

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

Volume XXXII:5

Sept/Oct 2007

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

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 6932 | mid July —<br>autumn<br>in the craft store                                    | 6939 | making amends<br>the zingy taste<br>of green grapes                     |
| 6933 | scarecrow<br>a change of outfit<br>a change of gender                         | 6940 | the girl next door<br>a little tipsy<br>blue moon                       |
| 6934 | new feeding station<br>a chickadee frenzy<br>I go unnoticed                   | 6941 | a gull shadow<br>a cloud shadow —<br>departing summer                   |
| 6935 | First autumn shower<br>finishes and suddenly<br>a flock of finches            | 6942 | now and then<br>one surf line overtakes another<br>migrating cranes     |
| 6936 | Empty footpath<br>all the way to the farm<br>yet a night of stars             | 6943 | pieces of sky<br>moving among the forest trees —<br>end of summer       |
| 6937 | How long they lasted<br>on the street meridian —<br>someone's carved pumpkins | 6944 | late summer insects<br>sing away the darkness-<br>mating in their voice |
| 6938 | foggy dusk<br>the timeless yip<br>of coyotes                                  | 6945 | air so still<br>a dewdrop dries on the tip<br>of a fuschia bloom        |
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|--|---|
| <p>6946 futile night fishing -<br/>under the willows<br/>a bullfrog comments</p> <p>6947 early morning —<br/>on the vine<br/>first red leaf</p> <p>6948 September dusk —<br/>slowly slowly<br/>the home team loses</p> <p>6949 autumn birthday<br/>comes and goes -<br/>dog in the rain</p> <p>6950 smell of lava<br/>from the dormant volcano<br/>pampas grass</p> <p>6951 oblivious to all<br/>a tanker is in port<br/>night fog</p> <p>6952 my quick steps toward shelter<br/>follow my awareness of<br/>a mackerel sky</p> <p>6953 dust and petals<br/>ring the Waterford cut glass<br/>full of roses</p> <p>6954 scented breeze<br/>a whiff of chop suey<br/>from Asian neighbours</p> <p>6955 beginning of summer<br/>hoof prints<br/>in soft sand</p> | <p>6956 county fair<br/>out <i>los cholos'</i> car windows<br/>come catcalls</p> <p>6957 autumn light<br/>the black capes of cormorants<br/>face their cliff shadows</p> <p>6958 autumn equinox<br/>one tree green<br/>the next one red</p> <p>6959 morning walk-<br/>the first red leaf<br/>at my feet</p> <p>6960 September at the café-<br/>the hum of the crowd<br/>enveloped in jazz</p> <p>6961 a life spent<br/>in the rhythm of the pond<br/>water lilly</p> <p>6962 doctor's office—<br/>a smiley face<br/>upside down</p> <p>6963 urology clinic<br/>the faucet<br/>dripping</p> <p>6964 nearly empty bleacher<br/>two sparrows<br/>and a hotdog bun</p> <p>6965 I turn off the tv<br/>to confirm that the siren<br/>comes from the world</p> |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 6966 | paved driveway<br>the house<br>has been gone for years                     | 6976 | autumn sky —<br>the car so empty<br>leaving the hospital                 |
| 6967 | wading in the stream -<br>swirling behind me<br>autumn leaves              | 6977 | wild aster<br>along the creek bed —<br>our stolen kiss                   |
| 6968 | steam on the mirror -<br>now running beads of water<br>are slicing my face | 6978 | sleazy sales pitch<br>the crooked smile<br>of his jack o' lantern        |
| 6969 | freeway contestant -<br>racing me between the trees<br>a dead heat moon    | 6979 | all together -<br>radio's Traviata<br>and the backyard birds             |
| 6970 | red and yellow leaves<br>floating on a puddle<br>autumn breeze.            | 6980 | shaving long grasses<br>by the bird feeder<br>crouching cat foiled       |
| 6971 | in an empty oak barrel<br>a stray cat sleeping ...<br>autumn chill.        | 6981 | I pick a posy<br>of late summer flowers<br>my ninety year old friend     |
| 6972 | yosemite waterfall<br>glittering in the midday sun<br>a bird flies over    | 6982 | row of cottonwoods<br>marks an abandoned homestead<br>late summer rains  |
| 6973 | the quiet neighbor<br>first to set a pumpkin<br>outside his door           | 6983 | Veteran's Day -<br>a crow's dark shadow follows<br>the small town parade |
| 6974 | sudden wind<br>through the pampas plumes<br>fading sunlight                | 6984 | his final email<br>"an aggressive lymphoma"<br>jacaranda bloom           |
| 6975 | late afternoon<br>oak leaves in the trailer park<br>beginning to turn      | 6985 | when my breath<br>meets his<br>night of stars                            |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 6986 | field road<br>the dusty tracks<br>of gleaning birds                  | 6996 | one slow swing—<br>the echo of the axe<br>in the chicken coop                     |
| 6987 | the spider<br>in its torn web<br>autumn loneliness                   | 6997 | Yom Kippur night –<br>a bamboo spatula slides<br>into my willing ear              |
| 6988 | waiting at the airport<br>look at my book<br>read the watch          | 6998 | not vice versa!<br>a featherball of sparrow<br>turns into flat papercut           |
| 6989 | blank mind<br>blank slate<br>dry nib                                 | 6999 | autumnal leaves, ah...<br>again everything becomes<br>hardly anything             |
| 6990 | mantis dying in the shade<br>gently move him to<br>a leaf in the sun | 7000 | pile of pumpkins<br>taking home the one<br>on the bottom                          |
| 6991 | morning glories -<br>bumble bees emerging<br>from funnels of light   | 7001 | harvest time<br>the dirt around the leeks<br>piled higher                         |
| 6992 | autumn's return:<br>the dusty smell of heat<br>from unused vents     | 7002 | autumn mist<br>under the pile of leaves<br>a pile of pillbugs                     |
| 6993 | peeling an apple -<br>red worms wriggle<br>in the worm bin           | 7003 | early morning fog<br>school busses running late -<br>sun hidden in mist           |
| 6994 | distant car horn -<br>in the empty studio<br>the faceless portrait   | 7004 | brightly striped awning<br>ripped and tattered from strong winds -<br>empty house |
| 6995 | red dragonfly<br>resting on the field guide<br>a swaying hammock     | 7005 | summer butterflies<br>drinking from the butterfly bush<br>like extra blossoms     |

