

# frogpond

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HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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Gary Hottel  
Seagssville, Maryland  
12 April 1995

# frogpond

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

i climb the mountain with my eyes never ending snow

*Pamela A. Babusci*

**Vol. XVIII, No. 1 Spring 1995**  
**HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA**

In memory

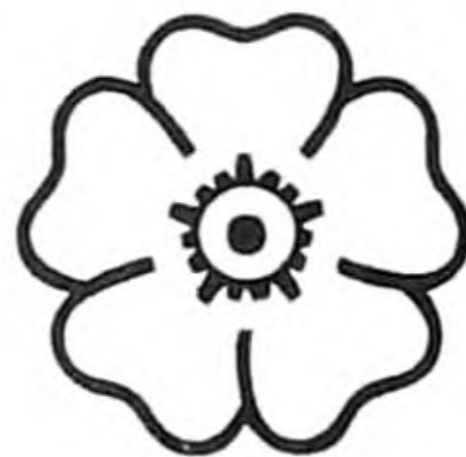
of

Azhiac Maratos

January 19, 1913 - September 23, 1994

gray wind  
nudges the weathervane  
the sound  
of rain comes from the forest

*azhiac maratos*



**ERRATUM:** The award-winning haiku by Pamela A. Babusci was printed in the last issue with a capitalization error. It is printed correctly on p. 1.

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## 1995 H.S.A. PRESIDENT'S GREETING

Greetings to you from your new Haiku Society of America President. As we move into the new season and the New Year and toward the turn of the century, I envision an increasing importance of the simple act of a haiku moment in the so-called postmodern world. I believe that haiku help us to maintain our humanity and poetic spirits. They also help us recover the precious small and large things in our world. As your HSA President, I plan to nourish and protect a place for such acts in North America and around the globe. I wish you all well with your haiku moments great and small.

abandoned house—  
the lilacs just as bright  
this spring

With best wishes,  
Bruce Ross

## FROM THE EDITOR

This will be an experimental year for *frogpond* as a new editor seeks a style for, a Way to, and some Light on the process of producing a quarterly literary magazine devoted to haiku and its allied genres.

Please bear with me as I make mistakes, proceed clumsily, behave inconsistently. Please honor my failures as well as my successes as attempts to develop a *frogpond* that will remain fresh and interesting, recognizing the values of the traditional as well as the modern North American haiku forms. I should rather make mistakes than a dead *frogpond*.

Not that *frogpond* has been dead in recent years. When I joined the Society, Elizabeth Searle Lamb was the editor, a post that she held from 1984 through 1994, with a three-year sabbatical during which Sylvia Forges-Ryan took the helm. These editors produced issues of excellence which I shall have to struggle to maintain.

In this issue there is a focus on youth. Not only are the winning haiku in the Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial Haiku Competition for High School Students printed herein, but there are also poems by 7th-grade students from a school in New Orleans. There are also some "new faces" in this issue: writers who, regardless of actual age, are young in the art of haiku.

This issue also bears the work of Robert T. Malinowski, who hopes to have an interpretation of each of the four seasons on the magazine's covers through the year. Robert also provided the interpretation of Bashō's "Desolate Fields" for the 1994 Members' Anthology, *dreams wander*. Thanks to all of you who have written with loving encouragement. I need all the good wishes I can get.

With gratitude,  
Kenneth C. Leibman

the way  
sunlight softens  
pine boughs  
in the spring

*Jeff Witkin*

steady spring rain . . .  
a tree takes shape  
at dawn

*Bruce Ross*

top of the spine  
of a bareboned tree—  
the nest

*L. A. Evans*

ancient cherry tree  
its trunk in bloom  
at every scar

*Doris Heitmeyer*

the tree's shadow  
spread thin  
over new grass

*Nasira Alma*

wild pea tendrils  
entwining  
last year's grass

*Cherie Hunter Day*

the  
hanging  
fern  
too  
kindly  
fed  
fronds  
reaching  
the  
floor

*Robert Spiess*

so long  
I forgot their name:  
April crocuses

*Bruce Ross*

aged  
father's  
birthdate  
his  
plum  
tree's  
petals  
fluttering  
down

*Robert Spiess*

plum tree  
its blossoms fallen  
just a tree

*Robert Gibson*

wrens in the plum tree  
spinning first light  
into song

*Diane Tomczak*

almond blossoms  
but the sparrows quarrel over  
dryer lint

*Ken Hurm*

keeping bees  
because of  
tupelo honey

*Robin White*

morning shadows . . .  
the fallen magnolia blossoms  
already turned

*Bruce Ross*

one white camellia  
how it softens  
everything

*Margaret Chula*

my first pair of glasses:  
the pines  
have needles

*Mauree Pendergrast*



pulling out weeds i clear my mind of clutter

*Pamela A. Babusci*

too late . . .  
as I stoop to weed  
seeds fly

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

annointing the head  
of the kneeling gardener  
honeysuckle dew

*Cecily Stanton*

leaving the park—  
glimpses of cherry petals  
on the soles of shoes

*Ebba Story*

pansy bed  
a toddler bends down  
to kiss their faces

*Pamela A. Babusci*

*ikebana*  
arthritic fingers taper  
the slender branches

*Francine Porad*

window blooms  
turn their backs  
on me

*William M. Ramsey*

Crying  
I count  
the onion's rings.

*Chris Linn*

from the cypress  
a mockingbird peeper  
before its first song

*Kay F. Anderson*

from the treetop  
meadowlark  
calls the morning

*J. Michael Koetzner*

cascading  
from telephone lines to grass  
a fall of starlings

*Marcyn Del Clements*

its own raucous squawk  
lifting the bluejay  
to full height

*Louise Somers Winder*

ahead of the U-Haul  
geese flying north

*Nasira Alma*

the bobwhite  
I've been on the lookout for—  
neighbor's car alarm

*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

drifting morning mist  
the stillness  
of the wild turkeys

*Wally Swist*

turkeys in cages  
stacked on a passing truck  
feathering the road

only early risers  
in the market parking lot—  
two crows eat pizza

*Kaye Bache-Snyder*

crane  
on the horizon  
holds a cloud

*Tom Clausen*

a deer springs  
from the yellow sign—  
the boundless plains

*Michael McNierney*

scattered skies—  
five chamois cross  
the moraine

(Switzerland)

*Darold D. Braida*

frosted pasture  
the black stallion's breath  
smoking in the fog

*Wally Swist*

fish store window  
the one remaining crab  
with folded claws

*Doris Heitmeyer*

closing time  
at the farmers' market—  
glazed eyes of salmon on ice

*Ce Rosenow*

sardine clouds—  
the salty breath  
of the fisherman

*Margaret Chula*

White sheets  
billow in the wind  
a fisherman's wife

*Sam Savage*

black moon—  
kerosene lamp luring  
winged ants

*Federico C. Peralta*

construction site—  
saying so long  
to the daffodils

*Wilma M. Erwin*

uprooted cherry trees—  
between the bulldozer tracks  
wild mustard blooms

urban creek—  
plum petals floating  
on the oil slick

*Donna Gallagher*

Not one red berry  
remains of the holly farm  
under the car-park

*D. W. Parry*

mile-high view:  
the city disappears  
into sand dunes

*Francine Porad*

we've let you be,  
spider, but now we're moving—  
you, too

*Zane Parks*

A ladybug  
flies out of my hand  
April Fool's Day

*Michael Fessler*

butterfly holds tightly  
to my finger  
I take it to a rose

*Brent Partridge*

house on the hill  
the door opens to let out  
a butterfly

*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

suddenly  
the silence between  
each wave

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

spoon-drift—  
sandpipers scurry  
ashore

*Robert Henry Poulin*

Almost spring:  
a slow lantern walks  
the low tide

*Mike Dillon*

they walk along  
the water's edge—the girl  
and then the seagull

*Jackie Taylor*

receding water  
in the tide pool  
a quiet star

*Marian Olson*

sudden shower  
darkening shadows on the beach,  
then erasing them

*Dorothy McLaughlin*

stream full of melting snow  
and a pair of mallards  
floating backwards

*Rick Kuntz*

falling again  
in spring rapids  
—October's leaf

*Nasira Alma*

Just enough wind  
to twist a single  
red maple leaf

*Penny Griffin*

pine pollen  
drifts in yellow wave-forms  
on the lake

*Ann Cooper*

clear sky—  
the rower wrinkles  
the mountains

*Darold D. Braida*

rainy woods  
mushroom hunters sheltering  
under their umbrellas

spring—  
fish kite  
battling upwind

*Helen K. Davie*

after the rainstorm  
choosing dead limbs for kindling  
by their fragrance

*Margaret Chula*

a step on the stair  
before the knock  
wind

*Jeff Witkin*

yesterday's wind  
further away—  
she weakens her tea

*Gary Hotham*

standing in the rain  
waiting for your raincoat  
to appear

*Pamela A. Babusci*

waiting for your return  
tree shadows lengthen  
brick by brick

*Helen K. Davie*

lonely tonight i drink all the moonbeams

*Pamela A. Babusci*

letters avoid words dreams dissolve

*Linda D. Addison*

blush of a rose  
her "Dear John" letter stamped  
*Return to Sender*

*Carlos Colón*

The start of spring—  
telling her it's too painful  
to see her as a friend

*Tom Tico*

the thigh mole  
near your hairline  
only i see

*William M. Ramsey*

second marriage  
she trains the gnarled wisteria  
to a new fence

*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

first day of spring—  
same as yesterday  
his snoring

*Leatrice Lifshitz*

retirement—  
at home all day  
with a stranger

*Addie Lacoë*

love resurrected—  
the flannel nightgown  
put aside

*Nasira Alma*

jockeying wheelchairs  
against each other—  
the kiss hard-won

*Zane Parks*

Out of the school bus  
dodging all the dry places

*Rebecca M. Osborn*

foster-care child  
only a doll tells her  
“I love you”

