

# G E P P O

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

Volume XXXVII:2

March—April 2012

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Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – Carol Steele, Editor

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|------|--|------|--|
| 8997 | first butterfly--<br>I wriggle<br>out of my jacket                       | 9007 | after the dancers<br>my ribs want to uncage<br>this fraught heart                  |
| 8998 | tawny daylilies--<br>cutting them<br>so late in the day                  | 9008 | wings fluttering<br>as if rustling leaves—bushtits<br>down the live oak            |
| 8999 | beneath young leaves<br>young thorns<br>growing                          | 9009 | artemesia<br>swaying in the wind<br>summer's yellow tease                          |
| 9000 | wearing sunglasses<br>a thousand rubber duckies<br>this urge to be first | 9010 | Hall of Fame fastbreak<br>then the slam dunk—basketball's<br>big girl on the court |
| 9001 | after hobbling three blocks<br>suddenly I become<br>a potato             | 9011 | over the hill<br>a hint of summer sun<br>ocean fog                                 |
| 9002 | dark rock emerges<br>with the falling tide<br>psychotherapy              | 9012 | Cherry blossoms<br>the pet dog<br>gives a sneeze                                   |
| 9003 | spring break<br>a late bloomer brightens<br>the red window box           | 9013 | early spring sun<br>in the warming rays<br>a fly reborn                            |
| 9004 | nightfall-<br>descending on the pines<br>a wood stork's shadow           | 9014 | spring solitude<br>flapping flag at half mast<br>for whom?                         |
| 9005 | silver alert-<br>missing now ever since<br>mother died                   | 9015 | even the sky lark<br>sounds sad. . .<br>third divorce                              |
| 9006 | lowering moon<br>pouring light between us<br>his sable eyes              | 9016 | I paint<br>the kitchen sky blue<br>first robin                                     |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 9017 | cherry blossoms<br>a tsunami survivor<br>blooms early                                 | 9030 | parsley<br>escaping through the fence<br>before the scissors                  |
| 9018 | spring cloud—<br>going to the speedway<br>bus full of tourists                        | 9031 | the man planting rice<br>bends over his reflection<br>reaches through his hat |
| 9019 | butterflies—<br>pre-schoolers gaze in awe<br>at unfolding wings                       | 9032 | coat on the chair-back<br>leather buttons and his laugh<br>tranquility        |
| 9020 | hiding eggs—<br>finding one with bite marks<br>next day                               | 9033 | a plastic palm tree<br>on the only island he knows...<br>pet shop turtle      |
| 9021 | thinking of your house<br>and wishing you and I were there—<br>cottonwoods turn green | 9034 | circus in town...<br>floating over the big top<br>a balloon moon              |
| 9022 | bouncing in the wind—<br>baby gingko leaves careen<br>in, out of focus                | 9035 | recycle day...<br>dryer lint wings its way<br>to the wren nest                |
| 9023 | sweeter than bonbons<br>poppy orange, wild radish pink—<br>you, I want to kiss        | 9036 | rainless winter<br>spinning a zoetrope<br>to see the horse gallop             |
| 9024 | last winter sun—<br>its fiery eye kindles<br>a new forgiveness                        | 9037 | leap year baby-<br>at ninety-two we wish her<br><i>happy twenty-three</i>     |
| 9025 | first spring day—<br>through the harmony of friends<br>I am reborn                    | 9038 | spring rain<br>the rising hint of dust<br>then honey mesquite                 |
| 9026 | the vintage trolley<br>grinds down a shortened track—<br>hunger moon                  | 9039 | strands of shiny pearls<br>strung on maple branches-<br>spring rain           |
