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 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko
 Tokutomi
 徳高 木川子

President
 Patricia Machmiller

Advisor
 Edwin A. Falkowski, Ph.D.

Monthly Newsletter

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25 - 26

GE P P O EDITORIAL

Change of GE P P O Editorship:

Kiyoshi has been ill having had two consecutive hospitalizations which required intensive care during June and July . . . so it is with great regret that your founding editors will be retiring from editorship of the GE P P O Haiku Journal due to medical advice. However, we have made arrangements for continuation of the "GE P P O as usual" so that you will not be deprived of our translations and editorials. We shall continue also to support the activities of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society which we founded, particularly in moving toward compilation of the Saijiki.

We are most pleased to announce that future issues of the GE P P O will be edited by C. Joy Haas, formerly Assistant Professor of the University of Manitoba in the field of Family Studies. For a number of years she served on faculty at the University of Iowa where her students distinguished themselves for disciplined writing. During a summer session at San Jose State University, her students published a resource directory for public deposit.

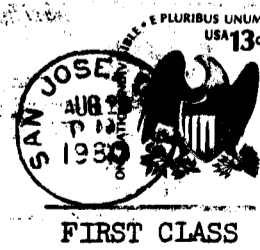
Joy has also assisted in production of an instructional television program released by the College of San Mateo; written a student/teacher manual for television; coordinated research for the second edition of John Joseph Montgomery, Father of Basic Flying written by the late Arthur Dunning Spearman, S.J. of the University of Santa Clara; and co-authored an herbal in the Elizabethan manner with her mother, Beth Martin Haas.

"Anything Oriental" has been a long term interest for Joy. Her first interest in Yuki Teikei Haiku was generated by the late David Earl McDaniel whose popular Poet's Corner provided the setting for our first Zadankai (sit-talk session) on Haiku. Joy brings to the GE P P O a background of teaching, research and administration and we look forward to continuing our work together. We have appreciated your support and enjoyed your enthusiasm. Your GE P P O can continue as usual.

徳高 木川子

Kiyoshi and Kiyoko
 Tokutomi
 Retiring Editors

Haiku Journal



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Patricia Machmiller

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New Address for GEPP0 Haiku Journal:

Effective September 1, 1980

C. Joy Haas, Editor
GEPP0 Haiku Journal

Telephone:

Fourth Haiku Journal:

Our latest edition of the Haiku Journal has gone to press and we are currently proof-reading. Copies will be available in the near future.

Haiku is an Art:

Haiku is the art of describing a KIGO in the most impressive and unique way, using 5-7-5 rhythmic syllable count and deleting most of what we want to say and all we wish to explain so that we induce the reader to the limitless world of imagination.

Kiyoshi and Kiyoko
Tokutomi

The President's Column

- by Patricia Machmiller -

At the August meeting of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, we were especially honored by the attendance of Mr. Teruo Yamagata of Tokyo, Japan. Mr. Yamagata, you will recognize, provides the insightful commentary on haiku of his choice in the monthly GEPP0.

It was such a pleasure to have Mr. Yamagata with us. Whenever we write haiku, we have a sense of the ambience of East meeting West. Mr. Yamagata's visit made all of us more aware of that feeling.

At the GINKO Mr. Yamagata was asked to select the KIGO. He carefully studied the setting before choosing shade, summer lawn, oleander, heat, and sweat. His selections were so appropriate to the day and the weather that the group decided to write on all of them. Since, for California, it was the time of plums at their peak, plum was added to the list as a California KIGO.

We all learned something from the haiku written by Mr. Yamagata at the GINKO. It was very apparent that his haiku were written from very real and immediate personal experiences. For example:

Although not sleepy
my body still feels jet lag -
I rest in the shade

And, in turn, we introduced Mr. Yamagata to an old American tradition: A free-wheeling debate on the merits of the GINKO haiku. The vigorous interchange and lively banter were in the best Western style.

For us, Mr. Yamagata's visit was a special privilege, and we thank him for the unique cultural experience he provided us by his presence and participation in our meeting.

