

FROGPOND

XXVII:1

SPRING 1994





FROGPOND

This Issue Dedicated
to the Memory
of
John Wills

July 4, 1921—September 24, 1993

goats on the roof
of the chicken shack
spring morning

from *Reed Shadows*

Vol. XVII:1—SPRING 1994
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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ISSN 8755-156X

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WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Frogpond enters its 17th year. How it has grown and developed since Lilli Tanzer courageously produced Volume I number 1 in February 1978. And during these past three years the magazine has reached a new peak of excellence. Congratulations to Sylvia Forges-Ryan, editor, and her consulting editor Virginia Brady Young, on fine and handsome issues. My sincere thanks to Sylvia for her unfailing help in the transition. I am most grateful to the Haiku Society of America for the confidence placed in me and I look forward to a lively and busy year.

May haiku bring you joy!
Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Editor

WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

Thank you for your vote of confidence. It was with excitement and enthusiasm that I accepted the challenge of being your President for 1993. I still feel the same way at the start of this 1994 new term of office. My goals remain unchanged: the expansion of the Society, and participation at the national level by members from all parts of the country. These *are* being accomplished.

Our very active 1993 Regional Coordinators, Lequita Vance, Mary Fran Meer, William Higginson, Evan Mahl and Raffael deGruttola deserve much credit for our burgeoning membership. We welcome two new Regions and their Coordinators: Southeast's Kenneth Leibman and Hawaii's Darold Braida.

In 1993 the first annual HSA Anthology was beautifully produced through the efforts of Californians Marlina Rinzen, Jerry Kilbride and Michael D. Welch. Our 1994 Anthology will be in the capable hands of Kenneth Leibman, Peggy Willis Lyles and Nina Wicker from Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina.

Also a first in 1993, HSA National meetings were held west of the New York area, namely in Carmel, CA and Seattle, WA (my hometown), as well as in New York City. For 1994, National meetings are planned in San Francisco, CA, and New York City. The December meeting place is still to be determined. (FL, WA, IL and IA are being considered.)

Judges for HSA contests (Henderson, Brady, Renku, Virgilio, Merit Books) were, and will continue to be, selected from all parts of North America.

You've received *Revised Definitions 1994* (input from many members).

Special thanks to the retiring 1993 Executive Board members: Dee Evetts, Vice-President and Contest Coordinator; Karen Sohne, Treasurer; and Sylvia Forges-Ryan, Editor of *Frogpond*, for their volunteer efforts and large tasks well done. Our hats are off to Doris Heitmeyer, Secretary; her dedication is appreciated. 1994 Executive Board members Bruce Ross, Barbara Ressler, Raffael deGruttola and Elizabeth Searle Lamb are already busy with HSA activities. The Haiku Society of America rests on a firm foundation, built up carefully over the last twenty-six years by many devoted people. It's the willingness of its members that helps an organization run smoothly and grow. I await your input, your ideas.

Warmest regards,
Francine Porad
HSA President

HAIKU BY AND FOR JOHN WILLS

the sun lights up a distant ridge another

a bittern booms
in the silence that follows
smell of the marsh

i catch
the maple leaf then let
it go

the evening sun
slips over the log follows me
downriver

*John Wills
from Reed Shadows*

back to sweetwater ashes across the new wooden bridge

Marlene Mountain

scattered ashes . . .
how still each reed
and its shadow

Michael Dylan Welch

his voice
reading his haiku
still

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE AWARDS

\$50 Haiku Awards from *Frogpond XVI:2*
Best of Issue—

mountain rose—
from thorn to thorn
a spider's line

Christopher Herold

coming out of the woods—
the sound of crickets,
the empty sky

Peter Yovu

above the white noise
a green sound:
frog song

Jennifer Brutschy

plum and camellia
the cold feeling still clings
to both

Brent Partridge

Startled doe—
a camellia falls
from her mouth.

Alexis Rotella

migrating birds—
my hair breathes in
the spring air

Yasuko Yasui

tentatively at first
the spring peeper
tries out his new song

joan iversen goswell

muddy boots
white with pear blossoms—
walking home

Charles Bernard Rodning

a pile of rocks
shifting in spring rain
the stiff old man

Lenard D. Moore

This morning a frost
lovely as baby's breath
covers the garden!

Mark O'Hara

spring sunshine
the young cop takes aim
with her snowball

Dee Evetts

harder to read:
the faded paint on
a "Work for Food" sign

Carlos Colón

grave side salute
a newborn teething
Police Badge 22

Robert Henry Poulin

Before I shout
I study my father
in the crowd

Mike Dillon

twilight sky—
next to a green traffic light
the full moon

Yoko Ogino

in my dream
shadow of the hummingbird
nine feet long

Chris Hoffman

Just a patch of sky,
yet large enough to frame
the meteor's flight

Tom Tico

unseen at first,
the melodious birds caged behind
an open window

for B.A.

Bruce Ross

bitter melon—
the grocer's widow
closes up shop

Anthony J. Pupello

Cinco de Mayo—
the Chinese restaurant
empty

Michael Dylan Welch

bag lady
studying the restaurant menu—
moon on the glass

John O'Connor

Table with a view
an elegant woman eats
with her mouth open

Molly McGee

Dark alley—
a young dog barks at
his echoed voice

Molly McGee

small town U.S.A.
the backside of buildings
from the train window

Francine Porad

flat farmland—
behind the tractor
clouds of dust

Francine Porad

In a low pasture
an old horse carries the ghosts
of all his saddles

Molly McGee

ascending
on dark gray wings—
eight decades of barn

Richard Thompson

how it floats
from ridge pole to eaves—
the pigeon's shadow

William J. Higginson

Crocus shoots:
the bare maple
full of crows

Mike Dillon

Dusk:
a calf stands alone
beneath the first star

Mike Dillon

IN MEMORIAM

Davina Kosh

1904—1994

afternoon fog
pushing twilight
through the gate

driftwood
beached beyond tides
moon-rinsed

from *brushstroke*

slow tolling bell
hummingbird tries each open
columbine

Phyllis Walsh

a twinkling eye
yes it is hers yet
among bright stones

Jane Reichhold

flight of the poet of bird poems . . .

