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The Battle of Okinawa: A Personal Memoir

Fifty years ago, on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, I landed on Okinawa — along with thousands of other American troops engaged in what was to be the last military operation of World War II. As it turned out, the battle proved to be one of the bloodiest of the entire war and of enormous cost to the people of Okinawa as well as the U.S. and Japan. No sooner had I disembarked from the landing craft onto the beach (known in the American military code at that time as "Orange"), when all hell broke loose as "kami-kaze" planes swooped in low from the East over the island and headed for the U.S. naval warships at anchor behind us in the East China Sea. Battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers, troop transports, cargo carriers, and many other ships made up the huge armada which had ar-

rived days earlier to carry on a relentless bombardment of Okinawa in advance of the actual invasion itself. Luckily for me, as soon as the firing started, I spied a great hole in the sand — apparently dug by troops who had landed earlier in the day — and I quickly dove in. The American ships, lying only a few hundred yards away, had opened up with a rapid barrage of deadly anti-aircraft fire at the swooping aircraft, some of which disintegrated, it seemed, just a few feet over our heads. I don't know if any of the kamikaze actually hit the American ships as a pile of other soldiers who had disembarked with me landed on top of me in search of safety and filled up the hole on the beach. It seemed like ages that I remained buried underneath, but actually under the circumstances I didn't mind the weight. When the air cleared, the pile of bodies unpeeled, and I finally emerged from the bottom of the beach hole to catch my first glimpse of Okinawa. It was all shot up. This was to be my home for the next four months.

I had not been well prepared for living in the midst of a battle on a war-torn semi-tropical island in the Western Pacific. When I was recruited in December 1942 to study Japanese at the U.S. Navy Oriental Language School at the University of Colorado in Boulder, it was my first venture into

the beautiful Rocky Mountains. We did a lot of mountain climbing and other healthy outdoor activities. I met my wife Betty and we got married there. The course lasted for 15 months, followed by a couple of months at a navy intelligence school in New York City, from which I was assigned with dozens of my fellow Japanese language officers to the Central Intelligence Center at Pearl Harbor — for ten months of desk work translating captured documents of little strategic or tactical value. Perhaps the most important thing I did in those months was to bag up Japanese language materials for shipment to the naval intelligence office in Washington, D.C. That gave me the opportunity to send messages to Betty, who was then serving as a Japanese-language Wave officer in the Washington office. (Women had been recruited into the Boulder school in order to release the men for duty in the Pacific.) Life in Hawaii was leisurely and pleasant — plenty of recreation at the beaches during the day and partying at night. Honolulu was not yet the overgrown, bustling neonlit metropolis flooded with tourists that it is today.

My assignment to the Okinawa operation was my first departure from the Hawaiian Islands and it took about six weeks to sail on a troop ship from Pearl Harbor to the Ryukyus. We went by way of a number of other stops -- Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Yap, Leyte -- before reaching Okinawa. Maybe the long trip made us all the more anxious to go ashore. While we were told a good deal about known Japanese troop strength and deployment, we learned little about Okinawa itself other than the map of the islands. Nobody aboard as far as I could discover had ever been there. It was

clearly recognized that from Okinawa the American armed forces and allies would attempt to invade the main islands of Japan. The immediate objective upon landing was to seize and secure the Kadena airport to establish an air base not only to control the skies over the Ryukyus but also to launch air attacks on the main Japanese islands. After that, the American troops supported by naval and aerial bombardment would capture Naha, the capital, and other towns and mop up the resisting Japanese forces. I, and my dozen or so Japanese-language officer colleagues, had no specific instructions as to what we were supposed to do except upon landing to find one another and report to army corps intelligence headquarters as soon as possible. We were lightly armed. Having had little training in the use of firearms and being assigned to the army as a naval officer, I carried only an unloaded revolver in my holster, no ammunition (too dangerous), and made sure that I had plenty of C and D-rations in the pockets of my fatigues. Of course, I wore a helmet at all times.

