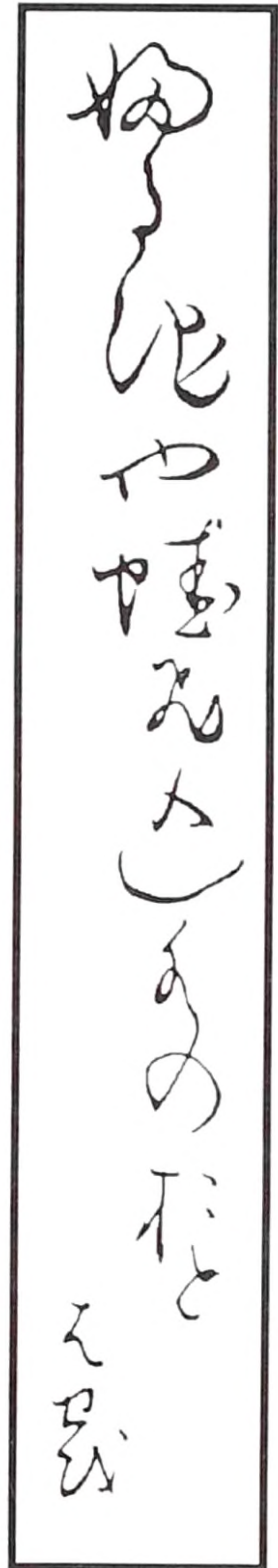




蛙の池



# FROGPOND



Vol. XV: 1 SPRING-SUMMER 1992  
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA  
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New York, NY 10017

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## WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

I want to express my sincere appreciation for the honor to serve you as President of the Haiku Society of America for 1992. It is an experience I will cherish for many years to come. This year we have many new ideas and plans which we hope will add to the growing interest in haiku and other Japanese verse forms in the United States and Canada, and throughout the world. Some of these ideas have been mentioned in the Newsletter, and others are happening even as I write this note.

With respect to *FROGPOND*, we have changed the format to two expanded issues of Spring/Summer and Fall/Winter. This will increase our efficiency of production and streamline our costs. In addition, the issues will be perfect-bound. We have added to our contest prize money in certain categories to be more in line with current trends, and changed the deadline dates for the Merit Book Awards and the Virgilio Contest submissions to accommodate publishers and teachers. We have also initiated a logo design contest for HSA and hope in time to have an honorary advisory board which can help in fund raising and give us an historical perspective in the development of traditions for English language haiku.

If all goes well the *Haiku Path* will be available to the membership and others by September. The book will add to the many accomplishments of the HSA and promote the writing of haiku. Many thanks go to all those members who have contributed their time and energy to make this effort a success.

We hope this year to have regional chairpersons elected from throughout the country who can further the expansion and influence of the HSA. The haiku moment as a growing literary experience, I think, has arrived and bookstores are now carrying excellent haiku materials. In concert with this interest, we have formed a committee to promote more haiku readings. Already in the New York/New England area, the Committee has arranged for more than ten readings. The second meeting of the HSA will be held in Boston on June 20th at the Kaji Aso Studio. Hopefully next year an HSA meeting can be held in another part of the country so that we can continue to expand and grow.

One of the most exciting events this year will be Renku North America, organized by Tadashi and Kris Kondo from Japan. This is an historic first and will feature renku sessions and discussions in Carmel, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Milwaukee, and New York City, followed next year with the publication of an Anthology of International Renku collected from this tour.

In closing, I welcome your suggestions and support.

—Raffael De Gruttola

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material from  
*Frogpond XIV: 4*

Haiku

night storm—  
a deeper dark unrolls  
across the prairie  
—*Ruth Yarrow*

Sequence

“Return to the Wall”  
—John J. Dunphy



just sitting here  
spring about to burst  
from the mountain laurel

—*H. F. Noyes*

on a north wind  
the first migratory gull  
to Kyoto

—*Yoko Ogino*

first spring day  
walking the winter  
out of my bones

—*Jeanne Harrington*

The ice melts—  
how the goldfish  
have grown.

—*Alexis Rotella*

pinging the lids  
of the sugaring buckets  
spring rain

—*Wally Swist*

heads cocked, two robins  
listening for breakfast  
beneath the snow

—*Cathy Drinkwater Better*

opened so boldly  
in spring snow  
the red tulip

—*Wally Swist*

wet season  
opening a new packet  
of tea  
—*Stephen Hobson*

spring  
along the willow branch  
green rain drops  
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

wet dream;  
the first day  
of spring  
—*Tom Tico*

through spring rain  
the circus caravan  
traveling northward  
—*Patricia Neubauer*

April Fool morning—  
a pigeon goes fluttering  
out into the rain.  
—*Robert M. Binkins*

soft, steady rain:  
crocus cups  
closed for the day  
—*Dorothy McLaughlin*

Spring rain:  
earth, sea and sky  
one again  
—*Dave Sutter*

evening rain . . .  
the newborn foal leans  
into the mare

—*Ebba Story*

napping  
on my porch swing  
lilacs and light rain

—*Diane Tomczak*

handful of wet leaves—  
a mouse's skeleton  
curled into a ball

—*Michael Dylan Welch*

birthday morning . . .  
in the downspout, sound  
of rushing rain

—*Ellen Compton*

Bringing out the sheen  
on the snail's shell:  
spring rain

—*Tom Tico*

rainy sunday  
my unshaven face  
in the mirror

—*Gene Doty*

rainy afternoon . . .  
the street mime at home  
washing white gloves

—*Patricia Neubauer*

An old woman with bread  
waves the geese down  
from the sky.

—*Alexis Rotella*

among the cormorants  
flying off in unison  
their white babies

—*Yoko Ogino*

dazzled by the sight  
then seeing the indigo streak  
—is bird!

—*Rosamond Haas*

orphaned duckling  
sticking close  
to the water lily

—*Daniel Mills*

old bird nests  
being hid once more  
by new leaves

—*David Hood*

Old shoes  
hanging from wires,  
the starlings chatter.

—*Frank R. Alves*

the sudden chill  
in my trembling hand  
the sparrow's rigidness

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

These warm spring days;  
in the empty classroom,  
a forgotten book.

—*George Skane*

mockingbird  
sits on the letterbox  
full of junk mail

—*J. I. Lipscomb*

piling up  
on the unvisited grave  
cherry petals

—*Michael Fessler*

Earth Day—  
wind fills the gull's carcass  
with polluted sand

—*Nina A. Wicker*

Photo of grandmother—  
wondering where  
she has scattered

—*Rebecca Lilly*

from desert to sea  
in one afternoon—  
still knowing nothing

—*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

Suspended  
on white rhododendron:  
sunset

—*Richard Thompson*

gathering dawn—  
the first light  
fills the poppies  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

A walking prayer,  
Moving past buds and birdsong  
—A branch slaps my face.  
—*Kyosaku*

New growth—  
in the ilex hedge,  
tender thorns  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

Spring clouds—  
the thoroughbreds  
nod through their breath.  
—*Rebecca Lilly*

the mud-caked cow  
leans into the barn door  
rubbing her side  
—*Diane Tomczak*

pruning roses,  
she and the stems  
bleed together  
—*Paul O. Williams*

spring cleanup:  
all my forget-me-nots  
tossed by the gardener  
—*Francine Porad*

early morning wind . .  
the poppies are waiting  
to open

—*Marlina Rinzen*

cherry blossoms  
blowing freely  
around her wheelchair

—*Daniel Mills*

into wistaria  
my sadness  
pours.

—*Alexis Rotella*

through daffodils  
the way of the wind  
is yellow

—*Emily Romano*

rainy playground  
a line of yellow dandelions  
under the empty seesaw

—*Yasuko Yasui*

Dandelions  
White  
On the wind

—*Bert Noia*

Wrapped  
in sunset—  
the orange tulip.

—*Alexis Rotella*

new pond—  
the first tadpole wriggles  
over clean stones  
—*Christopher Herold*

Amazon sundown—  
mud turtle belly up  
on the swollen stream  
—*H. F. Noyes*

Rippling green water;  
the shadow of a snake  
by empty shoes.  
—*M. A. Shaffner*

Up through the moon  
the watersnake lifts  
its shiny head.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

strangers  
in a strange land, worms  
on the sidewalk  
—*David Hood*

slug's slick trail  
underlining Welcome  
on the mat  
—*Daniel Mills*

the mountain path  
winding up  
at a snail  
—*Peter Yovu*



A balloon rolling  
In the deserted park  
This spring evening  
—*Akira Kawano*

walking home  
late at night  
a lost shoe  
—*Brian Tasker*

childhood home  
silence answers  
my knock  
—*Marie Forsyth*

First day of spring—  
he tells his wife  
he's moving out.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

deciding on divorce:  
a tan mark  
on my finger  
—*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

At the yard sale,  
the wedding gown  
shudders in the breeze  
—*Patrick Sweeney*

spring passing—  
an hourglass  
motionless  
—*Ikuyo Yoshimura*

beaten child  
carried through the doorway  
her red shoes  
—*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

his cold eyes  
warmer  
in our son  
—*Kristin Torgler*

in court  
daddy's little girl  
can't keep secrets  
—*Jerry A. Judge*

letter to Dad  
the loving hesitation  
before she signs "love"  
—*Mary Wittry-Mason*

In this storm  
even the bruised child  
hurries home  
—*Patrick Sweeney*

runaway daughter  
looks back  
at the zinnias  
—*Carol Montgomery*

During dinner  
he tells us we're not  
in his will.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

coffee break  
the seismologist straightens  
his hairpiece

—*LeRoy Gorman*

Counting the chickens  
the child scratches her head  
“always another number!”