7006 as the fog lifts  
a sunburst of calla lilies  
brightens the gloom

7007 over the wall  
they lean temptingly  
my neighbor's gooseberries

7008 under a cloudy sky  
the first Siberian geese land  
on the duck - loud lake

7009 lingering summer heat  
embracing  
scent of the pink mimosa

7010 autumn pear  
juice running luscious  
down my arm

7011 long night  
four times the owl hoots  
all around my pain

7012 three-dog chase  
the lizard escapes  
without its tail

7013 the hottest day—  
small wasp takes a big drink  
from the bird bath

7014 a dying morning glory vine  
slowly releases  
the garden gate

7015 before sunset  
the lifeless tree poses  
full of blackbirds

7016 fresh snow  
the park overflows  
with children

**CHALLENGE KIGO**  
by Ebba Story  
**Hurricane or Typhoon**

hurricane warning  
an ancient coif  
suddenly renews

**Gloria Procsal**

hurricane  
category four-  
named after the quiet man

**Joan Ward**

hurricane long gone,  
a boat now swamped in tall reeds  
slowly rotting

**Paul O. Williams**

flying to Tokyo  
just in time  
for the typhoon

**Ruth Holzer**

hurricane -  
a brown-stained pool  
shines in the clearing

**Patricia Prime**

hurricane sweep  
it's gone now  
the house that was

**Barbara Campitelli**

misguided guilt-  
damage from a hurricane  
with my name

**John Stevenson**

hurricane coming -  
staying at the high school prom  
beyond the curfew

**Ed Grossmith**

hurricane flash —  
a truckload of plywoods  
in a front yard.

