

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

Volume XXII:6

November-December 1999

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 3452 | a circle of hands
clasped around the long table
in thanksgiving | 3460 | Hopi weaver
around her quick fingers
the dancing light |
| 3453 | a landlocked red-tail
perched high in the valley oak
thick winter fog | 3461 | the setting sun
cast a fiery glow
over the winter ocean |
| 3454 | Veterans' Day end
flag limp above the bugler
sounding out "Taps" | 3462 | so many days
already marked
new calendar |
| 3455 | departing autumn
a collection of leaves
remains on the ground | 3463 | a new gravestone
in exquisite contrast
to the winter sky |
| 3456 | November –
I long to collect leaves
and lost dreams | 3464 | after she has gone
small clock
ticking |
| 3457 | start of winter
ther winds blow strongly
as the trees wrestle | 3465 | blue plastic bag
high in the sky
meeting the storm |
| 3458 | up a snowy hill
gran's footsteps
marking time | 3466 | laugh
toss away the tiny pebble
retie my shoe |
| 3459 | stunted pine
wrinkled arms holding
a night full of snow | 3467 | early Alzheimer's
she says she'll have . . .
the usual |
-

- 3468 fir in white lights
Orion
rising
- 3469 G-rated movie:
no one dies, though some are
knocked unconscious
- 3470 seafaring story—
the book rises and falls
on his chest
- 3471 in the dead of winter
our daughter's
birth
- 3472 brisk shower
last night's dream slips
down the drain
- 3473 New Year's Day
neighbor teaching her old dog
another trick
- 3474 dead of winter
lilac bush by the feeder
alive with sparrows
- 3475 timber rights sold—
the keening chainsaw echoes
long after it stops
- 3476 one wing useless
an old gull hunts
the jetty rocks
- 3477 autumn weekend
wind and leaves play
in the schoolyard
- 3478 the old 'possum
eats lush yellow fruit
from golden leaves
- 3479 puddle –
tree is deep beneath
its own fallen leaves
- 3480 last year's last apple
still clings to its leafless branch
resisting the wind
- 3481 red toyon berries
along quiet winter roads
breaking the silence
- 3482 billboard
in a dry stubble field:
"Vacaville – Dixon Green Belt"
- 3483 a heron by the pond
captures a long snake
wiggle. . .wiggle. . .wiggle
- 3484 back from the beach
discarding my little boy's
buckets of sand
- 3485 dead and cold in my hand
the mockingbird's trills are gone
maggots on my fingers
- 3486 December dusk –
the boles of oaks
a sombre green with ivy leaves
- 3487 winter seashore
a golden patch of grass
waving between waves
- 3488 on a withered moor
floodwater erases the line
between creek and yard
- 3489 after rainset
gazing at the winter moon
obscured by clouds

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3490 | cricket biting
being carried
back to bitter cold | 3501 | fading light
echo of the hunter's shot
penetrating |
| 3491 | chop on the waves
the old gull hovers
over an icy sea | 3502 | smell of popcorn
spreading to the back of the house
steady rain |
| 3492 | rain drips from bare tree limb
plops into street puddle
just so | 3503 | at Niagara Falls
in the rainbowed mist
stolen kisses |
| 3493 | nothing
but clouds and fog and yet
geese honking | 3504 | Canada geese are
slicing the sky and keep-wow! –
W-shaped formation |
| 3494 | winter seashore . . .
barking at the spume
a wet dog | 3505 | roller skating
crack on the sidewalk
makes her cheeks jump |
| 3495 | early snow
the clink
of frozen leaves | 3506 | dewy bench – i sit
with my vanishing hope
to heat my wet jeans |
| 3496 | unfinished house –
poking through the window
branches of a mandarin | 3507 | rows of stumps
in the tree farm
ghosts of Christmas past |
| 3497 | downpour
next year's seed
lines the gutter | 3508 | housekeeper gone
gekkos return to the walls
sound of the surf |
| 3498 | alone christmas eve,
the caress
of a snowflake | 3509 | first frost
click of the dog's toenails
across the tile floor |
| 3499 | straw stubble in the field
first snow fall
on the thatched roof | 3510 | dead of winter...
the scarecrow guards
an empty garden |
| 3500 | departing autumn...
the trout's leap turns
into ripples | 3511 | winter sun –
icons in the square
profusely sweating |

