

AMERICAN HAIKU

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EDITORS

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Gayle Bull

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Recent Books

Baker, Isole Townsend. *Medley of Reveries*. Merchants Press: Taylor, Texas, 1967. One quarter of the book devoted to haiku. From the author, 1701 Pawhuska, Enid, Okla. (No price listed).

Leshner, Phyllis. *99801, Juneau*. Olivant Press: P. O. Drawer 1409, Homestead, Fla., 1968. Haiku and senryu. (\$2.00).

Smith, Marjorie Bertram. *Letter From Chautauqua*. Chautauqua Press: Mayville, N.Y., 1967. Among other poems, a short haiku sequence for each month of the year. From the author, Box 35, Chautauqua, N.Y. (\$2.50).

Webb, Joyce W. *Return to Lincolnville*. Wells Printing Co.: Madison, Wis., 1968. Among other poems, three short haiku sequences. From the author, 53 S. Midvale Blvd., Madison, Wis. (\$1.00).

AMERICAN HAIKU AWARDS

(Ten Dollars Each)

November, 1967

In somnolent yards,
chickens, with beaks locked open,
watch raindrops splash dust.

—Thelma Finefrock

December, 1967

The first skim of ice—
a trap for the yellow leaves
that fell on the lake.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

January, 1968

On the evening sky,
the smudge of the last buzzard
sliding into night.

—Foster Jewell

February, 1968

The pond so quiet
even the water spider
seems undecided.

—Stanford Lyon

Los Altos Writers Roundtable

James Bull

The first and still the most active group of haiku poets devoted exclusively to English-language haiku is the Los Altos Writers Roundtable of Los Altos, California—thirteen poets who have published many haiku individually in periodicals as well as collectively in their own book, *Borrowed Water* (Tuttle, 1966).

Under its leader, Helen S. Chenoweth, the group's interest in haiku dates from 1956; serious study of the form began in 1964.

According to Helen Chenoweth, the Roundtable is fashioned on the practice of Japanese haiku writers who held meetings in which the poets exchanged ideas, haiku and criticism in a kind of round robin.

At each meeting, each writer is allowed to have five haiku criticized by each member of the class. She provides a typed copy of each haiku for all members. Each poet has in her possession a list of fifteen points "For Haiku Criticism"—a list which has undergone several revisions since the group began its study:

- 1) Avoid prose statement.
- 2) Avoid "pat" ideas.
- 3) Avoid the subjective—I, Me, Mine.
- 4) Avoid Beauty . . . Sadness . . . Cruelty.
- 5) Avoid explanation.
- 6) Avoid vague pictures of experience.
- 7) Avoid a clutter of subjects (objects).
- 8) Use American subjects.
- 9) Shift lines for contrast.
- 10) Avoid editorializing.
- 11) Avoid senryu.
- 12) Avoid "telegrammic" expression.
- 13) Avoid deliberate rhyme.
- 14) Try imagery, contrast.
- 15) Employ intuitive means.

As presented above, the "Haiku Criticism" list would be but an approximate guide for others, for it is not given as it was transmitted to the author. It has been reworded to set thoughts in parallel. Consequently, many of the points have been given prescriptive, negative form. This is unfortunate, but without direct discussion (over an extended period), unavoidable. Further, Helen Chenoweth, group leader, stresses that whereas its list has meaning for the Roundtable, each group has to develop its own list to meet its own needs and peculiarities.

The group has discovered that it can consider three to five haiku by each poet in a two-hour session, using its "Haiku Criticism" method and discussing such things as form, arrangement, idea and diction for each haiku.

After the meeting, the poet revises her haiku, following suggestions (based on group consensus), with the restriction that the poet herself is the final judge of her own work.

The Roundtable meets throughout the year, and when conditions permit, as often as twice weekly. All members have an equal voice in discussion, without regard to age, education or experience.

During the past four years, the Roundtable has worked out a program of haiku study. Its next project will be a group haibun. The members are currently engaged in a study of Issa's *The Year of My Life* and Bashō's *The Narrow Road to the Deep North and Other Travel Sketches*. After thorough study of Nobuyuki Yuasa's translations of Bashō and Issa, the Roundtable will visit the vast estate, Montalvo, in order to gather material for its haibun.

In the meantime, to illustrate just how far the group has progressed in four years of serious Roundtable writing, discussion, criticism and rewriting of haiku, we present a selection of haiku by eleven current members of the Roundtable—all of which have been published previously in *American Haiku*.

Margot Bollock

A caterpillar
must have held a banquet here—
a lacework of leaves.
(*AH*, III, 2: 18)

Rosemary Jeffords

A child comes running,
spring spilling through her fingers.
Jonquils are in bloom.
(*AH*, IV, 1: 41)

Violet M. Parks

As we ran, our toes
made dimples in the wet sand . . .
now cups of sea foam.
(*AH*, II, 2: 47)

Joy Shieman

His sermon simple,
skies and trees, nothing formal—
jack-in-the-pulpit.
(*AH*, IV, 2: 47)

Madeline Beattie

Searching in woodlot
among the sapling birches
—yellow violets!

(*AH*, IV, 2: 10)

Where the old rail fence
is overgrown and thorny—
blackberries luring . . .

(*AH*, V, 2: 11)

Peggy Card

Sea of Tranquility
invaded by space ships
ponders a new name.

