

GREETINGS FROM THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



INDRA LEVY

Dear IUC Graduates and Friends,

Looking back on where we have come from allows us to fully grasp the import of the legacy we have inherited, and our resolution to build upon it as we move forward.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of a momentous occasion in the history of Japanese language education: the founding of the Stanford Center for Japanese Studies. Under the direction of University President J.E. Wallace Sterling and philosophy professor John Goheen, the Stanford Center opened its doors in Tokyo in April 1961. We owe a tremendous debt to these two visionaries, who were among the first in the U.S. to understand the critical importance of training future Japan experts through rigorous language training in Japan itself. The Stanford Center for Japanese Studies was the first school of its kind, and its opening made headline news in the Japanese press.

The IUC was built upon the foundation laid by the Stanford Center. In 1963, two years after the school opened, Columbia University, Harvard University, Princeton University, University of British Columbia, University of California, Berkeley, University of Michigan, University of Oregon, University of Washington and Yale University joined Stanford to form the consortium school we now know and love as the Inter-University Center for Japanese Language Studies. As we head toward the fiftieth anniversary of the IUC in 2013, it is the perfect time to look back on this unique school's earliest days, to reflect on the experiences of its pathbreaking students, and to celebrate their achievements. This newsletter offers a

special treat, as several graduates from the Stanford Center have contributed personal recollections. They are a sheer delight to read.

We also offer a memorial tribute to Takagi Kiyoko, a widely and deeply admired teacher who served as Associate Director for the Stanford Center/IUC from 1961 through 1981. We were profoundly saddened to learn that she passed away on January 3, 2011. We would have much preferred to celebrate the golden anniversary of the Stanford Center together with Takagi-sensei. It is a consolation to know that her memory lives on in the lives of her students. Many of them went on to teach countless others. Her impact both on her students and on the field of Japanese studies as a whole is truly immeasurable. If you are in need of inspiration, you will find it in the pages dedicated to celebrating Takagi-sensei's life as a teacher, scholar, and poet.

With heartfelt thanks to the part that each of you has played in making the Center such a precious institution throughout the last half century, and for your ongoing support toward ensuring an equally illustrious future for the IUC,

— Indra Levy (Stanford)

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FROM THE DESK OF THE RESIDENT DIRECTOR

Back to normal. That's how it seems at the Center as I write on a beautiful fall afternoon. Looking out the window of the resident director's office, I see one of Yokohama's signature tourist attractions, the giant Ferris wheel, turning as usual. My view takes in a slice of the harbor, and I can see that the water is busy with big and small boats plying their trades. Through my open door I hear the lively sounds of a class discussion across the hall.

The 2011–12 year is off to a good start. Faculty members tell me that our fifty students are working hard and instruction is going very well—that things here in Minato Mirai are much as they were before the Great East Japan Earthquake.

Many of our students want to contribute, in some way, to Tōhoku relief efforts. Recently ten of them took part in a session with 1990 IUC graduate Tish Robinson, now a professor in Hitotsubashi University's graduate business school and head of the volunteer affinity group of the American Chamber of Commerce in Japan, talking in one of our classrooms about volunteer work students might do without leaving Yokohama or Tokyo. (One possibility: Providing Japanese-to-English translation services for non-

profit organizations to help them inform non-Japanese about latest developments in the disaster zone and about victims' ongoing needs.)

On October 13, the Center was honored to host a lecture by Kanagawa Prefecture Governor Kuroiwa Yūji. His talk, on the theme "Chihō kara Nihon no saisei," discussed initiatives that regional and local entities are taking to address Japan's urgent needs more swiftly than the central government has been able to. He spoke to students in a way that was personal, engaging, and often funny (always to make a point). It was a wonderfully stimulating afternoon.

Having missed our graduation conference in 2011 after on-site classes were suspended, IUC faculty and staff are delighted at the prospect of holding this event once more this coming June. All students will present fifteen-minute talks. Year after year, community members who've attended have been astonished by the facility in Japanese and the originality of thought of people who've spent a year at the IUC. All of us here are confident we'll be made proud yet again. And when we get through that event, we'll feel that we really are back to normal.

— Jim Baxter

THE IUC CLASS OF 2011-2012



UNIVERSITIES REPRESENTED

University of Chicago, Columbia University, University of Notre Dame, Princeton University, Yale University, Stanford University, University of Michigan, University of Virginia, Indiana University, Ohio State University, University of Washington, New York University, Tufts University, University of Pennsylvania, University of California, Berkeley, University of California, Los Angeles, University of California, Irvine, University of California, Riverside, University of Southern California, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, California State University, Northridge, Vanderbilt University, Wesleyan University, Williams College, Hampshire College, University of Tokyo

THE STANFORD YEARS, 1961-63

REMEMBRANCES OF WAKEIJUKU

ANN (LARDNER) WASWO, STANFORD CENTER CLASS OF 1961

It's good to have this opportunity to write about an almost-forgotten chapter in the history of the IUC: the opening in April 1961 of the Stanford Center for Japanese Studies, the ur-IUC, and some of the experiences of the students who formed the first-ever class. According to the program for the Opening Ceremony there were 24 students in that class, including 10 graduate students of whom I was marginally one, having just completed the requirements for graduation the month before. Unlike most of the others who were doing thesis research, I was still grappling with the Japanese language and spent most of my time in classes at the Center, learning in the Historical Documents class taught by Tsurumi Kazuko to recite the *Kyōiku Chokugo* and striving to keep Kawakami-sensei's eyebrows on an even keel as I read the texts he had assigned me.

Like the other eight women in the group I was housed in a YWCA dormitory, the Sekiguchi-ryō, not far from Wakeijuku where the Center was based. As was the case back in Stanford at the time, we women were subject to a lot more in loco parentis than were the men. They could get out and about freely, while we had a *mongen* at Sekiguchi of 7:30 p.m., much worse than back on the Farm where women recently had achieved the right to sign out of their dorms until after midnight so long as they indicated where they were going and with whom! It was really quite intolerable, and I'm afraid some of us made life quite miserable for the Center Director, Professor Goheen, with our complaints. He relented after about six months, and the undergraduate women were re-housed up the road at Nihon Joshi Daigaku, where I believe there was a slightly more civilized *mongen* of 10:00 p.m. Graduate women, now numbering three, were permitted to lodge with families, which all of us promptly proceeded to do. Not equality by a long shot, but a step closer thereto.

The opening of the Center was pretty big news in Tokyo. There weren't many foreign students in Japan at the time, and not that many foreigners in general. The media covered the opening ceremony, of course, and we were invited not long thereafter to meet Prime Minister Ikeda at his official residence for a Q&A session. I got into a bit of trouble on that occasion by asking him what he thought of Taishō democracy, a theme that Ambassador Reischauer was then emphasizing in his speeches in order to suggest that Japan's postwar constitutional order had prewar roots. Ikeda replied that he didn't have the faintest idea what the phrase Taishō

democracy meant, and the Asahi wrote it up as '*Shushō, Bei joshi gakusei ni oshierare.*' Ouch! My first lesson in media diplomacy, and I do apologize if Stanford/IUC students found it difficult to get access to the PM in future.