| 9027 | in a cowboy boot<br>by a ramp to the freeway<br>some purple tulips                    | 9040 | nesting doves-<br>potted bulbs sitting dormant<br>in the garden room          |
| 9028 | the newness of green<br>on a bare branched maple tree—<br>suddenly I know             | 9041 | misty mountain-<br>wondering what it's like<br>on the other side              |
| 9029 | shine of winter sun—<br>the rhinestoned, denim pockets<br>of her derriere             | 9042 | the reunion—<br>after fifty years of spring<br>his name tag upside down       |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 9043 | a thinker statue pose<br>a mime's inspiration—<br>midday spring                   | 9056 | storm cloud blue<br>along the tumbled wall<br>wild violets                  |
| 9044 | a letter from Iraq<br>tears run down her cheeks<br>dusky                          | 9057 | Chirping and flirting<br>robins, robins everywhere<br>Spring is in the air. |
| 9045 | caressing herself—<br>her neck, her cheeks, her temples,<br>her fifty springtimes | 9058 | Clear sky bisected<br>by high-altitude contrail<br>quickly vanishes.        |
| 9046 | the leading singer<br>Is coughing into her notes—<br>the church of basalt stones  | 9059 | warm sand, tablecloth<br>ants munching arugula<br>picnic luncheon shared    |
| 9047 | white iris<br>all the petals are feeble<br>except this one                        | 9060 | we offer<br>our mutual apologies<br>vernal equinox                          |
| 9048 | slowing down<br>he peeks at my garden<br>spring blossom                           | 9061 | new crayons<br>in bright rows<br>spring rain                                |
| 9049 | cats in love<br>dogwood buds<br>open up   | 9062 | white birds<br>follow a spring current<br>over the river                    |
| 9050 | peach blossoms<br>standing before a mirror<br>she strokes her hair                | 9063 | tails in the air<br>the ducks bow down<br>to their breakfast                |
| 9051 | muzzle quivering<br>cat springs to the windowsill<br>first day of Spring          | 9064 | the daffodil<br>greet me with<br>a yellow smile                             |
| 9052 | feluccas' patched sails<br>still harness the Nile's strong winds<br>Arab Spring   | 9065 | soft and smooth<br>blue as a midsummer sky<br>fallen flight feather         |
| 9053 | not mass-produced<br>his wares quite crudely carved<br>I stoop to buy             | 9066 | windsurfer<br>a gust of wind<br>he falls in                                 |
| 9054 | departing geese<br>coming from where<br>going to where                            | 9067 | Italian farmhouse<br>chicken underfoot<br>everywhere                        |
| 9055 | around the tree roots<br>compost of a century<br>only inches deep                 | 9068 | olympic diver<br>into the water<br>without a splash                         |
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- 9070 dolls whisper  
in the dead of night  
planning Doll Festival  
concert footage  
in stop action  
the fiddlehead solo  
~ Michael Henry Lee
- 9071 the tower clock  
does not keep good time  
longer day  
outdoor concert  
of the string quartet  
fiddlehead ferns  
~Richard St. Clair
- 9072 When clams spit  
and small holes appear  
use hand rake.
- 9073 Porcelain doll  
face faded and cracked  
smile still there.  
tightly strung  
ready to burst  
fiddle head fern  
~Genie Nakano
- 9074 Parrot never speaks  
hides all words under his wing  
colorful language.  
arm in arm with you  
I find subtle vitality--  
fiddlehead fern  
~Roger Abe
- 9075 a rainy night-  
the asphalt glows  
in neon color  
fifty married years  
our marvel at this feat . . .  
fiddlehead ferns  
~ Judith Morrison Schallberger
- 9076 Easter visitor  
remembering the shut-in  
with calla lilies-  
fiddlehead ferns  
unfurling without a map  
the shaman's journey  
~Christine Horner
- 9077 the first day of spring  
announced by the scent  
on the morning breeze

