CHAPTER 9.
NAMING

Our names are important signifiers that change over our lifetimes. They are loaded with our histories and our families and our feelings about ourselves. Names are dynamic because they are words that travel with ever-changing people in their ever-changing lives in an ever-changing world.

Names represent us to others too. They let others speak us into existence in our absence. Your name can be placed on a piece of paper or a plaque or a statue or a stone, left somewhere for a long time, centuries, then discovered by people you don't know. And poof, you exist again as a time traveler. These people in the far future do not know you like your family today can know you, yet they know some bit of you. They have your name. They have your words. Naming is a conjuring. Naming is powerful. We need our names, but they can also be other things.

ON BEING NAMED TWICE

In my own life, I was named twice. During my childhood, my family and friends called me by a nickname, an Anglicised name that was easier for people around me to remember and pronounce, but no one told me it was a nickname. I thought it was my real name. I thought it was me. And of course, it was my name, and it wasn't. In the third grade, I brought home my report card and my name was not on it. On the card was this weird, foreign, vowel-heavy name, one that looked like a girl's name to me at the time. And in fact, my first name can be a female name.

ASAO INOUE.

This name looked foreign and strange to me. I thought maybe I'd accidentally picked up someone else's report card. My mom assured me, "No, sweetheart. That's your birth name." Huh? My birth name? What does that mean? Why doesn't my brother have two first names? Why hadn't anyone used this name? Why didn't anyone tell me this? I didn't even know how to say it. No one had said these words in my direction before. What was I supposed to do with this name? It felt like a horrible secret, a terrible betrayal, like someone had just taken away something sacred from me, a piece of me, and replaced it with something else, something unrecognizable.

At first, I felt as if all the adults around me were in on an elaborate trick, a lie that I had to find out myself. Yet when confronted with this lie, no one seemed to

see the severity of what they had done. I wasn't who I thought I was. I was someone else. I was no-man, nobody. I didn't know this foreign name, yet it was me. Or was it? Names are important, aren't they? Names conjure us, even to ourselves.

Even to this day, my own birth name feels a little loose, not snug and well-fitted like I imagine everyone else's name feels to them when others call them by it. Do you remember when you were confronted by your own name written down for the first time, say on some official document, maybe a report card? Do you remember having to learn to pronounce your own name and it feeling awkward and ill-fitting in your mouth? Have you ever heard someone call your name and it *not* feel right, not feel like a well-worn and comfortable shoe? I do.

So during the period of my growing up when I won that reading contest, I was not only learning English as textual words on pages, but learning that my name was some other textual reference, a foreign one. I was not who I thought I was. I learned that all the grownups in my life, including my teachers, had kept this big secret from me. I was also being confronted with my racial identity every day, or rather others around me confronted me with my identity as a racialized one, one associated with negative terms, like wetback and beaner.

I was consciously swallowing the Black English I learned on Statz, imitating the Standardized English that was expected of me. I was confused because I thought in Black English, and yet that English was slowly vanishing from me as I stopped using it, as I left Statz, as I read more and more books, as I tried to take on the Standardized English of school and the books I loved, as I embraced the language of my White mom, of my White uncle Bill, of school and success. At the same time, I was wanting to be Japanese. I was proud of my Japanese heritage. So you'd think that finding out that I had this very Japanese name would be a boon. You'd think I wouldn't reject it. But the spell of Whiteness was too great.

Today, when I hear the word "Japanese," sometimes I'm taken back to middle school, to a song. In 1980, the British new wave band, The Vapors, released a hit song, "Turning Japanese." I heard it everywhere on people's lips. Everyone loved it. They sang its chorus: "I'm turning Japanese, I think I'm turning Japanese, I really think so."[1] It's fast and up-tempo. I recall not being able to escape the song. It was everywhere, at least that was my perception.

I couldn't describe why I didn't like the song, but I didn't. I fucking hated it, but I was forced to hear it everywhere, on the radio, in stores, at school, from others' mouths as they squinted their eyes. The song incorporates a stereotypical "Oriental" riff in it, and it's easy to sing. At the time, I remember people saying the song was about masturbation, about how one squints when masturbating and climaxing.

1 David Fenton, "Turning Japanese," The Vapors, 1980, United Artists, compact disc.

The song begins, "I've got your picture/Of me and you/You wrote 'I love you'/I wrote 'me too'/I sit there staring and there's nothing else to do." Sexual innuendo? Somehow I didn't see or hear me in that song. I was turning Japanese, for sure, but not that way, not that kind of Japanese. Still, as an eleven year old, I could hear the racism, the cultural appropriation. I didn't want to be that kind of Asian. I wasn't a joke. I didn't know any Asians like that. Or did I?

When you live as a racial outsider all your life, it starts to feel normal, and you stop seeing it—or rather, I think you protect yourself by not engaging with it. It's like being at a party where everyone is having a good time, talking in a big circle, but you are outside that circle, trying to get in. No one will let you in. You ask politely. You do all that you are supposed to, but they say, "Sorry, no room here. Try down there." You try down there, but again, no room. You just keep trying in circles. You think this is what everyone does, or there's something wrong with you, not the circle. The circle is just the circle. You jump up, trying to look over the backs of everyone's heads. You can't fully hear the conversation, but people in the circle are laughing and patting each other on the back. The party, the club, is in the circle. That's what being Japanese, but being mistaken for Mexican, all the while trying to be White, felt like in the US in the 1980s to me.

It didn't help that all the Asian representations during my growing up were not much better than Mr. Yunioshi. They were usually someone with so-called "broken English," like Long Duk Dong from *Sixteen Candles* (1984) or *The Karate Kid's* (1984) Mr. Miyagi.[2] Because reading and writing in English were important activities for me, this hurt. Most of the time, I dissociated myself from the racial stereotypes meant to poke fun at Asians' expense, but not from the language.

It was like someone saying, "this is what you sound like," then spending millions of dollars to show everyone in the world that you sounded like that, that you are a buffoon when you clearly are not. And they gather in a circle you can't enter and talk about you, mimicking some strange and foreign version of you, a Mr. Yunioshi, a White dude playing a fictitious Asian guy. But you are not Mr. Yunioshi. Mr. Yunioshi is not Mr. Yunioshi. But the White kids in the circle cannot see or hear the difference. And you ask yourself: Is everyone fucking nuts?

