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WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT

AK

Happy New Year, everyone! I'm very honored to have been elected president of the Haiku Society of America for the third time. When I accepted the nomination, I did so because it seemed time to have more than one candidate run for office, and I hope we've set a precedent for future years. Wouldn't it be great to have two or more candidates running for each of the offices?

As some of you may know, I was diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis this past June. After a difficult summer, I'm happy to report that I've experienced none of the most severe symptoms, that I'm fully mobile, and that while I'm on a leave of absence from my full-time teaching job, I'll have lots of time and energy to devote to the HSA. My sincerest thanks go to all of you whose cards, letters, and telephone calls wished me well.

I'm very pleased to have an opportunity to work with Vincent Tripi, Doris Heitmeyer, L.A. Davidson, and Elizabeth Searle Lamb. Each of these officers has a distinguished record in haiku history, and I look forward to the year we will spend together as members of the Executive Board.

I'd like to commend Charles Nethaway on the positive things he accomplished during 1989. I hope that he will continue to work on our twentieth anniversary volume; I know that this book is long overdue, but a great deal of difficult writing and editing has been accomplished, and I plan to "push" toward publication in the shortest time possible.

I truly hope that our 550 plus members, in all geographic areas, will become more and more involved in HSA activities. I hope to pursue the further establishment of regional groups and the appointment of regional vice-presidents or chairpersons. It's exciting to consider the creative possibilities of regional groups throughout the country and, someday, throughout the world! My greatest goal for this year is to encourage increased involvement and increased support and sharing among all of us, with no single group "reigning" above any of the others.

I'd like the HSA to become even more meaningful to each of you personally as well as in your region. I don't want *anyone* to feel isolated or geographically distant! Please feel free to write or call with your ideas and suggestions or just to chat—your communications will always be most welcome.

As we enter this first year of the last decade of the century, I wish all of you good health, peace, happiness, and many haiku to enrich your lives!

Adele Kenny
1 January 1990



MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

from *Frogpond* XII:4

Haiku

cajun cabin . . .
the aroma of hot gumbo
floats on the bayou

Charles B. Dickson

Sequence

“Beachfront Suicide: Reflections at Dusk”

Marian Olson

snowstorm—
the old snowman leaning
into it

Leatrice Lifshitz

drifts of snow—
spider webs whitening
corners of the shed

Dorothy McLaughlin

snow and sleet for hours . . .
mice in the pocket of the scarecrow
listen to the storm

Azhiac Maratos

a rabbit
races his shadow
across the field

Evelyn Hermann

Nestled in their den,
Wolf pups curl their chins to chest
Against winter cold.

The full moon rises
Over snowy mountain peaks—
Howl of a gray wolf.

Steve K. Bertrand

Drifting with
the same winter snow,
Lespedeza flowers and the moon.

K. Tanemura

5 A.M.

the ticking of the clock
the slow, soft wave
 of your breathing

under my blanket
the cat's purr drifts to a stop . . .
 the fridge starts to hum

the birds have their final dream
I find my first haiku

Samuel Viviano



A whirling snow cloud
speeds down the street
—riding a black car

Donald Kelly

winter morning
hot in the tub
reading Issa

rubbing a window
a boy stares on white fields
nothing moves

David K. Antieau

suburban winter—
peering through leafless woods
highway lights

Charles H. Easter

January thaw—
tinsel Christmas tree
lies on the curb

Mary Wittry-Mason

winter sun . . .
the ice-hung oak
ablaze

in the attic
a dusty st. francis
blesses spiders

Lesley Einer

windstorm over
green pine boughs cover
a trailer of trash

Nina A. Wicker

Snowman melting:
the old man watches from his bed,
slips into sleep

Richard Thompson

The squirrel stops
looks at me
shinnies up the bird feeder, anyhow!

Virginia Egermeier

The gray smoke
of the squirrel's tail
billows through an oak.

Michael Floyd

gray dawn
snow flakes and
cedar smoke

W. C. Ginn

in the wheelbarrow
three big rocks—tiny hands
grip the handles

fenced-in whiteness
painted pony pawing
for food beneath the snow

John Hazelton

the insistent voice
of a black-capped chickadee
snowy morning

piercing
 the larch
blue jay's needle

mounded with snow
the swallow's nest
reveals itself

Wally Swist

each flake different
from every other flake,
a skyful of snow

William Woodruff

BEYOND THE LOON'S CRY

Lenard D. Moore & Ruth Yarrow
Fall 1986—Winter 1988

beyond the loon's cry a white mist drifting back to sea	lm
hill ice: slowly the tires slide beyond my control	ry
rain chill garbage blankets the closing park	lm
gum wrappers catch the light teenagers giggling	ry
wind again peanut shells scattering across the warped beach	lm
rushing to the baby— cold wailing through the window crack	ry

