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**GAMAN:
The Perseverance of Memories of Internment
in a Japanese Canadian Family,
An Examination of Social Memory as a Vicarious Experience**

**by
Daïen Ide**

**A thesis submitted to
the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research
in partial fulfilment of
the requirements for the degree of**

Master of Arts

Department of Sociology and Anthropology

Carleton University

Ottawa, Ontario

July, 1997

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in a Japanese Canadian Family;
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submitted by Daien Ide

in partial fulfilment of the requirements for

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Thesis Supervisor

Chair, Department of Sociology and Anthropology

Carleton University

July 17, 1997.

ABSTRACT

This document is an examination of how individuals contribute to the social memory of various groups, whether the group is a Japanese Canadian family, a community or the human race. It focuses primarily on how memory plays a part in passing values and traditions on to following generations. As actors playing a diversity of roles in other peoples' lives, each individual influences and is influenced variably by their relationships with one another. By recording the life-history of a Japanese Canadian mother who survived through the early years of Japanese Canadian history and that of her son, personal memories are brought into a public forum for others to hear. This approach illustrates the importance of recording life-histories, especially since they help to revive memories and pass them on to others as culturally enriching tools. By vicariously acquiring the memories of others, the researcher operates as an example of how relationships with participants trigger the uses of memories. Together, all the participants demonstrate how memories transform, edit and maintain customs, values and behaviours.

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Lastly, this thesis is dedicated to all Canadians of Japanese descent, especially mom and dad.

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Chapter 1

The Memory Project: Remembering the Past Through Our Parents

by the Canadian government in which I, like many other Japanese Canadians, should only be fed rations of porridge twice a day. We were under the constant watch of the government who monitored and restricted our movement. I don't remember the malnutrition, but dad took the government to court. A Japanese Canadian priest (either Christian or Buddhist) approached me and asked me who had taken this matter to court and I told him that it was my father. I realized that it was a mistake, because people in the community were then upset with my family. We were considered an embarrassment to the community that had been trying to avoid media attention for many years, especially negative attention. Members of the community continued to remain polite towards mom and dad, but nothing friendlier, even from close friends. In any case, all I remember is the court ruling that I had suffered a wrong committed by the Canadian government, but because I had overcome adversity and have become a strong, healthy person today, the sum total of my losses and gains in monetary terms added up to zero. Therefore, the court decided that the government did not have to compensate me for my suffering. Nonetheless, many Japanese Canadians began to feel triumphant in that our suffering - that of the generation born after the Second World War - had been acknowledged. Then I woke up. It was merely a dream, the significance of which runs deep.

The guardianship of Japanese Canadian history has been reclaimed in the last

twenty years by those who lived it and those who inherited it. They have a unique history of cultural transformation, contribution and integration, demonstrated here through the life histories of two research participants as well as my musings on my own life. By engaging in informal interviews, I explore how memories have come to shape people's view of themselves. For younger generations, the kind of information they receive about their parents experiences is re-integrated into their own lives in many forms such as thoughts, actions, behaviours and even dreams.

This is a project in recording and interpreting memories. It was inspired by other people who have given me courage. In particular, a line of a poem by Joy Kogawa echoes my own experience:

And I prayed to the God who loves
All the children in his sight
That I might be white.

Joy Kogawa (JCCP 1978: 146)

A patch of Canadian history, Kogawa's memories are woven into a far larger tapestry that has been pieced together into a passionate story of hardship and perseverance.

As a Japanese Canadian who has lived through the Second World War and as a human rights activist, her words are lessons to be incorporated by each individual, particularly those like myself. She has woven together memories of others into her narratives, providing a window on life as a Japanese Canadian, an uneasy task, especially when it is

one's own life (Obasan 1981). This thesis is another patch to be woven in as a new part of that tapestry, because it is about memory as an important ingredient in developing perspectives on one's own history and relationships.

By memory, I mean personal accounts of the past. In many cases, memories have been manipulated by the state to rationalize past injustices or it has been conveniently erased in order to sanitize a nation's history. The history of Japanese Canadian internment was not only justified by the state but accepted by many Japanese Canadians who were themselves interned, at least until the following generation dug it up again. Wounds were re-opened as people relived the most difficult moments, but it became part of a healing process that would benefit them and their children in the end.

It is argued by Hirsch (1995: 155) that one who is victimized by an oppressor will still have some options, limited as they may be. Once people are put in the position of being a victim, they must choose how to behave, i.e. resist or comply. But as the stories of individuals reveal, choice is as much limited by social programming and mental health as it is by the social environment. One's personal values previous to a traumatic experience influence decisions but cannot always prepare one to cope with the situation. Moreover, their options have been variable according to gender, age, relationships, education, and many other influences. Ironically, the silence of Japanese Canadians over the years has become a part of the way we remember, and a puzzle for many of us who seek to

understand why. The answer lies in the experiences within the relationships between the self and others. Drawing from these relationships each person develops feelings and ideas, that are somewhat shared, on what it means to be of Japanese descent.

Written history has become part of the social store of memory as well. Literature on Japanese Canadians continue to present them as one of the most assimilated ethnic groups in Canada, who are becoming further disconnected from their historical roots. Yet, the process of how individuals have transformed the language and culture currently practiced, in order to make sense of their own experiences, has been ignored. In this way, "culture"⁶ is of their own making.

Before entering into the lives of participants, a sketch of key theoretical and methodological issues is provided in the next chapter as a framework for analysis. It addresses life-history as a method for examining how memories come to shape values and behaviours. In addition, it presents life-history as a tool for anthropological inquiry and provides the necessary background needed to understand its application within this study. It also offers the researcher's understanding of the multi-faceted concepts of social and biographical memories. Lastly, these are related to my own development of self-

⁶ Culture is a term that denotes shared ways of thinking, feeling, and acting with changes to its membership and boundaries of acceptance (Tyler, Kroeber, Kluckhohn). The individual as an agent of change contributes to cultural change by such means as claiming ones space in relation to an ethnic group and to mainstream society, as well as through written and oral history.

understanding and intercultural relationships.

The third chapter provides some of the historical context from which individual stories stem. It focuses on important events affecting Japanese immigrants, their children and grandchildren. In addition, it offers a brief overview of social science and other literature concerning Japanese Canadians that has informed this study. Archival material has been little used here, because it is the published *interpretation* of history that is of interest. Exhibits and high school history texts presenting Japanese Canadians are indeed interpretations which deserve attention, but they are beyond the scope of this project. It is crucial to keep in mind that this project seeks to understand the building process of the self mainly - but not solely - through family relationships. A cross-generational view provides a diachronic sense of how memories are transferred between generations. The added relationship between myself and those interviewed will provide a glimpse of how memories are transferred between Canadians of Japanese descent. Other relationships with non-Japanese Canadians from which memories also spring go beyond the scope of this paper.

Focus on the second and third generation of Japanese Canadians is the pre-occupation of the fourth chapter, in which the stage is set for individuals to speak at length about themselves. My own voice is interwoven with theirs, and later expressed through fictional dialogues to present a humanistic view of how memories shape values and behaviours. The anthropology of memories has implications for future analysis as well as

practical significance for understanding human behaviour. Admittedly, this is a personal journey, but it is a primary example of how to apply the memories of others to make sense of one's own.

The rest of this thesis examines some Japanese linguistic and cultural terms, especially those referring to generations. Each generation of Japanese descent living in another country is labelled according to the number of generations their families have been outside Japan. Immigrants being the first generation are referred to as *Issei*, and the following generations are *Nisei*, *Sansei*, *Yonsei* and *Gosei* respectively⁷. This study focuses almost exclusively on individuals who are Nisei and Sansei, because first, there has been little research concerning Sansei, and second, now that the Issei are almost gone, it is the Nisei who are getting older and who are the last generation with first-hand memories of the Second World War. As for the following generations, they are mainly of mixed ancestry. As such, they have unique experiences that will be important for any future inquiry.

Lastly, the trait valued among Japanese, *gaman*, which means 'to persevere or endure in silence' has come to be a property of memories themselves. Relatively few memories have been passed on to following generations and for some members, these have

⁷ These terms will not be italicized for the rest of this study, simply because they have become a part of the Canadian language commonly used, especially by Japanese Canadians, and are therefore considered Canadian or "Canadianized" terms by the researcher.

little to do with their day-to-day lives. Still, memories influence succeeding generations in far more implicit ways.

Chapter 2

Framework: Cultural Perseverance Through Memories

Anthropology of Memory

I remember when I was a little girl, not yet five, and attending my first day of school in an all-White Kindergarten class. The response to my arrival was unfavourable by most children. It would become my first memory of racism. I was forced to awaken from my British-perfect world and see that I was different. So the search for acceptance began with attempts to assimilate, starting with pulling my eyes down at the corners and pinching my nose to make it longer...

This is my own memory. I have, like everyone else, been crafting a self in specific ways, based on experience, social conditions, and memories. The study of memory has been cultivated through different disciplines such as psychology, biology, formal history and in such public forums as literature and the media. To add to this pool of knowledge is work by anthropologists which can help to understand the individual as a link in a network of shared memories.

To look at the individual is to discover another dimension to 'social memory'³.

¹ ³I will use the term "social memory", because unlike the study of "collective memory", it allows for the involvement of individual agency. Fentress & Wickham (1992: viii) explain such a distinction in more detail. The term "collective" is often used to connote a more or less self-sufficient community autonomous from other groups, but Japanese Canadians have not been living as a community since their forced dispersion after the Second World War.

'Social memory' is an area of study in which Fentress and Wickham stress the dynamics of relating the past to the present through a much broader range of avenues. This is distinct from the notion of 'collective memory' in that the memory of a group is recognized through public presentations of their own history. 'Social memory' is more inclusive since it also examines the individuals who contribute to and are affected by the memory that is shared (1992: ix). Thus, the memories of a people, 'collective memory,' and that of the self, 'autobiographical memory,' combine forming 'social memory.' As a concept, 'social memory' is more useful, in that the operative term, 'social,' connotes a flexible range of relationships between members both within an ethnic category and society at large, whereas the term 'collective', connotes more concrete boundaries between members and non-members of a group. Similar distinctions occur in discussions of ethnic boundaries by Fredrik Barth (1969) and followed by other researchers who continue to focus on cultural differences (Vermeulen & Govers 1994).

This is not a study of ethnicity, nor is it a yard stick to measure degrees of ethnic affiliation. It is neither a study of difference, nor is it a critique of the anthropologist's

Instead, as individuals and families they dot the landscape concentrating in only a few areas such as Toronto (Takata 1983: 154), but even there they associate mainly with other Canadians keeping degrees of ethnic participation a matter of individual choice. However, as a social category sharing ancestry and history marred by a traumatic period, Japanese Canadians are part of a web of shared memories. Apart from other Canadians they share a common experience of being either victims of anti-Asian/Japanese policies or descendants of internees.

understanding of ethnic boundaries. Instead, it is a window on the puissance of kinship in building one's self.

For the anthropologist, memory is a culturally specific field. As Teski states, "It is a meeting ground between individual and culture. The field is personal but communicable, and above all it is permeable by other people's memories" (1995: 49). Examining communication of memories between family members and members of a culture is an ethnographic enterprise, in which the anthropologist seeks to understand these relationships by becoming involved in their lives. The shared memories act as links between people but this underlying relationship between members is often blurred or masked by over-generalizations about the group.⁹ This study serves to illuminate particular memories of individuals. The shared memories of the group to which one belongs will be affected by his or her own over-lapping idiosyncrasies.

There is no denying that an ethnic identity is at issue. Research in the field of ethnicity has evolved from theories such as Barth's Boundary Systems Theory (Barth: 1969) which assumes the existence and integrity of collective boundaries, to currently more fluid

⁹ In this case, identity of the group is built around a very specific history. Hirsch notes, "identity has emerged out of conditions involving violence" (1995: 142), but Japanese Canadian identity is one carried by a majority of satellite members, rather than a core community due to its dispersion.

concepts of ethnic relations by scholars such as Jhappan (1996), Stasiulis & Davis (1995) and others. They deal with the multiple intersections of gender, age, race and class. Likewise, it is with a humanistic perspective that postmodern anthropologists such as Fischer, who sees ethnicity as strongly linked to the dynamics of memory, insist "on a pluralist, multi-dimensional, or multi-faceted concept of self" (Fischer 1986:196). In other words, each person has many roles to play at the same time as viewed by actors in that person's life whose perspectives vary. For instance, one may be a parent, spouse and business associate, roles which are intertwined with a role as a member of a cultural group.

To the social scientist, the difficulty remains of finding location of links between the memories of the group and the individual. Creative inquiry can do just that and illuminates how individuals - like spices in food - will add a distinctive flavour to a network of relations. Social Memory is not often studied through such an approach as we advocate here, but it can be most effective when the researcher is understood to be one of the actors. For instance, I am interested in the part that memory plays in the drama of our current lives. I am looking at social memory through the lens of a video camera, and the camera is me. I am narrator, actor, sound and script editor, reckoning with what Victor Turner (1978) has termed the "social drama" of everyday life. He states:

Social drama reveals the taxonomic relations among actors (their kinship ties, structural positions, social class, political status, and so forth), and their contemporary bonds and oppositions of interest and friendships. For the artist in me, the drama revealed individual character, personal style,

rhetorical skill, moral and aesthetic differences, and choices proffered and made. Most importantly, it made me aware of the power of symbols in human communication (Turner 1978: 9).

My research can be likened to Turner's in that it is an examination of how personal memory has shaped as well as been shaped by personal experience, the experience of others, e.g. parents, social conditions, as well as the political climate surrounding these experiences.

In addition, it reveals the process of examination as it affects the researcher, particularly in the way in which she views her relationship with others.

Experiencing Relations and Relating Experiences

Eriksen's notion of *negotiating identity* shows how an encounter between people of different ethnic backgrounds will spark debate about one's taxonomic classification of the other (Eriksen 1993: 31). For example, since I have an Oriental background, I am often referred to by strangers as "that Chinese girl." To many people, I am no different from other Orientals. Even after insisting that there is a difference between a Canadian of Japanese descent and a Chinese person, I may still be met with the challenging remark, "It's the same thing." Normally, the term *identity* would be used here to signify one's relationship to other people based on ascribed social and physical characteristics. However, because *identity* is a widely used term laden with many meanings, its use in this paper would obscure the meaning conveyed. A more appropriate term is needed, with a

Careful explanation for its use.

It is not so easy to dissect and separate human experience into its parts as if it could be treated as a corporeal substance. However, it is possible to grasp both a sense of emotional attachment as well as the dynamic nature of human experience, with the aid of a complex, but briefly outlined, concept. The concept "one's sense of self," loaded with many different meanings, can be useful if its component ingredients are identified for our present anthropological purposes. A sense of self involves intellectual, emotional and practical senses that work together as part of people's experiences. These experiences affect the way each participant perceives the world around them as well as their place in it.

More succinctly, a sense of self comes out of one's experience of relations - i.e. relations with the government, non-Japanese and Japanese Canadians, family members, colleagues and friends - all of which appear in the accounts of one's life. Accordingly, such an account addresses questions about what it means to the speaker to be a Canadian of Japanese descent and a member of a particular family or community. Whether it is from rejection by group members or by unconditional acceptance into the fold, these encounters will provide the foundation for transforming thoughts, behaviors and values. Most importantly, a sense of self is emotionally guided throughout one's life in either intense or subtle and positive or negative ways.

To affirm one's sense of self, the individual's memories must be legitimated by

another person or a group. For example, racism experienced by two Canadians of Japanese descent is personal for each, but they are psychologically bound to each other by the common experience of discrimination and by their overlapping histories. In communicating with one another they begin to correlate experiences as distinctive to those who are of Japanese descent. They soon agree that these memories, and not merely physical features, are the elements that identify them as members of an ethnic group. In essence, the memories of two people have begun to build a basis for group identity.

Following Freeman (1993: 46), "memory is fused between our past experience and other accounts of our own past experience." Freeman refers to biographical writings in which the author is the only voice, but this thesis seeks to hear more than just one voice. With a multi-vocal approach, we seek to listen to individual perspectives rather than to speak for them, thus presenting recorded life-histories of others as woven together rather than fused or assimilated into the researcher's own tale.

This demonstrates my experience of relations with other Japanese Canadians. What was thought to be true by one person can be transformed by the truth of another, and the sorrowful way a traumatic experience was remembered in the 1950's may now be remembered with composure. This relationship expands to incorporate following generations whose recollections can only be linked indirectly to a past before their own. To examine this link, memory is seen as socially constructed, where it is presented to others

and legitimated by members of a group. How much has this shared memory influenced the following generation's outlook? To find some answers, there must be a basic understanding of our approach, of what the phenomenon of memory is, and of how it is transferred or shared.

What are the Dynamics of Memory?

To focus inquiry on cross-generational relations, it is crucial to delineate what is involved in the transference of memories. Some events common to a group of people - who may be defined by ethnicity, class, race, gender or other categories - mark turning points in that group's history. Such events are the focal points for insightful analysis. In this case, Japanese Canadians, particularly those living on the West Coast, suffered a violation of their basic human rights during the Second World War. They lost property, their means of earning a living, and in many cases their citizenship. Both their deportation to Japan and dispersal across Canada disintegrated their communities. Their presence on the West Coast had all but vanished. These events were unknown to many Canadians of that period, and very little was known by Japanese Canadian descendants, except through scant references to the war years whenever relatives assembled for an occasion. Although this is about the experience of Japanese Canadians, their American counterparts were similarly incarcerated during the war. As a daughter of internees, Nagata writes:

At the age of 6, I discovered a jar of brightly coloured shells under my grandmother's kitchen sink. When I inquired where they had come from, she did not answer. Instead, she told me in broken English, "Ask your mother." My mother's response to the same question was, "Oh, I made them in camp." "Was it fun?" I asked enthusiastically. "Not really," she replied. Her answer puzzled me. The shells were beautiful, and camp, as far as I knew, was a fun place where children roasted marshmallows and sang songs around the fire. Yet my mother's reaction did not seem happy (Nagata 1993: viii).

It was not until high school that Nagata began to learn about internment and the suppressed emotions, *gaman*, that surrounded it. Through chosen memories of good times, many internees have kept the worst of their experiences hidden. However, by using the event as a reference point in time by stating, "It was before camp" or "That was in camp," they have aroused trails of unanswered questions.

Beyond experience are multiple actions of remembrance, i.e. recalling that experience, reflecting on it, recounting it to others and in so doing, preserving or contributing it to the social store of memories. First, recalling an event is a personal act of an individual mind in which a memory is brought forth for subsequent reflection and sometimes sharing with others. Upon reflection, s/he develops new meaning and an interpretation somewhat shaped by the context in which the event is remembered. Memory theorist, Irwin-Zarecka (1994: 5) points to a very good example of "framing" in which an individual's interpretation of events depend on the strategies and devices used. She states that the docudrama, "JFK" seeks to entertain first and only secondarily to teach

us about the past, whereas a memorial in Kennedy's honour will call on us to reflect primarily on his achievements as well as his untimely death. The process of framing memory, is done not only through public presentations, but also everyday life whether through conversations around the dinner table, old music albums or the regular use of a few affectionate Japanese terms. All of these carry remnants of the past and become codes for unlocking the chest of memories. As Teski and Climo (1995:i) illustrate:

For all of us memory is a labyrinth that takes different turnings each time we come back to it. Moreover, whenever we return to our memory labyrinth we emerge with a slightly different view of what is actually there. Its treasures are inexhaustible and we can never find the same treasure twice, because we ourselves change constantly, as do our purposes in searching for memories.

This process of remembrance is not complete without mnemonic devices that invite individuals to recall and others to reflect. Mnemonic devices act as catalysts to personal recall and are found in places, referred to by Ross, as *sites of remembrance* (Ross 1991: 168). They come in spatial forms including photo albums, historical sites, archives, exhibits, graves and culture centres, as well as temporal forms like memorial services, anniversaries, celebrations and family gatherings. Not only do they trigger recall, but they also serve as maps of where we have been. Personal sites of remembrance are of particular importance as Ross states (1991: 185):

Typically, personal souvenirs are not merely isolated mementos but are organized into autobiographical patterns. Individual items deal with rites of passage and status transformations (births, graduations, marriages, initiations) and they are often further compounded into scrapbooks, baby books, memory quilts, and photo albums.

Public representations of Japanese Canadians are still influential factors in personal and community memories as instruments of recall and as memories themselves. They have been projected and transformed into expressive forms such as the semi-fictional account of internment, *Obasan* (Kogawa 1981). While Fentress and Wickham state that literature is not an active memory in and of itself (1992: 15), those who actively read or use the material will remember through reading and afterwards, through reorganization of new ideas and images in the mind. In their own way, films, exhibits and other types of public displays will influence respective audiences as well. Thus, individuals are repeatedly compelled to recall, reflect and recount past events with new rigour.

To understand these human links in a web of social memory, one of the questions I seek to answer is, what kind of presence does the past have in future generations? Is it presented as positive or negative, distant or emotional? Irwin-Zarecka (1994: 89) seeks to answer similar questions by examining on-going public presentations of the past. Her inquiry into the way the way we look at the past collectively is tailored here to examine individuals. Essentially, the way the past is remembered is reflected in presentation and in the way it is "talked about." According to some researchers, events suffered through can

sometimes be remembered as a "golden age" when times were good (Nagata 1993; Takezawa 1995). This depends again on the circumstance in which reminiscence occurs, whether it be part of an interview or when a child asks their mother. Ultimately, person-to-person communication involves people who will react in relation to each other and reciprocally influence each other's memories.

There is the added question of the way in which the past is not talked about. Fading rather than framing events can contribute to the dynamics of forgetting the past. Such a case is described in Germany's immigrant labour history by Smith (1995:69). The myth of homogeneity among German people is sustained by strictly regulating immigration of other Europeans into Germany. Smith illustrates how Germany's static ideology of purity, which requires the nation to forget its immigrant history, de-emphasizes the importance of immigrant labour in the past, thus creating "social amnesia"¹⁰. For some, there is a sense of cultural loss originating from the silence concerning their heritage.

Until the 1980's, Nisei seemed to be reticent to talking about internment, and when they did, they treated the experience as a positive step towards assimilation (Makabe 1980: 121). Speaking about their experiences, even a generation after the War, finally broke a

¹⁰ For a period of time, a state of social amnesia set in among Japanese-Americans after being released from the camps (Kashima 1980:113). To become the "model minority" that they were seen as, they had to forget the evacuation experience and project the appearance of normalcy. Social amnesia can also be applied to the experience of many Japanese Canadians as well.

long silence that would have allowed a country to forget its own tainted past. This led to the success of the Japanese Canadian redress movement which has left an impact on younger generations, but how this did so remains a little explored question.

Even where there is silence about the past, or even collective forms of forgetting, memories will continue to manifest themselves in other ways, such as in aspects of behaviour and attitudes. Climo refers to this process as 'vicarious memory,' which can be either overtly or covertly transmitted (Climo 1995: 176). In overt transmissions, a sort of narrative is recounted through oral traditions or modern media such as television, while in covert transmissions, empathy is the key. For example, a little girl witnessing her mother's identification with Madonna in a church will absorb its meaning by feeling similar emotional attachment with the memory of Mary's suffering as well as with her own mother's identification with suffering. In this case, the group one is born into produces memory even though no specific personal experience is recalled. What vicarious memories are active in the memories in participants of this study? To explore this, we must establish what is meant by 'vicarious memories.'

Climo states (1995: 173):

The key to understanding vicarious memory lies in the realm of emotions; such memories evoke powerful feelings in individuals, which link them to important group events they did not experience directly in their individual lives - but which impact greatly on their identities and connect them profoundly to their heritage and culture.

Climo uses the Jewish community he grew up in as an example, where most of the people were either holocaust survivors or their relatives. For Japanese Canadians however, many were raised in Euro-Canadian communities whose histories differed from their own.

This has had a profound impact on their identity, in which any emotional connection to their heritage and culture came primarily through their families. At any rate, Climo demonstrates that it is primarily through personal closeness with people, in this case immediate family members who originally experienced internment, that any vicarious memories will continue. Ishino (1995: 195) takes Climo's concept further in his analysis of Japanese Americans. He goes so far as to regard American Sansei children as "legatees" of their parents memories, suggesting that vicarious memories are only those that can be bequeathed. This definition is too stringent, since others who were involved, such as friends they grew up with or non-Japanese spouses can be similarly influenced as well. Eventually the vicariousness of these memories will vary in degree and become an integral part of the whole store of Canadian history¹¹.