Patricia Machmiller

Report of August 2, 1980 Meeting

- by Jerald T. Ball -

The meeting began at 1:30 p.m. outside the Sumitomo Bank Building in San Jose. We began with a GINKO. KIGO were set by our special guest, Mr. Teruo Yamagata who visited us from Japan! KIGO were: Oleander, shade, sweat, summer lawn, and heat. 31 haiku were submitted. The winners were:

1st place: The lush purple plum
 rolling off the paper plate --
 the passing season

Beth Martin Haas

2nd place: Amid the brown spots
 here and there a gray feather
 on the summer lawn

Suzanne Stone

3rd place Summer lawns invite
 me to be a youth once more.
 Soft blades mark my skin

Teressie Campen

There were nine haiku in fourth place, and members generally expressed satisfaction with the haiku written.

A discussion followed relating to the use of certain descriptive words in Haiku. Sometimes the use appears to be just for "padding" to fit the 5-7-5 form. For example: when speaking of feather, is it necessary to speak of "gray feather"? The question really is whether the word "gray" functions in the context. There seems to be no simple answer to this question. One might ask if the use of the color word actually eliminates other colors which might have been live descriptive options.

The word "gray" should be used if there are other colors that feathers might be such as white, red, or brown. Secondly, does the visual notion of color serve a vital purpose in the haiku? Both of these criteria must be applied by the poet in the context of writing his haiku. If "gray feather" makes sense under the circumstances then so should "brown feather" or "red feather" and "gray" should be exactly the right color. If, on the other hand, the notion of "color" doesn't function, then better leave it out and concentrate on what is the most intimate and important. Deciding on that is just exactly the art of haiku.

In this respect, a comment is useful from D.T. Suzuki's article, "Zen and Haiku." Suzuki relates how the famous poetess Chiyo studied haiku with a Zen master. She was trying to write haiku using the KIGO: Cuckoo (Hototogisu in Japanese).

Chiyo now tried several haiku on the subject given by her master, but he rejected every one of them as merely conceptual and not true to feeling. She did not know what to say, or how to express herself more genuinely. One night she went on cogitating on the subject so intently she did not notice at all that it was already dawning and that the paper screens had begun to light up faintly, when the following haiku formed itself in her mind:

Hototogisu
Hototogisu tote,
Akenikeri!

Calling "cuckoo, cuckoo,"
all night long,
dawn at last!

When this was shown to the master, he at once accepted it as one of the finest haiku ever composed on the cuckoo. The reason was that the haiku truly communicated the author's genuine inner feeling about the hototogisu and that there was no artificial or intellectually calculated scheme for any kind of effect; that is to say, there was no "ego" on the part of the author aiming at its own glorification.

The next meeting of the society is scheduled for Saturday, September 6th, at 1:30 p.m. in the Sumitomo Bank Building, San Jose.

Jerald T. Ball

KIGO: Independence Day (DOKURITSU KINENBI) and Summer mountain(s) (NATSU NO YAMA)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Just before sunrise
small boy's <u>firecracker</u> fizzles --
<u>Independence Day</u> | 19. In summer mountains
turn heliotrope in sun
casting dark shadows |
| 2. Near shore, hungry gulls
follow in the tour-boat's wake,
cries drowned by engines | 20. In August <u>moonlight</u>
the old mission cross wears crown
jewels from heaven |
| 3. The gull glides sideways;
on the pier, a tourist leans --
both against the wind | 21. Hot nights hold stillness
the trees have stopped murmuring
only stars appear |
| ④ Always just over
the next hill, summer mountains
coming and going . . . | 22. Summer mountain dawn;
in a wide range of voices
birds exchange greetings |
| 5. After the picnic:
a sprinkling of salt and crumbs;
a sudden shower . . . | 23. The lake's black smoothness
broken by the plop of fish;
the August stillness |
| 6. Summer afternoon;
girl yawns as she reads haiku --
the rocker's creaking . . . | 24. In the pale <u>moonlight</u>
<u>frogs</u> chorus and a loon calls
lone ... alone ... alone |
| 7. The <u>cool</u> <u>July</u> wind;
two <u>peony</u> shadows nod
on the backyard fence | 25. Midsummer woodside;
nibbling wild columbine tips
. . . until the bees come |
| 8. <u>Mid-summer</u> morning;
a moth on the peony
still for a moment | 26. Under the black sky
pools of gold beneath street lamps --
<u>the</u> heat on the wind |
| 9. On a <u>summer</u> street
a girl with bright yellow hair
holding <u>peonies</u> | 27. Resting on its tines
the rake lets garden work go --
Independence Day |
| ⑩ The <u>hot</u> <u>July</u> sun --
a scrubjay shrilling away
the whole afternoon | 28. Taut morning-glory
spiraled up this wire fence
with my desires |
| 11. Late <u>July</u> twilight;
the hummingbird feeder plumb
with the three-quarter <u>moon</u> | 29. Her pale flowered shawl
shimmers with the evening
announcing a chill |
| 12. In the parade crowd
the old veteran displaying
his "Old Glory" pins | 30. Prairie dogs rehearse
shrill cries; the long night will calm
vulnerable bulls |
| 13. Independence Day;
inconstant color appears --
ammunition sounds | 31. The cow stoops again
thirst slaked by shimmering moon
to stare at a face |
| 14. Watching through this night
until the <u>summer</u> mountains
overtake the <u>moon</u> | 32. October quivers:
my better-built mousetrap waits
on the laden shelf |
| 15. Afternoon chorus
of summer rain, then a
cardinal solos | 33. Still the going sun
shines deep the darkest furrows
of this maple leaf |
| 16. Independence Day
a time for meditation --
will freedom prevail? | 34. Not a breath below --
halfway up the mountainside
highest treetop sways |
| 17. Cicados scamper
flowers lower their faces
praying for showers | 35. Honeysuckle vines
all through the sassafras tree
reaching out to sky |
| 18. The deep blue ocean
rolls over the <u>hot</u> sand beaches
footprints of pipers | 36. Did you wash your feet
before tasting my supper,
little big-eyed fly? |

