOTES

- 1. Rod Willmot, Haiku Canada Newsletter, (Feb., 1987).
- Willmot, in The Haiku Anthology, ed. Cor van den Heuvel (New York, Simon & Schuster, 1986), p. 292.
- Cover of Japanese Life and Character in Senryu, by R.H. Blyth (Japan, Hokuseido Press, 1960).
- Willmot, "In Praise of Wild Horses," Frogpond, Vol. XI No. 2, (May, 1988), pp. 29-33.
- 5. Personal communcation from Willmot to Virgil, June 9, 1982.

6. Ibid.

- 7. Willmot, op. cit., Haiku Can.
- 8. Willmot, op. cit., Frogpond, p. 31.

"MODERN SENRYU" by Alan Pizzarelli is available from Haiku Canada. Send \$0.50 + \$0.50 postage (or \$1. ppd) to: Rod Willmot, Haiku Canada Publ. Coordinator, 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada J1L 1Y8.



after hearing of the old woman's death buying her poems

Edward J. Rielly

city sycamores linking shadows in the heat: cicadas in sync

all the short night long looming on the sick room wall: shadows of the moon

Nick Virgilio

surgery scheduled tomorrow we talk of flowers

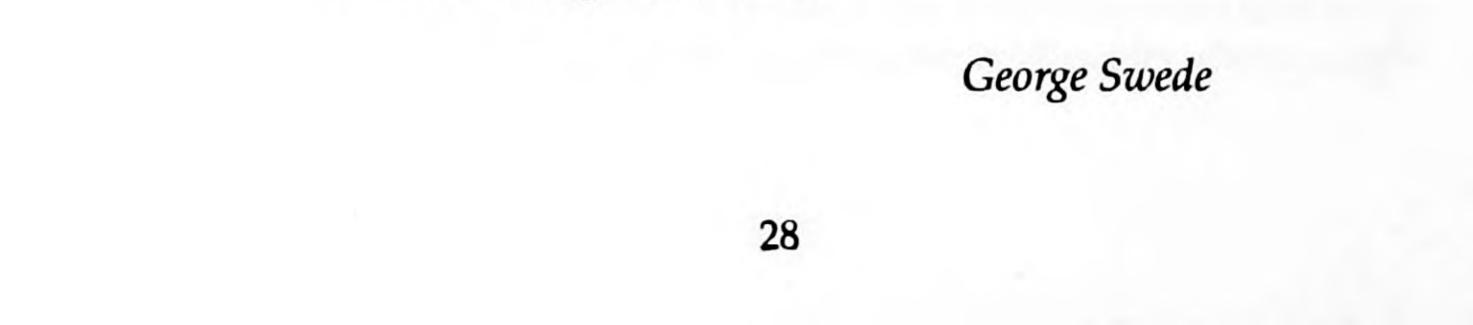
"Something is wrong!" he mutters in his sleep the dog's howl

Francine Porad

home from the hospital; making the payment on the family plot

Denver Stull

In the evening light flowers turned black and gray old widow goes to mass



in bus fumes in front of La Guardia a man smokes

Samuel Viviano

cheap motel it takes three knocks to get the manager

change falls as the creases bend to the hanger

Jeffrey Winke

the kids swarm blade gleams summer night sidewalk old Frank goes down

Rob Simbeck

village heat two men walking arm-in-arm . . . handcuffs

in the mirror the teen-ager practising haven'twemetsomeplacebefore

the black hole.... a streetwalker eyeing the teen-ager

Barry Goodmann



a whorled shell; into the roar of the surf a plover's cry

hiked this long beach only to watch sandpiper tracks disappear in the surf

Daniel Marcus

Birds at the surf's edge pecking something in the foam jumping now and then.

A wave-bleached bird skull lying on the sandy beach

so white in the moonlight.

