

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVI:1

January-February-2001

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – Jean Hale, Editor

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3999 | a cigarette while
whale watching—she can't swallow
the lump in her throat | 4007 | a winter stream
flowing over stone
his dream of home |
| 4000 | almond blossoms
corralled by stucco walls—
a new neighbor calls | 4008 | withered holly
etching the gravestone
padre's soft footfall |
| 4001 | in a porous vase
she arranges strawflowers—
bent dowager | 4009 | fading memory
the stone angel's
handful of snow |
| 4002 | snow on the mountains
people close their doors, stuff cracks
with golden lamplight | 4010 | wealthy neighborhood
the squirrels seem
confident |
| 4003 | Valentine's Day
what love draws out leaves from trees?
Chang Kai-Shek's bust speaks | 4011 | your letter
retrieved from the trash
for recycling |
| 4004 | lingering snow
the little boy builds
a midget snowman | 4012 | flight of geese
faintly
ticking leaves |
| 4005 | lingering snow
perched upon the tombstones
a flock of crows | 4013 | examining them
with a magnifying glass . . .
split hailstones |
| 4006 | frozen lake
the father and son
ice fishing | 4014 | morning frost –
children's footprints
lead the way |
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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4015 | one moment
beside the winter moon:
evening star | 4026 | the trip south
with the whales
into paradise |
| 4016 | wind on withered moor
four year old with crumpled kite
determined to fly | 4027 | dead end street
between the oak trees
rising moon |
| 4017 | in the nursing home
we sing to silent applause
the winter garden | 4028 | Valentine's Day —
a Tiffany's open heart
from the past |
| 4018 | angry voices rise
trees, trimmings strew the alley
ice-locked on twelfth night | 4029 | plum blossoms —
her surgery across the ocean
successful |
| 4019 | the winter sea
turned into a memory—
sinking city moon | 4030 | basking in the sun
that seagull with the looks
of a wise philosopher |
| 4020 | candlelight dinner—
his hacking cough shifts
the conversation | 4031 | winter moon —
your lute melody
for another |
| 4021 | descending moon—
tying the last knot
on the winter quilt | 4032 | hot soup
the holy man made
without meat |
| 4022 | two times only
in the distance
spring thunder | 4033 | red face
red wheelbarrow
winter yardwork |
| 4023 | the meadow passing
by the train window
spring twilight | 4034 | dazzling winter sun
the cat's wide pupils
reduced to slits |
| 4024 | slipped down
from her shoulders
spring shawl | 4035 | thin milky sunshine
the kitten curls up against
a window of snow |
| 4025 | broken down
the clouds a different color
in each direction | 4036 | water on the ice
three crows along the river
in the bare branches |

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 4037 | robins holding fast
to the top of a bare tree -
noise of a loose pane | 4048 | evening frost
then morning mist
ground water sublimed |
| 4038 | the chickadee sings
before selecting a seed -
winter afternoon | 4049 | the egret's slow flight
through the turning leaves
a sigh of regret |
| 4039 | winter woods -
spring water dripping
on the rock | 4050 | winter sparrow
perched on the empty rain gauge
I am nobody |
| 4040 | first day of spring
how bright
the graveyard | 4051 | first walk of the year
the donkeys and I all ears
tuned to the morning |
| 4041 | frogspawn-sized
hailstones - then
the bullfrog's grunt | 4052 | chipped porcelain plate
before the seated Buddha
a golden pear |
| 4042 | first day of spring
grandson teaching his granddad
leapfrog | 4053 | a Baho haiku -
how obtuse
is my coup |
| 4043 | garden path
the apprentice
puzzles over stones | 4054 | traffic crush
flashing pointillists
homewarding |
| 4044 | fig leaves
in April moonlight—
imagining Eve | 4055 | light snowfall —
in the road a crow pecks
at a mashed pumpkin |
| 4045 | lunching alone—
steamy novel
french fries getting cold | 4056 | winter moon softly
reflected in the snowbank
where the children played |
| 4046 | sun streaming
through the pines -
a light dance on snow | 4057 | outside ward "X"
the empty hospital hall
artificial flowers |
| 4047 | early spring sun...
countless footprints
fusing | 4058 | list of best haiku
after the first five i look
at names only |

