Dancing in Japan: Doors Once Open—Open Again Ever Wider

Lonny Joseph Gordon

In 1967, at age twenty-five, having just completed my MFA at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, I came to Japan on a Fulbright-Hays grant with an introduction to Nakamura Kanzaburō XVII (1908–1988), one of the greatest kabuki actors of the postwar period (fig. 1). The grant was renewed the following year, and I stayed until May 1970, taking time off in 1969 for a seven-month solo world tour. Years later, I would return again (fig. 2).

I spent almost three months going daily to the Kabukiza Theater in Higashi Ginza—to sit and to observe the preparation of wigs, application of makeup, construction of costumes, building of the set and rehearsals of the actors' voices and movement classes. After all this watching, I was very anxious to begin the actual movement lessons. I approached Kanzaburō and said, "I would like to really begin formal training and have lessons for myself." It was such a memorable moment when he turned to me from his makeup mirror, looked me directly in the eyes and replied, "I am your teacher; tomorrow you will return at nine o'clock." I did return the next morning at nine o'clock to be greeted by a roomful of kabuki apprentices ready to dress me in my first formal kimono in order to begin my studies. This led to what became two wonderful, unique years of study at the Kabukiza under the direction of Kanzaburō.

Fig. 1. Lonny Joseph Gordon with Nakamura Kanzaburō XVII. April 20, 1969. Courtesy of *The Japan Times*

Gordon remembers, "On the wall behind my head is a silk cloth with an impression of Kanzaburō's stage makeup. It was later made into a hanging scroll. Kanzaburō had beautiful hands and a great gestural vocabulary."

In an interview published in *The New York Times* (Oct. 4, 1968), Gordon stated, "I have no intention of using what I learn here to perform kabuki. But my studies of its design, movement, staging and costuming will help me grow creatively."

< Fig. 2. Lonny Joseph Gordon performing *Waves of Dreams*. November 17, 1979. The Museum of Modern Art, Kamakura. Photo: Matsuo Junyo

My first lesson in classic Japanese dance was truly a disaster. Within one session, I dropped my fan and stepped on it and caught my foot in the hem of my kimono and tore it. When I turned, my obi became untied and slid to the floor about my feet. There I stood in my Brooks Brothers boxer shorts.

Throughout all of this, Kanzaburō sat absolutely impassive, no emotion registering on his face. Two months later during a lesson at his home, he smiled and I knew I had begun to learn to dance.

Shortly after the humbling first formal dance lesson, I had a weekend break from the Kabukiza. I packed my dance bag and headed on foot from Higashi Ginza toward Wako department store in Ginza to see the elaborately decorated, holiday window displays.

En route, an energized and well-dressed Japanese man with firecracker eyes passed. He was a few inches shorter than I am, and yet, he gave the impression of being taller with his perfect Leonardo da Vinci physical proportions and military-style posture. At the same moment, we both turned to look back.

He approached me and, after introductions, asked if I was the American studying as a kabuki *deshi* (apprentice) with the great actor Nakamura Kanzaburō. "Yes," I responded. Then he invited me to share a coffee and conversation.

The gentleman escorted me to an elegant private club in Ginza. His interest and knowledge of kabuki and noh theater and dance were of intellectual depth, and he had many insights and questions presented in very well-articulated English. We were mutually fascinated and our conversation flowed for over two hours.

When I returned to the Kabukiza for my lessons the next week, Kanzaburō inquired about how I had spent my weekend. I related the story of having met and shared coffee and conversation with a Japanese kabuki and noh afficionado. Kanzaburō asked his name.

I responded that the man had introduced himself as Hiraoka Kimitake and had asked me to convey his deep respects and regards to my teacher. Kanzaburō asked me to describe him visually. When I finished, his eyes were open wide, and there was a pause of silence.

"You met Mishima," Kanzaburō said slowly, "Mishima Yukio. He offered you his birth name, Hiraoka Kimitake."

I was twenty-five and Mishima was forty-two. We met again. He committed ritual suicide six months after my return to the U.S.

* * *

After serving on the dance faculties of Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, and my alma mater UW–Madison, I received a Japan Foundation Professional Fellowship enabling me to return to Japan in 1979 to study, observe and perform. "Doors Once Open—Open Again Ever Wider" is the title I gave to a selection of my writings during that time.

Figs. 3a–c. Hirakawa Tenmangu Shrine, Tokyo, with stone ox and prayers offered on small slips of paper. April 9, 2016. Photos: Julia Meech

Disciples of a master of Tokiwazu *joruri*, narrative music for kabuki, donated the ox in 1852 to commemorate the 950th anniversary of the death of Sugawara no Michizane, who is enshrined as a deity here. Gordon writes, "I patted the ox's head many times." Above, JASA member Ellen Hope visits the shrine.

Each dated entry has been edited from personal letters to my family and friends that they saved and allowed me to use. Also included are writings from my journals, diary and some letters never mailed; postcard messages; program notes; and lesson notebook entries.

January 30, 1979

I arrived at Narita airport on the evening of the 18th. On the 19th, I visited the Japan Foundation office, took my first lesson at the Nishikawa School and commenced looking for my Tokyo home. All agreed I had made a find—dead center Tokyo with character and quiet—at ¥135,000 per month (about $692 in 1979 at ¥195 to $1). Located directly behind the National Theater of Japan in the Hayabusachō neighborhood of Chiyoda-ku, it was well situated for all my studies and train connections. My building was the only highrise to the left side of the entrance to the grounds of Hirakawaa Tenmangu Shrine. It was necessary to walk through the grounds, imbued with atmosphere and serenity, to have access to the apartment building elevators (figs. 3a–c). Many times I saw theater technicians and performers from the National Theater at the shrine.

Moving about the city this week, I've noted how clean the streets are: no graffiti inside the trains; sweepers cleaning the subway platforms of cigarette butts; taxi seats covered in starched white linen; flowers planted

Fig. 4. Lonny Joseph Gordon and Heima Tatsuhiko in Tokyo. October 1979. Photo: Jimmy Wright

Jimmy Wright, the photographer, remembers, "Lonny and Tatsu are in a Tokyo covered street at a men's clothing shop examining the aesthetics of a jacket as a potential costume. Tatsu had an amazing eye for design and detail. I was there in Japan from October 12 to about October 30. The middle week I traveled alone in Kyoto. The rest of the time I was with Lonny and Tatsu in Tokyo for Star Dancers rehearsals, Lonny's noh, *bugaku* and kendo classes or traveling for Lonny's performances in Tochigi, Hakone, and for a visit to Kamakura. During my last week, Lonny performed solo at the American Culture Center and premiered a solo for the principal ballerina of Star Dancers."

everywhere. A great respect shown for personal space—no blaring portable radios. The face of the city, except for Ginza, has had extensive plastic surgery during the past few years. Areas like Roppongi, Shibuya, Shinjuku and Ikebukuro have mushroomed into cities within the city. Tokyo is a thousand villages occupied by eleven million people.

