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# The DOCTOR IS IN *by Deborah Baldwin*

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ROBERT COLES, AUTHOR, SOCIAL CRITIC

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AND CHILD PSYCHIATRIST, TEACHES A UNIQUE BRAND OF ETHICAL

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ACTIVISM THAT COULD HELP CURE THE '80s OF ITS

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OWN EXCESSES.

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It has been 20 years since the peak of the student protest movement, giving rise to countless nostalgic recollections of those idealistic times known as the '60s. Characteristic of the genre was the recent *New York Times* op-ed piece in which aging baby boomer Benjamin J. Stein, a Los Angeles lawyer and writer, rhapsodized about the good old days and asked himself — apparently without irony — why, with three cars, a nice house and a lovely family, he felt so lonely for the Revolution. If the notion that he ought to climb out of his hot tub and organize for social justice crossed his mind, he didn't say so.

There are those who would argue that the social movements of the '60s never ceased to be relevant — they just lost momentum, subsumed by the preoccupations of the Me Generation. Among them is Dr. Robert Coles, a social critic, child psychiatrist, award-winning author, Harvard professor and purveyor of a unique brand of ethical activism that could help cure the '80s of its own excesses.

To goad his listeners, Coles uses a blend of optimism and mordant observation, typified by this summation of the current crop of presidential candidates. "I haven't heard any of these candidates reach out to the young people of this country and reach out to people who might want to be asked, as the president did in 1960, to give of yourself to the country," he said in an interview in early March. "What they're all catering to is the side of us that wants to hear, 'We're not going to ask anything of you, we're not going to increase your taxes, we're not going to come up with anything, we're just going to give back to you anything you want — and then some.'"

One of Coles's underlying beliefs is that we begin life with all the right instincts, but somehow in the process of growing up they're often snuffed. We wake up one day in a beautiful house, with two kids and a high-paying career, and can't remember what it was like to feel moral outrage. By capturing and directing the idealism

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*Deborah Baldwin is editor of Common Cause Magazine. This profile is based on an interview with Dr. Coles and on a video portrait of Coles by Bruce Baird-Middleton of the Harvard Film Study Center.*

of young people, he asserts, we can cure spiritual numbness before it sets in for life.

Coles is perhaps best known for finding hope in some of the most hopeless corners of the globe. After decades of exposure to families living under the most difficult circumstances imaginable, he remains impossibly upbeat about the next generation's ability to endure and achieve. He has seen it in the grinding poverty of Rio de Janeiro's slums, in bitterly divided South Africa, in the bleak isolation of

sight, sadness and laughter, seems tailored for our times: Give of yourself to others.

The last eight or 10 years have been a "tough time" for many American families, Coles observes, not only because many have been hurt by changes in the economy, but because of changes in government programs and policies. "Look what's happened to the former activism of the federal government in dealing with civil rights problems," he notes, "and in dealing with the problems of the poor."

litically," he says, "it's been hard for me to get too discouraged because of what I hear from children, from students. You hear hope, you hear idealism, you hear a kind of innocence that's so refreshing, you hear humor and good intentions working their way into ordinary remarks.

"And I don't want to be Dr. Pangloss, and I don't want to say we're living in the best of all possible worlds, but I try to hear that side of our country's life, rather than what I hear when I turn on the television from my so-called national leaders . . .

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**T**HERE'S NO SENSE OF NATIONAL INDIGNATION,  
POLITICAL OR MORAL, WHICH CAN SET THE STAGE FOR THE PRIVATE INDIGNATION OF  
THESE STUDENTS," SAYS COLES OF HIS STUDENTS' RESPONSE TO

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RECENT ETHICS SCANDALS.

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Appalachia and even amid warfare in Northern Ireland.

"I may sound naive," he will say by way of preface, launching into still another enthusiastic defense of the human spirit.

Coles seems to derive his own strength and resilience from two groups of people: children, whose uncanny powers of observation and innocence provide the basis for many of his books, and a handful of individuals — he calls them his mentors — who observed the human race at extremes of idealism and despair yet continued to "actively take on the world," as Coles puts it, remaining "in a non-sentimental sense hopeful."

The ability to always look forward, armed with the wisdom of children and saints, has turned Robert Coles into a social conscience for the upwardly mobile — a nagging reminder that there is a world outside the comfortable cocoons we create to protect ourselves and our families, and walking proof that a middle-class upbringing and an Ivy League education can lead to some career besides, say, L.A. law.

Thousands buy his books and crowd his lecture halls. Tell us how to find meaning in our lives, they say. Make us stronger parents. Give us a remedy for the poverty of mind and spirit that plagues us. Audiences are "hungry for knowledge about, in a way, themselves, and one another, and what's possible in this country," Coles concedes.

His response, which he delivers in thoughtful narratives suffused with in-

A withering critic of the slippery ethics and me-ism of the '80s, Coles says he is also alarmed by corruption in key areas of our society. "This is a scandal," he says. "I teach students . . . And it's not pleasant to see young people wondering how long this will continue and how many more people will be caught up in this, whether it's in the federal government or on Wall Street or more recently in our churches." He finds equally demoralizing "the kind of sardonic, mocking attitude you hear" from some students, because it is a symptom of a kind of indifference and scorn that is perhaps the worst kind of corruption.

"Why don't college students rebel, the way they did in the '60s?"

"You know, they're a little tired of moral outrage," Coles says, "because the outrage is not attended, not heard. After all, the president of the United States puts his arm around an attorney general who has been repeatedly implicated in suspicious or questionable activities.

"Some of these ministers confess to all kinds of really scandalous forms of behavior, then they seem to go on. . . . And even on Wall Street the outbursts are new, and then somehow the whole thing doesn't seem to have an effect. . . . There's no sense of national indignation, political or moral, which can set the stage for the private indignation of these students. . . ."

In a matter of moments, however, he's bounced back again.

"During the darkest times in my life po-

and our so-called authorities of one kind or another. They're a dreary lot, a lot of them."

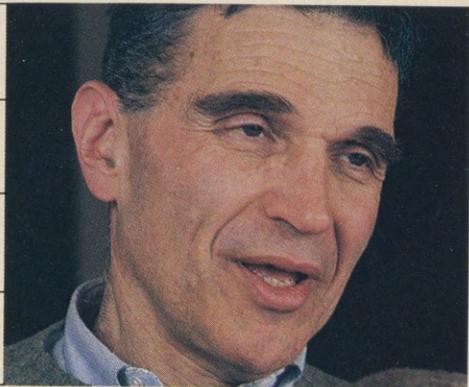
Perhaps best known for his five-volume series, Children of Crisis, published between 1967 and 1977, Coles more recently was a recipient of a MacArthur Foundation fellowship. He used the MacArthur money to travel with his wife and three sons outside America for the first time, plumbing children's psyches in Nicaragua, Poland, South Africa and elsewhere in an effort to understand how they develop their political views. In 1986 he produced twin volumes called The Political Life of Children and The Moral Life of Children, which describe the impressive, often unpredictable spurts of moral and political development he observed among children both here and abroad.

Coles's unconventional approach, more like that of a documentary filmmaker than that of a psychiatrist, involves interviewing children at length, inviting them to draw and discuss pictures about themselves and their world and using these as the raw ingredients for long reflective essays. His goal is to let children describe the world as they (and not the experts) see it, while nudging his readers toward a greater awareness of the needs of others — vulnerable children in particular.

Bound together as books, Coles's essays are imbued with a self-conscious, almost self-deprecating air. Often he will use his own experiences as a way to reveal one of

the greatest pitfalls of experts and intellectuals everywhere — pride. Often it seems as if the man with all the answers is still searching himself.

Coles grew up in middle-class comfort near Boston and graduated from Harvard without much notion of what he wanted to do. He still refers to the “serendipitous” nature of the events that led him from college to medical school to the civil rights movement — which he says he “stumbled into” in the early '60s — and into the work that has brought him critical acclaim



and a popular following. Obsessed with the role of fate in the evolution of character, he has said that he is haunted by the realization that he might never have pursued this course, opting instead for a private practice and a conventional lifestyle, if he and his wife Jane (a schoolteacher who has assisted in much of his research) hadn't been able to turn to their families for some initial financial support. When they approached private foundations in search of grants for the kind of nomadic research they wanted to do, they got form-letter rejections.

Today, of course, big-name foundations invite Coles to guest lecture at their events. In future talks Coles says he hopes to persuade foundations to assist with a project upon which he has pinned great hopes — namely to provide grants to young people who want to work in community service but can't afford to because they've graduated in debt or have other obligations. The MacArthur Foundation, after all, gave Coles almost a quarter-million dollars so that he could spend five years on his study of children's political values. A similar amount might have supported a doctor's work at a rural health clinic, he notes; adding, “Why couldn't some of our foundations, and perhaps the federal government in conjunction with them, sponsor certain people for a stretch of time? Say to some doctors and some lawyers and some engineers and some schoolteachers and some social workers, ‘Look, here's five years of support to enable you to do this kind of work in com-

munities that need it.’ ”

All kinds of young people, including the privileged, would respond, he believes. In preparing the fifth volume of *Children of Crisis*, a study of the children of the well-to-do, Coles found many of them to be “very shrewd” about politics and the need for social change. “For two years now,” he adds, “I have been teaching courses at the Harvard Business School — if there's ever a group of people you'd think are headed for heart-and-soul yuppie-dom. And I'm stunned at how much earnest goodwill I find in some of those students.” Coles estimates that more than half the student body at Harvard contributes some time to community service.

“I think idealism — and generosity of spirit — is a natural part of childhood,” he says. “It doesn't matter what the family is, whether they're black, white, rich or poor. I found that everywhere; it's part of being a child or an adolescent, looking at the world with that kind of freshness. But, of course, you know that the heart dies — a lot of this idealism is not amplified by schools, by families or communities, or it is even discouraged.”

The next step for those who have been involved in social, political and racial struggles, he says, “is to help a new generation of young Americans to not only get involved with the problems of this country through their activities, but to let that involvement help them become better educated both intellectually and, if I may even use the word, become deeper spiritually and morally through reflection on what they've actually done.”

Coles advocates this variety of educated activism in the humanities courses he teaches in five different departments at Harvard. (He is developing a course specifically on community service which he hopes to start teaching this fall.) His lectures, linking the moral values in literature to contemporary society and its needs, gently prod the privileged Harvard student body to abandon the quest for materialism and conventional kinds of achievement — undergrads have dubbed his course “Guilt 33.” His course at the Harvard Medical School has students working in clinics and hospitals for the poor; in seminars they integrate these experiences with what they've learned from great literature, which Coles believes contains a wealth of useful knowledge about moral values.

One of Coles's favorite novels is George Eliot's 19th-century masterpiece *Middlemarch*, a study of the influence of class and circumstance on “the unfolding,” as she puts it, of various characters' moral development. The book is astonishingly con-

temporary in its observations, which include this insight into the way society wears down youthful idealism: “In the multitude of middle-aged men who go about their vocations in a daily course determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats, there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world a little. . . . Nothing in the world more subtle than the process of their gradual change! In the beginning they inhaled it unknowingly; you and I may have sent some of our breath towards infecting them, when we uttered our conforming falsities. . . .”

As might be expected from a man who weaves 19th-century literature into his business school courses, Coles often seems old-fashioned. He is identified as a political liberal, but says he's a conservative on social and family issues (“and on economic issues a populist”). “I worry about where our values are going. I'm appalled by the pornography that our children, that all of us, have available,” he says. In a recent essay in *Sojourners* magazine describing his current work with teenagers, Coles writes with characteristic wryness, “After spending time with sexually savvy 16-year-olds, I feel like retiring into a Norman Rockwell picture of the 1950s or maybe one of Frank Capra's film celebrations of American innocence. Still, I manage to give myself a lecture on the dangers of retrospective romanticism. . . .”

The side of Coles drawn to Eliot, Tolstoy and Dickens also takes enjoyment from the complexities and ambiguities of the human experience. Coles's own life is a good case in point. Here is a doctor who cannot bear to draw blood; a professor who is uncomfortable grading students; a founder of the food stamp program who dislikes federal bureaucracies; a member of a prestigious faculty who dislikes academia (and the professions in general). Coles is an educator and simplifier — a storyteller — yet reveres mystery and the unknown. He is class-conscious yet apolitical, having turned away from the government after his heroes Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King were killed; an influential award-winner who rejects conventional measures of success; a loner who claims he would never have engaged in this “crazy mission” — his lifetime work — if it hadn't been for the support and approval of his wife Jane. He is a psychiatrist who rejects labels, pigeon-holing and popular theories about psychological and biochemical predeterminism; a contributor to *The New England Journal of Medicine* — on the subject of *Middlemarch*; a workaholic who often feels the tug of family; a religious believer who is often uncomfortable in church.

If presented with such a list, Coles's response would no doubt be a dramatic lurch of the eyebrows and an eye-crunching laugh. Fifty-eight years old, he is wiry, with dark wayward hair, an infectious sense of humor and an earnestness that makes him seem, well, youthful. He speaks *slowly* . . . and *rhythmically* . . . like *this*. He also tends to bend sideways when answering questions, as if making a conscious effort to repress a desire to preach.

Over the years Coles has perfected an ability to tell people things they may not want to hear. Impatient with the narcissism and materialism of our decade, he also casts a jaundiced eye at today's self-styled authorities — the pollsters and advertising geniuses who mold political campaigns, and the banal self-help books that let us avoid making difficult moral decisions about the way we live. "Parents who are not exactly sure what they dare to want for themselves or their children (besides the various objects incessantly paraded before them with wicked cleverness on the television screen or in newspapers and magazines) turn eagerly to psychologists and psychiatrists, members of the so-called helping professions," Coles once wrote disparagingly. "We want to 'analyze' everything, including our children's behavior, and at the same time we have convinced ourselves that we lack the authority to take a firm stand on much of anything — with respect to their lives or our own."

He has been described as shuffling up to podiums before audiences of well-to-do professionals, looking slightly disheveled, a little like TV's Lt. Columbo without the raincoat. (Like Columbo, Coles even makes frequent mention of his wise but rarely seen wife.) Then, without benefit of written text, he launches into powerful, seemingly impromptu language, reducing his audiences to pudding. This effect seems all the more remarkable given the sound of his voice — Peter Falk with a nasal Boston accent.

Working out of a quiet, orderly office on the Harvard University campus — a plaque on the wall proclaims it to be Franklin Roosevelt's undergraduate suite — Coles seems to enjoy the role of the tireless, guilt-inducing guru. A man of practiced patience, he seems unperturbed, for example, when a photographer he doesn't know can't resist breaking into a reporter's questions with some observations and inquiries of his own.

But then, Coles spends a lot of time listening to others thrash through their self-realizations. Students come to Coles constantly in search of meaningful alternatives to investment banking and the like.

It is common for his former students to say, "He changed my life."

If Coles seems extra-patient with undergraduates — a recent campus visitor observed them to be largely scruffy and self-indulgent, just as she remembered from college 20 years ago — it may be in part because he has never lost his ability to identify with the young.

He has never let himself forget, for example, that once upon a time he drove a white Porsche convertible with red leather seats, in homage to teen rebel James Dean, and that he liked dating and going drinking.

Or that his parents and colleagues thought he was wasting his life because he wouldn't open a private practice and make money like everybody else.

Or that he leaned on a handful of extraordinary individuals who changed *his* life.

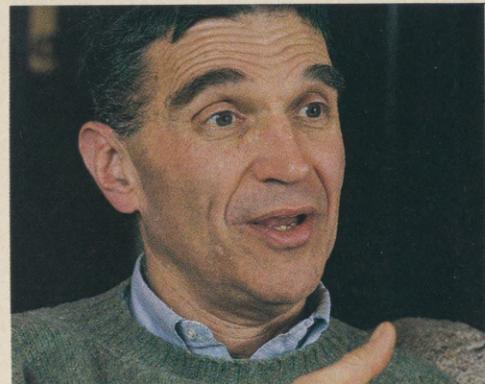
Coles says he became a doctor who worked with children "because he did," a reference to the poet and old-fashioned general practitioner William Carlos Williams. Senior year in college he met Williams and started following him on his rounds in poor neighborhoods in Paterson, N.J. Williams taught Coles that there's a difference between moral ideas and moral conduct — a difference between *thinking* the poor need help and actually helping them, for example — a distinction that runs throughout Coles's work. Williams also helped get Coles in medical school and years later, upon discovering that the young confused pediatrician had an unfortunate aversion to giving shots, helped to steer him toward child psychiatry. "He was a wonderful person to know," Coles says, "and a great inspiration to me. . . . Now there's an example of something, you see; you come in contact with someone and you get to know him and ultimately he changed my life."

It was also Williams who helped Coles understand the meaning of his profound encounter with the most unlikely mentor of all, a six-year-old black girl named Ruby Bridges.

Coles sought out Ruby, the daughter of impoverished, illiterate parents, in 1960 when she was singlehandedly desegregating a school in New Orleans. Accompanied by federal marshals as, twice a day, she steadily threaded her way through jeering, hateful mobs, she prayed for God to "forgive them because they don't know what they're doing." As Coles tells it, he was a self-absorbed and somewhat arrogant young psychiatrist who thought he could identify a psychological condition for what turned out to be a six-year-old's

commitment to live what she learned in the Bible. Literally. After all, as Coles notes dryly, Ruby wasn't in a position to take the steps he might have chosen had they changed positions: call a lawyer, ask the local police for protection, analyze the mob's pathology and then write about it afterward.

It was a humbling experience, and one that crops up often in Coles's books and lectures, not only because Ruby taught him about moral behavior but because she also inspired him to pursue this "whole



new chapter" in his life — that of a documentary writer. Coles says he'll never forget Williams's relief when he learned, "I'd found my vocation — this long search was over!"

Other mentors include Dorothy Day, the purposeful, self-sacrificing leader of the Catholic Worker movement; Erik Erikson, the Harvard psychologist who understood children; and Walker Percy, the doctor who writes moving novels about the South and once observed that it's possible to get "all A's and flunk ordinary living." Coles says in a Faustian bargain he would gladly throw away all of his accomplishments — his three dozen-plus books and all the rest — in order to write one fictional work as instructive as Percy's *The Moviegoer*.

"Mentors, like parents, try to help us out," Coles says. "I hope one never outgrows the need [for them]. . . . Mentors are fellow soldiers on this pilgrimage that we all make — a trek — from birth to death."

Another mentor was Robert Kennedy, whom Coles traveled with in an effort to understand and document the effects of poverty and whom he remembers as "a compassionate American moral figure, trying to change the country in ways I respected." (Coles drafted Kennedy's final speech before his assassination — a call for federal programs to assist children in the ghetto.) Coles, who believes in the power of the transcendent experience, suggests Kennedy, who had a reputation early in his career as ruthless, may in fact have il-

lustrated the capacity of the human soul to change.

"Our responsibility as a country or a state or a city or a community is to *be there* . . . when those moments take place," Coles says when discussing, in a different context, ways to tap students' instinctive drive to help others. "We can't program the moments — and who would want to — but we can be there so that those who for one reason or another suddenly become morally awake can find some way to express that."

Despite his close association with Robert Kennedy and the War on Poverty, Coles is no believer in big government, favoring instead the kind of help individuals can offer to others. "A massive effort ought to be made, individual to individual, family to family," he says, "perhaps helped along by government, on the local, state and national levels. How else do you reach the most seriously troubled families in this country? I don't think you help them necessarily only by setting up institutions. . . ."

"Maybe I'm being naive about this," he continues, "but I have seen what individuals, even college students, are able to do with particular families in the Boston area and other parts of this country." If nothing else, volunteers can take the kids to a health clinic or find legal aid for a family's legal problems.

