

# pauseru gaizette

パウエル街ゼット

6号 2024年8月

no. 6 Aug. 2024 healing through celebration

a zine of the powell street festival society



FESTIVAL EDITION!

The Powell Street Festival carries a unique significance for each attendee. For some, it represents a pilgrimage of sorts, as they set foot on Paueru Ground (another name for Oppenheimer Park) for the first time in generations. For others, it is a beloved tradition, a festival they have grown up attending with their families. Regardless of your connection to the festival, it's the sense of community within Paueru Gai that we've found to be healing.

We come with the culture available to us ~ equipped with sailor moon t-shirts and a newfound love for spam musubi. We leave with a new sense of community, where we can share the culture that each of us brings with us. At first, we may fumble the steps of Tanko Bushi\* until a friend who grew up doing Obon Odori jumps in and dances along.

These friends accept you without questioning why you don't speak a language that isn't spoken by your family. You don't need to explain your context to them, because you share a context ~ it's something that feels rare & precious for many of the younger Yonsei & Gosei (4th and 5th generation Japanese Canadians), who often are mixed race. Part of how we heal through celebration is finding this sense of belonging.

This is a double-sided zine with a double theme of healing and grieving. This side is meant to focus on how the community comes together to reclaim parts of our cultural identity that have been historically denied to us and to celebrate while grappling with the history of displacement this neighbourhood continues to experience.

## The Editors

\* Tanko Bushi (Coal Miner's Dance) is a folk dance performed during Obon. Some of the steps can be seen on the cover!

# Contents

B3 Postcards from Tamio

B4 Kyle ハケ代

B4 Powell St Fest Starter Pack: Yonsei Edition

Nicole Yukiko @ nicoleyukiko

B5 Sushi Pizza #3

B9 Ella Tani @ ellitearu

B10 Distro Disco

Distrodisco1312@gmail.com @ Distro\_Disco

B11 Communal

B12 Erica Isomura

A13 gyokurin-in

- Noah Haruki @ noahharuki

B13

WITH

i remember

PJ Patten

celebrating with grief

Taya Mikado

miss you guys

PJ Patten

=====  
Cover by Tamiko Chase

Layout by Olivia

+ extra design by Tamiko Chase

Special thanks to

Kyle ハケ代, Emily ハケ代,

Holly, Dee & Sachi

This book is double sided!

Flip for more!

DARUMA BY  
ELLA TANI



## Postcards from Tamio

Kyle 八ヶ代

After my first year volunteering at the Powell Street Festival, I went to the volunteer appreciation dinner, and in my souvenir bag, I received black and white postcards. They depict scenes from past festivals: dancers performing at the 1986 Powell St. Festival and a crowd carrying The Omikoshi at the 1990 Powell St. Festival.

You may have received similar postcards and also not realized, but these classic photos are the work of renowned Japanese Canadian photographer, Tamio Wakayama. I myself knew that Tamio was a photographer, but I didn't have the full "picture," so to speak. That is until earlier this year, as part of the lead up to the 48th Powell St Festival I got a sneak preview viewing of the new documentary film depicting his life and accomplishments.

In the 2024 film 'Between Pictures: The Lens of Tamio Wakayama,' film maker Cindy Mochizuki depicts a pivotal character in the story of Japanese Canadians, the Powell St Festival, and those who would take action against injustice in the face of racism and oppression.

The film tells the story of Wakayama's life, from surviving the Japanese Canadian internment as a nisei child; then going to the deep American south, to be one of the only Asian Canadians fighting at the heart of the American civil rights movement; heading to Japan to rediscover himself; and finally coming back to Canada to be part of a movement of Asian Canadians and activists who helped create the Powell St Festival.

The significance of this documentary cannot be understated and is essential viewing for fans of Powell Street Festival, detailing Wakayama's pivotal role in our community and festival history. It gives crucial context to how the festival started, and why its location in the old Paueru Gai neighborhood is important for Japanese Canadians. Wakayama's story should inspire a younger generation to use their talents to stand together and fight injustice in these confusing times.

