



# **frogpond**

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WINTER 1995

## HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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# frogpond

frigid night:  
bare branches embrace  
space

*Ruth Yarrow*

Vol. XVIII, No. 4 Winter 1995  
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

## Museum of Haiku Literature

\$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

the white v of a killdeer's wings  
opening in the wake  
of its cry

*Wally Swist*

### FROM THE EDITOR

The trees are old now—cold and barren in fields of white, as depicted on this issue's cover, in the theme haiku, and in so many of the works in the following pages, hallowing in poetry the losses that the trees and we have endured. In the middle of this icy season comes a time of festivals celebrating birth, rebirth, light, the promise of light in the darkness. And the trees will be young again!

Thank you for your continuing letters of encouragement and advice, for telling me about what you like and don't like about this year's *frogpond*. Most of you have expressed satisfaction with the increased number of haiku, including the introduction of many new voices. This, of course, comes at a price; there is, as has been noted, no such thing as a free lunch. And some readers have expressed dissatisfaction with the relative lack of white space around each poem. I have hoped that the random, "shotgun" composition of the haiku pages would make up for this to some extent, and would be delighted to receive advice on how to reconcile the problem without adding to subscription costs.

During the recent Haiku Chicago conference, as a session broke for lunch, I observed one of the audience sitting in obvious meditation—eyes closed, upcurved hands on her lap, in the midst of the hubbub of chairs scraping, people suddenly chattering. She had tapped into her own inner silence—as do the worshippers at my own Quaker Meeting, situated in the Student Ghetto next to a large university campus. So too, we can create inner space to isolate and frame an object within us. After all, a haiku on a page is merely a mineral deposit on dead vegetation—it is not until it is inside us that it has life.

So, wishing you empowerment for the joyful reanimation of the mineral and vegetable matter herein . . .

Kenneth C. Leibman

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first flakes . . .  
the curve

of the snowgoose's neck  
*Michael Dylan Welch*

snowflakes  
I stick out  
my tongue  
*R.A. Stefanac*

the snowflake  
floating  
in no hurry  
*R.A. Stefanac*

snow falling . . .  
a friend plays Chopin études  
each note drifts away  
*Helen K. Davie*

falling snow  
the flowershop  
stays open late  
*LeRoy Gorman*

Just walking along,  
not one word exchanged—me and  
all these fat snowflakes.  
*Mark Brandrud*

Soft falling snow  
caressing the ground  
new love  
*Michelle Walker*

past the cactus  
in the window—shifting  
flurries  
*Marianne Bluger*

black snowflakes  
freckle  
the yellow taxi  
*Ryan G. Van Cleave*

c o w  
c r n o f o w  
c r o n o f n o w  
c r o w n o f s n o w  
o n t h e s t a t u e  
o f t h e v i r g i n

*Carlos Colón*

snow no path in the woods

*Susan Stanford*

all day  
north wind shapes  
the snow

*Jean Jorgensen*

Road closed:  
on the mailbox  
a package of snow.

*Tim Scannell*

the snow crust  
peppered  
with springtails

*Carol Conti-Entin*

stone lantern's precision  
complemented by the snow's  
assymetry

*Brent Partridge*

snow  
softening  
the night

*R.A. Stefanac*

white daybreak—  
until wind sweeps  
the tall pine green

*Suzanne Williams*

Looking out there  
for something  
other than snow.

*Ross LaHaye*

snowed in the sheet scattered with closed books

*Marlene Mountain*

sculptor  
helping her children  
build a snowman

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

My outbound tracks  
now darkened  
by winter springtails

*David Worden*

night wind  
sifting through the black spruce  
distant light

*Ruth Yarrow*





early morning chill  
warmed by the hawk  
basking in the sun

*Flori Ignoffo*

Three jays on the snow;  
I think I see the color  
Of my daughter's eyes.

*Stanley J. Keach, Jr.*

jay's yell  
scattering  
snow

*John Martone*

over the winter's stubble  
the call of a single crow

*john hudak*

crow alights;  
snap  
of a dead twig

*Emily Romano*

on a bare tree  
black starlings  
bitter pears

*Lynn E. Levin*

after the snowstorm  
a peg of blackbirds  
holding up the clothesline

*Angelee Deodhar*

The sparrow's song  
spills through barren branches  
. . . bright winter sun

*Edward Grastorf*

Dusk on the lake  
yields passage to the cry  
of a far-off loon

break from reading Proust—  
going to feed the swans  
on a winter river

*Brent Partridge*

northern lights  
connecting the loon calls  
pine rustle

*A. Aragheti*

winter morning—  
cat curled  
on clothes from the dryer

*Jocelyn A. Conway*

deep snow—  
returning cat steps gingerly  
in each outbound track

*Suzanne Williams*

so silent  
the stray cat  
puffed in the cold

*Charles H. Easter*

the last shovelful!  
a squirrel scolds  
the man in the snow

warming my feet  
on the patch of floor  
where the dog slept

*Makiko*

*Emily Romano*

in the twilight  
the silhouette of a fox  
stumbles through snowcrust

*Phil Howerton*

winter sunset—  
the cat yawns  
I yawn

*Michael Dylan Welch*

moonlight and snow:  
crossing the yard, the shadow  
and its cat

*Louise Somers Winder*

clear sky  
even the stars  
seem colder

*Timothy Russell*

frozen pond  
only strong enough  
to hold the stars

*Robert Tannen*

silent dawn  
the bird's nest  
full of snow

*Jim Kacian*

How naked  
the robin's nest  
in bare trees

*William Scott Galasso*

bitter chill  
wind ruffling a ball of feathers  
outside a sparrow

*Robert Henry Poulin*

misty shore  
inching through broken shells  
gull with a French fry

*Rebecca Rust*

shells fragmenting  
in the surf—oysters  
and oyster drills

seashells  
on the frozen pond . . .  
last summer's tears

*Paul Watsky*

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

The stack of firewood  
has only a layer left—  
lone lizard departs

*Harriet L. Axelrad*

inches from the branch in the spider's web a dead leaf

through sun opaqued grime on the window a leaf shadow passes

*chris gordon*

winter sunset—  
abandoned factory windows  
shuttered with gold dust

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

winter night  
I dreamed your garden lights  
were fireflies

winter night . . .  
learning where the creaks are  
in the narrow hall

*Peggy Willis Lyles*

Car alarm  
reaching the eleventh floor  
before dawn

*Sydell Rosenberg*

waking up to rain  
the thunder of a yawn  
from the next room

*Rebecca Rust*

winter's morning rush—  
on all the black umbrellas  
tiny pools of sky

steamed cafe window  
mint from the wildlife stamp  
flavors my latte

*Ebba Story*

Through the great window  
a panoramic view  
of the fog

*Tom Tico*

Black ice, sudden skid  
recalling  
all my yesterdays

*William Scott Galasso*

quick to chill  
and shiver, the carp  
tattooed across my back

*Kohjin Sakamoto*

cutting across  
the graveyard  
frozen stiff

*John Stevenson*

Another birthday,  
and the winter moon is still seen  
in broad daylight

*Richard Chandler*

short December day—  
lengthening shadows  
claim it

moonlight on the snow:  
the airplane that carries her  
farther eastward

*George Ralph*

February morning  
praying  
over my frozen car

*Jennie A. Kies*

first cold morning—  
on the bathroom heater  
dust burns

*Brian Tasker*

fuse flash  
lights out

*Andrew Burke*

listen—  
the furnace shuts off—  
winter

*John Martone*

in a leafless park  
the silent merry-go-round  
three horses missing

*Ronan*

winter trees  
in the mist the rhythm  
of the wipers

*Cathy Drinkwater Better*

December tugging  
day after day at those four  
forgotten apples

*Rhina P. Espaillat*

new owners  
for the orchard  
apples taste the same

*Jeanette Stace*

the gate:  
tangled with a lock  
of withered vines

*Robert Henry Poulin*

December storm  
strips the live oak's leaves,  
but not mistletoe

*Marian M. Poe*

winter prairie—  
a diesel locomotive  
throttles down in the night

*Lee Gurga*

brown blooms  
of the tree hydrangea  
white again

*Tom Smith*

hugging  
the valley's cleavage  
snow clouds

*Mary Fran Meer*

snowstorm continuing—  
the wooded mountains growing  
more and more purple

*Brent Partridge*

barren branches  
cradling  
the snow moon

*Carol Conti-Entin*

snow in moonlight  
and the frozen shadow of  
a naked tree

*Robert Gibson*

winter moonlight:  
the forest is filled  
with the loneliness of trees

*Dave Sutter*

a chime of bells  
across the snowy field—  
the horse's breath  
*Michael Dylan Welch*

