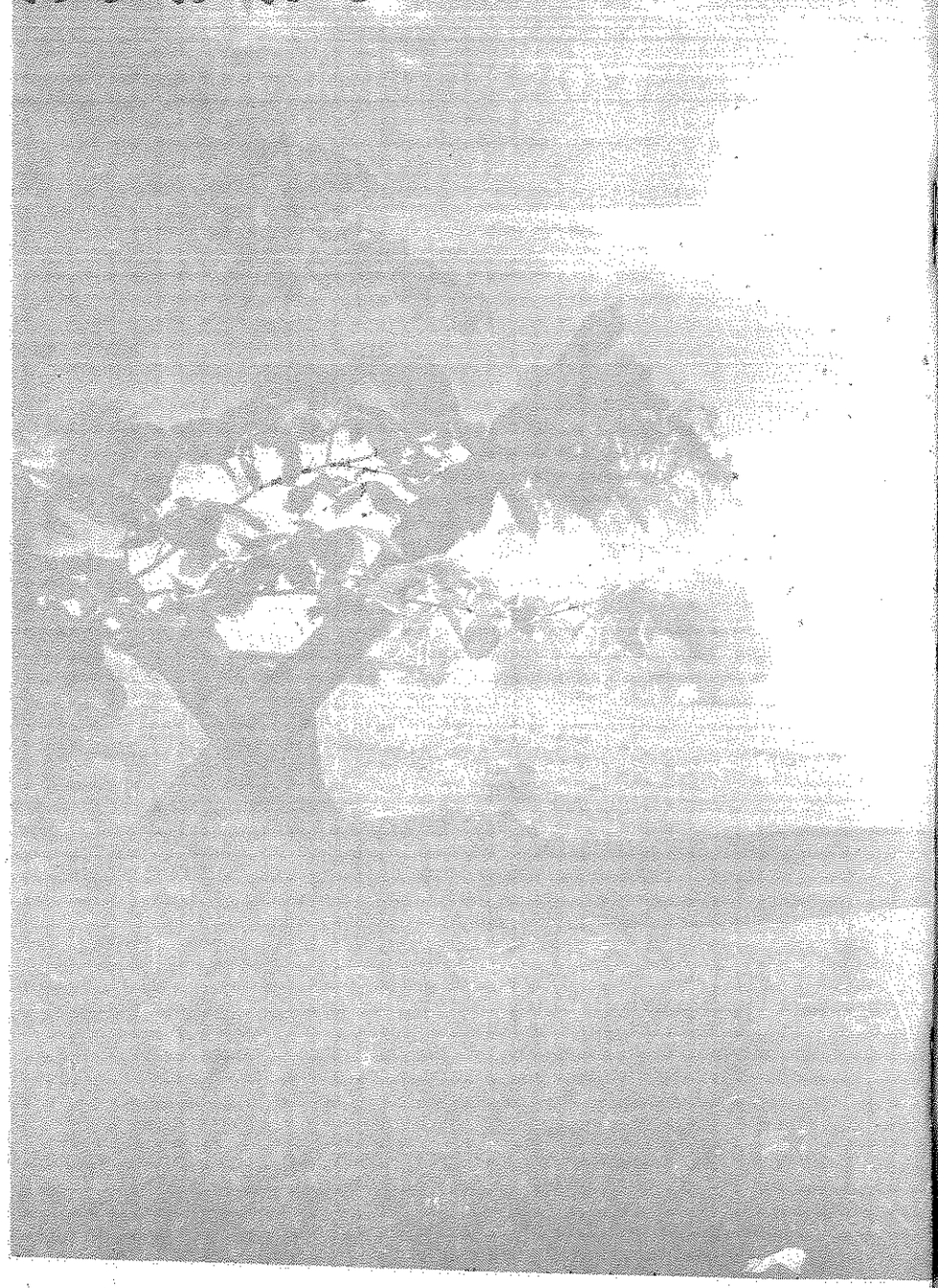
RIKKA



RIKKA

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

FOCUS

JAPANESE CANADIANS

VIS-A-VIS INTERNMENT

DIASPORA / **REDRESS**

GUEST EDITOR / **JESSE NISHIHATA**

COLONIALISM HERE AND NOW

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN COLONIAL GOVERNMENT TREATS ITS ABORIGINAL CITIZENS AS CHILDREN

As Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1836, Sir Francis Bond Head cut a bit of a fanciful figure. Like many of his contemporary immigrants to North America, Bond Head saw himself as a paternal caretaker to the dark-skinned local residents. But unlike others, Bond Head had considerable influence over the way things were done. That was 150 years ago. Today, the people of Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron are still exploring the many-shadowed facets of the havoc wrought by Bond Head.

In 1836, the Upper Canadian Government, comprised of non-Natives, believed it could solve what it perceived as a settlement problem by resettling. The question was not one of who would resettle. It would be the Natives. Bond Head devised a scheme that would see the Island of Manitoulin "opened up" to any Indians from other parts of Ontario who might like to move there. The Island's agricultural prospects range from ideal to Saharan. Bond Head promised this Lake Huron paradise would be preserved forever for the benefit of the displaced Indians.

Many Indians agreed. Others, like those of the Saugeen nation, declined, only later to be forced to a reserve on the Bruce Peninsula.

"Forever" proved soon to be relative. In 1862, the residents of Manitoulin, who were then all Native, were offered another deal. This time, the Natives would agree to live on one of six reserves while the rest of Manitoulin would be opened up to white settlement. (The prime farm land was located outside the reserve boundaries.) Under the terms of the agreement, the government would sell the non-reserve land, and the revenue from the sales would be kept in trust for the Native bands.

No twentieth century speculator would have touched such a scheme. For one thing, the Odahwa residents of the community of Wikwemikong on Manitoulin proffered a polite "no thank you." As a consequence, the Wikmemikong reserve can claim unceded status today. Furthermore, Native researchers working for the Union of Ontario Indians are now finding evidence that those who did sign penned their x's either under coercion or under the influence of the Government's free booze.

The Natives comprise about 50% of the population of Manitoulin Island. The business communities, schools, baseball diamonds, and lakes accomodate Native and non-Native alike. But after more than a hundred years, people still emit signals of distrust and doubt, largely based on ignorance.

In any case, the ghosts of the dubious occasion are back to haunt the residents of Manitoulin. When the infamous contract was signed in 1862, the forebears of the present residents had not planned on dealing with such intricacies as the 66-foot road allowances which accompany private land severences. Consequently, when a settler purchased his farm from the crown, the road allowances were not included in the deal. Ultimately, those road allowances all across Manitoulin effectively vanished from the terms of the 1862 treaty. The Natives were never recompensed for all those road (and shoreline) allowances. And added, up, there are about 100,000 acres of them.

Negotiations are underway. The discussions are described as "trilateral," which is a hopeless description of the involvement of the Canadian federal government, the Ontario provincial government, and the Manitoulin Tribal Council, known locally as the United Chiefs and Councils of Manitoulin. The administrative mire is more than a team of constitutional lawyers could dredge.

The United Chiefs and Councils of Manitoulin exist as an entity primarily to conduct research into land claims. The UCCM receives its operating money from the federal government's Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

When the treaty under examination was signed, the Canadian government owned crown land. But in 1924, the federal government and the provincial government signed the Canada-Ontario land agreement, which transferred virtually all Crown lands into the hands of the province. This accounts for the involvement of the Province of Ontario. So the federal government can sit back and let the Natives and the provincial administrators thrash out the problem. But the federal government also holds tight rein on the purse strings as a constant threat over the bands.

The Natives would also like to know if they will be duly redressed for those 99,000 acres of land which evaporated into red tape.

Other wrenches have been thrown into the machinery. One of the bands present in 1862 was the Cockburn Island band,, whose chief now maintains an absentee residence in another Ontario city. She does not participate in the United Chiefs and Councils, and although the band exists on paper, there are no residents. But she can influence the legal pendulum, particularly when one of the principle weights is a provincial government that is unlikely to bend rules, overlook personality clashes, or set politically unpalatable precedents, precedents which could result in valuable resource land falling back into the hands of the original owners.

The Natives want to call in the long-overdue account. Part of the proposal would involve another land trade, where the parcel of land under claim is adjacent to the reserve, so their children will have a place to live. The birth rates and populations of Indian Reserves are growing, in contrast to the non-Native community. The Natives would also like to know if they will be duly redressed for those 99,000 acres of land which evaporated into red tape. There has been no price established.

The Natives are facing serious opposition. Local non-Native politicians and landowners are dubious. The Province will not recognize the claim, although the federal government does. And the issue is a volatile one.

With so much land — and who knows how many millions of dollars at stake — the issue digs at the very heart of the North American non-Native frontier ethic. Witness the non—Native farmer visiting the *Manitoulin Expositor* newspaper to lodge a complaint. The farmer blames the editor of the newspaper because the farmer was unable to sell his property. He said the Indian claim put real estate values in jeopardy.

Similarly, when faced with reiterated frustrations, Native spokesmen are prone to voice rash invectives toward non-Native forms of government.

Most of the derision is saved for the privacy of the barroom or hockey arena. After all, there is a bizarre twist of logic that allows non-Natives who have lived alongside Reserves for years to denounce

Take the Joe Hare fish case . . . the judge recognized the treaty as law . . . Immediately, non-Natives were charging "discrimination," only because a judge decided to uphold treaty rights.

the political aspirations of their Native neighbours. They work together, but the distrust is allowed to linger. And from time to time, strong antagonisms are fomented.

Take the Hare fish case, for example. In 1982, Ontario provincial court Judge Terence Murphy boldly interpreted the 19th century Robinson-Huron Treaty as Canadian law, thus permitting Natives of the region to hunt and fish in the same traditional manner as before the signing of the treaty. Flying in the face of statistics which indicate that Natives are less prone to overfish or deplete a stock than are non-Native commercial or sports fishermen, non-Natives interested in fishing become enraged. Suddenly, the courts are allowing the Indians to live under the terms of the treaty while non-Natives have to abide by the rules imposed by more recently designed legislation of the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources.

The judge recognized the treaty as law. The precedent-setting decision somehow proved frightening to non-Natives in the area. Immediately, non-Natives were charging "discrimination," only because a judge decided to uphold treaty rights.

The Natives comprise about 50 per cent of the population of Manitoulin Island. The business communities, schools, baseball diamonds, and lakes accomodate Native and non-Native alike. But after more than a hundred years, people still emit signals of distrust and doubt, largely based on ignorance.

That's unfortunate. It robs the Natives of non-Native support in their land claims discussions. And as a lawyer representing the Union of Ontario Indians said at a public meeting in Wikwemikong recently, the Island as a whole would benefit by having the land claims settled. Progress would continue, and Native neighbors could invest in the economic development of this depressed area.

Until then, seemingly, the Native inhabitants of Manitoulin will continue to be living examples of what happens when a colonial government treats its aboriginal citizens as children.

— Peter Carter

Born in Sudbury, **Peter Carter** has been editor of the award-winning *Manitoulin Expositor*, published weekly in Little Current, Manitoulin Island, Ontario.

short story

HUMAN RIGHTS

"Law for the rich,
punishment for the poor."

— Armenian Proverb

SHARP cries, urgent hunger cries. She put aside the clothing, went to feed the child.

It was a tiny coastal village, small homes built mostly on stilts, a few miles from Port Mourant, Corentyne district, Guyana.

He spoke under his breath, in confidence, leaning across the narrow, wooden table. His right hand gripped the younger brother's wrist.

"We leavin' tomorrow. I pay the agent already." As they spoke, the two men listened intently for the low rumble from the engine of a police or army vehicle.

The election, settled. But four nights ago the police had come back, had come right into the house to look, they said, for guns. This time, the elder brother's wife was threatened. Two green jeeps, with soldiers, waited ominously beside the road.

Outside, the night was soft velvet. The moonlight showed up the flat, dim field that, next morning, would be yellow with saffron. At a point along the thin black line of the irrigation canal, the vague outline of a koker-dam, near the seawall, was visible.

The younger brother was hesitant, still undecided.

In the next room, Salina, the elder brother's wife, was nursing the smallest child. In the other partitioned room, two young children and the old mother were sleeping. At last, the younger brother spoke.

"Police don't make fun. Is best we go."

***

That last night in the village, they could never have imagined this. Not there, not then under a familiar sky of bright stars and white, paper-thin, sailing clouds. Engaged now in a flight of intrigue, wandering lost in a foreign darkness, in the cold, intermittent rain.

The guide said that it was probable the police were aware of the family's status. That they were illegals. He was accompanying them, he was at pains to explain, at great risk to himself.

"Just follow the fence. It's up there." The guide wasn't convincing. "When you get there, just follow the fence, he'll be waiting for you. Go. You'll be safe with him. He'll take you across a field to his car. You'll be in the United States, in Vermont state."

The man left. Since departing Toronto they'd been at his mercy, and now they had to trust him. There could be no turning back. They had paid him already, and now they would have to cross the border themselves.

"Daddy gone, daddy gone, daddy gone to Covanjon." She sang softly, a song about a prison, as she cradled the shivering child.

"Salina, how the child?" The elder brother spoke weakly, over his shoulder, regretting everything.

"Man, it so cold. An' the rain. . . All we about to freeze." Salina spoke against her fear, fought it, but without success. "Rita have fever."

The baby was sick, very ill, in hospital. Salina had turned to stone. And the police had followed them all along, had known they were there, cold, wet and frightened.

Above the trees, another storm was grumbling. Each one of them wore gooseflesh, hope sinking. The old mother hadn't come; that alone was fortunate. In the pitch black, they huddled together for safety.

***

And they hadn't come, not until later. And now Rita, the baby girl, was ill. In a cold hospital, sick with pneumonia.

They sat, awaiting the deportation order, in glum silence. After two nights cramped in a small hotel room, caged like animals, they were numb with fatigue. The elder brother's face wore a frozen expression, eyes fixed stubbornly on the makeshift courtroom's floor. Only Salina, her black eyes shouting open defiance, seemed ready to fight.

Salina hated the man who was about to judge them. She hated him for his calm, and for his gray, bleating animal eyes. He was about to judge them guilty. Salina understood. And if she hadn't known it before, then she knew it now, knew it once and for all, that their poverty was a crime.

"Your lawyer says that you can't go back. And you yourselves claim that you could not possibly return to your village. Your reasons do not seem valid. Anyway, that is not the concern of this inquiry.

"You are not legitimate refugees. You have been victimized, that is true, by unscrupulous criminals. But that too is beyond the jurisdiction of this inquiry.

"I am ruling that deportation orders be issued against each one of you, effective immediately. The mother may remain in this country, under detention, until the child recovers."

