

1 November 1947, Saturday

of the DP's were characterized as having "concentration camp neuroses." It was concluded that it was smug to think in terms of the American way of life as superior to all other ways, and that we had to recognize that the DP's had a cultural contribution to make so there was no need to "force" them to become Americans too quickly as this might have destructive values.

I didn't do too much today; just went to class. When I came home I was very tired so I took a three hour nap, and I didn't wake up until Yuriko came home to cook. Since she had no evening rehearsal, we decided to escape reality by going to see a movie, "Black Gold" which starred an Indian and Chinese character. Afterwards, I read the lengthy report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights and found it to be a very exciting document. I hope that the Federal Government follows through with some of the recommendations to combat the vicious evil of discrimination and prejudice in this country. The UnAmerican Committee has called the probe on Hollywood, and that is good riddance.

1 November 1947, Saturday

I feel that I have been very busy for the past two days, and I shall be glad of the opportunity to sleep late tomorrow morning. It was gloomy and miserable yesterday and it rained terrifically. I had a busy day interviewing, and I remained late for an evening appointment which did not turn up. The cases I have been working on lately have dealt with immigrating relatives, and documentation assistance. Yesterday, the client wanted to get relatives from Germany and Trinidad. The relatives from Germany are much easier to get across it seems, and I wonder if it is because they are white? Those from Trinidad have a devil of a time getting visas to come here, particularly if they are negroid in appearance. One of the clients was telling me how the officials in the British West Indies consulate offices make a payment of a bribe conditional for a Visa, and all sorts of tricks like that. At first Fitzroy was hesitant to

tell me all of these things, but after I got his confidence he related how much the discrimination is feared in the U.S., but still the natives from BWI come up here because of the better economic opportunity. He felt that NYC was about the only place where a colored person could get ahead, even though there are many barriers here. He is working for the government now, his sister works for U.N., and a younger brother is a messenger boy with Standard Oil. The mother came here about 30 years ago and it has been her consuming ambition to give her three children the same opportunity as a white person. Now they have made it and they own a home up on Long Island so that the mother would like to bring in some of her brother's children into this country to give them the same chance. This is where the consulate offices creates artificial barriers. There is no official quota for the B.W.I. but there does seem to be a sort of unofficial quota for colored persons as they have a much harder time getting in, and many of them have to post bonds which is not an official State Department regulation.

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We got a letter from Bette after a long silence (we haven't written either) and she said that she is now working in the library of Roosevelt College. Mom is working in a novelty company, and Tom has a part time job there. Emiko is almost finished with her internship at Hines General General Hospital, and she has to take a state exam soon. Bette takes some courses at the college, and apparently she has definitely given up nursing school plans. She mentioned that a conflict has developed between her and Mom because she goes out with colored students she meets at school, and this is very distasteful to Mom, who fears that Bette is lowering social standards. Nothing openly has been said, but Mom acts uncomfortable, according to Bette. Bette feels that she can understand why mom might be prejudice, but she is not willing to compromise in her friendships.

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We spent the day around the house today, although Yuriko went to shop later in the afternoon. I painted the floor at last, and I am getting things pretty well in shape. Yuriko says that I am not a perfectionist because I didn't put

the plaster in the sink smoothly, but she is generally satisfied with my other work. We don't have any steam heat, or else it is erratic, so we are a bit disturbed that this is going to be a problem all winter long. Yuriko was afraid that the dishes would be cold so that she put them in the bathroom, which has more heat than the rest of the house. We are planning to have some sort of housewarming party in mid-November, even though our work around the apartment will not be completed by then. I joined Yuriko in shopping for chairs this afternoon, but we didn't find any second hand ones satisfactory to us. The prices which are asked are terrific, and we are considering sitting on the floor if we can't get a reasonable price. We landed down on lower Fulton Street and wandered around this interesting district for a while. We found some fairly good vegetable stores there and the prices are much lower. We also wandered through the pawn shop area, and Yuriko looked at a fur coat which was selling for \$100. She says that maybe she can pick up a mink coat in one of these shops! We bought a chicken, and Yuriko cooked a delicious dinner. This evening we are reading newspapers. P.M. had the complete report of the Civil Rights Committee, and I find that the recommendations are terrific. I hope that they are followed because that certainly would be a big step towards democracy. It has been cozy to spend an evening home just relaxing. We ate dinner on the coffee table because our kitchen is still wet with paint.

3 November 1947, Monday

After a relaxing evening at home, I still feel tired when I come to work. I didn't sleep too well last night. Perhaps I worked so hard during the day that I couldn't sleep at night. We got up about 11:00 and Yuriko went to rehearse. I went to work building shelves and doing other things about the house so that I didn't really get a chance to sit down and rest until after six. Then I spent the evening unpacking some of the crates which belongs to Mrs. M. as we wanted to sort out the junk to throw out. There was a lot of the stuff which they had in camp in the boxes. Yuriko wrote to Douglas asking him to hurry and pay the money

3 November 1947, Monday

for the cleaning shop as he has been stalling along about that, and we have reasons to be very suspicious of him.

Yuriko has been very devilish the past couple of days. The other night she wanted to read so I kept turning the lights out. She said that she would pour the ash tray on my head if I kept it up. I said she had better not. She said, "you dare me." I said you'd better not, and then turned the lights out again. She dumped some ashes on my head. I was planning to get sore about it, but I just kept quiet. Yuriko became subdued, and after a few more minutes she turned the lights out and went to sleep. The next morning, I said it was a childish act, and she said that she had been listening to the Parnell Thomas Committee hearings so much that she had decided to stand up for her civil rights before she lost all of them. Then last evening, I said that she needed her sleep so I turned the lights out again, and this time she sweetly gave in. But she can be very contrary when she wants to, and I have to judge how her reaction is going to be. She does the same thing to me. The only thing I can't cure her of is to keep her from putting her finger into my mouth when I yawn. I scowl and make faces and gnash my teeth and tell her that I may bite her hard, but she keeps putting her finger in. What can I do when she has such confidence in me? She was very sweet all day yesterday. I think that she is a bit anxious about her pending concert, and she needs a release from it. But I don't like to take her to shows during mid week because she needs the rest more. She says that she just likes to putter around the house, and next summer she is going to take a whole week off to loaf about the apartment. She hopes to get the place all fixed up before then. Yuriko doesn't make elaborate plans about what she is going to do, because she figures that she hasn't the time and she doesn't like to bite off more than she can chew. That is very practical, and I think that one gets more accomplished with a system of this sort.

I had another busy day at the office today. Most of my time was spent in trying to convince an old Greek man that he was not going to be thrown into the sea,

4 November 1947, Tuesday

3034

if he were deported. He is so afraid of being sent back to Greece and I don't blame him. But I can't do anything about the technical law which has little recognition of human feelings, and it is probably true that a destitute person sent back to Greece will face almost certain death. Good case work techniques requires that the client be helped to accept the realistic elements in his situation, but this is difficult to do in the face of such a future. On the other hand, there is no use in kidding the guy along that he may be able to stay here as he has such a weak case that it would not be considered as a meritorious case.

Yuriko may not be home until about 9 so I will stay at the office for a while to work on my school paper which I have neglected up to now. It is too crowded to go on the subway right now, as the rush hour squeezes people in like sardines.

4 November 1947, Tuesday

I have concluded that it is the steam heat which prevents me from sleeping well at night, Karigan puts the heat on at the most unusual hours. It's a matter of not getting enough heat or too much. Last night it was too stuffy so I had to get up about 3:00 am to turn it off, and I didn't succeed in getting a good night's rest for the second day in a row. Yuriko said this morning that she was also restless, and she dreamed that she was up in the hills and she discovered a huge fish bowl so she decided to get in with the fishes. Then I came along and I wanted to get in too so I made the water overflow and the poor fishes got washed out. Yuriko interpreted that I was jealous of the fishes, while I interpreted that it was the steam heat which caused the dream and she thought she was in the fish bowl about the time I opened the window to let the cool air in. Yuriko was very chummy all evening and she said that I was extremely pleasant as I puttered around. We found some silverware among Mrs. M's things so Yuriko spent a couple of hours polishing it all up. She said that she never had such an interest in polishing silver when she was doing domestic work.

Yuriko saw Rhoda yesterday, and found out that she is getting into a show as

5 November 1947, Wednesday

3035

a chorus girl, "Make Mine Manhattan", which will open soon. Ethel heard that it isn't a very good musical, but Yuriiko hopes that it will run for at least a month so that Rhoda can make \$80 a week. Rhoda hasn't done much since coming back from summer camp teaching, except occasional teaching at the New Dance School. I don't know what Lamar has been up to lately as we have not seen either of them for a number of weeks.

Last night we figured out how we were going to vote, and Yuriiko checked PM for all of the recommendations. We decided to vote the American Labor Party ticket as it was the most liberal. Today is election day so we went out in the rain to cast our ballot. We hope that the rain will keep the Republicans home so that they will not vote in recommendations which will increase our cost of living. After Yuriiko went to the studio, I came home and read the newspapers. Then I started working on my class paper, and I just finished typing it up a short time ago. Yuriiko will be coming home early, and I may take her to a movie this evening if we can find a decent film. I haven't taken her out very often since we moved to Brooklyn. I still have a couple of hours in which to study as Tuesday is my day off from classes and field work. Our apartment is again in a mess as I unpacked a lot of boxes and the junk is just laying around. It certainly does take a lot of time to get things fixed up in good shape, but we are enjoying it very much even if we don't have all the time for it that we would like.

5 November 1947, Wednesday

Douglas finally wrote, and we found out the reasons why he has been stalling on the payment of the cleaning shop. He is planning to buy the half share himself, and he said that he was now arranging for a loan from the bank. He pleaded that additional time be given him and said that he would pay the money as soon as possible. The amount he quoted was \$200 less than what Ishimaru got for his share so I don't know what he is trying to pull off there. As for waiting, there isn't much we can do. We don't want to be harsh with him; we just want to end the whole business so

that we won't be bothered any more with his activities. I ran into Petro Aoiko today, and Peter said that Ishimaru got \$1500 for his share and that he overheard this in a Japanese insurance agency. It seems that Ishimaru is quite angry about the whole thing and he had some unkind remarks to make about poor Douglas! It was something about the seed venture, and Ishimaru has been telling people that Douglas done him dirt, no doubt true. I wouldn't be surprised what Douglas does since he has a character disorder and he just doesn't have any sense of responsibility. The thing which apparently held him in check somewhat before the war was the fact that he feared community censorship of the Japanese more but now he doesn't have inhibitions of that sort. All through this business, he was so concerned about his reputation, and he went out of his way to convince people at the hostel of his integrity. I guess the poor guy has a lot of new worries about his responsibility for the Azawax clan. Peter said that Yoshio still works for Douglas in the shop; the guy has to stick around because he was the one whom Douglas said he borrowed money from in order to buy that land up in Long Island. Joannie also works around the shop, but always hides when we come around. Peter said that Ishimaru has hinted that some phoney financial deals went on in the shop and this was one of the reasons why he pulled out, but Peter did not know the details.

The hostel is now closed, and Peter is out of a job. He is a very worried young man because he doesn't know what he is going to do. He gave his all for the sake of the resettlement program, and stuck with this activity until the end. Now he finds that he is not prepared for any type of a job. He can draw any social security since he worked for tax exempt religious groups all during the resettlement. He has some money saved up, so he has registered for a couple of courses at the NY School. He plans to eventually take a full course, but he does not know where. He is interested in Community Organization.

Clara Clayman has finally decided to marry her Charley. Yuriko said that it would take place this weekend. They will take a short honeymoon, and then

immediately resume their work. Clara does publicity work, arranges dinners for groups, while Charley owns a glove factory. They probably will live in Clara's apartment, as Charley has been commuting in his car from Brooklyn for so many months.

Yuriko said Martha saw her new dance, and she was so impressed that she talks about putting it on with the Broadway program. Martha saw a larger theme in the dance than Yuriko had visualized, and the dance now represents another variation of the Gedipal complex. Yuriko has to make some sort of screen for her set, and I tried very hard to suggest that it be small enough so that it can be hauled by taxi. She said that it had to be of plywood, but I thought that it didn't have to be of the most expensive wood possible to get since it was going to be painted yet. She is going to think about it, and I may make it for her if I have the time.

Nothing exciting happened at field work today.

6 November 1947, Thursday

I just cooked dinner, and I am waiting for Yuriko. She has been rehearsing late in the evenings so that we have a healthy appetite by the time we eat dinner. Yuriko is trying to put on a bit of weight by drinking some sort of concoction daily which consists of orange juice, gelatin, and sugar. I wish that she wouldn't knock herself out at the studio so much. She has reduced the number of lessons she teaches at the studio, but her schedule of private lessons is still pretty heavy. It is a source of pride to her that we will make our budget easily this month. I haven't received my G.I. subsistence check yet, but I am hoping that it will arrive any day.

Our apartment has not shown much progress in completion this week, but we are going ahead with the plan to have a housewarming party next weekend. I finished the lamps made from the pieces of desert wood which were brought from

Gila by Mrs. M. The tenant downstairs came up to borrow some tools and he was quite impressed by the lamps and thought that they could be sold for \$25 each! I calmly told him that I had done the entire job as Yuriko was not here to refute it. We went to the 5 and dime to buy some of the lamp parts, and the silly salesgirl put it in a bag and then ran off. We waited and waited to pay her the 55 cents, but she did not come back so we just walked out. Yuriko was so excited about it, like we were robbing a bank or something! We rationalized that the store had typed us in some paint purchase previously so that we were even. Yuriko is going to make the lampshades herself when she find the time as it will save several dollars this way, and then the three lamps will be completely home-made by us. Yuriko plans to wax them in order to preserve the natural finish of the desert wood. The ironwood items from Gila seem to impress our friends as works of art, while we saw the stuff so much in camp that it was common. I do have to admit that I made pretty good lamps.

My class at school is reaching the boredom stages. We have to read so much useless material. Sometimes I wonder if I am in the right field of work or not. I like my field work assignment a great deal, but even there my supervisor tends to force things a little because there has to be an evaluation for the school, and there is some pressure to make "problems" out of some cases which are very routine. So far I have gotten along well with my supervisor, but it bothers me because I don't want to have another conflict about placements. I try very hard to conform, but the use of the psychoanalytical approach still is not convincing to me. We don't use it too much at the agency, but the use of some of its glib phrases seems necessary in order to let the school know that I am learning to be a real social worker according to the patterns set down by the N.Y. school. The thing which bothers me is that I have never yet seen a regular agency use the intensive theory which is taught, it seems to be reserved primarily for the purpose of student training. I know that in my regular social work practice, I have never had occasion to use the deeper psychoanalytical approach, and I'm not convinced

8 November 1947, Saturday

3039

that it gives greater understanding of the client. It seems to be mainly for use in elevating the ego of the social worker as a professional person. I may be wrong.

Russia announces that it has the Atom bomb now. I wonder what this will do with the present get tough policy with Russia. I hope our foreign department still will not be foolish enough to encourage a conflict, but I don't see how we are going to eliminate our imperialistic aims with the Wall street gang in Washington controlling policy. People seem immune to the A bomb scare already, and war talk goes on.

confidential

8 November 1947, Saturday

A lot of things have happened since yesterday which made a lot of excitement for us. Yesterday afternoon, I was waiting for my evening interview to come in after spending most of the day working fairly regularly. For no reason at all, I was idly sitting around near my desk wondering what NYC looked like when Broadway was only an Indian trail and thickly covered with forests and streams and thinking to myself that civilization hasn't come too far forward. Yuriko came up the stairs breathlessly just about then and brought me back to the big problems of today. She said that there had been a big fight at the studio, and Camille Lord was fired and she was suffering from a breakdown. She said that she had been with the woman for several hours, and that were invited for dinner. After I finished my interview, I went over to 37th and found that Camille was very shaken up, her eyes were puffed, and she was almost hysterical. The rest of the evening we heard her version of the story. Paul and Ethel were also there, and Camille had prepared us a tremendous steak dinner. She felt an awful need for people to be around her, and she was obviously upset.