Nonetheless, I would agree, as do other researchers (Takezawa 1995, Roosen 1994, Nagata 1993, Yanagisako 1985: 259), that primordial (i.e. family) relations are the most

¹¹ "Vicarious" is broadly interpreted according to Random House Webster's Dictionary (1993: 733): 1. performed, received, or suffered in place of another. 2. taking the place of another. 3. felt or enjoyed through imagined participation in the experience of another.

effectual. In Nagata's earlier example, using "camp" as a reference point in a family conversation leaves an impression on children that often passes unresolved. Also, the experience of incarceration and dispersal is one felt by each person in a unique way. During an experience like this, Turner suggests that one recalls images of her previous experiences and undergoes a revival of feelings and values that give it new meaning (Turner 1982: 14). Passed through family members and other cultural members, memories carry emotional qualities that are vital to their transmission. In the present post-redress era, Japanese Canadians are dealing with their heritage as connected to a very proud rather than shameful past, albeit shameful for Canada. It is a calling for these past experiences to be treated with new significance that will help map the future, the way they experience things as well as the way they remember them. To rework these loose threads, a more extensive analysis of the memories of key actors is necessary.

Why do life-history?

Simply put, "a life-history is a text" (Langness 1981: 88). As such, the presentation of elements in a person's life is thematic, but it is rarely perceived as symptomatic of vicarious memories. Instead, it is often taken as a given that parents impart something of themselves to children. However, there is a fine line between what mom and dad intended to teach their children and what children learned from their

memories of mom and dad. The continuation, editing and transformation of one's values and behaviours are revealed through the recounting of his or her life. Fentress and Wickham (1992: 7) agree:

"...a study of the way we remember-the personal and collective identities through our memories, the way we order and structure our ideas in our memories, and the way we transmit these memories to others -is a study of the way we are."

Most succinctly stated, studying the way we remember is looking into who we are.

It is a window on many aspects of human behaviours and for anthropologists, on other cultural groups. Alternatively, research and writing into one's own cultural background through selected members is what Van Maanen refers to as "auto-ethnographic" (Van Maanen 1995: 9). In this case, I am learning about the experiences of other Canadians of Japanese descent, whose stories not only inform my research, but also serve to condition the way I remember.

In this case, I have interviewed a woman and her adult son to demonstrate transference through kin and friendship connections, because it is where I believe it to be strongest. Turner (1978:71) refers to primary bonds such as families as "star groups" that is, those groups to whom we owe the greatest commitment. Furthermore, families maintain memories that are a part of the history of Japanese Canadians, as well as Canadians in general. Each family is a site for experiencing relations with one another and

for relating memories. The ethnographer, Wolcott (1995: 102), refers to this sort of study as "Microethnography" in which culture is dynamically constructed and individually negotiated.

Zeroing in on specific events operates to illustrate how cultural ethos has played out its existence through particular actors and settings rather than to present an entire cultural system. The Second World War, as a turning point in history, is where social suffering becomes central to the way Japanese Canadian identity is constructed today. Kleinman sees representation or the "picturing" of social suffering to be a major ingredient in remembering, but he also notes that eye-witness accounts by individuals that had suffered are compromised (Kleinman 1996: XIII). Alternatively, it could also be argued that a focus on personal witnessing compromises a comprehensive look at the shared aspects of a social group. Balancing both views can be done in a variety of ways, one of which is demonstrated here. By outlining historical events and critically examining studies already done, the participants in this particular analysis can then add a distinctive dimension - that is individual voices - to an otherwise generalized image of Japanese Canadians.

Along the same lines, Ramphela (1996:105), states that anthropologists will ascribe characteristics to groups that they would not ascribe to individuals, for example, "the Nuer think..." or "the Zulu believe..." whereby, the individual struggles with grief receive little attention. Social scientists still carry the sceptre of authority partly through illusions of

objectivity in their writings. In other words, many of their relationship with participants become invisible in writing. This is not to label the approach as false science. Yet, to omit the researcher's role in affecting the study renders an artificial rather than human quality to it. Freeman examines literature about the "self" to point out the importance of expressive narrative styles in social sciences, particularly psychology. He insists, if to be "truly" scientific means "being faithful to the nature of the participants," then a "measure of the poetic" would need to be used (Freeman 1993: 232)¹². Perhaps this is where students of memory, have leeway to employ their own experiences and creative insight in order to fashion the discipline into a poetic endeavour.

Auto-ethnographic research provides one way of using the interactive self as a method. It helps to make sense of human relationships. This technique is becoming more common and more popular with the influence of contemporary arts and media technology, and of course, under the auspices of the postmodern movement. Canadian writers such as Wiesel (1990), Maracle (1996) and Kogawa (1981), to name just a few, base their stories on experiences carved out of their own and others' memories. Also, documentaries and historical re-enactments comment on experience in the way they produce a combination of sound and images. *Minoru: Memory of Exile* (1992) by Michael

¹² Freeman points out that this was a point which Freud had realized. Freeman follows in agreement that if we are going to make inquiries into the "self" then we have to be prepared to use our imaginations.

Fukushima, a Sansei, does this through the mixture of animation, archival images and the voice of his father to illustrate his father's life during the internment years and afterwards in war-torn Japan. Also, *Momiji: Japanese Maple* (1994), a documentary by Nancy Tatebe, a Sansei, provides insight into how her identity has been formed. In creations like these, analytical explanations are largely set aside and the provocation of emotions takes precedence. In writing an auto-ethnography however, the poetic outreach can be an instrumental way of analyzing relationships. It serves to provide an expressive atmosphere that highlights rather than obscures the academic's investigation.

In discussing links between individual and group experiences, the links are most evident where significant events like the Second World War occurred, but as Fentress and Wickham note, "the two are tightly linked in much less dramatic moments in the histories of groups as well" (1992: 101). For instance, the lives of individuals *before* the Second World War had a great impact on their current values and attitudes. Thus, instead of being bound to select points in time, the ties between the group and an individual member are shown to be continuous by using the life-historical method. Participants have greater opportunity to speak of other events in their lives, allowing them to present a more comprehensive picture of themselves.

Nevertheless, the Watsons (1985: 17) point out that the researcher interpreting life histories must take into account several issues. First, the social position of researcher to

interviewee can make a difference in the way they treat one another. If the interviewee is seen as an elder in the community, there is a level of reverence that the researcher would probably not show for her peers. Second, both the interviewer's and interviewee's expectations will affect the data. If the interviewer thinks the injustices of the past are to be emphasized, then she may likely presume their significance in the life of the participant by asking leading questions. Complex as it may seem, I have attempted to tread carefully over this minefield of issues. For example, instead of asking participants 'how interment affected them,' I asked them 'how their life experience had affected them' so they were not limited to talking about the interment.

Examples of Life-Histories

The main reason for using the life-historical method has three dimensions to it, each of which are illustrated here by three different life-historical ethnographies. The first ethnography is called *Life Lived Like a Story* by Julie Cruikshank (1990). Cruikshank translates the stories of three Native elderly women in the Yukon in order to underscore their significance. Their stories are often about their own experiences and relations, intended to help young women learn. They serve as educational tools for teaching history, providing role-models of success (particularly for young women), and for teaching place-names as well as cultural values. Rather than an anthropological framework for

interpreting life-histories, she argues for the use of life-history as a model for social research.

The words of the story-tellers are treated more seriously, i.e. as presented in their own right rather than "illustrations of another process" (Cruikshank 1990:1). The narratives of the elders are told through stories, emphasizing "landscape, mythology, everyday events, and continuity between generations" (1990:2). Japanese Canadians have their own wartime myths¹³. Although, the cultural instruments differ, the intent is the same, i.e. to educate and provide codes of conduct to following generations through tales of history and as role models themselves. Cruikshank demonstrates that, as "cultural constructions of individual identity," oral narratives are an imperative part of maintaining their culture in a changing political and social climate (Cruikshank 1990: 339). In this thesis, I focus on individual constructions of experience that make ethnic relations so mutable and endless, as opposed to relatively static public representations.

Cruikshank studies as an outsider, and though she looks closely at the conventions of oral narratives as a part of a socializing process, she herself does not use or experiment with these conventions. Perhaps, it is due to her recognition that these are someone else's ways of doing things, which should not be confused with her own. This does not diminish

¹³ Children's books about internment such as *Naomi's Road* (Kogawa 1986), *A Child In Prison Camp* (Takashima 1971) as well as a number of plays, poems and films such as *The Last Harvest* (1993) have continued to present different perspectives by Japanese Canadians of their own history. See the annotated bibliography, *Resource Listings III: About Japanese Canadians* (updated 1996).

the collaboration and trust between her and her participants.

Anthropologist Robin Ridington (1988) adds the second dimension to my approach.

His writings about the Dunne-za¹⁴ represent a groundbreaking technique in ethnographic research. His method is to weave in and out between his informants' and his own stories, and views his relationship with them as a source for learning. Thus, he states:

Knowledge, I came to learn, was a primary form of individual empowerment. I realized that, if for no other reason than my presence among them, Dunne-za of all ages were trying to teach me something. To my astonishment, I found myself learning from my subjects as well as about them. (Ridington 1988: x)

In this case, his work demonstrates an element of conducting reflexive research in that, he makes, as Hervik says, "a conscious use of the self as a resource for making sense of others" (Hervik 1994: 92). Ridington's work serves as a basic model for autoethnographies. He is a key actor as well as narrator, who offers a way of seeing that I continue to follow as essential to my discipline.

Barbara Meyerhoff, in her book *Number Our Days* (1978) illustrates the third dimension to this project, and that is doing studies "with your own kind". Anthropology does not prepare students well for this kind of analysis. Meyerhoff charts her way well, and

¹⁴An aboriginal group of people in the Western Subarctic region of Canada, who are otherwise known as the Beaver Indians.

presents herself as a kind of apprentice to her informants. As a Jew, she is taught by Jewish elders about what to look forward to and about what being Jewish means. In this case, it is an emotionally engaging voyage of self-discovery. Likewise, my research is a personal journey in examining my "self". Myerhoff presents herself as studying people who are not really the "other". After all, as elders, they represent what she expects to become. My case has an added twist to it. When studying other peoples, anthropologists seek to make sense of what they observe, or as Van Maanen puts it, "make the strange familiar" (1995:9). My intent is to turn this notion on its head with little change to its form. As one researcher who normally takes her own cultural identity for granted, I must now examine it in other words, "make the familiar strange"¹⁵.

¹⁵ To make the familiar strange, is not to be taken too literally. By no means does this mean that the analysis will distance me from my experience. Instead, it is to bring me closer to understanding it in a new light.

Chapter 3

Seeking Rights And Seeking Justice: A Brief Look at the History of Japanese Canadians

Since the thirty-year ban on government files from the Second World War was lifted in 1975, there has been a renewed interest in Japanese Canadian history. A resurgence in collective pride gave leverage to the redress movement and inspired many written projects that provide background for this paper. Prewar immigrants to Canada are distinguished here from postwar immigrants, because their unique experiences are passed from generation to generation. The history of Japanese Canadians whose roots stem from the prewar era, is divided into four eras according to Shimpo (Ujimoto 1990: 249). They correspond to the legal status of Japanese Canadians in Canada: Free Immigration (1877-1907); Controlled Immigration (1907-1940); Deprived Civil Rights (1941-1949); Restored Civil Rights (1949-1988). Legal status has shaped, indeed forced, Japanese Canadians to face disruptive limitations to both their geographical and social mobility. The political tensions in each era set the stage for corresponding reactions in the next.

1877-1907: Free Immigration

Most writers such as Toyo Takata (1983) begin the story with the first Japanese immigrant who set foot on Canadian soil as a stowaway in 1877. As the tale unfolds,

Takata incorporates many names and pictures of Issei and Nisei who would have otherwise remained unsung heroes of a difficult era. However, the most comprehensive writing about the history of Japanese Canadians is *The Enemy That Never Was* (Adachi 1976). Adachi did not have access to many of the government files, since they were classified at the time of his research, but he did have access to published documents such as annual reports. At any rate, he looked deeper into the past when the tense relationship between Japan and the West had set the stage for their eventful trials within Canada. The following years were grounded in the notion that what had happened to Canadians of Japanese descent hinged on continuing relationships between Japan and Canada. As Omatsu states, "White racism's response to the country of my ancestors is the silent architect of our treatment in this country: the unseen navigator of our bittersweet passage" (Omatsu 1992: 180).

Adachi, who has been cited many times by other writers, explicates how many young, unemployed and landless men came from Japan to seek their fortune finding that access to opportunities was costing them great hardship (Adachi 1976). There was discriminatory legislation at both the provincial and federal levels of government. As a result, Japanese were barred from traditionally elite professions such as law and federal and provincial civil service. This has had later implications for retirement and subsequent lifestyles. They were also barred from voting privileges, although most had become Canadian citizens. This meant that their concerns were of little consequence to political

leaders at that time. Racism was also a part of everyday life in which Asians were treated as cheap labour by large-scale industries such as logging and mining companies. This was in addition to the adversity they faced from lower classes of Whites with whom they competed for jobs. Japanese immigrants were purported to work harder for lower wages, which attracted large industries to hire them as contract labourers. The prospect of work attracted Orientals from Hawaii as well as Asia. Adachi notes, "the mysterious mass of Japanese...was seen as ineluctably crushing the white man out of existence" (1976: 66).

In late 1907 a large anti-Asian demonstration in Vancouver became an angry mob of about a thousand demonstrators aiming to eradicate the coast of the Asians' presence. It was indicative of over-whelming tensions that had enforced racially segregated communities in the first place. Chinese stores were the first to be vandalized, but by the time the mob reached Powell Street where *Japantown* was situated, the Japanese were prepared to fight back. With the overdue arrival of the police, the then injured mob was forced to abandon their cause. Thus, the violence was quelled, but it only served to heighten racial enmity. The Canadian solution was to place restrictions on the immigration of Japanese to Canada.

1908-1940: Controlled Immigration

In 1908, the signing of a 'gentlemen's agreement' between Japan and Canada limited the

number of male adults entering Canada, but it still allowed a large number of enterprising wives from Japan to settle on the coast (Adachi 1976: 82). Single men unable to return to Japan relied on arranged marriages. Many a woman came from Japan to meet her husband for the first time. Pressure to stop the practice of "picture bride" marriages was based on anti-Asian sentiments from those who argued that it was immoral and that women would increase the supply of Japanese labour (Adachi 1976: 92). Indeed, the structure of communities changed as a result of this gender shift in demographics. They became more family oriented than before and settled stronger roots with Canadian-born children. Some stigmas remained as Adachi observed, when Canadian-born children were still denied provincial voting rights in British Columbia on the basis of race (Adachi 1976:52). These had serious long-term implications for the well-being of Issei and Nisei later in life. As Ujimoto insists:

Disenfranchisement prevented them from full participation in several very important areas of professional employment because of the eligibility requirement of having one's name on the voters list. For example, to secure hand-logging licenses required that the applicant be on the voters' list. To practice law or pharmacy, the applicant had to be twenty-one years of age and on the voter's list. Disenfranchisement did not exempt the Japanese who were British subjects by naturalization or the Japanese Canadian Nisei...from certain obligations such as the Taxation Act or the Income Tax Act, and the Dominion Militia Act. (Ujimoto 1990: 252)

Nonetheless, they had the lowest crime rate and higher economic success than other ethnic groups, which was most unwelcome to those competing communities. Many

examples of successful ventures are found in *Issei*, which is a collection of stories as told to Gordon Nakayama (1983).

While racial policies and social discrimination edged Japanese Canadians out of a competitive market, the alternative was to rely on their own community ties. According to Oiwa, Nihonmachi (Japantown) or "Little Tokyo," an ethnic enclave in Vancouver, was home to forty percent of the Japanese Canadian population (Oiwa 1991: 11). They also developed a Japanese language school, their own newspapers, Christian and Buddhist churches, and restaurants. In the face of adversity, many Issei pioneers either owned small businesses, held jobs in logging, mining, farming or fishing. Smaller communities across the province had their own specialties. There were fishing villages the largest of which was Steveston¹⁶, sawmill towns along the Pacific coast and on Vancouver Island, and agricultural communities sprouted in the Fraser and Okanagan valleys (Oiwa 1991: 11). Since immigration meant leaving behind clan and village systems in Japan, people forged new bonds with each other based on the common prefecture or *ken* they came from. Each prefecture had distinguishable dialects, customs and histories. One of the common questions asked when greeting new immigrants was, "Which is your province?" (Adachi 1976:118). It was a question that held more significance to the Issei than it did for their

¹⁶ See *Steveston Recollected, A Japanese Canadian History* (Marlatt 1975). It presents a collection of life histories from Japanese Canadians who lived in Steveston before the Second World War.

children who had never seen Japan.

The Issei charted a new course for Japanese Canadians during the years before the Second World War, but not without coming into conflict with Nisei. While Nisei were receiving Euro-Canadian education and experiencing life with other Canadians, their parents tried to instil family and nationalistic values that were important in Japan. Adachi refers to Nisei as "compromise Canadians", that is they were supposed to be able to step into both cultures (Adachi 1976: 128). But for many, these were not compatible roles. For example, to honour one's family was of primary importance to the Issei, and modes of conduct were rigidly maintained within the community and at home. Women were especially admonished to abide by customs valued by their parents. As a Nisei himself, Adachi seems to shake his head in dissatisfaction when he states:

This authoritarian system was enormously influential often in sourly negative ways in moulding their [the Nisei's] personality. And for most, this inheritance was impossibly difficult to eradicate completely, affecting their behaviour outside the smothering womb of their society (Adachi 1976: 118).

The control of the Issei over their children is illustrated by Kitagawa's manuscripts. In one instance she writes about a woman who came from a poor family and the wealthier man she was in love with. Though both of them were Nisei, the man never introduced her to his parents, perhaps due to lack of courage. Suddenly, he was engaged to another woman whom his parents had arranged for him. Kitagawa goes on to write:

Very few Nisei ever got married without going through the whole rigamarole of formal consent, go-between conferences, family consultations, picking an auspicious day, giving and getting formal gifts, and the passing of the dowry from the groom's go-between to the bride's to buy the furnishings for the new home and the wedding clothes...They were not a new team starting out on a life of their own, making and meeting new situations, new friends, new ways of living. They had to comply and conform to the existing pattern around them, pay their dues of piety and social and moral obligations, and only at the risk of their security break away from it all. (Kitagawa 1985: 225)

Older Nisei were breaking new ground in other ways such as lobbying for full citizenship rights. It was not until the war years though that most Nisei were "coming of age"¹⁷. At that point, the future of the community became uncertain. What prefectures people were from were of little consequence anymore, but where they were going became common ground upon which new relationships would form.

1941-1948: Deprived Civil Rights

When the Second World War began in 1939, Japanese Canadians expressed their loyalties to Canada, some by serving in the military. Unlike their American counterparts, Japanese Canadians had some difficulty getting to serve in combat roles throughout the Second World War. Some, such as Minoru Tanaka who died in battle in 1945, served in this capacity (Ito 1984: 158). The book, *We Went To War* (Ito 1984), sheds light on their

¹⁷ To "come of age" is reach the beginning of adulthood which is marked by the age of 20 by Japanese (Oiwa 1991: 11 and Adachi 1976:157).

activities in both World Wars. However, they were not as well honoured by their country as most White Canadian veterans. For instance, it was not until 1931 that Japanese Canadian veterans of the First World War got the franchise to vote in Canada.

Despite assurances from the Japanese Canadian Citizens League of their allegiance to Canada, it was drowned out by the political outrage levelled against Japan. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 was met by immediate response by the Canadian government. An estimated 1200 fishing boats owned by Japanese Canadians were seized and impounded. Japanese language newspapers published in Vancouver were ordered to discontinue. Curfews were imposed on all Japanese Canadians. In 1942, most of them were sent to the interior of British Columbia, away from the Pacific Coast. They had less than 24 hours notice to pack one bag each and leave their homes not knowing what would happen to them. Some people went to work on beet farms in Alberta and Manitoba in order to keep their families together. They were lined up and inspected like animals by prospective employers. Others went to POW camps in Angler and Petawawa, Ontario, for ignoring government orders, such as protesting the splitting up of families. Most families were placed in unofficial internment camps, but men of working age were forced to leave their families and were sent to road and lumber camps¹⁸.

¹⁸ Officially, internment of a country's own citizens was not allowed by international law. Instead, those of Japanese descent were said to be, "detained at the leisure of the Minister of Justice" (Miki & Kobayashi 1991: 24).

Before being sent to camps, many families from outside Vancouver city, particularly from Vancouver Island, had to wait in Hastings Park. There, each family was assigned a stall inside horse and cattle buildings as their living quarters. I needed only to talk to my relatives to learn about the living conditions. However, they are often emotionally detached when they recount the experience and less descriptive as if, *this is no time for such sadness*, so I have not pressed them to speak too much about it. Through published writings, one can see why it is not a common topic to relate to nieces and nephews. One of Kitagawa's numerous letters to her brother Wes reveals a detailed description of *the Pool*, as it was called then, when she visited on April 19, 1942. This is but a fragment of her dramatic account:

Here and there I saw a child's doll and teddy bear...I saw babies lying there beside a mother who was too weary to get up...she had just thrown herself across the bed...I felt my throat thicken...an old old lady was crying, saying she would rather have died than have come to such a place...There are ten showers for 1500 women. Hot and cold water. The men looked so terribly at loose ends, wandering around the grounds, sticking their noses through the fence watching the golfers, lying on the grass. Going through the place I felt so depressed that I wanted to cry (Kitagawa 1985: 115).

The letter in its entirety describes the horror of the visit in far greater disturbing detail. It has triggered memories of my own alienation growing up. Although my experience of racism is not comparable in degree, it is nevertheless an unsettling remnant of my cultural history. I have come to agree with Kogawa who refers to the pen as a source

of empowerment in the documentary *The Pool* (1992). Thus, it seems that passing memories through writing has been a much easier task than by mouth. As a result, I knew little about the internment until I began reading about it. Reading other people's voices has taught me about the world my family came from, as well as helped to make some sense of my experiences in terms of a broader context.

Many injustices and traumas suffered during the internment years have been brought to light by writers and filmmakers concerned with the history of Japanese Canadians, but the messages they convey have been questionable. One such publication, *Mutual Hostages* (1990) presents internment of Japanese Canadians as comparable to the imprisonment of Canadian soldiers in Japanese POW camps during the war. It is an insightful description of injustices conducted on both the sides of Japan and of Canada. However, it has already been argued that these experiences do not cancel each other out in terms of justice. In the documentary *Tides of War* (1977), Peter Trueman dispels this myth. Poignantly, he emphasizes that the cases in Japan and Canada had only one thing in common, and that is the victims were Canadians.

In May 1945, after Japan surrendered, Japanese Canadians had two choices, to either go to war-torn Japan where most of them had never been or to move east of the Rockies in British Columbia to start a new life. Either way, it was a second evacuation. An estimated 4000 of them were deported to Japan to face greater hardships than those in

Canada. A recent program on *The Fifth Estate* called "Throwaway Citizens" (1995), offers emotional insight into the lives of a family that had been deported. The historical advisor for the program, Nishiguchi (1996: 6), notes in an article that "invalids on stretchers, psychiatric patients and a First World War shell-shocked veteran" were among the deported.

Omatsu underscores the tragedy of a couple in their sixties with seven children whose Fraser Valley farm had been sold by the Custodian. After the war, they moved to the father's ancestral farm outside of Hiroshima. She continues, "most of the family's original land had long since been sold off, and with no legal claim to the remainder the elderly parents were forced to work in the coal mines. Within months they died of malnutrition" (Omatsu 1992: 82). This is a part of history worth mentioning even though it does not enter into the stories of my informants. I feel my experience is tied into this somehow since relatives might have been similarly deported had deportation continued¹⁹.

But like the rest of the evacuees, my family migrated eastward across Canada. Their property had long since been seized and sold cheaply by the government to pay for

¹⁹ The order to deport Japanese Canadians was repealed in 1947. Out of the estimated 4000 people that were already been sent to Japan, half had never been there. Most of them were under 16 years of age at the time. Those at least 16 years of age had to decide whether they would go East or to Japan and in some cases, individuals did not know what other family members had decided. Many Nisei did not want to go, but some decided they had to if their parents were going. The Japan that Issei would be returning to was not the same one that they had left. Given only a few weeks to decide, there was little opportunity to consult with other relatives who were living in other parts of Canada or in Japan for that matter (Adachi 1976:321).

their own internment, so there was nothing to return to. Moreover, the War Measures Act²⁰ (WMA) that legalized regulations governing their internment, would be used to prevent them from returning to the West Coast until April of 1949. In addition, evacuees were pressured to scatter across the country so that they could assimilate quietly and disappear as a community. Although some were able to start community centres in cities such as Toronto and Montreal well after the War, most were placidly absorbed into mainstream society. Even Ottawa did not have a culture centre until after Redress 1988. Oiwa notes in his study of Montreal (1986:27):

Even some professionals who have a background in ethnic studies asked me, "are there Japanese-Canadians in Montreal?" or said "I heard that some came from B.C., but where did they go then?" Many people believed that they lived mostly in Vancouver. Nobody could tell me where they live in Montreal. French-speaking Montrealers who grew up in the Villeray district were surprised when I told them that quite a few Japanese families once lived in the same neighbourhood.