Majo Leavick

we hunker down  
till the storm passes  
Outerbanks experience

Christine Doreian Michaels

she helps Grandmother  
push the chest against the door  
—hurricane warning

June Hymas

hurricane survivor  
adding her tears  
to the flood

Dave Bachelor

seaside hotel room -  
a list of hurricane names  
tucked into the bible

Marianna Monaco

the little girl asks  
if her dollhouse is safe—  
hurricane warning

Michael Dylan Welch

Tulum campsite:  
my bonfire soup boils  
with hurricane water

Zinovy Vayman

hurricane coming  
crossing the bridge out of town  
leaving our home behind

Joan C. Sauer

in the basement  
cleaning grandfather's hurricane lamp  
all those memories

Angelee Deodhar

a gale of hurricane force  
at Lake Winnepessaukee  
Typhoon Ride cancelled

Janeth Ewald

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR JULY/AUG

Marianna Monaco - 6866-13 6867-6  
Laura Bell - 6868-2 6869-1 6870-4  
Joan Zimmerman - 6871-0 6872-5 6873-5  
6874-3 6875-3 6876-0  
Joan Ward - 6877-4 6878-0 6879-3  
Linda Galloway - 6880-3 6881-6 6882-9  
Teruo Yamagata - 6883-2 6884-2 6885-2  
Ruth Holzer - 6886-0 6887-2 6888-2  
Patricia Prime - 6889-2 6890-4 6891-2  
John Stevenson - 6892-2 6893-4 6894-7  
Carolyn Thomas - 6895-6 6896-4 6897-3  
Autumn Moon - 6898-1 6899-8 6900-5  
Cindy Tebo - 6901-7 6902-1 6903-3  
Majo Leavick - 6904-3 6905-2 6906-3  
Zinovy Vayman - 6907-3 6908-1 6909-0  
M. Dylan Welch - 6910-2 6911-6 6912-2  
M. Root-Bernstein - 6913-4 6914-9 6915-1  
Angelee Deodhar - 6916-7 6917-3 6918-1  
Deborah Kolodji - 6919-7 6920-0 6921-4  
Desiree McMurry - 6922-3 6923-4 6924-0  
Steven Cottingham - 6925-0 6926-4 6927-3  
Joan Sauer - 6928-5 6929-0 6930-1  
Ann Bendixen - 6931-1

JULY-AUGUST HAIKU VOTED BEST  
BY READERS OF GEPP0

beach umbrella  
just enough shade  
for one of us

Marianna Monaco

a year  
since my daughter's death  
... fireflies

Linda Galloway

evening sky  
the scent of lavender  
mixed with earth

Michele Root-Bernstein

camphor tree  
in full bloom —  
the sting of your goodbye

Autumn Moon

a moth  
between the doors  
August morning

John Stevenson

yesterday's sunburn  
it hurts  
just to look at you

Cindy Tebo

summer holidays  
the sagging school gate  
creaks in the wind

Angelee Deodhar

summer roses  
our secrets revealed  
over tea

Deborah P.Kolodji

power outage:  
into the hush the sound  
of windchimes

Marianna Monaco

slow day —  
a trail of sea otter  
bubbles in the water

Linda Galloway

mountain inn before dawn  
creak of the stairs  
going down

Carolyn Thomas

half-built gazebo —  
this morning a letter  
from the IRS

Michael Dylan Welch

Karl Marx' birthday  
the President orders  
tax breaks for the rich

Joan Zimmerman

Stonehenge sunrise  
girl druids listening  
to iPods

Joan Zimmerman

the heaviness  
of winter rain  
under streetlights

Autumn Moon

wispy fog fingers  
drift across the bridge  
playing peek-a-boo

Joan Sauer

**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 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. Each poem you choose will receive one point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:  
Jean Hale

