

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXVI:4

July—August 2011

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – donnalynn chase, Editor

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 8663 | Condor floating
on coastal updrafts
I rest my case | 8671 | ninety-nine years old
but she recalls the name
of the daylily |
| 8664 | His grin –
a hummingbird swoops
through my stomach | 8672 | inside my nose
one or two buzzing midges –
the heat |
| 8665 | Sunday dawn fog
neighbors in the driveway
mull over a gun | 8673 | summer solstice –
who would have thought
hands like clouds again |
| 8666 | campfire . . .
outside the circle of light
a shadow stirs | 8674 | the newborn
spotted garden slugs
have no spots yet |
| 8667 | light drizzle . . .
a bullfrog up to his eyeballs
in a bed of ooze | 8675 | conversations with God
a journal –
page one |
| 8668 | last day of summer . . .
on the empty picnic bench
a fly wrings its hands | 8676 | Sunday brunch
the flesh run riot
all you can eat |
| 8669 | summer concert –
pausing beneath an awning
for bottled water | 8677 | butterfly garden –
rainbow's end
out the basement window |
| 8670 | diving in tandem
for the same fish
two grey herons | 8678 | summer moon
the lit up backyard
an add-on room |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 8679 | summer visitors
the iron's shots of steam
softening the sheets | 8690 | a rickety wooden
bench creaks with crows
a patch of spring sun |
| 8680 | sea fog
from kelp piles the sand fleas rise
to move as one | 8691 | a bonsai pine
with candles on every branch . . .
what about me? |
| 8681 | a lone question
surrounded by a pack
of slathering answers | 8692 | fireworks and wind
and fog and smoke . . . how can one
freeze at sixty-three? |
| 8682 | all my ghosts
what happens to them
when I die? | 8693 | longated shadow
this early morning
one lone pine tree |
| 8683 | in my dream
a little white bunny
eyes large with fright | 8694 | sun-warmed cherries –
his large hands shape
a small round bowl |
| 8684 | a cool evening breeze
the crickets' antiphony
in and out of phase | 8695 | cows grazing
by the old red barn
newly painted |
| 8685 | summer produce aisle
colliding grocery carts
a reason to flirt | 8696 | I glance back
as Mother mocks me . . .
full moon eclipse |
| 8686 | after saying vows
bride and groom go barefoot
in the foamy surf | 8697 | tanzako papers
one . . . then another abused
by a chain smoker |
| 8687 | deep winter
a book in my hand
warm cat on my lap | 8698 | the wedding cake
with fondant shells . . . blue waves
tasting the ocean |
| 8688 | the evening tide
curls through marsh grass
geese fly low | 8699 | small town parade
intimate and awkward . . .
maple wings |
| 8689 | eyeing each other
through the bedroom window
squawking jay indoor cat | 8700 | summer twilight . . .
girls braid and unbraided
each other's hair |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 8701 | Junior Lifeguards
in front of her
Mom's past | 8712 | crack of dawn
after a rocky dream –
green apples |
| 8702 | forty-fourth year
the butterfly too
shows its age | 8713 | recycled
paper and pencil
haiku submission |
| 8703 | short night
to pluck or not to pluck
the grey hair | 8714 | more fog
the cat is stalking
my sunglasses |
| 8704 | morning heat
a crow departs
from its shadow | 8715 | beach poppies
spill over the boardwalk
bright in the fog |
| 8705 | summer fog
the droning of
young monks | 8716 | fog wisps
caught in the treetops
a crow calls |
| 8706 | summer river
a red barge disappears
into the sunset | 8717 | a homeless man dips a towel
into an ice bucket –
heatwave |
| 8707 | floating with clouds
a mallard and her
two ducklings | 8718 | at a funeral procession
a band playing jazz
an old lady wiggles |
| 8708 | a spirit house box
for your watch and wedding ring
still in deep tree shade | 8719 | the cry of the peacock
makes me think of my cat –
summer afternoon |
| 8709 | summer mountains
peeling bark, wild berries
memories | 8720 | geranium pot
that's the place the juncos chose
four eggs in the nest |
| 8710 | summer heat
sounds of water dripping tears
on copper pans | 8721 | sandpipers run fast
chasing waves and fleeing waves
. . . invisible legs |
| 8711 | sound of one slap
disappearing
harbor seal | 8722 | the smell of honey?
well almost, bees are buzzing
in the buckwheat field |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 8723 | "Fin, Fur & Feather"
our pet store announces
"GREAT SALE ON PUPPIES" | 8734 | heatwave
the toddler removes all
her baby doll's clothes |
| 8724 | condo hallway:
after a round-the-world trip
the same cleaning swipes at the mirror | 8735 | in the front at first
coming in last
horse racing |
| 8725 | goldfish pond –
under its dusty surface
slightly submerged shadows | 8736 | a room added
to the second floor
evergreen magnolia |
| 8726 | a spider's silk
from bugbane to bee balm
summer breeze | 8737 | all along the coast
still several thousand missing
look a shooting star |
| 8727 | broken promise –
a sudden hailstorm
batters the poppies | 8738 | orange sunset
the harbor boats
in silhouette |
| 8728 | a prayer for the spider
caught in fresh paint
August heat | 8739 | stars crowding the sky –
the old porch swing
squeaks in rhythm |
| 8729 | a robin flutters
in the half-empty birdbath –
heat lightning | 8740 | the clematis
climbs the wire fence
in purple splendor |
| 8730 | crickets –
we kick up billows
of dirt road | 8741 | trunks of burned pines like
matchsticks on the horizon
autumn cloud |
| 8731 | keeping to myself
the inner curl
of the calla lily | 8742 | November moon
on all our follies
shines cold light |
| 8732 | Obon lanterns
along the river
yesterday's shining faces | 8743 | from the bank of cloud
a small plane emerges
– cry of the gull |
| 8733 | torn awning
saluting the wind
Independence Day | | |
-

