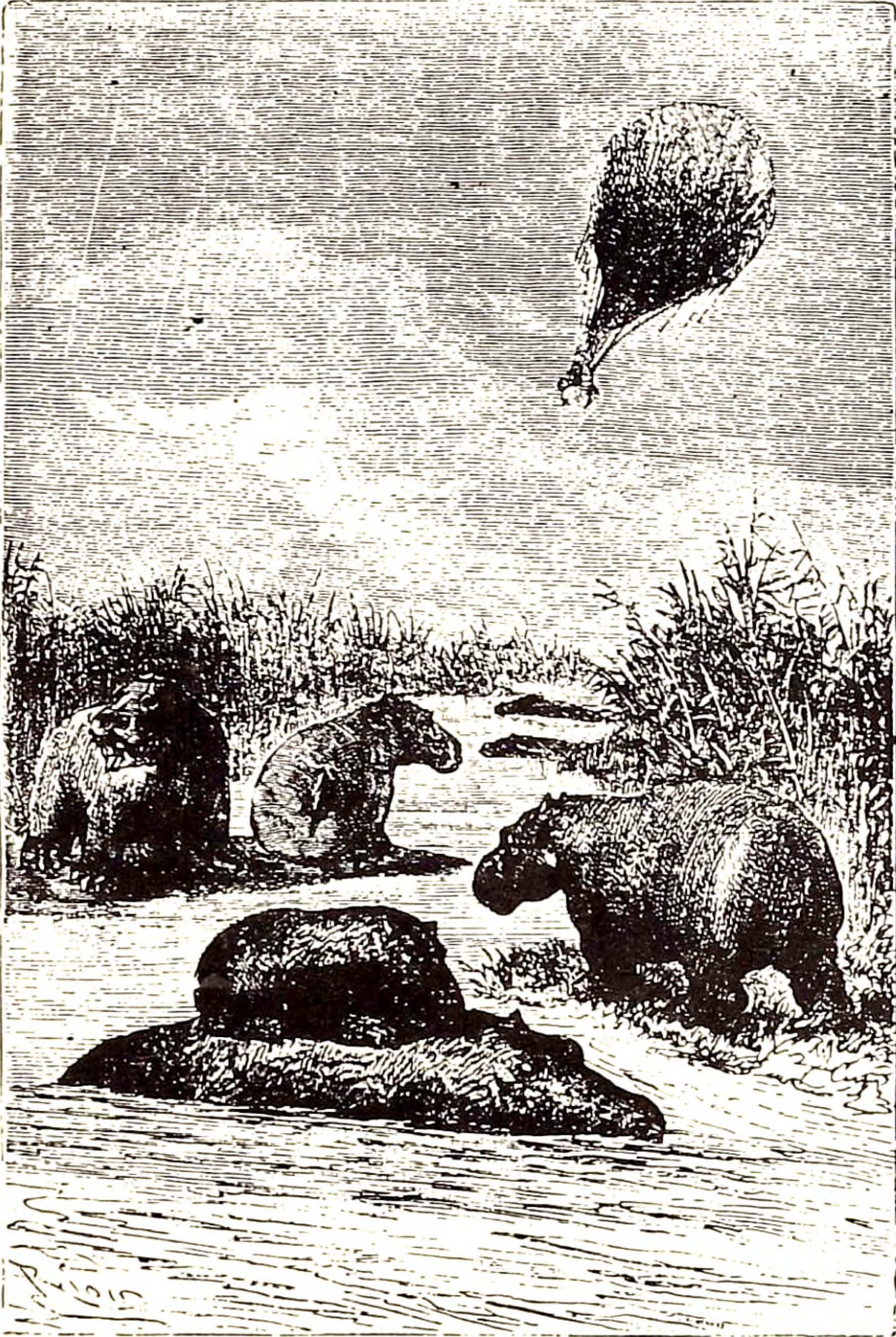


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Volume IV Number 3

Published by The Haiku Society of America

GARY HOTTAM
LAUREL, MARYLAND
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Raymond Roseliep: FOUR SEQUENCES

