RIKKA

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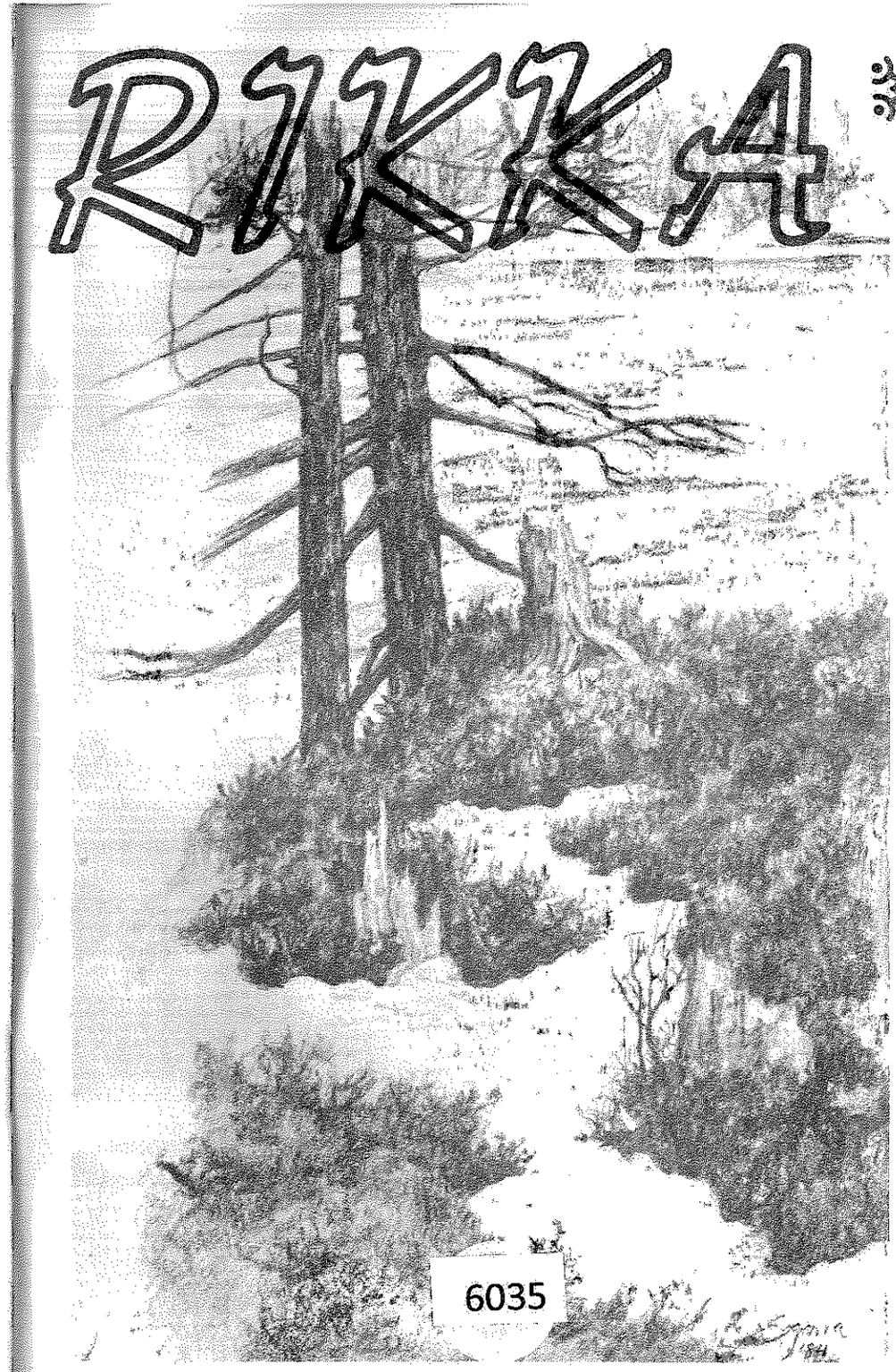

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THE NEXT ISSUE FEATURES

CELEBRATING TOGETHER?

NATIVE PEOPLE

and

ONTARIO'S BICENTENNIAL

BY

TONY HALL

A Nikkei
Revisionist Perspective

The Day That Will Live In Historiography

THE FIRST question out of the mouths of the misinformed when discussing the issue of redress for Japanese Americans put in World War II concentration camps (see **Rikka**, Autumn 1979) is, "but, didn't you people bomb Pearl Harbor?" While being able to explain that it is unfair to hold anyone in this country responsible for actions committed by those of similar ancestry in another land (especially when two-thirds of Japanese Americans at the time were United States citizens by birth and the other third were long-time permanent residents prevented from becoming citizens by racist immigration laws), I had always been secretly troubled by the allegation that the "sneaky Japs" had committed an unprovoked act of aggression even as they were still engaged in the diplomatic negotiation process. That myth had been perpetuated by the media ("From Here to Eternity" and "Tora! Tora! Tora!"), by numerous official historical accounts (Schlesinger, Wohlstetter, Langer, Gleason, etc.), and by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt himself ("Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked . . . while still in conversation . . . (with) the Empire of Japan). Despite powerful previous efforts to debunk it (Morgenstern, Beard, Barnes, Flynn, etc.), the official mythology was well on its way to becoming the only version of the story being taught, when along came John Toland's *Infamy* (Berkeley, 1982).

INFAMY: by John Toland
New York, Doubleday 1982

Toland, who had already written several respected books on World War II and who had received a Pulitzer Prize for *The Rising Sun* (Bantam, 1970) twelve years earlier, wrote *Infamy* because he no longer believed, as he had in 1970, that the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor was the result of both American and Japanese miscalculations and mistakes. Instead, *Infamy* placed the blame for the disaster at Pearl Harbor squarely on FDR, who Toland found had advance warning of the attack, chose not to share this information with his Hawaiian Army and Navy commanders, and then participated in a massive cover-up to shift the blame away from himself.

By this change of position, Toland crossed the line that separates the "official" from the "revisionist" in the world of history writing, or historiography. Official, in this case, means supported by or written for governmental or pro-governmental agencies. Revisionist indicates a readjusting of "official" historical writing to integrate facts and documents previously unavailable for whatever reason, in order to delve into the causes and background of an event or epoch. For example, Michi Weglyn's *Years of Infamy* (Morrow, 1976) is considered a landmark revisionist redress book, because it contains recently uncovered, declassified documents that allow the author to affix blame for the camp experience on FDR himself, not just on the flunkies who carried out his orders.

Using Toland's own personal development as a springboard, this essay will explore the roots of revisionism, examine the evidence about Pearl Harbor presented by the official and revisionist schools, and conclude with some remarks about the importance of revisionism for those who take a critical posture towards official governmental explanations of all event—and, especially, the World War II incarceration of Japanese Americans.

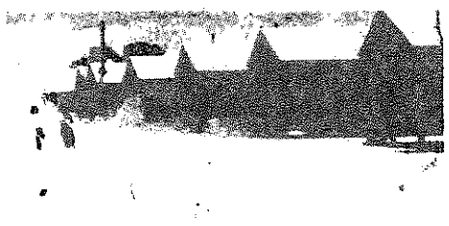
Official Historiography

The official version of the Pearl Harbor incident, taught in every school, goes something like this: all Americans were aware, in late 1941, that Hitler was waging war on Europe and Japan was being armed with weapons and dreams of conquest by a militarist leadership. Despite ongoing debates between the interventionists and the America Firsters (isolationists), the majority of the population was opposed to armed intervention overseas, and both candidates in the 1940 presidential election, ultimately won, for the third time by FDR, had pledged themselves to neutrality on the world scene. It is true that Roosevelt had taken preliminary steps to aid the Allies with supplies through the Lend-Lease Act and had alienated the Japanese by freezing all Japanese assets in the United States and by calling for an embargo on shipments of vital raw materials to Japan. However, negotiations with Japan to reach a peaceful resolution to the embargo, to the freezing of assets, and to other territorial concerns were still ongoing, up until and even on December 7, 1941.

As December 1941 approached, it was clear that Japan was poised to begin implementing its expansionist policies, but no one was sure if **American, British, Chinese, Dutch, or** other territories would be the first targets. Surely no one thought Japan would attack a United States territory, pulling a huge, untapped reservoir of people power and arms into the fray. And who would have suspected a sortie against the heavily guarded home of the United States Pacific Fleet, so many thousands of miles from Japan?

At just before eight o'clock, as the light of dawn was rising in the east over Hawaii on December 7, 1941, forty-three fighter planes, forty-nine high-level and fifty-one dive bombers, and forty torpedo planes descended from the skies. By the time they departed a few hours later, eight U.S. battleships and ten smaller craft were destroyed or incapacitated, most of the U.S. military aircraft were destroyed on the ground, over 2400 Americans were killed, hundreds of others were wounded, and millions of dollars of damage was done.

Following up on their Pearl Harbor attack, Japanese forces quickly attacked Malaya, Hong Kong, Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island and the Philippines. Yet, in what appeared to



be the height of treachery and deceit after some of these attacks had already been carried out, two Japanese diplomats, Kurusu and Nomura, met with Secretary of State Cordell Hull in Washington in the afternoon of December 7 to ostensibly continue the peaceful negotiation process that had been ongoing for months. Hull angrily denounced them and their nation's leaders; FDR's historic speech, a Congressional declaration of war, and four years of battle followed.

Roots of Revisionism

THE Pearl Harbor debacle was horrifying and unbelievable to the average American in 1941. How could a Japanese carrier task force cross over 4,000 miles of Pacific Ocean undetected? Why was the United States military response so ineffectual through so many hours of Japanese savagery? Who was to blame for our entering the war in such an enfeebled condition?

To head off the possibility of independent Congressional inquiries, FDR immediately ordered Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to conduct a personal inquiry at Pearl Harbor on December 11 and 12, 1941, and then persuaded U.S. Supreme Court Justice Owen Roberts to head an impromptu commission of two navy and two army officers to further investigate the situation from December 18, 1941 to January 23, 1942. By omitting, for security purposes, the part of Knox's report that blamed the element of surprise on December 7 to a lack of access by Pearl Harbor Commanders General Short and Admiral Kimmell to Japanese diplomatic information that had been secretly decrypted from the Japanese "purple" code in Washington, FDR purposely chose to have the burden of blame fall, by in-

Documentary and testimonial evidence, some recently uncovered, convinced Toland to change his mind about FDR and to join the already-established ranks of the revisionists who saw the nine investigations which exonerated FDR as a whitewash.

ference, on Kimmell and Short. This blame on local commanders, not on Washington, was perpetuated by the Roberts Commission, and accepted as true by many, but not all, Americans. The national attention then focussed away from affixing blame so as to get on with the business of war.

Once the war was well on the way to being won, seven more investigations were made into the Pearl Harbor incident by Admiral Thomas Hart, a Navy Court of Inquiry, the Army Pearl Harbor Board, Army Colonel Carter Clarke, Army attorney Major Henry Clausen, Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, and the joint Congressional Committee on the investigation of the Pearl Harbor attack.

Toland's *Infamy* chronicles the work of each investigation, and concludes with his own "Tenth Investigation." The material presented here includes circumstantial (indirect) as well as both documentary and testimonial direct evidence; this evidence, some old but some recently uncovered, had convinced Toland to change his mind about FDR and to join the already-established ranks of revisionists who saw the nine investigations, which exonerated FDR and his Washington allies, as a whitewash.

THROUGHOUT the duration of the war, there were those who believed that the whole truth about Pearl Harbor had not yet been revealed.

However, it was not until after the war, when the need for both national wartime unity and the security of confidential wartime information had passed, that the revisionist school really hit stride.

