



frogpond

XIX:2 SEPTEMBER 1996

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

333 East 47th Street
New York, NY 10017

Established 1968

Co-founders: Harold G. Henderson and Leroy Kanterman

President: Barbara Ressler, 1717 Kane St., Apt. 27, Dubuque, IA 52001

First Vice-President: Lee Gurga, 514 Pekin St., Lincoln, IL 62656

Second Vice-President: Alice Benedict, 2579 - 15th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94127

Acting Secretary: Dee Evetts, P.O. Box 1179, New York, NY 10013-1179

Treasurer: Raffael de Gruttola, 4 Marshall Rd., Nattick, MA 01760

frogpond Editor: Kenneth C. Leibman, P.O. Box 767, Archer, FL 32618-0767;
e-mail: kenneth@afn.org

Regional Coordinators:

Northeast: Lawrence Rungren, 1 Tanglewood Way North, Andover, MA 01810

East Coast Metropolitan Area: John Stevenson, P.O. Box 122, Nassau, NY 12123

Southeast: Jim Kacian, Route 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611

Midwest: Harvey Hess, 505 Frederic Ave., Waterloo, IA 50701

Southwest: Michael McNierney, 3850 Paseo del Prado #37, Boulder, CO 80301

Northwest: Robert E. Major, P.O. Box 533, Poulsbo, WA 98370-0533

California: Michael Dylan Welch, 248 Beach Park Blvd., Foster City, CA 94404

Hawaii: Darold D. Braida, 1617 Keeaumoku St. #1206, Honolulu, HI 96822

Subscription/Membership US\$20 USA and Canada; \$28 overseas by airmail only, in US dollars by check on a US bank or International Postal Money Order. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 3 issues of *frogpond*. Single copies: 1996, US\$7 USA & Canada, US\$9 overseas; 1992 & 1993 double issues, US\$10 US & Canada, US\$12 overseas; all others, US\$5 US & Canada, US\$6 overseas. If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues are NOT acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc.; send subscription/memberships, renewals, and donations to the Acting Secretary, and backissue orders to the *frogpond* Editor.

Also send all changes of address and requests for information to the Acting Secretary. Send all editorial material (with SASE) to the Editor. Send all other correspondence to the pertinent officers at their home addresses. **Mail sent to the permanent corporate address at the top of this page will be subject to delay in forwarding.** When a reply is required, SASE *must* be enclosed.

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *frogpond*. Haiku Society of America, its officers, or the editor, do not assume responsibility for views of contributors (including its own officers) whose work is printed in *frogpond*, research errors, infringements of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Copyright © 1996 by Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Cover art by Robert T. Malinowski

ISSN 8755-156X

frogpond

on hermitage stone
a pause in meditation—
damsel fly

H.F. Noyes

Vol. XIX, No. 2 September 1996
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Museum of Haiku Literature
\$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

spring planting
her refusal
to compromise

Anthony J. Pupello

FROM THE EDITOR

As the worst of the heat waves abate and pumpkins begin to appear in the supermarkets, we present the first of the enlarged issues that will appear three times a year. The increased number of pages allows that amenity that many of you have asked for: perfectbinding.

Among the contents of this issue is a review of many of the better internet sites that feature haiku, which also contains a warning about the many "real stinkers" among such sites. The problem with such uncontrolled expansion of the Misinformation Highway is that many people who have little understanding of haiku get completely the wrong impression of what haiku really are. Thus, *The Wall Street Journal* recently published an article, "Poetic License on the Internet," subtitled "Odes to Spam Renew/Literary Zest On-Line/Haiku Craze Is Back," by a staff reporter, Jeff Zeleny, who tells us that "masters of the computer are redefining haiku," and cites as a model of the new haiku: "Spam volcano blows,/Stratosphere laden with pork./Gorgeous pink sunsets." This outdoes anything in Monty Python's favorite lunchroom! The article was copied in a number of other newspapers, and acquaintances have sent me clippings; I could sense the smirks with which the letters were sealed.

Five years ago, *Harper's Magazine* published a set of what they labeled as haiku by David Trinidad, which were included in "The Best American Poetry 1991," edited by Mark Strand, then the Poet Laureate of the US. The verses were about kiddie TV programs of the '60's, and began with "Like a rock, Elly/May's cake sank to the bottom/of the 'cement' pond." I wrote a letter to *Harper's*, trying to tell them what haiku are. I said that their examples "are not haiku, never would have been haiku, never (please God) will be haiku." I sent a copy to Strand. Neither *Harper's* nor the Poet Laureate ever replied.

Rest easy, comrades; I have rejected haiku a hundred times better than these, and we still have an 84-page issue this trimester. The haiku craze isn't back (it never left), but crazy haiku seem to be. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Robert Malinowski has given us his impression of the element fire, appropriate for the summer season, for our (perfectbound!) cover.

K.C.L.

CONTENTS

Theme Haiku: H.F. Noyes	1
Museum of Haiku Literature Award: Anthony J. Pupello	2
From the Editor	2
Haiku	4
Senryu	39
Sequences: <i>In Praise of Light</i> , Lesley Einer; <i>Duffy</i> , Peggy Heinrich; <i>Babine Village</i> , robert gibson; <i>Lake Superior Fisherman</i> , Jeanne Emrich; <i>Hangin' Tree</i> , Brad Wolthers; <i>Contemplations: Summer</i> , Geraldine C. Little; <i>Tick by Tick</i> , Carol Conti-Entin; <i>Nothing</i> <i>New</i> , Michael Ketchek	40
Zenga: <i>Entering the Light</i> , Margaret Chula/Christopher Herold .	46
Rengay: <i>Chaparral</i> , Helen K. Davie/John Thompson; <i>Night Clouds</i> , Yvonne Hardenbrook/Tom Clausen; <i>Taking Root</i> , Ebba Story/ D. Claire Gallagher; <i>Face of Wind</i> , Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff/Connie Meester; <i>Autumn Rain</i> , Cherie Hunter Day/ Ce Rosenow; with haiku lagniappe	47
Haibun: <i>Serpent in Summer</i> , Emily Romano; <i>Bigger than the Moon</i> , David Nelson Blair; <i>The Walden Spirit</i> , Phil Howerton; <i>Finality</i> , Lesley Einer; <i>Autumn Echoes</i> , Kay F. Anderson; <i>The Changing</i> <i>Scene</i> , Liz fenn	52
Readings: Favorite Haiku by H.F.Noyes and Elizabeth St Jacques	56
Tanka	58
“Haiku Chicago” Delegates Visit Washington, Kristen Deming .	59
Reviews of Literature, Print and Electronic:	
Useful Internet Sites for Haiku, John Sheirer	65
Cassette: <i>Grinding My Ink</i> , Margaret Chula and Ken Ulansey. Reviewed by Elizabeth Nichols	70
Books: <i>Dance of Light</i> , Elizabeth St Jacques. Reviewed by Marian Olson	72
<i>Unbroken Curve</i> (anthology). Reviewed by Ebba Story	74
<i>One Breath</i> (anthology). Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman	75
<i>Presents of Mind</i> . Jim Kacian. Rev. by Kenneth C. Leibman	76
Errata, previous issues	77
Books Received	78
Announcements: Contests	79
Publications	81
Meetings	81
Author Index	82

morning sun enters
the sleeper's
ear

John Stevenson

A dove's feather
caught
among rose thorns

Donna J. Waidtlow

at the feeder
a hummingbird holds itself
furiously still

Ronan

asphalt bright
in the mid-day sun . . .
shadows of birds

Bill Moore

The scrub jay's calls
follow it from tree to tree
not quite keeping up

Edward Grastorf

eating
mulberries
upside-down
blue jay

Timothy Russell

the jay shrieks
no matter which plum
i take

William M. Ramsey

birch grove:
blue excitement
of a jay

Emily Romano

cheerful dawn—
the voice of His birds
expecting worms

Sister Mary Theresa, ORL

breakfast toast
the carolina wren
comes closer

Yvonne Hardenbrook

a flock of birds
among the raspberries
she couldn't reach

Francine Buda Banwarth

catching shadows
in late morning sunlight
the empty birdnest

Carol Dagenhardt

in the yard
the empty birdhouse
ages

Paul O. Williams

throwing shadows across the cupola
a mockingbird's leap
into song

Wally Swist

the kingfisher
chatters his way from one fish
to another

Doris H. Thurston

slanting sunlight—
in a kingfisher's beak,
brief glint of silver

Emily Romano

Wriggling
towards the rising sun,
a morning-glory vine.

Charles Rea

city dump
climbing the cyclone fence
morning glories

R.A. Stefanac

daisy petals
scattered on the path:
he loves her not

Patricia Neubauer

its whiteness
deepened to maroon
the trillium fades

Suzanne Williams

looking for wildflowers—
one sandal left behind
in the mud

Jocelyn A. Conway

walking past the water lilies i open my palms to the rain

Pamela A. Babusci

Changing my course:
flowering eucalyptus
in a clear blue sky

Tom Tico

just scrub
now the redbuds
are gone

Makiko

Linden flowers gone—
and I haven't picked any
for my basswood tea!

Kam Holifield

Slight breeze—
a field of dewdrops
blinking dawn

Bob Carlton

all that green lawn
brightened by newly minted
dandelions

Kam Holifield

a house burned down
among the debris
a dandelion

Naomi Y. Brown

In broad daylight:
rising above green lawns
dandelion ghosts

Jane K. Lambert

overgrown
with dandelions
the fallout shelter

Paul David Mena

our wisteria
flowering well
next door

ernest j berry

memorial park
beneath mimosa blooms
an empty Camel pack

Mary Fran Meer

twilight . . .
the sunflower's heavy head
propped on the fence

Helen K. Davie

wet petals
tremble
catching the pale moonlight

Judith Liniado

inside the moonlily
the shadow of
a bee

Celia Stuart-Powles

almost vanishing
in the dark rose
a silent bee

Edward J. Rielly

a single bloom
on the beach rose . . . the bee
comes back again

Carol Conti-Entin

orchid in half blossom—
on its stem
a praying mantis . . .

Harsangeet Kaur Bhullar

migrating monarch
alights, then flies off
across a contrail

Paul M

a village path
three butterflies flying
into silence

Mile Stamenković

. . . and then
in the early silence—
buzzing fly

Randy W. Pait

The TV screen
X-rays its wings:
the fly.

Ross LaHaye

under book light
fly wing shadows
huge on the page

Linda Fuller-Smith

*makri ke jaal mein
os ki bundein
subah ka pehla shikaar*

drop of dew
on a spider's web
day's first catch

(Hindi original and English translation by *Parikshith Singh*)

spider
spinning in a field
of Queen Anne's lace

Merrill Ann Gonzales

so fine a web
I did not see it
nor did the fly

Elsie O. Kolashinski

creek willows
a yellow fishing fly
in the spider's orb

Elizabeth Howard

the spider dead
her whole life trapped
in her web

Robert Gibson

colorless dusk:
glimpses of fireflies
rising against rain

Alison Poe

fireflies in heat
flashing signals with
come-hither lights

Flori Ignoffo

Starless summer night
No sound of rain on hot stones
fireflies in pines

M.J. Iuppa

just the deer and I
and the gathering
fireflies

last night
first night without fireflies—
you too have moved away

Doris Lynch

filling my car
three friends
and a fly

Connie R. Meester

pinned
by beetle's
green-metal
glint

John Martone

by skylight
carpenter ant crosses
the afternoon moon

Suzanne Williams

waiting
for the moon's eclipse to end
first crickets

(April 3, 1996)

Ayrs Kirkofield

a loud car passes
and now I hear them better—
cricket songs

Francis J. Caporale

how disconcerting—
that cricket & my heartbeat
a fraction out of sync

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

no one home
a lizard scampers
from the potted fern

Matthew Louvière

on a magnolia branch
scurrying lizard
becomes a twig

Madelyn Eastlund

moonlit marsh—
bullfrogs bellowing
the ancient song

Timothy Russell

ocean beach fog
bareback riders race through
the breaking surf

Mary Fran Meer

a wave
in the making, come
let's catch it!

Robert Henry Poulin

ocean wind
wave lapping wave
in the wild grass

Laurie W. Stoelting

Footprints
in tidal sands
disappearing fast

Victor Bloom

Launching a kite—
everybody watches it
hit the ocean

J. Clontz

Distant sail tacking
beneath the thunderhead:
rattle of beach grass

Mike Dillon

sea gull reflected
in a shallow pool
standing on his own two feet

Dorothy McLaughlin

evening beach—
retreating my lawn chair
before the tide

Paul Watsky

beach sunset
rim of bright breast above
the bikini bra

Jim Kacian

moonlit beach—
alone
on a driftwood log

Winona Baker

at lake's edge
a large rock parts each wave
differently

Suzanne Williams

revisiting the park
my sad eyes
in the pond

Lynn Theobald

Gracefully flowing,
bending with every current,
pond scum.