Wanda

cloud
over the dove
mourning

above the keys
your fingers
shadow too

after music
the silence
of it

Waking

dawn draws
a spider
line by line

my dream
divided
from us

enough window
to light
where you are

Nocturne

moon:
our want
to finger light

what is touched
takes
two

grass
holding the shape
of our night

Birthday

for Joan Givner

each night
a moon pares
peel by peel

whistling sky
down
to your heels

a second
being
your second being

Earthquake

sudden earthquake —
the blackness of things
roaring into themselves

my eyes —
the moon —
round and trembling

above the earthroar
glasses on a shelf
musical

at the peak
street lamps flicker
in cracking air . . .

the floor grown hard
my heart
moves the sheet

morning sun
over shaken roads
a few running clouds

(Scott L. Montgomery)

a sequence for w

even as winter set in your anger made sense

no one learned from your hysteria we did

what you said about men true except for him and him, maybe

your disappearing caused a painting: isolation

you've not seen four months of my life the paintings

i no longer drink

you remember the sarvice it bloomed birds now eat the seeds

i head home just to be here

you remain in the city in your kitchen chair

i'm glad your voice isn't calm

the past isn't eating at you it's the present

women have no past but our moon

greeks called it suffering in the womb that's when women began losing out

tho you've calmed a little the world still treats its women rotten

one of my paintings titled can women's art help? i know the answer

women have plenty to paint

i've never touched another woman's real painting

(Marlene Wills)

Six Kites

empty sky —
on a new kite
the squeak of a magic marker

*

high over the beach
it plunges and climbs —
the sound

*

night-flight —
the centre of blackness
drifts from star to star

*

grasshoppers popping
on and off its face —
waiting for wind

*

storm-clouds from behind —
a mile of line
singing

*

the kite falls
into darkness
late sun from this tree

(Rod Willmot)

from **Notes From the Nursing Home**

sunset
in every
window . . .

deepening their faces:
wrinkles
holding shadows;

arthritic hands
curl
in permanent prayer;

in an old woman's eyes
the moon.

(Adele Kenny)

White Motif

snow
eclipsing
snowy owl in flight

snow upon
snow:
snowy white owl

snowy owl
and fish
both fly silently

(Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, OSF)

sunrise i pick skin peeling from my shoulders

•

pulling in the driveway red leaf falls past me

•

sunlight on new leaves her image in my veins

•

a curled leaf atop the alga mat unmoving

•

stream dry; black rocks, black butterflies

(Bruce Kennedy)

among water droplets the frog's eyes

two bubbles
bump into one another
and . . .

sleeping together
a cat
and a woman

A woman
walks out of
a wall.

catalpa leaves
giving the night
shadows

(Alexis Kaye Rotella)

On the cliffside a red birch, the only one I've ever seen

After wine and cards, just wine

Hitting stones with a branch that fits my hand

In the coffee cup on my knee my heart beats.

The brush in the next yard has been hacked —
a white cat crosses the stubble.

(Matthew Cariello)

Sequence: From Here to There

Circling
Above the fairy ring
Dancing butterflies

Thunder and lightning
Rain for the thirsty roses

Suddenly the sun
Raindrops becoming
Rainbows

Searching in the wet
For the green worms

Caterpillar
Resisting the change he feels
Spinning his cocoon

Wings sprouting in the darkness
Inside the house of silk

The silk robe
With fluttering sleeves
Hiding brawny arms

Wearing a kimono
Building a Christmas cradle

At the altar
With spots on their wings
Moth and boy angel

The flat white altar cloth
The candles standing tall

Moth at the candle
Lovers at midnight
Silence

In the deafening quiet
The light flares up and then dies

Green goo
On my shovel
Dead caterpillar

Dig the ground deep
Turn it over again

Atlantis
Had butterflies
Too

(Margaret Garrelts)

driving near midnight —
the brilliant Mobil sign,
the moon

from mud
to sky
the heron's feet

a light spring rain:
falling from my reading lamp
singed midges

a sudden shower —
a large green beetle also
runs on the walk

(Paul O. Williams)