- | | | | |
|------|--|---|---|
| 3512 | sun streaming
through the pines –
patterns on the snow | 3523 | the sun and I
so slow to rise
departing autumn |
| 3513 | On the point white pine
bends under the weight of
full December moon | 3524 | coyote brush down
sticking to Father's beard
shimmer of stars |
| 3514 | scent of mountain pine
in the glass compote dish five
Christmas tangerines | 3525 | under the city light
my curse to you
in white breath |
| 3515 | white fish bones
scattered among the rocks
winter sunrise | 3526 | San Francisco dusk
a homeless man and his dog
sharing the blanket |
| 3516 | melting snow –
forgotten toy soldiers
arise | 3527 | Pearl Harbor Day
I increase the speed
of the treadmill |
| 3517 | cat in the window
a frost-covered branch
rubs its chin | Challenge Kigo | |
| 3518 | disappearing
in a thicket of alders
this snowy road | First Snowfall | |
| 3519 | above withered grasses
at the crest of the hill
chattering of swifts | a red ribbon falls
from the empty nest
first snowfall | Gloria Procsal |
| 3520 | jetty at low tide –
here and there the sound of ducks
munching sea lettuce | first snowfall
red geraniums inside
at my friend's window | Anne Homan |
| 3521 | too close to the gunwale
a salty spray paints me
with sardine spots | first snowfall
the last brown leaf clings
to the maple tree | Eve Jeanette Blohm |
| 3522 | lost! stopping
for directions at the door
hung with toyon* | first snow
dead leaves
cradled by pine bough | Dave Bachelor |

n CA shrub known as Christmas Berry

first snow overnight
at a wide window,
half-closed eyes

John Stevenson

leaving the movie
in sandals
first snowfall

Laura Bell

by noon
just puddles on the deck
first snowfall

Carolyn Hall

first snowfall
dusting the few pumpkins
left in the field

Carolyn Thomas

city lights
this evening our first snow
pink

Yvonne Hardenbrook

sleds at the ready
first snowfall
turns to rain

Louise Beaven

midnight sky
strangely illuminated
snow in the air

Claris Moore

first snowfall
a turned off light becomes
its own black shape

Zinovy Vayman

sparkling jewels
appear with the first snowfall
vanish with sunrise

Richard Bruckart

first snow
children dance
in shirtsleeves

Giovanni Malito

first snowfall
the kitten shakes its paw
between flakes

Kathleen Decker

round bushes and roofs
carved from new falling snow –
he misses the question

Ross Figgins

first snowfall . . .
trying to catch the flakes
grandson's tongue

Patricia Prime

first snowfall
another graveside visitor
brings a silent gift

Roger Abe

enveloped
in the quiet —
first snow

Eugenie Waldteufel

the first snowfall
in years – Silicon alley
looses some edges

D. Claire Gallagher

first snowfall
late-late movie
without him

Fay Aoyagi

**Members' Votes for
September-October**

Ross Figgins – 3377-33 3378-3 3379-8
Eve J. Blohm – 3380-0 3381-2 3382-0
Y Hardenbrook – 3383-15 3384-1 3385-2
Gloria Procsal – 3386-7 3387-1 3388-2
Alice Benedict – 3389-15 3390-3 3391-3
Dave Bachelor – 3392-5 3393-5 3394-3
E. Goodmansen – 3395-6 3396-7 3397-12
Anne Homan – 3398-1 3399-5 3400-1-
Robert Gibson – 3401-8 3402-5 3403-8
Carolyn Hall – 3404-3 3405-1 3406-1
Claris Moore – 3407-2 3408-1 3409-10
Carolyn Thomas – 3410-1 3411-15 3412-6
Fay Aoyagi – 3413-2 3414-1 3415-11
Mary Ferryman – 3416-0 3417-0
Alec Kowalczyk – 3418-2 3419-4 3420-3
Kathleen Decker – 3421-2 3422-2 3423-6
Chris Herold – 3424-19 3425-13 3426-4
Louise Beaven – 3427-5
Naomi Y. Brown – 3428-0 3429-1 3430-10
Giovanni Malito – 3431-3 3432-5 3433-8
Patricia Prime – 3434-10 3435-0 3436-0
John Stevenson – 3437-0 3438-1 3439-0
Alex Benedict – 3440-7 3441-4 3442-2
Richard Bruckart – 3443-2 3444-1 3445-1
Laura Bell – 3446-6 3447-5 3448-0
Kay Grimnes – 3449-5 3450-2 3451-0