—*Ion Codrescu*

on the telephone  
swearing sobriety  
slurring her words

—*Francine Banwarth*

after one year  
the widow replaces  
his answering machine voice

—*June Hopper Hymas*

looking around  
to see who's snoring—  
the other Grand Jurors

—*Doris Heitmeyer*

her sight dimming  
all faces  
beautiful

—*H. E. Dalton*

really wrinkled  
the map  
of nude beaches

—*LeRoy Gorman*

visiting hours  
hoping someone will come  
hoping no one will come  
—*Steve McComas*

after the accident  
breathing reluctantly  
into the tube  
—*Larry Gross*

child in a coma  
the old windmill's  
twirling shadow  
—*Margarita M. Engle*

daycare center  
boy with aids  
playing doctor  
—*Jerry A. Judge*

on the bed  
of a dying man  
today's news  
—*Brian Tasker*

dusting his portrait  
she lives  
again  
—*Scott Breitbach*

back home forgot to mention memory to my doctor  
—*Marlene Mountain*

Wedding video—  
everyone having a ball  
without us.

—*Alexis Rotella*

his kiss  
takes the words  
out of my mouth

—*Gina Valentine*

knowingly  
she vacuums up  
an unfamiliar earring

—*Julie Huniker*

The name I whisper  
into the pillow  
surprises me.

—*Alexis Rotella*

trying on  
a Nō mask:  
it fits

—*Raffael DeGruttola*

On the secretary's desk  
another picture  
of herself.

—*Alexis Rotella*

outside the strip joint  
a sign reading  
"No Cover"

—*Lawrence Rungren*

after hearing confession  
he gives himself a penance  
the young priest  
—*Lesley Einer*

During Sunday mass:  
a recovering alcoholic  
drinks the blood of Christ  
—*Tom Tico*

minister's wife  
in the very first pew  
—knitting  
—*Christina Smith Krause*

candles burn  
by Dad's casket still  
no warmth  
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

already the bees  
have discovered the flowers  
on the new grave  
—*Elsie O. Kolashinski*

Sprouting from a plot  
of wildflowers and tall grass:  
white marble crosses.  
—*Robert M. Binkins*

tossing flower petals  
into the desert canyon  
last year his ashes  
—*Ronan*

deliberately  
sitting on this park bench  
to slow down time  
—*Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa*

On a friend's sofa,  
envisioning my place in the park—  
this cold rainy night  
—*Tom Tico*

wildlife sanctuary  
homeless man  
with tree swallows  
—*Raffael DeGruttola*

the first petals  
to fall from the branch . . .  
summer rain  
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

still life:  
a petal falls  
into a shell  
—*Peggy Willis Lyles*

robin on the fence  
facing  
sunset  
—*Jamison R. Lambert*

day's end  
my shadow touches  
the doorknob first  
—*George Ralph*

on my shoe  
the ladybug rides  
into the new house  
—*J.A. Totts*

Caught in the fence  
where the groundhog scooched under  
a tuft of fur  
—*June Moreau*

a teaspoon of sugar  
added to the water  
. . . stolen delphiniums  
—*Carol Montgomery*

a kuzu vine  
locks the gate  
of the abandoned house  
—*Peter Duppenhaler*

climbing  
the charred house frame  
wild red roses  
—*Diane Tomczak*

Recession—  
only one penny  
in the wishing well.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

haunted house . . .  
the new renter sleeps  
outside  
—*Marlina Rinzen*



sweltering heat  
—jazz musician  
warms up.  
—*Emily Romano*

aging rock star—  
a hearing aid  
in each ear  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

hot subway:  
rhythm of the blind man's cane  
through my soles  
—*Ruth Yarrow*

down the subway car  
through the dark tunnel  
the butterfly speeds  
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

Archaeological dig—  
a yellow jacket the first  
to enter the crypt.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

last day in China  
above an unknown flower  
a black butterfly lingers  
—*Rosamond Haas*

following me  
to market  
beggar's eye  
—*Jerry A. Judge*

fifty blows on the back:  
rodney king's  
tentative speech

—*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

crime scene  
raindrops erasing  
the chalk outline

—*Christopher Suarez*

Wild West Show—  
the mustang snorts rebellion  
on command

—*Frank Higgins*

into my afternoon dream  
a roar from the ballpark  
blocks away

—*Jerry Kilbride*

naptime—  
the class bully  
sucks his thumb

—*Leatrice Lifshitz*

The gnat swimming  
faster and faster  
in the wineglass

—*Dave Sutter*

near head-on collision the bluer sky toward home

—*Marlene Mountain*

Where I spotted the deer  
the deep-worn path  
disappears into grass  
—*Rebecca Lilly*

gleaming gold:  
amid a russet willow  
the night heron's eye  
—*Ebba Story*

summer wind—  
the sheen of the tall grass  
when it bends  
—*Jim Kacian*

now giving  
softly of itself  
the silkworm  
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

neighbor child  
at the door selling  
my cereus bloom  
—*Francine Porad*

alone again  
with its dragonfly  
the puddle  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

closed  
before the sky could match  
their blue  
dayflowers  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

languorous heat  
a page of the book half turns  
then sinks back  
—*Makiko*

August heat  
ripe fruit droops  
over the fence  
—*Makiko*

On the empty beach  
in midday heat  
nothing moves  
—*Marje A. Dyck*

Moving day  
after the steaming city  
this cool grass  
—*Peggy Heinrich*

mid-day in the desert:  
my fortune cookie speaks about  
peace of mind  
—*Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.*

the farmer's  
cracked hands—  
summer drought  
—*Lawrence Rungren*

Before fading  
the morning glory pulls  
its outside in.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

thrown up on the dock  
the trout leaves behind  
its rainbow  
—*Frank Higgins*

morning lake—  
wagtail touches  
a rainbow  
—*Toshimi Horiuchi*

Up through water lilies    a little boy's head.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

At sunrise  
floating in a water pail  
last night's cricket  
—*Timothy Happel*

on shadowed pond  
the drifting swan  
. . . black on black  
—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

canoe ride;  
arguing in sync  
with the paddle strokes  
—*Ce Rosenow*

the tiny chirp  
of a cricket  
from the child's fist  
—*Sarah Schnepf*

White rose,  
not recognizing at first  
its shadow.

—*vincent tripi*

Hazy afternoon  
yellow squash blossoms  
thicken my soup

—*June Moreau*

late summer woods—  
the chipmunk's scampering pierces  
the deepest silence

—*Bruce Ross*

brush in hand . . .  
pine shadows mottle  
the unprimed canvas

—*Ebba Story*

my cat  
trying to discover  
the firefly's secret

—*Joan Bulger Murphy*

grandfather bent  
in evening light  
attends the bonsai

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

Wavering down  
the mountain pass  
a yodel.

—*Alexis Rotella*

dozens of eyes  
freckle my palm:  
squid eggs washed ashore  
—*Ebba Story*

calm sea  
teaching his son  
the dead man's float  
—*Peter Yovu*

separate perches  
the pelican and I  
sea gazing  
—*Grace Gubernick*

Along the waterfront  
women in windows  
stained by the sea  
—*Dave Sutter*

over the earth's edge  
they all go—the white clouds  
and the one sailboat  
—*George Swede*

beach patrol  
the night waves  
disturb the peace  
—*Jim Kacian*

waves crash  
against the pier—the bottle  
slips from my hand  
—*Michael Ketchek*

First evening star  
sound of a woodpecker  
fading . . .

—*vincent tripi*

On the damp dark path  
A windfall of summer stars . . .  
Ngaio blossoms

—*Barry Morrall*

A starry night . . .  
waves washing sand  
from the whale's spout.

