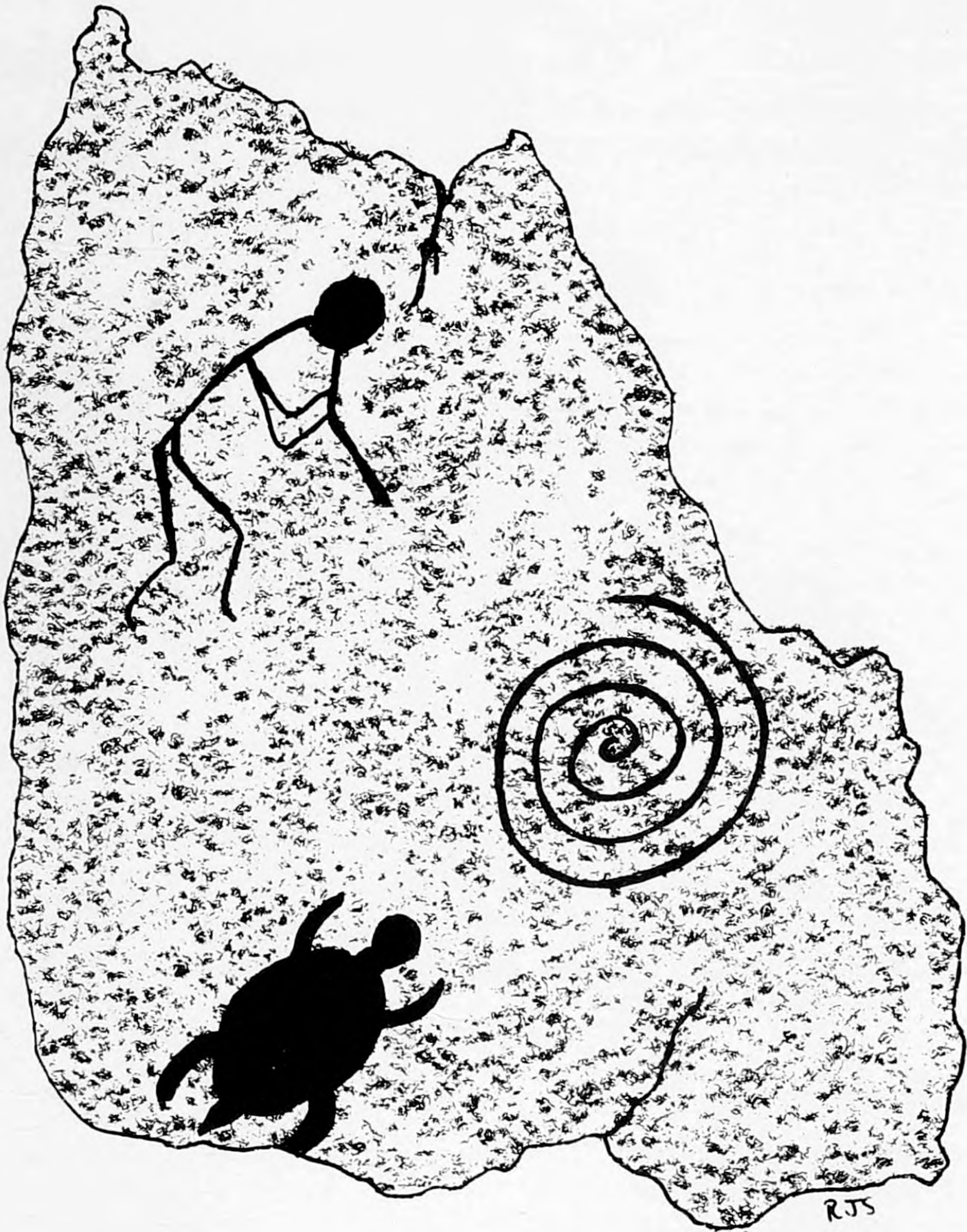


frogpond



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Bird song;
the color
of dawn

Garry Gay

Sunday morning—
mountain horses nibble
the new grass

Richard Bodner

Soon the woodthrush—
another rainy afternoon

Woodthrush,
my whole life
you've been singing

Only one voice
in the rain,
then it stops

Peter Fortunato

across the paper they follow my brush geese

Alexis Rotella

singing with wet voices—
frogs in the rain

fishing lure on river bank—
catching the sun

J. Michael Koetzner

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARD

\$25 for best previously unpublished haiku
from *Frogpond XI:1*

on the cardboard box
holding the frozen wino:
Fragile: Do Not Crush

Nick Virgilio

Apricot blossoms—
a cat
sleeping in the sun

Daniel Ross

the funeral looms
my neighbor
leaves for work

Wotring Johnson

Lifted by a gust of wind
a pink wildflower falls and stays
on the naked grave.