Language marks people racially. Language makes us and our world. Names are important in our racialized language-world. But we often hear what we want to hear or what we are prepared to hear. This is to say, we hear what our material conditions prepare us to hear. There is often only one Mr. Yunioshi at the party, and everyone laughs and thinks they know Japanese Americans.

2 Both actors, Gedde Watanabe (Long Duk Dong) and Noriyuki "Pat" Morita (Mr. Miyagi), were required to play their famous characters with accents, even though neither actor speaks with an accent.

At this time in my life, I saw English languages as markers of goodness and badness, darkness and Whiteness. Talking White was a way to fit into the racial binary, to be named White without actually being White. If I could do that, then I wouldn't be a Long Duk Dong or a Yunioshi. I could elbow my way into the circle. I could be a back clapper and laugher too.

So I initially rejected my Japanese name. It was neither White nor Black. It was foreign and foolish. I didn't use it in social settings. My birth name did not fit into that racial landscape. And it didn't fit my vision of me at that time. I had two names, yes, but I used just the White one.

While I didn't understand the problems with what I was doing, I don't know what other choices I had at the time. No others were presented to me. I was required either to learn Standardized English or perish in school, or be mistaken for a foreigner, a real-life Long Duk Dong, or worse (in my mind then), be seen as a Mexican. My name was central to this self-creation. What I didn't understand then was that even taking on such a standardized English and a White name would not save me from others seeing me as the darker foreigner, the not-quite American, the non-standard, the guy with the questionable background. I was still inscrutable to many.

My name, this very Japanese, ill-fitting, awkward-in-the-mouth sounding name, did not help me make the argument that I was "American." It didn't help me with the argument that I belonged with my White peers, that I could be in the circle too. Today, however, I will not speak that nickname. I went by it until sometime during my master's degree at Oregon State University, when I used my birth name in my classrooms. I was slowly shedding my childhood name and taking on my adult name. It was a time of transition and finding my career and myself. I did not want to be a child anymore, a White languageling. I wanted to be more. I wanted to be a Japanese languageling, a languageling of color, and speak the White language of school.

NAMING STORIES

Most cultures across the globe have spent lots of time and energy thinking about names, finding the right ones for the next generation. Lots of websites and books are dedicated to baby names, the names that will populate tomorrow's classrooms, offices, and civic spaces. In the Yogyakarta region of central Java in Indonesia, there are elaborate naming practices, which happen throughout one's life.[3] The

3 See, Jean-Marc de Grave, "Naming As A Dynamic Process: The Case of Javanese Personal Names," *Indonesia and the Malay World* 39, no. 113 (2011): 69–88, https://doi.org/10.1080/13639811.2011.547730.

naming of children is important in Java and thought to affect children's lives. The name of a Javanese child in this region signifies the context and environment in which they are born, and part of the name is determined by their parents' social position.[4] Children's names describe things around them at their birth. Their names often use time, objects, and animals in them. Names refer to the world of the child and their family, their material conditions that make them from dirt and farms to animals and objects.

In fact, children's names are like "protective prayers." When a parent gives a child a name, it is as if the name-giver is trying to safeguard them from evil, and help them toward a good life. A good name can aid a child in being "good, honest, helpful and devoted to people," as well as help them "fulfil tasks and missions God assigned" them.[5] In adulthood, new names are given to Javanese at weddings, when someone begins their career, starts an important job, or begins an important transition in their life. These adult names are usually different from the childhood ones.

Adult names often "refer to norms or to ideal states."[6] For instance, the fourth president of Indonesia, Abdurrahman Wahid, derives his name from his father, Wahid Hasyim, who was an independence fighter and minister. In Arabic, Abdurrahman means "servant of the graceous" or "servant of Allah." Wahid means "One" or "Absolute One." I can only imagine that in an Islamic context like Java, when you are named "Servant of God the Absolute One," you are named after both your ideal state and a social norm.

I don't think that my mom was influenced by Javanese cultural traditions, but the Javanese naming rituals give me one way to interpret what has happened in my life with my two names. The first Anglicized name, my childhood name, was a start, describing the world my mom thought was around me, even if that wasn't my experience all of the time. It was hers. It was her hope for me, or maybe it was the Whiteness she saw in me.

My birth name, the one I took on explicitly as I started my career in teaching English, was my own wish, my vision of my ideal state. It was what I chose to see in me and project to the world. While this name was given to me by my parents, mostly my biological dad, my name is also my own choice. I chose to use it exclusively. It was a conscious choice because I knew it had power. It was special and bestowed powers upon me. It made me more Japanese to others.

4 de Grave, 70.

5 R.D.S. Hadiwidjana, "Nama-nama Indonesia," *Jogjakarta* (Spring, 1968): 13, quoted in de Grave, 70.

6 de Grave, 73.

Many cultures have stories and myths about the power of names. In the ninth book of *The Odyssey*, Odysseus, the hero of the story, is trying to get home to his kingdom and Penelope, his queen and wife.[7] He docks his ship on an island with a giant cyclops, Polyphemus. The name means "abounding in songs and legends." His name speaks of other words, of conjuring. He is a true languageling, but flawed, evil. He is big and strong, a giant. He relies on his strength. He is a man-eater who can tear the tops off of mountains, pull whole trees out of the ground. Polyphemus is the son of the god of the sea, Posiedon, and a nymph, Thoösa. The cyclops has trapped Odysseus and some of his men in a cave. He eats the men, one by one, snatching and gobbling.

But Odysseus is wily, crafty, a true languageling. When Polyphemus asks who he is, Odysseus says that his name is "Outis," "Nobody" or "No-man." It's a con, a joke that hinges on the false-name and its meaning. You don't just give someone like Polyphemus your name. After being tricked by Odysseus with bowls of wine, Polyphemus gets sick, throws up the wine and "the gobbets of human flesh on which he had been gorging."[8] He faints in a drunken stupor.

Odysseus and his men gouge out the cyclops' one eye with the red hot end of a beam from the fire pit. The poem offers a grizzly description of this event worth reading, but it isn't for the faint of heart. In a rare, proud moment, knowing that he's tricked Polyphemus, Odysseus tells the giant his name so that he would know who tricked him. This was a mistake. Odysseus' pride got to him. He forgot that names conjure. They are magic, have powers.