**Challenge Kigo Haiku –
Cloudy Morning, Morning Overcast
& Morning Cloudiness**

morning cloudiness
bathes me in sweat . . .
puts me to bed again

~ Janis Lukstein

overcast morning . . .
a speckled koi breaks
through the clouds

~ Elinor Huggett

cloudy morning
in a concrete tub
the rusty chain

~ Patricia Prime

morning overcast –
the butterfly probably
had plans too

~ Ruth Holzer

cloudy morning
left with the cat
and my ill chosen words

~ Michael Henry Lee

low glowering clouds
why won't that hoarse dog
stop barking?

~ David Bachelor

morning cloudiness
can the distant church bells
sound more dolorous?

~ Richard St. Clair

morning overcast
a call with one friend's good news
another friend's bad

~ Alison Woolpert

trying to forget
you, you on my mind, again –
morning overcast

~ Roger Abe

morning cloudiness . . .
the pewter surf muscling
into the shore

~ Ann Bendixen

overcast sky
she begins
writing the response

~ Mimi Ahern

morning overcast –
for a short time, I rejoice
in its velvet

~ Judith Morrison Schallberger

overcast morning
the world is shadowless
for now

~ Desiree McMurry

morning overcast
a dead rose blooms
one last time

~ John Han

overcast morning gloom
I stay indoors until grace sends
a shaft of sunlight

~ Christine Michaels

morning overcast
my cat on the ledge
a mouse jumps

~ Majo Leavick

cloudy morning . . .
for more shuffling than ever
I blame my new sandals

~ Zinoviy Vayman

fresh morning coffee –
visibility zero
from here to the sun

~ Billie Wilson

the tree frog
keeps one eye closed –
morning clouds

~ Michele Root-Bernstein

**Challenge Kigo -
Iris Leaves, Iris Thatch**
by June Hopper-Hymas

Right now--in a garden that hasn't been mine for very long and was planted by someone else – the iris leaves are very beautiful, especially when their golden greens are backlit by the sun. Unlike the leaves of daffodils and many other bulbs, iris leaves add structure to the garden all summer long, even after the flowers are finished for the year and curl into themselves along the blossom stalk. I have written haiku about iris buds and blossoms, but now I am thinking about the leaves.

her garden
now that she's gone – sunlight
through iris leaves

The houses are decorated with iris leaves for the annual festival, but I have no fixed abode. So at least I can tie them to my sandal cords to drive away evil spirits.

iris leaves
I tie them to my feet
as sandal cords
~ Basho¹

This haiku by Basho has his headnote. Headnotes can sometimes be fun to try when you are writing. Often, though, you will find that when you have finished working on such a haiku, you may no longer need the note. In this case I was glad it was there, because I hadn't thought about evil spirits in quite a while. Today the stock market took a dive; I may have been missing something. I am also going to cut a few leaves and dry them to see what kind of fiber I can get to tie onto something. Probably Basho had a different kind of iris, but this might work on evil spirits anyway.