Elizabeth St. Jacques

funeral over
we load pieces of her life
into the U-Haul

Robert Keay

tulip tree in bloom—
taken right out of my mouth
the robin's words

twilight music—
a creeping black cat
makes itself long

Frederick Gasser

dew on the iris leaves
the transparency
of newly hatched spiders

new moon in the earth scent rain

moonlit marsh the bloom of the arrowhead

low tide
the retreating sun
in the upturned shells

Ruth Eshbaugh

on a slope too steep for Henry's cattle: hepatica

Lee Gurga

the house full of fresh iris
raindrops on the petals

William Borden

My new neighbor. . .
with her wind chimes
a bit of sea

Summer evening:
silk moth on the window screen
petunia scent

In the hospital—
watching the irises
opening dying

Zhanna P. Rader

HAIKU FOR LAURA JOY

her eyes
in her daughter's eyes—
our kite lifts above the trees

across fallen petals
her hand tugs me toward
the robin's nest

broken egg:
she looks to me
for the song

last geese northward—
holding back in our race
to the climbing tree

at her 'shush'
the egret lifts
a yellow foot

wind calm—
her eye to the eye
of a toad

so short a day—
she finds a whale
in a slow spring cloud

parting delayed:
the buttercup she holds
beneath my chin

Hal Roth

spring sunrise—
the hawk's sharp shadow
slashes a sunbeam

spring sunrise—
the swelling dewdrop
holds a spinning ant

mild summer rain . . .
lawn mower tracks
around the toadstool

Donald McLeod

into may now
and the rhubarb has grown to seed
 . . . rootrobbed it won't do well next year

 but the flower
the tall cream bloom
 . . . wild in a green sun

anne mckay

Spring evening
spinach leaves floating
in the cool white sink

Carol Tagstrom

Peace vigil
our candles flicker and hold
in the wind

Peggy Heinrich

creaking rocking chair—
the old woman opens
her can of snuff

orb-weaver spider
spirals its strands among thorns. . .
blackberries budding

field of Queen Anne's lace—
a black butterfly settles
on a stone

Charles B. Dickson

mistaken for an undertaker: Ash Wednesday

Nick Virgilio

A walk through the village
no end
to the daffodils

As he autographs books
the poet's
carrot-juice moustache

(for Nick Virgilio)
Alexis Rotella

all about
the mountain chapel
sun has settled

evening sun—
the light and dark side
of each tree

H. F. Noyes

First Event of the HSA's 20th Anniversary Celebration
GERALD P. BRADY MEMORIAL SENRYU CONTEST, 1988

Prize donated by Virginia Brady Young
in honor of her late brother

\$25 Award Winner:

hopscotch—
a one-legged man
raises cane

Frederick Gasser

Funnies-Up

1. young lawyer—
his briefs
in the snow

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

2. in his mother's house
he walks into the cobweb
she underlooked

Dee Evetts

3. Feel the warmth of
Basho's frogpond
just xeroxed

Caroline G. Banks

4. behind shadow-proof blinds
the calligrapher's
word processor

Carol Montgomery

Judge: R.W. Grandinetti Rader

JUDGE'S COMMENT ON THE SENRYU CONTEST

by R.W. Grandinetti Rader

Senryu, unlike haiku, focuses more specifically on the concerns, foibles, and character of human nature in a comprehensive way. In addition to the senryu's focus on human concern, an important element is its humorous or satiric, and in some more successful cases ironic, element that offers the reader insight through comic relief.

Like haiku, the senryu offers the reader a layered insight into the relationship between human concern and that which surrounds it. The senryu is more oriented toward the human, the haiku more oriented toward the natural.

It is with the above definition in mind that I chose the winners of the Gerald P. Brady Memorial Prize for Senryu.

Remarks on the Winning Senryu

Frederick Gasser's hopscotch—
 a one-legged man
 raises cane

In this short but powerful senryu, Mr. Gasser offers the reader a multi-layered panorama of meaning that has as its foundation the humor so often necessary in a well written senryu.

On a first reading, the reader might very well picture a funny sight as a one-legged man with cane raised in the air reprimands children for playing hopscotch on his sidewalk—so few of the old have patience with the new. The ironic twist on the phrase "raises cane", meaning both the actual raising of the cane in the air and the dated slang for showing your anger outwardly, is a tool well used to make the senryu more meaningful.

On a second reading, the reader might picture a rather happy one-legged man raising his cane into the air as he stands before the hopscotch course and prepares for a one-legged, one-man show for the children and, more importantly, for himself—there is delight and self-satisfaction in a risk never refused, regardless of what our handicaps might be.

The strength of Mr. Gasser's senryu is the combination of its humor and depth of meaning mixed for the reader's pleasure.

Remarks on the Senryu for Honorable Mention

The four additional senryu by Caroline G. Banks, Dee Evetts, Carol Montgomery, and Charles D. Nethaway, Jr. all attain that level of meaning and humorous satiric image found in a successful senryu to deserve honorable mention as outstanding senryu.

April morning—
snowflakes melt in the cup
of the tulip

Easter Saturday—
arm on shovel, the gravedigger
rests from his work

Lawrence Rungren

Funeral parlor—
Father quiets his son
With Easter eggs

Marco Fraticelli

sunlight
on the extended chalice
our reflections

Dorothy McLaughlin

after mass—
the cathedral's empty
silence

Anthony J. Pupello

stained glass moonbeams
crossing
the empty pews

angels over headstones
the evening mist

Ray Richards

Last night's fading dream . . .
On the blue teapot birds drift
beyond the willows

Sun through my eyelids
 afterward
the paler flowers

Ann Atwood

Lingering
in the folds of the lace curtains
the glow of sunrise

Lighting up every glass
 in the crystal cabinet—
 spring morning sun

As the sun moves up
 the winding steps
 so do I

Tom Tico

cleaning cupboards:
my mother's cut-glass fruit bowl
rings a clear C-sharp

Rosamond Haas

grandmother's teacup
 blue-veined
 in the light

Suezan Aikins

CATCHING A FRIEND IN A SEQUENCE

a visit with Sophie—
coming home with lilacs
in my lap

peace dinner: two enemies
not speaking to each other
talk to Sophie

the weather changes—
Sophie goes on
smiling

under the Japanese
maple, taking off
her leg brace

passing her house late
one night, I see her shadow move
across the shade

alone in her house
a bookcase falls on Sophie's leg—
the cat meows

business as usual—
Sophie writing to
her congressman . . .

outside the window
cardinal's song: Sophie quiet
at my husband's bed

in the wind
managing her cane
and the peace poster

Virginia Brady Young

washing windows
she watches crows flutter
behind the plow

in the new porch
bird tracks hardening . . .
laying aside my trowel

Edward J. Rielly

propane getting low
but beneath the tank cover
a wren's nest

across the street
from Quaker Meeting—
heavymetal rock

Kenneth C. Leibman

The old ducklady
tossing stale bread on the shore
pockets the last piece.

