

WHEN the BONES SPEAK

the LIVING, the DEAD, and the
SACRIFICE of CONTEMPORARY OKINAWA

CHRISTOPHER T. NELSON



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CHRISTOPHER T. NELSON

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For Fiona and Siobhan

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Introduction

Images flash by on the screen, blurred and indistinct. I feel that they must be important, but they slip away before I can grasp them, no more than a faint impression before another appears. I lose them as my eyes continually shift to the dull aluminum frames, the smudged glass, the passenger safety decal posted on the windows that stand in the foreground, moving but seemingly immobile. The camera is fixed where a passenger might sit, capturing images of a dreary Tokyo landscape as the train crosses the city. It is the train that is moving and I am not, seated in a darkened theater far away in Brooklyn, decades after the train reached its destination.

I am watching Chris Marker's film essay, *Level Five*.¹ Two intertwined narratives spin out: a woman's melancholy efforts to understand the death of her lover, and an account of the Battle of Okinawa, the subject of her lover's work. Jacques Rancière has described the film as a "fiction of memory [constructed] around the battle of Okinawa and around the bone-chilling collective suicide the conquering Japanese officers imposed on the colonized of Okinawa, forcing them to 'ape' Japanese standards of honor."² I struggle with these same concerns—they have inspired this book. What does it mean to sacrifice everything for another: your friends, your family, yourself? How could anyone accept, request, demand this sacrifice? And I wonder why Rancière neglects an important dimension of Marker's critique, tersely

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explaining an event that Marker represents with intentional ambiguity. To write that Okinawans simply ape (*singer*) Japanese standards of honor is to dismiss the very voices of the people that Rancière has devoted his career to freeing from appropriation. If the meaning of the Battle of Okinawa could be summarized with such confidence, is Marker's film necessary? These questions are what has brought me to this theater at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The hope that I will see something, rediscover something, renew my confidence in the direction that I have been following through the notes and files, audio and video recordings, photographs, books and magazines, dreams and memories that I have gathered in decades of fieldwork.

Chris Marker's voice, calm and authoritative, takes over the narration of the film. He promises to make sense of the fragments left behind by the original filmmaker, and to impose order on the traces of the past that they represent. "That's where I came in," he says. "At that point in my life, I was readier for other people's images than my own. Laura's challenge fired me up. I began with their trip to Tokyo. Like them, I loved the city. And the game offered me a new way into World War II."³ And yet, even if the disjuncture between image and voice hasn't forewarned me, certainty is elusive in this film.⁴ Instead, I find myself again and again in the space between experience and understanding. The space of the dead. A space haunted by revenants, their voices indistinct, awaiting recall. Caught up in the speed of presentation and enchanted by this fiction, I am led to assemble the narrative from fragments ready to hand, conjuring into being a memory that I do not yet possess.

There is a form to this space, crafted by Marker from elements appropriated from Otto Preminger's noir mystery, *Laura*.⁵ Transforming a detective's determination to solve a crime, he has assembled a labyrinth, not a palace, of memory. A fictional film to provide the loci that might contain a history. In a violent world, he asks, what can we truly know? In an uncertain world, what is the price of not knowing? Marker challenges us to use the familiarity of fiction to construct a possible record of the real.⁶ It is a project fraught with hazards and uncertainty. What is the past that we recover when its traces must be reassembled in Marker's edits, when its fragments appear only to disappear, pieced together in the final print of the film, the recorded disc, made whole in the memory of the viewer who sits, like me, before the screen? How should we understand the confidence of the narrator whose voice accompanies these dizzying images?

Why does any of this matter? It is important because, like the Chris that speaks to us from the film, I also feel compelled to find a "new way

into World War II.” A way that is attentive to moments in the past that remain open, to paths along which we can go back, to voices calling out to be heard. To the desire for return that is at the center of Marker’s film, a practice charged with longing that struggles to escape the constraints of everyday life and draw what is remembered as a distant past into the moment. And yet, the possibility of finding hope among the dead seems so remote when I hear the voice of the seminal Japanese director and critic Ōshima Nagisa summon viewers to an accounting in the present: “to tell the truth, Okinawa was sacrificed.”

