

The November meeting was held at the Monterey Bay home of Al and Pat Machmiller. The day was filled with sun, sand dunes, ocean waves, and sea birds. The eighteen members and their guests GINKO* and a pot-luck lunch - a happy combination of Japanese and American traditions. The GINKO drew to a fitting close with a sunset perfect as a haiku.

By Patricia Machmiller

Dear Members:

First I would like to express our gratitude to Mr. & Mrs. Machmiller for offering the wonderful Bay home for the members to enjoy the GINKO last Saturday, November 4th, 1978.

Next, I am very happy to hear from Mr. Eugene Botelho, one of our members, mentioning the voting for the Haiku in our KUKO.

I agree with him that the voting should not be a popular vote and the Haiku with the highest points is not always the best Haiku. The reason I started this system was to provide a method for our members to examine closely their own Haiku as well as others and to stimulate our Haiku activity.

Judging other members' Haiku helps us develop our appreciation for Haiku. Sometimes, we might vote for a poor Haiku. The comparison of our judgement to others is helpful in identifying our weak points so that we can correct them. Voting for good Haiku builds confidence in our judgement. This is the reason why this voting system has lasted over hundred years at KUKAI, Haiku meeting, in Japan.

When we vote at the KUKAI, we usually explain why we vote for the Haiku we chose. If we make a poor choice, the word "Too Sweet Prince**" is waiting for us. So, we have to have a strong basis for our choice. If we missed a good Haiku, it means our critical skills still have room for improvement. So, please keep your voting record and compare it with the results of the voting to help improve your Haiku.

There must be a reason, whether it is good or not, that many members voted for a Haiku. Beginners usually vote for cute or lovely Haiku. If there are many beginners in the group, the results are such that a very good Haiku may receive only a few points and cute or lovely Haiku will receive the most points. Therefore, be aware that the Haiku with the highest points is not always the best one, and Haiku with the lowest points is not necessarily the worst. Sometimes, they could be opposite.

Most newspapers in Japan have a Haiku section in the Sunday papers. Four or five leading Haiku poets are judging the Haiku from the readers scattered all over Japan. It is interesting to note that it is very seldom do the judges pick the same Haiku.

Again, this is not a popularity contest. The voting and the results are to help us develop as Haiku poets. ,

