

Dancing the Mushroom Forest

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You might expect that mushroom foragers who spend a lot of time in the woods would know something about the life of the forest. They do. But the first instinct of scholars to learn about this knowledge – to work through the naming and classification of plants, animals and ecosystems – does not work out as well as one might expect. Much of the knowledge mushroom pickers carry about the forest is kinetic knowledge – knowledge of how to move through the forest, navigating its sights, sounds and smells. While they may be eloquent about explaining their movements, people become experts in mushroom foraging not through talk but by using their bodies. If we are generous about the meaning of words, it is not too far-fetched to consider mushroom foraging a form of dance.²

Dance is a formal art; mushroom picking is not. Yet pickers move in skilled ways while navigating the forest. These skilled motions might be to dance what composer John Cage listened for in music: the emergent art of ordinary life.³ Indeed, they are closer to dance than Cage's random sounds are to music; mushroom pickers' movements are meaningful. Another guide might be the Balinese saying: "We have no art; we do everything as well as possible". Watching dance emerge from livelihood awakens us to the arts of everyday life.

There are other reasons besides appreciation to care about this dance. Skilled bodies in motion remind us that humans are not the only ones who dance. Our dwindling wild and not-so-wild places are made in crossing tracks, human and nonhuman. Global warming will be experienced in this cross-species dance. Some populations of any given species will flourish, while others will die; it is the dance-like activity lines of particular groups that make all the difference. We learn, for example, about sea birds that followed their food source north to cooler climes, and then found themselves over open ocean with no rocks on which to nest. Their dance is the flight, the search for food, the search for nests; each is part of the bird's dance of life. Lists of species alone will no longer be enough. Only by following populations into such dances can we see the effects of environmental change. We need more stories about such dances: Mushroom foraging is one.

Anthropologist Tim Ingold's attention to lines – not the straight and constraining lines of grammar-school rule books or modernist architects, but the always-moving trajectories of lively activities – is a great place to start in following the dance of mushroom foraging.⁴ A dance forms a trajectory, a kind of line. Mushroom foraging can be imagined as a set of looping, meandering lines through the forest. (Compare Brody's First Nations hunting and berry-picking lines as "maps".⁵) Following foraging lines as "dance" seems particularly fruitful because dance calls attention to two further attributes. First, foraging lines are generated by specific kinesthetic principles, corresponding to varied aesthetic programs and histories of practice. Not all

foragers are alike; their art matters. Second, human livelihood arts intertwine variously with the life arts of other species, including mushrooms. Many species make dancing lines. The first of these attributes draws us into diverse cultural histories of human forest use. The second allows us to track humans and other species together as we jointly generate multispecies landscapes. These concerns draw us beyond Ingold's initial proposals while still appreciating the lively possibilities of lines. This essay follows foragers for matsutake mushrooms into the forests of the U.S. Pacific Northwest to show how foraging lines are both forms of kinaesthetic art and negotiations of forest lives.

Matsutake are aromatic wild mushrooms much loved in Japan. Until the 1970s, Japan's forests produced enough for Japanese consumption, but since then environmental changes have caused a sharp decline in Japanese supplies. This decline corresponded to Japan's rise to prosperity, and since the 1980s, Japan has imported matsutake from forests across the northern hemisphere. A diverse array of peoples has mobilised for the matsutake harvest, from Tibetans in China, to Thai guest workers in Finland, to Moroccans, Bhutanese and the North Korean army. When the prices are right, it is the most expensive mushroom in the world.

In the mountains of the U.S. Pacific Northwest, two distinct groups pick matsutake: heritage pickers and commercial pickers.⁶ Japanese Americans have picked the mushroom for a hundred years; today picking forms part of a self-conscious cultural heritage. One favoured site is Oregon's Mt. Hood, a volcanic cone whose dramatic shape reminds the community of Japan's iconic Mt. Fuji. Commercial importers in Japan know about U.S. matsutake because of Japanese Americans. In the 1970s, when Japanese imports began, Japanese Americans picked commercially, but since the late 1980s, they have picked mainly as hobbyists, distributing mushrooms among relatives and across the Japanese American community. Matsutake picking has become a symbol of Japanese American heritage in the Pacific Northwest, and picking is regarded as a skill elders ideally might pass to an increasingly reluctant younger generation.