Of course burnout is a problem, but one way to fend it off, Coles suggests, "is for the whole country to say, this is what really matters to us. We're going to acknowledge you people." ♦

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**I**DEALISM — AND GENEROSITY OF SPIRIT — IS A NATURAL PART

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OF CHILDHOOD . . ." COLES BELIEVES. "BUT, OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THAT THE HEART DIES

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— A LOT OF THIS IDEALISM IS NOT AMPLIFIED BY SCHOOLS, BY FAMILIES

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OR COMMUNITIES, OR IT IS EVEN DISCOURAGED."

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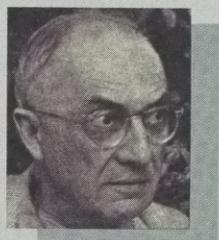
If Coles seems extra-patient with confused college students, it may be in part because he has never forgotten his own identity crises as a young man. Throughout his life he has been helped along by a number of influential individuals — he calls them his mentors.

UPI/BETTMAN NEWSPHOTOS



RUBY BRIDGES was an unlikely mentor. Coles was a 30-year-old psychiatrist when he met her in 1960, and she was a six-year-old girl who willingly braved jeering mobs and death threats twice a day in order to desegregate a school in New Orleans. Ruby defied psychiatric labels, revealing a commitment to act upon the biblical values she had been taught by her parents.

WILLIAM ERIC WILLIAMS, M.D.



WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, a poet and general practitioner, helped steer Coles into medicine and later into child psychiatry. He also served as a sounding board when Coles was struggling to understand the impact of his encounter with Ruby. Coles says he became a doctor who worked with children "because *he* did." "He was a wonderful person to know and a great inspiration to me. . . ." Coles recalls. "Ultimately he changed my life."

HARPER & ROW



DOROTHY DAY, a leader of the Catholic Worker movement, was another mentor for Coles. He worked in her soup kitchen in the early '50s when he was in medical school. In a recent biography of Day, Coles wrote that she addressed "that central matter of moral inquiry: How should we try to live this life?"



# KEEPING SCORE

BY PETER MONTGOMERY

*Tallying human rights violations is one of the most politically charged assignments in Washington.*

Guerrilla warfare is being waged within the State Department. To use the administration's terminology, it's a low-intensity conflict. And like many guerrilla wars, the struggle involves a lot of maneuvering for political advantage.

The centerpiece in this struggle is a 1,300-page document that attempts to evaluate the status of human rights in more than 160 countries. It's an enormous task, one that is complicated, not surprisingly, by political pressures from many quarters. Human rights advocates spar with proponents of *realpolitik*. Members of Congress, foreign diplomats and nongovernmental organizations supply their own ammunition. And if that weren't enough, the department's human rights officers have internal problems to cope with: regional officers who resent the reports, political appointees with an agenda to promote and foreign service officers affected with "clientitis," the tendency to defend the country in which one is serving.

In a city where everything is political, it's hardly surprising that something as volatile as human rights should be vulnerable to behind-the-scenes maneuvering and power struggles. What's surprising is the extent to which the annual human

rights reports have not only managed to survive but thrive, gradually evolving from an idea into an institution. Despite early opposition to the reports, the Reagan administration has improved the documentation of human rights violations, with some key exceptions, according to some members of the human rights community. Having encountered a large constituency for human rights, the administration also discovered that human

rights could provide the foundation for taking the moral high ground in dealing with Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

The annual reports got their start in the mid-'70s, when Congress required findings for nations receiving U.S. aid, a list the State Department later expanded to include all members of the United Nations. The reports give a country-by-country analysis of freedom of expression, trial rights, political killings, torture, de-



M. Honda  
4581 E. Holland  
Eureka, Calif 93726

Yoshiko Uchida  
1685 Solano Ave #102  
Berkeley, Calif. 94707

old man 86 or 89

makes kites on sewing machine

67 yrs old - (1910))

started using 2 yrs ago to make kites.

kite on end of string  
an exercise in life

✓ you're always picking up - at, sky &

the string swings,

It's a beautiful site.

Kids come to see him fly kites

2 old men grow  
30 lbs of pumpkins

to give away to kids from town

"a harvest joy"

2 old men invite kids to come

pick pumpkins - They run  
all over field picking huge pumpkins  
too big for them.

Nickie Letori - "the chicken  
man"

Refused to be demolished - big urban renewal  
cussed, stubborn, the man in side of city hall  
little store - in middle of "beachfront"

Party lot, city hall, etc.

"neighborhood" demolished

1 Run track in cotton field - <sup>Chandler's</sup> <sup>parents</sup>  
9 children came home & sharecroppers  
home - to celeb 50th anniv.  
all o coll. educ.

~~Had~~ - parents - had no money -  
poorest part o poorest state - 05.  
picked cotton, dug potatoes, corn -  
all left - to go to school.

"American Album"  
Ches Kurlalt,  
"On the Road"

CBS.

Coleman's  
grove  
Hartford.

Born nearby, worked here life time -  
no vac'n. - a survivor -  
a city of more wide streets + new Bldg -  
"I been here a long time." -  
I of a kind - stubborn - individualist

Retired dairy farmer (78) 9 miles done

Bldg - hi way straight across Minnesota  
tho it built - wanted not done -  
~~started work~~ was tried need get ~~bladder~~  
removed, tho it'd better work, he had it out -  
felt better - better - never had it out.

Bldg road by inches -  
1st straight east-west hi way across Minn  
"Coming out + seeing what is done is toward  
enuff" - State doesn't even answer letters  
"It's not the dream - it's bldg (road & matters"

Sign painter - lived 65 yrs in repeat answering?  
~~Chas Kurlalt~~ Duncan -  
"I put up signs to stop folks 2 asking?"  
"at war with the county  
at place " "and"  
Signs pking to Buford, Duluth, Hanksville - ...  
It's "Magn" of battle area -

in carded  
- she left her clothes piled  
\* he on an armchair in her  
room - each day's  
apparel a new offering to  
the overburdened chair -  
Her <sup>knee</sup> hose were rolled off &  
dropped on the floor -  
2 beige puddles to add  
to the mess. you rekk

- she left cat food on the floor  
- absentmindedly stepped into it.

- Tossed tidbits to (dog on  
floor -

- compulsive shopper

<sup>Back</sup>  
- Room full of stuff  
- Basement - empty jars,  
papers, cans,

- With piles of clothes - pink  
silver, wadded windows

- merris

- Mother is called Sis - always  
12-13 family has been

- Jamie S - small features -  
all family ) small  
faces - features scrunched  
together

- she likes coed rainy weather  
or really hot - not in  
between -

- Loves to ride, write

Scott's prayer: after some already  
started eating

we We want to really thank  
you for this next I had say  
(for taking care of us who this)  
for letting us get together and take  
for giving us this food which  
some of us have already  
tasted - (and we - for)  
which we know is good

- we want to thank  
for all great things -  
you've given us and uh -

I want to be free - I cannot be  
possessed - I must have ~~some~~  
breathing space - "If you learn  
really well how to be alone - you  
someday forget how to be open to  
love when it comes." - "Wanting  
contradictions - independence" yet  
closeness -

"Someone who uses up a breathing space"

<sup>Steve</sup>  
Re relative - "He's very forgettable"

Libby's neighbor -

<sup>used</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>Hertz</sup> <sup>shop</sup> makes fabric clothes out of greeting cards  
1 for everyday, 1 for lunch  
crocheted dolls, hats, figurine  
boxes of cats -  
small & letter box - stuffy!

Past - M - marceling her hair -  
30<sup>s</sup> heating curling iron on stove  
letting on a piece of tissue  
whirling in air - if too hot -  
The ~~hair~~ <sup>hair</sup> to make a wave -  
the faint smell of burning  
hair -

F - never - she got a job at ...  
but - "They want her to come work" -  
never - I sold my bk to ...  
but ... wants me to do a bk) them -  
never - I signed up to give a talk at City  
but - they asked me to give a talk -  
- The sure sign of the insecure  
Havighs make ~~an~~ <sup>the</sup> impression -  
- a pathetic win comporp v a man -  
Parepou -

Eden D - spot - going into  
old antique & junk shops -  
"Don't ~~buy~~ old things

Doesn't the <sup>part</sup> owners & all  
these things haunt you?  
- Owner knew'd "no" -  
only ( puppets - They  
seem to ) a life & ) own -  
Maybe ( former owner still  
lives in ( , "

K. Sakazueki

7/73

- Used to <sup>threaten to</sup> be away from home often. Finally, one day M. said "fine, I'll make a lunch," she packed onusubi.
- He had to go - took lunch + comic obs - walked down long lonely road to highway -
- Decided he'd stay away 2-3 hrs. hid in corn or wheat fields (grows high) - ducked + father's car passed -
- Finally went home

- 
- F. used to rent projector + samurai films once a yr from class.  
+ show family -  
Prob'ly cost a lot -  
(more re F.)

- 
- at 16 - He used to hire + fire workers for farm - tho't he was very good. chose girls + people he liked.  
Just sense of power.

- 
- Wanted to be Valedictorian of G.S. (?) very badly -  
1 girl smarter than he was -  
He knew she liked Twinkies,

He bribed her with three -  
to show report card. He had  
1 more B, than she. He  
began to pray to God for help.

- Then she moved away!  
His prayer was answered.  
He tho't.

- He became Valentinian -  
but got so nervous. Made a  
mess of speech & instead of  
giving pride to Mother -  
gave her shame.

---

- They had a dog named "Cuckoo"  
tried to dump him in r town.  
- He always came home.  
- One even from days' ride  
away!  
so they finally kept it.

1930's

- FDR - Hoppy Day in New York
- Betty Boop on screen
- Radio - Bing Crosby, Aces/Randy

Historical  
background

1934-

Falkies - "Mr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde."  
Hit Parade - Top Ten

1936 -

Life Mag. began pub.

Edw. Abduction

Big Bands - starting at Savoy  
Lambert with  
Duffy Boodle

1937

Joe Louis - champ  
Nylon invented.

1938

- Oron Well - Meridian Broadcast

Say yes -

yes I'll

touch  
look  
walk  
try  
dare  
share

Say why not  
not why

yes I am

I be

I'll go

Pres. Woodrow Wilson -

Alexander Cooke -  
America  
3/20/73

- 1919 - Russia seized by Communism  
fear of C. spread to U.S.
- labor protests began - RR, Steel - strikes
- Am. wanted no part of foreign entanglements.
- Cars - ~~Model T~~ - Open, closed.
- Am. turned in on itself. - Turned to →
- Warren G. Harding, (1920 "Buddy")  
(mistress) - Other scandals in cabinet
- He was a small town editor → died
- Vice Pres: Calvin Coolidge - became Pres.
- Had Country store in Vermont

1920's

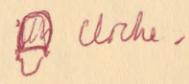
Coolidge prosperity

- 1st assembly lines -
- 2nd built motor car for everyone

Model T - built 

Country opened up by car.

- ~~road~~ <sup>road</sup> catalogue.



Clara Bow - "It" girl - flappers.  
Mass ebeery + frivolity -  
Charleston, bobbed hair.

America was now Top Dog.

Europe lived a fear war.

Worshippers the unbeatable. - Babe Ruth -

- Chas. Lindbergh - Spirit of St. Louis  
flew solo across Atlantic.

Paris - all car owners asked to park  
& put on lights to guide plane.

Bobby Jones - a gentleman, - graceful  
sportsman, idolized.  
honor, generosity - ~~at~~ best performer  
& hero, as a team player, gentle & kind, & serious.

Writings of Freud in 1920's -  
sexual freedom became a mania -  
sex-dreaded magazines, theatres  
by saxophone, bobbed hair, hip flask.

Constitutional Amendment after war - became law.  
abolish national prohibition.  
gave rise to underground institutions  
bootleggers. for 30 yrs,?

1928 - Coolidge didn't run again - <sup>safety on</sup> Volcano &  
didn't know it.  
 Hoover got it

Everyone was riding high - stocks in  
10/24/29 - dem broke - stock market fell

10/29/29 - Black Tuesday - CRASH

Depression  
Factories become idle -  
machines idled.

1932 - 13 million unemployed.

1 in every 3 families had  
no tenants in shanty towns  
Steel stocks fell from 90 to 12

shanty towns of unemployed,  
Bankrupt farmers - drought on plains,  
south ~~not~~ soil eroded, dust bowl  
worn out cotton land - malnourished.

FDR - led a sheltered life - a charmer. (2)  
social type - Harvard etc -  
diff. to talk) Pres.

Pres - for 12 yrs - never photographed in  
motion (legs paralyzed) - public only  
saw him ~~for~~ wait up. at 40

1932, 36, 40, 44 - Pres.

1933 - Closed all Banks - close socialism  
Proclaimed NRA - prices & wages fixed -  
FDR was a benevolent dictator  
~~but got~~ Supreme Court - gave Am.  
back to Constitution - destroys NRA concept.

"Happy days" - WPA -  
helped poor farmers, etc -

FDR a artful manipulator

replied  
suggested  
continued  
inquired  
mumbled  
conceded  
declared  
agreed  
remarked  
begged  
pointed out  
asked casually  
looked startled  
aghost

struggled

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS  
AND BEST WISHES  
FOR THE COMING YEAR

*M. Kawano*

restrained

ceaseless roar

immense capacity for friendships

enduring kindness

merciless necessities

astounding

its cost in human gain

monoc of its weight

blind cruelty

foulness of its want

violence of its wealth

degradation

irresistible

inevitable

Transparent darkness

nts - lowering violet-black

looming

spectacle

eternal

utterly

steaming into summer

kinship betw living & dead

Shinks - belief that world & living directly  
governed by the old & dead - that  
every impulse or act of man is  
willed by a god - all dead become gods

loving gratitude to / part

utterly depleted

## Characters in My life

- Mr. Toga - (Ogo, Bad Hair)
- Mr Okada - (oh Broom)
- Mr ~~Toga~~ <sup>Rako</sup> - (I feel 7 Better now)
- Mrs. Wasa Bday Visits
- Church people. (waddi-camp)
- Camp - (Crye Paper Fans)
- Mrs. Hickey -  
Fair, Julie - So. Belle  
Que. sand.
- Mr. Froya (Black Tie)
- Mrs. Suits - Who carried  
weeners in her handbag  
to gnaw & she was hungry.  
(her son put tofu in her  
Casket)
- My Grandmother  
(see (History - of) Kakeu)

Mr. + Mrs. Hayakawa

(Irei)

Small, frail doll-like figures -  
a life of sadness + loneliness brought on  
by his arrogance -

He was a clerk in the J. ~~Embassy~~ <sup>Consulate</sup> in  
Hawaii. In those days - everyone was  
coming to the U.S. The thing to do -  
He had no skills, but taught J. to young  
Irei children, frightening most of them  
with his stern discipline

He had 2 d's. One ~~was~~ an artist married  
a Cau. + went to N. Mex to live - In those  
days - a rebellious ~~unheard of act~~ - She then  
d. married a man who was jailed for some  
crime + deported. She left her youngest son with  
the s.m. + woman. A bright-eyed, sweet  
youngster - who used to play in church yard -  
one day - missing - he was drowned in  
a Alameda Estuary -

- Evacuation: - They went to N. Mex. but  
were dissatisfied + unhappy - D. + minister  
helped bring them to Japan. But they were  
unhappy there too. often grumbled -

After return to Calif - lived for awhile in  
Richmond barracks (?). Then to a Welfare home  
in Pindo (full of senile, ill people) asked to be  
removed. By that time both ill; D. went  
after them, carried old man into car - both to  
County Hospital. There W + hush. separated -  
to men + women's ward - That was the end -  
They both died there without ever meeting -

gambled & complained to the end -  
Mr. Kawabata - D, took care of them -  
- arr'd for minister on July. to  
arrange cheapest casket & funeral.  
(Mr. K. had about \$200 - of Mr. A's money)  
Had funeral at church. Daughter too  
ill to attend or come. In Urned - at  
Ch of Memories in Oakland - cheapest, smallest  
nicest place (\$60?) -  
What was left of \$ - given to boy &  
girl - grandchildren - then in SF -  
a sad end -

## Issai Story

Do sep. chapters for  
different Issai.

---

- farmer
- businessman
- potato King - etc.
- nursery

Collection -  
My 3 world episodes

The Church -

Picnics

Ministers

Johns etc.

Company →

Merrata-san

bathtub water

sparrow

skip & Watch.



# The Sumitomo Bank

OF CALIFORNIA

400 TWENTIETH STREET • OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94612

TELEPHONE 835-2400

## Struck at home -

- "Christ is the ~~Heart~~ Head of this House  
The unseen guest at the silent table listens to every conversation."  
- keep in dining Room -
- Coal oil stove - ctd in aines -  
in bathroom -  
write first on wood gutters.
- wrapping Rice in blanket -  
+ off to church
- M squating on floor to clean veg on  
newspapers.
- D using abacus
- Frost - moving string, paper
- all the guests, <sup>from J.</sup> dinners for PSR students  
who ~~forgot~~ (remember, bro't their suits  
with them.) - some men who come +  
parked - c. liv. Room -
- we used to hurry out to movie before anyone  
came.

- Livingston Visit  
picnics,  
wagon ride

Singie -

"D's <sup>fat</sup> soup — chat.?"

"No ~~Onbake~~ sam - naka no onbake sam

Kakawari sam wa kojai nak -

- N.Y's to L.A. on sleeper -

Grandma -

peach - water, leaves, etc -

cellar -

"Simple dignity + patience"



# The Sumitomo Bank

OF CALIFORNIA

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TELEPHONE 835-2400

Idea for Juveniles - Incorp.  
Story of Issei

Issei couple who come from  
Japan -

Farmers? in L.A.?  
A Shop?

Children - Discrimin.

War - Reloc'n Center

~~Gas Abiko~~ -

3/73

Marty - They had a big laundry -  
in Beck. (used to live n. Abby)  
Mother had to learn to drive  
because she had to take food up  
to workers at the laundry from home.  
(Miyu + Chik - had to be tutored  
in English - all they spoke was  
J. at home.)

- all kids had to help work in  
laundry. Big mangle - for sheets  
had to be careful, or hand would  
get caught.
- Miyu had to quit h.s. to work  
in laundry. By the time  
Marty was 12, she had to cook  
for everyone. She used to read  
mag. for recipes. One made  
potato stuffed with weiners (?)  
men complained because not  
enough. - Marty got mad -  
told them if they didn't like  
it go eat elsewhere.

- women used to spend hours  
hand-ironing the ruffles on

<sup>some</sup> kids wore bleached rice sacks  
made into pants or dresses - with  
"A-1 Rice" or whatever still visible.  
Used to embarrass them -

- Richie wore short pants for a long time,  
until teased at school (in camp)  
+ didn't want to go to school.

- She found herself wandering - going from room to room. Picking up a sweater to put away - then thinking of something else - carrying it with her to kitchen or the pantry -
- Doing things in fits & starts - making half the bed - & then moving to bureau to make up her face -
- Her mind full of rambling thoughts - that could not be articulated on paper or in words -
  - as tho' a core of her mind was wrapped up in sarcocarp & could not break thru'
  - it was her mind just a blank - in which there was little to begin with - No, once, when younger, she had a lively eager mind. She read the headlines - the reporter - felt deeply of social injustices - how, she still cared, but not enough to do anything about them ~~outward~~ could not explain herself with enough lucidity to make herself <sup>position</sup> understood.
- The slowing of all her mental juices, that's what it was. She was getting old, she could read a newspaper now a foot away, where before she squinted & deciphered. She tried reading
- She was distracted, bored, tired, filled with a dread of the future, of death of loneliness
- Her hair was color & dried seaweed - neither black nor brown - but a tarnished mixture of both - tinged & white

- One small vein inside her wrist  
flashed - bobbed silently - the small  
visible ~~one~~ thrust of her life

# The 'Ellis Island Of the West'

By Keith Power

It leaned in the shadows of a closely-wooded hillside on Angel Island: an old building, broken of glass and bereft of doors, but still, after all these years, unmistakably a place of confinement.

