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# WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

## THE PASSIONS OF LANDSCAPE AND CULTURE IN GRETEL EHRLICH'S *HEART MOUNTAIN*

GREGORY L. MORRIS

Gretel Ehrlich is a writer who has taken for the subject of her art—and who has taken for her home—the Big Horn Basin of northern Wyoming. That particular extension of plains landscape, stretched between the Big Horn Mountains to the east (a sort of geological intrusion upon an otherwise Great Plains terrain) and the Absarokas to the west, has provided both an intensely personal and a brilliantly imaginative source of inspiration for Ehrlich's fiction and non-fiction. What on one hand has been a distinctly restorative (and even erotic)

landscape for Ehrlich also has proven to be a potentially politicized landscape.

It is upon that latter geography that Ehrlich focuses her attention in her novel, *Heart Mountain* (1988), concerned with the historical and emotional impact of the Heart Mountain Relocation Camp, established in the Basin in 1942 to intern Japanese-Americans during World War II. What Ehrlich studies in this novel is the relationship between landscape and culture and the ways in which two radically opposed—and suddenly juxtaposed—cultures affect perspective upon the geography of both heart and landform. More specifically, Ehrlich, by making both direct and indirect use of elements of the Oriental artistic tradition, imagines in her novel the ways in which the Eastern aesthetic actually shapes the perceptions of her decidedly Western (and western) characters.

Gretel Ehrlich first came to Wyoming in 1976 to make a film about the sheepherding culture of northern Wyoming. In the process of making that film (*Sheepherders*), she lost a lover, lost and recovered herself, and discovered a landscape that would become her adopted home. As Ehrlich wrote in the title piece of her collection of essays, *The Solace of Open Spaces* (1986):

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I came here four years ago. I had not planned to stay, but I couldn't make myself leave. John, the sheepman, put me to work immediately. It was spring, and shearing time. For fourteen days of fourteen hours each, we moved thousands of sheep through sorting corrals to be sheared, branded, and deloused. I suspect that my original motive for coming here was to "lose myself" in new and unpopulated territory. Instead of producing the numbness I thought I wanted, life on the sheep ranch woke me up. The vitality of the people I was working with flushed out what had become a hallucinatory rawness inside me. I threw away my clothes and bought new ones; I cut my hair. The arid country was a clean slate. Its absolute indifference steadied me.

What Ehrlich describes here and elsewhere in the collection is her personal *and* her artistic relationship with this intermontane landscape, a landscape (she writes earlier in the same essay) that "seems to be the doing of a mad architect—tumbled and twisted, ribboned with faded, deathbed colors, thrust up and pulled down as if the place had been startled out of a deep sleep and thrown into a pure light."<sup>1</sup> What Ehrlich reveals in these essays is the intimate making of peace with place and private circumstance; the Wyoming of her personal experience becomes a jumping-off point, a geography of possibility and renewal.

But relocation also suggests dispossession, the pulling up of roots, the denial of possibility, and it was this specific vision of the Wyoming landscape that guided Ehrlich when she next turned to that landscape, seeking to capture imaginatively and fictively another, significant part of its broader history. Ehrlich's novel, *Heart Mountain* (which actually had its beginnings in a collection, published in 1986, called *Wyoming Stories*),<sup>2</sup> concerns itself with "two larger, intertwined stories": one, the story of the Japanese-Americans evacuated from the West Coast after Pearl Harbor to the Heart Mountain Re-

location Camp; the other, the story of a family-owned cattle ranch that skirts the camp. As Ehrlich tells us in her "Author's Note":

My novel, *Heart Mountain*, is a blend of fact and fiction. The Heart Mountain Relocation Camp did exist and the political realities are faithful to fact. For purposes of the narrative, I have compressed some of the geographical elements, conveniently eliminating miles between actual creeks, ranches, bars, towns, and highways, and have taken the further liberty of "relocating" a waterfall from Clark's Fork Canyon to Heart Mountain.<sup>3</sup>

Such rearrangement of landscape is certainly not uncommon in fiction: the "mad architect" does not always see things with a writer's eye, and so the novelist must sometimes take matters of geography into her own hands. (And there may even be a danger in making such "improvements": as Ehrlich notes, a few weeks before she completed her novel, Snuff's, a bar that figures prominently in the novel, burned to the ground—that "mad architect" getting even, perhaps?)