Earle J. Stone

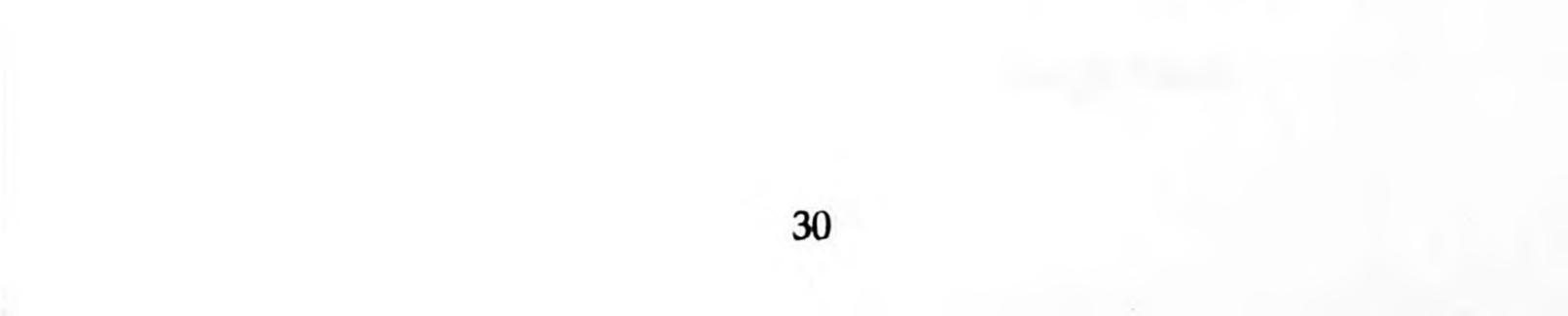
heat lightning the night jumps silently

Rainfrogs spreading misleading rumors No rain tonight No rain

David Gershator

watching our reflections frog and i

W.S. Apted



cicada-being-born, my eyes turn just a moment you've flown!

shadows on the lawn flying pigeons brush over the dead one

Melissa Cannon

Apricots fall into the pasture: the cows' slow chewing

Diane Webster

apart from the herd one cow watches the road

a week of rainy days tonight the moon

Gloria Cunningham

Sitting among the gravestones a small child sucks a blade of grass

31

Flash of firefly small fingers closing on nothing

Rebecca M. Osborn

AFTER THE DIVORCE

the waterfall where he proposed drowns out her crying

driving home alone he watches the waves breaking

Bob Gates

increasing heat locusts and the neighbors raise their voices

Karen Sohne

crying upstairs louder than the rain at the bus stop

"who was she?" my wife's only comment on the poem

Allan Curry

After the movie, full moon – walking home with my shadow.

The withered path saying goodbye to the stone buddha.



