

# G E P P O

## the haiku study-work journal of the *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

Volume XXII:2

March-April, 1999

### Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

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|------|--|------|--|
| 3144 | cloud peaks<br>through the desert<br>we walk south                       | 3152 | blue moon ---<br>a basketful of daffodils<br>left on the porch                 |
| 3145 | spring sunrise<br>his sleeping bag is spread<br>on hers                  | 3153 | black swan<br>among the whites<br>same puckish eyes                            |
| 3146 | window glass rattles<br>we fall asleep again-<br>low on Richter scale    | 3154 | dry pen<br>blank page<br>listening to the distant bark                         |
| 3147 | shrill March wind<br>composing a letter<br>to the editor                 | 3155 | dry spring day<br>remember seals plays<br>off La Jolla Beach                   |
| 3148 | car radio, off<br>a spring morning<br>plays on                           | 3156 | slow tapping<br>sweat drops on taut nylon<br>old men in the sauna              |
| 3149 | grain elevator<br>rising above<br>its graffiti line                      | 3157 | sketching the pears<br>adding more and more sanguine<br>to the bruise spots    |
| 3150 | first day of spring<br>flying together<br>sparrows and snowflakes        | 3158 | spring melancholy:<br>watching the incense burn down<br>to nothing             |
| 3151 | lying in bed<br>the scent of white narcissuses<br>too powerful for sleep | 3159 | sleeping Buddha<br>stretched out on the park bench<br>feet draped in newsprint |
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| <p>3160 departing spring --<br/>threatened by the civil war<br/>mountain gorillas</p> <p>3161 spring rain --<br/>amidst the headless Buddha<br/>a young soldier</p> <p>3162 a grandmother<br/>in the wheelbarrow<br/>. . . Kosovo spring</p> <p>3163 again and again<br/>the window glass<br/>befuddles the fly</p> <p>3164 scattered showers<br/>a worm makes it halfway<br/>across the sidewalk</p> <p>3165 she pours tea<br/>the teacup<br/>warms my hand</p> <p>3166 only a promise<br/>plum blossoms<br/>in march</p> <p>3167 in cold wet spring<br/>blooms<br/>the white narcissus</p> <p>3168 chilly morning<br/>stack of stove wood low<br/>plum tree blossoms</p> <p>3169 sleeping Buddha<br/>in a Tibetan palace<br/>our white prayer scarves</p> <p>3170 first spring storm<br/>tears posters<br/>from their hoardings</p> | <p>3171 the clock ticks<br/>one spring replaces another<br/>midnight strikes</p> <p>3172 bobbing up and down<br/>in freshly filled feeder<br/>linnets fore and aft</p> <p>3173 red bud in blossom<br/>the house replete with bouquets<br/>two hours vacuuming</p> <p>3174 after cold silence<br/>the mocking bird sings and sings<br/>. . .will he never cease?</p> <p>3175 with his old dog,<br/>the wag of his cane<br/>afternoon shade</p> <p>3176 desert Wal*Mart<br/>fifty percent off<br/>all cactus</p> <p>3177 early spring<br/>my calluses grow<br/>with the garden</p> <p>3178 Lonely I sit<br/>while my cat goes out<br/>to socialize</p> <p>3179 Nature's paint brush<br/>Pathos -- green in life<br/>yellow in death</p> <p>3180 The abandoned house<br/>Among dust, rust and cobwebs<br/>lives a happy mouse</p> <p>3181 peach blossoms --<br/>frail petal boats sail<br/>gusty spring tides</p> |
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| <p>3182 new commuter stop --<br/>without a word, familiar strangers<br/>smile and nod</p> <p>3183 her family reunion --<br/>remembering his lines<br/>he nods wisely</p> <p>3184 new moon<br/>horns caught for a while<br/>in the budding oak</p> <p>3185 Holy Week<br/>the forest floor radiant<br/>with trillium</p> <p>3186 dust motes<br/>dance in a shaft of sunlight<br/>first day of spring</p> <p>3187 scolded by doctor<br/>who looks younger than my son<br/>April Fool's Day</p> <p>3188 domestic postage<br/>is higher than overseas<br/>April Fool's Day</p> <p>3189 the election campaign<br/>is in full swing at present<br/>spring thunder is far</p> <p>3190 spring again<br/>older but younger<br/>than the stone</p> <p>3191 shoveling compost<br/>around the unexpected<br/>lavender blossoms</p> <p>3192 a new-born rattler<br/>uncoiling<br/>in my patch of sun</p> | <p>3193 drawing in the sand<br/>by the spring sea<br/>a labyrinth</p> <p>3194 overcast sky<br/>and rain dampening the earth<br/>still ---daffodils!</p> <p>3195 gazing at the sky<br/>the Sea of Tranquility<br/>zooms by, quietly</p> <p>3196 Fisherman's Wharf--<br/>her dropped ear ring<br/>in the crab tank</p> <p>3197 snowman in the yard--<br/>my bare toes<br/>wriggle over the floor vent</p> <p>3198 green light--<br/>the traffic stopped<br/>for a blind man</p> <p>3199 Tennessee dogwoods<br/>white and pink<br/>as debutantes</p> <p>3200 front yard<br/>smells of<br/>backyard honeysuckle</p> <p>3201 two frogs<br/>hop in unison<br/>almost</p> <p>3202 return of Spring<br/>depression bites down hard<br/>sip of Jack Daniels</p> <p>3203 April 3rd<br/>turning 25 in the mist<br/>of cat urine</p> |
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| <p>3204 Spring starts<br/>child's sweater found<br/>too late!</p> <p>3205 face pressed to window<br/>she watches muddy cattle<br/>drinking at the trough</p> <p>3206 on this spring hillside<br/>so many subtle green hues<br/>my film is worthless</p> <p>3207 old grass and new grass . .<br/>hills turning their shaggy backs<br/>to the spring rain</p> <p>3208 spring torrent<br/>a junked refrigerator<br/>sweeps by</p> <p>3209 boat caught in a mad torrent<br/>over a sheer precipice<br/>— armchair adventures!!!</p> <p>3210 roof overhang<br/>peeping birds<br/>behind sheet rain</p> <p>3211 home from patrol<br/>four submarines at the dock<br/>spring sky</p> <p>3212 green hills across the bay<br/>where will I spend my day<br/>when I retire?</p> <p>3213 Johnny Tuck carpets<br/>a friend unexpected<br/>coming down the trail</p> <p>3214 stuccoed columns<br/>of alder trunks<br/>spring river</p> | <p>3215 nearly as pink<br/>as the couple's memory<br/>unfolding magnolia</p> <p>3216 mother weeping<br/>into grandmother's embroidery—<br/>pale orchids</p> <p>3217 In every nest—<br/>fledglings, all mouth, gaping<br/>bigger than their heads.</p> <p>3218 Finished; it begins:<br/>The field harvested, plowed, rests.<br/>Seeds: a new year</p> <p>3219 Being still, seeking<br/>nothing; spy the fawn at play.<br/>Tranquility</p> <p>3220 from the headlands<br/>this dirt road leads back<br/>through green hills</p> <p>3221 standing in<br/>a patch of poppies<br/>the Clydsedale</p> <p>3222 in my hands<br/>this tiny green frog<br/>from the garden</p> <p>3223 fingers outstretched<br/>the last cherry blossom<br/>flies on the wind</p> <p>3224 wading in mud<br/>muskrat digs by the bank<br/>my toes on oysters</p> <p>3225 amputation<br/>the cherry tree heals<br/>with a thousand blooms</p> |
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3226 white trillium  
enfolds itself in the scents  
of rainwet forest