(note: she liked to refer to herself
as the poet of bird poems)

vincent tripi

ebb tide
sandpipers skitter
across her ashes

Jerry Kilbride

1993 HSA Renku Competition Results

First Place
THE FULL MOON

Karen Tasaka
William J. Higginson
Gloria Maria Staiano
Victoria Frigo
Daniel Sogen
Elizabeth Searle Lamb
Penny Harter
Woodson Taylor

Second Place
SCATTERED RAINDROPS

Lesley Einer
Jean Jorgensen

Third Place
LEAF SCATTERED YARD

Joanne Morcom
Jean Jorgensen

Judges: Garry Gay and Minna Lerman

Coordinator: Dee Evetts

COMMENTS ON THE 1993 RENKU COMPETITION

Some examples of a variety of elements considered in judging the renku: throwback linking, the inadvertent linking of the third of any given three stanzas to the first of that set; the alternation of "person" and "place" stanzas; the mix of directly and more subtly linked stanzas; and narrative runs.

THE FULL MOON, FIRST PLACE This is an outstanding renku, meeting many of the challenges of this type of renga. Balancing eight writers lends a corresponding degree of difficulty, making the absence of both throwback linking and narrative runs a major plus. The handling of the last page is especially pleasing. Pressed flowers for the blossom stanza (#35) is a lovely touch, and the resurrection and sudden proliferation of flowers in the implied blooming cherry in the last stanza is an adept way of bringing the renku to a fast close. The subtlety in the linking between the fourth and fifth stanzas (the elegant imagery of "pine needles" and "dancing hail" linked to the word "again") is particularly masterful. "The Full Moon" uses the structure of Basho-style renku to great effect,

bringing pleasures beyond even those which a surface reading affords.

There are two particulars in which even this fine renku could stand improvement. The third stanza on page 1 should move the action more definitely in a different direction from the beginning stanzas. The small step from flower fields to the bus, although a charming means of both linking and beginning to shift direction, doesn't bring about the distinct change of course expected in the third stanza. Also, an extra measure of variety could have been added to pages 2 and 3 by having shorter runs of nonseasonal stanzas on these pages. However, these are small matters in view of the skilled handling of this renku overall. A close reading of "The Full Moon" offers delights too numerous to mention here; this is a well-constructed, beautifully written contemporary renku, meeting many criteria for excellence.

SCATTERED RAINDROPS, SECOND PLACE This renku showed a particularly good grasp of the interweaving of seasonal and nonseasonal stanzas and had a number of other virtues throughout as well. Having only two writers makes writing renku somewhat less difficult, but "Scattered Raindrops" is, nonetheless, very competent renku-writing as evidenced by coming in a close second.

LEAF SCATTERED YARD, THIRD PLACE Although this entry was lacking here and there in structure, it held up fairly well in general, and deserves a place among the winners.

THE OTHER ENTRIES No one failure to meet a particular rule caused the elimination of the remaining renku submissions; knowing some of the factors that contributed to their being eliminated may be helpful to future entrants. In addition to having narrative runs and throwback linking, the presence of an inordinate number of words ending in "ing" is unacceptable; at least one submission had this grammatical construction in almost every stanza. Another had lineation that, in many stanzas, seemed to be forced into two or three lines from one or two, although this may not have been deliberate. Several entries had good variety but fell apart because there was not enough renku structure to hold them together. Some of the latter would be considered excellent linked poems (with its variable form and less stringent requirements), but this competition judges only renku, a form which provides an option in linked verse for those who wish to be additionally challenged. We encourage the writers to submit their entries to journals and to enter the competition again next year and we extend our thanks to all of the entrants and our congratulations to the winners.

ML

KASEN RENKU: THE FULL MOON

Composed 28 September through 19 October 1993 in Santa Fe.

the full moon
in a glass of water
shared

KT

how fresh the flower fields
the scent of chiles roasting

WJH

the busdriver
tells them how
to tie a ristra¹

GMS

it's anyone's guess—
will the mayor run again?

VF

late afternoon
pine needles
and dancing hail

DS

the horned owl
shadows in the dusk

ESL

unbraided my hair spills through my sleep	PH
the tourist falls down from the steep ladder	WT
he catches her glance across the room hors d'oeuvres?	PH
as I turn around the candle flickers out	ESL
his socks now multicolored—I like him less	VF
they grow broccoli along with their zinnias	WT
summer moon sand dunes and columns at Karnak	DS
the boulders dam the creek for swimming	KT
snatches of her song echo back and forth in the morning	ESL
she lays aside the kazoo and mutters a few words	GMS
camellias ² lost now in the mist	DS
the fish feel most secure on the birthday of Buddha	VF

the beaver's home seen by the fishermen along the bank	WT
a hand with brown spots tickles the boy	KT
I watch the baby crawl the Navajo rug drooling all the way	WJH
a lace-trimmed handkerchief wadded up under the pillow	GMS
he's caught again coming in late that damn board.	DS
the artist looks up from the easel	ESL
behind the shrub the refrigerator rusts in the arroyo	DS
the shirt pin sticks out at the fancy store	WT
the man with the guitar gets his money via telegram	VF
my lantern falters in the early dark	GMS
thin clouds . . . the third-day moon comes and goes	WJH
he cuts the pumpkin's grin trying for jagged teeth	PH

the miner's cart going down again for a dream	KT
though the cage is covered the canary's still awake	PH
a striped cat prowls among poets I sneeze	GMS
on the pilgrimage I bathe surrounded by incense	DS
pressed blossoms in those old books in the attic	GMS
the Lincoln Memorial, streets shine through spring rain	VF

NOTES

1. Ristra. A bunch of ripe red chile peppers, strung together for hanging and drying, often used as a decoration. Chiles are roasted, or tied into ristras, in September and October; therefore we accept "roasting chiles", "ristra" and "tying ristras" as autumn season words.

2. Camellias as blossom stanza. The group has accepted the suggestion of Robert Spiess and others that any spring-flowering tree may be substituted for the cherry blossoms traditional in Japan.

Authors, in order of first appearance:

Karen Tasaka
William J. Higginson (Co-Coordinator)
Gloria Maria Staiano
Victoria Frigo
Daniel Sogen
Elizabeth Searle Lamb
Penny Harter (Co-Coordinator)
Woodson Taylor

WINNERS OF THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO
HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS
1993 Judges: Tom Clausen and Jack Ervin.

The 1993 Virgilio Haiku Contest for High School students received 350 entries of which at least seventy were worthy of recognition. The judges were hard pressed to narrow selections to seven entries only. It was a real privilege and pleasure to share the experiences and moments that were carefully recorded in each of the entries. The gamut of life experiences was well represented in the range of entries. Keen expressions of direct observations, nature, connection, love, heartache, loss, alienation, humor, joy and simple moments of beauty and poignancy were included. We sincerely hope that everyone who entered will continue to read and write, with their senses open and aware of the poetry that exists anywhere, anytime.

