

John Okada
15787 Belden
Detroit 38, Michigan

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Mr. Meredith Weatherby
Charles E. Tuttle Co.
Tuttle Bldg.
15 Edogawa-cho
Bunkyo-ku
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Mr. Weatherby:

I recently submitted several chapters of my novel to your home office, inquiring at the same time as to the possibilities of having it published in Japan and Mr. Charles V.S. Borst suggested that I communicate with you. I enclose a copy of his letter.

While I am primarily interested in finding a market for my work in the United States, I feel that the subject matter with which I naturally concern myself would be of interest to the Japanese. This is my first novel and I am now at work on a second which will have for its protagonist an immigrant Issei rather than a Nisei. When completed, I hope that it will to some degree faithfully describe the experiences of the immigrant Japanese in the United States. This is a story which has never been told in fiction and only in fiction can the hopes and fears and joys and sorrows of people be adequately recorded. I feel an urgency to write of the Japanese in the United States for the Issei are rapidly vanishing and I should regret it if their chapter in American history should die with them. Providing my efforts are unsuccessful, I pray equally fervently that there is another like myself who is creating a similar work which will find its way into publication.

The novel, of which I send you a few pages, deals with Hajime, a Nisei who has gone to prison for having refused the draft and faces the problem of finding his way back into the American stream of life. His error, his act of treason if we might call it such, can never be fully rectified. The reasons for his refusal are many and varied. There is the bitterness of the evacuation, the unrelenting pressure of his fanatically pro-Japanese mother, the faith in his country which has been shattered and the ugliness of the knowledge of a prejudice hateful and mighty enough to uproot a thousand seemingly American homes. There is no final answer, of course. There never is for treason. Yet, America is the only home that he knows and there is some comfort in the thought that his own mistake was no more detestable than the mistake of the nation which doubted him in the moment of crisis.

He returns from prison to a home which has not changed in spite of the four years of global warfare. His mother is still the super patriot of Japan. But, where in the past the son was

content to be molded by the mother, there is now a struggle of basic beliefs. Hajime realizes that his mother's views are a dream which she has nourished throughout the years of struggle in America into a sort of unreasoning madness. The mother, more and more alone in her fight to keep her sons for the glory of Japan, chooses suicide as an admittance of her defeat. There is also a second death, that of quiet, unobtrusive Take, a combat veteran whose stump of a leg is being gnawed away by an incurable gangrenous condition. While he lives, however, he impresses upon Hajime with the fact that having risked one's life for his country does not necessarily make him less oriental or less subject to discriminatory acts. Then there is Freddie, another No-No Boy who lashes back at the big world which persecuted him for being Japanese and the little world which shuns him for being a Japanese who did not fight in the army. There is no worthwhile end to his method and that Hajime sees. The girl in the book is Emi who waits for a husband who chooses to remain with the army in Europe because shame over a brother who chose repatriation makes it impossible for him to face former friends. She helps Hajime as only a woman can, with love and tenderness and a fierce stubbornness that refused to let Hajime yield to his doubts.

There are others, of course, who point up different aspects of the big problem of interracial existence. The conclusion, though indefinite, is unavoidable. Hajime chooses to continue his life in America. There is hope still of a good life notwithstanding the mistake that he has made. He sees that in many ways he has been a victim of circumstances. He sees also that America is a country which has made mistakes and will make more but, at the same time, it is a country which is striving constantly to rectify the conditions which breed those mistakes.

The novel, completed now, comprises some 280 pages. Should you feel that you would like to consider it in its entirety, I shall be glad to send it on to you. Or, in the event that you do not feel that it fits in with your own publishing program, I would appreciate your advising me as to the marketability of this type of material in Japan. Any criticisms and suggestions which you have to offer will be gratefully and thoughtfully received.

Very truly yours,

John Okada