Polyphemus, immediately pronounces a curse on Odysseus using his name. The poem describes it this way:

> he lifted up his hands to the firmament of heaven and prayed, saying, "Hear me, great Posiedon; if I am indeed your own true-begotten son, grant that Odysseus may never reach his home alive; or if he must get back to his friends at last, let him do so late and in sore plight after losing all his men, let him reach his home in another man's ship and find trouble in his house."[9]

Polyphemus' curse comes true. There is power in names, power in the words that conjure people. You don't just give your name away. Knowing a name matters. It can mean years at sea, men dead, and a house filled with suitors trying

7 Homer, *The Odyssey*, trans. Samuel Butler (Internet Classics Archive, 2009), http://classics.mit.edu/Homer/odyssey.9.ix.html.

8 Homer, n.p.

9 Homer, n.p. I've incorporated an alternative clause at the end of this translation and converted the Latin (Roman) names in this translation.

to marry your wife and take your kingdom, as it did for Odysseus. All because he was not nobody and he wanted Polyphemus to know it, to know him by his name. Somehow our names tell others about us, tell of our essence.

But names may hold our secrets too, things that others just don't get to know, or shouldn't. Our secrets can be the things that undo us or that so integrally make us that we cannot let others know. It's not their business. In Egyptian legends, the sun god, Ra, was tricked into giving his true name, a secret name, to Isis. She used this knowledge, the supernatural knowledge of Ra's true name, to gain power and honor like his, and usurp his throne.

In ancient Hieroglyphs, Isis is described as "a woman who possessed words of 'Power'" and "the lady of words of magical power." [10] Isis knows that the secret name, the name of Ra that is his alone, is the source of his power. One might own that power if one possessed the name. And again, like Penelope to Odysseus, like my mom to my absent dad, the woman is twice as wily as the man. If only Ra had grown up in rooms filled with Egyptian women, perhaps he'd have seen through Isis' wily ways, not tricked out of his name.

The Akan people of the southern parts of Ghana have an equally wonderful story of Anansi, who often turns into a spider. It's a story about stories stolen, or rather stories gotten through trickery. How else would you pay for stories but through guile and trickery? The tale has several variations, but typically it starts with the world before stories existed. That is, the Sky-God, Nyame, possessed all the stories. Anansi wanted to get them, so he makes a deal with Nyame involving four tasks that would retrieve four dangerous creatures: Onini the Python, the Mmoboro Hornets, Osebo the Leopard, and Mmoatia the fairy. Additionally, to sweeten the deal, Anansi says he'll also trade his own mother, Ya Nsia.

Four dangerous creatures and his mother in exchange for stories—It is an impossible set of tasks, especially for a weak spider. Nyame knows this. He feels safe in making the deal. Through a series of tricks, Anansi gets all four creatures and his mother to agree as well. He takes them to Nyame who is impressed since he didn't believe the spider was strong enough to achieve such feats. He doesn't understand that there are more powerful ways in the world than muscles and size. There is guile, trickery, and of course, the magic of language. The stories are exchanged.

In most versions of the story, Anansi is aided by his wife, Aso, who usually tells him how to trick each creature and trap them. She's vital to the story. Anansi cannot trick his way to the coveted stories without her help. Anansi the spider

10 This account of Ra and Isis is found in E. A. Wallis Budge, *The Gods of the Egyptians or Studies in Egyptian Mythology*, (London: Methuen & Co., 1904), 360–363.

is the trickster, but Aso is the more wily. She's the one with the ideas, but she doesn't have to go out and risk her life. She stays home.

What I love about this story of stories is that it is not the strong who get to possess the stories, who turn out to be the big winner. It is the trickster, the wily and crafty spider, who is aided by a woman, his wife, Aso. Most of the tricks that the spider accomplishes are word-tricks, lies, half-truths, or faking his intentions, faking his identity. He goes by many names. Anansi is always shifting his identity from one thing to another. He's not who he says he is much of the time, or maybe he is one thing at one moment and something else at another. Who better in the world to hold on to stories than the wily spider, always weaving its web, always someone else, always a new name?

I see myself in Anansi, Aso, Ra, Isis, Odysseus, and Polyphemus. We all know the power of names and what they do for and to us.

Even when names are funny or comedic, they still have similar things to teach us. The Japanese have an irreverent and comedic story of a boy with a long name, *Jugemu*, which tells satirically of the power of names, allowing us to both laugh at and admit to this truth. It's a story told in a Japanese theatrical tradition called Rakugo. In this tradition, the storyteller is alone on stage and is seated in a seiza sitting position with just two props, a paper fan (sensu) and a small cloth (tenugui), often used in a subtle fashion to wipe perspiration. The tradition emphasizes words spoken with subtle body movements. It's mostly a storyteller, seated in front of an audience, talking to them, telling them a story. Almost everything you get from the experience is meant to come through words.

Rakugo itself showcases the magic of words. But this story is particularly interesting because it's about the power of a name. There are lots of variants to the story of *Jugemu*, all centering around the comedic, long name that "Jugemu" is just the beginning to. One common variant tells of Jugemu falling down a well and dying because all of his would-be saviors passing by take too long pronouncing his name. Thus ironically, Jugemu's true name kills him.

Another version tells of Jugemu getting into a fight. He causes a bump on the friend's head. The friend goes to tell Jugemu's parents, who after pronouncing his name several times in the course of the dialogue, look for the bump on the friend's head, but it has healed. Jugemu's name saves him from blame and punishment.

And why does Jugemu have such a long and comical name? Because his father could not decide on just the right auspicious name for his son. Names are important. They conjure. They have power. They bestow things onto those who possess them. The dad knew this. Several options were given to the father by the priest, but he could not decide, so he took them all.