out of the grave the sinking casket pushes the light

Jane Reichhold

the back meadow could it be greener now strewn with his ashes

timing my breath to hers full moon shadows

Don Beringer

still dark on her back a mole i never noticed

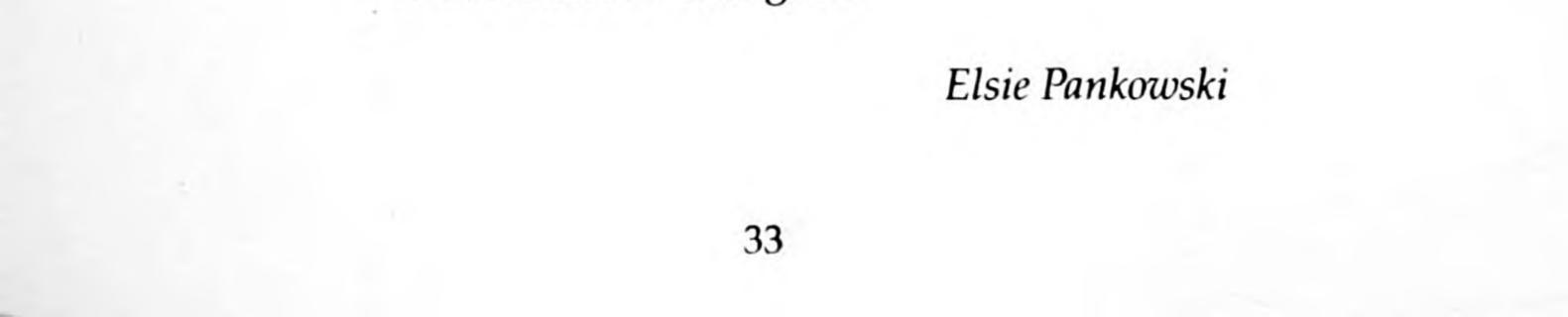
Rex Leatherwood

side street my deaf friend running from silence to silence

alone now she turns up her hearing aid

Christopher Suarez

Over the fence, our old neighbor asks where summer has gone



RUNNER'S HAIKU

Running the Maine Coast 7.3 miles round Cape Crozier my pounding heart

The downhill dropoff through rocky, coastal harbors taking it all in

My muddy Pumas on the gravel uphill slope startle a young buck

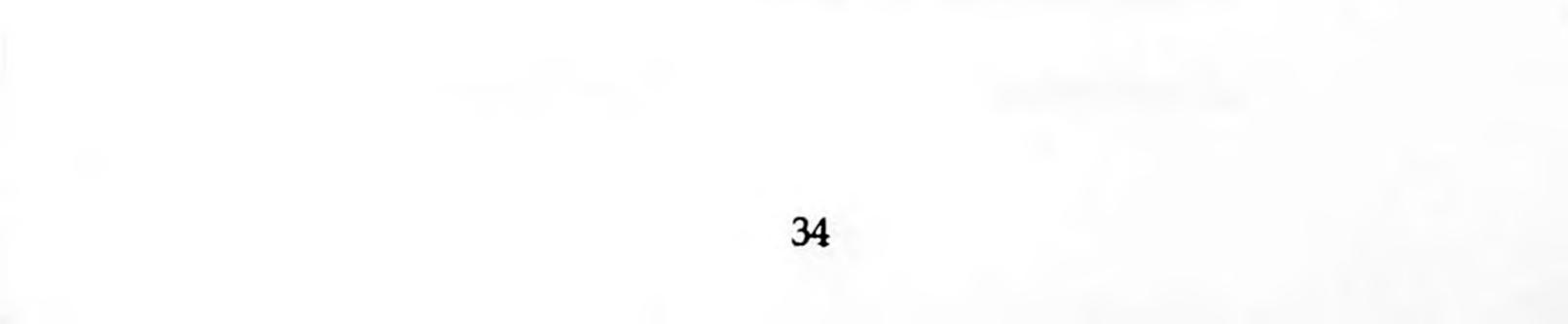
Struggling through the pine one last hill before the beach 20 gulls take off

Mind wants to quit reaching back into myself body gets it done

Mind disconnected up the last three hills the exquisite pain

Running the Maine Coast I begin to know myself fog floats through sunlight

Ben Pleasants



Sunrise cropduster circles over the house seven times

David K. Antieau

holding hands... until we reach the blackberries

mule deer pokes his head up combine in the wheat

Randy Brooks

summer cricket's drone... a thumping of darts from the hayloft

thunderstorm passes funnel of sunlight touches the wheat

Donald McLeod

prairie heat barbed wire sags

W.S. Apted

Talking of fresh corn, a big man with farmer's hands picks at his fast food



KILAUEA: PHASE 32

restless tonight cattle stir beneath their tree the ground quivers

in distant darkness the foggy sky grows red and pulses slowly

sunup the lava fountain dying spewing bursts of black cinder

Miriam Sinclair



scuba lead belt on my brother's floor the curtain stirring

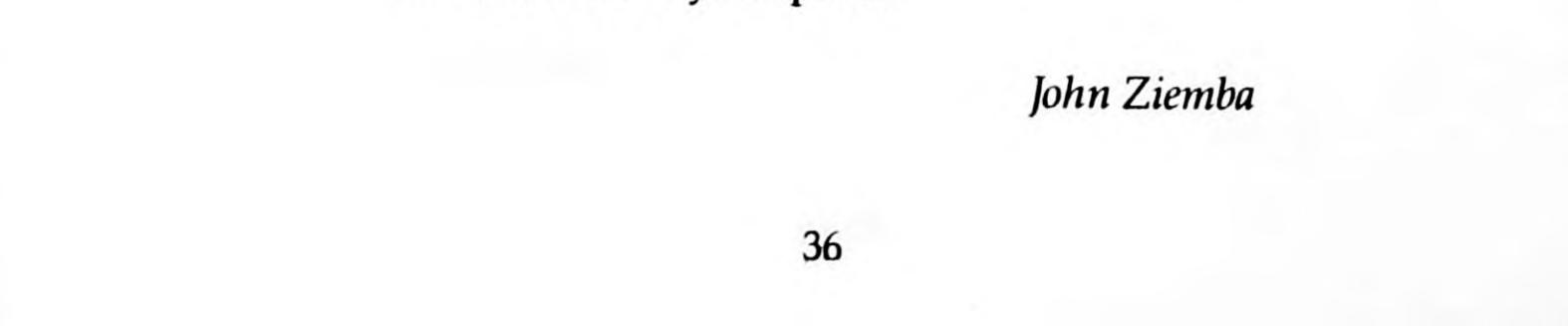
the night nurse stays to talk her blue mascara

