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EDITORIAL NOTES

42 YEARS AGO the War Measures Act gave parliamentary sanction to the internment of close to 21,000 Canadians of Japanese descent. Despite the essentially tyrannical character of the War Measures Act, it remains intact today. 14 years ago the War Measures Act was invoked again to quell a Quebec FLQ insurrection, so perceived by the Prime Minister and his Cabinet. Ironically, the WMA is embraced not only by the current party-in-power but is endorsed by both rival opposition parties.

Emboldened by the vigorous campaign in the USA by Americans of Japanese origin to seek redress for their mass internment, Canadian Nikkei — Canadians of Japanese descent — in recent years have intensified a collective effort to seek consensus on the issues of apology and redress to meet the criteria of justice. In recent weeks, a joint House of Commons resolution articulated national guilt over the internment, and recommended both redress and official apology. On April 2, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau flatly rejected monetary redress. Rebutting an opposition colleague in the House, he argued that all of us could seek redress, including Acadians, and a host of other minorities who have been wronged by the government in the short period of our national existence.

The past is inextricably woven into the future.

This issue of **Rikka** examines some of the legal and political considerations of the wholesale internment of Japanese Americans and their Canadian counterparts.

James J. Martin provides an irreverent view on the fabrication of history and the role of historians, few in number, who conduct "scholarly guerilla warfare" to expose and correct it.

Bucknell University historian **Richard Drinnon** reviews Peter Irons's extraordinary book *Justice at War*, which is a critical assessment of the US Supreme Court test case decisions that upheld the constitutionality of Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066 which sanctioned the wholesale internment of Nikkei in the US, and led to similar draconian measures in Canada.

A founding member of **Sodankai**, one of Toronto's youthful redress advocacy groups — among others in the Nikkei spectrum — poet and novelist **Joy Kogawa** addressed the Canadian Caucus on Human Rights last December on this and related issues. We have excerpted her submission, published in *Canadian Forum*. We acknowledge indebtedness to both author and publisher.

Roland Kawano makes some interesting comparisons of disparate aspects of the respective wartime experiences of US and Canadian Nikkei.

We celebrate the occasion of the first issue of **Rikka** produced and mailed from our new home on Manitoulin Island by including local contributors. The cover portrays West Bay writer and community worker **Susan Hare** with daughter. In private life the wife of West Bay Band Chief **Joe Hare**, Susan's work will appear in future issues. Benign Manitoulin Island is threatened by ecological stresses, one of which receives attention from artisan **Mikell Billoki**.

George Yamada

Reflections on the Anti-Liars of Revisionist History

Confronting Historical Lies

IF I HAD TO summarize in one sentence why I have involved myself in revisionist studies for the past 30 years, I believe I would have to depend upon one which graces the jacket flaps of Joseph D. Harrington's immensely informative book *Yankee Samurai* (Detroit, 1979): "challenging the official version of anything is a civic responsibility and great fun."

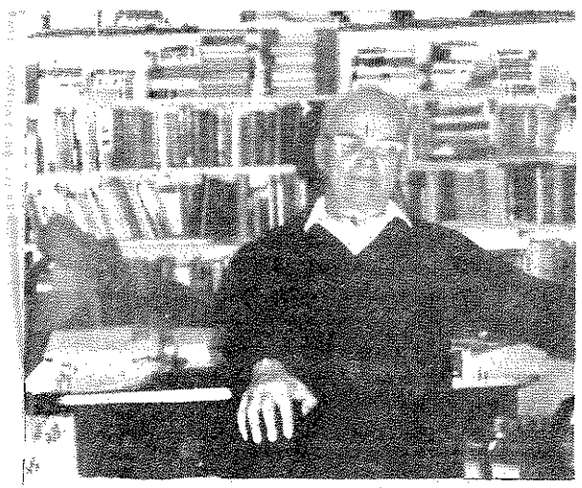
It must be conceded that there are other important objectives underlying revisionist research and writing, and I share them as well. Straightening out the record is an obvious one, official versions of the past being notorious for their mendacity. In more recent times they have become somewhat more sophisticated in eschewing outright lying in favor of telling only part of the truth, leaving out as much as possible, and introducing a maximum of diversionary irrelevancies, hoping to force students to conclude in their favor as a consequence of deprivation of sufficient information to make a more comprehensive and understanding judgment.

Revisionism attracts people who get incensed at being lied to, and this can be seen across a wide spectrum of intellectual interests, not just world wars and international affairs, where my personal concentration lies. The outrage at organized lying in the areas of major statecraft is more important (since this is likely to have more lethal consequences, in my view) than at being misled by advertisers of questionable or harmful products, or phony quasi-scientific pronouncements and "studies" which may reflect the observational talents of Aristotle, for instance, who reputedly told his people that a salamander crawling through a fire put it out.

I have specialized on matters related to the great wars of my time, since the political superstructure at any given moment is firmly based on a version of recent history in close harmony with this exercise of power. When the latter is linked to a faulty, misleading or deliberately scrambled version of the past to enhance the attributes, appearance and alleged righteousness of current power-holders, seeking not only the satisfying of swinish or pathological appetites but managing at the same time to, as Lawrence Dennis once put it, "frustrate the strong," the ensuing circumstances becoming more dangerous in that further degeneration of the situation is encouraged, which in turn might bring about an even worse state of affairs than what temporarily prevails.

It is my belief that from such sentiments, based heavily upon the hope that new, realistic scholarship would result in influencing public policy, the whole idea of "revisionism" sprang. Though the use of the word had preceded World War One as applied to Marxist theorizing by such as Eduard Bernstein, Karl Kautsky and John Spargo, for example, who saw the coming victory of socialism as a product of parliamentary procedures and therefore rendering unnecessary the bloody revolt of the "proletariat," thus "revising" the Marxist scriptures, it appears that especially among the French, like Alfred Fabre-Luce, Pierre Renouvin, Georges Michon, and Alcide Ebray, for example, the "revisionism" they had in mind as a likely consequence of their reconsideration on the origins of and responsibility for the Great War was *a revising of the Versailles Treaty*. Hence "revisionism" in this case had an immediate goal in the hope of changing the direction of public affairs, and thus averting another war, which they were sure would follow if the settlement of 1919-21 was not fundamentally modified.

Many English writers involved in revisionist studies in the 1920s had a similar objective, especially Francis Neilson, E. D. Morel,



James J. Martin

Lord Loreburn, Raymond Beazley, G. P. Gooch, G. L. Dickinson, and John Maynard Keynes. (Though the latter's name immediately inspires a knee-jerk reaction among those who reject his later economic theorizing, even if it is still the basis for the dominant form of policy in actual operational existence, I am utterly hostile to the notion that one must bad-mouth the *entire* product of a man's work because there is *some* of it that one does not like. This is what happened to Charles A. Beard at the hands of his former adulatory fellow liberals when he published his two books critical of President Roosevelt's 1937-1941 foreign policy, which I consider an irreparable and irretrievable act of gratuitous nastiness on their part, uncalled-for malice on the part of pygmies toward a giant. Keynes in his 1920 book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, called the outbreak of World War II almost to the week if the Versailles Treaties were not substantially altered in the interests of global political sanity.)

But when it came to American revisionist writers, they were somewhat differently motivated. The USA were not in Europe and few people here who were not born there understood the European situation. We were not a member of the League of Nations, the Anglo-French mutual insurance company which helped to make such a corrupt botch of the world that another war came about partially to try to set it aright. Having no part in the functional aspects of the Versailles settlement or the world it applied to, Americans had no compulsion to straighten out or revise its lunacies and imbecilities, as did European "revisionists," even if Woodrow Wilson's innocents helped substantially to put together this incredible stew.

American revisionist writers did not neglect the Treaty question, but, excluding the academic specialists, who were almost entirely devoted to examination of the diplomatic nuances, niceties and influences in precipitating hostilities in the summer of 1914, dwelled mainly on the immediate matters attending American participation early in 1917, stressing what Americans wanted to get in, and why, a most fateful event for everyone in Europe. (There actually was a literature of revisionism produced in the war years *prior* to American entry which American authorities considered offensive and objectionable, and which was expunged from the libraries, first from the libraries in the U.S. Army posts at the order of the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, in October, 1918, and then swept out of public libraries as a result of the diligent pursuits by the watchdogs of the American Defense Society.) With a near-stalemate prevailing and both sides on the verge of concluding hostilities by negotiation, getting the USA to wade in was the equivalent of adding the circus fat lady to one side of a quite evenly-matched see-saw. The subsequent grave disequilibrium this caused (the French and English both numbered among them several percipient writers who saw through the hollowness of "victory") has really not been reconciled down to this day, in a sense. Some American revisionists seemed never to grasp the enormity of this ominous step, so vast were the repercussions.

But it was the popular revisionist writers who inspired the likes of myself, originally absorbed in the combat history of the war, as a schoolboy. Stallings, Grattan, later Millis and General Butler's *War is a Racket*, all these and several more, including a generous periodical literature, pictured a somewhat different scene than that found in the general run of mindless bawls of self-serving self-praise which passed for history of the war from an American point of view. These and the resentful literature dealing with the unhappiness over the economic settlements after the war, which most of us did not clearly understand, especially the debts-reparation impasse, may not have profoundly influenced national policy here, since the USA were not involved in any collective security agreements related to the end-of-the-

war treaties, even if there was a somewhat increased involvement in bilateral or regional international affairs all through the 1920s into the early 1930s. (No party platform ignored "foreign policy" so noticeably as that which Roosevelt ran on in 1932; even the words were not mentioned.) But revisionist writing spread enhancement and buttressing of a general popular feeling that US participation had been a very grave mistake, and that we should do our utmost to see that we got into no more such disasters.

This was what I brought myself up on, so to speak, almost entirely derived from public library reading unrelated to school work. (In my first 12 years of schooling I heard no more about revisionism in school than I did about medieval Sanskrit.) It was supported in an auxiliary way by watching a spate of realistic or anti-war movies of the late '20s and early '30s: "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Journey's End," "The Big Parade," "What Price Glory," "Wings," and several others that escape my mind momentarily; to grim fictional works such as *Squad* and *Company K* (I missed Roland Dorgeles' *Wooden Crosses* and Walter Owen's *The Cross of Karl,* as well as the books by Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Ludwig Renn and Andreas Latzko, the first time around), and F. A. Barber's photo anthology shocker, *The Horror of It.* So, by the time I had entered the university and made the acquaintance of Fay, Langer, Barnes, Engelbrecht and Hanighen, J. K. Turner, Ford Maddox Ford, A. J. Nock, Sir Philip Gibbs and Charles Montague, I had rather deeply "internalized" the revisionist inclination and world-view, so to speak.

And there were even more exotic things to discover, among them the episode involving Claude Kitchin and the Sunrise Conference; the real story behind the *Lusitania* sinking (which we knew decades before Colin Simpson's book); the domestic propaganda campaign against public sanity, as revealed by Ray Abrams in *Preachers Present Arms* and in the series in Mencken's *American Mercury,* among others, and the revelations made during the dramatic Nye Committee hearings on the wartime financing and supply stories, which were real eye-openers.

In the meantime we watched with apprehension as another war loomed, just as the immediate post-1918 revisionists had predicted. Those my age spent the '30s in high school or college being assaulted with the propaganda preliminaries to embroilment in a new crusade (few people realize this is an invidious term to apply to anything; the Crusades were really all *failures.)*

Though tens of millions of words of radio, movie, magazine, newspaper and book blather gradually unhinged the American populace and induced them to listen to another pro-war pitch, especially between 1937 and 1941, the massive and expensive pro-war sales talk did not take with any real conviction. People of my persuasion were untouched by it and never bit for it at all. We were content with the understanding that wars had an economic base, and were sold to participants under cover of ideological and emotional misrepresentation. It is a fact that even among the public at large the revisionist lesson was not that soon lost, for even at the height of the political pressure for supporting involvement in 194041, when the question was honestly put before us: were we ready for actual military combat, the answer was generally in the vicinity of 90% NO, right down to the very week of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor.

I believe it was a catastrophic mistake for our elders to abandon the field to Roosevelt and his scalping party with the attack on Hawaii. The anti-involvement forces had effectively checked him to that moment, and if they had kept the skeleton of the anti-war organizations intact, and had taken cover for a short time, to resume criticism in due course, it is reasonable to believe that a far different result would have eventuated. Scandals equivalent to what had been uncovered before and after would surely have swept the land, and it would have been found that the Roosevelt regime had involved the country in the war by its secret commitments anyway, before the Pearl disaster. Having to sell the war in bits and pieces, dragging the country from one spread of fly-paper to another, would have inspired great pressure on the War Dealers to negotiate an end to World War II. Without America in the struggle, performing the identical role it had in 1917-1918, the war would probably have wound down sometime in 1943. Had this been done, a world 180 degrees from that which took shape after 1945 would have been possible, maybe 80% of the death and destruction of the war avoided, and this entire Orwellian nightmare of the last 35 years undoubtedly made impossible.

The Establishment has the advantage of sitting on almost all the documents, and can see to it that none but their partisans use the important ones, or even see them, if it is declared that they remain "classified" . . .

Instead we got this knockout "victory" based on "unconditional surrender," virtually unknown as a conclusion to martial conflict since antiquity, followed by the capture of total power which resulted in the conquest of the world by the victors, and the establishment of a new "world order" which made even the detestable Versailles system of post-1918 look reasonable by comparison.