Since the late 1980s, a much larger population has entered these forests in search of the mushroom: commercial pickers. Commercial pickers are the offspring of Reagan-era privatisation and downsizing in the United States. This is entrepreneurship for those who start with nothing; I think of it as "popular neoliberalism", the entrepreneurship of the poor.⁷ There are no employers, and the land is public, national forest. All you need is a vehicle and the willingness to be out in the deep woods by yourself. Perhaps you will strike gold; perhaps you will get nothing.

The first commercial pickers were white men who wanted to be alone in the woods: Vietnam veterans, downsized loggers and the rural conservatives who call themselves "traditionalists". Some of these men have hung on. But at the centre of the matsutake trade they have been overwhelmed, and largely displaced, by a huge new population in the woods: refugees from Laos and Cambodia. These groups arrived in the United States in the 1980s at a time when welfare, public services and standard employment were disappearing; still living the trauma of war and displacement, without English or, in many cases, urban job experience, they took to the woods with a will. Four ethnic groups dominate: Khmer, the majority population of Cambodia; Lao, the majority group in Laos; and Hmong and Mien, two upland "tribal" groups from Laos. I follow the local convention of using these ethnic labels without the qualifier "American", despite the fact that most are American citizens.

As a scholar of Southeast Asia, I could not have been more surprised to find Southeast Asian encampments in the middle of the Oregon woods. The material culture, the music, the food: Everything suggested that I had somehow been transported to

rural Southeast Asia. There are noodle tents where one can eat pho and listen to Lao karaoke. You can order laap, not the tame ground beef and onions you might be served at a Thai American restaurant, but the real thing, all raw blood, intestines, and searing chillies. This is in the middle of the woods without water or electricity.

Surprise leads me back to my story: The performance – that is, the motions and trajectories – of matsutake mushroom picking reveals culturally rich sensibilities for understanding forest lives. For this, I will take you into the forest three times, first, by myself to show you the scene, and then again with experts. I will bring along Hiro, an elder of the Japanese American community. Then we will go again with Moei Lin and FamTsoi, two middle-aged Mien women.⁸ Each time, I will follow the tracks that show us nature in a forest dance. The dances of my Mien and Japanese American companions differ in ways linked to the rest of their lives. Following the dances of the matsutake forest thus engages us in the richness of cultural as well as biological diversity.

Searching, sensing

Mushroom pickers – even those who make all of their income from it – agree: picking is not “work”. One Lao picker was particularly articulate about this. Work, he said, involves following orders. One must put up with the constant burden of hierarchy. In contrast, mushroom picking is “searching”. Searching involves initiative and awareness. The mushrooms are hard to find. One must use all one’s senses.

Searching, I am alert to smell. Matsutake have a pungent aroma, and sometimes I can pick it up before I find any mushrooms. I flare my nostrils, concentrating the smells, which mix with fir and dust. Sometimes I stop in the middle of a step, aroused by the smell. Then my other senses awake too. My eyes sweep the ground, “like windshield wipers”, as one picker explains. Sometimes I get down on the ground to look at a better angle, or even to feel.

For the secret of matsutake mushroom picking is this: One never looks for mushrooms. Every now and then one spots a whole mushroom – probably one discarded by animals or so old that worms have almost consumed it. Good mushrooms, however, are under the ground. To find a good mushroom, one looks for the signs of its growth, its activity line. Mushrooms move the ground slightly as they come up, and one must look for that site of movement. Some people call it a bump, but that implies a well-defined hillock, very rare. Instead, I sense a heave, an effect like the inhalation of breath in the chest. The heave is easy to imagine as the breath of the mushroom. Sometimes there is a slight crack, as if the mushroom’s breath escaped. Of course, mushrooms do not breathe in that way. Yet it is this recognition of common life that forms the basis of the dance of the matsutake forest.

There are lots of lumps and cracks in any forest floor, and most have nothing to do with mushrooms. Many are old, static, without an indication of life’s movement. The matsutake mushroom picker must search for the dynamic heaves, those that signal that a living thing is slowly, slowly pushing. One then feels the ground, perhaps inserting a stick. The mushroom may be two or three inches below the surface, but a good picker knows, having sensed the liveliness of the ground, the life line of the mushroom.

Searching has a rhythm, both impassioned and still. Pickers describe their eagerness to get into the forest as a “fever”. Sometimes, they say, they did not plan to go at all, but the fever catches you. In the heat of the fever, one picks in the rain, in the snow, even at night with lights. One gets up before dawn to be there first. Let’s go, time’s wasting; somebody else will take those mushrooms. Yet no one can find a mushroom by hurrying through the forest. Slow down. . . *slow down*, I was constantly advised. Inexperienced pickers miss most of the mushrooms by moving too quickly;

only careful observation reveals the earth's gentle heaves. Calm but fevered, impassioned but still: The picker's rhythm condenses the contradiction in a poised alertness.