Where *did* the families go? Generally, evacuees acquiesced in their dispersion as set out as Canadian government policy in 1946. There were those who felt racial integration to new host communities would be made easier this way, a concern driven by a desire to be treated with acceptance and kindness. The Nisei were starting their adult lives about this time. Makabe (1980: 121) states that most Nisei saw this forced evacuation as an

²⁰ The War Measures Act was originally adopted in 1915. It was further consolidated in the Revised Statutes of Canada 1927, c.206 (Adachi 1976: 429)

opportunity to "broaden their horizons" while also becoming invisible as an object of hate.

According to her study, Nisei seemed to insist on distancing themselves, if not disconnecting altogether, from their Japanese heritage, a sentiment that has been passed on to the Sansei. As a result, most Sansei intermarry with non-Orientals and speak little or no Japanese.

On the other hand, the Issei who had lost so much had to start again in their middle to old age. The Issei saying, *shikata ga nai*²¹, loosely translated meaning "It can't be helped," was viewed as a sign of resignation to their fate. Yet, as Oiwa observes (1990: 19):

The Issei seem extremely patient, not only with the native Japanese, but also with the Canadians who surrounded them. They do not blame others for not being able to understand them. I believe they do not feel frustrated or bitter against those who fail to understand. If they did so, then they have somehow managed to outgrow that state of mind.

There is a grain of truth in the stereotype of a quiet people, especially where pain is concerned, but it would be erroneous to solely blame or praise their cultural values for their silence, even when it is enforced by overlapping religious (i.e. Buddhist) values. Rather, it is a quality of many groups who have faced injustices. For instance, rape victims or

²¹ Shikata ga nai is a term referring to both Japanese American and Japanese Canadian histories and is often mentioned by researchers. Omatsu (1992) discusses the use of this term during the redress movement. It was a trait of the old order of Japanese Canadian leaders, who no longer represented the views of some nisei and of most sansei.

survivors of the holocaust have been reticent to speak of the more painful moments in their past (Myerhoff 1978). In such cases, the psychological effects of such traumas have been the focus of attention rather than the cultural values of the victims. Similarly, Nagata identifies the silence of American Nisei as a symptom of pain and suffering that communicates the extensiveness of injustice, rather than the acceptance of it (Nagata 1993: 215). It seems suffering in silence is as much a coping mechanism as it is an ethic, known as *gaman*, ingrained in the Japanese value system. Either way, the Issei were not just passive victims. On the contrary, they actively adapted to unstable and very unpredictable circumstances.

According to Sugiman & Nishio (1983: 19), *gaman* means that one must suffer in silence and carry out duties in the face of frustrating circumstances. If taken too far, it leads to the victims blaming themselves. In this case, many Nisei felt that they were interned because their communities were too absorbed with maintaining Japanese traditions and language thus posing a threat to national security (Makabe 1980: 121). As Oiwa notes (Oiwa 1990: 17), their desire for acceptance as Canadians led to embarrassment at all the attention focused under the scrutiny of White Canadians, on their communities during the War. After the war, many Nisei seemed to have abandoned much of what was noticeably Japanese during the process of re-integrating themselves back into Canadian society. However, *gaman* is still an ideal ethical trait that can be expressed in positive ways. In

this light, *gaman* is a form of "perseverance." To illustrate, Sunahara refers to bamboo, a common metaphor to describe both Issei and Nisei (1981: 165). Like a stand of bamboo, they will bend while weathering a storm. They will straighten up once the storm has past, quickly regenerating broken shoots, and thus continue to thrive. This form of *gaman* seems to have precipitated into the following generation.

1949-1988: Restored Civil Rights

Contrary to their seeming compliance, politically active Japanese Canadians continued to struggle for citizen rights. Voting privileges in British Columbia were extended to Canadians of Japanese descent in 1949, which indicated an emerging racial tolerance among those exercising provincial power. On April 1, 1949, otherwise referred to as *Freedom Day*, Japanese Canadians were allowed to move freely anywhere in Canada, just as other Canadian citizens could. They could even return to the West Coast. There were old fears, especially by fishing communities, that evacuees would return *en masse* to the coast, but it was not to be. According to Adachi (1976: 346), this new freedom did not create much excitement for the many evacuees who had already settled in the East. They were not prepared to move their families again nor face a traumatic return to a coast where hostilities and tragic memories could easily resurface.

Racism continued through immigration policies. However, as Adachi expounds (1976:350), it was not until 1950s and 1960s that Canadian-born dependants of deportees began to trickle back into Canada, but only as long as they had sponsorship from a relative already residing in Canada and most importantly, the funds for their return passage. Finally, Japanese were allowed to immigrate without sponsorship in 1962 when the criteria for entry included a standard of education, skills and training. Adachi (1976:352) mentions that many cultural groups in Toronto have continued to serve as mediating communities for new immigrants, but the descendants of the pre-war Japanese Canadians have not been a strong and constant community presence. However, there has been a revival of interest in Japanese Canadian history since the publication of *The Enemy That Never Was* (1976), due to the history's exposure through the redress movement.

The National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC) pressured the government for compensation and an apology throughout the 1970's, but it was not until the 1980's that the movement broke ground via the media and public awareness. In the United States, where Japanese-Americans had been allowed to return to their homes during the Second World War after November 1944, their communities continued to thrive alongside other Asian communities (O'Neil 1981). Their strong numbers and political support gave them political clout in their quest for redress. Takezawa (1995: 203) regards the "yellow power" movement of the late 60's in the United States as the driving force behind the Sansei's sense

of justice and identity. In Canada, the Sansei were relatively younger, smaller in numbers and more scattered across the country than their American counterparts. Yet, some of them were swept into a grassroots movement of their own.

The release of Canadian government files from the Second World War in 1975 resulted in greater access to information (Miki & Kobayashi 1991: 60). That knowledge became a powerful tool for the redress movement. In particular, Sunahara's *The Politics of Racism* (1981) was instrumental as a comprehensive account of government decisions affecting Japanese Canadians. It is a story of racially biased decisions that were based on political motives in the end and not a sense of justice. Adachi's and Sunahara's research provided ammunition for the National Association of Japanese Canadians (NAJC), the pre-eminent Japanese Canadian organization of the redress movement. In 1984, a document called *Democracy Betrayed: the Case for Redress* was submitted by the NAJC to the Government of Canada. It called for an official apology and just compensation for the treatment of Japanese Canadians during the Second World War. In addition, they demanded that:

the fundamental human rights and freedoms set forth in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms be considered sacrosanct, non-negotiable and beyond the reach of any arbitrary legislation such as the War Measures Act (NAJC 1984: 24).

Thus, redress became an important issue for other groups which had been unjustly

treated by governments in the past such as for Italian Canadians who were interned in the First World War, and for Aboriginal people whose oppression abounds throughout Canadian history.

Views on redress were mixed, but there was increased support from various ethnic, aboriginal and church groups, especially from the Mennonite Central Committee (Miki & Kobayashi 1991: 80). In spite of cultural stereotypes, the activism of a few politically-minded Japanese Canadians has been influential throughout their history, not just during the redress movement. Sunahara (1979) examines at how they as agents and not mere victims carved out the future of Canadian politics beginning with the Issei's consensus form of leadership at the community level. Political behaviour changed dramatically when the Nisei Mass Evacuation Group was formed during the Second World War. This assertive organization urged other Nisei to defy the government when their families were being forced apart.

The end of their struggle came in 1988 when Progressive Conservative Prime Minister Brian Mulroney made an official apology and a settlement was negotiated²². Oddly enough, this was a month after the United States government had made a similar settlement with Japanese-Americans. It is argued by Ostow & Omatsu (1996: 124) that if

²² Evacuees were individually compensated, a formal apology was made, and money was allotted for race relation issues and community organizations. See Spirit of Redress (1989)

it had not been for powerful states like Japan and the United States, Canada would not have compensated Japanese Canadians. Omatsu's reserve is evident in an earlier writing when she states, "out of necessity ours was a grassroots movement that piggy-backed on the success of our American cousins" (Omatsu 1992: 147). However, she clearly saw the results as a triumph for Japanese Canadians for whom the NAJC was still a powerful voice.

Before redress, some of those in the *shikata ga nai* camp expressed gratitude for the evacuation as a "blessing in disguise." In other words, some of them felt that evacuation and dispersal forced them to assimilate quickly and minimize racial tension, which would otherwise have taken a much longer time. Broadfoot's *Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame* (1977) is a melange of anonymous voices, which reveal this view among the many other views by both Japanese and non-Japanese. Even now, after so many people have been compensated, a lingering sound of relief is expressed in the belief of Omatsu's sister:

My sister, like many others, still maintains that the community's internment and uprooting were on balance beneficial because the experience destroyed once and for all times the Japantown ghetto and forced us to assimilate (Omatsu 1992: 157).

In anthropology, the term *assimilation* has come to have a negative connotation. It only makes sense that integration into society was an ongoing process necessary for survival and which did not require one to feel shame for where they were from. Yet, this contribution to Canadian society was abruptly interrupted by the tumult of war and later, the

process of integration became an oppressive, systematic process of assimilation.

At present, what have remained visible are our physical features, at least for the third generation. Likely, the fourth generation will have close relatives that will betray their looks even though they themselves do not bear some oriental features. Like most Sansei, I am reminded of how different I look from others around me, particularly when I am around a majority of White Canadians who ask me where I was from or if I was born here. Even immigrants White and non-White have asked the same questions under the assumption that I was not likely a Canadian. Innocent questions indeed, but for me it is a disappointment that I should be asked such questions when others who look White, are not.

Granted, the ethnic landscape of Canada is changing since the majority of recent immigrants are of Asian origin (Statistics Canada 1995: 239). They have gravitated to large cities like Vancouver and Toronto, but I grew up in an area where my family members were the only visible minority people. Even when I went to university in Waterloo and spent a couple of summers working in Toronto, I was still the only minority person in most of my classes as well as at work. This is not to say that nothing has changed or will change in the way people are categorized, or worse, judged. As Kobayashi states, "At the most visceral level, racism is a socially constructed 'gut reaction' to other people as visual properties of a moral landscape" (1992: 12). It is a grim process of *making visible* or "racialization." Japanese Canadians were more visible in the 40s as suspected enemies than

in the 90s as seemingly assimilated members of Canadian society (Kobayashi 1992: 12). Hence, the nature of a relationship between one group and another will depend largely on their spatial proximity as well as their different national and class backgrounds.

My own experiences point to an assumption that Canada is White in race with two founding nations, i.e. British and French. This does not diminish the struggle or desires of Francophones who feel a need to maintain their language and culture in Quebec. However, anything other than one of the two founding nations is less than Canadian. It is not just a reminder of the way things *were*, but also of the way some things continue to be, not only for myself, but for other visible minorities. In particular, are such issues as self-government among Aboriginal peoples in Canada, the sovereignty issue in Quebec and issues of racism against new immigrants. Elsewhere, Latin Americans and Hawaiians of Japanese descent who were also interned during the Second World War continue to seek compensation (Ogawa & Fox 1986, Gardiner 1986, *Nikkei Voice* 1997: 6).

This chapter serves as a guide for the navigator launching into the next chapter, for it weaves the historical landscape from which my interviewees are from. How we tend our own parts of this territory is an important line of inquiry. As Hirsch mentions, "History, in spite of the academic conventions, remains memory" (Hirsch 1995: 15). Many voices have been heard, some only partially or intermittently constructing the broader picture. Doing justice to individual perspectives requires that voices to which we now turn will be

heard at length. It is my hope that empathy will come as readers listen to the voices about to be presented.

Chapter 4

Social Drama:

Experiencing Relations Through the Oral History of Two Generations in a Japanese Canadian Family

Generations leave us more than records of their experience or monuments to their heroes. They leave changes in the cultural landscape (Irwin-Zarecka 1994: 54).

Like theatre plays, social dramas must begin somewhere, whether it is at the beginning, middle or even the end of an event, in this case, of a life-history. This story begins at a pivotal point in my life, that is as the research for this thesis takes place. My research began in 1996. My anthropological senses urged me to take a break from focusing on other peoples, and to turn around to examine my own history. As I began to look critically, I noticed my own family whose historical memories still lie deep in a dark well of modest reserve (*gaman*). Eventually, my mind's eye adjusted to see the bigger picture surrounding their past. My journey into our family history took unpredictable turns. I was not sure where my interviews with other Japanese Canadians would lead me, or if they would lead me anywhere.

Shy as always, I was nonetheless determined to meet new people, to introduce myself, and to express the hope that people would be interested in what I was doing (not that I was certain what that was all the time). As I began my research, my request for

volunteers to participate did not go unheard. It was well received by individuals I met at the Ottawa Japanese Culture Centre. It seemed that the fact that a Sansei was doing such a project pleased them. One woman approached me directly, expressing her interest and offering her encouragement. It was my initial interview with her that convinced me to concentrate on her stories, simply because she had so much to say. Her stories were of events illustrating themes that were continuous throughout her life and common to mine, which led me, to use a proverbial expression, *to live vicariously through her*.

This mother of three, who was staying with her son at the time, was very informative and engaging. I had stressed to her earlier that the interviews were to be kept as informal and relaxed as possible. Although we were not close friends, she was very hospitable, allowing me to relax in her space. We stayed in the kitchen with tea and home-made biscuits to launch us into a regular 'chitchat' before easing into the main interviews, at which point I sat back with my tea and listened to her recall segments of her life. Soon after I had finished the interviews with her, she moved to Victoria, British Columbia, but we have managed to keep in touch by mail. Her son was not as familiar with being interviewed as his mother, but he was just as hospitable and informative. He provided views that challenged my own views.

I conducted a series of personal interviews with each of them. Three tape-recorded interviews, about an hour and a half each were conducted with each interviewee.

and were then transcribed. In this chapter, I examine a Nisei's first-hand account in relation to her son's (a Sansei) second-hand account of the past and its significance in each of their lives. I also explore what both of them remembered of their parents' behaviour, in addition to what they remembered of school-life, media and other people. These are the areas of experience in which their memories become meaningful. My questions remained general, and each of the participants spoke more or less freely about themselves [see Appendix A for interview schedule]. Their names are not used here and any names mentioned by them have also been omitted. I hope that my writing serves in some way to add clarity to their voices.

I had a strong empathy with my informants, partly because of the nature of this project, and my position as a member of the same cultural group. My knowledge of memory transmission among Japanese Canadians originally came from first-hand experience. My familiarity with it has been effective in relating to these participants. Although my relationship with them is not close, we have been able to uncover some connections with each other through names we recognize, people we remember or remember hearing about, and more importantly, by the way we express ourselves.

Using a dialogical hermeneutic method as described by Barry Michrina and CherylAnne Richards (1996), I informed participants of the intent of this research project, and reminded them that their role meant more than simply acting as a source of data.

Emphasis was placed on the collaborative nature of the research, and they edited and proof-read their own words during the writing process. They were also given verbal and written information about their right to privacy and control over distribution of original material [see Appendices B and C]. During the editing process, I endeavoured to treat them as custodians of their own memories.

I will refer to the main speaker as Voice 1 and her son as Voice 2, although they may be recognizable to some people. As well as being a Nisei mother of three surviving children, Voice 1 is a grandmother, a widow, a former social worker, an activist and an elder. Seventy-six years old at the time of my interviews with her, she was a sturdy, healthy woman who seemed to have many years ahead of her, which was especially apparent in the verve of her story-telling. Even with the tape recorder sitting like something out of place, she was neither phased or bothered by it. While most of the questions asked during the interview have been omitted from the transcription in this chapter, I have recorded some of my thoughts and memories that were catalyzed both during and after the interviews. With tea in hand, I asked her to begin talking about her life with the first people she identified with, i.e. her parents. Voice 1 began:

They asked me at this meeting last Thursday to talk in a more personal way about myself so I guess I will repeat myself. I often feel like a broken record, because I've told people about my experiences during World War II so often, but you always have to preface that with what life was like before all this happened and then end with what life was like afterwards.

Well, I came from a family where both parents were extremely interested in the social condition of the people who were their friends, and so they took an active interest in the labour movement and political parties. They tended to be more left in their political thinking and so I grew up in a household where there was this tremendous influence. My father also read some very heavy political Japanese magazines. Friends were getting together who talked about these kinds of things and so, I recognized very early in life when I did well in school, that there was a hope I would become a lawyer or a politician, even Prime Minister of Canada. So, you carry this kind of heavy burden of expectations. My mother had been a woman who did extremely well in school. This is the kind of driven sort of mother, you know. So, I never performed as well as she did and that's the kind of message I got that I didn't take my studies seriously enough and I didn't achieve as much in school as she did. She had a report card which she brought all the way from Japan. It was a Grade Eight report card and there was nothing but A's in it.

As soon as she mentioned the report card, I was suddenly reminded of my father's Grade Eight report card, which he showed me when I was a child. His encouragement to do well in school made an impression on me throughout my life. However, the report card had little impact on me, since I could not read Japanese. It is as if the Japanese writing was supposed to tell me something about my own cultural background, but I mostly saw it as a reason for why other children did not accept me. I remember that the writing was foreign to me and I kept my father's message "to study hard" at bay to protect myself from becoming as foreign. It seemed to contradict who I knew myself to be at the time. As far as I was concerned, I talked, walked and looked like everyone else, contrary to the popular belief of other children. Similarly, I rejected many things that were Oriental to keep myself as "Canadian" as possible and to dismantle the illusion that I was predictable only because of my oriental features.

There are not too many people that I have met who have shared such feelings, but

studies have shown that it was not an uncommon phenomenon (Makabe 1980). As a community dispersed by force and not by their own volition, the Niseis' actions and behaviors have affected the next generation. In the sense that Ishino views vicarious memories (Ishino 1995), they have passed down a legacy for their children to deal with. Yet, the question still remains of how some people so easily developed a feeling of shame while others did not. Delving further back to where her mother came from, Voice 1 continued:

My mother had hoped to get away from this small island where she grew up. She grew up in Hachijogashima which was an island off Tokyo where political exiles of the *Shogun* period were sent into exile in boats. It was then a very remote part of Japan and somewhat isolated because of its history. She had ambitions to become the first woman Ph.D. in Japan and had done some home-study hoping to get into a school in Tokyo. Certainly, she read a great deal. My mother never wasted her time on frivolous novels. I wondered about her. My mother was too serious! I used to think she never had any fun in her life. Life was so earnest! So when she finished grade eight she had hoped to go to Tokyo to finish her high school there and then go on to university, but her father who was a village reeve had made some bad investments and couldn't afford to send her further for her education. Then, a marriage was arranged for her. Now, how she ever met my father, I don't know, but there must have been some kind of connection. He came from a place near Nikko, a place in Tochigi. Very few Japanese came to Canada from that part of Japan. So a marriage was arranged between the two of them when she was eighteen and they came to Canada shortly after they were married in 1917.

She had my sister in 1918 and she had me in 1920. My father contracted T.B. and died in 1919 leaving her pregnant with me. He went back to Japan. I guess they were able to get help from relatives who could send him back to Japan. So, my mother was left a widow at the age of nineteen and she had me just before her twentieth birthday. The usual custom was to look at the possibility of a widow remaining a part of the husband's family. So, if there was a single brother whom she could marry, then a marriage would be arranged between another male sibling and the widow. I guess the thing that brought her husband to Canada, was the fact that his older brother was in Canada, and he was still single. So, a marriage was arranged between her and the older brother. A lot of Japanese women faced that kind of marriage arrangement in those days. This happened in Japan as well as Canada. It was to keep the children within the same family constellation.

I remember when I learned about all this, I was fifteen years of age, I said, "What would have been the alternative if you had returned to Japan?" Well, she might have abandoned her children to the husbands family, because the children were part of her husband's family, and go back to her own household. Then, they would arrange another marriage for her to a different family, but she didn't want to abandon her children nor be with her husband's family where she would have been treated, without a male protector, as the lowest of the low. She didn't have the money to go back to Japan anyway. She had relatives who had come out of this island to settle in Canada and his relatives who had come out from Tochihi. So, they came together somewhat reluctantly. My second father, who really was a part of my life until he died at the age of seventy-seven, was a logger. A LOT of Issei worked in very dangerous occupations. There were fishermen who drowned or sawmill workers who were hurt in mill-town accidents. They also worked on the railroad and put in long tough hours.

My father crushed his leg in a logging accident and at that point my mother and he had twin boys. They were born in 1923 and the accident happened in '24 and for nine years, he was in and out of hospital, because his left leg was completely crushed.

Fortunately, just about that time, worker's compensation came in and so, my mother was one of the fortunate women who had a steady income.

Afterwards, my father tried to go back to work, but he really couldn't do the heavy work he was used to and he had no skills to do anything else. He had less education than my mother. This happened so frequently with Issei women. Quite a few of them had more education than their husbands and a lot of women came expecting life to be much better than they actually found it. I guess there were women that were willing to risk something. The minimum education was grade six in Japan. You know, it was compulsory education in Japan from 1867. He was born in 1884 so he had up to grade six and my mother had grade eight. So many Japanese families had to get by on seasonal work. Fishing happened in the summertime and sawmills were for the wintertime in the city of Vancouver. So if there was work, fine! But if the fishing was bad or there wasn't any work in the sawmills, then there were periods where people had no income.

Here were the blood, sweat, tears, and life of drudgery of the first generation. At first, this was what I had expected to hear, but then I began to think about why I expected it.

Surely the Issei laughed once in a while, though I have found nothing in the literature to suggest such happiness, whether in a fictional novel by Joy Kogawa (1981) or in a collection of stories about Issei by Gordon Nakayama (1983). I have not yet been able to laugh when I read about them or watch a film about them. Is the laughter of that era to be

permanently overshadowed by racism, evacuation and dispersal? With their voices diminishing, it is up to following generations to speak on their behalf, and with that responsibility we have interjected our own notions of what they stood for. The Issei have become icons of hard work and perseverance to the following generations more than anything else. This image of strength remains a common aspect of Japanese Canadian social memory.

This notion of *gaman* continues to be a very strong aspect of Nisei as well, but there is so much more to know about the early years that can only be learned from personal encounters with them. While on a trip to British Columbia in 1993, I went with Nisei relatives whose history were embedded in its landscape, particularly places such as Cumberland and Royston. The stories they told were fascinating, never a dull moment. Their stories of childhood were humorous, especially when they were about the kinds of moments that were not funny at the time they happened, but laughable in retrospect. For a person who was not there, the sharing and recounting of experiences by others offers that person a way into the social (and geographical) space. It allowed me to bring in my own perception of history and have it interact more intimately with theirs. It is this type of interaction that adds more ties between people and expands the web of memories. In this light, vicarious memories are boundless rather than restricted by blood-ties.

The strength of her parents, as Voice one talks about it, is more than an icon to be admired. It is also a standard to live up to and remains a valued trait according her son's

account to be presented later. Despite the hardships, Voice 1's early years are reflected in some of her happier memories of places that she reluctantly had to give up later, that is home and community. She spoke of her golden moments during those years.

At the time, we lived in a longhouse which was a tremendous experience I really ought to write about and I remember that period those nine years when my father was in and out of hospital as not bad years, because there were six families that shared this longhouse. You know what a longhouse is? Well, it's a very primitive way of providing housing. Japanese landlords built them. In the east end of Vancouver there were several. There were four in the area in which we grew up, but there was only one longhouse per block. They weren't next to each other, but at least we knew all the families in the other longhouses. The particular one that we grew up in eventually became a Japanese Language School after we moved out of it. Teachers from Cumberland came. Cumberland was a town on Vancouver Island where the mines closed down and the Japanese families eventually moved away from Cumberland. The people who started the Japanese Language School in Cumberland were reputed to be excellent teachers and they bought this building and converted it into a Japanese language school in the east end of Vancouver. However, when I lived there, we had to go to Japanese school in downtown Vancouver about two miles away and so we had to take the streetcar to get there. We would walk home to save the five cents. That was the streetcar fare.

Living in the longhouse wasn't always paradise, because you know, we were always short money. I mean, mother got sixty dollars which was probably as much or more than what the other women had as income. I mean, they could be flush when the fishing season was great and their husbands were working steadily, but my mother at least, could count on sixty dollars every month. So we somehow survived and during that period she did piecework and learned the skills of Western dressmaking from a cousin who had a dressmaking shop flourishing on Granville street in Vancouver. She developed skills that enabled her to open up her own dressmaking shop by 1933. But you know, the help of all those women in the longhouse, who could keep an eye on us whenever she had to go to hospital, meant a great deal. She went almost daily when my father was first hospitalized, because he didn't like the food and she would prepare some Japanese food and take him a *Bento*²³. Eventually, he got used to hospital food. We became the only family in the longhouse that ate oatmeal for breakfast, because it was what my father was used to having. So, whenever he was discharged from the hospital that's what we ate. It was a funny kind of mixture of Western foods that my father got used to eating. It kept him regular, I guess.

We were seeing him only in hospital on the weekends though there were periods when

²³

A meal prepared for later, like a lunch box.

he could be discharged. He would be discharged to wait for another bone-chip to leave his leg. He finally got some silver metal strips to replace his shinbones. So it was a long haul for my mother and you know when I think of those years, I don't think she would have survived without the help of the other women. There were things she did for the other women. So this longhouse was really a great way to live, because you had all kinds of other children to play with and the mothers helped each other and when the fathers were away, they could have the companionship of the other women. I must write about that experience. I've been meaning to do that.

