

Charles Kikuchi

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January 1, 1947, Wednesday

Well, here it is the first day of the New Year, and I have been alone most of the day as Yuriko had to get up early in order to go teach and rehearse today. It is the kind of day that one should remain indoors as the streets outside are covered with snow. It is really the first good snow of the season. The weather this winter hasn't been so bad yet. I am listening to the Rose Bowl football game right now, and it is a bit strange to hear the broadcaster saying that the sun is shining brightly and it is over 70 degrees out there. It is dark here now. It doesn't make me nostalgic about California and my thoughts do not make me restless about being there. I think that I am much better off out here and I like it fine. It is natural for people to long for the place from which they came--like the Issei who always talked about going back to Japan but never got there because they had to rear families--and I suppose that many of the Nisei are in the same situation since the war. Economically they are better off in the other areas of the country although those with property had some reason for returning. It seems so long ago since those days in Chicago when I was so concerned about the integration process of the Nisei. They have done fairly well from this viewpoint, but it is unfortunate that they have drifted more and more back into the segregated habits. It's not their fault entirely since the outside social forces creates such situations but I think that more could have been done by individuals. At least it is not a hopeless cause. I guess I feel the same way about this matter as I always have. The reason I got to thinking about this is that I have been reading "The Spoilage" today and it made me think of how tragic the worst of the segregation process can be.

We didn't have such a quiet New Year's Eve after all. When Yuriko came home last evening she neglected to tell me that she had invited

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some friends over. I was working on a lamp, spent hours drilling holes in the glass, and Yuriko finally had to chase me in to shave and get cleaned up. (I Broke the lamp!) About 9:30 people started to drift in and around 10 people came in all. It was a very successful party for such an unplanned "unofficial" gathering. Sasha couldn't bring his girl friend, Andora, as she was dancing in the Roxie theater chorus. Clara and Charlie came, Shirley a dancing student--her home is in the midwest, Bob Johns and Duggey, Lamar and Rhoda. Don Duncan gave Yuriko an extra bottle so we had plenty of liquid provisions. It wasn't a noisy party but Yuriko and I felt that it was very successful for our "first party." We used our fancy, expensive glasses for the first time and everyone admired our apartment. Yuriko prepared a delicious chow mein for the gathering which everyone enjoyed. Ethel and Paul did not show up as she was too tired from her teaching--originally we had just planned to have the two of them. Anyway, it was a successful end of the old year even if my lamp did not get made!

Yuriko just came home and she is very tired because she had a hard day. She thinks that she is developing a cold. We don't know if we will wash all those last night dishes or not; it depends upon how ambitious we are. I haven't gotten out of my pajamas all day long. This is our first day in the New Year together so she is going to cook something special. I shall go help her now.

2 January, 1947, Thursday

The new work year starts with a renewal of my tasks about the household. It seems to be a never ending job because there are so many things to be done. I am beginning to worry about the arrival of my honorable discharge papers because I cannot apply for any unemployment benefits until I have them in hand. My civilian adjustments seem to be

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fair enough in all other respects; this married life is going along very smoothly and gayly. Perhaps I am pushing the thoughts of my economic future into the background by preoccupying myself about the apartment so intensely, but it is a good way as any to pass the time. I haven't been out of the place much since arrival in NYC. I'm too engrossed in fixing the place up to think of ~~a bookcase~~ much else I guess. Today I planned and executed the completion of a bookcase from some of the scrap lumber I found about the place. Lumber is too expensive so I just planed off the old pieces until they looked like new. I was unable to find any bricks after tramping around to a few places so I made it all wood. We have a long living room so I had to design something which would minimize it. When Yuriko came home, she improved my project with some sound ideas. Tomorrow I will paint it--cost for one large bookcase is \$1.00.

Yuriko had to rehearse this evening so I went to pick her up about 11:00 p.m. She will not get paid for rehearsals for another week yet. The latest on her tour is that they will open for a short season in NYC and then go to Pittsburg and then work to the Southern states. The NYC appearance doesn't make the company any money, but it is necessary for prestige purposes in the hinterlands. Yuriko said that she was so used to sleeping with her arms about me that she had better not be given a roommate while on tour. I really will not be seeing too much of her in the coming weeks because of her evening rehearsals. Most of our social visiting is done at night when she comes home. This evening we ate mochi and had some tea, and talked over the day's events. About all I could tell her was on things I had built and the homeless men I saw on the snow-covered streets when I went out shopping. It made me feel good that my future was going to be much happier than that of a homeless man who wanders around without a person in the world caring for him. That would be about the worst fate that one could have in life. Living is

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trying to make oneself as happy as possible, and it isn't too difficult to do in spite of so many world ills socially and economically if one has a partner who loves him as much as Yuriko does me. It is such a satisfying feeling that it continues to amaze me no end. It is possible to be happy in a world of reality. Yuriko is always cheerful and happy. When she is tired and exhausted from her dancing, she doesn't try to make me unhappy by griping about her tough life. It is just as difficult for her to realize that our love is a reality because she needs reassurance once in a while also. She thinks that I might resent her because I "have to do all the work about the house and I can't help you much." So to soothe her troubled mind and to give me an outwards demonstration of her feelings she goes and washes my underwear! Yuriko is always thinking up little considerate things to do and it gets to be contagious--all of it contributing immeasurably to a nicely adjusted marital relationship. She finally confessed that she read Havelock Ellis' "Psychology of Sex" to learn a bit more of men prior to her marriage, so I retaliated by telling her that I "studied" up on women a bit by reading "Modern Marriage." (Both books are now prominently displayed on the top of our new bookcase!) It all boils down to common sense.

There are many factors which contribute to our initial happiness in married life, and I think that we both work at it. Our immediate little problems are unimportant in comparison to the vast social problems of the country, but to us they are significant. (One way in which I have helped Yuriko curb some of her extravagant habits is to tell her that we should save a small sum each month in case we decide to have a real home in the future. I don't think that even this is an impossibility now although it may be a long time in coming). Economic matters seem

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to have a habit of disrupting many marriages, and both of us want to prevent distasteful misunderstandings by working out a mutual program now. Yuriko will claim me as her dependent for tax purposes as she will be earning more this year. She very tactfully broached the subject because she thought that it would hurt my ego!

One large factor which we recognize as contributing to a rich and happy life is establishing an attractive home as possible under the circumstances, and the fact that we are doing it with limited resources adds to the satisfaction. Yuriko has such understanding and appreciation of everything I do that it spurs me on. I am one hell of a carpenter because I still cannot saw a board straight, but I am learning with experience and Yuriko is never critical. I am glad that she has such an appreciation of artistic things because it adds to the atmosphere of our place. She has a small collection of classical records and some books in very good taste. All of these little things will eventually open up avenues for mutual enjoyment later on. We want our apartment to look inviting and when friends come we would like them to feel at ease. It isn't too hard to create a gay and cheerful place with a little imagination and Yuriko has a lot of it. She collected a great many curios while on tour in Japan before the war and they make the bookcase handsome. I was for piling it up, but Yuriko was more selective and she made each object stand out distinctively. Both of us like our apartment so much that we rarely seek enjoyment elsewhere and we haven't begun to take care of our social obligations. Smooching has taken up most of our leisure time so far!

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3 January, 1947, Friday

We acquired an electric alarm clock by courtesy of Duggy today so that we won't have any more trouble in a run down clock which fails to ring the alarm. Duggy gave us the clock because it is AC current, and also as a wedding gift. She is a member of the Graham company. Gradually, we are getting things to fit the apartment up. I worked on the bookcase all day long and found to my surprise that it was not big enough for all of my volumes. So I guess I will have to build another one for the study.

I shaved for the first time this year (I sort of forgot about it.) My hair was getting very long and Yuriko got after me in a joking way so I went out to the local barber and had my locks sheared off. He told me all the neighborhood news and thought that I was crazy for coming to NYC to live. However he was in accord with my projected plan to continue school because "without an education you are nothing in America." Yuriko hardly recognized me when she came home, and decided that she did love me after all to be able to put up with my tough beard. She threatened to sleep in the living room if I did not shave! I didn't want her to catch a cold out there so that's why I got the razor out! Now I can get after her about going to the dentist to have her filling replaced.

Yuriko rehearsed again this evening so I cooked the dinner. The other girls in the company go across the street to eat, but Yuriko prefers to come home and see me even if it is only for an hour. She is very busy at the studio now so that she has been unable to do many of the things which have piled up. It is fortunate that I will be able to draw an GI benefit because I don't mind too much keeping house while waiting for school acceptance. It has been nice to have the time to work on the apartment too. Each day I find something new to do and the process seems to be endless. I have been working on an average of 10 to 14 hours per

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day. Nothing would delight Yuriiko more than if I remained in bed all morning and rested, but I don't want to develop lazy habits. Maybe I would get too used to Yuriiko supporting me and I never would want to go out and face the cruel world to earn an honest living! Yuriiko has been so busy lately that I haven't had a chance to take her out on a date. I hope that she does not get run down and ill as she uses such terrific energy in her work that it is quite a physical strain. Despite her tiredness, Yuriiko always insists upon doing something about the house--no matter how small a task--just to let me know that her heart is in the right place. She doesn't have to do that but I know that it is sort of symbolical so I let her do it.

My honorable discharge hasn't arrived yet so I am getting a bit worried. It was sent to California but it has been a week so there has been time for it to be relayed--unless there is nobody around the campus on account of the Xmas holidays. I can't take any official steps until I get that piece of paper in my hands, and then my last contact with the army will be severed, good riddance for both of us methinks. Yuriiko got her last allotment check today and it will be used to pay the rent.

January 4, 1947, Saturday

Puttered about the apartment doing little things all day long. Yuriiko had to rehearse late so that we did not eat dinner until a late hour. She did most of the shopping this afternoon when she was home briefly. We still have to go over to her parents to deliver presents which were sent here. I want to take a couple of my suits over as I do not have any clothes to wear and I do want to get into suitable civilian clothes soon. The clothing industry is in the midst of having tremendous sales now so I may go select a suit in the very near future. Yuriiko wants me to have a dark suit so that I can escort her properly when we do

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go out. We won't get a feeling of being settled until I complete a few more tasks about the apartment and it will take at least two more weeks as new things keep on coming up. My next major project will be the building of the closet. It will be some job to find the lumber.

I took time out this afternoon to listen about the Bilbo case over the radio. The senate is having a hard time trying to act as if it believed in democratic principles by not seating him, when actually it is a political move on the part of the Republicans to gain public favor. This time it looks like Bilbo will be kept out, and good riddance. He was counting on the support of the Southern democrats but they seemed to have deserted him. The battle for white supremacy is by no means resolved; this is only one small step. Liberals in general are being confused these days over the Communist issue. I read in the papers today that the AVC is having quite an internal struggle to keep out the communists. It is too bad that this has to be an issue at a time when all liberal and progressive forces should be working together to prevent the conservatives from hurting labor and the working man too much. I dropped in at the ALP headquarters next door this morning to find out about veterans benefits and read some of the literature while waiting. It made me all the more disappointed in Truman. He is the symbol of the confused state of mind in the U.S. today, but things could be worse. It would be quite a surprise to me if the politicians and Big Business ever did stop betraying democracy for financial reasons. Saying that we are better k off than all other nations in the world is not much consolation. One slightly disillusioned person doesn't mean much, but the numbers could grow--and it will if we have any severe economic dislocations in the near future. (The Republicans will no doubt get blamed for it again if it comes after they return to power.)

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5 January, 1947, Sunday

I feel a bit guilty about my rather useless existence these days when nothing really productive is accomplished, especially on Sundays. I was in bed until late afternoon reading the assorted newspapers in detail and it took me hours. One thing about the N.Y. papers is that there is plenty of printed matter in them, and Sunday is usually the day in which I catch up with the news of the week. I read the N.Y. Times and PM in detail, and glanced through the Daily News for the more sensational stuff. (Like many other ignorant people, we support it because of the funnies.) The beautiful post war utopia just hasn't seemed to materialize; it's like some of the dreams of life. But people seem to go on existing and not caring too much.

Lately I have been thinking of joining the Greenwich Village chapter of the AVC, but I haven't taken any action because I keep on fooling myself that I am still in the process of readjusting myself with civilian life and too busy fixing the apartment up. My living has been focused around Yuriko to the complete exclusion of almost everything else. Personally I have been very happy in this vacuum, but I also have a guilty conscience that I am not living up to my responsibilities as a citizen by not taking a more active interest in other things. As soon as my honorable discharge arrives my economic concerns will be taken care of partially by the readjustment allowance for GI's but it certainly is not a solution for my economic future. After all of these years I just cannot make up my mind yet as to what I really want to do in life. I have given it a lot of thought, but my impression is that I still have to search around a bit before I find my proper niche. I just don't want to settle down to a useless and dull job. I think that a MA will better prepare me for whatever I eventually want to do and ~~with~~ this constitutes a sort of escapism for me. I suppose that I am not the only one troubled

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by these thoughts. However, I cannot go on being vague all of my life since I should save some time for really doing something constructive. It will be someplace in the field of social service, but the exact nature is a mystery. I know that I should be more concerned about it, but I'm not. Maybe it is a failing on my part. It is a source of great satisfaction that Yuriiko does not nag me. Her contention is that I should finish with school first and then concentrate on finding a job. "As long as you are going that, I don't mind living on a reduced scale of living. After all, a dancer's life is insecure economically, too, so I'm really not giving up too much. I never knew that marriage could be such happiness while I was single so don't think that I am suffering." In a way, my army experiences have affected me in that I am impatient about having to spend another year in school but I see no other way around it. My plan is to do some reading and private studying as soon as we get settled here, but the days and weeks have a habit of slipping by so rapidly. At least, it is a sign that I am not bored with dragging days. Life on the whole never seemed so bright to me, and I have a feeling that it is going to lead into something really positive. Yuriiko and I even talk about having a home of our own someday so we must be optimistic. I never dared to think in such concrete terms before.

One of the things which "bothers" me is any discussion about having a family. Yuriiko's philosophy is that if it happens, we should be happy and prepare to welcome an offspring even though we do not feel economically secure to start this process. She dismisses it with a light "After all, it happens in the best of families." We never seem to arrive at any definite conclusions, although we both have agreed that we should wait and just have each other for a year or so. Maybe I am not normal, but I don't feel any strong biological urge to perpetuate the Kikuchi

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name. Yuriko is quite feminine by the fact that she would like to have a child eventually. However, my feeling is that this urge develops with one's sense of self confidence in one's environment and a really strong belief in the future of the race. I guess I am a bit inhibited in this respect because of some of my cynical beliefs about human beings. Yuriko is a good influence for me because of her firm conviction in the goodness of Man. There is nothing philosophical about it; it's just naturally there. It's one part of her personality which makes her such a well rounded individual. I like people, but not the economic-political system which exploits them to the point that they cannot really live. And it is this sort of environment that I dislike bringing a new offspring into. I guess it is also a matter of getting used to the responsibilities of marriage; it's still pretty new to me!

We went over to visit Yuriko's parents this evening, and to explain why the mochi which came from Chicago got so mildewed. Some of her parents' friends sent it to our address and we didn't have a chance to deliver it. Mr. and Mrs. M. were quite philosophical about the matter, and said that it was sent to them for the sentiment anyway since they had plenty of mochi this year. It's a survival of the old country culture to have mochi, and nobody seems to know what it really means. Mrs. M. thought that the round mochi was some kind of tribute to departed ancestors, while Mr. M. came forth with the view that it might be symbolical of family unity. Yuriko and I had dinner with them; it was completely American style. We met some of their old camp friends, one of whom Yuriko knew quite well. Mr. Utsumi was a rather affable Issei, quite modern in his thinking and reputed to be a shrewd business man. He made enough money in the importing business before the war to

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become semi-retired now. Since leaving camp, he has traveled extensively over the country in his car, taking part in some small business ventures for "humanitarian" reasons. He operated a boarding house in Chicago in order to help the resettlers with housing and after it became a profitable venture he sold out. Right now he is making gold fish bowls as a hobby and he gave us one for a wedding present. Yuriko calls him the "bending macaroni" because he "goes in all directions." Mr. U. is single. We all played ping pong after dinner, and at last we have found a medium in common to get along and relax with at the hostel. They all speak a lot of Japanese at the hostel so I never know what the discussions are all about until Yuriko tells me later. It is a much better feeling to enter into things over there even though it is through ping pong. Mrs. M. seems genuinely glad to ~~ya~~ have us over and she is completely reconciled to the marriage because all of her Issei friends who have met me pass approval upon my conduct. I don't talk too much--which is their general criticism of Nisei--but that is chiefly because of the language handicap!! Mrs. M. gave us a set of dishes, and they were anxious to come and visit us so Yuriko invited them to come to dinner tomorrow evening. Mr. M. had previously told us to bring our things for cleaning so I took over some jackets and drapes. He will do them for us at cost, and this will be a considerable savings to us with the rising costs for cleaning now. He will also dye some of my uniform shirts.

January 6, 1947, Monday

My honorable discharge arrived today along with my mustering out check so that my mind was relieved immensely. Now I can start my proceedings for the readjustment allowances. It also adds to my mental health to realize that at least a little money will be coming in through me as I have been living on Yuriko since coming back from Chicago. Both

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of us realize that we spent too much money last month so we have been discussing some sort of budgetary control over expenditures lately. Yuriko wants me to handle the whole thing, but I think that she is a much better banker than I am. She developed a cold today so took a day off from the studio. It was nice to have her around because I get tired of listening to the radio when alone around here!

Most of our day was spent in cleaning up the apartment in order to make a good impression upon her parents. Yuriko did all of the shopping and we decided to have roast beef instead of steak upon the butcher's recommendation. Yuriko had never made a roast before so I undertook the job of cooking it. It came out real tough, but that was partly the fault of Mr. M. as he cut the slices too thick. Yuriko did a lot of work for the dinner party and it was a success--our first formal dinner party! We had a nice desert but they ate "tsu-ke-momo" instead. (Rice and pickles with tea!) Mr. and Mrs. M. thought that we had a nice apartment. I guess I was a bit nervous about the party because I put sewing machine oil in the cigarette lighters and had to clean them out later! Yuriko said that Mr. Utsumi was "impressed" with me and this helped to elevate my prestige with her parents.

Both of us have concluded that it is much more pleasurable having friends for dinner parties than going out so that we plan to have more of them as soon as Yuriko's rehearsal schedule lightens up. We feel very proud of our apartment because it receives nice compliments from everybody. It is a long ways from being finished, but we have gotten past most of the hard tasks. Yuriko plans to go down to Delancy street one of these days in order to buy some remnant material in order to upholster the chairs and put up curtains and drapes. She hasn't been able to do much of these things yet because of her work. I forced her

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to take things easy today as much as possible because of her coughing. It worries me that she might get ill. Yuriko drives herself into exhaustion and I have to be a sort of brake upon her activities.

January 7, 1947, Tuesday

My fears were justified because Yuriko was too ill to go to the studio today. Her cold made her cough considerably, but she did not have a temperature. I am insisting that she remain in bed for a day or so as insurance against long illness. I worried so much about her today. I busied myself making a sink top so that I wouldn't bother her too much with my worries. A lot of dumb and unjustified fears were going through my mind, and I kept thinking how much she meant to me. Yuriko has an amazing vitality so I don't expect her to be ill too long, but I insist that she stay in bed for at least two days. She even wanted to go to the studio today, but I phoned up Don and told him that she couldn't come. It's only rehearsal and she doesn't get paid for it, so I couldn't see why she should endanger her health. Yuriko only had some soup all day long, and she was feeling miserable--but she didn't complain at all.

I had to go out for a while this morning in order to initiate my application for the readjustment allowance at the Veteran's Center. It was a very easy process and I was only there for about an hour. There were hundreds of vets about the place, but my work category was in the professional status so that there was a shorter waiting period. One of the interviewers told me that they could use more social workers there, but I didn't enquire about the details. I talked it over with Yuriko when I came home and she thought that I should continue with my school plans. She guessed correctly that my real motive in wanting to work was because of economic reasons, "and I don't want you in the future to say that your career was stopped because of marriage." She is more optimistic

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about there being plenty of jobs a year from now than I am.

Yuriko got a letter from an uncle in Japan through Kazuo, and I got a more intimate picture of the "Japs," and realize again that they were human beings too. Her uncle spoke of hard living conditions there but said that it was better under the occupation than during the war. A lot of Yuriko's relatives have lost their property and they are "just existing." Yuriko's mother sends them salt and old clothing because everything is so scarce in Japan now. In the letter, her uncle told about all of her relatives and this was the first word that Yuriko has heard of them for five years. She said that many of her cousins were married and had children and some of them were killed in the war. Her uncle concluded that Japan might go democratic, but "we will have to suffer but bright days will come." One of her musician uncles opened up a "sushi" restaurant in the country because there was not much of a living for artists. I told Yuriko that I developed a terrific dislike of the Japanese and this was intensified by the war, but she said that her hatred was for war because she didn't think that any of the ordinary people gained by it no matter in what country they lived. However, she objects to the Nisei tendency to seek refuge and escape by plunging into projects to "democratize Japan" just as much as I do because she does not think that it is a realistic approach and her personal opinion is that she is an American so that it is no use to stress racial ancestry as that only heightens racial antagonisms here--"where most of us will live for the rest of our lives." She is so sensible about these things. Despite my greater academic education, I still look at Japanese politically instead of as people and that is as bad as being "racially conscious," a tendency I dislike about Nisei circles.

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8 January, 1947, Wednesday

Today was a sort of lazy day and I remained in bed most of the time keeping Yuriiko company in her illness. It was brief and she was feeling much better today although her cough persists. We played gin rummy and I took advantage of her weakened condition to beat her badly and run up a long list of wins. We plan to keep the score for a whole year before paying off. When Yuriiko is in good health, it is hard for me to beat her.

Rhoda came to visit us for the first time since her return from Detroit and she spent most of her time looking around for things which she could take with her. She really griped me because she even looked in the cupboards. She thought that she was all set to move into an apartment with another girl, but the plan did not materialize. Now she is staying at the Y and she sews most of the day over at Lamar's. She cooks for him and his roommate. Ethel has some friends from Bennington College remaining at her apartment so that Rhoda had to move out. I suspect that she blames Yuriiko and I for her present housing difficulties, but it was the best way out. She still would like to be dependent upon Yuriiko, but I won't let Yuriiko get caught up in this undesirable situation again. Rhoda has no idea of what she is going to do next. Her relatives moved back to California, and Rhoda is hopeful that Lamar will marry her yet although the situation remains in the indefinite stages yet. He is too busy with his economic progress to take on any additional responsibilities now. Ethel didn't want to get involved in the situation so that she is no longer planning to take Rhoda in as a roommate even though her friends go back to Bennington soon. It was so obvious that Rhoda just came over to visit in order to get brown sugar and some other things that I was in a most irritable mood and hardly spoke to her. As soon as Yuriiko can give her her sheets, we will be rid of her and that is the best for all concerned. I just don't like the way in which Rhoda

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has taken advantage of Yuriko. Yuriko supported Rhoda to the extent of over \$500 last year when she could ill afford to do such a thing, but Rhoda certainly doesn't seem to be very grateful for it. In her case, marriage would be a partial solution to her mixed up personality. It is a good thing that she has relatives upon whom she can call for money because she just hasn't been able to make a go of it since coming to NYC three years ago. It is sad in a way because no person ever realizes that he doesn't have the ability to compete in a field of his choice and he goes on year after year blaming other factors. Rhoda just isn't a dancer, and that seems to be the main reason why she has not been able to make the grade. Maybe she should try to get into movie stage show chorus instead of the legitimate stage in order to recoup her financial position. She may take a secretarial job after she finishes her sewing job.

Sue also came to visit Yuriko. She came as an emissary from the studio. Sue is a cute girl, very much social and politically conscious. She is planning to give up her dancing career for a different reason. Sue finds that dancing does not give her the mental stimulation which she wants so that she thinks she may go into social work. She has been active in some of the East Side housing movements and other social welfare activities. We had quite a nice discussion on the present economic trends. Sue did not think things were too hopeful with the Republican tendency, and she felt that labor was going to take tremendous setbacks this year. She is very much to the left in her political thinking, and she appears to be a most independent individual. She spent a couple of years in Mexico. Sue indicated that she would like to dedicate her life to some kind of a "cause" and she is one of the few people I know who actually does something about it. She deplored the fact that

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the liberal movement was being split asunder by the "communist issue" and she thought that this was not the time for such intra fratricidal fights. She has become a very good friend of Yuriko's in recent weeks and confides a lot of her personal problems in her. I believe that she went to college some place in the midwest.