The episode as it unfolded from Camille's version, and added comments by Yuriko and Ethel who were there when it happened, was that there had been a feud

between Erik Hawkins and Camille during the five months she had worked there. He kept rubbing it in to her that Don was not good at the job, and that she didn't seem to know how to follow his orders. Since he has been made co-director of the school he has been a very jealous of any person working there. Camille, being rather high strung, took it for as long as she could, and the showdown was yesterday afternoon. Her story was that she had worked extremely hard in order to make the school a success, overworked day and night, and devoted her life to making the dancing school a financial success. However, she felt that Erik and Martha had never given her the recognition she justly deserved and that they were too critical about her administrative methods. Despite all this, Camille felt that she had stabilized the school to the point where it was on a sound basis. However, the financial business was constantly in a mess because Erik and Martha made such demands upon the income. She felt that she had to follow the stipulations of the company lawyer who insisted that Erik and Martha did not raid the funds constantly. Although the school grossed over \$400 a week, the two heads were taking half. Camille got a hundred, and the new business manager got a hundred. This meant that there was little left for taxes, and payment for the teachers. In trying to get more teaching hours for the girls, who only averaged \$12 weekly, there was further friction. Camille felt that Martha and Erik had no regard for the welfare of the company members and that was the reason why most of them were starving. She said that Martha resented/^{it}when the girls took outside jobs in order to make a living, but it didn't concern her to think about how they were supposed to pay their living expenses on \$12. Yuriko and Ethel have mentioned this many times in the past, and it did seem that Martha and Erik have been negligent in this respect. All of the company girls have had feelings about this, but they have been fearful of saying anything because of their desire to be dancing with the company. Camille said that Martha knew that she (Camille) was fighting for the girls and this was another reason for resentment. Since Camille was so emotionally upset, it was obvious that there was some exaggeration

altho it is true that the girls do have a difficult time. Camille was slyly trying to get the girls to come on her side by suggesting such things as walkouts, but Yuriko and Ethel were quick to see that although they were very sympathetic as far as Camille herself was concerned. All the company girls have gotten along well with her, whereas none of them like Erik who is reputed to have some strange hold on Martha. The result is a rather messy business, and lots of excitement for the girls. In the past, the girls have sided with Martha, but now they are not so sure that it is always the fault of the other person. It is no coincidence that two successive office managers have suffered practical breakdowns in that job, and that many of the dancers have had conflicts with Erik. Assuming that there is a great deal of jealousy among dancers, it still does not explain why they all react to Erik so violently. He has something about his personality which is disagreeable, and he has no diplomacy in handling people. The scene he had with Camille yesterday was childish and disgraceful, and not in the least necessary. It seems that Erik just can't stand having his position in the company challenged in any way since he has convinced Martha that the school would be indispensable without him. He has been very bossy and officious with Camille, and everyone we have talked with since then say that Erik was chiefly responsible -- except Martha, of course. The girls feel that Martha has been blinded, but that she has not taken her full responsibilities either. They feel that there must be a sadistic streak in both of them because they like to see people suffer so much. They don't know if this is due to Martha's advancing age, or to Erik's influence, or to some inner personality deviation. They have bent over backwards in giving Martha the benefit of the doubt because of their intense devotion and loyalty to her, but now they think that Erik has gone too far. The whole business of the financial mess of the dancing school is rather sordid, and Camille probably did gloss it up a bit in order to win us to her side, which was understandable in view of her emotional upset.

The upshot of the whole thing was that yesterday the fuse blew out, and there

was an explosion in the school. Camille felt that she had taken about all she could stand. She felt that she had been loyal to the school, that she had given many hours of work to it voluntarily, that she had been competent and responsible; but none of this satisfied Erik. He kept leaving memos criticizing her work, and she said that he was angry because she would not let him take the school money at random to pay his debts as this had been the order of Mr. Issacs, the lawyer. When he began to do it too much, Camille tried to resign. That was three weeks ago, and they talked her into staying by giving her a raise in salary. But Erik was displeased, and Camille said he took it out on her. So finally, Erik said she was fired, and accused her of being incompetent, not keeping the books correctly and so forth. This made Camille furious and she has loaned the company \$600 of her money, and she had never been called incompetent in her life. However, she decided that it was best to call it quits. She said that Erik wouldn't even allow her to explain last odds and ends and he still kept goading her. She went in to Martha and begged that she make Erik lay off. Martha said it was best to call it quits, and then she left the studio. Camille wanted to say goodbye to the girls, but Erik insisted that she get out. About four o'clock, the phone rang and Camille tried to answer it, but Erik grabbed the phone out of her hands. Then he shouted for her to get out. Camille said that she shouted back that he would have to get the police. So Erik started to phone the police, "and then things went black and I went after him, and I don't remember what happened after that, but I must have gone crazy." Ethel and Yuriko said that it was a very hysterical scene, that Camille went after Erik and started to pound away at him. The students were all around the place, and they witnessed the whole childish scene. Finally, Erik brushed Camille aside and she fell into a corner of the room. All the time she was screaming. Ethel said that both Camille and Erik were like madmen, and she had to push Erik out and tell him to go home. Since Ethel had to teach the class with shaking nerves, Yuriko took Camille home in a cab as the woman just didn't know what she was doing and she was sobbing

hysterically.

It was just a matter of two personalities not being able to get along, and we told Camille that it was just as well that she was out of the place. Her ego was so hurt, and she said that Erik yelled that he would never give her a recommendation, and that she might just as well forget that she ever worked there. Camille felt that this was so terribly unjust as she had worked hard, and her entire future was at stake. She was bitter about Martha, who ran out on the scene, and she babbled for hours about her feelings. Camille was just crushed, and she felt that she could never face anyone again. She is 42, and she has had an unhappy marriage -- it might be possible that Erik was the symbol of her husband who failed her. The difficulty for anyone working in that studio is that a controlling and dominating person just cannot get along with others of the same type. There were plenty of guilt feelings expressed, and Camille seemed to have all of the confidence knocked out of her. She was very depressed, tearful, alternately revengeful and remorseful, condemning herself as being no good, and then bitterly blaming Erik and Martha. Under the circumstances, we could do nothing but reassure her, and a lot of the company tensions certainly was aired. I suppose it is a terrific blow to anyone to get fired when they believe there is no reason, and it would be particularly true for a career woman of Camille's type. She just went hysterical, and it will take her some time to pull herself together. I thought that she might even attempt to end it all because of her wild feelings, like an emotionally disturbed person who harms himself just to make another person feel sorry. I haven't seen a woman feeling so rejected in a long time. It just made her go to pieces when Erik called her incompetent. And she just didn't know what to do if the studio did not give her a recommendation. She said that she had many good jobs and she had never been fired before, and that her work record was considered excellent, that no matter how right she was Erik was going to tell lies to Martha and she would be blacklisted, and so forth. She said that she could not stand it if the company girls also turned against her. Paul gave a

pretty good analysis of the financial mess in the studio, and said that Camille was not at fault at all since it was impossible for anyone to work with Erik. Erik feels so threatened when a capable person is matched up against him, etc.

After we left, Yuriko got worried that Camille might do something drastic. She thought that Martha should know, so she phoned, and she had me explain matters a bit. I felt embarrassed about butting into studio business, and I told Martha that. I told her that irrespective of who was right or wrong, that Camille had feelings about not getting a job recommendation and that perhaps Martha could ease the blow a bit by telling Camille that it was not a personal issue, that she didn't intend to be vindicative. Martha said that she would certainly give Camille a recommendation, and then she was very worried that Camille might do something drastic. She asked several times if I thought she would, and I said that I was not a psychiatrist, but a person emotionally disturbed like that might get into a depression mood and do something. Since Martha did not say she would phone, I told her that Yuriko would phone in the morning and tell Camille that she would have a job recommendation. Yuriko did do that this afternoon, and this seemed to relieve Camille quite a bit. However, she now expects Martha to phone and say that Erik was in the wrong. She should realize that Martha could never do that since she has to back him up. Martha had quite a bit to say about her interpretation. She said over the phone to me that Camille had told her when she first came that she was emotionally unstable. Martha said that it got to be such a difficult situation that she just hated to go to the studio. She said that Camille was trying to create friction by telling Erik lies about her, and vice versa. She considered Camille a very jealous woman, ruthless and ambitious. The picture which Martha painted was perhaps a bit exaggerated, but it was understandable in view of the fact that she has some guilty feelings about the whole thing too. She said that Camille deliberately waited until she left the studio, and that the scene was planned so that the company girls would think that Martha was at fault. Martha was worried about how

the company girls would react, so I put in a plug for Yuriko and Ethel and said that they were very devoted to the dance school and that they understood the situation. I didn't say how they understood it since all of the girls feel that Erik is just as much at fault, but they could not think of telling Martha that. Yuriko thinks Martha will call a company meeting in order to justify herself, and she feels that the girls are owed some explanation too, and that the school cannot go back to the uncertain way as before. However, I doubt if the girls will ever demand their rights and ask for more decent treatment themselves. They seem to have such a blind loyalty and respect for Martha, regardless of what she does. However, they feel that they do not have to listen and agree to a running down of Camille's character as it was not a one-sided affair. They just hope that a better management will come out of the whole thing, and that Camille will get settled down in a job where her talents will be fully appreciated. Under Camille's administration, the school had more students than ever before and it was in the best financial state it has ever been in. Camille said that Martha was now feuding with Pearl, and that she called her "shrewd." A lot of things were aired, and Camille probably has quite a guilty conscience today to for some of the things she said last night. For an outsider like me, there was a certain tragi-comic element about the whole thing, a bit unreal, like a quarrel put on by children. Yuriko said that it was too bad that people could not be human, but had to have viscious streaks in them. Camille said that Erik was sadistic, and others have said that too. Charlie Weinberg says he hears that on every street corner gathering. Yuriko is now at the studio, and she said that she bet there would be a company meeting instead of rehearsals today. She wondered who dancers had to display temperament so much (neurotic behavior), and she hoped that she would not get that way. She thinks that she is very normal in comparison, but she certainly got a lot of excitement out of the whole thing. Her eyes were popped so wide open, and I bet there is plenty of buzz-buzz in the

studio today by all the girls! Just like a big family fight when everyone has a funny feeling after things calm down a bit. My, my, such things dancers have to go through for their art! As long as Yuriko keeps a calm humorous attitude along with her natural concern, I don't mind. That studio certainly has a lot of personality conflicts tho. I wonder if Ballet companies are like that too. So much emotionalism, temperments, hurt feelings, jealousies, rivalries, and outbursts. In between, they get along so well, too, it's just amazing that they manage to survive each crises so well, and then go on smoothly until another one comes up!

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Imagine a dope like me listening to the woes of the great Martha G!!

Our other strenuous effort for the day was in attending the wedding of Clara and Charley. We were supposed to get there at 9:30 but our alarm didn't work, or else I turned it over and went back to sleep. All of a sudden I woke up at 9:15 and we dashed out of the house fearing that Charley would have his finger nails all chewed to the bone in his anxiety. Yuriko didn't get angry that I overslept, but she ribbed me plenty and said that it was good thing she didn't do it because I would pick on her. It was raining hard when we got there, but we dashed into a liquor store and bought some imported champagne and dashed to Claras. They were fairly calm, but a lot of things were going through their heads too. We got into the spirit of things, and Yuriko and I were more nervous than they! It was pouring drastically when we went out to the car, and then it wouldn't start. Clara was so dismayed. We got out and pushed, and a lady came along and gave us a shove until the motor started. Then we went to Shrafft's and had a nice breakfast. Charley was trying to act casual, but he was pretty shaky even though he wouldn't admit it. We teased him a bit and said that he was getting married because he was so desperate to get an apartment on Manhattan. By the time we got to City Hall, a hurricane storm was brewing and Clara wondered if that was a bad sign but we wouldn't let them back out at the last minute.

8 November 1947, Saturday

The marriage service at City hall was very brief, gin factory production. A tired girl collected fees, and in her hard boiled voice called out the names to go to the chapel. Yuriiko and I signed as witnesses. There were a lot of couples getting married. In the chapel, the clerk with a phoney smile droned out the marriage ceremony in a dry voice and the marriage was completed in about two minutes. Clara started to walk away without even being kissed. We went back to the apartment and had some drinks, and Yuriiko and I cooked the chicken dinner for them. Like all married couples, they felt a bit awkward that it was an accomplished fact but they tried to act nonchalant and sophisticated. Yuriiko gave Clara all instructions on how to handle a husband! It was a lot of fun. We ate well, had out champagne, sat around and talked until Yuriiko had to go to the studio at five. Clara and Charley are not planning on going on a honeymoon. He has his factory to take care of, and production must go on. He said that now that he was married, he hoped to enjoy a lot of home cooked meals. Clara doesn't cook much. She said that she was going to put him on a strict budget. They looked pretty happy, and they make a nice couple. They haven't told their families yet, and they had decided upon a simple ceremony in order to avoid the fuss of families getting all excited about things.

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Muriko said that Martha didn't say much at the studio, but put the blame on Camille. She is going to call a company meeting soon, the usual tactic. She doesn't want the girls to think badly about Erik even tho she knows it is partly his fault. Largely, the blame has been projected on Camille. She claims Camille wouldn't tell her how much was owed her because she wanted to have control of the studio. The girls have been told that they were part of the school and have a right to participate in the business, but this has been forgotten every time. Yuriiko said that all the girls are very excited, and they don't like the idea of having all the blame put on Camille. Yuriiko talked to Martha privately, and she said that Camille planned the whole scene. I doubt if Martha will ever

be convinced that she and Erik were a precipitating things. The whole company are very upset about the issue.

9 November 1947, Sunday

The winter weather is finally here, and it was very cold when we went up to Long Island today. We didn't leave until the last train because we were talking with Dr. Rabbinowitz. Mrs. M. seemed to be very quiet today, and she apparently did have some reaction when she found out that Douglas is married. She was very guarded in her comments, and she spoke mostly of superficial things, but it was easy to see that she has things on her mind. We talked a bit about her future, and Mrs. M. is still confused about this difficult matter as she quickly dismisses and adopts one plan after another, and it hasn't really gotten down to a realistic level yet. It is hard for Yuriko since Mrs. M. emphasizes how helpless she is, and how lonely it would be for her to go to Calif. In the next breath she will say that she wants to go there, and maybe she wants to go to California. She mentioned that minister had given her a Japanese bible, and that she was now interested in working in a minister's home but didn't elaborate upon it other than to say that she now would like to be around NYC too. Her uncertainty is definitely related to her insecurity, but it is also prompted by her desire to gain control of Yuriko in some way. She says that she understands why she could not live with us, that she never had any desire to do this, but hints indirectly that it might be necessary. Her mind is quite active now, and she is beginning to use the tactics of helplessness to put pressure on Yuriko. This was confirmed later by the doctor.

Mrs. M. still uses the defense of "not understanding," or "forgetting" when she wishes to avoid discussion of anything painful to her. She hasn't any prolonged depressive periods anymore as the doctor says that she is over her brooding about what happened and now considers her act silly. However, she has many periods of worrying about herself and she indulges in some self pity, which is natural under the circumstances. She continues in her deep resentment of me,

and there was more of an open indication of it today than at any time in the past (since hospitalization). She just chooses to ignore me, and she is hopeful of creating a rift between Yuriko and I. This is clearly motivated by the desire to want to "control" Yuriko and have her to herself. Yuriko is understanding of this, and she has continued in her warm sympathetic approach, and she is trying to continue guiding her along realistic lines. Mrs. M. may have some resentment towards Yuriko for "betraying" her to the psychiatrists, and feel that she has lost more face. Yuriko says that Mrs. M. is ambivalent and indicates both strengths and weaknesses at the same time. Treatments are still continuing, and it will be several more weeks at least before possible discharge will even be considered. Yuriko got another name of an Issei friend today and she will write to California as the person has a farm. We don't want to force Mrs. M. into anything so we have been exploring a lot of things with her in the hopes that she will make a positive decision.