First Place	In the corner of my bedroom in the silent house	Robin Grady, (14) gr 9 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
----------------	---	--

Without telling us what or how to feel, this poet invites us into a quiet space that requires us as the reader to supply the reaction. Do we feel small, alone, afraid, cold, warm, secure, cozy, separated, remote or happy with a bit of peace? Haiku often require that we as readers participate in and engage with the experience so that we are placed in a setting similar to that which the writer wrote from but with freedom to form our own response. This haiku paints us into a bedroom corner of a silent house and it's up to us to feel exactly what this conjures.

Second place	I watch myself walking past the still lake	Cory Olson, (14) gr 9 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
-----------------	--	---

When nature provides a still moment, we are given a golden opportunity to see ourselves whether in reflection literally or in thoughts. The allowance of thoughts on a walk and then the actual reflection on the lake surface serve to highlight the bridge between our conscious and unconscious realms. There is an element of narcissism implied here too in that what this writer has focussed on is their own self-image. How human a tendency it is to reflect and be self-referential even while out in the pristine beauty of our natural world. The tranquility of the lake might extend to us the chance to see something we could not see in more turbulent times. We are left to ponder the dreamlike reflection that mirrors us as we walk along.

Third Place	emergency room: watching the spider cross the floor	Keith Habel, (14) gr 9 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa
----------------	---	--

Trapped by circumstances from which one cannot extricate oneself or replay, this poem captures the helplessness of being in the midst of an emergency. The shock of

such a situation heightens awareness or transfixes us and tends to make us see more than we might ordinarily. Haiku often arrive when we notice or feel something that pinpoints or suggests what is most telling and poetic in the moment. For many people the sight of a spider is possibly unwelcome. That this spider appears in the sterile surroundings of an emergency room strengthens this poem's evocation of what is intuitively known. That being that nowhere in life is control absolute. Just as emergencies happen—spiders appear in sterile environments. There are situations where all we can do is watch.

Hon.	goodnight embrace	Becky Atkinson, (17) gr 12
Mention	by the dusty road—	Eastern Alamance H S
	all the stars	Mebane, N.C.

Universal themes are juxtaposed and utilized to strengthen the emotions of a parting in the night. A goodnight embrace against such essential elements as the dust and stars helps us to understand the feeling and empowerment that this moment is all about.

Hon.	earthquake . . .	Pascu Dumitru, (13) gr 6
mention	on the chesstable	School No. 39
	the horse hits the king	Constanta, Romania

The earthquake as the great equalizer is one of nature's most dramatic events. This poem links a huge event with a tiny detail which in essence signifies the poetic tables of life being turned, which can be so true in a disaster. That the knight knocks into the king is a telling commentary on what may be happening to the whole kingdom. The reality that an outside event might affect an inside situation identifies the resonance of chain reactions that constantly is taking place.

Hon.	Inside the box	Noelle Egan, (16) gr 11
Mention	sits a doll	Cherry Hill H S West
	shoeless	Cherry Hill, NJ

There is something about dolls that evokes many different emotions. This poem has a haunting feel to it as if the box were perhaps confining this doll. Being shoeless emphasizes that this doll is being studied and this detail clues us in to considering what poetry requires of us. Is the doll shoeless from being played with and put away hastily or is it propped in this state staring out ready to walk out of its box?

Hon.	striped fish	Heather Caulberg, (16) gr 11
Mention	criss-crossed	Eastern Alamance H S
	by a salty net	Mebane, N.C.

What has captured this poet's attention is the contrast of patterns. A sense that the criss-crossing of the net has resulted in this fish's capture serves to enhance the pattern of the fish. Anything caught tends to evince a detailed look that creates a distinct lasting impression.

We would like to thank all the teachers who contributed their encouragement and assistance with the Virgilio contest. There were so many other entries that deserved commentary. Our only regret as judges is that we cannot individually comment on them.

the sound
of the empty
Tibetan bell

Barry Goodmann

color of her kimono
flows into the teabowl
one mind

Margaret Chula

sabi, wabi
ah, Buson
this path

Marian Olson

the Tao . . . flowing
over me
leaping upstream

Robert Henry Poulin

Beside her backpack
and her rolled-up sleeping bag:
the *Tao Te Ching*

Tom Tico

the back-packer
strides westward . . .
a cord of lightning
in morning clouds

William J. Higginson

lightning flash—
a huge nerve of the air
suddenly bare

Chris Hoffman

old-age home—
the musician's cane
keeps time

Anthony J. Pupello

storm warnings:
the oncologist's
sunken eyes

Anthony J. Pupello

The anesthetist
back home
reading the kids to sleep

vincent tripi

facing surgery
the house shot through
with moonlight

John Stevenson

Walking late at night . . .
again and again my shadow
lengthens and vanishes

Tom Tico

3:20 am
the hooker stares
down the empty street

John O'Connor

eclipse of the moon—
silently
the dark waxes

Mark Rutter

FIVE FOR WILLA CATHER

pueblo
wind sounds in alleyways
of ancient people

just before dawn
mistaking a breeze in cottonwoods
for rain

summer afternoon
daydreams gone with the sage hen's
sudden flight

gnarled cedar
its shadow on the canyon floor
darker than the tree itself

the moonflowers
an unearthly white . . .
a distant coyote

Jerry Kilbride

at sunset
the ring-necked pheasant
showing his colors

Nasira Alma

campmeeting tent—
mayflies
swarming the canvas

Michael Dylan Welch

goldfinch song—
eyes follow the notes
into bare branches

Mark Rutter

gardener's cough—
the yellow tulip
loses its petals

Emily Romano

spring cleaning—
dust in the shape
of unanswered mail

Michael Dylan Welch

spring rain—
an old ballpoint pen
stuck in garden clay

Michael Dylan Welch

dandelions—
where the sun
has popped its buttons

Chris Hoffman

walking
to the therapist's in the rain—
my umbrella closed

Wally Swist

my problems forgotten—
a path through the pines
up the mountain

Wally Swist

haibun

a buddhist's cottage where a creek enters a lake—
an invisible dot on the earth's vast geography
for many days he has been wondering if any of that
endangered species will find this place again during
their migration—to tarry awhile—allow their grandeur
to be beheld
looking out the study window on this date of the
christian calendar he honors most

on the creek this morning of
All Souls' Day,
a pair of trumpeter swans!

Robert Spiess

lake and hills
hushed with their silence—
loons

Richard Thompson

Hudson shoals . . .
bend of the swan's neck
deep in river weed

Bruce Ross

returning with its shadow the wild swan

Lenard D. Moore

Great blue heron
swift from the stillness
swift to return

vincent tripi

A HAIKU CALENDAR, 1994 William J. Higginson

Each year in Japan the Haiku Poets Association (*Haijin Kyōkai*) and the Museum of Haiku Literature (*Haiku Bungaku Kan*) publish their *Haiku Karendā*, with reproductions of calligraphy and haiku by the members. The cover usually features reproductions of two long, narrow poem strips (*tanzaku*) with haiku in calligraphy by the authors, while each month's page includes reproductions of either two *tanzaku* or one square poem card (*shikishi*) plus twenty-seven or twenty-eight additional haiku in type.

