

# GEPPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:18

*Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada*

*Nov/Dec 1995*

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on the river bank,  
an empty kayak  
in patches of snow

p1464

snow piled to the sill,  
and the whole world  
cushioned in white

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evening solitude;  
after the blizzard  
a window full of stars

p1466

She is gone yet  
a row of pencil marks still  
march up my wall

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a delicate willow sketched  
on the milky sky

p1468

winter evening  
puddle lights shattered  
in gusts of rain

p1469

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hints of winter

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lost in the tall blades

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the old wait to thaw

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between clouds and sea  
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maze of snail trails  
on a single sidewalk square ...  
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darkness, thunder and lightning ...  
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asked to join Alcoholic  
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hibernation

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a winter bee

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in the garden  
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the world so much roomier  
bare limbs, clear sky

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still but for ring in his ears  
and the cicadas

p1488  
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now, just the cicada's song  
and empty windows

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cricket keeps chirping  
from different place every time  
I know where you are

p1490  
fork in the road  
toad squats  
blinking ...

p1491  
warm smile  
but in her eyes -  
sadness ...

p1492  
flea  
on the cat's back -  
fancydancing ...

p1493  
Immense temple  
the night is.  
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p1494  
Windy cold evening.  
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someone who fondles it.

p1495  
Beneath the moon,  
those lotus; the enchantment  
is quieting the time.

p1496  
Leafless branches stir  
above drifts heaped on the lawn  
the wind holds its breath

p1497  
Traffic stalled on roads  
color lovers pay homage  
to flaming fall leaves

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Hunting scarlet leaves  
cars crawl along the highway  
bumper to bumper

p1499  
Can winter be far  
behind when golden chamisa  
covers the fields?

p1500  
Autumn rains --  
These days  
we live in a cloud

p1501  
Autumn --  
Oak brush turning --  
Mountain is blushing

p1502  
heavy snow drifts down  
you catch three flakes on your tongue  
offer them to me

p1503  
drinking beaujolais  
three men tilt slowly backward  
watch the stars fall

p1504  
california  
sea mist and poppy  
a cool gentle kiss

p1505  
crystal-coated trees  
magically disappear  
as mild air moves in

p1506  
across darkening sky  
leaves and birds  
fluttering

p1507  
storming through orchard  
bringing down fruits and leaves  
cold autumn wind

p1508  
waiting beside door  
rain-soaked teddy bear  
the dog barking

p1509  
Oranges atop the tree  
too high for me to reach  
I prefer apples

p1510  
The old man  
absent mindedly waters  
his silk peonies

p1511  
My birthday present  
A carved wooden elephant  
with ivory tusks

p1512  
Half-lit basement shelves.  
Gleaming among the preserves ...  
the gold of peaches.

p1513  
A smile lights her face.  
Captivated by the clown,  
she spills her popcorn.

p1514  
Thrown by the headlights  
against an encroaching fog ...  
our monster shadows.

p1515  
Rainy day playground  
gusts of wind hop little rides  
on deserted swings

p1516  
Faded beach hotel  
winter shutters nailed in place  
seabirds rule the sand

p1517  
Darting hummingbird  
stops in place before cascades  
on the hosed-down shrub

p1518  
this morning  
morning glory's tendrils  
locked the back gate

p1519  
morning walk  
taking the same route again  
morning glories

p1520  
afterglow lingers  
on empty playground  
a swing still swinging

p1521  
Sunlight shining  
Wrought iron fence  
Spiders web

p1522  
Windows  
Diamond white snow  
Picture framed

p1523  
Season's first rain  
The mossy stump  
a shade greener

p1524  
Sign in the Laundromat,  
"when the machine stops  
remove your clothes"

p1525  
midwest interstate  
car ahead signals a turn  
for fifty-nine miles

p1526  
warm from her pocket  
the coins she gives me  
to buy hot chocolate

p1527  
october morning  
every few blocks  
broken pumpkins

p1528  
The sky cries cold rain  
mud and puddles - no snowflakes  
winter tries to come.

p1529  
Golden reflections  
from the later setting sun  
dazzle dripping icicles

p1530  
Humble here on earth,  
staring at the Pleiades,  
we find our way home.

