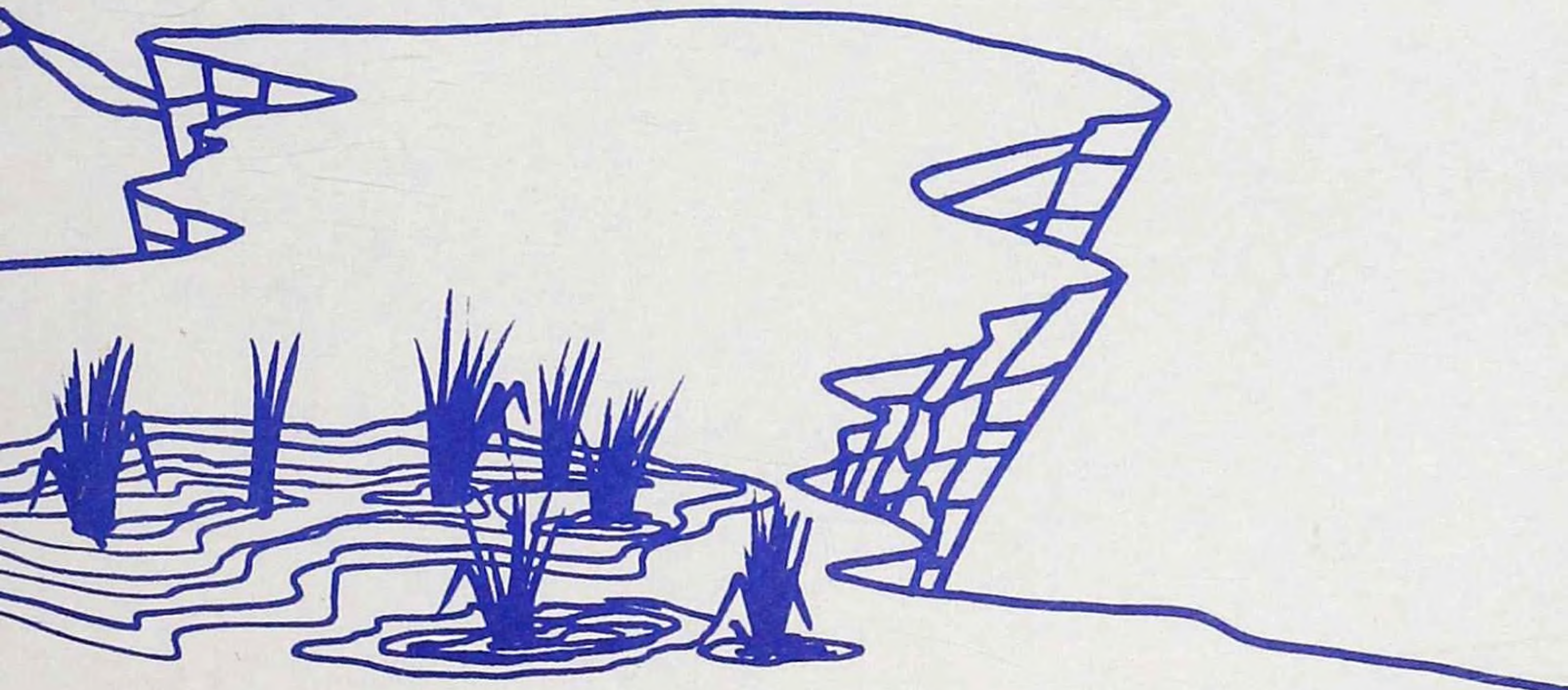




frogpond

XIX:3 DECEMBER 1996



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frogpond

snow everywhere
and its stillness
inside of me

Lee Giesecke

Vol. XIX, No. 3 December 1996
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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

Logging road—
the pileated woodpecker
flings its cry ahead

Carol Purington

FROM THE EDITOR

The coming of winter—in late autumn, the leaves, the acorns, the pinecones make their goodbyes in preparation for the eve of All Saints, the harvest festival, the solstice, the festivals of light, of love, of new beginnings. Inside, logs burning in the fireplace; outside, snow and ice, early darkness, the beginning of the long wait for spring.

These have been the concerns of our haijin. Also we have our haiku, senryu, and book awards, an object lesson on what happens after the Haiku Moment, “found haiku” in surrealist poetry, eroticism in modern Japanese haiku, and an appreciation of a present-day Japanese haiku master. Reviews of some of the past year’s haiku books. And news about upcoming happenings in the haiku world—see especially the announcement of Haiku North America 1997!

On the cover, Robert Malinowski brings us the third of the elements of the ancient world—water in its varied physical states in their unending transformations.

K.C.L.

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In memory of
Sydell Rosenberg

December 15, 1929 - October 11, 1996

Sydell Rosenberg was a charter member of the Haiku Society of America, attending the founding meeting of October 23, 1968. She had previously published in the first North American haiku magazine, *American Haiku*, as well as *Haiku West* and *Haiku (Canada)*. Eventually, of course, she published in *frogpond* and other still-existing magazines. She served on Merit Book Award committees and was Secretary of HSA in 1975. Her latest haiku was accepted for publication in the Spring issue of *frogpond* in a letter written by the editor the day after she died. Here are some of Sydell's published haiku:

So pale—it hardly sat
on the outstretched branch
of the winter night.

Haiku West, 1968
(best-of-issue award)

Rain,
how different the sounds
on autumn leaves

Frogpond, 1979

in pieces, yes
but how beautiful
the pieces!

frogpond, 1995

in the dust splotches of rain half the billboard flaps in the wind

chris gordon

misty August morning
it rains only
under the pines

Connie Sanderson

Bus riders,
raindrops on the windows
bounce in unison.

Robert L. Brimm

finding time
on a broken parking meter . . .
the autumn rain

Wally Swist

sky clearing
sound of rain still
in the tree

Jeanne Lupton

Raindrops
increasing the tension
on autumn leaves

Richard Balus

one leaf
then another—
autumn afternoon

Robert Gilliland

time and time again
they meet on the travelled road
leaves and their shadows

Zinovy Y Vayman

ill again
a dry leaf
across porch boards

Hayat Abuza

nothing in the mailbox
but a crisp brown leaf

Stuart Quine

Raking up leaves
watching the fall
continue

Edward Grastorf

days growing shorter/leaves on the gatehouse floor

M. Kettner

gathering storm
autumn leaves gather
at the corner

ernest j berry

all these pumpkins
and not one smile
alike

Robert Henry Poulin

Completing
the rock garden
these fallen leaves

Tom Tico

the sound
of raking
distant smoke

ai li

october . . .
leaf musk
layered in stairwell

Ryan G. Van Cleave

on the doorstep
a solid little ghost
with a sweet tooth

Patricia Neubauer

crimson sumac
in the chilly morning air
another good-bye

Cherie Hunter Day

eucalypt's white trunk sways measuring the wind

Janice M. Bostok

Harvest time—
deer culling
the apple trees

William Scott Galasso

greasebanding the apple tree
I remember
my father's autumn

Helen Robinson

alone on a ridge
a sugar pine's top branches
let go of the future

John R. Soares

hidden
in the weathered fence post
a cache of acorns

Nancy Henry Kline

Just now dusk
. . . acorns falling faster

Tula Connell

breaking night's stillness—
one pin oak acorn
rolling down the roof

Eileen I. Jones

again
after an acorn
autumn stillness

Frank K. Robinson

a morning of mist
the subdued sound of the birds
on this quiet street

Tom Tico

wrenching me
from an intimate dream
crow's alarm call

Carol Conti-Entin

jogging in the fog
a raucous cawing
nothing else

Lloyd Gold

mid-November sky
waves of greys
sweep past the crow's wing

Karen Klein

The tracks converge
and then . . .
just a feather

The wind
slowly covers
bleached sea gull bones

Garry Gay

a gliding egret the clouds converge on themselves

chris gordon

fog over the lake—
the flapping of unseen wings
into the twilight

Jack Lent

A point of geese—
the earth turns
their honks south

Carol Purington

that call . . . again
a V of geese, barely seen
this moonless night

Lee Giesecke

autumn morning—
the shape of the mountain
in the white cloud

Ion Codrescu

Sleeping late—
cold nose, warm tongue
chastise me

Taking the world
in through her nose—
basset hound

Fred Donovan

grey autumn morning—
shivering by his master's side
the old retriever

Mark Arvid White

60th birthyear
the maple's wrinkled bark
unnoticed 'til now

Patricia A. Laster

late October
lying under a maple
more blue sky

Robert Epstein

nesting swallows
gone now . . . the flies return
to the barn

joan iversen goswell

bumblebee
crawls inside the white rose
before frost

Marian M. Poe

White carnations—
glowing from the kitchen table
late at night.

S.R. Spanyer

white butterfly
casts a dark shadow—
autumn wind

Alexius J. Burgess

Yesterday's news
blowing down the street
awakens me.

Diana Alba

blown across
the old street,
rags and people

Martin Shea

empty summer house
straw of tattered scarecrow
going south too

Dee L. McCollum

Thunderstorms gather
over the distant mountains:
rumors of lightning.

R.S. Lewis

admonishing her dolls
not to fear
the thunder

Nasira Alma

Suddenly cracking
and suddenly traveling
the lightning flashes

David Holloway (age 11)

cold blast
little raindrops cling
to the cherry bough

Nina A. Wicker

this chill, gray day
the one celebration
is blown pampas plumes

Paul O. Williams

rumbling thunder—
the tree fern glistens
in the street light

Philip C. Specht

fading stars—
beyond the next hill
some other light

Gloria H. Procsal

the police
untie the cordons—
white chrysanthemums

Sue Stanford

in my south window
your jade plant still flourishes
despite my neglect
(for MP)

Sue Stapleton Tkach

from the bare branches
a bird appears
disappears

Leila K. Reza

at the very top
of a bare oak two dry leaves
and a redtail hawk

hawk on a highwire
intent on live movement
in the dead grass

Kelly H. Clifton

*meri khirki ke
kaanch mein murkar taaktaa
matmaila ulloo*

gray owl
looks behind
into my window-pane

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

on the swaying stem,
bottoms up, an oriole
nibbles goldeneyes

Sheila Wood Foard

a wet moon shivers
with fallen ailanthus leaves—
the loon's wintry cry

H.F. Noyes

december dawn—
cardinal feeds silently
in moonset's glow

Andrea Vlahakis

the only river
there now
a drifting body of fog

Ayrs Kirkofield

late autumn—
mildewed leaves
drift from lilacs . . .

Emily Romano

November thicket:
a yellow leaf falls
. . . halfway

mild December day . . .
so far from any tree
this exposed root

Bill Moore

rhododendron leaves
pointing straight down
absent snow's presence

Karen Klein

X'ing out
the setting sun
jettrails

Carol Conti-Entin

at dusk
the town
into itself

Lloyd Gold

my breath
fogging the window . . .
autumn moon

Robert Gilliland

startled by
the hunter moon staring
from a leafless tree

Robert Gibson

winter dawn
even the moon
going pale

ernest j berry

winter clouds,
on my windowpane
the first snow

Edith Mize Lewis

first snow
dogwoods again
all in white

Watha Lambert

step after step
through the silence—
first snow

Lee Gurga

Through bare aspen trees
yellow footprints mark the way . . .
thin October snow

Mark Huffman

first snow . . .
the dark patches
where she rolled

Kevin Hull

an early winter
the snowman wears a coat
of maple leaves

Dean Summers

merely movement
winter wren
beneath brown leaves

anne mckay

winter sunrise
bright planet there
... gone

Teresa Volz

morning train commute—
a child showing his father
ducks between ice floes

Saturday morning—
nothing moving in the stillness
except snowflakes

Dorothy McLaughlin

First of December,
cat in an upstairs window
watching me scrape ice.

