

# frogpond



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Number 1

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February 1987

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
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## GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

I begin my tenure as president of the Haiku Society of America with great enthusiasm and happy anticipation. During the past nineteen years the HSA has grown through the work begun by its charter participants to an international society with members in many parts of the world. During 1987 I expect that we will continue to expand our programs and activities, to welcome new members, to provide current members with increased opportunities for literary enrichment together and as individuals, to encourage public awareness and appreciation of our dedication to haiku and related forms, and to begin planning for our twentieth anniversary in 1988.

I extend an invitation to each of you to attend our New York meetings, and to those of you whose attendance is limited by geography, I invite your suggestions for regional activities through which we can achieve a greater sense of community. My wish for all of us is for a healthy and productive year filled with spiritual richness and an abundance of special moments which we will celebrate and share through our haiku.

*Adele Kenny*

## WORD FROM THE EDITOR

With this issue, Volume X Number 1, *Frogpond* enters its tenth year. The first Quarterly issue, with Lilli Tanzer as editor, appeared in February, 1978. The following year Numbers 3 and 4 were combined in one double issue and in 1980 only Numbers 1 and 2 were published; since that time, however, four issues have appeared each year. Each issue has contained material of interest and value and I remind readers that it is possible to obtain back issues that are lacking in their files.

I welcome your suggestions, comments, and submissions.

May haiku bring you joy!

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*



cry of a jay  
piercing  
the first of the year

*Ruby Spriggs*

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku  
from *Frogpond* IX:4

autumn dusk the crooked road home

*Marlene Mountain*

three white asters  
in the winter garden . . .  
petals falling

divots erupting  
from the polo field—  
flight of sparrows

trade winds . . . rain or shine  
the glittering leaves  
of the mango tree

*Helen E. Dalton*

cloud forest—  
a hatch of tiny spiders  
dangling

*Ruth Yarrow*

rusty faucet gurgling a sparkling rivulet  
lavish in the drought

*Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.*

earliest dawn—  
just the ghost of a bird  
at the feeder

spreadwinged anhinga  
materializing  
in the morning lakemist

*Kenneth C. Leibman*

a field mouse  
wild-eyed  
in the piano  
—Rachmaninoff

*Donald McLeod*

in this practice room  
on this worn-out piano  
joyful Bach

roaring octaves . . .  
on the piano  
meditating cat

*Samuel Viviano*

beethoven's fifth  
the winter wind storm  
rattles the windowpane

remembering the lie  
I told you  
crocus in midwinter

we say we're sorry  
the easter lily begins  
to open

*nick avis*

church crucifix—  
deeper than customary  
the zen master bows

*Robert Spiess*



A snowshoer tramps by;  
two squirrels stare from their hole  
at the mounting flakes.

Its wingblade folded,  
the snowgrader bumbles home  
in high gear.

*Arizona Zipper*

finicky child . . .  
the towhee's  
"eat your wheat"

clouds drift . . .  
bright-shouldered Orion  
and a thin white moon

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

driving through the blizzard  
a slick spot  
suddenly not talking at all

*Richard Bodner*

January night  
the back of the cabbie's neck  
his cauliflower ear

*Patrick G. Keleher*

cold starlight  
everything resisting the snow  
an owl's echo

*Lenard D. Moore*

stony grin  
on the ancient gargoyle  
cat yawning

wattle tree  
sheds withered leaves  
rustling winds

whitened skull  
in sand among  
dried leaves

*Bernard Hewitt*

A cockroach  
                  crawling—  
ancient cave drawings

Tourist reading  
sdrawkcab repap  
young child giggles

*Barry Goodmann*

Razor blades and tape  
an assassin makes headway  
                  at the cockfight

Pistachio shells  
litter the sawdust parterre  
                  after the cockfight

*Kathryn Stewart McDonald*

**ALICE WALKER, "FOR ME HAIKU IS ..."**

*(Excerpt from a work-in progress,  
"Those Women Writing Haiku")*

Jane Reichhold

"One thing I try to have in my life and my fiction is an awareness of and an openness to mystery, which, to me, is deeper than any politics, race or geographical location. In the poems I read, a sense of mystery, a deepening of it, is what I look for—because that is what I respond to. I have been influenced—especially in the poems of ONCE—by Zen epigrams and Japanese haiku. I think my respect for short forms comes from this. I was delighted to learn that in three or four lines a poet can express mystery, evoke beauty and pleasure, paint a picture—and not dissect or analyze in any way. The insects, the fish, the birds, and the apple blossoms in haiku are still whole. They have not been turned into something else. They are allowed their own majesty, instead of being used to emphasize the majesty of people: usually the majesty of the poets writing."\*