haloed sun  
snow showers soften  
the cliff's rough edges

frozen waterfall  
our breath suspended  
as we look down

*Jean Jorgensen*

pulling itself over  
the sawtooth mountains—  
a late winter sunset

*Jeanne Emrich*

in moonlight  
the snow-cloaked forest  
motionless

bitter cold moon—  
its reflection sliding down  
the frozen river

*joan iversen goswell*

still in the camera  
me  
undeveloped

*Emily Romano*

in the coffee shop  
baby drinks  
blue-veined milk

*Andrew Burke*

first snowfall—  
in my granddaughter's angel  
green grass

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

father reads  
from a favorite picture book—  
his child corrects him

small hand reaching for rainbow soapbubble

*Jeff Learned*

the bishop  
shakes hands with Matthew  
and Matthew's teddy

*Addie Lacoë*

first white frost  
violin held high, small boy  
testing the skim ice

*K.H. Clifton*

on the crowded bus  
two year old girl  
picks my empty pocket

*james bernath*

winter evening—  
the street-sweeper brushes  
his daughter's hair

*Cyril Childs*

flipping the switch  
he races against darkness  
to his bed's safety

*Mark Arvid White*

chatting with  
the young man I realize  
he's saying something

*Kay F. Anderson*

The mole  
on her forehead . . . part  
of her shadow.

*Ross LaHaye*

Answering machine:  
birthday greetings interspersed  
with news of his dying

*Donna Claire Gallagher*

Celebrating life  
with eulogies and hymns  
—a radiator hum

*Elizabeth Warren*

after the funeral  
we taste the new vintage  
before its time

*Frederick Gasser*

the granite  
nameless before  
a chisel strikes

*Robert Henry Poulin*

floating over  
the stones  
on Kafka's grave,  
my shadow

*Elliot Richman*

As I pass the lamp,  
my shadow slips around me,  
leads the way to bed

*Robert Major*

buried this week—  
on his desk  
next week's itinerary

*Charlotte Digregorio*

*The Road to the Isles.*  
A bagpiper's grave farewell  
skirling with the snow.

*Robert Major*

Quilt panel  
the only goodbye I can say . . .  
first drops of rain

*Don Hansen*

Newly chiseled name  
in the cold night I awake  
and reach for you

*Joyce Austin Gilbert*

thunder pounds the windows  
potter's wheel still spinning  
the same shadow

*A. Aragheti*



The Dow Jones  
setting new records—  
the slums look the same

*Jerry A. Judge*

Busy sidewalk  
a homeless man  
shoos pigeons

*Thomas D. Greer*

Sunday church  
collection plate  
passes father twice

*Doris Lamb*

Winter wishing well  
an old man throws a penny  
into the fallen leaves

*George Swede*

cold Sunday morning—  
on the tiny radio  
church organ

*Tom Clausen*

chapel fly  
the priest covers  
the sacred vessels

*Sister Mary Jane*

Dirty snow, cold street—  
a bum touches my coat  
in passing

*Simon Ott*

the house sold  
street people  
on the street again

*Flori Ignoffo*

watching the empty road  
in father's jacket . . .  
sleeves too long

*ubuge*

this grade's nun  
suddenly  
the chilled air

*Charles H. Easter*

The needle at rest  
Gregorian chant playing  
in grooves of my mind

*Sarah Hickenbotham*

Niagara Falls diner—  
old fly paper hanging  
in the off season

*Bruce Ross*

November sun—  
a startled snowman  
drops his pipe

*Paul David Mena*

bent now, old as I,  
he leans into winter wind  
my father's scarecrow

*D L McCollum*

On the frosted window  
lace patterns unraveled  
by the sun

*Joyce Austin Gilbert*

Florida winter  
I don my Midwest clothes  
to migrate home

*Jeanne Harrington*

Stirring soup—  
a winter fly  
lands on the spoon

*Debra Kehrberg*

bare tree silhouettes  
supporting shadowless mist  
warm winter

*David Nelson Blair*

Mild Southern winter:  
this morning's chubby snowman  
quickly losing weight

*Jane K. Lambert*

the shortest day  
child's breath reshapes etchings  
on frosty windows

*Elizabeth Howard*

Mail from the tropics  
Breath of my home town still warm  
in an envelope

*Rhina P. Espaillat*

long winter night—  
sweeping through the windchimes  
a gust of rain

*Marianna Monaco*

making sure  
the little boy tells another

Santa Claus

*Louise Somers Winder*

Christmas window display:  
toy wooden soldiers  
crowd the crèche

*Phyllis Walsh*

the last child  
delivered to the airport . . .  
taking down the tree

*Sharon Lee Shafii*

out of pocket  
into the New Year

*Susan Stanford*

New Year's eve—  
the candles burning down  
too quickly

*Helen K. Davie*

New Year's morning  
walking bald headed  
through gentle rain

*Michael Ketchek*

ansel adams calendar  
caring more about the photos  
than counting the days

*John Sheirer*

with the leaves  
an old calendar blows past  
the wind turning its pages

*Don Beringer*

valentine's day a trace of your incense on the roses

*Pamela A. Babusci*

Snow is predicted  
but already the full moon  
whitens the landscape

Slugs and I  
enjoy what's left  
of my marigolds\*

*Alexius J. Burgess*

\*Inadvertently omitted from Autumn issue

aimless walk  
our shadows  
leading the way

*Daniel Schmitz*

phoebe's first call  
in February's thaw  
his answer echoing

*Flori Ignoffo*

icy storm  
her body in  
the candlelight

*Robert Gibson*

our feet touch  
under the blankets  
sometime in the night

*Michael Ketchek*

blue sheets  
beneath my thighs  
you play Go

*Karen Young Holt*

licking  
my feelings—  
stray dog

*Ernest J. Berry*

after the mulled wine  
we leave our clothes  
under the Christmas tree

*Nasira Alma*

winter chill:  
beneath a comforter  
the space between us

*Anthony J. Pupello*

late winter sun  
shining in the psych ward  
through locked windows

cold apartment—  
through the long night  
a neighbour's cough

*Michael Dylan Welch*

carved ornately  
on the tallest headstone  
“A Humble Christian”

*Diane Tomczak*

the guests are gone  
the quiet house still shines  
for company.

*Chris Richards*

the new widow  
wonders at the tears of  
her husband’s first wife

*Addie Laco*

camera light  
news anchor’s smile  
off  
on

Hollywood Boulevard  
underfoot  
fallen stars

*Lee R. Seidenberg*

leaving laughter  
the comedian exits . . .  
his empty face.

cured patient  
at analyst’s funeral  
finally able to cry

*Richard McVey*

toll collector’s  
two thousandth  
thank you

eavesdropping on  
hand talk dangling out the window  
of the car ahead

the whore  
can say I love you  
in eight languages

*Addie Laco*

my first ballet  
envying  
t  
o  
e  
s

Black fenders rattling  
on Nicollet Avenue  
in rhythm with rap

*Sarah Hickenbotham*

*Melissa Leaf Nelson*

first snow  
forgotten calendar says  
three more weeks of summer  
  
20 miles of gravel road  
then we turn  
off the highway

rising up  
behind the slums—  
snow-covered mountains  
  
on the mountainside  
above the temple ruins  
the temple

(Mongolia)

*Mykel Board*

### **Day and Night in Kerala**

at the end  
of the long shaded path  
bright river

still noon . . .  
the silent dance  
of waterbugs

sunlit paddy—  
the retired schoolmaster's  
faded umbrella

moonless night—  
a single lamp  
deep in the temple

a distant flute . . .  
stars

between clouds

(Nangiaretu, Kerala, India)