Robert L. Brimm

calico curled
in the bookshop window
slant of winter sunlight

Larry Kimmel

new lounge chairs
Siamese selects
the better of the two

kaye laird

winter storm
inside the milking barn
a chorus of cats

Jean Jorgensen

boxcars
rushing steers to
stillness

William M. Ramsey

raising the blinds . . .
the moon
is whole again

Yu Chang

first light
snowcovereverything

Frank K. Robinson

a snowy daybreak—
everything's just different
shades of violet

Brent Partridge

gently resting in the hammock . . . snow

Celia Stuart-Powles

Cold winds, deep snow—
inside the house
the freezer comes on

D.L. Bachelor

Lonely winter walk—
leaving behind
deep blue shadows

Elizabeth Warren

shadows
deepen the crusted tracks
of the snowshoe hare

Mary Fran Meer

after the blizzard,
two CATERPILLARS
munching snow

Dorothy Ryan

starched moon—
cold flannel arms
on the window sill

Winona Baker

Christmas fir—
walking it home in the breeze
its little whisper

H.F. Noyes

after christmas
bare of tinsel
homeless trees

ai li

Gift-return desk—
the store clerk makes adjustments
in her holiday smile

Don Foster

first page
of the new journal
New Year's Day

Jim Kacian

over scrambled eggs
we discuss
separating

opening sauerkraut;
wondering what
the New Year will bring

R.A. Stefanac

January thaw:
the birch's image refreezes
in the flooded stream

Wally Swist

In the cold night
my sounds on the footbridge
between two moons

Frederick Gasser

moonlight covers me
in the middle of this cold night
i snug my blankets

F. Matthew Blaine

babysitting:
the dentist's son
demanding candy

Keri Leigh Heitkamp

guilty childrens'
smiles
chocolate

Steven Mai

glow of gumdrops
through grandma's
milk glass

John Stevenson

in a photo
somebody with a hat
reminds her of grandpa

Ion Codrescu

Silent for so long
disturbed child
draws a man with no mouth

Sue Stapleton Tkach

far from home
the empty swing
half my size
(for Anita Virgil)

Roberta Beary

the old home
not the same
searching for memories

H. Nelson Fitton

yesterday's news
fueling an uproar
in the fireplace

Maureen Sanders

at window's light
she stitches a quilt
in earth tones

Liz fenn

throughout the blizzard
soft click
of her knitting needles

Joanne Morcom

pouring wine
i refill the bottle
with emptiness

Frank K. Robinson

coffee and beignets
powdered sugar
on your smile

Keiko Imaoka

journey's end
the wet rasp of your voice
at last

Hayat Abuza

locomotive smoke
stretches through evening fog:
I reach for your hand

Myotis Brown

where snowflakes become ocean
she takes my arm
the cry of gulls

Larry Kimmel

the dark bedroom . . .
a struck match illuminates
tears on her face

Mark Arvid White

a sudden squall
out on the lake—the bright moon
returns to the sky

as he sleeps
I steal
the covers back

Jenni Feller

The old widower:
so reluctant to conclude
the conversation

Tom Tico

after his bypass
my father thanks me
for my blood

Addie Lacoë

she talks of her past . . .
on her face the window prism's
iridescent bruise

Larry Kimmel

intensive care:
from the new patient
a whispered *damn*

Lee Giesecke

Welfare office
pregnant woman tries to calm
the child within her.

Jeff Swan

Shortening the line
at the soup kitchen
the first fall rain

Tom Tico

clouds move over the depot . . .
a transient departs
on the last bus

Charlotte Digregorio

in a downtown doorway
a cardboard box
rolls over

ernest j berry

leaves blanket the graves of strangers
i have forgotten spring's radiance

Pamela A. Babusci

at the wake
his dog scratches
the backdoor

David C. Ward

all three
great-great grandchildren
asleep at her funeral

Cheryl C. Manning

frozen field
the grave lately dug—
bugler's bungled note

Randy W. Pait

open gravesite
the wind delivers
a page of the eulogy

Colleen Walters

interment:
his worry stone
also put to rest.

Emily Romano

artificial roses
decorate the gravesite
light snow . . .

F.M. Black

New headstone
. . . a red leaf highlights
your name

Joyce Austin Gilbert

small town
names on the headstones
on the mailboxes

Thomas D. Greer

morning zendo:
coughs and sniffs float between
silent breaths

Alexandra Yurkovsky

at morning mass
the barmaid serves
communion

Anthony J. Pupello

halfway through mass did i turn off the gas?

ernest j berry

at his mother's church
my son looks
at his watch

LeRoy Gorman

church candles flicker—
the chant sinks deep into
stillness of stone

H.F. Noyes

the church bell tolls . . .
evening shadows
in the pews

Donna A. Ryan

Under bright lights,
a prizefighter follows
his shadow into the ring.

Jesse D. McGowan

following me
up the stairs:
my shadow

Molly C. Hohnecker

the plane airborne
its shadow
grounded

Jeanette Stace

the fisherman's line
catching
only the light

jogger's cell phone
the words
just keeping up

Jeanette Stace

Scale-sequined newsprint—
in the glass bowl of water,
small words and fish eggs.

Keith Woodruff

icy ski trail—
wishing myself away
from tree wells

Paul Watsky

frozen canal—
a shadow skater glides
down the moonpath

Patricia Neubauer

commuter train—
door opens . . . shuts
on empty faces

Donna A. Ryan

winter sunlight/a used car dealer

M. Kettner

pink slip
the supervisor pulls down
the office blinds

black belt:
her white gi
spotting red

Anthony J. Pupello

winter solstice—
in the antique store, a toy
from my childhood

Charles P. Trumbull

company
for father's books
silverfish

ai li

Winter Wonderland—
everywhere is white . . .
for the fourth time.

Joan C. Sauer

snow angels
for the first time
since childhood

Joy Tranel

visiting the graves
my legs sink
in deepening snow

Carrie Etter

winter sun
the man and his shadow
in the same coffin

robert gibson

surrounding the
monastery—unblemished
snow

Donald B. Hendrich

traffic roar—
from deep in the cathedral
Ambrosian chant

George Ralph

each footstep deep—
soft snow holds
soft snow

Gary Hotham

winter night
a wad of paper
uncrumples

Michael Fessler

winter morning
the cherry tree again
in white

robert gibson

all January—
pruning old apple branches
under a white sky

Linda Porter

snow-covered forest—
clatter of a pair of ducks
seeking the pond

Elizabeth Howard

The crow
a specific blackness
on a field of snow

Phil Lavery

Its wings spread
As if for flight—
The dead crow

Edward Zuk

Stringing lights
in twilight cold,
a chickadee and I
exchange christmas.

Andrew Gay

winter dusk—
above the red horizon
Venus gleams

Lori Laliberte-Carey

the upturned moon
resting
on the rooftop

Melissa Leaf Nelson

cold night
year-forgetting
first sunrise

Edith Mize Lewis

applewood ashes—
the delicate traces
of mice feet

Emily Romano

no mail today—
the christmas cactus blooming
on a neighbor's porch

Ebba Story

old cat
watches the first snow
from the kitchen window sill

Sue Mill

frost in the hingesqueak
the slowmotion scatter
of barncats

LeRoy Gorman

barn door sagging—
the hole my baseball
sometimes made it through

Edward J. Rielly

close to the door she closed—
the wind still left
in the rest of the day

her steps slower—
stars that have been here
her whole life

Gary Hotham

the wind
all night long
fir cones drop

Doris H. Thurston

train whistle
the fog settles into
the woods

Jim Kacian

earthquake site
a pool of winter rain
iridescent in weeds

Yoko Ogino

dismantled park bench:
between concrete arms
winter wind

Ruth Yarrow

rubbing the spot
where our bumpers bumped . . .
snow in his thick eyebrows

Randy M. Brooks

As it snows outside
in glasses of cold drinks
ice melts.

Jeff Learned

deer tracks
in the desert snow
and these clumsy boots

James Tipton

freckling the frozen pond ice fishermen

Sue Mill

winter beach; crabs' legs and jellyfish dry

Tom Hoyt

winter beach—
each foam bubble pops
the moon

Ruth Yarrow

chilly morning—
the field of purple cabbage
sparkles with dew

teenaged boys
in the old Roman stadium
playing soccer

(Turkey)

Darold D. Braida

Cleaning away
the dust from my old guitar
—accidental tones.

Tom Maretić

Timpani solo—
the drumhead not struck
vibrating

D. Claire Gallagher

counting syllables . . .
crumbs of her home-baked cookies
on our fingertips

Ebba Story

retirement watch
comes out of the drawer
. . . for a new battery

John J. Singer

bingo boards empty—
another widow intercepts
the old man's wink

Randy M. Brooks

that new blonde—
already I've forgotten
my name

Jim Kacian

kissing in the kitchen—
the dough
slowly rises

Carrie Etter

wedding anniversary—
re-sharpening
all the kitchen knives

Cherie Hunter Day

home movies
rewinding
his hairline

Carlos Colón

rich girl
shops for jeans
with holes

Lisa Bublitz

reciting numbers
in a solemn litany:
the lotto player

Andrew Todaro

dawn
the hooker goes to bed
with her teddy bear

John J. Dunphy

as she speaks
lightly in her glass
the ice tinkles

George Ralph

nestegg dreams
his sleep-well-at-night stock
slumbering

Bruce J. Porad

secret diary
locked with one of ten thousand
identical keys

Addie Lacoë

The librarian
reshelves scattered volumes
in a bookstore

D. Claire Gallagher

Thunder

Wherever thunder rolls is wilderness.

heard first
in the clatter of aspen leaves—
distant storm

thunder crack—
dog and I
pause on the path

storm's approach—
ponderosa pines
shed the thunder

thunder clouds
and weathered boulders—
the wind blows between

thunder—
first rain drops
dislodge granite gravel

Tom Lynch

Evening Snow

(for Kaji Aso)

ink on tissue paper
the wet sound
of falling snow

as if guiding his hand
the fluid strokes
of the brush

the haiga master's calligraphy—
unwinding down the page
in a scroll

a cardinal's brilliance
and without using
any red

after inserting
stocking feet into straw sandals—
his deep bow

departing—
the sound of this evening's snow
falling into nothing

Wally Swist

Civil War Reenactment

bright winter sun
burns frost off the meadow
good day for a war

stiff yellow grass
cannon smoke blurs
the Rebel flag

western sky reddens
nurse's apron splotted
with fake blood

a dead Rebel rises
sweeps with a camcorder
sinks down again

behind Yankee lines
a wrecker tows away
ill-parked Toyota

sipping sarsaparilla
at Dr. Spotwood's tent—
war rages on

Rebecca Rust

(untitled)

still river—
his pebble skips
but once

rain of acorns
the same gust riffling
the river

solo guitar;
a red leaf settles
between us

home from the river
the hickory nut still
in my hand

Ellen Compton

In Town

a shared sequence

by ai li and Alexis K. Rotella

in town	
again	
christmas lights	<i>a</i>
on every corner	
the jingle of tin cups	<i>R</i>
the fat man	
in red	
knee deep in snow	<i>a</i>
asleep in a manger	
a calico	<i>R</i>
silent	
and bright	
evening star	<i>a</i>
under Orion	
midnight mass	<i>R</i>
a beggar passing,	
hears	
the hot bath	<i>a</i>

Loss

A "semi-solo"rengay by Fay Aoyagi

I rake dried leaves
from the flower bed—always
his job . . . *(Elizabeth Searle Lamb)**

zucchini bread
he adored

to cut
a crossword puzzle
a habit after 30 years

how often
did I slam
the door?

his favorite shirt
on the clothesline

a greeting from
a next-door neighbor
the smell of his sweat . . .

