

FROGPOND

XVII:3

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FROGPOND

Museum of Haiku Literature Award

\$50 for the best haiku appearing in the previous issue

getting louder
the calf
the auctioneer

LeRoy Gorman

**Vol. XVII:3—AUTUMN 1994
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA**

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Museum of Haiku Literature Award	
LeRoy Gorman	1
Announcing <i>A Haiku Path</i>	4
Haiku and Senryu	6
1994 Harold G. Henderson Memorial Haiku Awards	10
Judges' Comments	11
1994 Gerald M. Brady Memorial Senryu Awards	12
Judges' Comments	13
Leaving My Old Mother Slowly Going Mad (sequence)	
Thomas Fitzsimmons	14
Haiku and Senryu	14
Caribbean Kanji (sequence)	
David Carmel Gershator	17
Haiku and Senryu	18
Introducing Rengay	
Michael Dylan Welch	19
Deep Winter (rengay)	
Garry Gay and Michael Dylan Welch	21
Taking the Field (rengay)	
Christopher Herold and Michael Dylan Welch	22
Haiku and Senryu	23
Sunday Visits (haibun)	
Rich Youmans	26
Haiku and Senryu	26
Language of the Spirit	
Emily Romano	29
Haiku and Senryu	30
News of Her Death (sequence)	
nick avis	32
Haiku and Senryu	32
Rippled Ashes (linked verse)	
Michael Dudley and Wally Swist	33
Reviews	
<i>Stages and Views</i> by Penny Harter	
<i>Shadow Play: Night Haiku</i> by Penny Harter	
Reviewed by Miriam Sagan	37
<i>Border Crossing: haiku and related poetry</i>	
by Jean Jorgensen	
Reviewed by Lenard D. Moore	38
<i>The Essence of Modern Haiku: 300 Poems</i>	
by Seishi Yamaguchi	
Reviewed by Clark Strand	40
<i>A First Bird Singing</i> by Kōko Katō	
Reviewed by L. A. Davidson	45
Books Received	47
Announcements	49
Author Index	52

**The Haiku Society of America
Twentieth Anniversary Book Committee**

(L. A. Davidson, Bernard Lionel Einbond, Garry Gay, Penny Harter, Doris Heitmeyer, William J. Higginson, Leroy Kanterman, Adele Kenny, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Charles D. Nethaway, Jr., Hiroaki Sato, Cor van den Heuvel, Anita Virgil, Michael Dylan Welch, Paul O. Williams, and Virginia Brady Young)

wishes to announce:

A Haiku Path
The Haiku Society of America, 1968-1988

Haiku in America has grown and changed radically, especially since the founding of the Haiku Society of America in 1968. Started by a small group that included Harold G. Henderson (author of *An Introduction to Haiku*) and Leroy Kanterman (editor of *Haiku West* magazine), the Society has helped define haiku and bring it to greater public awareness.

A rich anthology of poems and commentary—and a history of the Society's first twenty years—*A Haiku Path* demonstrates haiku's coming of age in English.

The radically experimental works being created by poets in the English-language haiku movement constitute one of today's most exciting literary developments.

—*The New York Times Book Review*

A Haiku Path (continued)

Contributors to *A Haiku Path* include Hiroaki Sato, author of *One Hundred Frogs: From Renga to Haiku to English* and co-translator of *From the Country of Eight Islands*; Cor van den Heuvel, editor of *The Haiku Anthology*; Elizabeth Searle Lamb, longtime editor of the Society's journal, *Frogpond*; William J. Higginson, author of *The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Share, and Teach Haiku*; and the late Harold G. Henderson, with his last published essay on haiku. Cid Corman, L. A. Davidson, Geraldine C. Little, Marlene Mountain, Tom Tico, Anita Virgil, Rod Willmot, and many others provide insight into haiku and the work of its major practitioners in North America.

Numerous prize-winning poems and excerpts from books that have received the Society's coveted Merit Book Awards round out this varied collection.

The book committee wishes to especially acknowledge the work of Minna Lerman, Jerry Kilbride, and Raffael de Gruttola, who have made outstanding contributions to its editing, production, and distribution, respectively.

A Haiku Path, 7x10", 402+xiv pp., perfect bound, ISBN 0-9631467-0-X, \$27.95, payable to Haiku Society of America. \$21.95 to HSA members, includes shipping in US; plus \$2 outside US. Orders to: Doris Heitmeyer, Secretary, Haiku Society of America, 315 E. 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

closing the cabin—
the drive down the logging road
full of potholes

Mary Fran Meer

so many grasses
I overlook
the wildflowers

Kenneth Tanemura

breaking kindling—
the woods' stillness
mends itself

down the ravine
on an avalanche of yellow leaves
the Black-tailed buck

Nasira Alma

I wander
the backwoods
with the autumn wind

Garry Gay

autumn aspen
saffron and lemon leaves,
a forest of standing rain

Chris Hoffman

the orange moon
rests for a moment
on the crest of the ridge

Michael McNierney

above labor day crowds
bees
in and out of the bee tree

sky overcast
wasps thread the maze
of the knot garden

Doris Heitmeyer

at a bus stop
passing cars running over
my shadow

William Woodruff

Under the conference oak
you hand me
an acorn.

Alexis Rotella

election day—
swaying bay trees
scrape in the wind

Donna D. Gallagher

Which way to turn—
November leaves
beneath the clock tower

Barry Dordick

night thunder
trips
a car alarm

William Hart

afternoon clouds
black cat where the sunbeam was
yesterday

Yvonne Hardenbrook

chill of autumn
old man in the park
gathers bottles

Joanne Morcom

All Souls' Day
alone in the church
she blows out a candle

John J. Dunphy

slow
rising
moon
the
cemetery
dead
quiet

Anthony J. Pupello

Fastest way home
through the graveyard,
here we are shy again.

Robert Loudin

Leaves falling
every-which-way
on the juggler's grave

vincent tripi

their orangeness
taking back the field from fog,
pumpkins

leaf-watching trip—
swerving the car all day
around caterpillars

Frank Higgins

maple leaves
in the apple trees
—autumn wind

Rob Kroll

raking rotted apples
into a pile
angry yellow jackets

Christopher Herold

departing autumn
an owl calls
from a bare limb

Donna D. Gallagher

illegal, yes,
but how good to smell
burning leaves again

tattered clouds
on All Saints' Day—
an old priest ploughs on

Geraldine C. Little

1994 HAROLD G. HENDERSON
MEMORIAL HAIKU AWARDS
Judges' Comments

Each moment we perceive is seen through the lifetime that preceded it. In haiku writing, we can keep alive some of those striking, meaningful moments. Through the haiku form, the writer hones and prepares words and imagery into a stepping off place for readers to experience a given moment through the lenses of their own lifetimes.