We talked with Dr. R. in late afternoon. She said that Rev. Matsumoto had talked to Mrs. M, and that she was so glad to talk in Japanese. Dr. R. smiled and said "I guess you know that Mrs. M. doesn't like you very much. And she talked about wanting to work in a minister's home so that she could help you (Yuriko) in your career." Dr. R. interpreted that Mrs. M. still thinks of Y. as a young person dependent upon her and I am a threat to this plan so that she feels very threatened by me and she "would like to break you two up." Dr. R. now is convinced that Mrs. M. would cause us domestic conflicts if she came to live with us, and she said that this would never work so that other plans would have to be made. We recognized that this was a difficult problem as we wanted to help Mrs. M. Dr. R. said that it was difficult to help Mrs. M. at all because of the language barrier, and Mrs. M's hiding behind a stoical mask so much. She asked me to assume some of the social service role by contacting Matsumoto and some people with a missionary outfit, but that Mrs. M. should not know I was involved in any of the planning, as she would resent anything I did and probably interpret it as my reflecting her from Yuriko. Dr. R. said that the missionary who talked to Mrs. M.

was very impressed with her superior intelligence and recognized the Japanese used by a well educated class. Dr. R. seems to be very interested in the case, and she has actively entered into post discharge planning to much more of a degree than most psychiatrists will do, and better yet she tries to see the entire social situation instead of just from the point of view of the patient. This is an indication of a very experienced psychiatrist. She seems to have had much more experience than the other psychiatrists so far. Dr. Jucovy is still on the case, but Dr. R. does most of the work on it now because she has been handling the shock treatments.

10 November 1947, Monday

My conference with Miss Siebold lasted until about 7:00 as we were just talking about things in general. She is relaxing a lot more, and she told me that she used to teach case work at the U. of Montreal. It finally came out that she was trained at the U. of Pennsylvania school and that she uses the functional method in case work (?). So far I haven't found anything significantly different except that there is a greater concentration upon the direct problem and I haven't any objections to that. She is reading my thesis now, and she said that there were some parts of it which might prove of value to the Institute and she wants to talk to me about it later. Miss Siebold has been very interested in determining cultural concepts in case work and she said that I should feel to do some exploration in that with my cases. The unfortunate part of a placement like this is that there are so limited opportunities to practice it when one is finished with school. Siebold mentioned something about Psychiatric Institute being known as the "graveyard" for supervisors and that there has been dissatisfactions over the past seven years so I felt that I was lucky to get out of there when I did.

Yuriko had dinner with Martha Graham, and they discussed their new dance. Martha has suddenly gotten very chummy with Yuriko and it might be related to the fact that she wants at least one ally in the company! She doesn't know that Yuriko is one of the ringleaders of the pending rebellion of the dancers in the school. Yuriko has been very level headed about things though so that Martha has recognized that she is the key person to reach. As far as Yuriko is concerned, she will go along with whatever the rest of the group decides. Yuriko feels that Eric has pulled the wool over Martha's eyes and she just cannot evaluate him in his true light. Martha was telling her about the financial troubles of the company, and she is finding it very hard to live on a strict budget now.

Martha's sudden interest in Yuriko might have other implications. Pearl used to be the protege of the company, but it seems that Martha is angry with her

10 November 1947. Monday

for being so independent about her plans. It might be that Martha feels that Yuriko should be groomed for bigger things. She always has at least one girl in the company whom she personally pushes along. The object of the dinner last night was to discuss Yuriko's new dance. Martha thinks that it is terrific and she has a lot of new ideas to offer to Yuriko about how the sets could be made, costumes, etc. Yuriko felt that she profited a great deal. Martha would very much like to let Yuriko perform this new dance on Broadway, and she said something about getting a set which would meet union specifications.

Yuriko said she gave me a big buildup, and told Martha how much she has learned from me in the way of practical living, preventing "psychological" colds just before a performance, and so forth. Yuriko feels that this is the reason why she can't do dances of frustration like Martha performs most of the time because she is too happy.

This sudden interest by Martha places Yuriko in a difficult position in regard to the company stand but she feels that she must stand together with the girls. Martha has been having a great deal of guilt feeling about the Erik-Camille episode, but she has no other alternative than to defend Erik, and she is so afraid that it might cause him to be very unhappy if the company "misunderstands" him and puts all of the blame upon him. That is why a company meeting has been called for late tomorrow evening so that Martha can "reveal" the whole story and whitewash Erik. This procedure has made the company girls and men very unhappy, and they feel that something must be done in presenting their side. They got together the other day and decided to draft some sort of statement. Yuriko came home and got me to write out a statement, and she took the viewpoint that the Camille incident was not the main point, but the company wanted some guarantee that such things would not happen in the future. Yuriko suggested a Board of directors who would be responsible for such things, and suggested that a manual of procedures be drawn up covering the

10 November 1947, Monday

entire activities of the studio so that everyone would know where they stood. It was also requested that the positive aspects of Camille's work be kept such as prompt payment of salary, posting the teaching schedule ahead of time and so forth. By the time I got through typing up all the things Yuriko had in mind, it ran to three pages.

Yuriko took it to the secret company meeting at Ethel's this morning. Everyone has been doing a lot of complaining, but Yuriko was the only one who had a statement. It was gone over, and the company were happy that there was actually going to be a stand taken by the group. Some of the group wanted the statement to be even stronger than what we had said, but Yuriko told them that they would not get anyplace by making demands. Bob Johns told Duggy if the group backed out this time, he wasn't going to talk to them again, and Paul said the same thing to Ethel. With such pressure upon them, they have to go through with it and all of the group will sign the statement. They hope that it will result in less tempermental actions by Martha and Erik after this, although the brunt of the blame is being put upon Erik. All they needed was a democratic group process with a bit of leadership, and Yuriko, Ethel and Duggy seem to have emerged as the spokesmen. All of the group want Yuriko to do the talking since she has the best relationship with Martha. It should turn out to be an interesting session unless it degenerates into a gripe session, and I have been "advising" Yuriko on how to avoid it. Yuriko is quite pleased at the prominent role she has been pushed into as a result of this situation, and she modestly says that she isn't college educated or qualified but the other girls won't listen to that.

11 November 1947, Tuesday

Very busy day. Yuriko has the apartment in a mess right now as she is unpacking some more boxes. She has to go to a company meeting at 10:30 so that she won't get home until very late. I have been running around all day doing things. This morning I went to shop for kitchen chairs, and I got four very good ones for \$8.00, second hand. I had to do a lot of bargaining to get a reduction of \$1.50 in price but I managed by agreeing to carry them home myself. I had to walk right through the downtown section with these chairs, but my pride was not hurt. It took me two trips. Then I went shopping, and I bought a lot of food quite cheaply, and Yuriko complimented me upon my skill. We had sukiyaki tonight and I cooked it! Chinese lettuce is so cheap now because most people don't know how to cook it and we are finding it about the lowest costing item in our food budget these days. The shopping district down by the housing project was about 25% cheaper than our district so well worth walking the six or seven blocks. Yuriko plans to go down there about twice weekly to get out food as it will mean several dollars savings at least. We have a problem because I am trying to lose weight, but Yuriko needs to gain and things go just the opposite. I try to make her eat more, but she exercises so much that she just can't get any meat on her bones. She is down to 90 pounds now and it makes me worried.

This afternoon I went up to the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia for my interview with Dr. Merton. It is located in an old building, but a lot of significant work goes on there. Dr. Merton said that he was on a sabbatical leave until next spring. He said that he had been looking forward to meeting me, and he told me why he thought that my diary was a significant piece of work. I never thought of it in that way, and I felt that he might be mistaken. He said that even though he had only read a few pages while at Berkeley, he believed that it should be annotated with notes, shortened, and published. He said that his group was thinking of doing some sort of study of methodology of social sciences, and he thought that the diary might be useful in it. He sounded much more enthusiastic

11 November 1947, Tuesday

than I could possibly imagine, and I didn't know if he were just saying that or if he was really sincere. I think that he did mean it. He said that next spring he would like to see me in regard to this project he was thinking about and perhaps I would be willing to come up occasionally and answer questions on it. I told him that I would be glad to do that. Dr. Merton said he would write Dorothy if any plans crystallized. When I mentioned my cultural interests, he said that the Bureau has just received a grant to study the Puerto Ricans, and maybe I might be able to assist him a bit from the social work angle but it was not a promise. It was quite a satisfactory discussion with him, and I certainly am surprised. He wanted me to bring up some of my stuff so that he could look at it. Dr. Merton introduced me to one of his helpers and it was a bit embarrassing when the young lady said that it was amazing I had written so much. I don't think they realize what junk there is in the stuff. I told him that Yuriiko insists upon me keeping up my diary now, and Dr. M said to give her a big thanks from him as he feels that it should be kept up. I don't expect too much to come out of it, but I'm willing to let them use the data if it meets with Dorothy's approval, and I emphasized that to Dr. Merton. Although he didn't give me any reason to think about possibilities of a job there, I certainly would be greatly interested in a permanent sort of job in that setting, but not much hope.

The question of a job future has been increasingly entering my mind lately. It will only be a matter of four or five months before I am finished with school, and I haven't done anything definite about it yet. The thought of doing case work in the usual family agency leaves me cold, and I haven't much enthusiasm for that. I thought that I would like to work with V.A. as a psychiatric worker, but I don't think that I would get much satisfaction doing the kind of work which Kenny does. My interest definitely is in the cultural field, but I don't seem to have much equipment to do anything definite in that line due to my training as primarily a social worker. I know that I should be definitely decided in what I want by now,

11 November 1947, Tuesday

but I'm not. Fortunately Yuriko is very understanding and she doesn't place any pressure on me at all. I have to make a decent salary so that I will be able to support her. On top of finding something in line with my basic interests, I have to think in terms of security. But I just won't take a job and cling to it year after year. I would like to get into something where I feel that there are possibilities for self growth. This whole problem is still a bit academic for me as it is enough in the future to prevent any acute feelings of anxiety.

Yuriko is repacking some of her mother's things. It is amazing the things which she has clung to, starting from Japanese clothes right down to recently. Women always seem to be greater hoarders than men. It pains Yuriko to throw a lot of the stuff out, but she has done a good job and eliminated the junk which has no value at all. Mrs. M had bought and collected a lot of clothes to send to Japan, and we put that all in one box. Her relatives have become quite demanding and they write letters to send this and that. It must be pretty tough in Japan right now. We don't know what Mrs. M had planned to send to which relative so that we have to hold off on all of these urgent demands. It costs more to send the old clothes than they are actually worth, so we may give some of the things for European relief. It makes one feel so helpless to do anything about the mass starvation in the world, and what we can do would hardly make a dent in the picture. Now that the war is over, I can be more objective about looking at the Japanese people as human beings. Today is Armistice Day, but millions of people have been killed in wars fought since the war to end all wars was completed. The newspapers speak of a "cold" war with Russia now, and it is enough to make anyone disillusioned. I'm sure that the non-policy makers of our country and Russia don't want any more war, but the cry for it gets stronger and stronger. I still hope that this is only an immediate post war stage and that real peace will develop before the U.N. is ruined, but it doesn't look too good right now.

12 November 1947, Wednesday

I stayed over in the office until after six reading a book as I wanted to avoid the subway rush. I prepared a Chinese dinner and just finished it when Yuriko arrived home very tired. She had been teaching and rehearsing all day long and she had a headache, but after she ate a lot she felt better. I've been doing most of the cooking and a lot of the shopping while Yuriko is so busy and we manage to work out our schedule very nicely. The only thing is that our apartment gets terribly neglected. We haven't swept for about a week, the accumulation of recent newspapers are scattered about the bedroom, bed unmade, things left helter skelter. But at least it looks lived in, and we are fairly comfortable. We decided to give the party this weekend so that we will be forced to clean house! We are a bit worried about the steam heat situation, because the house has been most chilly the past few days. It would be pretty bad if the place is icy cold when we give our housewarming party. Maybe we will have to give them extra liquor in order to keep them warm. Ethel and Paul won't be able to come as they will be out of town, but they have invited us out to dinner on Friday evening. We decided not to go since we have to get started on house cleaning, and I wanted Yuriko to get as much rest as possible. Her concert is coming up in a couple of weeks and she feels that she has to drive herself pretty hard in order to polish her dances off. I wish that she wouldn't get so skinny though.

Karigan has been fired as the janitor here because he was so negligent about the work and for pawning some of the tools which did not belong to him. Sweeny thought that it was the last straw when Karigan pawned a drill for \$15 under the name of Kelly and then drank the money up. His going means that we are out of luck in ever getting our sink completed. It still looks a mess since I haven't been able to complete the job. The new janitor is supposed to be an ex-GI who is receiving 100% disability pension for malaria so we don't know if there will be much improvement in the heat situation. But we will be able to overlook much more since the man incurred his disability while in service. Kimi Tagawa downstairs is

12 November 1947, Wednesday

rather belligerent about the heat situation and she writes letters to Sweeney. The other tenant, Rosenthal - Norman and Rosha - think that we should sign a petition and send it in. We were visiting the Rosenthal's for a while last night. They have put a lot of money into their apartment, such as \$100 rugs and so forth but we feel that we did just as nice a job with the limited amount which we spent. For the first time, I learned that Rosha is not pregnant. That big lump which I thought was a forming embryo is only the result of too much candy. She weighs just as much as I do, but one wouldn't think so. They are a young couple and we have been getting chummy. The lack of steam heat has brought all of the tenants together.

Confidential

Yuriko said that the company meeting last night was very exciting, and it lasted until about 12:30. She came right home, but the rest of the group went to a soda fountain to talk some more about it. I was sound asleep when she came in and I didn't even know that she was home until I woke in the middle of the night. Yuriko said that the statement which I had typed up for her was changed by the group and made much stronger. Martha had called the meeting expecting that she would quickly win the group over to her side but she was stunned when the statement was read first and she discovered that it was not going to be so easy to explain matters. It was the first time any of the various members of the company had united together to stand up for themselves. The issue, as they pointed out was not who was right or wrong, but that the company had the right to know where they stood and it was a declaration that they were highly dissatisfied with the administrative confusion which always seemed to prevail. Martha was not prepared for this and she blew up because the sting of what she was going to say was taken out of because of the statement. Yuriko's version of what went on:

"It was a pretty tense meeting, and the entire company was determined to stand behind the statement even though we knew that it would cause a terrific reaction.

12 November 1947, Wednesday

Erik was there and he was waiting for Martha to explain everything away for him, but we asked to make our statement first. Martha agreed to this so Sasha got up and he read it in a very accusing tone. The statement had been made much stronger than what we had worked up but it said about the same thing. Martha got furious and accused the company of not being loyal to the school for taking the part of Camille who had only been there for five months, and then she began to give her version of what had happened, which missed the point of what we said in the statement entirely. We all felt that she reacted in this way because it was a blow to her that she was not going to win us over easily like in previous cases.

"Martha said that we didn't even have respect enough to wait until she could explain things. Then she justified what had happened by saying that Camille refused to give a statement of how much the school owed her, implying that Camille was trying to get the school away from Martha. Our whole point was that we did not want to get caught in the middle of things because that was not the main issue but Martha just didn't understand. She went on to say that she had been thinking of firing Camille before and that was the reason why she phoned the employment office the week before. The employment office told her just to fire Camille because she would cause trouble and the best thing to do was just give the notice with one week's pay.

"Then Erik got up and he apologized for the way in which it happened, but he kept on putting a lot of 'buts' in, and he just wouldn't admit that he was in the wrong. The entire group knew that Martha and Erik would justify their thinking and that is why we didn't want to enter into the pros and cons of the incident. It was true that there were many facts about Camille which we had not known previously, but it sounded weak because of what had happened to Don, and that time we had stood behind her without question. This time we felt entitled to a better explanation. Martha was so upset and she said that the company had deserted her, and that they rejected her without good reason. She tried to make us feel bad by

12 November 1947, Wednesday

playing upon our loyalty to the school. She said that this was the time when she needed the 100% backing, but she was disappointed that we didn't have the confidence in her to wait until she could explain things. She said she was wounded to the bottom of her heart by company's action. Then she said that it would be the easiest thing for her to give up the school, but she was keeping it up at great sacrifice just to give young dancers like us a chance. This was not exactly the truth. We felt that it was not fair for her to threaten like this, but didn't say that out loud. We were agreed as a group to stick together and that was the reason why she didn't tell us all to get out then and there. Individually, we could never have stood up against her because of our insecurity in the company, but as a group we knew we were stronger and she knew it too.