Of particular interest here is this "blend of fact and fiction" and its relation to the landscape against which the novel plays itself out. *Heart Mountain* is, among other things, a love story told within a very specific historical and physical framework: a northern Wyoming rancher falls profoundly, and hopelessly, in love with a Nisei (second-generation Japanese-American) woman interned in the relocation camp. The relationship works itself out within the shadows of the landscape's two dominant features: the Heart Mountain Relocation Camp and its namesake, Heart Mountain. What happens in the course of the novel is that perspectives upon that landscape change as the relationship itself changes, as individual perceptions (particularly those of the rancher) fall under the influences of the heart and culture of the beloved.

Certainly the most persuasive cultural influence working within the novel and its story is

the Eastern-Oriental influence. Ehrlich herself is a serious student of Eastern art and culture, having traveled and studied in Japan often; and *Heart Mountain* is a novel infused with several strains of that culture: Zen spiritualism, the Noh theater, the paintings of Hiroshige. The dominant strain, though, is poetic, as Ehrlich makes direct use of specific poets of the Eastern tradition: the Chinese poet of the eighth century, Tu Mu; the Japanese collection the *Kokinshū*; and *The Crazy Cloud Anthology*, which gathers the work of the rather unorthodox fifteenth-century monk-poet, Ikkyū, also known as Crazy Cloud.<sup>4</sup> Ehrlich weaves these various strains through the novel—through its landscape, through its characters and their actions—in ways that are both historical and imaginative and in ways that allow us to see Wyoming and the West from a perspective completely different from that seen by the generally unaccustomed Western eye.

The factual, historical context clearly concerns the camp itself, a geographical eccentricity, a political mark of shame: Executive Order 9066, signed by Franklin Roosevelt on 19 February 1942, authorized the removal of more than 120,000 Japanese-Americans from the West Coast of the United States to ten relocation camps constructed throughout the U.S. (though primarily in the West). In spite of vociferous local protest, the Heart Mountain Relocation Camp was constructed in July and August of 1942, in Park County, Wyoming, on the west bank of the Shoshone River. As Douglas W. Nelson describes it, the task of the camp's construction was "enormous":

Builders ordered huge supplies of materials and offered high wages to attract adequate labor. By the end of July 3,000 men worked at the site, and the government had allocated over five and one-half million dollars for the project. But even with such manpower and funding, the deadline was a demanding one. The Army supervisors soon established double shifts and twelve-hour days so that work might go on around the clock. Draftsmen reduced designs to their simplest

and crudest forms. Maximum prefabrication was used and much shoddy work was simply overlooked. While none of these methods was conducive to quality buildings, they did achieve great savings in time. The engineers boasted that once their system was perfected an entire "apartment building" large enough to house thirty evacuees could be built "from foundation to roof" in 58 minutes. On August 10, sixty-two days after work began, the WRA [War Relocation Authority] declared the Heart Mountain Center ready for occupancy.

When completed, the camp itself ("Four hundred and fifty oblong barracks, 120' × 20', . . . laid out in twenty blocks divided by unpaved streets") stood out amidst that Wyoming landscape as a freakish geographical anomaly; as one observer noted at the time: "Most settlements . . . look as if they belonged. This one looks stuck here; it doesn't fit the landscape; it is so obviously created by decree."<sup>5</sup>

This camp received more than 10,000 internees in its two-year existence—10,000 Issei, Nissei, and Kibei picked up and set down in this alien, desolate landscape—and those internees have told eloquent, powerful stories of that experience. In their history of the relocation, Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis use some of these stories to paint a picture of the camp and the landscape it inhabited:

The Heart Mountain Center was almost completely colorless. The landscape was "a dull, gray brown tinged with faint green during spring and early summer." "I'd never seen such desolate country," Lily Aratani told newspaper reporters in Los Angeles. The desolation stretched out many miles until it reached a group of low, shelf-like hills and the odd, flat-topped Heart Mountain that jutted up beyond. . . . The surrounding country was as barren of people as of vegetation. At night coyotes crept into the camp.