—*vincent tripi*

catching lightning bugs  
the lights of a passing jet  
the stars

—*David Hood*

on different stars  
the same wish  
night after night

—*Jana Juergens*

ninth month  
she keeps missing  
shooting stars

—*Stephen Hobson*

Milky Way—  
even the know-it-all  
speechless

—*Hank Dunlap*



look, the sunflower  
its face now turned  
to the moon

—*Jeanette Stace*

late summer chill—  
a goldfinch flits across  
the woodchip pile

—*Bruce Ross*

moon  
emerging from its cloud cover  
after the fireworks

—*John J. Dunphy*

old chimney  
the rising moon  
escapes

—*Margarita M. Engle*

after the fireworks  
“the muggers get the stragglers”  
says the policeman  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

Old bumblebee,  
lugging along that body  
wherever he goes.  
—*Christopher Thorsen*

we talk of the distance . . .  
orange august sun  
glints off the jet wing  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

summer's end—  
the little stream  
barely makes it to the lake  
—*Rosamond Haas*

end of summer—  
the patio table  
folded in two  
—*David Cobb*

my wife sighs  
and asks our daughter  
to thread the needle  
—*Christopher Herold*

Floating above  
the last zinnia,  
a tattered swallowtail.  
—*Alexis Rotella*

For the death  
of a pet cat—  
only windchimes  
—*Rebecca Lilly*

striking the gong  
the joy  
in the deaf-mute's face  
—*Emily Romano*

Surrounding the stone  
—*Richard Thompson*

silence

AT 85

warm June morning:  
my mother with her dress  
inside out

I fix breakfast without  
the disconnected stove:  
“drink your orange juice”

holding her arm  
as she waters marigolds;  
a robin flies away

a day's journey  
to the “field of dreams”—  
she watches us play ball  
in the middle  
of the dinner conversation  
a non sequitur

I close the freezer door  
left open all day:  
sunset melting

—*Edward J. Rielly*

HAIKU ON A THEME OF AUGUST

the thin gold chain  
around her neck too much—  
August heat

August morning—  
the scent of September  
in the roses

Wearing the ocean  
the old woman wades ashore  
August afternoon

—*Antoinette Libro*

amish territory  
(*Shipshewana, Indiana*)

long beards longer  
black clothes darker  
under july sun

amish gentleman's  
warm smile brief . . .  
my skirt long and plain

an amish grin  
as he cycles past  
the station selling gas

the gloom within  
a handcrafts store . . .  
dolls with missing faces

facing mirrors  
long-skirted woman  
and her amish child

music on the wind  
an amish foot softly taps  
and abruptly stops

late night camp . . .  
now a gentle lullaby  
horse hooves heading home

— *Elizabeth St Jacques*

WAR DECLARED

A Sequence By Adele Kenny and Alex Pinto

*Never repay injury with injury. See that your conduct is honorable in the eyes of all. If possible, live peaceably with everyone.*

*(Romans 12:17-18)*

war declared—  
out in the dark  
a night hawk screams

Adele

*a thousand points of light*  
in the Mesopotamian sky—  
my hands shake

Alex

first days of Lent—  
counting rosary beads  
and patriot missiles

Adele

in this room's darkness,  
another TV missile  
shatters my silent prayer

Alex

February snow—  
the homeless man wraps his feet  
in Gulf War headlines

Adele

*by the rockets' red glare*  
a desert scorpion  
recoiling, stings itself

Alex

moonless night—  
in the street lamp's brightness      Adele  
a yellow ribbon

*(Ash Wednesday)*  
from the Baghdad bomb shelter      Alex  
a cross of human dust  
imprints the earth

peace vigil—  
lighting my candle      Adele  
for a nameless Iraqi child

in the new Ramah  
Rachel still weeping      Alex  
for her children

Acknowledgement: Stanzas 1, 3, and 7 first appeared in *The Gulf Within*, Two Autumns Press, ©1991. Reprinted by permission.



## REACHING FOR THE RAIN

—*Tom Tico*

1

Just born—  
the cry of a stranger  
in the spring stillness

*Tony Suraci*

Rarely, amidst the happiness that parents experience at the birth of a child, do they stop to consider that a stranger has been born to them. What the child will be like they have no way of knowing. Not only is he a stranger to them but he's also a stranger to the world, a stranger in a strange land.

For the first time  
tiny hands  
reach for the rain

*Ross Figgins*

2

Spring breeze in the park.  
On the stone unicorn's back  
a child flies away

*Ann Atwood*

The spring breeze, wafting over the new flowers, the new leaves, is full of magic, inspiration. The little child breathing its fragrance is easily affected by its intoxicating power. And in a flight that only a child can take, he gallops across the heavens.

In the greening park  
the children and venders . . .  
first balloon going up

*Jaye Giammarino*

3

An orgre perhaps?  
Old school building swallowing  
long lines of children.

*Lorraine Ellis Harr*

Wordsworth has said that delight and liberty is the simple creed of childhood. But the fun and freedom that children enjoy are

severely curtailed by the strictures of school. Until finally, for the great majority, regimentation becomes accepted as the order of the day.

In sudden silence,  
children at crossroads line up  
to board the school bus.

*Anne Landauer*

4

Wind  
tugging a kite  
tugging a boy . . .

*Bonnie May Malody*

Perhaps the great charm of kite flying is that you feel the kite as an extension of your being; you feel as if your spirit were soaring into the sky. An exhilarating experience—and one which can be enjoyed alone or in the company of others.

the wind—  
full of laughter  
and kite strings

*Ross Figgins*

5

Out in the back yard  
my child enjoys the music  
of a squeaky swing.

*Marilyn Bolchunos*

A mother pauses at her housework as she hears the music of the squeaky swing. The sound tells her that her son is enjoying himself, as he always does in the backyard. She remembers . . . how much fun he's had digging holes and making tunnels, building forts and climbing trees. And although he's outgrown most of those pleasures, still, on occasion, the old swing entices him.

Boys in sleeping bags  
feel the different backyard  
that lives in the night.

*Kay Davis*



## 6

For the circus clown  
 summer is the long season  
 of his painted smile.

*Adele Wirtz*

It seems that children of all ages love the circus and especially delight in clowns. The daring of lion-tamers, acrobats, and tightrope walkers keeps children on the edge of their seats, but clowns give them the gift of laughter. Yet beneath the painted smile sometimes we can detect an underlying sadness.

Lo, the circus dwarf  
 once again contemplating  
 his lengthy shadow . . .

*Emily Romano*

## 7

Watching stars come out  
 one by one in the pale dusk  
 his toy forgotten.

*Madeline Beattie*

In this haiku we see the natural wonder to which childhood is heir. But as the boy grows and matures will he keep his inheritance or will he squander it like a prodigal son? Will he become so enamored of the world and its affairs that he'll lose his primal sense of wonder?

Dusk darkens to night—  
 voices from the playground  
 drift into silence.

*Lorraine Ellis Harr*

The haiku that appear in this article were first published in *American Haiku*, *Modern Haiku*, *Haiku West*, and *Cicada*.

## WINDSWEPT WALK

The idea of the following *kasen renku* was to send the haiku to a poet-friend, who in turn would send it to another poet, until thirty-six different writers had added their links. I first thought of this in the Spring of 1990, and in March and June I sent out 5 “chain renku,” as I dubbed them. *Windswept Walk* is the third of the five such renku I started. The other four have yet to make it home. I do not know if this is the first time such a renku has been completed. If so, it is unique in the history of English haiku.

The idea also came up that I could send my link to two different people, who in turn would each send their links to two other people (thus making four renku), and so on. But a not-so-quick calculation reveals that, by the 36th link, a total of 36,359,738,368 *different* renku would exist if everyone participated according to the rules (the number of renku would double as each link is added). This mind-numbing possibility would rather tax the population of the entire world, let alone the haiku community. And guess whose mailbox they would all eventually tumble into?

Anyway, as indicated, I sent my haiku to Adele Kenny on June 6, 1990 (the verse was actually first written on March 26). Over the months *Windswept Walk* criss-crossed the country numerous times. Then, on July 2, 1991, a full year after its life began, I received the completed renku in the mail from Lequita Vance. What a joy to receive! Indeed, it has been one of the most exciting pieces of haiku mail I have ever opened, for several reasons. First of all, a seed sown long before had finally germinated—and had flowered profusely. Second, I found the links to be very enjoyable. Third, the list of participants reads like a who’s who of haiku. And fourth, I found it especially interesting to see who sent the renku to whom, when they sent it, and where the recipients live. In fact, it would be interesting to see how many miles it logged as it found its way from poet to poet, from friend to friend. If only it had accumulated frequent-flyer mileage!

In closing, I would like to thank everyone for participating. Since I started four other chain renku, I would also encourage those involved to keep them going. Even if they’re not finished yet, I’d like to hear of their whereabouts (write to me at 248 Beach Park Boulevard, Foster City, California, 94404). The reading of a renku is usually enhanced by searching for the link or connection used by participating poets as they add their verses. This renku has the further enhancement of its unwritten links between people. Consequently, I would like to dedicate *Windswept Walk* to the memory of Charlie Dickson, who participated but never saw the finished product. As you read, you will no doubt see the variety of connections between the poems and the participants, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did that warm summer afternoon last July.

—Michael Dylan Welch

## WINDSWEPT WALK

*The first completed chain renku*

windswept walk  
an orange leaf  
turns over

Michael Dylan Welch  
6 June 1990  
Foster City, California

skyward,  
the wild geese — their echo

Adele Kenny  
12 June 1990  
Fanwood, New Jersey

between her white teeth  
a cherry tomato  
explodes

Emily Romano  
24 June 1990  
Boonton, New Jersey

such boredom  
after the fireworks

Alexis Rotella  
26 June 1990  
Mountain Lakes, New Jersey

the black swan  
paddles the moon  
into its wake

David E. LeCount  
30 June 1990  
La Honda, California

a doe and her fawn  
hidden in shadow

Elizabeth Searle Lamb  
7 July 1990  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

house at auction:  
all the lawn ornaments  
faded to grey

Lee Gurga  
14 July 1990  
Lincoln, Illinois

"I prefer some clouds"  
the morning after surgery

Hal Roth  
22 July 1990  
Vienna, Maryland

giggles & respect kenichi's yard kanji beware of mountain crone

Marlene Mountain  
2 August 1990  
Hampton, Tennessee

flowing from his wet brush  
grass words tickle her fancy

Jane Reichhold  
6 August 1990  
Gualala, California

buckets set up  
beside the bed  
the roof leaks

Werner Reichhold  
7 August 1990  
Gualala, California

heaven and earth together  
cradle sleep with gentle rain

Elaine Sherlund  
10 August 1990  
Gualala, California

tiny feet  
from the garden shower  
do a muddy stomp

Caroline Sutherland  
12 August 1990  
Gualala, California

luna wings stroke twilight tones of moth

Penny Crosby  
13 August 1990  
Gualala, California

after  
his hands  
so gentle

anne mckay  
23 August 1990  
Vancouver, British Columbia

placing seed potatoes  
eyes to the sky

Joe Nutt  
*4 September 1990*  
Staunton, Virginia

in her dark hair  
the blossom  
whisper white

Elizabeth St Jacques  
*11 September 1990*  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

Clearing brush he finds  
someone's wedding ring

Gloria H. Procsal  
*18 September 1990*  
Oceanside, California

moving awry  
with the sunspot  
a widow spider

Frederick Gasser  
*21 September 1990*  
Youngstown, Ohio

sioux medicine man  
dances his prayer

Francine Porad  
*25 September 1990*  
Mercer Island, Washington

men picketing  
a Chevy agency  
a child asks, "parade?"