*Kim Dorman*

the wind gets stronger—  
the air I breathe  
hasn't been here long

some of the wind  
gets in  
with her

the wind slows down—  
there's nothing  
to hear

colder out—  
the wind moves toward  
another mountain

*Gary Hotham*

meditating . . .  
the neighbor's caged bird  
*screeching*

meditating . . .  
a buzzing fly  
in a web

meditating . . .  
the neighbor's shuffle  
through our fence

meditating . . .  
behind me  
the egret's squawk

meditating . . .  
the iron lantern candle's flame  
unwavering

*Kay F. Anderson*

## **Night Falls**

night falls—  
skin folds  
around my bones

slouching toward the toilet  
night wind sears me  
to the bone

full moon—facing it  
knees braced  
beneath my robe  
these fifty years  
having accomplished nothing  
I sail home

*Gail Sher*

## **Monday**

Monday morning . . .  
but the daybreak  
just as clear

Monday morning . . .  
a soccer ball still  
in the cul-de-sac

Monday morning . . .  
children left behind  
at every corner

*Thomas D. Greer*

## Winter Haiku for Mary

in deep winter—  
how bright the stars glitter  
in a blue-black sky

ancient oaks  
open field  
barren

through airy mist  
enclosing the farmstead—  
Mary, coming home

*Lenard D. Moore*

## Angels We Have Heard On High

lit up for Christmas  
at the bed-and-breakfast:  
beach-front palms  
  
dense fog—  
a Christmas song  
from the carillon  
  
traffic lights change—  
a Christmas wreath in the window  
of the Chinese market  
  
firelight      in and out of tinsel  
  
Christmas concert—  
    in unison  
the whole chorus inhales  
  
snow on the landing—  
my resolution  
to meet more angels

*Michael Dylan Welch*



## Winter

revolving door—  
gusts of holiday laughter  
warm the sidewalk

New Year concert—  
in the piccolo's voice  
the coming spring

midwinter freeze—  
chiseling for the church  
his clenched teeth

seagulls return  
to the iced-over tidepools  
marked by their talons

in the darkening park  
my pipe's feeble glow—  
snow turned to slush

*H.F. Noyes*

## After Surgery

after surgery  
she feeds me ice chips  
with a plastic spoon

visiting hours over  
she sneaks back  
with chocolate

her finger  
traces the line  
just above my incision

one week post-op  
sign of recovery  
first recovery

wedding picture  
how thin I was  
two months after surgery

*John Sheirer*

---

## WINTER HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON

Translated by John Peters

*kogarashi ya iwa ni sake-yuku mizu no koe*

winter wind  
tearing rocks apart  
the water's voice

*kareobana mahiru no kaze ni fukare iru*

withered pampas grass  
blown in  
the winds of noon

*kogarashi ya sumiuri hitori watashibune*

winter wind  
lone charcoal pedlar  
in a ferryboat

# THE SIX-O'CLOCK NEWS

## Heat Wave

**Author's note:** The sweltering heat wave that gripped much of the United States during the Summer of 1995 was particularly horrendous in Chicago, claiming the lives of several hundred residents. Many of the victims were the underprivileged elderly and infirm who could not afford to purchase air conditioners for their dwellings. In August, some 41 heat wave victims were among the 68 indigents given a mass paupers' burial at Homewood Memorial Cemetery.

old woman  
slowly moves an ice cube  
across her face  
  
furnished room  
in front of the open refrigerator  
an empty chair  
  
closing time  
elderly people file from  
the public library  
  
heat stroke victim  
now cool  
in the city morgue  
  
potter's field mass burial  
rows of cheap coffins  
so hot to the touch

(for the victims)

*John J. Dunphy*

battered women's shelter—  
the spit-covered TV  
after the verdict

*John J. Dunphy*

**Washington, D.C.**

October 16, 1995

waving red, green, black flag  
a blind man smiles once again—  
the same cloud-shadow

a pigeon coos  
into the October wind  
and curves away

a man turns  
broad brogans scrape  
brilliant red leaves

a child points  
to the bronze statue  
a wedge of sun

a father lifts his son up  
as feet shuffle on the sidewalk  
this autumn evening

*Lenard D. Moore*

**Jerusalem**

November 6, 1995

freckle-faced girl  
speaks of her love  
for Grandpa

21-gun salute  
shell casings fall  
on the grave

*Kenneth C. Leibman*

## HAIBUN

### A Winter Preamble

Only a few wizened leaves scour the icy-cold macadam. Street lights cast a harsh glare on deserted street corners, where newspapers blow along, now flattened, now lifted, in occasional gusts.

deserted street  
—even the bag lady  
invisible

Nearing the park, a few toughs are huddled together. Smoke spirals upwards from suspicious cigarettes. I hurry on by.

Am I, too, invisible?  
the park toughs  
don't notice me.

A taxi cab whizzes past. Afterwards, the street seems even emptier than before. An empty beer can rattles hollowly as the wind drives it along.

passing an alleyway  
—startled by  
a cat's yowl

The cat, too, is flooded with loneliness, and the sense of desolation to be experienced in the city, at night, friendless, on guard.

warm lights  
of my old neighborhood  
—memories only

*Emily Romano*

---

Walking late at night . . .  
the wariness between me  
and the passing stranger

*Tom Tico*

## This Terrible Light

The yellow chrysanthemums  
lose their color  
in the light of the lantern

*Buson\**

The pale yellow light of December slants through the window, leaving its stain on animate and inanimate objects alike. It saturates the vegetable-dyed fabric of the Pekalongan batik that hangs on the wall of my living room, then running its course through ancient threads, unravels its pattern with steady pallid strokes. Sitting here in the windowseat, wrapped in wools and scarves, I watch as diffused light taints the poems laid out before me. Oppressive as the dirge of a funereal chant, this terrible light fills me with a longing for things that were and will never be again.

Winter afternoon  
the slant of the sun whitens  
my pale, pale skin

*Margaret Chula*

\*From "Haiku," vol. 4. by R.H. Blyth. Hokuseido Press, Tokyo, 1952, 1982.

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cold moon  
turning windmill shadows  
on frozen fields

*Charles Bernard Rodning*

ancient fir—  
its leaning tip points  
night's first star

*Jeff Witkin*

## Christmas Eve

Rengay by *Ce Rosenow* and Cherie Hunter Day

*midnight mass:*  
*the smell of incense*  
*mixing with perfume*

homeless mother and child  
in line at the shelter

*flames wavering*  
*on the candle centerpiece—*  
*first break of the oplatek\**

reflections  
in a glass ornament . . .  
the curve of your face

*Salvation Army worker*  
*slowly ringing his bell*

early morning haze—  
another cease-fire  
over Sarajevo

\*Sacred Christmas wafer broken and shared at the Christmas meal as part of the Polish, Slovak, and Lithuanian tradition.

December 15, 1994—January 19, 1995

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Christmas lights flashing—  
in the picture window  
an old woman's frown

*Edward J. Rielly*

power outage—  
the shape of the Christmas tree  
by candlelight

*James Chessing*

porch song

Rengay by sally l nichols and Carol Purington

gusty storm  
quiets the porch song  
. . . tangled wind chimes n  
  
notes blown backward  
chickadees too p  
  
calm for a while—  
the screen door creaks  
in violin n  
  
snowflakes tinkle  
from the orange raincoat—  
hearth puddle p  
  
in the wok  
snowpeas sizzle n  
  
clearing . . .  
golden oak leaf tat-a-tats  
the solar window p

---

night wind  
sifting through the black spruce  
distant light

*Ruth Yarrow*

frosty night  
a contrail inches  
toward the moon

*John Stevenson*

## HAIKU CHICAGO

Haiku Chicago opened on Friday October 20 with a feeling of fellowship in the air. The room was filled with, for many, familiar faces but, for most, familiar names—the names of those haiku poets who have helped to define and produce the past several decades of contemporary haiku both in North America and in Japan. A delegation of 14 poets from the Haiku International Association would prove to be the binding force of the weekend, helping to bring together two languages and many philosophies to reach a deeper understanding and appreciation for the haiku and renku genres. HSA President Bruce Ross began the morning by wishing us all “the very best luck in the mutual poetic adventure” and stressing a focus for the conference: “to clarify the nature of [haiku] for ourselves and the emerging international community.” Mr. Yatsuka Ishihara, head of the HIA delegation, stressed the importance of “discussing the future of haiku with American poets” and the “common shared feeling about seasonal topics and the future of haiku.” Even in the early morning light, it was clear that a zest for haiku lived in the room and in each of us, waiting to be awakened or renewed.