The acrid, institutional smell appeared to cling to the cold air as Hing Gai Chow picked his way along the dusty, littered floor with the care expected of a man in his 70's. He wore a narrow-brimmed hat and overcoat.

He was a tattered, ambitious 19-year-old when he last was in the building, but now he had to get his bearings.

Finally, he perceived the row of iron stanchions where the bunks had clustered in three tiers and he traced the lonesome defiant messages carved in Chinese characters on the walls.

He nodded in recognition and his spectacles gleamed. He led the way to the dining hall outside the barracks where he had his first, disgusted taste of corned beef and cabbage.

His son, Paul Chow, lagged behind the tour. He surveyed the miserable surrounding with a curiously proprietary air and said: "We want to bring the kids back here and say, hey, this is where we began in America."



HING GAI CHOW REVISITED BARRACKS  
He was 19 when he left Angel Island

"This" is the detention complex of the former United States Immigration Service Station, built in 1910 in a cove on the northeast coast of Angel Island and finally abandoned after the administrative headquarters

burned in 1940. Angel Island has been called the "Ellis Island of the West."

Chow, 46, an engineer with the state Department of Transportation, is a leader of a movement among Californians of Asian heritage to

preserve the crumbling barracks as a historical monument or museum.

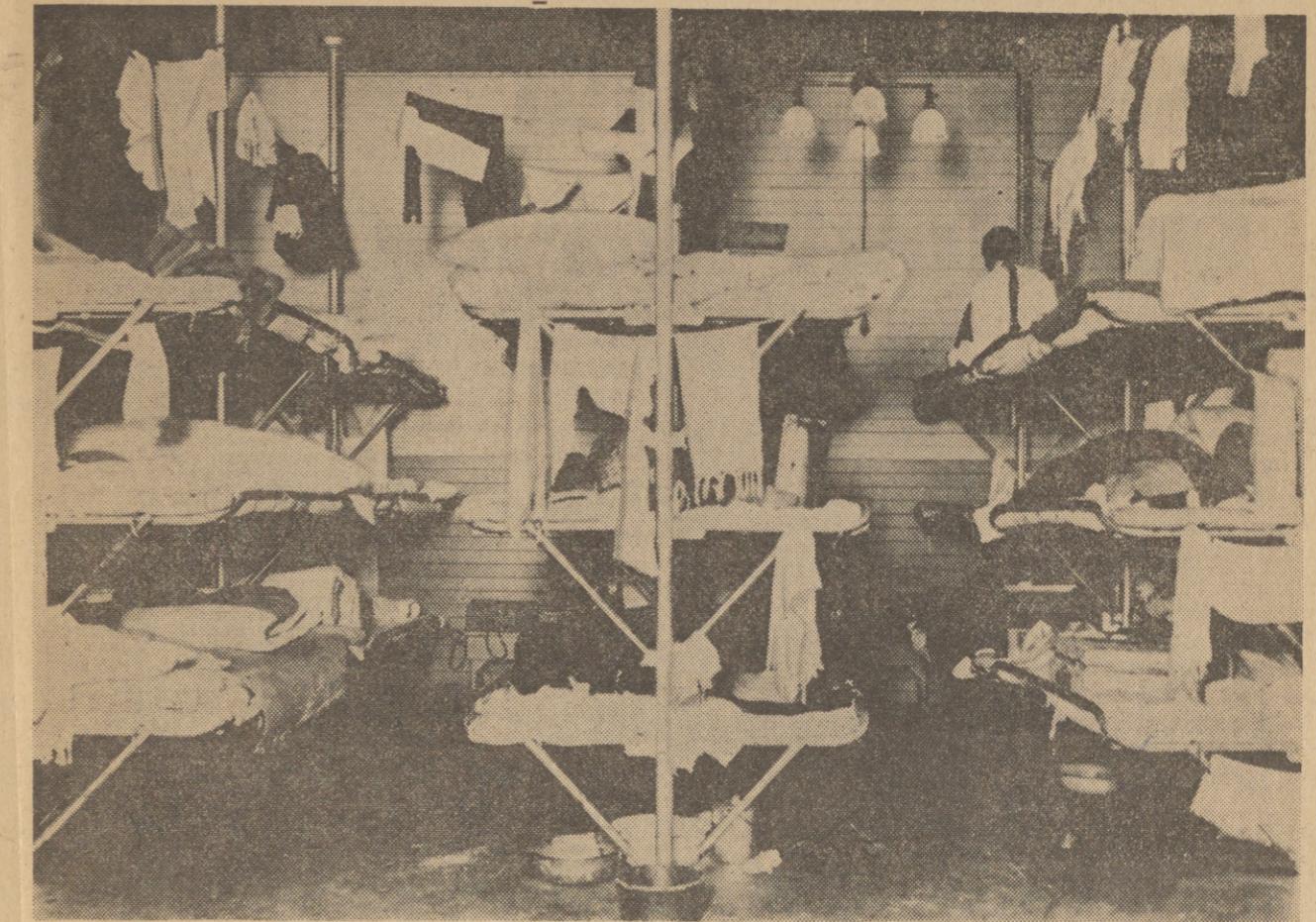
For three decades, during the period of "Yellow Peril" hysteria and enforcement of Asian exclusionary laws, thousands of Chinese and, to a lesser extent, Japanese, were taken from steamships in San Francisco Harbor and transported to the immigration station on the island.

There, confronted for the first time with implacable laws of white America, the refugees tried to convince immigration officers that they were American citizens through nebulous kinships in the United States. An Asian born in China was a U.S. citizen only if a male ancestor had been a U.S. citizen, proving this was a game of wits and patience.

"Some were held in the barracks as long as four years," Chow said.

"The average stay was 18 months. But I don't want this to turn into a project dwelling on the bad treatment. It is simply a part of our history in coming to America."

In 1922, however, a contemporary newspaper recounts the story of six white Australians who were prevented from landing in San Francisco because the Australian migration quota for that particular month had been exhausted. They were



Thousands of Asians were housed in Angel Island bunk-barracks such as those shown in this old photo

sent to the immigration station on Angel Island.

"Some Chinese were routed out of their bunks and we were put in their place," the spokesman for the party reported.

"The odor has been terrible and the food not fit to eat. Convicted criminals in San Quentin got better fare."

Nearly all the Chinese who passed through the laborious examination in Angel Island eventually were allowed in the United States, according to Richard Williams, district director of the immigration service.

Williams said that during

the immigration station's busiest decades on Angel Island he doubted if anyone was detained there more than a year.

"They went before a board of inquiry. "It was almost a star chamber proceeding, but they had a right to free appeal and there was endless opportunity for wrangling. They would be asked where the well was in their alleged home village, where the outhouse was. . ."

In the Chinese community's memory of the Angel Island experience, there are a number of suicides of young men facing loss of face at home. They also say many

bribes were passed to immigration inspectors. Williams simply shook his head over these reports.

"My only personal experience with the station was a visit I paid as a young border patrolman in 1940. All I remember are a lot of Chinese kids playing basketball."

An advisory committee on proposals to preserve the old facility has been named by Assemblyman John Foran (Dem-S.F.) and is under instruction to report back to the Legislature this session. The committee will inspect the site next month.

Paul Chow, the liaison be-

tween Foran and the committee, said he hopes the state will at least provide the estimated \$50,000 to halt the deterioration of the building and make the area safe for the public. Plans for a museum come later.

Angel Island State Park rangers have closed off Winslow Cove area — the most sheltered on the island — because of the danger that visitors might harm themselves or the immigration station ruins.

"And that's too bad," said Ranger Mike Wolfe, "because this is one of the best spots on the island for pick-nicking."

# Morning Line On Next Mayor

By Jerry Burns

San Francisco's betting gentlemen have made State Senator George Moscone the favorite in early wagering on next year's race for mayor.

An informal survey of people who know about such things showed that Moscone is about a 2 to 1 shot, followed closely by State Senator Milton Marks at 3 to 1 and Supervisor Dianne Feinstein at 5 to 1.

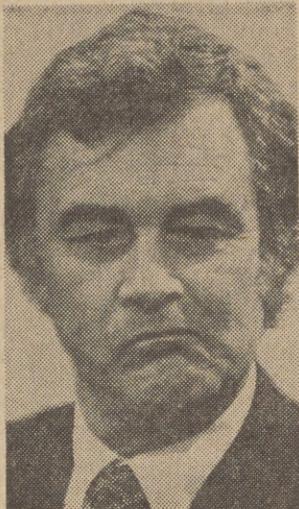
The betting, though skimpy so far with the election still nearly a year off, is done on a man-to-man basis.

"It's not the kind of wager," said one regular plunger, "that a San Francisco book will handle."

He reported that it has not been unusual for thousands of dollars to be wagered on political races in the city, with some of its best-known lawyers and other public figures involved.

"It's still early for the next election, but I'll bet you there will be an enormous amount of action on it, particularly if all the people who talk about being candidates actually run," he added.

In addition to the three front-runners, local gambling men see Superior Court Judge John Ertola as 6 to 1, Supervisor Quentin Kopp as 8 to 1, Supervisor Alfred Nelder as 10 to 1, Chief Administrative Officer



GEORGE MOSCONE  
2 to 1 favorite



DIANNE FEINSTEIN  
5 to 1 bet

One regular punter said Moscone moved to the head of the field in the past 90 days by consolidating his support with liberals, minorities and the Burton political machine.

they can stop him," the gambler added. "People are very comfortable with George. If he doesn't stub his toe, he's in excellent shape."

Marks is right behind Moscone in the current betting, based on his strong labor ties and his ability to be everywhere.

"If a half-dozen women get together for a coffee klatch, Milton is going to show up," said the gambler. "It may not be space-age campaigning, but it still counts for plenty in a town like this."

Marks has lots of union support, led by the building trades and culinary workers, as well as the support of Republicans and the upper and middle sections of the Jewish community.

"None of the leading candidates will have any problem with raising the dough for the race," the bettor added.

He noted that the two front-runners both serve in Sacramento, where their day-to-day activities are less likely to make local voters mad than supervisors and others here who are watched more closely.

He described Supervisor Feinstein as a "strong third choice" in current betting, but said her bitter fight with labor unions over the pay reform measure on the November 5 ballot probably cut into her chances.

Bettors also think that



MILTON MARKS  
Close at 3 to 1

His biggest political problem, the gamblers agreed, is his lack of a clear base of support.

They also agreed that Supervisor Nelder, the former



QUENTIN KOPP  
8 to 1 choice

police chief, could be a formidable candidate for mayor if law and order becomes a big issue in the 1975 campaign.

Besides, said one, "he has great roots in the city —



JOHN ERTOLA  
6 to 1 pick

there isn't a street he can't punch a bell and know somebody."

As for the others, the gamblers said that Mellon, the chief administrative officer since 1964, is "taking a



THOMAS MELLON  
12 to 1 odds

look," but is hampered by age (he's 67); Supervisor Mendelsohn "hasn't given up the idea," but is preoccupied with paying off his enormous campaign debt from running for state con-

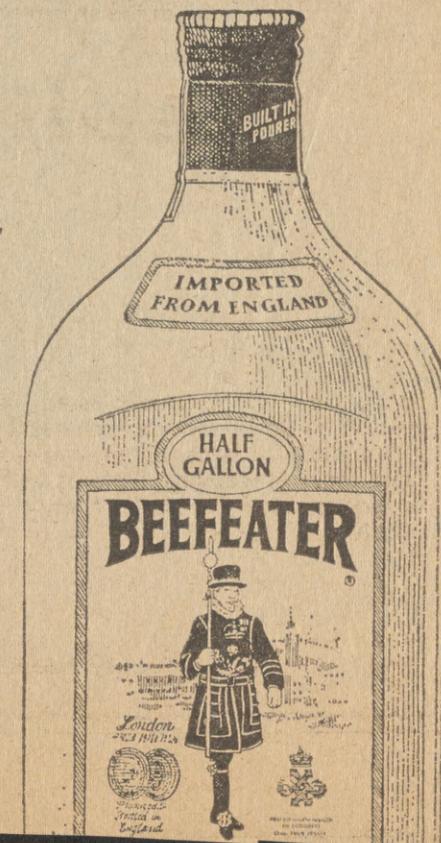


AL NELDER  
He's 10 to 1

troller; Assemblyman Willie Brown "is making noises, but the pros don't think he'll go;" and the candidacy of former Kennedy confidant Red Fay is "a real long shot... a fantasy."

## Beefeater Gin Half Gallon

now \$15.49



from Am. Heritage

8/71 -

"Last Stone Age American"

By C. W. Ceram -

Crocker on Ishii:

"He was the most patient man I ever knew. I mean he had mastered the philosophy of patience, without trace either of self-pity or of bitterness to dull the purity of his cheerful enduringness."

Dr. Pape on Ishii

"He looked upon us as sophisticated children - smart, but not wise. We knew many things, & much that is false. He knew nature, which is always true. His were the qualities of character that last forever. He was kind;

He had courage + self-restraint,  
and though all had been  
taken from him, there was  
no bitterness in his heart.  
His soul was that of a child,  
his mind that of a  
philosopher. "

Charlie  
Ymaza (66067) } Being Houses  
Kitano (Mr + Mrs.) } around Stockton (Hawaii)  
Nambu }  
Susie - now dead - was teen age in 1906

Izukamoto -

- started laundry in Ibaron
- then came to SF. People's Laundry
- in family 70 yrs - then sold

(Joseph is lev.)

Domoto - 2 hrs - nursery  
family - 1 hr - No. Am. Mercantile.

Mr. Ushijima - daughter Mrs. Hori  
eldest

Mr. Fujita was a tailor - later worked for  
Winstem. Kayn

Iogasaki - Bus - lives on Chanisay  
has Mutual Supply Co.

Father started " - " - "  
Mrs. Tsui was mother head of community in SF.  
usually travel / community on Post St.  
Fad was 708 - used to go visit her.  
they reported big baskets - sato - and  
came in straw basket, 1/2 rotten,

elderly best buy

He had to pick out sd. ones. - most rotten & smelly!

Tad - after earth quake - most of town burned. so most of went to

"Jogasaki compound" in outskirts

Tad in 5 or 6 families - Heiano Family, Suzukawa, (<sup>chous to</sup> Suzuki), Kushidas, Fujitas, Furutas

Fujitas went directly to Jogasaki Compound. T's were "nakodo" for Mr. Mrs

Fujitas. ~~was~~ - F. + M. stayed there

Tad was born there - 113 Church St.

26 - came back to hihon machi

Remember 1915 exposition.

gambling - <sup>in J. from</sup> ~~shooting~~ <sup>gambling</sup> <sup>preparation</sup> <sup>populace</sup>  
Courtland  
W. G. <sup>grave</sup> Dalton etc - vices.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Chinese evils  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Japanese

H.S. kids went to pick fruit -  
Masaichi St } <sup>distributed them to</sup>  
Jun Fujitas } <sup>walked past</sup>

College kids / frequent had back street then

H.S. kids int'l to <sup>but</sup> they had orientation from  
Jun + Masaichi = bold to stay away

Willie Sweetshop - on Post St -  
" (20) Had soft drinks in front  
sandy in back.

Mr. Tani was of Bura old times in big store, Reat

Mongzei mon  
Geo Amezai mon Takahashi

(Milit  
1938's  
1940's)

In Geo Wash

Mongzei mon for Grandf.

Takahashi = is Papa's name

- Grandma was 70 to be 88 -

she was wrinkled, small, wrap person  
wore black coat - hat to church -  
hat & gloves.

Grandpa died ~~white~~ Coy, Coyago.

- mama -

- Gloria's house -
- huge double lot.
- Old man (a loner)  
had lived in a small  
house he built himself.
- The whole front yard -  
(Wong's house), was full  
of vegetables.
- He made a stone house  
which housed a windmill -  
+ dug 3 big wells.
- Neighbors said he was  
searching for silver -
- He had 3 wives -
- He never threw out anything,  
but buried everything  
in a back yard -
- They now find 20 bottles etc.  
when they dig.

television, the wrong  
Spencer name. Hence, the Wa

“We are going to watch this family growing in the Depression, and getting out of the Depression,” Hamner told me. “Meanwhile, we are trying to make a positive statement on the human condition. The values we stress are timeless. We are saying affirmative things about love, the family and the inherent goodness of people.”

For Mr. Paley's sake, the program department went searching for Brownie points. It is coming back with rating points.

nylon.

\$5

ways straps. Wear regular  
and low back. Nude only.  
6, B 32-38 ..... **6.50**

bra with natural-looking  
g. Slender stretch back.  
..... **5.50**

*Shape Shop*



**HOP ALL 11 BIG &'S EVERY NIGHT, MONDAY**

- Story of J. family farming - 1920's.  
anti-J feeling  
aliens couldn't own land.  
(1913 alien land law.)  
to become naturalized citizens.

1906 - segregated schools for J.  
in J. community. J. protest to  
J. ambassador in D.C.

Abiko established Nishi Bei -  
1907 - estab. Yamato Colony in  
Livingston - brought. Created  
Central Cal. Land Co. - to get  
land for J. to farm.  
In dry, dusty San Joaquin valley.

# Yoshi Uchida

## Lancei -

- 1- If they are so anxious to be Asians & identify - Why don't they study Nihongo. (Can't read menu, can't order beers.)
  2. Why don't they study more about J. religions, Zen - samurai code & honor, loyalty,
  3. ~~Why~~ Re Zen story & 2 monks, elder carried women over river? Younger after, he finally asks why? Elder says - are - still carrying (women?)  
Chris said - let's stop carrying camp around in our hearts -  
We should set bitterness out -  
stop looking back  
look ahead.
- They aren't really oppressed now.
- 4 should be more positive & constructive  
not so negative -

## Folk tales - traditional narrative

- handed down by word of mouth - generation to generation - with variations
- now - dying art -  
mass media (repl. oral literacy)  
mass materialism (disrupt old values)
- Most folk tales of the world have universal quality - thus are part of common history & "identity".  
in an alienated age  
structure from the same → prohibition - violation  
(good over evil) → persecution - deliverance  
search - reward.  
virtue rewarded.
- good entertainment - lasting over several thousand years.
- some rep. nationalism or religious ideas  
(mine → those not acceptable to children)

~~most are comic & comical~~  
~~tit~~

- many J - tales concern
  - ghosts (Lafcadio Hearn)
  - Animal - baten
  - mine - mostly good story

- some quite fragmentary -
- various locals have diff  
dialect, diff flavor -  
same story & diff slant.

## In Praise of Festivity

"Festivity by breaking routine  
& opening man to the past,  
enlarges his experience &  
reduces his provincialism.

Fantasy opens doors that  
merely empirical cal-  
culation ignores. Together,  
festivity & fantasy enable  
man to experience his  
present in a richer, more  
joyful & creative way. "

Harvey Cox -  
10/25 Sat Review

Voice of March - The sound of the water at  
beach - came from under / earth - from far -  
warm air to frozen town - bro't life to  
cherries - shook diseases of children

\* "Ume to Uguisu" - Same bird came - can't see  
by appearance, but by its voice. Children  
knew. Paused in plum & other trees - but  
spined more good will when he stopped 5 plum.  
Peeped at from ~~above~~ in shoji. - Why not  
Pine? - Pine promised to stalk. Percina =  
crow - Uguisu must  $\therefore$  go to Plum - it's  
beautiful & it's in plum - Plum is beautiful  
= Uguisu.

"Moyo no Kumi" (Somya) - much eye work - much  
daisy to children. Town was a classroom.  
Designs - made with cone-shaped paste -  
came out wiggling like a living thing - children  
were fascinated - even if eye himself didn't  
see. Ch. face. & this worm.

"Machi no Kami-gami" - ~~did it~~ mochi -  
men who made things out of ~~rice~~ ch...  
simpler the thing demanded by ch - more complicated  
to make it.  
Header " " - simpler he made it.  
ch told dirty - but had already eaten it with  
their eyes -

Amiya - blow all kinds of shape.