Each part of Jugemu's name is meant to offer him some benefit in life, but together, too many benefits make for a burden. Here's the full name with some

translations, which help show the comedic irony in the name that is so burdensome and too auspicious:

- Jugemu-Jugemu ("limitless life")
- Go kō no surikire ("five kō," or 20 billion years of "no frills"; a blessing for a long life)
- Kaijari suigyo ("gravel in the sea and fish in water"; lots of good fortune)
- Suigyōmatsu ("where water eventually goes"; boundless wellbeing)
- Unraimatsu ("where clouds originally come"; more boundless wellbeing)
- Fūraimatsu ("where wind originally comes"; more of the same)
- Kuunerutokoro ("places to eat and sleep"; will not want for such things)
- Sumutokoro ("places to live"; similar to previous)
- Yaburakōji-no burakōji ("marlberry bushes"; boundless energy)
- Paipo, Shūringan, Gūrindai, Ponpokopī, Ponpokonā (made up names of royalty who lived a long time)
- Chōkyūmei ("long and lasting life")
- Chōsuke ("blessed for a long time")[11]

It's a funny name, especially when you hear it repeated in the course of a story or dialogue over and over. Listening to any variation of *Jugemu*, you realize quickly that we use names a lot. Hearing this long name recited, often rapidly, gives one a sense of the tremendous verbal feat it is to recite such a long name. It's impressive, which brings another dimension of joy to the listening of the story. But if we had heard on the evening news that a boy had fallen into a well and died because the people trying to save him took too long pronouncing his name, it would be more than just a tragedy. It would be a crime. We would be outraged. And yet, a performance of *Jugemu* is fun and hilarious. Only language can achieve this kind of magic.

There are many versions of this story in English, perhaps inspired by the much older *Jugemu*. To me, most appear to be influenced by the Japanese tale, as these later versions each have strikingly similar story lines, and all work from an impossibly long name of the central character. The 1950s and 1960s folk group, The Four Brothers, have a song, "Sama Kama Wacky Brown," whose central character is Eddie Kucha Kacha Kama Tosa Nara Tosa Noma Sama Kama

11 These translations are taken from, Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia, s.v. "Jugemu," accessed January 3, 2020, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jugemu. There is a good version in English of *Jugemu* on YouTube performed by Katsura Sunshine; see "Rakugo in English—Jugemu, January 20, 2014, YouTube video, 4:21, https://youtu.be/nJ8Tq5EotaE.

Wacky Brown.[12] In the song, Eddie falls into a well and dies because everyone who tries to save him takes too long pronouncing his name.

It's not hard to hear a racist element in this song with its vague and nonsensical Japanese words in the name, which are meant to be funny. But in *Jugemu*, each element of the boy's long name means something. In the Four Brothers' song, the name means nothing. It is four White guys in a circle pretending to imitate a Japanese character. It's Mickey Rooney in yellowface. It's the original version of what The Vapors did. It's the White party that gets all the Japanese wrong, but no one notices because it's funny. It's Japanese cultural appropriation and racist humor. We might ask: What exactly are we laughing at? Our own ignorance?

In a US context in 1960, it might seem self-evident to laugh at Japanese characterizations because of their Japaneseness, even if the characterization was off, inaccurate.[13] I mean, the academy award winning movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's* came out the next year (1961). Based on the novella (1958) by Truman Capote, it starred Audrey Hepburn as the flighty and whimsical Holly Golightly, with her buffoonish neighbor, Mr. I. Y. Yunioshi, who is clearly attracted to her and is the butt of every joke in every scene he is in. He is played in yellowface by Mickey Rooney.

In each of his scenes, Yunioshi is upset at Golightly's impositions on him. His mantra is, "I musta protest!" Golightly takes advantage of him at every turn. The audience is meant to see this Asian character with his accent, large teeth, big glasses, clumsiness, and impotent protesting as funny. He is not to be taken seriously, but he is also not to be trusted. One scene in the movie shows him in his apartment with elaborate camera and lighting equipment around the room, which he trips over. It's all next to his bed. Is this meant to be suspicious, funny, or perhaps inscrutable?[14]

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12 Edward C. Warren and George Goehring, "Sama Kama Wacky Brown," The Brothers Four, 1960, Columbia, vinyl recording.

13 Linguistic plays with words was not new in Western cultures. The ancient fifth century Greeks' term for "barbarian," *barbaros*, came from their own imitation of what they thought the language of the Persians, their enemy, sounded like. It's a kind of onomatopoeia (a word that sounds like what it is to describe), and was meant to make fun of Persians. While it is not accurate to call the use of the term racist in contemporary ways, it was a culturally derogatory term; see Edith Hall, *Inventing the Barbarian: Greek Self-Definition Through Tragedy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989), 4, 17.

14 There are lots of books written about the racist practices, laws, and language used against Asians in the US. For a history of Asians in America, see Erika Lee, *The Making of Asian America: A History* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2015); for a history that incorporates Asian groups with Latine and Black groups, see Ronald Takaki, *A Different Mirror: A History of Multicultural America* (New York: Little, Brown & Company, 1993); for discussions of Asians and "Oriental-

In an early scene, there's an implication that the two have talked about him taking pictures of her, a subtle nod to his yearning for sexual activity (are these nude pictures he wants?). But it's clear: She ain't interested. He's not a real suitor for her. The White guy, Paul Varjak, played by the almost blonde but dapper George Peppard, the kept man in the next apartment, the gigolo, the writer, the man of White words, is the clear love interest. It doesn't matter that he's being paid for sex. With a name like Paul Varjak, how are you not a love interest to Audrey Hepburn?

So when you move *Jugemu* to a Western context in 1960, you not only get Japanese cultural appropriation, but racist humor that infantilizes Japanese men. The Four Brothers' song, "Sama Kama Wacky Brown," does all this, but it also emphasizes the transnational power of names. At least our understanding that names are important is universal.

And yet, instances like these send other messages to Japanese boys like me in the 1970s and 1980s. They tell me that my Japanese name is fodder for jokes. They suggest that I won't be taken seriously, that I am not a love interest to women. Who ever heard of a Japanese man loving a White woman? What girl would ever take seriously Asao?

Maybe the best Western version of a *Jugemu* story is one by Monty Python's Flying Circus. It is a hilarious skit that centers on a forgotten Baroque composer named thusly:

> Johann Gambolputty de von Ausfern- schplenden- schlitter-crasscrenbon- fried- digger- dingle- dangle- dongle- dungle-burstein- von- knacker- thrasher- apple- banger- horowitz-ticolensic- grander- knotty- spelltinkle- grandlich- grumble-meyer- spelterwasser- kurstlich- himbleeisen- bahnwagen-gutenabend- bitte- ein- nürnburger- bratwustle- gerspurten-mitz- weimache- luber- hundsfut- gumberaber- shönedanker-kalbsfleisch- mittler- aucher von Hautkopft of Ulm[15]

The skit is set up as a news broadcast that centers on Johann and his only living relative, Karl (played by Terry Jones), who shares the last name of Johann and is interviewed by a British reporter (played by John Cleese). Karl is very old and dies during the interview as the reporter is compelled to say Johann's full name several times during the interview.

