

FROGPOND

XVII:2

SUMMER 1994





FROGPOND

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

*a pile of rocks
shifting in spring rain
the stiff old man*

Lenard D. Moore

Vol. XVII:2—SUMMER 1994
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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Subscription/Membership: \$20 USA and Canada; \$28 overseas, by airmail only. Please remit in US dollars. Canadian and overseas members should use International Postal Money Orders in US funds. All subscription/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of *Frogpond*. 1994 single copies (and those prior to 1992) \$5 US and Canada, \$6 overseas; 1992, 1993 single copies \$10 US and Canada, \$12 Overseas. (If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues would NOT be acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering.) Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc., and send to Secretary at home address.

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ISSN 8755-156X

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*

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braiding silver

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and columbine, my wife
smiles again

William M. Ramsey

summer heat wave—
two little girls playing cards
in the spring house

beads of sweat
on the iced tea glasses
thunder in the hills

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The last melon
rolls off the vine
—summer's end

Matthew Louvière

BLACKBIRDS

still summer morning—
the blackbird's underfeather
floats down

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two blackbirds standing apart
on the grass

afternoon sunlight—
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the clay tile walk

Bruce Ross

the honeyeater
stunned by a window
wakes in my hand

R. H. Morrison

backyard badminton—
a butterfly
clears the net

Carlos Colón

summer stillness
just a dirt-dauber filling
the windchime pipe

Nina A. Wicker

Even over here
under the broccoli
a squash runner

David Elliott

dawn—
temple bell
 hum

Thomas Fitzsimmons

snail my friend
all this way to my door
just as i am leaving

Nika

temple gardener—
low bow to the peony
stone Buddha watching

H. F. Noyes

in the Buddha's palm
hidden under the dwarf pine...
an almond blossom

Sharon Lee Shafii

even petals falling
disturb the stillness
of the pond

Michael Ketchek

dusk
at the lake's edge the sun
 separates itself

 our path
once again but this time
alone

George Ralph

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
1994 MERIT BOOK AWARDS
for Books published in 1993

Judges: Robert Major & George Knox
Contest Coordinator: Barbara Ressler

1st Prize—Margaret Chula, *Grinding My Ink*

Superbly sustained focus, centering in daily life at the place where she lived in Japan. Initially, she writes: "this collection of haiku is dedicated to the house at Icho da cho 10-1 and to John who shared it with me." This is followed by an Introduction in which she masterfully creates the ambience. The brush calligraphy (*kanji*) which correspond to and set apart each section of haiku are exciting, and take us back to the title, *Grinding My Ink*. Each section has its special imagery, tones and moods. Indeed, this book is a good example of unity in diversity, a cohesiveness of all elements. Nothing seems extraneous.

2nd Prize—Charles B. Dickson, *A Moon in Each Eye*

Published posthumously, Dickson's family dedicates the book to Vincent Tripi, who selected and edited the poems. The unity of setting, of "scene" in the poetic sense, is built of interrelated images of a rural world. There's an integration of person, place and things observed. Simple (in the best haiku sense of the word) and delicately sensuous haiku.

3rd Prize—Francine Porad, *The Patchwork Quilt: haiku * senryu * tanka * renku * artwork*

We find a clue to the book's structure in the title. This is a sensitive gathering of haiku, senryu, and tanka. It is true to the author's work in general, a blending of pathos, humor and wit. The book's integrity is marked by a refreshing absence of pretentiousness, a tenderness without sentimentality. Also included are her monoprints. An excitingly versatile writer and painter.

Honorable Mention (in alphabetical order by author or editor)

Cyril Childs, Editor, *New Zealand Haiku Anthology*

The work of 19 contributors, all New Zealanders. A fascinating insight into the feel of another country and culture. A lively and vigorous collection.

Jean Jorgensen, *Border Crossing: haiku and related poetry (1987—1993)*

The title implies a literal border crossing and symbolic crossings—into puberty, growing up and leaving home, changes of season, etc. Poems animated by a charming wit.

David Priebe, *Timepieces: Haiku Week At-a-Glance 1994*

A calendar featuring winners of a contest calling for haiku on natural and seasonal themes only. An innovative service for haiku poets and those fond of haiku.

Michael Dylan Welch, Editor, *Fig Newtons: Senryu to Go*

Anthology containing senryu by Laura Bell, Garry Gay, Christopher Herold, Vincent Tripi, Michael Dylan Welch, and Paul O. Williams. A most amusing collection.

Thank you to all who sent work to be considered for the 1994 Merit Book Awards. Each book is worthy of being included in personal collections. Decisions for awards were difficult ones to make, given the quality and the diversity of the entries. As judges, we sought to evaluate the submissions in the criteria traditionally invoked in discussing haiku and related forms. In each case there was a give and take of opinions before arriving at an agreement. After registering the “initial impact” of the work, we refined our impressions by further reading and discussion. We looked for achievement overall: appropriateness and precision of language, tone, and thought. Also, in the case of several forms (e.g., haiku, renku, tanka, haibun), one had to evaluate their interrelations, consonance, etc. That is, how were the parts articulated? It was agreed from the start that each judge would keep a record of notes from successive readings. Subsequently, we would collate our observations before making final decisions. All of this did not mean a pedantic adherence to “rules,” or a “value” applied mechanically without appreciation of “originality.” Lest the judges be too harshly judged, we plead honest hard work and possible fallibility.

white work horse
in the foggy meadow
breathing steam

Timothy Russell

Kansas Flint Hills
though the wind's stopped
the trees still leaning

lying in the shadow
of the satellite dish
COWS

Frank Higgins

fireflies so brief
I squint
to see if they're there

Edward J. Rielly

sway-backed barn
dappled gray mare leans
into slanting shade

Elizabeth Howard

The house filled
with moving boxes—
I sit in the sun
for the last time
and listen to the quail.