Randy Johnson

sliding from my arms
overdue library book
lands in April mud

laden holly bush
robins on northern flight pause—
holly berries gone

Madelyn Eastlund

cold grief
woman screaming in the
spring rain

spring
without anyone knowing
tree blossoms

Steve Dalachinsky

in my wiper
with the parking ticket
peach blossom

Rich Youmans

driving his dad's car
proudly sharing loud rock music
with the whole town

Ruth Holter

Winning the State Lottery,
he still feeds the dog
at the table.

Still a bit tiddly
his pipe falls
into the privy.

Arizona Zipper

railroad flat
last room
razor in a mug

Sydell Rosenberg

Ghosts of warriors
 dance the harsh mesa
around this cold hearth.

Charles B. Rodning

Old Indian trail
we too,
pause for the view

Old Indian woman
recording her native tongue
for the Professors

Margaret G. Molarsky

This clay pot
shaped by blind hands
—I explore the darkness inside

Rich Youmans

fragments . . .
three-quarters
of the potter's mark

Peggy Willis Lyles

open highway
stretching across the desert
to the moon

Sheldon Young

santa fe trail . . .
blowing dust lifts
from a wagon hub

not touching earth
a distant thundercloud's rain
above the desert

there
in indian paintbrush
a birdpoint

not one cloud
her turquoise squash blossom
as she hoes the corn

Frank K. Robinson

desert light
shapeshifting colors
a raven's flight

desert moonrise
gentles the barbed *cholla*
a scorpion stirs

painted kachinas
down from San Francisco peaks
spring rain the blue corn

Albert Vetere Lannon

CHACO CANYON

Chaco Canyon. The high desert. Here riverbeds crack as fast as lips. Life once flowered in this intense sun. The Anasazi, descendants of the Proto-Indians, lived and died here century after century, and turned their eyes to the stars and the powers beyond. Today their lives are shrouded by potsherds and sand, yet their spirit breaks through this mystery of silence.

Digging in the earth—
looking for traces
of their farming

far wall petroglyph—
a lizard

open doorway,
empty room—
the silence

abandoned kiva
old rattlesnake skin

Park Ranger
explaining kiva rituals—
a gust of wind

a whisper
from across the ruin

sunlight
creeping to its mark
the ceremonies begin

after pictures and poems
the silence.

Raymond J. Stovich

LUNCH AT CRAZY WOMAN CREEK

muddy water purls
below sun-whitened cottonwoods
the smell of cow dung

muddy path
a fox lopes into the brush
clouded sky

William Borden



pump at spring
water now in the sink
but kingfishers gone

E.K. Cummings

spring creek
running dark
with fall's colors

the whole earth
green this time of year,
blueberries too

William Hart

escaping
from the old corral
wildflowers

a lasso
of wild geese
encircling the moon

Lesley Einer

a wet morning
apple trees are managing
to flower

a red bike
leans against one of the poplars
a woodpecker suddenly takes off

a lotus still flowers
on the silk fan
forgotten in the yard

my steps
interrupt the singing frogs
a lantern sways
before the village inn

Wei-wei

Under stars
frogs speak
with assurance

Shi Yumei

There is
a square of sky
outside the window

Forgetting my language,
today I understand the talk
between grasses

He Hongzhi

INVISIBLE UMBRELLA
 100-link renga
 Initiated by Hal Roth
 March 1982 to March 1987

Elizabeth Searle Lamb
 Bob Boldman
 Evelyn Tooley Hunt
 Frank K. Robinson
 L.A. Davidson
 Scott L.
 Montgomery*

Alexis K. Rotella
 Zolo
 Marlene Mountain
 Hal Roth
 *Lee Scott
 (Montgomery's last 2 links)



- | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. a street mime shrugs under his invisible umbrella | spring rain | esl |
| 2. whistling clouds | in the meat locker | bb |
| 3. on the tour boat deck | the same sponges brought up again | eth |
| 4. hands touch | the new moon | fkr |
| 5. the rupee pressed into her hot palm | the light on her face | lad |
| 6. the sun a coin in the dead geyser | | slm |
| 7. on the mushroom cap | chinese calligraphy | akr |
| 8. here are the peonies. . . look! look! | | z |
| 9. out she sings to her woman lover | of her time in prison | mm |
| 10. piecesofthepuzzleallthesameshadeofgreen | | hr |
| 11. autumn wind in the pines | the deer hunter freezes | esl |
| 12. spring: x-ray of the brain | on its stem | bb |
| 13. even with no bird | the cry of the cuckoo | the clock's broken |
| door | | eth |
| 14. roses from the cold ground | a potsherd | fkr |