This time there was no real base from which to conduct a revisionist history, yet the amazing thing is that one took place, and continues, and in terms of literature inspired, at least, one far larger in scope than that between 1918-1939 related to WW I. It has had no influence on policy, and shows no sign of ever doing so. But it persists, mainly as a form of writing for the record, against incredible obstacles, and undoubtedly will go on as long as intellectual curiosity persists as a human trait.

It has been opposed by a numerous and deeply-entrenched Establishment, which goes on grinding out endless hagiographic adorations of the victorious nations' "leaders" and other personalities. Over the last 35 years it has produced many hundreds of self-serving and self-congratulatory "gee-whiz-what-a-great-job-we-did" narratives, all of which collectively reassure and reinforce the practitioners of power and the sustained enforcement of the will of the "liberators."

Seemingly divided and brawling among themselves after "victory" in 1945, in the eye of a George Orwell they have been engaged largely in a world politics only superficially in conflict, in reality a sham to mask the exercise of power over their respective domestic populaces (one could argue with considerable authority that the NATO and Warsaw pacts have far more vital *internal* than external objectives: a writer in the Paris *Le Monde* some years back asserted that the real purpose of NATO was to keep the Germans *down,* not to keep the Russians *out.)*

The admonition to "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels" of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* is the core of Orwell's famous novel *1984,* originally titled *1948,* and correctly so, since everyting in it was already a part of the world as of the latter date above. The central idea of his book is the comprehensive employment of foreign policy to manipulate domestic policy, and thus reinforce, sustain and continue political tenure at home. It was an idea I first saw developed by Michael H. Cochran in Mencken's *Mercury* in 1932, a year when this kind of caper was at its lowest ebb, possibly, in American politics. Whether Cochran was a premature Orwellian or not, their jointly-worked-out idea is a key to understanding the post-1945 world, during which time the boundaries of the empires created by victory (?) have hardly changed more than a few kilometers. What I have written in a revisionist vein has always had as an internal guide, so to speak, the Orwellian vision of a basically phony global conflict redounding to the comfort, welfare and tenure of the war victors and their immense supporting forces in all branches of enterprise and activity. Lawrence Dennis, the "incorruptible realist," as Porter Sargent described him in his book *Getting Us Into War* (Boston, 1941, p. 386), had a very similar interpretation of what transpired globally from the late '40s into the '70s, the Korean and Vietnam wars notwithstanding, these being from an outer-space perspective hardly anything but postponed quarrels over real estate not settled in the 1945 agreements, leftover pieces of World War II.

To write in opposition to or in criticism of such a concentration of power and resources may seem to some to involve suicidal or insane tendencies, the odds being so incredibly stacked. But still it goes on. One may freely grant that the Establishment starts out with all the advantages, except a monopoly on industry, wit, energy and direction: it has the power, influence, prestige, and, of course, an immense lot of money.

It has the further crippling advantage of sitting on almost all the documents, and can see to it that none but their partisans use the important ones, or even see them, if it is decided that they remain "classified," for generations the way an Establishment prevents the truth from leaking out on whatever they wish to conceal. Related to this is the opportunity to conduct bonfires of embarrassing stuff, which is followed by mysti-

fied stares and the shrugging of shoulders with palms turned upward in a fake gesture of ignorance, when things which might make them look bad, stupid or mendacious simply cannot be accounted for.

The Establishment's money bankrolls almost anything they want in print: fabulous six-figure advances and generous expense accounts are available to their protagonists, with the resultant opportunity to travel around the world at length, get access to special materials and interview hundreds of people, if necessary, so that they may find out what they want to know and hear. Furthermore, there are the most salubrious circumstances under which to work, with a supporting cast of sometimes hundreds to help them to research, write, produce and promote their books. Even 30 years ago, Council of Foreign Relations-associated foundations were able to support the famous 2-volume white-wash of Roosevelt's 1937-1941 foreign policy by Profs. Langer and Gleason, both holders of key posts in the OSS-CIA, with what would today be close to a million dollars. (I remember several conversations with Harry Elmer Barnes over this [he knew and admired Langer in the pre-WW2 revisionist days, but concluded that Langer had been unable to resist being taken up on the mountain and shown the kingdoms of the world], in which he calculated roughly that a sum one-third of the Langer-Gleason subvention would have paid the expenses in the preparation of thirty revisionist books.)

This kind of propping-up has accompanied many Establishment ventures in the history-fabrication business, which have bolstered their view of the world and further reinforced confidence in the policies which have enabled them since 1945 to make a virtual colony of almost the entire globe, even if this is beginning to fray a bit at the edges. In the meantime it has provided producers of this mighty Establishment intellectual auxiliary the opportunity to hob-nob familiarly with the powerful and the famous and the well-placed, while enjoying a Gokonda of impressive incomes and perquisites, the most glitteringly prestigious jobs of all kinds everywhere on the planet, while the total enterprise for which they front exercises control over the world economy which funnels hundreds of billions of dollars into their possession. It is reflected in the exercise of power which by comparison makes Caesar's machine look like a pack of county courthouse-Willies, and Alexander's like the operations of a middle-range Mafia *capo*.

It is obvious that compared to the 1920s, revisionism today has not the slightest expectation of influencing policy, but, after all, the realities today are quite the opposite of what they were in the interwar years of 1919-1939. In view of the hopeless odds and the outlandish mismatching, it is little wonder that by far the greatest number prefer to swim with the tide (Americans are alleged to be enchanted with the underdog, but in reality there are few other people so likely to become instant camp-followers of the success of the moment, though common cowardice is also a factor in this matter at hand).

Perhaps it may be legitimately asked, why continue to present a challenge or opposition, in a contest so outrageously skewed in one direction? For sure, the hope of unhorsing such an array of puissance is akin to the expectation that one might be able to bail out Lake Superior with a sieve. The answer lies in the makeup and temperament of those who persist in such scholarly guerrilla warfare.

Meanwhile, as Ezra Haywood put it, no tree tries to get by on last year's leaves: there is much work to be done, and we still have a long way to go just to find out what has happened, let alone find time to assess the meaning of the total situation. Physical and psychological obstacles will not lessen, that is for sure. As that noted humanitarian Nikita Khrushchev wisely cautioned the elements interested in maintaining the status quo over 15 years ago, "Historians are dangerous people. They are capable of upsetting everything. They must be directed." The court historians of the Establishment run no risk here; their performance is predictable. It remains to be seen if the wave makers of revisionism are capable of being tamed by some yet unseen engine of corruption, and cajoled into entering the camp of the enemy. But my guess would be that the majority of those with revisionist tendencies will surely proceed in the direction their inclinations pointed them in the first place.

—James J. Martin

JAMES J. MARTIN is author of *Men Against the State, American Liberalism and World Politics, Revisionist Viewpoints*, and *The Saga of Hog Island*. He studied at the University of Michigan (MA, PhD) and has taught at major universities. He specializes in American intellectual history, contemporary diplomatic thought and practice, and public opinion.

John J. McCloy, Master of

EXTRA-JUDICIAL CASUISTRY

Concealing the Truth . . .

"THEIR RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS are such that we cannot understand or trust even the citizen Japanese," noted Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson in February 1942. "This latter is the fact, but I am afraid that it will make a tremendous hole in our constitutional system to apply it." Soon applying that feckless "fact," he and other members of the Roosevelt administration acted out his presentiment by uprooting from the West Coast and penning in concentration camps nearly 120,000 persons almost two-thirds of them American citizens of Japanese descent (Nisei) and the rest Japanese immigrants (Issei). Four decades later a national commission of inquiry completed its inventory of the damages by declaring in December 1982 that these impounded people had indeed suffered a "grave injustice." And now Peter Irons, a graduate of the Harvard Law School who teaches legal history at the University of California at San Diego, has unearthed documents through the Freedom of Information Act that reveal a constitutional chasm bigger and dirtier than even the victims had surmised.

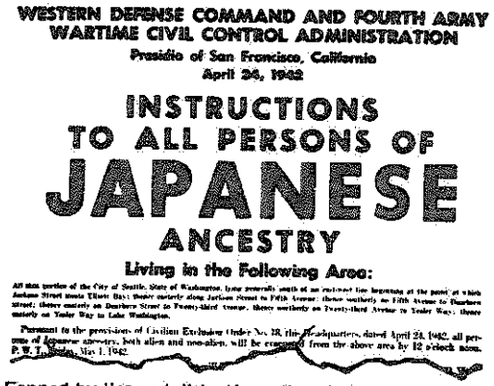
Of all the citizens behind barbed wire, only one in ten thousand raised legal challenges to the orders that put him there, and of this handful of 1942 test cases, only four reached the Supreme Court. Minoru Yasui, a fledgling lawyer in Portland, openly resisted the discriminatory curfew and spent months in solitary confinement before being shipped off to the camp in Idaho. Gordon Kiyoshi Hirabayashi, a college senior in Seattle, went beyond three curfew violations to a principled refusal to report for removal and spent two years in prison. Fred Toyosaburo Korematsu, a young shipyard welder in the Bay Area, tried to slip through the military dragnet by concealing his identity but was apprehended and sentenced to five years on probation for remaining in his hometown. And Mitsuye Endo, a California State civil servant in her early twenties, sought release from internment on a writ of habeas corpus and then waited another two years until the petition finally set her free from the camp in Utah. She was the only successful appellant, for in 1943 and 1944 the Supreme Court upheld the convictions of Yasui, Hirabayashi and Korematsu.

The importance of *Justice at War* lies in its disclosure of how government officials stacked the deck against the Japanese Americans by suppressing, altering, and destroying evidence critical to their defense. Not certainly, but conceivably, even the Roosevelt Court might have balked at what a dissenter called "this legalization of racism" had the upholders known that they were basing their decisions upon a fundamentally tainted record.

JUSTICE AT WAR: The Story of the Japanese American Internment Cases
by *Peter Irons*, Oxford University Press
70 Wynford Dr., Don Mills, Ont. M3C 1J9
407 pp., 1984 $26.75

THE MASTER TAINTER was none other than "the chairman of the American establishment," as he was later dubbed, the then assistant secretary of war, John J. McCloy, a Wall Street lawyer who had become a warlord of Washington as Stimson's right-hand man. On April 19, 1943, McCloy received via air express two printed and bound copies of the Western Defense Command's *Final Report: Japanese Evacuation from the West Coast, 1942*. Hot off the press, it arrived over the signature of General John L. DeWitt but was primarily the handiwork of a lawyer in uniform, Colonel Karl R. Bendetsen. Opening the document, McCloy found especially objectionable the general's frank admission that it had been "impossible" to determine the loyalty of the "Japanese" no matter how much time he had had for the task: "It was not that there was insufficient time in which to make such a determination; it was simply a matter of facing the realities that a positive determination could not be made, that an exact separation of the 'sheep from the goats' was unfeasible." In a word, both Oriental sheep and Oriental goats were ultimately inscrutable.

Unwilling to release this dangerously straightforward "racial characteristics" justification of the roundup. McCloy dressed Bendetsen down for not letting him see the galleys "before you printed it up," ordered him back to Washington, and put him to work with his staff on a compromise that removed the offen sive words and replaced them with an offhanded reference to the absence of "ready means . . . for determin ing the loyal and disloyal with any degree of safety." McCloy then instructed DeWitt to send a second transmittal letter, as though it were his first, with the second *Final Report*. Every trace of the first *Final Report* was removed from Pentagon files, and


WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION
Presidio of San Francisco, California
April 24, 1942

INSTRUCTIONS
TO ALL PERSONS OF
JAPANESE
ANCESTRY
Living in the Following Area:

Fanned by lies and distortions diseminated by press and radio, hysteria directed against ethnic Japanese in North and South America during World War II — seldom exceeded in virulence — damaged democratic processes irrevocably.

Bendetsen gathered up the other copies and had the original galleys, drafts, and memoranda burned in San Francisco — the only remaining records of this memory-hole operation went into a "Confidential" file in Bendetsen's Presidio office.

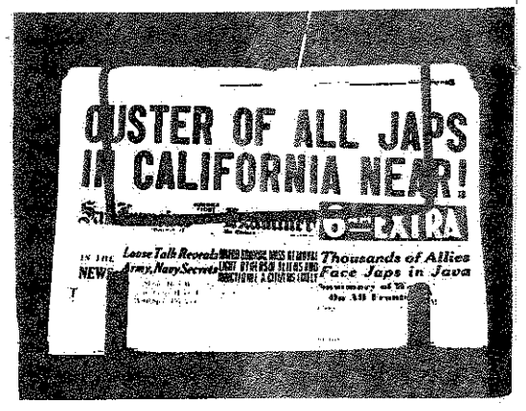
"The War Department's shell game," as Irons aptly calls it, kept DeWitt's report out of the hands of Justice Department lawyers who needed it to prepare their briefs for the 1943 test cases. Attorney General Francis Biddle and Edward J. Ennis of the Alien Enemy Control Unit went out to the Pentagon to press their request for a copy in person but were put off and assured by McCloy "that it was not intended to print this report." Not given access to either version, the drafters of the Hirabayashi brief made the lack of sufficient time a significant factor in the army's decision to go ahead with mass exclusion and not attempt loyalty hearings: "Many months, or perhaps years, would be required for such investigations." DeWitt's original formulation of the "racial characteristics" justification directly contradicted that claim and in fact blew it out of the water, had the Supreme Court justices only known of the suppressed, penultimate version of his *Final Report*.