First Place: Many stories abide in the old chair—seasons of leaf watching in a well-worn favorite place, conversations to recall, perhaps many evenings of just being. Sometimes a single leaf can trigger a drifting back into mind of such experiences. So we appreciate where the leaf has settled and leave it awhile in a seat of time-worn honor.

Second Place: Not satire, this. Rather, this haiku speaks a gentle testament of courage and compassion in human nature. Initially we may feel awkward averting our gaze from the face's weakened half. Yet this poem suggests an observer who, in the face of debility or crisis, can still focus on the cup (or face, as the case may be) being half full.

Third Place: Nature doesn't cease to remind us of its presence, if we are open to noticing. The most cemented, developed cityscape still may host nature's more fragile appearances. Here is a simple image, simply written, yet with haiku power to draw us in.

Besides those we selected, many fine works and poetic moments were presented to us in this year's contest. It would be wonderful if we could recognize each solid, resonant haiku as well as point out and encourage the many poetic insights that were nearly haiku, but not quite. Congratulations to all who entered. We hope you will continue to pursue and experience haiku.

Dave Sutter and Dan Burke

1994 GERALD M. BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS

Judges' Comments

Thanks go to all of you who entered this year's contest for the tremendous honor of being able to read your work. So many times, as we went through the tall stack of 3 x 5 cards, we were struck by what we could feel about different writers—voices from all over the world. You let us in, if just for a short while, and we're grateful. Among the entries, there was also a large number of haiku which moved us deeply. Of the senryu, what struck us most were those that were humorous, those that captured a human fault or foible, and those that did those things while also giving us depth, letting us understand a little bit more about what it means to be human, for all its occasional shallowness, tunnel vision, naivete, lack of control and irony.

The first place winner is an excellent example. This piece sparkles with measured restraint. The writer used only seven words, with each line serving as an advancing revelation of the gardener's absolute devotion to what he values. A sharp twist of humor bursts in a collision with the commonly accepted understanding of the concept of "garden" and of "gardener." Even the juxtaposition of the words "making" and "nothing," one on top of the other, is powerful.

Ah, the strident emotions in our second place winner that so often strike forth—and then rebound to nick us as well. This fresh insight, on an old human frailty, stings so well. As for craft, all those t's in the piece insist that we get our own tongue working just for the added sensation. Well done.

Cousin Kate, our third place winner, blew into our minds as a wind would blow through the door to a seance. She strode across our thoughts and left kisses dangling. Only when she stopped before the mirror did we dare to stare. Oh, Kate, missing the point; afraid to really touch; avoiding even looking at your real self in the mirror, you are each of us. And Grandfather will be each of us too. This senryu transforms spirit into hard fact.

Our selection of four honorable mention poems is in order of our preference. We felt the coolness of the room where we drifted invisibly, watching retired nuns (or spinster sisters, perhaps) watching a program that is buoyed by unfilled desires. Their own circle now incomplete through loss, their "fortune" vowed away years ago, their character flaw, perhaps, glows green.

In "dissatisfied," we recognized the poet's very subtly implied depth in using the word "dissatisfied." After all, a satisfied person doesn't usually linger over the daily horoscope. Even the typographical isolation of the word "dissatisfied" sets it apart as the key to understanding the woman. And how like us all, when dissatisfied with our fate, to look to quickly pick another.

At the zoo, the words "first time" let us know right off that this is before the loss of innocence, and we chuckle at the little boy who must be taught that the animals are the spectacle, not us. We wonder who is really in a cage, us or the lions, tigers and bears?

We could smell the "antiquities room," touch the frayed leather edges, scarcely see through smeared glass cases. Then we leaped to life at the curator's question. What contrast! What fun!

As humans, complete with flaws, we are now each a little richer thanks to the work of this year's winners. Congratulations to you all.

Kay F. Anderson & Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff

LEAVING MY OLD MOTHER SLOWLY GOING MAD

torn clouds—
golden leaves cling against
west wind

dawn seep
of ice blue light—gulls
cry him awake

alone
he memorizes
the rain

Thomas Fitzsimmons

riderless ponies wet boardwalk

Charles H. Easter

estuary
a flotilla of mallards
rides the freighter's wake

the clapping sound
of hundreds of wings
ducks rise in flight

Ruth Holter

against dark—
the blind man's cane
on the crossing

John O'Connor

the sunflower
drops its petals one by one . . .
the yellow school bus

Joan Smith

new bus driver
asks me
for directions

Emilie J. Roth

in the wild grass
along the highway divider:
a shining something

Pamela Connor

autumn breeze—
a scarecrow waves
to the passing train

Cyril Childs

autumn afternoon
old dog follows a while
then goes his way

Robert Gibson

field at sunset
my old mare's ears
prick homeward

Jennifer L. Lesh

taking out the trash—
up looms
full moon

William Hart

for Buson

perched on a mound
of paddy straw:
crow at dawn

riverlight wings of the kingfisher

Kim Dorman

from the hau tree
song of a mourning dove
all day

Tony Quagliano

cluster of mangoes—
a shade of green in the eyes
of the fruit vendor

dog-eared bus ticket
between pocketbook pages—
forgotten haiku

Federico C. Peralta

pausing to be sure
it is from that high terrace
faint flute music

inside the outhouse
a spider with a red mark
weaving its web

L. A. Davidson

CARIBBEAN KANJI

missing the boat—
chasing the water's edge
with the lone sandpiper

after night-long rain
the tall grass, too,
late rising

banging away at a nail
trying to stop
the hurricane

overwhelming
the evening news—
prime time cicada

so much easier
uprooting wild morning glories
at sundown

rainy season—
tuning the guitar
over and over

island Xmas—
from the loud Latin whorehouse
Silent Night

David Carmel Gershator

persimmons on leafless branches—
the Bullet Train . . .

Martin Kirby

among the hills
the potters' village lies still
smoke rising

Yoko Ogino

a small woman
with her baby
smiling in the rain

Michael McNierney

monsoon skies deepening flooded paddy

hot wind
paint peels from Buddha's face
leaves fall

John Turner

in fading light
leaving this place—
no longer home

Cyril Childs

black skid marks
arced high on the ramp's sidewall—
even the Porsche slows

Addie Lacoë

INTRODUCING RENGAY

Michael Dylan Welch

While haiku's popularity clearly exceeds that of renga or renku, many haiku poets continue to write linked verse with one or more other poets. This is no surprise when so many similar sensibilities draw them to this collaborative poetry out of which haiku first developed. Yet renga-writing in English (especially when undertaken with the strict "traditional" rules) is fraught with challenges, some of which seem arbitrary or not culturally relevant. American writers have responded with one-liner renga and other experiments, seeking a linked-verse adaptation that springs from North American soil, avoiding the dangers of exoticism and imitation. But tension still persists between the American desire for self-expression and the engagement of Japanese tradition in linked-verse poetry. The reality is that many renga writers reject the strictness and scope of traditional renga-writing rules.