## Challenge Kigo Haiku – Fiddlehead Fern

all the years  
anchored in scant shade  
the fiddlehead fern

~Susan Diridon

day by day  
the silver spirals uncurl--  
fiddlehead ferns

~Ruth Holzer

old wicker basket..  
fiddleheads and morels  
for the boil pot

~Elinor Huggett

fiddlehead ferns-  
we both nod off during  
the National Park film

~Alison Woolpert

Easter service  
decorating the altar  
with fiddlehead ferns

~Patricia Prime

a smiling Buddha  
in a tropical garden  
fiddlehead ferns

~Majo Leavick

my mom goes again,  
"I shouldn't have gotten married"—  
fiddlehead ferns

~Zinovy Vayman

host of ostriches  
gathered in one place  
fiddleheads

~John Han

Coiled green perfection  
the promise of Spring unfolds -  
fresh fiddlehead ferns.

~David Sheretz

he listens to her  
learn how to read  
fiddlehead fern

~Desiree McMurry

coiled tight as a spring  
the fiddleleaf fern waits  
to unwind

~Marcia Behar

around  
around in circles  
the fiddlehead fern

~Barbara Campitelli



## January—February 2012 Haiku Voted Best by GEPP0 Readers

hazy moon  
she drifts in and out  
of his dreams  
~ Gregory Longenecker

winter sunset—  
the teapot burnished  
for an instant

~ Ruth Holzer

first watercolor  
enthusiasm washes  
out of the brush

~Joan Ward

how quickly  
indigo absorbs the light –  
chill dusk

~ Ruth Holzer

old memories –  
in gathering shadows  
the fragrance of pines

~ Ed Grossmith

all that's left  
of a summer romance  
smoke tree

~ Greg Longenecker

a trumpet  
backpacked to the ridge top  
first sunrise

~ Ann Bendixen

spring breeze  
my spirit soars  
with the kite

~ Michael Sheffield

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## Members' Votes for January-February Haiku

Ruth Holzer—8907-9, 8908-3, 8909-9  
 Joan Zimmerman—8910-3, 8911-1, 8912-1  
 Joan Ward—8913 -9, 8914-4, 8915-4  
 Michael Henry Lee—8916-3, 8917-2, 8918-2  
 Elinor Huggett—8919-1, 8920-4, 8921-3  
 Patricia Prime—8922-2, 8923-1, 8924-1  
 Richard St. Clair—8925-1, 8926-4, 8927-3  
 Janis Lukstein—8928-0, 8929-0, 8930-0  
 Ed Grossmith—8931-3, 8932-8, 8933-2  
 Barbara Campitelli—8934-4, 8935-1, 8936-1  
 Peggy Heinrich—8937-4, 8938-2, 8939-1  
 Ann Bendixen—8940-1, 8941-5, 8942-0  
 Bev Momoi—8943-1, 8944-0, 8945-2  
 David Bachelor—8946-2, 8947-1, 8948-3  
 Neal Whitman—8949-0, 8950-2, 8951-2  
 Elaine Whitman—8952-0, 8953-1, 8954-1  
 Michael Sheffield—8955-3, 8956-4, 8957-5  
 Mimi Ahern—8958-1, 8959-1, 8960-2  
 Christine Horner—8961-1, 8962-0, 8963-3  
 David Sherertz—8964-0, 8965-2, 8966-1  
 Maury Garnholz—8967-1, 8968-0, 8969-2  
 Greg Longenecker—8970-12, 8971-1, 8972-7  
 Toni Homan—8973-1, 8974-2, 8975-0  
 Judith Schallberger—8976-0, 8977-1, 8978-4  
 Deborah P. Kolodji—8979-3, 8980-3, 8981-4  
 Joan Sauer—8982-2, 8983-2, 8984-2  
 Teruo Yamagata—8985-0, 8986-2, 8987-1  
 Alison Woolpert—8988-0, 8989-4, 8990-1  
 Zinovy Vayman—8991-3, 8992-0, 8993-0  
 Michael Dylan Welch—8994-1, 8995-2, 8996-4

### GEPP0 Submission Guidelines

due date for next issue is June 10.

Email (preferred) your contact information,  
 poems & votes to  
 mail your poems & votes with contact info to:  
**GEPP0 Editor, Carol Steele,**

#### 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.



## Challenge Kigo – Mother's Day by Ebba Story

We color our handmade cards to present to our moms. The entire elementary class is given special time out from class work to create our gifts. The teacher writes on the blackboard words we can put inside. I draw wild flowers with my crayons. On the inside of the folded paper I write 'Happy Mother's Day I love you.'

Each year the second Sunday in May is Mother's Day. America, Canada, Japan and a few other countries set aside this early summer day to honor moms and motherhood. Cards are mailed, gifts are given and received. And florists rejoice, as this is their busiest and most prosperous celebration of the year.