AND THEN THE PLOT thickened. According to even the revised DeWitt, "The Japanese race is an enemy race." It followed that the path from "racial characteristics" had led directly to the "military necessity" of the roundup, since Japanese Americans were innately more liable than any other class of West Coast residents to commit acts of sabotage and espionage. This free-floating prejudice found moorage of sorts in his flat assertion that "there were many evidences of the successful communication of information to the enemy" from the mainland. All this was as his rank prejudice had postulated, but the trouble was that there were no such "evidences" and in truth, as he had ample reason to know, not a single authenticated case of shore-to-shore signaling or of illicit radio transmission.

After a copy of the final *Final Report* finally arrived at the Justice Department in January 1944. Ennis and John L. Burling, his assistant, who was working on the Korematsu case, sought confirmation of DeWitt's charges from the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Federal Communications Commission; in the reports from these agencies they confronted incontrovertible proof that there had been *no* confirmed Japanese American espionage. Faced with the problem of presenting to the Supreme Court a key military report based on what they themselves called "suppression of evidence" and riddled with "lies" and "intentional falsehoods," Ennis and Burling inserted a crucial footnote in the Korematsu brief that flagged for the justices the "contrariety" of evidence on the espionage allegations and their own — the government's — attorneys disavowal of War Department veracity.

Not surprisingly, McCloy objected to the footnote, intervened personally with Solicitor General Charles Fahy, and, as Irons's documents make warrantedly assertable, prevailed on Ennis's superior to excise the government's oblique confession that there had been no "military necessity" for the enormity. The master scene-shifter had once again kept the justices from glimpsing the truth, and Ennis had brought himself around to sign his name to the brief resting on all those "lies."

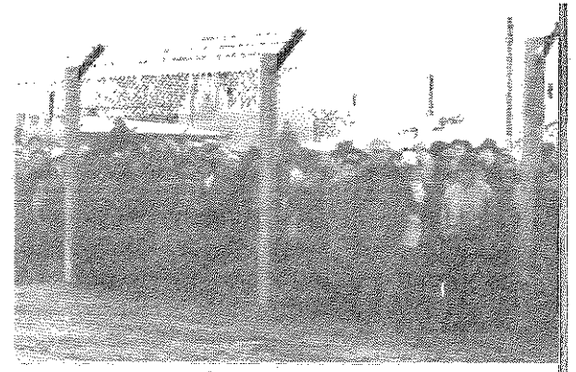
What began for Irons as a study of legal strategies and tactics in wartime turned into a different book when he uncovered these and related instances of governmental misconduct so massive as to amount to a fraud on the courts. On the basis of such findings that reveal "a legal scandal without precedent in the history of American law," he became the general counsel of Hirabayashi, Yasui, and Korematsu and on January 19, 1983, filed suit to have their convictions overturned: "The only grounds for such proceedings, known in legal jargon as 'petition for a writ of error coram nobis,' are that the original trial was tainted by 'fundamental error' or that the conviction resulted in 'manifest injustice' to the defendant." As though this were a fast-breaking story, on October 4 the Justice Department effectively admitted the manifest injustice by filing a motion in San Francisco to vacate Korematsu's conviction. And on November 10 U.S. District Judge Marilyn Patel has just reversed his



conviction and found the internment of all his people to have been unjustified and illegal. In this extraordinary ruling, Judge Patel rejected the U. S. attorneys' pleas merely to vacate and let bygones be bygones, and instead confirmed the government's misconduct by specifying its use of unsubstantiated assertions, distortions, and racist stereotypes. *Justice at War* has the distinction of being one of those very rare books that hit the people and institutions they are aimed at.

STRONG IN HIS ANALYSIS of briefs and court decisions, Irons has his weaknesses when he moves out into the larger historical context. His evocation of Franklin Roosevelt's "basically humanitarian impulses" has a curious ring in a work acknowledging that the president kept the impounded people behind barbed wire for an extra six months to help his chances for reelection in 1944. Irons's callow reference to "the fulminations of Republican isolationists" indicates unfamiliarity with critical scholarship on the legend of isolationism. Not in command of the voluminous materials on the camps run by the War Relocation Authority (WRA), he falls into elementary errors in chronology and interpretation, and misstates the alternative facing the uprooted people in the first place: "two or three years of barbed wire and sandstorms as an alternative to prison." Apparently he remains unaware that hundreds of inmates languished in WRA penal colonies and later in the Tule stockade, all of which were tight prisons within the larger imprisonment of the *concentration camps*, a term he assiduously avoids.

The main reason so few inmates dared become test cases was that Roger Baldwin's American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and Mike



Masaoka's Japanese American Citizens League (JACL) adamantly opposed constitutional challenges to Executive Order 9066. Irons sees that this led Roger Baldwin and his cohorts to become in effect agents of the Justice Department and to subordinate the inmates' best interests to their own personal and political loyalties to the Roosevelt administration. He does not see that the Baldwin group also became in effect agents of Dillon S. Myer's WRA and that the consequence was the formation of a common WRA-JACL-ACLU line on the camps as "experiments in democracy."

In the San Francisco office of the ACLU, Ernest Besig and Wayne M. Collins strongly rejected that Orwellian line and engaged in a running battle with their counterparts in New York. Irons never brings that bitter conflict into focus and most regrettably mounts repeated attacks on Collins's character and competence. As Korematsu's first attorney of record, Collins faced overwhelming odds and persisted in challenging the constitutionality of Roosevelt's executive order, almost singlehandedly forced the WRA to close down its private inner prison at Tule Lake, and devoted the rest of his life to the plight of the thousands of embittered Nisei who fell into the Roosevelt administration's trap when they renounced their citizenship; their cases merit more, I believe, than the neglect they receive in this "Story of the Japanese Internment Cases."

IS THERE JUSTICE?

IT WAS suggested that I tell you about my identity as a Japanese Canadian. The burden of that particular identity is a heavy one for me these days. My experience of the Japanese Canadians, especially in the last several months, is of a vastly and profoundly disparate and broken people.

Many Nisei, like myself, who suffered the drawn out trauma of racial prejudice during our formative and young adult years have a deep timidity burned into our psyches with the injunction that we must never again congregate, never again risk the visibility of community. Perhaps as a result, no Japan Town exists anywhere in Canada today.

The Sansei, the children of the Nisei, are the most vocal and fearless in their belief that Canada is best served by a full exposure of Japanese Canadian history. They have a tenacious faith that democratic and open dialogue is possible among Japanese Canadians.

Apart from the Nisei and the Sansei, there are a dwindling number of aged and dying Issei, the ones who suffered the most measurable trauma and who today are, of all Japanese Canadians, the ones most abused, forgotten and politically powerless. These are the pioneers who with their lives and limbs cleared Canadian forests and created farms, established mines, businesses, fishing industries, built churches, community halls and infused this land with their gentle dignity and their endurance. They still endure — without the comfort and care that other aging Canadians take for granted.

One by one, I have heard graphic and horrible stories of Issei in white nursing homes, who, unable to adjust to the radically different diets, die within days or an average of a month or two. Facilities and assistance are desperately needed but not one Japanese Canadian nursing home or hospital any longer exists across this entire country. What does this speak of? It speaks of a people who are weak separated, broken and have not been able to unite on this most crucial need. It speaks of a governmental bureaucracy that has been unable to enter into substantial dialogue with that brokenness and to assist it. No single group in Canada has been so plundered and abused by officialdom as the Issei. That same officialdom today is implicated in this ongoing victimization.

To speak of one endeavour alone, a group of professional people in Toronto concerned for the Issei there approached the government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation in 1976 for assistance in developing a nursing home and were rejected outright. They then applied to the provincial government for nursing home licences as an alternative. From 1976 to 1982 they were shunted from department to department until in desperation they abandoned their approach and decided to seek assistance for a geriatric complex instead. This application is on file at CMHC and is yet waiting to be reviewed.

As a Canadian I am embarrassed by my country's bureaucratic racism at home and its condemnation of racism in other countries, its failure to name its many crimes against Japanese Canadians in the past or to face its wrong in the present. As a Canadian I am identified with this country's act of destroying the Japanese Canadian community and demanding that they never again speak as a people or with a united voice. I'm also identified with this government's current demand that this people which is scattered now miraculously speak with one united voice. Whether this demand will work for good or for ill among us is yet to be known.

Speaking as a non-Japanese Canadian I might admit to some worry that this Japanese Canadian voice should be resurrected to besmirch our Canadian image or cast aspersions on the good names of our political leaders in the past. And somewhere in my British Columbian heart lurks the fierce thought that their boats, their homes, their lush farms, their businesses, their factories, industries, mines and artifacts must be forever secured for my white children and my white grandchildren — not theirs.

As a Japanese Canadian, I am caught in the pain and the furor of a divided people struggling to be heard, struggling with the urgency of attending the needs of the Issei, struggling with a bureaucracy whose concern for efficiency exceeds the concern for a people's suffering — a bureaucracy that seems at times to support rapacious policies aimed at dividing, conquering and silencing minority groups.

Japanese Canadians are a minority among minorities, minute in numbers but of great symbolic significance at home and internationally. There was a time when I believed that a people who had suffered in a particular or unique way faced a particular calling to liberation and a particular responsibility. But I no longer think that that form of uniqueness and specialness applies to any one group. Rather, I now feel that the calling to liberation is universal and individual. Each person and each group no matter what their identity or what their cause, has a special and particular responsibility to follow the direction of that un-

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Happily, on his home ground of official malfeasance and of conflicts between conscience and duty among the government's lawyers, Peter Irons is sound and sharp. His disclosure of the legal scandal I have just outlined marks a signal advance in our understanding of this wretched chapter in America's perennial preoccupation with "racial characteristics."

Now in his mid-sixties, Fred Toyosaburo Korematsu recently examined some of the records his new counsel has turned up and from his file of forty years ago came up with an indictment every one of the 119,803 Issei and Nisei victims might have justly lodged: "They did me a great wrong." The pity is that the wrongdoers will never be brought to justice.

Richard Drinnon

RICHARD DRINNON is professor of history at **Bucknell** University, Lewisburg, Pa.

Acknowledgements to **Inquiry**, February, 1984.

compromising compass within that points to health. It ignores what is popular, or what will simply win, or what will give us short term ease and fill our bellies. Beyond our doubt and confusion lies our capacity to recognize what suffering is and where health lies and to identify with both. I believe that it is the identification of and with suffering at every level, in every condition and in every person that magnetizes the compass of justice and points us to home.

As a Japanese Canadian I would plead that the suffering of the Issei be immediately attended to by swift and practical acts of compassion. Let it not be said of our country that we preached democracy and practiced racism until the very last Issei died. Not only in Vancouver and Toronto and southern Alberta, but wherever they were forcibly flung into isolation across Canada, there is need of appropriate health care, extended home care services, nursing homes and financial assistance to local groups that are working to help the Issei. I would plead that the very best Canada has to offer be granted to the Issei, in their homes, wherever they are or wherever they wish to be, that the few who are left may find some comfort and joy in their last days. In our deeply troubled times, their peace would be small beacons of hope that the conscience of Canada towards the Issei was not completely extinguished.

As for the rest of us, the Nisei, the Sansei, and others — the sheep, the wolves and the shepherds — we are in a time of ferment as the word of conscience and consensus pertaining to questions of redress struggles to be spoken. We are weak, we are easily tyrannized, we are factionalized and fractured in our hearts. But I believe that if we keep our eyes on the reality of those who suffer most among us, we can cut through the corruption that rages in times like these — when power struggles with power. Instead of using the Issei and their compliance as pawns for quick and easy political ends, instead of declaring their urgency as an excuse to eliminate and forestall the wholesome process of dialogue, we should maintain the clarity of our distinct and separate needs so that neither the Issei nor the rest of us should be deprived of healing. It should not be required of Japanese Canadians to bear any further burdens of suffering arising from crimes committed against us.

But my experience is that we are suffering now, and we are surrounded by a sense of the enemy.

In naming our enemies, I believe we should begin from that which is most knowable — the enemy in our own hearts. When we can see clearly the face of the enemy within, I believe we can more accurately identify the enemy on the outside — in the community, the country and the planet.

I am aware of three enemies, three fears that I have been facing recently. First I have been tyrannized by the simple need to be liked. It has been one of the most painful experiences of my life to have been publicly vilified, lied about and identified by some Japanese Canadians as an enemy of Japanese Canadians because of my belief in the need for a democratic and open dialogue among us. My fear of being further villified drove me into silence and withdrawal.

My second fear arose from an awareness of blindness — from my

fear of being unable to see or recognize the friend within the ones who name me as an enemy. This sense of the Japanese Canadian enemy of Japanese Canadians fosters a course that is factionalizing and self-devouring and we are in danger of doing irreparable harm to that unseen Japanese Canadian friend that hides within the perceived Japanese Canadian enemy. This second fear also drove me to public silence.

But my third fear was that by silence I would be bowing down to the tyranny of fear itself. By silence, I could be a collaborator in chaos, guilty before conscience of inaction where action was required. So I am speaking publicly now about these matters for the first time and with no small terror, for I still fear the vilification and I still fear my own incomplete knowing.

During this time I have discovered the sickly taste of that seductive and corrupting drug that oozes through the heart, the will to win. Where, I am wondering, is the antidote to that drug that threatens to destroy us all.

I know that before our collective story is ended, we will all be requiring of ourselves and of each other forgiveness of many kinds. It behooves us then to wield the weaponry of our truths with great caution.