Thanks to our scarcity and burgeoning linguistic skills, it proved incredibly easy to get *arubaito* of diverse sorts, most lucratively on radio and TV where *aome no mita Nihon* programs abounded. The more you said, no matter how ungrammatically expressed, the more you got paid! And at an exchange rate of some ¥360 to the dollar, it was a lot cheaper to live in Tokyo than in Palo Alto, provided you could cope with a significant absence of heating in winter. But there was a downside as well. We were cosseted by the administration of the Center in ways that complicated our interaction with the Japanese, especially with the Japanese students at nearby Waseda University where we went for lunch. We had to get our meals from the Faculty side of the dining hall where fine food was served up on fancy plates and then take our trays to the Student side to join our peers who were subsisting on noodles and curry rice. It was excruciatingly embarrassing, and not a few of us took to lunching at our own expense in nearby eateries. We also took to spending time in local coffee shops, augmenting our language skills in what came to be known as Shinjuku Daigaku. Our command of the vernacular improved apace, although I never learned to express anger until one of the Zengakuren leaders I was writing a seminar paper about phoned my *geshuku* at 3:00 a.m. to inform me of something or other he considered to be of great importance. My *geshuku no ojisan* stood patiently by the phone while I told my caller that it was 'rather late' and suggested we might get in touch at 'a more appropriate hour'. When I hung up he made an appointment to teach me invective at supper, and that he did.

So there were limits to the language instruction we received at the Center and impediments of diverse sorts to our engagement with Japanese society. I figure the situation on both fronts improved pretty soon thereafter, and I'm pleased on behalf of my classmates that we contributed to that outcome and to the Center's future. I'm also pleased that one of the observations made by Stanford's then President, J.E. Wallace Sterling, at the Opening Ceremony proved to be only partially accurate. In keeping with the ethos of the time he said he expected the young men taking part in the Center's program to make significant contributions to U.S.-Japanese relations in future. The young women, as we were way back then, have made our share of contributions, too.

THE STANFORD YEARS, 1961-63

KENNETH RICHARD, STANFORD CENTER CLASS OF 1962

THE STANFORD TOUR OF NARA AND KYOTO IN 1962

It must have been on the old Tokaido line that the Stanford group set out on what was to be our first look at the major temples and shrines of Nara and Kyoto in 1962. Hot sweltering days followed us everywhere. Yet, being the Tokaido line, one stopped at various stations along the way, and bought tea, *bento*, and snacks through the open windows of the carriage. The experience was total on the Tokaido, unlike the climatized super express trains that now whisk you from Tokyo to the more historical West so fast that one hardly has time to catch one's breath. The air in 1962, though perhaps not fresh and invigorating, was permeated with the smells of the Japanese summer. I believe it was on this trip that I experienced my first lesson in *bento* etiquette. The *bento* box itself was always made of wood, never plastic, and tied neatly in some sort of raffia string. The tea came in wonderful little ceramic pots. I remember following the lead of a *yukata*-clad middle aged lady in the seat on the other side of the aisle from where I was sitting, as she neatly folded the paper sheaf from the top of the box, placing the string as though for further use, on the box lid as she removed it and placed it at her side. She ate slowly, enjoying every morsel, as did I. And when she had finished, she once again replaced the used chopsticks within the box, replaced the lid in its original position with the paper sheaf in place, retied the string as though the box had never been opened, gently placed the box on the carriage floor, and then, checking to see that no one was obviously watching her (I was, though discreetly), aggressively flattened the box by stomping on it with her *geta*. I was always kind to *bento* boxes after that, making sure to restore them to as much of the shape as I had originally received them. Strangely, I never felt the need to stomp on them.

I bought several *tenugui* towels to wear around my neck everywhere we went on the Nara-Kyoto tour—very useful to wipe the sweat from around one's neck, and to dip in the cool waters of the ceremonial mouth washing basins in all of the temples, replacing the wet towel back around my neck. I think now that this went beyond the Japanese custom. I still have the postcards from Horyuji, the Yumedono, Yakushiji, Shin-Yakushiji, Toshodaiji, and Kasuga Taisha among others. Photography in the temples was absolutely forbidden. In the Chuguji nunnery, attached to the Horyuji, I remember that we were led into a large tatami room off of one of the corridors to see the Nyoirin Kannon. We actually sat on the tatami next to it, the most illustrious piece of Buddhist sculpture in all of Japan. Did I just dream this, or did I actually lay down for a brief nap by her/his side? *Yume ka utsutsu ka*. . . . To this day, I fall into a dreamlike state whenever I see

this magnificent work of art. The heat, the summer air, and the faint smell of incense may have contributed to my state of mind. I think this moment was a highlight for all of us who saw the sculpture so up close and personal.

I have just one snapshot of Takagi Kiyoko-sensei sitting with some of the Stanford students on a primitive bench on the rooftop of the Asakiken *ryokan* on Mt. Wakakusa in Nara. We are all dressed in *yukata*, having just come from the *o-furo*. I remember that shortly after we arrived for the night, a typhoon that had been predicted, actually hit with some force on this very area. The wooden rafters of the inn shook and groaned. The howling wind hurtled great pieces of trees and branches through the air. All the exterior *amado* of the inn had been shut, and we, the Stanford steadfast, huddled together around a main beam of the somewhat flimsy building, hoping for the storm to pass, completely unable to walk outside for fear of being hit by flying debris. Once the wind had calmed, some of us went up to the rooftop to take some air. And someone took the photo, perhaps one of the staff. And what is doing with the shirt, and the underpants hung out on the railing behind Takagi-sensei? I think I recall the shirt as mine. Perhaps the underwear as well. I had washed



At the Asakiken *ryokan* at Wakakusayama in Nara, after the *furo*.
From left, Prof. Kurt Steiner, Cappy Hurst, Ken Richard, Nicolas Pertwee,
Kato-san, and Takagi-sensei. Summer 1962

them outside the *o-furo*, I believe, hoping to dry them before the next morning. My apologies to Takagi-sensei for the laughable background of her photo, but I always knew her to have an informal side, even a giggle, and to be ever forgiving.

I have never forgotten my first looks at the great temples of Nara and Kyoto, with the Stanford students. I have revisited many times, taken my students on more or less the same tour, each time remembering the wonderfully personalized attention that each of us received 50 years ago. Thank you Stanford. Thank you Takagi Kiyoko-sensei.

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THE VISIT TO THE TOGU PALACE IN THE SPRING OF 1962

A group of students from the Stanford Center for Japanese Studies at Wakejuku were invited by the International Students Association of Japan to join in a visit to the Togu Palace, the home of the then Crown Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko. Prince Hironomiya was then a toddler. All photos of the event were taken by official photographers and released to us afterward, so, to my slight regret, there are no personal snapshots. A formal portrait of the Stanford students was taken just inside the gate to the Palace. We then walked to the lawn in front of the main building, formed ourselves into a semicircle, and waited for the Crown Prince and Princess to appear to greet us. Once photos were taken of this, the presentation of flowers, etc., we were invited into the building for informal chats with the Prince and Princess. None of the Stanford students appear in the official photographs taken inside the building, but I remember being invited into a more interior room, rather sparsely decorated, with several pieces of modern furniture upholstered in black leather. The Crown Princess had seated herself, and the Crown Prince faced her on another chair. Their little boy, Prince Hironomiya, appeared. She motioned to me to sit down. I extended my arms to the young boy, and he came to me. I remember distinctly bouncing him on my knee as one would do with any child. He seemed to enjoy it. I don't remember whether

any of the other Stanford students were there to witness this. Were they?