"Then Martha accused us of believing Miss Lord's story, and that it was disappointing that the company didn't wait for the entire truth even if they had been more closely associated with Martha for much longer. And she was very angry that we had no confidence in Erik, and that we rejected him even more. Then she said very definitely that she was in love with Erik and he was in love with her, and that he had helped her a great deal and she would stand by him now. This cleared up Erik's position in the company at last, and now we know where we stand. We didn't know why he was giving so many orders before, but now that we know what is what there won't be so much trouble. And he will stop trying so hard to assert himself so that our statement did have some results.

"The most stormy part of the meeting was when Martha said that she knew who was behind this, and she named Sasha and Duggy. She said Yuriko and Ethel were more mature. Right away we saw that she was trying to divide the group so I got up and I said that the entire company got together and wrote the statement. Martha then said that she wasn't exactly accusing them. Ethel got up and defended Duggy, and everyone of the company let Martha know in one way or another that we were all

12 November 1947, Wednesday

behind the statement. Sasha said that he was an individual and he had the right to his opinions, and Martha said that she believed this too and that was why she picked dancers with strong characters for the company. But she still felt that the statement was premature. I said that we only wrote the statement because we were placed in such a difficult position and we wanted clarification.

"The the heat of the emotions cooled down and both sides began to make concessions. We said that we had not known Martha's side of the story before and perhaps we had been a bit hasty. She wanted us to say that we were in the wrong, but we would make no apology like that because we thought we did the right thing, and it was good democratic process. Martha was then worried about our attitude toward Erik. Duggy defended herself and said that she was a certain type of person and if Erik had complaints about her to tell her right there. Erik hemmed and hawed and it finally came out that he was hurt because none of the company said hello to him when he came in. We politely held in our laughter, but we realized that these little things meant a lot to him because he was so insecure about himself and he was trying to force us to recognize him as a co-boss in the company when we didn't know what his status was. We felt sure that things would improve. Then Erik said that he was impatient and getting old (45) so that perhaps he handled the incident a little hastily, but as far as the underlying issue was concerned Miss Lord was in the wrong. We let it go at that because we knew that there were two sides to the story. By this time Martha had cooled off and she said there would be another meeting next Wednesday evening, but it probably will be an anti-climax. Although we didn't admit anything, I think that it cleared a lot of things up and she may later respect us for having the guts to stand up to her as this has never been done before. Or else she may try to worm out of us individually who was behind the rebellion movement. That is why it is important for the company members to stick together and we are going to get together to discuss this further among

12 November 1947, Wednesday

ourselves. It was true that several of the company was a bit hot-headed, but the main issue we had to present was not wrong and we don't feel guilty about it. Actually, it cleared a lot of things up because this morning, Erik was a lot more chummy and he confidentially told us that he had a lot of headaches in looking after Martha, who could be tempermental at times. He never took us into his confidence on anything before, and I think that the meeting was a success. Ethel and I have to convince the group that they should not continue a bull headed attitude because this would be the time to make a little compromise on some of the side issues so that Martha's ego will feel better. The group doesn't understand that it was natural for Martha to react so angrily because she was speechless to think that we had a position of our own and a lot of good may come out of that. We are willing enough to take her word about what happened on the inside scene regarding Camille, but we hope that this will be the last time they will have trouble with a company manager. If some of the reforms about procedures which Camille instituted continue, we will be happy. Camille is not able to face things out here so she is going to leave the city. She has a sort of nervous breakdown, but she is not so hysterical about things now. The funny thing is that both Camille and Martha tried to win us over, and it does look like we are playing both sides but the truth is that we were with the group in wanting something done about the studio mess. I guess it is possible for a group of dancers to act together; this is not done very often because of so much individuality. I hope that none of the group betrays the others just to get in good with Martha as that will lose all that we have gained. Even though Martha was so angry she did think a lot of things could be done, and it was just like in our recommendations. We are willing to let her have the satisfaction of thinking that it comes from her because we didn't expect that she would give in to our demands. We just wanted her confidence too."

13 November 1947, Thursday

In my conference with my new faculty adviser, Miss Cannon, I asked if I could take the special Institute course given by the school next quarter for advanced workers in the cultural area and this was approved. But I didn't think to find if I would be able to get my full GI subsistence if I broke up my next quarter program in that way. I couldn't do it unless I continued to get that \$90 a month until I get out in March. I also was told by Miss Cannon that I have received mostly an equivalent of A in the majority of my courses, and that my only C equivalent was in case work last quarter. Prof. Klein made some complimentary notes about me which surprised me, and Dr. Lindeman had high praise for my work. In one of the classes the comment was made that I was the only student doing graduate school level of work. It seems that they give these grades secretly, and the most vague courses are the ones which are graded the most subjectively. The case work comment was that I had a keen intellectual grasp of the psycho-analytical concepts but that I blocked in the application of them in the class reports on cases. That means that I didn't interpret them in the way in which the instructor thought I should. I guess she should know as Miss Hamilton is one of the leading authorities on case work in the country. In one of the courses which I am sure I didn't know what was going on, I got an A. That's because I kept quiet and just looked like I agreed to everything. It doesn't make sense. I did my best work in the courses related to cultural concepts in casework, and that more or less follows and confirms my interest. From this point of view, Heyman did me a favor and maybe I was lucky to get out of Psychiatric Institute. I am convinced that the easiest way to get out of that school is just to keep quiet and not express any opinions which do not coincide with the instructors who cannot take it. It works both ways because Prof. Klein said many things about which I disagreed with strongly and yet he didn't penalize me for it. It eased my ego when Miss Cannon said that the school thinks highly of me. All of the instructors seem to be very much interested in my thesis. Miss Cannon said that she was on some Welfare Council

13 November 1947, Thursday

studying the Puerto Ricans and perhaps my thesis would give them some ideas on how to get the migrating Puerto Ricans resettled over the country rather than live in the worst slums of NYC. I suggested they set up Hostels and actively get jobs through public and private agencies like in the case of the Nisei, and give social workers connected with social agencies a good orientation on the cultural background of the groups in order to understand them better. It isn't right to label the group as the "Puerto Rican Problem" and let it go at that. Miss Cannon is an elderly woman and I understand that she retired from the school once. She seems to have very progressive ideas and is right up on current social action activities. She even wears one of those "New Look" dresses! My thesis hasn't been typed yet; it won't be finished until the end of the month. I'd like to get a copy sent off to UC as Dorothy will be wondering just what I did, and she might get a wrong impression of my thesis. I still think it was very poorly organized and hastily written. All I am thinking about right now is to get the hell out of school with a degree and get located in a job in which I will be interested. I'm tired of hibernating within the protecting confines of an academic institution. I think it will be better for me. I know that I'll never realize any kind of security by just going to school. After a time it gets to be just an excuse to escape the realities of life.

I wrote to Reverend Matsumoto to initiate planning for Mrs. M. Yuriko hasn't been able to do much about making plans in regard to resettlement in California, and I hardly blame her as it is such a difficult problem. I suppose her own feelings enter into it and she may think that this is rejection. At the same time, she realizes that it won't do either Mrs. M or us any good to have her live with us. Caught between these two dilemmas, she can't move in planning. It is a bit too much to ask, but we can't wait until the last minute either hoping that a plan will work out by itself. I don't know if Rev. Matsumoto will be able to help but he may take an interest and find some missionary who would offer a protecting

13 November 1947, Thursday

environment for Mrs. M. She would be able to adjust to this sort of situation, and she inhibits her other dominating impulses more strongly outside of personal family relationships. In the back of my mind, I am hoping that a contact like this will eventually lead to some sort of plan whereby Mrs. M could return to Japan. She would be very good in working in a children's hospital or something of that sort which would provide positive releases to her more controlling characteristics when dealing with people. Rev. Matsumoto is the one who wrote that book "A brother is a stranger" and maybe I should read some of it when I go to see him!

Mrs. M is still young enough to be self supporting, but she needs to be doing something which will give her the will and the desire to start a new life at her age. This will be one of the most difficult adjustments for her to make as her mental frame of mind right now is just to withdraw and become completely independent. I stand in the way as far as Yuriko is concerned in Mrs. M's plannings, and that is why Mrs. M would like to get me out of the picture. It is a far more difficult situation for Yuriko to handle than me but she is doing very well at it. Mrs. M has been independent all of her life, and it did take a lot of self confidence out of her to be suddenly stripped of everything. There is undoubtedly an underlying factor of personality weakness, but I don't know if that is culturally conditioned or more basic. It isn't important as far as future planning is concerned, because Mrs. M can be very charming when she wants to be and our problem is to find an environment in which she may be able to develop the quickest in. She still needs to strip some of her fears from her thinking, and that is why Dr. R feels it will take a little more time. It may be that she will withdraw even further when the reality of going outside of the hospital draws near, but it looks like she has pretty well gotten over the incidents which precipitated her depressive reaction. It is fortunate that Dr. R has taken such an active interest in the case and that there is a consideration of all the social situation involved. Most

13 November 1947. Thursday

psychiatrists wouldn't bother to look beyond the patient and focus all planning from that point instead of considering all other persons who might be involved. Rev. M may feel that this is too much of a problem for him and decline to take an interest and then we will have to explore something else.

12 November 1947
63 Hoyt Street
Brooklyn, 2, NY

Rev. Toru Matsumoto
c/o Dr. Luman Shafer
Board of Foreign Missions
of Reformed Church of America
156 Fifth Avenue
NYC 10, New York

Re: Mrs. Chiyo Mitsuhashi

confidential

Dear Reverend Matsumoto:

Dr. Rabbinowitz, a psychiatrist on the staff of Pilgrim State Hospital, Brentwood NY (Long Island), has asked me to contact you in re: to Mrs. Chiyo Mitsuhashi, a patient. It is my understanding that Dr. Gordon Chapman has become interested in the case, and he suggested that you might have some information which would be helpful for the post-discharge planning of the patient. The hospital feels that special planning is necessary because of Mrs. Mitsuhashi's present status, but Dr. Rabbinowitz felt that direct contact would not be made with you until the exact discharge date became a bit clearer. Dr. Rabbinowitz suggested that I contact you in the hopes that some preliminary explorations of possibilities could be worked out with you.

The patient is my mother-in-law and there are certain circumstances which makes future adjustments a bit difficult. We hope to work out a sound social service plan for the patient when the time comes, and I would like to briefly outline the nature of the situation in the hopes that you might be able to assist in planning. I realize that it is rather presumptuous of me to initiate a request of this nature, but I am in hopes that Dr. Chapman has already seen you about this matter.

Briefly, Mrs. Mitsuhashi was hospitalized last July following a severe nervous breakdown with depressive complications. This was

the termination of a series of difficulties with her husband, who ran off with a younger Nisei girl and married her. It turned out later that Mrs. Mitsuhashi had never been legally married to Mr. Mitsuhashi as she was under the impression that the marriage application constituted a legal marriage. The separation was a severe blow to her, and she felt that she had lost "face." She became extremely nervous and depressed, finally attempted suicide. Since then she has been under observation at the hospital and the psychiatrists now feel that her period of depression was precipitated by excessive worrying, and she may be ready for discharge shortly.

Mrs. Mitsuhashi's only relative in this country is a daughter, Yuriko Amemiya, now my wife. She has very little financial resources, and there is a language handicap in planning employment possibilities. My wife and I are in no position to help, and due to other complicated factors the psychiatrist felt that it would not be practical for Mrs. Mitsuhashi to live with us. Mrs. Mitsuhashi would like to return to California, but we have not been able to work out anything so far. Dr. Rabinowitz felt that one of the plans which could be explored was to find Mrs. Mitsuhashi some sort of a domestic job in a minister's home. Mrs. Mitsuhashi has some feelings about going to a Japanese community because she doesn't wish to face her friends. In NYC, there is no Japanese community anyway, and it would be desirable if she could be located in a home where she could express herself. The psychiatrist has pointed out that Mrs. Mitsuhashi is an extremely intelligent woman, and it would be desirable if she could find an environment where she would be able to express herself occasionally in order to strengthen her self confidence, which was damaged so traumatically at the time of her husband's desertion. Mrs. Mitsuhashi is about 53 years old.

My reason for contacting you at this point is to initiate exploration of the possibility for Mrs. M. to work in some minister's home, one who has been in Japan and could speak the language. Dr. Rabinowitz and Dr. Chapman

felt that you might be willing to assist in this problem through your connections with the Board of Foreign Missions since I would not know how to locate such a resource. I realize that this is asking a lot of you, and you may not be interested.

However, if you think that you might be interested in further discussing this matter, I would be glad to come and see you. I am doing graduate work at the NY School of Social work, Columbia, right now but I could see you any Thursday afternoon. I do not know if you are here in the city or not. I am doing my field work at the International Institute right now, and I am in the 99 Park Avenue office on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and you could phone me there. I believe that I would be able to explain the entire situation more clearly through an interview discussion as there are certain limitations to telescoping all of the important things within the framework of a letter of this sort.

I trust that I will hear from you shortly regarding your decision to explore or not explore this situation further. Thank you kindly.

Very truly yours,

Charles Kikuchi

I believe I met you once in 1941 in San Francisco when I was doing some sort of Study on the Nisei in the labor market for the United States Employment Service.

14 November 1947, Friday

I had a busy day at field work and I didn't get home until after 7:40. An old Italian man came in today about getting help in legalizing his status in this country. He slipped into the U.S. illegally in 1924, and now he expects me to get him citizenship in a matter of days. It was a sad mess, and the man was so excitable that he was demanding and threatening all over the place. He just couldn't listen to any logic, and he had the idea that money talks so he wanted me to go to the immigration service and bribe the "Inspector." I told him that we couldn't do business on his terms and he was just about ready to jump at my throat. He will think it over until next week to decide if he wants to try and legalize his status through registry. It will be possible since he has American born children and a son served in the Army. The man seemed to border on psychopathic behavior and he had a terrific persecutionist complex. I am glad that we had the experience of living over the Longobodi's while in the Village as I got used to the loud behavior of the southern Italian. Mr. Guagliano, however, has personality troubles on top of that. His wife is a mental case and she has refused to sleep with him since 1929. She lives in the kitchen and has her meals alone. She came here illegally also, and she may be deported. It was quite a session. Mr. G is so tight that he rents out his house in Queens and forces his large family to live in a small three room apartment here in town, and his children all have to go out and work and give him the money. It's a wonder that they haven't rebelled.

My evening interview with Zinck was interesting. He finally told me how he felt about being here in America. He thought that it was all propaganda about the Jews being killed in Germany, and he was sure that the Germans never burned anyone alive. He said that if it happened, he was just not aware of it. His identification with Germany was quite marked, and he felt that any threat against Germany was a personal threat at him. Since I had some experience with Kibei, I was able to deal with this problem and try to get him to understand that is was

14 November 1947, Friday

not that way. Zinck has a strong confidence in me, and he is pretty adaptable so I think he will come around in time. I don't know about his feelings towards Jews, but I am getting him interested in a refugee English class so that he can meet Jewish people and get to know them. I feel that I have done my most successful work with Zinck while at the agency so far because we have dealt with many subtle problems related to attitudes. I try to discuss these things on a practical level with him rather than interpret as a personality problem and dig for hidden motives related to mother love or something like that. My supervisor mentioned that I was doing a very good case work job with Zinck so I guess she doesn't mind if I don't sychoanalytic orient myself excessively. It certainly is interesting to work with so many foreign born people, and it is surprising how many of them have learned English.