the spring river  
carrying away to the ocean...  
my yesteryear

Fay Aoyagi

3227 with a visitor  
from the town where I grew up  
touring my springtime

the spring river . . .  
almost full  
the whitebaiter's net

Patricia Prime

3228 spring cold-  
the wire-haired terrier  
on a short leash

river floods  
the spring green banks  
disappearing

Eugenie Waldteufel

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**Challenge Kigo  
Haiku with the challenge kigo  
'Spring River'**

the bridge  
over a spring river,  
a swell of swallows

John Stevenson

in rainy Spring  
Chaucer and his pilgrims flow  
toward Canterbury

George Knox

blue moon  
the spring river  
silver

Louise Beaven

spring cleaning —  
the river's  
brushy debris

Laura Bell

spring river  
flowing gently  
near the pecan farm

Naomi T. Brown

Its purpose unknown  
the spring river runs by  
with my garbage can

Richard Bruckart

peaks bare  
dry sandy wash  
no spring river

David L. Bachelor

today --  
the brown river  
carries trees to the sea

Ross Figgin

now a dry bed  
the spring river mother  
once spoke of

Carolyn Thomas

first outing  
my kayak glides silently  
on the spring river

Kathleen P. Decker

spring river  
 high water mark on the town  
 founder's statue  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

