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Dear Ms Ogden -

My story has finally been
Published and I would like
to take this opportunity to
thank you for your encourage-
ment and support during
my trying days.

With warmest regards,

Sincerely,

Violet K. de Cristoforo

RIKKA



CROSS-CULTURAL JOURNAL

六華



In painting. I am finally with
knowledge, understanding and mastery.

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THE cover, and lead article, honors one of America's foremost artists, Mine Okubo, whose career spans the Coming of Age of the Second Generation Japanese Americans [as well as Canadian Nisei]. *WE* are honored.

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CROSS-CULTURAL, INTER-ETHNIC
COMMUNICATION

A VOICE AND VISION
FOR HUMAN SCALE SOCIETY
IN HARMONY WITH EARTH
UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS,
PLANETARY JUSTICE, DECENTRALIZED
BIOREGIONAL GOVERNANCE

We are all related.

— *Sioux verity*

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MINÉ OKUBO

AN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

I FIRST learned of artist Mine Okubo through our mutual friend, Japanese American poet Lawson Inada, when he presented me with an extensive catalog of her drawings and paintings, *Mine Okubo: An American Experience*.¹ This catalog was published in 1972 by the Oakland Art Museum of Oakland, California, in conjunction with her major retrospective exhibit. I soon realized that Okubo and Inada had shared aspects of an "American Experience" that were to form a significant bond and focus for their art and writing.²

The serene painting reproduced on the catalog cover was of Mine's mother, seated on a bench with a Bible on her lap and a plump cat nestled beside her. A tree-lined path, white frame houses and a church in the background portrayed the rural tranquility of Riverside, California, where Okubo was born in 1912 and spent her childhood



"Dinner Lineup" Watercolor 18 x 24 1943

However, the possibility of an American dream was shattered for 110,000 West Coast Japanese Americans when they were evacuated by the U.S. government from their urban and rural homes into remote "relocation" camps throughout the country. This occurred in 1942, soon after the outbreak of World War II when the loyalty of longtime immigrants as well as Issei (first generation) and Sansei (second generation) Japanese was questioned.

In the camp Okubo was identified as Number 13,660. Her bitterness turned into a survival philosophy as she said, "I had the opportunity to study the human

From **CITIZEN 13660** Drawings and Text by Mine Okubo.
First Edition published by Columbia University Press; Second Edition by
University of Washington Press, 1983.



race from the cradle to the grave, and to see what happens to people when reduced to one status and condition." She then made her "American Experience" visible in hundreds of pen and ink sketches, charcoal and pastel drawings and watercolor paintings, which told "the story of camp life for my many friends who faithfully sent letters and packages to let us know we were not forgotten."³ These powerful images now serve as a unique historical documentation of a suffering, endurance and ability to survive with dignity.

The catalog, *An American Experience*, concludes with a "Happy Period," based on another relocation for Okubo in 1944, to New York City, where she began her commercial art career as an illustrator for *Fortune Magazine*. However, within ten years she decided to strike out on her own as a "loner on an individual road." She explained her brazen move when I met her this year: "I have a contribution to make because I remain a whole person. I'm using art as my means to prove the truth of life, the highest visual order, and perfection, and to drop all the hash and trash that has been called art."

I visited Mine Okubo in her small Greenwich Village apartment where she has lived alone for the past 40 years.⁴ Her dark brown hair with hardly a touch of grey was pulled back from her smooth, broad face. At age 73 her intense gaze and youthful smile, evident in earlier photographs, had not diminished.

I was surprised that her sparse furnishings did not include a TV set, but she told me, "I have no time for that." An immense accumulation of paintings was stacked along all the walls, the results of long years of prolific production and ongoing commitment to her art.

Daylight filtered pleasantly into her apartment through a broad network of plants and window panes, which also offered an exterior view of rooftops and other studio apartments. I was delighted when Okubo gradually began to pull out innumerable drawings and paintings from various piles, stacks, and cartons that had accumulated in a smaller adjoining room. She generously showed me a view of five decades of her art and her more recent work on the path to "finding my own handwriting. If you can't find that, you're nowhere." It was astonishing to see the evolution of the style and content of her work from early figurative realism, followed by experimentation with abstract forms, expressionistic landscapes, still life and portrait studies. This evolution concluded with her present acrylic paintings that feature simplified forms in a mood of playful but controlled calm. The theme of the ubiquitous cat as first depicted with her mother in 1935 is still omnipresent.

In discussing her background and childhood, Okubo reveals that her mother was a calligrapher, painter, and graduate of the Tokyo Art Institute. After her mother came to the United States and married, creative endeavors were submerged in her struggle to raise seven children. But she always encouraged Mine to pursue her interest in art. Okubo's father was a "learned man" who first owned a confectionery store, but later worked as a gardener. Okubo recalls her parents as "suffering and always living for their children." As a child, she says, "I was shy and no one could talk to me," but "among my own brothers, I learned to be a fighter, to have my feet on the ground."

Okubo considers "institutions and routines always a bother for a creative and constructive mind"; nevertheless, she attended the University of California at Berkeley. Her art training included classes in the techniques of fresco and mural painting, useful skills for the subsequent development of her art career. She graduated in 1936 with a Master's degree in Art and in 1938 was the winner of the University's highest art honor, the Bertha Taussig Travelling scholarship, which gave her the opportunity to take a freighter (alone) to Europe. There she not only enjoyed visiting museums, hiking and bicycling but also produced many watercolor paintings which were a record of the people and activities that she encountered. This cultural experience was a turning point in her art as she began to use brighter colors and more expressionistic brush strokes.

After returning home in 1939 due to the outbreak of World War II, Okubo participated in the Federal Arts Program by creating mosaic and fresco murals for the U.S. Army at Fort Ord, Government Island, Oakland Hospitality House, and Treasure Island, California. In 1942 Okubo and all the other West Coast Japanese Americans were given three days to condense all their worldly possessions into a few bundles. Okubo's family was split by the evacuation, and she and one younger brother were sent to a camp in Topaz, Utah, her sister to Heart Mountain, Wyoming — yet an older brother was drafted into the U.S. Army! Her mother had died some years earlier. The forced relocation severed them from their roots, dreams and aspirations.

In the camp Okubo began to document the emotional impact of this experience, the depersonalization, restrictions, depression and shattered dreams. She also graphically documented the many adaptations they made to cope with basic survival, such as communal eating, toilet facilities and mundane work. She depicted these scenes through a series of 200 pen-and-ink illustrations, accompanied by satirical commentary, which were first published as a book, *Citizen 13660*, in 1946 by Columbia University Press, and then republished several times more



"Children: Topaz Relocation Camp," Charcoal drawing 18 X 24 1942



... We tagged our luggage with the family number, 13660 and pinned the personal tags on ourselves; we were ready at last. from *CITIZEN 13660* Pen & ink drawing 1942

recently by the University of Seattle Press. With a few brief strokes of her pen, she captured the essence of events. The *New York Times Book Review* considered these drawings:

A remarkable objective and vivid art and even humorous account . . . In dramatic and detailed drawings and brief text, she documents the whole episode . . . all that she saw, objectively, yet with a warmth of understanding.

Mine Okubo took her months of life in the concentration camp and made it the material for this amusing, heart-breaking book . . . the mood is never expressed, but the wry pictures and the scanty words make the reader laugh — and if he is an American too — sometimes blush.⁵

Okubo also did hundreds of charcoal and gouache paintings that revealed the psychological impact of camp life. During these years, she tells me, "I hardly slept," and "I worked mostly all night. To discourage visitors I put a sign up on my door that said 'quarantined.'"

Even from the camp, she continued her professional connections as "I was sending pictures out." She proudly remembers that "before evacuation, I was winning prizes almost every year from the San Francisco Museum of Art." Later in 1948 she again received the Museum's annual prize for painting.

As part of her earlier training, Okubo explained that she had briefly experienced with abstract images, as is evident from some of her cubist-inspired, pencil drawings that she showed me. Though she soon abandoned pure abstraction, many of her images of camp life are based on the simplification of forms to basic rhythmic lines and shapes, often showing children and adults, with large, somber facial expressions, small empty hands, and the dismal camp barracks in the background. However, her watercolors from this period are more expressionistic. They depict men resting beside their harvested potatoes or camp residents lined up before the communal mess hall.

In the catalog essay, *Mine Okubo: An American Experience*, Shirley Sun says of these drawings and paintings:

The exaggerated heads, the hunched backs, the inward staring eyes all pain, for us a psychological and social reality in the profoundest human terms so that no person seeing them can remain untouched. Notwithstanding, the dignity of men, women and children — however diminished — still comes through during this time of moral uncertainties, confusion and contradiction. Always, the human relations are kept intact — no matter how topsy-turvy the world. Indeed the life bond of men, women and children asserts itself more strongly than ever in fact of the threat of annihilation.⁶

Trek Magazine was initiated in the camp by Okubo and several friends, including the writer Toshio Mori. Okubo created the cover designs and many of the illustrations which appeared in the three issues. When the editors of *Fortune Magazine* saw *Trek*, they were impressed by Okubo's illustrations and arranged for her to leave the camp in 1944 (prior to the conclusion of the war), in order to illustrate a feature story about Japan.

Once again she had but three days to pack her things and arrive in New York "with just what I could carry in my hands." Again Okubo felt as if she was "thrown in the middle of a desert," as she knew no one in New York. Her isolation did not last long. Soon her tiny apartment was to become a receiving center for many West Coast Japanese Americans relocating to the East after the war.

During the next ten years, Okubo successfully established herself in the commercial art field, working not only for *Fortune*, but also for *Time*, *Life*, *Saturday Review*, *New York Times*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and illustrating books for leading publishing houses. She also was commissioned to paint four murals for the American Lines, a major shipping company. "At first," Okubo said about her work in the commercial art field, "everybody is friendly. Then it becomes establishment, where people are just out for themselves, and you're playing a game. I knew all the ropes before I told them all to go to hell." Okubo was then courageously determined to "go back into painting and dedicate myself to the highest ideals in art. And she said, "You can't serve two masters at the same time."

From 1950 to 1952, Okubo returned briefly to the West Coast and the University of California as a lecturer in art, but, declining a steady teaching routine, she returned to New York. Okubo now began to realize that "If you're not following the current art trends (of abstract expressionism), they think you're really cracked." She abhorred art which glorified "throwing paint and putting titles on it," and "living in a fantasy." She pursued her own inner vision of art, based on the "mastery of drawing, color, and craft," and "staying with the subject and reality, but simplifying like the primitives."

Mine's paintings of the 1950's and 1960's, the underlying dark fragmented calligraphy which gives structure to her impressionistic portrait, still life and flower forms is overlaid with light pastel tones and occasional deeper accents of pure bright color. For the first time she turned to her Japanese heritage, to folk traditions and her childhood memories for inspiration. Children at play, children juxtaposed with cats, fish and birds are her basic themes. In this "Happy Period" the subject and background are often unified through an interplay of line and shape, like an intricate rhythmic dance step that moves over the entire surface.

Several major early exhibits of Okubo's work include the Mortimer Levitt Gallery, New York City, in 1951; the Image Gallery, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1964; and the Oakland Art Museum, California, in 1972. Throughout the years she has also participated in many significant group exhibits of paintings and drawings of the Japanese detentions camps.

Long years of isolation and rejection followed as Okubo explained to Shirley Sun:

You either pursue the art business-show business system as a promotion game, or you're on your own, which often means that your works don't sell. I didn't follow any trend or any one. My work was not accepted because you are judged by those who play the 'game' — the critics and the dealers. Because my paintings are different and don't fit into the ongoing trend, the museums and galleries don't know where to place me. Their doors were closed to me.⁷

"Luckily the people saved me — the little people from whom I borrowed money and the few collectors who helped me with rent. In many ways," Okubo wisely says, "I found that you're better off if you are a nobody. You can't learn until you realize you are nothing."

When I asked her about her personal life, Okubo admitted to being a "universal mother," as she has a wide circle of friends that include the neighborhood shopkeepers and their families. She adds, "I am interested in people, but everybody is alone whether they like it or not." Through the years, she admits, "I have had many suitors and marriage proposals, but I'd rather be myself, doing what I want to do. I never bothered to get married since woman's role is second, no matter what you think of yourself. Why in the hell should I wash a man's socks?"

Okubo looks back upon the past and says that "up until 1960, people still had idealism," but since then, due to their "insecurity, fear, and age, the gates close, and people are locked up in themselves." In contrast, Okubo says, "I'm using painting to prove the McCoy, the truth of life," which she compares to "simplifying the content of the original creator's work. Subject matter doesn't matter too much. You should never close doors because time always turns something around as nothing has changed since the beginning of time."

The overall surface texture and underlying calligraphy of her earlier work evolves into larger, bolder, more stylized forms. Her recent paintings of 1981-85



vary in size from 12 by 18 inches to 36 by 48 inches, and include delightful and almost deliberately child-like images such as "Cat with Flags," "Girl with Fish," "Lady, Cat and Lemons" and "Fish and Flag." These ultimate images are representative of what Okubo considers her "long 40-year search for the simple vision that we are born with, that gets messed up, so that I have to go back and find myself again." She admits, "You can't beat the primitives! It's born in them, but I have to arrive at a more intellectualized simplicity."

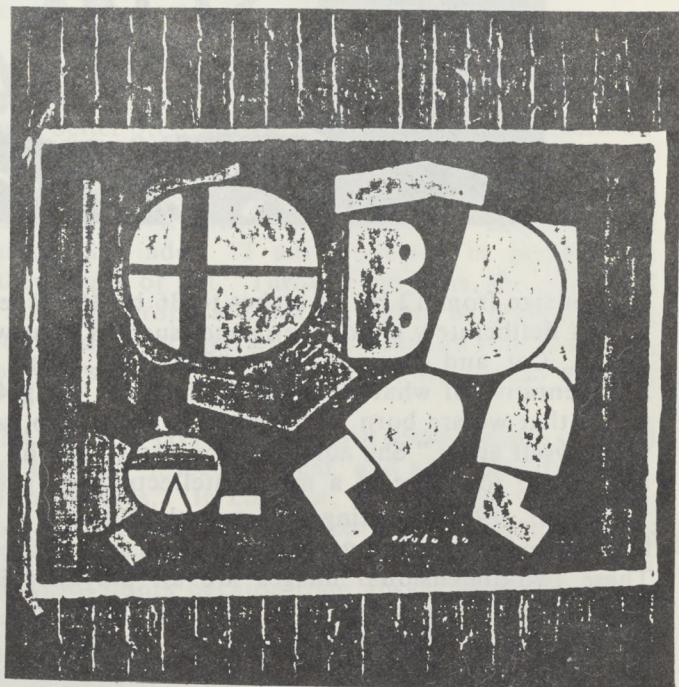
In her 1980 painting, "Cat with Flags," a smoothly applied, flat red background surrounds geometric shapes of children's heads, flags, and a bird. These two-dimensional images are all playfully juxtaposed in cheerful combinations of pink, yellow, pale purple and cerulean blue, Okubo's "search backwards to zero" and "the simplest possible usage of my mastery of art" is evident in these paintings, which she considers going back to the basics, that is, "the uncomplicated vision."

As a pioneer and a survivor, Okubo has maintained both optimism and humor. "Nothing gets me down," Okubo says. "I can see I'm on the right road, though people think I'm crazy because I'm not on Madison Avenue."

Lawson Inada's description of another camp survivor of Okubo's generation, the writer Toshio Mori, can be applied to Okubo. "It is the most human of qualities to laugh, to be able to laugh, to recognize the wisdom of humor; the humor of wisdom."⁸ Also comparable are Mori's and Okubo's creative approaches: "No flab, no waste. It is not style for style itself."⁹

A major event in Okubo's career was her 40-year retrospective exhibit held at the Elizabeth Gallery in New York City in 1985. This unique gallery, also known as the Basement Workshop, and Amerasia Creative Arts, was established in 1971 to offer Asian American artists, dancers, writers and actors a place to "create an art and a culture reflective of our experiences and political sensibilities."¹⁰ Fay Chiang, one of the founders, describes how in 1982 a series of Folk Arts Workshops evolved. "Often our emerging artists were frustrated by not 'making it'. We turned to our older folk artists to learn how they had integrated life with art in a lifelong working process. I was looking for a useful approach and sense of meaning to one's life within the context of this larger society, the forces of which tended to negate every aspect of our lives and arts; which tended to reduce them to insignificance."¹¹

Okubo's exhibit contained over 80 examples of her art, including drawings and paintings from the camp experience. This gave Okubo the opportunity to look back upon her life's work and to affirm for herself that she is indeed "on the right path." She said, almost as if she had been a hermit, "I am barely coming out now, after 40 years of isolation to build myself up; 1986 will be my year for bringing works to the public. Unfortunately," Okubo added, "the research and study took so long that many of my friends who were rooting for me are long gone, but their faith in me has survived."



"Reclining Lady" and Cat

"Good artists are full of anger," Okubo says. "They see the conditions of our time, the reality, the truth, and how they're up against it." She also optimistically feels that anger makes you fight, but believes that "If you do your best, you're bound to hit something. The world is all shot to hell, but you still have to go on hope." But in all of the art work she showed me, expressions of sadness, tenderness, and humor dominated, rather than anger.

Her determination, whether fired by anger or by her dedication to the highest ideals in art, parallels that of writer Mori. As discussed by Inada, "The essence of Mori's wisdom is to go for it, to go for broke, to believe. In so doing, a person enlarges and determines his or her own life." Even so, Mori died in 1978 without the recognition he deserved from our literary mainstream. Inada concludes, "Toshio Mori did not fail; others failed him."

What about Mine Okubo and her art? With the activities of the younger generation and projects like the Basement Workshop and Catherine Street Gallery, Fay Chiang says, "Change is possible; visions can become realities; we do and can make a difference in our everyday lives for our communities, our friends and families, and in our individual journeys through life."

As a living repository and documentor of Japanese American history, Mine Okubo is receiving "too many requests" from the younger generation — the Nisei and Sansei — for lectures and exhibits of her work. Though pleased by this ongoing recognition, she is also frustrated by "the lack of time to do my own work." Will she once again have to place the "Quarantine" sign on her door?

For Japanese Americans, maybe. For others, not yet. The inclusion of the art of survivors like Mine Okubo within mainstream society is still uncertain.

— Betty LaDuke

NOTES:

¹ Mine Okubo, *An American Experience* (Oakland, California: Oakland Art Museum, 1972).

² Lawson Inada, *Before the War* (New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1971).

³ Mine Okubo, *Citizen 13660* (Seattle, Washington: University of Washington Press, 1983), p. ix.

⁴ Betty LaDuke, Interview with Mine Okubo, New York, February 11, 1986.

⁵ Book News from the University of Washington Press, "Citizen 13660, Drawings and Text by Mine Okubo," 1983.

⁶ Mine Okubo, *An American Experience*, Shirley Sun, p. 23.

⁷ Ibid., p. 42.

⁸ Toshio Mori, *Yokohama, California* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1985). "Standing on Seventh Street," An Introduction to the 1985 Edition by Lawson Inada, p. vi.

⁹ Ibid., p. xvi.

¹⁰ Fay Chiang, "Looking Back," *Basement Yearbook 1986*, Fay Chiang, ed. (New York: Basement Workshop Inc., 1986), p. 7, (Catherine Street Gallery)

¹¹ Ibid., p. 11.

¹² Lawson Inada, "Standing on Seventh Street," An Introduction to the 1985 edition of Toshio Mori, *Yokohama California* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1985), Mori Wisdom, p. xxiii.

¹³ Ibid., p. xviii.

¹⁴ Fay Chiang, "Looking Back," *Basement Yearbook 1986*, op. cit., p.

BETTY LaDUKE, Professor of Art, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland, Oregon, is author of *Companeros: Women, Art and Social Change in Latin America* (City Lights, San Francisco) and has authored over 30 works on women artists of different cultural backgrounds. Married with 2 children, LaDuke has just returned from an extended study lecture tour of Kenya, Egypt and Nigeria.

Grateful acknowledgements to the author and Radio KSOR Guide, Ashland, Oregon, where this article was first published.



Mother and Cat

Ordeal of

TOKIO YAMANE



I would like to submit my written testimony to the Commission because I live in Fukuyama City, Hiroshima, Japan, and have been unable to appear personally before the Commission to give my oral testimony.

My name is Tokio Yamane. I was born in Iniole, Hawaii, and prior to World War II lived in Fresno, California, where I was a Senior at Edison Technical High School. I participated in many athletic events, particularly the West Coast Relays in 1940, 1941 and 1942, and established many records. I won the California Inter-High Track and Field Events in 1941, and because of my athletic achievements and my academic standing, I anticipated attending Fresno State College.

However, that was not to be because I was deported to Japan in 1945 and have resided here ever since. The reasons I finally signed the document renouncing my U.S. citizenship and was deported to Japan were as follows:

DEPORTATION

1) The U.S. Government incarcerated me as a common criminal at the beginning of World War II simply because, although I was a native-born American citizen, my ancestry was Japanese.

2) While at Tule Lake I was forced to undergo a brutal interrogation during the course of which I was so severely beaten by the WRA authorities that I suffered permanent facial disfigurement.

3) I had to make a living and take care of and support my widowed mother who was a victim of the A-bomb.

Thus, I should like the Commission to make a matter of record the fact that I did not go to Japan of my own free choice, but the decision was made for me by my own government and, indirectly, by the President of the United States.

First, I was forcibly evacuated to the Fresno Assembly Center, then I was sent to Jerome, Arkansas, then to Tule Lake, and finally to Santa Fe, New Mexico, a Justice Department Camp for enemy aliens, and eventually was deported to Japan in November 1945.

Some of the outstanding events which led me to question the validity of the treatment I received during the four years of incarceration were:

TULE LAKE

1) Was it not a violation of the rights granted American citizens by the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights to incarcerate American citizens without due process, particularly when these citizens had not been guilty of any wrong doing whatever?

2) Why were only persons of Japanese ancestry forcibly removed from their homes and incarcerated while citizens of Italian and German extraction were not? Was this not the grossest discrimination against a minority based on ancestry?

3) The Loyalty Questionnaire — Why was this questionnaire not administered prior to the evacuation? To conduct such a survey during the incarceration only shows the determination of the WRA and other government agencies to create dissention among the internees by "divide and conquer" tactics. They succeeded in this end because the questionnaire brought about dissention and disorder within the internee community by dividing members of families and friends, and causing bloodshed and several murders. This tactic also brought about a number of untimely and tragic deaths, and so it should not be ignored or simply dismissed as a wartime tragedy — a forgive and forget matter — because in the 1940's persons of Japanese ancestry were still unsophisticated in matters of politics and they were manipulated by the U.S. Government and its various departments.

4) As the war of nerves continued between the WRA authorities and the unfortunate and helpless detainees at Tule Lake an incident happened in November 1943 which forever changed my life and the lives of several other detainees. It is this incident which I would ask the Commission to thoroughly investigate and make a matter of record as one impact of EO 9066 on the U.S. citizens involved.

FOOD STEALING

It was on November 4th, 1943, as I recall, that the Tule Lake Food Warehouse Disturbances occurred. A Mr. Kobayashi, a Japanese American on security patrol, discovered several WRA Caucasian personnel stealing food from the Internee Food Warehouse during the night and loading the food on their own truck which was parked alongside the warehouse. Mr. Kobayashi, who had the authority of a warden, remonstrated with the WRA personnel because they were taking the internee's food without authorization — they were



The legendary "Tokyo Rose," IVA TOGURI, tried — and acquitted — for treason, 1949, with chief defense counsel WAYNE COLLINS. Entitled to ample redress for cruel suffering from false arrest and long imprisonment, Toguri subsequently had her citizenship restored by a presidential pardon signed by Gerald Ford.

actually stealing the internee's food. Mr. Kobayashi was attacked by the Caucasian WRA personnel and a scuffle ensued.

As the scuffle was going on, the Organization For The Betterment Of Camp Conditions, made up of representatives of the numerous internee blocks, was holding a meeting. As soon as news of this incident was brought to the attention of the Organization, Rev. Kai and Mr. Kuratomi, the heads of the Organization, asked Mr. Koji Todorogi and myself, who were attending the meeting, to go to the scene and try to restore calm and keep the situation under control by bringing back the internees who had gathered at the scene of the incident.

As Mr. Koji Todorogi and I were heading toward the warehouse area, several Caucasian WRA personnel suddenly appeared out of the darkness and attacked the two of us, without any provocation on our part, with pistols, rifles, and bats, and finally took us to the WRA office.

As the two of us were being interrogated, Mr. Kobayashi, the warder, was brought in by another group of Caucasians. During his interrogation Mr. Kobayashi was hit on the head with such force that the blood gushed out and the baseball bat actually broke in two. I was a witness to this brutal attack and remember it very vividly.

I was not able to do anything to help Mr. Kobayashi. There were more than ten Caucasian WRA personnel there, but none of them even tried to give him aid. Not only that, the Caucasian who was responsible for this savage attack even boasted of his act by showing off the broken bat to the other personnel and laughing. From about 9 that evening until daybreak, we were forced to stand with our backs against the office wall with our hands over our heads and we were continuously kicked and abused as we were ordered to confess to being the instigators of the disturbance. We denied these accusations but our protestations of innocence were completely ignored by our tormentors. The beating continued all night long and at daybreak the three of us were turned over to the Military Police and we were thrown into the stockade for confinement.

SAVAGE BEATING

It was during this night of horror that I was so severely beaten about the face that my teeth punctured my lower lip, resulting in permanent facial disfigurement.

As if the camp authorities had been expecting this incident to happen, the Military Police detachment immediately entered the detainee compound with tanks, machine guns, tear gas and started their repressive measures to cow the detainees, and to overwhelm the youth organization which was made up of unarmed and defenseless teenagers. The repressive measures and the martial law instituted by the camp authorities took the following forms:

- 1) The MP tanks and jeeps constantly patrolled the area in a show of force designed to harass and frighten the detainees.
- 2) Unannounced and frequent inspections of the detainees' barracks in search of alleged contraband such as kitchen paring knives, sewing scissors, carpenter's and gardener's tools.
- 3) Firing of tear gas at small groups of unarmed internees assembling at bath houses and bathrooms to get water for washing, or gathering at the coal pile to get coal or kindling for heating, or gathering at the shower area waiting to bathe, or at the laundry area to do their laundry. These repressive measures lasted two or three months and resulted in nightmarish fear, particularly among the very young and the very old detainees.

THE BULLPEN

It might be of interest to the Commission to learn that Tule Lake had a stockade where internees were imprisoned for relatively minor offenses, and within the stockade area was located the "bull pen" in which detainees were confined for more serious offenses. Prisoners in the stockade lived in wooden buildings which, although flimsy, still offered some protection from the severe winters of Tule Lake. However, prisoners in the "bull pen" were housed outdoors in tents without heat and with no protection against the bitter

cold. The bunks were placed directly on the cold ground, and the prisoners had only one or two blankets and no extra clothing to ward off the winter chill. And, for the first time in our lives, those of us confined to the "bull pen" experienced a life and death struggle for survival, the unbearable pain from our unattended and infected wounds, and the penetrating December cold of Tule Lake, the godforsaken concentration camp lying near the Oregon border, and I shall never forget that horrible experience.

Mr. Kobayashi, who had been so severely beaten, was never given any medical aid even though he had suffered a brain concussion and his head wound was open and infected. He moaned and complained constantly, but no aid was ever given him. Once, at his request, I placed my finger on his wound and was shocked to see pus ooze out of his wound.

I was too involved with my own problems and after we were finally separated I lost track of Mr. Kobayashi, but I am still concerned about him, and I respectfully request the Commission to make an effort to locate him, if he is still alive, and to solicit his testimony about the food stealing incident and his treatment by the Security Personnel during his confinement in the "bull pen" and afterward.

SUICIDE

The other person taken into custody with me as a result of the warehouse incident was Mr. Koji Todorogi. I believe his father was a Buddhist priest who, as an intellectual, was taken into custody by the FBI at the outbreak of the war and sent to one of the Justice Department camps. Mr. Todorogi was a quiet fellow of small stature, and not the pugnacious type to get involved in demonstrations and disturbances. The last I heard of him is that he committed suicide soon after his return to Japan because he never got over his horrible experiences in the American concentration camps.

At this time we were all 18 to 21 years of age, very young, idealistic and naive. What a tragedy to have the internment experience make such a shamble of our lives!

As the days and months went by, our relatives and the internees made repeated efforts to have us released from the "bull pen," but their efforts were unrewarded and our pleas for justice and a fair trial went unheeded. My relatives even contacted the American Civil Liberties Union and the Spanish Consulate and implored them to investigate the conditions in the stockade and the "bull pen," and the legality of our imprisonment.

The representatives of the ACLU and the Spanish Consulate came to see us in the "bull pen," heard our story, but nothing was ever done by the WRA to hear our side of the story, to improve our miserable living conditions, or to release us. To this day I recall the marvelous taste of the cigarettes given to us by the representatives of the Spanish Consulate. It was really a great kindness these people did for us.

DIES COMMITTEE

Not long afterward, members of the FBI and the Dies Committee came to see us. To this day I remember the remarks one of the FBI agents made to me. He said that he sympathized with us, but since the camp authorities had overreacted to the attempts of the camp youth organization to investigate the food stealing incident, the U.S. Government had to "save face," and it would be unlikely that we would be released from the "bull pen." And we were not released. I was told later by a doctor who treated me that the whole thing had developed into an international incident.

Nevertheless, even after the visits of the ACLU, the Spanish Consular officials and the Dies Committee, we were still naive and trusting enough in American justice and fair play to hope that we might be unconditionally released any day. But as the days and weeks dragged on our hopes faded and we realized that we would be spending another Christmas and New Year in the "bull pen," and since we had no alternative, we decided to go--- a hunger strike until we were released or until we died. It was our last desperate effort to be released after about one year of incarceration in the "bull pen."

I will not bother the Commission with the details of our hunger strikes, except to say that I eventually passed out and when I came to I found myself in the camp hospital under the warm and solicitous care of a Japanese doctor and nurses. After the fourth day of hospitalization I was unconditionally released and returned to the camp.

DURESS / RENUNCIATION

In February 1945, I was sent to the Santa Fe Internment Camp for enemy aliens. Then, in September of the same year, I and other members of the youth organization were handed a paper to sign. There were no explanations or instructions. We were simply told to sign the paper. This was a document renouncing our U.S. citizenship. I signed it because by now I had become convinced that the United States would not honor its obligation to grant me the rights of a native-born American citizen guaranteed to me by the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

On November 30th, 1945, I was transported to Japan with others like myself, leaving from Portland, Oregon on a ship carrying such personalities as the former Japanese Ambassador to Germany, the Honorable Baron Oshima. And to date the thought lingers on in my mind — were we pawns of war to be exchanged for American prisoners?

LIFE IN JAPAN

The lives of many deportees to Japan were made even harsher by the devastation of the country and the post-war conditions of the ravaged country where food and housing were at a premium and the black market flourished. The deportees had lost all their possessions and had no money. The relatives they had hoped would help them were in an even greater economic crisis and were unable to give aid. Thus, the uncertainties of their immediate livelihood as well as their future, the lack of work and the disruption of education for their children were contributing factors to many of their illnesses, mental depression and suicides. Within a few years of their arrival in Japan the lack of proper medical care, lack of work and proper food, took their toll and many of them, young and old, male and female, succumbed to tuberculosis, and others found life intolerable in post-war Japan. Two of my sister's dear friends died as a result of such conditions within a few years of their expatriation from America. One died of tuberculosis at the age of 22 and the other committed suicide at age 23.

Many of the highly educated expatriate Nisei were hired by the Japanese Government for liaison work with the Military Government offices established by the Occupation Forces. However, those Nisei were paid in depreciated yen and many of them slept on the floor in hallways and in elevators at their places of employment, cooking their one meal at night on charcoal braziers, and subsisting on the barest necessities. No rooms or transportation were available to them and they existed in such abominable conditions from 1945 to about 1948.

SECOND CLASS CITIZENS

When these deportees were allowed to work for the American and British forces in 1950, they were hired as Japanese nationals and were paid the prevailing Japanese low wages, in depreciated yen, although their English and bilingual skills were highly sought.

For the American deportees the humiliation of being regarded as second class citizens and being treated with contempt and disdain by American forces personnel was hard to bear, but they endured because there was nothing else they could do.

All these hardships and tragedies were unnecessary, and would not have happened had it not been for the forced removal of these loyal Americans from their West Coast homes and jobs, and had it not been for the crass disregard of their inalienable rights by the U.S. Government, and for the incarceration in concentration camps lasting almost four years.

In my case, of the four years of incarceration in American concentration camps, two years were spent in the stockade and the "bull pen," and in the camp for enemy aliens in Santa Fe. What were the charges against me? What had I been guilty of? Nothing whatsoever, except that — although I was a native born American citizen — I had Japanese ancestors!

Besides the facial disfigurement still visible, resulting from the attack suffered at the hands of the Caucasian camp security personnel, I lost all of my personal belongings I left in Fresno when I was sent to the Fresno Assembly Center, and all my school records, and the records and awards for my athletic achievements which I had with me in my room at

Tule Lake when I was taken into custody by the MPs and confined in the "bull pen." These records and athletic awards are very precious to me and I would ask the Commission to try to locate them and have them returned to me.

LOSS OF EDUCATION

The loss of my college education, to which I greatly aspired, but of which I was deprived by the forced evacuation and internment, is still keenly felt by me, particularly since upon my return to Japan I had to devote my efforts and energies to support and take care of my ailing mother who had been a victim of the A-bomb, and I was unable to complete my education at a Japanese university. This lack of a higher education has left me with a sense of inadequacy and has greatly handicapped me in my business career. The setback I suffered because of the incarceration delayed my business career and advancement by as much as 15 years, actually much longer than that suffered by those Nisei who had remained in the concentration camps.