My sister and I were the two oldest children in this longhouse and she had a very difficult time with school. We came out of the lumbering camp when she had to go to school, because our parents valued education and they just couldn't see her attending school or being able to help her with correspondence courses while they were in an isolated area. Anyways, they came out to Vancouver to settle in this longhouse. But, my sister had a miserable time. I think it was shortly after she started school that the schools decided they were not accepting children who could not speak any English unless they had had some kindergarten. Kindergarten was something that the Anglican and United churches in the Japanese communities of downtown Vancouver had. But you know, you had to pay for it and not everybody could afford it. Schools like Strathcona which had a lot of Japanese children coped by using children who had English to help the children who didn't have English. But we lived in a community where there were less Japanese and there weren't more than a half dozen Japanese students in my class. I know my sister was so unhappy about school that my mother said, "Well, what you should do instead of crying is to try and teach your sister everything you remember in school." By the time I was ready to go to school, I could read a Grade Two reader. That's the head start I got because my sister was urged by my mother, who was a smart woman, to teach me everything she learned everyday.

I remember when I was ready to go to school, I could read a Grade Two reader. My mother learned from the other mothers that you had to expose your child to kindergarten or the school wouldn't accept you. I said that I refused to go to kindergarten because it was such a long way off and I just couldn't see that I needed it. I also played with the Anglican minister's son. He was in my class and started school the same time I did. I had to take him to school as he was too scared to go on his own. I can remember when I was being registered and the teacher asked my mother if I had gone to kindergarten. Since I hadn't, they said, "Sorry, I can't take your child, because she doesn't have any kindergarten." And I said, "I can read a Grade Two reader, I can!" So they brought me a Grade Two reader and I READ IT! I became the teacher's interpreter, because I could speak more English than most of the kids that came from Japanese families. So, that's where I got my head-start. I always love to tell the children this story.

Well anyways, so they skipped me, you know. I think when my sister was in Grade Two, I had almost caught up to her. I finished six years in five and went on to eventually do well in school. But you know, my sister was the oldest child in the longhouse. I think it was very hard for first children from those families that the Isseis had, because the parents did not help them with their language and they also

became responsible for the younger ones. They were the ones who had to act as interpreters for their parents as so many immigrant children with English as a second language have to do nowadays.

High standards of achievement are not unique to her experience since so many families placed similar pressures on children. I had thought that many Nisei women were not expected to be as high achievers in education or professional employment as their male counterparts and in some cases, this was true. Unfortunately, the bigger picture of what they had actually achieved seemed to get lost in this image. For many Canadians, there was a sense that the first women who came as picture brides were the followers, often the meek victims of male chauvinism, and not groundbreakers in a feminist movement of their own. When I asked if she was treated differently because she was a woman, Voice 1 revealed yet another side of these women as she remembered them and their stories. She also showed that others' expectations of her were as exceptional as were her achievements.

Out of the twin boys my mother had, one of them died in infancy. He was only thirteen months old. They spoiled my brother, because he was the surviving twin and he was their only son, but they certainly did not make us girls feel that we were inferior to him as so many parents do. My parents were very serious parents who wanted us to do well in school so my dad, for instance, built us each a desk. That encouraged us to work at those desks and do whatever we had to do. Of course, they always gave us a great deal of praise for good marks. They were really happy with achievement in school, like every test paper we got 100 in and that kind of thing. I recognized how very important education was then, particularly from my mother, but both my parents felt that the way you made your mark in the world was to do well in school and then that led to the possibility of a better job. My father thought that I should be a lawyer! and then go into politics and maybe become Prime Minister of Canada! I mean he really set very high standards and for a girl! Well, there was absolutely none of this feeling that just because you were a girl you couldn't achieve what they expected their son to do.

Our opportunities were so limited outside the Japanese community. You could work

in someone's home as a maid and learn something about other people's lives and a great many girls did who were my age. School girls would work in the homes in wealthier areas of Vancouver or Victoria and then they could continue their high school education. So a lot of Nisei girls finished high school where their brothers might not have, because the boys would probably start working in the sawmills or the farms or logging camps as soon as they finished grade eight. Girls who at least went to work as domestics, had an option to continue their education. My sister was very skilled at dress-making and she just took in all the dress-making skills that my mother was able to pass on to her and she really surpassed my mother learning to draft patterns. She could take a piece of cloth and cut it up without a pattern, just a few lines here and there and then make a beautiful garment just by looking at a picture or thinking in terms of what you would like. She was the mainstay in the shop. They ran that shop in 1933 until '42, and in 1938, they had made enough money for us to buy a house.

Through my high school years, I used to work in the dress-maker's shop as well. I did the finishing work like shorten the coats, put on the buttons and snaps, and all that kind of stuff. Then, I would deliver everything to people who wanted their stuff delivered to their houses. We were all taught at least how to do our own sewing. We all had to make our own clothes. We couldn't afford to buy anything that was already made. My mother was not a very good cook either. She came from a family where there were servants I guess, but you know, you have to learn those things. Nisei girls, older ones particularly, learned how to do everything from scratch. People from Japan these days are so used to buying things that are already cooked. They buy enough for their evening meal and prepare very little from scratch.

When the Niseis went to universities before the war, we knew the opportunities would still be very limited, because our boys graduated as engineers and they couldn't get papers or whatever engineers need in order to qualify. They went to work as gardeners, or in the sawmills, or worked at wood fibre. One man who went to university at the same time as my husband had his double degree in commerce and economics. Well, the only job he could get was as a labourer at a paper-mill town in 1938. Yet we went to university saying, "But at least we have to be prepared to look for opportunities. So, although we might end up being dressmakers," as I thought I would have to be after I got my degree, "at least we will have completed whatever we can." In those days you couldn't become a teacher. There was very limited opportunity to get into so many of the professions and most of us were too poor to go to other universities than the one that was right there in our hometown.

I think all of us had a little bit more desire to change the world. I mean you do when you are younger. We were a part of the Japanese Canadian Citizens League who back in '36 sent a delegation to present their case before the franchise committee in Ottawa. One Nisei woman, who is now about eighty-eight years old, was the first and only school teacher hired by a board of education. There were other girls trained as teachers but they couldn't find places and so they worked as kindergarten teacher for churches in the days before we had public kindergartens. I guess we just tried every place we could to realize some of the dreams that we had and some people were able to make a breakthrough.

It was partly because I think our mothers were enterprising. I remember my daughter asking her grandmother on her father's side, who came from Japan in 1910 to marry someone she did not know. The families knew each other. My daughter went to Japan on a third year study elsewhere program from the University of Toronto to spend a year at Nanzan University in Nagoya. When she came back, she could talk to her grandmother in Japanese about some of the things she had seen in Japan. She asked her, "How did you ever have the courage to come without knowing who you were going to marry to a country you have never seen?" Her grandmother's story was that she was the third daughter of six girls and one son. Her next sister was ready to get married. She was twenty at that point and her next sister was about eighteen or nineteen. So, she kept nudging her older sister saying, "Come on, Hurry up! Get married. I can't get married until you get married." She had several suitors that were proposed to her, but she was just not ready to accept any one of them. Then this offer came to go to Canada and though she did not know the man, this sounded like a real adventure to her. So, she took a chance. The marriage was, well, not the greatest marriage I guess, but they had ten children. It lasted until he died at the age of fifty-three. He died on New Years Day 1940. She made my daughter feel that, it was the sense of adventure and avoiding what appeared to be a somewhat more limited kind of life in Japan, that made her come.

Women faced barriers both as Japanese and as women, and their struggle against social and economic barriers paved the way for equal opportunity for women. It seemed that racism was not really a barrier to relatives I spoke to, because of the way they talked about it. They would shrug as if a race barrier was just there and they just accepted it. It seemed to have little effect on them, which puzzled me at first. Now I realize that the women overcame these barriers by helping each other and using their competitive strengths to find work - any work. In this way, there were no barriers to leading happy healthy lives. Still, it is not enough to see only their triumphs. They were being modest about the darker side of life, and I was not sure why.

Social Memory treats each individual as a link in a web of information. Although

the memories of the internment itself were not always central to discussions in the kitchen, other memories from that time period were often brought up in my presence that indicated a very different life-style from the one they are accustomed to now. Some of the aunts explained where their English names came from and in some cases, the names were necessary for getting or keeping a job, because the boss did not care to use their Japanese names. If there was any way to have their own identity, it was at least by choosing their own English name rather than by having one given to them. This is where I learned about the strong will of Japanese women which was left out of much of the Canadian history. It was by listening to recounted stories of relatives, which perhaps were only to entertain each other, but influenced me in a much different way, indeed vicariously. From them, I learned to concentrate on the things that I could do when faced with discrimination and not just on the frustrations.

The effect that discrimination had on Voice 1 diverges from the stereotype of a silent people. She was driven to be vocal about injustices whether they were towards her personally or towards the whole community and as such, it was important to how she and her husband had later influenced their children, as will be discussed later. Her singular attitude and behaviour were shaped by the events that she could only share with me through recounting, but shared more so with her children in raising them. How she reacted to racism would not only shape their memories of her, but also how they would react in similar situations. Thus, vicariousness of memories are stronger between family members

due to the greater emotional ties.

I was aware of the possibility that I might be pushing her to re-open wounds. That was not my intent and I asked her to speak only of things that she was comfortable with. In her willingness to respond to my questions she spoke in a manner suggesting to me that she never questioned her identity. By being vocal and dealing with situations as they came, she seemed to alleviate the sting of any racist blows against her. She could have recounted her experiences - not that there were any - where there was reason for her to restrain herself from pursuing her goals. Instead, she recounted experiences that broke through the silence symptomatic of many people who have experienced injustice. Her resistance to oppression appeared throughout her life and was most evident when I asked her to speak about racism and how it effected her. She responded:

It was everywhere, everywhere! Well, you couldn't change it. So, I just accepted the fact that I was Japanese. Sometimes people would say, "Chinky, chinky Chinaman..." and I would say, "But I'm a Japanese Canadian. I was born in this country. What are you singing about?" I would point out that I was born in this country and that I had every right to be here. I can't remember ever wanting to be white and I think that's partly because my parents were people who believed in the right of everybody to have a place. They were people who were leftwing thinkers and who believed in the right of the working class to have a place in society and who believed in the right of trade unions to assert negotiations for the working classes. There was that working class ethic, to be proud to be of working class and that sort of stuff. So, I can't remember ever wanting to be other than what I was.

I think it's because of the kind of parents that I had. They were probably more assertive than most Issei parents. They used to go on parades and go around house to house spouting some of their doctrines and trying to get some support for labour unions. My parents were involved in setting up a co-op in the Japanese community. They supported the publication of the Daily People. They were very supportive of the fishermen setting up their union trying to fight for a better wage or better pay structure so they would not be discriminated against. That kind of thing. Very early I learned the word for 'exploitation' in Japanese was *sakushu*. I mean those are

the words I remember, so I was not about to feel that I was powerless.

I know that at U.B.C. for instance, when my husband in 1938 applied for a teaching assistant position while doing graduate work in Physics and Math, he was turned down on the basis that he was Japanese. I mean, they could be that blatantly racist!

In 1938, I worked as an assistant to the reference librarian and she looked into bursaries at two library schools in eastern Canada. I think one of them was the University of Manitoba and the other one was the University of Toronto. They wrote back and said, "We do not allow Jews, Japanese, Chinese, Native Indians or Blacks into our schools." I mean, they could be that specific! "So that there is no chance that the student you are interested in can be admitted to our school." Now, she was terribly upset that her library school, the University of Toronto, would not admit me.

And I said, "Gee, I'm not surprised really." So, I thought I would just give up the thought of becoming a librarian and go into some other field. My choice was Social Work. So instead of French, German and Latin, I switched over to psychology and sociology courses. Then, when I applied in 1941, they told me they couldn't take me, because I was Japanese and they could never find a fieldwork placement for me. Well, that really shocked me, because I knew Japanese communities needed social workers just as much as any other community.

It was so shocking that I went home to think about it. It would have to be the weekend I met J.S. Woodsworth. Now J.S. Woodsworth was the founder of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation the C.C.F. which became the N.D.P. He was a socialist and at this point in his life he had been rejected by his party because of his pacifist stand. I knew a lot about him, because I belonged to a Social Problems Club at the university and even before that I went around with a bunch of kids in high school who were socialist. Along with those kids, I joined the C.C.F. at the age of sixteen. I unexpectedly met J.S. Woodsworth who was staying with a minister's family in Vancouver and recovering from a stroke that he had. My mother was doing some work for the minister's daughter. I had to shorten her spring coat. She had to wear it on Sunday, so I shortened and delivered it, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodsworth were there. It was the weekend the school had turned me down and at first I didn't know who he was, but oh, that was the most exciting meeting of my life!

Just talking to J.S. Woodsworth made me feel that one person could make a difference and maybe it was worth thinking about what had happened to me and going back to the school with some arguments to strengthen my admission to the Department of Social Work. Anyways, he wanted to ask me about what was happening to the Japanese community. We spent a couple of hours together. That's another story that I repeat over and over again.

He made me think about what I might do to gain my admission to the Department of Social Work. On the following Monday after I met him on the Saturday and had all Sunday to think about it, I went to the Council of Social Agencies, which was now called the Social Planning Council in most cities, and talked to the executive director to tell her what had happened to me. She said, "Well now, let me see. Surely, there is some way of getting you into the Department. There is the T.B. Social Service. They have taken on a number of people of Japanese origin, who have a great deal of difficulty with the English language. And there is Margaret Johnson who is the

Social Work Supervisor. She would probably be happy to have a Japanese-speaking student. You speak Japanese don't you?" and I said, "Yes I do." So she said, "Why don't you speak to Margaret Johnson?" and then she said, "Well, Margaret Hart who is with the Vancouver YWCA has just taken on a Chinese Canadian worker on her staff, who is a graduate of Phys. Ed. and she would probably take you on as a student.

Why don't you talk to those two Margarets?" and I did. Both of them said they would be happy to give me a fieldwork experience. So, I lined it up and went back to the school and said, "I have my fieldwork placements. Will you take me in as a student?" Well they couldn't refuse. I became the first student in the history of Schools of Social Work to negotiate her own fieldwork placement. It's now the responsibility of the student who takes a Social Work program to negotiate a fieldwork placement. But I started it! [laugh]

During her years at university, it seemed to me that she likely would have met many non-Japanese so I asked about how her involvement with the Japanese community had affected her, asking in particular about intermarriage.

In the days when I was growing up, there were very few people who married outside of the race and if you started going out with someone who was not Japanese, people talked about it if they knew. I can remember at university sitting next to a guy who came from Quebec. His English was a little shaky but not too bad. His French was very good, but he was taking a French class and he said, "How would you like to go to a Player's Club Play?!" and I said, "Oh come on, I would never go out with you. Let me introduce you to my friend." I mean, I would never have considered dating someone who was not Japanese. Besides, who wanted to get serious in university? I wanted to complete my programme. Who wants to get talked about going out with someone who was not in your social circle? We had a very strong Japanese Students' Club and there were lots of social activities. Some members eventually married each other. I had a lot of fun in university. By the time I entered, there were maybe about ten Japanese girls and fifty Japanese men. I got taken out by some of the Japanese seniors, because none of the boys my age would consider taking out a girl who had come to university on a scholarship. My god! Who wants to go out with a girl who is brighter than you are? The seniors were kind of intrigued with a girl coming in on a scholarship. So, I got dates with them. It was fun. I really had a great time!

I think things have changed considerably and now, very few Japanese Canadians seem to be marrying each other. I remember when my daughter was getting married, the minister said, "You know, you're the first Japanese Canadian couple who are both Sansei that I have married in this church." It is so unusual nowadays. I have a friend in the Jewish community who is concerned about their children marrying out and forgetting their past. I guess, we don't care so much. In fact, I know many

Nisei who are very proud to see their children intermarry.

Like many other closely knit ethnic communities, marriage outside the faith, race, culture or even community is negatively sanctioned. The rate of intermarriage among Japanese Canadians has risen to over ninety-five percent, which is the highest rate in Canada of all ethnic groups. According to Kobayashi²⁴, "no group even comes close [to this level], not people of Italian, English, German, or Chinese descent." The concern is not at all that they are intermarrying, but a question arises from this phenomenon as to what will be passed on to following generations and how? What will happen to Japanese Canadian history? Who will tell their story when they are not around? This will largely depend on how well non-Japanese spouses and children of mixed descent will be treated by society. To transform Omatsu's metaphor mentioned earlier (1992: 180), our response to racism in this country will be the architect of this country's treatment of our children.

If anything, evacuation and dispersal were two acts of racism that forced people to make their presence invisible. As a result, I grew up in a White community. I could not blend in completely, but I would try my best by doing such things as I had mentioned earlier, such as pinching my nose to make it longer. Then, perhaps, people would not see me as a distorted version of themselves. If I could go with members of my family or other visible minorities to a restaurant where there were predominantly Euro-Canadians and be no more

²⁴ Kobayashi was quoted in the *Nikkei Voice* (April 1997:1) which is a newspaper run by and for Canadians of Japanese descent.

than stared at, it would be as Climo would say, "surviving another trial" (Climo 1995:179).

Coming out unscathed was the goal, and that meant ignoring the stares, doing nothing to provoke them, and being as invisible as possible. This way, nothing bad could happen to us again. In carrying vicarious memories I have felt the impact of another's experience, although the connection eluded me at the time.

It was important to keep in mind that each of my own relatives had been uniquely affected by the war years. For those who were small children and especially for those who had to stay in the crowded conditions of Hastings Park, going to the camps felt like being set free. For a teenager, it was a major re-adjustment to a new life. Again, I could not forget my trip to British Columbia, when my aunt told her story of how the evacuation affected her life. As I recall, she had been fourteen years old when she was pulled out of school and sent to camp. Despite the fact that temporary schools were set up in the camps, girls her age did not receive the required education needed to complete high school. During that time she was discouraged by some community members from continuing her education. Consequently, she did not finish high school and ended up entering the labour force instead when she moved to the east. She spoke of her experience passionately and with a strength I had not seen from her before. It was that emotional experience of listening to her that made me see something personal of Japanese Canadian history through the eyes of another.

Her story is part of a chain of stories leading to mine. As her niece, whatever

emotional detachment I had from history was becoming less so. As stated earlier, Social Memory is a sharing process and a study of who we are. The more people share their memories with me, the more connections I have with Japanese Canadian history. Voice 1 spoke about her singular experiences during the war years, which allowed me to see more of this history through the eyes of yet another. I was mindful of the fact that her age and educational training at the time had made a large difference.

University was so racist! The president, Dr. Klinck, dismissed all the Japanese boys who were in the Canadian Officers in Training Corp when Pearl Harbor happened. Then they dismissed all the students in the school. I think they were allowed to graduate in the spring of '42, but there were no new admissions. So, in the summer of '42, I was the only Japanese student left. I had to go to summer school in order to complete the requirements for a diploma so they allowed me to go back to Vancouver and complete that program with the understanding that I would work for 6 months for the B.C. Security Commission. In the summer of '42, I was the only Japanese student left on the campus. We were so used to being discriminated against, you know. We just accepted that it was part of our life.

Anyhow, the Federal government had difficulty in knowing what to do with all those families that came into Hastings Park. Fathers and sons were sent off to road camp and here were just the women and children and old people. They had to start looking at how people were going to manage. As long as they stayed in Hastings Park, they got at least shelter and food. But, once they started looking at sending them out to camp, how were they going to feed themselves? It became a problem. So they started at Hastings Park to look at some of these problems that were occurring and the person that was assigned to look after the welfare services to help those families was the head of the Social Services Department in the city of Vancouver. Her name was Amy Leigh and she came to the school and said, "let me have that Japanese-speaking student." So, I became the most important student in that class and I went to work with her. I had done my YWCA fieldwork placement for the first part of my fieldwork requirement. As soon as I completed that, I started working with Miss. Leigh. She sent me out to one of the camps, Kaslo, to help set up a welfare office there, not that I knew what I was doing. My god, I was just a student! She didn't know what she was doing either. But we did set up a welfare office of some kind.

Q: Where did your mom go?

Well, she stayed in Vancouver. Vancouver people were allowed to stay until September or October of 1942. By October, I guess, they were all cleared out of

Vancouver, so probably September was when they were sent up to Slocan. By that time I was in the Slocan area. I was in Kaslo in May and June and at U.B.C. in July and August. Then as soon as I was finished that six week summer course, I got sent up to Slocan where they were setting up the welfare office. Slocan had a number of places. There was the city of Slocan and an area called Bay Farm where my family stayed and then there was Popoff and then there was Lemon Creek. Though they were separate communities, they were certainly close enough to walk between. So they sent my mother and father and my older sister and younger brother there. My brother had to be eighteen or nineteen. I don't know how he managed to escape separation from the family, because those from eighteen to fifty-five years old were sent off to road camps.

After Slocan, I was sent up to New Denver and spent a couple of months there and then I was sent down to Tashme. It was the last one of the settlements. I guess I was there in January and February. By that time my six months was up and I said, "I don't want to stay here." It was such an artificial kind of life. By that time of course, they were beginning to sell off our properties without our consent and there were other things which happened which were very distasteful to me. Well, the rumours were flying. Also, Tashme was a terrible place, you know. Terrible! You never saw the sun until ten o'clock in the morning and then it went down on the other side of the mountains at two o'clock in the afternoon. Also, the camp was sort of controlled by this Judo group from Vancouver. There was a very strong, almost authoritarian group of people who were involved with the instruction of Judo and they seemed to be the camp's leaders. They were certainly people that my parents had no respect for. They were Isseis who were associated with a man called Mori. They exercised a certain authority in the Japanese community because they used strong-armed tactics. Mori didn't come into the camps. I'm not sure what the whole story is, but certainly my husband had no respect for him either and was constantly fighting some of the tactics that Mr. Mori used like threatening or blackmailing people or whatever. But they were never able to prove anything against him and he had the confidence of the RCMP. There are some speculations on his kind of negative influence on the community. He was blackmailing people he knew had been smuggled into the country, but anyway nothing was proven.

Besides which, I could see that the welfare officers were going to have to confront people with the choice of going to Japan or going east of the Rockies. I could see that we were going to be the government representatives to confront people with that kind of choice and I couldn't see that it was any choice at all. So, the only way to get out was to take another job. For girls, that meant taking a job as a domestic. Now, I had choices of going to work for some educational institution like Albert College or signing up with some woman in Foresthill who wanted a maid. So, I signed with a woman in Foresthill to work for her for six months and they let me go. Now, they were pressing the girls to leave and of course, most families didn't want their girls to go. I just so much wanted to get out from under that. I certainly didn't like the atmosphere in that community so I was glad to leave.

I left in March 1943 and had a chance to visit my family in Slocan Valley before I set off for Toronto and when I did I said to my sister, "Why don't you come with me?"

You know you have a chance to break away from mother" with whom she had worked since she was fifteen years of age in the shop, "and do something on your own." She was too scared to do that. She said, "but mother and dad need me." Well mother and dad were in their middle years! They no more needed her in the camp than she needed them. She just did not feel safe. Even now, sometimes when she phones me and says, "You know what? I'm living far too long." She dwells on the negative things. Our mother died when she was sixty-six and she just feels guilty for having survived so many years, whereas, I'm always saying, "There's lots of things to do with one's life not to dwell on those sort of things." She has that sort of feeling of insecurity without family. My mother was a very strong person as you could imagine and she was completely dominated by her. So that has sort of shaped her life, made her a little bit afraid to do some of the things she might have done and I think it made her feel that I had all the breaks.

I know that when I started going out on dates, my family would say, "What about your sister?" and there would be times when I would try to arrange a date for her and it wouldn't work out because she didn't know how to interact with people the way I had a chance to. I was always an amusing date to have, because I could talk a lot. She wouldn't talk. She expected other people to draw her out. Well you can't.

My husband and I married in 1944, but when he came to ask if he could marry me, my mother was just so angry with me for considering marrying before my sister, because the order is oldest daughter first. My sister wasn't seeing anybody and my father said, "Well, she won't have a better offer than this one. I think she should be given a chance to marry him." Then my husband's mother came and said, "My son is getting so old, his younger brother got married. PLEASE let your daughter marry my son."

Well, my sister was twenty-six at the time I got married and she got married two years after that, so that was fine.

Anyways, when I got to Toronto, the B.C. commission said, "Oh that woman you signed the contract with, she doesn't need you. She's found somebody else. Here is a sheet of other families that want you. So, take your pick." Well I said, "I've never been a maid in anybody's home and I do have a diploma in social work. Maybe I could find a social work job?" The placement officer said, "You are hitting your head against a stone wall. I don't think that's possible." I begged him to let me at least try. I went to the YWCA, because I had done some work in Vancouver and they said, "Well, its the wrong time to be here looking for a job like that because usually they make changes in staff in the fall. The woman I saw was not really open to my being on the waiting list or even having a hope of working at the Y. I met her later in Ottawa and she was hiring for the Children's Aid Society and she remembered me and she hired me, but back in 1943 she says, "You know, you've really got a chip on your shoulder." I said, "I have every right to have a chip on my shoulder." I thought I had been very unfairly treated, as the whole community has been by the government, but I'd hoped that maybe being a part of the regular community would help me to become more useful. At any rate, I did not get hired. However, she did refer me to the National YWCA.