Colonists recalled with especial vividness the winters, recalled waking to temperatures of thirty

degrees below zero, recalled snowfalls that seemed to come from nowhere: “For the last few days we’ve been having a real taste of Wyoming winter. It started out with a blizzard—and, oh, what a blizzard! It’s just like the kind we see in the movies. I never thought I’d really be in one. . . . The laundry and latrine barrack is about fifty yards away from our doorsteps. Dad wets his hair there and by the time he comes back to our barrack, his hair is frozen to ice!”<sup>6</sup> This is the historical context and the dominant historical feature of this Wyoming landscape in *Heart Mountain*. The camp rests there, artificial, plunked down upon the natural terrain like an oddity fallen out of the sky, as rare a thing as a blizzard.

But the camp also serves an imaginative purpose, transforming itself into a symbolic presence, integrating itself into the fictional fabric of the novel, claiming existence as one of the several significant elements in the novel’s created geography. Those elements also include the wildlife native to the region (deer, antelope, elk), the day and night skies with their meaningful patterns of clouds and stars, and most compelling, Heart Mountain itself, which looms above the human presence and draws the human eye and human imagination to its existence.

The primary human presences are those of the two lovers, McKay Allison, a blonde-haired, twenty-four-year-old rancher, and Mariko, a dark, exquisite, Japanese-American painter. McKay manages the family ranch alone, his two brothers off and involved in the War; but he is a rancher raised in a household already touched by the Eastern presence: a Japanese cook, a mother who read to McKay from the *Kokinshū*. McKay’s is a temperament mixed of both Western and Eastern traditions. Moreover, he is a man caught tight in a thicket of desire, a man “crazy all the time”; and, indeed, like Ikkyū, McKay is swept by love, a love for a woman and the world that she has come to inhabit.

As it happens, one of the meanings of “Crazy Cloud” is “crazy about love,” and this connection between McKay and Ikkyū is more than just chance occurrence, for the name, Ikkyū,



FIG. 1. *Heart Mountain, 1991. Smokestack to the right marks the remains of the Heart Mountain Relocation Camp.* Photograph courtesy of Gregory L. Morris.

resonates with pertinent meaning. In her Introduction to *Ikkyū and the Crazy Cloud Anthology*, Sonja Arntzen describes the suggestive amplitude of Ikkyū’s name:

Ikkyū called himself “Crazy Cloud,” a sobriquet rich in connotation. Self-ironic, it declared his craziness to the world. Yet in the paradoxical reasoning of Zen, opposites often trade places. Calling himself crazy also asserted his sanity in a world gone mad. “Cloud” calls up a conventional term for monk, *unsui*, “cloud-water.” The term, by way of metaphor, stresses the foremost quality of a monk, that is, his nonattachment to the world. Like a floating cloud or flowing water, he should move through the world with neither material possessions nor the baggage of desire. Thus “Crazy Cloud” can simply mean crazy monk. However, a reader familiar with Ikkyū’s writing cannot fail also to hear in the word “cloud,” the echo of *un’u*, “cloud-rain,” a euphemism for physical love, which abounds in his poetry. Thus, under the surface of his name lies the esoteric meaning “crazy about love”; the crazy monk asserts his loving bondage with the world.<sup>7</sup>

This passion, this “crazy love” McKay experiences, draws directly from its Oriental source; indeed, Ehrlich is fairly clear about the almost ancestral relation—spanning time and culture—between her cowboy and the monk-poet.