- 4059 all passengers left
my back starts to freeze
in a midnight tram
- 4060 power station:
its voluminous smoke
becomes pink clouds
- 4061 winter birthday
my old cat keeps letting
his tail get away
- 4062 after early warning
the long wait
before the storm
- 4063 rising from snow
headstone of the town founder
taller than the rest
- 4064 blowing leaves . . .
the shiny hearse
turns the corner
- 4065 casting his line,
the fisherman's suspenders
snap
- 4066 dog walk at noon—
a phone rings
in the neighbour's house

Members' Votes for November-December

Ross Figgins – 3936-8 3937-1 3938 – 0
 Karina Young – 3939-2 3940-2 3941-0
 Michael Dylan Welch – 3942-1 3943-1 3944-8
 Roger Abe – 3945-0 3946-2
 Louise Beaven – 3947-1`
 Zinovy Vayman – 3948-1 3949-2 39550-4
 Joan Zimmerman – 3951-2 3952-1 3953-2
 Carolyn Hall – 3954-4 3955-5 3956-4
 W. Elliott Greig – 3957-1 3958-1 3959-0
 Carolyn Thomas – 3960-5 3961-3 3962-2
 Yvonne Hardenbrook – 3963-4 3964-3 3965-3
 Richard St. Clair – 3966-3 3967-2 3968-1
 Jan McMillan – 3969-0 3970-5 3971-0
 Giovanni Malito – 3972-0 3973-8 3974-1
 Ruth Holzer – 3975-0 3976-0 3977-2
 Patricia Prime – 3978-6 3979-1 3980-2
 Toshiko Watanabe – 3981-0 3982-0 3983-0
 Eve Jeanette Blohm – 3984-0 3985-0 3986-0
 Alan Mietlowski – 3987-1 3988-4 3989-4
 Teruo Yamagata – 3990 –0 3991-3 3992-0
 Gloria Procsal – 3993-0 3994-4 3995-2
 Anne Homan - 3996-2 3997-1 3998-3

**November-December Haiku Voted Best
by Readers of Geppo**

shuffling footsteps
both ends of the wooden bridge
disappear into fog
Ross Figgins

winter morning —
the dog sneezes
on my bare foot
Michael Dylan Welch

the owl shifting
from foot to foot
awaiting the dark
Giovanni Malito

note by note
the song drifts –
winter sparrow
Patricia Prime

Editor's Correction:

Attribution was omitted in last issue's *Members' Votes* for Haiku Nos. 3879-0 3880-1 3881-2 by Zinovy Vayman

up, up
into the tree of falling leaves
white butterfly

Carolyn Hall

saved in a book
an old letter
and her first haiku

Carolyn Thomas

In winter's silence
the Heron's wings part the mist
above the river

Jan McMillan

on this floor
my hands see better than eyes -
spilled rice

Zinoviy Vayman

morning after . . .
the drape of amber beads
on her dresser top

Carolyn Hall

spin cycle—
autumn leaves turning
in my jacket pocket

Carolyn Hall

skunk at the woodpile
I change my mind about
a fire in the grate

Yvonne Hardenbrook

withering wind
eyeing each other for food
old man and stray dog

Alan Mietlowski

married fifty years
great uncle tipsily
sings to the new moon

Gloria Procsal

Challenge Kigo

Toyon

such a fuss
as though nothing lasts
birds, toyon berries

Roger Abe

abandoned shack –
same stand of toyon
leading the way

Gloria H. Procsal

walking the foothills
the child's lips red
from toyon berries

Alan Mietlowski

their time past,
broken and tossed in the fire,
toyon branches

Patricia Prime

toyon berries
seeing Hollywood
in different light

Carolyn Thomas

toyon berries —
no more cocaine
for him to be him

Fay Aoyagi

red berries
to follow white flowers
on the green toyon

Giovanni Malito

live oak and toyon
deer moving among them- -
lost golden state!

Ruth Holzer

in the chaparral
jagged edges of toyon leaves
bleeding berries

Anne M. Homan

my neighbor's red fence
 pyracantha and. . . toyon
 my annual question

Ross Figgins

this desolate place
 where actors never tread
 a path through toyon

Richard St. Clair

along the trail
 bits of toyon berries
 in animal dung

Michael Dylan Welch

out here
 in the middle of nowhere
 toyon berries

Yvonne Hardenbrook

SEASON WORDS
 for spring

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

Season: *spring months: March, April, early spring, lengthening days, spring dream, spring dusk, spring evening, spring melancholy, tranquility, vernal equinox.*

Sky and Elements: *bright, haze or thin mist, first spring storm, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, lingering snow, spring breeze, spring cloud, spring frost, spring moon, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, warmth.*