(*AH*, III, 2: 20)

Shattering silence:
no children's voices . . .
and a full cookie jar.

(*AH*, III, 2: 20)

Helen S. Chenoweth

The praying mantis
betrays a twig of the tree—
late frost blackens buds.

(*AH*, II, 2: 17)

Echo, re-echo
accents the chant of bull-frogs—
the still of evening.

(*AH*, III, 2: 21)

Barbara O. Moraw

The season of rain.
From eaves onto lemon leaves,
the staccato drip.

(*AH*, II, 1: 44)

Red-winged blackbird swings,
bobbing in the wind, cheers for—
farmer's roadside weeds!

(*AH*, III, 2: 35)

Catherine Neil Paton

Green-blue the rough sea;
a flock of gulls, storm-driven,
rests on the ploughed field.
(*AH*, V, 1: 48)

To an empty moor
the curlew calls plaintively
—faintly an answer.
(*AH*, V, 1: 48)

Anne Rutherford

Splash by crested splash,
the battered old can is nudged
along the sea's edge.
(*AH*, IV, 2: 45)

Out of the gray rock
of forbidding granite walls—
this tiny fern frond.
(*AH*, V, 2: 50)

Jerri Spinelli

Cool autumn woodlands—
children search for black walnuts . . .
no hungry squirrels.
(*AH*, IV, 2: 49)

That little titmouse,
unmindful of bird watchers,
sings his many songs.
(*AH*, V, 2: 55)

Georgian Tashjian

A year already—
and still this cup of water
does not taste of home.
(*AH*, III, 1: 9)

The bright harvest moon
defines pumpkins in the field
as tangent echoes.
(*AH*, III, 1: 45)

Lean donkey grazing
at the edge of the cornfield—
tomorrow the load.

—Madeline Beattie

Snowbirds on the lawn
where yellow dandelions
grew a while ago.

—Bertha Bloksberg

First gray light of dawn:
empty baskets upside down
in the market stalls.

—Joanne Borgesen

Nothing but small talk . . .
watching the mountain consume
another day's sun.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

Last day of the year:
new-falling snow . . . and old tracks
once more disappear.

—Joanne W. Borgesen

Interrupted dream . . .
rebel queen with swarming horde
bending lake shore birch.

—Sam Bryan

Unleashed, collarless,
licking catcher's shiny badge,
trusting everyone.

—Sam Bryan

Old men chew and spit,
spatter painting shallow moat
around their park bench.

—Ray E. Buckingham

At late evening, a bee
stumbles from a lily's throat—
inebriated.

—Betty Calvert

Desolate hillside
scarred with lumbered-over stumps—
patch of red sumac.

—Peggy Card

In that old building
distorted by shadow,
a light begins to glow.

—L. Stanley Cheney

Near the line of geese,
a moil of chaotic crows
flapping and cawing.

—William Howard Cohen

A long chain of geese
measures the gray sky from north
to south . . . days shorten.

—Eva Gorham Craig

Punt under willows
as rain stops along the Thames . . .
a cuckoo calling.

—L. A. Davidson

Long fingers of light
reach in among pine branches,
extinguishing stars.

—Magdalene M. Douglas

Father's old stone church,
now remodeled and improved,
with doors tightly locked.

—Magdalene M. Douglas

Snuggled in her robe,
Grandma sips coffee and reads
news of seventy years.

—Cornelia P. Draves

These fifty years—and
the quilt, bundle of loose squares,
haunts my attic trunk.

—Cornelia P. Draves

The cracked old fountain
in the graveyard hollow holds
dry twigs and cobwebs.

—Cornelia P. Draves

Rising in darkness,
I put on the kitchen light
to coax the sun up.

—Bernard Lionel Einbond

Banks of the Harlem—
the patience of Negro men
fishing for eels.

—Bernard Lionel Einbond

By a huge, pine fire
an old spaniel turns his head
and snorts at his fleas.

—Tom Erdmann, Jr.

Sun on the mountain;
fog crawling down the valley,
swallowing up houses.

—Ina M. Fargason

Cattle, with eyes closed,
stomp hoofs and tail-lash deer flies
under cottonwoods.

—Thelma Finefrock

On gray sunless days
that happen in November
there is no o'clock.

—Thelma Finefrock

December winds blow
dry snow across near meadows:
hiding the mountains.

—Thelma Finefrock

Moon's eye opens wide
seeing a glowing image
in a slimy pool.

—Margaret M. Gage

Fragile feather moon
floating in the broad daylight,
listless, drained of dreams.

—Margaret M. Gage

Against a cold moon,
the long arms of the great ash
battling the storm wind.

—Ga-Go (Travis S. Frosig)

Where we fear thin ice
wild ducks waddle and slither,
hoping it will break.

—Tom Galt

A single mallard
glides into iced-over pond—
and loses his poise!

—Molly Garling

“No trespassing” sign:
freedom-riding birds have left
white droppings on it.

—Larry Gates

Silence on the sea—
the thud of the crash-landing
of a flying fish.

—Raymond J. Harms

Whispered winter wind
sets all the walls to trembling—
spider’s summer house.

—Raymond J. Harms

Finger smudge of clouds
erases the mountain top . . .
slowly drifts away.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

Since early morning
the sunflower followed the sun:
but now in moonlight?