Alice Walker, now famous for her book, *THE COLOR PURPLE*, which was for months on the nation's best-seller list and was later made into a smash-hit movie of the same name, made the above statement in 1973, in an interview with John O'Brien. She was so enthusiastic about haiku that she goes on to say:

"During the whole period of discovering haiku and the sensual poems of Ovid, . . . my feet did not touch the ground."\*

But her feet were on the ground when she finally began writing her own haiku. During the summer between her junior and senior years at Sarah Lawrence College, (1964), Alice Walker journeyed throughout East Africa. From these experiences came the poems and haiku titled, "African Images, Glimpses from the Tiger's Back", the first poem-sequence in the book, ONCE, in which one has the feeling that these pictures were sketched with words in a traveler's notebook.

\*From *Interviews with Black Writers*, edited by John O'Brien, published by Liveright Publishing Corp., Inc., copyright © 1973. Used by permission of Alice Walker and Liveright Publishing Corp., Inc.

Fast rapids  
Far below  
Begins  
The lazy Nile.

A silent lake  
Bone strewn banks  
Luminous  
In the sun.

Holding three fingers  
The African child  
Looked up at me  
The sky was very  
Blue. †

However, in that same interview, Ms. Walker honestly relates:

“That week [after having an abortion] I wrote without stopping (except to eat and go to the toilet) almost all of the poems in *ONCE*. I wrote them all in a tiny blue notebook that I can no longer find—the African ones first, because the vitality and color and friendships in Africa rushed over me in dreams that first night I slept.”\*

Reading this work, one watches a poet emerging from her educational cocoon. One sees her making experiments in the form right from the beginning. She never did write haiku using only three lines: she saw haiku as “painting the eye in the tiger,” so she gave her lines the long, thin formats that do remind one of the glint of light in a wild cat’s eye while sticking (more or less) to the traditional syllable count.

†From “African Images, Glimpses from the Tiger’s Back” in *ONCE*, copyright © 1968 by Alice Walker. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

\*From *Interviews with Black Writers*, edited by John O’Brien, published by Liveright Publishing Corp., Inc., copyright © 1973. Used by permission of Alice Walker and Liveright Publishing Corp., Inc.

Uganda mountains  
Black Soil  
White snow  
And in the valley  
Zebra.

A strange noise!  
"Perhaps an elephant  
is eating our roof"  
In the morning  
much blue.

A tall warrior  
and at his feet  
only  
Elephant bones. †

Perhaps her statement, ". . . Basho convinced me that poetry is more like music—in my case, improvisational jazz," explains where she found the freedom to make haiku echo with her rhythms and visions.

A small boat  
A placid lake  
Suddenly at one's hand  
Two ears—  
Hippopotamus.

Under the moon  
luminous  
huts . . . .  
Brown breasts stuck  
out to taunt  
the sullen wind. †

†From "African Images, Glimpses from the Tiger's Back" in *ONCE*, copyright © 1968 by Alice Walker. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

As the poem progresses, one is subtly aware that she is making changes in punctuation and has abandoned the starting of each line with a capital letter.

The sequence ends with Alice Walker already hinting at the form she will develop and expand in the remaining poems in *ONCE*, where, still, here and there, as in these last lines, she surprises her reader with a haiku.

“in my journal  
I thought I could  
capture  
everything . . . .

Listen!  
the soft wings of cranes  
sifting the salt sea  
air.”†

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†From “African Images, Glimpses from the Tiger's Back” in *ONCE*, copyright © 1968 by Alice Walker. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

winter sunset;  
clasped in the brass door handle  
the eviction notice

*Wally Swist*

the quiet old man  
clutching a glossy photo  
a removal van

*Colin Shaddick*

Evicted  
still bringing birdseed  
to the backyard . . .

*Vicki Silvers*

singing,  
the drunk tries to roll the moon  
from an iced puddle

full winter moon—  
by the old “hanging tree”  
hooded figures

how silently  
the wave-tossed log is beached  
and snow-flaked

*Geraldine C. Little*

winter day  
homeless woman's  
eyes

snowstorm on the bowery  
SUNSHINE HOTEL  
full up

late february  
moon's crushed  
skull

*Steve Dalachinsky*

passing the bottle  
of wine over the steam grate:  
bitter cold

the telephone booth  
is holding the old wino  
in frozen silence

on the frozen snow  
etched with tire tracks and fire hose:  
the stretcher's shadow

on the frozen snow  
reflecting ambulance lights:  
the rag doll's face

*Nick Virgilio*



## COLORS

Wolves leaving the wood  
taking with them  
their ruby appetites.

