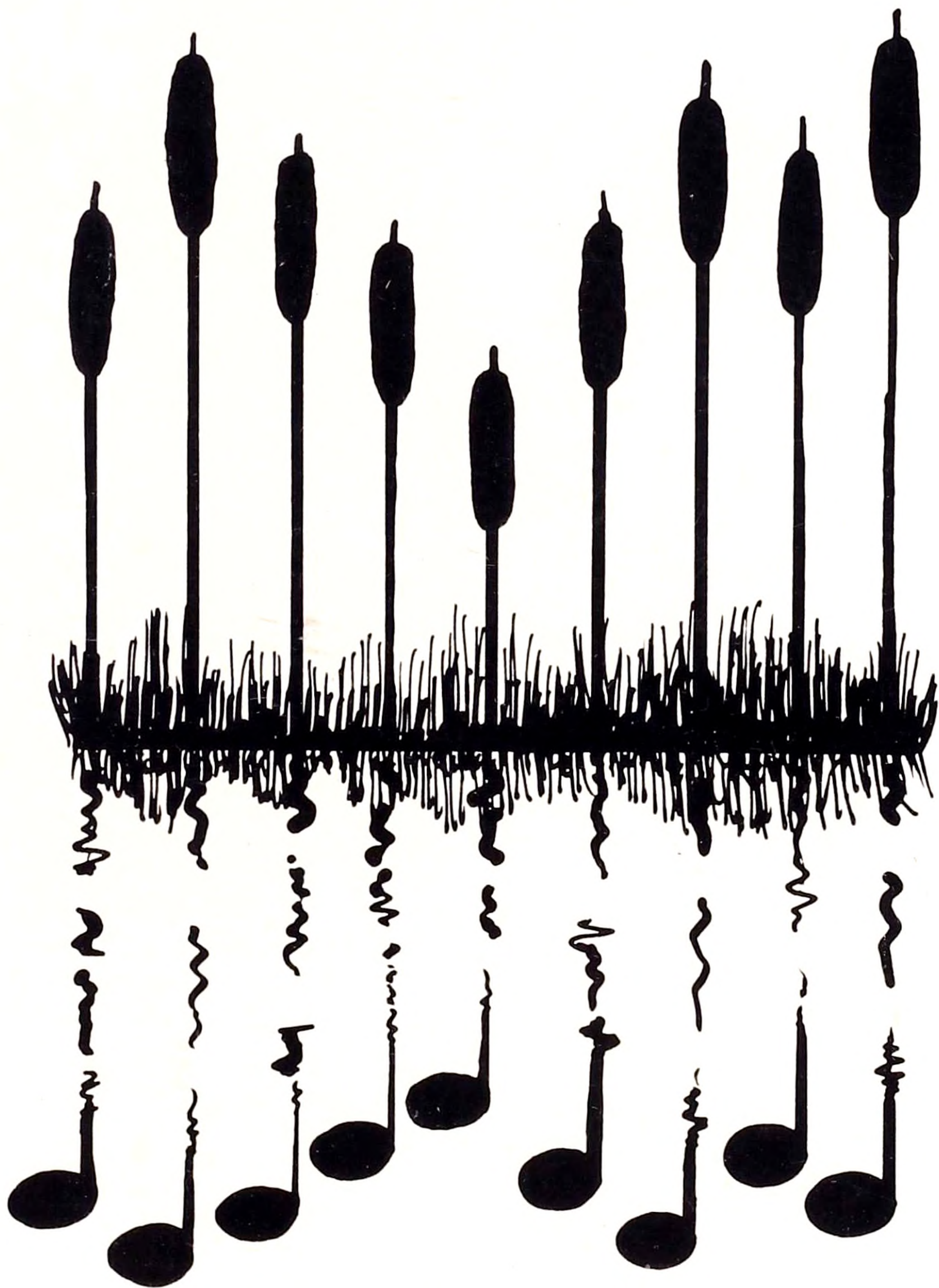


frogpond



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FROGPOND

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TWO OPEN LETTERS

To members of the Haiku Society of America and Friends:

There are many pleasant aspects to being the leader of a poetry society. One of the best is choosing the right person for the right job. It has recently been my pleasure to appoint Elizabeth Searle Lamb as Editor of *Frogpond*. She is well known in the field and will give all poets an objective reading before deciding for or against their poems. I chose her for these reasons and also because she is a woman of sensitivity and taste, and a hard worker as well.