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

Not even blinking—
frog hunkered on fallen leaves
like a wood carving.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

A gust of north wind,
and the sparrows are blowing
off the elm branches.

—Lorraine Ellis Harr

Snowfield by moonlight—
the fence is only a line
pointing up the drifts.

—Beth LaPointe Heath

Wind-slammed the old door,
and the husk of last year's bird
stains sagging floor boards.

—Anne Catto Holt

Floating soundlessly,
strings of barges send small waves
slapping at levees.

—Anne Catto Holt

All night long limbs crash:
ice storm, indiscriminate,
splinters ash and oak.

—Anne Catto Holt

Black frost everywhere
—and today, for the first time,
mockingbirds singing.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Hearing a limpkin . . .
and all the water grasses
beaded with snail eggs.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

Wheeling overhead,
fish hawks watching an eagle
wheeling overhead.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

On the garden path,
carefully raked this morning,
a leaf has fallen.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

The logging finished:
I shall not again be lost
in this piece of woods.

—Evelyn Tooley Hunt

The cottonwood snow
somersaulting in the air
now sprawls on my screen.

—Jay Gee (Johanna Cravell)

The high redwood fence
surrounding my small back yard
has grown gray like me.

—Jay Gee (Johanna Gravell)

Watching the cactus wren—
how it lights in chollas:
feeling of my thumb.

—Foster Jewell

Through cottonwoods,
and looking for the coolness
that keeps touching my face.

—Foster Jewell

Now, about those bees,
so snug in my mud chimney
while the night grows chill . . .

—Foster Jewell

No sound, no movement—
nothing out there in the night . . .
yet the somethingness . . .

—Foster Jewell

One coin for a Keats
to do this summer justice!
Fountain of Trevi.

—R. Eugene Johnson

How it strikes one weird!
Three steam puffs hover now where
gray whales disappeared . . .

—R. Eugene Johnson

The cold wind whitens.
Pellet-pelted palms, amazed,
stand and shake their heads.

—R. Eugene Johnson

On the warehouse roof,
the motionless white of gulls
poised against gray sky.

—Ann Jonas

By the empty house,
the morning-glory's trumpet
strikes a blue note.

—Ann Jonas

The harvest moonlight;
and gliding across the bay . . .
a two-masted skiff.

—Leroy Kanterman

Bird over the city
flying about new buildings
into empty rooms.

—Dolores Kendrick

Where last year's scarecrow
goldbricked among the corn rows,
a snowman guards snow.

—Walter H. Kerr

A cage of shadows
has caught the sun, venturing
through this iron fence.

—Walter H. Kerr

On the bridge, a splash,
lifted by dark and held breath,
echoes and echoes.

—Walter H. Kerr

A hollow sound comes
from these thumped melons dumped here
like random green drums.

—Walter H. Kerr

Beneath the dead tree,
as unknown child is calling,
all in, all in free.

—Walter H. Kerr

Now tainted and thick
with factory scum . . . this pond
where I shied flat stones.

—Gustave Keyser

Opening my fist—
nothing! Too fast for my grab,
that hovering gnat.

—Gustave Keyser

The skaters have gone . . .
leaving the moon's reflection
frozen in scratched ice.

—Gustave Keyser

The broken mirror
still reflects in one corner
a piece of my face.

—Gustave Keyser

Eating at the bank
the river has scored a point,
so they move the statue . . .

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

White egret resting
on a floating grass island,
moving toward the sea.

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Squatting by the road,
selling limes and bananas,
the deep wrinkles gleam . . .

—Elizabeth Searle Lamb

In the still dark east
only the moon's curved sliver
promising a sun.

—Anne Landauer

To hear ice breaking—
and loons clamoring at dawn
after snow silence!

—Anne Landauer

Flung out of its pot,
a red geranium blooms
on the compost heap.

—Anne Landauer

Quintet on FM . . .
in the corner a cricket
plays second fiddle.

—Anne Landauer

An other world hush—
on hillsides trees—tier on tier—
footless in ground fog.

—Anne Landauer

Cold drizzle—unquenched,
among tepees of cornstalks,
the flame of pumpkins.

—Anne Landauer

Out on the sand flats
an old salt barn leans pressing
long poles into it.

—William E. Lee

Lost in second growth—
stone fences still marking off
boundaries of farm land.

—William E. Lee

Somebody's wood lot—
a thoroughfare of urgent,
shortcutting footpaths.

—William E. Lee

Resting on the ax—
restoring to autumn woods
its silence in depth.

—William E. Lee

The pond's eye closes,
lensed with ice; yet there—a duck,
dark and wet, staring.

—Dallas M. Lemmon, Jr.

Among rafts of snow
beached within this sheltered pine—
the moon, poised and still.

—Dallas M. Lemmon, Jr.

The praying mantis
makes a hegira across
our patio screen.

—Mabelle A. Lyon

Dry sunflower stalks
cast shadows down the meadow,
too long for summer.

—Stanford Lyon

Roads snake through redwoods,
strangling tall Laocoön
and his faithful sons.

—Gloria Maxson

Harvest bonfires leap,
and in them stiff old scarecrows
relax into ash.

—Gloria Maxson

Winter on the way,
and autumn going auburn
cannot hide the gray.

