

## **Philippine Society Today: Yoshiyuki Tsurumi as an Anchoring Point**

*(Lecture given at the formal inauguration of the “Tsurumi Yoshiyuki Library” at the Research Center for Cooperative Civil Societies, Rikkyo University, Ikebukuro, Tokyo, Japan, on July 3, 2015)*

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Thank you so much for inviting me to speak before you on the occasion of the formal opening of this special place that will permanently house the documents, notebooks, papers, and personal book collection – in short, the archive -- of the late journalist, scholar, and social activist, my friend, Yoshiyuki Tsurumi. I am grateful to Director Koichi Takagi of Rikkyo University’s Research Center for Cooperative Civil Societies for arranging my participation in this memorable event, and suggesting the title of this lecture, “Philippine society today: Yoshiyuki Tsurumi as an anchoring point.” From wherever his spirit might be today, I am certain that Tsurumi would be beaming with delight at this noble institutional gesture by Rikkyo University.

Why is Tsurumi important to us? The answer is quite simple. Yoshiyuki Tsurumi played a vital role during a crucial phase of Philippine-Japan scholarship. By training, inspiring, and encouraging dozens of young Japanese researchers – students and ordinary citizens alike -- to undertake a second look at Philippine-Japan relations, he helped form an intellectual community in Japan that was not merely anti-establishment, but was profoundly self-reflective, eager to study and do original research, and engage scholars from the rest of the Southeast Asian region. Underlying Tsurumi’s choice of research topics and methodology was a tacit philosophy of alternative development that placed the lives of ordinary people and their communities at the center – rather than the interests of the state or of private corporations.

When Tsurumi died in 1994, at age 68, after a long battle with cancer, he had, by then, already spent more than 20 years of his professional life, methodically investigating and documenting aspects of Japan’s postwar relationship with its Southeast Asian neighbors. The topic itself was nothing new, and, in many ways, he was but one of a long line of researchers who have built their careers on Asian area studies. But Tsurumi’s approach to this very broad field of inquiry was unique in that it was not saddled by the presumptions that circumscribed so-called area studies in Western universities. His approach to scholarship was grassroots-oriented, meaning he did not

treat ordinary people merely as informants but as partners in the creation of liberating forms of knowledge. Tsurumi sought to understand the many facets of the relationship between Japan and Southeast Asia at the concrete level of the everyday experiences of people. His focus was not on the geographic spaces, but on the intersections created by people as they react to the opportunities and dangers opened up by global forces. He was not interested in theorizing about abstract social systems or processes. Instead, he was curious to know how the way of life of the ordinary people in modern, prosperous, and developed Japan was made possible by the labor and sacrifice of millions of poor workers, peasants, and communities in underdeveloped countries like the Philippines and Indonesia. He was looking for the points of connection and found them in the products that were traded, in the investments that were promoted, and in the forms of official development assistance that flowed from Japan into the region. Bananas and tuna from the Philippines, shrimps and sea cucumber from Indonesia, and – and from Japan: highly-polluting industries like the Kawasaki Sintering Plant in Mindanao and so-called official development assistance (ODA) – all these became for Tsurumi important signifiers of a new kind of Japanese presence in a region that was just beginning to recover from the painful memories of Japanese military aggression during the Second World War.

The late Filipino historian Renato Constantino did not mince words when he named this postwar presence “The Second Japanese Invasion.” In a lecture he delivered in October 1978 at the International House of Japan, where Tsurumi worked as a program officer, Constantino had noted with alarm: “Japanese products are flooding the local market. Japanese global corporations are coming in droves to participate in lucrative enterprises. Japanese tourists fill our [Philippine] hotels and overrun our scenic spots. Japanese cartoons are seducing our [Filipino] children into worship of Japanese war technology.” Constantino wanted Filipinos to “see the danger of Japanese economic penetration not only to themselves but also to their fellow Asians.”