Tony Quagliano

empty wine bottles littering an alleyway catch the rays of dawn

John J. Dunphy

The deep thunder a cool wind darkens the skyscrapers.



BOOK REVIEW

in the house of winter by anne mckay, Pulp Press Book Publishers, 1150 Homer St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6B 2X6, and Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, Md., 21061, 74 pp. (unpaginated), \$7.50 ppd.

Reviewed by L.A. Davidson

The uniquely beautiful, evocative, sometimes tantalizing haiku of anne mckay continues to please in this, her third book of haiku. More substantial than ... sometimes in a certain light and ... still dancing (Wind Chimes minibooks No. VIII, 1985, and No. XIII, 1986) it is perfect bound and attractively printed with plenty of white space and a soft patterned blue cover. A haiku canada sheet also appeared in 1986.

Throughout all and in frequent appearances in current magazines, haiku and other, her style is akin to music and distinctly her own. Without straining, she weaves words to make them sing. She also uses them without regard to picayunish "rules."

She has said privately that she differentiates between poetry and haiku. Of *in the house of winter*, she says it is a book of haiku and longer poems,

but in the longer poems there is often haiku, and in the haiku there is that expanding quality that makes of a nugget a gold mine. Unfortunately the book is not paginated for easy reference or for returning to favorite pieces. In longer poems, one finds:

> Humming her own green songs ...stirring kettles of sorrows and plum chutney

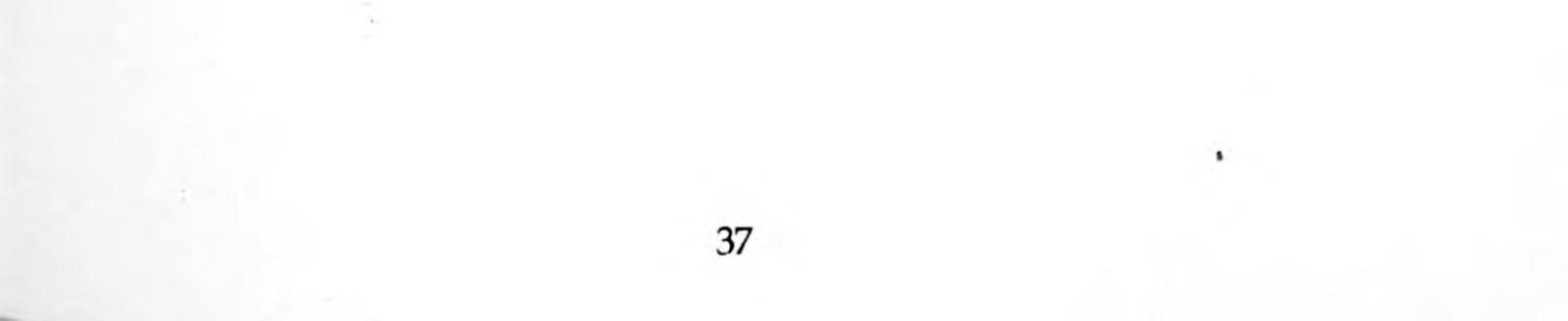
or: a rook in a nave of light the weave

of a night river

And who would stop there on reading: ...and she

kneeling beside the little death unaware of snow falling

or: for the fourth time rearranging the roses... he will come soon



She uses verses freely from previous publications or from personal letters which are in themselves a sort of singing. One is never quite sure whether the illustrative haiku in her letters is from a work in progress or is an original that will later appear in print. In a letter to Ruth Yarrow, she admits that as a reader she is delighted with an 'aura of mystery' while recognizing the fine line between the obscure and mysterious, and says that it lets her bring something to the reading and permits her to take from it what she needs and wants. This bears out the old theory of a haiku being half author and half reader.