There is (or was) a fox-hole on the east side of an Okinawan slope which I dug myself and still consider my very own property. As soon as I made it beyond the beach into the shredded palm tree groves, it was not long before I spied several other members of the unit to which I was assigned. Since dusk was approaching, we had to decide where we would bunk down for the night; we had only our bed rolls and ponchos, no tents or other shelter. The decision was made for us as another wave of kamikaze planes came swooping in against a hail of gunfire from the American ships in the bay to the west. By that time we had begun scrambling up a hill not too

far from the beach and immediately recognized that to be safe from our own friendly fire we had to get over to the eastern side of the hill. Once over the crest and down a few feet on the other side we began digging fox-holes that became our abodes for the next several weeks. It was none too soon as reports or rumors were already reaching us that American GI's had been killed by our own fire as they dug holes on the seaward side. Every night I dug and dug, making the hole deeper and deeper into the hill and curving it around so that I would certainly be out of line of any fire. Indeed, I eventually dug up against what turned out to be a wall of a tomb built into a hill, as is so commonly found in Okinawa. I felt entombed too when I crawled in. Yet, I became very attached to this new home -- it kept me fairly dry as we had occasional rains; but mainly it was my first substantial accomplishment in my military service, and I was quite proud of it, especially during the nightly air raids that took place. Years later in the early 1980's when I returned to Okinawa to give some lectures in Naha, I asked if I might find my old fox hole, and Professor Teruyuki Higa was kind enough to drive me around what must have been that area. We found nothing although it was great sightseeing. Most of the probable site for my hole was now built up with housing for American military and their families. No doubt, the hole got covered up by a bulldozer and may be in someone's backyard today.

During the several weeks of fox-hole living, we watched the battle from afar. There was little we actually did by way of gathering intelligence or any other military service. There was an occasional captured prisoner of war, but the purpose of

my interrogation was to give me practice in speaking *Nihongo* rather than gaining information. There was little these Japanese soldiers would tell us. We never saw an Okinawan civilian in those early weeks of the battle. On a couple of occasions, some of us were called back for "consultations" to the so-called command-ship, one of the cruisers in the bay; but after a few hours of not very profound conversation we were returned to land and back to our fox-holes. Mainly on land we were preoccupied with figuring out how to procure fresh meat and vegetables from the Seabees (C.B.s -- construction battalions) at work not far from us (probably readying the Kadena airfield). The Seabees were supplied with fresh food from the ships, while the rest of us had to do with fairly untasty and unsatisfying boxed or canned rations. Also nearby was a small, half-destroyed schoolhouse, which several of us explored and found a large pile of school books and other printed school materials -- the intelligence value of these was virtually nil. But the trading value of these materials was tremendous. We carted (we had the use of a Jeep) enough of them for each sailor in the Seabee unit, stamped them with the official rubber stamps which gave official U.S. Navy clearance, and exchanged them in return for the fresh provisions. The Seabees felt they got the far better of this deal. As it turned out, the official stamp proved to be our most powerful weapon throughout the rest of the battle. (Unfortunately, however, when I returned to Honolulu the following August, my stamp was taken from me by the zealous customs officer who inspected my baggage on the grounds it was a contraband item. I was never clear why, and have always suspected that the customs officer wanted the

stamp for himself).

Except for the air raids, the battle itself felt fairly remote. From the rear, we could hear the constant rumble of artillery to the south as the American troops destroyed Shuri Castle and overran Naha. We would watch the warships carry out their relentless bombardment as the troops moved farther and farther southward. We would see American soldiers, first marines and then later army infantry, stream northward to secure that end of the island; and we were aware from radio reports that a fierce fight was going on at Ie Shima (where, we learned, Ernie Pyle, the famous wartime correspondent, was killed). Indeed, much of what we learned about the progress of the battle came to us first from radio – the regular commercial news broadcasts originating in New York, San Francisco, Honolulu or the like.