*John J. Dunphy*

overhearing  
that his life was  
an accident

*Addie Lacoë*

cheek to pillow  
a moonlit strand  
of drool

*Zane Parks*

In the neighborhood  
snowflakes and daffodils  
this April Fools Day

*Jane K. Lambert*

rising suddenly  
the squeals of little ones  
. . . the balloon bouquet

*Elizabeth St Jacques*

ghetto child's crayon  
all the gang colors  
worn to stubs

uptown  
the  
baker's  
son  
playing  
the  
dozens

*Anthony J. Pupello*

first day of spring  
down by the mailbox  
empty slippers

*Nina A. Wicker*

road map  
his hometown  
on the margin

*John Stevenson*



light snow . . .  
in my morning dream my son  
waits for me to wake

*Yasuko Yasui*

an approaching shadow—  
not knowing  
it's my mother's

as if they belonged  
to someone else  
i put on my clothes

*chris gordon*

savoring the book  
how slowly he turns  
the last few pages

*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

as if to hear  
his silent world  
he cups his ear

clean biopsy  
many promises now  
to keep

*Gloria H. Procsal*

*Diane Tomczak*

I wanted my spleen  
that glistening purple  
organ they cut out

*Christina Sergeyevna*

shattered,  
together with me, the glass  
I threw at the mirror

*William Woodruff*

AA meeting:  
coffee urn  
drunk dry

she lies in bed  
both face and walls glow  
nursing-home pink

*Mauree Pendergrast*

*Gretchen Graft Batz*

May sunshine—  
another name in the obits  
rings a bell

*H. F. Noyes*

packing her dishes—  
on the windowsill  
paperwhites in full bloom

*Ce Rosenow*

filling the emptiness  
where the widow's husband sat—  
bands of sunlight

*Wally Swist*

warm breeze . . .  
on the small forgotten grave  
a clump of buttercups

*Elizabeth St Jacques*

laughing forever  
on the white tombstone  
the writer's image

*Marian Olson*

family graveyard  
uncle harry and aunt nell  
still not speaking

*Ken Hurm*

mountain spring—  
the old legs carry me  
halfway there  
(to Ikkoku Sato)

after the funeral  
the dishwasher full  
of canning jars

In the old house  
the faded portrait  
fills the room

*Tony Virgilio*

from the gravestone  
to the blossoming tree—  
a spider's thin strand

*Helen K. Davie*

a smooth stone—  
the second wife buried  
elsewhere

*John Stevenson*

the way her hand  
lifts the ashes of her cat  
scattering its stillness  
(in memory of Calhoun)

*Joyce Walker Currier*

driving home from the vet  
beside me on the seat  
my old dog's collar

*John J. Dunphy*

candlelight flickering . . .  
together we cry  
over our dead dog

*Edward J. Rielly*

alone in her nursing-home room  
she baby talks  
to her long-dead cats

*William Woodruff*

both Malamute and fire siren wailing away

*Muriel Ford*

twilight  
sun  
slipping  
into  
another  
dark  
world

twilight  
we wait—ready to find  
the wishing star

*Peter Duppenhaler*

*Marian Olson*

Winking  
in the darkness of the street  
a cyclist's white shoes

*Sam Savage*

house locked at last—  
from somewhere  
faint smell of smoke

*Jeannette Stace*

My phone  
rings once  
in the night.

*Chris Linn*

the ski lift  
stopped and empty  
one chair creaking

*Kaye Bache-Snyder*

Cold dark morning:  
the commuter train's  
bright faceless windows

*Mike Dillon*

frigid morning . . .  
on windshield ice  
my shaking shadow

*William M. Ramsey*

driving away  
that new car smell  
my first dent

*Carlos Colón*

A car turning in . . .  
headlights flicker on a tree  
. . . then another . . .  
(for John Wills)

*Ross LaHaye*

daydreaming . . .  
the jet contrail softly  
spreads

*Tom Clausen*

Department store  
flies almost as many flags  
as the U.N.

*Kam Holifield*

The smell of popcorn  
rushes out of the lobby  
ahead of the crowd.

*Robert L. Brimm*

he builds a house  
with turquoise green carpets  
matching her eyes

*Flori Ignoffo*

Pentecost morning—  
a lighted candle falls  
from the windowsill

*Nina A. Wicker*

famine relief—  
side by side with the priest  
the medicine man

*Mark Arvid White*

evening séance—  
the medium's parlor  
smells of cabbage

*Patricia Neubauer*

At the far end  
of the church yard  
a bronze Buddha

*Dave Sutter*

the act  
of the statue  
stillness

*Paul O. Williams*

holding my breath  
Henry Moore's figures  
in conversation

*Ronan*

Stone Mountain—  
the granite faces of  
defeated generals

*Zane Parks*

nude mannequin  
the cigar store indian  
staring

*Ken Hurm*

caught inside  
the rugged quartz  
the sun

*L. A. Evans*

**unable**

unable to feed the birds i cannot lose weight  
ill each tomato plant a stranger  
finally tennicare approved but little mood for celebration  
sunny morning negative feelings  
before fall leaves fall my scattered mind  
no money for the used book  
right here on the calendar my days are numbered  
another nice day still not over the weather

*Marlene Mountain*

**Half Frozen**

So alone  
the snow I gather  
with my hand  
  
it drips  
again rain  
warm smooth  
  
lower  
an ice-flower opens five  
half frozen petals.

*Werner Reichhold*

a starry night—  
all of the sky  
going on

sunlit afternoon  
only the wind  
going on

insects and flowers  
even here so much  
going on

*Paul O. Williams*

### **Nicaraguan Mother**

arch of rafters  
sag of hammock—  
her deep breath

dawn doorway:  
glow of her candle  
nearer

stones  
grinding corn—shreds  
of my dream

tortilla:  
her fingerprints radiate  
in all directions

curved hands:  
the tortilla eases onto  
scorching clay

sunspot  
on the dirt floor:  
the baby's chortle

noon:  
the huge white pig heaves  
one grunt

*Ruth Yarrow*

## Woodstock '94

Woodstock festival—  
the crickets in the bushes  
all night long

tossed frisbee—  
the happily frolicking dog  
misses every one

pulling a toy wagon  
a middle aged woman with  
a broken-heart tattoo

mud slide  
at the bottom “dirt boy”  
does a somersault

the young girl  
expressively wiggles her hips  
to “Chain of Fools”

Woodstock memorial:  
POW sticker, flowers, poem  
and a business card

Max Yazgur's farm—  
a grasshopper leaps onto  
a four-leaved clover

*Bruce Ross*



## HAIKU IN THE SCHOOLS

### WINNERS OF THE 1994 NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

More than a quarter of the 450 entries in this year's contest were exceptionally good. It is interesting to note that, although this event is a haiku contest, a vast majority of the entries were pure senryu. Nature, other than human nature, was a mere footnote. Nevertheless, the sensitivity demonstrated by these young poets is astounding. We wish there were space to praise a good many more. Nearly all of the haiku submitted were not only written in the freeform style, but were of the minimalist school, many with a single word constituting a line.

In choosing the winners, we looked for originality, interpenetration, clarity and concreteness of images, focus on the present instant, and skill with words. Overall, we sought, especially, a sense of the deeper spirit of haiku.

The haiku teacher and the ninth-grade class at Wahlert High School in Dubuque, Iowa are sure to celebrate, having swept all honors in this year's contest. Since there were only a few high schools whose students submitted work, we hope that more will be done in the future to promote haiku, and to encourage participation in the Nicholas Virgilio contest.

First Place	digging potatoes
Lisa Tranel (9th grade)	my dog barks
Wahlert High School	at the shovel

The seasonal reference of this poem is clear; the time when potatoes are harvested. Other than potatoes, what treasure will the shovel unearth, maybe a coveted bone? At some level, does Lisa's dog recognize its own nature in that of the shovel (much as haiku poets recognize themselves through heightened awareness of "external" phenomena)? The poet may well have been mulling over this very question. In doing what her dog does so well, dig, she finds significance in a common activity, significance that might otherwise have gone unnoticed: the unearthing of simple treasures, and a realization of a deeper connection to her dog, perhaps in the same way that her dog felt a connection to the shovel.

Second Place	pheasant hunting
Adam Asbury (9th grade)	his hand too cold
Wahlert High School	to pull the trigger

We feel the bitter cold of this poem, the coldness that was to end with the taking of life. The actual split-second of “freezing-up” is the point of focus. So sudden, the single explosion, a pheasant’s wings... deafening, the silence where a gunshot could have been.

Third Place	
Brooke Althaus (9th grade)	mountains the horizon
Walhert High School	

The poem is not “I see mountains along the horizon”, or “mountains are the horizon”, or any other re-write. It’s not only that the single horizontal line suggests the horizon, although that is the case. As we live with this poem we find that it continually expands. “Mountains” is a rich word, associated with snow, rock, trees, stillness, storms, the purple shadows, and so forth. As we move through this cluster of meanings, we come to “the horizon” which always surrounds us. It is a difficult path ahead, to matter which way we go. It won’t be a flat, easy walk.

*Honorable Mentions are listed in alphabetical order; there is no order of preference.*

Honorable Mention	turning the corner
Nate Jenkins (9th grade)	he turns his hat
Wahlert High School	in a different direction

A simple act, a natural act, perhaps an unconscious one. Adaptability is a strong human characteristic. Here are two possible scenarios, each powerful in its own way: 1) A teenager leaves home for school, baseball cap worn in the more conventional manner, as his parents insist upon seeing it. But, when he turns the corner he assumes his image of choice, turning the cap backwards as is the custom of his friends. The rebellion of youth is universal; it has always been. 2) A teenager leaves home, baseball cap worn in the conventional way, and reaches the corner. It is a brisk day and there is a stiff breeze... rounding the corner, he turns his cap so that it will not be taken by the wind. He is in tune with his environment and takes charge of his life. Adaptability—whether to social environment or to the weather.