K! 11(1)

T. Murphy

Murphy

Murphy

T. Murphy

T. Murphy

D. Roberts

D. Roberts

KIGO?
D. Roberts

KIGO?

KIGO?
C. Brewer

C. Brewer

9(1)

- 37. Moon viewing? Not so!
fast foods, motel neon signs
--- modern July night
- 38. A trespassing bee
steals nectar from my garden
--- who'll taste the honey?
- 39. Invisible boats!
matches flare, occupants sing
--- ten generations
- 40. Unreality:
welcome mountains rising, blue,
from the sunbaked plain
- 41. The gardenias
are not blooming well this year
--- you have gone away
- 42. Metronomes, crickets,
accompany human songs
with nightly tempo
- 43. Five year old "hobo"
running away from mother . . .
Independence Day
- 44. Cracked liberty bell:
boat people cannot hear it
water in their ears
- 45. Roman candles cool;
glowing speeches dim after
Independence Day
- 46. The sun slips away . . .
now deep mountain shadows match
your lavender eyes
- 47. Blue asters bending
to an invisible breeze . . .
your Spice shaving scent
- 48. Summer mountain air
breathing fragrance on my cheek . . .
I take off my scarf
- 49. Climbing with Father
in the mid-summer mountains;
every sound is green
- 50. Campfire down to coals,
the furred and feathered shadows
strike up their music
- 51. My tutor flipping
the last page of Moby-Dick
to a silverfish
- 52. From the bridge railing
the sick poet waves goodbye:
Independence Day
- 53. Playing late at night
strange forms in fur and feather
on our outdoor stage
- 54. A dinner bell rings:
both man and cat pick their steps
through the blistered grass
- 55. The marching school band
fife player tweetles brightly
Independence Day

- 56. Twilight brings glow-worms
and spectacular sky bursts
the Fourth of July
- 57. Leaves hang limp beside
the pool where boys and girls wade
no let up in heat
- 58. Mountain tops bristle
with green summer growth gone wild
like mohawk haircut
- 59. Mountain peaks show caps
of green under flash lightning
summer night monsoon
- 60. Across mountain tops
warm breezes ripple lush growth
thick with summer song
- 61. A sound of thunder --
the tip of summer mountain
shadows Lake Blackstrap
- 62. A lion feasting
in the Moose Jaw zoo, under
a jet-gilded sky
- 63. Glittering with dew
a prairie rose keeps adding
perfume to sunrise
- 64. Independence Day;
fireworks skyrocketing
into a grey sky
- 65. A breath of wind stirs
the stubble's scent of thistles
and prairie roses
- 66. Following my lead,
sunflowers fold into sleep
one by one by one
- 67. Just before sunrise
small boy's firecracker fizzles
Independence Day.
- 68. Near shore, hungry gulls
follow in the tour-boat's wake,
cries drowned by engines
- 69. The gull glides sideways;
on the pier, a tourist leans --
both against the wind
- 70. Not being daunted
fireworks claim the evening sky
Independence Day
- 71. July Fourth again
reminder of past glory
ways we wager war
- 72. July Fourth parades
'midst twirling batons, thumped drums,
streets of doubtful goal
- 73. The fledgling's first flight --
timed by a fireworks barrage;
Independence Day
- 74. Summer afternoon --
the neighbor's tabby drowsing
on our shaded porch

Good Int + 3rd line

J. Horgan

HARGAN

T. Fowler

K160?