Of course, it was from the radio we first heard of the death of President Roosevelt, the fall of Berlin, VE Day, and other major events. With the fighting moving farther away to the south and the air raids subsiding, we moved into tents not far from the U.S. army corps headquarters and even commandeered for our use an old ransacked, deserted farmhouse, which remained our translation "office" for the rest of the time we were there. On a few occasions, we would stray out of this encampment – usually to go to a field hospital to interrogate a wounded POW. It was only later that our language unit began to interrogate the prisoners who were being captured in larger numbers and herded into a detention camp for shipment to other prisons in the Pacific from which escape was impossible.

It must have been early May that my fellow officer Stan Sprague and I received an assignment to go north to the large civilian intern-

ment camp there and seek out whomever we could find who had detailed knowledge of the Okinawan coastline for the purposes of identifying all the coves, inlets, and other safe havens in which boats and other small craft could be put safely in the case of typhoons. By this time of the year, the typhoon season was about to begin, so there was no time to lose. When we arrived at the civilian camp, we were greeted by the sight of thousands of ragged and bedraggled people who had apparently taken refuge there as they ran from the devastation of the battle. It was a pitiful scene with small groups of old men, women, and children huddled around cooking fires and using small pup tents supplied by the Americans for shelter. The civil government officials had barely begun their work of attempting to restore some sense of social order, although I suspect that the Okinawans had already gotten themselves organized. On our way up to this camp, we were struck by the destruction of the small city of Nago, the many villages, farmhouses, shrines, temples, and other structures that once had represented the material side of a well-developed and historical Okinawan society. When we inquired of the first Okinawans we encountered in the camp whether we could find someone who had the knowledge we were seeking, we were amazed at how quickly such a person was identified. The word had traveled swiftly through the camp, attesting to the existence of an efficient communications system among the detainees. Within a few minutes we were introduced to Captain Takeshima.

As we soon found out, Takeshima, a man well into his seventies, was a former ship's captain who had sailed the seven seas in the years before the war. He had retired from fifty years or so of maritime service to his native place on Okinawa. He had been to all

the continents, visited the United States on various occasions, and even spoke fairly decent English. His face was wrinkled, weather-beaten, and wizened. His head was bald, his jaw square. He stood tall and erect, wearing a simple dark blue *yukata* and sandals. Without delay, we gained permission to take him with us back to our headquarters, where he shared our quarters, clothing, and food as well as his seafaring knowledge. He proved to be a most amiable companion, full of stories about his old voyaging days — the classic Old Mariner.

Almost immediately after returning to headquarters, we were then instructed to take Captain Takeshima to a ship anchored in what came to be called Buckner Bay on the Pacific side of the Okinawa island. (The bay was named after General Buckner, who led the American forces but was killed by shrapnel fire fairly early in the battle). This was new territory for us as it required traveling by Jeep a few kilometers across the narrow center of the island, but the ship had been informed of our arrival and had a launch waiting for us at a dock on the beach. We quickly embarked and in a few minutes boarded one of the few hydrographic vessels operated by the U.S. Navy (finally, I was actually at sea!). This ship was devoted entirely to hydrography and navigation. Those on shipboard seemed delighted to see us, especially Captain Takeshima, and after a quick but real hot lunch we were ushered into the map room, where spread on a big table was a large, detailed chart of the Ryukyus and subcharts of all the various islands. The maps were fairly blank, waiting for the experts to fill in names, depths, etc. The hydrographic officers and Takeshima systematically worked their way around the outline of the coasts. Takeshima performed amazingly as he described every

inlet — size, rocks, reefs, depths, widths, and so forth. He said he had known all these things from his boyhood and had first shipped out in his youth as an able bodied seaman in the interisland sealanes.

My own boyhood, too, was involved in this episode. As I came aboard the vessel, I knew that it looked familiar, and I soon discovered from the painted-over name on one of the bulwarks that it was the old S.S. Evangeline from the overnight New York-to-Boston Cape Cod Canal Line, which I had sailed on as a passenger when I was a child. As we lived in the Boston area, it was my father's favorite way of going to New York City on business, and he would often take the children and our mother with him on this boat. It was like going home for a quick visit as I reexplored the ship, including the cabins and staterooms we had used. The crew thought it was quite a coincidence and were very helpful in showing us around. (I don't know if this S.S. Evangeline was restored to the Cape Cod line after the war. In fact, I don't even know if there is still such a passenger service.)