* © Elizabeth Searle Lamb. Appeared in *Hummingbird* V:3 (1995).
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Light in Darkness

Rengay by George Ralph and Merrill Ann Gonzales

September rain
streams of green
on the tree trunks

GR

October foliage
neighbor splitting logs

MAG

November dusk
a solitary beetle
enters the cracked rock

GR

on the darkest night
lantern light from a knot
in the barn's old door

MAG

New Year's Day, a mitten
left stuck to the lamppost

GR

sun breaks through
snow filled clouds—four groundhogs
go back to sleep

MAG

HAIBUN

Exploring a Cave

Hot sunlight on my back. I enter the cave, and immediately feel the cooler dampness of an absence of sunlight. I move deeper into a claustrophobic silence, and am aware of the cave's smell . . . sort of like the the smell of an old root cellar, but different. I find that I'm holding my breath, and listening. For what? I don't know. I force myself to breathe naturally. Then I hear it.

somewhere ahead:
a soft scuttling sound . . .
and then silence

I stand perfectly still. A snake? A scorpion? A centipede? A bat? My palms are sweating. I take a few deep breaths, and cautiously move forward. Nothing stirs. I study the cave walls, its ceiling, its floor. No sign of life anywhere. What, then, made that sound? I wrap my arms around myself, as if to ward off any unexpected touch. There is something in here with me. I just know it. I stand still again and listen, but though I strain my ears, I can hear nothing but my own heart as it pounds within my chest. I begin to notice a musky odor. Surely this is something new. When did I first notice it? The cave wall on my right has a sort of ledge, just wide enough to sit on. I don't remember it being there until now. I sit gingerly down, ready to spring up at the slightest disturbance. Just silence. And the musky smell, which at times seems overpowering.

in the half-light
of the inner cave:
a slope-shouldered stone

How did this fairly large stone get here, inside the cave? I examine its base. Some sort of coarse hairs are clinging to its roughness. They are a grey-brown color. From a bear? A human? They seem to be very old, and dry. I decide it's time to retrace my steps, and leave the cave.

back in the sunlight,
I suck in the fresh air . . .
my heartbeats slow down

Emily Romano

Homesite

Surrounded by bluffs black against starry sky, the Dipper hanging overhead, we stand in the circle where my house might stand, ringed by piñon pine. This morning we stood here, my son and I, he pointing out that the site was only two poles' distance from the electric hook-up—a thousand dollars—that there was good downhill soil for the septic tank, water near the surface for the well, the site already level, the road in good repair. I meanwhile noting space, the distance needed to rest my eye, the shapes of the encircling bluffs, the angle of the arroyo, the thrust of cholla cactus.

But now we came back to see if old ghosts haunt the meadow, for New Mexico's ancient sorrows linger at old water holes, old cross-roads, old homesites. We stand silent, watching, listening. Low in the west, where the road rises to meet the sky, the crescent moon tows the planet Venus. Wind whispers in the treetops. But no spirits speak, no old anguish rises and walks.

silent in the still night the owl

Jean Dubois

Reflections

At long last, the finished log cabin sits snuggled in the clearing we had carved out of the big woods—at once as old as the hills and as new as thought—fluid with life. It seems as though the trees had just formed themselves into shelter—the logs ageless in color and demeanor—the windows reflecting light, shape, movement, and colors of trees—sky—stars—you can hardly tell where one begins and another ends. Which is window—which woods—sunset—moonlight? Is one more real than the other?

granite doorstep
an etching
of pine needles

To be practical, the steep roof (the color of strong tea) is made of tin so snow will slide off when the sun warms it on a blustery winter day. It reflects waves of heat, light, shadows of chimney smoke, the flight of a mourning dove—and whatever else it may behold. Actually, for me, this particular roof was made just for the sound of drumming rain!

As I look up the hill to the cabin, it appears to be held as if it were a cup of warm tea placed ever so gently in the upturned palms of God's hands. Would the tea reflect the face of God if only I had the courage to look?

It reminds me of looking at a room in a mirror—which I sometimes like to do—and seeing it as through someone else's eyes. The familiar bookcases reflected in soft lamplight—candlelight flickering on the scrubbed pine table—the kettle steaming on the woodstove—and through the window behind me wind moves graceful pine boughs—and there are shadows and movement in places I never noticed before. And when I turn around, as if back from another dimension, I have to look down to make sure I am walking on firm ground.

I believe reflections in mirrors and windows—and teacups—are there to remind us to remember the present—to live in this moment in time—on firm ground. I think I will make a cup of tea!

waves of steam
reflected in the
whistling teakettle

Evelyn Lang

Wedding Anniversary

Fifteenth wedding anniversary, cold clouded January morning. He wakes me with gladioli. Fixing tea, I wonder, after fifteen years doesn't he know I like tea roses? We quarrel over tea. He leaves for work to return an hour later. Let's go into the hills. More clouds. Shawls, rugs and umbrella in the car and we're off. At a roadside cafe, sipping hot tea, we gaze at the opposite hill. Floodlit by sun, appearing for seconds in patches the houses like icing sugar chalets in a fairy tale. Mellowed by warmth we drive on. Snow softened landscape, few people on the road, muffled, head down, steaming breaths. We make snow bunnies on the car, take photographs, leave bunnies on the roadside. A long walk under the pines. The mountainside drifts away in fog. Silence except for one raven which calls and calls. Soft plop of snow sliding off branches.

storm-beaten rosebush
petals on snow
still two roses

wedding anniversary
gladioli, not roses
at least he remembered.

Tōhoku Sojourn

In mid-June of 1996 I took up a two-month fellowship in the Faculty of Agriculture of Iwate University, Morioka, with my friend and scientific colleague, Professor Katsuhiro Inoue. Morioka is in the Tōhoku region of northern Honshu, Japan, and is the northern terminus of the *Shinkansen* ('bullet train'). I left Wellington, New Zealand with my wife Vivienne in early winter but it was, of course, summer, the season of rice growing, in Japan, and the paddies were lush and green. *Tsuyu*, the rainy season, lasted until late July and it rained most days during the first six weeks of our time in Morioka. Nevertheless it was warm and mild, short sleeves and umbrella weather, and there was much to enjoy. The day after we arrived we saw 93 magnificent, decorated farm horses paraded through Morioka by local farming families in an annual festival that strengthens ties between country and town, *Chaggu Chaggu Umako*.

thunder-filled clouds
over the bridge come
jingling jangling horses

rainy season
this sunny day
so bright!

Many of the sights and sounds were familiar to us from previous visits to other parts of Japan. The quiet of pre-dawn was broken by the motorised bicycles of the newspaper deliverers decelerating, idling, and accelerating around our suburb, and by the crows.

First light through
the venetians—a crow
answers its own echo

Soon after we arrived Professor Inoue took us about an hour south by car to Hiraizumi, which in the 12th century was the prosperous capital of the northeast, ruled over by the Oshu Fujiwara family. This family was overthrown in 1189 and Hiraizumi was the site of some bloody battles. Many people now come to see the *Konjikido* (Golden Hall) and associated buildings of the Chusonji Temple sited on a hill overlooking Hiraizumi town. Near the top of this hill I was surprised and delighted to find a statue of Matsuo Bashō placed there in 1994 to mark the 300th anniversary of his death. It's a beautiful bronze statue slightly larger than life-size.

Bashō's statue—
I stand in his shadow
for the photograph

Bashō visited Hiraizumi on his famed journey to the ‘far north’ (*Oku no hosomichi*) and it was there, as he looked out over the hills of Hiraizumi, that he composed one of his best-known haiku:

all that’s left
of warrior’s dreams . . .
the summer grasses

The summer grass
’Tis all that’s left
Of ancient warrior’s dreams

There are many translations—the one on the left is my favourite; the one on the right is from the Chusonji Temple brochure. Since it was *tsuyu*, the summer grasses were lush and verdant, as they must have appeared to Bashō. Professor Inoue, a soil scientist, told me that the soils around Hiraizumi were formed mainly in ashes from nearby volcanoes and are very acid. Almost certainly the grasses to which Bashō referred in the 17th century were *susuki*, Japanese pampas grass (*Miscanthus sinensis*), which grows to about 1.5 metres, and the warriors of earlier centuries probably fought amongst these grasses on horseback. A version of this haiku of Bashō’s is used on a memorial stone in New Zealand near a town called Featherston at a place where several Japanese prisoners-of-war were killed during a confrontation with guards during World War II. The summer grasses near Featherston are pasture grasses for sheep and cattle and are often dry and brown during the hot dry summers of the Wairarapa region (about 75 km north of Wellington).

rainy season—
the summer grasses green
where warriors dreamed

Early August, shortly before my fellowship regrettably came to an end, was the time of Morioka’s annual summer festival *Sansa Odori*. For three nights thousands of brightly costumed drummers, bamboo flute players and dancers, representing organisations of and around Morioka, paraded through the city, all to an incessant driving rhythm. It was exciting, hypnotic and addictive. The reason for the late afternoon sounds around the university in the weeks leading up to the festival became very clear.

fish-scale sky—
the school band drummers practise
for the summer festival

Morioka garden—
around each bend
another lantern

In a Plain Brown Wrapper

The diminutive woman never fears the cold. She simply wraps herself a bit tighter into the bulky beige lining of her ankle-length coat and then walks through the streets. A winter walk goes easier for her in the streets, for there is always far less snow and ice here to deal with than over random unshoveled sidewalks.

And so the woman walks thus every day of her ninety-second winter. Usually, she takes her stroll around the block to buy a quart of milk or a local newspaper. Today, though, she has led herself into the corner bakery by mistake. Oh, well . . . she just buys a large sticky bun and then feeds it, piecemeal, to the pigeons who have also taken to the streets . . .

rough weather—
pigeons gather in the street
regrouping

Liz fenn

Ristras

The trees turn yellow here, but not red. Pueblo, Colorado is the northern verge of the Southwest. *Ristras*—strings of chili peppers hung to dry—redden our autumn. At roadside stalls, they dangle in rows over stacks of plump pumpkins, bins of green apples. Above it all, a chill blue wind falling off the mountains tosses the cottonwood's amber and shadows.

autumn wind—
the ristras all lean
eastward

roadside stall—
the ristras clatter
behind the farmer

Tom Lynch

The setting sun—
hanging on the turquoise door
red chile ristras

Melissa Leaf Nelson

A Favorite Haiku

A gardener's come
to add a ladder
up to the autumn sky

Kyoko Kuno

tr. Ikkoku Santo (*AZAMI* no. 3, 1992)

Here is a lovely-spirited haiku, with a poignant aspect of *yugen*. The sense of upreach is strong, almost limitless. One senses the deep cobalt blue of a clear autumn sky, after the heat haze of summer—a sky whose freshness beckons us, invites our upward gaze. The focus heavenward endows the gardener with a near-supernatural aura, so that the reader imagines the ladder extending all the way to the very dome of the sky. This is truly haiku magic.

H.F. Noyes

A Favorite Haiku/Senryu

androgenous stranger
winks at me

Karen Sohne

The enforced stop in the first line of this poem corresponds exactly with the moment of hesitation the writer describes; the second line is quick-as-a-wink and the crystal clarity of the poem as a whole responds confidently to the ambiguous situation which inspired it.

Technically excellent as it is in itself, my appreciation of this fine double-take poem is greatly enhanced by knowledge of the manner in which it was once presented to its readers. This and several other poems were part of the 42nd Street Arts Project in 1994, in which the marquees of closed pornographic movie houses in New York's Times Square district were used to display haiku and senryu.

We live in a time in which we are harassed by media stimulation of our desire to have, consume and move quickly on to the next thing. It is pleasant to contemplate passers-by unexpectedly encountering their first haiku and senryu in Times Square. It may be too much to hope that the experience really stopped people, let alone turned them around, but it may have slowed a few of them down for a moment. As someone who once lived in The City, I can readily appreciate that.

John Stevenson

SELF-PORTRAITS

Readings by Tom Tico

Like so many artists, haiku poets have often turned to the self-portrait as a unique form of self-expression. Bashō, Buson, Issa, and Shiki have presented themselves time and again in poems that are primarily self-portraits. And modern-day haiku poets have done the same. In this article I've chosen what I consider to be outstanding examples of self-portraiture in the English-language haiku.

1

Awake at first light—
waiting in bed until
the bureau takes shape

Donna Claire Gallagher

In the twilight state between dreaming and waking, the poet lingers in bed. She relishes this brief period of drowsing, this lull, this tranquil time before her day begins. A day that promises to be strenuous with a full schedule of commitments. But before she embarks on her course of activities, she'll savor these free-floating moments a little longer—at least until the bureau takes shape.

2

Undressed—
today's role dangles
from a metal hanger

Alexis Rotella

The poet steps out of the shower, dries herself, and walks naked into the bedroom. Briefly she scrutinizes herself in the full-length mirror and is content with what she sees. She's kept her youthful figure and the wrinkles in her face are few and far between. Now she makes a quick but thorough inspection of the outfit she is to wear today, making sure it's presentable. She's confident that this outfit casts her in a particular light appropriate for the activities of the day. She realizes that in her life she plays many roles, yet all of them sustained by her naked and more vulnerable self.

3

a moment alone
before the others arrive
watching the snow fall

Jack Ervin

How demanding of our time is the society in which we live. Once we have given of ourselves to work, family, and friends—it leaves us precious little time for solitary pursuits. And yet the poet, perhaps more than others, feels a deep need for solitude and for the contemplation it affords. But what he needs and what he gets are often two different things, so he makes the most of whatever opportunities are allotted him.

