

G E P P O
the haiku study-work journal
of the
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXII:5

September-October 1999

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3377 | packing his father's tools
he pauses
to sharpen the chisels | 3385 | long drive
to the summit for the view
... fogged in |
| 3378 | one points a finger
the other an open hand –
conversation katas | 3386 | just before dawn
the space between
a horse and moon |
| 3379 | dry and brown
dead orange groves –
cough of a tractor | 3387 | old professor's
final love letter—
autumn moonset |
| 3380 | work and school
end of summer vacation
winter thoughts | 3388 | a red-tail soars
over the hatchery...
sardine clouds |
| 3381 | autumn loneliness
grows as trees shed leaves
empty benches | 3389 | coming up slowly
as if under matted leaves
names of these mushrooms |
| 3382 | gray skies and skyline
asphalt and concrete
replace sand dunes | 3390 | a weedy lawn
someone has carefully mowed
around red poppies |
| 3383 | collecting
between the solar panels
fallen leaves | 3391 | how lightly the moth
has pressed its black and white wings
to your night window |
| 3384 | autumn equinox
East Anglian vesper bells
change ringing | 3392 | Funeral Home
sparrows in parking lot
dancing round cold cars |
-

- 3393 evening
from the harvested cornfield
cranes croon
- 3394 before the service
waiting on the church roof
one sparrow
- 3395 dead
covered with tiny fleas
baby 'possum
- 3396 in winter
the parking lot belongs
to the sea gulls
- 3397 that carrot
gave its sweetness
to my soup
- 3398 live oak thicket
mottled by many lichens
each tree gnarled leeward
- 3399 winter seashore
dune crested with a dead crown
of wind-carved cypress
- 3400 the calm pool surface
windowing secret sea life
until the tide turns
- 3401 sauna
her body steaming
in the cold
- 3402 after the lightning
cloud shadows climb
over blue hills
- 3403 greek music
guy on bicycle rides by
no hands cool
- 3404 trick and treat
fat orange moon lolls
in a distant oak's branches
- 3405 Rosh Hashana
new synagogue, old melodies
thank God
- 3406 a walk through city streets
on autumn wind, the smell
of kelp and salt air
- 3407 hand-carved Hotei
cracked and minus two fingers
still smiling
- 3408 dry brown leaves gather
on doorsteps all over town
waiting to blow in
- 3409 ancient pear tree
lost among the oaks all year —
until autumn
- 3410 practicing stork pose
to keep in balance—
falling leaves
- 3411 lingering heat
the branch heavy with olives
dropping olives
- 3412 tilted scarecrow
guarding the candy display
with outstretched arms
- 3413 on the envelope
from Tokyo poet
morning glory stamps
- 3414 at the slightly off-center
of yellowed tatami
an eggplant horse

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3415 midnight moon –
his side of the bed
empty again</p> <p>3416 Morning after
his grand performance
Jack-o-lantern collapsed</p> <p>3417 fall winds command
circle up! red oak leaves
dance ring 'round the rosy</p> <p>3418 westerly sun
a foraging bird
drags its shadow</p> <p>.3419 another round
a pub sign
creaks in the wind</p> <p>3420 chill wind
under a sickle moon
the cat rubs against my leg</p> <p>3421 grass growing greener
as the first leaves turn brown
empty eagle nest</p> <p>3422 the sound of thunder
during Nihon Matsuri
taiko at Sears</p> <p>3423 grandmother's last cough
echoing in my son's chest
chamomile, again</p> <p>3424 valley fog
the bleating of sheep further
and further away</p> <p>3425 just a withered bush
after careful inspection
he lifts a leg</p> | <p>3426 home sick
this day of scattered showers
a row of bookmarks</p> <p>3427 first day of autumn
these giant redwoods
marking time</p> <p>3428 changed wallpaper
in the kitchen
take another cup of tea</p> <p>3429 quarrel lost —
open a box of Stovers
ate them all</p> <p>3430 miscarried daughter
weeping no more
a thousand fireflies</p> <p>3431 full moon
empty page
cricket song</p> <p>3432 among the fallen
one late blooming red rose
perfumes the garden</p> <p>3433 windy September
crisp elm leaves rushing
into another season</p> <p>3434 toddler's half-steps
on the wooden verandah . .
lingering summer heat .</p> <p>3435 black cat discovers
a snowfall of paint flakes –
the sanded wall</p> <p>3436 in the parkland
deer takes food from a child's hand . . .
and the paper bag!</p> |
|--|---|

