

frogpond



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WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Earlier this summer a Walter Kerr piece in the *New York Times* (6.28.87, Arts & Leisure Section, page 1) called "When the Playgoer's the Thing" caught my eye. "Has it ever struck you that our audiences are as versatile as our actors?" Kerr wrote. After pointing out that we expect actors and actresses to transform themselves radically from role to role ("It's the bag of tricks the lot of them were born to."), he goes on to say, "Lately I've been impressed by the kinds of adaptation—and the sheer number of them—that the audience is required to make." How true this is of the 'audience' for a haiku magazine!

The haiku poets are the actors, playing out their accustomed or unaccustomed roles on the stage of the journal's page, creating a bit of magic with words and form and rhythm and sensory image. Each reader is an audience of one who must adapt to all the various kinds of haiku—and senryu—facing him, must enter the world of the single haiku, completing through his own sensitive perception the haiku experience. Most of us write haiku using a personal 'haiku vocabulary.' We may need to remind ourselves to cultivate the versatility of the playgoer when we become audience, instead.

When we come to the haiku, each one, we need to let it have its own unhurried time on its own small square of the stage. If we are open to it, able to 'finish the poem' with our own awareness, then there will be some magic in the performance.



w/o arms
w/o legs even
this green snake

Clark Strand

in the mossy rock's shadow
snow lingers on
at the edge of August

B. Stephen Freedberg

Circling higher and higher
at last the hawk pulls its shadow
from the world

George Swede

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond X:2*

a horse-drawn plow:
sunflowers stand
in the traces

Eugene Warren

Mexican beach:
wind blowing through
a rusted car frame

barnacles
still clinging
to a dead whale's belly

momentary dolphins—
woven in the curl
of a summer wave

Donald McLeod

spreading newspapers
for sumi-e painting
a story on Japan!

summer shower—
old woman inspects her garden
from beneath a newspaper

all afternoon
the rain-filled window
fills the mirror

through the open window
dogs howl to a siren's wail—
midnight summer moon

Gloria Cunningham

from the shadows
a butterfly
 its shadow

August dusk spreading;
each grassblade's shadow
swallows it

chilly night:
only two cicadas
back and forth

George Ralph

Summer twilight fades . . .
 Only a few more circles
 the web'll be done

Rengé/David Priebe

in San Francisco
 a wild yard of blackberries,
 its wild cat

rain plastered petals
 against the front window—
 Labor Day weekend

the wilted balloon
 far from the stadium
 covers an ant hill

Paul O. Williams

A COIN SENT SPINNING

around the yellow dahlia
the radiance
of shade

the house still shut
to this morning's chill

slippery today
the meditation bench

I stop trying to pray
and stretch
for a drink of water

peering at negatives
of a sun-drenched avenue

a vision of a god
I scratch my knee

in honour of a dream
a coin sent spinning
over the fountain spray

with a sigh, a feather
slips from the dictionary

from vision to vision
a motorbike roars past

I open the door
a breeze pours in
from the window

Rod Willmot

COUNTY FAIR

Baglady dancing
outside Gate B—
County Fair

Rock Concert—
a baby cries
unheard

Little boy
watching the juggler
spills his coke

Long after they pass,
Marine Corps drum and buglers,
my heart still pounds

Balloon floating
above the race cars—
silent moon.