4

In the darkened room,
only the scent of flowers
to light the way

Richard Thompson

The poet wants to get away from it all, sink into himself, escape. So he goes to his study, and as dusk deepens, he sits alone in the darkened room. He broods on the recent developments in his professional and personal life—and feels that everything has gone irrevocably awry . . . Then, he becomes aware of the scent of roses wafting through the open window. And even though he can't see their remarkable beauty, their fragrance is a balm for his troubled spirit.

5

Hesitating . . .
ahead, tree shadows cross
the moon-bright road

Patricia Neubauer

Out walking alone, the poet hesitates as she beholds the eerily beautiful stretch of road that lies ahead. And simultaneously she finds it both frightening and alluring. She wonders whether she should turn around and go back or whether she should go forward. Might someone actually be lurking in the darkness to fall upon her as she passes? Or is this fear simply the product of an overactive imagination? Fi-

nally, summoning her courage, she steps forward along the mysteriously shadowed, moon-bright road . . .

6

freshly fallen snow—
opening a new package
of typing paper

nick avis

By comparing the brand-new typing paper with the freshly fallen snow the poet suggests the purity and absolute delight of creativity. Assuredly the poet is all set to embark on a new and exciting creative venture; he is ready to take the plunge. This is a moment of promise and possibility—when inspiration is in the ascendancy, and optimism rules. For is not every creative beginning an act of faith and optimism?

7

autumn dusk the crooked road home

Marlene Mountain

Perhaps the poet is not particularly eager to get home, since all that awaits her there is a lonely place. So she dallies along the way, observing the beauties of nature.

As the afternoon progresses, she stops in on an old friend whom she hasn't seen in some time. They talk at length, and as always it is deep and intimate, with each being grateful to have such a sympathetic listener. When they conclude they are amazed at how much time has elapsed. Then, after a heartfelt embrace, the poet departs into the gathering dusk . . .

8

lighting the path
to Walden Pond—
my bedside lamp

Ebba Story

The poet paints a very peaceful picture of herself reading in bed; while at the same time, she portrays herself entering into the world of Walden Pond. One activity takes place in the physical world and the other in the realm of the imagination. Both worlds are lit by the bed-

side lamp which is the focus of the picture. This scene has the chiar-
oscuro of a Rembrandt and the self-absorbed serenity of a Vermeer.

9

Twilight taking the room
. . . not moving
I become the stillness

K.G. Teal

The profound quiet that prevails in the poem easily lends itself to the assumption that the poet has just come out of a deep meditation. One can sense that the creative passivity of the poet allows him (or her) to expand into the stillness of the room and into the twilight that pervades it. This haiku reminds me of the words of St. John of the Cross: "If you wish to be everything, seek to be nothing."

10

bridge
at both ends
mist

George Swede

It's early morning and the poet is the only one on the bridge. As he looks both ways, he sees no end to the bridge and no beginning, only the mist. He feels the experience is more akin to a dream than to something that happens in the waking world. And, he's aware of its philosophical implications: that life is a brief passage to and from an infinite void.

-
1. Awake at first light *frogpond* XVIII:4 (1995)
 2. Undressed "Clouds In My Teacup" by Alexis Rotella. Wind Chimes Press, 1982
 3. a moment alone *frogpond* XIII: 1 (1990)
 4. In the darkened room *Modern Haiku* XVIII: 3 (1987)
 5. Hesitating *frogpond* XI: 2 (1988)
 6. freshly fallen snow *Wind Chimes* 8 (1983)
 7. autumn dusk *frogpond* IX: 4 (1986)
 8. lighting the path *Modern Haiku* XXIII: 1 (1992)
 9. twilight taking the room *frogpond* XVI: 2 (1993)
 10. bridge *Modern Haiku* XXV: 1 (1994)

45

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR HAIKU

1996, Haiku Society of America

Christopher Herold and Margaret Chula, judges

First Place

the river—
coming to it with nothing
in my hands

Leatrice Lifshitz

So simple, yet this haiku resonates on and on. The poet arrives at the river bearing no baggage whatsoever—no fishing gear, no inner tube, no camera. There is no thought of past or future. If there were, the poet's hands would not be empty. Unencumbered by expectations or demands to be satisfied by the river, there is only a profound calmness. We don't know why this person has come or what he or she will do here, but we share in the fullness of the moment, the sense of being wide open.¹

Second Place

deep silence
the orphaned nestlings
this third morning

Kay F. Anderson

If their lives have not already come to an end, the orphaned nestlings' drama of starvation seems to be drawing to a close. Two full days have passed. The incessant cheeps, loud at first then diminishing in strength and frequency, have now ceased altogether. There is only silence. Along with the poet, we sense the inevitable. Knowing that all lives (our own included) are impermanent makes the silence even deeper. We can only watch and wait, helpless to alter the natural course of events.¹

Third Place

summer solstice—
the long tips of lavender
bent by bees

Jeffrey Witkin

The summer solstice has arrived, the day of longest light. The slender stems of lavender have also reached their peak, pointing straight up to the sun. Bees cluster around the blossoms to gather nectar. In doing so, they bend the lavender tips closer to the ground. It seems

too soon for their decline, as summer has only just reached its apex, yet the scale tips imperceptibly toward autumn. And, like the lavender, the length of days has also begun its downward arc.¹

Honorable Mention (in alphabetical order)

snowbound
coloring inside
the lines

Sandra Fuhringer

At first reading, this poem appears humorous, even a little cynical (only when prevented from tending to more pressing duties do we take the time to be mindful)—but at the core it is very serious. Constraint is felt, even in the way the poem looks. Read together, the second and third lines point out the way most of us hope to color. The second line read by itself tells us where the poet is, but more importantly that this person is adding color to his or her inner world. The third line is the real clincher though. The lines are not only those found in the coloring book, they are also the ones drawn by the weather, and the ramifications are more than a little humbling. Outside, the world is very cold and very white. At times like these, we must remain in the house, and find activities to keep the juices flowing. The poet discovers a coloring book, opens it, and begins to rub interest into a favorite drawing. After a while he/she pauses to gaze out a window, into the power of winter. The intuition dawns that life itself is the division of white into colors, the division of one into many. Pondering this, the poet goes back to finish the picture, but with new appreciation, renewed mindfulness. A lack of care could cause colors to cross lines, and the picture would be marred, but to wander out of the house, into the white expanse . . .²

the dumproad pond
tadpoles exit
a birdhouse

LeRoy Gorman

The effect is startling! This discarded birdhouse which formerly sheltered airborne creatures is now submerged and appears to be the home of water dwellers. Although it has been trashed by humans, its usefulness continues in the natural world. Frogs have deposited eggs inside its protective walls and, at the moment of the poem, we see

tadpoles swimming their new habitat. What a surprise. How incongruent. And yet we know that, just as the birdhouse now exists in a new element, the tadpoles will pass from water to earth as they turn into frogs. Transformation.³

still sun-warmed . . .
the pulled-out scarecrow
in my arms

Kohjin Sakamoto

This poem exudes compassion for a thing seemingly human, a being that has performed an important task, defending the precious vegetable crop, and has now come to the end of its service. Tattered and worn from ceaseless exposure to the elements, and (one could suppose) the callous disrespect of scavenging birds, the time has come to pass on. It is evening; the sun has just gone down, and the poet has pulled the stoic garden guardian from the soil, turning to carry it away, perhaps to throw onto a junk pile, or a bonfire. But, what's this? The coarse straw-stuffed clothing held against his or her chest is still filled with the sun's warmth. All at once, the poet intuits significance in this, and sadness wells up. This scarecrow is, after all, like a faithful friend. A tinge of guilt surfaces—how many scarecrows have been destroyed without so much as a thought, or a thank you? I'd like to think that this poet/farmer decided to store his or her garden warden with a bit more reverence, perhaps providing a sheltered place for it to spend the winter: a shed maybe, or the barn.²

Changing the swallowtail
changed by it
the spring wind

v. tripi

Nothing moves that doesn't, by doing so, affect something else in the cosmos. The direction of the wind will determine the course the swallowtail takes, where it will fly and ultimately what will happen to it. At the same time, the swallowtail's presence in the air fills a space that was temporarily empty or occupied by something else. The mere flutter of a swallowtail's wings can alter air currents and affect weather patterns. To accentuate movement in the haiku, the poet has indented each line and linked the wind to the swallowtail through repetition of sounds. Once again we are reminded of the interconnectedness of all things.³

Judges' Overall Comments¹

Of the six hundred sixty-eight submissions to this year's Harold Henderson Awards Contest, there were a great many fine poems. Once narrowed down to about thirty, it became exceedingly difficult to choose the truly outstanding ones. This difficulty became even more pronounced once the short list was down to twelve. In the early stages, and even into the final phases of judging, we noticed a surfeit of senryu labeled haiku. Since HSA offers a concurrent senryu contest, we decided that it would be advisable not to select any poems that we felt were obvious senryu, though we did consider ones that were in the gray zone.

Another dilemma came in choosing between poems that exhibited great moments of insight yet had inherent flaws in craft. Use of excessive punctuation, awkward phrasing, structural difficulties and either excessive or nonexistent seasonal references were common failings in poems that had the potential to be good haiku. Conversely, we found some haiku that appeared "picture perfect" but which lacked depth—haiku are more than photographic images.

Each of us spent many hours studying the final group of haiku, and more fascinating hours were spent discussing the strengths and weaknesses of our favorites. The decision, in the end, becomes a compromise since it is impossible for any one haiku to satisfy all requirements. We are now in complete agreement and very much satisfied with our decision. The seven poems we have selected are all excellent, each in its own way. In writing the commentary for the First, Second, and Third prize winners we decided on an amalgamation of our thoughts and feelings. For the Honorable Mentions, we each chose two to comment on separately.

We are grateful to have had this opportunity to read and consider the many poems submitted to us for this year's Harold Henderson Awards. We wish you, our fellow poets, much enjoyment and many rewards from your haiku in all the years to come.

Margaret Chula and Christopher Herold

¹Judges' combined commentary

²Comments by Christopher Herold

³Comments by Margaret Chula

GERALD BRADY AWARDS FOR SENRYU

1996, Haiku Society of America

Yvonne Hardenbrook and Tom Clausen, judges

First Place

reconciliation
the candle between us
sputters

Sandra Fuhringer

Second Place

his ashes scattered
what to do
with the box

Paul Watsky

Third Place

nude beach
his enormous
sand castle

John Stevenson

Honorable Mention (alphabetical order)

letting the dog out
letting the dog in
wrong dog

Helen Dalton

A gusting breeze—
the comet wobbles
in my binoculars

D. Claire Gallagher

long walk home—
kicking a stone
for company

Marianna Monaco

Christmas Day
the exchange
of custody

John Stevenson

honeymoon trip
he refuses to stop
for directions

John Stevenson

Judges' Comments

Of 462 acceptable entries, here are our choices for the very best of the lot. We very much appreciate the opportunity to honor these winning poems and their authors. The poems we chose run the gamut of human foibles and frailties. As you read them, consider that just as we interact with each other on several planes, so good senryu have meaning on more than one level. We looked for conciseness, originality, a powerful ending or a strong twist, a western equivalent of Japanese phrasing and sense breaks, and an aura of reality without contrivance.

The rather visceral word “sputters” in the First Place senryu acknowledges how rough an attempt to make up can be and supplies exactly the right powerful ending to this perfectly crafted senryu.

In the Second Place poem, the word “box” is a strong ending sound as the poet speaks to the weight of the myriad “what to do” questions in life.

In “nude beach” the reader is quite successfully led astray, picturing what comes next—before the guffaw that comes upon reading the last line, and seeing how we were fooled.

All the winners are cleanly written examples of senryu. Not a syllable is wasted, and the sounds go together very well—which indicates to us that the poets read their work aloud before calling it finished. We were also pleased that as a group, the eight poems are varied in style, subject matter, points of view, and above all, insight into human emotions and behavior.

Yvonne Hardenbrook and Tom Clausen

1996 MERIT BOOK AWARDS
for books published in 1995

Randy F. Brooks and Gene Doty, judges

First Place: Elizabeth St Jacques, *Dance of Light*, maplebud press, 1995.