In reaction to this situation, Garry Gay, a former president of the Haiku Society of America and of Haiku Poets of Northern California, invented a renga alternative: the "rengay." He wrote the first rengay with me in Foster City, California, on August 9, 1992, the morning before the first major Renku North America renku-writing session. "Deep Winter" was shared at that meeting.

Garry Gay writes the following in a letter explaining the rules of his American poetic invention:

Two writers participate in a six-stanza linked poem. The first writer (to be decided between them) starts off with a three-line verse, then followed by the second writer with a two-line verse. Again the first writer writes a three-line stanza. Next, the second writer writes a three-line stanza, followed by the first writer's two-line verse, and again by the second writer with a final three-line stanza.

Garry emphasizes that "unlike the renku, this form is meant to develop a theme. The poets may stay focused on one topic, and should stay within the chosen season." In this sense, rengay is a new but natural Western extension of the long-established renga and renku traditions. The rengay is not intended to replace English renga or renku, but is an addition to it and a dynamic Western outgrowth of it.

Garry also writes about the personal advantages of the rengay form:

Rengay lets you work one-on-one with another poet. It also offers the satisfaction of seeing quick results, rather than waiting

months to see a renku finished through the mail. It is much easier to sit down with one person and write a short six-stanza poem than to get two or more people together for a renku party or organized through the mail. But it's so easy for two people together to go for a walk in the woods or sit and have tea in a garden and write a rengay. Also, less time is spent showing the work to a master or leader of a group (do Americans really have or *want* anyone who can be called a "Master"?)—and then possibly have it rejected. Here's to writers who can work out the details between themselves!

As the following examples hopefully show, rengay are fun and easy to write, encourage development within a theme, can stay in one season, show quick results, and are easy to read. Garry's pattern for two writers is as follows, with the letters representing the poets and the numbers indicating the number of lines in the given verses: A-3, B-2, A-3, B-3, A-2, B-3. I have also adapted Garry's idea for three people, in the following pattern: A-3, B-2, C-3, A-2, B-3, C-2. The first three-person rengay, "A Rain of Leaves," was written by Donna and Pat Gallagher and myself on November 18, 1993 in Sunnyvale, California, and published in *Woodnotes* #20, Spring 1994. California poet John Thompson has also been instrumental in developing rengay with Garry. In the patterns for both two and three writers, all poets write an equal number of two- and three-line verses.

In short, the rengay is a collaborative six-verse linked thematic poem written by two or three poets alternating three-line and two-line haiku or haiku-like stanzas in a regular pattern. While the rengay form is new, it offers many creative possibilities. It is briefer than renga (and thus perhaps more memorable), requires less space to publish, and provides an accessible Western alternative to the limitations and restrictions of traditional renga and renku that sometimes stifle originality, freshness, and enjoyment. Rengay's inventor writes in conclusion: "To be sure the renku has its place in Japanese and English (assured by history), but it is time for American writers to move into a more workable form, something with a flow more natural to us, one that is more in line with our culture and the way we think."

Garry Gay's rengay form has proved to be popular among members of the Haiku Poets of Northern California since it was first publicly introduced at the November 1, 1992 HPNC meeting in San Francisco (see *Woodnotes* #15, Winter 1992, page 2). Since that time, a number of poets have written rengay, and many more have responded positively to its possibilities. Indeed, on April 17, 1994, ten HPNC members gathered in Sunnyvale, California for a special workshop on rengay. Perhaps of greatest significance from this meeting was the group's idea that it is not a theme that matters most, but some sort of overarching unity, whether in

subject, tone, season, content, or whatever. Themes are still valid for rengay, but creating or discovering these broader unities is the challenge to future rengay writers.

At this time it is important to widely share an overview of what rengay is. With this knowledge both writers and editors can have a clear understanding of what to expect when rengay might grace the pages of haiku journals. Only the future will tell if the rengay form will catch on with many English haiku writers. Perhaps it could even be introduced in Japan. Or perhaps it will evolve into something else. Now, however, you are invited to read, study, and enjoy the following rengay examples, and to try writing a few yourself.

DEEP WINTER

Garry Gay and Michael Dylan Welch
The first rengay to be written
August 9, 1992, Foster City, California

deep winter
shriveled on a branch
unpicked apple

Garry

grey sleet
blows against the tree root

Michael

muffled by the storm
in this monochrome world
distant goat bell

Garry

a clock ticking
by the frosted window
steaming muffins

Michael

at midnight
counting each chime

Garry

storm clouds pass . . .
moonlight through lace curtains
falls on the cat's back

Michael

TAKING THE FIELD

Christopher Herold and Michael Dylan Welch
July 28, 1993, Candlestick Park, San Francisco, California

Los Angeles Dodgers 2
San Francisco Giants 1

after the anthem
umpires cluster
by the plate

Chris

runner off first
the pitcher's tight jaw

Michael

third inning—
fog shadows
take the field

Chris

pop fly!
mouths open
beyond left field

Michael

double down the line
a puff of chalk

Chris

seventh-inning stretch
dust
on the catcher's knees

Michael

I measure sugar
in an old, silver spoon—
window of sky

catching my eye
and pointing your fork—
steady beat of rain

Philip Miller

playing marbles
eyes
of the cat

Bryan Ricke

balance beam
young gymnast pigeon-toed
across it

Anthony J. Pupello

turning
I catch
her smile

Bill Carr

Darkness blocks the sun
Only a fringe of warm light
Around the eclipse.

Edythe Polster

bird shadow
from tree shadow
to fence shadow

Christopher Herold

prairie barn—
still a faint trace
of Prince Albert

Donald Beringer

Wyoming—
in a yellowing prairie
only the gate stands

Yasuko Yasui

no wind—
aspen's yellow leaves falling
silence around me

Naomi Y. Brown

old beaver stump
still has deep roots
still warms in the sun

james bernath

The sound of sunflower seeds
through the rain stick
indian summer

Navajo boy
looks from his father's to
the wooden indian's stare

vincent tripi

high desert
slowly the sunset leaves
the canyon

Helen J. Sherry

late dawn—
the ridge of the mountain
glows

John O'Connor

held by rocks
in the mountain stream
a Medic Alert bracelet

Cyril Childs

heading upstream
salmon swallow
the morning sun

Liz Fenn

snagged by the bear
the salmon's wound
leaks eggs

gutting the deer
steam rises
into the mist

Frank Higgins

in the backwaters
a bloated trout upside down—
swallows skim the dusk

B. H. Feingold

The first snow
takes the last leaf
from the tree

Richard Balus

SUNDAY VISITS

I never knew my grandfather when his words were clear as spring water and spiked with a brogue strong as Irish whiskey: the man with the lilting tenor, who sang rebel ballads as he carried the day's mail; who argued daily with the corner grocer over the price of pears, then overpaid with a flip, "Keep the change"; who at weddings sang out toasts with the abandon of a child, and over pints at O'Fenn's wove boyhood tales of Ireland—of nights spent in the sweet smell of peat fires, when his own grandfather would recount the heroics of Wolfe Tone, Emmett, Pearse, and Collins.