Raymond J. Stovich

summer reunion:
another shirt-tail cousin
with picnic basket

the far cicada
fading in the heat and haze:
daisies at my feet

Nick Virgilio

HURRICANE SEASON
A Manhattan Renga
by
Doris Heitmeyer

Hurricane season
a Monarch butterfly flutters
down First Avenue

Crossing the East River
clouds march out to sea

The sun breaks through
a spindly locust lets fall
a shower of gold leaves

And there's a lot more up there
says the super sweeping away

Beer glasses in hand
the singles crowd overflows
into Cannon's Walk

Casting two shadows one from
the street lamp one from the moon

I'm being followed
she says out loud and walks faster
away from herself

One after another a string
of traffic lights turns red

The street echoes
the thump of a basketball
behind a school fence

Saint Shark 2 Clash Bongo 7
faded graffiti rumble past

Daylight
through a subway grating
then the elevated

The abandoned factory
each year more broken windows

Blue neon hand
in the fortune-teller's window
at midnight lit up

Her fingernails dry at last
she looks up the moon's sign

Capricorn forty-five
seeks Virgo under thirty
please enclose photo

He won't let go of her hand
as he explains the paintings

Cherry petals
plaster themselves against
the black umbrella

The smell from the doughnut shop
its windows all steamed up

Adeste fideles
the crowd flocks to the steel drums
snow falls softly

What to get for a mother
who doesn't want anything?

Windowless office
a view of distant hills on
last year's calendar

Break dancing to the rhythm
of the xerox machine

Rush hour bus
window washer stands with his pail
and sings

The starling's wolf whistle
so convincing I don't turn

Although I do not hope
to turn again, although
I do not hope*

Sir, she can turn, and turn,
and yet go on, and turn again**

Thirty-two fouettés
under their binoculars
she turns to diamond

Three drinks and the country girl
does her barnyard imitations

Broadway Friday night
arm in arm three office girls
howl at the moon

passing the construction site
where the landmark building was

A cricket
chirps behind the door
of the locked warehouse

Water slaps against the pier
breaking its reflection

Through binoculars
an old man watches the kites
above the far bank

Children drag their parents to
the first ice cream wagon

From different trees
one petal then another
spins down the stream

Afterscent of lilacs
on the subway home

*T.S. Eliot, *Ash Wednesday*

**W. Shakespeare, *Othello*



during rush hour . . .
a commuter watches an old lady
feed the pigeons

looking for his soul . . .
an alley cat crawls back
into the garbage can

Shaunt Basmajian

Listening
as the wave retreats
into itself

Crossing the moon's path
on the sea, a fleet something
on wings

Eaves
pulling sound
from the wind

Geraldine C. Little

a wind-swept cloudy beach—
the sting
of salt rain

Charles B. Rodning

torn fisherman's net
floating
out to sea

three sea gulls
circle
the captain's grave

Martha Charlier Eckel

Far from the sea
three tiny gravestones;
the taste of salt

Mildred Williams Boggs

Sleeping late;
the mockingbird's song
under my window

Denver Stull

A summer rose—
white petals fall
without turning

Frank Trotman

awning flap sound
of the fantailed dove—
midsummer lull

Humphrey Noyes

through binoculars
the song of a meadowlark
moves closer

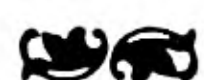
Helen J. Sherry

standing together
at one end of the field,
two old horses*

Kenneth C. Leibman

*Note: This haiku was accepted in January, 1986. Some months later a haiku very similar by another poet appeared in one of the other haiku magazines. As haiku poets, we are often moved by the same 'haiku moments,' even to using sometimes—unknowingly—some of the same words in our responses. ESL

DEWDROP MOURNING
in memory of H. D. Cameron 1920-1985



the call	midnight dreaming of a ringing sound again . . . again
the answer	night-stand to my ear a thousand miles
the news	through clouds billowing seven miles high lightning flashes
the trip	an evening flight high above dark fields sunrise in the west
the town	fruit, flowers and a favorite cake footsteps on the porch
the relatives	children playing one more game of hide and seek
the viewing	family, friends, neighbors and one stranger . . . walking home
the service	wide-eyed toddler holds her daddy's hand so tightly
the cemetery	meadowlark's song drifting over old friends a dewdrop mourning

Gary L. Vaughn

THE DANCING EAR: BLUES AND HAIKU

by Loren & Suzanne Mattei

haiku
the thousand winds
a petal

True composition is a dynamic event which never ends. The eternity one feels in experiencing a work of art comes, in part, from the intangible element, from what lies beneath, behind, above, below, and within the manifested work itself. One becomes a part of that creation by calling upon one's own soul to touch the intangible.