**September-October Voted Best by Readers
of Geppo**

packing his father's tools
he pauses
to sharpen the chisels

Ross Figgins

valley fog
the bleating of sheep further
and further away

Christopher Herold

collecting
between the solar panels
fallen leaves

Yvonne Hardenbrook

coming up slowly
as if under matted leaves
names of these mushrooms

Alice Benedict

lingering heat
the branch heavy with olives
dropping olives

Carolyn Thomas

just a withered bush
after careful inspection
he lifts a leg

Christopher Herold

that carrot
gave its sweetness
to my soup

Echo Goodmansen

midnight moon –
his side of the bed
empty again

Fay Aoyagi

ancient pear tree
lost among the oaks all year —
until autumn

Claris Moore

miscarried daughter
weeping no more
a thousand fireflies

Naomi Y. Brown

toddler's half steps
on the wooden veranda . .
lingering summer heat

Patricia Prime

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

selected from the lists In the Members' Anthology

Season: winter months (January, early or mid-February), depth of winter, short day, winter day, early spring, lengthening days.

Sky and Elements: frost, hail, north wind, snow, winter cloud, winter moon/rain/wind; lingering snow, spring frost/snow.

Landscape: winter stream, winter mountain, winter sea, winter garden, withered moor; flooded stream, muddy road.

Human Affairs: bean soup, blanket, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, hunting, ice fishing, overcoat, winter desolation, Groundhog Day, Twelfth Night, Valentines Day.

Animals: bear, hibernation, fox, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter birds, winter bee, winter wild geese, whale; abalone, pheasant, wild birds' return.

Plants: carrot, celery, dried persimmon, early plum blossom, radish, scallion, tangerine, turnip, flowers in winter: winter camellia/ chrysanthemum/ narcissus/peony, withered or frost-nipped plants; azalea, bracken, camellia, crocus, daphne, grass sprouts, mustard, plum blossoms, plum tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori).



**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

- Deadline for the next issue is February 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 unpublished 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. Each of the poems you select will receive 1 point. Poems with the most points are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

- Send to:

Jean Hale

Challenge Kigo for January February

**Cold Rain
by Ebba Story**

Cold rain -- colder than snow. How the damp chill penetrates into our bones! Our legs and feet get soaked as the wind blows it beneath the erratic shelters of our umbrellas. The thermometer may not plummet as far as the numbers displayed across the national weather maps, but we feel that wet cold seeping throughout our being. And, as we watch the rain slide down the window pane we are inclined toward melancholy and old memories. Cold rain epitomizes deep winter on the California coast and in many other temperate regions. And, elsewhere as well, cold rain evokes the ancient urge to gather by the fire and summon friends to share the warmth. We feel the cold rain so deeply and that in itself has meaning and its own kind of wintery beauty.

this cold rain blowing
from across the asphalt street
a neighbor's dim light

Ebba Story

Dojins' Corner

by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

(Note: Haiku discussed in this column are selected anonymously directly from the GEPP0.)

When we started this column a little over a year ago, we had hopes of opening a thoughtful dialog about haiku, not just between the two of us, but with all the readers and writers who participate in the GEPP0. One of the selections in the last GEPP0 prompted a comment which we would like to share with you. The poem is Fay Aoyagi's haiku:

Nagasaki Anniversary
I push
the mute button

About this poem John Stevenson wrote: "I was very pleased to see [Nagasaki Anniversary . . .] among the poems you commented on. I felt attuned to your comments and, in addition, I thought perhaps this poem was about the fact that words on this subject are sometimes so inadequate as to be offensive. Also, the cutting off of the words on the TV is an intense evocation for me of all the voices silenced in mid-sentence when the bomb exploded, all the lives interrupted and cut short by that war and every war. The voices stopping and the pictures going on seems so true. . ."

It is interesting to note that all three of us—Jerry, John, and myself—interpreted Fay's poem as meaning that the speaker, in pushing the mute button, is referring to a button on the remote control of a television. In talking to Fay about her poem, she said she intended that the "button" being pushed was figurative, that is, it was her own "button" she was pushing, forcing herself into silence! This perspective from the poet gives the poem an entirely different reading. It also shows how deep the poem is as it is able to carry these two contrasting readings equally.

And now for the selections from the September-October Issue. Patricia chose 3386, 3412, and 3426; Jerry chose 3415, 3437, and 3442.