—Gloria Maxson

Two old rocking chairs
on the empty veranda
of a widower.

—Gloria Maxson

The fierce old van Gogh
glares from the art gallery
through a yellowed eye.

—Gloria Maxson

On the piano
a pensive Chopin *étude*,
and slow autumn rain.

—Gloria Maxson

In the city dawn,
faintly heard over rumbling,
a rooster crowing.

—Gloria Maxson

As the tractor drones
the baler chews winter feed . . .
we stick one more year.

—Bonita Miniatt

Swamping out skid trails,
the crack of frozen timber
shatters the white dawn.

—Bonita Miniatt

Chilly fall morning . . .
a young crane stands at lake's edge,
one foot at a time.

—Kay Titus Mormino

The House of Illusions

James Bull

After his return from his longest journey, that to the remote north of Japan (*Oku no Hosomichi*), Bashō lived in a hut on a mountain near the town of Ōmi, just south of Lake Biwa, remaining there from April to September, 1690.

His mountain was a small one, Mt. Kokubu, and he lived not far up its side, close by a Shinto shrine, in a tumble-down hut—a hut which bore the name Genju-an, after the uncle of one of Bashō's disciples, a recluse whose nickname had been Genju Rojin, "The Old Man Who Abides by Illusions." Thus, Genju-an, "The House where Illusions Dwell."

Bashō was forty-six years old (forty-seven by Japanese count), his health none too good, his body sore from travel. Except for a six-month period (September, 1688 to March, 1689) he had spent most of his time on the road, since August of 1687—a period of thirty-two months—in search of the raw material for haiku.

Between August of 1687 and September of 1688, he had made those journeys which resulted in three haibun: *A Visit to Kashima Shrine*; *The Records of a Travel-worn Satchel*; and *A Visit to Sarashina Village*. Some months prior to coming to Genju-an, he had completed his longest journey—that on *The Narrow Road to the Deep North*—beginning at Yedo (Tokyo) in March of 1689 and ending at Ogaki in September of the same year—700 miles in six months. Between September, 1689 and April, 1690, he had revisited his home town,

All men are subject to illusions—begin in them, live by them, die for them. Haiku is an illusion, no less than any other. This essay is presented for other dreamers, in the hope that they will not take their illusion too seriously. It is based on Bashō's own account of one period of his life: Bashō, *Genju-an Ki* (The Records of a Hermitage where Illusion Abides), tr. Eiichi Hayashi, *Reeds*, XI (1967), pp. 51-58.

Ueno, and neighboring precincts. He would spend many more months traveling about his native province and visiting at homes of friends, before returning to Yedo in the winter of 1691. He would take to the road again, some two and one-half years later, in the spring of 1694, on the last of his journeys, this time intending to visit the southern end of Japan, and he would die on that journey, on October 12, 1694, at Osaka.

For the moment, however, he lived at Genju-an—the house of illusions—free of the rigors of travel, and free of worldly cares.

Arrived at Genju-an, he found it in a tumble-down state. Its former occupant, the recluse, Genju Rojin, had been dead for eight years. Foxes and badgers now lived therein; the eaves of the hut supported a thick growth of mugwort and bamboo grass; its roofs were leaky and its walls crumbling. He rethatched the roofs, repaired the fences, and settled in—a snail who had found a shell—after years of sunburned face and bleeding heels on the road.

He had intended to remain at Genju-an for a short time, but he grew attached to his surroundings, becoming reluctant to leave. The surroundings were ideal for Bashō: the flight of the cuckoo, the cry of the jays, the knocking of water rails; the bloom of the late azalea, the creep of mountain wisteria, the sighing of pine; the voices of woodcutters on their way to and from the timber, the songs of farmers in the rice fields; the view of the surrounding mountains, a castle, a bridge nearby; and the great lake itself, Biwa, a fisherman's boat thereon—the whole scene suffused by a thin mist.

Nevertheless, Bashō saw Genju-an as but a temporary resting place on his journey: he was traveling light, listing only a hat and a raincoat among his belongings.

While at Genju-an, Bashō did not live the life of an ascetic. True, his was only a simple hut: heated by a fire pit, set in the floor; decorated by a Buddhist altar and a closet to store bedding. There was no other

ornament save a tablet with the name, Genju-an, brushed thereon—a present to Bashō, which he hung on the front door. There was nothing about the place which demanded much attention, so he occupied himself in sleeping, in climbing the steep mountain slopes, and in catching body lice. When he was hungry, he took water from a stream and boiled rice. Bashō loved the simplicity of the place and the uncluttered life, but he did not think of himself as living an ascetic life.

Neither did he lead the life of a hermit. He enjoyed chatting with daytime visitors—the Shinto priest from the shrine nearby, the neighboring villagers. He enjoyed talking to them of their life, a subject of which he knew little—of wild boars and rice crops, of rodents and gardens. At dusk, his visitors gone, he watched the streak of fireflies, and at night, alone, he waited for the moon to summon another visitor, his shadow.

At Genju-an he did not withdraw in solitude or, for that matter, immerse himself in nature. On the surface, it appeared that he had withdrawn from the world; in reality, he was merely weary of society—on account of his poor health. He enjoyed the beauty of the setting, the companionship of his neighbors, the simplicity of his life.