Glorious!
paper orchids
wind-tattered

Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the experience of haiku, the Japanese originated poetic tradition to which this journal is dedicated, and our own American musical idiom, blues. The simplicity of both of these artistic forms is deceptive. What could be more plain than a three line poem, or a three chord progression? Yet, to express or embrace these simple arts, the soul must strive for a unique merging of passionate abandon and selfless discipline.

I can tell the wind is risin' —
The leaves are tremblin' on the trees.
All I need's my little sweet woman.
Ah, keep me company.¹

The best artist, in any medium, becomes invisible, makes us feel as though *we* created it. And we have—by moving within its essence, improvising our own images or melodies, evoking our own truths.

so it's you,
a painted face!
summer wind

Painters and sculptors have said that space itself is composition. This realization is unavoidable in the experience of haiku and blues. One cannot help but feel the immense room between the words or notes.

Hush now, don't explain.
You're all my joy and pain.
Quit that lipstick—don't explain.²

Haiku is concise, but not congested. Each word is eternal. It is characterized by vivid yet sparse imagery, and a lack of heavy adjectives. The assertion is made simply, with feet firmly planted in the earth. One who experiences the haiku must paint the scene.

so fragrant
summer shower
on a scroll

Perhaps most critical, haiku must express oneness with a vision. Basho, a master of the form, stated: "Learn about a pine tree from a pine tree, and about a bamboo stalk from a bamboo stalk." His disciple Doho explains that "unless a poem contains feelings which have come from the object, the object and the poet's self will be separate things." American sculptor Michael Skop asserts that an artist must *be* the whole work of art from that absolute first moment of creation. In haiku, the bare essence of the form cries for this immediacy.

When it rains down sorrow, rains all over me.
When it rains down sorrow, rains all over me.
And my mind keeps wandering, like a gull
out on the sea.³

Blues asks for the same intuitive oneness with a vision. It is perhaps the most parodied and misunderstood of musical forms. Blues may speak of the self, even pity the self, but never with self-involvement. The greater truth is always present. Whether we perform or experience blues, it is for us to climb inside that emotion and become it. Blues is not wallowing; it is drinking.

the full moon
still ripening—
over graves

We can know sorrow in joy, joy in sorrow, because in polarities can be found a unity of opposites. Blues finds that continuum of despair and hope, tears and laughter. Haiku finds the continuum between touch and texture, scent and sniff. We can smell the blues, hum the haiku.

bugler
no soldier cries
autumn wind

Listening to music or poetry with a dancing ear is a creative event. It can never be the same experience twice. True art always feels new because it is new. It reaches into you and tugs upon the god within.

ragged weeds
blossoms whisper
of old rain

NOTES

All haiku composed by Loren Mattei.

¹From a blues by Robert Johnson.

²From *Don't Explain*, by Billie Holliday.

³From *T.B. Blues*, by Jimmy Rogers.



Uprooted by rain
unharvested sunflower
gathering sparrows

Patricia Neubauer

a hot day an inchworm drops from the high leaves
the long day the mail already come
summer night paul winter
our parting the moon draws me in