T. Fowler

K160?

5(2)

K160?

C. Buckaway

Buckaway

Buckaway

same as 1, 2, 3

R. Rosalier

Rosalier

K160?

K160?

K160? Rosalier

W.K!

6(1)

6(1)

48

9(1)

6

5(1)

- 75. Sleeping babe at breast
quakes with firecracker's snap
dreams until next crack
- 76. Eyes stretch its wrinkles
remembering another 4th
Oh that circus parade!
- 77. Old eyes water (4)
watching Roman Candle spurts
" a a a h!" (1)
- 78. Sultry August beach
pepper with city rebels
done to a crisp
- 79. Explosive July
false stars light up sky-line
ferris-wheeled boardwalk
- 80. Browed, rolling hillsides
white faced cattle herd up
under one shadow
- 8. Independence Day:
For proper Bostonians
salmon and green peas
- 82. Independence Day:
Girl baby takes her first step
eyes upon the moon
- 83. Hauling from the field
the last load of golden hay --
sharp crack of thunder
- 84. O-Bon festival:
Joyful dancing for the dead
reverent measured tread
- 85. Summer afternoon --
windball tinkles in the breeze
the sound of coolness
- 86. Independence came
out of the rubble and dust . . .
Star Spangled Banner!
- 87. Independence Day:
marching in parades -- picnics,
fireworks . . . a burn!
- 88. Higher and higher
the gull soars, becoming one
with the horizon
- 89. Patched summer sandals
so comfortable to wear --
old friends do not mind
- 90. An August heat wave --
at the cool mountain resort
a warm swimming pool
- 91. Teasing the stillness
the slow antique ceiling fan . . .
people mop their brows
- 92. The long and rough climb
to the top of the mountain
the sky no closer
- 93. Independence Day
peaceful rockets skim the sky
search lights not needed
- 94. Mid-summer madness
temptation to jump squares of
hopscotch on sidewalk

- 95. Scarecrow's long summer
shadow is now two-headed
one hay, one pumpkin
- 96. Above misty smog
this dawn-lit summer mountain
and clear atmosphere
- 97. This deserted beach
July night shadows across
footprints left behind
- 98. Above summer trail
buzzards circle overhead
chill of death fills me
- 99. Yellow chrysanthemum
piercing the dense misty fog
defying the moon
- 100. Bare tree limbs trembling
as snowflakes decorate to
fashion winter gowns
- 101. Busy butterflies
exchanging color secrets
with bright hued pansies
- 102. Summer mountain high
the immeasurable flight
of a lone eagle
- 103. Summer mountain sky --
the windglazed color of it
cascading downstream
- 104. Summer mountain stream --
the infinite reflection
of one narcissus
- 105. Gathering lilies --
unforgiving sky darkens
over the meadow
- 106. Atop the north butte --
lilies . . . each bugle blossom
announcing sunrise
- 107. Lovers' meeting place --
scatter of prairie lilies,
overturned basket
- 108. Red elevator --
struggling up beside it
pale prairie lily
- 109. Dropping her white cane
to cup the lilies brushing
soft against her skirt
- 110. Bright prairie lilies
illuminate its arrival
Indian summer
- 111. From the topmost branch
of tree a toddler defies
rescuer's plea -- wait
- 112. Leaves pressed in the book
of promise takes memories
into passive ache
- 113. Cardboard picnic plates
float in the river like boats
leisurely cruising
- 114. A heartbreaking wind
carries smuts from railway and
decorates wash line

K160?

Dalton

DALTON

K160?

H. Dalton

M. Richardson

K160?
M. Richardson

W. Fitzpatrick

I like the
feel of this.
P. Schuck

P. Schuck

Schuck

P. Schuck

K160?

K160?

K160?