Reichhold further informs us: “*Ayame*” is the name for “sweet flag” (*Acorus calamus*). The leaf is sharp and sword-shaped with a firm midrib and is one of the decorations used for Boys' Day. The pointed leaves were attached to the eaves of houses or put into bath water to drive away evil spirits; boys played with them as make-believe swords.” This haiku also served as a thank-you to his host for a gift of sandals.

And someone probably told you that haiku were not useful!

swallows too
the day eaves are thatched with irises
show up

~ Issa²

David Lanoue writes: the night before the annual Boy's Festival (fifth day, Fifth Month), eaves of houses were thatched with grafts of blooming iris. The return of the swallows coincides with the human celebration.²

In both quoted haiku, this *kigo* is a spring season word. I invite you to take a look at the section on iris at the World Kigo Database on the Internet. There is a lot of information on the love of iris in Japan, including pictures of famous iris gardens there.

Even if you never decorated your house for Boy's Day, be sure to send in your “iris leaves” (no flowers, no buds!) haiku for the next Geppo!

¹ translated by Jane Reichhold in her book, *Basho; the complete haiku*, p. 137. The haiku is found in Basho's masterwork: *Oku no Hosomichi*, Narrow Road to the Deep North.

² translated by David G. Lanoue—www.haikuguy.com.

GEPP0 Submission Guidelines

due date for next issue is October 10.

Email (preferred) your contact information,
poems & votes to

OR mail your
poems & votes with contact info to
GEPP0 Editor, donnalynn chase,

You can submit:

- Up to three haiku appropriate to the season; poems must be in three lines. They will be printed without your name and identified with a number for appreciation and study.
- One Challenge Kigo Haiku which uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to ten votes for haiku in current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive a point (vote); submit the number of the haiku as the vote. Poems with top number of votes are reprinted with author's name in next issue.