February 1, 1979

News that my favorite aunt, Mildred Lee Gordon ("Mimi"), has died. We were very close spirits.

Aibetsu riku wa yo no narai

The grief of parting and the agony of separation is the way of the world.

Rakka eda ni kaerazu

Fallen blossoms never return to their branches.

February 2, 1979

I spent the evening with Heima Tatsuhiko (1922–1999) attending the Tokyo City Dance Festival at a concrete modern hall in Ueno Park. The program featured several of my former students from my 1967–70 time in Japan (I taught modern dance at the Tokyo American Culture Center) and there were many greetings, bows and hugs. I did enjoy the long evening starting between six and seven p.m., due to social customs. There were three dances on the program, each with a huge cast. The last work had fifty people all at once on the stage and used every device: floors lifting, holes opening, sets revolving, fire, smoke, lanterns, scrims, costume changes before your eyes, warriors, battle, water—on and on—epic style. It was a well-performed success.

Heima was educated in the early 1950s at the School of The Art Institute of Chicago and the New School for Social Research in New York City. From 1956 to 1958, he taught at the University of Alabama for awhile. His early work was abstract painting and prints. After some time in Paris and various

travels, he settled in Tokyo in 1964, exploring stage and costume design and serving as both artistic advisor and designer for the Star Dancers Ballet and the Tamura Setsuko modern dance school and company. He became a designer of interiors, furniture and contemporary-living spaces. An old-school gentleman with elegant manners and a noble bearing, he always wore a coat and tie and never rushed his sentences or words (fig. 4). He adored bargain shopping as a diversion.

A stickler for details and refinement, Heima's designs for my costumes—the fabrics and colors—were approved for different performances by the Imperial Household, the Kabukiza and the Umewaka Noh Theater.

His brother, Heima Hidehiko, was a renowned doctor in cancer research and a fine equestrian. He was the medical doctor on call for Baji Kōen, the equestrian park in Setagaya run by the Japan Racing Association. That is where he kept his horses and took me to ride. One day we raced the Crown Prince (I won). Afterward, we shared a Kirin beer.

February 12, 1979

On Saturday afternoon, after attending different rehearsals of two dance companions, I visited a very old dye shop where powders are still ground, mixed and blended for the hand-stenciled fabric designs. The air was pungent as a narrow stairway opened into a second-floor blending room. There was a potted palm covered with flakes of dye. The cabinets were 1920s vintage art deco, yet everything else was traditional Japanese. After an hour in this tiny room, where the world and control of colors were directed by the acute eye of an ancient though ageless man, the desired saffron yellow was achieved. While there, I reflected back to the markets of Kathmandu, where I had seen vibrant little mounds of powdered dyes caught in an unexpected rain—the earth instantly covered in rainbow rivulets and bare feet stained purple, gold and crimson.

February 15, 1979

Nishikawa Koisaburō II (1909–1983) and Nishikawa Richō, of the Nishikawa school of classical Japanese dance, direct my dance growth. Koisaburō, the founder and master of the Nishikawa school, is based in Nagoya, with a very large studio for group dances and rehearsals. Every wall projected all sides and angles of a dance as we learned the choreography. Very advanced technology! I was so shocked when I returned to teaching at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, where our students were trying to learn from a TV monitor of frontal-only recorded choreography.

Koisaburō had selected Richō to be my teacher in Tokyo when he himself could not see me, or, for whatever reason, I could not travel to Nagoya. (After Koisaburō's death, his children Sakon and Ukon inherited his mantle. Richō left the Nishikawa school and became a choreographer for cinema and theater.)

Koisaburō had a reputation as a purist and classicist. At the same time, he was personally creating the most experimental and boundary-pushing new choreography. He was a childhood friend of the kabuki actor Nakamura

Figs. 5a, b. Lonny Joseph Gordon performing *Waves of Dreams.* October 13, 1979. Costume: Heima Tatsuhiko. Artistic advisor: Jimmy Wright. Tochigi Prefectural Museum of Fine Arts, Utsunomiya. Photos: Jimmy Wright

"In Utsunomiya, I used pine cones as props, but when I performed this dance at a second location, up north in Sapporo, Hokkaido," Lonny recalls, "there were no pine cones available. I made a quick trip to the market and purchased onions, a local Hokkaido product. I thought they worked well rolling across the stage with their skins glowing under the lights. When I opened my *furoshiki* to reveal onions and not mountain pine cones, the essence of the dance moved from the hills to the plains, from winter to late summer harvest, from aristocracy to country farmer. After the concert, one man was deeply moved and thanked me for the honor I bestowed upon the onion."

Figs. 6. Gordon performing *Waves of Dreams.* November 17, 1979. The Museum of Modern Art, Kamakura. Photo: Matsuo Junyo

Kanzaburō XVII, who selected him as my dance teacher. Koisaburō had final approval of the new solo I was required to create and perform for my graduation in full costume, with music, stage sets and props, along with the classic repertory I had learned. The title of the solo was *Waves of Dreams.* I have pictures of the performances at the Tochigi Museum in Utsunomiya and the Museum of Modern Art in Kamakura (figs. 2, 5 and 6).

Now, approval for my class costumes is to be given. The custom is that I will be presented a kimono and, depending on the style, color and design, I will know the rank they are assigning me. I only hope it isn't blue or brown, because I wore those ten years ago. I also hope a new dance will be created for me.

February 20, 1979

My February examination, or audition, at the Nishikawa School in Nagoya was scheduled. Three solos were tested. I was not allowed off the studio floor for two-and-a-half hours. I was asked to repeat one solo nine times—until it was agreed that I had mastered the nuances of the character and technical bravura. The emotional tension drained when the great master said, "You have shown the desire to become the highest professional. I will teach and 'demand' accordingly." Hallelujah! My heart rejoiced for stringent standards! In that instant, the spirits of South Texas, disciplined years and Japanese culture lasered my entire being. After a long moment absent from the studio, Koisaburō returned, crossed the room in total silence and presented me a box wrapped in a *furoshiki* (large cloth to wrap presents and carry objects). The other students had told me beforehand not to open the box at this time. I never caught a taxi so fast in my life. Once in the privacy of my hotel, I opened the box to find a moss-green kimono and two black fans.

Now, my lessons would be one on one with the master teachers. I thanked the gods of dance at Hirakawa Tenmangu Shrine.

[September 1, 1980: Reading this journal entry much later. One of the deeper revelations to surface was the manner by which interpretation evolved in my lessons. I had two opposite experiences: first, learning the choreography as shape, line, motion and rhythm; second, developing the character and narrative and clearly defining the historical and cultural knowledge of the dance before the movement was completed and learned. Switching focus and relating to each teacher's method was a considerable challenge and opportunity for growth. In that lesson in which I was requested to repeat the entire dance nine times, each interpretation removed another layer of tension until calm and stillness prevailed.]