Under the editorship of Elizabeth Searle Lamb I expect *Frogpond* to continue as the fine haiku magazine it has always been.

Virginia Brady Young,
President,
Haiku Society of America

To you all:

My thanks to Virginia Brady Young for her confidence in me, to Alexis Rotella for her unfailing assistance in the transition, and to all past editors by whose efforts *Frogpond* has developed. My special gratitude to Fred Moslak for another fine cover design. I wish also to pay tribute to everyone who has been connected with HSA over the years since its beginning in the fall of 1968. No one at that first small meeting could have foreseen the Society's growth and the transformation of those xeroxed *Minutes* into *Frogpond*.

My hope is that *Frogpond* will continue to be a quarterly of excellence, a lively forum for haiku of wide variety and for the related haiku literature. (Look for a couple of just-for-fun pieces in this issue.) I will welcome comments, criticism, suggestions, as well as your submissions.

May haiku bring you joy,

Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Editor



apart—
how foreign even the wren's
rune

after the quarrel
aftertaste
of persimmons

coming home
in the empty bed
just winter moon

Geraldine C. Little

mizzling rain:
in the yellowing marsh grass
there are graves

dawn winds approach the buck's rubbing tree

lifting the hay bale
crows
in morning mist

spring wind
swinging
grandfather's wheat flail

mockingbird
moon
midnight white

Hal Roth

HAIKU FOR RAYMOND ROSELIEP

A card tells of his death
winter's first icicles
in the window

His last haiku:
the backyard snowman
without a smile

George Swede

earthbound
the parachute too
suddenly

the whole sky turning
with the fall of this leaf . . .
this feather

Evelyn Tooley Hunt

(thinking of R. R.)

(having watched skydivers in Florida)

Pearl Harbor Day—
opening twilight
Sobi-Shi's catbird song

Frederick Gasser

crossing the footbridge—
the way the wind
pushes me on . . .

the road ahead
only a whirling cloud
of dust

Lenard D. Moore

rabbit in the moon
his shadow
on me

C. S. Wainright



HAIKU FOR PROXADE DAVIS
who died on April 12th, 1984

shadow on the lotus
white wings pointing
upward

in the sand dunes
a twisted pine
reaching reaching

Marion J. Richardson

sunset . . .
the golden schooner
drops its sails

midnight . . .
the hollow drainpipe
fallen rain

Richard Hansen



mist
rolling over the moon
the travelling sky

Proxade Davis
(from a letter
dated Dec. 20th, 1983)

country road:
somewhere between
the stars and spring peepers

Muriel Ford

. . . just the smell of lilacs daybreak

eyes of a cat the fog

farm ruins—
a rosebud unravels
in dawnlit mist

morning walk—
every robin sings
the same old song

a blade of summer grass moving moonlight

Lenard D. Moore

TEN HAIKU IN THE FORM OF AN ALLEGORY

the river tells me
that the most important word
is nothing but door

so I open it
and she begins to tremble
who loved a mirror

moon
 I tell her
 moon
if you come sit on my back
I'll be the river

but
 no
 she tells me
I am afraid that your love
overflows its banks

the world is unhinged
its waters run up the hill
after a rainbow

cinnamon and sin
in the alleys of heaven
the hummingbird drowns

I shut the damned door
how quickly the world returns
to its five tenets

as quickly I forget
and go interview the moon
whose word is window

what is light that it
should be open to darkness
for the bird to sleep

light is a river
where the swimmer is the dream
opening windows

A. Cordona-Hine

...a very small year

and still the rains and grey silk rivers

soon the lark's last summergone song

lighting the lamp for supper now

so few the carolers this year

anne mckay

In autumn moonlight,
the old peach tree blossoming
one last time.