longing for my wife:
I turn up the heat
staring at the stars lm

in the bog's eye a spruce spire
and Venus ry

moonless
a steadfast crackling
behind me lm

speared by a daffodil
a dry leaf is rising ry

wind slowly dying
wind chimes barely chiming
slow sunrise lm

through the squirrel's tail
light breeze ry

mountain trail:
the hunter's footstep
uncovered lm

clouds shroud the ridge
low rumblings of thunder ry

a single blue jay
calling from the willow-oak
in the evening rain lm

sifting through the screen door
hemlock dark, green gold light ry

on the porch
grandma snapping green beans
without a sound lm

truck into the distance—
cicada sound swells ry

a housefly enters
then leaves the wilted rose
sun hums through window lm

yellow rose: each sunlit petal
from an inner shadow ry

river wind
singing in the shade
of weeping willow lm

a boy's line whistles
out over the rapids ry

overcast evening
the last heap of earthworms spill—
the fishes' mouths lm

anatomy class ends—
trying to put its intestines back ry

campus rain:
black umbrella opens
behind the dusk lm

sneezing in the sun:
a glance back at the cave mouth ry

wind lifting
the churchyard's autumn-red leaves
again and again lm

hopping on the subway vent
their skirts and giggles rise ry

coughing in the chill
as the subway's lights dim:
I glance behind lm

winter sunset
one yellow window ry

lingering
in the empty seat
the old man's odor lm

widow's yard:
privet bushes tied together ry

home at last
from the fashion show
I brew hot tea lm

in the bog water
dark sunshine ry

a hunter
is warming his hands—
the red of them reddens lm

snow whirling across the dark:
I follow your tail lights home ry



winter dawn
a raven rises
from the ravine shadows

in deep woods
where the trail forks
coyote droppings

Beverly McDougald

the night road—
swerving headlights reflected
in the rabbit's eyes

Mark Arvid White

chinatown
kilbride just a few blocks
from the gate

drug violence—
policeman's coffee
shakes a little

vincent song—
i stop to stare
at the white sky

winter night:
doorman and street bum
stare at each other

winter wind
getting into the car
with no place to go

Charles D. Nethaway, Jr.

NO SIGNS
in large white letters
on the pole

on the billboard
a peeling bikini reveals
last year's model

Dee Evetts

walking the tide line
New Year's day
on the water, reflections

John King

cat perfectly still
at the window
chickadees

Randy Johnson

The cat, so near
enlightenment—except
at dinner

Martin Lara

winter elm
 into its greyness
 a white dove

New Year's Day
 the sun setting
 in the Christmas tree

winter moonlight
a cloud crosses
 the empty page

Stephen Hobson

Steady evening snow:
 on the novena candle
 the flame stands still

Stephen Gould

anxious child—
the airport x-ray swallowing
her teddy bear

Norma S. Hass

Wing lights flash
fade into
Orion

The shock to hear
my waitress call another
man 'hon'

Larry Howard

the tea drinker—
even in little bags
a ceremony

Ross Figgins

the I'm sorry letter
comes
postage due

Barbara Ressler

seeking help
over talk radio
scarred wrists

Tony Virgilio

the grandfather clock
wound by its maker
for the last time

Elizabeth St. Jacques

76A2103

How many dew drops make up these walls?

On razor wire
squats a crow—
winter night

The guards in their towers:
silk worms in cocoons of light

Black-uniformed winter fly
greeting me
behind bullet-proof glass

Walls of ice
 deep in forests—
 frozen frogponds

My silver shackles—
gossamer threads
under these stars

Old guard escorting me
 coughing like bullfrog
 cigarette smoke for breath

Prison cat in shadows
stalking the shaft of searchlight

Capturing snowflake fireflies with my tongue

Beating time with nightstick,
cricket sound
while I urinate

Oh, winter moon,
what have you done now
keep locked with the mountains?

A thousand temple bells—
the noise of the cell block

Suddenly they all look like green bullfrogs!

Decorating my cell again,
I notice roommate—
a silverfish on my pillow

From out of Henderson's *Haiku*,
my old wife's photograph:
cells doors automatically locking.

Elliot Richman



abandoned beach house:
stuck in the bedroom mirror
faded arcade tickets

dinner for two:
over the bitter night wind
wishbone's crack

Rich Youmans

into the mouth
of a cloud
wolf's moon

Margarita Mondrus Engle

mother's diary:
a name he never knew
he shared

power lines down
on the darkened tv screen
a candle flickers

Gene Williamson

next to his photograph
her hairbrush
gathering dried rosemary

Francine Banwarth

north wind
windows muttering
into my sleep

Robert Trayhern

BALTIC WINTER

peering into
summer cabins:
boats on tables

jacket on a nail
in the eel-fisher's hut
crumbles in my hands

dune pine
the low branch for ever
sweeping sand

Dee Evetts



Flounder gig
trembling
in the lighted water

Andy Roberts

mourning dove calling . . .
morning rain clouds
move off

her necklace:
cast in Baltic Sea amber
a fly's wing

Tom Clausen

steady snowfall
filling in my footprints
your goodbye

Barbara Pamp

SOLO TANRENGA

an all-year cottage—
swift and heavy sleet batters
trembling window panes;

but sensing spring, the spiders
emerge from various cracks

Robert Spiess

leaden sky,
a bird about to burst
with song

in cold March winds
over an empty boat cradle
gulls wheels and dip

L. A. Davidson

just the sun's movement
down the trunk of the maple
breaks winter silence

warbler's single note
unrepeated—
winter sunset

Andrew J. Grossman

Placing ashes from the woodstove
under the stars

Liz Fenn

Ryukyu winter . . .
a wasp disappears into a lid
marked TELEPHONE

the bowl of millett . . .
light of noonday seems to fill
the warmed-up kitchen

Thomas Heffernan

Again and again
a squirrel leaps and misses
the bird feeder

Peggy Heinrich

falling
behind his back
first snowball

Joe Romanello

This winter morning
even the sparrow's chirp—
cold

Sound colder than snow
the wind slamming the door
of the empty house

Mary C. Taylor

everyone asleep;
my grandmother calls a name
out of her past

Charles Nakamura

mourning dove
in the earthquake
—its own sound

vincent tripi

The ground stops shaking—
silence, silence,
the first siren

Tom Lynch

FOR THOSE WHO DIED

firemen
carrying the body—
silence

aftershock—
 staring
at the
 swaying
lamp

two days later—
finally
tears.

Raymond J. Stovich

the barefoot girl
misses every shard
on 16th street

Jim Boyd

on the radio
sirens in the background,
outside—coyotes

Tom Evans

THE LAST LEAF

after the quake
the weathervane
pointing to earth

autumn sun
amid the rubble
quaking aspen

after the quake
candlelight dinner

aftershock
tripping on the flashlight
in the dark

another victim—
laying the body bag
on the flower bed

aftershock
empty swings
swaying

nightfall
the last leaf
trembles

Michael Dylan Welch

SEASONED HAIKU: SPRING

Selected by William J. Higginson

A number of readers responded to my request for haiku on spring seasonal topics in "Seasoning Your Haiku" (*Frogpond*, Nov. 1989). Here are the best of these and some on topics suggested by the authors. Occasionally an author provided interesting background, or I have added a comment. The section closes with some seasonal topics of summer proposed for the May issue of *Frogpond*.