The *tanzaku* and *shikishi* are always attractive, and the calligraphy on them very distinctive, revealing something of the artistry and personality of each poet. This year's cover, for *Heisei Roku-nen* (1994), has *tanzaku* in a deep beige by Shugyō Takaha and in a rich brick red by Setsuko Nozawa, both with accents of silver and gold. In each case, the black calligraphy stands out well.

Shugyō Takaha's bold, almost informal but very clear calligraphy has a no-nonsense look that accords well with his position as the executive director of the Haiku Poets Association. He was born in 1930, studied under Seishi Yamaguchi and Fujio Akimoto, and edits the haiku magazine *Kari* (Hunting). His poem:

<i>ochi ni inu</i>	there the dog
<i>kochi ni niwatori</i>	and over here the rooster
<i>ō ashita</i>	New Year's morn

The calendrical rooster of 1993, the dog of 1994, perhaps as New Year ornaments, though I hear them calling the sun up.

Setsuko Nozawa's calligraphy, contrasting well with Shugyō's, is done with a relatively dry brush and has a relaxed, confident look somewhat between a classical running style and contemporary modes, as befits one of the senior haiku masters of today. She was born in 1920, studied haiku under Rinka Ōno, and edits the haiku monthly *Ran* (Orchid). Her poem runs:

<i>yakinoboru</i>	burning upwards
<i>hi ya sanchō ni</i>	flames . . . at the summit
<i>aiyōsu</i>	embrace each other

This shows the image of fields burning on different sides of a hill in spring, the flames rising to meet at the crest. The fields are burned to prepare them for planting.

January's page opens the year with the distinctive calligraphy of Seishi Yamaguchi, current dean of Japan's haiku poets, on a pristine white *shikishi*. Those who have seen his recent collection in English, *The Essence of Modern Haiku*, will be familiar with the tension between the simple, bold strokes and highly stylized character forms in his brush style. The poem, line for line as presented in the calligraphy:

*tenjō ni made
hatsugama no
yuge noboru*

right up to the ceiling
the first pot's
steam rises

This steam rises from the water for the first tea ceremony of the New Year.

For February we find spring beginning with two *tanzaku*, one in a soft rose hue, the other yellow ochre. The haiku are:

*kobushi saki
aizu ni shiroki
yama ikutsu*

mountain yew
blooms—in Aizu how many
white mountains?

Nichio Okada

Aizu is a snowy, mountainous district east of Niigata.

*shimo hakishi
hōki shibaraku
shite taoru*

the broom that swept
the frost in a little while
falls down

Toshirō Nomura

The broom's bristles, curved and stiffened with frost, gradually straighten.

Toshirō, born in 1911, at first studied *tanka*, then shifted to haiku under Mizuhara Shūōshi's tutelage; he presently edits the haiku magazine *Oki* (The Offing). Nichio was born in 1932; he studied with Ryōtei Fukuda, and edits *Yamabi* (Mountain Fire).

Spring continues in March with a pale eggshell *shikishi* by Tetsunosuke Matsuzaki. His well-spaced, extremely clear and bold characters give a strong Chinese impression. Born in 1918, Tetsunosuke was a disciple of Shūōshi, then of Rinka, and now edits *Hama* (Beach). His haiku, as set out on the poem card:

*ryūhyō ni
migakareshi kai
hiroikeri*

I picked up
shells polished
by the ice floes

This suggests the beach along the northeast coast of Hokkaidō, on the Sea of Okhotsk.

Information on the poets has been gathered from the *Gendai haiku jiten* issue of Iwanami Shoten's *Haiku* (September 1977), *Heisei joryū haijin* (Mainichi gurafu, 1991), and *Heisei haidan-kadan* (Asahi gurafu, 1992). Names are in Western order, given name first. My thanks to Tadashi Kondo for helping me understand the poems, and with the translations, which appear here by permission of the Museum of Haiku Literature.

TANKA STRING/TANKA SEQUENCE/DOUBLE TANKA STRING
Sanford Goldstein

When my first tanka collection, *This Tanka World*, was published in 1977, I had long been aware of grouping poems around a single subject. The Japanese call all such groups of poems “rensaku” or sequences. But a tanka string, my own term, is not a sequence.

A tanka string is a group of poems not connected by chronology but by other kinds of transition. The tanka string is a closely ordered group of poems around a thought, a feeling, a mood. A cluster of poems is different, for the cluster, while focusing, say, on some human deficiency, would probably not have a closely followed transitional scheme—any poem in the cluster could probably be shifted, shuffled into sixth place in the cluster or fourth or eighth. But even from the title of the string, transition is operating and carries the focus of the string forward to the next poem. A cursory glance at Takuboku’s New Year poems in *Sad Toys* (Tuttle, 1985, #35-49, pp. 146-51) will show the chronology is disordered, but each poem leads to the next even as it looks back to the previous poem in the string. There is no overall logical conclusion or development as the string proceeds, though a tanka string could reach some conclusion.

The tanka sequence, however, is organic, dramatic, chronologically rendered, and evolving toward a new awareness by the poet. All the poems in Mokichi Saito’s *Red Lights* (Purdue University Press, 1989) form sequences, thirty-eight in number. A brief examination of the five-poem sequence “Whistling” (sequence 9, pp. 138-9, notes pp. 308-10) indicates chronology, dramatic tension, and change.

The double tanka string, the new form I have created with the help of Kenneth Tanemura, is not an organic sequence but a string between two poets. The string is not planned in advance (though either poet can propose a subject) and evolves spontaneously once the first poem is seen by the second poet. The double tanka string proceeds with definite connections (transitions) made from poem to poem. No conclusion need be reached, but as the reader can see in our double tanka string “fathers and sons,” Kenneth and I conclude with a call for compassion between fathers and sons. Ten or twelve poems is ideal for the double tanka string.

This differentiation of string and sequence ought to sharpen our tanka poems, but I also include haiku, which can certainly form strings. The recognition of dramatic tension in an organic sequence with its movement toward awareness and change will aid readers in entering the short-form poem. I hope haiku and tanka poets will employ this new term string in their titles and will attempt this new definition of sequences. The double tanka string I see as a new challenging form, and I also visualize a double haiku string.

fathers and sons: a double tanka string

first time:
my father
and me
laughing
at the same joke

... and when
I sang
my sentimental song
your face,
as if it never knew I could sing

so silently
he read my poems
and handed them back:
did I say too much?
too little?