Earlier, I had spoken with the Crown Prince, in Japanese, about whether he preferred for me to speak in English, or to speak in Japanese. I remember that he said that his English was not up to carrying on a conversation. The Crown Princess, on the other hand, spoke impeccable English.

The visit ended as calmly as it had begun. This was my first and only experience with meeting members of the Imperial Family of Japan, so I value it highly. However, soon after the visit, I received a request from a weekly magazine, for an interview about my experience. When asked about my conversation with the Crown Prince, I said that it had been a great pleasure to speak in English with the Crown Princess, and in Japanese with the Crown Prince. When asked about why I had used English with one and Japanese with the other, I replied that, by comparison to the English language skills of the Crown Princess, those of the Crown Prince were '*yowai rashii*' (seemingly weak). The comparative nature of my remark was not published in the magazine, only the somewhat damning put-down of '*yowai rashii*.' I had learned a new lesson that would serve me well in the future: be careful not to stick one's foot in one's mouth when giving interviews, particularly to left leaning magazines. I really made an attempt to polish my spoken Japanese after this misfortune.



Stanford Center students at Togu Palace Gate. Spring 1962

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JAMES WHITE, STANFORD CENTER CLASS OF 1962-63

I spent the academic year 1962–63 at the Inter-University Center, when it was located at Wakeijuku, a former Maeda clan villa near Mejiro, which stood at the edge of a slope looking south over the Edogawa toward central Edo. By our day it had become a privately-owned student dormitory, with three blocky concrete dorms—sort of heated from November 1 until April 1, but still pretty cold and dank—and the former residence, which housed the Center’s offices and some classrooms. The women—there were about two dozen students, mostly undergraduates in those days, with a slight male majority—were housed at Japan Women’s University, about a 10-minute walk away. There was a 10 p.m. curfew, which was of little concern to me since my room was on the first floor, but in warm weather the open window also beckoned other late-returning students; if they woke me while transiting my room they were always appropriately apologetic (this was Japan, after all). In cold weather the library was a godsend, since it had a heating stove. I prevailed on the staff to give me a key, so I could go straight from bed to the library. They thought I was a marvelously serious student; little did they know that to me, *gaman shiro* was a phrase but not a motto.

Amenities were few at Wakeijuku. There was a communal bath, which operated a couple of nights a week. Otherwise, no hot water unless you went to the public bath down the street. (At ¥30 a visit, and the U.S. dollar worth ¥360, it was definitely a good deal.) There was also a dining hall. Our room fees included meals, but most of the U.S. students found the food underwhelming. After numerous complaints to the Center staff, Tom Smith, the director that year, figured that he’d shut us spoiled brats up by taking the entire Japanese staff there one day for lunch. In the aftermath of that culinary catastrophe, the decision was made to give each student a meal allowance. We could save out of this by eating there now and then (for breakfast you can’t really improve on *misoshiru* and rice, and once a week they did a curry rice which wasn’t half bad) but you had to listen to the menu carefully: I once went through expecting chicken (*keiniku*) and got whale (*geiniku*), which at the hands of the Wakeijuku chef was quite an experience. With our savings, we would occasionally venture down to Roppongi to Tom’s (a bar-restaurant run by an American expat), for what was at the time the only really American hamburger in town, or even to the Imperial Hotel, whose Viking Room charged ¥1500 (at ¥360 to the dollar, remember) for a truly sumptuous buffet.

But the main focus was academics—learning as much Jap-

anese as we possibly could. And the Center did a very good job—to this day I can still occasionally fool Japanese over the phone. The faculty I saw most were Mr. and Mrs. Mizutani and Takagi Kiyoko, and boy, did they pour it on. Spoken, reading and writing, aural, you name it. Classes all morning. And lots of homework. That, and being immersed in a Japanese-language environment, really paid off. And a lot of the other students went on to do as much with it as I did. I must confess to being sort of narrow then: I had one year to focus on the language, and also to do the research for my senior thesis when I returned to the U.S., and I have kept track only of those whose subsequent careers were fairly close to my own: William Sibley (literature); Ivan Hall, Henry Smith, Jim Bartholomew, Ann Waswo, and Cameron Hurst (all history); Dan Okimoto (political science); Kate Nakai (who edited the journal *Monumenta Nipponica* for many years); and Shirley Sun (who became a film maker). To everyone else, I apologize. In any case, I think the payoff from the Center was pretty substantial. It gave me the linguistic basis for a whole career, and those named above have made some seriously substantial contributions to the field of Japanese studies. And it was well run, albeit not exactly populist. Tom Smith, the director, while a superb scholar and (as I discovered in grad school at Stanford) a wonderful mentor and colleague, was not, I think, really eager to be an administrator, and I think he brought his Marine background to the job: if you don’t like it here, go home. (Although as the staff lunch episode showed, he also knew when to mollify the troops.) But mostly we dealt with the teaching faculty, and they were unfailingly good-natured and helpful, and excellent teachers, and generally pretty tolerant of us. We also had the opportunity to take some substantive courses while there; I took one seminar from William McCullough, and one in Japanese sociology from Nagai Michio, then of Tokyo Institute of Technology and later Minister of Education.

A lot of language learning came outside of class, of course. Right down the hill from Wakeijuku was a little rabbit warren of bars and restaurants, long since urban-renewed out of existence. No one in these places knew any English at all, but they had lots of curiosity, and if a penurious student went in and bought one drink (¥100 for a double *mizuwari*, although the stuff we drank would take the rust off a boiler), he could pretty well count on being approached by someone who wanted to talk, and was happy to buy him another (or two) while conversing. We certainly didn’t learn much *keigo* in this setting, but as long as you read the newspaper every day you could get a subsidized tutorial on current events for hours. To all those anonymous benefactors, thank you. We also could run down from there to Roppongi or to delightful sleazy Kabuki-cho on the streetcar (for ¥30 a ride. Inciden-

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tally, I believe that the last streetcar of all still runs between there, next to Waseda, and up around Sugamo somewhere). The streetcar also took us past Roppongi to International House, then as now a wonderful intellectual resource, with its library and helpful staff. On the corner of the main drag, where the Roi Building now stands, was a little greengrocer. Tokyo was no less a shape-shifter then than now, and the blocky, immediate-postwar ferroconcrete buildings were already giving way to more modern and flashy structures. Not

much high-rise yet (the pathbreaking Kasumigaseki Building was still a couple of years away. Tokyo Tower—12 meters taller than the Eiffel Tower, as you surely knew, and built largely from recycled American tanks, which you probably didn't—was there, though), but small shops were disappearing left and right. What has become of Wakejuku I do not know; I have not been back in 30 years. Perhaps some other alumnus or alumna of the Center can tell us.