I believe the Commission should recommend some form of reparation, and that amends should be made for this flagrant violation of human rights suffered by so many Americans of Japanese ancestry, and the injustice they had to endure as a result of Executive Order 9066. Many of the internees have never fully recovered financially and emotionally from being forcibly evacuated and incarcerated some forty years ago, and they should be compensated for their losses while they are still alive.

I thank the members of the Commission for the opportunity given me to state the impact of EO 9066 upon my life, and the lives of others who have been close to me.

—Tokio Yamane

TOKIO YAMANE presented the foregoing statement to the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians at its hearings held in San Francisco during 1981. Translated by Violet Kazue Yamane de Cristoforo.

THE QUESTION OF PALESTINE

THERE is no neutrality, there can be no neutrality or objectivity about Palestine. So ideologically saturated is the question of Palestine, so manifestly present is it to most people who come to deal with it, that even a cursory apprehension of it involves a position taken, an interest defended, a claim or a right asserted.

Palestinians and Israelis are seen as locked into something called "The Israeli-Palestinian Conflict"; moreover [some observers have] it that this conflict "is perceived by the parties as a zero-sum conflict around national identity and existence" and that "negotiations are possible only in the framework of mutual recognition, which makes it clear that recognition of the other's rights represents assertion, rather than abandonment, of one's own rights." There is an underlying assumption here that outside the fateful circle of Palestinian and Israelis stands a group of people less involved and less affected than the main parties by the conflict's depredations and diminishments, able to legislate, inform, and perhaps even achieve a totally distinct and other point of view. I would also mention that the rhetorical tone of such writing, as much as its implied point of view, seems to transport the reader outside the conflict's zone of disagreeable engagement to a place removed, where — it is further implied — things can be made clear, set right, properly understood.

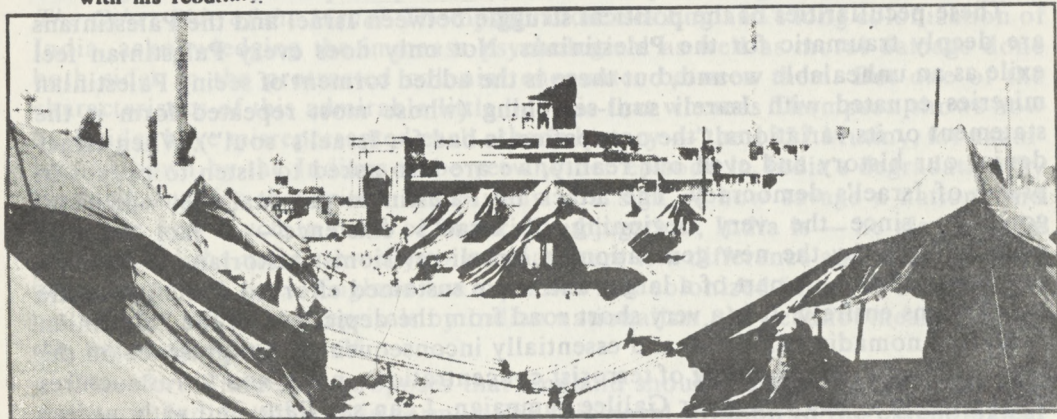
Such interpretations (for they are, at bottom, interpretations) have been a consistent aspect of the question of Palestine since its modern inception. There has always been an appeal made by one or both of the parties to a silent and impartial jury somewhere out there. The fact that no such jury has ever really existed can immediately be verified by a quick look at the vacillating, not to say dramatically altered, perception of the United Nations by parties to the conflict since the late 1940s. It is only a slight simplification to say that whereas the Zionists appealed to the United Nations more or less consistently until 1967, it has been Palestinians for whom since 1967 the United Nations has been cast in the role of arbiter and adjudicator. Present appeals by Israel and Israel's friends to such abstractions as "democracy" or the "Judeo-Christian heritage" have not made either of these two solemn fictions any less a weapon in the rhetorical battle between partisans.

But this is not all. One of the most striking features of these attempts at representing the conflict as if from the outside has been the notion that Palestinians and Israelis are equal, symmetrically balanced, polarized at dead center. A workshop at these meetings went so far as devising the format of an inner core of six Palestinians and six Israelis, around whom six others — presumably less involved and more free to regard the matter with impartiality — sat. It will hardly come as a revelation, however, when I say that no such symmetry has ever existed, no matter how tempted we may be by the nicely balanced rhetorical form of the polarity. If there is one thing that deconstructive philosophy has effected it is to have shown definitively that bipolar oppositions always, regularly, constitutively mystify the domination of one of the terms by the other. In this instance, to place the Palestinian and the Israeli sides within the opposition on what appears to be an equal, opposite, and symmetrical footing is also to reduce the claims of the one by elevating the claims of the other.

However much the Jews may view Zionism as a crucial and compelling aspect of Jewish history, as its telos, as its restitution and redemption, as its culmination and vindication, there is no getting past the fact that for all Palestinians the processes of Zionism have dispossessed them. And not just that, for here we come to the very essence of the Palestinian case against Israel. The Zionist movement is unique in the history of such pioneering settlement movements from Europe in that it not only took over territory, but it excluded — as opposed to simply exploiting — the natives. In the process, and ever since, there has been a programmatic denial of these facts, except by a few courageous (albeit belated) revisionist Israeli historians, political activists, and intellectuals. The first dispossession thereafter bred a whole series of sustained exclusions, by which not only were Palestinians denied their primordial rights in fact: they were also denied those rights in history, in rhetoric, in information, and in institutions. So we have the case today, unique in history, by which the state of Israel maintains a population of over two million Palestinians in inferior status, and another two-plus million as exiles, while at the same time it says that it does not do so, and wars against the Palestinians on every conceivable level. It brands Palestinian organizations as terrorist, it claims that its own actions are just and democratic, it congratulates itself constantly on its soul and its anguish, even after it is manifestly responsible for massacres, wars, deportations, torture, collective punishment, and expropriations against the Palestinians.

The irony of this extraordinary structure of Israeli self-congratulation on the one hand and Israeli savagery on the other has few parallels to my knowledge. I was reminded of an earlier case in Rudyard Kipling's posthumously published autobiography, *Something of Myself*. Kipling speaks of visiting Theodore Roosevelt at the Smithsonian Institution early in this century.

The Smithsonian, especially on the ethnological side, was a pleasant place to browse in. Every nation, like every individual, walks in a vain show — else it could not live with itself — but I never got over the wonder of a people who, having extirpated the aboriginals of their continent more completely than any modern race had ever done, honestly believed that they were a godly little New England community, setting examples to brutal mankind. This wonder I used to explain to Theodore Roosevelt, who made the glass cases of Indian relic shake with his rebuttals.



For indeed it is the coincidence of shaking glass cases full of Indian relics with Roosevelt's loud rebuttals that recalls Israeli public posturing today alongside the continued occupation of the West Bank and Gaza, as well as the punishment and daily humiliation of the Palestinians. The frequent Israeli complaint that Palestinians will not recognize Israel (a falsehood), that Israel is surrounded by hostility, that the world is experiencing a new wave of anti-Semitism — all these aggravate the almost Swiftian irony of this situation. To add also the view of leading American Zionists that television representations of the Israeli destruction of Lebanon 1982 were tantamount to anti-Semitism and a failure of nerve in Western civilization, this is to leave the world of cruel reality for a paranoid universe of utter derangement.

But these things occur. They define the context of Palestinian awareness and one should add, of Jewish awareness too. Yet one fact cannot be lost sight of: the radical discrepancy in the Palestinian and Israeli Zionist situation. (I note parenthetically that so totalizing have each of the two opposing views become that tragically they are almost closed to the separate and different truth of the other. This too should be kept in mind as we try to modulate away from the rigid and false symmetry ascribed to the two sides.) The difference between the Palestinian view and the Israeli view is therefore constitutive to the nature of the conflict. To put this in more politically emotive terms, we must be able to see that the justice and truth of the oppressor — for there is one here — and that of the oppressed are not interchangeable, morally equal, epistemologically congruent.

AS to why the Palestinians and Israeli positions are routinely described as if they were congruent and symmetrically opposite, there too we have an instance of interpretation engaged, not to say embroiled, in the conflict of which it is supposedly free. It must be one of the rarest instances ever (the American case is similar) in which the nation that has dispossessed and continues to punish another wants to enjoy the moral status and virtuous suffering of the victim. More: Israel requires from the Palestinians unprecedented (and in the whole history of diplomacy, unknown) concessions — including such things as acknowledgements

of the right to exist, legitimacy, etc. — with none offered in return. Who can forget the extraordinary public relations attempt by supporters of Israel to turn the massacres of Sabra and Shatila, for which Israel was directly responsible, into an example of Israel's greatness of soul, or, as it was put by the egregious editorialists of the *New Republic*, an example of how Israel's shame honors her?

These peculiarities of the political struggle between Israel and the Palestinians are deeply traumatic for the Palestinians. Not only does every Palestinian feel exile as an unhealable wound, but there is the added torment of seeing Palestinian miseries equated with Israeli soul-searching (whose most repeated form is the statement or its variations, "the occupation is bad for Israel's soul"). When Israel denies our history and even our reality, we are also asked to listen to paeans in praise of Israel's democracy. The attack on Palestinian national life, which has gone on since the very beginning of Israel's existence — a fact recently acknowledged by the new generation of Israeli revisionist historians to whom I referred earlier — is part of a larger and more sustained effort to dehumanize the Palestinians entirely. It is a very short road from the depictions of the Palestinian Arab as a nomadic, mindless, and essentially inconsequential nonpresence on the land of Israel to the bombing of terrorist concentrations, nests, and infrastructures during the so-called Peace for Galilee campaign. I can say flatly and without fear of refutation that no such systematic dehumanization of the Jews has ever occurred in Palestinian life, rhetoric, or culture. My point in reciting all of this is not just to reassert that, for example, the Law of Return is radically unjust to, and fundamentally discriminatory against, the Palestinians, nor that Israel's record is incomparably worse than the Palestinians'. I am perfectly prepared now, as I have been frequently in the past, to be as unsparing in self-criticism as I am in criticism of Israeli practices. The point I want to make, however, is that most Palestinians, myself included, feel the need for peace and restitution with a great urgency, and yet we also feel that the official Israeli and general Zionist attitude to the Palestinians is one of uncompromising hostility. After all, it is a fact also that the Palestine National Council — and not just a handful of doves — has been on record since 1974 expressing willingness to partition the land of historical Palestine into two states; and it is no less a fact that the PNC officially represents the will of the majority of Palestinians in exile, in the occupied territories, and within pre-1967 Israel. We have also publicly and concretely expressed our willingness as a political and national community to negotiate directly with Israel at a Geneva-type conference. And yet Israel will not even begin to recognize the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people, much less negotiate a settlement with it. Given that everyone, including every Israeli, knows that there is not now, and never has been, any credible (or even incredible) alternative to the PLO, this Israeli refusal is tantamount to a rejection of any meaningful movement toward peace and reconciliation. As portrayed by soldiers in the Israeli *hasbara* (information) effort abroad — e.g. Conor Cruise O'Brien — the actual Israeli position is equivalent to a perpetual siege, which naturally enough will have to be subsidized by the US. It is important to note, incidentally, that Tom Segev's recently published portrait of Israel in 1948-49 reveals that very same desire, at that time, to remain in a state of siege, and therefore to reject Arab peace initiatives made by Jordan, Syria, and Egypt in 1948 and 1949; it was a stable element in Israeli official thinking as early as the founding of the state. The continuity endures.

Very well then: how do we change this situation, if we have properly understood it and properly interpreted its discrepancies as seen from the perspective of its greatest loser, the Palestinian Arab? How do we really begin to move toward

peace? What are the real, as opposed to fraudulent, steps to be taken? The psychology of conflict demands, I think, a recognition on the part of the Israelis that they have done a great injustice to the Palestinian people. For an example of the thinking and the political gesture I have in mind, there is a quite remarkable book by Edward Thompson published in 1926 by the Hogarth Press; it is called *The Other Side of the Medal*. Thompson addresses England's long colonization of India, acknowledging the immense psychological as well as moral damage done both sides in the protracted colonial encounter between them. But one of the characteristics of this admirable little book is that whereas Thompson shows how both sides have misrepresented each other's history — the 1857 Mutiny, for example, is shown by the Indians to be yet another episode in India's degradation by England, but for the British the Mutiny is a sign of how savage a nation, and therefore how much in need of imperial subjugation, India is — he also has the courage and the moral severity to see that there is a difference and an asymmetry between the two sides. England has exploited and colonized India, he says, and no matter how savage the reprisals by Indian nationalism, they cannot measure up to the imperial offense itself.

Therefore Thompson proposes that England should express atonement for its actions in India, and it is in formulating this novel solution to the psychological dimension of the Anglo-Indian relation ship that Thompson rises above most other commentators of the time. It is my belief that the present impasse between the Palestinians and Israel can profit from the thought underlying Thompson's idea of atonement. As Thompson says, the difference between the Indian and the British versions of their history is that in addition to their military and economic powers, the latter have an enormous arsenal of interpretive weapons with which to make their points; this includes, for example, the Oxford *History of India*, the British press, the great universities. In other words, he recognizes the considerable political force of publications, of the diffusion of opinion, of moral hegemony operating on the British side. The same is no less true today, where partly because of the power of the United States, which supports Israel more or less unconditionally, and partly because of the moral authority of Jewish suffering, Israel's views have a dominating power over the Palestinians that amplifies, intensifies, and aggravates the disproportionate character of their relationship. Thus while it is horrible for a Palestinian to be deported, or for a Palestinian family to be massacred, or for Palestinians to be arrested without charge, it is a good deal worse for them to endure these punishments and to be forced, at the same time, to be asked to admire Israel's democracy, its scientific performances, its military prowess.

ONE should indicate here that the conflict over Palestine is unusual in that since the early twentieth century, it has been conducted both on the ground in Palestine and outside Palestine, as an ideological, informational, and interpretive conflict by important expatriate or diaspora communities. Palestine, of course, is no ordinary place, and its extraordinary character has inflated these outside ideological contests to a degree quite without precedent anywhere else in the modern world. Irredentism *tout court* has furnished the goal (another acre, another goat, said Weizmann), but the energy has come from psychological, ideological, and moral passions that have led their own life outside Palestine.

In such an inflated ideological and psychological climate then, the importance of conciliatory steps that preserve in them a real sense of the actual disparity between oppressor and oppressed is paramount. It needs to be said again that the dehumanizing portrayals of the Palestinians by Israel and Israel's supporters have



regularly been accompanied by weirdly excessive depictions of the Jews of Israel as victims who have directly inherited the sacrosanct status of Holocaust survivors in everything that they as Israelis do to the Palestinians. Therefore some connections must be broken, others must be affirmed. Here the tonic and therapeutic force of Thomson's notion of atonement becomes urgently relevant. For what we need to begin the process of reconciliation and peace is an Israeli gesture of atonement, a gesture which does not exploit the tie between the victims of the Holocaust and Israel's Jews but notes instead how Israeli Jews have oppressed Palestinian Arabs, and activates the energies of secular and social actualities in a program of restitution by Israel and the US for the Palestinian people.

As to what that gesture of atonement might be, I shall not be more specific than to say that the Palestinian situation requires a visible abrogation of those denials — by now institutionalized, programmed, totalized, and even theorized — by which Israel has protected itself from its own past record of practices against the Palestinian people. I would be less than honest were I not also to add that we may be very well past the moment when reconciliation can be affected much by such gestures, although there will always be room for them. Instead there is a much more likely prospect of growing polarization — after all, almost an entire generation of persecuted Palestinians has now grown up in Israel, the occupied territories, and Lebanon — especially as it is also clear to Israel and the Palestinians that neither has any real military option against the other.

I should not end on so bleak and negative a note. If I were to say to myself and to a younger generation than mine what it is that we must do in furthering the *mutual recognition* and peace that the current situation requires, I would specify three things. One is to keep our thoughts and actions resolutely in a secular dimension, free of divine promises, covenants, and destinies. Nothing has aggravated the question of Palestine more than the antinomian quality of its rich historical density, on the one hand, fused with its irrational, irreconcilable religious disputes, on the other. Second, is a constant, perpetually renewed search for modes of community, not structures of exclusion. In this, there is no doubt that Palestinians have led the way, but there is a growing number of Jews — Israeli and non-Israeli — for whom this imperative has become central. Third, we need a more conscious political engagement with the questions of justice and injustice that have animated the question of Palestine throughout modern times. The less we disingenuously claim to be studying, or adjudicating, or manipulating, or pragmatically seeking imparital solutions for the conflict between Israel and the Palestinian nation, the better. Everyone who looks into the question of Palestine is engaged in it, but how much better to be engaged openly on the side of justice and truth than to loiter on the margins, vainly seeking impartial solutions and symmetrical frameworks. As with most things in human history, this is a matter of choice and will, and so, rather than concluding with a few bits of scientific and contemplative wisdom, let me instead enjoin you to call justice justice and truth truth.

— Edward Said

EDWARD SAID is Parr professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia University, a member of the Palestine National Council and writer. This article is excerpted from *Journal of Palestine Studies*, Autumn 1986, No. 61.

PLANTING TREES

ALTHOUGH there were many peace groups in Israel that had experienced a resurgence of energy and interest after the Lebanon war, a number of Arabs and Jews began to meet in 1983 to talk about forming an organization that could both disseminate information about the philosophy and methods of nonviolence and participate in constructive actions within Israel and the Occupied Territories. It was their goal to raise the consciousness of the public, on both sides, about alternative means to achieve justice and improve human rights, and to introduce non-violent ideas that were not being considered in the midst of violence and counterviolence. The group, now called Palestinians and Israelis for nonviolence, had its official beginnings in December 1985. Arab Palestinians from Israel and the Occupied Territories, Jews from Israel, and foreigners who are presently living in the region make up the sixty-five or so members. The organization is the Middle East branch of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR). In most of the actions that they undertake, they work in cooperation with the Palestinian Center for the Study of Nonviolence.

On the Jewish holiday for planting trees (Tu Bishvat), which last year fell on January 26, the group planned and participated in the Qattaneh action described by Mubarek Awad.[†] When they learned that sixteen of the trees uprooted at Quattaneh were replanted on the newly named Martin Luther King Jr. Street, they planned a demonstration against this insult to the memory of Dr. King. Over eighty people came to demand the return of the trees to their rightful owners. Petitions were presented to the mayors of several towns, including Jerusalem — where other stolen olive trees were planted — along with letters of complaint to the Minister of Agriculture. All petitions were ignored.

There was another tree planting in March in the West Bank village of Abadiah, where it was feared that if the land went uncultivated, the Israeli authorities would confiscate it. Almost 100 people participated, including villagers, with no interruption from the authorities.

In May 1986, the group brought attention to the plight of Arab shopkeepers in Hebron by starting a movement that is called "Solidarity Shopping." About 40 people travelled together in taxis and private cars to shop in Beit Hadassah, a Jewish settlement where there are still six Arab-owned shops that can only be reached by passing through a checkpoint at the end of a high iron mesh fence constructed by the Israeli army. The fence, whose purpose is supposedly to protect shopkeepers, is a harassment device to encourage owners to sell and move out of the area, the peace group claims. The peace shoppers were stopped at two different roadblocks, where their identity papers were checked. One newspaperman, whose papers did not satisfy the soldiers, was turned back and forced to return to Jerusalem. When the shoppers finally arrived in Hebron, they were greeted by a number of soldiers and by the military governor himself. In spite of all the harassment, the shoppers shopped for an hour and purchased about \$350 worth of goods. Hebron residents expressed their gratitude and reported that no retaliation was taken against the shopkeepers by either soldiers or settlers. Group shopping trips continue to be made on one day of the week.

In August, an international work camp was held in the old city of Acre, where a government plan for rebuilding the area to increase tourism is driving the long-

time Arab residents from their homes. Forty peace activists joined sixty local people to build a playground park for the area residents. Another work camp is planned for this summer. In September, a peace walk was held in the West Bank village of Meddia to protest the uprooting of several thousand fruit trees. Participants included villagers and peace group members.

Other activities have included cooperation with Yesh Gvul, a movement of soldiers who refuse to serve in Lebanon (and the West Bank for some), in a demonstration in which people stood along the "Green Line" to remind Israelis of the pre-'67 borders. On three week-ends in January, nonviolence training workshops were held, led by Abel Hertzberger and Magda Van der Ende of the IFOR in Holland.

A trial was scheduled for May 24 to decide the case of the three Israeli Jews and ten Palestinian villagers who were arrested in the Qattaneh tree planting action. They are being charged with "demonstratively" planting trees on land that the Israeli Land Authority claims it owns. East Jerusalem lawyer Jonathan Kuttav, representing the ten Palestinians and Amos Gvirtz, an Israeli founder of the IFOR branch, notes that the village of Qattaneh lies close to the old border in what was previously called "No Man's Land." Because the villagers live a few hundred yards away in the West Bank, Israeli law is technically defining the villagers as absentee landlords and saying that their property rights have been forfeited to the Custodian of Absentee Property.

Amos Gvirtz has requested that letters of protest be sent requesting 1) the total reform of the Israeli government policy carried out in Qattaneh and Meddia that threatens the confiscation of 40,000 dunams of land; 2) return of the land to its rightful owners; 3) restoration of uprooted trees, or monetary compensation for them; and, 4) termination of legal proceedings against the thirteen olive tree planters arrested in Qattaneh on Tu Bishvat, January 26, 1986. According to Amos Gvirtz, the case is expected to be postponed to a later date so letters will have an effect in this international solidarity campaign. They should be sent to: Ambassador Meir Rosenne, Embassy of Israel, 3514 International Drive N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008, and to: Prime Minister Yitzak Shamir, Knesset, Jerusalem, Israel. Please send copies of your letters to Amos Gvirtz, Kibbutz Shefayim 60990, Israel.

— Fellowship Magazine

Journal of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, USA
523 N. Broadway, Nyack, NY 10960
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† The Israeli Land Authority determined that olive groves, which were the livelihood for the villagers, were in Israeli territory. Over the protests of the village land owners, more than 5,000 olive trees were uprooted even before the matter could be addressed by the courts.

The villagers came to the Palestinian Center for the Study of Nonviolence for help. It was decided that on the national tree planting day in Israel, tree planting would also occur in Qattaneh. Over 100 volunteers gathered with the villagers to plant 500 new olive saplings.

When the threat of arrest did not stop the planting, the Israeli authorities began to pull out the new trees. But the volunteers, who far outnumbered the soldiers and nature protection authorities, just replanted the saplings at a faster rate than they could be uprooted. Some volunteers sat around newly planted saplings to protect them from uprooting. The authorities were stymied. They did not know how to react, because the resisters were nonviolent and because they included Israelis and foreigners. The stalemate was broken when the Military Governor sent word for both groups to leave and promised that the trees would remain until the matter could be resolved by the courts.

A few hours later, the authorities returned and broke the agreement by uprooting and confiscating the 500 new trees. Many people would think that the action was a failure, but in many ways it was a victory. The government was embarrassed by accounts in the press. The practice of confiscating village lands was protested in the government. But most important, the villagers had proven that they could confront the authorities, who had guns, and remain nonviolent.

— Mubarek Awad

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Palestinian Center for the Study of Nonviolence, founded in 1985 in Jerusalem by Mubarek Awad, "often uses the Arabic word *sabr* to describe the struggle. *Sabr* means enduring patience and it is the word for a cactus that remains where Palestinian villages have been destroyed. 'Sabr' is stubborn and refuses to die. This is the hope of the Palestinians," says Awad. Acknowledgements to *Fellowship Magazine*.

Targeting of Arab-Americans

HOME-BREWED RACISM

STATING that "We are outraged by the campaign of the Reagan Administration to promote anti-Arab racism, we are appalled by the attempts to curtail the rights of immigrants and, concomitantly, the rights of all in America," 17 staff members of the UCLA Asian American Studies Center protested the deportation hearings against Arab-Americans residents of Los Angeles in a letter to Congress, 8 April 1987:

"... on January 26, 1987, government agents **raided** Los Angeles households and arrested eight Palestinians — including prominent community leaders — and one Kenyan woman. The arrests were apparently one part of a larger government 'contingency plan,' which projected a future mass round-up of Arab-Americans for detention in a camp in Oakdale, Louisiana. The nine arrests were trumpeted as part of a 'war against terrorism'; those arrested were described as a threat to 'national security' under the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act. However, all nine were later released from detention when government officials refused to make public any evidence substantiating these serious charges. Nevertheless, the government is proceeding with deportation hearings against the nine, set to begin 28 April.

"We — as staff people who have long been involved in the development of Asian American Studies programs — see remarkable parallels in the current situation of Arab-Americans and the histories of our own communities. We, too, have been minority peoples targeted by those at the highest levels of government for scapegoating, immigration exclusion, and racial hatred. Is it an accident that the Reagan Administration today appeals to 'national security' to justify the arrest of Arab-Americans? Was this not the very same argument used to justify the mass uprooting and imprisonment of Japanese Americans during World War II? Then and now, the appeal to 'national security' is simply a cover to hide what really is happening: racism, illegal seizure, and the violation of peoples' fundamental rights.

"As Asian and Pacific Americans, we join with others in America to express our solidarity with the Arab-American community and to demand: 1) that the government drop all charges against the nine facing deportation; and 2) that members of Congress initiate an investigation into the circumstances of the arrests.

The second demand is especially relevant due to daily revelations in the Iranscam scandal. It is essential to uncover the role of the National Security Council in the arrest of the nine individuals and the conception of the 'contingency plan' for mass detention of Arab-Americans.

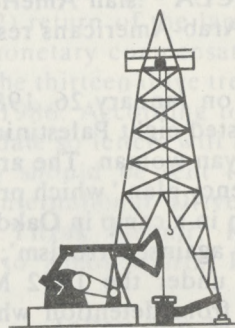
"We recognize that the Arab-Americans — like Asian Americans — form a relatively small community within the larger mosaic of American society. Being a small community means being a potentially vulnerable community. Thus, there is a responsibility for all in America to speak out in defense of Arab-Americans. We are reminded of the eloquent warning of Pastor Martin Niemoller of the price we all pay when we fail to accept this responsibility:

IN Germany they came for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me — and by that time there was no one left to speak up."

"We urge members of Congress and all in America to speak up in support of Arab-Americans. The issue here is one of fundamental rights: due process, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and most importantly, democracy.

— Staff Members, UCLA Asian American Studies Center
University of California, Los Angeles

LIFE AMONG THE OILFIELDS



"They rode through those five years in an open car with the sun on their foreheads and their hair flying. They waved to people they knew, but seldom stopped to ask a direction or check on the fuel, for every morning there was a gorgeous new horizon . . . They missed collisions by inches, wavered on the edge of precipices, and skidded across tracks to the sound of the warning bell."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald

THERE has been some apprehension this year about the possibility of another depression such as overtook this country in the autumn of 1929. I was eight years old at the time and was unaware that there were people then who were leaping out of windows to their deaths. But our family was never distant from poverty, so we probably did not have that far to fall.

Over the years, however, I have managed to piece together this or that homely event with the corresponding dates — the Flaming Twenties, the Volstead Act, Al Capone, Black Thursday — and realize that there were signs of the great debacle around us all along.

My mother has given me four pennies to take to school. Two cents are for me to spend, but the other two cents are for candy for my little brother Johnny at home. At noon, a little Japanese girlfriend and I cross over to the little grocery near the school so that I can make

my purchases. After due deliberation over the penny Aba-Zabas, which are supposed to resemble the bones worn through their noses by the black figures on the checkered wrapper, the long white strips of paper pebbled with pastel buttons of graduated hue, the large white peppermint pills, the huge jaw-breakers with the strange acrid seed in the middle, the chicken bones covered with golden shredded coconut, the bland imitation bananas, the black licorice whips, I settle for two white wax animals filled with colored syrup, one for me and one for Johnny, and, always one for a bargain, eight little wrapped caramel and chocolate taffy squares, which come four for a penny. The man behind the counter, white-haired and kindly, gives me one wax candy and four chews, then hands the same to my little friend.

Before I can protest, my friend dashes off with the candy clutched tightly in her fist, the candy which I am supposed to take home to my brother. I sputter my inadequate English at the storekeeper and give furious chase to my friend, who knows what the deal is. But, running like the wind, she has already escaped. The rest of the school day I spend seething about this introduction to incredible treachery and worrying about what to tell my mother.

It does not occur to me to forego eating my share of the candy, to take to my little brother.

It was at the same school, Central school in Redondo Beach, that I once watched in wonderment as two thin tow-headed children, a boy and a girl, delved into one of the trash baskets filled with lunchtime litter. They came up with a banana skin which they gravely shared, taking turns scraping the white insides of the yellow peeling with their lower teeth.

But I don't know why I was attending Central school, when I had begun kindergarten at South school, since we were still living at the same house with the enormous piano and orchard. I do know that I went back to South school subsequently, where, at the beginning of the second grade, I encountered obstacles in being admitted to the proper classroom. On the first day of that school year, I was among the milling children lining up to march into the building. When I tried to line up with the second grade children, a teacher steered me over to the first-grade column. I did not command enough English or nerve to argue, but meekly joined the first-graders and prepared to go through the first grade all over again.

After some weeks, though, I must have made enough noise about it at home, because my mother was upset. Since the same bus serviced both Central and South schools, unloading first at Central school, she counseled me to get off at Central school, there to see if the second grade wouldn't accept me. In trepidation I obeyed, but there, too, I was consigned to the first grade. I sat woefully at the rear of the room that day, like one suspended in limbo, while Central school tried to figure out how to handle this deluded Oriental shrimp with second-grade pretensions. As it turned out, probably because of my grass-roots revolt, South school found out that I did indeed belong in the second grade. The bus driver came after me in his own car later that day and transported me to South school, where I was finally delivered to the second grade. I was so secretly delighted to be in my proper niche at last that I took steps to make myself known to the teacher. Taking my reader up to her, I asked how to read the word "squirrel" which I knew very well. I guess this was like pinching myself to make sure there was order in the world again, the seconds of the personal attention constituting the confirmation.

When I was still in the second grade, we moved to our last location in Redondo Beach, going a little distance south to a farm among the oilfields. We were not the only oilfield residents. There was a brown clapboard house diagonally across the road, first occupied by an Italian family whose home garden included Thompson seedless grapes, then by a Mexican family. At the far end of the next oil tract to the west, next to a derrick, lived an older gentleman in what I recall as more of a tent than a house. Once, a few years later, after we had moved inland, we stopped by to visit with him and found him tending a baby in a canvas swing set up outside his canvas-and-wood abode. It seemed to be a grandchild left in his care. He showed us the special canned milk he fed the baby. Each can came completely wrapped in plain cream-colored paper, so it seemed a more elegant product than the condensed Carnation milk we used.

There was a white family in the corner of a diagonal tract, where we played with the children. A Japanese family with two little ones farmed in the middle of a tract to the



Sketch of
Hisaye Yamamoto
by Wakako Yamauchi

north, and I remember one day watching the father smearing a poisoned red jam on little pieces of bread in order to kill the rats in his barn. Beyond, I remember visiting a blonde schoolmate named Alice whose older sister was named Audrey.

Our house, bathhouse, barn, stable, long bunkhouse, outhouse, water tower and kitchen garden were set down adjoining a derrick along the country road. Derricks then were not disguised by environmental designers to be the relatively unobtrusive, sometimes pastel-colored pumps that one comes across nowadays. Constructed of rough lumber, tarsmeared and weathered, they were ungainly prominences on the landscape. They reared skyward in narrow pyramids from corrugated tin huts and raised platforms whose planks accommodated large wooden horseheads nodding deliberately and incessantly to a regular rhythm. Each derrick had its rectangular sumphole, about the size of an olympic swimming pool. The reservoir of rick dark goop, kept in check by sturdy, built-up dirt walls, might be a few inches deep or nearing the top. Occasionally a derrick caught fire, but I remember only a couple of times when, off in the distance, we could see the black smoke rising in the column for days.

We must have lived day and night to the thumping pulse of black oil being sucked out from deep within the earth. Our ambiance must have been permeated with that pungency, which we must have inhaled at every breath. Yet the skies of our years there come back to me blue and limpid and filled with sunlight.

But winter there must have been, because there was the benison of hot *mochi* toasted on an asbestos pad atop the wood-burning tin stove, the hard white cake softening, bursting, oozing out dark globs of sweet Indian bean filling. Or Mama would take out from the water in the huge clay vat a few pieces of plain *mochi* which she would boil. The steaming, molten mass, dusted with sugared golden bean flour, would stretch from plate to mouth, and the connection would have to be gently broken with chopsticks.

It must have been chilly January, too, when my father, with horse and plow, dug up the ground. After the earth was raked and levelled, he would pull after him the gigantic pegged ruler which marked off the ground for planting, first one way and then across, so that seen from the sky, the fields would have been etched with a giant graph.

Some of the preparation was done in the empty bunkhouse at night, the bulging, thin-slatted crates of strawberry plants arriving from somewhere to be opened up, each damp plant to be trimmed of old leaves and its clump of earthy roots to be neatly evened off with a knife.

Each plant was inserted into the soil where the lines on the ground intersected — first a scoop of dirt out, the plant in, followed by a slurp of water, the dirt and a quick tamping. Once in awhile, before the strawberry runners started to grow, we could find tiny red berries to pop into our mouths.

Then, with the horse again, my father would make long furrows between the plants. Others, including my mother, would go crawling down the rows with wooden paddles with which to mound the dirt up around the strawberry plants; then they would plug in the roots of the runners at suitable intervals. Regular irrigation would smooth the channels between the rows and, voila, there would be the strawberry fields, row upon row thick with green leaves and white blossoms and, by early summer, gleaming red berries.