Honorable Mention	Eucharist
Jessi Kurt (9th grade)	white
Wahlert High School	on my dirty palm

Even those who may not be familiar with this rite are likely to understand this poem. The image is stark and clear; the poet's recognition of the need to be unburdened of sin, of guilt, is expressed more by the dirty palm than by the Eucharist itself. It is the contrast that underlines this need and deepens the impression.

Honorable Mention	rain...
Amanda Wetjen (9th grade)	he holds out
Wahlert High School	his hands

The ellipsis holds us for a moment in the first awareness of rain. It is possible that the rain is so light that hands are held out to be sure. This is a common reaction, often an involuntary one. Alternatively, the person holding out his hands may know that it has started to rain and welcome it, palms up, a willing participation—a celebration.

Honorable Mention	grandmother's smile
Lisa White (9th grade)	spreads
Wahlert High School	into a yawn

As we grow older those things that once fascinated or gave pleasure tend to exert less of a hold on us. Exuberance gives way to calmness, laughter to a smile (sometimes merely a polite smile). Often we grow weary, even in the company of friends and relatives, and it becomes less and less important to conceal our true feelings. This poem acknowledges and accepts the universal seasons of life.

Presented with joy, encouragement, and gratitude,  
The Judges:

Christopher Herold  
June Hymas

**NOTE:** The rules for the 1995 Nicholas A. Virgilio Haiku Competition for High School Students appear in the *Announcements* section at the back of this issue of *frogpond*.

*The haiku and sequences on this and the following page were submitted by students in Mr. Arlie Parker's 7th-grade English class in the Isidore Newman School, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

Night in the city  
the far-off sound  
of a lone train

*Leslie White*

While I fall asleep  
I see the day in a quick  
five-second recap

*Vasu Tummala*

Sweet smell of old times  
. . . . recollecting  
how he hurt me

*Rachel E. Landis*

The tall wood houses  
rise from St. Charles Avenue  
as the sun comes out.

*Matthew L. Mann*

The yellow fuzz  
on this leaf  
got up and walked away.

*Dorothy Ball*

babies bawl, hungry  
kids cry, hungry  
adults beg, hungry

*Brett Bissinger*

Cold winter moon  
an old man sits by himself  
looks out the window.

City summer day  
the boy with a cold watches  
the party below.

*Kyle Jones*

**You reach out for me, not realizing you're late**

It was lonely,  
that scary moment  
when you said I didn't matter.

No one expected  
for you to say  
that I still matter.

As I see you dance with her  
I too have my doubts  
that I am important.

The moment was hard  
no words to show you cared  
for me or anyone else.

Things are hectic  
Because you are here;  
don't worry, it's okay.

You are together,  
happy as always;  
you are safe.

*Victoria Barreto*

POEMS FROM THE 1995 CALENDAR  
OF THE MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE

Translated by William J. Higginson

Each year in Japan the Haiku Poets Association (*Haijin Kyōkai*) and the Museum of Haiku Literature (*Haiku Bungaku Kan*) publish their *Haiku Karendā*, with haiku by the members. The cover and each month's page include reproductions of from one to three long, narrow poem strips (*tanzaku*) or square poem cards (*shikishi*) in the authors' calligraphy, plus—on the monthly pages—thirty or so additional haiku in type. The following poems are translated from the *tanzaku* and *shikishi*; I am grateful for the help of Tadashi Kondo and Kayoko Hashimoto. (Authors' names in Western order.)

Front cover:

*senmen ni*  
*uta o chirashite*  
*fude hajime*

scattering  
a poem on the fan paper—  
first calligraphy

*Shunsō Machi*

January:

*momenjima*  
*kitaru tanjun*  
*hatsuhi uku*

the simplicity  
of wearing striped cotton  
I accept the first sun

*Ayako Hosomi*

February:

*taiji wa umi kara*  
*fubo to nigatsu no*  
*iwa no iro*

an embryo from the sea  
with father and mother the color  
of February boulders

*Hekiteikan Isogai*

*me ni kiyuru*  
*made chikazukite*  
*ume no hana*

coming so close  
it fades in the eye  
plum blossom

*Utsuwa Kamikura*

March:

*tada ima tada*  
*nuke ha nimai ya*  
*tori-awase*

just now just  
two fallen feathers . . .  
the cock fight

*Tōge Morita*

*kuwa no ne o*  
*taki kebura suru*  
*higandera*

mulberry roots  
kindle and smoulder . . .  
the temple at Higan

*Bansui Minagawa*

*Higan*, sometimes given in English as “equinoctial week” but literally a translation of “Paramita” (Sanskrit for “fixed goal” or enlightenment), is a week-long Buddhist observance every spring and autumn, and includes visits to temples and graves with prayers for the spirits of the dead. (to be continued)

**Sierra Fly Fishing**

Last night I saw Mars—magnetic orange in a dark sky of white stars. Mountains, half crusted in snow, on both sides of our valley as we rise at dawn—the sun an orange ball that is soon shadowed by ominous clouds. It could rain on us yet. I’m reluctant to leave my cocoon in the tent, but coffee’s on. Activity of breaking camp after breakfast warms me up. Now I am flexing my new graphite rod over the swollen waters. It’s impossible to keep a fly in the eddies—current so strong.

trout rising  
big browns and rainbows  
my line falls short

Fish not interested in my dry fly anyway; they are rising to tiny black midges. There’s more than fish interested in these bugs; a flycatcher is picking them off our dusty car. He also has a territory problem:

black phoebe perches  
on the car’s sideview mirrors  
attacking the foe

Cows—red and white or black with white faces—bawl in the stubbled field. Winter range here, along the river. But there is nothing for them to eat. A tan pickup truck pulls in, empties a sack of grain in a long line and drives away. Now the river flows through stillness.

cattle queuing  
licking a line of grain  
a sudden wren sings

*Marcyn Del Clements*

I remember  
the blue of fringed phacelia  
but not the passing year  
only my lover's stride  
beside me on the moist path

I will not falter  
under your steady gaze  
the flame you desire  
swells and flickers  
at another's hearth

*Sandra L. Martin*

Home alone and  
I read your old love letters  
this full moon night . . .  
the smell of lilacs  
comes and goes

these nylon stockings  
moon-white on the bedpost  
faint warmth  
yet sniffing the powder  
between your full breasts

*Lenard D. Moore*

Kissing you good-night  
even the scent of your toothpaste  
          excites me.  
Forty years ago I feared  
we might run out of love.

My love . . .  
must you really go back to  
buying and selling?  
The roses are in bloom, and  
your piano gathers dust.

The finches sing  
freely 'til I appear, then  
a silence falls.  
Mother's whistling always stopped  
when I approached her other world.

Having washed your face,  
hands, arms, stayed near  
while you slept,  
you turn from dying to ask:  
*You're my mother, aren't you?*

Somewhere in her heart  
in her memory perhaps,  
she will find it still  
the laughter, closeness we had.  
Granddaughters often do.

*Kay F. Anderson*

The poinsettia  
tiers in the wisteria;  
the wisteria  
hangs in the poinsettia—  
ardent-pale, so much like love

songs in the field  
from the sowing of seed  
to bird voices  
the turn of the earth  
a wind-up toy

*Fileman Waitts*

*Jane Reichhold*



WINNER OF THE 1994 HSA RENKU CONTEST

after the thunder

a Kasen Renga

by

Joanne Morcom

Nika

Sister Mary Jane

silence  
after the thunder . . .  
then crickets

*Joanne*

in the prairie grass  
the fawn's warmth lingers

*Nika*

under the noonday sun  
a naked child sits  
and smiles

*Mary Jane*

Halloween night—  
small shrill voices

*Joanne*

a bright moon—  
in and out of shadows  
slips the owl

*Nika*

the bonfire flares . . .  
twilight trembles anew

*Mary Jane*

is it there in the dying embers? face of a friend	<i>Joanne</i>
from the withered branch the last apple . . .	<i>Nika</i>
winter wind: dry leaves swirl between the tombstones	<i>Mary Jane</i>
final parting his bittersweet kiss	<i>Joanne</i>
spring dreams— added to her shopping list harlequin romance	<i>Nika</i>
drifting into deep sleep i trust in resurrection	<i>Mary Jane</i>
entwined in the robin's nest bright blue string	<i>Joanne</i>
at rest within . . . the crescent moon	<i>Nika</i>
over the hill distant fields glisten— september dew	<i>Mary Jane</i>
morning stillness the deer hunter follows tracks	<i>Joanne</i>
a scarecrow staring blankly at the stars orion beams back	<i>Nika</i>
to the creche a toddler carries a crumpled rose	<i>Mary Jane</i>

faintly  
from the thicket  
newborn's cry

*Joanne*

beneath the bed  
kittens nursing

*Nika*

green shoots push up  
through dead matted weeds  
fresh beginnings

*Mary Jane*

in her white hair  
a pink and purple bow

*Joanne*

widow . . . wrapped  
in a room with a view  
caresses memories

*Nika*

wild geese far above  
flee the sea storm

*Mary Jane*

cold autumn rain  
drums steadily down  
on a shed roof

*Joanne*

again the salmon gather  
at the mouth of the river

*Nika*

sirens pierce  
the stained glass window  
nuns kneeling

*Mary Jane*

slow dance . . .  
heartbeats race

*Joanne*

lovers taste  
each other's sweetness  
harvest moon

*Nika*

rust colored foliage  
a fox appears disappears

*Mary Jane*

pensioner shares  
her thanksgiving meal  
with a stray cat

*Joanne*

war vets drink  
to the “good ol’ days”

*Nika*

snowflakes falling  
    falling  
falling . . . snow

*Mary Jane*

april afternoon . . .  
clouds come and go

*Joanne*

befuddled bee  
reluctantly emerges  
from the thistle

*Nika*

Handel’s hallelujah chorus sounds  
my drooping spirit soars

*Mary Jane*

The practice of composing *kasen renku* (the style of *haikai no renga* written in 36 stanzas and taught by Matsuo Bashō in the 17th century) has made wonderful progress in North America. In the twenty-odd years since it was introduced to the community of haiku aficionados, *renku* and its unique style of linking different verses on different themes by several different poets has become a much written and discussed genre, thanks of the efforts of scholars and poets such as William Higginson, Donald Keene, Tadashi Kondo, Earl Miner, Hiroaki Sato, and Makoto Ueda.

