

Hi Pat
here it is
at last!
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月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

J. T. Ball, Editor Humanities Department

Monthly Newsletter

Vol. 6, No. 1, January 1983

MESSAGE FROM THE FOUNDERS

A Happy New Year! 賀春 Time certainly flies fast. It has been already seven years since we started this haiku organization. We became independent in 1977 and directly related to HAIJIN KYOKAI 俳人協会 and HAIKU BUNGAKKAN 俳句文学館 which are the center of haiku in Japan.

HAIKU KYOKAI is the Association of Haiku Poets, and HAIKU BUNGAKKAN is the Hall for all valuable collections regarding haiku. Both are located at the same place in Japan.

We are the only organization overseas which maintain the strict traditional syllable count 5 - 7 - 5 with KIGO. This is the reason that we call our haiku organization YUKI (Pronounced like YOU KEY) TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY. 有季定型俳句

We have kept publishing GEPPO Haiku Journal 月報俳句ジャーナル in addition to Haiku Journal since the beginning of our society.

As you already know, C. Joy Haas, a former Assistant Professor of San Jose State University did a great deal of work as the editor of GEPPO Haiku Journal for the last two years. Now, Jerald T. Ball, Professor of Humanities at Chabot College and also the President of our Society is going to succeed C. Joy Haas as the new editor. With the help of Professor David Wright (also of Chabot College) and others, Mr. Ball will function as editor for the next two years.

We would appreciate your help and support just like you gave to us and to Professor Haas.

Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greetings Haikujin! 1983 is upon us and with it the opportunity to learn more of the world and ourselves through haiku. I consider this to be both a duty and an opportunity. Let us join together toward this goal!

At this moment I am learning a new job -- that of editor of GEPPO Haiku Journal. As both President and editor I have some ideas and goals which I will share with you. I will be pleased to have your reaction.

1. The GEPPO is a monthly publication devoted primarily to help society member learn the art of haiku writing. I want to publish the GEPPO every month to give members constant feedback. Please submit 3 YUKI TEIKEI haiku to me by the 25th of each month. (This month is a little late -- Sorry, please try your best.) I plan to have issues of the GEPPO in the mail by the 10th of the following month. Thank you very much for contributions of stansps. On occasion, there may be space in the GEPPO for short articles of about half a page or so related to some aspect of haiku. I invite members to submit short articles that they believe are instructive. We shall publish quality articles on a space available basis.

2. The HAIKU JOURNAL is a more scholarly publication of articles and criticism related to the writing of YUKI TEIKEI Haiku. The HAIKU JOURNAL will be published in September of each year. Note that for a variety of reasons the past HAIKU JOURNAL is very late. It is forthcoming. I intend to see that the next HAIKU JOURNAL is published on schedule. To accomplish this I request that you submit articles from now until May 1st. Any article submitted later than that will be considered for the subsequent year.

3. I want to begin publication of a HAIKU JOURNAL ANTHOLOGY. This document will be published about the month of November (in time for Christmas Holidays) and will contain 'best of GEPP0' haiku for the year, contest winners and honorable mentions, and possibly some additional haiku selected by an editorial committee. I will be happy to entertain any request to be a member of this editorial committee. I am most anxious to involve members in the editorial process. This book will be sold for a nominal fee to members and for a higher fee to non-members in order to help fund our society.

4. I have plans for a 'Haiku Retreat' during the month of August 1983 at a suitable location near the San Francisco Bay Area. Members are invited to make suggestions and will be notified of details of our 'Haiku Retreat' soon.

Mostly I want you to know that I plan to work hard for the society this year, and that I want to hear from you. Best wishes!

Jerald T. Ball, President

MEMBER'S HAIKU FOR December 82 and January 83

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|---|---|
| 1. You think it is cold? Icicles form on my nose as I jogged the park. | 2. There the rabbit's ears stick up above the snowline then the disappear. |
| 3. Christmas, all wrapped up- packages for all my friends tied with red ribbons. | 4. With knuckles turned white, our aunt plucks red camellias: her gift, her white smile. |
| 5. That log I'll let lie, covered with wet and pill bugs. To the hearth with these! | 6. Thick from his boots, frost, tracks up to the hearth woodpile: The smell of mulled wine. |
| 7. The newsboy tracking across the fall of new snow the first impressions | 8. The carol singers pause midst the hustling shoppers Spirit of Christmas. |
| 9. Babe in the manger midst the pomp of festival The Christmas symbol. | 10. In a steaming cup the scent of cinnamon cloves and the cold night air. |
| 11. Pepper mint candies In a bowl on the table the camellia blooms | 12. <u>Snowy</u> Christmas Eve - there are only folding chairs in the small new church |
| 13. The New Calendar, holding many unknown days ...is hung on the wall. | 14. Peak of the dried rock in white morning back yard the falling snowflakes. |
| 15. Drone of winter wind: The crunch of the postman's steps coming up the walk... | 16. Blasts of winter storm -- A cup of hot chocolate with two marshmallows! |
| 17. Awakening slow ... The rattle of winter rain against a window ... | 18. Under the damp house he relights the old furnace the old winter wind. |
| 19. A barbeque stain on the concrete walk is gone rain and winter rain | 20. With a pasty face, my daughter stoops in her robe cold fur of the cat. |