February 23, 1979

I went to visit the Nichigeki Music Hall on the fifth floor of the Nichigeki Theater in Yurakuchō, a shopping and entertainment district near the Ginza. It is a smaller theater for nude revues, burlesques and cabaret. There, I was served a theater-style box dinner and can of coffee while I observed rehearsals for the next revue. This was a combination of Las Vegas showgirls, French revue and Japanese comedy, all performed in a constant change of sets and costumes with nudity of all but the genitals. Very interesting and professional production, and frankly, I enjoyed the theatricality and comedy—upbeat and lighthearted. One skit was of girls doing bondage to each other—outrageously funny getting all twisted up in the ropes while dancing and creating "cat's cradle images." Clever choreography. There were five different choreographers, but Nishikawa Richō's work was the most artistic and well crafted. It was interesting to observe him directing and dancing in comparison to the others. He had the respect and detailed attention of the dancers and staff. After rehearsals, Richō and I talked for three hours. It was a wonderful exchange giving insights into why, as a leading classic Japanese dancer and teacher, he is expanding his range to include Japanese showgirl revues and commercial

TV musicals. He wants to break the stereotype of the master system, upgrade revue choreography, use classic dance material in new, unexpected settings and challenge commercial dancers. He certainly is doing what he intends with success in the wider market. Richō had graduated from the Nishikawa School and opened a studio in Tokyo, where he kept the direct connection to Koisaburō in Nagoya. He was unusually tall—five feet eleven—for a Japanese man. He worked all over the choreography world—in film, TV and stage, and even with young pop group touring shows. His son was in the Peers School (Gakushūin). I never learned the family lineage or marriage connections.

When Koisaburō came to Tokyo, he would teach me at Richō's studio or at the huge studio inside Kanzaburō's home in Bunkyō-ku.

[March 29, 1980: Reading this journal entry over a year later. During 1979, I attended two more of those Nichigeki Music Hall rehearsals. In considering the three rehearsals I viewed, my feelings are that financial gain through escapist fantasy titillation was the mark, certainly not upgraded artistic expression.]

March 4, 1979

This past Thursday evening, I went to a government-sponsored, modern dance extravaganza. A fortune must have been spent on costumes, sets, lighting and so on. Afterward, Tatsu (Heima Tatsuhiko) said the companies were trying to find ways to spend all of the money by the end of the fiscal year so an equal amount would be granted next year! Oh, to have such a problem. One of my former students from a class I taught at the Tokyo American Culture Center in 1967–69, Takeya Kaeko, was the female soloist. Her performance was stunning. Some of the images were fifty straw rain mats falling from the ceiling, filling the theater with dust and debris; over one hundred students pounding the floor with two sticks each and jumping off the stage into a pit; and thirty-six wheelchairs and thirty-six nurses in white doing a Rockettelike danse macabre. It went on for three hours. The dancing was solid and the spectacle truly spectacular.

I had dance lessons Friday and Saturday, and now have totally completed the notes and learning process of two complete dances. On Monday, a new repertory starts. I had to perform solo again today and was a mess of nerves. Couldn't concentrate. Finally, I pulled it off, but the performance was sloppy. I was so depressed after class on Saturday that I decided to walk it off.

April 4, 1979

Here and now with two months behind me and all of my lessons, teachers, schools, life falling into patterns, a puzzled order. Currently, I've been shopping for fabrics to build my wardrobe of sixteen required kimonos with accessories. Four costumes for each season. This is just for my study of classic Japanese dance, Nihon buyō. Between travels for lessons about the city, I've been visiting the famous department stores—Takashimaya, Isetan, Seibu, Mitsukoshi, Matsuya— and shopping the sales on kimono fabric.

Fig. 7. Asakusa Kannon Temple (Sensōji), Tokyo. April 2016. Photo: Julia Meech

I'm having most costumes made at the theatrical house of Nagosaya in Asakusa. Today they called, so I went with Nishikawa Koisaburō to finalize details. One was completely ready; others will be soon. The shop owners and geisha all exclaimed about my *shibui* (elegant) taste. On the street, my teacher said that my selections made a good impression. The bill today for construction of the costumes was ¥77,000, or $394 for three kimonos (one lined), three *nagajuban* (undergowns), one *haori* (jacket), two obis, two *yukata* (cotton summer kimonos)—all handmade. They are interchangeable to create different moods around the colors of earth brown, sky blue, butter yellow, black, moss green, beige, gray. Next month I'll add *hakama* (formal skirts, or split trousers). Now I have to start building my noh, kabuki and *bugaku* stage costumes. Because Nishikawa went with me to the fitting, they gave me a discount. Then he took me around for introductions at the stage makeup store, fan shop and another costume supply house. Then we went to the great Kannon Temple in Asakusa and prayed (fig. 7). I am still using those timeless costumes some thirty-seven years later.

Koisaburō helped finalize everything. The making of the opening fan and two fans at the ending; the handmade bamboo basket; the handpicked mountain pine cones from Nara Prefecture; the *furoshiki*; the deep-blue fabric of my winter mountain-wool kimono; and the undergarments in a range of ocean to sky blues that only showed at the sleeves—and about my ankles and feet when I pretended to fall or sleep onstage during a performance.

He even decided on dark-blue *tabi* socks.

April 25, 1979

Most of my lessons are now scheduled. I had four private *bugaku* lessons and four *bugaku* lessons with other dancers, plus attendance at three of the Imperial Court performances; six classical Japanese dance (Nihon

Figs. 8a, b. Ono Terusaki Shrine, Tokyo, with mini-Fuji, a small mound at the rear of the shrine, visible beyond the lantern. April 2016. Photos: Julia Meech