Alexis Rotella

before sunrise—
no part of your name
in the crow's caw

Gary Hotham

summer dawn—
dew on the dragonfly
poised by the pond

Tom Clausen

The swimmer surfaces
her ears
fill with sunlight

Michael Fessler

middle of the lake—
just big enough for its tree
the island

Mark Arvid White

all by itself
it looks lonely
this small pine

dusk deepens...
slowly the moon's first edge
sharpens into focus

nick avis

midsummer night
the eye
of the loon

Lawrence Rungren

Senryū Vs. Haiku

Hiroaki Sato

For some time now in North America, there has been debate on whether there should be any distinction between haiku and senryū. I did not know there was similar debate in Japan until the haiku poet Natsuishi Ban'ya (b. 1955) recently sent me *Tanka, Haiku, Senryū* (Shinchōsha, 1993), an anthology of about 6,000 pieces written in the period of 101 years, from 1892 to 1992, which he edited with the tanka poet Saigusa Takayuki (b. 1944) and the senryū poet Ōnishi Yasuyo (b. 1949).

To refresh our memory briefly, both haiku and senryū were born of the sequential poetic form of renga. The haiku, originally called hokku, started out as the opening unit of the sequence; it is, as a result, associated, by the majority, with the two requirements known as *yūki teikei*: the inclusion of a *kigo*, “seasonal reference,” and the syllabic formation of 5, 7, 5. The senryū, named after Karai Senryū (1718-1790), came into being through the practice of *maeku-zuke*, providing a link or links to a given link, which was done for fun or for training for formal renga sessions. Initially, *maeku-zuke* was done either in 7-7 or 5-7-5 syllables, but it did not take long for the latter formation to become the norm. A seasonal reference was not requisite; indeed, if one was included, the inclusion was accidental. Because such links were composed as non-hokku, with the stress soon on the “funny” or “amusing” content, they predominantly described human behavior—after all, it’s rather difficult to be funny or amusing in describing a natural phenomenon.

So a typical haiku may read: *Moza naku ya irihi sashikomu mematsubara* (A shrike calls, setting sun shining in the red pine grove). In this piece, by Nozawa Bonchō (d. 1714), the seasonal reference is *moza*, “shrike,” which represents autumn, because, it is explained, this bird of prey becomes especially visible in that season, near human habitats.

For what I used to think of as typical senryū, I’d like to cite two. The first one is from the “classical” period; it is attributed to someone identified as Hōrai, of Ushigome, and included in *Senryū Hyō Manku-awase*, published in 1782: *Nikoniko to isha to shukke ga surichigai* (All smiles, the doctor and the priest pass each other). This was composed in response to the 7-7-syllable piece, *Asamashii koto asamashii koto*, “That’s so degrading, that’s so degrading” (*maeku*, “preceding links,” with an expression repeated were common). So what does “All smiles, the doctor and the priest pass each other” describe? Well, someone dies; his doctor, taking his leave, passes the priest who has been summoned and is just com-

ing in, and both, despite themselves, can't suppress grins. Business is thriving for both.

A more recent piece, by Inoue Nobuko (1869-1958), appears in her collection *Aozora*, published in 1930: *Dō suwari naoshite mitemo waga sugata* (No matter how I sit, I only see me the way I am). Nobuko worked to create "new senryū," in the days when women senryū writers were, in her own words, "fewer than the stars at daybreak."

Now, I had long assumed that the senryū survived to this day as a popular verse form used mainly for two purposes: to make social commentary or describe human foibles and to compose what is simply the Japanese counterpart to the limerick. As it turns out, however, nearly a hundred years ago serious senryū writers began spurning satirical senryū. Since around 1900 a number of senryū writers have eschewed frivolous wordplay, pursuing, instead, things like idealism ("the theory," as an English dictionary puts it, "that the objects of external perception, in itself or as perceived, consists of ideas"), proletarianism, social realism, and individualism ("the tendency," as *Gendai Haiku Dai-Jiten* puts it, "to sink deeply into one's own individuality").

When there are two types of verse which are the same in form and differentiated only by content and when one of them, senryū, begins to underplay or shed its distinguishing trait, it is easy to see that the demarkation line between the two becomes blurred. This is all the more so because the other type of verse, the haiku, has the tendency to go beyond being a simple description of a segment of a season observed.

To illustrate this point with a couple of haiku on the shrike, Kobayashi Issa (1763-1827) wrote: *Moju no koe kannin-bukuro yabureta ka* (Shrike's voice: couldn't contain his anger, could he?), and Ishida Hakyō (1913-1969), who contracted tuberculosis during WWII and had to undergo three major chest surgeries, wrote: *Tabashiru ya mozu kyōkan su kyōgyōhen* (Shrike's screams rush through my disfigured chest).

Try to contrast these with a senryū by Hama Yumesuke (1890-1960), which reads: *Haku-botan hi-botan kuzure yoru no soko* (White peony scarlet peony collapse at night's depths) and another by Horiguchi Yūsuke (1892-1965): *Akizora no hirosa e tsuzuku aka-tombo* (Continuing into the expanse of autumn sky red dragonflies).

The question is: Is there any difference between haiku and senryū? The answer appears to be: Not much.

Tanka, Haiku, Senryū comes with a roundtable discussion on this anthology among its three editors and the literary critic

Yoshimoto Takaaki. As might be expected, it is Yoshimoto who first raises this issue. In response, the haiku poet Natsuishi says, "From a haijin's perspective, good senryū are not so different from good haiku." In her riposte, the senryū poet Ōnishi says she has always wondered, "from the standpoint of senryū," if "good haiku may not resemble good senryū."