In this our not-yet-completed story telling time, I believe the strong from within us should be silent that the weakness from

compromi[illegible]

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within might speak. As [illegible]public
towards the naming of [illegible]s, I
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sw[illegible]here a just cause? We cannot
p[illegible]ear all the crying in the world.
But I believe that when we listen,
we can recognize specific voices
calling us out of specific suf-
ferings and the voices that call our
names are the ones to which we
are each accountable. *Joy Kogawa*

JOY KOGAWA is a poet and novelist who resides in Toronto. Acknowledgements to *Canadian Forum* (March 1984) where this essay in its entirety appeared.

THE DREAM

for Joy Kogawa

1

Your statesman
dream this hour
telling me on the phone
how Churchill
subsisted
for what reason?
you do not know

Remember too
the atrocities
how they grow dim
with passing time

only bravery of a fashion
lingers
not the evil intent—
colonialism's helpmate

2

Truth and honesty
worth striving for —
more than skin
more than race

oppression's nightmare
we're one in the revelation
we're in the final hour

false face of love
belly's fire —

phone's umbilicus

— Cyril Dabydeen

CYRIL DABYDEEN is a widely published Ottawa writer.

Illustration by MINE OKUBO

THAT IT CANNOT HAPPEN AGAIN

IN 1971 Roger Daniels, a Professor of History at the University of Cincinnati, published his first account of the American Japanese in the concentration camps. In the summer of 1976, he taught at the University of Calgary where he met Ann Sunahara, then working on her MA thesis on the same subject, but with reference to Japanese Canadians. Ms. Sunahara went on to publish her book, *The Politics of Racism*, and Prof. Daniels has come to reissue his original book with an ending section on the Japanese Canadians, with a short comparison of the two nations and their treatment of the Japanese.

Thus, the bulk of Prof. Daniels' book concerns the American experience. Eight chapters are devoted to the American Japanese, one to the Canadian Japanese. Though the author does not refer to it, both the American and Canadian experience served as a model for Latin American countries to effect similar actions against their citizens of Japanese extraction.

Thus, the bulk of Prof. Daniels' book concerns the American experience. Eight chapters are devoted to the American Japanese, one to the Canadian Japanese. Though the author does not refer to it, both the American and Canadian experience served as a model for Latin American countries to effect similar actions against their citizens of Japanese origin, but as yet we have no full account in English of the Japanese in Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru, Mexico, and other Latin American countries in world War II.

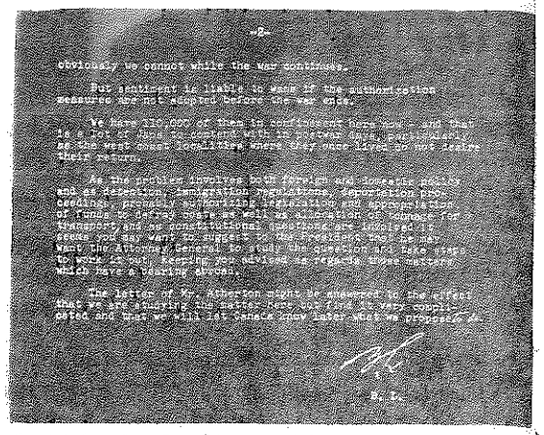
In both Canada and the United States, Daniels documents how the Mounted Police and the military had plenty of evidence which militated against mass evacuation from the West Coast of the United States and British Columbia, but in each instance, it was the politicians, facing the racial hysteria and their own political futures, who decided for the evacuation. Daniels likens the US camps to the Indian reservations, rather than to Nazi war camps. Prof. Ronald Takaki of Berkeley in his *Iron Cages*, interestingly, makes a case for the appearance of the Indian reservations and the asylums about the same time as a device to put away those whom the powers in the society couldn't cope with. Daniels also likens the camps or "ghost towns," as they were called by Japanese Canadians, to the policies of Tsarist Russia (certainly of present-day Russia) of sending dissidents to such isolated areas that escape is unthinkable.

Prof. Daniels, who directed the research of Douglas Nelson's MA thesis on the Japanese at the Heart Mountain, Wyoming camp, draws heavily on this research to help challenge the traditional picture of American and Canadian Japanese as docile internees. The dissident Japanese Americans in the various centers were usually shipped to Tule Lake, California; but here, Prof.

Concentration Camps: North American Japanese in the United States and Canada During World War II
by Roger Daniels
Krieger, Malabar, Fla. 1981

the job done. This helps to understand the present division among Japanese Americans over the question of redress. The JACL has supported the presidential Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians in their job of determining whether any wrong was done. This Commission is also investigated the Aleuts of Alaska along with the American Japanese. The Commission reported in 1982. A smaller group, the Redress Legal Fund of the National Council for Japanese American Redress has filed a suit against the American government, seeking monetary redress. This latter group holds that the JACL, in supporting a commission of inquiry rather than seeking redress, has sold out, as it did earlier in the war when the JACL often supported the camp authorities and the movement towards incarceration.

Historically, Daniels has helped to answer the question why the Americans used the courts to battle for their liberties while the Canadians never did. Though Daniels does not explain this thoroughly, the American legal system does interpret laws and can overturn existing laws and practices. The American racist laws were challenged long before World War II, during and following the war. The Canadian judicial system does not have this power and the courts were not used to overturn racist laws. This had to be done through Parliament. In Canada, for instance, the British Columbian Japanese Canadians in 1936 sent four Nisei to the Parliamentary debates in Ottawa to ask for the right to vote (Canadian born and foreign born Japanese together did not have the franchise) but nothing happened. The most famous of the four was S. I. Hayakawa. Another was Hide Shimizu, who recently was recipient of the Order of Canada for her work in educating the Japanese children in the camps.



Excerpts from State Department note to External Affairs: ". . . we will let Canada know later what we propose to do."

Of course, in Canada, no Japanese were killed as a result of incarceration. That was not true in the United States. But Canada had, as in the States, various types of camps. Prof Daniels notes that those who objected to the British Columbian methods of incarceration were shipped to Petawawa, then to Angler, Ontario. These were German POW camps. There was even a camp close to Angler where Japanese women and children were sent. This is not mentioned in Daniels' book.

In the period of resettlement after the war when the camps were being closed, the two countries followed significantly different policies. In the United States the policy of total exclusion of Japanese from the West Coast ended on January 2, 1945. On December 18, 1944, the Supreme Court decision on Mitsuye Endo was tabled. She had sought release from the Topaz, Utah camp and won, but the Court would not rule on the constitutional issue of the rights of a citizen in wartime. Curiously, as William Hohri of the National Council for Japanese American Redress has noted, no trace can be found of Mitsuye Endo today.

In Canada it was not until April 1, 1949 that the Canadian Japanese were allowed to return to the West Coast of British Columbia. The MacKenzie King government carried out a policy of dispersing Japanese Canadians east of the Rockies and continued the program of repatriating Japanese to Japan whether or not they were Canadian citizens. The comparison with the US figures are startling. In Canada almost one-half of the prewar population are officially listed as applying for repatriation. Ken Adachi says that almost 4,000 had left for Japan before that program became very unpopular in the more liberal postwar climate of opinion and it ceased on January 24, 1947. In the US, 4,724 left for JAPAN. Before the war there were about 120,000 Japanese Americans who went into the camps and some 150,000 in Hawaii were under martial law. In comparison, about 13,000 Japanese Canadians were confined in the camps. This certainly indicates that the Canadian government put much more pressure on repatriation than the American government. This all strikes a strange note when Prof. Daniels notes that the American experience was more racist than the Canadian counterpart.

The interpretation of repatriation continues to be interesting. In an article on "Japanese Relocation and Redress in North America: *A Comparative View*" (*Pacific Historian*, Vol. 26, No. 1 Spring 1982), Prof. Daniels concludes, "That departures for Japan from the U.S. and Canada were almost roughly equal even though Japanese Americans outnumbered Japanese Canadians by more than five to one speaks volumes about their respective visions of the future" (p. 7). Note that Daniels does not include Hawaiian Japanese (who are also Americans), in his figures for the total number of Japanese in America (Hawaii was a territory of the United States at that time). That would make the figures much more startling. But one of the reasons the U.S. figures are so low is due to the unceasing efforts of lawyer Wayne Collins who fought in the courts until the late 1960s for those who opted for repatriation under wartime pressure, to regain their U.S. citizenship. At the end of one of the few novels to come out of the evacuation experience Scott Miyakawa's *Tule Lake* sees Wayne Collins as a figure of hope in a very bleak and desperate situation.

Daniels ends both his article and this book with a discussion on redress and reparations. Obviously the whole redress issue is taken on analogy from the German reparations to the Jews and other Europeans after World War II. The other analogy is to the American and Canadian Native Indians on the reserves who in the past were wards of the government. Certainly a case can be made for redress, but as the Japanese North Americans have pointed out, it is now forty years since World War II, and the generation of the old folks are quickly disappearing. This may well be a dead issue, in more ways than one, but the time any decision is forthcoming in the States, let alone Canada. Perhaps the most difficult of all is to drum up support for a good, even a righteous cause, in a time when so many of the wronged simply want to let the issues, the memories and the injustices sleep. But the hearings of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians show how fervent still are the old memories made fresh, of losses, injustices and humiliation. What the hearings have done thus far is to remind the young ones, those without the memory, that this indeed did happen, and strangely enough, the quiet Americans and Canadians are raising their voices so that it might not happen again.

Roland Kawano

ROLAND KAWANO is Rector of St. Andrew's Anglican Church (Japanese) in Toronto. Chapters of his novel in progress are appearing in **Rikka**.

100 Years of
Living the Good Life . . .

SCOTT NEARING

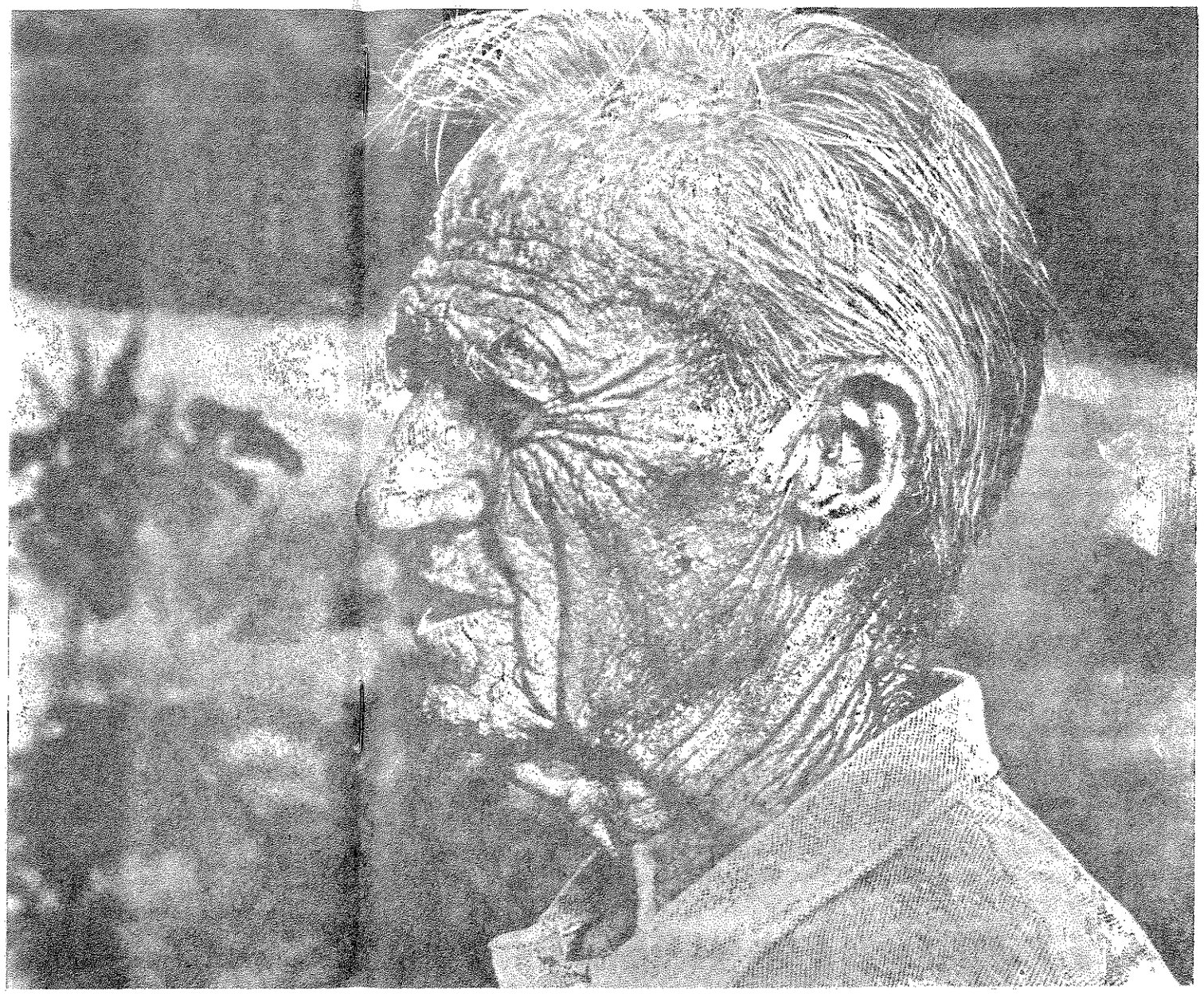
Uncompromising Iconoclast
Incomparable Rebel

WE didn't have TV on most of the summer and didn't know about Scott's death in August. One night about a week ago I turned it on and Scott was on the screen talking; it didn't seem to be about gardening. I held on a bit and found it was from the film "The Reds." The next morning at the post office I received a large envelope with the Nearing address on it and knew before I opened it. . . .

