

月報俳句ジャーナル

GE P P O

H A I K U

J O U R N A L

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徳富 潔
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Monthly Newsletter

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13 - 14

GE P P O EDITORIAL

Thank you for letting us have one month vacation. My wife, Kiyoko, could attend the 4th World Congress of Poets held in Korea with Dr. & Mrs. Edwin A. Falkowski, Mrs. Patricia Machmiller, our President, and Mrs. Lillian Giskin, our Corresponding Secretary.

They surely enjoyed the convention which lasted one week in Seoul as is reported by the Advisor, Dr. Edwin A. Falkowski and the President, Patricia Machmiller. They also visited Japan and had an exciting chance to meet the eminent Mr. Shugyo Takaha. Mr. Takaha usually does not have time to meet all his visitors because he has to look through more than 30,000 haiku per month. He is also a member of the Board of Directors of Haiku Poets Association of Japan and also he is taking care of his KARI Haiku Society, one of the most famous haiku societies in Japan. We are so happy that he spared time from his schedule to meet and talk with them about haiku in Japan and overseas.

We are also very happy to announce that Professor Kazuo Sato of Waseda University in Japan is coming to our next meeting which will be held on the 8th of September, 1979. We are planning to hold GINKO 吟行, Haiku Stroll, on that day at the Vasona Lake Park, 300 Garden Hill Drive, Los Gatos, California. Professor Sato is going to judge our Haiku written on that day and will present a prize to the winners of the best haiku. Professor Sato is one of the most famous Haiku critics and reserchers in Japan. Those who want to meet Professor Sato are welcome to our GINKO 吟行. The gathering place is around the main bridge in the park at 11:00 a.m.

潔 & 友代子

SEOUL & THE 4th WORLD CONGRESS OF POETS

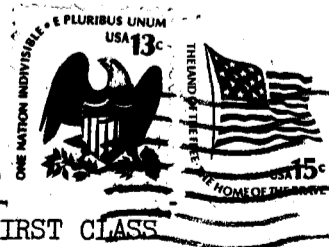
"Be extremely cautious while driving. You are a guest in this country. In an accident you would be subject to answer under their laws", so the U.S. Armed Forces TV Station announces in the hotel room. All other channels are Korean and in black and white. They joke that they export more color TVs than any other country but must do with a silver screen at home.

Their exchange rate was 477 Won to the Dollar and inflation saw coffee in the hotel shop move up to nearly a dollar a cup (no refills) but so strong that sipping or diluting was the order for consumption.

Engraved invitations met us at the registration desk for all luncheons, dinners, and banquets. Each function was sponsored by a Society, public entity, manufacturer, or individual. Breakfasts were part of the hotel tab which was paid by the Korean International Cultural Society for the five days of our stay.

This generosity was matched by a gift of a small portmanteau for each registered delegate (registration \$20) containing a plaque of the occasion, a book of delegates' poems, a book of Korean delegates' poetry, proceedings and enumeration of members in another volume with attendant maps and booklets of the area, along with other small gifts.

Haiku Journal



FIRST CLASS

Patricia Machmiller

The press, TV, and radio personnel swarmed at all functions. Special photographers had candid postal-card size prints posted for ordering on the days following. Poetry and addresses were given in French, English, and Korean which you could tune in with a receiver available as you entered plenary sessions.

Entertainment was of the best. Traditional Korean fan and drum dances plus a children's chorus of exotic range brought delegates into the rhythms of Korean life.

Side ventures to a luncheon hosted by the Mayor took us to a summer temple above the city where we unshod, 300 pair of shoes left on the portico, sat at low tables to sample their fare.

All trips by bus were preceded by motorcycle or escort cars, even on the six hour trip to Kungju (Gyeongju) ancient capital, to the South. We may have been taken for poets with the Carter visit in spite of banners on each bus stating our Congress.

Kungju, tiled roofed, walled, teemed with children in bright school uniforms visiting the Tumulus Burial Mounds of ancient rulers in this venerable capital. There are over twenty such major mounds found within the city and an excavation of one in 1976 uncovered crafts of untold value. Some of these findings are on display at the De Young Museum in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and are outshining the highly publicized Tut exhibit, although offered last at the end of the Tut tour.