The criteria for this contest included adherence to the *jo-ha-kyu* form (introduction, body, fast close); correct use of season; diversity of topic and tone; and quality of linking. Although all of these qualities are important, the judges feel that perhaps the one most essential to a good sequence is the latter, as a good *renku* may be conceivable without the others, but not without imaginative and subtle connection between verses. Among the entries received, we felt that “after the thunder” showed the best understanding and execution of linking technique, if not in other, more technical aspects of *renku*. We congratulate its authors, and applaud the high level of skill they displayed in crafting poetry in this demanding genre.

The *hokku* places us in autumn (season word: crickets), and the tone is that of hushed awe—even the crickets are quiet for a while. This is developed in an appropriately close verse which further defines the setting—we are on the prairie, and the thunder which silenced the crickets has perhaps startled a fawn. The matted-down grass from which it has risen is still warm, and the

themes of gentleness and repercussion are extended. As appropriate to the *daisan*, the theme has shifted, and we find ourselves in the company of a young child rather than a fawn, and in the sunshine, rather than under threatening clouds. The connection is obvious: youth and warmth, showing a link by quality (perhaps Bashō would have deemed this to be *utsuri*, reflection) rather than by place. Anthithesis is another way of linking, and in the following verse, the naked child basking in the sun is replaced by a garishly costumed pack of kids moving through the darkness of Halloween night.

Perhaps the most successful sequence of stanzas occurs in verses 10-16. We begin with a love verse, as is appropriate on the second page of a *kasen* and, also appropriately, it is followed by a second love verse; both reflect the proper tone of longing, rather than fulfillment. The parting couple in verse 10 becomes a pair of figures on the cover of a harlequin romance novel in a supermarket, which a lonely matron has added to her purchases. Her reveries about romantic dalliance become more literal in the next verse—perhaps she is only dreaming of dreaming of love. As the figure slips into unconsciousness, the erotic impulse is transformed into a simple hope for survival, and surrender to love is transmuted to surrender to infinity. At this point, the sequence is in danger of becoming too close to being a narrative, and so the next verse moves away from the depiction of a lonely woman to the springtime scene of a robin's nest. The themes of springtime, potentiality, and resurrection are wonderfully combined in this verse; the round nest suggesting cyclic eternity in terms of its shape, its function, and its contents. The blue color shared by the thread in the nest and the egg reinforce this, and the thread itself serves as a visual pun signifying connection. In the next verse, the round nest becomes the partial ring of the crescent moon, another symbol of cyclical change. This, the 14th verse, is appropriately the moon verse, and we are thus moved into autumn. The shift from the dreamy potentiality of spring to the dwindling energies of autumn are apparent in the crescent, most likely waning moon. The colors become muted—instead of the blue of the eggs and thread, and the red of the robin's chest, we have merely the black and white of the moon and nighttime sky; the stillness of the egg, in which a new life is actively forming, becomes that of negative space. The following link reverses this meditation on potentiality by depicting fruition. Together the *maeku* and *tsukeku* create a lovely sequence in which an early morning landscape is displayed. It is September, and the fields are ready to be harvested. In the faint light the bluish-white glow of dew can be seen on the crops—we have come full circle from the springtime robin's nest. This is a moment of stillness, yet in the next verse, the stillness is broken by the approach of a hunter, who follows the trace of a deer in the autumn landscape. It is, perhaps, a poor choice of quarry in terms of the entire sequence, inasmuch as a fawn has already appeared in the *wakiku*. Despite this, this run of verses shows the skill and imagination of the participants in this *renku* in terms of theme, variation of linking technique, and quality of individual verses.

John Ziemba

north by northwest

anne mckay  
kenneth tanemura

and the winter road thin curved calligraphy on snow m  
leaves on a high branch cast shadows t  
in the square this early morning light pale as pears m  
azaleas that bloomed in a poem withering now t  
a sadness between the lines . . . these letters from provence m  
dark clouds drift apart new stars t  
still warm a small blue egg a small blue song m  
pennies give birth to wishes pregnant koi t  
eenee meenee minee moe . . . licorice or lemon drops m  
spinster woman plants forget-me-nots t  
old mountain climber she lives on a hilltop t  
the postman complains again m  
night alone moon lingers at the window t  
seven times now my dream m  
the bridge all lit up while the city sleeps t  
remembering that kiss in a taxi m  
haunted by regret . . . so silent in her presence t  
to find another river and another m  
only the fog discovering these empty streets t  
footsteps swish in yellow leaves m  
she disappears into the crowd the rainbow's end t  
scent of sandalwood lingering m  
in the open field a battleground of felled trees t  
sudden applause at the shooting gallery m  
rifting on an evening air the sadsweet carousel m  
from flower to flower gardener & butterfly t  
pleated fans folded now in the house of autumn m  
buzzsaw interrupting bird song sudden chill t  
north by northwest this november wind changing my mind m  
a distant mountain lost in the haze of sky t

small fingers crossed	wishing on that winter star	m
behind the stripper's art	. . . something	t
days of solitaire	red kings upping black queens	m
the sword is mightier than the pen		t
first to fall	bright rows of fife and drum	m
. . . all music spent		m

### A READING

Raggedy Ann cut open  
 for her candy heart  
 that says 'I love you'

*Robert Spiess*<sup>1</sup>

This haiku—a mere tale of greed and naughtiness in the nursery? Perhaps it seems so at first reading. Perhaps it may even have seemed so to the poet when he jotted down his first notes for as much happens in the poet's mind between the moment of perception and the finished haiku as in the reader's between the first and subsequent readings.

The haiku describes a child cutting open a rag doll to get at its candy heart. In imagination, one can almost hear the cloth tear, almost feel the heart-shaped candy in one's hand, and one's experience of the "moment" would end at this point were it not for the third line. The juxtaposition of 'I love you' and the act of destruction opens the door to a long, dark corridor that echoes and re-echoes with Tom Jones' "Delilah" and Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," with Don Jose's remorseful "*C'est moi qui l'ai tuée—ah Carmen, ma Carmen adorée . . .*," Othello's softly uttered words "Put out the light, and then put out the light" and Medea's frenzied cries of anguish and revenge. Different readers will have different associations, but all will relate in some way to the theme of passionate love transformed into possessiveness just as the child, ripping open the doll, is determined to possess the candy heart for herself alone.

Without this juxtaposition, the haiku would lack resonance. Haiku poetry never describes that which it discovers. This is why, I think, many speak of haiku as a double art, meaning both the writing and the reading. The poet creates the haiku; the reader completes it.

*Patricia Neubauer*

<sup>1</sup>From *The Shape of Water*, ©1982, Robert Spiess. By permission of the author.

## The Garden

a woman  
weeding her garden  
crying, smiling

face smudged where hands have brushed

open furrows  
shadow  
in each one

what she's turned up dries out

red hands  
opening  
tulips

the earth darkens further down

blackbirds overhead  
singing  
of worms

dark hair wriggles with the wind

quiet spaces  
unseen in the sky  
swallows loop together

the same cloud all morning

a glint of sun  
at each stroke  
of the hoe

puffs of earth—the wind carries them off

*Jim Kacian*



## REVIEWS

### CURRENT CROP III

*An occasional series of views and reviews*

One of the more puzzling notions brought into the American understanding of Japanese haiku is *onji*. According to its greatest proponent, William J. Higginson, “Japanese poets do not count ‘syllables’ at all. Rather, they count *onji*. The Japanese word *onji* does not mean ‘syllable’, it means ‘sound symbol’” (*The Haiku Handbook*, McGraw-Hill, 1985, p. 100). Higginson made this assertion even though Tadashi Kondo had given a more or less correct (albeit confusing) account of the term *onji* as early as 1976 (*A Haiku Path*, Haiku Society of America, 1994, p. 85).

It is hard to imagine why Higginson decided to muddy the picture. In the first place, as the English poet James Kirkup, who alternates his residence in Japan, Andorra, and England, says in *Formulas for Chaos* (Hub Editions, 1994), “few [Japanese] have ever heard” the word *onji*. Indeed, check the definitions or descriptions of the terms *tanka*, *renga*, and *hokku* (*haiku*) in Japanese dictionaries and books on these verse forms, and you will find that the word used for counting the sound units is *on*, *ji*, or *moji*. More important, Higginson did not really try to determine what *onji* actually was. Just look at its definition in, say, *Daijirin*: “A *moji* (character) that expresses a certain sound on its own. There are *onsetsu moji* (syllabic, syllable) and *onso moji* (phone, phoneme). Also called *hyō'on moji* and *onhyō moji*. See *iji* (ideograph).” (In this translation, parenthesized words and phrases are my additions. On account of the way words are often formed with Chinese ideograms in Japanese, *hyō'on* and *onhyō* are completely interchangeable, both meaning “phonetic.”)

Now, no Japanese *moji* or *ji* represents a phone or phoneme that is a complete consonant—except perhaps the one for *n*, which in the Japanese scheme of things is regarded as a “half-vowel.” Accordingly and therefore, as far as the Japanese language and its writing system are concerned, an *onji* can only be a syllable. As Kirkup goes on to note, “A syllable is a syllable, in whatever language it is written or spoken.” His conclusion on this much ado about nothing: “Theorising about *onji* seems a very pedantic way of using a sledgehammer to crack a hazelnut.”

For sweeping aside this non-issue in its Prologue alone, *Formulas for Chaos* is worth having. For Kirkup fans, the book's worth doubles because he says this will be his last collection of haiku. Kirkup (b. 1923), whose first book of poems, *A Correct Compassion*, appeared in 1952 (the title poem describes a mitral stenosis valvulotomy), is a philosopher-poet. The opening piece reads:

Haiku should be just  
small stones dropping down a well—  
with a remote splash

And the Epilogue:

A barge moving through  
thick morning mist blows its horn  
after vanishing

As these pieces show, his “preference” here is for the 5-7-5-syllable, 3-line form. He quotes Auden as saying to him: “What’s the use of having rules if you don’t observe them? You lose the whole fun of the thing.”