Each presentation struck its own resonant chord, ranging from whimsical to practical to experimental, but always highlighting in some way the unique emotion stimulated by the creation and enjoyment of haiku. The Japanese were given an immediate, vital connection to Chicago through Jerry Kilbride’s “The Gift of Ho-o-den,” which told of the Japanese Emperor’s gift to the people of Chicago of a Japanese village that was constructed in Jackson Park for the 1893 World’s Fair. Randy Brooks shared a well-known secret, “the power of haiku to stir the imagination and move the heart to feel.” Barbara Ressler shared her vision of the four elements of poetry and haiku: physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. Robert Spiess advised that we “study the familiar to penetrate the sublime.” Mizue Yamada discussed the seven tools necessary to write haiku: yourself, your heart, a notebook, a pencil, a seasonal reference book, a place (anywhere!), and the balance achieved through living. Mr. Ishihara told us that “haiku, at its core, expresses the truth as if it were fiction.” Poets from North America and Japan read their poems. As the light passed through the hours from early morning to early evening, maintaining its unique Chicago grey, the spirit of haiku remained, and we could little help being moved by it.

Crucial to the success of the weekend was the shared experience of



the *ginko* (haiku walk) and *kukai* (haiku symposium). For the *ginko*, the poets split up into small groups to walk in Grant Park along the Chicago lakefront and to compose haiku. It was a gray afternoon with low overcast. Some were drawn to skyscrapers and machinery, some to the sculpture garden of the Art Institute, others to the cold spray of fountains or the loneliness of rows of trees waiting to be planted. And drawing everyone East was the endless surface of the great inland sea. During the *ginko*, the American poets got a taste of the shared experience that haiku composition is for the Japanese. How unlike the individualism of the American haiku community! Then the *kukai*, in which eight judges from the US, Canada, and Japan selected and commented on what they thought were the most noteworthy poems composed during the *ginko*. North Americans selected Japanese poems, the Japanese selected American poems. Perhaps more than anything else, this shared appreciation of each other's poetic efforts produced a feeling of fellowship that some would have thought impossible to produce in such a diverse group over such a short period of time. Four of the poems selected for the *kukai*:

el train  
stopped on the orange tracks  
listening to wind

*Sara Brant*

winter drizzle  
in downtown Chicago  
a stone bench

*Yoko Senda*

my hair  
now the same grey  
as autumn pampas grass

*Keiko Sawada*

each new tree  
wrapped in burlap—  
autumn chill

*George Ralph*

Poems by the HIA delegates (translated by Tadashi Kondo except where noted):

streak of light  
from another world:  
the milky way

*Yatsuka Ishihara*

passed into Nirvana—  
but still looks as if  
he wants to preach

*Fuyuo Usaki*

trying to be a bad girl—  
tread on and break  
each patch of ice

*Mizue Yamada*

the end of  
a yoga class—  
irresistible nap

*Norie Hayakawa*

holding a raspberry  
in the mouth and searching  
for memories

*Shosaku Oya*

flying a thousand miles  
neck is so tender:  
a young swan

*Ritsuo Okada*

one way ticket  
held in a glove—  
funeral day

*Keiko Eto*

telephone connected to  
a ship anchoring off shore—  
spring rainbow

*Ryusai Takeshita*  
(trans. by author)

in the attic  
Anne Frank's desk—  
bell tolls clear and cold

*Toshiko Okuyama*

a block with half-mast flags  
blowing in the wind—  
snow drifts

*Itsuko Kaya*

cape in spring—  
poetry stones in a row  
echo the waves

*Kristen Deming*

joyful day—  
without any reason  
I buy goldfish

*Haruko Imadome*

*Submitted by Sara Brant and Lee Gurga*

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## HAIKU CHICAGO: THE GINKO

The occasion: joint conference Haiku Society of America and Haiku International Association, first ever. Haiku walk in Grant Park announced for afternoon. Small groups drifting together, down the four flights, out into a mid-Autumn greatlakeside Chicago.

Grant Park  
steel tracks bisect it, a train  
slowly zippers it

Old weathered stonework of the main path looking cold, timeless. Gazing west at the city's famed chiseled architecture, then north at bizarrely contrasting streamlined efficient skyscrapers. Kris comments that the buildings appear to be cut with a sharp blade. Yes.

from the broken stone walkway  
glass-and-chrome structures  
knifesliced

Saplings freshly transplanted, packed at the base in molded mounds  
of wood chips, standing in a perfect row prepared for the coming  
winter winds.

each new tree  
carefully wrapped in burlap  
—autumn chill

Ambling alongside trench diggings, rich black topsoil heaped as a  
rampart parallel to the north-south concourse. Persistence for survival,  
in the most lowly:

construction sod piles  
all the old weeds  
reappear

In this chilling breeze and insinuating drizzle, few remain for the full  
three-hour tour. Back into the Chicago Cultural Center, fifth-floor  
meeting room bounded on two sides by large windows, tinted to coun-  
teract intense sun but now on this gray day creating the impression of  
a storm perpetually brewing. The first day's session nears its close.

frosted windows  
beyond them the wind  
and gull

*George Ralph*

---

Chicago Dog Show—  
well-groomed Akitas,  
owners in blue jeans  
(Congress Hotel)

*Don L. Holroyd*

bluesmen  
under mosaic arabesques  
working the ivories  
(Chicago Cultural Center)

*Kenneth C. Leibman*

Art Institute . . .  
bronze lion's tail  
dripping autumn rain

*Randy M. Brooks*

## HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR HAIKU

1995, Haiku Society of America

Karen Sohne and Bill Pauly, Judges

First Place                    letting the branch go  
                                      a shower of petals falls  
                                      on the old woman

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

What we like about this haiku is the playfulness of the springing branch, the suddenness of the petals falling. Other haiku on the same subject that simply combine the fleeting season with old age, resulting in a bittersweet, melancholy tone, fall short of the sense of delight and joyous participation expressed in this haiku. This photographic image invites us to see and feel the deep resonance of being alive. The “traditional” haiku form here seems a graceful, invisible, right choice which, for all its seventeen syllables, wastes neither word nor image.

Second Place                toll booth lit for Christmas  
                                      from my hand to hers  
                                      warm change

*Michael Dylan Welch*

An instant of warm interaction suggests the kind of Christmas spirit for which many of us still yearn. On the cold, impersonal tollway shines a small island of human light, an exchange of gifts between traveler and toll collector. Combining a vivid visual image with a subtle tactile one, this haiku focuses on the point where our life brushes against a total stranger’s and we recognize our commonality.

Third Place                    winter seclusion  
                                      tending all day  
                                      the small fire

*Jim Kacian*

Although this haiku speaks of an occupation that takes place over the course of a day, the moment occurs in the poet’s realization that the outside world has been reduced to less than the sum of this small fire. This haiku takes us “out there,” into the woods or otherwise distanced, where we can reattach ourselves to the sustaining natural world and feel more whole again. Technically, the dwindling length of successive lines suggests a paring away to essentials, while rich sound values help this haiku resound in us like the small, crackling fire.

### Honorable Mentions (in random order)

on the path  
only one of us  
touched by a falling leaf

*Helen K. Davie*

As soon as we see the stunning image here, we are struck by the still moment, the cross section of time. And almost immediately, in that deepening silence after recognition, we feel the archetypal reverberations of this scene where once again the human and natural worlds are one.

winter, bedtime  
static flickers  
through a white sleeve

*John Stevenson*

The subtle power of this haiku is a combination of tiny details. The setting, a dark room, is implied but not stated. The chill of undressing for bed is interrupted, like the first line of this haiku, by a spark. A white spark in a white sleeve, a small but significant moment of light and awareness.

warm river—  
up to our necks  
in sunset

*Ruth Yarrow*

Almost at eye level with the water, we can swim our glance along the reflected path that is all river, all sunset, all our own watery bodies. The familiar phrase made literal in line two may suggest a barely comfortable depth. The striking turn in the enjambment into the final line redirects the image and brings the poem to a powerful visual close. This is a haiku about risking and being fully alive.

beneath the ice  
the waterfall  
still falling

*Jeanne Emrich*

Indenting the last line adds a concreteness to this simple but resonant haiku. The outward stillness of the frozen falls combines with our muted awareness of the hidden currents. If we are very quiet and look very closely, we can share this moment, this belief in the inevitability of spring.