After several hours, Captain Takeshima completed his mission, and we made the return trip to the camp. The whole venture must have proved a great success. Within a few days a typhoon struck, and we were afterwards told that the Captain's information for hiding the small craft had been totally accurate and no boats had been lost to the storm. We felt good about that report and conveyed it to Takeshima-sencho, who grinned broadly. The only sad thing was that now we had to drive the Captain back to the civilian internment camp. We never saw him again and have no knowledge of what became of him. (If anybody knows or can find out, I would most appreciate hearing about it. I still have several snapshots of Takeshima sencho.) He deserved

the Congressional Medal of Honor. After the war, I ran into Stan Sprague once — at an academics' meeting in St. Louis, where Stan had a career as a school superintendent.

From then on, the battle went on to its weary finish. Our attention now shifted to other activities. By May and June, large numbers of POWs were being taken, so we became engaged in much more interrogation at this stage -- mainly to try to find out where the remaining Japanese troops were holed up and what their strength was. We encountered almost no civilians, and we hardly saw any casualties. Most of the interrogations I conducted were of the routine, practice-*Nihongo* kind: name, age, serial number, home address, army outfit, military experience, education, etc.-- at least what was allowed under the Geneva Convention. I have no idea whether the POW's told the truth or faked the answers they gave. Whatever, it was pretty good practice, especially when the prisoners corrected me. The one case I remember vividly -- an outgoing medical doctor with army captain rank -- must have told me the truth to all my questions, since he pulled out of a small case in his pocket a newspaper photo of himself with Babe Ruth from about ten years before. The doctor, it turned out, had been the catcher on the Keio University baseball team in one of those years the Babe and other New York Yankees and major leaguers went barnstorming in prewar Japan after the regular season. In fact, the doctor wanted to know how the Yankees were then doing -- I told him I was a Boston Braves fan.

Most of the prisoners, who by the end of May and June were then pouring into detention camps by the hundreds, were not as flamboyant and cosmopolitan as the doctor. They tended to be close-mouthed, sullen,

worried — many were rural farm boys. Among the POWs, there seemed to be few Okinawans. Many of the captives had served in Manchuria. Our interrogation turned into a more grandiose project than merely identifying the captives. The objective was to write the history of the Battle of Okinawa as related by the Japanese themselves. We were mainly interested in finding out where the POW's had been stationed on Okinawa and where they had been moved around since the beginning of April until their capture or surrender in order to gain some insight into the Japanese battle-order. I do not know the accuracy of the information we received and recorded for compilation. Usually, however, there was more than one captive from any single army unit, so that provided a check; but for the most part the POW's either wouldn't tell us the truth about where they had been or actually didn't know. Despite all that, I later learned, a history was written by the commanding officers of our unit. I have never seen it, although perhaps it's available in the military archives in Washington, D.C. or College Park, Maryland.

By July, the battle was over except for some mopping up. One of our fellow members — David Osborne, who later had a distinguished career as a diplomat -- performed a heroic feat by going alone in a small boat to a tiny offshore island to persuade the Japanese garrison there that their cause was hopeless and they should surrender. Dave spoke Japanese like a native as he was born and brought up in Japan (we called such persons "BIJ"s, of whom there was a fairly large number in naval intelligence.) He proved convincing and returned in triumph. I believe that years later this episode was written up by Ken Lamott, a member of the unit, and appeared in the *New Yorker*.

It was clear from the increasing flight

activity at Kadena, including the arrival of more and more B-47 bombers, that something was afoot of an unusual nature. There were many rumors of a powerful secret weapon that would be delivered to the main islands. We had no way of knowing then if that were true, but such conversation filled up a lot of our increasing idle time. Since there was almost no resistance left, we now felt freer to wander around, especially to the south. We saw the remains of the castle and what was left of Naha and made our way by Jeep down to the caves that had been the last refuge of the Japanese holdouts. We saw lots of neglected sugarcane fields. All was quiet. Some years later (1959), I returned to Naha enroute from Manila to Osaka on a short stopover on a Northwest airlines flight. I was amazed that the rubble was all gone and asked the young security guard at the airport if there were still signs of destruction in other parts of the city. He responded by saying that that was so long ago, he had no recollection of the ruins. He was only three years old when the war ended.