The book is put together subtly but carefully, in the author's words: "a woman's journey from young to . . . *in the house of winter.*" And she adds, "my life is <u>there</u>. . . it is a woman's journey in a woman's words. It tells what my life was/is (facts are boring and irrelevant) i think it is the <u>poetry</u> and only the poetry that matters. . . yes." There is much emotion in this book, some irrelevant to certain readers while deeply moving to others. It is a book from which the reader can harvest and continue to glean again and again.

From the longer poems with no attempt at haiku, these two excerpts from a four-part poem are fair examples:

he just bent

down and took my mouth

and my mouth just went

i love a fiddler and oh i love to dance

> but you can't dance with the fiddler



From the haiku:

...and yes to this wild rain this april rain

tempered with tulips

and his touch in the morning so different

... tentative

goldenandgone leaves spinning and spending on a last lark of summer

at the mission clinic the woman's winter fingers

winding gauze

I look forward eagerly to anne mckay's fourth book, now in progress if not already published. In her own words:

"for me

making poems is my way of being

alive

... a kind of singing"



The paper birch leaves all still—except one fl_utt_eri_{ng}

Beneath the full moon a field of white daisies a deer's silhouette

R. Dirk

Chippewa canoes swing 'round the bend, then circle... my ceiling mobile

gliding down Bear Creek the dead deer turns gracefully,

is lost in shadows

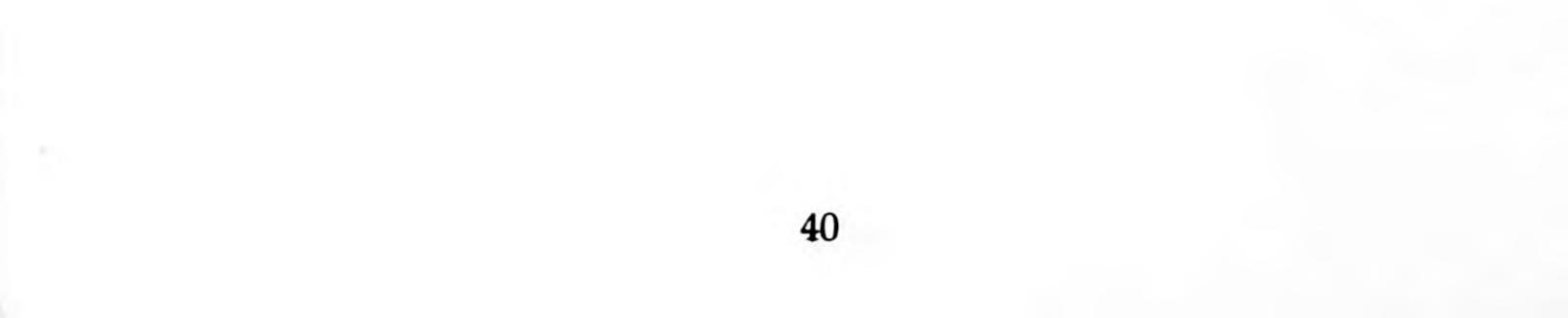
on the desert path bones among the prickly pear burning in the sun

Bruce Curtis

in a hoofprint a spider's web glistens with morning dew

light sumi strokes across smooth sand grassblades in the wind

Patrick J. McNierney



the garden overgrown in mid-air... a feather

yellow light through the leaves a stray cat blinks!