So possessed is McKay by this love that everything around him becomes charged with erotic meaning; elements of the landscape, which before carried their familiar workaday meanings, now appear as revelations of desire and physical need. For example, elements of the skyscape turn ominous, suggestive, capable of being read. Clouds shape-shift and reflect emotion. Isolated in his longing, McKay at one point rides to the river:

Overhead the clouds looked more like waves,  
the kind of waves that come toward the shore  
but never break, whose cresting swells sud-  
denly flatten and return to deeper water. He  
thought he had reached the bottom of his  
loneliness, but now another depth revealed  
itself—one that he could not push beyond  
and as he approached the river, orange and  
scarlet clouds traveled over him without  
breaking. (184-85)

McKay (like Ikkyū) becomes immersed in cloud, in the “cloud-rain” of passion and physical love. This pervasive cloud imagery culminates in the nuclear cloud—that craziest and most deadly of clouds—that mushrooms over Hiroshima, and that Ehrlich figures symbolically into her novel as a sort of counterpoint to the aesthetic envisioning of cloud shapes elsewhere.

Further, the stars of the nighttime sky—the North Star, the Northern Lights, Orion’s Belt—besides being signs of direction, location, place, also tell stories. In particular, the vast glittering sweep of the Milky Way (“the ‘Great River,’ as Mariko called it . . . the great heart of the sky”) is part of a narrative of desire that plays itself out both above and below. For one, it figures significantly in the festival of Tanabata, a legend of Chinese origin that recounts the story

of two lovers condemned by the woman’s father to be separate, one on each side of the Milky Way.

Ehrlich’s use of this tale also establishes another immediate aesthetic link between Ehrlich’s fiction and the Japanese literary tradition. The *Kokinshū* includes a sequence of eleven poems (#173-183) that celebrate the festival of Tanabata, and Ehrlich makes direct, dramatic use of three of these poems in her novel. In one instance (HM 307), Ehrlich’s in-camp narrator, Kai Nakamura, quotes an entire Tanabata poem, #177, by the Kanpyō-era (889-898) poet, Ki no Tomonori. Later in the novel (356), Kai and Mariko lie listening to a group of “old Issei men” reciting Tanabata poems, and one of the poems sung is the same poem recalled earlier by Kai (though here it remains untranslated into English). In this same scene, the men recite an anonymous poem, #174, and a third Tanabata poem, #182. (Interestingly, Ehrlich chooses to alter the translation given by Laurel Rasplica Rodd of the poem’s last line—“sleeves are drenched and will not dry”—to: “sleeves are drenched with tears.”)<sup>8</sup> Here, again, we see Ehrlich’s dramatic use of the Eastern literary tradition, for the Tanabata tale recounted both in the novel and in the poems becomes flesh in the story of McKay and Mariko, two lovers separated by culture and temperament, but bound by the intensity of a shared passion.

This same altered perception of the Wyoming landscape (and skyscape) extends to the wildlife that runs across that landscape. For instance, McKay’s opening vision of a herd of elk transforms itself first into dream, McKay a lone human face in a vast herd of elk; then into an imagined vision of lovemaking, elk surrounding them, McKay “standing on his hind legs like an elk” (59); and later into a perceptual change, as McKay looks full into Mariko’s face: “It wasn’t her Asian features that made her seem exotic, but the expression on her face—unguarded, and comprehending; wild, indignant, and hurt. Like an elk, he thought” (86). And when McKay goes to Mariko, to declare, without words, his

passion, he brings not the traditional trappings of such a ritual, but the heart of a freshly slaughtered antelope: “Why are you here?” she gasped. McKay reached into his pocket, badly stained with blood now. He felt the firm, slippery muscle—not his own, but the antelope heart—and, holding it in the palm of his hand, presented it to her” (112). The heart, literally, is not McKay’s own, but imaginatively it serves that purpose: a passion so furious, so complete demands the physical giving up of oneself, demands sacrifice of the heart.