In the ensuing give and take, Natsuishi argues that the requirement of *yūki teikei* was "no more than a hypothesis for modern haiku reformers, but even haiku that contain no seasonal reference (*muki*) or are written in free form (*jiyūritsu*) face the question, 'What makes a haiku (*haiku-sei*)?'" In contrast, as the senryū has weakened its criticism-of-life aspect (*jidai hihan, ningen kansatsu*), it has "inevitably" brought itself closer to haiku. In a reconciliatory tone, the tanka poet Saigusa points out that, yes, the haiku has always felt the need to define itself, but the senryū has not, allowing itself to "avalanche itself into haiku territory." On the other hand, in recent years, there is a tendency for the haiku to "senryū-ize itself" (*senryū-ka*) to make itself more appealing; as a result, it is the haiku that is required to distinguish itself from the senryū, not the other way round.

In the end, though, the senryū writer Ōnishi strikes me as convincing when she observes, "If someone asks me how senryū differ from haiku, I tell the person that the only distinction that can be made is by author's name"—that is, if the author is known to write haiku, then the pieces he or she has written are haiku; if the author is known to write senryū, then the pieces she or he has written are senryū. To show as much as I can that she may be right, I'd like to conclude this essay by citing small samplings of haiku by Natsuishi and senryū by Ōnishi.

Of the two writers, Natsuishi can be well-nigh impossible to translate, as I tried to demonstrate here, five years ago. The following pieces—all taken from his latest book *Rakurō* (Shoshi Yamada, 1992)—are mainly selected for verbal, syntactical intelligibility, for, obviously, I can't translate something that's not intelligible to me.

Shinjuku no karasu to yume de aimashō

Let's meet Shinjuku crows in our dreams

(Shinjuku is a section of Tokyo which is roughly comparable to Times Square and Greenwich Village combined. Although *karasu no su*, "crow's nest," is a kigo, *karasu*, "crow," by itself is not. Natsuishi uses kigo from time to time but does not regard their inclusion as necessary.)

Daigaku wa keitō enbi no hito o kau
Universities keep cockscombs and swallow-tailed men

Makkurona suiheisen ni same no yome
On the coal-black horizon a shark's bride

Minakami ni koe no retchū ari hakubo
Upstream there's a colonnade of voices twilit

Toguromaku midori no suso ni kawara kana
At the hem of coiling green the riverbed

Seisō no rōba o osou fuji no hama
Assaulting a formally dressed old woman, the wisteria

Warera sari ishi no ōmu mo yūyakeru
We leave, and the stone parrot in the evening glow

Umi yasete hama yasete kono ō-otoko
The sea's become skinny, the beach skinny, & this big man

Rōjin to hama o minami e aymunari
With an old man I walk along the beach toward the south

Fuji no hana warera no samamegoto o sū
Wisteria flowers suck in the things we murmur

Dai-bakufu zō no yume-mite yukishi hito
Great waterfalls: you who died dreaming of elephants

With this reference to "elephants," let us begin the Ōnishi section with her senryū referring to the same animal:

Keijiō no zō wa tokidoki mizu o nomu
The metaphysical elephant drinks water from time to time

The selection here is all from Ōnishi's second book, called *Seikimatsu no Komachi* (Sakoya Shobō, 1989)—which means "End-of-the-Century Komachi" or "*Fin-de-siècle* Komachi." Komachi is a ninth-century Japanese poet renowned for her beauty and ability to seduce men.

Chō ochite sanzen sekai ki ga niou
A butterfly falls and trees in 3,000 worlds emit fragrance

Chichi haha no makura no yō ni yūyakeru
Like father and mother's pillows the evening glows

Ki no shita de nemureba kari no yo de sameru
I sleep under a tree, in the transitory world I awaken

Kotsuban no atari de oyogu no wa yūhi
Swimming near my pelvis the evening sun

Aki ni aitakute ippon no ki ni fureru
Wanting to meet autumn I touch a single tree

Tōmei na kotoba o kasanetsutsu ochiru
While piling up transparent words I fall

Chō ochite tachimachi kōru mizutamari
A butterfly falls and swiftly the pool turns to ice

Hakkyō no tsubaki mo yagate chi ni kaeru
Even a deranged camellia soon returns to earth

Uma no me no oku de kawaite yuku kodachi
In the depths of a horse's eye a stand of trees goes on drying

Maboroshi o daku tabi kiri ga fukaku naru
Each time I hug an apparition the mist deepens

Hanabira no omosa o omou toki shineru
When I think of a petal's weight I could die

Tenohira wa itsumo hiraite itsumo fuyu
My palm is always open, is always winter

Koibito no iki no chikaku no yuki kuzure
Near my lover's breathing snow collapse

Perhaps this is enough. Comparing Natsuishi and Ōnishi, one might say Natsuishi is more detached and objective, while Ōnishi is more involved and subjective. But when it comes to whether one is more haiku or senryū than the other, the difference seems negligible.

(This is a condensed version of the talk Sato gave at the 11 December 1993 meeting of HSA in New York.)

old train station—
the light through the window
of the derailed car

Bruce Ross

summer dawn—
the street sweeper's bristles
scraping the sidewalk

Wally Swist

getting louder
the calf
the auctioneer

LeRoy Gorman

summer wheat—
the full moon
just clearing it

Joyce Currier

hoops fallen
'round the wine cask, slats
held up by weeds

Christopher Herold

rotting stump—
brown pint bottle
still hidden inside

from house
to barn
the milky way

Lee Gurga

SUMMER SNAPSHOTS

green-eyed cat
leaps into the wild onions—the moth flies away

touching his reflection
again and again—seagull skimming the lake

new moon above the mountain
singing to it from the meadow—all the grasshoppers

summer rain
still lake, each drop—bull's eye

a trout jumps
and falls back, sunlit—through its own rings

she decided no
flies buzz all night—against the white lampshade

Robert D. Lovitt

high hawk
the sun feathered
a moment

Makiko

the pigeon's shadow flies with it
along the sunlit wall

Doris Heitmeyer

for S.W.