p1531  
at the graveyard's edge  
a yellow leaf settles  
on the dead sparrow

p1532  
whitened driftwood:  
a constant wind ripples  
the withered grass

p1533  
soft moon shadows  
play silently upon  
the frozen field

p1534  
adding a volume  
to the tightly-packed shelf  
winter solitude

p1535  
storm clouds brewing ...  
a black frilled oyster tumbles  
from the ladle

p1536  
long since Holocaust  
standing by his former house  
same squeak of the gate

p1537  
onto my window  
first snowflakes slowly stick  
turning to water

p1538  
sitting and looking  
into the stranger's slanted eyes  
New Age exercise

p1539  
backpackers  
socks drying overnight  
on walking sticks

p1540  
writing a check  
to save the rainforest --  
chainsaw nextdoor

p1541  
chilly dusk  
ignited by porch light  
the flaming maple

p1542  
Reeling in his line --  
cicadas' evensong  
from both river banks

p1543  
Another dog day —  
three brown-spotted bananas  
scenting the kitchen

p1544  
The gliding kestrel —  
a knot of manzanita roots  
catches my boot

p1545  
cars stuck in snow ...  
soba steam  
against my face

p1546  
New Year's snowstorm -  
a heaping bowl of rice  
for breakfast

p1547  
the sparrow's chirps  
mingle with the chirps  
of the "walk" signal

p1548  
quietly musing  
bare branches of a tree  
like Buddha's shadow

p1549  
bare branches  
nakedly bathing  
in sunshine

p1550  
a lonely robin  
chirping to solace  
the leafless branches

p1551  
overnight snowfall  
blackbirds watch from the garden  
as I scatter seed

p1552  
wind around the house  
the lights on the Christmas tree  
flicker off, then on

p1553  
the fine dry grasses  
casting their slender shadows  
on one another

p1554  
leading the break  
a pelican turns up and over  
with the wind

p1555  
Grandpa's stories  
about crossing the prairies –  
the bitter wind

p1556  
with the waterfall,  
a rain of maple leaves  
shadowing the rocks

### Challenge Kigo - Bare Branches

death chimes;  
shadows shrouding  
the bare plum branches

Gloria Procsal

on our autumn walk  
pigeon on the leafless branch  
cannot hide itself

Eve Jeanette Blohm

light strings of bright stars  
grace the velvet, bare branches  
of Advent's waiting

Dorothy Forman, OSF

persimmon's bare branches ...  
migrating waxwings are left  
a few dried shreds

George Knox

after therapy  
brainpan and branches  
leafless

Tom Smith

Puddles reflecting  
snowy leafless branches.  
Melancholy in the grove.

Ertore José Palmero

Our old swing-on oak  
the ropes hanging empty now  
seat gone, branches bare

Dorothy Greenlee

The wind tosses  
leafless branches about as if  
they had no feelings

Dave Bachelor

cardinals calling  
from lofty networks  
of leafless branches

Louise Beaven

first snow  
falling on bare branches  
black to white

Sheila Hyland

Oak trees shed their leaves  
Cedars nothing at all  
Should I know why?

Richard Bruckart

Now that leaves are gone,  
the elm bare against the sky ...  
an oriole's nest.

Robert Major

distant pagoda  
through ginkgo's bare branches  
seems closer

Naomi Brown

Brown bare branches  
Silhouetted against blue sky  
Squirrels home

Susan Kinney-Riordan

one last leaf  
on the far most twig  
a sudden gust

Laura Bell

alone, she gazes  
at leafless branches in a  
black and white photo

John Sheirer

the wind passes  
through the leafless branches  
and does not return

George Ralph

taking the long way ...  
on each leafless branch  
a rime of silver light

Ebba Story

bare branch  
the crow sways  
by its raucous call

Zinovy Y. Vayman

abandoned garden  
shadowed of a leafless branch  
climbs the sunlit wall

Yvonne Hardenbrook

In remission —  
magnolias in bud  
on a leafless branch

Donna Claire Gallagher

saying our goodbyes  
under the leafless branches  
of the spreading oak

Alice Benedict

just out of reach  
the stars appear in a web  
of bare branches

Alex Benedict

**Challenge Kigo: January/February  
by Alice Benedict**

winter quince / winter quince blossom

Flowering quince, the old-fashioned shrub of city and suburb, will often put out flowers in response to just a few warm late winter days. In my mother's northern garden, a few tentative buds would open, only to be encased in ice in the next cold snap. Today, in our neighbor's narrow San Francisco dooryard, the deep pink blossoms are open already.

by the low stone wall  
a few winter quince blossoms  
on a rain-wet twig

— Alice Benedict

**MEETING SCHEDULE**

Saturday, January 13, 1995 Saratoga Library 1:30-4:30. We will write a ten-link renku (omote-awase). Guidelines to the form will be available at the meeting. See the two in this issue of the Geppo, written at Asilomar.