— Rob Rolfe

ROB ROLFE was born in London, Ontario in 1942. He has been involved for many years in solidarity actions with liberation movements and the struggle against racism, and is an active member of the Canadian Union of Public Employees. His poems have appeared in a number of Canadian publications, including *Impulse, This Magazine, The Fiddlehead, Our Times* and *Contrast*. Rob now lives in Toronto, working as a librarian with a special interest in the development of local and provincial public library services for Native People and the Black and Caribbean communities.

CHARTER OF RIGHTS
1985

SECTION 15 of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms came into effect on April 17, 1985.

Copies of the *Charter of Rights and Freedoms*, available in 13 languages (including German, Dutch, Hungarian, Ukrainian, Portuguese, Spanish, Greek, Chinese, Italian, Cree Coastal, Polish, French and English) are available for free, in the language of your choice, by writing to:

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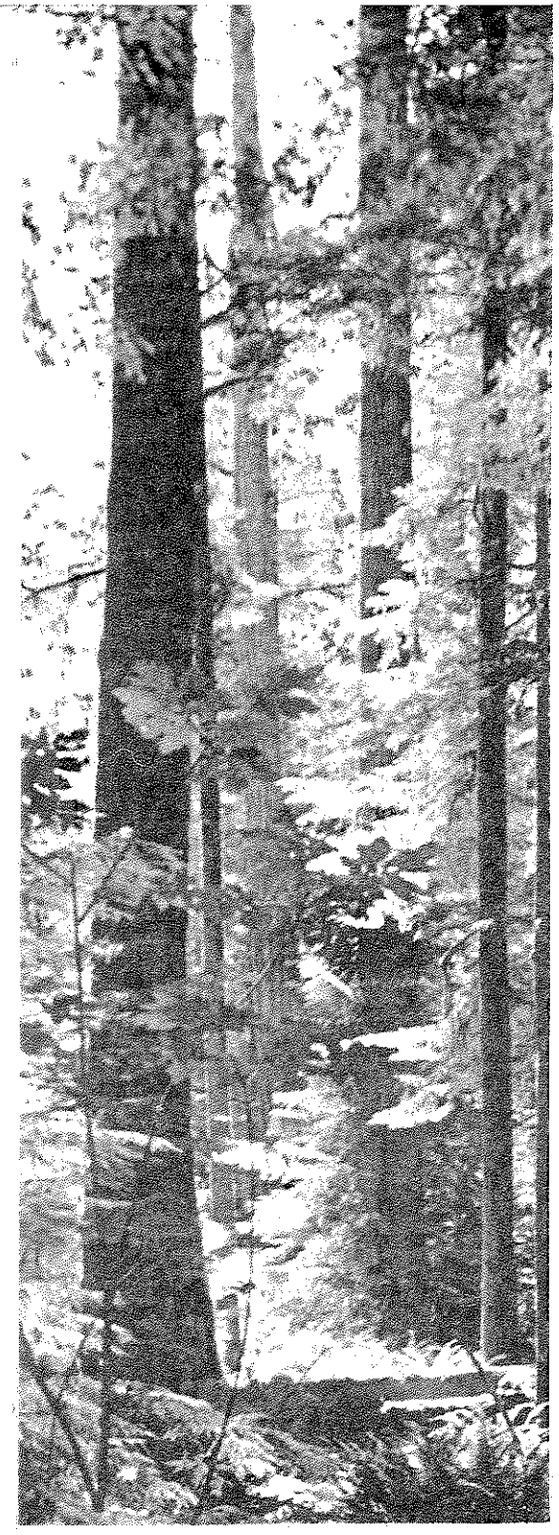


REPRIEVE AT

MEARES ISLAND

ON MARCH 27 the British Columbia Supreme Court of Appeal decided that the giant forestry company MacMillan Bloedel cannot log Meares Island until the land claims of its indigenous people, the Clayoquot tribe, are settled.

Prior to the decision, natives and non-native environmentalists had held MacMillan Bloedel at bay with a non-violent occupation of the Island, located on the West coast of Vancouver Island.

The company has a Tree Farm Licence from the Province to cut Meares, but in November, when they tried to land at Heelboom Bay they met with a flotilla of speed boats filled with protestors.

After negotiations the company was allowed to land, but a hundred people singing and drumming and standing around the immense and ancient trees made it impossible for them to begin cutting.

Elected Chief Councellor of the Clayoquot Band, Moses Martin, explained to the loggers that their Tree Farm Licence prohibited them from cutting around Indian plots and gardens. The forest, he said, was his peoples' garden, and while they were welcome to visit, no logging would be allowed.

Since that time the protestors have worked to establish a strong presence on Meares. At Heelboom Bay they have built a cabin entirely from windfall cedar, and other camps have sprung up along the sites of approved cutblocks. They are making trails through the dense, irregular bush to connect the campsites.

In the town of Tofino, The Friends of Clayoquot Sound (FOCS) organized the business details of the protest. While the size of the occupation is in a constant state of flux, FOCS is organized to land a hundred people on the Island within the hour.

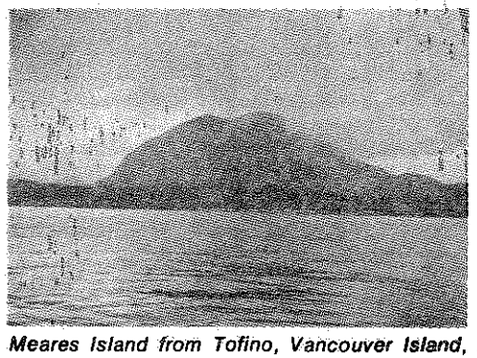
At Heelboom Bay, Robert Martin and his sons work building the dugout canoes perfected by their ancestors, establishing their traditional connection to the land.

Plans are underway to build a long-house at Fundy Creek which will be used as an intercultural youth camp. Kayakers are making increased use of the Island's recreation potential.

The Clayoquot have declared Meares Island a tribal park, opening the island up to non-natives for recreation, and even offering to share with them watershed and shellfish resources, but denying the right to remove that priceless resource, the ancient cedar-hemlock rainforest.

Although there has been some logging of Meares, the Clayoquot have done little cutting in 5,000 years of living on the Island. Hundreds of "culturally modified trees" can be seen all around Meares. The Clayoquot removed the bark from these trees using it to make everything from clothing to mats and baskets, and they also cut out planks for dugouts and houses, but the trees kept growing for hundreds of years.

Something about the logging of Meares Island has touched a deep chord in people of many different ages, backgrounds and walks of life. In a country where school children were once taught that their forestry resources were infinite and beyond depletion, old growth forests are being used up at an alarming rate. The clear-cut areas, devoid of all life, only a small percentage of them reforested, abound in the area surrounding Meares Island. People involved in the protest, and even distant supporters, feel that Meares represents a last chance to preserve old growth forest.



Meares Island from Tofino, Vancouver Island, British Columbia

In British Columbia, Meares Island is considered the biggest environmental story ever and has received extensive media coverage. Indeed, use of the media is one of the protestors' main tactics. They know that as long as they can keep the attention of the public, MacMillan Bloedel won't be able to use "heavy" tactics.

The protestors are dedicated to the principles of non-violence. They are not looking to get arrested, and shun tactics that might alienate the wide range of ordinary people who support them.

I spent two weeks on Meares Island in February. During the second week I decided to go to the Windy Bay encampment. I cleared brush here and made a boat path, removing all the rocks from a swath of intertidal zone. I was alone; most of the major players in the drama were in Court in Vancouver.

MacMillan Bloedel had been warned by the Court that attempting to land at this time, while not illegal, would do nothing to enhance their case. Therefore I was free to forget about them and enjoy the beauty of the Island.

I worked away slowly, quietly, stopping whenever it suited me to search the sky for eagles or to watch seals swimming in the bay. I felt the healing power of the Island.

I think the movement to save the Island has also generated a kind of healing power. At the very least it has provided encouragement to those of us who want to believe that we are under no obligation to allow industry to use the land up until it no longer has the power to sustain us.

Whose land is it anyway?

Whose resources?

— Cheryl Ray
Little Current, Ontario

CHERYL RAY *is a free lance writer living on Manitoulin Island. She attributes her interest in environmental issues to being raised in Sudbury, largest single contributor to acid rain pollution in North America.*

Cheryl Ray

Diary of an Investigative

JOURNEY TO NICARAGUA

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1985: Tomorrow I leave for Nicaragua. Why am I going? Well, there seem to be several answers on several levels. There is the frivolous level — a lark, an adventure, a vacation — escape from winter. I could go to Rio or the Bahamas or Mexico if that's all there was to it. There's more. I'm curious. I've spoken to many people who have been to Nicaragua, friends and associates, and I've heard reports from missionaries who have spent many years there, heard from natives like Norman Bent, a Miskito Indian and minister of the Moravian church who was here a year or so ago. They all have told a story quite different from the one the U.S. government has promoted through the establishment press and TV. The Reagan administration has been openly hostile towards the Sandinista government and has tried to destabilize the political and economic situation in Nicaragua through trade embargoes and military assistance to the "contra" terrorists. The big question is "Why?" The official line that the Sandinistas are sending arms to the rebels in El Salvador just doesn't wash. No concrete evidence of such activity has ever been presented. The question remains, "Why?" I'm interested in knowing how the new Nicaragua is structured and how it functions politically and economically. I want to know if they are wise in using their opportunity to rebuild their systems from scratch. I want to know how the people feel about their government and their present conditions; what the climate is for personal liberty, cooperation and "natural government."

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1985: Well, the trip got off to an interesting start. We took off around 8:30 a.m. after waiting 25 minutes for some phantom passengers who never showed. After an uneventful flight in mostly clear weather, with stops in Syracuse and Tampa, we finally arrived in Miami around 1:30 p.m., an hour late. After waiting another 25 minutes for Barbara's missing baggage to appear, I raced towards the Aeronica ticket counter expecting to get there with a few minutes to spare before our scheduled departure at 2:30 p.m.There were several people standing around when I reached the counter and Kristen Reed, Ventana organizer, immediately recognized that I must be one of her "lost sheep." She regretfully informed me that the plane was already filled and that Barbara and I would have to stay over in Miami and catch tomorrow's flight (there's only one flight a day to Managua and Aeronica has only two airplanes.)

We soon got into conversation with the other three people who had been left behind and the five of us quickly became friends. So while I'm disappointed about missing the official greeting of our tour and the first day's activities, I'm grateful to have had the opportunity to make these contacts and enjoy these people. Besides Barb and I, there is a young woman from Ottawa named Jean. She is going down to teach English for a month as a trial to see if she wants to sign on for a two-year stint. There's a man from Boston who does theater and has been to Nicaragua before. He's been in the Solidarity movement for some time and knows my friend, Anne. The other man is named Jeff. He's a nurse and has been working as a health care volunteer in a Nicaraguan village for some time. He's returning after a visit with family in the States over the holidays. He has a great deal of information about the country and likes to talk so I've already learned a lot and I've yet to set foot on Nicaraguan soil.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1985: The clock on the TV set says 3:53 a.m. I'm experiencing a rare case of insomnia. I think it's a combination of the excitement of the day, prospects for the trip and the cup of coffee I had with dinner.

I finally managed to get a little sleep, arising shortly before 9:30 a.m. I tried to make good use of my wakefulness last night by studying my Spanish. After breakfast, we proceeded to the airport on the hotel shuttle and checked in at the Aeronica ticket counter. "No problem, no problem" is the standard answer to our queries and expressions of concern over seating and luggage. This Miami airport is really something; I've never seen anything like it. The diversity of the people milling around is wonderful—people of all colors, shapes, sizes and smells — many accents to be heard, Spanish more common than English. Miami is truly the gateway to Latin America.

The boarding area is a satellite terminal reached by means of a sort of tram that looks like a modern subway car. The whole place is clean, new and modern with a hi-tech feel and modernistic metal sculpture hanging from the ceiling. Incongruities abound; side by side, old and new, polished and unwashed, northern and southern. The Aeronica jet (a 727) was just rolling to the gate as we stepped off the tram. It looks air worthy enough but not up to the appearance standards of the typical U.S. airline or these polished surroundings. I wonder about the mechanical fitness of the aircraft and the competence of the crew. I presume that there must be some international standards and mandatory safeguards for operation out of U.S. facilities, but I don't know. Twenty minutes to boarding time; 50 minutes to scheduled departure. Yesterday's flight left an hour late. I understand that's normal. No hurry, we're going to the land of *mañana*.

The plane ride to Managua has been pleasant. It seems we have aboard the plane a group of 15 farmers from western Canada who are going down to help with the Nicaraguan agricultural program. They're bringing loads of equipment and plenty of expertise to help the Nicaraguans set up facilities to make parts and tools, including machetes. They have a film crew along to document the whole project.

It was a thrill when the plane finally landed in Managua; quite a contrast to Miami — no satellite terminal here, no enclosed boarding ramp, just a moveable ladder which lets you step down right onto the tarmac. I didn't even see any other aircraft. I did see the mountains in the distance and what looked like a plume of white smoke rising from one of them. I turned to photograph it and my companions disembarking from the plane. After getting a couple of shots with my camera, I was told to hurry along. (later I learned that the Nicaraguans don't like people taking pictures of airports, soldiers and military installations.) Getting through immigration and customs wasn't nearly as bad as I had been led to believe. Perhaps it was because of the facilitating efforts of Margarita who was there to meet us as well as the Bread and Puppet theater group who were also on our flight. (I later learned that Margarita is half North American and U.S. educated and the niece of Foreign Minister D'Escoto.) After clearing customs, Barbara and I and the theater group were loaded onto a small Toyota bus for the ride into town. Abbie Hoffman stuck his head in to rap with us briefly.

Managua seems to be urban sprawl with lots of open spaces and very few buildings of any size. This, I understand, is because of the earthquake of '72 which leveled much of the city. My first impressions of the place — it's poor; but that isn't adequate to describe it, and certainly doesn't explain it. I have the sense that the human capital has been very underdeveloped. Our accommodations at the Casa Fernando Gordillo, the guest house of our hosts, the ASTC, are quite nice. I'm sharing a room with a man named Ken from Toronto. He's a film maker and photographer.

PLEASE NOTIFY US
IMMEDIATELY OF YOUR
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1985: Last evening we went to a party at the home of the family of a young man named Franklin who is a Nicaraguan who has been working in New York City at Casa Nicaragua. They had lots of food for us — fresh vegetables along with a local favorite, some kind of corn flour patty stuffed with meat. They had local rum called Flor de Caña, with locally bottled Pepsi or orange juice. Kristen says this is quite an impressive spread to be put out by a Nicaraguan family of such modest means.