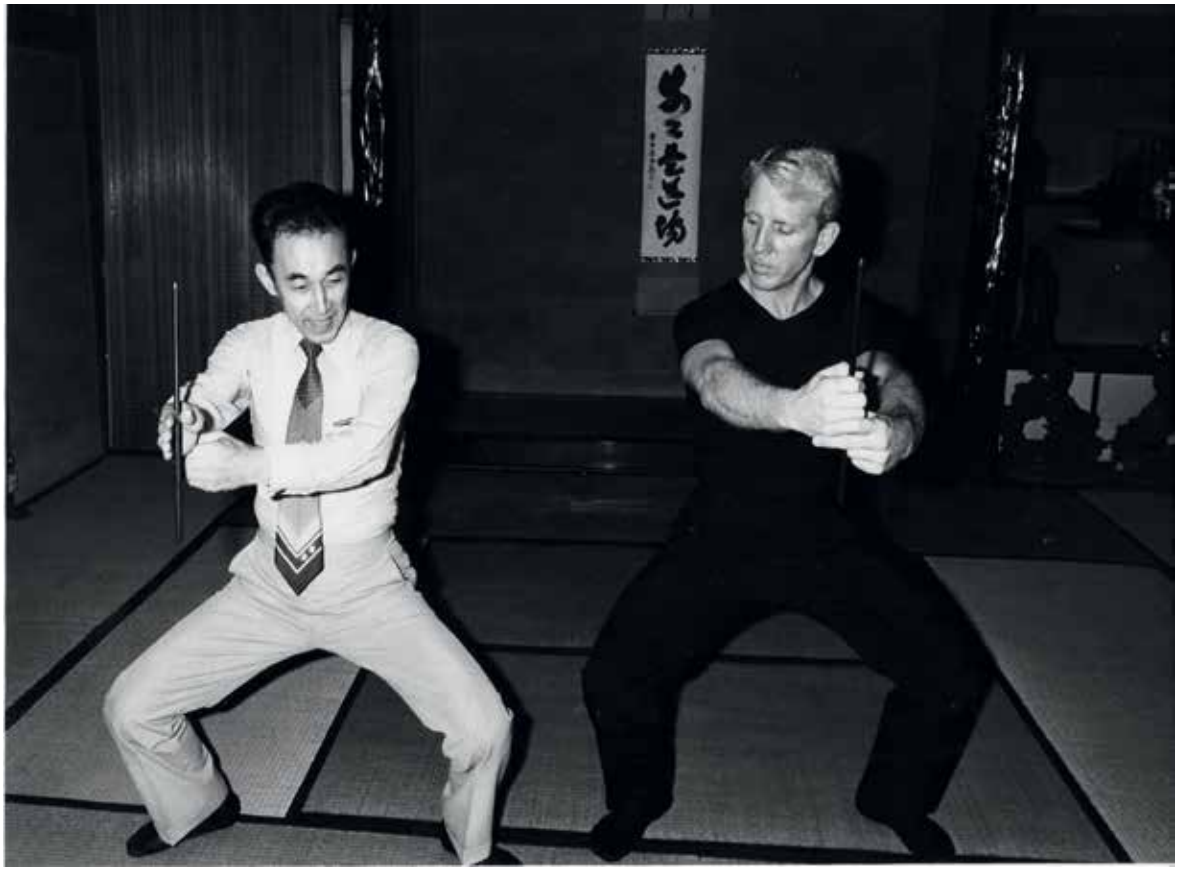
Gordon received dance lessons at this shrine (see page 104).

buyō) and kabuki lessons, plus attendance at four theater performances; six private noh lessons, plus three concerts; and eight private Japanese-language lessons. The cherry blossoms are exquisite this spring; irises are budding. My time is filled—train travel to opposite sides of the city for noh and *bugaku* study takes one full hour, plus walking time in each direction. Calligraphy classes start next week. Some days I feel that I live on the trains getting to and from my lessons. Also, I must practice for all of the lessons at home. I've passed the tests of each month so far. My teachers move me on to longer, more complex works. Does my noh teacher plan for me to perform during this year?

[July 15, 1980: On later review of my journal. For my noh lessons, I kept a dance journal in which I would diagram every dance learned into foot patterns and directional lines in space. Also, I would attempt to make my interpretation in an English translation of the Japanese chants or songs. Like the Nakamura kabuki family, my noh teachers, Umewaka Yasuyuki (1917–2003) and Yasunori (b. 1956) of the Kanze school of noh, were also father and son. They were curious and delighted to help me create my system of dance notation, and it became expected that I would clarify each new page with them. Always asking me to be exact, they would make corrections on every incorrect drawing or poorly rehearsed movement.]

April 30, 1979

Returning to Japan after eight-and-a-half years was filled with expectation. Since my arrival, every moment has been charged with energies of new growth, changing with the seasons. The crowds and cars, cycles and clogs are graced by softly falling, plum-white petals, swirls of cherry, blazes of azalea and the occasional glorious yellow rose. Rain, snow, fog, mist, thunder, steam, dust, pollen, earthquakes, smog, sunbursts, dusk, full moons over Mount Fuji—every day layered with evolution.



Figs. 10a, b. Lonny Joseph Gordon in his *bugaku* solo, *Nasori no ha, Nasori no kyu*. Costume: Heima Tatsuhiko. The Museum of Modern Art, Kamakura. November 17, 1979. Photos: Matsuo Junyo

May 1, 1979

Yamada Kiyohiko (1933–2009), a fine-boned, fiery man, is Director of the Imperial Household School of Music and Dance (Kunaichō Gakubu Gakuchō), where he has taught for twenty-two years. I was told he was the twenty-fifth generation of his family serving there. He is my instructor for *gagaku* and *bugaku*. I saw him dance and perform music at the court. He arranged my invitation on three occasions when the imperial family attended. Yamada sensei gave classes at the Imperial Court Theater and rehearsal spaces inside the moat complex of the Imperial Palace. I knew he was brilliant from my lessons inside the ancient Ono Terusaki Shrine in Iriya, north of the heart of Tokyo and very near Ueno Park. The shrine has beautiful canopy-covered grounds and a miniature replica of Mount Fuji constructed in the early nineteenth century for the Fuji cult (figs. 8a, b). This shrine has since its founding been associated with the academies of learning and the training of artists involved with calligraphy, music, dance, voice, noh, pottery and writing. It was selected by Yamada as a place for additional one-on-one lessons outside the school (figs. 9 and 10). We could have longer lesson times there. My classes had a set start time, but Yamada sensei worked with me each time until he reached where he was taking me on that lesson. I remember our time lost in the cold air and the breath clouds of a lesson. I also learned to never have any scheduled plan after my *bugaku* lessons!

< **Figs. 9a, b.** Yamada Kiyohiko instructing Lonny Joseph Gordon in *bugaku*. Ono Terusaki Shrine, Tokyo. October 1979. Photos: Jimmy Wright

Fig. 11. Hachisuka Chie in Tokyo. 1972. Photo: R. C. A. Purl. Courtesy of Linda Purl

The tatami floors at Ono Terusaki Shrine were some of the finest mats I ever felt under my *tabi*. The smell of the tatami rooms was so fresh. Yamada wore only the highest grade of wool socks to teach me, and I noted he almost always opened up new socks that had top-of-the-line Wako department store wrappings and labels.

A well-connected older friend, "Aunt Chie," as I called her, came to a lesson with me when Yamada was preparing me to perform (fig. 11). They shared a private conversation while I was packing and freshening up. When we were driving back to my apartment, Aunt Chie stopped the driver and took me into a lovely, private-looking residence in Nihonbashi, where she had my feet measured, handled cloth choices, selected the highest non-rust silver *hino* (clasps) and ordered handmade *tabi* at $100 a pair. Because they only took orders in numbers of five, she ordered thirty pairs at $3,000 and received a $500 discount. When we went back a week later to check the fit, Chie handed them a $500 tip on a small lacquer tray in a discreet envelope. That was before the socks were completed and delivered. A wise lesson I observed in greasing the wheel of life. Chie had been educated at Pine Manor College outside Boston and served as interpreter for Douglas MacArthur during the signing of the Peace Treaty. She married the Marquis Hachisuka. I think she purchased the socks for me to please my teacher, as she had used her contacts in the Kunaichō to have him accept me as his student.