before leaving
she paints the little gate
Santa Fe blue

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

dust devils
spooking
the horses

Patricia Neubauer

high noon
the hawk's shadow
pauses

open sky
the old hawk
falls alone

Marian Olson

a Ute elder
in his ancient eyes
an epic

Dad and I drink
in a Utah tavern
talk about Lapland

Richard Wiman

mountain meadow
an elk moves on up the draw
shiver of aspens

Yvonne Hardenbrook

summer lightning
a silent snake strikes
the meadow mouse

Makiko

stray cat
peering in the window
of the empty house

Jeanette Stace

Pushed to a corner
broken sled
in the computer room

Pushed to a corner
the blue madonna
blesses the garden

Sydell Rosenberg

looking over the fence
from a second story window
watching her sunbathe

Michael Ketchek

days lengthen
backyard mudpuddle holds
the sunset

Robert Gibson

A strange place
long after dark—
the child's face

The windchime
echoing
its echoes

Dave Sutter

MIDNIGHT BREEZE

A kasen renku composed
in the Slocan Valley,
British Columbia,
June to September 1990.

Dee Evetts and Diana Hartog

rolling paper cup:
midnight breeze
at the jazz festival

de

the hops-vine clings, turning
a corner of the shed

dh

dog-eared page—
now to find the passage
that meant so much

dh

smiling she raises her face
from the tray of pears

de

friends disperse...
eclipse of the moon
lost to weather

de

jumble of boots at the door
the agenda droning on

dh

cooking class:
everyone's egg-whites
standing in peaks de

laundry draped by the woodstove
as the sky clears dh

Monday morning
my blue work-cap
filled with pine needles de

cluttered mind
watching the slow single snowflakes dh

the only way
to revive her hands:
inside his coat de

the railroad tracks are gone
empty right-of-way dh

familiar contours
day by day emerging
from the flood de

the broken branch
blossoms with the tree dh

children's party...
every single cushion
now damp with mist de

she shakes out their blanket,
folds it against her breast dh

piercing memory
first lessons of love
in a wayside hotel de

seaweed riding the swells
and coiled on the sand dh

too many visitors
and now flies!
Emperor Concerto dh

against the screen door
thump of today's paper de

pillowfight
and in the morning
a thousand-mile journey dh

apples dot the yard
behind the closed-up house de

he talks to himself
shakes his fist at no-one
kicks at leaves dh

under the Milky Way
they rake the bonfire embers de

you are named
in the will
of a distant relation dh

every time she plays
trying to change the rules! de

Blue Willow pattern:
the temple the bridge
the tree the stream dh

swallows—through the newly
plastered room again and again de

ring around the moon
I cross the field
forgiven dh

new ropes in hand
for the wooden swing de

from his effects
choosing the dictionary
and a pair of boots de

 this year even combing
 the tangles from her hair, a dream dh

brief thaw
and among bent reeds
a prow pushes forward de

 cutting the ribbon for the road—
 officials, brisk wind dh

daffodils
give milky sap
from each stem de

 the dressmaker's set lips:
 pinning clouds of white taffeta dh

* * *

 failing again
 to catch the rainbow
 the mime

 and gone
 from the magician's palm . . .
 a cocoon

Kohjin Sakamoto

Beethoven's Ninth
on the radio as we drive past
Auschwitz smokestacks

William Woodruff

white gulls
ride the updraft
—Omaha Beach

Darold D. Braida

Vietnam Veterans Memorial
a young man reads his name
without the 'jr.'

John J. Dunphy

hospital chapel—
my brother's name
wrapped in our prayers

Dorothy McLaughlin

saying
something i didn't understand
my friend dies

Robert Gibson

lifting
from the casket:
white moth

Emily Romano

rare blue-winged moth dead
in the shadow of the tenement

Muriel Ford

chewing gum settles
in the poet's water glass—
his voice fills the room

Ebba Story

empty
lecture
hall
milky
windows

Michael Fessler

in the attic
among old lecture notes
his last poem

crickets fireflies
your empty rocker
into the night

Larry Gross

for Raymond Roseliep

illuminating
the silence between us...
firefly

Wally Swist

my uncle dies—
half-moon
in the morning sky

Robert Epstein

fathers and sons: a double tanka string

first time:
my father
and me
laughing
at the same joke

... and when
I sang
my sentimental song
your face,
as if it never knew I could sing

so silently
he read my poems
and handed them back:
did I say too much?
too little?

I waited, waited
for signs
of your 31,
waited decades
and not a sign of your own five down

glued to an empty box
as if it held
the meaning of life,
as if all families but his own
wrought the missed magic

I want
to twist, turn
through this small space
and reach for my friend's
father's hand

how astounded I was
that the abused
forgave—
that the father and son,
they came to this . . .

and was I
the father too,
this father
I vowed
I'd never be?

hearing
my father's
voice
in my own—
dusk turns to night

you have *rashomon*'d
your father,
I mine,
and still, still, as sons
was there not some taint in ourselves?

like father
like son?
yes,
and I too
have my string of taints

compassionate Kannon,
drink this offering
as we bow and wait
until you suture
all fathers, all sons . . .

*Kenneth Tanemura and Sanford Goldstein**

*All poems on the left by Kenneth Tanemura, all on the right by Sanford Goldstein. (Ed. note: The latter part of this piece was printed improperly in the previous issue, resulting in incorrectly attributed authorship.)