Please join us at the Palo Alto Baylands for a pre-meeting outing. Call Alex Benedict to arrange carpooling or get driving directions.

Saturday, February 10, 1995 Location TBA 1:30-4:30.

Local members will be notified as soon as the location has been set. We will discuss evoking a sense of place in haiku. Mark your calendars now and plan to attend!

KIYOSHI TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL HAIKU CONTEST  
IN-HAND DEADLINE: APRIL 15, 1996

First Prize: \$100   Second Prize: \$50   Third Prize: \$25   Honorable Mention: Gifts

The contest is for writers of haiku interested in writing Yuki Teikei haiku in English using the traditional seventeen syllable form arranged in three lines of 5,7,5 syllables.

Each haiku must contain one kigo, or season word from the following list:

<u>New Year</u>	<u>Spring</u>	<u>Summer</u>	<u>Fall</u>	<u>Winter</u>
New Year morning	remaining snow	early Summer	autumn butterfly	winter rain
first haiku meeting	grafting	suntan	hunting red leaves	frost nipped
first crow call	spring evening	shade	autumn lake	heater

Note: In Japan, contests are often held in which all entrants must use the same single specified kigo. We have attempted to supply enough kigo so you can choose ones that are harmonious with your life and haiku practice.

Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible. Current officers of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society may not enter. Please retain a copy of your work, since no entries will be returned.

Entry fee: \$5.00 for one page of three haiku. No limit on entries. Submit 4 (four) copies of each page (with your name and address on only one copy) typewritten on standard 8 1/2 x 11 paper. Clear photocopies OK. United States: make personal check or money order payable to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Overseas: Use International Postal Money Order payable to YTHS, in US Currency only. For the list of results, include an SASE marked "CONTEST WINNERS".

Send entries and requests for further information (with SASE) to the contest chair:

Ruth Schofield

Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku master. Awards will be announced at the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat at Asilomar in the fall of 1995.

•••••

Deadline for the next issue is February 15. Send up to three haiku on any theme and one in response to Challenge Kigo to:

Jean Hale

Happy Holidays!

•••••

Two Omote-Awase written at the 1995 Asilomar retreat.

DRYING GALOSHES

drying galoshes  
on the blue linoleum  
- the smell of popcorn

June Hymas

suncups in remaining snow  
rimmed with the factory's soot

Alice Benedict

dried rattlesnake grass  
briskly shaking in the breeze  
gives no forewarning

Hank Dunlap

rain dripping on the pumpkin -  
the wail of a lost vampire

Michael Dylan Welch

full moon on the sea  
keyboard of my dear piano  
open to the wind

Yoko Senda

"If you come to me tonight  
I will be yours forever."

Len Andersen

fleeing hermit crabs  
scurry across the tide pool  
I lifted their rock

Roger Abe

with cicadas' high pitched drill  
I am trying to get to sleep

Elke Maus

fragrance of a rose  
persuades me to be grateful  
and stop complaining

Dorothy Gordon

yellow kite soars in the sky  
the string disappears midair

Katsue Ingalz

YESTERDAY'S SNOWFALL

yesterday's snowfall -  
the fish hiding under logs  
in the shallow pond

Alex Benedict

Orion shows us his face  
soon after the sun has set

Tom Ingalz

Kindergarten starts -  
the little girl molds orange clay  
into a tea cup

Ebba Story

my neighbor waters her plant  
in the moonlit window box

Marianne Monaco

my turkey costume  
had brown crepe paper feathers  
- Thanksgiving pageant

June Hymas

running naked down the beach  
our miscellaneous love

Hank Dunlap

ants in my kitchen  
the scouts come in twos and threes  
a holocaust scene

Jean Hale

Taiko sound in the distance  
fanning myself by the door

Katsue Ingalz

so luxuriant  
alongside the re-oiled road  
bright tarweed flowers

Roger Abe

tiny soap bubbles float up  
over the old city wall

Alice Benedict

## *The Art of Haiku*

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### THE IMPORTANCE OF VERBS by Francine Porad