Jupiter alone
the sky at summer dusk
thinning through

Ibises in flight
the beacon penetrates
from miles

A spilled drop —
on the side of the jug
tasting dust

(Stephen Gould)

be with me
under the sliding, making sky
awhile

this boy
could be the everlasting one
vernal sky

we are
in the vivid
fragrant

something whelms
in the dark of me
like season

water sounding the gorge
cool
and life

(Grant Hackett)

mid-air of autumn,
a maple leaf suspended
by the spider's thread

at curbside
a blind woman begging,
tin cup filled with snow

familiar
light
again

dispersed by my breath,
the roar of dandelion
seed all about her

(James Minor)

sketching the curve
of the leaning fall crocus —
a diesel whistle

hot rock by the stream
each of the baby's toeprints
evaporating

lowering the grass blade
toward the spider —
we both shrink

summer streetlight —
leaves closer to the neighbor's wall
throw sharper shadows

(Ruth Yarrow)

autumn wind
through the lobster pots
a gaunt moon

morning sun
breaking
on shards of glass

warm wet seawind
the curve
of a clam shell

this spring
snow lingers
in my beard

(Frank K. Robinson)

At my feet:
shattered robin's egg —
cracked pavement —

Moth on the screen.
Moon in the sky, on the lake.
A knock at the door.

Black branches
score the oyster sky.
White sun —

April rain
weaves down the mountainside.
I stand at the mailbox.

(Tom Smith)

Senryu

Alone

I join in the silence
of my room

Thoughts enter
into self/out of self

The sound
of green corduroy ripping
as he sits

Looking
for the old fruitstand
finding a skyscraper

Crescendo!
struggle for life
pianissimo

(Marion J. Richardson)

HSA SAMPLER

An ongoing selection from work being done by members of the Haiku Society of America.

Still snow in places —
two deer find
the ice blue salt lick

Thelma Murphy

The morning breeze
changes direction —
cross-hatch on the lake.

Carol Thomas

A conversation
Held together by silences,
And bits of moon showing.

David E. LeCount

In noon sunshine
the new silvery leaves
seem to disappear.

Jess Perlman

Up the slope of the hill
a border of daylilies
follows the path . . .

Barbara McCoy

Deep in the mountain
unseen, snow white
azaleas scatter.

Jane Andrew

Among the weeds
in a by-passed cul-de-sac:
four broken tombstones

Edmund J. Daly

Rain mixed with sleet:
 in the small, enclosed garden
 the stone lantern darkens.

Rosamond Haas

Eighty-two stars
tonight —
the winter moon

Rodney Stevens

Crows . . .
 snap the morning awake
 with harsh calls

Kay Langdon

not yet day but, with such blossoms, dawn

Richard Witherspoon

1981
SIXTH ANNUAL HENDERSON CONTEST
Sponsored by The Haiku Society of America

Winning Haiku

First Prize: \$50.00

Old woman,
rain in the eye
of her needle

Bill Pauly
Galena, Illinois

This haiku has Sabi, is quite abstract and has a metaphysical approach. Rain, of course, refers to her tears and it seems that she sees or feels an organic unity between her dead husband and the needle, momentarily him close to her, at least spiritually.

Two Second Prizes: \$25.00 each

The path shorter now,
underfoot the crumbling leaves;
the child runs ahead

Gloria Buckner
Fort Wayne, Indiana

A very well balanced haiku — all three lines relate and are brought into a beautiful harmony — the last line shows the future in juxtaposition to the dying leaves and a life nearing its end; in other words, the third image is born out of the impact between the first and second images.

cry of the peacock widens the crack in the adobe wall

Elizabeth S. Lamb.

Santa Fe, New Mexico

This haiku, well written in one line, shows the close relationship between man, nature and animal. The adobe, home of man, being made of clay, is not too substantial. We all know that any very loud or atmospheric disturbances can cause changes in the earth.

Judges: Marion J. Richardson, Proxade Davis, Gary Hotham.

**MERIT BOOK AWARD WINNERS:
1978/1979/1980**

First Prize: Raymond Roseliep, **SAILING BONES**, Rook Chapbooks, 1978.

Second Prize: Bernard Einbond, **THE COMING INDOORS AND OTHER POEMS**, Tuttle, 1979.

Third Prize: Virginia Brady Young, **SHEDDING THE RIVER**, 1978.

Translation: Frances Drivas Memorial Award

Gary L. Ebersole and Hideko Yamaga, **THE ELM ERUPTS**

Honorable Mention

Gary Hotham, **AGAINST THE LINOLEUM**, Yigvalo Press, 1979

YIGVALO

George Swede, **WINGBEATS**, Juniper Press, 1979

Proxade Davis, **SCRUB PINE**, Zephyr Instant Printing

Judges: Alfred Marks (Chairman), Sydell Rosenberg, Lilli Tanzer.