I have arranged the haiku in the traditional order by category (the season, astronomy, geography, etc.) and topic. The block to the right of each poem shows its category; its topic, with the Japanese topic given in italics if it exists; and whether the poem belongs to early, mid-, late, or all spring, with the month(s) to which these loosely correspond. Since authors' locations and climates vary so, I also give the state or province each wrote from.

Entries show the seasonal topics under which the season words would normally be included, rather than just repeating the season words. An asterisk (*) indicates an author-proposed topic. If a Japanese topic appears in italics after the English, that topic can be found in a traditional Japanese *saijiki*. My reference has been mainly the *Nihon Dai Saijiki* (Japan Great Almanac, Kōdansha, 1981-3), the most comprehensive season-word encyclopedia published in recent times.

spring morning:
the puppy and I
tumble out of bed

Helen E. Dalton

the season
spring morning* (*haru no asa*)
all spring (Feb. - Apr.)
(author in Hawaii)

first warm day
mother lets down the hems
of summer dresses

Winona Baker

the season
warm* (*atataka*)
all spring (Feb. - Apr.)
(author in British Columbia)

While Win's season word, "first warm day," seems appropriate to mid-spring (Mar.), it particularizes the all-spring seasonal topic "warm", referring to warm weather.

Mooing and mooing
Under the spring moon,
The cow cannot sleep.

Patrick Worth Gray

astronomy
spring moon (*haru no tsuki*)
all spring (Feb. - Apr.)
(author in Nebraska)

a jogger's breath
hangs in the dusk
left-over snow

Michael Ketchek

geography
remaining snow (*zansetsu*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in New York)

funeral too far to go . . .
snow left over
in this ground ivy

M.M. Nichols

last patch of snow:
a small black spider
lowers into it

Elizabeth St. Jacques

Holly Arrow wrote that "remaining snow" would have to be late-late spring for her, as March is the snowiest month where she lives, in Colorado. Since the season-word almanac is set to the climate of Kyoto (same latitude as Memphis, Tennessee), we may have to make local adjustments to the times of the "early-mid-late" season designations. The months indicated here are only approximate, and appropriate to central Japan and the mid temperate zone it typifies.

the parsnip seeds:
I was about to plant them
when the wind blew

Anna Vakar

moonlight illuminates
1040 forms
spread out on my desk

Lesley Einer

wrapped in seashells
the voices of their mothers
of their fathers

Vincent Tripi

in her dream
grandmother arranges
sea shells

Penny Harter

a candle
burning in the bathsteam
Valentine's Day

Allan Curry

Valentine's Day . . .
in the florist's greenhouse
left-over poinsettias

Patricia Neubauer

geography
remaining snow (*zansetsu*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in New York)

geography
remaining snow (*zansetsu*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in Ontario)

livelihood
seed planting* (*tanemaki*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in British Columbia)

livelihood
U.S. income tax preparation*
late spring (Apr.)
(author in Arizona)

livelihood
seashell gathering (*shiohigari*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in California)

livelihood
seashell gathering (*shiohigari*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in New Jersey)

observances
Valentine's Day (*barentain no hi*)
early spring (Feb. 14)
(author in British Columbia)

observances
Valentine's Day (*barentain no hi*)
early spring (Feb. 14)
(author in New Jersey)

An interesting poignance: Neglected at Christmas, they remain neglected into the spring.

April fools in
this snow
daffodil and I

observances
All Fools' Day*
mid-spring (April 1)
(author in Pennsylvania)

Minna Lerman

"Narcissus/daffodil" (*suisen*) is a seasonal topic of late winter (Jan.) because of the mildness of Kyoto's climate, where daffodils and narcissus often mix with the soft snows of late winter and early spring. "April fool," however, is a Western concept, specific to April 1, and not found in Japanese season-word guides.

While most of April is traditionally part of "late spring," according to the lunar calendar late spring really begins April 5, so "April fool" is a seasonal topic of mid-spring.

the time change—
the cat gets dinner
without begging

observances
daylight saving time*
mid/late spring (Apr., 1st Sun.)
(author in Colorado)

Holly Arrow

In North America our lives are twice yearly disrupted by "springing ahead" and "falling back" as commercial interests and the government follow Ben Franklin's advice. Ben, our stomachs do not thank you—in the autumn.

This year the first Sunday in April happens to be All Fools' Day (see above), a delicious happenstance that those who only a few years ago moved the beginning and end of daylight saving time hardly foresaw.

two lambs leap
and recoil, the space between
invisible horns

animals
lambs*
early spring (Feb.)
(author in California)

Brent Partridge

Brent writes that in Wales and northern California, where lambing takes place in February, "You'd see this in late February or early March." While "lamb" (*hitsuji no ko*) does not appear in my season-word guides, "colt" (*uma no ko*) is a seasonal topic of late spring (Apr.), when foals are typically born.

cats in love
old crow adding to
the din

animals
cats' love (*neko no koi*)
early spring (Feb.)
(author in Pennsylvania)

Minna Lerman

This was the only haiku of several sent on the topic that has to do with what goes on when cats make love. (Unfortunately, last issue's article read "cat's love" when it should have read "cats' love".) The traditional seasonal topic has nothing to do with a cat nuzzling or purring. It refers to the caterwauling ("the characteristic cry of cats at rutting time" — *Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology*) as cats growl, spit, and generally tear the place apart

in their courtship rituals. To prove this point, there is Shiki's famous poem:

how frightful!
they demolish the stone wall
cats in love

apricot blossoms
banked against the gate—
I remove my shoes

plants
apricot blossoms (*anzu no hana*)
late spring (Apr.)
(author in Kansas)