Spring river soars free  
 for but a moment—shatters  
 at waterfall's feet.  
 William H. Peckham

spring river rushes  
 over stones tuning  
 the Spanish guitar  
 Gloria H. Procsal

Spring river's left bank  
 I walk, walk - yet no bridges -  
 thinking of ex-wife  
 Zinovy Vayman

spring river dancing  
 over a rocky bed  
 the song of its flow  
 Roger Abe

fallen elm  
 caught at the bend  
 - spring river  
 Alex Benedict

laying on the old footbridge  
 eyes closed  
 listening to the spring river  
 Kristy Creekmore

coming upon it  
 sooner than we expected-  
 the River in spring  
 Alice Benedict

Spring river  
 flows around  
 old tire  
 Robin Chancefellow

*Challenge Kigo for May-June*  
*Departing Spring*  
*by Alice Benedict*

Spring in its intensity seems as though it could go on forever. Yet, the time comes when it does slip away, amid the lush green of the summer trees.

the end of springtime  
 some persons in the photo  
 are turning to leave  
 Jerry Ball\*

departing spring  
 hesitates  
 in the late cherry blossoms  
 yuka haru ya shunjun to shite osozakura  
 Buson\*\*

\*Hidden Under the Rug. Haiku, Senryu and a Tanka or Two by Jerry Ball, 1998, p.10  
 \*\*R. H. Blyth: Haiku Vol.II p. 401

spring river  
 an arched bridge  
 stone arches submerged  
 Alec Kowalczyk

bankside violets  
 celebrating in blue  
 the spring river  
 Paul O. Williams

spring river  
 with the power out  
 we drink warm wine  
 Patrick Gallagher

somewhere  
 stepping stones across  
 spring river  
 Claire Gallagher

**Dōjins' Corner**  
 >Haiku Commentary

*by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball*

From the January-February GEPP0 Jerry and Patricia both chose 3105.

3105      a stomach camera  
                  going through my throat  
                  cold morning

**P. My reaction to the unique and unexpected image in this haiku was immediate and visceral. English-speakers often say "I'm chilled to the bone" to express how cold they are. And Emily Dickinson has written of her reaction to an unexpected encounter with a snake, that "narrow Fellow," as inducing a certain chill which she describes as "Zero at the Bone."**

This haiku poet has added to our understanding of cold relating it to the modern clinical procedure of having a medical instrument penetrate the body so that the cold we usually experience going from the outside in is in this haiku turned on its head (to use another expression of the body) going, as it does, from the inside out! Shugyo Takaha has written (see Haiku Journal, Vol. 2) ". . . haiku starts from the joy of discovery of the unusual in things commonly seen or heard" from which "a unique expression" can be produced. This poet has made such a discovery!

**J: I agree with Patricia, this haiku is successful. The image is a tactile one, I tend to feel it though I also can see it. Either way, I want to shudder a little. It's not a "nice" image, but it's part of life, and haiku are about life. The idea of the "stomach camera going through" the throat works well with the kigo: "cold morning." Cold morning indeed!**

The other poems chosen by Jerry are 3110 and 3126, and by Patricia, 3115 and 3125. We will address them in order.

3110      without hesitation  
                  she selects sweet sherry  
                  spring evening

**J: I like this because of the clarity of the image (a social one), and its fresh and spontaneous character. This, also, is part of life, though more enjoyable than a stomach camera. It is an image of action, "she" is doing something... that is the "story behind the haiku." That's part of what makes it interesting; it has a resonance for me.**

**P: This haiku has a nostalgic air about it creating a pleasant moment to be savored. It might be just a bit too sweet pushing it over into sentimentality. I'm not sure about this, but the poet might think about another gesture in the first line or a different kigo, possibly, as a way of pulling the poem back and undercutting, ever so slightly, the sentimental thrust.**

3115      winter sunlight  
                  last choice from  
                  "Six Assorted Teas"