Marker approaches the problem of Okinawa’s sacrifice elliptically, first framing it in the narrative of his friend Laura, who has asked him to help her make sense of her partner’s work and death. She tells us that late one night, as she labors to understand the experiential game about the Battle of Okinawa that her lover died designing, she receives an anonymous message from another whose path she crosses in her online research. Her interlocutor tells her that he is about to commit suicide. A famous person beyond his anonymous interface, his death will be in the news. He offers to share his death, to offer it as a sacrifice, a gift to her. As his final addressee, she will take part in the moment of fame and notoriety that his act creates.

However, she scorns his offer. She is unwilling to be defined by his acknowledgment, claiming that her own experience of death and loss is such that there is nothing that she can learn from him. Hasn’t she already received the gift of a death, a burden of desire, uncertainty, and loss that organizes her work in the film? And yet, after her refusal, she feels the pangs of remorse. In the morning, she finds no notices in the press, but she is unable to escape a sense of unease as she recalls their conversation: “But what if the death part wasn’t fooling, only the famous part? What if he’d only lied when he said, ‘I am well-known,’ to make me believe before he died, he was someone else, and I deprived him of that pleasure, one last joy before dying?”

What does it mean for Laura to be offered the gift of death? We know so little about the circumstances surrounding it. There is no reason to believe that his death is a formal sacrifice—that he died in her place, that he died to bring some sacred moment into being. Nor is there any intimation that he died because of her, out of love, out of anger, out of any emotion grounded in a relationship between the two of them. And yet, in his moment of dying, he offers to extend his care, his concern to her. He will let her, she says, benefit from the publicity, the prestige of being the final person to speak with him before his death.

Knowing nothing of the intention that guides his act, there is little we can know about the consequences of her refusal. Perhaps she has interrupted his effort to invest the moment of his action with meaning, a meaning to which she could bear witness. And yet, in the film's representation of her refusal, his act takes form with depth and meaning.

As if speaking to this ambiguous offer of sacrifice, a confident voice and a resolute image is cut into the film: Kinjō Shigeaki, carefully dressed in a conservative suit and tie, speaking in formal Japanese, a man who we will learn is a Christian minister and a survivor of genocide in Okinawa.⁷ With the authority and conviction of a witness, he echoes Oshima's words about sacrifice: "The battle was lost in advance, a battle the Japanese army had no chance of winning. It was inscribed in the context of defeat. And because that was the context, the purpose was to fix the aftermath, and reinforce the Tennensei, the imperial system which had to survive the military defeat. Another direct consequence inscribed in this context of defeat, was that no effort was made to protect the civilian population, so civilian casualties far outnumbered military casualties."

While I cannot see Kinjō remember, there is something unnerving in his calm narration of the terrible past. In Okinawa, he is well known for his tireless efforts to heal the wounds of war: his public ministry, his work to establish a Christian university there, his endless availability to scholars and the press. He often said that he would like to rest, to be silent, but he feared for the present more than he longed for oblivion.⁸ And so, in the film he speaks again and again, determined to do more than narrate a litany of atrocities or to fill the silence that the trauma of the past engenders. To be sure, he enumerates the experiences that led to the act: horror at the monstrous acts that Americans were said to commit, patriotism and loyalty to the emperor. He speaks of a shared sense of mission with the Japanese soldiers who entrenched themselves in Kinjō's village.⁹

We were taught that Westerners were demons. We were told if US troops captured us, they'd cut off our noses and ears, cut off our fingers. They would drive tanks over our bodies and rape our women. We would suffer horribly, then die. We were so imbued with all this that it seemed better to suppress our loved ones than leave them to the enemy. For them, it would be a consolation to die by the hands of a loved one.