Now, the National YWCA at that point was hiring people to staff the Farm Service

Camps. You know, high school kids were let off early to pick fruit or do other farm work. There was a real shortage of labour in 1943. It was wartime and so many men were in the services of course and they needed everybody they could find so they were letting these high school kids out in May. So, I went to the National Y and they said, "We need a recreationist in the Vineland camp." There were a hundred girls there. So, I said, "Fine. I'd be happy to do that. I've got some field work experience in the Vancouver Y." Then a week later, I received a phone call saying that they had changed their mind. They had a rather unhappy experience with a Japanese Canadian girl whom they had taken on as a kitchen assistant in one of the camps and she had gone berserk. So, they were a little reluctant to take on another Japanese Canadian girl for such a responsible position. However, if I wanted to go as a kitchen assistant, they would take me. It doesn't make sense.

So, I said, "Well what's that?" It means you are the first one to get up and start the hot water so the girls can wash their faces in the morning and you scrub the dorms and clean out the privies, help the cook wash the dishes and peel the potatoes. I said, "Well, I don't have much choice. I'll take that job." I had a month I guess, because I must have arrived in Toronto at the beginning of April or the end of March. I spent one month with a dress-maker doing finishing work in her shop. She was very sorry to see me go. So, I said to my mother when I saw her again, "I really did put my dress-making skills to good use and survived as a finisher in a shop for one month in Toronto."

But you really run into some fortunate circumstances. The camp director was a woman who had lived in Korea and she was very interested in what was happening to Japanese Canadians. I can remember one occasion she was invited to speak to a Women's Missionary Society in Vineland. They asked her to speak about her experiences in Korea and she said to them, "Look, I have a Japanese Canadian girl on my staff and she could tell you something about the Japanese in Canada and it's a much more contemporary story. I'd like to bring her along with me to your meeting."

So, I got taken by Mrs. Patterson. I mention this incident in a little blurb that I am writing for the Ottawa News. At the end of the presentation, a woman said to me, "My! What beautiful English you speak." That was the only comment I got from the group. Well, what can you expect in Ontario among Women's Missionary Societies. That's the first time they met a Japanese Canadian girl.

The camp director was really a supportive person, because as kitchen assistant, I did all the joe-jobs, but I also organized two other girls who were kitchen assistants and they were just high school kids and I organized some free time for us. The cook was in charge of what we were supposed to be doing and she made us work seven days a week. That was most unfair! At least we ought to get a Sunday or one and a half days off every two weeks. So, I discussed it with the camp director and she agreed with me and I organized some free time for us. I also worked with the recreation assistant, a second year Phys. Ed. student who had no idea how to organize a recreation program for the high school kids. Sometimes they put in some over-time during the week, but at least they would have Sunday off. So, she would have to organize some kind of activity for them and during the week too when they would be between peaches and cherries. She and I worked up some activities for them. I

think the camp director realized that and she began to write some very good reports back to the National Y. The person that was chairman of the National Y's Farm Service Camps had a husband who was on the board of the University Settlement House. It is located right behind the Toronto Art Gallery and was one of the United Way agencies. It was a place where staff lived in residence and provided service to the families in a very multicultural area.

A strong sense of social justice that her parents had is well remembered and maintained by Voice 1 through her training as a Social Worker and her tenacity as an activist. Also, growing up with other Japanese Canadians provided some continuity between her's and her parents' experiences, something that was lacking in my case. My experience with no people of colour in my community other than my family left a big gap to be explained. My situation gave rise to the way I saw myself. People who I thought were like me, were my community and friends yet they sometimes treated me as an 'other'.

My sense of self was constructed within a this struggle between myself and those around me. As I tried to prove my *Canadianess*, I further removed myself from other Japanese Canadians. Since Redress however, learning about internment gave me insight into my predicament. In other words, it was because of forced dispersion that I have come to be under socially (and geographically) isolating conditions. Thus, my experiences with conflict or difference is intimately tied to those of my parents, that is those within my *star group*. My memories of such types of events derive very much from their earlier, emotionally damaging experience and as such, the vicarious connection is a strong one.

Voice 1 did not look back on her experiences of dispersal with regret. By 1949,

the fear of Japanese communities returning to the West Coast died down and relations between Japan and Canada were on the road to recovery. If there was any bitterness in the past, I did not get a strong sense of it when she recounted her experiences. Perhaps, partly due to the fact that we are not closely related, she did not share that part of her. She seemed to reflect more on her accomplishments in spite of the fact that she and her community had been wrongfully persecuted. In thinking about why this was the case with so many people I have spoken to in recent years, I realized that many of the voices whose bitterness I recall, I had read in books written before redress. These pre-redress authors were people who, at the time, had emphasized memories of their victimization by Canada. Now, after the apology, Japanese Canadians no longer place so much emphasis on memories of the intensity of past discrimination. Instead, they focus on memories of their own agency to fight it. This is not based on an empirical study. However, it does raise the questions upon which future inquiry can be made.

Already settled in Toronto after the Second World War, Voice 1 did not have to experience another uprooting as those from the camps did. However, she eventually did move again. Voice 1 continued:

My husband was a mathematical statistician and the Bureau of Statistics was looking for someone to fill a position at the time. He wanted to work in Toronto, but there wasn't a suitable job for him. That was after he had been teaching at the University of Toronto in the Engineering School at Ajax. So, he found this job in Ottawa. In part we were glad to go. We had our first child in '47. She was born on her father's birthday. That was very good timing. Anyways, the diagnosis of her condition was very confusing. We had a neuropsychiatrist at Sick Children's see her and he gave us the wrong diagnosis. I think very little was known about the condition now known as

cerebral palsy in those days. She lived until she was seven years of age. My mother was terribly upset that we were moving. It was difficult to deal with her. I think my husband's mother was much more understanding. My daughter was a year old when we moved to Ottawa so it was partly not having that kind of stress from my mother that made me feel happier about moving away, but it also gave my husband an opportunity to work in the field in which he was training. I'm not leery about moving around. I like new experiences and so people would say to me, "Well how can you leave your family and go off?" It doesn't bother me. Always, in a new community, I think you can find a circle of friends through the kinds of things that you are interested in.

When we first moved to Ottawa, it was nice not to have to consider all your brothers and sisters, particularly on my husband's side of the family. We once had a party in Toronto and we didn't invite all the brothers and sisters. His mother said, "you had a party and you invited so and so and not other members of the family?" So, there was that kind of very tightly knit community and you didn't dare leave out anybody. Even to feel free to pick and chose your friends, they always have to be in the family circle and those who were close to the family had to be a part of everything that you did. When we lived in Vancouver and Toronto there were the community organizations that we felt we needed to support. We wanted to support them but it also meant your time was limited, because this was an obligation that you had as a member of the Japanese Canadian community. I mean we felt that the responsibility to community was very heavy. Because of my husband's skill in Japanese and English, they were interested in him as well. We were tied into just about every group because of that and it happened in Toronto as well.

So to come to Ottawa meant that we exercised a little more freedom. There wasn't a community here at that time. We could do some of the things that we wanted to do, rather than the things that we were obliged to do. But as the Japanese community grew larger in Ottawa, the fact that my husband spoke Japanese meant that we then had to look at our role there. So, in 1975, when there was all this talk about the centennial celebration in the Japanese Canadian community, I guess I took the initiative since my husband had retired due to a heart condition. We helped initiate the Ottawa Japanese Community Association and before that we were very much involved in helping families from Japan as they adjusted to life in Canada.

When we came to Ottawa, I became involved in the CCF. My husband was interested in keeping up his physical fitness. He went to the Y, joined the badminton club and was also in the Y's men's fitness group. When we saw in the papers that a cerebral palsy association was starting, the description sounded like an association that would deal with children like our daughter and we immediately phoned. We were not people who just sort of sat back and waited to be invited to things. I was curious to know about things and so was my husband. So through his contacts at the office or at the Y or the CCF, we began to form a very solid circle of friends.

I became active with the CCF's women's group and was provincial secretary for the women's organization in Ontario. When we got to Ottawa and we took our daughter down to Montreal to the Neurological Institute there. We didn't get a clear diagnosis

and we were eventually referred to a clinic in Baltimore, Maryland, where we finally got a diagnosis. The words "cerebral palsy" came up and we were able to get help through the doctor there and a physiotherapist in how to best handle our daughter so it would be easier for us to train her and that kind of thing. That was a big help. We were part of a group here in Ottawa which formed a Cerebral Palsy Association and that eventually became the Cripple Children's Treatment Centre as part of the Children's Hospital. We learned a great deal about Cerebral Palsy and the conditions that caused it and we were active members of that association.

We lived over in Hull when we became involved in the Cerebral Palsy Association and then because we were not Ontario residents, they would have to drop our daughter. As it was, I had to bring her in by bus to the Chateau Laurier and then be picked up by a bus that transported these kids to the centre. I would go in as a volunteer and work with the teacher, occupational staff and physio staff with some of the children. That was why they were very happy to have me because I was one of the volunteer parents. But when they said they would have to drop us because we lived over on the Quebec side we rented an apartment on the Ontario side. The landlord's son came around to collect the rent and his son and group of contacts including us, resulted in five families getting together. We all bought lots for 250 dollars in the Riverview Park area. I can remember my husband going very early to line up and he got one of those lots. Over a period of 15 years, we had to pay for the improvement on those lots. We built houses that were pre-cut houses so you had to choose plans that were available in the pre-cut form. So we hired the same crew to do the roughing, then worked on finishing our houses ourselves.

Now, my husband didn't know a thing about carpentry but we had a Japanese Canadian friend who was a cabinet maker. He had learned his skill in Japan and we had met them, because they were living in Ottawa before we came. There were just two or three Japanese families at the time and so we got to know them quite well. He said, "Oh sure, I can come and help you". This had to be in the fifties. By this time, there were young Nisei men who had come in to work for the government and some women too. Some of them came to help us in the summer of '53 and somehow, we got that house finished. It took us a year. We finished the bedroom, the kitchen, the bathroom. Off the kitchen was the dining room. That was all finished and then we worked on the living room for the rest of the year and finally, the basement. That was a nice little house. Oh, we had a beautiful garden! That was the house to which we invited everybody. Even at the apartment we used to invite these single people (Japanese and Japanese Canadians) who came to work in Ottawa. They came in by ones and twos and every new one, we would say, "Well if you bring the food, we will provide the place for you to get together." So they did. I don't know how frequently, but they used to gather in our apartment and then later they helped us with our house and the house became a place to gather. We lived in it for twelve years until we finally sold it at \$15,000 and bought this house. So, we were busy.

Many of these young people got married to each other and so then they began to welcome newcomers to Ottawa. Eventually, we started organizing picnics. In the fifties, people began to arrive from Japan so we started including them. These were the people who came as post-Ph.D's to work for the National Research Council.

They were Japanese researchers and scholars. They brought their wives and young children, but the women were isolated in their homes. Their husbands went out to work at least and had contact with other Canadians, but the women were very much isolated. The Nisei girls too started having families once they got married so we started to bring the two groups together. My husband would talk to the men from Japan about baby-sitting their kids so the women could be free of that responsibility and of course the Niseis had their husbands looking after their kids whenever the women would get together once a month. We must have done that over a period of a year or more, when my kids were quite small. Then we always had *Hinamatsuri* day because these people were from Japan and those were the occasions on which they got together. We had these Japanese dolls on display at *Hinamatsuri* and then *Gogatsu no sekku* day in Japan²⁵. We had quite a large yard and so we had picnics in the backyard. It was busy but it was fun and these women from Japan really appreciated the effort that we made.

Q: You started a new community and old obligations too?

Well my husband was very fluent in Japanese. He was brought up in Japan. He went to Japan as a five year-old with his grandparents who wanted to retire to Japan and live out their lives there. They took him to be raised in Japan because he was the oldest son in the family and he lived there until he was sixteen years of age. So, he got both his elementary and part of high school education in Japan. In the Japanese Canadian community in Vancouver, he couldn't get a job when he graduated in Physics and Math. In Toronto, he got a teaching assistantship to go on with his education. He was contacted by these scholars from Japan who came to work in Canada. They were quite a group at one time. Really, there were quite a lot of them and so, we brought the Nisei community together with those from Japan, particularly the women who were so isolated. I also became involved in what was called a Pre-School Parent Centre where, in the Unitarian Church, mothers of young children were invited to look at ways of interacting with their children in order to provide a more enjoyable experience for themselves as well as with their children. I was the registrar for that group. I remember when my kids were small, they used to line up their stuffed toys and they would be using their toy telephone and phoning people to come to meetings, because that's what they saw their mom doing.

The subject of her children led me to inquire about what she taught them about their heritage. I wanted to know some aspects of how she had raised her children. On the

²⁵ *Hinamatsuri* is the girls day national celebration in Japan, marked by many dolls in the festival. It is held March 3rd of every year. *Gogatsu no sekku* is the boys day national celebration, otherwise known as children's day. It is held May 5th of every year.

topic of racism, I asked her if the children had ever come home from school and talked about any such problems.

She replied:

Not at the school that they first entered. When we lived at Riverview Park, there was a school just two blocks away. Because we built this house along with a number of families whose children were about the same age as our children, they were well accepted in that community so we had no difficulty. Then we moved here and my oldest living daughter was in grade two or she was in this combined class (two, three, four) doing three years in two. Her younger sister was in Kindergarten. There was an incident of them being harassed by other kids. We went to talk to the principal about that. I think they were called "chinks" and kids started harassing them so there was a school assembly to show that that was not what you did to kids who were new to their school. When my oldest daughter was in grade six she was chosen by the teacher to be dressed in a Japanese kimono and make a little speech, because it was centennial year. They did something special that year and they wanted to emphasize the multicultural nature of the school population. We were the only Japanese family sending our children there and they asked us if we would dress her in a Japanese kimono and so, we borrowed a kimono and she spoke on behalf of the student population. They were very well accepted after that one incident earlier.

This seemed to me to be a fairly progressive response by the school for that time, because there was not that kind of outreach in the schools that I had attended, but then again, I was in a far less multicultural area and I was not outspoken about the things that happened to me. I held my peace to keep from standing out and becoming a target for further ostracism. In the end, my silence did not help to combat racism, but became a symptom of its effect. As it happens, this is a symptom of many Internees which took root in the relationship between Japanese Canadians and others. When all the booming towns and businesses were taken away, Japanese Canadians came to be seen as *the quiet ones*.

Unlike most, Voice 1 was very action-oriented, and it was not surprising that she would have insisted upon something being done about it even if the teachers had not.

I was walking past the separate school on the same street as the school our children attended one day, and the kids started calling me, "chinky, chinky chinaman!" or something like that. I went right into the school and asked to see the principal and reported the incident and asked if something could be done about it. I wouldn't have just taken it and my husband would not have just taken it. So, we dealt with it. Now, too many parents don't deal with it when they should to protect their children. We'd tell them that they had every right to be treated as other children and not be harassed. I think they were glad that their parents were ready to fight for them and they had no other difficulty after that, but I don't know how they felt. We just accepted that it is our responsibility as parents to do it and we certainly said we were going to do it.

You know, the girls always came back and told us what happened to them at school. My son never did. I can remember one of these teacher interviews when the teacher said to us, "You know, we never hear at school what happens at home." We said, "You know, we never hear at home what happens at school." He kept those two lives quite separate.

At this school, there was one other girl who was able to keep up with him. He complained one day that when he finished a task the teacher made him do all kinds of joe-jobs like going to clean off the brushes or send a message to the principal or help another child. He said, "I don't like to do it." So, he used to dawdle over his work so he wouldn't finish before the others. The teachers did complain that he dawdled over his work. Then this little girl's family moved away and there was nobody who was as bright as he was. When he was in grade four the teacher recommended that we send him to Broadview School because he was so far above the other kids that there was no one who could offer him any kind of competition or any kind of compatibility. When he completed Grade Four which he did in three years, he was transferred to Broadview School where there was an enriched program for five, six, seven and eight. When he came home, he would tell us everyday what fun he was having. They would invent games that they would play at recess. He would tell us about it, "We invented a game called Massacre!" It was because he was with kids who were as bright as he was. There, he had a circle of friends. There were six boys who eventually were doing Grade Nine math when they were in Grade Eight. They still are his friends. One of that group died this past summer.

He also ran into a little bit of trouble with the history teacher in high school, who gave him a sixty-five on the first test that he had. At the teacher interview, the teacher was just so negative about our son that we wondered what was happening. We interviewed him instead of his interviewing us, I remember. And he was very uncomfortable with us. I wonder if my son would remember that occasion, because he was very unhappy with this teacher. We asked for an interview with the vice

principal. We didn't really accuse him of anything, but we felt very uncomfortable about the way our interview had gone with him, that there might be more than just our son not living up to the expectations of the teacher. When he graduated from that school, he had the highest marks in the school and he got a scholarship to Waterloo University. He was also the concert master of his high school orchestra so he was an outstanding student. I remember on his graduation night, we came face to face with the teacher and greeted him by name. He was kind of embarrassed.

To determine how they learned about their history, I asked her if she told her children about the evacuation. Most Canadian Sansei are now in their thirties, forties and fifties and they knew more about the redress movement than I would have. I think that I had heard something about internment when I was a child and I felt that it was wrong, but I did not quite understand why I should be concerned. I was one of those who had heard about it as a reference point in time or mostly in passing. As Nagata points out, these were the most common ways in which post-war generations learned about it (1993: 86).

From the way the injustices of the past had been glossed over by relatives who recounted the best of moments, I took it to mean that it was not so bad. Nevertheless, it became an important part of establishing a sense of justice as I began to make sense of my own encounters with racism. I remember deciding to use the term "Jap" as an acceptable term one day, reasoning that I could neutralize its pejorative use by using it myself as merely a short form. However, in arguing about it with my brother I realized that I referred to the term as a short form, because other kids told me that that was all it was and that I should not be offended. Was there something wrong with me because I had been offended? The experiment ended as abruptly as it started since it seemed to be greatly

flawed. It was not until relatives had received compensation and a formal apology by the Prime Minister that I became interested in the evacuation and I saw that the use of the term was not new. The film *Of Japanese Descent* (1942) is a primary example of how the term was used to propagate hatred and suspicion of Japanese. Through its continued use, the past seemed to have found its way into the present.

Voice 1 was obviously more vocal about the evacuation and as a result, the children learned how to deal with their issues quite early.

Our son was about twenty when he went to a conference in Winnipeg and all the Sansei said, "We never heard about the evacuation. Our parents never told us about it." So, it was something they didn't want to talk about and he got up and said, "well, I must have grown up in a different kind of household because that is all I heard about! That's all I heard. My parents talked endlessly about the olden days until we were fed up." I don't know. My son just had his thirty-fifth birthday. I think maybe the circumstances of his parents were different from other parents because my husband was a leader in the community and he certainly felt that it was important.

God! We've talked about it so long. I think one of them, maybe it was our second daughter, who wanted to do a project and she must have been in Grade Four? No, they'd heard pieces of it, but we really started telling her in a more organized way when the other siblings were there, probably at the evening meal. And she came back to us and told us that the teacher said, "None of this was ever recorded. Where did you get all the information?" and she said, "Well, my dad told me," and the teacher said, "Oh but, he couldn't have been old enough to have gone through some of these experiences," and she said, "He's old enough to be my grandfather." I can remember her coming back with that. Her parents were old enough to be her grandparents. The teacher gave her very good marks for that project.

By the time our son started school, we had a nanny from Japan and she used to look after the children. I could work the full day then because she was there in the house when the kids came home from school. She was with us for a year and she taught the kids Japanese. My son would not take his Japanese lessons seriously and he would say to her, "I don't understand you. You don't pronounce the words properly," the English words that is. He would play games with her and try to get her to say "would" instead of "wooded." You know how the Japanese tend to say "wooded". She would never say "little" properly and he would spend hours trying to get her to put her tongue in the right position to say "little" and she would be trying to get "the" out instead of saying "za". Japanese find the "t-h" very difficult and he would say

"No no no no!" He really corrected her accent, so she speaks beautifully now. Her accent is much better than most women from Japan. She teaches Japanese at Carleton University now.

We also had a woman come when she finished her masters thesis about Japanese Canadians. I remember she shared it with us. My husband and I would talk about it and the kids would be around. We never excluded them from our conversations. Somebody came and wanted my husband to do a biography of a man he knew, and so, we had a long conversation about that. Somebody from U.B.C. came, who wondered if he had any papers they might wish to pass on to them and he did have some papers that he passed on to them. So, there were all these other occasions. They were well aware of all our connections with the early history of the Japanese in Canada. So, I think all these kinds of incidences reinforced their knowledge of what had happened to their parents during that wartime period. Our kids were born in '57, '59 and '61. With a nanny from Japan as well, there was a close connection between us and Japanese people.

My first time in Japan, I was fifty years old. We took our children out of school for about five weeks at the end of the term, from April. That's when the cherry blossoms were out. We saw the cherry blossoms! It rained twenty days while we were there though. So, it's a wet country. No wonder it is such a beautiful country. It is so green, because it rained all the time. Oh, it was cold! I'm telling you, I've never experienced such cold houses as I did in 1970. Everybody wears heavy underwear and they look as if they are not wearing any heavy coats, whereas here, we don't wear heavy underwear, eh. We just take off our heavy coats and we dress as we are dressed in the summertime, because the house is nice and warm. There, if you didn't have any heavy underwear on, I had no idea that you had to have all that heavy underwear! The kids just shivered and shook the first two weeks. The first two weeks we were there, it was April and it was cold! We were in Tokyo! We also went north to Sendai in Miyagi ken where my husband's family came from. It was warmer outside than it was in the house. If it wasn't raining, damp and cold, it was actually quite nice outside, but when you got in the house, it was like night-time! The people whom we stayed with spent some time with us in Canada and that's how we got invitations to stay with them in their own homes in Tokyo, but no wonder they needed these *kotatsu*²⁶ to warm your feet. Of course you have a nice warm bath and tuck yourself under the old futon, but it's quite a different kind of life. When I was in Japan in 1986, things were more mechanized then. It was an interesting experience to see what life was like in Japan. It had improved tremendously from 1970 to 1986.

Centennial year (1977) had a big impact. By that time our oldest one was at university. In her first year of university she was going into sciences, because she was thinking about becoming a doctor. She took a course in Japanese as an extra. She did well in it. Second year she took more sciences and a course in Japanese and the teacher said, "You are doing so well in Japanese. Why don't you consider taking

²⁶ Kotatsu is a small table heated underneath so that people can warm their feet.

Japanese studies." So, in her third and her fourth year she took Japanese Studies. Now, in the third year, the teacher encouraged her to consider applying for some financial means for getting to Japan. So, she did a Study Elsewhere Program in Japan. The trip to Japan in 1970 also kind of stimulated her interest in this.

Her father was really quite pleased with the thought that she might go to Japan and become knowledgeable enough in the Japanese language and the Suzuki method of teaching music. She was a violinist. She had been a concert master of her high school orchestra and a member of the Ottawa Youth Orchestra. So, he was awfully pleased that she wanted to study in Japan and did everything to help her. He wanted to actually take her to Japan and she said, "No dad. I don't want to go with you. I want to make my own way, but you can come and visit me after a month or so. I'd probably be happy to see you," and that's what he did. He went to see her after she'd been in Japan a month.

But she also got a kind of reverse prejudice. When her father arrived and he could speak Japanese as well as anybody in Japan, they said, "Why can't you speak Japanese? I mean you've got a Japanese face." They had every expectation that she could speak Japanese as fluently as her father. He tried to explain how difficult it was to keep up a language when there wasn't a community or a grandmother in the house, but they didn't understand that and she always felt that she was expected to perform much better. Her accent was very good. She used to sing Japanese songs. That was one thing that my husband made sure they listened to. He brought records and I used to translate them into English so the children would understand what the songs were about. So, she had a good accent and a good ear for music. But they couldn't understand why she couldn't speak instant Japanese. Here she is with a Japanese face, a Japanese name, her father speaks fluent Japanese. She really had a hard time in Japan. She stayed with a lovely family and they had a child there who was eleven years old and was studying violin and she could coach him. In return for that, the mother of the family who was a high school teacher as was her husband, used to take her to koto lessons. So, she learned to play the koto when she was in Japan. So, she had a lovely time with that family. She would help get supper started when the parents came home and stuff like that. But the teachers always felt that she was a slacker when she did not speak Japanese as fluently as they expected her. She was so unhappy about that that she didn't return. She could have gone back if she wanted to.