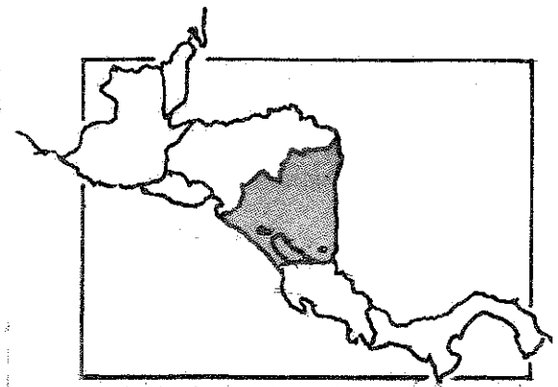
We went to a market this afternoon. It is very large, mostly indoors, with a wide variety of items for sale ranging from fruits and vegetables, to various strange-looking prepared foods, to cosmetics and clothing. I haven't learned a great deal about the economy yet but have some observations, which I will share in a separate article.

This evening we went to the people's church. There was something like a "folk mass" back home with 5 or 6 musicians and great music. The church is an octagonal structure with a fluted roof and exposed steelwork inside and many murals depicting various aspects of Nicaraguan history and "liberation theology." One curious thing — there were more "gringos" there than Nicaraguans. The service was very long and I was restless, especially since I wasn't able to understand most of what I was hearing because my Spanish is still very rudimentary. Afterwards, the priest addressed a remnant of remaining "gringos" with the help of a translator. I learned a bit more about Nicaraguan history and about what liberation theologists (at least this one) are preaching.

It is very interesting, the number and diversity of foreigners who are here, "internationalistas," as we're called. There are Swedes, French, Germans and other Europeans, as well as North Americans. I'm sure we'll run into others before we're done.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1985: Today, we're off to Matagalpa, 127 km to the north and east of Managua. We've seen a good many irrigated fields along the way together with lots of open land and little plots alongside little shacks. We've stopped at a state farm and had a long question and answer session with Salvador Lansa, the director, and a couple of his associates. He described a three-pronged system of agriculture which includes state farms, cooperative farms and private farms. State farms constitute 16% of the farms in this valley and 25% nationwide. Private farmers must work their land but there is no limit to their size. Staple crops are sold to the government but produce may be sold anywhere. It is easy to get land here; people just have to ask for it and use it. We were shown fields of sorghum and rice. The rice fields are flooded and then sown by aircraft using pregerminated seed. They buy machinery wherever it is cheapest. They have Czech tractors which they can get for 150,000 Cordobas, Italian harvesters (600,000 Cordobas) besides Russian and American equipment. American equipment now is very expensive — a John Deere harvester costs between 1 and 2 million Cordobas. (The official exchange rate is 10 Cordobas to the dollar; the black market rate is close to 500 to the dollar.) One family still owns 50% of the sugar production: they own the farms, the refinery and the rum plant. The State subsidizes food prices to keep them low. Salvador told us (in a discussion about support for the contras by some people in the U.S.), "There are two kinds of people, those who love and build, and those who hate and destroy." He also told us that the farmers, ranchers and businessmen are now making more money than they did under Somoza. "We don't try to copy any other country. We believe in a mixed economy."

Juan Carlos Amador is the name of the young (former) aristocrat who greeted us at the family hacienda of a large private farm. After trouping through the place and questioning Juan about life in post-revolutionary Nicaragua, we were about to leave when the owner drove up in his Nissan Land Rover. He invited us back in for a pow wow. Signor Samuel Amador told us he is an elected member of the National Assembly and was a supporter of the revolution which has resulted in his being under death threats from the contras. He has 180 employees. He told us there is private enterprise in Nicaragua; 65% of the land and 90% of the business is in private hands. He has also recently formed a partnership with the State to



produce electrical appliances. "I support the [Sandinista] Front because I see that the public servants and the military are acting honestly. Nicaragua isn't getting married to anybody. We open our hearts to anyone who opens their hearts to us. I would love to see 2 or 3 thousand teachers from the U.S. as we have had from Cuba." . . . This has certainly been a full day and the most instructive one I can imagine.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1985: "No one has to pay a cent for hospitalization," our guide tells us as we tour an old hospital in Matagalpa. Medical care is free but there are also doctors in private practice and private hospitals. Doctors must provide free services for the State during the day but in the afternoon may have their private practice. We are told that about half the births take place in hospitals and half at home. Medicine is free. In the past, preventative medicine was never applied. Diarrhea has been the main cause of infant mortality. The old hospital looks a bit shabby. Once again it seems to be a case of trying to do the best they can with what they have. The place needs paint and cosmetic repairs but they seem to try to keep it clean. The floors are being mopped as we walk through and people seem to be getting cared for.

The new hospital is quite a contrast — very impressive. It is up on a hillside overlooking the town. The road leading up to it is new. It has 256 beds, built last winter for 140 million Cordobas. It will have two ambulances. It is a teaching hospital like the other one. It covers Region 6, approximately 400,000 people. There are four similar hospitals which have been built in the country with funds from the government and the Interamerican Development Bank.

The beauty of the country and its productive potential are enormous. My general impression has changed a lot after having gone out into the countryside and the mountains. It isn't all dirty and disheveled like Managua. It isn't even quite as underdeveloped as I thought. We've seem impressive farms and haciendas, highways and hospitals, factories, and lots of vehicles, many of them quite new — mostly Toyotas, some Nissans and a number of Mercedes buses. I can envision, in ten years time, if Nicaragua is allowed to develop in peace and trade freely with any nation, especially the U.S., it could be tremendously prosperous. I had some good conversation today with some American farmers who were with us for part of the day. They were here with the OXFAM tour. We spoke of farm foreclosures and farm debt, a conversation which I initiated when I saw a man wearing a T-shirt protesting farm foreclosures. He's from Iowa and seems to have a pretty good understanding of the problem.

Sandra, our guide from the ASTC, passed out invitations to the inaugural reception and other events. Apparently we are counted among the VIPs. This could be a very exciting time.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1985: Today we are visiting the Ministry of Culture which is housed in Somoza's former residence. Our reception by the government officials here reinforces the theme of "building hands and loving hearts" that we've heard from others we've talked with. They're planning to open a "Museum of Infamy" featuring items belonging to Somoza which were found in the house, such as photographs taken at orgies of the dictator and his high government officials. Vincent Ivara, the official who spoke with us stated, "Everyone of us and everyone of you should become a worker for peace. Share what you have seen and discovered about our revolution. You live in the guts of the monster." While Signor Ivara has told us that artists are completely free to express themselves here, he also admits that politics plays a large role, e.g., in determining what gets resources for production. "Independent TV production doesn't exist here because resources are lacking. Materials and supplies for ar-

tists are scarce. The union of artists works on this. Paintings sell well. The State is one of the great buyers of paintings. Diplomats used to buy up the best of Nicaraguan art and take it away."

Next stop — CPC, a neighborhood cultural center. It has two main lines: (1) promote the amateur artist, and (2) social educational activities of the people, with cooperation of the officials of each zone. Each region is divided into zones and each zone has a popular council being formed of representatives from various groups, e.g., Sandinista youth, unions, the Army, etc. There are 5 CPCs in Managua. This one is the regional headquarters. There are 26 CPCs nationwide.

There seem to be plenty of VW vans around. I see big lineups to buy gas. Our driver says gas costs 50 Cordobas a gallon but you can buy only 20 gallons a month. Taxi drivers are allowed 5 gallons every 8 hours. They're always complaining about it because they say they use up that much in only 4 hours so cannot work full time. There are Supermercados de Nicaragua — supermarkets — here. The one I saw seemed as crowded and crazy as the ones back home but not nearly as clean and bright. There are few things in Managua that are clean and bright.

We asked Sandra about wage scales. 1500 Cordobas a month is minimum wage, average salary for a driver is around 3000 Cordobas a month and a secretary makes about 3500. Greg and I spoke with some peasants at the market in Masaya today. The people seemed to be fairly open in discussing politics, though none of them said anything terribly derogatory of the Sandinistas or the government. One woman said that certain things were harder to get now, such as oil. She said that under Somoza, Nicaragua enjoyed good relations with the U.S. "but now the U.S. is against us." Some clean-up workers said that things weren't so bad under the elder Somoza but that the younger Somoza blamed the people for his father's assassination and punished them.

This evening we were invited to a performance honoring the installation of the National Assembly. We were in the company of the entire diplomatic community. The performance was marvelous. It consisted of several segments of music and dance portraying Nicaraguan culture, both Spanish and Indian. Security was tight but traffic and seating were handled very efficiently. Tomorrow we will be attending the inaugural ceremony for President Daniel Ortega in the afternoon and the reception for him in the evening.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1985: This morning, most of us arose early to walk to the U.S. Embassy to participate in the weekly vigil and demonstration by U.S. citizens living in and visiting Nicaragua. There were, altogether, about a couple hundred people there. It was well done. I ran into David and Jean there (who had been stranded with us in Miami). David said he was concerned and a bit discouraged by the changes that have taken place in the past six months. I asked him for specifics and he mentioned the 200% inflation and growing opposition to the draft. People are complaining that their sons are being taken into the Army and getting killed.

A group of us decided to walk over to the CST (Centro Sandinista de Trabajadores, or workers' center) to get some pins and literature. From there we headed for the post office. We saw lots of soldiers around directing traffic and guarding specific areas. We were turned away from the side entrance to the post office and sent around to the front. Two in our party who were carrying cameras were required to check them at the door. The street next to the post office was blocked off and guarded by several soldiers carrying automatic rifles. One of the women wanted to see the paintings in the gallery of the Grand Hotel but we were not allowed to enter the area. The soldier there told us it was closed for today. With the inaugural activities and so many VIPs here today. I guess they were not taking any chances. Despite the presence of so many armed soldiers (or perhaps because of it) I've felt pretty safe here. I did feel a bit of concern though when a lone American walking ahead of us was stopped by a soldier and asked to show his passport. I didn't happen to have mine with me and I wondered what would happen if I were stopped. I made an extra effort to stay close to the group. Paranoia is a by-product of war. This morning's paper had a story of 13 companeros being killed by contras in the north.

At lunch, Greg and Ken related their morning visit to a Salvadorean refugee camp outside Managua. They said conditions are very bad — extreme poverty, medical supplies short. The refugees are self-supporting but struggling. They grew a crop of watermelons but were unable to get them to market. There are about 40 families and they have been there for 5 years. The priest who took them to the camp had worked in El Salvador and had been jailed many times by the Salvadorean government.

The inauguration was a rather impressive event though I expected more speeches, more music and more spectacle. For some reason, we had seats very close to the speaker's platform, only 10 rows back. The ASTC must carry a lot of weight in this government. Fidel Castro was there with a couple other heads of state. There were many vice-presidents and foreign ministers, most of them from Eastern bloc countries; at least they were the ones who were introduced. There were many other officials from other countries who were not introduced individually.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1985: Last night was just incredible. We were taken to the reception for President Ortega which was held at Somoza's former country club. It's now a convention center, owned and operated by the government. It was an awesome affair, if not a bit incongruous. The party wasn't lavish, but still impressive. All the high government officials were there mingling with the guests. I met Ernesto and Fernando Cardinale, Ministers of Culture and Education, respectively, and I had a lengthy conversation with the Chilean ambassador. I stood less than three feet from Fidel Castro as he held forth with a throng of admirers. I kept asking myself, 'What am I doing here? How did *I* end up at a state function like this?"

Today, after the Nicaraguan Institute of Social Security and Welfare, we proceeded to ANNLAE, the women's organization. This is some of what we were told there: "We have eradicated polio and very few children get measles anymore; we've done a lot to combat children's diarrhea; we've passed a law which prohibits the exploitation of women in commerce; you don't see ads which use women's legs and breasts to sell products; there's a law which put an end to selling our children such as took place under Somoza; abortion is not legal but there are, in fact, a lot of abortions; women who seek abortions are not jailed; we've created a commission to examine the abortion situation in conjunction with the Ministry of Health."

This evening we went to see the premiere performance of the Bread and Puppet Theater's "Birth, Crucifixion and Resurrection of Archbishop Oscar Romero of El Salvador." It was marvelous. They've combined their 15 people with 35 local people to make a good sized troupe. The props were numerous and well designed.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1985: Today we are at the Ministry of Defense. We are speaking with Lt. Gugliermo Ortega. "The CIA plan is to separate the Atlantic from the Pacific coasts, to assassinate leaders and set up provisional governments in various places. Plans to attack our cities were defeated. In 1883 they mined our ports and attacked our airport. In 1984 they tried to unite the contra groups and penetrate the center of the country. All these plans were defeated. From 1981 on, the U.S. helicopters have been shot down. RS71 planes are being used for espionage and electronic surveillance. Ships off the coast violate our territorial waters (12 miles off Corinto). The U.S. is waging a diplomatic campaign also with charges that we are arming Salvadorean guerillas, etc. 7300 of our people have been killed by the [contra] mercenaries, including 3346 children. There has been damage to the educational and health care infrastructure. 98 teachers were assassinated in 1984 and 171 kidnapped. Some sectors of private U.S. business have been providing material aid to the contras. Our purpose is to coexist in Central America. We think our struggle is just. The U.S. must stop being the aggressor. In November of 1984, the U.S. threatened to bomb us (the MIG scare). We received economic aid from the socialist bloc. Our economy depends on agriculture. We need a lot of tractors and products that we don't produce. We used to get these products from the U.S. We

now have problems with our economy. We get tractors from the USSR but not enough. Cuba gave us our first modern sugar refinery. We will continue to receive shipments of equipment, wheat, etc. from the USSR.

"We took our tanks and organized our people into battalions in preparation for the threatened attack by the U.S. They can fill our airspace with planes and they can wipe us out in minutes. But Nicaragua cannot continue to be the object of threats. We have a broad democratic government; we are no socialist base. We are dependent for many things. The tanks we have are 30 years old. We have only two T33 planes, four Soviet M18 helicopters and two French helicopters — that's it."

I asked him what he thought was the reason for the U.S. government's antagonism towards the Nicaraguan government; he replied, "We've shown that social change is possible, and that is terrible to the U.S. The example of dignity and daringness is dangerous." With regards to questions about amnesty, he told us that 1500 contras had already handed in their arms and it was hoped that with the latest offer of President Ortega, a similar number would come back. "We are not a blood-thirsty people." "We have organized a civil defense with various types of brigades like fire, etc. We also have armed militias. We have one of the most constructive and competent armies around. They do all kinds of work from picking coffee to building. We've had a draft for a year now. Two years service is required. We don't deny there is resistance to the draft in some sectors."

In the afternoon we went to Grenada on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, a large fresh water lake which boasts the only fresh water sharks in the world. We found Grenada to be an interesting contrast to Managua. It's much smaller and more compact, and was at one time, apparently, quite wealthy. The fine stonework and paving are no longer scrubbed and polished. One exception to that is the hotel which is quite elegant with polished stone floors and hardwood furniture. The church is very large with multicolored marble stone and altar platform. The beach area is getting a lot of attention. New walks and shelters are being constructed. It looks like it has been, and may be once again, a pretty nice resort area. Sandra said that the big season for people to go there is Holy Week. Their summer, or hot, dry season runs from February through April. Rainy season is May through October. She said it rains almost every day then and sometimes all day long. It's hard to imagine that, given the dry, clear weather we've experienced.