After viewing the film I wonder about the struggle for identity and justice our community still faces today. Through easier access to information we're generally more informed but; we are also divided, and vulnerable, from a fragmented, and volatile, political discourse driven by terminally online hive minds, and algorithms that seek superficial interaction above all else. At the same time, younger generations are pitted against each other to compete for grants and attention, as they desperately try to negotiate their identities in a race for capital that cannot be won.

In my life I've often worried it's now too late to learn from the voices of the elders, in my family, and the community, that are passing away every day. But like the portable shrine being





Powell St  
Fest Starter  
Pack: Yonsei  
Edition

Nicole Yukiko



Postcards  
from Tamio  
continued  
below

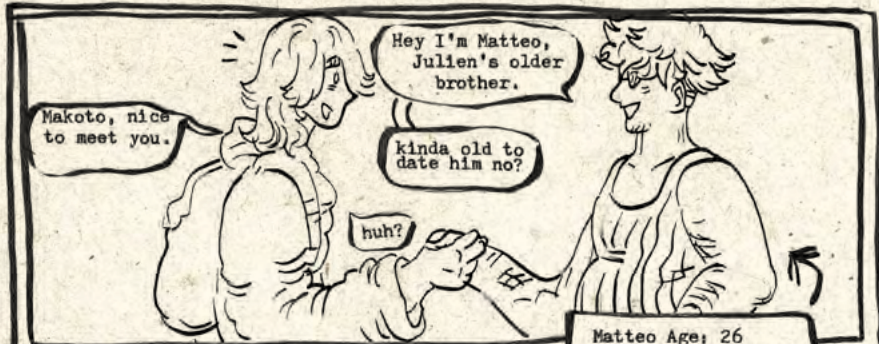
carried through the festival depicted on my post card, through Cindy Mochizuki's film, we can carry forward an important piece of Japanese Canadian legacy so that we can continue to honour and learn from into the future.

Tamio's commitment to bringing people together through art and culture still lives on at the heart of Powell St Festival. Despite all the differences in our lives and circumstances, the message of overcoming oppression, standing up for others, expressing yourself, and giving back to your community will always remain relevant.

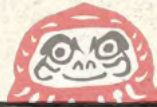












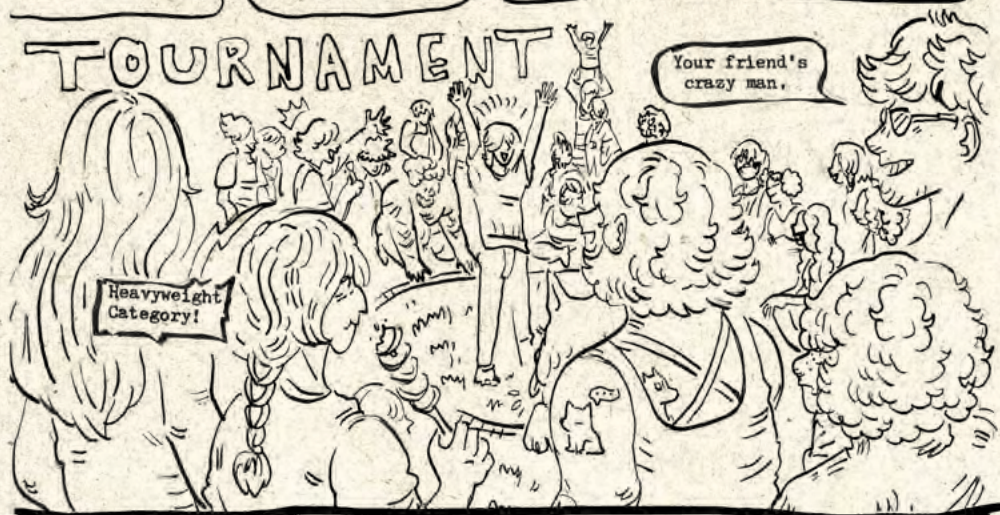




FINAL EVENT 4:00 PM

# SUMMO

## TOURNAMENT



BEKA-KLICK!









DONATE TODAY!