Entries: 665. HSA Contest Coordinator: Barbara Ressler

**1995 NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL  
HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS**

Over 325 poems were entered in this year's Virgilio Competition. It was a difficult task to narrow the selection down to just seven.

While a majority of the poems submitted could best be classified as minimal (some were five words or fewer) or senryu (concerned solely with human situations—often humorous), we were looking for poems that captured a haiku moment—a specific place and time, recorded honestly, free from commentary or sentimentality, with a lasting resonance of deeper understanding.

We want to emphasize that every young poet that submitted work is to be congratulated and encouraged to continue writing.

First Place	solitary swimmer
Anne Alfredo (9th grade)	ripples
Wahlert High School, Dubuque, Iowa	the early morning sun

This swimmer is setting out in the morning, with all the associations of beginning. He or she is having an effect—even on the sun's reflection, a part, a focal part, of the scene. The swimmer recalls Whitman's solitary singer, the mockingbird, also associated with water. The poem suggests a bravery, an assertive action, a proclamation of the swimmer's being, declaring his or her being in the world.

Second Place	old man
Beth Paisley (9th grade)	reeling in
Wahlert High School	the sea

Obviously the old man is not reeling in the sea, except in whimsical perceptions. But he isn't reeling in anything else either, and he is absorbing the whole atmosphere of the shore, and that is most of the point of fishing anyhow. Being at the sea is the point, reeling it into one's being. Fishing is the excuse. How is it that so many surf fishers are older men? This example fits the scene.

Third Place	after the flood
Katie O'Connor (9th grade)	our flag waves
Wahlert High School	from the clothesline

A poem of recovery, of going on, this haiku is about setting things to rights again, showing the flag, even if it is, at the moment, mostly drying out. It is still there, still waving, and it is "our" flag, not just

any flag. It is a step in reestablishment, in recovery. Its colors are clear and bright, declaring hope.

Honorable Mention

Tony Leisen (9th grade)

Wahlert High School

dandelion

wished

away

Dandelions are so easy to dissipate with one puff almost as slight as a wish, and the puff makes just that sound—*wish*—as the seeds float down the wind. The poem is economical, contains a delightful onomatopoeia, and is altogether pleasing.

Honorable Mention

Maureen Reilly (9th grade)

Wahlert High School

the tree

snowcovered

except one leaf

There is always that leaf, that exception, that different thing, being itself, separate, individual. Such single leaves give the world distinctiveness. Again the poem is economical, coming at the end into the sharp focus of its perception.

Honorable Mention

Charlotte Stevenson (9th grade)

Castilleja School

Palo Alto, California

two oak leaves

just the same

until a brown moth flies away.

Protective coloration is such a dry expression, drier, perhaps, than the leaf itself, or the moth, which startles us with its suddenly becoming itself, flying with a living purpose and not at the whim of the breeze. It is a separate will we are dealing with, asserting itself in its flight.

Honorable Mention

Katie Gallagher (10th grade)

University High School

Honolulu, Hawaii

two bold streaks of blue

split by the thin horizon—

ocean and spring sky

All that blue . . . only one defining line, the horizon, gives us shape and definition, sets the world on a level again. The poem is a 5-7-5 haiku, the only one among our winners. Its longer center line becomes the horizon, with its final dash lining it out, right in the middle of the scene.

*Paul O. Williams*

POEMS FROM THE 1995 CALENDAR  
OF THE MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE  
(continued from Autumn issue)

Translated by William J. Higginson

October:

*haikai ni  
bansō araba  
hyon no fue*

for a haikai  
accompaniment how about  
a gourd flute

*Ōtōshi Naruse*

*banshū no  
haruka na oto e  
zō no mimi*

to late autumn's  
distant sound turns  
an elephant's ear

*Akito Arima*

November:

*ko no ha chiri  
kōsō biru wa  
hi no hashira*

tree leaves fallen  
the tall buildings  
columns of lights

*Tamirō Ōshima*

*toshin fuite  
kogarashi ni ate  
nakarikeri*

blowing through  
the heart of the city  
the aimless storm

*Tetsunosuke Matsuzaki*

[The Japanese *kogarashi* is a windstorm specific to winter.]

December:

*atatakaki  
hi wa hi mijikaki  
koto wasure*

the warm sun  
makes me forget that  
the day is short

*Hinao Gotō*

[This is the pleasant warmth of winter; *hi* (pronounced like English "he") is both "sun" and "day" in Japanese.]

This completes the translation of haiku reproduced in the 1995 Calendar. My thanks to Tadashi Kondo and Kayoko Hashimoto for their help.



# A HANDFUL OF SHADOWS

Readings by Tom Tico

"There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night."

*Albert Camus*

The *shadow*, not as a purely physical phenomenon but as a metaphor for the dark side of the human spirit, is what I want to address in this article: the *shadow* as Carl Jung spoke of it; the *shadow* that surfaces in our dreams and occasionally in our haiku; the *shadow* that cannot be ignored or swept under the rug without dire consequences to our psychic health; the *shadow* that needs to be recognized, accepted, and integrated into the totality of our being if we are to be whole, if not holy.

1

middle of the night  
the mirror does not hold  
my dark side

*Larry Gates*

This brings to mind *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. I'll never forget how powerfully I was struck when I first saw the movie version starring Spencer Tracy. What a performance! But is that not an archetypal role that every one of us is playing, more or less? And can't we all identify with the poet as he peers into the mirror and realizes that it does not adequately reveal the dark side of himself?

2

his black habit:  
the Benedictine Monk  
sips brandy

*Anthony J. Pupello*

When one of the great Zen masters achieved enlightenment he said that nuns were naturally women. So too, monks are naturally men; subject to the same temptations, the same failings as all of us. The *shadow* is no respecter of the roles we play in life.

Like Christ, the Benedictine monk is dedicated to the love of God and transcendence of the world. Yet the very garment that he wears, which signifies his spiritual calling, is also seen as a powerful projec-

tion of the dark side of his nature. If not successfully integrated, the *shadow* will out.

3

Passport check:  
my shadow waits  
across the border

*George Swede*

At home, in our own country, our own city, our own neighborhood, we tend to curtail our darker impulses. Especially since our behavior is likely to be known by others: family, friends, neighbors. But when we travel to a foreign land, we are anonymous, and therefore much freer: as long as we don't flout the law, we can pretty much do as we wish. What a congenial environment for the *shadow* to sport in. Not to mention that in many other countries the standards of behavior are much looser, much less restrained. They might even be called *shadowlands*.

When I was a teenager growing up in San Francisco with a fairly wild group of buddies, Tijuana was the city across the border where our *shadows* beckoned with illicit pleasures.

4

my shadow knocks at her door and gets no answer

*John Sheirer*

Jesus Christ why doesn't she open the door I know she's in there? God, I just want to tell her how much I love her. She's such a sweet person! So what if I've had a few drinks—what's wrong with that? Hey, it's not like I'm drunk—I mean I can handle it. Jesus, why doesn't she open the goddam door? Hell! Doesn't she realize how much I love her? Sonavabitch!

5

even in moonlight  
the dark side  
of his handsome face

*Gloria H. Procsal*

It's the middle of the night and the poet is awakened by someone knocking at her door. She thinks she knows who it is, and if she's right, this won't be the first time he's made such an inappropriate call.

Quickly she goes to the window, glances from behind the curtains, and sees him standing at the doorstep in an obvious state of drunkenness. She's told him before that she won't open the door when he's in that condition. And she fully intends to adhere to that resolve. As she gazes at him standing there in the moonlight, she's struck by the fact that, even as drunk as he is, he's still an exceptionally handsome character.