Claire Cooperstein

St. Francis' statue
extending an open hand
collects bird droppings

hospital quiet
I enter alone at twilight:
the scent of lilacs

(for Richard Wilbur)

ringing the church bell
for the Farm Workers' Mass—
the rope burn

postponing
the abortion:
the heat

how still the willow
almost touching the muddy creek:
the heat

my passing reflection
in the barbershop window:
the heat

Nick Virgilio

THE THORNLESS PERCH

beakeye headback wings
tailcheekbreast legsfeet
painting Chinese bird

beakeye headback wings
tailcheekbreast legsfeet
Chinese painting bird

Sydell Rosenberg

midnight silence—
my sister's harpstrings print
the moon's white face

big dipper
pouring light
on the beached whale

Rosamond Haas

Door crack
holding
the sky

Long after sundown
hum
of the Greyhound bus

Trail of bubbles . . .
the diver nears
the sailor's bones

Margaret Saunders

FOR THE DAYS AFTER

blinded
the boy stares
at the light

a baby's cry—
sifting
the rubble

ash settles on
the lips
of the dead child

sunlight
through the blanket
fallout

tonight's wind
without
the barking dog

hands
searching for someone
they used to know

blood
in the lap
of her white dress

near the makeshift camp
the field of corpses
grows

his dead eyes—
the rifle
discharges

melted watch
charred wrist

clearer tonight
the craters
on the moon

this morning
another handful
of my hair

Penny Harter

(from her forthcoming book *In The Broken Curve*, Burnt Lake Press)
Note: These haiku were written after viewing the movie "The Day After."

lilacs
for no reason
my grandmother cries

Listening harder,
she removes
her glasses

autumn sky
the wind folds and unfolds
a flock of sparrows

all night long the crumpled poem cracks

Alexis Rotella

daffodils
bumping into
each other

phoebe cry
faint in the mist
everywhere

Tony Suraci

rippling through
stained glass in the attic
some bird's spring shadow

stripped billboard—
drifting through its rib cage
Canada geese

mid-day heat
both hands of the tower clock
point at the sun

taxi blowout . . .
a celebrity's watch
reflects neon light

lightfooted
after fasting—
the moon looks up

Frederick Gasser

STRAY NOTES ON JAPANESE HAIKU: ISSA, CONCRETE POET

William J. Higginson

When most Japanese or Americans think of Issa, they think of the hard-times kid who was haunted by tragedy throughout his life, and wrote mostly about birds, bugs, and flies. This is unfortunate, for Issa was a great craftsman of haiku, and his work reads much better in the originals than in most of the available translations.

The craftsmanship in Issa's poems sometimes comes to light more readily in his own calligraphy than in the usual format for haiku in print. For example, here is one of his delightful poems on domestic scenes, in an English layout that approximates its normal printed form in Japanese (I have indicated the formally-observed pauses with extra space between words; in Japanese typography there is usually no space between words at all):

ku no shaba ya sakura ga sakeba saita tote
suffering world while the cherries bloom though they've bloomed

But in a calligraphed scroll including one of his sketches of himself Issa arranges the poem approximately thus:

ku no shaba ya
 sakura ga sakeba
 sa
 i
 ta
 tote
 hito mo Issa

suffering world . . .
 while the cherries bloom
 though
 they
 've
 bloomed
 people and Issa

The last line is usually considered a sort of signature; Issa adds similar lines to many poems when he sets them out on a scroll or in his notebooks. But the thing to see here is the way the last verse-line of the poem proper is strung out, emphasizing the poignancy of that past tense: “*though they’ve bloomed*” (the *-ta tote* of the original). Substantial evidence shows that Issa really meant that past tense to stick out. An earlier version of the poem reads this way (in the usual format for traditional Japanese haiku in this country):

<i>ku no shaba ya</i>	suffering world
<i>hana ga hirakeba</i>	while the blossoms open
<i>kiraku tote</i>	though they open

One commentator says that there is no essential difference in meaning. Then why the change from the more active, more exciting verb *hiraku*, “to open”, to the commonplace *saita*, “have bloomed”? “Open” shows the cherry blossoms at their beginning; “bloomed” shows them at the end. Shifting into the past tense, and using a less dynamic verb, emphasizes the contrast between the beauty of the cherry blossoms and the suffering that goes on while they bloom, even in spite of their blooming, even after they have bloomed.