Between the opening haiku and the Epilogue, Kirkup throws in his translations of Louis Calaferte (1928-1994, French. “Vertical / dazzle of / full summer”—from a sequence in which Calaferte has “deliberately not employed the traditional form of the Haïkai, respecting only its substance”), tanka, translations of the dancer Takehara Han (b. 1903. “Working on dance steps, / my kimono becomes so / laden with my sweat”), of Takahashi Mutsuo (b. 1937. “The enormous kite / did not find its real soul / until the string snapped”) and Yannis Ritsos (Greek. “Shadows of seagulls / patterning the damp sand / patterning our flesh...”), and of a selection of 14 tanka from the *Hyakunin Isshu* (One Hundred Poems by One Hundred Poets). *Formulas for Chaos* also has a sequence called “Snowviewing” spread on two pages, “intended to be read diagonally” across them.

The philosopher-poet Kirkup does not impose a narrow range of topics to be dealt with in haiku—as may be discerned from three randomly selected pieces from a sequence called “Gaia”:

With the death of Man  
the earth will recover health—  
its lost butterflies

In the village pond  
fading stars are shaken by  
a first falling leaf

By the window fall  
the autumn leaves and the rain's  
tears for Yves Montand

Of course, to speak of the imposition of a narrow range of topics in haiku can mislead. After all, haikai started out by rebelling against tradition and its dictates. Still, compared with the notion of *kachō-fūgetsu* (flower-bird-wind-moon) that the haiku “dictator” Takahama Kyoshi (1874-1959) advocated as the only appropriate subject matter for this literary genre, any attempt to go beyond it has a broadening effect.

Among the modern Japanese haiku writers who made that attempt before the war, Saitō Sanki (1900-1962) is prominent. In the touchy atmosphere created by the ascendance of ultranationalists, Sanki was arrested and jailed as a Communist suspect for the kind of haiku he wrote. To wit: *Migi no me ni taiga hidari no me ni kihei*, “In the right eye a huge river, in the left eye a cavalryman”; *Harupo Marukusu kami no kuso yori umaretari*, “Harpo Marx must have been born of the shit of God”; *Dōkeshi ya ōi ni warau uma yori ochi*, “A clown laughs and laughs, fallen off a horse”; *Kinsen no ippen to rafu korogareru*, “One fragment of money and a nude woman lie about”; and so on.

Saitō Masaya (no relation of the poet) has translated about 400 of Sanki's haiku in *The Kobe Hotel: Saito Sanki* (Weatherhill, 1993). The title of the book derives, however, from a series of prose sketches Sanki wrote about his experiences in the port city—the one devastated by an earthquake earlier this year—which takes up three quarters of the volume. A man who spent the second half of his twenties in Singapore teaching dancing (rather than practicing dentistry as he was supposed to), Sanki lived in a rundown hotel in Kobe in the midst of the war, from 1942 to 1943 and, before the city was razed by air raids, managed to move to a Western-style mansion, which was away from the hub of the city but was equally rundown. For about two years following Japan's surrender, he associated with American soldiers and did business with the Occupation forces, once as a plumbing contractor for the whorehouse set up for the U.S. military.

These prose pieces are fascinating. Most readers are likely to be surprised—as I certainly was—to learn that quite a few foreigners lived in wartime Japan. Among the long-term residents of the hotel were an Egyptian named Maged Elba, a White Russian woman, and a Turkish-Tartar couple (there was also a young Taiwanese named Keelung and a Korean woman). In a different, not quite rundown

hotel of the city were officers and sailors of a German cruiser and submarine who were stranded after making a port call because by then the waters around Japan were patrolled by U.S. submarines. Other unexpected characters put in their appearance—a Japanese, for instance, who had become a pilot in France and for a while served the French military as an officer. Sanki describes these people with a debonair, cosmopolitan restraint and amusement associated with the 1920s and 1930s.

The sketches include some that explain the circumstances of the composition of certain haiku. One of them reminds us—if that is needed at this late date—how difficult it is to pack meanings into a single haiku and make that piece understandable on its own. It has to do with *Hiroshima ya tamago kū toki kuchi hiraku*, “Hiroshima: when I eat an egg my mouth opens.” A year after the atomic bombing, Sanki happens to find himself in the city on a “pitch-black” night. Saitō Masaya translates:

Sitting on a stone by the side of the road, I took out a boiled egg and slowly peeled the shell, unexpectedly shocked by the smooth surface of the egg. With a flash of searing incandescence, the skins of human beings had as easily slipped off all over this city. To eat a boiled egg in the wind of that black night, I was forced to open my mouth. In that moment, this haiku came to me:

Hiroshima—  
to eat a boiled egg,  
the mouth opens.

By reading this haiku by itself, how many readers can guess the ghastly chill that the poet might have tried to have it convey?

The addition of haiku to the “Essential Poets” series by The Ecco Press, in 1994, is an intriguing event. On the one hand, *The Essential Haiku*—the twentieth in the series—is the first selection given over to non-English-writing poets, so that now the usual triumvirate of Bashō, Buson, and Issa stand shoulder to shoulder with the likes of Shakespeare, Whitman, Browning, and Poe—a distinct honor if you are pro-haiku.

On the other hand, Robert Haas, the editor and “verse translator” of this volume, is a professor of English whose knowledge of Japanese literature essentially comes through second-hand sources. “Over

twenty years ago,” says Haas, “reading R. H. Blyth, I began to make my own versions of his translations, from an impulse to simplify or clarify them” (p. 309)—a process which, by his own admission, has changed little. I’m amused to imagine how his eyebrows might react if a Japanese with a minimum understanding of English told him of a plan to make his own version of an existing Japanese translation of, say, Ashbery, from an impulse to “simplify or clarify” the poet. Such an attempt, he would agree, does have some pitfalls.

Let us leave aside some of the more obvious misstatements with which he sprinkles his commentaries so we may look at the question of “simplicity.” In the Introduction he says, “The spirit of haiku required that the language be kept plain. ‘The function of haikai,’ Bashō once said, ‘is to rectify common speech.’” The first sentence has nothing to do with the second.


Though *haikai* in essence meant the use of daily language (as opposed to the highly regulated poetic diction of the court which was employed in *tanka* and orthodox *renga*), it did not necessarily mean *plain* language. Then, the observation attributed to Bashō—different versions of which appear in *Nijūgo-ka-jō* (Twenty-five Articles) and in *San-zōshi* (Three Booklets)—is paradoxical. As a *haikai* master, Bashō was supposed to tend to the use of *zokugo* (daily language) but as years went by his preference for *gago* (poetic diction) became stronger. This is why he followed this observation, in *Nijūgo-ka-jō*, with an explanation: *haikai no sugata wa, uta renga no tsugi ni tachite, kokoro wa kōjō no ichiro ni asobubeshi*, which may be paraphrased: “As a verse form, *haikai* stands behind *tanka* and *renga*, but in spirit you must continuously improve yourself through it to reach the levels achievable in those two genres.” The matter has little to do with the plainness or simplicity of the language.

Hiroaki Sato

**Note:** This reviewer’s previous *Current Crop* group reviews appeared in *frogpond* vol.15, no. 2, p. 75 (1992) and vol. 16, no. 2, p. 55 (1993).

**ROUND THE POND: An anthology**, edited by Ion Codrescu; translations into Romanian by Mihaela Codrescu. Muntenia Publishing House, 1994, ISBN 973-96513-5-6. 272 pp, paper, perfectbound. US\$15.00. Available from Ion Codrescu, Str. Soveja Nr. 25, Bl. V2, sc. B, Apt. 31, 8700 Constanța, Romania.

Ion Codrescu (editor of Romania’s haiku publication *Albatross* and founder of the Constanța International Haiku Festival) solicited work



from haiku enthusiasts around the world for this anthology. Told the collection would commemorate the tercentenary of Bashō's death, poets were invited to submit articles, letters, haibun, renga, etc. of their choosing, along with their own haiku.

As a result, the work of 49 poets from 16 countries appear here and range from a few lean paragraphs to several pages, while topics concern how one became acquainted with haiku through to studies of the form. As all material appears in English and Romanian (the first half of the book is in Romanian), *Round the Pond* is surely the first Western haiku anthology of its kind.

Here, you will find the work of William J. Higginson, Jane and Werner Reichhold, Francine Porad, Robert Spiess, Rod Wilmot, Anne McKay, Dorothy Howard, Janice M. Bostok, Ion Codrescu, and other well-known haikuists.

To whet your appetite, consider the following: Kōko Katō (Japan) tells us that "October is known in haiku parlance as 'wintry drizzle' month; thus (Bashō's) death date is known as 'the wintry drizzle memorial day'", and the author goes on to present three of the Master's haiku with her interpretations. Alain Kervern (France) reminds us that Bashō believed the artist's spirit "follows nature and befriends the four seasons. Everything he sees becomes a flower, and everything he imagines turns into a moon."

Elizabeth S. Lamb (USA) recalls her fascinating haiku journey of 31 years that has accumulated "more than a thousand" books for her personal library, and André Duhaime (Canada) tells how his haiku interests led to a love for the renku form.

Taking a look at haiku translations and commentaries, James Kirkup (Britain) provides valuable insight on the reasons behind use and placement of certain words, punctuation, etc. in eight of the Bashō translations, while H.F. Noyes (Greece) exemplifies Bashō's conviction "that the poet's character and purity alone (can) produce good haiku." James W. Hackett believes "The aesthetic anarchy of modern haiku has even resulted in writers who are trying to divorce haiku poetry from nature. Today, 'haiku' is written about everything from elevators to computers. A dire fate for such a rare poetry." Undoubtedly, certain ideas here will spark debate with particular quotes repeated long into the future.

