

Students at the Raphael Weill Elementary School in San Francisco began the day by reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. About a third of them were Japanese American, said Sam Mihara, who attended the school (now called Rosa Parks Elementary School, at 1501 O'Farrell Street) during the war. Its diverse student body included Asians, Caucasians, and African Americans, many of whose parents were drawn to the Bay Area for jobs in the burgeoning shipbuilding industry.

Before World War II, second-generation Japanese American children in San Francisco lived bicultural lives. They were tied to Japan through their immigrant parents and connected to the American culture around them. Many were sent to public schools during the day and to Japanese-language classes afterward. They celebrated Japanese and American holidays.

"These months [after Pearl Harbor] were very difficult," Mihara recalled. "There was a lot of hysteria. Newspaper headlines urged us to move. A full-size billboard in the neighborhood, which said 'Bye-Bye Japs,' told us to get out. We saw lots of political cartoons accusing us of being spies. We lived with strict curfew hours and experienced FBI searches for contraband without search warrants." Japanese men and women in the West were now not permitted to possess firearms, cameras, or shortwave radios.

The forced removal of San Francisco's Japanese residents began in early April. In late May, the government used Weill's auditorium to hold the last of them to be picked up; the nearly three hundred people were then put on six Greyhound buses and transferred, under armed military guard, to the nearby Tanforan Assembly Center. "For the first time in 81 years," the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported, "not a single Japanese is walking the streets of San Francisco."



From: *UnAmerican: The Incarceration of Japanese Americans during World War II*
by Richard Cahoon
and Michael Williams

at do on the BBC, so Tyrone
 atre, London] stood behind
 s firmly as he spoke at a desk

this image in mind, then,
 k strike 9.00 p.m., and hear
 ht, begin to speak into the

ime as Prime Minister in a
 ar country, of our empire, of
 he cause of Freedom. A tre-
 France and Flanders. The
 ombination of air bombing
 s, have broken through the
 e Maginot Line, and strong
 l vehicles are ravaging the
 first day or two was without
 ated deeply and spread alarm
 Behind them there are now
 s, and behind them, again,
 forward. The re-groupment
 ke head against, and also to
 ge has been proceeding for
 by the magnificent efforts of

ves to be intimidated by the
 ed vehicles in unexpected
 ey are behind our Front, the
 ints fighting actively behind

theirs. Both sides are therefore in an extremely danger-
 ous position. And if the French Army, and our own
 Army, are well handled, as I believe they will be; if the
 French retain that genius for recovery and counter-attack
 for which they have so long been famous; and if the Brit-
 ish Army shows the dogged endurance and solid fighting
 power of which there have been so many examples in the
 past – then a sudden transformation of the scene might
 spring into being.

It would be foolish, however, to disguise the gravity of
 the hour. It would be still more foolish to lose heart and
 courage or to suppose that well-trained, well-equipped
 armies numbering three or four millions of men can be
 overcome in the space of a few weeks, or even months,
 by a scoop, or raid of mechanized vehicles, however for-
 midable. We may look with confidence to the stabilization
 of the Front in France, and to the general engagement of
 the masses, which will enable the qualities of the French
 and British soldiers to be matched squarely against those
 of their adversaries. For myself, I have invincible confi-
 dence in the French Army and its leaders. Only a very
 small part of that splendid Army has yet been heavily
 engaged; and only a very small part of France has yet
 been invaded. There is a good evidence to show that
 practically the whole of the specialized and mechanized
 forces of the enemy have been already thrown into the
 battle; and we know that very heavy losses have been
 inflicted upon them. No officer or man, no brigade or
 division, which grapples at close quarters with the
 enemy, wherever encountered, can fail to make a worthy

From: Darkest Hour: How Churchill brought England
 back from the brink

by Anthony McCarten

rew had been robbed of his purse
 many that had had their purses
 lped to their goods againe and
 ouered' by Mary Frith. Margaret
 ht to Frith's house by the constable
 was identified by Killigrew as the
 ed to a form of protection racket.
 lge of who the local thieves were
 it is also possible that the goods
 l on. In the case of Killigrew, and
 d the local constable promised to
 e. It is likely, however, that thieves
 he pair's while were exempt from

hey were many and various. Take
 self in a pamphlet entitled 'The
 Commonly called Moll Cutpurse'
 her death. It concerned a wager
 Banks, a horse trainer. His horse
 ks including mounting the long
 al's Cathedral. According to Mary
 that she would not ride through
 man. All went well, the account