Sincerely yours,

Kiyoshi Tokutomi

Kiyoshi Tokutomi

* GINKO: Haiku outing or Haiku stroll

** Too Sweet Prince: It is used to ridicule one who is too generous.

1978

Results of October Votes

S. Youngblat

1. --- 9
2. --- 0
3. --- 1

F. Moore

4. --- 0
5. --- 1
6. --- 1

J. Hayashi

7. --- 1
8. --- 4
9. --- 3

T. Fowler

10. --- 0
11. --- 8
12. --- 10

C. Buckaway

13. --- 7
14. --- 0
15. --- 1

I. Wolfe

16. --- 2
17. --- 0

B. Wolfe

18. --- 6

E. Dunlop

19. --- 0
20. --- 9
21. --- 4

S. Stone

22. --- 6
23. --- 6
24. --- 3

J. Ball

25. --- 7
26. --- 4
27. --- 7

J. Youngblood

28. --- 2
29. --- 0
30. --- 0

E. Amann

31. --- 2
32. --- 10
33. --- 4

K. Fickert

34. --- 1
35. --- 3
36. --- 14

L. Winder

37. --- 4
38. --- 14
39. --- 6

M. Lyon

40. --- 9
41. --- 10
42. --- 5

M. Richardson

43. --- 11
44. --- 2
45. --- 0

B. Leiser

46. --- 5
47. --- 4
48. --- 4

T. Murphy

49. --- 0
50. --- 2
51. --- 5

E. Gilliam

52. --- 0
53. --- 3
54. --- 1

J. Walker

55. --- 2
56. --- 4
57. --- 3

R. Roseliep

58. --- 8
59. --- 4
60. --- 4

B. sweeney

61. --- 4
62. --- 2
63. --- 1

P. scher

64. --- 2
65. --- 0
66. --- 0

J. Lamson

67. --- 15
68. --- 5
69. --- 6

E. Holmes

70. --- 0
71. --- 2
72. --- 5

L. Hornbeck

73. --- 0
74. --- 1
75. --- 1

G. Swede

76. --- 5
77. --- 7
78. --- 2

M. Elliott

79. --- 4
80. --- 0
81. --- 2

P. Machmiller

82. --- 4
83. --- 0

L. Harr

84. --- 8
85. --- 2
86. --- 1

T. Yamagata

87. --- 6
88. --- 0
89. --- 6

R. Stewart

90. --- 2
91. --- 4
92. --- 7

M. Skonnord

93. --- 2
94. --- 2
95. --- 2

W. Fitzpatrick

96. --- 15
97. --- 3
98. --- 0

KIGO: Thanksgiving Day
Dead leaf/leaves
Blossoms out of season

November, 1978

1. This Thanksgiving Day
thinking of past family feasts --
and the newest grave
2. Going to the door
with a welcome on my lips --
only a dead leaf
3. Taking second place
to Mother's Christmas cactus
imported roses
4. Thanksgiving dinner
the old dog waits patiently
under the table
5. Under the old oak
violets burst into bloom
amid fallen leaves
6. On the topmost twig
of the duneland cottonwood
a single dead leaf
7. On Thanksgiving day --
small ears not hear, but eyes watch
as Grandfather prays
8. The muted garden;
only a few blossoms out
of season stillborn
9. Melancholy night
in the presence of dead leaves *J. Currier*
the unquiet sighs
10. Dead leaves surround trees
chilling wind blows through branches
flocks of birds fly south
11. Under the Elm tree
only the dead leaves are left *corn*
the ground is asleep
12. On Thanksgiving Day
squirrels are storing their food
for long winter months *corn*
13. Dead leaves whirl across
the deserted school playground *M. Lyon*
a sniffing puppy
14. Thanksgiving Day sleet
grandpa walking gingerly
junior skates away
15. Close under the eave
one passion flower blossoms
on a drooping vine
16. Finding a feather
under the old mission bell
Thanksgiving Day
17. As I round a curve
Dead leaves blow across the windshield:
I speed on my way.
18. Dry leaves scatter in
across the library floor
as I push the door
19. On Thanksgiving Day -
the smell of the herb garden ...
crushed leaves become spice!
20. Even the dead leaves
seem peaceful today ... floating ...
so slowly downstream
21. Hunters' rifle shots
shatter the forest stillness - *G. Ball*
dead leaves are bright red
22. Wide eyes of children
watch at the window for guests
on Thanksgiving Day
23. Our little girl brings
home a bouquet of golden
and red fallen leaves
24. The out of season violets I pinned on you
reflect in your eyes
25. Rose-bud, seeking sun,
blooming out of season, fills
knot-hole in old fence
26. Waiting mutation
on grave of one life-time here
the fallen dead leaf
27. Prized fruits grace church aisle
with congregation's praises
this Thanksgiving Day
28. Family puppies
at tug-of-war in kitchen
Thanksgiving wishbone
29. Abandoned ranchyard
unpicked grapes beside the tree's
one branch - blossoming
30. Busy groundskeeper *E. Falkowski*
candy wrapper and dead leaf
wave from his shoe sole
31. Almond pods open
to reveal their fruits within
midst the gathered leaves
32. Hidden among leaves
the praying mantis hangs on
with her delicate legs
33. Excited voices heard *L. Hornbeck*
as favorite dishes pass
this Thanksgiving Day
34. Cold November mist;
a single yellow rose bud *D. Brada*
near the backyard gate
35. Under the cook stove
of the abandon farm house
a few dry brown leaves
36. Cold Thanksgiving Day;
clinging to the window screen
one small grasshopper
37. On Thanksgiving Day
neither turkey, nor pumpkin
this bowl is enough
38. During the silence *E. Holmes*
dead leaves beneath someone's foot...
the graveside service
39. Covering the new grave
these blossoms out of season;
snow slowly falling...
40. Tulip tree pruning:
one out-of-season bloom tucked
below snipped branch -- safe!
41. One yellowed peach leaf,
caught on sap of low branch,
defies the great rain!
42. Chinese elm branches
lose their worm-riddled, old leaves
this Thanksgiving Day