The revisionist writings of Morgenstern, Beard, Flynn, Barnes, and others, published from 1947 until the 1950's, brought out many facts and allegations against Roosevelt that turned the official story on its head, including the following:

—an Army cryptoanalytic team had broken the top-secret Japanese diplomatic purple code as early as August 1940; the British were given one of the decrypting machines, but no one on Hawaii was entrusted with either a decoding machine or the decoded cable traffic;

—as early as September 24, 1941, the Japanese consul general began sending back to Japan detailed maps of American ship movements in and out of Pearl Harbor;

—After November 26, 1941, when U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull delivered an ultimatum to Japan during the peace negotiation process, Japanese diplomatic cable traffic was full of instructions to world-wide Japanese diplomatic stations to destroy code books and code machines on December 1 and 2; and a December 4 disguised weather report message indicated to all diplomats that the United States was definitely going to be the first nation attacked;

—several intelligence sources had informed American attaches in various parts of the world prior to December 7 that the Japanese war plan called for an initial surprise attack on Pearl Harbor;

—of all the vital intercepted information, the most exacting warning that Admiral Stark and General Short received in Hawaii was to prevent "sabotage;" even information known in Washington on early December 7 that could have been sent to Pearl Harbor by scrambler telephone in time to avert disaster was not sent by military channels—it was sent via Western Union; and

—the legendary diplomatic "treachery" by Kurusu and Nomura on December 7, after the bombings had already started, was probably due to a delay in translating the long and difficult message that had to be relayed from Tokyo to Washington that day.

As the years have gone by, more revelations have come out supporting the revisionists. James Martin's *Beyond Pearl Harbor* (Plowshare Press, 1981) mentions British government documents and papers, made public on January 1, 1972, that detail FDR's plans to get involved in the war for a year before Pearl Harbor. Toland received first-hand information by talking to U.S. intelligence officers who handled the Japanese cable traffic, radio operators who heard ship-to-ship communications between the member ships of the Japanese attack fleet, and foreign diplomats who relayed vital information to the U.S. prior to December 7, 1941.

However, as time would surely tell, the official and revisionist schools had only begun to fight.

BATTLING HISTORIOGRAPHIES

OFFICIAL and revisionist historians are separated by more than facts and interpretations of those facts. From 1947 until the present day, writers in each camp have written new exposes, refined arguments, retrenched their positions, and accused those on the other side of everything from distortion to subjectivity to out-and-out falsehood.

Going even further, in *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* (Caxton Press, 1953), editor Harry Elmer Barnes described a "historical blackout" on the writings of himself and other revisionists that included: "(1) excluding scholars suspected of revisionist views from access to public documents which are freely open to 'court historians' and other apologists for the foreign policy of President Roosevelt; (2) intimidating publishers of books and periodicals, so that even those who might wish to publish books and articles setting forth the revisionist point of view do not dare to do so; (3) ignoring or obscuring published material which embody revisionist facts and arguments; and (4) smearing revisionist authors and their books."

The current status of the conflict is, and probably will always be, a matter of who one asks. While the official historians have continued to hammer away at the revisionists, (most comprehensively in "Revisionists Revisited," a postscript to Gordon Prange's *At Dawn We Slept* (McGraw-Hill, 1981), revisionists like Toland continue to stick to their guns. The problem with some revisionist arguments, however, is that not having had access to insider documents for many years, some key propositions are grounded on information no longer extant in governmental files. An example of key records lost or destroyed is found on page 338 of *Infamy*, and includes cable traffic, naval records, diplomatic messages, and information about an alleged illegal collection of names of all Japanese Americans by the Census Bureau.

GIVEN the sharply different views of the two schools of Pearl Harbor Historiography, and the plethora of individual variations in emphasis and allegations within each school, how is an independent minded reader to form an opinion—short of spending a spare decade combing through the primary source materials ?

As with any given issue, even the most avowedly objective person enters this field with predispositions. And, when arguments can never be finally settled because of lost or destroyed documents, such predispositions tend to count for more than they should.

For this writer, the predisposition was in favor of revisionism, because of the important role played in the Japanese American redress movement by recently uncovered documents and revisionist histories. Within the Japanese American incarceration context proof existed that official history could be tampered via collective high level amnesia about certain documents (e.g., the Munson Report to FDR in early 1941, detailing the loyalty of Japanese Americans to the U.S.) and the wholesale destruction of others (e.g., the blatantly racist, anti-Nikkei first draft of the U.S. Army Western Defense Command's *Final Report*, which was recently uncovered, along with a memo to burn all copies of same). These revelations, along with knowledge of the anti-Japanese racism of FDR, Secretary of War Stimson and other top officials made believable for me the thesis that FDR allowed the Japanese to attack on December 7, but underestimated the losses that the skill and daring of the "little yellow men" were capable of inflicting.

In conclusion, the most important lesson of the Pearl Harbor historiography controversy is not so much whether the official or revisionist historians are correct. Instead, in a world where island nations are invaded and harbors are mined for what officials call "defensive" purposes; where nerve gas and intercontinental nuclear warheads are stockpiled in an effort to "arm for peace"; and where thousands of hungry homeless roam the city streets amidst official disclaimers that hunger really exists—there is an importance simply in the continuing vitality of critical revisionist research and writing. The danger in having the official point of view become the *only* point of view for most people was prophetically described by revisionist Harry Elmer Barnes in 1953 that is chillingly current:

> "The great majority of (peoples today) have known only a world ravaged by war, depressions, international intrigues and meddling, vast debts and crushing taxation, the encroachments of the police state, and the control of public opinion and government by ruthless and irresponsible propaganda. A major reason why there is no revolt against such a state of society as that in which we are living today is that many have come to acdept it as a normal matter of course, having known nothing else during their lifetimes." (*Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace*, page 5).

Philip Tatsuji Nash

Of Japanese American and long-time New Englander ancestry, **PHILIP TAJITSU NASH** *is a staff attorney of the Asian American Legal Defense and Education Fund in New York City. He is Adjunct Instructor at New York University and Revson Fellow at Greenberg Center for Legal Education and Urban Policy, City College of New York. He recently contributed a review for the* **Yale Law Journal** *on the Japanese American redress movement and writes frequently for the bilingual weekly,* **New York Nichibei**.

Philip Tatsuji Nash

BULL BUCKING

From then on
They would find me
With my fingers
Deep within my throat
And in a frightful state.
My thoughts
Which were torn
Like the devil
From the unity of God—
Bled.

Somehow
In my daily reconnaissance,
After I had eaten
The morning like a prophet,
I
Was
Crucified.

My Rancourous
Bull bucking
Sickened them.

—Ilya Tourtidis

INNOCENT HANDS

The measured weight of solemn chords
lends dignity
to bloodstained swords

but what it can't do
is repair
the crimes committed
the despair

the anguish wielded by the hands
of innocents
whose sins deface so many lands.

—Charles Kormos
Ramat Aviv, Israel

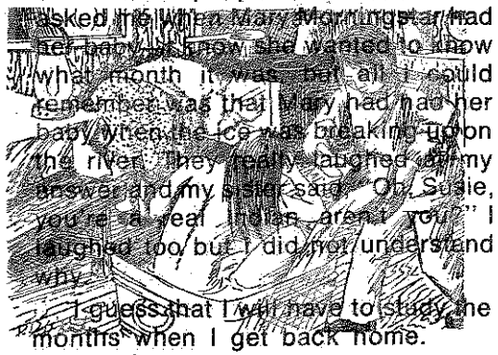
3 short stories

My First Visit to the City

I WAS a ten-year-old Indian girl from an Indian reserve. I was very impressed by my older sister and her white husband's home. Although I had seen bigger houses and nicer cars when we drove through their city, to me and where I come from, they were rich! They had tiles and carpets on their floors, my home had wooden floors. They had a bathroom with a big bath tub, at home we washed in an old laundry tub. She had a big refrigerator, a vacuum cleaner, a telephone—oh, I was very impressed and a little afraid. What if she asked me to use some of these things and I did not know how to, or worse, what if I broke something? True, she is my sister and would help me, but maybe because she knows how to use all of these things she might expect me to know too.

And my new brother-in-law! My father calls him a D.P. but I suppose because we are Indians he calls all white people D.P.'s. But he is nice. Although he likes to tease me. He is Danish, and is big and fat and really seems to like my sister.

But sometimes I cannot understand why they laugh when I say things. I am not making jokes. Like yesterday after supper. My sister and Carlo and myself were sitting around the kitchen table and I was telling her news about people back home. She asked me when Mary Morningstar had her baby and I knew she wanted to know what month it was but all I could remember was that Mary had had her baby when the ice was breaking up on the river. They really laughed at my answer and my sister said "Oh, Susie, you're a real Indian aren't you." I laughed too but I did not understand why.



I guess that I will have to study the months when I get back home.

"Where Is My Husband Tonight?"

THE little house stood in an open field behind a tall pine tree. It looked so peaceful this winter night, with the coal oil lamp shining through the kitchen window and Bertha and her baby outlined in the rocking chair by the stove. It had been a long winter and even though the days were warmer and you could feel spring in the air, the nights were still crisp and cold. For some reason the children, and she had six of them under 10 years of age, seemed to be noisier today and to fight constantly. Bertha did not blame the children though; house-bound for almost three months was enough to make anyone fight. But at least the children had each other for company Oh, what she would do for adult conversation. She had only one visitor this past winter—her brother who stopped long enough to leave her some more food. Her husband Tom was usually back from trapping by this time of the year, but he enjoyed the bush so much, he might still be patching up his trapping shack. Bertha heard of families who lived in the cities where the husband went to work for eight hours of the day and then returned home. How happy those wives and children must be. Her husband Tom was gone trapping for three to four months of every winter and then he was gone tourist guiding for the summer months, and moose hunting in the fall. He was happy to make a living for his family doing something that he knew well. And he knew the bush and the animals. He often told the children to be more afraid to meet a man in the bush than a bear.

Tom could not wait to get home. Somehow the walk from the town to the reserve seemed twice as long tonight. He had oranges in his packsack for the children and oh, how he longed to hug his wife. It had been a good winter of trapping. Bertha could even buy a new dress if she wanted. He disliked being away from his children for so long. He enjoyed them. Nothing made him sadder in his life than to not see one of his newborn daughters until she was six months old—and then she cried when he picked her up. Finally, he could see his house—and a light was on! Was that his wife and child sitting by the stove? This was a good night.

Illustrations by D. D. O'Rourke

STEVE AND TOM

MY father Tom and my uncle Steve were two of the best Indian guides that a tourist could ever hope to find. The Megazin Lake Tourist Resort was one of the busiest around—partially due to the presence of Steve and Tom.

When Tom and Steve returned to their families on the Crooked Bay Indian Reserve after the tourist season was over, many Indians made their way to their house to listen to the great stories that these two Indian guides brought back.

One such story was about the time that Steve convinced everyone in the tourist camp that he could talk to moose. The owner of the camp knew better but he was always careful to keep up whatever Tom and Steve had going—he knew why most of these tourists returned to the camp each year and brought more customers. Tom and Steve were Ojibwe Indians with large families and were truly "old time Indians"—they were out of place in this world. But they also had a sense of humor. One of their boasts was that they knew every inch of Northern Ontario and at times the camp owner believed them. Their parents had died when Tom was eight years old and having no where else to go, Steve, two years older than Tom, took Tom and they lived in the bush until they were in their early twenties. They knew each other very well and they also knew the bush very well. They could catch a fish, clean him and fry him in what seemed like a minute flat. They could carve up a shot deer in the time that you could prepare the frying pan for cooking. They could tell the weather by how the leaves were standing and how the birds sang. They could almost tell you which side of the tree the bear had sat up against. All kidding aside, they knew the bush. You had to respect them for that.

But being tourist guides for such a long time they quickly tired of the

inane questions, so they started to fatten out explanations of why animals did certain things.

The summer that the dentist and two photographers came the Megazin Lake Resort was one of the busiest and Tom and Steve were busy from dawn until dusk. They had to accomodate fishermen who wanted to catch fish and eat them for breakfast and they had to keep out hunting parties until they caught something which usually took until dusk. Anyway, Tom and Steve had a mid-season break and their last day included taking out the dentist and the photographers for an early-morning fishing expedition. The photographers were bringing along their cameras for some wildlife photos. Tom and Steve were exuberant that morning, happy to be going home to their families for awhile. No one knows when Steve got the idea but Tom picked up on it right away. They were already in the boat and planning to take them to the opposite shore and around a peninsula where fish were easy and a moose could sometimes be seen eating and drinking in the early morning. As Tom and Steve paddled across the lake the dentist and photographers seemed not

Joe Daybutch

to believe that they would catch any fish nor see any wildlife. Steve must have gotten a little angered, but it was hard to tell with either Steve or Tom. Steve finally said that if the photographers could not see any wildlife to photograph, he would call a moose, because he could talk to them. The tourists quickly laughed at this suggestion but Steve insisted that he could and Tom just nodded in agreement. They were all quiet after this exchange and when they approached the opposite shore Steve quietly told them to try there. They did and soon had enough fish for four breakfasts. The photographer told Steve that even though they found fish that he still hadn't seen any wildlife. Steve then told him that he would call one for him now. By this time the tourists were not completely sure of their skepticism. They were surrounded by the atmosphere of these two quiet Indians, in the foggy, early morning sun, out alone in the middle of a lake in Northern Ontario. The photographer, unconvincingly said that he still did not believe that he could talk to Moose. To this, Steve placed a hand over his mouth and let out a whining cry into the bush.