Marlene Mountain

in my morning grapefruit
the scent
of its blossom

rain in the voice of the mourning dove

The space
between the swallowtail
and the onion flower

grapes
the color
of smoke

sunset:
riding the merry-go-round
alone

Alexis Rotella

to let the stars fall in

anne mckay

hal roth

he tears off roofs to let the stars fall in

am

wild geese crying and orion back in the night sky

hr

haunting this golden season the hunter's guns

am

at the sound of the shot my soul is empty

hr

listen now to the river . . . the water song

am

after the guests have gone Monet's lilies

hr

only center moon's little brother in the winter pond*

am

long after the sandpipers the sea gone dark

hr

small prints in snow leading nowhere

am

owl hoot filling space in the night marsh

hr

another spring . . . another tax form

am

before the thought pussy willow

hr

in the stillwhite wood searching a maypole

am

dawn winds approach the buck's rubbing tree

hr

a time of falling petals when we touched

am

when she came the whippoorwill

hr

at twilight the sabbath bells

am

moonlight on the white comb through her hair

hr

again	the gathering of wild honey	am
	springing strong salt air and sweep of tide	hr
. . .	to heal the small wound	am
	after three days of fog the first geese northward	hr
from trestles	the latesummer boys daring and diving	am
	east winds clouding the moonstone	hr
a ring on each finger	of the shaman's hand	am
	chicory blue child's eye on the butterfly	hr
fans folded now	in the days of autumn	am
	each morning a ribbon of mist through the swale	hr
her face soft	in the bridal veil	am
	first snow warmed by the window's light	hr
. . .	and the latefalling apples red on white	am
	in puffs of ghostly breath the gleaner's laughter	hr
thin as a scythe	winter's first quartermoon	am
	into the grave sunbeam and cicadee song	hr
a garland of lilies	on the stone angel	am
	in august heat the dream of winter withered grass	hr

*from assiniboine
moon legend

october/81 to august/86

british columbia/maryland

August fields . . .
goldenrod's
unruly drift

the corn
still immature . . .
my knit-one, purl-one rows

pears mellowing . . .
the pie safe stripped
to its true grain

nip of fall . . .
a rabbit's toothmarks
in magnolia leaves

Peggy Willis Lyles

Preening cuckoo
on the wooden stile
berry-stained throat

In my hand
the small rabbit dies,
heart beaten

Harvesting vegetables
under lowering skies—
blackbirds flocking

Pat Anthony

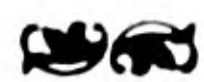
THE EMPTY CHAIR

"Ashes to ashes" . . .
her two-year old kicks
the moist black earth

"Ashes to ashes" . . .
a maple seed spins
into her open grave

"Ashes to ashes" . . .
her unironed blouse still drapes
the empty chair

Ross Kremer



For Sale sign
still the smell of blueberry pie
in the old kitchen

Roberta Stewart

running barefoot
through the field
the blue music of lupine

Edna Kovacs

mimicking a bluejay's call
cardinal listens

August evening:
the departing children's shadows
still on the sidewalk

Carol A. Etter

the aging beauty
having her knee x-rayed,
points her toe

mailing love letters
not checking
if they go down

Carol Montgomery

Her hand
pressed against the sapling tree
to hear a bird

(for Helen Keller)
Joan Bulger Murphy

summer heat
the slap
of his solitaire cards

drinking homemade wine;
her shadow, thrown by firelight,
spinning the new wool

Rosamond Haas

all over your skin
grasses' shadows
are restless

clouds and incense
the silences become
silence

Stephen Hobson

the cove: a frog jumps
into a splash, a white heron
lifts out of nowhere

shallow water
a large snail between stones

cricketsilence—
the moon's darkness
behind cloud

G. A. Huth

Wild grasses
a ground squirrel
reaching up for seeds

Davina Kosh

hawk in the dead cedar tree the marl road
can't sleep cricket's cry pierces the stars