January 9, 1947, Thursday

I went down to the USES this morning to put in a formal application for a job in order to comply with the readjustment allowance eligibility. The interviewer told me that there were not too many available jobs: "As one vet to another, I'd advise you to take it easy for a while and draw the compensation because most of the job offers coming in do not pay much." He asked what would be the minimum salary I would accept and I put down \$50 even though I had never earned that much in a regular job. That is the way the army sojourn has spoiled me. I suppose that I could be considered one of the vets who has gone to the dogs, not willing to work, too lazy, feels that the government owes him a living. I rationalize that I am just waiting to get into school and I can busy myself constructively finishing the work about the apartment and getting used to married life.

I went up to the Veterans Administration to apply for my letter of eligibility to go to school, and while I was waiting around for four hours for an interview, I had plenty of time to think about what was going to happen to the hundreds of vets who swarmed about the building. Most of them seemed to be unemployed, and I don't know what their attitudes will be like when the benefits run out. There must be at least a million of them drawing the readjustment allowance. We are supposedly in the midst of a full employment boom, but something is radically wrong when so many citizens are still out of work. It could be a dangerous

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symptom and when too many citizens live in a world of frustration and emptiness, it gives impetus to fascist trends. A lot of the GI's I saw at the VA could easily become foils for some American Fuehrers. It wouldn't take much to convince them that all of the economic troubles stem from the lack of racial "purity" and that it is the fault of Jews and Negroes if a depression develops. It made me shiver involuntarily when I thought of it. A rootless and functionless vet would be in the mood to listen to any crackpot. We have American-style fascism already, and it could easily outdo the European variety if conditions got bad enough. The big corporations and military would do anything to keep in power and we have more of this evil than any other country in the world ever had. As I sat there, I thought that I could never support another war even though it benefited me to be in the army. It is too dangerous for the future of democracy. That's what disgusts me to read about the infiltration of our government with so many military men and representatives of corporations as they are much more dangerous than the "communists" the press rants about so much these days.

Yuriko got up and went to rehearsal and her cold is well under control now. I worked on another bookcase in the study. When Yuriko came home, everything was cheerful and I forgot about my depressing thoughts this afternoon. If everyone had a panacea like her, Life would be so wonderful. Yuriko told me more about the tour plans and emphasized how difficult it would be to be separated for six weeks. She said that she didn't know how she would take it yet, but I'm sure that proper adjustments will come and there is no danger that it will interfere with our marital venture excessively. But I do know that I will miss her tremendously. However, there is no regrets that I married a dancer. I think we both gained by our matrimonial alliance.

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

2149
10th January, 1947, Friday

I painted my new bookcase today, and after listening to the compliments on my carpentry talents by Yuriko, I concluded that I should promote myself into the amateur carpenter class now as my apprenticeship has been properly served. I surprise myself when things I build turn out so well. It must be love. It is a tactical problem to build anything for this apartment as the floor slants and I have to build things crooked in order to make them look straight in this home!

Most of the afternoon I occupied myself by doing laundry and thereby taking business away from Harry the Chinese laundryman. I concluded that I had sufficient experience from camp and the army to be able to attend to this task so I worked diligently upon it for several hours. It was strenuous work. When Yuriko came home, she was so surprised. She rewarded me by making love to me between her preparations for dinner. Yuriko was touched because I loved her enough to do the home laundry and that it did not lessen my pride. But she didn't have to go to the studio and tell her friends of what I had done. A special dinner was prepared for me because I worked so hard. It looked delicious, but something went wrong. Yuriko had creamed the string beans with a heavy canned milk which we had used earlier in the week and it was much too sweet. I ate the stuff bravely, but I got a stomach ache. Yuriko was so sad that her special meal had turned out so badly; it really wasn't her fault. She said that as an alternative reward she would treat me to the movies. So she gave me my \$5.00 "allowance" and said "let's go over to see if Ethel and Paul would like to come along." So we got a quart of icecream and went over there for dessert.

We met Ethel's friend from Bennington College over there. That college has a progressive system whereby the students work for three months during the winter as a part of their education. The girl

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

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January 10, 1947

appeared to be very nice, thinks that movies recommended by Cue mag are the best, the modern college girl type. Another girl we met there was Mary Khaun, a Chinese girl. She was going back to China next week. "I've been away from home for 8 years and it's time I went back to visit the folks." She was worried that her Chinese dress would be too "dated." The girl comes from a rich Chinese family, not too interesting, thinks that movies like "It's a wonderful life" are typical of American life, very conservative, a Chiang Kai Chek supporter.

Paul, Ethel, Yuriko and I went to see the French film of the war, "Jericho." It has been proclaimed as one of the best pictures of the war, but the nationalism it stressed made my stomach curdle. (Maybe it was still the effects of the sour beans, I don't know.) Artistically, it was a good film, and at least it did portray German soldiers as something less than bestial supermen. It extolled the idealism of the French underground fighting for liberty and democracy, but I kept thinking of how the present French government is massacring the Indo-Chinese for wanting these same freedoms. Nationalism and imperialism doesn't seem to be much of a solution for anything except subject matter for commercial movies. But it was nice to be out with Yuriko for a change so why should I complain?

January 12, 1947, Sunday

Another leisurely and satisfying weekend. Yuriko was home much more than anticipated. We just puttered around the house when she came home from the studio yesterday noon, and finally got around to taking down our Christmas tree. She thought that she had to rehearse in the evening, but it was unexpectedly called off. The tour now starts in Boston on February 8th according to the latest plans. They may not have a NYC opening because of the difficulty in getting a theater. Yuriko

Charles Kikuchi

Diary

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January 12, 1947

has a big part in "Cave of the Heart" (called Media at the Columbia U. commissioned preview last spring). At that time, Yuriko had very favorable reviews from the critics and some dancers thought that she had stolen the show from Martha Graham. I haven't seen her dance with the Graham company yet.

Last night we decided to spend the evening at home since Yuriko has been rehearsing so much and we were not in a mood for going visiting or to a show. Yuriko made some delicious fudge, only she tortured my taste buds for hours with the sweet chocolate smell but wouldn't let me sample until she was completely satisfied that it would harden. We used the pressure cooker for the first time for dinner and obtained amazing results with the food. Modern conveniences are nice, and it certainly does simplify cooking. It only took five minutes to cook the potatoes and 15 minutes for the meat loaf. We read the funnies after midnight, and fell asleep easily because we were both tired.

This noon, Yuriko got up and cooked a feast for breakfast--waffles, fried potatoes and fried weenies, bacon, eggs, coffee, sliced oranges. I stuffed myself and then staggered back to bed to spend the usual lazy Sunday digesting the week's news in the papers. Yuriko went to the audition winners recital at the YMHA with some of her friends, but she was very disappointed with the results. After dinner, she went to the studio and rehearsed until 11:00 p.m. She just got home a few minutes ago. I feel guilty for having such a lazy day while she had to exert so much energy. All I did was lay in bed, read papers, listen to the radio, eat her fudge. A little while ago, I got a guilty conscience so I went out to the kitchen and washed the dinner dishes. Sunday is my day of rest, and I really do enjoy it. I don't even like to stir out of the house. I don't dress at all, nor shave. It shouldn't be such

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Charles Kikuchi

Diary

January 12, 1947

a novelty to me, but I get the contented feeling of being in my own home. I wish that Yuriko could spend more Sundays with me, but her schedule is unpredictable and she may be busier than ever in rehearsals until the tour starts. She has to get her picture taken next week by Mademoiselle to accompany an article about her as an "outstanding young artist."

13 January 1947, Monday

2153

This morning I went over to the lumber ahop to get some wood for building the closet, and was amazed at the prices charged--if you can get anything at all. While talking to the owner, he mentioned that he had been in the service and how glad that he was still in business because of the bad economic conditions these days for vets. He began to sympathize with me and mentioned that I must be having a tough time getting a job, etc. The first thing I knew he was offering me some lumber at half price: "Always glad to help a vet". I wish that everyone had this sort of an attitude! Instead of the closet costing me \$27.00, I will build it for about \$4.00. That is quite a savings. I had a tough problem figuring it out, but I managed to complete a satisfactory closet after about 14 hours of diligent work. Yuriiko complains that I get so wrapped up in my project that when she comes dashing home for meals and just to see me, I practically ignore her! That is not the case because I time the passage of the day with her comings and going and when she is a bit late, I am very conscious of her absense.

Building things about the apartment keeps me occupied and it is an interesting pastime to make something out of nothing. Slowly we are getting our place in shape; it takes so much time and there is always new little things to do. It seems to be an endless process but I am not bored with it because I want the apartment to look nicely for Yuriiko's sake. She doesn't have much time to work about the house because she is busy dashing back and forth to the studio, but she does as much as possible every time she gets a chance. She feels badly because she is not able to do more. Yuriiko tells her friends at the studio all about the work I am doing so they get a day by day report, and the are getting very curious to see what it all looks like. One of these days we plan to have an open house.

13 January 1947, cont.

2154

Yuriko's schedule is so indefinite that it is difficult to plan anything ahead. I haven't had much of an inclination to go out; I feel selfish because I just want to stay home with Yuriko when she is not rehearsing--very rarely now. She has to be there mornings and evenings. Starting from next week, she will get paid for rehearsals.

Lately Yuriko has been getting more conscious of our soaring living costs so that she has gone systematically about keeping some general control over expenditures so that we will not go in the hole. As soon as I start drawing the 52-20, some of the economic tension will be lifted. I don't like to see her spending all of her money supporting me. It has taken quite a bit to set up housekeeping, but we have done remarkably well in cutting corners here and there. Yuriko has become a very good shopper so that actually we eat much better than before and at a lower cost. We decided this evening that we would try to maintain ourselves on a monthly budget of \$200, and I think that it is very possible. It makes living so pleasurable when planned with an intelligent and pretty companion!

As this was one of the rare evenings free for Yuriko, we went over to the Hostel to visit her folks and pick up some of our cleaning things. It is a good thing that Mr. M. has a cleaning shop as a sideline because our bill would have been \$30.00 for all the things we sent. Yuriko told them that they "opened up just at the right time." The wholesale price for that cleaning was \$10.00, but the Ms refused to accept anything. Yuriko's mother likes to help us, and she now believes that her daughter made a good marriage and that she no longer has any reservations! It is surprising our rapidly she has accepted the marriage because she was not in very

13 January 1947 cont. 2155

of it four months ago. Now she tells Yuriko that the choice was good, and she always does little things to give us a helping hand. Psychologically, Mrs. M. is settled and this has changed her whole personality so that she is a busy and happy individual now. The hostel was just the place for her. She is busy supervising, and she does all the shopping for the food. Apparently she has made friends with the A and P butcher because he is always saving her choice meats. Mrs. M insisted upon giving up a fat chicken to bring home with us. Her generosity is more than superficial because the last few times we have been over there, we have noticed that Mrs M is busy buying things to send to relatives in Japan--mostly food items. Since she would not accept payment for the cleaning, Yuriko suggest that we buy some canned meats and give them to her so that she can send them to relatives in the old country. Mrs. M doesn't have the time to shop around for all of these little things.

A clearcut indication of her attitude towards us now was in her telling Yuriko about a conversation she had with the Kibei assistant manager there and his fiancee. I don't talk much with Mrs. M because of the language difficulty so Yuriko tells me afterwards. She said that her mother was defending marriage in her discussion with the kibei boy. It seems that this boy and his fiancee are getting very frustrated because economically they think it is too much of a risk. Due to this feeling, they have become a bit disillusioned about marriage in general, and about the inadvisability of mixing a career with it in particular. They made comments to Mrs. M that a career and marriage could not mix, so she took issue with them and said it was an individual matter. She used practically the same arguments which Yuriko gave her four months ago when we tried to convince her that a mistake was not being made!

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2156

Mr. M, also offers us generous help--like the cleaning and dyeing. He bought a typewriter from a Nisei girl for \$70 "in order to help her out" and as soon as he makes out his income tax returns he said that I could use the machine indefinitely! He doesn't type much at all and he only bought the machine because he thought that I could use it! It is quite a relief to Yuriko that her parents are financially solvent because it is less of a burden on us. So many Nisei have the additional responsibility for aged parents these days. We are fortunate in this respect because the M's are doing much better than we are! Yuriko says that her mother is so happy when we go over there. She just putters around and tries to find something to give us. She gave Yuriko a coffee container so that she could take hot soup to rehearsals and keep warm. The atmosphere over there has been eased considerably for us because of the ping pong table. We like to play and it is a good opportunity. Mr. M suggests that if I get bored with leafing, I could take care of the counter in his cleaning shop, and "learn Spanish and make social studies." I may do it after Yuriko goes on tour if I get the apartment in good shape; it may be an interesting experience.

14 January 1947, Tuesday.

Four months of marital bliss today, and Yuriko was so sentimental and romantic that I fell in love with her all over. I even interrupted my carpentry work in order to smooch with her on this special occasion! We had a couple of drinks before dinner, and it made us act silly. We were dancing around in the kitchen while the chicken was being steamed violently in the pressure cooker. Yuriko made a very special dinner and we feasted to our hearts content. Everything was so tasty. Lately we have been

14 January 1947 cont. 2157

learning a bit about Italian foods and adding new things to our diet. This evening we had Italian lettuce salad and fresh olives.

Yuriko had a very busy day because she had to get some pictures taken by Mademoiselle Magazine, and we overslept so she had to make a mad dash for it. There will be an article about her and four other successful Nisei in the art field in the April edition of the magazine. The rest of the day, Yuriko taught and rehearsed. She wasn't home until after midnight so I got worried and I started to look for her as she was not in the studio. All sorts of fears went through my dumb head. I thought maybe she slipped and fell or something. It was a great relief to finally see her coming down the street. She said that the group went over to Don's after rehearsal to discuss about her choreographing a new dance. It is so inconvenient not having a phone. Yuriko said that she kept telling her friends that she had to get home or I would worry, and they just teased her that she has lost her independence. "But I feel freer and happier than I ever did in my life," Yuriko defiantly remarks, "and you just don't know how it is because you aren't married!" So I rewarded her with a big kiss and felt very lucky and no longer irritated and worried because I had walked around in the drizzle looking for her! I think we will miss each other a lot when she goes on tour. She said today that she may be out of town just two weeks and then come back for a NYC opening. It all depends upon the Hurok management and plans are still indefinite for the tour itinerary.

This evening I went to the AVC community meeting on housing in the Judson Memorial Hall near Washington Square. There were about 200 interested people present. I slept through the first speech because the drinks I had earlier in the evening made me drowsy. But after I became alert enough, I discovered that the

14 January 1947 cont. 2158

discussion was most stimulating and there were some very fine speakers present. They presented the housing crises in a forceful manner and urged that we take action as civilians. The AVC chapter is planning to put up voting booths all over the city on Lincoln's birthday in order to let the public "vote" and petition to Congress that rent controls must not come off. The Greenwich AVC chapter seems to be active and alive to public problems so I indicated a desire to join the chapter on the cards passed out.

Several of the speakers were prominent in public life, and it looks like there might be a chance on keeping rent controls if the public is aroused enough. Public action did not save OPA or pass the FEPC bill, but it did put enough pressure on Congress to oust Bilbo. The real estate boys are marching on Congress to take rent controls off so that they can make more profit. With such an acute housing crisis existing, the real estate companies are still able to get priorities for building commercial skyscrapers, honky-tonks, and poolhalls which are more profitable. It doesn't look too hopeful with a Republican congress committed to private enterprise, but the voters may have something to say about the rent controls if they can get organized. The real estate companies lamely state that the present housing shortage is a naturally result of the depression and war, and if controls were lifted more housing would be build. Assemblyman John Lamula, a republican, made a strong speech at the meeting and he was outstandingly liberal in his views. He has introduced a rent control bill in the state assembly and he asked that the voters force Dewey to act upon it instead of spending all the tax money on highways. He pointed out that the reaction movement was very strong these days and everything was called communistic and "red" if it endangered profits. He commented that the real estate outfits were making more profits

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right now than every before in history, and he felt that Fascism was rearing its ugly head. Lamula concluded that the reactionary force was all tied in together and that the issue was larger than housing and discrimination in living places. Elizabeth Sifton, the chief editorail writer of the NY Post, and Robert Wagner Jr, the City Commissioner of Building and Housing, said similar things. Wagner, particularly, was effective in his comments: "bills called communistic today become the accepted law of tomorrow." He called on the audience to sign the prtition to Congress for passage of the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing relief bill. I don't know how Taft got in on anything so liberal as this bill as he is not known for his progressive ideas! One ex-vet got up and yelled that enough talking had been done, and he was for rounding up a lot of vets and marching into vacant buildings and taking them over. The chairman of the meeting quietly responded that the AVC was committed to action as citizens first, and that they still believed in the power of democratic action without force of that sort. Sometimes, I wonder if public discussion is enough.

15 January 1947, Wednesday.

My back ached exceedingly today so I was not too active in construction work. I did build a coffee table though--took an old rectangular mirror and a broken down camp chair and with the addition of a few pieces of wood I put it together into a finished product. Yuriko was so pleased with it and she said that it looked so modernistic that the idea should be sent to the magazine "Better Home and Gardens." That was quite complimentary, but it felt like I had achieved something worthy today. I have plenty of time to think up things to build, only it is so hard to get lumber. I went looking around this morning and I got quite a tour of the Village in the

15 January 1947, cont. 2160

process. We live in such an interesting neighborhood. There are so many outdoor vegetable and fruit stands around here. I couldn't resist going in to shop at some despite my other mission so that I could joyfully announce to Yuriko that I got some good bargain. The reason why the vegetables are much cheaper down in this neighborhood is that many Italian farmers in Long Island bring their produce directly to their relative's stand here so that the middleman costs are cut out and the consumer benefits. We have been trying out some strange vegetables recently--which comes from Italy. The shopkeepers are very accomodating about telling us how to prepare the things. They all seem attracted to Yuriko, and I notice that when she shops she gets a little more than I would if I went. The influence of Sex, no doubt! I guess I sort of forgot my primary mission of looking for lumber because I just wandered around looking at the neighborhood instead. It made me disgusted to see white shirts for sale at \$6.00 each. This district is like a city in itself. Lots of children--some of them very mischivious because they carry matches and light papers which they throw behind doors and gleefully fun away when they are caught. Pre-school boys at that. Some of them go into the fruit stands and steal apples and then run, calling the old Italian men foul names as they scamper away. The little brats are ripening themselves to being the juvenile delinquents of tomorrow. A broken down old lade with stained teeth and stinking clothes tried to decoy me into an alleyway in order to proposition me for fifty cents: "Special price for United States Soldiers," she says very patriotically. Garlic smells all over the place; lots of old unemployed men sitting around; little sweatshop factories here and there. I felt guilty for having such a free and easy life right not while other people were at honest jobs. Yuriko and I have decided that since we plan to live in this neighborhood for some time, we

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will try to patronize as many of the local shops as we can if they are good ones. We want to be a part of this community as it gives one a feeling of "belonging." It seems to me that there are too many lost and uprooted souls in New York City, and I don't mean just Nisei. When I walk by a saloon in early morning and see sad looking men drinking solitarily, I feel so sorry for them because they have really missed something in life. Yuriko is insurance that I won't ever be such a lost soul as she represents something to work for.

Kikuchi family life goes on according to the communication from Mariko. I'd rather read her letters than listen to her jangling talk; she mentions that she gives the family \$40 a month now so I forgive her for "stealing my radio." I just am not in the position to help Mom now, and the money left in the bank for her will have to do until I am in a better position upon completing school.

INSERT

January 8, 1947

Dearest Yuriko and Chas:

So sorry to keep you folks waiting so long to thank you for the lovely nylons, but better late than never, so they say, so here are my thanks!

Geo. and I have been ill since Christmas, and altho we are finally on the road to recovery we still aren't completely over our respective colds. I had the Flu for about 10 days, and Geo. had a touch of it too. This New Year's eve was the quietest we have ever spent - we both felt so miserable that we went to bed around 9 p.m. and spent most of the next day in bed. We had to get up to go down to the south side, as we had promised Mom several days previously that we would be over, and there was no way to get in touch with her, so we had to go, since she had gone to quite a bit of trouble to fix a New Year's Day spread. Everything was delicious. but we couldn't eat much, ab

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our stomachs were so upset. We felt a lot better after we had something to eat though, so we decided to drop over to Ben Voss's; Yoshi Hitano and Yuke Minaga (who had dropped in at the Kikuchi's) decided to come with us. We spent the rest of the evening there, and then came home.

We were invited to a Christmas Eve party by Betty and Bruce Yantis, on the North side, and spent an enjoyable evening there. The next day we went down to visit the family, and enjoyed a simply delicious Turkey dinner that Mom cooked. It was just wonderful! They had decorated a tree with trimmings and lights (something new has been added!) with their gifts displayed under it, and the fireplace was fixed up very nicely too. The kids received many lovely gifts, and everyone was in a festive mood, so it was all quite nice. We didn't have a tree this year; we figured that since we weren't going to be home Xmas Eve or Xmas day, there wasn't much point in getting one. Besides, we haven't been having many visitors for the past few months, as Geo. has to have absolute quiet when he is studying, which is every evening when he isn't at school and weekends. We were invited to a party last Saturday evening and to another this coming Saturday, which we will attend, but after that we will have to hibernate, as Geo. will have to cram for his exams which are coming up soon.

How are you folks coming along with the new apartment? Have you done much painting, Charley? Are you planning to get any new furniture? What about your heating system? Is it adequate in this cold weather? Is your girl-friend still with you folks, Yuri? When are you entering school, Chas? When ^{are} you starting your tour, Yuriko, and what is your itinerary? Will you come to Chicago? Will you go to San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles? So many questions, but we all want to know, so please answer every one of them when you write! You must be very busy, both of you, but please squeeze a little time in you crammed

Insert, 15 January 1947 cont.

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days and drop us a line now and then.

Emi is visiting Alice and Mark in Detroit - she got three weeks vacation, so she spent Christmas with the family and left the following Monday, so she should spend New Year's eve. with them. Alice and Mark phoned us on Christmas Day to give us their greetings and to thank us for the coat I made for Ricky (I made a coat just like Mark's for Ricky, out of a pair of Geo's worn out gabardine slacks. It came out beautifully, if I do say so!). Jack wrote us the other day to thank us for our gift and to tell us that Dolores is now acting supervisor and teaching classes - isn't that swell? He said that they both are looking forward to meeting you, Yuriko, when you go on tour. Jack is just winding up his job with the Post Office, and will go back to school soon. Perhaps he is back at Stanford already.

Mom slipped and fell flat on her back as she was running for the streetcar one morning, a couple of days before New Years Day, and she was complaining of a sore back the day we went down there. We have been after her to quit working for the winter months, but she says that what I give her and what Bette contributes isn't enuff to tide them over, now that they aren't getting anything from you. When we mentioned Jack's fund, she declared that she wasn't going into it, as she has a great feeling of insecurity about the future, and wants to have that to rely on. I am contributing more than one-fourth my salary every month (\$40.00) to her, and would like to contribute more, but under the circumstances am unable to, as half my salary goes to living expenses and the rest I have to have for my personal expenses, such as carfare, lunch money, cosmetics, clothes, etc. Geo's Dad stopped working several months ago, and now he is sending his folks money regularly, as well as loaning his brother sums of money, as he has been out of work and only started working recently. His school expenses run up quite a bit too, and since he is only making a few dollars more than I am, he isn't much better off than I am. We do

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everythings by halves - and the arrangement has so far worked out pretty well. When he gets thru with his course he is hoping to change jobs, as his present job is more or less dead-end, with not much prospect of a raise in salary in the near future in sight. We feel that in a year or two the problem of our respective families will be greatly eased, as Emi will be out of school by then, Geo. will have a much better job (we hope!), Tom and Miyako will probably be able to get summer jobs, and then we can start thinking about raising a family. Well, all this is probably very boring to you Yuriko, but we all have a habit of discussing family affairs amongst ourselves, and it's hard to get out of the habit. Of course we all realize, Charley, that you aren't in any position at the present time to do anything about the matter, and we don't expect you to, but I just thought you'd be interested.

I just phoned Bette a few minutes ago, and she said to tell you that there isn't much news from their quarters. She says that she is ashamed to say that she doesn't write oftener, but she is so tired after getting home from work and helping with dinner and doing her personal tasks that she just doesn't seem to get around to answering her correspondence.