Haiku has been defined as a poetry of nouns, but the use of verbs can prolong the 'moment in time,' provide action and make the poem more meaningful to the reader. Quoting from Compton's Encyclopedia, and in simplistic terms, "The *what happens* words are called verbs. They are the action words in a statement ....Without verbs very little can be said about nouns or pronouns. Verbs are the action words in a statement. They tell what is happening — what a noun is doing or what is being done to it... Verbs tell the time when an action takes place...in the present, past, or future."

With haiku, the content unfolds a bit at a time; the writer determines how much or how little information to present. A poem of seventeen or less syllables encourages the writer to get his point across quickly. Wordiness is a sin, although to reduce the number of words by cutting out content would be a mistake. I believe haiku are enriched by concrete images; the image, affected and activated by its verb.

In current haiku journals, I would estimate 90+% of the published poems contain a verb. In many of the other haiku, the intransitive verb *to be* is implied.

on the wet sand  
bird print calligraphy  
flourishes of seaweed  
Ronan<sup>1</sup>

a month of rain  
and yet not one  
edible mushroom  
Margaret Chula<sup>2</sup>

As examples of verbs prolonging a 'moment in time' I offer the following:

... home  
the toddler runs  
from room to room  
Francine Porad<sup>3</sup>

in the fire  
a log shifts  
the flow of thought  
Christopher Herold<sup>4</sup>

Reread without the verbs, and you'll see how the verbs activate the poems below:

summer twilight  
a woman's song  
mingles with the bath water  
Patricia Donegan<sup>5</sup>

skiff of snow glistens  
in each wave  
of the whirligig  
Jean Jorgenson<sup>6</sup>

To feel the writer has selected an exact verb is exciting. How perfect the word 'paralyzed' is for a car 'stopped,' 'unable to move,' 'at a stand-still,' 'immobile;' particularly when juxtaposed with 'ambulance.' Notice the position of the three lines— as if frozen in space. In the second haiku, note the surprise of having both verb and noun the same word, 'swing.' The verb-adverb combination of the third haiku, 'flirting down,' is unusual, setting the stage for further action.

ambulance  
paralyzed  
in gridlock  
Paul David Mena<sup>7</sup>

summer  
the lazy swing  
of the swing  
Prabu Vasan<sup>8</sup>

flirting down  
into Waimea Canyon  
a pair of butterflies  
Kohjin Sakamoto<sup>9</sup>

---

Actually each of the last seven poems demonstrates all of the attributes (i.e., extends the 'moment in time,' has action and through the verb choice is effective and meaningful).

Below are some of my haiku containing verbs for you to consider.

ikebana  
arthritic fingers taper  
the slender branches<sup>10</sup>

Is the verb 'taper' the best, the most exact one I could use to tell my story? I chose it because, to me, 'taper,' as in tapering fingers and fingernails suggests delicacy and beauty, and so do 'slender branches.' Taper also means to cut and shape, in this case using a tool. The gracefulness of flower arrangements inherent in ikebana seems more so when compared to the swollen, distorted results of arthritis. Other possible verbs: 'cut,' 'arrange,' 'bend,' 'contrast with.' (Didn't use the latter, since haiku normally presents two contrasting images.) One friend liked 'bend' better. Her interpretation was of a spirit empowered to create, even though dealing with age and pain; a person who will bend, not break, with adversity. "Bend" relates to slender branches, too, which would provide a link within the poem.

chop of sharp knives—  
a boatload of pelicans  
awaiting scraps

echoing  
cry of the old woman  
m a m a ...<sup>11</sup>

With 'chop' I sought an action word that would have a sound exactness—a sound like its meaning, or onomatopoeia. Chop=a short, quick stroke. Other considerations: jangle (too much like jewelry, not noisy enough); clang? clink? clatter? racket? Possibly. You be the judge. In 'echoing,' the syllable 'ma' is repeated to form the word 'mama,' which echoes. The actual experience took place in an old folks home, where it's not unusual for a person to call out "Mama!" just before dying. For me the sound bounces off the walls of the long corridor.

mirrored image stares  
back at me, then forms the face  
I show to strangers<sup>12</sup>

Among the first haiku I wrote is this 5-7-5 syllable count poem—one action, one moment in time, yet it has three verbs. Is this too many? I still feel I need them all. I suppose the words 'stares back at me, then' could be omitted, but wouldn't the willful and deliberate flavor be lost? In these last examples I've tried to raise a few questions for discussion, while showing the writing process.