Second Place: Penny Griffin, *A Dash Through Leaves*, Persephone Press, 1995.

Third Place: Tom Clausen, *Unraked Leaves*, self-published, 1995.

Special Merit Book Award for Graphic Design: Lidia Rozmus, untitled collection of sumi-e and haiku, self-published, 1995.

Special Merit Book Award for Haiku in English Translation: Sono Uchida, *A Simple Universe*, Press Here, 1995.

Errata, *frogpond* XIX:2

in the glow after
the moon passes
from the cloud
Connie R. Meester

This haiku was printed in an altered form without the permission of the author. The enjambment was intentional. The correct haiku is printed at the left.

pine stumps
litter the yard
now all
she need fear falling
is the sky
Zane Parks

A word in this tanka was inadvertently altered in typesetting. The correct tanka is printed at the left.

cold November dawn
moisture beaded funnel webs
in the boxwood hedge
just as I, spider patient
await some errant spirit

George Knox

two dreams
about past
lovers
the violets stay open
this dark afternoon

Bob Gray

strolling through shadows
of paper cherry blossoms
fluttering from lampposts
my little girl
jumps to catch one

Charles Bernard Rodning

give me tonight
a cold moon
to paste on a mirror
a memory
to hang on a torn sleeve

Sanford Goldstein

Empty mind
a rock cathedral
arches gothicking up and up
and the echoes
of heartbeats dying.

Nasira Alma

Wanting only
one full moon to another
in your arms,
tonight I made us dinner
and ate alone.

Don Hansen

Late night coffee shop.
I was not waiting for you,
while drinking, my dear,
cup after cup of coffee.
You never came.

Randy W. Pait

and will the epiphany
be at midnight
under a shower
inside this empty
house?

FRESH SCENT

Lee Gurga

In April 1996, I gave a talk at the Haiku Society of America quarterly meeting in Washington, DC. One of the things I discussed was the editorial process the following poem had gone through:

fresh scent . . .
the labrador's muzzle
deeper into snow

The poem is based on an experience I had with my dog Fay in February of 1996. The original version of the poem, written on the day of our walk in the woods, is: "following the scent . . ./the dog's snout/deep into snow." In my initial revision of the poem, I made several changes: I changed "dog's" to "labrador's" because the dog is a labrador, because I thought "labrador" has a better rhythm and because I thought it added a specific color to the poem that contrasts with the snow. I changed "snout" to "muzzle" because again I thought it read more smoothly, is more descriptive of the part of the dog involved and because it adds "length" to the dog's motion in the third line. I changed "deep" to "deeper" because it gives more depth or verticality to the third line. This gave me: "following the scent . . ./the labrador's muzzle/deeper into snow."

That is the form the poem was in when I showed it to Randy Brooks. Randy and I get together once a month to help each other with our poems. Randy, however, felt that the first line was too heavy and suggested I consider something lighter. After some thought, I decided on "fresh scent," which I thought captured the dog's excitement at picking up a new scent in the fresh snow, which is exactly what she had done on our walk. I thought this line gave a certain "lightness" and upward motion when reading in contrast to the penetrating downward motion of the third line. This is the form in which I submitted the poem to the 1996 Haiku Summit contest.

Elizabeth Lamb was the judge of the contest's international division. Here are her comments on the poem:

. . . it was the "fresh scent . . ." haiku which in analysis had the highest number of strong points and

which I kept returning to again and again. There is a clear, live image; an awareness of one moment; the structure is balanced and the rhythm pleasing. Every word is carefully chosen and vital—no padding—and the punctuation is effective. The poem reads aloud smoothly. But the haiku is more than the sum of its basic strengths; there is an added dimension. The “fresh scent” alerts the reader, yet when it becomes evident that the first line refers to a scent hidden in the snow sensed only by the dog, still the idea of the “fresh” scent remains and the scent of snow itself surrounds the moment in a subtle, delightful way.

After the talk in Washington, Cor van den Heuvel mentioned to me that he disagreed with some of my editorial choices. This is what he had to say:

Though this haiku is about the sense of smell it is a very visual poem. The dog’s actions tell us about the importance of the sense of smell to dogs. All dogs. Being basically a haiku about the suchness of dogs, I think keeping the word “dog” instead of specifying the breed makes the haiku more powerful. If the poem were about the dog swimming or retrieving, perhaps naming the breed, labrador, would work better.

For me, “fresh” adds nothing interesting to the haiku, but losing “following” destroys half the action. Of course, I prefer “deeper” to “deep” for similar reasons. And I would drop the tri-dots. They slow things up.

“Muzzle” is better than “snout” for a dog. And the sound of the word “muzzle,” with its echoes of “nuzzle” and “wriggle,” adds to the movement, giving it a sidewise shake or a rooting down, till the dog is plowing into the snow up to his (or her) eyes or beyond:

following the scent
the dog’s muzzle
deeper into snow

Gary Hotham, who was also at the meeting, mentioned to me that he, too, would have made some different choices. Here are Gary's comments:

When I heard your revisions of the "the scent" haiku I thought to myself that I liked the first version better.

The phrase "fresh scent" is not as strong as "following the scent" for what the scene is about. In my own mind a "fresh scent" would be on top of the snow so why would the dog go deeper

I like "snout" better than "muzzle." I would have probably used "nose" if I had been writing the haiku. I like "dog" better than "labrador." I have to think what a labrador is. I immediately know what a dog is!

I think I prefer "deep into snow."

Anyway, no matter what my reasoning, I preferred your original version. Sometimes we can agonize too much and in the revisions lose the original moment. . . . So after all your work, my version is not much different from your original:

following the scent . . .
the dog's snout
deep in the snow

As you can imagine, by this point I was experiencing considerable self-doubt on my choices in this poem. After all, some of the finest poets writing haiku in English had disagreed with my editorial ideas on this poem! I wrote to Elizabeth Lamb, the judge for the Haiku Summit contest, and asked her what she thought about the several suggestions I had received. Her reply was:

I do stand by my original assessment/comments on the haiku. I agree with Randy that "following the scent . . ." is rather "heavy." In addition it seems to me a more ordinary phrase, and perhaps a bit long, especially if you were to use the generic "dog" in the 2nd line. It is true that "following the scent . . ." shows the activity, but for me "the haiku moment" is embodied in the dog's muzzle pushing into the snow.

“fresh scent” pulls one immediately into that particular moment of awareness.

“labrador” brings much clearer image into the 2nd line by being specific. Of course for you the haiku becomes more personal, more true in the sense of coming out of your own life. And for the reader, the haiku gains when one sees a labrador rather than just any kind of dog.

We all write haiku out of the imagination at times, but those which come out of those special moments in our own lives which “capture us” tend, I think, to be the most successful.

So here you have three fine poets producing substantially different poems based on a single experience. Clearly, there is no “correct” choice here, only the expression of different poetic sensibilities. You can decide for yourself which one you like best:

following the scent
the dog’s muzzle
deeper into snow

(Cor)

following the scent . . .
the dog’s snout
deep in the snow

(Gary)

fresh scent . . .
the labrador’s muzzle
deeper into snow

(Elizabeth)



FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA:
Use of Haiku-like Images in Surrealist Poetry

Parikshith Singh

Federico Garcia Lorca is one of the most famous surrealist poets of this century. Born near Granada in 1898, he was a poet, playwright, critic and visual artist. He became famous at an early age for his gypsy ballads, the 'Romancero Gitano'. He lived in the U.S. for two years when he was thirty and wrote the classic 'Poeta en Nueva York'. His plays 'The Blood Wedding' and 'The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife' were great successes in their time. Famous for his outlandish imagery and lyricism, Lorca was bitterly critical of the Civil Guard and lampooned them in his poetry. He was executed in 1936 during the Spanish Civil War and his body thrown in an unmarked grave.

While I was leafing through his works the other day in a library, I was surprised when I came across a number of haiku-like images interspersed through his poems. As I began to mark those that interested me, I noticed a curious technique that he uses often: the overlap of these 'haiku' on surrealistic metaphors. The resultant mix enhances the subliminal atmosphere of his poems and allows him to walk the thin zone between wakefulness and sleep.

I am not certain if he was aware of this 'method to his madness' but I also realized that a similar technique was used by Salvador Dali, his friend and lover, in his paintings. Dali's paintings are characterized by glaringly clear images alongside completely unrelated ones on a very unfamiliar background. The overall impression is of a strange surrationalism which makes a terrible sense in its own way.

I picked out some of these combinations of haiku-like lines (in italics) with surreal images to show the glaring contrast of the two and its impact on the reader (translations mine):

*un doblar de campanas
perdidas en la niebla . . .
un rosa de sangre
y una azucena . . .*

*a clanging of bells
lost in the mist . . .
a rose of blood
and a white lily . . .*

Narciso.
Tu olor.
Y el fondo del río . . .
Por tus blancos ojos cruzan
Ondas y peces dormidos . . .

Cayó uno hoja
y dos
y tres . . .
Por la luna nadaba un pez . . .

. . . ni que el parto de la víbora,
desatado bajo las ramas,
calme la sed de sangre
de los que miran el desnudo . . .
. . . *hueco. Mundo solo.*
Desembocadura.

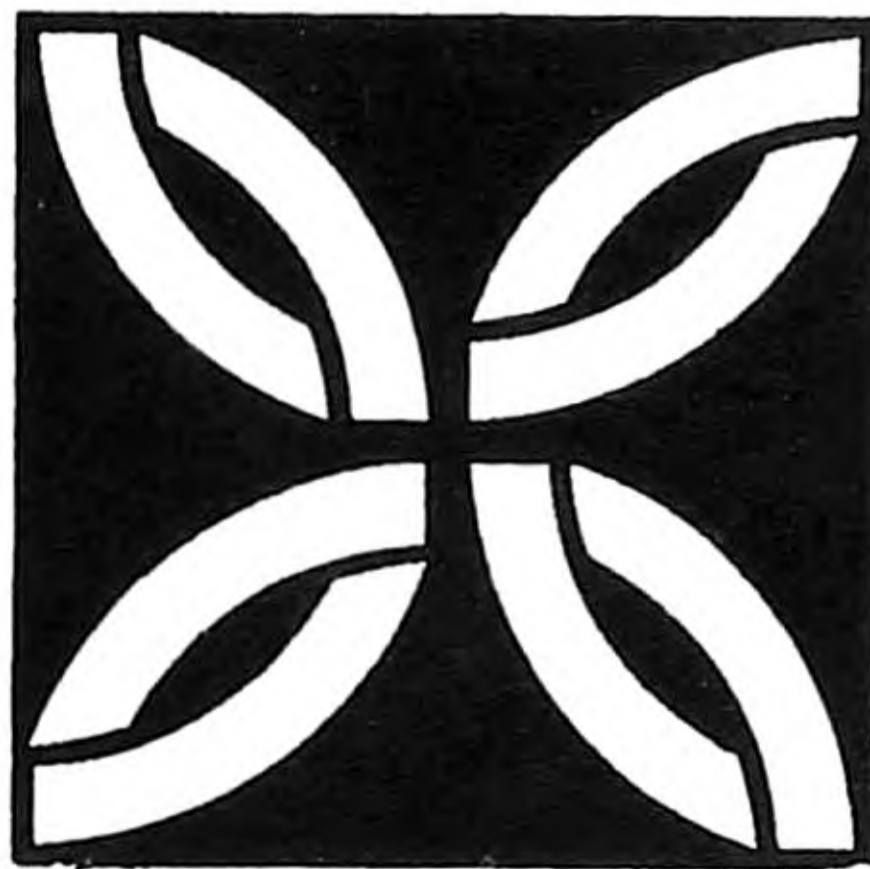
Narcissus.
Your fragrance.
And the depth of the stream . . .
Across your white eyes flicker
shadows and sleeping fish . . .

One leaf fell,
a second,
a third . . .
A fish swam on the moon . . .

. . . or if a viper being born,
uncoils under the branches,
and calms the blood lust of those
that see the naked one . . .
. . . *empty space. World by itself.*
Mouth of a river.

The first 'haiku' brings to mind Bashō's famous view of Mii-dera's temple bells which are hidden by mist. The rest with slight variations can be made to exist of their own.