Have you folks gotten round to getting the wedding pictures printed? Mom is anxious to get them (so she can take them down to work and brag about you Yuriki, I think!) and we's all like to get copies too. If you will send us the negatives after you get thru with them, we can get Bob to print ours for us when he has time, and then I'll return the negatives to you. We'd also like to have a portrait of you two, too. As soon as I get completely over my cold, I want to get down to Bob's to work on that batch of family photos that he took, so we can mail them to you.

I'm sorry that you have to wait so long for your wedding gift, but my boss ordered it (the steam iron) from one of the firms we do

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business with, and they claim that they haven't come in yet, but should get them in the near future. If I had known it was going to take this long, I would have sent you the one we have, but at that time I thought that yours would be delivered within a couple of weeks. Let's hope it will come soon!

Will close now, hoping you'll write when you have time....

Love
(signed) Mariko

16 January 1947, Thursday

Gee whiz, I picked on darling Yuriko this evening when she came dashing home for dinner before going back to rehearsal! But she forgave me. I was looking for the negatives of the wedding pictures and I couldn't find them anyplace. I looked in all the drawers and spent an hour in fruitless searching. All in vain. I got quite worried about it, and concluded that they had been lost. When Yuriko came in, I asked her right away before saying anything else where she had put them. "Now let me think." She said that she could not remember so I was sure they were lost. All through dinner she kept quiet, thinking about where she had put them. And she suddenly remembered. Then she said that I had confused her by being so insistent and that she really had been too busy with rehearsals to put anything away, this very defensively. Then I responded, defensively, that she could put little things away and that I didn't expect her to do a lot of work here. After we got that out, we spent the rest of the time making up. Gosh, we almost had our first argument! Good thing that Yuriko had such a good disposition because she could have gotten irritated. I shall have to avoid "picking" on her hereafter about unnecessary items because it would be terrible if she got angry with me, and refused to talk or maybe go over to her mother's! I was worried that she would be sore at me, but little things do not throw her that easily. She even reassured me that she loved me very much

16 January 1947, cont. 2166

going into the fifth month of our marriage so that I reverted back into my state of happiness.

This morning I went down to the social security office to sign for my first GI check. It will be delayed one week because one of the forms was not correct. The interviewer acted as if it were my fault-- he must have been a former officer because he certainly did act bossy. After the papers were straightened out, he made a friendly gesture and said that he knew many Nisei over in the Islands. The young man in line just before me was drawing his last check, and he commented, "Let the press think that we are bums for drawing the check for 52 weeks, but I don't regret it. I'm willing to go out and hustle for a job now, and I don't think that I got lazy. It was a good thing, and little enough for the beating I took over in the ET O. If civilians went through the hell of having shells and bullets fly by them day after day for four months like I did, and if they had to sweat out two years in the army in Europe, they would think that \$20 a week was too cheap. Now I'll go out and hustle for a job. If you are smart you would draw that check for a whole year too." Apparently, many former GI's have the same philosophy because there was quite a mob down in that office. I don't have to do any justifying to myself because I don't have any guilty feelings about belonging to the 52-20 club for a while.

After I left the Social Security Office, I wandered down Canal street for about an hour and saw some more of NYC. That's why I didn't get much work done about the apartment today, just puttered around here and there. There is so much to this city that it takes months to see all of the interesting districts. Many people feel that NYC is much too big, but 8 million others must like it fine enough to live here--unless they are trapped by economic circumstances. I'm sure that this includes many of the dwellers of the tenement district I saw this morning.

17 January 1947, Friday.

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I don't know if it is illness or just tiredness, but I didn't feel too well today and I spent the whole day relaxing in bed. Maybe I was just plain lazy as I spent the time reading. My throat was irritable and I thought that I was catching a cold. Yuriko took no chances and ordered me to sleep and rest the entire day. She thought that I was working too hard about the house. She gave me such tender care that it felt good, until she got firm and insisted that I eat only liquids for meals! Then she felt sorry for me because she brought out a birthday gift, a very expensive pair of wool lined slippers and told me to wear them when I had to get out of bed. She is so considerate all of the time. Yuriko rushed home between the rehearsal periods to see how I was coming along, and I felt guilty because I was really not ill. She must have caught on that I wanted her to lavish her attention upon me because she was going to make me get up and do the dishes but she relented at the last minute and excused me from this task. She said that it was her fault for my illness because I worked so hard doing things for her! Such a remarkable disposition she has because she is always affectionate and kind, and she is always doing little things to make me happy. I try to reciprocate, but my imagination is not as quick as hers. She says, "Being happily married is a remarkable experience and I'm glad that I did not miss out on it." It amuses her that her parents now feel that she is an adult, and she doesn't object to them thinking that they are helping a struggling young couple get started as long as they do not interfere in our lives. So far the arrangement has worked very satisfactorily.

Yuriko is concerned because she has to spend so much of her time at the studio in rehearsals and she fears that I may get lonesome and resent her activity outside of the household. I reassure her that I still feel that I am very lucky to see her as much as I do. I wouldn't think of stepping in the way of her self-realizations or her dancing capacities. We consider our marriage a cooperative enterprise, and I

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think that both of our personalities have expanded in recent months. I told her that our apartment was going to be fixed up nicely so that it could be an altar for our fire of love to glow. Yuriko is so warm and passionate and she makes me feel that I am the only one in existence. She insists that she has to share in the financial support of our budget until I get started, but that this would not mean that our interests would be so widely separated that we would be so widely separated, ~~xxx~~ that we would not have anything in common. When she comes home tired, she usually tells me all about what has happened during the day-- down to all the little feuds at her studio.

This evening Yuriko brought Shirley home for dinner as the girl was having some mental conflicts about her career and she wanted to talk to someone. She told Yuriko that through an misunderstanding, Martha Graham had cancelled her scholarship and ordered her never to come back. Shirley felt that if she had an intermediary, it could all be straightened out. She is from the midwest and an aspiring dancer, very well read, and extremely individualistic and intelligent. Shirley did defense work during the war. She felt much better after spending the evening with us, and asked many questions about Yuriko's early dancing career in Japan. She couldn't understand why Yuriko never did like it there because " I think it is so picturesque wearing those kimonos and following that culture." Yuriko said that she only wore a kimono once while in Japan because she went to a progressive school. It was while in high school that Yuriko went on her tours. She showed Shirley many of her publicity pictures taken in the past. She said that her mother did domestic work here in the U. S. and sent \$20 per month for her support. It was during the depression and in those days the exchange value was so high that the money was enough to support four people in comfort in Japan. Yuriko lived with her private dancing teacher, but she said that she always felt a little different and wanted to come back to America. She had considerable prestige among

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the other students, however, because her mother would send her gifts from America, especially chocolate candy--which got mouldy. And she was always looking for American foods like hotdogs when she went to the Ginza because she was homesick for her friends at the San Jose school which she left in 1929. She forgot all her English in the 7½ years in Japan and had to pick it up again after coming back. Now she wouldn't mind taking a tour trip there next year so that she could look up some of her relatives and girlfriends who are now in the Japanese movies, but "my permanent residence is 168 Thompson st. for a long time because I hate to move around and I'm ready to settle down in NYC or nearby." Then she asked me if I was homesick to go "back to California", and I answered in the negative. We are living in an Italian district now but it is "back to America" as far as we are concerned because it represents freedom and all the other things we used to long for while confined in camp in Arizona. Just the other day, Yuriko remarked, "Gosh, a lot of things have certainly happened since those dark days of evacuation almost five years ago." I answered that it was a good thing that I didn't know her in Arizona because I probably would have tried to take her out in the desert under the cactus! "Oh no, you wouldn't have because I was a sensitive timid little Nisei girl then and I lived in my own Ivory Tower of dancing." Yuriko has a well balanced sense of humor and she is always making funny little remarks, and her feeling of friendliness towards people is so warm that people just gravitate to her immediately. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I was lonesome in a city of 8 million so I picked up the phone and called her up for the first time! She was the realization of my post war dreams!

This afternoon Mrs. Ohta dropped in to visit and ask if there were any things she could furnish the apartment with. By a peculiar arrangement, we pay \$15 a month extra rent to her because she holds the lease on the place, and the money is because the place is supposed to be

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"furnished". We have thrown most of the junk out and invested in getting things of our own. But we decided that as long as we were paying the extra money, we should ask her to get chairs and a few other things. Mrs. Ohta seemed to be very accomodating and anxious to do things for us. We would have been willing to pay \$50 rent anyway, but it is the principle of the thing! She thought that we had done a remarkable job in fixing the place up; I hope she doesn't get any fancy ideas of moving in! Her son had the place before and he is in Japan with the army now. Her daughter lives in the country. Mrs. Ohta visited for about an hour and she chatted about her family. She is caucasian, married to an Issei who came over to do diplomatic work in Washington 25 years ago and has been in this country ever since. Mrs. Ohta said that after they were married they lived in upstate NY for 10 years and she taught her two children through the elementary classes herself. Her husband was with the OSS during the war doing propaganda work, and he was later sent to Japan and India. Mrs. Ohta appeared to have socialistic leanings, an internationalist at heart. She is discouraged about the post war world and thinks that the nations are more imperialistic than ever before. She particularly condemns England and the U.S. From some of the remarks she made, I gathered that her circle consisted of very intelligent, liberal minded friends. Despite that, she is provincial when it comes to the matter of residential areas. She feels that NYC is the best place in the country to live and that the rest of the country is too provincial to suit her. "Where else can you meet so many different racial groups and mix with them in a human way?" Maybe she got something there. She thinks that it was a good choice for the UN headquarters to be located in this city, because "it may help those international politicians to realize that different groups can get along when they observe the NYC melting pot."

18 January 1947, Saturday

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Today is my birthday, so Yuriko made me remain in bed and rest. She is having such a busy day at the studio, and she may not be back until midnight. She left orders that I should get in bed and read the papers, but I am disobeying her. Yuriko only had about three hours off all day long. This afternoon she rushed home and instead of resting, she busily cleaned the apartment up and dusted off all the shelves. Then she presented me with another birthday present, a copy of Mine Okubo's book, "Citizen 13660." She said that this was our first birthday party and she was sorry that our plans for going out were disrupted. Yuriko spent all of her allowance to buy me presents. This evening, she had 45 minutes off between rehearsal so she rushed home to the dinner I prepared and brought a half of an apple pie with her. I blew the squat duck candle (which "looks like you trying to kiss me") out and wished that we would have a long and happy married life together. It was the best birthday party I've ever had even if Yuriko could not be with me all day. She says, "I read in a book once that a wife should hold back some of her love so that her husband won't get too sure of himself and take the wife for granted, but I won't go by the books because I want to give you every bit of my love so that you can be just as happy as I." I tease her by keeping a copy of Havelock Ellis's "Psychology of Sex" by the bed and telling her that I need it for quick reference in case she feels that my love technique is not up to par.

Got a card from the USES asking me to come down Monday for an interview. It may be for a job prospect as social worker. I asked Yuriko what I should do and she said that I had to make up my own mind about what was best for me but that I should not forget that it was important for me to complete my MA work and that I need not worry about the financial arrangements because we had already worked out these details previously. I don't know if it will be for a job offer actually, but I will honestly tell them that I am waiting for admittance to school and it might be a risk if I took a job only for 6 weeks or so. I should

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be more enthusiastic about going back to school, but I am not. My only purpose is to get that degree, and brush up a bit in the process. I can't get excited about doing a dull monotonous job either. I still feel that I want to do something which is constructive and self satisfying. Before the war, I would have jumped at almost any job but I don't feel that way anymore. Maybe it was the army which changed my attitudes. I hope for the better. In all the time I have been registered at a USES office, this is actually the first time I got a card to come down and discuss employment! If there is such a need for social workers, I wonder why the state of New York continues to pay this group such miserable wages? While I was up in Buffalo last May, the social workers were talking about organizing to better their wage levels in line with their professional training. In a way I would like to go to work now if a chance developed, but I may regret it later if I don't get my MA so I had better stick to my original plans. The VA sends a notice saying that I am eligible for almost three years of schooling under government auspicious, but I only want one.

19 January 1947, Sunday.

It is becoming my weekly habit to spend all day Sunday in bed reading...nice pastime, it is too! It gives me a chance to catch up on the news and get irritated about the general state of affairs! My cold has completely disappeared and I am in good health once more. Yuriko rehearsed all day long, and several hours in the evening so I only saw her briefly today. The tempo of her rehearsals have been stepped up because the season is soon opening. She says that it may be only a two weeks tour if theater arrangements can't be made.

When she came home for dinner, we discussed her days activity and Yuriko regretted that she could not spend more time at home during the busy season. She mentioned that "marriage has changed my whole personality tho and they say at the studio that my style has changed for the

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better." We both agreed that we have been extremely happy and satisfied with the union, and concluded that no spiritual or physical disappointment could ever interfere with love. We even bragged to ourselves that our marital life was exceptional, like most happily adjusted couples must do! Then Yuriko said "Someday we shall have a family to share our joy." I got alarmed and thought that she was hinting that she was planning to have a child. Yuriko said that she didn't worry about these things, "and although we may not feel that we could afford to have one for a long time, I won't regret it if it happens...we shall see." Because of her natural optimism, she doesn't worry about the realities like I do. She rightfully concluded that I was the one "to be scared" of having a family. I guess she is right because I don't feel that we are ready yet due to several "fears", mainly economic, plus a selfish masculine desire of wanting her for myself for a year or so. I think that my attitude on this matter is easier now, and I am beginning to assume more of Yuriko's attitude. I felt inwardly that she might resent it very much if her career were interfered with by the necessity of childbearing, but this is not so strong in her thinking because she does have a wish for a baby someday. Right now, she has a stronger wish for it than I have. Maybe I am more cautious because of family background experiences which brought out clearly to me that children were an economic burden to parents, and the compensation of a happy family unit was not always achieved--not during the child's formative years anyway. It seems strange to be thinking of such things now when it was foreign to me six months ago! It must be a part of the evolution of marriage!

20 January 1947, Monday.

This morning I got up early to go to the USES to answer the summons about possible employment. On the bus going downtown I thought deeply about the whole matter of work versus school, and concluded that Yuriko's comment that "you may be able to make the money now, but later on you

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may want the degree and find out that it is too late so it might be a good bet to gamble on the future." was the soundest so I made up my mind to tell the interviewer of my school plans. Mrs. Spear, the counsellor, said that there was a \$3300 year job as psychiatric social worker open at Sampson Hospital under the V. A., and she asked if I were interested in it. That is base pay, and with overtime it would come around \$300 a month. The Vets Admin. pays more than most social agencies. However, my mind was made up, so I told the interviewer that I had school plans and it would not be wise to take a job for only a month or so and then quit because I might be labelled as unreliable and not be given future jobs. She agreed that I was making the best choice. The catch in the job was that it is out of NYC, and it would mean living away from Yuriko and having to keep up the expenses of a double household. It is also on a one year contract only. I don't think that I will get such a good job offer after I finish school, but I am willing to take the chance. I'll be more satisfied if I go through with my original plans, but it was tempting. At least it made me feel good to realize that army service did open up job opportunities.

I still have considerable work to do about the apartment but I have slowed down because I plan to do the floors after Yuriko goes on tour in order to keep the confusion at a minimum. I'll have to start thinking about other activities in a couple of weeks too in order to keep me healthily occupied. It may be a chance to do some of that long delayed reading that I have been thinking about for many months now. I should start receiving that \$20 per week readjustment allowance soon as my application was completed last week. It will be a relief to have a more or less regular income coming in as Yuriko has been carrying the largest share of our support up to now--outside of the savings we dipped into for our initial start here. We have considered a budget on a number of occasions, but we haven't gotten around to it yet. We have

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a general agreement to try and live withing a \$200 monthly expenditure, and we may almost achieve this goal this month. It takes time to work these things out and there are always unexpected expenses coming up to th throw us off balance. But it won't achieve any crises proportions, and we are happy so that is the important thing.

27 January 1937, Monday

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Since last monday I have been ill in bed with the flu, and it turned out to be a rather nasty session. It was so time consuming, and a great added expense--nothing constructive about it at all. I just laid in bed and suffered. I had not been feeling well for the previous few days, and last monday I began to have severe pains. On Tuesday, I showed violent symptoms of illness and my fever shot up to over 102 degrees and remained that way for several days. I sweated profusely for a couple of days, and alternately had chills. Yuriko was very worried about my condition because of the high fever and she thought that I might have pneumonia again so she finally called Doctor Robieson. The poor fat old man had such a pallor on his face every time he came puffing up the steps and I felt sure that he would have heart failure or something. The doctor wanted to send me to a hospital immediately, but I refused because I felt that I would get better care at home and I didn't care to be confined for another 18 days like the last time. Yuriko was very relieved that my illness was pronounced as influenza after the doctor had stuck little instruments all over me and pronounced his diagnoses. I thought it was such a waste of money to call a doctor, but I suppose that it was the safest thing to do in view of my other recent illness. Yuriko reproached me afterwards for getting ill by over exposing myself--as if I deliberately had invited flu germs into my system.

However, I couldn't have asked for a better nurse because she catered to my every whim and saw to it that I diligently took the little green and orange sulpha pills regularly. Even when I was sort of delirious, I remember her whipping my brow off with a cold towel late at night and making me change pajamas when it became soaked with perspiration. She fed me chicken soup but I didn't have much appetite for several days. She was so tender and concerned about me, and she neglected her rehearsals in order to look after me. When my fever went down, she returned to her rehearsals but would come dashing home to cook for me. I certainly

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was lucky to have such an unselfish and untiring person to take care of me. Myeromantic impulses were dulled so I could only look at her with loving eyes! Yuriko went to the Social Security Office and signed for my first check--but it had to be used for medical care. It threw our budget way off line, and when I was able to think about these things it struck me just how prohibitive adequate medical care was for most people. And yet there are those who battle to death against any kind of socialized health insurance by the government!

Most of the week I had miserable generalized pains, and Yuriko did not let up with her serious care of me until I showed signs of passing the crises by "joking a bit." Then she began to tease me about what babies men were while ill. She said that every time she came home from rehearsal, I would be sound asleep but would immediately begin to groan loudly so that "I would come and hold you hand and anxiously ask if you were feeling better." She said that she was so worried about me that she couldn't ignore my pains because "you sounded like you were just about ready to die, and your groaning would get very loud just to make sure I heard it." Yuriko said that she had to stop her washing about five times one day just to come and hold my hand. It was nice though! I thought she wouldn't catch wise but she was too smart for me. Yuriko said that she was going to charge me nurses wages since I charged her for painting the apartment!

By Friday, I felt much better and I didn't have the tight pains in my chest anymore. My appetite began to return and I was able to get out of bed for a few minutes at a time. Over the weekend, I began to get up for meals and some of my strength returned. The doctor came for the last time today and he said that I was well on the road to recovery and he advised me to take it easy for a whole week and continue taking vitamins pills which he prescribed. I hope that I will not have any more illness for the rest of the year. I don't know if it is the change in weather or not, but since leaving California I have caught more colds

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than ever before.

Yuriko has been steadily rehearsing and I don't see much of her again. She even had to go rehearse yesterday, but she had a few hours off in the afternoon so she came home and read the Sunday papers with me. She will be going off on tour in a couple more weeks. She was so cute this morning because she woke up and said that she had a dream that I was playing around with Michiko while she was on tour, and as she told it she began to scold me! I told her that I didn't have that dream and that I was innocent so she smothered me with kisses and "made up". Then she made me take vitamin pills to build up strength to "smooch with me." We were reading in the Sunday papers about the possibility of rent controls being raised by the Republicans and that upset me considerably. I think that we are paying enough rent without a further 15-20% increase of payments--and we certainly cannot afford it. We will come out in the red in this month's budget because of unexpected expenses.

This housing business has me bothered because of the new developments which we learned about Friday night when Mrs. Ohta was here. She mentioned casually that when her son got out of the Army he would need a place to live in as he was going back to college, and that was the reason why she was saving the place for him. This news astounded us, but we didn't say anything to Mrs. Ohta as we did not want to raise any issues. But she never mentioned that she was saving the place for her son before. Since she saw how well the apartment has been painted up, she has been very anxious to put more furniture into it--and we want her to take all the junk out. Originally we moved in with the understanding that she wanted permanent tenants because it was too much bother when people kept moving in and out. The apartment looked like a dump at that time and it wasn't very desirable. Now that it is clean and nicely fixed up, she has taken a sudden interest in it and

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wants to prepare us for the fact that her son will move in after he comes back from the Army in Japan! When Yuriko told Duggy about what Mrs. Ohta said, Duggy was furious and said that we had to watch out for the old lady because she would try to pull a trick like that. Duggy advised us to just sit tight and not make an issue now, but when the time came to just refuse to move out. Mrs. Ohta's son may be out of the Army this summer. That is what we intend to do, but we don't like the uncertainty of the whole business. It was bad enough paying \$15 extra a month just for the privilege of moving in here. The best bet is to cultivate Mr. Ota as he seemed to be a fair minded individual. He didn't have much to say when he came with his wife because she dominated the conversation. We will have to depend upon his "Japanese honor!" if and when a crisis develops! Mrs. Ohta is caucasian and she appears to be quite a shrewed individual. She had very liberal ideas and we are hoping that she practices them in this case. I certainly didn't put in \$200 improvement in the apartment by painting just to move out in six months! We shall just hope that it will automatically smooth out. Maybe her son will reenlist in the army or something like that. It is possible that we may be able to reason with him as Duggy states that he is a nice guy.

Mrs. Ohta is anxious to cultivate us socially, but she is too talkative and a bit too patronizing in her attitudes. She tries to impress the "young folks" with her more mature mind as if we don't know as much about things in general because we haven't lived as long as she has. She always talks about wanting to help young Nisei out, but I hope that this apartment deal is not an example of how she performs. She hates England and believes that the hope of the world lies in the East. This may be partly a result of her husband's influence, or it may be due to some sort of defense mechanism. From what I gather, the parents never did achieve full acceptance in either a caucasian or Japanese society here in NYC, and the process didn't get smooth until the son and daughter grew up and

made a lot of different friends. So it is very natural for Mrs. Ohta to project her thinking towards the East and make it the Utopia. But this is in her thinking alone as she wouldn't budge out of NYC or vicinity. She has the distorted idea that the rest of America is too decayed with "rotten social and racial prejudices" to suit her fancy, and she is strangely ignorant of the Nisei when it comes right down to facts. She hints that the Nisei should not have any loyalties but be internationalists because the American ideal is so decadent. I think that I have a bit more faith in it than she does.

Mr. Ohta appears to be quite an interesting individual also, and I would like the opportunity to talk to him alone so that he could speak up more.. He is in sort of semi-retirement now from what I gather and he is helping a friend build a home outside of the city so that he only comes to town every other weekend. He speaks in broken English, but due to the enforced use of it more than the average Issei he has a much larger vocabulary and is easier understood. He mentioned some of his experiences with the OSS in Japan, and he said that he did not expect too much from the Occupation because the caliber of men in this work was not very good and it upset him that the best Americans were not sent over there. He was especially critical of the "strutting Nisei interpreters who came off the little farms in California, but who now act like conquerors and superiors in Japan." He said that one of the big failures of the Occupation was the Army's inability to recognize the fact that native Japanese were equal, if not superior, in mentality and that Democracy would not be acceptable to them if the Occupation officials consistently refused to accept this fact. Shaces of the WRA attitudes in the government of the camps! Mr. Ohta laughed at the way in which Americans were patting themselves on the back now for the quick spread of Democracy in Japan, implying that their superiority was all around, but he did not believe a permanent policy of this sort could work out in the long run.

28 January 1947, Tuesday

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I felt fine today, a bit woozey, but otherwise in full possession of my health once more. The weather this winter has been extremely mild, there has been little real cold weather so far. We are in the midst of a pre-spring cycle now--about the same as a California winter. If this sort of climate keeps up, I won't have to wear my heavy overcoat at all this winter. It is a good thing for us because we have a cold flat. But there are complications to warm weather too because we will need a refrigerator as soon as it gets spring--if we can get one. Since we learned about our housing status, we feel more insecure about permanently settling down. We thought that we had the housing problem all solved too! Mrs. Ohta was over again, determined to get things into our apartment. She finally came out with the statement that all along she had been saving this place for her son. We don't know when he will be getting out of the army. Mrs. Ohta is getting the movers here on Thursday to take away a lot of the things which we have no use for. Apparently, she realized that the "extra rent" we were paying was a bit exorbitant for the few things we have left so she offered to reduce the rent \$5.00 when we told her that we were buying many of our own furniture. Yuriko and I do not feel so comfortable about buying a refrigerator now because we may be stuck with it in the event that we have to be dislocated. We still have not raised any issue with Mrs. Ohta in the hopes that her son will be in the service for a couple of years.