IN MEMORIAM: TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

All of us at the Inter-University Center were deeply saddened to learn of the passing of Takagi Kiyoko-sensei, the Center's first Associate Director and a teacher of extraordinary talent. Takagi-sensei passed away on January 3, 2011. She was 93 years old.

Takagi-sensei served as Associate Director from the very inception of the school, which began in 1961 as the Stanford Center for Japanese Studies, and she continued to serve in that capacity at the Inter-University Center for Japanese Language Studies from 1963 through 1981. After two decades of devoted service, she left the IUC to join the faculty at Ochanomizu Women's University as a professor of philosophy, and subsequently moved to the faculty of philosophy at Toyo University in 1985. In 1991, at the age of 73, she received her Ph.D. in religious studies from the University of Tokyo.

An accomplished scholar and poet, Takagi-sensei was a source of tremendous inspiration among her students and the object of universal admiration at the IUC. As a scholar of religion, Takagi-sensei often surprised IUC students with her keen interest in the religious philosophy of William James, as well as her erudition in literature and philosophy in general. As a tanka poet, she continued to write and publish poetry well into her 90s.

Takagi-sensei is fondly remembered by her students not only for her wry wit, sparkling intelligence and erudition, but also for her grace and generosity of spirit.

REMEMBRANCES OF TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

My memory of Takagi-sensei is in two parts. When I was in the initial 1961 group at the then "Stanford Center," she was assigned to tutor me in early Tokugawa texts. Saikaku's *Seiken Munazan'yō* was chosen and she quickly realized both the limitation of my abilities and of my motivation. I really wanted to read Bakumatsu and Meiji texts in preparation to do research on Nakae Chōmin. Perhaps if the chosen text had been *Kōshoku Ichidai Onna* I might have applied myself with more zeal. Nevertheless, the term finally ended without any outward sign that my progress had in any way disappointed her. She remained as patient and kind as at the beginning.

Twenty-five years later I returned to do a summer term at the Center "brushing up" on my poor verbal skills. When Takagi-sensei learned I was there, she made a point of taking time to have lunch with me. I was quite amazed to see how little she had changed despite the wear and tear of the years dealing with my type. She remained as patient and kind as ever.

— Byron K. Marshall, IUC Class of 1961

IN MEMORIAM: TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

Nadine Ishitani, who would become my wife as a result of our meeting in the Inter-University Center class of 1965–66, and I were shocked when Takagi Sensei asked us, shortly before New Year's break, if we would like to accompany her on a visit to Kyoto and the Kansai region during the recess. We were both 4th-generation Nikkei (Japanese Americans), ostensibly in Japan to pursue her interest in the evolution of 12th-century feudal estates (*shōen*) for her, and the origins of the modern Imperial Japanese Navy for me. In the end, we both abandoned our original research projects and began to compile notes on the origins of Japanese emigration to the U.S. and Western Hemisphere. As anyone who knew Takagai Sensei can attest, nothing escaped her notice, and she had apparently decided that the two of us needed a catalyst to get beyond frequent histrionic skirmishes about her Hawaii Buddhahead vs. my mainland Katonk cultural differences.

Nikkei (Japanese Americans) comprise a number of sub-cultural types, but the Hawaii vs. U.S. mainland divide is one of the most notorious. Mainland Nikkei stereotype Hawaiian Nikkei as macho surfers without serious career goals in their youth (and obese slobs in later life), and Hawaiian Nikkei stereotype mainlander Nikkei as gutless and obsequiously accommodationist wanna-be honorary white folks who cherish their designation by conservative whites as a "model minority."

During our trip to Kyoto and Kansai, Takagi Sensei not only tested whatever relationship she saw between us but also our individual survival capacities. For example, we stayed at Zen temples, with ice cold showers, no blankets, and austere menus. We walked everywhere, hardly ever taking public transportation and never a taxi. But there was a method in her seeming cold-blooded madness, as in her classroom teaching style, and we were the better for the experience.

A year after we returned to the U.S., our monthly phone bills convinced us that getting married might be more cost-effective use of our limited resources, and Nadine gave up her doctoral program, came out to California, and became a history department clerical while I completed my doctoral program. Takagi Sensei wrote that she was on her way to an East Coast university for a year-long sabbatical, and would be changing planes in Los Angeles. Would we have a couple of days to show her the sights? We were very poor, living in a public housing project in East L.A., and we barely had a bed for ourselves; so Takagi Sensei slept on a thin carpet for two nights. She refused our offer to let her sleep in our bed.

During a long drive to the Huntington Library, she asked Nadine how long she planned to be a clerical worker, and that launched a lengthy and candid discussion of sexism in Amer-

ican and Japanese academe. She also asked how strongly we were prepared to be advocates for a history of the Asian American dimension to U.S. History—which she found to be naive in its comfortable assumptions about American "exceptionalism." We had not heard such a straightforward critique of what we had unquestioningly taken for granted, and it was an uneasy few days together.

Shortly thereafter, Nadine came home one day and said, "I can't counsel my women students to break the glass ceiling unless I complete my own doctorate." There was no need for further discussion. I completely agreed. One feature of our marriage was a monthly, if not more frequent, explicit review of what and who had occupied our time in the previous several weeks. We sometimes had loud and heated arguments, but it was a custom that caused our partnership to not only endure but flourish. Takagi Sensei's discussion about sexism during her brief stay with us was a catalyst that caused us to think carefully about equal career opportunities for both of us.

Nadine completed her doctorate while teaching a full and punishing 5-course per semester load at El Camino Community College, and attending courses at night. She was also appointed as the first Asian American to the California State Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, and as the first Asian American to the California State Historical Resources Commission—during the period when she fought successfully to have the term "concentration camps" adopted to describe what really happened in what U.S. bureaucrats euphemistically described as "relocation centers."

When Nadine died, of metastasized breast cancer, on February 25, 2005, I thought once again about Takagi Sensei, who as a woman warrior in academe had been a role model for Nadine and me in an often inhospitable academic environment in which the conventional wisdom minimized or rejected our research and publications on the Japanese American gulag and diaspora saga during World War II and Asian American history in general.

Shortly before and after Nadine died, the Organization of American Historians and the American Historical Association published pieces in which her contributions as a historian, educator, and administrator were recognized:

<http://www.oah.org/pubs/nl/2005feb/formwalt.html>

<http://www.historians.org/perspectives/issues/2005/0505/0505mem1.cfm>

For my activities, click onto Donald Hata:

<http://library.csudh.edu.edu/services/directory>

Takagi Sensei made a difference in our personal and professional lives. May she rest in peace.