True, at night, by the light of his lamp, he did spend some time debating good and evil—with his shadow. True, he did think on his past mistakes—a time he had wanted to become a governor, a time he had wanted to become a Buddhist priest and spend his life in meditation. But he had given over those dreams for winds and clouds, for flowers and birds—for writing poems—for new dreams. He had too much humor, however, to take any dream too seriously. To him, life itself was a house of dreams, and rather than worry himself over dreams—illusions—he would put out the lamp and go to sleep.

November sunrise . . .
even the sun—shivering—
hides in its blankets.

—Kay Titus Mormino

Night in the city . . .
endless, undulating sound
stabbed by this silence.

—Kay Titus Mormino

From the cotton field,
shyly they wave their child hands
at the passing train.

—Virginia Nelson

Only the creaking
of the sagging garden gate
interrupts long night.

—Virginia Nelson

Tigerish the sound
of early morning traffic
snarling on to work.

—Virginia Nelson

Summer concert past,
only the thin lonely cry
of the last cricket . . .

—Catherine Neil Paton

Where the falls begin,
the wild river twists itself
into knots of foam.

—Jess Perlman

The arm-weary wind,
crawling on the flowered slopes,
barely stirring them.

—Jess Perlman

Pair of startled doves
struggle to rise from the scene
of secret meeting.

—Marian M. Poe

Gigantic shadows
play on the old barn's rafters—
a lantern swings.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

The barn at midnight.
In one corner a lantern
lights a newborn calf.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

From the barn's cool depths
the sight of sunny hayfields
framed by the big door.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

From haymow to sky
the barn swing carries the child
and from sun to shade.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

Through the barn window
a sword of dusty sunlight
pierces the haymow.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

From the church ivy
an irreverent squirrel
scolds the worshipers.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

The old preacher's hand,
blue-veined, almost transparent,
caresses the Book.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

These window raindrops
make single tracks, then quiver
into each other.

—Marjory Bates Pratt

No blossoms this spring
from the twisted, black branches
of the old plum tree.

—Spencer Rathus

To walk the evening
among copses of scrub oak,
intricate and brown.

—Spencer Rathus

Samaras of elms
cover the walk, and boys
snap them underfoot.

—Charles C. Rogers

Berries on bushes—
birds flying lower today
than yesterday.

—Sydell Rosenberg

In a quiet cove
ducks abandon their formation,
swimming after bread.

—Sydell Rosenberg

A sparrow hopping
into footprints—and over
their inch-high snow walls.

—Sydell Rosenberg

The sun sets—light floods
all the forgotten places
where darkness rises.

—Herta Rosenblatt

On the wet pavement,
the glow from the streetlamp spills
a river of light.

—Herta Rosenblatt

A sudden brightness
on a gray autumn morning—
bluejay from the woods.

—Herta Rosenblatt

Remembering now
the rich color of these stones
when washed by the sea.

—Anne Rutherford

On the holly bush,
in the cold of the short day,
a lonesome robin.

—Eugene A. Ryan

Narcissus tips rise
as the long shadows shorten
before the last snow falls.

—Eugene A. Ryan

At the end of night
a faraway whippoorwill
perceives the twilight.

—Eugene A. Ryan

Midnight on the marsh—
in a trap under thick ice,
the struggling muskrat.

—Eugene A. Ryan

Intent bridge gazers:
watching the silhouette forms
of distant fishermen . . .

—Charles Scanzello

Today's constant rain
deepened the dying colors
of autumn landscape . . .

—Charles Scanzello

Icy wind rattles
shingles of deserted church
. . . eerie organ sounds.

—David Seegal

Pine trees in graveyard,
in stately Gothic columns—
evergreen mourners.

—David Seegal

Giant breakers pound
hard against the harbor rocks
to the shriek of gulls.

—Charles Shaw

January sun
breaking through a bank of clouds . . .
an icicle drops.

—Charles Shaw

Winter falls apart
to the sprinkle of spring rain
flushing the gutters.

—Charles Shaw

Listening the night,
out of summer silence bursts
the hoot of an owl.

—Charles Shaw

Home revisited . . .
with the scent of yesterday
still most prominent.

—Charles Shaw

The old tabby cat,
curled into a question mark,
ogling a sparrow.

—Charles Shaw

A new skyscraper
has risen on the corner—
and erased the sun.

—Charles Shaw

On my way homeward,
with the arrival of dusk,
I lose my shadow.

—Charles Shaw

Neon reflections
glaze the city's rain-swept streets.
Urban polychrome.

—Charles Shaw

Against the silence
of a chill December night,
a fat, crackling fire.

—Charles Shaw

Winter-worn cattails
with tattered brown leaves waving
in a spring-fresh wind.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

The hardy lilac
has outlived the pioneer
and the log cabin.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

Goldfish rise to bask
in the warm rim of water
at the fountain's edge.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

Ripened orchard grass
bends with its burden of seed
and a grasshopper.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

A green grasshopper
clings to a goldenrod plume.
The year's afternoon.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

Out on the sea rim
a gray storm is gathering . . .
gulls return to land.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

Limbs snap in the wind.
Yesterday's footfalls carve deep
into waves of snow.

—Mildred Welch Smith

The huge cottonwood
—a dandelion growing
in the furrowed bark.

—Robert Spiess

A rare aurora
—streamers flaring with such flame
that the farm cock crows.