Tsurumi translated many of Constantino’s critical essays into the Japanese language. He was convinced that this unequal relationship needed to be understood also by the Japanese people themselves. Perhaps it was so complex that the ordinary Japanese would not have been aware of it. Or, if they were, they would have thought it had nothing to do with them as persons. Tsurumi’s research program sought to demonstrate, particularly to the young Japanese, that, in fact, many of the products they consumed – the bananas, the tuna, the prawns and the sea cucumber, to name a few -- came from the neighboring countries, and were grown and harvested by ordinary people across the seas under exploitative, destructive, and predatory conditions. He

wanted the Japanese people to be aware of this, and to be disturbed by it. He urged his readers to “think while walking,” to reflect on their habits of consumption, and to see how this connects to the way of life of the neighboring peoples of Asia within the framework of political and economic dependency. In this regard, he contributed a new dimension to civil society activism.

I don't remember that Tsurumi used the phrase “development aggression” to denote this social reality, but in the '70s and '80s, this was how it was called by many writers in the Third World. This concept calls attention to the systematic displacement of populations due to land grabbing, the drastic changes in their social organization, and the massive destruction of natural habitats resulting from the processes of predatory development on a global scale.

Tsurumi was fully aware that certain forms of aggression could occur in peacetime, and that, in many ways, these were more insidious in their effects on people's lives than war itself. His writings have remained relevant and powerful precisely because they tap into this growing awareness – the consciousness that in many areas of their everyday lives, the Japanese are complicit to the oppression and exploitation of their Asian neighbors.

In the course of the banana study, in which I had the opportunity to join him in fieldwork inside the banana plantations of Mindanao, Tsurumi saw how small Filipino farmers shifted from the cultivation of rice and other basic food crops in order to become contract growers for the banana transnational companies that supplied the fruit to Japan. He laid bare the destructive ramifications of large-scale intensive monocropping like the banana plantations.

It would be very useful for anyone to revisit Tsurumi's writings and the pamphlets and papers he collected in the course of his field work in the Philippines in order to make sense of what is happening today in Mindanao. One has to start with the fact that the small banana growers that Tsurumi studied were descendants of the first Christian settlers who migrated to this island. They were brought to Mindanao by the Philippine government and given lands purposely to speed up the absorption of Mindanao and its peoples into the mainstream of Filipino society. Land, not religion, lies deeply at the root of the Mindanao conflict. All these banana lands used to be part of the ancestral domain of the Lumad, the indigenous people of Mindanao. We encountered these landless folk in the course of our field work; they were hired as workers in the banana and pineapple plantations that used to belong to their ancestors.

The kind of development that these plantations represented had so little economic impact on the areas outside the towns in which they were located that their presence only served to sharpen the existing inequalities in the region. While cities like General Santos and Davao thrived as commercial centers, the small remote towns in which the Muslims lived became even more marginalized and excluded from the circuits of national development. Mindanao was known as the promise land because of its natural resources – but it was far from being a source of hope for the Muslims and the indigenous peoples. They saw their forests being stripped of timber. They saw the mining companies scramble for mining concessions in remote mountainous areas that had been home to the Lumad for centuries. Displacements and disputes over land became everyday occurrences. The communist New People’s Army saw in Mindanao’s interlocking conflicts a fertile ground for their own national democratic struggle.

During our banana study in the early ‘80s, Davao became a complex battlefield for a large variety of armed groups – the private armies of big businessmen and politicians, paramilitary groups run by the Philippine military, Christian paramilitary units run by sectarian cults, Moro kidnap-for-ransom groups, communist death squads, etc. Throughout this period, Moro leaders like Nur Misuari tried to consolidate the Moro community by raising the call for secession. The formation of the Moro National Liberation Front was an important watershed in their struggle. The MNLF caught the attention of Libya’s Muammar Gadhafi who gave Misuari financial support and facilitated access to the influential Organization of the Islamic Conference.

This chaotic situation started to normalize only with the assumption to the presidency of Cory Aquino in 1986, after the new government inserted a constitutional provision acknowledging the historical social injustice that had been committed against the peoples of Mindanao and the Cordillera. The peace negotiations that followed brought about a respite from war, but the autonomy that was established fell short of expectations. Every president after Cory has had to forge its own accord with the awakened Moro forces. But the Moros also broke apart each time a new deal was struck with a new government. This recurring fragmentation followed the same ethnic lines that had historically split the Muslim peoples of Mindanao.