As soon as we finished dinner, we started to clean the house. There was so much heat that the water turned to steam and for a while we thought there would be an explosion. Rosha got so frightened that she ran out of the house. Si Nydorf dropped in to ask us to go over to his place to listen to some Library of Congress recordings of folk music.

15 November 1947, Saturday

Last night we went over to visit Si and Elsie, and we didn't get home until after 3:00. We never did get to the party upstairs where movies were being shown. Si and Elsie are artists, but very interested in politics right now. He works with the PCA, and he feels that it is very important for liberals to get together to stop the blind rush toward another war. Many of the things he said indicated that he followed the Communist party line. He may be a member for all we know, but that doesn't affect our interest in them. They are an entertaining couple, and the hours just sped by. We listened to a lot of recordings, talked about art, and politics, and generally got acquainted. Si told us all about his work with the OSS in India. Elsie was with him, and they got married after they returned. Both were interested in native cultures and they got so upset when GI's referred to natives as gooks and acted so superior to them. They brought a lot of Indian art pieces and paintings back with them, and we spent a lot of time in admiring these pieces. Their story about the life with OSS was not exactly a cloak and dagger story, but interesting because there was such an absence of war talk. It seems that they got the most out of studying the various cultures which they ran across, and they collected many ideas for future painting. They think that the lamps I made are quite artistic too! Both are of Jewish descent, but they have very little consciousness of that. They are interested in minorities and they feel that they can be more effective by working with large organizations like PCA instead of Jewish organizations exclusively. They said that this type of behavior was severely criticized by the more in-group Jews. Just like in the case of the Nisei.

We got up at 11:00 and we have been working on our party plans ever since. Yuriko is now taking a bath in order to sooth her bones and I shall jump in soon. Out guests should start arriving soon, but it will be too bad if I am in the bath. The one good thing about Yuriko is that she doesn't get all nervous when we have company. She gets a lot of excitement out of preparing for guests, but it doesn't

15 November 1947, Saturday

affect her disposition. We did so many things today. Shopping took a great deal of time. We walked down to the Safeway Store and purchased great amounts of refreshments. We bought a large tongue, which I cooked up as Yuriko is afraid to look at it in the raw! It will be sliced up for small sandwiches. We bought a couple of pounds of potato chips, candy, cheeses, and so forth. In all we spent about \$25 for this party, but we feel that we don't often give them so it is worth while. It is also an incentive to get our apartment in shape. Yuriko bought some beautiful lamp shades which are quite becoming on the lamp bases, and we figure that we saved money by making the most expensive part of the lamps. We had to clean house, polish stuff, and so many things. I hope that it is a successful party because we certainly did a lot of work on it.

16 November 1947, Sunday

Our social party lasted until about 3:30 so we figured that everyone had a good time. Not everyone came, but our 16 guests pretty well filled the place. Bob Johns bought a bottle and Clara also contributed one so we managed to have sufficient liquid refreshments. The only one who passed out was Yuriko, but it was deliberate. She waited until everyone was gone, and then she pretended that she was asleep. So amidst a lot of giggling, I had to put her to bed. This morning she said she knew exactly what was going on and she was just pretending. I guess she was because she described everything exactly. Nobody actually drank too much as they were mostly interested in eating, talking, and some of them played poker until two am.—a penny game. It was a good thing that we had an extra room for the poker players. It was a pretty varied groups so that no one subject dominated the conversation. We had artists, writers, dancers, social workers, students, office workers, housewife, store owners and so forth. La Marr and Rhoda were the first to leave; they don't seem to fit into any kind of a group and we can't figure them out. Rhoda is preparing for a road show now but Lamar still hasn't gotten into acting. They like living together, but didn't mention anything about getting married. Clara and Charley acted like old married couples as they were so casual about each other, but I guess that it is due to their greater maturity. Bob and Duggy are getting married this month so they were quite chummy and slipped into the bedroom to smooch when they thought nobody was looking but I caught them. I wasn't able to give Yuriko so much attention as she was so busy running in and out preparing the refreshments, and I had to mix drinks. They ate everything up and we had prepared for 25 people so I guess they were hungry. Warren and Betty, Kenny and Kimi, Bob and Duggy, David and Rose, Clara and Charley, Lamar and Rhoda, Si and Elsie were the couples. Joe Oyama came alone as he doesn't seem to take his wife out socially. About 2:00 ayem I got the group not playing poker started on a hot discussion of socialism versus communism, and we discussed everything from the Marshall Plan to the basis for cultural identification in the process. It was

16 November 1947, Sunday

hot and heavy for a while as the two extreme left wing groups don't see eye to eye in their politics. We had so much heat literally that we had to throw all of the windows open! I had to remain neutral in the political discussion since we have friends on both sides, but everyonce in a while I would ask something which got them started all over again. When Clara left, she said that all of the debate seemed to be centered around trying to win me over, and that she was wise to what I was doing. Chalry put up the most intelligent point of view as Si and Elsie got too excited about their beliefs. Bob John's solution to world problems was to put everything into the hands of reactionary capitalism. The capitalists of the group (glove factory, grocery store, and leather goods store owners) were too busy trying to win all the pennies in the poker game to be much interested in politics. Yuriko was so happy that everyone was having such a good time, and she was a scintillating hostess all evening until she "passed out" on me. I made sure that everyone noticed the lamps I made by turning all the lights on even though it ran up the electric bill! Even though we gave the party, we with our biased viewpoint believe that it was the most interesting party we have been in for a long time. Natch! Maybe we will have another party in six months, we can't afford them too often.

We got up about 11:00 and rushed over to Si's and Elsie for brunch, and we didn't get back home until about 5:30. The day just flew by. We got so interested in talking about art, the philosophy for one's career, the future of the human race and related subjects that it was dark before we realized it. Si was telling us all about his conflict in drawing what he pleased as against being a commercial artist. He has partially resolved that temporarily by making a living as a commercial artist and spending a great deal of time in social action by working with PCA. He and Yuriko got into a long, serious, and involved discussion about how best to express one's feeling rrough art, what is art, and so forth. It was interesting for me as Si brought out a lot of books on different artists and I got a liberal education. He and Yuriko seemed to share the common feeling which creates so much

16 November 1947, Sunday

internal turmoil among artists. We also discussed books and borrowed some back and forth. We find that we are both very stimulated when we visit them, and they seem to find common interest with us as they have taken the initiative in developing the friendship.

Joe Oyama made a comment last night just before he left which made me feel so sorry for him. He said in a very envying way that we had such interesting "hakujin" friends and he wished that he could develop them, but that his life was pretty well wrapped around the Nisei group now because of his grocery business. He was so self reproaching that it almost made me laugh. I just said that one's friends are found when there are mutual interests and it didn't have to follow any racial line either way, pro or con. But, Joe complained that Nisei were still so clannish, and it was refreshing to him to attend a party when the entire conversation was not around the "Nisei problem." He hoped that his son would not grow up in that sort of environment. There must be a lot of self-expression repressed in Joe as he just cannot find the right medium to free himself so that he is unhappy in his grocery business, which gives him a good living but little other satisfaction. One observation which he made was rather interesting: "You know, Charlie, most of the Caucasians I know are interested in me only because they are interested in the Nisei group, while your Caucasian friends seem to be interested in you because you are Charlie and Yuriiko." I thought that was a nice compliment. It reminded me that integration is really quite a subtle path, and it has to be tread naturally and not forced or one will get lost and confused. We have the nucleus of a very nice friendship group now, and we should take time to develop it, but we always seem to be so busy with other activities of daily living. It's only when I hear comments like what Joe made which reminds me how fortunate we are to have friends in such a huge impersonal city like this.

17 November 1947, Monday

I was busy discussing student plans with my Hungarian client and listening to the tearful story of a weeping Russian Jewish lady today. Mrs. S had such a gruesome story to relate about the persecution which her sister went through in Italy. She hates the Germans so much that she gets almost hysterical when she thinks about them, and she would personally like to kill every one of them. Some of the things which she described were so brutal that it was hard to believe, but nobody can create those stories out of thin air. I don't think my German client would believe what Mrs. S had to say. Her nephew was taken by the Nazis and the last her sister heard was that he was shot through the head. He was only 15. The niece was taken away from the mother, and she doesn't know where she is. The mother had a nervous breakdown after the war was over. Now Mrs. S wants to go to Austria and bring her sister back with her, and she wants me to help in getting the application through. She said that these things just filled her with emotions and she was never able to talk to her husband about it. She was such a polite, cultured, attractive woman that I dismissed thoughts about objective case work techniques and I was very sympathetic to her! Of course, it won't appear this way in the case record when I record it as I have to think of my school evaluation! I think that I am learning so much in this field work placement and I find it very stimulating. Maybe I just feel that right now as Yuriiko just pranced in here stark naked and did a funny dance. She is trying to make me go to bed. I cooked stew tonight, and it was after nine before I got started on anything. I still have a paper to write for class and some case recording to catch up on. These days I find typing very trying, and I try to boil everything down to bare statements. It must reflect in my diary notes. During the day I think of a lot of things I want to jot down, but when evening comes I am too tired to do it. Maybe marriage has made me more settled as Yuriiko says, but I no longer feel a burning desire to get things out of my mind by writing it down. Probably a better explanation is that I talk more about these things to Yuriiko and it seems like repetition

17 November 1947, Monday

to write it. Going to school makes me feel that I am cheating myself because interests necessarily have to be more limited, and it is such an ivory tower existence. I just don't like it and I will be so happy when I am through with my training.

We got a telephone bill for \$27.00 today and it makes us furious. Allan kept the phone in our name when we had requested the phone company to take it out. Yuriko saw Duggy who told her that Allan is having housing problems again. It seems that the apartment was rented out to two friends as the Ohtas were able to stay in the other house a while longer. Now Mr. Ohta needs more room to do his silk screening work so that Allan has been told by his mother to get one of the fellows out of 168 so he can move in himself, and he is in a dither about it. I can't feel sorry for him if he is such a mama's boy. We gave him the benefit of the doubt once, but now we are convinced that he is not blameless. He is getting to be too old to be tied to the umbilical cord of his old dried up mama. I told Yuriko to give him hell about the phone business, but I guess she will be diplomatic as usual and do it in a nice way. He better not try to stick us with that phone bill or there will be fireworks.

18 November 1947, Tuesday

The days are certainly flying past swiftly. It's only a month and a few days before the quarter is over, and then I will be starting on my last lap. A year ago about this time I was measuring the days in terms of getting out of the Army. I don't know why this should be so as I am enjoying every day and I don't think that I am living entirely in terms of the future. But I like to see some parth of progress ahead of me or else things would be mighty dull. Yuriiko measures in terms of her approaching concerts and trous, so I guess everyone has some frame of reference. It's not as bad as for a man in the death cell waiting for the electric chair. I suppose there are many people who have little to look forward to and are just waiting to leave this earth. It all depends upon one's philosophy. This morning we were talking about that before we got up. Of all things, we talked about art and philosophy! I was asking Yuriiko how she looked at her future, and what did her art mean to her. I was trying to find out if art were synonymous with ego. Yuriiko says that it is both, but couldn't figure out the dividing line. I thought that ego expression became art when a lot of people recognized it as such. My point was that many dancers just were thinking of ego expression when they felt the need to put on concerts, but it was not directed specifically at Yuriiko as I meant it in general terms and that is how she interpreted it. She said that this was one of the things she was still struggling with. She felt that she had the essential talent, and the thing she was most concerned about was how to give it the best expression, what was the best medium--through the Graham company or taking a chance and going on her own. There is always the financial factor to consider, and this is the one big stumbling block for all dancers whether they have just "ego" or talent. Yuriiko said that the way she thinks now is that art can also be expressed commercially, and therefore, she will consider a Broadway engagement if the opportunity develops. As things are now she is unable to give full expression to her dancing because of the limited opportunities. From this viewpoint, I felt that she should seriously consider the financial aspect since it was almost

18 November 1947, Tuesday

prohibitive for her to be putting \$500 into a concert once or twice a year for such meager returns, and that this did not imply that she did not have the talent to give to the public. My main point was that she could show more of her talent to the public by being in the Graham company right now, even though it was also limited in many ways. I don't think I was as clear as this while explaining it to her. However, she did say this evening that she was discussing the same topic with Duggy and Ethel today to get their viewpoints. They were more sure of their stand that one should suffer for their art if there were no other medium of expression. I think it all depends upon how much personal security a dancer has within herself. As they gain more experience, and if they have talent, it seems to me that they are more mature about these things. I know that Yuriko has a lot of talent, and it is too bad that she can't find better mediums of expressing it but the cost to go on her own is prohibitive right now. As long as she has the self confidence in herself, it won't be too harmful to her. She certainly has more personal security right now than I have because I am still pondering about my future and I have a vague base for it, without specific training in anything outside of case-work, which in itself is a pretty intangible thing and open to question in many respects.

I worked on a paper all day and got it finished. Then did a big laundry, and we went to a movie this evening: "Russian Ballerina" and "Red Head."

19 November 1947. Wednesday

I didn't leave the office until about 6:30 as I didn't want my recording to pile up too much. Thus far, I am able to keep up pretty much with the current work by remaining a little over each time. It's not that I am so much in love with my work, although there is a strong interest, but it makes it easier for me to do this. Most of the evenings I stay over, I am about the only one there. Miss Malkowsky stays over a lot, but I think that in her case there is a need within her to identify closely with her work. She is about 40, I would say, very capable, but it is rather unfortunate that her entire life is bound up with the job. I have a theory that normal healthy individuals do not make the best of case workers because they have other interests outside of the agency, and to be employed in almost any social agency one has to be almost a drudge. This isn't exactly fair to social workers who give so much of themselves to other people, but there does seem to be a preponderance of frustrated single women in the profession and it can't exactly be a coincidence. I think that the more normal females get out after a few years by settling down to marriage. I don't know what the solution is for males as it has to be a career. I suppose a supervisory job or something like that is an outlet since it means turning over the case work to the younger eager beavers. Student case workers and beginning social workers have that in common—they are both eager beavers!

One of the reasons why I don't mind remaining over, besides avoiding the subway rush, is that Yuriiko is rehearsing so many evenings. It isn't too interesting to come home and cook for myself. Having Yuriiko at the table is part of the meal as it stimulates the glands or something, and this in turn creates a relaxed mental attitude, and the digestive juices naturally flow smoother! But when I eat by myself, it has no purpose and the meal isn't stimulating. I am just as hungry, but the things I cook for myself are not so exciting. There's no point in admiring my own cooking. That's why I just eat left-overs. Tonight, for example, I just ate some old chop suey, poured tea over rice, ate a couple of cookies and a bar of candy.

19 November 1947, Wednesday

It wasn't a very balanced diet, and Yuriko always gives me a close cross examination to find out what I eat when she is nit here so that she can chastise me for neglecting to eat something good. She says that she doesn't enjoy her meal out if she has the thought in her mind: "Charlie is home eating some dried up food."

We are getting terrific steam in the apartment now; the new janitor seems to be most conscientious. I had to throw all of the windows open for a while as this place was like a hothouse. It was 80 degrees in her; outside it is about 40 or less. I hope that the steam comes up on real cold days.

I was busy at the office trying to catch up with "paper work." Only had one interview today, but it was enough. It was my Italian friend, Guagliano, who threatened me all over the place as usual. He has ants in his pants about getting his citizenship. He is Americanized enough; he wants me to go bribe the Immigration Office for a consideration, and he can't understand why I turn him down. It's not that he wants to be an American so much; it's just that he loves his bankroll and he figures that if he got citizenship he would be able to protect it better. His children have a hell of a time parting him from any of his money. For a laborer, he must be considred an American success story as he has a home and several thousand in the bank, --plus a mentally ill wife, and a nasty disposition himself. He is very authoritarian in his home and it is difficult for him to curb this attitude while in the office, but I handle him gently and firmly and he is slowly getting more reasonable.