Paul O. Williams  
*27 September 1990*  
Belmont, California

the blind man lifting  
his face to the sun

Dave Sutter  
*27 September 1990*  
San Francisco, California

Wind and Sea . . .  
tiny name  
on the painting

vincent tripi  
*30 September 1990*  
San Francisco, California

brilliant on the easel  
the meadow's wildflowers

Charles B. Dickson  
*31 October 1990*  
Doraville, Georgia

Amapola  
recalling mother's perfume  
on Saturday nights

Mitzi Hughes Trout  
*5 November 1990*  
Roswell, Georgia

"loneliest night of the week" —  
searching the stars for solace

Geraldine C. Little  
*22 November 1990*  
Mt. Holly, New Jersey

portmanteau  
taken out of storage,  
dark with dew

Hiroaki Sato  
*21 December 1990*  
New York, New York

Plane rises clear of the fog  
into profound darkness

Doris Heitmeyer  
*2 January 1991*  
New York, New York

Will we go hunting  
for the Blue Moon  
next New Year's Eve?

Sydell Rosenberg  
*7 January 1991*  
Jamaica, New York

bleak January day  
forced narcissus showing white

L. A. Davidson  
*22 January 1991*  
New York, New York

first I saw her hair  
in the wind, then the wonder  
of her smile

Virginia Brady Young  
*15 February 1991*  
Cheshire, Connecticut

no way to stop hearing  
that old lovesong

Sylvia Forges-Ryan  
*19 February 1991*  
North Haven, Connecticut

florist shop door  
slowly swings shut  
closing out the street noise

Karen Sohne  
5 March 1991  
N. Massapequa, New York

at the tap of  
the baton . . .

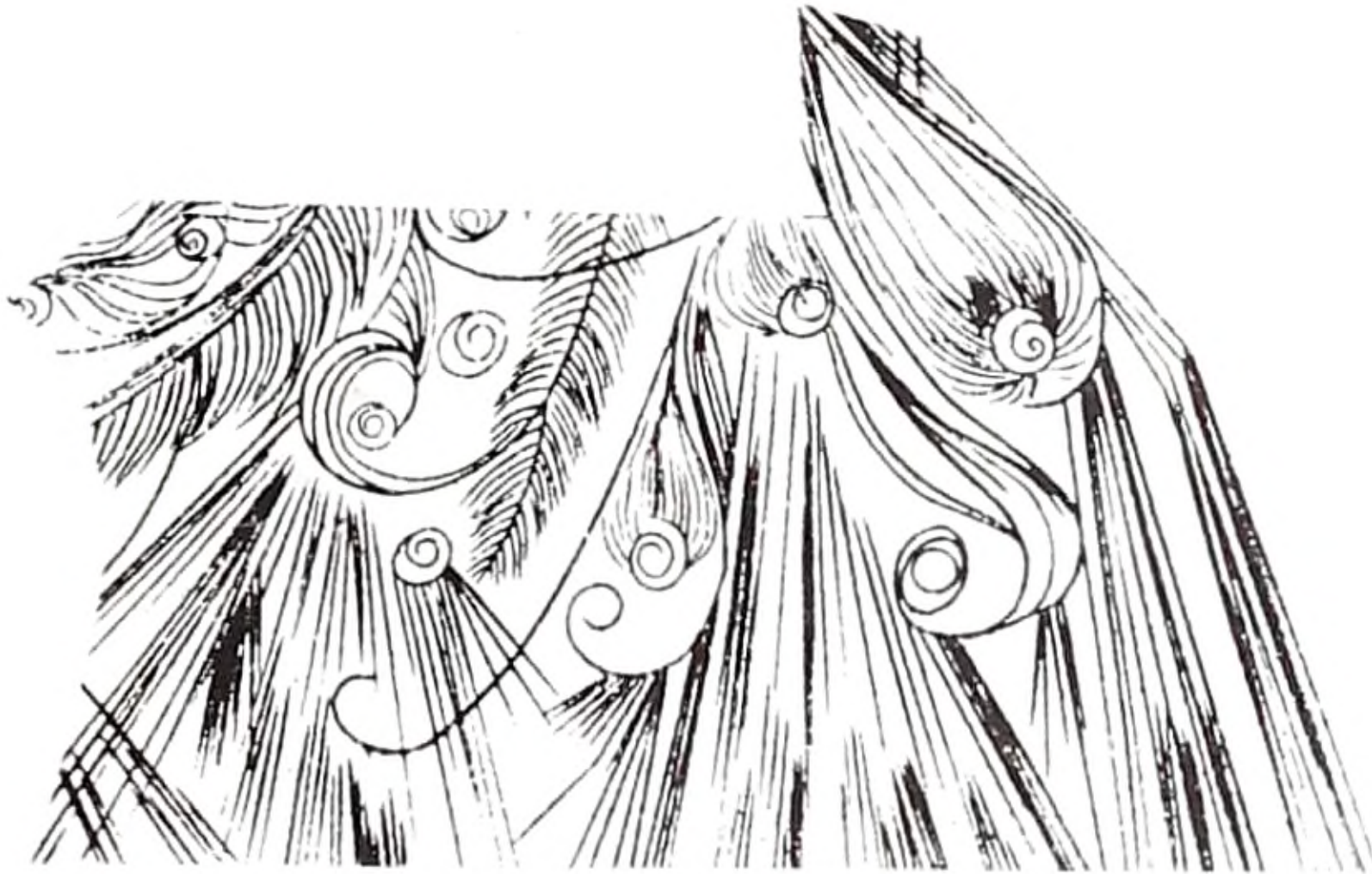
Minna Lerman  
1 June 1991  
Havertown, Pennsylvania

both cats  
beside the big glass vase  
the chrysanthemums

M. M. Nichols  
14 June 1991  
New York, New York

gathered in a white apron  
seed for next spring's planting

Lequita Vance  
23 June 1991  
Carmel, California



1991 Haiku Society of America Renku Contest, First Prize

PETALS IN HIS HAIR  
—*Jean Jorgensen and Joe Nutt*

- petals in his hair  
dad waltzes the bride  
'round the floor jj
- with the popped cork  
bubbles crowd the bottle's neck jn
- the mewling stretch  
of his infant son  
awakening jj
- soft thunder  
and gentle soak  
of rain jn
- ocean overflows  
the crumbling breakwater  
moonlight emerges jj
- cracking the chrysalis  
a many-hued wing jn
- the parade turns the corner:  
gold and silver glint  
in a surge of sound jn
- her sun warmed curves  
pulse under his hand jj
- at the stroke of five  
two shadows merge  
burned in the sand jn





again, the song sparrow  
and sap sounds sweet in the bucket jn

wide-eyed children  
flashing in a flooded ditch  
minnows jj

after counting the stars  
he listens to peepers jn

waking at dawn  
again the empty pillow  
beside me jj

darkening your lips  
and the last puff of cloud-  
nightfall jn

ancient headstone  
moss fills the cracks  
in the cherub's face jj

a foxden in the hollow  
where the whiteoak stood jn

and the field  
all in windrows  
sun sinking low jj

overhead the geese  
in my hand a feather jn

each frost crystal  
captures a fragment  
of the moon jj

O Holy Night  
bright faces trim the tree jn

scooping wood ashes  
from the cold hearth  
New Year's Day jn

footprints in the mud  
smudged by a wagon's trail jj

haze of new leaves—  
soft "coo" of a mourning dove  
borne on the breeze jn

in the mail—a postcard  
from a daughter abroad jj

aglow  
with a sprig of Forsythia  
her room jn

saplings sway  
in the small cove below jj

Judges: *William J. Higginson, Lequita Vance, and Paul O. Williams*

## BOOK REVIEWS

Miura, Yuzuru. *Classic Haiku: A Master's Selection*. Rutland, VT., and Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle, Co., 1991. Paper, price not marked.

This is a collection of old and new haiku rounded out to the traditional number one hundred, selected and translated by Yuzuru Miura, who is an English professor at Chukyo University, in Nagoya. It includes many poems by the acknowledged masters of the haiku tradition — Bashô, Buson, Issa, Shiki — and fewer poems by less well known poets, like Dakotsu Iida, Shûôshi Mizuhara, Rinka Ono, and Setsuko Nozawa. There are also five poems by Miura. Members of the HSA will also be delighted to read in it one poem each by Kôko Katô and Ryokufu Ishizaki, of the Kô Poetry Association, in Nagoya, sponsors of the magazine Kô, which has done much for the English haiku in Japan.