Pat Anthony

apricot blossoms
mostly beyond the reach
of my nose

plants
apricot blossoms (*anzu no hana*)
late spring (Apr.)
(author in West Australia)

John F. Turner

For John apricots would have to bloom in October or so; the time involved in mail to and from Australia prevented me from verifying this impression before deadline.

forsythia!
the minimum speed
forty miles per . . .

plants
forsythia* (*rengyō*)
mid-spring (Mar.)
(author in New York)

Joan Bulger Murphy

sunrise
lighting the candles
in the longleaf pine

plants
young green* (*waka-midori*)
late spring (Apr.)
(author in Florida)

Kenneth C. Leibman

Ken writes: "Yes, 'longleaf pine' is a specific species (*Pinus palustris*) . . . needles up to 18" long." In the spring volume of *Nihon Dai Saijiki* I found a photographic example of the seasonal topic *waka-midori*, which literally translates as "young green". The photo clearly shows bunches of pine needles standing up vertically like candles. Ken first heard the term "pine candles" in Florida. When I read through the entry for the topic *waka-midori*, I found that one of its associated season words is *matsu no shin*, which translates literally as "pine wicks". It seems that great folk minds think alike on both sides of the Pacific.

The concept of seasonal topics and season words has been refined by the Japanese for centuries. As you may have noted, except for the specifically American observances, almost all of the reader-proposed season words above have Japanese seasonal topics. Remember that each topic is itself a season word, and may have other season words which express it. Most seasonally observed phenomena of the temperate zone have already been incorporated one way or another into the traditional system.

To take us further into the world of the seasons, here are some traditional seasonal topics of summer for next issue—given as topic, *romanized Japanese*; category; time period (approximate month(s)):

Short night, *mijikayo*; the season; all summer (May-July). This implies the early light that follows a short summer night. Note that the solstice is just

past the middle of the haiku summer, not at its beginning. Associated season words include: the night shrinks (*yo no tsumaru*), easy dawn (*akeyasushi*), hurried dawn (*akeisogu*), early dawn (*akehayashi*). In Japanese, except for *mijikayo*, each of these is five sounds, and makes a typical opening or closing line of a haiku.

Evening calm, *yūnagi*; astronomy; late summer (July). An absence of wind on a July evening. Associated season word: the evening is calm (*yūnagu*).

Spring(s), *izumi*; geography; all summer (May-July). Can refer to a spring in the woods, a natural fountain, the source of a stream or river. No additional season words for this topic.

Airing clothes, *mushi boshi*; livelihood; late summer (July). This reflects the custom of setting or hanging clothes and books outside in the sun to air out and dry off, especially after the dampness of the rainy season. While *mushi boshi* literally means something like "drying insects" it is the most common term for airing out clothes. Associated terms get more specific: dog days airing (*doyō boshi*), airing books (*bakusho*); banishing insects (*mushibari*).

Takako's Anniversary, *Takako-ki*; observances; early summer (May 29). The Japanese memorialize the famous on their death anniversaries. As with the names of holidays and festivals, these anniversaries can serve as haiku season words. Hashimoto Takako (1899-1963), a haiku poet, gained recognition far beyond the narrow confines of "women's-style haiku".

Kingfisher, *kawasemi*; animals; all summer (May-July). Japan has at least three species of kingfisher, the common *kawasemi* (literally "green kingfisher"), the *akashōbin* ("red kingfisher"), and the *yamasemi* ("mountain kingfisher"). The latter most closely resembles the common North American belted kingfisher.

Young leaves, *wakaba*; plants; early summer (May). Associated season words: valley's young leaves (*taniwakaba*), village's young leaves (*satowakaba*), etc.; young leaves at the window (*madowakaba*), time of young leaves (*wakabadoki*), young-leaf breeze (*wakabakaze*), rain in/on the young leaves (*wakaba-ame*); young oak leaves (*kashiwakaba*), young persimmon leaves (*kakiwakaba*), etc. Etceteras refer to additional places or trees that can be named as part of a season word with young leaves.

Some readers have asked where they can find a list of season words in English. A brief one is included in the reference section of my *Haiku Handbook* (McGraw-Hill, 1983; Kodansha International, 1989). Also, the tables of contents of volumes 2-4 of R. H. Blyth's four-volume *Haiku* (Hokuseido, 1949-52) form a limited season-word list.

To have your previously unpublished poem considered for "Seasoned Haiku" send up to ten (may be on one sheet of paper with a copy—full name and address on each manuscript, please) and an s.a.s.e. to William J. Higginson, Seasoned Haiku, Box 219, Fanwood, NJ 07023 USA. Please type the season word, whether one of those offered above or your own suggestion, next to each poem. The in-hand deadline for the May issue is 15 March 1990.

palm reader—
the inscrutable face
in her moonstone ring

shaman . . .
into the folds of her robe
for a breath mint

Mitzi Hughes Trout

half a geode
hidden among the crystals
someone's paper fortune

Margarita Mondrus Engle

jazz by lamp light
in the pine a steady wind
quiets the dog

dark door screen
on an oaken table
Tarot cards face up

Richard Straw

Jazz
the blue
of twilight

Garry Gay

blind woman
worships the goddess
in her moon-lit room

(for Nakasha Buntele)
Linda Marucci

looking for it
the sound of water trickling
 over tree roots

lightning over the landscape
then thunder
 darkens it

 anzio beach . . .
 another wave gathers
and breaks

Frank K. Robinson

Keeping its old appointment
with the almond blossom:
 the full winter moon

R. H. Morrison

Shoveling snow,
the old man bends into
a question mark

Martin Lara

the color of coins
reflecting winter moonlight
tall banking towers

trapped in harbor ice
the rusted old freighter
surrounded by gulls

Herb Barrett

lost above the theatre marquee 3/4 moon

Steve Dalachinsky

January morning—
among the cornstalks the necks
of Canada geese

snowman
on the front lawn
of the retirement home

Penny Harter

like a broken toy
winding its arms endlessly . . .
this abandoned mill

Leonard Cochran

A great horned owl
perches on the telephone
pole: listening . . .