CORRECTION

In the last issue of *Frogpond*, a haiku by Marion J. Richardson was misprinted. It should have read:

Snowy egrets
vie with white fluffy clouds
the oneness

Reviews

GODZILLA ATTACKS A TRUCK, Selected Haiku 1972-80. By Louis Cuneo. 24 pp., Leanfrog Books, Oakland, CA, 1981.

This collection of haiku, senryu, and non-haiku/senryu, on the whole fulfills the author's definition of haiku reflecting "the 'every-day' life of people and nature without sentimentality." One finishes it with a feeling of having spent time with the man and entered into his reactions to relatives and friends.

Even most of those lines that seem not really haiku or senryu, have the immediacy of good poetry:

"copy, camera, / plate, press: / ready"

"On public wall: / 'End Oppression — / laugh!"

though such as:

"My sister and I / looking / at family's pictures"

or "Grand-dad clock / rings / the hour"

can be acceptable only as links in the larger context of "A Short Story in Haiku," as it is titled.

Surely, "Everything will work / out, Cuneo; just / have patience." is inexcusable in a haiku book, both in content and form.

However, the author's inscription to the reviewer ("It's a fun book") seems correct, and one is glad to have read among others:

"Once we talked . . . / now we don't see / each other in the same room"

"Kids' hideaway / in woods: / cardboard and sheets."

or "Two blind friends / walking at top speed — / tapping of their canes."

(L. A. Davidson)

WALKING WITH THE RIVER. By Bob Boldman. High/Coo Press, Route #1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. 22 pp., \$1.50.

Bob Boldman's first book of poems, *Walking with the River*, brings to my mind two men I have much admired over the years: Frank J. Sheed and Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

Boldman's poetry exhibits the strong/delicate stroke of an artist. The authentic artist is a right maker, his objective beauty. In his book, *Theology and Sanity*, Sheed says: "Beauty has no greater enemy than rough approximation." In Boldman's poetry there is restraint; there is particularity; there is the true, the good, and the beautiful.

Chesterton has been called the master of paradox. In reading him one learns to expect the unexpected, to search for the simultaneously hidden/revealed truth. Reading Boldman one might readily breathe, "Incredible!" The poet's positioning of words and unexpected arrangements are paradoxical and arrest the reader to re-think. Some place G.K.C. says: "The world will never starve for want of wonders but for want of wonder." Boldman, like Chesterton, sees wonders and then calls his readers to wonder.

walking with the river
the water does my thinking

drinking the sky
I'm
emptied

standing in the cold
her breath clouded

by words

(Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, OSF)

AWARE — A HAIKU PRIMER. By Betty Drevniok. Portal Publications, Bellingham: Washington. Pp. 91. Unpriced.

AMERICAN HAIKU. By Ross Figgins and Frank Higgins. Raindust Press, Independence: Missouri. Unpaginated, \$3.25.

LISTEN TO LIGHT: HAIKU. By Raymond Roseliep. Alembic Press, Ithaca: New York, 1980. Pp. 128. \$10.00.

DENGONBAN MESSAGES. By James Kirkup. Kyoto Editions, London: UK, 1981. Unpaginated. Unpriced.

Drevniok's *Aware — A Haiku Primer* is, as the title suggests, a beginner's introduction and, in an unadulterated traditionalist's sort of way, it is a good one. But the adult reader may find a few points made in it troublesome. Just to give one example, there's the word *aware*. It is given its English sense as well as the sense of a Japanese word that happens to be spelled the same way when written in English alphabet; and for a haiku poet to be "aware" is said to be "aware" of a "haiku-moment" that occurs when "something 'real' attracts the poet and he/she feels something — perhaps, the beauty of the moment; perhaps, the opposite! or any other emotion at all!" (p. 7). This definition seems to give the haiku poet a great leeway. But the primary example used, "dewdrops everywhere... / an old winebottle, too, / full of sunshine," (p. 14), and a step-by-step explanation of the writing of it almost negate the proposition, giving the impression that a haiku is, after all, a three-line poem suggesting a "picture." The book does not significantly alter this impression, although it has eighteen haiku, with comments on them, contributed by the same number of poets. One pleasant surprise is the author's dismissal of the 17-syllable format as a "popular misconception" (p. 33).