How appropriate Mother's Day falls in mid-May, under the astrological sign of Taurus – the sign of fertility. In the northern hemisphere, nature swells with new and bountiful life. Personally, I honor of the Great Mother who nurtures and cares for us all – Mother Mary, Mother Carey, Isis, Kwan Yin, Demeter, Shakti ... She comes with many names. And I recognize the possibility of the mothering nature in each one of us, female and male. I feel it is in caring and being cared for, in loving and being loved we are at our most human – and divine.

Mother's Day  
 gift-wrapped box of chocolates  
 one piece missing  
 Francine Porad \*

Mother's Day  
 the yellow blooms have opened  
 before the white  
 Ebba Story

\* Higginson, William J. *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*. Kodansha. 1996.

## Zigzag of the Dragonfly: the Quest for Better Haiku Installment #5

by Patricia J. Machmiller

### Reflections on Making the Clay

How did it go—the process of getting the words from your mind to the page? If it went easily the very first time, consider yourself blessed. If it was difficult, don't fret—you are in good company. Bob Dylan, at one point in his career, felt he was all dried up and had nothing more to say. So he left his guitar behind and moved to the country. Three days into his self-imposed exile, he started to write pages and pages of text. This burst of writing was his clay for perhaps his most famous song, "Like a Rolling Stone." According to Jonah Lehrer, author of *Imagine: How Creativity Works*, that "feeling of frustration—the act of being stumped—is an essential part of the creative process."

One of the ways in which we can improve our own creativity is by becoming more observant of our own processes. If we knew how, we could prepare our minds for the task at hand. In making the clay the task is to produce words that will describe a particular moment and accurately reflect how we felt at that moment. This task requires us to be open and uncritical, to allow the mind as much freedom as possible. According to Lehrer, again in *Imagine*, a study of jazz musicians preparing for a jam session—a musical event that requires openness to musical suggestions and spontaneous and innovative responses—showed that the musicians were able to turn off the chemicals in the brain that inhibit or censor ideas. These musicians through self-observation and practice had developed the ability to alter their brain chemistry. They had learned through experience to put their trust in the unconscious processes of the brain to recognize a musical pattern and to then select an appropriate, and more often than not, brilliant, response. For the forte of the human brain is its pattern-detecting, pattern-making ability. Freeing the mind from inhibitors which, of necessity, we use to navigate daily life, is the key to tapping your own deep creativity.

One of the ways to tell if your critic is active is if you find yourself as you start to write something down saying, "This is not good enough," or "That's

a silly thing to say," or "This is too embarrassing," or "What will people think if I say that?" If you found yourself thinking these thoughts, then your internal critic is much too active. If this happened to you, then I would like to suggest that you revisit the pages you thought you had completed from the previous exercise. But before you do, I'd like you to do the following:

Name your critic: Sheila, Bob, Beelzebub, Daisy, Fido—whatever name fits.

Address your critic by name and ask him or her to leave the room. Critics perform a valuable job, and when the time is right, you will be asking for their help. But for now, they need to be given the day off.

In addition, if during the process you find yourself freezing up, pause and do one or all of the following:

Breathe deeply ten times.

Look at the sky

Take a walk.

I hope you have started walking as a regular (daily, maybe) practice to gather seeds for your poems. If so, your notebook must be filling up with "seeds" for haiku. If you haven't done so already, now would be a good time to review each one and build up the word hoard for each seed.

[A note about the critic: Everyone has an internal critic. We need it to keep us safe and focused; without it we wouldn't be able to negotiate traffic, buy groceries, get to our dental appointment on time, or vote. What we want to do is control it—make its operation less automatic and more nuanced. When we are making clay, we want it off. When we are forming our poem, we want it turned on a little bit, and when we are revising, we want it to be fully active (but not hyperactive). We will talk about this more in future chapters.]