**J: I give a "thumbs up" on this haiku. I like it, though it isn't in my top three. However, it seems to grow on me as I read it more. Who knows, maybe in a week it'll be in my top three?**

**P: Jerry, I predict it will. For a number of reasons. This haiku is clean—it has no extra words or peripheral images. It is simple—on the surface it juxtaposes two spare images: sunlight and a box of Assorted teas. And it has resonance in that the kigo and the tea image reverberate each enhancing the other. Let's see how this works. The poem introduces itself with a scene, winter sunlight which brings in the usual associations of paleness and weakness. This sunlight is limited both in strength and availability. Then comes "last choice" (another limitation) "from/Six Assorted Teas," an ordinary, everyday, supermarket variety tea—with six choices. Which have been narrowed in the**

poem to one. Like the sunlight is narrowed—limited—by winter. Giving, as it does, simple pleasure even in its limited way. Of which am I speaking? The sunlight or the tea? For the sunlight like the tea each give a few moments of pleasure. We feel that sense of satisfaction—of being warmed—inside by the tea—outside by the sunlight—two satisfactions matched in their simplicity, matched in the feeling they evoke, matched in the modest degree of pleasure they induce, matched in the human reality that both pleasures are cherished even more by the fact of their being limited! And all this is accomplished in a mere 12 syllables.

3125 shepherd's purse—  
                   on such a miniature scale  
                   yet, clearly, flowers

P: This is a haiku of keen observation. As we pass through this world (especially in this age of information overload where daily we are assaulted both visually and aurally), we tend to screen out and dismiss the small and the unremarkable—the quiet. And so the poet in this haiku is, as quietly and unremarkably as the shepherd's purse itself, revealing to us that if we look closely at the detail we will discover that exquisitely formed marvelous perfection—flowers!

J: I agree, this is a haiku. Again, not one of my top three, but I did select it in my top ten. I think I wouldn't have used the word "miniature," but there I am tinkering again. This haiku is one written from "close up." We get "close up" and small things seem big. I remember Issa's: a one foot waterfall/it too makes noises/and at night is cool. Take pleasure in small things.

3126 winter rain  
                   seagulls swim  
                   in the hayfield

J: While both of my previous selections concerned a "narrative" type of haiku ... that is, they were about an "action" of some kind, this one is a straight forward lyric image. All there is, is the juxtaposition of the "winter rain" and the "sea gulls swimming in the hayfield." For me, these two images work together. I think of things like the cold, ice maybe, and inundation, etc.

P: My appreciation of this haiku is limited by my own experience. For me this image is out of kilter. Seagulls in a hayfield? I have seen them in the mid-west (where I grew up) following a plow. But in winter the mid-west is in snow. So where are these seagulls? In California, possibly? But my California image of seagulls and winter rain is strongly associated with the ocean. I admit there are hayfields in California. I am only saying that as I receive the images, the sequence from "winter rain" (which rules out the midwest) to "seagulls" (which brings in associations with the ocean) does not set me up to expect a hayfield in the third line. In fact, I find the hayfield at this point quite disconcerting. Which could be all right if this unexpected, jarring image resonated in some way with the kigo, in this case, "winter rain." But the only resonance I can muster is that a winter rain can be intense and is, therefore, unsettling. In fact, if the kigo were changed to winter storm, where the intensity and chaotic aspects of the rain were emphasized, the haiku might work better for me. It will be interesting to hear other readers' reactions to this image.

We would like to thank the several readers and writers from whom we heardcommenting on our commenting—we are grateful to you. Please, keep the dialogue going.

And good writing to you - p&j

**Editor's Note:**  
 Several members have asked if Jerry and Pat know the identity of the authors of the poems they discuss. The answer to that is - they do not.