Porcelain  
clouds moving the sky  
east to west.

Only flesh  
the color  
of flesh.

From the sea  
the wind returning  
blue.

Out of the deep  
green  
a deer.

*Bob Boldman*



motel  
along the old highway . . .  
still open

Saturday morning  
pheasant tracks in the new snow . . .  
we linger in bed

*M. Kettner*

Drab among pigeons  
feeding in mission courtyard  
St. Joseph's Day bird

*Ruth G. Iodice*

*A daughter*  
he answers,  
and looks out the window.  
*Stillborn.*

Communion  
Father's wristwatch  
beeps

*Michael Dudley*

Subzero spring my breath in my face my eyebrows

*Mary Ann Henn*

Dead bells  
shattering ice  
on holy water

*Geraldine C. Little*

We are lost in darkness—  
overhead a nighthawk calls

The geese aim north  
dragging a warm wind

*David K. Antieau*

**VIOLIN CASE RENGA**  
**New York City**  
**August 15, 1984-July 9, 1985**

**Doris Heitmeyer**  
**L. A. Davidson**  
**Sydell Rosenberg**

Among coins and bills  
in the open violin case  
spilled locust flowers DH

Dry sycamore leaves scraping  
across the city sidewalk LAD

Arranging his wares  
the Creepy Crawler vendor  
sends a spider up— SR

The smell of roasting chestnuts  
ascends to the blue heavens DH

Cold October night  
a halo around the moon,  
coming home alone LAD

“Only twenty-dollar bills—”  
She cracks the roll of pennies SR

Up Fifth Avenue his yellow teeth through whiteface a mime break-dancing	SR
The first snowflakes forgotten as soon as the sun comes out	DH
Her arm in a cast, watching kids through the window making angel wings	LAD
Double edition December/ January <i>Playboy</i> Magazine	SR
Here's a sweetgum burr put it under your pillow and remember me	DH
Another seam, a button— how many times pricked for you?	LAD
Early morning Mass . . . climbing up yellow-lined steps to a bolted door	SR
In time to see the moon set and the rabbit upside-down	DH
As the sun rises, in the water a strange face from the nearby boat	LAD
On shore a siren drowning the faint cry of a peacock	LAD
If this wind persists I'll be blown into a shape like a bonsai tree!	SR
From the Central Park transverse forsythia in the rain	DH

The little boy slipping from his mother's grasp darts through a puddle	LAD
Winter doldrums, I don't know . . . that bluejay pecked my husband!	SR
All night in the cold the sound of a waterfall from a burst steampipe	DH
Away on another trip . . . how wide this queen-sized bed is!	LAD
NO TRUFFLES TODAY "What's love got to do with it?" says my pickled heart	SR
The snow leopard's vacant eyes— pestered by her half-grown cubs	DH
"Once you have a child you will always have a child." "Tell me about it!"	LAD
The Year of the Ox— The fox turns a somersault!	SR
Ballplayers' jackets— all draped over the shoulders of the bronze statue	DH
Reaching for a dead cockroach that zips off into a crack	LAD
Baying at the moon dog chained to parking meter Dan's Super Market	SR
They choose a jack-o'-lantern and a Dracula costume	DH

Passing the graveyard something comes out of the woods and goes back again	DH
A bag woman collecting colored leaves from the sidewalk	LAD
In a pavement crack an Indian incense stick half consumed	SR
Spring—the Korean grocer still patiently shelling peas	DH
Weeping cherries out, the gray-haired doorman grumbling at his retirement	LAD
Do not enter Escalator going up . . .	SR

Note: the first four links of this renga were published in *The Christian Science Monitor*, October 8, 1986. ESL



The weather report failed to mention: through  
rain  
a streak  
of  
blue  
jay

*Carol Wainright*

## ELEGY

in the hospital  
pale white lilies  
beside her bed

ordering flowers  
for the funeral  
I can't say roses

walking home  
from the cemetery  
the rain stops

\* \* \*

white crocus  
on the grave  
a pretty girl jogs by

*Bob Gates*



Erster Frühlingstag—  
der blinde Bettler am Tor  
hebt den Kopf höher.