GULLS

where gull
goes
sky

c l o u d s p a c e g u l l

Lennon dead
gull gone
fishing

sunset ascending on gull, swing

the Pleistocene strand gull struts

LeRoy Gorman

Palm Sunday—
beneath pink flowering trees
a toppled snowman

Barbara McCoy

rain—
small bones
in the mud

Allison Poe

picked clean
at water's edge
bird's wing

Penny Harter

THE CLAPPERLESS BELL

 Ringing the bell
on New Year's Eve—
 the clapper flies off!

 Wrought-iron gate
loudly creaking on its hinge
 the long winter night

 In the Plaza
the stuffed cannon points over
 a harshly pruned tree

 The rusted old bell
open to the moon
 still ringing. . .

Richard Bodner

birdsong skipping sun across the water

Bright jonquil—
one of the few
not eaten by the horse

Under the streetlight
a white cat watches
the whirling moths

Jagged lightning
across the plains
thundering horses

Richard Bodner

Spring chill—
in my poverty
. . . abundance of chimes

No new moon—
burning jasmine
instead

Lewis Sanders

Closing in, rags of
storm-clouds enough to block the
orange of the moon

Joseph Gustafson

The bird sings—
and just as Shiki said
knocks down a berry

Miniature swifts
swooping to the cave dome
home into white nests

My shadow slips clear
of the hushed dark woods:
the silvery moon!

Humphrey Noyes

It was not Basho's frog I came upon in barefeet.
So softly that we both jumped.
She squealed in rage.
In outrage.
Swimming three feet
across the pond
before diving.
Without a sound.

C. S. Wainright

dawnlight
a catfish
in shadow

relentless heat
whine
of a mosquito

still pond
dragonflies mate
on a cloud

after the swallow
gently
nightfall

C. S. Wainright

from a sea day

Smooth morning sand.
Only the sun as yet
in the fisherman's pail.

Someone else
 hollowing
 the sea-rock

The gull's steep rise.
Its sharp shadow on the sand
loses its focus.

Sea birds
drawing my eyes
into the sunfire.

Back from the sea walk.
Dropping a hermit crab's shell
into Buddha's hands.

New moon red hot
sinks as the fishing boat
blinks its small light.

Ann Atwood

Before I was born—
after I no longer live—
fragrance of lilac.

Free of my own web.
In the summer morning sunlight
a spider spinning.

Dandelion flight.
A canoe in white water
swirls toward the mountain.

The sheep in the field.
People at twilight moving
through the afterglow.

Sounds out of the past
in the monastery bell.
Warm wind from the east.

The midnight silence
at the Mittenwald station.
A train rumbles in.

Haiku by Gunther Klinge

Adapted from the German
by Ann Atwood

buzzard's shadow . . .
blackberry brambles engulf
the bleaching wagon

home again
a bobwhite's whistle
bridges the years

forgetting
this illness a moment
the sunset

waking
my body still
asleep

midnight
in the parking garage
the empty spaces

Frank K. Robinson

red high heels
sink in the shadow
on her brother's grave

after a quarrel
politely passing the bread
at dinner

Lequita Watkins

Winter drizzle,
Empty soup cans pile up
In the garbage pail.