The things I remember about Scott fly in all directions.

There was the visit of Tiffany Thayer. He and Scott had both been members of the Fortean Society in New York City twenty or thirty years before this visit. Tiffany arrived with a bottle of scotch. . . . Scott didn't drink. Tiffany was a chain smoker. . . . Scott and Helen, neither smoked. I don't know how we were roped into Tiffany's visit but he came down to our studio. Scott may have felt he might buy some art work. Anyway Tiffany related what a disaster the visit was. He had brought a huge ham also, but had left it in the car and never brought it out when at lunch he realized that Scott was a vegetarian.

When we first moved to the valley we thought we could make children's work benches with real saws, planes and hammers. Scott liked the idea after he saw some of the maple ben-



ches we made and offered to buy us a truck to transport the benches to the big cities to sell. We didn't accept his offer because we found that the maple cracked with temperature changes: freezing in Vermont; too warm in Boston and New York City apartments.

Scott at one time had bought a huge tract of land, around 400 acres, up behind Forest Farms. He didn't use it and finally decided to give it to some worthwhile group. He offered it to Gary Davis and his "One World" idea but he turned it down. He then offered it to Lowell. But we didn't want 400 acres. We had enough trouble taking care of 7 acres. I believe he finally gave it to the town of Bondville.

When Scott finally decided to move to Maine they made many trips back and forth with their pick-up. On a lot of those trips the truck was loaded with sap buckets filled with compost. Most of us in the valley thought of it like "moving coals to Newcastle." We couldn't believe anyone in his right mind would do such a thing. Most of us couldn't afford a truck, let alone hauling compost! It doesn't seem strange anymore. His first garden was planted on pebbly ground with almost no top soil near the ocean and not good for growing almost anything. Nobody had compost like Scott. He truly understood the composition of plants and how to best make them decompose.

People who were earlier in the Communist Party with Scott could better tell about that period. I just understood that he was too much of an individualist for the party; he was finally asked to leave. He had his own ideas about things.

We in the valley sometimes got the whiplash from those early days. The FBI sent up agents sometimes to snoop. Scott had cement bunkers in which he kept his maple sap buckets after the sugaring season. Some over zealous villager reported to the FBI once that those cement boxes concealed guns and ammunition to overthrow the government. We all laughed because it was a most inconvenient place to build an arsenal, if that was what it was supposed to be.

Because Scott was not a man who held close relationships with people he did not always make the right judgments in his man to man, or woman, situations. He hoped it would all turn out all right, but frequently he no doubt was very surprised at the outcome of community and personal inter-relationships.

The first time I saw Scott was when we had just moved to Vermont from New York City, around 1949 and 1950. We were living in a tar paper shack and struggling to build a stone residence. Scott drove up in his Jeep and passed out a bucket of spinach, and one of peas, for us. Our first garden, hand dug from sod and rocks, was growing vegetables about 1-inch high.

Compost piles came next. Everyone in the valley had one. Scott had the best. Some of us had garbage heaps.

When *Living the Good Life* first came out Scott and Helen gave us all a copy. It didn't have the impact that time around that it had thirty years later. There were too few of us and I don't know if any of us were convinced we were truly living the "good life." We were sure trying to eke out a subsistance. There was no other way to live and each year we'd have to make a dash to the city for a few months to earn cash. No one wanted art work out in the backwoods of Vermont then.

We had an old International truck we'd bought for $200. A lot of the time it didn't go. Some of the others had a horse and buggy. I don't remember anyone having a bike. But the road to Pikes Falls was so narrow and rutty then I doubt riding a bike would have been an advantage over walking. Not many of us walked any distance when it was 20-below-zero fahrenheit. In fact at that time only one family had a telephone.

There wasn't a family in the valley that wasn't in awe of Scott's gardening. But in the twenty years we lived there I truly don't believe Scott ever influenced anyone politically. Garden-wise, he certainly did.

But when I think of Scott's gardens I also think of Richard Gregg who was the self-appointed gardener at Forest Farms. I'm really not sure who was the best gardener. It was Richard who thought up the companion planting idea. Scott tried out solar heating in the green house before it was called solar. Painting old maple sap buckets black and filling them with epsom salts, Scott and Helen harvested lettuce in the coldest months in the small green house.

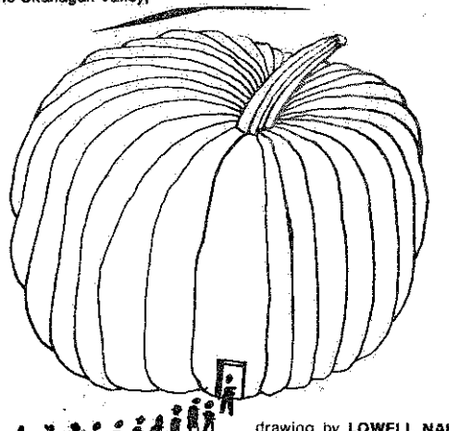
Scott wasn't in the valley most winters. He was out lecturing. None of the younger people there, including ourselves, had any sort of incomes worked out and we had to stay put until absolute necessity drove us to the city. Nobody knew about insulation then. Stone houses are cold and sometimes ice would form on one end of the room away from the wood stove.

A few of us used Scott's method of forms to build the stone walls of our buildings. In Vermont you have to dig your foundations 4-5 feet deep to avoid frost heaves. During our first summer Lowell was in that foundation trench digging all summer. No one but Scott had a cement mixer. We did small batches of cement in a wooden box by hand. Stone is very slow to build with.

The last time I saw Scott was when he was 94-years-old. He and Helen came to Quebec, where we had been living for fifteen years, to give a lecture on organic gardening and to show a film made on their Maine farm. They stayed with us. I felt that Scott was tired and if left to his own choice he would have curled up and gone to sleep. He did not push away assistance when Ilka, his granddaughter, and I each took one of his arms and helped him down the icy walk.

Virginia Naeve

VIRGINIA NAEVE is a multi-faceted artist and writer now living in the Okanagan Valley.



drawing by **LOWELL NAEVE**

Manitoulin Island faces . . .

Threat of NUCLEAR CONTAMINATION

Right: The author, **MIKELL BILLOKI** joins members of the Algoma-Manitoulin Nuclear Awareness organization in a symbolic demonstration at the Blind River uranium refining plant. She is seen hoisting sign that reads **Eldorado A Crime Against Humanity. Ed Burt** is seen center rear.

THE NUCLEAR INDUSTRY is a dirty business. From the mining of its raw material, uranium, to the as yet unsolved problem of permanent waste disposal, the public is faced with continual and routine pollution and the risk of accidental contamination.

In the federal constituency of Algoma-Manitoulin, lying along the northern shores of Lake Huron in northern Ontario, the presence of the nuclear industry is pervasive. The tourist brochure image of pristine wilderness forests with crystal blue waters and rolling farmlands, is a facade which denies thh nuclear presence and its effects.

Some of the oldest and most extensive uranium mining in the world is carried on at Elliot Lake. Here the boom town expansion has meant that many houses have been built in areas of widespread natural uranium deposits and hundreds of families are forced to monitor their homes and ventilate continually to avoid the dangers of radon gas. Miners and mill workers have always been at risk for developing a variety of lung diseases and cancers. With the latency period of these diseases only now upon us, the cases are beginning to pile up in union files and in the offices of Workmen's Compensation.

BELOW: **ED BURT** shows intrigued young visitors some farmyard denizens.

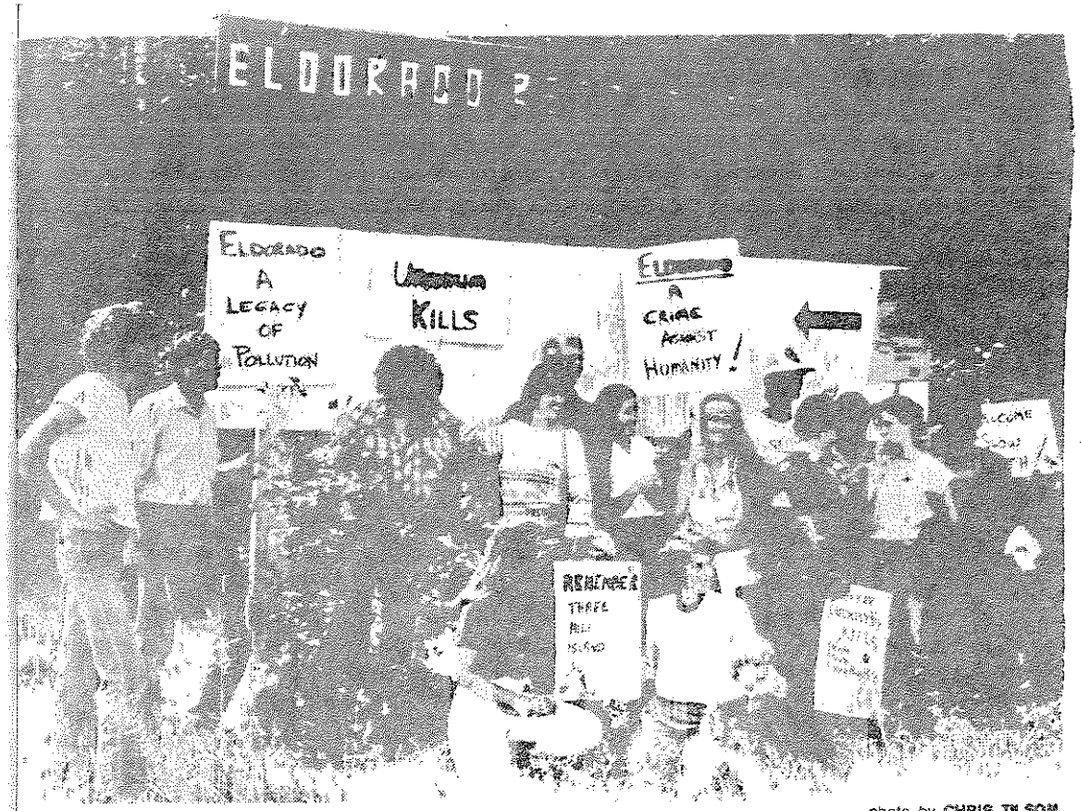


photo by **CHRIS TILSON**

This, it may be argued, is the price paid, the risk taken by workers and their families for employment by the mining companies. But the danger doesn't end here. As a result of the mining, there are currently over 100 million tons of radioactive tailings sands lying in the open environment around Elliot Lake. This waste product continuously emits low levels of radon gas into the atmosphere and leaches radium, thorium and a long list of toxic chemicals and acids into the ground water, which eventually makes its way into Lake Huron, only 50 miles away. Many lakes and rivers in this area have been sacrificed to the nuclear industry already. With the possibility of five times this amount of waste being generated before all the uranium is extracted, the environment is in serious jeopardy.

Recently, Eldorado Nuclear Limited, a crown corporation, built a multi-million dollar uranium refinery at Blind River on the shore of Lake Huron, 30 miles southwest of Elliot Lake. Despite years of strenuous opposition from nuclear industry critics in the area and nationwide, the Atomic Energy Control Board licensed Eldorado in August, 1983.

Critics of the Eldorado refinery include farmers, fishermen, tourist resort operators, Indian bands and many others. Having long witnessed the encroaching effects of the nuclear industry on their environment for many years, these citizens are not pleased to see the introduction of another radioactive threat in their area.

During its daily operations, the Blind River refinery is licensed to receive truckloads of milled uranium in the form of yellow cake, a dry, highly radioactive powder. After undergoing a refining process which employs a variety of toxic chemicals,

ED BURT serves fresh pressed apple juice to his young guests from West Bay.

the substance is shipped to Port Hope, Ontario for further refining. Yellow cake comes from Elliot Lake as well as other uranium mines, including newer operations in Saskatchewan. There are only five uranium refineries in the world.

Since an accidental release of yellow cake is virtually irretrievable, its daily shipment on the transportation corridors is a serious threat to the environment. And the production of more waste at the refinery in the form of raffinate slurry adds to the ecological burden when it is returned to Elliot Lake for final disposal on the mounting piles of waste tailings.

But perhaps the greatest public concern has been expressed over the continuous emission of uranium dust from the refinery. Although a series of filters prevents fine particles of uranium from reaching the atmosphere, many sub-micron particles cannot be filtered. The Eldorado licence permits the release of 400 pounds annually. Many people are not convinced that the continuous emission of low level radiation is harmless since the inhaling of a single particle of uranium dust is a potential source of cancer.

And even if their fears of continuous exposure to low level radiation can be allayed, their worries about accidental emissions remain. Eldorado's record of accidents at its Port Hope refinery has incurred the displeasure of even the usually irresolute AECB. The release of high concentrations of uranium dust could have dire health consequences for the population living downwind of any refinery.

On Manitoulin Island, about 20 miles downwind of Blind River on the North Channel of Lake Huron, 53-year-old farmer Ed Burt has waged a personal battle against the nuclear industry for many years. A founding member of the Algoma Manitoulin Nuclear Awareness organization, Burt is also Ontario's current representative on the Environmental Non-governmental steering committee, a federally sponsored group which advises the government on major environmental concerns in Canada.