15. all but snow-covered waxy white petals through the picture window lad
16. beside the open door black picture frame empty slm
17. flock of sparrows sky writing akr
18. milkweed enveloping her halo z
19. in twilight the women's talk turns again to herpes mm
20. taillights gone two white rings on the table hr
21. dealing cards for solitaire a moth flutters on the screen esl
22. bogart his starched shirt in the clouds bb
23. summer night rain douses the fireflies eth
24. the envelope open mouth dry fkr
25. after the fall the arm lying here mine lad
26. a small fear lost glove steaming on the stone slm
27. will the real Osiris please stand up? akr
28. brand new satori, a kitten named Mindy z
29. year of 18[sic]48 demanding women gather in seneca falls mm
30. touching the stone ax my pale fingers hr
31. my shadow on the steps as I leave the museum esl
32. quoting the tao: the snow heaped on snow bb
33. the sound of one drop of water or another eth
34. first tooth tonight's stars fkr
35. morning sunshine spotting the dime under the pillow
her smile lad
36. small cloud turning the eye of the lake slm
37. another round of peonies tick tock akr

38. seeds seeds seeds showering everything it's spring! z
39. mm
40. planting moon the mountain silent hr
41. a mouse nest in the yarn basket the unwarped loom esl
42. in the churchyard at noon the decay of an angel bb
43. after visiting the Botanical Gardens these roadside grasses eth
44. summer's end paperweight dunes shifting fkr
45. a piece of the old highway still clinging to the beach lad
46. stiff and cold fingers among the washed carrots slm
47. little pies and cakes going round and round on the ferris wheel akr
48. 1st snow. . silence comes glittering z
49. for my wellness his voice also unto his goddess (for RR) mm
50. in this little ditch the tide comes too hr
51. twice the inchworm measures the archaeologist's trowel hr
52. sand for farolitas Christmas Eve esl
53. carrying it up the steps the light on his back bb
54. a cardinal among the sparrows eth
55. midnight blizzard someone whistling dixie in the park fkr
56. unlined cherrywood he said no white satin lad
57. through the tear in his shirt a scar she knows slm
58. New Jersey Turnpike the clouds in Arabic script akr
59. on the wet steps of the art gallery. . earthworms z
60. secretary's day in a bought vase mm
61. across the river one light then another goes out hr

62. men on coon-hunting mules dogs baying esl
63. from where I stand the moon is made of slices of gold bb
64. a firefly at my window his wordless poem eth
65. blinking on into the dawn eat at joe's eat at fkr
66. five hours of sleep and off again lad
67. red eyes the land still dark ahead slm
68. birthday not a wrinkle on the lake akr
69. a chrysanthemum on the floor of the funhouse z
70. cabinet meeting reagan asleep again mm
71. in the back of the pie safe two rat holes hr
72. eyes of the raven snow deepening in the valley esl
73. cold outside, yet finding the shadow i slept with bb
74. hearing your voice—after all these months eth
75. insomnia again prew bugles taps for monty clift fkr
76. windows closed and drape drawn 3 A.M. the disco
beat goes on lad
77. a train passes hail striking her face slm
78. morning rain the last morning-glories pucker akr
79. mirrors. . . no more games, the master speaks to himself z
80. international women's day come and gone mm
81. clinking two quarters as far as the cliff an empty beach hr
82. in the ancient kiva sitting in meditation esl
83. spring: i read the diameter of the tree trunk in inches is the
radius of the root system in feet: night bb
84. lift-off. . . finding in my camera only the contrail eth

85. the sounds of a nightbird st. elmo's fire in the swirl of oars fkr
86. soggy matches a whirlwind takes the leaves lad
87. an autumn dawn spreads steam from the cow turd ls
88. healing workshop 17 women 1 man akr
89. the whole blooming garden alive my face in every bead z
90. idiot or computer error & it's over mm
91. crumbling the leafmold her voice in the cool river sound hr
92. tuning the steel drums the surf and a sliver of moon esl
93. after a day of leaf raking: you can tell where a map was made
by looking to see what country is exactly in the middle bb
94. tipping his cap to a tipsy scarecrow the town drunkard eth
95. 'dorothy' she quavers with a tight grip on the fuzzy pup fkr
96. March wind chills catkins showing lad
97. undressed she studies the form in the mirror ls
98. intuition don't know what that is, he says akr
99. up goes the kite with my eyes dawn z
100. solstice solace goddess mm



after winter rains
where tramps gathered last summer
watermelon sprouts

touching the tongues
of young sparrows—
thin rain

summer solstice:
the full moon
at low tide

Ty Hadman

Neruda's cat:
that all-knowing
smile

(after Pablo Neruda's "Ode to a Cat")

Maria Jacketti

the moon—
without any variation
of itself

Henry A. Weiner

Graffiti
on a tree trunk
pale moon

Home again
I pee beneath
the elm

Clark Strand

SNOHOMISH COUNTY JAIL HAIKU
For Karol

Under cloudless skies;
nuclear resister jailed
missiles free to fly

April sun slanting
across the exercise yard
jail-bar shadows

Basketball stops
in the exercise yard—
convicts shoot the breeze

This heat!
snow-clad mountains framed
by my jail cell window

Little ladybug
caught after visiting hours:
doing jail time, too

Starting a new month
in Snohomish County Jail;
same old tea bag

Chilly June morning—
in a spider web
the jailhouse fly hangs

Sixty day jail term—
as it grows shorter
my growing beard

*Johnny Baranski, 065811
Spring 1987*

IN PRAISE OF WILD HORSES

by Rod Willmot

Several years ago I had the ambiguous experience of living in an apartment block on the edge of a city. In a nearby meadow someone kept a horse, which now and again would jump the fence. As a congenital night-owl I tend to be bit of a churl before noon, but I loved being awakened by the sound of that horse, clip-clopping down the street between the rows of sleeping cars. Something about a horse is always wild, or it just is not a horse. The same can be said of poets, it seems to me; yet it appears as though many among us would prefer to be well and truly corralled.