Flood's down—
creekside grasses bent
with the curves of the current

David Elliott

black water swamp
there by the cypress knees
alligator eyes

there in the creek
remains of bridge pilings
no road

Stephen G. Corn

silent, dawn flight
great blue heron sky
the color of his wings

Florence McGinn

Sol Duc woods—
the departed thrush's song
still clings to the moss

Molly McGee

crack of lightning
sharp on the edge
of a cataract

A. Araghetti

Higher than
The sound of Niagara Falls—
Summer moon

Akira Kawano

morning walk shadow of a waning moon

blue jay scolding
someone
in the birdbath

my hand pauses over the one white rose

Pat Shelley

hearing the wren
the old woman sews its song
into her quilt

Frank Higgins

Looking older
more wrinkled than mine:
my hand in the mirror

R. H. Morrison

young bride—
the doll collection
in her bedroom

Makiko

a great white cloud
and wheeling in and out
a pair of eagles

Robert Gibson

breezy—
the spider's thread
warps a sunbeam

William Hart

sudden bat
gives to the darkness
the darkness

twelve cathedral steps
moonlight stops
on the first

George Ralph

from mozart
sidewalk oboe swinging
into blues

Ellen Compton

white cat face
behind the curtained window—
evening star

James Chessing

moths flutter
at every window—
one candle

Christopher Herold

In her old room
a withdrawing shadow
—the curtains stir

Matthew Louvière

a couple notes
of her nightsong
I hum next noon

Jim Kacian

REVIEWS

MORE LIGHT, LARGER VISION, by Geraldine Clinton Little. A collection of tanka. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1992, 85 pages, perfect bound, \$9.00. ISBN 0-944676-38-3.

Since the seventies when Michael McClintock and I were publishing our bare tanka, tanka poets have increased in number, thanks to tanka translations and Jane Reichhold's *Mirrors* competition. Recently, Kenneth Tanemura's *No Love Poems* and the tanka anthology of the West Coast 7, *Footprints in the Fog*, edited by Michael Welch, have appeared. A forerunner to these promising volumes of poems has been Geraldine Little's *More Light, Larger Vision*, first place winner of The Haiku Society of America's Merit Book Awards for 1992.

The unique focus of this splendid book of tanka is Geraldine's inspired division of 100 tanka into ten categories entitled Flowers, Cuckoo, Moon, Snow, Love, Pine, Bamboo, Mountain Hut, Sea Lane, and Reflections. All these tanka were written in about twelve days, an amazing output in quality. She followed the same plan that the Japanese poet Jien did in 1190 except that his tanka were composed in four hours. In 1910, Takuboku wrote, "Each second is one which never comes back in our life. I hold it dear. I don't want to let it pass without doing anything for it. To express that moment, tanka, which is short and takes not much time to compose, is most convenient" (*Romaji Diary and Sad Toys*, Tuttle 1985, p. 49).

Still, I believe it is difficult to write a good tanka. So Geraldine's consistently high level of tanka is by no means easily come by. Her poems have a sharp texture in their perception of nature in relation to the human condition. Her training in haiku has prepared her for mingling elements of nature:

the waterfall roars—
above it the single clear
call of a cuckoo.
nature's juxtapositions,
how lovely, wholly holy

And that she is able quite often to maintain a 5-7-5-7-7 rhythm adds to her achievement.

What I find quite appealing is her continual relation of nature to the human condition. It is not nature per se, what we find in traditional haiku, but a nature joined to love, sexual desire, aspiration, loneliness, harmony:

alone in this hut,
the mountains tumbling down
in all directions,
daily I find a bit more
of the still center searched for

Traditionally, such groupings of poems have been called sequences, and in a cover blurb the famous poet and translator Lucien Stryk calls the collection "a tanka sequence," and the poet herself in her brief comment on the book calls it "a 100-set tanka sequence." I have recently defined in *Frogpond* (Spring 1994) my own terms "tanka string" and "tanka sequence." Some of the sections in *More Light, Larger Vision* qualify as strings, though I do not always find the required transitions smooth enough for my definition. But the one group I would call a sequence, and one of the first sequences among American tanka poets, is the section entitled "Love," in which the dramatic impact of the alternating moods of love finally resolves itself into the lovers' reunion in the final tanka:

the mauve hyacinth
you bring me—I read in its
fresh fragrance the words
you won't say: that renewal
is sweet after lovers quarrel

Review by Sanford Goldstein

GRINDING MY INK by Margaret Chula. Sumi drawings by Rhony Alhalel. Katsura Press, P.O.Box 275, Lake Oswego, OR 97034. 1993, paper, unpagged (104 pages), 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, perfect bound. ISBN 0-9638551-9-0, \$14.95 plus shipping/handling \$2.00 US; Europe \$5.00 (air) \$3.00 (sea); Japan \$6.00 (air) \$4.00 (sea). US funds only.

A book which delights the eye, the mind, the heart. In *Grinding My Ink* Margaret Chula evokes the essence of the house on the outskirts of Kyoto where she lived for twelve years. Indeed this collection of over 100 haiku is dedicated to “the house at Icho da cho 10-1 and to John who shared it” with her. And from within the house, in many ways so open to the life of insect, animal, plant and neighbor which surrounded it, the wider scope of her life in Japan is explored.

The introduction, written in Portland, Oregon, where she now lives, is a charming 3-page essay on the house itself and the life lived there. There is a nostalgic quality here for she and John were the last people living on this little dirt lane of “ten traditional houses...a microcosm in a rapidly encroaching city.” At the end, as she tells us, the old Japanese couples had died, the foreigners had moved on and there remained only the black spiders weaving “their memories into a hundred fragile webs.”

The book is divided into four sections: Flower (Hana), Fire (Hi), Moon (Tsuki), and Snow (Yuki). Each is introduced with a 2-page fold-out sumi drawing by Rhony Alhalel whose artistry in these and the occasional smaller drawings adds to the visual delight of this book.

The haiku themselves are sensitive and evocative, simple and easily accessible on the surface but repaying the attentive reader with depth echoes. The occasional Japanese terms used are explained in a brief glossary. The book opens with a startling haiku—risk-taking, but it works:

grinding my ink—
a black cat
howls in childbirth

These one-breath poems show a skilled craftsman whose word-sense delights:

sawing afternoon
into evening
cicadas

Occasionally one does find a rather predictable haiku:

sudden shower
in the empty park
a swing still swinging

More often a deep awareness of the moment finds its way into fresh and arresting images:

morning yoga
a frog in the garden
mimics my pose

outside the empty hut
a huddle of crickets
their hollow voices

And the sensitivity of:

into the coffin
I place the white chrysanthemum
over her slashed wrist

Grinding My Ink is a lovely book, a book to own and enjoy.