Snow on his tin roof . . .
sitting with my grandfather
who likes the same sound

Dave Thorndale

reading Job
the cat moves from my lap
to the sunshine

Gene Doty

snow snow
no sound
at all

Melodee Unthank

early spring . . .
slipping from the branches
skinny snow

Marlina Rinzen

Valentine's Day—
the evergreen wreath
grows brittle

Mitzi Hughes Trout

winter rain—
floating in a puddle
half a valentine heart

Lawrence Rungren

A field of seagulls,
then, on the very next day,
a field of robins

Alfred A. Marks

red sunset
a flock of gulls flickers in flight
seaward

Ruth Holter

the young woman
letting her blind son hold
the kite string

our truck
stuck in the mud
full moon

Ty Hadman

IN GREECE

the soles
of my espadrilles white
with Acropolis dust

over honey of
Ionic scrolls, lavender
of wisteria

the grey of donkeys
and olive trees
at the Castalian spring

Samos: one column
of Hera's temple
standing solitary

Barbara Morehead



hanging in
the pantry—the sweet
smell of basil

two fishermen
respectfully watching
the heron

Michael Ketchek

reaching the center of the lotus: dragonfly

Nick Virgilio

Yellowstone Park:
an elk follows well-worn path
legs lost in saplings

Out of the canyon
the scraggy coyote's eyes
searching the shadows

Mildred Williams Boggs

blue sage . . .
a man stoops at the pond's edge,
nothing in his hands

Peggy Willis Lyles

sunlight on new snow
and a tall birch, alone,
on the blue sky

Dorothy McLaughlin

sun in my eyes—
missing the twitch
of the doe's tail

Valorie Woerdehoff

a moment alone
before the others arrive
watching the snow fall

gumming cigarettes
old cheyenne women watching
young girls' fancy dance

Jack Ervin

gibbous moon at dawn:
hunched over the campfire
I crack an egg

tea in his study:
even Kerouac becalmed
on the shelf

Mike Dillon

plopping crackers
into soup—
Basho!

Carrie Etter

Painting the wall
My daughter's artwork
Disappears

William E. Lee III

studying Prokofiev:
an ant searches
the page too

Samuel Viviano

winter evening
the sound of a child
playing in the bath

Charles Nakamura

Bare-branched elms:
Humpty Dumpty moon
rising in fragments

George Knox

talon marks in the snow
dawn
outlining the remote cottages

Wei-wei

green bud
on a branch
bent with snow

Steve Rys

Windy March morning—
a stray blue parakeet
clings to a bare branch

Don L. Holroyd

the wind-swept prairie:
a stampede of tumbleweed
leads the Great Peace March

Nick Virgilio

winter sun
on the comb
she left behind

moonlight—
a sand dune
shifts

on a dead gull
lighthouse beam flashing,
again and again

Virginia Brady Young

white sky; blue clouds
a woman sweeps her shadow
into a dustpan

the cat's shadow
just about reaches my hand
from behind the gate

Michael Dwyer

a steep little climb:
ahead in the pines
the sky's deep

Robert N. Johnson

In the Li Po bar,
watching the clientele drink,
a golden buddha

Tom Tico

Rosa Villa Café
their dates never heard of
Rudy Vallee

Carol Montgomery

Basho's "On Love and Barley"
the last haiku
and one last kiss

Kevin Walker

luxury motel—
trying to read
by a sixty-watt bulb

Charles B. Dickson

BOOK REVIEWS

THAT FIRST TIME: SIX RENGA ON LOVE AND OTHER POEMS, by Hiroaki Sato. x, 84 pp. Laurinburg, NC: St. Andrews Press, 1988. \$16.

Reviewed by Michael O'Brien

The wonderful thing about these calm, sad, carnal, intelligent poems is the unerring way in which perception leads to emotion in them: the world of the senses and the world of the feelings, seamless. Yet one of their persistent feelings is that each of us is alone in perception; that consciousness is solitary—solitary as the godwit in the poem of that title. Consciousness connects things that in the world are separate, and these poems are taken up both with the connections we make and with the apartness that remains.

disturbed into
quick fragments, the heart
settles again

In our sexual lives we try to annul that separateness—the poems are full of this yearning. Yet here too,

four hours or four
seconds sex lasts only
while it lasts

And afterwards we are thrown back:

separate lives
separately live
no illusion

The renga that make up half this book are solos; the alternation of continuity and discontinuity at the heart of their form is tellingly, powerfully at one with the poems' recurring perception/sentiment.

on the grass-knoll
three figures stand apart
though not quite apart

The renga exploit an extraordinary musical resource; if you read them aloud observing the repetitions, each link except the first and last heard twice, making a poem both with the one preceding it and the one following it, they have, in all their immediacy, the rocking, archaic tug and power of ballads.

The poems are wonderfully specific—so many poems seem to describe something happening in a cloud—with a particularity that may

spell disaster for
crude minds
apt to be taken with
surfaces. Yet, that's where we
start . . .

In "Central Park at Evening"

the sky is distinct
slim thighs
of girlfriends
break free from sidestreets
onto the deserted
avenue

The elation of that breaking free is characteristic; yet other poems have to do with those nightmare times when nothing is clear and no particular will stay the mind:

Obscure
threats surge, and surge
again, till the mind fears,
till it yields, till it fades into
nothing.

where those "tills" have the force of hammer blows.

The book is evenly divided between a group of 27 separate poems and the six renga sequences, followed by "Notes on Renga and on Writing Renga in English," which illuminates the foregoing practice. It is available from St. Andrews Press, St. Andrews College, Laurinburg, NC 28352.



ANTIPHONY OF BELLS by Alexis Rotella. 1989, 14 pp., \$6.

THE LACE CURTAIN by Alexis Rotella. 1989, 8 pp., \$6.