Melodee Unthank

'flick' and still a raindrop on the cat's ear

Colin Shaddick

summer ends butterflies spiral into the willows

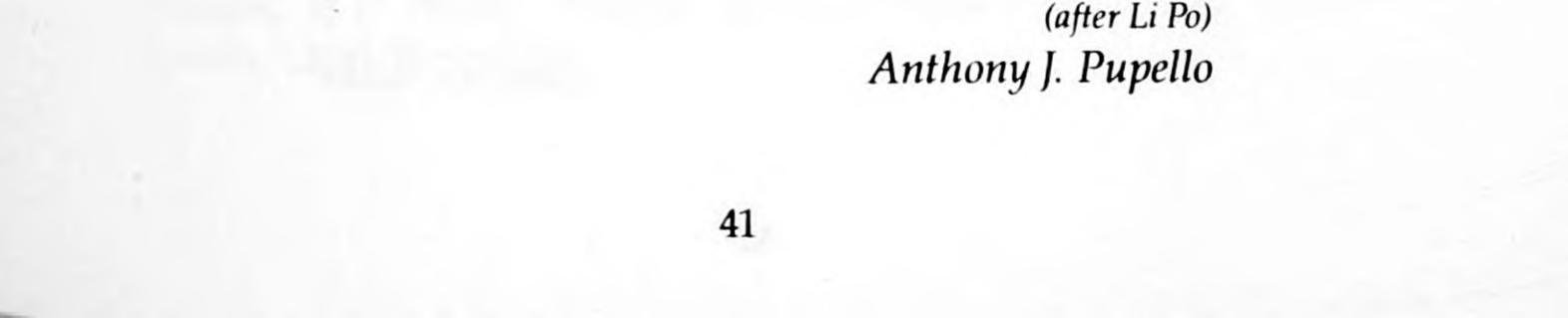
last day of summer a cricket's plaintive cry from a closed suitcase

Nina A. Wicker

full moon from the freshly mown field scent of garlic

Philip Miller

August moon-I share a birthday toast with my shadow



leaving the woods to late summer's cicada sounds

Gloria H. Procsal

from red maples one leaf at a time summer's heat leaves

Ruby Spriggs

The school bus pulls away on the porch swing Raggedy Ann one red leaf

J.A. Totts

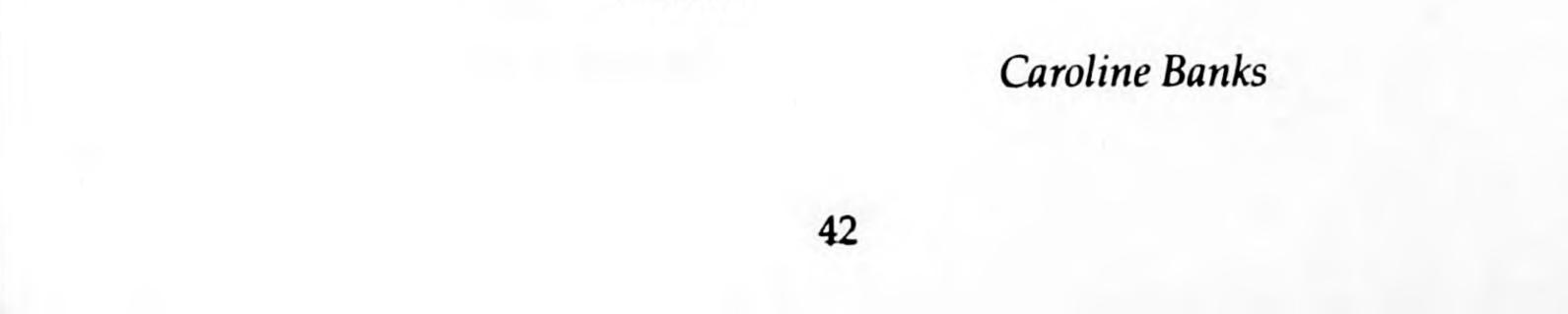
Orange and red the sky The trees are a festival The geese are honking

September sunset: the sun husks itself boldly Sparrows swim to you

John J. Soldo

Far from England yet tonight a Turner sky

After the torrent the all-clear cicadas



BITS & PIECES

CONGRATULATIONS to the Grand Prize Winner of the Japan Air Lines Haiku Contest: Bernard Lionel Einbond, professor of English at Lehman College in the Bronx, New York, a longtime member and former president of the Haiku Society of America. His haiku was chosen from among over 40,000 haiku; 200 haiku were cited as runners up. Congratulations to those 200 poets also. For a list of the 201 winners (the haiku and their authors), send SASE with 50¢ postage to: JAL HAIKU CONTEST, P.O. Box 7734, Woodside, NY 11377.

PUBLICATION NEWS

Congratulations to Editor Francine Porad and Guest Editor David LeCount for a fine first issue of *Brussels Sprout* in its west coast reincarnation.
The first issue of *Mirrors*, a subscriber produced quarterly "in the spirit of haiku," has been sent out by Editor Jane Reichhold. An interesting publishing concept and a goodlooking magazine. \$12 a year (\$16 overseas), \$4 a single copy. Write to *Mirrors*, PO Box 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, for submission requirements.