On Mt. Toham, east of the capital is the grotto of the "Morning Buddha", best seen in the first light of day. While on the parking lot is a large pergola shading a sculpturing with the side facing the valley and distant series of mountain ranges, showing a stylized bas-relief of CHUN-MA-DO or Heavenly Horse Picture. (The busdriver and several girl hostesses from the busses offered this last information). They were given cards showing the author's version of our Winged Horse, Pegasus. They were delighted at this exchange. Following is a poem written following this discovery -

Two Pegasus plaques / brought over as gifts - here CHUN-MA-DO / chiselled in Kungju stone.

MEETING MR. SHUGYO TAKAHA

Because we (Mrs. Falkowski and I) became very ill on leaving Korea at the Kimpo airport, Mr. Teruo Yamagata arranged to have Mr. Shugyo Takaha, and Dr. Jun-ichi Sakuma come to our hotel room in Tokyo where we shared several hours, on haiku and parted with an exchange of gifts and of haiku.

Following is Mr. Takaha's gift -

摩天楼より新緑が"パセリほど" 狩行

(MATENRO YORI SHINRYOKU GA PASERI HODO). (SHUGYO)

Spots of new green leaves
seen from top of skyscraper
parsley garnish bits

(Translator:
Kiyoshi Tokutomi)

In response he was given the following which was written in the Grand Palace Hotel coffee shop, Tokyo -

For hotel diners
waterfall behind plate glass -
dusty bird house too

Edwin A. Falkowski, Ph.D.
Advisor

THE PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Fourth World Congress of Poets, Seoul, Korea

We are back from three weeks in the Orient - one week in Korea and two in Japan. The week in Korea, as you know, was spent at the Fourth World Congress of Poets. Five members of our organization attended: Dr. Edwin A. Falkowski, Bohumila Falkowski, Lillian Giskin, Kiyoko Tokutomi, and myself. In all, over 600 poets from around the world were in attendance, one-third of them from countries other than Korea. The largest contingent, aside from the Koreans, came from the United States with a representation of 40. Other countries having representation there included: Australia, Taiwan, The Phillipine Islands, Malaysia, India, Japan, Germany, Senegal, Spain, and France.

The Koreans were extremely hospitable and friendly. Lodging, meals, and tours were provided by the International Cultural Society of Korea, a private organization financed by grants from both government and private sources.

Korea is a nation moving rapidly into the modern world. Seoul is a skyscraper city of 8 million people, and everywhere more buildings are being constructed.

The Korean War is still very much on every Korean's mind. They feel deeply about the division of their country into North and South, they wish fervently for its reunification, and they despair that it is possible. Their poems are full of anger and hurt.

Korea has a bright and promising future being created by an energetic and happy people with a proud tradition of 5,000 years. I believe all the poets left the Congress with an ardent wish for a prosperous future for Korea, the land of Morning Calm.

The most outstanding event of the trip for the American haikuists was the opportunity to meet Mr. Shugyo Takaha, the leading haiku poet in Japan today. Mr. Takaha evaluates 1,000 haiku a day as the judge of haiku selected to be printed in several magazines and newspapers. He asked us how many haiku we write every month. Our writings were meager compared to his output. For example, during a month-long trip to the United States, Mr. Takaha wrote 117 prize-winning haiku!

He told us that good haiku should convey our feelings through the principle object described in the haiku. He asked us what part or parts of the body do we think conveys the feeling of each of the seasons. He felt that the skin symbolizes spring best since spring is a time of acute awareness and a strong sense of aliveness. Summer, the active season, is symbolized best by the body muscles; autumn, a melancholy time, by the heart (the emotional center); and winter, the pensive time, by the head.

The effects of the meeting with Mr. Takaha were profound. Each of us felt humble (that he would take the time to speak to us) and elated at the same time. We all sensed his deep respect for haiku and came away with a larger sense of its worth ourselves.

Thank you, Mr. Takaha.

Announcing — The By-Laws Committee

A committee to draft a set of by-laws to be presented to the membership for approval is being formed. Lillian Giskin of Los Gatos, California, has volunteered to coordinate the effort. Mrs. Giskin prepared the by-laws for the Unitarian Church in her community so we are fortunate to have a person of her experience to help us. Anyone interested in serving the committee should contact Mrs. Lillian Giskin at:

The members of the committee will be asked to attend to one meeting in San Jose to discuss the final draft of the by-laws.

SAIJIKI Committee Members:

If you have either a vocation or avocation that gives you special knowledge in a particular field of nature, I would like to be informed. For example, if you are a fisherman or a birdwatcher, your special knowledge gives you a unique capability to prepare the descriptors for KIGO in your speciality.