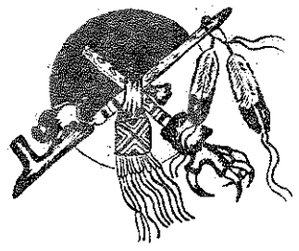
At this point they were nearing the tip of the peninsula and would soon round the tip into a small cove where moose usually came to drink in the morning. Steve and Tom knew this and they also knew that if one looked hard into the bush you could see through the bush to the cove on the other side. They had both looked and saw a moose coming out to the water.

The disbelieving photographer was clearly uncomfortable and only wished to stop this Indian from going on with his assertion. He tried to protest but Steve quickly shushed him and cupped his hand to his ear in the guise of hearing something. He then said "did you hear him answer me?" Of course, no one heard anything except his brother Tom who slowly nodded his head. The tourists were not yet convinced but you could see them straining their ears. They were shushed now and Steve was directing the show. He then spoke some words in Ojibwe and seemed to listen and then with great meaning shook his head in agreement. Trying to hide their excitement the tourists asked him what was going on. Steve calmly told them that a moose had answered him and would be waiting around the corner for them. They still weren't sure but the photographer was readying his camera. As they rounded the corner the sun shone on the cove and there stood a moose at the water's edge! The photographer was all excited and was snapping left and right. Steve grabbed his camera and told him to wait for a good pose. Steve then said something again in Ojibwe which was only to disturb the moose a little and make him look around for the noise, but which ended up looking like a pose as the moose swung his great head around. The photographer was in heaven and kept saying "beautiful," "beautiful." Steve spoke to the moose again in Ojibwe, the moose grunted and majestically strode into the bush.

The camp owner did not know what to say the next year when this photographer came back to the camp asking for the Indian who could talk to moose.

—Susan Daybutch Hare

SUSAN HARE, *a resident of Manitoulin Island, is an active community worker in the West Bay Band, involved particularly in educational issues relating to women and children*



Review

We tagged our baggage with the family number, 13660, and pinned the personal tags on ourselves; we were ready at last.

Citizen 13660

Citizen 13660
by Mine Okubo Seattle, University of Washington Press. 1983
paperback, $8.95

IN the spring of 1942, Miné Okubo, a Japanese American artist in her early thirties. became one of the many victims of the fear, hysteria, greed and racism which provided a basis for our government's illegal detention of more than 100,000 citizens and aliens of Japanese descent during World War II. But she was not willing to remain a passive victim. First in an "Assembly Center" south of San Francisco and then in a detention camp called "The Central Utah Relocation Project," Okubo used her gifts as an artist and a sensitive human being to keep a valuable record—in hundreds of line drawings—of what life was like among a dispossessed, often disoriented but never totally defeated people.

CITIZEN 13660 was originally published in 1946, (Columbia University Press) just a year after the camps had been shut down. Recently an attractive new edition has been made

available to us, providing U.S. citizens and our friends everywhere an opportunity to reflect on and learn from one of the great injustices of our society's life in this century. Indeed, in her new introduction, Okubo says the work is offered in the hope "that things can be learned from this tragic episode, for I believe it could happen again."

Fortunately, sadly, there is much to learn in CITIZEN 13660. It may begin with our recognition of the powerful irony behind the book's title: that citizens of the U.S.A., innocent of any crime—except their choice of ancestry—could be reduced to thousands of integers and impressed behind barbed wire in dry and barren camps in some of the most desolate areas of the states. (Okubo's drawings of men, women and children struggling against the harsh and driving power of wind and sand provide some of the work's most vivid and poignant scenes.)

Through drawings and text we are taught a good deal about the details of day-to-day life and death in the camps, from the valiant attempts of the people to create humane living space out of hastily white-washed horses' stalls in an old racetrack, to knowledge of what happened to those persons who died behind the barbed wire in Utah. (They were cremated and their ashes held until the time of release.) And almost everywhere, the young artist was able to see and convey the many miraculous sources of laughter, celebration and hope which her people managed to discover and nurture in a very hard situation.

We learn much by implication, especially regarding the internal results of the imprisonment. For though Okubo's drawings of life in the camps have a very literal, almost child-like quality to them, both words and pictures are restrained when it comes to the matter of feelings, of inner dynamics, of social conflict. For instance, the struggle for privacy, for order, for family cohesion—so important to so many Japanese people and so threatened by American lifestyles, even before the war—was intensified in the camps. The internal, spiritual dislocation was at least as great as that which was exhibited in Okubo's scenes of scattered luggage, separated families and the substitution of numbers for names. We glean all this from the artist's work, but much of it comes indirectly, often with reticence, perhaps a function of her style, her culture and her personality.

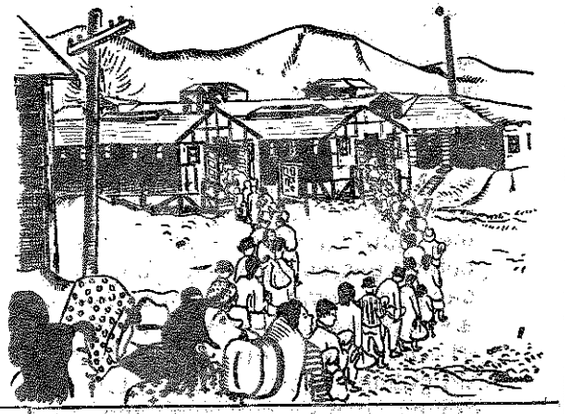
So the sense of tragedy is very present, but often muted, sometimes too muted for me. Indeed, there were moments in her account when I was tempted to want the young artist to cry out in piercing tones, to shriek and wail the reality and the pain of the great injustice. I wanted to get past the many faces of sadness and resignation to see the angry faces, to have indignation and outrage stare out of the pages at me.

But that was not her style. Instead, she chose understatement and now in her maturity, she dares to hope that the implicit message of her early work will help to guard us from a repetition of such madness. We cannot help but be grateful that Okubo has given us again this gift of her youth, testifying to the tragedy we all shared—and share—with her.

This new edition (providing on the cover a tantalizing glimpse of the artist's current, more complex work—coming closer to the shriek?) is like a second chance for us all. For it reminds us that the memory of slavery, genocide, lynching, internment—all with their overseas counterparts—may become more than lessons concerning our capacities for cruelty and oppression. Properly apprehended, such a work may encourage us to commit ourselves to the creation of a second, humanizing American revolution, for our own sake and for the sake of all those people who are touched by the broad and too often unfeeling swath of our nation's movement in the world. Indeed, Okubo's reinvocation of history allows us to take the tragedies of the past and recast them as powerful, transformative tools of hope in the creation of a new future for us all. What more could we ask of an artist?

Vincent Harding

Distinguished scholar, writer and activist **VINCENT HARDING** is the author of *There Is A River* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, hardcover $17; paperback, Random House, $7.) A graduate of City College of New York (BA), Columbia University (M.A., Journalism) and University of Chicago (PhD., History) Dr. Harding was closely associated with Martin Luther King in the Freedom Movement. Past Head, Department of History and Sociology, Spelman College, Atlanta, Georgia, he presently teaches at the Iliff School of Theology, University of Denver.



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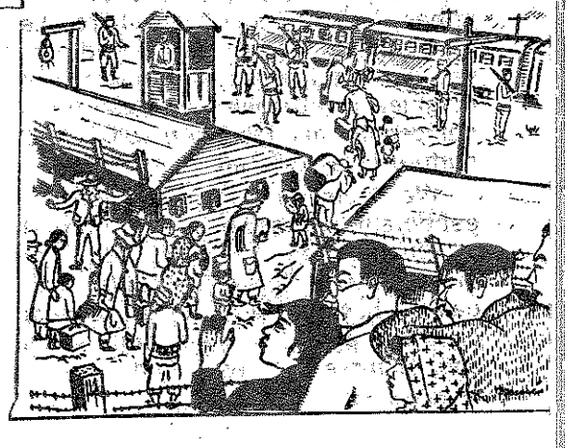


AT THE DAWNING

THE heavy truck lumbered along the main road with soldiers in it — each carrying a bayonet sticking out at the back. To my young mind they were like men from another planet; I'd never seen the likes of them before even though by now I already knew that the country was being governed by foreigners. Watching the Coldstream Guards appearing and disappearing, I shuddered.

My fear continued — even though the truck was out of sight. Walking home, I thought of their faces, their grim expression — so different from the smiling faces I was accustomed to. Next I imagined guns firing, bayonets being stuck into living flesh, teeth bared. Of course, rumors of the Coldstream Guards from far away England had spread, haunting us. We'd heard they had come to quell the riots in other parts of the country. I walked on — quickly. But now and again I'd turn around, expecting the soldiers to be close by. And later that night I'd be thinking of them all the time — they becoming part of my nightmare.

The next morning as soon as I woke up I rushed outside — listening for the sound of the truck once more. And it was as if the winding road for miles away began to reverberate. The soldiers were coming! I looked left and right, hoping to alert everyone: as if they didn't already know. The heavy truck drew nearer. I looked steadily — as it whizzed past. At once I felt as if I'd been seized by something which was about to catapult me far away; as if the sound of the lumbering truck and the hard stares combined to instil in me a mighty dread which would last forever.

"They're Limeys," someone close by whispered. I turned around; an adult. He too had awe in his face. He added, "Don't call them that; or else they'll shoot!" This time I imagined actually being shot, being torn and hurled into a thousand pieces. He was still looking at me, sensing my dread; then, he smiled and walked away.

Somehow the soldiers seemed to have completely taken hold of my mind. Yet the next day when I saw them again they appeared less frightening. This time they unexpectedly stopped and got off the truck and bought soft drinks as the searing heat of the tropical sun got the better of them. From a distance of about a hundred yards, I watched them — with the other — each of us with dim fear. We watched their strong arms, their reddish, blotched faces: they were very different from us. We walked closer, bolder now. On my lips was the unexpressed word, "Limey!" But I looked at the guns, the bayonets sticking out. I imagined flesh being gouged. I immediately turned, looking at the others; they too were experiencing fear.

The word remained in my mind, unuttered.

One soldier smiled. He said something in cockney, which escaped me. Other soldiers laughed, teasing in a way.

"Maybe they won't harm us," I heard one say.

"They're Limeys! They will!" I blurted out, not sure why.

"They will not!"

We argued like this in our childish manner. We listened to the adults too: they continued to instill more dread; they talked about why the soldiers were here, reminding us of the riots which were tearing the country apart. So far, though, the riots hadn't reached our district.

In a way we were fortunate. And we continued looking at the soldiers — more clearly now — because some of the adults, our parents, said they were here for safe-keeping. But I continued to focus on their guns and bayonets. When they were billeted in the sugar estate quarters not far from the houses in the district, their faces began to take on an unnatural familiarity. I'd watch them jogging in the morning, about a dozen of them at a time, their well-muscled bodies lumbering along, the entire road throbbing as they pounded their way with hard boots. On my way to school I'd notice one or two stopping to talk — with us. They'd laugh and say funny things. One bolder among us asked for gifts.

The soldiers laughed.

"What d'you want?"

We didn't know what to say. What to ask for.

Then they'd give us coins, British coins! We'd look at them with surprise and gladness; we'd feel the edges, believing they were worth millions, as one of the adults vaguely said.

The next day, we'd linger by, hoping they'd stop by once more and give us more coins. We remembered their names now. Tom. Harry. Jack. We told them ours as they sipped soft drinks. As they teased and laughed we laughed, too. Yet the word "Limey" remained in my mind; I was afraid to say it out, even though I wanted to test its effect; I wasn't really sure now if they'd really shoot to kill once I said it. I thought how angry everyone was when being called a false name. Maybe they were no different. But what if the word "Limey" was no mere name, but something dreadful. In my young mind this continued to fester.

I kept feeling this dread for a long while. One day one of the soldiers looked closely at me. At my bare feet. "You're different, are you not?" he asked. I mumbled an answer. He stared hard at me as I looked at his massive arms and legs, the red blotches on his face. This time I wasn't afraid, I felt like asking for coins as the others did. I didn't. "You want to become a soldier like us?" he suddenly asked.