In Cory’s and Fidel Ramos’ time, the Tausug-based Moro National Liberation Front of Misuari was ascendant. Under Estrada, Arroyo, and Benigno Aquino III, it is the Maguindanao-based Moro Islamic Liberation Front of the late Hashim Salamat that has held sway. At present, we find ourselves at the tail end of a 17-year-old peace process. Both the MILF and the Aquino

government recognize that there will be no enduring peace in Mindanao unless there is inclusive development. But such development cannot be sustained without peace. The Bangsamoro Basic Law now being debated in the Philippine legislature may thus be seen as an attempt to institutionalize the existing truce by nurturing a novel experiment in Bangsamoro self-government. Of course, there is no assurance that it will succeed, or that it will not serve as a platform for eventual secession.

To me, the real source of the Mindanao problem is the uneven development that has persisted in the region. This form of development concentrates wealth in a few key areas and in a few families, and consigns the majority of the people and the periphery to poverty. In a time of Islamic radicalism in many parts of the world, we have seen how religious identities are mobilized to support what is fundamentally a quest for economic justice and development. I could almost imagine Tsurumi, if he were alive today, venturing into no-man's territory in Basilan, Sulu and Tawi-tawi in search of those classic instances when long-term resentments are formed in the peripheries of economic activity.

In Mindanao, it was not the banana plantations that first caught Tsurumi's interest. It was the tuna fish. He took countless photographs of the yellow fin tuna as it was being carried on the bare backs of fish haulers at the fish port of General Santos in Southern Mindanao. This fish was gathered from the Sulu Sea in all sizes, and Tsurumi wondered how many more years Nature could keep up with this unremitting depletion of fish in the wild. Again, he could not help but notice the great waste that was being created just to produce the sushi and sashimi on the Japanese dining table. I assured him that what the Japanese threw away we Filipinos conscientiously turned into food. I would sometimes bring Tsurumi to the roadside food stalls near the General Santos fish port. In these rustic and working class eateries, we dined on the other parts of the tuna perhaps seldom seen by the ordinary Japanese consumer – the tail, the head, the roe, and the entrails of this huge fish, which are grilled and eaten as regular dishes by Filipinos. In many ways, it probably sums up the story of our lives – we send all the pretty-looking bananas and tuna abroad, and keep the fruit rejects and the intestines of the fish for local consumption.

In later years, as we have seen, apart from the bananas and the tuna, we also began to send Filipino “entertainers” to work in Japan's huge leisure industry. Today, more than 10 million

Filipinos work in more than a hundred countries in the world, sending home the equivalent of more than \$2 billion every month. It is what keeps our consumption-driven economy afloat.

Tsurumi was witness to the beginnings of this phenomenon, and, had he lived longer, he might well have written about it and its myriad implications for the Philippines and Japan. Ironically, it was what brought me to Japan in 1991 as a visiting scholar at Ryukoku University in Kyoto, where Tsurumi then held a regular appointment as a professor. With the help of a close friend of Tsurumi's – Professor Hisashi Nakamura – I conducted interviews over a period of two months mainly in Kyoto and Yawata-shi, with the intention of understanding the circumstances in which Filipino workers in Japan lived, and how they adjusted to the exacting ways of Japanese society.