— Donald Hata, IUC Class of 1965–66

IN MEMORIAM: TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

I was very saddened to hear of our losing Takagi-sensei. A truly extraordinary woman and teacher. She was my teacher at IUC when it was still in Tokyo. An excellent teacher, she helped me get over the obstacles to learning Japanese. One anecdote I recall vividly was when some other students (like John Wheeler, my classmate and later Vice President of the Japan Society in NYC) started noticing that her glasses lenses were so dirty you could barely see her eyes. One day we finally pointed it out to her. She took them off and looked at them in surprise and then cleaned them, muttering that she had no idea. She was so wrapped up in her work and teaching, she never noticed until we pointed it out.

— *Ellis S. Krauss, IUC Class of 1968–69*

I took classes with Takagi-sensei at the IUC in 1968–69. She had a keen sense of humor, but it was not easy to get her to laugh: a joke had to be understated and brilliant to do that. One briefly got a glimpse of the sharp mind that was concealed by her reserved exterior. I recall being told that her father was an illustrious mathematician, which made perfect sense.

One day, Takagi-sensei invited me and another student to her home for tea and *chawan-mushi*, an unexpected treat. There was a piano in her living room, with Schubert's impromptus on the music desk; the other fellow and I were both pianists and knew some of these pieces. I suspect Takagi-sensei knew that, and that was why she had singled the two of us out.

The last time I saw Takagi-sensei was in 1974 at the funeral in Mitaka of Ted Huber, an earlier IUC student who was also interested in Old Japanese linguistics. I was very upset by his death (a suicide), and although Takagi-sensei and I exchanged just a few words, meeting her there moved me deeply. She must have carefully kept track of her students in Japan over the years.

— *J. Marshall Unger, IUC Class of 1968–69*

Takagi-sensei brought to her work a remarkable and highly effective combination of qualities—toughness, discipline, understanding, empathy, sharp intelligence and a wry sense of humor. She was a truly great teacher and mentor, who inspired and motivated me—and so many others fortunate enough to have entered her classroom—at IUC and far beyond.

— *John Wheeler, IUC Class of 1968–69*

I remember Takagi Sensei as one tough old bird (to me at the age of 23 she seemed old at the time, though she was younger than I am today). I loved the way she loved to imitate my laugh—she never succeeded but it used to give her a kick to try. I never actually had her as a teacher at the Center because I was one of the least well-prepared students in my year (1969–70) and never got to her higher level classes, but we used to have pleasant chats when I visited the Center in the subsequent 3 years of my first stay in Japan. May she rest in peace.

— *Ken Grossberg, IUC Class of 1969–70*

I did my 1:1 history reading with her during spring of our year. And, yep, I was thoroughly intimidated. I had never read a whole book in Japanese before. But she was a great mentor. Great, wry sense of humor.

— *Ronald P. Loftus, IUC Class of 1970–71*

I just remember her as one of three great teachers at the Center when we were there, and that means Mizutani Osamu-sensei, Ōtsubo-sensei, and Takagi-sensei (I never had Mizutani Nobuko-sensei). Takagi-sensei may well have been the smartest of the bunch, a highly complex woman who was one of those teachers you just wanted to be taught by forever. Yes, *ki-bishii* in the best possible sense of the word.

— *Richard Okada, IUC Class of 1970–71*

As several people have already noted, Takagi-sensei was a wonderful and very memorable teacher—definitely one of the best I ever had in my lifetime. Aside from my fond memories of her classroom, I recall the time she invited just me to come to Mitaka, where she lived at the time, with her. She took me to Jindaiji, where she guided me to the graves of literary greats like Mori Ogai and Dazai Osamu and treated me to some of the soba for which the area is famed. Later I went to her house before going home, thrilled by the invitation and the consideration she gave me. May Takagi Dai Sensei rest in peace.

— *Lora Sharnoff-Tamura, IUC Class of 1970–71*

IN MEMORIAM: TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

During my year at the Center (1973–74), in November, I think it was, my younger brother was in a bad accident and I went back to the U.S. for a few weeks. When I returned, the teachers were afraid that I wouldn't be able to catch up, so Takagi-sensei took the time to work with me one-to-one until I caught up with the class again. With her help, I was able to get back into the course. This was also my lucky chance to get to know her, since we had time to talk about our interests, her poetry and religious studies, and my interest in Chikamatsu and Japanese theatre. She was a remarkable person and I really appreciated the time that she gave to help me recover, both from my loss and in my studies.

— Andrew Gerstle, IUC Class of 1973–74

I studied with Takagi-sensei in the spring of 1981. I did not deserve such a fine tutor at the time, but for some reason she got stuck with me. I remember being terrified before each one-on-one meeting with her, but this was not because she was mean or difficult or unkind. In fact, she was just the opposite: understanding, patient, and encouraging. My fear stemmed from the fact that I realized I had actually stepped into the world of academic Japanese (we read articles on Japanese Buddhism since I too was interested in Buddhism and Japanese literature and was finishing an MA thesis on Ippen Shonin's waka). This may seem like an unusual thing to be afraid of, but until that time, somehow I still felt like I was "playing" with learning Japanese rather than actually learning it. Certainly, this says a lot about my lack of maturity at the time, and I can only imagine how appalled Takagi-sensei must have been to be tutoring me. But I always remember her as the teacher who helped launch me into my career. I own her book on Saigyō's poetry and used it in my manuscript on Japanese Buddhist poetry that I just submitted to the Cornell East Asia Series.

There were just a few teachers in my life who managed to break through my stubbornness (which was really just a front for lack of confidence), but she was one of them. I admired her greatly and I remember our sessions fondly. She will be missed, I know.

— Stephen Miller, IUC Class of 1980–81

I was so fond of Takagi-sensei, who was a woman of great erudition and talent, and a marvelous wry humor also. A good many years after I was a student at the center, in 1990–91, I was working on the project that resulted in my *Wages of Affluence* book, and I came across a union organizer who had kept a six year run of his daily appointments and notes. It was an extraordinary source, but in a really hard-to-decipher handwriting. I called the IUC to see if there was a faculty member who might privately tutor me in making sense of this *techō*, and they put me in touch with Takagi-sensei. How much fun it was to spend a few hours with her trying to figure out what this guy had written, what his idiosyncratic abbreviations meant, etc. One easily imagines that a woman of her talent would be bitter at not having had an easy route open to a career as a scholar, but she never showed such sentiment, at least that I could see. It is sad indeed that she is gone. I imagine something done in her honor would find many supporters.

— Andrew Gordon, IUC Class of 1973–74



IN MEMORIAM: TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

My memories of Takagi-sensei are tightly bound up with the wild times at Columbia in the spring of 1968 when the campus was shut down and we were barred from our classes. I was taking Professor Keene's seminar on Bunraku that semester. It became impossible to get into the library for necessary materials and I think we all were given "Incomplete" grades for the course. My course project was to translate one act of Chikamatsu's *Semimaru*. Once things settled down and the library reopened I got to work on my translation, signing up for a summer "readings" class with Takagi-sensei, who was serving as a visiting faculty member. I would never have been able to translate the assigned act without her enthusiastic help and advice, and I (and she) got so carried away that I translated the entire play that summer, not just the one assigned act. I will never forget the pleasure of that collaboration.