Examples of what I mean are everywhere, but I will draw attention first to two articles in a new anthology: *Milkweed; a gathering of haiku*, edited and published by Marshall Hryciuk under his own imprint, Nietzsche's Brolly (Toronto, 1987). In an essay translated from the German, Wilhelm von Bodmershof propounds a symbolist doctrine regarding haiku and tanka. By this doctrine, the concrete objects of a haiku were never intended to be appreciated for themselves, but are merely "clues to the hidden meaning." To read a haiku or a tanka properly, one "has to understand the significance of its symbols." This approach is so startlingly different from what we usually hear that at first glance it seems revolutionary. But von Bodmershof clearly believes that, far from revolutionary, his statements are true to the historical origins of the poetry.

The other article, "Haiku as Weapon" by M.B. Duggan, presents a view that is as opposed as can be to von Bodmershof's. Duggan in fact accuses us of actually doing what the German writer says we should, and castigates us harshly for it. Because we write from an aesthetic bearing "an uncanny resemblance to Victorian Romanticism," he says, we "treat nature as a path to the truths of the universe." We are forever "sliding off into mysticism, which . . . turns the elements of a haiku into symbols." Against this trend he offers a "Zen anti-metaphysic," consisting of equal parts anger and raw fact. There is meat in Duggan's article, and I would urge readers to taste it for themselves. The point to make here is that like von Bodmershof, Duggan bases his doctrine on supposed verities of history.

My purpose is not to disagree with either writer, for I find their antinomical contributions equally refreshing. What preoccupies me here is the battle being waged in our hearts between authenticity and authority; or, if you will, between wild horses and fence-builders. It is a critical battle because the root of wildness in us is what makes us what we are—poets—and without it we would be nothing but poetasters, fit only for the safety of the carousel.

Do you find your authenticity in the ground of yourself, or do you seek it in authority, in the mists of the past? History has its uses and abuses, and the worst of the latter is to shore up an untenable doctrine with myth,

or with a mythified authority. A better use of history, for poets, is to find models or precursors who illuminate our sense of inner necessity, without pretending that we are thereby put in possession of The Truth. Between the myth-use and the model-use of history there are many gradations, but von Bodmershof and Duggan seem to drift perilously close to the former. A third use of history, to which I shall have recourse further on, is to dig for the facts as far as they can be known, and use them to explode the myths, burst the inflated authorities, and clear the ground for those who would live without fear.

A moment ago I said that examples of authority-based thinking are everywhere. Another example, this one by contraries, is an essay in *Wind Chimes #20* by the intelligent young editor of *Oak Grove Haiku*, John Sheirer. Here we see the poet struggling *against* the will to be corralled, which comes across in the following passage as the topmost rail in a very high fence.

While most everyone agrees that nature . . . is an important consideration for haiku writing, many do not associate emotions with haiku. Many contend that haiku are only sketches of nature, not a relating of emotional experience. Yet this view limits and sterilizes haiku. The productive haiku writer . . . should be open to emotions in haiku. (p. 5)

I was infuriated when I read those lines. *My God*, I thought, *has it really come to this? Have we oppressed ourselves so well that we must beg for the right to be human?* Debate about haiku seems to be sinking to the level of municipal politics. Shall we limit the streets to sacred cows, shall we permit a statue of a hobbled horse?

The most flagrant example of this decay is the corrosive misconception still being disseminated concerning what is haiku and what is senryu. To deal with it properly we need only our clarity and historical facts, of which an ample summation is offered in William J. Higginson's *Haiku Handbook* (pp. 223-233). Instead of recapitulating Higginson's rendition, which again I urge readers to examine (or re-examine) for themselves, I would like to sketch the kind of modern parallel that would have to occur for a genuine senryu genre to arise on this continent. The original scene was 18th-century Edo (Tokyo); our fictive parallel takes place in 20th-century New York

It seems the popularity of limericks has given rise to a game: people try to complete a limerick for which someone else has written the opening couplet. In cafés, bars and taverns it becomes a popular pastime, marked by the cleverness and sexual innuendoes one would expect in that milieu. There are judges who go around from place to place, leaving a sheet of challenge-couplets at each establishment, whose customers contribute final tercets. Then each judge collects them, selects the best, and publishes

them, awarding prizes and making a profit from the “poets” participation fees. Of all these judges, the most energetic happens to be a man named Smith, whose pen name is Riley. A friend starts publishing anthologies of Riley’s selections, omitting the challenge-couplets and using only tercets that can stand on their own—omitting also the names of the contributors. With this final stroke a brand new 3-line genre is born, and because only the judge’s name is given, it comes to be called the *riley*. . . .

Imagine what sort of verses would be written in cafés, bars and taverns, and you will have a fair idea of the real nature of senryu. This is what Higginson’s exposition makes abundantly clear: the essence of senryu is its wit, its humor. Even when a senryu and a haiku deal with the same topic, they are distinguishable by the fact that one has nothing but its wit while the other has all the depth of poetry. The distinguishing feature is not the *topic* of the poem but its *treatment*.