115. The encrusted snout
of pier still excites lone
wanderers from beach *KIGO?*

116. The sea disappears
into low clouds as wind waves
unroll lace carpets *KIGO?*

117. Independence Day:
free men marching in parades . . .
hostages waiting

118. Our summer mountain
fountainhead of melting snow
this year sends ashes

119. Prints from young bare feet
design the sprinkled sidewalk
around my park bench

120. Deep in the closet,
housing a daddy-long-legs,
my white shoes . . . waiting

121. The Navajos dance
urgent prayers for rain . . .
prairie dust rises *KIGO?
Ben Luvemy*

122. In his old rocker
still clutching a flyswatter
grandfather . . . nodding *Ben KIGO?
Luvemy*

123. On midsummer's night
with the air still and balmy
a nightingale sings

124. Wild strawberries bloom
alongside the country road
nectar for the tongue

125. Lights flash through the night
quick streaks bolting near the bush
fireflies are signaling

126. Independence Day
sailboats skimming along lake
thin pathways of foam

127. Fourth of July night
the brilliant fireworks display
tinting soft cloud

128. July Fourth morning
myriad floats of blossoms
fragrance on the wind

129. The flutist is gone;
moonlight flows unceasingly
from the stone fountain *Crucciana*

130. Beyond the blue hills
twilight is taking the shape
of summer mountains *L. Crucciana*

131. The cloister bells;
roses are chiming bright red
against the grey wall

132. She bathes in the pool;
the moon is like quick-silver
on the lotus leaves

133. The lamp is lit;
a moth looks in the window
of the summer house *L. Crucciana*

134. Sun . . . until it sets
in each of his lantern eyes;
the lone iguana *KIGO?
Crucciana*

135. Independence Day
the gentleman releases
his dog from the leash *E. Dumborg*

136. Yellow daisies bloom
even in someones lost boot --
on summer mountain

137. Summer mountain lodge;
shouting me upon my feet
the red rays of dawn

138. A forbidden crack
the sputter of light flares up:
Independence Day

139. I hadn't noticed,
before the mocking bird sang,
my roof needs painting *KIGO?*

140. Near straight furrowed rows
where he minds the garden patch
Grandfather's hammock

141. Walking the high path
wildflowers under our feet
in summer mountains

142. Floating in the pool
a bikini-clad mermaid
calls to hotel guests

143. Fur standing on end
the cat dozes peacefully
near the whirring fan *J. Stone*

144. Independence Day
father mans the ice cream scoop
chocolate on his chin

145. The days must shorten
just when I discover how
the blazing sun nods

146. A summer shower:
enough for my son to learn
boating at the curb *D. Roberts*

147. Wind-filled white sails! Or
summer mountains . . . visiting
above this dry plain

148. Trace of sun shower:
from the arroyo . . . fleeting
murmur of ripples

149. Mists seep from the pond,
float across our house and barn
and autumn spaces

150. Through dark'ning windows:
the summer mountains fading
'gainst a pallid sky

151. Night in the cornfield;
here I stand listening . . .
the sound of growing

152. A fly on the nose
of the battered old idol . . .
suddenly drops dead *M. Sinclair*

153. In the cramped diner
cook and truck driver drowsing --
heat-drugged summer flies . . .

154. Independence Day
We give thanks for ancestors
fought for our freedom

- 155. Little hummingbird
tasting my fuchsia blossoms
red and green jewel
- 156. Leaves of polished wax
white cups of heavenly scent
magnolia's treat
- 157. Grass is brown and dry
wee flowers peep between stems
summer mountainside *Sibes*
- 158. I stopped in wonder
a snowy egret stalking
shallow reedy lake
- 159. Burrowing owls stand
outside the burrow, sunning
big to little ones *Sibes*
- 160. Turtles break surface
the bank of the wide river
Independence Day *Henn*
- 161. Restless this whole day
skipping rocks on the water
Independence Day *M. Henn*
- 162. Independence Day
almost hidden in long grass
pioneer tombstones *M. Henn*
- 163. Flat Minnesota
digging for burst waterpipe
summer mountains
- 164. Between wet oak trees
we slide down slippery paths
summer mountains *Henn*
- 165. Summer mountains
rain and fog halo the peaks
thunder receding
- 166. Over the concrete
the ayn^d manages a t^{ig} --
Independence Day
- 167. Hot morning's prayer hour:
above the tractor's put-put
a robin's chirping
- 168. Over the sidewalk
the ant d rags the ripple worm
into the dry grass
- 169. Morning-glory vines
smother the kitchen window --
the smell of fresh bread *M. Kulberg*
- 170. Smoke from Grandpa's pipe
wanders through the living room --
summer mountain glow *M. Kulberg*
- 171. Summer mountainside
where the sun never reaches
aspen shimmering
- 172. My desert footprints
sagebrush in full bloom of spring --
a clean-sweeping wind . . . *J. Stoffe*
- 173. On the mountain trail
a cougar's footprints, and mine --
erasing shower . . .
- 174. I do not look back
at my footprints on the beach --
autumnal high tide . . . *J. Stoffe*