—Robert Spiess

Earthworms wet with dew;
since yesterday, a third leaf
on the melon vine.

—Robert Spiess

An evening cricket;
the trout pond reflects the glint
of a falling star.

—Robert Spiess

Autumn's wind-swept hill
—some wild ground cherries
tangled in the grasses.

—Robert Spiess

A fine sleet at dusk;
mallards in the marshy cove
float beneath their wings.

—Robert Spiess

Swinging metronome,
yet the pupil's fingers lag
to spring breeze rhythm.

—Jerri Spinelli

Storm signals approach,
playing a zigzagging game—
clouds filled with snowflakes . . .

—Jerri Spinelli

Again, early frost . . .
ripe scarlet dreams ground to green
tomato relish.

—William J. Taylor

Old gossip's mouth—
outflapping her noisy wash
this windy morning.

—William J. Taylor

Such rackety leaves!
Grackles on branches, clangorous
with bronze wind-cries.

—William J. Taylor

This brittle morning
smoke rising from neighbor's roof—
without a shiver.

—William J. Taylor

The river smoking—
lake freighters race first sheaths
of December ice.

—William J. Taylor

The couple trims tree . . .
but joylessly, no one now
to trim lower boughs.

—William J. Taylor

The town's factory—
converting white bolts of snow
to gray winter rags.

—William J. Taylor

Low chuckling sound
as fox's jaws snap fiercely—
shadow on child's wall.

—William J. Taylor

The pavement handprint
invites the neighborhood boys
to try it for size.

—Tom Tico

The small girl playing
jump rope, hitches up her pants
after every miss.

—Tom Tico

The maiden's penny
pierces the shimmering sun
in the wishing pool.

—Tom Tico

The glistening web
vibrates with every tinkle
of the brass wind chimes.

—Tom Tico

The eagles' wings touch:
end to end for an instant
they support the sun!

—Tom Tico

The brown butterfly
returns again and again
to the bamboo fence.

—Tom Tico

The drooping willows
trail their long greensilk fringes
in the muddy stream.

—Irma Wassall

A village of huts—
brown, thatched—on stilts and pilings—
the clustered mushrooms.

—Irma Wassall

Along the river,
mud banks August wind has dried,
crisscrossed in the sun.

—Irma Wassall

Brown river water
turns green with tree reflections
along its borders.

—Irma Wassall

After heavy rain
the brown river has risen;
the east wind blows cold.

—Irma Wassall

A mother-of-pearl
melon slice of moon shines through
fading elm tree leaves.

—Irma Wassall

Silent at nightfall,
at midnight the cicadas
are at it again.

—Irma Wassall

No fishing today—
only ice-coated trees stand
on the river bank.

—Irma Wassall

Rippling water blurs
dark reflections of bare trees
edging the river.

—Irma Wassall

Gray rippling water
distorts images of trees
overhanging it.

—Irma Wassall

In the lonesome night
the clear cry, "Whip-poor-will,"
expands the moonlight.

—M. H. Way

White cheek Concord grapes—
footsteps creak the arbor walk
this frosty morning.

—M. H. Way

Finding no clearing
the hawk uses the wood road
for his landing field.

—Joyce W. Webb

Her phoned excuses
are static squeaking starlings
lumpy on the line.

—James Whelden

The shadow of twigs
black on a fresh sheet of snow,
the moon's cold copy.

—James Whelden

Caught in ragged clouds,
a fingernail-paring moon
dangles in rough wind.

—Ethel Fairfield White

As dawn oversleeps
waiting cardinals conspire—
each muffling his song.

—May Smith White

One shaft of sunlight
breaks through the gathering clouds,
strikes and sparkles sea.

—Gertrude Whitehouse

A breach in the clouds—
color floods in on the woods,
drowns oaks in orange.

—Paul O. Williams

The rummaging frost
finds the gourds we overlooked
under crumpled leaves.

—Paul O. Williams

Old oak leaves fallen,
and falling among them
the new leaves of snow.

—Paul O. Williams

Across raked pebbles,
a praying mantis . . . crawling . . .
toward the temple.

—Virginia Brady Young

Study of Season Reference in American Haiku: Part Two

James Bull and Gayle Bull

The following table, "National Collation: Season Votes by Area", is a compilation of all votes on "Haiku Sent to Respondents" (*AH*, VI, 1: 42-61). A simple majority decided the vote for each haiku in each of the six geographic areas polled: Wisconsin; New York-New Jersey; Arkansas-Louisiana; Texas; Northern California; and Southern California.

In using the table, the essential thing to remember is that it is keyed by column (top to bottom) and by row (left to right). Thus, with the haiku code number on the left and the roman numeral (geographic area designation) at the top as co-ordinates, the reader can find the vote for a given haiku in a given area. If one wants to know the Arkansas-Louisiana (III) seasonal status of

In that empty house,
with broken windows rattling,
a door slams and slams.

he takes co-ordinates 6:96 on the left and III at the top. At the juncture of those two lines, he finds "B4?" which means that for the Arkansas-Louisiana voters the haiku's primary applicability is to both city and rural localities (B), to winter season (4), but to no definitely assignable period within season (?). If he wants to ascertain the vote in other areas, he has but to read the row left to right to discover that all other areas gave it non-seasonal vote (5), and both city and rural applicability (B).