There has been a lot of talk about new housing project, but all of the arrangements made so far by the state and federal officials have been on a temporary basis. It is virtually impossible for most veterans to buy new homes with the great increase in prices. The way things are going now, it is most likely that the Republican dominated Congress will lift the rent controls so that the apartment renters like us will be further exploited. It is a violation of one of our fundamental freedoms! It doesn't take the Republicans long to show their true colors, and yet so

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many people are fooled into thinking that its half-ass domestic program is for the benefit of the masses and "private enterprise." The idea behind the lifting of the rent controls is that it will automatically increase production of new home units and, therefore, the prices will be quickly forced down without any controls. It doesn't make much sense to me. In the first place, a family unit is helpless if rent ceilings are lifted because there isn't any other place to move, and, thus, it becomes a program of "soak the poor!" Rent ceilings has nothing to do with the high cost of labor and materials for building new units. If we, like millions of others, could only find some little security in housing...It's bad enough worrying about making a living without this added complication.

This afternoon I left the house for the first time in a week and went for a walk. Yuriko had said that she would not be back until late evening so I ended up in a show, "King's Row." When I got home I was pleasantly surprised to find Yuriko there. She said that one of the company got sick so rehearsals were called off for the evening. We embraced, and we were both so glad that we would not have to eat dinner alone. Yuriko prepared a hasty, but tasty, meal and we enjoyed it immensely. It was a sort of bastard Japanese meal. If missing Yuriko so much just for one evening makes me so lonesome, two weeks will be extremely difficult. I had planned to finish up the apartment, but in view of the new developments I can't quite put my heart into it; I don't like to get it all fixed up for someone else to move in. I think that Mrs. Ohta would like to move in here herself because she is always commenting how lovely it looks! Yuriko and I will put up a passive resistance, we decided.

29 January 1947, Wednesday

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This afternoon I strolled up to Wash. Square Park, and while I was sitting on a bench, a veteran student from NYU came up and after a few minutes a conversation started. After talking about innocuous things for a while, he suddenly mentioned: "Were you in one of those concentration camps?" I answered affirmatively, and the veteran said that he was in England while it was going on, and "I don't see how the American people tolerated it. I was pretty ashamed of being one while over there, especially after I got to know a few Nisei buddies who came into the outfit (7th Army) about 1945." I gave him the stock answer that it was a period of hasty decisions, and we were duped into believing that it might be military necessity, etc. Then the veteran said, "I guess it isn't too surprising though because right now a lot of things are going on which certainly was not authorized by the Constitution, and yet we just shake our heads and don't do anything about it. All of us think pessimistically that these fascist reactionary movements can't be stopped. Look at what is happening down in Georgia---a stupid, illiterate demagogue trying to take over the state government with the support of rural white people who want to make sure that the Negro will not be a threat to their flimsy economic position. But they call upon the Constitution to back them up--they don't want the Northern Yankee to impose upon their state's rights because they say that they know how to keep the Negro in his place. Just the other day, I heard one of the leading educators of the south say over the radio that he would feel perfectly safe in walking into a Negro section in any city in the South, but no white man would dare go into Harlem--implying that their system of handling race relations was much superior because it was based upon the theory of white supremacy, and therefore they were being patriotically American. That's why the South doesn't want any Federal aid in education because they feel that their dual system might be threatened. I know that it is easy to blame the South, but it is true that a large part of Northerners give passive approval to

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such things. Most of the guys in my outfit were from the North, but they looked down on the Negroes over in England, and there were some race riots in England, too. It didn't look very well for us to proclaim that we were the champions of democracy, and then show that we didn't really mean it in practice. A lot of my English friends used to be pretty puzzled by it."

Re: Truman--"This business of race gets to be quite a disease. I was brought up on the East side, and I suffered from it. I'm Jewish myself, and there were plenty of times when I was chased down the streets by Irish boys who yelled 'kike' at me. I didn't know then that their folks were 'refugees' themselves. My folks came over from the old country because of political oppression, and the Irish came over for the same reason, plus a potato shortage so what's the difference? That's why I get so upset when other groups get kicked in the teeth. Truman apparently is one of those middle of the roaders. He lets his wife and daughter pass the picket lines of theaters in Washington which practice open discrimination. He must have that Missouri attitude. It isn't nice when the President betrays our cherished policies, and openly plays at being a politician. I feel sorry for him though because even worse reactionaries are putting the pressure on him now."

Re: world peace--"I was naive when our outfit marched through western Germany because I actually believed that we were liberators, and that the gospel of democracy was going to be openly welcomed by all Europeans. Now, it is back to a cat and dog fight and the various nations are lining up all over again. What can a guy like me do about it? Every day when it is sunny I sit here in this park and I see people from a lot of different countries walking through and they don't seem to hate each other. But as soon as you label them with nationalities, we get suspicious and unfriendly as hell. The English were nice to me when I was overseas, but a lot of the guys hated the

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'limeys' on general principles. I saw a lot of Russian soldiers before I came back, and they didn't look so terrifying to me but, from the newspapers you get the idea that they are ready to stick us in the back at any minute. Is it all the fault of the politicians, or is it because the whole world is getting so inhuman that we don't mind butchering each other up?

Re: use of atom bomb--"A bunch of us were talking about the article in Harpers about the atomic bomb after we came out of philosophy class this morning. Stimson said that the bomb was dropped to shorten the war and save lives. I thought the same thing up until I read the article; now I am not so sure. I don't see why some sort of warning couldn't have been given to the Japanese, they were about ready to quit the war anyway. It wasn't necessary to drop two of them in a row and destroy so many people. I'm sure that Japan wouldn't have persisted in her determination to fight rather than accept unconditional surrender if one had been dropped on a less densely populated center, or a purely military objective. Now, we are using the threat of the bomb to bully the rest of the world. I give up!"

The veteran also talked about joining the AVC, reasons why Palestine should become a national Jewish state, and so forth, He struck me as a very well informed young man, and I wished that more veterans could have come home from the war with his liberal attitudes. There must be plenty of them about, but most of them no doubt are getting so engrossed in the problems of daily living that they just do not have the time to keep up a wide interest in general things.

30 January 1947, Thursday

One month of the new year practically gone already, and I haven't consciously noticed my status as a civilian--sort of take it for granted,

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but it is very nice. The twofold adjustment to marital life and to NYC has not been a difficult process, but one which certainly has added zest to the total life experiences; I'm just happy and generally contented. At intervals, the necessity for making a living concerns my thinking moods, but I tend to put it off because of the "security" of the 52-20 allowance and the fact that I am waiting for the school's answer before I make my next move. My prolonged vacation has been largely spent in home decoration, an endless process, and interrupted briefly by illness. I shall continue after Yuriko goes on tour so that the place will not be so disrupted. The revelation that our tenancy depends upon the return of the Ohta son causes some anxiety, and now I don't feel like putting too much into the place. Duggy suggests that perhaps Allen will go away to college now that he will receive the GI benefits, and that would certainly be a wonderful solution. Mrs. Ohta was around again today to have the movers take away some of the things which we didn't want around. When she saw how few things she had left in the apartment, she relented a bit and said that the rent would be reduced \$5.00 a month--she told us that yesterday. Mrs. Ohta seems genuinely anxious to develop our social friendship and there is a possibility that we could soften her up a bit when the time comes as she holds the sword over our heads anyway.

I reported down to the social security office again to sign for my weekly check. There is an obnoxious old gentleman down there who acts like he is mad at the whole world because he makes a terrible fuss every time I go there. He must be a Republican. He keeps on mumbling about "guys too lazy to get a job so they have to live on the government." If he keeps this sort of solitary conversation up loud enough, some vet is going to sock him in the puss one of these days. It irritated the crusty old man no end because another interviewer (colored) suggests that he be more courteous to the GI's, and explain procedures when

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there is some doubt in the mind of the applicant instead of reprimanding him. He said that he remembered that Yuriko came down twice last week while I was ill and he explained how to get the doctor's certificate because the old man was so nasty about everything "as if it is his money."

Yuriko is away so much at rehearsals that I only see her briefly during the day. I make sandwiches for her to take because she forgets to eat when she is concentrating on her dancing. For the past few days I have been occupying myself primarily by reading, a pleasant little pastime. We always greet each other warmly when she comes home as if there had been a long separation--just our way of appreciating one another. Yuriko thinks that I am getting bored staying home all the time so that she urges me to go out and visit or go to a show or something but I don't seem to have much inclination for such things yet. I am contented to keep house for her for the time being. I'm glad that men don't have to keep house as a regular job because there is so much to do--I have to save time to listen to my radio plays! Cooking is a simple task with the pressure cooker, and I enjoy experimenting around cooking different things which will be tasty. Yuriko might get me a cookbook if I show too much interest in the culinary art!!

31 January 1947, Friday

$\frac{1}{2}$ I got up at 8:30 this morning, and didn't return to bed after breakfast as usual. The apartment gets very quiet when Yuriko departs for the studio in a big rush. She is very efficient in her preparations so that she gets out of the house in a minimum of time without too much bustle. The longest time is spent in getting her out of bed so that she can go to work and make enough to support us! I have to push and shove her out every day. My new tactics is to just ignore the time and Yuriko has to get up with a rush. If I pretend to be asleep, she asks me questions like, "Do you still love me?" and woe unto me if I do not get

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alert and give her a correct response! She would make me go sleep in the living room or some other drastic punishment like that. Last night we were wrestling and giggling around until after one because I pulled a practical joke on her and she said that I frightened her with a loud noise. I had to apologize six time before it satisfied her. Then she complained this morning because she was so sleepy. When I didn't respond, she kept asking me what she should wear for the day. Still no answer. Finally she jerked the covers off and said that I ignored her. So I had to make up and tell her that I would buy her a new pair of shoes for her birthday present--with the allowance money she gave me! This pleased her greatly so after she came home for lunch, we went shopping in the beautiful spring-like weather.

Accompanying a woman on a shoe shopping excursion requires tact and diplomacy I found out. We went to about three or four places, but Yuriko did not find anything she liked. Everytime she tried on a pair, she asked me how I like it and I said very well. But the shoes were either too tight, too long, "makes my feet look wide", not comfortable, not the right style, and so forth. At the last store, the salesman tried to convince her that she should wear one size larger, and this exasperated Yuriko no end. She got mad. I teased her and said that her vanity was hurt, but Yuriko insisted that she wore a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ C and she would get the right shoe at Altman's or Sak's Fifth Ave or some other place like that. So we didn't get her shoes! I told her to hurry up and buy her shoes because I might spend my allowance up now that I am well. Valentine is coming up too, but I don't know if Yuriko is sentimental about such things but I had better not take a chance or she might think that I was forgetful. I like to do things for her, and the happiness she gives me in return is cheap at the price. Up to now she has given me more material things than I have given her largely because I

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needed more things after being out of circulation for somany months. Yuriko is talking about getting a new coat, but I hesitate to encourage her until we can get our budget balanced on a monthly basis. Her characteristic of consideration has been fully borne out in recent weeks because she curbs her extravagant impulses and gets only necessary things so that I will feel easier about making ends meet. It is so discouraging to cope with these rising inflation prices these days and I am not quite used to it yet because it was sprung upon me so suddenly. I dorbt if we will ever get back to the pre-war prices even if a depression happens upon us. Yuriko said that before the war, her parents rented a seven room house for \$45 a month in Los Angeles. Them days will never come back again, and maybe it is just as well since our earning capacity has increased greatly since 1941--generally, and not specifically in this case! I may go to see a foreign movie this evening to indulge in escapism if Yuriko works.

1 February 1947, Saturday.

Yuriko unexpectedly got a night off from rehearsals last night so we went over to the hostel to pick up some of our cleaning clothes. My army uniforms were magically transformed into nice civilian dyed clothes, a welcome addition to my depleted wardrobe. Mr. M. refused to take any payment for the cleaning bill--it would have cost us \$30.00 or \$40.00 to send all those things out--because he wanted to help the "young couples" out. We plan to get them 10 cartons of cigarettes through the mail order houses in New Jersey (to save the tax) as Mrs. M. plans to send this item to some of her relatives in the old country. Her relatives in Japan has the idea that all people who live in American must be wealthy--true to the extent of comparison with the poverty of the orient. Fortunately t e M8s are financially solvent and able to do these things. I spent part of the evening tying up one of the

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packages which had to fall within the prescribed weight regulation of 11 pounds. Mrs. M. was sending salt as this commodity is very scarce in the particular mountain village where she was sending the package. The hostel was showing some movie of native life in the Pacific (taken by missionaries) and old March of Time films to the residents so we looked at some of them for a while. We left rather early as Yuriko was very tired. Due to her rigorous schedule, we have not indulged in much social life and we just haven't had the time to visit friends or have them to dinner. It will have to wait until after her season is over, and possibly by that time I may be busy readjusting to academic life. Yuriko took her \$15.00 purse to show her parents as she wanted them to see the birthday present "they are going to give me." Mr. M. apparently felt that they got off lightly as he gave her \$20.00 and told her to keep the change. So Yuriko concluded, "See, they want to spend money on me if I let them!" Her father got the short end of the deal as Yuriko hasn't finished the socks she is knitting him for his birthday. On the way home, I teased Yuriko by asking her if her mother had gotten around to asking her about her sex life, and Yuriko's surprised reply was: "Oh no, that's a taboo subject between us. My mother never told me anything about sex and I was very naive until I was 19 and read a book on it. She follows the Japanese custom I guess, because it is not 'polite' for parents to discuss such things with their children."

This morning I met Yuriko after she got through teaching at the studio, and we went uptown to Altman's to buy the shoes for her birthday present. I guess the salesman at the store the other day was right because Yuriko had to get 5 B's. The Altman salesman said that her ego should not be hurt because he rarely fitted anyone with such tiny feet as hers and this made Yuriko happy. I wanted her to get shoes

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with "nice thick soles" because she said that she spent about \$50.00 a year on shoes alone and I could vision all my allowance being sunk into shoes! However, Yuriko showed nice taste in the selection of her "everyday wear" shoes so I was happy. I began to feel that maybe I should go to work so I could buy her decent clothes, but Yuriko forbid it because "then you will get like most husbands who want wives just for waiting on them." I didn't breathe easier until I got her out of Altman's into the 5 and 10, and then I told her she could buy anything she wanted because this was the luxury store for poor students! She ended up by buying me a pound of candy, and a vegetable peeler. We also bought a meat carving set at Altman's with the rest of the \$8.50 we had left over from the exchange of the wedding gift from the Fort Hancock boys. Gradually we are accumulating material things for our household. We decided to wait a month for the chairs because we didn't come out exactly even on our last months budget. Yuriko always selects nice things so I rely upon her judgement, but she always makes it seem like I was the one to decide!

After Yuriko went back to the studio for more rehearsal, I came home and washed the accumulation of a week's laundry, and in the evening I went to see a foreign movie by myself. Yuriko was already home and cozily in bed by the time I arrived so we continued our game of gin rummy at 50 cents per game--to be paid off the end of the year. We also have a contest to guess the number of pennies in a huge jar, and if I win I plan to buy books. Yuriko will be going off on tour next week sometime, and she will be gone for two weeks so I guess I'll be very lonesome. It's so nice living with her. Yuriko is very concerned that I eat well and keep warm while she is away so that "I won't worry about you getting ill." It won't be much fun being a bachelor for two weeks after the past two months of contented living here.

2 February 1947, Sunday.

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It was Yuriko's birthday today, and she did not have to go rehearse until evening so that we slept late and then had a huge leisurely breakfast about noon. Yuriko washed her hair and was alarmed to find tiny gray hairs on her temple so she plucked all six of them out and mournfully regretted that she was getting old. After she was satisfied that I would love her even if she got gray hair, she bundled me up cozily in bed again and told me to read the Sunday papers as long as I wanted because it was my day off and I didn't have to do any housework. Yuriko busied herself with some sewing until about 5 when the doorbell suddenly rang. It was Mitch Kunitani and Dyke Miyagawa. I was very surprised to see Mitch in uniform, and he said that he was equally surprised to learn from roundabout sources that I had gotten married since I last saw him in April at the top of Washington monument. Yuriko cooked a pick up dinner for our company, and then she had to go off to rehearsals until 9:30. Paul dropped in and wanted us to meet him and "the" after rehearsals so that we could go to a bar and have a few drinks to celebrate Yuriko's birthday, but she called it off as she was too tired.

Mitch was about the same as ever, but some of his views have shifted drastically since camp days. He said that he was through "running away" from Nisei society because no matter what he tried to do he was always identified with the group by Caucasians "so I have concluded that group action is the only way." The change in his attitude seems to have jumped from one extreme to another--an interesting illustration of the conflict which faces many Nisei on the question of "segregation versus assimilation." Mitch now feels that Nisei should get together to a certain degree to promote such things as a Nisei magazine in order to achieve solidarity. However, he still feels the same way about economic dispersal. What he said was a contradiction in many respects, and I suspect that it hinges upon the question of social adjustments.

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It's similar in many respects to the Jewish Americans who can't decide about being "strictly American" or "Jewish." I don't know what caused the change in Mitch's viewpoints, but I think that the basis is economic adjustments. This came out strongly in his comments about what he planned to do in the future. He said that he was through with "causes" and now planned to go out for himself and make a bit of money so that he could raise a family and Ann could stop working. That is why he has made strenuous efforts to get shipped to Japan as he thinks that He can make some business contacts there and import Japanese pottery as he has connections in Cleveland on this end. Last year both he and Ann were cleared to work for the Army in Japan, and he figured that they could save about \$7000 but it was cancelled at the last minute. Mitch is now relieved that he is in the Army as he felt that his past political activities prevented him from getting a good government job, but "I haven't had any fun in the Army during the 3 months I have been in." He thought that if he could get a good assignment in Japan as an occupational counsellor, he would call Ann over. On the other hand, he believes that he will be out of the service by June. Mitch thinks that it is good for all Nisei GI's to serve in Japan so that they can get some appreciation of the fact that all "Japanese are not dummies and they have a high level of culture over there too." I don't know what he meant by that except to infer that it was impossible for Nisei to lift themselves up beyond the status of second class citizens in this country so that they should start appreciating the culture of their parents' native line. It was difficult to follow his reasoning and it was by no means very clear. If a person of his capabilities finds himself forced to stress the racial identification angle, then it is understandable why so many of the more average Nisei are doing it. Mitch makes the point that the Nisei are still immature, but that

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was the excuse given before the war and that was over five years ago. I don't agree with his pessimism on this point because I believe that the Nisei are more assimilated than they care to admit. It might be a question of wanting to be a big fish in a little pond because there is nothing more anonymous than being "an average American." However I prefer to being just that rather than permanently forcing myself to identify with a group on the basis of racial relationship alone. It would be too limiting an existence and in the case of the Nisei there still exists a large measure of choice. It certainly is not comparable to the position of the Negro who can't get away from the onus of race no matter what his personal abilities may be. For the Nisei, group identity may give a certain measure of temporary security; but eventually it becomes a strangling noose and I see no future in it. So far this question only has been partly solved for white people alone, but that does not mean that the touchy question of "color" is an insurmountable barrier to true assimilation to the developing American culture. The possibility that the Nisei themselves condemn what they believe is "being too good for them" (mistakenly) should not discourage individual Nisei from making the attempt as the problem is much larger than a mere question of social ostracization; it has significance on a world wide scale, and it seriously questions the creed of white supremacy. What happens to the Nisei in the U.S. then is important from this point of view. Objectively, however, I have to admit that my position on this question is on the extreme while Mitch and Dyke may be taking more of the middle of the road course, like so many of the Nisei who feel that they have finally resolved the whole issue to the point where there is no more personal discomfort. Dyke is now working on the Weekender, the NYC Nisei newspaper. He says that he just hasn't been able to find his economic niche, so in his case the force of circumstances

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again seems to be the deciding item in his attitude on the Nisei status in American society. Yet both he and Mitch conclude that a Nisei society is undesirable--which is in opposition to their viewpoints given during the discussion. One thing certain is that the problem will not be resolved in a matter of a few years as so many of us thought at the time of the resettlement program! Voluntary segregation is now the accepted mode among Nisei--they insist that they arrived at this viewpoint because of greater maturity, but I still believe that it is due to economic and social insecurity. Whether voluntary segregation or continued efforts towards real assimilation is the best method is a debatable question and something which nobody can predict upon conclusively; it's just a process which has no definite ending point.

Natanya gave Yuriko flowers for her birthday. Natanya is a Jewish American dancer in the company; she has never been out of N.Y., but she firmly believes that her future is in a national state of Palestine. There's lots wrong with the U.S. but nobody can ever convince me that it's so bad that one has to escape to another country in order to breath the fresh air of freedom.

3 February 1947, Monday

This morning I went to a non-union barber shop to get a haircut, and the barber gave me a long lecture on why he did not believe in unions. He said that if he raised prices to one-dollar, he would lose most of his customers. However, he prided himself upon his individualism: "No union could help me out; they just want me to contribute money so that the leaders can graft it. I've been around here for 17 years and I don't need to worry about customers because they all know Al. I think that it is a good thing that Congress is going to stop

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the unions; they have gone too far. The working man should follow the good old American ways. There are a lot of foreign reds in this country trying to stir up a revolution. But I say that there are plenty of opportunity in this land of ours yet, and we would all be better off if Congress cut the taxes and quit supporting the rest of the world. We have it good here, and it would be better if we minded our own business and stayed out of foreign wars. Them Russians won't bother us if we hang on to the atom bomb. This country is suffering because we try to be too good to other nations. I always say, 'God helps those who helps themselves.'" As much as I would like to save 60% on haircuts, I guess that I will patronize union shops hereafter. It's so strange that Americans who stand lowest on the economic ladders are the ones most gullible to the propaganda that the system is perfect, and they are contented to be exploited because they believe that it is the 'American way.' If people would spend less time at red baiting and more at improving things, we could make progress. It seems that anyone who really believes in the ideals of democracy is a 'red.' Doesn't make much sense to me.

Sue dropped in for a while this evening to ask me if I would give a talk on some aspect of democracy as related to the minorities in this country later this month at the combined chapter meeting of the American Youth for Democracy organization. She said that this Village group consisted of progressive young people who were interested in political action, and that February was Brotherhood Month. A half Chinese, half British girl was the president of the chapter and she asked me to go see her later this week for details. The organization is supposed to be pro-labor, interracial, and anti-fascist. I

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don't know anything about the organization except that it has been red baited on some of the U.S. campuses. Sue thought that it would be educational if I gave some account of the status of Oriental Americans in the U.S. as very few of the group was acquainted with this subject.

Sue is a remarkable girl, very cute, extremely politically minded pro-labor. She followed the courage of her convictions and severed all contacts with dancing just when she was getting a start in the Graham company because she felt that she had to develop greater meaning for life. She got in with the CIO union, and they sent her to work in some unorganized factory here in town to spread the union gospel. Sue took a job filing cards and she told them that she was just a high school graduate. She expects to be fired in another week as she believes that her supervisor is wise to her, but by that time Sue hopes that the groundwork for organization will have been made. She gets only \$21.00 a week after taxes for working 40 hours a week, and she felt that it was such a dull existence. She was discouraged that so many of the workers were not interested in the union at all, but Sue is convinced that only through Unionization will the American workers ever succeed in achieving any economic security. She was disappointed that the Republican Congress was so reactionary, and it made her angry that stern labor legislation was in the offing.

"The corporations are paying out more dividends now than even during the swollen profit of wartime and yet they don't want to give workers a just share in it. The cost of living has gone up approximately 50% during the war, and now most workers are using up whatever savings they made before VE day. But still the private enterprise interests are not satisfied and they are doing everything in their power to

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raise rents, cut down wages, and insure still greater profits for themselves." Sue hopes to eventually work herself up to publicity work in the union, and she is much happier than when she was struggling to be a dancer. However, she added that "I could never hope to be as good as Yuriko so I changed into something else." Sue felt that Yuriko was the best dancer in the company, and "that's why she has so many private students who would rather take lessons from her than even from Martha." And she added, "Yuriko is about the only one in the company who understands Martha so that she is one of the very few who has any security in the studio." Sue felt that the secret of Yuriko's technique was that she was a "good egg and never tried to act patronizing."