On the way to Grenada, we stopped to see the Masaya volcano. Nicaragua has several active volcanos, though there have been no big eruptions in recent history. I'm told that they are developing their geothermal energy and now get 30% of their electricity from geothermal sources. Looking down into the crater I can see a second crater from which a constant plume of steam issues forth. As the wind shifts, I catch a whiff of it, pungent and sulfurous.

Our plane reservations have been confirmed for tomorrow's flight. I had asked Sandra to help me structure another week here but not much has come of it. I'd still like to talk to some people in the Finance Ministry. I could stay on here a while on my own and just tramp around but I still don't have much ability to speak Spanish and getting around would be difficult. I'm ready to go home. I can always come back.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1985: Up before dawn, we're ready to board the bus by 7:30 a.m. to go to the airport. I'm anxious now to be on my way. By 11:30 a.m. we're airborne and I have time to reflect on all we've experienced. The overall impression is one of wonderment. I marvel at the audacity of the Nicaraguans in attempting to be independent and self-reliant in a world dominated by power politics and transnational finance capital. How can they survive?

— **Tom Greco**
Rochester, New York

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"....picture brides comprised over half of all the married women who arrived between 1910 and 1920...."

THE SAGA OF JAPANESE IMMIGRANT WOMEN

DESPITE playing a crucial role in the growth of Japanese immigrant society, Japanese immigrant women are absent from most historical accounts of Japanese immigration. Race, sex, and class factors account for this glaring omission. Apart from works covering the internment of Japanese during World War II, the existing literature in English is mainly devoted to the origins, causes, and development of the anti-Japanese exclusion movement in the first quarter of this century and the adverse repercussions it had on Japanese-American relations.[1] Highlighting the *excluders* rather than the *excluded*, the literature seldom examines how Japanese immigrants thought about and reacted to being excluded. Until recently, what was done to the immigrants has been considered more important than the immigrants themselves. Except for notable upperclass women, historians have seldom bothered to study women, especially working-class immigrant women. This sex and class bias has also contributed to the paucity of research on Japanese immigrant women. A few recent studies explore aspects of the life and role of women in Japanese immigrant society, marking a small beginning in incorporating them fully into the history of Japanese immigration.[2] Based upon immigrant language sources and interviews, this essay will examine the immigration of Japanese women to the United States from 1900 to 1924 and its effect on Japanese immigrant society.

Few Japanese women immigrated to the United States until the early twentieth century. The earliest Japanese immigrants were indigent male students who began to arrive in the mid-1880s. Male laborers followed closely on their heels after 1890, and soon formed the largest group in Japanese immigrant society. Initially, these men dreamed of returning to Japan as soon as they had earned enough money. Between 1905 and 1920, however, many of them left the ranks of common laborers to become small farmers and small businessmen, thereby transforming themselves from sojourners into permanent settlers. An economic stake in farms and businesses persuaded them to cast off the old ideal of returning to Japan and enabled them to summon wives from Japan which reinforced the economic underpinning of permanent residency. At the turn of the century, according to census data, there were only 985 Japanese females in the continental United States. The increasing number of married women relative to the total Japanese population in 1900, 1910, 1920, and 1930 reflects the arrival of Japanese women after the turn of the century.[3]

JAPANESE POPULATION

Year		Married Women
1900	24,326	410
1910	72,157	5,581
1920	111,010	22,193
1930	138,834	23,930

The arrival of married women at this time, particularly between 1910 and 1920, was not by happenstance. After the turn of the century immigrant leaders began exhorting their countrymen to set new goals for themselves in American society. The foremost advocate of permanent settlement was Abiko Kyutaro, publisher of the largest and most influential immigrant daily, the *Nichibei Shimbun* of San Francisco. Beginning in 1905 he argued that the dream of returning to Japan was an obstacle to the development of a stable, prosperous immigrant society. In his

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judgment, if the foundations of immigrant society were ever to rest on firm ground, the dream had to be discarded. Accordingly, Abiko promoted long-term residency by urging laborers to take up farming and to summon wives from Japan. An economic interest in agriculture and settled family life, he believed, would change laborers from sojourners to permanent residents. In addition, family life would help to rid immigrant society of prostitution and gambling.[4]

Taking the advice to heart, many men secured wives who entered immigrant society in one of three ways. Among wives who had been left behind in Japan, some were summoned by their husbands. Other women married single men who returned to Japan to seek mates and then to bring them to the United States. The wife of Abiko Kyutaro, Yonako, married her husband in 1909 when he himself returned. Two factors limited the number of bachelors who returned for this purpose. Few could afford the time and expense of such a trip, which included heavy outlays for marriage required by social custom in Japan. Some returnees, moreover, faced the possibility of being inducted into the military. All Japanese men liling abroad enjoyed deferments, but lost their deferred status if they returned for more than thirty days. The time spent in finding an appropriate mate, in entering into a formal engagement, and in getting married often exceeded a month.

Thus many bachelors resorted to the so-called picture-bride practice, the third way by which women entered immigrant society.[5] The practice itself did not diverge sharply from traditional Japanese custom. In Japan, marriage was never an individual matter but always a family affair.[6] Heads of households selected marriage partners for family members through go-betweens. An exchange of photographs sometimes took place in the screening process, with family genealogy, wealth, education, and health figuring heavily in the selection criteria. Go-betweens arranged parleys between families at which heads of households discussed proposed unions. Although prospective spouses normally met each other for the first time at such meetings, they rarely if ever exchanged words. The meetings were for the benefit of heads of households; they were not intended for couples to become acquainted with each other. If families mutually consented, engagement and marriage ensued.

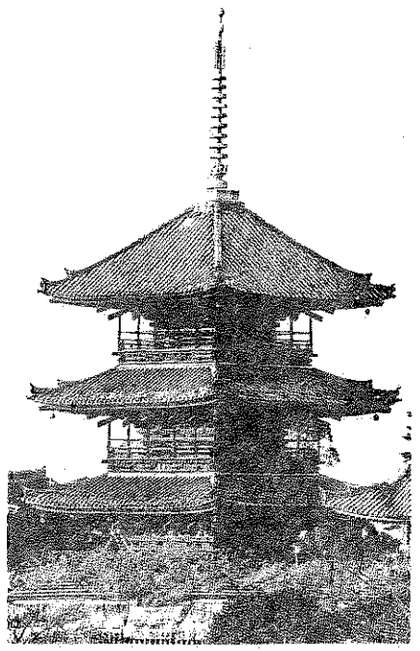
In general, the picture-bride practice conformed to this marriage custom. Single immigrant men had brides picked for them by their parents or relatives. Along with photographs of themselves, the men forwarded information about their lives in America, which go-betweens used in negotiations with parents of eligible daughters. The practice deviated in only one important respect from conventional marriages: bridegrooms physically were absent at wedding ceremonies. Still, the practice satisfied all social and legal requirements governing marriage in Japan. Marriages were legal as long as husbands fulfilled a simple bureaucratic condition. They had to enter the names of their brides into their own family registries. By meeting this requirement, men were considered legally betrothed no matter where they resided. That they never laid eyes upon their brides or were absent from their own wedding ceremonies was irrelevant.

Exactly how many married women landed as picture-brides is unknown. Neither the Japanese nor American government maintained precise statistics over the years. Yet there is little doubt that the number was sizable. By resorting to the picture-bride practice, single men were able to save the time and expense of going back to Japan and avoid the risk of being conscripted. Both considerations made the practice appealing to the average bachelor. In all probability, picture-brides comprised over half of all the married women who arrived between 1910 and 1920.[7]

The Japanese government regulated the passage of women across the Pacific. Concerned about the appearance of Japanese prostitutes on the Pacific Coast in the late nineteenth century, Japan first instituted strict control over the issuance of passports to women.[8] Events in the

United States dictated even tighter controls. In 1900 agitation against Japanese immigration fully surfaced in San Francisco. In direct response to it, the Foreign Ministry, on August 2, 1900, ceased to issue passports to male or female laborers bound for the continental United States and Canada.[9] Two years later it slightly relaxed its restrictive policy by issuing passports to returnees, including laborers, who applied for repassage to the United States. The Foreign Ministry also began issuing passports to the wives, children, and parents of Japanese residing in the United States.[10] After 1905 the clamor against Japanese immigration intensified, and the Japanese government voluntarily agreed to continue restricting labor immigration. Under the terms of the Gentlemen's Agreement, negotiated between the Japanese and American governments in the winter of 1907-1908, Japan reaffirmed its policy of not issuing passports to laborers.[11] Returnees continued to be eligible for passports, as did the wives, children, and parents of bonafide Japanese residents.

To control the passage of married women, Japanese consuls set rigid standards. The fundamental yardstick was economic. Only men who had proven means of supporting families were qualified to summon wives. All laborers were ineligible until 1915. Rare exceptions were made for those in urban occupations — for example, butlers, waiters, and cooks — if they commanded high wages and could provide proof of continuous employment and savings of at least a thousand dollars, an enormous sum for any laborer. Businessmen and farmers were eligible, but they had to meet specific criteria. A businessman had to have an annual gross income of twelve hundred dollars or more, a farmer had to have an annual profit of four to five hundred dollars, and both had to have savings of at least a thousand dollars as well.[12] In 1915 the Japanese government modified its requirements to make laborers eligible. Effective July 1, 1915, all male residents of the United States, including laborers, became eligible to summon wives, provided they had savings of eight hundred dollars.[13] To reduce the possibility of fraud, Japanese consuls required that applicants filing papers to bring over their



wives submit bank deposit books as proof that this sum had been in their accounts for no less than five months preceding the date of application.

Women had to satisfy specific government regulations too. If they were picture-brides, their names had to be entered into their husbands' family registries six months prior to their applications for passports. This requirement, Japanese officials believed, impeded procurers from obtaining prostitutes disguised as picture-brides. After 1915 picture-brides also had to meet an age regulation. They could not be more than thirteen years younger than their spouses. This age limit was set on the premise that too wide a disparity was not conducive to harmonious marriages. If there were extenuating circumstances, however, the rule might be waived. All Japanese emigrants had to pass physical examinations at ports of embarkation. American immigration statutes barred the admission of immigrants bearing contagious diseases. Immigration inspectors were especially on the alert for those afflicted with trachoma and hookworm, two fairly common diseases in Japan. Aware of American regulations, the Japanese government administered physical examinations to all departing women to make sure that they had neither.

No single motive explains why women came to the United States. In the case of married women who had been left behind in Japan, they responded to their spouses' summons to join them. Most picture-brides no doubt simply obeyed parents. Betrothed by parental arrangement, they too came to join their spouses. To refuse would have been an act of filial disobedience, a grave moral offense. One woman gave a down-to-earth account of her situation. A tall, robust female with broad shoulders and large feet, she agreed to her father's arrangement of marriage with an older man living in California. Her father was convinced that no male in Japan would marry his "ungainly" daughter, and she had accepted his bleak assessment of her marital prospects.[14] There were also economic motives. Some daughters became picture-brides to help their families through hard times or to put a younger sibling through school.[15] By working in the United States, they expected to be able to remit money to their families. For women who found themselves in social predicaments, marriage with men abroad offered an avenue of escape.[16] For these women life in America held out hopes for a new beginning, a future in a country which evoked images of material comforts unimaginable at home. Some women came for even more fundamental economic reasons — they lacked sufficient food, clothing, and shelter.

Regardless of motives, all women were beset by common problems as soon as they landed. Their first encounter with America was the ordeal of passing through the labyrinth of the immigration station. Most women arrived as third-class steerage passengers for whom an inspection was a grim experience. Inspectors examined them more scrupulously than first- or second-class passengers. Advance briefings about what to expect did not allay anxieties. Many questions worried the women to no end. Were their papers in order? Each wife had to have a valid passport, a certified copy of her husband's family registry, and a health certificate. Would she pass the physical examination? That she had been found free of trachoma and hookworm in Japan was no guarantee she would. Would her husband be at the immigration station to welcome her? Some wives did not know. All husbands had to appear in person to receive wives. Picture-brides gazed upon their spouses for the first time in the station. Such anxieties were compounded by fear of the unknown and by lack of knowledge of English.

Wives were matched up with husbands in the immigration station. Immigration officials required husbands to present documents to avert mix-ups. First, they had to have certificates issued by the Japanese consul which attested to their identity and occupation. Second, they had to have additional proof of employment. Farmers had to show land titles or lease agreements, businessmen commercial licenses, and salaried workers letters signed by employers. Third, they had to have bank deposit books as evidence of their ability to support wives. If everything was in order, officials released wives into the custody of husbands. Prior to 1917 the American government did not recognize photo-marriages, and this forced picture-brides and their spouses to be remarried in another ceremony in order to be considered legally married in the United States. Group ceremonies were conducted in the immigration station at the beginning; later they were held in hotel lobbies or churches by special arrangement with immigration authorities. In 1917 the State Department granted legal recognition to photo-marriages, allowing picture-brides and their spouses to dispense with the second wedding ceremony.[17]

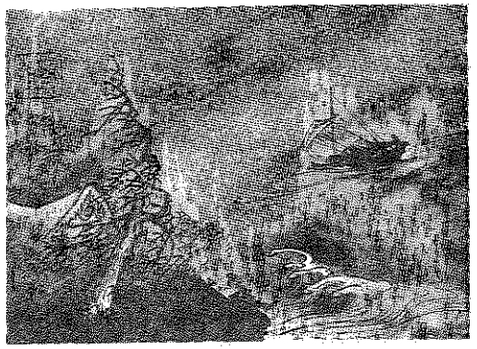
drawing courtesy of MINÉ OKUBO

Many picture-brides were genuinely shocked to see their husbands. Sometimes the person was much older than he appeared in his photograph. As a rule husbands were older than wives by ten to fifteen years, and occasionally more. Men often forwarded photographs taken in their youth or touched-up ones that concealed their real age. No wonder some picture-brides, upon sighting their spouses, lamented dejectedly that they had married an old man. Husbands appeared unexpectedly different in other ways. Some men had photographs touched up, not just to look youthful but to improve their overall appearance. They had all traces of facial blemishes and baldness removed. Picture-brides understandably were taken aback because such men did not physically correspond with their photographs at all. Suave, handsome appearing gentlemen proved to be pockmarked, country bumpkins. A few disillusioned picture-brides declined to join their husbands and asked to be sent back to Japan. Others who had married distant relatives or men they had known in their villages as young girls were disappointed, perhaps, but not crestfallen.