The table is especially useful to those who want to ascertain which haiku do or do not apply their area and how they do or do not apply, for all like keyed items are printed directly under one another.

Key to National Collation: Season Votes by Area

The "National Collation" table is keyed in two ways—by column and by row—each key divided into sub-keys.

Column Keys

CODE—one for each haiku, which corresponds to the code number of each of the "Haiku Sent to Respondents" (*AH*, VI, 1: 42-61)

GEOGRAPHIC AREA

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| I Wisconsin | IV Texas |
| II New York-New Jersey | V Northern California |
| III Arkansas-Louisiana | VI Southern California |

ROW KEYS

AREA APPLICABILITY

- (Primary locality of applicability)
B Both city and rural
C City
R Rural

SEASON OF YEAR

- 1 Spring
2 Summer
3 Autumn
4 Winter
5 Non-seasonal

TIME WITHIN SEASON

- E Early
L Late
M Middle
? Uncertain
X Not applicable this area, but could be understood
Y Unintelligible this area

- Z Uncertain as to applicability, seasonality, unintelligibility (i.e., no category receiving a majority of votes)

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
1:2	B5	Z	B5	B5	B5	C5
1:3	R4M	B4M	B4M	X	X	X
1:19	Z	Z	B5	B5	B5	B5
1:34	X	X	X	Z	X	Z
1:54	B4M	Z	B4M	Z	X	Z
1:55	R4M	R4M	B4M	Z	Y	Y
1:62V	B3M	R3?	B3?	B3L	B3?	B3L
1:81V	X	Z	X	Z	X	X
1:92V	C5	C5	C5	R5	C5	Z
1:103	R1E	R1M	R1E	R1E	B1E	Z
1:122	B3?	B3?	B3?	B3L	B3?	B3M
1:134	Z	C5	Z	C5	C5	Z
1:137	B2M	B5	B5	B5	B5	Z
1:142	B4?	R4M	B4M	B4L	X	Z
1:144	Z	X	B2?	B2M-L	X	B2M-L
1:150	X	X	X	Z	Z	X
1:151	X	Z	X	Z	Z	X

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
1:152	Z	R2?	R2?	Z	X	Z
1:153	Z	Z	B2?	Z	B5	R2M
1:154	Y	X	Z	Z	Z	X
1:156	Z	Z	R2?	R2M	Z	Z
1:165V	C5	C5	C5	C5	C5	C5
2:20	R3L	R3L	B3L	Z	Z	X
2:21V	B1L	Z	Z	Z	Z	Z
2:40V	X	Z	X	Z	B5	Z
2:51	R2M	Z	R2?	R2M	R5	R2M
2:61	R2M	R2M	R2?	R2M-L	R2?	Z
2:62V	B2M	R2?	Z	R2M	B5	Z
2:65	Z	Z	C5	C5	C5	C5
2:66	Z	R3?	Z	Z	R3?	Z
2:67	Y	X	R5	Z	Y	X
2:71	X	X	X	R3M	X	X
2:75V	Z	Z	Z	Z	Z	Z
2:82	Z	Z	Z	Z	Z	X

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
2:83	Z	Z	Z	Z	B5	Z
2:90	B4?	B4M	B4E-M	B4?	B4L	B4?
2:98	R3L	B3M	B3L	B3L	B3L	B3?
2:99	Z	X	Z	B1E	B1?	Z
2:100	B2M	B5	B5	B5	X	B5
2:101	B5	B5	B5	C5	B5	Z
2:103V	X	B5	X	R5	B5	B5
3:52	Z	B5	B5	R5	B5	Z
3:70	Y	Z	B1?	Z	B1?	Z
3:73	Z	Z	B5	Z	B5	R5
3:81	Z	Z	B1L	R2?	Z	R5
3:91V	R2?	Z	R2M	R2M	R5	R5
3:98	B1M-L	B1M	B1?	R1M	Z	B1?
3:123	X	X	B1?	B5	B5	B4?
3:127V	B5	B5	B5	C5	C5	Z
3:131	C5	C5	C5	R1L	C5	C5
3:147	Z	R1M	R1E	R1L	B1?	R1E-M

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
3:150	X					
3:152	B4M	X		B4M	Z	
3:160	C5			B4M	Z	Y
3:169V	Z			Z	C5	C5
3:173	B4?			B1?	R1L	
3:174	X			B4?	Z	X
3:198V	R4?	X		X	Z	B5
3:199	R2?			R4?	Y	
3:218	R2?			Z	Z	B2?
4:2	Y			R2M		
4:10	Y	X		B2?	B2?	B2?
4:11V	R3E-M	X		B3?	B3?	
4:15	B5			B2?	B2?	
4:35	R1M			B3E	B3?	
4:49V	Z			B2?	B3?	
4:65	B3E			B2?	B3?	
4:91	R5			B2?	B3?	