She came back from Japan after nine months and completed her undergraduate degree in Japanese Studies. When she came back she could speak to her grandmother in Japanese. She understands more Japanese than she can speak of course. Then she said to us, "I know you want me to go back to Japan and study the Suzuki method of teaching violin, but I am going to stay in Canada and become an engineer." By that time she was involved with her husband to be and I don't think she wanted to leave him either although she didn't say so at the time. So, she went into engineering. Now she had enough science courses from her first two years. I think all she had to do was make up one chemistry course and they let her into second year engineering. So she became a chemical engineer.

I think her father would have liked to have seen her go back, really pick up that language and become a violin teacher and she knew she was disappointing him, but he said, "Well, if that's what you want to do" and he supported her. Well, he died before she graduated 'cause she graduated in '82 and he died in February of '82. He never ever felt that girls could not do what they wanted to do. He never ever said, as his brothers would say, "You're just a girl." I remember her engineering uncle saying, "You're taking engineering? You're a girl! You'll never pass that course." She came seventeenth in a class of something like over 200. She has one uncle who is a chemical engineer and he said, "You know, it's a hard course." I think she did better than he did.

In my own experience, Japanese and non-Japanese people alike have often said that I should go back to my roots. What I expect to find is a very interesting past that links me to more than one place, but the history of Canada still tells much more about the people close to me, my parents, because this is where they grew up. The struggle to be accepted as Canadians has left little reason to see the faces of people of Japanese descent as any less Canadian than others.

Having received redress, there has been a sense of closure for many Nisei, but only as one part of the healing process. Revisiting places have become an important stage for reminding themselves that they did help to shape the cultural landscape as an integral part of Canadian history. While visiting British Columbia with relatives, we stopped at the old homestead where they grew up. The geographical landscape with the few remaining buildings triggered old memories and my aunts told a wealth of stories from long ago as if they had just happened yesterday. They brought the landscape to life by leaving a lasting impression on me and imparting to me a meaningful connection to the West Coast. Suddenly the aunts, uncles and parents, who are the vanguards of strict family morals and

stability, became more child-like and incredibly human. In fact, they really did walk ten miles a day to and from school!

Voice 1 also contributed to the healing process of others through organizing memory projects. She spoke of her return to landmark areas and how these, as well as the communication with fellow Japanese Canadians helped to heal individuals and to create a new perspective on the past. Her interest was not only due to her personal or intellectual curiosities, but also led to her bringing people with a shared past together for a few weeks to put the missing laughter back into their history. They could thereby offer following generations a more hopeful and brighter image to remember vicariously and to maintain in social memory as a significant feature of their role models.

In Vancouver, I walked past the house on Triumph St. and it is still there and the house that we bought near Hastings Park on Oxford St. I walked past there to see if it was still standing and it is. That's about it. I've certainly been in and out of that Japanese Language School I had attended in Vancouver. We used to have meetings there for the Powell Street Festival and stuff like that. The Powell Street Festival was started fifteen years ago after the centennial year. I remember, I was asked to make a presentation there on Japanese Canadian women and their contribution to society. I talked to a lot of people, and there were so many Japanese Canadian women who had pioneered this, that and the other. But, nobody seemed interested in reproducing it so I just threw it out. I'm not one of these nostalgic people you know. I don't want to go back, but I was curious to see the house, to see if it was still standing there. I went there in 1987 and then I lived in Vancouver for eight months. I decided Victoria would be a nice place to live when I retired. My husband was buried there. I wanted to buy a condo but I found it so expensive in Vancouver. The only one I could afford was way out in Burnaby and I thought that's ridiculous. So, I found one in downtown Victoria which was in the price range I could afford²⁷.

²⁷

The place that she is living now is a retirement home in Victoria that she had been involved in developing. She was also involved in previous projects like it, one of which focused on aging among Japanese Canadians in Toronto.

Then, in 1992, I organized a Vancouver Island tour and as a result, I amassed a fair amount of information about the settlement on Vancouver island. On the tour, there were lots of people. Just tremendous I thought. We had hoped for one bus then ended up with two bus loads. It was a very interesting tour. The people who chose to come on that tour had some connection to Vancouver Island like Victoria, Duncan, Chemainus and Nanaimo, Tofino and then there were the lumbering communities like Royston. Then of course, there was Cumberland where immigrants worked in the mines. It was a town which had as many as 10 000 people at one time and the Japanese were a part of that community in the very early days, but the mines were very dangerous places to work. They had several explosions and so by the mid thirties the town was practically closed. The Japanese lived quite distinct lives, as did the Chinese and a few Blacks who lived in that community.

There was a guy who had gone to university at the same time I had. His son came to me and said, "You know I had a hard time convincing my father to come on this trip, because all he could remember about Cumberland was that it was a terribly racist town and yet, he wouldn't really talk about what it was really like to grow up in Cumberland." He also said his father had been widowed a couple of years before so, he had become almost a recluse. The son said to his wife, "Well, this is a trip I want to make with my father, because I want to hear something of what it was like when he was growing up." Afterwards, he said, this trip did so much for his father, because he realized for the first time, that he was almost a hero to his high school friends. He was one of the very few to go to university from the town of Cumberland. You know, there weren't that many people who went from a town like that to go to U.B.C. at that period. Everybody said, "Oh ya, George? He knew all the math, I mean he could help us with our homework." You see, at school, they could have non-Japanese friends but after school, all the Japanese kids were in Japanese school. So, they didn't have time to take part in any kind of games with the others, besides which, the parents of White children did not want them playing with the "Jap" kids. There was a real social isolation. George had been an excellent student who would help them with their math homework. So, you know, he was a hero and this made all the difference to George's ability to share what it was like to grow up in Cumberland.

I remember after we left Cumberland and went to Ucluelet. It's a long way from Cumberland to there and we couldn't stop George from talking. He was full of what it was like to grow up in Cumberland. He didn't talk about the difficulties so much as the kind of fun they had, because his father evidently, was one of the more prosperous men in the community. He owned a car so, George could invite his friends to come on trips. He talked about going fishing and going on picnics, you know, all the kind of fun things you can do when your father has a car. So, his son for the first time heard the stories of his father growing up and he was delighted. It was a healing process.

That's what so many of us needed to do, to recognize that there were some not so good things that happened to us during that period, but that we need to face them, and that so many others went through the same experience as we did and somehow we were able to overcome that. So then, out of that experience we did learn to survive in a

way that we might not have if we didn't have some of those adversities to overcome. Anyways, in terms of bus camp trips, and Vancouver Island trips and homecoming conferences, they have helped us to relive some of the things that happened to us and to recognize that we somehow managed to survive and that the things that happened to us shouldn't happen again. That's why I think it is important to keep it alive.

When I see Kasey Oyama write in the *New Canadian*²⁸, "It wasn't such a bad time for us," it just infuriates me to hear or read stuff like that. I think that anything that wrong, though some people may have survived that experience and gained an opportunity to do things which they never thought they could do, is still wrong. Nothing like that is ever a blessing in disguise. I think, as a community, we could have moved forward in different ways. You never know. But, when we were trying to organize that rally in front of the Parliament Buildings in the Spring of 1988, some Japanese Canadians in Ottawa just did not want that to happen. So, there still was that in '88 when we were close to settlement. Of course the settlement came because the Americans got theirs and Canada didn't want to be left behind. Nonetheless, many were not very supportive of the idea of having our own. We had to show the Canadian government that we had a group of people that supported us. We had the Civil Liberties there and church organizations and politicians who supported us. The Chinese community was represented there and the Canadian Ethnocultural Society. If you look at the *Spirit of Redress*, you will see all the organizations that were there and spoke at Parliament Hill. That was a great day. Oh, that was really a great day - to be a part of that rally! I was glad, I happened to be there for it. Since the redress was so successfully waged, Japanese Canadian people have felt, "Sure, we deserved those rights."

I remember that my relatives had mixed feelings about demands for redress in the early 1980's. Issei and Nisei frequently commented that "it could not be helped," or that "it was a blessing in disguise", or that "it was the past and had nothing to do with their lives now." The post-redress view, in contrast, holds a lot more pride and an empowered sense of Canadian identity.

Frequently, one's identity is tied to their ethnic community, and so it is no surprise that anyone should be asked about it. In the minds of many people, loss of community

²⁸ *The New Canadian* is a monthly newspaper published in English for Japanese Canadians.

will end up in the loss of values, culture and language, and history. Such a view operates to blind us to what we do have and what we have gained. Without a Japanese Canadian community to draw upon when I was growing up, I did not identify with one. As explained earlier, my sense of self was built on other factors, one which entailed belonging to the only family of Japanese descent. My family was also an integral part of a rural community. I do not feel I have lost anything that I do not even remember having in the first place. Instead, Japanese Canadians continue to share values and history, and while our language and culture is not the same as that of our ancestors, we have made them ours to express ourselves with.

To end with Voice 1's interpretation of what had been passed on, I asked her how her parents' values and memories affected her view of the world and the way she brought up her children.

Well, I certainly felt the kind of pressures we faced as children by our Issei parents and I would say this is generally true of all Nisei: to achieve and work hard and be fluent in both Japanese and English that sort of thing. I was accused of sometimes not being "Oyakoko". That means "obedience to your parents". This was expected and if I said something that might be somewhat questioning of their authority then, my mother would say that I was not as docile as my older sister and that I should be a little more "Sunao" which was the expression that they used to use - more gentle or docile. I think there was a pretty heavy hand on Nisei children to conform to the standards which they had brought from Japan. You know, they were the products of that Meiji system. There were pretty strict standards of hard work and loyalty and family cohesiveness. So, I think those kinds of values were certainly passed on to us.

As a community, the fact that we had students who excelled in school, was always a source of pride to all the Issei parents. The Japanese students did very well in the Vancouver schools. And we had a lower crime rate and a lower this and lower that compared with other communities, because there was a very well developed system of helping each other. Families helped each other and those who came from the same

part of Japan had a *kenjinkai*²⁹ so they would help each other through any difficulties.

It was a very cohesive community through the church and my parents were members of the Buddhist church. We went to the Anglican church, but you know, there was always a lot of contact between the staff of the Buddhist and Anglican churches and families. The Japanese school too, had their own organizations and the Japanese school principal and his wife lived only a block away from us. They sometimes wandered around the neighbourhood, came in and spoke to our parents. We all knew each other quite well so there was cohesiveness, but if you did anything shameful it would reflect on your family. It's a lot like a small town. I think that probably has dissipated with Japanese Canadians being so scattered.

Voice 1 left a note of pride and satisfaction to know that the first, second and part of the third generations have successfully paved the way for a more tolerant society, each in a unique way. Not only that, but her memories as she has recounted them to me have helped to reveal much about myself. Her story has vicariously become a part of my own, particularly as I write this social drama. Her story of triumph has answered some questions about the people and history that books could not offer. As anthropologist, Margaret Blackman, would appreciate, life-history provided a "personalized and longitudinal view of changes" (Blackman 1982:4).

I was anxious to hear her son's perspective on history what being Japanese Canadian meant to him. What did he learn from his parents and from his own experiences? Is there continuity between them? How did he think he was effected by his parents' experiences? The answer I sought, again, revealed themselves in the way that he recounted his own life-history. I was also aware of a different type of interview that would

²⁹ Those who came from the same prefecture (*ken*) usually formed a tight community of support and activities. Such a unit was referred to as a *kenjinkai*.

emerge. We were in the same place where his mother was interviewed, that is at his house, providing the same level of comfort. Therefore, difference in location was not at issue. However, the detail in which he spoke about things depended on the nature of the question. For instance, his recounting of events were brief when I asked for a narrative account, but he went into greater length on events in his life, especially recent ones, when I asked about what he had learned from his parents and how.

Adding greater complexity, his outlook he inherited on his parent's memories as well as his own memories revealed both continuity and gaps with his mother's account. Of greater concern to me was that, while I absorbed his mother's life-history like a thirsty sponge I found myself questioning his views, because they were not always clear to me. The nature of our interview was largely due to his social location in relation to me. In addition to being a bachelor and a computer programmer, he was also a part of my generation, therefore not an elder like his mother. He was a peer who thought quite differently from me and in retrospect, one with whom I was bolder with my opinions. Discussions about experiences and ethnic difference would ensue, which would give me pause and force me to recall and rethink my experiences, especially when it came down to certain disagreements about which characteristics could be identified as cultural traits.

I asked Voice 2 to begin with what he remembered about his grandparents. This was to begin the interview with the immigrant generation as his mother had done.

Voice 2 began:

I think my maternal grandfather died certainly before I was two. My maternal grandmother died when I was extremely young so I didn't know her very well. I remember her mostly through pictures, like I see pictures of me with her, so I know we were alive at the same time, but I can't say that I exactly remember her other than that.

I know that my paternal grandfather died quite early, long before I was born, at least ten years. My paternal grandmother lived for a very long time. Her life and my life overlapped quite a bit and I remember very distinctly. She was called *Bachan*³⁰. That was our friendly name for her. Hana was her real name. Everybody in the neighbourhood knew her as *Kachan* even though it implies mother. Actually, that was her nickname and this was in the Japanese neighbourhood in Victoria. She lived about eighty-nine years and I remember when she died, everyone was quite upset. I was taken out of school so we could go to the funeral and I was one of the pall-bearers.

I don't know very much about her except that she was a very strong woman, very intelligent woman, very hard working woman. She was definitely a woman to be admired, but by the time I knew her, she was so old that I remember her as being a little more frail. However, she was definitely very strong minded even when I knew her. It was sad to see a disintegration of her self-image as she got older and was physically less capable. Now, the unusual thing about her, or maybe it is not so unusual, is that she didn't speak any English. So, the relationship between her and I, though it was very caring, was limited by the fact that I don't speak any Japanese. Our relationship was distant as a result and we couldn't really say more than "Hi. How are you?" But I think she had better things to do other than learn English like care for her sons and her grandchildren. She never seemed to pick up English, very strange. She could have been embarrassed by the fact that her English was rather poor. We saw her at least four times a year. She always lived with one of my other aunts or uncles. It varied as time went by.

She had a family of ten, one died in childhood, three were daughters, six were sons. She had this philosophy; one of her big goals was that she was going to send all of her sons through university even though she was poor and she did, with the exception of one. Her five sons that went to university were very highly educated in terms of formal education. I think a Master's degree is the lowest education that any of them have with the exception of the one that didn't go to university. One of my father's brothers was president of a large company in Canada, another worked high up in the Ontario Research Foundation which is a big organization between Hamilton and Toronto and one has an engineering degree, an M.B.A. and he was vice president of Waltec. Because it was a family of nine living children spread out over twenty years with some daughters mixed in, not all the sons went to university at the same time. In fact there were never more than two sons in university at the same time and the sons were semi-self-supporting by the time they got to a certain age and paid for the rest of their own education. Otherwise, my grandmother and her daughters held menial jobs. They had a store, that I think they owned, in Victoria and they did other tasks

³⁰

Grandmothers are called *Bachan* by young children.

like cleaning houses and doing laundry.

My father was the eldest child and he actually grew up in Japan, because it was very common for you to send your eldest son to Japan to be educated so that you would still have that link with Japanese culture. Then when he got back he was eighteen. They decided they would send another son to Japan to replace my father. So, they sent my youngest uncle to Japan to be educated there and he was the one that got stuck in Japan during World War II. I may be wrong, but I believe his guardians were killed in a bombing raid which would have been his aunt and his uncle, but he himself escaped unhurt during the War. His English and Japanese are very good. Both him and my father were very Japanese, as well as Japanese-speaking. So, my father was almost a real Japanese, but he was born in Canada so he was a Canadian citizen. He couldn't speak English when he came back from Japan. He went there as a baby. All the other siblings however were born and raised in Canada and spoke English. My father spoke English very well by the time I was born, given that he came back to Canada when he was eighteen years old and by the time I was born, he was fifty-one. I always felt that his English was fairly good, though I recognized that he made numerous grammatical errors - mostly of a Japanese nature.

Listening to Voice 2, my memory of my father was once again recalled. My father had also been born in Canada and went to Japan before the war when he was just a baby. He returned to Canada at the age of eighteen with very little knowledge of the English language. The question of his *Japaneseness* or *Canadianness* seemed to be unique and complex. On the one hand, he was seen by most people as an immigrant to Canada, and on the other hand, I saw him as a returning Canadian. He had lived in Japan during the Second World War and was able to return to Canada in 1954. Obviously, he does not remember anything about Canada before living in Japan, so it was a foreign country to him when he arrived. Likewise, his older sister, also born here, returned to Canada, but the younger brothers and sisters were born in Japan and still live there today. It makes me wonder if my father would have come to Canada when he did or if he would have come at

all had he not already had a pre-connection to Canada. Thus, for me he is not quite like most immigrants who do not have a previous history in Canada.

In lieu of this realization, I was curious as to what Voice 2 meant by "real Japanese".

I asked him to clarify this notion. His response was simply that he was referring to those who were raised in Japan and whose values extended from their upbringing there. It made sense when he explained it to me. However, the term remained problematic for me in that it divide people too easily into hierarchical categories. For the category 'real Japanese,' there is a category 'unreal Japanese' and for the category 'real Canadian,' there is an 'unreal Canadian.' Do 'real Canadians' speak only English or French as a first language? This question of a "real" anything was disturbing. Such sharply defined labels seemed to me to be dangerous things, because they are often heavily laden with assumptions, many of which turn out to be false and lead to confusion. On a personal level, I felt that I was being pulled into a world of unyielding labels, which obfuscated my experience with and understanding of intercultural relations, that is my sense of self. For example, "Japanese-Canadian" is a commonly used term to refer to Canadians of Japanese descent. It is seemingly harmless, but as Nishiguchi writes (1996:2), "Compressed within the ubiquitous hyphen in that tiny splash of ink uniting worlds, but distancing worlds, lies the unhappy legacy of the 'other' Canadian." Even without the hyphen on the page, the shaky history of Canada forms the foundation upon which, Canadians who look or sound different from those of English descent are thought of as hyphenated, as opposed to *real*, Canadians.

However, my ruminations do not do justice to Japanese Canadians who are comfortable with certain labels. While Kobayashi asserts (1992: 11), "the concept 'real' is at best uncritical and at worst highly prejudiced," as used in some of the sociological writings she examines, Voice 2 ascribed his own meanings to the term "real Japanese" that are also implicitly understood by other Japanese Canadians. I felt that I could only imagine his understanding of intercultural relations and means of communicating them. However, I sensed that there was a quality of "Japaneseness" he was talking about that could not easily be explained. Ultimately, our perceptions were like paintings, our own creations, which aimed to express the significance of our personal experiences. To return to his memories, Voice 2 continued to speak about his family:

Unfortunately my grandmother did not have the same ideals for her daughters so they didn't get any university education at all. They ended up spending the entire time making sure that the sons went to university. They made the money and worked hard. This was before and after the war. They never went to university and to a certain degree it shows, certainly wealth wise, because all of the sons were successful monetarily, but it was not so in the case of my aunts. They would have had to marry into wealth and they didn't.

My mother, on the other hand, was well educated. She was born on Vancouver Island on an Indian Reservation. She has a half brother and she a full-blooded sister. My mother was very intelligent³¹ and my grandmother recognized this trait fairly early on in my mother's life. She really pushed my mother to be academic, which my mother was. She won all these contests and even in high school, she won debating contests. Then, she got a full scholarship to U.B.C. So, when it came to paying for her education, even though the family was poor, my mother had everything paid for her. She would have been around 16 years old when she started and probably just

³¹ At first, Voice 2's use of the word "intelligent," refers to one who is of high mental capacity, I.Q. or potential. Yet, it becomes apparent later, that his use of the term serves to include those who are driven to work hard and focus on formal education.

managed to fit in her degree before they were all evacuated. My father was also fairly intelligent, but I wouldn't classify him as intelligent as my mother.

My parents were quite a bit older than I am and they were married almost twenty years before they had me. So, how they married was a long past event that was not so important for them to recall. I think they met at U.B.C. where my mother had a scholarship. They moved to Ottawa partially, because of what happened during the War with the War Measures Act and partially because my father sought a job that was here in Ottawa. So, all the living children that they had were born in Ottawa, which would be myself and two sisters. A third sister, the oldest one, died from cerebral palsy when she was young. I am thirty-five now and my sisters are thirty-seven and thirty-nine. The older one lives in Oakville and has a husband who is Japanese Canadian as well, and their two sons have Japanese names too. The other sister lives in Cape Breton. With the exception of my eldest sister, who was the one that died, we were all born at the Civic which is just down the street from this house.

At the time we were born though, we lived across town. We lived there until I was three. It was a pretty popular hangout for the neighbourhood kids because my mother had this magical ability to prevent children from running out onto the streets.

So, all the other parents liked it when kids hung out there. They were mostly my sister's age. I don't know what kinds of toys we had then, but I remember that they were in my play pen which sat out on the front yard and any of the kids that wanted to play with them had to go into the play-pen.

Then in 1964, we came down here to this house where we grew up. This house used to be the outskirts of Ottawa. Here, I don't think we got along with the kids in this neighbourhood. They used to trample our property and were more unruly. There were a lot of low-income families and there were a lot of veterans homes, which at the time was cheap housing. Almost all the houses in this area, if you don't count this street, are war houses, which means they are one storey and on a small lot. Recently, they have been snapped up by yuppies and renovated, and in a lot of cases, enlarged.

There was some problem with being the only Japanese family in the area. I was sometimes teased by other kids but not that often, because I didn't speak with a Japanese accent. When it did happen, it was kids that were socially dysfunctional anyways so it wasn't that hard to ignore. It never really made a difference to me, but I think that kind of thing has faded quite a bit, certainly, not because there is less racism in Canada, but I think that most racism now-a-days is directed at ethnic groups other than Japanese.

You know, I grew up in a household of older parents. My father was fifty-one when I was born. He was not as active as he used to be so he didn't do a lot of heavy sports.

But he taught me how to play baseball and he taught me how to play golf, which I really hated. My father spent a lot of time with us on evenings and weekends. He would bring home a new record, apparently every week according to my mother. It wasn't always for the kids, but he definitely brought home a lot of records and a very large children's section. The children's music back then was better quality than things like Barney or whatever they play now. It wasn't just Japanese music, but also contemporary music. I think he did some good research, because the records he bought were very interesting. There were all kinds of eclectic, folk and other music

and I remember later in life he bought a lot of Japanese music. I remember we really liked a record by the Limelighters and we played it so much that he basically had to go out and buy another one, because we wore it out. I think the reason why my sister and I are very interested in music is because of the way we were brought up. I have a very large music collection. I'll show you. It's in 4 sections, the largest of which is by artists. Those artists are in alphabetical order and then there's classical, soundtracks and collections, but in classical, there are only two albums. I don't listen much to classical music, but I played a lot of it when I was a kid.

Oh, that's the other thing I should mention, is that my parents forced us all to play musical instruments. I started playing the violin when I think I was six years old and I got to be quite good. I went to the Banff School of Fine Arts so, I saw Western Canada when I was about fourteen and I toured around Ontario. My sisters and I used to play as a trio with piano, cello and violin. My oldest sister is teaching one of her sons to play violin. I regret that I didn't keep it up, but it is hard to keep up the musical instrument that my parents had selected for me, which was the violin. It is hard to keep up, because if you stop playing the violin, you start to deteriorate almost immediately and you can't pick it up two years later and expect to be in any functional form. However, you can, not play the piano for years and years, sit down to play it and still be semi-functional at it. I played the piano too so, I know the difference. I played violin in a lot of orchestras and I was pretty good. I listen to a lot of nineties country and seventies country as well.

Obviously, my parents both valued education and intelligence. They tried to raise us to be intelligent. There was quite a bit of pressure, but in the end I don't think I resented it. I do believe, especially when you are a baby, it definitely determines your brain functioning later. I think my parents also believed that the more stimulation you receive when you are young, the better functioning you will be when you are older and they were very loving and attentive parents. My parents also liked us to listen to a lot of radio and they wanted us to play with lots of exploratory toys. They were very careful in their selection of toys. So, in those days they were very careful not to use the television as a stimulant. Our television watching was severely restricted. We weren't allowed to watch Batman. We weren't allowed to watch anything except we were allowed to watch the News and Tommy Hunter and particularly, anything that involved music. We didn't feel like we were missing anything, except we did want to watch Batman. I remember that was a contentious issue. They wouldn't let us watch it, because it was violent. Of course we didn't have cable so that limited our choices quite a bit.

Q: Isn't the news violent?

Well, in those days the news wasn't as violent as it is now, because it was censored. But we did see some violent things on the News occasionally. There was that famous incident where a black adolescent was executed on television and we saw that. It was in the seventies, so I might have been fourteen. It was on CBC. I think kids these days are auto-stimulated by television and they do grow up to be intelligent, but lacking social graces.

Q: What was your father like?

My father was strict and harsh as we got older, but a good father. Sometimes he felt that pressing an issue was the best way to settle it. I think his conflict resolution skills were not very good. He always felt that the brute force method was the best and it back-fired a few times. I remember wetting my bed when I was very young and he spanked me for it. He was always very proud when I stopped for a period after he had spanked me and I remember resenting it very heavily. From him, however, I learned generosity and principles just from the way he acted and the things he did. He was always entertaining people and helping people out. He always tried to be a good samaritan and be a man of principle. He wouldn't do what was convenient, but do what was right for society and I have tried to do the same, especially in my work for instance. My mother was pretty much the same way, but she was not strict. She and I got along very well, whereas my father and I were at odds. It was when I or my sister had mental health difficulties that my father wasn't much of an assistance. He threatened to throw me out of the house once if I didn't get a job. None of us knew that mental health would be an issue at the time though.