Ruth Eschbaugh

abandoned sidewalk—
the thickness of wild grasses
between the cracks

Frederick Gasser

All at once:
sumac's red leaves
cricket in the house

Zhanna P. Rader

distant sky

kyoto—
waves breaking
against a distant sky

musty temple
breathing out
moths

spring snow
in the roshi's voice
deepens

snow
slowing
nightfall

cicada song
with the mail
slipped under the door

a day's rain
even the mirrors
leak

reclining buddha—
v
of snow geese

zazen:
deep in my breath
wren singing

porcelain buddha
offering its small hands
to industrial japan

sutra chanting
over the bones
of hiroshima

Bob Boldman



in a cave
crickets singing in the dark—
widow

in the place where
winds blow, I hear
whispers

it isn't the shore
nor the tides, but the all night
pounding, pounding

Virginia Brady Young

thirsty cat
creebank flowers
fly away

suddenly
in a rain-filled field
wild geese

Tom Barnhart

blue damselfly
rides a grass tip
to water

Phyllis Walsh

turtle:
her shell heaves
through flickering grass

sun through fog:
the turtle's neck unfolds
her head

equinox:
slant of sun gilds the edge
of the cellar stair

Ruth Yarrow

Summer rain
And half a rainbow
On the tour bus

Wilma Perryman

the woodcutter stops
and looks up—
geese flying south

empty ticket booth—
torn posters rap softly
against the glass

Ross Figgins

on the old drive-in movie screen only moonlight, moth shadows

Rich Youmans

In the dead of night—
the sound of running feet
from the street below

Tom Tico

such honking!
the street bum
directing traffic

the black hole . . .
a streetwalker
eyeing the teen-ager

Barry Goodmann

A waterfront bar
one for the tattooed seaman
one for his parrot

Ken Shockey

Pregnant dancer
Wipes her freckled nose
Smiles faintly

Center stage
Guarding the theatre—
One bare bulb

Mark Lewerenz

Beating the heat
in a prison yard uprising
one butterfly

Johnny Baranski

wedged into the radiator
of the hit and run truck—
a splinter of crutch

Ann Gasser

Between lanes of traffic
a garbage bag
rises and twists

David Elliott

garbage cans rattle
in the afternoon heat;
the bum's shadow

Lenard D. Moore

LAKE OF DEATH SEQUENCE

“near Fallon, Nevada, a yard-wide band of death rings the massive, shallow, and shrinking lake they call the Carson Sink, overwhelming evidence that the ecological system here is in complete collapse . . .”

Tom Harris, *The Sacramento Bee*
Friday, February 13, 1987

Friday the 13th;
front page photos
of the poisoning . . .

thirty miles of marsh
oozing death
in the afternoon

bloated fish
by the millions
bleach the shore

herons, geese,
egrets too
on their backs
in the sun

ravens
toes up
in the trees

the stench of death
on gooey sand;
chromium, cadmium,
lead and selenium

Carson Sink;
this lake no longer
an Indian thing . . .

Jim Normington
February 13, 1987

on first waking
wondering for a moment
what season it is

wiggling the table
around the kitchen floor
no more even bricks

Richard Bodner

his effects auctioned—
two degrees from Northwestern
snapped up for their frames

Norma S. Hass

the roar of the crowd!
off to one side, little boys
play their own game

wind and rain
in the bottlebrushes
scouring the grey horizon

Virginia Egermeier

afternoon shadows:
the old collie asleep
under the maple

Dorothy McLaughlin

look—the Big Dipper
almost touches the ocean
summer night

Carolyn Talmadge

A crimson petal
floats on a rain puddle
on 45th Street.

In the dusty window
of the old wine shop,
the cat curls asleep.

Elizabeth Hillman

late summer rains—
butterflies
grow thin

suddenly
 cicadas stopped.
black weeds

Michael Genth

A hawk shrieks
where the wood is deep;
hum of insects

Circled for songs,
my son adds a third hand
to the singing guitar
of a friend

David K. Antieau

A single horse
 tied to the rail
 this quiet evening

Deborah Page

RECORDS OF A WELL-POLISHED SACHEL #5:
10 Occasional Tanka

eternity
a bathhouse
full of beetles—
what was it like, Svid,
those million drops down?

rub my pained
shoulder,
muse,
carrying too long
this well-polished satchel

they came,
costumed graduates
holding paper bags,
and I poured Halloween
into their palms

an exorcism
it was—
and me?
huddled in a November blanket,
I wait for the next outrage

the first furnace
rumble
in my chill house—
I write my poem
on a yellow sheet

into the co-causal
of bourgeois/romantic—
oh, Flaubert,
you did not sit at stained tables
writing a nothing poem

only description
it is,
and I look over
a line
without even a *wabi* whimper!

I wake
after the alarm:
something looms
circling
the scant ahead

watching now
the Mussolini
I lived through
from headlines
I threw down on porches

I too echo
the question
of the promised end:
a dustrag
in my kid's empty room

Sanford Goldstein

HER EYES ARE SNOWING

mother keeps hiding
old faces
between these pages

these wild things
the book sent mother
outside for

mother looking for
childhood weather
in rings of the tree

dim melodies
locked in her fingers
far from the old piano

beyond
her reach . . .
the first flakes

"Mother is not well . . . "
too cold for moths,
and her eyes are snowing . . .