6

summer twilight . . .  
at our wedding, our shadows  
stretching out before us

*K.G. Teal*

Since this couple's relationship has progressed to the point of marriage, it's more than likely that they have already seen some of the *shadowy* aspects of one another. And it seems inevitable that as time goes by more will be revealed. The quirks, the shortcomings, and the character defects of each will become apparent.

7

day's end  
my shadow touches  
the doorknob first

*George Ralph*

The poet has had a tough day at work. And as he reaches for the doorknob of his house, he knows that the dark side of himself, the angry and frustrated side, is in the ascendancy. He hopes his wife doesn't give him any static about being late or having had a few drinks. Because if she does, he knows for sure they're going to get into it—in a big way!

8

not speaking  
our shadows  
keep touching

*Alexis Rotella*

He thinks about the terrible fight they had last night and he wonders how two people can love each other and still say such mean and cutting things. But now, this sullen silence between them seems just as bad if not worse. He wonders how long this dreadful state of

affairs will last and considers making an overture of peace—but she doesn't offer him the slightest opening. Moreover, his ego tells him that he does not want to be the first to give in and that to do so would be a sign of weakness.

9

Dusk deepens;  
a middle-aged man stops  
shadow-boxing

*Ty Hadman*

I dreamt that an ugly black dwarf had somehow attached himself to me. I found him completely repellent; and I tried one means after another to be rid of him—but all to no avail. Finally, in desperation, I picked up a club and started beating him over the head, figuring if I couldn't free myself from him in any other way I would kill him. But no matter how many times I hit him it had no effect. Not only that, it just made the predicament worse, because now the dwarf knew how I felt about him. Then, out of the blue, an intuition came to me: I realized that despite his ugly exterior the dwarf was not really bad at all, and that instead of trying to kill him, I could befriend him.

10

alone in the rain—  
even my shadow  
washed away

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

Now, with so many of us unaffiliated with the Church, where is one to go for solace and spiritual regeneration? This poem indicates that one can find those qualities in a solitary and intimate experience of nature. That being so, you could say the poem has a Taoistic flavor. But how Catholic it is in its subtle suggestion of three sacraments: baptism, absolution, and holy communion.

11

The silent Buddha  
holding in his lap  
a handful of shadows

*Larry Gates*

42

Wisdom, serenity, and infinite compassion are the predominant traits that the Buddha personifies. The bodhisattva has taken a vow not to enter into nirvana until he can take with him all sentient beings. Has there ever been a loftier vow than this? Or a more compassionate one? The Buddha sits serene in the great void and knows that all of life is One. And into his ample lap he has taken all of our *shadowy* selves.

- 
1. middle of the night *Frogpond* vol. X, no. 4, 1987.
  2. his black habit *Frogpond* vol. XV, no. 2, 1992.
  3. Passport check *Cicada* vol. 2, no. 4, 1978.
  4. my shadow knocks *Frogpond* vol. X, no. 4, 1987.
  5. even in moonlight *Frogpond* vol. XVII, no. 1, 1994.
  6. summer twilight *Modern Haiku* vol. XXV, no. 1, 1994.
  7. day's end *Frogpond* vol. XV, no. 1, 1992.
  8. Not speaking *On A White Bud*, Alexis Rotella. Merging Media, 1983.
  9. Dusk deepens *The Poor Part of Town*, Ty Hadman. Smythe-Waithe Press, 1982.
  10. alone in the rain *Frogpond* vol. XIII, no. 4, 1990.
  11. The silent Buddha *Modern Haiku* vol. I, no. 4, 1970.

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### A Favorite Haiku

In the bathtub  
hearing a sleeting sound  
through the window

*Harumi Moritake\**

This haiku somehow brings back, for me, the *sabi* loneliness of winter travel, of staying in some run-down backstreet rooming-house with no proper heating. You feel your shivery nakedness so intensely, getting into the tub. But then the sound of sleet on the windowpane makes you feel at last some sense of snug asylum, just being inside on a night like this. And the lukewarm water seems positively luxurious.

*H.F. Noyes*

\**Kō*, Spring/Summer 1991

Winter sunrise  
a sudden flush from peach to rose—

A gesture, a word,  
and I don't know her  
. . . or know her anew.

*Larry Kimmel*

One to whom  
I have been faithful  
is not faithful to me  
how heavy the musk odor  
of these chrysanthemums

*Pat Shelley*

I had it all  
figured out,  
this little wisdom of mine—  
then in the night  
the rain so hard

under a tree  
we talk of mother's passage  
from this life—  
inchworms suspended  
all around us

*Tom Clausen*

lovers tonight moon-gazing  
hand in hand,  
how i envy them—  
my empty hands can only  
brush the beams

*Pamela A. Babusci*

Only three  
or four steps to peace, yet  
we spent ourselves  
scaling a range of mountains  
seeking what we carried within.

I stand alone  
dusting a picture of you  
in your velvet jacket,  
feeling the softness of your hand  
on mine . . . crossing each street.

*Kay F. Anderson*

wood smoke  
commingling  
with first light—  
my breath billows  
and vanishes

tinsel  
ice-trapped  
whipped by the wind:  
we don't speak  
of her lupus

*Nasira Alma*

## The Fog of Longing: A Tanka String

As hopes of seeing you  
grow dim, the maple tree  
has become only  
A silhouette against  
a deepening winter sky

Again and again  
my thoughts return to you,  
the winter clouds  
Portentous of the first storm  
have only one shade of grey

So quickly  
the winter night  
covers everything  
In darkness, yet my longing  
for you remains

What event  
will inspire you to visit  
and when?  
As I look up another  
leaf falls from the tree

The pale moonlight  
trickling through the branches  
of the maple tree  
Is my only consolation  
as I have to sleep alone

If only I knew  
you would come—even that  
seems doubtful now;  
The weather foretold rain  
but only the wind is stirring

*Kenneth Tanemura*

## BOOK REVIEWS

**Ongoing Song: The voice of anne mckay**

Michael Dylan Welch

*a cappella*. anne mckay. Cacanadadada Press, 3350 W. 21 Ave., Vancouver, BC V6S 1G7, Canada, 1994. viii + 120 pp, 6×9 in. paper, perfectbound. \$10.95.

Any book that begins with “and” has to be by anne mckay. No wonder she says “no more beginnings . . . / I’ll work now / with continuities” (p. 34). This is where her work overlaps with haiku, a leaping into here and now *in medias res*. These are “ongoing songs” (p. 34) by “a woman of passage” (p. 65), poems of a singular voice, sung *a cappella*, not because anne mckay needs no accompaniment, but because no one else can sing like her.

anne mckay’s *a cappella* is a softly spoken monument. After a decade of gifting us with her various collections of haiku, linked verse, and poems that flutter aloofly yet deftly at the boundaries of haiku, she returns with the best of all her work, a retrospective volume that any poet should be proud to have written. The book collects some of her finest work in eleven sections (one for each of her previous nine books, plus two sections with new poems). The selection must have been difficult, for in practically every book of hers I find favourite passages omitted from *a cappella*. This is hardly a criticism, however, but a testament to the strength of all of her poetry.

Poems in each section of *a cappella* usually appear in the same order as in the original, but with many intermediary poems not present, new connections result. This is the case with “shaping the need,” a typical section. Also, some poems are slightly revised, perhaps to accommodate a new flow arising out of the stricter selection of poems (a “with” becomes an “and,” for example). Yet still I am drawn to some excluded poems, such as “almost twilight / brooms at rest / in the adobe courtyard”.

Whether favourite poems appear in the book or not, what is it that draws me to them, what is it in the poet’s voice that makes her poems so distinctive? The publication of this retrospective volume of anne mckay’s selected poems is, I think, an ideal occasion to explore that question.

For me, the distinctive nature of anne mckay’s poems—her voice—arises out of many qualities, including many intentional choices. For example, there’s not a comma or period or capital letter anywhere in



the book (except this, in a renga: “so long ago D loves A on the elm”, p. 108). Aside from occasional apostrophes or single quotation marks, the only punctuation of any kind that appears in *a cappella* are ellipses. The poet makes the words and their spatial relationships do the work of most punctuation, and, as a consequence, the words are placed about the page in a decidedly visual dance, not unlike the ideographic work of Cummings.