Three different concerts of music and dance were presented at the Imperial Court Theater last weekend. Entrance was gained by passage through three gates, presentation of invitation and even signing some papers. The program began, and my teacher appeared as the head biwa musician and lead dancer. The *gagaku, bugaku* and noh have ignited some new fire—a flower is budding in my stomach. Every teacher has performed on the concert stage since my arrival. Each teacher is an established artist of national repute. These moments of observing them perform reveal the secrets of transformation—the process to the art, the discipline of a life, the years of work before the fleeting instant. Initial meetings revealed exact levels of concentration and preparation expected. What a blessing to be encouraged, nurtured and groomed at this *ma* (interval) of my life. Doors Once Open—Open Again Ever Wider.

[August 30, 1980: On rereading above, later. Each teacher has a personal style in directing his dance lessons; however, all four classic dance forms are taught through the study of repertory. There was no preliminary warmup of exercises and technical studies. Each lesson starts with learning a new dance or performing a dance. Technique is presented within the structure of the choreography. When I experienced a new or unusually difficult dance movement, the teachers generally gave me until the next lesson to solve the mystery. On rare occasions, time within a lesson would be given to the practice of a particular action or phrase. The emphasis was focused upon performance of the dance with understanding of character, time, place and incident. Each dance learned would incorporate some techniques previously mastered, with new and more complex motion.]

May 5 and 10, 1979

When I started out on this project, I had no concept of the demands to be made on me here. The major portion of my time is hours of discipline and hard physical labor and mental abstraction. I doubt that any Japanese has ever attempted to study all these different forms simultaneously, the way I am doing this year. It's not just classes: it's travel on the crowded trains; rehearsals to prepare; research readings; costume costs; gifts for all the teachers; the theater attendance required; history to comprehend; complex stories in the drama; the perfection expected; the exams in each dance form; and memory leading to interpretation and revelations. The total expense of dance and calligraphy lessons each month is ¥90,000 ($461 in 1979), plus the initial registration fee with each teacher and entrance fee for the school. Add to this the necessary supplies—fans, costumes, recording tapes, records, tickets, books, brushes, ink, paper, transportation, seasonal gifts—on and on. My grant will only cover the monthly fees for lessons. In addition to the investment I've made, I also support the language and kendo classes. Culture by the yen!

May 20, 1979

Tamura Setsuko constantly amazes all. She used the Asakusa Public Hall (about two thousand seats) to present her children (ages three to sixteen) in a three-and-a-half-hour program. There was not one line dance. At no time did a routine appear; no feathers or frills. Every section was highly creative and well performed. Audience totally involved. Some of the most inventive and professional work I've seen with children anywhere in my travels.

May 21, 1979

The all-girls private Ochanomizu University in Tokyo has a very progressive dance program. I've seen a faculty and a student concert—both presented at first-class theaters in central Tokyo—vital, imaginative work performed with brilliance for an SRO audience. Carl Wolz (1932–2002), the director of the University of Hawai'i dance program, is here, and we joined the university's eminent dance director Matsumoto Chiyoe. She did the Japanese translation of *Dance: A Creative Art Experience* by Margaret N. H'Doubler, another pioneering professor of dance at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

Nogawa Teruko is using the noh drama for work with chronic schizophrenics—movement, singing, fan, mask. She wants to found a Japanese branch of the American Dance Therapy Association.

The theater design work of Heima Tatsuhiko is consistently stunning. I've seen seven concerts that he designed. His work with the choreographer and director Ishikawa Suzuko on her dance theater piece *The Stars*—a contemplation on the night, with five huge, black boxes and five layered, transparent costumes—took me light-years away. He is a great craftsman in detail and his versatile eye works with that of the choreographer.

Fig. 12. Gordon, Hachisuka Chie and Yamamoto Kōtarō in Tokyo. 1979. Courtesy of Lonny Joseph Gordon

July 11, 1979

I have spent the last two days traveling in the mountains of Hakone in the company of Anna Jooss Markard and her husband, Herman Markard. Anna is the oldest daughter of the German ballet dancer and choreographer Kurt Jooss (1901–1979); Herman is a theatrical designer. They have both been here in Japan restaging Kurt Jooss's 1923 *The Green Table* for Tokyo's Star Dancers Ballet. It was interesting to see *The Green Table* staged in Japan. I had seen productions of it in New York, Pennsylvania and Canada. The production level of performance reached by the dancers in Tokyo was the best, and it earned a highly enthusiastic reception with standing ovations.

July 28, 1979

Yamamoto Kōtarō befriended me in Japan (fig. 12). The only son of a Yokohama landowner, he graduated from Keio University, managed his father's property and cared for a brain-damaged sister. He had a deep interest in urban renewal, historic preservation and true indigenous folk crafts all over Japan, Korea and China. He was a director of tourism and preservation in Yokohama. We traveled all over Japan to see great secluded and magnificent public structures. We had the imperial garden in Kyoto alone to ourselves at the height of the wisteria blossoms.

On this afternoon, Kōtarō and I attended the Imperial Theater (Teikoku Gekijo) in Marunouchi, across the moat from the imperial palace. The first Western-style performance venue in Japan, it had six revolving and hydraulically controlled understages where entire sets may be set up in advance. Amazing to see static or in action. (This is where the American actress Linda Purl was performing opposite Nakamura Kankurō in *The King and I* while I was having lessons with the father, Kanzaburō, at the Kabukiza.) As part of my ongoing studies, I had come to watch Kanzaburō perform in a very commercial, lighthearted summer entertainment. The plot was built around the idea of a ghost inhabiting a castle in Europe, where a Japanese couple had come to enjoy a holiday. Kanzaburō played the role of the ghost (fig. 13). It was interesting to see him out of the kabuki and in a very Western presentation—costuming, script, stage setting, the whole approach of the drama. Backstage in the dressing room, out of costume, I realized how thin Kanzaburō had become since I first saw him in the early spring. His face was drawn, his weight had dropped and he was having tremendous difficulty speaking and swallowing. On the stage at one point his mic became detached and the actresses had to reattach it for him. His voice is barely a whisper without the microphone onstage. Kanzaburō was

genuinely delighted to see Kōtarō and me. I began to share some personal observations about my teachers, their methods and the studios. For all his fame and importance as a national cultural treasure and his busy schedule, he has always found time to be with me—to listen, to give advice or to encourage and to nurture my development.