Our fields stretched to the east end of that particular tract, to another road whose yonder side was a windbreak of fir trees, but there was an interruption in the center, a long corrugated tin building with a neat sand-and-gravel yard. Also sand and gravel was the compacted narrow road which sliced the tract in half lengthwise and which must have been for the convenience of the oil company. (We used our end of it as a driveway.) The building was visited from time to time by inspectors of some kind but was usually kept locked. I remember entering that building once, but its contents were mysterious and mechanical. I do not know how reliable my memory is in conjuring up a giant hangarful of gas pump-size gauges that stood at attention like robot troops.

My mother learned how to drive among the oilfields. The whole family, which by then would have included three brothers and me, went along in the open car while my father instructed her in the fine points of chauffering. Chugging around with her at the steering wheel was for me a harrowing experience, and I insisted on being let off when we arrived at an intersection near the house. I walked home by myself, relieved to be on terra firma. In later years, my mother even drove trucks, but she never seemed to have learned how to get across an intersection after a stop without the vehicle undergoing a series of violent jerks and spasms that were terribly disconcerting. Besides, as one endured the eternity it took to traverse the intersection, one knew the whole world was laughing at the spectacle.

It was among the oilfields that we first subscribed to an English-language newspaper. I remember the thud of the newspaper arriving on Sunday morning. First out to the porch, I would open up the funny papers and spread them out right there, to be regaled by nouveau-riche Maggie and Jiggs arguing over his fondness for corned beef and cabbage; Barney Google and the dismal, blanketed excuse for a horse named Spark Plug; Tillie the Toiler at the office with her short boyfriend Mac whose hair grew in front like a whiskbroom; the stylized sophisticates of Jefferson Machamer. There were several assortments of little boys who were always getting into mischief. Hans and Fritz, the Katzenjammer Kids, usually got away with murder but sometimes would get caught by the Captain or Mama and soundly spanked, to wail their pain as they felt their smarting behinds. The little rich boy Perry, in his Fauntleroy suit, associated with a rag-taggle gang. There was also a chunky little guy named Elmer, with a baseball cap that he sometimes wore backwards. Was it Perry or Elmer who had a chum who was always saying, "Let's you and him fight!", who was always offering to hold coats so the fight could commence? The only comic strip I had reservations about was Little Nemo, a little kid who seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time wallowing in a welter of bedclothes, surrounded by a menagerie of ferocious animals from (I gathered) his nightmares.

We still used kerosene lamps then. One of my jobs was to remove the glass from the lamp and blow my breath into it, so that I could wipe off the soot inside with a wadded newspaper. I remember my mother saying how disillusioned she was to come to America and find such primitive conditions. In rural Japan, she said, her family had already had electricity running the rice-threshing machinery.

Our staples included 100-pound sacks of Smith rice; the large *katakana* running down the middle of the burlap sack said Su-mi-su. The sack must have cost less than five dollars because I seem to hear my mother exclaiming some years later about the price going up to five. We had five-gallon wooden tubs of Kikkoman soy sauce, wooden buckets of fermented soy bean paste, green tea in large metal boxes, lined with thick, heavy foil, with hinged lids. There were quart jars of red pickled plums and ginger root, Japanese cans of dark chopped pickles. The house was redolent with the fragrance of some vegetable or other — cabbage, Chinese cabbage, white Japanese radish — salted in a crock and weighed down with a heavy rock.

But we also bought bread from the Perfection Bakery truck that came house-to-house, fish and tofu and meat from the Italian fishman, who would break off wieners from a long chain of them and give them to us as treats. In summer, the iceman brought fifty-pound chunks of ice which he hefted to his leatherclad shoulder with huge tongs, and we always rummaged around the back of the dripping truck to find a nice piece to chomp on.

We used butter but also white one-pound blocks of oleo margarine which we made butter-colored with a small packet of red powder, mixing and mixing so as not to leave orange streaks hiding inside. Coffee came in a red can dominated by a white-bearded gentleman in a white turban, long yellow gown sprinkled with flowers, tiny black slippers that curled up at the toe. Salt was always in a blue carton with the girl under the umbrella happily strewing her salt into the rain. The yellow container of scouring cleanser pictured a lady in a white poke bonnet chasing dirt with a stick.

Medicines were bought from a tall Korean gentleman who spoke fluent Japanese. He brought us ginseng in pale, carrot roots and silvery pills. There was the dark dried gall of a bear for stomachaches; fever called for the tiniest pills of all, infinitesimal black shot that came in a wee black wooden urn in a teeny brocaded box.

The financial world might have been on the verge of collapse, but I was wealthy, well on my way to becoming a miser. In my little coin purse of Japanese brocade, I managed to save four shiny dimes which had been given to me over a period of time by friends of the family, particularly by one childless man who once even brought me a pair of shiny roller skates.

The day that cured me of money was a horrible one on which I came home from school with one of my splitting headaches. Neither my parents nor I connected my increasing headaches with the fact that, as I learned to read English, I used to read all the way home on the schoolbus (especially *The Blue Fairy Book*, *The Red Fairy Book*, *Tanglewood Tales*). It was not until much later, after Redondo Beach, that I was discovered to be seriously myopic and the miracle of glasses banished my headaches forever. But, in the meanwhile, the headaches grew worse and more frequent, so that I often, close to nausea, had to take to bed as soon as the bus dropped me off.

I tried to crawl into my crib (I was such a midget that I slept in a baby bed even when I was in the second grade), but my mother stopped me. "Where did you get all that money?" she demanded. I had left my little purse under the pillow and she had found it in making my bed. Perhaps my illness did not make me a convincing defendant. Mama, alas, did not believe me and confiscated my life savings. I guess it was a suspicious hoard for a mere child when a grown man might make ten cents an hour at a regular job. I think I learned then and there the folly of saving and have managed to keep insolvent ever since.

I can evoke the strains of only two songs of that era. Radio must have been coming into its own but my only brush with it was once when we visited our cousins among the vast strawberry fields of Carson. My cousin Kaz had wired his crystal set in the socket of the light bulb that hung from the ceiling and he let me use the earphones to hear a little bit of Amos and Andy.

Another time when we were visiting with my aunt and uncle there in Carson, one of the boys came rushing in to get some pennies for bread. In great excitement, he announced that there was a bread war on, that sliced bread — a relatively new development — was selling for a cent a loaf.

Either my cousin Isamu or Nor would come to help us during the summer, and it was Nor who was not shy about using his nice baritone. I remember him crooning one of the songs.

Skeeters am a hummin'
'round the honeysuckle vine.
Sweet Kentucky babe . . .

The other song was sung by my best friend Isoko, whose family had moved to a tract on the other side of the highway to the south. That area there seemed to have several Japanese families living the length of a dirt road with tall eucalyptus trees fending off the wind from the west. Isoko, an only child, and I became inseparable at South school, Japanese school,

- 22- **There's a rainbow ... shoulder ...** "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder" は1928年に Al Jolson と Billy Rose と Dave Dreyer によって作詩作曲された歌。
- 78 28 **tarbaby** タールで黒く汚れた子供 Little Jemo のことであるが、この言葉にはアメリカの黒人の民話に登場する人物のイメージが重なっている。Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908) の Uncle Remus 『リーマスおじさん』などを参照。
- 79 22 **Torrance** カリフォルニア州の都市で、ロングビーチの近くにある。
- 81 8 **Scott and Zelda** アメリカの小説家フィッツジェラルド Francis Scott (Key) Fitzgerald (1896-1940) と妻のゼルダ。1920年代の典型的なフラッパーであったゼルダと流行作家フィッツジェラルドの生活は、華やかで刹那主義的であったが、浪費と享樂のはてに、彼は酒に溺れた末の心臓麻痺に倒れ、妻は発狂して、入院した病院の火事で焼死した。

Notes for English reading public of edition published in Japan

prefectural and village picnics, and home, except when she would go off to the city to stay with her older cousin Asako, whose mother operated a bathhouse. When she came back, she would be insufferable for a time, talking about buying dresses at Mode O'Day (much as someone today might drop the name of Givenchy) and singing,

There's a rainbow
'round my shoulder ...

which her cousin had taught her.

As I have said, I cannot recall that the great depression immediately plummeted us into a grimmer existence. It was only years later that I remembered overhearing adult talk of a man who was a pillar of the Japanese community, who farmed a stretch beyond Isoko's house. For some reason I see him as forbidding, as a disciplinarian with his children. Probably the most prosperous Japanese farmer around, he one day went to bed with his shotgun and blasted his head open by pulling the trigger with his toe.

Likewise, living alongside derricks and sumpholes did not interfere with our daily routine. If we could not ignore their considerable presence, we accepted them, worked and played around them, and made respectful allowances for the peril connected with them. We might venture onto the derrick platforms, but investigations were conducted gingerly to avoid contact with the pounding pistons and greasy pulleys, except that we sometimes tried to ride the long steel bars that moved back and forth.

Once a pigeon or two entrapped by the thick oil of the reservoir was served up at dinner. Was it my cousin Isamu who, appalled, objected as my father crouched to pluck the feathers of the bird? A coyote that wandered in too close was kept caged under a cabbage crate for awhile, but I don't know what eventually became of it. We made kites from Japanese newspapers and sticks, using them inbetween the derricks, a-flutter with rag strips tied together for tails.

Only once did we come face-to-face with oilfield danger, when my folks were working in the far fields to the east, near the road with the windbreak of fir trees. Little Jemo, probably three or four at the time, was playing on the earthen embankment of the sumphole nearest there when he fell in. His frantic yelling must have brought Mama and Papa running. They told us later (Johnny and I must have been at school) that they had siphoned gasoline from the car to clean the tarbaby off.

Indeed, Jemo seems to have had the most traumatic of childhoods during our stay among the oil wells.

One evening my two brothers and I race home from the neighbors. We have about reached the far end of our stable when we hear a car coming up the road. We separate to opposite sides of the road and continue running, my brothers on the side nearest our

property and I on the other. The car speeds by and all of a sudden, there is Jemo lying over there on the shoulder of the road.

He does not move. His eyes are closed. His still face is abraded by dirt and gravel. I run the fifty or so steps past the stable and tall barn. The house is set back from the road, from where I, terror-stricken, scream my anguished message, "*Jemo shinda, Jemo shinda*"

My mother must be putting supper on the table, my father perhaps reading the Japanese paper while he waits. My unearthly shrieks summon the father of the friends we have been visiting. He comes running up the slope to the scene and is carrying Jemo's body towards our house when Mama and Papa finally dash out to the road in response to my cries.

As it turned out, no limbs were broken. He was only stunned, probably flipped aside by the car's front fender. But his concussion and contusions had to be attended to at the hospital in Torrance. When he came home, he was clothed in bandages, including one like a turban around his head and face. When we took him back for a checkup and Papa afterwards bought us a treat of vanilla ice cream and orange sherbet in paper cups, I had to spoonfeed him with the little balsa spoon as we rode home.

My folks thought the hit-and-run driver of the car ought to pay something towards the hospital costs. The *hakujin* neighbor who had come running up the hill was acquainted with the couple in the car, who lived way down the road in a two-story house. He must have seen the car go zooming by, as it frequently did, before the accident and had some kind of foreboding. Else how had he, farther away, reached the scene before my parents even?

My father and the neighbor conferred, and the neighbor offered to try and negotiate a settlement of some kind for us. He came back shaking his head; the couple had refused to accept any responsibility for Jemo's injuries. They said it was all Jemo's fault.

Mama and Papa were indignant. Mostly, it was because such coldness of heart was not to be believed. The couple had not even had the decency to come and inquire after Jemo's condition. Were we Japanese in a category with animals then, to be run over and left beside the road to die? My father contacted a Japanese lawyer in the city, who one day came out to talk first with us and then with the couple. He, too, returned with bad news: the couple absolutely denied any guilt.

But the scenario was not played out as simply as I have written it. This is more of a collage patched together from the fragments of overheard conversations, glimpses of the earnest expressions on the faces of my father, our neighbor, the young lawyer in the dark suit, their comings and goings, my own bewildered feelings.

So that must have been the end of the matter. I have no recollection of the roadster whizzing by our place after that. The couple must have chosen an alternate route out from the oilfields to the highway.

When I look back on that episode, the helpless anger of my father and my mother is my inheritance. But my anger is more intricate than theirs, warped by all that has transpired in-between. For instance, I sometimes see the arrogant couple from down the road as young and beautiful, their speeding open roadster as definitely and stunningly red. They roar by; their tinkling laughter, like a long silken scarf, is borne back by the wind. I gaze after them from the side of the road, where I have darted to dodge the swirling dust and spitting gravel. And I know that their names are Scott and Zelda.

— Hisaye Yamamoto

SEVENTEEN SYLLABLES, 5 Stories of Japanese American Life by

Hisaye Yamamoto

Edited, with Notes, by Robert Rolf
and Norimitsu Ayusawa. 1985
Kiriara Shoten, Japan

HISAYE YAMAMOTO DeSOTO was born in 1921 in Redondo Beach, California and was interned in Poston, Arizona WRA concentration camp. Her short stories have appeared in *Harper's Bazaar*, *Kenyon Review*, *Par-tisan Review* and *Amerasia Journal*.



From cover of *Seventeen Syllables*. KIRIHARA SHOTEN

An Incident In

A TOUR AMONG THE NATIVES

I VERY much admire your being an author! An American Indian writer! Really, it is so marvellous. And I must say, you are a very inspiring speaker."

"Thanks. I appreciate your interest in our people."

"Tell me, William. May I call you William? Tell me, are there many other Red Indians like you? I mean, I would have always thought that Indians were, well . . . I don't like the word 'primitive' but, well I mean rather unsophisticated and not at all westernized. But you seem educated and, if I may say so, quite refined."

"There are all kinds of Indians, all kinds. And anyway I am very primitive and not nearly so sophisticated as I might seem to be."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings! How dreadful! Please don't be angry. Really, I want to absorb your ideas, they are so unique. I mean about authenticity and honesty, and naturalness. You are quite right in picturing Europeans as being rather false and schizophrenic. And your analysis of our exploitative social systems is so telling! I was especially entranced by your rejection of both capitalism and Marxism as equally a lot of rubbish. I quite agree . . . but you must not think that all of us are lacking in a desire to change."

"I don't condemn all Europeans."

"Yes and I'm so glad of that. I wouldn't want you to be a fanatic. I do deplore fanaticism, don't you? I mean extremes are often rather distasteful."

"We Indians try to follow the middle way, the way of common sense."

"Really! I would have thought that *common* sense was not all that good, but perhaps you mean *natural* as opposed to mere majority opinion."

"Among Indians we give a lot of weight to what our people think. They aren't dumb, you know. They have good natural sense and we try to get unanimity if we can. We trust our people but at the same time we're free, as individuals, to go our own way. So we don't have any problem with *common* sense."

"I see."

"We're a down-to-earth people. Not fancy. Just honest, brave, loyal, and great at what ever we do, hey!"

"Oh yes, I see. I am sure you are exaggerating but still it must be true. I mean how could the 'noble savage' ideal be so popular if there weren't some basis for it? I'm afraid that we Europeans have lost all of that 'noble savagery' . . ."

"Leaving only savagery . . ."

"Please! Don't be unkind. We are not *that* bad."

"Just kidding! Like I say, I don't condemn all Europeans, just what their colonial descendents are doing."

"It's rather noisy in here, don't you think? Come, let's go out on the terrace . . . Unless, of course, you're afraid of being alone with me."

"You're a very attractive woman, but I'm not afraid of you."

"Other guests will be jealous of me, for my audacity in keeping you all to myself, but I've never had such an opportunity before, I mean one doesn't see many Red Indians in Britain and . . . frankly, one doesn't often see a young man so handsome and, well, I will say it, so exciting — yes, exciting as you."

"Exciting? That's a new idea. No one has ever called me exciting before, hey."

"Your hair is so smooth. I do believe I like braided hair on a man. Do you mind

my touching it? Let me see, where were we? There are so many things I want to learn from you . . . you may think I'm not serious but I really do want to learn about your people."

"Well, that's what we're over here for — to help people understand what we're up against — to get our story across."

"You are such a courageous people. So brave really. Tell me, I'm very curious. Do you still carry off women? Capture them, I mean? That is something I'm curious about."

"Capture women?"

"Let me tell you something, very confidentially. I feel that I can speak honestly to you. I've often had dreams of being captured and carried off . . ."

"By Rudolph Valentino."

"No, now you're laughing at me. Oh, your shoulders are broad. I can feel the tight muscles there. How do you maintain yourself in such excellent physical condition."

"I like to chase antelopes."

"Really?"

"Yes, and buffalo too. I catch them bare-handed and eat them raw."

"Oh, now I know you're joking! You're making fun of me . . . but I don't care, really I don't."

"Well, the truth is I just capture bears."

"Oh . . . well, have you ever caught a woman? I mean, carried her off and ravished her, like in all the stories I've read about white women being carried off."

"Ha, ha. Where do you get these ideas? Our women are too tough to be carried off, and we never raped white women. That's just a lot of propaganda — just a lot of lies."

"But you did capture white women!"

"Maybe so, but nobody had sex with them until they wanted to choose a man."

"Really, that surprises me . . . but I guess its the noble thing to do then, isn't it. And you are Noble Red Men. I'm convinced of that more than ever after talking with you."

"Look here, I'm not a Noble Red Man. I'm just an ordinary Indian, and I don't carry off white women although some have tried to carry me off!"

"Oh! You make it sound so vulgar . . . And did they ravish you?"



"We don't talk about it that way. And, anyway, the truth is that I've been too busy for that. We've been travelling so much, from city to city."

"So you haven't collected any scalps on this expedition?"

"Scalps? Wow! You really do have a distorted view of us! The English taught us how to cut off heads for trophies and bring back scalps. They paid for *our* scalps!"

"Oh, don't tell me about that! I'm sorry I mentioned it. I really want to know about what Indian people are actually like. The truth! . . . Tell me about Native American women, the squaws. Are they forced to walk behind the man?"

"Squaws? Hey, that's a word we don't like. It's an Indian word that just means 'women.' We just call them women. And they walk wherever they want to."

"Really? What do you think about women's liberation?"

"Our women are already liberated — always have been. They are sweet and gentle and strong and tough at the same time. They are free. They do what they want to do."

"I like that! European men are really quite sexist you know. Are Indian women good lovers?"

"All Indians are good lovers. We are the world's greatest lovers!"

"You are bragging I believe. I would have thought that Blacks were more famous as lovers. And Italians!"

"Well, I read an article that said that Blacks and Europeans were slow to get started because they need erotic dances and music to get them excited. Our music is not erotic at all but we're here aren't we? We don't have any pornography or dirty films or anything like that. We don't need it."

"How really marvellous! I *am* so anxious to learn about Indian ways . . . But I need a teacher."

"A teacher?"

"I want so badly to be natural and authentic, don't you see. But I have to learn."

"Oh yeah."

"William, have you been to any of the top-less beaches of Europe? But I would have thought that was old-hat to you. I mean, Indian women have always exposed their breasts, haven't they? But you see, we European women are trying to become more natural again."

"Yes, I can see that. Your dress doesn't leave much to the imagination!"

"Oh William, I will confess to you that I feel rather *daring* tonight. I *love* the feeling of exposing my breasts but — believe it or not — I'm basically reserved. Ordinarily, I'm not so bold . . . in public . . . you do find me attractive though, don't you?"

"Well, huh, yes. You are a beautiful woman. No doubt about that. But you know, you're not natural. I mean, it's one thing for traditional women to have bare breasts or to bathe naked or to breast feed their babies. They may be beautiful but it's not done to excite men. The way Europeans do it, it's — well — it's conscious. It seems to me, it's done to get male interest going."

"And does it?"

"What?"

"Does it get your interest going?"

"Well, I'd be a liar if I said no. But it's not just the view. I mean, your hands are pretty active too. So I can't say which is the most effective."

"If it bothers you, I'll stop. I'll move way over here — out of reach. But honestly, I am a naturally touching person. You attract me and I can't help myself."

"What about your husband? Aren't you worried about him becoming upset?"

"Don't be silly William. He has his own passions, or I should say perversions. But

no, I won't be cruel. Let me simply say that we have a mature relationship, a mature attitude."

"Uh, oh. There's George rounding everybody up. I guess we have to go now. We have another performance tomorrow."

"Do you have to go? I could motor you over in the morning . . . Please stay . . . I won't beg you though."

"Well, I think I should go. We have to plan what we're going to do."

"I have an idea! I have a cozy little flat of my own. Here I'll give you the address. Please come and visit me. You can stay as long as you like. And William, I am very interested in your writing. I have connections in the publishing world. Perhaps I can help you with your book."

"Well . . ."

"Here! Come and visit with me. I want so much to help you secure the audience you deserve."

"Thanks."

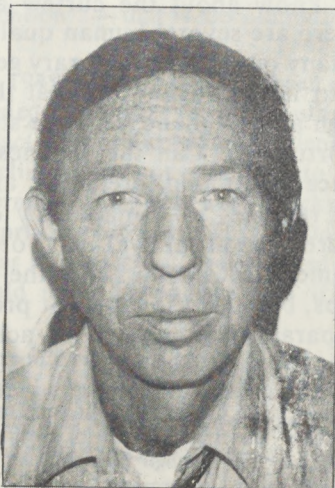
"I will be there on Tuesday. This is the number. Please call, or come by."

"Adios. It was a pleasure. I'll see what I can do."

"Goodbye, William."

—Jack D. Forbes

JACK D. FORBES has recently returned to his teaching position at University of California, Davis, following a sabbatical attending Oxford University as an exchange scholar. Of Powhatan-Delaware tribal origin, Forbes is co-founder of D.Q. University, a native learning center.



Jack Forbes

This Is My Own — LETTERS TO WES and Other Writings on Japanese Canadians 1941 - 48

by Muriel Kitagawa, edited by Roy Miki
Talonbooks, Vancouver 1985

MY NATIVE LAND

IN recent years, we have been reminded of the urgent need for redress and reparations to address the wartime injustices suffered by the Japanese Canadians. This urgency stems from the fact that many of the victims are passing away without any acknowledgement by our government for the loss of property and human rights. At present, some 45 years after the event, Canadians are gradually beginning to obtain a more complete picture of some of the injustices, suffering, and personal loss experienced by the Issei, Nisei, and perhaps a few Sansei. Muriel Kitagawa's *This Is My Own* superbly edited by Roy Miki, is a significant contribution to our understanding of the wartime events as experienced by one family in particular.

Most of us are familiar with other books on Japanese Canadians, for example, Ken Adachi's *The Enemy That Never Was*, Ann Sunahara's *The Politics of Racism*, and Roy Ito's *We Went to War*. While all of these books provide a masterful account of the factual events of the times, Muriel Kitagawa's *This Is My Own* draws upon the personal experiences and emotions during the war and subsequent move "East of the Rockies." In this regard, the private letters written by Muriel to her brother Wes Fujiwara, who was studying in Toronto, provides an extremely rich account of the emotions and concerns felt by members of a closely knit family who were eventually scattered across the country.

The private letters written by Muriel are skilfully interwoven with the political events of the day, thus adding the appropriate context in which certain feelings were generated. As I read the extremely moving passages, I wondered how the Issei must have felt during these times. Here we have someone who was extremely articulate, able to negotiate with the authorities, and yet experienced fear and trauma. Was this because she was aware of what was happening? Would it have been less traumatic if one didn't know what was happening, like the fellow who didn't know about the curfew and was picked up by the police?

There are several human qualities discernible from Muriel's writings, qualities that many of the contemporary generation have lost, or perhaps, never possessed. I refer to her thoughts on what the Japanese Canadians were able to accomplish through adversity and yet were still able to "worry over the affairs of other people less fortunate." Can the Japanese Canadians serve as a beacon today as we experience continued prejudice and discrimination? Is the experience faced by recent refugees to Canada any different from what Muriel and her family encountered upon arrival in Toronto? Must each new generation or wave of newcomers to Canada suffer the indignities experienced by previous generations? Perhaps, because we were not present to support Muriel in 1945 when she fought for reparation as a "symbol acknowledging the loss of our rights." As she so eloquently argues,

Time heals the details, but time cannot heal the fundamental wrong. My children will not remember the first violence of feeling, the intense bitterness I felt, but they will know that a house was lost through injustice. As long as restitution is not made, that knowledge will last throughout the generations to come. . . . that a house, a home was lost through injustice.

Muriel Kitagawa's *This Is My Own* is a very timely piece to be published. There is much to be examined and re-examined and is a most welcome stimuli for additional research. It will be of considerable interest to know whether or not the B.C. Security Commission really did have a double standard in allowing preferential treatment for some and not others, as noted by Roy Miki. From a sociological perspective, an analysis of the data in terms of who had access to information in the early Japanese Canadian community may provide valuable insights concerning the above issue. For example, those who belonged to a *kenjinkai* or prefectural association with very strong network ties appear to have departed for the interior of the province on their own volition moments before the herding of "evacuees" into Hastings Park. Many of these people did not fall within the rubric of the "fortunate 1400" who chartered special trains, but who drove or hitch-hiked with whatever they could carry. The highly cohesive nature of the *kenjinkai* allowed many to rely upon these networks to move to the interior and not just on the basis of perceived wealth as commonly believed. The question of why all Japanese Canadians were not given the choice of relocating on their own remains to be investigated. This is a very powerful book and I, for one, will certainly use it as a text for my Canadian Society course.

— Victor Ujimoto

VICTOR UJIMOTO is Professor of Sociology, University of Guelph.

Redress for Japanese Canadians

TEST OF DEMOCRACY

I SPENT my early childhood in Manitoba where my parents, who previously lived in Haney, B.C., were shipped in 1942 to work on a beet farm. It is difficult to imagine, now, but even after the war, we were not permitted to live on the same block as other Japanese Canadians. The watchword in those days was "assimilation" — that is, becoming invisible and inconspicuous.

Japanese Canadians were so spiritually broken by 1949 — their lives had been so completely destroyed — that for the most part they resigned themselves to the pressing job of mending their shattered lives, re-establishing contact with relatives and friends, and working to fit in wherever they were relocated. The climate was not conducive to protest. They remembered that those who opposed the government's actions were quickly taken into custody and placed behind barbed wire in the prisoner of war camps in Ontario at Petawawa and Angler. And under the power of the War Measures Act, they learned that no matter how abused they were, the government could never be wrong, even if certain policies were unjust.

The long range effects of such sustained racial discrimination have been enormous. Instead of wondering why it has taken forty years to raise the question of redress, perhaps we should be grateful that it has been raised at all. The emergence of the issue today reflects a re-awakening of values within our own community, but equally it reflects a new receptivity to our wartime experience.

IN a real sense, it has taken Japanese Canadians that long to feel some confidence that they can raise the issue of redress and finally be heard. The climate of attitudes towards racism and civil rights in this country has changed and we can now assess the treatment of Japanese Canadians in a much less biased manner. Remember that Mackenzie King's "dispersal" policy was sanctioned by the government.

But for our community, the strongest impetus for redress has come from the hardcore evidence that we now have available to prove beyond doubt that Japanese Canadians were never considered a threat to national security by the government. The government's wartime documents were inaccessible until the thirty year ban was lifted in the middle 1970's. Researchers were then able to re-examine the internment from the perspective of the government's own secret files.

Many people in the 1950's and 60's expressed sympathy for the wartime wrongs inflicted upon our community but they generally justified the government's treatment by arguing it was simply the product of wartime hysteria, unfortunate, but understandable given the climate of the times. However, the government's own documents show that the government's leading military advisers and the R.C.M.P. were opposed to the mass uprooting because Japanese Canadians were not a threat to military security. They also show that the move taken to dispossess and expel Japanese Canadians from British Columbia was orchestrated by racist politicians from B.C. who used the "security threat" rationale as a convenient pretext to undermine the social and economic fabric of our community in this province.

MUCH of this evidence is contained in the redress brief prepared by the National Association of Japanese Canadians and submitted on November 21, 1984. *Democracy Betrayed: The Case For Redress* (Winnipeg: N.A.J.C., 1984) relies heavily on government documents to argue the historical grounds for redress and ends with a call for redress.

Only six weeks after the Custodian of Enemy Properties was entrusted to "protect and administer" our properties and belongings during our apparently temporary absence from the coast, Liberal M.P. Ian MacKenzie, Member of Parliament for Vancouver Centre, a well-known racist and unfortunately Mackenzie King's advisor on Japanese Canadians, was already getting the wheels moving to seize Japanese Canadian farms in the Fraser Valley. Mackenzie was not acting in a hysterical manner. He knew exactly what he was doing. By dispossessing Japanese Canadians, he would have a much easier time accomplishing his other goal (which he had publicized in his political campaigns) — the expulsion of Japanese Canadians from the province of British Columbia.

I would like to point out what I think is the most severe effect of racial discrimination within our community. Despite the growing concern for the redress movement by Canadians as a whole, many in our community are still afraid to reopen that painful past. The fear comes from a deep sense of mistrust in our country's ability to treat the issue fairly. Some individuals in our community have even instilled in the more elderly members of our community, especially those who are not fluent in English, a belief that redress will create a backlash from racists and that they may once again become victims. At one meeting of Issie [first generation Japanese Canadians] our pioneers, I learned that there was a strong rumor that if we were to press for redress, the government would cut off their senior citizen's pensions as punishment.

OTHERS among the Nisei, the second generation, Canadian-born, are reluctant to raise their voices in protest because they have managed over the years to establish a place for themselves in the Caucasian world and pressing for redress might jeopardize their status in that world. Still others harbor the scars in their memories and recall so bitterly the initial betrayal of their citizenship and the dark forces of racism that swept them up and scattered

them across Canada, that they want to remain silent. But perhaps the most victimized are those who believe that they are not victimized, who in fact choose to remain invisible because they have not managed to divorce themselves, mentally and socially, from their community's history. Sadly, some who say that they have not been affected by the wartime trauma are the ones who have been victimized the most.

I have seen in group discussions and at public meetings, individuals reawaken to their wartime experiences and break loose on the spot from the bonds of an acquiescent silence. The turmoil in our community brought on by the redress issue has been intense. Given the repressive conditions of the 1940's and the healing required in the post-war period to overcome the degradation and humiliation of the war-time injustices, the turmoil is both understandable and necessary.

One hopes that public discussion can help to open the doors to talks on racism that will bring out its personal effects, and help all Canadians to familiarize themselves with its actuality. I believe that the Japanese Canadian redress issue can be seen as a test case. If the government lets this opportunity pass to acknowledge and settle the injustices inflicted on Canadians of Japanese ancestry because of racism, then every individual in this country should feel a shiver of terror at the thought that the same treatment will be given others who suffer the abrogation of rights.

— Roy Miki

ROY MIKI teaches in the English Department of Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C. Active in the redress drive, he was editor of Muriel Kitagawa's posthumously published collection of letters and articles, *This Is My Own*, reviewed by Victor Ujimoto in this issue, page 34.

KEEPER OF CONCENTRATION CAMPS

Dillon S. Myer and American Racism

RICHARD DRINNON

Here is a powerfully written account of the public career of Dillon S. Myer, a quintessential American bureaucrat who served as the director of the War Relocation Authority during WWII, and then was rewarded with the post of Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1950.

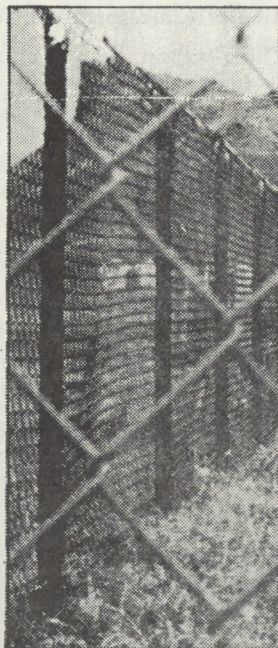
Richard Drinnon establishes the fundamental sameness of Myer's attitudes and actions in both posts and shows that the pattern for the wartime internment of Japanese Americans had been set a century before by the removal, internment, and scattering of Native Americans. Drinnon follows his subject from an Ohio farm to Washington offices where he became a typical and acclaimed instrument of the mainstream conviction that non-whites had no rights the white man was bound to respect.

Richard Drinnon is the author of *Facing West: The Metaphysics of Indian-Hating and Empire-Building* (1980).

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Castle Rock to the West of
Tule Lake, 30 April 1981

EGACY OF RACISM

"THE GREAT WHITE FATHER"

KEEPER OF CONCENTRATION CAMPS:
Dillon S. Myer and American Racism

by Richard Drinnon, 1987

339 pp. hardcover, \$24.95

Berkeley: University of California Press

THIS powerful book is an in depth appraisal of the life and career of Dillon Myer, highly lauded administrator of War Relocation Authority (WRA) — ten concentration camps for Americans of Japanese origin during World War II (plus some isolation centers and stockades). The book is in two parts, the second of which deals with Myer's role in implementing racist policies — which he helped shape — as boss of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a post to which he was appointed after WRA was terminated. Two Administrations accorded Myer a grateful nation's highest accolades and honors.

A skilled researcher, Drinnon, like Ahab seeking the white whale, pursues his analysis and critique of institutionalized racism, endemic in the Northamerican experience, responsible for the summary mass internment of 120,000 Americans of Japanese origin, 70 percent of whom were birthright citizens; herded into hastily-built barracks in inhospitable environs — hot-and-dusty-in-summer, bitterly-cold-in-winter, on wind-swept deserts — for the duration of the war, without hearing, in violation of the United States Constitution. (Canada thereafter followed the American example by interning her 22,000 ethnic Japanese residing on the Pacific Coast, two-thirds of whom knew no other homeland).

It took a perceptive social historian like Drinnon to scratch under the surface, to deflate the myth nurtured by the often uncritical and frequently servile mass media. Recently retired from Bucknell University (Lewisburg, Pa.) as Professor of History, a hint of Drinnon's daring scholarship may be glimpsed by reading *Rebel in Paradise*, a biography of Emma Goldman, published in 1961. An essay on Caryl Chessman, written while he was teaching at the University of Leeds, England, was published in May 1964.