After sending endless letters of protest, attendance at rallies and repeated trips to Ottawa failed to stop Eldorado Blind River project, Ed Burt has taken his case to court, charging the crown corporation under the Criminal Code. He charges that emissions of uranium trioxide from the Eldorado refinery harms his cattle pasturing only 20 miles downwind from the Blind River. The case is currently before the Supreme Court of Ontario and will be heard in June of this year. If the court allows Burt to lay this charge, it will likely be a long court session that may establish important precedents in the realm of environment vis a vis the nuclear industry.

What is really on trial here is the future of the entire nuclear industry. It is an opportunity for AMNA supporters to raise the issues once again, to ask the public how long the environment and the health of the population will be held hostage by the promise of jobs and economic security.

With the world facing the crisis of a nuclear arms build-up, it is also opportune to remind people that Canada plays another role in this escalation. Uranium is the raw material of nuclear weapons. Virtually all of the Blind River product is exported, much of it to countries which refuse to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty.

With the nuclear industry rooted both figuratively and physically in the soil of Algoma and Manitoulin, the problems involving environment, health and politics continue to be underscored by the people of this area and can only become more pronounced with time.

Mikell Billoki

MIKELL BILLOKI is a 32-year-old mother of three boys, living on Manitoulin Island. She and her husband **Lloyd Greenspoon** are close neighbours of **Ed Burt** who along with other Islanders helped found Algoma-Manitoulin Nuclear Awareness (AMNA) in 1981. A frequent contributor to *Nuclear Free Press*, she is resident public relations liaison for AMNA. Mikell's other interests include gardening and weaving which she enjoys at her rural, earth-sheltered home near Gore Bay. Her anti-nuclear sentiments stem from a deep regard for the environment and hope for her children's future.

DIANA

Young plants
are the colour of my eyes.

My short hair is ruffled
feathers of a ground bird.

White
chestnut flowers
nestle
behind my ear.

Wooden arch of a bow
knocks gently
against my hip
when I run.

Hair
strung in wood
moans
in the teasing wind.

A higher breeze
has dusted my hair
with the Chestnut's
musky pollen,

a soft yellow crown.

— Sharon Berg

SHARON BERG is a Toronto poet whose work has been published in *Tamarack Review*, *Dalhousie Review*, *CV II*, *Fiddlehead* and *Malahat Review*.

THE FRAGILE NORTH

Open Letter

Northerners must be involved in making decisions about how to develop their resources and their environment. They are tired of having outsiders make all the decisions for them Across the North, they are demanding changes.

This is what northerners told federal officials at a conference the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee held in Yellowknife last year.

Let me tell you about the efforts of Canadians in the Northwest Territories to have a say in how their lands and resources are used.

The Northwest Territories contains more than one-third of all land in Canada. Yet it has a population of only 55,000 people the size of a small suburb in Vancouver or Montreal.

The Northwest Territories has two very distinct regions. In the western half lies the Mackenzie valley, containing one of the largest river systems in the world. It is a region of vast forest and huge lakes. In this region, the population is divided almost equally between non-natives and native people the Dene who have lived among these forests and rivers for thousands of years.

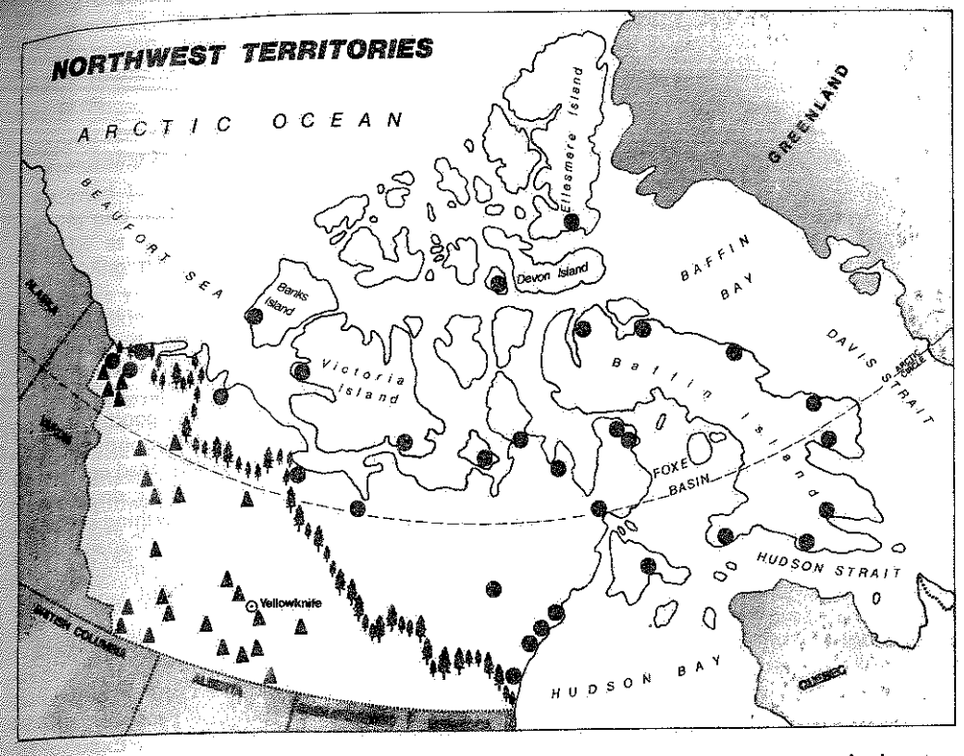
To the north and east is the high Arctic the barren tundra lands and sea coasts. This is the home of the Inuit another of Canada's original peoples. More than 80 percent of the people living in this eastern region are Inuit. They live mainly in communities on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, and they live by hunting the wildlife of the ocean.

These two areas are divided by the tree-line, which cuts a sharp diagonal line southeast from the Beaufort Sea to northern Manitoba. Standing on the line, you can look toward the west and see forests of trees five or six feet tall. If you turn around, you see only a vast expanse of snow and rock.

The two regions have different economies, too. Oil and mineral exploration occurs mostly in the West. Many barges ply their way north along the Mackenzie River to supply oil and gas developments at Norman Wells and on the Beaufort Sea. The Eastern Arctic has a much less modern economy. The main employers are the highly successful Inuit co-operatives, which run many small community businesses. In both regions the Dene and Inuit lifestyles are based on hunting and fishing, just as they have been since time immemorial.

The residents of the Eastern Arctic want to divide the Northwest Territories along the tree-line, and make a new territory in the east called Nunavut an Inuit word that means "our land." These eastern residents feel cut off from Yellowknife, where the Government of the Northwest Territories has the main office for the whole territory.

In April 1982, the Northwest Territories held a referendum on the question of whether to divide the territory. A majority of the residents opted in favour of division. In the Legislative Assembly of the Northwest Territories, there was a *unanimous* resolution calling on the Federal government to create a new territory in the east. In November 1982, Ottawa agreed to create the new territory under certain conditions. Two new organizations were created to study and negotiate the complicated questions about where the boundary



will be and how the two new territories will be governed.

But the residents of the Northwest Territories are not just drawing a line on a map. They are working for more control over land and resources of the North. Northerners want to have a say in northern development, just as southern Canadians have through their provincial governments.

The Canadian Arctic Resources Committee believes that Canada must manage its northern resources wisely, that Canada must protect the northern environment and wildlife. This can't be done without the help and cooperation of northerners. We have to understand their point of view.

That is why CARC is studying the division of the Northwest Territories and what it means for the future of the North. We want to make sure that the policies of the federal government in Ottawa give northerners a fair say in that future. They are as worried as you are about the damage uncontrolled development would do to the North. And they have a lot more at stake. We think that industry and government should pay a lot more attention to what northerners are saying.

Where do you come in? Well, as a concerned Canadian, you want the right decisions to be made about our North. And that involves listening to the residents of the North.

You can ensure that northerners are heard and that Canada manages its northern resources wisely by sending a generous donation to the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee. Your donation of $30, $50, or more will make a difference, I assure you.

Donations and Inquiries:
CANADIAN ARCTIC RESOURCES COMMITTEE
46 Elgin Street, Rm. 11,
Ottawa, Ont. K1P 5K6

Adventures of a
Sansei Newsman

Making it in Japan

Q. What can you tell us about your childhood and how you came to be a journalist?

MEL TSUJI: I was born in British Columbia but brought here as a baby, so I'm really a Torontonian. Although I took some graduate work in the States, most of my education took place here. I started working for the former *Toronto Telegram* where I stayed four years before I took off a year for graduate school and went off to Japan in December 1969. I stayed for the most of '70, working for Expo five months and the *Japan Times.*

I didn'nt know it at the time. I thought I was going to Japan as an English teacher and I was teaching it part-time and getting to see the country and meeting people. I chanced to see an ad in the *Japan Times* asking for a native English-speaking reporter to cover the foreign pavilions at the Expo. I thought, why not?, I'll at least go for an interview. They took a look at my clippings and that was the start of my fantasy trip to Japan.

I say fantasy trip because all they wanted was an interview columnist, one who interviews foreign personalities. And really, all they wanted were the pretty hostesses and that was fine. As Expo carried on, more and more stories came out which I thought were in tune socially to what was happening in that period, for example, labor union stories about pay inequality of Japanese hostesses as compared to foreign employees, or of pay inequalities between Japanese hostesses working in the Japanese pavillions compared to Japanese girls work ing in the foreign pavillions. The pay was horrible for the Japanese girls. Now, this was my kind of awakening to economic and social issues new to Japan and I forgot about my Japanese hostesses. Although they may not have liked it, I was churning out a lot of good stories for my editors. It was that ten month period in Japan that really turned my head completely around. Before that I didn't do anything about it. I didn't know anything about the world outside of Toronto, Canada. After that, I went back to school brimming with enthusiasm and curiosity about Japan and Japanese journalism.

I had encountered such things as censorship at Expo. Near the end of it, I had encountered a Canadian entrepreneur who set up a booth to sell food products. He had made money at the Montreal Expo in '67 selling the food items and not only did the Japanese businessmen copy him, they infringed on the rules by setting out their chairs and tables beyond established areas. But when he tried to do the same, the inspectors came down on him. He tried it the official way but found it didn't work either. He leaked the story to me but the *Japan Times* wouldn't print it. Expo '70 was Japan's showcase to the world. Anything that seemed unfavorable to the Japanese image was not permitted. That was the reason you never read my critical stories of Expo. And there were lots of them that I wrote for the newspaper.

Shortly after that, I found that you don't do it. So I didn't do it. As a result I wanted to find out what the heli made up Japanese journalism and what were the inherent constraints of establishment journalism in Japan? Certain things are taboo in Japanese culture and folklore, such as taking a critical view of Japan's policy toward Taiwan. There were stories prevailing at that time that the Japanese press abided by a rule not to publish articles critical of China. That kind of censorship was alien to us brought up in the West, with our sense of freedom and democracy. I went back to Chicago where I tried

to do a thorough study of journalism as it is practiced in Japan, about the origins of its censorship and constraints. It was amazing what I found out. Japan has never had a free press.

You only remained in Canada for a year before teturning to Japan? Why?

I returned to Japan with tenuous feelings. On the one hand I had a real chip on my shoulder as a result of the cultural shock from living there ten months. How many times have you had your ankles kicked when you're walking through a subway station? And I kicked someone in the ankle in retaliation. It was ridiculous.

What started it all is that if you don't live in the foreign style, that is, in one of the big highrise apartments, then you live in a half-Japanese style, and you get around on bus or subway. You then know what it is like to live in a country like that. The fact is, I was really having a good time in Japan. What a shock that was to me! But I got over that in my first year. It did a lot for my peace of mind. Plus the fact that the really enjoyable time I had at graduate school just burying my head in a book and finding out about all those questions on my mind. It was just wonderful for me. I decided that I didn't want to go back to Toronto, you know, parochial Toronto. And I thought, why not try it out there? I'll go back to Japan and see if I can make it as a foreign correspondent. So I went back, got a job as the editor of the weekly magazine of the *Japan Times.* I maintain that it was the best job in Asia.I had carte blanche to do as I liked. It also gave me enough time to develop other areas of my life. I went to language school but lack of time did not permit me to complete it. At the same time I was developing my free lance capacity. It was a little more than a year after that that I thought I had had enough to go headlong into free lancing as a journalist.

I got assignments from the *Globe and Mail* and eventually became the permanent stringer for the *Vancouver Sun.* I expanded to work for the now defunct *Ottawa Journal* and even *Maclean's Magazine.* I also was a 'stringer' for the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Edmonton Journal.*

So I had the big cities tied up and that kept me going. I did five years of it and it was fantastic. I not only reported on Japan, I went to Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines. You couldn't have asked for a better job. I didn't make a hell of a lot of money. I gave myself a timetable – three years to see if I could get staff status because you really have to hustle when you're a freelancer. I gave it three years and decided that I was getting a lot in and I couldn't see Canadian papers putting anymore in it from me so I thought I'd reached my ceiling. That plus I had a kid there and knowing the cost of bringing up a kid there in schooling I decided I can't be idealistic anymore. I've got to be practical so I came back in 1977.

Did you feel that as a Canadian Japanese you had to come back to prove something professionally?

You have a lot of ideas because of an experience like that where you're somewhat of a native son, or rather a descendent, coming home. You get all sorts of different reactions to that. What was part of the decision was the success I had over there plus the fact that I wanted to come back anyway spurred me on to the make the decision. I wanted to get back into the swing of things. Maybe come back and do it the proper way.

What do you mean, the proper way?