It is a beautiful book, with all the good taste we have been accustomed to find in Tuttle books, illustrated here and there with sumi paintings by Gorô Saitô, and by distinguished calligraphy by Enshû Yokoi. The title page shows a shikishi of a poem by Kôko Katô, evidently in her hand but unfortunately not translated.

Each page shows the original poem, in romaji and kanji, the translation, and a biographical note on each poet accompanying the first poem by that poet shown. The poems by individual poets are not clustered, except by season.

The result is a very readable book, with page-size (6" x 8 1/2") rather like that of the old string-tied Japanese volumes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The poems are organized by the traditional five seasons, beginning with spring and ending with New Year's.

The poem selection is fresh, with not too many of the old chestnuts roasting again before us. A Kusatao poem on a gravestone —

Already in winter  
A gravestone unattended  
Like a signpost.

sets up a wintry association with a poem on a gatepost by Miura:

Snow on top  
Lengthens  
The height of the gateposts.

Unfortunately, as so often happens, the translation changes the flavor of the Japanese. It reads: Monchû no, "gate-pillar of"; se-take o nobasu, "spine-height lengthens"; kaburi-yuki "crowning snow." The "crowning" of the last line is complemented by an illustration of a samurai helmet at the bottom of the page. The personification of the post into a helmeted warrior doesn't make it into the English.

All the elements are there, however, to help the haiku enthusiast with varying degrees of knowledge of the haiku and the Japanese language to enjoy the book.

—Review by Alfred H. Marks

*MONSOON, Poems Written in India and Nepal*, William Hart. Illustrations by Jayasri Majumdar. Timberline Press, Rt. 1, Box 1434, Fulton, Missouri 65251. 1991, 35 pp., \$7.50.

The text of *Monsoon* is arranged by geographic location. The poems, printed on cream-colored linen paper, are presented in four sections which are divided by appropriate ink illustrations on blue paper. The feel, as well as the appearance, is most pleasing. The cover illustration, of heavy rain streaking into an over-flowing river, beautifully sets the tone for the title.

Even to begin making "Western-minded" sense of the exotic, sensual, and primeval experience of India is a monumental task. Any attempt to isolate and capture in precise form the amorphous character of the Great Mother India is a daunting challenge for any writer. William Hart is to be commended for his courageous attempts. Ancient, complex and otherworldly, India and Nepal defy linear time and order. Familiarity with Indian culture will enhance the reader's appreciation for this book.

Of the 61 poems, most are descriptive and do not impart the immediacy expected of haiku. Hart may have been more successful had he used the haibun form. Prose sections, carrying the weight of place description, could free his poems for the expression of greater vitality. Although the book gives the sense of a foreign place, only a few of the poems convey the sublime mystery or consummate filth that together characterize the Indian subcontinent. A selection of poems will illustrate the difficulties and successes contained in *Monsoon*.

Kathmandu:

below rice fields  
hawks hitch the wind  
Kathmandu valley

Hyderabad:

Birla temple  
Vishnu's chandelier  
houses a sparrow

Calcutta:

flies reprint  
the butcher's newspaper  
poultry shop

Bombay:

junior underslung  
mother monkey flees  
the waiter and his stick

The Kathmandu and Bombay poems are tourist-like snapshots of Asia. The Calcutta and Hyderabad poems reach right into the essence of India. The reader is momentarily swept into the vast and minute universe of Vishnu: the Vishnu, who encompasses flies, sparrows, light and the endless renewal of life.

In spite of its shortcomings, *Monsoon* recommends itself by its fine design and high-quality production and illustrations as well as by the unusual and exotic subject matter. Its moments of sheer revulsion and delicate beauty clearly express the earthiness and spiritual immensity of India and Nepal.

—Review by Ebba Story

MOSS-HUNG TREES: HAIKU OF THE WEST COAST by Winona Baker, *Reflections*, 1992, ISBN: 0-9692570-3-1, perfectbound, 60 pp., \$10.

moss-hung trees  
a deer moves into  
the hunter's silence

Don't we all dream of receiving an award that earns an expenses-paid trip to the heartland of haiku? For Winona Baker of British Columbia, Canada, that dream materialized in 1989 when she earned The Japanese Foreign Minister's Grand Prize and was flown to Yamagata, Japan to partake in their World Haiku Festival. It seems fitting then that the title of her third book celebrates a line taken from that award-winning haiku.

The attractive semi-gloss cover of *MOSS-HUNG TREES*, with Delia Becker's artwork of tall, pale green trees against a stark white background, and Christine McKim's delicate calligraphy on the cover and throughout the book, should attract many a book browser's attention.

This collection of 88 poems, most of which appear two to a page with plenty of white space between, are showcased on linen-like quality paper that is soft to the touch and the eye. Most pleasing.

While each section—simply identified by seasons—integrates the classical 5/7/5 with more condensed styles, I would have appreciated an occasional break from the steady stream of three-line poems. Nevertheless, there are some superb haiku here.

Ms. Baker's haiku about deer are especially moving. The following two haiku, offering opposite moods, clearly emphasize the vulnerability and innocence of these splendid animals:

forest hike in spring  
on the ground fresh cougar scat  
bristling with deer hair

all the flowers cropped  
they came so silently  
the black-tailed deer

Keeping with the deer poems, one interesting discovery which I assume the author learned from the Natives, gives one reason to pause about the unfortunate relationship between humankind and Nature's creatures:

gardner  
hangs bags of human hair  
to keep deer away

Another unusual find in this collection concerns totem poles. West coast Natives are world renowned for their hand-carved totem poles that are revered not only for their historical value but for their artistry as well. Among other artists, Emily Carr of Canada shared these intriguing totem poles with the world through her magnificent paintings. Writers and poets have written about them, but I've found only a few North American haiku about totem poles. Therefore, it's of special interest to find two exceptional haiku on the subject:

left at the base  
of the world's tallest totem  
a throwaway diaper

snowflakes fill  
the eye of the eagle  
fallen totem pole

Humor is sprinkled throughout this collection, but sometimes the effort is a little too obvious. The more subtle approach, that earns a gentle smile, was much more appreciated:

dedication  
a new picnic shelter  
it starts to rain

To hope that all poems will touch all readers is more than any poet expects, so of course, I found favorites. Those that truly communicated with me are poems that offer fresh, stimulating images, unfolding naturally through a soft musical rhythm to present profound and lasting thought. I also note that these haiku entertain articles in their normal place to provide a smooth uninterrupted flow. These memorable haiku have been well worth a stroll beneath Winona Baker's *MOSS-HUNG TREES*.

—Review by Elizabeth St Jacques



The Measure of Emptiness by Lee Gurga, PRESS HERE, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404, 1991, 80 pp., ISBN 1-878798-04-9, \$7.50.

Since High/Coo Press published Lee Gurga's *a mouse pours out*, (1988) consisting of 14 charming haiku, we have eagerly awaited his next book. This handsome collection of 72 haiku, divided into four sections, has been well worth the wait.

Behind the soft gray glossy cover with an appealing silhouette photograph by Gretchen Batz of an old barn overshadowed by a giant bare tree, Jerry Kilbride's Introduction states that *The Measure of Emptiness* is written 'with a keen eye (and) keen insights'. Indeed it is.

While many of these three-line haiku focus in on the author's beautiful Illinois countryside, there is ample exploration of human landscapes as well, all of which provide a clearer view of Mr. Gurga's inner and outer worlds. Through it all, discoveries are soothing or disturbing, joyous or saddening, and deeply enriching.

The first section, 'Scattered on the Pond', hones in on rural moments where redwings and troutlilies, pine trees and monarchs abound. Note the subtle interaction between movement, color, sound, scent and texture:

bales of hay  
dot the bluestem meadow—  
morning breeze

spot of sunlight—  
on a blade of grass the dragonfly  
changes its grip

However, before getting too carried away, the reader is reminded that even amid tranquillity and beauty, there exists a certain violence:

old pond . . .  
out of the watersnake's mouth  
the toad's eyes

summer morning—  
a withered bluebell  
loggers left behind

Inasmuch as Nature plays an important part in Lee Gurga's world, love and compassion for his fellow man are unmistakable. The last three segments of this collection, 'Class Reunion', 'Heart-Shaped Leaves', and 'Shadows on the Wall', deal largely with the varied and interesting personalities that have touched his life. Here, the author is at his strongest:

prison waiting room—  
tattooed across his fingers  
H-A-T-E

Again and again in these latter segments, emotions tremble, the heart flutters as we glimpse this poet's pain and joy:

another stroke . . .  
but for his grandson  
the dead hand gestures

As the father of three sons, Mr. Gurga's love for family is unquestionable; running like brookwater over life's pebbles and rocks, his love encompasses all the lows and highs that are a part of it. The following are perfect examples of opposite moments:

the longest day—  
a mother calls and calls  
into the night

call after call—  
finally, my six-year-old's  
"LEE GURGA!"

Most arresting are the fresh, diverse views found here; the reader is moved between moments mellow to profound and those that earn a soft smile to hearty laughter. A very pleasing balance.

However, as in any collection, some poems are less brilliant than others, but then that can be said of stars as well. For those bright sparklers that immediately catch the eye, surely they will be long remembered. Overall, the craftsmanship of these poems, the sensitivity, intensity, and careful attention to presentation are rich and rewarding.