I saw Tsurumi a couple of times during that visit. He and his wife, Chiyoko-san, had by then decided to move to Kyoto. He had just had surgery for his cancer, and he was visibly not his old self. But he was thrilled to know that I was carrying out a program of research that was basically continuous with the one that he had started and promoted in Japan. I suspect that he was partly instrumental to my being invited to come to Ryukoku, a Buddhist university that had become an academic sanctuary for two remarkable scholar-activists in their senior years: Tsurumi and Nakamura. Since Tsurumi's death, I have found less and less reason to come to Japan. I felt that, with him, a whole generation of Japanese scholar-activists had passed on. After his death, I tried to keep in touch with his regular companions in the field like Yasushi Fujibayashi, and, until his own death from cancer, with Yoshinori Murai – as well as with his former comrades at the Pacific Asia Resources Center, like Muto Ichiyo. At the University of the Philippines where I teach, I continue to receive young researchers from Japan who eagerly identify themselves proudly as Tsurumi-sensei's students. I have likewise remained in touch with the young associates who often accompanied him when he was in Manila: Mamoru Tsuda and Takefumi Terada.

I am delighted to see that many of those he inspired with his brand of research have gone on to become senior professors in their own right, publishing work that bears clear traces of the indelible intellectual influence of Yoshiyuki Tsurumi. So rich has been their experience in field research under him that I could imagine how easily they stand out in an academic environment dominated by the bland scholarship of armchair area specialists.

The Tsurumi approach to research was always empirical and field-based, without relying exclusively on questionnaires or structured interviews. His style of writing bears a close affinity

to what the cultural anthropologist Clifford Geertz calls “thick description” – an account of field data that tries to faithfully preserve the context from which it is drawn. Tsurumi kept copious notes, neatly arranged in notebooks of all sizes, where he recorded observations from the field and the stories shared by people he encountered. For someone who smoked and drank a lot, his handwriting was remarkably steady and beautiful. His interpretation of the rich field material he gathered was always greatly enhanced by his extensive readings on the history of the place, the people, and the sector he happened to be studying at any given time. He was the model of the fully-engaged scholar who could not stay put in one place. He genuinely loved meeting new people and conversing with them for long hours. He never treated them merely as informants.

It was Mamoru “Rico” Tsuda, who had been my student at the University of the Philippines, who first introduced me to Tsurumi in the early ‘70s. He said a Japanese journalist wanted very much to meet my father-in-law, the writer Renato Constantino. When I told Constantino about Tsurumi, I carefully noted that he was one of the key figures in Beheiren, the anti-Vietnam war coalition in Japan.

This was just before Martial Law in the Philippines. Foreign journalists in search of stories freely roamed the country. But, Tsurumi did not strike me as one of those parachute journalists who flew into a troubled country, did their interviews by telephone, wrote their reports, and flew back to their home bases after a couple of days. Always in faded jeans, he appeared to me more like a maverick anthropologist than a journalist. Yoshiyuki himself willfully embraced the identity of a “journalist” from the first time I met him. In fact, he seemed disdainful of university-based academics. I realized only later that in Japan, the term “journalist” typically says less of what a person actually does than of the exclusive circle of academic scholars he is often prevented from entering. He seemed at ease in the company of independent thinkers and writers like Constantino. If he were not a journalist, I think Tsurumi would have run a bookstore, like many of his friends in the region. One of his early friends in Manila was the novelist and critic, Francisco Sionil Jose, who owned the Solidaridad bookstore. In Singapore, he was a frequent visitor in the home of his longtime friend, William Lim, the architect/urban planner, who owned the Select bookshop specializing on Southeast Asia. In Thailand, he had an abiding friendship with the irrepressible Buddhist socialist intellectual, Sulak Sivaraksa, whose wife also owned a bookstore. In Indonesia, he struck deep friendships with Soedjatmoko, the first president of the United Nations University, and with Wahid Abdurrachman, the Muslim scholar who became president of Indonesia in the post-Suharto years. These enduring personal ties led to the formation of the Southeast Asia Study

Group, of which Tsurumi was a founding member. I was one of the second-generation members of this group.

Tsurumi was first and foremost a field worker and investigative writer. His first story about the Philippines was on the Mariveles Export Processing Zone in Bataan, a manufacturing complex that was started on orders of Marcos right after he placed the whole country under Martial Law. The idea of export platforms, borrowed from South Korea, was meant to attract foreign capital to come to the Philippines in accordance with the vision of an export-oriented industrialization program. Tax-free export processing enclaves were relatively new at that time. They entailed setting aside land, usually agricultural, to be used as an industrial park, in which foreign investors could operate, unhampered by existing labor and environmental laws. South Korea and Taiwan had successfully pioneered this scheme in Asia. The phenomenal growth of these two countries under a model of export-oriented industrialization impressed Marcos so much that he used his dictatorial powers to expropriate land in Bataan so that the Mariveles export processing zone could immediately start operating.