The Newsletter

We appreciate your comments and support. No significant changes in the Newsletter are going to be made at this time. You may see some streamlining and small changes to reduce works. Keep us informed of how you feel the Newsletter is serving you.

Patricia Machmiller
President

SECRETARY'S COLUMN

August Meeting, Aug. 4, 1979

Lillian Giskin showed slides of the trip to Korea and Japan, and she, Edwin Falkowski, Patricia Machmiller, and Kiyoko Tokutomi talked about the 4th World Congress of Poets they attended in Korea and meeting Mr. Shugyo Takaha, one of the most famous haiku poets in Japan.

Next month's meeting will be held at Vasona Lake Park in Los Gatos, California for a special occasion: Professor Sato Kazuo of Waseda University will be here and he has expressed his interest in the GINKO we have experienced before, and would like to go on one with us. Therefore, we will have a pot luck lunch ~~right~~ right after our GINKO. Anyone interested, please call Lillian Giskin in Los Gatos for information,

We had a free rein in writing our haiku at the meeting, using any summer KIGO. Here are the three-way tie first places:

The sleeping dog stirs
on porch in the summer shade,
breeze between the cracks.

Lillian Giskin

in the second line, 'summer' was changed to 'maple shade' as 'summer' and 'shade' are both KIGO.

Together again
Friends tell of far off places
dust on their shoes

Jerry Ball

the last line was changed to 'their dusty sandals', as there was no KIGO in Jerry's haiku.

My son's sun tanned limbs
dangle loosely from the porch.
The growing of grass.

Pat Machmiller

in the first line, 'limbs' was changed to 'legs' for more clear meaning.

Second place haiku:

That broken shutter
As morning sunshine slips through
I am discovered

Ben Sweeney

in the second line 'morning' was changed to 'summer' for a KIGO.

As you can see, even the winners are in constant need of revising and rereading their haiku, and it is of tremendous help to get the feedback of our co-HAIKUISTS!

Bobbie Leiser
Secretary

Mr. Teruo Yamagata's Comments

According to Mr. Tokutomi, Mr. Sol Markoff and Mrs. Roberta Stewart have objected to the expression, "like" or "GOTOKU" (如く) in Japanese. Mr. Motoyoshi Shimizu, one of the famous Japanese haikuists, has explained in his book, Haiku for Beginners, "GOTOKU" is one of the most popular expressions in composing haiku (in Japan). When A has some of the characteristics of B, A can often be more vividly expressed by using B to describe A. In his book he has referred to several example haiku. One of them is "The snow remains like a piece of rice cake." By Boshu Kawabata

DISCUSSION ON "like"

We have received many responses from our members about the metaphor "like" since Mr. Teruo Yamagata wrote in our previous GEPPO that "like haiku" or "GOTOKU HAIKU 如く俳句" is quite popular in Japan.

Mr. Yamagata sent quite many examples of "like haiku" written by famous Japanese haiku poets as is shown in the attached copy. We think this is a good chance for discussion.

I, personally, think that the use of "like" might be due to the basic difference in the construction of the two languages, English and Japanese. However, we also feel that we can not easily come to any decision before we discuss it fully on our GEPPO.

A short poem like haiku, if we omitt "like", the meaning can become completely opposite in some cases. For example:

A white birch standing,
my elder sister

Could we tell which line does "like" belong to without mentioning it?

Like a white birch standing,
my elder sister

A white birch standing,
like my elder sister

The meaning of the two ways of using "like" can be completely opposite.

Here is another example:

Like a jar
sitting in eulalia field
the sun setting

Without "like" the meaning of the haiku becomes different. This haiku becomes very clear by adding "like".

Affection.
a spring
knitting wool

Does this haiku make itself clear to you? Please add "like" to the second line, then, the haiku becomes very meaningful.