DRIZZLE OF STARS by Alexis Rotella with Scott Montgomery and Bob Boldman. 1988, unpagged, \$6.

All three published by Jade Mountain Press, P.O. Box 72, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046.

Reviewed by Lenard D. Moore.

In the 1980s, haiku poets began to experiment with form, still articulating their subjects so clearly, and engaging the reader into heightened enlightenment as the apparent simplistic in nature was transformed into contemporary literature. In a few instances, form itself proved unfunctional for subject matter, because it did not take the haiku beyond its limits. However,

it is not impossible to see how haiku gained popularity during this period. It would be important to say that Alexis Rotella's haiku aids in understanding the essential stylistic movement of haiku.

Alexis Rotella, an interfaith minister, has written more than twelve books of poetry. A large body of her haiku appears in Cor van den Heuvel's *The Haiku Anthology* (Simon and Schuster, 1986), accurately suggesting a sameness of man and nature. And for such insight we can hope that an important body of criticism emerges. Nevertheless, Rotella continues to publish books of literary merit, and this is evident in her three most recent chapbooks, *Antiphony of Bells*, *The Lace Curtain*, and *Drizzle of Stars* (written with Scott Montgomery, and Bob Boldman).

In *Antiphony of Bells*, Alexis Rotella renders a journey through Italy, linking haiku and haiku sequences to give light to a universal solicitude and ultimately to work as one complete poem. Most of the haiku previously appeared in *Frogpond*, *Modern Haiku*, *Wind Chimes*, *Inkstone*, and *Red Pagoda*. Rotella (with the assistance of Mirella Ferrante) has translated these haiku into Italian; and the translations are just as evocative as the original English language haiku themselves. Consider the following haiku and its translation from the title poem, "Antiphony of Bells (Scanno):"

Moving with	Seguendo
the clock-tower's shadow,	l'ombra del campanile,
the flower lady.	la venditrice di fiori.

Usually known for dealing with the happiness and bitterness of relationships, here Rotella's tone is remarkably serious; and she evokes a dark mystery that slowly reveals itself, drawing attention to "the clock-tower's shadow" with "the flower lady," their oneness.

There are other haiku, which are also subtle perceptions, reeling vivid connections with remembered experiences in the reader's mind:

Mountain town at dusk—
smoke begins to rise
from a few chimneys.

Here "dusk" and "smoke" contrast to give the softness of profound relevance as dusk falls and gathers and smoke rises and scatters in a solitude, which somehow greatens its essence.

In *The Lace Curtain*, Rotella provides renditions of very realistic experiences, which every reader can relate to. This chapbook of twenty-three tanka reflects human experience, at once alive and most interesting for its intensity:

At dusk
the canary's song
grows heavy;
again I boil soup
for just myself.

In these lines, the poet provokes intelligence, demonstrating a sensibility

that's in tune with the Nowness of our surroundings. But there is a deep sense of loneliness surging in these lines, though seemingly a simple poem: nineteen syllables representing some deeper meaning. And this theme of loneliness surfaces throughout *The Lace Curtain*:

Waiting endlessly
for you to arrive;
through a tear
in the lace curtain
slips the crescent moon.

Rotella opts for suggestiveness, while eluding sentimentality, and her method requires a turning inward on subject matter, whether about love or nature. And the reportage of the tanka depicts the uneasiness as well as the happiness of daily life.

In *Drizzle of Stars* there are two linked poems, the title poem "Drizzle of Stars," and "Distant Rain." The former Rotella wrote with Scott Montgomery; the latter with Bob Boldman. Both poems previously appeared in *Brussels Sprout*. While it would almost be necessary to quote several of the haiku lines to see how the process works to create a whole poem, I must just focus on Rotella's since she is the poet under discussion. In link after link of the title poem, Rotella interweaves the natural world with the presence of humanity:

the snowplow moves our tracks to the other side of the road
and,
not speaking but our shadows keep touching

Yet in "Distant Rain" Rotella reports with an absence of people, but in each link there is a gracefulness of beauty:

hummingbird tuning the lily
and,
circling swan the lotus opens its crown

In concluding, each of Rotella's books are poems of poignancy as she expresses herself as a woman poet. And it is Rotella's experimentation that has pushed haiku beyond limits, contributing to the popularity of the haiku form in the Western World. Despite the slimness of these chapbooks, Rotella has stunned her readers like a great boxer does his challengers.



YOU AIM TO LOVE by Nick Avis

UNMARKED STONES by Wally Swist

Both of these 1988 chapbooks are letterpress printed with handsewn bindings, approx. 5½ by 8 inches, 31 and 38 haiku, respectively. These superbly crafted books, excellent additions to every haiku library, are available from Burnt Lake Press, 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, QC, Canada J1L 1Y8. \$4.95, plus \$1.25 s/h per shipment.

Reviewed by Raymond J. Stovich

you aim to love

Even when it hits its target love is never simple. Attraction, playfulness, beauty. Lust of the hormones and/or the imagination, coupled with tenderness. Love is at once elemental and the face of the Other.

she combs my hair with her hands mist among the trees	naked she rises out of the lake—the moon in her hair
dawn window	sunlight in the shape of her body

In love is aloneness, sometimes loneliness. And sometimes we see our thoughtless cruelties reflected in our loved one's eyes.

where we used to meet a beer can empty glistens in the moonlight	remembering the lie i told her crocus in midwinter
--	--

And love can forgive, endure, transform and purify even the dark brother/sister deep within one's soul.

we talk of our past
she picks wax from the candlestick
burns it in the flame

But the target is life, and the aim is to find love in life, lived in the daily moments of everyday existence.

raising the hem
of her new dress
the day now longer



Unmarked Stones

This collection ranges from nature haiku to contemporary urban haiku. They primarily rely upon the sense of sight, and at their best they allow the reader to envision complete and multifaceted worlds. Mr. Swist keeps his person out of these poems, and even when he deals

with very personal subject matter, there is a feeling of detachment present. Sometimes the reader has to work hard to “enter” these poems, but the rewards far outweigh the effort. About half a dozen of these haiku seem a bit flat to me, more like “desk haiku” than moments of intense experience, but over all this is a superb collection, written by a poet well on the path of being a master of his medium.