**March—April 2011 Haiku
Voted Best by GEPP0 Readers**

hazy morning
struggling to untangle
threads of a dream

~ Peggy Heinrich

empty patio
the slow dance of shadows
and broken sunlight

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

spring breeze
her children show her how
dragons fly

~ Michele Root-Berstein

Mother's Day –
she thinks
I'm my sister

~ Ruth Holzer

late spring
two old duffers playing through
their shadows

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

deep tree shade
my dog and I listen to
cicadas

~ John Han

summer tide line
we collect bits and pieces
of each other's lives

~ Michele Root-Berstein

autumnal gusts
the titmouse tightens
her grip

~ Michael Sheffield

quiet dell
a fetch of dragon flies
skims the ponds

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

mowing grass
someone touches me. . .
a birch limb

~ John Han

sparrows bathing
in the eaves
summer rain

~ Richard St. Clair

**Members' Votes for
May – June Haiku**

Joan C. Sauer – 8578-3, 8579-1, 8580-0
Joan H. Ward – 8581-4, 8582-2, 8583-2
Teruo Yamagata – 8584-0, 8585-2, 8586-1
Yvonne Hardenbrook – 8587– 9, 8588-7,
8589-11
Judith Morrison Schallberger – 8590-0, 8591-3,
8592-0
Ed Grossmith – 8593-4, 8594-5, 8595-5
Christine Michaels – 8596-0, 8597-1, 8598-0
Zinovy Vayman – 8599-1, 8600-0, 8601-0
David D. Sheretz – 8602-1, 8603-0, 8604-1
Peggy Heinrich – 8605-4, 8606-4, 8607-13
Michele Root-Bernstein – 8608–10, 8609-2,
8610-8
Michael Sheffield – 8611-1, 8612-4, 8613-8
Elaine Whitman – 8614-1, 8615-4, 8616-1
Edward Grastorf – 8617-0, 8618-1, 8619-2
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson – 8620-0, 8621-0,
8622-4
Alison Woolpert – 8623-0, 8625-1
Laurabell – 8625-3, 8626-5, 8627-2
Elinor Pihl Huggett – 8628-0, 8629-4, 8630-3
Dave Bachelor – 8631-4, 8632-4, 8633-1
Neal Whitman – 8634-2, 8635-1, 8636-1
Beverly Acuff Momoi – 8637-1, 8638-2, 8639-0
Patricia Prime – 8640-3, 8641-1, 8642-3
Richard St. Clair – 8643-3, 8644-6, 8645-2
Ruth Holzer – 8646-10, 8647-3, 8648-2
Bill Peckham – 8649-0, 8650-0
Michael Henry Lee – 8651-3, 8652-0, 8653-1
Janis Lukstein – 8654-0, 8655-4, 8656-2
Joan Zimmerman – 8657-0, 8658-3, 8659-0
John Han – 8660-9, 8661-3, 8662-7

Dojins' Corner March—April 2011

by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: My selections are: 8581, 8588, 8594, 8605, 8607*, 8608*, 8610, 8622, 8640, 8644, 8646*, 8661

pjm: And mine are: 8587, 8589, 8592, 8608, 8615, 8617, 8619, 8622*, 8629, 8634, 8635, 8642, 8645, 8646, 8648, 8654, 8655*, 8657, 8658*, 8660, 8661

* chosen for comment

8607 hazy morning
struggling to entangle
threads of a dream

jb: Life is often unclear and we must read the hints that the universe sends us, sometimes in the form of dreams. The study and interpretation of dreams is ancient, appearing in Sumerian literature in the epic of Gilgamesh circa 3,000 B.C.E. Gilgamesh dreams of a fallen star with which he must battle. He does not understand this and goes to his mother and asks her to "untie my dream." She tells him the star represents Enkidu with whom he will first battle and later become friends. The interpretation of dreams is still with us, and this haiku records the "struggle" to "entangle" a dream. The strength of this haiku, for me, lies in the simplicity and directness of the language used to express the idea. In the times of Gilgamesh it was considered to be the role of women to interpret dreams. In modern times we seem to need a therapist. The role of the haiku is to remind us of the centrality of dream life in a short haiku. (Compare this haiku with #8610, also very nice.)

pjm: The weather condition, hazy morning, the kigo in this haiku, matches the internal psychological "weather" of the poet struggling to understand a dream from the night before. The question I have for the readers is what season does hazy morning connote? I would like it to be summer. If it were a summer phenomena, then an interpretation of the haiku relating the season to a time of life, i.e., the summer of life when our dreams are yet to be

fulfilled and an internal struggle or conflict is occurring would be enhance the meaning of the poem. William J. Higgenon provides a very thorough discussion of the differences in the meanings of haze, mist, and fog in English and Japanese (1996, pp 191-194). After thoroughly examining the differences between the two languages and the meanings of each of the three words in English, he concludes, and I agree with his conclusion, that in English if we wish to designate a season using haze (or fog or mist) we should specify the season. For example, in this haiku the first line could be: hazy summer morning. (Reference: Higgenon, William J. (1996). *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*. New York: Konansha International.)

8610 spring breeze
her children show her how
dragons fly

jb: Mothers and Therapists are not the only messengers of the unconscious. In this haiku it is the children who are the authorities. In this haiku we have the dragon as a symbol of internal freedom, clearly a metaphor. I am reminded of Yoshioka Ishihara's aphorism: "Some writers write the false as if it were true. A real haiku is the true as if it were false." This is gendai, as the children know it. "There really aren't any dragons," I hear you cry. Oh yes there are! Right in this haiku and in the minds of children.

pjm: The delightful feeling one has watching children play matches the heart-lifting feeling of a spring breeze. However, the close association of the phrase "dragons flying" to the dragonfly insect, an autumn kigo, undercuts the feeling so much so that I would suggest rewriting the haiku with, perhaps, a different imaginative activity.