Two things should be noted here. First, the pervasive, persistent appearance of elk and deer and antelope throughout the novel ties directly to Ehrlich’s thematic purposes. One of the insistent echoes in *Heart Mountain* is the bugling of elk; indeed, it is one of the first sounds heard in the novel: “the bull stood on the bank and bugled. His long, sinuous whistle sounded like a whale’s song” (6). In the Japanese poetic tradition, this bugling or belling relates imagistically to autumn and to the inherent sadness of that season. For example, in the *Kokinshū*, a sequence of five poems (#214-218) works within this tradition, and a note to one of those poems tells us that “the belling of the deer for their mates reminds man of his own longings and of the sorrows of autumn, the season of death and partings.” For a better idea of the imaginative connection between the two artistic traditions, I offer an example (#215) from this sequence:

treading through the  
autumn leaves in the deepest  
mountains I hear the  
belling of the lonely deer—  
then it is that autumn is sad

Clearly, Ehrlich pursues the emotional association between the season, the mountain, the deer, and her protagonist, McKay, by using images from the Eastern poetic tradition.<sup>9</sup>

Second, the image of the antelope heart points as well to the appropriateness of Heart Mountain as symbol, as the *dominant* symbol in

an already symbolic landscape. The mountain carries meaning, even before passion works its change upon place. The fundamental geology of the mountain sets it apart at its beginnings. McKay, after a September snowfall, rides the pastures opening gates for snowbound cattle: “Heart Mountain towered above him. It was a geological freak. A limestone block, it broke away from the Rocky Mountain cordillera 40 million years ago and skidded along a detachment fault shaking free and moving again just as the Shoshone River changed its course and Yellowstone Park was a nest of volcanoes that blew” (5). Later the Native American vision of the mountain naturally invested it with spiritual purpose:

*the legend of Heart Mountain came from the Crow Indians because it stuck up sharply like an animal or human heart. They called it awax-aum dasa, meaning “mountain heart.” A Crow medicine man once fasted there and received revelations from the Great Spirit, who said that if any part of the mountain broke off and fell, he would die. Soon after, a rent in the top of the mountain appeared and slid down and the old medicine man passed away. (375)*

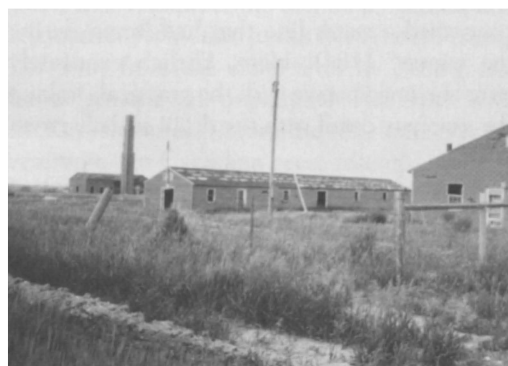


FIG. 2. Remains of barracks of Heart Mountain Relocation Camp, 1991. Photograph courtesy of Gregory L. Morris.



McKay himself has his own particular perceptions of that mountain, and for him it is more than just a geological presence. During that same September snowstorm, McKay considers Heart Mountain, its configuration and its emotional meaning:

He thought of these slopes as the neck of Heart Mountain. Its powerful torso was the ranch. . . . McKay had not been happy at college or on the trips to Mexico with his father but only here under the clipped top of Heart Mountain where he imagined there was an eye that saw him, sometimes the only eye, and a beacon light which led his grasping, solitary thoughts home. (5-6)

And later, when passion fuels his imagination, he begins to view the landscape with a painterly—and a decidedly Eastern—eye. While retrieving the heart from the still-warm antelope, McKay notes the mountain detail: “Heart Mountain rose amid spears of gold light and the mountains behind, the Beartooths, were the color of wild plums” (107). When circumstance has separated McKay and Mariko, his vision reflects that separation: “Heart Mountain rose above them. It was misted rock, the top vermillion half floating above the base and the base floating above the ground. ‘It looks torn,’ McKay thought, as he finished morning chores and reconnected a water line that had frozen during the winter” (184). Here, Ehrlich exquisitely joins the imaginative with the practical, linking the visionary detail with the detail of daily ranch labor.