I would like to comment upon one haiku because I think it is one of the finest urban haiku I’ve read.

If streets are the arteries of a city, channels for its life and blood, then the diners are its central organs, places where all the action happens, witnesses to the myriad holdings, interchanges, and transformations of a living organism. Laborers and managers begin the morning with “jo, two on a raft, side by side,” and bantering about who scored the night before. Kids track in snow or mud, and gales of laughter, waiting for their school buses. Waitresses rush, scorn, cajole, rush, smile a blessing, rush, and if they have time, wonder about their own kids and lovers. Mid-morning it’s the old folks counting who’s still alive and those without phones, waiting for a summons—to a job or perhaps the welfare office. Lunchtime brings the local merchants sharing stories of customers and sales, and Wally the Barber once again trying to pick up Marie the Waitress. Then it’s the moms and their toddlers, gossiping, commiserating, planning. The kids returning from school to learn the fearsome rituals of dating over cokes and fries. After dinner, if they’re lucky, one or two singles linger over the remains of homemade mousaka, reading anything, buying time. In evening’s darkness come the flirting teenagers; and sometimes those with no place to go bring their sorrow and broken dreams, dates, friendships and families. The nighthawks consecrate it all with their homage to the humanity of the day before and their unspoken prayer to the hope of a rising sun.

Wally Swist has captured one of those moments:

sad faces stare
out of the diner’s greasy window—
a pay phone rings.

Here are a few more of the haiku found in *Unmarked Stones*:

at the stop light
in separate cars
we yawn together

silence after our argument
 crumpled cigarette pack
uncurling

all morning long
the aroma of home fries—
pond simmering with rain

along the path
to the peace pagoda
fragrance of pine



Note: Readers will remember that Wally Swist’s dual entry of *Unmarked Stones* and the smaller *Chimney Smoke* (No. 21 in the Juniper Press Haiku/Small poem Series) received an Honorable Mention in the HSA Merit Books Awards for 1988 publications. ESL

BITS & PIECES

RUMOR UNTRUE

Word of the death of J. W. Hackett that spread through the haiku community a few months ago was, I am happy to say, only an unfounded rumor. It did appear in print in several publications, although not in *Frogpond*, and corrections have appeared. For those who may not have seen any of those, this is an assurance that Mr. Hackett is indeed well and busily occupied with a new project which will no doubt be announced in due time. His most recent book is *The Zen Haiku and other Zen Poems of J. W. Hackett*, published in 1983 by Japan Publications, Inc., but now available from Kodansha International, Mail Order Dept., Putnam Publishing Group, 390 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073. Hardcover, \$14.95. Haiku from his earlier books are included along with new poems. ESL

PUBLICATION NEWS

Woodnotes, publication of Haiku Poets of Northern California, announces a change in policy; will now accept submissions from all subscribers. (478 A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118).

Bamboo Shoots, a quarterly 'page' of her own haiku by Carolyn Thomas, 285 Countrywood Lane, Encinitas, CA 92024, is offered for \$2.50 for four issues.

CORRECTIONS, with apologies

In the review of Machi Tawara's *Salad Anniversary* by Sanford Goldstein in *Frogpond* XII:3 (Aug. '89), the tanka, page 45, line 14 of 2nd paragraph should read: "You can't call it/ a major event: living/ alone and holding/ in the palm of your right hand/ a rotten lemon".

In "Contents" of *Frogpond* XII:4 (Nov. '89), L. A. Davidson's name was misspelled.

CONTEST NEWS

Rockland County Haiku Society announces 4th annual Loke Hilikimani Haiku Contest; up to 3 unpublished haiku on one sheet of paper with no identification; second sheet with same haiku plus author's name/address; enclose SASE for return of work and notification of winners. Deadline: May 1, 1990. Fee for total submission, \$1.00—checks made out and sent to Leatrice Lifshitz, 3 Hollow Tree Court, Pomona, NY 10970.

HPNC Women's Contest winners announced: 1st place haiku, Patricia Donegan; 2nd place haiku, Anne McKay; 3rd place haiku, Zhanna P. Rader. 1st place senryu, Barbara Ressler. Honorable mentions (alphabetical order): Helen Dalton, L. A. Davidson, Lesley Einer, Marie Forsyth, Yvonne Hardenbrook, Dorothy Howard, Elizabeth Lamb, Katrina Middleton, Marlene Mountain, Rana Nanamapa, Francine Porad, Alexis Rotella, Sharon Lee Shafii, Elaine Sherlund, Karen Sohne, Elizabeth St. Jacques.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