Tsurumi went to Bataan to do his interviews with the first workers who were recruited to work in the factories within the zone, and also with the residents of this rural town, now suddenly faced with the influx of so many migrant laborers. He had a special insight into the economic process signified by the export-processing zone concept because he was viewing this from the perspective of someone who also understood the imperatives of Japanese expansionary capitalism in the 1970s.

From the Mariveles export processing zone, he next turned his attention to the export of pollution by Japanese steel companies who could no longer operate effectively in Japan because of strict Japanese environmental regulations. One such company was the Kawasaki Sintering Plant that had found a home in the PHIVIDEC industrial complex in Cagayan de Oro, Southern Philippines. We had heard about this industrial complex and the heavy industries that were supposed to be located there as part of the long term industrialization program of the Philippines. But it was Tsurumi who showed us the context of this migration of highly-polluting industries from Japan to other Asian countries. He introduced us to Japanese researchers who had been studying industrial pollution in Japan for many years and who were familiar with the poisonous emissions that the Kawasaki plant would be discharging from the moment it started operating.



My first research venture with Tsurumi happened around 1980, when he joined the Third World Studies team in Mindanao. He wanted to know where the tuna was being caught in the Philippines, by whom, under what circumstances, and on what terms it was transferred to Japan. He had heard that General Santos City in South Cotabato in Mindanao was a key port for tuna, and he wanted to go there. To prepare himself, he read everything about Mindanao. His visit at that time was brief. He returned to Japan loaded with books about Mindanao, and, from what I could gather, this rich and troubled island became one of his obsessions. At one point, he was doing research on the kind of boats that were used in pre-Spanish times for travel between these islands and the neighboring islands of Borneo and Sumatra.

He quickly became an expert on Mindanao. It was not tuna that he eventually decided to study, but the banana plantations in Davao and General Santos. Prior to his return to Manila, he had organized a team in Japan to study the market structure for bananas, focusing on the nexus that linked the trading companies to the wholesalers and then to the retailers. At our end, we formed a parallel group to study the organization of banana production in Mindanao, paying particular attention to the relations of production that linked the small growers to the transnational corporations in the whole production process. When Tsurumi joined our group in Mindanao in 1981, our evening conversations took the form of joint seminars in which we reported our findings to one another.

I saw up close how he worked as a researcher. He had trained himself to do rigorous ethnography, accumulating thick piles of note cards and writing an endless journal in very neat notebooks. In these notebooks, he wrote book titles, sketched maps, wrote down the names of people to contact, their addresses and telephones. He kept at least three cameras with him: one for black and white prints, one for colored, and one for slides. In addition, he kept a small pocket Olympus which he used for quick snap shots.

In General Santos city, Mindanao, one cold morning, he asked me to join him while he took pictures of the fish port. Always in sandals and jeans, he wore a photographer's vest loaded with rolls of films and lenses of varying lengths. He had asked beforehand exactly what time the tuna catch came in, and he wanted to take shots of this bulky fish being carried on the bare shoulders of local fishermen. I then realized that he had not forgotten about the tuna. It was still on his mind even as he was already busy with the banana study. It was something I learned from him:

that every place offers a variety of research opportunities. A researcher's eyes should always be open for topics other than the one he was studying at any given moment. The acquaintances and friendships one makes in a certain place must always be carefully recorded, because chances are one may return to the same place in the future.