Keeper of Concentration Camps is a carefully researched, tersely written, masterful opus by a formidable social historian scholar, highly recommended to all Northamericans, and particularly indispensable for community workers at every level.

The sharpest, if not most appreciative, assessment of *Keeper of Concentration Camps* appeared in *Amerasia Journal* titled, "The Great White Father,' Dillon Myer and Internal Colonialism." We are seeking to reprint Raymond Okamura's essay review in the forthcoming issue. GY

Editorial Notes (from page 39)

The first issue of *RIKKA* appeared in the Fall of 1974. In that year two issues came out, as well as in the succeeding year, 1975. Beginning in 1976, *RIKKA* was published quarterly, with the exception of an interregnum of two years when it was issued twice annually.

Circumstantial pressures now force *RIKKA* to go permanently to a two issues per annum production schedule, as of the last calendar year, 1986. This issue, Vol. XII, No. 1, will be followed by Issue No. 2 to reach readers before the close of the year. All current subscriptions will be extended accordingly. Subscription prices will remain unchanged at 4 issues for \$8.00; institutional subscriptions will stay at \$12.00 for 4 issues (minimal orders, 4 issues; single copy price, \$2.50). Please include SASE with manuscript submissions.



Dillon Myer poses in front of sign reading "WELCOME D. S. Myer, THE GREAT WHITE FATHER," posted on barracks of Topaz, Utah WRA concentration camp, October 21-23, 1943, presumably by inmates.

Editorial Notes

DURING an early phase of this journal's 12-year history, the editorial board consisted of 4 individuals dispersed across this vast land, from Vancouver to Toronto. To a proposal from this writer to decentralize responsibilities for the production of this journal on a rotating 2-year term for each editor, their respective responses was . . . stony silence.

It is no small responsibility to put together a magazine of quality 4 times a year — or even two times a year. And it is no easy task to work with big and tender egos whose conflicting thinking results from differing perceptions of the reality. Back seat editors sitting in lofty professorial chairs do not elect to do the time (and money) consuming detail work associated with regularly printing and mailing each volume, issue after issue (in which we are often remiss . . . apologies).

Now, thanks to the editorial associates listed in the masthead (back of front cover), we continue the tradition of *RIKKA* to present issues that speak to our common vision of a universal order that nourishes justice for all dwellers on this planet, in harmony with the laws of Nature, the wisdom of the Earth.

Jack Forbes is Professor of Native American Studies and Anthropology at the University of California, Davis. Of Powhatan-Delaware descent, he is co-founder of D-Q University, a Native American learning center. He recently spent a year as exchange scholar at Oxford University.

Richard Drinnon, recently retired as Professor of History, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa., is the author of many books and articles, his latest being *Keeper of Concentration Camps*, Dillon S. Myer and *American Racism* (University of California Press).

Rob Rolfe, a librarian by occupation, is a prominent activist in the labor and cross cultural fields. He is Vice President of CUPE Local 771, a more-than-500-member province-wide union based in Toronto.

Richard Omatsu is Associate Editor of the prestigious *Amerasia Journal*, published by the Asian American Studies Center, University of California, Los Angeles, previous to which he was an editor of the *Hokubei Mainichi*, San Francisco.

Tina Conlon was born in Manila and came to Canada in 1972. She received her BA in Humanities from the University of Windsor, MA in Theology from the University of Toronto, and is currently pastoral assistant at Chalmers United Church, Guelph, Ontario. Married to Phil Conlon, they have two children.

Russell Endo is Professor of Sociology, University of Colorado, Boulder. Among his other interests and activities, he is currently engaged in researching the history of Japanese immigrants who settled in Colorado and Nebraska.

Roland Kawano is Rector of St. Andrews Anglican Church, Toronto. Born in Hawaii, he earned a doctorate in English literature from the University of Utah; as well, a doctorate in theological studies and pastoral work. (His first pastoral assignment was among the Navajo in Arizona). Selections from his novel in progress have appeared in *RIKKA*.

George Yamada, born three score and nine years ago in western Nebraska, served a prison term as a conscientious objector to war during World War II. A printer by trade living on Manitoulin Island in northern Ontario for the past 5 years with his wife Katie, with whom he shares the decentralist-bioregional vision, he produced *The Great Resistance: The Hopi Speak* (1957). He is currently editor of *Green Revolution*, quarterly journal of the School of Living, based in Spring Grove, Pa., founded five decades ago by two elders of the decentralist-bioregional vision, Ralph Borsodi (1886-1977), author of *This Ugly Civilization* and *Flight from the City*; and Mildred Jensen Loomis (1900-1986) whose last work, *Ralph Borsodi: Reshaping Modern Culture*, is due for publication posthumously (1988) by the School of Living.

(please turn to page 38)



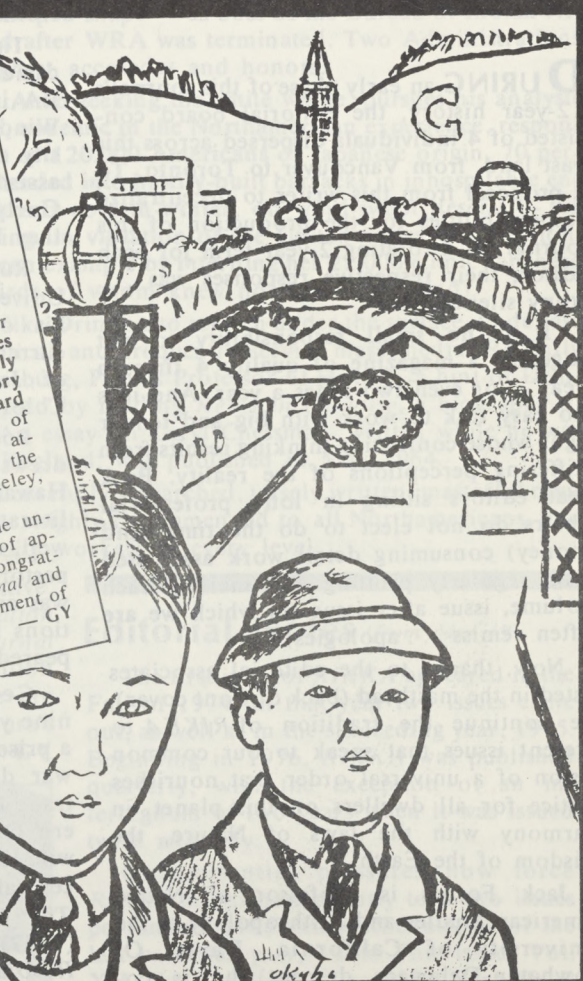
AMERASIA JOURNAL

ASIAN AMERICAN STUDIES CENTER • UCLA

THE current issue of *Amerasia Journal* is crammed with fascinating reading. The lead essay by Yori Wada felicitously reminisces about his coming-of-age years leading up to college and the Second World War. Involved in community work as Executive Director of the San Francisco Nihonmachi YMCA, he was appointed subsequently to the Board of Regents which governs the California higher education system. Well worth the \$7.00 (U.S.) cost of the double issue, his essay is hardly a tenth of the treasures.

Hisaye Yamamoto's recollections of her childhood and adolescence brought memories to me of an era to which I nostalgically related, sharing the common cultural history of the Twenties and Thirties. As well, Richard Omatsu's interview of Kazu Iijima, one of three sisters, all scholars (one of whom attained Phi Beta Kappa) who attended the prestigious University of California Berkeley, was captivating.

In a word, Excellence, the full issue unreservedly recommended for breadth of appeal and scholarly, tasteful editing. Congratulations to the staff of *Amerasia Journal* and to the Asian American Studies Department of UCLA.



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Japanese Americans in the 1930s and 1940s

CANTONIZATION

Over the years Leopold Kohr has bombarded the press with letters proposing, inter alia, the cantonal principle as a solution to different trouble spots around the world. Now that this principle is at last beginning to be taken seriously in the Republic of South Africa, the following letter, written 12 September, 1985, has its own historic significance.

— John Papworth

Editor, *Fourth World Review*
London, England

To the Editor,
The Guardian

As a friend said of another friend, "There are two sides to Nick — both bad . . . there are also two sides to Apartheid — with the difference that only one is bad. Instead of throwing it all overboard would it therefore not be better to strip it merely of its bad racist side? There is nothing wrong with homelands. The Welsh want their homeland, and so do the Scots, the Corsicans, the Catalans, the South Tyrolians, the Tibetans, the Nagas. In fact, apartheid is in politics no more than what Julian Huxley's *adaptive radiation* is in biology. It conforms to nature's principle of diversified rather than centralized evolution.

So what the West should have done was, instead of getting morally steamed up, to give the South African homelands international stature by recognizing them and accepting them as equals in the concert of nations. This would have removed them from South African domination and discrimination not only theoretically but also materially since all countries recognizing them could have made them the direct recipients of initially massive economic, educational and medical aid, to help them on their feet. Benefitting within their relatively narrow confines from the enormous economies of scale (of small scale, that is), they could, as E.F. Schumacher argued in *Small is Beautiful* (and I myself in *Development Without Aid*) have been raised from mud and wood to stone and marble within a generation. If Peisistratus could do it I don't see why Transkei should not be able to achieve the same results in the remaining 15 years of the 20th century with it.

So, once more, instead of rejecting the basic apartheid idea of sovereign homelands, cultural independence, and separate regional development, would it not be wiser to make use of its positive potential for the benefit not only of the Blacks of South Africa but also of the Whites, and let the Whites have a series of Transkei-sized homelands too, uniting them all in a loose Swiss-style Confederation of sovereign cantons?

— Leopold Kohr

Aberystwyth (Homeland Wales)
12 September 1985

Dear Editor,

Manzanar, Tule Lake, Gila and Rohwer were among others — American concentration camps where this country imprisoned over 100,000 fellow Americans simply because they were of Japanese ancestry. They were removed from their homes, lost all their belongings, were taunted and abused by other Americans. At times, they were the subject of police brutality that would have done a member of the S.S. proud. The names of these camps should appear along with the ones of Europe.

Man is a stupid critter in that even after so many lessons we have still to learn the

futility of war. If we are to remember the Holocaust, then let's do a proper job of it. Add to the names of Dachau and Auschwitz, the cities of London, Coventry, Dresden, Berlin, Leningrad, Hiroshima, Nagasaki. Nothing of military value was destroyed in any of these cities but thousands of civilians died because of man's inhumanity to man.

The purpose of this letter is not to make light of the truly serious example of barbarism that the Holocaust was, rather it is to remind us ever so perfect Northamericans that we also did our bit in wiping out humanity. Think about it!

— Ian A. Millar

RIKKA



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THE cover: Violet Kazue de Cristoforo

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— Sioux verity

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EDITORIAL/NOTES

THIS issue of RIKKA documents some pain-filled memoirs of Violet Kazue (nee Yamane) de Cristoforo, direct consequence of mass internment of Japanese Americans during World War II.

Not readily dismissible is de Cristoforo's perception that unsubstantiated, covert attacks on her integrity and character by Rosalie Hankey (later Wax), staff member of JERS (Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study) did irreparable damage to her and to her family.

Both de Cristoforo and Hankey Wax were residents of Tule Lake concentration Camp (near the California border of Oregon; population 20,000), the former as a prisoner of the United States government for the duration of the war, the latter as JERS investigator of Tule Lake internees, during short residential periods.

Rosalie Hankey Wax's reports of her Tule Lake experiences have been presented in detail in several books, articles and professional journals, including *The Spoilage*, for which she was principal informant. Her accounts reveal no remorse for betraying the confidence of Violet Kazue de Cristoforo.

De Cristoforo has sought a wider forum to voice her perceptions of her internment experiences, particularly vis-a-vis Hankey Wax. According to reliable sources, publication, in recent years, of de Cristoforo's brief against Hankey Wax (herein published) by an established academic body was under serious consideration — abandoned, unfortunately, due to perceived legal repercussions.

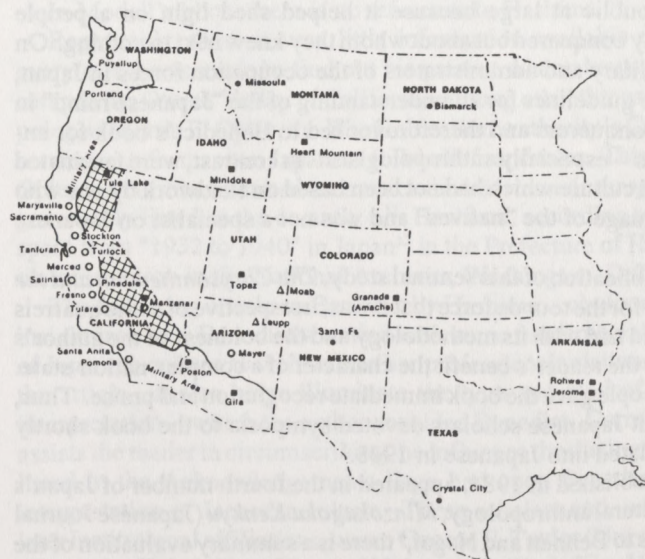
Hankey Wax has to date declined to respond to requested permission to reprint correspondence with the Editor on this matter. Her responses to the Editor, therefore, are withheld from publication in this journal. RIKKA offers de Cristoforo a forum to voice her grievances. Her's has been a Sisyphian travail, faced with valor and fortitude. Special individuals only would survive whole.

— George Yamada

RUTH BENEDICT, ROBERT HASHIMA AND THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD

by Peter Suzuki

IT MAY come as a surprise to some readers to learn that upwards of 100 Japanese Americans during World War II did social research on Japan and Japanese Americans. The overwhelming majority worked in the camps for Japanese Americans, including the 16 temporary detention camps ("assembly centres") in or near large urban areas on the West Coast (one was in Arizona). As many as 23 Japanese Americans worked on just one project, which was headquartered in Giannini Hall on the University of California campus at Berkeley, and known as the Japanese (or Japanese American) Evacuation and Resettlement Study.¹ Most of the social scientists, however, were employed by the War Relocation Authority, the government agency which ran the ten permanent camps (Manzanar Camp, California, originally was a detention center and later became one of the ten concentration camps).



○ Assembly Centers

Puyallup, Wash.
Portland, Ore.
Marysville, Calif.
Sacramento, Calif.
Tanforan, Calif.
Stockton, Calif.
Turlock, Calif.
Merced, Calif.
Pinedale, Calif.
Salinas, Calif.
Fresno, Calif.
Tulare, Calif.
Santa Anita, Calif.
Pomona, Calif.
Mayer, Ariz.

■ Relocation Centers

Manzanar, Calif.
Tule Lake, Calif.
Poston, Ariz.
Gila, Ariz.
Minidoka, Ida.
Heart Mountain, Wyo.
Granada, Colo.
Topaz, Utah
Rohwer, Ark.
Jerome, Ark.

● Justice Department Internment Camps

Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Bismarck, N. Dak.
Crystal City, Tex.
Missoula, Mont.

Of those working for the Authority, the majority were with the Community Analysis Sections, of which there was one for each camp. These sections were headed by white social scientists -- most of them were anthropologists -- who were assisted by Japanese Americans, who were also the internees. Each of these ten camps also had a Reports Office where Japanese Americans were also employed as social researchers. The Reports Officers undertook such things as housing, recreation and employment surveys and public opinion surveys.²

An exact count of these Japanese American individuals has never been undertaken, so the precise number of those who did such work has yet to be determined. The primary reason so little is known about these Japanese Americans is that not a single one who had been in these camps has written anything about his or her experiences and observations.³ Several did have their names as co-authors in two of the three books of the Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study and some co-authored articles on such aspects as the policy of relocation. To reiterate, not one of these individuals has published anything based on personal observations and experiences while working as social researcher in these camps.

This is dismaying insofar as several of these Japanese Americans since the war have become professional anthropologists and sociologists.⁴

However, in addition to the Japanese American social researchers affiliated with the camps, there were several who worked for various federal agencies in Washington, D.C. As it turned out, one of these -- the co-subject of this paper -- did write an article about his experiences, with reference to the anthropologist Ruth Fulton Benedict. In June 1944, while with the Office of War Information, Washington, D.C., she began her study of Japanese culture, and it was six months after this that Robert Seido Hashimo joined the same unit where she worked.

Benedict's study of Japan and Japanese culture ultimately led to the classic *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword: Patterns of Japanese Culture*, which appeared in 1946. The book was an immediate success both as a scholarly study and as a popular work. Appearing as it did in the immediate postwar year of 1946, it was eagerly read by the public at large because it helped shed light on a people Americans had recently conquered but about whom they knew next to nothing. On the other hand, the military and administrators of the occupation forces in Japan, it is said, wanted some guidelines for an understanding of the "Japanese mind" in order to be effective conquerors and therefore looked to Benedict's book for answers. Social scientists -- especially anthropologists -- in contrast, were fascinated by a study of a national culture which had not been based on fieldwork by one who did not speak the language of the "natives" and was not a specialist on Japanese culture.

In essence, upon publication of this seminal study, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* was recognized for the tour de force that it was, irrespective of some quarrels that the academic world had with its methodology and the boldness of the author's attempt to illumine for the reader's benefit the character of a complex nation-state. Even the conquered people gave the book immediate recognition and praise. Thus, a number of prominent Japanese scholars devoted symposia to the book shortly after it had been translated into Japanese in 1948.⁵

One symposium, published in 1984, appeared in the fourth number of Japan's foremost journal of cultural anthropology, *Minzokugaku Kenkyu* (Japanese Journal of Ethnology). Thanks to Bennett and Nagai,⁶ there is a summary evaluation of the special issue available in *American Anthropologist*.

Coincidentally, the first number of the same volume of *Minzokugaku Kenkyu* containing the symposium on Benedict's book bears an article by Hashima on Benedict, but because it was written in Japanese, remains a publication which has received no attention to date by westerners. Consequently, this informative article was overlooked by both Margaret Mead and Judith Modell in their respective books on Benedict.⁷ Yet, as will be seen, it is a piece which merits attention. Accordingly, a translation of the article is presented below.

ROBERT SEIDO HASHIMA

Mead does explicitly recognize Hashima as having been Benedict's colleague while working on Japanese culture in the Office of War Information.

In *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* she [Benedict] acknowledges the help of her Japanese (sic) colleague, Robert Hashima, and of those who were immediate associates in the Office of War information or who read the manuscript...⁸

For the record, Benedict begins her Acknowledgements Page by thanking first the Issei (first generation of Japanese in the United States) and Kibei (American of Japanese descent who have been educated in Japan) who had helped her in her study of Japanese culture. This is then followed by the longest credit lines to any one person in the entire Acknowledgements Page on *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*.

I am especially grateful to my wartime colleague, Robert Hashima. Born in this country, brought up in Japan, he chose to return to the United States in 1941. He was interned in a War Relocation Camp, and I met him when he came to Washington to work in the war agencies of the United States.⁹

After the Issei, Kibei and Hashima are acknowledged, only then are those who were Benedict's "immediate associates in the Office of War Information or who read the manuscript" thanked.

In Modell's book, there is no reference to Hashima.¹⁰

Regrettably, there is very little information available on Hashima, although every effort was made to find out his present whereabouts. While at Poston, the camp in the Owens Valley of California, among other things he assisted the anthropologist Morris E. Opler, the War Relocation Authority's Community Analyst, by serving as informant on Japanese folk beliefs and tales. This particular research by Opler in Manzanar resulted in an article in *American Anthropologist*, with Hashima generously listed as the co-author.¹¹ Hashima, according to this publication, had spent from "1932 to 1940" in Japan¹² in the Prefecture of Hiroshima,¹³ and based on information in the National Archives, Washington, D.C., was born in 1920.¹⁴

The following article on Benedict by Hashima -- obviously an admirer -- offers insight into how Benedict wrestled with some fundamental organizing principles of Japanese culture as well as into her professional relationship with the author of the article. It also helps illuminate the type and kind of knowledge -- and its interpretation -- which the author provided Benedict. Correspondingly, the article assists the reader in circumscribing the influence the distinguished social scientists listed in the Acknowledgements Page had upon Benedict qua knowledge and interpretation of Japanese culture. These scholars and, where appropriate, their later institutional affiliations, were: George E. Taylor (University of Washington), Alexander H. Leighton (Harvard University), Clyde Kluckhohn (Harvard Univer-

sity), Conrad Arensbert (Columbia University), Margaret Mead (American Museum of Natural History and Columbia University), Gregory Bateson (Veterans Administration Hospital), and E. H. Norman (Canadian historian).¹⁵

Reminiscences about Ruth Benedict (Rusu Benedekuto Joshi No Tsuioku)

BY ROBERT SEIDO HASHIMA

On January 20, 1945, a few days after I had switched jobs to work for the Basic Analysis Section, Bureau of Overseas Intelligence, Office of War Information,¹⁶ a lady, who was slender and had beautiful silver hair, came to my desk and asked me to comment on the meaning of a haiku¹⁷ poem translated into English. It was at that time that I realized that this lady was Dr. Ruth Benedict of Columbia University, a prominent American anthropologist.

Needless to say, Professor Benedict had been highly regarded in the field of anthropology.¹⁸ However, it was after she had published the pamphlet, *Races of Mankind*, during the war, at the request of the government, that her name began to be known to the general public.¹⁹ In the booklet she stated that, at the time of birth, all humans beings are equal regardless of racial differences, and that the occurrence of inequality is caused by environment, education and similar conditions after birth. As an example, she stated that some Negroes in the North showed higher intelligence than some Whites in the South. Because she declared this theory rather boldly, it is said that she was criticized by Southern Congressmen, and she was even subjected to a F[federal] B[bureau] of I[nvestigation] check.²⁰

Around June, 1944, while with the Office of War Information, she commenced research on Japanese culture²¹ and read every book available in English on the Japanese people, who were the enemy.²² She also started collecting materials relevant to this study. However, at this state of her research her understanding of the psychology of the Japanese people was limited to being very theoretical.

Shortly after that, I began to work for her to assist her with her research. As for her methodology and the scholarly achievements regarding the study, I shall leave it to her prominent colleagues. I would like to mention my personal experiences of being around her during the period when the war against Japan was coming to an end.

Until I began to assist her, she had no assistants save a typist. She read and collected data by herself and filed them away untiringly. I collected materials from various perspectives, which I thought would be valuable to her study, and presented them to her along with my own viewpoints. Because I had lived in Japan, she constantly asked me many questions about all kinds of things, and I gave her my opinions on them. She obviously made concerted efforts to figure out how the patterns of Japanese culture were arranged, analyzing inordinate amounts of materials she had collected.

One day, after reading *Botchan*, a novel by Natsume Soseki, she encountered some difficulties in understanding the psychology of the Japanese, such as detailed in the incident between "Porcupine" and Botchan involving a glass of ice water which cost one sen (about one-fifth of a cent), a trifling amount, and the manner of settling an account of *on* (a type of obligation).²³

As great scholarly discoveries and innovations take place based on mundane

Reproduced below is a letter sent by Ruth Benedict to Robert Hashima
upon hearing of the surrender of Japan.

Shattuck Farm
Norwich, N. H.
August 15, 1945

Dear Bob,

Yesterday evening as I hung over the radio at seven o'clock I kept thinking "I want to send Bob a telegram of thanksgiving." I was so happy that the alouatta had been stopped and so proud of the way Japan had fought it about and so thankful for the role the Emperor played, and I couldn't think of anyone who would understand all those feelings as well as you would. When the radio announcer said that the Emperor would himself go on the radio to read his Rescript to his people, the tears came into my eyes.

I wish I knew how to say to Japan that no Western nation has ever shown such dignity and virtue in defeat and that history will honor her for the way she ended the war. When I get back you'll have to help me say it. Now I hope and pray that America will play her part with restraint and dignity too; it will be difficult for many Americans because they are so different.

Have you found some interesting things in the Psychoanalytic Journals to talk over with me? I'll be looking forward to it.

All my best wishes -

As ever,

Ruth Benedict

daily affairs, in like manner Professor Benedict saw in *Botchan* significant clues that crystallized all the materials on Japan which she had been randomly collecting and filing, successfully resulting in the superb outcome of her scholarly research, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*.

Previously, she had visited Europe in connection with her academic work.²⁴ She was also familiar with the Orient, particularly with Thai ethnology²⁵ and Chinese Buddhism.²⁶ Furthermore, a number of her colleagues had studied the anthropology of the South Seas. Owing to the difficulty of doing fieldwork because of the war, she had to rely solely upon secondary sources and could not undertake field research, which was so important and necessary for her study. Nevertheless, the results of her scholarly investigation were outstanding.

In addition to secondary sources she also used movies, which had been imported from Japan before the war, as one of her research resources. One of these movies was *Danryu* (Warm Current). Presumably many people have seen this film.²⁷ Two female friends fall in love with the same man. Because of *giri* (a type of debt)²⁸, one of the female friends gives up the object of her affections to the other person. However, in the final scene, the woman who had given up the man has an affair with him on the beach. Seeing the last scene, Professor Benedict could not understand why the man married the other woman despite the fact that he loved the first woman and why the woman had given her lover away to her friend.

As the above examples indicate, Professor Benedict faced one difficulty after another in attempting to understand the Japanese mind. However, she resolved these difficulties one after the other.

As for research data, she also used English translations on Zen Buddhism, the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, economics, newspapers captured during the war and essays and diaries written by Japanese soldiers. Some people maintained that most of the materials and data she used were out of date. However, it should be noted that, until the end of the war, there had been no major changes in the patterns of culture of prewar Japan.

She used to be an editor for a number of years in addition to her teaching duties²⁹ and was an excellent writer. She also had strong powers of observation and was clearheaded so that she far exceeded some men in this regard. One day, one of her supervisors had a difficult time in summarizing a report of over ten pages into a brief one and asked for Professor Benedict's help. Upon reading it once, she summarized it readily within five minutes. This incident illustrates how great her ability to grasp things was.

Professor Benedict was an anthropologist as well as a humanitarian.³⁰ She understood the emotions of people very well. In doing research on a culture, she immersed herself in the culture, lived with the people of the culture, and shared the same experiences with them. Only after she had grasped the emotional feelings and psychology of the people in the culture did she delineate and analyze the culture.

On June 20, 1945, when the end of the war was nearing, she decided to publish the results of her research on Japanese culture, in response to a request from a publishing firm.³¹ Prior to its publication, the results of her scholarly investigation on Japanese culture were presented to the Department of State as a report of the Office of War Information, and was a shorter publication than *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*.

While she was spending a brief vacation at Shattuck Farm [Norwich], New York,³² in the middle of August 1945, the war was ended. Right after she had heard about the end of the war, she sent me a letter, dated August 15, 1945, stating the following:

Yesterday evening at seven o'clock, I was glued to the radio... I was so happy that

the slaughter had been stopped and so proud of the way Japan brought it about and so thankful for the role the Emperor played, and I couldn't think of anyone who would understand all those feelings as well as you... When the radio announcer said that the Emperor would himself go on the radio to read his Rescript to his people, tears came into my eyes.

I wish I knew how to say to Japan that no Western nation has ever shown such dignity and virtue in defeat and that history will honor her for the way she ended the war. When I get the opportunity you will have to help me say it. Now I hope and pray that America will play her part with restraint and dignity too. It will be difficult for Americans because they are so different.

The reasons why she praised the dignity and virtue of the Japanese at the end of the war were the following: Japan realized the guilt of the slaughter and ended the war without the riots and confusion which had been predicted to happen. The Emperor, himself, announced the end of the war to his people, the people accepted the surrender unanimously, and, obeying the Emperor's will, ended the war in a manly fashion.

She began to understand Japan through the study of Japanese culture. As an anthropologist, she presented her opinions to the American government and ended up publishing *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*. In a *Time* magazine article she was noted with the headline, "She Saved the Emperor".

After the defeat of Germany, she was supposed to visit Germany for research at the request of the Army. However, her health did not permit the trip to Germany.³³ She also planned a trip to Japan after the surrender, but this was not made either for the same reason.

It is a pity that she could not resolve the issues of Japanese culture which confronted her while doing her research in the United States and passed away without ever getting a firsthand glimpse of Japanese culture.

If she had gone to Japan and done research there, she would have been able to publish something even better than *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*. At the same time, it is obvious that she left behind a great scholarly work on Japanese society without having been able to do fieldwork in Japan.

I believe she hoped to see further publications, based upon detailed field research by anthropologists, on the newly-democratized Japanese culture.

-- Robert Seido Hashima

Conclusion

Despite its brevity, the article by Robert Seido Hashima is an important publication inasmuch as it is the only one based on firsthand observations of Benedict while she was working on Japanese culture, a study which eventually led to *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*. It offers useful impressions of Benedict by one who quite clearly had worked very closely with her.

By citing various incidents, the author shows what some of the basic problem areas in Japanese culture were for Benedict, something which Modell's admirable and assiduous research was not able to uncover except by citing general statements on anthropological theory and method with reference to studying culture at a distance.³⁴ In contrast, the publication by Hashima indicates how Benedict tried to come to grips with two fundamental concepts of Japanese culture, *on* and *giri* -- quite foreign to the Westerner and therefore analyzed in great detail in *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* -- thereby elucidating and combining into a mean-

ingful whole seemingly ineffable threads in the patterns of Japanese culture.

Significant, too, are the excerpts from Benedict's letter to Robert Hashima. They reveal with poignant clarity her humane and compassionate nature.³⁵ This aspect of her nature is also intimated in her professional relationship with a colleague -- a member of a then-beleaguered and reviled racial minority -- whom she obviously treated with kindness, respect and dignity.

In describing the broader influence of her study of Japanese culture on Benedict's colleagues, Margaret Mead has this to say:

She [Benedict] had already demonstrated in her European studies that an anthropologist, using anthropological techniques of interviewing and analysis, could make a considerable addition to the contribution of the traditional experts... Initially it had not been easy to convince these specialists, who felt that they "knew" Europe. But when it came to Japanese culture, with which they were unfamiliar, many European-trained specialists were much more willing to admit an anthropologist to the team. However, the Far East was also a field in which "old China hands" had had their way for a very long time. There were so few of them and they commanded knowledge in an area where almost everyone was ignorant. But she had the distinct advantage in that, in her work on Japan, she had anthropological colleagues -- Geoffrey Gorer, Gregory Bateson, Claude Kluckhohn and Alexander Leighton -- who were carrying on related studies.³⁶

It is now obvious that this description by Mead is deficient to the degree that no mention is made of the very specific and profound influence which a certain young Japanese American had upon Benedict while she was studying and analyzing Japanese culture. Thanks to the article by Hashima, we now know why it was that Benedict devoted the longest passages of acknowledgement to Hashima rather than to the distinguished social scientists who followed his name on the Acknowledgement Page in *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*.

It can safely be concluded that everything revealed about Ruth Benedict in Hashima's article is consonant with what has been brought out since then by Mead, Modell and others. Indeed, the contents of the article also amply support Modell's delineation of Benedict's life as having constituted a discernible pattern. In the Hashima publication, this is borne out with special reference to her approach in studying culture at a distance,³⁷ her attitude towards Japanese culture,³⁸ and, most importantly, her **relations with people** irrespective of their racial backgrounds and of the temper of the times.³⁸

Finally, given the **significance of a seemingly modest article** by Hashima, it is hoped that its **translation into English**, at long last, will spur those countless other Japanese American social scientists and researchers who did work on Japan, Japanese culture and Japanese Americans during World War II, to set down their experiences in **black and white**. They not only have an obligation to anthropology and the other social sciences, but to the Japanese American community as well.

-- Peter T. Suzuki

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Acknowledgements; I thank the Minzokugaku Kenkyukai for permission to publish Hashima's article in this form, Ms. Emiko Unno, Lecturer in Japanese Culture, University of Nebraska at Omaha, initially made a rough translation of the Hashima article. I then

checked it with the original text. She and I next went over the translation which I had reworked. I gratefully acknowledge her kind assistance.

-- PTS

NOTES

1. Suzuki, manuscript
2. Suzuki (1981), p. 35
3. See Kikuchi (1973), which is a diary, but edited by John Modell.
4. Suzuki (1981), p. 55 n145
5. Benedict (1948)
6. Bennett and Nagai (1953)
7. Mead (1959) (1973); Modell (1983)
8. Mead (1959), p. 426
9. Benedict (1946), Acknowledgements Page. It will be of interest to the Japanese American community to note that in the two references to the wartime camps for Japanese Americans in *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, Benedict refers to them in both instances as "camps" and eschews the official War Relocation Authority terminology of "centers"; Benedict (1946), Acknowledgements Page, p. 217. On the terminology for these camps, see Weglyn (1976), pp. 54, 74, 114, 175, 217-252, 314 n4, 316 n21; and Suzuki (1981), pp. 42, 58 n190.
10. Modell (1983).
11. Opler and Hashima (1946). I incorrectly noted in a previous publication that Hashima had been M. E. Opler's assistant in the Manzanar Community Analysis Section; Suzuki (1981), p. 55 n145. Hashima was an informant for Opler.
12. Opler and Hashima (1946), p. 49.
13. Opler and Hashima (1946), p. 50.
14. Information kindly provided me by Mr. William F. Sherman of the Judicial, Fiscal and Social Branch, Civil Archives Division, National Archives, Washington, D.C.
15. According to "Report of Efficiency rating," while with the Bureau of Overseas Intelligence, Clyde Kluckhohn was Benedict's supervisor and therefore rated Benedict; Alexander Leighton, on the other hand, was Kluckhohn's supervisor and so reviewed Kluckhohn's rating of Benedict (dated March 31, 1945). The report may be found in the Benedict personnel file in the Office of Personnel Management. I thank Mrs. Charles Wackerman of the Office for sending me a copy of Benedict's file.
16. From 1943-1945, Benedict was Head, Basic Analysis Section, Bureau of Overseas Intelligence, Office of War Information, Washington, D.C. From 1944-1945, she was Social Science Analyst, Foreign Morale Division, Office of War Information. On the role of social scientists in the Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information, see Doob (1947).
17. For a standard introductory work on haiku, see Henderson (1958).
18. In Japan, cultural anthropology -- or ethnology, to be more precise -- *minzokugaku*, is distinguished from physical anthropology, *jinruigaku*. Hashima uses the term "ethnologist", which is translated here as cultural anthropologist and anthropologist.
19. Benedict and Weltfish (1943).
20. "Within the wartime security structure, she had an occasional battle -- now because *Races of Mankind* was denounced in Congress as subversive (mainly because of a tactical error, committed in writing, in stating baldly that some northern Negroes had scored higher in intelligence tests than had some southern Whites)... Mead (1959), p. 353; cf. Mead (1974) p. 58. In her personnel file in this memorandum dated December 31, 1943, from Rear Admiral R. P. McCullough, U. S. N., Ret., Chairman, Personnel Security Committee, to Donald R. Harvey, Director of Personnel, Office of War Information.