Not freelancing. Do it the proper way . . . have staff status and not have to cut corners and hustle day and night. I liked it but it ran me ragged. Plus the fact there are a lot of ambivalent feelings you have when you're in a country like that. Being half foreigner in the eyes of the Japanese and other foreigners. What are you? To the Japanese you're not quite a foreigner but in some respects you are because you don't speak the language, you don't have the culture. So there are different reactions there from most Japanese. I think it was a form of jealousy because

some Japanese would resent the fact I'd be talking English this well but not realize that I had been brought up in an English speaking country. They don't know the third and fourth generation in North America. As a result they only know the second generation who are not quite as good in English over there.

Many second generation here are like that too because of their bicultural background. That plus not knowing what your standing is in the eyes of the foreign community has a lot to do with it. You can't ignore it. I resented that I wasn't accepted on an equal par with my colleagues. So those kind of things built up in me when I was there. So I came back and I had something to prove. I know I did and I think I proved it more than I ever could have believed. Like getting into broadcasting. I thought, well I'll get back into print journalism where I came from, but at that time jobs were so tight that you took anything that came along. And that was CBC Radio, editing here at their head office in Toronto – a good job. After six months I was asked to work on the television side of broadcast journalism. I had come at a very opportune time and I'm not sure if it was coincidental. It was a time when Toronto was going through a lot of racial tensions. Indians were being pounced on and beaten up in subway stations. Walter Pitman was coming out with his report on what Toronto had to do to get more racial harmony. One of the big things he recommended was to get more ethnics into the media – advertising, radio, and especially television. Just before that report came out I was asked to go on CBC's television news production team. And I don't know if that was coincidental or not.

You could have been their token visible minority?

I could have been. I know in terms of my boss I think I was, but in other terms no because at that time they came upon someone who was not only experienced but also looked like an ethnic and it would serve two purposes, and that's what happened. I got on the editing desk and was groomed to be a camera reporter. The stories I worked on that first year was stuff that they had never had before. I think that they were damn lucky to get me. Up to that time I know that the feedback I was getting from a lot of ethnic groups was that they didn't think CBC would put an ethnic on the air. This was in 1978. That's not too far back, but before that, who was there? Adrienne Clarkson, yes, but she wasn't in the news department and news is quite different from other programs. It was considered quite a step to go on day on the news, the showpiece of the network.

Was there any backlash?

Not that I know of. I often wondered what the letters to the office said but I never found out. Let's take the feedback I used to get from people who recognized me in supermarkets or department stores. A lot of people recognized me because I was the only one like that on the tube. They would come up to me and say, 'glad to see you on Channel Five,' and so on. Well, what do they mean? But I'm glad we've taken the step to have an ethnic on the air. It was nice because up to that time I didn't have much faith in the future of Toronto.

How was it to come back here after all those years working in Japan?

I returned at a bad time, but I also came back with that much more experience under my belt. I came back with all kinds of perspectives, nationality perspectives, ethnic perspectives of all the countries I'd gone to. As a result, you come back pretty confident you can do the job. But that had to be tempered by the fact that I was coming back to a Toronto like this. How was I going to do the job? Gradually it worked out pretty well. Once you get into the heat of the job you don't think about things like that. Oh, there were a couple of times when I came across some problems, like the time I was standing at the corner of Yonge and Davenport and this truck with two guys in it drove along, one of whom shouts, 'Hey, chop suey, hey,

chop suey, what have you got to say today?' I turned around, took a look at them and said, 'That's pretty bright, want to say it out here?' He said, 'No,' and when he said something else I asked him to come out of the truck. My cameraman told me to cool it because I was going to throw my microphone and camera at the guy. But that was probably the most overt piece of racism I'd ever had in Toronto.

What happened in Japan prior to that period in Toronto? You know, I'd been getting more ethnically aware . . . all peaked at that time because [illegible]er you agree with it or not, I was [illegible]al with the situation the way I felt it had to be dealt with. In other words, no more bullshit. Also about that time during my first year of reporting in '78, I did a lot of ethnic stories . . . Chinese, Japanese, Philippino, Blacks. I had good feelings about that because I felt I was accomplishing something by getting them on the air. It was an interesting period for me with all that awareness. Some frustration too about the history of my people, about what this country had done, what I had seen and it made me quite a changed person. As a result, I'm involved in areas where maybe I shouldn't be involved as a professional journalist. But I don't think it's just a rationalization that I'm helping my own community. I help them in a way that fills a need. I think other communities should be helped too if they have good people in areas with the expertise. I don't think one should hide behind the cloak of objectivity or neutrality, not on something like this. To explain that a little bit. In the early sixties I became interested in the composition of the community. I read a few books that were lying dormant for a while. But when I went to Japan that turned into a renewed wave of awakening because your own identity and perceptions are tested in an entirely new and different situation where you're like one of the majority and you encounter different reactions to yourself as an individual, plus meeting a lot of your own kind over there because of the evacuation during the war. Why did this happen? You see what's happened to them.

As a result I met many Japanese and Chinese American students who had gone there with similar objectives. That had a lot to do with the formation of my other interests at the time. I was getting heavily into ethnic awareness, ethnic history and what that meant to living in North America and living

in Asia. I mean you had some funny experiences. I met half Chinese and half Japanese Americans and I thought, boy, however one genes are made up, it tests your own thinking, your ethics and philosophy. I think for most thinking people it would expand your perceptions. Because where do you come across that? In Canada you don't come across it. Now we are starting to.

You mentioned the first time you came back to Toronto from Japan you encountered a lot of parochial thinking. Had this changed by 1977?

Toronto is still a very parochial town. You can see it everywhere, in the television programs, the newscasts and newspapers as compared to, say, a British or American paper. I mean, it's so parochial. Their world is their navel.

In what way have you been able to deal with this?

As a professional in the business of journalism, you do what your market demands and you do that to a point. But as a reporter and editor if you can also expand it beyond that perimeter a bit . . . I think I was able to do that. I was able to spin off a lot of stories from my experiences overseas, not only from Asia, but from the Middle East and Europe because of my contacts. I found I could spin off a lot of stories here as a result of that background. There are all kinds of angles you could tailor to a market like this which I did. People who are born here, brought up here and educated here don't have that perspective. That's why I think it's so parochial. I mean, the show has changed so that we do very little of what I did before. Now it's getting down to where I think television is going to go in North America. It's going to

be very much local and you're not going to get mind expanding information type programming.

It's going 'soft', you mean?

Well, soft in one way, but hard in another. Hard in the sense that we're going after the flashy and the sensational. That's all they want. I can see it because if what we're going to get is unreal competition, maybe twenty to thirty stations in Toronto and the viewer's got that kind of choice. How are we going to compete as a news show? Well, the bosses have their formula for success.

I can't see it in terms of just doing a job. I don't just do that. I'll do stories that they want but I'll also get that story and more. I know that's lacking in our station now because it's a very inexperienced staff. What you learn when you hustle as a freelancer is resourcefulness, the possibilities, and you're aware of different angles and ways of looking for a story and that's helped me here.

I don't go for the ordinary story. That's easy to do. Here is where proving yourself comes in. I admit that's what makes Mel run and he's still proving himself, proving something to someone else. I know that I'm not the only ethnic in the media right now but I'm still looked upon as an ethnic by our viewers and if I can help the ethnic community by doing that extra special little story, I feel I have done something.

So you feel there is pressure because of your ethnicity to be better, that more is demanded of you?

If you ask me to put it into perspective and give a percentage figure of what part is professional objectivity limited to an ideal I don't think I can. This thing about a professional level has been imbued in me since Japan and it's a standard I felt I had to work toward and live up to because nothing else would satisfy me. When you're in Tokyo, or Hong Kong, places like that, you're among guys who are the cream of their papers or stations. I mean you have to be a complete idiot not to absorb some of the work habits and stories they're doing. That's why it was a good work experience. I learned through them too. You don't learn that kind of thing in Toronto.

Advice for ethnic minorities who want to break into the media, what can you offer?

A lot of ethnic students and graduates phone me up and I like to help them. One thing I suggest is to get out for a year or two like I did. It's the same thing as they tell you in journalism school. Go into the boondocks for a while, make your mistakes there and come back. I can see a lot of value in that. I never had to do that but I can tell you it's pretty heavy on your nerves and constitution when you start out in the big city. Hong Kong, Tokyo, Singapore, Malaysia, starting out in places like that is good. I think working there, finding yourself as a person does a world of wonder for someone, especially in this business. I can't overemphasize the effect it has on a person.

Is Canada's multicultural policy working?

For lack of any other valid ideas, what else can you have? I think it's helping bring that rather controversial subject more into the general lifestyle of Canada, whereas before it wasn't happening. Given the waves of immigration and this situation . . . I say situation, some people might say problem, but then I say, whose problem, because a lot of people think its the problem of the ethnics who came here. The ethnics have not caused the problem. Even the new ethnics are not disturbing anyone. Who creates the problem? The people who are causing the problem should ask themselves that. If it was just left to people to live their lives and be accepted as they are, it would be a lot happier environment. That's what we are working toward. I think you, me, the ethnic down the road, are not much different from anyone else. We have the same wants and desires as everybody else. Everybody's the same. I can't overestimate that. After eight years in Asia I discovered there's no difference between Japanese, Koreans, Chinese or what have you.

It does a hell of a lot for your psyche in coming back to a town like Toronto and you have all these different inhabitants. I know I wouldn't be considered the norm in this because I've met Thais, Filipinos, Koreans, and I know they're not different from anybody else, but I know the average Torontonian thinks they're different, and wouldn't like to talk to them or get to know them. There are these exotic ideas about people but people aren't exotic. People are people. People are interesting but they're not that different, meaning exotic.

That's the problem with Canada, we're just so parochial in our awareness. That's why I think multiculturalism does help. If it doesn't work, give me a better idea. I'm willing to listen. I know there's a prevailing thought that it's a Liberal Party ploy to keep ethnics happy: keeping them in their place by doling out grants, but give me a better idea. I you think of the medium term effects of this kind of thing, you're going to get a special view of the program, but if you think of it in the long term what this might do, I tend to be an optimist. If it continues, it's got to help.

As a journalist, how do you perceive the rifts, the dislocation caused by racial tension?

This is an important testing period. Among other things, viewed from my own newsroom, I see it as important because the news establishment itself is made up of the same people who are involved with the so-called racial problem in Toronto. How does the news establishment deal with it? I still think there is a very strong institutional bias built into the news media. This is the one target that has to be overcome before there's racial peace in the country. But it's very hard to overcome. I think you have to do it with things like a multicultural program, provide money for multicultural events. I don't like that kind of thing but it helps. Because you can't have think tanks or conferences all the time. The average person doesn't care about these things. If you can get across an attitude or idea even a little, it will be an advancement. We're talking about the preconceptions that middle road Canadians have about ethnics, even journalists have them. They're very suspicious about certain stories, such as illegal immigrants, or single Black mothers being deported and they hide behind their cloak of journalistic neutrality by saying, 'Well, he's just kicking because he's not telling the truth,' and all that. That is what you meet in Toronto, in my newsroom and in other newsrooms. I don't know when and if we will get over that. Eventually we will, but it's a very serious problem now. Of course, they're not the only stories, but they're the test stories.

Anyone can cover ethnic stories, but when it comes to stories that strike at the root of ethnic existence . . . I'm proud to say we did finally cover the illegal immigrant story and did some good stories on it. It took guts for CBC Toronto to hire me for one thing, and for another thing, to let me do those stories. I know there were complaints about me doing some of those from people who said I was trying to help my own within my station and they let me do it. I didn't realize how many I'd done until the boss had to do a presentation to the station bosses of what they'd done and they asked me to list the stories I'd done over a six month period. I stopped counting when I'd gotten up to 66!

How representative is the CBC with respect to media hiring of ethnics.?

Very unrepresentative. Only recently CFRB hired a so-called ethnic, Senil Joshi, an East Indian, who is on their sports beat. CITY TV has Jo Jo Chinto, a Black. They had guts to stick with him. When he started out, it was very rough going. They took a big chance and hooray for CITY, they did it! That's about all. Global and CFTO have nobody. It is going to take guts on the part of one person to take a stand. If you've got two or three, it's not unusual. There's the thinking that hiring one or two ethnics would be the accepted level.

— Ann Quon

MEL TSUJI is News Editor, CBLT Toronto.

ANN QUON was newscaster on Radio CKO Ottawa where she was born and raised. Presently she is anchorperson on Television Hong Kong English newscast.

Thrust for
More Positive

Media Images of Minorities

IT IS a scene cut from the pages of middle class Canada: Ordinary, everyday people, including children, are getting ready for the onslaught of winter. They are putting up storm windows, checking their furnaces and getting their cars tuned up, toe-tapping to an infectious, peppy, jingle. They are all smiling and being very energy-conscious. They are also all white.

What's wrong with this picture? Plenty. And with the backing of the National Black Coalition of Canada, I and other individuals decided to do something about it.

The television ads in question were first aired by the Ontario Ministry of Energy in the summer of 1980. They were good ads — encouraging people to "preserve it, conserve it." The problem was, all the people in the ads were white.

The first of these energy ads, entitled "Smaller," depicted a "typical" street scene in a large Ontario city. It showed lawyers, housewives and young people using diminishing sizes of transportation to conserve energy. The energy-conscious individuals moved from gas-guzzling automobiles to roller skates. Non-whites were conspicuously absent. This either meant the ads were not meant for non-whites or they had been deliberately left out. No matter what the answers were, what was being beamed into the homes of millions of Ontario residents, many of them non-whites, was a lie. It was not a "typical" street scene in Metro despite what one ministry spokesman told the CBC radio network.