Sandy Sariti

balancing on the ridge
my shadow
deep into the valley

Laurie W. Stoelting

Summer solstice
lingering on this hilltop
in the last light

D. Claire Gallagher

hollering for
my son—the lake
hollering back

William M. Ramsey

placid pond . . .
tossing pebbles
into clouds

Lloyd Gold

ripple—
again the mountaintop
drifts away

Ruth Yarrow

alpen-glow
cauldron of the dead volcano
afire once more

Brad Wolthers

above the tree line
birdsong
breaks the silence

Peggy Heinrich

staggering downhill
among the rocks—
my new bifocals

Paul Watsky

a mountain falls:
clear ribbons of the stream
plunging over the stones

Wally Swist

in the eddy
a small green leaf
the others move on

michelle albert

ever restless
the moon
in the river

Cyril Childs

in every ripple
of the shaded river
a half moon

Laurie W. Stoelting

High in the northeast
sunset's full moon soon curtained
by overnight clouds

Kam Holifield

in the glow
after the moon passes
from the cloud

Connie R. Meester

moon on the water
a fish jumps
taking it

James Tipton

bandbox lady
doing a fast two-step
to beat of raindrops

Edith Mize Lewis

down
the
fire
escape
a
rusty
raindrop

Carlos Colón

thunder clouds
almost as dark
as the asphalt beneath

Sundance

clouds escape over the mountains leaving me the thunder

Pamela A. Babusci

lightning
a sudden laugh
in her eyes

Jim Kacian

after the shower
the smell of ground rising
toward the clouds

Robert Bebek

setting sun
sliced between cloud bank
and tree line

Cheryl C. Manning

dusk . . .
the calls
begin

Donald B. Hendrich

where shall we go?
the wind

has taken the map

Michael Dylan Welch

a voiceless bird
the narrow streets dividing
sunshine and the winds

Mile Stamenković

wind chimes'
new allegro movement
on yesterday's theme

Ronan

a sound of waves—
the summer wind plays them
in the high tree tops

Wally Swist

deep timber
the storm wind
unhinging shadows

A. Aragheti

Summer breeze:
this dappled path
in constant flux

Tom Tico

In the sudden wind
losing tickets are off
racing the horses

Nelle Fertig

summer wind—
the aspens beside
themselves

Donald B. Hendrich

lull in the storm—
the birch tree
straightens

Robert Kusch

tree shadow
by tree shadow
down the street

Bruce Ross

The apple tree
holds itself
in its own embrace.

Linda Claire Yuhas

only the shape of the water birch
in the bittersweet's
stranglehold

Judson Evans

the tree bark
g e n t l y
enfolds barbed wire

Lee R. Seidenberg

with barbed wire
deep in their guts—the old trees
at the pasture's edge

Larry Kimmel

CRIME SCENE/DO NOT CROSS

well inside the tape
that flaming maple!

Louise Somers Winder

in the sawmill yard
for a moment seeing
all the stumps

Robert Kusch

in the hollow
of the rotten tree stump
a wild vine takes root

Cathy Drinkwater Better

civil war cannon
lost under blankets
of alabama kudzu

Ryan G. Van Cleave

Ferns turning yellow
lighting up the forest
where no sun shines

Jim Thielen

stillness at dawn
surprised by the whirring wings
of a rising dove

Eileen I. Jones

Edge fencing
circles a garden
never planted

Debra Kehrberg

old woman
folded double
pulling weeds

Linda Claire Yuhas

in the compost pile
an onion
coming back to life

Robert Gilliland

brothers
harvesting the cornfield
monk and mouse

Mary Fran Meer

field of corn
trembling
as rain begins

Robert L. Brimm

airfield closed—
down a windswept runway

tumbleweed

Ellen Compton

dusk
leaving behind a slice
of mandarin sun

Dawn E. Powell

at sundown
how far the little pebbles
cast their shadows

Elsie O. Kolashinski

first
rain
drop
cat
opens
one
eye

Philip Miller

in and out
of summer rain
a ginger cat
ai li

scaling the piano our cat plays on

Connie R. Meester

even though
he doesn't know the way
my dog insists on leading

alone in the house
my dog at the window
yawning

Michael Steffen

Turbulent waters—
the lone pup rides a broken raft
wagging his tail.

Diane E. Baumer

empty collar
on the table
—taking his memory
for a walk

Dianne Borsenik

gentle breeze
covering her old dog's grave
with plum blossoms

Louise Somers Winder

Twilight's last gleam—
the back entrance
of the animal hospital

Ellen Florman

cat-leap—
the firefly
extinguished

Kevin Hull

up early,
the woodpecker turning my house
into his

Frank Higgins

soft clay
the sparrow's tracks
sketch a sparrow

Michael Fessler

highway cafe
a sparrow picks bugs
off parked cars

Robert Gibson

Logging road—
the pileated woodpecker
flings its cry ahead

Carol Purington

walking the bounds
where the bobwhite called
clearcut

Ellen Compton

solitary hawk
soaring on the updrafts
from the Interstate

Charles P. Trumbull

calm waters
a flight of egrets mirrored
downstream

Ruth Holter

Nearly featherless
the old ostrich
struts.

Peggy Garrison

heat wave coming
the nasty snarl
of mating cats

Merrill Ann Gonzales

summer heat
the broodmare's
sagging back

R.A. Stefanac

dark houses
silent streets
the small orange glow of doorbells

Lee R. Seidenberg

light for so long
now it is the dark of night
that wakes me

Leatrice Lifshitz

summer night
even my dreams
are reruns

Gene Doty

clear candleholder
its midnight emptiness
the shape of moonlight

Richard Thompson

at 3am silent petrol pumps

ernest j berry

4 am
a few voices
prop up the night.

Peggy Garrison

4:30 a.m.

the hounddogs sleeping at last
but the rooster

Elizabeth Howard

summer morning—
the crew paves a new road
across my dream

Hayat Abuza

The blue jar
filled with sunbeams
overflows the windowsill

Joyce Austin Gilbert

the morning sun
takes the lazy path
to the waterwheel

A. Araghetti

dopple to dopple
cars
swish i n g

Dorothy Howard

moving below—
a distant speck:
our plane's shadow

Lyn Reeves

after the air show
the planes' wing washes
through each other

A. Araghetti

River fisherman
the sun landed at twilight
glimmers.

Marijan Čekolj

our campfire
burns
to death

Tony Konrardy

morning jogging
in every sport-shoe
a thousand twitterings

Mile Stamencović

crumbling barn
new tractor in the field
waiting

Flori Ignoffo

setting down
the incense cone
its warmth

the darkness
it makes about itself—
flaring match

Susan Stanford

Morning, doves call—
I turn to watch
My partner sleep

D.L. Bachelor

fingers intertwine—
we had no idea how long
our walk would take

Randy M. Brooks

at the red light
proposing to the woman
in the rear-view mirror

on the answering machine
the voice
I met at the Botanic Gardens

James Tipton

finding her note
in my shirt pocket:
hours until morning

Randy W. Pait

jazz on the radio
and candle flames
but she had to go

Donna E. Dodson

after lovemaking,
the moon in the window
of the cheap motel

Michael Dylan Welch

after the wedding,
the glass wedged in his shoe
clicking and clicking

Myotis Brown

inside a heart
carved on the dead tree
my ex-wife and I

ernest j berry

my sweater—
how strange her name
on his lips

Paul M

teacup empty my mind full of disappointments

Pamela A. Babusci

angry
I fold the laundry
a third time

John Sheirer

slashing the meat
saying she is no longer
mad at me

Jerry A. Judge

lyingbacktoback
the space between us

John S. O'Connor

in deep silence
I eavesdrop her
absence . . .

Marijan Čekolj

empty room then another

Tom Hoyt

roses on sale
at the florist
you frequented

Fay Aoyagi

moving day—
old rose petals
in your dresser

Jim Mullins

drinking alone—
night rain
streaking down the window

Yu Chang

alone
in this strange bed—
a distant train whistle

Jocelyn A. Conway

that timelessness
in the old man's eyes
as he tells his tales

Jeff Swan

faded like the house
she lives in
the old woman's wedding photo

Angelee Deodhar

her eighty-first birthday:
in the mailbox
coupons

in a hospital bed
thinking in two directions

Rebecca M. Osborn

sultry breeze
lifting my skirt
old man's spittled grin

Gloria H. Procsal

footsteps
in my mother's bedroom
no one there

H. Nelson Fitton

We men lift
the matriarch's casket:
the lone white cloud

Mike Dillon

rush hour—
the traffic slows behind
the coffin-bearing truck

Tim Happel

funeral procession
the street corner mime
salutes

Melissa Leaf Nelson

after the funeral she sleeps
on his side of the bed

Stuart Quine

the new grave—
a flying grackle dissolves
into light

Eileen I. Jones

watering grave flowers
with an old coffee can
whispering his name

Ken Harrell

An ancient gravestone.
Kneeling to clean out the moss
that obscures their names

Robert Major

one year later
the family name glistening
in sun-hot marble

Florence McGinn

a sunbaked path no shadow comes to meet me

Keiko Imaoka

just before her arrival
my shadow
across the train tracks

Kenneth Tanemura

raised by her hands
I lay poppies
at grandmother's grave

Amy Fabricius

we sweep his grave—
the cow pond
choked with weeds

Susan Stanford

Seeking ancestors
I find our names buried
beneath heavy moss

Sarah Hickenbotham

dawn moves step by step as my baby cries

Lael Johnson

dawn's first light
creeping into the nursery
watching my son sleep

Penel Ketchek

sunlight
veiling children's hair
at the church door

Dorothy McLaughlin

poked inside
a trumpet flower:
toddler's finger

Emily Romano

summer breeze . . .
a tin-can phone call
from treehouse to treehouse

Michael Dylan Welch

Family reunion
—the nameless children all
strangely familiar

Carol Purington

Smoothing her doll's skirt—
small fingers edged with
bright polish

Peggy Olafson

We play hide-and-peek
on a long summer's evening
. . . called home one by one

Robert Major

darkening sky
wondering where
my children have gone

Kay F. Anderson

my child
tells me
she's asleep

Ellen Brimeyer

on the walk
his brazen shadow
touches her

Jerry A Judge

alone again—
the deeper blues
in her watercolour

Michael Dylan Welch

my complex painting
—even I can't access
its meaning

Francine Porad

the busy sidewalk—
a small crowd gathers
around his guitar

Mark Arvid White

Briefly at rest
before the next round—
carousel horses

Tom Tico

both of us talked out
in the shallows,
minnows

Robert Jenkins

awkward silence—
the clink of dinner forks
deafening

Dawn E. Powell

summer evening porch—
palm fans waving back and forth
conversation wilts

Stephen Radcliffe Schieck

starlit night—
neighbor's voices drift
from half-open windows

Kenneth Tanemura

Afternoon nap—
the bells of San Lorenzo
strike the heat

D. Claire Gallagher

oakland burning
my rice pan
boiling over

Hasa

absorbed by the lochs . . .
sound of pipes

ernest j berry

steam rises
in an open field—
first monsoon

Kim Dorman

toothless wahine
smile lines
swallow her moko

ernest j berry

wahine, Polynesian woman.

moko, traditional Maori face tattoo, on the lower lip in women.

Golden Gate in fog
from the postcard shop
a clear picture

Robert Epstein

coffee and beignets
powdered sugar
on your smile

Keiko Imaoka

summer downpour—
the bronze boy in the park
keeps on peeing

Charles P. Trumbull

gentle rain . . .
moonlight on every
umbrella

first
umeboshi—
the
pucker
spreading
to
my
toes

S.B. Friedman

umeboshi, pickled plum

In the Ponto-cho,
she passes circumspectly . . .
a modest geisha.

(Kyoto)

Robert Major

old warrior's house—
at the bolt of the wooden door
a snail's asleep

Yasuko Yasui

raccoon night
drunken father singing
the same old war song

Yoko Ogino

The “raccoon” here is the raccoon dog (*tanuki*), an East Asian wild dog that has a masked face remarkably like that of the North American raccoon, but a fatter body and a shorter, nonringed tail. It is said to beat on its belly when it hears music, producing *tanuki bayashi*—ghostly drumming.

happy hour
smoke curling
into smoke

Christopher Suarez

with a bottle of port
pair of old seadogs
tacking round the bar

ernest j berry

An inch beyond
the horse's reach—
roadside poppies

The old pond:
a waterbug
disturbs the universe

Dave Sutter

stones in the sunlit meadow . . .
pierced by the shrill drone
of cicadas

Wally Swist

Overgrown old pool—
I remember the voice
of the frog who lived there.

Tom Williams

prairie pond . . .
the swish of the reed
as the red-wing lifts

Elizabeth St Jacques

The sounds of popping
lilies unbudding on a
dying lake in bloom

Sandra Gordon Hersh

old pueblo
coyotes crossing
the street

Keiko Imaoka

Each time I glance
from the haiku page—
a new cloud formation

Tom Tico

shafts gleam through
the fraying clouds

Lloyd Gold

missing the turnoff—
across the plains the shadows
chasing sunlight

Melissa Leaf Nelson

blackberry picking—
the first breath of morning
in the cottonwood tops

Lee Gurga

one perfect shell
among bits of broken trash
littered on the sand

Sheila Hyland

the sea-edge moon
a small version of the one
we have in Texas

Jim Kacian

so dark
all the minor stars
confuse the constellations

Paul O. Williams

again no stars
how can a wish
be made

Rita Z. Mazur

armadillo
by the side of the road
small arms folded

Celia Stuart-Powles

Sand swept away—
White seashell
on the table.