A special bonus is Michael Dylan Welch's brief interview with the author. Preceded by personal information, Mr. Gurga discusses how and when he became interested haiku, what motivates him to write this form, and what he has learned along the way. A friendly and informative visit that is a rewarding conclusion to an already impressive book. May we see more of the same!

Add to all this the attractive perfectbound production by *Press Here* that interestingly arranged one poem per page on quality paper, and there is reason to celebrate. *The Measure of Emptiness* well deserves the long joyous ringing of bells.

—Review by Elizabeth St Jacques

## COMICS AND HAIKU

*MANGAJIN*, published ten times a year, at 2531 Briarcliff Road, Suite 121, Atlanta, GA, 30329. \$30 yearly.

A number of my friends in the haiku world know that I have been working for several years translating poems by Seishi Yamaguchi, who has been prominent in haiku in Japan for most of this century. The search for a publisher has led me and my collaborator, a Japanese haiku poet, to *Mangajin*, a magazine published in Atlanta which teaches Japanese language and culture through Japanese comics.

Even those of us who have been exposed in varying degrees to Japanese studies are apt to be shocked by the first sight of the magazine, with its glossy cover and wild ukiyoe-style illustration crowned by the three great characters MAN-GA-JIN or "Rambling-Pictures-Man" [Cartoon Man]. The contents begin with a number of short and well illustrated articles on subjects like Japanese beer, or films, and vocabulary, followed by four or five-page sections from Japanese comic books, in all their variety, with detailed translations and linguistic analysis on facing pages. It is a marvelous way of coming at the study of colloquial Japanese, under the tutelage of people who have obviously spent many years in Japan, using and studying the written and spoken language.

The publisher was good enough to send me a cartoon with a haiku theme, one which *Mangajin* will not be publishing, though I wish they would. It is from a magazine called *O Daiji Ni*, meaning "Be careful," and features an episode dealing with a cartoonist who is doing a strip taking off on the *kibyôshi*, or "yellow-cover" picture books popular two hundred years ago. Stuck for an ending for his strip, the cartoonist, whose name is *Nan-Sen-Su*, or "Nonsense," goes for a walk in the snow with his haiku-writing friend Dentaku Sensei. Their walk is filled with 17-syllable comments by Dentaku and others. It begins with "Kuroinu o chôchin ni suru yuki no michi" — Using a black dog\ as a Japanese lantern\ on a snowy path. It continues with a meeting with some rough fellows who are heating sake over an outdoor fire. They cheerfully contribute some wild haiku as well as sake, and before long Nansensu has difficulty counting to seventeen. Fortunately, the adventure gives him an ending for his *kibyôshi*.

It seems to me that even people with only a little Japanese can enjoy and learn much from reading in *Manjagin*.

—Alfred H. Marks

WINNERS OF THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, 1991, Judges: *Joyce Walker Currier and Michael Dylan Welch.*

The 1991 Virgilio Haiku Contest for High School students, sponsored by the Haiku Society of America, received 307 entries from seven high schools (one in Mexico, one in New Zealand, and five in the United States). As judges, we looked for quality, freshness, and originality, and felt that the poems we selected should be complete, needing no further refinement. Our selections are given below, including eight honorable mentions (in ranked order) by category: haiku, senryu, and two visual or concrete poems. We received many other notable submissions, and although they may not be listed here, we encourage their authors to submit them for publication. Special thanks to the teachers and schools concerned for their support—and congratulations to all the winners. Keep writing!

First Place:	new mother . . .	<i>Gina Valentine, age 18, grade 12</i>
	her old cat appears	<i>Wahlert High School</i>
	at nursing time	<i>Dubuque, Iowa</i>

If you've ever lived on a farm, you know cats have a way of sensing when there's milk around. I am impressed with the integrity of the writer as she deals with and unites her subject matter "as one." Just as the old cat intuitively grasps the mystery of the senses, the poet presents it beautifully in this strikingly pure haiku. [JC]

I especially like this haiku for its subtlety and maturity. A new baby has come to the home and demands the attention given previously to the old cat. The cat appears at nursing time, a time of closeness, of bonding. Perhaps the old cat has had kittens when it was younger, and comes to the new mother as a way of expressing understanding. The contrast of young and old, the newness of the baby, the newness of the mother's experience of mothering, and the inevitable cycles of life combine to enrich this sensitive poem. Yet much is left unsaid, such as the mother's reaction to the cat now that she has a baby to nurse. The image resonates in many directions. Finally, this poem is filled with *sabi*, and joy, too, for the new birth. [MDW]

Second Place:	As the sun rises	<i>Paola Mizrahi, age 16, grade 11</i>
	the flowers open	<i>Hamilton School</i>
	slowly . . .	<i>Mexico, D.F., Mexico</i>

In this poem the value of the slow pace of nature is shown in the skillful and simple way the poet works with timelessness. Timelessness uses time slowly, and the writer focuses without pretense on the fullness of the creative world and records it. [JC]

This poem is deceptively simple. We don't know where the flowers are, nor what kind of flowers open slowly in front of the poet, but we do know that the writer is still, centered, patient—and aware enough to notice the

pace by which the flowers receive the light of the dawning day. Perhaps the writer is opening in the same way, slowly, to a continued life of awareness. [MDW]

Third Place:   Blowing out                    *Jana Juergens, age 17, grade 12*  
                  a match                                    *Wahlert High School*  
                  the sudden smell                    *Dubuque, Iowa*

Here is a haiku of sensual impression. The poet is delightfully present as the blown-out match suffuses her with the sudden recognizable smell that brings writer and reader together in our humanity. [JC]

This is an intimate poem, an experience all of us have felt. When you are close to a match and blow it out, you easily notice its distinctive smell. Perhaps this match was used to light a birthday cake, or maybe a campfire far away in the woods. In the midst of laughter and the smell of chocolate cake—or perhaps the rich scent of pine in a dark green forest—the sudden smell of a blown out match is indeed startling enough to deepen your awareness of your surroundings. [MDW]

Haiku:           Christmas Day                    *Matt Richards, age 17, grade 12*  
                  the hunters                        *Wahlert High School*  
                  feed the deer                     *Dubuque, Iowa*

Father home                    *Angela Widmyer, age 17, grade 12*  
late again . . .                *Wahlert High School*  
my mother's eyes             *Dubuque, Iowa*

chemistry between lab partners

*Noelle Bellaver, age 17, grade 12*  
*Wahlert High School*  
*Dubuque, Iowa*

"Christmas Day" is a well-crafted haiku about the fallibilities of man/hunter juxtaposed with his prey, the deer. "Father home" is a straightforward haiku of living experience that gives the reader a knowable understanding of cause and effect. And "chemistry between lab partners" is an excellent open-ended one-line haiku. [JC] These three poems exhibit compassion, sensitivity, freshness, and humor—the mixed emotions and unusual compassion of the hunters feeding the deer, the young person's quiet observations of her mother's eyes when her father comes home late, and the delightful word-play and double meaning of "chemistry" between two high school students in a class. Each poem suggests an untold story, and that is precisely what a good haiku should do. (Incidentally, the last of these three poems could be classified as a senryu, but I think its success as a poem is more important than how it is labeled.) [MDW]

Senryu:	day after the big test the nurse's office empty	<i>Noelle Bellaver, age 17, grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa</i>
	beautiful girl I turn my head and run the red light	<i>Matt Richards, age 17, grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa</i>
	out of our flavor ice cream man swears in Spanish	<i>Kristin Torgler, age 17, grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa</i>

These three senryu are a wonderful representation of humor and amusement. Noelle's senryu is pure perception, Matt handles the third line deftly, and Kristin gives us a fine blend of sound and image. [JC]

Noelle's senryu tells a simple truth about certain students. Kristin's shares a simple yet unexpected experience. And Matt's poem surprises us with its twist between the second and third lines. These are fun, immediately accessible poems. [MDW]

Visual:	train flattened penny	<i>Gina Valentine, age 18, grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa</i>
	re la tion ship broken	<i>Scott Kluck, age 18, grade 12 Wahlert High School Dubuque, Iowa</i>

Gina's visual haiku communicates to us the "Aaahhh," and we, the readers, all see the flattened penny and imagine its untold story. Scott's haiku is a visual account of words carefully spaced to show the brokenness in and out of a relationship. [JC]

In both of these poems, the shape or treatment of the words makes them work. Who has not laid a penny on a train track, then marveled at the weight of the train, at the penny's subsequent flatness (as shown by the "flat" look of the poem on the page)? Who has not suffered a break-up, as indicated by the separated word? These poems by their nature may not have as much depth or resonance as more conventional haiku or senryu, yet they are satisfying and accessible. We wanted to include them to show that preconceptions about haiku can indeed be successfully challenged. [MDW]

In closing, thank you to the Haiku Society of America, and to Garry Gay, 1991 HSA president, for the pleasure and privilege of judging this contest. It isn't easy to define haiku and senryu, and far more difficult to teach it. We encourage all students, and all teachers, in their practice and experience of haiku. As always, keep writing!