## Dojins' Corner

### January – February 2012

by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

Choices for this issue:

jb: 8914, 15, 16, 20\*, 22, 24, 39, 46, 57, 61\*, 81\*

and pj: 8911, 12, 17, 20, 21, 32, 40, 41\*, 49, 50, 59, 70, 72, 73, 74\*, 78, 80, 86\*, 87, 89, 90

\* chosen for comment

8920 shorter days  
the old man adjusts  
to waning light

jb: As one ages the days seem shorter. Time seems faster. In this haiku we have an image of the days of winter. They are, indeed, shorter and require adjustment. I like this haiku because of the image and because of its simplicity. The language is direct and, for me, powerful. It's interesting to me that this haiku has a natural interpretation. It is a shasei, but it also is an iconic image.

pj: A sense of mortality is keenly felt in this poem. Each person reacts differently to the realization that one's body is aging and is no longer able to physically perform as it once did. The dancer Merce Cunningham continued to dance until he died at aged 90 acknowledging along the way that he danced within the limitations of his physical capabilities—he adjusted. As we all do: we compensate for a sore hip, we use a cane, we swallow and aspirin, we take a nap—we adjust. The poignancy of this adjustment becomes more acute as we realize the days are growing shorter, not just literally but figuratively. The sweet part is that there are more days. The melancholy part is that with each one they grow fewer. This is our life.

8941 a trumpet  
backpacked to the ridge top  
first sunrise

pj: As we make our way through life, there is,

for most of us, a desire to find meaning and purpose in what we do. But we are often busy with the journey taking care of necessities deep in the forest of our daily lives. Here in this haiku the poet has captured a gesture—a journey, a quest, within the larger journey—that describes a commemoration of one moment in the year—the first sunrise. The feeling of gladness and triumph reverberate in us with the sound of the trumpet, the appearance of the sun, and the deep satisfaction of having climbed to the mountaintop.

jb: Here is a haiku about an achievement, or rather the sense of achievement. The language is simple and direct, the images are concrete; it's easy to share in the sense of the event and the satisfaction associated with it. I'm happy Patricia has chosen this one for comment.

8961 the sound of water  
trickling over rocks  
another New Year

jb: Here we have another shasei haiku, that is, a nature sketch. We have an auditory symbol of the flow of life. So the author has given us what can be interpreted as a direct statement of phenomena, a concrete image. Or it can be read as a metaphor, the metaphor being: life is the flow of water over rocks. And when do we give this special attention? Well, at the time of the New Year, of course.

pj: There's a sadness here—a recognition that time is moving on, "trickling over rocks," and being lost forever. The mood is melancholy; perhaps, there's even a bit of regret over what has not been accomplished, over what might have been.

8974 comforting  
without words  
vernal pool

pj: The soothing quality of this poem derives not just from its image but also from its sound. And it is this last quality that elevates the haiku. Say the poem out loud by only saying the vowels: *ah, o, i,*



ow, er, er, ah, oo. The change of the *ah-ō* sound in the opening word “comfort” to the *ah-oo* sound in the final sounds of “[ver-]nal pool” is deeply satisfying and comforting, as is the echo of the sound of “word” in the first syllable of “vernal.” Through these sound choices the poem is stitched together and the comfort that is in the meaning of the words is confirmed by the comfort we feel in the sound of the words.

jb: Here is a case in which it’s delightful to share the obvious. Of course the vernal pool is comforting, and especially without words. This poem reminds me of Bashō’s famous “old pond, a frog jumps in, sound of water.” This is obvious too. One of the things that’s interesting to me is that the selection of the obvious is not so obvious. One needs to select just the right phenomena and the right language, and that’s not always so obvious. We must credit the author for writing it, and also, the editor for selecting this one for discussion.

8981 peeking our  
to a foggy day  
California poppy

jb: The author has spent some time in observing the California poppy. What’s to be learned? In the morning the blossoms are closed, and remain closed until the sun is bright and warm. Then they unfurl their orange blossoms and follow the path of the sun with their faces. For me this is an approach to life, a strategy. We might remain hidden, or quiet, until the conditions are right, and then we follow the sun. When we look at the California poppy, we are reminded of this. However, it is not the only strategy.

pjm: The image is of someone peeking out the door and being a bit put off, one assumes, by the fog. And then, the bright orange-yellow of the poppy beckons invitingly. But if it is foggy, then the poppy will not have opened yet and so is not that noticeable or enticing. Also fog is a tricky kigo. Trying to go deeper, I am not able to resolve the

foggy day (usually an autumn kigo) with the California poppy, a spring kigo. Admittedly, fog does occur in spring, and intellectually I can make the adjustment, but the mental gymnastics I have to go through interfere with and slow down the process of taking in the haiku. For a more in-depth discussion of the use of haze, mist, and fog in haiku I recommend William J. Higginson’s, *Haiku World, an International Poetry Almanac*, Kodansha International, (New York, 1996) pp 190-194.