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3437 wind shifting
pool toys . . .
to the other side</p> <p>3438 soft September sky
mushroom tops
in uncut grass</p> <p>3439 night shift
the harvest
half moon</p> <p>3440 hide and seek
the sweet pungence
of fresh-cut hay</p> <p>3441 fishing creel –
a light frost in the field
along the river</p> <p>3442 this crisp air
I quicken my pace
down the forest path</p> <p>3443 The still pond reflects
the falling Maple leaf
meeting itself rising</p> <p>3444 Party's over
Cookie crumbs litter the floor
Ants come. Party's on!</p> <p>3445 Back from holiday
Lots of bills in my mailbox
Vacation's finished</p> <p>3446 storm at sea
the fish undisturbed
in the depths</p> <p>3447 vacated house
an owl hoots
in the hollow oak</p> | <p>3448 a grey fog
through the hospital window
covers the sun</p> <p>3449 the farmer's market
potatoes, mums, squash and beans
but no more broccoli</p> <p>3450 twin orange contrails
with a star at the head
autumn sunset</p> <p>3451 warm low sun
ice jewels across the grass
sluggish dragonfly</p> |
|---|---|

Challenge Kigo

Leaves Turning Color

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>rose bushes cut back
a single autumn leaf
pinned to a thorn</p> <p>leaves turning color
the sun plays games
with storm clouds</p> <p>maple color
outside the trauma center
a basketball hoop</p> <p>leaves turning color
dad's cane forgotten...
rake in his hand</p> <p>overnight, it seems
all the leaves on this young tree
have become crimson</p> | <p>Ross Figgins</p> <p>Eve Jeanette Blohm</p> <p>Yvonne Hardenbrook</p> <p>Gloria Procsal</p> <p>Alice Benedict</p> |
|---|--|

they argue through breakfast
yellowing leaves above
on the shade tree

Dave Bachelor

aspen's leaves turning yellow
stone church on the hill
seems brighter

Naomi Y. Brown

leaves turning yellow,
maples in the canopy
shade the silent creek

Anne M. Homan

from the same tree
two green leaves turning
two different colors

Giovanni Malito

red leaves curled on the sill—
such an old cat
purring in my ear

Carolyn Hall

leaves turning colour
drift over beach chairs
left out on the porch

Patricia Prime

crimsoning maple
always first to turn
shadows the grave

Carolyn Thomas

The yellowing leaves —
So early this year
My melancholy

Eugenie Waldteufel

turning leaves—
at the winery named Paradise
glass after glass

Fay Aoyagi

leaves turning
the tarnished kettle
whistles

John Stevenson

dry scuttle
scratching on the sidewalk
leaves turning color

Alec Kowalczyk

change of color –
again the leaves scatter
with the wind

Alex Benedict

fall's rainbow leaves
teeth turning color to match
the girl's new braces

Kathleen Decker

Falling Oak leaves
The green cover on my roof
is black gunk in my spouts

Richard F. Bruckart

leaves turning color
are the fir and the pine green
with envy?

Louise Beaven

turning leaves
plaster the wet church roof
call for worship

Kay Grimnes

**Members' Votes for
July August**

Ross Figgins – 3299-0 3300-17 3301-1
 Echo Goodman – 3302-5 3303-7 3304-0
 Teruo Yamagata – 3305-1 3306-0 3307-1
 Gloria Procsal – 3308-0 3309-2 3310-2
 Eve J. Blohm – 3311-7 3312-1 3313-1
 Robert Gibson – 3314-12 3315-7 3316-14
 Yvonne Hardenbrook – 3317-2 3318-5 3319-1
 Kathleen Decker – 3320-16 3321-21 3322-2
 John Stevenson – 3323-1 3324-5 3325-9
 Zinovy Vayman – 3326-0 3327-5 3328-6
 Patricia Prime – 3329-0 3330-2 3331-4
 Dave Bachelor – 3332-2 3333-6 3334-0
 Richard Bruckart – 3335-7 3336-8 3337-0
 Carolyn Thomas – 3338-2 3339-12 3340-3
 Louise Beaven – 3341-9
 Naomi Brown – 3342-0 3343-0 3344-0
 Edward Grastorf – 3345-4 3346-7 3347-2
 Pat Gallagher – 3348-4 3349-7 3350-20
 Laura Bell – 3351-2 3352-1
 Christine D- Michaels – 3353-2 3354-5 3355-1
 Fay Aoyagi – 3356-8 3357-10 3358-2
 Alex Benedict – 3359-4 3360-0 3361-3
 Anne Homan – 3362-8 3363-5 3364-12
 Claire Gallagher – 3365-3 3366-3 3367-15
 Alice Benedict – 3368-7 3369-1 3370-17
 Alec Kowalczyk – 3371-0 3372-4 3373-0
 June Hymas – 3374-0 3375-4 3376-1