Almost all women landed wearing Japanese kimonos and sandals. As a part of their initiation into American society, it was common for husbands to take their wives to a clothing store to purchase a set of Western clothes.[18] Of all the strange items of apparel, corsets were the most uncomfortable. Newly outfitted women had trouble breathing wearing something so constricting. Western-style shoes were no less uncomfortable. The enclosed, pointed toe of shoes, particularly of fashionable, high lace boots, were not suited for Japanese women whose feet, shaped since childhood by open slippers and sandals, were wide and flat. Pointed shoes were painful to wear and impossible to walk in initially.

Other more serious problems lay in store. Besides sending touched-up photographs, Japanese immigrant men were sometimes disingenuous in other ways. To enable parents or relatives to find brides easily, they often exaggerated their own attractiveness as future husbands.[19] Keepers of small Japanese-style inns or boardinghouses referred to themselves as hotel operators. In Japan, the word "hotel" connoted something much larger than either, conjuring up images of modern, multistoried brick or concrete structures. Similarly, sharecroppers passed themselves off as landowning farmers, small shopkeepers as big merchants, hotel bellboys as elevator engineers, railroad section foremen as labor contractors. A female reader of the *Shin Sekai* of San Francisco once wrote that, if the newspaper ever printed the letters men forwarded to Japan in seeking picture-brides, the men would have to cringe in shame. She believed that these letters were devoid of sincerity.[20] A few men were culpable of more than hyperboles; they relayed utterly false information about themselves. A picture-bride in one case discovered that her husband was an itinerant gambler instead of being the landowning fruit grower he had claimed to be.[21] Picture-brides had no way of personally verifying information about their spouses. In general, they believed what they heard from go-betweens until they arrived and learned otherwise.

Women came into direct contact with American realities through work. The majority went into rural areas. Many entered labor camps operated by their husbands. Scattered throughout the western United States, these camps provided laborers for such industries as railroads, coal mines in Wyoming, sugar beet fields in Utah and Idaho, lumber camps and mills in the Pacific Northwest, and salmon canneries in Alaska. Alternatively, women entered farmlands on which their husbands were tilling the soil as cash or share tenants. This practice was especially common in California where Japanese immigrant agriculture flourished the most. In urban areas women entered small businesses in which their husbands were engaged: laundries, bathhouses, bars, markets, restaurants, boardinghouses, and poolhalls. Or they became domestic servants, seamstresses, or cannery workers. But no matter where they ended up, an oppressive life of unending labor was their lot. Ideally, women were supposed to be confined to the home as "duitful wives and intelligent mothers" (*ryosai kenbo*). But very few women limited themselves to these two roles.



Economic realities forced the majority to assume a third role as workers whose labor was indispensable in the operation of labor camps, farms, and small businesses.

Living and working conditions generally were primitive. In rural areas women had to draw water from wells for cooking, washing, and bathing. Kindling wood was the source of heat. Frequently women had to cook for large gangs of workers employed by their husbands. Makeshift wooden shacks on farms and small rented rooms in towns usually served as initial living quarters. Working from dawn to dusk left little time to socialize, even less to devote oneself to the leisure arts or to learn something about America besides labor. Women were compelled to work in order to survive, a reality which made them aware of hyperboles and falsehoods told by husbands before marriage, causing not a few to become severely disenchanted.

This harsh reality formed the background to marital scandals known as *kakeochi* or desertions of husbands by wives. How often desertion occurred is difficult to ascertain without statistics, but other evidence indicates that it happened with surprising regularity. The immigrant press is replete with kakeochi announcements. A typical notice claims that a married woman and a "scoundrel," both specifically named, had "disappeared," meaning that they had absconded together. The notice includes their physical description, place of origin in Japan, and even photographs of them. Husbands who had been abandoned or local immigrant organizations placed this type of announcement in the immigrant press and offered rewards for information leading to the discovery of the guilty parties. The *Shin Sekai* ran a typical notice in 1909, submitted by Kojima Aizo of Walnut Grove, announcing that his wife, Tsuta, had absconded with Miki Jokichi.[22] A native of Wakayama Prefecture, Miki is described as thirty-three or thirty-four-years-old, 5 feet 2 inches, 115 pounds with dark complexion and a scar at the nape of his neck. A native of Yamaguchi Prefecture, Tsuta is described as twenty-eight-years old, 5 feet, 110 pounds with fair complexion. The notice states that they vanished together on December 12, 1909. Kojima offered a reward of twenty-five dollars to any party furnishing information on their whereabouts. The *Nichibei Shimbun* of San Francisco, the leading immigrant daily, printed many similar announcements. In September 1912, for example, it ran one by Oshima Suematsu of Hanford who declared that his wife, Tora, had run off clandestinely with Ono Ken'ichi.[23] Oshima likewise offered a reward of twenty-five dollars. Immigrant newspapers in other locales also carried kakeochi announcements.[24]

In addition to announcements, the immigrant press featured kakeochi reportage as regular fare for its readers. Desertion stories appeared as often as kakeochi notices. As early as April 1908, the *Shin Sekai* reported the case of Odawara Toshiko, who had fled from Sacramento to Stockton with her paramour.[25] In June 1914, the *Taihoku Nippo* of Seattle carried a story about Nishizaki Juta who was depicted as a moral derelict.[26] He had seduced the wife of Hashimoto Yoshiro of Tacoma and harbored her secretly until the local Japanese association uncovered his hideaway and had them arrested. Legal charges were dropped once Nishizaki agreed to pay Hashimoto six hundred dollars. Stories normally preceded announcements. The *Shin Sekai* ran a story on September 20, 1916, about Kimura Haru, wife of Kimura Masaki, who left Loomis with her two-and-a-half-year-old child. Having suffered a miscarriage, she reportedly went to Sacramento in order to regain her health. There, by prearrangement, she met Shimizu Fudeki, who had been employed by her husband on his fruit orchard. The two then disappeared. A notice of this desertion appeared on September 21. The *Nichibei Shimbun*, in another story, reported on February 14—15, 1916, that Yamaura Toshie, wife of Yamaura Chiyozo of Lodi, abandoned not only her husband but her child as well. An announcement of her kakeochi appeared on February 18.

All stories contained variations on the basic theme of desertion. The details differed depending upon the story. A picture-bride deserts just after arriving, while another deserts after living with her husband for a spell. An older married woman leaves her husband and children, while another takes her infant with her. A woman and her paramour plot to steal her husband's hidden money before absconding together. A woman is caught and sent back to Japan, while another is placed into a church-sponsored women's home. The men with whom women run off range from young laborers to roving city salesmen, partners in their husbands' farms or businesses, or professional gamblers. Most stories are written in a tragic vein; a few have an element of the comic. All have didactic overtones. Embellishments and distortions undoubtedly crept into many stories. Newspapers, after all, published kakeochi stories to attract readers so as to enlarge circulation. Yet the stories were not imagined by reporters. They were based upon actual incidents. Combined with the kakeochi announcements, they therefore provide abundant evidence of the regular occurrence of desertion, particularly after 1910 as the number of married women increased within immigrant society.[27]

The publication of Kakeochi announcements and stories by the immigrant press was also a means of social control. The publicity exposed persons who engaged in desertion to public shame. Branded as "adulteresses" or "immoral hussies," deserting women were ostracized and invariably forced to move to new locales.[28] The *Nichibei Shimbun* printed two notices in July 1913, one announcing that Omoto Mine had deserted her husband in Alameda and another that Furube Shizue had left her husband in Oxnard. Both women fled eastward with their paramours, Mine to Wyoming and Shizue to Utah.[29] Remote places, however, were not always safe havens. A Stockton man deserted his own wife and absconded with another man's spouse in yet another case. The man and woman were apprehended in Medford, Oregon, as they were heading for Seattle by Japanese residents who recognized them.[30]

Complementing the social control function of the immigrant press were the Japanese associations which acted as the moral watchdogs of Japanese communities. Wherever Japanese settled, whether in California, Oregon, Washington, or in adjacent western states, they organized associations with which all immigrants had to register in compliance with Japanese government regulations.[31] In 1916 association leaders became alarmed over the rate of desertions. As evidence of a rising rate, the *Nichibei Shimbun* reported that the local association of San Francisco had received an inordinate number of kakeochi notices from other associations.[32] In the spring, secretaries of local associations affiliated with the Japanese Association of America deliberated on the problem of desertion at their annual meeting. Each secretary described the state of marriages within his jurisdiction, and to account for marital failures, enumerated such factors as the drinking and gambling habits of husbands, the disillusionment of picture-brides, and the gaps in age and education among spouses. To the horror of the assembled males, a few cases were cited in which picture-brides had had affairs with seamen or other men aboard ships while en route. This prompted the Japanese Association of America to issue immediately a guide to the United States for women and to have it distributed at ports of embarkation in Japan. First published in August 1916, it was reissued in 1919.[33] The guide instructed young women how to conduct themselves aboard ships, how to manage a household, and how to behave in general in American society. It insisted that the women had the "responsibility" of never revealing "domestic scandals" to white Americans, for such scandals were sources of "embarasment" to all Japanese. In October 1916, the Japanese Association of America asked the T.K.K. Line, a Japanese steamship company, to assign matrons to its ships to supervise young women en route to America and petitioned the shipping lines to follow suit.[34]

All Japanese associations treated absconding couples as outcasts. The Western Idaho Japanese Association is a case in point. In late September 1923 this association received a letter from the North American Japanese Association of Seattle notifying it that Araeda Asako had absconded with Amano Sanji.[35] She had left her sick husband, Araeda Aiji, and her child. Photographs of her and her paramour were enclosed. The Seattle association asked the Idaho association to be alert to their possible appearance in its jurisdiction. Three weeks later the Idaho association received another letter, this one from the Japanese Association of Watsonville, California, with photographs attached.[36] The letter asserted that Kasamatsu Chika had deserted her husband and three children and had run off with Kuramoto Hikosuke. Japanese associations communicated in this manner with each other, and as a matter of common policy refused to have any dealings with absconding couples. The network of associations made it well-nigh impossible for such couples to escape detection, even when they left one state and settled down in a Japanese community in another. If they wished to elude social ostracism altogether, they had no choice but to resettle in a place with no Japanese.

Marital estrangement was at the bottom of desertion. No woman took these matters lightly. Living in an alien land reinforced the traditional subordinate role of Japanese women. With little or no knowledge of the English language and American society, wives had to depend upon their husbands for almost everything. This dependency, coupled with threat of public exposure, inhibited drastic behavior like desertion. As a general rule, therefore, women who deserted had to be those who were very desperate. Becoming a social outcast, to them, was better than enduring conjugal relations which had degenerated to an insufferable level. Kawai Michiko, a prominent Christian educator in Japan, observed the picture-bride practice at first hand in 1917. She felt that "an outdated attitude" exhibited by men in America was the main cause of marital conflicts. Despite changes in ideas and practices in Japan, the men clung to archaic notions they had learned from their fathers in the nineteenth century about the absolute subordinate role of wives.[37]

On the positive side, the majority of married women did not engage in kakeochi and thus enabled many Japanese to enjoy settled family life. Reflecting the emergence of the Japanese immigrant family unit was the dramatic increase in the number of American-born or Nisei children between 1900 and 1930. At the turn of the century, there were only 169 children; by 1910 the number had grown to 4,502; and by 1920 it had multiplied more than sixfold to 29,672. In 1930 Nisei numbered 68,357 out of a total Japanese population of 138,834.[38] Most women gave birth to these children through midwifery. Nearly every Japanese settlement had midwives. If a settlement did not have any, women relied upon those who worked in neighboring communities. Many pregnant women in the Imperial Valley, for example, entered maternity clinics in Los Angeles which were staffed with midwives. In isolated rural areas husbands served as midwives or women gave birth completely unassisted, even cutting and tying the umbilical cord themselves.[39] Most women never had extensive prenatal or postnatal care. They worked until a few days before delivery and resumed work shortly after. The growth of Nisei children accelerated the transformation of the Japanese from sojourners to permanent settlers as the parent generation ultimately identified its own future with that of its children in America. In short, the entry of women into immigrant society was integral to the process by which Japanese immigrants sank roots in American soil.

For anti-Japanese agitators Japanese women were easy targets to attack. Exclusionists assailed the picture-bride practice as an uncivilized "Asiatic" custom, a throwback as it were to barbarism by which women were wed without regard to morality or love. They alleged that the practice violated the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908 designed to curtail all labor immigration from Japan. Female laborers disguised as brides, according to critics, entered the United States, thereby deviously undermining the intent of the agreement. To make matters worse, women produced children who in turn permitted the Japanese to circumvent the California Alien Land Law of 1913, which prohibited aliens ineligible to citizenship from purchasing agricultural land and limited the leasing of such land to three years. Exclusionists contended that the Japanese, who were ineligible to citizenship, were buying agricultural land in the name of their offspring who were American citizens. Finally, they argued that because the children could not be assimilated into American society, they were dangerous increments to the Japanese population. Senator James D. Phelan of California and others leveled these allegations as part of a campaign they launched in early 1918 against the picture-bride practice in particular and Japanese immigration in general.[40]

In response to the agitation, the Japanese government in December 1919 decided unilaterally to cease issuing passports to picture-brides.[41] The picture-bride practice had become a useful issue for exclusionists in generating virulent anti-Japanese sentiments. The Foreign Ministry abolished the practice to deprive them of the issue. Because this action meant that single men were almost certainly doomed to permanent bachelorhood, Japanese immigrants overwhelmingly denounced it. Of the adult male Japanese population in 1920, some 42.5 or 24,423 were still unmarried.[42] These men, for the most part, had remained single, not by personal choice but rather by their inability to meet the requirements for summoning picture-brides.

Abiko Kyutaro, publisher of the *Nichibei Shimbun*, led the immigrant opposition to the Foreign Ministry's decision. In line with his advocacy of permanent residency, he had consistently urged single men to send for wives from Japan. Although he acknowledged shortcomings in the picture-bride practice, he had always defended it as the only means by which bachelors could afford to get married. In 1915 he had objected strenuously to the eight-hundred-dollar savings requirement in the belief that no laborer could meet it.[43] Abiko's criticism of the abolition of the picture-bride practice was so caustic that the Japanese consul of San Francisco denounced him for "playing on the ignorance of the masses" in drumming up wide community opposition.[44] At a San Francisco protest rally sponsored by the *Nichibei Shimbun*, the opposition even embraced a demand for the recall of Consul Ota Tamekichi who had recommended to the Foreign Ministry the termination of the practice. But the Foreign Ministry ignored the hue and cry, for it considered the appeasement of exclusionists more important than the welfare of immigrant bachelors. Beginning on March 1, 1920, it issued passports only to wives who accompanied spouses to the United States.