Haiku Headlines: a Monthly Newsletter of Haiku and Senryu is another inter-

- esting newcomer, edited and published by Rengé/David Priebe, 1347 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, CA 90044. This is \$15 a year (Canada \$16; overseas \$18), a single copy \$1.25. Much of Priebe's own work included along with submitted material.
- Already noted in HSA Newsletter, the North Carolina Haiku Society is publishing Pine Needles: Quarterly Newsletter of the NCHS, with Richard Straw, Editor. For membership in the Society, write to Rebecca Rust, NCHS Chairman, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610. A subscription to the Newsletter is \$5. Non-members may submit. Write for information or send material to Richard Straw, 312 Trappers Run Drive, Cary, NC 27513.
- Best wishes to all of these publications. Remember to enclose an SASE when you write.

THANKS to Patricia Neubauer for this issue's cover art.

CONTEST NEWS

Winners of the 1st Annual Haiku Contest of the Kaji Aso Studio in Boston have been announced as follows: 1st Prize, vincent tripi; 2nd Prize, Kris Kondo; 3rd Prize, Raymond Stovich; 'Local Winner', Lawrence Rungren. 20 Runners Up: Eve J. Blohn, Dianne Borsenick, Donald D. Braida, Marsh Cassady, Dorothea L. Dunning, Nelle Fertig, Esther L. Harris, Ernie Hayes, Christopher D. Herold, Vanessa Brook Herold, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Matthew Louviére, Margaret Molarsky, M.M. Nichols, H.F. Noyes, Charles Rodning, Sydell Rosenberg, Alexis

Rotella, Clark Strand (2).

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The Hawaii Education Association announces its Twelfth International Haiku Writing Contest. Deadline: Nov. 12, 1988. For rules write to: HEA Haiku Writing Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu. HI 96826.

The New Zealand Poetry Society has announced its 1988 International Poetry Competition. Again this year, there is a Haiku Section, with prizes for best individual haiku and for best haiku sheet (of up to five unpublished haiku). Deadline is (before) November 30, 1988. For rules send self-addressed envelope and two IRCs to: Poetry Society Competition, 140 Atawhai Road, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

The 1989 contests of the Poetry Society of Virginia will again include the J. Franklin Dew Award for a series of three or four haiku on a single theme. Deadline: postmark no later than midnight January 15, 1989. For rules of this and the other categories, send SASE to Joseph P. Campbell, Contest Chairman, Poetry Society of Virginia, P.O. Box 773, Lynchburg, VA 24505.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

Up From The Deep by Ruth Eshbaugh. Wind Chimes, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. Wind Chimes Minibook XV. 1988, 16 pps., \$1.50 ppd.

The Eyes of Moji: haiku by Roger Ishii. Amelia, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1988, 10 pps., \$4 ppd./\$5.95 Japan (U.S. funds).

Beyond The Boxwood Comb: Six Women's Voices From Japan by Geraldine C. Little. Sparrow Press, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette, IN 47906. Sparrow Poverty Pamphlet No. 54. 1988, 32 pps., \$2.50 plus .50 p/h.
Tigers In A Teacup: Collected Haiku by Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, P.O.Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1988, 344 pps., \$12.95.
New and Selected Speculations on Haiku by Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701. 1988, 60 pps., \$5. ppd.
Summer Grasses: Illustrated Haiku for Children by Carolyn Thomas. From author/illustrator at 285 Countrywood Lane, Encinitas, CA 92024. 1988,

18 pps., \$5. ppd.



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HSA 20th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

The weekend of November 4, 1988 has been set for the HSA 20th Anniversary Celebration. It will begin with a book publication party Friday evening at the Armory in New York City. Plans for Saturday and Sunday activities are being made now, and information will be forthcoming. Mark November 4, 5 and 6 on your calendar now!

REGIONAL CELEBRATION

An event to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the HSA will take place at Principia College in Elsah, IL, on the beautiful Mississippi palisades above St. Louis on Saturday, October 15. Special Guest Speaker will be Paul O. Williams. For information, please contact Dr. Mary Lu Fennell, Principia College, Elsah, IL 62028.