徳高 秋子

Kiyoshi & Kiyoko
Tokutomi

July & August KUKO

日焼 八月

KIGO: Suntan and August - HIYAKE & HACHIGATSU

1. Wanting a suntan
interrupted by black clouds
rain for rest of day
2. A telephone call--
suntan almost completed
return to no sun
3. Wearing a sun hat?
old lady sits under shade
of spreading oak tree
4. Hot beach sun, tanning
international children
all the same brown hue.
5. Sun darkens my skin;
why can't "old Sol" change gray hairs
back to Copper tones?
6. Fresh from the bath tub
but Mom says he's not clean...
boy claims it's suntan.
7. ~~With~~ sun-tanned fingers
carefully peels an orange:
girl on nudist beach
8. Trimming her old hat
with lilies-of-the-valley
she smiles at the rain
9. The winds of summer:
from each buzzing sunlit field
the scent of clover
10. Sun, summer oven
crisps peanut butter cookies,
Bakes gingerbread men.
11. Sun strikes temple gong.
Visual sound deafens eyes.
No cloud overhead.
12. First time of tanning
Bright sun, thin clouds plus water.
Sun burn coming up.
13. Desert weeps for rain
suntan lotion won't protect
burning saguaros.
14. Flickering candle
shadows form eerie patterns
reflections play games.
15. The crackled glazed bowls
in desert store resembles
the bone dry parched earth.
16. On the beach, nailing
raw slats to a suntanned fence
twisted by the sea
17. The trucks keep humming:
crimson feathers in the wind
circle their dead dove
18. Thunder muttering:
strapping songs to wings, birds flee,
moss creeps toward a stone
19. In the summer night
possums playing hide and seek
away from the bush
20. Over the hilltop
leaving the space antenna
rolling summer fog
21. With the summer breeze
the tree limbs swaying good-bye
to the graduates
22. The summer sunrise
like the outerspace ship rays
over Pajaro
23. From the summer sky
into the jewel box land
the lights of the plane
24. Steadily moving--
the bend of the suntan wheat-
the bend of the wind
25. July fourth parade:
deaf girl smiles at the drummer
tapping out the beat
26. Somewhere off the shore-
an unknown hush is filling
in-between the waves
27. This hot August night...
pebbles skip across the sea
in the wind-echos
28. The warm summer moon;
vanishing in the dawnlight-
shadow in your eyes
29. Swimming in the sea-
waves smooth ^{cut} where I have been
hidden from the moon
~~beneath~~ summer moon
30. One by one rose leaves
wither under the hot sun
drift away at dawn.
31. The soft slap, slap, slap
of a wave on summer sand
and a sleeping child.
32. Cumulus hovers
above the shadowed mountain
dust cloud moving in
33. This August heat wave
hummingbird at the feeder
dust cloud advancing.
34. As the sun rises
the cereus start to close
passion flower opens.
35. Old men in the park
playing cards and gossiping
mourning doves strut, coo.
36. Drawing the white sheet
over the suntanned face of
the winning athlete
37. My mother's apron
never empty of cherries
in the photograph
38. At the backyard gate,
embracing my father for
his cucumber scent
39. The organ grinder
shadows my August birthday
with his sad music
40. Bringing a stolen
watermelon to the priest
for baptismal fee

A. Tao

KIGO?

J. Walker

KIGO?

conflicting
KIGO's

J. Walker

No name

KIGO?