His motto was: *Que sera, sera*. "What will be, will be." Research, for him was precisely that -- pure adventure, an open-ended process whose beginnings and endings can never be precisely anticipated and planned. In contrast, my own style of research entailed carefully planning every aspect of the study, and remaining focused on the main problem, permitting little digression. I looked upon research as a functional task that needed to be completed in a pre-set way. For Tsurumi field work was simply an enchanting journey into the unknown, filled with serendipity. He used to tell me that nothing is ever certain about the way things will unfold. Something is always happening, even when we think nothing is changing. Sometimes we are lucky: what events signify is at once visible to us. At other times, he said, it takes a while before we begin to understand what is happening. We must always be patient, he thoughtfully said.

I saw Tsurumi's patience on full display the year after the completion of the banana study. While traveling through Southeast Asia in connection with a United Nations University project, I bumped into him in a quiet corner of a coffee shop in a Singapore hotel. He was, as usual, writing, drinking beer, and smoking. He told me that he had just been denied entry into Malaysia for reasons that were not clear to him. For a man who had just been thrown out of a country, he looked totally unruffled. When he learned that I was on my way to Indonesia, he asked if he could tag along.

He did not know Indonesia very well at that point, and while he knew some prominent figures from the old Southeast Asia Study Group, he had no contacts in the local research community, and had no plans for an Indonesian research. On my part, the purpose of my trip was to assemble a group of Southeast Asian scholars and civil society activists who could regularly meet to discuss and write about the economy, politics and social movements of Southeast Asian countries. This trip took us to Jakarta, Jogjakarta, Salatiga, and Bali. Tsurumi paid his own way and kept me company. In the course of this journey, he met people who put him contact with local activists and NGOs who knew about the sea cucumber. His casual inquiries led him to Ujung Pandang, a seaport on the southwest tip of Celebes. As it turned out, this became Tsurumi's next area of research.

Tsurumi's topics might initially seem uncontroversial and unplanned, but I realized later that a clear perspective consistently informed all his studies. As I said, he was obsessed with the way in which the Japanese way of life and the economy that sustained it affected the way of life of the people of Southeast Asia. Most Japanese people, he used to tell me, do not know where the bananas they put on their tables came from, how they were grown, and, least of all, what kind of life the farmers who grew them had. The same is true, he said, with the tuna, or with the sea cucumber, and the thousand and one other things that the average Japanese person consumed in daily life. It became clear to me that his mission was to tell the complex story of how modern Japan maintains its way of life through the sacrifices made by unknown communities in other countries, in the hope that such information might compel the Japanese to review and adjust their way of life.

Unlike university-based scholars, Tsurumi was not concerned with drawing theoretical or policy implications from his studies. His purpose was to broaden the consciousness of ordinary people – students, workers, housewives, and ordinary employees. He sought to communicate his research findings in a language that could easily be understood by the average reader. He was not concerned with reading papers at academic conferences or with accumulating professorial credentials for himself. He did not care that his books did not sound academic enough, or that he wrote in a style accessible to the average man in the street. His objective was to be understood by the ordinary person, not to be admitted into the elite circuit of professors and theoreticians from academe.

Although his research on Southeast Asia had been prodigious and extensive, I learned later that the recognition of his work by academic scholars in Japan came slowly and meagerly. Many of the Japanese professors I met knew who he was because of his writings. But they thought of him as a leftwing journalist who wrote long reports about a broad range of subjects. I suspected that many of them were just envious of the resourcefulness and richness of this maverick scholar's body of work.

Unlike those who jealously guarded their topics and their research material, Yoshiyuki Tsurumi talked openly about his own ideas and findings, and generously shared his time with ordinary workers and housewives who were interested in doing their own research. Although the academic appointment at Ryukoku University came relatively late in his life, he had been the quintessential

professor to the young Japanese students and housewives who attended his research workshops. He guided their work, introduced them to his friends around Asia, and provided them with useful information for their own research. It comes as no surprise then that many Japanese researchers remember and adore him, and have continued his vision of people-oriented research. Many doors are instantly opened to them in Southeast Asia because of their association with Tsurumi.

#### Concluding remarks

I have always believed that Tsurumi was, first and foremost, a keen observer and critic of the contemporary Japanese way of life. I think that his work on Southeast Asian realities was intended by him to serve as a kind of mirror for his readers, notably the young Japanese, so they could look at themselves in a reflective way.