## CONTEST WINNERS

*The North Carolina Haiku Society, 1992 International Charles B. Dickson, Haiku Contest Winners:*

1st place, Louise Somers Winder; 2nd place, Elizabeth St Jacques; 3rd place, Jane K. Lambert; Honorable Mention, Helen J. Sherry, James Chessing. Special Recognition, Josephine Upchurch, Patricia Neubauer, Helen E. Dalton, Marsh Cassady, Kenneth C. Leibman, Alexis Rotella.

The contest was judged by Lenard E. Moore.

*Results of the San Francisco International Haiku Competition*, sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California—Haiku Category: 1st place, Kimberly Cortner; 2nd place, John Ziembra; 3rd place, Larry Bole; Special Honorable Mentions, John Borzini, Leatrice Lifshitz, Kenneth Leibman; Honorable Mentions, Mark Evans (2), Helen J. Sherry, Minna Lerman, Jeanette Stace and Randy Johnson. Senryu Category: 1st place, Elizabeth St Jacques; 2nd place Alexis Rotella; 3rd place, Helen E. Dalton; Honorable Mentions: Geraldine C. Little, Kimberly Cortner, Jim Boyd, Francine Porad, Leatrice Lifshitz and June Moreau. The judge was David E. LeCount.

## CONTEST NEWS

*The Annual Harold G. Henderson Awards for best unpublished haiku*

These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in memory of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society. \$100 toward these awards is donated by Mrs. Henderson.

1.) Deadline: Postmark date *August 1, 1992*. 2.) Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku. Please write checks/money orders to *Haiku Society of America*. 3.) Limit: *Ten* unpublished haiku—and not submitted for publication or to any other contest. 4.) Submit each haiku on three separate 3 x 5 cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the third with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Please designate as *haiku*. 5.) Contest is open to the public. 6.) Submit entries to *Minna Lerman*, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826. 7.) First prize, \$200; second prize, \$125; third prize, \$75. 8.) Winning haiku will be published in *FROGPOND*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries. 9.) The names of the judges(s) will be announced after the contest. 10.) Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

*The Annual Gerald Brady Memorial Awards for best unpublished senryu*

The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of \$25.00 donated by Virginia Brady Young, in memory of her late brother Gerald Brady.

1.) Deadline: Postmark date July 1, 1992. 2.) Entry fee: \$1.00 per senryu. Please write checks/money orders to *Haiku Society of America* (as in dues, above). 3.) Limit: *Ten* unpublished senryu—and not submitted for publication or to any other contest. 4.) Submit each senryu on three separate 3 x 5 cards, two with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the third with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper lefthand corner. Please designate as *senryu*. 5.) Contest is open to the public. 6.) Submit entries to *Minna Lerman*, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826. 7.) First prize, \$150; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50. 8.) Winning senryu will be published in *FROGPOND*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries. 9.) The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest. 10.) Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

*The Haiku Society of America Renku Competition*

1.) Deadline: Postmark date November 1, 1992. 2.) Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English. 3.) Entry fee: \$15.00 US, must accompany manuscript. Please write checks/money orders to *Haiku Society of America*. 4.) Length, authorship, limit of entries: A renku must consist of 36 stanzas written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually-authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. Entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any elements previously published, submitted for publication nor entered in any other contest. 5.) One copy, with full authorship information stanza by stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). This copy must be signed by all authors to avoid entry without the knowledge of one of the authors. Three additional copies, without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry. 6.) Submit entries to *Minna Lerman*, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826. 7.) Grand prize, \$150 and publication in *FROGPOND*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Amount of grand prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. 8.) Please send SASE for list of winning entries. 9.) The names of the judge(s) will be announced with the winners. 10.) Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *FROGPOND* XIII:2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general.



*Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial Haiku Competition for High School Students*

There is no entry fee for this competition. Founded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the Nick Virgilio Haiku Association in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society who passed away on January 3, 1989.

WHO? • Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 enrolled in high school (freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) as of September 1992.

WHAT? • A maximum of 3 haiku per student.  
• Each haiku must be typed in triplicate, on 3 x 5 index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, and school must appear on the back of each card.  
• All haiku entered must be previously unpublished. ORIGINAL work and not entered in any other contest.  
• Please keep a copy of your haiku. Sorry, entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE's.

WHEN? • The deadline for submissions is November 30, 1992. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.

WHERE? • Submit entries to *Minna Lerman*, HSA Contests Chairperson, Box J, Havertown P.O., Havertown, PA 19083-3826.

WHY? • 1st prize, \$200; 2nd prize, \$125; 3rd prize, \$75; Four Honorable Mentions, \$25 each.  
• The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *FROGPOND* in 1993.  
• The High School of each student winner will receive a one-year subscription to *FROGPOND*.  
• All rights will remain with authors except that winning haiku will be published in *FROGPOND*.

*The Annual Merit Book Awards for excellence in published haiku, translation, and criticism. (For books published in 1991)*

1.) Deadline: Postmark date June 1, 1992. 2.) Entry fee: None. 3.) Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1991. An author may submit more than one book. 4.) Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. However, authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure they are considered. 5.) Awards are open to the public. 6.) Submit book(s) to *Raffael de Gruttola*, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760. 7.) First prize, \$100; second prize, \$75; third prize, \$50. 8.) The list of awards will be published in

*FROGPOND*. 9.) Books will remain the property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection. 10.) The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the awards are decided.

*The Museum of Haiku Literature Awards  
(Gift of the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo)*

\$25.00 Each of 2 best-of-issue prizes for previously unpublished haiku appearing in *FROGPOND*.

\$25.00 Each of 2 best-of-issue prizes for previously unpublished sequence, renku or haibun appearing in *FROGPOND*.

Award-winning poems are chosen from among those published in each issue of *FROGPOND* and announced in the following issue.

*Haiku Poets of Northern California 1992.  
San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Contest*

Judge: Francine Porad

In-hand Deadline: October 23, 1992.

Haiku, senryu prizes: \$150, \$75, \$25. Tanka, single prize: \$100. Unlimited submissions: \$1.00 each.

Checks/money orders payable to: *Haiku Poets of Northern California*

To: *Dave Sutter*, Contest Chairman, P.O. Box 31856, San Francisco, CA 94131-0856.

Type or legibly print each entry on two 3" x 5" cards, category in upper left. Name, address, phone on back of one card. Entries will not be returned. For winner's list, enclose SASE. Contest results and commentary in Winter 1992 *WOODNOTES*. All rights revert to authors after publication.

*1992 James W. Hackett Award*

The British Haiku Society again offers an award (£60) for the haiku best exhibiting Zen qualities. In-hand deadline 10/31/92. Haiku published in *BLITHE SPIRIT* automatically considered. U.S. fee is \$4 for up to 5 entries, cash OK (do not pay in postal money order of IRCs). Entries must be original, in English, and not previously published; author's name and address on back. Mail to: Hackett Award, BHS, c/o David Cobb, Sinodun, Shalford, Brtaintree, Essex CM7 5HN. For contest results, enclose SAE + 1 IRC.

## PUBLICATION ANNOUNCEMENTS

*The Yomiuri Shimbun*, Japan's most influential quality newspaper, is inviting haiku poets throughout the world to send their haiku to 'THIS IS YOMIURI,' its monthly magazine (circulation 200,000).

Each entry is to be limited to one or two haiku (new works only) for each month; the deadline is the end of each month.

You are requested to write your full name, age, male or female, address and nationality. All letters should be typewritten or printed and sent to: *HAIKU Section, 'THIS IS YOMIURI', c/o The Yomiuri Shimbun, 1-7-1, Otemachi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 100-55, JAPAN.*

Accepted works will be published on "Haiku International Pages (to be newly set up) in 'THIS IS YOMIURI' magazine.

Those poets whose haiku are published will be awarded a memento and a copy of the monthly issue carrying their works, with the understanding that no royalty as such is payable and that work is not returnable.

The screening for acceptance will be conducted by Mr. Sono Uchida, President, Haiku International Association.

HWUP! A POETRY NEWSLETTER, ed. Larry Gross, POB 13743, Tallahassee, FL 32317-3743. #4, January 1992, & #6, April 1992. \$15/11 issues, \$18 outside US. Sample issue, \$1.50. A new Newsletter, chatty and informative. By the author of HWAPP! (*How to Write and Publish Poetry*, \$19 ppd, \$22 outside US). Poetry contests in several categories including tanka and haiku, funded by member donations.

Northwest Literary Forum, a new literary journal to be published by North Lake Press, 2012 S. 314th St., Suite 158 Federal Way, WA 98003 (\$15 for 6 issues), will focus primarily on the work of Northwest writers and intends to publish haiku as well as other kinds of poetry and short stories.

AIR (Association for International Renku) Plans Renku Journal, Haikai Anthology, and RENKU NORTH AMERICA TOUR, 1992

Beginning July 1992, AIR will publish a biannual journal (called "AIR") devoted entirely to renku. Edited by Kris and Tadashi Kondo and Associate Editor William J. Higginson, it will publish "completed works and translations, articles, interviews, and discussions of form, content, and other important aspects of the genre." \$22.00/year by International Postal Money Order to Kris

Kondo, Iiyama 1510-4, Atsugi-shi, Kanagawa, JAPAN 243-02; in Japan, 2,000 by genkin kakitome. (Contributions welcome.)