8622 hot summer
trying to escape smell
of spilt milk

pjm: Spilt milk that didn't get cleaned up thoroughly has turned sour in the hot sun and the smell seems to fill the whole outdoors. This is the haiku on the surface. However the phrase "spilt milk" also calls to mind the aphorism, "no use crying over spilt milk," with its meaning of what's done is done and there's no use fretting

about it. It makes us think that “trying to escape” the consequences is a fruitless endeavor, and maybe, in that respect, brings home the thought that all actions (or, in this case, lack of action) have real consequences.

jb: This is a vivid concrete image. Strong smells have a great emotive effect though out our whole gestalt. Though the author doesn't say so, there's the implication that the milk is spoiled, or nearly so. Everything in the summer purview is marked by the smell we try to escape.

8646 Mother's Day—
she thinks
I'm my sister

Jb: Here we have a narrative, an event, which, likely, is factually true. I can remember a day, not too long ago, when my mother thought that I was my father. She died not long after. The word “sympathy” comes from the Greek, *syn* (with) and *pathe* (feeling). This is expressed in seven words in this haiku. I share a strong feeling with the writer of this haiku. Mere pity is no help.

pjm: A mother, as she sinks into Alzheimer's, mistakes one daughter for another. The sadness of the disease is that as it takes away the identity of the mother, the mother in turn causes, through her mistake, the feeling of identity loss in her daughter. And yet, in all the sadness, there is the sweetness of a daughter being attentive to her mother in spite of the hurtful episode—a testament to the strength of the mother-daughter bond.

8655 mocking bird
sings to the homeless
diving in the dumpster

pjm: It's very difficult to write about a subject like the homeless. If one hasn't been homeless, then one can't write from first-hand experience. If one writes from observation, there is the danger of the writing being overly sentimental or overly judgmental or vacuously voyeuristic. Hitting the right tone and saying something meaningful in three short lines is a big challenge. I think the poet here has met the challenge. And I think his or her success is because the mockingbird is at the center of the poem. The bird's

beautiful, long, ever-changing, uplifting melody is given to the all world, even the down and out; it's given freely, exuberantly, and abundantly. None of this is said, of course. The writer presents the image in straightforward, unadorned language and leaves it to us to hear the song that fills the air blessing all who are within its sound.

jb: This haiku has the elements of a narrative, at least in sub-text. I can imagine walking along a street in the late spring or summer and witnessing the homeless hanging around a dumpster. And then, there is this mocking bird ... singing ... to the homeless? And what is the net effect? Well, one might have sympathy for the homeless, or even for the mockingbird. In any case we are given two dialectical images to witness. It's up to the reader to feel something appropriate, or at least to appreciate the question. All this is suggested by this simple verse. Just shows what a haiku can do. In Hegel's terms: thesis, antithesis, synthesis.

8658 Blustery wind-chimes
the one who is never late
is late

pjm: From the beginning of this haiku there is a feeling of agitation. The wind chimes are a-jangle, the person who is never late is late and is, therefore (we imagine), all the more flustered, and those who wait—well, you know they are growing more and more anxious because the person who's late is NEVER late. Yes—the whole poem jangles with anticipation, anxiety, and worry. Even writing this, I have become a nervous-wreck!

jb: Why do I feel that the one who is implied in this verse, is me. I like to be on time, but on this occasion, not so. This is nicely illustrated in the simple, direct language. The image draws me in. Isn't that what haiku should do?

Patricia and Jerry invite your response.

*or send your letters to donnalynn chase
in care of GEPP0.*

Editor's Note: Patricia J. Machmiller was invited to submit portions of her proposed book, created from her numerous workshops, to be featured in GEPP0. My intention is that these installments will further cultivate our study and appreciation of haiku—and haiku as a practice.

Introduction to Zigzag of the Dragonfly: The Quest for Better Haiku

by Patricia J. Machmiller

This book is about how to write haiku. And on the way to writing haiku one might learn a way to live sparsely and with grace. Because that's the way of haiku—sparseness and grace and a cordial openness to the universe. Haiku can pull you into a practice and through that practice you can find a new way of seeing, a new way of appreciating, and a new way of being. It's a great teacher, haiku is, and in turn, the daily practice of writing can lead one to appreciating the daily practice of living. As a friend once said "the trouble with cooking is it's so daily." She could have said this of any of the routine tasks of daily life—dish washing, eating, brushing one's teeth. And this is what is so wonderful about haiku—it helps one appreciate the mundane, the common, the dailiness in our lives.