1. *Brussels Sprout*, Vol XII:2, 1995
2. *Geppo Haiku Journal*, May/June 1995
3. *Woodnotes* #13, 1992
4. *Bare Bones*#8, 1995
5. *Midwest Haiku Anthology*, 1992
6. *Woodnotes* #26, 1995

7. *tenement landscape*, 1995
8. *A Saml;i Umbrella*, 1995
9. *Hawaii Education Association Award*, 1993
10. *Frogpond*, Vol XVIII;1, 1995
11. *Cicada*, Jan 1986 - best of issue
12. *Haiku Zasshi Zo*, April 1984

The Art of Haiku is a series of articles written by accomplished haiku poets. Christopher Herold is the editor of this invited series. If you have an idea for an article, please contact him directly:

Member Votes for Sept/Oct

Tom Smith - 1371-14 1372-2 1373-4  
 Edward Grastorf - 1374-20 1375-5 1376-0  
 Eve Blohm - 1377-0 1378-6 1379-0  
 Teruo Yamagata - 1380-1 1381-3 1382-4  
 Gloria Procsal - 1383-5 1384-10 1385-27  
 George Knox - 1386-0 1387-12 1388-6  
 Mike Cluff - 1389-0  
 Patricia Emmett - p1390-1 1391-1 1392-1  
 Dorothy Forman - 1393-0 1394-1 1395-0  
 Y. Hardenbrook - 1396-21 1397-21 1398-4  
 Elizabeth Albright - 1399-0 1400-6 1401-8  
 Ertore José Palmero - 1402-1 1403-1 1404-1  
 D.L. Bachelor - 1405-1 1406-3 1407-2  
 Ebba Story - 1408-13 1409-5  
 Laura Bell - 1410-1 1411-11 1412-1  
 Dorothy Greenlee - 1413-0 1414-1 1415-7  
 Clark Strand - 1416-1  
 John Sheirer - 1417-0 1418-0 1419-7  
 Christine Michaels - 1420-1 1421-0 1422-1  
 Echo Goodmansen - 1423-12 1424-7 1425-6  
 Richard Bruckart - 1426-1 1427-14 1428-1  
 Joan Zimmerman - 1429-0 1430-0 1431-1  
 Robert Gibson - 1432-24 1433-18 1434-7  
 (See note below) -p1435-0 1436-22 1437-10  
 George Ralph - 1438-13 1439-6 1440-1  
 Louise Beaven - 1441-1  
 Robert Major - 1442-0 1443-0 1444-1  
 Naomi Brown - 1445-14 1446-15 1447-14  
 Lesley Einer - 1448-0 1449-0 1450-1  
 John Tabberrah - 1451-2 1452-1 1453-0  
 Alice Benedict - 1454-5 1455-15 1456-3  
 Alex Benedict - 1457-12 1458-7 1459-15  
 Shahid Iqbal - 1460-1 1461-0 1462-6

With apologies, I am unable to attribute poems 1435, 1436 & 1437 to their author. Will that person please contact me and the haiku will be reprinted next issue under the correct name.