Work by less familiar poets can make for pleasing discoveries. For instance, Sean Dunne, an author and journalist from Ireland, takes us on an enchanting journey that visits "old Irish monks," their abodes and haiku-like poetry, all of which remind the author of Bashō. Less

successful are articles that ramble on or contain questionable statements (*i.e.*, haiku are “object[s] of silence”). In one case, “haikus” and “rengas” are used rather than the correct plurals, “haiku” and “renga.”

However, acknowledging the difficulties in translating prose and poetry into other languages, errors (including typos) are easily forgiven. Besides, there is far more in this collection to be applauded. A special treat is that most authors end their contributions with two or three of their own haiku that sometimes reflect their unique environment and different haiku styles. A few 3-line favorites:

at dusk  
watching the space  
where the train went  
*Brian Tasker, Great Britain*

Oh, the harvest moon—  
On the drops of dew,  
On the pond.  
*Fuitsu Hazumi, Japan*

late summer moon—  
the cricket remains silent  
in the glass jar  
*Garry Gay, USA*

temple bell—  
inside, a fly  
buzzing  
*Penny Harter, USA*

silently  
the maple lets go a leaf  
of moonlight  
*Ruby Spriggs, Canada*

alone into white  
endlessness, a cyclist  
riding to nowhere  
*Catherine Mair, New Zealand*

icy evening:  
in the firewood basket  
a guest snake sleeping  
*Deon Kesting, South Africa*

The Codrescu's are to be congratulated for gifting us with a valuable international haiku anthology. Surely, Bashō is pleased.

*Reviewed by Elizabeth St. Jacques*

**FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG**, edited by Michael Dylan Welch. Press Here, 1994, paper, 48 pp. ISBN 1-878798-12-X. \$7.00; add \$2.75 for shipping outside North America. Payment in US funds by check on US banks or international money orders made payable to Michael D. Welch, 248 Beach Park Blvd., Foster City, CA 94404.

This beautifully produced collection of 115 tanka is a feast to the eye with soft black title and list of contributing poets on the deep gray cover, and two to four neatly spaced, crisply printed poems appearing

on light gray linen-like pages inside. Appearing here is the work of Christopher Herold, David Rice, Pat Shelley, Dave Sutter, Kenneth Tanemura, Michael Dylan Welch, and Paul O. Williams—all from the San Francisco area. An impressive roster to be sure, but why predominantly male? Considering the number of female tanka poets from this area of California, it is disappointing that Pat Shelley (whose tanka are excellent) is the only representative of her gender.

That aside, it is exciting to see how well western poets are embracing the ancient tanka form, especially since it is relatively new in the English-speaking/writing world and a firm set of rules have yet to be established. Apart from the basics that tell us that the poem is written in no more than 31 syllables and contains a shift in direction somewhere along the way, poets are pretty much on their own.

Editor Michael Dylan Welch sees tanka as “a lyrical five-line poem often expressing deep emotions through the use of natural symbolism. Without a natural representation of internal emotions, the poem can become detached, an unengaging intellectualization, or simply a pretty description of nature.” This is in line with the views of other well-known North American tanka poets.

For example, Sanford Goldstein, after judging entries for the 1990 Mirrors International Tanka Awards, stated that to write good tanka, “each poet has to confront his/her basic self, his/her limited self. In many of the (entries), the thirty-one syllables did not let me feel that individual quality.” Jane Reichhold of AHA Books says that poems were chosen for its 1994 tanka anthology *Wind Five Folded* by fulfilling certain expectations, which included: “Are feeling, diction and form unified? Does the poem touch one’s heart?”

Keeping all of the above in mind, then, poems in *Footsteps in the Fog* are very satisfying; clear images and convincing emotions blend smoothly while voices are colorful and distinct. Two examples:

what’s left of the moon  
and wild white roses wilting  
in the gazebo  
you drift from my arms and I see  
you for the first time, again

*Christopher Herold*

I would like to return  
to the mountain meadow where  
together we picked wildflowers  
but how would I find my way  
without you?

*Pat Shelley*

An assortment of tanka styles are found in this collection, the majority consisting of fewer than 31 syllables, and even fewer in the 5-7-5-7-7 style. While Welch’s preference leans toward not-too-short tanka, a few briefer poems are also included, some of which read more like 5-



line haiku. It will be interesting to see how well poets accept the briefer style. An example of each:

the budding morning  
touches even the contrails  
with slight, salmon fire—  
would I were so touched today  
driving through fatigue to work

*Paul O. Williams*

incense—  
the last strand  
of her hair  
as it leaves  
my fingers

*Kenneth Tanemura*

It is unfortunate that there isn't more humor in this collection, for a respite from more serious subjects. (Is there some unwritten rule that tanka should avoid addressing humor?) I particularly enjoyed the following for their two-sided readings—gentle humor/solemnity:

all afternoon  
from the ancient sycamore  
wren song  
when I called to tell you  
the machine answered

*David Rice*

The butterfly  
flew in circles  
around the rose  
then settled on  
the sharpest thorn

*David Sutter*

A variety of subjects fill these fog-filled places of lost love, sorrow, joy, and beauty, most of which entice you to linger a little longer, to savor the images, to become one with the poet's world and emotions. While not every poem resounds clearly, a great many do. Don't be surprised if the echo of some footsteps here leave you wishing they were your own.

at last we depart  
after lingering  
in embrace—  
the echo of your footsteps  
in the fog

*Michael Dylan Welch*

*Reviewed by Elizabeth St. Jacques*

*tribe: Meditations of a haiku poet*, by vincent tripi. 70 pp., handset (letterpress), handbound paper, saddle-sewn, 1995. From the author, 478A Second Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118, \$12.00 postpaid US; \$14 out of country.

This lovely little (3¾ × 5½-inch) book, gold feathers on its cover and dustjacket, does not contain haiku but rather a collection of aphorisms, "seeds of contemplation," printed one to a page on an

elemental paper made from unrefined pulp. The title derives from vincent tripi's conviction that all of us who write haiku are indeed members of a tribe. The findings recorded here may roughly be divided into *spiritual* and *poetic*, although one gathers that for tripi there is not much distance between these states.

From the first type:

The sound of listening is always the same.

Silence too is *wild*.

and, in the form of the line from Euripides via Longfellow:

Whom nature would enlighten she first makes *wild*.

Illustrating tripi's equating of spirituality and poetry:

Here in the woods I learned how to write when I finally had learned to pray.

I write in a moment of being given to and giving.

And some observations on the art and craft of haiku:

The haiku poet hears the tree in the sound of an acorn.

It is the task of the poet to uncover the covered bridge.

A statement on the place of the reader in the haiku process:

The words of the haiku invent a new silence.

And a realistic statement, a parody on the title of a famous comic short story, showing the need for discernment in the haikuist:

Sometimes frogs is frogs & haiku is haiku.

*Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman*

## BOOKS RECEIVED

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

*curve into curve*. anne mckay. Wind Chimes Press, 1994. 47 pp, 4¼ × 5½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.50 from the author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Drive, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5L 2Y9.

*a dandelion's flight: haiku and sumi-e*. Lidia Rozmus, 1994. Portfolio, 8¾ × 9¾ in., containing 10 *sumi-e* on heavy paper with 10 haiku on translucent overlays. n.p.g.; enquire of author at 1 Echo Court, #11, Vernon Hills, IL 60061.

*Nine Steps: A Japanese Garden in the Fog*. Wilma M. Erwin and Brad J. Wolthers. Mountain Gate Press, 1994. 28 pp., 8½ × 5¼ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$7 (US currency) from either W.M.E. at 6123 North Commercial Ave., Portland, OR 97217 or B.J.W. at 220 SE 12th, #2, Hillsboro, OR 97213.

*Skipped Stones: Faces in Time*. Harvey Hess, Eight Pound Tiger Press, P.O. Box 141, Cedar Falls, IA 50613-0141. 1994. Portfolio, 8½ × 8½ in., containing 31 pages. \$30 + \$4 s&h.

*HAIKU COMPASS: Directions in the Poetical Map of the United States of America*. William J. Higginson. Haiku International Association, 1994. 36 pp, paper, perfectbound. Lecture presented to the Haiku International Association on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of Matsuo Bashō. Copious haiku examples. In English and Japanese. \$3 from the author at P.O. Box 2740, Santa Fe, NM 87540.

*Tanka Splendor 1994*. AHA Books, P.O. Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445, 1995. 47 pp, paper, saddle-stapled. 31 winning tanka by 24 contestants for the Mirrors Fifth Annual Tanka Award, judged by Geraldine C. Little. \$6.00.

*Haiku iz rata, Knjiga 3/War Haiku, Book 3*. Marijan Čekolj, ed. Hrvatsko haiku društvo/ Croatian Haiku Association, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobor, Croatia, 1995. 80 pp, 8 × 5½ in, paper, perfectbound. n.p.g. Bilingual: Croatian/English.

*In Praise of Japanese Love Poems*. Poems by Lee Lozowick *et al.*; introduction by Regina Sara Ryan. Hohm Press, P.O. Box 2501, Prescott, AZ 86301, 1994. 77 + xvi pp. 8¼ × 5½ in., paper, perfectbound. \$10.00.

*a hummingbird's dance*. Ok-koo Kang Grosjean. Parallax Press, P.O. Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707, \$10.00. 60 + x pp. 8 × 5¼ in., paper, perfectbound. \$10.00. Poetry, some with haiku- or tanka-like stanzas.

**HSA FALL RETREAT AT DAI BOSATSU ZENDO**  
**Catskill Mountains, N.Y., (October 14-16, 1994)**

On arriving at the Zendo, which was once Harriet Beecher Stowe's lakeside house, we were shown to our rooms by a barefoot novice monk. The formal opening of the retreat by Bruce Ross, then Vice-President of HSA, was followed by a simple meal of noodles and salad, during which Seigan (the word means "vow"), the head of the Zendo, spoke of the paradox of Zen, using the lake as an example: while the surface changes constantly in relation to the weather, the deepest parts remain unmoved and still. Within each of us, he said, is this same surface and depth, and the fusion of the two is the essence of both Zen and haiku. The best haiku, Seigan feels, allow the reader not just to feel or think something but to momentarily *become* the experience. After dinner, Seigan gave a presentation on meditation, with an introduction to the various postures, and encouraged us to attend Zendo meditation and chanting sessions and to maintain a quietude consistent with the meditational mind.