This is with reference to the character investigation of Ruth Fulton Benedict, Head, Basic Analysis Section, Overseas Intelligence Bureau, p. 5, s 4600 in our Washington, D. C.

office. The Personnel Security Committee has read the FBI reports submitted by the Investigation Division, Office for Emergency Management, and considered the case at a regular meeting. The Committee has decided that the employee may be considered suitable for continued service with this Agency, subject to final clearance by the United States Civil Service Commission.

21. "In June, 1944, I was assigned to the study of Japan," Benedict (1946), p. 3.

22. The phrase "who were the enemy" is a seemingly obvious fact, but was probably stated to the Japanese audience because a different situation and mentality had prevailed in wartime Japan. There, people who were reading anything about Americans were suspect as enemies of the state.

23. The following extensive passages from *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* deal with the incident; Benedict (1946), pp. 107-108.

But there is one young teacher he [Botchan] warms to and while they are out together this newfound friend, whom he calls Porcupine, treats him [Botchon] to a glass of ice water. He pays one sen and a half for it, something like one-fifth of a cent.

Not long afterwards, another teacher reports to Botchon that Porcupine has spoken slightly of him. Botchon believes the trouble-maker's report and is instantly concerned about the *on* he had received (by the way of a glass of ice water) from Porcupine.

"To where an *on* from such a fellow even if it is so trifling a thing as ice water, affects my honor. One sen or half a sen, I shall not die in peace if I wear this *on*... the fact that I receive somebody's *on* without protesting is an act of good-will, taking him at his par value as a decent fellow. Instead of insisting on paying for my own ice water, I took the *on* and expressed gratitude. That is an acknowledgement which no amount of money can purchase. I have neither title nor official position, but I am an independent fellow, and to have an independent fellow, accept the favor of *on* is far more than if he gave a million yen in return. I let Porcupine blow one sen and a half, and gave him my thanks, which is more costly than a million yen."

The next day he throws a sen and half *on* Porcupine's desk, for only having ceased to wear *on* for the glass of ice water can he begin to settle the current issue between them: the insulting remark he had been told of. That may have involved blows, but the *on* has to be wiped out, first because the *on* is no longer between friends.

Natsume (1867-1916) was Professor of English Literature at the University of Tokyo and was a novelist, poet, and literary critic. *Botchon*, published in 1906, is Natsume's most popular novel. His other Novels are *Sanshiro*, *Kojin* (Wayfarer), and *Sorekara* (And Then).

24. In the summer of 1926, she went to Rome to attend the International Congress of Americanists, and in the summer of 1948, the year of her death, she attended a UNESCO seminar at Podesbrady, Czechoslovakia.

25. Benedict (1943).

26. "Before coming to Washington, she had done some work on Chinese culture in connection with studies going on at Columbia and had written the brief but important memorandum on consensus in rural China"; Mead (1974), p. 60.

27. *Danryu* (1930) was directed by Yoshimura Kimisaburo and was based on a novel by Kishida Kunio. Other films directed by Yoshimura included *Nishizumi Senshachodan* (The Story of Tank Commander Nishizumi), 1940, a pro-military film; *Genji Monogatari* (Tale of Genji), 1952, based on a classic work; and *Ashizuri Misaki* (Cape Ashizuri), 1954, an anti-war film.

28. On *giri*, see Benedict (1964), pp. 133-176 et passim.

29. For a number of years, she was editor of *Journal of American Folk Lore* (1925-1939) and *Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology* (1936-1940). Also, she had been on the editorial boards of *Character and Personality*, *Frontiers of Democracy* and *American Scholar*. In 1946, she was an assistant editor of *Psychiatry*.

30. *Hikuaishugisha*, literally, a philanthropist.

31. This fact was not brought out by either Mead or Modell.

32. Shattuck Farm had been the home of her maternal grandparents.

33. "... immediately after the war, she had lost a chance to direct some post-war research in Germany when an Army doctor refused to let her go there on grounds of health"; Mead (1959), p. 437; see also Mead (1974), p. 61.
34. On the history and methods of studying cultures at a distance, see Mead and Metraux (1953). On an application of one of Benedict's insights into Japanese culture as expressed in a single statement in her book, with reference to the Japanese game of Shogi, see Suzuki (1948).
35. This is in marked contrast to another American anthropologist who had done a "national character" study of Japanese, basing it in part on his "study" of inmates of Topaz, the War Relocation Authority in Utah, while he was Community Analyst for some six weeks. On Weston LaBarre's ethnocentric article, see Suzuki (1980) and (1981), p. 36.
36. Mead (1974), p. 60; see also p. 64.
37. Modell (1983), Chapter 10, devotes much of the chapter to Benedict's work on *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*.
38. "... Ruth admired Japanese culture. She was attracted to the culture of paradox more than to the unmodulated Apollonian culture of the Pueblo Indian. The Japanese symbols of sword and chrysanthemum, representing sides of their culture, symbolized values that Ruth held; the sword stood for self discipline and endurance; the flower for an aesthetically pleasing arrangement of naturally 'wild' elements"; Modell (1984), p. 286. In this connection, it is of interest to note Benedict played *Go*, a Japanese board game, years before World War II, in fact, in the 1920s, when only a handful of Americans had even heard of the game. See Suzuki (1984), p. 80 n36.
39. On the relations of some other American anthropologists with Japanese and Japanese Americans during World War II, see Suzuki (1981).

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Violet with Ken and Reiko embark from San Francisco for Hiroshima to visit grandparents before the war



Violet with children Kimi and Reiko photographed in post-war Japan

MANY DANDELIONS ARE STEPPED ON

AFTER a lapse of nearly half a century, Violet Kazue de Cristoforo, formerly Kazue Matsuda of Salinas, CA., has assembled the Haiku she wrote during her captivity, following compulsory evacuation and internment of Japanese Americans during World War II into a volume titled *Poetic Reflections of the Tule Lake Internment Camp, 1944*.

Entitled "Ino Hana" in Japanese (Flower of Tule Reed), her 72-page volume portrays the painful personal plight and the bitter camp experiences of the internees, as well as her anxiety over the well-being of her mother, then living in Hiroshima City.

Kazue, first born of Katsuichi Yamane of Asa-Kita Ku, Hiroshima, was born in Hawaii in 1917. The stormy years of her adolescence culminated in her family's return to Japan and, later, her return to America for her education and eventual marriage to Shigeru Matsuda (born in Japan), who owned and operated a book store in Fresno. They were a happily married couple with three children when the US-Japan war broke out.

During the four years of separation from her husband, she was transferred from one internment camp to another - Fresno to Arkansas and, eventually, to the infamous Tule Lake Segregation Center where she, with former Valley Ginsha colleagues, turned to writing free-form, Kaiko style poetry for consolation."

One of the poems she composed about Tule Lake's Castle Rock Mountain compares the tragic fate of the internees to that of the ill-fated Modoc Indians, whose last battleground was Castle Rock Mountain, YAMA NO KATA CHIO OBOE FUYUNOHI ARUKU IPPOE

Memorized the shape of the mountain

Walk in the same direction on winter days.

The internees' feelings of repugnance at the harassment they faced daily is brought out in another Haiku, AKINOHI HANANI TOGEARI ONNA KATAKUNA KOKORO DE

An autumn day flowers with thorns

A lump in my heart.

And still another poem measures the dark uncertainty and desperation of the detainees by the growth and death of Tule reeds. INO HANAYA SUNAPPAR-AYA NIHYAYU YONICHI

Flowers on Tule reeds and sandy flats

Brother confined over 200 days.

Each and every poem brings out the distress and the melancholy of their daily life within the confines of the strands of barbed wire. Included is also a poem expressing concern for her mother, later a victim of the atomic bomb, who was living in Hiroshima City. ITTAI AKINOSORA SEKIBAKU MI IKUSA O OMOU

Depressing autumn sky

Thinking about the war.

Violet Kazue de Cristoforo

J'ACCUSE

J'ACCUSE is the title of an open letter Emile Zola penned to the President of the French Republic in 1894, denouncing the General Staff for a miscarriage of justice in wrongfully convicting Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish staff officer, of selling military secrets to the Germans.



THIS PAPER deals with Rosalie Hankey, an anthropologist with the Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study (JERS), while she was in Tule Lake.¹ It touches on some of the lies and distortions by Hankey (later known as Wax) about me in two books, *The Spoilage* and *Doing Fieldwork, Warnings and Advice*, the former to which she is listed as contributor, the latter as author. Also, some of her unethical behavior is revealed.

Immediately prior to the Second World War, my family, consisting of my husband, Shigeru Matsuda (a legal resident alien), our two children and I, lived in Fresno, California. My younger brother, Tokio Yamane, an American-born citizen, as I was, lived with us and attended Edison Technical High School there. My father-in-law and mother-in-law (also legal resident aliens) were raising grapes in an outlying part of Fresno and another brother, Richard Yamane, was serving in the United States Army. My own father and mother were living in Hiroshima, Japan.

Fresno "Assembly" Center

On February 19, 1942, ten weeks after the Pearl Harbor attack, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, paving the way for the evacuation and internment of Japanese Americans, citizens and legal residents alike, who had been living on the West Coast, and within two weeks we were forced to dispose of our home and furniture, our thriving book store, and all our possessions, including our new car.

On the appointed day we were hastily taken to the Fresno "Assembly" Center, a temporary detention area on the grounds of the Fresno County Fair, with only those possessions we could carry in our hands. At this time my boy was seven years old, my daughter five and I was pregnant with my third child. Yet, we had to carry everything we would need in the foreseeable future, including clothing for ourselves and for the baby I was expecting.

Nauseating Stench of Horse Stalls

Immediately prior to our evacuation, I had undergone abdominal surgery for the removal of a tumor and my weakened condition, plus the change in diet and extreme heat, caused me to be admitted to the camp hospital several times with pre-natal complications until I eventually gave birth to a sickly baby weighing only five pounds.

For several months we were forced to live in what had been the stable area of the Fresno County Fairground, housed in hastily constructed wooden barracks covered with tar paper, devoid of any furniture except a metal army cot for each person. There was no other furniture. Later on we were given ticks, which we had to fill with straw (to which I was allergic), for use as mattresses. The extreme summer heat of central California was unbearable. The army food we were given was totally lacking in the fresh fruits and vegetables to which we were accustomed, uniformly unappetizing, and at times tainted because of the lack of refrigerators and the inexperience of the cooks. But the most offensive aspect of our detention was the suffocating and nauseating stench of urine emanating from the stable area and constantly in our nostrils. It was under these appalling conditions that my baby was born.

Jerome Arkansas

Eventually we were moved to the Jerome Relocation Center, a more permanent but equally dismal camp, located in the swamps of Arkansas, and infested with chiggers, mosquitoes and snakes. My husband and my brother had been sent ahead of us from Fresno to work on the still unfinished barracks and my father-in-law and my mother-in-law had been moved with a different group. On the train trip from Fresno my baby, who was less than a month old, contracted double pneumonia, so when we reached our destination she had to be hospitalized for several months in the primitive camp hospital (which, on our arrival, still lacked windows, medical supplies and hospital equipment). And, still not fully recovered from my recent surgery, I had to struggle to care for my three young children and my in-laws, who spoke no English.

In the spring of 1943, while we were still being detained in Jerome, we were required to fill in the infamous loyalty questionnaire. This form had originally been designed in conjunction with a recruitment drive for a segregated "Japanese Combat Team" made up of volunteers from Hawaii and the ten internment camps, but had been administered to all internees, including the young (from age 17 on), the old, and those unfit for military service, as the ultimate proof of their loyalty.

Questionnaire 27/28

The long questionnaire contained two crucial questions: No. 27 asked the internees if they were willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States. And No. 28 asked whether they would swear unqualified allegiance to the United States, and forswear allegiance to the Japanese emperor and to any other foreign government.

As legal resident aliens who had been prevented from becoming naturalized U.S. citizens by the U.S. naturalization laws in effect at the time, my husband and my father-in-law did not think they were qualified to serve in the U.S. Armed Forces and, in any case, my father-in-law was too old to do so, consequently neither one answered Question 27. As for Question 28, both realized that by renouncing the only citizenship they had they would become stateless persons and neither one answered Question 28. My mother-in-law did not answer those questions either.

Hobson's Choice

Although an American-born citizen, with three young children, I would not have been eligible to serve in the armed forces. Moreover, women of my generation had

been taught that their first duty was to their husbands. To fulfill my responsibility to my husband, to keep my family together, and also because my husband was our sole means of support, I too went along with the decision of the male members of my family and, with a heavy heart, did not answer either question, knowing that by acting in conformity with them I would eventually be sent to Japan with my relatives.

As a result of our refusal to answer the loyalty questionnaire, in September 1943, my family and I were sent to the Tule Lake Segregation Center in Northern California. Enroute there the train had to make an emergency stop in Hoisington, Kansas because my mother-in-law had become gravely ill. Accompanied by my husband, she was taken to the local hospital where she remained for the next two months.²

Brother Tokio To Bull Pen

On November 4, 1943, my brother Tokio, who was an assistant cook in one of the mess halls, was arrested by War Relocation Authority (WRA) personnel and severely beaten because they suspected he knew about the thefts of food (by WRA personnel), and its subsequent sale on the black market. Needing someone to blame for that evening's incident at the food warehouse, they accused my brother of being the instigator of the unrest among the internees. Recently received declassified records reveal that my brother was completely absolved from participating in the November 4 incident, or any other disturbance.³ Following his intermittent beating, which lasted all night, he was confined in the "Bull Pen" of the stockade.⁴ He remained there for ten months without due process of law guaranteed by both the United States and California Constitutions.

Two weeks after Tokio's confinement, my mother-in-law, who in the absence of my own mother had become very close to me and to my brother, finally arrived at Tule Lake. She was taken directly to the camp hospital, still seriously ill. (She was afflicted with cancer though it was still undiagnosed.) The news of my brother's beating and unwarranted imprisonment caused her additional grief.

Field Work By Anthropologist Rosalie Hankey

In spite of my own debility and the ill health of my children and mother-in-law, it was necessary for me to act as interpreter for my husband and in-laws. In the following months I also continued my efforts to secure my brother's release from the stockade. I repeatedly contacted the WRA camp authorities and the army officials in charge of the stockade, the American Red Cross, the Department of Interior, and even the Spanish Consul in San Francisco because the Spanish Legation had become the protecting power for Japanese nationals in America. However, my efforts were in vain and my brother continued to languish in the stockade.

More than six months following Tokio's imprisonment, Rosalie Hankey (Wax), one of several researchers of the Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement Study (JERS) sponsored by the University of California, Berkeley, was permanently assigned to Tule Lake in May 1944 after three short visits totalling not more than eighteen days. She represented herself to the internees, including myself, as an anthropologist from the University of California, sympathetic to what she called "our" cause, and one who could be trusted because she was only interested in doing her research.

Ingratiation And Betrayal Of Trust

At this time I was distraught by my personal and family problems and I desperately needed a person I could trust and confide in, and who would advise me or speak to the camp authorities on my behalf. I accepted Hankey's overtures and told her of the difficulties encountered just to survive with a little dignity. Hankey ingratiated herself to me so that I would continue the discourse and over time I was completely open with her on the strength of her promises that whatever information she obtained would be used exclusively for her dissertation, to be based on the lives of the internees at Tule Lake. Instead, she exploited my trust and damaged me irreparably by reporting details to the authorities I had revealed to her in confidence.⁵ Later the information she had obtained from me, and from other internees, under false pretexts, was also published in *The Spoilage*⁶ and *Doing Fieldwork*⁷, thereby further damaging my reputation, and theirs.

Hankey herself acknowledges the mercenary motives for her actions with this comment, "... most of the people (internees) with whom I tried to scrape up an acquaintance were troubled in mind and wanted to be left alone. But, if I acted like a decent human being and left them alone, how was I to earn my salary as a researcher?"⁸

Informants For The Spoilage

It is important to point out that although Rosalie A. Hankey is listed among the contributors to *The Spoilage* (the first volume of the JERS series), she now declines responsibility for writing or editing any part of that book, including the biographical notes. However, Marvin Opler, who was WRA Community Analyst at Tule Lake, identifies Hankey as the chief source of information on Tule Lake⁹, and neither Dorothy Swaine Thomas, the author, nor Richard S. Nishimoto, the co-author, were at Tule Lake while the Matsuda family was there, and neither ever met or corresponded with my husband or me. Yet, *The Spoilage* repeatedly refers to "H. Tsuchikawa, Mrs. H."¹⁰ It follows, therefore, that only Hankey who was at Tule Lake from May 1944 to May 1945, and who also uses the pseudonym "Tsuchikawa" for my husband and me in *Doing Fieldwork* could have had access to information about the Matsuda family.



Left Vi holding Kim, Jerome, Arkansas, WRA Center, May, 1943

Right Rei, Vi and Kimi in front of Barrack (44-08-11), Jerome, Arkansas, May, 1943

Like the other members of the Fresno Japanese community, my husband and I had been law-abiding and respected citizens with spotless records, as a search of my documents from the National Archives (including the FBI, Army and Navy Intelligences Services) recently revealed. However, within a few months of Hankey's arrival at Tule Lake (in May 1944) my reputation was blemished because of her innuendoes and other defamatory remarks. These took the form of references and aspersions directed against "Mrs. Tsuchikawa" such as "She assumed a position of leadership in the underground movement;" "the prominent Resegregationist;" "The more extreme among them (Resegregationists) such as Mrs. Tsuchikawa," "Mrs. Tsuchikawa and others were threatened with complicity in the Noma murder;" and so on. These references will be discussed in greater detail later.

Pseudonym*

For the moment it might be appropriate to return to my efforts to secure the release of my brother from the stockade, about which Hankey comments,

The meeting was held in the home of Mrs. Tsuchikawa, sister of Sadao Endo [Hankey's pseudonym for my brother Tokio] who had been arrested on November 4 and confined in the stockade. She assumed a position of leadership in the underground movement and also agitated constantly and openly for the release of her brother. In the course of time she came to be regarded by the administration as the instigator of most of the trouble that later developed."¹¹

In this quotation there are several fabrications and innuendoes which must be exposed: (1) "The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Tsuchikawa..." Hankey makes it sound as if it was part of a conspiracy, although the meeting consisted of family and friends who desired to see my brother released from the stockade. They met occasionally in my home at the invitation of my husband, Shigeru Matsuda, to see what could be done to resolve that issue. We were family and friends -- not agitators! (2) "She assumed a position of leadership in the underground movement..." This is a deliberate falsehood since Hankey was aware that in the 1940's, Japanese culture was completely male dominated. Hankey's statement contradicts the mores of Japanese society which placed a woman in a submissive relation to men and expected women not to engage in affairs which were the domain of males. Furthermore, had I, a young woman, tried to assume such a position of leadership, my husband would have been disgraced by my actions and I would have been embarrassed by trying to do a job which was the province of older, more experienced and respected male members of the Japanese community. In addition, in 1944, I was too busy trying to resolve personal and family problems to have the time or interest in camp politics. (3) "... She came to be regarded by the administration as the instigator of most of the trouble that later developed." As it turned out this was quite true, but only thanks to the fact that Hankey had branded me a "troublemaker", "resegregationist leader", "pressure group leader", etc. and a dossier was compiled about me -- substantiated from records I secured from the National Archives under the Freedom of Information Act, about which more information will be provided later.

* Photocopies of 3"x5" cards in the JERS File at the Bancroft Library, UC Berkeley, witnessed and verified by the Bancroft Reference Librarian, Annegret Ogden, are proof that pseudonyms, **Hanako Tsuchikawa** and **Mrs. Tsuchikawa** were assigned by Hankey to Violet K. de Christoforo, and **Sadao Endo** to her brother Tokio Yamane. (See End Notes)

Verification Of Allegations

One question immediately comes to mind: After three previous short visits totalling less than eighteen days, and one month before being permanently assigned to Tule Lake (in May 1944), how could Hankey have presumed to know all these details, including the allegation that Mrs. Tsuchikawa was a member of the underground pressure group? There were more than sixteen thousand internees at Tule Lake. In the brief period Hankey was there she would not have had the time to interview many of them.

When Dillon Myer, WRA National Director, visited Tule Lake on November 1, 1943, he was confronted by several thousand internees who presented him with a list of demands for redress of grievances. The meeting ended peacefully and, at the suggestion of my brother Tokio, the internees bowed in a gesture of gratitude and respect to the National Director before dispersing.

Night Of November 4

Yet, the display of public feeling "had thrown those of uneasy conscience [camp authorities] into a paroxysm of unreasoning terror."¹² On the night of November 4, a group of evacuees assembled near the motor pool to prevent the authorities from transporting the internees' food to the strikebreakers at a nearby camp. (The strikebreakers were detainees who had been brought in from other relocation centers to break the Tule Lake farm strike). My brother, who was attending a meeting of the Organization for the Betterment of Camp Conditions, was asked by Rev. Kai and George Kuratomi to go to the food warehouse area to try to restore calm. On the way there he was attacked without provocation by WRA Caucasian personnel and taken to the WRA office where he was severely beaten. Following the all-night ordeal, brother Tokio, Tom Kobayashi and Koji Todorogi were imprisoned in tents (later known as the "Bull Pen") under heavy guard on a site (selected by the Army) near the camp hospital.¹³

This was the beginning of what became known as the stockade which operated from early November 1943 to late August 1944. By the middle of December -- a full five months before Hankey's assignment to Tule Lake -- there were well over two hundred internees confined in the stockade, including alleged leaders and agitators, farm strikers and members of the Negotiating Committee.

Hunger Strike

The stockade was an important phase of every political issue between the camp authorities and the detainees; and between the stockade prisoners, their relatives and various internee groups claiming to represent the detainees; or to negotiate with the authorities for the release of the prisoners. However, by the end of December their efforts had failed and the stockade prisoners went on their first hunger strike, which lasted six days.

However, much of this unrest and the activities of the "underground pressure movement" for the release of the stockade detainees, took place long before Hankey's arrival at Tule Lake and all of her comments about what she called the "incarceration" had to be based on hearsay, rumor and gossip -- and even perhaps a few questionable records of opinionated and prejudiced administration officials. By the time Hankey was permanently assigned to Tule Lake in May 1944, all but about twenty-five of the stockade prisoners had been released -- but Tokio's imprisonment continued until 28 August 1944, after the third hunger strike.

Diverse Allegations

"She agitated constantly and openly for the release of her brother..." writes Hankey.¹⁴ Possibly because the stockade prisoners included those confined for political issues, Hankey gratuitously assumed that my brother was involved in camp politics and in the clandestine activities of the various groups. If she had properly familiarized herself with the circumstances she would have learned that my younger brother Tokio, then aged twenty-one, had been the foremost track and field athlete of his high school and had won the West Coast Relays Championship prior to the internment. And, as an athlete he was more interested in sports and athletics than in the partisan political activities of some of the Tule Lake internees. She also would have known that he had been asked by others to go to the warehouse area and diffuse any potential confrontation. Finally, an anthropologist should have understood that in the absence of our parents, I, as the older sister, had the responsibility of looking after my younger brother including attempting to secure his release from the stockade. But, disregarding the blatant travesty of justice as well as Japanese mores and traditions, all Hankey could say was that I "agitated constantly and openly for my brother's release."

In any case, neither "Mrs. Tsuchikawa", "Hideki Tsuchikawa" nor "Sadao Endo" ever belonged to the "underground group" which was led by Rev. Kai and Kuratomi and it would have been utterly impossible for Mrs. Tsuchikawa (me) to assume a "leadership position" in a group of which she was not even a member.

A second particular that must be considered is that the Tule Lake population must have included several thousand women. However, Hankey quotes or mentions by name only half a dozen or so women, attributing a few trivial comments to unnamed females whom she refers to only as "an older Nisei woman", "a Nisei girl", again "a Nisei girl", "a Kibei girl" and more in this vein. However, the ubiquitous Mrs. Tsuchikawa (the pseudonym Hankey gave me) is quoted, or blamed, no less than nine times in *The Spoilage* and no less than twelve times in *Doing Fieldwork*. Moreover, Hankey deviously uses only the last name "Tsuchikawa" several times so that the reader is left in doubt as to whether she refers to my husband or to me.

Unsubstantiated Accusations

In connection with the second hunger strike of the stockade prisoners, which took place in July, 1944, Hankey states that the Extremists abandoned their delaying tactics to secure the release of the detainees when they realized they could profit from the internees' sympathy for the stockade prisoners to raise funds for the expenses of their (Resegregationist) organization. She charges: "There is some evidence to support this contention, for a drive initiated at this time by Mrs. Tsuchikawa, Yamashita and others is said to have yielded a fund of \$2,000 to \$3,000, only \$500 of which was allocated to the Saiban-iin [legal committee] for the attorney's fee."¹⁵ How does Hankey reach such a conclusion, which is absolutely untrue, because I not only was not a resregationist, and I was not involved in any phase of the fund-raising effort. To make matters worse, by her statement, she falsely accuses me, along with Yamashita and others, of defrauding the internees of \$1,500 to \$2,500. Yet all she can say to substantiate her false and defamatory accusation is, "... there is some evidence to support this accusation"

- but refusing to reveal what that evidence might be.¹⁶ As a researcher who had told "Mrs. Tsuchikawa" (me) and many other Tule Lake internees, unequivocally, that she was a member of a university study which hoped to publish, after the war, an accurate account of events in the centers, was it not her task to uncover factual information rather than propagate gossip and rumor?

Absence Of Clear Unbiased Criteria

Hankey admits that when she went into the field she was technically and intellectually unprepared, knowing very little about Japanese Americans or interview and statistical methodology, but knowing something about "primitive" societies.¹⁷ If she had been more knowledgeable and experienced in dealing with the internees, she would have realized that those who had refused, or failed to answer the so-called loyalty questionnaire had been branded by the authorities as politically disloyal to the United States and potentially dangerous to the war effort, not because of what they had said or done, but because the official interpretation of "disloyalty" was based more upon emotion than upon behavioral attitudes. Hankey accepted as fact the stigma of disloyalty wrongly placed on some of the internees and let it overcome the intellectual honesty expected of a researcher of integrity.

Ignoring this crucial issue and not comprehending some of the factors which had fueled the resistance movement at Tule Lake, which included the indifferent relations between the administration and the internees, the inability of the project officials to explain the issues to the detainees, the mistakes made by the administration in defining the penalties for non-cooperation, and the use of duress in applying these penalties, Hankey obscures the reasons for the discontent of the internees.

Superficial Treatment Of Problems

From time to time some of the diverse internee groups merged to bring pressure on the administration, and eventually this clandestine assemblage gained considerable strength. Throughout the early months of 1944 the activities of this underground group were directed toward maintaining the "status quo" (passive non-cooperation with the army and camp authorities, continuance of the partial strike, refusal to betray the hidden leaders, and refusal to elect a new representative group), and the release of all stockade prisoners. A few months later Hankey came to Tule Lake and obtained some surface knowledge concerning the issues troubling the internees. Needing a focus to explain the situation in Tule Lake, Hankey remembered "Mrs. Tsuchikawa", who had confided to her about the problems at the center, and branded her as being the center of the resistance. Hankey's superficial treatment of the problems might be more convincing were it not for the following cogent considerations:

Hankey came to Tule Lake from the Gila Relocation Center where her performance as a field worker had been questioned by Dorothy Swaine Thomas, her superior, who regularly kept asking Hankey why she was not sending her the kind of voluminous data about the attitudes and events that Thomas desired.¹⁸ The situation worsened to the point that Hankey states "every letter I received from Dr. Thomas made it clear that I was not doing what she expected me to do ... and after about two months I began to see myself as a total failure."¹⁹ Finally, Thomas sent Richard S. Nishimoto, co-author of *The Spoilage*, to Gila to report on whether

Hankey should be fired or not. This visit strengthened Hankey's slowly developing realization that she could not do the kind of participant observation desired by Thomas.²⁰

Who Is Kira?

It would seem logical to assume that when Hankey came to Tule Lake, still smarting under Thomas' rebukes, she decided to submit the type of reports which would enhance her prestige and her worth in the eyes of her superior, and she began to spin a tale replete with exaggeration, half truths and misinterpretations. As Hankey reports, "... I had constructed an ideal model of "true Japanese" behavior -- for the Japanese and for myself -- and I proceeded (in my own mind) to criticize and despise anyone who deviated from this model."²¹

Further, Hankey gives an example of how this was accomplished,

...I found that Mr. Kira [Kinzo Wakayama, whom she had met only once and interviewed for approximately fifteen minutes] had not applied for denationalization. This surprised me, for Kira had been one of the most vigorous exponents of renunciation of citizenship -- for other people. Thereupon I once again talked to the Justice Department's investigators and suggested they call in Mr. Kira and question him about his loyalties in the presence of some of the young Hoku officers. Mr. Kira applied for denationalization.²²

Subsequently, he [Kira] was sent to Japan with other expatriates, and they were all once again confined in a "center", this time by the Japanese government. Many months later, a friend sent me a clipping from a California newspaper. The clipping told how a certain expatriate, Stanley Masanobu Kira, confined in a detention area in Japan, had appealed to the American Army to remove him because certain of the young men confined with him had threatened to kill him.²³

Sounds plausible enough, but in truth this is totally at variance with the facts. First, Kira was Hankey's pseudonym for Wakayama, not the name by which other internees knew him. That being the case, how can the newspaper article refer to "Kira" unless there was someone else -- not Kinzo Wakayama -- whose name was actually Stanley Masanobu Kira?

Kinzo Wakayama told me when we met in October 1987 that he was coerced by Justice Department agents who pointed a gun at his head to force his renunciation of American citizenship.

It should also be noted that Dr. Thomas made it perfectly clear to Hankey that on no account was she to give any information or "data" to the WRA, an admonition which Hankey did not follow at Tule Lake inasmuch as extensive information she secured from me and other internees found its way into the files of the WRA camp administration and other government agencies.²⁴

On my visit to Japan (October 1987) I managed to meet and talk with several expatriates, including Kinzo Wakayama. He and other expatriates related some of their internment experiences to me and were emphatic in stating that none of the expatriates from America were ever "detained" by the Japanese government, or the U.S. Army, and there were no such "centers" maintained either by the Japanese or the Occupation Forces, neither of which had any reason whatsoever to detain the expatriates and repatriates.

Noma Murder

Obviously this is another bit of misinformation Hankey includes in her book to lend a gloss of prestige and credibility, or to add a touch of color and authority to her story of Tule Lake, or perhaps because she never expected that any former internee forcefully deported to Japan might some day challenge her statements.

Takeo Noma (Hankey's pseudonym for Yaozo Hitomi, the manager of the Tule Lake Cooperative store) was murdered on the night of July 2, 1944, just a little over a month after Hankey came to Tule Lake. An interesting revelation is made by Hankey about this period, mid-June to mid-September 1944. Under the heading "I Became a Fanatic," she states,

... Once again I went a little crazy. I came to believe that observing and recording what went on at Tule Lake was my transcendental task, and I went about this task with an unflagging energy and relish that today seems rather frightening... I do not think that this manic or "battle-mad" state hampered my fieldwork... [but] I developed an unpleasant sense of self-righteousness.²⁵

Referring specifically to the Noma murder she continues, "When I heard that Mr. Noma had been murdered, I experienced a cruel and self-righteous satisfaction, for, as I told myself, the WRA and the Japanese accommodators had been asking for it for a long time, and now they had gotten it."²⁶

At this time (July 1944) I was still desperately trying to have my brother released from the stockade, I was doing my best to care for my mother-in-law, whose physical condition was worsening from day to day, I was afflicted with a serious sinus condition which required an operation shortly thereafter, and was taking care of my three sickly children who were usually in and out of the hospital. This is verified by clinical data from the Tule Lake hospital which states that my weight had gone down approximately twelve pounds from a normal of about ninety-three pounds. I was nervous and my appetite was poor. I often could not sleep at night, and felt dizzy while doing housework.²⁷

Under these unfavorable conditions I knew absolutely nothing of the Noma murder until the news of the killing was brought to me by Hankey herself, who was quite hysterical at the time, but I attributed her agitation to camp gossip of Hankey's role as a spy for the WRA, rumors of which were rampant at this time.

Version In *The Spoilage*

In discussing the Noma murder Hankey gives two entirely dissimilar accounts (by chance or by design?) in *Doing Fieldwork*²⁸ and in *The Spoilage*²⁹, where she accepts the version published in the *Tule Lake Cooperator* (a publication of the Cop) and, curiously enough, both of Hankey's versions differ substantially from the report of an unidentified witness to the murder.³⁰

Nevertheless, in her preoccupation with casting suspicion for the Noma murder on the various factions in Tule Lake, and on the internees she disliked, Hankey quotes part of a letter purported to have been written to Ernest Besig of the American Civil Liberties Union, Northern California Branch, by the "resegregationists" Mrs. Tsuchikawa and Kubo on July 11, 1944. Then, in an accompanying footnote Hankey goes on to say that, "an almost identical letter was sent by (members of the other faction) Abe, Kuratomi, Tada and others. The letter in question stated in part:

We were informed that sometime next week the Grand Jury of Modoc County will indict about half a dozen evacuees on charges of murder and conspiracy to murder...³¹
We are not in receipt of summons or subpoena as yet but we should expect it any day.