Bill Pauly



PAIR CARRIES HAIKU TO JAPAN

William J. Higginson and Penny Harter visited Japan for ten days in July and told audiences in Tokyo and Yamagata Prefecture of the spread of haiku around the world.

Invited because of their *Haiku Handbook*, they first visited the Museum of Haiku Literature, in Tokyo, to meet with members of the national Haiku Poets Association. Higginson talked on "Bashō in North America" and Harter spoke on "Why I Write Haiku" and the activities of the Haiku Society of America (HSA).

Next they attended the three-day International Conference on Human Values at Tokyo's Miyako Hotel, where Higginson spoke on "The Internationalization of Haiku." The Conference was sponsored by The Leisure Development Center (LDC) and IBM-Japan.

After the conference Harter and Higginson spent three days in northern Japan as guests of Yamagata Prefecture. They climbed the steps of Rishakuji at Yamadera, where Bashō wrote his famous poem,

the stillness—
sinking into stones
cicada's cry

As television cameras and newspaper reporters looked on, the two left poems they had written at the site on a poem-card board near the temple.

The next day they rode a boat down the Mogami River, scene of more of Bashō's most memorable writing, and were taken to the top of Mount Haguro, where they spent their last night in the north at a Shinto shrine.

At both Yamadera and Mount Haguro, Prof. Leon Zolbrod of the University of British Columbia, American poet Jack Stamm, and haiku master Tenkō Kawasaki joined Higginson and Harter in giving talks and selecting the best haiku submitted by some hundred local poets. Prof. Kazuo Satō, Director of the International Division of the Museum of Haiku Literature, coordinated the programs.

On their return to Tokyo, Harter and Higginson visited with Prof. Tadashi Kondo, who has collaborated with Higginson on many translations. They spent their last evening in a private dinner with haiku master Tohta Kaneko, President of the Modern Haiku Association, Prof. Toyokazu Suzuki, editor of *Haiku Kenkyū*, and Professors Satō and Kondo.

The trip was arranged by Prof. Satō, and sponsored by the LDC and Japan Air Lines. A full report, "Carrying Haiku to Japan," will be presented by Higginson and Harter at the September meeting of the HSA.

BITS & PIECES

NEWS

Mr. Kiyoshi Tokutomi died in California in June, 1987. He will be remembered by the haiku community as co-founder, with his wife Kiyoko Tokutomi, of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in San Jose, California. The Society has many members in America and Canada.

On May 3, 1987, the Haiku Society of America was represented at New York City's Sixth Annual Sakura Matsuri, Cherry Blossom Festival, at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. L. A. Davidson, Adele Kenny, and R. W. Grandinetti Rader read haiku of the classical Japanese haiku poets as well as from their own works.

TAPE AVAILABLE

Alexis Rotella was interviewed this spring by John Downey, producer of "Solar Sanity," on WFMU-FM Radio Station at Upsala College. A cassette tape of the interview, "Haiku and Healing the Planet," is available for \$5. or by sending a blank cassette and \$2.50 for postage/handling, to BRUSSELS SPROUT, P.O. Box 72, Mt. Lakes, NJ 07046.

ANTHOLOGY PLANNED

Leatrice Lifshitz is interested in seeing haiku on the theme of "old woman" for an anthology. The anthology will also include longer poems. With submission please send a brief bio, authorization for use of the work in the anthology, and SASE to Leatrice Lifshitz, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomona, NY 10970

CORRECTIONS

Apologies for the error in Adele Kenny's sequence, "Sakura Matsuri," on page 21 in *Frogpond* X:2. NOT 'noise' of course! The haiku should have read: into their applause / the far-off notes / of a shakuhachi.

And in Elizabeth St. Jacques' haiku on page 31 of the last issue, I hope everyone "read" 'sunshine' even though the 'h' was invisible. The haiku: in a prairie field / cobweb on the wagon wheel / tosses back sunshine.