OPPENHEIMER • CRAB • GRANDVIEW

DISTRODISCO1312@gmail.com





fresh  
 intertidal  
 smell  
 kelpy  
 salt

respanning  
 waves  
 & gilled  
 brackish

Apr 2024  
 erica

"communal"  
 collaborative  
 poem, created  
 at Tashme on  
 May 7, 2024

erica	Kayla
olivia	Lisa
Sachi	Rob
Raine	
Mayu	
Kyle	



**Celebrating with Grief**

**Taya Mikado**

**grief, my dearest friend  
with arms full of memories  
spare me today's joy.**

**i remember**

**PJ Patten**

**lost voices once forgotten  
rise up from the streets to find  
new hearts to hear them**

**Miss you guys**

**PJ Patten**

**4:15 am  
the birds are silent  
no one is really moving yet  
i walk past chorus of sleeping friends  
The hum of prayer wheels never ending**

**prayer**

**flags**

**whip**

**prayer**

**wheels**

**spin**

**i imagine**

**my friends and family passed**

**wrapped in their blessings**

**in**

**this world and the next.**

五林院

# paueru gaizette

パウエル街ゼット

6号 2024年8月

no. 6 Aug. 2024

to celebrate is to grieve

---

a zine of the powell street festival society

---





## Contents

**A3 Honouring Clint Injun**  
Kage

**A5 acceptance**  
PJ Patten @ mr.pjpatten

**A6 When the Asparagus  
Grows as Tall  
as Trees**  
Hanako Teranishi  
@ hanako.mae

**A7 refuge**  
PJ Patten @ mr.pjpatten

**A8 With joy, with sorrow**  
Megan Kiyoko Wray  
@ meganwray

**A8 journey on!**  
@ hazybeestudio

**A9 anecdotes**  
- (overheard  
**A10 at ensoku)**  
Erica Isomura

**A10 Just a little**  
- bit past Hope  
**A11** Olivia

**with**  
**Ensoku - Obon in Tashme  
illustrations**  
Danielle Jette for  
@ kikiaicoll

**A11 Found haiku: I Found  
a Digital Case. (-**  
Hanako Teranishi  
@ hanako.mae

**A11 There was a Bird  
Inside with Missing  
Feathers, Who Told me  
the Man who Plucked  
Him Had Lied.)**  
Hanako Teranishi  
@ hanako.mae

**with**  
**Untitled goose painting**  
Jane Momoyo Azuma

=====  
Cover by **Erica Isomura**  
Layout by **Dee & Olivia**  
+ extra design by **Tamiko Chase**

Special thanks to  
**Kyle** 八ヶ代, **Emily** 八ヶ代,  
**Holly, Dee & Sachi**

**This book is double sided!**  
**Flip for more!**

This edition of the zine is double-sided, with one side dedicated to healing and the other to grief. However, you may find elements of both themes interwoven throughout. The dual theme resonated differently with each of us, as it will with you. "To celebrate is to grieve" is inspired by the subtle ways the Powell Street Festival reflects the experience of Obon. However the theme is not restricted to Obon, instead it's meant to encompass its essence.

In mid-August, the spirits of loved ones are remembered and honoured. The living travel back to the graves of the departed to wish joy for their souls, to release them and to help them find their way back to the spirit world. We come to the Powell Street Festival to celebrate culture, to connect, and to attempt to heal our intergenerational wounds. But amongst the festivities, there exist quiet moments of grief. As we reflect on the community that once was, as we recall our ancestors, as we ache to find the piece missing inside of us.

On this side of the zine, you'll find pieces that honour lives lost both in the neighbourhood and in our personal lives, while other pieces focus on how we cope with the grief inside of us.

The editors



DARUMA-CHAN  
BY KATHY SHIMIZU



Playing the drums is a way we can commune with our ancestors both biological and community. If you attended the past two Setsubun events you may have drummed at the Teaching-Healing Drum or heard the beats resonate throughout the park. This drum was shared by Elder Clint aka Clint Injun.

Clint says that group of Indigenous elders gathered in Geneva in the 1970s and declared that a protocol of prohibiting women from drumming came about as a result of colonization. Around his drum, he welcomes all genders. He also does not exclude folks who might be high on substances as one has no right to declare another's path to enlightenment via their choice to consume substances. Clint was clean and sober for years.