"Ukari to Kodomo" - (skylark & ch.)

\* "Jinji & Akayama" - Mt. Lilies have raised their  
parasol & are strolling over the hill. Azaleas are  
eating their lunch. Perfume shop = Kongasuri open.  
Wheat - like kibachijo, Japan rice seedlings like  
a "kaya", Jankimiso no "dento gatsuba" -

Hotaru like neon. -

- kiln - not only make pottery - it made children -  
all kids by watching - got so they  $\checkmark$  - pottery -  
how to turn wheel, how to mix clay, how to put  
mouth on tea pot -

Sanin Kilns: Seas smoke - kiln in defiance - his 3  
heart like a telescope sees the kilns -  
Ho-onji kiln - 3 kilns, 3 silent workers. Various  
shapes of clay - red clay pottery -  
Pup standing in rhythm -  
Pots squatting before wheels are like mapif. Buddhas  
"Kokkai" - san

Totani - Ushindo-kiln - Both people + things they produce  
are sturdy. Spring to Autumn - kiln! firing!  
"natsu no kakera ga nokoru" -  
"aki ga ashimoto ni kita"

Omi - Shigara-yaki: (Nagano) <sup>Omi kuni</sup> Shiga-ken)  
Shigara-yaki rep. of Kinki Area. Made since  
older times. Pottery alone remains of those times - like  
the sail - kilns on top of hill - wholesalers at bottom  
among them like stupid ratel - police sta, etc.,  
school - reputation station for pottery like the Tokonoma  
of the town.  
now making hibachi. all make similar  
articles. Originated by man named Shigara.  
Like all humans have peculiarity - so does  
shigara yaki. - Any place I would come there  
are more than 1 kiln - a row - usually 2-3  
same things.

Naschirogawa: - "choka" for wine good there.

Korea: Something in my body that was asleep  
was awakened - something that knew this  
wonderful taste - (on dried wine.)

Chiboyaki -

"Anki-sa" in pottery. "Hemanari" \*  
YASUGI \*  
Winter - old, - strong, still clinging --- "Hanyu"  
Still sat solid - staring.  
Spring trying to come - die - central -  
with Hegan - hearts - people already cling  
to spring. Even if bodies are cold.

he has drawn a picture on a plate -  
disregarding the shape of the plate - But  
the plate doesn't accept the picture -  
There is a duplicity -

a picture on a plate is killed - but P.  
even so - his p. live.

Namada, Shoji: Known for 20+ yrs.

So many gd qualities, can't pick in 2 -  
no mistakes - always stands on 3 legs -  
no matter how bumpy the ground - solid!  
His pottery shows his character. - His body,  
his way of living - all are of magnificent  
dimensions. To be able to make good things -  
your way of living must be gd. - Must  
create your own gd environment - of from  
it - will come good things.

Kitas: slip-ware

glazed pottery: If a thing is made well - that's  
that, but for humans that's not enough. ~~Beautiful~~  
~~and how is it made?~~

Slip ware: different in all aspects - it comes -  
friendly, talking, - I listen, but I can't v.  
How was it made? I can't v.!

Namada says it's like cake or chocolate -  
a design of sugar on top of that.

This plate rushes at me - Can you do it? Can  
you make it? How?

He seems to make all things animate!  
Pottery, beauty, winter, the paces from a tube -  
they become alive! - Rev 4 says he writes like  
a painter paints.

Serizawa, Keisuke:

(2)

His works fresh. Doesn't repeat old things -  
thinks hard to do what hasn't already  
been done... (Hodokoran)

Picture of Priest giving to beggar - in that  
giving - there is no tho't of charity, of greed, of  
motives - merely where there wasn't before - there is.  
But also reveals a weak pt. of Horen -

The beggar who receives - has no tho't either -  
Takes simply for the taking. He is a fine beggar.

Reveal that to give is harder than to receive.

Hodokoran - To give - its weak pt is in being seen.

Takumi? (shown 13)

Yoshida, Shoya ? ← who? Takumi?

New Meiji - (How nature it?) what will it be  
like? How give birth to it?

Yoshida very sensitive to beauty. Just beauty isn't  
enough. Beyond this - resp'y to society - How useful is it?

Bijou comes from things (mono)

Meiji " " <sup>rather</sup> ~~events~~ (koto).

Meiji must place emphasis on Koto  
rather than mono (things) (rather)

Translate? good!

Picasso: Is the mouth from which the breath of this  
century is blown."

Pottery is alive too. Picasso has leaped  
into his pottery. But the platter doesn't  
accept Picasso completely - there is no  
harmony between the two - but it accepts  
Picasso. Picasso has taken the rights, but forgotten  
responsibility - On 1st glance, P. seems to have  
conquered pottery but on closer observation  
it hasn't yet obeyed him completely.

Munakata: (10 yrs ago) -  
He - work can't be separated -

Rough, busy, hot ... rises up to talk ...  
fire always burning in you ... boiling ...  
strong, sweet, heady - like smell of  
burning grass in summer ...  
"hiboi-e" rather than hanga - art that  
brings wood to life - rather than using  
word to make art.

makes lines in the wood come to life -  
rather than trying to impose brush strokes  
on wood.

His work is not polished, explainable -  
i. people sometimes can't understand -  
like being given a potato - covered in dirt  
rather than washed.

Fast - when painting - looks 'muchu-kucha'  
she said boils up from in him .. Sometimes,  
runs too fast - other part - he's OK -

Humor in his work -

non-sighted - Can he see things in  
distance?

## Kawai:

1. Visits countryside - marvel at balance, harmony of farm houses - Rolling hills - some great designs.  
Houses - speak more to him than the people.  
They reveal those who live there. Thatched roofed houses are like the very bodies of the farmers.  
Houses look substantial, livable, a real part of Japan - eternal. Look like they've sprung up from the earth, rather than built on top.  
- none of them are 'playing' - all working - living  
- The hearth is like a house - as stomach to man.  
- "Bunroku" roads - winding - beautiful - trees - terra sturdy, stones at river side,  
- "My body became all eyes"  
He sees a village which attracts his whole being  
Sagami-gori, Kawarishimura, Oo-aza Ueda  
(Kiy-Ao-fu)  
It looks as if it were made as a whole - not piecemeal piece - Beauty everywhere.
2. Wana + Maken. (Sakusha)  
describing old farm house - big kitchen - like stomach of the horse. Big smoke-blackened beams - silent & dark.
3. Testigoto - Built on tradition.  
Environment built up from tradition  
Human living in environment. (Kan-40)  
The body built on that living  
Creativity " " body.  
1 Built on top of the other. - To create a tower of handwork.
4. Kichinosuke Tonomura (Weaving)  
He used to be a minister - not so strange - when he poured his energies into people - now it goes into his work - & shows in material.



- X Camomile Tea - mature flowers of 2  
plants harvested for this. Petals  
dis appear & dry & only yellow seed  
heads remain - yield a slightly  
bitter tea brew - refreshing for headaches  
& nausea, gd for nerves & a specific  
good for sleep  
1 heaping tsp. of seed heads to 1 C. H<sub>2</sub>O.

[Catnip tea - medicinal - to relieve fever  
ward off colds.]

Mint tea - gd.

Mrs Rada

- rather tough & hard
- has plants all over her house  
hanging pot below kitchen table.
- has a work mach. & dryer in  
basement, but has much trouble  
to use. She does all work in  
basin by hand. Even sheets -  
washing little by little.
- Herbant buys any paint on sale -  
Paints house magenta,  
Paints coats & paint after paint  
on basement floor.

Herb lady - (witch)

m's room -

cat - tucks front paws under -  
sits like a great ham  
lily out - window at birds  
Try think she's hiding -  
tail sticking out



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Mr. T. - a ~~very~~ perfectionist  
spots any wrong note -  
- has record of bird calls.

"Herb Gardening in 5 Seasons"  
Adelma Premier Simmons

Winter best time to plan herb garden.

Herb boxes can be made in doors -

African Baby's breath:

Chaenostoma fastigiatum

Basil, Cardamon, Catnip,

Chives, Dill, Horehound

Lemon Verbena, mint, parsley,

Rosemary, sage, scented geranium.

Sweet Bay, Marjoram, Thyme

Geraniums: - in early 17c - Dutch - Engl. sailing ships but the 1st sweet-smelly geranium home from long voyages to Pt. African Cape.

Scented geraniums - fragrance <sup>come</sup> from base of leaves, Grandmother's soaked leaves in vinegar or alcohol to make sweet water to bathe an aching head.

Rose Geranium jelly: place 2 or 3 leaves of *P. graveolens* in bottom of jelly jar then pour hot apple jelly over them.

Rose Geranium sugar - made by layering

leaves or pound + sugar in a canister.

- sponge cake or geranium flavor -

Rose Ger: pudding cake, tea biscuits.

Herbal tea, Hosting Party

guests given small portions of

12 tea pots ea. containing diff. herbal brew + 5 cakes, breads, cookies.

+ 200 money for proper hosting - guests dropped off un'y - like specimen party

Herb tea at evening sunset by fire.

"Deaf pts have personalities".

"cher, comfort or suburban elegance"

mint tea - leafy - in brown clay J. kept

Rose-geranium tea - pale forest pt.

(Rosemary tea - "improves mind + strengthens memory.")

→ 2 teabags or 2 leaves tea  
6 cloves, 3 rose geranium leaves.

(either *Pelargonium graveolens* or "Rhea's Lemon Rose") steep for 10 min a stimulating brew.

Mint teas - restorative, of - earthenware pt.

Therapy: mint - wisdom

rosemary - memory

sage - immortality + domestic happiness

thyme - bravery

marjoram - happiness

Calendula - gd complexion - bite out of

Camomile - soothed nerves + sd into sleep

12/72

Andy B -

- 15 yrs old -  
rather small, dark-haired glasses -  
Silent until he began to talk - Then  
very verbal, ~~very~~ quite charming -  
+ adult - + witty.

Talks of being on Ctee &  
latter Principal (with, mother)  
"Days, 506 student on the Ctee"  
He talks of how some woman  
answered all ?'s well.

He says when he had job (delivering?)  
he had enough money to go to  
Norman's for lunch. He'd eat  
artichoke or soup - he said -  
"Onat's" usually not (kind of place  
one goes alone - More to impress  
people. " - 15! And mother  
has no money or job -

Ypt - she takes family to Rose Bowl  
or Mexico.  
She buys bks with abandon -

Jaime! - Re Japanese food - It's  
like eating New Year's  
food every day!

Men's room

walls: posters: Beethoven's death mask anti-war poster

- Zebra
- Longchamps, Races
- Jouloune & Aubree

Bull. Boards: - 1 cards of horses in painting  
~~gouache~~ Cezanne boat scene  
Monet pond, peau dove  
Cathedrals, photo -  
2 trunk cases stuffed w books - paper books.  
Fitz Gerald paper backs -

small desk - full of jars of  
pencil, col. pencils -  
brushes,

top of bureau - narrative boxes,  
dog, mts. cov. & dust.

Box full of pill jars filled w beads.

On top of trunk case empty wine bottles

top of bureau: w 100 boxes, <sup>dog</sup> stuffed, striped,  
ceramic, wood,

- guitar case -

floor - shawl - 100 sets, sweaters,  
~~the~~ carton spilt out Beemer  
clothes!

Clothes rack -  
hanging full of  
clothes.

hat rack -  
daisy & belts

Jali's family - (Weij's sis)

She runs 3 beauty parlors

Has housekeeper

Brush-up at 3:00 to work  
at P.O.

He's studying astro-projection

Claude's <sup>is</sup> able to leave his body -

+ go wherever he wants -

Have to be careful - about  
being able to return.

Daughter puts alarm on

at 4:00 A to show

mother ~~bright~~ brilliant

~~burning~~ exploding star.

1 d. = wants to be brain surgeon

Other = " " write -

- Barb's kids got umbrellas, I know  
but can't use —  
"no one does"  
get soaked in rain

— H. likes to drink —  
but not if it's coffee  
or milk cocoa has spilled  
He likes "hot soggy"  
but not "cold soggy" !

Yos-sau - lived in suburbs of Hiroshima -

Father was carpenter -

2 brothers, 1 sister

Manchuria, Dairen - family lived there -

Yos-sau born in Shin-ken - Grandfather was  
Bldg Contractor - went here - there bldg buildings -

Father at about 20 was at war, came home at 21, + went  
to father in Manchuria. worked here + there. In Manch.  
met future wife, who was in Manch. with brother. was  
sewing from 13, learning to make J. Kimonos.

During ~~Dairen~~ war was in Dairen -  
after war Russian soldiers came - so family went  
here - there to escape them. for about 1 yr.  
So 1 relative or another - in suburbs -

Went to 5th grade at Dairen -

Father decided to return to Japan - ~~would be~~

Became ill after 2 yrs - died.

Mother had to raise 5 children - older bro also worked.

Yos. was 12, [showa 22] 1947

1/20/47

M. Worked as day laborer, cleaning streets etc -  
packing with clothing on back  
come only with clothing, few ¥, under cover.

Many repatriates -

Family set'd to Hiroshima, father's native land,  
some relatives. -

Yos went thru school from 5th grade thru  
J.H. which was gov't (gimu) compulsory  
education. Came back on "hitiage-sen"

~~at 16 yrs~~ Not much some people lost stuff to boat, was  
all confiscated. At assembly point,  
all extra money confiscated, during both -

67 42  
20 22  
47 20

Yao came back on boat - But some were sent  
back on open freight cars - covered with soft  
went to live with relatives for 1 yr - landed at Sasebo  
many repair, - & made lots of sheets for upstarts  
1 wall bed - to for 3 yrs.  
6 mat room, 1 room only - 4 people.

1 boy died - yr later  
Father " next yr -

Then mother went to work as labourer -

not enough food - lots of sweet potatoes; noodles.  
2 yrs - 3 yrs no rice, few grains of rice mixed  
in wheat.

2 older bro. Yao, sister, youngsters.

Chugakko grad - went right to work  
16 yrs. old. - worked for 5 yrs.  
at factory - putting colored glass heads on  
pens

In 5 yrs. Worked at Factory - Nariyasen was 4 -  
Used small coal-oil lamp - thrust pipe into  
melting glass. Made 2000 - 10,000 / p. day  
Earned 40000 / per mo. ~~to~~

pd. on 30<sup>th</sup> of month. Took 46000 & left home  
without telling anyone. Came to Osaka <sup>2/20<sup>th</sup></sup> stayed  
about a friend 3 or 4 days. Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> came to Hayashi.  
Didn't tell factory man.

About 6-12 girls worked. Boss had big house -  
Had day. bldg - for pen factory - younger sister went to  
work / or 2 yrs - so wasn't met at Yps.

8:00 - 5:00 p.m. Only (hr) lunch - no rest time.  
Try to do as → as pen. Tell while work - Bring  
lunch - sometimes - wife would make soup & tell girls  
to come on winter. But girls / 80.

Wanted sleep - talk.

Didn't get along & mother so left.

11 yrs & Hayashi. - det'd not to go home -  
Some friends only stayed 3 days - Osaka.

Amiai - he came out from Oiwake - Boy was  
Sikagakkai - didn't like. Younger sis is married. Thinks  
Yasut to also.

Younger sister: worked at Hashiya sara - but he  
couldn't net. borrowed money, + folded - so she went  
to make pens. Younger bro - still - school.





# TOKYO HILTON

NAGATA-CHO 2-57, CHIYODA-KU, TOKYO CABLES: HILTELS TOKYO TEL: 581-4511

10,000  
0.11

Suddenly - much activity - Mr. Kus. come  
with photo of a young man, his history, educ'n, etc -  
They exchange - Mother gives some things to them &  
Kyoko - now mtg must be arr'd between the 2 young  
people.

Mija wonders how Keni must feel - but Keni doesn't  
tell much.

In meantime Mija is busy trying to think of a  
way to earn money to help father buy a new house.

(good 1 piece?)

There once was a boy named Akutaro. He ~~loved~~ More than anything else, he loved to eat persimmons. He liked them better than wheat cakes, better than rice balls with fish, or even cotton candy.

+ Each year, when the fruit on the persimmon tree <sup>in the back yard</sup> began to ~~rip~~ ripen he would climb the tree and pick all the juicy ripe fruit. Then, he would sit down and eat all the fruit he had picked. Sometimes, he would eat so many he was too full ~~to~~ even to stand up. Then, he would lie down in a shady spot, stretch out and take a long nap. And when his mother called him in to supper, he was too full to eat his rice and bean soup.

Now there was someone else in A's house who liked persimmon too. That was his 70 year old grandfather, who was called ojisan.

Ojisan, however, was too old to climb trees. In fact, his legs were stiff ~~from~~ <sup>even</sup> rheumatism and he had a hard time walking down the road that wound beyond the rice fields to the village. Not only that, he ~~would~~ not see very well. Since he could not climb the tree or even see when the persimmon were beginning to ripen, he could eat only the small hard fruit that A. left for him.

Now one day in November, when the leaves had dropped from the tree and the fruit were beginning to turn a bright red-orange. Ojisan called to A and said, "Next week my friend Ito-san will come to pick the persimmon from the tree for me. ~~You must not climb the tree before then or pick~~ <sup>Don't let me catch you up</sup> any persimmon. Do you understand?"

A. listened very hard and nodded many times. But when he went outside and looked up at the persimmon tree, he knew he could not wait until next week. He had to have at least 1 ripe persimmon. In fact, he had to have it right now - this very minute.

A waited until Ojisan was asleep, ~~sitting~~ in the wicker chair on the porch, nodding in the sun. Then, very quietly, he tiptoed outside. He was careful not to leave his clogs beneath the tree. He was careful ~~not~~ to make a sound. Then, quickly, like a monkey, he climbed to the top of the persimmon tree. He had never seen so many wonderful ripe persimmon <sup>before</sup>.

He ate one, and then two, and then three persimmon. They were the sweetest juiciest fruit he had ever tasted. When he was eating his fourth, he heard his gf get up from his chair and come out into the garden. Ojisan squinted against the sun. He shaded his eyes and looked up at the p. tree.

"Ah, next week I shall have some juicy ripe persimmon to eat," he said smiling at the happy thought. He looked up at the tree again. There seemed to be something perched on the top branch.

O. looked again and came to the foot of the tree. Aha, he thought, A. has disobeyed me and has climbed the tree after all. O. thought a moment and then called in a loud voice.

"Ah, I see something up in the persimmon tree. I do believe it is a crow."

A. laughed softly to think he had fooled his poor old grandfather who could not see very well. As long as he sounded like a crow, his gf would never know he had disobeyed him and climbed the tree.

"caw, caw, caw," he said loudly. *in his best crow voice.*

*in 750 wds*  
*1.25*  
*3750*  
*1500*  
*187.50*

But grandfather looked up again. "no, on second thought, I do not think that is a crow at all," he said thoughtfully. "It sounds more like a rooster."

"Ha, that is easy," A thought to himself. He stretched his neck like a rooster and bellowed, "cockarookaroo"

But once more, ojisan shook his head. "No, I don't think it is a rooster after all. That is more like the voice of a monkey."

A. had heard the <sup>Wild</sup> monkeys in the ~~xxxx~~ hills behind the farm. He knew how they screeched. "Eeee, eeeee eeeee," he shriekde in his best monkey voice.

However, grandfather shook his head agin. "Now that I think about it, I do believe that is not a monkey up there at all. It looks more like a big black cat."

A. laffed because that was so easy. "Meowr, meowr, meowr", he said in a most catlike manner.

This was more fun than playing a game. Grandfather was easier to fool than anybody else.

But A's grandfather was a wise and clever man. He was silent for a long while and then he said slowly. "I believe I have been wrong all along. That is neither a crow or a rooster or a monkey or a cat up in the persimmon tree. I believe that is a fish caught ~~knxhka~~ swimming in the sea of the sky.