Whether he was studying bananas, or the sea cucumber, or mangroves, or export processing zones, Tsurumi followed a consistent methodology and perspective. Beneath the detailed description of the commodity or the system he was examining at any given moment was a very subtle attack on the aggressive impulses of Japanese capital and the heritage of chauvinism that sustains these.

I was not fortunate to be one of Tsurumi's students. But now I realize how much influence he had on the course of my own intellectual journey.

I remember him most for his incomparable passion for field work, for the way he checked and double-checked his data, and requested his friends from all over the world for photocopies of obscure articles he needed. Tsurumi spent as much time inside libraries and bookstores everywhere, searching for the rarest references. He bought a lot of books written by local authors wherever he went. He translated those that he found interesting and valuable into Japanese so that others may be able to read them. I imagine that he probably kept the best private collection of books and materials on Southeast Asia.

Above all, he wrote well. His writings were always lucid narratives of people's lives. They were never dry and pedantic, like most academic essays. Scholars and laymen alike could understand his books without difficulty because he wrote from the heart. He was an engaged scholar, not an ivory-tower intellectual.

Like all good ethnographers, Tsurumi was a great traveler. He never fretted about accommodations and food. He was never anxious about getting sick, or not finding a bed for the night. He never worried about his own personal safety even when he roamed the most dangerous places in Mindanao. Behind this seeming self-assurance was an intrinsic faith that he had in ordinary people.

My fondest memories of Japan are understandably those I spent in Tsurumi's company. He interpreted this complex country for me, showed me its great qualities as well as its weaknesses, its obsessions as well as its blind spots. He was Japanese in every way, but he also seemed like an outsider to his own country – a cosmopolitan observer who could look at his country and his fellow Japanese with a critical eye. He was, indeed, a fine scholar and intellectual who belonged not to one country but to all of humanity.

It is fascinating that the last time I saw him in the early 1990s, when he was already very ill from cancer, he was holding a formal academic appointment at Ryukoku University in Kyoto. He had become a professor. In contrast, I had become, by that time, more of a media person, a commentator on television, than a professor. I realized how closely I had followed Tsurumi in his belief that for knowledge to have an impact on society, it must be freed from the narrow precincts of academe, and shared with ordinary people so that it could become a basis for critical self-reflection, emancipation, and empowerment.

I apologize for these personal references that litter my remarks. I cannot avoid reminiscing about my precious encounters with this remarkable man whose achievements Rikkyo has honored by providing a home for all the materials he had accumulated in the course of his unique intellectual journey. I understand that the idea for a Yoshiyuki Tsurumi Library was conceived by a small committee formed after his death, which included Mrs. Chiyoko Tsurumi, Hisashi Nakamura, the late Yuichi Yoshikawa, Yasushi Fujibayashi, and a few other friends who helped raise funds to keep the library together. This library – put together so lovingly and so competently by a small team, some of whose members may not even have met Tsurumi during his lifetime– is what a true **archive** is about.

The French philosopher, Jacques Derrida, traces back the word “archive” to its two ancient meanings: first as the residence of the “archons” into whose care public documents were entrusted; and second, to the “archontic” function of unifying, identifying, and classifying these

documents in the course of their passage from the private to the public domain. Unless they are ordered and presented in such a way as to make them accessible and relevant to a living generation, these documents run the risk of becoming nothing more than the dusty traces of a dead person's intellectual journey. That is how crucial and delicate the role is of those who have taken care of the library since its transfer from Saitama to Rikkyo. As a friend of Tsurumi, I am deeply impressed and gratified by the painstaking and heroic work that has been done here. I am not aware if Tsurumi ever had any professional links to Rikkyo University before this, but I can tell you that it is every professor's dream to find his own Rikkyo before he dies. Finally, I salute you all for recognizing the significance of Yoshiyuki Tsurumi's work – a large body of work that, ironically, was not always enthusiastically received by academe during his lifetime.

Thank you.

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