Our unit was disbanded by the end of July, and we were ordered to take the first available flight back to Pearl Harbor. In mid-air, we received the news of the Hiroshima bombing. After lay-overs taking several days in Guam and Johnson Island, we reached Honolulu for the celebration of Japan's surrender. By the time of my departure, I had become quite fond of Okinawa, despite the summer heat and terrifying typhoons. I felt I had left a piece of myself behind especially in my own personal fox-hole on the hill.

Four years ago (January 1991) my wife and I spent a week at Ishigakijima to enjoy the new resorts and sightseeing there, including the magnificent Iriomote national park. While we deplored the destruction of the

coral reefs, we were heartened by the recovery of the Ryukyus since my sojourn there in the Battle of Okinawa 46 years earlier. On our way back to Nagoya, we spent most of a day in downtown Naha. I didn't recognize a thing.

Solomon B. Levine
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A Brief Comment on "Ryukyuan Identity from A Musical Perspective" (D.W. Hughes)

This is a brief comment on the presentation paper of Dr. David W. Hughes, "Ryukyuan Identity from a Musical Perspective," given at Session III of the ISRS Symposium II, held at the Reischauer Institute of Harvard University on March 24, 1994. Appreciation goes to Professor Eitetsu Yamaguchi who mailed a copy of the paper to me. I myself could not attend the Symposium, and missed the chance to hear the musical excerpts in Dr. Hughes's presentation. Therefore, this comment is based simply on the draft version of his presentation paper.

On the whole, I agree with much of Dr. Hughes's analysis of Ryukyuan identity from a musical perspective. Dr. Hughes gives a good summary of Ryukyuan music. It's not a comprehensive perspective, but accurate in what he addresses. It does indeed seem strange that, from an archaeological point of view, there are no findings of instruments in prehistorical Ryukyus. Relics such as stone whistles have been found in Kyushu, but here in Okinawa there is nothing. There is also no indication that Okinawans used the jew's harp, which is one of the important instruments of the Ainu and the aboriginal population of Taiwan. I believe the ancient Ryukyuan might have used stone castanets as in some islands in Oceania, but there is no physical evidence of such crafts.

I would like to add that the earliest in-

struments we can trace in historical times are hand-clappings and some drums that accompanied *omoro* singing around the 15th century. All through history, an important characteristic of Ryukyuan music is that it is a vocally-oriented musical form. When Okinawans say "music" it has to have verbal significance. This is probably the reason Ryukyuan sanshin did not develop so much in playing techniques, depending mostly on the basic strokes of down and up, while the shamisen players in some areas of mainland Japan cultivated virtuoso styles of instrumentation. There is almost no instrumental music composed in the Ryukyus. All the music has words, and it has great meaning in communication. Instruments are a mere accompaniment to singing.

Speaking of the sanshin, Dr. Hughes discusses the playing style in Amami, comparing it to that of Okinawa and Sakishima. Amami people prefer thinner strings that create the light and high-pitched quality of sanshin tunes. To sing high pitches, they occasionally employ falsetto. Intricate left-hand pizzicatos and the usage of a slip of bamboo as a plectrum give different sounds to the Amami sanshin. I would like to stress, however, that the structure of the sanshin remains the same, and the membrane is definitely of a snake-skin. Dr. Hughes's discussion of musical regions seems to separate Amami from Okinawa and Sakishima; however, it is my opinion that it all depends on whether one emphasizes the similarities or differences of these regions. The old style of *Kakeuta* tradition still survives in Amami. The idea of a visiting god and the existence of an active priestess are characteristic of Ryukyuan culture and still pervade village rituals in Amami.