Seven or eight years ago I visited the Inter-University Center in Yokohama. Kenneth Butler, who had directed the Center for many years in the past, was back once more as director. When we were looking at old photos from the time when he had previously been director and Takagi-sensei had been on the faculty there, he told me that the Center had never again been able to find a teacher like her. She was extraordinarily and uniquely able to work with advanced graduate students doing specialized projects in so many areas of the humanities. That certainly accorded with my experience at Columbia. She was one very special woman and an amazing scholar.

— *Susan Matisoff, Professor Emerita, Premodern Japanese Literature, Stanford University and University of California, Berkeley*

I never had the opportunity to study with Takagi-sensei formally, but she nevertheless had an impact on me, along with so many other students. I'd been working in Japan and studying Japanese on my own, and when I'd learned of the IUC and stopped by to inquire about applying, she made the time to sit down with me and assess my skill level, and then met with me again, to introduce me to Toki (Satoshi)-sensei, who also sized up my Japanese and gave me some very valuable advice (by mimicking the problem perfectly, he made me hear it—effective!). They both advised me to just go ahead and go to grad school, but it was most reassuring to hear it from the likes of them. Takagi-sensei exchanged *nenjō* with me a few times, and once gave me a gift of one of her books. I'll always remember her dry sense of humor, her kindness, and that she took an interest at all.

— *Charles Quinn, Professor, East Asian Languages & Literatures, The Ohio State University*

Takagi-sensei was very kind and taught me on a kind of crash course when I was a sort of part-timer at the Centre about 1973–74. So she is remembered in England too.

— *Richard Bowering, Professor, Japanese Studies, Cambridge University*

IN MEMORIAM: TAKAGI KIYOKO-SENSEI

LAST CHANCE

TANKA BY TAKAGI KIYOKO

The ten poems that follow appeared in a group called "Sakuramichi" ("Cherry Blossom Road") by Takagi Kiyoko-sensei, in the July 2010 issue of the journal *Uchūfū*. They are about cherry blossoms, as many of her poems were. All five of her books of tanka have *sakura* in their titles. She felt connected with the cherry tree, whose life span is similar to that of humans. In her life as a leading figure in the *tankakai* *Uchūfū*, regularly writing poetry provided her with a kind of spiritual structure. The cyclical existence of cherry trees as well became a means to organize her life and her perceptions.

These were among the last of her poems published during her lifetime, written the final spring she was able to see the cherry blossoms. They give us as well one last chance to share them with her. — Amy V. Heinrich, translator

濠端にあふれたる人それぞれの思ひの中に花は咲きある

amid the varied
thoughts of the people
overflowing
the banks of the moat
cherry trees blooming

黙し咲く花の持ちたる陰影に恐ろしきほどの量感のあり

blossoms, silently
in flower in the deep
shadows, carry
such fearsome
weight

言にだして云へぬ畏さ暗闇に真白く浮かぶ桜花ぶら

words alone cannot
express it:
floating pure white
in the imposing darkness,
clusters of cherry blossoms

照らされし灯消ゆれば真白なる枝垂れ桜は静けく浮ぶ

when the light that had
illuminated them went out
the pure white hanging branches
of the cherry trees in bloom
floated silently

^{じんぐう}平安神宮も御所も人影まばらにて花泰然と咲きてあたりき

just a few people
both at the shrine
and at the palace,
where the cherry trees
serenely bloomed

高野川に浴ひたる京の桜道花の空間・胸の空間

the cherry tree walk
in Kyoto, along side
the Takano River:

絶え間なく散りつづけある桜花雨より軽く雪よりはげし

ceaselessly
the cherry blossoms
continue falling:
gentler than rain
keener than snow

space among the blossoms
space within my breast

散りゆきてもはや葉桜の道ゆくに未だかがよふ一樹ありたり

blossoms have fallen
and the trees along the path
are leafing out --
still one tree is blooming,
resplendent

振り向きて今年の桜見おさめぬ天気予報は明日より雨と

turning back to look --
last chance to see
blossoms this year --
the weather forecast:
from tomorrow, rain

桜道行きて戻りてたたずみて飽くこともなく過ぐす一日を

going up the lane
lined with cherry trees,
coming back, standing
still I never tire of them
and the whole day passes

IUC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

LETTER FROM THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

Dear IUC Alumni,

In the past year, we've made great strides in building a database of IUC alumni around the world. Out of about 1,700 alumni, we've actually "found" over 1,500; in prior years, IUC had managed to keep track of only about half this number, so your cooperation—and the work of the "Class Agents"—has been tremendous. *Doomo, doomo.*

We're an international group: IUC has alums in over 30 countries and territories, in fact, on all continents except Antarctica! There's a large contingent in Japan and the U.S., of course, but many also in Canada, the UK, and Australia. The China/Hong Kong cohort is significant as well, but others of us are in Taiwan, Brazil, Malaysia, Cambodia, New Zealand, Saipan, Denmark, Serbia, Afghanistan, Oman, the Republic of Korea, et al.

And careers are as numerous as they are varied: academia, business, law, government, publishing, brewing, translation, martial arts, banking, Buddhist monks, artists, and technology. . . . And, as the Center celebrates its half century of achievement, several alumni are also retired already.

It has been SO encouraging, as we have been working on this project, to hear from so many, detailing the great contributions that IUC has made to our lives and careers. It's also been terrific to learn how the Center's curriculum has evolved, becoming more individualized and challenging.

As we move on to creating a true "alumni community" as the next stage, we want to ensure that IUC will be sustained for many more years, as the pre-eminent advanced Japanese language school in Japan. Please help us reach ALL of the alumni by examining the list of "Missing Alumni" in this issue. Email Jim Wagner at jamesgraywagner at gmail dot com if you can help with this. He will consolidate this information and follow up on any leads.

And, if you have not already done so, please join the LinkedIn Group, "Inter-University Center for Japanese." There you can find job opportunities, news of classmates, announcements of interest to Japan researchers, and IUC news, etc. IUC is also on Facebook (*naruhodo!*).

Saigo ni, if you have any suggestions, please do not hesitate to pass them along.

Yoroshiku Onegai Shimasu,

David Livdahl ('73–74), Jim Wagner ('70–71), and Joan Drucker Winstein ('71–72)

HELP US FIND OUR MISSING GRADS

The IUC has lost contact with 150 of its graduates and would be grateful for your help in getting back in touch. If you have any information at all about the alumni in this list, please email Jim Wagner (1970–71) at jamesgraywagner at gmail dot com. Thank you!