"No!" I replied.

"It's hard work being a soldier you know," he smiled, ignoring my protest. I shook my head, indicating that I didn't care. Strangely, I'd thought of becoming a soldier before. This took grip in my imagination. More keenly I watched the soldiers jogging once more, doing their exercises from time to time; I imagined being one of them, with strong arms holding a rifle; I imagined firing at him. I was the one doing the gouging — with a vengeance. I seethed within, and attacked further. The next day when the trucks lumbered by, as always, I hailed and waved.

But the word "Limey" still remained with me.

* * *

The soldiers seemed to have disappeared for a while; no doubt they had gone to another district, to keep the peace. But I didn't know this. I felt a sadness, as the humdrum life of the village once more returned. The others felt the same, for I'd see long looks on their faces, including on that of the one who had originally been bold enough to ask for gifts.

Now we constantly kept looking out for them. So did the adults. "When will they return?" one asked, echoing my own words. None knew. Some speculated. Maybe in a week's time. A month's. None knew for sure. Maybe they'd never return: maybe they'd returned to England where they'd come from. I began to think of a far away place as I imagined them in their homes, with their families: but I was having difficulty sustaining this image. I only kept imagining them with their bayonets, sometimes without shirts as they jogged along for endless miles across the villages.

Just when I thought I'd never see them again, word passed around that they had returned.

My heart immediately skipped a beat. I looked out for the familiar faces. But these were a different group. They seemed to grimace and scowl. I didn't seem to understand why. Maybe it was my imagination, fear gripping me once more.

They too began jogging.

They'd pass by without stopping, and I'd listen to their pounding as their hard heels beat the ground in the tropical heat, their faces, their bodies pouring with perspiration. I imitated them, in a fantasy, jogging a little. The next day with the others I jogged beside them for a hundred yards before being unable to go any further.

Those with me suddenly laughed. But that was all.

In time a mystery began to surround them. Someone said it was because the riots were spreading. That evening when I went home I imagined our entire village being caught up in the turmoil. I imagined villager fighting against each other; next I saw the soldiers intervening. Another time I imagined the elders in the district hurling insults at them, asking them to leave us alone. The soldiers retaliated by erecting barbed wire fences and putting them behind us. I saw myself behindthe fences, too. I shuddered.

No! It couldn't be!

When I saw the soldiers again, I treaded softly, not wishing to draw attention. Their pounding increased in my brain. I felt awe, too. Something was happening to me, a new kind of fear.

"Ah, you mustn't be afraid of them," said the bold one who'd asked for coins originally. "They're jus' like us."

"They're not!"

"They are –"

"No!"

The others laughed at this exchange. My fear and awe increased, and I continued being anxious. The others eyed me strangely.

"They will not shoot us, will they?" another asked, teasing; but in fear.

"If . . ." I stopped.

"If you what?"

"If you call them . . . Limeys!" I blurted out.

They laughed. "What's that?"

I was surprised they didn't know.

"It's their nickname!"

"What?"

I repeated what I'd said. They laughed louder; then they didn't. They were silent, watching me. Just then a truck of soldiers came by. We could hear the heavy lumbering. Something whizzed through my head, a

whirling sensation taking hold of me as I turned and looked at the others beside me, their mouths opening wide – the word now shouted out in a loud scream, "Limeys!"

I thought I heard the loud crack of guns. Someone screamed in pain. More guns firing. In my head. The truck, accelerating with a screech!

The sounds died off.

The others, hands akimbo, said jeeringly, "See, it didn't do any harm!"

I was embarrassed. I thought of my own foolish fear. I lipped the word slowly. Laughing, the others continued:

"Yeah, Limeys! They all are! From now on we'll call them that!"

"Yeah, Limeys! Ha-ha!"

But my dread hadn't disappeared. I imagined the soldiers coming again, then stopping as soon as they heard the word. They'd investigate; they'd be told that I was the one who'd told the others. The soldiers would come up to me. I shuddered more than ever.

Now I felt all eyes on me, the fingers of the others pointing – to me! I looked around hopelessly.

The others continued laughing.

"Yeah, they're all Limeys! They should go back – to England!"

"No, let them stay!" another cried.

"They don't belong here!" said an older one, nostrils flaring

"No, they don't!" cried someone else. Large scowls and grimaces. On their faces. Deep in their eyes. Behind the folks of their skins. I saw them throbbing with protest. Only I stood alone, watching them – like an outsider. I waited and still felt responsible, hoping then that another truck of soldiers wouldn't pass by as I imagined guns firing, bayonets gouging flesh.

"What's with you?" one demanded when he saw me wincing.

"Nothing."

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

"Why you don't say it too?"

"Say what?"

"Limeys!"

"No!"

They laughed, and formed a ring around me, and began hopping and chanting, "Limeys! Limeys!"

Another added the refrain, "London bridge is breaking down . . . breaking down!" I started walking away; but they held on to my arms, pulling. Still chanting. Louder. "They're not Limeys!" I said, hoarsely, in protest.

"What are they then?"

I looked around; I didn't know what to do or say. It was as if I was their prisoner; I wanted to run away – from them, to be alone. But they kept pressing and jeering at me – hoping I'd say something that would satisfy them. My mind was in a whirl, eddying. I was confused. Now I wished the soldiers would really come. I listened expectantly, for the lumbering on the road. I strained my ears, hoping I'd hear it loudly. But all was quiet. I flushed, red at the tips of my ears. And on their faces, on their mouths, I could see the word "Limey" written all over. I winced, wishing once more that the soldiers were around; and once more I kept being disappointed because they weren't.

"They're Limeys! Nothing else!"

Tears fell down my cheeks. The others didn't care; they merely laughed. And as more tears fell, they jeered even louder.

Finally, I walked home. A loner. All because of them, that word!

A strong wind fanned against my cheeks. I felt a burning somewhere, too.

"Limeys!" I burst out suddenly.

Just then I saw the truck with soldiers. Did they hear me? My heart beat faster with a faint fear as I thought the truck had stopped. I thought I saw them coming out.

I began running all at once, as fast as my legs could carry me. Then, I looked back; I thought I saw the soldiers more clearly. I wasn't sure if they were still running or chasing after me. More eddying in my brain.

I ran faster, perspiration breaking out all over me. I felt hands holding me. Then, unable to go farther, I stopped to catch my breath. I looked around: there was no one in sight. Where were the soldiers? Were they hiding somewhere, waiting for me? My heart continued beating rapidly. I took to my feet once more, running as much as I could; but I kept looking back from time to time. Next I felt the soldiers were invisible creatures, being able to be everywhere at the same time: to catch up with me no matter how fast I ran. This came upon me like a revelation. And I felt I must tell the others at once, of their own danger – of the soldiers' new power.

As if something strange took hold of me, I stopped running. I turned around, suddenly defiant.

I faced the soldiers, small as I was – all alone! I wanted to tell them I wasn't afraid, it wasn't my fault; I didn't mean . . . any harm.

I imagined the soldiers laughing.

Then I started running once more.

I ran until I was completely out of breath. Yet I was totally in their grasp. More laughter. In my abject tiredness and daze I felt my entire body pulsating, telling me I was alive; that so far I hadn't been gouged by a bayonet or even shot. A momentary exhilaration entered me as the pulsation increased, making me whole; alive – alive – alive!

"Dawning"

– Cyril Dabydeen

CYRIL DABYDEEN, *who hails from Guyana, is a widely-published writer who makes his home in Ottawa which has appointed him her current Poet Laureate.*

Cyril Dabydeen

GAMBATTE, Sixty Year Struggle
of a Kibei Worker
by Karl G. Yoneda
Asian American Studies Center,
University of California, Los Angeles,
1984

Gambatte

KARL YONEDA

Adventurer In Freedom

NIKITA Khrushchev's post-mortem exposé of Josef Stalin created havoc among communist partisans throughout the world. In the disarray and disenchantment that followed, the remaining diehard Stalinist apologists were shaken in their loyalties too.

An unrepentent idealist always—principled to the core—the author of *Gambatte* regretted his exoneration of the CPUSA's expediency and racism in endorsing the mass detention of Japanese Americans following Pearl Harbor and the outbreak of World War II. (All Nikkei who held membership in the Communist Party USA were suspended for the duration of the war.)

Karl Yoneda was among the first volunteers for the construction crews recruited to set up Manzanar concentration camp—where he and his wife and young son were incarcerated. At the end of 1942, while held in Manzanar, he volunteered and was accepted for US military intelligence service abroad. Born near Glendale, California, a suburb of Los Angeles, Karl spent 13 formative childhood and adolescent years in Hiroshima where he returned at the age of seven, accompanied by his mother. An extraordinary youth who read Kropotkin, among other social critics, Yoneda journeyed alone to meet an admired Russian anarchist then living in Peking. Karl—after Karl Marx—was then sixteen.

GAMBATTE—steadfastness—is an apt descriptive title for this narrative biography. Remarkably, the integrity that pervaded the author's life-long devotion to social justice was recognized by contemporary mainstream Nikkei who played significant leadership roles in established organizations such as the Japanese American Citizens League.

Karl showed his stamina and moral fiber early, particularly in the labor movement, where his organizing and speaking skills developed. He articulates tersely and directly—without pretensions—a reflection of the strong direction and force that guided his life.

GAMBATTE is a fascinating, forthright account of Issei/Kibei participation in the militant labor movement of the West Coast United States during the thirties and forties. The author's early involvement in political and social issues touched the lives of all ethnic minorities, and in particular the under-paid working class. By good fortune, Karl's life-long dedication was shared by his exceptional companion, Elaine Black, equally resourceful, courageous and steadfast. (Their son Tom adventurously challenges the future in the same tradition).

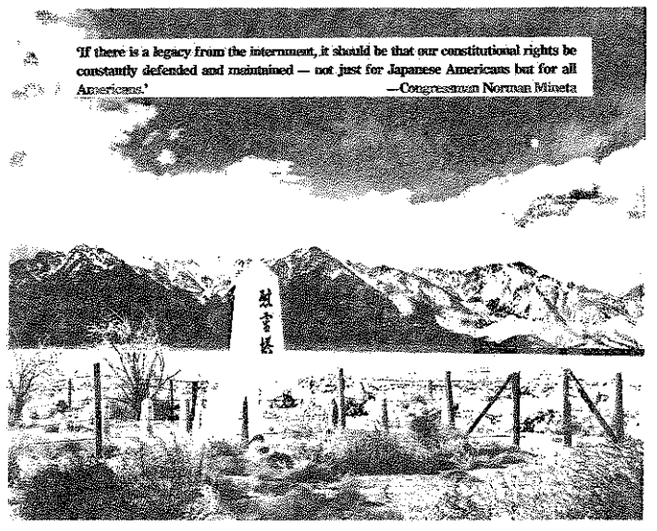
To savor the quality of Yoneda's emotions, thoughts and commitment to social justice and his sharp perception of social dynamics, GAMBATTE is indispensable reading. His varied career spanned a half century, including a period as longshoreman on the San Francisco waterfront; crew member of annual Alaskan salmon fishing fleets—he was an elected union official; and editor of *Rodo Shimbun*, a workers' magazine printed in the Japanese language and distributed throughout the West Coast. Two books related to Japanese labor history which he authored have been published in Japan. Jailed frequently, and beaten up by police for participation in demonstrations during bitter California labor union organizing drives—alongside Mexicans, Chinese, Filipinos, Blacks and others who toiled in factories and fields—Yoneda remained the steadfast, frontline participant.

I have not met the author, except vicariously through this book, as it were, but I was delighted and impressed by his keen intelligence and great courage, all dedicated to labor's struggle for a fair share of the proverbial pie vis-a-vis the unrelenting corporate employer. Karl always put his life on the front line.

If the author was not aware of the involvement of Nisei anti-Stalinist activists in the same struggle for racial equality and social justice fifty years ago it does not detract from his unique role and notable contributions. Karl participated in the democratic process within the framework of trade unions and the CPUSA, to which he gave unreservedly of his time and talent. The grass roots impact cannot be ignored. Always the organization man who acted on his own convictions, Karl loomed larger than party line expediencies. Perennial optimist, he was no cynical power broker.