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ism," such as the themes of being inscrutable and mysterious as well as the practice of yellowface, see Robert Lee, *Orientals: Asian Americans in Popular Culture* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1999); or Vijay Prashad, *The Karma of Brown Folk* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000).

15 "Johann Gambolputty" episode 6, season 1, *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, produced by Ian MacNaughton (November 23, 1969; London: BBC, 1969), television broadcast.

Having grown up watching and loving Monty Python, I am conflicted today. I wonder now, what do Germans think of this skit? Is the name too ridiculous? Is Karl's family name as stereotypical and over the top as Sama Kama Wacky Brown? Is the representation on screen of Karl as impossibly unreal as Yunioshi? Or does this version of *Jugemu* simply reveal how racism in Western traditions only translates to non-Anglo representations, in this case Asian caricatures, and not German? Does it reveal how powerful Western colonialism and imperialism and capitalism have been to our understandings of names? Is English a part of capitalist colonial empire building even today?

Nothing but age lines, a grey beard, and whispery voice distinguishes Karl from the reporter, who is clearly British and White. The skit doesn't seem to be making a joke at the expense of Germans. It's not joking about the essence of being German. But I'm not German, and I've not lived on the European continent, so I could be wrong.

Regardless of the criticisms we might level about these stories, the comedic aspect of each of these retellings of *Jugemu* hinges on the importance of saying the full name. While they are meant to be funny and lighthearted, the comedy only works if we understand that names mean something, that each of us has one that, like Ra's true name, is unique to us and holds power. We are compelled to use them.

In fact, as Odysseus and Polyphemus show us, our names hold our destinies, contain magic that will help us either live well or die too soon, be a love interest or a buffoon. The names in these comedic stories are still doors to life and death. And depending on who is named and how they get named tells us things about the politics of our possibilities. And race is clearly an element in the naming.

I won't say I understood all this when I choose my own Japanese birth name over my Anglicized childhood name. What I can say is that I was not going to be a joke at my own expense, nor was I going to pretend or fake Whiteness anymore. Names are powerful. They conjure us. They make us known to others and ourselves.

CRACKING WHITENESS

During the summer between my first and second year in my master's degree program, my good friend Erik, the one from Berkeley, had just graduated. In talking with him one evening over dinner, I found out that Chris had asked Erik to watch his home while Chris and his family were away for a few weeks. I didn't even know that Chris was going on vacation. I realize there are lots of reasons for why Chris would ask Erik and not me. He could ask anyone he liked, but it

felt like I was overlooked, ignored, because Chris and I had a strong and pretty close relationship at that point. I talked to him every week. I figured I'd be the first he'd ask to do such a thing, or at least he'd say that he was going on a several week vacation. Maybe I was being overly sensitive. I was probably being a bit possessive of Chris, thinking I was somehow more special to him than Erik. That wasn't right.

As I looked across the table at my White, Norwegian friend from Berkeley, with the corporate lawyer father, I understood that as good and kind of a White man that Chris was, I would not be his first choice to watch over his home. I am not from his tribe. And I know Chris would not say this. He is a deeply ethical man, but I don't think we have to be able to acknowledge our racial biases in order to use them to make decisions. Our racial biases come from the systems around us. This makes them invisible, tacit, seemingly neutral and natural.

It likely was difficult for Chris to imagine a Brown kid watching over his family's home while they were away. But it was much easier to see the White kid from Berkeley do it. This is how Whiteness works oftentimes, through implicit biases, biases we cannot even see or hear or feel in the act of using them.[16] I hold no grudges for Chris's decision. If anything, I'm grateful for having the opportunity to be confronted with my own biases in this way. The incident helped me see what I really was looking for in a mentor, one who was not White, one who would understand me, share some racialized experiences.

There is lots of research on Whiteness that informs what I've been saying about my first mentor and his habits of White language and judgement.[17] Every semester, I ask my writing students to consider with me the ways that language and its judgement in school and civic life are dictated by those six habits of HOWL—that is, habits that travel with White groups of people in the language they use, the language that gets to be the standards that everyone is judged by, regardless of where they come from. We read this research together. We investigate language as political. We try to learn about writing in English as writers

16 There is lots of research on implicit racial and other biases that everyone has, regardless of who they are or how they identify themselves; see Mahzarin R. Banaji and Anthony G. Greenwald, *Blindspot*; for decades of research on how brains make decisions, which speaks to the ways biases are used by our brains, see Kahneman, *Thinking*.

17 I discuss and define habits of White language for use in college writing classrooms in Asao B. Inoue, "Classroom." There have been many before me who have discussed Whiteness as an orientation or stance in the world; see Sara Ahmed, "Phenomenology"; Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, trans. Richard Philcox (New York: Grove Press, 2008); Ruth Frankenberg, *White Women, Race Matters The Social Construction Of Whiteness* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993); George Lipsitz, *Possessive Investment*; Marilyn Frye, "White Woman Feminist"; Krista Ratcliffe, *Rhetorical Listening: Identification, Gender, and Whiteness* (Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois University Press, 2005).

who write in a particular set of historical and political conditions, that is, a set of conditions that are designed by White people and institutions—Whitely systems—in history.

How else can you really learn how to write effectively or meaningfully if you don't understand under what conditions those rules and practices of so-called good writing exist? These conditions create advantages and disadvantages, rewards and punishments. These rewards and punishments are doled out to students based on how those students match up to the preferred dominant habits of language—that is, habits of language that are cultivated from conditions in which White men have learned and used English.

In the writing classes I teach today, the point is to confront the paradoxes inherent in learning and using our literacies in U.S. schools. The point is to understand that English languages are political. To communicate is not a neutral act but one about power, an act that is always engaged in by people who do not stand in the same positions in the system, an act that is situated in pre-existing conditions with rules for communication, rules invented and maintained by groups of people who have the power to do so. The point is that understanding how people judge language as "effective" or "clear" or "compelling" is to understand who has the power to determine such things. To learn to write or communicate persuasively or effectively is to ask: Whose persuasiveness or effectiveness am I going to learn?

When I say, "political," I mean that learning English has to do with who has power, how much they have, how they get that power, and what that means when people use language to communicate among other people who do not have the same access to power, or who cannot make the same choices or receive the same rewards for the same languaging. This is why I think most feminine gendered people,[18] who tend to have less power in social exchanges than masculine gendered people, tend to be mediators, collaborators, and question-askers, not statement-givers or dictators.