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43. Near Thanksgiving Day
an extra helping of corn ...
for the turkey's feast?
44. Dry sprig of dead leaves
crowns the oak tree, resembling
Dad's almost-bald head
45. Dead leaves raked in piles ...
tots run and leap, spread-eagled;
Snap, crakle and pop!
46. Outside desolate
inside warmth-roasting turkey...
great Thanksgiving Day!
47. Fragile gardenia
blossoms out of season bloom...
heavenly perfume
48. Crinkly, brown, dead leaves
scattered everywhere like old...
distant memories
49. Thanksgiving Day rush!
But I take time in kitchen...
Thank God for good year.
50. On wood floor, dead leaf
brought inside by frisky dog.
Wood, leaf, dog... all brown
51. One violet blooms.
A sweet surprise. I press it
in my Haiku Book
52. I am a lone leaf
caught on a thorn in the sun
torn by emotion
53. The dead leaves huddle
at the feet of trees praying
last rites for comfort
54. A harp-solo breeze
soon becoming quickened march
on tired out leaves
55. Resting on his cane;
peach blossoms in November
withering away
56. Behind the sweeper
one (dead leaf) lightly settles--
I step around it
57. Gray Thanksgiving Day;
. . . softly, his bowed, gray head shines
in the candle's light
58. Junkyard in autumn:
a bright yellow truck fender
flaps in the cold wind
59. Floating upside down
among the leaves on the pond--
a child's red sailboat
60. Under the maple
the young child tries to put back
a fallen red leaf
61. Mellow warmth of sun
blossoms out of season sprout -
I pause to wonder
62. On Thanksgiving Day
food is king and color reigns...
time for reflection
63. To skeletal tree
lone dead leaf still bravely clings -
defiant last hope
64. November sunshine--
A dry tangled flower bed--
one gusty poppy
65. Blue November sky--
single leaf on branch and wind--
so short the spin down...
66. Thanksgiving, again.
I bend with fish for my cat
and he purrs and purrs...
67. I reach the gate (4)
aroma of sage dressing
this Thanksgiving Day
68. Rare exhibition
it blossoms out of season
the Paul Scarlett rose
69. Decrepit oak tree
against a whole night of sky
holding one dead leaf O. S. Sawyer
70. a snowdrift shadow --
where a gentled wind keeps turning
a shrivelled dead leaf
71. On Thanksgiving Day
when families assemble
I shall dine alone
72. on leafless pum tree
a blossom out of season,
fooled by the warm winds
73. Thanksgiving display;
tallest in the arrangement
a rescued wheat stalk
74. In the nursery
white blossoms out of season;
one with winged petals
75. Pound in the garden
inside a curly dead leaf -
a chance of new life
76. Thanksgiving Day grace 2
over...chatter fills the air...
grandma's head still bowed B. Sawyer
77. Last on icy branch,
out-of-season plum blossoms
garland the old tree
78. Last of the dying
dead leaves, alone and chilled,
dropping...one by one
79. Red hands claping white
share bounty in new homesteads . . .
First Thanksgiving Day
80. Braving early rime
blossoms out of season flaunt
their gayest colors
81. In three brittle leaves
I read the vanished seasons
green to gold to grey F. Moore
82. On Thanksgiving Day
this handful from stony fields --
gleanings of ripe grain
83. Three cherry blossoms ...
out of season, yet they make
their own festival!
84. A small, fresh green shoot
near dead leaves and dried berries ...
What took it so long?

- 85. Sad Thanksgiving Day;
at the head of the table
an empty armchair
- 86. Red rhododendron
blossoming out of season
a splash of color
- 87. Raking up dead leaves;
faster than I to catch them,
a sudden west wind
- 88. Nor can the dead leaf
crackling in my father's beard
ever waken him
- 89. Thanksgiving sunset:
scattering the turkey's corn
for Friday's sparrows
- 90. My greenhouse cherry
blossoming in November--
birds outside look in
- 91. Oh! So many times
I have shared Thanksgiving Day.
These bones get older
- 92. When least expected...
this out of season rose bud
pressed between pages
- 93. On this windless day
last dead leaf falls... to take flight
on its very own
- 94. Men collapse in shade
thick-armed Saguaro Cacti
welcome evening dew
- 95. The fading sagebrush
curl long waves across prairie
turn by autumn wind
- 96. Family relations,
hold minor ties from nature
pear and rose are kin
- 97. The white-haired widow
bent over her small garden
sweeping the dead leaves
- 98. One headless turkey
hangs in the butcher's window
this Thanksgiving Day
- 99. At the fever peak
fading blossoms of a rose
burst once more in bloom
- 100. Goldfish in a bowl
enjoying Thanksgiving Day -
A siamese cat
- 101. Vermillion and gold
of blossoms out of season -
the prairie at dawn
- 102. Rustle of dead leaves
wind-spinning across my lawn
again and again
- 103. Flutter of white doves,
coins clinking in the poor box
this Thanksgiving Day
- 104. Gardenia blossoms
out of season, still in bloom
among the green leaves
- 105. Rain on the maples . . .
the pile of dead leaves growing
higher day by day