Suitable for scholar and lay reader alike, GAMBATTE offers insights that fill a void in early Japanese American history. Old and young Nikkei may gain inspiration from this stalwart Kibei still marching indefatigably to the beat of another drummer.

—GY



"Ireito — Console the Spirit"

SCULPTOR
for Colette Whiten

She is petite
but a massive woman
the strength of steel
and she will quietly
remind you
of
your responsibilities
or suggest
answers
you are
screaming out to know
then gravely
with a smile
go about her work,
"cultivating
her
garden."

—Clifton Whiten

CLIFTON WHITEN *is the publisher and editor of the well-known, highly respected* Poetry Canada Review.

ONE MAGAZINE. One person. *Plus* committed others. But one person to pull the strings, put the jig-saw together, the jig-saw of words and people.

Poems and columns to manuscript to layout editor to typesetter to proofreader to mailing house to post office to reader. . .

four times a year, each time a lull, a breathing space, a new beginning . . . post office box, telephone calls, complaints, bills, decisions. . .

it is a marvellous world, publishing a litmag, tiring, but you have done something, left your thumbprint,

but it is indelible on your mind and on the minds of many poets and columnists and lovers of poetry. . .

and somehow you have pulled it off, and your $12,000 investment is no longer important, you have come to realize poetry is more important than *money*. . .

and you know this, you know this, and you have many loyal staff, though you have lost a few — personality conflicts, egos, some want to use your forum as their own pulpits and you will not have that — 'eclectic', 'catholic', 'excellence', you have been striving to surpass yourself, learning, learning, people, politics, poetry. . .

and you remember the first humble issue, the '75 Honda Civic loaded with 11,000 copies, and you and Len Gasparini, solitary Quixote and Panza, steering through city traffic to each bookstore in town, and later collecting on the consignment, that first winter.

and now five full years later, the fifth anniversary issue.

and you want it to last, to outlast your lifetime, to outlast the year 2000, to last to 2079, 2084, *poetrypoetrypoetry*, its still finger beckons, down the years, the ages, the centuries,

and this country, this fledgling country, will have poetry if you have to force-feed it,

damn them, damn them, they must learn — to read, to read poetry as a baby eats pablum,

it is all so simple,

poetry and civilization,

a civilized people has and loves and respects its poets,

for contained in poetry is the wisdom of all mankind, of all prophets, of all religions, of all political systems, of all philosophies, of all psychologies,

for poetry is the child and father and mother to the man and woman and child in each of us.

Clifton Whiten

Poetry Canada Review
P.O. Box 1280, Stn. 'A',
Toronto, Ont. M5W 1G7 Canada

Paper Doors

Edited by Gerry Shikatani and
David Aylward. 1981, pp. 200 $8.50
Toronto: Coach House Press

ON hearing of plans to commemorate the 1977 Centennial of Canadians of Japanese origin, Gerry Shikatani, past Poetry Editor of **Rikka**, began thinking about the cultural contributions of Japanese Canadian artists to their adopted country. Their poetry, while less prominent than their visual contributions, was becoming prolific.

Gerry's father had written haiku since pre-war days: others were writing haiku and tanka. Gerry saw the need to introduce this body of work to a larger community. The project was a way of demonstrating continuity with his historic background and as his private Centennial project.

bpNichol, an editor at Coach House Press, introduced Gerry to David Aylward who is fluently bilingual. Aylward selected the poems originally composed in Japanese. The CBC airing of the anthology, the first Canadian radio broadcast of poems in spoken Japanese, featured readings by the contributors accompanied by music improvised by John Wyre and Robin Engelman of the percussion group Nexus.

short story

LEAVING WORK

LEAVING WORK wasn't as easy as Akimoto had thought. He had taken the time to go to his bank and arrange for the loan which would carry his family over the next several months if need be. He thought that when the time was appropriate, he would simply walk in and tell Maruyama that he was through. But he kept putting off this decision, even as he put off looking for another job.

But Akimoto didn't count on what was to happen next. And it took him awhile to figure it out. Maruyama began to harass him in every little matter, changing his mind daily and considering each change as if it were the final decision. Maruyama would each day tell Akimoto that he had parked his car in the wrong spot and then would send him out to change the parking position. Akimoto would comply with the change the next day and that very morning, Maruyama would change his mind again. Akimoto was not certain whether Maruyama was sick in the head (he was certain that he was sick in the heart) or whether all of this was a ploy to getting Akimoto to quit. And perhaps, Akimoto thought, the whole complex was both — harassment and the ploy to push him out.

All of that was more than three months ago. Akimoto had finally left the office and had worked out of his house trying to find another job. The job market was very tight and he had not been successful thus far. And, what's more, Jane had been at home all this time, and now they were beginning to get on each other's nerves. Besides, the sum of money that he had borrowed from the bank was getting steadily smaller. There was one thing that was possible, but which he had not thought of at all. And over this, he and Jane had a number of long drawn-out fights.

Akimoto had wanted Jane to go out to work, but she had simply refused. She had worked while he was going to school getting his graduate degree. They agreed that now she could remain at home while he went out and earned the living. That agreement was fine as long as Akimoto held a job. But now that he was out of work Akimoto several times tried to suggest, without avail, that she return to work.

But Jane had her own suggestion. Go down to the state unemployment office and file for benefits. Akimoto had not done this because he had thought that getting another job would be no difficulty at all. But he wasn't dealing with all the other unemployed people in his field who flooded the job market. Certainly everyone (or almost everyone) believed in affirmative action (in principle) and equal employment, although many places encouraged minorities to apply, still he was unemployed. And now he stared unemployment in the face, he didn't like it. Even less did he relish the thought of living on unemployment benefits. It was too much like welfare.

When Jane saw how great his pride was on this point, she understood that generations of self-sufficient Japanese were unveiling themselves. But she also remembered how much taxes they had paid to keep this unemployment system going. Practical-minded, she kept telling Akimoto that they were now entitled to some of the benefits of the system they had been supporting these past several years. Akimoto recognized and accepted all that she was saying and yet did not move. Only when Jane threatened to go down to the State Employment offices herself did Akimoto shake off his stupor of pride and decide to go down himself.

As it turned out, he was eligible for benefits, but only after the office checked into his records and talked to Maruyama. Akimoto had said that he had been terminated. He didn't know what Maruyama had said but the office had decided that he was eligible for benefits.

Receiving the benefits made both of them breathe a little easier, for Akimoto now had about a half year more to look for work before his financial cushion ran out. It was a small sense of security, one which he knew was going to end within a very short time, but it did something to him. The evening after he had picked up his first check, he was sitting on the patio listening to the crickets with Jane, and counting their calls to determine what temperature it was – it turned out to be eighty degrees.

"Jane," he said, "You remember when I submitted that poem to the *Rafu Shimpo* for their writing contest. And how surprised we all were when they published it on the front page. I've been thinking all along that perhaps some of my stuff is good enough to send off to some other places.

"Yes, I remember," Jane replied. "But I don't always understand what you write. Haven't you been writing all along while you were working and now that you've been at home. After all, you haven't been spending all of your working hours looking for a job."

"Well," Akimoto confessed, "I have been writing some, and doing quite a bit of polishing on some of the work I've already written. I'm kind of thinking that I even have enough to make a sizeable manuscript."

"You do have the time, you know," Jane replied, "to work on the manuscript. The unemployment benefits may not be a grant from Simon Guggenheim, but they are, in a sense, a windfall, and nothing that I'm going to wink at. Suppose you do work seriously at the manuscript, have you got any idea of where you might place it?"

"That, I'll have to do a bit of investigating to find out," Akimoto said, "but I don't think I'll have any trouble."

"Furthermore," Jane said, "What about some of the other stuff you've written. You showed me some of it when we were first married, but you haven't shown me anything since. And I gather that you've been doing some more writing since then. That is what you've been doing since you don't always come to bed in the evening with me. Or are you watching television?"

Akimoto got a bit flushed at this. He wasn't at all disciplined enough to keep the television off, and there were nights, since he had been out of work that he had spent before the tube. Certainly he felt some remorse over his lack of action. But his red face gave him away. But Jane was only pricking him. She was more interested in seeing his talents develop here. Her grandfather had been a journalist in Japan and had been one of the few intellectuals, if that is what he could be called, to come to the United States with the early immigrants. He had helped begin a small paper in San Francisco, and during the war years he had put together a Japanese-English paper and an art and creative writing journal in the concentration camp at Topaz, Utah.

Akimoto knew this and knew also that Jane was a hard critic, especially of his work. But Jane wasn't critical here. She knew when it was time to be supportive.

"Why don't you try your hand at something autobiographical? You've been hit pretty hard by the experience with Maruyama. And you've had more than a quarter of a year now to assimilate it. Why not try writing a short story on some aspect of that experience. Start there. You don't know where it will lead, but you'll never find out until you try. Don't use your own name, of course. That way you'll have more freedom in developing the characters and the story line."

Akimoto sat silently. "You know," he responded, "the tempo of the crickets chirping has slowed down a bit. That means the temperature has dropped."

"Yes," Jane replied, "I think I'll be needing a sweater soon."

"No, you won't," Akimoto said, "just get a little closer and perhaps the crickets nearby will begin to increase their tempo again."

Jane did as he suggested. After several minutes, Akimoto said, "I'm not avoiding your question, or you, you know. I have been writing and, of all things, I did write a short story on my being kicked out about a month after I was fired. I did type it up, but it's sitting in the drawer. I suppose I ought to pull it out again and see where it might lead. I've got no idea but I'll look at it tomorrow."

When Akimoto had been in college, he had occasional desires of being a writer. But the few things he had written had been so

laborious, and to him so mediocre that he had forgotten about that task. When he was a senior, he had gone to a poetry writing seminar, a gathering of half-dozen interested people, all women except him. One of the English teachers was there, but the leader was a fellow student who had had some major work published and she went on and on about her particular experiences. Two sessions were enough to tell him that all he was going to learn about were her experiences and not about his. And then, when it came time to show each other their poetry, he couldn't bring himself to share what he had written. It wasn't shame or even embarassment. It simply wasn't the right time. So he had never returned. And the campus was large enough and the school population big enough that he knew he would hardly be bumping into any of those people again.

But now he had time on his hands, waiting for interviews and for phone calls, many of which never materialized, he pulled a few books off the shelf and began to read. He began to frequent the public library more and took out everything the library had on Ranier Maria Rilke. He did not read German, and, of course, barely understood Japanese, but Rilke was one person who fascinated him, from the little he knew of him.

Rilke was helpful because he helped sharpen some of the basic questions for Akimoto. Akimoto interpreted much of the *Duino Elegies* to be saying to him to learn to accept all the evil that had been given to him. This Akimoto had found difficult to do and one of the reasons that he and Jane had a moratorium on speaking of his past job was the bitterness which began to seethe in Akimoto whenever the old work situation became the focus of conversation. Akimoto was puzzled by what the Elegies were saying, so he looked for and found other translations of the *Duino Elegies* to see how other translators rendered Rilke into English. He didn't particularly understand what Rilke was saying, but he had learned enough from Rilke to hold his ignorance and his questionings as something dear, to learn to live the questions along his life.

As he spent more time writing, Akimoto found the old question of writing as a profession raising its head again. Rilke again helped him here. As Rilke had asked the young poet, so Akimoto felt that Rilke was asking him the singular question, did writing take precedence over everything else? In the clearness of the mind, could one say that writing is the one dear thing that I must do to the exclusion of everything else? And if I could do something else, and writing was only secondary, did I need to write at all?

After a month of writing steadily, and thinking steadily, and thinking about the question that he felt Rilke posed to him, he went again to Jane to pose his own confusion over this question to her. They had just finished eating and were putting the food away and washing dishes. While trying to get a particularly difficult piece of chicken off the fry pan, Akimoto ended his silence.

"Jane," Akimoto began.

"Just a second," Jane rebutted. She had been in the middle of a sentence explaining what had happened when she had taken their daughter to the pediatrician earlier that afternoon. Akimoto had not been listening, concentrating on his own problems and on the stubborn spot. This had happened many times before; and although Jane half expected it, she had not made her peace with his absent-mindedness, which she called insensitivity. Akimoto was often angered when he was called insensitive in these situations, claiming that he, too, was thinking about something important. But Jane reminded him that when they discussed his problem, she always gave her full attention to him, but that his attention was not always returned. Neither of them cared for the sharp words they exchanged during these moments. Akimoto particularly did not like it because Jane was miffed and silence would reign. He would not be able to talk about himself and his particular problem, at least not until later in the evening or on some other day.