Figgins and Higgins, in *American Haiku*, follow the three-line format, but show delightful sophistication that is neither coy nor too personal. Of the two poets, Mr. Figgins is more traditional, as in

empty crates —
 moonlight trickles
 over broken melons

Mr. Higgins is less so, preferring to write about “human affairs.” Prominent in his haiku is humor, at times of the macabre kind:

as they get old
the lepers see less
of each other

In *Listen to Light*, Raymond Roseliep pushes sophistication several steps further. As a result, two traits common in Japanese haiku, classical and modern, and much of recent English haiku become somewhat pronounced. One is the obscure point of reference that makes the piece incomprehensible.

in the lettuce core
the distant weeping
of a man (p. 79)

One suspects that Mr. Roseliep, given a chance, will be able to say a good deal that is interesting about this and other similar pieces, but in the meantime the reader must be left in the dark. The other trait is the apparently arbitrary selection of images that make up a piece. For example:

under
El Greco
the brown bag lunch (p. 93)

Here, one wonders, why not da Vinci, Hokusai, or Courbet instead of El Greco? The likely explanation is that a brown bag lunch under an El Greco painting is what the poet saw, but the piece lacks the kind of inevitability one senses in pieces such as:

the wet dream the crescent moon (p. 27)

dust storm;
gnarled hands powder
the newborn (p. 75)

Most haiku in *Listen to Light* evince neither difficulty, however, and the book makes good reading in large part because of Mr. Roseliep’s no-nonsense yet perceptive approach to the haiku form.

Unlike these three books, Kirkup's *dengonban messages* is a collection of one-liners. This is his second; the first, largely incorporated here, was published in 1971. Mr. Kirkup's view of poetry is stated at the outset:

a true poem is never poetic

This and similarly strong opinions voiced both in the introduction and in the one-liners will no doubt put off some readers, especially those with opposing views. But even they should find many pieces here attractive:

everytime we kiss the front door bell rings

*

autumn trees weep dry tears

*

the blood of my shadow poured up the steps

*

calm pulse of stilled ripples

These books show, I think, four distinctive phases that the English haiku has reached in the past few years, and should be interesting to anyone who wishes to keep up-to-date.

(Hiroaki Sato)

Marlene Wills: INNERVIEW¹

The National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity predicts that “the poverty population will be composed solely of women and their children by the year 2000.”²

Interviewer: What is haiku?

Marlene Wills: You *would* start with that question . . .

I: It seemed like the obvious one. You’ve been writing haiku for a while, and I rather assumed you’d have come to some sort of conclusion or answer.

M: I suppose I have, off and on. Definitions, though, have a way of restricting the natural growth of an art, and right now I’m more interested in how art might be broadened. But if defining is necessary, then I like the idea of having lots of opinions. I think Western haiku has a much larger base than it had in the early years.

I: Poets now, you feel, have more options?

M: As a whole we do, but individually we’re pretty much stuck with how we see-think-feel at a particular stage in our understanding. We get into a “style” and more or less stay in it. Yet, it is the distinctly individual voice — a Ray Roseliep, a Gary Hotham, a Matsuo Allard — which is exciting; however, we wouldn’t want haiku to be limited to a few styles or even to many.

I: Do you have a style?

M: Let’s say I’ve had a style. Or more accurately an attitude. I perceived the world around me through art and through the objects I saw as art (I was very attracted to inanimate objects such as a tin roof, a garden hose, a cement block), and attempted to express this attitude in the least number of words. Human relationships and, to a certain extent, natural phenomena were more in the background.

I: And now?

M: It’s only recently that I’ve realized that my haiku have been in transition for several years and understood the direction they have

been/are taking. Many of my perceptions of life have changed, and therefore, my perceptions of art have changed.

Those objects of haiku, the concrete images for instance, which at one time seemed quite “enough” in themselves are no longer prominent; rather, *they* seem to be backdrops for human relationships, for, if I may, the daily life drama.