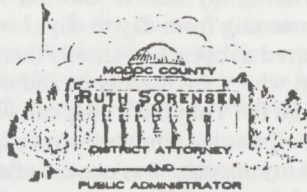
Veiled Accusations

Hankey speaks in generalities and makes veiled accusations about Mrs. Tsuchikawa's involvement in the Noma murder. That is to say, she plants the seeds of suspicion in the reader's mind, then as an afterthought, casually mentions that "... No indictment was made and the matter was dropped."³²

The truth of the matter is that I was never questioned by an investigator of the Modoc County District Attorney's office, or by anyone else about the murder, either at Tule Lake or at the County seat. Nor, for that matter, was I ever threatened with indictment. (See letter reproduced below.)

By the time Takeo Noma was murdered (on 2 July 1944) Hankey had been at Tule Lake about two months and, if her presumed familiarity with the activities of the "Resegregationists" and other factions is any indication, Hankey should have heard of a young internee identified only as Hisato K.,³³ who had been transferred to Tule Lake from Leupp, the WRA Arizona Penal Colony, and imprisoned in the stockade, but had been released a few months prior to the Noma murder. Following

OFFICE OF THE
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MODOC COUNTY COURTHOUSE
ALTURAS, CALIFORNIA 95101



TELEPHONE:
(916) 233-3636
EXTENSION 218
FAMILY SUPPORT:
EXTENSION 218

January 11, 1990

Mrs. Violet Kazue de Cristoforo
20121 Portola Drive
Salinas, CA 93908-1227

Dear Mrs. de Cristoforo:

The case records of the District Attorney's Office do not go back as far as 1944. I also checked the records of the Modoc County Clerk. They show no cases under the name of Matsuda. To my knowledge there are no records of Grand Jury activities for that period of time.

I hope this information is of help to you.

Sincerely,

Ruth Sorensen
RUTH SORENSEN
District Attorney

the murder Hisato was again apprehended by the authorities and questioned all night with the use of "third degree" methods.³⁴ Strange that Hankey should quote at length much of the camp gossip and speculation about the Noma murder but never once mention Hisato K.

WRA Official Accuses Hankey

In the middle of May 1945, Dr. Thomas ordered Hankey to leave Tule Lake "immediately" because of several accusations made by a Washington official of the WRA against Hankey. One of the charges made by this official was that Hankey had communicated with the Department of Justice.

In spite of Dr. Thomas' admonition not to give any information to government agencies, Hankey's cavalier attitude greatly damaged me when her untruths became known to the Department of Justice and, at a Justice Department hearing I requested in the spring of 1957, I was grilled for hours on end about the Noma murder and the spurious indictment -- subjects about which I knew absolutely nothing.

There is much more that could be said to disprove and refute the wild accusations Hankey has written about me in *The Spoilage* and *Doing Fieldwork*, and to pinpoint her distortions of facts and realities as they applied to the Tule Lake internees. However, in the interest of brevity, I will conclude this essay with a brief sketch of my postwar years in Japan.

Deportation To Postwar Japan

In March 1946, the Tule Lake Segregation Center was closed and my children and I were expatriated to Japan. My husband, who had previously been transferred to the Santa Fe Justice Department Camp for Enemy Aliens, repatriated to Japan where he married a Japanese woman. Consequently I was left with sole custody of my three American-born children.

In Japan we lived a life of unimaginable hardship because most transactions were done on a barter basis. Many of our necessities could only be purchased on the black market, at inflated prices. I should point out that when we were put on the ship to Japan we had little more than the clothes on our backs. Despite lacking job skills or business experience, I was able to eventually work at three different low-paid jobs concurrently, with the help of the Chief of Chaplains of the Australian Military Forces. However, unlike other American citizens in Japan, my wages were paid in devalued yen, not dollars.

Young Son And Daughter Returned To America

Unable to properly raise my children in war-devastated Japan and hoping that they might have improved opportunities in their native land, I made the heart-breaking decision in 1948 to send my son, aged twelve, back to America. U.S. consular officials refused to let me accompany him. He returned alone, friendless and without remembering a word of English. A few years later, in 1951, I again had to make the same distressing decision to send my daughter, age fourteen, back to the United States, alone and friendless, unable to speak English.

Why had the American authorities in Japan refused me permission to accompany my children back to the United States? As the consular officials in Kobe,

pany my children back to the United States? As the consular officials in Kobe, Japan explained to me after much pleading, my name had been placed on a so-called "black list" of undesirables by authorities at Tule Lake as a result of a dossier which had been assembled there concerning my alleged "trouble-making" and "pressure group" activities during my internment period.

Hankey As Primary Source Of Mis-Information

Because of those allegations, consular officials could not give me permission to accompany my children back to the United States -- in spite of the fact that I am an American-born citizen and had been told by Mr. Charles M. Rothstein of the Justice Department at the Tule Lake "Mitigation Hearings" (held prior to the deactivation of that center, to reconsider the internees' refusal to answer the purported loyalty questionnaire as well as their applications for expatriation to Japan) that I could return to the United States with my children whenever I so desired.

In view of the fact that, as I have explained throughout this account, so much information about myself, my family, and about other internees, in addition to that fabricated by Hankey, had been conveyed by her to the camp authorities, can there be any doubt that Rosalie Hankey was the primary source of the mis-information and false, defamatory accusations that eventually found their way into the hands of U.S. consular officials in Kobe, Japan?*

This issue becomes especially significant when it is recalled that Hankey's superior, Dr. Dorothy Swaine Thomas, ordered Hankey to leave Tule Lake "immediately" in mid-May 1945 because of the accusations levelled against Hankey by a Washington official of War Relocation Authority (WRA) that Hankey had communicated with the Department of Justice -- in spite of Thomas' injunction to Hankey not to give any information to government agencies.

Deep Psychic Scars

My children were unable to comprehend that my motive in returning them to America was solely to improve their future well-being. Nor could they perceive the political and legal convolutions of U.S.-Japan relations, which had been difficult from previous periods. They harbored resentment that I was rejecting them. To this day they have repudiated me, refusing to see me or have anything to do with me.

The distortions and unfounded accusations spread about me by Rosalie Hankey Wax have not only been devastating but has scarred my psyche, and that of my children. We cannot remake history. But having helped to bring about the disintegration of three generations of my family, I feel that Rosalie Hankey Wax is morally and legally obligated to recognize her unprincipled conduct and publicly

* The dossier was assembled on the basis of inaccurate, misleading, and denigrating references and accusations made by Rosalie Hankey Wax while a JERS researcher and fieldworker at Tule Lake, from 1944 to 1945.

My Affidavit, challenging those distortions and misleading statements made against me in *The Spoilage*, to which Hankey is listed as a contributor, and in *Doing Fieldwork: Warnings and Advice*, which she authored, was placed in the Manuscript Division of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, in 1988, at the suggestion of Dr. C. Judson King, the Provost, and Dr. Yori Wada, Chairman of the Board of Regents of the University of California, Berkeley.

apologize to me, my three children, the Matsuda family and to the other former Tule Lake internees.

-- Violet Kazue de Cristoforo
Salinas, California

From a paper, edited with minor revisions, presented to the Fifth National Conference of the Association for Asian American Studies, convened on March 24-27, 1988 at Washington State University, Pullman, Washington, USA.



Son Ken, first row, fourth from right. Spring 1946 Iimura Elementary School, Hiroshima, Japan



Daughter Rei (top row, extreme right). Spring 1946 Iimura Elementary School, Hiroshima, Japan

NOTES

1. For a detailed analysis of JERS, including information on Hankey, see Peter T. Suzuki, "The University of California Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study: A Prolegomenon." (1986)
2. For an account of my mother-in-law's terminal illness see, *A Victim of the Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study (JERS)* Affidavit of Violet Kazue de Cristoforo, 30 June 1987, Salinas, CA., pp. 52-55.
3. FBI Report, File No. 100-15311, made by M.E. Gurnea, San Francisco, CA, 12 14 43
4. Bernstein, Joan Z., et al., 1982, *Personal Justice Denied: Report of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians*, Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, pp. 210, 247.
5. de Cristoforo, op. cit., p. 41.
6. Thomas, Dorothy Swaine and Richard S. Nishimoto, with contributions by Rosalie A. Hankey, 1946. *The Spoilage*, Berkeley: University of California Press.
7. Wax, Rosalie H., *Doing Fieldwork: Warnings and Advice*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971.
8. Ibid., p. 71.
9. Opler, Marvin K., book review of *The Spoilage*, *American Anthropologist* 50, 1948, pp. 307-310.
10. Proof that this pseudonym was used for us is found in the Bancroft Library folder entitled, "True Names of Persons Hidden by Pseudonyms in *The Spoilage*," Call No. 67 14 wl.23. (See End Notes.)
11. Thomas, op. cit, p. 223.
12. Weglyn, Michi, 1976, *Years of Infamy*, New York: Morrow Quill Paperbacks, p. 162.
13. Bernstein, op. cit. Testimony of Tokio Yamane, p. 210.
14. Thomas, op. cit., p. 223
15. Ibid, p. 298.
16. Thomas, Idem, p. 298.
17. Wax, Op. Cit., p.64.
18. Ibid., p. 69.
19. Ibid., p. 71.
20. Ibid., p. 75. Hankey's emotional involvement in the affairs of the Tule Lake internees was first discussed by Peter T. Suzuki in "Anthropologists in the Wartime Camps for Japanese Americans: A Documentary Study," *Dialectical Anthropology* (1981) 6:23-60. Also, for a detailed analysis of Hankey's activities, especially with respect to "Kira", see Peter T. Suzuki, "The University of California Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study: A Prolegomenon" (1986) 10:204-205. Elsevier Science Publishers B.V.
21. Wax, Op. Cit., p. 65.
22. Wax, Op. Cit., p. 168; de Cristoforo, *A Victim of A Tule Lake Anthropologist*, March 24-27, 1988, p. 10.
23. Wax., Op. Cit., p. 65.
24. Ibid., p. 169; See also Suzuki, *Dialectical Anthropology* (1981) 6:31; de Cristoforo, Op. Cit., p.11.
25. Ibid., p. 139. See also Suzuki, *Dialectical Anthropology* (1981) 6:31.
26. Wax, Op. Cit., p. 140.
27. Out Patient Progress Record Ward Surgeon's Progress and Treatment Record, July 7, 1944, signed by Dr. G. K. Hashiba, General Services Administration, National Archives and Records, Washington, D.C. 20409.
28. Wax., op. cit., p. 137.
29. Thomas, op. cit., p. 271.
30. Tamura, Hidekazu, 1984, *The Nippon-U.S. War Within the Internment Compounds* (in Japanese), Tokyo, Aeronautics News Agency, p. 259.
31. Thomas, op. cit., p. 329.
32. Ibid., p. 301.
33. Drinnon, Richard, 1987, *Keeper of Concentration Camps: Dillon S. Myer and American Racism*, Berkeley, University of California Press, p. 108.
34. Drinnon, Op. Cit., p. 296.

RESPONSE BY ROSALIE H. WAX

I AM now 77 years old and retired. I do not have the strength for a point-by-point refutation. Even if I had the strength, a point-by-point refutation would not be necessary, since, as my last professional act, I deposited my fieldnotes concerning Tule Lake in the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley. These notes will indicate how and from whom I obtained my data.

I am responsible only for the books and essays on which my name appears as author. *The Spoilage* was written by Thomas and Nishimoto and they did not consult me about the text. I cannot assume responsibility for their statements. In many cases Mrs. de Cristoforo attributes to me statements made by other people or statements which Dr. Thomas obtained from other sources.

Finally, after the war, I neither testified nor gave evidence concerning the Nisei and Kibei who had renounced their citizenship and had been deported to Japan. My book, *Doing Fieldwork*, was published in 1971, five years after the deported Nisei and Kibei were permitted to return to the United States. (See Michi Weglyn, *Years of Infamy*, p. 254-65.)

-- Rosalie H. Wax

Professor Emeritus, Washington University
St. Louis, MO 24 May, 1988

FROM THE PREFACE, *DOING FIELDWORK*

... I have employed pseudonyms for the individuals, groups, peoples and locations mentioned in the book, except in those instances where concealment was unnecessary or futile or would excessively obscure the narrative. In two instances, out of admiration for the individuals involved, and after they personally gave me permission to do so, I have used the actual names of the participants: Joseph Kurihara and



Tule Lake 1945: in front of "home" (Barrack 6-11A) after disintegration of family. Mother-in-law had died; husband and brother Toki sent to Sante Fe Internment Camp; no word for many months from soldier/brother Dick in combat, Pacific theatre.

George Kuratomi. I suppose that even a third-rate amateur detective could, with a little trouble, find the real locations and groups where the fieldwork was conducted. However, I must warn this detective that I have tried to shield personal identities, and he might be in trouble if he leaped to conclusions about individuals. On the other hand, I suppose that I ought to add that if anyone thinks he recognizes himself in one of my portraits and is troubled by this, preferring to be revealed more openly or hidden more thoroughly, I invite his correspondence and, if there should be future editions of the book, I will endeavor to alter the text or take other appropriate action.

-- Rosalie H. Wax

Doing Fieldwork, University of Chicago Press, 1971

FURTHER CLARIFICATION

from correspondence with Violet de Cristoforo

Your letter asks many questions, most of which are answered in my Affidavit and in the paper I presented at WSU as well as in my previous letters to you, but I will attempt to answer the questions in the order in which you ask them. However, before I begin I should state that *my refutations in the Affidavit and the WSU manuscript are based solely on statements made by Hankey about Mrs. Tsuchikawa (me) in The Spoilage (1946) and in Doing Fieldwork (1971)*

As to the validity of the JERS study, of which *The Spoilage* was an important part, Richard Drinnon, author of *Keeper Of Concentration Camps*, states: "By its very name the Japanese Evacuation and Resettlement Study (JERS) signaled the acceptance of the official lie that the great uprooting and the mass imprisonment had been a mild "Evacuation" followed by a helpful "Resettlement". In the field and in their postwar publications, Dorothy Swaine Thomas and her JERS researchers set the pattern for academic acceptance of that core lie by tucking reality away beneath the supposedly value-free language of the social sciences."

And, in his comments about the same JERS Study, Peter Irons, author of *Justice At War*, says in part, "... The Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement Study [JERS] placed a group of involuntary exiles -- some 120,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry confined for up to four years in desolate concentrations camps -- under the scrutiny of University of California social scientists. Their work raised serious professional and ethical issues that remain alive..."

Clifford I. Uyeda, Editor of "Focus", a publication of the National Japanese American Historical Society, and past president of the Japanese American Citizens League (JACL), also questions the JERS Study stating in the November, 1989 issue of that periodical, "Most scholars now agree that JERS made a serious mistake in giving information obtained in confidence as research materials to the camp authorities and to the FBI. This ruined lives, particularly that of Ernest Kinzo Wakayama, a WWI veteran, and Kazue Matsuda (now Violet Kazue de Cristoforo)." --from Ichioka, Yuji, ed. 1989. *Views from Within: The Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement Study*. Los Angeles, California, University of California.

My other manuscript, "A Victim of a Tule Lake Anthropologist," an up-dated and condensed form of the Affidavit, was the basis of my oral presentation at WSU on March 27-28, 1988.

Re: Kinzo Wakayama: Wakayama has not read *The Spoilage*. He only knows about it from what I told him of it when I interviewed him in Japan in 1987. Please see my reference to Wakayama, pp. 10-11, in my WSU paper.

During the last decade or so I have interviewed numerous former Tule Lake internees who were expatriated/repatriated to Japan after the war and, without exception, none of them knew of the publication of *The Spoilage* (1946) and *Doing Fieldwork* (1971), or how they had been depicted in those books.

Those former Tule Lake internees, who now live throughout Japan, told me of the many informers who had been detained in the stockade, or had resided in the barracks area, and emphatically stated that they were convinced those informers supplied most of the information published in those two volumes, especially since those former internees believe many of those informers had been placed in the stockade as stool pigeons and agents provocateurs.

As for the former internees now living in the U.S., I have been in contact with many of them at gatherings, reunions and conventions, and by correspondence and they told me they either had not heard of the two books or had not read them because they question the reliability of the information they contain, or because they wanted to forget the shabby and mendacious manner they had been characterized in those books.

Therefore, without an opportunity to interview those survivors, even the relatively small number of scholars and researchers who know of Hankey's books are probably not aware of the biases and unethical research methods she used to compile *The Spoilage* and *Doing Fieldwork*.

Therefore, before Peter Suzuki and I became interested in Hankey's so-called research at Tule Lake no one challenged her intellectual honesty and her careless and arbitrary interpretation of her findings.

Yes, it undoubtedly would have been more interesting and more advantageous if I had known Peter Suzuki before 1986. If that had been the case we might have been able to collaborate more closely and effectively in exposing even more strongly Hankey's lack of objectivity and accuracy.

Just to refresh your memory, I might remind you that my in-laws, and my late former husband, simply did not interpret Questions 27 and 28 as applying to them and left them unanswered. Because of necessity I, too, went along with their decision and did not answer either question. (See Affidavit, pp. 11-13 for details). Also please see WRA booklet "Segregation" (Aug. 1943) for additional details.

Another instance of deception and misleading information circulated about the internees stated that my former husband, Shigeru Matsuda, had gone back to Japan several times before the war, and had been a member of many patriotic societies in Japan. As a matter of fact, he had never gone back to Japan until his repatriation at the end of the war and never belonged to any societies there.

Re: Toki's beating: The WRA Report in question is scanty and unreliable. For more detailed and reliable information please see: (a) Toki's testimony to the CWRIC in *Rikka* and *Personal Justice Denied* (Report of the CWRIC); (b) Richard Drinnon, *Keeper of Concentration Camps*; (c) My Affidavit, pp. 24-26 and pp. 42-3, 48; and my WSU paper, pp. 6-8.

Re: History of Area B, Tule Lake: Information in *The Spoilage* is not very accurate. We did not check to see if material is available in Bancroft, but it might be. Drinnon refers to it on pp. 110-11 of *Keeper Of Concentration Camps*.

Re: Mrs. Tsuchikawa-Tomoichi Kubo Letter: I have no knowledge of this letter to Besig, and Hankey's "fieldnotes" were not to be found in Bancroft.

Re: "This dump...": Hankey states I said this but, in reality, anyone could have made that statement because those were the prevailing feelings around Tule Lake at the time. The unrest and chaos stemmed from the fact that WRA's hopes for a segregation center for "like-minded people" had not been realized and the internees were discontented and unruly. Again, no "fieldnotes" were available at Bancroft when Dr. Suzuki and I were there in 1986, and there is no way to determine how accurate Hankey's statements are.

In both *The Spoilage* and *Doing Fieldwork*, Hankey, for reasons better known to herself, has attempted to fit the detainees into a mold. Those whom she disliked were depicted as wicked, malicious and ill-natured. Contrariwise, she attributed quasi-spiritual qualities to those she liked and considered her friends. Among the "good guys" were Kai, Kuratomi (both of whom had come from Jerome) and Tsuda (the Tule Lake detainee police chief). All three were ardent resegregationists who had persuaded their followers to renounce their citizenship, agitate for resegregation, and expatriate to Japan.

However, while in the stockade all three of them underwent a change of heart and did not inform their followers of their about-face. The result was that their ill-considered action increased the dissension and animosity between their followers and the rest of the internees. (For more details please see my Affidavit, pp. 35-36, and Suzuki's published material.)

Re: "References to me as 'Resegregationist leader': This is another example of Hankey's careless interpretation of facts and her penchant for type-casting internees. The fact that I was never a "leader" of any group is amply discussed in various passages in my Affidavit.

Re: "Split between Abe/Kuratomi/Tada factions and Kubo/Tsuchikawa factions: " ONO Gentaro (who was given the pseudonym "Kubo" by Hankey), and MATSUDA, Shigeru (who was given the pseudonym Tsuchikawa, Hideki), arrived in Tule Lake after it became the Segregation Center in 1943, and were transferred to Santa Fe in 1944. Matsuda, of course, was my husband, but *I know very little about Kubo, or the members of the other faction* [Emphasis mine - Editor].

-- Violet K. de Cristoforo

GENERAL COMMENTS

KATO: (Real name was Yoshiyama): I knew him only slightly at Tule Lake, where he was the Secretary of the Kokoku Seinen Dan (Youth Organization) and was said to have been intimate with Hankey. As stated in *Doing Fieldwork* (pp. 156-60) Hankey gained considerably from her association with Kato. Kato had expected Hankey to write about "his" side of the story and trusted her implicitly. Instead he, too, was manipulated by Hankey. Kato died a few months before I was to interview him in Japan in 1987. I don't know where his diary is but at least one very personal letter from Kato to Hankey is on file at the Bancroft Library.

TADA, Mitsugu (pseudonym): The ex-convict police chief of Tule Lake was known among the internees as the wealthy and powerful vice king and was reported to have had a large following, particularly among the convict police. He had been arrested and placed in the stockade in November 1943, along with KAI and KURATOMI, and they were still there when Noma was murdered.

It was the Issei who were most outraged by Rev. Kai's and Kuratomi's association with the disreputable ex-camp police chief Tada, while they were in the stockade and after their release. For the former internees who had followed Rev. Kai, their Buddhist priest, to Jerome and then to Tule Lake it was a crucial time. It is possible that Kai's and Kuratomi's intentions were honorable at first but, when they sided with Tada, without informing their followers, their treacherous act left the members of Kai's former Fresno congregation -- which included my relatives and friends -- absolutely devastated. This betrayal is still talked about by some of the elderly members of the Fresno Nikkei community.

As for the Noma murder, although Tada was in the stockade at the time, it seems very strange that the murderer(s) has/have not been apprehended to this day. The camp not only was located in a desolate area, but was ringed by a double fence of barbed wire, guarded by armed sentries in watch towers. In addition, the camp was under the jurisdiction of the WRA Security Police (Caucasian), Army and FBI investigators, and a large force of detainee police (formerly under Tada's control) operating among the internees - a situation which would truly appear to be escape-proof. As a matter of fact, the culprit(s) was/were never reported to have escaped, yet remain(s) free to this day.

Hankey's Betrayal of Those Who Had Trusted Her

The Issei and Nisei, who have always respected intellectuals and scholars, had believed Hankey when she told them that any interviews she had with them would be used only for her doctoral dissertation. Instead, Hankey made fools of those who had trusted her and used whatever information she gleaned from them for her self-aggrandizement and professional advancement.

Worse yet is her brazenness in exposing her betrayal of one group to another (*Doing Fieldwork*, p. 161), knowing that KURIHARA, TACHIBANA, YOSHIIYAMA, WAKAYAMA, MATSUDA, YAMANE, and others she had targeted had been expatriated to Japan and had no knowledge of *The Spoilage* and *Doing Fieldwork* (the former to which she had been a contributor, and the latter which she had authored), or how they (those detainees), had been used by Hankey, who long ago had switched her allegiance and support to Kai, Kuratomi and Tada, her most recent proteges and stool pigeons.

Hankey had ample opportunity to do this because *The Spoilage* was published in 1946, but *Doing Fieldwork* was not published until 1971 (during which period her close association with Kuratomi continued to flourish even after his relocation to the East Coast). This hiatus gave Hankey the time she needed to remold the characters of the Tule Lake internees so as to enhance her position as the supposed authority on that phase of the Japanese American internment.

Hankey gives no indication of remorse and has no conception of what those she names as "suspects" in the Noma murder would have to do to clear their names. Although I was able to clear my name of the calumnious accusations and innuendoes she made in *The Spoilage* and in *Doing Fieldwork* (as indicated in personal correspondence to me from the Office of Ruth Sorensen, District Attorney of Modoc County), how does Hankey propose to rectify the gratuitous charges made in the two books about "Mrs. Tsuchikawa's" so-called complicity, and that of the other internees, beyond her statement (on p. 301 of *The Spoilage*) that, "Legal

intervention proved unnecessary, for no indictment was made and the matter was dropped." How does such an irrelevant non-sequitur succor any of Hankey's many victims?

-- Violet K. de Cristoforo
Salinas, CA

Two Letters to Rosalie Hankey Wax

1.

I **THANK** you for your letters and the material you have sent me. I have carefully read your book, *Doing Fieldwork*, as well as *The Spoilage*, and other relevant texts extensively.

I would like to request your clarification of a passage in *Doing Fieldwork* (pp. 168-189) where the following appears: "... a friend sent me a clipping from a California newspaper. The clipping told how a certain expatriate, Stanley Masanobu Kira, confined in a detention center in Japan, had appealed to the American army to remove him because certain of the young men confined with him were threatening to kill him." This clipping, which has been, and still should be, in your possession, might be concrete evidence and a material display for researchers. Otherwise, its omission detracts from the validity of your work, especially since the date and name of the newspaper is not given.

Another passage that raises serious questions in my mind appears on page 301 of *The Spoilage*, which reads "An investigator from the office of the District Attorney in Madoc County came to the project and undertook intensive questioning of Abe, Kuratomi, and Tada as well as such Resegregationist leaders as Mrs. Tsuchikawa, Kira and Kubo. Several of them were taken to the County seat for further questioning. The belief that they would be indicted by the Grand Jury for complicity in the murder became widespread. This is followed on page 329 by the following reference: "Early in September, relations between the factions were further strained when leaders of both (Kubo, Mrs. Tsuchikawa and others from the Resegregationists; Abe, Kuratomi and Tada from the other faction) were threatened with indictment for complicity in the Noma murder."

Inasmuch as reliable sources confirm that you were the sole JERS staff assigned to Tule Lake as fieldworker, it is reasonable to conclude that you are responsible for the assembly of the foregoing data, that is, this passage is based on your Tule Lake Field Notes.

If anyone were "threatened with indictment for complicity in the Noma murder", it would seem reasonable to assume that such serious charges would be carefully documented by evidence that is verifiable: court records, specified newspaper clippings or WRA reports, etc. Such a grave accusation, without factual support, would seem morally irresponsible and legally indefensible.

"Complicity in murder" is a felony subject to criminal prosecution. Should the accused be innocent of such incriminating charge, the perjorative innuendos you have expressed would prejudice any fairness due the accused and, as well, inflict profound psychological trauma on those wrongfully portrayed as criminals.

The candor in *Doing Fieldwork* is commendable. The work is very personal, some of it notably subjective. I am able to put myself in your place. I am impressed by your critical self reflection and consequent vulnerability. In reading *Doing*

Fieldwork I often thought of how I would feel gathering information among the Mixtec, for example, and how they in turn might perceive me. I appreciated the enormous challenges you faced in your first post-graduate field work.

You are obviously a person of extraordinary energy, shrewdness and personal appeal to have gained the confidence of Joe Kurihara and "Hanako Tsuchikawa", among many others. I am puzzled, however, why you should "feel sorry" for "Mrs. Tsuchikawa", one of your principal informants, whom you held in unreserved antipathy and distrust.

Should not past wounds be healed? And should not those who are innocent be cleared of unfounded accusations and appropriately redressed for misrepresentation or defamation of character, so that all concerned may be at peace with themselves and others?

2.

I HAVE been absorbed in your text book for social anthropologists, *Doing Fieldwork*, the first half of which focusses on your experience in Tule Lake, the other half on your field work in several Indian reservations. Unfortunately, while *Doing Fieldwork* may be familiar to a few research scholars, it is less well known to ethnic historians.

Although your book is well written, in my view *Doing Fieldwork* is a personal account rather than a detached, objective study of your experiences as a social anthropologist in the internment camps for Japanese, notably Tule Lake.

You frankly discuss your personal animosities and, admirably, expose your vulnerabilities too, in a context in which your intense antipathy for certain internees, particularly "Mrs. Tsuchikawa" (Violet de Cristoforo) leads you to demonize her throughout the text. It is strange that the same person whom you despise should also serve as one of your valued informants.

Although you decline to engage in a point by point refutation of the accusations directed to you by Violet de Cristoforo, is it not obligatory for a scholar to defend the veracity of her data and interpretations when challenged? Is not an academician accountable when her methodology is challenged and her credentials questioned?

Can a social science investigative report be unbiased and impartial if strong prejudice is manifested toward a subject informant? In portraying "Mrs. Tsuchikawa" as an arch villain throughout your text, without substantive evidence, it becomes too apparent to the layman that you are exploiting her circumstantial vulnerability while denigrating her character and integrity -- a cruel and painful betrayal of trust.

It should be expected that cultural anthropologists and field workers will consult *Doing Fieldwork* and *The Spoilage* with an open, critical mind and carefully investigate, cross check and question your data and interpretations. Social science researchers will be intrigued why such a large measure of personal animosity toward a few key informants in your JERS field work is allowed to obfuscate an ostensibly objective investigation.

And had Thomas and Nishimoto not consulted you about the text of *The Spoilage*, as you maintain, this also raises questions why, in both the former book and in *Doing Fieldwork* (your work of 1971) -- in both instances -- "Hanako Tsuchikawa" is the pseudonym you have given Kazue Matsuda (Violet de Cristoforo).

-- George Yamada

Doing Fieldwork: Warnings and Advice by Rosalie Hankey Wax. University of Chicago Press. 1971 ISBN 0-226-86949-0 pp. 295 pbk. \$20.00

I perused with interest (and some unsettling reaction) your paper presented at the Washington State University forum. I say "unsettling" because it reminded me of some of the distasteful testimony presented to the CWRIC, including that of a "sociologist" who had been sent in to the camps to "study" the inmates. I was quite offended that the government not only herded us into barbed-wire camps, but then sent in people to "study" us like some foreign beings. I expressed my resentment to the witness and we had a bit of heated exchange. But I stand by my view.

-- William K. Marutani

Member of the Commission on Wartime Relocation
and Internment of Civilians.

20 May, 1988

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SPOILAGE

by Dorothy Swaine Thomas and Richard S. Nishimoto

A Commentary by **MARVIN K. OPLER**, WRA Community Analyst,
Manzanar and Tule Lake internment camps,
from *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 50, 1948, pp 307-31

THIS BOOK is the first of a series of three on consequence of evacuation for 110,000 Japanese-Americans uprooted in 1942 from homes in three Pacific coast states. A second volume, *The Salvage*, promises to treat of resettlement in eastern and mid-west states. The third, already titled *The Residue*, will concern that population segment which ultimately returned to coastal areas. The total study, projected according to the Preface as early as 1942, has support from Rockefeller, Columbia and Giannini foundations. We are told that it was originally, if anything, more ambitious in conception than now appears; but even so the participants and Dr. Thomas as director deserve commendation for seeing it through to publication. The University of California at Berkeley likewise had a hand in these efforts and as a result becomes, along with the Library of Congress archives, an official repository of governmental documents evoked in this process.

In a broader sense, *The Spoilage* is part of a larger literature. Under imprimatur of the United States Department of the Interior several volumes on evacuation and resettlement have already appeared in a completed series. One of these, somewhat parallel to the Thomas-Nishimoto study, is called *Impounded People* and the work of social scientists -- F.H. Spicer, K.Luomala, A. Hansen and the reviewer. The interested reader will profit by consulting and comparing these two studies and, in

addition, ten other volumes prepared by the War Relocation Authority, not to mention Leighton's *Governing of Men*, LaViolette's *Americans of Japanese Ancestry*, McWilliams' *Prejudice* and Lind's *Hawaii's Japanese*. Surely, evacuation and resettlement produced a literature. It already reaches far beyond the scope of *The Spoilage*.

Having identified this study in the context of a research field, it remains to assess its usefulness for the specialist and for the general field of anthropology. It contains a Preface on methodology for the entire series; next an eighty-page account of evacuation, center settlement, Army loyalty registration and the beginnings of the Tule Lake Center in northern California; finally there follows a three-hundred page discussion of this specific center after it became the segregation center of the War Relocation Authority, War Department and Department of Justice. The Preface begins bravely with a statement of the "interdisciplinary approach of the study (sociology, social psychology, anthropology, political science and economics)". This method, we are told, resulted "in a situation analogous to differential diagnosis" and provided a check upon a major methodological problem, that of separating "subjective ad hoc interpretations from the more objective behavioral records." The book ends on page 380 without adequately demonstrating the utilization of these abundant resources.

For one thing there is the somewhat dogmatic assertion that economic data were unobtainable. Concerning anthropology, it is apparent that neither of the authors attempted any field work warranting the name in this specific center. To be sure, there is mention of the use of trained observers, twelve divided among several centers, who "had university training in one or more of the social sciences." In addition, three Caucasian staff members resided in centers, the segregation center assignment, upon which most of the book is based, being in the hands of *a fieldworker who made three brief visits in 1944 and then remained in residence most of the year from May 1944 to the following May.* [Italics mine -- an obvious reference to Rosalie Hankey -- Editor]. While four contributors are listed, *only one was at Tule Lake* when "the spoilage" of segregation operated, a period of over two years. [Italics mine - Editor]. Dependence upon one person [Rosalie Hankey, now Wax] for major contributions led, in turn, to undue credence afforded about two dozen factional leaders who happened to impress the fieldworker, during the year period, as knowing the Center. The basic contrast lies between the first eighty pages, which are excellent, contain wide sampling and inter-center comparison, and the marked tendency toward incomplete coverage and sensationalistic opinion which follows. Actually, Mr. Robert Billigmeier, who certainly understood and covered his center of 13,000 people up to the point of segregation, extends this objectivity still further into the chapter, "Segregation". But around page 100, the penchant for quoting "an Issei", "Kibei" or "Nisei" stands out since context is generally lacking; on pages 101-102, for example, "Kibei" are stereotyped and oversimplified on the basis of two short quotations from two of their number. After three years at Tule Lake, with a staff of sixteen technical assistants, hundreds of contacts and a tendency to sample opinion by block, area of the center, faction, personality variant, age and status group, I am greatly dubious of such oversimplifications.