**Members' Votes:  
January-February Issue**

Yvonne Hardenbrook - 3071-0 3072-2 3073-10  
 Eve Jeanette Blohm - 3074-6 3075-1 3076-5  
 Ross Figgins - 3077-11 3078-03079-7  
 Naomi Brown - 3080-7 3081-0 3082-5  
 Fay Aoyagi - 3083-0 3084-19 3085-19  
 Joan Zimmerman - 3086-5 3087-0 3088-6  
 Carolyn Thomas - 3089-13 3090-0 3091-6  
 George Knox - 3092-11 3093-2 3094-0  
 Gloria Procsal - 3095-7 3096-1 3097-8  
 Claire Gallagher - 3098-4 3099-0 3100-1  
 Pat Gallagher - 3101-1 3102-2 3103-1  
 Sosuke Kanda - 3104-1 3105-12  
 Jerry Ball - 3106-5 3107-13 3108-1  
 Teruo Yamagata - 3109-2 3110-4 3111-6  
 Richard Bruckart - 3112-0 3113-5 3114-0  
 John Stevenson - 3115-7 3116-6 3117-6  
 Louise Beaven - 3118-1  
 Roger Abe - 3119-1  
 Zinovy Vayman - 3120-0 3121-9 3122-0  
 June Hymas - 3123-1 3124-5 3125-0  
 Echo Goodmansen - 3126-17 3127-7 3128-7  
 Robert Gibson - 3129-14 3130-13 3131-11  
 Patricia Prime - 3132-2 3133-0 3134-0  
 Donnalynn Chase - 3135-8 3136-0 3137-0  
 Alex Benedict - 3138-8 3139-2 3140-1  
 Alice Benedict - 3141-5 3142-5 3143-2

dinner for two  
 between our silence  
 the oyster shells

Fay Aoyagi

Valentine's Day --  
 your finger slowly circles  
 where my uterus had been

Fay Aoyagi

winter rain  
 sea gulls swim  
 in the hayfield

Echo Goodmansen

auld lang syne  
 and those i would hug  
 far away

Robert Gibson

cold rain ...  
 pushing against the door  
 stuck in its frame

Carolyn Thomas

the tip of the pine  
 wings of the snow heron  
 ease into a glide

Jerry Ball

winter sky  
 endless shifting patterns  
 of gray on gray

Robert Gibson

a stomach camera  
 going through my throat  
 cold morning

Sosuke Kanda

stacks of twisted cars  
 covered with lingering snow --  
 all the dogs asleep

Ross Figgins

the north wind howls and  
 chimes lie silent on the ground  
 ash and elm stand bare

George Knox

icy rain  
 not even the postman  
 and his little cart

Robert Gibson

frigid evening  
 blue moon rising big as life  
 the same old color

Yvonne Hardenbrook

**The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial  
Contest**

**In-hand Deadline: May 31, 1999**

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize \$100 • 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize \$50 • 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize \$2 •  
Honorable Mention-Gifts**

**CONTEST RULES**

- Haiku in English in seventeen syllables, arranged in three lines of 5-7-5 syllables.
- Each haiku must contain one *kigo*, or season word, from the following list. Haiku that use more than one season word, or that do not contain one of the listed *kigo* will be disqualified. Season words for the 1999 contest are:

*New Years: first poem, year of the Rabbit, new calendar, new year's sun.*

*Spring: hazy moon, swallow, muddy road, snail, kite.*

*Summer: bat, waterfall, moor hen or coot, pineapple, sunglasses, lily.*

*Autumn: vineyard, salmon, reeds, starry night, mushrooms.*

*Winter: swan, hoarfrost, tangerine, old calendar, bear.*

- Entry Fee: \$5.00 for one page of three haiku. No limit on entries. Please keep a copy of your entries since entries cannot be returned.
- Submit 4 copies of each page with your name and address on only one copy, typewritten on 8<sup>1/2</sup>" x 11" paper.
- Make check or money order payable to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money Order, in US Currency only. For a list of results, include SASE marked "CONTEST WINNERS".
- Entries must be original, unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible. The contest is open to anyone, except for current officers of the Society.
- Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku poet. Awards are announced at the Society's Retreat at Asilomar in September, 1999. The Society may print the list of winning poems and commentary in its newsletter and annual anthology.
- Send entries and requests for further information to:

**Alex Benedict, Contest Chair**

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is June 10!

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
- Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
- Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Choose up to three poems to receive 5 points each; others will receive 1 point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:

Jean Hale

**SEASON WORDS  
for late spring /early summer**

*selected from the lists In the Members' Anthology*

*Season: May, June: spring dream, spring dusk, ~ melancholy, tranquility, beginning of summer, long day, slow day, short night.*

*Sky and Elements: bright, haze or thin mist, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, summer dew, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, coolness.*

*Landscape: spring or summer hills, lake, sea, or river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.*

*Human Affairs: awning, parasol, perfume, summer concert, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, swimming, sunglasses, wind chimes, mowing grass, weeding, Mothers' day, Memorial Day*

*Animals: abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, nightingale, ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, water beetle.*

*Plants: blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, cherry, plum, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, hyacinth, mustard, parsley, California poppy, primrose, seaweed, violet, amaryllis, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, lily, lotus, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, rose, salvia, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca*

**1998 MEMBERS ANTHOLOGY**

*In-Hand Deadline May 31, 1999*

Please submit haiku for the 1998 Members Anthology! June Hymas will be this year's editor.