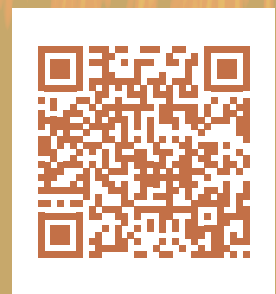
Clint was in prison for 30 years. While he was in Cowansville in Quebec around 2015, his best friend Ross who is a woodcarver in Kamloops used to collect lava rocks used in Sweat Lodge ceremonies and sent them to the jail where Clint was. Ross always threw in a few extras for ceremony such as Sage cloth for tobacco ties, feathers, hides and wood including some yellow cedar. Clint used this wood to make the drum.

When he got out about two years before his passing, he was active in the DTES community working at WAHRS, cooking bannock, teaching beading classes and enjoying the freedom of riding his Harley Davidson motorcycle he affectionately called 'Eunice'.

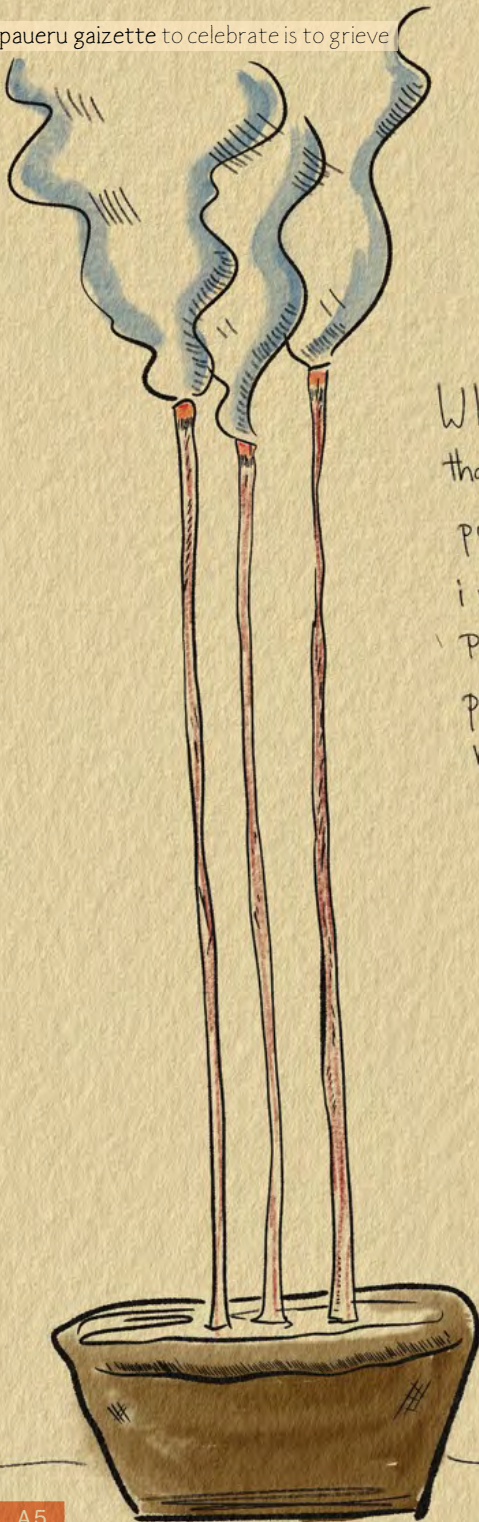
Rest in Power my dear friend Clint Injun.  
We miss you



scan to listen to Clint drum







When i accepted the fact  
that nothing could be done to  
postpone the death of my sister  
i realized all i could do was  
pray for a peaceful life &  
peaceful death, I found peace  
myself

📷 @mr.pjpatten



# When the Asparagus Grows as Tall as Trees -

Hanako Teranishi

I wonder if the seeds lie dormant  
under the mall and houses.

The seeds of history.

The history layered in the soil that has been  
rewritten over and over and over

— and over again. Long before the bulldozers  
striped and men built a strip mall.

I wonder if the seeds of history are in a prolonged sleep,  
waiting to be woken up at the end of the world

where they will burst through  
crumbling cement and sprout from  
the remains of these broken structures.

Where asparagus  
grows as tall as trees and the sun  
pokes around giant rhubarb leaves.