To me, Lorca is essentially a visual poet. He frequently uses the concrete as abstract and vice versa and depends more on imagination and inner vision than a perception of the description of the physical world and plunge again into his world of dreams. I recommend his poetry to lovers of haiku to study (if nothing else) how he has used the principles of haiku for a purpose entirely his own.



JAPAN'S EROTIC HAIKU

Hiroaki Sato

The recent publication of *Haiku Sekai, Series 1: Eroticism*, edited by Natsuishi Ban'ya *et al.*,¹ reminds us that if this is the first book of its kind in Japan, as it appears to be, then America is somewhat ahead in this regard. In 1974, Cor van den Heuvel, in his celebrated book, *The Haiku Anthology*,² cited, among others, a brief sequence by Michael McClintock.

pushing
 inside . . . until
 her teeth shine

This reminds me of the notice on the glass door to my office, "PUSH TO ENTER." Or perhaps I should say that I remember this haiku by McClintock every morning I see the sign.

the first melt . . .
 her eyes gone
 under their lids

while we wait
to do it again,
the rain of spring

The last one has what you might call a Japanese touch.

Within ten years after *The Haiku Anthology* appeared, the Canadian haiku poet Rod Willmot compiled and published a book called unequivocally *Erotic Haiku*.³ Here I'll cite two from it, both by women. One is by Alexis Rotella, who describes the PUSH TO ENTER instruction from the opposite perspective:

Leading him in. . . .
my bracelet
jangling.

The other one is by Anita Virgil.

holding you
in me still. . . .
sparrow songs

So how do Japanese writers fare in the face of these fabulous competitors? First, we'll look at senryū writers, all taken from the article by Taira Sōsei in *Eroticism*, all by women. Despite the recent blurring of the distinction between the two genres of haiku and senryū, both here and in Japan, there persists the sense that something like "eroticism" ought to remain in the senryū domain. Indeed, the very first person I cite, Tokizane Shinko (b. 1929), is known to have affirmed the classic distinction by observing, "Haiku sing of nature, while senryū of human affairs."

Koi nareri yo-ji niwa yo-ji no kisha ga deru

Love achieved at 4 o'clock the 4-o'clock train leaves

Kyōbōna ai ga hoshii no entotsu yo

Violent love's what I want I say smoke-stack

Kampai no aa niwatori no maruhadaka

Completely defeated ah I'm a chicken stripped naked

Tsuma o koroshite yurari yurari to tazune ko yo

Kill your wife and swaying swaying come visit me

I don't know if any of these engender erotic feelings in you.

With the next person, there's a little more sensuality. She is Hayashi Fujio (1925-59), who was called "the Yosano Akiko of the senryū world."

Ryōkan o tanoshimu kuroki midare-gami

Enjoying the voluminousness of my black tangled hair

With this one, you can't tell whether the person who is enjoying the voluminous hair is the owner of the hair or her lover, but this piece at once brings to mind one famous tanka on "black tangled hair" by Yosano Akiko (1878-1942):

*Kurokami no chi-suji no kami no midare-gami katsu omoi
midare omoi midaruru*

Black hair, a thousand strands of hair, tangled hair—
my thoughts so tangled, my thoughts become tangled!

Although tangled hair may be attractive only in certain, select circumstances, it's too bad that Japanese women *and* men today regard their

black hair as less than attractive. It was the president of McDonald's Japan who said, to the shocked amusement of Americans, "If the Japanese keep eating hamburgers, they'll become blonde in 2000 years," and that was twenty years ago. Evidently, many Japanese have decided they can't wait that long.

Hebi no sei nomitsukushitaru me to narinu

I've turned into eyes that swallowed up the snake's soul

Here, the word *sei*, given, to be on the safe side, as "soul," can be "essence," or even "semen." Depending on your imagination, this can present a very titillating picture.

Beddo no zekkyō yoru no buranko ni noru

Bed's screams on night's swing I ride

The original has only one extra syllable, but you can't parse it into syllabic units no matter how you read the kanji. Indeed, with modern haiku, deciphering the intended reading of kanji is often a problem. And speaking of haiku, if this were presented as a haiku, *buranko*, "swing," would be the kigo, "season word," and indicate spring. Why? Because Chinese court ladies used to play with swings in spring, and because Su Tung-P'o (1036-1101) has left a famous poem which reads, in Burton Watson's translation:

Spring night—one hour worth a thousand gold coins;
Clear scent of flowers, shadowy moon.
Songs and flutes upstairs—threads of sound;
In the garden, a swing, where night is deep and still

The word *buranko*, incidentally, is said to derive from the Portuguese word *balanco*.

Ko ni atau chibura ni arazu onna nari

These breasts not to be given to a child I a woman

Kuwano Akiko (b. 1925) has:

Sharekōbe kishimu zecchō-kan no naka

The skull squeaks in the midst of the ecstatic peak

The word *sharekōbe*, in the original, refers to that which a gravedigger throws up in *Hamlet*, and of which Hamlet says, "That skull had

a tongue in it, and could sing once”—that is, the word *sharekōbe* does not have the sense of “head,” derogatory or otherwise.

Yamakura Yōko, on whom no personal information is given in *Eroticism*, has:

Wa no naka e anata o ireta mama aki e

Holding you inside my ring till autumn comes

What in the world does *wa*, “ring,” mean? If it means what I think it means, Yamakura-san’s attachment to that which I shall leave unmentioned is far more durable than Anita Virgil’s.

What about haikuwriters?

Here we’ll take a look at only one person: Fuji Manami. Perhaps because she is an actress, no vital information is given save that she signed an exclusive contract with NHK⁴ in 1957. She is one of the nineteen people asked to contribute erotic haiku to *Eroticism*, but one of only a handful who submitted pieces that actually *appear* to respond to that request. Most of the other people must have been shy or perhaps too old to think suddenly about eroticism: Their pieces are mostly so nonphysical or abstract as to require a long stretch of the imagination to extract any eroticism from them.

So here are Fuji Manami’s erotic haiku. At least one element that makes them haiku, rather than senryū, is the inclusion of kigo.

Ushiro yori mimi kamareite kageroeri

Earlobe being nibbled from behind in heat haze

Here, *kagerō*, “heat haze,” used in a verb form, indicates spring. Don’t ask me why. Also, what I have transliterated as *mimi* consists of two characters that would normally be read *mimitabu*, “earlobe.”

Sebunsu hebun mōfu ichimai Fuji Haitsu

Seventh heaven a single blanket in Wisteria Heights

Here, I imagine *Fuji Haitsu*, “Wisteria Heights,” to be a name given to one of those apartment buildings that the Japanese prefer to call fancifully “mansions,” but it can be a hilltop. In the latter case, it describes what we call *yagō*, “coitus in an open field.” The wisteria is a kigo for spring. Is Ms. Fuji punning on her own name and saying something like, “Seventh heaven! Under one blanket I’m having the best orgasm of all”? We don’t know. We have to ask her.

Hashirizuyu kabe ichimai no chitai kana

Forerunner rainy season a single wall's lascivious pose

Hashirizuyu, here given as “forerunner rainy season,” is the rainfall that precedes the onset of the real rainy season that lasts six weeks or so. It indicates the early summer. The original construction is so compressed that you can't tell whether the speaker is imagining what's happening behind a wall or describing what she's doing inside the wall.

Gyōzui ya kireina hone ni soi nagaru

Tub-bathing it flows down along the pretty bone

“Tub-bathing” for *gyōzui* is an example of a translator's *kyūyo no issaku*—an act of desperation. In the old days, during the summer, people used to take out a washing tub in the garden, pour cold or warm water into it, and bathe in it. And that particular form of cooling off was called *gyōzui*. In this apparently narcissistic haiku, is Ms. Fuji referring to her pubic bone by “pretty bone”?

Asa no momo furuki tatami ni haite sū

Morning peach on the old tatami sprawling I suck on it

The peach, in Chinese and therefore Japanese tradition, has been a symbol of female sexuality and sensuality. Aside from that, this piece reminds me of a scene in Ken Russell's movie about Tchaikovsky, called *The Music Lovers*. In it Tchaikovsky's patroness, a duchess or countess, who is infatuated with the composer, not knowing he is homosexual, picks up the half-eaten peach he has just left on a table and ecstatically tongues it. Pauline Kael condemned the movie as representing “baroque vulgarity.”

And speaking of sucking and tonguing, here is—

Akibie ya kuchibeni o fuku nido sando

Autumn chill I wipe my lipstick twice three times

And, since this talk is becoming too long, here is the last one for the night:

Mazu ashi no yubi yori arau nagaki yoru

I begin by washing my toes this long night

Nagaki yoru, “long night,” is a *kigo* for autumn.

[This article is based on a talk given by Hiroaki Sato at the Tenri Cultural Institute in New York on November 8, 1996, to mark the publication of his *Bashō's Narrow Road: Spring & Autumn Passages* (Stone Bridge Press, 1996).]

¹Tokyo: Yūzankaku, 1996.

²Garden City, NY: Anchor/Doubleday, 1974. This was the first anthology of haiku in English that was published by a large commercial publishing house.

³Windsor, ON: Black Moss Press, 1983.

⁴The Japanese national broadcasting system (editor's note).



ISHIHARA YATSUKA

Kristen Deming

The haiku masters of the past are well known and revered: Matsuo Bashō, Yosa Buson, Kobayashi Issa, and Masaoka Shiki, to name a few. Their poetry continues to teach us by example. However, we await the judgement of history as to who will be considered the preeminent masters among the many fine haiku leaders of today.

Among modern-day haiku masters, Ishihara Yatsuka, leader of the *Aki* haiku group, stands as an example of the development of a modern haiku poet. Yatsuka's accomplishments reflect his steady efforts to write haiku and to develop his powers as a writer, editor, and literary critic. He has written over thirty-six books, fourteen haiku anthologies, many collections of poetry, biographies of famous poets, books of literary criticism, and essays.

Unlike the master poets of Bashō's time, modern leaders have greater demands on their time from students, news media, academia, and increased pressure to publish. It is a lifestyle that takes great strength of character and heart, not to mention great energy. Yatsuka reads an estimated 40,000 haiku poems a month as a result of his many poetic activities. He often works through the night to find the necessary hours.

In discussing his philosophy of haiku, he says, "One of the purposes of haiku is to guard language and tradition. It should not change too quickly. We must preserve haiku for future generations." He adds, "Haiku is the poetry of experience. The poetry that you leave behind is the record of your life experiences." His group has traveled over much of Japan together, and has also traveled to other countries for fresh inspiration. Some of his students have been with the *Aki* group for over 30 years, and are deeply devoted to their teacher.

Ishihara Yatsuka stresses looking inward rather than only looking at nature and describing it in the *shasei* (sketch of nature) style advocated by Shiki. Yatsuka wants to bring human feeling and thought into his haiku. The expression *naikan zokei* means "inside scenery" or the "scenery of the human mind." "*Kigo* is a window to the mind." He looks outside to inside through the window of *kigo*. He doesn't want his disciples to see flowers, trees, and landscapes simply, but as reflections of the mind. Everything, he says, exists within the mind to begin with. He wants haiku to express and unveil the mind and feel-

ing. "In haiku," he says, "the subject is always 'I,' but the 'I' is implied, not directly expressed. Whatever the subject, whether you, he, she, or it, it is always 'I.'"

"Writing haiku is a process of knowing yourself better. You will know your true self by reading your own haiku. Compose haiku, then read it, and you will know who you are. In Japan, it usually takes about five years for a haiku beginner to really understand that you don't cling to poetic expression but you should go straight to the *kigo* concept. Through *kigo*, you look inside yourself. Trust yourself to the *kigo*."

In October 1995, Ishihara Yatsuka led a delegation of poets to "Haiku Chicago," a poetry conference held in the United States co-sponsored by the Haiku International Association and the Haiku Society of America. The poets of both countries exchanged ideas, lectured, and wrote poetry together, affirming the growing links between haiku poets around the world.