July 31, 1979

Throughout Japan, there are great pockets of hidden and postcardlike beauty. These are most often off the main track, to be discovered, to be savored. Repeatedly, the beauty of these places leaves you breathless, dazed and intoxicated. One such place for me is the giant bamboo forest of Hōkokuji Temple in Kamakura. On several occasions this year, I've traveled there to be alone and to meditate. Recently, I had one hour in the softly falling rain, totally alone, sipping tea and meditating (figs. 14a–c). In these

Fig. 13. Left to right, Kusabue Mitsuko, Nakamura Kanzaburō XVII (as Prince Pierre) and Aratama Michiko in the curtain call for *Hyakunenme yurei* (The Hundredth-year Ghost) at the Imperial Theater, Tokyo. August 1979. From *Engekikai* 8, vol. 37, 1979. Photo: Umemura Yutaka. Courtesy of Engekikai Shuppan, Inc.

Figs. 14a–c. Bamboo forest at Hōkoku Shrine, Kamakura. April 16, 2016. Photos: Mark Schumacher

Gordon writes: "A treasured space. Reaching for the heavens."

private moments, misery and memories in life are uncorked. Moments kept, never to be forgotten. Being there in this solitude you start your life all over again. These pauses, rests, moments of introspection and reflection are necessary. They are a perfume at first too strong before the skin accepts it. Life here has overwhelmed me, without time for my emotions to recenter, to balance and focus outward.

August 2, 1979

Tonight, returning home on the train from my *bugaku* lesson, I had time to reflect on the teaching methods of Mr. Yamada. When I first began my lessons during the year, he would always instruct me only with the beat of a large and a small drum. Also, he wanted me to work in the silence of the studio, listening to the pulse of my breath and the stomping and sliding of my feet against the tatami matting on the floor. The lessons were almost always two hours. During this time, Mr. Yamada would review the material from previous lessons, ask me to perform solo, make numerous corrections, ask me to repeat again, often start over—until he felt that my concentration was at a point where I was ready to absorb more information. There was a tremendous amount of repetition in the lessons: repeating of phrases; repeating of rhythm; repeating of foot pattern; working on my focus in all the directions of the room in a dance form that weaves and turns and shifts its weight—moving in a small square of floor space—but a space in which you would expect to create the universe.

These thousand-year-old dances with their roots coming from China, through Korea—and eventually being preserved in the imperial court of Japan—were basically created as ceremonies, rituals, celebrations on the centering of the spirit. Within all of these dances, there was a deeply spiritual uplifting of the mind and the soul. The dances were created to be viewed by members of the court and selected aristocracy after a battle, for the creation of a new state, for the arrival of a new son, the changing of the seasons and worship of deities.

The dances were almost always performed in groups of four, or by two or one. They require a stately, upright spine, and deeply centered pelvis with a wide second position. The hips are moved in the flexation of the hip joint at right angles without any sense of outward rotation other than if the leg is carried to the side. The hopping-back movements slide in changing rhythms, and the arms are carried in great arches through space, from side-overhead-down through the center of the body. There are gestures made and held for several beats; there are quick attacking actions of the head rotating and dropping back and rolling over the shoulders. The feet lift and stomp, pull together and slide across the floor with hopping motions that close to the side, to the front or slide and stop moving to the back. There are circular movements that cover the entire outer circumference of the performing space, spiraling into the center and refocusing forward again.

During my lesson, Mr. Yamada has had me balance the *bachinote*, which are sticks held in the performer's hands, on my arms and across my wrists to keep the lifting of the arm absolutely parallel to the floor without any

strange flexations or rotations. He has constantly corrected the use of the position of my thumb against the rest of the hand, having me hold the stick, remove it, insert it again in my hand, take it out and insert it again until the correct pressure is achieved: holding the *bachinote* with only the small finger in the palm of my hand as the stick lays on the other fingers. He has also stressed the fact that this *bachinote* should never be used to point at the floor or at the audience; that it is used as the extension of the arm to curve the gestures through space, drive them into the floor and carry them upward into the heavens, followed by the focus of the eyes and the chin.

Often, as I'm performing, he will stop beating the drum and I will notice that his voice has fallen to the cadence of humming and beginning to chant. In recent lessons, he has asked me to hum and chant as I move, while he continues beating the measured stresses of the drum. Only recently did I begin to ask in my lessons if I could work with the recordings of court music in order to get a greater sense of the atmosphere in which these dances were performed. But Mr. Yamada said that at this time, this was not the direction he wanted me to go as a performer. Tonight, I think I realized the methods behind his teaching, because I began to understand the recurring patterns of the drum beats I must hear as I perform. Not only hear them through my ears, but in the motion of my feet against the floor, the beating of my heart, the pulse of my breath, in order to come into a state of deep relaxation and centered concentration. Early in tonight's lesson I was asked to hum the entire rhythmic score of the first part of my solo, *Nasori no ha—Nasori no kyu*. Enduring this, I began to find my mind leaving the outward world of the day and deeply taking refuge in the pulse of my own body. As I moved, a calm settled over me as had not previously happened in these lessons. I think Mr. Yamada saw this, because he didn't stop me; he let me work alone in the room for more than ten minutes while he observed. Then he broke the silence and said, "Tonight I think you're ready to start working with the music." This is important, as before he put the tapes on he said that there are seven cues in the early part of the dance before you begin moving that you must hear. Once those cues in the music are into the rhythm of your body, you will begin the movement and you will find that throughout the dance you will be with the phrasing and with the structure by following these cues—all given by the drums.

This in its completion has become a seventeen-minute, constantly moving solo without rest. One of the questions that occurred to me was, "What will this feel like with the weight of the brocaded, seven-layered costume having a long train flowing behind it?" At the Imperial Court Theater, I had observed that the train behind the costume is never handled or touched to manipulate it throughout the intricate turns, side movements, backing movements, winding movements, spiraling movements of the dance. And yet the dancers are so proficient that the trains constantly turn themselves, whirl themselves, slide themselves, unwind themselves so that they are never bound around the feet of the dancers. They never become an obstruction. This must be a small miracle in perfecting and learning these dances.

Fig. 15. Umewaka Yasuyuki instructing Gordon. October 14–18, 1979. Umewaka Noh Theater, Tokyo. Photo: Jimmy Wright

At the end of my lesson tonight, Mr. Yamada handed me the sheet music for another solo I will begin next week. He had written down order numbers and the titles of records I was to buy and listen to before I come to my next lesson. Obviously, he's preparing me for performance. I left the studio and went out into the August night air a mass of sweat and exhausted nerves. In a quiet spot in the corner of the Ono Terusaki Shrine, I made a prayer by folding a small white paper and tying it to a branch of a forsythia bush. I entreated the deity to grant me the honor of perfecting some of these solos, performing them in Japan and bringing them into other cultures as a part of my solo repertory.