- 175. Slushy day's footprints
covered by fresh-fallen snow --
new morning whiteness!
- 176. The 4th of July --
only as independent
as we still insist!
- 177. Only the mountains
stretch above the city smog
fetid summer air
- 178. The core of summer
centers in the petaled rose --
Ah! to step within . . . *J. Stoffe*
- 179. Haiku need not end --
let them finish as echoes
in secret canyons . . . *KIGO? Stoffe*
- 180. In its prime of days
the summer, still barefooted --
wind rustling the grain . . .
- 181. Wind whispers softly
through pink cherry blossoms -- the
message uncertain
- 182. Lone bird cheeps through dawn
while lone man on boat casts line . . .
catching just his thoughts *KIGO?*
- 183. Soft cherry blossoms
sail through air like man's thoughts to
land, stop, then go on
- 184. To be atop the
summer mountain of life just
once - Ah! sweet cravings
- 185. Old farmer toils field
lovingly hot July day . . .
observer learns much
- 186. Kaleidoscope of
colors -- Boom! Independence
Day-freedom resounds
- 187. Two sparrows atop
barbed-wire fence chatter, fly off
people, nature same *KIGO?*
- 188. From crest of summer
mountain one can see all like
one with inner light
- 189. Last blood-red cherry
ready to fall from tree, clings . . .
last moments of life
- 190. Sun warms the deck chair:
butterfly perched on my book
shares the solitude *(feels more like autumn than spring) M. Houston*
- 191. Behind the old house
where the rye grass is knee deep --
two black squirrels romp *KIGO?*
- 192. Here in my garden,
a young tomato plant grows
under a squash leaf!
- 193. Now and then I see
fireflies blink their messages
in the face of night.
- 194. Where the jet plane flew,
now only a smudgy trail
across the sunset *KIGO?*

- 195. Twin rainbows appear
over a storm riddled sky --
an ancient wonder!
- 196. Suddenly afraid
fireworks will fall and burn her
small face streaked with tears
- 197. Fresh cut summer grass,
(1) uncovered by the mower
wriggling baby mice *C. Brewer*
- 198. On one cornflower
beneath a vast summer sky
a white butterfly *C. Brewer*
- 199. Mid-summer dawn light
the miles and miles of dewdrops,
one for each grass blade
- 200. High above the shack
a newly washed stars and stripes,
Independence Day
- 201. Stepping outside here,
and forgetting the reason . . .
scent of wild roses *R. Springs*
- 202. In predicted rain,
sprinkles do not even meet . . .
my poor dry garden
- 203. On first trip outside,
(1) small frisky puppy pats, pats
garden toad blinks, blinks *D. Youngdahl*
- 204. Fence hold green wild grapes.
Will alert birds foil my plans
for jelly, again?
- 205. Ripe watermelons
flavored all my growing years.
Now, they pick them green.
- 206. When it rains and cools,
I welcome a stormy night . . .
can always catnap
- 207. How I love perfume
Mosquitoes love perfume, too
Vinegar better?
- 208. Fresh columbines
trumpet to the universe
all my weak murmurs
- 209. "A-mer-i-ca!" played
out of tune this 4th and yet --
I'm feelin' more so
- 210. Blue morning glories
climbing on last year's dead vines
and the year's before . . .
- 211. Down in my teapot
never seeing the June sun
white ringed tea molds grow
- 212. Little polished leaves,
starched camelia petals:
room full of perfume
- 213. The window's dark pales --
on the air conditioner
knuckle raps of hail
- 214. Church windows open,
ladies fan the air
altar candle flames stay still *(5)
(6)
(7)*