**Dojins' Corner**  
July-August 2007

by Patricia J. Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: Here are my selections: 6870\*, 75, 79, 84, 86\*, 94, 95, 96, 6904, 14\*, 21, 26  
"\*)" indicates haiku chosen for comment.

pjm: And mine are: 6870\*, 6874, 6882, 6899\*, 6903, 6913, 6914\*, 6919, and 6920

6870 long shadows  
fill the mountain pass  
with evening

jb: This is an intuitive haiku, not a *shasei*. Notice the metaphor, the mountain pass is some kind of a container to be filled with "evening." For me, this works. I am reminded of the definition of darkness used in middle-eastern folktales. This is used to determine the time of the beginning of the Sabbath. When is it night? It is night when you cannot see the black thread held at arms length. But there is a certain time of even-ing, when it is neither light nor dark that is a magical time. Things are

"even." Imagine a world filled with "even-ing."

pjm: Beautiful reading, Jerry. Many times a single-sentence haiku can be improved by breaking the syntax and juxtaposing the images. This is one of the few haiku that I have seen where the single sentence works as is. It gracefully unfolds from the first perception in the first line, "long shadows," to the second line with the image of the mountain pass to the final perception in the last line. Notice that the last line is not a new image; it changes the image in the first line; it asks the reader to re-see those long shadows. However you imagined them in the opening of the poem, by the end you see that they have become one, and they are the color of . . . evening. Lovely.

A question that I have asked myself, and I now ask the poet and the readers of this column, is this: are long shadows of a particular season? Especially since this is a poem about evening. What if the first line were "summer shadows"? Or "long summer shadows"? Or "autumn shadows"? I'd be interested in your thoughts.

6886 summer shower-  
strawberries  
dot the grass

jb: Have you ever raised strawberries? What a pleasure to pick them when they are at the peak of ripeness, that is, when they "dot the grass." Imagine eating strawberries fresh from the vine, and especially during a summer shower! Our author has reminded me of such a time. Nothing more needs to be said. I connect the dots.

pjm: For Jerry this these two images cohered and resonated. For him, they are like magnets that are attracted to each other, and they become one focused experience. For me, possibly because of my different experiences, instead of two becoming one, they tended like magnets of like charges to push away from each other and to even break apart. There is, of course, no right or wrong here; it is only two different ways of seeing. In order to be helpful to the poet, let me explain my perceptions:

"summer shower"—a light, warm rain or drizzle





“strawberry”—a bold, red fruit, especially luscious when they first appear in the market in the spring; this is the strongest image in the poem

“dot the grass”—in back-yard gardens, a strawberry patch that is well-kept has no grass

Even if I put aside the dissonance of the summer and spring images, the last image that places the strawberries in the grass makes me feel like someone upset the berry basket and sent all those luscious berries sprawling across the lawn. Very distressing. Perhaps dissonance was the poet’s intent. If so, the poem succeeded!

6899 camphor tree  
in full bloom—  
the sting of your good bye

pjm: The camphor tree is a large, beautiful shade tree, non-native to the continental US and considered to be invasive in places like Texas and Florida. Its blossoms are white and airy with a lacy quality. The idea of these light, airy blossoms, much like the feelings of love, and the invasive nature of the plant in its transplanted habitat gives an edginess to the haiku; a complex way of thinking about the way that love works—invading our space and inhabiting our thoughts. And then the “good bye”—its sting like the camphor aroma, a not-unpleasant smell which is known for its insect-repelling qualities. So may things to contemplate—the tree and its properties have a complexity to match the processes of love and its unmaking.

jb: Why am I reminded of medicine when “camphor” is mentioned? Could it be the “sting” of your good bye? “Camphor” is an ancient word dating back to Sanskrit times. Of course the “sting” of your good bye must have ancient origin as well.