I waited, waited
for signs
of your 31,
waited decades
and not a sign of your own five down

glued to an empty box
as if it held
the meaning of life,
as if all families but his own
wrought the missed magic

I want
to twist, turn
through this small space
and reach for my friend's
father's hand

how astounded I was
that the abused
forgave—
that the father and son,
they came to this ...

and was I
the father too,
this father
I vowed
I'd never be?

hearing
my father's
voice
in my own—
dusk turns to night

you have *rashomon'd*
your father,
I mine,
and still, still, as sons
was there not some taint in ourselves?

like father
like son?
yes,
and I too
have my string of taints

compassionate Kannon,
drink this offering
as we bow and wait
until you suture
all fathers, all sons . . .

*Kenneth Tanemura and Sanford Goldstein**

*All poems on the left by Kenneth Tanemura, all on the right by Sanford Goldstein.

old love song
sixteen again and "yes"
is all I know

Marian Olson

her new hairdo
dampening in silence
spring rain

Lenard D. Moore

I love you
the tattoo beneath
her waist

Marian Olson

jagged light
slicing through torn clouds
—his handwriting

Dianne Borsenik

even in moonlight
the dark side
of his handsome face

Gloria H. Procsal

fevered embrace,
without knowing . . .
you touch the scar

Gloria H. Procsal

lying wide awake—
a wall of silence except
the streaking moonbeams

B. H. Feingold

patchy clouds drifting . . .
face of the man in the moon
changing expressions

David Priebe

Eskimo mask
takes on color
during the storm

Brent Partridge

dashed by a wave
the broken crab shell
skitters away

Marian Olson

Whale spray—
the two-year-old saving
the seashell
with the hole in it

vincent tripi

signing
the deaf boy shows me
how to swear

Christopher Suarez

breakers
turning the light
over

John O'Connor

tropical night surf:
each crash and hiss
phosphoresces

Ruth Yarrow

RAIN AT DAWN

rain at dawn
a deer hunter's orange coat
shines through the trees

HR

a sharp hoofprint in moss
at the edge of the meadow

ESL

letter read,
he holds it, tense,
and rereads it

HS

washing the child's feet
she finds a sliver

TLG

through the crescent moon
on the outhouse door,
moonlight

JK

unlocking my diary—
pungent eucalyptus leaves

ES

winter wind— the rusted weathervane still points west	MDW
under the patchwork kneading my toes in the cat's fur	KC
dark still— a neighbor's rooster, again recalling the dream	CH
on the tip of my tongue name of that man who passed	LAD
the infant's grave a forgotten memento reflects the sun	HR
on the dry sink his wedding ring encircles mine	SR
mushrooms in this magic place— and dancing	ESL
clams eaten, her nude body, the moon, fogged	HS
dressed to kill she sits on a tack for the lie detector	TLG
hell's angels cross a faultline south out of salinas	JK
to the pacific dunes carry buckwheat flowers	LV
hazy sky— the white sound of crashing surf	MDW

batik brush black seeps in the crack in cold wax	JR
sand dabs frolicking to an unheard melody	PS
on a nearby hill teenagers meditating near the autumn sea	JB
gold leaf peels from the buddha cicada shells	MC
young man and woman stand up to leave small pond it must be one o'clock	KT
anchor splashing a bat swoops between the stars	ES
landscaping finished the gas company backhoes through new-laid sod	LAD
pools of darkness gather owl to owl to moon	HR
an average ring on the fresh oak stump the year I was born	HR
falling snow covers all the rough edges	ESL
cerulean eyes framed by a rose and golden hair	HS
king tut's mask a foot from my face	JK

playing beach volleyball that girl with Birkenstock tan lines	MDW
carefully around the rocks the monk rakes a sea	CH
at the right moment tripping the hay release to match the last windrow	LAD
this final aster without scent	HR
from panpipes a haunting melody twilight	ESL
he returns to his wife with his smile renewed	HS

Participants in the order of first appearance:

Hal Roth	L. A. Davidson
Elizabeth Searle Lamb	Sandy Roth
Hiroaki Sato	Lequita Vance
Terri Lee Grell	Jane Reichhold
Jerry Kilbride	Pat Shelley
Ebba Story	Jerry Ball
Michael Dylan Welch	Margaret Chula
Kimberly Cortner	Kiyoko Tokutomi
Christopher Herold	

WIND SEASONS

sun scatters
across the prairie
windblown snow

ravine wind
rustling chokecherry
a whitetail doe

mosquitoes whine
antelope stampede
into a wind

knee high
wheat grass
heads south

Gary Vaughn

passing the street lamp his shadow turns about

Janice M. Bostok

moon breaks over the hill
a dreaming driver
dims his brights

John Stevenson

the rump of the burro
eclipsed
by the moon

Sunni Whitney

REVIEWS

DESENE PRINTRE HAIKU/DRAWINGS AMONG HAIKU by Ion Codrescu. Editura Muntenia, 1992, ISBN: 973-95282-3-6, 100 pp., paperback, perfectbound. From the author: Str. Soveja Nr. 25, Bl. V2, sc B, Apt. 31, 8700 Constanta, Romania. \$6.50 ppd.

True to its title, *Drawings Among Haiku*, with covers of striated gray against white, is a beautifully illustrated poetry collection. It was the author's interest and talent in the Japanese pen-and-ink sumi-e sketches, in fact, that earned him a scholarship to Japan to acquaint himself with its art and culture. His exquisite artwork not only enhances certain poems here, but effectively underscores their haiku-ness.

Considering Codrescu's travels and studies in Japan, it's understandable that of the 86 haiku here, some should reflect Japanese images. However, this author does not make the all-too-common mistake exercised by many of its visitors: the assumption of having captured the ancient and complex spirit of Japan. Wisely, only a few haiku refer directly to Japan while the majority relates to universal images.

Each page contains one haiku in Romanian, English and Japanese. Printed on quality heavy weight paper, the overall presentation is a joy to the touch and to the eye. Equally pleasing is the quality of Codrescu's haiku.

Consider the delicate beauty, motion, music and color that flows through each of the following haiku—it is like the unfolding of a transcendental symphony:

The purple poppy	Daybreak—
Turns its head	A touch of light
At each breath of wind	On the paper cranes

Inasmuch as beauty is a part of life, the author recognizes the stark realities that also flow through it. What impresses me about these particular haiku that deal with harsh ecological or social subjects is their quiet but frank viewpoint that intensifies the strength of impact:

Cut tree—	Suddenly
The cuckoo's song	Rich and poor houses
Is heard no more	Under the same snow

Weaving like brilliantly colored ribbons through this canvas of beauty and weightier subjects is gentle humor, all of which makes for a pleasing balanced collection.