embracing dad,  
 his silent tremor...  
 the falling leaves

Gloria Procsal

foggy night  
 fallen leaves muffle  
 our footsteps

Robert Gibson

one by one  
 they meet on the road—  
 leaves and their shadows

flaming dogwood  
 a drop of rain travels  
 the length of a leaf

Yvonne Hardenbrook

on my doorstep  
 a basket of zucchini --  
 his quick getaway

Yvonne Hardenbrook

Pumpkin in the field  
 soon will have an inner light  
 and an outer smile

Edward Grastorf

fallen leaves  
 watching the old man  
 rake them away

Robert Gibson

Wild plum blossoms  
 no one comes  
 but the bees

Naomi Brown

a brown leaf twirling  
 from an invisible thread  
 - late afternoon sun

Alice Benedict

the soil turning -  
 a pair of oxen step  
 in unison

Alex Benedict

from limb to limb  
 the young sparrow  
 dares the air

Tom Smith

The paved parking lot  
 a dandelion grows alone  
 reaching to the sun

Richard Bruckart

far from home  
 the Milky Way  
 still comforts me

Naomi Brown

sunset -  
 clouds above the horizon  
 the color of persimmon

Naomi Brown

THE 1995 MEMBERS' ANTHOLOGY  
SUBMISSION DEADLINE: April 30, 1996

It's time again for the annual Members' Anthology, this year to be edited by Patricia Machmiller. The haiku submitted must have one kigo, or season word, and be in three lines consisting of close to 5-7-5 syllables. Haiku without a season word will not be published. A committee headed by Kiyoko Tokutomi will select the poems to be published.

Here are the full submission guidelines:

- Members may submit up to five haiku, preferably composed in 1995, typed or neatly written on an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet of paper. Please include your name and address. At least one haiku will be accepted from each member who submits poems.

The haiku should be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere, except that you may submit haiku published in the previous year's Geppo. Poems from the Geppo you submit that received enough votes to be republished will be noted as such in the Anthology.

- Haiku must have one kigo, or season word, and be in three lines consisting of close to 5-7-5 syllables. Haiku without a season word (or with several season words) will not be published. Indicate the season word in your haiku (for example, by underlining). A copy of the season word list published in last year's Anthology is available upon request, to help you in selecting poems to submit.

- Send your submissions by April 30, 1996 (in-hand) with \$2.00 (for mailing costs) to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
Member's Anthology

Members who submit haiku will receive one copy of the Anthology; additional copies can be ordered for \$5.00 each.

**CHALLENGE KIGO CHALLENGE:**

What are season words of your region? Now you can submit candidate season words for Geppo's challenge kigo! Include a brief paragraph (100 words or less) that describes why the word (or phrase) is appropriate as a season word. State both the season and your location, and include one or two examples of haiku that use the kigo. At least one of the cited haiku should be your own. If the poems have been previously published, include citation (publication, date etc.). The haiku you select should be a 5-7-5 haiku with only one season word/phrase. All submissions must be in English; other language with English translation are also okay.

Submission deadline is one month before each issue's closing date, and must be appropriate for the following two months. For example, the January-February issue gives a challenge kigo for March-April. You need to submit your challenge kigo by January 15, even though closing for general submissions wouldn't be until February.

A committee of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will select one challenge kigo for each issue of Geppo. Submissions with SASE and be sent to:

Alex Benedict

You can e-mail submissions to

FROM THE PRESIDENT:

As my first year in office comes to a close, I want to say that I have very much appreciated the support of the members in helping to keep the society a vital forum for haiku. The poetry contributed to the Geppo, the Members' Anthology, and the contest is the heart of the society and is for me a very pleasant way to keep in touch with the members and with our individual practice of haiku.

I know we are all grateful to Jean Hale for her fine work in getting the Geppo out: many thanks to her! With the inauguration of the series of articles on the Art of Haiku, we have added a new dimension to the Geppo as a study journal. We are indebted to the six fine poets who contributed articles, and especially to Christopher Herold, who has coordinated and edited the series.

The new Member's Anthology, with Ebba Story as thoughtful and skilled editor, was another wholly successful effort. And thanks to Bun Schofield, who ably organized the third annual Tokutomi contest, with participation of members and non-members alike.

Meetings and special events have been a pleasure: Roger Abe and Alice Benedict's coordination of the Teahouse reading and Donna Gallagher's special nature walks were fine haiku occasions. The Asilomar Retreat was another great success, in spite of Jane Reichhold's unfortunate cancellation due to an accident. Jerry Ball's and Ebba Story's expanded presentations made all the difference.

Many other members have contributed time and/or money to the society, for which we are very grateful.

In what has been a very busy year for me personally, the advice and support of the executive board has made my transition into the job of president as smooth as possible. I am truly looking forward to another great year of haiku in 1996! I wish you all the very best.

winter moonlight  
my shadow on the path  
leading me home

Alex Benedict  
December, 1995

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY

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