Now A. scratched his head. What kind of sound did a fish make, anyway. He thought and thought, and then finally cried out in his own little boy's voice. "fish, fish, fish."

Aha, Gf said, shaking his finger at A. That is the voice of Akutaro and you have disobeyed me and climbed the tree. ~~WhxnAxnxan GF~~ had won after all. H had not fooled him at all.

When A. clambered down from the tree, he gave his gf. all the fruit he had picked and promised never to disobey him again.

Quiet Geese Unclechi

- never raised his hand
  - even when he knew question
- Teacher - why don't a talk quiet geese?

- Geo ~~was~~ kept his mouth shut,

Outside - he could play baseball -

Shout - Goats! Come on -

But in class - tongue tied & at home - talked <sup>seem to move</sup> ~~fluently~~ - m. o. f.

In class room - he never opened, <sup>become he never thought out'g to say.</sup> mouth -

finally - one day Uncle comes <sup>with papers</sup> full of cuttings - eat

o, largest word -

lake chugamer.

of n ) something out'g to say -  
 or it out loud.  
 Geo got up & shambled  
 - chugamer -

Starts on n  
 side  
 & feet on my  
 side

Chergogggaggg - man chaugaggg  
 Chou bana gungamaug. "

no one  
 speaks in  
 middle.

Can a smell be square?

~~Can a color~~

And your feel red

some days - n

green n  
purple?

~~a person who~~ a boy who feel diff.

---

Mamma - went to work at a  
Computer Analyst -

Papa - She got up at 6:00

went to work on a -

Grandpa - was in Cemetery

That old Grandma - Gr. Amekuchi

She likes to go to Dr. Tizzen Center  
make dead needles. Ill.

Notes on Fresno:

A: Teacher at Fresno State. New bldg. going up, so two schools are doubling sessions. He stays home in a.m.s and goes to school from 1:00 till 6:00. New buildings look like fortresses. No windows, brick walls, like military pill boxes. They are tearing down trees to make parking spaces. A. is sick. He teaches world history, Eng. Comp, Asian history; smokes pipes, hooks rugs, carves wood; Is a real Iris buff - hybridizes, shows, wins prizes, etc... A Gentle, idealistic, dreamer.... Wanted to call B. long distance; wanted to drive me home - up at 5:00 to catch a 9:00 iris tour in Okalanda! Wanted to rent helicopter and go to Mt. Fuji! Loves sculptures... almost made me miss plane showing me Clem Renzi's work. Sold his prints to raise money to take family east - 3 mos on road.

G: Seems to be the steady rock of the family. practical, watches the time. Works with deaf and retarded; speech therapy at hospital. Finishing up at State to get masters degree. Children all help with housework - has neat schedule on refrig. She pays them for work. They use money to buy food when they plan and cook the meal. (says G's mother.) Can lie down for 5 min. and take a quick rest.

D. eldest; an Explorer Scout, went overnite backpacking; plays piano, draws sweet little figures on stationery, wants to go to Wm and Mary. A says she's not working up to capacity in school.

M. 15 or 16. Plays violin, played at church, she is dark, sparkling, beautiful and so pleasant. Very poised. Tells of going to bday party, eats a "trough" - 6 scoops of ice cream with 3 bananas; ~~xxx~~ when eaten, they get to rise and say "oink oink" "I'm a pig." She gets a big bang out of that. They made one of her friends stuff down the bananas! She's terribly nervous re playing at church, and berates herself for not doing better afterwards. Wears big clogs, but when A suggests she change to shoes for church, she does so without any protest. Is a soph in H.S.

S. 11, big for his age; very solid, mature, quiet. Has room in cottage in back of house; likes to be away from girls who always walked thru his room. (he demonstrates); likes everything about planes - ~~is~~ pilots, likes to read about flying; Has an aquarium with 12 fish; fish get tail rot, he has medication which he drops into water; Learning to play golf at school. Eager to go hit buckets; wants to caddy during summer - gets free bucket; spends every Sat. night with grandparents. Means more to them than to him. He likes to see TV there.

TV is put in closet; they have read together as a family, but lately unable to get together. Family is close to music, books, art - beautiful solid pieces of ~~xxxx~~ antique wood furniture, Munakata prints; Renzi sculpture on table; quiet paintings on walls.

## URASHIMA TARO AND THE PRINCESS OF THE SEA

Long ago in a small village of Japan, there lived a young man named Urashima, Taro. He lived with his mother and father in a thatched roof house overlooking the Inland Sea.

Each morning long before the sun was up, he went out to sea in his small fishing boat and returned in the afternoon to sell his catch at the village market.

One day as he was returning from his boat, he saw a group of children gathered around something on the beach. They were laughing and shouting, "Hit him! Poke him! Look at him squirm!"

Taro hurried over to see what they were doing and found the children gathered around a large brown tortoise. They were poking it with sticks and throwing stones at it. They laughed as the tortoise tucked its head inside its shell.

"Stop that!" Taro shouted at them. "Leave the poor tortoise alone, and let him go back to the sea."

"But we found him," the children said. "He belongs to us."

Urashima, Taro thought for a moment and then he reached for his money pouch and took out a gold coin.

"Very well," he said. "If the tortoise is yours, I will buy him from you. This coin for you and the tortoise for me. Fair enough?"

The children nodded eagerly. They took the coin and ran to the village sweet shop, still shouting and laughing.

When they were gone, Taro gave the old tortoise a push toward the sea. "Hurry on home, old fellow," he said, "and stay away from this beach."

He watched until the tortoise had crawled safely back to the

sea and then hurried to the village market with his basketful of fish.

Several days passed, and Taro forgot all about the tortoise he had saved. Then one day as he sat in his boat waiting to pull in his nets, he heard a voice call to him.

"Urashima, Taro! Urashima, Taro!"

Taro ~~thought he was dreaming.~~ He looked around to see if another fisherman had come to fish beside him. But all he saw were the blue green waves crested with foam. All he heard was the gentle lapping of the water against the sides of his boat.

Then he heard it again. "Urashima, Taro!"

This time he looked down at the water and saw the old brown tortoise swimming along beside him.

"Thank you for saving my life the other day," the tortoise called out. "The children surely would have killed me if you hadn't come along."

"Well, I'm glad you got away," Taro said. "But you'd better stay home in the sea from now on."

"Oh, I intend to," the tortoise answered. "But I didn't come simply to thank you," he went on. "I came to take you with me to meet the Princess of the Sea. Would you like that?"

For many years Taro had heard tales about the beautiful Princess who lived in the Palace of the Sea. "Old tortoise, more than anything in the world, I would like to meet her, but it is not possible for a human like me."

"Nonsense," the old tortoise answered. "Nothing is impossible. Now climb on my back and I will take you there."

So Taro climbed on his curved back, and the waves seemed to part for them as the tortoise swam farther and farther out to sea.

Soon Taro felt himself sinking into its waters, down ... down ... down. But strangely enough he ~~wasn't~~ <sup>didn't get</sup> wet, and he could see and hear and breathe as he always did.

How strange, Taro thought. Surely this must be a dream. But if it was, he didn't want it to end.

The old tortoise dove deeper and deeper, flapping his flippers and swimming through the water like a bird flying through the air. They passed great schools <sup>of silvery fish.</sup> They swam through swaying strands of sea weed and past shadowy boulders and coral reefs.

Finally, Taro saw a white light looming in the distance.

"Is that the palace?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, no," the tortoise answered. "That is only the outer gate."

When they reached the great white gate, Taro saw that it was made of glistening mother-of-pearl and silver and clusters of coral. And standing guard were two fish in silver armor, carrying silver spears.

"Welcome home," they called to the tortoise, and swung open the gates for them to pass through.

Taro bowed to the guards, and when he looked up, he saw another gate. This was even larger than the first. It was made of gold and studded with emeralds and jade. A row of fish in gold armor and carrying spears of gold stood guarding this second gate.

"Now get off, Taro," the tortoise said, "and wait here for me." Then he disappeared beyond the gates, leaving Taro blinking at the magnificent sight before him.

In a moment the tortoise was back. "The Princess is waiting for you. Come." And he led Taro through the gate to a golden palace that seemed like the sun itself shining at the bottom of the sea.

Inside, Taro saw the Princess of the Sea with her seven ladies-in-waiting. She was more beautiful than anyone Taro had ever seen, with long black hair and skin the color of creamy pearls. She wore a silken robe embroidered with gold and silver threads and studded with diamonds and rubies and emeralds.

"Welcome to the Palace of the Sea, Urashima, Taro," she said, and her voice was like the sound of crystal bells.

Taro opened his mouth, but couldn't utter a sound. He could only bow and wait for the Princess to speak again.

"Come with me," she said gently, and she led Taro down a glistening marble hallway to a large room the color of celadon. In the center of the room was a long table and a great chair that seemed suitable for a King.

"Please, be seated there," the Princess said.

Taro shook his head. "I am only a humble fisherman," he murmured. "Surely that place of honor is ~~meant only~~ for you."

"Ah, but today it is meant for you," the Princess said, leading Taro to the great chair. "It is your reward for your kindness to our tortoise."

The moment Taro sat down, the room was filled with ladies-in-waiting dressed in flowing robes of red and gold and purple and white. They brought plate after plate of every wonderful dish Taro ever dreamed of and tall decanters filled with wine.

While he ate and drank, even more beautiful ladies-in-waiting danced and sang and played on stringed lutes and harps. And the sound of unearthly music swirled around Taro like the waves of the sea.

When at last he could eat and drink no more, the Princess spoke

to him. "In the Kingdom of the Sea we do not have your seasons of earth. But here in the palace, everything is possible. Come and I will show you each season of the year."

Taro didn't think it possible, but he followed the Princess into a large empty room with sliding doors on four sides.

First she slid open the door to the east, and Taro saw masses of cherry trees looking like great pink clouds. Golden flowers clustered at the edge of wide green rice paddies such as he saw each spring in his village, and he even heard the cry of the swallows.

"Ah," Taro sighed. "How beautiful!"

But while he still gazed at the sight of spring, the Princess slid open the door to the south, and Taro saw white lotus blossoms floating on a still green pond beside a thicket of bamboo. "Here is our summer," the Princess said. "Listen." And Taro heard the crickets that sang ~~sonh~~ hot summer nights.

The door to the west revealed a hillside covered with maple trees turned crimson and yellow and orange like a blazing fire. And when the Princess opened the door to the north, Taro felt a blast of icy air and saw snowflakes falling on a cluster of thatched roof houses.

"Now," the Princess said, "you have spent an entire year in the Kingdom of the Sea."

Taro could not believe it. "I know I must be dreaming," he gasped, "and yet it seemed so real."

"You are not dreaming," the Princess said, "and I will give you a gift to take home, so you will never forget me."

And she gave Taro a beautiful golden box, covered with many precious stones.

"Just remember," she added, "if you ever wish to return again to see me, you must never, never open the box. Will you remember?"

"Always," Taro promised, for already he longed for the day when he could see her again.

"Now you must leave," the Princess said, "for you have been away a long time." And she escorted him to the gate of gold where the old tortoise was waiting for him.

Taro thanked the Princess many many times. "I shall never forget you," he said, and holding his golden box carefully, he climbed once more on the back of the tortoise.

He looked back once and waved to the Princess, but already she was only a vague white shimmering light in the blue water.

The tortoise swam quickly, on and on, and ~~soon~~ the fish that escorted them turned back one by one. Soon the tortoise climbed up... up... up... until Taro could see again the sky he knew so well. And then he saw the familiar sight of the sea coast where he fished each day.

When the tortoise had delivered Taro safely upon the beach he said goodbye. "I hope we will meet again some day, Urashima, Taro," he said, and then he crawled back into the sea.

"Goodbye, old friend. Thank you!" Taro called.

Then he ran quickly toward the village, anxious to tell his parents and his friends of his wonderful adventure. He hurried up the path that led to his house, looking eagerly at each person he passed. But curiously, each face seemed new and strange.

How odd, Taro thought. I feel as though I were in a strange village. I don't seem to know anyone.

looking eagerly at each face he passed. But curiously, each face seemed new and strange.

That's odd, Taro thought. I feel as if I were in a strange village. I don't seem to know anyone..

And now he ran up the gentle slope, rounding the bend and passing the thicket of bamboo, and then he stopped. Where was his house? This was where his thatched roof house should have been.

But instead, it was an empty patch of land. The pine trees around it were dried and long since dead.

"What's happened?" he cried. "Where are my parents?"

Where is everyone?

His heart thumping, he ran back down the path and saw an old woman coming toward him. She was bent under the bundle of kindling she carried on her back. (And she walked with a stick as bent as her back.)

"Old woman, old woman, please, tell me what has happened? Where are my parents? Where is my house?"

The old woman looked up at him and shook her head. "House? There has been no house here as long as I have lived and I have walked this road every day of my life."

"But I am Urashima, Taro. My parents lived here, on this very spot."

The old woman gave him a strange look.

"Urashima, Taro?" "You say you are Urashima, Taro?" she asked.

"Yes, yes."

She old woman shook her head and began to laugh. "Well, you had best not joke with an old woman like me," she said. "My great grandfather used to tell me the story about Urashima, Taro. He was a young fisherman who went out to sea in his boat one day and never came back. They say he was drowned at sea. But THAT was a hundred years ago. So don't bother an old woman like me with your foolishness."

★七月二十五日(日)

★日語部礼拝

十前十時より

- ・奏楽 タイラー・ドリス姉
- ・司会 宇野静江姉
- ・聖書 マルコ6:45-52
- ・朗読 遠藤克己兄
- ・説教 塚本 恵牧師
- ・題 「支配の主イエス」
- ・献金 梅本満子姉
- ・ナースイ 宇野静江姉
- ・接待 タナマチ・ミン姉  
シオナ・ドールウ兄

★聖書研究祈禱会

十前十一時十五分  
司会 遠藤克己兄

★八月五日(日)次回  
日英合同礼拝

★七月二十四日(土)

本田弘慈先生

伝道集会

会場 イーストベイ

フリーメンガスト  
教会

時 午後七時半より

主催 イーストベイフリー  
メンガスト教会

主題 神による死と不安  
の解決

感謝録

- ★高橋たけの姉記念献金
- ・高橋義一兄
- ・蔵元栄美兄姉
- ・杉本ジュージ兄姉
- ・ポール・マギニス兄

ミカ書 4:23 5:27  
エコリント 11:23 5:27

私たちは皆それだけの物語ある、  
はライフストーリーを持っています。

そのそのストーリーを他人に語り  
聞かせ共に味わったのです。  
私は宣教師の娘として17年間  
日本に住みその間にアメリカでは  
できなかったいろいろな経験を  
することができました。そこから今  
文化の橋渡し(特に日米)のカウ  
ンセリングに興味を持って勉強を  
続けています。今は平和な日  
米間ですが、それでも時には戦  
争に関連して私の上に暗い影  
をかけるものがあり悲しい思い  
になったことがあります。けれど  
ども戦争そのものに近づきはあり  
知らぬ間に私は気づかずにま  
す。映画「本島」の平和公園  
を通して知ることという具合で  
す。ですからやはり直接戦争  
を経験している人から聞くのが  
最もしみじみとリアルに感じら  
れます。戦争を知らない若い  
世代と私は皆そのストーリー  
をお聞かせたいと思います。つ  
かったことは話せばいいかもしれ  
ません。しかし、このミカ書にある  
「再び戦いのことを学ばせよ」  
あはば、どうしても戦争の経験  
その無かった人を語り継がなけ  
ればならぬのです。自分なりに  
自分のストーリーに意味を見  
い出しそれを生かせることが大切  
なのです。イエス様も弟子たちに  
彼のことを心から残りに残さ  
れませんでした。私たちがまた死に打  
ち勝ったイエスにだけは希望と力  
を覚えながら自分たちの人生経  
験を通してメッセージのストー  
リーと語る神様のメッセージと  
なりましょう。そのメッセージが私たち  
のこの大きな目的責任ではな  
ず、この大きなメッセージがランド姉

・宇野静江姉  
(ヤマキタウエ姉と記念)

週のおひめ (報告)

★七月十日の教会学校では  
日語部婦人会の方々に  
り七夕が紹介され「日本  
の祭り」というスライドを紹  
介して頂きました。  
ご奉仕を感謝申し上げます。

★河村幸夫・環先生に夫妻  
の長女チボウ姉は七  
月十日イーストベイヘンリー  
兄と坂口牧師司式のもと  
結婚式を挙げられました。  
先生が夫妻にお喜びを  
申し上げると共にお二  
人様の新しい家庭の上  
に神様の祝福をお祈  
り申し上げます。

★七月十八日は太平洋神  
学校で学んでおられる  
マサホーランド姉を  
お迎えしお話をいただき  
ました。礼拝後親しく  
懇談する時とつえふ  
感謝でした。

★又、親睦ランケオンでは  
遠藤幸姉の御奉仕で  
楽しくお昼をいただき  
宇野親雪先生の御相  
導による詩吟会があ  
りました。先生は先頃  
作詩七首篇達成の祝  
賀会に出席された由  
おめでとうございます。

故高橋たけの姉 宇野由之  
見舞ふこと眠りつづけし君にしも  
覚めず教会とたむむむむと  
ことごとく感謝の祈り常にせし  
君義の冠を天津聖国に

And the old woman trudged on down the road.

A hundred years! Urashima, Taro sat down beside the road, wondering what had happened to him. It couldn't be true. ~~But~~ And yet, his home was gone. His parents were gone. He was all alone in a strange village.

<sup>300</sup> A hundred years! Taro could not believe it. And yet, he remembered now what the princess had said. Had those few hours in the kingdom of the sea been <sup>300</sup> hundred years here ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in his village?

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Taro felt so lonely and sad he didn't know what to do. He looked at the golden box the princess had given him, and suddenly, forgetting her warning, he lifted its lid.

s The moment he did, a cloud of white smoke came from the box and wrapped itself around Taro so he could see nothing. When it vanished, Taro peered inside the box, but he could ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ scarcely see. He looked at his hands and saw they were the wrinkled hands of an old old man. His face was wrinkled ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ he had a long white beard, and ~~the~~ hair was as white as ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the sands on the beach. In that instant,

Urashima Taro  
xIxxx ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ He had ~~suddenly~~ become over 300 years old.

Had because he had forgotten his promise, he knew he would never see the beautiful princess of the sea ever again.