KIGO?
no nameRaymond
RoseleafKIGO?
R. Roseleaf

TEIKAI FORM

41. Just after Zazen
my fingers touch the lotus
to make sure it's there
42. Too dark a suntan!
Our neighbor covets prestige
and ruins her skin
43. Face down, no clothes on--
suntan lotion plastered thick
except where sitting
44. Over the hilltop
August moon rising through clouds...
A mocking bird sings
45. Of an August night --
firefly lighting up my hand
before it takes flight
46. Another rain storm,
her suntan begins to peel:
smiling billboard girl
47. The children asleep ?
under the mosquito net--
moon over the lake
48. White cumulus clouds,
a cactus wren's morning song
deep in the mesquite
49. Wading in the stream
only duckweed flowers move
this hot August day!
50. A flash of lightning
high in the willow oak tree
a night heron's cry
51. The long avenue
of live oaks leading nowhere--
cicadas humming
52. A day at the beach -
the young girl's suntan darkens
in breath of the wind.
53. Hearing the crickets -
old friends stroll in a garden
pink with peonies.
54. Sunlight spiced fields -
a distant herd of cattle
without an owner. *<160?*
55. Coming together
deserted house and old dreams;
last day of August.
56. ^{smell of sweet clover} Sweet clover incense;
grasshoppers remain silent
along the stubble.
57. ¹⁶² Late summer rainbow -
just brushing the prairie grass
a meadowlark's wings.
58. August monsoon winds
sparrows fly in a dust bowl
spiders spin cobwebs.
59. Shadows of thin leaves
trace patterns of balcony
Japanese paintings.
60. Dark clouds cast shadows
on the grey glittering sea
white sails flap in wind.
61. Tossed lobster cages
in Maine coastal waters *robust*
gripped by suntanned hands... *R. Scott*
62. Hot sun melts across the sky
Almost-bare suntan seekers
watch as clumsy seagulls fly...
63. Toughened suntanned hands
fight grasping claws
submerged in smelly tanks...
64. Soft ground haze
beckons waning August days
to drift into sultry nights...
65. Late August sun
casts long fingers
scattering premature shadows...
66. Cricket's sad song
as summer ends and
August lazily surrenders...
67. Under July sun
undulating wheatfields glow
once white skin turns tan
68. Grapes dry in hot sun
no more translucent green skins
only wrinkled tan
69. Forgotten garden
flowers wither in hot sun
leaves and petals tanned
70. Hot sounds of August
sizzle splash throb of mowers
harsh singing insects
71. Garden invasion
aloe spikes lean with bronze bloom
green hummingbird sips
72. Dawn warmed to mid-day
heat-shimmers rise from pavement
come soon, cool night rain!
73. Red rose in full bloom,
silently the petals fall...
6(3) her hospital room. *R. Spriggs*
74. This sterile white room,
his suntanned hands touching hers...
K10(4) another petal falls
75. Ancient moss roses,
many petals have fallen,
many memories.
76. Someone's old shadow,
Sunny shallows the minnows
darting into it.
77. Tossing and turning,
children's voices echoing
intensify the heat. *should be rewritten Spriggs*
78. Fireworks in the city,
staying behind for sunset
and the fireflies.
79. Under the unlauts
of touring Germans -- the carp?
2(1) swim so leisurely... *Ball*
80. That pool with iris...
carp are disturbed by the boy
fishing for pennies.
81. [?] Rodeo parade,
and a mother speaks softly
to her crying child. *<160?*
82. Garden full of weeds,
and a mockingbird? somewhere...
draws my attention!
83. With their nest fallen,
swallows gather mud and grass,
and I keep walking... *K5(2)* *Ball*

84. Trudging through the stalks
of summer wheat, I wonder
where the snakes are?
85. Pine shade stretches out;
Girl sleeps, suntan darkening--
a summer breakfast.
86. At five the goblet
overflowing with moonlight--
a summer breakfast
87. After the heatwave:
Waking to hear rain--drifting
to more peaceful sleep...
*too logical
B. McCoy*
88. Quiet August dusk--
except for the jays squabbling,
still, in the pine-tops...
89. Last day of summer:
Riding home from empty beach
into the sunset...
90. One hundred degrees:
Gazing through the shop window
at the Christmas trees.
91. Suntan that extends
as far as the eye can see
holiday beach crowd
92. small child without clothes
stares at this new mystery
suntan stops here, there
93. galloping so free
under a blazing white sky
only a stick horse
*K160?
M. Hill*
94. mirrored in the lake:
peaks blurred by August snowstorm
and a green meadow
95. hiking crooked trail
wearing by the summer heat -
breeze wafted pine sound
96. cool spring glittering
within the deep shade of rocks
seems too pure to drink
Hill
97. With sun-tanned fingers
carefully peels an orange...
girl on nudist beach
*Same
as 7, 9, 9*
98. Trimming her old hat
with lilies-of-the-valley
she smiles at the rain
99. The wind of summer...
from each buzzing sun-lit field
the scent of clover
100. August sun blazes
in eyes of crouching tiger...
the toyshop window
*YK9(2)
Crucciana*
101. Big fat drops of rain
plop-plopping on dusty leaves...
wet, wild blackberries
K160?
102. Pockets full of gold
they tumble pell-mell downhill...
young dandelions
103. At the new feeder
in the dying cherry trees ---
a cardinal
*K160?
H. Greig*
104. Rotting, outdoor pews
at my feet by the entrance
twisted orange mushrooms
105. This parched summer day
the ground sprinkled with sawdust
a newly felled tree
106. Upon the tombstones
this autumn's earth-colored leaves
from a whole forest
107. This wide, well-mowed lawn
the only dandelion
with the only moth
108. Pink petunia horn
motionlessly listens
robin's evensong
109. Rainstorm just ending:
already summer's spider
hangs his web's first thread
H. Greig
110. Under cloudless sky
suntans blend with native browns
-- integrated beach
111. Sudden summer storm;
thunder -- lightning -- pelting rain
... the cool damp silence
112. Waiting blue heron
more still than mirrored image,
4(1) treefrog goes ker-plop...!
R. Bicha
113. High Sierra lake
hoards August's gold in its depths
-- kingfisher prospects
114. Thirst-summoned children;
clinking ice and lemonade
--wind chimes echo sounds
115. My rock-scorched bare feet
cooling in creek's oozing mud
-- toes wriggle deeper
116. Suntan lotion jar
bobbing on outgoing tide
Sparkles with sunlight.
*K160
don't take
to skin*
117. High tide washes clean
man, dog, seagull wayward paths
Summer beach alone.
118. Summer Hurricane
Swaying palms trees are bending
to storm's wild rhythm
119. August declining
Children begin to hover
near empty schoolhouse.
*4K1
H. Fitzpatrick*
120. Summer's lake disturbed
Plop of a pinecone creates
ripples in circles.
121. Gliding, turning flock
Hypnotizes bird watcher
forgets summer heat.
122. Maple's flying seed
tinkles on the window pane -
the wind chimes ...stolen
123. In blackeyed Susans
covering the high pasture -
horse loses his head
*4
K160?
C. Dunlop*
124. Dragonfly's white tail
gives the stake he sits upon -
a painted handle
125. Moonbeams dance quickly
on treetops-shimmering waves
moving mind pictures
126. Crickets call loudly
during hot night while strangers
try to become friends
127. Yellow butterfly
darts finally landing on
one special flower