I knew him only after his second stroke, his lilt gone, his left leg strapped to a brace. By that time he had moved in with my aunt and spent most of his hours in the living room, on a sofa the color of weak tea, staring into the fireplace. We visited every Sunday evening. Always, my parents followed my aunt into the kitchen to help with dinner, leaving me on the sofa with my grandfather. He would speak to me, sounding as if he were underwater—the gargled syllables of a drowning man, incomprehensible. Occasionally an understood word or phrase bubbled through—"How's school?"—from which I wove whole conversations about my teacher's unkempt beard and my attempts at long division and Friday's hot lunch and anything else I could think of. But usually I couldn't understand a thing, and simply nodded and agreed: the last refuge of the baffled.

I think he saw through me, though, for sometimes he would abruptly laugh and slap my knee; I, of course, would laugh with him. And other times he would look away into the fireplace, at pale brick blackened by soot, and say nothing at all . . .

twilight . . .
shadows seep into
grandfather's quiet

Rich Youmans

carpetcarpetcarpetcarpetcarpetcricketcarpet

{autumn evening}

LeRoy Gorman

autumn dusk—
the rumble of the farm wagon
piled high with pumpkins

Wally Swist

Twilight
grows ripe
among the pumpkins

Garry Gay

early snow
Halloween goblins singing
“Jingle Bells”

Yvonne Hardenbrook

Boothill Cemetery
placing one more stone
on the ancestral grave

Wilma M. Erwin

moonlit branches,
the peeling wasp nest
flutters in the breeze

from bonfire embers
a last wisp of smoke,
moonlight rises on the tide

Ce Rosenow

Pebble splash—
the stars go back
to where they were.

Alexis Rotella

yet another squeeze
of the sidewalk accordion—
gusting wind

James Chessing

carney's glass eye
reflects
midway lights

Joanne Morcom

Under the Big Top
a breeze
up my skirt.

Alexis Rotella

on stage
flaunting his brawn
papier-mache weights

Francine Porad

through the eyeholes
of her mask
wrinkles of a smile

Monita McLemore

Cross-dressers' Ball.
Fireflies cruise
The ear-stud lights.

Arizona Zipper

their buzz amplified—
two flies on the mouth
of a wine bottle

Peter Yovu

LANGUAGE OF THE SPIRIT

Emily Romano

How can we use language in such a way that it brings out the spiritual aspects of haiku experiences? According to Judith Anodea, author of *Wheels of Life (A User's Guide to the Chakra System)*, in reference to the fifth Chakra: "*vowels* are typically thought to represent *spirit*, while *consonants* represent the *harder stuff of life*" (emphasis added).

The fifth Chakra, represented by a lotus with sixteen petals which contain all the vowels of the Sanskrit language, gives us intimations as to how one may incorporate more spirituality into communication (haiku).

With the above in mind, and after meditation, a series of haiku came into being. In these haiku, the water ousel's experiences might be interchangeable with our own.

selfsame stream
—ousel ever dipping
into virgin waters¹

No matter how often one dips into a stream (life) the water is never the *same* water.

away from its shadow:
the water ousel
unites with ether

The shadow (darker) side of man's nature is transcended as the spirit evolves.

ousel airborne—
where it immersed itself,
the water reforms

When the ousel entered the water, it left a bit of itself behind. Thus it not only takes from the stream (life) but gives to it as well, and the re-forming waters are forever altered.

In these haiku an inordinate number of vowels are used. *Self-same stream* makes use of eighteen vowels in eight words. *Away from its shadow* also utilizes eighteen vowels. There are a total of twenty vowels in *ousel airborne*—. While vowels *alone* may not communicate spirituality, haiku which incorporate numerous vowels in a particular way can and do accomplish this.

To go a bit further with the ousel theme: a single drop of water falling from an ousel's wing may not be heard, and be unnoticed. But when this drop merges with the whole (stream of life) we can't overlook the resultant waterfall's roar.

¹ Suggested by Heraclitus' "You cannot step twice into the same river".

References:

Anodea, Judith. *Wheels of Life (A User's Guide to the Chakra System)*, Llewellyn Publications, 1987.

Stumpf, Samuel Enoch. *Socrates To Sartre*, McGraw-Hill Inc., 1988.

seed husk
caught on a strand of cobweb
weather vane

Phyllis Walsh

voices of wild geese
bringing with them
the whole sky

Kristen Deming

tied to the antenna
of a parked car
an eagle feather

Kaye Bache Snyder

soft persimmons
the quick bird
settles in

Marian Olson

wildflowers in bloom
the cop turns off
the radar gun

LeRoy Gorman

country road
at the end of the straight stretch
three wooden crosses

Nika

one brown leaf
left spinning—
icy wind

Makiko

rising lopsided
an ash-smudged orange face
... smoke jumper's moon

K. H. Clifton

Solar eclipse.
Ripening on the vine,
a black tomato.

Arizona Zipper

my wife away—
past midnight rain mutters
in the downspout

Paul O. Williams

NEWS OF HER DEATH

the coffee house full
a pigeon struts in looks around
shakes its head and leaves

news of her death
i break the bread into pieces
and feed it to the birds

chasing the others
from its crust of bread the pigeon
and its buddha nature

nick avis

peregrine falcon
a puff of tan dust
where a dove just flew

Clifford Wood

dew covered grass
a grackle leaves his footprints
behind

joan iversen goswell

stepping on a twig
crickets
stop to listen

among the stubble
autumn geese
the voice of the moon

Peter Duppenhaler

<p style="text-align: center;">behind</p> <p>the black mirror winter's longest night</p>	<p>md</p>
<p>winter lightning— the hooting owl's eyes flash in the driving snow</p>	<p>ws</p>
<p>she yanks off snowy boots, tugs up sweaty socks</p>	<p>md</p>
<p>all night the wind sighs to itself forty below</p>	<p>ws</p>
<p>in the kettle steam a blissful daydream</p>	<p>md</p>
<p>snowbound turnpike the stranded trucker fidgets with his jackknife</p>	<p>ws</p>
<p>windstorm— the reddish shreds of a flag</p>	<p>md</p>
<p>spring dusk a blue heron's wings fan the bright rim above the ridge</p>	<p>ws</p>
<p>wobbling past me on its edge a stemless maple leaf</p>	<p>md</p>
<p>emerald-green pond— a leaping frog shatters the moon into crescents</p>	<p>ws</p>
<p>to all the flowers of our home, my daughter sings <i>Goodbye . . . Goodbye . . .</i></p>	<p>md</p>

cupped in the opened tulip beads of dew	ws
at rest in treeshade: bits of thin shell spin down	md
the blossoming beech its trunk bearing initials carved within a heart	ws
mulling things over . . . a nuthatch comes down a trunk head first	md
twilight settles across the lawn bounding croquet balls click together	ws
rock	md
rain blot	
a stick fallen to the plunge pool's bottom snakes with the ripples	ws
fifty feet above the waves crab at the cliff's edge	md
horsetails rustling— a trail of wild rose petals scattered across the dunes	ws
fully bloomed a pear tree each side of the property fence	md

REVIEWS

STAGES AND VIEWS by Penny Harter. Art by Karen Hargreaves-Fitzsimmons. Katydid Books. Distributed by University of Hawaii Press, 2840 Kolowalu St., Honolulu, HI 96822. 1994, 126 pp, \$14.95. *SHADOW PLAY: NIGHT HAIKU* by Penny Harter. Illustrated by Jeffrey Greene. Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers. 1994, not paged, \$15.00.