But who knows, perhaps the old tortoise came back once more to help his old friend. Perhaps

このようにソつまでも  
存続するものは信  
仰と希望と愛と  
この三つである。この  
うちで最も大いなる  
ものは愛である。  
エコソント 13:13

十集會案内

七月十八日(日)

日語部礼拝

午前十時より

奏樂 タイラー・ドリス姉

司會 牛草一郎兄

聖書 ミカ書 4:1-5

エコソント 11:23-27

朗読 宇野静江姉

讃歌 マサホ・ケラント姉

題 神様のメッセジ

献金 遠藤幸姉

ナツソウ・タチマチ・ジーン姉

接待 タチマチ・ジーン姉

ルック・レオナド兄

ホーグランド姉を囲ん  
での懇談會

礼拝後

親睦ランチオン

主催 婦人會

当番 遠藤幸姉

吟詩會

指導 宇野觀雪師

次回礼拝の巻

一九八二年

七月十八日

シカモア組合教会週報

七八巻

第二十七号

神の選びと人間の応答

ヨハネ伝 15:16

私の生家に本日の聖書の16  
節「あなたがたがわたしを選ん  
だのではない。わたしがあなた  
がたを選んだのである。この掛軸  
がありす。何度読んでも  
も、この意味がわかりません  
てした。若き魂には、私が  
神を信じるのだという方がわ  
かりやすかったからです。  
洗礼を受けた時も事情は  
変わりませんでした。ところが  
が、神学校にいたある日、信  
仰とは私たちが神を知ること  
とは、私たちが神が私たちに知  
り給うことを知ることであり  
ます。という言葉に出会いま  
した。

その後、ようやく私は、神の  
選びを理解する手掛りも  
得たのです。私たちが神を選  
んだのではなく、神が私た  
ちを選んだのだ。この言葉は  
私たちの信仰のあり方を根  
本的に変更させるものです  
る。人間の神の結びつ  
きとは、神の方から人間  
への結びつき。この転換が信  
仰にはどうしても必要です。  
信仰は神の選びの賜物であ  
ります。このことを心に認

1111 Navellier St.  
El Cerrito 94530  
(525-0727)

牧師 吳ベンヤミン  
(236-5335)  
グレッグ・チャン  
(248-0539)  
日語部 塚本 恵  
(644-1183)

一歩みであるも、絶えず  
この神の選びの召しに心  
から忠実に「死に至る  
まで忠実に」従って参  
りまわす。

七月十一日

突戸甚男 婦

感謝録

- ・ 建築献金
- ・ 宇野由之兄姉
- ・ 森 八重姉
- ・ 蔵元栄美兄姉

園のあゆみ 報告

七月十一日は、坂本牧師  
の休暇の為、突戸甚男  
牧師とゲスト・ブリーチ  
にお迎えし、礼拝を守  
り、また先生を囲んで  
なごやかに懇談會を  
いたしました。感謝いた  
します。

その後、婦人會創會が  
開かれ、今までのバザ  
アについて話し合っ  
たり、今更にもハ  
作りをする。皆様の  
協力をお願いする。  
願ひを込めて。

義の冠

宇野由之

Mother married at 15, worked for 20 yrs like maid for husband's family. Father was a sharecropper, an alcoholic, couldn't be counted on for much. He always told Frank to make the best of a bad situation.

1930's? Frank grew up in Hanford. Family lived in a shack at the edge of a fruit orchard. No plumbing, wood stove for cooking (plenty of wood around), they dug holes in the ground for toilet, moving the holes as they filled up. Once when small, not knowing hole had been moved, Frank almost fell in one night. He laughs as he tells about the apricot tree closest to the holes. "They grew so big, we could sell them for 5¢ a piece."

At school they were the only Asians. Most of community were Portugese. They were ostracized, thought of as lower than blacks. He accepted that fact. Accepted that he was called Chink and Chinaman - later when working in a market, he didn't mind that someone said to him, "I don't want meat touched by a Chinaman." That's how it was.

He had 3 sisters. The 2nd one was put in a sack and thrown into the river by father when she was an infant because she wasn't a son. Being youngest of four and the only son, he was spoiled by parents. They wanted him to have the best of everything. He had one younger sister, but she was given away to a family in another town. She never knew who her real parents were until a few years ago.

They had a tin tub for bathing. Mother had to boil water. They all bathed in one tubful and the kids took turns being 1st, so each had a turn getting into the cleanest water. Even tho parents wanted to give Frank 1st bath.

Since they had only each other the 4 children were close. They did everything together, and Frank wouldn't let parents give him the best of everything. They grew their own vegetables; had chickens, but they sold the eggs so they couldn't eat them. They couldn't eat the chickens who laid the eggs. So they dragged the nearby irrigation ditches fed by the San Juoquin river for fish - catfish, kingfish (?) They had no fishing poles - no one had ever told them that's how fish were caught. So they tied poles to the ends of pieces of chicken wire. Made two such nets, and then ~~walked~~ started at about 100 yards away and slowly walked toward each other, When fish got caught as they closed in, they would jump in and throw them into wood crates they had stolen from groc. store. ("I never pay for what I can get free." Even in college, he'd ~~take~~ take Berk. Gazettes)

Frank never learned to swim, because water in ditch never came over his head. They'd just jump in, but would never drown. He never had a fishing pole, so today he owns dozens of all kinds of fishing poles - he has more than he can ever use. He never had a bicycle, so now he owns a bicycle shop. It loses money, but he doesn't want to sell it. He employs a cousin from China there and he doesn't want to deprive him of his livelihood.

By the time he was in high school, his sisters worked, so they were able to move into town and rent a small house. He had a job after school as box boy in a market. He excelled in school - like sisters - all got A's and maybe 1 B. His coach wanted him to participate in afterschool sports, but he had no time. Only one afternoon a week. He learned tennis. Since it was only 1 aft. he had to really concentrate and listen and work hard at the sport.

The kids all had to work hard! and excell at what they did. Mother told them, you can't count on your father for anything, you have to make good on your own.

*Had 12th grade??*

Frank got all kinds of scholarships, but he came to Cal. Majored in Nuclear engineering, but hated it. Also took business courses, which he c/ liked. He lived in a house on Webster St. (SF?) old lady cooked, took care of him like a son. He had a job spraying paint on grocery carts (the kind that carries large loads); took him about 15 min. to spray one. He devised a system of dipping in ~~xxx~~ paint that took only a few minutes; told the boss it would save him time and money. He got a raise. He sprayed red and silver ~~xxx~~ paint and would be covered with paint.

1955?  
65's  
While still in college (when?) he was told that he owned a building in SF on the Avenues. And he suddenly had \$95,000. What happened was that when he was small, his father had done lots of odd jobs for the rich Portugese in Hanford - repair carts, fix things, etc... He took no pay, but on Chinese New Years, he would take little Frank around with him to see these people and let it be known the custom was to give children money. He would get \$10 - \$50 wrapped in red paper. His parents never spent the money, but saved it for him. A friend in SF (or relative?) bought a building with the money for Frank. When Frank asked him to sell it for him, the house sold for \$100,000 (less \$5000 commission). This introduced the fascinating area of real estate to Frank.

With rolls of money now available to him, Frank sort of went wild; No more A's, he just got by on C's. He'd never had a car. One day he walked into Buick Agency (he always loved Buicks), wanted a silver and blue ~~Copue?~~ with white walls. He went after his paint-spraying job, his clothes still covered with paint, his hands dirty. He went into show room, looked around and waited about 15 min. none of the salesmen paid any attention to him. He walked into the office, asked for the Mgr. and said, "I want to buy a car, but no one wants to sell me one." I guess they don't need to make the money." Then he took out \$5000 in \$100 bills and showed the Mgr. he had cash.

The Mgr. asked him to ~~play~~ go back out into showroom and play out a little drama with him. He goes out to look at car - salesmen still ignore him. Mgr. comes out and asks, "May I help you?" "Yes, I'd like to buy this car." And with that, this dirty little chinaman ~~plunksxx~~ counts out \$3000 in \$100 bills. The salesmen are aghast!

Today as a big developer and real estate broker, he employs about 12 people. He always tells them, be polite to everybody - you never know when ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ you might be indebted to them someday. Never insult a person - don't tell them their bike is terrible, maybe it was a gift from his mother.

While in college, he had huge maps of Berkeley pasted on his wall. He got Berk. Gazettes, marked houses for sale. Saw what prices were being asked, where most houses sold. Saw that North Berkeley was the best site. That's why he developed the North. Shattuck Shopping Complex. He had terrible trouble with city. He says he wanted to build a 60car underground garage, but city wouldnt let him. Then, they crizicize him later for no parking. He says they change the rules in the middle of the game.

Before that, he got <sup>as underwriter at</sup> job with Fireman's Fund. Was given the worst assignments. Was their "token Asian". But never got territories that were lucrative. Had area between Milpitas and .....? But he figured maybe their territories were

*He accepted that. That's how things were.*

small for Fireman's, but they might be ~~giving~~ writing bigger policies with Hartford. He helped men in these areas develop their business, until soon it was one of the best areas for Firemans. He got two raises, but was told he could never get managerial pos'n because he's Chinese.

One day he figured he was spending 75% of his time to get only 25% of his income, so he quit and went into real estate, where he's been a huge success.

He takes big risks - but also sometimes has lost as much as a half million. Once he bought houses near Palmdale where SST was supposed to be developed. When that fell thru, he lost huge sums in real estate. Another loss, he bought huge supply of bicycles from Korea for Xmas trade. They came in after Xmas and that was the rainiest winter in years. Another big loss.

But he became rookie of the year in Real Estate with sales. J. Blank looked down on him, for a long time ~~wouldn't allow~~ Asiatics <sup>to</sup> belong to Board of Realtors. Blank was against Frank's being one of the Directors. So F. set out to beat Blank in his own territory. He sold many buildgins on Solano. - Corner of Alameda and Solano (Indoor Sunshine) he developed. Sold big Apt. house on corner of Ensenada; Joan Lowe's building and office bldg. next door.

He would find out who owned the buildgins. Then he'd call and say, "Would I offend you if I showed you an offer for your buildgin?" When they saw a big sum on which they'd make a profit, they'd sell even if they had no intention of selling before. He out-smarted Blank on his own territory, and finally Blank now has respect for Frank.

If a Bldg is on the property line, it can't have windows (unless they're very expensive kind with chicken wire in it) because of fire regulations. Fire will pop windows and immediately devour a build. Takes longer to go thru a wall.

He never hates anybody, he says, because no use. He says his sisters are all driven - like he is - and have become very successful in managerial positions. one at some airforce base or something... Only one is loving, (the 2nd d. who was thrown in river. She's forgiven father. She says he did what he had to do.) All but one are divorced. He says they don't know how to love. Prob. because of their childhood.

They're all tough, resourceful, driven people. Darleen says Frank is loving and gentle.

*F. never reads books. Knows nothing about authors or writing. "Who buys your books - Book stores?" - ... His interest is in sports - fishing, tennis.*

*D. gets 60% Owen at work. She'd prefer to quit + be housewife for them. Their son can't manage time or structure days - They have to tell him to get up, give him set chores - He thinks if he works 3 hrs for them, he has no time to play tennis -*

An Egyptian Tale - Told by a friend -  
to Anne Smith

3/84

adapted  
June 3  
Sheila  
Public  
Domain

- Boy who works each day helping mother -  
Goes to market place - Hears of magician (?)
- Runs - runs - finds old man sitting -  
- he knows he's the magician - (from inside jacket)  
- old man gives him a flute - Know how to play? No.  
Blows on hand until a breath feels warm -  
Until breath, coming from heart - Then play -  
Play what you see -
- Boy goes everywhere w/ flute - The ocean  
He goes to ocean - plays - The ocean  
- goes - He sees a bird - plays (bird)  
He goes to field - plays the flowers - + (8  
clouds will He plays - sun - wind  
- Beautiful garden - plays flowers - beautiful Princess  
- whose hand no one can win - she sees - he plays her.
- He hears a man who - grant any wish -  
He finds - (man demands "I can give you - return")  
The man asks if he want - "a brave + noble heart"  
Boy gives - his flute -
- Now y. man. comes to claim (hand / Princess -  
- asks what can give me d?  
He says "a brave + noble heart"  
But Princess says I cannot marry you -  
I gave my heart long ago to a y. boy - with a flute  
who played - sun - wind - - he has my heart.
- Y. man nods sadly + goes away -

For adults:

What is we are always  
longing for what we can't have -  
often wrong things -  
Princess: wanted man's youthful innocence  
which was impossible.

to make a story work  
to make the y.m. Princess ask  
I give (not noble heart) - to the man  
Princess: The request in  
was had a pure heart

novel

I Asa - is scrubbing clothes at the river -  
hears horses hooves - & then / sudden silence - as samurai's  
shadow falls over her. She bends her head to ground - not daring  
to look up. — "Name?" a voice asks.

"Hamamizu, Asa" - she whispers into ground -  
The samurai - gets off his horse - looks more at her -  
she sees his face is not as stern as his voice -  
He asks of her family, her age - (16) -

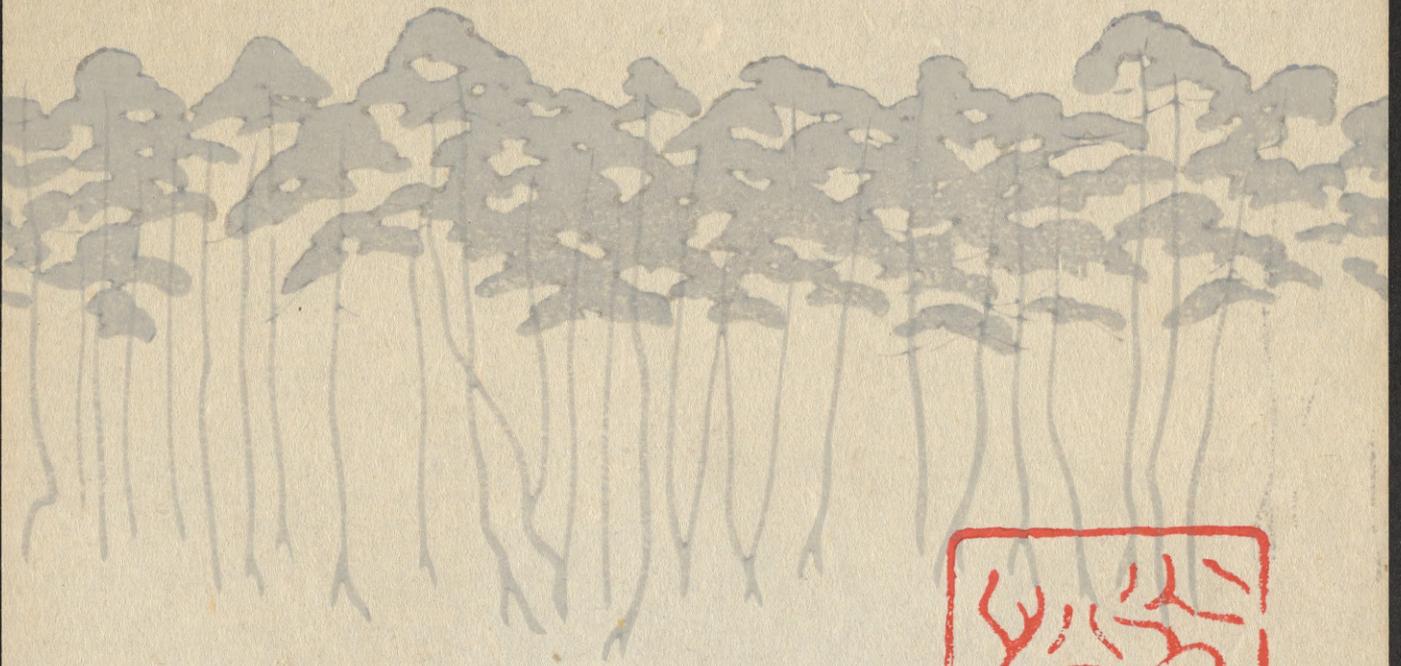
2 months later - she is summoned by her mother (father) told her to become  
the bride of —, a samurai lord —. But samurai's now living  
in states. - He too to become a rebel leader - she is taken to house (?)

II Hosts cook for samurai & his widowed mother - Is humiliated almost entirely  
like an animal <sup>cringed</sup> - on his hands & knees while he vents out ~~like the pig~~.

Or start that  
funeral - <sup>flinch</sup> <sup>back</sup>  
children decided - ~~about~~ away -

Between  
Two Autumns

大空庵  
中成等



The farmer was a man of the soil  
all day he ~~worked~~ ~~felt~~ ~~the~~ bent over his fields  
with the sun on his back

~~The wind~~

~~and when~~ weeding his rice paddy  
waiting for the day when  
he / harvest, rice  
golden

One day he ~~cross~~ ~~plains~~ land -  
crosses the ocean

The farmer toiled & toiled  
and his back was bent  
his hands were ~~salt~~ numb

~~and the wind~~

He planted & he planted  
row on row of grape vine seedlings

And then the wind came

with the dust & sun -

& the seedlings were blown & gone

And the farmer watched -

as the seedlings withered & died.

Long ago, when the world was younger  
~~a farmer came~~  
Hirochi ~~left~~ ~~pack~~  
~~put his belongings~~ decided to leave  
+ go ~~to~~ the new land, father's farm

In ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~ Hirochi sold ~~his~~ street for everyone  
~~he had heard~~  
And even the poor become rich

~~He~~ ~~said~~ "Father let me go," he said  
"I will become rich + come back to you"  
~~and make a lot of~~

All day the farmer toiled.

But the sun was hot.

It beat on his head

~~and caused him~~

But the farmer ~~was~~ did not stop -

He has to work -

At night - dreamed of clouds he had left -

He saw again the ocean

- the small ship

- the waves - & he looked at

them in

- the light of the land - (land of his own)

No one wanted the land -

It was dry -

## Reunion

Yesterday was ~~the~~ <sup>twenty</sup> years long  
~~the~~ yes, ~~you~~ it seemed. ~~Let's~~

Samuraï by Nisako Matsubara (Japan)

From viewpoint of wife who stays - Jpn.  
(Early 1900s.)

- Nagayuki realizes only few days after arriv'g -  
SF - <sup>there</sup> no place for someone like himself. his job.

Finally sells Kimono in Ukiah, CA

- works in fish cannery in <sup>Sitka</sup> Alaska - \$145 for season.  
some salmon weighed 200 lbs! ? sometimes rivers so full, I spear fish 5' from shore
- Herd out in fruit orchards - long hours, <sup>pruned</sup> trees

Whipped by mounted overseers (? tree?)  
(Santa Barbara, Fresno - apricots)

3 summers in orchards - <sup>fruit harvesting</sup> fruit.  
spring - heret to <sup>San Joaquin Valley</sup> grow + weed vegetables.

Writers in SF. doing menial chores: worked  
in laundry, hauled garbage,  
at night read bks, studied Am. law. to help  
immigrants helpless at hands - white farmers.

• Japan overseers.

2 written night: swept theatre after nightly show. found  
extra money - floor - but ~~also~~ hid it to  
owner - to sw. reputation as trust worthy  
+ honest

Kept sending money to Jpn - for family to come -  
stood at pier waiting as ss. boat came to her.

Ret'd to Jpn after 60 yrs - very quiet -  
ate only a bowl rice, bit + grilled fish + radish.

Most Jpn worked in orchards or farms. Some on  
RR construction, (No more Chinese here.) -  
many J. in copper, silver + gold mines in Sierra <sup>est.</sup>

Photo of Nagayuki - in elegant black suit, stiff hat, white shirt & high collar, vest & watch chain - One hand extended with cane, other on hip; 1 foot out - & shiny pointed shoes.

all areas viewed as - Ch - Opno - 1 man almost lynched.

- every autumn a wave of migrant laborers moves from S. to N. - following ripening of fruits. - 2a. wk on diff ranch, working 16-18 hrs a day. At nite, sleep on bare boards - sheds or on ground outdoors beneath the trees.

- many emig 2 Yamaguchi-ken, Kyushu, Hiroshima, Okayama.

- Brokers at harbor & Hiroshima

- all photos the same - of men who posed with a cane in 1 hand & a hat & other. a Watch chain across vests. If men short - coat sleeves hung below wrists - for taller men, could see socks beneath at knee & trousers. Photo. Probably used 1 suit for all men.

- He sends plase home - with doll for child. sea, pine nuts, radkins; En Box: Ges Russell's Apricot Farm, Lapa Valley, Ca.

- "Ragged figures, the mounted overseers, lish on horses, spurring men on & whips." (In Calif ?? - check)  
- men crack up from loneliness -

- "Small Gen'l in SF pelted more - once by white with mud - empty tin cans because they think he was one of Kimin who luter & streets.

Kimin - considered "dregs". Leave Japan + so 9  
opinion of gov't  
bureaucrat  
- Jpn  
abroad trying to earn money quickly. "They use money to pay shady middlemen to bring women across Pacific. They get around immigration laws by entering into paper marriages w/ these women."

These Kimin - considered entirely diff from those who were sent to Europe + US. to learn technical skills + international connections. They were sent by gov't + or Corps.

- Jpn doesn't v the Kimin back. But they serve a purpose. They send \$'s back to Jpn. + "we use currency to buy machinery + raw materials + industry as well as weapons + Jpn Army."