Where the Earth's memories  
leak out of its body.



\* These are fuki plants from Tashme that still grow today. Seeds were sent from Japan to Tashme because there was no food during internment.





I looked up at you  
Quan Yin, with your thousand arms  
and asked for a hug

21



with joy,  
with sorrow

Megan Kiyoko  
Wray

in reference  
to "Perhaps the  
World Ends Here"  
by Joy Harjo  
read/listen  
here:



journey on!



I've finally understood over the years that to heal, allowing for messiness & humour can be the best medicine.

though some days, all that works is a good long cry.



Grief comes & goes, still sometimes hitting me when I least expect it.

Still, I hold love in my heart & I persist!





\*commenting on the amount of possessions in a Sunshine Valley family ski cottage, which included magazines dating back to the '60's and multiples of most kitchenware

documented by ehi (@ericahiroko)



## Just a little bit past Hope

Olivia

In the Tashme Museum, there exists a bowl with a single grain of dried rice. "Eat every grain of rice or you'll go blind," I remarked. "I was told the same" someone else said.

This is the culture handed down to me. I don't know what to call it, but maybe that's not what's important. Maybe what's important are the friendships and connections that we make in the community. When I went to Tashme with Kikiai Collaborative in 2019, it was the first time I met Japanese Canadians outside of my family & close family friends.

During WWII Japanese Canadians were forcibly removed from their homes and interned at least 100 miles from the coast. The Tashme internment camp was the largest and housed over 2,400 people.

My family was interned in Tashme and afterwards moved to Hope, so I refer to Tashme in relation to Hope. It's the final pit stop before continuing to the BC interior, or wherever you're heading. I don't think it holds much significance to most people, but it's a familiar name on all the highway signs in the Lower Mainland. For me, it also feels fitting to describe Tashme as being beyond hope.

My memories of Hope are few and far between. My great-uncles lived there when I was growing up, but we didn't visit often. There's the time we went to Othello tunnels, visited the Japanese Canadian Friendship Garden and when I attended my great-granny's funeral.

illustration by  
Danielle Jette



*I was happy that day, barely  
old enough to recall, but not  
old enough to recognize that  
it was supposed to be somber.  
Adored in all black matching  
my sister's outfit, I pulled all  
my siblings in a wagon ~  
I was proud to be so strong!*

On a recent trip to  
Hope with my friend's  
family, I went on a  
walk alone. Filled  
with a looming sense  
of dread looking up at  
the smoke-filled sky  
holding back tears I  
cannot explain. I end  
up at the graveyard,  
but I don't go in. It  
somehow doesn't feel  
like my place, even  
though here is where  
my family rests. I am  
reminded of my granny  
showing me a picture  
of her brothers who  
more recently passed,  
their bodies turned  
to ash, boxed &  
wrapped in cloth.

On August 17th Kikiai  
Collaborative will  
return to Tashme  
for an Obon festival.



found haiku:  
I Found a Digital Case. (-  
Hanako Teranishi

"Hereby certify  
True and accurate transcript  
Proceedings herein."

-There was a Bird Inside  
with Missing Feathers,  
Who Told me the Man Who  
Plucked Him Had Lied.)

Hanako Teranishi

(He lied, now, I lay  
Across pixelated paper  
Soaking in future-

never seen, shades of  
grey, such flamboyant colours,  
ripple in the pond

reminding me, of  
you and me, holding each other  
in our grief and love-

Jane Momoyo Azuma

Jane Momoyo Azuma  
grew up in the Powell  
area and took up  
Sumi-e painting  
later in life



A12







**Celebrating with Grief**

**Taya Mikado**

**grief, my dearest friend  
with arms full of memories  
spare me today's joy.**

**i remember**

**PJ Patten**

**lost voices once forgotten  
rise up from the streets to find  
new hearts to hear them**



**Miss you guys**

**PJ Patten**

**415 am  
the birds are silent  
no one is really moving yet  
i walk past chorus of sleeping friends  
The hum of prayer wheels never ending**

**prayer  
prayer flags whip**

**prayer  
prayer wheels spin**

**i imagine  
my friends and family passed**

**wrapped in their blessings  
in  
this world and the next.**

五林院