Penny Harter is on a roll, a poetic roll that is, with this year's publication of two fine books. *Stages and Views* has an interesting genesis. The first section, "Stages," is a sequence of poems based on the woodblock prints "The Fifty-Three Stages of the Tokaido" by Hiroshige. Using the pictures as inspiration, Harter has composed a poem for each print. The same is true of the second section, "Views," based on "The Thirty-Six Views of Mount Fuji" by Hokusai.

Harter's conventional-length poems are lyrical and imagistic; they tend to paint a picture. These lines from "Totsuka" show her sensitivity to color and light, the natural and human worlds:

The river rests more luminous than sky.

Light lingers on the rice racks,
the far hills.

Dusk gathers in the folds
of a cobalt kimono.

The only weakness in the poems is that occasionally they remain simply lists of images that are too static. And the reader longs for a bit more human emotion.

In the section "Views," though, the innovation of adding a haiku at the bottom of each poem creates a dynamic excitement. These haiku are among Harter's best work—tough, poignant, precise:

mother gone
the grandmother puts the baby
to her breast

and

the arthritic
soaks his morning hands
in a basin of warm water

The haiku of *Shadow Play* share much of the same quality and indeed duplicate some of the haiku from the "Views" series. These night haiku for children of course make a great read-aloud bedtime book. I test drove them on the nearest five-year-old I could find, my daughter Isabel, who proclaimed them "beautiful." She was also very taken with the illustrations by Jeffrey Greene. Perhaps a bit dark for adult taste, the lively color-saturated illustrations of things that light up the night seem to be child pleasers. And the haiku themselves have a strong sense of enchantment and fun:

on my wall
two monsters fight—
shadow play

Review by Miriam Sagan

BORDER CROSSING: haiku and related poetry (1987-1993), by Jean Jorgensen. Four Seasons Corner, 9633-68A Street, Edmonton, Alberta T6B 1V3, Canada. 1993, ISBN: 0-9694973-1-8, 112 pp. paperback, perfect bound. Limited Edition of 110 copies. \$8.00 Canadian funds. \$9.00 for orders from U.S.

Jean Jorgensen is one of the most versatile poets in Canada. Her latest book, *Border Crossing*, attests to this fact. It is a fine collection of poetry, consisting of parallel lines (a form created and introduced by vincent tripi), haiku, sequences, linked lines, and renga.

Each section of this limited edition of 110 copies opens with a beautiful line drawing by Brian Jorgensen that seems to connect with the poems of the particular section.

Considering Jorgensen is a relative newcomer to haiku—only seven years practicing the form—she is an accomplished haiku poet. Throughout the 112 pages well-crafted works reflect the poet's competence. There are one to three poems per page, except for pages with sequences and renga. The poems are printed in black ink on fine tan paper.

The book opens with effective parallel lines. For example, notice the motion, contrast, silence, and beauty in the following sample:

THE WHIRLING OF GNATS
EDDY IN A QUIET BROOK

However, I wonder why all letters are capitalized simply to call more attention to the typography of the words themselves. What is most interesting is the way the poems send me into a meditative state of mind. This quality holds true for the haiku as well:

afternoon hush
click of the dragonfly's wings
through tall grass

autumn drizzle
one-eyed teddy bear
goes out with the tide

On page after page the author moves us through the world of mountains, snow, lovers, children, trees, flowers, birds, and farm animals to paint such moments of warmth and vividness. But still, there are a few haiku with overworked themes. Alexis Rotella made such haiku about quarrels popular about ten years ago, so it makes one want to scream when coming across haiku that might be boiling into some serious domestic problem. Here are two of the author's haiku on the subject:

arguing
with his wife—hand in his
worn-out back pocket

we rake up leaves
even louder . . . our neighbors
quarreling again

In addition, there are a couple of haiku that open so beautifully and render a deep sense of loneliness, but their last lines move into abstractness:

Remembrance Day
the poppy reminds me
of grandfather's memories

secluded window
frost crystals etch a forest
where my thoughts wander

Nonetheless, such pitfalls are minimal, especially since the overall effect of the poetry in *Border Crossing* is poignant.

Jorgensen is at her best when taking risks with subject matter. Note how surprising the last lines of the following haiku are, though these gems border on what could easily be considered eroticism:

first menstrual flow—
her mother's gift of flowers
one rose tightly furled

baby in his arms
he bends down to kiss
her wet nipple

One can see that Jorgensen's haiku are full of motion, fertility, tension, and bonding, as well as the beauty of life. In the first haiku there is a contrast between the loosely flowing blood and the "tightly furled" rose. Also it seems likely that the rose is the color of the young girl's "menstrual flow" and as rich.

The sequence, "North to Las Vegas," and the Kasen Renga, "Petals in His Hair" (composed with Joe Nutt), are outstanding as one haiku and/or link fits like a piece of a puzzle into the next one. For this reason *Border Crossing*, the author's second book, is highly recommended, as well as for its significance in chronicling natural phenomena.

Review by Lenard D. Moore

THE ESSENCE OF MODERN HAIKU: 300 POEMS BY SEISHI YAMAGUCHI, translated by Takashi Kodaira and Alfred H. Marks. Mangajin, Inc., 1993, 330 pp. Paper, \$19.95; hardcover \$24.95.

One is rarely afforded the opportunity to review a book one has read many, many times. It is with this kind of appreciation, however, that I come to the delightful task of reviewing *The Essence of Modern Haiku: 300 Poems* by Seishi Yamaguchi, a book which, despite its publication more than a year ago, may have escaped the attention of many readers. And I might as well begin by saying

that, in my opinion, it is the best single book on haiku available in English.

There are many reasons why I feel confident enough to offer the book such unqualified praise. Noticeable at once is the unique format of the text, fully annotated so that, perhaps for the first time, readers of haiku in English translation are given enough background to understand and appreciate every single poem. Contributing to the overall understanding of Seichi's art, and the art of haiku in general, the prefatory material includes a Foreword by Uchida Sono, President of the Haiku International Association, and valuable essays on the art of translation by Alfred Marks, and on Seishi's poetry by Takashi Kodaira. As a synthesis of the major principles governing not only modern but classical Japanese haiku, Kodaira's "Study of Seishi" offers American poets an understanding of haiku which is refreshingly straightforward and unequivocal. That is, truly useful.