Review by Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE PATCHWORK QUILT: haiku * senryu * tanka * renku * artwork, by Francine Porad. Vandina Press, PO Box 1551, Mercer Island, WA 98040. 1993, unpagged (40 pp), 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, perfect bound. ISBN 0-9618009-9-2. \$6.00.

Francine Porad, in the introduction to *The Patchwork Quilt*, gives rules as to the crafting of haiku, senryu, tanka and renku. In the paragraph on haiku she speaks of structure and the moment keenly perceived. Nothing is said of the spiritual or social aspects of the moment, of how the consequent haiku impacts on us as individuals, as a community. Open-endedness is not discussed, the generous sharing of new perceptions—the invitation into the poem as a way of deeper communication between people. In the section on renku nothing is said of the flower and moon links; of the ageku—

the final link—ending the poem on a positive note. Perhaps I am being a conservative old crank, but these few basic rules add a certain challenge. More significantly, the element of fun is not mentioned. The fact that renku was a game “played” by members of the ancient Japanese Court might well have been brought up. Francine uses excerpts from *Frogpond’s* May 1990 Renku Contest discussion, where, it could be argued, fun is included in the category of “human activities.” Granted, a renku is a little life journey, with all of its joys and sorrows, but the game element does give pleasure. One assumes that newcomers were borne in mind as these pages were written.

The physical aspects of this book are satisfying. The cover paper is dove-gray, with aquamarine fly leaves in complimentary tone and value. However, the stock is close to that used in *Brussels Sprout*, as is the size and print. Francine would be well advised to take a more personal approach in the production of her own books, giving them an identity apart from the magazine. Five of her monotonies appear, abstract landscapes which could have been inspired by looking through a microscope in a biology laboratory, or through windows of a submersible on the ocean floor. There is a precise vision in this art and the excitement of discovery!

The best of the haiku and senryu remind me of the work of Raymond Roseliep, one of my own favorite writers. From Porad’s *Quilt*:

pelicans in flight
the ocean disappears
into sky

my neighbor’s
juicy plums
within reach

vacation’s end:
I learn by heart
the cloudless blue

hospital vigil
the imperceptible shift
of clouds

There is a delicacy here, the subtleness of vision, and the quiet wonder of seeing things that have always been there before our eyes, as if for the first time...and the generous sharing.

The tanka, I feel, are much less successful, but perhaps it is unfair for me to judge, as I am a neophyte to the form. However, my reactions to the following:

Michelangelo
tapped his Moses on the knee:
arise and walk!
I kiss the cherry-red mouth
on the canvas

my husband
assures me
I'll be
famous
after I'm dead

I like the wry Pygmalion humor in the Michelangelo tanka; am left with the sound of mallet on marble and the slightly bitter aftertaste of pigment on the tongue, suggesting difficulties in the taming of Eliza Doolittle. The husband's words seem nothing more than a flat statement, and the element of fame in conflict with the haiku-spirit.

Four two-person renku are presented in the final section, linked-poems the author has written with Marlene Mountain, Minna Lerman, Jean Dubois and Jim Kacian. All four flow well, having surprising twists, moments of social concern and poetic beauty. Quick-on-the-draw, she shows us she knows how to play the game.

Was it Basho who said that all of the links in a renku need not be brilliant, so as to reflect life and its flaws? So Francine has missed a few stitches, her quilt seems to hold together.

Review by Jerry Kilbride

RIVER: A HAIKU SEQUENCE by Phyllis Walsh, Hummingbird Press. Richland Center, Wisconsin. 1993, paper, n.p. [26 pp], ISBN O-9629902-1-3.

Phyllis Walsh's chapbook is handset, 4" by 5" and handsewn into Japanese Suminagashi wrappers. As she explains in a postscript, it was "written about events of August 1992 when the Pine River, which had been drained down to build a dike (then incomplete), had one of its worst floods in 80 years." She adds that "during that month my husband suffered the second blood clot in his leg, & our first grandchild was born. These events seemed to flow together as the river became the metaphor of our lives."

The result is a haiku sequence of nineteen poems dealing with these subjects. The chapbook opens with

this year of the flood
how glorious
the wildflowers

and

river draindown—
cries of killdeer killdeer
over the drying marsh

Soon the poems become more personal:

in each other's faces
our disbelief reflected—
his second blood clot

All in all, the collection is small and select, very handsomely printed, and a chapbook that one ought to have if interested in Phyllis Walsh's work in haiku. She is capable of fine effects, especially in her nature oriented poems. The booklet is available for \$8, postpaid from Hummingbird Press, P.O. Box 96, Richland Center, WI 53581.

Review by Paul O. Williams

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING by Carlos Colón. Tragg Publications, 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105-3525. 1993, 22 pp, paper, \$3.00 postpaid.

This chapbook has my immediate liking because twelve of its twenty-one haiku are visual (too few haiku poets write visual poetry). My favorite, the first in the book, is a dandelion visual that has just the needed tension to keep me returning to it.

The rest I find simplistic. But, in saying this, I do not wish to diminish their significance. To the contrary, these poems would find an appreciative audience with children and adolescents who could benefit and take inspiration from them. Budding poets are very responsive to minimalist visuals.

The remaining haiku are what most haiku readers expect—a few words in a three-line format. What may not be expected is that for a first book (I'm assuming this is Colón's first haiku showing) the poems are polished, competent and, in at least one case, memorable:

at the hazardous
waste site
an eight-leaf clover

If this chapbook is any indication of what's to come, I welcome more from Carlos Colón.