... We were imbued with army orders stating that, if necessary, meaning when encountering the enemy, the first grenade was for the enemy and the second one we had to use for suicide.

Kinjō tries to conjure the experience of sacrifice, the sensation of killing. He wants to explain to us—insofar as any act of remembrance can—the way he felt as he and his brothers beat their mother to death because they loved her more than anything in the world.

A village elder, a leader, was snapping off a tree branch. I watched him, intrigued. Then, in his very hand, the stick became a weapon. As if having a seizure, he began to beat the life out of his wife and children, whom he loved, using just this piece of wood. It was terribly shocking, but telepathically all of us thought this was the thing to do and others began to kill the people they loved most. They began with children, with the weak and the old, with those who lacked the strength to take their own lives. So husbands killed wives, parents killed children, brothers killed sisters. They killed them because they loved them. Such was the tragedy of those mass suicides. It was a real butchery, and the waters of the river where they threw the bodies indiscriminately became rivers of blood.

As for my own family, my brother who was two years my senior and I raised our hand for the first time against the mother who had borne us. At nineteen, my brother could not help moaning. He suffered so much. My father went off to die. We also killed our younger brother and sister.

Hearing Kinjō speak of Kerama, I am torn from the flow of the film by a dreadful feeling of recognition. The cluster of islands he describes—Zamami, Tokashiki, Aka—lies twenty miles off the coast of Naha. A short ferry trip from the capital of Okinawa Prefecture, their coral reefs and sandy beaches attract tourists who fish and dive in their clear waters, perhaps watching for whales to breach against the winter sky. When I was a Marine, I was only dimly aware of their existence, occasionally seeing them floating like a mirage in the ocean haze as I jogged along the beach on the main island. I knew that they had been of brief strategic importance during the Allied invasion of Okinawa, a position captured to protect the southern flank of the massive amphibious assault directed against the main island. That distance collapsed in the 1990s when I studied with the storyteller Fujiki Hayato (later Tatekawa Shīsā, and now simply Shīsā).¹⁰ I have written of his performance, “Memories of White Sand,” which centered on a survivor of the massacres on Kerama and his painful efforts to recount the memories of his experiences to his grandson, trying to capture both the hope and despair that suffused the

moment before they destroyed one another in battle. Of course, I had also read Norma Field's *In the Realm of the Dying Emperor* when I started graduate school. In her memoir of Japan during the time of imperial succession, Field wrote of the moment of horror in which villagers on the islands killed their families and took their own lives, survivors murdered by the Japanese soldiers from the local garrison. She insists upon restoring the ideological dimension of the *shūdan jiketsu* that Kinjō described. It is inadequate, she argues, to allow a neutral translation of this utterance as "collective suicide." The terror of two massive modern armies about to clash, and the suffocating weight of decades of subjection to the remorseless discipline of the imperial ideology demands its translation as compulsory group suicide. What's more, the violence done in the fields and villages of Kerama is repeated, again and again. In the days that followed, it flashed out from Kerama across Okinawa, kindled into flame by the friction between American and Japanese armies as Okinawans caught along the seam of battle beat, choked, slashed, and poisoned their friends and relatives. It is awakened in memory and reen-counter in graphic traces as imperial apologists mobilize state educational apparatuses to efface the traces of murder, denying the dead the dignity of representation in textbooks and classroom discussion. She contrasts this with the courageous work of the historian Ienaga Saburō, who challenged, in the media and in the courts, every effort to obscure the military murder of Okinawan civilians. Her book captures both the brutality of the Okinawan genocide and the furious struggle over its remembrance, "the dark inmixing of coercion and consent, of aggression and victimization."¹¹