6914 evening sky  
the scent of lavender  
mixed with earth

pjm: We are invited ever so subtly into this evening—to see its color as a combination of lavender and earth, and to notice how, as night comes and the dew settles, the odor of evening is the same as its color. The alchemy the poet has worked here is quite mysterious—we don’t

know how it is done; we can only appreciate the effect.

jb: How magical the scent of lavender! Is there anything at all that might add to its power? There might be if it is mixed with the scent of the earth itself ... and as if that weren’t enough, the magic if further accelerated by the time of day: evening. Notice that the author has merely stated these things, and that’s enough. Our author knows when to quit.

We invite your comments. E-mail us at

Jean Hale at her GEPP0 address.

### Challenge Kigo for Next Issue by Ebba Story Flu

Influenza. We call it ‘flu’ as if to make it a smaller illness and less inconvenient. Yet it’s a miserable virus that can knock us into bed for a week or more with aches, fever, chills and utter exhaustion. And that hacking cough that just won’t go away. Usually, as haiku poets, we write about lovely, natural things but flu, too, (as much as we dread it) is a natural part of winter. We hope that with flu shots and raised levels of vitamin C those nasty bugs may pass us by. But even with our best efforts the flu can lay us low. Since it travels so easily around offices, classrooms, crowded buses, and holiday get-togethers at least the flu offers us some consolation in that we are not isolated in our sickness. We become one among the many who are taking our turn being sick during the winter.

As if my hands and feet  
have been snatched from me—  
down with the flu

Kiyoko Tokutomi

*Kiyoko’s Sky* by Kiyoko Tokutomi, translated by Patricia J. Machmüller and Fay Aoyagi, Brooks Books, Decatur, Illinois, 2002

bout with the flu  
a swirling of glitter  
in the water globe

Ebba Story

**I HEAR BAGPIPES**

Asilomar Retreat September 9, 2007

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Roger Abe, renku master

On my morning stroll  
I hear bagpipes in the distance-  
autumn sea  
Carolyn Fitz

A white moon rises  
on the weathercock  
Mariko Katabuto

Laughter  
rattling the blinds-  
buckwheat  
Wendy Wright

I explain to her  
why I don't like fish  
Linda Galloway

Barefoot days  
I stub my toe  
on the fence post  
Debbie Kolodji

The first star  
starts blinking  
Tei Matsushita Scott

Strands of white hair  
her thoughts in the falling  
of seeds  
Susanne Smith

His embrace so warm  
against the cold  
Janis Lukstein

"You sleep on the couch!"  
she said, Twelve minutes later  
she came back to him  
Bill Peckham

He spills his  
bottle of little blue pills  
Linda Galloway

Fortune cookie  
last week's lotto numbers  
too late  
Debbie Kolodji

Vanity Fair: Bush says TIME  
TA STAY THE COURSE  
Carolyn Fitz

Winter moon-  
my dreams are  
stark and deep  
Linda Galloway

Snow angel  
wakes up at midnight  
Mariko Katabuto

Battlefield gravestones  
the briefest of braille shadows  
writ of history  
Bill Peckham

The jubilant evangelists  
almost sell me  
Susanne Smith

Cherry blossoms  
outside the jail's  
security check  
Carolyn Fitz

Propelled by breeze  
a solitary kite  
Tei Matsushita Scott

Car keys in her  
Easter basket  
zoom! zoom!  
Carolyn Fitz

The senator announces  
he's not gay  
Debbie Kolodji

Boys in the school yard  
flash their gang colors-  
all is civil war  
Bill Peckham

Hotter item than Tang  
astronaut Depends  
Roger Abe

Hummingbird  
over the backyard pond -  
no, there's two of them  
Debbie Kolodji

She closes her eyes  
and tastes the cucumber  
Patricia Machmiller

Standing on the midden  
I see a Klimt in the  
Carmelo formation  
Wendy Wright

"hazukashi-I"  
she lies  
Linda Galloway

A kissing in her garden  
her breasts  
in his hands

Susanne Smith

Bowing to the ground  
a Monterey Pine

Tei Matsushita Scott

Twin mirrors  
twin moons  
twin smiles

Marika Katabuto , Wendy Wright

Darkening clouds  
a scarecrow's missing jacket

Debbi Kolodji

Golden fields  
turn into an Oz dream  
Indian summer

M.Kabuto, R. Abe, J. Lukstein

A day with sisters  
Mother's smile on all three

Tei Matsushita Scott

Galapagos Island-  
the iguana  
takes his siesta

Debbie Kolodji

Who left the crayons  
on the floor?