18 I say here "feminine gendered" and "masculine gendered" people because social scientists identify such gender cultures in this way. This accounts for some biological men being more feminine in gendered communication habits and some biological women being masculine in their gendered communication habits. This is not an either-or identification but a way to understand gender cultures; see "Gender Differences in Social Interaction," LibreTexts, last updated February 20, 2021, https://socialsci.libretexts.org/Bookshelves/Sociology/Book%3A_Sociology_(Boundless)/11%3A_Gender_Stratification_and_Inequality/11.02%3A_Gender_and_Socialization/11.2H%3A_Gender_Differences_in_Social_Interaction. Deborah Tannen has written a lot of books on gender differences in social interactions and language practices, see Deborah Tannen, *You Just Don't Understand : Women and Men in Conversation* (New York: Ballantine, 1991); or Deborah Tannen, *Talking from 9 to 5 : How Women's and Men's Conversational Styles Affect Who Gets Heard, Who Gets Credit, and What Gets Done at Work* (New York: W. Morrow, 1994).

Most will not accept as a matter of course a statement of fact from a feminine gendered person without some explicit reasoning or evidence. So, feminine-gendered people adapt in order to communicate. They ask questions, mediate, look for middle ground. That's the best exercise of power available to them much of the time. They don't demand or make universalized statements or expect everyone to see things from their view. They know that their view is not the only view possible. Their world shows them this all the time. None of this is fair, but that's what I see, what I've experienced. The women in my life, who have been feminine gendered, have mostly been givers, while the men, who have mostly been masculine gendered, are takers and dictators.

Despite my criticism of Chris' discourse now, I am thankful for him. I'm grateful that I got a chance to learn at his feet. I'm grateful for learning the habits of White language, even though I struggle today to release myself from them or at least not hold them against others. Chris and I still keep in touch, email each other occasionally, and go to coffee when I'm back in Corvallis. I enjoy his company. I respect his ideas and opinions because I know he wants the best for those around him.

He is kind in the best ways that you'd think a Catholic deacon would be. I asked him to read my first book before I sent it to the publisher. He gave me rich feedback, but said, "I don't think I'm the right reader for this book." My discussion of Whiteness and racism in the teaching of language was difficult for him to accept. But he was gracious and helpful nonetheless.

Since I left Corvallis, Chris has written many beautiful books of poetry, which is really what he is suited to. It allows him to be a languageling who mixes nature and spirituality, the ordinary and the sacred. His poetry is more homiletic or sermonic than a professing of truth. And I mean this in a good, tentative, I-don't-have-all-the-answers way. Good poetry, I find, is rarely preachy. It's usually a compassionate kind of discourse, a languaging that suffers with its readers over small things that are really big and small things. It sits with details with little need to tell us exactly what they all mean. It is perfect for revealing mystery and paradox, without being overly religious or didactic, while also being religious and didactic.

Chris's poetry, like his prose, is much like a forest: dense, layered, with many canopy gaps where the sun shines down on the detritus and ferns. But it's the details in his languaging that still get me today, that sound generous and inviting in their specificity. In a poem titled, "Piper's Dad," Chris centers on a father who is dying in his bed, his daughter next to him. [19] The old man has not been a good

19 Chris Anderson, "Piper's Dad," *The Next Thing Always Belongs* (Monmouth, OR: Airlie Press, 2011), 65–66.

father, instead a "bitter man all his life [who] abused" his daughter and wife. Likely, it was "combat in a war" that made him so cruel. The daughter sits next to her dad as he dies. The narrator comes into the "dark, fetid room" and reads the Psalms to him, which "seems to soothe him/for a while. He doesn't shake as much." Afterwards, the dying man opens his eyes and says two words to his daughter, "You bitch."

Here is how Chris follows this detail: "Who knows what this man was thinking/or what he was seeing. Maybe he wasn't talking/to his daughter, maybe he was talking to Death,/but this is what he says, *You bitch*." The daughter rises, leans from her chair and whispers in her father's ear, "Daddy, I love you." And then, he dies. There is more to this poem, but this part I really like for the generous compassionate response that the abused daughter enacts, and that the narrator of the poem notices. I like how it resists making any firm conclusions. In my reading of it, the paradoxes that the details open for me are unresolved and unresolvable. How do you account fully for such meanness and compassion lying next to each other?

While the poem continually focuses its words on the dying man, it is the compassionate woman who is centered for me. She makes a mean and bitter father's last few moments better. He certainly didn't deserve it. Or did he? The filth that he spits out creates an occasion for a beautiful act of compassion and love. Both are needed here, and both need each other. At this moment in the poem, Chris does not try to make sense of this paradox, rather the poem presents it to me in the woman's act of compassion.

But maybe I want to see the woman as the center of this story. Maybe I want to see her as a Penelope and ignore the Odysseus in the room. Maybe I invent women as centers of stories like this because I grew up in rooms filled with White women, ones likely a lot like Piper. Maybe my ignoring of the poem's father is a way of getting back at my own father for abandoning me, never knowing me, and so abusing me in a very different way, abuse by absence. At least Piper's dad was there to abuse her.

This poem centers, for me, on five words spoken in this order: *You bitch I love you*. Two words by the father, and three by Piper. Two-fifths masculine, mean, and ugly. Three-fifths feminine, kind, and compassionate. Of the roughly thirty-six clauses that make up the poem, all but about six of them use the dying man as their grammatical subject or the object in which the sentence references. And of the six clauses that use the daughter as their grammatical subject, two still reference something about the dying man or defines her in relation to the man (e.g. "His daughter is with him, in her kindness, praying/ and holding his hand, though he was a harsh/and bitter man"). The poem's title reproduces this tension, this paradox. It's "Piper's Dad." So while the

dying man is referenced in the title by who he is to her (his relation to Piper), it is Piper who is named.

If the poem had ended here, it would have worked best for me. It would have HOWLed less. But it doesn't. There are two more stanzas that interpret this scene, make sense of it in a totalizing way. It is a Whitely, masculine move, one conventional for such poems, perhaps even expected. Chris, like most of us who teach or profess in colleges, cannot escape his own Whiteness and masculine urge to explain the meaning in an objective kind of way, engaging in the habits of a universal, naturalized orientation to the world, and a stance of supposed neutrality, objectivity, and apoliticality. I know these habits myself. I'm guilty of them too. Am I performing that habit now? Most of us professors are guilty of this move. It's kind of expected.