I doubt that many of this poet’s choices are subconscious or random, for anne mckay is a deliberate poet, a poet of control. Yet her deliberation refrains from contrivance. One thing she controls is word combinations, and the many dozens of appropriate and obvious or startling combinations that appear throughout her work make it recognizably hers. These combinations include such words as greenborn, rainvalley, dreamspeaker, alittle, earthred, secondstory, halfhiding, deepcurved, honeymerchant, prizeblue, and the serendipitous baudelaireburgers, iscreamyouscreamweallscreamforicecream, and handsholdinghandsholdinghands. And there are many more combinations. They are not nonce or nonsense words in the style of Carroll or Joyce, but words that say what needs to be said, where a bowl is not deep and curved, but intrinsically deepcurved—and has no less an identity.

anne also controls her choice of ordinary words. Yet the words she often uses hardly seem ordinary. She weaves her poems with rich-coloured locutions. Here are just some of them: slurry, sandalwood, sloe-berry, mordant, cascara, larkspur, linnet, quince, tamarind, chiffon, bonnard, moselle, dovecote, chutney, paraffin, jimson, tarantella, celadon, pippins, duenda, umber, and arabesque. The appearance of such gorgeous words further identifies her poems as hers. anne mckay has a broad palette.

She also performs magic with the words she chooses. Her verses are frequently lyrical, replete with adept repetitions, smooth flow, and an enigmatic transcendence. There is substance behind the pleasure of anne mckay’s words, yet the sound alone is a pleasure, like ear candy (one could pick poems practically at random):

at the mission clinic  
the woman’s winter fingers  
winding gauze (p. 3)

I think her chief lyrical device, in addition to occasional rhyme, with liberal sprinkles of assonance and consonance, is alliteration:

the stolen stone  
fitting her palm  
perfectly (p. 90)

The wordplay of alliteration never seems overdone, and binds each of anne's poems together, compacting each one, yet never at the expense of meaning. She is not so drunk on words and their beauty that they fail to function first as carriers of meaning and a means of communication.

anne mckay is a poet of words, but also of images. Her images are wide-ranging—from the commonplace and ordinary to the novel and extraordinary:

woods walking  
in a time of trilliums  
my hand in his hand (p. 4)

following father's deep snowsteps  
in single file  
to sabbath service (p.23)

for the fourth time  
rearranging the roses . . .  
he will come soon (p.45)

reflecting  
in the shadowed room  
eye of the rockinghorse (p.74)

eggs scrambling in the crook of a tree a raccoon shifts (p.108)

At times, however, anne's poems slip into abstractions. This may be fine for her poetry, but it does blur the boundaries of "haiku." These blurrings include abstractions such as the endings of "she / bending / makes her gown a basket / to hold summer" (p.19), "pale fingers / polishing the days" (p.73), or "hands / shaping the clay / shaping the need" (p.93). Some poems compel and attract yet remain too abstracted to be "haiku":

a flame  
set to fit the need  
between yes and no (p.116)

Yet this lack of limitation is another trait of anne mckay's voice. She is not narrowed by haiku. For example, the following poem *is* a haiku

for me, yet smudges the typical expectation by presenting a sharp, intuitive image-moment in five lines:

shopkeepers  
of early morning  
unwind the night awning  
a dazzle  
of white apron (p.55)

Other poems dip into simile and metaphor, as with “shy as trout” (p.10), “renoir red” (p.56), or “a sudden snow of petals” (p. 68). To me, the apt rhetorical device shows this poet to be in control of her work, and shows that the value of the poetry is of more importance than the value of slender and often precarious definitions or labels. anne mckay embraces haiku, yet also makes it do her bidding. She has progressed beyond the stage where metaphors and similes cloud a beginner’s haiku with indirectness and obfuscation. Her work is beyond haiku. Nevertheless, as has been noted of her work before, some of it is enigmatic and personal. But inbetween the snowdrifts are daffodils of delight.

While most of this book is “a cappella,” anne is escorted in one renga from her book “rumours of snow”. Fellow Canadian Dorothy Howard writes with anne in her perfected way of one-liner linked verse. For one-liner renga, anne mckay’s are definitive. This one example, “almost there,” *is* there, and it shows another aspect of anne’s range, an expanse of territory she has explored with ease and confidence.

On reading this immensely rewarding retrospective, I can’t help but wonder what anne mckay might do with prose forms. What she has done with haiku, linked verse, and her own brand of longer poetry defies categorization. It seems mature and well-rounded. Her voice is clear. Her poetry is natural, original, and repeatedly fresh, seldom contrived or predictable. Yes, she may “make up” some of her poems (she has said this to me), but as a source of some of her poetry, her imagination still presents deep truth and authenticity that we readily recognize as credible.

If you’ve never read any of anne mckay’s books, this book is a must, and will surely whet your appetite for more. If you have read some or all of her books, I still recommend *a cappella* for its pleasing design and production, the inclusion of numerous new poems, and the joy of rediscovering favourite poems in a revised context—stories and characters, moments and images that make up this poet’s life.

Considering the scope of anne mckay's work, the strong vision in her dance of song, and the accomplishment of this retrospective book, it is unfortunate that *a cappella* did not receive a Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America, at least in a special category for selected poems, if not more.

anne mckay is a haiku treasure. If you met her in her Vancouver apartment, you would find her to be little in stature—perhaps little like haiku. She lives and breathes poetry and painting. She has an artist's soul. And though little, she stands tall and assertively in and around haiku, with few peers. I suggest she is in the company of Foster Jewell, Raymond Roseliep, Nicholas Vergilio, Charles B. Dickson, and John Wills, and is one of the 20th-century English haiku's most distinctive yet also challenging voices. *a cappella* is a monument to anne mckay, her life, her poetic voice, and her inspiring gift of ongoing song. It is a song worth listening to, a song of delight. "for me / making poems is my way / of being alive / . . . a kind of singing." (p.120).

### **Bill Albert's Lifetime Gift of Haiku**

*Randy M. Brooks*

*Haiku*. Bill Albert. Grilled Cheese Publishing, 1991; released to general distribution 1995. iii + 183 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$7.00 + \$1.50 p&h from Ken DelPonte, 1506 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122 (to whom check should be drawn).

Who is Bill Albert? He was an avid sports lover, a hockey coach and basketball player, a man who suffered from diabetes his entire life, a man who had several jobs but no steady career. Bill Albert spent most of his adult life writing haiku, although you probably do not know him, since he never published any haiku during his lifetime. However, he shared his haiku with friends and acquaintances, and they were so moved by them that they collaborated to publish his selected works in a paperback edition two years after his death at age 37 in 1988. The book, simply entitled *Haiku* went to press late in 1990; of the three hundred names listed as supporters of this publication, none are familiar to the haiku community in North America.

We should celebrate this gift of a lifetime of haiku which Bill Albert's friends have so generously shared through this publication. We can meet Bill Albert through his solitary life's work, his previously unknown haiku.

Rain craters the sand—  
from the parking lot  
rise steam and voices.

Reading this collection of haiku is a joy, because Bill Albert writes directly from experiences, felt and appreciated from his quiet, observant perspective. Most of the images are vivid and fresh, clearly not influenced by trends in the haiku magazines nor based on reading of other haiku. Except for a few echoes of J.W. Hackett's haiku, Bill Albert wrote without significant influence from his literary predecessors.

Snowsuits drip into  
boots in the back hallway—  
water boiling.

Bill Albert's haiku tend to be edited to resemble sentences in a fashion resembling the form of Hackett's haiku. Although a majority follow the 5-7-5 syllable pattern, Albert does not allow padding nor odd line breaks to destroy the impact of the images. He is conservative in form, but not afraid of going slightly beyond the traditional pattern. A few of the haiku have undesirable line breaks, but for someone working on his own without editors, Albert's haiku show a satisfying mastery of form.

Bats squeak in the field—  
Two men drink beer leaning  
against the corn truck.

His haiku do not reflect the aesthetic arguments of the haiku community, but most ring true to his perspective. He has a few haiku clearly connected to television experiences, such as astronauts on the moon, but his haiku are very fresh because he trusts his own vision, his own feelings, his own sense of small significance.

Men shoveling dice  
at the brick wall—  
weed in the curb crack.