The Coalition approached the news media and was given assurances by the Ministry that changes would be made in their next commercial. Changes were made, but they were token gestures, and poor ones at that. They amounted to a slap in the face of the province's non-white residents.

This new ad, entitled "Getting Ready" (which I depicted at the beginning of this writing) did contain non-whites. But they were well hidden, being either off camera or so far in the background that they would have been better off not being in the commercial in the first place. One glaring example was a Chinese actress whose hand was shown installing a furnace filter. Another scene showed a man, presumably black, riding a bicycle with a group of people, but unless you knew he was black and you were looking for him the viewer had no way of knowing non-whites were present in the ad.

Incidentally, that ad was reedited and the non-whites were replaced and it is now being shown on television. Blacks can now be seen putting up storm windows on their homes and the Chinese woman whose hand was used the first time around can now be clearly seen. A vast improvement over the original presentation. It also means more money for these actors. All of which begs the question: "If these non-whites were left out before, was it an oversight, or a deliberate attempt not to portray them on television?" I believe the latter holds the answer and I will address that later.

"Getting Ready" in its original form filled me with such anger and disappointment that I sent Energy Minister Robert Welch a strongly worded letter. It was one last desperate attempt to get some action on what I perceived was an unconscionable injustice against non-white taxpayers. Copies were sent to the news media and Opposition leaders. The Liberals responded with a letter of concern — the letter was sent coincidentally on March 19 when a provincial election was called — while the New Democratic Party chose to ignore our letter. However, Welch promised a meeting after the election. A few weeks after the Conservatives won their majority, Jean Augustine and I, as chairpersons of the National Black Coalition's media committee, Coalition President Wilson Head and Henry Gomez, a representative of the Black Performers' Committee met Welch and the people responsible for the ads in his ministry at Queen's Park.

It was a successful meeting, success being measured by the Minister's belief that the exclusion of non-whites from the ads was unintentional and that "we simply had never thought about it before." Told that some changes would take place, we were invited to view the next ad before it would be aired.

The four of us saw the new ad and were pleased. It showed the faces of many non-whites doing the things that whites do, who appeared just as happy. In fact, the ratio of whites to non-whites was 50:50. The ad showed non-whites taking an active role in conserving energy alongside whites — which did not weaken the message of the commercial.

Our campaign was successful and it has since dictated future ads by the Ministry as well as, we hope, other ministries.

The Coalition's policy on the media states that the " . . . broadcast and other media should, in all their activities, essentially reflect the multi-cultural, multi-racial and multi-ethnic character of Canada. Whether these activities be in advertising, drama, news reporting or public interest programs . . ."

The energy ads did not reflect this policy beforehand, but through our efforts, and the sensitivity of Mr. Welch, the ads now do. The same, however, cannot be said of other ministries in the Ontario government — but their time will come.

Getting changes to be made in the energy ads was an easy victory inasmuch as non-whites are entitled to equal representation and equal access to public money, morally if not legally. The same cannot be said about the private sector — which should be the next target. And the approach will perforce be economic, not moral, in view that executives are only interested in the bottom line.

At a conference held about three years ago in Nashville, Tennessee by the black National Newspaper Publishers Association, the president of Hiram Walker told delegates that he did not advertise in black publications because of morals but because "we realized that you people can make us money." I sat in the audience and nodded in agreement.

Too often non-whites excuse whites when they commit overt racist acts by saying the whites did it unintentionally. It is a curse we have because "rational" men and women don't shout "racism" at everything they see. Many of us fail to recognize that racists are closeted in the private sector and in government where they often are the decision-makers. In the case of the energy ad, the racist was the man who insisted that the first ad, "Smaller," accurately reflected a "typical street scene." The problem is, no matter how sensitive the bosses are, by the time racist messages get filtered down to the trenches, the message has been reinterpreted. The one constant life goal of government bureaucrats is to maintain the status quo.

To counteract this variety of myopic thinking, non-whites must be prepared to apply pressure and to keep it up until something substantial is attained.

Ten years ago the Ontario Human Rights Commission accused the advertising industry of racial discrimination. It has not changed. Canadian advertisers and media moguls by and large seem to prefer that non-whites are never seen in smart singles bars, white children never have Black, Chinese or East Indian friends, and the typical family is middle class white.

A media director for General Foods says few Blacks or Asians are skilled enough to perform in commercials made in Canada. Fewer even, he says, are members of the Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists (ACTRA). But this is a deception: non-whites are almost never hired because they don't apply, nor join ACTRA. Because they are seldom seen it is assumed that they don't exist. "Canadian experience" cannot be had without actors getting work.

The absence of non-whites on television screens is of critical proportions but its impact is not readily felt by viewers. The next time you watch a Canadian television channel, count the number of non-whites in the ads. You won't be surprised. *Hamlin Grange*

HAMLIN GRANGE, a reporter for the *Toronto Star*, is a prominent member of Urban Alliance and National Black Coalition of Canada.

South of Hope

HE WATCHED INTENTLY AS A car made its way along the dirt road, raising a cloud of dust. Smoke-like, the dust rose up several dozen feet into the air and then slowly drifted towards the south, dropping back to the earth gradually.

The car passed by a hundred yards away and Emory breathed more deeply. It was only then he became aware that he had been holding his breath. "How long can we stay here, cooped up like this," he thought.

There were seven of them there in that house, not counting the graduate student and his wife, and their baby. It was crowded and they couldn't even go outside except at night.

He rested his hands on the shovel and looked up at the stars. The dry night air sucked up his sweat, cooling him as it did so.

"How much more are we going to dig? This hole is big enough to hold all the food you can ever raise!"

"Almost done! Just a little bit more and we'll cover it up with timbers and earth."

"It'll be a good storage cellar."

"Maybe a bomb shelter."

"Maybe a man and woman shelter!"

The graduate student and his wife were fixing up an old, run-down farm. By way of repayment for their generosity the guests were doing what they could to help.

"It's good to be out here digging. I get so tense sometimes. You know, a person could go crazy, just hiding."

Later they listened to the late news on the radio, news mostly about the success of the government in rounding up subversives and about plots and threats which made still more round-ups necessary.

They sat around silently for a while, each one wrapped up in a lonely, separate world, pierced only by the glow of a cigarette here and there.

"I wonder what's happened to Ed White Deer? I wonder if he's still alive. They got him in the first round-up, ya' know," thought Emory, out loud.

"It sounds terrible, but what I was just thinking about is how long the university will keep on depositing our paychecks in the bank, now that we're gone. My wife and kids won't have any food or a roof over their heads before long. I guess she'll have to get a job – if she can find one – and they'll have to find a small flat or move in with someone else."

"Don't worry Carl, they'll survive some way."

"Sometimes I wonder if I didn't run away too soon," said Al Gomez, a young Chicano assistant professor. "So far as I know there's still no warrant for my arrest. Maybe I just panicked, what do you think?"

"You did the right thing. You know as well as the rest of us that the first wave of arrests hit all of the community organizers, labor radicals, ethnic group leaders, left political types – all the people out in the barrios, on the streets, in the communities.

The second round-up included all of the second-level of organizers – professors with some record of radical activity included. That includes just about all of us – and it includes you. Do you think they don't know about your activity in MECHA, about your having been a Brown Beret a few years ago?"

"That's right. And now they're picking up all of the writers, broadcasters, journalists – anybody who might help keep the resistance going. Man, they've even arrested state legislators and congressmen!"

"Even a governor or two," commented Ann Suzuki, an organizer in the Asian community and a former lecturer.

A pause followed, as Emory Six-Towns passed some tabacco around. They had learned to roll their own cigarettes, those that smoked.

"Well, Carl, I know you've been predicting a military-right way takeover for a long time. The good old USA gone the way of El Salvador and Guatemala! . . . How does it feel to have been proven right?"

"It don't feel good, man. It feels bad . . . . But, you know, even I was a little surprised. I mean, you know, the Democratic candidates won the election in a big way and then, whamo, they blew our new president and vice president away!"

"And then, dammit, they had the gall to blame it on "left-wing terrorists, the son-of-a-bitches!"

"If we get caught . . . I mean . . . do you think they're really torturing people?"

Silence crept into the circle until Emory said: "I ain't gonna get caught! . . . And that's one of the reasons! They've brought back troops from Central America and from the Canal Zone to help control us, to hunt us down. They've armed right-wing Cubans and Nicaraguans. Man! . . . These guys are the ones who have been encouraging torture everywhere from South Africa to South Korea. You think they're gonna just forget all of what they've taught everybody else?"

"I agree' said Professor Lester. "There's too much potential for a civil war. They've rounded up hundreds of thousands of people. Many of the inner cities and barrios have been in revolt. Potential rebels are everywhere. Only terror of the most extreme kind can ensure the takeover."

The graduate student, who was still able to travel about, added: "Rumor has it that they've armed the KKK and the Nazis. Many universities are totally shut down and police and troops are at all of them, just like on our campus. It scares the shit out of me to go there. One of these days I may get cold feet and just not go back, it's that bad."

"Yes, but the majority of our dear colleagues are still just working away on their projects, not realizing that even they will one day be visited by the police!"

"Some of them – believe me – are very glad to see us gone. Now they don't have to worry about ethnic studies or about the teachers's union or about protests over the inhumane treatment of research animals! No . . . now they can get back to teaching the students how to memorize facts, how to be cogs in the system."

The hideaways took turns watching for strange vehicles by day and night. They listened to the radio frequently, just on the off-chance that a dissident group might capture a station for a brief period. But authentic news was hard to come by. All over the country it was the same. Only the military and the right-wingers had access to reliable information.

* * *

Orwell was just like an Indian, a real prophet. '1984' was a vision, not just a book."

Emory lay in the shade, on cool, clean earth, in a kind of a tunnel beneath a forest of trees and thick bush. He picked a tick off of his skin, and started to break it in two between his fingernails. But then he just let it go.

His thoughts were wandering. No food for two days, no water for one. He noticed the dried blood on his arms, on the tops of his hands, but he looked away.

"Crawling, crawling. I must have crawled for miles."

The mountains were full of individuals and small groups, hiding out as long as they had food, walking by night towards Canada. But the mountains were also full of soldiers, right-wing vigilantes, and secret police disguised as refugees.

It was no game. Those that were caught were killed on the spot or, if luck was against them, were taken away for interrogation.

Emory gripped his 22-rifle and started crawling again. He could smell the dampness of a little creek in a hollow just ahead.

* * *

"There were massive demonstrations in our city. Hundreds of thousands marched. But the soldiers and police moved in. They had the Black and Chicano soldiers out in front with white officers and other crackers behind them. The brothers shot over our heads, but the ofays didn't care. They mowed down thousands — men, women, children." His voice cracked.

They've even arrested lots of minority soldiers, or taken their guns away. I heard that some are fighting back but I don't know where."

Emory didn't say anything at first. The Black student didn't know anything about the mountains, didn't know how to get food. Emory felt a chill run through him. The young Black man would never make it to Canada. He would die. Emory saw that.

* * *

He was filthy, he knew he looked filthy. He could smell his own body even above the smell of the pine forest. But he was sure now. He had crossed the border. Now he could rest, sleep, eat, fight for freedom, join the Canadians.

His mind whirled. He felt faint. He rose up, stretched his hands into the air.

An RCMP patrol saw him. Emory waved at them. Then he was lifted into the air as a beam of bullets tore into his stomach, cutting his stomach, cutting him in two.

He was lifted into the air, and he flew up high, and the Mounties grew smaller below him.

He thought he glimpsed the Arctic Sea before a bluish-blackness covered everyting over like a dense, heavy rain cloud.

— Jack D. Forbes

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OPEN CIRCLE

A Gathering of Tribal Peoples

A Feature Documentary Film
16mm color, 58 minutes
Directed by **Jesse Nishihata**
produced by **Stavros C. Stavrides**
An Inquiry Films Ltd. Artech Films production c. 1983

OPEN CIRCLE begins with a dedication by the Ainu group of Japan to the memory and vision of James Buller, founding president of Indigenous Peoples Theatre Association, who died a few weeks before the opening of Celebration '82. In ancient Ainu, the Spirit is invoked. . . .

There follows an array of traditional song and dance by the Sami of Scandinavia, the Shuar from Ecuador, the Pueblos of New Mexico and the Carifuna of Domenica, West Indies. The large audience rises to participate in the glorious round dance led by Le Carcajou, a Montagnais group from Quebec, capping off this opening segment.

Performing in a more contemporary non-traditional mode, the Northern Delights Theatre of Sioux Lookout, Ontario initiates the theme of old legends in new forms, followed by the Native Theatre School of Canada with *Etsikita*, which treats the subject of "isolation after the invasion." The Tukak Teatret of Denmark recasts the Inuit myths of Greenland in modern expressionism. With the Shuar from Ecuador and the Mecate from Nicaragua, the political bases for cultural identity is reaffirmed, and the Carifuna of Domenica describes its struggle to recover selfhood from a shattered past. Reflecting the North American urban Indian milieu, the Spiderwoman Theater of New York City dramatizes a family-oriented, feminist perception. The cabaret format is used by the Hapnod group of Bagor, Wales to relate the Welsh experience. Tukak Teatret also performs, using the cabaret format to bring home the message: ". . . LET US UNITE!"

The film concludes with a collective round dance of all participating groups. A coda of brief but evocative utterance of gratitude brings OPEN CIRCLE to a close.