Pickers also study the forest. Matsutake establish a symbiotic relationship with certain trees, winding around and into their rootlets. Like us, they live off the sugars plants manufacture from sunlight; the trees feed them. In turn, like good farmers, they make nutrients available to their trees. Much of the useful business of classification among pickers involves naming the right trees. But tree classification only opens the door, perhaps determining the general area a picker chooses to search. It is not so helpful in actually finding mushrooms. Pickers do not waste much time looking up to identify trees. Our gaze is directed below, where the mushrooms rise through the heaving earth.

There, the picker scans for lines of life – the activity lines that create the micro-ecologies of the forest. Matsutake is unlikely to be found in fertile, well-watered places; other fungi will grow there, and matsutake is a bad competitor. Instead, matsutake is found in poor environments with few easily available nutrients: sand dunes; volcanic rock; eroded hillsides; high desert. If there are too many dwarf huckleberry bushes, the ground is probably too wet. If heavy machinery has been through the area, it spells death for the fungus. If the trees are only a few decades grown from logging, no mushrooms will appear. If animals have left droppings and tracks, this is a good place to look. If moisture has found a place to hide next to a rock or a log, this too is good.

There is one little plant on the forest floor that depends entirely on matsutake.⁹ Candy cane forms a red-and-white striped stalk adorned by flowers. Even after the flowers fade, candy cane's dry stalks can be easily seen in the forest, and they are an indicator of matsutake – whether fruiting, or just fungal threads underground.

Life lines are entangled: candy cane and matsutake; matsutake and its host trees; host trees and suites of herbs, mosses, insects, soil bacteria, and forest animals; heaving bumps and mushroom pickers. My point so far is this: Matsutake mushroom pickers are alert to life lines in the forest. Searching with all the senses creates this alertness. It is a form of forest knowledge and appreciation. It lacks the completeness of a system of classification. Instead, searching brings us to the liveliness of nonhuman populations experienced as subjects rather than objects.

So much for my mushroom picking; it is time to bring in the experts.

Mapping memories

Hiro is an elder in Portland's Japanese American community. Now in his late 80s, he has led an exemplary working-class life. For many years, he worked in a forge, making heavy equipment and participating in the union. For that long life of work, he receives \$11 a year in pension. When World War II broke out, Hiro was a young man farming with his parents. His parents lost the farm when the authorities classified them as enemy aliens and moved them into the Portland livestock yard, and then into a barbed-wired internment camp. Hiro joined the U.S. army and served in the Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team, famous for the losses it was asked to suffer while whiter troops flourished. If Japanese Americans behaved like "model minorities" after the war, it has a great deal to do with this history of discrimination and loss. As another elder put it, "We stayed away from everything Japanese-y. If you had a pair of [Japanese] slippers, you took them off before you left the house". Although his parents were migrants from Japan, Hiro speaks only a little Japanese and reads none; he is fluent in American culture. Indeed, this is the kind of nervous-to-be-locked-up, quick-to-assimilate Asian American culture I myself grew up with in Ohio.¹⁰

Within the culture of 20th century Asian American assimilation, however, some forms of imagined Asianness flowered. For Portland's Japanese Americans, the search for matsutake mushrooms became a locus of pleasure, pride and attachment to place. Community members recount with pleasure their opportunity to send something valuable back to Japan – even if it sometimes arrived full of worms.

The distribution of matsutake mushrooms is one of the greatest pleasures of picking. Hiro says that last year he gave matsutake to 64 people, mainly older folks who could not get to the mountains to pick themselves. Matsutake builds a sense of pleasure and community, especially among the older people. As such too, it has become a gift that elders can give to the young. Looking for matsutake moves a picker through time as well as space. Memory is vitalised by the body's motion in the forest: Memory inspires the dance, and the dance inspires memory.

Driving with Hiro to the forest, memory gets personal. He points out the window, "That's Roy's matsutake hunting place; over there it's Henry's special spot". Only later do I realise that both Roy and Henry are deceased. But they live on in Hiro's map of the forest, recalled every time he passes their spots. Hiro teaches younger people how to hunt for mushrooms; and with the skill comes the memory.