Here is a favorite:

Mother's surprise
Dusting the ancient icon—
The toll of a bell

Although some haiku here fall slightly shy, I rather suspect the problem rests not with craftsmanship, but with translations. This reality undoubtedly serves to emphasize the disadvantages in being unable to understand work written in a language other than one's own. That aside, I found the capitalization of words at the beginning of each line somewhat intrusive to the flow of the thought. But these complaints are small and rectifiable.

In his Preface, Dr. Takeshi Nakada of Senshu University says the author's "understanding of the world of Haiku is deep and broad." Indeed. For the most part, these haiku are splendidly crafted, making use of the full range of senses so that the moment breathes on its own and echoes long after its reading. Well deserving then that *Drawings Among Haiku* earned a Haiku Society of America Merit Book Award in 1992.

The work here also indicates that Ion Codrescu is a profoundly sensitive and compassionate poet who respects and cherishes his world and everything it embodies. A true Zen spirit. Surely, Basho smiles.

Review by Elizabeth St Jacques

white by vincent tripi, Swamp Press, 1994, 44 pp. unnumbered, hardcover \$20., softcover \$10. ppd. Order from and make checks payable to author at 478A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118.

"Entrancing" best describes the dust-jacket of this handsome hard covered volume with its neatly printed petite title. Picture a cloak of perfect black with a speck of purest **white**. The effect is almost a haiku in itself.

The book is a sheer delight to hold and behold. Produced by hand letterpress, Ed Rayher provided the typesetting and crisp printing while Dea Sasso bound these beautiful limited editions of 75 hard- and 100 paper-bound copies.

Inside, quality white deckle-edged pages provide a truly elegant effect as do the inky-black endsheets. Sixty-nine haiku of various styles are presented from one to four per page with a generous gift of white space between poems to encourage a leisurely read.

Considering the title, it's not surprising that tripi transports you into the land of cold and snow, but not indefinitely. Although these haiku are not set chronologically, contrary to what you might expect, an abrupt shift into a different season works remarkably well here. It's almost like reading a free-form renga, the mind and the spirit adjusting and welcoming the swerve to an entirely new direction:

Kite between
the queen anne's lace & cloud
—its fine white string

Abandoned grain elevator:
holding the snow
held by it

With the unfolding of these haiku, tripi leads you through his world of mountains, snow buntings, whitewater, hairpin turns, and grizzly bears where tranquility and beauty of the most unsuspecting kind are profound and wonder-filled:

Forgiven
by the mountain trail
—the white of it

But the author is not so mesmerized by his pristine world as to disregard less-than-perfect features perpetrated by humankind or even through the natural universal law. Reality is acknowledged, but the ever-seeking rational eye turns to the stars, as if in prayer:

The road salter . . .
farther & farther away
this starry night

A starry night . . .
waves washing sand
from the whale's spout

Some form of movement/motion is almost always present in this collection. But what is particularly rewarding is that it is often suggested, thereby providing even greater impact:

Quiet morning;
fresh snow on
the buck's rubbing tree

Spring love—
the clown's make-up
whitens the wind

Weaving through this white environment where the author sometimes calls upon recent or childhood memories, are splashes of color and scent to add a warm reprieve. As with motion, note how even they are inferred:

After the cataract . . .	Wooden stilts
letting in a blossom	i wore in childhood:
with the scent of plum	white pine forest

Even the most impeccable setting has a few flaws however, and so it is with this near-perfect collection. It's unfortunate that a discerning eye neglected to catch the following (vertically printed) haiku that surmises:

White/rose/not/recognizing/at/first/its/shadow

It also looks as if a haiku has been lost somewhere, as near the end of the collection the right page is blank, indicating the conclusion, when in actuality two more pages of haiku follow.

However, these rumples are minimal considering the overall quality of many haiku here and the moments of brilliance so reverently revealed. To enter vincent tripi's world of white is to celebrate its greatest and smallest of joys. You leave thoroughly enriched and fulfilled, twirling stars and snowflakes on your fingertips. Highly recommended.

Review by Elizabeth St Jacques

NEW ZEALAND HAIKU ANTHOLOGY, edited by Cyril Childs. The New Zealand Poetry Society, 118 Cecil Road, Wadestown, Wellington, New Zealand. 1993, 84 pages, perfect bound, 8 1/2 x 6 inches. NZ \$22. (approx. US \$12.) Orders to Secretary, New Zealand Poetry Society, above address.

I begin this review with a subjective comment: the cover design brings me back to the bedroom I had as a child in my grandmother's house. The Victorian wallpaper had alternate stripes of leaves and roses, visually preserving the lushness of summer growth through the seasons. So, finding a similar pattern on the NEW ZEALAND HAIKU ANTHOLOGY I feel welcomed by the book, as if invited in for a friendly cup of tea.

Cyril Childs, the editor, mentions that the main impetus given to the New Zealand haiku-movement came from the NZ Poetry Society in the late 1980's. His introduction is written with that fact

in mind, giving an excellent description of the haiku form and a survey of its development in Japan and New Zealand. Valuable information for students and spreading the word in a part of the world still new to the form.

This book contains 154 haiku from 19 writers. Each poet is given a short and warmly written biography, followed by haiku. As in most anthologies some haiku are represented by many works, others by few. This is not necessarily a yardstick of the editor's favorites, as some writers are more prolific than others, offering wider choices. Numbers aside, each haiku, if true, has its own energy, drawing in the readers' emotions and creating awakenings. And, here, again, as in most anthologies, the work is uneven. Many successful haiku appear, but some are completely lacking in resonance. A few poems rely on the personification of nature and these would have been best left out of the book. There are some experimental poems, the most satisfying by Alan Wells. The following haiku are among those to which I deeply responded:

one more week—
still the rice grows green
in Matsuyama

Cyril Childs

in moonlight
even my children
are strangers

Glenda Fawkes

sweltering—
part of me is rising
to the clouds

Jeffrey Harpeng

still water—
the stone bridge arches
to a perfect circle

Elena Lindsay

mountain-side—
the train climbs its own
sound

John O'Connor

I clasp the binoculars.
Even the stars
dance to my heartbeat.

Alan Wells

Childs says that a few of the haiku are uniquely New Zealand. Perhaps a glossary at the end of the book would have been useful? Rotorua, pohutukawa, Maori whakatauki . . . beautiful sounds! I'm writing this review on Groundhog Day, so in returning the gift of this music to poets in New Zealand, I will say two words: Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.