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

- Back of Beyond*, Hilde W. Beaty. Mt. Elliott Enterprises Co., 2240 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, MI 48207-3428. 1989, 76 pp, \$37.50 ppd. (A personal journal of one year kept in 5-7-5 stanza form; each of 100 copies include a weed collage and bookmark done by author.) ISBN 1-648-8493.
- Seasons' Enigma*, Naomi Y. Brown. Ill. by Nina Klinkenberg. Yucca Books, 7772 Cedar Breaks Ln., El Paso, TX 79904-3522. 1989, 80 pp, \$7.95 ppd. ISBN 0-9624188-0-3.
- The Hawk's Vision*, Virgil Hutton. High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. 1989, unpagged, \$2 paper, \$7 cloth, plus \$.50 p/h. Mini-chapbook #25. ISBN 0-913719-91-9; 0-913719-90-0.
- Questi Momenti*, Adele Kenny. Muse-Pie Press. 1990, 28 pp, \$5 ppd. From author, 207 Coriell Ave., Fanwood, NJ 07023. ISBN 0-918453-08-9.
- Full Penny Jar*, M. Kettner. Ill. by Mike Miskowski. Runaway Spoon Press, c/o Bob Grumman, P.O. Box 3621, Port Charlotte, FL 33949. 1989, unpagged (52 pp), \$3. (5½ x 4 in.) ISBN 0-926935-35-6.
- ... *a woman of passage*, anne mckay with friends. Wind Chimes. 1989, 54 pp, \$5. (8 renga). Available from anne mckay, Studio 219, 6366 Cassie Ave., South Burnaby, BC, Canada V5H 2W5. ISBN 0-941190-26-9.
- Summer Night: English language haiku*, William Oandasan, A Publications/A Writers Circle. 1987, 10 pp. \$1.50 plus \$1.50 p/h. Available from author, Dept. of Eng., LA 127, Lakefront Campus, Univ. of New Orleans, New Orleans, LA 70148.
- The Flea Circus*, Alan Pizzarelli. Islet Books, c/o Alan Pizzarelli, 423 Berkeley Ave., Bloomfield, NJ 07003. 1989, 34 pp. \$6 ppd.
- Narrow Road to Renga: Twenty Pilgrims with Jane Reichhold*, Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1989, 254 pp, \$12.95. ISBN 0-944676-19-7.
- Sorrowful Wheel: Ars Compiler of Relics of Time*, Charles Bernard Rodning and Christopher Bernard Rodning. Wyndham Hall Press, P.O. Box 877, Bristol, IN 46507. 1989, 163 pps., 20 photo ills, \$9.95. ISBN 1-55605-095-X.
- Red Lights: Selected Tanka Sequences from Shakkō by Mokichi Saito*. Translators: Seishi Shinoda and Sanford Goldstein. Purdue University Press, South Campus Courts-D, West Lafayette, IN 47907. 1989, 386 pp, \$32.50. (Includes original Japanese.) ISBN 0-911198-90-3.
- Lichtmomente. (Moments of Light)* by Sabine Sommerkamp. Verlag Graphikum Dr. Mock. 3400 Gottingen (Wilhelm—Baum—Weg 31), West Germany. 1989, 45 pp, 14 DM plus fee for mailing. ISBN 3-88996-223-8. (Poems, including haiku and tanka. German only).
- Sugaring Buckets*, Wally Swist. High/Coo Press, Route 1, Battle Ground, IN 47920. 1989, unpagged, \$2 paper, \$7 cloth, plus \$.50 p/h. Mini-chapbook #26. ISBN 0-913719-93-5; 0-913719-93-7.
- 100 Haiku* (Toranomom Haiku Group), translated by Sakuzo Takada, 1-8-

13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. 1989, 116 pp, \$8 ppd. (Japanese with English translation)

One Year of Haiku, Shugyo Takaha. Translated by Jack Stamm. Ills. by Shigeru Ekuni. (1989?) 56 pp, no price given. Contact Shugyo Takaha, 1-21-11 Shimoda-cho, Kohoku-ku, Yokahama, 223 Japan. (Japanese with English translations).

60 Haiku, Noboru Ueki. Translated by Sakuzo Takada. Nihon Kayo Geijutsu Kyokai. 1989, 78 pp, \$5. ppd. Available from Mr. Takada, 1-8-13, Koenji-Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan 166. (Japanese with English translations).



HSA 1990 HAROLD G. HENDERSON MEMORIAL AWARDS

Made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in honor of Harold G. Henderson. Donation of first prize by Mrs. Henderson; second and third prizes by Mrs. Frances Levenson.

1. Deadline for submission: Postmark date August 1, 1990.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per haiku.
3. Limit: five unpublished haiku
4. Submit each haiku on three separate 3 × 5 cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging) the third with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit entries to: President Adele Kenny, 207 Coriell Ave., Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. First price, \$100, Second prize, \$50, Third prize, \$25.
8. Winning haiku will be published in *Frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

HSA 1990 MERIT BOOK AWARDS

For excellence in published haiku, translation, criticism
For books published in 1989 only

1. Deadline for submission: Postmark date May 1, 1990.
2. Entry fee: none
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1989.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit works to President Adele Kenny, 207 Coriell Ave., Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. First prize of \$100, second prize, \$75; third prize, \$50.
8. The list of winners will be published in *Frogpond*.
9. Books will remain the property of the HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.

HSA 1990 GERALD BRADY SENRYU AWARDS

Made possible by Virginia Brady Young in honor of her late brother,
Gerald Brady

1. Deadline for submission: Postmark date July 1, 1990.
2. Entry fee: \$1.00 per senryu.
3. Limit: five unpublished senryu.
4. Submit each senryu on three separate 3 × 5 cards, two with the senryu only (for anonymous judging), the third with the senryu and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit entries to President Adele Kenny, 207 Coriell Ave., Fanwood, NJ 07023.
7. First prize, \$100, second prize \$50, third prize, \$25.
8. Winning senryu will be published in *Frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Please send SASE if you would like a list of the winning entries.
9. The names of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.

WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Greetings to you all as this New Year, this New Decade, begins. I appreciate the support members of the Haiku Society of America have evidenced by electing me to serve again as the editor of *Frogpond* in this its thirteenth year.

You will already have seen in this issue the first of the "Seasoned Haiku" features in which Bill Higginson focuses on some of the historical background as well as current status of Japanese haiku while presenting an exciting challenge to Western haiku writers—a challenge well met by poets who responded for this first 'spring' feature.

If all goes according to plan, the May *Frogpond* will carry the announcement of a new HSA Award, this one for renku!

Rules for the Henderson, Brady, and Merit Book Awards for 1990 are in this issue. I would ask you to note the May 1st deadline for the Merit Book competition! Please don't miss this deadline for your 1989-published books. Good luck to all of you in these contests.

For members of HSA who have not renewed for 1990, this will be the last issue of *Frogpond*. Please send your check to Doris Heitmeyer if you are among those who have delayed.

May this year bring us all joy as we find in and through the way of haiku a heightened awareness of the world in which we live.

February's snow
heavy on the roof—willow
already yellowing