R. Stewart

- 106. floating with dry leaves
behind the departing train
long call of whistle
 - 107. Frost on the pumpkins;
tasty pies in the kitchen...
Thanksgiving Day cheer
 - 108. Don't be sad my friend
When dead leaves carpet the earth
they warm it for Spring
 - 109. The sun waits to dart
from curtained refuge after
wind and rain embrace
 - 110. Wind whistles lyrics [!]
to the soft - rush sea, prodding
creativity
 - 111. On Thanksgiving Day
crows eye pies cooling on sill
of open window
 - 112. Trees have dropped their dress . . .
the crunching sound of dead leaves
under heavy boots
 - 113. Casting black shadows
on my wall Thanksgiving Day . . .
white chrysanthemums
 - 114. Thanksgiving dinner
sodas and old vintage wine
Who gets the drumstick?
 - 115. Early November
Do my old eyes deceive me
Violets blooming
 - 116. From bush beside gate
not blossom out of season -
egg shell in old nest
 - 117. Out of morning mist
dead leaf spirals down to rest
on dark sun dial
 - 118. Last dead leaf blows off
red airplane's plastic window
miles above the earth
 - 119. Dead leaves race down path
swirling their colors around
joggers' blurry feet
 - 120. Misty sunset glow
across mountain lake ripples
dead leaf boats set sail
 - 121. Back garden of church
several hundred years old
bloom out of season
 - 122. No one noticed it
only myself, I am certain
bloom out of season
 - 123. Bloom out of season
a sight that makes my young days
come closer again
- 124-126 *are back*
- Delayed and new members:
- 1. Oakdale's friendly crowd
pilots' noisy late breakfast
in October sun
 - 2. Blind caterpillar
in darkness under the tree
searches in circles
 - 3. Beneath lilac trees
half sleeping, a poet dreams
of butterflies

P. Machmiller

E. Williams

H. Dumas

10

2 121

2 122

3 123

4. Thunder clouds pile up--
no morning rain-- just blue sky--
electricity

5. Twilight in Taxco
A slow-moving moon shattered
on wet cobblestones

6. Twilight in Taxco:
moonlight and morning glory
clinging together.

7. Twilight in Taxco:
Only the moonlight browses
in the Zocalo

8. Even the scarecrow
holds on to the sudden breeze
to the very last

9. The snow almost gone
slowly now, a white crocus
pushes through the earth

10. In the pond stillness
shadows and reflections leave
to join up with geese

Please choose 13 Haiku from the first 126 listed Haiku and 1 from the last 10 Haiku, and send your vote to us by November 25th, 1978 with your December Haiku. December KIGO is Frost, Fireplace or hearth, and Old calendar.

When Submitting your future Haiku, please use an 8 1/2 X 11 white paper as follows:

Your Votes

Your Haiku Assignment for
coming month

#1.

#2.

#3.

Your Name:

Please Add:

124. A rosebud blossoms
out of season -- snowflakes swirl
around white petals

125. Hazy moon above
old man's footsteps are lost in
rustle of dead leaves

126. Family listens
Candles glow -- Father recites
Thanksgiving prayer

To new members:

Please do not vote for your own Haiku.

Commentary on November KUKO

If we wish to write better Haiku, we must keep in mind two important criteria: (1) Is the thought in the Haiku unique? (2) Does the Haiku create a mood or evoke an emotion?

We must avoid common ideas or simple statements in our Haiku. When I read through the November KUKO, there were only a few unique Haiku about Thanksgiving Day which captured my imagination.

Please read #28 carefully and note the uniqueness of the idea. Peacefulness and happiness of Thanksgiving Day are vividly described indirectly in this Haiku. We need more unique Haiku - Haiku with an idea so unusual, few people would think of it.

When we compose a Haiku, try to include a fresh idea or new point of view, the kind of new thought which escaped most people.

Haiku is simple in form but it is not easy to compose unique Haiku within the restrictions of using a KIGO and 17 syllables. This is the pleasure and the challenge of YUKI TEIKEI Haiku.

The difference between a fallen leaf and a dry or dead leaf is as follows:

A fallen leaf is already on the ground while a dry or dead leaf is still clinging to a limb.

When we see a dry or dead leaf clinging to a branch after most leaves have fallen, we sense the deep autumn which evokes a vague feeling of loneliness. We must keep this in mind as we compose Haiku. When we have English language SAIJIKI, These differences will be more discernible.

In summary then, three of the best ways to judge good Haiku are whether or not you feel "Oh, I wish I had noticed or thought that before!", "I can detect the mood or feeling of this Haiku," and "The KIGO fits to the Haiku so well that it makes the KIGO remarkable."

P.S.

Please do not vote on #28 upon which I have commented. Instead, please extend your applause to the author of #28.

By Kiyoshi Tokutomi