Mariko Katabuto

Cherry blossom chill  
we wait  
and wait some more

Tei Matsushita Scott, Roger Abe

An oar's gentle splash  
departing spring

Susanne Smith

*the end*

**FOG IN THE PINES**  
Asilomar Retreat, September 9, 2007  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
Jerry Ball, Renku Master

fog in the pines  
how gentle the pounding  
of the distant surf

Billie Dee

full lunar eclipse  
never saw red before

Nardin Gottfried

five persimmons arranged  
in a blown glass bowl  
on the hall table

Anne Homan

seeing her older brother  
I run with arms wide open

donnaLynn chase

honey bees swarm  
over the meadow  
the buzz

Patricia Machmiller

homemade lemonade  
from grandma's recipe

Ann Bendixen

handbag by Prada  
shoes by Shoo  
it's only money

Jean Hale

she teaches kick-boxing  
he keeps taking her class

Alison Woolpert

we finally give up  
and put the mattress  
on the floor

Anne Homan

67 years later  
she marries her high school beau

Peggy Heinrich

I can't see  
and she can't hear  
Arizona road trip

Ann Bendixen

a flamingo on one leg  
moving beyond the cliché

Billie Dee

cold moon teeth chattering in the outhouse!	Peggy Crutchfield	the warden allows an hour for a conjugal visit	Carol Steele
ice fishing at night old parka, new tackle	June Hymas	the fortune cookie "smile if you're horny"	Ann Bendixen
his mom gets an email I see his sad eyes in the Army photographs	Carol Steele	harvest moon her zen journal pages empty	donnalynn chase
when I don't have tweezers my chin hairs grow faster	donnalynn chase	two tiny goblins tremble at the front door	Carol Steele
sakura...sakura the chorus finally drowns out the tape recorder	Alison Woolpert	sardine clouds always make me think of Kiyoko	Anne Homan
early spring tea she prepares the sweets	Marilyn Hays	checking the inventory of frozen smallpox	June Hymas
holding the ink brush with a very loose wrist waters warming	donnalynn chase	after the trial the diocese declares bankruptcy	Billie Dee
in his dream a UFO lands in the backyard	Peggy Heinrich	wishes on flash paper lit over a candle	Carol Steele
modern art gallery a special showing of Georgia O'Keefe	Anne Homan	an open white gate invites us to cherry blossoms	June Hymas
the psychoanalyst cycles around the desert	Marilyn Hays	spoken from the swing he yells "higher, higher"	Marilyn Hays
lying on our backs we stare at the sky Persid showers	Peggy Heinrich		
circus comes to town sponsored by the Shriners	Jerry Ball		
darkening bay the kelp forest below anchors an otter	Nardin Gottfried		
his dentures near her spectacles	Nardin Gottfried		

*the end*

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat at Asilomar  
September 7-10, 2007  
Pacific Grove, California**

Betty and Jim Arnold planned an outstanding retreat centered around *Traveling with Haiku*. We began at Point Lobos State Reserve south of Carmel for a picnic with members of the Southern California Haiku Study Group. Jim, an Ano Nuevo docent for the beach, the ocean, and for the elephant seals, led the group on a walking tour down to Hidden Beach.

Friday evening, after dinner at the huge old dining hall, Carol Steele welcomed everyone. Betty asked each poet to read one of their own haiku and share the process of writing it. Jim Arnold discussed the Retreat's theme, then donnalynn chase showed us the Powerpoint digital photo journal from her trip to Europe.