As we walk into the forest, memory gets specific. "Under that tree, I once found 19 mushrooms, a whole row, stretching half way round the tree". "Over there I found the biggest mushroom I've ever found, four pounds it was, and another two pounds and still a bud". He shows me where storms have felled a once good mushroom tree; there will be no more mushrooms there. We look at the places where a flood wiped off the topsoil, and where pickers have undermined a bush by digging. Once those were good mushroom places, no more.

Even outside the forest, Hiro walks with a cane, and it is amazing that he can still clamber over fallen logs, through brush, and up and down slippery ravines. But Hiro does not try to cover ground. Instead, he goes from one of his remembered mushroom spots to another. The best way to find matsutake is to look where one has found it before.

Of course, if that spot is in the middle of nowhere, under a random bush near a random tree, it is pretty hard to remember that place from year to year. It would be impossible to catalogue all the places one has found a mushroom. But, Hiro explains, one does not have to. When one arrives in the spot, the memory washes over one, making every detail of that time before suddenly come clear.

This kind of memory requires motion and inspires an intimate historical knowledge of the forest. Hiro remembers when a road was first opened to the public: "There were so many mushrooms by the side of the road that you didn't have to go into the forest at all!" He remembers particularly good years: "I found three orange crates of mushroom, and I couldn't figure out how to carry them to the car". All of this history is layered on the landscape, threaded in and out of the spots we check for new life emerging.

The power of the dance of memory on landscape struck me particularly hard when we spoke of the people who could no longer perform it. Hiro always brings mushrooms to those who can no longer walk in the forest. Gifting mushrooms re-inserts the ill and the families of the deceased into the communal landscape. Sometimes, however, memory fails, and then, for better or worse, all the world becomes mushrooms. Ken told me about an elderly community member with Alzheimer's, confined to a nursing home. "You should have been here last week", the old man told him when Ken visited, "That hillside was white with mushroom". He was pointing out the window to the clipped lawn where matsutake would never grow, nodding vigorously at an illusion. Without the dance of matsutake forests, memory loses focus. The dance *is* memory.

In contrast, commercial pickers cover ground. Unlike heritage pickers, for whom a half-bucket of mushrooms is a good day's haul, commercial pickers recognise that a half-bucket probably will not pay for gas. Commercial pickers cannot afford to just check their remembered spots. To make a living, they pick longer days, wider ranges, and more diverse ecosystems. Let me sweep you into another dance.

Lines and alignments

For Moei Lin and FamTsoi, matsutake picking is both a livelihood and a vacation. Every matsutake season since the early 1990s, they have made their way with their husbands from Redding, California, to the central Cascades; on weekends their children and grandchildren sometimes join them. When the season is over, Moei Lin's husband stacks milk crates at the Redding Wal-Mart for \$11.50/hour without benefits; FamTsoi's husband drives a school bus. In a good year, matsutake picking is a better living than either of these alternatives. Still, they look forward to the season for multiple reasons, including the exercise and the fresh air of the forest. The women feel released from the confinement of the cities. The closely-built shelters of their Mien encampment are the nearest they have come, in the United States, to a village in upland Laos. Mien mushroom camps are full of the bustle of village life. Neighbours bring news, cooked food to share and wild meat to distribute. Mien pickers describe the pleasures of the mushroom camp as a chance to re-create village life.

There are also reasons to forget, as FamTsoi reminded me when I asked her about memories of home. Since many Hmong pickers had told me that hiking the Oregon forests reminded them of the hills of Laos, I asked FamTsoi if she sometimes thought of Laos when she was picking. "Yes, of course", she said. "But if you just think about the mushroom, you can forget".

Mien came to the United States with the tragedies of the U.S. war in Indochina. Like the Hmong, Mien were swept up as whole villages into the CIA secret war in Laos. No Laotian Mien escaped a history of deaths, forced migrations, divided families and wartime betrayals. When the Americans withdrew in 1975, many were caught on the wrong side. After spending years in upland Thai villages and refugee camps, a significant number were accepted as refugees to the United States. Many moved to the mild weather and agricultural wealth of central California.¹¹

Southeast Asian refugees came to California at a time when the Reagan administration was closing down the welfare state. State assistance was limited to 18 months; job training was minimal. Most of the refugees had few skills in English and many had no urban job experience. In contrast to the coercive assimilation of mid-20th century American citizenship, these refugees had entered a U.S. where no one much cared about assimilation, as long as you asked for nothing. The institutions of assimilation – affirmative action, public education, standard employment – were in decline. Mien formed ethnic enclaves, growing Southeast Asian foods, forging traditional tools and revitalising ceremonies. Unlike my immigrant Chinese mother who studied how to cook hamburgers and meatloaf a half-century ago, Mien housewives feel proud to hang strips of drying game over the kitchen fire. When the refugees heard that money could be made picking mushrooms in the forest, they flocked to join the harvest.