Also, the haiku are not as objective as they once were. Not only are they more personal, but now I even interpret a situation/image

it would have made sense
the speeding ticket getting home
rather than to work

In a sense, I’ve reversed, and I now see art in terms of the world around me.

I: What do you think has caused this reversal?

M: As I implied, it’s certainly not been an over-night change. Art for me, though, has always been evolutionary; as a painter I passed through romantic landscape, figurative, abstract expressionism, assemblage, hard-edge, and minimalism/conceptualism, so I’ve come to expect change. As I look back now, however, I stopped painting (in 1969) about the time that a new attitude toward art was in the air.

I: Didn’t you start writing haiku about that time?

M: Yes, though poorly. It was a starting-out-again process. And, as with painting, I eventually wrote myself into a minimal language. Haiku, in a sense, continued the development of a “clean, well-lighted” approach. During the mid-seventies I was about on the same level in haiku as I had been in painting when I left off. The haiku came to reflect a minimum of emotions as well as words.

I: You’ve since returned to painting, and your haiku have apparently changed . . . back to the question of cause.

M: Though I hadn’t painted in several years, I had continued to think

visually — through photography and visual haiku and by just refining space and space relationships in my head, but I had no interest in painting. Until the summer of 1977 I wasn't aware that there was any avenue in art other than what, for convenience, I call the NYC male art thinking, and though I had developed visually during and because of the late 50s, 60s, and early 70s art, I had become dissatisfied with those attitudes. But human nature doesn't readily allow us to give up old ideas if we've nothing to replace them with. So, you might say, I had continued to be visual and minimal and conceptual. But, back to '77: I was exposed to a few ideas about "women's art" which completely turned my head around.

I: '77? By then the women's movement had been around for several years . . .

M: I had not really understood what it was about. TV and popular magazines didn't — and still don't — portray the depth. I only began to understand when I saw/read the art, the ideas inherent in the art. But it took a while to digest what I'd encountered — and I'm still digesting.

I: Which came about first, the new haiku or the painting?

M: My first ventures into women's art were a few haiku. The visual stirrings came a year or so later — and since I had not considered myself a painter for ten years, I'm not sure what initially caused that return. It's quite possible I felt that haiku could not encompass this new content.

I: What do you mean by "new content"?

M: Maybe I should explain *old* content a little. For a minimal painter, the content of a rectangle is a rectangle and the content of red is red. (How's that for a minimum of definition?)

I: And haiku?

M: That's a bit harder to explain; we speak of the "wordless poem." As I learned more about the many social issues with which women artists were involved, haiku, at first, didn't seem to have enough room for words (regardless of the syllable count).

Let me simplify by saying that the new potential of art seemed very different; I don't believe it would have mattered which style of painting or which style of haiku had been my previous direction. There was an explosion. What began happening was a pretty scary experience: much of what I had considered art took a nose-dive, thoughts that I'd never associated with art surfaced. Here I was again starting all over, but not feeling the process simply as evolutionary.

I: What do you mean — as that relates to haiku?

M: I think many of us have come to think of haiku as objective, as "pure," even as an art of noncommittal — as crows on branches, moons reflected in windows, and shadows here and there, all highly imagistic. In my new thinking, *just to make art* no longer seemed wholly valid. I doubt that I would have returned to painting just to make art. This feeling spilled over into my concept of haiku. A poetry of nouns, of image-making, of objectivity — these kinds of approaches just didn't seem to be enough.

I: A lot of people would disagree with that entirely.

M: I'm aware of that. And I realize that many people will disagree with the distinction of women's art. Especially in haiku, where we tend to think of it as a non-sexist art (as compared to other arts which are dominated by male thought). But I've come to see a need for distinction. And on a personal level, if I may exaggerate, I want to find what might come from the other side of my brain, the side that is not so influenced by male thought, nor even by the so-called non-sexist point of view.

I've only a partial grasp of content, yet, I believe the directions in both haiku and painting are many. More puzzling to me right now is technique. What technique — what medium even — is most natural, or corresponds more honestly with the content of women's art.

I: I'm still not sure I understand what you mean by a different or new content.