On the whole, I think that the I.I. does a pretty good job with the people who request service because the case workers don't spend all of their time trying to force a personality problem out of every case when it would be simpler to solve things by manipulating the environment a little. I think that the clients get terrific service from us; they would have to pay huge fees to lawyers for the same service. When they present an emotional problem, we deal with it but we don't try to look for some artificially just to pad up the case records for supervisors. Miss

19 November 1947, Wednesday

Siebold is pretty good in understanding these things. She was saying today about the same thing. And she added that it was not necessary to fill the record up with a lot of terminology as she knows when a worker does good work, and it doesn't impress her one bit. It was just the opposite at P.I. when we had to fling psycho-analytical terms all over the place, even at lunchtime. I agree with Miss Siebold that too much of this is an indication that a caseworker is not well integrated so that it is used as a crutch. She is pretty frank with me and we talk over anything, and I am not worried that she is going to "casework" me to report everything to the school like other supervisors love to do out of their sadistic impulses. Miss Siebold's theory of supervising is that a student in field work is more secure when things are discussed frankly, while the other school is that students should have hell scared out of them, make them suffer, that will do them good, they learn better. Sometimes, the second approach works, but this weapon should never be put into the hands of compulsive supervisors. Social work could be so interesting in some settings if one didn't have to consider these subjective hazards so strongly. The supervisor has so much the advantage because they are never considered to be in the wrong, very rarely anyway. I have been doing a lot of thinking about social work since going back to school and I am integrating my thoughts about it. It's no use in going into such a poorly paid profession blindly. I might as well get an idea of what I am letting myself in for before I get my first job! I suspect that being on a job has more satisfactions than being a student.

My GI subsistence check for last month has not come in yet; I suppose I am going to have troubles with the V.A. I should write to General Bradley and complain that it is a hardship. The Generals seem to take care of themselves very well. Gen. Meyers is in the news now, and he is being investigated as quite a profiteer. I wonder what some of those servicemen who gave arms and legs to the cause think of a situation like that? I think that all the profiteers out of the war should have their money taken away to be given to disabled servicemen. I suppose that would

19 November 1947, Wednesday

be called communism.

Lots of stuff in papers about Princess Elizabeth getting married tomorrow. So phoney. But exploited people all over the world love to identify with royalty, it's a sop to the masses. Something like the Pope is to the catholics. Symbol of decadence, I say. I'm being bitter right now!

20 November 1947, Thursday

Yuriko said that the company meeting last night was exciting in a way, but she wasn't sure just how to interpret it. It was her opinion that Martha said some very exciting things, but some of the group interpreted in a different way: "Not many of the company members were as willing to accept what Martha said at face value. They judged from the past events, but I felt that Martha was very sincere, and what she said gave me a thrill. She talked at first in terms of promotion of the school, and about some kind of a mysterious plan which would bring it out of the hole. It sounded like it was going to be just another of those meetings. We got cookies and cider, and I thought of it as a peace offering, and I expected Martha to start giving her story about the Erik-Camille fight once more. Instead, she didn't even mention it. Martha talked in terms of the future of modern dance, was it a technique or a personality? It made me really sit up when Martha talked in terms of a technique. She said that she was a bit disturbed that some of the members were taking ballet lessons. She asked if we did not think Modern Dance could stand on its own feet. Most of the company did not like that too much, as they felt that they were put on the spot. I thought that she had a very good point. Martha gave an inspiring talk about how we should have faith in modern dance if we really believed in it, and that she would be happy if she developed just one person who could carry on. She said that she was not interested in carrying on her name, but that the form of modern dance was the more important thing. In a way, she was saying that it would be a part of her going on but I didn't resent that. I felt that Martha was very sincere, and that she has been thinking of the future of Modern Dance. She spoke about the need to develop a core for it instead of building it around individualized personalities since it could not be carried on that way, and it would all be lost at retirement. She said a lot of things which I have been wondering about. The thing which Martha stressed was that Modern Dance could not become a legend since it was an art form which had a lot to contribute. It really was a change in Martha to say these things and I am sure that she meant

20 November 1947, Thursday

them broadly. Some of the company members were not as convinced as I. It was because they resented Martha saying that the burden of carrying on Modern Dance was upon us young dancers. They did not feel prepared for that. I think it depends upon the confidence one has in herself. She said that she didn't want the group to think they had to carry on Martha Graham, but to carry on a certain tradition for Modern Dance, and that was the part which thrilled me. Up to now, most of the modern dancers have only been interested in carrying on their own names so that there was too much individuality and no cor for this dance form. It really was quite a change in Martha and I am sure she has been thinking about it for quite a while. She actually talked in terms of us and not herself. The result of the last company meeting may have had something to do with it, but I think that Martha also has given thought to this matter for a long time. She has seen how other modern dancers retire and nothing is left of the dance form. Naturally she is interested in the carrying on of her technique, but she spoke of it in terms of Modern Dance and as something bigger than herself. Since the other company members were not too convinced of her sincerity, I just didn't say much to them afterwards. All of Martha's discussion was on very positive things so that our 'rebellion' did have good results. She even talked about us developing 'democratic' classes."

Yuriko has been busily running around buying materials for her costume, and the screen for her set. She is going to trust me with the building of the set after all, and it sounds like a very complicated job because it has to look something like a spider web. I call it a womb. Her new dance has finally been labeled "Tale of Seizure" and she says that Martha is very interested in it so I guess she has something good. It's not quite as deep as some of those psychological pieces which Martha does, but it has some aspects of stark drama in it. The idea of the dance is to portray the confusion which goes on within the mental area which fear overcomes it. The dance shows how there is a blind darting around to the deepest recess of the mind (as represented by the set) until it reaches fever pitch. Then

20 November 1947. Thursday

the external environment is touched through the dim consciousness which is present throughout (represented by another object on the stage). This brings the mind back to reality, and there is a gradual subsiding of the internal turmoil until a state of peace is reached.

I don't think Yuriiko is as nervous about the concert this year as last. I thought she would get very tempermental, but she has been pretty good and she manages to carry on most of the normal activities of the household at the same time. I have to keep pressing her not to wait until the last minutes to finish up things, and she has made a fair start in that direction. It would be too hectic for her if everything was done at the last minute. Her calmness this year is in marked contrast to last year's tension, and that is due to her added experience and poise. I told her that she could get a little irritable the last week before the concert, but I don't think she will. It is on her mind though, and she gets absent minded once in a while because she is concentrating on her number, but it is only in minor things. Her concert is more important than minor things like paying bills and so forth!

However, she took time out to buy material for a new winter coat. She tells everyone I am buying her a new coat. Here is the way it works out in actuality. She works, and I make her save the money. Then I tell her she can buy her coat. She plans to get about a \$100 coat. However, she doesn't see any she likes. She then decides to make it herself. Total cost will be about \$50, and she will have a \$150 coat. After it is all finished, I get the credit for "buying" it! Now I call that being really a good wife who would be so considerate of her husband's ego! It takes a girl with a lot of inner security to do things like that so I guess Yuriiko finds marriage agreeable. She has developed such a terrific interest in the house, and I can't leave my dirty socks all over the place anymore as things have to be neater. She dusts and sweeps our rugs and makes up the bed, washes the

20 November 1947, Thursday

breakfast dishes--all before she dashes off to the studio. I have been doing a lot of the cooking while she is so busy.

Today was a very busy day for me. I decided that I should let the instructor know I was in the class so I gave a very detailed analysis of a case with all the psychoanalytical implications, and Mrs. Austin beamed and kept nodding her head at everything I said so I guess she figures I am getting oriented now! The wilder my interpretations were, the more seriously the class took it. I really believed that the case could have been interpreted on a simple environmental basis, but that is not enough for students in training. After class, I met Leilani and we had a sexy discussion for a while and she managed to tell me that there was a big blowup at Psychiatric Institute. It seems that Bob Slawson walked out on Heyman, and he refuses to go back there. Mrs. Austin is carrying on some sort of quiet investigation, and I didn't get the details of the whole thing as Leilani didn't want to be overheard. I got very curious and hunted up Blanche and Mary Ann, but they were mum about it and I couldn't get a thing out of them. Mary Ann is one of Heyman's ass kissing stooges so it was useless to ask her and Blanche didn't dare say anything in front of her. It made me feel good that I got out of that place into a much better placement.

I dashed home, ate a light lunch and then went up to the Bureau of Applied Social Research with some of my diaries as Dr. Merton wanted to glance through a couple. It almost broke my back to carry three or four of the volumes. My appointment with Rev. Matsumoto was not until late afternoon so I sauntered up the old Indian path, Broadway, from 58th all the way to 120th. Then I walked around the Columbia campus for a while. Matsumoto was on time. He was a stocky, heavy set, individual with an air of kindness about it. We went into the Theological School chapel and I told him about Mrs. M and we discussed some prospective plans. He was very interested and thought that he could do something. He said that he would be willing to take her in, but his apartment was too small as he has two children.

20 November 1947, Thursday

However, he felt that he knew a couple of missionary couples who might be interested and he will make his contacts and see what he can do. I told him that salary was not the main consideration since it was more important that Mrs. M had an atmosphere where she could feel some degree of security. Matsumoto said that one of the missionary couples were thinking of returning to Japan eventually, and maybe they could take Mrs. M with them. We had thought about this in the back of our minds, but had not done any serious thinking about it. I told Matsumoto not to mention that I was initiating this plan with him as she might resent it. He said that he would try to go up and see Mrs. M soon. If plans for a domestic job do not work out, we will investigate the California possibilities more fully. Matsumoto seemed to have a fine understanding of our position, and I recalled later that he had considerable trouble with his own relatives which he wrote up in the book, "A Brother is a Stranger." It was his belief that Mrs. M was motivated by the concept of saving face and he told me how strong this feeling was in Japan, how people would even commit hara kiri in order not to lose face. It was something which western people find difficult to understand. He felt that Mrs. M's method of attempted suicide was symbolical of hara kiri. I described all of Mrs. M's strengths positively, and felt that she could make very good adjustments if it were not in a setting connected with us, and I used most of the psychiatrist's interpretation in this.

After I left Matsumoto I strolled down to Joe Oyama's store to buy a couple of things since we patronize him so infrequently. Joe apparently has some sort of rivalry feud with Saye, and he was happy that he came to our part and she didn't. It was nothing deliberate on our part, but it does get under Joe's skin when Saye stresses all the important people she knows. Saye came into the store with Yoshie Hibino while I was there. She is still living at the same place, and she and George are the supers of the building now. I guess it was just a lot of talk when she spoke of plans to move to the country and buy a home. I was very surprised

20 November 1947, Thursday

to see Yoshie. She is in NYC permanently now, and she is not married yet so we must have gotten some wrong reports. She said that she was teaching in a nursery school, and preparing for a contest for a scholarship to Julliard School of Music. She and Saye think that Brooklyn is so far away from everything, and the inference was that life could only be experienced by living around 110th and Broadway. I don't know why people think that Brooklyn is so far away, and this includes most Manhattanites. Eddie also came into the store and he said the same thing. "Gosh, there are no Nihonjin over there. It's bad enough around here where I don't see any for sometimes a week." Then he began to talk about California, and it certainly was reminiscent of Chicago Nisei. He kept saying "Remember good old Calif...We sure had good times in S.F., huh?...Do you miss California weather, huh?...Are you going back to Frisco, huh?...Sure miss the old Yamato Garage gang, huh?...Do you get lonesome for the good old days in S.F. Nihonmachi (Japanese town) huh?" This was about the full extent of our conversation, and I just didn't know what to say to him. He has no roots in NYC although he has been living here for about three years. I ran into him in Salt Lake once in 1945, and he had almost exactly the same sort of things to say. I guess when a person has not adapted to a new environment easily, there is a tendency to talk in terms of the past. Eddie reminded me of the restless Nisei of Chicago. He works in a lapidary, has a very limited outlook his world is bounded by a small Nisei society of his own, he wishes for the security of a Japanese town. The closest he can get to this past atmosphere is Joe's store. He said he shopped there often, ate mostly Japanese foods. I think he shops there just as an excuse to see Nisei girls shopping there. Eddie has always been a sort of maladjusted individual, and he never had roots even in San Francisco. He worked in a Japanese garage for about \$50 a month, spent most of the week on the job, never had wide interests. He still follows the same pattern of living, only the setting is now a lapidary shop. He said he went mostly to Nisei sports events, and the few

20 November 1947, Thursday

socials which exist. I guess a person like him would have a very difficult time in integrating into a larger society, and he probably is better off in his own private world among the Nisei. I would never have made this concession while in Chicago, probably because I myself felt threatened by tendencies toward redevelopment of a Nisei world apart from the rest of the community in most things. I'm much more detached about it now and it doesn't make much difference. NYC is large enough for one to follow his own peculiar pattern of adjustments. On the whole, I now believe that the Nisei experiment of dispersal and integration was very successful east of Denver, despite the great concentration in Chicago. It didn't solve the problem, but I think that the experiment has important implications for other minorities which did not have a pushing hand behind them like the Nisei.

Si asked us over tonight, but we have to go to some kind of "shower." He invited us to drop over Wednesday evening as they will be giving a party and Elsie will cook rice curry or something which she learned in India. We met the people who will take si's apartment when he moves soon. He is a writer. This time Si is moving up to Queens and he is a bit worried he will never see his friends as they resist so much even coming to Brooklyn.

21 November 1947. Friday

The party we went to last night was a different kind of a shower; there were as many males as females present! It was given by Joan Skinner for Duggy and Bob Johns. There were about twenty people crowded into the small apartment, mostly struggling young artists of various assortments. We listened to the re-broadcast of the Elizabeth wedding in England. I thought it was comical and decadent, but Joan and Ethel got quite a vacarious thrill out of their fanatasy in identification with royalty. I guess Duggy and Bob were pleased too as it was so near to their wedding. They are leaving for Massachusetts just before Thanksgiving and they will be married in her mother's church. We had been invited to go up with them for the wedding, but Yuriiko will be too busy with the last minute preparations for her concert. Bob said that next summer they were going to take one side of a barn in New Jersey and we could spend week-ends up there with them. Judy Housekeeper and her husband take the other half. She used to be one of the roommates in that apartment until she got married, and she and her husband came down from the country for this party. It was a mixture of the Graham company girls and Joan's friends so we met some new people. Joan was so worried about bedbugs. She has been having a lot of trouble with these monsters, and she paid an exterminator \$70 to get rid of them, but it didn't do any good. When Duggy moves out of the apartment, Natanya will go in with them. Shirley something from Cleveland is the other girl. She comes from a rich family, went to Bennington college in style, now is a struggling actress. She bossed Joan and Duggy around quite a bit as she hadn't gotten over having servants yet. Don and his roommate were there and they gave the prospective marriage couple some gadgets for the kitchen. Most of the conversation was about art, dancing, the stage, marriage. Plenty of punch and refreshments to go along with it. Ethel showed off her new \$150 coat which she only plans to wear on special occasions of state. Allan Ohta was there so Yuriiko told him about the terrific telephone bill sent to us. He said he would make Bill Hollander pay it. He was apologetic about the housing mess, but I wasn't

21 November 1947, Friday

much interested. We left about midnight as Yuriko was very tired and I had to get up early this morning.

I had a very busy day at field work, and I didn't get home until after 7:00. In between, I carried on a running debate with Miss Martella. It started at lunch-time when we discussed the place of religion in human life, and Miss Martella got very worked up over it and had to come to the defense of Roman Catholicism. It wasn't much use to try and talk about religion in general terms as she is so emotionally conditioned with her faith that she just couldn't see any other. In the process she revealed that she was very closely tied to her mother. She said that Christianity was synonymous with democracy, and that Communism was the same of atheism. When I questioned that, she got very upset, said I believed in Russia, that I didn't like the Pope. Later in the afternoon, she popped her head in my office to tell me that she was too emotional about religion to discuss it rationally. I guess I baited her along quite a bit. Every lunch hour we seem to get started on some controversial subject, rarely about social work. It's very interesting, and quite a learning process. Even though Gleisner is sort of authoritative in his comments, I learn a lot of European culture from him.