The first day of spring—  
the blind beggar at the gate  
lifts his head higher.

Der alte Bettler—  
alle hasten stumm vorbei  
nur ein Kind bleibt stehn.

The ancient beggar—  
people pass without a word  
except one small child.

*Sabine Sommerkamp*

(Note: These two haiku were among a group published in Chinese translations in The People's Republic of China when Dr. Sommerkamp visited there in the summer of 1986. ESL)

crossing the Bay Bridge  
leg of a rainbow  
in the tugboat's wake

*Robert N. Johnson*

still in the taste  
of afternoon tea,  
my grandmother's brogue

*Jerry Kilbride*

spoon  
in  
glass  
mug  
still  
it  
cracks

*Carol Montgomery*

rain splashing  
the waiting room door  
closes

all  
the daylight gone—  
her songs  
to her granddaughter

the back way—  
every star the naked eye  
can see

*Gary Hotham*



## PUEBLO SOLSTICE

earlier  
than morning fires—gray dawn  
on Sacred Mountain

piñon smoke spirals  
from snow-covered kiva  
to ashen wintry sky

the village waiting . . .  
turquoise chips and blessed corn meal  
scattered on the snow

feathered kachinas  
pass through the crowd—only the sound  
of their footsteps

hands beat drum  
feet beat earth  
heart beats . . . faster

turquoise and silver  
around the shaman's neck  
beads of sweat

Sacred Mountain  
petroglyphs dance  
breathing white clouds

chanting sharpens  
drumbeats quicken  
snowflakes falling

shaman's ancient prayer  
the sun pauses . . .  
then starts back

Winter sunrise—  
high in the ancient oak  
pale green mistletoe

*Frank Trotman*

slower than the rest  
now and then  
a big flake falls

rolling on grass  
bared by the snowplow—  
the old tomcat

*Randy Johnson*

snowman  
standing alone  
I say so long

*zaveja*

the sun goes behind  
the one cloud in the sky  
my winter morning

alone in his crib  
he cries harder now  
at winter sunset

*Lee Gurga*

Ignoring TV  
Grandma talks to friends long dead—  
winter deepens

*Jane K. Lambert*

the paw print  
catching the morning sun  
in wet sand

morning sun  
passing the plants  
falls on the floor  
in their shape

a flute solo  
the cat breathes gently  
through her whiskers

a guru speaks  
the mike picks up  
bird song

*Jane Reichhold*

growing weary;  
the soft staccato  
of his cough

long night's vigil,  
even this buzzing fly  
is welcome

from winter sky  
to brook  
the icy moon

*Gloria H. Procsal*

where an eagle soars  
the spirit of air dances,  
gift for my wind pipe

eagle hovering—  
shadow, my shadow  
with wings!

bedding down for night,  
star blanket sky unfolding  
in welcome to sleep

*James Minor*



Green and blowing  
the willow in my mind  
rains of spring

Seen or unseen  
white blossoms  
of the plum

Winter moonlight  
as if to receive a guest  
I rise

*Paul Wadden*

## CITIES AND SAND

Taos Pueblo, buying a drum:

He's wearing his name—  
Red Shirt—and signs the drum  
with a red felt pen.

The Plaza in Santa Fe:

"I'm an Indian, I'm  
from everywhere, man—  
got a cigarette?"

Crossing the high desert:

Juniper people—  
plenty of shaggy trees,  
a great herd of bison.

Squirrel, Turtle, Hawk and Horse  
wander into the desert:  
four directions.

Raven people playing  
on high winds,  
sand in my eyes.

Acoma Pueblo:

"I'm a real old Indian,  
no pictures!" I blink  
hearing her voice again.

\* \* \*

Headlights plunging  
drunken at us—horn blast,  
Milky Way near Taos.

*Peter Fortunato*

MESA VERDE

ancient toehold:  
the tourist brushes dust  
from his varicose vein

far across the canyon  
small dark  
door

balcony:  
twinkling swift wings  
silent cliff

for seven centuries  
her interior  
wall design

tourist  
up the hot ladder,  
lizard's glare

*Ruth Yarrow*



sundown  
red sandstone cliffs  
go dark

*Gita Bodner*

## ROBERT SPIESS, THE MAN AND HIS WORDS

—An Essay Review—

L. A. Davidson

**THE BOLD SILVERFISH AND TALL RIVER JUNCTION** Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701; 1986, 52 pp., \$4 postpaid.