[June 28, 2016: My Japanese teachers expected attention to detail, nuance and focus. After I returned to the United States in 1980, I found my teaching methodology becoming more rigorous. In a class on technique for dance majors at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, a student threw her warm-up sweater across the studio. It hit a young man on the ear. I stopped the class and informed all present, "You do not throw anything across the room in my classes. Please always walk to your dance bag and fold and put away any item of clothing. When demonstrations are in progress, you are expected to observe and listen, not chatter. Not throw or distract from the lesson!" Within a few months, the serious dance majors had a new nickname for me: General Gordon. In Japan, students always stepped off the dance floor to face a wall or leave for the dressing room to tighten an

Fig. 16. Gordon rehearsing *Tamura*. October 14–18, 1979. Umewaka Noh Theater, Tokyo. Photo: Jimmy Wright

obi, reclasp a *tabi* sock, adjust a kimono hem or retrieve the correct fan. Always asking permission first to fix whatever needed attention.]

August 8, 1979

This afternoon at four, I went to my Umewaka noh lesson. Today my teacher was Yasuyuki, the father (figs. 15 and 16). Thirty minutes into my lesson, he stopped to inform me that I was being invited to perform at the Umewaka Noh Theater (Umewaka Nōgaku Gakuin Kaikan) in Higashi Nakano later in the autumn and that he had decided that the solo for my performance would be *Tamura*. The section from the entire drama of *Tamura* that I would perform would be the battle section involving the shooting of arrows and the advancing of enemy troops. A highly athletic solo, it involves stomping, turning in the air, landing on the knees, thrusting of the fan and very rapid, three-circle turns that stop almost on a dime. This has truly excited me because, within the last two weeks, two of my teachers have now made commitments to present me on the concert stage. I know this is going to be seen as an honor for me, as Yasuyuki told me today that I am the only non-Japanese in this concert. Of course, as his first non-Japanese student, I am expected to do very well.

This is going to be an expensive performance. In Japan, when you're invited to perform, you not only pay the teacher an additional fee to prepare you for performance, you pay for part of the rental of the theater. You also pay

Fig. 17a. Gordon in his solo *Death by Roses*. October 13, 1979. Tochigi Prefectural Museum of Fine Arts, Utsunomiya. Photos: Furushima Tetsuo

In memory of his Aunt Mimi, who died in February, Gordon wears a white lace cap and dress with a yellow shawl over white cotton jeans and holds yellow roses, a Texas symbol.

the musicians and the chanters to accompany you, and in addition to this, you have the cost of your newly made costumes and the creation of the proper fan for your solo. I am not certain yet how much the total bill will be, but it certainly will be over several thousand dollars, and possibly not for more than ten minutes on the stage. Also, twice a year, teachers are brought special gifts that are to be approximately the same value as two months' fee. Some students will bring money envelopes for the occasion. Other students will go to different stores and send provisions, such as canned goods, liquor or some favorite edible. Some teachers receive fabric from a famous shop to be constructed into new costumes. I wanted to do something very unique and unforgettable, so I ordered yellow rose bushes to be shipped from America and planted in my teacher's garden. In the future, as the plants flourish and bloom, the glorious yellow blossoms will hopefully remind him of his yellow-haired Texan student.

August 20, 1979

On August 14, I boarded a ferry to sail across the Inland Sea to Tokushima on the island of Shikoku to see the famous Awa dance festival, the largest such festival in Japan. This year, there are over two hundred groups on the streets every night for three nights. The air and festivity is much like that of Mardi Gras. Every group had a different, colorfully designed, summer *yukata* as its costume. There were parades through the city, with small

Fig. 17b. Gordon says, "The antique, cotton-and-lace dress belonged to my Aunt Mimi. The shawl, cape and mask were inventions by Heima Tatsuhiko as designer and coordinator. Water was running down the wall behind me. Water was still running in the kitchen sink when my Aunt Mimi was discovered with her yellow rose cuttings. In the dance, I removed, in order, shawl, dress, smashed roses, mask and cap. In figure 17b, (above) the first three are on the floor about me, and I am in the undercostume of a white tank unitard with pale yellow braids as shoulder straps. Finally, the water was turned on full force to flood the marble floor of the performance space. The water had started as a drip and ended in a flood of emotions, a bit like 'fallen flowers do not return to the branches.'

For the audience, viewing this solo through a solid glass wall, as was the case in Tochigi, provided an aesthetic distance that helped transport the time backward."

bands in front and dancers behind. The revelry of this celebration is based on the history and tradition of late-summer Festival of the Dead (*obon*) dances, when the ancestral spirits rejoin their families. Also, it is a time when the living will pay homage to the spirits of their ancestors, and throughout Japan, people will travel great distances to return home to the graves of their forefathers. This is certainly a once-in-a-lifetime experience, observing the drunken revelry of the dancers soaked with sweat, *yukata* pulled up and tacked in the back of the waist, sleeves pulled down exposing bare chests, and hair and faces in frenzied disarray—a very drunken, rowdy festival celebrating the spirits of the dead coming back to the earth and the long life and posterity of future generations.

August 25. 1979

I am now on the ferry on my return trip to Tokyo. The last week in Tokushima, I went high into the mountains of Iya in search of seclusion to create a new solo, *Death by Roses* (figs. 17a, b). This was a gorgeous, remote place where time had turned back a hundred years. Only twenty years ago did a one-lane road open up these mountains. Six years ago, a junior school was built; as yet, there is no high school. The bus ride had me gasping all the way. Cliffs dropped off to reveal a river a mile below. The air was crystal clear and silent at night. A great change from Tokyo life.

One of my former students was teaching English and modern dance at this remote school. Kanazawa Miyeko had been an exchange student taking my dance classes at Southern Illinois University when I taught there in the early 1970s. She had arranged for me to use the gymnasiums of the elementary school and the junior school as a rehearsal space. Every morning for five days I would work from nine until noon in the elementary school gymnasium, take a short break and then work again in the afternoon from two until five at the junior school. The facilities were very modern and terraced on a steep mountainside.

In the evenings, after seven until near midnight, I continued to work alone in the gym. I was working on a cathartic memory piece, a statement about death—specifically, the death of my Aunt Mimi in February. On the third day, I had gathered a bouquet of wild zinnias from the mountainside. (In September 1973, while I was Artist in Residence at Hampshire College, Amherst, I had premiered a dance at Smith College called *Black Zinnia* in honor of my aunt.) In rehearsal that afternoon, I imagined the zinnias to be roses. As I worked on the movement, I began to use them in my hands, striking them against my face, carrying them about the floor and eventually destroying them by grinding the petals into the sweat on my skin. By the evening of the fourth day, with Miyeko appearing occasionally to offer encouragement, I had created a twenty-minute solo in which I sang,

chanted, talked and moved in forms that were both very ritualistic and wildly abandoned. It was my training in noh and court dance that made it possible.