Dr. Hughes emphasizes the absence of the Ryukyuan scale in the Amami Islands, but I

would like to note that there is a report of "Matsubanda" melody sung in the Ryukyuan scale (do-mi-fa-sol-si or c-e-f-g-b) in southern Kagoshima islands such as Yakushima, Akuseki-jima and Kuroshima (Sugimoto Nobuo, "An Analysis of 'Matsubanda' in Yakushima Island—Northern Expansion of Okinawa Melody," *Nanto Bunka* No. 3, pp. 75-80, 1981). "Matsubanda" is now sung in Minyo scale (c-e^b-f-g-b^b), but Sugimoto found an old recording, sung by people whose birthdays spread from 1867-1893, that is definitely based on the Ryukyuan scale. Sugimoto actually visited Yakushima and Kuroshima in 1980 and succeeded in recording the old-type of "Matsubanda" sung there. Although the examples are limited, this supports the belief that the Ryukyuan scale once reached out to these areas and was used widely in Amami at one time. Historically speaking, Amami, Okinawa, Miyako, and Yaeyama share the same tradition. Since 1609, after the separation of Amami from the Ryukyuan Kingdom, it was inevitable for Amami people to lose the Ryukyuan culture and to receive more influence from Kagoshima, Japan. Dr. Hughes's discussions on the regional differences of Ryukyuan Islands seem to be settled only within a specified period of history.

All in all, I quite agree with Dr. Hughes that the biggest danger we see for loss of identity in Okinawa today is in the area of language. Dr. Hughes emphasized Japan's influence on Okinawa since reversion in 1972. I would expand this to include world-wide influence. We are receiving such influences from the mass media. It is obvious that the younger the generation, the less comprehensive their ability in the Ryukyuan language, and the less they listen to Ryukyuan music. Recently, modernized Okinawan melodies are becoming popular in Tokyo and are

gradually spreading throughout Japan. Artists, some Okinawan-born and some not, who modernize Okinawan folk songs and compose 'Okinawan-type' melodies have caused some younger people to take an interest in Okinawan music. However, the modern music itself is not genuine Okinawan music.

As a final, forward-looking observation, I can remark that in the past, the public schools have been hesitant to teach Okinawan music and dance in school activities; however, that may be changing. For example, Eisa dances are becoming the main performance of *undookai* (an athletic meet). High schools are beginning to teach Okinawan literature and drama in their literature classes. Okinawans have begun to recognize the danger of losing their traditions and identities; so local villages have started to research and revive their customs, performing arts, and other folk-crafts. These are positive signs of cultural revival, but the question still remains, "How much can we regain of what we have lost?"

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Member news

On his way to a meeting of anthropologists, Professor Yoshinobu Ota dropped by and lectured at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign, on November 28, 1994. The topic of his lecture was "Power and Resistance in Tourist Discourse on the Ryukyu Islands." Showing slides, he discussed how fishing people in the Southern Ryukyus use tourism to assert their identities both to the Japanese and to other Okinawans.

Mr. Norio Naka has finished his Ph.D. dissertation in political science at Purdue University. The title of his thesis is "A Multi-dimensional Approach to the United States-

Japan Structural Impediments Initiative: Gaiatsu, Transgovernmental Politics, and Elite Policy Networks."

In a two-part article in the *Ryukyu Shimpo*, Professor Fusaaki Maehira of Kobe Women's College reviews international developments in Ryukyuan studies in 1994. The ISRS's March 1994 symposium at Harvard's Reischauer Institute is mentioned.

Ms Etsuko Higa, ethnomusicologist, who contributes an article to this issue of *The Ryukyuanist*, is currently engaged in a project to restore the Ryukyuan court's chamber music (*uzagaku*), which was a cultural import from the Ming China. The musical instruments and notes were lost in the Battle of Okinawa. But two complete sets of the Ryukyuan *uzagaku* instruments survive in the possessions of the Owari and the Mito Tokugawa families. There are also documents and paintings explaining how *uzagaku* was performed. The government of Okinawa Prefecture is supporting the *uzagaku* project. Ms Higa is preparing a paper on *uzagaku* for presentation at the 18th Pacific Science Congress.