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
4:94	Z	Z	X	Z	Z	X
5:1	Z	R5	Z	Z	R5	Z
5:2	R3?	R2M	R2M	R2M	X	X
5:3	B5	B5	B5	B5	B5	B5
5:5	B2?	B2L	B2?	Z	Z	Z
5:6	C1M	C1E	C1E	C1E	C1?	C1E
5:7	C1E	C1E	C1E	C1E	C1E	C1E
5:9V	Z	R5	X	Z	B5	Z
5:14	C2?	C2?	C2?	B2M	B2?	C2?
5:20	Z	Z	R1L	Z	Z	Z
5:41	C5	Z	C5	B5	Z	C5
5:46	C5	C5	B5	B5	B5	C5
5:48	B4?	B4?	C4?	X	Y	Z
5:56	Z	Z	Z	R5	X	Z
5:58	Z	B3?	B3L	B3M	Z	Z
5:62	R3M-L	R3L	R3L	Z	Y	Z
5:65	R2L-3E	R3E	R3E	R3E	R2?	Z

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
5:83	R2?	X		R2M	X	Z
5:90	R2L	R2M-L		R2M-L	R2?	Z
5:96	R2?	Z		R2?	B2?	Z
5:98	B4?			B4M	X	Z
5:117	C4?			C4M	X	X
5:125		X	X			Z
6:2V	R1M	X	R1?	R2?		Z
6:4	R2L		R2M	R2M		Z
6:5	B3?	B3L	B3?	B3L	B3?	Z
6:15		X	R3?	R3M	Y	X
6:20		X	B2?			Z
6:21	B1M	Z	B1E			Z
6:25	R2?	Z	R2?	R2M		Z
6:29	X	Z			X	Z
6:31		Z		B2?		Z
6:36	X	Z	X			Z
6:49V	R2M	R2?	R2?	R2M		Z

National Collation: Season Votes by Area

Code	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
6:61	B3E	B3E	B3?	B4E	Z	Z
6:63	B5	B5	C5	C5	C5	C5
6:75	R2M	R2?	R2?	R2M-L	R2?	Z
6:80	Z	B5	X	Z	R5	Z
6:84	Z	Z	R5	Z	Z	Z
6:86	Z	B5	B5	Z	B5	B5
6:89	X	X	Z	Z	X	R5
6:90	Z	Z	Z	Z	Z	Z
6:91	X	Z	X	Z	Z	X
6:96	B5	B5	B4?	B5	B5	B5
6:97	B3?	B3?	B3L	B3L	Z	Z
6:98	C5	C1E	Z	Z	B5	B5
6:99	R3M-L	B3L	Z	Z	Z	Z B4?
6:114	B4?	B4M	C4M	Z	Z	Z
6:120	B5	B5	B5	Z	B5	Z
6:121	B2?	B2?	B2?	B2E-M	Z	Z B5

2:98	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
2:99	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
2:100	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
2:101	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
2:103V	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
3:52	Hazel S. Dame
3:70	Virginia Eustace
3:73	Pauline Fehn
3:81	Ruth Berrien Fox
3:91V	John S. Haney
3:98	Evelyn Tooley Hunt
3:123	Barbara O. Moraw
3:127V	Sharon Nelton
3:131	Leonard Opalov
3:147	Marjory Bates Pratt
3:150	Marjory Bates Pratt
3:152	Marjory Bates Pratt
3:160	Ethel Green Russell
3:169V	Marjorie Bertram Smith
3:173	Robert Spiess
3:174	Robert Spiess
3:198V	Nicholas A. Virgilio
3:199	Nicholas A. Virgilio
3:218	Adele Wirtz
4:2	Ethel Freeman
4:10	Jeanne DeL. Bonnette (JDeLB)
4:11V	Don Eulert
4:15	H. D. Pote
3:33	Helen S. Chenoweth
4:49V	Cornelia P. Draves
4:65	Robert Davis Harris, Jr.
4:91	Marjory Bates Pratt
4:94	Sister Mary Randal
5:1	O M B Southard
5:2	Evelyn Tooley Hunt
5:3	Georgian Tashjian
5:5	Carrow De Vries
5:6	Cornelia P. Draves
5:7	Marjory Bates Pratt

5:9V	John S. Haney
5:14	Adele Wirtz
5:20	Martha Belknap
5:41	Robert Clay Elder
5:46	Helen A. Evans
5:48	Virginia Moran Evans
5:56	Zelda Crocker Griffin
5:58	John S. Haney
5:62	Phyllis Holub
5:65	Aileen R. Jaffa
5:83	Marjory Bates Pratt
5:90	Marjorie Bertram Smith
5:96	O M B Southard
5:98	O M B Southard
5:117	Joyce W. Webb
5:123	Adele Wirtz
6:2V	Walter H. Kerr
6:4	Evelyn Tooley Hunt
6:5	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
6:15	Charline Hayes Brown
6:20	Betty Calvert
6:21	Betty Calvert
6:25	Helen S. Chenoweth
6:29	William Howard Cohen
6:31	Carrow De Vries
6:36	M. Virginia Eustace
6:49V	Aileen R. Jaffa
6:61	Anne Landauer
6:63	Harvey L. Moody
6:75	Marjory Bates Pratt
6:80	Charles Shaw
6:84	Charles Shaw
6:86	Charles Shaw
6:89	O M B Southard
6:90	O M B Southard
6:91	O M B Southard
6:96	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
6:97	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
6:98	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)

6:99	Tohko (Clement Hoyt)
6:114	Joyce W. Webb
6:120	Paul O. Williams
6:121	Paul O. Williams

Names of Respondents

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Scalings of a birch
 bark flapping in the wind . . .
 another year of life.

—Virginia Brady Young

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