3386 just before dawn
the space between
a horse and moon

jb: I must admit I'm not sure I understand this haiku. I rather like the bizarre contrast of images. If it's literal, then the haiku is prosaic. If there's a connection between the 'horse' as symbol and the 'moon' as symbol, I'm afraid I just don't understand. Is there an allusion to some work I don't know?

pm: A painter's eye is looking here. As in Buson's haiku: "the moon is east/ the sun is west/ mustard field." Noticing. The space between. Making us notice — not the horse. Not the moon. But the juxtaposition. The tension that occurs between objects which come into proximity. The "space between" equally deserving of our attention as the horse and the moon. So, too, in the world, we learn to value the small, the daily -to pay attention to our life as it comes to us—in moments—the space between. I would encourage the poet to carefully consider the choice of articles (or lack thereof) before "space," "horse," and "moon." As a particular patch of sky defined by the horse and moon, "the space between" is exactly right. However, the phrase "a horse and moon" grammatically links these two objects as if they were one (as in "a horse and buggy," for example). I think the poem wants these objects to be two distinct and independent objects. .

3412 tilted scarecrow
guarding the candy display
with outstretched arms

pm: This haiku caught my attention because it's wacky! I mean, really—a scarecrow to "guard" candy? But, on second thought (and this is important—it's this fact that caused me to select it—that there was more to it than wackiness), I can imagine a person in charge of floor displays who actually did this, probably, with very little thought, the scarecrow being almost a cliché of the

season. It took the poet to notice the absurdity of it and to describe it so the image arrests our attention, and we pause for a moment aware that something is out of kilter ("tilted"). Somewhat incredulous, we turn over the thought: a scarecrow guarding candy? Guarding it from what—birds? And then the poet leaves us bemused with that final image of those stiff broomstick arms "outstretched" as if offering everyone, readers and passers-by alike, one great, all-encompassing hug!

jb: I see a scarecrow image (not a real scarecrow) in some kind of candy store as part of a display. So this is an indoor haiku concerning human affairs. To me, at first, it presents a kind of sad image. How sad it is that the candy display should be watched by a "scarecrow." Is it there to keep the children away? And yet the arms are outstretched . . . could it be that this is really an invitation to the lovers of candy? So I feel better. I keep imagining children mainly, but I am a candy lover too.

3415 midnight moon—
his side of the bed
empty again

jb: The moon tells me it's autumn. So, I think of this as written by a person of some experience, perhaps a little on the middle aged side. I also think of this as a haiku written by a woman - I would have written "her side of the bed." I can feel the moment when she wakes and discovers she is alone again. Apparently this has happened before. Well, I can relate. As a *sabi* poem this is direct and poignant. I also like the simplicity of the language and the flow of the language; note there are no verbs. Plus the phrasing is excellent. This haiku reads very well to me.

pm: The feeling in this haiku, a quiet sadness, fits the mood of autumn. I disagree with Jerry a little about the language and the syntax. It's a bit too simple. The poem leaves me longing for more sound, more depth.

3426 home sick
this day of scattered showers
a row of bookmarks

pm: There is a malaise that comes with illness that makes decision-making difficult. When we are ill, we often feel scattered in our mind, and we lack the energy required to bring things into focus. The interior weather, reflected by the exterior weather in the poem, renders the speaker unable to choose something as simple as which book to read.

jb: Here we have a personal experience shown by reference to the weather and by the symbols of a person being alone . . . i.e. the "bookmarks." I imagine the writer indoors, and possibly wishing he/she were somewhere else. So we resort to a number of books as suggested by the "row of bookmarks." Instead of an immediate experience we resort to a number of vicarious experiences in books. This has a tinge of sadness.

3437 wind shifting
pool toys. . .
to the other side

jb: This is my favorite in this GEPP0. So much is compressed into this verse! Why is no child playing with the pool toys? Where are the people in the pool? Why are the toys merely drifting? No, the toys are in the pool and the pool is silent. All that is happening is the shifting of the wind. So it is the wind that ultimately plays with the "pool toys."

pm: Hmmm—for me this is a good beginning—the first two lines of a still-to-be-completed haiku. The feeling of this haiku is not summer—it's too melancholy. The shifting wind says to me the season is changing. Maybe that's what would make the poem work for me—the end of summer—as a last line. Yes. That would give it the resonance I feel is missing now.

3442 this crisp air
I quicken my pace
down the forest path

jb: This is such a rich haiku. I feel positive when I read it, and it has a depth as well. I want to walk down the path with the author and maybe to hum a tune or just look at the trees and animals. As with all three of my selections in this GEPP0, the language is direct, economical, with good phrasing, and penetrating. Notice that no personal judgments are being made in this haiku, but we are led to seek our own feelings that relate. I pull my jacket a little tighter and walk a little faster down the forest path. Remember Dante? "Midway this way of life we walk upon, I woke to find myself in a dark wood." I walk a little faster.

pm: The short "i" sounds of "this," "crisp," and "quicken" give me a little of the briskness in the air and in the speaker's step. I'd like there to be more, however . . .