1961 SPRING

Conrad Smedley AMBLER
Susanne RAMSDEN
Mary M. SANCHES

1961 FALL

Bernard Merrill KEY

1962 SPRING

Nicholas PERTWEE
Alda Helen WILKINSON

1962-63

Janet Louise FREDERICK
Frank Oliver MEEKER
Patricia Kazuko TSUBAKI HAYDEN
Barbara Bennett WOOL

1963-64

Laurence Stacey BROWN
Clifton W. ROYSTON
Dicken J. WOODSWORTH

1964-65

Carole A. SHERMAN
Robert Ian TAYLOR

1965-66

Karen A. BLACK
Jonathan L. LIVINGSTON
Ellen C. LOGAN

1966-67

Alan T. CAMPBELL
Robert M. LEVINE

IUC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

1967-68

Atsuko KAMITAKAHARA

1968-69

Bruce DARLING
Jean F. MOORE

1969-70

Sam D. BAILEY
Cathryn G. COCKERILL DEWILDE
Constance H. HOFFMEISTER
Frederick R. LEE

1970-71

Susan BOSWORTH SHERIDAN
Mark M. EPSTEIN
Michael Masami YOSHITSU

1971-72

Carolyn Thomas ARBOGAST

1972-73

Beverly NELSON
Judith A. WELCH SLOAN

1973-74

Gregory M. JACOBSEN
Claire PAPAPAVLOU

1974-75

Peter Judd ARNESEN
Donald Paul CHANDLER

1975-76

John Waldon SUNDSTROM

1976-77

Anna CHU
Paul CLARK
Carol Jane OGAWA
John E. PESSIN
Jennifer E. THOMPSON
Terry James WILLIAMS

1977-78

Terry ABBOTT

1978-79

Jaymie GLASSMAN
Laura R. JOHNSON
Hye Kyu LEE
Kathleen Louise McCARTHY

1979-80

Michael Severns BAKER
Florence M. LI

1980-81

Richard ANDERSON
Terry BROWNSTEIN
Paul Huen CHAN
George J. HIBBERT
Linda SCHULTZ-YOUNG
Joseph WHALL

1981-82

Mark MOORE
Joseph A. PARKER
Lydia WALLACE

1982-83

Anne M. DAVIES
Ellen LEE
Michael R. NEWTON
Richard PAULSON
Patricia TAKAYAMA

1983-84

David M. HARRIS
Martha STACY

1984-85

Andra ALVIS
Melissa L. LYONS
Elizabeth A. PALMER
Amy L. SMITH
Lisa SPALDING

1985-86

John Kwang-Ming ANG
Josh DRACHMAN
Stephen WHITNEY

1986-87

Donna HENRY
Allan KING
Merrilee LEWIS
Julia MILLER
George RUDOLPH

1987-88

Joanna BAUER
Deborah FIEDLER
Woo LEE
Heather LOUGHRAN

1987-88

Sakuya OKA
Susan PRESTON
Elena PUGA

1988-89

T.J. ELLERMEIER
William LESHNER
Eric SHORTT
John MURPHY

1989-90

Ninette BLAKE
Diane CRIPPS
Diane GULBRONSON
Richard NEGRON
Robert ROTHENBERG

1990-91

Michael AYMIE
Jeff BERGER
Robert COOPER
Naomi HASEGAWA
Johnnie WASHINGTON
Min Young YUN KIM

1991-92

Elissa COHEN
Jinyeong KIM YUN
Selina MAN
Jon McGOVERN
Yuan XUE

1992-93

Matthew CHEW
Joy DUBE
Mani SUBRAMANIAN

1993-94

August MILLER
John MONTAG

1994-95

Els Therese-Agnes CLAEYS
Jason CREIGH
Cynthia DAUGHERTY
Thuan LIEU
Sujeet MEHTA
Nathaniel MORGAN
Eun-Young YI

1995-96

Niraja JOSHI
Scott E. SMITH

1996-97

William BURTON
Evan FRISCH
Michael MOSKOWITZ
Theresa POST
Brent ROBERTS

1997-98

Mark HAGUE
Maartje KAPTEYN
Sumi (Susan) SHIN

1998-99

Vincent CHEN
Robbie CLARK
Daniel COBLE
Seth Adam HEMPLING
Young-Ah KANG
Julie Anne SMART
Mathew THOMPSON

1999-2000

Jennifer LEE
Susan LLORENS
Saya PATRIE
Lee RADCLIFFE
Laurie WALTERS

2002-03

Grace CHO
Justin RATCLIFF
Ann SUN

2003-04

Eric DERE

2005-06

Kelly CLIFFORD

2006-07

Emily FARROW
Daniel COPPS

2008-09

Alexander BEDWELL

IUC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION**IUC GRADUATES AND THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN**

Did you know that seven IUC graduates have already been decorated with the Order of the Rising Sun, and another will be decorated this November? Among U.S. educational institutions, the IUC probably boasts the largest number of graduates to achieve this rare distinction. IUC graduates who have been awarded the Order of the Rising Sun include:

Gold and Silver Star: Gerald Curtis ('65)

Gold Rays with Neck Ribbon: Fred Notehelfer ('65)

Gold Rays with Neck Ribbon: Daniel Okimoto ('63)

Gold Rays with Neck Ribbon: Susan Pharr ('71)

Gold Rays with Neck Ribbon: Kenneth B. Pyle ('61)

Gold Rays with Neck Ribbon: Emily Sano ('64)

Gold Rays with Rosette: Bruce Brenn ('63)

In addition to the above we are thrilled to announce that Richard Samuels ('78) will be awarded the Order of the Rising Sun, Gold and Silver Star this November. Please join us in sending him our hearty congratulations!

UPCOMING EVENTS**Commemorating 70 Years Since Executive Order 9066, 1942–2012: A Panel Discussion on the Japanese American Experience of World War II**

Jointly sponsored by The Stanford Program on International and Cross-Cultural Education (SPICE), The National Consortium for Teaching About Asia (NCTA), The Freeman Spogli Institute for International Studies (FSI), and The Inter-University Center for Japanese Language Studies (IUC)

November 17, 2011, 6:30 to 8:30 p.m., at The Oksenberg Room, Encina Hall, Stanford University

Panelists: Professor Emeritus Donald Hata (IUC '65–66), California State University, Dominguez Hills; co-author, with the late Nadine Ishitana Hata (IUC '65–66), of *Japanese Americans and World War II: Mass Removal, Imprisonment, and Redress*

Dr. Ruth Y. Okimoto, author of *Sharing a Desert Home: Life on the Colorado River Indian Reservation, Poston, Arizona, 1942–1945*

Mr. Steven Okazaki, filmmaker and recipient of the Academy Award for *Days of Waiting*

Ms. gaile yamada, producer, director, and screenwriter of *Uncommon Courage: Patriotism and Civil Liberties*

The IUC has trained more than 125 Japanese Americans who wished to immerse themselves in the language and culture of Japan, and we take great pride in their many achievements. Panelist Donald Hata will discuss how his year at the IUC inspired him to conduct research on the Japanese American experience of World War II, a project that he pursued together with his late wife and IUC classmate Nadine. If you are in the bay area, please join us for this very special program and the following reception.

For further information, contact: ilevy at stanford dot edu

Save the Date! Breakfast in Palo Alto with the Executive Director, Friday, November 18

Taking advantage of Donald Hata's visit to Stanford, Indra Levy will convene a breakfast meet-and-greet in Palo Alto on Friday, November 18. If you are in the Bay Area, come out and meet other IUC graduates and find out about recent developments at the IUC. An invitation with details about place and time will be sent out shortly.