The reliance of one fieldworker upon testimony of a few dozen persons among thousands available is, of course, a highly vulnerable method; and, since the

technique of description is governed by quotations from these individuals rather than by analytic procedures, there is a certain amount of careless interpretation specifically resulting from overstress on one set of factional leaders (Daihyo Sha Kai) and the boundless credence afforded them, which reifies their rationalizations. On page 103, the authors remark "a tendency among large numbers of Tuleans toward narrowly opportunistic decisions to hold to the status of 'disloyalty' " -- the term "Tuleans" here referring to a rival faction apparently. In several reports written before, during and after segregation, we pointed out carefully that pontifications about "opportunism", based on the "loyalty-disloyalty" labels, were actually misleading since these labels had long since lost any objectively significant meaning in the maelstrom of emotionalized reactions to consistently discriminatory treatment. In Denver, before the baleful program of segregation went into effect, we argued against it, predicted its immediate and long-range results, and finally indicated that the only valid distinctions which could be sought within this



Staff of Dr. Marvin K. Opler, Community Analysis Section, Tule Lake WRA Internment Center

population would be cultural identifications and socio-economic status, not political determinations; family typologies, not loyalties; emotionalized reactions, not consistent international programs. It is surprising to find the old labels applied, amid pontifications, years later.

With social, cultural, economic and psychological analysis lacking at points in the record, a factional interpretation threads through the final three hundred pages. On page 110, the same Tuleans of the rival faction are castigated for an alleged control of the Co-operative Enterprises of the Center: "There were no major positions left unfilled" when people arrived from other centers. On page 168, this inaccuracy is swallowed with the rumor, "Residents had noted that fruits...on purchase by (the government) were conspicuously absent from the messhalls but were on sale in the Co-operative's canteens." This last refers to a million-and-a-half dollar enterprise undergoing regular, periodic audit by both governmental

agency and reputable private firms. In the event the reader remains unconvinced by these allegations of opportunism, job monopoly and the supposed dishonesty rampant among six thousand Tuleans, their factional leader receives the sociological description of "dressy and dandified" and his chief cohort is implied to have been "opportunistic" in decisions to safeguard a son "of draft age". A Mr. Tada (pseudonym) of a more-favored rival faction likewise had a son of draft age, but this fact is not adduced in accounts of his heroics. On pages 117-119, this favored faction is described as having duly elected a representative body "in about the proper proportions, but some blocs of transferees were markedly over-represented and were soon able to obtain and hold positions of control in the organization"; on page 142, this curious contradiction is doubly confounded when we learn that the elections of October 16th, "in proper proportions" yet "markedly over-represented" by some blocs of transferees, were completed on November 4th by "arrangements for electing the permanent representative body." Staff members and Center contacts who were selected into this representative body give no indication of a bona fide elective process.

The contradictions in *The Spoilage* arise from credence given to accounts written up and mimeographed by the favored faction months later. On page 131, the favored faction is credited with community support of the now-famous November 1st Incident, contrary to all evidence in print. On page 140, Mr. Myer, Director of the Authority, is alleged to have unwillingly attended a staff meeting in the nearby town of Tule Lake; there was no such meeting outside Center confines. At another point, the favored faction is credited with having eluded administration notice while "organizing their protest movement" (p. 120) whereas, in truth, there was practically daily contact. On pages 153, 157 and 158, the Center mimeographed newspaper is quoted first as calling, later as cancelling, a meeting between Daihyo Sha Kai (Negotiating Committee) and the Army and WRA; again the Daihyo Sha Kai position is presented approvingly, unmindful of the fact that for several issues, following Army control of the center, the paper was published under direct and exclusive control of the Negotiating Committee alone and that no meeting with the Committee had been sanctioned by the Colonel in command and certainly none cancelled. The point of these corrections, and of scores of others for which there is neither time nor space, is that well-heated attempts to play sides in factional disputes which rend any aggrieved and disaffected community are only possible where the proper interpretation of factionalism in general is lacking. Certainly factionalism is a matter of prime importance in a field called applied anthropology. Equally, there is no substitute for field work in community studies.

While the study contains certain details of the caste system of Tule Lake and much commentary -- through WRA, War and Justice department official documents -- on the cruder forms of policy manipulation of the Center, it fails to explain the cultural revivalism which flourished there and is implicit in the steps leading to citizenship renunciation. Ending with renunciation rather than with Center closure, the entire final chapter of Center history is missing, including the complete transformation of Tule Lake to the most relocation-minded Center of all. The anthropologist interested in cultural revivalistic phenomena must look elsewhere, though this case is perhaps the most striking and controlled experiment in social psychology to be found anywhere. As a result, Tule Lake is given too much the cast of a "disloyal" center where "disloyals" were treated badly. *The Spoilage* becomes

an excellent source book on government documents, but the treatment of daily rumors and the ebb and flow of opinion are subordinated to the presentation of factional claims; and there is practically nothing on Center art and religion, recreation, welfare and economic status. Obviously, the 19,000 men, women and children cramped in a square mile of tar-papered "theater of operations" barracks do not emerge as people. The effects of discriminatory and racist treatment are only in part reflected. And the need in social science apparently is to know the possible limitations of a few dozen informants or where the document ends and broad social analysis begins.

-- Marvin K. Opler

Occidental College, Los Angeles, CA
from *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 50, 1948

THE SPOILAGE, *Japanese American Evacuation and Resettlement During World War II* by Dorothy Swaine Thomas and Richard S. Nishimoto, University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1946, California Library Reprint Series Edition 1974 ISBN:0-520-02637-3

WHEN PAUPERS DANCE

by Szloma Renglich, translated from the Yiddish by Zigmund Jampel
Montreal: Vehicule Press 1988 ISBN 0-919890-79-2
Autobiographical novel, pp. 228, pbk. \$12.95

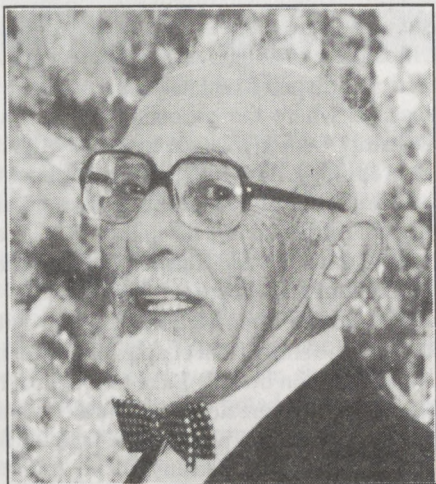
WHEN PAUPERS DANCE is the author's autobiography from his birth, just two years before the outbreak of the Great War of 1914-18 in a small suburb of Lublin, Poland, until 1928, when he reaches the "mature" age of sixteen.

The title of the book is taken from the saying, "When rich men dance, they just get happier. But when paupers dance, watch out for a broken leg."

If it can be said that some individuals are born under an unlucky star, then Schloime Renglich must surely qualify for that dubious honor.

Life is difficult for the Polish boy from the day he was born in a one-room wooden shack, without a sink or running water, furnished only with an iron bed, a wooden crib, a table and a few rough chairs. When his father, a poor Lublin shoemaker, is inducted into the army at the outbreak of the Great War of 1914-18, his mother is forced to become the breadwinner of the family and must support herself, Schloime and his younger sister, as well as her own handicapped mother, the elder "Babbe," as best she can.

While his father is at the front the



Wilfred H. de Cristoforo

family is dispossessed by a brutish landlord and Schloime's mother is forced to sell her husband's clothes, her wedding band, and her mother's last piece of jewellery to pay the security and the first month's rent for another squalid one-room flat.

Schloime's mother and the downstairs Jewish family become friends and, since both women have to earn a living, the boy and his sister are left in the care of the neighbor's young children while Babbe is hospitalized and near death. While the children are trying to rock Schloime and his sister to sleep the cradle breaks and falls on him, breaking his right leg, which does not heal properly and becomes shorter than the other.

During the entire war period, Schloime's mother receives only two letters from her husband and the family continues to live in such abject poverty that Schloime does not even own a toothbrush until many years later, when he is twenty-eight years old. At the close of hostilities his father does not return home. Instead he divorces Schloime's mother.

An old Jewish saying asks, "Misery, where are you rushing?" "Where else? To the pauper's house!" In this case "Misery" has taken up permanent residence with young Schloime and his family and from this period on a sequence of misfortunes befalls him until, in the end, he finally locates his mother who sometime ago unexpectedly had gone to Warsaw to improve her financial position, only to find that she has sunk into the depths of degradation and despair. And now it is up to him, at the "mature" age of sixteen to become the breadwinner and provider not only for himself, but for his younger sister and his aged grandmother as well. *When Paupers Dance* is a somewhat depressing narrative of the life of some Polish Jews in the "between-the-wars" period. But it is also a suggestion of the heights to which the human spirit can aspire, and occasionally reach.

A book worth reading!

-- Wilfred H. de Cristoforo
Salinas, California

**HAWAII, END OF THE RAINBOW BY
KAZUO Miyamoto 1964 - ISBN 0-8048-0233-
5 pbk. pp. 509 Rutland, Vt. Tokyo, Japan
Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc.**

**ONE MAN'S JOURNEY: A Spiritual Autobiography
by Kazuo Miyamoto 1981 ISBN 0-93874-01-4 pbk. pp.
120 \$6.95 Honolulu: Honpa Hongwanji Mission of
Hawaii 1727 Pali Highway, Honolulu, Hawaii 06813**

KAZUO MIYAMOTO was born in 1900 on a Big Island, Hawaii sugar plantation, the eldest of nine children in a family of extremely modest means. Upon finishing high school in Honolulu, he went on to Stanford University and completed his medical education at Washington University, St. Louis and his internship in Omaha. Although I had been briefly in correspondence with Dr. Miyamoto in an earlier period, I regret not having met him personally before his death in 1984.

Miyamoto, who was possessed of a rare, searching, if not scholarly mind, was completely bilingual in both written and spoken Japanese. (In the early '30s, he spent two years in Japan to acquire a Ph.D. from Tokyo University.) As a prominent Hawaiian Japanese American, he was interned during World War II — despite his birthright USA citizenship — in mainland WRA (War Relocation Authority) concentration camps, notably Tule Lake, where he served — at \$19.00 a month — on the medical staff. Violet, nee Yamane, (then Matsuda) de Cristoforo remembers Dr. Miyamoto whom she held in highest esteem when she was a patient under Dr. Miyamoto's care at the Tule Lake internment center hospital.

Following the post-war years, Miyamoto became a veritable globetrotter, recording his impressions in several published accounts. Reading his autobiographical novel, *HAWAII, End of the Rainbow*, published in 1964 by Tuttle (subsequently issued in eight successive reprintings), a work of considerable literary imagination, impressed this critic that few have lived so disciplined a life, rich in both external experiences and inner search for meaning.

"To become naked, to reveal honestly the past doings and thoughts of one's life as autobiography must be, takes a great deal of courage", writes Miyamoto (p. 9, *One Man's Journey*). "For me," he continues, "the example I always remember is an early work of Lafcadio Hearn, *Karma*, about which Miyamoto says:

"Until my sixteenth year, my schooling in Hawaii consisted of two cultures. I spent four hours a day in the standard American public school and an additional one and a half hours in the Japanese Language School. In the latter, not only the language but our ethnic culture in general was taught. Moral code in the form of *Shushin* was a unique Japanese way of teaching children moral ethics of a chiefly Confucian origin. I believe this curriculum was instrumental in making Japanese children the best behaved group in the Territory (before Hawaii's admittance to statehood — Editor) and kept their delinquency rate the lowest. In Japanese Language School, translating from English to Japanese was emphasized. Luckily (for me), Lafcadio Hearn's book *Kokoro* (Heart) was used as text in our third year, to be followed by Inazo Nitobe's *Bushido* in the senior year. Hearn, a westerner in love with Oriental culture, was able to express the mysticism inherent in the Japanese, a mysticism I believe that was conditioned by centuries of Buddhism.:

As an adolescent, Miyamoto confesses he "read practically every one of Hearn's books available at the public library." His *Journey*, written over a 15-year period of his latter years, is a synthesis and digest of a life-long quest for meaningful values. On the first page of *Journey*, he reveals:

"... the training received in my life was entirely scientific, a cumulative building up of knowledge upon proven facts and of works established by predecessors. To solve a problem, first a tentative hypothesis is presented and this is put to tests from different angles and answers obtained. The answers are then scrutinized, a step-by-step solution based on sound facts.

"Orientals are more intuitive. By contemplation, a far-reaching conclusion is tentatively reached as the first step in solving a problem. Subsequent explanations and reasoning are offered to clarify the initial answer. Viewed through western eyes, this is working backward. This different way of procedure is perhaps why westerners are lately drawn to this type of philosophy — deductive reasoning. My life as a Hawaiian-born "nisei", educated in island and — after high school — in mainland American education institutions, has been a journey through an east-west

world of scientific training with the slow unfolding of my faith as a Jodo Shin Buddhist follower."

HAWAII: End of the Rainbow is a well-crafted novel which every generation of Canadians/North or South Americans of Japanese origin should read: history as Kuzuo Miyamoto, a Nisei of admirable integrity, saw it enacted — who tells it as it was, as few could. Miyamoto states:

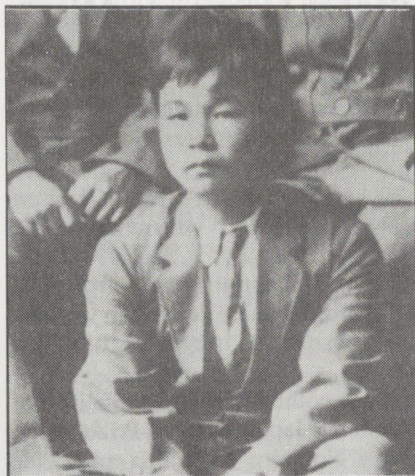
"A segment of the American people will read this book and I hope a vast majority of the Japanese Americans of future generations will be reminded of the thorny years of their ancestors. In any case, had I not written this story, there is perhaps no one else who could have presented it to the world as it actually happened in the concentration camps and relocation centers. I may sound bombastic, but it may be the truth. I did not write in a vindictive mood and I did not materially deviate from the truth. What happened is important history and, as such, is recorded so that in the future — in the handling of her minorities — America may not repeat the gross mistakes of the past."

Subsequent to writing the above, I was fortunate to read *Vikings of the Far East*, published in 1975 by Vantage Press, New York. Reconstructing some earlier maritime history of Japan, Miyamoto focuses on the *Wako*, starving 11th century coastal fishermen and farmers turned pirates who sailed into the Korean peninsula and extended their raids southward into Cambodia, Siam, Cochin (Vietnam) and the Philippines, every where leaving records of their exploits. And here, again, Kazuo Miyamoto has done his research like a professional non-historian, making this a fascinating account of an earlier Japan few are aware of.

In 1979, Doctor Kazuo Miyamoto presented me with an autographed copy of his excellent novelized account of his active and significant life. Several chapters in *Hawaii, End Of The Rainbow* deal with Tule Lake, where he was interned; Chapter 29 (p. 410) and Chapter 30 focus on segregation at Tule Lake:

"Then came November 4. Dr. Minoru Murayama was on duty that night at the hospital. Once a week the doctors had to take turns to be on 24-hour duty to attend emergencies and maternity deliveries. Everything was quiet and he was just killing time talking to the ambulance drivers at the dispensary. Suddenly there was a commotion outside. They looked out of the window and about two hundred feet away saw human shadows scuffling under the light near the Caucasian mess hall. Something was raised; it came down and a figure slumped down on the ground.

"Ten minutes later a man was assisted into the dispensary. He was the night watchman. By that time clattering tanks that rolled into the camp, firing blank machine-gun bullets broke the stillness of the night.



Kazuo Miyamoto as a young boy.

"The nurse's aides were on their toes and laid the injured man in the surgical cubicle. There was a ragged laceration of the upper lip which was caught between the blow and the sharp underlying teeth. It was swollen already. Three teeth were loose and blood stained his chin and cheek.

"Miss Yoshida, get the emergency pack out and let us wash the wound. We saw from here what took place out there. The whole camp seems to be in an uproar. What happened, mister?" asked Dr. Murayama as he took his pulse which was regular and strong.

"The escort of the injured man replied, 'About twenty minutes ago, a Japanese internal security police came across some men loading a truck with boxes of food at the warehouse and challenged them. He had been told to guard the warehouse in particular. A scuffle ensued and in the course of five minutes, tanks began rolling in. Those tanks cannot get moving without warming up. I think it was a trap. MP's with shot guns and police with guns came swarming in and anybody that stood in their way got clubbed. So this watchman was an innocent wayside victim.'" (p.455)

In the above account, Miyamoto refers to specific individuals, one of whom, Tokio Yamane, was witness to the brutal slaying of his colleague who was hit on the head so forcefully with a deadly club that he later died.

Would that more people would write their personal memoirs even if, albeit, not as skilfully as Kazuyo Miyamoto. Yet each would yield a unique testament — in Miyamoto's case, a tribute to the indomitable human spirit that triumphs over adversities with *gaman* — to endure and forbear with self-control and patience. Kazuo Miyamoto's journey was fitting for a person of his truly humble but heroic stature.

-- GY

JAPANESE AMERICAN WOMEN

Three Generations 1890-1990 by Mei Nakano

ISBN 0-942610-06-7 1990 pp. 156 pbk

\$12.95 San Francisco National Japanese Historical Project and Berkeley: Mina Publishing

A FRIEND gave me this unsentimental tribute to 3 generations of Japanese American women -- with highest praise for the author, both as person and writer. After reading it, I feel indebted to my friend.

The second part of this book is a remarkable work by Grace Shibata, *Okaasan* (Mother) which is a tribute to, and portrait of, her Issei mother -- who reminded me in so many respects of my own mother.

Be sure to read this beautiful and touching story -- if nothing else -- from Mei Nakano's collection of stories of three generations of Japanese American women, who could, by extension, be any women of Japanese origin regardless of which country they settled to nurture a new generation.

Mei Nakano is an exceptional Nisei writer who combines the best qualities of two generations. She wrote her Master's thesis on Japan's Nobel Prize writer Yasunori Kawabata; and she chaired the first Northern California area-wide Japanese American Womens' Conference.

FISHING by Helen Koyama and Nancy Shiozaki is about a little Japanese Canadian girl and her uncle who went fishing to find there is more to fishing than rod, hooks and worms. Author Nancy Shiozaki and illustrator Helen Koyama are both third generation Japanese Canadians (*san-sei*) who work in Toronto. This, their first collaboration on a children's book, was privately published.

"There are quite a few books with black kids as the main character, books which don't apologize to anyone for it," writes Koyama. "The few books about Japanese Canadians are for older kids, adults or those in the educational field. There's so many new and good Canadians children's books out, but for the most part, they are not giving a child of colour the impression that she could also be the hero of this story," she states. "My friend Paul Yee has just come out with his third children's book, *Tales from Gold Mountain: Stories of the Chinese in the New World*. It is a beautiful hardcover picture book but it is really a rarity. In one store, I saw it in the Canadian section. And yet, this is the kind of book all Canadian children should be reading or having it read to them."

Send your order, with \$6.00 for *Fishing* to Helen Koyama, 69 Bradstone Square, Scarborough, Ont. M1B 1W1 Canada



drawing by Helen Koyama Nishio

A WORLD OF STORIES by Andrea Spalding (Ed), and Gillian Campbell, Red Deer College Press, 56 Avenue & 32 Street, Box 5005, Red Deer, AB T4N 3H5 Canada 1989 \$19.95

A WORLD OF STORIES is an enchanting book of folktales from many nations collected and retold by Andrea Spalding, illustrated in water color paintings by Gilliam Campbell.

Published in Red Deer, Alberta by the Red Deer College Press, this delightful collection of folktales, appropriate for adults as well as children, was put together by an Edmontonian writer and folk singer who, researching western Canada history and folk music, found a wide variety of folktales relevant to its ethnic legacy.

The 14 tales in this collection are from among the 30 ethnic stories she found in her two year search.

Author and illustrator both migrated to Canada from England but Gillian Campbell now works as a book illustrator in Australia while Andrea Spalding can often be heard performing today with her husband in the popular folk duo, Brandywine, out of Alberta.

FLIKKA AND THE MAGIC BEAR **by Hazel Luttamus Birt ISBN 0-969324-3-6** **Winnipeg: Hazlyn Press 1989 \$9.95 pbk.**

FINNISH Canadian Hazel Luttamus Birt's sixth childrens' book *FLikka and the Magic Bear*, is the story of a little girl who goes to visit her Finnish grandfather on his homestead in the northern Canadian bush.

Born in New Finland, Saskatchewan, Birt lived with her grandfather, John Luhtala, on his farm in the remote north where Finns were the preferred settlers for harsh conditions of the bush country. Hardy and resourceful, many had come from similar forest farms in Finland. Flikka thrives in the forest, playing with her animal friends, celebrating midsummer night and going prospecting with Ukki, her beloved grandfather. Very real dangers threaten Flikka when she finds herself with Karhu, the friendly bear, alone on the farm in the path of a forest fire.

Fluent in the Finnish language, Birt has studied in Finland as well as Finnish folklore and mythology. In choosing to illustrate her book with woodcut prints, she combines her talents as a writer and printmaker. Her *Festivals of Finland* (1988) is in its third printing.

INUIT DOLL MAKERS **Reminders of a Heritage** **Canadian Stage and Arts** **Publications, Toronto, 1989** **ISBN 0-919952-38-0 pp. 176**

Eva Strickler (left)
Anaoyok Alooker (right)



THE ART of dollmaking among Canada's northernmost Inuit people is facing a fragile future.

No written or photographic essay had documented the evolution of this craft - until the recent publication of *INUIT DOLLS; Reminders Of A Heritage* by Eva Strickler and Anaoyok Alooker.

Anaoyok Alooker spent her youth on the Boothia Peninsula in the Northwest Territories where her companions often were the life-like dolls she and other Inuit girls made from materials at hand -- caribou, sealskin, cotton, beads and calico. She

was among the last generation of Inuit children to craft the dolls, each a miniature representative of real life characters which were part of her environment.

Co-author Eva Strickler worked with Anaoyok and 75 Inuit women in the "Arnakarvig" women's Spence Bay craft shop, Northwest Territories, for eight years to produce this excellent photographic essay -- in color -- of a rich heritage which has all but disappeared into collections. The Spence Bay Inuit craftswomen no longer work together but their legacy has been preserved for future Inuit generations, artists and educators.

The authors write:

"When the idea for this book first came up, we were only thinking of our Spence Bay dolls. During the years 1973-1986, many of them were photographed before being packed up and shipped out to the stores. From those pictures, we picked out the most interesting ones and began to put them in order. As we set out to explain what they are all about, we realized how little is known even to the Inuit about these dolls.

"Because fewer and fewer women continue to make dolls not only in Spence Bay but in other communities as well, it is quite possible that tomorrow's Inuit children will never know anything at all about them. Until we put this book together, we never noticed that the dolls have been following the Inuit people from generation to generation and are an important part of their heritage."

BLACK AFRICANS AND NATIVE AMERICANS **by Jack D. Forbes, Davis: University of** **California Press, 1988**

NOW OUTDATED, the terms "Negro" and "Colored" once were used widely to refer to black people. Three to four centuries ago, however, the labels also encompassed people of American Indian or part-American Indian ancestry.

The transformation of these and other racial terms into exclusive labels for people of black African descent is a major reason that the American Indian contribution to the ethnic make-up of North and South America has been underestimated, says Jack Forbes, professor of anthropology and applied behavioral sciences at the University of California, Davis.

In his book, *Black Americans and Native Americans*, Forbes examines the historic ties between the two groups and the various ethnic labels that have clouded those connections.

Forbes' book also deals with possible ancient, pre-Columbian American Indian voyages to Europe and Africa, and with Indians who were taken to those areas as slaves, visitors or soldiers. Early contacts between Blacks and American Indians often occurred in European cities such as Seville, Lisbon and Valencia, as well as in the Canary Islands, Ghana and Angola, according to Forbes.

Many Blacks in North America, the Caribbean and South America owe at least part of their ancestry to American Indians, Forbes says. In the United States, the percentage of Black people who claim to have Indian ancestry ranges from 30 percent at one extreme to 70 percent on the other, in the South.

Although the conventional historical view acknowledges very little Indian ancestry among Blacks, Forbes says that position resulted, in large part, from the use of certain terms that are now considered labels for Blacks that originally

referred to people who are Indians or part-Indian.

For example, many Indians in colonial Virginia and South Carolina had been classified as "mulattoes", although contemporary dictionaries define the word as a mixture of black and white.

Colonial Spanish documents from the 16th century, examined by Forbes, also show that "mulatto" meant a mixture of Black and Indian. Forbes says in fact, until early in this century, some leading scholars, historians and anthropologists -- acknowledging the importance of Indian ancestry -- asserted that the Black population in the Americas resulted from the merger of three races: African, European and American Indian.

However, that idea has become unpopular in this century, Forbes says.

"A two-caste system evolved: Black and White," Forbes says. "Any person with any trace of African heritage was considered completely African, even if he or she had Indian blood."

The refusal to examine Indian ancestry among blacks reflects a narrow, white perspective, Forbes says, a willingness by white historians to study minorities in their relationships only with whites, but not with other minority groups.

Historians have neglected the subject of race mixture in the United States, Forbes says, "to perpetuate the myth that there hadn't been any appreciable mixture of the races."

The subject also is neglected "to ignore the fact that many thousands of Indians were enslaved," Forbes adds.

Such neglect "falsifies the historical experience," Forbes asserts. "Instead of being complex persons, they are perceived as being simple."

Jack D. Forbes is a Powhatan-Delaware and Professor, Native American Studies and Anthropology at the University of California, Davis, and co-founder of D.Q. University, a Native learning and resource center. He is A Contributing Editor of *Rikka*.

VILLAGE JOURNEY: The Report of the Alaska Native Review Commission by Thomas R. Berger 1985 pp. 288 \$22.95 (cloth) Toronto: Collins Publishers

THE ALASKA Native Claims Settlement Act passed by Congress in 1971, hailed at the time as the most liberal settlement ever achieved with Native Americans, granted 44 million acres and nearly \$1 billion in cash to a new entity -- Native Corporations. It provided that each Native born on or before December 18, 1971, be given a hundred shares of stock in village and regional corporations. As of January 1, 1992, however, these privately held shares may be sold on the open market, and Natives feared they could lose their land to powerful outside interests -- and with it their way of life.

Village Journey is the report of Thomas R. Berger, selected by the Inuit Circumpolar Conference to head the Alaska Native Review Commission in 1983, when Berger travelled to sixty-two villages and towns, holding village meetings and listening to testimony from Eskimos, Indians and Aleuts. This is also Berger's story of his journeys into the Alaska bush. He travelled thousands of miles to meet and hear from people who have traditionally been ignored, and it is their testimony — their simple eloquence — that makes *Village Journey* exceptional. And Berger's decision impacted on the United States government, just as the celebrated Mackenzie Valley pipeline one-man royal commission influenced Ottawa to reject the Arctic Gas pipeline proposal.

ABE KABAYAMA: **Seeing/Acting for the Whole of Humanity** **Interviewed By Joy Kogawa**

JK: Abe, you're Chair of NAJC's Task Force on Native Peoples. What brought you to this?

AK: I am committed in the area of civil rights. Abe Lincoln once said, "As I would not be a slave, so I will not have a slave." I choose not to be oppressed, nor to be an oppressor. If I do nothing, I become an oppressor. Lethargy of good people is our biggest problem in civil rights.

JK: You perceive the native peoples as among the oppressed?

AK: They have a long and sad history of discrimination, degradation and injustice in Canada. I mean, look at our jails. The native peoples constitute about 2 percent of our population but, in some areas, more than 50 percent of the inmates. And it's not because they are more violent and criminal, but because we will not give them the freedom or dignity to develop their own society. We -- meaning we Canadians -- have taken away everything they've had, we've robbed them, and then we've said that we'll look after them in a paternalistic system. And I believe, at some stage in our history, we hoped that they would die out. Or that they would become like Europeans, become assimilated. They haven't done either. But what really boggles the mind is that we have the gall to take this paternalistic attitude when what we need to do is to learn from them.

JK: What do we have to learn?

AK: What's crucial today is the question of how we live together on a limited

planet, so that we work with the vegetation, the other creatures that share the earth with us. I would say that the Christian theology that says man shall dominate the earth will not work. The native peoples' approach is, in a sense, very close to the Shinto concept that there is an animus in everything, and that we have to learn to respect, and to work with the environment.

JK: Do you think Japanese Canadians share your conscience?

AK: I wish I could say so yes, but truthfully, no. This is one of the reasons why I've not been part of Nisei groups. The last time I was, it was in the '50s, when I wrote something for the *New Canadian* about discrimination. When I was actively involved in civil rights in the '50s and '60s, I didn't see other Nisei involved.

JK: Why do you think we're apathetic?

AK: Well, the activist is a rare animal.

JK: How can we be empowered?

AK: People have to realize that the more they have, the more responsibility they have. "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," is a socialist credo that I can support. We need to see ourselves as privileged. I know that I owe society something because I have been blessed with abilities, a supportive family, friends.

JK: As a group do we have abilities?

AK: We know we have, by our educational, our professional, our business achievements. But I don't see us contributing beyond our chosen professions, in the broader area of social and civil rights.

JK: Why do you think this is so?

AK: I think we lack courage, commitment, initiative.

JK: Do you not think that, relative to our number, we have quite a few outstanding people?

AK: Horsefeathers! If you want to talk about an outstanding community, it's the Jewish community. In the '50s I felt good when I read that 22 percent of Japanese Americans were high school graduates, which was good compared to 12 percent as a whole. Then I read further, and found out that the Jewish figure was 45 percent. Anytime you hear about social issues, the B'nai B'rith are there, involved to the hilt. I don't see us having that record.

JK: Are you trying to redress that imbalance by your involvement?

AK: I'm involved because I'm a human being and I care. And anyway, that can't be done by one person. I got involved with this Task Force because NAJC said, now that we have been successful with our Redress, we'll use our success to expand our concerns. It's easy to say this, but I'd like to see more commitment from more people, or at least, some commitment from some people. Thus far, all we have are expressions of interest from a few.

JK: How can the interest be transformed into commitment?

AK: For a start, people could become part of our group and begin interacting with us and with the native peoples.

JK: Do you see this effort as having large, far reaching repercussions?

AK: Well, in Canada, according to Stephen Lewis, our record of our treatment of native peoples is a blot on our national honour. How can we preach about apartheid in South Africa? We don't need to look far to see our own version of it.

JK: I was thinking about the planet and the ecology.

AK: One of the major areas Native Peoples are confronting is related to their treaty rights. Take for example, Temagami. The provincial government is giving permits to lumber companies to cut clear entire areas of land that belong to the Native Peoples by right. The government is saying "We'll fight you in the courts, but in the meantime, we'll destroy your homeland."

In the case of the Innu in Labrador, who have lived there for 9,000 years, and who have signed no treaties, the federal government has invited NATO nations -- Germany, Holland, Belgium -- to carry out low-level training there, on the grounds that no one lives there. So, by definition the Innu are nobodies.

Again, look at the federal government undercutting of the democratically-elected leadership of the Lubicon. After waiting fifty years for a reservation that was promised to them, the Lubicon have resorted to the blocking of roads, and the federal government response is to give official recognition to a small breakaway group. Sound familiar?

JK: That sounds frightening.

AK: Sure it's frightening. Do you think that the American Civil Rights legislation would have been passed without Selma, Birmingham, the March on Washington? We need to ask ourselves whether we'll be prepared to stand with them.

JK: And you?

AK: Obviously I'll be there, though I hope other Japanese Canadians will be there this time. I've been Vice Chairman of the Buffalo chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), worked with HOME (Housing Opportunities Made Equal), with CNVA (Committee for Non-Violent Action), walked on many a march. I've been there before.

MICHIOMI ABE KABAYAMA, a chemist by profession, received his doctorate from McGill University, Montreal. He was Chair, Task Force on First Nations of the National Association of Japanese Canadians, which organized the gala first Nikkei - First Nations Festival at Harbourfront, Toronto, last Summer. (The 1992 Festival, pairing First Nations with the sponsoring Chinese Canadian community, continues the NAJC Task Force on First Nations initiative). Banzai! Kabayama was interviewed by poet and novelist Joy Kogawa, also active in the NAJC Task Force on First Nations.

NO THANK YOU!

I HAVE learned that in honor of the late Japanese Emperor, the Ministry of Justice is planning to grant pardons to all remaining fingerprint refusers. The 300 refusers include thirty-six who are now on trial. I assume that I am among these fingerprint refusers since my case is currently on appeal in the Osaka High Court. While most people may react positively about a pardon, I reject and oppose any such offer.

A pardon implies that I am guilty. I do not consider myself guilty. My court case is based on my belief that the fingerprinting requirement is a violation of the Japanese Constitution and the International Covenant on Human Rights which Japan ratified in 1979. My trial is still in process, so I assume I am innocent until the final verdict is rendered.

INTERNATIONAL COVENANT ON HUMAN RIGHTS

A pardon also subverts my right to a trial as guaranteed by the Japanese Constitution. Many are awaiting this historic verdict since it would set a precedent on the constitutionality of the Alien Registration Law since Japan's ratification of the International Covenant on Human Rights.

I question the Ministry of Justice's motivation. According to a recent *Japan Times* article, sources said that those who refused to be fingerprinted after the law was revised in 1987 will not be pardoned, meaning that 16-year olds who are registering for the first time will not be pardoned. Continuing to prosecute those who refuse fingerprinting after the law's revision indicates that the pardon is not based upon a recognition that the law is unjust. Thus, I feel this move by the Ministry of Justice is a strategy to subvert the movement instead of recognizing that the Alien Registration Law is a violation of the human rights of long-term Asians in Japan.