Left to earn a living by their own wits, Southeast Asian refugees have found good uses for old repertoires of skills. Pioneering across landscape is a traditional Mien skill, once necessary to a migratory shifting cultivation. Mien people have always used the forest; it is not a place of fear or disorientation. Lao pickers from urban Laos get lost in the forest – as did I – but Mien pickers rarely do. Everyone felt so comfortable that there was no need to stay close. When I picked with them, the men went off on their

own, quicker trajectories, while the women forged their own way. “Men run off chasing big bumps”, explained FamTsoi, “while women scratch the ground”.

I learned to scratch the ground with FamTsoi and Moei Lin. Everywhere we picked, other pickers had been before us. But rather than cursing their messy digs, we explored them. Moei Lin would lean over and touch her stick to the area where soil had been disturbed. No heave would be in evidence because the surface had already been broken. But sometimes there would be a mushroom! We followed the tracks of earlier harvesters, touching their remains. Because matsutake, anchored to trees, come up again in the same spots, this was a surprisingly productive strategy. We aligned ourselves with invisible pickers who had gone before us but left traces of their activity lines.

Nonhuman pickers were as important as humans in this strategy. Deer and elk love matsutake; when we found their spoor or tracks, they often led us to a patch. Bears turn over logs with matsutake underneath and create a mess, digging up the ground. But bears – like deer and elk – never take all the mushrooms. To find a recent animal digging is a sign that mushrooms may be around. Following the traces of animal lives, we entangled and aligned our movements, searching with them.

Not all tracks guide one well. How often I found a lively bump, which, pressed, revealed only air: the tunnel of a mole! And when I asked Moei Lin if she looked for candy cane, the little plant that grows only with matsutake, she frowned and said “no”. “Other people will have already been there”, she explained. It was too obvious a sign for the subtle entanglements we sought.

To view trash in this light was a revelation for me. White hikers hate trash. It mars the forest, they say. Southeast Asian pickers, the Forest Service agrees, leave too much trash. Some spoke of closing the forest to pickers just because of trash. But out looking for life lines, a little trash helps. Not the mountains of beer cans white hunters leave, but a little trash tracked through the forest. A wrinkled piece of tin foil, the discarded vial of a ginseng tonic, a soggy box for Cambodian cigarettes: Each of these is a sign that a Southeast Asian picker had passed. I could recognise the line; I could align myself; it kept me from getting lost; it put me on the track for mushrooms. I found myself looking forward to the lines on which trash might lead me.

Trash is not the only Forest Service bugaboo. Their main concern is “raking”, which means digging up the ground. Anti-raking spokesmen describe raking as the work of egotistical or ignorant individuals. Rakers dig the ground with their big sticks, destroying the resource, heedless of others. But women pickers suggested something different. Sometimes the disturbed ground labelled as raking is the work of many hands. When many hands have touched an area to find its life lines, a trough may form. Raking is sometimes the result of many consecutive and entangled life lines.

The ground where Moei Lin and FamTsoi pick is not the sculpted carpet of Hiro’s valley. In the volcanic high desert of the eastern Cascades, the ground is dry; the trees are windblown, sickly, and sometimes sparse. Fallen trees litter the ground, their uprooted butts blocking passage. Waves of logging and Forest Service treatments have left a trail of stumps and roads and broken earth. It seems strange to argue that pickers are among the worst threats to this forest. Still, their tracks are easy to see. For Moei Lin and FamTsoi, this is an advantage.

By following life lines and aligning their movements with them, Moei Lin and FamTsoi cover a lot of ground. We rise before dawn, and after a meal we are in the forest at first light. We may be out in the forest for four or five hours before we contact the men on the walkie-talkie. Although the general contours of the hills are familiar, we are always checking new places. This is not the forest of familiar attachments. We scout new territory by following lines of life.