What is it that I find so compelling in Kinjō's quiet narration? What is it that I hear in the measured tones of his voice, that I see in the dignified and composed features of his face? What is it in his remembrance that goes beyond Fujiki's representations of hope? It is more than a survivor's narration of wartime abjection—but what? An intimation in the montage of images that follow in Marker's film: Newsreel footage of an Okinawan woman, her simple kimono gathered at her waist, staring into the camera's lens with an enigmatic expression before throwing herself off a cliff. A shipboard memorial service for 780 Okinawan children slaughtered when the *Tsushima Maru*, carrying them to the mainland, was torpedoed by the American submarine USS *Bowfin*.¹² A time-ravaged hand tracing a name inscribed on the memorial at Itoman, several meters and half a century away from the woman who jumped to her death moments earlier. Elderly women laughing as they sort produce in the stalls at the Naha market. It is a temporality that resists signification offered by battlefield monuments and the memorials to

the dead that bristle from the Okinawan landscape, refusing the comforting trauma that fixes these horrors at a moment in the past and allows a future, however painful, to emerge. It is a presence that is not simply embodied by those who survived wartime genocide or by those wounded by the struggle to bear witness. It is more than the burden borne by the uneasy dead whose presence haunts the spaces of the living. It is the immanence of war—changing, changing, changing, yet always the same. The American military did not simply remain in the islands to maintain the peace after the Japanese surrender in 1945; rather, as Allied strategic planners envisioned before the invasion, the island and its bases became a site from which war continued. Now, in our time, they do so with the Japanese state as an ally, an ever-changing array of enemies and threats stretching out beyond the sea to the west and the south, in the skies above. The photographer Higa Toyomitsu has written of *rokujūgonenme no Okinawasen*—the sixty-fifth year of the Battle of Okinawa; the novelist and critic Medoruma Shun says that he lives in *sengo zeronen*—year zero of the postwar. An unending duration of war, a peace yet to begin.¹³

You need only look past the representations of idyllic island life, or the distracted routines of everyday life, to see the shape of this war. Look for the sand-colored US military trucks and armored vehicles returned from Afghanistan and Iraq, or bound for some destination yet to be decided, moving in columns along the coastal highway. Watch them set out from Marine Corps bases that stand atop demolished Okinawan villages and rehabilitated battlefields. Follow them to the military port that dominates the harbor at Naha, occupying the ruins of the coastal fortifications where centuries ago Ryūkyūan soldiers and court priestesses repelled the incursion of pirates or landing forces from Satsuma, and where wooden houses were burned to the ground by American bombing in 1944. Look above for the ungainly V-22 Osprey aircraft slowly wheeling before they bank and turn north—perhaps to land in a dioxin-scarred clearing in the forest at the Northern Training Area, or perhaps to circle Camp Schwab, where construction crews, Japanese police, and American sentries ignore the voices of Japanese citizens and Okinawan officials to set to work on a massive complex that will be the new home to these aircraft and the Marines who fly them.

There is more to see if you look closely. The white cutter of the Kaijō Hoanchō, the Japanese Coast Guard, steaming out of Naha harbor, keeping the grey silhouette of the Kerama islands to starboard as it sets a course to intercept Chinese fishing vessels in the contested waters around islands whose very names are disputed. The fit-looking young Japanese men and

women at the bus stop in Chatan, carrying bags from the boutiques in the American Village shopping center, waiting for a shuttle to return them to the Jieitai (Japanese Ground Self-Defense Force) base in Onna village. Trucks, burdened with concrete and steel; buses carrying laborers, demonstrators, and security forces; ships towing drilling rigs to erect yet another base. And we must look for the intimations of the unseen. The ceaseless flows of finance capital, transmitted from mainland banks to the offices of local construction companies and contractors, circulating through networks of the Bank of Japan to local development projects, from Chinese banks to realtors and developers and businesses. Transmissions along American military and bureaucratic networks to local commanders. Mobile phones pulsing from Kasumigaseki to local counterparts in Naha and Nago. A constantly shifting war of position and maneuver. As we become attentive to this, we must rethink the seemingly unexceptional, the everyday lives of the Okinawan people.