[Excerpted by Lee Gurga from an essay by Kristen Deming]

Haiku by Ishihara Yatsuka

Translations by Tadashi Kondo and William J. Higginson

Typography by Fay Aoyagi

枯菊を焚いて黄泉の火起こしけり
kare-giku o taite yomi no hi okoshi keru
withered mum (o) burning Hades of fire made (pfct)
burning withered mums / started up a fire / of Hades

己れ動けば句もまた動く羽抜鶏
onore ugokeba ku mo mata ugoku hanuke-dori
I move (if) verse also move feather-shedding chicken
if I move / the verse also moves / feather-shedding chicken

露の彩動き赤富士現じけり

tuyu no iro ugoki aka-fuji genji keru

dew of colors move red fuji appear (pfct)

colors of dew / moved and red Mt Fuji / appeared

亀鳴くは己れの拙を泣くごとし

kame naku wa onore no setsu o naku gotoshi

turtle cry (s) I of shortcoming (o) cry like

turtle's crying / is like my crying / over my shortcomings

火を焚いて白夜の神を湖に呼ぶ

hi o taite byakuya no kami o umi ni yobu

fire (o) burning white night of god (o) lake to call

burning fire / to call to the lake / gods of the white night

懺悔室に突きあたりたる年の暮

zange-shitsu ni tsukiataritaru toshi no kure

confession room into bumped year of end

bumped into / the confession room / end of the year

order: original, alphabetic representation,
word-to word trot, literal translation

(o)=object; (s)=subject, (pfct)=perfect tense

(o)=object; (s)=subject, (pfct)=perfect tense

BOOK REVIEWS

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

It is safe to say that David Cobb of North Essex, England, is a prolific haijin. Published in twelve countries—in no less than eight languages—he is the author of four books. His haiku song cycle “Images from our Natural Path” with music by Colin Blundell, had the honor of being performed in 1994 at the 2nd International Haiku Festival in Romania. David helped to establish the British Haiku Society in 1990 and co-edited IRON Press’ *Haiku Hundred*, 1992.

This hand-sized volume with a scarlet and pale lavender glossy cover and matching lavender flyleaf is a joy to the eye and the touch. Inside, two poems, with plenty of white space between, appear on each page and are framed in a thin black border. You will find a feast of crisply printed haiku—more than 160—on fine white paper that resembles quality parchment. Exquisite black ink drawings by Charlotte Smith embellish this already impressive book to provide a complete work of art.

On opening this collection, we find some interesting history about this collection’s unique title, which is a Japanese euphemism for “taking a risky decision.” David judiciously associates the phrase with the writing of haiku and life itself. Consequently, this collection revolves “around seasons of the human cycle rather than natural seasons.”¹ Experienced enough, this poet does not equate “spring to youth, winter to old age,” etc.; instead seasons here reflect “something of the ‘rise and fall’”² of events during a lifetime. Thanks to David’s clear vision, all of this makes for a unique and memorable journey.

While I have enjoyed David Cobb’s haiku in various publications, this is the first time I have read a body of his work and he does not disappoint. The smooth rhythms, rich language, and fresh imagery in most of these poems as well as the emotion they evoke are impressive. Consider the following:

in the garden shed
a screw turned tighter
winds in a web

 pacing the streets
 for the tenth time passing
 that scrunched eggshell

egg-and-spoon—
only the Down's syndrome girl
cheats without blushing

couple aged eighty
carrying a dozen eggs
between them

Understandably, David's haiku about war and death are deeply moving, but be prepared—he can draw a warm smile from you when you least expect:

after the all-clear
not remembering the bombs
only the kiss

day of his funeral
still inviting messages
after the tone

While some humor appears in this collection, don't expect to find it in abundance or evoking ha-ha-ha's. Instead, most humor urges a smile, although sometimes you may get the impression that the poet is trying too hard. An example of each:

lightning bolt—
the fax machine issues
a blank receipt

incontinence
afflicts him, yet he goes on
tying up sweet peas

A few haiku here will make you shudder, but David Cobb is not one to walk through life with one eye shut:

mauled blackbird
with its last pulse
squirting lime

Wednesday market-
the smell of onions
in the mackerel's eyes

As he stated in a letter to me,¹ "I do not, as you see, write for the squeamish!" Indeed, but unlike certain modern others who write raw-reality haiku, David Cobb does not dwell on it, but finds more beauty, love, and gentleness in life.

Overall, *Jumping from Kiyomizu* provides a most satisfying read. The sequence holds interest throughout, moving along smoothly, the majority of poems being well-crafted. Highly recommended.

Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques

¹Personal letter, Sept. 21, 1995

²Personal letter, Dec. 6, 1995

A Dash Through Leaves. Penny Griffin. Persephone Press, Whispering Pines, NC, 1995. 96 pp, 5¾×8½ in, paper, perfectbound, letterpress, US\$20.00; hardback limited edition of 100, US\$32.00. From author at 726 Greenhill Rd., Mount Airy, NC 27030.

Picture this dark green title amid a scattering of delicate leaves on a deckle-edged 80-pound white cover and inside, off-white pages that reveal one to three handset haiku, neatly arranged on each page.

The book is divided seasonally with an additional New Year section, a semitransparent page preceding each season to introduce the season and its moon according to “an ancient Chinese lunar calendar,” revealing behind it the name of the moon in a calligraphic Chinese script. With Mona Wu’s charming Oriental paintings, *A Dash Through Leaves* makes for an attractive package.

In the “Forward,” Rebecca Rust, founder of the North Carolina Haiku Society, informs us that Penny Griffin studied the Japanese language, ceremonies, and calligraphy while living in a Shinto Temple near Kyoto. Later, she taught American Art History at the Machida Obirin University in greater Tokyo for one summer. More recently she attended a retreat at the Namgyal Monastery in Ithaca, NY that helped to strengthen “her interest in the Buddhist philosophy and its relation to haiku.” Penny is the editor of NCHS’ newsletter, *Pine Needles*.

In this, her first collection, Penny shares 89 moments of nature, love, joy, and light humor captured at home and afar. Colorful images and gentle rhythms are rewarding discoveries.

Her bright colored quilts
draped across the porch rail
rustle of autumn leaves

Autumn deepens
along the mountain ridge
lights go out one by one

First snowfall
a forgotten tea kettle
boils dry

Vatican City
in the holy enclave
children work the crowd

Several haiku here are satisfying indeed but a few fall short of capturing a “now moment.” Also, some poems with lines that end with a verb, preposition, or conjunction (rather than a noun) seem less effective while certain word choices are unfortunate—as in “cunning scent of honeysuckle.” Nevertheless, poems that work well in this first collection give testimony to Penny Griffin’s haiku heart and eye and her genuine love for this form. With that kind of enthusiasm, Penny’s next collection could well be a five-star winner.

Off the path
a dash through leaves
just to hear the sound

Pilot. Anita Virgil. Peaks Press, Forest, VA, 1996. Prose, haiku, and other poetry. 41 unnum. pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$10.95 + \$2.00 s&h (VA residents add 50¢ sales tax) from author, 202 Merrywood Dr., Forest, VA 24551.

It is difficult to know what to make of this book, or what to say about it. The opening dedication to a retired naval officer, identified as “Tailhooker Emeritus” (an unfortunate phrase, with a present-day derogatory meaning), followed by an introduction which is essentially a paeon to the Grumman A-6 Intruder bomber, and a prose piece, in the staccato, partial-sentence style of mens’ action pulp magazines, describing a bombing run and evasion of surface-to-air missiles in the Vietnam War, lead one to expect, in the 26 poems that follow, a glorification of aerial warfare. But these poems contain neither approval nor condemnation; they strive for understanding of the men who fly bombing runs from aircraft carriers, not of their motives but of their stresses and anxieties:

on the way up
the missile burns a hole
through the fog

night raid radio gone
straining to find just one
wingtip light

and the excesses of compensation:

well-lubricated
the pilots take turns launching
each other down the stairs

Are these haiku? The answer depends upon your defining parameters. They obviously are not from Anita Virgil’s direct experience; at best they are second-hand. Many are merely story-telling, but at least on one occasion there is a matter-of-fact presentation that intimates the horror of war to civilians; on facing pages, these poems appear:

the attack pilots
thunder from cloud cover
for the river
for the bridge

under the thundering sky
1 cyclist pedals madly
on a bridge

Reaction to this pair may vary, depending on one’s mindset; I recall the smirk with which a high-ranking officer on morning television news during the Gulf War preceded a bird’s-eye infrared clip of a vehicle passing a point on a road seconds before a “smart bomb” hit: “. . . and here’s the luckiest motorist in Iraq!”

And there is at least one haiku in this book that makes one forget that the general subject is war:

that moment
when the night clouds give back
a star

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

Little Books

Eighteen kinds of loneliness. Sam Savage, 1995. iii + 18 foldout pp, 6×4¼ in, handmade cover (*kozo*) and endpapers; handset, letterpress-printed, and string end-bound by the author. \$10, postpaid anywhere.

A Simple Universe. Sonō Uchida. Intro. William J. Higginson. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City, CA 94404; 1995. trans. 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.

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

Little books. Little in size, not in importance. Hard to store so you can find them again (has a bookcase suitable for an aficionado of haiku yet been invented?)

Sam Savage gives us another of his exquisite hand-made books. Between paper-banded *kōzo* (mulberry paper) covers and Indian paper endsheets are 18 haiku inside foldout pages, handset and -printed and endsewn with thread, that represent different kinds of aloneness, among them the aloneness of the caring person in the presence of the destroyer, the apartness of old lovers who now value comfort over passion:

Men together—
showing off his guns
he has me heft them

Summer night—
we sleep
without touching

and the dreadful loneliness that I knew as a kid:

The child neither team wanted clasping his knees

Sonō Uchida, former Japanese ambassador to Senegal, Morocco, and the Vatican, and now president of the Haiku International Association, gives us 16 haiku covering a year of appreciativeness, from Outer Consciousness in the title poem:

With eyes closed—
a simple twittering
universe.

to Inner Consciousness in the last:

Fall, snow
pile up, snow—
I've got famous *sake*.

and between, so many Moments:

Eight thousand cranes
that will migrate tomorrow—
I sleep close by.

Rising out of
a snow-covered field—
cranes taking wing.

John Stevenson's 41 verses include senryu that put some people in their places:

eightth of july
sparklers with our
second best friends

road map
his hometown
on the margin

some haiku that discover some people in their places:

night train
two men at a barrel fire
flash by

peripheral vision
her legs
in study hall

and a vision of the universal struggle of all beings:

head first
against long odds
polliwog

Like these samples, most of John Stevenson's poems are unadorned, with nothing interfering with their simple clarity. The way haiku should be.

Reviews by Kenneth C. Leibman

the duck's wake. Jeff Witkin, 1996. 31 unnum. pp, 5½×7½ in., paper, saddle-sewn, jacket. \$4.00 ppd from author, 1204 Fallsmead Way, Potomac, MD 20854, or book trade.

Jeff Witkin is a distinguished experimental biologist, the head of a National Institutes of Health research group. One finds him at meetings of the Federation of American Societies of Experimental Biology. One also finds him at meetings of the Haiku Society of America.

If this first chapbook has a shortcoming, it is perhaps in its diversity: 33 haiku, eight tanka, and three renga with different partners. I shall concentrate on the haiku in this review.

Some are pictures, well-crafted, but pictures nevertheless . . .

evening drizzle
moonlit drops grow slowly
on the bare dogwood

morning fog—
a gull lets loose
the clam shell

but others are epiphanies; we feel the sudden effect on the poet:

a white owl
steals a dream
the waning moon

waving me
from the formal garden
that one wild aster

He speaks of unity with the otherness of a lover . . .

another dream beside me in your own

and of seeking unity with the Otherness of the Universe:

learning
nothing
at
the
Zendo

leaving
as i came
down the path
alone

The first poem is a Zen joke; it's not that the poet didn't learn anything; he learned Nothing, and Nothing is everything! In the sense of Auden's "poetry makes nothing happen." The second is not quite Omar Khayyám's "ever I came out by that same door as in I went." Of course the poet left as he came; he learned nothing he had not known all along, whether he knew it or not. And I'm sure he went to the lab the next day. Chopped wood. Carried water.

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

. . . *the path of the bird* a collection of haiku on American wild birds. vincent tripi. Select. & arr. Phyllis Walsh. Illust. David Kopitzke. Hummingbird Press, 1996. 72 unnum. handset pp, 4½×6¾ in, paper, saddle-sewn, jacket. \$10.00 ppd; make check to/ order from Phyllis Walsh, POB 96, Richland Center, WI 53581.