Thus photo-marriages became a thing of the past. Bachelors had one option left open to them. They still could return to Japan, marry, and bring back their wives with them. Due to the expensive cost of travel, however, few were able to exercise this option, which itself was closed four years later. Exclusionists were never placated by the abolition of the picture-

bride practice. Seeking nothing less than the termination of all Japanese immigration, they continued to lobby for congressional legislation and achieved their goal with the enactment of the Immigration Act of 1924, which barred the admission of any alien ineligible to citizenship. A few bachelors rushed to Japan to get married during the spring of 1924 and managed to return with their brides before July 1, the effective date of the act. These brides were the last Japanese women to immigrate to the United States until well after World War II.

Although the abolition of the picture-bride practice and the immigration Act of 1924 prevented the sex ratio within immigrant society from balancing out, the women who arrived prior to 1924 were sufficient in number to alter the character of that society. Their presence and the birth of the American-born generation had the effect of socially reinforcing the transformation of Japanese immigrant men from sojourners to permanent settlers.

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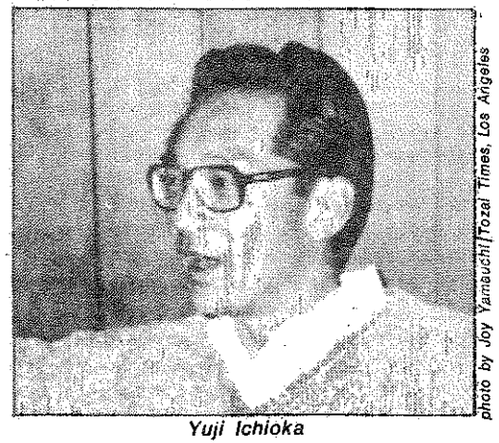


photo by Joy Yamauchi/Tozai Times, Los Angeles

Yuji Ichioka

FOOTNOTES

In 1978 I conducted a series of group discussions with retired Issei women living in the Japanese Retirement Home located in East Los Angeles. The discussions consisted of weekly sessions of two-hour duration held over a period of two months. I used the opportunity to confirm or revise interpretations about Japanese immigrant women at which I had arrived through readings of the immigrant press and other sources. Because of the personal nature of aspects of the discussions, the participants will remain anonymous. Here I would like to express my sincere gratitude to all those who participated. I would also like to thank Toshiko Sugiyama and Kazuko Shibuzawa of the retirement home, who rendered invaluable assistance, and Emma Gee, who critically read a draft version of this essay.

[1]Yuji Ichioka *et al.*, A Buried Past: An Annotated Bibliography of the Japanese American Research Project Collection (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1974), 3 — 11; Roger Daniels, "American Historians and East Asian Immigrants," *Pacific Historical Review*, XLIII (1974), 449-472.

[2]Emma Gee, "Issei: The First Women," in *Asian Women* (Berkeley, 1971), 8 — 15; Yuji Ichioka, "Ameyuki-san: Japanese Prostitutes in Nineteenth Century America," *Amerasia Journal*, IV:1 (1977), 1 — 21; Susan M. Kataoka, "Issei Women: A Study in Subordinate Status" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of California, Los Angeles, 1977); and Akemi Kikumura, "The Life History of an Issei Woman: Conflicts and Strain in the Process of Acculturation" (Ph.D. dissertation. University of California, Los Angeles, 1979). Issei Oral History Project, *Issei Christians* (Sacramento, 1977) includes biographies of two Issei women. Shindo Kaneto, *Matsuri no Koe* (Tokyo, 1977) and Yamazaki Tomoko, *Ameyuki-san no Uta* (Tokyo, 1978) are two additional biographical studies in Japanese. Ito Kazuo, *Hokubei Hyakunen Sakura* (Seattle, 1969), 311 — 357, has an excellent chapter on women. This work has been translated; see Shin'ichiro Nakamura and Jean S. Gerard, trans., *Issei: A History of Japanese Immigrants in North America* (Seattle, 1973), 247 — 287.

[3]Yamato Ichihashi, *Japanese in the United States* (Stanford, 1932), 291; U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Fifteenth Census of the United States, 1930: Population* (Washington, D.C., 1933), II, 845.

[4]For Abiko Kyutaro's advocacy of permanent residency, see Okina Kyuin, *Okina Kyuin Zenshu* (Toyama, 1972), III, 78-81. See also Oka Shigeki Papers, box 133, folder 4, Japanese American Research Project Collection (hereafter cited as JARP), Special Collections, University of California, Los Angeles, which contains biographical material pertaining to Abiko.

[5]The English term "picture-bride" is somewhat misleading owing to the inaccurate translation of the Japanese term *shashin kekkon*, which literally means "photo-marriage." Japanese immigrants were not the only ones who engaged in this practice. Greek immigrants, for example, also engaged in it. See Theodore Saloutos, *The Greeks in the United States* (Cambridge, Mass., 1964), 85.

[6]Yanagida Kunio, *Meiji Bunkashi* (Tokyo, 1954), XIII, 227-256.

[7]Based upon incomplete United States immigration statistics, Kanzaki Kiichi, general secretary of the Japanese Association of America, testified before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization in 1920 that 6,321 picture-brides entered through Seattle and San Francisco between 1912 and 1919. See U.S. Congress, House Committee On Immigration and Naturalization, *Hearings on Japanese Immigration*, 66 Cong., 2 sess. (1921), pt. 2, p. 717. If the number of picture-brides who were admitted before 1912, in 1920, and through other ports of entry is added, the total figure would be much higher.

[8]Ichioka, "Ameyuki-san," 16.

[9]Aoki Shuzo to Takahira Kogoro, Aug. 2, 1900, in Nihon Gaimusho, *Nihon Kaiko Bunsho, 1900* (Tokyo, 1956), 461. See also Irie Toraji, *Hojin Kaigai Hatten* (Tokyo, 1938), I, 315-317.

[10]Komura [Jutaro] to Keishi Sokan *et al.*, June 9, 1902, in Nihon Gaimucho, *Nihon Gaiko Bunsho*, 1902 (Tokyo, 1957), 699.

[11]For the Gentlemen's Agreement, see Charles E. Neu, *An Uncertain Friendship: Theodore Roosevelt and Japan, 1906 — 1909* (Cambridge, Mass., 1967), 163 — 180; Raymond A. Esthus, *Theodore Roosevelt and Japan* (Seattle, 1966), 146-166, 196-228; and Nihon Gaimucho, *Nihon Gaiko Bunsho: Tai-Bei Imin Mondai Keika Gaiyo* (Tokyo, 1972), 243-334.

[12]Nagai Matsuzo to Chinda Sutemi, June 17, 1912, and enclosure, "Geisai no Shikaku," reel 3, Japanese Foreign Ministry Archival Documents, Asian American Studies Center, University of California, Los Angeles.

[13]Shin Sekai, July 8, 1915.

[14]Interview with Mrs. X, Feb. 10, 1978.

[15]Shindo, *Matsuri no Koe*, 12-15.

[16]In her short story, "And the Soul Shall Dance," Wakako Yamauchi has captured this motive very well. See Frank Chin *et al.*, eds., *Aiiieeeee!: An Anthology of Asian-American Writers* (Washington, D.C., 1974), 193-200.

[17]This recognition was the result of negotiations conducted by the Japanese ambassador with the State Department. See U.S. Dept. of State, *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1917* (Washington, D.C., 1926), 848-876.

[18]Gee, "Issei: the First Women," 12.

[19]The immigrant press is full of examples. For example, see "Asahaka na Kekkon," *Taihoku Nippo*, April 25, 26, 28-30, and May 1-3, 1913; and "Kiyu Komogomo Itaru Doho no Shashin Kekkon," *Nichibei Shimbun*, April 15-17, 1914.

[20]Fujita Kiyuko, "'Zairyu Fujin ni Atau' wo Yomite," *Shin Sekai*, Sept. 8-10, 1912.

[21]"Watashi no Kokuhaku," *Shin Sekai*, April 9, 13, 16, 17, and 19, 1914; see also *Taihoku Nippo*, April 13, 16, 18, 22, and 23, 1914.

[22]*Shin Sekai*, Dec. 29, 1909.

[23]*Nichibei Shimbun*, Sept. 12, 1912.

[24]See the preserved issues of the *Rafu Shimpo* of Los Angeles, the *Ofu Nippo* of Sacramento, and the *Kakushu Jiji* of Denver.

[25]*Shin Sekai*, April 17, 18, and May 3, 1908.

[26]*Taihoku Nippo*, June 16 and 17, 1914.

[27]Other sources confirm what appeared in the immigrant press about desertion. Shimanuki Hyodayu, *Shin To-Bei Ho* (Tokyo, 1911), a Japanese guide book to the United States, decried the prevalence of family problems and desertions within immigrant society. Attributing the blame in part to "false expectations," it warned young women who intended to cross the Pacific to be realistic about life in the United States (pp. 231-240). Uemura Tora, *Hokubei no Nihonjin* (Tokyo, 1912), a book on immigrant society, lamented the "laxity of morals between the sexes" as manifested by "inane marital fights" and "desertions" which had become "intolerable" (p. 350). Niisato Kan'ichi, *Iminchi Aiwa: Katei Higeki-hen* (Tokyo, 1933), an anthology of authentic tales of broken families, includes the desertion theme. The theme is also common in fiction produced by immigrant writers. (Okina Kyuin, a leading Issei writer, adapted desertion tales he had read or heard into his literary works published during the peak of the picture-bride practice. See Okina, *Okina Kyuin Zenshu*, 35-37. Hosaka Kiichi, *Wagahai no Mitaru America* (Tokyo, 1914), a satirical novel, interprets desertions as an inevitable by-product of the defects in the picture-bride practice (II, 168-177). Sakai Yoneo, *Nikkei Shimin: Yuki* (Tokyo, 1968), a recent novel about an Issei woman, depicts the arrival in America of a picture-bride who finds her husband repulsive and abruptly deserts him.

[28]These pejorative terms appeared in the immigrant press. Other stronger terms were slut (*futei kusare onna*) and bitch (*indara onna*).

[29]Nichibei Shimbun, July 2 and 15, 1913; *Shin Sekai*, July 19, 1913.

[30]*Nichibei Shimbun*, Feb. 17-19, 1916.

[31]Yuji Ichioka, "Japanese Associations and the Japanese Government: A Special Relationship, 1909-1926," *Pacific Historical Review*, XLVI (1977), 409-437.

[32]*Nichibei Shimbun*, Oct. 11, 1916.

[33]*Shin Sekai*, Aug. 15 and 16, 1916; Zaibei Nihonjinkai, *Shin To-Bei Fujin no Shiori* (San Francisco, 1919).

[34]Zaibei Nihonjinkai, *Zaibei Nihonjinkai Nenpo* (San Francisco, 1917), 5-6.

[35]Hokubei Nihonjinkai to Aidaho Nihonjinkai, Sept. 25, 1923, in Seibu Aidaho-shu Nihonjinkai Ta no Nihonjinkai Yori Juryo Shita Shinsho, Jan. 1921-Dec. 1928, JARP.

[36]Japanese Association of Watsonville to Nihonjinkai, Oct. 12, 1923, in *ibid*.

[37]Kawai Michiko, "Fujin no Me ni Eizuru Toko Fujin," *Nihon Imin Kyokai Hokoku*, No. 14 (Dec. 3, 1917), 31-50.

[38]Edward K. Strong, *The Second-Generation Japanese Problem* (Stanford, 1934), 160.

[39]Gee, "Issei: The First Women," 14-15.

[40]*San Francisco Examiner*, March 7-9, 1919; Ichihashi, *Japanese in the United States*, 295-296.

[41]Ichioka, "Japanese Associations and the Japanese Government," 431-433.

[42]U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Fourteenth Census of the United States, 1920: Population* (Washington, D.C., 1922), II, 388 and 390.

[43]*Nichibei Shimbun*, editorials, July 20, Aug. 8 and 14, 1915.

[44]Ota Tamekichi to Uchida Yasuya, Nov. 20, 1919, in Nihon Gaimucho, *Nihon Gaiko Bunsho, 1919* (Tokyo, 1970), I, 78. For Abiko's opposition to the termination of the picture-bride practice, see Okina, *Okina Kyuin Zenshu*, 230-231; and Akashi Junzo, "Abiko-shi no Insho: Shashin Kekkon Kinshi Jiken no Kioku," 1956, Oka Shigeki Papers, box 133, folder 4, JARP.

Ragnarok

CURE FOR NIGHTMARES

IN these days of anxious concern about "the future," when bibliographies of books and articles on alternative "scenarios" are themselves weighty volumes, there may be point in looking at what the managers of present-day societies are thinking and doing in behalf of the years to come. A useful if depressing book to read for this purpose is *Nuclear Nightmares—An Investigation into Possible Wars* (Viking, 1970, $10.95) by Nigel Calder. This writer is a civilized Englishman, a former editor of *New Scientist* and author of numerous books on scientific subjects. If one needs to have nuclear nightmares now and then, his book would be the one to read.

To what end? The only sensible reason for reading Mr. Calder is that the plans, preparations, and projects of the nuclear powers, under his analysis, point directly to the conclusion that the modern world is guided by madmen. After the reader has become persuaded of this, there remains only the simple question: What should one do?

Mr. Calder's concluding paragraphs are hardly encouraging:

> The avoidance of nuclear war in the 1980s, when proliferation in the Middle East coincides with a peak in counter-force opportunities for the superpowers, will depend on the rate at which the planet generates deadly quarrels. If a grave crisis comes in the next few years, we shall just have to hope that the Soviet Union is indeed deterred from attempting a nuclear "counterbattery" strike by unassailable American missile-carrying submarines, and that the United States will show moral restraint. Do not undervalue moral attitudes: few national leaders want to commit the worst atrocity of all time, and that thought, rather than deterrence, may be what has saved us so far. And the simple touchstone of morality about nuclear warfare is that it remains unthinkable.
>
> Yet it only takes one madman, one politician or soldier growing weary or impatient with peace, or one fool who misunderstands a crisis, to bring Northern civilization to an abrupt end. The post-1945 generation is now taking over the reins of power — individuals who did not experience the shock of Hiroshima and regard nuclear weapons as normal gadgets. Some scientists say that whatever test-ban treaties and disarmament measures may be devised, a multimegaton weapon should be exploded in the atmosphere every few years in front of the assembled leaders of the world's nations, so that they will stand in awe of its incomprehensible heat and force. Even at a safe distance of thirty miles or more, they will feel it like the opening of an oven door, or the gates of hell.