Kinjō's narration is an effort to close this open interval, to settle accounts with the past. The repetition of actions—by Japanese and American soldiers, by men and women like Kinjō himself—that began the duration are imputable. Responsibility must be assigned; the burden of blame must be shouldered. If that happens, what was done can be forgiven and forgotten. A new path into the future can be opened.¹⁴

If you look in the Bible, you'll see confessing your sins and expressing remembrance cleanses people of their past. But Japanese mentality, the way of thought, considers that errors committed in the past remain errors forever. They cannot be erased. I decided that my mission must be to proclaim the value of human life to counter the nation, the idea of the past, that held life in such contempt, for that was the lie they taught. That was the motivation for my becoming a missionary, a Christian minister.

However, a countervailing force exists, one that struggles to sustain this duration and the narratives that reference it. It is not about Japanese efforts to efface the violence of the past—there seems to be little taste for silencing discussions of the brutality that marked the battle of Okinawa.¹⁵ Rather, it is about reinvesting these moments with patriotic significance.¹⁶ These ideological interventions are constantly repeated: the work of the conservative novelist Sono Ayako has been a bellwether for these interventions for decades.¹⁷ They are given shape by the Reversion era claims of survivors

like Akamatsu Yoshitsugu, the wartime commander of Japanese forces on Tokashiki, to solidarity with the loyal, patriotic villagers who lived and died on the island and his frustrated efforts to join survivors at a ceremony commemorating the installation of a memorial to the dead there.¹⁸ The recent failed lawsuit launched by his comrades and family against Nobel laureate Ōe Kenzaburō and Iwanami Publishing Company mark precisely the same flashpoints.¹⁹ Whether it is in the immediate aftermath of war, at the moment of reversion, or in the politically charged present, it is necessary to reenlist Okinawans and to reestablish the absolute, manifestly communal but murderously hierarchical, imperial edifice. Like the images of unhappy souls, conscripted even in death to imperial service at Yasukuni shrine, the sacrifices of Okinawans like Kinjō and his family are constantly recalled, remembered, and reworked. And in this moment—if in few others—Okinawans are unequivocally granted identity with mainland Japanese. Any question that they acted under the influence of orders by the Japanese army is dismissed.²⁰ Without compulsion, without constraint, they are hailed as both sacrificer and sacrifice, celebrated and mourned for the massive offering of their lives that preserved the imperial institution and the Japanese state.

This is the temporality that I struggle to understand. It is not one that I recognized or understood for much of my life. As a boy growing up in a mill town in Western Pennsylvania, World War II seemed like something that had ended long ago. It was my uncles' war, a war of black and white photographs, of action films and comic books, of histories in school libraries that described combat with pride and enthusiasm at a job well done. Sacrifice was acknowledged, but in a way that was both quotidian and heroic. The actuality of the war had faded like the bluing tattoos on the forearms of the steelworkers that sat at the bar at the Knights of Columbus or the VFW. The new war in Indochina that dominated our televisions, the specter of McCarthyism that seeped into our factories and churches, the newfound prosperity lit by the fires that blazed over the refineries and mill furnaces, thick with its choking chemical stench—all of that stood between the everyday life that I experienced and the consequences of an older war. I could have known more, understood more. I could have seen the ties between the aftermath of that war and the long slide into poverty and ruin that was already at work, even during the best times. I could have questioned the sour edge of racism and xenophobia that shaded workers' anxiety as their jobs in my hometown factories were swept away.

Even when I became a Marine, the war that we spoke of so often had been reduced to commemoration: battle streamers on my battalion's colors;

a training area named after a horrific battle or a street after a heroic Marine; an example in a class on tactics or logistics. The past was useful to us if we could abstract it and learn from it in planning to fight on NATO's northern flank, in Korea, in Central America, in Iran.