At lunchtime, we sit on a log and pull out plastic bags of cooked rice. Today, our topping is carp, made into small brown nuggets, mixed with red and green bits. It is tantalizingly rich and spicy, and I ask how it is made. FamTsoi explains, “You have a fish. You add salt”. She falters; that is it. I imagine myself in the kitchen with a raw salty fish dripping in my hand. Language has met its limit. The trick of cooking is in the bodily performance, which is not easy to explain. The same is true for mushroom picking, more dance than classification. It is a dance that partners here with many dancing lives.

Handing on the dance

Japanese Americans and Mien have had different experiences of American citizenship. Although transnational connections remain a vibrant feature of diasporic lives, neither Japanese nor Mien Americans offer a museum copy of earlier ways of life in East and Southeast Asia. In each case, cultural expression answers the challenges offered by American politics and society. If picking performances contrast between the two groups, it is in part because their dance floors have been differently laid out by the U.S. state.

Meanwhile, each dance offers an appreciation of other forest lives. It is perfectly possible to learn a lot about mushrooms from books and courses; I did. Yet watching the dance offers something else. Rather than attending to other species as objects of classification or resource management, following the intersection of moving and growing bodies tracks them as dynamic subjects.

This is exciting in itself; it is also a key skill for our times. Consider the dilemmas of global climate change. Just as climate change affects humans in Bangladesh and in Minnesota differently, so too nonhuman populations within a single species are differentially affected – depending on their ecological activity lines. Species lists alone are not enough; we need new ways to narrate our relations with each other in changing conditions, including stories of tangled life lines.

The mushroom pickers I have described are observers of others’ life performances as well as performers of their own forest dances. They do not care about all the creatures of the forest; they are selective. But the way they notice is to incorporate others’ life performances into their own performance. Intersecting life lines guide the performance, creating one kind of forest appreciation. Pickers, elk, pine trees, candy cane and matsutake mushrooms dance and wander in each others’ paths, sometimes consequentially touching. Performance-based appreciation of human-nonhuman ecologies might offer models for environmental awareness for our times.

It’s time to return the dance back to you.

Notes

1. Anna Tsing is professor of anthropology at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and Niels Bohr Professor at Aarhus University. Her forthcoming matsutake book is *Living in Ruins: Capitalism, Blasted Landscapes, and the Possibility of Life on Earth*.
2. This article joins the collaborative work of the Matsutake Worlds Research Group (Timothy Choy, Leiba Faier, Michael Hathaway, Miyako Inoue, Shiho Satsuka and myself). My research in Oregon is indebted to further collaboration with Hjørleifur Jonsson and Lue Vang. This article was first a talk at the University of Minnesota for Ananya Chatterjea and the Department of Theater Arts and Dance. My interlocutors there offered generous comments. Research in Oregon was conducted every September and October from 2004 to 2008. The University of California Pacific Rim Research Program supported preliminary research; the Toyota Foundation helped support the wider collaborative program. Thanks too to Kathryn Chetkovich, Paulla Ebron and the anonymous reviewers.
3. Cage heard music, for example, in the sounds of traffic: YouTube (2007), “John Cage About Silence.” Website: www.youtube.com/watch?v=pcHnL7aS64Y (Accessed 30 July 2013).
4. T. Ingold (2007), *Lines: A Brief History*, Routledge, London.
5. H. Brody (1997), *Maps and Dreams*, Waveland Press, Long Grove, Illinois.

6. Generalisations here about “mushroom pickers” refer to Oregon. My research on matsutake has taken me also to Japan, China, Canada and Finland; different agendas and skills are relevant there. My website www.matsutakeworlds.org offers a taste of the differences.
7. A. Tsing (2013), “Free in the forest: Popular neoliberalism and the aftermath of war in the US Pacific Northwest”, In Z. Gambetti and M. Godoy-Anatvia (eds), *Rhetorics of Insecurity: Belonging and Violence in the Neoliberal Era*, New York University Press, New York, pp. 20-39.
8. All personal names are pseudonyms. I am grateful to the many Japanese American, Southeast Asian American, white and Latino pickers who showed me how they forage.
9. C. Lefevre (2002), *Host Associations of Tricholoma magnivelare, the American Matsutake.*, PhD Dissertation, Oregon State University, Corvallis.
10. For a moving account of Japanese American history in Oregon, see L. Kessler (2008), *Stubborn Twig: Three Generations in the Life of a Japanese American Family*, Oregon State University Press, Corvallis.
11. For an insightful discussion of Mien American war memories as they inform refugee experience in the United States, see H. Jonsson (forthcoming), *Disarming Ethnology: In Mien, Ancestors and the Future*.