Editor's Note:

Discerning readers will notice that when numbering the poems in the July/August issue, I inexplicably switched from the 3300s to the 3200s.. For this reason the numbers referenced in Dojins Corner will be out of sequence.

**September-October Haiku Voted as Best
by the Readers of Geppo**

midnight lightning
 my eyes drift closed
 between strikes

Kathleen Decker

in a yukata
 she talks the summer fly
 out of the house

Pat Gallagher

last taxi to the airport –
 he surrenders all
 his souvenir coins

Ross Figgins

back through the shallows
 the spinner's last little burst
 of twirl and sparkle

Alice Benedict

Tanabata again
 the wedding kimono
 still in the closet

Kathleen Decker

raku bowl –
 she replaces his keyring
 with pomegranates

Claire Gallagher

weeds
 lots of weeds
 lots of big healthy weeds

Robert Gibson

salmon run
 the eagle's arc
 from fir to fish

Robert Gibson

summer solstice:
 the tarot reader
 shuffles his deck

Carolyn Thomas

straying from the path
 my swollen daydreams are stabbed
 by a star thistle

Anne Homan

Nagasaki Anniversary

I push

the mute button

Fay Aoyagi

Dojins' Corner

by Jerry Ball and Patricia J. Machmiller

Patricia and Jerry have chosen the following haiku for comment. Jerry's choices are: 3321 and 3339; Patricia's: 3322 and 3257. They both chose 3265

3321 midnight lightning
 my eyes drift closed
 between strikes

jb: Clearly this is summer. There is a long storm, so long, in fact that I am now becoming weary of the most exciting thing—the lightning strikes. But the strikes are so compelling that I am startled open with each new strike. I am moved by this image as one who sometimes deals with series of crises and am lulled between. How full of life!

pjm: Ai-yi-yiiii! Lightning strikes! With the long sound of i! Quick jabs one after another (night, light-, my, eyes), four in the first six syllables, then a four syllable lull while the poet/reader cat-naps only to be awakened by the final "strike"! I can imagine that the final strike would be even more effective if it were delayed even longer. The poet having set up the sound expectation of the long "i," is in a position to create an expanded moment of growing suspense with each syllable in which the long "i" is not used. By extending the second line to seven syllables and the third line to five, the poem would have a better chance to build the tension that could make this poem truly masterful.

3322 dog day
 on a faded tee shirt
 the stars and bars

pjm: I chose this haiku for two reasons: (1) the colloquial sound of the expressions in the poem, "stars and bars" and "dog day" matched the image of the faded tee-shirt and (2) the internal rhyme of "stars and bars" made a music I liked especially as it played against the more familiar (to me), but less musical "stars and stripes." Subsequently, I have learned that "stars and bars" refers to the First National Flag of the Confederacy. This last fact adds a dissonant note to the poem, a dissonance that echoes the unsettling extremes of temperature and humidity that characterize the "dog days" of August. And the "dog day" extremes resonate further with the "stars and bars," an emblem of that most extreme time in our history when the clash of ideas and emotion erupted in Civil War. What a poem! In its understated, laid-back way, it is packed with layers of meaning.

jb: We all know the "dog days." During the year they are at the end of summer, and in life they come as we begin to notice that we are mortal. So as we feel these things we see someone in a "faded tee shirt" with the symbol of the Confederacy - the "stars and bars." The Confederacy, too, was (and still is) mortal.