8986 nobody knows  
about the abandoned mine  
remaining snow

pjm: Here again is a poem that presents and image that it supported by sound. The feeling is of loss created by an image of an abandoned mine and piles of remaining snow. And the sound of the poem underlines the sense of loss opening with *oh, oh, . . . , oh* (“nobody knows”) in the first line and ending the last line with the final *oh* of snow.

jb: This is a verse about folklore. I can imagine rural people reciting the phrase: “Nobody knows about the abandoned mine . . .” And, of course, what’s the point? Here is something that might be of considerable value, but it’s been abandoned. At one time it would be of value, but after a sequence of events it has been forgotten, abandoned. Yet still, it’s not quite all forgotten. There is the “remaining snow!” Can we recollect this to make contact with the past? And, as I see it, that’s the point: contact with the past.

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Patricia and Jerry invite your response. Please e-mail us at

or send your letters to  
Carol Steele in care of *GEPP*O.



**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi  
Annual Memorial Haiku Contest**

**In-hand Deadline: May 31, 2012**

Prizes: \$100 \$50 \$25

**Contest Rules:**

- Haiku in English of 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern.
- Each haiku must use one kigo, and only one kigo, taken from the contest list.
- Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

**2012 Contest Kigo List:**

**New Year:** first reading, year of the dragon  
**Spring:** swallows return, lengthening days  
**Summer:** ants, summer's end  
**Autumn:** harvest moon, autumn sea  
**Winter:** frost, bean soup

- Entry fee \$7.00 per page of three haiku. No limit on entries. Entries will not be returned.
- Submit 2 copies of each page, with your name and address on only one copy, typed on 8 ½ x 11 paper.
- Make checks or money orders payable to "Yuki Teikei Haiku Society". Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money Order, in U.S. currency only. For results send an SASE marked "Contest Winners."
- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible.
- This contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku poet. The Society may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, annual anthology, and current brochures.

**Send entries to:**

Deborah P Kolodji – Contest Chair

Attn: Tokutomi Contest

**OR** Send poems by email to

and concurrently send fee payable to

using PayPal at [youngleaves.org](http://youngleaves.org).

**Time to Renew  
Annual YTHS Membership Dues**

**YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with six issues of GEPO (only members can submit), notification of events, and the annual membership anthology.**

**Domestic & Canada dues \$32; Seniors \$26 – International \$40; Seniors \$31. Mail check or money order to membership secretary: Anne**

**Contact Anne with any membership ques-**

**Haiga Workshop  
by Betty Arnold**

On March 10<sup>th</sup> a good number of our society members met at the Hotel in Sleepy Hollow Park for a delightful workshop led by Susanne Smith. She showed us how to make several styles of handmade booklets, perfect for showcasing our haiku and generously provided an abundance of materials for all to work with, including hand-painted rice paper, origami, colored and patterned paper, colored inks, brushes, pens, sticks, string, etc.

Susanne gave us all permission to be carefree artists for the day and much laughter filled the room as we learned the difference between "hot dog" and "hamburger" folds.

The results of our efforts yielded beautiful little handmade booklets as distinctively creative as each of their makers.

crab apple blossoms  
brush stroked with vermilion-  
sweet scent of Susanne

**Fifth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference and Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat  
September 5-9, 2012**

**Asilomar Conference Center  
800 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove, CA**

Haiku Pacific Rim 2012 hosted by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and the Haiku Poets of Northern California will be held in Pacific Grove, California, at Asilomar Seashore and Conference Center. Asilomar is situated directly on the Pacific Coast in the beautiful natural setting of the Monterey Peninsula of California. The annual Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat will be combined with the Haiku Pacific Rim Conference, which features the participation of haiku poets from the nations around the Pacific rim: Japan, Australia, New Zealand, India, United States, and Canada, among others. The keynote speaker will be Dr. Akito Arima, haiku master of the Ten'i Haiku Group of Japan.