This, the first haiku anthology from New Zealand, is a friendly book. I recommend it as a way of knowing 19 good people through their work, through their biographies and through the history of their haiku movement.

HSA AWARDS AND CONTESTS, 1994

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS
FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED HAIKU

These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in memory of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society. \$100 toward these awards is donated annually by Mrs. Henderson.

1. Deadline: Postmark date July 31, 1994.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku. Please write checks / money orders to Haiku Society of America.
3. Limit: Ten unpublished haiku, not submitted for publication or to any other contest.
4. Submit each haiku on three separate 3 X 5 cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the 3rd with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left hand corner. Please designate as haiku.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit entries to Barbara Ressler, HSA Contests, 1717 Kane St., Apt. 27, Dubuque, IA 52001.
7. First prize, \$200; second prize, \$125; third prize, \$75.
8. Winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.
11. 1994 HSA OFFICERS who are members of the Executive Committee will not be eligible to enter the Henderson or Brady Contests. However, REGIONAL COORDINATORS may enter.

GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS
FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED SENRYU

The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of \$25.00 donated by Virginia Brady Young, in memory of her brother Gerald Brady.

1. Deadline: Postmark date July 31, 1994.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per senryu. Please write checks / money orders to Haiku Society of America.
3. Limit: Ten unpublished senryu, not submitted for publication or to any other contest.
4. Submit each senryu on three separate 3 X 5 cards, two with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the third with senryu and the author's name and address in the upper lefthand corner. Please designate as senryu.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit entries to Barbara Ressler, HSA Contests, 1717 Kane St., Apt. 27, Dubuque, IA 52001.
7. First prize, \$150; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50.
8. Winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.
11. 1994 HSA OFFICERS who are members of the Executive Committee will not be eligible to enter the Henderson or Brady contests. However, REGIONAL COORDINATORS may enter.

HSA RENKU COMPETITION

1. Deadline: Postmark date October 1, 1994.
2. Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English.
3. Entry fee: \$15.00 US, must accompany manuscript. Please write checks / money orders to

Haiku Society of America.

4. Length, authorship, limit of entries: A renku must consist of 36 stanzas written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. Entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any stanzas previously published, submitted for publication nor entered in any other contest.
5. One copy, with full authorship information stanza by stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). This copy must be signed by all authors to avoid entry without the knowledge of one of the authors. Three additional copies, without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry.
6. Submit entries to Barbara Ressler, HSA Contests, 1717 Kane St., Apt. 27, Dubuque, IA 52001.
7. Grand Prize: up to \$150 and publication in *Frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Amount of Grand Prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. If no renku is deemed by the judges to merit the award of Grand Prize, renku awarded lesser prizes may or may not be published in *Frogpond*.
8. Please send SASE for list of winning entries.
9. The names of the judge(s) will be announced with the winners.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.
11. All 1994 HSA OFFICERS, including members of the Executive Committee, may participate in renku submitted in this competition.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *Frogpond* XIII:2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general.

HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS
for excellence in published haiku, translations, and criticism.
(For books published in 1993)

1. Deadline: Postmark date May 1, 1994.
2. Entry fee: None.
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1993. An author may submit more than one book.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. However, authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure they are considered.
5. Awards are open to the public.
6. Submit book(s) to Francine Porad, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.
7. First prize, \$100, second prize, \$75, third prize, \$50.
8. The list of awards will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. Books will remain the property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the awards are decided.
11. Books published by 1994 HSA OFFICERS will be among those considered for this award.

THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL HAIKU
COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

There is no entry fee for this competition.
Please follow the guidelines carefully.

Founded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the Nick Virgilio Haiku Association in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society who passed away on January 3, 1989.

- WHO? * Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 enrolled in high school (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) as of September 1994.
- WHAT? * A maximum of 3 haiku per student.
 * Each haiku must be typed in triplicate on 3 X 5 index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, and school must appear on the back of each card. Please also give us the address of your school.
 * All haiku entered must be previously unpublished, ORIGINAL work and not entered in any other contest.
 * Please keep a copy of your haiku. Sorry, entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE's.
- WHEN? * The deadline for submissions is November 30, 1994. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.
- WHERE? * Submit entries to **Tony Virgilio**, Nick Virgilio Haiku Association, 1092 Niagara Rd., Camden, NJ 08104.
- WHY? * Generous cash prizes, amounts to be announced.
 * The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond* in 1995.
 * The High School of each student winner will receive a one-year subscription to *Frogpond*.
 * All rights will remain with authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Second Annual Haiku Society of America Members' Anthology

Deadline for receipt of haiku, July 29, 1994.

Only paid-up HSA members for 1994 may be included in the Anthology. Send a page in duplicate containing five (5) haiku or senryu and your name and address. Poems may be either unpublished or previously published (in the latter case, give name and year of publication). Also enclose your check for \$6 (entry fee/pre-publication price) made payable to Kenneth C. Leibman. In addition, enclose SASE to learn which poem will appear.

Mail to Kenneth C. Leibman. P. O. Box 767, Archer, Florida 32618.

One of your haiku/senryu will be published in the Anthology, and you will receive a copy of the book.

Do not send more than five poems. But please do send 5 to give the committee enough choices.

Selection Committee: Peggy Lyles and Nina Wicker. Managing Editor, Kenneth C. Leibman.

We plan to have the Anthology ready for distribution by early October, 1994.

Tanka Journal

Five Lines Down, the first tanka journal in America, is now accepting submissions and subscriptions. *Five Lines Down* will be published biannually, and the subscription rate is 10 dollars. Please send all correspondence to Kenneth Tanemura, founder and editor, 10 Wayne Court, Redwood City, CA 94063, or co-editor, Sanford Goldstein, Maison Dankuro #602, 11-28 Megumi-cho, Sekiya, Niigata 951, Japan.

Canadian Writer's Journal 1994 Competition

Three Categories: Free Verse, Patterned Poetry, Haiku.

Judge: Elizabeth St Jacques.

Prize structure for each category: First: 40% of total fees; Second: 25% of total fees; Third: 15% of total fees; H.M.s: book prizes.

Open to all. Unlimited entries.

Entries must be typed, original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere until winners have been announced. Free verse and patterned poetry, 25 lines or less.

Two copies of each poem: one copy with no identification, other copy with name and address in upper left corner. Indicate category in upper right corner on **both** copies. Haiku on 3 X 5 index cards only. (Please note—**haiku** category combines haiku and senryu for this contest).

All entries will be destroyed after contest. For list of winners, enclose SASE (with first-class \$0.49 Canadian stamp or IRC).