Q: What was school life like?

My parents enrolled me in a school with an enriched program for grades five to eight and I was too fast for that as well. My I.Q. was measured at over 180. I don't imagine I can do that now, because I don't have the mental stamina for it. Initially, I didn't really care about school that much but as time went on, I became more and more concerned with doing well in school. I think it was starting in grade ten or eleven that my parents really began to push me to take school much more seriously. Before then I was always getting good grades, but I wasn't trying hard. I think I was well liked amongst most of the teachers except for one or two. As I got older I started concentrating on certain subjects instead of being really well versed in all subjects. I started to specialize in sciences and mathematics and ended up going to engineering school at Waterloo. My parents wanted me to learn independence at a very early age.

When I was twelve, I moved out of my parents place into the place next door. It was all part of the same building which they owned, but it was not quite part of the same living space. They wanted me to go to university when I was young so that I would be out of the house in case my father had the massive heart attack that we were all waiting to have happen. It was never said, but that was the premise and that was when they got on this kick, where they wanted me to do five years of high school in four years and sacrifice graduating with all my friends. I was also expected to go to a university that was out of town. I just kept trying harder and harder to get high marks.

I can't say that getting a scholarship was one of my goals, but that was definitely one of the goals that teachers had for me. I think what was probably at issue was the expectation teachers had, at a time when Orientals were not very common in Canada.

Teachers weren't used to seeing an Oriental in the class. I think that when they did see one they immediately said, "Ah, there's one that is going to excel in school." Right? That was the expectation. To a certain degree, I can't say that it was all because I was Japanese, because I did have a reputation for excelling in school. I think

people basically accepted me the way I was, except for that perception. It is not just an academic perception but a social perception. I think it is important that we do live up to those expectations, because I don't want to be known as a lazy race.

Anyways, I was seventeen when I went to Waterloo University. It was too much pressure in the end and that was what triggered my first stay in a psychiatric institution. I was in my second year of university when I dropped out. I was taking this specialty program called Systems Engineering which was relatively new and they really weren't that well organized. What they wanted to do was develop a program that was especially oriented towards a good student and it was a difficult program but unfortunately, you didn't really learn much that was worth applying. So, I became kind of disenchanted with the programme and I dropped out. I also had a lot of problems with the profs whom I didn't think were very ethical or competent. Actually, those that graduated from the programme don't work much with computers, which was what I wanted to do.

Then I went through Carleton University for Computer Science and that's what I should have done in the first place. The programme at Waterloo was reputed to be good and I could have done it there when I look back in retrospect, but Carleton had a really good programme at the time as well. It gave me programming skills and I worked at very interesting jobs, some very good jobs before landing at Corel Corporation when it was still a nothing company. I was essentially writing Corel Draw. The company was only about 40 people when I joined and it wasn't public, but by the time I left, there were about 500 people and they were a public corporation.

There wasn't very much room for the person that I am, who basically wants to always do things right and isn't really willing to accept any compromises based on traditional business values. Time and money are business values that I believe in, but not when it interferes with the personal lives of the employees and not when it interferes with the quality of the product, which it did in both cases. Most of the people that worked there originally, don't work there anymore. They were quite good. It just seems that Corel didn't believe in maintaining a brain-trust, which I considered very important. You need to keep the same people and you can't have this brain-trust with a constantly revolving door.

As well, in any job I did, I always looked out for other people's interests, especially co-workers and subordinates, not the boss. To a certain extent it made me unpopular with upper management. To a certain extent, it made me unpopular with some of my subordinates, because to some of them I would say, "Listen, you've got to provide better quality work." I could see that at a future time, their quality of work wouldn't be sufficient to keep them a job, and a lot of people that I told that to ended up getting fired. That's an emotional experience that I don't think people want to go through. I think it is my responsibility if your work is not up to snuff to correct that situation. I tried really hard to be honest with my staff to keep them from getting fired. Of course, I was more honest than tactful.

Thus far, an overview of his life gives prominence to a resume of achievements and

acquired skills. Evidently, the aspirations of his grandparents on both sides of the family live on through him. Such a drive towards economic success is often seen as a particularly Asian trait, but I am inclined to look at the fact that immigrants from Japan in those days were the adventurous few to venture away from Japan and who had to rely on their wits instead of an inheritance from their parents to survive. In addition, internment made life doubly hard forcing immigrants and their children to work much harder for a bit of success.

In light of this, I wanted to know more about Voice 2's vicarious memories concerning internment, so I asked him if he was ever curious about what happened to his parents and when he began asking questions about it. He remarked:

I am not certain when I started asking questions about the past, but certainly, I asked some questions to myself about the October Crisis in 1972, only because my parents got so upset during that time. I was about ten then. My father was very upset and he was going to speak on television, but then he decided that if he wanted to keep his job, since he worked for the government, that he may be a little wiser not to say anything. Of course, he was upset and was talking about what happened during the War. The War Measures Act was pulled out of the closet so that they could persecute French-Canadians, at least this is the way my parents thought. Essentially, my parents felt that what had happened to them during the War would never ever happen again, that the War Measures Act would be used to persecute peoples of a certain racial minority. But then in 1972, the it was brought out so that they [the Federal Government] could fight the FLQ, the Federation pour la Liberation de Quebec. Of course, only people of French Canadian background were ever jailed or arrested and without warrants and without *habeas corpus*. It resulted in a lot of hardship for these people. They let them go, even though some of them were fairly established FLQ sympathizers, but in the end, it was estimated that only five percent of the arrests they made had anything to do with the FLQ. So, they had to let them all go and on top of that, they had to compensate them all. It was a very scary period of time for Canadians and I had to ask myself, "Why was the government doing this?" especially, when you see it from the perspective of my parents. The way that my parents explained it to us was that this was a very bad thing to do, you know. I never understood why this happened to them. I can't imagine being plucked out of my house and being sent some where. I think it could happen again with or without the WMA, because our constitution allows for it, particularly with the "not-withstanding" clause. Take a look at what has happened recently in Quebec. They had a sign law

and they deemed it to be unconstitutional, but they decided they would still keep it, you know, in spite of it being unconstitutional.

Q: Were you involved in the redress movement?

I was not really interested in the redress movement, since I was really busy working on my career at the time. By the time the redress movement really got moving my father was dead, but he was a big part of the movement to reform the Japanese community wherever it had spread. He tried to re-establish the presence of the Japanese community as an organization. It was only through that movement that the redress movement got started in which my mother was a big participant. He was one of the founders of the OJCA [Ottawa Japanese Canadian Association]. Something he wanted to do was for Japanese families to have that kind of organization again, then the formation of that organization eventually led to the redress movement. Although, I am not sure where the redress movement started, I know that it was partly due to the activity in Ottawa and people like my mother who were very much for it.

I was involved in the redress movement a little bit. My mother was so involved that I did errands for them and lent them my computer and did all kinds of stuff for them, but I never sat on any committees. I was always on the fringe, although there were a lot of Sansei involved. I was a little younger when it got started and my mother was in town at the time. Then she left town and abandoned the redress movement in Ottawa.

At that time, I was involved in the OJCA. I took care of their books for two years, because when my mother moved out to Toronto, she said that I would do it for her in her place without really asking me. And then for the next two years after that, I took care of the memberships. I went to a bunch of conferences on their behalf as well, such as a leadership conference in Winnipeg, a youth conference in Winnipeg and a home-coming conference in Vancouver. Those are recent, but I went to one when I was sixteen as well. My parents signed me up, because I wanted to go. It was in Toronto in 1977. What exactly, the purpose of the conference was, I don't remember.

I think it was regarding youth. I remember suggesting at this youth conference that we go after the government for money for reparations for what they did to us during the war. I thought that was one of the things we could do instead of just talking about issues. If I remember correctly, it was not well received. But I was influenced by my parents in saying that. They were always bitter about the War and of course my mother was one of the people who really spearheaded redress early-on when it wasn't popular. She was really pitching the idea to the community and the community was luke-warm on that idea. She was adamant, but then, she was also dealing with the death of my father. Afterwards she decided that she would work with Momiji, the old-age home for Issei in Toronto. In Toronto, she was not so well known and she wasn't as much a part of redress when it was popular. So, she never got that much recognition.

The redress settlement however made a big difference in everybody's lives. I think my mother felt triumph and vindication. We deserved redress too, because we would have been a much stronger community if we hadn't been evacuated and dispersed

after the war. I don't hang around with Japanese people and the activities I do with the Japanese community in Ottawa, I do about once every three months. But for the most part, I do most of my activities where I am the only Oriental present. I look at the Jewish community and they go to church and they hang around with each other. The Jewish community is very well established. They are concerned about their intermarriage rate which is something like forty percent. Actually, when meeting with the Jewish community they were saying, "Oh, intermarriage is a terrible problem that we have; forty percent of our children are intermarrying!" I'm going, "Oh well, ninety-eight of our children intermarry!" We think it's great, but the Jewish community actively fights intermarriage, because they have a sense of community.

If I still had a Japanese community to be a part of then I would fit in visually. It is extremely common for me to go to a wedding where I am the only non-white person there. Each time I've been to one of the twenty some-odd weddings I said to myself, "Gee, that's strange. These White people who are getting married don't know anybody who is Oriental besides me, at least well enough to invite to a wedding." I said to myself, that the reason for that must be because I've had to make non-Oriental friends and because I am an isolated Japanese in a White society, whereas, other Orientals have had a community to draw upon. They haven't had to break out and make close *Hakujin*³² friends. I feel that I was forced to have White friends and I was forced to socialize in a White environment by the government of Canada. That's why they owe me redress too. See, it is what they did to my parents that forced me into this situation. Now, if I had chosen to be with White kids, it would be different. I don't get that sense of difference when I go to an OJCA event.

But, the money they gave us was plenty. We have a community centre that was paid for by that money. Also, my uncle applied for money when he wrote a book. The agreement for using the money was too strict or something so, I think he refused it when it was offered to him. I haven't read the book actually, but I have heard from people who have read it. Historically, it is extremely accurate. The book is in kind of a cheap binding. If you read it, it might fall apart. You can still buy it! My uncle has got about 2000 copies in his basement.

Anyways, my parents talked about the internment quite a bit. I remember them telling us about the evacuation at a very young age. I don't know if we listened, but they talked about it mostly at meal-time, which was the one time of the day the family would get together, certainly not as a bedtime story. The reason being because they didn't want us to forget how badly the government had treated them. In fact, I think overall, my parents taught us that you can't trust authority.

Q: How have you dealt with authority?

Lately, I have had some difficulties with my health. I am often representing the patient at meetings I attend at the hospital. It is the mentally ill that I am referring to and there is a certain stigma that the mentally ill are not that mentally capable. I am

³²

Japanese term referring to those who are of European descent

very careful about my behavior when I consider myself to be representing the mentally ill, because *I want to show them*. So, many people know that my fall from grace was very deep. I feel that one of the things I am showing though is that the system really stinks, that we need to start getting together and giving the mentally ill what they need, which is proper treatment and that this *can* be accomplished. My relationship with doctors is pretty good now, but certainly in the past, I have had to deal with a lot of idiots. I think there are a lot of incompetent people working in psychiatry. Even "proper psychiatry" is a bit of black magic - "let's try this drug or let's try this drug and if that doesn't work then we'll just keep trying other drugs." Of course, we don't know how these drugs work. Because of this, it is very easy for those who don't know how to apply the drug properly, to slip through the cracks into the system.

So, my parents taught me not to trust authority. But, my life experience has taught me that it is a *big mistake* to trust authority. I had been hospitalized twice by mental illness which has basically been caused by my former psychiatrist, whom I had trusted.

My current psychiatrist said to me, "Geez, you have this long history of being abused by psychiatrists." My entire life-experience has been, "Do not trust doctors." There are doctors I trust, but unfortunately, when you are sick, you are vulnerable to trusting the wrong one and that is basically what happened to me twice. For instance, my previous psychiatrist went to a conference for six weeks and I was experiencing a relapse into poor mental health. He refused to answer any phone calls. His policy basically was, when he was on conference, he was not to be disturbed. So, I couldn't get advice from him for my relapse. Basically, all of the doctors at the hospital were reluctant to provide me with assistance and my mother and I believe, that it was because they knew that it would anger my primary doctor. But we don't know why people wouldn't change my drugs around so that I wouldn't relapse when it was fairly obvious what was wrong. At the time I didn't know what was wrong or how to intervene. Otherwise, I would have done it myself. Apparently, I didn't need a prescription to make the changes, but my doctor made it quite clear that I was not to make any changes to my medication without his approval. Pretty tough to do when he is on six weeks vacation. I was with him for eight months in '94 and I was in very poor mental health while in his care. Now, my current doctor says, "If you think the drug regime needs changing, change it and then call him." He trusts me to do what I think is right, because I know myself better than he does.

Now, I still program for a living. I am not as good a computer programmer as I used to be, but I am still pretty good. In my opinion I was one of the best programmers around, maybe in Canada or North America. Right now I think I would rather do something more people-oriented.

While he had reviewed his life, his world view was revealed as something that was his own, based on his own experiences, and affirmed through visions of his parents'

experiences and teachings. While it is important to note that a connection to one's family and family experiences vary, it seemed particularly strong in this case. His strong feelings about social injustice had been re-affirmed perhaps intensified by his experience as a patient and his vicarious experience as a Sansei. Before ending the interview with Voice 2, I had one more question that needed to be answered. I anticipated what his answer would be, but I was concerned with how he would react more than with the comments themselves. He was unwavering in his tone and his response echoed the feelings expressed earlier by his mother.

Q: What do you think when I say, "A Blessing in Disguise?"

I think that's idiotic crap. I mean, it's nice to look on everything in a positive light, but when you are abused, you are abused. You can't say, "My father raped me when I was a kid, but it was a blessing in disguise you see, because..." no, no, no. When you're abused, you're abused. "My father hit me and it taught me to be independent." No! No! No parent should ever abuse a child like that, period. It's not a blessing in disguise. No government should ever abuse citizens in the manner that they abused us. Maybe we were more independent. Maybe we did do better, but no one knows what would have happened if they hadn't done that. I can think of so many things that we don't have that we would have now if the evacuation hadn't happened. We might even have had a Japanese Prime Minister. Japanese have principles of honesty.

Q: The ones here, you mean, or any Japanese?

Any Japanese! My parents brought me up with those principles and my father was a real Japanese man. I wasn't like most Sansei, because I grew up with a real Japanese father. He had honour. The second generation still carries that sense of honour. It means honesty. It means integrity. It means living your life by principles.

This cross-generational impact of the events in his parents' lives on his life were not only evident through the stories of Voice 1, but also through Voice 2's observations of his

parents actions while he was growing up. From music and school projects to careers and political action, the way that Voice 2 has dealt with events in his life has been influenced greatly by his relationships with his grandparents and parents. The experience of such relations is one that embodies the teachings of a compounding rather than fading history, one that is for every individual to rediscover. It is, as Teski had observed, "the meeting ground between individual and culture" (1995: 49).

The strongest connection between the memories Voice 1 and those of Voice 2 deal with courage to actively change attitudes towards socially and politically marginalized peoples. Voice 2 expressed an interest in the social condition even though his educational background is in computer science. Part of this ingrained attitude has trickled down from his grandparents, but the reason it remains a significant part of his values also has to do with the history of internment as experienced by his mother compounded by his own struggles with doctors and with racial issues. Such is the nature of vicarious memories among Japanese Canadians.

Each Sansei adds a unique perspective on their history and their relationship with other peoples. Voice 2 had been clear about the shortcomings of having been forcibly integrated, such as his visibility at a wedding. Questions about the puzzling discrepancies continue, precisely because they can never be satisfactorily answered by the injustices in history. Like diseases, however the cure which would be compensation and a precedent for positive social change, cannot be found until the disease, that is the past injustice, is

identified.

Chapter 5

Dynamics of Memory:

Affirming, Denying and Re-evaluating Experience

Naturally, ethnic identity depends on the relationships between people. As Eriksen points out (1993: 31), ethnic identity can be effectively "over or under-communicated". For instance, some members of the predominantly White portion of Canadian society see visible minorities as less Canadian than themselves, but some Japanese Canadians they encounter will take what Eriksen refers to as "a negotiating approach." In other words, they present themselves as carriers of Canadian identity by downplaying the significance of their Japanese ethnicity. In my case, I am a Canadian of Japanese descent. In Japan, I assert my identity as such when I tell Japanese people that I am a *Nikkei Sansei*, making sure that they understand that I am a Canadian, but at the same time establishing my historical connection to Japan. Yet in Canada, I downplay this connection by stressing that I am Canadian and no less so than other Canadians. Ultimately, I thought I had affirmed my identity before going to Japan, but while in Japan, I have had moments of re-evaluating that identity. It happens with every encounter I have experienced some of which are related in this social drama.

Historical events have greatly transformed the psyche of many Japanese Canadians. Dispersion of the community did not divide the participants from values like education, respect for elders and hard work. It is important to note that a high valuation of such

things are seen as a trait particular to East-Asian peoples, even though many cultures uphold similar values. Cruikshank's study (1990) of oral narratives as a highly valued form of education among the Dene is a primary example. The values placed on education are upheld uniquely from culture to culture as well as family to family.

When Voice 2 had said earlier, "I don't want to be known as a lazy race," I took a detour from his school life for a while to discuss the issue of racial assumptions. Japanese Canadians have been dubbed a "model minority," a label which is highly suspect. It is an archetype of a people that are supposed to have a low crime rate, to be well-educated, to be economically well-off, and most of all, to be fully assimilated. Although I have misgivings about racializing intelligence based on a group's relative rate of success, some Japanese Canadians feel differently. Perhaps they had more opportunities and less problems living up to these racialized standards, in which case it can be advantageous. However, others have been hampered by the fact that although they are assumed to be well-educated, they are only good to hire for certain occupations such as teaching mathematics or sciences (Isoki 1994: 67). In other cases, people may be eager to hire a Japanese, but some of the same people are often reluctant to work for one.

I asked Voice 2, what he considered to be an issue of race. He responded:

Voice 2: Even I ask people where they are from so, I don't consider that to be an issue of race. In fact I sometimes tell people I am from Ottawa. How do you find out about someone's origin? I don't say, "Where are you from?" I say, "Are you originally Chinese?"

Myself: I am not saying that it is racist but I think that it is an issue, because

they are making some assumptions that are false, which I have to constantly dismantle.

Voice 2: Yes, to a certain extent, I think that I am battling certain stereotypes, but I would say that when it comes to Japanese, the stereotype isn't necessarily all negative. In fact, I used to give this little talk when I was younger that used to amuse people. I actually gave it at certain conferences, about how Japanese stereotypes have damaged the psyche of both males and females. I used to think it was just males, but then I thought about it and I extended it to females and the Japanese community about our age. I think the Japanese male is portrayed stereotypically as intelligent, hardworking, great for jobs so, men did not have problems getting jobs or great salaries. They are also portrayed as sexually inept to a certain extent. On the other hand, the Japanese female is portrayed as...

Myself: Sexually desirable?

Voice 2: Yes, I gave this talk to Japanese audiences and afterwards the females jumped on me and beat me up. I would say, "Well, hold it! I am not saying that life is any easier for a Japanese female being portrayed as some sort of sex goddess. I think it has damaged the psyche of a lot of Japanese females. In fact, I think that's why you jumped on me and beat me up." Because, you look at the Vancouver group and their women are very militant and they have taken on male attributes and I think that is the reason why, 'cause they have been treated as sex objects and they heavily resent it.

Myself: I think that they are angry and that makes anybody aggressive, not just males.

Voice 2: Yes, but what are they angry about? That's what I want to know. I think they are angry about being treated as idiotic sex objects or meek little subservient loyal housewife, but still sexually desirable and you know, that sort of stereotype is damaging.

Myself: I think any stereotype can be damaging when people impose them. I mean, that's what stereotypes are. They are imposed.

Voice 2: Right, but on the other hand, I look at myself and I think, "Well, do I think that way?" and I go, "You bet." I mean, do I see Japanese people that way? No I don't, naturally, but I am Japanese so, I have a slightly different viewpoint. But do I judge people from other races that way?

Myself: Do you think that there is nothing wrong with that? I mean, to tell someone who is oriental that they should be smart because they are oriental is racist.

Voice 2: Yes, but you see, you could say that considering Orientals smart is racist, but the oriental culture really does value intelligence, right? They value education and culture and other customs that sort of relate to intelligence. Japanese culture really does value high intelligence and nurtures it. My question is, is it unjustified to consider that an oriental person would be more intelligent than, well, than someone else?

On that note, I had to recognize that we did not see eye to eye. I would not deny his experience, but I could not agree with his outlook on certain issues either. To do that would not do justice to my own experience. More importantly, personal events have become memories shaped consciously and unconsciously by the experiences of our elders.

It is by the extent of our emotional attachment and imagination and by the way they allow us to see, hear or feel their experiences that we hold on to our convictions.

Redressing the past was a difficult rite of passage for Japanese Canadians towards becoming the Canadians we are now. That storm has passed, but forgetting it ever happened could mean losing the meaning behind and the importance of our present values, especially now when our efforts towards being accepted as Canadians does not seem to be quite over. While this country has been known for its open policy of multiculturalism, fears of racial "ghettoization" persist. Negative reactions to visible differences have pushed Japanese Canadians to blend in and become less visible minorities. For example, Isoki, a Japanese Canadian, writes about his experiences growing up describing particular moments where he was treated differently in very subtle ways, rather than the moments where racism was very direct and open (Isoki 1994). For him these were the most

significant moments, because only the victim would normally remember them as significant, whereas the perpetrators may have had good intentions or dismissed the incident as insignificant, socially acceptable or unobtrusive. He maintains that this sort of invisibility "embodies isolation, self-doubt and despair" for the victim (Isoki 1994: 66).

Towards sharing and greater understanding, voices have come out of isolation, starting with communicating with their loved ones or *star groups* as Victor Turner would call them. Communication about history and heritage has increased, and with it greater space for negotiating the relationship between *us* and *them*. For me, it means getting rid of the boundaries between *us* and *them*. The *us*, being Japanese Canadians in this case, is affirmed (or negotiated) by a high level of comfort relating to each other, whether through common interests, experiences or kin and friendship relations³³. In the following cases, memories and the emotional (or vicarious) connection between family members are illustrated.

I have interviewed two other Japanese Canadians, a Nisei man and a Sansei woman, in two one-hour sessions each. The purpose of these interviews was not to look at cross-generational transmission of memories. The participants were not related to each other. Regardless, they illuminated idiosyncracies which demonstrated how some generalizations

³³ Kendis writes about how American Sansei feel a sense of comfort when interacting with others like themselves. They derive a shared style of interaction distinct from those found in the rest of American society (Kendis 1989: 6). Japanese Canadians are considerably more scattered than their American counterparts, but a level of comfort does arise from unconditional acceptance into the fold based on filial relations.

of Japanese Canadians can be misleading. This would happen, especially when I felt a disparity between my beliefs and that of my participants. It was an important reminder that the shared experience of a group varies in its impact on individuals. The knowledge they have imparted to me has been woven into two fictional dialogues that I produced, in order to bring life to issues surrounding the influence of communication within the family.

As a device to connect imaginatively with the reader, the dialogues demonstrate the impact that family relations have on one's sense of self, i.e. the way one remembers experiences and learns to relate to other people's experiences, as well as the way one handles encounters with people of other cultural backgrounds.

Verbal communication at the dinner table is often the mode of memory transference remembered by children, because it is the one time of day when the entire family sits together (Nagata 1993: 70). The following are short fictional dialogues, the first of which takes place at dinnertime between a Nisei father and his daughter. The mother has gone out for the evening to a conference related to her teaching job.

Daughter: Dad? What was life like when you were younger and how come you never told us about the internment camps?

Father: Uh, well, it's hard to talk about. You don't need to know about it. You don't need to know that Canada was such a rotten place. Some people took it really hard, eh. So, they have emotional scars and they will never be the same.

Daughter: Well, don't you think it is harmful to keep it all inside? You have to come to terms with it some time or else people will never learn that something wrong happened and it may happen again.