Discussing the effectiveness of deterrence, Mr. Calder says:

> There may come a moment when, without any malice in your heart, you have frightened your opponent so badly you must hit him before he hits you. Nuclear deterrence becomes nuclear impulsion.
>
> The reasoning goes as follows: "I am a good guy who would not dream of starting a nuclear war, but I cannot afford to let that bad guy get his blow in first. I know that he knows that I know that, and I just hope he appreciates what a good guy I am, otherwise he might think that I must be getting ready to hit him. But on second thought I see that if he knows that I know that he may suspect me of preparing to hit him, he knows that I must expect him to hit me first, and so he sees I have a very good reason to hit him first, even if he thinks I'm a good guy. To forestall that — hell, he's going to hit me tomorrow. You know what? I have to hit him today!"
>
> Such is the logic of nuclear impulsion or "strategic instability." No political leader or military chief is, I trust, going to start a war through abstract reasoning of that kind, however remorselessly it progresses. Yet the symmetry of the reasoning has deep implications. It does not depend upon which side is actually stronger, nor does either side need to have any real confidence in the efficacy of its first strike. All that is necessary is that one leader should think that the other imagines that a little "damage limitation" is better than none. And in a real international confrontation, nuclear impulsion promises to corrupt the game of Chicken—in which, remember, the superpowers rush at each other like audacious young men in fast cars.

Mr. Calder may be right. Perhaps, instead of celebrating Armistice Day or Veterans' Day, each year, we should observe Ragnarok Day, with nuclear fireworks to symbolize the end of the world. Why not set a competition among Hollywood's most skillful producers to see who is able to scare more people more than anyone else? That, at any rate, seems the main objective of some of the opponents of preparations of nuclear war, who apparently believe that you have to fight the animus of fear by generating a stronger terror. Are *they* right?

We raise the question, not to answer it, but to suggest what horrified people are likely to insist. Would refusing to fear nuclear war be the same as not caring about "human survival"? Not worrying about prospective sudden or agonized death for millions?

This is what you find in Mr. Calder's book—common sense, plus an effective account of the horrors, which we have left without attention.

A question occurs. Why don't we choose for leaders men who refuse to think in this way—who reject the claim that mutually assured destruction (MAD) is the only possible deterrent to nuclear war? The question takes us back to individual decision. A modest book published in 1978, *The One-Straw Revolution* (Rodale Press, $7.95 U$), by Masanobu Fukuoka, an erstwhile scientist who became a farmer, gives at the end one man's decision in relation to war — any kind of war. He says:

> To build a fortress is wrong from the start. Even though he gives the excuse that it is for the city's defense, the castle is the outcome of the ruling lord's personality, and exerts a coercive force on the surrounding area. Saying that he is afraid of attack and that fortification is for the town's protection, the bully stocks up weapons and puts the key in the door.
>
> The act of defense is already an attack. Weapons for self-defense always give a pretext to those who instigate wars. The calamity of war comes from the strengthening and magnifying of empty distinctions of self/other, strong/weak, attack/defense.
>
> There is no other road to peace than for all people to depart from the castle gate of relative perception, go down into the meadow, and return to the heart of non-active nature. That is, sharpening the sickle instead of the sword.
>
> The farmers of long ago were a peaceful people, but now they are arguing with Australia about meat, quarreling with Russia over fish, and dependent on America for wheat and soy beans.
>
> I feel as if we in Japan are living in the shadow of a big tree, and there is no place more dangerous to be during a thunderstorm than under a

big tree. And there could be nothing more foolish than taking a shelter under a "nuclear umbrella" which will be the first target in the next war. Now we are tilling the earth beneath that dark umbrella. I feel as though a crisis is approaching from both inside and out.

Get rid of the aspects of inside and outside. Farmers everywhere in the world are at root the same farmers. Let us say that the key to peace lies close to the earth.

In the Preface to this book Wendell Berry remarks that Mr. Fukuoka is like Sir Albert Howard: They both began as scientists and then became organic gardeners. Fukuoka was working as a microbiologist as a young man when, after a serious illness, he had a psychological experience which became the beginning of his real life. The drama of such awakenings takes many forms. The unpretentious beauty of what happened to this young man—telling him what to do, but not how—needs reading in the original.

In the forty years since, he has been working as a farmer, and his success in growing rice and mandarin oranges—he has a small farm of about fourteen acres—has attracted agriculturalists from all over the world. They see his crops but they don't really understand how he does it. He tells them—his language is simple enough—but they don't seem to hear. His agricultural insight is as remote from their ways as his conception of how to assure peace.

Briefly, he hasn't plowed his land in twenty-five years. He uses no chemicals. He is a scientist who understands the relation between man and nature. No matter how rich his crops, his soil gets better and better. His secret, which is no secret, is the use of straw mulch. He doesn't flood his rice field as other farmers do. His method makes the soil hold its water and need less. He harvests between 18 and 22 bushels of rice per quarter acre—a winter crop. In this way marginal land could be returned to use. His solution for the problem of pests is almost romantic.

He teaches students how to farm, and would like to teach trained agricultural specialists, but they are inhibited by their scientific education. He says:

> Self-styled experts often comment, "The basic idea of the method is all right, but wouldn't it be more convenient to harvest by machine?" or, "Wouldn't the yield be greater if you used fertilizer or pesticide in certain cases or at certain times?" There are always those who try to mix natural and scientific farming. But this way of thinking completely misses the point. The farmer who moves toward compromise can no longer criticize science at the fundamental level.
>
> Natural farming is gentle and easy and indicates a return to the source of farming. A single step away from the source can only lead one astray.

The book is simple, but never simplistic. Fukuoka's students translated it and an American farmer living in Japan, Larry Korn, contributed the introduction. *The One-Straw Revolution* is a book non-farmers can read with pleasure, and as a cure for nightmares of all sorts.

Manas

Review

YOU ARE SCARING AWAY THE BUFFALO

RONALD T. TAKAKI, IRON CAGES: *Race and Culture in Nineteenth-Century America.* New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1979.

DONALD TAKAKI has written a complex book that attempts to relate racism to the dominant cultural and economic trends in the United States in the last century. He is fair enough in explaining that past studies of racism have dealt with racism as a single entity. Takaki wishes to recognize the relations the dominant cultural and economic and political factors have to racism. He first describes his thesis and then proceeds to explain and illustrate that thesis with brief biographies of important men (there are no women) in American Nineteenth century history with a commentary of their works.

His thesis is alarmingly simple. The breed of people who were the forebears of American society were the Puritans from Europe. Their marked quality was asceticism, or as he describes it, a repression of the emotive and intuitive faculties. Takaki sees this trend developing into a major characteristic of white America which had to repress their emotive instinctual life to conquer the American wilderness, to push the frontier continually westward, to subjugate the Indians, then the Blacks, then the Mexicans and Asians.

This thesis, interestingly enough, is developed from a number of variegated sources, but they all point to the repression of the self, then later of the repression of other peoples, ending up with a "superior" but repressed culture. His sources are D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* where Lawrence sees the majority of American literature as that of repression, and Karl Marx's *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844* where Marx sees the person and the class of capital being alienated from the true self in pursuit of work and capital. Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents* supports his case here as well as Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death*.

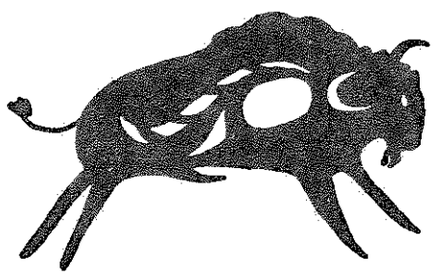
In a footnote Takaki informs us that the term "iron cage" to express the image of a repressed people is a borrowed term: "The term *iron cage* is Weber's. He uses it to describe the material and mechanical power which dominate people in the age of vicious capitalism. I am using it to describe that form of domination as well as two other forms—the republican "iron cages" and the demonic "iron cage" (p. 293)." Takaki's heroes are those who fight against the iron cage—Walt Whitman, whose poetry is used throughout, and Herman Melville whose classic story of the white whale is used as a foil to symbolically describe the historical and racial events.

The scene is set as Takaki describes an America of the Revolutionary War period as one which emphasizes renunciation, particularly because the England which it separates from was a country of decadence. The stage is set. Fortunately, for Takaki's thesis, he chooses American writers who renounce England politically and who renounce England's monarchical decadence. Unfortunately, for the thesis, there was more going on in

England than decadence itself. This was the period of the great Anglican preachers, John Wesley and George Whitfield, whose great awakening spread to the thirteen colonies. And early in the eighteenth century will come the great antislavery debates, leading to its abolition throughout the British colonial world.

However, what is crucial to his thesis is that racism fits well into it. The Indians held territory that the white Americans wanted and which they got either by war or by introducing the concept of private ownership of the land. The entrepreneurs were able to buy for small sums the land from the Indians who were then forced further west, into extinction, or onto reserves. Takaki makes the point that historically the reservation and the asylum have the same function, purpose, and emerge about the same time.

Interestingly, because of his description of the iron cage as that renunciation and asceticism which allowed the American white to become dominant, Takaki's study really has a strong psychological emphasis. Certainly, he describes the dominance of one race over the others. But Takaki is always seeking in the biographies and commentaries to learn why an individual sought dominance, why he did certain actions. It is in reality a history of psychological dominance. In describing the iron cage, he quotes Weber: "For the last stage of this cultural development, it might well be truly said, 'Specialists without spirit, sensualists without heart; this nullity imagines that it has attained a level of civilization never before achieved.' " (p. 253). But perhaps what Takaki recognizes in the labor of this book is that though the dominant class may well have had misgivings (and there were many), nonetheless something forced them on to oppress, enslave and subjugate. He quotes Ulysses S. Grant's First Annual Message in 1869, where Grant recognizes that the railroad is bringing the nation into contact with the "aborigine;" Grant's misgivings are as follows: "A system which looks to the extinction of a race is too horrible for a nation to adopt without entailing upon itself the wrath of all Christendom and engendering in the citizen a disregard for human life and the right of others, dangerous to society" (p. 171). Yet the railroad pushed on.



Perhaps then what Takaki has not been able to grasp is why, despite the misgivings, did the nation continue to engulf and dominate. Something larger than itself was at hand. And perhaps the iron horse and the whaling ship are symbols of it. Obviously Takaki's work fits into a much larger umbrella that would describe the atomization of man and the concomitant effects of losing primal wholeness. The effect of all that is simply destruction. Yet Walt Whitman sings of many peoples living together, and D. H. Lawrence writes of the emergence of the dark gods, and Red Cloud says "We do not want you here. You are scaring away the buffalo." (p. 171). They are the minority report. Perhaps what we need here is more of the minority report.

—Roland Kawano

ROLAND KAWANO, Rector of St. Andrews Anglican Church in Toronto, is a regular contributor to **RIKKA.**

The Urgency of Massive

REMINERALIZATION — or glaciation

THE American people have so many disease problems that the costs of medical care have gone beyond the financial means of most citizens. It is not coincidence that livestock are also suffering from a variety of diseases. Clearly, the food supply as it is grown is unable to supply the nutrients needed to maintain a state of good health in man or animal.

Yet Gilbert A. Leveille, chairman of Michigan State University's Department of Food Science and Human Nutrition, misses no opportunity to defend the food supply, including the devitalizing methods of processing (*Lansing State Journal*, 1/7/79). Dr. Leveille seems to be too busy propagandizing for the food industry to have time for science, so I will review some recent findings.

In the last year numerous studies have been reported by behavioral researchers relating to the quantity and kinds of brain compounds to behavioral variations from normal. Whether or not those compounds are present in normal amounts depends on the proper function of numerous enzyme systems which are involved in the fabrication of all the body production, maintenance, and control systems. Whether or not there is an adequate supply of enzymes present depends on the food supply. In particular, it depends on an adequate soil mineral supply in the food, because it has been observed by microphysicists that the soil elements are required in the enzyme molecules. All of this has been established by direct laboratory methods.

So close is the relationship between human behavioral performance and the compounds in the brain that one science writer stated flatly, "You are what you eat." The laboratory proof is done. *Thus the many behavioral problems of epidemic proportions in this country are primarily caused by malnutrition.* Thirty percent functional illiteracy, crime, alcoholism, dope addiction, cultism, the killing of babies in the womb — all of these marks of a degenerate society are inflicted on us because we have permitted the food supply to become 100 percent junk food.

In the summer of 1977 a corn crop was grown on soil which was mineralized with glacial gravel crusher screenings. The corn was tested along with corn from the same seed grown with conventional chemical fertilizers. The mineralized corn had 57 percent more phosphorus, 90 percent more potassium, 47 percent more calcium, and 60 percent more magnesium than the chemical-grown corn. The mineral-grown corn had close to 9 percent protein, which is very good for a hybrid corn. All of the nitrogen in the mineral-grown corn (whose content in the food is the indicator for protein) came from the atmosphere by way of biological processes and was in the amino acids of the corn protoplasm. None of it was raw chemical nitrate, the precursor of the carcinogenic nitrosamines. No pesticides were used and there was no insect damage.

All of the elements are in glacial gravel. The large increase of the principal elements must be accompanied by a similar increase in the trace elements. This follows from the fact that the trace elements are required in order for the soil microorganisms to produce the enzymes needed to make all of their other protoplasm compounds. In order to show such a major increase in the principal elements and a corresponding increase in protein, the soil microorganisms must be able to reproduce abundantly, so as to furnish the large quantities of protoplasm required by the plant roots. Microorganisms can reproduce abundantly only when *all* minerals are present, along with plant residue to supply their carbon needs for energy and protoplasm

compound building, plus nitrogen, oxygen and sea solids from the air, and of course water.

Everything is connected to everything else. We can have good social behavior in this country only if we have good health. We can have good health only if the soil microorganisms have good health. They supply the protoplasm compounds for every living organism above the ground. The basis of their health is the availability of the elements of the inanimate rock crust of the Earth which is the basic food supply of microorganisms and hence of all of us.

Virtually all of the subsoil and most of the topsoil of the world have been stripped of all but a small quantity of elements. So it is not surprising that the chemical-grown corn had substantially less mineral content than the 1963 corn described in the USDA Handbook of the Nutritional Contents of Food. The mineralized corn was substantially higher in mineral content than the 1963 corn. Hence, as the elements have been used up in the soil, a poor food supply in 1963 has turned into a 100 percent junk food supply in 1987. There has been a corresponding increase in disease and medical costs. Essentially, disease means that enzyme systems are malfunctioning for lack of the elements required to make the enzymes.

Hunza is a small country in a high Himalayan mountain valley. The health and strength and longevity of the Hunzacuts is legendary. The key factor is that they irrigate the valley's soils with a milky-colored stream from the meltwater of the Ultar glacier. The color comes from the mixed rock ground beneath the glacier. The people are virtually never sick. They do not develop cancer. Many are active workers at 90; some live to be 140. These facts are well documented, yet the world's "health professionals" ignore them while continuing the hopeless search for man-made "cures."