Jean E. Leyman

some of the sun
glinting off the sea
is dolphins

driftwood
the sailboat skipper
tacks windward

Raffael de Gruttola

first star
silence
after reciting the rhyme

Christopher Herold

deaf signers on tour,
so much talk, only the sound
of their laughter

Hayat Abuza

in the mirror
the blind man's face
stares back at him

Joseph DeLuise

Doing string tricks
as the children gather—
the old molester.

John Laugenour

emergency room
an unseen phone
rings and rings

Anthony J. Pupello

my wife's breasts—
the surgeon
gauges my reaction

setting out on holiday
the scientist
plans his next experiment

Cyril Childs

expert deposition—
folding and unfolding
his surgeon's hands

Barry George

tough algebra problem:
eraser rubbings
scattered on the floor

Keri Leigh Heitkamp

Reading in bed—
my pinky
the first asleep.

Patrick Sweeney

moonlit night . . .
stepping on
the rose's shadow

Kenneth Tanemura

on her knees
in a field of bluebells,
the agnostic

Geraldine C. Little

Eucharist
she leaves her gloves
on

Heather Buss

noon breeze
the old nun's expression
unchanged

Christopher Suarez

crickets
between
her prayers

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff

no rain
twilight stretches
the shaman's prayer-stick

Anthony J. Pupello

their plantation house
refurbished;
porch rockers vacant

William M. Ramsey

home from the navy
my room
still the same

Devin Lindsey

so much depends
on a photographed smile
so long departed

Robert Henry Poulin

The neighbor across
turns off his TV first,
then his living room

André Lefevere

July 4th
through barbecue smoke
the salmon's bright eye

Marian Olson

after
the
parade
toy
flags
in
the
garbage
can

Simon Ott

fish and chips
last night's news
seen through

Jim Kacian

lunch hour walk
scent of honeysuckle evolving
into burgers and fries

Cathy Drinkwater Better

in the meat
of the papaya
Gauguin's orange

Frederick Gasser

fireworks
the whiteness
of men's throats

Makiko

out of the freezer
a roasting-bird—
goosebumps

Susan Stanford

soup kitchen
the hollow ring
of an empty ladle

Anthony J. Pupello

sticky hot—
adjusting the fan
to include the windchimes

Ronan

bleak desert
on my car radio
white noise

Elizabeth Nichols

summer heat puddles the road with shiny illusion

Richmond Dean Williams

clear desert night
vertigo watching the stars
move the sky

Ronan

Summer's end—
I spend today at the beach
the woods tomorrow

Kam Holifield

summer sloughs—
cicadas begin to trill
in willows

Jianqing Zheng

still whole
beneath this wasting leafpile
cicada shell

Eileen I. Jones

grinding, grinding,
one cricket
keeps fall going

Ayrs Kirkofield

running this road
i see no one
autumn dusk

Jerry Gill

The harvest moon—
Between clumps of crabgrass
A rotting plum

Edward Zuk

beneath a blownout tire
a blue spiderwort—
last day of summer

Nina A. Wicker

ripe persimmons
two less for the birds
summer's end

Flori Ignoffo

barren twigs
over a hum of bees—
fallen persimmons

Lori Laliberte-Carey

old men
picking the last berries
in an autumn meadow

Judith Liniado

autumn sun
in the vineyard, all the leaves
the colors of wine

Christopher Herold

September heat—
gathering seeds
from the cosmos

Emily Romano

first autumn rain
dandelions everywhere
again!

Jean Campbell Simmonds

all the flowers
under the fragrant olive
rains of autumn

Michael Fessler

oak branch shadow
framed in the stairwell . . .
autumn moon

Jimmy Dunlap

helped on my way
this sky in constant motion—
autumn foothills

H.F. Noyes

House sitting—
the lily I thought was silk
turns brown

D. Claire Gallagher

in the garage
a vine hangs limp in a rake—
cold autumn rain

Robert Jenkins

over dark sagebrush plains
a brief radiance
autumn sunset

Anita Sadler Weiss

autumn moon—
not a ripple in the lake
until we cast

Leatrice Lifshitz

distant surf . . .
a spider web billows
the autumn light

Ebba Story

along
with yellow leaves
one more rose

Alexius J. Burgess

A mud-crusted
milkweed pod
glistens with sunlight

Debra Kehrberg

Clouds rumbling
over an alpine pond—
one last cast

Walt McLaughlin

The haiku on this page are from the Creative Writing class at the Isidore Newman School in New Orleans. Others were printed in the previous issue, including one that was misattributed, and is printed again here.

As my teacher's words flutter
in the background
I listen to the leaves

Geoff Flaum

Rain drops
from the crack in the ceiling . . .
getting out the pot

Katie Lind

He arrives home
late as always . . .
I hear them fight

Mia Romanik

Christmas morning
in mountains far from home . . .
a chill in my family

Kathryn Elkins

At my dead uncle's gravestone
I realize I can't remember
his face

Colette Iteld

My aged grandfather
races past me
in his Cadillac

Brent Palmer

Driver flips me the finger.
Small bumper sticker reads:
Mean People Suck

Lisa Pretus

antique photograph—
four generations
squint into the sun

Robert Jenkins

my crush
nothing like
mother

Patrick Donovan

grandma arrives
a car pileup
following her

Sarah Holtorf

classic car show—
an owner's chamois worries
invisible dust

Jack Lent

funeral procession—
lights winking out, the last car
turns into McDonald's

her dimples deepen
as she confesses to
denting the fender

John Stevenson

tribal powwow
the drumhead made fast
with duct tape

Yvonne Hardenbrook

Old beach umbrella

Rain wets

her new bathing suit

Carol Purington

candle in the bedroom
hiding
his imperfections

Amy Fabricius

wrapping my legs
around your waist—

the door bell

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff

In Praise of Light

From a Nursing Home Window

dawn
patches of darkness fade away
leaving the black trees . . .

THEN WITH THE SUN . . . COLOR

returning the pink
to umbered oleanders
morning sun

upward reaching
tendrils of cat's claw vine
the first to turn green

vertical blinds
sun stripes the yellow
of potted chrysanthemums

a fleeting rainbow
bounces off the chrome
of sterile instruments

deepening shadows
faded reds of sunset
stain the stucco wall . . .

AND DISAPPEAR

twilight
colors gray and dissolve
swallowed by the long night

Lesley Einer

Duffy (1982-1996)

Final injection
my dog's head drops slowly
onto my hands

Backyard burial
a brown-and-white paw extends
from the body bag

Duffy's grave
the noise of my mower
—wanting to stop

Fast-growing grass
a faded tennis ball
marks the dog's grave

in my dream
he runs through the house
then vanishes

Peggy Heinrich

Babine Village

For twenty-two years I spent my summers with the Babine Carrier Indians on Babine Lake in northern British Columbia. My work, as an anthropologist and linguist, was sponsored by the Peabody Anthropological Museum of Harvard University. These haiku cover one early autumn day at the village, a last day before my returning home.

loon's cry
out of the mist awakens
babine lake

a blind indian
and the village blackbirds
face east waiting

sunrise
thirty pound salmon roll
in babine river

salmon run
the eagle's swoop from
fir to river

old log church
on babine's shore only
swallows attend

autumn evening
wolf howls from the ridge
above the village

close to the fire
this starlit night
no beginning no end

robert gibson

Lake Superior Fisherman

still dawn . . .
a lake trout flips
out of a crate

pulling in gill nets—
the fisherman's
patient hands

such green cold!
a boulder rolls
off a net

picking trout—
he talks
of better days

the rising sun
warming the herring
still in the nets

boarded shut—
his father's fishhouse
next to his own

filleting trout . . .
he flicks a tidbit
to his dog

the whir
of his ice-maker—
jury-rigged again

a salmon
on a bed of ice . . .
its gaping mouth

all at once
out of the de-scaler
a rush of herring

plumper than the rest—
the herring gulls around
the fisherman's hut

tourists gone . . .
he's still open
for business

Jeanne Emrich

Hangin' Tree

hangin' tree
restless shadows disappear
in noon-hour sunlight

ancient oak
its lower limbs scarred
by rope burns

black oak tree
years since the last hangin'
ravens gather still

Brad Wolthers

Contemplations: Summer

“The entire cosmos is a song, a choral chant, a festive song and a marriage feast.”

Ernesto Cardenal

midsummer morning—
through hazy humidity
someone singing scales

picking corn
each kernel
luminous

the sycamore tree
flooded with sparrowtalk
and sunchant

the whole field
of Queen Anne's lace sways
to windsong

weeds by the stream—
beneath two dragonflies
a maze of colors

once more
marrying night to light
fireflies

a billion stars?
a trillion or two?
the holy humming

Geraldine C. Little

Tick by Tick

biopsy—
tick by tick the clock's
red second hand

pale sky
cut by a crow's fast wing beats—
a lab tech draws blood

five IV stations
one TV:
General Hospital

a chemo patient
updates her nurse: the whole plot
love life by love life

discharged!
on the IV pole a glimmer
of sunlight

breaking open
my fortune cookie . . .
no white slip

Carol Conti-Entin

Nothing New

*denying Apollo
saving herself, losing herself
Daphne becomes a laurel*

telling her shrink
how she has learned
to harden her heart

*Cronus devouring
the children destined
to overthrow him*

the old man
still ridiculing
his grown son

*Prometheus
stealing the gods' fire for man—
Zeus' anger*

mushroom cloud—
in possession of hot goods
we live in fear

*maenads
frolicking in the forest
eating the wild goat raw*

drinking Perrier
not wanting to feel
my primordial nature

*lame Hephaestus
working at his forge
alone in the gloom*

all the girls
trying to catch the eye
of the quarterback

*Zeus
master over everything
but himself*

another great
evangelical career ends
in a hooker's arms

Michael Ketchek

ENTERING THE LIGHT

A Zenga* by Margaret Chula and *Christopher Herold*

What is the shape of a turnip root
when it enters the light?

*the pond
instantly filling all the holes
poked by raindrops*

*Mockingbird—
At what time does it sleep?*

In the silence
between seasons, the woodbine
bursts into fragrance

Are we picking the flower
or is it picking us?

*over and over
the dog fetches moonlight
on a slobbery stick*

rising through mud, the white lotus

*When you grow up
what am I going to be?*

girl rotates her hips
the hula hoop completes
a hundred circles

Who has seen the shadow
Of a shadow?

*blinded by cameras
the defendant's attorneys
in the limelight*

*Where do they come from? Where do they go?
Stripes on the barber pole.*

fire licks the pages
of love poems turning to ashes
shimmer of air

the spin of the planet under northern lights.

***Zenga:** This poetic form is reminiscent of a Mondo, a question and answer exercise between a Zen master and student. In our exchange, however, there are two obvious variations. First, there is no differentiation between teacher and student (we tried to maintain the spirit of beginner's mind). And second, our dialogue was written rather than face-to-face, thereby losing some spontaneity. Nevertheless, Chris and I enjoyed answering each other's questions and posing new ones, as in renga links. When I told Alice Benedict what we were doing, she laughed and said, "Oh, a Zenga!" So Zenga it is.

Margaret Chula

Chaparral

Rengay by Helen K. Davie and John Thompson

steep uphill climb—
watching turkey vultures rise
in the thermals

twisted manzanita
so smooth to the touch

August noon . . .
across the layered sandstone
a lizard's flash

fossil hunters
chip away at the mountain—
spider motes drift by

a rabbit's bleached jawbone
caught in the ceanothus

seed pods rattle
down the narrowing path
a coyote vanishes

Night Clouds

Rengay by Yvonne Hardenbrook and Tom Clausen

night clouds
releasing the Thunder Moon
windchimes

Yvonne

unable to sleep
way off, the freight

Tom

from the porch
voices of grownups
rise and fall

Yvonne

fireflies
dance in the meadow
a child dreaming

Tom

no crickets for a moment
the squeak of a rocking chair

Yvonne

midnight stillness
now and then around the pond
a few frogs

Tom

lightning's boom
the children comfort
the babysitter

Francine Porad

Taking Root

Rengay by Ebba Story and D. Claire Gallagher

- Lahaina sunrise
aerial roots of the banyan
sweep my shoulder ES
- After chemotherapy
she combs what's left of her hair DCG
- the white nub
of a sprouting pear seed:
my window-framed sky ES
- Tomato seedlings
into his grandson's garden—
tamping the soil DCG
- the aroma of ginseng
steeping in an earthen pot ES
- Toppled ponderosa—
roots suspending granite
in mid-air DCG

yard sale
the kewpie doll
I never won

ripe tomatoes
the pantry window
holding the sunset

R.A. Stefanac

Face of Wind

Rengay by Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff and Connie Meester

after she'd gone
making her bed
the sheets still warm v

in her mask collection
the face of wind missing c

drawing on the sidewalk
. . . a chalk the color of her eyes
when she was born v

father meeting fiancé
the hummingbird flies
at his own reflection c

trying on wedding dresses
. . . the cry of the mourning dove v

breathless
seeing her face
through the nursery window c

(for our daughters)

ice cream cone
falling
the child's face too

sundance

Autumn Rain

Rengay by Cherie Hunter Day and *Ce Rosenow*

storm clouds
darken a barren field
flock of crows

*another lightning flash
the silence before thunder*

first raindrops
soak the sidewalk—
a summer's worth of leaves

*sudden downpour . . .
the spider's web tears
in the wind*

on a leafless paper birch
lichens slowly uncurl

*sunbreak—
vermilion leaf clings
to the clothesline*

piled
each raindrop
floods

Robert Henry Poulin

HAIBUN

Serpent in Summer

Away from the macadam parking lot, I follow the park's serpentine trail. It is much cooler here, among the wild grapevines and bitter-sweet, tangling together in semi-shade.

movement catches my eye
—from its huckleberry hideout,
snake eyes glitter . . .