Mariko, too, knows her own perceptions of that world, of that mountain topography. It is Mariko who paints that alien Wyoming landscape, the camp included, in a series of paintings called “Fifty-two Views of Heart Mountain,” and in a style (as another internee tells us in his journal) that is reminiscent of the great Japanese artists, Hiroshige (1797-1858) and Hokusai (1760-1849):

*One set is a series of “pillar prints”—hashirae*

*—. . . They’re portraits of people in the Camp doing what they do—sitting around a potbellied stove, working in their rock gardens, playing baseball, sleeping, using the latrines, washing clothes, lining up for the mess hall, holding hands at the movies.*

*The other series is painted on long horizontal sheets. They’re done in the style of the Genji scrolls with a “roof blown off” perspective. One is allowed to look down into many rooms at once, at many lives. The perspective is flattened and skewed on a diagonal. There’s a feeling of movement in time, not because we’re fooled into thinking we’re seeing frozen bits of action, but because the design is so overpowering. It picks you up and takes you where it wants you to go and you surrender to its flat, imperious momentum. (150)*

Still later, Mariko creates a vision of the camp that literally incorporates the very real physical presence of Heart Mountain itself into the painting, and that transforms the Wyoming geography into something specifically Oriental:

*Mariko raised the sixty- by thirty-five-foot panels between the end barracks. Behind it, Heart Mountain looms, as if it were an extension of the painting, rising out of Heian clouds. The middle panel shows the tip of the camp, then a thick layer of clouds with a beautiful silver sheen covering the middle. The top panel is mountain, clouds, and waterfall. The painted mountain is so big, the peak is out of the frame. Above, the real Heart Mountain rises, snow-covered. (239)*

Here we see the perfect conjunction of landscape and vision, and of the Eastern, imaginative vision of the Western terrain. The significant elements of mountain, cloud, and waterfall appear in unison, literal and figurative.

Mariko’s technique, moreover, is only one evidence of the influence of Hiroshige and Hokusai upon *Heart Mountain*. Both artists were known as “masters of the scenic print” whose landscapes sought the expression “of nature’s



inner forces.”<sup>10</sup> And Mariko’s “Fifty-two Views of Heart Mountain” certainly owes a debt (in both title and style) to Hokusai’s series “Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji.” Further, the approach employed by Mariko in her prints—the “roof blown off” perspective—is the same approach Ehrlich presumably took to the composition of her novel. What in fact attracted her to that approach was “the sense of simultaneity” that it provided, the sense of action’s simultaneous occurrence and observation.<sup>11</sup>

It is fitting, then, that passion find its fulfillment upon Heart Mountain, within this landscape; and that that mountain become the physical statement of desire’s impossibility. When McKay and Mariko spend a rare afternoon together, they climb to the mountain waterfall and make love beneath that shimmering, bright shower. And when McKay senses the inevitable loss of love, and suffers a symbolic drowning after being thrown by a bucking colt into the river, what he sees as he whirls and tumbles upon the river’s current are the faces of Mariko, of his parents (who died by drowning), and of Heart Mountain (“Heart Mountain’s tusk loomed and he felt as if he had been gored”). What he *experiences* is the physical wound of broken ribs and the temporary suspension of the “embattled constraints of desire and solitude”; McKay, like Heart Mountain, is “torn,” his heart momentarily ripped from him. When he looks, near the novel’s end, at the mountain, he sees that “the pine trees growing up its east slope looked like shorn hair and the huge outcrop of limestone facing north was stained with red thread” (405).