Chris' narrator ends the poem, saying: "Love is a great emptying out and losing." It's a statement about a universal concept, love, and how we all enact it universally. Or rather how love *is enacted apart from the bodies that do that loving* in different places and times. It frames love without the conditions that make love possible, yet paradoxically the poem leans on details, specific conditions.

How is the abstraction of love possible, except ironically in words? How does love exist without people and the material conditions that foster love, except ironically in words? How is it possible for me to talk about "love" as if it were a concept only? Paradoxes. Magic. The poem bewitches.

The poem's setting and details betray its own abstraction of love. The poem moves to abstraction from the details, which is a typical, Western, and Whitely habit of language. It's not a bad one inherently, but it is one of many other kinds of habits possible. In this book, I've purposely avoided this habit in many places, even after editors and reviewers have asked me to make it. And yet, I still do make it, but not just it. I'm kinda doing it now.

Enticingly, the poem moves back to details, which I read as a scene inspired by Chris' own deacon life, the details from which the truth about love arise, or rather the poem presents this very atypical scene to me as one that offers such universal ideas of love. The poem continues: "Love is a rising from a chair. It is a leaning/over a bed. It is a whisper in a room and a word/in a room." These details in their specificity become compelling to me, despite my realizing that this is not a scene I'll likely see in my life. So what truth about love can it really give me beyond the pathos?

I have no father to lean over, to say I love you to. I cannot say that I understand this scene from any of the perspectives given: the cruel father's, Pipers, the narrator's. I will never be a deacon visiting a dying father and his grieving daughter on the day of his death. I will never grieve over the bed of my father. And yet, I am there in the room, sitting next to that man, feeling these feelings as I read.

What I take from my reading of the poem is this: Language is magical, bewitching to me. Love and meanness are in the details. I can be both uncomfortable with what that language is doing, while also knowingly fall for it, be compelled by it. Language is dangerously beautiful if not read critically.

The poem concludes with a statement of fact that seems to tell me only what happened: "The last thing this man/ever said was ugly and vulgar and mean./But this wasn't the last thing he ever heard." It's beautiful, even if it's stated as if it were a universal truth on love, compassion, and death, even if it recenters the poem on the man, not Piper. My agreement with it does not make the statement universal. It's not just what happened or even how to understand what happened. It's Chris' narrator's judgement of things, a truth from a universal, god-tricked perspective. It is not how we all should or can read and judge these details always.

To me, the conclusion of the poem comes off as a Whitely, masculine move to the universal from the particular, even as it is compelling to me because it makes this move so elegantly. I am not immune to this HOWLing. Maybe this critical and resistant reading is what Chris really expects of his readers. He's smart enough, good enough, to do that in his poetry. Maybe he expects me to question the so-called truths that his poem's narrator offers so elegantly. I know that Chris in real life would not force such a reading of life onto me, his friend and former student.

The poem's perspective could be dramatically different and still be "factual." What is so beautiful, for instance, in this woman ignoring the ugly words of her father, or the ugly deeds he committed against her over a lifetime? What's beautiful about denial? What's beautiful about letting a man who behaved so badly get away with it, or not have to confront his evil deeds in his lifetime? How is letting someone avoid their responsibilities to live ethically being compassionate? Why are we focusing on Piper's big, generous, final act and ignoring the many that came before this one? Why must such poems always be about Odysseus and not Penelope? And yet, the poem lets me see Piper as a Penelope. I see her dad as making a sacrifice in war, perhaps a bit of his mind or soul given so that his daughter might be able to live a life of compassion, to forgive him in his many moments of weakness. That's a pretty big sacrifice in my book. The poem is "*Piper's* Dad." The poem is about Piper, which makes it about war, and cruelty, and her dad.

Despite my realizing all this, by not being fooled by the god-trick, by the magic of Chris's languaging, I find myself still wanting to be fooled. My ear bends and mouth savors, "Love is a great emptying out and losing./Love is a rising from a chair." The magic in the habits of Whiteness in my life have often been, as is the case here, paradoxical. I am not immune despite my critical eye and ear. I have been bewitched, wooed. I hate and love. I am repelled by and

attracted to it. I, too, am tainted in a lovely and awful way. I am also the dying man saying "you bitch."

The Whitely incantations that have taken me so far from North LV have afforded me a comfortable lifestyle. No need to hold on to Uncle Bill dollars anymore. Ends be meeting like a motha fucka in my house. And ironically, I have made my oppression possible. Or shall we call it my colonization, even as the habits of White language do not easily fit onto the body of a remedial languageling of color? Or do they? I have worked very hard to make them fit.

I should have been able to discern the god-trick during my time at OSU as a grad student, but I didn't, at least not in ways that helped me address the problems of that system. I think most students of color have this problem. At that time, all I could do was feel the problem. I could not articulate it. I could not analyze it nor question it. Maybe it is age. At my current vantage point, I have awakened to more hopeful sunrises and known more disappointing sunsets. Time can give more perspective, more distance, more opportunities to learn and reflect.

Maybe it's the theory. I have more of that now. Maybe I was just too close to my getting out and up. Maybe I was still too hypnotized, too entranced by the Whiteness that I could not see the trick. When Blackness and Brownness in the world seem to only mean poverty and ugly words and stiff stares while Whiteness looks like success, jobs, and validation, what would you choose? All I could see at the time was what the trick offered me, if I could master it. I could not see the trade I made in order to do the trick.

And so, my teaching life would begin to crumble as it began, crumble as I was discovering how much it meant to me, how much I loved helping others come to their language as languagelings themselves.

ABOVE THE WELL

I was in my early 20s and just married. I was learning about my own politics. I was learning how to embody and enact my own agency, and part of this was accepting my birth name and making others accept it too. That is still difficult today for some of my family and long-time friends. Words, once put in our mouths, can be hard to get out. Names are notorious for this. They lodge themselves in our throats and refuse to be pried out. My name, like the versions of English I write and speak, which often are not the same, is simultaneously a political choice and an inheritance that I demand others acknowledge and accept. Of course, these choices come at a cost.

I had to learn about my name, Inoue, on my own. It is a common name in Japan. Many with it have ancestry from Western Japan and the Ryukyu Islands (pronounced: REE-OO-KEY-OO). My name usually has three syllables:

EE-NO-EH, but my family has always pronounced it with two: EE-NOY. So I accept both pronunciations, even though the second is likely an Anglicized version. Inoue means, "above the well."