Steadily and calmly without polemics or self-serving alliances, but firmly, Robert Spiess has been in the forefront of the haiku-in-English movement since its acceleration a quarter of a century ago.

He refers to his forty years' interest in haiku as having started with reading the late Harold G. Henderson's *The Bamboo Broom* and being attracted by "the brevity and aesthetics of the haiku [which] still continue to dominate my interests. . . . Another book that helped to consolidate and deepen my interest in haiku was *Haikai and Haiku*,<sup>1</sup> and, of course, R. H. Blyth's volumes. Clement Hoyt also played a role in my haiku life."<sup>2</sup>

It is a bold reviewer, indeed, who presumes to write yet another exposition of this man and his contributions to haiku in English. One is well referred to Spiess's succinct autobiography in *the haiku anthology*,<sup>3</sup> 1974, if one is fortunate enough to have a copy or find one in a library; to R. E. T. Johnson's 1975 article, "Robert Spiess, Haikai Pioneer," in the magazine *Modern Haiku*;<sup>4</sup> or to an excellent profile, "The Haiku Master," by Anthony Manousos in the October 1986 *Madison Magazine*.<sup>5</sup>

He was born October 16, 1921, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and has a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin. We know that he has addressed college level haiku and poetry societies, but he avowedly steers clear of participation in poetry groups. Manousos in a visit to Spiess's rented house on the shore of a creek entering into Madison's Lake Mendota, lifts the curtain slightly—on a Thomas Hoffman drawing of Jesus, a bronze statue of the Buddha, oriental art and selected books mostly about haiku and the orient, and (a comfort to all writers, I am sure) a tiny study "with the usual clutter of books and papers."

There is no curtain between the water lover and his readers. Kayaking and canoeing, with all the observations of nature and related perceptions of human nature emanating from them, permeate his writings. Nor is Robert Spiess reticent about his world of haiku. His first haiku was published in 1949 by *American Poetry Magazine*. Soon after the first haiku-in-English magazine, *American Haiku*, was established in 1963, he began contributing chiefly articles and book reviews. From 1965 until the magazine's suspension in 1968, he was poetry editor and did not use his own haiku.





It has teasing overtones of unrealized haiku. Others have one-word middle lines, and a senryu is a visual joke:

Used for a year!  
—and still this ball-point pen  
keeps writi

In two stances on haiku, he is at odds with several later-day opinions. He firmly believes in beauty in haiku, not super-prettiness but elegance, and he maintains that haiku is poetry:

Pine shade;  
a child bends  
and touches the moss

As in all his books, many of the poems have appeared previously in magazines. *The Bold Silverfish* is the first collection that has no central theme. Each haiku or senryu is carefully crafted, however, as is his custom, and he follows his own advice in juxtaposition of images and in multiple sensory sensations:

Honking of wild geese  
... potatoes in the cellar  
sprouting<sup>8</sup>

Here the sound and the silence, white breasts and white sprouts, light of sky and dark underground, fast flight and slow stirring of new life, these latter signs of spring, even if neither is seen, are vivid in the mind's eye. One can almost smell and taste the season.

In his September letter, Spiess has this to say: "Generally speaking, in my earlier haiku I think that I inclined somewhat too much to 'over-objectivity,' and that in my more recent haiku I attempt to evoke a greater degree of felt-depth through objective perceptions that may have a word or two that 'ameliorate' the possible starkness of 'pure' objectivity, as in:

ice cubes  
aging  
in each one's glass"

I would add to his example "Two Expostulations," one of which is:

Your dragonflies, Lord—  
leniently You let them dart  
all day by the pond

*Lawyer*  
 Farmers lose their corn;—  
 finally the crows are shot;  
 only scarecrows win.  
 —Hoyt

*Lee Gall, Attorney-at-Law*  
 As light as vapor,  
 but binding as iron chains:  
 the pieces of paper  
 —Spiess

Most of *Tall River Junction* appeared in page-long series in *Modern Haiku* in the 1970s under the title “Branch River Shoals.” The majority are witty or satirical:

*Dr Jimson Weedler, Psychiatrist*  
 A couch à la Freud—  
 curing souls of sex and things  
 by which they’re annoyed

*Wanda Marions, Typist*  
 Distant relations  
 never hear from her . . . until  
 her wedding invitations

but a few have a touch of pathos, as:

. . . . ., *Transient*  
 Wino, trembling some—  
 a quarter to a buddha  
 presently a bum