Despite the ready availability of the information Higginson provides, it appears to have been widely ignored. For example, Alan Pizzarelli recently journeyed to Canada to denounce the use of terms like psychological and political haiku, insisting that all such poetry should properly be called senryu. (Copies of his speech, which he gave to the second annual spring meeting of Haiku Canada in 1987, are available at a modest price from Haiku Canada.) Significantly, every Japanese example he gave was indeed a senryu—was *funny*—whereas every American example was a serious haiku! Not to worry, though: in support of this discrepancy, which he did not explain, he could easily have quoted Cor van den Heuvel’s judgement on the matter. In his Introduction to *The Haiku Anthology* (2nd Edition) van den Heuvel says that the poems I have called psychological and erotic haiku should really be called *serious senryu*. Now, even though the voluminous anthologies of Japanese senryu included the rare relatively serious piece, and even though haiku poets have written comic verses, these are the exceptions that prove the rule. The phrase “serious senryu” is a contradiction in terms and a gloved blow to some of the finest poetry being written in English today. Ruth Yarrow, LeRoy Gorman, Raymond Roseliep, Alexis Rotella, Marlene Mountain—these are not merchants relaxing in a bar by turning out witticisms, these are *haiku* poets.

I don’t know what is lacking here: clear thinking or self-confidence. But if you cut off either leg you will have to walk with two crutches, one of them myth, the other authority. I have never heard van den Heuvel cite an authority, but I do know his myth. As revealed explicitly in an unpublished haibun which I have read in manuscript, and which he made public at the same Haiku Canada meeting attended by Pizzarelli, it is that nature is the exclusive dwelling-place of the divine, the place where the poet seeks—and receives—“a sign.” It is not unfair to point out the irony in a city-dwelling nature-worshipper telling us that a haiku is not a haiku unless it includes nature. Van den Heuvel has confused a personal need with the necessities of haiku.

In Pizzarelli's case I do not know the myth, but I know his authority because he told me: it is R.H. Blyth. This is the man who more than any other is responsible for spreading the doctrine that haiku is about nature, *senryu* about human nature. This is the "authority" who considered women incapable of writing haiku, and whose romanticism led him to reject 20th-century Japan and with it the work of Japan's *living* haiku poets. True, he was a brilliant and devoted translator; but our gratitude for his genuine achievements should not veil our perception of his genuine failings. It was when I challenged Pizzarelli on this point that I detected the fake divinity that invariably seems to inflate authority. Blyth's authority was unquestionable, said he, because his source was unquestionable: "the Emperor's daughter." Ponder for a moment the social isolation, the artifice, the elitism, of such a person. I will not doubt whether she existed; the idea of this misty creature having anything significant to say about haiku is simply too delicious. I will only pose a question: would you trust Ronald Reagan for unbiased comments on American film-making? Would you trust Imelda Marcos for an account of health-care in the Philippines?

What is at issue here is not whether a given poem can or cannot be called a haiku, but whether we as poets are living by authenticity or authority. Authority may feel safe, but it is dangerous. Authority generates factionalism, because when people believe only in their authorities their minds become closed to each other. At present the haiku community is at risk of splintering into factions, if it has not already begun to do so. We should be striving now for pluralism, for the habit of paying attention to poets who think and write differently from ourselves: not giving up our own way of being, but taking them seriously and trying to understand them. For this is the only way our oppositions can bear fruit.

But there is a far worse danger inherent in authority, and that is inauthenticity. When people try to be faithful to something far removed from the reality within them, they disguise themselves, dressing up in the Emperor's daughter's imaginary clothes. There are people in Germany, thousands I believe, who are obsessed with the Wild West; their costumes, guns, horsemanship are "authentic" in every detail, but in their hearts there is no trace of authenticity. So too in England there are the New Georgians, yuppies devoted to recreating a "more civilized" era when the rich rode in carriages with liveried footmen. They know what is "authentic," but know nothing of authenticity. And so too in North America we have our poets and poetasters whose secret wish (not always so secret) is that their works be "authentic" reproductions of an exotic culture in a bygone period of its history. Bring on the season-words, while the horse turns to wax in the Haiku Corral.

Authenticity is a healthier kind of danger. Radical authenticity is dangerous indeed, for it opens us to everything unexpected in ourselves and in the world, everything that might upset our established ways of being—and of writing haiku. It will not make us safe, will not prove us "right," will

not assure us of a comfortable seat in an approving group. It will make us take risks—risks of vision as much as of composition—and it will help us write haiku that are genuinely new instead of being thrown together from prefabricated parts.

Radical authenticity is that root of wildness that makes a horse a real horse, a poet a real poet. Perhaps the image of wild horses makes you uncomfortable. We certainly need a better self-image than the one we have now. Think of Whitman, this celebrant of the world who is the haiku poet's alter ego, his self-image reminiscent of a stork or a great blue heron:

NOT A
GOOD
EXAMPLE
OF
AUTHENTICITY

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

Anything but the humble-jumble of frogs in a stagnant pond! For us I prefer the weird croak of a raven, if we must have croaking; or for those who would move in silence, the hoof-prints of a deer. When a deer crosses snow-covered ice, its hoof-prints will remain even after windy weather has swept the ice bare. Projecting up rather than down, they look like a chain of mountains crossing the emptiness. This is what confronts us when we read the poets of the past. Seeing mountains, we construct mythologies of mountain-building, trying to imagine what sort of gods these poets were. But they were as real and as human as ourselves, their times as dirty and disappointing as our own. We will surely only know them if we succeed in knowing ourselves. For we too, as poets, are out there on the ice and in the cold. We too are making footprints that one day will be mistaken for mountains.