Landscape: *flooded river/stream/brook, muddy/miry fields, muddy road, spring fields, spring hills, spring mountain, spring river, spring sea, spring tide.*

Human Affairs: *plowing or tilling fields, sleeping Buddha, spring cleaning, windmill, April Fools Day/April fool, Ash Wednesday, Lent, Palm Sunday, Easter (~ bonnet/clothes, ~ eggs, coloring/hiding ~ eggs, ~lily, ~ parade, ~ rabbit/chicken/duckling), Passover.*

Animals: *abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), bush warbler, cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, whitebait (a fish), nightingale, wild birds' return (geese, etc.).*

Plants: *asparagus, bracken, bramble, camellia, cherry blossoms/tree, crocus, daphne, blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple,*

apricot, maple, oak, pear, pine, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, mustard, parsley, plum blossoms/tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver (nori), shepherd's-purse, violet, pussy willows or catkins, willow.

Dojins' Corner

by Jerry Ball and Patricia J. Machmüller

In response to the last column in which we discussed Fay Aoyagi's haiku:

colorless wind
 the flag for two Koreas
 marching the stadium

we received these comments from Fay regarding the kigo in this poem. The amplification of the meaning of the kigo, we thought, would be of interest to the wider haiku audience.

Fay writes:

[To answer Jerry's question,] I was not at the Olympic Games. And I didn't watch them. I saw the photo of the Unification Flag of the two Koreas as it was carried in the Olympic Stadium in the *New York Times*. Because I am not a believer of the so-called haiku MOMENT, whatever evokes my "haiku spirit," I write about. Most of my haiku are not about one particular MOMENT. I try to weave my history / heritage / past / future, whatever is a part of me, into my haiku.

Korea had a very painful relationship with Japan during WWII, as you know. When I saw the picture, as a person who grew up in Japan, I was filled with many emotions — joy and happiness as well as guilt and sadness. It reminded me of the book I had read some time ago, *Lost Names* by Richard Kim. When the Japanese occupation army forced Koreans to change their names to Japanese-style names, a grandfather of the leading character of the book went to his ancestor's grave wearing a white robe (the traditional Korean attire for a funeral). When I saw the white flag, many, many things passed through my mind. I understand that a reader will not be able to get the background (how I came up with this haiku) by simply reading it. But, if someone, like Patricia, felt some power and emotion, I

will call it a “success.” Because I am not a nature poet, nor a “sketch haiku” poet, I try to write some kind of a novel in three lines. Mostly, it does not work. But, sometimes I am able to hit a reader’s deeper feelings. The scene a reader has in his/her mind may be different from the one I had in my mind. It doesn’t matter. I know my approach toward haiku is not conventional, but I believe the power of haiku is not only about describing the nature as it is.

Since I joined Ten’i led by Dr. Arima, and Emiko Miyashita as its dojin, I found I can use the power of kigo. I hope I will learn more about how to use it effectively! . . . For the first time in my life, I feel I am lucky that I can read and write Japanese for I am able to read Japanese saijiki to know the background of a kigo, or I can ask Ten’i dojin about it, or try it out at their kukai. I have begun to realize that I can utilize the several hundred years’ history / power that the kigo provides.

Jerry had a long list of haiku in this GEPP0 that appealed to him: 3936, 3942, 3963, 3970, 3973, 3978, 3984, and 3985. Of this list his top three are: 3936, 3970, and 3984. His runner-up is 3978.

jb: I would like to say a special word about 3973 which I believe has two exceptional lines: the owl shifting / from foot to foot To me the third line, “awaiting the dark,” seems to place us in the mind of the owl. This, I think, is unwarranted. I would suggest something like: slanting sun / the owl shifting / from foot to foot. This has the character of a good shasei (nature sketch).

Patricia chose 3966, 3982, and 3997 with 3988 as her runner-up.

pjm: I would also like to mention two haiku that have two exceptionally good lines: 3965 and 3977—the last two in each case. Such good last lines deserve much better first lines!

3936 shuffling footsteps
 both ends of the bridge
 disappear into fog

jb: This is a lonely haiku. Even if the author is there with another person, there is still a sense

of loneliness. The image is clear. I can picture myself on the wooden bridge and surrounded by fog. This image calls to mind the many times when I must make decisions without having a full sense of what the outcomes will be. I cannot see either forward or backward. The boundaries are not clear. There I am with an existential choice.

pjm: This haiku has a Zen-like quality; it is a metaphor for a life lived in the “now.” The future is unknown and the past is forgotten—our attention is on the footsteps and their muted sound—indistinct—a shuffle—like the fog . . .