*stobutermi
1/0*

*J. Ball
7/3*

*J. Ball
2/0*

*M. Hill
4/2*

*D. Wright
2/1*

**
D. Wright
2/2*

21. As I walk the path
Winter rain invokes the pain
in my cracking lips.

22. Logs fill the river,
Washed down from the high country.
Too much winter rain.

23. Now the winter storm
makes the trees shed their leaves
the naked tree stands.

24. Coming down the hill
the winter wind blows the leaves
and cleans the sidewalk.

25. darkness seeps into
the candle's circle of light
the first winter storm

Hill 2/0 26. the power still off
flashlight batteries grow weak
ceaseless winter wind

Kingschi 4/2 27. Peacocks: two, three, one ...
passing by the new grave
in the winter rain.

28. Relieve pain somehow
of my chronic diseases
waiting for the spring.

Spangola 3/1 29. A doctor in haste
to a doctorless village
on a thawing path

Spangola 1/0 30. To have our hair cut
sitting together with son
the march is ending

E. Schmidt 4/1 31. Beyond the stillness
drifting feathery snow
crow, flapping, flapping

E. Schmidt 4/0 32. Icy winter night
Highstacked logs at cabin side
mouse tracks in the snow

33. Silent ice-choked brook
near wind-blown snow caved terrace
snowshoe hare sits tall

34. The harbor sunlit
but underneath old North bridge
icicles still cling.

E. Cruciana 4/3 35. Going somewhere else
small ragamuffin with dog
his red stocking-cap.

Cruciana 4/1 36. A bright winter's day
sun flashing in the forest
on a woodsman's ax.

37. Coming into view
the glow of greenhouse windows
someone sweeping snow.

38. Under the blue spruce
a silent cat lying low
today's forecast frost

39. Taking a late walk
with a dear friend from the past
icing on the trees

40. Three squirrels at play
bounce branches of dormant pines
on this windless day *high?*

41. Greenless world outside
dust noticed that's gone unseen
spidistra plant

42. The leafless hedgerow
coloured swings in neighbor's yard
children's voices still } *good lines*

Spring 2/0 43. Plants I brought inside
lean toward the window's light
changing leaf shadow.

Spring 1/0 44. Christmas Day with Gramps,
us kids, the folks, great grandma.
Great grand-dad gone now.

45. Smell the weather change!
Frost edges our gale-rough lake,
V skeins overhead.

46. Trumpeting swans fly
overhead in a V skein.
Faint whistles follow.

Fitzpatrick 4/0 47. The first frost layers
patio with crystal dust.
Wind chimes do not move.

Fitzpatrick 1/0 48. Glow of red above
leaves blown by November wind
against traffic light.

- 49. Eyes do not deceive
There blooming out of season
a small, white rosebud.
- 50. Backyard abandoned
Lone tire swing, torn hammock sway
this end of the year.
- 51. There upon cold pond
Lone black swan silhouetted
December sunset.
- 52. Winter turned savage
Violent storm's aftermath filled
with misty silence.
- 53. In my garden
remaining petals have dropped
heavy frost last night
- 54. Sticking to my hand
the padlock on garage door
November first frost
- 55. Small stray animals
huddle close to the scarecrow
first frost tonight
- 56. Strong November winds -
the scarecrow loses his hat
a few fingers
- 57. End of December
in the path of the full moon
a swan on the lake
- 58. Miles through drifting snow
visiting hours over (6)
I wait while she sleeps
- 59. End of the season
trying to reach a ski top
meeting a blizzard!
- 60. The towering crags
then moonlight in the valley
endless fields of snow
- 61. In the freezing dawn
the sound of old walls crumbling
somewhere on the moor
- 62. Their pale blurred faces
still seen through frosted windows
stranded backwoods bus
- 63. The wind is rising
swirling mists of powdered snow
blow through the great trees
- 64. I hardly noticed!
first frost on the garden grass
I'll join the groundhog
- 65. Old swans, come to die,
legend upward into sky --
beyond pull of earth ...
- 66. First winter sunset
(flame-orange back of bare trees)
the cat scuttles in
- 67. The end of the year
Thoughts to be thrown overboard
ship sailing onward ...
- 68. Party hat and horn
Grandpa snores the Old Year out
and the new year in
- 69. First light and the chores ...
the soft fluttering of wings--
the barn owl returns
- 70. The snow boots puddle
and trickle across the floor ...
Tabby skirts the mess
- 71. the children--asleep
the last plaything put away
fire banked for the night
- 72. One more midnight kiss,
end of the year comes tonight ...
We are together!
- 73. The frost on green grass
glitters only a few hours,
will melt before noon.
- 74. Calling to the swans
though the castle is in ruins,
we come bearing bread.
- 75. My pyracantha
a fire-storm of red berries
without any snow!
- 76. Two sets of footprints
across a frosty schoolyard --
December sunrise.

M. Richardson
4/2

Richardson
4/2

Cruciana
5/3

Cruciana
5/2

Stander
2/0

L. Winter
10/2

V. Golden
3/2

big

Vote for 10 haiku. Also note which are your top three selections. Send your January haiku to me at the above address. Votes for 1982 haiku will be tabulated in the next edition.