Ten thousand years ago the Mississippi Valley was fed and built up by runoff from the glaciers. The deep deposit of organically-enriched alluvial soil in Illinois attests to a long period of luxuriant plant growth. Yet, when the settlers plowed the valley, they did not find topsoil that would give the health record of the Hunzacuts. Ten thousand years of leaching by a 30-

inch annual rainfall is the difference. Man can stay on this Earth only if the glacial periods come every 100,000 years to replenish the mineral supply — or man gets bright enough to grind the rock himself. There are several other places in the world similar to Hunza, such as the Caucasus Mountains in Russia where 10 percent of the people are centenarians. There are glaciers in the mountains. Regardless of where it is that people attain excellent health and maximum life, it can be traced to a continual supply of fresh-ground mixed rocks flowing to the soil where their crops are grown. Thus the secret of good health and long life lies not in the fountain of youth or in a chemical company's laboratory, but in the acceleration of the natural biological processes.

Failure to remineralize the soil will not just cause a continued mental and physical degeneration of humanity but will quickly bring famine, death, and glaciation in that order.

Glaciation is nature's way of remineralizing the soil. It occurs automatically because as the plant life dies out for lack of protoplasm, large amounts of its carbon move, as carbon dioxide (CO_2), into the atmosphere. Then we see what is occurring now. CO^2's "greenhouse" heating effect is causing large amounts of evaporation from the tropical oceans. Cold polar air moving over the cold land areas displaces this lighter, warm, wet air from the tropics, forcing the warm air to flow over the warm oceans toward the northern latitudes to replace the cold air, be cooled, lose its moisture to snow, and descend over the land mass.

The result is massive cloud cover under which huge amounts of cold air are generated and from which ever-increasing amounts of precipitation occur. Every winter must be worse than the last. We can stand them for some time into the future. What we cannot stand is for the winters to carry over into the summers to destroy crops and trees with frosts and freezes. Numerous temperatures from 32 degrees to 40 degrees were recorded in the summer of 1978 in the northern tier of states from Michigan to the Rockies. Cold waves, just a few degrees lower in temperature, can cause major crop losses in Canadian and Eurasian grain crops, most of which are at the latitude of Michigan or north of it. Famine could begin soon. At best it is only a few years away. The 1978-79 fruit and vegetable losses in California, Texas and Florida were indicative of what will also happen to summer crops in the years just ahead.

So now we are on the doorstep of a famine crisis and experiencing numerous crisis conditions as the result of malnutrition. I have been warning of both since 1970. The facts have not changed since then but the effects of those facts have changed drastically. It is too late now to prevent the deaths of hundreds of millions of people from famine. There may still be time to prevent the extermination of civilization for another 90,000 years of glaciation — or there may not be sufficient time.

If we are to survive we must remineralize all of the world's soils and double, triple, and quadruple the rate of growth of all plant life. We can then go on a solar energy cycle using food crops and tree crops for producing alcohol and methane and wood as fuels for our energy supply. Only in this way can we hope to reverse the flow of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere and ultimately eliminate the deadly effects of the onset of glaciation.

Technically remineralization is feasible. Our problem is lack of intelligent and courageous scholastic and political leadership. Perhaps the results of our lack leadership. Perhaps the results of our lack of leadership — glaciation and famine — are the ultimate price to be paid by a people whose national philosophy has been the exploitation of man and nature.

Quoted from *The Survival of Civilization*, Selected papers by John D. Hamaker.

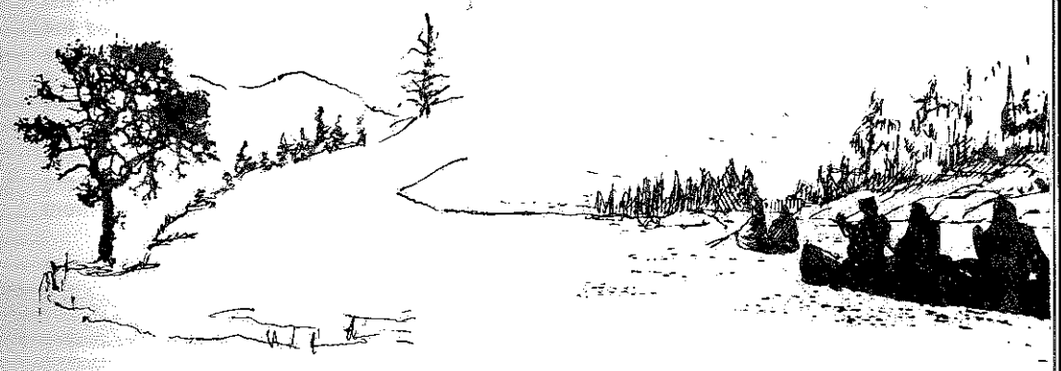
 pp. 218, $8. postpaid from Hamaker-Weaver Publishers, Box 457, Potterville, MI. 48876.

JOHN D. Hamaker, an Industrial Engineer, ecologist and farmer, writes:

I have observed the things of the world for almost 68 years. The luck of the genes equipped me to observe and learn. I had the highest mechanical aptitude test score in a class of 110 Bachelor of Science, Mechanical Engineering students majoring in Industrial Engineering at Purdue University (class of 1939). In a Motor Maintenance Battalion of 650 men and officers in WWII, I had the highest army test score. So I became a "90-day wonder" and was discharged with a superior officer rating. In every engineering office where I have worked, the jobs requiring the most synthesis generally wound up on my drawing table. On the four occasions when I could not work because of chemical contamination, I have either worked on the problems that afflict humanity or I have spent time on inventions. I have found that the solutions to the problems of the economy and the environment can be found by the same rigid attention to facts and established principles which yield solutions to problems of machine design.

In my 68 years I have seen more history made than any generation has been before. Now it appears that I will see one more thing — the end of civilization as we know it during this interglacial period. For 10 years I have known the soils of the world were running out of minerals and that glaciation was inevitable. For 10 years, warnings and the solution have been ignored by people in government. Now hard evidence insures that by 1995 the temperate zone will become a subarctic zone and the world will have lost its food supply.

I don't think I care to see the tragedy which is scheduled to unfold in this decade.



WOUNDED KNEE I & II

NINETY six years ago, the symbolic end to Indian freedom was acted out on the frozen plains of Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

In December 1890 the Sioux prisoners of 120 men and 230 women and children were encamped along the Wounded Knee Creek in southwest South Dakota. They had been disarmed and were guarded by the Seventh U.S. Cavalry, General George Armstrong Custer's former regiment. Two Hotchkiss guns (machine guns) had been placed on top of the rise overlooking the camp. The Sioux chief, Big Foot, was acutely ill with hemorrhagic pneumonia.

An order to search for hidden weapons was given. The soldiers went into tents and brought out bundles which were torn open. Axes, knives and tent stakes were confiscated. Two rifles were found, one belonging to a young deaf warrior. During a scuffle the rifle discharged harmlessly. Immediately there was a massive return of fire from the soldiers, which then turned into indiscriminate killing. Unarmed Sioux ran in all directions.

Nearly 300 of the original 350 Sioux prisoners were killed, including their chief, Big Foot. The sky darkened, and a blizzard was approaching. The wounded living, 4 men and 47 women and children, were moved to Pine Ridge. The dead Indians were left lying where they had fallen.

United States handed out twenty Congressional Medals of Honor to soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry who had participated in the massacre.

The Wounded Knee I slaughter was on December 29, 1890. The great Sioux leader Sitting Bull had been assassinated just fourteen days earlier by a squad of police sent by the Army.

WOUNDED KNEE II:

ON February 28, 1973, members of the American Indian Movement (AIM) occupied Wounded Knee when the newly elected local tribal chairman supported the white law officers against the AIM activities. A long bitter rivalry had been waged between the traditional country people and the town people who were dependent upon government and tribal jobs at Pine Ridge.

The AIM leaders felt that tribal leaders were more concerned with their status in the eyes of the federal officials than with the welfare of their people. Some Indian hostages had been taken. The Sioux traditional people came to support the protestors, so did the representatives of the Iroquois League.

As the news of the takeover spread, Indians from all over the nation rushed to the reservation in support of the protest. The Government issued an ultimatum: Everyone must leave the village by 6:00 o'clock or they would come in shooting.

Roads to Wounded Knee were jammed with Indians trying to get to the village to stop the federal marshals from killing their relatives. Federal marshals now faced thousands of Indians. Deadline was extended.

On March 11th the AIM leader announced over national television that the Sioux Nation had been formed, that it had declared its independence from the United States, and that it would determine its borders as defined in the Ford Laramie Treaty of 1868.

The White House sent a team of negotiators to discuss remedies. It was also pointed out to the Indians that Congress, not the executive branch, had the final authority to reform treaty rights.

The occupation lasted 72 days. During this time two Indian men were killed by gunfire, and a federal marshal was seriously injured.

Wounded Knee II was a defiant Indian cry for political independence. It was a protest against the European interpretation of history which ignored the fact that the new lands they took were already occupied by the Indian nations. It was a protest against the numerous treaties with the Indian nations which the United States government had broken with impunity. It was a cry for restoration of the dignity which had been taken away from them.

— Clifford I. Uyeda

CLIFFORD I. UYEDA, past president, Japanese American Citizens League, is chairman of the board, *Pacific Citizen*, weekly organ of the JACL, for whom he serves as chair, JACL Committee for Big Mountain People, which embraces the Hopi and Navajo tribes in northcentral Arizona.

MY BEGINNING

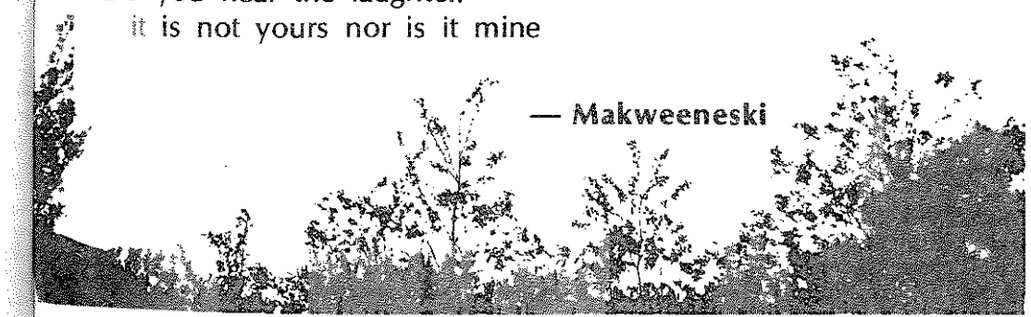
shadows of withered mocassins,
with broken beads hanging
dance upon the canvas
in the flickering firelight.

Come. Sit. Listen.
While you quench your thirst,
Drink, from this cup
taste the sweet warm mint tea
but never cease to flow.

In your searching,
Look at me . . .
My legs are merely crooked sticks
bent by heavy weight.
and these arms which once held newborn babies
are barren and cradle only firewood.
My crippled twisted hands creak
as an old tree whose branches are stiff in the wind,
and these shoulders which once
bore the weight of a deer,
hang limp from the hump on my back.

Look into my face.
What do you see
besides deep deep crevices like
a weathered old stone?

Look deeper,
and you will see,
a naked child, crawling towards you.
Do you hear the laughter?
it is not yours nor is it mine



— Makweeneski

MAKWEENESKI is a member of the Peigan Band, Blackfoot Nation of Alberta. She presently resides in Norway.

SAUGEEN PENINSULA SURRENDER 1854

Over the low horizon of stark cedars
Where stars trail great streaks by night
Under the hot glint of a blistering sun
That peels back waves of heat from the sand

Across the stung haze over the wilting lake
When the burned fish turn in idle circles
And the gifts of Nanabush are forgotten under
The great festered gathering of clouds

Then an emptiness gallops like a curse
Along a ledge of stone littered with pain
And the gray gulls bob on monotonous waves
Until the misery of sun is broken by rain

NEWASH RESERVE SURRENDER 1857

A small cloud has entered my arm
And if you should follow in its remorse
And trace the bloodlines to the root

Then you will know the unspeakable
That someone without thinking
Has plunged a tree deep into my chest

The sun will sputter from your veins
And the cloud will settle in your heart
And I will seek out my famished double

— Rob Rolfe

The entire Saugeen (Bruce) Peninsula, with the exception of several small reserves, was surrendered to the Crown in 1854. Under the terms of a previous agreement with the Government, these ancestral lands were to have been held for the Saugeen Indians "in perpetuity."

In 1857 a further surrender took place. The Newash Band was uprooted from Owen Sound and resettled at Cape Croker where, by the winter of 1858, near starvation conditions prevailed.

Tribute to

DENNIS ROLAND

Editors: **RIKKA**:

The friendship of Dennis A. Roland, who just passed away, was one of the most precious gifts of my lifetime.

Dennis was a retired merchant marine officer, with eight years of active duty in the U.S. Navy, retiring with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. But readers of **Rikka** are likely to recall the name of Dennis Roland as belonging to a former POW of the Japanese, who worked on the Burmese-Thai "Death Railroad" where some 100,000 are said to have perished. [See **Rikka** V6, n4] Yet his abiding love for all humankind remarkably prevailed through this living hell, which he survived weighing 68 pounds.

And the rest of his life was spent preaching compassion and understanding for those who had once been his captors and tormentors. To the end, in letters-to-the-editors, on radio talk shows, and in lectures and news interviews during and after his River Kwai and Hiroshima-Nagasaki pilgrimages, Dennis kept insisting that "our captors had very little and we, a little less," that "we shared the same hardships, and death did not know the difference between captor and captive."

It was characteristic of this gentle, peace-loving soul that, instead, Dennis begged the Japanese to forgive America for what he called "the asinine bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, cities crowded with innocent civilians."

At one point, Dennis had also ended up as a POW of the Germans. He was then second officer of *Sowokla*, a merchant ship sunk in the Indian Ocean by a German surface raider, the ***H.K. Michel***. After the Michel picked up survivors from the *Sawokla*, it was fortunate for the 89 POWs eventually held by the ***Michel*** that Dennis became their spokesman.

A deep mutual respect developed between Dennis and the captain of the German raider, Captain Ruckteschell, a "deeply religious and honorable man — not a Nazi," in Dennis' words. Dennis, like the captain, believed in the Brotherhood of the Sea; and officers and even the crew of the Michel ended up being touched by the humaneness of an American who held no hate and could transcend malice and feel a kinship with those who were then his enemies.

Remarkable as it may sound, the survivors of the *Michel* crew held, on June 15, 1984, a reunion in Bietigheim, West Germany, and autographed a beautiful certificate honoring Dennis in a "salute to our involuntary shipmate." Truly a fitting tribute from former "enemies" who had never forgotten, and indeed had come to love and respect, this extraordinary and great American.

Dennis Roland passed away on Dec. 18.

— Michi Weglyn
New York City

DENNIS ROLAND, *(left) walks over River Kwai Bridge with former enemy*