His haiku are selfless enough for us to enter into his experiences, to feel them for ourselves. We do not have to know the writer. His haiku remain anonymous for us to enjoy fully without trying to put up a persona of the writer. Albert lets the perception remain as the focus, the object of his haiku. Sure, we look over his shoulder at times seeing the world through the artist's eyes. The men are focused on the

dice, on their bets, on the futility of the brick wall, but we get to celebrate the weed's life cracking through the curb. Albert doesn't make too much of his insights; he simply writes his haiku which help us to notice what we would so often miss.

A cup of chowder  
on the inn's patio—  
The slow sailboats.

So who is Bill Albert and why do we celebrate his life's work? He is the nobody we treasure so much in the haiku tradition, the anonymous writer who gives haiku a lifetime. He is one of the thousands who have steadily committed a lifetime's work to perfect a few haiku that will touch friends, acquaintances, and haiku lovers from around the world. Buy this book and get to know Bill Albert.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

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

*A Harvest of Haiku.* Haiku Poets of Upstate New York, 1995. ii + 18 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 ppd; make check to/order from Sue-Stapleton Tkach, 60 Auramar Drive, Rochester, NY 14609.

*A Ribbon of Silver Thread: twenty haiku.* Joseph Kirschner. Little Stone Books, 1995. 36 pp, 5½×8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.95 ppd; make check to/order from author, 2157 Ridge Ave. 2D, Evanston, IL 60201.

*A Simple Universe.* Sonō Uchida. Intro. William J. Higginson. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1995. Haiku by the president of Haiku International, trans. by author with Kris Kondo and WJH. *Romaji* and English. 48 pp, 4¼×6 in, paper, perfectbound. \$9.00 ppd; make check to Michael Dylan Welch. *HSA members may order for \$7.00 until June 30, 1996.*

*A String of Monarchs.* Alexis Rotella and Florence Miller. 13 linked poems. Jade Mountain Press, 16651 Marchmont Dr., Los Gatos, CA 95032; 1995. 51 + iv pp, 8½×11 in. paper, saddle-stapled, npg.

*at mull river.* anne mckay. wind chimes press, 1955. 52 pp, 6¾×4 in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L-2Y9, Canada.

*hands full of stars.* Members of the Boston Haiku Society (Sarah Jensen, ed.). Illust. Kaji Aso. ii + 32 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 ppd from Raffael de Gruttola, 4 Marshall Rd., Natick, MA 01760.

*Ladles and Jellyspoons: Presentations Haiku, Senryu, Tanka.* Francine Porad. Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324. 48 pp. 5¼×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. \$10.95 + \$1.25 p&h US & Canada, \$2.50 p&h elsewhere.

*Noems Koans and a Navel Display.* James Kirkup. Users Manual by Colin Blundell. Hub Editions, 11 The Ridgway, Flitwick, Bedfordshire MK45 1DH, England; 1995. Unpaginated, 6½×3¾ in. paper, perfectbound, \$10.60 ppd.

*Northern Lights.* Michael Dylan Welch, ed. Commemorative anthology for Haiku North America 1995, Toronto. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1995. 24 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.00 ppd; make check to M.D. Welch.

*Oasis in the Heart: Haiku with Exposition.* Toshimi Horiuchi. Weatherhill Inc., 568 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; 1995. 124 + xxviii pp, paper, perfectbound, npg.

*Papering Dreams: Haiku and Sumi-e Painting.* Poetry Series No. 7. Charles Bernard Rodning, Kai Johannes Rodning, Mary Elizabeth Rodning. 96 pp, 6×9¼ in. paper, perfectbound, \$25 + \$1.50 p&h; make check to/order from CB Rodning, 2451 Fillingim St., Mobile, AL 36617.

*Poklon Zvijezdama/Gift to the Stars* (Croatian Haiku Poets, Book 7). Anica Gečić. Hrvatsko Haiku Društvo/Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobor, Croatia; 1995. 84 pp, 5½×7¾ in., paper, perfectbound. Price: query publisher.

*Rumblestrips.* John Sheirer. First Blade Publishers, 1995. 64 pp (unnumbered), 5½×8 in. paper, perfectbound, \$6.50 ppd. Check to/order from author at Asnuntuck Community-Technical College, 170 Elm St., Enfield, CT 06082.

*Something Unerasable.* John Stevenson. 52 pp, 4¼×3¾ pp, paper, saddle-stapled, \$4.00 ppd; make check to/order from author, POB 122, Nassau, NY 12123.

*Snow.* Steve Sanfield. Illust. Jeanette Winter. Philomel Books (Putnam & Grosset Group), 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; 1995. Unpaginated; 23 haiku + 23 illustrations. 8¼×10¼ in. hardbound/ dustjacket. \$15.95 US; \$21.50 Can.

*Tanka Splendor 1995.* Larry Gross, judge; Jane Reichhold, series ed. AHA Books, POB 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 6th International Tanka Splendor Awards. 48 pp (unnumbered), 5½×8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.00 ppd.

*tenement landscapes.* Paul David Mena. A Small Garlic Press, 1995. 14 + vi pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.00 US (\$4.00 international), ppd. Make check to/order from author, 1404 S. Greeley St. #1, Stillwater, MN 55082.

*Unraked Leaves.* Tom Clausen. Benson Smyth Publishing, 1995. 40 pp (unnumbered), 4½×4 in., paper, saddle-stapled, \$4.00 ppd. Check to/ order from author, 1421 Slaterville Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850.

*Vjetar Bez Sna/Wind With No Dream* (Croatian Haiku Poets, Book 6). Mirsad Denjo. Hrvatsko Haiku Društvo/Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobor, Croatia; 1995. 80 pp, 5½×7¾ in., paper, perfectbound. Price: query publisher.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### CONTESTS

#### **The 7th Itoen "Oh-I, Ocha! (Tea, Please!)" New Haiku Contest**

Postmark deadline February 29, 1996. Rules for Section 8 (Haiku in English) only are summarized here. Any theme; season word not required; free-style OK. Not entered in other contests. Type or write 3 haiku on a postal card addressed to "Itoen Oh-i Ocha! New Haiku Contest", 4-5-116 Kojimachi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 102, Japan, or size B5 fax to +81-3-3263-5668; indicate Section 8, Haiku in English as well as your name, address with postal code, telephone number, age, sex, profession (or name of school attending), and name of any haiku association of which you are a member. Up to a total of 6 haiku may be entered. *Copyrights of winning haiku remain property of Itoen Ltd.* Judges of section 8 judges: Ryusai Takeshita, Mark F. Petersen. Prizes up to ¥200,000 + cans of tea printed with winning verse + book of winning haiku (elementary and junior school students' monetary prizes are in the form of book coupons).

**Winners.** HSA members made a clean sweep of the Haiku Category of the Canadian Writer's Journal 1995 Poetry Competition: H.F. Noyes, Yvonne Hardenbrook, and Alan J. Summers won 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place, respectively, and the latter two together with Donna Claire Gallagher were awarded honorable mentions. Laura Kim took first and second place in the Sijo Category.

### PUBLICATIONS

**Woodpecker** joined other English-speaking European birds (Croatia's *Sparrow* and Romania's *Albatross*) with its first issue this autumn. This semiannual magazine, edited by Willem Lofvers, publishes haiku from around the world in their native languages with English translations. For information and guidelines, write (SAE + IRC) to the Secretary, Paula Silvius, de Hoep 22, 8622 de Hommerts, The Netherlands.

**Mirrors**, which published its last issue under the editorship of Jane Reichhold early this year, is moving to Canada to be edited by Jim Force in Calgary, who writes that "it will be a continuation of the experiment and spirit of previous issues as produced by Jane Reichhold," and will "continue to emphasize . . . high quality visual presentation of haiku and related forms." The deadline for subscriber-produced pages for the first Canadian issue is March 31, 1996; write (SAE + IRC) for guidelines and information to *Mirrors*, 1310 Hamilton St. NW, Calgary, AB T2N 3W6, Canada.

**South by Southeast**, now subtitled "Haiku and Haiku Arts," will be edited by Jim Kacian, Rt. 2, Box 3977, Berryville, VA 22611 as of February 1996. It will continue as a quarterly, but with submissions not geographic. Price, \$16/year. Enquire about editorial policy.



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