Asao has a variety of meanings, depending on the Kanji used to represent it (like all Japanese names). Since I wasn't raised learning Kanji, I don't have access to this part of my own name. What I do know is that Asao can mean several things: "is morning cheerfulness," "is clearly husband," "is morning man." A Japanese exchange student once told me that my name likely meant "morning boy." I've always liked this translation, but I love all the meanings of my name. The ambiguity in them set together makes me smile and feel proud in a Toaist dialectical way.

I am morning boy . . . morning cheerfulness . . . clearly husband. The Japanese usually say the last name first when referencing people, so I would be: Inoue Asao. So my name means *Above the well is morning boy . . . is morning cheerfulness . . . is clearly husband*.

Sometimes when I see my name on a piece of paper, I'll say it out loud to myself. AH-SOW EE-NO-EH. And I imagine a version of my biological father that I've seen in pictures from around the time of my birth, 1970. He's lean and youthful with thinning Black hair and wearing a sleepy smile as he looks at me with kind, half-closed eyes, ones I'm sure my mom had a hard time resisting. While I'm older today than he was then, in 1970, I feel like a boy looking at his father, or what I think a boy feels like when he looks at his father.

I can hear him in my mind saying my name. Inoue Asao. Above the Well is Morning Boy. My dad is at the foot of Mount Fuji, which I hear looks a lot like Mount Rainier in Washington, a mountain I came to love dearly after living near its feet for several years, driving towards it every day. My father is standing across from me on the other side of a stone well, looking at me. I can hear the water in the well lapping and splashing. He turns, saying my name again—Asao Inoue—and looks up at the mountain. I'm facing the mountain, leaning over the water in the well. And that's it.

The image means nothing . . . and everything.

I know it's sentimental. I know it's not real. I know it could be telling me about my own unresolved feelings of abandonment by a father I never knew, a father I am disappointed in and paradoxically hold up as something else. He is my connection to Japan. He is the symbol of who I say I am, of the ethnic and racial heritage I claim. On occasion, my mom has told me that my expressions and posture, my smile and stance, are like his, like her remembrances of them. Or maybe I just imagined that she's told me this.

It doesn't help that my mom has always been evasive about him and that part of her life. He is her lucky mistake, one she wouldn't trade for anything, I know.

She's never been derisive toward him, never even said an unkind word about him during all those years without child support checks, the years of poverty. I think she knew the importance of fathers to young boys. My mom always played Penelope well.

I'm told that I was named by my father after a younger brother of his. Asao, the brother, died young, maybe at eleven or twelve. They were close. Asao was my father's favorite brother. And this makes sense to me now, or maybe this is just a story I've invented to make me feel more connected to my dad and my Japaneseness. I don't know, but I've taken this story as real.

My dad was the Black sheep in a family of farmers and bankers in Hawai'i on the big island. They owned land. He didn't want to do those things, didn't go to college either. Instead, he moved to California after serving in the army, or was it at the same time? It was in California where my mom met him. That's what I know, or think I know, of him. Asao didn't have a chance to know his brother, my dad, in all his complexity as an adult. Asao didn't know him in all his goodness and badness. No Asao in his life did.

My dad came from a family that was well off, and he rejected that and went out into the world, married a few times, cheated on wives, had some daughters in Germany, then two sons in California with my mom and cheated on her. I have German half-sisters I don't know. I don't even know if my dad is still alive. He was smart, though, wily. He designed and built drag racing cars, then air conditioning systems for automotive companies, all without a college degree.

My mom seems only to marry mechanics, car guys. I have a picture of my mom standing proudly next to my dad's funny car, a drag racing car. It's a black and white photo with a silvery hue. She is smiling big in the picture with her hand on her large belly, which is holding my brother and me inside. She looks like she's keeping a big, joyful secret. I see my mom and dad both playing out *The Odyssey*, only my dad is not trying to come home. He's trying to get lost, staying out at sea on his adventures. And my mom is not trying to be faithful and loyal. She has let him go. She's trying to survive on her own. She's trying to help her sons thrive or just have a chance at something else.

And of my name in all this? Well, my dad, the self-imposed family reject, had a younger brother whom he loved, and so named me, his second-born of twins, after him. It is a mystery and an honor. What does this say? What does my name really mean? What were the material conditions of the first Asao in Hawai'i? How do I make my life out of a paternal loved one's untimely death?

I suppose I do find some pleasure in the tragic nature of the story of my naming, of the first Asao and his loving brother, my dad. And yet, once I escaped my childhood name, the White name, the nickname, and embraced my birth name, Asao Inoue, my life has not been tragic. It has been a steady climb up Mount

Rainier, with breathtaking vistas and hair-raising cliffs. It's been a beautiful and hard and wonderful and complicated journey over the water and toward the summit. It has been always something beautiful and terrible in front of me. It is looking over a well in the cheerful morning as the sun both rises and sets, and the only shadow is my father.

I'd like to believe that my father gave me my name because he didn't want me to lose my Japaneseness. I'd like to think that he knew the power of names and what names bestow, that my name still holds secrets for me. I'd like to think he consciously avoided the trap that Jugemu's father fell into. Your name is powerful magic, but it can't do everything. Maybe he understood that he wasn't gonna always be there. He knew his own nature. But this name would be there, and it is mine.

I'm sure I have psychological trauma that is associated with my naming, my childhood, and my biological dad, associations and histories that make it easier or more preferable for me to just throw away that childhood nickname into the trash can of my past, but of course, it's not that easy. I still have family and a few old friends who call me by this name from time to time, and I wince inside when I hear it.

Yet, I feel the name in me at times, particularly when I hear it spoken, despite my wanting to reject it. There are some warm memories that come with its sound. But I've made my choice. And the choice is mine. I am the living name on a commemorative stone. I am a time traveler who has been inscribed by his father in loving memory of a little brother who died too young.

Or maybe I am that little brother, reincarnated, living the joyful and painful life he would have lived, yet still without his beloved brother. But that's not true either. I have my beloved brother, Tadayoshi, who is named after my father, so Tad and Asao get to have their lives together after all, just in a different generation. I am that brother and that lost uncle of mine, Asao.

I am Above The Well Is Morning Boy.