Penny C. Griffin

After the funeral
marking the unfinished book
a get-well card

John J. Carey

Candlelight . . .
tracing
her body's shadows

Flickering candle
again
distant geese

Stillborn
still
borne

November frost—
this warmth
in my dead father's coat

Ross Kremer

channeled whelk . . .
moonlight
spiraling inward

Catherine K. Limperis

without a sound
a bird vanishes
in the spring gale

white bowl
echoing
in dusk

into
cold mist
red moonrise

dripping eaves
the line of moonlight
slides off the flute

Stephen Hobson

visiting jail
glass
pane

night poet
stray dog
howling

having thought the moon has moved

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

alone
the evening star lowers me
to the horizon

in the fog
I keep wanting to look
behind me

Ronan

BOOK REVIEW

Heart's Garden. LeRoy Gorman. Guernica Editions, P.O. Box 633, Station NDG, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H4A 3R1, 1983. pp. 48. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Alexis Rotella

Gorman isn't afraid to reveal his true persona in *Heart's Garden*. Gorman's strength lies in his ability to acknowledge his wide range of feelings. He is not a shy poet. In *Heart's Garden*, we feel the energy of a man who is in touch with both sides of his brain. It's interesting how so many Canadian male poets constantly make new and inspiring statements in haiku poetry. They don't seem to be caught up in the macho image. They're not afraid of sentimentality. They're not afraid of being laughed at when they pet a puppy or caress a child's head.

Although *Heart's Garden* isn't a perfect book (Gorman could have used an editor to pick out his weaker pieces), it is a fresh collection. Gorman shows himself in many different lights, from the shady:

snowy gust
my unshaven
face

halfdrunk
I open the door
on last year's snowstorm

to the eerie:

in the litening flash
a face
then nite again

to the lonely:

precipice
lone
columbine

The poet lets us experience his vulnerability:

her first cut
in my heart a blossom
dies

and his confusion:

Mother's Day
a white
or red rose?

And a moment familiar to anyone who writes:

so hard to start on a blank page
I go out to shovel
a path to the street

There are some awkward poems in *Heart's Garden*. These pieces are more like lines from a longer poem or sensations we'd expect to find in a novel:

no scarecrows in my garden
my forefathers call hoarsely
from the corn

holding hands
we examine a prehistoric amulet
red ochre intact

I tear open the letter from Tokyo
the sun a cherry haze
hangs on in the west

These last three poems, though Gorman probably intended them to be "psychological" haiku, are much too long and cumbersome (as is "so hard to start"). We read each of these through only to ask ourselves, "so what?" Then we go back through the words to decipher what the author had in mind. If we have to grope for meaning, there is no haiku moment. The beauty of haiku poetry is that it points to a moment without using a finger.

Writers like Gorman, though they don't always hit the bull's eye,

are gifts to the haiku community. When a poet expresses his true Self, when he reaches the stage where he turns out into the world that which must come out of him, he releases new energy in his readers. A victory of one poet's successful poetry is a victory for us all. *Heart's Garden* certainly charged me.

HAIKU WORKSHOP Geraldine C. Little

It seems good to re-state: all poems submitted to me by editor Elizabeth Lamb were submitted *anonymously*.

1. *Before the hoe
the striped snake
waves away.*

On first reading this seemed like a surface observation only. After several re-readings deeper insights appeared. Man is preempting nature, for the moment. Eras of time are evoked: long before the hoe, there was the snake. "striped" adds nothing but an extra "s" sound, a too-obvious device. The "w" sounds in "waves away" create a feeling of soft movement in the mind (though I confess at first I had a vision of a snake avidly waving at me!). I would dispense with the period at the end of this poem, as it stops the "away" movement of the snake. Despite good things going on in this poem, I feel a lack of tension. I want something more.

2. *Against the Milky Way a speeding dot of satellite.*

Fine contrast in this poem: the vastness of the Milky Way, its slow procession through time, and man's imposition of himself, his speed, and his debris on the heavens. The one-line format is essential to this poem's movement. Once more, I don't like the use of a period at the end. The "speeding dot" stops.

3. *a ship's horn at night—
blowing to the nightmountain
sounding a soft stone echo*

Though there is always an evocative quality in a ship's horn, this

WORTH REPEATING

Editor's note: In this space it is my hope to reprint valuable critical material relating to haiku not readily available elsewhere. I will appreciate comments and suggestions for future items. It seems appropriate to begin this feature with the letter of submittal and definitions developed by the Haiku Society of America and sent to publishers of English dictionaries in January, 1973. ESL



Haiku Society of America

January 2, 1973

Gentlemen:

In those unabridged English dictionaries where the words haiku, haikai, and hokku have been listed, not one of the definitions given has been wholly accurate or even passably satisfactory.