128. Multicolored flags
flap in cooling breeze...friendly
Japanese market
129. Two blackbirds perched
on scarecrow gossiping like
neighbors across fence
130. Wind blown yellow weeds
sway along barbed wire fence while
store compressor clangs
131. One hour in the field
with its own fringe benefit
a deeper suntan
132. The end of the path--
canaries and butterflies
on the thistle bloom
133. The fallen almond;
I open the hull and bite
the immature nut
134. Adjusting the gauge
she brings an August shower
upon her starched self
135. Felled arborvitae;
she arranges the branches
into floral life
136. The seven-year-old
swings the bucket of water
around a new world
137. August, shimmering
over cornfields; our tin roof;
your raven-winged hair.
138. Sizzling August day...
a sudden cicada buzz
breaks the blue silence.
139. Dry August desert...
dust devil dancing alone
to wind's lonesome tune.
140. A child high in the tree
laughs when he spies the suntan
on grandpa's bald head
141. Freshly sprinkled lawn
in the park, cools my bare feet,
hot from the asphalt
142. The damp board lifted,
Old Toad blinks once at the light,
shuts his eyes
143. Pallbearers, sweating
after the August funeral..
still wearing gray gloves
144. From shallow pool
Old Trout sees me bait my hook..
swims slowly downstream
145. Not a single breeze
stirring the air this evening..
wind chimes hang silent
146. Bikinied young girl
a narcissus to the sun
courting a suntan
147. The wind sweeping by
turns the poplar inside out
to catch the moonlight
148. On my arm awhile
before I even know it --
plumped-up mosquito
149. Long August evening;
shadows fill hollows and nooks
green dew cools the grass
150. The whole yard the same
even the ro in is still here --
or maybe his son
151. The rolling rhythm
of willow branches shifting
shadows on the wall
152. the soft splash... splash... splash
of the lone midnight swimmer
deep into August
153. The conference room
exposed to westering sun
terrestrial globe
154. Playing on the beach
he is no longer baby
whole body suntanned
155. Mountain ascetic
being struck by waterfall
between life and death
156. Nobody noticed
but must be Japanese home
a windbell twinkles
157. On manager's desk
a tall pile of documents
August holidays
158. Fireworks instantly
swallowed up in the darkness
leaving memory
159. Pendant of wind chimes
stirs in the vagrant breeze
telephone rings once
160. After chilling swim
under summer fog - stripping
in the hot ravine
161. Our cat's tail hanging
down through the arbor - while I
check out the green grapes
162. On poles, a torn net
drying in the August sun;
the fisherman snores.
163. The heat of noonday;
on the fish market's doorstep
Old Tom purrs and purrs.
164. By the summer sea
a bucket and sand castle
Not a child in sight!
165. The Fourth of July:
all along the parade route
breezes tease the flags
166. The August storm ends;
floating on the yellow creek--
branches--and one nest
167. A blonde teenager
applying suntan lotion;
wet dog shakes himself!
168. Old garden Buddha
watches over growing herbs:
wisest of all toads.
169. Trumpet blooms announce
summer's music festival-
hummingbirds attend.