He did not at all like the simmering anger that often kept them apart, so he found a towel, wiped his hands carefully while positioning himself behind Jane who was wiping the stove. Then he turned her around and drew her close to him, and hugged her as if there was never a time to let go.

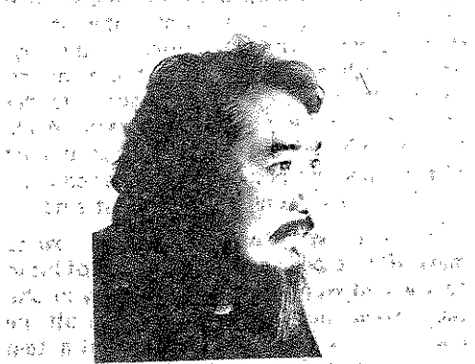
"Akiko," he said after a few moments, "all of this has just made me think only of my own difficulties, not being able to find a job, being at home so much of the time."

With tears in her eyes, Jane replied, "I know, and it doesn't help at all."

Akimoto realized that this was no time to bring up his difficulties so he finished the dishes, and then went to help to put the kids to bed. Then he went back to his desk. He had to send out letters of application and resumes to three places and so spent the rest of the evening taking care of that.

It was not yet the usual time for him to return, so he picked up a novel he was trying to get through and sat in the living room. The multitudinous names and the difficulty of their pronunciation was his forte, (he always liked pronouncing names, to be sure that he got them correct), but he was tired and the task was beginning to get the better of him. His mind wandered back to the question that he had desired to put to Jane. Often just asking the question aloud brought some kind of resolve. Thinking alone was much more difficult than thinking aloud.

The question that Rilke posed, "Must I write, and if the answer is no, then seek some other kind of work," did not seem quite fair. But he did not know why. Writing was the essence of the desire to communicate, to express. And certainly these past few weeks the desire to communicate these fictive worlds was strong enough to discipline him to neglect a number of necessary household chores for the touch between his pen and his paper.



Roland Kawano

Writing is one thing, Akimoto thought, but thinking is another. I can think and I can write, but there must be some intermediary and writing itself must not be the activity par excellence. He remembered that Socrates was not a writer but a thinker and a teacher. It was Plato who wrote. Socrates thought. And perhaps, Akimoto mused, some thoughts may well not endear themselves to the page.

Isn't it memory that is the link between thought, or thought and imagination, and writing. I must remember and I can therefore write. So all the writers I am familiar with are constantly scribbling their inspirations on little pieces of paper or on their notebooks.

Akimoto began falling asleep, yet he realized that he would miss and then probably forget the best part of this dialogue if he did. So he got his jacket and stepped into his shoes and went outside. Earlier in the day the smog had been so intense that the mountains couldn't be seen, but it must have cleared enough so that he could see some of the stars. It was his pattern to wander down to the corner and from there to decide which lane to take.

When he walked late at night, he usually began muttering to himself, and then as the walk got longer and he ventured further out beyond his home, and his mind became clearer, he began to wrestle aloud with the problem he was facing. Akimoto was in the middle of a thought that he disagreed with.

"If the key is memory, that means it is possible to think, even to contemplate, and to imagine scenes of great beauty. But none of that matters to anyone else. Simply trying to communicate the image or the argument necessitates a remembrance. The whole teaching function is a matter of remembering experiences and thoughts to be able to communicate them to someone else.

Akimoto recognized this argument but realized that what he was doing did not quite fit that pattern. "But I know of a writer who doesn't seem to fit that pattern. His mind seems to be a blank. He doesn't know how to remember. Things don't come back quickly or easily. It seems that his experiences don't have any desire to return. They seem

to want to flee. There is no remembrance of things past. And he has enough trouble coping with the present."

"Then, I don't understand," Akimoto rebutted, "how this person can write. What does he write? What can he say?"

"It is a curious thing," Akimoto went on, "that writing is like a great darkness to him. He broods. He knows from long experience that he has to serve this brooding state when it comes upon him."

"I don't understand," Akimoto questioned.

"Well, let me complete this thought," Akimoto countered. "It's as if the brooding were a gestative period. The unfortunate thing is that he has no idea what will be coming forth, if anything at all. He knows, though, that he must serve this brooding by going away."

"But for how long?" Akimoto butted in.

"The time varies," he went on. "Sometimes it's been as long as a week, and this past time this season of brooding has lasted longer than a month. Certainly he goes about his daily work and chores but he finds that the normal creative activities during this period for him at least, are null and void. He's like a mother during the pre-natal period who must take good care of both parties."

"Certainly the gestation image is an old one," Akimoto remarked, "but the image of brooding gives more an idea of something rotting and festering than of something about to give birth."

"Perhaps, that's so," he went on. Akimoto was walking by a small stretch of wood that was the remnant of what had once covered the whole area. The night breeze running through the pines used to sing quietly to him. It quieted the argument. Nonetheless, he remembered that only while reading the autobiography of the British philosopher Collingwood did he ever get any help here. For Collingwood experienced this same phenomenon and had to take the time to let this brooding settle. Then he was able to write again. Akimoto realized that his writing followed very much the same pattern. While he was brooding, he was not able to think. A different process was taking place. But when the brooding ceased, he could sit down and write at length, not because he remembered everything, but because everything that he needed came to him at each moment of writing. There was clarity, a clarity that pictured each image as it should be seen before the image was traced on the paper. He knew no other way to understand it.

As he walked along, he realized that he was no longer concerned about theories of writing. He had come as far as he could in understanding what was taking place in him, but understanding the process didn't necessarily help him write better.

He looked at his watch by the corner street lamp and noted that he had better be getting back. He had been out over an hour. Jane never minded his taking long walks at night, but he had to be up in the morning to help get her off. When he had gone on unemployment, she had gone out looking for work since they both knew that the unemployment benefits weren't going to last. He had to make sure the kids got off to school alright.

The next morning after all the family had gone out the door, either to school or to work, Akimoto went back into the kitchen and put on several quarts of water on the stove to heat. Then he took out the soybeans which had been soaking overnight and ground them up very fine in the osterizer and put them in the heating water. While the soy mixture was on its way to boiling and frothing, he prepared the other containers, the sieve, settling box and the strainer.

He had always wanted to learn how to make tofu, especially since a friend of his in college had worked in a tofu factory in Chicago. When he had first been laid off, he found a recipe, and followed it, and gotten the basic steps memorized so that he could adapt the recipe to his kitchen.

Although Jane was the regular day-to-day cook in the household, whenever any large occasion arose, she simply handed over the kitchen to Akimoto and helped him as he needed. Now that he wasn't working, he took over the kitchen and did most of the cooking. Akimoto had found that cooking was one escape from the work he had had to endure for so long. Making bread, for which he was known as a master in the house and among his friends, was a compelling way to work out his frustrations. But now that he had learned to make tofu, he preferred, at least for now, to put his energies into tofu. It required less energy and was not quite as time consuming as making bread. And, of course, the protein level in tofu was far higher than in any bread he could make.

He was stirring the soy mixture slowly when the tannish froth rose and made a head over the liquid. Immediately he turned off the fire and poured the liquid into the cloth strainer.

His body had memorized the whole step so that, in his kitchen at least, he was the tofu-master. He never looked at the recipe anymore since it had nothing to teach him. After he had pressed and rung the okara, the soybean particles and leavings, he set them aside and began heating up the soy milk. While he was slowly stirring the soy milk so that it would not scorch, he thought back to the evening before and realized that he did not have the time then to put his thoughts down in his journal.

He had come to find that it was important for him to keep a journal, for the journal was a kind of anti-self or another self. He found that he didn't put down his most intimate thoughts and feelings there for he disliked this kind of sentimentality. Rather he found it more helpful to use the journal to trace his arguments, to write out suggestive paragraphs from his reading, and to use the journal overall as a mirror to see more accurately what he was doing and thinking.

This time, the soy milk did not froth, but just boiled. He turned the heat off, and began the slow process of pouring the nigari mixture, the precipitator, into the soy milk. He stirred vigorously, then holding the wooden spoon upright, the soy milk stopped swirling about and he sprinkled another third of the nigari solution over the surface of the soy milk, covered the pot and walked out on the patio for a minute.

The kitchen had heated up with the stove going under the pot. He was hot, both from the kitchen and from concentrating on each move, and felt that he had better take a shower after the tofu was pressed.

Then he returned to the kitchen, removed the lid and slowly stirred the upper inch or so of the soy milk. The curds had not yet separated from the whey, but Akimoto could tell from the unevenness of the surface color that the separation was already taking place. Then he sprinkled the last third of the nigari solution over the surface, stirred it gently one last time and covered the pot again with the lid. He glanced up at the clock to notice the minute hand and then turned to make certain that the settling container and the cheese cloth were ready. He got down his ladle, placing it to the left of the settling container. Then he leaned back against the edge of the counter, folded his arms and closed his eyes.

In that several minutes he tried to remember what he had to do in the remainder of the day. Whenever he made tofu, he had learned at this stage to give some thought to what remained doing since making tofu took up most of the morning. And he found that even though he was not going out everyday to earn a living, he found that here were so many things he had left undone over the years of going to school and working, that he needed to discipline himself if he were ever to get even a few of them accomplished.

Akimoto opened his right eye and squinted at the minute hand of the clock. He had let the pot sit for four minutes more than he should have. When he took the lid off, the curds had settled about an inch from the top of the whey. He carried the pot over to the counter to the right of the settling container and began pouring some of the whey over the cheese cloth to settle the cloth. Then he carefully ladled the curds onto the mat of the cheesecloth, let the whey drip out, and ladled another layer over the first, and kept this up until the pot was empty.

After turning the edges of the cheesecloth on top of the curds, placing the pressing plate and weights on the curds, he retired to the bathroom. While he was sitting on the pot, he remembered that Paul from the bookstore had sent him a card saying that his book was in. Yes, he thought, I had better go pick it up and see if Paul can go out for a cup of coffee.

— Roland Kawano

Review

A glimpse of
Colonialism by Samoan First Novelist

Albert Wendt: *Pouliuli.*
The University Press of Honolulu
1980. 147 pp. paperback. $4.95.

ALBERT WENDT is the leading Samoan novelist, whose work belongs to New Zealand as well; his third novel, *Leaves of the Banyan Tree* (Auckland: Longman Paul, 1979, 413 pp.) has received the main literary prize in New Zealand, the Wattie's Award for 1980.

Wendt's fiction presents an accurate portrait of the way of life of his people because so much has been distorted and forgotten under the impact of colonialism. But Wendt does not idealize his people. "I think it is dangerous to deify your own people," he says (interview with John and Rose Marie Beston, *World Literature Written in English*, ed. Robert E. McDowell, Arlington, Texas, Vol. 16, No. 1, April, 1977), continuing, "No way of life is perfect and I would want the rich exploration of a culture, not a simplification of it — that is very dangerous."

Pouliuli, his second novel and the first to be published in the U.S., presents the dry rot of Samoan society with the coming of European colonialism. There are parallels with Achebe's well-known *Things Fall Apart*. The father of the protagonist has risen to power because of his father; he expects his son to be equally strong and unyielding because only the powerful have the right to survive. But *Pouliuli* does not say things have fallen apart, the center cannot hold: "The center has held all right but the sickness has invaded that center and is infecting it cell by cell." Faleasa Osovae wakes up one morning to discover that everybody and everything that had given meaning to his existence now fills him with revulsion. He begins to behave as though possessed, taking only his club-footed friend, Lemigao Laaumatau, into his confidence. He begins craftily and systematically to break up the *aiga* (the extended family) and its series of traditional dependences, destroying the power of the priest, of the traditional healer, and then everybody he feels should be destroyed. He then gets the council of elders to choose as his successor not the natural heir, his eldest son Elefane, but his second son, Moula, less intelligent but more honest, selfless and courageous.