*laguey Orange Wench knew
 her, but she cried out! Mal
 the people that were passing
 hooting and hollowing as if
 cries to this deep note, 'Come*

*down thou shame of Women or we will pull thee downe'. I
 knew not well what to doe, but remembering a Friend I had,
 that kept a Victualling House a little further, I spurred my
 Horse on and recovered the place, but was hastily followed by
 the rabble, who never ceased cursing of me, the more soberer of
 them laughing and merrily chatting of the Adventure.*

Unfortunately, the dates don't quite line up. Banks and his horse
 Morocco left England in 1601. Mary was born either in 1584 or '89
 (accounts vary) and although she had her first brush with the law in
 1600 she was not a well-known figure for another few years. Perhaps the
 crowd reactions, which sound fairly convincing, occurred at some other
 moment in her life.

This, then, was England's most famous cross-dresser. Following on
 from the plays, she appears in ballads, poems and moral fulminations
 for several generations. If anyone was going to feel the full weight of
 society's disapproval of cross-dressing it was Mary. As a consequence of
 legal proceedings, she suffered just this one episode of public shaming
 and in much later life endured a spell in Bethlehem hospital (Bedlam)
 for 'madness', which may or may not have been connected to her
 sartorial habits. How she was regularly treated in the streets of London
 we don't know. When I read the accounts of her character I get a feeling
 of belligerence and defiance, the sort of attitude that can develop in the
 face of regular bullying, but that is just my own gut instinct.

Mary was not the only cross-dresser to face legal proceedings. The
 numbers are small, just dotted here and there, and punishment as severe
 as the public shaming ritual, which was the same as that endured by
 adulterers and other moral offenders, was rarer still. Cases resulting in a
 small fine and being told not to do it again are more usual. Most seem to
 involve occasional incidents of cross-dressing as a part of merrymaking

From: How to Behave Badly in Elizabethan England
 by Ruth Goodman

One Art

BY ELIZABETH BISHOP

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

Elizabeth Bishop, "One Art" from *The Complete Poems 1926-1979*. Copyright © 1979, 1983 by Alice Helen Methfessel. Used by permission of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, LLC, <http://us.macmillan.com/fsg>. All rights reserved.

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Source: *The Complete Poems 1926-1979* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1983)

The Waking

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do
To you and me; so take the lively air,
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

Theodore Roethke, "The Waking" from *Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke*. Copyright 1953 by Theodore Roethke. Used by permission of Doubleday, an imprint of the Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group, a division of Penguin Random House LLC. All rights reserved.

Source: *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke* (Doubleday, 1961)

VILLANELLE

- French form/also Italian form
- Originally, pastoral themes
- “Villa” rustic homestead
- 19 Lines
- 5 tercets
- 1 quatrain with final rhyming couplet
- First and third lines repeat as refrains
- Rhyme scheme *aba*
- Contemporary ones may use variations of lines, rhymes

Sestina, by Elizabeth Bishop

September rain falls on the house.
In the failing light, the old grandmother
sits in the kitchen with the child
beside the Little Marvel Stove,
reading the jokes from the almanac,
laughing and talking to hide her tears.

She thinks that her equinoctial tears
and the rain that beats on the roof of the
house
were both foretold by the almanac,
but only known to a grandmother.
The iron kettle sings on the stove.
She cuts some bread and says to the child,

It's time for tea now; but the child
is watching the teakettle's small hard tears
dance like mad on the hot black stove,
the way the rain must dance on the house.
Tidying up, the old grandmother
hangs up the clever almanac

on its string. Birdlike, the almanac
hovers half open above the child,
hovers above the old grandmother

and her teacup full of dark brown tears.
She shivers and says she thinks the house
feels chilly, and puts more wood in the
stove.

It was to be, says the Marvel Stove.
I know what I know, says the almanac.
With crayons the child draws a rigid house
and a winding pathway. Then the child
puts in a man with buttons like tears
and shows it proudly to the grandmother.

But secretly, while the grandmother
busies herself about the stove,
the little moons fall down like tears
from between the pages of the almanac
into the flower bed the child
has carefully placed in the front of the
house.

Time to plant tears, says the almanac.
The grandmother sings to the marvelous
stove
and the child draws another inscrutable
house.