Save the Date! March 2012 IUC reception at the annual conference of the Association for Asian Studies (AAS)

In 2012, the AAS annual conference will convene in Toronto from March 15 through 18. All IUC alumni are invited to attend the IUC reception, co-sponsored with Stanford University. We will let you know about the date, time, and place as soon as the information becomes available, and look forward to seeing you there!

Let us know your thoughts! The IUC would like to convene networking events for alumni in other locations as well. We welcome your ideas about the kinds of events that would be of most interest to you, and we also welcome your help in making such events possible.

IUC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

IUC ALUMNI BLOGS

Several alumni keep blogs which may be of great interest to IUC-ers. I've been following these from time to time, and really enjoy them.

Paula Curtis ('09–10) is an active blogger, with her site "What Can I do with a B.A. in Japanese?" Her site features job opportunities for Japanese speakers, as well as calls for papers and notices of upcoming conferences, etc. Not all job opportunities are in academia: a recent post described British Airways' need for bilingual flight attendants, for example. Several articles have explained the JET program and answered many questions about working for this organization in Japan.

On Fridays, Paula also pens "Fun link Friday," filled with newsy tidbits about living in Japan—*maaaa tanoshii wa!*

This blog also has featured detailed descriptions of the current IUC curriculum—past grads may enjoy these (search for "Inter University Center" on the blog's homepage) as I have. Well, *been impressed with* might be more appropriate than *enjoy*: IUC's curriculum is SO much deeper and broader than I experienced in *my day!*

Paula's blog is at

<http://shinpaideshou.wordpress.com>

Jamie Cox (also '09–10) offers a "videoblog" about the IUC on youtube. I have not watched all of them, but they are educational, especially about living in Japan as a *gaijin*.

Watch at <http://www.youtube.com/iucvlogs>

Finally, Travis Seifman ('07–08) offers "A Man with Tea," featuring cultural observations and musings. He recently penned a column on the repatriation efforts of various governments regarding their "cultural treasures" and how these efforts are not as straightforward as some of the media reporting might imply. I find Travis' blog posts to be thought-provoking and educational.

This blog is at <http://chaari.wordpress.com>

We invite other alumni bloggers to tell of their sites as well; we'll be happy to share the URLs in future IUC newsletters!

— Joan Drucker Winstein ('71–72)
Alumni Association Executive Board

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NOMURA FOUNDATION FOREIGN STUDENTS SCHOLARSHIP

Are you currently enrolled in a graduate program in Japan? If the answer is "yes," the Nomura Foundation Foreign Student Scholarship program may be for you.

The Nomura Foundation offers 10 scholarships per year for foreign students currently enrolled in social science or liberal arts graduate programs at one of the following universities: Tokyo University, Hitotsubashi University, Kyoto University, Osaka University, Waseda University, and Keio University.

The application deadline—November 1, 2011—is quickly approaching! For complete information on this program and instructions for how to apply, go to:

<http://www.nomurafoundation.or.jp/scholar/guideline/>

ELGIN HEINZ OUTSTANDING TEACHER AWARD

The Elgin Heinz Outstanding Teacher Award recognizes exceptional teachers who further mutual understanding between Americans and Japanese. The award is presented annually to two pre-college teachers in two categories, humanities and Japanese language, and consists of a certificate of recognition, a \$2,500 monetary award, and \$5,000 in project funds. It is named in honor of Elgin Heinz for his commitment to educating students about Asia as well as for the inspiration he has provided to the field of pre-college education.

Application deadline: February 1, 2012

For further information, go to:

<http://www.us-jf.org/elginHeinz.html>

IUC LINKEDIN GROUP

Joining the IUC LinkedIn Group is a great way to connect with other IUC grads. Membership is exclusive to the IUC family, and we are very happy that it continues to grow every month. If you haven't already done so, please join us!

Members are encouraged to post job listings and announcements of potential interest to the group. Thanks to all of you who have made this such a vibrant social network!

IUC IS ON FACEBOOK

"Like" the IUC Page on Facebook to have our updates delivered to your news stream. There is also an IUC Alumni group you can join where alumni post announcements, arrange social gatherings, and post jobs and other links of interest.

GIFTS TO THE IUC

The IUC would like to acknowledge generous multi-year pledges from the following members of the IUC/2013 Capital Campaign Advisory Committee:

Joan Drucker Winstein (IUC '71-72)

David Livdahl (IUC '73-74)

Richard Samuels (IUC '77-78)

David Sneider (IUC '77-78)

Seth Sulkin (IUC '90-91)

Glen S. Fukushima (IUC Supporter)

The IUC also wishes to acknowledge the following alumni and friends for their support. Thanks to all of you for your leadership, vision, and encouragement!

1961-62 Kate Wildman Nakai
Ann (Lardner) Waswo
1962-63 James White
1964-65 Gerald and Midori Curtis
Fred and Ann Notehelfer
1965-66 Roger and Linda Dingman
Lynette Perkins
1965-66 Robin Radin
1966-67 William D. Hoover
1967-68 William Somers Bailey
Frank Joseph and Anna Leon Shulman*
1968-69 J. Marshall Unger **
John Wheeler
1969-70 Suzanne Arata
Mary E. Berry and Donald J. Shively
Robert Borgen
David Hughes
William Rapp
1970-71 Susan Chizeck*
Susan Pharr *
Lora Sharnoff
James Wagner
1971-72 James Cole
Robert Mintzer
James Owen
Joan Drucker Winstein
1972-73 Kathleen Molony
Tom and Susan Videen
Kazuo and Gail Unno
1973-74 Ellen Nollman and Akira Watanabe
Barbara and Donald Thornbury
1974-75 Marcia Goodman and Hiroyoshi Noto
John and Masumi O'Donnell
Jeremy Silverman
1975-76 Maura Brennan and Dennis Yasutomo
Gordon and Diana Chapman

David Crandall
Hunter and Suzanne Hale *
Kenton King and Kuniko Kobayashi King
Douglas Lorentz
Lynne Miyake
Neil Waters
1976-77 Martha Caldwell Harris
Timothy Vance and Kishiko Hayashi
1977-78 Benjamin and Sarah Elman
Paul M. Lewis
Richard and Debra Samuels
David Sneider
Richard and Sandra Tizzard
1978-79 Stanley and Gail King
Yoriko Kishimoto
Gerry Yokota
1979-80 Marvin and Virginia Marcus
Geoffrey Matsunaga
Thomas and Akemi Woofter
Janet Ikeda Yuba and Paulo Yuba
1980-81 Carolyn Haynes Barnett and
James Barnett
Gil Latz
Craig Nelson
1981-82 George David and
Cynthia Nguyen Wilson
Jennifer Holt Dwyer and
James Dwyer (1982-83)
1982-83 Marie Anchordoguy
Nobuhisa Ishizuka
Mark Mason
Susan T. Morita and Alan K. Matsumoto
John G. and Mie Russell
1983-84 Ann Lee
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This IUC Newsletter was designed and compiled by Robin Colomb Sugiura with the assistance of Indra Levy, Stacey Campbell and Jim Baxter. Thank you to everyone who contributed content for this issue.