What can explain his behavior? The novel takes us through the maze of time, memory and legend. Time and again, Osovae had done things he was supposed to do but did not want to do. For example, he had not refused to marry Felefele, his father's choice, for "marriage to the daughter of an important *alii* was the proper thing for a man of his rank, and that marriage in church to a religious, conscientious, obedient virgin was the dream of every aristocratic, properly brought-up son" (121). Because he didn't love her and she was unattractive and inexperienced, Osovae had been unable to consummate his marriage until he had taken her violently. Thereafter, "He had enjoyed violating her; she had enjoyed being violated. During their life together she had used this mutual feeling to control him and keep him away from other women." (122)

But there was one time he had perversely done what he wanted to do. He had seen an "insane" man screaming soundlessly. This man was considered a very important, almost holy visitor. He was the first Samoan educated by the white missionaries in Europe. On his return, he had begun breaking from the Eu-

ropean way of life; then came bouts of insanity. He couldn't escape from memory. He argued with young Osovae, paradoxically, against the power or oral tradition, saying that the printed word had freed the people from the power of "cannibal memory," from the brutal nightmare swamp in which their collective memory was rooted and from which it derived its ferocity. The old man used to make circles of stones, which the people had left alone. But Osovae one day deliberately caught him before he could complete the circle which, by containing his madness, gave meaning to it. The old man disappeared.

Osovae now thinks his eyes are opened. He realizes he has been responsible for their political representative in Parliament, who had stayed in power for nine years because of his patronage. Osavae destroys his power to have Mouala elected and succeeds, but things get out of hand, Mouala is jailed, and Elefane becomes both the new leader and the new representative to parliament. Trying to find his own freedom, to break through the traditional circle of power, Osovae has enslaved his people more than ever. He has completed the circle he had broken and he goes insane, screaming soundlessly. He is swallowed up by Pouliuli, the darkness of the Samoan myth, leaving Laaumata to look over him: "Sleep on, my friend, while the world dreams of terror."

Pouliuli is the hardest-edged of Albert Wendt's fiction. No wonder Wendt is an enigma to the Samoans: an internationally famous son who brings honor from the honored outside world but who relentlessly, and sympathetically, demolishes his people's comforting myths and sentimentalities, holding a creative dialogue with the white world, breaking the cirlce, looking into the past because there can be no retreat into the past.

— *Peter Nazareth*
University of Iowa

Variance

Variant

```
      pond
frog
            plop
            plop        f^ri_g^p_und^ple_p
      pond
frog
frog
            plop
      pond
            plop
frog                          VARIANT II
      pond
frog
      pond                    p^o_ndfr^o_gpl^op
            plop              pon_d^f_r^ogpl_op
      pond
            plop
frog
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VARIATION

```
VOWEL VARIANCE          frog
                        bellyflop
                            blobs
      pand
frag
            plap
            plep
      pend
freg
frig                    INTERPRETATION
            plip
      pind
            plop                        conversation lulls
frog
      pond              a ripple
frug                    outward from the pond shore
      pund
            plup
      pynd                                  —Michael Dudley
            plyp
fryg
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Penchant for Nostalgia

Nikkei Legacy
by Toyo Takata
Toronto: NC Press, 1983

ETHNIC history written from the perspective of visible minorities seems to be increasing in volume and quality, quickened by current federal multicultural policy.

Whatever his ethnic background, a writer's perspective is conditioned by his cultural traditions. Eye witness to much that he chronicles, Toyo Takata has that authentic Japanese penchant for recording small details in this affectionate, sometimes nostalgic, account of life in the Nikkei communities across Canada. Supplemented by a long-term photographic archival project initiated by the Japanese Canadian Cultural Centre of Toronto, this journalistic record is a valuable contribution to ethnic Canadiana.

The drama of social acceptance by the host society of an often hated and feared minority (of less than 20,000, up until the recent influx of new settlers from Japan), aborted (or hastened) by diaspora during the Second World War, is authoritatively documented by a writer totally, almost exclusively, immersed in the history of his fellow Canadians of Japanese origin. Amply illustrated by priceless photographs selected from the family albums of many contributors, the book is a vivid first work of an aspiring writer — hopefully not his last.

This reviewer was dismayed by the absence of supplementary maps to assist a reader to pinpoint the geographical context. And despite a glaring number of typographical errors scattered throughout the text, indicating careless editorial work by the publishers, *Nikkei Legacy* is a fascinating chronicle.

PRO & CONTRA

The debate this hot afternoon
in the classrooms adjacent the mosque
halts til the *adhan* ends,
not to pray but bowing to the noise,
then heatedly continues to address
the issues of abortion,
a compromise topic since everyone
in advanced freshman comp wanted
first to discuss Camp David,
but no one would argue
the affirmative side, not even
as an academic exercise.

Despite the researched wile
to a trio of Jerusalem daughters,
who paraded their Western influence
with feminist rhetoric & Paris jeans,
the nays carry the day
with feints on standard religious grounds,
familiar to two faiths & the clincher
from a spinster of fifty,
a school inspector from Nablus,
who argued that infanticide here
would in time seriously deplete
the ranks of the resistance.

— Terrence Cox

'doners parc avenue'

enter café
greeted as where have you been
and will it be the usual

yes
background beat
'absolutely 4th street' — disco sound — the juke box

i await the doner

greek music now coming through the music box
en fin
easier to eat doner by
digest and look at life philosophically
and how long will i go on drinking wine in the evening
thinking this is reality

sunday night
i could have chosen a more upbeat café
this will do
could make this a habit

two old men
footing the bill for the juke box
a la greece

and do you see yourself
playing tambourines
clanging bells
at 70
between four walls
your head bobbing between you knees
waiting for the undertakers
to bring you to the cash register

doesn't life begin after 60

little by little
the music ebbs
the toe taps
the music ascends
you are reminded of life above the lungs
and after retirement

one of the two old men
eating
slrp-mshh-umh-crunch
(repeat verse)

maslow's hierarchy of needs
begins at eating and elimination
later
love and self actualization
fill your belly first
know where to put your head
maintain a perspective
even if your stomach aches
and your pillow traverses many beds

in vino veritas

this is becoming intense
who bought me that other wine
did i just tell that kid
across the room
that i'm not a teacher
and that contrary to his belief
i'm not depressed
and did i just say

that his would pass
not to chagrin

at this point
i leave
whoever created greece
created heaven

— Johanne Lafleur

Review

Native Lexicon

AMERICAN WORDS by *J. D. Forbes*
An Introduction to those Native Words Used in English in the United States and Canada. pp. 118, $3.50 1979

Native American Studies, Tecumseh Center, University of California, Davis

BEFORE receiving this book for review my first thought was that it might be just another glossy treatise by some non-Native author purporting to know everything there is to know about the First Americans in order to take sales advantage of the current interest in America's indigenous roots.

I was pleasantly surprised upon receiving the text to find that it had a plain cardboard cover and was written by Dr. Jack D. Forbes, a Native, whose work I have recently become aware of. Its cover and modest typewritten pages are clearly not intended to excite sales. Instead, it is a sincere, scholarly approach to the revival of language, culture and history that ought to be a matter of pride in this hemisphere, whether the student is of Native or settler ancestry, for in essence it speaks to our common heritage.

As the subtitle indicates, it is *an introduction to those Native words used in English in the United States and Canada,* but it is not a cut-and-dried dictionary of words adapted to the English language. Inherently the meanings and explanations are guideposts to history in the Americas that have enriched the English language with indigenous color and poetic quality.

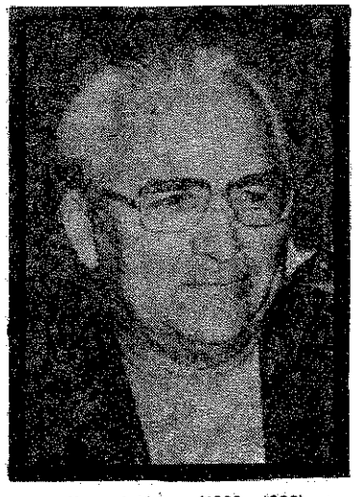
In form it is a textbook intended for the guidance of teachers and students who would explore the forgotten and omitted aspects of our history and in this respect this little book speaks volumes.

For instance a student on this side of the international border might ask the meaning of the word *Canada.* (It has not yet appeared in AMERICAN WORDS). The word derives from Algonquin *Ca-di-yand,* which literally means *where-we-live.* The steps that the teacher and student must trace to learn how the word became *Ca-nay-en* in the French and Metis tradition and ultimately *Canadian* to English-speaking settlers is to trace our historic as well as our linguistic origins.

The work is seminal, as stated by the author, and will provoke the thinking student, linguist, historian and Native peoples who are interested in their origins. Since origins are inseparable from what we are today this global approach will expand the horizons of Native Studies while enhancing and stimulating regional and tribal participation.

"The research for this project will probably never be complete, in that new or local terms are always being introduced . . ." reflects the nature of this work and the attitude of the author. This revival of linguistic interest has its counterparts in many parts of the country where languages are being relearned and thus we expect that the little book of Dr. Forbes will someday be a big book, a tribute to his skill and foresight.

— Kermot Moore



Kermot Moore (1926 - 1982)

Commemorative Tribute to

Kermot Moore

KERMOT MOORE, a friend and pathfinder, is no longer with us. He has moved on to new, untravelled regions. Before leaving, he has marked out new routes for us. He has left us a beautiful map entitled *Kipawa, Portrait of a People.*

"Where do we begin?" asked Kermot in the concluding pages of his magnificent book. This is part of the answer he has staked out for us, with his blood, his sweat and his tears:

"When Native people are forced into courts to protect their homeland and livelihood, no one can deny that it is not only a land claim they are making; it is a counterattack against the invasion of foreigners. As the result of alien claims, Native people have been forced to seek protection under a legal system that is no less alien to them. That is historical fact. The courts of this country could do well to state this fact emphatically, to recognize Native law, before rendering judgment on so vital a human concern on the land on which we live."

"But where do we begin? Most people would agree that history is fundamental to civilized growth. For this reason, indigenous history must be thoroughly researched and the school books rewritten, so that the young people now in school may grow up knowing what really happened in the history of Canada. Diseases imported from abroad played a significant role in the colonization of this country; so did the grab-and-growl ideology of Europeans. If the truth were told, much of the prejudices and misconceptions that mark most of Canadian history books would be deleted. History and the fundamental laws of the land are intrinsically entwined. Without truth in both areas justice cannot exist. If this story acknowledges and records the real origins of this country, Canada will have a genuine mark for a constitution."

"Man is provided with a spirit for a lifetime," Kermot Moore once told us. "Though the body dies, the spirit lives on." Writing on the spiritual beliefs of his ancestors, Kermot explained that the Native person respects all forms of life, existence, because we are all part of the Great Spirit, the almighty Master who lives everywhere and in everything.

Many of us are grieving today. Grief is the process of healing from the pain of loss, and Kermot's departure is a very great loss for so many of us. When I wish to transform my grief into something less painful, I think of what Kermot's life companion, Dorothy Farmiloe, told us recently: "When things went well when his writing went well, Kermot would express his joy by spontaneously improvising a dance in the kitchen."

This was Kermot's way of expressing gratitude for all the gifts bestowed upon us daily by the Great Spirit. He remembered and revered the fact that his ancestors worshipped the Great Spirit through meditation, fasting and dancing.

In our mind's eye, we see Kermot dancing and working. We see him remind us with a gentle smile that the path, especially when the going's harder, has to be traversed by heart, as beautifully expressed in Dorothy's poem, *Heritage.*

—Gil Couture
Editor, Laurentian Alliance *Journal*

KIPAWA, PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE
by Kermot Moore Cobalt Highway Book Shop, paperback

HERITAGE

Something has been lost,
or if not lost, buried
  like the paths of the trapper
under sidewalk cement under
harsh apartment buildings, under
diseased dark lines
  of writers telling it
  like it is.

We should go home again
where the highway ripples
  out of the north
    flowing
thru lonely landscapes
the old painters and poets knew.

Should seek the river's source
where turning gravel road
trickles away
  from the main route,

where the going's harder
and has to be traversed
by heart,
  in moccasins
perhaps,
  thru underbrush
that blinds the literal eye
and tangles the logical
fool.

Something remains:
something green as
  sweetgrass after rain
and growing.

—Dorothy Farmiloe

"Kermot Moore was a passionate believer in human rights and freedoms," friend and companion of the late writer Dorothy Farmiloe said in an interview December 6. Mr. Moore, past-president of the Native Council of Canada died in his 56th year as a result of a drowning accident on the Montreal River November 29.

Born at Hunter's Point, Quebec, Mr. Moore spent his early life as a trapper and lumberman before joining the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1947. He spent twenty years in that organization as an administrator, part of the time with the Top Command in Europe before retiring to become involved in the Native movement and to write Native history. Mr. Moore was the founder and first president of the Laurentian Alliance of Metis and Non-Status Indians of Quebec, and the founder and first editor of the *Alliance Journal*, positions which allowed him to take advantage of his political science education at Sir George Williams University.