The snake's skin is blue-black. blending well with berries and shade. Had it not moved, I surely wouldn't have seen it.

I soft-step past, keeping to the far edge of the trail. I find myself listening for its supple slither on the forest floor.

not a breath of wind;
butterflies drink
from a stump's well . . .

Emily Romano

Bigger than the Moon

Leaning way back in lawn chairs. Binoculars drinking summer starlight. Hunting the galaxy Triangulum.

"Start at Beta. Go a fieldwidth southeast."

"Nothing. You're sure it's the right spot?"

"Let your eyes adapt."

"These things are powerful enough?"

"Sure. It's a huge galaxy."

"Aren't they all?"

"I mean it *looks* big from here. It fills more sky than the moon"

"No."

"Keep looking."

faint Triangulum
whisperglow bathes retina
suddenly it's there

David Nelson Blair

The Walden Spirit

I walk the winding path to the small shanty I built among the evergreens surrounding my pond. I have decided to camp there and to spend this one night deliberately with nature.

mixed with mine
on a pencil
mouse toothmarks

Darkness closes. I light a candle. The simplicity which surrounds me reminds me of my youth; my mind wanders I awake from that dimension when my eyes focus upon my aged face glowing in the window.

staring into
my darkened window
reflecting

I read Thoreau late into the night, and write a few words. In the breeze a hickory limb rubs the wall with the rhythm of sleep.

night wind rises
candles and eyelids
flutter

This day dawns. I must sojourn in civilized life once more. Yet I go with a renewed sense of the tiny pleasures, and of the intended simplicity, of life.

i leave
the door ajar—
wren

Phil Howerton

Finality

Hungry, death comes calling. A little knot of excitement in front of the bedroom door, then the gurney is off with its weakened load to the hospital for the final contest.

Red-tailed hawk
the cottontail hanging
limp in its claws

Lesley Einer

Autumn Echoes

Thinking about the telephone repairman scheduled for one o'clock, I pin a note on the door. "Out back," it says, and I head for the lagoon with a sandwich and a Pepsi in hand. I don't want to miss another minute of this cloudless day. Indian summer sits on my deck.

Cormorant wings whisper above. A crow calls from the cedar tree.

in erratic flight
a kingfisher to
the sailboat mast

smooth wet kingfisher head
shaken
jagged against the blue

Childhood adventures between two powerful rivers rise in mind, like smoke wisps from autumns past. *I climb again the pale clay cliffs in Illinois. I hunt for buried flint arrowheads, fingernails aching, packed gray with digging. I explore a dusty trail through Chief Blackhawk's land, brambles catching at my clothes, sumac twice as high as I. I struggle to open the heavy state park museum door, feel the coolness within rushing out. Turning from a teepee, a buffalo skin, I step into tribal corn gardens maintained. Gone now.*

One o'clock. At the top of the redwood plank stairs, a man waits. One thick black braid centers itself between broad shoulders, onyx eyes pooling something deep.

"You look like an Indian!" I blurt out. "You do!"

no further words . . .
a feeling of kneeling
a gull's scream

Rerouted to my call for service, this man says he has never worked my neighborhood before. He installs a new phone jack and I follow an urge to share autumn memories of life between the mighty Mississippi and the fast-flowing Rock River.

He responds with thoughts from his own noontime musings on the shoulder of a road. "I was thinking about God's wisdom, and his kindness to humans," he says . . .

“leaves shield us
from the sun in summer today
warmth through bare branches”

My spirit surges through the politely mannered distance, like a river undammed. “You came without a sound through my creaking gate. You came without a scrape down my rough walk. Patiently, you waited for me to turn from daydreaming.”

“Perhaps we were meant to meet,” he says, on a day of trails crossing.

business card proffered
“Tirzo Little Turtle
twenty-year technician”

“I’m an Apache,” he says, as he leaves.

Kay F. Anderson

The Changing Scene

When Mrs. M’s husband died, she still kept on with their family—of fifteen dogs. Each one was given its time of affection, and when the woman went into town, she always stopped at some food place to bring home a treat to share with her dogs.

Whether her days passed sunny or cloudy, she would still rotate her dogs in and out of the house, respecting their wishes as they did hers

...

under the eaves
an old wooden rain barrel
filling drip by drip

Liz fenn

A Favorite Haiku

Sunset . . .
washing up on the beach
an empty can of paint

*Elizabeth St Jacques*¹

This haiku has long been a favorite—a momentary flash of poetic vision, a connecting to cosmos that is highly original. What an achievement in simplicity this haiku is! However spare her opening—“Sunset”—it serves well to give Nature her due place of precedence. And just a mention of the beach brings back the special peace we know in the ocean sundown. Human nature and Nature are brought together through that empty paint can, and what a warming thought that its color has somehow played a part in the glory of this sunset. Elizabeth’s haiku reminds me of Spiess’s “speculations.” “Haiku poets,” he says, “write from the heart and only tangentially and peripherally by the mind; for the light of the latter, like the moon, only exists because of the light of the heart, the sun.”² How refreshing a haiku in which rationality has no place at all! Spiess quotes Hazrat Inayat Kahn: “Reason is the illusion of reality.”²

H.F. Noyes

¹*Brussels Sprout* IX:3 (1992)

²Robert Spiess, “A Year’s Speculations on Haiku,” p. 42 (1995)

A Favorite Haiku

Kasbah loft—
blind sculptress moving deeper
into the stone

*H.F. Noyes*¹

When I shared this haiku with a fellow haijin, he wasn’t sure he believed the poem. ‘A blind sculptor? Really?’ My friend’s response would have astounded Beethoven.

In more recent years, the handicapped have made great strides in eradicating the stigmatism heaped upon them by a less-than-understanding society. Consider the accomplishments of Ray Charles, foot- and mouth-artists, Stephen Hawking, those in the Special Olympics and Friendship

Games, and others. Is it so difficult then to believe a blind person is capable of sculpting? Surely, the handicapped have taught us that when intense desire, continued determination, and an unshakable belief in oneself work in unison, the 'impossible' becomes possible. With that thought in mind, let's get on with H.F. Noyes' haiku.

High above the narrow, twisting streets of the Kasbah, the sculptor is oblivious to the bustle and chatter below—all that exists is her inner vision and the stone.

Are the woman's sensitive fingertips exploring the stone as she decides on a particularly deep cut or is she sitting quietly, feeling and trying to see the planned cut in her mind's eye? Or communicating with the stone, sharing her vision with it, for it? Perhaps she is in the process of physically probing deep into the stone. Many possibilities.

That this artist is blind speaks volumes for her strength and power. It seems symbolically appropriate that this sculptor works in a 'loft', as if to suggest she has risen well above her physical handicap. I also feel she is well aware of the stone's own spirit, strength, and power. Clearly a communion has been established: the sculptor and stone are one. So much in so few words. A celebration of love, strength, creativity, and beauty.

But there is another side to this haiku. Perhaps this sculptor has recently become blind and is devastated by her sudden handicap. Now she sits in a darkness that becomes darker by the moment. Robbed of her ability to create, she remembers how she shaped a favorite sculpted piece, again feeling the weight, balance, and motion of the instrument in her hand, hearing the voice of the stone as she chips at it. The more she thinks about it, the more convinced she is that she will never sculpt again and the deeper she sinks into depression.

Perhaps she is having doubts; she had devoted her life to stone sculpting but had she been fair to Nature? After all, she had altered each stone's originality, turned it into something other than its true self. Now, because blindness has changed her original state, she too has become like the sculpted stone: unchangeable, to be gazed upon by curious eyes. A sad and somber thought.

However this haiku is interpreted, it has a quality reminiscent of Bashō's 'the stillness—/soaking into stones/cicada's cry'. Like that memorable haiku, 'Kasbah loft' also lingers long in the memory.

Elizabeth St Jacques

¹*Cicada* VI:4 (1995) (from *Casablanca Sequence*)

headlights passing by—
shadows of trees
brush my bedroom window;
 your wet hair
 on my face

Alexey V. Andreyev

a mountain road
at summer's end
I search
for the warmth of your embrace
before the autumn wind

Yu Chang

pine stumps
litter the yard
now all
she need fall falling
is the sky

Zane Parks

imagining
all the possibilities
for my garden
i learn
leaving it be

ubuge

i changed my mind,
i don't love you . . .
washing the sheets
stained with
unfaithfulness

Pamela A. Babusci

finding the poplar
I loved when growing up
now a rotting stump—
I sit down in the dirt
with its old above-ground roots

Blanche Nonnemann

On the blue columbine
you used to admire
a few leaves appear—
can we too let go
and start again?

Alexis K. Rotella

“HAIKU CHICAGO” DELEGATES VISIT WASHINGTON, D.C.

Kristen Deming

At the conclusion of the “Haiku Chicago” conference,¹ the Japanese delegation flew to Washington, D.C. for some prearranged events and sightseeing. The group was welcomed at a reception in their honor at the home of Ambassador Olcott Deming, Consul General in Okinawa in the 1950’s. Ishihara-sensei presented the host with a scroll inscribed with one of his haiku:^{2,3}

<i>rakkyo no</i>	the ripples
<i>hana no sazanami</i>	of scallion flowers
<i>sora ni tatsu</i>	tossing in the sky
<i>Yatsuka Ishihara</i>	(tr. T. Kondo)

The pumpkin centerpiece on the buffet table inspired delegate Tadashi Kondo to jot down a haiku for the host that reflected the warm, convivial atmosphere of the party:

<i>danran no</i>	pumpkin
<i>naka ya mado kana</i>	perfectly round
<i>panpukin</i>	amid laughter
<i>Tadashi Kondo</i>	(tr. Kondo)

The delegation enjoyed Mr. Deming’s collection of Japanese art and his Japanese garden designed by landscape architect Osamu Shimizu.

<i>Deming tei no</i>	in the Japanese garden
<i>nihon teien</i>	of the Deming residence,
<i>kaeribana</i>	a second flowering
<i>Norie Hayakawa</i>	(tr. Okada)

The next day, under a deep blue autumn sky, we walked around the Smithsonian museum complex, spending several hours at the National Gallery of Art, then continued to the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum to see its collection of historic spacecraft and vintage planes.

<i>Sumisonian ni</i>	a Zero fighter
<i>Zero-sen tsurare</i>	hanging in the Smithsonian—
<i>iru koharu</i>	Indian summer
<i>Itsuko Kaya</i>	(tr. Kaya)

Some of the poets bought souvenir “space pens” that were developed for use by astronauts. These pens, designed to be unaffected by gravity, have been put to a completely new use by the poets—to jot down haiku that come to mind during the night while lying in bed! As we drove around the Washington, Maryland, and Virginia areas, there was much to see and think about:

<i>seijōki</i> <i>aogu ya momiji</i> <i>morotomo ni</i>	looking up at the Star-Spangled Banner amid the red leaves
<i>Fuyuo Usaki</i>	(tr. Kondo)

<i>Washington</i> <i>hiroba hitomosu</i> <i>aki no kure</i>	Lights on Washington Square— end of autumn
<i>Shosaku Ohya</i>	(tr. Okada)

<i>tsuta-momiji</i> <i>Victorian no</i> <i>yanami furi</i>	ivy leaves turning red in a row of Victorian houses
<i>Toshiko Okuyama</i>	(tr. Okada)

That evening, we enjoyed dinner by candlelight in the formal dining room of the historic Willard Hotel, where the word “lobbyist” was first coined and where, in 1860, the first delegation of Japanese Ambassadors stayed when they came for the treaty ratification. A book with photos showing the Ambassadors during their stay at the Willard was passed around. It was a warm-hearted evening, with much talk of history. The visionary poet Walt Whitman was apparently in the crowd in New York to see the parade honoring these early ambassadors, and afterwards wrote a poem, “The Errand Bearers,” that predicted the impact of the philosophy and culture of the East on the West, which Whitman believed would help Americans “explore the spiritual realms of the universe.”