the precise beauty
of the spider's web,
marred by the mayfly

Charles Nakamura

old piano,
on the yellowed ivories
her crooked fingers

in the piano bench
the score of "One Alone"
and a dust rag

hearing old tunes
in the empty music room,
dead of winter

moving day,
the piano plays
by itself

Rebecca Rust

leaving her walker beside the old swing
flying—!

spinning her wheelchair
around and around and around
the empty ballroom

Margaret A. Peacock

twilight walk after
spring rain, stop!
the smell of lilacs

Mary Wittry-Mason

the relentless barking
of a distant neighbor's dog—
dawn reddening

slipping through
daylight in the barn doors—
a foraging rat

letup in the rain . . .
sloshing out to see how far
the flood has risen

Wally Swist

a tiny spider
patching up the many holes
from this morning's rain

James. L. Nammack, Jr.

spring rain
soaks the pasture—
cat's eyes glow in the barn

Stephen Spieckerman

floodwaters down;
by a toppled grandfather clock
an upright candle

Regina F. Smith

the young cock
crying for the sun:
overcast morning

Kenneth C. Leibman

starling's squeaky song
boy with violin case
kicks at a baseball

Elsie Kolashinski

biting her tongue
the little left-hander
practices printing her name

Christina Goyette

boy's kite
balancing himself
on the wind

8 plus 4
had he lived he would be
12

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

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

Wakened by thunder
child's wail lost
in wind's wail

Patricia Neubauer

call after call.
finally, my six-year-old's
"Lee Gurga!"

(for Ben)
Lee Gurga

Sunrise!
over the mountains
pink fog

Mary Fields

such red tulips
not minding the rain at all

never saw
a star fall. never thought
I'd miss you

Karen Sohne

shown the new baby,
changes her doll's
name again

Dee Evetts

mother's day sunflowers in a mustard jar

Frank K. Robinson

In lipstick
on the back of a check "gone on
with the children"

Lenore Mayhew

at the station house
in Chinese writing
"gone kite flying"

Jack Bernier

sunlight
burning through the fog
frozen leaves

fog lifting
spruces appear
on black water

George Grant

Crossing Cedar Lake
High up—long bars of clouds
Race us to sundown

Asway with the current
Under the clouds' reflections
Water hyacinths

H. Batt

cranberry bush engine
moose passing in the mirror
abandoned truck

eighteen wheel sunsets
on the chrome steel horizon
truck stop hub caps

William Schmidtkunz

three such bright moons
sky water mirror

Winona Baker

MAZATLAN SEQUENCE

old bus makes good time—
through cracked windows
tulipan blossoms

17th century church
surrounded by a sea of
TV antennas

beach salesman's
appraising glance—
"How much you wanna pay?"

crab legs
waving from the drain
the all-tile bath

full moon—
shouts from the crowd
as the *piñata* spills

Francine Porad



nearing me at dusk,
jogging the parched beachshore
two young black couples

old lovers walk
in the rain . . .
an eclipse

Lenard D. Moore

in a shaft of light
striking the forest floor—
a cloud of gnats

Wally Swist

Mockingbird on wire
while I was not attentive
left without a note

Tom Bilicke

old cat on my lap
the feel of his bones
through thin fur

old cat turning grey
the whiskers on his shadow
still black as ever

Norma S. Hass

clearing sky—
a thin wash line casts
a fat shadow

after the storm
a clambuckle sucks refuse
from the sewer

Frederick Gasser

the neighbor calls her cat
I set my clock

Season

sun on the wet sand:
the fin of the dead sailfish
iridescent

airborne:
having to kneel in the aisle
to see Mt. Fuji

coming from the shrine,
I hear their rising laughter—
mushroom gatherers

Rosamond Haas

wearing headphones
and sunglasses
we embrace

out of the Buddha
into the Bus
at Kamakura

Mike Taylor

brush painting
the blur of sky
your shadow

Vicki Silvers

dusk
closing shut in last light
stone buddha's eyelids

Sheldon Young

BITS & PIECES

PUBLICATION NEWS

Brussels Sprout has moved 'East to West.' New editor/publisher: Francine Porad, PO Box 1551, Mercer Island, WA 98040. Yearly rate: 3 issues/\$11, single copy \$4. Seeking haiku and senryu of 17 or fewer syllables in any format. A feature: Alexis Rotella's 'Haikudos.' Guest editors: David LeCount (May), George Swede (September), Ruth Yarrow (January 1989). *Fourth Broadside Series of The Red Pagoda* featuring ave jeanne and Michael Dudley now available for \$3. ppd. the set, from Lewis Sanders, 125 Taylor St., Jackson, TN 38301. Next set by Jane Reichhold and Alexis Rotella. Future submissions by invitation only.

THANKS to Raymond J. Stovich for the Anasazi petroglyph drawings on the cover of this issue.

CONTEST WINNERS

1988 Rockland County (NY) Loke Hilikimani Haiku Contest, judged by Robert Spiess: 1st, Charles E. Cockelreas; 2nd, Michael Ketchek; 3rd, Timothy Russell; Honorable Mention, H.F. Noyes.

Hawaii Education Assoc. 11th Annual Haiku Contest:

Season Word: 1st, Helen Dalton; 2nd, Daniel Marcus; 3rd, Winnie E. Fitzpatrick; Honorable Mentions, Jaye Giammarino, Rebecca Rust, Christopher D. Herold, Frederick Gasser, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Charles B. Dickson, Jennifer Brutschy, Miriam Sinclair, Karen Sohne, and H.F. Noyes.