This “red thread” is the clear Eastern image of desire, the “thread of passion” described by poet-monks like Ikkyū. Too, the *Kokinshū* features a sequence of poems (#723-725) that employ this image of dyed red threads and that clearly prefigure the forlorn passion and pain felt here by McKay. Perhaps the poem most suggestive of this sentiment is the following (#723):

deep as the crimson  
dye made from spring’s first saffron  
blooms could I ever  
forget a love that dyed my  
innocent heart so gaily

(We are told, incidentally, in a note to this poem that the first word in line three of the original—*iro*—denotes “the color of the dye of the first blossoms of the safflower.”)<sup>12</sup>

What renders the passion of Ehrlich’s lovers impossible is not only place and time, but individual vision. McKay, the native Westerner, is influenced both by love and by his knowledge of place, which is distinctly practical. McKay *works* this landscape, lives within this landscape, is a *part* of this landscape. Mariko, despite the imaginative brilliance of her painterly visions of this landscape, is an observer, an outsider. It is a realization Mariko herself comes to near the novel’s end: “How different we are, Mariko thought. I look at all this but he is made of it. He is not separate from it as I am” (345).

When Mariko finally leaves, the camp disbanded after Japan’s surrender, Ehrlich frames that leave-taking in appropriately Eastern images. Mariko departs in September 1945, and we have already seen the poetic associations with autumn popular in Japanese poetry. Ehrlich, however, adds another element to this scene that reinforces the scene’s poignancy and resonance. As Mariko jumps from the car taking her away from the camp after its closing and heads toward an unplanned last visit with McKay, she walks toward the reservoir: “At the reservoir, ten Canadian geese rose up, honking and circling, then landed again” (403). The appearance of these geese, it seems, is an additional nod to the *Kokinshū*, which includes an extensive series of autumnal poems that feature such “first wild geese” and their ambiguous cries. For example, the following poem (#207) by Ki no Tomonori:

I hear the cries of  
the first wild geese of the year

carried on the autumn  
wind whose messages are these  
that the geese carry to me<sup>13</sup>

The cries of the geese themselves seem a hauntingly joyful sound (they are called "delightful" in another of these poems) amid this season of sorrow.

Ultimately, at the novel's end, McKay is left alone with his private terrain and its various significant elements: elk graze and pass, leaving behind "the musk of their passing," and the Milky Way, sliding "like a belly band" to the globe's nether side, gives way to "Venus, the morning star" (412). Darkness gives way to light; solitude resolves into the day's work; and the heart, like Ehrlich's reflective landscape, restores itself and resumes its eternal course.

#### NOTES

1. Gretel Ehrlich, *The Solace of Open Spaces* (New York: Viking Penguin, 1985), pp. 3-4.

2. Ehrlich describes the genesis of *Heart Mountain* in the foreword to her earlier work, *Wyoming Stories* (Santa Barbara, California: Capra Press, 1966), p. 7:

These linked stories were written during the winter and spring of 1985 in the order of their appearance. The writing of the stories started off straightforwardly enough, but very quickly, they ballooned into a larger, longer work. One thing led to another and before I knew it I had several hundred pages in front of me and a cast of characters who would not quiet down. As such, these pieces of writing should be considered as segments of a work-in-progress.

Four stories in *Wyoming Stories* made the following transformations into chapters in Part One of *Heart Mountain*: "Pinkey" became chapter 2, with almost no revision; "Kai and Bobby" became chapters 3 and 4, with revision and rearrangement of parts; "McKay" became chapter 6, with revision and with the omission of the epigraph from a Cooper Eskimo; and "Thursdays at Snuffs" became chapter 7, with revision and with the omission of the epigraph from Yeats's "The Cold Heaven."

3. Gretel Ehrlich, *Heart Mountain* (New York: Viking Penguin, 1988), pp. xv-xvi. All further references to this book are noted parenthetically in the text.

4. Ehrlich makes direct and indirect use of this poetry in *Heart Mountain* and looks to three main sources for that poetry: *Poems of the Late T'ang*, translated by A.C. Graham (New York: Penguin, 1965); *Kokinshū: A Collection of Poems Ancient and Modern*, translated by Laurel Rasplica Rodd (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984); and *Ikkyū and the Crazy Cloud Anthology*, translated by Sonja Arntzen (Tokyo: University of Tokyo Press, 1986).