I had a very difficult case to handle today: it was the old Greek man, Mr. Marcos. He had been very passive up to now, extremely dependent upon me, but today he became very aggressive and hostile, threw a hysterical fit and bawled all over the place that he was going to jump in the river and end his life if I did not get his visa for him. I didn't quite know how to handle the situation, and Mr. M was making these threats just to force the issue. I just had to tell him that he could very well do what he said, but I could not change the immigration laws. I don't know if he will commit suicide or not, but he seemed to be a very disturbed old man. He had never made adequate adjustments in life, and he always ran from things. This time he might run straight to the grave. I felt for a while that if the man did kill himself, I would have a feeling of being responsible.

21 November 1947, Friday

I discussed it with Miss Siebold and she said that I did the only thing I could do and if the man was determined to kill himself he would do it regardless of what I said.

My other interview with the German boy was mild in comparison. We got the approval from the State Department to permit his wife to join him so that he was very happy. He showed me all the pictures of his wife, thanked me endlessly for all the help I had given him in other things. It was one of the "success" kind of cases so very pleasant, and I felt that a lot had been achieved. He said that I was really his first good contact with America, and I had proven to him and the U.S. was not entirely hostile to newcomers to this country. He is now actively attending English classes with a lot of Jewish refugees so that I felt a lot had been accomplished as Walter arrived at all of these decisions by himself after we had discussed them fully in the past weeks.

Ethel and Paul were supposed to come for dinner, but just Ethel came as Paul had to meet a business friend from China. Ethel helped Yuriko cut the costume out afterwards, while I typed some of the studio cards out for her. The two of them talked at great length about studio politics, but I wasn't paying too much attention to what was said. It was something about Pearl's suggestion that one of the old company members be hired to teach the company the "old technique," at \$10 per crack. Ethel and Yuriko believed that Pearl was so insistent about this matter because of her jealousy of Yuriko teaching the group. Yuriko said she would rather not do the teaching of the company any more if Pearl felt so envious of it. Pearl has been in the company longer than anyone and it hurts her pride that the group does not ask her to teach it. Ethel and Yuriko were opposed to the new idea since it meant that they would have to pay \$2 per week each to pay for the "old Graham technique" and they only made about \$12 per week from the studio themselves. They did not think it was fair for them to get only \$4 for teaching a class there, and then pay \$10 for an outsider to come in and teach the company. Since most of the

21 November 1947, Friday

company is flat, they will try to outvote Pearl on a financial basis, and propose that each company member take turns in teaching the group as it will give them experience and no one person's feelings will be hurt. Ethel said that Pearl is making a lot as an understudy on Broadway so she is better off than most of the girls. She wished that Pearl would sign a contract and definitely go on Broadway instead of trying to get all the best parts in the company and working things only to her advantage regardless of whose toes she stepped on.

23 November 1947, Sunday

We got our electric bill yesterday and to our amazement it was only \$4.90 for the two months period. We know there is a mistake someplace, but we are not going to complain about it. We had expected to pay at least \$20 since we cook with electricity. I hope that our bill continues to be this low permanently. In our other place, we paid a much higher electric bill and we didn't use as much juice as we do here. It's nice to get a break like this, and I hope that there will not be any complications as Edison Consolidated is rich enough to give us poor consumers a break once in a while.

Yesterday we were so busy. Yuriko had to rush around getting her costume ready for a fitting. Charlotte Towbridge said that she couldn't come until today so we had to cancel the trip to the hospital. I did all of the food shopping, and later we went over to look for the lumber for the set. We met Shirley B. at the studio so we went to have coffee with her. Shirley said that about six of the girls were very upset that Yuriko did not teach all of the professional classes, and she had been asked to proposition Yuriko if she would teach a private class for the group about once a week. Yuriko said she might be interested after her concert, but that it was a very touchy question as Martha might feel that her students were being stolen away. Shirley said that all of the girls would continue to take lessons at the Graham studio, but they also wanted Yuriko to give them individualized attention like she did during the June course. Yuriko is interested because (1) it is added income (2) she can help the small class along on an individual basis (3) it would give her a chance to experiment with some dance forms she has in mind, and (4) it would give the girls a chance to develop more self confidence by doing some experimental forms of dancing on their own. In the Graham studio, they do not have this opportunity because they are so busy learning the fundamentals. Yuriko could get many of these private classes, but she is too loyal to Martha to really steal away any of the school students, and she feels

23 November 1947, Sunday

that this special class is on a little different basis and additional to the fundamental things they are continuing to learn with the school.

Yuriko was going to work on her costume this evening, but Amy Kojima Sato Iwanabe and her husband looked her up at the studio so she brought them home for dinner. Amy's mother knew my mother as they went to school together in Japan, but I have never met Amy before. They remained until after two ayem. Amy used to dance in L.A. with Yuriko. She is now interested in dancing again, and she has taken a job with the China Doll night club to do a specialty number. She said that very little dancing was involved and she did not have a very high opinion of the night club. Most of the "Chinese" dancers there are Nisei girls as the Chinese families will not allow their daughters to exhibit in public that way! Amy quit dancing when she had her first husband, but she got a rather shy and dependent guy for a second husband so she has dragged him out here so she could follow her ambitions. She has a son. Her husband is a lens grinder and he had a good job in Chicago until he quit about a month ago to come here. Now he finds that it is difficult to get into the Union and he doesn't know how he will make out. Eventually, he hopes to get back to California.

Amy and her husband are very conservative. They think inter-marriage is disgusting, that all socialists are low class people, that communists are ignorant workers, that few people measure up to their intelligence (except her brother who is editing a Nisei newspaper in Chicago), that Negroes are inferior (by implication), that most Nisei are inferior (by implication), that Jews are all in control of U.S. finances (by implication when she discussed about ownership of the China Doll), that Lee Mortimer is a swell guy and they believe he was right in his attacks on Frank Sinatra and "Gentlemen's Agreement" (this was because Lee Mortimer owns half of China Doll and he took them out to night clubs, that we are superior Nisei in their class and worthy to associate with them (by implication and this was the worst they hinted!)). Yuriko said afterwards that this

23 November 1947, Sunday

was the first time she realized Amy was so conservative about everything. We got away from the discussion of Nisei by talking about psychosomatic medicine for a couple of hours. Amy's husband didn't say very much; he just sat and looked handsome. Yuriko said that she was glad that she didn't have an ornamental husband like that. Amy is a social climber, I think. She is quite vain: Yuriko said that she had her nose operated upon so that it wouldn't look so hooked and "Jewish." She must have a lot of insecurity, as she passes for "Chinese" now although it is supposed to be primarily because of her new job as a Chinese dancer. We were very nice to them, and afterwards we bent over backwards thinking of their best qualities as we didn't want to feel critical of them, but actually we have very little in common other than she knows Mariko and that we all have common ancestry. I guess I shouldn't think so harshly about people, they are all human and maybe I have the same effect on other people. Our reaction to Amy and her husband was not because they were Nisei, but because of the way they were.

We got up early this morning and rushed to Jean's studio so that we could work Yuriko's set. It didn't take too long, and Yuriko said I was very artistic. She was giving me full appreciation so that I would feel happy about my carpentry work. This is one of Yuriko's best traits, she always expresses her feelings when a person's better qualities come out. I guess that is why everyone is so willing to do things for her. Isamu is lending her an art object to complete the set, Ethel helps with the costume, Louie wrote the music when he never considered doing it for others, Martha gives suggestions for the dance, and Charlotte Trowbridge is here now designing the costume. Charlotte does all of Martha's costumes, and she illustrated a book on Martha once. She works for the Museum of Modern Art doing art work for circulating art exhibits. She has taken a sudden interest in Yuriko and she isn't charging much for the design. Right now she is here fitting Yuriko to see that it is just right. Helen was supposed to come for dinner, but she caught a cold while dancing with Nina last week.

24 November 1947, Monday

It's been a cold, wet, miserable day and I think that there is an itch in my throat so I am worried that I might be catching a cold. We get too much heat in our apartment. In the office, it was very cold this morning so that everybody looked gloomy. It must be the effect of coming back to work after a weekend. Miss Siebold wasn't too pleasant in our conference, she was upset about the janitor not keeping the fire up. Mrs. Peck seemed to be disturbed about keeping her records straight, Miss Martella was gloomy about her group work, Gleisner and the other case workers were running all around the place. Gertrude was the most disturbed. She was eating lunch alone when I went to her office to use the phone so I asked her what the matter was, and she began to cry. She said that she has a terrible feeling of anxiety because she doesn't know if she has cancer or not. One doctor told her that it was an ovarian cyst which might erupt in about five years but there was nothing to worry about. She couldn't stop worrying so she went to another specialist. He has been unwilling to give her the truth, but he said that he would take some tests. Gertrude went down this morning to take the tests, but discovered that she didn't have the card so she had to go back in the afternoon. She worried so much about it that she didn't come back to the office. Worrying is the most deadly part of cancer. There isn't much known about it, and not many doctors are sure of its relationship to cysts. In most cases, it is not related to fibrous growth and other tumors, but there is the possibility. Then it can be malignant or malign. One could get sick worrying about all of the possibilities. The best thing to do is to see a doctor and be sure. Gertrude said it took her a long time to get up the courage to go see a doctor because she was half afraid that it really might be cancer. It would be a tough break for her if it were, but I think she is just worrying herself unnecessarily by imagining all sorts of things. I guess it would be difficult not to worry about these things.

Miss Coppins was also upset today, and she took it out on a loud discourse on why men are not necessary to the world. She is a typical old maid, very kind but

24 November 1947, Monday

sometimes full of frustrations which she can't keep under control. She lives with her brother, and she is extremely critical of him because he is the personification of the weak male being in her mind. She thinks that Man is a sissy compared to those of a hundred years ago, and she will not admit that maybe civilization has softened up women too. She is very comical when she gives vent to these things, and I keep her pacified as there are a lot of things I want typed sometimes. In such a small agency as this, it is best to get along with everyone. Sometimes, one gets taken advantage of. And it is hard to turn down "requests" which is often equivalent to an order. For example, I have been invited to a staff meeting set for noon tomorrow. Then I was invited to another staff meeting for earlier in the morning. Since it is not my field day, I wasn't too happy about accepting both invitations so I compromised and said that I could only come to the later one, but would try to make the other. If I turn down both, it might affect my rating for the work done in the agency and I have to keep that consideration in mind. I like this work, but not the idea of spending all of my time here as I have other obligations. But a student is in a fix, and I suppose any social worker in a small agency would run up against the same thing often.

I think I go home now as it has stopped raining a bit. Yuriko won't be home until after 8:00 so I don't need to rush. It's only six now, but pitch black outside.

25 November 1947, Tuesday

Yuriko brought Charlie Weinburg home for dinner as he gave her a ride home last evening. I was cooking, and like a fussy housewife, I "scolded" Yuriko for bringing an unexpected guest home. We scurried around and managed to get enough together for the meal. I enjoyed my own cooking as usual. Charley said that Clara was busy on publicity drives right now. He offered to take Yuriko's sets up to the theater on Saturday since he is taking several days off from work at his company. We will also have dinner over there--steak--on Saturday and I will be the chef. I don't know if cooking is my avocation in life, but I seem to be doing a lot of it these days! I can't help it if my cooking is tasty. These days I do a lot of experimenting on our little electric range. Yuriko also does the same thing so that we never know what we are going to eat until the last minute. We seem to be getting an incidental reputation among our friends for being such good cooks. Charley has learned to make coffee since his marriage and that is his specialty. We made a "date" to go shopping for food Saturday morning! I think that wives have a pretty easy time in keeping house with all the modern inventions and it is a cinch. Yuriko says that there is still having babies which is women's work. All the girls think that Yuriko is so lucky because she has a husband who cooks, and they say that they are going to insist that their mates have a similar qualification. This makes Yuriko's head lift up proudly and she appreciates me more. She'd better, or I will burn things. I cooked dinner tonight too, and it was for company!

Charley thinks that Yuriko should write a primer on dancing because her explanation of dance techniques are so expressive and descriptive. She explains movements in terms of grilled sandwiches, reaching for apples, eating like a fish and so forth to her class. Charley, the practical business man is urging Yuriko to go on her own in dancing. He says that she is at the point where the audience appreciate Martha's dance, but think that Yuriko is remarkable. Martha has told Yuriko that she should not give any more joint concerts, but do it on her own as

25 November 1947, Tuesday

she is developed to the point where she can carry an entire concert. That takes money, which we ain't got. After I get a job and pay for the groceries, Yuriko will be able to do more on her concerts if she wishes. I told her that if we saved a small but steady amount each month, it would free us to use the excess for such things as her dance progress. Charley agrees that she should not do it drastically, but gradually pull out of the company by having other engagements. He says that the time no longer exists for a person with talent to be discovered without a lot of selling of the goods. After all of this analytical advice, Yuriko wrote Charley a note explaining to Clara where he was and then sent him home. He has been married just over a week so that he is letting Clara be the boss for a while!

Yuriko remained up late to work on her costume, and she wouldn't come to bed so I had to fall asleep by myself. I even took her picture to bed and talked to it in order to persuade her to come, but she said that it was not a fair offer to make it such a choice, and pointed out that if I had class work to do I would have to give it preference. There was no arguing that so I went to sleep by myself. It was so lonesome too. I got up about nine this morning, and went to fieldwork to attend two meetings. The first staff meeting was on statistical methods in office and it was routine. However, there was a great deal of discussion of how to classify "nationality." I felt that it wasn't important and shouldn't be asked any more than religion, but the others said it was an International Institute and usefule for publicity. We tried to define nationality and got all mixed up in the European versus American interpretation. We couldn't classify according to racial origins so finally compromised and decided to base it on national background. My point was that a native of Puerto Rico should be classified as Puerto Rican instead of Negro, and a similar approach for a native of the British West Indies. We all recognized that our final compromise was an arbitrary device, and I think it is meaningless.

25 November 1947, Tuesday

At noon, we had another staff meeting and had lunch together. Mr. Auerbach of the Common Council came over to give us some interpretation of recent immigration and naturalization laws, and how DP's fit into the picture. Congress is still trying to decide what we can do for the DP's and there are thousands in camps in the American zone of occupation yet. The DP's here are going to have a special Thanksgiving dinner and the theme of it will be "Delayed Pilgrims." I guess for them, American is still a land of promise. Even though I may be critical of the attitude of Congress, this country is a land of refuge for so many and the land of hope. I wish more of the Republican leaders in Congress and various pressure groups would realize this. Since doing field work at II, I have been able to see more of the living aspects of the Immigration program.

I rushed home after the meetings and went shopping. After a short nap, I painstakingly prepared dinner for our guests, Charlotte Trowbridge and her husband, Carlos. I figure I had to be very nice to them and feed them well so that Charlotte would not charge Yuriko too much for designing the costume. They could not stay too long as they had to go to a concert, but Yuriko made a lot of progress. I cooked the entire dinner myself, and everyone was polite and said it was tasty. All of us originally lived in California, and migrated out here primarily for economic reasons. Carlos does some free lance art work. We didn't get a chance to talk too much as we were rushed with dinner. They plan to have us over to their place soon.

Rev. Matsumoto wrote and he said that he visited Mrs. M on Sunday. After talking to Dr. Rabinovitch, he decided that he might take her into his home as his wife would like to do this. Rev. M did not let Mrs. M know that I initiated the contact as she may not react favorably. He said that she was very happy to see him and looked well. He asked that Yuriko phone his wife to make arrangements to visit their home in Larchmont and "approve" his family. The developments seem to be moving rapidly. Rev. M is studying to be a college administrator and eventually

25 November 1947, Tuesday

plans to return to Japan, and I'm sure that Mrs. M would feel comfortable in going with him if this can be worked out. We have gone slowly with Mrs. M to let her think everything over carefully and arrive at her decisions, and then we have tried to follow through with her best interests. I think that it will work out well for her to go to this setting even if the pay will be nominal. It will give her a chance to be in the country. Rev. M has two children, and Mrs. M has expressed a desire to take care of children on several occasions while in the hospital as she feels more comfortable around them, and she did have many years of experience as a midwife. Nothing definite has been planned, and Yuriko won't have a chance to call Rev. M this week as this is a hectic time for her right now. We still have to get her money from Mr. M.