- Father:** I don't think you ever come to terms with something like that. You have to get on with your life though. So, I joined the air force right away and I had opposition. A lot of Nisei's wanted to join up. Some people would say, "Why would Canadians of Japanese descent join up?" My mother would say, "You would even die for this country?!" Ah, but she wasn't surprised. Not a bit. Some of my friends' mothers opposed. Nisei boys are notoriously close to their mothers. Mothers have a lot of influence.
- Daughter:** Why would you join the air force after Canada treated you so horribly?
- Father:** I wanted to see the White man's world. Get right in there. Live in the barracks. [Pause] There were 96 of us in bunk beds in barracks. This was boot camp. I've seen a lot of barracks and some wonderful places like Gibraltar. My mother, your grandmother, said if people say bad things about you, never mind.
- Daughter:** So, they were really racist back then, so much so that they were afraid of you. After they put you away, why would they take you into the air force?
- Father:** Freedom day was April First, 1949 and I got a job in town. This was after seven years of being treated as enemy aliens. They want you, you know, because Nisei's are hard workers. I was flying in the Arctic and I was a peace keeper. I lived amongst the white people and I wanted to find out, *what gives with these people!* They can become such victors, but you know, they are absolutely no different.
- Daughter:** Well sure, they are not different. I'm not any different from them either. Sometimes, I just think people are ignorant about people who look different from themselves. But did you not think of these White people as like yourself?
- Father:** Not like me! I was a nice boy. My mother wanted me to be a minister. We [the air force] ended up in Italy and Lebanon - Beirut, Lebanon. We were flying Peacekeepers into Egypt. That was back in 60.
- Daughter:** You were representing Canada, so that means you were Canadian like everyone else, right?
- Father:** Ya, I was a soldier for Canada.
- Daughter:** But, you didn't think of yourself like other Canadians.
- Father:** I didn't think of myself as a Canadian? No, never. That's what seven years do to you, eh?
- Daughter:** How about now after redress? Do you feel Canadian now?

- Father:** I'll tell you one thing I never told anybody. I was bawling away in the House of Commons when we finally got an apology and I didn't bring my hanky or kleenex. Everybody else was bawlin'. Someone had to give me kleenex. If you ever hear that speech from Brian Mulroney... They took pictures eh? I'm standing right behind Mulroney.
- Daughter:** I am glad that they apologized and gave something back, because they took so much away from you. It shouldn't have happen in the first place.
- Father:** Well, I'll tell you. Your grandfather, he croaked before he got the apology. Now, there's a real gentleman. My old man was a real Mr. Clean. If anybody should get an apology it should be him. He is an Issei and he was resigned to the fact that he was an immigrant. He acted like he was a guest in this country not a native. He was too polite. He had to use me as an interpreter to go to the bank.
- Daughter:** Ya, I never heard him speak English. We have never been able to communicate and I wasn't really interested in learning Japanese either. So dad, now do you think you are Canadian?
- [Silence]
- Father:** I am a Canadian now. It was a big deal for me, like removing a tumour. I knew it had to come. Issei's would say that governments don't apologize. We actually heard it...The guy upstairs looks down and we all look like ants, but this one had to deal with it.
- Daughter:** That's good. I am not sure that I feel accepted as Canadian, though. Now, that the apology has been made, nothing seems to have changed. I am still paranoid that people look at me as if I was fresh off the boat. Just when it seems that attitudes are finally changing for the better, someone says or does something to undo that image. It doesn't seem to end.
- Father:** Other than scars, emotional scars. Some people are crippled by that. You know they held the apology off for so many years that when it finally came, it was like a *Tsunami*³⁴.
- Daughter:** So, are you more Japanese or Canadian dad? 'Cause, I think of you as Canadian.
- Father:** Well, I was born here. Us Nisei's would go to Canadian school come home and eat bowl of rice and go to Japanese school, come home, eat another bowl of rice, and off again to Judo. Judo was excellent, but

³⁴ *Tsunami* refers to giant tidal waves experienced after earthquakes in Japan. The term is now part of geo-scientific vocabulary.

language school I resented. There was too much of it.

- Daughter:** O. K., but do you think redress has changed anything? Students at the school still think that Japanese Canadians were just being greedy "Japs" and yet, I've watched you put so much of your energy into the fight for redress. I saw more pain than greed in your eyes.
- Father:** They gave \$21,000 cash and I blew it, which is fair. But that is peanuts, chicken feed for some. There were some born just before 1949 that got it, who were well served by the cash, but there are people that lost a lot. There was a guy called Yurosaki - he owned thirteen miles of ocean front. Kagetsu - he owned sawmills.
- Daughter:** They also had the Japanese community, but it seems that our community now is anything but Japanese.
- Father:** Like I said at the conference. You step on the tube of toothpaste, that's it. You can't get it back in there. You can't rebuild the Japanese community.
- Daughter:** My generation seems to have been ripped off somehow. I thought about it and I don't feel like I have really lost anything personally, but I know that you did and so did Gichan and Bachan.
- Father:** Do you feel like you are a banana?
- Daughter:** You mean, yellow on the outside and white on the inside? Mom calls me a banana, but I don't like to think of myself as a fruit of any colour.
- Father:** Ya, well, as long as you are not bamboo, eh? Because a bamboo is hollow inside.
-

Unlike the dialogue between Voice 2 and myself, the father and daughter are part of a *star group* that is, the same family. Like an apprentice to the master, the daughter looks to someone she trusts for answers. The father is not only someone who passes on the skills for survival, but also the wisdom of experience. Had the mother also been home to talk about the historical event from her perspective, assuming she is also a Nisei, the daughter would have had two different (certainly gendered), but most likely complementary,

perspectives on internment to think about. This is not to say that the parents are gurus who have everything to teach and nothing to learn from their children, for they must also re-evaluate the past in terms of its current significance.

The second dialogue demonstrates somewhat shared and opposing views on redress by two female Sansei. Incidentally, there is slight regard by the younger one for the older one who has made sense of her experiences, and relates to them accordingly. My older cousins and I would seldom talk about the politics of racism, but it would arise on occasions when I spent a lot of time talking with some of them, usually one-on-one, due to the level of comfort and security that comes out of privacy. This following dialogue can be likened to the kinds of conversations we have had on the subject.

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- Sansei 1:** You know, I really wish people would not be so presumptuous about who I am. I think that when a lot of people look at a Canadian who is not white they treat you like you were fresh off the boat. Questions like, "Where are you from? Where were your parents from? Don't you speak Japanese?" It sometimes makes me wonder if Canadians stopped caring about past injustices after redress was made. Even with the race relations committee that they set up as part of the redress settlement, I wonder if this is supposed to change the way future immigrants and their children are treated. But, you were older than I was at the time. Were you a part of the redress movement?
- Sansei 2:** I was too young to really absorb what the redress was for or respect what it meant. I remember being approached and asked about this at the time and I think my answer was too candid for the person who was on the other end of the phone. I personally didn't feel any loss. I didn't feel at the time or that my father had any loss, not that we were affluent, but we weren't underprivileged either. I grew up in a family that I would call middle class. I didn't go too long for ever wanting anything. So, my impression of the situation was that it was more embarrassing to me to have to be on a front page of the newspaper demanding an apology from the minister. I remember that distinctly, and I kind of regret whatever I might of said to put

off this person, because now, I realize it really meant a lot to that person.

Sansei 1: Your comment ended up on the front page of a newspaper?

Sansei 2: No! I mean Japanese Canadians ending up on the first page having to demand - no, ask - Japanese would never demand. They are too reserved to demand an apology. I remember, I was rather uncomfortable with the whole situation. I didn't want to be sticking out like a sore thumb in the general public's eye. No, none of my comments went to print, but I was asked about it in a phone call interview, "By the way, what do you think of this redress?" and I said, "I am not personally involved so, it doesn't bother me". I think it was a rather candid type of non-feeling comment.

Sansei 1: It was just being honest.

Sansei 2: It was honest at the time, but I think I could have thought a little bit more about the other person on the other end of the line.

Sansei 1: Was this a non-Japanese person?

Sansei 2: No, it was a Japanese person who was talking to me at the time who felt that there was a need for the apology.

Sansei 1: Before redress, mom and dad were feeling uncomfortable from the redress movement because it was making them visible to the public. I was a teenager at the time and I felt that mom was happy to get the redress that she received. Also, I felt more secure at the time, because it seemed that the government no longer harboured any hostility towards us anymore and they would never let that happen again to any racial group.

Sansei 2: Japanese people were not the only ones to have suffered in Canadian history. So, if there are any other minorities, Italians or Jewish people or anyone out there, they should also receive an apology, and if anything was taken away from them unfairly, that it should be restored or reimbursed in some way so that, we are not the only ones.

Sansei 1: Many minorities felt the Japanese situation would be the flagship of justice.

Sansei 2: It was to set the precedent for others.

Sansei 1: I don't think it worked.

Sansei 2: No, probably not. Aboriginal people are still trying to fight, sometimes for basic rights. All kinds of people have been subjected to discrimination and racism and it's not as inflammatory as in the United States, but we're getting to be like that too. If you go out West, you with your long hair, you could be mistaken as a Native Indian and you could be subjected to

racism out West in Canada. It was like that when I went out there in 1980 and I was warned, "Be careful!"

Sansei 1: That is unfortunate that we are constantly and unnecessarily reminded that we are different by the way people will treat us. When I was really little, I used to think that I looked like any other kid. I couldn't see why they thought my nose was flat or that my eyes were slanted or that my skin was darker. I just didn't see it.

Sansei 2: Yes. There were many years I walked around not realizing I looked different from my friends and I guess now, I seem to be more aware of the fact. If I go out with my husband and the cashier won't know that I'm with him (It happens to us all the time), first, she will ring through his items if mine are a little bit behind and give him a total. Then he goes, "no this is also included" and she'll go, "oh, you're with him?" So, you're reminded. If you don't remember, you're reminded. It doesn't bother me at all. I mean, people make assumptions. When you are a child growing up, you're told what belongs with what and these things are the same and you start learning things like that. Not necessarily people, but blocks go together and you start organizing these things in your mind depending on family environment, that's gonna grow and extend to other things. So, it doesn't bother me if somebody has categorized this male as having these groceries and this woman is someone else. It could be just an honest mistake.

Sansei 1: I see that it could be an honest mistake, but it is also a reminder that these categories could lead to further judgements, which is what happened during the war.

Sansei 2: I don't believe we live in that kind of environment anymore. It's certainly not as harsh, judgemental, discriminatory as it was then. It is just kids that get nasty now. I wear contact lenses right now, but back when I was a kid in school I wore glasses so, if I wasn't called four-eyes then they would pull their eyes up at me and call me all kinds of names. But I mean, kids are cruel.

Sansei 1: I remember, not doing anything when people made fun of me. I was always outnumbered and all I could do was ignore them. I carried my fear of racism throughout high school too. That was when it became vicious. At an early age, Mom and Dad told me to just ignore them and not to stoop to their level. That was easy for me, because I am such a passivist. I wish I could have been more assertive.

Sansei 2: Well, I just found names to call them back. I was kinda spunky that way. Tomboyish, you know. I'd call them some other name back. I would kick back basically. There was something funny about them too if you looked hard enough. You know that their ears are out to here or you know that they pick their nose. You call them some name that they've already got. It's vicious. I wouldn't want to go through that again.

Sansei 1: Me neither! Unfortunately, I feel like I am going through it again each time something happens among adults. A few years ago, a big stink was made about the Somalian refugees defrauding the welfare system in Canada. Talk about scape-goating! It was only one or two Somalians who were caught out of the many other people who get caught and newspapers had to make a big deal out of it. I think race relations has a long way to go and as you said, racism in Canada is becoming more inflammatory like places in the U.S.

Sansei 2: Certainly, we should never forget how wrong it is, but also learn from the strength of our parents.

Sansei 1: M-hm...

Unlike the dialogue between father and daughter, an intermediary step between parent and child appears, which could constitute the more experienced apprentice, particularly one who has graduated into an intermediary stage of having a family of her own. A new *star group* has formed and a master in the making is tutoring a younger member and getting the experience of handling issues from a new angle.

Both dialogues present Sansei as a type of historical researchers looking for answers to questions about the past. Often, *the key to the past is the present*. For example, in order for geologists to find out the stages an inactive volcano went through thousands of years ago, they find the answer by studying volcanoes that are active today and by assuming that they go through similar stages. For archaeologists to find out what a prehistoric tool was probably used for, they find people who use comparable tools today. Likewise, Sansei can relate to history through their own contemporary experiences. The difference lies in the fact that they do not go through exactly the same experiences as previous people.

but they can especially relate when there is a recurrence of parallel incidents.

According to Nagata (1993: 125) most American Sansei, with one or two parents who had been interned, were less certain about the security of their human rights than Sansei whose parents were not interned. In addition many felt that something like internment could happen again to any minority group. I am not sure how pervasive this insecurity is found among their Canadian counterparts. Recurring incidences of racism today, even in its most subtle forms, are reminders of the conditions that led to the incarceration of Japanese Canadians. They are the most painful experiences when viewed in light of the vicarious connection between generations. Vicarious memories in its strongest form, that is within families are therefore emotional legacies. Those constant reminders trigger a voice inside myself, which can be likened to Elie Wiesel's remark that, "We must always take sides. Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented" (1990: 233). As I have found, these are challenging words to live up to since the negative aspect of *gaman* has been a difficult social ailment to conquer.

At times, a calm demeanour can be mistaken for silence, and the political, but poetic actions of the first generation gets lost in writing about the stark and painful memories of racism. So it is with love and not bitterness for this country that I conclude this chapter. I refer to a true story of an Issei couple that loved trees (Nakayama 1983: 127130). The couple lived in Prince Rupert before the evacuation, and to beautify their

city the couple donated 3,000 Japanese cherry trees to the city. Unfortunately, the trees died due to the lack of deep soil. After the War, they had to settle further east, so they moved to Edmonton, Alberta. To express their love and appreciation for their new home, they ordered 3000 lilac trees from Sapporo, Japan and donated them to the city of Edmonton. Alberta and Hokkaido have become sister provinces since then. So much pride comes out of the fact that the Japanese Canadians kept their spirits and their values as a testament to their heritage. It is a Canadian heritage for, like the trees, their roots are now here.

Chapter 6

Conclusion

Back To The Beginning

The dream at the commencement of this thesis was at a critical point in the research process. It occurred around the time that I began writing the chapter on theory and methodology which posed a phenomenal challenge. During the process, I found that a person can learn more from their dreams, if only to know more about him- or herself. Michrina and Richards recognize dreams as a source of metaphors that can identify a point of contention or ethical concern (1996: 68). While it was difficult to pinpoint exactly the reasons behind my preoccupation with social memory, the dream which led the way towards a personalized interpretation, provided a blueprint for addressing certain areas concerning me.

First, in my dream I had suffered a wrong as a toddler, a wrong that I could not remember. This was an interesting inversion of the point that I was trying to make in the thesis which was the importance of remembering a wrong that I had not suffered directly. Suffering was not the only thing to be remembered but it was often submerged beneath the realm of social memory where individuals held it silently within themselves and it emerged when triggered by such events as the October Crisis when the *War Measures Act* was implemented or while visiting old haunts such as Hastings Park. To continue weaving the tapestry, social memory must continue to thrive, and to do that voices need to be heard.

memories need to be revived, transferred and transformed into meaningful tools for future generations to use in fashioning their own lives.

Also in the dream, my father was trying to get compensation for me which, to me, is a symbol of the Nisei's sacrifice. In actuality, the community was given an official apology, and survivors of the internment years were given monetary compensation for their losses. Current generations should continue to keep their memories alive and to make sure history does not repeat itself. Overcoming racism is always a difficult, yet important goal that can only be achieved by intercultural communication, never by silence. I hope that future oral history projects remain accessible, reusable material that will not end up gathering dust in a forgotten place.

A significant image in the dream was the priest or minister who dressed in Christian attire, but who worked in a Buddhist church. He symbolized the moral centre of the community. Although I do not consider myself a religious person, I have been exposed to Christianity through the Presbyterian Church I attended as a child and through the celebration of special holidays such as Easter and Christmas. I was also exposed to Buddhism through the family gatherings for memorial services, funerals, visitations to the cemetery and home practices such as offering food to our ancestors. The influence of religion on the way people remember is important since it has affected their ways of thinking and the way they relate to others, but it is an area deserving greater attention than could be offered here. An in-depth approach is necessary for this type of spiritual journey.

one which I was not yet prepared to make.

Of final importance, the dream was about my family being isolated from and by the Japanese Canadian community. In actuality, my family was isolated, partly by government orders for dispersal and partly by their own choice to live in a rural area. Our rejection by the community is an inversion of my own voluntary disassociation with a Japanese heritage at various points in my life. Choosing to remember Japanese Canadian history proudly brings me closer to fellow human beings whose futures are equally important.

In writing this thesis, there were some very difficult assumptions to deal with, but useful in that I was able to identify them. For instance, I would not argue so much with an elder as I would with one of my peers over terminology. In this case, I had no qualms about anything that Voice 1 had said, but had she made a statement that struck me as questionable, I would not have made it an issue. In other words, there are some obstacles in interviews that, because of particular conditions under which a relationship is formed, render some issues *non-negotiable*. It is partly due to my habit of abiding by prevailing social norms, but more importantly, I tried to privilege the voices of others in this study as those to whom this project also belongs.

The field work applied in this project was not as in-depth as time and space would allow. All the participants were people I met during the six month research stage of this project, and whose lives were very separate from mine. But, the project drew us together if only for a brief moment in history, and in turn allowed us to revive the memories of our

parents. In one instance a participant showed me her photo album that was passed on to her from her mother as well as a booklet containing letters written about her mother and aunt after they had died. One particular letter mentioned a few names that were familiar to me. In fact, they were relatives of mine. They were people who had been well-known in the Japanese Canadian community at one time, and I was able to catch a glimpse of their influence on other people who were not related to me. Possessing insight into our interlocking histories has allowed me to empathize with participants, that is to remember vicariously what *they* went through. It is also an example of how Social Memory has been kept alive among Japanese Canadians through very personal *sites of remembrance*.

Nowadays, memories are kept alive in new forms. For example, when first introduced, radio and television technology disrupted the Inuit way of life by introducing stories and news that were foreign to them and in a foreign language. Their own oral tradition was fading in the process. They have since turned radio and television into tools for telling their own stories, thereby maintaining oral traditions. By making it their own, they have indigenized new technology and transformed it into a complementary meeting ground between cultural traditions and cultural change. Likewise, Japanese Canadians have done the same, by publishing or producing stories of their own through such avenues as films, novels and of course, anthropology which traditionally has been a study of foreign cultures and not one's own. In other words they have indigenized as well as taken their place in Canada's history.

Oral history is an especially valuable method to uncover the mysteries of historical events. Whether in public or more intimate settings, it is vital to keeping Social Memory alive and meaningful, as this paper does so through the use of the hermeneutic method of gathering life-histories and through its presentation as a social drama. It is also a valuable method of education that is highly under-valued. Not only does it provide a way of seeing or looking into the past, but it also acts as a guiding hand for the future. As I have demonstrated, Canadians themselves are human archives to be accessed and examined. The active role that Japanese Canadians played in showing history through their eyes operates as a cultural transformation of the Canadian social landscape. With positive intentions, they should continue to be a part of maintaining the social store of memories that gave rise to Canada's development in attitudes and policies.

The various ways unique to Japanese Canadians in which memories have been maintained and transmitted continue to be, for anthropology, culturally specific. The academic aims include an interdisciplinary approach in that the research applies a set of theories from other disciplines, i.e. psychology, sociology and communication studies, to a culturally specific history. They also include an applied approach, in which life-histories have been recorded on tape and in writing which will be publicly accessible resources. Also as applied, this mix of oral and written history serves as a guide for future generations, especially Japanese Canadians. It is a synopsis of where we come from, that is our strong historical roots as Canadians, what we are doing in terms of

developing an ethnic identity, and it is an experimental formula for how we might proceed, that is through social memory. In particular, this paper examines vicarious transmissions of memories with primary concentration on life-histories. Vicarious memories affect our behaviors, values and sense of selves in varying degrees, but they are most effectual through the family, i.e. the star group. Finally, it is a social drama to be woven into a long tapestry with significant links to such predecessors as Ken Adachi and Joy Kogawa as well as so many others.

While framed within anthropological inquiry, it has also been with personal intent to make sense of a part of Canada's heritage and to help make sense of the individual's part in it, that is myself. The lives of participants in this thesis also demonstrate a mixed method for learning which is academic and experiential. Personal stories were revealed through conversations, interviews and dreams, accompanied by photo's, books. Canadian historical sites and other temporal and spatial sites of remembrance that trigger recall. For myself, as an anthropology student, the way to learning about human relationships is to experience them. By way of vicarious memories and the life-historical method, I have attempted to perform as one of the group's many agents of social, i.e. shared, memory. There is more to learn from my encounters with other Japanese Canadians. It is a continuing process as I recall, reflect, and relate these experiences to others. Ultimately, I hope that this document presents Canadians of Japanese descent as having *gaman*, that is a culture of perseverance and change, rather than a culture lost.

Appendix A

Types of Questions Asked in the Interview

Tell me about your family. What was it like growing up where you were?

What happened to your family during the Second World War?

(Sansei) What were you doing at the time?

How did this change your life and your families life?

(Nisei) What do you remember from the camps?

(Sansei) What did your parents and other relatives tell you about camp?

(Nisei) When did you discuss your prewar, war and postwar memories?

(Sansei) What was discussed regarding prewar, war and post war life and when would the topic arise?

(Sansei) How did it affect you and the way you looked at your own experiences?

What kind of questions were asked of you by non-Japanese? Did you ask your parents about their experiences?

How else besides through family ties, did you find out about the history of Japanese Canadians, e.g. school, pictures, documentaries, books?

How did your/their prewar or war memories shape your views, values and feelings?

Tell me about some experiences dealing with issues of difference, ie. in schools, on the street, in the camps, before and after the war, during and after redress?

How did the internment affect the way you raised your children, the way you were raised by your parents?

How did it affect your/their behaviors and attitudes?

Has the fight for redress affected you and your family?

Are you interested in Japanese Canadian history (or Japanese History)? Why and in what ways?

What does it mean to be a Canadian of Japanese descent and what part does it play in your everyday life?

[Not including questions stated in Chapter 4]

Appendix B CONSENT FORM

This research project conducted as a requirement for a Masters of Arts degree in anthropology will be using interviews with participants. The researcher, Daien Ide, plans to use the materials from interviews in the writing of the thesis.

The participant has the right to privacy in which an alias will be used in reference to their stories. He/she also has the right to see the written work before it is submitted and to withdraw any statements or withdraw altogether from the project.

Tape recorders or other instruments will be used only at the participants consent and will be turned off at any time during an interview if they wish. Tapes will not be distributed to anyone else other than the researcher without the participant's consent. It is for the participant to decide how they would like the tapes to be handled after the thesis. If they would like the researcher to be responsible for the tapes then:

Do you want your tapes to be kept privately by the researcher only? (Note that the tapes may be used for further research in the future after the thesis is completed) Y N

If YES, for how long? Until consent given/ ___ years

If NO, will you allow them to be used by other people under the conditions of a public institution, such as the Toronto Nikkei Archives? (You will be well informed by the researcher of the particular institution the tapes will go to, as to the nature of its operation and regulations for access to information.) Y N

Participant is aware that copies of the thesis will be given to the Ottawa Japanese Canadian Association (OJCA), Toronto Nikkei Archives, Carleton University and Advisors. Copies will be given to each participant as well.

I, _____, have read the above information and understand my rights as it is stated and discussed with the researcher.

Date _____

Participant's Signature

Researcher's Signature

Appendix C

Ethics Statement

I am doing a Masters thesis in Anthropology at Carleton University. My thesis committee members include my supervisor for this project, Dr. Derek Smith and two other advisors, Dr. Daiva Stasiulis and Gabrielle Nishiguchi. Part of my research entails informal, life- historical interviews with both male and female adults.

All of the participants have been contacted through the Ottawa Japanese Culture Centre (OJCC) and Ottawa Japanese Canadian Association (OJCA). The participants will continue to be consulted during the research and writing process after the initial interviews so that they may read what is being written about them and so that they may withdraw statements they made as well as any references made in the thesis concerning them. Anonymity will be ensured if so desired by the participants. This will be done through use of an alias or it will be done by the participants. screening the use of information during any part of the research including the final writing of the thesis. Thus, I will keep in periodic contact with participants showing them the most recent work on the thesis.

Dissemination of Original Research

Tapes will be kept privately by the researcher and copies of the tapes will be given to the participants if they want when the research is finished. The participants' permission is needed first, if copies of the tapes will be handed over to the OJCC, OJCA and the Toronto Nikkei Archives by myself. In the dissemination of such tapes, participants will be informed of the procedures involved in the keeping and use of these tapes such as, whether there is limited access to the tapes or not - for example, by permission only. Participants will also be informed about any time-period, that is regulated by an organization or can be requested by the participant, before which the institution releases these tapes for public usage. The nature of access to this type of personal information differs among organizations and this access can be limited by policies of an organization. I will ensure that the participants know about the organizations and how they handle such materials as taped interviews, so that they can make an informed decision on who shall have control over their keeping and usage.

In light of the possibility that I may do further studies which may involve the use of these tapes, I must first have the consent of the participants. The consent form is a written agreement to be signed by the participant and myself as part of the mutual understanding of their right to abstain from participating, but also an awareness of how and where original material will be handled.

Copies of the thesis will be given to the OJCC and the Nikkei Archives in Toronto.

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