I was first introduced to haiku over thirty-five years ago. A little group was forming under the tutelage of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. We met once a month and would walk out into the world and write for an hour or so and come back and share our writing. This group eventually became the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and the practice of going out into the world and writing became a regular practice for me. As I read more and became more aware of haiku, I came to understand that this way of practice was more than writing; it was a way of being.

As I was learning about haiku and writing haiku I also was studying the western lyric. Though these parallel studies, I found that one process enhanced the other. This didn't surprise me, but what did was my growing awareness that one process is different from the other. And the difference is not just that one is a long poem and

the other a short poem. The difference is in the approach to writing itself. I also found that the two processes were complementary, and that growth in the facility of one enhanced the other and vice versa. I hope through this book to make it possible for writers of the lyric and of haiku to come to understand how the practices differ and when the application of one process can be helpful to the other.

The manner in which I plan to proceed is, first of all, in Part 1 to discuss the writing process in some detail. By becoming a student of your own process, you will be able to help yourself grow as a writer. I am also going to have some writing exercises that will serve to illustrate some of the ideas. Writing is, after all, a very personal, cognitive act. So through short exercises, I hope to make what might seem an abstract concept become real through the doing of it.

In Part 2, I will discuss the craft of haiku—those mechanical aspects of haiku writing the knowledge of which, as you grow in proficiency, will help your compositions be fully realized. These aspects are *kigo*, a traditional season word used as a poetic device in haiku; image; form; and sound.

Part 3 will address the revision process. The revision process requires that each of us have a well-trained critic—that is, ourselves. So in this section there will be discussions of the revision process, the timing of it, what to use as a guide, and the small details that make a haiku great. Because haiku comes from Japan many of the masters' haiku have to be read in translation. In this section I will discuss some of the aspects of studying haiku in translation.

All through the book there will be haiku and haiga (the combination of haiku with art). Sometimes the haiku will be there as illustrations of a concept. Other times, they will serve as inspiration for all of us—readers and writers.

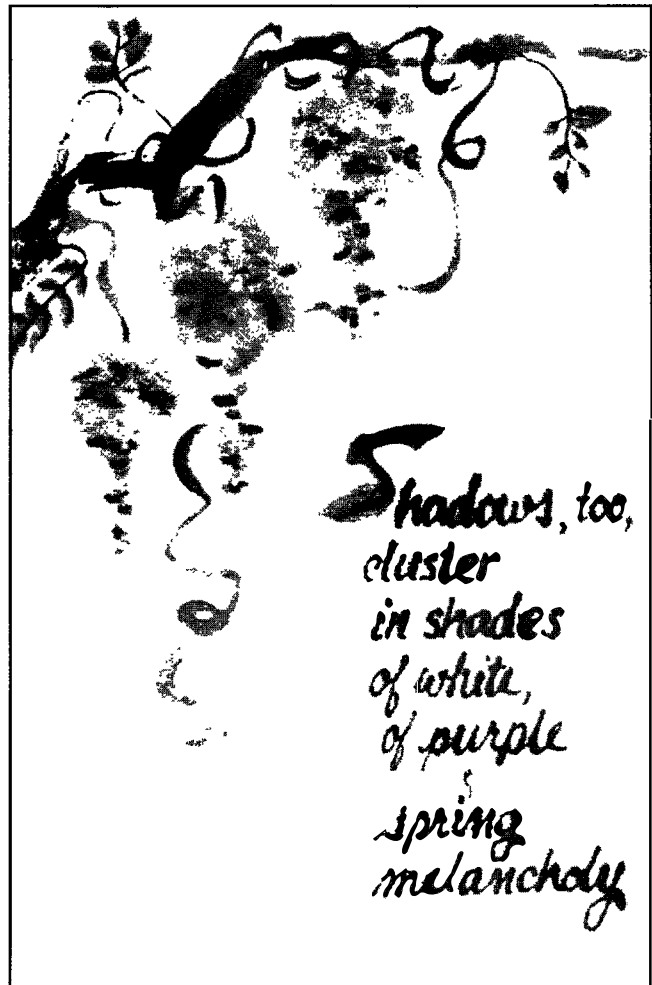
Wherever you are on the path to poetry, this book is an invitation to enter the world of haiku writing and to record your own individual moments of being in the world, to acknowledge and honor your world of thought through observation and attention. It is an invitation to *translate* your

experience into words and to craft those experiences into art by creating images that glow in the mind and heart long after the experience has become faded, even lost to memory. This book is an invitation to write haiku and in the process uncover a new way to live in the world.