26 November 1947, Wednesday

Today was my busiest day at field work yet, and I was kept jumping from the moment I came in this morning until now (7:00 PM) There is still a lot I don't know about immigration laws so I had to stall some of the clients off while I ran downstairs to look up the regulations. I decided that this was too much work going up and down stairs, so I honestly told them that I didn't know all of the technical regulations and I would have to look it up and see them again. The five interviews I had to do today were all intake cases so that there was a lot of information I had to get together from them. It's not an easy job when some of them don't speak English too well. However, there is a certain satisfaction one gets out of this work because of all the interesting contacts from all over the world. I was trying to get my cases dictated when all of a sudden I decided why in the hell should I break my neck when it is Thanksgiving Eve so I am going home in a few minutes. Yuriko isn't home so that's why I am not too anxious to get there early. We may go to a party this evening if she finishes her costume and if she is not too tired.

It takes a lot of mental and physical energy out of me to do such intensive interviews, and I have a feeling that a cold is sneaking up on me. If I do get one, I shall never be able to live it down because I have been telling Yuriko that if she gets ill before the concert it is purely a psychological sickness! One of the most satisfying feelings in this work is that so much service is actually given to the clients. The ones who come in to talk to me think that I am practically a God and that I can tell the U.S. government what to do about immigration of their relatives. The social work we do here is mostly on a positive level. There are some cases we can't do anything for, but we don't waste a lot of the client's time trying to rebuild their personality as a part of the service. It is only entered into when it is related to the specific request in some way.

I get such an international feeling in this setting, it must fulfill some of my inner urges in wanting to see more of the world. Mrs. Payerle, an old woman on

26 November 1947, Wednesday

relief, came into the office to ask if she could sponsor a distant relative in a DP camp in Germany because she felt so sorry for them! She is a naturalized citizen, originally from Hungary. Her niece, a Gentile, married a Russian Jew and they were chased all over Central Europe by the Nazi so they are stateless. Mrs. P didn't think that it was important if she didn't have any money because this was the land of opportunity. The sectarian agencies have been giving her a run around. The Tolstoy foundation (Russian) didn't want to help because the wife is Gentile, the Jewish groups don't care to help mixed marriages, the Church World Service would rather help protestants. Since we are non-sectarian we get these cases. I don't know what can be done for Mrs. P but I will try to get one of the richer agencies to sponsor the family on a corporate affidavit. Mrs. P said she is almost crazy running around trying to find out what to do.

Another mixed marriage case was Mr. Bernhard's problem. He fled Germany when he was 20 to go to Shanghai, and he left his Gentile mother behind. She was persecuted by the Nazi. His brother identified with Germany and was in the Nazi forces during the War. Bernhard finally got to this country, and he wants to get his mother here. He has only been in the U.S. for six months but makes \$80 bucks a week as a bookkeeper so he naturally thinks America is the land of opportunity. The American Legion wouldn't like this kind of opportunity given to immigrants. Some of the stories which Siegfried told me about Germany were almost unbelievable. He also had experience with the Japanese in Shanghai. The young man has so much guilt feeling about deserting his mother that he almost cried as he told me his story and he appeared to be an extremely intelligent, but sensitive person. A psychiatrist would say that he had an unresolved Oedipal fixation on his mother, but this doesn't give the political situation and the Jewish-Gentile cultural problem enough significance. I wish I had time to get complete stories from some of the people who came in here.

I also talked to a Polish woman who has relatives in Germany. She has guilt

26 November 1947, Wednesday

feelings too because her relatives suffered so much during the war while her husband made thousands of dollars in this country so now she wants to make recompense in some way by bringing the Kirschbaum family here so that the children can get an American education and not be forced to live in such fear as in Europe. We had a very nice chat, and Mrs. Dietz wanted to give me some money for my "kindness," but I suggested that she donate to the agency if she wanted to help others get this service from us.

Also talked to a naturalized Yugoslavian, Mr. Orlich. He has been trying to get his fiancée into this country, but the Russian dominated countries are not so free with passports. Mr. O felt that his war service entitled him to get his fiancée and he had a hard time in understanding that there was a difference between the visa and a passport. He wants me to write to the American Ambassador in Belgrade to ask him to put pressure on the Yugoslav government and make them get off the dime as his fiancée cannot enter the country after the end of this year under the War brides act. Naturally, this is quite disturbing to Mr. O as he won't likely to get another chance to find a young bride. He was an "American Hero" in Europe even if he was over 45 years old, and his fiancée doesn't know he is a longshoreman, and that he has a 25 year old daughter by the first wife. He got his affidavit filled out by a Catholic agency, but they forgot to inform him that it did not insure success so the poor guy is practically in a daze now. I rather suspect that Mr. O wants the girl here because he still has some virility left and not because he really loves the girl. He talked almost entirely about how lonesome he was living alone. It will be a severe blow if he has to continue to live alone and like it and it will be difficult for me to help him accept this fact. There is not much chance for the fiancée to get here now, but we will try.

My last case for the day was with an Australian minister who wants to get a New Zealand woman here. She is in England now, and she wants to come and find out

26 November 1947, Wednesday

about the marital troubles of her daughter in this country. This daughter married a Russian Jew and it didn't work out too well. The minister, Dr. Holmes, didn't know what to do about it so I had to outline the procedures, and I suggested that he cable Mrs. Blumiers in England to find out exactly how long she planned to visit this country. I wonder what some of the American consuls over the world think when they see my name on some of the letters I write in behalf of clients! I think both officials and clients in this area of work are more internationally minded than most people.

28 November 1947, Friday

I got ill Wednesday evening, and I remained in bed all day yesterday but came to the office today despite Yuriko's objection. I still feel a bit woozy, don't know the exact nature of my illness, but Yuriko says it is psychosomatic! When I went home Wednesday evening, I was not feeling well. Yuriko had rehearsed late, and while I was waiting for her, Si dropped in to ask us to come over to meet some of his friends. He said he wanted us to meet Greg and Eloise since they were Southerners but quite different. Yuriko came home about then and Si persuaded us to go over.

I can't say that we were very much impressed by Greg and his wife. Eloise seemed to be one of those simple type women who gushed over art, and there wasn't anything particularly interesting about her. Greg was an interesting person despite our reactions to him. He works in the same ad agency as Elsie, recently wrote a play, has been active in PCA. But under the influence of a few drinks and the Library of Congress recordings on Southern folk music, his real repressed attitudes came out to light and even Si and Elsie were surprised as they had not expected this of him. It was their impression that he was different from the Mississippi citizen, that he had a sincere liberal attitude towards everything. Actually, Greg still thinks of himself as liberal, but I'm not so sure. While playing some songs sung by colored convicts in the South, Greg made the remark that it reminded him of songs sung by his grandmother, something about "Nigger, nigger, go on home." Later he made comments about Negro songs having the word "satisfy" in them, and knowingly said that it all referred to sex. The inference was that the Negroes were more sexually active (or degenerate) than whites. I said that all popular songs were related to sex in some way, but Greg seemed to think that any reference by Negroes to sex was something immoral--no doubt related to some repressed fears of what Negroes would do to pure white southern womanhood. I don't think that he realized how much he was giving himself away. While listening to some songs sung by Leadbelly, he remarked, "Parden me, I don't mean to be

28 November 1947, Friday

racial about it, but Leadbelley is a mean son-of-a-bitch. He killed more than 11 men. Down in Mississippi he would be lynched. He would be known as a 'blue gummed nigger' with cold gray eyes." Greg illustrated with a sneer what he meant. Then he said he loved Negro music, very patronizing. It must be very difficult to break away from some of the social conditioning of the South. Greg has come a long way in breaking away from some of the more distorted ideas of his state, but he hasn't completely shed these attitudes against Negroes as he thinks. It doesn't seem to bother him in his PCA activities. I was thinking as we sat next to him that it was this type of racists who so misunderstood the Nisei on the Coast, and that it was too bad that he didn't know Negroes more personally instead of having just a patronizing attitude. Greg has resolved his attitudes towards Jews, but not Catholics. An extremely intelligent man, he just has some blind spots which are usually repressed very carefully and it doesn't ordinarily come out like it did the other night. Si later said that Greg had been psychoanalyzed because he thought nobody liked him, "spent \$10,000 on it too." So I concluded that it was more of a personality thing than anything else. Maybe he was deliberately trying to shock us, I don't know.

Anyway, I got sick about then, felt very giddy, stomach upset, turned pale, back pains, so I came home. I was in bed all day yesterday. I didn't get a temperature until late afternoon, then had a fever of 101 degrees until after midnight. Yuriko was very worried about me, but she kept hoping that it was only a "psychosomatic illness," even scolded me once for getting ill because of her anxiety about me. Said that I got ill because I didn't want to see her concert! Some of my analytical interpretations of family affairs certainly do boomerang back on me! I told her that I didn't get ill on purpose so she forgave me, and took good care of me. She had to go get part of her set from our old apartment so she got a taxi and hauled these things to the studio by herself. Yuriko is so cut about these things, and I overheard her telling Si and Elsie how much she had

28 November 1947, Friday

benefitted from my talks with her about not getting nervous and ill before a concert. We had been invited to their apartment for a turkey dinner to celebrate Thanksgiving, but I didn't feel well enough and told Yuriko to go alone. She didn't want to do that and leave me alone, so she went across the street to tell them. Si and Elsie then said that they would bring the turkey dinner to our place, and they did! It was a wonderful dinner, and I managed to get up and force myself to eat about three or four pounds of turkey by myself and then staggered off to bed again. Afterwards, they talked for several hours in the living room, but I wasn't feeling too good by then.

This morning, I insisted upon coming to the office, and Yuriko tried to stop me. Finally she said that I would be coming at my own risk, and that she was not going to take care of me if I got real sick again. I guess I shouldn't have come. I have a conference this afternoon, and I will try to go home early. Still feel hot and cold, back hurts, light feeling in my stomach. I don't know if it is a touch of flu or what. I don't want to be ill tomorrow as Yuriko needs my support as she puts on the concert and there are a lot of things to be done, but I am not too healthy right now to do all of these things. I haven't had any interviews today so that I have been taking it easy here. I took sulpha pills last night, and I think that this took some of the fever away. I still am not acclimated to the NY weather and I get colds with the first change in weather. It suddenly got cold the other day, the freezing type.

29 November 1947, Saturday

Yuriko's concert is over, and it was very successful from all points. She was very relaxed about the whole thing, and didn't get all unstrung like I thought she might do. It was a very tense experience to go through, I suppose, but Yuriko did not have any tempermental outbursts because she has such a smooth disposition. She was keyed up for the performance, and the long period of preparation had a great deal of tension to it. Yuriko said that she couldn't get nervous in the past few days because she was so worried looking after me. I made a miraculous recovery from my mysterious illness, and Yuriko is convinced that it was psychological, and tells her friends that. She said that I had to get well by Friday evening because I went to work without her permission. Strangely enough, I felt fine after Yuriko cooked a delicious steak dinner last night.

There was one almost unforeseen disturbance. Yuriko came home last night a bit excited because she had just learned that Isamu had not made the small object for her new set. We sat around trying to figure out what she could use, and decided on our ironwood whale. Si dropped in to help with the problem, and he got a bright idea of using another ironwood piece. Yuriko thought it was just the thing so that she said the hell with Noguchi when Nydorf is around! The rest of the evening she was very relaxed and we just sat around and read the papers and listened to the radio very comfortably. Yuriko slept soundly, and she didn't get up until 10:15 this morning. She kept saying all day that she couldn't get over how relaxed she is about the whole thing, and she gives me part of the credit as she says that I have a peaceful influence on her so it is a good thing that she got married. Yuriko feels that when I am clam, and talk to her calmly about all of these things, it helps to relieve any anxiety she may have about her performance. The most important element which she has, however, is the self confidence to know that she can put on a good dance.

Yuriko had to rush over to Doris Halpern's to do the ending for her new version of "Shut Not Your Door," since Doris is writing the new music for it.

29 November 1947, Saturday

I did the shopping, and then I went over to Charley and Clara Weinburg's to wait for Yuriko so that we could pick up her sets to take to the auditorium. Yuriko had some lunch over at Doris' so I just had to starve. She said for me not to buy her any flowers as I could get her something practical, "like the lining for my coat, for instance." (cost \$10.00!) We sat around with Charley for over an hour and listened to some records. Then we started out for the studio in Charley's car. It had a flat tire! We went to get the spare in the back, and we discovered that somebody had broken the lock so we couldn't get into it. Finally, we got in through the back seat and pryed the door open. After the tire was all fixed, we got in and settled down. Then the car battery was dead! We had to get out and push and we blocked traffic until someone came along and gave a shove, and things went along fine from then on. Yuriko didn't get excited about the delay, and we found that she still had time left to get to the auditorium for the dress rehearsal.

I got her sets all prepared and marked on the stage so that I could get things set up easily for her in the evening. Arch L. loaned me his hammer, and it disappeared so he was practically accusing me of stealing it for the rest of the day, but I am sure that one of the stage hands walked off with it after we left in the afternoon. Yuriko went through the last rehearsal in fine style, and Clara and Charley felt that the new dance was very good. We went back to Clara's and I cooked a juicy steak dinner, and Yuriko ate every bit of her portion, plus two glasses of wine. After dinner we just reclined around and talked until it was time for Yuriko to go to the theater to start making up for the performance. While Charley drove her over to the Central Needle Trade High Auditorium, I helped Clara with the dishes. I did things very obviously in order to assist Clara to domesticate Charley into household duties. Clara took a long time getting her face fixed up so the first number was over by the time we got there, and Yuriko was frantically sending out scouts to locate me so that I could prepare her set for her first

29 November 1947, Saturday

piece. She was so relieved when I came in, and I calmly went to work. It was the first time that Yuriiko got a bit worried because she didn't know what to do without me being there to get her set nailed down and she didn't have confidence in the stage hands doing it right.

I had to fight my way through the crowd in order to get in; the audience was even larger than last year. Large numbers of standees came and they filled up the back of the theater completely. It was not a regular dance audience since about 1500 of them had subscription tickets for the whole series of recitals sponsored by the school, but they were fairly receptive to the dances. They were fairly cool about clapping on the whole, but generous. Clara and Charley said later that Yuriiko got so many nice compliments about her beautiful dance movements. She did her dances very well, and she was fairly satisfied with the response. I was back stage all the time so that the audience reaction did not sound too good at first and I got worried until I found out that most of the sounds were muffled by the large stage curtains. I saw all of the dances from the wings. Tally Beatty got good response for his primitive dances, and Nina's group also did nicely. Nina looked a nervous wreck and I predict that she will have a nervous breakdown one of these days. After the concert, large numbers of people came backstage and this made Yuriiko feel that the performance was worth while even though it cost her \$400. The management of the recitals also felt that the concert was on a high level, and it gave the performers an extra \$50 to split up.

After the concert, Clara wanted us to drop into the JACL dance with some of our friends, but Yuriiko was too tired and not particularly interested so we went to Clara's apartment with Molly and did a post mortem on the dance until about 1:00 am, and then we came home. It has been a rather strenuous day for Yuriiko, and she has worked for this concert for a couple of months now. Clara was the director for this concert, and she felt that Yuriiko should now put on a concert alone, but it is the financial cost which is the main stumbling block. I feel

29 November 1947, Saturday

that Yuriko has advanced her career quite a bit, and I was very proud of her. I understand her kind of dancing much better now, and I feel that it is too bad that modern dancing does not have a greater public appeal. My interpretation of her new dance is a bit different from Yuriko's so she tells me to explain it to her friends who ask, but I say that they have to get their own interpretation which might be based on their individual reactions. I do feel that it might be a wise policy for modern dancers to make some compromises to the public since it is the public which could support this particular form of art and it should not be too high toned for them. I felt that Yuriko's dances were related to many of the current problems of the world, and I am sure that the audience got a lot out of her "Shut not your door" dance because of the DP problems which are so much in the headlines these days.