The evening talk was by Ruth Yarrow, a naturalist who had recently returned from a year in the mountains of Costa Rica. She discussed the problems of trying to write haiku in a mostly manmade environment, with an idealized and romanticized vision of what nature is, as if it had definite boundaries and did not include human realms. She feels that haiku have the power to confront our environmental troubles and are perhaps the ideal voice for poets to give nature a voice and to express simply and sensitively that people are part of nature. She concluded her talk with a showing of slides that she made in Costa Rica, interspersed with some of her haiku written there, such as:

hillside vine swing—  
the child's feet skim  
the far mountains

rain forest edge:  
an enormous leaf spills  
moonlight

Ruth then asked participants to describe how they had initially become engaged in haiku. Dee Evetts told how 25 years ago he read a poem by Issa and marked how refreshing a poem could be that in so few words could express something so unlikely as dirty bathwater; this and reading Alan Watts' *The Way of Zen* were his startingpoint. John Ziemba was first excited by the possibility of saying so much with so few words, attributing his initial interest to readings of Blyth's translations. David Bloch had been introduced to haiku via the Peter Pauper Press series. Jeff Witkin was touched first by Cor van den Heuvel's *The Haiku Anthology* after Alexis Rotella recommended it to him. Karen Sohne was attracted to haiku from a belief that life is too rushed and that haiku is a way of taking the time to savor what is fleeting. Jim Kacian recalled reading Jack Kerouac's *Dharma Bums*, and was inspired to write his own haiku, beginning with a vow to write 1000 poems before he would try to get published. Bruce Ross described his academic work on Zen Buddhism and teaching in China as two sources of interest, with the essential connection between the self and the moment as a bridge needing to be identified. Nancy Kline told how she used to have her children attempt to create haiku on long car trips to maintain order and inspire observation. The evening ended with an open haiku reading.

The next morning, Bruce Ross spoke about his premise for his anthology, *Haiku Moment*, identifying three important characteristics of haiku: 1) simplicity, 2) timelessness, and 3) silence. Other significant aspects of haiku to him are their

seasonal references, their universal insight into the meaning of reality, and the detachment in a cosmic sense which resides in all things. Haiku, he said, are meant to convey the immediate in the infinite; what is happening in this place at this time.

Peter Meister then read his translations of haiku by the German poet Gunther Klinge. Two personal favorites:

In the summer sky  
childrens' balloons growing tiny,  
and then twilight.

The open door—  
already past midnight. Snow  
soundlessly falling.

There was a *ginko* walk before lunch. The afternoon program began with a series of readings by Tom Clausen, after which Bruce Ross showed a video made of the John Wills memorial gathering in Tennessee in June 1994, and then led a workshop (see the report in the January 1995 HSA Newsletter). After dinner, David and Julie Bloch gave a recital of their songs, after which Marshall Hryciuck read a variety of his poems.

gnarled cherry trees  
a crow on the bridge  
doesn't budge

through the screen, through the rain  
an island  
in mist

After snacking on apple cakes, a gift of Seigan and the Zendo cook, the remainder of the evening was given over to a renga party, which continued well past midnight (described in the January HSA Newsletter).

On Sunday morning, Julie Bloch led a rubberstamp-making workshop, after which the renga composed the previous evening were read aloud, and then Karen Sohne read her autumn poems, including

following me  
down the subway steps  
a dry leaf

before entering the cathedral  
I eat the apple  
to the core

Bruce Ross then led a second workshop, and after a final reading, those still present had lunch, the first meal shared with the Zendo residents, during which one of the Zendo staff remarked that we should hear some poetry. After introductions all around, Bruce Ross answered the staff member: "You want to hear some poetry. Here is a haiku." He then recited a haiku he had composed the day before during the *ginko* walk:

ancient stone . . .  
the sound of autumn leaves  
upon autumn leaves

A stone marker at the entrance to the Zendo features one of Bashō's autumn haiku:

along this way  
goes no one  
this autumn evening

We all left by the same dirt road we came on, passing this poem, and it served to accent the sense of passage in which each participated in this weekend retreat.

*Tom Clausen*

## HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA AWARDS AND CONTESTS, 1995

### HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED HAIKU

*These awards are made possible by Mrs. Harold G. Henderson in memory of Harold G. Henderson, who helped found the Haiku Society. \$100 toward these awards is donated annually by Mrs. Henderson.*

1. Deadline: Postmark date July 31, 1995.
2. Entry fee \$1.00 per haiku; checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America.
3. Limit: Ten unpublished haiku, not submitted for publication or to any other contest.
4. Submit each haiku on three separate 3 × 5 in. cards, two with the haiku only (for anonymous judging), the 3rd with the haiku and the author's name and address in the upper left-hand corner. Please designate as haiku.
5. Contest is open to the public.
6. Submit entries to Barbara Ressler, HSA Contests, 1717 Kane St., Apt. 27, Dubuque, IA 52001.
7. First prize, \$200; second prize, \$125; third prize, \$75.
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 name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the contest.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.
11. 1995 HSA OFFICERS who are members of the Executive Committee will not be eligible to enter the Henderson or Brady Contests. However, REGIONAL COORDINATORS may enter.

### GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS FOR BEST UNPUBLISHED SENRYU

*The Gerald Brady Memorial Awards are made possible by a starter fund of \$25 donated by Virginia Brady Young in memory of her brother Gerald Brady.*

Rules 1-6 and 8-11 are identical to those for the Harold G. Henderson Contest, except that for "haiku" read "senryu" throughout. On 3 × 5 cards, please designate as senryu. First prize, \$150; second prize, \$100. Third prize, \$50.

### HSA RENKU COMPETITION

1. Deadline: Postmark date October 1, 1995.
2. Contest is open to the public. Entries must be in English.
3. Entry fee: US\$15 per renku; checks/money orders to Haiku Society of America.
4. Length, authorship, limit of entries: A renku must consist of 36 stanzas written by two or more persons, each of whom contributes a substantial number of individually authored stanzas. Any particular author may appear in no more than three different renku entered. No entries will be accepted that include work by any of the judges. Entries must not have been previously published, nor contain any stanzas previously published or submitted for publication or for any other contest.
5. One copy, with full authorship information stanza by stanza, must give the full name and address of all authors and indicate which is the coordinator (to whom any correspondence will be addressed). This copy must be signed by all authors to

avoid entry without the knowledge of one of the authors. Three additional copies, without authors' names but marked with numbers or letters to show the sequence of authorship, must accompany the identified manuscript. Failure to follow this format will make it impossible to judge an entry.

6. Submit entries to Barbara Ressler, HSA Contests, 1717 Kane St., Apt. 27, Dubuque, IA 52001.
7. Grand Prize: up to \$150 and publication in *frogpond*. All rights revert to authors on publication. Amount of Grand Prize and additional prizes may vary, depending on the quality and number of entries. If no renku is deemed by the judges to merit the award of Grand Prize, renku awarded lesser prizes may or may not be published in *frogpond*.
8. Please send SASE for list of winning entries.
9. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced with the winners.
10. Sorry—entries cannot be returned.
11. All 1995 HSA OFFICERS, including members of the Executive Committee, may participate in renku submitted in this competition.

NOTE: Prospective contestants may wish to review the "Report of the Renku Contest Committee" published in *frogpond* vol. XIII, no. 2 (May, 1990) for background on the contest and renku in general.

#### HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS

for excellence in published haiku, translations, and criticism

1. Deadline: Postmark date May 31, 1995.
2. Entry fee: none.
3. Eligibility: Book(s) must have been published in 1994. An author may submit more than one book.
4. Submit one copy of each book, noting it to be a Merit Award entry. Judges may consider books that have not been entered. Authors are urged to enter their books in order to be sure that they are considered. In order that no book of merit be overlooked, members should contact the President some time before the deadline about such books to ascertain whether they have been received.
5. Awards are open to the public.
6. Submit book(s) to Bruce Ross, President, Haiku Society of America, 222 Culver Rd., Rochester, NY 14607.
7. Substantial cash awards will be announced later.
8. The list of awards will be announced in *frogpond*.
9. Books will remain the property of HSA and will be added to the permanent HSA Library Collection.
10. The name(s) of the judge(s) will be announced after the awards are decided.
11. Books published by 1994 and 1995 HSA OFFICERS will be among those considered for this award.

#### THE NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL HAIKU COMPETITION FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

(There is no entry fee for this competition)

*Founded by the Sacred Heart Church in Camden, New Jersey, and sponsored by the Nick Virgilio Haiku Association in memory of Nicholas A. Virgilio, a charter member of the Haiku Society who died on January 3, 1989.*

- WHO?** Any student between the ages of 13 and 19 enrolled in high school (grades 9-12) as of September 1995.
- WHAT?** A maximum of 3 haiku per student. Each haiku must be typed in triplicate on 3 × 5 in. index cards. The haiku must appear on the front of each card; the name, address, age, grade level, and school must appear on the back of each card. Please also give the address of your school. All haiku entered must be previously unpublished, ORIGINAL work, and not entered in any other contest. Please keep a copy of your haiku; entries cannot be returned. Please do not send SASE's.
- WHEN?** The deadline for submissions is November 30, 1995. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.
- WHERE?** Submit entries to **Tony Virgilio**, Nick Virgilio Haiku Association, 1092 Niagara Rd., Camden, NJ 08104.
- WHY?** Generous cash prizes; amounts to be announced. The list of winners and winning haiku will be published in *frogpond* in 1996. The high school of each winner will receive a one-year subscription to *frogpond*. All rights will remain with authors except that the winning haiku will be published in *frogpond*.

## OTHER CONTESTS

### *Canadian Writer's Journal* 1995 Poetry Competition

In-hand deadline: June 30, 1995. Open to all, unlimited entries.