Her lone direct use of Tu Mu's poetry, known for its "acutely sensual delight in wine, women, spring landscapes, and the brilliant colours of birds and flowers" (*Poems of the Late T'ang*, 121), comes in an epigraph to Part Three of the novel, where she quotes the first line from the following "Farewell Poem":

Passion too deep seems like none.  
While we drink, nothing shows but the smile  
which will not come.  
The wax candles feel, suffer at partings:  
Their tears drip for us till the sky brightens.  
(*Poems*, 134)

The line clearly refers to the passion experienced—suffered—by McKay and Mariko.

Ehrlich's borrowings from the *Kokinshū* are many. Of *The Crazy Cloud Anthology*, Ehrlich makes significant thematic and textual use, patterning the character of Mariko's grandfather, Abe, after the mad monk, and even suggesting that McKay himself approaches such "craziness" in his love of Mariko. Ehrlich makes specific use of Ikkyū's poetry (pp. 181-82) of the novel, where she has Abe-san instruct the young diarist, Kai, in the life and art of the monk-poet. In this section, Abe-san quotes from three of Ikkyū's poems: the first ("Ten years spent in brothels . . .") appears as poem #89 (p. 80) in *The Crazy Cloud Anthology*; the second ("Crazy Cloud . . .") is a two-line excerpt from poem #93 (p. 101) in the *Anthology*; and the third ("In the midst of pleasure . . .") appears as poem #134 (p. 115) in the *Anthology*.

5. Douglas W. Nelson, *Heart Mountain: The History of an American Concentration Camp* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1976), pp. 17-19.

6. Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis, *The Great Betrayal: The Evacuation of the Japanese-Americans During World War II* (New York: Macmillan, 1969), pp. 227-28; Letter, 21 January 1943, John L. Von Blon Collection, Stanford University, quoted in

Girdner and Loftis, p. 228. Ehrlich's novel is well-researched and makes extensive use of documents available to historian and novelist alike. Historical event and chronology are faithfully and extensively depicted in the novel, with Ehrlich including both the details of everyday camp life and the broader political movements within the camp. Ehrlich goes so far as to take historical personages within the camp and refigure them as characters in the novel; for example, the actual leader of the Heart Mountain Fair Play committee, Kiyoshi Okamoto, is turned into the character of Toki Ohara in *Heart Mountain*. Speeches made by historical figures, too, are given to characters in the novel. Oddly enough, Ehrlich re-names (or mis-names?) the director of the camp, changing the actual Guy Robertson to Roberts (no first name is ever given).

Imaginative treatments of the relocation camp experience are few; the one significant novel of internment, by an internee, is John Okada's *No-No Boy* (1957; rpt. Seattle, University of Washington Press, 1980). A novelistic treatment by a non-in-

ternee is Joy Kogawa's *Obasan* (Boston: David Godine, 1982), which deals with the Canadian relocation experience. Reminiscences and recollections are far more numerous, and of those kept within Heart Mountain, the fullest is probably Estelle Ishigo's *Lone Heart Mountain* (Los Angeles: Ritchie, 1973). Bill Hosokawa's oral history of the camp is also of great value. The single in-depth historical study of the camp is Douglas Nelson's *Heart Mountain*.

7. Sonja Arntzen, Introduction, *Ikkyū and the Crazy Cloud Anthology* (note 4 above), p. 3.

8. Rodd, *Kokinshū* (note 4 above), pp. 99, 98, 100.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 109.

10. Seiroku Noma, *The Arts of Japan: Late Medieval to Modern*, translated by Glenn T. Webb, vol. 2 (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1978), p. 187.

11. Gretel Ehrlich, Interview, *Weekend Edition*, National Public Radio, 10 December 1989.

12. Rodd, *Kokinshū* (note 4 above), p. 257.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 107.