Which is not to say that I was not conscious of the weight of the past. As a young officer, I was continually reminded of it. As a platoon commander, I often thought of the countless lieutenants who had commanded the platoon before me, who had set an example that I did not fully understand and could never completely meet. For too long I used it to motivate myself, to challenge my Marines. The gaze of the dead is not only appropriated by right-wing Japanese ideologues.²¹

And yet, I gradually became aware of another set of relations to the past. In Okinawa, in South Korea, in the Philippines, I saw what had been done, and what we were still doing. I became aware of an immediacy that could not be overcome by a day filled with training for a war to come along the Korean DMZ, or on a beach or highway in one of the Gulf States. The names on our battle streamers and the towns and villages clustered around our bases began to move into alignment. This tension of intersecting temporalities became painfully clear to me as I read Marine Corps combat veteran E. B. Sledge's memoir, *With the Old Breed*. It haunted me from the first time I read it in my bunk on an aircraft carrier steaming toward the Persian Gulf until I read it again in my apartment in Okinawa during the fieldwork for this book. It demanded that I acknowledge the responsibility that I bear. Not simply as an American anthropologist who could come and go from the field as he pleased, but as a Marine who had labored in these islands, who had inherited the debt for what my predecessors had done on these battlefields. Sledge's vision from Okinawan battlefields comes back to me:

I imagined Marine dead had risen up and were moving silently about the area. I suppose these were nightmares, and I must have been more asleep than awake, or just dumbfounded by fatigue. Possibly they were hallucinations, but they were strange and horrible. The pattern was always the same. The dead got up slowly out of their waterlogged craters or off the mud and, with stooped shoulders and dragging feet, wandered around aimlessly, their lips moving as though trying to tell me something. I struggled to hear what they were saying. They seemed agonized by pain and despair. I felt they were asking me for help. The most horrible thing was that I felt unable to aid them.²²



I.1. The Naha cityscape seen from empty tombs in Shintoshin.

Like Sledge, like the protagonists of Marker's film, my attempt to come to grips with a ghostly past has unearthed a revenant that has never been absent, a material duration that persists into the present. And sacrifice is the key to its understanding. Bataille once wrote that sacrifice will illuminate the conclusion of history just as it clarified its dawn.²³ His hope that the force of sacrifice could act against the pressure of conquest gave way to the realization that it was the desire to sacrifice, the anticipation of destruction in the name of love, that gave birth to the catastrophe.

My concerns with sacrifice are different. I have my own obligations to the past, and I bring my own tools as an anthropologist. With those, I have tried to understand the ways in which ordinary Okinawans, haunted by memories of their own sacrifice and exploitation, have struggled to live with the unbearable. The past is not simply theirs to work through, to move beyond. They are caught up in a web of people and practices—living and dead, visible and immaterial—that exert powerful forces often beyond their control. I have listened for the voices of Okinawan *yuta* or shamans, fortune tellers, artists, dead soldiers trapped in battlefield graves, ethnographers, members of war survivor associations, anti-base and antiwar activists,

unhomed and unemployed laborers, evangelical Christian missionaries, and ordinary citizens who find their vocation in service to others. I have seen how their actions, individual and collective, unconscious and reflexive, produce and reproduce the complexity and unevenness of their social world. I have tried to make sense of the experiences that frame sacrifice and violence: the production, loss, and remembrance of the self and the social world; the creation of value, and the production of space and time; and the possibilities of creative action grounded in the everyday. I have paid attention to those who offer themselves up in the act of sacrifice, with reluctance, with terror, and with hope. I have also considered those who are critical of its demands, yet who open themselves to its practices, struggling to reach those who have been drawn into its logic, into its clockwork execution. This is where my project is written: at the intersection of temporalities and possibilities, where the hard finality of the past may be broken open to reveal a “not yet” that has always remained just beyond reach.