Four categories: haiku/senryu; sijo; free verse; traditional poetry.

Entries must be typed, original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere until winners are announced. Two copies of each poem: one with no identification, other with name and address in upper left corner. Indicate category in upper right corner of both copies. Haiku/senryu on 3 × 5 index cards only. Enclose SASE (Canadian postage or IRC) for list of winners. Winning poems published in Fall 1995 *Canadian Writer's Journal*. Entry fee: \$1 per haiku/senryu or sijo; \$5 per longer poem (25 lines or less). Checks payable to Canadian Writer's Journal (US checks admissible). Prizes: 40%/25%/15% of total fees received. Send entries to CWJ 1995 Poetry Competition, Box 6618, Depot 1, Victoria, BC, Canada V8P 5N7.

### Florida State Poets Association Contest, Haiku Category

Deadline: Postmarked by August 31, 1995.

Open to all. No limits. Must be original, unpublished, not currently entered in any other contest or for publication, and must not have won more than \$10 in any contest.

Type single-spaced, in English, on one side of 8½ × 11 in. paper (no onion skin). Submit 2 copies with category name (Berniece McConahay Memorial Award) at upper left of both, and name and address at upper right of only one copy. Entry fee: \$1 per haiku; check or money order payable to F.S.P.A., Inc. Send entries to Donna Dickey Guyer, 1508 22nd Ave. SW, Boynton Beach, FL 33426, with SASE for winner's list. Information on other categories from same address with SASE.

## MEETINGS

### Haiku North America 1995

Haiku North America III will be held July 13-16 at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in downtown Toronto. Three days of presentations, lectures, readings, and workshops; art



show; book fair. Student residence rooms can be reserved for the entire conference for Canadian \$117.60 or \$39.20 per night. Food services are available in the student cafeteria (about \$25/day). Alternative hotels and restaurants within walking distance. Travel arrangements: Goliger's Travel, 1-800-268-7442. For details, contact organizers at Haiku North America 1995, P.O. Box 75009, Hudson Bay Ctr., 20 Bloor St. E., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4W 3T3. Those who register by May 31, 1995 are guaranteed one haiku in a special anthology and one free copy.

## **PUBLICATIONS AND ORGANIZATIONS**

### **Third Annual Haiku Society of America Members' Anthology**

Deadline for receipt of haiku, **July 1, 1995.**

Only paid-up HSA members for 1995 may be included in the Anthology. Send a page in duplicate containing 5 haiku or senryu, and your name and address. Poems may be either unpublished or previously published (in the latter case, give name and year of publication). However, do not send work that is currently or going to be entered in a contest of which the winners have not yet been announced (such as the 1995 Henderson or Brady). Do not send more than 5 poems, but do send 5 to give the committee enough choices. Also enclose your check for \$6.50 (entry fee/prepublication price) made payable to Jean Dubois. In addition, enclose SASE to learn which poem will be used.

Mail to Jean Dubois, P.O. Box 1430, Golden, CO 80402.

One of your haiku/senryu will be published in the Anthology, and you will receive a copy of the book. Distribution is planned for early October, 1995.

Selection committee: Managing Editor, Michael McNierney; Co-Editor, Jean Dubois; a second Co-Editor will be appointed.

**Note:** If you use a pen name or other name, please also give your name as it appears in the HSA address list.

### **Availability of Second HSA Members' Anthology, 1994**

Copies of the Second Anthology, *dreams wander*, published on the 300th anniversary of the day of Bashō's death, are available from Kenneth C. Leibman, P.O.Box 767, Archer, FL 32618-0767 for US\$7.00 ppd in US or Canada (US\$9 overseas). Write checks or money orders in US funds payable to Kenneth C. Leibman.

### **Availability of 20th Anniversary Book**

*A Haiku Path* is available to HSA members for US\$21.95 per copy ppd in US (+\$2 to Canada and overseas); nonmembers' price is \$29.95 (foreign postage as above). Make checks and money orders (US funds) payable to Haiku Society of America; send to Doris Heitmeyer, Secretary, 315 E. 88th St., Apt. 1F, New York, NY 10128-4917.

**New Address for Northwest Literary Forum.** The address for *Northwest Literary Forum*, which publishes haiku, tanka, other poetry, and short fiction, is now 3439 NE Sandy Blvd., Portland, OR 97232.

**North Carolina Haiku Society.** At a meeting at Bolin-brook Farm near Chapel Hill, NC in January 1995, the North Carolina Haiku Society, which had been inactive for over a year, was reorganized with Lenard D. Moore as Chairman and Contest Manager. Dues are \$6 by check payable to North Carolina Haiku Society and sent to Lenard D. Moore, 5625 Continental Way, Raleigh, NC 27610.

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Robert L. Brimm, 18  
Margaret Chula, 6, 9, 12  
Tom Clausen, 8, 18, 50  
Marcyn Del Clements, 8, 29  
Carlos Colón, 13, 18  
Ann Cooper, 12  
Joyce Walker Currier, 17  
Helen K. Davie, 12, 16  
Cherie Hunter Day, 5  
Mike Dillon, 11, 18  
John J. Dunphy, 14, 17  
Peter Duppenenthaler, 17  
Wilma Erwin, 10  
L. A. Evans, 5, 19  
Michael Fessler, 10  
Muriel Ford, 17  
Donna Gallagher, 10  
Robert Gibson, 6  
chris gordon, 15  
Penny Griffin, 11  
Yvonne Hardenbrook, 8, 10, 13, 15  
Doris Heitmeyer, 5, 9  
Christopher Herold, 23  
William J. Higginson, 28  
Kam Holifield, 18  
Ayako Hosomi, 28  
Gary Hotham, 12  
Ken Hurm, 6, 16, 19  
June Hymas, 23  
Flori Ignoffo, 18  
Hekiteikan Isogai, 28  
Nate Jenkins, 24  
Kyle Jones, 27  
Jim Kacian, 38  
Utsawa Kamikura, 28  
J. Michael Koetzner, 8  
Rick Kuntz, 11  
Jessi Kurt, 25  
Addie Lacoë, 13, 14  
Ross LaHaye, 18  
Jane K. Lambert, 14  
Rachel E. Landis, 26  
Kenneth C. Leibman, 4, 47  
Leatrice Lifshitz, 7, 11, 13  
Chris Linn, 7, 17  
Shunsō Machi, 28  
Matthew L. Mann, 26  
Sandra L. Martin, 30  
Sister Mary Jane, 31  
anne mckay, 36  
Dorothy McLaughlin, 11  
Michael McNierney, 9  
Bansui Minagawa, 29  
Lenard D. Moore, 30  
Joanne Morcom, 31  
Tōge Morita, 28  
Marlene Mountain, 20  
Patricia Neubauer, 19, 37  
Nika, 31  
H. F. Noyes, 16  
Marion Olson, 11, 16, 17  
Rebecca M. Osborn, 14  
Zane Parks, 10, 13, 14, 19  
D. W. Parry, 10  
Brent Partridge, 10  
Mauree Pendergrast, 6, 15  
Federico C. Peralta, 9  
Francine Porad, 7, 10  
Robert Henry Poulin, 11  
Gloria Procsal, 15  
Anthony J. Pupello, 14  
William M. Ramsey, 7, 13, 18  
Jane Reichhold, 30  
Werner Reichhold, 20  
Edward J. Rielly, 17  
Ronan, 19  
Ce Rosenow, 9, 16  
Bruce Ross, 4, 5, 6, 22  
Hiroaki Sato, 39  
Sam Savage, 9, 17  
Christina Sergeyevna, 15  
Robert Spiess, 5, 6  
Jeannette Stace, 17  
Cecily Stanton, 7

John Stevenson, 14, 16  
 Elizabeth St. Jacques, 14, 16, 43, 45  
 Ebba Story, 7  
 Dave Sutter, 19  
 Wally Swist, 8, 9, 16  
 kenneth tanemura, 36  
 Jackie Taylor, 11  
 Tom Tico, 13  
 Diane Tomczak, 6, 15  
 Lisa Tranel, 23  
 Vasu Tummala, 26  
 Tony Virgilio, 16  
 Fileman Waitts, 30

Amanda Wetjen, 25  
 Leslie White, 26  
 Lisa White, 25  
 Mark Arvid White, 19  
 Robin White, 6  
 Nina A. Wicker, 14, 19  
 Paul O. Williams, 19, 21  
 Louise Somers Winder, 8  
 Jeff Witkin, 5, 12  
 William Woodruff, 15, 17  
 Ruth Yarrow, 21  
 Yasuko Yasui, 15  
 John Ziemba, 34

## HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

### ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT (January - December 1994)

#### Income

Balance General Fund	\$ 5,810.91		
Balance Book Fund		\$ 5,572.53	
Membership Dues	12,723.00		
Interest Income	141.26		
<i>frogpond</i> Samples	240.00		
Contributions/Donations	1,501.05		
Contest Fees	1,022.00		
<i>Haiku Path</i> Prepd. Orders		339.35	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Sales		3,192.88	
Bad Checks Honored	56.00		
Roadway Express		33.00	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Int. Income		51.89	
Hall Rental Reimb.	20.00		
Subtotals	\$21,514.22	\$ 9,189.65	
Total Income			\$30,703.87

#### Expenses

Contest Prizes	\$ 1,237.75		
Museum of Haiku Lit.	200.00		
Newsletter Print/Copy	2,245.71		
Newsletter Postage	1,144.26		
<i>frogpond</i> Printing	5,571.58		
<i>frogpond</i> Postage	1,026.96		
<i>Haiku Path</i> Printing		\$ 6,862.87	
<i>Haiku Path</i> Postage		1,710.89	
Meeting Room Rentals	180.00		
Miscellaneous	237.80		
Subtotals	\$ 11,844.06	\$ 8,573.76	
Total Expenses			\$20,417.82

#### Closing Balance

\$10,286.05

*Submitted by Raffael de Gruttola, Treasurer*