<i>fuyu kamome</i> <i>nanboku sensō</i> <i>kinen no hi</i>	winter gulls— crossing over a monument to the Civil War
<i>Toshiko Okuyama</i>	(tr. Okada)

The highlight of the visit was a lecture on haiku given by Ishihara-sensei at the residence of the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, Takakazu Kuriyama. The haiku program proved very popular,

drawing one of the largest crowds Mrs. Kuriyama had hosted for her regular “salons” for the purpose of introducing Japanese culture to the wives of Washington dignitaries. Tadashi Kondo did the simultaneous translation of the lecture for the audience of more than 100 guests. Afterwards, the entire haiku delegation joined Mrs. Kuriyama and her guests for lunch in the beautiful Japanese-style residence featuring fine traditional painters and a tea ceremony room overlooking a carp pond. After lunch, we continued driving and walking among the monuments of Washington, D.C.:

<i>Washington</i>	Washington Monument	
<i>Monument hikaru</i>	top of the tower	
<i>tō no saki</i>	shining	
<i>Shosaku Ohya</i>		(tr. Okada)

<i>yuyake naka</i>	standing straight	
<i>sukkuto Washington</i>	in the evening afterglow—	
<i>Memorial</i>	the Washington Monument	
<i>Norie Hayakawa</i>		(tr. Okada)

The Lincoln Memorial was covered with scaffolding, but we climbed the tall steps with crowds of tourists to view the marble statue of the 16th president of the U.S., known as the Great Emancipator.

<i>jinmin ni</i>	statue of Lincoln	
<i>yoru jinmin no</i>	by the people, for the people,	
<i>Linkān-zō hiyu</i>	becoming chill	
<i>Mizue Yamada</i>		(tr. Kondo)

Down below, the image of the Washington Monument shimmered in Reflecting Pool, with the Capitol in the distance. At the Jefferson Memorial, we viewed the famous cherry trees around the Tidal Basin in their autumn foliage. As we wandered along the bank, a flock of geese flew over, close enough to see the color of their breast feathers:

<i>ganko ya</i>	a flock of wild geese	
<i>Potomac Gawa ni</i>	crossing the Potomac River—	
<i>tō no kage</i>	shadow of the monument	
<i>Yatsuka Ishihara</i>		(tr. Okada)

<i>hikari mijin no</i>	sunlight broken into pieces	
<i>Potomac-gawa wo</i>	on the Potomac River	
<i>kari wataru</i>	wild geese passing overhead	
<i>Ritsuo Okada</i>		(tr. Okada)

sakura momiji
kahan ni kika o
shite itari

Fuyuo Usaki

autumn cherry leaves
naturalized
on the river bank

(tr. Kris/Tadashi Kondo)

At one point, inspired by a large old tree, the poets linked hands in a circle around it, leaning close to listen inside. All too soon, it was time to leave. All of the ladies carried away little collections of leaves tucked into their notebooks as we headed for our last stop of the day, Arlington National Cemetery, a huge, park-like area overlooking the city. We arrived around dusk, struck by the beauty and serenity of the cemetery with its many great old trees just beginning to shed their leaves over the thousands of graves:

yellow leaves dancing
round the white mausoleum
of unknown soldiers

Yoko Senda

aki kaze no
uta koboshiyuku
kashi taiju

Keiko Etoh

autumn wind
shedding poems as it passes through
a great oak tree

(tr. Etoh)

marching in rows
across hills and meadows
soldiers' graves

Kristen Deming

oka mo no mo
koete senshi no haka
no retsu

(tr. Kondo)

We walked steadily upward, searching for the Eternal Flame marking the grave of John Kennedy. Arriving finally at the site, high on a hill, we were touched to see that the name of Jacqueline Kennedy had been added to his.

Kennedy no
haka no hi akashi
aki no kure

Yatsuka Ishihara

at Kennedy's grave,
a flame burning brightly
—autumn evening

(tr. Okada)

yūmei mo
mumei mo boseki
yū-momiji

Haruko Imadome

the well-known
and the unknown are all gravestones—
sunset red leaves

(tr. T. Kondo)

shimpei no
bohi ni matsuwaru
ishitataki
Ritsuo Okada

lingering around
the grave of a new recruit—
a wagtail
(tr. Okada)

risu ga moru
mumei heishi no
konomi-zuka
Haruko Imadome

a squirrel guards
an unknown soldier's
acorn grave
(tr. Kondo)

We got lost trying to find our way out of the grounds, and as daylight began to fade, we were surprised to see a fox appear out of the underbrush. According to Japanese folklore, foxes have the power to transform themselves to other shapes and to lead human beings astray, but this one disappeared as quickly as it had appeared.

kage hiite
kitsune arawaru
aki no haka

autumn dusk—
the shadow of a fox
among the gravestones

Kristen Deming

kitsune no o
kei-yuku kata e
kure-kakaru
Tadashi Kondo

getting dark
in the direction
the fox's tail disappears
(tr. T. Kondo)

As we left, from our hilltop vantage point we could see the sun going down over the city of Washington:

tanjitsu no
Arinton-bochi
saru bakari
Mizue Yamada

simply leaving—
Arlington Cemetery
short day
(tr. Kondo)

bogun shiroku
tsurube otoshi no
hito no machi
Keiko Etoh

soldiers' white graves—
autumn dusk quickly covers
the city of the living
(tr. Etoh)

tomo wa kiri no
izuko Arlington
wo saru
Ryusai Takeshita

leaving Arlington—
my old friends are
somewhere in the mist
(tr. Takeshita)

Afterwards, on our last night together in America, we ate dinner at a small seafood restaurant on the Maine Avenue waterfront, watching the sunset spread its colors over the water and the city beyond.

aki yuyake wo
sara ni kahan no
restaurant

autumn evening glow
over the dishes of
the riverside restaurant

Ryusai Takeshita

(tr. Takeshita)

The next day we would return to Japan. That night we rode through the darkened streets past the many famous sights. One of them was both a work place and a home:

fukeru yo no
daitōryō-fu no
aki tomoshi

evening deepening—
the **lights of autumn** shining
from the White House

Itsuko Kaya

(tr. Kaya)

¹See *frogpond* XVIII:4, pp. 30-33 (1995).

²Poems edited by Kristen Deming. **Kigo** (season words) are shown in **boldface**. With thanks for the translations by Tadashi and Kris Kondo, Ryusai Takeshita, and Yoko Senda and the cooperation of Ritsuo Okada, Itsuko Kaya, Keiko Etoh, and the other members of the delegation.

³The HIA (Haiku International Association) delegation:

Yatsuka Ishihara, President of *Aki* (Autumn) haiku group; head of HIA delegation.

Mizue Yamada, President of *Mokugo* (Tree-Talk) haiku group; HIA.

Fuyuo Uzaki, President of *Ashita* (Tomorrow) haiku group; HIA.

Ryusai Takeshita, *Nobi* (Field Fire) haiku group; HIA.

Norie Hayakawa, *Aki* group; *Kojitsu* (Good Day) group; HIA.

Haruko Imadome, *Banryoku* (Myriad Green Leaves) haiku group; HIA.

Ritsuo Okada, *Aki* haiku group; HIA.

Itsuko Kaya, *Aki* haiku group; HIA.

Keiko Etoh, *Aki* haiku group; *Sagae* group; HIA.

Toshiko Okuyama, *Aki* haiku group; HIA.

Shosaku Oya, *Aki* haiku group.

Kristen Deming, Haiku Society of America; Poetry Reading Circle of Tokyo; HIA.

Tadashi Kondo, President of Association for International Renku; HIA.

Yoko Senda, *Aki* haiku group; HIA.

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, PRINT AND ELECTRONIC

Useful Internet Sites for Haiku and Related Forms in English

John Sheirer

The internet is a computer-generated, noncorporeal world composed of a huge, ever-growing collection of multilayered computerized documents accessible from personal computers through telephone lines. In an ironic twist, the ancient art of haiku and the ultramodern internet have come together in some fascinating ways. To paraphrase Bashō's famous haiku, "new internet—old haiku jumps in—big splash!"

Computer users can access hundreds of internet sites having to do with haiku. Unfortunately, most sites fall prey to superficial views of haiku and are little more than syllable-counting of very bad poetry—very much like lots of haiku in print. Some of the worst internet sites include an enormous collection of pseudohaiku about the oft-maligned food product Spam, as well as a contest to see who can write the best "haiku" about being drunk. Haiku sites like these have very little to do with what we might see in journals such as *frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, *RAW NerVZ*, or *Woodnotes* because most internet site administrators are not active in the North American haiku community.

Despite the fact that the print and electronic haiku worlds seldom interface, there are some interesting haiku resources on the internet. These sites give poets whose primary medium is print journals an excellent opportunity to find new haiku worlds that they may never have encountered before. Some of the sites are "edited" by a site administrator as with traditional journals, while other sites simply post haiku by contributors very much in the fashion of the journal *Mirrors*.

Many haiku "purists" might scoff at the idea of haiku in cyberspace, but the internet is simply another place where the influence of haiku as a medium for people to experience the world more intensely can be found. In that way, getting involved with these sites is not radically different from publishing in print journals, participating in haiku societies, or even jotting a poem or two on a post card for a far-away friend. In fact, at the risk of sounding arrogant, the internet haiku community could benefit greatly from the contributions of the print haiku community. When accomplished haiku writers post high-quality poems on the internet, they can provide strong models for the internet haiku community.

Publishing haiku on the internet creates a somewhat awkward situation for writers and editors. Does posting a poem on the internet constitute publication as we think of publication in a print journal? No hard and fast guidelines exist concerning internet publication. Common sense, however, would indicate that any poems posted as a “finished” poem to be read and appreciated by site visitors should be considered a published poem. As such, these poems should not then be submitted to print journals or other internet sites that do not consider previously published poems. If these poems end up in a print or internet collection, the author should acknowledge the internet site just as a print journal would be acknowledged. On the other hand, if poems are posted on a message board for communication or discussion purposes, then it should not be considered “published,” but simply “communicated,” similar to a poem printed on a holiday card.

The Sites

The sites listed here are the best and/or the ones that give serious haiku writers an opportunity to publish their poems online. I’ve omitted the most common haiku sites—collections of haiku by individual authors—both because these are so numerous and because they are often misguided, if well-intentioned. The sites listed here are either online magazines or simply information sites. Included with each is the internet web address (known as the “URL”), a brief description of the site’s features, and sample poems from the site. Many other, less valuable sites can be found through connections with these sites or through internet search programs.

- *AHA!Poetry* (<http://www.faximum.com/aha!poetry>)

An extension of AHA Books, a publishing company that specializes in haiku, renga, and tanka. The most comprehensive web site focused on haiku in English. Features online haiku collections, publishing opportunities, definitions and explanations of haiku-related concepts, an “open mike” for posting poems, and much more.

This site is maintained by Jane Reichhold, a very well respected haiku writer, editor, and publisher. From the “Open Mike” section:

grey squirrel
fattened on hickory nuts
whisks its tail
under three quilts
we share the warmth

a webby welcome
a duck raises one foot
taking the first step

Jane Reichhold

● *Dogwood Blossoms* (<http://glwarner.samford.edu>)

A fairly good-quality online haiku journal that features articles, reviews, lots of poetry—everything you'd expect from a print haiku journal. The site is administered by Gary Warner of Samford University in Louisiana. Michael Dylan Welch, a haiku writer, publisher of haiku books under the Press Here imprint, and editor of the print journal *Woodnotes*, recently joined Warner as an associate editor, giving this journal added credibility. From issue 11, summer 1995:

ten 74thousand things	these frozen fields	drought
done and undone	not even	cracked mud
the tea steams	corn-growing sound	curls
<i>William C. Burns Jr.</i>	<i>Charles Trumbull</i>	<i>Chris Erickson</i>

● *Haiku Attic* (<http://www.tcp.co.uk/~dctrent/attic.html>)

Lots of general haiku information, online haiku collections, and connections to other haiku sites. The site is administered in England by Daniel Trent.

manhole cover	the interview shirt
offering incense	lies in the washing basket
to the skyscraper sky	all its stripes crooked
(from "The NYC Haiku")	(from "Autumn Twilight")
<i>Paul David Mena</i>	<i>Susan Rowley</i>

● *Haiku for People* (<http://www.oslonett.no/home/keitoy/haiku.html>)

General haiku information, haiku by classic Japanese and contemporary English-language authors, and connections to other haiku sites. Adding to haiku's international flavor, this site is administered by Kei Grieg Toyomasu in Norway. From the "Haiku Written by People!" section:

Spring backup in CS lab:	on the Chinese vase
time to fall in love with	flowers retain brightness
certain humanware	—pouring out water
<i>Alexey V. Andreyev</i>	<i>Dave McCrosky</i>

● *Haiku Homepage* (<http://www.dmu.ac.uk/~pka/haiku.html>)

General haiku information, connections to other haiku sites, and the very interesting "Sailor's Dreams" (named by contributor Jane

Reichhold), where writers can post their own haiku. The site is administered by Phil Adams at De Montfort University in England. From "Sailor's Dreams":

Three continents away
the moon shines
in my backyard

working long hours—
greeting the paperboy
twice that day

Rangachari Kidambi

Phil Adams

● *Haiku Universe*

(<http://www.ori.u-tokyo.ac.jp/~dhugal/haikuhome.html>)

This site contains a great deal of information about haiku, senryu, renga, and tanka, including many interesting short essays and commentaries. There are also opportunities to participate in renga, as well as very good links to other haiku sites. The site administrator is Dhugal J. Lindsay, a native Australian who works as a scientist at the University of Tokyo. From "Haiku Written by Dhugal":

Camellia blossoms . . .
none of them standing out
more than all the rest

● *SciFaiku Manifesto*

(<http://www.crew.umich.edu/~brinck/poetry/manifesto.html>)

An interesting combination of haiku and science fiction that features the site's "manifesto," a strong essay on how haiku and science fiction can connect. Much better than it might sound because the site administrator and some of the authors have a fairly good idea of how haiku works. Site visitors can contribute their own scifaiku for online publication. The site is administrated by Tom Brinck at the University of Michigan.