Were it not that throughout this section Spiess uses rhymed first and third lines, one would surely drop the “some” from the above. Most of the time, the rhyme is used so smoothly that one does not notice. His use of rhyme is noted in a letter to R. E. T. Johnson: “Although I occasionally use rhyme in haiku I think that its use can be particularly effective in senryu as it seems to add to the irony, satire, wit, cynicism, the sardonic, etc., of senryu.”<sup>9</sup> And were it not that *Tall River Junction* is a community analysis, the greater part of the poems would do as well without titles; a few would be puzzling. The only two-liner is one best titled:

*Harold Ingel, Department Store Owner*  
 Hark! The ceiling speaker sings:  
 Glory to your love of things

The second part of the books, *Tall River Junction*, is almost all senryu. It immediately calls to mind Clement Hoyt’s *County Seat*, a small illustrated book designed by Spiess and published by *American Haiku* in 1966. Hoyt’s senryu, all linked to scarecrows, are titled only by occupation instead of with personal names and occupations as are Spiess’s. Also, Hoyt’s have a tendency to be more didactic and so lose some of their subtle sting. They seem longer, too, even though both are pretty much five/seven/five syllables. Both books, of course, raise echoes of Edgar Lee Masters’ *Spoon River Anthology*, but because of brevity do not link characters with each other in subtle subplots nor flesh out the people.



As in his life so in his writing, one is left with a sense of tranquility and balance. A non-haiku person seeing his picture in *Madison Magazine* says, "He looks like a person I'd like to know." —or read.

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<sup>1</sup>Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkokai (Japanese Translation Committee) (Tokyo, 1958).

<sup>2</sup>A reply letter, Spiess to Davidson, Sept. 16, 1986.

<sup>3</sup>*the haiku anthology*, cor van den heuvel (1974, Anchor Press/Doubleday, Garden City, New York), p. 268.

<sup>4</sup>*Modern Haiku*, Vol. VI, No. 1, 1975, pp. 7-10.

<sup>5</sup>*Madison Magazine*, (P.O. Box 1604, Madison, WI 53701), Oct. 1986, p. 49 ff.

<sup>6</sup>*Modern Haiku*, Vol. VII, No. 4, Nov. 1976, pp. 7-9.

<sup>7</sup>Jack Cain's haibun "Paris" had appeared in Amann's Canadian *Haiku* magazine in 1969, the only magazine haibun in English to precede Spiess's.

<sup>8</sup>First appeared in *Modern Haiku*, Vol. II, No. 2, 1971, p. 11.

<sup>9</sup>Spiess to Johnson, 1 July 1974.



winter moon  
no ring

black  
telephone

winter night  
more books  
overdue

*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

Winter night  
a neighbor  
sighs in his sleep

*Daniel Ross*

winter morning  
waking in the silence  
where bird songs had been

*Lawrence Rungren*

In my brother's coat  
walking on a winter lake  
old rain below

My brother's fishtank  
algae powder on the walls  
sea life too is dust

*Tony Quagliano*

walking in winter  
every branching twig  
against the snowfall

all day melting  
now puddles cloud with ice  
twilight

*Karen Sohne*

tonight my shadow  
walks beside me in moonlight . . .  
neither of us speak

wakeful winter night  
my small dog's gentle snoring  
keeps me company

*Elsie Kolashinski*

pre-dawn stillness  
blue snowfall  
a cardinal's sharp notes

sharp shadowed creases  
of this paper blue swallow  
on the windowsill

*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

old warehouse—  
a sparrow flying  
from its broken window

snowflakes  
rising and falling  
on her eyelashes

*Christopher Suarez*

a discarded angel  
its dented face filled  
with winter sun

*Deborah Page*

winter sun  
sidewalks slowly  
reappearing

winter night  
searching for Orion  
my stiff neck

*Bob Gates*

What in the world—  
van Ruysdael clouds  
here over Corfu!

It's there again  
in the eucalyptus tree—  
the Cézanne rainbow!