3966 new snow on the ground
 two horses’ heads turn in sync
 to watch us walk by

pjm: A unique observation! A haiku that has not been written before is something to celebrate! The animal world with all its intelligence is watching the human world go by. The “new snow”—its freshness, its pristine quality—reverberates with the notion of the animal mind being pure—free from those human qualities of masked motivations and duplicities. Their gaze is frank and open and “in sync.” A large haiku both in heart and thought.

jb: I also liked this haiku. I like the image especially. However the language doesn’t work for me. I would like to see the phrase “turn in sync” done some other way. To me this is a cliché, and the sense of it is mechanical. For example, one could simply say: two horses’ heads turning to watch us walk by. The “in sync” isn’t needed.

pjm: Much as I respect Jerry’s opinion, I think “in sync” is the phrase in the poem that causes us to think more deeply about the difference between the natural world and the human world—it is the fact that they act “in sync” that draws our attention.

3970 In winter’s silence
 the Heron’s wings part the mist
 above the river

jb: Here, the mists are parted by the wings of the Heron. I get a sense of direction, and even a little boldness. This is a haiku of "right action." The image is well crafted, simple, and clear. I thank the author for sharing the moment.

pjm: Reading this haiku prompts two thoughts. The first is that while the image in this poem is beautiful, the elements used here have come together in other haiku: silence, heron, mist or fog, river or lake. I tend to prefer (and I think it is a very American value) a more unique expression. Mr. Tokutomi often cautioned against "common-thought" haiku. However, recently in a conversation with Emiko Miyashita, the Ten'i dojin from Japan who spoke at Asilomar last year, I learned a different way of thinking. And that is, as we move along the haiku path, we must go where others have already gone if we are to make progress. And so, in this light, we can honor the beauty of this haiku.

My second thought has to do with kigo usage. The first perception in the poem clearly puts me in the mind of winter. By the end of the second line I come to "mist," an autumn kigo, undermining my initial certainty that I was in winter. This pull and tug between the two kigo means that the haiku never sits still in my imagination and so its deeper meanings become lost in this unsettled question.

3982 Summer afternoon!
Old people talk about their days
in the green shade

pjm: This haiku, so ordinary as to almost be a cliché, is literally saved by the last phrase, "green shade." Until then, there was a "summer afternoon" and some old people talking about the old days; as my teen-age nephew would say, "Big yawn!" And then there is that fresh phrase, "green shade," a metaphor for youth fondly remembered, for that trick of memory that tints the past so the harsh and the difficult are obscured and only the exuberant and exhilarating are recalled—a phrase which happily works both on the figurative and the literal level. I would note, however, that since "shade" is a summer kigo, the poet could rewrite the first

line and move it from ordinary to extraordinary in the process.

jb: This is a lyrical haiku. I am reminded of "Fern Hill" by Dylan Thomas, and the image is comforting. What holds me back from thinking this a top haiku this month is the fact that this is a common image and the words are general. I wish there were a more specific image.

3984 departing autumn
list of missing persons grows
as days shorten

jb: This verse conveys a view of the world. How many times do we read the paper and hear of disasters? These seem unavoidable. What can we do about the earthquake in India? Very little, it seems. Yet this is the way of the world. This is partly a gloomy haiku since the "lists" seem always to grow, and the "days" always to "shorten." Yet we can be a witness, our author shows us that as he/she shares his/her feelings about the event.

pjm: Chilling haiku. Matching the chill of autumn. My only suggestion is that since "days shorten" is an autumn kigo, a rewrite of the first line could be more effective.

3997 bleak winter landscape
the winds keen a thin sound
Ophelia's singing

pjm: Ophelia's song of madness floats in and out of our hearing—the long high-pitched wails of the long "e" sounds in "bleak," "keen," and "Ophelia" are swallowed in the short "i" sounds of "winter," "wind," "thin," and "singing"—this haiku is as sad and mournful a song as Ophelia's. My only wish is that "landscape" could be a more specific topology—like hilltop or mesa or headland or river . . . I think I like river—another short "i" and the river echoes the wind's form that echoes the singing.

jb: This is a dramatic image about a sound. If I understand it, it's a literary allusion to Ophelia's singing in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Somehow, the thought of her singing (not the actual singing, of course) reminds the writer of a "thin sound" against the backdrop of a "bleak

winter landscape." Again, I like the image but I wish the verse were more integrated. I don't feel that the lines work well together. I think the elements are there but I would have written it differently: winds keen a thin sound/Ophelia's singing/in a winter landscape. Remember the flow of Pound's "faces in the metro?"