Hawaii Theme: 1st, Anna Holley; 2nd, Miriam Sinclair; 3rd, Darold D. Braida; Honorable Mentions, Anna Holley, Helen E. Dalton, Miriam Sinclair, Jeanie E. Dragoo (2), Joyce A. Chandler, Phyllis S. Christensen, Carl H. Tavares, Roberta Stewart, and Donald McLeod.

Humorous: 1st, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg; 2nd, Jaye Giammarino; 3rd, Winnie E. Fitzpatrick; Honorable Mentions, Sister Mary Thomas Eulberg, Darold D. Braida (2), Sydell Rosenberg, H.F. Noyes, Elizabeth Searle Lamb (2), Donald McLeod, Christopher D. Herold, and Jeanie E. Dragoo.

New Zealand Poetry Society 1987 International Haiku Competition:

Best Haiku Sheet: Winner, Ryosuke Suzuki (Japan); Commendeds, Rebecca Rust (USA), Herb Barrett (Canada), Linzy Forbes (NZ).

Best Individual Haiku: Winner, Raydia D'Elsa (NZ); Commendeds, Ryosuke Suzuki (Japan), Rebecca Rust (USA), Kathleen Mayson (NZ).

THANKS to Haiku Canada for recent *Haiku Canada Sheets* by individual haiku poets and leaflets in the *Haiku Canada Selection* series featuring work from *Haiku Magazine*; and to Sakuzo Takada for leaflets of his own poems and those of other poets of the Taranomon Haiku Group translated by Sakuzo Takada.

CORRECTIONS/ADDITIONS

Inadvertently omitted from the story on the November 1987 US-Japan Conference on Haiku Poetry in the February *Frogpond*: Tom Tico of San Francisco presented a paper on Santoka, "An Ancient in Modern Times," on the program. It was translated extemporaneously by Prof. Kazuo Sato. My apologies. ESL

An error produced a 'stone beach' instead of 'bench' in Gloria Cunningham's haiku on page 26, February *Frogpond*. The haiku: all around / the stone bench / untouched snow. Again, my apologies. ESL

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.

Correction: *Beneath Bare Cherry Trees* by Patricia Neubauer is \$15, not \$16 as listed in last issue. . . sorry. ESL

Pelures d'oranges/Orange Peels by André Duhaime, trans. Dorothy Howard. Editions Asticou, C.P. 210, Succ. A, Hull, Quebec, Canada J8Y 6M8. 1987, 112 pps., \$10.95. Or from the author, 67, Court St., Aylmer, Quebec, Canada J9H 4M1.

Au jour le jour by André Duhaime. Ed. du Noroit, C.P. 244, St-Lambert, Quebec, Canada, J4P 3N8. 1988, 60 pps, \$5. (In French only.) Or from the author, address above.

Taste of Summer by Charles B. Dickson. Skyefield Press, PO Box 7, Deer Isle, ME 04627. 1988, 20 unno. pps., \$5 ppd. Autographed copy, same price, from author, 3012 Bren Mar Way, Doraville, GA 30340.

A Coyote in the Garden by An Painter. Confluence Press, Lewis Clark State College, 8th Ave. & 6th St., Lewiston, ID 83501. 1988, 80 pps., hardcover \$14.95.

thousands of wet stones by Bruce Ross. M.A.F. Press, Box 392, Portlandville, NY 13834. 1988, 28 unno. pps. \$2.50.

Nightshade: Anthology of Haiku edited by Lewis Sanders. 52 pps., \$3 from editor, 125 Taylor St., Jackson, TN 38301.

Kyoto-Dwelling: A Year of Brief Poems by Edith Shiffert. Charles Tuttle. 1987, 115 pps., hardcover \$8.95.

Haiku Pond: A trace of the trail. . . and Thoreau by Vincent Tripi. Vide Press, 478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118. 1987, 80 pps., \$10 incl. p/h. (Profits to The Thoreau Society, Concord, MA)

The Ink Dark Moon: Love Poems by Ono No Komachi & Izumi Shikibu, Women of the Ancient Court of Japan. Trans. by Jane Hirshfield with Mariko Aratani. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1988, 116 pps. hardcover \$14.95.

A Selection from the Poems of Seishi translated and edited by Noboru Fujiwara. 1988, 94 pps., hardcover, no price given. Sent by Noboru Fujiwara, 11-1 Yuhiya-oka, 1 chome, Toyonaka-shi, Osaka-fu, 560 Japan.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARD FOR 1988

1. Deadline for submission: August 1.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Maximum of five unpublished haiku (previously three).
4. Submit each haiku on two separate 3 × 5 cards, one with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the other with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Send submissions to: Adele Kenny, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. There will be a first prize of \$100, donated by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson; a second prize of \$50 and a third prize of \$25, donated by Mrs. Frances Levenson.
8. Winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*. If you would like a list of winning haiku and their authors by mail, please enclose SASE.
9. All rights remain with the authors except that winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
11. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.



ADVANCE NOTICE

The September 24, 1988 meeting of the Haiku Society of America will feature as guest speaker Alexis Rotella, whose topic will be HAIKU AND CANTILLATION. She will bring some new and provocative ideas to the HSA. Meeting at 2 pm, East Asian Lounge, Kent Hall, Columbia University, New York City. Watch for announcement prior to meeting.

GARY HOTHAM
LAUREL, MARYLAND
16 JUNE 1988