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1.2 INTRODUCTION

NOTES

Introduction

- 1 Chris Marker, dir., *Level Five* (France, 1997), 106 min. Screening at the Brooklyn Art Museum, September 2014.
- 2 Rancière, *Film Fables*, 214.
- 3 I am quoting the English version of the film captions, except as noted.
- 4 Rancière, *Film Fables*.
- 5 Otto Preminger, dir., *Laura* (USA, 1944), 88 min.
- 6 For important contemporary conceptualizations of fiction and anthropology, see McLean and Pandian, *Crumpled Paper Boat*.
- 7 Kinjō passed away in 2022 at the age of ninety-three. Yoshichika Yamanaka, “Survivor of Mass Suicide.” For more on Kinjō’s life, see Bradley, “Banzai.”
- 8 Onishi, “Okinawans Protest Japan’s Plan.”
- 9 Rabson, “Politics of Trauma.”
- 10 See Nelson, *Dancing with the Dead*.
- 11 Field, *In the Realm*, 67.
- 12 TMM, “Sinking of the Tsushima-maru.”
- 13 Higa Toyomitsu, *Hone no Ikusayu*; Medoruma, *Okinawa Sengo Zero-nen*.
- 14 Kinjō’s argument about imputability resonates with Ricœur, *Memory, History, Forgetting*, 457–506; and Weinrich, *Lethe*, 166–67.

- 15 Ikeda, *Okinawan War Memory*; Jahana, *Shōgen Okinawa* “*Shūdan Jiketsu*”; Ohnuki-Tierney, *Kamikaze*; Yoshimi, *Grassroots Fascism*.
- 16 This also resonates with concerns with the aesthetic representation of even the most critical representation of war. See Benjamin, “Theories of German Fascism”; see also Swofford, *Jarhead*, who has described this experiential appropriation as “war porn.”
- 17 Sono, *Aru Shinwa no Haikei*.
- 18 In 1972, the American occupation of Okinawa formally ended, and Okinawa “reverted” to Japanese sovereignty. In the remainder of the text I will simply refer to this event as Reversion. See Akamatsu, “*Shūdan Jiketsu no Shima*”; Hoshi, “*Tokushū Shūdan Jiketsu*.”
- 19 The lawsuit was filed in 2005 and settled in 2008. Ōe, “Misreading.”
- 20 While no direct material traces of an order for civilians to commit suicide have been found, and some anecdotal evidence has been offered that suggests that there were no formal orders issued, there are far more records of survivors who insist that there were. Despite this ambiguity, a Japanese court nonetheless ruled that there was enough evidence to believe that such an order had been given, disseminated, and enforced.
- 21 Nelson, “No Better Friend.”
- 22 Sledge, *With the Old Breed*, 269.
- 23 Bataille, *Guilty*, 45.

Chapter 1. Opening a Rift in the Everyday

- 1 For the history of the American occupation of Okinawa, see Hein and Selden, *Islands of Discontent*; Inoue, *Okinawa and the US Military*; McCormack and Norimatsu, *Resistant Islands*; Nelson, *Dancing with the Dead*.
- 2 The word *naichi* literally means “interior lands”—the four main islands of Japan, generally excluding Okinawa. An important construct in nationalist discourses.
- 3 For a more complex discussion that builds on a similar conceptualization, see Jefferson, Turner, and Jensen, “On Stuckness.”
- 4 The oil storage site in question is the Okinawan petroleum refinery, sold to Taiyo Oil Company in 2016.
- 5 Promise Keepers is a nonprofit formed by the Okinawa Bethany Church to support unhomed laborers. See Chapter 4 for a more complete discussion.
- 6 For important studies of the Okinawan diaspora, see Matsuda and Iacobelli, *Rethinking Postwar Okinawa*; Nakasone, *Okinawan Diaspora*; Rabson, *Okinawan Diaspora*; Suzuki, *Embodying Belonging*.