Throughout August, a group of 10 visiting poets from Japan will tour the United States. Members of the tour will be the Jigensha Renku Group (Renku Master Miyoshi, Ryukan; and Akada, Kumiko; Fukuda, Shinku; Kondo, Kris; and Kondo, Shokan), along with Shimizu, Ichiyo; Yazaki, Ai; Orihara, Mami; and Saito, Masaya. They will meet to write renku with local poets in each city. There will be public lectures, panel discussions, and workshops. The Japanese for International Renku is "kokusai renku" or "kokuren," and this tour is expected to be the beginning of many such kokuren events.

#### TENTATIVE SCHEDULE, RENKU NORTH AMERICA TOUR

Carmel, August 1-5  
San Francisco, August 5-11  
Santa Fe, August 11-17  
Milwaukee, August 17-23  
New York, August 23-31

The tour was inspired by the Jigensha Renku Group in cooperation with HPNC, Yuki Teikei, Santa Fe Poets, Woodland Patterns, and HSA, sponsored by Nichibei Center, and organized by AIR. Its purpose is "to promote the understanding of renku in North America and enhance global communication in this genre through actual interaction among poets from Japan and local poets." Lectures and finished renku will be included in the *World Haikai Anthology Celebrating the Third Centennial of Bashô's Death* sponsored by the Gichuji Preservation Society (to be published in July 1993).

"It has been 300 years since the death of Matsuo Bashô, the founder of haikai no renga or renku. In November 1993 we will be celebrating his tricentennial at Gichuji on Lake Biwa, the site of his grave. Renku North America is dedicated to this occasion.

"Renku North America is a project in which a group of Japanese renkyu poets visit Carmel, San Francisco, Santa Fe, Milwaukee, and New York City, meeting with local poets to work together in collaborative sessions on international renku. Renku North America intends to promote the spirit of renku and to enhance the relationship among international renku poets through cooperative production.

"The works produced during the tour will be included in the Anthology of World Haikai, which will be dedicated to Bashô and his tricentennial ceremony at Gichuji.

"Haiku has spread all over the world, but most people are not aware that haiku developed out of renku about a century ago. Now Bashô is well known as a haiku poet, but actually he was a master renku poet. For the first centennial ceremony, an anthology of renku was compiled by Chomu, who represents the restoration movement of Bashô style renku in the Tenmei period. For the bicentennial, Sojaku dedicated a poem stone of one of Bashô's haiku in Gichuji garden. Now, the wheel of history has come around and it is our turn to celebrate the tricentennial.

"Please join us for this festive occasion and make your contributions in our first international Renku North America tour."

Additional sponsors are being sought. When plans are complete, an official pamphlet will be issued announcing the tour and giving further information.

Coordinator: AIR (Association for International Renku), represented by Kris Kondo, 1510-4 Iiyama, Atsugi, Kanagawa 243-02, Japan; tel. 0462-42-6119.



## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

*Basho and His Interpreters: Selected Hokku with Commentary*, compiled, translated, and with an introduction by Makoto Ueda. Stanford University Press, 458 pages, hardcover, \$49.50, 1992. A major new work by the distinguished author and Stanford University Professor. New English translations of 255 Bashô hokku (haiku) with English translations of critical commentary by Japanese writers in historical context.

*Classic Haiku: A Master's Selection*, translated by Yuzuru Miura. Rutland, VT and Tokyo. Charles E. Tuttle Company, 1991. 119 pages. No price given.

*A Dictionary of Haiku*. Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA, 95445. Perfect bound, 396 pages, 8 x 5, \$12.95 ppd. Over 5,000 haiku arranged according to season words by traditional and modern methods. The first of its kind in English.

*Ecopoems: Winners of the Rhyming Haiku Contest—1991*, David Priebe, Editor and Publisher. Cloverleaf Books, 1347 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, CA 90044-2505. 1991. 50 pages, \$12.

*Let Us Write Haiku*: Sakuzo Takada. Available from the author, 1-8-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. \$8 in international postal money order. 109 pages.

*The Measure of Emptiness: Haiku by Lee Gurga*. Introduction by Jerry Kilbride. Cover photograph of an Illinois barn and silo by Gretchen Batz. Press Here, 1991, 88 pages, perfect bound, 8 1/2 by 5 1/2 inches (horizontal). \$8.25 postpaid from Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, California, 94404 (checks payable to Michael D. Welch). A collection of Lee Gurga's finest haiku and senryu, including many prize-winners. Poems are divided into four sections: "Scattered on the Pond," "Class Reunion," "Heart-Shaped Leaves," and "Shadows on the Wall." The book also includes an interview with the author conducted by Michael Dylan Welch.

*Moss-Hung Trees: Haiku of the West Coast.* Winona Baker. Reflections, 1992. ISBN: 0-9692570-3-1, perfectbound, \$10, 60 pages.

*ONE POTATO TWO POTATO ETC*, Anita Virgil. Peaks Press, POB 192, Forest, VA 24551, 133 pages, perfect-bound. \$12.95 ppd in USA. Virginia residents add state sales tax. Canada and overseas add \$2 S&H, remit in US dollars on US bank only or International Postal Money Orders in US funds. Please make check or money order payable to Anita Virgil.

*Rain Drips from the Trees: Transcontinental Haiku.* Available from the author, English Dept., Holy Names College, 3500 Mountain Blvd., Oakland, CA 94619. 37 pages, \$5.

*The Shape of the Tree* (New York, New York), by L. A. Davidson, a reprint of the 1982 chapbook (185) published by Wind Chimes. Available from Laura Tanna, 3245 Village Green Dr., Miami, FL 33175, for \$4.95 postpaid 1st class U.S. or Canada; \$7. 1st class airmail worldwide, or \$5.25 by surface.

*Starting Something*, Carol Montgomery. Los Hombres Press, P.O. Box 632729, San Diego, CA 92163-2729, 1992. 45 pages. ISBN 1-879603-01-2 \$6.95 postpaid.

*Tamako-Sho: Haiku Collection of the Ladies' Haiku Group of Lake Tama*, translated by Sakuzo Takada. Available from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. 144 pages. \$8 in international postal money order.

*Wind in the Trees*, David Elliott. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1992, 40 pages, \$4.50.

NOTE: For future listings in "Books and Chapbooks Received," please follow the format shown above. Books sent *must* be accompanied by the appropriate typed description.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF '92

—Lequita Vance

The campaign of '92 is all around us—it broadens each day, reaching into every corner of our lives. It can be an incentive, if not a model, for the haiku community. Until now we have confined our quest in the main to our own community and have not looked to the state of poetry in general.

Sometimes we venture out into the suburbs of our local newspapers or perhaps sashay into chapbook country. But all of these locations are part of a bigger geography, and for home towns to survive and flourish they must live in an integrated harmony with the total state.

Haiku and its related forms are important, even essential, *because* they belong to the art of poetry. Local affairs of submissions and rejections and the labor and financing of self publishing take so much of haiku poets' resources and focus that they lose sight of the ultimate aim: being a 'success' at the level of poetry itself.

As in government no part, local or national, can be ignored without in some way damaging or lessening the other. To promote our nationality as poets we must keep our local haiku allegiance strong, well crafted and loyal while at the same time honoring and contributing to the international cause of poetry in general.

To accomplish this we must lay out our plan: our campaign. It means that we must look to poetry journals (the very best ones) and to the high level magazines which accept poetry as additional outlets for our haiku. These publications are not used to accepting our poetic form and, in all honesty, are, in general, not qualified to judge it. The solution to this first problem is clear: we make frequent QUALITY submissions to the publications and we do it on an ongoing basis. And to address the second problem, we provide a pool of haiku editors to magazines so that they will feel assured that they are accepting haiku of quality.

HSA president Raffael de Gruttola is more than willing to do his share to help with this. He is preparing a letter that will be sent out to the lead-poetry and poetry related publications stating that there will be submissions made from the haiku sector and that there will be a list of established poets ready to take up editing posts. A partial list of the publications will be included in the next HSA newsletter for your convenience so that each individual will not have to spend time researching them.



Now for the poet's part in this campaign. Our first task is to make the submissions. And for the good of the entire haiku populace it is essential that the poems be the very best the poet can create. It is most important that we let the editors-in-chief know that haiku is more than a cute little three line poem about nature. It is also necessary to state in the cover letter our credits and, in the politest of terms, that we will be continuing to submit to them. At this time we can state our understanding of their problem of accepting a form outside of their expertise and let them know that HSA will provide them with the names of qualified editors for haiku submissions.

At this point our campaign becomes really interesting because it is expedient that we keep up the flow of submissions, continue with the cover letters and get the word out that we are here, we are here to stay, and that we will do the work as well as create the art to claim our rightful place in poetry country.

We can make '92 THE year for the haiku form entrance onto the convention floor of poetry. You can say that this year is already more than half over—a short span of time for so lofty a campaign. Yes, but there is still nearly half a year left—plenty of time to get started. This campaign will not be won in any one year, but it can begin in this one. Even as we gain some victories, it will be a continual struggle to stay in winning circles. We can start now; we can start today.

It will be important to share our individual triumphs with our entire community. Perhaps there can be periodic scorecards printed in the haiku journals that will list poets' names and where they are published in periodicals outside our usual haiku channels.

The politicians who succeed this year go on to a term in which they must carry out the platforms of their campaigns. We can do the same. We can look forward to a time in two or four years when it is only normal to see haiku in *The Paris Review*, *Antaeus*, *The New Yorker* and the *Atlantic*. GO HAIKU '92!

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18 AUGUST 1992

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