The inspired collaboration between professors Kodaira and Marks has resulted in translations which reflect a careful balance of scholarship with an ear for rhythm and sound. The result is, far more often than not, that Grail of translation: the haiku which stands upon its merits *as an English language poem*. Only when we see it done successfully do we realize how seldom this has been accomplished by others in their attempts to approximate such sentiments as duration and informational content. Moreover, the translators' decision to render Seishi's poems in 17 syllables might possibly herald the end of an era in which our poets, having betrayed themselves to intellectual cleverness, have overlooked the most basic thing of all about poetry: its value first of all as sound. It requires no cleverness at all to understand that 17 notes of music make a 17-note song. It is not surprising to me that the translators, having got this matter right, manage nearly every other aspect of their task as well.

Born in 1901, Seichi became the student of Takahama Kyoshi at the age of twenty. Later, he broke with Kyoshi's Hototogisu School to develop his own uniquely modern style of haiku, nevertheless maintaining the traditional 17-syllable form and season word. With the advent of his own magazine *Tenro* in 1948, Seishi became the leader of what was to become one of the largest and most influential schools of haiku in modern Japan. He died on March 26th of this year at the age of 93, having become, in the opinion of some authorities, the preeminent haiku poet of the century.

The Essence of Modern Haiku offers poems covering more than 50 years of Seishi's career, each fully annotated with remarks on

seasonal expression, grammar, vocabulary and points of special interest. A small black diamond marks those poems which have been commemorated in the traditional manner with a “haiku stone”. The text of each poem is offered in Japanese, romaji (phoneticized Japanese), and English translation. Finally, for every poem the text provides the year of composition, along with a brief explanatory note by Seishi regarding the poem. Seishi’s explanatory notes themselves—despite their characteristic restraint—provide valuable insights not only into his creative process but also into the mind of a poet whose work, for all its modernity, justifies the claim, “My haiku are entirely in the tradition of Basho.” I am almost tempted to say that these comments alone comprise a text for writing haiku more valuable than anything which has thus far appeared in English. An example from 1933:

Up to summer grass,
wheels of a locomotive
coming to a stop.

A station yard thick with summer grass.
A locomotive comes in and stops there.
It brings its wheels to a halt and stops.
Summer grass juxtaposed with train wheels.

The quintessential example of Seishi’s use of juxtaposition (the pairing of “seasonal material with other material”), this poem also perfectly illustrates the two other principles characteristic of his uniquely modern approach to haiku: objective description and *shasei*, the realistic sketch from nature. Haiku such as this—the power of which arises from the selection of images to form a scene, rather than self-conscious poetic effort—have much to offer by way of example to poets writing haiku in English. A perfect example is Seishi’s most famous poem,

The summer river
immersing the scarlet end
of an iron chain.

about which Kodaira writes, “That crisp, hard poem is practically a touchstone of modern haiku.”

At times, however, Seishi finds the world of nature so replete with meaning, even juxtaposition becomes muted, leaving in the foreground an observation almost casual in tone:

In time of danger
the crab only needs to go
into a drainpipe.

"A crab finds it simple to save his life," Seishi says. He makes no reference to the house he lost in a bombing raid in 1945. The frailty of human life and the devastation of war are merely understood. The poem is even *more* powerful for its restraint. Take another example:

Diver in the air—
how little time goes by before
he hits the water!

Seishi writes, "The time between the platform and the pool is very short—the time it takes a man to fall." The language is at once objective and deeply felt.

Essence, however, covers a very broad range of experience. There are many haiku which are purely delightful in their descriptive appeal. One shows the poet in the high keep of a castle adjusting the winter hood on someone's baby so that he can see out. The keep itself has the traditional deep eaves of classical Japanese architecture, so the implied comparison, once we notice it, makes the scene even more delightful. There are in addition haiku on swim meets, skyscrapers, rugby and baseball games, farming and melons, industrial manufacturing, and quite a number on traditional festivals. Virtually anyone can find a poem which appeals somehow uniquely to him or her and, thanks to the book's unique format, linger over it for quite a while without exhausting its resources.

There are two poems of which I am particularly fond. Each one traces a pathway directly to the essence of the art.

Japanese knotweed—
the flower of castle walls,
the flower of stone.

The poem is simplicity itself. Seishi's comment:

Between the stones of a castle wall, a Japanese knotweed grows, and blossoms. The flower blooms with the aid of the castle wall, with the aid of the stone wall. If the knotweed heard me calling its flower "the stone flower," it would surely respond, "That's exactly right."

Zenkei Shibayama Roshi wrote a wonderful book on Zen entitled *A Flower Does Not Talk*. Had he read Seishi's haiku about the knotweed, however, I feel sure he would have said, "Well, yes. Occasionally they do say, 'That's exactly right.'"

The second example is more difficult, requiring not only Seishi's comment, but the notes on vocabulary, to make its meaning clear.

Peony blossom—
I clutch it between my hands
and stare at its face.

"Clutch" is probably the wrong word. Seishi explains:

I looked at a peony, a great-blossomed peony.
I approached it, cupped its face in my hands,
and gazed at it. It was a beautiful face. I
gazed at it endlessly.

When we examine the notes on vocabulary, we find that *omo* means not only "face", but "surface", and that *maza-to* implies "either that an image appears 'vividly/clearly,' or that one is looking intently at something in order to gain a vivid/clear picture."

When I give haiku workshops in various places, someone always asks, "But how do you really *do* it?" After having learned about structure, seasonal reference, objective language, and so forth, they still want to know *how*. Nowadays I want to tell them to look carefully at this poem, and keep looking at it for a long time.

In closing, I feel it only fair to admit that before I read this book and studied it carefully, my own haiku were not real. Though I had been composing poetry for over 20 years, and haiku for 17, what I understood was only something I had created myself, and not true haiku. I hope others will feel inspired to use *The Essence of Modern Haiku* not only for the rich enjoyment the book affords, but also as a kind of guide whereby to discover real haiku for themselves, rather than just making something up. Good luck to them!

Review by Clark Strand

A FIRST BIRD SINGING by Kōko Katō, translated by James Kirkup and Kōko Katō. Hub Editions, 11 The Ridgway, Flitwick, Bedfordshire, England MK45 1DH. 1993, n.p. [96 pp], perfect bound, ISBN 870653-23-8, £-5.