We wish all the readers of GEPP0 the very best of the holiday season and a most fulfilling New Year. Write to us in care of the editor of GEPP0 or our e-mail addresses are:

We welcome your thoughts and insights.

GEPP0
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 \$20.00 per year in U.S. & Canada \$25.00 International. which includes membership in the Society.

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

email: www.yukiteikei.org
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

Call for Haiku – Yuki Teikei 25th Year Commemorative Journal

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 extended deadline, January 31, 2000.
Send Haiku to coordinator:

June Hopper Hymas

**The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial
Haiku Contest**

In-hand Deadline: May 31, 2000

**1st Prize \$100 • 2nd Prize \$50 • 3rd Prize \$25 •
Honorable Mentions**

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 contest list. Haiku that use more than one season word, or that do not contain one of the listed *kigo* will be disqualified.

2000 Contest Word List

*New Years: first sparrow, first sunrise
first dream, new diary*

*Spring: spring evening, long day spring
storm, soap bubble, Easter, cat's love, tulip,
magnolia*

*Autumn: beginning of autumn, long night,
moon, shooting star, scarecrow, closing the
pasture, Star Festival*

*Winter: freeze, days getting shorter, the
skate or skating, withered field, winter
mountain, winter vacation*

- Entry Fee: \$6.00 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 1/2" 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 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 October, 2000. 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:

Jean Hale

Editor's Note:

Best wishes to you for this 00 New Year and thank you for all the cards, greetings & cartoons. Two items of business for your information:

Item 1. We are instituting a change in policy with regard to voting procedures. Each poem that you select – and you may choose any number up to 10 – will be accorded one point. We believe this to be a more straightforward and simpler tallying method.

Item 2. Yuki Teikei has been able to keep its subscription price at one level for more than a decade, but rising costs necessitate a change. The membership fee for the U.S. and Canada is now \$20 and the International fee is \$25.

Saijiki

A subcommittee of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society has been formed to work on a Saijiki. The geographical scope of the current effort is the San Francisco Bay Area.

The subcommittee has identified some winter kigo for which they are seeking haiku: tulle fog, artichoke, duck(s), Monarch butterfly, lady bug(s), mistletoe, elephant seal, whale or gray whale, herring, and junco.

If you have haiku using these kigo and you wish to have them considered for the Saijiki, you could submit them to the GEPP0 as the subcommittee plans to use the GEPP0 as a primary source for haiku (with the author's permission, of course).

THE YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY
TWENTY FIVE YEAR CELEBRATION

On May 20, 2000, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is planning a celebration including a ginko in the Japanese Friendship Garden, San Jose, CA, and a reading with attending poets. This will be followed by a banquet and program of celebration. Old members and new as well as friends from both the United States and Japan will join Co-founder, Kiyoko Tokotomi, in commemorating this milestone. The President of the Yukuharu Haiku Society of Japan, Teruo Yamagata, will attend and possibly Emi Goto, noted international pianist and composer. A dance in the Noh tradition will be performed by Ellen Brooks. Both Goto and Brooks often use haiku set to music as the accompaniment for their performances. A special 25th Anniversary Issue of the Haiku Journal with members' haiku and articles from prominent poets and scholars will be available that day.

The banquet will be held at the St. Claire Hotel in San Jose. To make a reservation for the Banquet, please refer to the flyer enclosed with this Geppo

Calendar

February 12- Meeting 1:30 PM, East Valley Health Center, 1993 McKee Road, San Jose

March 11 – 1:30 PM, EVHC, San Jose

April 8 – Meeting 1:30 PM, EVHC

May 20 – Haiku in the Teahouse, 1:00 PM, Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Rd., San Jose; YTHS 25th Anniversary Dinner, Hyatt-St. Claire, San Jose

June 10 - Meeting 1:30 PM Hakone Gardens, Saratoga

July 8th - Tanabata Celebration, 6:00 PM, Livermore

September 9 – Moon Viewing Party, 6:00 PM., TBA

October 19-22 – Conference at Asilomar, Pacific Grove

November 11 – Meeting 1:30 PM, EVHC, San Jose

December 9 – Holiday Potluck, TBA

Web Address: www.yukiteikei.org