Review by LeRoy Gorman

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Haiku Society of America Deadlines

Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest: postmark date July 31, 1994

Gerald Brady Senryu Contest: postmark date July 31, 1994

HSA Renku Contest: postmark date October 1, 1994

Virgilio Contest for High School Students: postmark date November 30, 1994

Second Annual HSA Members' Anthology: haiku in hand by July 29, 1994

Rules for these may be found in Spring 1994 *Frogpond*.

New Haiku Magazine *RAW NerVZ*

A quarterly of haiku & related work (Raw Bristling Racy Vital Harsh Angry Grating Noisy Sharp Zany Essential NerVZy) edited by Dorothy Howard & Ruby Spriggs. Subscriptions \$20 in Canada and USA, \$24 elsewhere; single copies ppd \$6 in Canada and USA, \$7 elsewhere. Address: 67 Court, Aylmer, QC, Canada J9H 4M1. Canadian stamps or IRC with submissions. Volume I:1 appeared in Spring 1994.

The 1994 San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Competition (Haiku Poets of Northern California)

Prizes in each category: \$100, \$50, \$25.

No limit on submissions. Each entry must be original and unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. All rights revert to authors after publication. Entry fee: \$1 per poem. Make checks or money orders payable in US dollars to: Haiku Poets of Northern California.

The in-hand deadline for entries is 1-October-1994.

Type or print each entry on two 3-inch by 5-inch (7.5 cm by 12.5 cm) cards. In the upper left-hand corner of each card identify the poem as haiku, senryu, or tanka. On the back of one card only print your name, address, and telephone number.

Send entries to: Donna Gallagher, 864 Elmira Drive, Sunnyvale, CA 94087-1229, USA. No entries will be returned. Enclose a self-addressed, postage-paid, envelope with your entry to receive notice of the competition winners.

Western World Haiku Society's Haiku Contest, 1994

Categories: 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 3 H.M.s in each.

1. Tombo Award: Haiku on dragonfly or dragonflies theme.
2. Prof. Kametaro Yagi Memorial Award: Haiku with a season word.
3. Alan Watts Memorial Award: Haiku with ZEN quality. Sabi.

First Place Winner in each category \$20.

Second Place Winner in each category \$15.

Third Place Winner in each category \$7.50.

4. To enter contest: \$1.00 entry fee for each haiku. Limit of three (3) haiku per category. DO NOT enter the same haiku in more than ONE category. Put entries in any given category on the same 3x5 card. Indicate next to each haiku category 1, 2, or 3. On another 3x5 card write your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Again write the haiku on the card and indicate category 1, 2, or 3.

ALL haiku entered must be original, previously unpublished and NOT under consideration for publication at the time of contest. Entry fee must be included.

5. WWHS reserves the right to print the Award Winning Haiku in any category in the WWHS Newsletter. All rights revert back to the haikuist after the contest winners have been announced.

6. Keep copies of your entries. All non-winning entries will be destroyed after the contest completion.

7. Decisions of the judges will be final. Please enclose a S.A.S.E. (Self-Addressed-Stamped-Envelope, legal size), if you wish to be notified of the winners' names.

8. Submit your haiku for this contest after July 1st, 1994. Deadline: Post-marked by September 1, 1994. Send entries and fees to: **Western World H S Contest 1994**, c/o Wilma M. Erwin, 6123 N. Commercial Avenue, Portland, OR 97217.

The James W Hackett Haiku Award 1994 (British Haiku Society)

1. Entries should have the essential characteristics of haiku, with regard to both spirit and form, which are now commonly accepted in the English-speaking world. The winning poem will recreate haiku experience (a "haiku moment") in a verse which approximates to traditional haiku form (though it is recognized that the best form for some haiku is not a strict count of 5-7-5 syllables).*

2. Adjudication. The donor of the Award, James W Hackett, will himself choose the winner (and possibly commended poems) from a shortlist presented to him anonymously by the BHS Committee (who are debarred from competing).

3. Entries must be original, in English, unpublished, and not currently under consideration for publication or entered in any other competition. (BHS Members please note this restriction includes prior publication in 'Blithe Spirit'.)

4. Award: one prize of £100; publication of the winning haiku in Vol 5 No 1 of 'Blithe Spirit'. With that exception, copyright is retained by the competitor.

5. Deadline: in-hand by 31 December 1994.

6. Entry Procedure: Up to 5 entries per entrant, each on a separate card or piece of paper, to: Hackett Award, 27 Park Street, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex SSO 7PA, England, accompanied by entry fee (for 1-5 entries) of £2.50 or US\$4 in dollar bills. (Payment of entry fees by foreign cheque, Giro transfer, or IRCs is not acceptable, due to the prohibitive expense of exchanging them.) Write your name and address on the back of each entry. No entries can be returned.

7. For notification of winner(s), enclose self-addressed envelope with appropriate stamp or one IRC.

8. BHS reserves the right not to make an award if there is no haiku of sufficient merit.

9 BHS and James W Hackett regret that they cannot enter into correspondence about their decisions.

*In previous years it has been our sad experience to receive a large number of entries which in our opinion bear no resemblance to true haiku. This is understandable, when so much misleading information about the genre is being circulated. If you wish to check that we are thinking on the same lines, you may like to send a stamped self-addressed envelope and in return we will send you Guidelines prepared by James W Hackett and endorsed by the Society.

Anthology

Dee Evetts is looking for haiku and senryu related to the telephone and the answering machine, for a projected anthology. Send submissions or suggestions to him at 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.

NOTE

Frogpond, Spring 1994: the editor trusts that readers were able to determine that the *New Zealand Haiku Anthology* was reviewed by Jerry Kilbride, whose name appeared at the top of the following page. Apologies.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by *Frogpond* or the Haiku Society of America. Some of these titles may be reviewed in future issues.