Publications (XV)

We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts of publications:

Ekonomisuto, November 15, 1994. See an article on the Amami Islands by Kunihiko Kato, pp. 60-63.

Kyan, Shinichi. 1993. "Danshi rōdōsha no chiikikan idō --- Okinawa de kasegi wo chūshin ni ---" (Geographical Mobility of Male Workers, with Special Reference to Out-migration from Okinawa), *Annual Report of Japan Society for Personnel and Labor Research* (Proceedings of the 23rd annual meeting): 140-147. Reprint.

Kyan, Shinichi. 1992. "Chiikikan rōdō idō no ichi-kōsatsu --- Okinawa karano de kasegi

rōdō wo chūshin ni —” (A Note on Labor Migration: With Special Reference to Okinawan *Dekasegi* to Japan Proper), in Okinawa Economic Association, *Keizai to shakai* (Economy and Society) (July): 27-40. Reprint.

Okinawa International University, Institute of General Industrial Research. 1994. *Transactions of the Institute of General Industrial Research at Okinawa International University*, No. 2. 297pp. Twelve of 15 articles are on various economic aspects of China, Hongkong, and Taiwan. The remaining 3 articles are on Saipan, Guam, and Okinawa itself respectively. All of the contributions except one are in Japanese. The exception is the Saipan article, which is in English in part, by Karen Lupardus and Teruyuki Higa. The Institute is continuing research on Pacific-rim economies. More similar reports are forthcoming.

Okinawa Labor Bank. 1994. *Rōkin-dayori* (Rokin news), 39 (November). 8pp. Shinichi Kyan contributes an essay, p. 4.

Okinawa Prefectural Government. 1992. *Keys to Okinawan Culture*. 80pp. An illustrated introduction to cultural history of Okinawa. In the foreword, Governor Masahide Ota writes: "Although Okinawa is small in size, it is rich in culture and history. For four and a half centuries, Okinawa existed as the Kingdom of the Ryukyus --- independent and prosperous --- playing an important role in the commerce of Asian nations.

The tiny kingdom acted as the center of trade in luxury goods shipped from the markets of Southeast Asia to the ports of China, Korea, and Japan. And as the kingdom came in touch with and assimilated the cultures of nearby countries, the indigenous culture was stimulated and enhanced, developing into a richer, distinctive culture..."

Okinawa Prefectural Government. 1992. *Shuri Castle: A Look into the Past*. 24pp. An illustrated commemoration of the restoration of the Shuri Castle which was destroyed in the 1945 Battle of Okinawa. Foreword by Governor Masahide Ota.

Okinawa Society (Okinawa Kyokai). 1994. *Gekkan Okinawa*, no. 214 (October-November). 4pp.

Stanford University, Center for East Asian Studies. 1994 *Horizons*, 7, 1 (Summer). 8pp.

Tominaga Hitoshi. 1994. "Senzenki Okinawa no jinkō to shotoku" (Prewar Okinawan Population and Income), in Okinawa Economic Association, *Keizai to shakai* (Economy and Society), 11 (July): 5-28. Photocopy.

United Okinawan Association of Hawaii. 1994. *Uchinanchu*, # 46 (October). 12pp. Extensively reports on the great success of the 1994 UOA Festival. More than 50,000 people came to Kapiolani Park over the two-day period to share the "Uchinanchu spirit."

The Ryukyuanist is a quarterly newsletter of the International Society for Ryukyuan Studies, an affiliate of the Association for Asian Studies. Editors: Koji Taira and Eitetsu Yamaguchi. Publisher: Shinichi Kyan, Executive Director, Okinawa Labor and Economic Research Institute, 1-1 Higashimachi, Naha, Okinawa, 900, Japan. Annual subscriptions: institutions, US \$20; individuals, US \$10 (special rate for students, US \$5); payable to Koji Taira, c/o Program in Ryukyuan Studies, Center for East Asian and Pacific Studies, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, 910 South Fifth Street, Champaign, IL 61820 U.S.A. Tel. 217-333-4850