This book is one to be mined. The deceptively easy first read of its 146 haiku is devoid of single image “bites” that frequently stand out from a contemporary haiku text. Kōko Katō, known to America as editor of *Kō Haiku Magazine*, Nagoya, Japan, moves easily through the four seasons, from spring with

A first bird singing—
the pine tree’s gnarled trunk begins
swelling in the sun

through summer

In green leaf-shadow
sitting alone and drinking
unrefined sake’

and autumn

Wrapping my hands around
this tea-cup’s old yellow glaze—
September going

to winter with the

Soft kotto-kotto . . .
azuki beans simmering—
light snowflakes falling

to end with

Keeps returning to
peep again in the mirror—
child in New Year clothes

The translations by Kōko Katō and James Kirkup are so smooth the poems seemingly might have been written in English. Only once was I slightly jarred, with “. . . a goods train passes / it blows hair about”. There is no forcing to fit the 5-7-5 form though there is enjambment and a pause occasionally coming before or after the end of a line. No flow is interrupted. Aside from each haiku start-

ing with a capital, the only punctuation is a frequent dash to set apart a supportive or contrasting image. In discussing haiku in the Preface, "A Certain State of Mind," the poet Kirkup refers to it as "brief flashes of illumination" and rightly states that the author is "a notable and worthy and unique representative."

She slips easily from art to nature before one realizes that the moment pinpointed is perhaps her response to a painting. Or is she seeing the clouds over Hiroshige's Mount Fuji herself, reminded of his painting? Most surely she is seeing a cloud itself in

Woman by Chagall?
No—immediately changing
into a spring cloud

Unlike many published haiku inspired by exhibitions, books, or TV shows, where the source shows through, these are her own moments, however inspired. And they are very sensory, full of color and sound: "drop after drop, the red of/mountain persimmons"; "a wind keeps banging the door/in the house of dolls"; the cool felt ". . . just sitting in the middle of/a big round straw mat"; "eating spring snowflakes"; or "straw/ropes . . . /still fragrant-smelling".

She does not hesitate to use simile such as ". . . slow clouds . . . /like departing sails" or ". . . wings spreading wide, wider—/like mackerel clouds", but one has read the book without realizing the several strictures long bandied about in haiku in English; they are used by someone who has long studied haiku. Anthropomorphism creeps in with

The way flowers fall—
really falling with single
hearted devotion

or the delightful

Dog's tooth violets
keep beating time to the wind
behind the temple

Who would want to change that? One entry stretches towards philosophizing:

Innocence perhaps
is snowflakes dancing within
a great empty sky

And this reviewer wishes this and all other books were paginated for easier reference.

An observation that goes far beyond simplicity for me is

Chin resting upon
the handle of a hoe in
the green of the fields

Her use of the personal pronoun "I" is in keeping with her Foreword which says simply "... every one of my haiku is a piece of my heart, reflecting the light and shade of Nature—my dearest friend. And this Nature includes everything around me, and myself." A beautiful little book, 4 1/4 x 6 inches, perfect bound with a slick cover, "Hand Made in a Garden Shed in Bunyan Land". Information can also be obtained from Kōko Katō, 1-36-7, Ishida, Mizuho, Nagoya 467, Japan. Enclose 2 IRCs for reply airmail.

Review by L. A. Davidson

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.

Lampa u zoru/Lamp at dawn: Haiku, Robert Bebek. Includes art work and biography. Biblioteka/Series, Book 2. Croatian/English. The Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobar, Croatia. 1994, 70 pp, 5 1/2 x 8, perfect bound. ISBN 953-96157-1-2. No price given.

A Knock at the Gate, David Samuel Bloch. Illustrations, Julie Hagan Bloch. 1994, n.p. [28], 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, paper. ISBN 1-882817-03-6, \$6.70 ppd. From Julie Bloch, 51 Mongaup Rd., Hurleyville, NY 12747.

Mjesečina/Moonlight, Marijan Čekolj. Includes art work, introduction, biography. Biblioteka/Series, Book 1. Croation/English. The Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobar, Croatia. 1994, 70 pp, 5 1/2 x 8, perfect bound. ISBN 953-96157-0-4. No price given.

Autumn Wind in the Cracks, Tom Clausen. 1994, 44 pp, 4 x 3 1/2, paper. \$4. ppd. From author, 1421 Slaterville Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850.

the same sweet yellow, jean dubois. Haiku, haibun, tanka, linked lines, book renga. San Miguel Press, P.O. Box 442, Las Vegas, NM 87701. 1994, n.p. [48], 7 1/4 x 5, perfect bound. ISBN 0-9622932-2-9, \$12.50 plus \$3. p/h. Limited edition of 100, each numbered and signed by author.

EPIC Haiku Salon Journal, Volume 2. Anthology of the haiku written and discussed at the EPIC (Ehime Prefectural International Center) International Haiku Salon from April 1992 to March 1993. Japanese/English, translations by Ms. Yoshiko Yoshino, President of the Haiku Salon. EPIC, Internatl. Affairs Div., Ehime Prefectural Government, 4-4-2 Ichibancho, Matsuyama, Ehime, Japan CEP 790. 1994, 54 pp, 7 1/2 x 10, perfect bound. No price given.

Shadow Play: Night Haiku, Penny Harter. Illustrations, Jeffrey Greene. Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers. 1994, 32 pp, 10 x 8, hardcover. ISBN 0-671-88396-8, \$15.00 / \$19.50 Can. See review this issue.

The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson, and Issa. Edited and with an Introduction by Robert Hass. The Ecco Press; distributed by W. W. Norton & Co. 1994, 320 pp, 5 1/2 x 7 3/4, hardcover. ISBN 0-88001-372-9, \$25.

Haiku Is . . . A Feeling, Edith Mize Lewis. Illustrations, James B. King. Pippin Books, 8919 Old Pine Road, Boca Raton, FL 33433. For children 5-8 yrs. 1990, 64 pp, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, perfect bound. ISBN 0-9624993-0-7, \$5.95.

Wattle Winds: an Australian haiku sequence, by Jacqui Murray, Ross Clark, John Knight, and Jack de Vidas. Paper Wasp, 7 Bellevue Tce, St. Lucia, Queensland 4067, Australia. 1994, 20 pp, 5 3/4 x 8 1/4, paper. ISBN 0-646-17771-0. \$A.7.95, including surface mail postage.

Wind Five Folded: An Anthology of English-Language Tanka. Compiled and edited by Jane and Werner Reichhold. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1994, 256 pp, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, hardcover. ISBN 0-944676-21-9, \$15. ppd.

Musical Chairs: A Haiku Journey Through Childhood, Alexis Rotella. Jade Mountain Press, 16651 Marchmont, Los Gatos, CA 95032. 1994, 74 pp, 6 x 9, perfect bound. ISBN 0-917951-26-3. \$11. ppd.

Creativity: A New Psychology, George Swede. A readable, well documented book containing new research on creativity including findings from this professor of psychology at Ryerson Polytechnic University in Toronto, who is well-known as a creative, sensitive haiku poet. Wall & Emerson, Inc., Six O'Connor Drive, Toronto, Ont., Canada M4K 2K1, or Wall & Emerson, Inc., 8701 Slagle Rd., Dayton, OH 454581, USA. Telephone: (416) 467-8685; Fax: (416) 696-2460. 1993, 112 plus viii pp, perfect bound. ISBN 1-895131-11-1, \$10.