YAMATO CHAUVINISM

However, the most crucial reason for my resisting a pardon is that the system on which it is granted is part of the problem to begin with. The tradition of an imperial pardon was instituted after the Meiji Restoration in 1868, when the Emperor as the head of a family of pure Yamato people became the core of the state religion. The emphasis on the uniqueness of the Japanese is directly related to viewing the non-Japanese Asians as inferior. This chauvinistic attitude is at the core of the fingerprinting system.

A pardon. No thank you!

-- Ronald Susumu Fujiyoshi
26 January 1989

RONALD FUJIYOSHI, a Sansei born in Hilo, Hawaii, is a 51-year-old lay missionary who left the U.S. in 1973 to work with the Korean Christian Church in Osaka's Ikuno Ward, site of Japan's largest Korean community. Fujiyoshi was only the eighth person in Japanese history to become a fingerprint refuser. By 1983, the number of refusers had reached 14,000.

OLIVE TREES



Stumps of trees in Palestinian village axed by Israeli settlers

OLIVE TREES have borne the brunt of Israel's deforestation campaign against the intifada, reflecting the importance of olives to Palestinian agriculture. Olive groves cover 13.52 percent of the total area of the West Bank and bring in 23.44 percent of its agricultural revenue. Researchers estimate that Israeli occupation forces have uprooted, burned or bulldozed more than 100,000 mature olive and fruit trees during the intifada, in addition to destroying hundreds of thousands of smaller trees and seedlings.

Collective Punishment

The Israeli military authorities attempt to justify the uprootings as a "security measure," alleging that olive groves provide ideal terrain in which stone-throwers can hide. The real explanation, however, is that the uprootings are a collective punishment intended to bring the Palestinian population to its knees and force it to halt the intifada. The Israeli daily *Haaretz* reported early in the uprising that Palestinian mayors and community leaders were summoned before the local military commanders to receive the following unambiguous threat:

"Villages or districts that fail to restrain the activity of their demonstrators will pay a heavy price during the harvests."

Harassment

Reports indicate that at least 2,000 trees, mostly olive, were uprooted in just one month this year in August, 1989. The largest operation was at Aqqaba in the Jenin area, where 600 olive trees were destroyed.

Besides uprooting trees, the Israeli military authorities are enforcing a policy of

barring all harvesting and pressing of olives. A Palestinian whose trees are not destroyed and who somehow manages to pick his olives must still circumvent the obstacles to their being pressed. Oil presses are targeted by the army, which carries out destructive raids on the machines or imposes exorbitant taxes up to US\$25,000 on the proprietors. If the latter cannot pay the taxes, the presses are ordered shut.

In undermining Palestinian agricultural production, the military authorities have applied a string of restrictions and reprisals comprising a wide range of collective punishments. Those most frequently applied during the uprising have been detailed by the Paris-based human rights journal *Disclose*, (issue No. 3, Feb. 15, 1989):

- Imposition of curfew at harvest time, preventing farmers from gathering in their crops. Such was the case in the summer of 1988 at Izna, near Hebron, a village of 12,000 inhabitants where revenue depends in essence on agriculture (vegetables, cereals, olives). A 24-hour blanket curfew was imposed between May 15 and June 6, in the middle of the harvest of vegetables, which were growing on 200 hectares. As a result, 95 percent of the potential harvest rotted away. Losses were evaluated at US\$570,000. A similarly severe curfew imposed on Qabatiyeh near Jenin between July 4 and 24, 1988, caused the destruction of 90 percent of the vegetable crop, covering 240 hectares. Losses were appraised at US\$870,000. Qabatiyeh also has extensive vineyards; the 80 percent loss in the July grape harvest cost the villagers US\$140,000.

Draconian Repression

Villages are also placed under siege by the military, the inhabitants being forbidden access to their land and prevented from transporting their crops into town. This was the case in Tel during the peak of the fig harvest season last year, between 4 August and 14 September. Only 25 percent of the harvest was saved, with an estimated loss of US\$337,000.

- The odd village which escapes both the curfews and the sieges and manages to harvest its produce is nonetheless unable to sell it. Military orders were given at the beginning of July 1988 to forbid the circulation and export of all harvests of prunes and figs to Jordan. In early September 1988, the ban was extended to the production of grapes. Adding to the duress are the consequences of Jordan's disengagement last year from the occupied territories. Palestinian producers are no longer able to export their olives and olive oil to other countries through Jordan.

- On top of the curfews which block the harvests and the sieges which prevent the distribution and sale of the produce, is the direct destruction by Israeli soldiers of the fruits and vegetables harvested. Army jeeps criss-cross the plowed fields daily, destroying the cultivation. Troops split open and destroy bags of vegetables (200 hectares of cereal were destroyed in this manner in Azzoun), or they wreck machines vital to agriculture. In one such incident, 15 tractors were smashed by an army bulldozer last summer at Beit Ummar. The army has even confiscated the donkeys used in remote villages to transport the harvests.

Vandalism By Settlers

The military authorities are given a powerful helping hand in their war against Palestinian agriculture by Jewish settlers. The Palestine Human Rights Information Centre in Jerusalem noted 43 confirmed acts of agricultural vandalism by

settlers during the month of May. The majority of these attacks involved the burning of wheat either in the fields or when the crop had been harvested and stored in village granaries. In one such incident in Beit Wazan on 15 May, 1988, olive groves neighboring wheat fields, which had been set ablaze by settlers, caught fire. Firemen who came from Nablus to extinguish the fire were prevented from approaching and ordered by troops at gunpoint and by settlers to leave the area.

"In the methods of resistance used by the Palestinians, and in the ways the Israeli government deals with the resistance, we experienced an extraordinary sense of being at home... The Bible speaks about Israel as being an agent of God for establishing justice and peace, and there is no way I am going to say the way Israel is treating Palestinians is just. And if they revile me for that, tough luck."

-- Nobel Laureate Archbishop Desmond Tutu
Christmas Day, 1989, Jerusalem

The rare arrest two months ago of members of the racist Israeli Kach movement highlighted the settlers' involvement in the systematic destruction of Palestinian agriculture. Israeli sources indicate that, among the literature found in the possession of the arrested ringleaders, were leaflets urging settlers to destroy Palestinian crops and telling Palestinian farmers that their vines had been poisoned in retaliation for the intifada.

This confirmed charges by Palestinian farmers in July that settlers and troops had destroyed at least 30 hectares of grapevines in the Halhoul area. Many grape-producing fields in Halhoul and around nearby Hebron have been hit by a mysterious pestilence, which, within a period of around 10 days, causes vine leaves and branches to dry up and wither, and grapes to blacken and shrivel.

Poisoning Of Fields

Initial reports on the poisoning appearing in the East Jerusalem press were deleted by Israeli military censors. According to the Jerusalem-based Sanabel Press Services, the first such incident to be reported occurred early in July near Hebron, where 10 dunums of vines owned by Hafez Tahboub of Jerusalem were damaged.

But the clearest evidence implicating soldiers and/or settlers came in testimony from Imad Abdelhadi Dudeh from Halhoul. He was quoted by Sanabel as saying that he saw several Israeli soldiers pass by his house on the evening of 8 July and proceed towards his nearby vineyard. He assumed that they were searching for intifada activists. But when his mother went out to water the vines the next morning she noticed some of them had withered. When his family followed the footprints left behind by the soldiers, they discovered that only the plants adjoining their tracks had withered. Those further afield were healthy. The damage was found to have occurred at a uniform height, also consistent with spraying, and part of an apricot tree at the same height was damaged, strengthening the belief that a grape disease was not responsible for the destruction.

Genocidal Israeli Campaign

Animals in the area refuse to eat the withered vines. There is a danger to children who play on the ground under the affected vines. Rashes have appeared on the skin

of the youngsters, starting as red spots which spread if scratched.

The farmers affected stand to lose U\$3,000 - 7,500 per hectare of grapes destroyed. They are further worried by the potential long-term damage to the vines themselves, which could mean the loss of years of work and preparation. But they are fully aware of Israel's motives in destroying their livelihoods and are determined to resist. A Halhoul villager told the Jerusalem-based daily, *al-Fajr*:

"They want to starve us and we are ready for this. They can do whatever they want. We will live on a mouthful of bread if it is provided. But what is certain is that we will not retreat.

from *Falestine al-Thawra*

Central Organ of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO)

ROAD NO. 60



Army bulldozers demolish Palestinian homes near Jericho

THE Shamir government, working closely with senior officials in the Bush administration, has succeeded in redirecting attention around its false and illusory "election" scheme.

By doing so - with the help of a naive press and a confused PLO -- Israel has bought itself more time to crush the Intifada and to race forward with new attempts to alter the "realities" in the occupied territories so that there cannot be an independent Palestinian state.

Nahalin

Road No. 60 is one of the best examples of the difference between the "realities" in occupied Palestine and the rhetoric that passes for international diplomacy.

Each year more Israeli settlements dot the hills of what is now occupied Palestine -- the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. At Nahalin, for instance -- the village where the massacre took place on April 13 -- one looks up into the surrounding hills

and Israeli settlements are encroaching on three sides of the village. And of course most of the grazing and farming land that used to be worked by the villagers of Nahalin has been taken for these new settlements.

Link

Indeed, there are few locations in occupied Palestine anymore where one doesn't see, and feel, the ever-present spread and "thickening" of Israeli settlements.

Road No. 60 represents one of the important new strategies designed to link these settlements to pre-1967 Israel. The goal is to make it much easier and faster to travel between the New Israeli settlements to pre-1967 Israel. The goal is to make it much easier and faster to travel between the New Israeli settlements and Israeli cities across the "Green Line".

The basic plan behind Road No. 60 and similar projects in other parts of occupied Palestine is to keep the Palestinian areas undeveloped, gradually take more and more Palestinian land, using a variety of deceptive ruses, and as a consequence to make a truly independent Palestinian state all but impossible in reality, whatever the theory of political debates.

Planning for Road No. 60 began before the Intifada but the massive project itself has moved forward with a new boldness and urgency in the face of the challenge the Intifada represents to Israeli designs.

Stop Light

At present, Israeli settlers and businessmen travelling between occupied Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Hebron drive south from occupied Jerusalem on a normal two-lane road that takes them past Tantur, then past the Bethlehem-Beit Jala interchange -- site of the West Bank's only Stop Light, now disconnected as Israelis are too fearful to stop when it used to turn Red -- then past the high barbed wire fence of Deheisha refugee camp and eventually to Hebron.

When Road No. 60 is completed, a modern four-lane expressway will extend from the suburbs of occupied Jerusalem all the way to Hebron, connecting Jewish settlements as it goes. The road will begin with a major bridge connecting the massive Gilo settlement to Beit Jala, then continue through a special tunnel avoiding Arab areas, and end in Hebron where new Jewish housing has just been announced in the very middle of the city.

Beit Jala

In an unprecedented statement trying to block this Israeli scheme, residents of Beit Jala recently issued a courageous appeal to "Local and International Public Opinion".

"We appeal to you to intervene with the Israeli authorities to cancel and stop constructing this road," the statement concludes. "The implementation of the scheme will cause irreparable damage. Now it is high time for the international community to be more drastic in approaching the illegal acts of the Israeli authorities in the occupied land."

Veneer Of Legality

Bribes and pressures with local officials have been used by the Israelis to put a veneer of legality on their actions and plans. But of course what Israel is doing is not only contrary to international law but specifically designed to prevent the kind of peaceful settlement -- the mutual recognition, two state solution -- that much of the world is talking about and expecting.

Road No. 60 is a very expensive undertaking. The bridge and the tunnel are unique in this part of the world. And what it proves is that the Israelis remain disingenuous when it comes to the very idea of reaching any kind of acceptable political compromise with the Palestinians; and that the Americans are just as disingenuous with their professed intentions to stop the Israelis from moving ahead to absorb all of the territory west of the Jordan River.

Annexation

According to the appeal from the residents of the area where the bridge and tunnel are now beginning to be built "this scheme is considered in itself a political plan to dismember the lands of Beit Jala".

Actually, the scheme is much more. It's nothing less than a stepped-up effort to reconfigure the area of the West Bank and to bind it irrevocably to Israel. And the money to make it all possible continues to flow from the United States government and world Jewry -- regardless of occasional statements to the contrary.

-- Mark A. Bruzonsky

MARK BRUZONSKY, a writer, lawyer and former Representative, World Jewish Congress, Washington, D.C., is on the Advisory Committee of the Jewish American Committee on the Middle East (JACOME), along with Naom Chomsky, Richard Falk, Seymour Melman, Rabbi Leonard Beerman, among other distinguished Jewish Americans.

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THE MIDDLE EAST is a war zone, the issues about which are fuzzy if not confused in our collective perceptions, largely due to enormous media manipulation. Reading this valuable work gives the reader some basic historical background and perspective -- as well as the realization that peace will not come to the "Holy Land" until its half million Palestinians -- homeless, exiled, persecuted, betrayed -- have a homeland. Despite persistent United Nations resolutions in condemnation of Israel's occupation (objective: annexation) of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, the Shamir regime relentlessly pursues its agenda of genocide and violation of human rights, as documented by prestigious human rights bodies in Israel and the occupied territories.

OPEN LETTER

MY NAME is Ezra and I'm an Israeli citizen. I was born in Israel to holocaust parents, served three years in the Israeli army, participated in the Lebanon war and lost my father in the recent Tel Aviv Jerusalem bus that was tragically forced off the highway by a "supposed" Jihad terrorist.

In response to the recent letters to NOW magazine, I want to express my feelings about my country and about the relationship between Israel and the Jewish people. I am angry and ashamed of the policy of my government supporting corrupt, oppressive regimes throughout the world.

I don't appreciate Jews who support the Israeli government because their support of this corrupt regime does not support the existence of Israel. They, these Jews, pay money to the Israeli government, which does no good for its own citizens. It is the Israelis' blood that is used by Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir to satisfy his ego trips, by sending us to wars, by sending young Israelis to shoot Palestinian children.

We Israelis prefer if the Jews of Canada and of all the world would promote the Israeli peace movement in order to bring Israel to the table to talk with Palestinians (who are people like us) about the future of peace and prosperity in an area that has been the centre of hate because of blind racist leadership for many years.

If the Jews are going to continue to support the corrupt regime of my beloved country, they are ruining Israel with their own hands.

-- Izra Azmon
from NOW Weekly, Toronto

JAPAN-CANADA BOOK AWARD

VINH SINH, Vietnam-born Associate Professor of Japanese History at the University of Alberta, a past Guest Editor of *Rikka*, was declared winner of the \$10,000 Canada-Japan Book Award, 1990.

Presented for the first time two years ago, the Award is funded by a grant from

the government of Japan to the Canada Council and is given to a Canadian author or translator for a book about Japan or a book translated from Japanese into English or French.

YOU'RE LATE COLUMBUS

THE RESOLUTION condemning the arrival of Christopher Columbus 500 years ago was approved last night by the National Council of Churches delegates meeting in Pittsburgh. (It) was adopted in response to celebrations being planned for 1992...

The approved resolution calls on member denominations to "recognize that what some historians have termed a discovery in reality was an invasion and colonization with legalized occupation, genocide, economic exploitation and a deep level of institutional racism and moral decadence."

(The Rev. George) Tinker told the delegates that Native Americans today face 60% unemployment...

The resolution was amended to say Asian Americans were oppressed as well, because they did not start immigrating to the Americas until the 19th century.

—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*
reported in *FORTUNE Magazine*
- July 26, 1990

IN COMMEMORATION OF 1992— 125 YEARS OF CANADIAN CONFEDERATION by Georges Erasmus

WE HAVE an incredibly resourceful country. We probably have some of the most generous people in the world living within the borders of Canada. On a per capita basis we have more land, more resources than any other people in the world. But when we look at the relationship that exists between the original people and the people that have come here since Columbus first stumbled onto this land, we find that for Native people our way of life has virtually gone down the drain, and the environment has gone down the drain too.

Treaty Settlements

As Native people, it's an enormous task to get any single item resolved, and the first problem we run into is that we don't know our common history. I think there's nothing more appalling than the fact that most people educated in Canada, whether you're Native or non-Native, have no idea of how the land was acquired. Because we are so entertained by the American friends south of us, we believe that the same thing happened here, that the cavalry charged over the hills and the Native people were defeated. It didn't happen that way in this country. We made conscious, peaceful, treaty settlements.

The history of our people needs to be told. We need to accurately present what happened in the past, so we can deal with it in the future. We need to begin to deal with some amazing inequalities. I don't feel proud that there are ranches in Canada that are bigger than 10 or 15 reserves put together. Do you? I don't feel good about the fact that Native people who have lived on land for thousands of years don't have any legally recognized aboriginal title to that land. Do you?

And yet at the same time we have told the world many times in our history that farmers could come and stake out land, and all they had to do was cut a few trees, run a few furrows in the land, and it would belong to them.

Celebrate What?

I have been asked to help plan the celebration, in 1992, of 125 years of confederation. Are we going to celebrate that it took until 1959 before Native people could vote in this country? Are we going to celebrate that it took until 1968 before we could vote in Quebec? What are we going to celebrate?

Are we going to celebrate the fact that our aboriginal languages are not considered important enough in this country to be regarded in any legal way? Are we going to celebrate the fact that there is not a single court in this country where if you speak in an indigenous language, you don't have any legal rights there, but you will be forced to speak in French and English?

The Next 500 Years

I don't like what has happened over the last 500 years, or the last 125 years. We can't do much about that, but what are we going to do about the next 500 years? What are we going to do about the next 10 years, so that when the year 2000 comes around things will be different?

We don't like it when Canadians are unemployed. We're concerned when 10 percent of the population in this country are unemployed. But what about when 90 percent of Native Canadians are unemployed? I don't think we have a solitary thing we should be celebrating, unless we are going to do something different in the future.

Indigenous Languages

Yes, the French and the English should sit down and talk together. That's an interesting debate. We indigenous people watch it all the time. I hear this thing about minority language rights and I think, are they finally talking about the indigenous languages? Never is it indigenous languages that are discussed.

I hear about this question of separation, and what land it is going to take away from the rest of Canada. What land? What about the indigenous land in Quebec? What about the people at Barriere Lake right now, who do not have a treaty, whose land has never been dealt with, who are still trying to scratch a living as they did in the past? The Canadian experience for indigenous people is to watch these two groups that have come after us, argue amongst themselves over our land, over our resources. And what we have is misery and poverty.

Time For Change

The way the 1992 celebration of confederation is being organized, the way the specific events are being organized, it looks like we're talking about one big party. Well, we're good at partying, but we don't see what there is to party about. Unless we are going to party about how many of the 53 indigenous languages in this country have been buried, and how many more will be buried in the next few years?

It's really time for some change, it's time for the European people and their descendants and the others that are here, that are now Canadians, to seriously begin to address the basic relationship they have with this land and the people that were here first.

What Do We Want To Be?

I believe we can do something different. We want to do something different. We are sick and tired of being asked to help with your celebrations and to be your conscience -- absolutely sick and tired of it.

What I suggest we do, in addition to having one hell of a party, is to look seriously at the kind of people we want to be when the next 125 years comes around. Do we want a bald place on earth, with absolutely every tree killed, never to come back? Do we want to live in a cesspool? Or do we want in the next 125 years to get rid of the clear-cut forestry and the pollution from mines all over Canada and North America? Do we want to be first in a few things? First in human relations: The question is, are we big enough to face that challenge? Can we deal quickly with the land claims of the indigenous people? Can we recognize the rightful place of indigenous people?

I believe we can do much better, but we need to start working. Maybe, just maybe, we will do something different. That's the kind of celebration that we need.

-- Georges Erasmus
Past Grand Chief, Assembly of First Nations
Ottawa, Ont.



Drawing by Helen Koyama

FIRST STREET SNAPSHOT 1988

(EAST FIRST STREET LOS ANGELES)

EDITOR'S NOTE: East First Street Los Angeles that I was familiar with in the late forties and early fifties was not the Nihonmachai that I revisited in 1989, that Sesshu Foster nostalgically writes about in the following essay.

THE FAR EAST Cafe is dim, and the chipped antique stain of its wooden booths reminds me of something. My mother and I are finishing our lunch, and the old wood reminds me of the interior of the big Union Church, with the light shining down through the dull linoleum halls and a musty smell like rot.

Here I am back again, and we finish lunch and pay. I'm reminded of age, by the Marlboro clock above the mirror behind the cash register as the old man with a limp makes our change, standing behind the glass case full of candy. Back at the rear of the place, almost touching the ceiling, hang three entirely faded prints of Chinese women and landscapes.

Not that this place should remind me of the 1940s, before I was born, but my mother did send us to Union Church around the corner. Earlier, I pointed out its windows covered with plywood saying, "You know, they made a horror movie in Union Church, where the Devil comes out of the basement and tries to take over the world." My mother laughed and we went on with our errand.

We walked along Central, where they had razed a couple of warehouse buildings and paved the lot with asphalt. Even when the developers don't raise new bank buildings on these sites, parking lots bring in good revenue and I suppose there's no fire insurance to incur. Once, I'd turned left onto Alameda, and because of the new construction, a cop ticketed me. I didn't say I'd been turning left on Alameda for more than 12 years. I didn't say anything. My insurance was up again.

The only thing that hasn't been uprooted in that concrete garden of childhood, Little Tokyo, is one block of First Street between San Pedro and Central which has been designated some kind of historical site. Surely, for more than a memory garden for somebody other than the likes of me? The ghosts of the Issei who were kicked out of the other square blocks that underwent urban renewal and who disappeared into an America not any more (or less) their own than Little Tokyo was to be, they can join their other long-gone comrades and buddies in the upstairs rooms overlooking that block of First Street above the places no longer there, the storefronts empty. Nikko Low, San Kow Low, the fish market, Asahi Dry Goods, Cut Rate Liquor, Taiyo Drugs, and the block they called Bronzeville, when Blacks moved in during World War 2, the Miyako Hotel changed to the Civic. All that was before my time.

The Little Tokyo Towers beside the weird new pill-box where Union Church moved up San Pedro, must be full of those images. Those Issei ghosts can watch the parade of the living, look down at us through the heat and smog on all us tourists, tourists whether we like it or not, tourists in our hometown, tourists where we grew up. I'm still as much an immigrant and a tourist in these streets as both my sets of grandparents. The white ones, my grandmother playing piano in the silent movie theatre on Broadway and my grandfather an L.A. cop, before he decided -- this was the 1920s -- this town was too rough; and the Japanese farm laborers up near San Luis Obispo, Arroyo Grande. Long gone, all of them, but perhaps not too different

from those living on around the symbols of local political patronage: the tower of the old folks home and the Japanese Cultural Center, with its Isamu Noguchi rocks in the back plaza.

Maybe even that bothers me, that when I was a kid I never did pay attention to any of this. You learn to tell time later. Like turning the corner toward the freeway and expected the Brew 102 Building to block out that part of the sky, but all there is is the freeway, flowing east. There's the church wall where we played handball when we could escape the folks, before getting called inside or called away home. No children will play there now. None of the blocks surrounding these buildings looks anything like it did in those days when City Hall was the biggest building around. Remember?

All those tenements demolished by Nipponese capital. Those merchants on Weller's Court who resisted Mayor Bradley's proposal to change the name to honor the Japanese American Challenger astronaut. I guess they could argue, these monied Japanese who rode the post-war boom have just as much right to carve up the community in their own design as my grandparents' generation, the Issei who pioneered these city streets. But if the community has any heart left, it's been put through a triple bypass by this reconstruction. So it goes. The immigrant pioneers may have built the railroads, bent their backs in the sugar beet fields for Spreckels, picked strawberries and worked in nurseries and produce markets, but the business of America doesn't seem to be labor, after all. A business card with occupation "proletarian" won't get you into wherever it is they play Go here now.

There will be, as noted, this one block as an open air relic. Little Tokyo's Olvera Street. To be anchored, if the money ever comes through and the building is brought up to earthquake standards, by the Nishi Hongwanji Temple converted into the first Japanese American Museum, a project whose proposals have been already worked out while the doorway is blocked by plywood, stinking of urine. It'll still be up to us to do our best at recall, to look at the weathered brick and plateglass fronts of these buildings and see rather than artifacts, something alive. Human hands put each brick one on top of the other in the kind of labor that makes one day become another, generation after generation. It was probably Black and Chicago hands and white and Indian and maybe Issei, too, that built these buildings first. El Pueblo de la Reina de Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles is just L.A. now, and like every gentrification project anywhere, no one need be the wiser. It could be argued that Issei weren't looking back at the earth that was the site of Yang-na, not back at the place, not back at the hard times, the Depression, the deaths from TB and whatever, the poverty before the camps and starting over afterward. You could say they were only looking to earn a living, like any worker anywhere, they wanted a job and a house, a way to grow their kids and send them to school, get a car and a TV and put the hard days behind them for good. Two-thirds of them are gone, and when Congress does finally get around in ten years or so to paying the survivors their camp reparations, how many will be living in Little Tokyo when they get the check? How many of 'em will go down at 2am to put some coins in the jukebox of the Atomic Cafe?

Maybe it's no big deal when the concrete shudders under the wrecker ball and when it's knocked down, the big D-7 bulldozers scrape off the chunks of concrete with the reinforcing rods curled out of them and load them onto dump trucks and the earth is scraped raw again. And the life of older times fades from the streets like

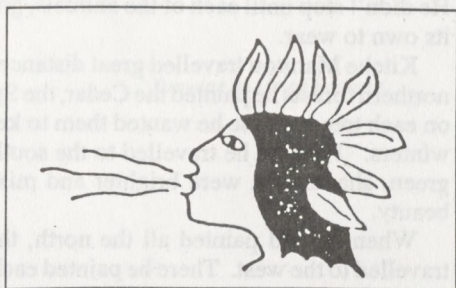
street lights on a damp night. I suppose if you were a kid here, or anywhere, and you didn't want them to take it away from you, you should have paid attention, like you was supposed to do in school.

It was just time for the Issei to split, they had their day and the meter had run out. Parking is tight downtown, anybody can tell you. It wasn't like I have never taken anybody up to the roof of the New Otani in the middle of the night, to walk them through the garden up there and look out across the empty parking lots below, with the sound of the water and the low lamps on the pathways. If you want to see what Little Tokyo was like during their time, you can cross First Street to the sushi bar and grill near San Pedro and order some tea and Sushi and sit in one of the booths in the back and look up at the pictures from the old days they have framed on the wall. Meanwhile most of the Issei will be paying a nickel to ride the vinicular up Angel's flight past tenements with laundry flapping in the late afternoon wind to overlook the rooftops of a city which no longer exists.

Take a seat and have some tea, while it's hot. This city is yours now; one day this paper you're reading will post yesterday's headlines for you, too.

-- Sesshu Foster
Alhambra, CA

SESSHU FOSTER has written for *minnesota review*, *Rice*; *An Asian American Pacific Rim Magazine*, *Contact*, among other journals. His recent book of poetry, *Angry Days*, was published by West End Press.



MIRACLE AT MAKINAK BAY

LONG AGO, in a village along the rock shore of the forest, there was a man who lived by fishing. On the surface, his face had a hard and mournful appearance, though he was a maker of intricate and beautiful nets. There came a time however, after the many years of mending nets and gathering fish to satisfy the needs of the village, his bronze skin thickened like leather and his flesh cracked like the scales of fish.

The man's supple hands, from intimate and daily contact with fish, became like fins. And his eyes, from the lake's glare and the force of the sun, became glazed like the eyes of fish. About this time the man ceased to speak, adopting the perennial and problematic silence of fish. At last, the man's breath, and even his urine, smelled of fish. One evening, with the sun bleeding over the trees on a quiet bay, the man vanished into the lake.

(please turn to page 70)

THE INDIAN PAINT BRUSH

IN THE beginning the Great Spirit, Kitche Manitou, had a vision. It was a powerful dream of rock, water, fire and wind. Out of nothing, Kitche Manitou made these things. Then, with the breath of life, he created the world.

When he went down to the earth, Kitche Manitou saw that each tree, each field of grass, each animal and flowering plant was white. There were no colours. So Kitche Manitou made the colours, then he took the paintbrush and began to paint the world.

He painted the animals first. Kitche Manitou took a giant pot of brown paint, and two smaller pots of gray and black. With these he painted the great Bear, the Caribou, the Wolf, the Moose, the Muskrat and the Beaver. Then, on many of the smaller animals, like the Frog and the Snake, he painted patterns and brighter colours.

When he came to the fish, Kitche Manitou put silver paint on the Whitefish, green on the Pike, and a rainbow of colours on the beautiful Trout. He painted the water birds, the Gull, the Tern, the Crane and the Loon, and all the birds of the forest. He didn't stop until each of the animals, great and small, had at least one colour of its own to wear.

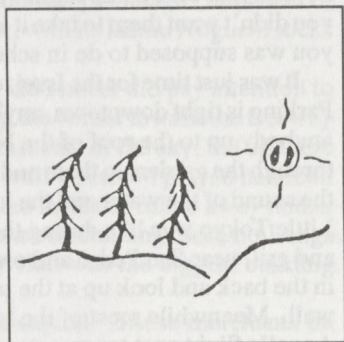
Kitche Manitou travelled great distances to paint the grass and the trees. In the northern forests he painted the Cedar, the Spruce and the Pine. He worked patiently on each tree because he wanted them to keep their green through the long, frozen winters. Then, as he travelled to the south he began to use many new shades of green, shades that were brighter and mixed with other colours for variety and beauty.

When he had painted all the north, the south and the east, Kitche Manitou travelled to the west. There he painted each blade of grass on the wide prairie, and each of the trees on the steep slopes and in the cool meadows of the mountains. Not until this great task was completed did Kitche Manitou begin to paint the flowers.

For the flowers, Kitche Manitou had saved the brightest colours. He painted the blue-purple of the Gentian, the blood-red of the Sumach, the pink and the yellow of the Moccasin Flower, and the Jewelweed's orange.

Kitche Manitou painted the Trillium last. But he soon ran out of red paint. That is why, even now, there are only a few red Trilliums. In disgust, Kitche Manitou flung the paintbrush out of the forest. Where it landed, there grew up a small plant with beautiful red tassels. That flower was the first Indian Paint Brush.

NOTE: This retelling is based upon a version of the story as it appears in Patronella Johnston's *Tales of Nokomis* (pp 8-13), and also upon Basil Johnston's rendering of Kitche Manitou's original vision and creation of the world in *Ojibway Heritage* (pp. 12-13). Both writers are from Cape Croker Reserve located on the Georgian Bay shore of the Saugeen (Bruce) Peninsula in Ontario.



-- Rob Rolfe

Putting Your Finger On It

An inarticulate ecstasy's
what I feel - a pleasure
that lacks a name, or dares
not speak it. What's
the perverse yen that sends
me searching, searching

for a focal point, a cause?
The masochist lurking
inside the epicure --
the flagellant behind
the hedonist -- quests source
as if for grail. And when

I know the serendipity
-- *so much depends upon* --
that brought this state about
(the pinpoint joy)
I'll have a *fact*: effect
I can-t tell from malaise

- John Ditsky
Windsor, Ont.



Drawing by Helen Koyama

MIRACLE

continued from page 67

A few weeks later an old fisherman speared a large fish swirling in circles among the shoreline reeds. It had the skeleton of a human child. It had the eyes of a man, translucent flesh, and fins shaped like an artist's hand. On the surface, its face had a hard and mournful appearance, as if caught by some sudden chance in a man-made and skilfully woven net, as it died on the blood-marked sand.

END NOTES

MATSUDA (MRS.) Hanako Tsuchikawa
 VII p. 3
 VIII p. 16 (MR. MATSUDA)
 IX p. 13, 31
 XII p. 17, 54

ENDO, SADAO YAMANE, TOKIO
 II p. 33, 34
 VII p. 3
 XII p. 17

MASUDA HIDEKI Tsuchikawa
 II p. 31
 VII p. 20

TSUCHIYAMA LAW MATSUDA (MRS.)
 VII p. 3
 VIII p. 16 (MR. MATSUDA)
 IX p. 13, 31

TSUCHIYAMA^{KAWA} HIDEKI MATSUDA
 II p. 31
 III p. 20

YAMANE, TOKIO Sadao Endo
 II p. 33, 34
 VII p. 3

Cards copied Oct. 14, 1987, from collection in the Bancroft Library
 by Annegret Ogden, Reference Librarian.

Photocopies of 3"x5" cards from JERS File, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. Call No. 67/14 w1.23 in Folder "True Names of Persons Hidden by Pseudonyms in The Spoilage."

Witnessed and verified by Annegret Ogden, Reference Librarian, Baancroft Library. 14 October 1987.

These cards are proof that pseudonyms assigned to me (Kazue Matsuda) by JERS were HANAKO TSUCHIKAWA and Mrs. TSUCHIYAMA.

My brother was given the pseudonym SADAO ENDO, and my late former husband was HIDEKI TSUCHIYAMA/TSUCHIKAWA.

The Toad

Right in the middle of a Third World road
not far from the heart of a city
just to the left of my two Western eyes
a giant toad -- fat, brown and dusty.

For a moment, a miracle -- no traffic:
no men, women, children, cows, buffaloes,
carts, dogs, cycles, cars, lorries, to push,
moo, drive, bark, ring and honk us aside.

"I've escaped, just like you, from a swamp --
So tell me, dear fellow wise pot-bellied creature,
is this life worth it?" A lorry advances;
we look at each other -- then jump for our lives.

-- Thomas Dorsett
Baltimore, MD

Mood

Touched by the echoic past
I know today's flower cannot last
at least in shape or color it now
asserts.

Knowledge of this sort hurts
unless we sense that wind-tossed seeds
are our defence against a planet stark

and bare and seeing this
bless once more the silent
consecration of the air.

-- Chester Dawson