youngblood

T. Murphy

T. Fowler

L. Kinder

Kinder

Kinder

M. Elliott

170. Little butterfly
wings high above timberline
conquering Mt. hood.
171. Meteors sparkling
overhead this sultry night-
fireflies below.
174. I looked at the moon.
The moon perused the fuchsia.
Life is filled with love.
175. The asphalt is soft.
One puts on shoes to cross it.
Summer heat-wave ---
176. The heat was intense,
Like the blast from a furnace ---
The desert in June
177. The hole of Hades ---
The sun on the sidewalk ---
Heat-wave in August.
178. The rosebud whispered,
"Now that it is summertime,
Press me to your heart.
179. The summer sun shines
Over the parched, dry, land
That's begging for rain.
186. Small girl reaches in
to ball by dark crack of fence
held open by vine
187. On pale orchid lip
water drop reflects lantern
through taxi window
188. Out of morning mist
Dark cliff is shot by sunlight;
temple in the rock
189. August tragedy;
as car passes dead raven,
jet feathers flutter
190. Firefly in garden--
Magic lantern show triggers
memory of you
191. Humid afternoon--
cicada castanets
bird snaps sound at source
192. tanned thigh, summer's way
inching onward sentinel
of sundial's wild slide
193. iced tea, iced coffee,
ice water -- iced screams under
summer's scorching sky
194. flower petals curl,
leaves wither, dry. advancing
year drops a dead trail
172. Toad under that leaf
needing no green umbrella -
dark raincloud has gone.
173. Bright red dragonfly
poised on my garden sundial
marks afternoon hours.
180. Along the turnpike
On the ice-coated billboards--
...Suntanned beauties
181. Getting a suntan
On the beach at Waikiki:
Writing postal cards
182. In beach-robe pocket
Half a tube of suntan cream --
Salt water kisses
183. The pasture gate clicks
As berry pickers pass through
The cows turn to look
184. Little lighted boats
Sailing to our ancestors
On this August night
185. From a big barrel
Sipping cider through a straw
At the country fair
195. summer advances,
sequence of discarded clothes
'til August lies nude
196. eighth month sultry blues,
vacation almost over
last dip in the pool
197. shadows shorten now,
omen after solstice goes
of heat-killed heartbeats
198. I looked at the moon.
The moon perused the fuchsia.
Life is filled with love
199. The asphalt is soft.
One puts on shoes to cross it.
Summer heat-wave
200. The heat was intense,
Like the blast from a furnace ---
The desert in June
201. The Hobe of Hades ---
The sun on the sidewalk ---
Heat-wave in August.
202. The rosebud whispered,
"Now that it is summertime,
Press me to your heart
203. The summer sun shines
Over the parched, dry, land
That's begging for rain

H. Dalton

To New Members

Please submit only 17 syllable TEIKEI 定型 form haiku. There are some non-17 syllable FUTEIKEI 不定型 haiku on the list.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MEMBERS

1. Choose 20 haiku and identify 3 best haiku by circling the number of the haiku, and brief comment on the reasons for your selections, if any.
2. Please write three haiku for September and submit them to us by the end of August, 1979. KIGO: Autumn butterfly and others -- use only autumn KIGO.