Please note that both Jerry and Patricia have new e-mail addresses: Jerry can be reached at

interested in your response to our comments.

Editor's note:

Ten'i celebrated its 10th anniversary in 2000. In the special contest conducted for the occasion each member was allowed to send 20 haiku. Fay Aoyagi placed third! An outstanding achievement for such a new member. Congratulations, Fay!

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is April 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. Each of the poems you select 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

Calendar

March 10 – 1:30 to 5:00 East Valley Health Center, 1995 McKee Road, San Jose
Discussion of simile and metaphor in haiku, followed by a period of writing and further discussion.

April 14 – 1:30 to 5:00 Spring Haiku Workshop, Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Road, San Jose. Put a Spring into your Spring Haiku! The time of blossoms, babies and new growth is a great time to open your soul into three little lines. Practice your craft in the company of like minds amid the greenery of the Japanese Friendship Garden. Your guide, Roger Abe.

May 12 - Haiku in the Teahouse "Young Voices," Kelley Park, San Jose. Our annual Spring Reading will feature poets Patrick Gallagher, Anne Homan, Joan Zimmerman and perhaps others. In the spirit of Spring, we particularly encourage new and emerging poets to come and participate in an open reading. All participants will be recognized with a certificate of appreciation (won't that spell extra credit to your teacher?) A tour of the garden will start at the Teahouse at 1:00 p.m. The reading will begin at 1:30 p.m. in the Teahouse.

June 9 - Ginkgo (haiku writing walk), 1:30 p.m., Hakone Garden, Saratoga*

July 14 - Tanabata Celebration (Party), 6:00 p.m., Livermore

August 11 - Meeting 1:30 p.m., EVHC

September 30 - Moon-Viewing Party, 6:00 p.m., Sunnyvale

October 13 - Autumn Haiku Workshop, 1:30 p.m. Japanese Friendship Garden

November 10 - Kukai (haiku review, submit poems in advance), 1:30 p.m., EVHC

December 8 - Holiday Potluck, 6:00 p.m., TBD

Note: The next Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat at Asilomar will be held on January 11-14, 2002.

Doll's Festival: The Festival/Celebration/Observance Kigo
by Anne Homan

In writing prose, the author has a wide-ranging choice of words, limited by style, clarity, and relevance. In writing even free verse poetry, the author is constrained further than those three limitations by the smaller size of his vehicle. The poet uses figures of speech and other methods to add connotation to this compressed writing. In writing a three-line haiku, the poet has still less room to convey meaning. The season reference, or kigo, helps the haiku poet to add connotations associated with each season of the year and with each stage of our life — spring with its new life, summer with its warm laziness, autumn with its beautiful colors but frost warnings, winter with its chill. Robert Haas wrote that for Japanese haiku writers the kigo “became the basis for a calendar of festivals, a liturgy of seasons that told people, both high and low, how they were at home in the world and what powers they moved among.” One type of kigo, the naming of festivals, celebrations, or observances, deserves more notice than it usually receives from non-Japanese poets.

Although this type of kigo often follows the yearly calendar with its seasons, it also brings a sense of time through rites of passage like first communions, confirmation, Bar Mitzvah, graduation days, weddings, anniversaries, funerals. It can also be connected to history, for example, Independence Day or D-Day. On the other hand, the holiday or observance kigo can bring a sense of timelessness. It can create a sense of nostalgia for childhood celebrations of long ago. It can give a sense of what used to be compared to now. It can convey myth and the comfort of long tradition. And traditions can give us small confidences that we have some control of the uncontrollable, life itself.

The haiku is a poem that celebrates the common, ordinary pieces of our lives. The same tradition in renku celebrates a community of poets. Holidays, festivals, and observances are often communal, centering around school, church, ethnic connections, friends, and family: spring break, graduation, Easter, Rosh Hashanah, St. Patrick's Day, Valentine's Day, birthdays. Our celebrations have many related components: certain foods or beverages, music, fire, fireworks, candles, lights, costumes, masks, parades, dancing, games, decorations, gifts, photography.