First skylark;  
my neighbor to the north  
no longer gets up

*Humphrey Noyes*

Winds off Parnassus  
echoing the Odyssey  
sing haiku with Noyes

*Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.*

full moon:  
the Potala's 10,000 buddhas  
sit with lowered lids

*(Lhasa, Tibet)*

all night Orion  
lying on its side—  
this tipped-world feeling

*(Quito, Ecuador)*

*Rosamond Haas*

coughing blood,  
Shiki stains the river  
and the Milky Way

*Bill Pauly*

## BOOK REVIEW

**1987 POET'S MARKET: Where & How to Publish Your Poetry**, edited by Judson Jerome. Writer's Digest Books, Cincinnati; 1986, 372 pps, \$16.95 hardcover.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

This is a fine resource for poets! Judson Jerome has put together an extremely comprehensive listing of all kinds of markets for poets with pertinent and helpful information given for each individual outlet. Samples of work, editors' comments, and Jerome's own assessments make this fun to browse in as well as a market research tool. General submission how-to and brief "Close-up" articles on 12 individual poets and editors are valuable.

As I mentioned in reviewing the 1986 volume, this will be of most value to poets who write many kinds of poetry. Haiku poets, however, will find convenient listing of most of their regular haiku markets in Canada and Japan as well as in the United States. And a red flag to stop them from submitting to some who emphatically do not want to see haiku. The editor of *Small Pond Magazine of Literature* wants poetry of "any style, form, topic, so long as it is deemed good, except haiku . . ." Editor of the British *Flame Poetry Magazine* wants nothing "racist, sexist, war mongering, or haiku." I'm not sure if those among us who write haiku should laugh or weep!

There is some confusion in the manner of organization. Magazines, publishing houses, and societies are simply presented in alphabetical order. For instance, *Mayfly* is mentioned in the High/Coo Press listing; turn to "F" section—there is no *Frogpond* but it turns up with other information about the Haiku Society of America in the "Hs." These two magazines do appear in the "General Index" but not in the "State Index," nor in the "Subject Index" where there is no haiku category but many other haiku magazines are listed under 'Form/Style.' In some cases there have been changes since this book went to press, one being *Cicada* which is no longer simply a supplement to *Amelia* but is independent.

Despite these few quibbles, the *1987 Poet's Market* fulfills its purpose admirably. Every public library should have a copy. Every poet who buys a copy should benefit.

## BITS & PIECES

### HAIKU CANADA

Congratulations to Haiku Canada on its tenth anniversary! It was founded by Dr. Eric Amann as The Haiku Society of Canada in 1977. He was succeeded as president by Betty Drevniok in 1979, followed by Sandra Fuhringer in 1982. In 1985 the name was changed to Haiku Canada, with Dorothy Howard and Andre Duhaime becoming co-presidents. A large library of haiku materials is maintained; *Haiku Canada Newsletter* is published plus a series of *Haiku Canada Sheets* featuring haiku of individual members and an occasional *Article* (Sheets and Articles, \$.50 a copy or 5 for \$2). Copies of *HAIKU: Anthologie Canadienne/Canadian Anthology*, edited by Howard and Duhaime, published in 1985 by Editions Asticou, now available for \$15. US ppd. from Haiku Canada.

To mark this 10th anniversary a special holograph edition of members' haiku is being assembled. The 1987 Haiku Canada Weekend will be held in Aylmer, Quebec, from May 15 to 18.

Membership is open to "all haiku poets and enthusiasts." 1986-87 dues \$15. Haiku Canada, c/o D. Howard and A. Duhaime, 67 Court St., Aylmer, Que., Canada J9H 4M1.

### PUBLICATION NEWS

*Catalyst* is seeking poetry under 25 syllables on any subject for issue #18. Poetry and graphics only; may be haiku, other discipline, visual, etc. Deadline: December 1987. Send material with SASE to: Editors Kathleen and M. Kettner, P.O. Box 20518, Seattle, WA 98102.

*Kō*, the Japanese haiku magazine edited by Mrs. Kōko Katō and published six times yearly will now also appear twice a year as an English haiku magazine, according to an announcement by the editor. The first issue in English is planned for Spring, 1987, and haiku and essays may be submitted to Mrs. Kōko Katō, 1-36-7 Ishida-cho, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, Japan 467. Self-addressed envelope and sufficient IRCs for return must be included from overseas. The name "Kō" means plowing and cultivation and comes from Mrs. Katō's first name, Kōko.

*Annual poetry anthology* published by Stevan Publishing Co., 3253 Bee Cave Road, Austin, TX 78746, will be on theme 'oriental influences' in 1987. Send \$2 reading fee with 5 poems and SASE to editor Kathryn S. McDonald, or write her for more information.