After breakfast on Saturday, we gathered in the Surf & Sand meeting room close to the dunes. Patricia Machmiller (whose Monterey Dunes art graced our retreat folder covers) discussed haiga, the combination of art with haiku. Carolyn Fitz inspired us with her enthusiastic rapid ink sketching of Yosemite and Asilomar landscapes, using the Pilot Parallel Pen. She emphasized practicing sketching near your home as well as on your travels, to transform the way you look at objects and scenery. Seeing in a more attentive way is useful in your haiku practice, too!

Betty and Jim distributed supply bags filled with blank journals from Japan, water colors, black artist pens and vials for water; then everyone went on a ginko walk to begin writing, drawing and painting. In the afternoon, donnalynn chase showed her collage travel journal (plane tickets, hotel menus, maps, etc. torn and cut) and distributed glue sticks to everyone. (Never travel without a glue stick!)

After an outdoor haiku-writing walk, or ginko, June Hymas conducted a formal kukai. Each participant sent her two haiku in advance. Twenty-eight registrants sent 54 haiku, and June asked us to vote for ten poems after listening them four times. Patricia Machmiller's haiku had the highest number of votes. The following poets tied for second highest number of votes for a single haiku.

summer mountain:  
its echo in the sound  
of two stones Wendy Wright

whatever it is  
the crow seems to have found it  
in the withered grass Jerry Ball

through  
a birch forest quietly  
spring light Linda Galloway

Our special guest from Japan got the third highest number of votes for her haiku!

the voiceless  
flight of fireflies  
deep prayer Mariko Kitakubo

Prizes were awarded for the total number of votes for both submitted haiku. In addition to the above poets, Deborah Kolodji and Patrick Gallagher won awards. The haiku submitted this year were of excellent quality—it's a shame we can't print them all!

In the next session, Tei Matsushita Scott read, for the third and final year, from her major project of translating from the Japanese about 300 personal letters between Yuki Teikei founders, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. The loving couple were separated while he sought treatment for his deafness in Japan. Patricia Machmiller and Tei are working to secure a book publisher for this historical translation. This has truly been a labor of love from Tei, and a gift of surpassing value for Yuki Teikei

**Tokutomi Memorial Contest**

Before the bonfire, Alison Woolpert announced the results of our annual contest. Our esteemed and honored judges from Japan, Naoki

Kishimoto and Yoko Senda chose these haiku:

blue jacaranda...  
the house a little smaller  
than I remembered

Ellen Compton first prize

hurricane has passed  
the sky is wiping its face  
with gray handkerchiefs

Ed Grossmith second prize

a star is fading  
into her lemonade glass  
hospital silence

Eduard Tarä third prize

Linda Galloway and Nardin Gottfried hosted poet Mariko Kitabuko, who read her tanka at the retreat. To celebrate their guest's first visit to Asilomar our heart and finger-warming bonfire was donated by Linda and Nardin. Around the bonfire, we were joined by Kay Anderson's daughter Kathy, granddaughter, Laura, and brother, Tom. Joyful and sad, we shared special memories of Kay and we sang one of Kay's favorite songs, *Let It Be A Dance*, with music Kathy brought. Betty brought copies of the cherry blossom song we sang in Japan, *Sakura, Sakura*. We finished with a medley of old American songs.

Claire and Patrick Gallagher devoted lots of time and love preparing more than 100 of Kay's haiku and tanka on slips of paper. Sunday morning we gathered in a large circle with her family members. The Gallaghers each spoke and Betty read one of Kay's favorite poems. Then we each read one of her haiku, which we pulled from a basket passed around the circle. After our Celebration of Life for Kay, we walked in silent meditation, single file to the beach...the ocean...the sky.

After lunch, we learned more about the three travel companions: haiku, tanka and haibun. Mariko and Linda discussed books and read in Japanese and English tanka from Mariko Kitakubo's book, *On This Same Star*. The emotional depth of her five poetic lines was

striking. Jerry Ball read us his paper about haiku, with poems from the masters Basho and Buson. To illustrate the art of haibun, combining haiku and prose, he shared a journal from his trip to Japan in April.