- Haiku must have one season word, and be in three lines of close to 5-7-5 syllables. **Haiku without a season word, or with more than one season word will not be published.** A copy of the season word list published in the 1996 Anthology is available upon request, to help you in selecting poems.
  - Submit up to five haiku, preferably composed in 1998, typed or neatly written on a single 8.5x11" sheet of paper. Indicate the season word by underlining it.
  - Poems must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere, except those previously published in *GEPPPO*. Please include the issue in which your poems appeared. Poems that received enough votes to be republished will be noted as such in the Anthology.
- Send submissions to arrive by **May 31, 1999** with \$2.00 (for mailing costs) to:

**June Hymas**  
**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society –**  
**Members' Anthology**

Members who submit haiku will receive one copy of the Anthology.

**Greeting from Roger Abe**

Hello and thank you! I am honored to be the President of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Over the years it has been my privilege to work with former boards and members--all wonderful people! And now I find myself here. I will do my best to uphold the fine traditions established by the 24 years of the Society's existence. With the help of this experienced and enthusiastic board and your activity and support, I have no doubt that Yuki Teikei will continue to provide the outstanding services and special events that are respected throughout the haiku world.

Please e-mail me at comment/question any of our activities and just so I can learn more about YT members. If you can, please attend any event or meeting. I look forward to seeing and hearing from you. Sincerely, Roger Abe

*Calendar of Events*

**May 15 - Haiku in the Teahouse - 1:00 PM**  
 Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelly Park, San Jose

**June 12 - General Meeting - 1:30 PM**  
 Hakone Gardens, Saratoga

**July 10 - Tanabata Celebration - 6:00 PM**  
 TBA

**August - No Meeting**

**September 9-12 - Retreat at Asilomar**  
 Pacific Grove

**October 9 - General Meeting - 1:30 PM**  
 Valley Health Center, San Jose

**October 23 - Moonviewing Party - 6:00 PM**  
 TBA

**November 13 - General Meeting - 1:30 PM**  
 Valley Health Center, San Jose

**December 11 - Holiday Potluck - 4:00 PM**  
 TBA

**GEPPPO**

*is the bimonthly study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Haiku are published as submitted, and members may cast votes for haiku from the preceding issue. In this way we learn by studying the work of others, and by the response to our own work. Subscription is \$15.00 per year, which includes membership in the Society.*

**Editor • Jean Hale**  
**Design • Alice Benedict**  
**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**

*1999-2000 Officers*  
**Roger Abe, President • Pat Gallagher, Vice President**  
**Kiyoko Tokutomi, Treasurer • Jean Hale, Secretary**  
**Alex Benedict, June Hymas & Patricia Machmiller,**  
**Board Members at Large**

## *Yuki Teikei Asilomar Retreat*

### *September 9-12, 1999*

The 1999 Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat will be held at Asilomar in Pacific Grove, CA September 9th to 12th. Featured speakers will be Sosuke Kanda from Kyoto, Japan, author of *An Owl Hoots*, a book of his haiku translated into English, and Violet Kazue de Cristofore, early California haiku writer and editor and translator of *May Sky*, an anthology of Japanese American Concentration Camp Haiku.

The retreat held near the Pacific Ocean offers haiku writers the opportunity to walk and write and reflect in a setting of fresh sea air, pine groves and sand dunes. There will be workshops and open readings for poets to share their work as well as art materials for creation and display of haiga. On the last day Claire Gallagher will lead an excursion down the Pacific Coast to Big Sur.

NAME: _____	
ADDRESS: _____	
City _____	State _____ ZIP _____
MEALS:	Vegetarian Yes _____ No _____
HANDICAPPED FACILITIES REQUIRED:	Yes _____ No _____
ENCLOSED:	\$300 (Member) \$315 (Non Member) _____ Gift
SEND TO:	Mary Hill,

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