Yuriko was exhausted when she came home this evening. I went up to the studio about 11:00 p.m. to walk her home. She rehearsed all day long and didn't even have time to come home for lunch. The company will start the tour next week. Due to the difficulty of booking theaters, and other unknown reasons, the tour will only last about two weeks. Next Tuesday they open at Hofstra College in Hempstead, Long Island. Then they go to Pittsburg for one night, Philadelphia for two days, on to Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk, Durham, Raleigh, Lumburg, and back to open in NYC on Feb. 24 at the Ziefeld Theater. It will be quite a work out for them. The company is under contract to Hurok, and guaranteed pay for six weeks. They may go to New Orleans and Chicago later. It looks like it will be a short season for them on tour because usually they go for one and one half months all over the country. The entertainment world is suffering a

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recession already from all newspaper accounts. The arrangements for touring Europe still are not final for the summer--it is being sponsored by the State Department as part of the cultural program. Yuriko is not teaching her movie studio starlets right now as most of her time is spent in rehearsals.

February 4, 1947, Tuesday

It is a miserable cold and drizzly day outside. I haven't done a thing so far today except putter around a bit, shop, read. My readjustment allowance check came this morning. I don't think that this easy life is making me a parasite upon society. I have been doing a lot of reading lately, but I can't seem to concentrate on social welfare books as they are so dull and I have so many other interesting things to read. I haven't finished my painting about the apartment because I don't want to disrupt the household until after Yuriko goes on tour. It is almost finished anyway. I put up the large curtain backdrop in the living room, and framed the Gila Monster skin and hung it up on the wall. The living room is the neatest room in the apartment. I have been procrastinating about polishing up all of my shoes because of the interesting book I am reading. This isn't the kind of day that one can go exploring about the city; I think that NYC is the most fascinating city in the whole country and there are endless things to see. I wish that Yuriko had more time to browse about with me during this period of interlude for me. I shall miss her very much when she goes on tour, but two weeks will pass quickly. Last night she was worried that I might be unhappy with this existenc

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the silly! She doesn't mind that I am so poor, and she says that all of her friends think that she made a good marriage so that is a comforting thought. We really get along so nicely. After almost five months, we are still up in the clouds and we haven't had an argument yet. I thought I would be a much more difficult person to live with, but Yuriko knows how to handle me. The fact that she eases my mind about economic support is one factor which makes marital adjustments smoother. Marriage, instead of being a hindrance, has made things actually easier for me and it certainly has not been any restricting force. I wonder how Mariko and George are doing, poor guy! Joe Oyama wrote a card and said that he visited them for five days and that they made him work in preparing for a party. I haven't written or heard from any of the family for a number of weeks now as I seem to be too lazy to write letters. I'm still in the process of wanting to be alone with Yuriko and she feels the same way so we just don't make any efforts for social contacts at all. I'm enjoying this extended vacation since graduation from the Army intensely, and somehow the days just fly by.

Yuriko and I continued our one year gin rummy tournament, and she cut down my lead drastically this evening. We are playing for 50 cents per game and she is getting much too smart for me. We play one or two quick hands every night before going to sleep.

February 5, 1947, Wednesday

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I braved the icy cold and snow flurries this afternoon to go visit Betty Ellison-Fitzgerald. Everybody is talking about the weather now that we are in the midst of zero temperatures--with a promise by the weather man that there will be a lot more of it in the next few days. We have been heating our apartment with a large kerosene heater and it has been adequate thus far. It is difficult for us to get out of bed in the morning when we look out and see those cold icicles dangling from our windows! I am fortunate because I can stay indoors most of the time, but Yuriko has to walk through the slush several times a day to go to the studio. The snow looks so beautiful in the morning, but it quickly turns to slush when all those trucks come down the street, and then it is most disagreeable. We have a lot of cats in our neighborhood and they have been getting fat on the garbage left out on the sidewalk at nights for the sanitation truck to pick up, but we wondered what happened to all of these cats when it gets freezing cold. NYC doesn't enjoy good climate during the winter months--it's not fit for man or cats. Since we are living in a sort of tenement district, all of the homes are coldwater flats.

Betty E only lives about four blocks down, way up on a fourth floor walkup in a very dilapidated building. It was the first time I met ~~x~~ her-- Sue wanted me to go visit to find out the details for the talk they want me to give for the AYD. Betty's husband was there; ~~i~~ he is recovering from food poisoning. They live in a one room apartment, very gloomy, but warm. During the course of the conversation, I discovered that they knew Allan Ohta and had often been up to our place to visit. It dawned upon me that they were the couple who were trying to get this place through Toshie. Betty said that they were

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desperate for housing, but "resigned to live in the slums for the time being; it has it's interesting points." Betty is half Chinese and half English--very delicate looking girl, strikingly attractive, progressive minded, president of the AYD, has sort of a British accent. She lived in Hong Kong before coming to the U.S. "under the Chinese quota" which made her very angry because "they just didn't consider that I was half English too." Her brother is having difficulty with the immigration authorities for this reason. Betty's status is now clear because of her marriage to a Caucasian. She speaks Chinese (Cantonese) but is now studying Mandarin at the Oriental Institute. She also is studying ballet dancing. Her husband just quit CCNY and is trying to make his living as a writer. He was in the merchant marine during the war, and they lived in SF for a while before coming out here.

The three of us got into an interesting discussion on race and democracy. Betty is very interested in this because of her personal status. Both of them believed that this problem was the "big headache" of democracy right now, and her husband mentioned that "if anyone advocates racial democracy these days, he is red baited." They both believed that assimilation was the best answer but thought that it was only possible for the "more favored colored minorities." Betty stated that the nations were getting extremely chauvinistic since the war, and she was discouraged that many of the war ideals were betrayed. She said that she had some contacts with Chinese Americans, but "they are in such a shell, and I am surprised that they can't see anyone else but Chang Kai Chek." Betty did not believe that the Kuomintang party in China gave much hope for democracy there. Since coming to

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NYC, she has been interested in progressive movements and is now the president of the Greenwich chapter of the AYD. She wants to make it very interracial, but has not been able to get many Chinese Americans or Nisei interested. The club consists largely of Caucasians now, with Negro and Jewish as the only significant minority groups represented. She said that she was in a restaurant one night last week, and some strange Nisei boy "scolded me for not belonging to the JACL as he thought I was Japanese." Betty said that her club actively engaged in housing rallies and a delegation was going to be sent to Albany in the near future to press legislation for veterans housing. It also engages in anti-discrimination campaigns, pro-labor movements; holds discussions on political matters relating to the furtherment of democracy and "has occasional socials and musicals." She said that the group had been red baited because it held meetings in the American Labor Party hall. (next door to us.) Betty said that various minorities had been presented to the club, and she was now interested in getting a talk on Oriental Americans. She asked if I could talk on the Nisei, "relating this group's success or failure with our democracy and what happened to them during the war and after." She said that because of the Negro-Jewish bloc, there was a tendency for many of the young people in her club to forget that there were other minorities with similar problems. Very few of them "know any Orientals although some have seen them in Chinatown here." I agreed to give this talk--on Feb. 21, ate some of her biscuits, and finally left after an hour of pleasant social visiting. They invited Yuriko and I to come up and social visit with them sometime, so I reciprocated. I found out through them that Toshie Ohta's husband is a ballad singer and he makes the "People's Songs" records.

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Yuriko had an evening off so she invited several of the company girls to come down here to sew on their costumes. The Sewing Bee was a success. Natanya, Helen McGeehee, Ethel and Paul were here. Helen is from Virginia and one of the new company members; she was excited because they were going to perform in her home town college where she went to school. The girls were quite irked because they had to sew their own costumes and they felt that it looked like a diaper and was vulgar. They blamed it on Pearl Lang "who doesn't like to show her big legs." The girls complained that the costume made their "fannies too prominent." It looked good on Yuriko because she has shapely legs and only a medium sized "fanny." They were put out because they did not get paid for making the costumes, whereas Rhoda was hired to do it "for pay." Paul kept on urging them to send a studio a bill, but I don't think that they will. They made the point that "there are too many others more than glad to take our places in the company so we can't complain too much." Natanya felt that something should be done because dancers were treated so badly, especially the young ones who "had to be instruments for the stars." It seems that the company has several unpopular members in it. They don't like Eric the male lead because "he isn't human, too selfish." They think that L. Horst, the musical director, is a dictator. Nina is unpopular because "she acts like a queen and took advantage of her social relationships with Horst. Pearl is "nice as an individual, but she got too much of a Broadway complex since she danced in 'Carousel.'" And so it went. In the meantime they worked madly on their costumes and when they came out fairly well, they concluded that the "company gets along pretty well together" and they were glad to be associated with it. Natanya believed that "dancing would be so wonderful if we did not have to

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make a living." Despite their so-called hardships, I bet that not one of them would be willing to give it up. Paul was trying so hard to encourage them to be rebellious and he had many remarks to make on how inefficient the organization was operated. When the girls turned their arguments and became defensive for their chosen profession, Paul calmly ended the discussion by making a generalization that "all dancers must be neurotic." Ethel smiled sweetly and asked him, "Do you think that I am neurotic?" and he had to back down. I kept my opinions to myself as I don't want to get involved in the various "dancing feuds." It seems that they are all so cooperative while they are unknown, but become prima donnas and strongly individualistic when they achieve the vague status of Stars. However, they seem to enjoy being struggling dancers despite their many grumblings that "we are just learning how to be seamstresses making these costumes." At the same time they don't trust anyone else to fit them because they want to show off their figures to the best advantage. It was pleasant having them around; they were nice social creatures who lived so much in a world of their own and they seem very happy and adequately adjusted to it. It is a consolation to know that there are happy people in the world besides Yuriko and I. Yuriko worked so hard fitting and sewing for the others that she ended up by not having her own costume fitted so she has to do it later. She certainly must brag about my cooking at the studio because they all had to be shown the stew I made tonight. Heaven forbid that my role in this materialistic world is going to be fame as a housekeeper!!

6 February, 1947, Thursday

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Freezing cold today; ice all over the place and everybody bundled up. I went to the social security office this afternoon to sign for another readjustment check. Afterwards I took a stroll down Canal Street, up Mott and into Chinatown, then over to the Bowery where I saw many freezing derelicts begging on the sidewalks under the 3rd Avenue El, and finally up through the Italian district back home. When I saw all of those homeless old men down in the Bowery I felt thankful that society has provided me with a better status. There were many young veterans down there in their dingy uniform clothes, cast aside by the society they fought for. It isn't entirely the individual's fault either. They had nothing more to do than huddle around a fanatic soul savior who was calling to them to "come to the warm bosom of Jesus." They probably would have preferred to be around a nice cozy fire in a home instead of loitering around on the streets on such a cold day. In such an impersonal city as this, the citizens do not have much of a regard for the less fortunate. Modern civilization seems to intensify human callousness. The glory of American capitalism somehow has passed a large segment of the population by. Surely there must be better methods to spread all this wealth out a bit more and give the able bodied an opportunity to develop a decent standard of living instead of concentrating the wealth more and more into the limited upper circle. The Republicans have a childish notion that this can be achieved through raising the cost of food and lifting the rent controls, and isolating ourselves as a nation. And when the economic structure topples, the Russians or the Men from Mars will be blamed instead of selfish private interests. It is disgusting to listen to many of the radio commentators

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these days with their ultra reactionary attitudes. I was listening to one this afternoon who was so sure that NYC would achieve Utopia and solve all problems by raising subway fares to a dime. He must have been in the pay of real estate interests who want the public to pay so that they can keep their increasing profits to themselves. It confuses me when I think that eventually I have to fit myself into the economic life because of necessity, but the problem is how to do it and still be doing something meaningful. It beats me. When I was standing in line at the social security office, a Chinese-American veteran proudly told me that he was in the CIO but "temporarily out of a job." He made the significant statement that the union "gives me more security than if I had to buck things all on my own." An enlightened union movement is the hope of the workingman, but right now the forces to suppress it are so strong. One positive development out of the evacuation was that many Nisei workers did get into unions which were closed to them before the war, the CIO offers better inducements than the AFL. I wonder why I think so deeply about my economic future every time I visit the bowery? It might be a latent fear that I am not living up to full possibilities, and a doubt and questioning in the back of my mind about whether a M.A. actually is going to make me better fitted for whatever I am going to do. But I am committed to it now and I won't back down, unless I cannot get admitted into school next month. I should be hearing from Columbia in a couple of weeks now. I doubt whether an Ivory Tower existence is going to solve anything--just postponing things through courtesy of GI Bill of Rights, that's all. Maybe anxiety about getting admitted brought all of this on, I don't know. I wish Yuriko didn't have to work so hard to contribute to my support.

7 February, 1947, Friday

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Natanya Neuman came over last night, and she was our first overnight guest. She had to sew on her costumes some more, and was very annoyed about the last minute hectic arrangements for the tour. It will be her first season as a regular member of the company. Yuriko fitted her, and the two of them worked until quite late--all the time mumbling that Martha Graham should have gotten some new material as the old costume was impossible. The girls agreed that the costumes were not as bad as they said, but that they were just tired from the strain of the constant rehearsals and little things were getting them down. It seems that some tempermental clashes upset the smooth functioning of the group--a sort of pre-tour jitters.

Natanya is about 24, rather striking in appearance, a graduate of Barnard College of Columbia--"majored in psychology, and almost met the fate of becoming a social worker." During the course of the evening she told some interesting facts about herself. Natanya is a sort of Kibei Jewish. She went to Palestine to live when she was nine and remained there for about 9 years. She is extremely pro-Zionist. Her father is an important official in the Jewish Agency, and he is now in England negotiating with Parliament about the solution of that problem. Natanya was rather pessimistic about the outcome and she thought that there would be partitioning of Palestine with a U.N. mandate. We got to talking about the reasons why a Jewish state was so urgent, and Natanya believed that it was the only solution for the welfare of the displaced people." Historically, the Jews are a nation and the fact that we have never had a homeland has contributed a lot to our economic and political oppression. If we had a national state of our own, it would provide a home for the half million displaced Jews in Europe. Further, a Jewish state would improve the

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status of the rest of the Jews living throughout the world as a national body would be a strong source of appeal when trouble developed. As things are now, the Jews have been kicked around for many generations and never been allowed to become a part of any nation."

When I asked her if she felt that a national state was the solution to the problem, Natanya said that it was the most expedient method and the only way to meet the urgent situation. She added that despite the fact that she believed in internationalism as a theory, there were no nations in the world with such an enlightened attitude so that the creation of one more national state was not going to throw things into chaos. Her main point was that since the dark ages in Europe, the countries which flourished in arts and sciences were those with large centers of Jewish population. She did not know why the Jews have never been absorbed into the various nations, but thought that it might be due to cultural pride and the religious aspects which were so closely interwoven into their lives. Natanya did not think that this came into conflict with the American concept that the American cultural development was the primary goal of all those born here. She felt that it was not wrong for the Jews to insist upon ethnic identity any more than the Irish "who get involved in Irish nationalism, but yet are Americans first." Her concept of the American culture was that each ethnic group should have equality--a sort of "Federation" idea whereas I believed that it was possible for a diffusion to a unified American culture which included all groups. Natanya said that the time was not ripe for this yet, and in the meantime the Jews of the world had to push for a national home. She admitted that this was one of the big issues between the pro and anti Zionists in this country, but "a Jewish state is primarily for the homeless Jewry in

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Europe." She said that as far as she was concerned, she planned to eventually go back to Palestine to live. I couldn't agree with her that the necessity for maintaining Jewish ties were primary due to racial identification--it seems more logical that political and economic factors has forced this in-group feeling on this religious group. When I mentioned that her concept, if extended logically, could illogically give support to the pressure groups in this country that America was only for white people, specifically the Anglo-Saxons and North Europeans, and they could argue that all Negroes should be sent to Africa to form their own state. However, Natanya answered that the situation was not comparable. I doubt that. These racial and minority problems of the world are related, and the solution of them is fundamental to the issue of whether democratic methods are applicable on a world-wide scale. It is expedient to solve it by creation of national states, but in the long run I suspect that it will only intensify the problems and create more and more issues on a racial basis. I agreed with Natanya that the partitioning of Palestine was the lesser of two evils since it was not desirable for England to insist upon perpetual domination solely because of the strategic location of the area. However I raised the point that Palestine belonged to the Arabs just as much as the Jews historically and it wasn't desirable to displace them either. Natanya answered that "the Jews developed Palestine agriculturally and industrially and that's why the Arab population increased so immensely. They don't have to be pushed out, but a national state is necessary so that immigration barriers will be let down for the hundreds of thousands of displaced Jews. Palestine can easily absorb 3 or 4 million people if developed along the right lines. The Arabs could go back to the Arab States, but where can the

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Jews go? There isn't a country in the world which will welcome them-- not even Russia. Therefore, it would be for the greatest good of the greatest number if an independent partitioned state were established." (There are over a million Arabs in Palestine against 600,000 Jews so that the logic of her "greatest good" concept does not necessarily follow.) Natanya believed that there was another solution, namely, that the Jews and Arabs could live in harmony in Palestine. She said that most of the reports of the severe tension and conflict between the two groups was largely newspaper propaganda. "When I lived there, I used to go into the Arab villages without any fear and the two groups got along, although they did not intermingle too much. It was the Germans and the Italians who fomented much of the ill feeling because of political reasons."

Finally, I mentioned that perhaps her points were valid and sound and that I did get a better appreciation of the problem of the world Jewry, but that ideologically I was not convinced. I wondered if such methods would solve the minority problems of other groups, especially in this country. Natanya said that she did not have the strong faith that I did, and she was convinced that her future was in Palestine "where we can get a fresh start towards true internationalism." I guess it boils down to the fact that from my point of view there is no choice so I insist that the American theory of democracy must be made to work, whereas Natanya is disillusioned because it hasn't worked so far, particularly for the Jews (in Europe). It is the problem of "segregation versus assimilation" on a world wide scale, with deep reference and implications for our democratic concepts. There isn't any easy answer for it; it seems to depend upon one's background what point of

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view is taken. I hate to see it resolved down to a racial basis as it implies that one is "ashamed" of his racial background to advocate the unity of American culture. This concept is relatively new in the world, and the greatest "success" has been in the U.S. Actually, if applied on a world wide scale it would lead to true internationalism. But Natanya would say that this viewpoint is too idealistic and we live in a practical world with urgent problems which have to be worked out immediately. Anyway, it was enlightening to get the viewpoint of a "kibei" Jewish American.

Natanya also told us about her experiences last summer up in Connecticut with Nina's company. She and Helen went up there to rehearse for the concert which Nina gave recently, and Natanya said that it was a sad affair so that was the reason why they didn't talk about it to the company members before. It was very amusing to listen ~~about it to the company members~~ to her describe the tempermental antics of Nina, and related personality problems. Nina is "over 30", has been with the Graham company about 8 years, now has her own studio, apparently severe personality problems. Nina's parents were concert musicians and she traveled all over Europe with them. Studied art and dancing. Now a very tempermental artist "trying to find herself." "She would have funny moods, and we had to be at her beck and call while she was 'creating' but most of the time she was just napping and she acted like it was our fault that so much time was wasted." Natanya also was in Jean Erdman's company this fall. She teaches at some community center on the side.

After we went to bed, Yuriko hugged me and said "I'm sure glad that I found you and got married." I didn't know what that was brought on by so I asked her what made her say that so late at night. "Well,"

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said Yuriko, "when I see so many problems which dancers have, then I'm glad that I escaped it. Look at all the nice looking girls in the company, and they are all going through the thing I did when I couldn't decide whether marriage would hurt career. Now I know that it doesn't conflict, like you said, and I'm so much smoother in my everyday life. I guess that's why so many of the single girls talk to me for advice." It is true that Yuriko is a lot calmer in her personality adjustments and not the nervous gazelle she was prior to marriage--not that I did anything; it was situational. Yuriko sees that there is no reason for conflict with mutual consideration and understanding. It seems that some of the other girls she knows doesn't have that. She was telling about Marjorie whose husband, Woody Guthrie (?), the ballad singer, had to be babied all the time because he resented it when so much of her time was spent in dancing at the studio. A rationalization has apparently emerged that artistic development cannot be achieved with marital ties--a belief chiefly sponsored by those single girls who have not resolved the conflict yet. I don't see why dancers find it necessary to push themselves into neurotic states to perfect their technique as it is not necessarily true that severe emotionalism is basic to choreographic creation. One could have a well balanced nervous structure and still give full expression to latent talent. The catch is that any marriage contracted has to be mutual in understanding, with genuine belief that each should be allowed to develop full individual expression through their chosen medium. Anyway, that is the concept I try to work upon. I don't think Yuriko has lost any talent by getting married; she has gained with stability, I think.

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Marriage does pose certain problems without a doubt for "career girls," starting a family being one of the more important. But I cannot see that as any deterrent if the couple work out their problems intelligently. It does not need to be any threat to "career security." Many of the dancers I have met seem to indicate that marriage would "tie" them down, stifle their advancement, ruin their individuality. I suppose this would be true if they happened to marry an egotist who believed basically in masculine superiority. It would be just as disastrous to marry a weak, spineless individual. Yuriko says that this problem faces many of her friends, so they take a negative approach, which becomes more entrenched with the passing years, that they will live for their art and not take a chance with marriage because dancing will fulfill all of their emotional needs. They are just kidding themselves if they take such a distorted attitude. I think a lot of them are too concerned that they will be relegated to a role of biological reproduction, a threat to equality of sexes. I think that all of them would end up unhappily like Martha Graham who has had her single career, and has nothing else to live for besides dancing. She drives herself unmercifully. & Yuriko said that the doctor forbid her (Martha) to take the tour because of knee trouble, but she is going to ignore the edict and go anyway. Psychologically, it would take life away from her if she had to give up dancing now. It seems that the threat of age is of some concern to her because she wears makeup before going to bed. It might be significant or just coincidence also that Martha Graham is hardest on the youngest members of the company, Ethel and Duggy. The company girls mentioned several times that they could not understand why these girls were not given a break as they were technically well advanced. It seems reasonable

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that the element of personality of the director has something to do with it. All of the girls think the world of Martha, but as budding artists they are critical of some of her methods which they suspect may be a bit passe for this generation. It's the age old situation of youthful enthusiasm versus mature experience. I certainly am learning things about dancing "politics" these days!! I'm glad that Yuriko just goes along without getting complicated too much in all of these things. She said last night that they may not go to Europe after all as they have not heard any more about the plans from the State Department. I think that it would be nice if she could make an European tour even though I would miss her so much. It's an opportunity which few people would get.

Yuriko kept me awake late because she wanted to know how passionate I would be towards her 50 years from now, and she wouldn't allow me to sleep until I gave a satisfactory answer so that's why I feel sort of drowsy today. It is snowing outside again so I will have to remain indoors. She scolded me for going for a walk down in the Bowery yesterday when it was so cold because she said that I got ill too easily. It's nice to have someone so concerned over my welfare.

8 February, 1947, Saturday

It got warmer yesterday afternoon so I sneaked out of the house despite Yuriko's orders to take a walk in the snow and mail the railway express package to Tom with my Army coat as he recently wrote and said that they were having an extremely severe winter in Chicago. It really hasn't been too bad in NYC as this is the first real cold spell that we have had here this winter. I must have walked for miles. There was a lot of excitement down near the bowery as a police

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station car had to pick up a homeless man who had frozen to death from exposure. A passerby said that "the bum got drunk and fell asleep in a doorway and it froze the breath right out of him, but permanently." Nobody seemed much concerned, just curious. What a terrible way to end life, a useless nonentity, cast aside like a dead cat found in the streets. I bet when he was born, his mother thought that he might even be president. Yuriko asked if it were the individuals or society's fault that a man ended up in the bowery flophouses. I would tend to blame the environment more since it is influential in shaping one's personality, and, thus, it is directly society's fault that so many thousands in one city alone cannot be absorbed into a meaningful situation. If civilization is increasingly going to do that to citizens, then it becomes a frightful Frankenstein.