The holiday or observance kigo can also add that necessary ingredient to the haiku, emotion.

even falling down
it still smiles—
the festival doll

Chiyo-ni

Chiyo-ni, Woman Haiku Master

translated by Patricia Donegan and Yoshie Ishibashi

after all these years
still wondering who sent it
secret valentine

Marianna Monaco

Rosh Hashana Day

our sins cast in water
we too walk downstream

Zinovy Vayman

New Year's Day

neighbor teaching her old dog
another trick

Yvonne Hardenbrook

little monster
too scared
to trick-or-treat

Meghan Gavin

Frogpond xxi:1

Unless otherwise noted the poems were previously published in the Geppo. This article is a summary of the discussion led by Ann Homan at the Yuki Teikei Society Meeting on January 13.

Challenge Kigo
by Anne Homan

Bay to Breakers Race

Since 1911 on the third Sunday in May, the San Francisco Examiner has sponsored the Bay to Breakers Race. Participants run twelve kilometers from the Embarcadero to the Pacific Ocean. This race has become the most important running event of the year in the Bay Area and attracts international participants. Up to 100,000 serious and not-so-serious contestants jam the streets of San Francisco. Outrageous costumes, like a thirteen-foot tall carrot and a woman with a water faucet on her head, are traditional. The race is imbued with a sort of Mardi Gras spirit of fun.

Bay to Breakers
running alone with the shade
of my partner

Anne Homan

even the serious
runner caught laughing
Bay to Breakers Race

Anne Homan

Observance Kigo

Spring

income tax day
April Fool's Day
Valentine's Day
President's Day
Mardi Gras, Carnival
Ash Wednesday
Passover
Easter
first communion
Cinco de Mayo
St. Patrick's Day
Spring Break
Bay to Breakers Race (3 Sun May)
Doll's Festival (Mar 3)
Spring Equinox

Summer

Mother's Day
Father's Day
A Bomb Day
Independence Day
Memorial Day
Flag Day
Dominion Day (Canada)
Gilroy Garlic Festival
Summer Solstice
Blessing of the Fleet
Midsummer Day (June 24)
state fairs, county fairs
rodeos
Bon Festival

Autumn

Columbus Day
Monterey Jazz Festival
Hallowe'en
All Saints Day, Day of the Dead
Yom Kippur
Rosh Hashanah
Guy Fawkes Day (Nov. 5)
Tanabata
Sports Day Admission Day
Labor Day
grape harvest, blessing
Fall Equinox
Fleet Week

Winter

Christmas
Boxing Day
Twelfth Night
Thanksgiving Day
Armistice Day, Veterans' Day
Remembrance Day (Canada)
Basho's Day (Nov 25)
Kwanzaa (Dec 26 - Jan 1)
Groundhog's Day, Candlemas Day
Election Day
Winter Solstice
Super Bowl
Chinese New Year

New Year

first dream, first sunrise, first poem

Comments from Helen K. Davie excerpted from a letter to Patricia J. Machmiller regarding Patricia's article, "Soundings," which appears in *Young Leaves*:

I have been making my way randomly through *Young Leaves* and came across [the] essay "Soundings." I read it through a bit quickly because I became more and more excited to discover . . . [a discussion] of the Fibonacci series and the Golden Rectangle (Section) [as it applies to haiku].

I am having a studio built and have used the .618 ratio to arrive at the 16x25x9 dimensions (with side walkways 3' wide and a 5' deep front porch). I explained all this to the contractor, and he was very interested to know more so I shared an article with him that introduced the concept and the various ways that the series appears in nature.

There is a book that . . . [I] find interesting called *The Power of Limits* by Gyorgy Doczi, published by Shambala Press. Chapter 7 is entitled "Hellas and Haiku." I hope that is enough to tempt you to seek out this book.

I am looking forward to going back to your essay again as I felt you made several important points. I was especially inspired by your comparison of the . . . [structure] of a 5-7-5 haiku to the . . . [structure] of a bell [as a vessel of sound]. Since I relate most to visual stimuli, I find your comments about the sounds of the words and the rhythms in our poems to be good reminders to keep these considerations in mind when putting together a poem.



Yuki Teikei Officers for 2001

President	Roger Abe
Vice President	Anne Homan
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Members at Large	Kiyoko Tokutomi Patrick Gallagher

Young Leaves
An Old Way of Seeing New

Writings on Haiku in English
The 25th Anniversary Special Edition
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