Forty-seven birds are featured in 53 haiku in this attractive book, with its jacketed wrapper-cover over a plain black inner cover. It is a bit surprising that only one-third feature the song or other sounds made by the birds, as vincent tripi opens with a statement in explanation of the title: "The path of the bird is its song." But in some cases, the song is the only evidence of the bird in the poet's experience:

The whooping crane
i've never seen
staring all around

Night prayer . . .
the whippoorwill i've never seen
singing

(indeed, I have heard the whippoorwill's North Florida cousin, the chuck-wills-widow, many times without ever a sighting).

And the poet's warning (for, as Wilfred Owen said, "All a poet can do is warn") that as a species is endangered, so is the song:

An endangered
cerulean warbler's song
sky through a spider web

If the birdsong haiku are emphasized in this review, it is because I feel them to be the most effective:

Wrapping me
in wren song
the willow

As far as the sea sound
i follow
a herring gull's cry

Finally, the way that a birdcall enhances the poet's mood, in his poem for his parents:

Mourning dove . . .
the feel of the "O"
in their stones

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

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

This book commemorates the seventh Two Autumns readings of Haiku Poets of Northern California. The title derives from Otsugi's haiku "spring rain—/between the trees/a path to the sea". Editor Christopher Herold's reading: "Rain overflows the hollows . . . and rushes down the hill, between the trees, a freshet that becomes a brook, then a creek that joins a river . . . water, returning to its source . . . we haiku poets . . . are born into different cultures, . . . speak different languages, respond to different aesthetic values, and have countless ways of expressing ourselves. Yet we've all chosen haiku as a form of expression. It is our path to the sea."

Herold sees all four poets in this book as marvelers. "Dan Brady stands in the doorway, marveling. His poems reveal . . . the place where we come to know the ephemeral."

broken wagon wheel
around the iron rim
trace of a snail

dusting off the paper . . .
the tiny insect's blood
a brushstroke

Helen K. Davie too, says Herold, "lingers on a threshold, between then and now, between joy and sorrow . . . she sways back and forth between two worlds, and marvels at the solitude that embraces them both."

summer twilight—
from behind the maple tree
a child's voice . . . counting

leaving the vet's . . .
the empty rattle
of the cat carrier

"Pat Gallagher walks along the path, marveling," says Herold. "He has a knack for recognizing irony. . . . There is also an airy, romantic side to some of Pat's haiku."

dark attic stairs
the light switch
at the top

the child jumps back
from his first sight
of tidepool life

"Amazed by her surroundings," Herold says, "Evelyn Hermann keeps very still and marvels at the relevance of what she finds. . . The other half of the time, Evelyn finds it impossible to get the tongue out of her cheek."

shaft of moonlight
through the redwoods—
a deer's silhouette

garden pond
a raccoon
drinking moonshine

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

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 matter of wings. anne mckay. wind chimes press, 1996. 62 pp, 5½×4¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.50 from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L-2Y9, Canada.

Beating of Heart/Kucanje Srca. Maša Bambić. Croatian Haiku Assoc., Samobor, 1996 (Haiku Series Book 8). 66 pp, 5½×8 in. paper, perfectbound. In Croatian and English. npg; query publisher at Smerovišće 24, 10430 Samobor, Croatia.

Between Two Waves/Între două valuri. H.F. Noyes. Foreword by Elizabeth St Jacques. Introduction by Ebba Story. In English and Romanian (tr. Mihaela & Ion Codrescu). Illust. Ion Codrescu. Leda Publishing House, Constanța, 1996. 96 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$10.00 + \$4.00 p&h from [US dollar bankchecks (no postal money orders) made out to] Ion Codrescu, str. Soveja nr. 25, Bl. V2, sc. B, ap. 31, 8700 Constanța, Romania.

Clocking Out. Carlos Colón. Trapp Publications, Shreveport, LA, 1996. ii + 53 pp, 5½×8½ in, paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.00 ppd from author, 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105-3523.

Haiku Tapestry. Naomi Y. Brown. Illust. Nina Klinkenberg. Yucca Books, POB 640286, El Paso, TX 79904-0286; 1996. 96 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$9.95.

Haunting Us With His Love. David Samuel Bloch. Illust. & Calligraphy Julie Hagan Bloch. 1996. 28 unnum. pp, 5¼×8½ in, paper, saddle-sewn. \$6.70 ppd from Julie Bloch, 51 Mongaup Rd., Hurleyville, NY 12747.

Home Sick From Work. John Sheirer. First Blade Publishers, Belpre, OH, 1996. Haiku and other poems. 120 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$9.50 ppd; make check to and mail to author at Asnuntuck Community Technical College, 170 Elm St., Enfield, CT 06082.

Now That the Night Ends. Gerald John Conforti. Introduction by Cor van den Heuvel; afterword by Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, POB 767,

Gualala, CA 95445, and Chant Press, 129 E. 10 St., New York, NY 10003; 1996. Tanka. 91 pp, 5¼×½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$10 ppd from either press.

Paris. William Hart. Illust. Jayasri Majumdar. Timberline Press, 6281 Red Bud, Fulton, MO 65251; 1996. vi + 31 pp, 5¼×8¼ in. paper, perfectbound. \$7.50 + \$1.50 p&h.

rectangle of light. Marje A. Dyck. Illus. James Dyke. proof press, 87 rue Court, Aylmer, QC J9H 4M1, Canada. 44 pp, 6¾×4¼ in, paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.00 + \$1.00 per order s&h.

Silver Path of Moon. janice m. bostok. Haibun. post pressed, Brisbane. 22 pp, 5¾×8¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. npg; query author at Campbell's Rd., Dungay, NSW 2484, Australia.

Sunlight Through Rain: A Northwest Haiku Year. Robert Major and Francine Porad, eds. Haiku Anthology. Vandina Press, Mercer Island, WA, 1996. 57 unnum. pp, 5×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$8.00 + \$1.25 p&h; make check to and mail to F. Porad, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324.

Swallows' Play/Igra Lastavica. Nediljko Boban. Croatian Haiku Assoc., Samobor, 1996 (Haiku Series Book 9). Haiku and tanka in Croatian and English. 67 pp, 5½×8 in. paper, perfectbound. npg; query publisher at Smerovišće 24, 10430 Samobor, Croatia.

the moon tonight. Cathy Drinkwater Better. Los Hombres Press, Box 632729, San Diego, CA 92163-2729; 1996. 56 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, center-stapled. \$7.95.

Tide of the Sky/Pučina Neba. Ana Habazin. Illust. Erika Škalabrin. Croatian Haiku Assoc., Samobor, 1996 (Haiku Series Book 10). Haiku in Croatian and English. 68 pp, 5½×8 in. paper, perfectbound. npg; query publisher at Smerovišće 24, 10430 Samobor, Croatia.

train whistle. Wally Swist. proof press, 67 rue Court, Aylmer, QC J9H 4M1, Canada, 1996. 37 pp, 6¾×4¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.00 + \$1.00 per order s&h.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA BUSINESS

Amendments to the Haiku Society of America Bylaws, as Ratified December 6, 1996

Amendment 1. Article III, Section 1 is amended as follows: The officers shall consist of a president, a first and second vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a periodical editor, and a newsletter editor.

Amendment 2. Article V, Section 6 is amended as follows: The newsletter editor shall design, edit, and produce the Society's quarterly newsletter. (Former Section 6 to be renumbered 7).

These amendments were ratified by a two-thirds majority vote of those responding to the amendment proposal, as included on the annual ballot for the election of HSA Officers, December 6, 1996.

Dee Evetts, HSA Secretary

CONTESTS

National League of American Pen Women: Palomar Branch 1997 International Poetry Contest, Haiku Category

Deadline March 15, 1996. Mail original, unpublished haiku ("traditional or contemporary") on duplicate 8½×11 sheets, both labeled "Haiku Category", but only one with name, address, and phone no. Prizes \$50/\$25/\$10 + HM, and publication in chapbook. Judge, Elizabeth Searle Lamb. Mail with entry fee of \$5.00 per 3 haiku (checks/MO payable to NLAPW) and SASE or SAE/IRC to Helen J. Sherry, 11929 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128. Other categories: Free Verse and Rhymed Verse, 30-line limit each, fee \$5.00 each poem.

HOBO Haiku Competition

In-hand deadline April 15, 1997. Prizes \$300/\$60/\$40 (presumably Australian dollars. All entries will be subject to first option for publication in *HOBO*. Entry fee (Aust\$1/haiku) must be paid only in Australian dollars by check, MO, or cash. If you can manage that, send SASE to *frogpond* (POB 767, Archer, FL 32618-0767) for an entry form which explains the pseudonym system to be used and other details.

Tiny Poems Press Haiku/Senryu/Tanka Chapbook Contest

In-hand deadline May 15, 1997. Send one entry consisting of a chapbook MS consisting of 15-40 haiku, senryu, or tanka in a sequence or grouping (in English only; no translations). Four winners will be selected for publication in Summer 1997 in 5½×4¼ in. staplebound paperback chapbooks; each will receive 50 copies of the first printing of 100 and half of any subsequent printings. Acknowledge all prior publication credits. Include name, address, and phone number or e-mail address. Submit on only a few sheets to save paper. Send with entry fee (\$10 in check/MO payable to John Sheirer) to John Sheirer, Asnuntuck Community-Technical College, 170 Elm St., Enfield, CT 06082.

Canadian Writer's Journal 1997 Poetry Competition

In hand deadline June 30, 1997. Categories: Free verse, Traditional, Haiku, Sijo. Judge: Elizabeth St Jacques. Prizes each category: 40/25/15% of fees + sponsorships. Send two 3×5 index cards for each haiku/senryu (unpublished, not under consideration elsewhere); one card with no identification; one with name and address in UL; both

marked "Haiku" in UR. Mail to, with entry fee of \$1 per haiku (checks payable to) Canadian Writer's Journal, Box 5180, New Liskeard, ON P0J 1P0, Canada. For winners list, include SASE or SAE + 2 IRC. Winners published in Fall 1997 issue; include extra \$2 if copy is desired. For rules for other categories contact CWJ at above address or email <dranchuk@aol.com>.

CONTEST WINNERS (other than HSA contests)

Haiku Headlines Timepieces Contest. Final Judge: James W. Hackett. Grand Prize, Kevin Hull; second prize, Ernest J. Berry; third prize, Leatrice Lifshitz. Highly commended (unranked): Lee Gurga, Riána Knowles, Rita Z. Mazur, C. Mele, Kohjin Sakamoto.

PUBLICATIONS

1996 Haiku Society of America Members' Anthology. Price of the 1996 Anthology has been announced: US\$7.00 + \$2.00 p&h; send orders and make checks payable to either Lee Gurga, 514 Pekin St., Lincoln, IL 62656 or Randy Brooks, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur, IL 62526.

Still. Congratulations to ai li for getting out issue number one of *still: a journal of short verse*. The shortest verse in this issue is one word, the longest are a 19-word vertical poem and a 12-line conventional poem. Contributors not only from UK, but also from US, South Africa, Germany, Arabia, and Japan. Many haiku and other poems in haiku form. 49 Englands Lane, London NW3 4YD, England; e-mail: still@into.demon.co.uk; website: www.into.demon.co.uk.

Point Judith Light. The *Light* shines again, as the Fall-Winter 1996 issue has appeared. Now in chapbook format. The planned frequency is not announced. \$3/issue from Patrick Frank, ed./publ., POB 6145, Springfield, MA 01101.

American Haiku Archive. An article by Michael Dylan Welch on the foundation of the Archive, with photographs of the inauguration ceremonies, appeared in the *California State Library Foundation Bulletin* number 57, October 1996. The Foundation's address is 1225 - 8th St., Suite 345, Sacramento, CA 95814.

MEETINGS

Haiku North America 1997. The fourth biennial Haiku North America will take place at Portland State University in Portland, OR on July 24-27, 1997. Speakers will be Patricia Donegan, Sam Hamill, William J. Higginson, and others. Sponsors are Portland State University, the Japan America Society of Oregon, and American haiku organizations. The local committee consists of Margaret Chula, Cherie Hunter Day, and Ce Rosenow. Registration fees will be \$80 for the full conference before May 31; \$100 late registration; for one day (Friday or Saturday), \$50 before 5/31, \$70 late. Checks should be made payable in US funds to Haiku North America. Address Haiku North America, POB 91128, Portland, OR 97291. Members of North American haiku societies, watch your mailboxes for brochures.

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