Kimin: a pejorative term meaning "garbage people" - considered outcasts, scum, traitors.  
Tomiko goes to Tokyo for <sup>foreign</sup> passport.  
Osho has to send steamship ticket

---

Decline of samurai - aristocratic class -

Ella.

7/25/83

Lee's father Scotch-?

Lee's mother was  $\frac{1}{2}$  Japanese (ainoko)

Born 1926?

1/16 at least '42

(her mother <sup>was</sup> Japanese married  
d German importer)  
They quarreled - Put ch in  
orphanage) 7 yrs - to avoid  
custody battle?)

So Lee was  $\frac{1}{4}$  Japanese.

He was about 13 when (was broke out,  
He was terrified he was to be executed.

His Counselor - who advised him  
forget & ever tell me - forget it.

Bill Lee felt guilty about not going to  
camp. He had his Japanese friends.

(but in Bh. he could have -  
then I feel more guilty)

Ella

What about mother? Didn't she love  
Japanese? How did she avoid love.  
Why Buffaloes?

9/83

Reverent Samurai It

Focus - Koichi wants to go back to  
Japan to be a Samurai -  
he feels he must be a warrior  
to prove he's a man -

Bed - with some village he get  
to know potter who is strong  
blind - He learns of another  
kind of courage - that has  
nothing to do with fighting  
or killing -

Realizes time of Samurai is past -

6/16/83

(Fold left - the  
the if it was good)

Go after Links

# Basu story (mythology)

- ① - Young hero in search (quest)  
of his manhood.
- ② - encounters evil force.
- ③ - meets old wizard  
powerful father figure
- ④ - y.g. needs to be saved.

must become man in  
his father's eyes.

## Basu conflicts

- good - evil
- youth - age
- { quest  
chase  
rescue

Samurai  
1974

on experience at Poston, Arizona.

- \*Ambassadors In Arms, Thomas D. Murphy, University of Hawaii Press \$6.00  
1955, 316 pp. Story of Hawaii's 100th Battalion.
- \*An Uncertain Friendship, Theodore Roosevelt and Japan, 1906-1909, \$6.95  
Charles E. Neu, Harvard University Press, 1967, 347 pp.

\*New listings.

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- meets up - travels, village
- " potter (going blind) nobody knows.
- He finally realizes  
There's more - 1 kind -  
courage -
- He promises potter - he'll  
stay - & help -  
- they go back -
- F. appears - he's smiling -

## Samurai Ghost

8/84

- Ever since K's S. father died  
he appears to Kōroku - from  
to (, usually early morning  
& dark, birds just beg to sing -
- He's trying to tell K. -  
He can't rest.
- What, it, F.?  
I know & me to be strong -  
like a Samurai
- K. always sorry he had to ~~give up~~ <sup>lose</sup> ~~the sword~~.
- He shall do to go back to Jpn  
& become a samurai: <sup>a fighter & warrior</sup>  
crush enemy
- F. said "✓ S. is over - Jpn  
Have I give & our swords.
- But K. never believed / really  
happen.
- They'd left ) Am. to start tea & silk  
colony.
- He's sure, once he sets to Jpn -  
he can still be Samurai  
more he thinks - / , glances F. appears

Mono Wa Kawari

Mono wa kawari yo wa utsu redo  
Ugoka nu wami kuni  
Iza ya utawan ware ra tomo ni  
To ko shi na e no uta wo  
To ko shi na e no uta wo  
Iza ya uta wan ware ra tomo ni  
To ko shi na e no uta wo

Sa me te omoi i ne te yume mi  
Wasure nu mikuni  
Iyoyo hayuru omokage miyu  
Kasumi wa hi ni kiete  
Kasumi wa hi ni kiete  
Iyoyo hayuru omokage miyu  
Kasumi wa hi ni kiete

Waga Shu Esu Yo

Waga shu esu yo ai no mite ni  
Mi mo tamawo mo yudane matsuri  
Maga ni sachi ni ware iwamashi  
Shu yo mikokoro nasase tamae

Urei no kumo mune wo tozashi  
Namida mo ame sode ni kakari  
Waga nozomi wa kieyuku tomo  
Shu yo mikokoro nasase tamae

Jesus Saviour Pilot Me

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over Life's tempestuous sea:  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass come from thee;  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
May I hear thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee".

永生 天国

ものほかわり、世は移れど  
うごかぬほみくに、いまやうたぬ  
我らともい とこしやえのうたを。  
いざやうたぬ我らともい  
とこしやえのうたを。

さめとおもい、いねて夢み  
わすれぬほみくに、いよはゆる  
おもかた見ゆ、かすみは日に消え  
いよはゆるおもかた見ゆ  
かすみは日に消え。

服 従

わが主任よ、あいの御手に  
身も心もゆだねまわす。  
まがら幸にわれ言わまし。  
「主よみこころなさせたまえ」

うわいの雲 玉ねをとどし。  
なみだの雨 袖にかけり。  
わがらそみは 消えゆくとも。  
主よ、みこころ なさせたまえ。

信 頼

ほろしも笑はれぬ うき世の海り  
あさせあらなみ いわさの中を  
主よ、みがまきのしるべしなえ

さしゆくほまべ まちかくなれり。  
磯うつなみの さかまこときも。  
主よ、みがまきのしるべしなえ。

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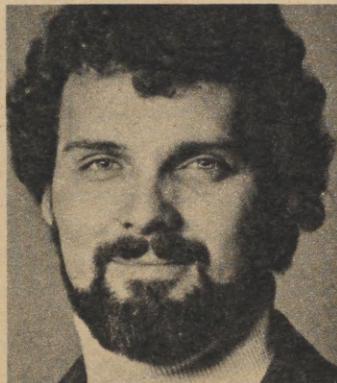
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—Keith Wall, Los Angeles, CA



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—Ona Rosenstadt, Bethesda, MD



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## The Worth Of A Pineapple

By Paul McHugh

■ It took me a moment to realize that the offbeat percussion in my ears was made by raindrops hitting my sleeping bag. I drowsed back into sleep, hoping that by waking up differently, I could arrive in a different world, one where it wasn't raining. Didn't work. So I writhed out of the bag and dressed, balled up the bag and threw it into the truck. Still stiff and yawning, I tottered down to the river in the wet grey light of early morning.

The Eel River ran high with snowmelt and rain, as blue as steel. It looked deep, fast and cold. The canoe used for crossing was pulled up on the other bank, forty yards away. No help for it; if I stood here any longer in the rain, I was going to get soaked anyhow. I stripped, rolled my boots and clothes under the curve of a lichen-splashed boulder, and waded in. By leaning against the icy current, I was able to cross most of the distance before having to dive and swim.

Instead of aching with cold when I reached the other side — as I'd expected — my body was steaming with exhilaration. I bounded up the path to my friend's cabin. Still under the covers, he cocked one eye at me as I entered, naked and streaming water.

"You could've yelled," he said. "I would have brought the canoe over."

I shrugged. "Didn't seem right. Make a big noise out here."

He shrugged, too, and smiled.

We took the boat across and got my gear. I sat by the wood stove as my friend cooked breakfast.

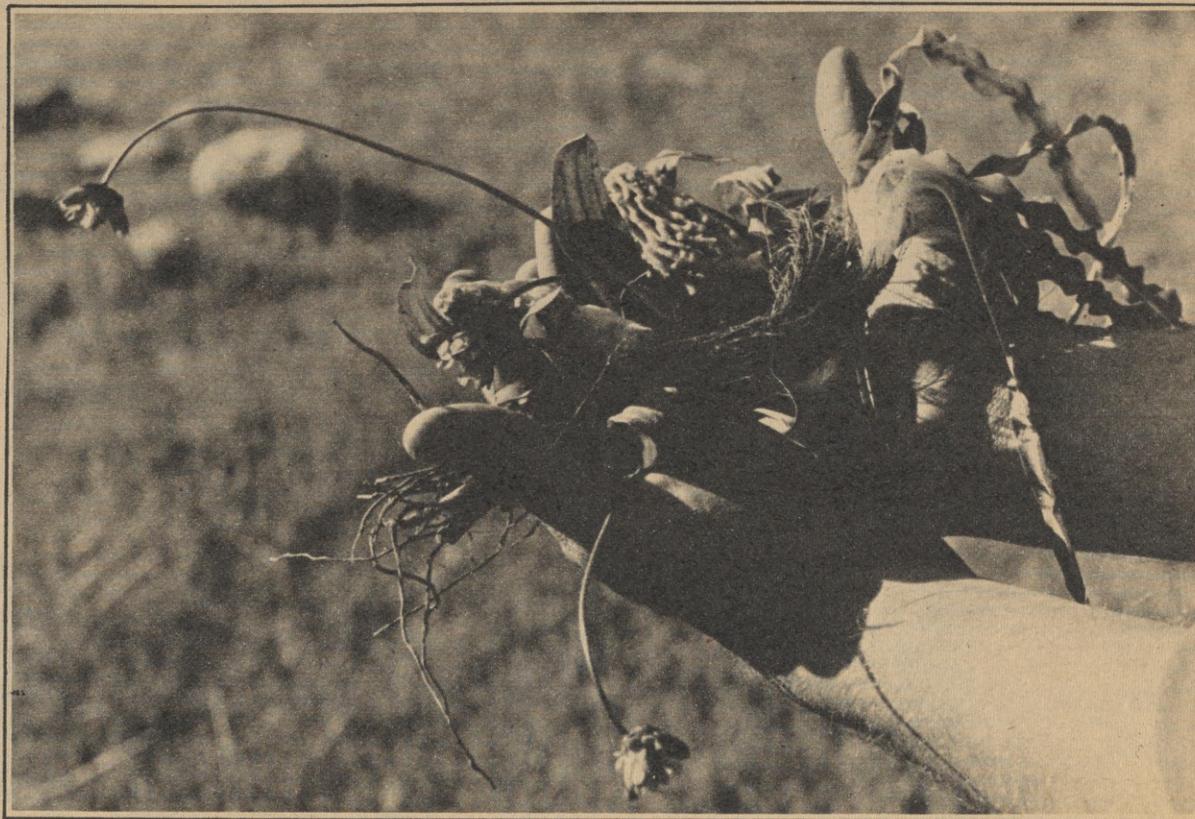
"Want some?" he asked. "There's plenty."

"Thanks, but no. Main reason I'm here is I want to not eat anything for four days, except what I can forage."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "You know about foraging?"

"Just miner's lettuce," I admitted. "So far, but I'm ready to learn more. Not eating anything else should add to the incentive."

My friend was amused but not surprised. Just as he had been when I'd appeared this morning. That's how he is.



Photography: Paul McHugh

*"There is a difference between hiking all over a hillside for bits of vegetable matter and driving down to a supermarket to fill up a cart. Foraging, one becomes conscious of the value of food in a new way."*

*Backpacker  
Kirk*

"Have some tea, then," he said.

"Nope. This is going to be strict observance."

"It's pennyroyal," he explained patiently. "From here." With a sweep of his hand he indicated the curves of the wild Northern California hills outside.

"Ah." I held out a cup.

Then we were out in meadows. "Brodiaeas," he said, pointing out a small purple flower on a short stem. "Flower, stem and bulb — it's all edible. Miwoks used it for a staple. You might consider their attitude, and not pick many from the same place. Treat the plants with gratitude and respect so that they will prosper. Then they'll see to it that you do, too."

When I plucked one and chewed it, my mouth was filled with cool raindrops infused with the delicate savour of the petals. It even *tasted purple*. Over the next four days, no matter what else I found, these flowers became and would remain my favorite food.

That first morning, my friend showed me wild clover, edible grass roots, the green spikes of storksbill, and the flat, wrinkled stars of soaproot scattered along the incurving banks of ephemeral creeks.

I had two foraging manuals with me: *Wild Edible Plants* by Donald R. Kirk (Naturgraph); and *Edible and Useful Plants of California* by Charlotte Clarke (University of California Press, Berkeley). But somehow, the prospect of locating wild food from a book seemed too academic to start with. Later it

would be fine, but now I was happiest having a personal tone set for all the introductions that would follow.

Later that day, alone with collecting sacks and my books, I made my way up the hillside towards the top of a high ridge. I knelt to follow the stems of four brodiaeas down and dug up the tiny bulbs with the point of my knife. When stripped of their hairy outer covering, the bulbs became pale and shining pearls that crunched juicily between the teeth.

Meadowland changed to chaparral, which grew higher and more tangled the further I advanced. Chamise, flowering branches of ceanothus, manzanita and scrub oak all competed for survival in the thin poor soil, their tough branches forming a nearly impenetrable barrier. So I wound up on my hands and knees crawling along the animal trails. Deer tracks, here. Dry and broken roll of coyote scat. Nothing looked very edible. I began to doubt my wisdom in expending energy on the climb. Probably smarter to remain in the meadows where I knew there was food . . .

As I negotiated a turn in the faint trail, a bizarre, corrugated fungus caught my eye. None of the tough chaparral growths looked very palatable, but these mushrooms looked positively venomous. I would've passed them by except that something reminded me of a photo in the Clarke book. I hauled it out, flipped to the appropriate page, and made my first successful solo identification: morel mushrooms — *Morchella esculents* — more than an

edible mushroom, a culinary delicacy. The book said it only grew where there was plenty of humus. I looked around at the chaparral I'd been struggling through with new respect. Gradually alchemizing the soil with golden sunlight over the decades, these tough plants had laid down a layer of organic molecules rich enough at last to produce this kind of food.

I left a few big, healthy morels to spore, and collected the rest.

Near the top of the ridge I came upon a beautiful high meadow, where once a circle had been dug and leveled for a tipi. There was a crude fence around an overgrown garden and a springbox, both abandoned and collapsing. Here, in a light rain, I gathered the young leaves of plaintains from the lush meadow grasses (another positive identification from the books). Uphill, ahead of me, swayed tall Douglas firs.

Among the pines was a magical glen, laced with deer trails, where bracken fern grew in profusion. As the trees swished and creaked overhead, I picked a bag of the soft young fiddleheads, admiring their foetal symmetry and incandescent coloration.

When I finally came down from the ridge, the air of the river valley was blue and thick with dusk. The river chanted softly into my ears as I walked up the path to my friend's cabin. By the woodstove, I spread out my haul.

He was already feasting on panbread, vegetable stew, and coffee. My nose had become acutely appreciative of the aromas of cooking food in just one day.

He held up a dripping ladle of stew. "You know," he said, "anyone living out here in the old days would've probably had a garden of some sort, and a supply of stored grains and seeds. You wouldn't necessarily be breaking your forage-fast if you had a bowl of this. Want some?"

His eyes were amused as he combined the roles of devil's advocate and gracious host, resulting in a temporary phenomenon I could only describe as Coyote. Earlier, he had reproved me for not eating the stems of some of the brodiaeas I'd taken, reminding me that the stems were edible, too. Now, here he was tempting me in the opposite direction.

My stomach put in a grumbling vote for the stew, but I turned it down. Still, Coyote was right — there was no point in being strict to the point of self-righteousness. So I sauteed the cog-shaped slices of morel mushroom in some borrowed mustard oil. As a hedge, I ate only a small piece and waited half an hour. Then a larger piece, and waited an hour. I was not bothered by so much as the twinge of a cramp, so I happily munched down a panful.

I was less elated with steamed plaintain leaves and fiddleheads; they were both strong and bitter. It brought to mind what the books described as the high mineral and vitamin content of wild plants. Also, the fact that mature fronds of bracken are said to be carcinogenic when consumed in quantity. But even apple seeds contain hydrogen cyanide, and tomatoes are close cousins to deadly nightshade. The point the books emphasized was that when carefully identified, selectively harvested, and properly prepared, wild plants



***"The amount of energy, time and fuel expended to feed me fresh pineapple was staggering."***

offered valuable nutrition.

The second day. I certainly felt nourished . . . somehow fortified in some area of physical being that had never been *fed* before.

Breakfast was a reheated version of the first day's dinner.

"Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!"

"What's *that*?" I was startled by the rapid gunfire echoing violently through the gentle morning.

"That's the dominant society's kneejerk reaction to wilderness," my friend said, turning and looking moodily out the window. The expression in his face was compounded of sadness, frustration, anger, resignation. "They like to drive out from town to a place across the river and play with their guns. Sometimes I go out and scream at them. But I just don't feel up to it today. Yet."

"Pow! Pow! Pow. . ."

The gunshots ended as abruptly and mysteriously as they had begun.

In the meadow along the river I dined on sunshine, sweet wild clover, and soaproot. With my knife I dug under the flat, crinkled green stars until I reached the deep bulbs. I thought about the "Digger" Indians, a nonexistent tribe the white settlers saw everywhere, and accused of indolence and sloth. It took patience to successfully extract a root. What could the various tribes lumped together as "Diggers" have done to impress the whites with their

industry? Take roots with hydraulic mining, the way the settlers took gold, leaving behind moonscapes and piles of sludge where nothing would ever grow again? No. They knew, or acted with the instinctive knowledge, that the only true wealth lay in a thin layer of organic earth that held the alchemical equations for a successful interaction with the sun.

The soaproot bulbs — despite their reputation as a good source of starch — were very hard to eat. I should've been warned by the name, and by the facts that an extract could actually be used for soap (very good for dandruff), and that the Indians used to mash up the whole plant and throw it in streams to stupefy fish. As per the manuals, I peeled the bulbs, boiled and drained them twice, but my gorge still rose in protest at the first taste. I solemnly informed myself that if I was starving in the wilderness, I would be happy to get such food, any food. With tears in my eyes, I managed to choke down about half of what I had cooked. Then, feeling fairly stupefied, I went to bed.

The third day. A different meadow. I browsed on brodiaeas and storksbill. Though I'd gathered and eaten fair amounts of food in the past few days, the actual bulk was small compared to what I was used to. And I was expending a good deal more energy to get it. There is a difference between hiking all over a hillside for bits of vegetable matter and driving down to a supermarket to fill up a cart. To phrase the obvious bluntly: foraging, one becomes conscious of the value of food in a new way.

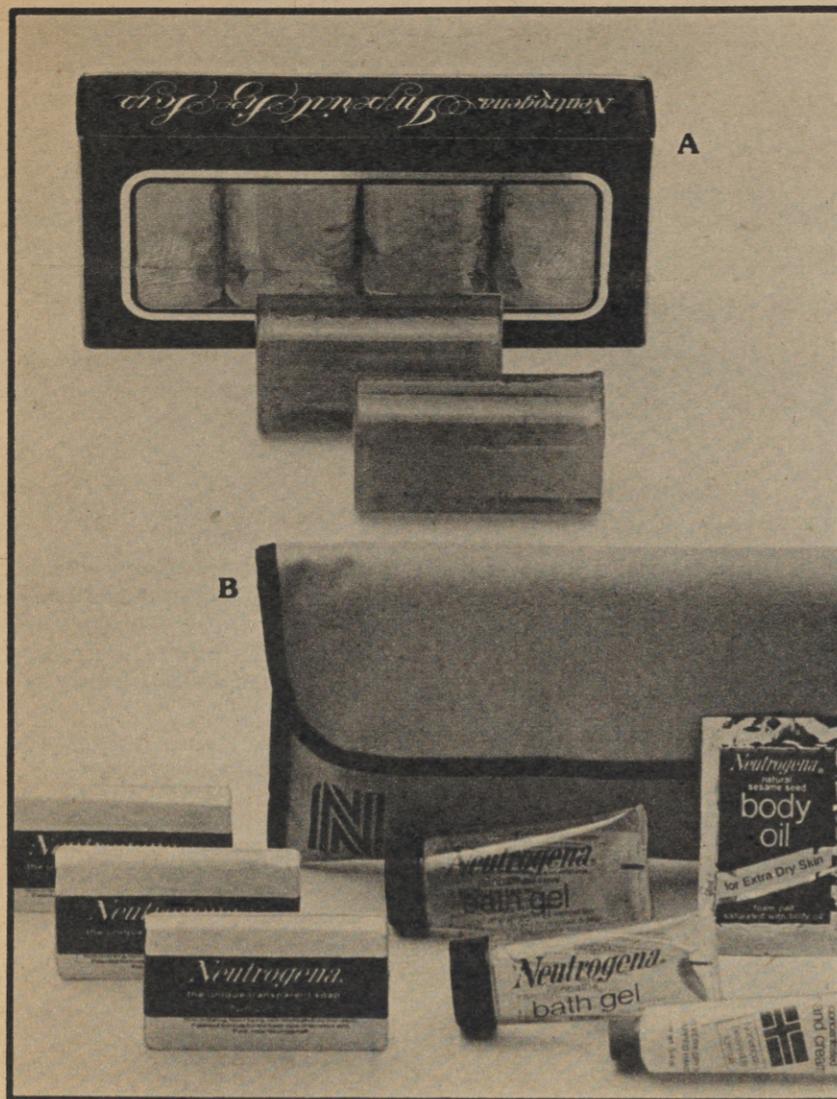
I was losing weight. Some of the sensations were characteristic of a fast — I felt as if my body were becoming permeable to light and sound, as though sunlight and the dull omnipresent roar of the river were drifting steadily through me, like wisps of early morning mist that moved slowly through the trees . . .