Digging up the ancient city,
finding the print
of a tennis shoe

Spring showers
my best friend
rusts.

Tom Brinck

Greg Pass

● *Shiki International Haiku Salon*

(<http://mikan.cc.matsuyama-u.ac.jp/~shiki>)

Lots of general haiku information, contests, connections to other haiku sites, and a very active maillist where you can exchange haiku

and commentary with other writers. This is the most comprehensive internet site administered in Japan that focuses on English-language haiku. The site is administered at Matsuyama University. From "The Shiki Internet Haiku Contest Results":

surprising cool breeze
disturbs the grass shadow
on an open book

AC Missias

trembling
as the grape next to it
is plucked

Dhughal Lindsay

● *Toast Point Haiku*

(<http://www.webcom.com/~erique/haiku/haiku.html>)

A very active and interesting (if loosely structured) contest with no specific prizes beyond "gold stars" where site visitors may submit their own haiku for online publication. The often irreverent poems mostly follow the 5-7-5 pattern and are a mixed bag of some good-quality haiku and some real stinkers that have nothing to do with haiku (this site in particular would be a good place for experienced haiku writers to submit poems that might serve as inspiration for Toast Point contributors and other internet haiku writers). The site is administered by Eric Peterson. From the 1995 entries:

Flapping to and fro
The hollow yellow windsock
Full of direction

Don McLeod

One more 6 a.m.
My neighbor's dogs are yapping,
Crapping on my lawn.

Andie DiFranza

● *The Writer's Gallery* (<http://www.onestep.com/writers>)

A very good online general literary journal that includes an interesting section titled "Crazy for Haiku," where writers can submit their own haiku for possible online publication. The site is administered by Mike Crawford. From the "Crazy for Haiku" section:

I lay in the street
watching the clouds go by
as the rain falls down.

Chris Mysen

The author would like to acknowledge the assistance of Michael Dylan Welch in preparing this article.

GRINDING MY INK, a cassette of readings by Margaret Chula, author, with Ken Ulansey, woodwinds. Katsura Press, POB 275, Lake Oswego, OR 97034. US\$9.95 + s&h: US \$2; Europe and Japan \$3.

Although the book, *Grinding My Ink*, winner of the National Book Award in 1994, has already been reviewed,¹ some comments on the recording seem appropriate for a fresh experience with these haiku.

The introduction to the process is likened to a state of “no-mind”:

“the silence between the notes of a flute
the white space around an ink drawing
that which is left unsaid.”

The cassette is divided into sections of seasons and specific subjects. The music, composed and performed by Ulansey on a variety of woodwind instruments with Elliot Diamond, percussion, is perfectly matched to the mood of each poem.

After an introduction by the shakuhachi, Margaret Chula invites the listener into her poems as she “grinds her ink” in preparation for the journey which is obviously in Japan. In the *Spring* section, the flute continues as a link between verses with repeated intervals and patterns, sometimes slurring, even sliding into notes between silences.

For *Summer*, the composer has chosen a baritone saxophone. Simple skips turn into clusters of arpeggios, non-melodic but repetitive enough to catch the ear. *At the Noh Play* is accompanied by the sound of koto, its plucked strings allowed to reverberate through space. Some unorthodox methods of performance produce weird effects. With the addition of a recorder and wind chimes, this is truly an experimental process.

In *Autumn*, a gong and the deep voice of a bass clarinet echo the poem:

Outside the empty hut
a huddle of crickets
—their hollow voices

Aspirate attacks and key clicks increase the mystery.

The music, until this point in the recording, has offered no suggestion of organization into beats, reflecting the free form of the non-rhyming, non-rhythmic haiku of the author. To set the mood for *Graveyard Poet*, a persistent, muffled drum beat is introduced, like the human pulse, but it soon dissipates into pitched chimes. Repetition within the haiku, “dead people, dead flowers, clouds pass”, lends cohesiveness above the random accompaniment.

The *Winter* poems are read with soprano saxophone support, again in free form. But Ulansey occasionally reacts literally on his instrument. When “the candle flickers”, so does the sax. In this entire section, the performer displays variation of vibrato and dynamics, plus a sense of direction that is breathtaking.

A poignancy in *Dead Sparrow*, about the suicide of an aged neighbor, is portrayed on the soprano recorder by tones that “cry” into the next note. The mood of sadness is balanced by occasional mundane observations of the poet.

Margaret Chula herself is a writer who employs—consciously or not—subtle musical devices in her haiku, such as the use of alliteration in “crumbling chrysanthemums”, “pampas plumes”, and the verse: “a plump persimmon plops into the pond, smell of mud”. Her choices of vowels and consonants instill a rich resonance into the lines. So it is not surprising that her collection of haiku would stimulate a composer/musician of professional caliber to collaborate. Chula’s images are simple and specific; they are reflected in a unique and sensitive accompaniment. She wastes not one word in projecting her meaning; the music links the verses but never competes with her articulation. Her reading is sincere; the music is dedicated to supporting her presentation.

This cassette contains a rich collection of haiku by a master. It is also an aesthetic experience in combining poetry and music with such sensitivity that one almost has to ask, “Which came first?” Whenever a musician is invited to accompany, it is a temptation to add too much, to “do one’s own thing.” The more virtuoso the performer, the greater the temptation. But it did not happen in this cassette. If not a haiku poet himself, I should suspect that Ken Ulansey is at least a student of Zen. Certainly he believes with Margaret Chula that “less is more.”

Reviewed by Elizabeth Nichols

¹Elizabeth Searle Lamb, *frogpond* XVII:2, p. 37 (1994)

BOOK REVIEWS

Dance of Light. Elizabeth St Jacques. Illust. Ruby Spriggs. maplebud press, 1995. 123 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$15 ppd North America; p&h overseas, add \$1.50 (surface) or \$2.50 (air). Order from/checks (US or Canadian funds) to author, 406 Elizabeth St., Sault Ste. Marie, ON P6B 3H4, Canada.

Reading Elizabeth St Jacques' *Dance of Light*, I was surprised how good it made me feel; however, I must admit I came to it with some reservations after heavy hyperbole on the jacket cover and a sense that some reviewers would place a halo on her all-too-human head. Save the saints for the canons, let them be mythical figures, heroes and heroines who will inspire us when we seek inspiration. With that said, what has St Jacques given us here? Steps of tenderness and love and humor if our life has been so blessed. But if darkness has shaped our lives, and we have slipped around on tenement stones, it will be hard to appreciate:

melon slices
misting up the shop window
a row of small pink mouths

mother braids
bright childhood tales
into my long blond hair

tiny porcelain cups
tipped against our lips
. . . warm air tea

grandmother kneading
song and prayer
into our daily bread

The tone of this collection is clear as soon as we hear the voice of the child: "evening prayer/God bless all my family/. . .my dollies too"; some change occurs with maturity, but the adult voice still rings with optimism and good humor:

the space between
moon and star
another special dream

December dawn—
a strand of tinsel glitters
in the raven's beak

And it persists: "in new deep snow/beneath the apple tree/a perfect hole." Here and there a shadow defines the shape of light, and we see it in haiku like these:

dance of light
in the frog-filled pond
. . . blue heron

in autumn woods
silence tightens
the rifle's click

But for the most part, St. Jacques see the glass half full, not half empty. Readers of haiku journals will recognize some of the poems and will be glad to see them again, like the unexpected visit of an old friend:

the circle
of the winging hawk
tightens to a dot

hands
inside her sleeves again—
the old nun's habit

There will be other surprises, good surprises; from "At the Farm":

battle won,
the rooster strutting
with a limp

another argument
Grandpa's heavy sigh
as he removes his teeth

from "First Day Of Convent":

a mountain
at the convent door
the nun

about to cry,
the girl in the next bed
farts

from "Coming Of Age":

first high heels
i learn how
not to run

first strapless gown
i learn how
not to breathe
deeply

from "High School Sparks":

he asks me for a date
the taxidermist's son
stuffed in football gear

from "Assorted Blessings":

stop light
a child's sealskin sleeve, touched
by the youngest nun

from "Autumn & Winter":

in the heart
of the peach
still life

Dance of Light looks perfectly at home on my haiku bookshelves, adding a spot of light to some of the darker collections I own. Would I recommend it? Oh yes.

Reviewed by Marian Olson

Unbroken Curve: 1996 Anthology, Northwest Region, Haiku Society of America. Cherie Hunter Day and Ce Rosenow, eds. 28 pp. \$7.50 ppd; order from and make check to Cherie Hunter Day, 15584 N.W. Trakehner Way, Portland, OR 97229.

Each anthology reflects the particular sensibilities and aesthetics of both the contributing poets and the editors. The art of bringing disparate voices into an interesting and satisfying harmony is beautifully demonstrated in *Unbroken Curve*. In the introduction by Associate Editor Ce Rosenow, we learn of the difficulties and losses that the Pacific Northwest experienced this year. Two valued members of the haiku community passed away (Wilma Erwin and Harriet Kofalk) and the winter's heavy flooding brought tragedy and loss to the entire area. She explains how the passage of time and its effects on human life are expressed in the poems contained in the anthology, and states, "It is this recognition that forges acceptance of life's cycles, and through this acceptance we gain the ability to appreciate the duality around us, to see both the flood waters and the cherry blossoms, the grave sites and the forget-me-nots—in short to acknowledge the relationship between beginnings and endings and to celebrate the continuity of this cycle." Cherie Hunter Day's sensitive arrangement of the poems amplifies the hope in an unbroken curve of life continually revitalized and flowing through time.

Though arranged by season, the individual poems move through various moods and places. Still, we come away with the feeling of having experienced a whole and not just a collection. The poems (selected by three judges) and the thoughtful arrangement and layout give this anthology the feel of an integrated work. The stark white linen paper is heavy and slightly textured, yet it has the delightful aspect of being slightly translucent. This serendipitous quality allows Cherie Hunter Day's finely detailed illustrations to show through to unillustrated pages, thus visually tying the anthology together. The obvious love and careful detailing that went into this volume, in addition to the fine poems, makes it a thoroughly enjoyable chapbook.

Having just visited Portland in May, I was deeply moved by its lush greenery and a profusion of spring blossoms. And, the daily rains. Many people spoke of the devastating floods of the past winter. In just a few days I, too, became aware of the loss and the continuity—within the seasons and within the fellowship of the poets who inhabit this beautiful landscape.

Two personal favorites from *Unbroken Curve*:

Mountains
through my window
melting in the rain

William Scott Galasso

azalea blossoms
floating in a spring puddle
red-sailed sloops

Jean Chapman Snow

I recommend this HSA regional anthology for its portrayal of the land it arises from, for its tasteful and subtle layout and illustrations, and for the many lovely poems it contains. It is reassuring to know we are all a part of the unbroken curve, the ongoing cycle of Nature and creativity.

Reviewed by Ebba Story

ONE BREATH: 1995 Members' Anthology. Jean Dubois, Michael McNierney, Elizabeth L. Nichols, eds. Haiku Society of America. 1996. viii + 45 pp, 5×8 in. paper, perfectbound. \$7.50 ppd US & Canada; \$9.50 ppd elsewhere. Make check to and mail to Jean Dubois, POB 1430, Golden, CO 80402.

With Kokopelli skipping and flauting across the cover, this annual, published this time by the HSA Southwestern Region, contains the third collection of haiku by HSA members. The title emphasizes the nature of the haiku as a "one-breath poem."

Collections such as this have been condemned because they contain one haiku from each contributing member, chosen by a committee; it has been claimed that a quality publication cannot be attained in this manner. Obviously not all the poems in this book are of uniform excellence, but the majority are high-quality haiku which are, moreover, assembled with skill by the editors. A few of my favorites:

the pine's
slow spiraling
into stars

Suezan Aikins

between fugues
the sound of rain
on stained-glass

Jerry Kilbride

cupped hands
losing sea
drop
dy drop

Robert Henry Poulin

child violinist
getting lots of the notes right
this very hard chair

Ronan

Presents of Mind. Jim Kacian. Katsura Press, 1996. 119 unnum. pp, 5×8 in. paper, perfectbound. \$14.95 from Red Moon Productions, Rte. 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611.