RENGA NEWS

APA-Renga, edited by Tundra Wind, P.O. Box 429, Monte Rio, CA 95462, will now accept completed rengas for publication in a feature section of this renga magazine. Criteria include: 36 link minimum; written permission to publish from each participant; traditional or experimental—if solo renga, must be exceptional; brief description of the participants; brief description of circumstances of the renga composition. Payment, 2 copies of issue in which renga appears. Response, 2 months or less.

THANKS for this issue's cover art to Barbara Gurwitz.

CONTESTS NEWS

Rockland County Haiku Society announces second annual LOKE HILIKIMANI HAIKU CONTEST with awards of \$30, \$15 and \$10. Submit up to 3 haiku on one sheet of paper without identification. A second sheet should have same haiku plus author's name and address. Deadline is February 28, 1988. Fee for total submission is \$1.00—checks made out and sent to: Leatrice Lifshitz, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomona, NY 10970.

The Hawaii Education Association announces its Eleventh Annual Adult HAIKU WRITING CONTEST, open to the general public. The deadline is November 13, 1987. For rules, send SASE to: HEA Haiku Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI 96826. The forthcoming issue of *Na Pua'oli Puke'elima* will include 1985 and 1986 contest winners.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

Tangled Hair: Selected Tanka from Midaregami by Akiko Yosano, translated from the Japanese by Sanford Goldstein and Seishi Shinoda. Charles E. Tuttle Co. 1987, 165 pps., \$6.95.

Haiku Review '87, edited by Randy & Shirley Brooks. High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. 1987, 68 pps., \$5.

The Dust of Vrindaban by Satsvarupa dasa Goswami. Gita-Nagari Press, 138 South Rosemont Road, #217, Virginia Beach, VA 23452. 1987, 100 pps., \$7 ppd. or free exchange for an author's autographed book.

The Monkey's Face by Penny Harter. From Here Press, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023. 1987, 32 pps., \$3.

Ten Years' Collected Haiku, Vol. 1, by William J. Higginson. From Here Press (address above). 1987, 22 pps., \$3.

Tanka in English: In Pursuit of World Tanka by Atsuo Nakagawa. New Currents Internatl. Co., Ltd., 16-2, Koraku, 2-chome, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo 112, Japan. 1987, 162 pps., price unknown.

The Blossoming Rudder: Haiku, Senryu, Koans, Pithy Sayings (1984-7) by H. F. Noyes, author and editor. MNK Productions Ltd., MNK House, 6 New Road, Wood Green, London N22 5ET, England. 1987, 80 pps., U.K. £3.50—U.S.A. \$6 + \$1 postage.

As Stones Cry Out: Haiku and Ink Drawings by Jane Reichhold. Humility Productions, Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1987, 35 pps., \$4 ppd.

Family Portrait: Haiku by Edward J. Rielly. Lequita Vance, Publisher, adVance Press, 25553 Flanders Drive, Carmel, CA 93923. 1987, 20 unno. pps., \$4.50 ppd.

Middle City: Longer Poems and Haiku by Alexis Rotella. Muse Pie Press.
Available from author, 11 Hillcrest Road, Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ
07046. 1986, \$7. + .75 postage.

Footprints by Rafael M. Salas. Weatherhill. 1986, 127 pps., hardcover, price
unknown.

GARY HOTHAM
LAURE, MARYLAND
70703107

GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR SENRYU

To begin the 20th anniversary celebration in 1988, the Haiku Society of America will offer a prize of \$25.00 for senryu. This Gerald Brady Memorial Prize is made possible by Virginia Brady Young in honor of her late brother.

Deadline for submissions: February 1, 1988.

No entry fee.

Submissions must be typed in duplicate on 3x5 index cards, with name/address/telephone number on one card only.

Mail submissions directly to HSA president, Adele Kenny, P.O. Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

Mark envelope "Gerald Brady Memorial Prize."

Sorry, no entries can be returned.

There will be one judge who will remain anonymous until after the winner is announced.

The winner will be announced at the March, 1988, HSA meeting, and will be published in *Frogpond*.