*Second Broadside Series*, featuring haiku poets Frederick Gasser and Rich Youmans, now available. Published by *The Red Pagoda*, the set of two is \$3 ppd., from *Broadsides Series*, c/o Lewis Sanders, 125 Taylor St., Jackson, TN 38301. Francine Porad and Kurt Fickert have been chosen for the third set of broadsides in this ongoing series.



## CONTESTS

Harold G. Henderson Award for 1987: see rules inside Back Cover

Annual Lafcadio Hearn Contest. This is sponsored by Matsue City, Japan.

To participate, send no more than 3 original, unpublished haiku which have some connection with Hearn to: Lafcadio Hearn Contest, c/o Elizabeth Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 with SASE. Poet's name/address on each entry. Deadline June 15, 1987. Do not include with *Frogpond* submissions. Up to 20 haiku will be chosen with final selection made by Hiroaki Sato who will translate and send them to the Matsue City Lafcadio Hearn Celebration. No prizes, but authors of chosen haiku will each receive a copy of the booklet containing their haiku.

Note: It is imperative that poets know something of the life of Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) before attempting to write haiku in his memory or in some way relevant to his life, the last 14 years of which were spent in Japan where he married a Japanese lady and became himself a Japanese citizen. He wrote many books concerned with Japan and libraries should have at least some of these books or be able to obtain copies on interlibrary loan. A Lafcadio Hearn anthology *Writings from Japan*, a Penguin Travel Library paperback from Penguin Books (1984), contains a good introduction to his years in Japan and many selections from his writings.

Winners of the Hawaii Education Association Tenth Annual Haiku Contest have been announced as follows:

*Season Word Category*: 1st, Anna Holley; 2nd Elizabeth Searle Lamb; 3rd, David E. LeCount; Honorable Mention to Garry Gay, L. A. Davidson, Lenard D. Moore, Karen Sohne, Rebecca Rust, Jaye Giammarino, Doris Heitmeyer, Barbara McCoy, Michael Dudley, and Mirian Sinclair.

*Hawaii Theme*: 1st, Anna Holley; 2nd, Jerry Kilbride; 3rd, Anna Holley; Honorable Mentions to Anna Holley, Roberta Stewart (2), Truth Mary Fowler, (2), Darold Braida, Phyllis S. Christensen, Helen E. Dalton, L. A. Davidson, and Jerry Kilbride.

*Humorous*: 1st, H. F. Noyes; 2nd, Helen E. Dalton; 3rd, Darold Braida; Honorable Mentions to Miriam Sinclair, Roberta Stewart, L. A. Davidson, H. F. Noyes, Christopher Herold (2), Katherine R. Barnes, Zhanna P. Rader, Raymond J. Stovich, and Anna Holley.

**THANKS** to Raymond J. Stovich for the cover art for this issue.

## CORRECTION

A letter was missing in the third line of Peggy Willis Lyles' "finicky child . . ." haiku in the November issue; the line should have read "eat your wheat" and the entire haiku may be found elsewhere in this issue.

## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

*Your Life is in Your Hands: Haiku of a Revolutionary* by Carlos Guttierrez Cruz, translated from the Spanish by Ty Hadman; Artaud's Elbow, PO Box 20474, Oakland, CA 94620; 1986; 1986, 24 unno. pps., \$2 plus 50¢ h/p. Western Haiku Series #1.

*A Man in a Motel Room* by Michael Dudley; High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920; 1986, 40 pps., paper \$3.50 ppd., hardbound \$10.

*Strong Against the Frost* by Geraldine C. Little; Green Glens Press, PO Box 292, Hainesport, NJ 08036; 1986, 4 pps., \$4 ppd.

*Leaves & Wind Chimes: Haiku for Autumn* by Patricia Neubauer with 25 illustrations and other vignettes by the author-artist; 1986, 64 unno. pps., paper \$15 plus \$1 p/h. Price on request for limited edition hardcover, numbered signed and hand-colored. From author, 268 Russell Rd., Princeton, NJ 08540.

*Eyebrows of Geese* by Miriam Sagan; Dragonscales & Mane Publishing, 151 Chenery St., San Francisco, CA 94131; 1986, 18 pps., \$2 plus 50¢ p/h.

*Light and Silence* by Lewis Sanders; Advance Press, 25553 Flanders Drive, Carmel, CA 93923; 1986, 20 unno. pps., \$4. ppd.

## HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARD FOR 1987

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Limit: Three unpublished haiku.
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to: Adele Kenny, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of \$50; and a third prize of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*. If you would like a list of winning haiku and their authors by mail, please enclose SASE.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