This is not surprising inasmuch as there is no such thing as an unabridged Japanese dictionary from which the definitions could have been taken. Nevertheless, the vast increase of interest in haiku which has occurred in the last decade suggests that the English language dictionaries should give authoritative definitions for these words.

Such definitions are not easy and require study. In the first place, a distinction should be made between haiku and hokku. *Hokku* is an old Japanese word applicable to more than one kind of verse, including what is now called haiku. Circa 1890 the Japanese poet Masaoka Shiki proposed that the term *haiku* be used to designate that particular kind of Japanese poetry that has aroused such interest in America, England, and elsewhere. His proposal met with success, and in Japan the word *hokku* is obsolete as applied to this kind of poetry.

The definition of haiku has been made more difficult by the fact that many uninformed persons have considered it to be a "form" like a sonnet or a triolet (17 syllables, divided 5, 7, and 5). That it is not simply a "form" is amply demonstrated by the fact that the Japanese differentiate *haiku* from *senryu*—a type of verse (or poem)

that has exactly the same “form” as *haiku* but differs in content from it. Actually, there is no rigid “form” for Japanese *haiku*. Seventeen Japanese *jion* (symbol-sounds)* is the norm, but some 5% of “classical” *haiku* depart from it, and so do a still greater percentage of “modern” Japanese *haiku*. To the Japanese and to American haiku poets, it is the content and not the form alone that makes a haiku.

Hence, we present for your consideration the following proposed definitions for haiku and related words: haikai, hokku, and senryu. (The latter, though its use is as yet less widespread than that of haiku, is rapidly coming into the English language.)

Respectfully,

Harold G. Henderson

Honorary President

William J. Higginson

Anita Vigil

Committee on Definitions

*See PRELIMINARY NOTE #2

PRELIMINARY NOTE

1. Though it was our original intention to confine ourselves to the discussion of haiku, we found it impossible to do this adequately without also covering the terms haikai, hokku, and senryu. By use of cross-referencing, we hope that we have been able to present a clear picture of the meaning of haikai in the briefest manner possible.
2. The Japanese words *jion* (symbol-sound) and *onji* (sound-symbol) have been mistranslated into English as “syllable” for many years. However, in most Japanese poetry the *jion* or *onji* does not correspond to the Western notion of syllable. For example, while each of the entry words is reckoned as two syllables in English, “hokku” and “haiku” are each counted as three *jion*, while “haikai” and “senryu” each have four *jion*. On the other hand, where each Japanese *jion* is equal and brief, as “do, re, mi, etc.”, English single syllables can vary greatly in time duration. (For a further discussion of the Japanese sound system see Roy Andrew Miller, *The Japanese Language*.)
3. Each of the four entry words is its own plural.

HAIKU

- (1) An unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature. It usually consists of seventeen *jion* (Japanese symbol-sounds).
- (2) A foreign adaptation of (1). It is usually written in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables. (See also HAIKAI, HOKKU.)

NOTE to (2):

That part of the definition which begins "It is usually written" places a heavy weight on the word "usually." We depend on that word to provide latitude for variations in syllable count and in number of lines or other external aspects of "form" *providing* they meet the primary stringent requirements expressed in the first part of the definition. Though 17 syllables is still the norm in English language haiku, it is more and more common for a haiku to consist of *fewer* syllables. Rarely is a haiku longer than 17 syllables.

While all Japanese classical *haiku*, as well as most modern ones, contain a *kigo* (season-word: a word or phrase indicating one of the four seasons of their year), extreme variations of climate in the USA make it impossible to put a recognizable "season-word" into every American haiku. Therefore, American adaptations are not so concerned with season words as are most Japanese *haiku*.