This was the trip on which I delivered an urn with the ashes of the Marquis Hachisuka, at the request of my special Aunt Chie, his widow, to his home temple. I spent a full afternoon with the priests as they performed the rites of accepting and ascending. There, I saw the monolithic tombstones of the Hachisuka clan.

September 1, 1979

Transcending is something that becomes a deeper riddle with each solution or perception achieved. An ongoing process, it continues far beyond the stage or studio into the most private recesses of your life and consciousness. It becomes equal parts of concentration and abandon, gravity and flight, focus and detachment, going beyond by working through your center.

In class, while creating the mood of a spring breeze and swirls of cherry blossoms against the imaginary backdrop of Mount Fuji, I remember actually seeing this vision, hearing my heart, stooping down to fasten my loose *tabi* and continuing the dance, never aware of transcending my own personality and not dropping character. After class Yasuyuki said, "Today you 'were'; next is 'being.' Return into yourself in order to go beyond."

September 16, 1979

We spent all day yesterday at the theater in Nagoya, where Nishikawa Koisaburō was presenting his students from throughout Japan for an entire month. Richō had come down from Tokyo. Koisaburō performed a slow, heartbroken solo from the noh play *Sumida River* depicting the agony of a woman over the death of her child near the river. Dressed in long, silver-gray robes with a black wig, this master of over seventy years transformed the theater and himself in time and place. The restrained solo lasted for over twenty minutes, using only one diagonal from downstage right to a bridge upstage left. The audience gave a thunderous response. Here was the essence of what has made his teaching and choreography a classic art in preserving the history of refined characterization. Also, he has been willing to experiment and go beyond the accepted rules of taste. In these concerts, I could clearly focus on the Nishikawa style as preserving the heritage of centuries-old tradition and simultaneously exploring growth into the twenty-first century.

October 10, 1979

Hanabusa in Iidabashi is the elegant and very expensive theatrical costume house where I am having my noh costume constructed. Today, I had to select a design for my *mon*, or family crest, for my formal black kimono. After looking at a huge book of designs already in use by families and famous actors, I decided to use the single ginko leaf surrounded by an octagon, which is Kanzaburō's crest. To that I have added one circle around the entire design that touches the outer edges of the octagon. It creates a very crisp image and should read well onstage.

October 15, 1979

During my first noh lesson on September 1st, the Umewakas had informed me that a fan had been ordered just for my use in the performance of the battle scene from *Tamura.* They had contacted Miyawaki Baisen-an, the Kyoto fan maker, founded in 1823, that supplied the imperial family. The manner of the information provided was a strong suggestion that I visit this famous shop with my eyes and senses focused.

Up with dawn on a crisp shimmering autumn day of golden sunlight, I was off to Tokyo Station, taking the Shinkansen bullet train to Kyoto. Arriving in about two and a half hours, I took a taxi to 803 Daikoku-chō, Rokkaku-dori Tominokoji, where I discovered a shop of historic design and atmosphere—a place where the aesthetics and craftsmanship are exceptional. Once escorted to a private viewing and salesroom and served freshly made tea, the newly made fan wrapped in silk was presented in a wooden box, within another, larger custom-made wooden box wrapped in a *furoshiki*! Four layers of protection to remove in order to view the fan!

My curiosity was alert, and once in my hands, the fan unfolded with a silken flow. The strong image of the hand-painted red sun and the lavish sparkling of gold pigment and gold leaf would be perfect for the total costume signature.

Finally, I requested the receipt for the purchase of what I should pay. None of these costs for the special performance fan had been discussed with me. The saleslady did an exit and returned with a tray on which an envelope held the receipt. After she departed, I experienced true sticker shock: $7,000.

Quickly, I excused myself and took a taxi to the local American Cultural Center. The staff assisted my making a call to my mother at the ranch in Texas, where it was now past 9:00 p.m. I explained the total story of the fan being ordered, the trip to Kyoto and the price (being $7,000). There was a momentary pause and then Mother responded, "Lonny Joseph, such an expensive career you selected or selected you! You have an American Express Gold Card. Well, USE IT."

Back at Miyawaki, all business was settled. Returning on the bullet train with my new "battle fan," I reflected on how clean and with Southern gentleness and a direct order my mother had cut the financial umbilical cord.

October16, 1979

When I had difficulty with the phrases of fan manipulations, Yasunori patiently worked with me until my fingers were noticeably raw from the bamboo reeds on the fan. We became so concentrated upon my mastering this dance with the difficult fan designs that time passed beyond three hours, and we realized our breaths were creating clouds in the chilled studio.

October 28, 1979

This afternoon was my noh performance at the Umewaka Noh Theater in Tokyo. It was necessary to go to the theater in the early morning to warm

Fig. 18. Gordon performing *Tamura*. October 28, 1979. Umewaka Noh Theater, Tokyo. Photo: Yoshikoshi Ken

up my voice and body, to slowly absorb the spirit of the environment and to be tied into the costume. I can't remember a time when I've ever been more nervous. I chanted all the way to the theater in the taxi. This must be the most expensive solo I've ever attempted to master and perform. My $1,000-per-minute performance—about seven minutes total onstage. While waiting in the corridor behind the stage, I stood in front of a window looking out upon a tranquil garden. Here, the American *kyōgen* scholar and translator Don Kenny found me and presented a handsome book on the Hakone Open-Air Museum as a "good show" gesture. We've become good friends this year, and I think he has built a very fine *kyōgen* group that performs using English translations. All I could remember him saying is, "You look paralyzed!" I was. When called by the head master to go into the waiting room and prepare my final concentration in front of the mirror for the actors, I all but jumped out of my skin. Where had this year gone so fast? How had I arrived at this moment of tension? They must have left me alone in front of the mirror for fifteen minutes.

About two minutes before I was to go onstage, Umewaka Yasuyuki came into the room. Without a word, he slicked down my nerves-on-end hair, adjusted the pleats in my *hakama* and took a long moment to hold and massage the hand that would manipulate my fan. During the actual performance, photographers clicked away from the auditorium and a film

was being made. The musicians and chorus gave perfect support, and I sensed an expectant and appreciative audience (fig. 18). Many light-years cut across my interpretation of *Tamura* and I gave a more-than-respectable performance. The beaming glow in Yasuyuki's eyes when I stepped offstage gave solid confirmation of his approval. Hearts open again ever wider.

Acknowledgments

This essay has been adapted and greatly expanded for *Impressions* from *Dance Scope* 15, no. 2 (1980). The magazine ceased publication in 1981. The author expresses his gratitude to his editors, Julia Meech and Jane Oliver, and to his many friends and teachers in Japan, as well as to the Fullbright Program, the Japan Foundation, the American Culture Centers, the United States Information Service, the U.S. Department of State and Waseda University, Tokyo.

Yellow rose in Gordon's garden in San Juan, Texas