- 215. On the dew-swept lawn
the dark stain of the footsteps
of the paperboy *K.F. Robert*
- 216. Steadily between
the bright fall-out of fireworks
a fishing boat light *A. Atwood*
- 217. Cleaning the garage
one more keeping the pine cones --
the summer mountain *Atwood*
- 218. The steep mountain road
back and forth on the car floor
the watermelon *A. Atwood*
- 219. Freeway in summer.
(1) A gust from the speeding truck --
the shuddering leaves *Atwood*
- 220. The evening crickets:
my cat awakens, stretches,
and stands by the door . . . *Ball*
- 221. Under the streetlight
the California Poppies
are still wide open!
- 222. We talk of old times,
and laugh at our own bad jokes --
raspberry breakfast! *Ball*
- 223. Standing quietly
he stares into the distance --
shadows of roses . . .
- 224. White morning glory:
when the honeybee visits
it nods politely!
- 225. Independence Day:
Clink of ice, talk of Iran --
"Just what do they want?"
- 226. Evening lake ripples:
wavering nets of sunlight
cast on submerged sand *K160*
- 227. Barn swallow bellies
skimming over our bare heads
pink sunset layers
- 228. Snow capped summer peaks
on the fly-specked calendar --
shimmering pavement
- 229. Skipping a pebble:
(1) spruce spires and glittering lake
weaving together *R. Yarns
K160?*
- 230. Road lined with spruces:
the blackness gathering beneath
pricks the evening sky *K160?*
- 231. First awakening
(1) traffic carrying the dirge
of a mourning dove *K160?
C. Pratt*
- 232. Today . . . the pale light
winking, glinting, and stabbing
the wincing clouds *K160?*
- 233. The ravaged garden:
in its midst, carefully groomed,
dead dandelion
- 234. On the night-still street
a pair of lady's high heels
loudly clattering *K160*

- 235. Unknown, perilous,
listening to night's undertow,
I, outward, moving . . . *KIGO*
- 236. Day and an evening
a bell rining in the night . . . *KIGO*
morning . . . evening . . . bell . . .
- 237. Thunder and lightning
above the summer mountain --
below all is peace
- 238. Sand cherries sparkling
in the torrid August sun --
birds and chipmunks feast
- 239. Blue morning glory
alone on the storm swept beach --
the gull steps aside
- 240. Monarch butterfly
flitting over milkweeds - now -
soon Mexico calls
- 241. Freshly painted porch
old cat touches cautious paw --
kitten tries all four *M. Elliot*
- 242. That old spider plant
fills the window with its young --
flies avoid that web
- 243. The Fourth of July --
along path to monument . . .
Scotch-broom seeds popping
- 244. A week of evenings
sitting on the porch, watching
roses come and go
- 245. Shadow of the house
moves across the four-o'clocks . . .
opening the blooms *D. Priebe*
- 246. Bannered sunset clouds
in ribbons of white and red --
firecracker salutes
- 247. Early summer stroll --
the shadows of motley clouds
as my companions
- 248. Hole in my curtain
mended by a spider web
over the torn lace
- 249. Deserted farmhouse --
whisperings of long grasses
in the summer wind *1(2)*
- 250. Son's long suntanned legs
dangle loosely from the porch --
the growing of grass *4x (2)*
- 251. Sunlight on the lake
in watery reflections --
summer reverie
- 252. At the first moment
of waking -- the emptiness
with children at camp *4x 16*
- 253. Increased heat wave spreads
beyond shaded patio
the silent fountain
- 254. Summer mountain pass
above Amtrak's vibrations
the sudden silence

SPECIAL NOTE:

As you make your "best haiku" selections from these pages, please double check your choices for the following limitations:

- 1. NO KIGO "無季"
- 2. DOUBLE OR TRIPLE KIGO (KIKASANARI) "季重々"
- 3. OVER-RELATED KIGO (TSUKISUGI) "つき過ぎ"
Meaning that the haiku is a common thought, over-explained or redundant in meaning. For example: Christmas and happiness are very close in meaning.
- 4. SHIFTABLE KIGO (UGOKU) "動く"
Can the KIGO be replaced by other KIGO?

MONTHLY PUBLICATION DEADLINE: 25th day of the month.

Due by September 25, 1980: October KIGO
FULL MOON
and/or two KIGO of your choice for the season.