Haiku: A Brief Definition

In seventeenth century Japan the most famous haiku writer of all time, Basho, was writing a long poem called *haikai no renga*. It was a collaborative poem involving a group of poets. Basho, who was a master, traveled from place to place conducting renga parties. Because of his stature, he was expected to contribute the opening verse called the *hokku*. In preparation Basho wrote many opening verses. Although he wrote the seventeen-syllable verses to be used as the start of these longer poems, many of them were published separately from the renga. This was the beginning of haiku although it was not called haiku until the beginning of the twentieth century. The classical form is deceptively simple: seventeen syllables in phrases of five, seven, five. There is often a major break, the equivalent of a dash or colon, at the end of the first five syllables or at the end of the first twelve. Modern haiku can be written on any subject, but usually there is something in the poem that indicates what time of year it is; this element of the poem is called a *kigo*, and this why haiku is often referred to as a nature poem. As we progress in the book, I'll develop the definition more fully.

Next installment: Getting Going & Things to Notice—A Commentary.



haiga by Patricia J. Machmiller

Haiku Pacific Rim Conference at Asilomar in 2012 contributed by Patrick Gallagher

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will combine its 2012 Asilomar Retreat with a Haiku Pacific Rim conference. This fifth conference of Haiku Pacific Rim, a meeting of haiku poets from countries around the Pacific will be held at Asilomar in the autumn of 2012. Under the leadership of Jerry Ball, the founder of the conferences, an organizing committee has been formed. The committee consists of active members of the YTHS and the Haiku Poets of Northern California (HPNC).

The tentative program outline for HPR2012 shows visiting poets meeting in San Francisco at the Hotel Tomo, then transferring to the Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center for three days of activity and conferences. On the way to Asilomar the conferees will visit Point Lobos State Park, a notable meeting of land, sea, air, and their denizens. The Conference will conclude after travel back to San Francisco with an outing to the beautiful redwoods of Muir Woods and a celebratory dinner. More Information is located at: haikupacificrim2012.wordpress.com; updates will also be posted at this site.

YTHS Archives c/o dl chase

2011 YTHS Calendar

- Aug. 27 Haiku Form Workshop, 9:30 am-4:30 pm at Monterey Dunes Colony. Led by Patricia J. Machmiller. Cost: \$60—This is a fund-
eral (limited to 20 people). To register: <http://www.asianart.org/lectures.htm>.
- Sept. 8 -11 Annual YTHS Retreat at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, CA. Retreat registrars are Carol Steele & Wendy Wright.
- Sept. 20 Patricia J. Machmiller at Kepler's Books, Menlo Park at 7pm. Featured in Kepler's Local Author Series for *Autumn Loneliness*. For more info contact Kepler's or go to: <https://www.keplers.com/event/local-author-patricia-j-machmiller>.
- Sept. 24 Haiga Workshop 10:30 am to 3:30 pm Asian Art Museum, San Francisco. Conducted by Michael Hofmann and Patricia J. Machmiller. Cost: \$50 members; \$62 gen-
eral (limited to 20 people). To register: <http://www.asianart.org/lectures.htm>.
- Oct. 8 Moon Viewing Party, 6:00 pm at Jean Hale's San Jose home. Pot Luck—no foods with peanuts please! RSVP—408.
- Oct. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.**
- Nov. 12 Meeting at Markham House 1:30 - 5 pm.
- Nov. 6 Tanka Workshop, 9:30 am-4:30 pm at Monterey Dunes Colony. Led by Patricia J. Machmiller. Cost: \$60—This is a fundraiser for YT. To register contact:
- Dec. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.**
- Dec. 10 Holiday Party from 6 to 11 pm at Patricia Machmiller's San Jose home.