Please visit <http://haikupacificrim2012.wordpress.com> for updated information, registration forms, and conference details.

**Anticipated Program:**

- Keynote Speaker: Dr. Akito Arima
- Ginkos at Point Lobos and Asilomar Beach
- Performances
- Haiku Lectures
- Poetry Readings
- Kukai
- Craft Project
- Renku Writing
- Haiku Organization Displays
- Book Tables

**Conference Schedule:**

Preconference: Tuesday, September 4—Visitors arrive in San Francisco, overnight at Hotel Tomo or Hotel Kabuki

Wednesday, September 5—9:00 AM, travel to Point Lobos, then Asilomar; Conference begins at 12:00 PM

Thursday, September 6—Asilomar

Friday, September 7—Asilomar

Saturday, September 8—Asilomar; farewell dinner

Sunday, September 9—Asilomar; 1:00 PM, travel to Carmel, then Hotel Tomo or Hotel Kabuki in San Francisco

**Call for Papers:**

Submit proposal for paper and/or performance to be presented at the conference to Alison Woolpert by May 31, 2012.

Papers should be no more than 20 minutes in length. Performances no more than 30 minutes.

**Conference Anthology:**

Submit Poems: Registered participants are asked to submit 3-5 haiku or tanka for the Conference Anthology by June 1, 2012 (one poem from each participant will be published.)

Please send poems to Susan Antolin at

**Accommodations and Rates: (All US\$)**

Full Conference fee: \$200.

Conference Fee, one day only (Sept. 6): \$50.

Registration is through the conference organizers.

**Asilomar Lodging and Meals:**

<b>Room type:</b>	<b>Standard**</b>	<b>Historic*</b>	
Single room:	\$888 for 4 nights	\$712 for 4 nights	\$178 for 1 night
Double:	\$560 for 4 nights/ person	\$496 for 4 nights	\$125 for 1 night/person
3 or 4 to a room:	\$433 for 4 nights/ person		

This price includes all meals.

\* Historic rooms feature hardwood floors, rustic California furnishings and private baths.

\*\* Standard rooms are more contemporary than the Historic Rooms, carpeted, and include a private bathroom and shower.

**San Francisco - Register directly with the hotel:**

Best Western Hotel Tomo  
1800 Sutter Street (at Buchanan)  
[www.jdvhotels.com/tomo/](http://www.jdvhotels.com/tomo/)  
TEL 415-921-4000

Kabuki Hotel  
1625 Post Street  
[www.jdvhotels.com/kabuki/](http://www.jdvhotels.com/kabuki/)  
TEL 415-922-3200

**Transportation:**

*For international travelers:*

San Francisco International Airport is recommended. Transportation to Hotel Tomo or Hotel Kabuki in San Francisco by taxi or by shuttle.

*From San Francisco to the Asilomar Conference Center:*

A bus will be available leaving Hotel Kabuki on Sept 5 at 9:00 AM to drive to Asilomar for \$40.  
(Note: Hotel Tomo is in walking distance of Hotel Kabuki)

*From Pacific Grove to San Francisco:*

A bus will be available leaving Pacific Grove on Sept 9 at 1:00 PM to San Francisco to Hotel Kubuki by way of Carmel (for shopping) for \$40.

**Registration:**

Deadline: June 1, 2012.

After June 1, please inquire as to room availability at

**Please fill out enclosed form and send to:**

Form also available at: <http://haikupacificrim2012.wordpress.com>.

## Asilomar and Haiku Pacific Rim 2012 Conference Registration Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 e-mail address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Cell phone \_\_\_\_\_

**Conference Fee:**

I wish to attend the full HPR Conference (full conference fee, \$200) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 I wish to attend one day only, starting with lunch on Sept 6<sup>th</sup> and ending with lunch on Sept 7th (one day conference fee, \$50) \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Meals and Lodging:**

At Asilomar, please reserve me a historic room for four nights and provide all meals (single \$712, or double \$496) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 At Asilomar, please reserve me a standard room for four nights and provide all meals (single \$888, double \$560, 3 or 4 to a room \$433) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 At Asilomar, please reserve me an historic room for Sept 6th only and provide meals for one day (single: \$178, double, \$125) \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Preferences:**