Judge's decision is final. Winning poems will be announced and published in the Fall 1994 issue. Non-subscribers wishing to receive a copy of this issue should enclose an extra \$2.00.

Entry fee: \$5.00 per free verse or patterned poem. \$1.00 per haiku. Make cheques payable to **Canadian Writer's Journal**, please.

In hand deadline: June 30, 1994

Send entries to: CWJ 1994 POETRY COMPETITION, Box 6618, Depot 1, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8P 5N7.

The Second Annual Haiku Canada/Inkstone Haiku Contest

Prizes: First Place: \$75.00; Second Place: \$50.00; Third Place: \$25.00. Additional merit awards of \$25.00 each may be awarded by the editors of Inkstone.

To Enter: Type each "haiku" you wish to enter on 2 three by five cards or reasonable facsimiles, type your name and address in the upper left hand corner of one of the cards and send both cards along with a \$1.00 per "haiku" entry fee to the following address: Haiku Contest, 20 Bloor St. E., P. O. Box 75009, Hudson Bay Ctr., Toronto, Ontario M4W 3T3.

Make all cheques, money orders etc. payable to Haiku Canada.

All entries must be original, previously unpublished and not under consideration for publication at the time of the contest. Keep copies of your entries. All non-winning entries will be destroyed after the contest.

Entries must be postmarked no later than Aug. 31, 1994.

Haiku Canada & the editors of Inkstone reserve the right to print all haiku submitted in the *Haiku Canada Newsletter* or in *Inkstone*.

All rights revert to the author after the publication of the winner. All decisions of the judges will be final.

Please enclose a Self-Addressed-Envelope with sufficient Canadian postage, IRCs, cash or cheques to cover return postage if you wish to be notified of the winning haiku.

Please Note: For the purposes of this contest the word "haiku" is being used generically to include both haiku and senryu.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by *Frogpond* or the Haiku Society of America. The magazine may carry reviews of some of these titles.

A Haiku Menagerie: Living Creatures in Poems and Prints by Stephen Addiss with Fumiko and Akira Yamamoto. Weatherhill. 1992, 116 pages, 7 x 8 1/4 inches, ISBN 0-8348-0248-1, hardcover, \$16.95. Japanese haiku in original and English translation.

No Such Thing As Strangers. Haiku by David Samuel Bloch; Illustration by Julie Hagan Bloch. 1993, unpagged (28 pages), paper, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, ISBN 1-882817-02-8, \$6.70 postpaid. From Julie Bloch, 51 Mongaup Road, Hurleyville, NY 12747.

New Zealand Haiku Anthology edited by Cyril Childs. The New Zealand Poetry Society, 118 Cecil Road, Wadestown, Wellington, New Zealand. 84 pages, paper, perfect bound, 8 ¼ x 6 inches. 154 haiku by 19 poets; introduction, bibliography, and appendix: "Haiku Notes". Orders to Secretary (above address), \$NZ22 (approx. US\$12), includes packaging and international postage. For 5 or more copies price discounted to \$NZ18/copy.

Grinding My Ink by Margaret Chula. Sumi drawings by Rhony Alhalel. Katsura Press, P.O. Box 275, Lake Oswego, OR 97034. 1993, paper, unpagged (104 pages), 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, perfect bound, ISBN 0-9638551-9-0, \$14.95 plus shipping/handling \$2.00 US; Europe \$5.00 (air) \$3.00 (sea); Japan \$6.00 (air) \$4.00 (sea). US funds only.

Mountain Climbing by Carlos Colón. A collection of haiku and concrete poetry. Tragg Publications, 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105-3523. 1993. Paper, 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, 22 pages, \$3.00 postpaid.

All Day Long. Edited by Garry Gay. Haiku by members of the Haiku Poets of Northern California. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110. 1994, 36 pages, 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, paper, \$6.00 postpaid.

At the Zendo by Penny Harter. From Here Press, PO Box 2740, Santa Fe, NM 87504. 1993, 40 pages, 5 ½ x 8 ½, paper, ISBN 0-89120-038-X, \$5.00.

The Slant of Winter Light by Randal Johnson. 1993. 74 pages, 4-3/4 x 6 ½ inches, paper, perfect bound, \$7.50 plus \$1.00 postage. From author, 2325 Schirm Loop NW, Olympia, WA 98502.

Border Crossing: haiku and related poetry by Jean Jorgensen. Four Seasons Corner, 9633—68 A Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6B 1V3. 1993, 112 pages, 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, paper, ISBN 0-9694973-1-8, \$8.00 Canadian funds; \$9.00 US or foreign orders.

Gotas de Rocio by Berta G. Montalvo. Illustrations by Cori Montalvo. In spanish. 1992, 118 pages, 5 ½ x 8 ½, paper, perfect bound, \$10.00. Available from author, 3011 SW 11th St., Miami, FL 33135.

Festival in My Heart: Poems by Japanese Children. Selected and translated by Bruno Navasky, introduction by Kawasaki Hiroshi. Illustrated. Henry N. Abrams, Inc. 1993, hardcover, 120 pages, 8 ½ x 10 inches. ISBN 0-8109-3314-4, US\$29.95, C\$39.95. Over 100 poems; no haiku.

Frogs Singing by Nika. 1993, unpagged (17 pages) 4 x 5 ½ inches, paper, \$3.00 postpaid. From Jim Force, Duck Island Press, 1310 Hamilton St. NW, Calgary, AB, Canada T2N 3W6.

*The Patchwork Quilt: haiku * senryu * tanka * renku * artwork* by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, PO Box 1551, Mercer Island, WA 98040. 1993, unpagged (40 pages) 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, perfect bound, paper, ISBN 0-9618009-9-2. \$6.00.

Tanka Splendor 1993. Mirrors International Tanka Awards 1993. Judge George Ralph. Series editor Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1994, unpagged (44), 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, paper, ISBN: 0-944676-60-X, \$5.00 postpaid.

Cage of Fireflies: Modern Japanese Haiku translated by Lucien Stryk. Ohio University Press. 1993, 122 pages, ISBN 0-8040-0976-7 (cloth) \$24.95; ISBN: 0-8040-0977-5 (paper) \$11.95.

Temple Dusk: Zen Haiku by Mitsu Suzuki, translated by Kazuaki Tanahashi and Gregory A. Wood. Parallax Press. 1992, 186 pages, 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, paper, perfect bound, ISBN 0-938077-48-1, \$15.00. English/Japanese.

white by vincent tripi. 1994, unpagged (44 pages), 5 ½ x 9 inches, hardbound \$20.00; softcover \$10.00, both postpaid. From author, 478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118.

GARY HOTHAM
SCAGGSVILLE, MARYLAND
25 APRIL 1994