Jim Kacian prefaces this book of haiku with a four-part poem entitled "Presence." Some lines from this poem:

Before there was creation, there was silence. . . .
Language arose from silence. . . .
It is man who exists between silence and language. . . .
The centrality of silence in a man, in any being, we call 'presence.'
Haiku . . . attempts to point to silence. . . .
Where silence is shared, we are all present.

Among the haiku that follow, there are examples of Jim Kacian's approach to the spirituality of silence and of presence.

chopping wood
someone does the same
a moment later

winter seclusion
tending all day
the small fire

In the first poem, we are reminded of Layman P'ang's tribute to the spirituality of the mindful performance of simple everyday tasks, and additionally are told of the communion existing among persons engaged in such tasks. In the second, although the poet is tending a fire to keep warm in the cold weather, he is also engaged throughout the day in his solitude and silence, in tending the "small fire" of his meditative spirit.

clear here
but haze to the east
haze to the west

caterpillar
spins a mid-
life crisis

Indeed, is not the here and now always the clearest point (even though at times it may appear quite obscure)? Other places, other times, are much more difficult (or impossible) to see. And if only humans were always as beautiful after their midlife crises as are the butterflies! [Note how Kacian has encompassed the entire period of metamorphosis in one hyphen!]

Certainly not all of the haiku in this book are as charged with implication, but readers will find much grist for their meditative mills.

Reviews by Kenneth C. Leibman

ERRATA

By a process not understood by the editor, tabulation codes became inoperative during the copying of the page proof of the memorial for Nancy Ford-Poulin into final page makeup of issue XIX:1, so that two haiku by her husband Robert were fused together. Robert was very good about this, saying that the resulting verse made a sort of sense. Nevertheless, the two haiku are reprinted as they were intended:

the last fence post—	in the fog
a vesper sparrow alights	a trumpet
puffed with song	of swansong

Robert Henry Poulin

In issue XIX:1, a haiku by *Katie Lind* was printed over the byline of *Lisa Pretus*. The editor regrets this error and the two haiku by the two poets are printed on p. 38 of this issue.

Back fenders rattling on Nicollet Avenue rhythm with rap	This haiku by <i>Sarah Hickenbotham</i> was printed with an error in issue XVIII:4.
--	---

learning its name the thief stretches forth	Two errors in citation were made by authors in readings/reviews in recent issues. In “Thieves” (issue XIX:1), Patricia Neubauer inadvertantly added a word to a haiku by <i>Robert Spiess</i> , thus violating his rule about maximum length of vertical haiku. The correct haiku is printed to the left.
---	---

his hand jewelweed!	In his review of anne mckay’s “a cappella” (issue XVIII:4), Michael Dylan Welch misattributed the one-line verse, “eggs scrambling in the crook of a tree a raccoon shifts” to anne mckay. It was actually a renga link by <i>Dorothy Howard</i> .
---------------------------	--

Both authors apologize for their misquotations.

In issue XIX:1, two authors’ names were omitted from the Author Index by the editor’s error: *F. Matthew Blaine* and *Lewis Sanders*.

The wrong cover design for issue XIX:1 was given to the printer by the editor while the artist was out of the country. What was printed was a computer-modification of an illustration by Dorling Kindersley in “The Self-Sufficient Gardener” (1978) rather than the abstraction that was supposed to be used. The editor assumes full responsibility for this error, which was not the fault of the artist.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.

After Lights Out. Spring Street Haiku Group, 1996. 28 unnumbered pp., 4×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.00 ppd: Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.

a haiku alphabet in celebration of fall. LeRoy Gorman. Proof Press, 67 Court St., Aylmer, QC J9H 4M1, Canada, 1966. 36 pp, 4×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.

A Path to the Sea. Christopher Herold, ed. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Haiku by Dan Brady, Helen K. Davies, Pat Gallagher, Evelyn Hermann. 28 unnumb. pp, 5½×7 in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5 ppd; checks or MO's in US funds, payable to "HPNC", to Two Autumns Press.

Before All The Leaves Are Gone. Gary Hotham. Chickadee Series No 10, Juniper Press, 1996. Eleven haiku on 22 unnumbered pp, 5×3½ in. letterpress, paper, sidesewn. \$7.00 + \$1.50 p&h, from author, 10460 Stansfield Rd., Laurel, MD 20723.

Breaths of July's Linden Forests/Dahovi Srpanjskih Lipika. Mile Stamenković. Haiku, tanka, and solorenga in Croat and English. STAM Rijeka, M. Laginje 31, 51000 Rijeka, Croatia, 1994. 102 pp, 6×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. npg.

from darkness: kasen renga. Suezan Aikins & Dorothy Howard. proof press, 67, rue Court, Aylmer, QU J9H 4M1, Canada. \$2 + \$1 p&h.

Haiku 96. (*Poetry Postcard Quarterly*, Summer, 1996, No. 3). PPQ, POB 1435, London W1A 9LB. 30 detachable postcards, 6×4 in, paper, perfectbound. £5.99; outside UK, enquire.

Jumping from Kiyomizu: a Haiku Sequence. David Cobb. Illus. Charlotte Smith. Iron Press, 5 Marden Terr., Cullercoats, North Shields, Northumberland, NE30 4PD, UK, 1996. 96 pp, 4×6 in. paper, perfectbound. £4.99; outside UK, enquire.

Misty Willows. Sheila Hyland. Sheis Press, P0b 84644, Bloor West Postal Outlet, 2336 Bloor St. W, Toronto, ON M6S 1T0, Canada, 1995. 48 pp. 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound, cover flaps. Haiku and other poetry. npg.

Modern Japanese Tanka: An Anthology. Makoto Ueda. Columbia University Press, 1996. xxxviii + 266 pp, 5×9 in. perfectbound. \$49.00 cloth; \$16.50 paper.

Moon Puddles. Haiku and sumi-e, Ann Newell. First published, 1983. Second printing, New Ray Press, 1996. 28 doublefold pp, 7×6½ in. paper, Japanese-bound. \$16.95 (+ p&h: US \$2.50; Canada \$3.00; elsewhere \$5.00) from Durazno Design Studios, POB 147, Tularosa, NM 88352.

The Mown Meadow: First Selected Haiku and Sequences, 1977-1994. Wally Swist. Los Hombres Press, Box 632729, San Diego, CA 92163-2729; 1996. 80 pp, 5½×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. \$9.95.

To Hear the Faint Bells. Milton Acorn. Illust. Gilda Mekler. Unfinished Monument Press, POB 4279, Pittsburgh, PA 15203; 1996. vi + 22 pp, 5½×8¼ in, paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.00 US; \$7.00 Canada.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS

Hawaii Education Association, 19th Annual International Haiku Writing Contest.

Deadline (postmark) November 15, 1996. Categories: a) Season Word; b) specific Hawaii Word; c) Humorous. Unlimited unpublished entries, not under consideration for publication, that "conform to rules of classical/traditional haiku, but not necessarily the 5-7-5 syllable form." Submit two typewritten 3×5" index cards, one with name and address, Social Security or other 9-digit number, category, and haiku; the other with only the 9-digit number, category, and haiku. Prizes \$45/20/15 + HM's in each category. Entries may be published in HEA publications. Submit with SASE and entry fee of US\$1 or 2 IRC's per haiku to HEA International Haiku Writing Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826.

The Herb Barrett Award for Short Poetry in the Haiku Tradition.

Deadline November 30, 1996. Sponsors: Canadian Poetry Assoc., Hamilton Branch, and Hamilton Haiku Press. "Poems must be no more than 4 lines long. They may or may not follow the traditional 17-syllable form, but should be in the haiku tradition: What is most important is that each haiku be a concise image of life. It is a thumbnail sketch. After first preparing the scene, usually in the first two short lines, the haiku describes a dynamic action that is part of the rhythms of life in its closing line. It is also breath, breathed in and out." Poems may be published or unpublished, in English or accompanied by an English translation. Type or print one poem per letter-sized page, with no identifying marks. Name, address, and phone number, with titles or first lines, should be on a separate sheet of paper. Prizes: \$75/50/25. Winning poems will be published in an anthology by Hamilton Haiku Press; each entrant will receive a copy of the anthology. Entry fee: \$10 for 1-2 poems, \$15 for 3 or more; payment by check or money order payable to Canadian Poetry Association, mailed to Hamilton Haiku Press, 237 Prospect St. South, Hamilton, ON L8M 2Z6, Canada.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.

After Lights Out. Spring Street Haiku Group, 1996. 28 unnumbered pp., 4×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.00 ppd: Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.

a haiku alphabet in celebration of fall. LeRoy Gorman. Proof Press, 67 Court St., Aylmer, QC J9H 4M1, Canada, 1966. 36 pp, 4×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.

A Path to the Sea. Christopher Herold, ed. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Haiku by Dan Brady, Helen K. Davies, Pat Gallagher, Evelyn Hermann. 28 unnumb. pp, 5½×7 in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5 ppd; checks or MO's in US funds, payable to "HPNC", to Two Autumns Press.

Before All The Leaves Are Gone. Gary Hotham. Chickadee Series No 10, Juniper Press, 1996. Eleven haiku on 22 unnumbered pp, 5×3½ in. letterpress, paper, sidesewn. \$7.00 + \$1.50 p&h, from author, 10460 Stansfield Rd., Laurel, MD 20723.

Breaths of July's Linden Forests/Dahovi Srpanjskih Lipika. Mile Stamenković. Haiku, tanka, and solorenga in Croat and English. STAM Rijeka, M. Laginje 31, 51000 Rijeka, Croatia, 1994. 102 pp, 6×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. npg.

from darkness: kasen renga. Suezan Aikins & Dorothy Howard. proof press, 67, rue Court, Aylmer, QU J9H 4M1, Canada. \$2 + \$1 p&h.

Haiku 96. (Poetry Postcard Quarterly, Summer, 1996, No. 3). PPQ, POB 1435, London W1A 9LB. 30 detachable postcards, 6×4 in, paper, perfectbound. £5.99; outside UK, enquire.

Jumping from Kiyomizu: a Haiku Sequence. David Cobb. Illus. Charlotte Smith. Iron Press, 5 Marden Terr., Cullercoats, North Shields, Northumberland, NE30 4PD, UK, 1996. 96 pp, 4×6 in. paper, perfectbound. £4.99; outside UK, enquire.

Misty Willows. Sheila Hyland. Sheis Press, P0b 84644, Bloor West Postal Outlet, 2336 Bloor St. W, Toronto, ON M6S 1T0, Canada, 1995. 48 pp. 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound, cover flaps. Haiku and other poetry. npg.

Modern Japanese Tanka: An Anthology. Makoto Ueda. Columbia University Press, 1996. xxxviii + 266 pp, 5×9 in. perfectbound. \$49.00 cloth; \$16.50 paper.

Moon Puddles. Haiku and sumi-e, Ann Newell. First published, 1983. Second printing, New Ray Press, 1996. 28 doublefold pp, 7×6½ in. paper, Japanese-bound. \$16.95 (+ p&h: US \$2.50; Canada \$3.00; elsewhere \$5.00) from Durazno Design Studios, POB 147, Tularosa, NM 88352.

The Mown Meadow: First Selected Haiku and Sequences, 1977-1994. Wally Swist. Los Hombres Press, Box 632729, San Diego, CA 92163-2729; 1996. 80 pp, 5½×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. \$9.95.

To Hear the Faint Bells. Milton Acorn. Illust. Gilda Mekler. Unfinished Monument Press, POB 4279, Pittsburgh, PA 15203; 1996. vi + 22 pp, 5½×8¼ in, paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.00 US; \$7.00 Canada.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS

Hawaii Education Association, 19th Annual International Haiku Writing Contest.

Deadline (postmark) November 15, 1996. Categories: a) Season Word; b) specific Hawaii Word; c) Humorous. Unlimited unpublished entries, not under consideration for publication, that "conform to rules of classical/traditional haiku, but not necessarily the 5-7-5 syllable form." Submit two typewritten 3×5" index cards, one with name and address, Social Security or other 9-digit number, category, and haiku; the other with only the 9-digit number, category, and haiku. Prizes \$45/20/15 + HM's in each category. Entries may be published in HEA publications. Submit with SASE and entry fee of US\$1 or 2 IRC's per haiku to HEA International Haiku Writing Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826.

The Herb Barrett Award for Short Poetry in the Haiku Tradition.

Deadline November 30, 1996. Sponsors: Canadian Poetry Assoc., Hamilton Branch, and Hamilton Haiku Press. "Poems must be no more than 4 lines long. They may or may not follow the traditional 17-syllable form, but should be in the haiku tradition: What is most important is that each haiku be a concise image of life. It is a thumbnail sketch. After first preparing the scene, usually in the first two short lines, the haiku describes a dynamic action that is part of the rhythms of life in its closing line. It is also breath, breathed in and out." Poems may be published or unpublished, in English or accompanied by an English translation. Type or print one poem per letter-sized page, with no identifying marks. Name, address, and phone number, with titles or first lines, should be on a separate sheet of paper. Prizes: \$75/50/25. Winning poems will be published in an anthology by Hamilton Haiku Press; each entrant will receive a copy of the anthology. Entry fee: \$10 for 1-2 poems, \$15 for 3 or more; payment by check or money order payable to Canadian Poetry Association, mailed to Hamilton Haiku Press, 237 Prospect St. South, Hamilton, ON L8M 2Z6, Canada.