He served as president of the Native Council of Canada for one year. Mr. Moore was a member of the Writers Union of Canada, the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, the United Nations Association of Canada. In addition, he was serving as vice-president of the Temiskaming Writers Guild for 1982-3. His published works include *Kipawa, Portrait of a People* in addition to numerous articles in magazines and newspapers. "He was completely dedicated to improving the lot of Native people." Farmiloe said. "He was also equally comfortable travelling over the hills and lakes of the North and was in fact a champion canoe-racer and expert skier. He loved the environment and the outdoors. He was always drawn to it. In fact, this is what caused his death," she said.

"A few days before the accident, Kermot and I had gone for a walk on one of the nature trails. He wanted to walk along the ice of the Makobe River. It was almost as if his death by water was preordained," she said.

At the time of his death, Kermot was completing a book on Native rights and the Constitution, and had started work on a pre-European history of the Americas.

Ms. Farmiloe has decided that the work is too important to be forgotten and will complete the manuscript and submit it to the Laurentian Alliance who commissioned it.

Open Letter

RETORT to the Ex-Prime Minister

A FEW weeks ago, the Prime Minister of this country made a statement to the House of Commons in response to the much belated request for compensation and redress to the Japanese Canadians for what they suffered during World War II. Although Mr. Trudeau said his statement was personal and not official, because of the rather important position he holds, it would seem that it is important for us to examine the contents of his reply. In my opinion, his statement to the House of Commons contains at least four fundamental fallacies.

FALLACY NUMBER 1: The Invalid Analogy

Mr. Trudeau compared the request to compensate the Japanese Canadians to a recent effort at rehabilitating Louis Riel. In his statement, he said something to the effect that he doesn't see much to gain by trying to apologize for the acts of our great grandfathers and their great grandfathers. As far as Louis Riel is concerned, I think the Prime Minister has a point. After all, the Riel Rebellion remains to this day a controversial event in history.

To many, he was a hero; to others, he was a traitor. It may be somewhat unwise at this stage of history to engage in a process of trying to sort out the equities of what happened in the last century. Gratuitously divisive, I'm sure.

But, the judgment of history, what happened to the Japanese Canadians, is not a bit controversial. To put it very simply, it was a shameful outrage. Period. There is, to my knowledge, not a single political leader of any stature in this country who today can find a rational argument to support the magnitude of what was done to the Japanese Canadians. It is *not* controversial.

FALLACY NUMBER 2: The Exaggerated Misstatement

Mr. Trudeau said in his statement, "It is more important to do justice in our time than to engage in compensating people for what may have been done to their ancestors." And he went on to compare it to what happened in the 1700's to the Acadians.

I would have to concede that the job of trying to compensate the descendants of the Acadians would truly be a horrendous one. Just imagine the job of trying to determine who was an eligible descendant in the here and now, and how much you could attribute what those people are experiencing now to what happened 200 years ago.

But in the case of the Japanese Canadians, we really don't have to examine generations of family trees in order to establish a lineage between what happened then and the people we have now. We have, of course, living in our society today, a great number of people who themselves are the survivors of what happened, and they can be very easily identified.

FALLACY NUMBER 3: The Either/Or Proposition

Mr. Trudeau says it's more important to do justice in our time than to compensate for what may have happened earlier. Why do we have to choose between the two? Why are they mutually exclusive? Indeed, why can't we consider compensating people for what they suffered yesterday as a way of doing justice today? Why not? Where is the logic in that?

I don't pretend for a moment that the job of compensation would be easy. It would be difficult to establish criteria. It would be difficult to measure damages. It would be difficult also to sort out competing equities. Of course, we have a limited public purse: it is not infinite. How to strike a balance between compensating this group and trying to serve the needs of others whose grievances may be more recent?

It is not an easy task and none of us would pretend that it is. But that task is not solved by a unilateral proclamation by a *de facto* statute of limitations by the Prime Minister. It cannot be done by dictating those problems do not exist.

FALLACY NUMBER 4: The Complacent Reassurance

In view of the fact that so much of what happened to Japanese Canadians was done under the authority of the War Measures Act, there have been considerable demands to repeal or amend the War Measures Act. Mr. Trudeau's response has been that now we have the Charter of Rights, it effectively can prevent a lot of damage that was done.

Well, we really don't know how effective the Charter of Rights is going to be, because, as you and I know, it depends very much on how the courts are going to interpret it. And what we do know, is that in times of stress and in times of emergency, the courts have been very reluctant to second guess governments. In fact, despite a rather strong Bill of Rights south of the border, the United States Supreme Court failed on at least two occasions to interfere with what was done to Japanese Americans. It is true that there was one good decision, but there were also two lousy ones.

What guarantee do we have that the Canadian courts are going to behave significantly differently? Again, we can't ask for guarantees. In the real world, regrettably, there are none. But we can certainly do a lot more than we have been doing. As far as the War Measures Act is concerned, at the very least it should be seriously amended.

No conceivable emergency, including bloody war, requires the plethora of power and paucity of safeguards that characterizes that statute. I cannot conceive of the damage that would be done to the national security of this country, if the powers of that Act were reduced and the safeguards were increased.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

A final word to the Japanese Canadian community. Don't be discouraged by the remarks of the Prime Minister. Indeed, in some ways, they may even be a blessing in disguise. Political activists, the wise ones, have told us for many years that we are galvanized into action, much less by our competent allies than by our dubious adversaries.

It was that marvelous American activist, the late Saul Alinsky, who once said, "The real heroes of the U.S. Civil Rights movement were not Martin Luther King and his entourage of courageous Black leaders. They were Sheriff Bull Connor and Governor George Wallace. When they turned the dogs and hoses on innocent women and children in the streets, they ensured the passage of the Civil Rights statutes of the 1960's."

And I say the same to you. Though the organizing efforts of the Art Shimizu's and the Shin Imai's can be considerable, as considerable and helpful as they are, you may learn in time that they are not nearly as effective as the logical fallacies of Pierre Elliot Trudeau.

I may say, just learn the lesson from the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. Over the years, we have used some of Mr. Trudeau's statements when we were looking for members, whether they were statements on the War Measures Act, on government policy with respect to RCMP wrongdoing, we sent them out and our membership grew more substantially at those times than any other times in the short history of our organization. Indeed, I must tell you, I'm sorry to see him go. He was probably the best fund-raiser we ever had.

So if I may conclude, regard the Prime Minister's statements, not as a barrier, but as an opportunity. Now is the time, although there are no guarantees in this world, the most effective safeguard I can think of against the recurrence of the kind of nightmares that this country had in the 1940's is to build strong, vibrant organizations that are prepared to fight like hell for their members.

—Alan Borovoy

ALAN BOROVOY, General Counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, gave the foregoing address before a public forum held at the St. Lawrence Centre, Toronto, April 25, 1984, jointly sponsored by the CCLA and Sodankai, a Toronto-based Redress for Japanese Canadians advocacy organization.

'going to the country'

SO this tourist
shoved me through the doors of the restaurant
insulted, indignant
my own home town after all —
i still excited from the coffee
and racing to buy the book
that would sum up my experiences neatly

the bookmart's been expanded
cafe, antiquarian and two feet of women's studies
radical, feminist
sexual vs. sensual
ease at the corporate table
inward, outward
and in the field the patriarchs vs. the matriarchs —
game #20th century
i vs. you
we, they
us, them

more into a spiritual, social quest
surrogate mother
I'll leave my own book to posterity

'en fin' i've made the train
we're now amid the corn fields
crawling blade by blade
the rain has formed rivers in the tractor tracks

farmers daughter
urbanized at embryo
always searching for the lights of the big city
and the seas of many lands

just passed a herd of running cows
swore to someone just the other day
that i use to sit as a child
beneath the cow's udder—
sucking on her tit
said we never had milk on the table then—
imagining the haystack in the granary
as the horizon of the city . . .

— Johanne Lafleur

CHOL SOO LEE UPDATE APOLOGIES FOR DELAYED TRANSMISSION

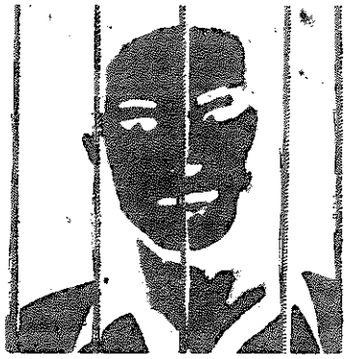
Editors, Rikka:

On about 8 p.m., September 3rd, the San Francisco jury found me innocent on Chinatown case retrial. I believe this victory of the trial belongs to everyone who believe in my innocence.

I send you and Rikka magazine my deepest gratitude for all given support for justice in my behalf.

Chol Soo Lee

Choi Soo Lee



Choi Soo Lee

THE 20/20 Celebration for Choi Soo Lee in Manhattan to welcome the "Man of the Hour" was quite an evening . . . traumatic, dramatic, emotional, humorous and inspiring.

The crowd of 150, predominately Asians, came together April 28 at the Yung Bin Kwan Korean Restaurant to greet Lee in person — his first time out of prison in ten years — with an outpouring of affection. Sent to prison for a San Francisco Chinatown murder for which he was later acquitted, Lee has become the symbol of the Asians' struggle for human rights in this country.

They came, young and old, to pay tribute to the 30-year-old "cause celebre" and to donate $2000 toward his July 11 retrial defense fund (for the so-called "second case" when Lee killed an attacker in self-defense in the prison yard, and later had the conviction reversed on appeal). This will be the final legal hurdle in the long hard-fought battle to vindicate him.

The affair attracted newcomers such as shy, pretty 23-year-old Colleen Auh who emigrated from Seoul to San Francisco nine years ago where she first read about Choi Soo's woes. She remembered thinking, "This is not right." She followed his case when she moved to New York a year ago. She arrived at the benefit alone and still a relative stranger in the Asian community "to show my support."

Another youngster was overheard explaining to her youthful companions, "My sister asked me why I wanted to come here tonight, I told her, 'to see how the other half lives and to find out if we're being brainwashed.' "

Among the honored guests were Ene Riisna, producer of ABC-TV's "20/20" segment on Choi Soo Lee telecast May 5, and her associate Jackie Farmer. Miss Riisna, born in Estonia and once incarcerated in German and Russian concentration camps, commented that the people they encountered on the documentation of Lee's case were "the greatest group of people we ever worked with on a story." Both women warmly embraced the ex-convict at their reunion. They had last seen him behind bars.

It was an emotional and traumatic meeting for Walter and Michi Weglyn when they met Lee at the restaurant. She was instrumental in getting "20/20" interested in his plight and continuously wrote him letters of encouragement. Lee calls her his "surrogate mother."

One of the many unforgettable events of the unusual gathering was the entertainment provided by Chris Iijima and Sang Yong Woo who each performed by singing with guitar.

Before his number, Woo remarked, "When I look around at all the faces here, I just know that we're going to win in July!"

Iijima, who sang a new song using words from the poem "Dim Memories," written by Lee in prison, commented, "The good guys can win—but unfortunately it's not always the case. We may get discouraged but people like Choi Soo and the committee members don't stop. They keep going—and believe. The rest of us get hope from them."

The mood of the evening was perpetuated by Lee's brief address. "We have travelled together over the years and gone through so many struggles. They say the last mile is the hardest. By what I have seen tonight I am encouraged that we will win. Thank you for making this road so smooth."

Sacramento lawyer Jay Kun Yoo, National Coordinator of the Committee to Free Choi Soo Lee, who travelled with Lee to New York, exclaimed, "It's like a dream that we're here and he's not behind bars for the first time in ten years."

When the evening came to a close, the former prisoner said he wished he could meet and thank each supporter all over the country.

Perhaps he can some day, but he had to return to San Francisco where he works part-time every day at the Multi Services Center for Koreans since he's been out on bail. He spends four hours as a receptionist and staff assistant, and two hours in a vocational skill training program.

A welder by trade, he wants to join the age of technology and become a computer programmer. He will soon start a course at the center.

When his legal victory is assured, he says he will spend his free time to help Koreans and other Asians in community services.

—Betty Marshall
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BETTY MARSHALL is a second generation Korean American who operates a public relations agency in New York City.

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