Afterwards I wandered for blocks through Greenwich Village, looking in the windows of curio shops. I saw an antique mask in one window which looked exactly like the lifeless face of the dead man. Suddenly I got very tired and depressed so I went to see a psychological film, "The Dark Mirror." It was dark when I got out so I hurried home in order to prepare dinner for Yuriko so that she would not have to wait as I knew that she would be very tired. Home is such a nice place to be in when it is adorned with a person like her. I was very surprised to find her already home, busily sewing, and suddenly my spirits were elevated and it felt nice to be so alive and happy. Yuriko said that it was so confused around the studio that she came home to sew her costumes. It seems that at the last minute, Martha Graham suddenly discovered that many of the costumes had to be refitted and remade because so many new girls came into the costume and the

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regular seamstress hired to do the work could not handle it. Since there was a pressure for time, all the girls have pitched in to do their own, grumbling like hell in the meantime. Nerves frayed and all that stuff. Yuriko said that Martha had to put all of the pins in herself and give final approval and there was just too much work for her. Yuriko seems to have her costumes under control, and she is now engaged in making a jacket for one of the male company members--Rhoda was supposed to do it for \$20, but she got too piled up with other things. (Thoda still has not solved her housing problems; she is staying with Jean right now, and finishing up those costumes she started before she went to Detroit. She cooks for Lamar. He is going to school and still trying to get into the theatrical field. They haven't been over here at all; we think that L. resents us because he believes that we played a dirty trick on R. for forcing her to move out. Ethel says that they should be grateful that we put up with it as long as we did; she only had R. with her for one week before deciding that it would not work out.)

I think that the company girls should get paid for doing all that sewing. They think so too, but they will not speak up. Of course, it has to be viewed from their angle too as these girls really are intensely absorbed in their dancing and all of these confused periods are a part of it. Yuriko seems to be driving herself unmercifully, but she hasn't been tempermental in the least. In fact, she comes home and apologizes because she doesn't have the time to do the cooking for me. "But my nose is way up in the air because all of the girls say that I am so lucky to have such a human guy for a husband and because you make delicious sandwiches," she adds as

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consolation! I don't know how I am going to get to see her perform in the various pieces during the New York showing as x the tickets are so expensive. I've never seen her dance with the company yet, but I know she is good because all of the other girls tell me about it. I found out the reason why Yuriko advocated the use of the legless costumes: she has shapely legs and a good figure whereas some of the other girls are built more along "ballet dancers" proportions from the waist down!

Ethel came to help sew and have dinner with us last night so I cooked while they madly stitched a hem or something. I don't understand all of that sewing terminology, but I bet I learn how to use the sewing machine before I am married much longer! Ethel is very depressed about the company politics as it seems that she did not get the good parts which everyone thought she should have. Yuriko said that Paul was making her bitter about it because he was always stressing the financial angles. He told Ethel that since Martha was going to retire soon, he would like to buy the name and operate the studio on a sound business basis. Ethel has personal problems which disturb her too. Her New England family are happy right now as a sister is getting married, so Ethel just can't bring herself to tell them that she plans to "marry a Chinese" as it would shock their Boston dignity no end. However, Ethel believes that she will marry Paul after June. He wants to take her to China and start a home there as he has many business connections. They seem to feel that it would solve the "social" question if they went to the Orient. I don't think that will be any easier on Ethel as there will be extreme cultural adjustments to make. There isn't any reason why the

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couldn't make out in NYC as her family would quickly accept the fact after the initial sense of false outrage. Apparently, the Puritan viewpoint is that Kipling's statement that East is East and West is West and the twain shall never meet is the proper attitude.

The girls had to rehearse again in the evening. I went up to the studio but Martha said that they had left before 11:00. The girls went to Shrafft's to have ice cream and take up a collection for one of the former company members who just had a baby. Yuriko kept telling them that I was waiting, but the girls encouraged her to be independent and said that a few more minutes of separation would heighten our appreciation for each other. Yuriko worries while at the studio that I am running around exposed in the house and I might catch cold if she is not here to look after me! We have been very tender with each other during the past week because the time of her tour is close at hand. She wants me to meet her at Penn station after they come back from the Hempstead, Long Island, opening as there will be time before they leave for Pittsburg. She said we could have coffee and "have our first practice reunion as it will be about two weeks before I see her again!

It snowed violently after midnight last night and when we woke up this morning, a winter record of snowfall was piled up on the ground--almost knee deep. It didn't let up until about noon. Most transportation facilities were tied up, and there were hundreds of men around the streets here with their shovels to clear off the choked up streets. The temperature dropped down to 15 degrees too. After lunch, the sun was shining so I decided to take a walk down to the shopping district on the Avenue of the Americas. By the time I got finished I had spent \$1 more than our weekly budget. But I

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wanted to have a nice dinner for Yuriko because she is going on tour. We won't be together for our fifth month wedding anniversary which is also Valentine's Day, so I got candy and cards and fixed up the table real fancy. The oven is still temperamental so I didn't know if the 4 pound roast would come out right; I just cooked it by guessing. Yuriko was delayed in coming home so I just sat around and wrung my hands as I was sure the dinner would be ruined! However, she came home about 9 so I surprised her with a delicious meal. She was so hungry that she ate more than I did. Then we played cards and relaxed, talked over the day's events, read some papers, heated up the water for a hot bath. And so to bed!

9 February, 1947, Sunday

Very crisp and cold outside, but sunny. When we got up about 9:00 this morning our windows were coated with ice. Yuriko had to go to the studio early to supervise the extra seamstresses with the costume fittings. A cab came down for her sewing machine, and all of the girls have to work under pressure today in order to get things ready. They will rehearse most of the day. Yuriko is wondering when she is going to have the time to do some necessary shopping. Martha will only let them off Monday evening and they leave Tuesday. I was a bit irritated this morning because Rhoda had not returned Yuriko's suitcase and I may have to go after it at the last minute. Yuriko said that she had to wash her hair, pack, do some washing and she didn't know how she was going to do it when the pressure at the studio was so heavy. Then she said that I must dress warmly and "eat hot food while I'm gone so I won't have to worry about you getting sick again." (I always forget to wear my bathrobe at breakfast.) I made

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a roast beef sandwich for her lunch and some hot coffee. Then I walked part of the way up to the studio with her so that I could buy more of the Sunday papers. It is so ungodly early yet that I shall jump back into bed in a few minutes and stay there all day reading the papers. (And probably eat up the candy that I got for Yuriko yesterday!)

An article in yesterday's paper stated that Dillon Meyer made a report to Secretary of the Interior J.A. Krug about why the mass evacuation was not necessary. The Times apparently does not realize that the Nisei has citizenship because it headlined the article that "Citizenship urged for U.S. Japanese" implying that 110,000 were involved. Meyer meant that citizenship should be allowed for the Issei. He also urged the establishment of a commission to pass on claims for loss of property and "damage to the persons removed from their homes and business." Meyer charged that General John DeWitt was "by no means free of racial feelings" when he ordered the evacuation. Meyer stated that something had to be done since the evacuation produced a "stigmatizing effect" and dealt a severe blow to the democratic faith of Nisei. The WRA "does not believe that a mass evacuation was ever justified and it feels most strongly that the exclusion orders remained in effect for months and perhaps for years after there was any real justification. Claimed that 54,000 evacuees did not return to the Coast, but that they had been absorbed elsewhere in the U.S. If there is ever any compensation, the JACL will undoubtedly try to claim full credit because of its Anti Discrimination Committee (with Mike Masaoka) lobbying in Washington now. There are strong forces working for justice in this country, and the combined influence may accomplish the seemingly impossible. From this point

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of view, the volume by the Study may be quite influential as it is the only real documentary evidence in existence right now. That is why I cannot agree with Carey McWilliams concluding statement in last week's book review of the Times in which he says: "The Spoilage is published at so late a date as to be completely without influence (except perhaps as a post mortem commentary) upon the tragic pattern of events with which it deals." Secretary of State Marshall has also released statements through his secretary that the Army led the way in restoring citizenship rights to the Nisei "without moral support from civilians in the government." What a lot of baloney; so typical of brass hat arrogance! I still think that the policy was pushed down their throats by the government and Supreme Court decisions.

10 February, 1947, Monday

I went up to the studio last night and again this evening while she made costumes. Yuriko had all of hers completed but she helped some of the other girls. The place was quite confused and the entire company was madly dashing around trying to get everything in order at the last minute. Even Isamu was there designing some things. He does the settings for the company. The dancing instructor from Bennington College was helping the seamstresses, and the fellows did the packing. I read and broke in Yuriko's and Martha's new shoes. I met more of the company members. Not all of them are going on the road tour. Sasha, Stuart, Eric, Graham are the regular male members, and there are eight girls. Andora is not making the road trip but will be in the NYC show; she just got through with an engagement at the Roxy theater. Pearl Lang quit "Carousel" in order to rejoin the company as she has a leading part this year. She has been with Martha for eight years although she is only around 25 years old. The

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older members get priority in the lead parts, but Martha told Yuriko that next year she would start getting more of a buildup. Yuriko is going into the fourth season with the company and she had a lead part in "Cave of the Heart" which will only be shown in NYC so that she has done very well. Apparently as a consolation Yuriko has been given quite a raise in salary. She will get \$95 a week while on the road (covering expenses), and \$85 in NYC. The company will get paid for six weeks according to the contract so that the season may be extended after they finish the NYC show. Yuriko is now one of the best paid of the regular members who have supporting parts. She thought that Martha gave her the raise because she has been doing a lot of extra work on costume making and she couldn't understand it, but she was being modest. She still does not know if she will remain with the company next season because she can get offers to go into Broadway musicals, but now that Martha has definitely told her that she will be groomed for larger parts, she thinks that she may stay. Yuriko also said that she had an offer to go to Hawaii to teach and perform next summer, but she is not seriously thinking about that yet. She doesn't know if she will do the "Green Mansions" part for the Chicago Ballet Co. or not. Yuriko says that she doesn't particularly care to go commercial, and she enjoys the Graham company a great deal and feels that she still has a great deal to learn from Martha. Martha apparently wants to keep her on so that's why she was told about next year's buildup. According to the other company girls, Martha is very secretative about her plans and never tells them what is going to happen so that they are much more insecure.

I talked for a while with Pearl and concluded that the other girls were correct in their analysis of her. Pearl is a very

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attractive girl, about the best looker in the company, and she know it. But she is not warm in personality like them. She acts very conceited and expected me to tell her how pretty she is--Yuriko said that every fellow invariably does that. Pearl is originally from Chicago. The girls have complained that she is too selfish and aggressive in her dancing. None of them wanted to room with her while on tour so that Pearl will have one of the female orchestra members. Ethel said that Pearl was a very good dancer, but she felt that she agreed with the other girls that Yuriko was much more accomplished. Yuriko always puts in a good word for anyone who is talked against, and she told me the reason why she did was because she realized that these personal feelings were only temporary and she didn't like to see the company split up by tensions. From what I saw, the girls all seemed to get along very well. This is the first tour for Natanya and Helen and they were quite flustered because they were having a great deal of trouble with their sewing so that Yuriko helped them out. She was about the calmest person about the place. Apparently, she is the best seamstress as there was a great demand for her services. She was helping Martha with her costume most of the time.

The girls were all saddened to hear that Marjorie's daughter was tragically killed in an accident today. Marjorie is pregnant again so she dropped out of the company for the season. Her husband is Woodie Guthrie, the ballad singer. She phoned the studio and said that she left her four year old daughter in the apartment for about three minutes to get a newspaper. A passing high school boy saw smoke coming out of the apartment so he went in and discovered the girl all aflame. The neighbors rushed the girl to the hospital but she died. Yuriko said that they were rehearsing "Death and Entrance"

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when they got the news and they were all very depressed: "we suddenly realized how close we actually felt to one another and felt guilty for talking about some of the company members behind their backs because friends mean a lot to us and we all do feel close to one another in the company; it was just like a personal loss to us to hear this shocking news." It flashed into our minds how close we were together, too, so we were very tender to each other all day long. I don't know what I would do if anything ever happened to Yuriko. She must have had the same thing in her mind because she gave me special instructions not to get ill in any way while she was on tour. Tomorrow afternoon, she will be leaving and it is going to be hard on me not to see her cheerful face around for two weeks. The girls at the studio understand how Yuriko feels so they do not tease her: "They wait till a couple are married for a few years and more used to each other," she says. I'm glad that Yuriko is so well liked by everyone; it confirms my belief that she is a very special person.

Dorothy Douglas (Duggey) is about the most intelligent girl in the company, an amazing personality, very human, social minded and progressive. She graduated from Bennington College and expected to become a writer, but got into dancing instead. Her father is a Prof. at the U. of Chicago and he was in the Marines during the war. Duggey said that her father probably could have had a good chance to be elected to the mayoralty of Chicago if "he had not become so reactionary minded in recent years." Her mother also has been in politics. (It may be her stepmother--she was in Congress.) Duggey is a confirmed reader of PM newspaper, vitally interested in social problems. We had quite a talk on whether the subway fare should be raised. Some of the other girls felt that it should because "after all, it is a

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business like anything else and has to make its profits." Duggey and I took the position that it was a public service just like street lights and that the poor should not be soaked just so that the real estate taxes could be lowered. Raising the fare would not improve the service or reduce the debt because the money gained would automatically go into lowering real estate taxes. NYC is one of the few cities with a 5 cent fare and it should remain that way. Most of the city newspapers are supporting the real estate companies and interests so that a red smear campaign has been started to question the loyalty of those groups who are fighting for the 5 cent fare. The Mayor apparently is smart enough to realize that the vast majority of citizens do not want the raise so that it probably will not go through this time. Duggey was a bit dismayed at the present state of reactionary politics, citing the Georgia dictatorship, the rising nationalism of all countries, McKeller's red baiting of Lilienthal as head of the Atom Control Board, growing trends towards isolationism, and so forth.

This is our last evening together for two weeks, and I only got part of it with Yuriko. After we came back from the studio, we just sat and talked for a while. Yuriko acted light hearted, and she fussed over me so much and made extravagant claims about how well suited we were to each other because of my personal qualities. Then both of us began to feel a bit sad about "our first separation" and Yuriko got tears in her eyes. I kept telling her that it would only be for a short time, and that a vacation away from me was good for her because I would not be able to take her for granted if I got too used to having her around. I never felt this way towards anyone

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before, but then I have never been this close to anyone either. I can understand now why those guys used to get so lonesome for their wives when we were in basic training in the Army. I made a special dinner for Yuriko and she had to tell everyone about it. It's nice to have X someone so wonderful build you up! I think that Yuriko is trying to make the single girls envious of her because she used to argue against marriage in the same way they do now. Ah love, it's wonderful!!

11 February, 1947. 5:00 p.m.

Yuriko is on the first leg of her tour, and I feel so alone and lonesome already! The company finally got off in one piece after a rather hectic last minute confusion, and I think that I feel as tired as anyone of them because of worrying over Yuriko. I have been trying to make her take things easier so that she wouldn't be too exhausted to start out with, but she just drove herself relentlessly. There was supposed to be a last minute rehearsal with the orchestra this morning but I wouldn't let Yuriko get up to go. Everyone must have been exhausted because Duggey was the only one to show up. Yuriko didn't protest too much as she was tired and she had an excuse. We just relaxed in bed all morning saying goodbye. Yuriko fills me with such an electric current of excitement when she pretends she is a demure newlywed. She said that when we have our first child, she was going to name it "passionate" after me! How can I help it when she bends towards me, brushes her soft hair in my face, whispers endearing things which sets me aflame!

Suddenly, Yuriko jumps out of bed, exclaiming, "Oh, my gosh, I have to pack yet and take^a bath." So we hurried through with the late breakfast and I pattered around helping her get her grip packed. She

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only took a light suitcase, expertly and neatly packed with so many things. I thought that she would forget to take things in her haste, but she went about it very methodically and didn't overlook a thing, teasingly reproaching me with "You thought I was a rattle brain and you didn't trust me, huh?" Yuriko just makes me melt because she has such a child-like innocence and steadfastness at the bottom of her heart. She gives me so much. Every few minutes, she would interrupt her packing to come over and kiss me tenderly and tell me not to worry and look after myself.

After she got all ready, we went up to the studio to pick up her sewing machine and bring it home. On the way we passed a bookstore so she insisted upon dragging me in to buy me a "valentine present" of a book. We rummaged around and she selected Dos Passos "USA" and Alexandre Kuprin "Yama-the Pit" for me and told me to "take it easy and read all you want while I am gone and don't do any work because I am going to send home at least \$25 a week for us to save and that will be enough for next month with your GI allowance." Then she told me to buy a steak on Valentine's Day, the 14 is also our fifth month's anniversary, and "eat it juicily and think about me at exactly 8:00p.m We browsed laughingly through an old book on what every young girl should know. Yuriko smiled and said, "When I was a girl in Japan, nobody ~~w~~ told me these things. I got so scared when I had my first menstruation. My teacher finally told me that I was a woman now, and that I should be very careful and not do anything bad. I didn't know what she was talking about because in Japan high schools students hardly even hold hands. It scared me when my teacher said that after menstruation, some women go crazy and do funny things. I didn't have the slightest idea of what she meant."

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We went up to Penn station about four, and put her suitcase in a locker. I am going to meet her at 1:12 a.m. as she will have two hours between trains. Paul was at the station to see Yuriko and Ethel off, and after the girls left, he casually mentioned that he was going to Philadelphia on business and he would be seeing Ethel there during the two days the company performed there. He suggested that I go too. Such a thought never occurred to me, but it is financially impossible. It would be too expensive to get a hotel room, and have meals there for three days. I have been trying to get by on my GI allowance because I don't like to spend Yuriko's money. I wish that Paul hadn't put the seed of the thought into my mind, but it is just impossible. It is at times like this that I wish I was more business minded and had money enough so that trips out of town wouldn't be a matter for second thought. However, I shall be practical and dismiss the idea.

The apartment here seems to be quiet without Yuriko around. It seems to grow into a solid quiet. I am lonesome, and there is no doubt about it! I was going to visit friends after I left the station, but I didn't feel in the mood. And, I don't even feel hungry! It will be nice to see Yuriko at 1:15. She didn't want me to come at first as she thought that it would be too late for me, but then she said that "it would be nice to see you if you did come." Fortunately, or unfortunately, I don't have to think about getting up early in the morning to go to work so it won't be any trouble for me to go see Yuriko. I won't be seeing her again until the 23rd of the month. I should be hearing from Columbia by then; I'm getting a bit anxious and worried about my application acceptance. I still don't know what my plans will be in case I cannot get admitted. I have

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I have been so preoccupied with Yuriko since coming to NYC that I haven't had time to think of much else, but some kind of definite action is called for in the next few weeks. I'm just hoping that there will be room in the graduate school for me, and it will be quite a blow if this hope is not realized. I hardly think that I will ever go back to finish up the M.A. if I don't get started pretty soon. I can't think much about this right now when I have Yuriko so much on my mind. I feel so sorry for myself--my meals will be so solitary, the house will seem empty, the bed will be cold, everything will be so quiet. By the time Yuriko gets back from tour, I will have plenty of time to think over how much I appreciate her. I should be developing outside social contacts while she is gone, but I can't be thinking about that now. Everything has been revolving around her for the past weeks; I think that she has been affected in the same way too.

12 February, 1947, Wednesday (Lincoln's birthday)

I got so lonesome in the house last night that I escaped to the movies to pass the time until I could go up to Penn station. I saw "Dr. Mabuse" a french film. It ended around 11:30 so I walked all the way uptown, forgetting about Yuriko's orders for me not to go for long walks when it is so cold. I was lost in my own thoughts most of the way so I didn't notice the weather at all. Around 23rd Street an old man asked me for money to eat. I usually do not give to street beggars anymore, but this time I felt that I was so much more fortunate because I had a home and Yuriko so I gave him some change and continued on up to the station. I was there a bit after midnight so I bought a paper to read in the waiting room until 1:15. However, Yuriko and Ethel came in on an earlier train and they caught me by

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surprise. They said that the performance had gone over very well, but complained about the small stage. They hadn't eaten a thing since leaving NYC as there were no restaurants open on the college in Hempstead. We waited for Paul and he suggested that we go to the China Clipper for a big meal so we took a cab up there.

While eating, Paul again brought up the subject of going to Philadelphia. Yuriko was all for it and she urged me to come, but when I whispered to her that it was not economically practical because of my depleted status, she said she had to spend money anyway so that I could spend three days there "on much less than \$30." I began to waver, and figure out in my head that I had \$15 left of my allowance and \$7.00 for food money so that it wouldn't be so much extra, but decided that it still was not advisable. I wished that Paul had not ~~decided~~ ~~xxx~~ even mentioned the possibility to make me filled with doubts and hopes. Yuriko then said that if I came, it would cut down the time for seeing her again in half, and I began to weaken. Finally she said that it would be up to me and I could decide either way. I told her that I loved her very much, but I didn't think it was wise because we hadn't been balancing our budget so far and this was an extra expense. Then her face fell, and I saw that she wouldn't enjoy her late dinner so I told her that I would give my final answer after we finished eating. She took this as a "no" answer and so she gave the clincher, "But it would be nice for us to go to a hotel and register 'Mr. and Mrs.' for the first time, and it would be our second honeymoon, and it would be nice to spend our fifth month anniversary together, so I think we could be impractical. But I leave it up to you." By this time, I began to see how nice it would be to be impractical so I said I would go. So Yuriko sent me a telegram from Pittsburg today to meet her at the Sylvania Hotel in Philadelphia

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tomorrow! Already I am looking forward to a reunion with her. I saw her off at the train at 3:00 a.m. last night, tucked her in her pullman lower berth, and talked with her until traintime. Yuriko was so happy that I was coming to Philadelphia that she had to tell all the company members who came into the Pullman! It will be worth the cost just to be with her and I can't argue against her logic of the second honeymoon because it is love.

So today I have been getting things together for the three day trip, mainly getting money together. My GI check arrived just in time this afternoon--it was supposed to be used for the gas and electric bill next month! I didn't get to bed until about 5:00 a.m. so I slept all morning. It is a happy turn of events though, and nice to think about being with Yuriko. She will be very busy, but has Thurs. night off if they do not rehearse so we made a date.

13 February, 1947, Thursday (Philadelphia)

Even the warm spring-like weather cooperated to make everything nice for us. I left NYC on the 3:00 p.m. train and enjoyed the two-hour trip down here immensely--the first trip I've taken as a complete civilian. When I got to the Sylvania Hotel, Yuriko had not registered yet as her train was delayed from Pittsburg so I took a stroll down Broad St. and looked at the people and sights--they are no different from any other city.

When Yuriko finally arrived, we registered with great ceremony at the desk as "Mr. and Mrs." (Yuriko thought maybe that we had to have our marriage certificate!). We have a rather nice room in the hotel here and the service is fine. I shall enjoy it until my money runs out. It's a lot different from travelling as a GI because it's so much costlier! But I'm glad that I did come down for this

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"reunion" with Yuriko. She has been in a very romantic mood all evening. She said that the Pittsburg performance went over very well and they had a capacity audience. However, she didn't think much of the city because it was so smoky and dirty. After we got cleaned up we roamed around for a place to eat. We decided not to go with the other company members because a big group is always inconvenient when trying to make decisions, and Yuriko wanted to make the most of the "date" on her evening off.

We finally located a quaint Greek restaurant, the "Acropolis" on Locust Street so we went in to try the food. It was an excellent choice as the place was clean, the service good, and the food very tasty. We finished the meal with Greek pastry and coffee. I told Yuriko that the people who lived in Asia Minor told fortunes from the coffee marks after the cup was turned down. She didn't believe that an Armenian woman had done it for me up in Boston. Our waiter came over and he read Yuriko's fortune: "You are very much in love; you are on a railroad trip now; you don't have money but you like to spend it; you don't have any worries; you make instant decisions and so forth." Yuriko was very surprised when he went on to say that I was more conservative, etc. She wondered how he guessed so many things correctly. I said that he over-heard part of our conversation during dinner, he got a picture of our personality, and he knew we were out of towners so he put two and two together. Yuriko says, "I know that, but it is more romantic to think we have had our fortunes told by a waiter in a Greek restaurant!"

After dinner we wandered down Market Street and went to see a sentimental, escapist, but fairly enjoyable film--"It's a Wonderful Life"-- because the name of it coincided with our mood. Yuriko said

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that the company members tease ~~me~~ her because she is so much in love and "always celebrating some kind of an anniversary." I'd chase her all over the country if I had the money. It's nice to be impractical and come here for three days. We have made an agreement that I will spend my money up first because I don't want her to be using up her hard-earned money on me. I guess I worry about this a bit too much (masculine ego) but Yuriko said tonight, "Don't think of those things because I got so much more than money can buy--I have real love." There just isn't any argument against a watertight logic like that!!