International Yellow Moon Literary Competition.

Deadline November 30, 1996. Categories: A. Prose, "A Haiku Journey", max. 800 words; B. Haiku (best sheet of 3); C. Tanka; D. Short poem (humor, max. 20 lines); E. Limerick (best sheet of 3). Cash prizes + commendations, may be published in a new magazine, *Yellow Moon: haiku and other terse verse*. Entry Fee \$3/entry/category. Send SAE + IRC for guidelines and entry form to Coordinator, Yellow Moon Literary Competition, POB 35, Creswick 3363, Victoria, Australia.

The James W. Hackett Haiku Award 1996.

Deadline (in hand) November 30, 1996. Sponsored by British Haiku Society. Entries should approximate traditional haiku form, not necessarily 5-7-5 syllables (for guidelines, send SASE or SAE + IRC to address below). Judging: preliminary, BHS committee; final, J.W. Hackett. Prizes; £70 and others; publication in *Blithe Spirit*. Send up to 5 unpublished (and not currently elsewhere submitted) English-language haiku, each on 3 separate cards or pieces of paper, with name and address on the back of one only, together with SASE or SAE + IRC and entry fee (£2.50 sterling only by UK bankcheck or International Money Order payable to "The British Haiku Society", or £2.50 sterling or US\$4.00 in cash), to Hackett Award, 27 Park St., Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SS0 7PA, England.

North Carolina Haiku Society, 1997 International Haiku Contest.

Deadline December 1, 1996. Unlimited entries of unpublished haiku, not currently submitted elsewhere. Send each on duplicate 3×5" cards, one unidentified, one with name & address. Prizes \$100/50/25 + 2 HM, \$15 each. Winners announced at the Haiku Holiday (see **Meetings**) on January 25. A winners' sheet is published, but all rights are retained by authors. Send with entry fee of US\$1/haiku and SASE to: North Carolina Haiku Society, 3001 Mandy Ln., Morehead City NC 28557.

Pennsylvania Poetry Society 45th Annual Contest

Deadline (postmark) January 15, 1997. One "traditional or modern" haiku, unpublished, not otherwise submitted, not having previously won a cash prize. Type on two 8½×11" sheets, both with "Category 11: The Cecilia Parsons Miller Memorial Award" in UL corner, only one with name & address in UR corner. Also a separate cover page with name address, number and name of category as above, first line of haiku, and name and address of your local newspaper. Prizes \$25/15/10 + publication in Society annual. Send with SASE and entry fee of \$1.50 (check to PPS, Inc.) to Lillian Tweedy, Contest Chairman, 2488 New Franklin Rd., Chambersburg PA 17201.

Poets' Study Club, 57th Annual International Poetry Contest.

Deadline (in hand): February 1, 1997. Categories: Serious poems, Light verse, and "Traditional Haiku". Limit one poem per category, typed in English on 8½×11" paper, with author's name & address on each sheet. Prizes \$25/15 in each category. No entry fee. Send to Annual International Contest, Esther Alman, 826 S. Center St., Terre Haute IN 47807.

***Still*, Haiku Award 1997.**

Deadlines (in hand): February 15 and August 15. Free-form and "conventional" (5/7/5), previously unpublished haiku. Judge: editor of *Still* (see **Publications**). Winners and runners-up published in *Still*. £300 in prizes. Entry fee £2/haiku or 6/£10 (first 6 free for *Still* subscribers. Entry form and details: send SAE + 2 IRC to *Still*, 49 Englands Lane, London NW3 4YD, England.

CONTEST WINNERS

Canadian Writer's Journal 1966 Poetry Competition, Haiku Category: 1st prize, Lee Gurga; 2nd, ai li; 3rd, Kohjin Sakamoto. Honorable mentions: H.F. Noyes, Mary Partridge, Connie Meester.

PUBLICATIONS

Sijo West, the first North American journal devoted to sijo (a Korean genre related to haiku and tanka), began publication in Spring 1996. Sijo poems, including translations of classical Korean poems, articles, reviews. Edited by Larry Gross and Elizabeth St Jacques. 4 issues/year, US\$16 US & Canada, US\$24 elsewhere, from Larry Gross, POB 13743-SW, Tallahassee, FL 32317-3743.

Haiku is a second Croatian haiku journal, edited by Tomislav Maretić *et al.* Mostly in Croatian, although poems and articles written in English are presented bilingually. Address: Haiku, SIPAR d.o.o, Gajdekova 24, Zagreb, Croatia.

Still, a quarterly journal of haiku, senryu, and short poems, edited by ai li and published by the empty press, expects its first issue in January, 1997. Annual subscription: £20 + p&h: overseas surface £4, airmail £8 (per issue, £5.99 + £1/£2). International Postal Money Orders payable to *Still*. Subscriptions and submissions to *Still*, 49 Englands Ln., London NW3 4YD, England or e-mail submissions to <still@into.demon.co.uk>.

MEETINGS

Haiku Holiday, North Carolina Haiku Society

January 25, 1967, at Bolin-Brook Farm near Chapel Hill, NC. For information write (SASE) Penny Griffin, 726 Greenhill Rd., Mt. Airy, NC 27030.

Hayat Abuza 20,32
ai li 18
michelle albert 13
Kay F. Anderson 26,54
Alexey V. Andreyev 58
Fay Aoyagi 23
A. Araghetti 15,21
Pamela A. Babusci 6,14,23,58
D.L. Bachelor 22
Winona Baker 11
Francine B. Banwarth 5
Diane E. Baumer 18
Robert Bebek 14
ernest j berry 7,20,22,28,29
Cathy D. Better 16,34
Harsangeet K. Bhullar 8
F. Matthew Blaine 77
David Nelson Blair 52
Victor Bloom 11
Dianne Borsenik 18
Ellen Brimeyer 26
Robert L. Brimm 17
Randy M. Brooks 22
Myotis Brown 22
Naomi Y. Brown 7
Alexius J. Burgess 37
Heather Buss 33
Francis J. Caporale 10
Bob Carlton 7
Marijan Čekolj 21,23
Yu Chang 23,58
Cyril Childs 13,32
Margaret Chula 46
Tom Clausen 48
J. Clontz 11
Carlos Colón 14
Ellen Compton 17,19
Carol Conti-Entin 8,44
Jocelyn A. Conway 6,23
Carol Dagenhardt 5
Helen K. Davie 7,47
Cherie Hunter Day 51
Raffael de Gruttola 31
Joseph DeLuise 32
Kristen Deming 59,62,63
Angelee Deodhar 24
Mike Dillon 11,24
Donna E. Dodson 22
Patrick Donovan 39
Kim Dorman 28
Gene Doty 20
Jimmy Dunlap 36
Madelyn Eastlund 10
Leslie Einer 40,53
Kathryn Elkins 38
Jeanne Emrich 42
Robert Epstein 28
Keiko Etoh 62,63
Judson Evans 16
Amy Fabricius 25,39
Liz fenn 55
Nelle Fertig 15
Michael Fessler 19,36
H. Nelson Fitton 24
Geoff Flaum 38
Ellen Florman 18
S.B. Friedman 29
Linda Fuller-Smith 8
D. Claire Gallagher 12,28,37,49
Peggy Garrison 19,20
Frederick Gasser 34
Barry George 32
Robert Gibson 9,19,41
Joyce Austin Gilbert 20
Jerry Gill 35
Robert Gilliland 17
Lloyd Gold 12,30
Merrill Ann Gonzales 9,19
Edward Grastorf 4
Lee Gurga 31
Tim Happel 24
Yvonne Hardenbrook 5,39,48
Ken Harrell 25
Hasa 28
Norie Hayakawa 59,61
Peggy Heinrich 13,40
Keri Leigh Heitkamp 32
Donald B. Hendrich 14,15
Christopher Herold 31,36,46
Sandra Gordon Hersh 30
Sarah Hickenbotham 25
Frank Higgins 19
Kam Holifield 6,7,13,35
Ruth Holter 19
Sarah Holtorf 39
Dorothy Howard 21
Elizabeth Howard 9,20
Phil Howerton 53
Tom Hoyt 23
Kevin Hull 18

Sheila Hyland 31
 Flori Ignoffo 9,21,36
 Keiko Imaoka 25,28,30
 Haruko Imadome 62,63
 Yatsuka Ishihara 59,61,62
 Colette Iteld 38
 M.J. Iuppa 9
 Robert Jenkins 27,37,39
 Lael Johnson 26
 Eileen I. Jones 17,25,35
 Jerry A. Judge 23,27
 Jim Kacian 11,14,31,34
 Itsuko Kaya 59,64
 Debra Kehrberg 17,37
 Michael Ketchek 45
 Penel Ketchek 26
 Larry Kimmel 16
 Ayr's Kirkofield 10,35
 Elsie O. Kolashinski 9,17
 Tadashi Kondo 59,63
 Tony Konrardy 21
 Robert Kusch 15,16
 Ross LaHaye 8
 Lori Laliberte-Carey 36
 Elizabeth Searle Lamb 10
 Jane K. Lambert 7
 John Laugenour 32
 André Lefevere 33
 Kenneth C. Leibman 2,75,76
 Jack Lent 39
 Edith Mize Lewis 14
 Jean E. Leyman 31
 Leatrice Lifshitz 20,37
 Judith Liniado 7,36
 Katie Lind 38,77
 Devin Lindsey 33
 Geraldine C. Little 33,43
 Matthew Louvière 10
 Doris Lynch 9
 Paul M 8,22
 Robert Major 25,26,29
 Makiko 6,34
 Cheryl C. Manning 14
 John Martone 10
 Sister Mary Theresa 5
 Rita Z. Mazur 31
 Florence McGinn 25
 Dorothy McLaughlin 11,26
 Walt McLaughlin 37
 Mary Fran Meer 7,11,17
 Connie R. Meester 10,13,18,50
 Paul David Mena 7
 Philip Miller 18
 Bill Moore 4
 Jim Mullins 23
 Melissa Leaf Nelson 24,30
 Patricia Neubauer 6
 Elizabeth Nichols 35,70
 Blanche Nonnemann 58
 H.F. Noyes 1,37,56
 John S. O'Connor 23
 Yoko Ogino 29
 Shosaku Ohya 60,61
 Ritsuo Okada 61,63
 Toshiko Okuyama 60
 Peggy Olafson 26
 Marian Olson 34,72
 Rebecca M. Osborn 24
 Simon Ott 34
 Randy W. Pait 8,22
 Brett Palmer 38
 Zane Parks 58
 Alison Poe 9
 Francine Porad 27,48
 Robert H. Poulin 11,33,51
 Dawn E. Powell 17,27
 Lisa Pretus 38,77
 Gloria H. Procsal 24
 Anthony J. Pupello 2,32,33,34
 Carol Purington 19,26,39
 Stuart Quine 24
 William M. Ramsey 4,12,33
 Charles Rea 6
 Lyn Reeves 21
 Edward J. Rielly 8
 Mia Romanik 38
 Emily Romano 4,5,26,36,52
 Ronan 4,15,34,35
 Ce Rosenow 51
 Bruce Ross 16
 Alexis K. Rotella 58
 Timothy Russell 4,10
 Lewis Sanders 77
 Sandy Sariti 12
 Stephen R. Schieck 27
 Lee R. Seidenberg 16,20
 Yoko Senda 62
 John Sheirer 23,65
 Jean Campbell Simmonds 36
 Parikshith Singh 9

Mile Stamenković 8,15,21
Susan Stanford 21,25,34
R.A. Stefanac 6,19,49
Michael Steffen 18
John Stevenson 4,39
Elizabeth St Jacques 30,56
Laurie W. Stoelting 11,12,13
Ebba Story 37,49,74
Celia Stuart-Powles 8,31
Christopher Suarez 29,33
sundance 14,50
Dave Sutter 30
Jeff Swan 24
Patrick Sweeney 32
Wally Swist 5,13,15,30
Ryusai Takeshita 63,64
Kenneth Tanemura 25,27,32
Lynn Theobald 12
Jim Thielen 16
John Thompson 47
Richard Thompson 20
Doris H. Thurston 5
Tom Tico 6,15,27,30
James Tipton 13,22
Charles P. Trumbull 14,19,28
ubuge 58
Fuyuo Usaki 60,62
Ryan G. Van Cleave 16
Donna J. Waidtlow 4
Paul Watsky 11,13
Anita Sadler Weiss 37
Michael Dylan Welch 15,22,26,27
Mark Arvid White 27
Nina A. Wicker 36
Paul O. Williams 5,31
Richmond Dean Williams 14,35
Suzanne Williams 6,10,12
Tom Williams 30
Louise Somers Winder 16,18
Brad Wolthers 12,42
Valorie B. Woerdehoff 33,39,50
Mizue Yamada 61,63
Ruth Yarrow 12
Yasuko Yasui 29
Linda Claire Yuhas 16,17
Jianqing Zheng 35
Edward Zuk 35