\_\_\_\_\_ and I would like to room together.  
 I prefer vegetarian meals.  
 I need handicap accommodations.  
 I would like to reserve a seat on the bus going to Asilomar. (\$40) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 I would like to reserve a seat on the bus returning from Asilomar. (\$40) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 I would like to make a donation to Haiku Pacific Rim \$ \_\_\_\_\_  

Subtotal \$ \_\_\_\_\_

If using PAYPAL, add 3% for US or 4% international \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please include payment in US dollars. Checks on US Banks or International Money Orders should be written to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Or use PAYPAL: make the deposit to I understand that if I wish to stay in San Francisco at the Hotel Kubuki or Hotel Tomo on Sept 4 and Sept 9, I should make my own reservations.

Remember to send 3-5 haiku to \_\_\_\_\_ for the conference anthology by June 1.

Deadline: June 1, 2012. After June 1, please inquire as to room availability at mcsteele:

Please fill out this form and send to:

*Haiku in the Teahouse*  
*Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelley Park*  
*Saturday, May 12, 2012*



*Tell me your story  
 budding buckeye. I will laugh,  
 cry and still listen.  
 Your husk is your own  
 and I love it, too.*

Roger Abe

Featured Artists/Poets.

- *Naia*
- *Neal Whitman*
- *Susan Antolin*
- *Bev Momoi*

Schedule:

- 10:00 a.m. to noon, Haiku Workshop (*experts and beginners welcome*)
- 1:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.—Featured Poets/Open Reading
- 1300 Senter Road, San Jose      • Parking \$10.00, event—no fee

- *For further information please contact Roger Abe at:*
- *For persons needing an accommodation to participate in these programs,  
 least 48 hours before the program.*

Program Sponsors:



## *In Gratitude. - A Letter to donnalynn chase*

*Dear dl chase,*

*That's our own donnalynn chase. All of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society members shout a loud, "THANK YOU". We are grateful to you for your terrific two-plus years of service as the GEPPPO editor. You brought us much joy and so many thoughtful, stimulating essay topics. Such expertise! We are most appreciative!*

*May you now enjoy more space and time in your daily life. We look forward to reading your haiku and hopefully sharing a ginko walk together soon.*

*the garden brightened  
by her special graciousness  
-madame ladybug*

*Alison Woolpert, President  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

23 MAY 2012 17:42



YTHS Archives

- o Your membership fee for 2012 is past due.
- o Thank you for your 2012 renewal or new membership.
- o Complimentary issue from YTHS.

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### 2012 YTHS Calendar

<p>May 12 Annual Teahouse Reading. San Jose Friendship Garden Tea House.</p> <p>May 31 Memorial Contest In-hand due date.*</p> <p>May 31 Deadline for proposed Pacific Rim conference paper or performance.*</p> <p>June 1 Pacific Rim Registration &amp; Haiku for Conference Anthology.*</p> <p>June 9 San Jose Prusch Park Farm. Guide will be Roger Abe.</p> <p>June 10 GEPP0 due date for submissions.</p> <p>July 14 Tanabata at Homan's Livermore home. 6pm.</p> <p>Aug. No meeting this month.</p> <p>Aug. 10 GEPP0 due date for submissions.</p>	<p>Sept. 5-9 Annual Retreat and Haiku Pacific Rim Conference. Pacific Grove, CA. More info at: <a href="http://haikupacificrim2012.com">haikupacificrim2012.com</a>.*</p> <p>Oct. 10 GEPP0 due date for submissions.</p> <p>Oct. 27 Moon Viewing Party. 6:00 pm at Patrick Gallagher's rooftop.</p> <p>Nov. 5 YTHS Board Planning Meeting.</p> <p>Nov. 10 Meeting at Markham House 1:30 - 5 pm.</p> <p>Dec. 8 Holiday Party. 6 – 11 pm at Alison Woolpert's Santa Cruz home.</p> <p>Dec. 10 GEPP0 due date for submissions.</p> <p><i>* More information included in this GEPP0.</i></p>
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