Yuriko will be here until Sunday when the company goes to Washington. They will commute back to Baltimore for the show Monday nite. It's so nice to be able to cut in half the time I will see her back in NYC again. Yuriko says that this part of the tour is more like a honeymoon for her than work.

14 February, 1947, Friday.

12:00 noon

I've been leisurely enjoying hotel life this morning. Yuriko went to a rehearsal about an hour ago--they forgot to inform her that it was scheduled for 10:00 a.m. The company will be performing in the huge Academy of Music hall where all the concerts and operas are given. In a little while Yuriko will phone so that we can go to lunch together. I just got dressed after leisurely going thru the papers--such a lazy life! The tempo of Phila. city life is slow so that it must be catching. I had a very good nights sleep but I still feel tired. The chambermaid probably resents me as she wants to get in here to clean up.

Later: After lunch at the Hamburger Haven, I went with Yuriko to the Academy of Music and watched the company rehearse with the orchestra in the huge concert hall all afternoon. Counting the musicians, the

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personnel of the company is very large. The girls had to do some last minute sewing so I helped hold the skirts. They don't have any inhibitions about dressing and undressing in front of me--all except Helen, the pianist. Helen M. said that Helen L. was so shy that she even chased all the girls out of the dressing room when she went to the bathroom. Helen L. is an older girl, seems to find her security in clinging to Martha Graham. She is single, plain looking, extremely nervous, has a phobia about cleanliness. Sounds like definite neurotic symptoms, severe. The other girls of the company are more normal. Met May O'Donnell's husband. He commutes from Washington and is now preparing to go overseas for the gov't. The rest of the girls in the company are single. They all get along well together, and seem to have a mutual dislike for Pearl who has "selfish 'star' attitudes" she got from 'Carousel' while playing on Broadway. Angie gave Yuriiko a 2-lb. box of candy "for not letting you know about the rehearsal this morning." Yuriiko said that she helped Angie a lot and this was her way of expressing appreciation for the free dancing lessons. All the girls ate the candy because they were so rushed that they didn't have time to go out and get adequate meals.

Helen MacGehee, Yuriiko and I went to a Spanish restaurant for dinner and we had a nice meal there. Afterwards we returned to the theater and Don gave me a \$3.90 orchestra ticket for the performance. They put on "Appalachian Spring," "Letter to the World," and "Every Soul is a Circus." Duggy briefed me on these dances so I was able to appreciate them much better. I thought that they were beautifully presented to the large audience. Yuriiko was wonderful to watch, very graceful and lithe, easily noticed because of her dark hair and Eurasian features (with the makeup). Ethel, Helen, Natanya, Pearl,

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May, Duggy, Angie, Eric, Graham, Stewart and Lasha all did their parts excellently. I saw how difficult it was while watching them rehearse with the orchestra. Martha was outstanding and it is amazing that a woman of her age can dance so superbly. She is recognized as the greatest of the modern dancers, a well-deserved tribute.

After the performance, we went to eat again. One more day in Philadelphia. Yuriko keeps on telling me how happy she is that I came down, and I have been enjoying myself observing the functioning of a large dance company from the inside. It seems that there are just as many stagehands and wardrobe mistresses as performers.

15 February, 1947, Saturday

We had a rather tiring day today, although it was harder on Yuriko than me. I just stood by and waited. There was a rehearsal for the company this morning, and they only had about a half hour for lunch. I met Yuriko, Paul, Helen at the lunchroom and had a combination breakfast-lunch. The signals got crossed because not all the company showed up for the rehearsal, and the orchestra went ahead anyway. I went down to listen to the jazz concert in the main hall, such an enthusiastic mob was there to listen to the musicians practically blow their heads off. It was quite a contrast to the soft smooth music of Louis Horst's ~~p~~ hepcats! We ate half a dinner and then went back to the theater early because Yuriko had to do some last minute sewing for Martha's costume.

I thought that the program this evening was much better than the first one. I watched half of it from the wings and the rest from out front as Yuriko was not in the last number, "Punch and Judy." She said that Eric was a perfectionist in everything, and he sort of talked Martha into leaving her out of the part of Child "because it

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was not technically correct to have me, an oriental child, as the offspring of caucasians." Ethel got the part and she did extremely well in it. Yuriko said that since then, Martha has had more confidence in her and last season she played the part of the young child in "Appalachian Spring" and it got good notices so that is why she plays the daughter in "Cave of the Heart" which premieres in NYC. In tonight's performance Yuriko stood out in "Dark Meadow" and I heard many favorable comments in the lobby. The whole program was better balanced than the first night I saw it and it was applauded more generously by the larger audience.

After the show, some friend of Yuriko's came backstage and she brought two Nisei girls with her. Dorothy Campbell was at Gila for a short time and got to know Yuriko there. She has been the social and recreational director at Seabrooks Farms for a couple of years now. The other two girls, Mrs. Taniguchi and Reiko also live there. We all went to eat Chinese food, and the three girls kept talking about Seabrooks Farms. Afterwards Yuriko mentioned that she was glad that she got away from "Japanese society" because those girls think the whole world revolves around that Japanese colony at Seabrooks. We felt like strangers when they kept talking about things which were so long past. The memory of the evacuation is still a vital part of their lives because they live in a colony of 2500 evacuees "in conditions which are worse than camp." At first they were very defensive about the place, but Dorothy Campbell began to tell about how the workers were exploited there. There isn't enough work to go around so that it is doled out and Dorothy has to convince the employers that a family of ten cannot live on \$10 a week. She said that the barracks were worse than in camp, and they cooked in them besides. Reiko added that the

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sanitary conditions were awful and they had to walk half a block to the latrine "even in winter." Mrs. Taniguchi felt that a lot of these people would go back to the coast and not remain there permanently, but she felt sorry for those who were trapped because they had no other place to go. She said that 500 evacuees were from Peru and sort of leased to the company there. The company owns all of the stores. It sounded like an outdated slave plantation to me. The last of the Crystal City repatriants are also there, and their main interest in life in the Japanese community there is the "engakai" (Japanese show). Dorothy felt that it was quite tragic to watch a Japanese girl from Peru doing an Inca dance at these shows. They know more Spanish than English. Peru won't have them back, the U.S. doesn't want them, and Japan doesn't want any more people dumped on them so they are truly displaced people with no country of their own. Most of the residents of the community are evacuees from the Coast and I thought that it was rather significant when Reiko referred to them as "we Japanese." The pattern of racial consciousness there is quite strong because they feel rejection so strongly. Yet at the time the camps were closing, the WRA kept on dumping resettlers into Seabrooks as if it were the Utopia for them. I hardly think that any Nisei could live and work there for long without inheriting the defeatist psychology and strong racial consciousness which Reiko and Mrs. Taniguchi reflected. Even Dorothy had it and she is a Caucasian. She said that many of the families there were thinking of returning to Los Angeles, but lately they have been thrown into great states of doubt and uncertainty because of the unfavorable reports coming back from there telling about how disastrous the re-segregation of Little Tokyo has been economically. The Japanese can't get back

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into the produce business in large numbers, and the Nisei have been drifting into other fields like garment making. It seems unemployment is growing, and they are losing the Negro market which they had in their stores at first. Dorothy said that the Seabrooks workers were without any financial backing so that many of them would have to remain on working at cheaper wages with steadily reduced hours of employment. She said that she was getting tired fighting against management and considering moving on to some other work soon. She invited Yuriko and I to come up "and see things for yourself." In spite of all they said about Seabrooks, Mrs. T. and Reiko seem to find security in it and they act afraid of the outside like the resettlers who first came out of camp--when we first mentioned going into the Chinese restaurant Mrs. T. and Reiko were hesitant because they felt that it was for Caucasians only and they preferred to go to Chinatown but we said it was too far and it made no difference. Those girls only come out of Seabrooks for rare shopping sprees or for an occasion like this. It certainly is a narrow world they live in and if they find happiness in it, they are welcome to go back to the ghettos of L.A. They kept on urging us to come to Seabrooks so we half committed ourselves, but I doubt if we find time to get around to it. They seem to feel that every Nisei would jump at a chance to get into a Japanese community once more and "see an Engakai." Gads!!

Yuriko keeps on telling me how happy she has been because I came down, and she has been particularly tender to me today. I just don't see how she can put up with me, but I certainly do appreciate it! She certainly has changed my attitudes in a lot of respects because of what she is, and I feel so much that life is wonderful--Seabrooks or no Seabrooks. I used to worry more about things like that, but now I think

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I can see them more objectively and I think that my life is better balanced. Yuriko certainly is a stabilizing institution!! Tomorrow morning she leaves for Washington and I won't see her for one week. Woe is me!

21 February, 1947, Friday

A terrific snow storm broke last night just as I was leaving the house to go visit Warren so I had to turn back and seek the safety of the apartment. It snowed violently all night, and according to the reports, it was a record fall--some 11 inches of w snow. On top of that it was very cold last night although I felt cozy in bed reading a novel until the late hours. I discovered this morning that the pipes in the bathroom had frozen so I had no running water all day long. The water runs in the kitchen fortunately. I don't know how long the pipes will be froze; it is the first time I have ever experienced anything like this. If it is prolonged, it will be a serious matter.

Although I haven't done a thing all day long except to daddle around a bit, I feel in very good spirits with the thoughts of Yuriko coming home day after tomorrow. I'm getting tired of eating all by myself and I don't feel much like visiting other people. I know that I should be getting over the first sweet taste of love and married life, but it is still much too pleasant to be thinking of expanding my social life! Everybody thinks we are such "lovebirds" but they are just envious I think. The weeks absence by Yuriko makes me think about what a nice event she became in my life when we got married. What else can I ask for? A good job and security? Yes, that is a necessary evil, I suppose, but I have neatly solved that by applying for school. I don't know how I will adjust back into the academic life; it has been so long since was a regular student and my heart doesn't seem to be fully in it.

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Maybe things will change once I get started back in classes. All the friends I knew on the campus are back in school and they seem to be more suited to the academic life than I--Tom, Jimmy, Warren, Kenny. Jimmy Sakoda won some sort of a \$2500 scholarship to do graduate work at Harvard. I was looking through some of my pre-war notes in connection with the speech I am supposed to give this evening, and it occurred to me that the so-called "radical" group on the Berkeley campus certainly were on the right track in view of what has happened. Tom Shibutani's report on the impact of the war showed a great deal of perspective from this distance even though it was rather emotionally written. But being theoretical does not solve any problems, I have concluded. The defeat of the WRA's fine objectives in the dispersal policies bears that out...it did not reckon enough with individual human nature. The resettlers have rapidly gone back to their segregated ways and it is the chief post-war development as it affects so many of the group. I still view it with apprehension and the basis for a new segregated Japanese community is already an accomplished fact in such places as Salt Lake, Denver, Chicago. Tally Yusa seems to have found his place, being a big shot in a Japanese community with his Chicago Nisei courier. He claims that it has a circulation of over 2000, and it sponsors Nisei festivals, sports, and many other segregated activities. I'm glad that I made the decision not to remain in Chicago because sooner or later the type of "assimilation" which the Nisei have developed there will hurt the individual. It's only value will be for the consolation of the frustrated, the opportunity for exploitation in business, and for sociological studies of "problems" by interested persons such as Tom, who no doubt will write his Ph.D. thesis upon it. Togo says, "It will not be long before they will be compelled to insist that the Nisei

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'make the best of it' as racial segregation appears to be an accomplished fact in Chicago's Near North Side." NYC at least has not deteriorated that much altho there are forces trying to unify the resettlers into a "racial colony."

22 February, 1947, Saturday

Still freezing cold. The water pressure finally came back to the bathroom though, and it made things more convenient. For a while I had to transport water from the kitchen to the bathroom like a bucket brigade. I washed the accumulated pile of socks and did the shopping for the weekend. Prices have gone way up again--it is partly due to the cold wave which has stopped the importation of foodstuffs from other areas of the country. I had to pay 20 cents for one anemic looking grapefruit but I think that I got gypped.

Last night I went over to the American Labor Party Hall and gave a talk before a small group of about 25 members of the Village American Youth for Democracy chapter. Betty Ellison introduced me around and it was quite an informal gathering. One of the boys had a birthday and he brought a huge cake for refreshments. The group was diversified, extremely intelligent, most of them under 25 years of age. They have been politically active--next week they are going to visit the Republican assemblyman in order to ask him to support rent controls and keep the prices of the food and meat down. One of the girls said that he would not be very receptive since he owned a large cattle ranch upstate. The group is also going to go up to Albany to advocate for the elimination of discrimination. They believe in a program of action and I was favorably impressed. Betty E is a vivacious girl and she seems to hold the group together. Some of the other girls look like the

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frustrated old maid type. Betty's brother, Jack, was at the meeting. He said that they had spent 22 months in the concentration camp in Hong Kong when they were detained by the Japanese and finally got to this country on the Gripsholm. He said that he met some of the repatriates on the way to Japan so that he was very interested in the evacuation. The group received my talk well and they were most curious about the Nisei. I only planned to talk about 20 minutes, but I continued on for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. They asked all sorts of questions. One of the fellows, Moe, said that he had fought in Spain and he knew one Nisei boy who was fighting against Franco there but he was killed. The group wanted to know if the evacuation made the Nisei politically progressive, but I had to admit that only a small group could be counted in that category although many were passive supporters of liberal movements. Betty said that their club had sent a note to the JACD inviting Nisei to come and join their activities but that there had been no response. The club was very surprised to learn about some of the details of the evacuation and they didn't think that such a thing was possible. "Didn't any of the progressive groups protest?" One of the club members said that he had always been under the impression that only Issei were interned and he didn't know that so many Nisei existed. I felt that the meeting was successful in that 25 more people became acquainted with some of the Nisei problems in the U.S. After the meeting, there was a social hour and we just talked and got acquainted. They sang some labor songs. One of the girls there said that she was a student at NYU and she was very disturbed about the acute situation in education these days. She felt that it was essential for more young people to have the advantage of higher education and she said that the AYD was going to promote it nationally. She felt that if a million more young people could get to

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college, it would help to lessen the discrimination practices and get them more politically conscious "because the post war college student is more aware of his citizenship responsibilities than the pre-war one." The girl thought that the federal government should alleviate the problem by providing more housing, more classroom space, greater financial aid, less red baiting of competent instructors. "Making the ex-GI's go without haircuts will not solve the financial problems," she concluded.

Many times I have wondered if I would be a happier person if I just forgot about "causes" and lived a "normal" life like so many of the indifferent population, and just be concerned with making a living and having a limited personal happiness. I don't delude myself that I can be effective in creating great changes. But does that mean that one should stop butting one's head against the stone wall and just accept the status quo? That would be a horrible prospect, sort of living in a void. I guess that is not for me. This afternoon, I started to think about this matter in the lonely solitude of this apartment and when I went out shopping and saw the busy people going about their lives with their problems of just existing. I wondered if they were really happy. They didn't look downcast or frustrated. It seems that the more one reads and thinks about "problems," the more disturbing it gets because nothing much can be done about it immediately. However, I think that I would be even more dissatisfied if I lived in a limited ivory tower escapist environment. I suppose I am not serious about wondering why I don't go out and get a little job and just be contented with existing and being exploited and paying no attention to what is going on about me. In a way, it is exciting to follow the general developments of the social and political life of the country,

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and the world and feel that in a small way I am a part of it. I know that it doesn't seem to make any difference what I thought about atomic control, liberal trends, racial problems, standards of living and so forth; but in the total picture it does add weight. The trouble is that not enough people are willing to participate in a program of action for the four freedoms, starting at the smallest local level. Then too, our society is so complex nowadays that it becomes increasingly a dilemma for the modern man to keep track of things, and it is much easier to pursue the little life and the hell with the social situation which develops for the new generation. This certainly seems to be the case in the present political trends of the country, with growing conservative trends. Each step backwards is a denial of our promises for the post war world and an indication of unwillingness to assume world responsibilities. No wonder other nations of the world, particularly Russia, are so afraid of us. Russia has been made the chief protagonist since the war's end, and altho that country is not without fault, there is justification for its increasing suspiciousness of our world motives. It doesn't make much difference to the ordinary citizen because we feel too secure in our military might at present with the control of the atom bomb, and they lazily conclude that the hysteria press is telling the whole truth. It is always easier to blame the other guy. As a nation we are getting more and more like the neurotic individual with paranoid tendencies who believes that everybody is wrong but him. It is a good thing that there are still considerable numbers of liberal minded individuals in the government who have a wider perspective upon things. But for every Lillienthal we have ten McKellars, Tafts, O'Daniel, Bilbos. It is frightening to think about

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the prospects of getting more of these reactionaries in government and allowing them to guide the destiny of the nation and the world in the control of atomic energy. I think my indifference about going to register with the draft board again is my protest against World War III. That was solved when the SF draft board sent me a new classification card unsolicited.

I think that I pondered about one's role in life because I miss Yuriko so much. I certainly do not fulfill the obligations of a husband by being such an idle person. I'm just contributing a thing to society these days; I just sit around and enjoy my little world around her. We have talked over the problem of my future many times, and I know that Yuriko is right when she says that I should follow my ideals; but the trouble is that these beliefs are so indefinite and sometimes I wonder just exactly I stand. It conflicts with my desire to fulfill my duties towards Yuriko at times. I can't even support her now, and I can't even guarantee it even after I finish graduate work. In the past months I've thought a lot about what kind of work I am going to do--something which will really give me satisfaction. I don't think that I would be happy about being a social case worker all the time. It should be something which fits in with all of my academic interests, but that is a large order because work of that sort is vague. I have been interested in the program of racial integration for a long time; but it would be frustrating to just sit around and talk about it. It has to fit into the wider problems of society, and ordinary social work doesn't/fit^{exactly} into this situation. The difficulty is that there is no known solution for the integration (or segregation) of ethnic minorities into a larger culture. I have

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been very strong on the integration approach because it is more in line with my thinking and experiences and belief in the "One World" idea. I still think that it can work in a democracy, a real one, but it becomes much more complicated when one thinks of the European and Asiatic minorities. (Majorities in the case of Asia.) I can think about the definition of my social and economic role, but the job of achieving them is a horse of another color! It would be so simple if we did not have the bigotry of "free enterprise" so closely identified with "democracy." Well, philosophers do say that life is never completed, and I guess as long as optimism does not give way to despair there is hope. It doesn't solve my problem of how to make a living and still have it meaningful and with some degree of satisfaction, but it helps. It is so easy for one to hover on the edge of cynicism when one starts thinking about these things. I think that I have been rationalizing because I have been so happy with marriage and this is such a new experience that I have to sooth my guilty conscience! It's similar to the Pacific Citizen which runs Utopian editorials about how successfully the Nisei have been "married" to American life, but whose news stories of contemporary Nisei life indicates that it is only an illusion and that the real problem of complete integration has only been scratched. In the same way, marriage to Yuriko seems to make my life complete because I am still in the clouds, but actually it is only a step, although a major one, to complete integration of personality with all of its wider implications. There now, I have convinced myself that I am on the right path so I shall go visit Saye now as I have been invited for dinner this evening!

23 February, 1947, Sunday

I didn't get home from my visit with Saye until almost 4:00 a.m. as we were just gabbing away lightly. Saye has been in bed with some sort of ear trouble as her equilibrium is out of order and she gets dizzy when she stands up. Her brother, Tokiji, was quite alarmed when he heard that I was coming because he didn't know how to cook, but Saye told him that I was an old hand at it. I took over the small kitchen when I saw the situation and we had a delicious roast beef; the oven over there is much more satisfactory than ours! Tokiji is a mild mannered sort of individual, very gentle, considerable oriental mannerisms. He's not used to my more boisterous ways with Dee-dee, Wes Jr., as he believes that adults should keep their distance from children more. I guess Saye thought that Wes Jr. was getting too familiar with adults because she made him address me as Mr. Kikuchi instead of Charlie. Wes Jr. thinks of me as more of a contemporary as we play games and talk about secret passwords for gangs and things like that. We both protested so Saye that it was too informal to be called Mr. so we compromised and now he can call me Uncle Charlie! Wes Jr. has grown considerably since I saw him about six months ago. He acts like a normal boy, a bit too precocious but not offensive. He must be gifted mentally as Saye was asked to take him to NYU for IQ tests. Saye worries a bit too much about "class" in society, I'm afraid. She thinks that Wes Jr. may get contaminated by the "delinquents" from the other side of Broadway, inferring that her side of the street--the Riverside District--has a higher class of people. From what I see of the residents in her building and in the districts, they look like any other group of people to me with nothing to distinguish them as plutocracy. Saye said that some of the "delinquents" had ganged Wes Jr. and taken his wrist watch and stolen other things. So I gave Wes Jr.

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a boxing lesson! I don't think he will get contaminated by the "dead end street" boys, as the level of parental supervision is intelligent and sound usually. A lot of our great men have come out of poor slum environments--at a struggle, of course. I was going to tell Wes Jr. how my gang used to swipe things, but Saye gave me a dirty look so I terminated by childhood tales and discussed the lofty and moral topic of becoming a good boy scout instead. Dee-dee is almost nine now. Hell, most Nisei grew up in slum areas, so Saye has no need to become alarmed that her son will become a delinquent if he brushes shoulders with the boys "across the tracks" of Broadway.

Tokuji has had 13 years of acculturation to the Orient so that he is not a talkative sort. It takes several meetings before the ice begins to thaw. Apparently it is not good manners in the Orient to reveal personal history even to friends, or the family. Tokiji did mention that it was quite embarrassing for him to carry a shopping bag when he first came back, but Saye said that he was willing and had the right attitude so that is the main thing. She said that he made \$350 yen a month working for the Japanese textile company in the Shanghai offices as manager, and that he hobnobbed with the "aristocracy," the upper crust, the top rice drawers. I don't see why it is necessary for her to apologize for his social and economic "downfall." It sounds too much like the stories of the exiled Russian princes who had to soil their hands by being waiters in America after fortunes crashed. Saye said that her brother had servants to wait upon him in Japan and China, emphasized how it cost her parents in Japan \$3000 a month just to eat, told about an older brother being married to the daughter of the general who was made a Baron for his success in the invasion of Manchuria, and

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so forth. It's a damn funny thing that so many of the Nisei tell that they practically stem from the "nobility" of Japan. How come their parents x immigrated to America for economic reasons then? It's like Mariko and Alice who admit that Pop was a barber "but of course" his father was a major of a town and Mom comes from Tokyo and was a lady in waiting in the Royal Court. I suppose that it is a natural tendency for an insecure group to emphasize the glories of the past and our country is full of this sort of thing--Daughters of the American Revolution, Descendants of the Mayflower and that sort of thing. People should be prouder of a common people heritage. At least they proved their worth by honest toil and not by reflected glory of some ancestor.

I guess Saye can't help it because she is holed up in that small apartment with a relatively drab life. Otherwise, she is a fine person and I like her for her directness and honesty about things in general. She probably overlooks my failings too--nobody is perfect. (Except Yuriko, of course!) Saye seems to be very settled in life now with her role of Mrs. Yamanaka, George is out in the midwest chick-sexing again, but Saye wants him to study to be a doctor. It would spoil him I think because he is the easy going type and not materially ambitious for prestige or anything else. He loves Saye and he has accepted Wes Jr. completely so she should be happy with such an understanding person and allow him to work out his own economic destiny. Saye said that her former husband, Wes, is still hopeful that she will come back to him once more and he has never accepted fact of the final divorce. She said that he is living with the other girl who bore his child, but he still refuses to make

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legal although they are man and wife to the outside world. Last Christmas he sent Saye an expensive gift and she said that she was glad that Yam was so understanding and did not create artificial resentments. Saye said that Wes has never gotten over the idea that he could ~~buy~~ buy her back. In order not to hurt his feelings, she kept the swank cocktail purse he sent but returned the money enclosed in it. She feels that hereafter she can only accept things for the offspring. We had a long talk on marital adjustments and I think that I learned something... I shall practice it upon Yuriko to see if it is valid! Saye honored me by saying that I had the prime requisite for happy marital adjustments--maturity and understanding. She wants to give us a wedding present. It made her laugh exceedingly when I told her that the reason I stopped staying overnight on innocent visits during the time I was in service was because of ugly rumors about it among certain Nisei and I didn't want her to be falsely gossiped about. Saye said that the same ugly talk had started when an old family friend, a grandfather, stayed over for a while, and she was quite furious about this. She felt that it was part of the narrow minded psychology of the segregated Japanese towns on the Coast which was being perpetuated out here. Despite her comments about her relatives in Japan, Saye is extremely Americanized and she was displeased that the JACD was spending so much energy putting on plays in Japanese about Japan because she felt that a greater emphasis should be placed into social and economic adjustments right here. However, Saye believed that Japan surrendered ~~with~~ with dignity and was honestly on the road to Democracy under the occupation forces; but I thought that it was all superficial, and not very dignified when

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they crawled in hypocrisy. I didn't think that a good basis for democracy could be accomplished when the economic top levels were supported to the detriment of the masses, making it almost impossible for a real democratic spirit to be developed from within the people.