Echoes Across the Cascades, 1994 Anthology, Northwest Region of the Haiku Society of America. 32 pp, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, \$7. ppd. Order from HSA Northwest Regional Coordinator: Mary Fran Meer, 1128—108th Ave. SE, Bellevue, WA 98004-6839.

bending with the wind: haiku and other poems, Nick Avis. Breakwater, PO Box 2188, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada A1C 6E6. 1993, u.p. [64 pp], 5 x 8 inches, perfect bound. ISBN 1-55081-075-8, \$13. Canadian ppd.

Like Water / In Spring Runoff: suites for guitar & poetry. Carl Bernstein, guitar; Richard Bodner, poetry. Audio Cassette. Leaky Buckets Music, PO Box 101, Ocate, NM 87734. 1994, \$10. ppd.*

Like Water: poems and photographs. Richard Bodner, with additional photographs by Gita Bodner. Land of Enchantment Poetry Theater, 1329 Sixth St., Las Vegas, NM 87701. 1994, 40 pp, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, \$7. ppd.*

Both book and tape include haiku—linked with each other, non-haiku poetry, prose, music and photographs which flow together "like water."

*Note: Book and tape ordered together from Leaky Buckets Music (address above) \$15. ppd.

Weeding the Cosmos: Selected Haiku, John Brandi. Introduction by J. Bryan. La Alameda Press, 9636 Guadalupe Trail NW, Albuquerque, NM 87114. 1994, 110 pp, 5 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches, perfect bound. ISBN 0-9631909-1-1. \$10.

In the Eyes of the Cat: Japanese Poetry for all Seasons, selected and illustrated by Demi. Translated by Tze-si Huang. Henry Holt and Company. An Owlet Book. 1994, n.p. [80 pp], 7 3/4 x 5 3/4 inches, perfect bound, paper, ISBN 0-8050-3383-1, \$5.95.

Water Ground Stone, Thomas Fitzsimmons. Art by Karen Hargreaves-Fitzsimmons. Introduction by Ōoka Makoto. Katydid Books. Distributed by University of Hawaii Press, 2840 Kolowalu St., Honolulu, HI 96822. Essays, poetry, haibun, haiku, and tanka, grounded in personal experience of the life and culture of Japan. 1994, 160 pp, 6 x 9 inches, ISBN 0-942668-39-1, cloth \$24.95; ISBN 0-942668-40-5, paper, \$16.95.

Stages and Views, Penny Harter. Art by Karen Hargreaves-Fitzsimmons. Preface by Makoto Ueda. Katydid Books. Distributed by University of Hawaii Press, 2840 Kolowalu St., Honolulu, HI 96822. Contains imagistic poems written to the Hiroshige *Tokaido Road* series of prints, and poems linked by haiku in a renga-like fashion written to Hokusai's *Mount Fuji* prints. The haiku are also gathered together at the end as a linked sequence. 1994, 128 pp, 6 x 9 inches, perfect bound, ISBN 0-942668-42-1, \$14.95.

Tendrils of the Eye, George Knox. Color illustrations, Edward R. Perez. Haiku Moments Press. Over 100 haiku. 1993, 64 pp, 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, perfect bound, \$10. ppd. Order from author, 3349 Dwight Avenue, Riverside, CA 92507-3562, or from AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445.

A First Bird Singing, Kōko Katō. Haiku collection. Translations by James Kirkup and Kōko Katō. Preface by James Kirkup. Hub Editions, 11 The Ridgway, Flitwick, Bedfordshire, England MK45 1DH. 1993, u.p. [96 pp], 4 ¼ x 6 inches, perfect bound, ISBN 1-870653-23-8, £5.

come at nine come at nine, anne mckay. Poems for writers and painters who have touched the poet's life in some way. Wind Chimes Press. 1993, 75 pp, 7 x 4 ¼, \$6. from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Drive, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V5L 2Y9.

a cappella: poems selected and new 1985/94, anne mckay. Cacanadadada Press, 3350 West 21st Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6S 1G7. 1994, 120 pp, perfect bound, 6 x 9 inches, ISBN 0-921870-24-8, \$10.95.

String of Beads: Complete Poems of Princess Shikishi. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Hiroaki Sato. University of Hawaii Press, 2840 Kolowalu St., Honolulu, HI 96822. 1993, 180 pp, 6 ¼ x 9 ½ inches, hardcover, ISBN 0-8248-1483-5, \$34.

Trawlers, Sam Savage. 21 haiku on the lives of fishermen, boats, and water. Hardscrabble Press. 1994, n.p. [28 pp], 5 ¼ x 7 ½ inches, letter-pressed by author on high-quality paper. \$10. ppd from author, P.O. Box 10, McClellanville, SC 29458.

My Favorite Haiku of ISSA, translated by Sakuzo Takada. 1994, 104 pp, paper, perfect bound, 5 x 7 inches. \$10. ppd by International Postal Money Order, from Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-13, Koenji-kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166.

No Love Poems: haiku/tanka, Kenneth Tanemura. Small Poetry Press. 1994, 20 pp, 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, \$6. ppd from author, 10 Wayne Court, Redwood City, CA 94063.

Footsteps in the Fog, edited and introduced by Michael Dylan Welch. Contains 115 tanka by seven San Francisco area poets: Christopher Herold, David Rice, Pat Shelley, Dave Sutter, Kenneth Tanemura, Michael Dylan Welch, and Paul O. Williams—with brief comments by each. Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. 1994, 48 pp, 5 ½ x 8 ½ inches, paper, ISBN 1-878798-12-X, \$7. plus \$1. p/h. Checks or money orders payable to Michael D. Welch, Press Here, at above address.

Footsteps in the Fog: A Reading of Tanka, a cassette recording of the reading of their tanka by the above named poets with introductions by June Hymas on February 27, 1994, in Saratoga, CA. Hour-long recording includes poems not found in the above book. \$6. plus \$1. p/h, payable to Michael D. Welch, Press Here, at above address.

GARY HOTTAM

SCAGGSVILLE, MARYLAND

16 AUGUST 1974

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