3339 summer solstice:
 the tarot reader
 shuffles the deck

jb: The longest, and hottest day of summer can often seem very fateful. It's been warm and uncomfortable for awhile, and now we have the longest day of all. It's fate! So we consult the Tarot cards. We ask a fortune teller. How pagan and how animistic! Like it or not, humans have a pagan streak which will often surface in times of lengthened discomfort. Feeling the discomfort, what do we do? We shuffle the deck.

pjm: Summer solstice. The extreme of summer. The sun is at its highest latitude

giving the Northern Hemisphere its longest day, the Southern Hemisphere, its shortest.

From the beginning of human time, we have looked to the skies for meaning. Such a day—the longest, the shortest—in the repeating cycle of life has always held a significance for us. Even now in modern times, it brings an awareness of what we don't know, an awareness of our own yearnings for certainty, for knowing. But the poet tells us it is not ours to know. It is still as uncertain as the shuffle of the tarot deck, still as mysterious.

3257 Nagasaki Anniversary
I push
the mute button

pjm: I am continually amazed at how the mind works. We have all had experiences or know of events so horrific, our first reaction is to push it away. This act, pushing the mute button, is this internal response made visible. Technology provides the metaphor. Technology provided the original act of horror now being pushed away. Reflecting on the Past, this poem, like the Ghost of Christmas, by its suggestion of action by remote control, shows us the Present in which war is fought remotely by air using laser-guided missiles and leads us to contemplate an even more bleak and anesthetized (by "virtue" of technology and our instinctive reaction to "push the mute button") Future.

jb: The mute button must be on the TV. We are so removed from reality. We don't want to hear the stories of the awful bombing of Nagasaki. For some reason we've had enough? Are we sad? Are we bored? Are we saturated? Do we feel helpless? Well, what we can do, is to push the mute button. So we do.

3265 flamenco segue
the aroma of mango
• before tasting it

jb: Mango is my favorite fruit, and flamenco is one of my favorite dance forms. In Spain I was told that "flamenco" is like the "blues" in America. So the magic spell of the flamenco

leads me to the pungency of the aroma of mango and into the delicious anticipation of the fruit itself. Sometimes the best in life is the anticipation. Reality often comes off second best. Anticipation, after all, is an extension of my unconscious wishes and can go its own way. Reality, on the other hand, is reality.

pjm: A completely sensual poem engaging all our senses—taste, smell, and sight, primarily, but even the feel of the mango on the tongue as well as the pounding rhythms of the dancers are, although not stated, anticipated. And therein lies the poem: the comparison of the sensual dance to come with the sensual pleasure of mango to be savored. Ole!

We are very interested in your comments or suggestions. Please write us at the GE PPO or e-mail us at .

Congratulations to Yuki Teikei Member, Robert Gibson, on the publication of his book of haiku entitled, "Children of the Sparrow."

"Children of the Sparrow" with ink brush drawings by Karen Klein and a foreword by Jane Reichhold is published by Holly House Publications, Seattle, WA.. (ISBN 1-57726-152-6 – retail \$15.95)

The book is featured at the Holly House Web Site and is also available from the author:

Robert Gibson
929 H Street
Centralia, WA 98531

<http://members.aol.com/hollybooks/poetry.htm>

(A review of "Children of the Sparrow" will appear in the next Geppo.)



**SEASON WORDS
for early winter**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

Season: early winter months: November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.

Sky and Elements: sardine cloud, frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.

Landscape: reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields, vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.

Human Affairs: gleanng, harvest, Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens, grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl, skiing.

Animals: deer, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker., bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.

Plants: cranberry, pomegranate, dried persimmon, heavenly bamboo(Nandina), pine nuts,radish, scallion,tangerine /mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass,. winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is December 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

CHALLENGE KIGO ESSAY for NOV/DEC

**First Snowfall
by Alice Benedict**

Everything in your world is receiving a light dusting of snow. You can still make out the colors and the shapes of things; yet they are all magically transformed. It is as if you are seeing things anew, not for the first time, but as in a dream.

first snowfall
the edges of pine needles
tinted white

Alex Benedict

first snow of the year
the daffodil leaves
bend under the flakes

Basho

hatsuyuki ya / suisen no ha no / tawamu made

Snow Falling from a Bamboo Leaf: The Art of Haiku, p. 101, by Hiag Akmakjian. 1979. Capra Press
<http://www.heronstnest.com>

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
Asilomar Retreat – 1999
by Anne Homan