Mildred Washington was in to visit for a while, but she spent all of her time whispering to Saye about her latest love and how she was afraid of a second marriage even though the fellow was practically swooning all over the place. After she left, Saye said that Mildred overdramatized things and she knew the fellow, who seemed to be trying to avoid any entangling alliances. Mildred appeared to be a psycho-neurotic person, the frustrated type. She has two trust funds to live on, pays \$150 a month for upkeep of a home in New England where she goes for the summer, and does not have to work as a secretary. She was going around with a colored boy the last time I saw her. The trouble with her is that she is a spoiled pampered girl who has not succeeded in growing up and facing realities yet because it is so easy for her to run from place to place with her unearned income. A Nisei counterpart of Mildred is Connie N. Saye said that Connie had visited recently before leaving the city again, and she forwarded her regards to me. I first knew Connie in S.F. She was doing domestic work up and down the coast, from Seattle to Los Angeles and back. She was cute, good jitterbug and popular with the boys, but could never go steady because she was so flighty. Connie acted the part of an exhibitionist, but she really was most insecure with a strong sense of inferiority. She tried to compensate for this by trying to get into the limelight. The only trouble was that all of her values were so superficial. She never did get affection because her mother rejected her as a child and

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put her in an orphanage. I met Connie in Chicago again in 1943 and she was on the way to NYC to make her fortune. I saw her again New Years 1946 and she was doing domestic work with Gloria Swanson. In between, she has been a waitress in Florida, cigarette girl in a nightclub in New Jersey, dancing in a Chinese chorus line in SF Chinatown. I don't know where she is headed for now. Connie is the type of girl who invites one to seduce her, but if one tries she gets most indignant. Thinks that men propositions her on Fifth Avenue. It must give her some security to have men try and "make" her. She hated her "father" (I think he is unknown to her) because she believes that he ruined her life and so she is no doubt getting a feeling of revenge when she frsutrates the fellows she leads on. Despite her flightiness, I think she is pretty adventurous to be floating around the country doing so many things, but I bet extremely unhappy.

I have been waiting all day for Yuriko but she has not turned up yet. The storms must have delayed the trains. I'm getting mighty hungry but I have determined not to eat dinner until she comes to we can have an appetizing reunion. I have missed her so much this past week, and I curse the storms for delaying her letters to me! She wrote from Norfolk, Va. that her hotel was next to the ocean and the waves brought back sweet memories of Fort Hancock. She doesn't seem to be getting enough rest on her hectic tour. Next week will be equally exhausting as the company performs all week at the Ziegfeld theater here.

24 February, 1947, Monday

To my great joy, Yuriko came bursting in vivaciously about 8 p.m. last night and this was an extremely happy occasion for the two of us. As she followed me around and tenderly kissed me on every pretext, I felt that I was a very lucky guy to have such a nice wife! It was such a tender reunion, and I almost imagined myself a romantic God, no less! We were both so sentimental and full of love, and I was happy that she came back safe and sound. She announced that she had left her snow boots in the Washington Hotel and expected to be scolded for being so absent minded! It's nice to be lovebirds. Yuriko said that she missed me so much and it was enough to make me melt when I saw those large salty teardrops roll out of the corners of her eyes as we embraced! Yuriko was pleased with the latest improvements about the apartment, but she said that she worried that I would get sick. She visualized "returning to a husband who was completely exhausted and can't give me a passionate reunion because of loss of energy." While on the train back, she said she fell asleep and dreamed that she got a box of candy as a gift and that I was eating it; suddenly she woke up and there was a smile on her face and this embarrassed her because she thought the other passengers saw her. "See how much I thought of you," she laughed.

Yuriko said that the audiences in most of the southern cities were large but not very demonstrative because they had never seen modern dancing a la Graham before. However, they got a tremendous ovation in Lynchburg, and the papers were full of the event because Helen was a home town girl who made good in the city. "Martha made Helen take a solo bow." In most of the southern cities, people "looked curiously at me because I guess they never saw any Nisei girls."

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At the time of the resettlement, people looked at the Nisei girls in the same way, but these glances were interpreted as being antagonistic and unfriendly because of the feeling of insecurity which prevailed when leaving camp after an interlude of confinement. Yuriko said that people were nice to her. When Duggy called her at the hotel, the operator kept asking how to pronounce the name and when it was correctly repeated, the operator exclaimed "hot dogs!"

This morning Yuriko had to get up early in order to go to the theater for rehearsals. She will try to get me tickets, but it may be sold out. I went uptown in order to see the doctor about getting a statement that I was in good health for the fulfillment of the school requirements, but he was not in. However, it was not a wasted journey as I browsed around some of the bookshops on the Avenue of the Americas, and purchased four books at bargain rates. Then I walked down to the shopping district near us and looked around for food values like a busy housewife. I came home loaded down with things, and half of the weekly food budget has already been expended and we have six days to go yet. I have been mostly reading this afternoon.

25 February, 1947, Tuesday

Last night I went up to the Ziegfeld theater with Yuriko for the Graham Company opening. Yuriko was quite matter of fact about the whole thing, and not in a nervous twitter like a couple of the girls because she has been through this ~~xxx~~ before and it was not such a novelty. I went right up into the girls dressing room although there was a large sign "Thou shalt not pass" outside and a doorman to keep people out. The girls did not seem to mind me in their dressing room--

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I suppose marriage is supposed to purify a man's mind or something. Most of the show I was in the upper wing backstage and I had a good view of things. The applause sounded very good, and the company outdid themselves for the critical NYC audience. Some of Yuriko's friends came back stage afterwards, one was Ayako Matsumoto who is at Princeton University learning or teaching choir singing. Also old company members came back to tell with glowing words how wonderful it looked from out front--strained feelings between Nina and the group--criticisms about skirts getting too high for the part of the Puritan girls in "Spring"--comments on technique. It seems that the large audience was pretty well filled and the applause was most generous. They all took a number of curtain calls after the end of the production. Afterwards Yuriko mentioned something about losing interest in the Graham company because of all the fighting which went on the stage to get the limelight. She said that Pearl almost knocked her over in one dance. Yuriko also felt that she was not getting the full satisfaction of dancing in the company anymore and she has been thinking about going into musicals or something next year. She said that it was not because she did not feel she was being appreciated in the company since she was getting better parts than the others for the time she has been with them. Yuriko said that she did want to go to Europe, and there is also a chance that they might be sponsored by the State department to go to Japan and the Orient the year afterwards. The whole idea of the overseas trip is propaganda to show the other countries that the US has a distinct cultural development of its own in order to compete against some of the Russian influence. I think that whatever disorganization which exists in the company is due to the fact that the schedules are

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not posted properly, and also the realization that the number of "star" parts are limited. Also they are aware of the fact that Martha Graham cannot be an active dancer much longer. Yuriko said that she heard that M.G. was 57 years old, but that sounds a bit impossible. Yuriko does not long for these "star" parts as she is getting more and more of them with every season. The thing which worries her is that she wishes to keep on developing her own dancing instead of getting into a groove. It will be entirely up to her to decide these things because I don't know anything about dancing.

Through some mixup, the company was not notified of the rehearsal this morning, and the lights could not be turned on by anybody but a union man so that Yuriko got off. She may have to go later in the afternoon to rehearse "Cave of the Heart" in which she has one of the big parts and does solo dancing for the first time on Broadway. She doesn't seem to be particularly nervous about it. Right now she is washing dishes and wondering why I am not around to make love to her so I guess I'd better go out and help.

26 February, 1947, Wednesday

Yuriko was home most of yesterday so that she puttered around the apartment getting things tidied up. I forgot to change the sheets while she was gone and the place was dusty. There were so many pots and pans which have accumulated unwashed during the past few days. Usually we get things cleaned up right away, but due to the rush of the opening here the kitchen has been neglected. I told Yuriko that I ate out of pots and pans while she was away and that was the reason why the dishes were comparatively clean upon her return! That made

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her worry that my health was getting ruined so I had to go into the bedroom and weigh myself to show her that I had not been starved during her ~~ba~~ absence. To my surprise, I weighed under 140 pounds for the first time since 1940 although I have been eating well; Yuriko has gained since marriage and despite the recent road tour. The day went by so rapidly that it was time for dinner before we knew it. Yuriko made me dance with her in the living room and she decided that I had improved enough for me to take her out public dancing sometime. We played cards, ate crackers and cheese and dried apricots as an appetizer, and then Yuriko proceeded to cook a most tasty Chinese dinner. After we got through eating, Yuriko concluded that it was nice to be domesticated and she wanted to take a nap but I had to rush her to the theater so that she would have plenty of time to get made up. In her theatrical makeup, she looks like an Eurasian--very sophisticated and stunning and not like a little housewife at all!

We met Don at the boxoffice while I was getting a ticket for Sunday night and Yuriko wanted to get seats for her parents. She spends most of her income buying tickets for other people and then forgets to collect for it. I have to sneak money out of her wallet and forcibly save it for her because no matter how much she has she always manages to spend it by the end of the week. Don gave her the backpay. He was not too encouraged at the box office sale because he said that a large part of the capacity audience for opening night were newspaper people with free tickets. The opening got good reviews from all the papers but one. John Martin, the chief dance critic of the Times, thought that the program was "stimulating" and ~~he~~ he praised Martha

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Graham's remarkable creations and he believed that "Dark Meadow" was probably the most radical piece of art in the contemporary dance repertory. Isamu was mentioned for the beautiful settings, and the minor dancers complimented for technique. Don was not sure if the week would be sellouts because of the huge auditorium.

I couldn't get backstage because the doorman refused to let me pass, and Yuriko was disappointed that I could not be near her. The doorman acted like he was a former army officer. Afterwards, he apologized to Yuriko for being so firm, but I still think that he must exist upon a diet of lemons and pickles. I couldn't get one of the cheaper tickets so I went to a downtown movie. There was a sneak Hollywood preview shown so that I didn't get out until late, and Yuriko was waiting for me when I got up to the theater. She said that Paul was not allowed backstage either. There must be a lot of kleptomaniacs among showpeople because the doorman said the rigid rule was made because so many things were stolen and the insurance companies would not cover these losses.

When we came out of the 8th Ave. subway on the way home last night, we saw the form of a rag clad old man lying stretched out at the foot of the stairway with his jacket flung over his face. A uniformed Negro subway employee was embarrassedly moving the curious on. Yuriko thought that the old man was asleep or drunk, but I think he was dead. For an instant, I felt the mood of how alone a person really is in this impersonal city. People are immune to their fellow creatures and they will not step out of their way to help. Seeing the
dy of a homeless old man sprawled out in the subway station in a
of 8 million made me think of how alone and empty the lives of

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modern civilized people really are. Civilization is supposed to have respect for the individual human worth, but it certainly does not function that way.

Yuriko had to go rehearse her solo part in the new dance this afternoon. I went to the postoffice to pick up some income tax return forms and a package from the WRA with the final report on the evacuation of the Japanese. Most of this afternoon I have been browsing through these pamphlets. My chief criticism for these nicely printed volumes is that they do not get enough ~~sk~~ ~~ah~~ of the human relationships into them. A lot of charts are pictured, but the whole report is apologia. Dillon Myer's final report is largely descriptive, fairly ~~representative~~ presented in its way, but it seems to overemphasize the role of the WRA as the champion of the dispossessed. It minimizes its failures. However, Myer does reveal some of the basic problems inherent in the whole status of the evacuees, and he forthrightly brings out the conclusion that the evacuation was not solely a military measure. It states that the WRA never approved of the justification of mass evacuation in 1942. The final report implies that the military is dangerous to democracy, and he largely disproves Gen. DeWitt's four main points for making the evacuation decision. He deplored the stigmatizing effects on the Nisei, and he firmly believed that "race hostility" infringed heavily upon the decision of military necessity. He concludes that the problem is "unfinished business," and he is hopeful that his recommendations for some sort of compensation will result in congressional legislation. I think he should have elaborated upon the "marked

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dance concerts though. I enjoyed the program more than ever because I can understand it a bit more now. I was struck by the remarkable genius of Martha Graham to create these numbers. I liked "Letter to the World" because it combined music, poetry and dancing, but it was a bit too long. Martha Graham makes more use of the group now because she isn't as active as she used to be, but the group without her could never play Broadway for a week and get such a reception. Martha Graham is undoubtedly the largest figure in the field of modern dancing and she just doesn't have any competitors. Eric's number was fair, but it looked weak alongside the rest of the program. The thing which struck me was that he had expended \$150 for a silly looking pair of tights in his costume. He got gyped. The dancers all felt that his piece stunk, but I didn't think it was that bad. I guess I don't know enough about dance technique. They said that Eric danced like he was all "hopped" up and they got scared when he charged across the stage in some of his solos for the other pieces.

It certainly is true that the world of entertainment is a highly competitive field because there is so little room at the top. Stars and the leads get the best dressing rooms, more pay, etc. and the rest of the group feel that there is not that much difference in talent. In dancing, it is the same way although the Graham company is a more closely knit organization. However several of the people like Eric and Pearl are disliked--and they are the "sub-stars." It seems that only Martha is exempt from this general criticism, but some of the girls feel that she no longer can do the ~~diffar~~ difficult dances she used to do and she relies more upon past reputation. However, I think that she dances beautifully from the point of view of a layman. And

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despite the criticism that some dancers in her company do not get the proper recognition, I think that she uses her dances well and she certainly does not ignore talent--witness the opportunities she is giving Yuriko after only 3 seasons with her. Martha Graham does have the problem of awarding seniority rights to the dancers too, and I think this causes some of the resentment by the younger dancers. Underlying the whole thing is the recognition that there is only room for one Martha Graham in the company and that they can only advance to certain heights. But I haven't heard of any outstanding dancers coming from that group yet. Yuriko was telling me about some of these things until 2:30 a.m. She says that she still has a lot to learn, but she has been a bit disappointed that the element of "trying to get the limelight" on the stage has been injected into the company with the return of Pearl Lang after her "Carousel" role. Yuriko said that she loved to dance and she disliked this "commercial pushing." It seems that Yuriko has been giving some thought to her future. She still feels that she has a lot to learn from the Graham company and that she would like to spend another year at least with it; but after that it is a problem. The field is so limited and she doesn't think that she has had enough experience as a choreographer yet. She is not worried about her teaching, but she said that there isn't another dance group on the same level with the Graham company. In case Martha retires from active dancing, Yuriko does not know what she will do. She thought that she might try a specialty number in a musical on Broadway if she got the offer, but she would prefer to remain in the concert field. The big trouble is that dancing does not afford much of a living for most of the followers, and I don't think that modern dancing

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xenophobic tendency in the U.S." as that seems to be at the roots of our failure to apply democratic concepts to minorities, the Negro being the largest disenfranchised minority today. Despite its failings, I think that the WRA was fortunate in being guided by more liberal minded men as the history of the Canadian evacuees shows that it could have gone in a very reactionary direction. That is little consolation, only an indirect compliment for democratic principles.

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Last night Yuriko came rushing home for dinner before the evening performance and she had "butterfly" stomach because Don told her that a noon radio program wanted her to come and be interviewed about the Graham dance company. Martha thought that it was very nice that Yuriko should be selected. Yuriko wasn't so sure that she liked the idea. She said that she had to worry about the premiere of the new piece, "Cave of the Heart" tonight and she didn't want to have anything else to worry about. She didn't know anymore about the details of the radio program, but I think that it was an honor for her to be selected out of all the company. She thought that the program was conducted by some former movie star.

Yuriko also announced that there was a free ticket at the box office waiting for me which Don had left. It seems that a lot of tickets were given out to press representatives because of the premiere of Erick's solo. They were a bit worried about the house, but when I arrived it was quite full. The whole program was well received, and some of the group numbers were particularly outstanding. I think that only a New York audience is sophisticated enough for the abstract modern

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is as established as Ballet yet. It is more of an individualistic field, and Martha Graham has been about the first to go in for group numbers on a large scale. It is natural for all the lesser dancers to be ambitious, and I have concluded that it really must be for the love of dancing that they stick to it because the financial returns are so small. Yuriko does better than most of the company in this respect, but even then she only averages about \$150 a month for the year, maybe \$175. She wanted to know what I thought she should do, but I told her that I didn't know enough about dancing so I couldn't be a critic. Yuriko is not worried about succeeding in the future, but just what direction to take.

I saw Isamu backstage and he was downhearted because the lighting for his sets were terrible. He gets very good notices for his unique sets; they are simple but very modern and outstanding. The doorman didn't stop me because Yuriko said that Martha left word that I could go watch the performances from the wings anytime I wanted to despite the ruling of the theater. Since she is the main attraction, her word goes! I don't think that I will watch from the wings, but it is nice that the nasty doorman has been taken down a notch, the dictator! From the way the rest of the company talks, they are scared to death of Martha Graham because when she gets nervous about the performances she "jumps on us." She is so sweet and gentle with me, and I have yet to tell her backstage what a wonderful dancer she is. It just isn't in my nature to do that sort of thing; it sounds a bit superficial and hypocritical when I hear others doing it. I'm not a very good stage door Johnny, I guess.

After the performance last night, we went to Ethel's apartment and

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had a tasty snack after Paul got some things at the Jewish delicatessen. Paul acts very bored with modern dancing and he reminds Ethel now and then that he prefers ballet. I don't think that is too good for Ethel's morale as it might make her extremely dissatisfied. She does very well in the company. I hear so much subjective criticism of modern dancing that the only one I listen to attentively is Duggey because she is the most objective and she doesn't have personal motivations. Yuriko has the greatest amount of security among the regular company members so it isn't necessary for her to indulge so much in these "cat sessions" in the dressing room, although no one is free from it. It is human nature, she says.

Nancy came down and woke us up because they wanted Yuriko at the studio for a rehearsal of "Cave." I thought that she would be extremely nervous about it because she has one of the three main parts in it, but she was quite calm. She said that she knew her part and she didn't want to go up too early because Martha might change her costume which she liked very much. When "Cave of the Heart" was given an advance showing last year at Columbia U. for an invitation audience, Yuriko got the most favorable notices for her solos. She said that the dance had been improved since then, but she still remains one of the three central characters. When I mentioned to her that Martha must believe that she is pretty good for giving her such a good part, she answered, "Well, she couldn't give it to Pearl because Eric could not throw her around like he does me." That's a nice modest way of looking at things. The dance is based upon the Media legend so I shall spend the afternoon reading Robinson Jeffers's version of it after I come back from the social security office. I won't see Yuriko until after the performance

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but I will see this program on closing night. Saye is going tonight if her ear is better.

Later:

I took another walk through the Bowery area, and felt uncomfortable at the inconsistency of things--expensive jewelry and dress shops in the district, but on the streets men in rags stumble around, many falling from drunkenness and nobody paying much attention. They smell of cheap stale whiskey. Others just standing around looking gloomy or panhandling, a few selling junk items. God, what a mess; it must be preventable in some way. Nobody is much concerned about trying to rehabilitate them as they figure that these old men are too far gone. It's annoying to see such things and it gives me a guilty conscience and I feel ashamed that such a situation must exist. We don't need to have "dregs of society" if we could practice more brotherhood but that seems to be an impossible ideal in a cynical, materialistic world. It's tragic.

Yuriko rehearsed all afternoon, but I asked her to come home for dinner instead of eating out. Rather than send her flowers for her big solo opening tonight, I cooked her a steak dinner and she enjoyed it very much. She also bought a sweater during the afternoon and we agreed that this would be another present from me rather than flowers as it was more practical. After dinner, she began to hint that it was a long walk to the subway so I walked her down. Then she said that it seemed like miles to go from 50th to 54th St. and her psychology worked because I escorted her right to the stage door where I was rewarded with a "good luck kiss." I will go up and get her about 11:00. She said that the house was sold out for tonight. I came home, washed the dishes, and plan to read for a couple of hours now.

28 February, 1947, Friday

After I finished reading Robinson Jeffer's "Medea" last night, I went up to the Ziegfeld Theater to pick Yuriko up. The audience was just coming out so I stood around in front and overheard some of the comments--several were about Yuriko and how "lovely" she danced. Clara Clayman and her friend saw me and they immediately said that Yuriko was most impressive in "Cave" and she got a tremendous hand with shouts of "Bravo." The new dance was apparently liked by the audience as it got 13 curtain calls. Clara asked if I were not so proud of Yuriko for being so tremendous; "She even danced better than Martha at times," she said. On the way backstage I met other members of the company and friends and they were equally full of praise. Yuriko, seemed to have been outstanding although the other two dancers and Martha were all congratulated for the fine performance. About Yuriko, they said such things as "she was sensational," "so lovely," "danced divinely," "the part was made for her," "she stole the show," "technical perfection," "the dance gave her a chance to show her talents," "Martha's outstanding pupil," "she wowed the audience," and so forth. The girls of the company were equally lavish in their praise, and I began to feel that I had missed something. I guess they thought it was peculiar that I was not present for this great event--until I mentioned that I would see it on Sunday.

Yuriko was very excited about the whole thing and extremely pleased that it had turned out so well and she didn't expect such a tremendous ovation. She was on the way up to the dressing room when I saw her and she said that Martha had called her downstairs because Katherine Cornell wanted to meet her and compliment her on the dancing.

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She said that Katherine Cornell "said some very nice things about me and I just didn't know what to say except that the credit belonged to Martha, and all the time Martha held my hands and looked at me very motherly and proud." Yuriko said that she was also introduced to other show people in Martha's dressing room. Yuriko said that Katherine Cornell told Martha that it was a good thing that Martha did not speak on stage implying that she would have competition then. In the dressing room other people came up to tell Yuriko how they enjoyed her dancing. May O'Donnell and Eric were complimented too, but Yuriko got most of the attention next to Martha Graham. It was the biggest part that Yuriko has had yet and she said that it was the first time that she had made a solo bow on Broadway. I was quite pleased that she had done so well and I joshed her that now that she was a star she would probably want to take a taxi home instead of the subway. Yuriko was quite exhausted from the excitement of the evening, and very relieved when Don told her that she would not have to appear on the radio because of conflicting schedules.

After we got home, we had a snack to eat and Yuriko calmed down and was her usual self. She was very modest while getting all of those compliments which I thought were most sincere. Yuriko minimized her success by saying that the part was exceptional and that the audience was not used to seeing an Oriental on stage doing modern dancing. It was a full house, and Yuriko said today that all tickets had been sold out for the rest of the week. I bought all of the papers today and the reviews of the premiere were more restrained but on the whole favorable. The Post did not like it, called it "obscure" and "after you have seen it you do not know much more about it than

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before hand" and "full of confused symbolism and vague ideas." The Times had the best review, and dancers use this paper as the bible because of its national reputation, wide circulation, mature judgment on the theatrical world. It felt that the dance was a "direct dramatic narrative, simple and transparent in form," "taut force and drive," "an almost melodramatic color," "ending is superb," "keyed to a quiet savagery, and wonderfully sustained in tone," "Mr. Noguchi's set, perhaps the finest one he has yet done, is actually part of the action--deceptive simplicity and visually beautiful". And, the most important line "Yuriko dances stunningly the somewhat strained inventions of the Victim." The Times concludes, "The work was received with enthusiasm and there were many curtain calls."

Yuriko did not have to go rehearse today so she was home until just a while ago when she left for the theater. We just rested in bed until almost dinner time, relaxing and taking it easy. I had to get up to shop while Yuriko made the preliminary dinner plans. It was a very lazy day for me, but the rest was good for Yuriko as it is the first real one she has had since the tour started. She does not know yet if the company will have its engagement here prolonged for another week because of the growing success of the performances, but she felt that it was not likely because of theater commitments for another show. Yuriko said that she believed the company would make money this year much to her surprise because of the favorable turnouts here. We had a very nice day together, just like a honeymoon. I was holding my breath in bed for no reason at all and when Yuriko shook me I pretended that I was unconscious. She got so alarmed and big tears came to her eyes. She said I scared her so I had to take most of the afternoon to make up. "Such a crazy couple we are," Yuriko exclaims every once in a while.