HAIKAI

- (1) A type of Japanese linked-verse poem, popular from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Such a poem normally consists of thirty-six, fifty, or one hundred stanzas, alternating seventeen and fourteen *jion* (Japanese symbol-sounds). Usually a small group of poets took turns composing the poem's stanzas, whose content and grammar were governed by fairly complex rules.

NOTES

In Japanese, the word *haikai* is commonly used as an abbreviation for the phrase *haikai no renga*, usually translated as "comic linked-verse." Under the influence of Basho (1644-1694) the tone of *haikai no renga* became more serious, but the name was retained.

The word *haikai* is also used in Japanese as a general term for all haiku-related literature (haiku, *haikai no renga*, the diaries of haiku poets, etc.)

In Spanish and French the word *haikai* is often used to refer to either the Japanese *haiku* or Western adaptations of the Japanese *haiku*. However, in modern Japanese usage, reference to a single *haikai* is to a *haikai no renga*.

HOKKU

- (1) The first stanza of a Japanese linked-verse poem (see HAIKAI).
- (2) (Obsolete) A haiku.

NOTE to (2):

Hokku was used as a synonym for haiku by the Imagist poets, but is obsolete in modern American usage. It is definitely obsolete today in Japan.

SENRYU

- (1) A Japanese poem structurally similar to the Japanese *haiku* (which see), but primarily concerned with human nature. It is usually humorous or satiric.
- (2) A foreign adaptation of (1).
- (3) Loosely, a poem similar to haiku which does not meet the criteria for haiku.

BITS & PIECES

NEW HAIKU PRESS: Rod Willmot announces the founding of Burnt Lake Press (535, rue Duvernay, Sherbrooke, P.Q., Canada J1L 1Y8), and publication July 1, 1984, of *In the Broken Curve*, a collection of haiku by Penny Harter. 90 pp., \$4.00 U.S., \$4.50 Canada, postpaid.

NEW PUBLICATION: *Linked Lines*, a new magazine to be published by Lilli Tanzer. First issue will update on "renga" and essays on "renga" published in English; thereafter, new *Linked Lines* will be printed, as gathered. Please send inquiries to Lilli Tanzer, P.O. Box 490, Hopewell Jct., NY 12533.

HAIKU AWARD: The Museum of Haiku Literature (Tokyo) Award for the best previously unpublished haiku from this issue of *Frogpond* will be announced in the next issue. The winning haiku will be chosen by the Exec. Committee of the Haiku Society of America.

CORRECTIONS: In Richard Tice's article "Hyakuninisshu and Karuta (*Card Games for Poetry Lovers*)" in *Frogpond* VI:4 (1983) p. 27, one set of cards has the entire poem, while the other set has the second part of the tanka (the 7-7 couplet), not the first (5-7-5) three lines as indicated.

In the linked poem "Candlelight on Her Breasts," *Frogpond* VII:1 (1984) p. 17, the sixth link should read "que Seraut/Seraut."

HAIKU CONTESTS: Note deadline of August 1, 1984 (postmark) for the Harold G. Henderson 1984 Award; see complete rules elsewhere in this issue.

Send SASE to Editor, *Virtual Image*, Box 8925, Jackson, MS 39204, for rules of 3 contests with deadline August 1, 1984.

Send SASE for rules of *Piedmont Literary Review's* 1984 Poetry and Short Story Contests (haiku category), to Haiku Editor Barbara McCoy, 861 Wimbleson Drive, Raleigh, NC 27609.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1984

1. Deadline for submission August 1, 1984 (postmark).
2. Entry fee of \$1 per haiku.
3. Limit: three unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku in duplicate on 3×5 cards, one card with the haiku and the author's name in the upper left-hand corner; one card with the *haiku only* for anonymous judging.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to Virginia Brady Young, 184 Centerbrook Road, Hamden, CT 06518.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100 donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson, and a second prize of \$50 as well as a third prize of \$25 donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku may be published in *Frogpond*. Authors are advised to keep copies of their haiku, since none will be returned.
10. Judges will be announced following the contest.