Sakura: Haiku, Yoshiko Yoshino. Translations, Jack Stamm. Illustrations, Hiroshi Manabe; India ink picture, Ayako Kishimoto. Japanese/English. Hoshi Magazine Publisher, 4-5-6 Chhifune-machi, Matsuyama-shi, Ehime 790, Japan. 1993, 132 pp, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, perfect bound. \$10.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Hawaii Education Association International Contest 1994

Deadline: November 15, 1994.

Prizes of \$45, \$25, and \$15 will be awarded in three categories: Season Word, Hawaiian Word, and Humorous. Entries should be typed on two 3 x 5 cards. The poet's name, address, Social Security Number, and the category of entry should appear on one card only.

Entry fee is US\$1.00 for each haiku submitted. U.S. poets please send SASE for contest results. All others wanting the results please send two International Reply Coupons.

Poets in the U.S. who would like the complete rules, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope. Outside of the U.S. please send one International Postage Coupon. Mail all entries to: HAIKU CONTEST, Hawaii Education Association, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii 96826.

HEA is now accepting orders for *Na Pua'oli puka* #8 (1993-94). The price is US\$3.00, plus US\$0.75 for postage within the U.S. Canada postage: US\$0.86. All others: US\$2.51 airmail or US\$1.25 surface mail.

Burnished Pebbles: International Haiku and Small Poems Calendar

Each Calendar Month will feature one winning poem with each poem beautifully illustrated by a Canadian artist. Each winner receives a cash award plus a calendar.

Rules:

1. Unlimited entries, but each must be original, unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere until winners are notified by mail August 1st.
2. Submit poems 8 lines or less, such as couplet, tercet, haiku, senryu, sijo, cinquain, limerick. Seasonal subjects preferable but others will be considered.
3. Each poem must be typed on TWO 3 x 5 index cards; one with poem ONLY, the other with poem and full name and address.
4. Entry fee: 3 poems for \$10.00 or \$4.00 per poem (Canadian or US funds).
5. Entries must be received between November 1st and March 31st each year (beginning 1994).
6. All entries must be accompanied by a 50-100 word biography (typed on a regular sheet of bond paper, please).
7. Include SASE for list of winners. (US postage is acceptable; foreign entries add either \$1.00 to entry fee OR 2 International Reply Coupons).

Send entries and make cheques or International Money Orders payable to: In Harmony Promotions, 114 Harmony Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8H 4Y1.

Poets can order a copy of *Burnished Pebbles* when submitting their entries for the special pre-publication price of \$7.00 Can. or US (includes postage). After publication price will be \$7.00 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling.

Mirrors Fifth International Tanka Award

In-hand deadline, November 30, 1994. Thirty-one tanka selected by Geraldine C. Little, judge, will be published in *Tanka Splendor 1994*. Winners will receive free copies. No fee.

Each author may submit up to ten poems each typed on two 3 x 5 cards. On one card, name and address in upper left corner; the

other is for anonymous judging. Tanka should be in English, in five lines, without titles and contain 31 or less syllables. Poems are to be original, not under consideration or previously published. Send with SASE for winners' list to Tanka Contest, POB 1250, Gualala, CA 95445.

Haiku Class Name Change

Mrs. Shigeko Garcia announces that the name of her Haiku Class was changed on January 1, 1994 from the California Seizu Branch of Haiku to Four Seasons Haiku Class. A publication, Issue No. 2, 1994 contains mostly Japanese haiku, but there are also a few in English. Mrs. Shigeko Garcia, 1719 Nilo Way, San Diego, CA 92139.

AUTHOR INDEX

- Alma, Nasira, 6
Anderson, Kay F., 13
avis, nick, 32
Balus, Richard, 25
Beringer, Donald, 24
bernath, james, 24
Brown, Naomi Y., 24
Burke, Dan, 11
Carr, Bill, 23
Chessing, James, 28
Childs, Cyril, 15, 18, 25
Clifton, K. H., 31
Connor, Pamela, 15
Davidson, L. A., 16, 45
Davie, Helen K., 10
Deming, Kristen, 30
Dordick, Barry, 7
Dorman, Kim, 16
Dudley, Michael, 33
Dunphy, John J., 8
Duppenenthaler, Peter, 32
Easter, Charles H., 14
Erwin, Wilma M., 27
Feingold, B. H., 25
Fenn, Liz, 25
Fitzsimmons, Thomas, 14
Gallagher, Donna D., 7, 9
Gay, Garry, 6, 10, 21, 27
Gershator, David Carmel, 12, 17
Gibson, Robert, 15
Gorman, LeRoy, 1, 26, 31
Goswell, joan iversen, 32
Hardenbrook, Yvonne, 8, 27
Hart, William, 7, 15
Heinrich, Peggy, 10
Heitmeyer, Doris, 7
Herold, Christopher, 9, 10, 22, 23
Higgins, Frank, 9, 25
Hoffman, Chris, 6
Holter, Ruth, 14
Hotham, Gary, 10
Kacian, Jim, 12
Kirby, Martin, 18
Kroll, Rob, 9
Lacoe, Addie, 18
La Rocca, Lynda, 12
Lesh, Jenniffer L., 15
Little, Geraldine C., 9
Loudin, Robert, 8
Makiko, 31
McLemore, Monita, 28
McNierney, Michael, 6, 18
Meer, Mary Fran, 6
Miller, Philip, 23
Moore, Lenard D., 38
Morcom, Joanne, 8, 28
Nika, 31
O'Connor, John, 14, 25
Ogino, Yoko, 18
Olson, Marian, 31
Peralta, Federico C., 16
Polster, Edythe, 23
Porad, Francine, 28
Pupello, Anthony J., 8
Quagliano, Tony, 16
Ricke, Bryan, 23
Romano, Emily, 29
Rosenow, Ce, 27
Rotella, Alexis, 27, 28
Roth, Emilie J., 15
Rungren, Lawrence, 12
Sagan, Miriam, 37
Sherry, Helen J., 24
Smith, Joan, 15
Snyder, Kaye Bache, 30
Stevenson, John, 10, 12
Strand, Clark, 40
Sutter, Dave, 11
Swaim, Alice Mackenzie, 10
Swist, Wally, 27, 33
Tanemura, Kenneth, 6
Taylor, Marilyn, 12
tripi, vincent, 8, 24
Turner, John, 18
Walsh, Phyllis, 30
Welch, Michael Dylan, 19, 21, 22
White, Mark Arvid, 12
Williams, Paul O., 31
Woerdehoff, Valorie Broadhurst, 13
Wood, Clifford, 32
Woodruff, William, 7
Yasui, Yasuko, 24
Youmans, Rich, 26
Yovu, Peter, 28
Zipper, Arizona, 28, 31

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