1980

Results of June Evaluation

	@	*		@	*		@	*
T. Fowler			H. Dalton			B. Cameron		
1. ---	12	5	49. ---	0		100. ---	0	
2. ---	5	1	50. ---	0		101. ---	0	
3. ---	9	1	Y! 51. ---	13	4	102. ---	1	
J. Ball			E. Falkowski			D. Braida		
4. ---	0		52. ---	6		103. ---	8	2
5. ---	9	2	53. ---	4	1	R. Yarrow		
6. ---	1		54. ---	5		104. ---	4	1
R. Roseliep			B. Sweeney			105. ---	5	1
7. ---	2	2	55. ---	6	1	106. ---	7	1
Y 8. ---	1	1	56. ---	2		L. Cruciana		
Y 9. ---	3	1	Y 57. ---	2	1	107. ---	1	
D. Greenlee			M. Henn			108. ---	7	2
10. ---	3	1	58. ---	2		109. ---	1	
11. ---	2		59. ---	0		V. Chappel		
12. ---	0		60. ---	0		110. ---	4	
12-A --	0		S. Youngdahl			111. ---	0	
J. Lamson			61. ---	0		112. ---	4	1
13. ---	1		Y 62. ---	1		A. Poles		
Y 14. ---	7	1	63. ---	2		113. ---	1	
15. ---	3		K. Chamberlain			114. ---	1	1
L. Cruciana			64. ---	0		115. ---	2	
16. ---	1	1	65. ---	0		P. Scher		
Y 17. ---	9	1	P. Scher			116. ---	5	
18. ---	7	2	66. ---	0		117. ---	6	1
B. McCoy			Y 67. ---	3		118. ---	4	
19. ---	4	1	68. ---	4		I. Edwards		
Y! 20. ---	3		T. Murphy			119. ---	0	
21. ---	4	2	69. ---	0		120. ---	1	1
S. Stone			70. ---	2				
22. ---	1		71. ---	2				
Y 23. ---	5	1	E. Dunlop					
24. ---	3		72. ---	2				
J. Haligan			73. ---	1				
25. ---	3	1	74. ---	5	1			
26. ---	5		J. Currier					
27. ---	0		75. ---	4	2			
C. Buckaway			76. ---	0				
28. ---	10	2	77. ---	2				
29. ---	4	1	R. Stewart					
30. ---	1		Y 78. ---	4	1			
I. Edwards			Y 79. ---	9	2			
31. ---	0		80. ---	15	5			
32. ---	1		M. Richardson					
33. ---	1		81. ---	0				
D. Rogers			82. ---	0				
34. ---	1		83. ---	1				
Y 35. ---	6	1	F. Otter					
36. ---	2		84. ---	2				
S. Sikes			85. ---	3				
37. ---	1		86. ---	3				
38. ---	3		I. Wolfe					
39. ---	0		87. ---	0				
J. Walker			88. ---	0				
40. ---	7	3	89. ---	1				
41. ---	2		90. ---	5				
42. ---	0		R. Spriggs					
C. Brower			91. ---	0				
Y! 43. ---	5	1	92. ---	6				
44. ---	11	3	93. ---	1	1			
45. ---	4		M. Horton					
W. Fitzpatrick			97. ---	1				
46. ---	0		98. ---	4	2			
47. ---	1		99. ---	8	1			
48. ---	3	1						

Comments of Mr. Teruo Yamagata --- June KUKO

Please note that "cherry" is a summer KIGO while "cherry flowers" or "cherry blossoms" and "cherry tree" are spring KIGO. "Cherry pie" may be used for summer KIGO. Readers may be interested to know that Yamagata prefecture in north-eastern Japan is famous for cherries.

Recently I was very much surprised to find an English haiku composed by Toyojyo Matsune 松根東洋城 (1878 - 1964), one of the famous haikuists in Japan, who wrote:

Slowly, constantly
(yet) silently, step by step
"Ah snow! oh mount!"

重々と歩一歩も雪の坂
東洋城

I understand Toyojyo learned haiku from Soseki Natsume 夏目漱石 who was one of the most famous novelists in Japan. Soseki wrote not only novel but also haiku, Chinese poems, English poems, etc. I suppose Toyojyo wrote English haiku more than half a century ago, at a time he was influenced by Soseki. How would you evaluate Toyojyo's haiku?