The retreat participants were eager for the next ginkgo walk to try tanka, haibun AND art. Jerry and Mariko were available for feedback at our next sharing. By this time, some people had filled their entire folding book with sketches, collage and writing while others were just beginning!

Sunday evening we split into two groups for the renku party: Roger Abe led the *I Hear Bagpipes* renku and Jerry Ball led the *fog in the pines* renku. Historical note: Renku Master Ball noted that 30 years ago, Yuki Teikei held its first Renku session at Asilomar. Jim Arnold arranged for each of us to choose a few of Kay's beautiful paintings and haiga during the evening.

On our last morning, after early walks to the shore and dunes, we shared our art work and writing. The book sales table did a brisk business during the retreat. Betty and donnalynn led a meaningful closing ceremony. After lunch, a ginkgo walk, sharing again, and dinner at the Fishwife café in Pacific Grove, we headed for home. Betty and Jim Arnold, and the committee, did a splendid job planning and running our RETREAT, which it truly was! We can't thank them enough!

Report by Ann Bendixen and June Hymas

The annual membership fee for the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in the U.S. and Canada is \$26.00. For international members the fee is \$31.00.

Membership entitles you to six issues of Geppo per year and the annual anthology.

**Violet Kazue de Cristoforo**  
1919 – 2007

Violet de Cristoforo died in early October due to complications from a stroke. She was a friend and practitioner of haiku. We will remember her because she enlivened one of Asilomar retreats some years ago with stories of her very interesting life.

A native of Hawaii who grew up in Fresno, Mrs. de Cristoforo was one of the many thousand Japanese-Americans who were sent to internment camps during WWII. She gave birth to her third child while incarcerated and shortly afterwards was on a train heading for a camp in Jerome, Arkansas. From Jerome she and her family were sent to Tule Lake Relocation Center in Northern California.

"Throughout haiku helped hold me together," she reported to the Saliinas Californian in 1993. "It was an escape and it let me express my feelings."

Sometimes what she expressed was just that life went on:

myriad insects  
in the evening  
my children are growing

And at others she dwelled on the past:

Misty moon  
as it was  
on my wedding night

Mrs. de Cristoforo died just weeks after returning from Washington, D.C. where she was honored by the National Endowment for the Arts with a National Fellowship Award in traditional and folk arts.

Among her publications are *Poetic Reflections of the Tule Lake internment Camp, 1944*, (1987) *May Sky: There is always tomorrow*, (1997) an anthology of free form haiku, called *kaiko*, written in the camps.

**James Edward "Ouzel" Arnold**  
2/4/41 – 11/3/07

In the preceding pages of this Geppo a report appears on the very enjoyable and well attended Asilomar retreat in early September. The success of this year's retreat, due almost entirely to the efforts of Betty and Jim Arnold, adds poignancy to the shocking news that Jim died in a motorcycle accident on November 3<sup>rd</sup>.

A soft spoken man, Jim's pursuits and passions in life covered a wide range. At a Memorial service held in a small church in Pescadero, CA his many, many friends shared stories and adventures they'd had with him. He was held in very high regard by everyone.

The water ouzel was for Jim an inspirational symbol for his life and his poetry. Here are some of his haiku:

a forest owl calls  
who will stop to listen  
who, who

silent retreat  
I saw nothing  
I saw everything

nearly hidden —  
the ears of a deer  
follow my footsteps

traveling through the night  
talking loudly to itself  
creek turned mad by rain

his last winter —  
stacking kindling with  
rickety fingers

escapes from the garden  
living off the land—  
rogue nasturtiums

## *Calendar*

**Dec 8 - Holiday Party at Jean Hale's  
House:  
The Villages**

### Directions from gate:

Go straight ahead.  
Turn left at top sign.  
Take next right.  
Watch for street on left  
with arrow pointing in.  
Park in this large parking lot.  
Path at front right leads to my house.

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