From September 9 to 12 at Asilomar, the Yuki Teikei Society enjoyed excellent weather, fellowship, presentations and, of course, excellent poetry. Late on Thursday after registration, James Ferris led us on a low tide beach walk. We found many tiny sea creatures in the tidepools, including sea anemones, hermit crabs, and colorful sculpins. James had prepared a very helpful, saijiki of autumn beach-related kigo.

autumn beach—low tide
seaweed spread like witches' wigs
to dry in the sun

Beth Brewster

After dinner we introduced ourselves by relating the first memorable experience of poetry in our childhood and shared several rounds of haiku. President Roger Abe announced the winners of the 1999 Kiyoshi Tokutomi Haiku Contest. The evening ended with a social gathering. Our refreshments for the weekend were provided by John Schipper.

On Friday morning Sosuke Kanda spoke about the kigo's historical development as a literary device. Following his lecture we went on a ginko and then, under the guidance of June Hymas, we made art with our haiku. Mr. Kanda, in the afternoon, gave specific examples of using winter kigo from his book, *An Owl Hoots*. Jerry Ball led a sekidai, using the visual method of judging haiku posted around the meeting room.

assessing my fate
I question the white yarrow
its pungent scent

June Hymas

After we breathed in a beautiful salty sunset, Mr. Kanda showed us a VCR tape of winter in his native Kyoto. Our last presentation of the evening by Ellen Brooks was a Japanese dance in the modern style called Butoh. Its movements are often strangely contorted.

unfolding herself
the dancer's clawed fingers scrape
the evening's deep chill

Patricia Machmiller

When the dance was over, Ellen coaxed us onto our feet. She taught us some basic traditional Noh dance positions and steps. As usual, we ended the day with a shared reading and social hour.

Early in the morning on Saturday we went on another ginko. When we returned, Patricia Machmiller led us in a sekidai that used Clark Strand's oral method of voting.

autumn dunes—
on the exposed parts
raindrop dimples

James Ferris

Following lunch we listened to a presentation by Violet Kazue deCristoforo, an early California writer of haiku. She edited and translated haiku written by her and others in the Japanese internment camps during World War II, publishing them in her anthology, *May Sky*. She spoke to us of her experiences. Released from camp after the war, she was forced to return to Japan with her two children. She discovered that her husband had remarried. Her family's home in Hiroshima had been destroyed by the atom bomb. Her father had been killed; she found her mother alive, but with such disfiguring keloid scars that she could not recognize her at first. Mrs deCristoforo struggled to obtain food and shelter for her family. After marrying an American serviceman, she managed to return to the United States. Now in her eighties, she still puts time and energy into activities that will remind Americans of the indignities forced on the Japanese (often American citizens) in the internment camps so that we do not repeat such acts of prejudice.

Using barbed wire props, Ellen Brooks performed a Noh dance to poems culled from *May Sky*. Because I had participated in the Noh dance movement instruction the night before, Ellen's dance was more meaningful to me than other Noh performances I have seen. Mrs. deCristoforo generously invited us to a reception afterward. Saturday evening is our traditional time to write Kasen Renku. We chose the autumn format and with the expect help of Patricia and Kiyoko, to finish 18 links by midnight. One of the love links was written by Roger Abe:

unorthodox CPR

Resusci Annie on top

Roger Abe

On Sunday morning Kiyoko Tokutomi told of the early founding and history of the Yuki Teikei Haiki Society, Roger Abe gave closing remarks about our 1999 Asilomar Retreat. Roger Abe led a coast walk for eight die-hard poets at Pfeiffer-Big Sur State Park. After eating a sack lunch under the redwoods, the group hiked up to a 60-foot waterfall. Some continued on farther, hoping to see a condor over the ridge. Then they all walked down to a beach that had curious sea caves and sea stacks

a trail of footprints
up the mountain by the sea
disappears into autumn.

Linda Hess

The weekend concluded with a sumptuous meal at the Golden Buddha in Carmel.

*Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Contest
Winners – 1999*

Kojin Sakamoto – Judge

First Prize

and now she is gone—
the old woman who took us
mushroom gathering

Carolyn Thomas

Second Prize

haze across the moon—
in my old classroom photo
faces without names

Elizabeth St. Jacques

Third Prize

on wooded hillside—
finding quiet solitude
instead of mushrooms

Elsie Canfield

Honorable Mentions

a hazy moon rise:
in the park under the trees
lovers lie sleeping

Sybil Taylor

a leaf in the stream
turning over at the edge
of the waterfall

Susan Rudnick

we see from paw prints
on the muddy road that she
has found her way home

Susan Rudnick

the new calendar
for the first time writing in
my mother's death date

Susan Rudnick

approaching sunset
someone reels in a salmon
redder than the sky

Ernest Berry

written in pencil
and under a stain of coffee—
first poem of the year

Dennis Davidson

end of a journey—
back onto the road the mud
we scraped from our soles

Christopher Herold

the sound of her voice
calling for her lost daughter
—tremble of lilies

Elizabeth St. Jacques

Autumn Encampment

A half kasen renku written at the Yuki Teikei
Haiku Retreat, Asilomar, Pacific Grove,
September 11, 1999.J

Kiyoko Tokutomi, Renku Master

the salty sea air
greet a party of horsemen ~
autumn encampment

Jean Hale

moon drifting through pine
whiter as it climbs higher

Anne Homan

mushroom gatherers
bent in a circle ~
I strum my guitar

Michael Dylan Welch

rechecking his scribbled notes
paper clip flashes earthward

Roger Abe

an old rattan chair
and a glass of iced tea
she puts her feet up

June Hymas/Linda Hess

the television rambling
about a sunburn remedy

Jerry Ball

an ambulance
races by with lights flashing
my heart falters

Bill Peckham

unorthodox CPR
resusci-Annie on top!

Roger Abe

trail of clothes
the safari lovers
in a hundred curves

James Ferris

archeological find
the Pre-Columbian with strange tools
Roger Abe

high rise apartments
with poorly reinforced concrete
who's to blame

Anne Homan

in a Van Gogh painting
a path without end

Fumio Ogoshi

my tired mind goes blank
staring through the open door
at the winter moon

Martha Dahlen

the wild ducks
fill the empty field

Linda Hess

blessed by St. Francis
the pirate and his dogs
together snoring

Roger Abe

bull market
each daughter asks for pearls

James Ferris

she grabs my camera
to take my picture near
the cherry blossoms

June Hymas

Unencumbered by barbed wire
the soaring Painted Ladies

Patricia Machmiller

Call for haiku

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will mark the 25th anniversary of its founding during the year 2000. In celebration, the Society plans to publish a commemorative issue of the Haiku Journal. This volume will contain articles, reminiscences and a section of member's haiku. We hope this special section will be able to present a haiku from each member. Deadline for the receipt of submitted haiku is January 10, 2000. There is no fee. The selection committee will notify you by March 10, 2000 which one of your haiku has been chosen. Copies of this Haiku Journal will be available for purchase after May 20th at a cost of approximately \$14. Please read carefully and follow the guidelines below.

Guidelines:

- Submit a generous group of 10 to 15 haiku typed or printed on plain white paper.
- Or, Email submissions may be sent to:
- Haiku should be in the 5-7-5 syllable form.
- Haiku should be unpublished and not submitted elsewhere.
- Each haiku should contain one kigo, or season word. Please underline the kigo.
- Check carefully for extra kigo, each haiku should contain only one.
- Please select your best work; this should be a very special issue which will demonstrate the richness, strength and emotional power of haiku in traditional form.

In-hand deadline, January 10, 2000. Send Haiku to coordinator: June Hopper Hymas,

Calendar

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

December 11 – Holiday Potluck at Jean Hale's home,

Directions: I live in a Condo complex very near Rt. 85. Going north on 85, exit at De Anza Blvd. (also called Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd.) Turn left on De Anza to Rainbow Drive (first right after 85), follow Rainbow to Gardenside Lane, turn right, then take first left onto

The complex is made up of three short streets and there are parking places on all of them. If these are all taken, you may park on Gardenside Lane.

From Rt. 280 and 101 going south, you may pick up Route 85, exit at De Anza and turn right to Rainbow, then follow directions above. On Rt. 280 going north, exit at De Anza blvd., turn left to Rainbow and follow directions above.

Haiku Events in the Year 2000

May 20 –Yuki Teikei 25th Year Anniversary Dinner, St. Claire Hyatt Hotel, San Jose

October 19-22 – Asilomar Annual Retreat

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is the bimonthly study-work journal of the YukiTeikei 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.

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