Results of June Evaluation

T. Fowler	*	D. Braida	*	P. Scher	*	R. Roseliep	*
1. --- 1		35. --- 2		71. --- 0		105. --- 4	1
K 2. --- 2	1	36. --- 3	1	72. --- 1		106. --- 8	3
3. --- 1		K 37. --- 0		K 73. --- 2		Y K 107. --- 7	3
L. Cruciana		M. Eulberg		S. Youngdahl		E. Falkowski	
4. --- 6		38. --- 3		74. --- 0		108. --- 1	
5. --- 5	2	K 39. --- 4	1	K 75. --- 1		109. --- 3	
K 6. --- 8	2	40. --- 4	2	76. --- 3		K 110. --- 3	
S. Stone		B. McCoy		L. Hornbeck		B. Sweeney	
K 7. --- 3	2	41. --- 0		77. --- 0		111. --- 2	1
8. --- 0		42. --- 3		Y K 78. --- 3	1	112. --- 3	
9. --- 0		K 43. --- 7		79. --- 3	1	Y K 113. --- 11	4
R. Stewart		M. Henn		K. Fickurt		E. Purviance	
10. --- 4		44. --- 0		80. --- 0		114. --- 1	
(Y)(K) 11. --- 6	2	45. --- 0		K 81. --- 2		Y K 115. --- 5	
12. --- 2		K 46. --- 2		82. --- 1		116. --- 1	
J. Ball		K. Hale		T. Murphy		B. Haas	
K 13. --- 2		47. --- 1		83. --- 7		117. --- 0	
14. --- 0		48. --- 0		84. --- 6	1	118. --- 0	
15. --- 2		Y 49. --- 3	1	K 85. --- 4		K 119. --- 3	
B. Sweeney		B. Leiser		S. Markoff		R. Stewart	
K 16. --- 4		K 50. --- 6	3	(K) 86. --- 8	2	120. --- 7	
17. --- 3		51. --- 5	1	87. --- 5	3	121. --- 3	
18. --- 0		52. --- 5	1	88. --- 0		Y K 122. --- 11	2
L. Schuck		J. Sauer		H. Dalton		W. Fitzpatrick	
19. --- 3		53. --- 2		89. --- 2		K 123. --- 3	1
20. --- 2	1	54. --- 4		90. --- 0		124. --- 1	
K 21. --- 4		Y K 55. --- 1		K 91. --- 4	1	125. --- 0	
R. Biciche		J. Lamson		T. Yamagata		J. Ball	
Y K 22. --- 3		56. --- 3		K 92. --- 1		126. --- 1	
23. --- 0		K 57. --- 6		93. --- 0		K 127. --- 11	1
24. --- 4	1	58. --- 2	1			128. --- 3	1
E. Dunlop		M. Elliott		L. Cruciana		C. Buckaway	
(Y)(K) 25. --- 15	12	K 59. --- 3		K 94. --- 9	1	(Y) K 129. --- 2	1
R. Spriggs		60. --- 1		95. --- 6	2	130. --- 2	
26. --- 2		61. --- 0		96. --- 1		131. --- 1	
27. --- 5	1	H. Evans		H. Lawler		M. Richardson	
K 28. --- 4	2	62. --- 0		97. --- 1		132. --- 0	
I. Edwards		K 63. --- 1		98. --- 0		K 133. --- 2	
29. --- 0		64. --- 1		K 99. --- 9	2	134. --- 0	
30. --- 1		J. Youngblood		I. Wolfe		J. Walker	
K 31. --- 3		65. --- 1		100. --- 1		135. --- 0	
P. Machmiller		66. --- 0		101. --- 0		K 136. --- 1	
32. --- 1		K 67. --- 0		J. Currier		137. --- 0	
K 33. --- 2		M. Lyon		K 102. --- 4			
E. Gilliam		68. --- 5	1	103. --- 0			
K 34. --- 3	2	K 69. --- 3	2	104. --- 1			
		70. --- 6					

The most unique and impressed haiku #86

The short nights begin:
a wino smoothes the "TIMES" sheets
for his pavement bed

The short nights → "TIMES" sheets → his pavement bed
wino

Please read this haiku again, and again, and again. Please do not be tied up with common thoughts and try to break the tie with them like this haiku.

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Y indicates selections of Mr. Teruo Yamagata.

K indicates selections of Editors (one from each member).

* column indicates best selections by vote of members.

(Y) indicates Mr. Teruo Yamagata's three best choices.

(K) indicates the Editors' three best choices.

THANK YOU

We are so happy that we have received so many responses about our latest Haiku Journal, Vol. 3, No. 3. We also received a few constructive criticisms. These few criticisms are just as important as the many commendations. Thank you for your great support to our Haiku Journal.

Please let us know if you have not received the Haiku Journal yet.

The comments and voices of the members are omitted in this month's GEPPPO, because the haiku and other articles took up more space than usual.

We also would like to express our sincere gratitude to many of you who started sending extra stamps and donations which surely help us a great deal.

Thank you, again.

Kiyoshi & Kiyoko
Tokutomi

CONTEST

The Hawaii Education Association is sponsoring a Third Annual Haiku Writing Contest open to the general public.

Prizes of \$20, \$10, and \$5 will be awarded. The in hand deadline is November 1, 1979.

For rules write to:

HEA Haiku Writing Contest