M: Let's take two haiku by Ruth Yarrow:

picking the last pears
yellow windows hang
in the dusk

Warm rain before dawn:
my milk flows into her
unseen³

“Pears” is a very attractive haiku. It’s a good visual image, employing internal comparison. It’s intimate and warm; sensitive. It’s a moment of oneness. “Milk” also has these qualities. “Pears” has a rich color, a feeling of autumn, including an underlying melancholy, and . . . well, here, for me, it stops (though I’m sure that other readers could suggest further qualities).

For me, “milk” does not stop at the image itself, though the image itself is most interesting and quite uncommon in haiku (a new content?). What is really exciting is Yarrow’s phrase “flows into her unseen.” Even “flows into her” would have been more than adequate as an evocative phrase, but “unseen,” wow! The intimacy deepens considerably, as it had by the pronoun “my” (rather than “her,” although, again, that would have been more than adequate). What is this “unseen” force which “flows” from one female into another? Isn’t it more than milk, or water, or even blood?

The image is rich in associations which go beyond the un/obvious nurturing of motherhood. The haiku takes women far back into our past. It has inherent within it the past matrilineal (mother-kinship) societies in which women passed their wisdom, their inheritance, and their spirituality onto their daughters. It speaks to a time in which woman was the symbolic as well as the actual presence of the cyclical rhythms of nature. When her nature *was* nature.

I: That’s an interesting reading, however, one might conclude that you’ve stretched the image . . .

M: The interpretation, of course, is entirely personal. Yet, I’d like to think that I’m not alone in seeing the underlying message.

I: Message?

M: Not only is the haiku a reaffirmation of the uniqueness of female — and the identification therein — it can be seen as a call upon woman to reclaim her ancient heritage. With the Northern Invasions (c. 2400 BC), and continuing through the awesome reversal of customs and priorities, came a loss of the way in which woman pursued life. Whereas, once she was looked upon as inventor of agriculture, music, mathematics, healing, weaving and pottery, architecture, industry, writing, and as Creator, and Mother of All, her gifts came to be usurped, and her opportunities to contribute limited. And, along with this profound loss, woman's image not only diminished but was denigrated.

i do not cry yet the *ish-ish* of our moon⁴

Though progress has been slow, and repression still abounds, woman has begun to regain some of her rights. The image of woman, however, remains clouded with many many misrepresentations. It is in this light, and for these reasons, that a piece such as Yarrow's — with either a covert or an overt reading — can be effective in establishing a spiritual bond with the past, and in restoring woman's original image.

I: You're throwing haiku into the political realm.

M: It's already there. In an age such as ours, omission is as much political as

I: Haiku is not

M: Haiku can be a lot more than pears and yellow windows.

(To be continued)

Notes: 1. Self-interview, July, 1981. 2. *Newsletter*, Tennessee Commission on the Status of Women, Nashville, May, 1981. 3. *Cicada*, Vol. 5 No. 1, Haiku Society of Canada. 4. Asianic word, "she who weeps," referring to the moon goddess Isis (and, most likely, Ishtar).

LeRoy Gorman: snow

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HSA MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

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Nancy A. Baird, Randy & Shirley Brooks, Joyce W. Currier, Ross Fig-gins, W. Elliott Greig (also 1982), Rosamond Haas, Fr. Neal Henry Lawrence, OSB, Jerry Kilbride, Tadashi Kondo, Frances Levenson (Donor, 1982), Peggy Lyles, Gerald M. Macdonald, Thelma Murphy (1982), Peter Mayglothling, The New York Public Library, Tadao Okazaki, Alexis K. Rotella, Sabine Sommerkamp, Tony Suraci, Makoto Ueda, William L. Walz, Bert Willems, Arizona Zipper.

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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.
FINANCIAL REPORT — September 19, 1981
Peggy Heinrich, Treasurer

Balance, 1980	\$ 309.66
Income 1/1/81-9/1/81	2,870.37
TOTAL INCOME	\$3,180.03
EXPENSES	1,190.15
BALANCE 9/1/81	\$1,972.25

Income:

Sub-Mem Dues	\$2,196.50
Single Issue	160.73
Henderson entries	145.00
Contributions	368.14
(Henderson Award	200)
(Book Award	45)
(In Mem. FD	75)
(Misc.	47)
Total	\$2,870.37

Expenses:

Stationery	138.04
Postage	75.00
Back issues	80.70
Production	848.78
N.Y.S.	10.00
Misc.	37.63
Total	\$1,190.15