A small but important adjustment to my new foraging knowledge: the biggest storksills were far from being the best. The base of the smallest ones had the best flavor and the least woody fiber. If I'd had that bit of practical knowledge from the outset, I would not have spent the morning chewing and spitting out wads of cellulose. But the ones who could have truly initiated me, who could have led me to gather up the threads of my life among the trees, the grasses, the deep river pools, had been almost rubbed out a long time ago and their survivors had been greatly changed.

The sharp thought of this loss brought me up short. I gazed out at the meadow grass caressed by the slow hand of the wind, at the rumpled patchwork of chaparral spread over the hillsides, at the distant sway of the pines. So many plant-beings. Hundreds! All with their individual natures and potential uses, interwoven in a complex fabric of which I only nibbled at the outer fringe. How far my race had fallen from the acquired wisdom of centuries, how much of this knowledge had been forgotten or blindly destroyed.

I thought of something said by Mabel McKay, a descendant of the Hill Patwin who

*continued*



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# LIBERTY HOUSE

AN Amfac COMPANY

## Perspectives *continued*

*"I became aware of an immense rent torn in the fabric of life, between mankind and the earth."*

once ranged above Wilbur Hot Springs, about the way of her people. I'd just read it in an EIR:

"They had many trails for going-out and coming-in. They'd go out on one trail and return on a different one, so they wouldn't disturb the animals and the plants. That's what they called destroying things, if you just tramped over them. You go that way, you go this way, and there's no opening for the food to grow. That's what happens today; people go this way and that way and every way. That's why there's no food. People destroy it. People-Destroying-Their-Own-Food, it's called."

I closed my eyes, and became aware of an immense rent torn in the fabric of life, between humankind and the earth. I closed my fingers around the small spike of a storksbill that I held in one hand. A needle, to pierce and sew a precious thread or two across that vast tear, at least in my own mind. How much more would it take to tug it closed?

The fourth day. As the sun set and shadows slowly thickened in the river valley, on the last day of the forage-fast, I crossed the river to my truck and returned with a ripe pineapple.

I had checked on it. This pineapple most likely once grew on the Wahiawa Plantation in Oahu, Hawaii, as the first plant or first ratoon (second crop from the same plant). It was twisted and broken from the stem by hand, by one of a line of people following the conveyer booms of a huge tractor across the field. The bins packed by this tractor were driven on a flatbed truck to the Dole Company Packing Plant in Honolulu, where the pineapples were unloaded and dipped in a fungicide solution. Then, along with thousands of others, my pineapple was sorted, labeled, and packed into a box according to its size. The box was stacked, then wrapped by a new kind of forklift in a cardboard slipsheet called a Pulpak and trundled into a large steel container supplied by Matson Navigation Company.

At this point, the pineapple began to be electrically refrigerated. Removed from an outlet outside the plant, the container was taken aboard the 720-foot container vessel, *Manukai*, and plugged into an outlet on its deck. Then the *Manukai* sailed across the Pacific on voyage 213 and unloaded at the Matson docks in Oakland. The container holding my pineapple was seized by a shorebase gantry crane, and set down on the dock where a straddle carrier could take it to its place and plug it into the power lines that ran under the storage area.

Soon George, who drives the GMC tractor-trailer for Sunset Produce, would come across the Bay Bridge and pick up the container, bringing it back over so Giovanni could put its contents out with his other goods in Sunset Produce's corner of the San Francisco Commercial Market. Then Denny and Jim would arrive in the "Blue Goose," make their selections and purchases, and truck them all the way up the coast to the Corners Of The Mouth health food store in Mendocino. Where I would find a pineapple to use for break-fast out in the woods.

The amount of energy, time, and fuel expended by my culture to feed me fresh pineapple was staggering. It seemed important to realize this, as I hefted it in the same hand that had yesterday held the storksbill. This tropical fruit held perhaps a thousand times the edible bulk of that tiny bit of wild plant. Soon I would take my dulled knife, cut it into eighths, raise a slice to my mouth, and chew my way into it until the warm, sweet, stinging juices ran abundantly over my chin.

Oh, yes. Price. The pineapple cost me eighty-nine cents. □

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After the glory of the harvest, the wine country landscape looks bleak, the vines naked. But the look of dormancy is deceptive: From now through early spring, the real work of the vineyards — pruning, plowing and dusting — will take place.

# THE VINES IN WINTER

By Glen Martin

**T**he vines: Most people think of them only during the glorious days of autumn, when the canes are burgeoning with ripe fruit. The crush is on, and the highways of Napa and Sonoma are filled with trucks hauling bins loaded with grapes, with Buicks and Pontiacs filled with crews of pickers, and with carloads of wine-sampling day tourists.

But the crush is only the crowning moment in a year-round, ongoing process. Vineyards need continual tending, and those who view them only in their evanescent moment of glory during September and October may not fully appreciate what goes into the making of each crop.

In November, the hoopla of the harvest subsides and the real work begins. The most pressing task of the dormant season is also the most laborious: pruning. After the vines have lost all their foliage, the pruners enter the vineyards with shears and saws and begin to ply their trade. They will stay at it for many months.

Those who pass by the vineyards during the bleak, monochromatic days of winter see only faceless crews laboring naked, skeletal vines. Yet each one of those huddled forms is an individual man, usually of considerable wit and intelligence.

The crews are comprised of a polyglot of races, nationalities and social persuasions. There are crews of Southeast Asians and crews of indigent white students and transients. Many vineyard owners are inclined to prune alongside their workers, since they like the work. Still, most of the pruners are from Mexico; in Sonoma County, they hail mainly from the remote, mountainous state of Michoacan.

I, too, prune vines, though I'm admittedly something of an anomaly. I'm white, for one thing. And agricultural work is hardly considered ideal employment for a man of 33 who has, as they say, an education. Yet it suits my purposes. The hours can be arranged as I desire, so I have adequate time for the other things in my life which are important to me, such as

writing and fishing. True, the work is hard — even, at times, exhausting. Yet there are profound compensations, foremost among them the sense of camaraderie one develops with one's co-workers.

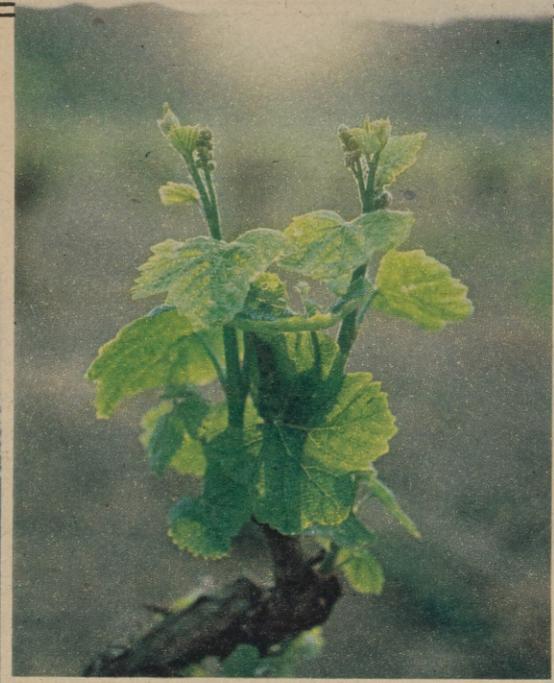
Of course, it's necessary to become adept in a few technical and social skills before this can happen. An ability to speak Spanish, for example, is essential. When I first went to work in the vineyards, I knew only stock phrases and a few words relating to viticulture. But my facility gradually increased as the years went by until I was able to hold my own in any but the most colloquial of conversations.

Knowing Spanish certainly aided my relationship with Rafael, for example. I have worked on and off with him for a long time, and in many ways he is my nemesis. Unlike most of the *trabajadores*, he is Cuban rather than Mexican. His mother is Japanese, and this rich admixture of genes has produced dramatic looks and an acerbic wit. When we work, whether it's at pruning vines, repairing trellis wires or tying canes, his tongue seldom rests. He maintains a steady barrage of verbal barbs, subtle jokes of which I am the butt, and black-humored invective which reflects the essentially lugubrious Latin view of life. I am known by men of the crews as "Martin" — accent, Spanish-style, on the last syllable. Rafael, however, prefers to corrupt it to "Martinito" — Little Martin; "Martillo," which means hammer; "Martina," a subtle insult suggesting indeterminate gender; or "Martinico" — a ghost, goblin or other unsavory member of the spiritual underworld.

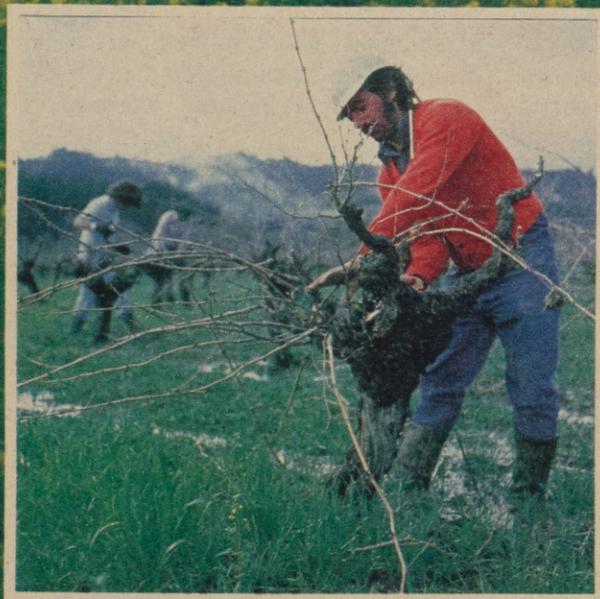
And yet, beneath it all, Rafael's insinuations serve to provide a bond between us rather than to divide us. Insults are traded freely among all members of the crew; those who are not esteemed are treated with chilly, correct politesse.

Then there is Ramon, a tough, crusty man in his late sixties who is quick with a deferential smile, but equally quick with his fists in any situation in which he feels his honor

*Continued*



(Central photo)  
Midwinter rains in a  
cane-pruned vineyard  
bring a thick carpet of  
green and flowering  
vegetation. (Upper left)  
Buds "break" on a  
cordon-trained cane.  
(Lower right) Workers  
cane-prune an old,  
established vineyard.



[Photography by Faith Echtermeyer]

*Continued*

has been impugned. "You can't let these young ones get away with anything when you're my age," he told me once in his characteristically soft voice. "If you do, they'll run right over you."

**N**ature as well as man provides respite from the tedium of labor in the dormant season. Vineyards often border brushy, forested or marshy areas, so they are usually rich in wildlife. White-tailed kites hover about the vines in a ceaseless quest for careless mice. One vineyard I work in is frequented by a pair of pileated woodpeckers, those rarest of birds. Deer are ubiquitous, as are raccoons, foxes, opossums, mountain and valley quail, black-tailed jackrabbits, gray squirrels and all manner of songbirds and hawks. I have seen golden eagles circling over vineyards in the Mayacamas range and on Sonoma Mountain, and I've watched Canadian geese cleave the thick fogs of January, looking for a sheltering farm pond. Bear and cougar still drift through the high ground of the wine country (a large black bear was trapped and shot in October, 1982, in the mountains behind Glen Ellen). Wild pigs root in the deep, forested ravines of Sonoma County, and they occasionally rip up mountain vineyards in their eternal quest for grubs, tubers, mice and carrion. Bobcat and coyote are not uncommon. It's never known what particularly satisfying sighting the day will bring.

The first rains of fall are responsible for the start of the thick verdure of mustard, vetch, grasses, wild oats and filaree that will ultimately carpet most North Coast vineyards. Heavy harvests of meadow mushrooms, chanterelles, shaggy manes and boleti are one of the few tangible fringe benefits of vineyard labor.

So is a heightened sense of physicality, of strength in the face of the elements. The hands callus and harden from the all-pervading dampness, the roughness of the canes and the hard curvature of the pruning shear handles. The wrists and biceps increase in tone



*"In cane-pruning, the eye must take in the snarled tangle of canes, visualize the symmetrical end and allow the hands to work without interference from the brain."*

and size, and the entire body becomes acclimated. The rain and sleet become something more than bad weather that must be endured; the weather itself becomes a source of inspiration. Thunderheads and localized storm fronts scud across the sky. The sun breaks through the roiling clouds and bathes the vineyards and surrounding countryside in an opalescent light. The air is highly ionized, and when it fills my lungs I can't help being gripped with an almost manic exhilaration. The wildness of the weather is a kind of meteorological drama which one comes to crave. I find myself actually missing the gusts, gales and splatterings of hail and sleet when the weather breaks and the thin sun of winter hangs in a blue sky. There is something about pruning vines in balmy weather which seems, somehow, innately incorrect.

**G**enerally speaking, vines are either cordon-pruned or cane-pruned. Cordon-pruning is the simplest method. The vines are allowed to grow up the stakes, and then two arms are trained along the trellis wire for each vine. Each year, the canes that sprout from the arms are pruned back to two or three buds. It is a supremely simple procedure; anyone can be taught to do it in less than an hour.

While cordon-pruning is fine for certain varieties of grapes (particularly those grown on rich soils), cane-pruning is the preferred method for low-yielding, premium varieties such as Chardonnay, Cabernet Sauvignon

and Pinot Noir. The cane-pruning mode allows the pruner to easily adjust the amount of fruiting wood on each vine annually. He can increase or decrease the wood, depending on the vigor of each vine. Unlike cordon-pruning, cane-pruning involves leaving some canes long and cutting other canes back to two-inch spurs. Suffice to say that cane-pruning takes no small amount of skill if it is to be accomplished with both speed and accuracy.

Cane-pruning is a Zen-like exercise; each vine is different, yet it must be pruned to conform to a general set of standards. The eye must take in the snarled tangle of canes, visualize the symmetrical end and allow the hands to do the necessary work without undue interference from the brain. And this must all be accomplished in less than four minutes. This process is repeated about 150 times during an average working day. At first glance, the work may seem boring, even onerous. Indeed, that would be the case if one wasn't continually faced with a different set of problems with each vine.

**I**n order to fully derive the benefits of vineyard work one must select a particular type of grape rancher for an employer. Ideally, he or she owns a relatively small vineyard renowned for the high quality of its fruit. Such a rancher is more likely to work side-by-side with his employees; and for some reason, such ranchers are easier to get along with. Perhaps this is

because these people are not mere dilettantes of means who like to be able to tell their friends that they own a piece of the wine industry action; rather, they are viticulturists in the purest sense of the word. They are intimately involved with their vines; they understand the subtle magic that lies like a mantle over each vineyard.

Such ranchers are also likely to invite the workers in for lunch, and they are wont to provide chairs by a wood stove and plenty of wine when the weather gets too brutal to stay outside. Perks in grape work are where you find them.

Once the vines are pruned (which must be accomplished before the buds "break" in early spring), the canes are either piled and burned or chopped in the vineyards. The vineyard rows are then disc-plowed a total of two to four times during the course of the late spring and early summer. Add to that sulphur-dusting once every two weeks throughout the growing season to control mildew, and French-plowing or herbicide spraying to knock back weeds, and the sum is a lot of hours spent on a tractor.

This is the least attractive aspect of vineyard work. The constant vibration and the low seats that characterize most tractors are hard on the kidneys and back; the constant roar of the engine can hurt (and even seriously damage) the ears; and the diesel smoke and dust from the blowing earth clog the lungs and sinuses.

But even then there are satisfactions: the burgeoning greenery of the newly awakened vineyards, the profuse blooms of spring wildflowers and the odor and texture of newly turned earth when the disc bites into the sod. And by late June, most of the worst work is over, and there is little to do except watch the vines grow and the fruit quicken. Eventually the grapes ripen, and a new harvest gets underway. And after that, the vines again drop their leaves, marking the months of care and repair. In the vineyards, it becomes transcendently apparent that all things have their seasons. □



above all, he ~~was~~ lonely & desolate. <sup>He hobbled</sup>  
ma crutch because 1 leg was crushed & lame -

The bird ~~looked at~~ (old man looked at ea  
& old man. - & the old man held out  
a hand & in (hand were a few seeds.

"Come be a friend to me," the old man  
said.

But the bird hesitated ... "~~He said~~  
He said (case with it bars & it  
don't - & he knew what a case  
can do.

"Please," the old man said, "I need  
your brightness & your song - I need  
you to comfort me in (darkness & fear)

And ~~the~~ the bird looked at lead - <sup>until fear</sup>  
It has to think carefully - <sup>walk</sup>  
<sup>again.</sup>

But at last ... he walked a few  
steps toward (old man - & he took  
seed) hand, & it felt good.

& the bird sang a beautiful song &  
old man & old man smiled  
for (1st) in many years &  
they became friends.

I was  
one  
stung  
a word  
utter -  
I can  
no longer  
work.

\* ~~The case was there - It was~~

\* The old man held (cage -  
"I made a friend such a friend as you,"  
he said - I will grant it good  
because to make it worthy -

I will find insects ... Only  
stay in it a while ... & I promise  
I never close (door)

So the bird came & went -  
It sang each day & the man & gave <sup>comfort & cheer</sup> -  
- (old man spent 3 days searching <sup>& helped him to</sup>  
) insects & seeds & beautiful bird. <sup>heal & to grow strong.</sup>

But as the days passed, the  
bird grew - & its wings seemed stronger  
- the blue sky began to beckon -  
- the <sup>old man's</sup> cage, where he slept, began to  
feel "small" & cramped - even the  
door was always open & he'd  
leave whenever he wished -

~~The bird knew he <sup>should</sup> stay~~  
"I know one day I must leave me," the  
old man said - "You are too fine a  
creature, for these small dark woods &  
I know my cage, too small <sup>cramped</sup> for you.  
But it's all I have - & when it  
comes I - let it go - Only wait  
until I am ready to say goodbye -"

The bird wondered if the old man  
I ready - it might ~~not be this year~~  
~~even until next year~~ be tomorrow & it  
might be next year -

But the bird saw that the old man  
needed him. He was ~~finally~~ beginning to  
His leg was <sup>slowly</sup> ~~finally~~ beginning to heal -  
& every now & then the old man  
even smiled a little - & once he  
even sang a song of bird -



A's friend  
Consuelo

25/10/77

an artist - paint surrealistic pbs.  
m'd 3 or 4 times

tiny waist, great flowing gowns

bright - ~~hair~~ "hals" red hair -

like birds fluttering all around her  
when she enters room.

Invited by Dali to exhibit - He was  
taken by her - but she saw cond'ns  
where she was to exhibit - she refused -  
felt it demeaning.

Bach - Satz 5/21 Zellerbach evl

~~Satz 5/22 st~~  
st mattheus passion -