Gary Mitchner

MORGAN IN THE MOUNTAINS

Every rock streaked with runes, figured with mount stains
where countless bodies sought views, he for rests.
Stopping, he might find a stick to wave in a volley
from peak to peak, invoking natural magic; something
must tick,
he hoped, granite clocks or the hearts of
goatherd gods mourning
a fallen pet, honoring it with echoes, an even
number of -ings:
delivering, praising, missing, wondering, listening
for eve's ring.
He found not one pastoral event, not even
a modern mountain train.
The bark on his branch cracked and fell; underneath
he found more rings
than any ancient tree's; these were tiny tunnels, exposed,
with four rests
where the insect had stopped, changed directions
in a rustic musical
rhythm until the labyrinth came to an end
in a final wooden valley.
Staring at this fate, he learned not magic
from these valleys
but something as unexplainable: if one could
discover Eve's ring
in these rocks or buried in the pine needle piles,
maybe hear a cow [music]
among un-cow-like terrain, or find carved like a label, M T S,
then no matter what stony path he followed
through whatever forest,
a protecting paradise would be no sad beginning
but a monumental morning.

Morgan found none of these. Out of the pine-dark
came the morn's ring
Pan in this valley,
while a woman in purple heels, chaste black wrapped around her,
Diana of this forest,
looked on, both humming to pleasure-giving gods.
These three convening
in natural lust, investing strangers with glamor,
as they mounted
the light, the stone, and the tree, caught
within a pagan music.

Far below tiny buildings sheltered tiny people.
as the sound of muzak
drifted into the primeval chant of wood jays
and this triangle of morning
as the man stood up, stretched his arms, touching
the horizon along the mountains,
greeting his happiness though he crooned poorly
in this echoing valley.
Morgan raised his hand, stopping the violation
with an even ring
of his transformed stick against the bell-shaped cones
hanging in the forest.

Worn trails, cluttered with rocks, consented to move them
out of this forest
through conscious plants into a cheerful cave where
unfamiliar music
accompanied their rite while Diana slipped
with the advent of evening,
falling back to the tiny people still trying
to understand the morning.
Morgan sensed the real draw of polished granite,
of empty valleys,
knowing that writing down nature would not provoke
these mountains.

What he knew from the forest and in the cave
was music,
body sound swaying in pleasing volley,
mountain to mountain,
until evening only welcomed what would come
in the morning.

SESTINA

- Literally means “six-rhymed”
- Yet there are no rhymes required
- Popular with 13th century troubadours for oral recitations
- 39 Lines
- 6 stanzas of 6 lines (sestet)
- Concludes with a tercet, called an “envoi”
- End words repeated in a set pattern instead of rhymes
- The tercet embeds three of those end words while the remaining three
become the end words -- no particular pattern for the embedded words or the end words
- Pattern: ABCDEF, FAEBDC, CFDABE, ECBFAD, DEACFB, BDFECA
 - With possible tercet as ECA embedded, end words BDF
- Contemporary sestinas often vary the end words
- Start with a sestet and force yourself to repeat the end words in the pattern,
 - or free associate six random words,
 - or steal the six words as I did from another poet

A friend, James Cummins, uses only Perry Mason subjects/words in his book *The Whole Truth*

Box Man

Joseph Cornell
(1903-1972)

*Les Constellations
des Voisines du Pole
(The Stars Neighboring
the North Pole), 1950*
Dayton Art Institute

Only you, self-taught, could elevate the box –
This clapboard, bluish-gray, postmodern in its
Blending of sculpture, painting, and collage –
Everything collage for that matter.

We stand in front and piece together our memories:
A comet on the shore of Long Lake, Alpena, Michigan,
A similar driftwood bench along Cape May, New Jersey,
Many nights of star-gazing above this very institute

Where you have come to rest, searching for Andromeda.
A red-pink of a moon rests away from its silver chain
Pendulum-like, the metal hoop of obstacles you jumped,
While you added slender mirrors to extend the poetry.

That piece of wire fence has kept you out long enough
So you retreat to this box, a character out of Kobo Abe,
Creating your shadows, spinning your spool of orbits.
The cold of the northern sky warmed by Ursa Minor,

Imagination's leap where Perseus, Cepheus reside,
Where this Utopia Parkway man finds his own fancy,
His aesthetic among winter skies placed upon a mantle
Hung with a celestial map of his mind and his lost being.

Gary Mitchner

EKPHRASIS/ECPHRASIS

Purpose: to make the reader envision the work described as if she were physically present

- Has no particular form or rhyme or meter (rhythm)
- Example: John Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn"
- Yet the ekphrastic poem may not just or only describe:
 - one may give voice to the object (painting, sculpture, photo, and others)
 - one may write about the medium: brushstrokes, clay, paint, and others
 - one may reference the artist
 - one may walk around the work as Keats does
- Some description is obviously helpful to aid the reader's visualization